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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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"He Shall Give His Angels Charge"

Across the Narrow foot-bridge the little child may tread;
Unseen, by God's own angel its fearless feet are led;
No harm shall touch a single hair of that fair, golden head.

Across the mighty chasms and yawning gulfs of Time,
With noiseless tread the passing years in vast procession climb,
And, one by one, God's angel keeps for each a watch sublime.—Margaret E. Sangster

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date for which they are intended.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even when stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department,

EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 10

1. At what age may a young person be properly admitted to all the privileges of church membership?
2. Is it possible for a backslider to be lost?
3. What are the exact figures showing the comparative strength of the Spanish and American fleets at the battle of Manila Bay?
4. Should Sabbath observance be so strict as to preclude the pleasure of a walk in the woods, field or garden between services, for those who have no such opportunity during the week?
5. Has capital punishment been abolished in any State of the Union? if so, in what States and when?
6. May it not be considered as possible for Christian parents to so train their children as to make absolutely sure of their moral and spiritual welfare?
7. What five (or seven) hymns in the English language have been most helpful to English-speaking Christians?
8. Name the verse of Scripture which most explicitly states the doctrine of Christ's substitution.
9. Is the breaking of a solemn engagement of marriage ever justifiable?
10. Is a church justified in holding a fair to raise money for church purposes?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 17

1. Is godliness profitable in this life? That is, are the temporal affairs of a righteous man prospered through his religion?
2. Which of America's poets, living or dead, is entitled to be considered her leading bard?
3. Which is the oldest Protestant church organization in the United States still in existence?
4. How can a wife best influence an unbelieving husband to attend church with her?
5. In view of the enormous natural increase of the heathen population, does the number of accessions to Christianity warrant our claiming that the cause of Christ is making progress in heathen countries?
6. What American woman, not now living, is entitled, by reason of service rendered to the public, to be considered the most illustrious woman in the history of the United States?
7. Should a Christian church take into its fellowship a person who has not been converted or who has not publicly confessed Christ? Is there any warrant, Scriptural or otherwise, for such a course?
8. When was the British nation first given the name of John Bull?
9. Should a Christian marry an unconverted person?
10. What measure passed by our national legislature has done most to advance the interests of the people of the United States?

Questions to Be Answered Jan. 24

1. What is the contribution per capita in the various denominations in this country for Home and Foreign Missions respectively, and is it sufficient to indicate a general desire for the hastening of the Second Coming of our Lord?
2. Would a young woman with strong artistic or literary tendencies be the more likely to improve or sacrifice her career by marriage, there being no guarantee of the husband's sympathy in her special tastes?
3. Which nation or nations of the earth may be regarded as furnishing the most heroic instances of disregard for one's own life?
4. Are famine and pestilence the act of Providence, and if so, is man justified in interfering to stay their course?
5. Which was the greatest religious reviyal since the days of Peter?
6. To which of America's writers of fiction, living or dead, must first place be assigned?
7. How is one to know, absolutely, that he or she is called to personal work in the ministry or missionary field?
8. Which poet since the days of Christ ranks highest from a purely Christian standpoint?
9. What may be considered the greatest evil of the present day?
10. Would a combination of all the Protestant denominations be calculated to serve the interests of Protestantism or otherwise?

Questions of the Week

1. What investment of capital do the combined higher institutions of learning in the more prominent nations represent, respectively?

No answers have been received. Trustworthy statistics on this subject are not as readily accessible as many other details relating to universities, colleges, art schools and other institutions of higher education. THE MAIL-BAG will start an investigation on the subject by communication with authorities far and near, and present results at a later date.—EDITOR.

2. Is it wiser to relieve the destitute poor ourselves or to do so through the medium of an organized charity?

While we would not underestimate the value of work done by organized charities, and while it is true that so many of the destitute could not be helped without systematic organized effort, and that many cases of imposition are prevented by organized charity, yet I am convinced by personal experience among the poorer classes, that whenever it is possible to come into personal contact with them, the results are better. Many of the poor look upon the workers for charitable organizations as public benefactors, and not as personal friends; while one who gives personal sympathy and shows real interest in them may often find opportunity to feed the Bread of Life to a lost soul while giving of his bread to a famishing body. MRS. A. E. LAKE.

Our correspondent might have added that Christ did his beneficent work personally. Other correspondents have favored organized charities on the ground that the early church ministered to its needy members through a board of deacons. This board of "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom" can hardly be regarded even as the embryo of the modern charitable organizations. Not only is personal charity calculated to prove the greater blessing to worthy objects thereby reached, but it is a means of grace and blessing to the giver that organized charity cannot well be.—EDITOR.

3. Who may be considered the leading religious character of the nineteenth century?

If the answer to this question is to be decided by the impression made upon the religious life and activity of the century, the selection must be made from among the human originators of great religious movements. Before the century begun, Robert Raikes had already instituted his Sunday Schools, but as he did not die until 1811, and the closing decade of his life saw his great work deepening and widening, he is entitled to rank high in any list of nineteenth century religious characters. George Muller did more than any man to inculcate the grace of simple faith in God in the conduct of religious work. The great work of the Salvation Army, pursuing its way all over the world, makes William Booth prominent. The rapid growth and stupendous influence of the Christian Endeavor movement suggests the name of Francis E. Clark. The influence of D. L. Moody's evangelistic labor gives emphasis to the honored name of this distinguished worker. Robert Moffatt, David Livingstone, C. H. Spurgeon and many other names spring up in the mind, all among the mighty men of our King David. Probably the greatest influence for good upon the church and the world during the century has been that of William Carey. His labors were begun before the century opened, but for one-third of the present century they were carried on with results that only divine arithmetic can set forth, while as the father of modern missions he has set in operation the most remarkable accumulative religious movement of the century. S. T. MILLER.

4. Since the beginning of the Christian era, who lived the longest?

Several instances of longevity are from time to time quoted, but they are not sufficiently well authenticated to be considered trustworthy. Even the case of Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, who is reported to have lived 152 years, and then died from overeating at the king's table, can hardly be said to be absolutely established. In June, 1888, a man named Rives was living in Tarbes, France, whose certificate of baptism showed that he was then 118 years old. Unwarranted manipulation with records and errors in the same, besides clumsy ways of chiselling dates on tombstones or entering them on records, have started many delusive claims to remarkable longevity. There have been numerous well-authenticated cases in the United States and Great Britain of persons who have closely approached 110 years. L. T. LESTER.

5. Which is the most deserving of the foreign mission fields at the present time, and why?

If need is to decide the question, parts of Africa, South America, the sealed kingdom of Tibet, the Philippine Islands and other portions of the world might be mentioned; but if the answer is to be based on success achieved, and the converts' appreciation of the Gospel and manifest interest in spreading it, China may well be pronounced the most deserving of the foreign mission fields at the present time. G. A. WHITTAKER.

6. Ought a Christian to insure his life, or to insure his premises against fire? Is such a course in violation of Christ's injunction, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow"?

Christ's command here quoted is a warning against anxious worry for to-morrow. Insurance against loss by fire is one means of lessening anxiety on that score, and an implicit carrying out of Christ's injunction. Life insurance as now provided, based as it is upon settled facts in regard to the average duration of life, subserves the same purpose, namely, the diminution of anxiety. This is a case wherein the old Arab injunction well illustrates one's duty, namely, "First tie thy camel, then trust Allah." Before, during and after all human precautions the Christian should trust God, none the less when he makes wise use of means, but all the more because he has so far as possible provided for his own household, as enjoined by St. Paul. Only by proper provision for the family can he escape the Apostle's charge of infidelity. L. A. MARSHALL.

7. Is there any well-authenticated instance of dreams coming true, or directing the mind and waking energies to any practical results?

The Bible has many such instances, and, apart from the Bible records, there are numerous well-authenticated instances both of dreams coming true and of their directing the mind to practical results. Coleridge claims to have dreamed his poem, "Kubla Khan." Upon awakening, he at once wrote down the lines. Tartini's "Devil's Sonata," was the inspiration of a dream. Condorcet reached in a dream the conclusion of a calculation that had baffled him when awake. Cæsar's wife dreamed that her husband fell bleeding across her knees, the night before his assassination. Elias Howe was much puzzled on the proper position of the eye in the needle of his sewing machine, but solved the problem in a dream.

A. WILSON.

8. Ought a man to contribute to the Lord's work when he is in debt, or should he first pay his creditors?

This question is best answered by two or three bald statements. The Lord is one of every man's creditors. A debtor should not rob man to pay God nor rob God to pay man. If I take money that should be paid to my grocer and ostentatiously give it to charity I am guilty of two sins, pride and theft. Ordinary business debts, for the discharge of which, in due course, a man has abundant assets, can never excuse him from giving a proper portion of his income to God. If a man is insolvent and as a tradesman owes for his stock of goods more than its value, he had better devote the proceeds of it to his earthly creditors and humbly ask the Heavenly Creditor to allow his claims to be deferred. The Bible bids us honor the Lord with the first-fruits of our increase. A strict application of that principle will never put an embargo on what honestly belongs to our fellow-men in order to pay what we owe to God. C. HOLT.

9. Is a Christian woman justified in wearing jewelry, other than her watch and wedding ring?

Two passages of Scripture touch explicitly on this subject. Judging from I. Peter 3:3, I would say that if a woman regards jewelry as her chief ornament, she is not justified in wearing it, because she then transgresses the rule laid down by the apostle. His teaching is that woman's true adornment is a meek and quiet spirit and not beautiful hair, ornamental jewelry or fine apparel. The words of Peter do not absolutely say, however, that a woman must not wear jewelry any more than she must not plait her hair or wear clothes. In I. Timothy 2:9 we have more positive declaration, as Paul distinctly says: "I will that women adorn themselves with modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered (or plaited) hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." A strictly literal conformation to Scripture would do away with much of the costly apparel now worn by Christian women. M. E. JACKSON.

10. Is there any real reason, physiological or religious, why cousins should not marry?

There are very weighty reasons, physiological and consequently moral, why those who are closely related by blood should not intermarry. Every family has peculiarities common to its members in their physical and mental make-up, and intermarriage cannot fail to emphasize their idiosyncrasies in the offspring; whereas, the matrimonial union of unrelated individuals affords better prospect of the neutralization of vicious tendencies in the one parent by the opposite tendencies in the other. The physical and mental decay among the members of the royal houses of Europe, from continued intermarriage, is frequently instanced, and medical literature fairly bristles with cases that prove conclusively the grave results of the violation, in this manner, of well known physiological laws. It is a universally recognized fact that among the lower animals "inbreeding" is disastrous, the stock quickly manifesting degeneracy. Under like circumstances, degeneracy is just as truly present in the highest animal, man; though he, with the advantage of the additional brain he possesses, may be able to hide the "faults" of his make-up from the eyes of the world, if these faults be not too gross. Man is mo responsible for the immortal souls he laur on the ocean of existence, that he give the very best possible residual fund on w to draw, in the contingencies to which may be exposed in this life.

R. A. WORK, M.

Miscellaneous Questions

A. L. J., N. Berne, O. How many birthdays person when he is twenty-one years old?

Twenty-two, if the day of his birth counted as the first; otherwise twenty-on

Mrs. S. K., Russell, N. Y. 1. Who was Mo med? 2. What was there peculiar abou coffin, if anything?

1. Mohammed was founder of Islam, o Mohammedan religion, which has some 000,000 votaries. He wrote the Koran, in w he borrowed liberally from Hebrew and C tian Scriptures, called himself the "Proph God," acknowledging Moses and Chris lesser prophets; was a legislator and a sol and made himself Prince of Arabia. He born in Mecca about A. D. 571 and died 632. 2. A fable states that his coffin miraculously suspended in the air; Euro modification adds, by magnets. In the Mo at Medina, a sort of doorless chamber with rich curtains, is called his tomb an supposed to contain his remains.

Inquirer. Mr. John G. Hallimond is new Superintendent of the Bowery Miss recently appointed to succeed Mr. John Wyburn. A brief sketch of his career appe in a recent issue.

Frederick W., Lois, O. In a neighborhood fested with robbers, a Christian man has money secreted as he has no faith in banks has no suitable chance to loan it. In cas is attacked by robbers and at the point revolver is asked to disclose the facts a whether he has money, and where it is, is l duty required to tell the facts, and lose earnings of a lifetime, or what may he do u the circumstances?

A man who, in these days of abun opportunities for safe investments, ho money where it is likely to tempt the cupi of the envious or the criminal has only l self to blame if he should be attack Advice in such a case is worthless. If remains silent, he may be physically assault if he lies he will not be believed and if he t the truth he will lose his hoard. There is way out of the dilemma. He has missed only avenue of escape by not putting his e ings in a good bank, deposit company, or gitimate investment.

W. S. S., New York City, writes:

Your special correspondent, in sending you terms of treaty entered into between the Sultan Sulu and General Bates, failed to mention one important point, namely: that any slave in archipelago is given the right to purchase his f dom by paying his owner the sum of $20.

Reader, Waldemar, P. O., Ont. Sometimes in church we are without a sermon, on accoun the pastor's ill health. May we read to congregation one of Dr. Talmage's sermons THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

Certainly you may do so. In many li out-of-the-way churches and in places wh there are no church privileges, these serm are read regularly every Sunday. We h letters from many quarters to this effect, t ing us how they are appreciated.

Donald F. H., Holly Hurst, Ill. We are deligh with Samantha's new story. Will you publ it in book form?

Yes; as soon as the serial publication THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is finished, we pect to publish it in book form.

M. A., West Superior, Wis. Would a widow w one child, and having her living to earn, doing right in marrying a man who is calle moderate drinker?

We cannot advise in such matters; inde counsel seems superfluous. Observation sho that "moderate" drinking usually leads "immoderate" drinking, and thence to habit drunkenness. The wonder is that any woma widow or single, would trust her life's hap ness, and possibly her eternal welfare, in t keeping of one who was even to a limit extent the slave of a passion which, if e couraged, will ultimately destroy him a involve all his household in misery. There no more pitiful object on earth than the w or the child of a drunkard, and even the wi of a moderate drinker may reckon up drams drawing many a cup of sorrow in her lifetim

S. M. R., Wellspring, Tenn. Over 14,000.

B. T. P., Erin, N. Y. We cannot inform you.

Mrs. H. K. S., Norwalk, Conn. Alive and we

A. F., Sumter, S. C. Never; you have been total misinformed.

Mrs. O. K. J., Corona, Tenn. Not necessari It is an exceptional case.

Constant Reader. Write to *Medical Recor* N. Y., about cure for lisping.

Joel Champion, Sierra City, Calif. He preach more or less regularly in different pulpits.

Fielding K. Groves is requested to send his a dress to Mamie J. Groves, Livesey, W. Va.

D. E. D., Picton's Ferry, Me. 1. They are n in the original. 2. No. 3. The Sinaitic MSS.

Constant Reader, Menicksville, N. Y. Reuben is the feminine of Reuben; which means, "Beho a son."

C. A. C., Alexander, Ill. 1. Advertise for such person. 2. No. The government takes no accou of private philanthropy.

M. D. K., Kizers, Pa. Not a sin, probably, b in execrable taste and certain to destroy his spiri ual influence if persisted in.

East Africa in Sore Plight

Long Drought Causes a Wide-Spread Famine — Missionaries Write of Sorrowful Scenes . .

REV. F. W. KRIEGER

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in receipt of a number of letters from missionaries in British East Africa, giving sorrowful accounts of the famine in that country. The native inhabitants belong to the great Bantu or Negroid race, and are agricultural and pastoral in their pursuits; and although they labor with the crude implements and after the primitive and desultory fashion characteristic of unenlightened races, they make a living out of the soil when conditions are favorable. But for three years the coast region has lacked sufficient rain; and similar conditions extending inland have now reduced the people to great destitution. The Church Missionary Society workers, who have several stations along the coast, are doing what they can for relief, and the British Government has given them some money to spend. In the interior something is being done by the British military officers, and the Africa Inland Mission is aiding to its utmost the starving multitude which gathers about it pleading for food.

In Mombasa, as the press of that city states, a meeting of representative citizens was recently convened by Major Souter, the officer commanding troops in that region, locally known as the "Chinese Gordon of East Africa," to discuss the situation and devise means of relief. In his report, Major Souter stated that fifty per cent. of Ukamba's 1,000,000 population have died of starvation; and that the proportion of such deaths in Mombasa Province is sixty per cent. Between Voi and Kikuyu, a distance of two hundred miles, 50,000 people have starved to death. To add to the horror of the situation, smallpox has been gaining headway in Mombasa. From Major Souter's audience many bags of grain and a generous sum of money were subscribed on the spot; and plans were formulated for bringing a knowledge of the condition of affairs to England's great-hearted Queen.

The following extracts from letters by Rev. William C. Bangert, from the Africa Inland Mission at Kangunda, to Mr. Hurlbut, President of the Philadelphia Missionary Council, give a more graphic picture of the situation than it is possible for the words of any but an eye-witness to convey:

"The famine has been doing its awful work so long and to such an extent that the natives seem to think nothing of ten or a dozen bodies lying about in their shambas (gardens). I sometimes fear that I am getting hardened to the awfulness of all this. Think of poking corpses out of trees, hearing them fall to the ground with a thud, and leaving them there for the hyenas and jackals to finish! Yet this procedure, as a sanitary measure, is forced upon us in the present dreadful situation. . . . A few days ago a baby died, and the father informed me with a smile, saying that now his wife could work good, and that there was one less to feed. . . . Shambas and paths are literally strewn with the dead, and scores are dying daily. I have heard of famine and read of famine, but never had the remotest dream of its awfulness till now. I write this while listening to the cry of starving children without the door. . . . More natives are swarming to the station, desiring to be taken on to work for the cup of rice a day, which we are giving out as long as we have it to give. This state of affairs is bound to grow worse until the next crops, and it is terrible to think of what must intervene. I have just come out of the valley with Kikure, and he pointed out a few bones and a scalp beside the path and said: 'There is Kavulia; he has died of hunger.' You will no doubt recall him to mind, as he was the mimic and fun-maker, and also the water and wood-carrier for your caravan coming up here. I mention this simply because you knew him, and not that the sight is a strange one or out of the ordinary. Go in any direction, and you are obliged to stumble over the dead. It is becoming so awful that I dread to walk about. . . . The natives, with few exceptions, are existing entirely on a little root berry, about the size of a pea, which they dig out of the ground. Where these are to be found you will daily see hundreds of pitiable specimens of humanity—skeletons of men, women and children, their mouths besmeared with dirt—squatting about, digging out these roots and eating them as soon as found is thus they manage to keep body and soul together for a time, but eventually tired give up the struggle and die. You noticed them getting thinner and thinner, gradually miss them entirely, and say to yourself: 'Another soul gone out to eternity.' My heart has been wrenched time and again by having to turn this one and that one away, and then learning of their bodies lying not far off, they having hovered about in the hope of yet being fed. . . . In view of the facts, I pray that the deliverance already commenced through funds given and sent out may not cease."

A MISSIONARY'S LONELY RESTING-PLACE

The grave of Rev. Jacob Tool, who labored for Christ in British East Afr[illegible]

NATIVE APPLICANTS FOR FOOD SUPPLIES

Mrs. Knapp, another missionary, writes from Nairobi: "A number of c[illegible] assisted have been here this morning, and Moody nothing to give them. Besides, th[illegible] helped stealing everything in the garden. In a peas and beans are all gone, even such in we were trying to raise for seed. T[illegible]ble have cut all our bananas out of our [illegible] to orchard; we have not even one left. eak we cannot blame these poor people, co[illegible]sidering that they are heathen and starving to death. It is not pleasant to be in a tent here among a people mad with hunger. This morning the place swarmed with natives."

Mr. Hurlbut says: "If we can feed these natives now, they will gladly hear the Gospel. The opportunity for bringing Christ home to them is a royal one." The first news of this famine reached America in September, and photographs showing actual conditions in the afflicted district at present, are, of course, unattainable. The pictures and facts we present have been supplied through courtesy of Rev. W. P. Ray, Superintendent of the Christian Unity Association, Hawleyville, Conn.; and Rev. Charles Hurlbut, 926 North Broad street, Philadelphia, President of the Philadelphia Missionary Council, representing the Africa Inland Mission. This Mission, established some years ago, is about seven miles from Nairobi, the most important station on the Mombasa-Uganda railroad. There is an industrial training school in connection with it, and it has been doing much to improve the condition of the Kikuyus (as the natives are called), in a secular, as well as a spiritual sense. All inquiries or contributions sent to Dr. [illegible] but or Rev. Mr. Ray, will receive prompt attention. Rev. F. W. Krieger, Superintendent of the Christian Unity Evangelical and Industrial Mission in British East Africa, is pressing into service every possible measure of relief. The officials of the Government railroad are granting special reduction in transportation, and dealers on the coast are making wholesale rates for food. In Mombasa, Mr. Palmer, Superintendent of Inland Revenue and Conservancy, has saved many lives by his energy and devotion. After his business duties were performed, he would canvass the streets for grain, money, medicine and bandages.

BUILDING A HUT IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA

MRS. KNAPP FEEDING FAMINE CHILDREN

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

.. A Tale Told ..

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalms 90: 9, ... { We spend our years as a tale that is told

THE Israelites were forty years in the wilderness, and during thirty-eight years of the forty nothing is recorded of them; and, I suppose, no other emigrants had a duller or more uninteresting time than they had. So they telling stories—stories concerning selves or concerning others; stories at the brick-kilns of Egypt, where they had toiled in slavery; stories about how the waters of the Red Sea piled up into palisades at their crossing; story of the lantern hung in the heavens to guide them by night; story of ibises destroying the reptiles of the wilderness; stories of personal encounter. It must have been an awful thing to have had nothing to do for thirty-eight years, except to get lost every time they tried to escape from the wilderness. So they whiled away the time in story-telling. Indeed, there were persons whose one business was to narrate stories, and they were paid by such as they could pick up from the surrounding listeners. To such instances, the text refers when it says: "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

As this tremendous passage from the year 1899 to the year 1900, it will do us good to consider that our whole life is a story told—a good story or a bad story; a tragic story or a mirthful story; a wise story or a foolish story; a clean story or a filthy story; a story of success or a story of failure. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

In the first place, I remark that every person's life is a very interesting story. My text does not depreciate "a tale that is told." We have all of us been entertained by the story-teller when snow-bound in the rail-train; or in the group on a winter's night in the farmhouse; or gathered around a blazing hearth with some sisters at the mountain inn. Indeed, it is a praiseworthy art to impersonate a good story well. If you doubt the practical and healthful and inspiring use of such a story, take down from the library Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveler*, or Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*. But as interesting as any of these would be the story of many an obscure life, if the tale were as well told. Why do we all like biographies and autobiographies? Because they are stories of eminent human lives. But the story of the life of a backwoodsman, of a man who looks stupid, of one about whom I never heard a word, must be just as thrilling on a small scale, as on a large scale is a life of a Cyrus, or a Cæsar, or a Pizarro, or a Mark Antony, or a Charlemagne, or the late General Gordon, who was upon a parapet leading his soldiers with nothing but a stick in his hand, and his troops cried: "Gordon, come down; you will be killed." But he did not come down, and one of the soldiers said: "It is all right. He don't mind being killed. He is one of those blessed Christians."

If I get the confidence of that very man just come out of the backwoods can induce him to give the experiences of his life, he will tell you that which will make your blood curdle and your hair stand on end. That time when a panther disputed his pathway on the way home. That landslide, when the mountains seemed about to come down on his cabin. That accident to his household and no surgeon within fifteen miles. That long storm that shut them in, and the food was exhausted. That contest at his doorway with bandits, who thought there might be within something worth taking. That deathbed, with no one but himself to count the fluttering pulses.

As Oliver Cromwell on the anniversary of his greatest victory followed his darling daughter to the grave, so in the humblest and most unpretending life there has been a commingling of gladness and gloom, of triumph and despair. Nothing that David Garrick ever enacted at Drury Lane Theatre in the way of tragedy, or Charles Matthews ever played in Covent Garden in the way of comedy, excelled things which on a small scale have been seen in the life of obscure men and women. Many a profound and learned sermon has put the audience to sleep, while some man whose phraseology could not be parsed, and whose attire was cut and fitted and made up by plainest housewife, has told the story of his life in a way that melted the prayer-circle into tears as easily as a warm April sun dissolves the snow of the previous night.

Oh, yes, while "we spend our years as a tale that is told," it is an interesting story. It is the story of an immortal, and that makes it interesting. He is launched on an ocean of eternal years, in a voyage that will never terminate. He is striking the keynote of an anthem or a dirge that will never come to its last bar. That is what makes the devotional meetings of modern times so much more interesting than they used to be. They are filled not with discourses by laymen on the subject of justification and sanctification, which lay-discourses administer more to the facetious than to the edifying, but with stories of what God has done for the soul: How everything suddenly changed; how the promises became balsamic in times of laceration; how he was personally helped out, and helped up, and helped on! Nothing can stand before such a story of personal rescue, personal transformation, personal illumination. The mightiest and most skilful argument against Christianity collapses under the ungrammatical but sincere statement. The atheistic professor of natural philosophy goes down under the story of that backwoodsman's conversion.

All that elaborate persuasion of the old folks of the folly of giving up active life too soon means nothing as compared with the simple incident you may relate to them of the fact that Benjamin Franklin was governor of Pennsylvania at eighty-two years of age, and that Dandolo of Venice at ninety years of age, although his eyesight had been destroyed through being compelled by his enemies to look into a polished metal basin under the full blaze of the sun until totally blind; yet this sightless nonogenarian leading an army to the successful besiegement of Constantinople! When an old man hears of such incidents he puts aside his staff and ear-trumpet and starts anew.

The New Testament suggests the power of the "tale that is told." Christ was the most effective story-teller of all the ages. The parables are only tales well told. Matchless stories: That of the traveler cut up by the thieves and the Samaritan paying his board-bill at the tavern; that of the big dinner, to which the invited guests sent in fictitious regrets; that of the shepherd answering the bleat of the lost sheep, and all the rural neighbors that night helping him celebrate the fact that it was safe in the barnyard; that of the bad boy, reduced to the swines' trough, greeted home with such banqueting and jewelry that it stuffed the older son with jealousy and disgruntlement; that of the Pharisee full of braggadocio, and the publican smiting his breast with a stroke that brought down the heavens in commiseration; stories about leprosy, about paralysis, about catalepsy, about dropsy, about ophthalmia—stories that he so well told that they have rolled down to the present, and will roll down through the entire future.

The most of the Old Testament is made up of inspired anecdotes about Adam and Eve, about Jacob, about Esau, about Ahab, and Jezebel, about Jonah, about Daniel, about Deborah, about Vashti—about men and women of whom the story gave an accurate photograph long before human photography was born. Let all Christian workers, prayer-meeting talkers, Sunday School teachers, and preachers, know the power of that which my text calls the "tale that is told."

I heard Daniel Baker, the wonderful evangelist of his time, preach what I suppose was a great sermon, but I remember nothing of it except a story that he told, and that, I judge from the seeming effect, may that afternoon have brought hundreds into the kingdom of God. I heard Truman Osborne preach several sermons, but I remember nothing of what he said in public or private except a story that he told, and that was, among other things, the means of my salvation. The life-long work of John B. Gough, the greatest temperance reformer of all time, was the victory of anecdote, and who can ever forget his story of Joel Stratton touching him on the shoulder, or of Deacon Moses Grant at Hopkinton, or of the outcast woman, nicknamed "Hell Fire," but redeemed by the thought that she "was one of us?" Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist of world-wide fame and usefulness, now passed from the sphere of service on earth to the presence of his Lord, whom he served so faithfully, wielded the anecdote for God and heaven until all nations have been moved by it.

If you have had experiences of pardon and comfort and disenthrallment, tell of it. Tell it in the most pointed and dramatic way you can manage. Tell it soon, or you may never tell it at all. O, the power of "the tale that is told!"

In what way could the fact that infidelity will not help any one die well be so powerfully presented as by the incident concerning a man falling ill in Paris just after the death of Voltaire, when a professional nurse was called in and she asked. "Is the gentleman a Christian?" "Why do you ask that," said the messenger. The nurse replied: "I am the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die." What discourse in its moral and spiritual effect could equal a tale like that?

You might argue upon the fact that those fallen are our brothers and sisters, but could we impress any one with such a truth so well as by the scene near Victoria Park, London, where men were digging a deep drain, and the shoring gave way and a great pile of earth fell upon the workmen. A man stood there with his hands in his pockets, looking at those who were trying to shovel away the earth from those who were buried, but when someone said to the spectator: "Bill, your brother is down there," then the spectator threw off his coat and went to work with an agony of earnestness to fetch up his brother. What course of argument could so well as that incident set forth that when we toil for the salvation of a soul it is a brother whom we are trying to save?

A second reading of my text reminds me that life is not only a story told, but that it is a brief story. A long narrative stretched out indefinitely loses its interest. It is generally the story that takes only a minute or half a minute to rehearse that arrests the attention. And that gives additional interest to the story of our life. It is a short story. Subtract from our life all the hours of necessary sleep, all the hours of incapacity through fatigue or illness, all the hours of childhood and youth before we get fairly to work, and you have abbreviated the story of life so much that you can appreciate the Psalmist's remark, when he says, "Thou hast made my days as a hand's breadth," and can appreciate the Apostle James' expression, when he compares life to "a vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanishes away."

It does not take long to tell all the vicissitudes of life—the gladness and the griefs, the arrivals and the departures, the successes and the failures, the victories and the defeats, the ups and the downs. The longer we live the shorter the years. We hardly get over the bewildering fatigue of selecting gifts for children and friends and see that the presents get off in time to arrive on the appropriate day, than we see another advancing group of holidays.

Every century is a big wheel of years, which makes a hundred revolutions and breaks down. Every year is a big wheel of months, and makes twelve revolutions and then ceases. Geologists and theologians go into elaborations of guesses as to how long the world will probably last; how long before the volcanic forces will explode it, or meteoric stroke demolish it, or the cold of a long winter freeze out its population, or the fires of a last conflagration burn it. That is all very well, but so far as the present population of the earth is concerned, the world will last but a little longer. We begin life with a cry and end it with a groan, and the cry and the groan are not far apart. Life, Job says, is like the flight of a weaver's shuttle, or, as David intimates in my text, a story quickly told, and laughed at and gone, and displaced by another story, as a "tale that is told."

I have to say that if life is so short we have not much of it to waste. In all our engagements ten o'clock ought to be ten o'clock, and three o'clock three o'clock, and eight o'clock eight o'clock. I will not waste your time, and you must not waste my time. Just reproof was that which Mrs. Washington, the wife of the first President, gave James Peale, the great painter. His daughter says: "My father had an engagement to paint a miniature of Mrs. Washington in Philadelphia, the General being then out of town. He was obliged to go to her house, and the appointment for a sitting was arranged at seven o'clock in the morning. My father arrived at the house, and taking out his watch he found he was exactly on time. A thought then struck him that possibly it might be early to disturb a lady, and he decided to give ten minutes' grace before knocking at the door. He accordingly walked the pavement, and at the end of ten minutes pulled out his watch and rang the bell. He was ushered into the parlor, and Mrs. Washington, accosting him, drew out her watch and said she had given her orders for the day, had heard her daughter take her lesson on the harpsichord, and had read all the morning papers, and after all this had been waiting for him ten minutes."

My friends, as our life is short, punctuality is one of the important virtues, and lack of punctuality one of the worst of crimes. How many who know nothing of punctuality! They arrive at the depot five minutes after the train is gone. They get to the wharf in time to see that the steamer has swung five hundred yards from the dock. They are late at church, and annoy all who have promptly taken their places, the late-comers not being as good as a Christian woman who, when asked how she could always be so early at church, replied: "It is part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others." The tardy ones mentioned are apt to speak the word of counsel when it is too late. They are resolved to repent at some time in the future, but when they come up "the door is shut." They resolve to save a soul when it is already ruined.

But short as time is, it is long enough if we rightly employ it. The trouble is we waste so much time we cannot catch up. Some of us have been chasing time we lost at twenty years of age, or thirty years of age, or forty years of age, and if we lived two hundred and fifty years we could never overtake it. Joseph, a poor apprentice, every morning passed a certain store as the church clock struck six, at the moment when the merchant took down his shutters, each of them saying "Good morning, sir," and nothing else. What was Joseph's surprise to find that the merchant had suddenly died and left him his store and business. That is not the only instance where a man has made a fortune by punctuality. The poet's verse reads,

> Time flies away fast,
> The while we never remember.
> How soon our life here
> Grows old with the year
> That dies with the next December.

A third reading of my text reminds me that life is not only a story told, but a story listened to. There is nothing more vexatious to any one than to tell a story when people are not attending. They may be whispering on some other subject, or they are preoccupied. One cannot tell a story effectually unless there are good listeners. Well, that which in my text is called the "tale that is told" has plenty of listeners. There is no such thing as solitude, no such thing as being alone. God listens, and the air is full of spiritual intelligences all listening, and the world listens to the story of our life, some hoping it will be successful, others hoping it will be a failure.

We talk about public life and private fe, but there is no private life. The ory of our life, however insignificant it ay seem to be, will win the applause or ss of a great multitude that no man can umber. As a "tale that is told" among dmirers or antagonists, celestials or ndemoniacs, the universe is full of stening ears as well as of gleaming eyes. f we say or do the right thing, that is nown. If we say or do the wrong thing, hat is known. I suppose the population f the intelligences in the air is more umerous than the population of intelli- ences on the earth. O, that the story f our life might be fit for such an audi- nce in such an auditorium! God grant hat wisdom and fidelity and earnestness ay characterize the "tale that is told."

Ay! all the world will yet listen to, nd be redeemed by, a "tale that is told." Ve are all telling it, each in his own way -some by voice, some by pen, some by rtist's pencil, some by harp, and some y song; mother telling it to child, eacher telling it to Sabbath class, re- ormer telling it to outcast, preacher tell- ng it to assemblage. The story of the oveliest of heaven coming down to this carred and blasted island of a world. Mightiest tale ever told! and keep on elling it until the last sorrow is assuaged, nd the last animosity is squelched, and he last desert is white with the lily, and golden with the cowslip, and blue with the gentian, and crimson with the rose.

While reading my text the fourth time I bethink myself that the story of life will end when the group breaks up. The "tale that s told" stops when listeners depart. The family group breaks up. Did you ever know a household that for twenty- five years remained intact? Not one. Was there ever a church record the same after the passage of twenty-five years or fifteen years or ten years? The fact is that the story of our life will soon end, because the group of listeners will be gone. So you see if we are going to give the right trend and emphasis, we must give it right away. If there are old people in the group of our influence, all we can do for them will be in five or ten years. If there are children around us, in ten or fifteen years they will no longer be children, and they will be fashioning the story of their own life. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Passing all, passing everything, as a "tale that is told."

My text, in referring to the years, re- minds me that in twelve hours this year will forever have gone away. Ninety-nine out of the hundred years of this century will have disappeared. We have only one year of the century left. There ought to be something especially suggestive in the last year of a century. It ought to be a year of unparalleled industries, of un- heard-of consecration. Not a person in any of our audiences this day can remem- ber the first year of this century. Not a person in any of our audiences to-day will ever again see the last year of a century.

Oh, crowd this last year with prayers, with hosannas, with kind words, with helpfulness. Make the peroration of the century the climax of Christ-like deeds. Close up the ranks of God, and during this remaining twelve months charge mightily against the host of Abaddon. Have no reserve corps. Let us be jealous of every month, of every week, of every day, that passes without something signifi- cant and glorious wrought for God and this sin-cursed world. Let our churches be thronged with devout assemblages. Let the chorals be more like grand marches than requiems. Let this coming year see the last wound of Transvaal and Philip- pine conflict, and the earth quake with the grounding arms of the last regiment ever to be marshaled, and the furnaces of the foundries blaze with the fires that shall turn the last swords into plowshares.

And may all those whose lives shall go out in this last year of a century, as many will, meet in the heavenly world those who in the morning and noon-day of this hundred years toiled and suffered for the world's salvation, to tell them how much has been accomplished for the glory of him whose march through the last nine- teen centuries and through all the coming centuries the Scriptures describe as going forth "conquering and to conquer." Oh! the contrast between that uplifted specta- cle of eternal triumph in the presence of God and the Lamb, and these earthly scenes, where "we spend our years as a tale that is told."

Moody's Triumphant Death

"Heaven Opens and God is Calling Me," he Said

The Great Evangelist's Deathbed a Glorious and Memorable Victory for the Christian Faith—Unflinching Testimony to the Last

ROUND TOP, NORTHFIELD, WHERE MR. MOODY DESIRED TO BE BURIED

"DWIGHT L. MOODY has spent his first Christmas in heaven!"

Such was the fervent utterance of one who knew and loved the great evangelist who departed to be with Christ, December 22, and who has already realized, in that blessed land whither he has gone, the truth of the beautiful sentiment expressed in the hymn he loved so well in life and quoted so often:

"Some sweet morn a day will open, never more to close in night;
We shall hail the early token of its everlasting light.
Then we'll meet the friends long parted, once on earth a happy band:
Meet and dwell with them forever, over in the Morning Land."

. . .

There is a world of pathos and spiritual cheer in the story of the last hours of this faithful servant of the Master. Mr. Moody for several weeks had fought a brave and seemingly hopeful battle with mortal sick- ness, at his home in East Northfield. Tender care and solicitude had guarded his sickbed day and night, and loving hands had ministered to his every want. In the intervals of relief from pain and discomfort, he was full of the brightest hopes for the future, and looked forward with eager anticipation to the time when, as he fondly believed, he would be re- stored to health, and could once again take up the burden of his grand, soul- saving life-work.

But the Divine will had decreed that Mr. Moody's mission on earth was done —his task accomplished. Slowly and by degrees, the realization of this truth be- came fixed in the sufferer's mind, and his great heart, ready at all times to yield the most implicit obedience to his Master, overflowed with a gentle, loving acqui- escence, while his lips murmured, "Thy will done!" Comforted by the prayers of a multitude of God's people, and strength- ened by the assurances of their loving sympathy, which reached him daily and almost hourly, he contemplated the ap- proach of death with a calmness and resig- nation such as have rarely been witnessed.

. . .

His last day on earth was blest beyond all other days of his long life. Through- out the tedious night hours, his sick-room had not for a moment been deserted. On the preceding day (December 21), there had been a change for the worse, and the patient had occasional sinking spells. Be- sides Mrs. Moody and her sons, and Rev. A. P. Fitt and Mrs. Fitt (Mr. Moody's daughter), the two physicians, Drs. Scho- field and Woods, were in almost constant attendance.

Early in the morning of that last day, the sick man realized that his hours were numbered. He talked comfortably with his family, although he had intervals of semi-consciousness. Reviving after one of these, he opened his eyes to find the whole family grouped around his bed with deeply concerned faces.

"What is the matter? What is going on here?" he asked, as if in surprise. His voice was clear and strong and the family felt encouraged.

"Father," said one of his sons, "you have not been well, and so we came here to be beside you."

He continued to chat with them, giving little, if any, evidence of suffering. But the experienced physicians were not to be deceived. They recognized the signs of physical surrender, for when pain ceases, nature has run down her flag of resistance and the end is not far off.

To his sons, the dying evangelist had a message to deliver. They sat by his bed- side and he said, speaking clearly, and in a firm, though low voice:

"I have always been an ambitious man —not ambitious to lay up wealth, you un- derstand—but to leave you work to do. When I am gone, you are to continue the work of the schools at East North- field and of Mount Hermon and of the Chicago Bible Institute." And he looked up into their faces, with a gaze of earnest inquiry.

In subdued tones, the sons assured him that his wishes would be carried out with all the fidelity of which they were capable.

"But oh, father, we can't spare you!" cried his weeping daughter, as she threw herself down beside him.

The dying man looked at her for a mo- ment in silence. Then, with infinite gen- tleness, he said: "I am not going to throw my life away. If God has more work for me to do, I'll not die." The tone con- veyed more than the mere words. It was the tone of complete resignation to God's will: if God wanted him to live and to work longer—well; if his work was all done—he was ready for the final sum- mons.

. . .

It is probable that Mr. Moody per- ceived the approach of the end much earlier than did his family, or even the physicians. He contemplated death calmly and absolutely without trepidation; it was to him only a portal to everlasting bliss. "Earth is receding and heaven opening," he said in strong and jubilant tones, to his tearful bedside watchers. "God is calling me!"

As he spoke, his face seemed be light ed up and almost glorified. The strong, rugged, kindly features, no longer pain- racked, wore a serene smile, as though all the care and burden of earth had been suddenly dispelled by the first rays of the celestial glory, streaming through the open gates of heaven.

The last forenoon passed with alternate hopes and fears on the part of the house hold. With the dying Christian it was a period of holy calm. He was still strong in body, although the heart was becoming perceptibly weaker. Within an hour of noon, he asked to be assisted to rise, and his son William R. Moody with the aid of one of the doctors helped him up and seated him in a chair. In a little while he asked to be again put in bed. Soon afterwards, the unmistakable symptoms of death's nearness began to appear—the lowered vitality, quick, weak pulse and the faint articulation.

Several times, Mr. Moody's lips moved as though in prayer, but the words could not be heard by the family, who were now gathered about him. A little before noon, he aroused as if from partial slum- ber, to consciousness, and recognized those around him. This consciousness remained until within a moment of the end. In the brief interval he spoke comforting words to the weeping family, and declared anew his absolute confidence in God and his faith in Christ as his Saviour. His latest breath was the triumphant utterance of one for whom death held no terrors and who knew in whom he had believed.

. . .

So passed away Dwight Lyman Moody, in the sixty-second year of his age. Heart failure, complicated with kidney disease, was assigned as the cause of death. He was greatly overworked, his physicians declare, and the physical and mental strain of the last few years were such as to break down the once powerful frame. The mortal remains of the great evangel- ist will rest near the summit of Round Top, near his Northfield home, a little eminence from which he has addressed many religious gatherings in past years.

On the afternoon following Mr. Moody's death, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent this telegram to Mr. Wm. R. Moody, son of the evangelist, at Northfield:

"Kindly convey to your dear mother and accept for yourself my sincere and most heartfelt sympathy. You have suf- fered an irreparable loss. To me his death comes as a personal bereavement. He was my ideal of a true, whole-souled, sturdy, practical Christian, and I loved him dearly for his unwavering faith and his complete consecration. Indefatigable in his efforts to build up the Master's kingdom, he has endeared himself to every Christian heart, while his life has given an impetus to Christian work the world over, the full effect of which will, like the ripples of the sea, broaden out as the years go by. Since the days of Peter and Paul the world has had but one Moody, and countless thousands will re- joice throughout all eternity that he ever lived. What a reception he must have had, as he entered through the gates into the City of the New Jerusalem!

"LOUIS KLOPSCH."

Many hundreds of telegrams of condo- lence were received by the bereaved family from almost every section of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Moody's Death-Bed Testimony

[A Telegram from Rev. A. P. Fitt (his son-in-law) from the death-chamber]

EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS., Dec. 22.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," New York:

Mr. Moody had a triumphant entry into Heaven at noon.

As early as 8 o'clock, A.M., he said: "Earth is receding and Heaven opening. God is calling me."

He was perfectly conscious to the last, and showed the same courage and faith, unselfishness and thought for his wife and children and his schools as always.

His doctor says it was "a pure case of heart failure, due to absolute loss of bodily strength."

In leaving us he gave unflinching testimony to the truths he taught.

A. P. FITT.

∴ Fireside Talks About Jesus ∴

The Boyhood of Jesus
By Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts. International S. S. Lesson for Jan. 14. Luke 2: 41-52

The Carpenter's Son

"OUR story this time," said Uncle Will to the cross-roads farmers and their families, gathered as usual at Sabbath evening twilight for home-department Bible-study together, "is the story of a country boy lost in the city—not lost in the tragic sense in which many a country boy and girl has been lost in the city. This boy was soon found and came back clean to his mother, able to look her straight in the eyes even after a three days' street fair. The fairs of that country were as uniformly religious as ours are devilish. The boy of our story kept himself unspotted in the country, too; though his village, like many to-day, was far from spotless. Like a lily growing above the mud and miasma of a pond, this boy's white life developed, in spite of surrounding temptations, in the strength of purity, with a growth that included wisdom and every grace."

"In this story," said Tom Brown, "we see his beautiful humanity, not how unlike, but how like others of us he was—a real boy, who grew in body, mind, and soul. Last week we saw this plant out of the root of David burst into sight at Bethlehem. After that, to escape being cut down by Herod, it was transplanted for a year or so to the classic lotus beds of Egypt, and then brought back to Nazareth. Nearly a dozen years of silent growth had succeeded, years of commonplace—no gleaming star, no angel song, no gorgeous magi. The tree that promised healing to the nations had given no sign of flower or fruit; but in the story before us we come upon it at its awakening, as sweet and beautiful as an apple-tree in blossom, vocal with the love notes of the robin's nest."

"He fulfilled in all this, divine prophecies," observed Mr. Saunders. '"Out of Egypt have I called my Son, and he shall be called Nazarene.'"

. . .

The Period of Development

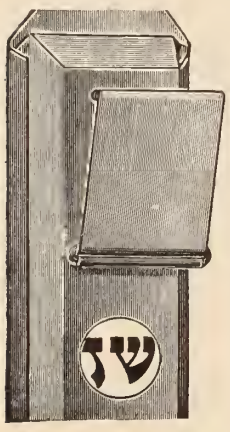
"We should not forget," said Ruth, "that this is not the only boy whose history is foretold. John, the cousin of Jesus, his mother was assured before his birth, was to be a great preacher and a temperance leader. The Old Testament Joseph had his manhood pictured as a golden sheaf, and then as a full-orbed sun. 'Every life is a plan of God.' Frank saw this afternoon a faint circle of the moon in the sky and exclaimed, 'There's the moon, but it's not lighted!' So in him and in every boy, I see manhood, but undeveloped. God sends the boy to playground and school and field of work and church that his life plan may be fulfilled, filled full of light and life. Like the moon, full-orbed manhood has four quarters: muscle, mind, manners and morals; all to be developed to the full. Success is not in equaling or excelling some one else, but in fulfilling God's plan for my life. If God made you to be a heartsease, Mabel, you are not to murmur because you are not a pine or a vine, but be the best little heartsease that ever you can."

"But," said Uncle Will, "though God's plans for our various lives are as different as the various plants, there is one respect in which the plan for all is alike: we are all to be Christlike. But even in this there is infinite variety. Those who imitate Christ with mechanical liberalness are really very unlike him. Not by imitation, but by impartation do we become Christlike. To know his spirit will lead us to do what Jesus would do to-day if he were living, not in a despotic heathen country as of old, but in a Christian republic. You are twelve, Isabel, as Jesus was in this story; what is it to be like Jesus?" Isabel answered, "To do as Jesus would do if he were a little girl on our farm."

. . .

The Carpenter of Nazareth

"Turn that thought about if you would know what Jesus did in those silent years of boyhood and youth," Uncle Will resumed, "he did what any other Galilean carpenter boy would have done. The fact that only one story is put in the Bible out of all those thirty years in Nazareth suggests that in all else save sin his life was like that of other boys about him. The legends of miracles wrought by him in boyhood it would be a waste of time to tell. He moulded figures in mud, no doubt, birds as well as pies; but his mud birds did on fly, as foolish myths declare. He never used his miraculous powers except for useful ends; never merely to arouse wonder."



THE "MEZUZAH"

"This story carefully read," said Selah Brown, "suggests that the boy Jesus was fond of play; yes, and of mischief too, no doubt like any real boy. The artists who picture Christ's boyhood make his face too solemn."

"That reminds me," remarked Uncle Will, "of my visit to the school at Nazareth, where I saw the red-capped Arab and Syrian boys sitting cross-legged on floor mats, all reading aloud, but not by any means in concert, sentences they had written with reed pens on tin slates and were churning them into their memories by a forward and backward swaying of their bodies. As I leaned down to see the words, some rogue of a boy behind me pushed me forward and I almost fell into the class of laughing boys; but as the teacher rose in wrath with his long stick they all roared out their lessons louder than ever and rocked with increased fury to prove that they were absorbed in their studies. The boy Jesus might have played such a joke on me if I had visited the Nazareth school about the time of our story. And Jesus must have had all a boy's temptations, else it could not have been said, 'He was tempted in all points like as we are.'"

THE LAD JESUS IN JOSEPH'S WORKSHOP AT NAZARETH

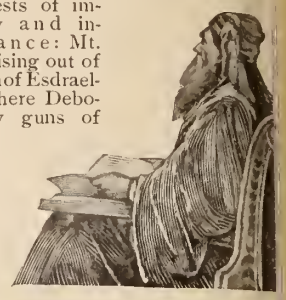
. . .

The Education of a Child

"The education of an Arab child of to-day," observed Mrs. Uncle Will, "falls far short of the education of an ancient Jewish child; which even excels, in the religious part at least, the training of the average American child of to-day. Before the child could be taught in words about God, while he was still an infant in arms, his attention was drawn to the mezuzah, which was attached to the entrance door of the house. This mezuzah was a shining metal case which contained the words of Deut. 6: 4-10, the command that the parents should keep God's laws in their hearts and teach them diligently to their children. This command was written on a piece of parchment, and tightly rolled, and fitted into the metal case. Nothing of the writing appeared; simply the name, "Jehovah," was in sight. The child saw the father and mother touch this case and reverently bow the head. The lesson of reverence, then, was the beginning point in the religious education of the child. His attention would next be directed to the curious leather box, the phylactery, which father wore upon his head, as a 'frontlet between the eyes,' and also to another, similar in appearance, which he bound upon his left arm. When the children asked, 'What mean these little boxes?' the parents would tell them, 'They contain the commands of God that we should diligently teach his words and laws to you, and that we shall bring you up to serve him.' At five years of age, the children began to learn the Scriptures by heart; at twelve or thirteen years of age, a boy was supposed to be so well informed that he could become a son of the commandment, a member of the church, in modern language. Religious instruction in the home formed a large part of the training of children, but this was supplemented by instruction in the synagogue schools which met not only on the Sabbath, but on every day of the week."

"But," interpolated Tom Brown, "the Jews exclaimed when Jesus showed his wisdom, 'How knoweth this man letters, never having learned?'"

"That," replied Mrs. Will, "does not refer to the ordinary schooling of the Jewish child, which was universal. That question refers to the higher training of those who became disciples of the Law. At the age of fifteen, if a boy showed some special aptitude, the scribes who visited the synagogue schools took him into their higher schools to train him in the hair-splitting arguments of their class. If Jesus had gone to one of these schools of the rabbis, they would have claimed that all his wisdom had come from them. His style was as different from theirs as sunlight is different from fog. Besides what Jesus learned in the home and in the synagogue, he was, no doubt, taught the history of his nation in a thrilling way by his mother, from the hilltop above the village where he dwelt, where could be seen, like a panorama, the whole of Palestine; Mt. Carmel close at hand jutting into the sea, where Elijah, the reformer, destroyed the priests of immorality and intemperance: Mt. Tabor rising out of the Plain of Esdraelon below, where Deborah's heavy guns of prayer fought with Borak against Sisera. The visit to Jerusalem when Jesus was twelve years old was an important part of his education, as of every boy's at that age. He had become a church member, as we would say, and was making his first visit since infancy to the temple. It was like a journey from Maine to Washington for a Christian boy of to-day, in which an intelligent mother, as companion, might point out the battlefield of Concord and the monument of Bunker Hill and on the Hudson the home of Irving, telling him stories of great battles and great men. To him the temple was capitol and cathedral both, the goal of his faith and patriotism alike. With what enthusiasm he sang, as he came in sight of Jerusalem, from one of the songs of the going up:



A JEWISH SCRIBE

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion
Which cannot be removed, but abideth forever!
(Psalm 125: 1.)

"In what part of the temple did Jesus talk with the doctors?" Frank asked.

Mrs. Uncle Will, who had been teaching the children lessons from temple blocks, replied "You remember he had been in some part of the temple at least once before, brought in the arms of his mother. Mabel, what part of the temple must that have been?"

"The court of the women," Mabel answered.

"But now as he was twelve years old and a church member, he could go in the court of Israel and sit upon the steps of the terrace among those who gathered to be instructed by wise teachers."

. . .

The Holy Place

"Frank," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "do you think that Jesus ever went into the holy place inside of the temple?"

"No, for it was against the law for any one but the priests to go in there," Frank answered. "Jesus said, 'I came to fulfil the law, not to destroy it.' In the mosque that stands where the temple once stood, a pulpit is shown where it is said Christ was seated aloft when he talked with the doctors. This tradition is false to the modesty of the thoughtful but not assuming boy, who would not have taken the highest seat, but who talked of great themes 'in the midst' of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions!"

"Hearing and asking," said the preacher, "that pictures, in two words, the most important essentials of a successful Sabbath School class."

Uncle Will here uncovered the home blackboard.

"Seest thou a man or boy diligent in business"
TWO DEPARTMENTS

"MY EARTHLY BUSINESS"	"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS"

"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord?"
"He shall stand before { kings" / THE KING.

"Twelve years is too young for a boy or girl to go to business, especially in this age of wealth and machinery!" said Mrs. Isaacs, "but not too young to enter earnestly upon the Father's business. I have heard Uncle Will say that in his last pastorate this truth was so strongly impressed, that very

AN ORIENTAL CARPENTER AND HIS TOOLS

w children passed their thirteenth birthday fore joining the church."

"A boy in Palestine," Uncle Will remarked, as not twenty-one until he was thirty. It is then that he became of age. As thirty is twenty-one, twelve is to eight; so that eight -day corresponds to twelve in the time of sus. And eight happens to be the age that ir courts hold to be the age of responsibilty. have known children as young as five, to be telligent Christians and even church mem- rs."

Ruth Sanders (holding the Red Letter Testa- ent, in which the words of Jesus are pub- hed as its heart's blood) said: "This is the st recorded saying of Jesus, and we are told at Mary kept it in her heart, where we should it all the sayings of Jesus. We could learn em all by heart in a year or two, if we learned he new saying of his to repeat at every meal heart-food."

"That is a great saying for us working men," id Mr. Sanders, "'Is not this the carpenter?' he picture of Caracci—of which an engraving ngs, I am told, on the walls of the reputed rpenter shop of Joseph and Jesus at Naza- th—may well have been true; which repre- nts the boy Jesus as assisting Joseph at the nch, when about eight years of age, unable do anything heavier than to hold one end of e chalk-line, while Joseph snapped it to mark track for his saw on the board. I like that icture of Tissot, published in the papers re- ntly, of the boy Jesus at about the time of is story, bringing a board to Joseph on his houlder."

. . .

he Tools of he Worker At this point Uncle Will show- ed a set of carpenters' tools which he had brought from Nazareth, including a clumsy saw, working only n the back stroke; a chisel, with a fiddle-bow ttachment, to do the work of an auger; and a lane, with two projecting sticks, to draw it ward the carpenter; as the Orientals do al- host everything the opposite way from us. With such rude tools Christ worked even in oyhood; not spoiled, as are many boys of to- ay, by weeks and months of almost uninter- upted play."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Uncle Will, of a story of a little boy who declared that he oved his mother 'with all his strength.' Asked o explain what he meant, he said, 'Well, you ee, we live on the fourth floor; nd there's no elevator, and the oal is kept down in the base- ment. I see to it that the coal- od is never empty. It takes ll my strength to get it up. Now, isn't that loving mother with all my strength?'"

"Christ made carpentry a di- ine trade," said Uncle Will, "as e afterward made healing the livine profession. Adam and hrist—unfallen man and God ncarnate—both worked with heir hands; one as a farmer, he other as a mechanic. It is mazing that in the church here can linger after nineteen hristian centuries so much nchristian prejudice against abor and laborers.

"In a church sociable held in a beautiful home of wealth, the astor was asked by the lady of the house, 'Who is that man yonder?' He answered, "Mr. Blank, a carpenter; a very nice man, very intelligent and culti- vated in some ways.' Drawing herself up haughtily, she replied, 'Well, I suppose it is all right at a church sociable.' In a nobler spirit, I dub thee, Sanders, knight of labor with the saw of Christ. Surely, the church that was founded by a carpen- ter, cannot despise or neglect the working man!"

"That reminds me," said the preacher, "how one of our trus- tees complained that our free pews brought in 'a lot of very common folks.' 'Why,' said he, 'the sexton found a dirty piece of carpenter's blue chalk in one of the pews last Monday.' I replied, 'Perhaps the carpenter's son of Nazareth happened in.'"

. . .

The Peasant Mechanic "Carpentry work," observed Uncle Will, "allied Christ, first, with the poor; second, with the active; third, with the majority of the race; fourth, with those whose lives, like his, for thirty of his thirty-three years, are commonplace and uneventful. To see Christ as he was for thirty years of his life, we must put aside the artists and see him working in the dress of a peasant mechanic, his face browned by the Syrian sun, his feet hardened by walking over stony roads, his hands roughened with toil."

"Shall we not open our hearts' doors to Jesus, who has come so near to us by sharing our toil, and sing:

'Come in, O gracious form, I say,
O workman, share my shed of clay!
Then I, at bench or desk or oar,
With last or needle, net or pen—
As thou in Nazareth of yore—
Shall do the Father's will again.'"

"I remember," said Uncle Will, "how, when we were in Shechem, in Palestine, where Mohammedans are numerous and bitter, the very children sneeringly called us 'Nazarini.' Oh, if we were only like enough to the Naz- arene to be called by any of his names! Let us not miss the larger meanings of Christ's carpentry. That Carpenter's soul was the workshop of the world, in which he wrought with bloody sweat as the builder of the city that hath foundations, the holy city coming down from God, His consummate work—not the saving of the sinner only but of the city."

. . .

After the Bible story was over, Frank came to his mother and said, "I will do anything Jesus wants me to do." His mother replied, smiling, "Well, then, for a start, you can climb those steps to your bed."

Frank replied, "How do you know Jesus wants me to go to bed?"

"I know," said his mother; "Jesus wants you to grow strong and to be obedient, just as Jesus was in his boyhood.

Armenian Perplexities

The news, which has been given in these columns, of another Armenian massacre, has naturally excited apprehension among mem- bers of the unfortunate race living here con- cerning their friends and rel tives at home. Besides, numbers of Armenians, who have become naturalized Americans, and who are now visiting their native land, may be in dan- ger. The following letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mrs. Mary R. Shekelton, 163 West 133d street, New York City, shows a feature of the situation:

Two orphans escaped with their lives from Marash. They have, with hard work, managed to go through a course fitting them for hospital work in Turkey as soon as return is possible. They have passed and are passing through paintul trials. I have helped them so far as I could, and we need a little outside aid.

A Prison-Worker's Bible

FROM a missionary worker in the prisons of the South to the proprietor of this journal, comes the following letter:

GAINESVILLE, FLA., Dec. 2, 1899.

DEAR SIR: As you are the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I now write to ask if you could give me a Bible, Revised Version, as de- scribed in December issue. I am engaged in mis- sionary work here through the South. A converted Catholic, my folks partly disown me on that account, and I am therefore out in the world de- pendent solely on our Heavenly Father, and thus far He has not failed me. I feel the Revised Version would be a great help to me. For twenty-two years I was deprived of the Word of God; for the past five years I have been a Protestant, and since I commenced to walk in the light, I have tried to help others by my feeble efforts.

I have a plain solid gold ring: it was my engage- ment ring, but my betrothed died. It is very dear to me; still, if you feel you couldn't give the Bible and would accept the ring, why I'd let it go, as I do need such a Bible. F. F. H.

To this letter the following reply was sent: "We take pleasure in forwarding to you a copy of the Revised Bible in verse form, and we pray that God may bless through you its use to the salvation of many precious souls."

. . At the . . "Midnight Mission"

New York's Latest Gospel Effort in the Heart of a Section Where Vice Everywhere Abounds

IN New York there is found almost every kind of resource known to the Christian heart to save the sin- ner. A recent new movement has been begun, taking the form of a "Mid- night Mission," which was opened on Eighth avenue, near Twenty-fourth street, on the outskirts of the district known as the "Tenderloin," and in the vicinity of concert halls, saloons and theatres.

MISS MAY AGNEW
Founder of the Midnight Mission

Miss May Agnew, Christian musician and missionary, has established this mis- sion to meet in the very centre of a great need, one of the wickedest sections of New York. Nightly services of song and prayer between the hours of nine and twelve were chosen, because it is then that the young are abroad in the streets; idle, impressionable and easily led astray. Miss Agnew says this work has been on her heart a long time. Prayer has been the impetus, and souls the end in view. Miss Agnew has music not only in her soul, but in her voice and fingers. She has great power over the hearts of her hearers, and has presided at the piano, herself leading the service of sacred song, and in playing at the same moment, in many great Gospel gatherings in New York and elsewhere. Her sister, also a faithful Christian musician, assists in this work. On the opening night there were many visiting speakers. There were earnest pleadings from both sinful men and women. The "poor rabble," as they are called—the noisy, turbulent gangs of the streets—came in, bent on some trouble. At the singing of the first hymn they rose in a body and departed. They have since returned in pairs and trios, and one of the number the following week asked for prayers.

Miss Sara Wray, a very earnest Chris- tian worker, gave an impressive testimony that Christ not only had saving, but keep- ing grace.

Mr. Murray, the evangelist, told of a champion chess-player's criticism upon the celebrated painting called "The Lost Game," in which a boy plays a game of chess with the devil. The champion said the boy had not lost the game, and, to prove it, sat down and won the game from the same combination of men on the chessboard in the painting. He won the game in two moves. Mr. Murray pointed the moral: The devil always thinks the game of life is lost, but in two moves—faith and believing—Christ al- ways wins it.

During the meetings there have been a number of conversions. An immigrant who landed in America only two days before was among the number. Another who fell into evil ways, and one year ago was behind bars, now testifies of the power to save and uplift the fallen.

The "Midnight Mission" is in the very heart of a number of resorts whose hab- itues are in great need of Gospel teaching. The proprietors of these places at first opposed the Mission, but now they regard it without disfavor, and place no obstacles in the way of the workers. It is a field in which the harvest is fully ripe and the laborers are few.

His Last Testimony

A death that carried its lesson to many hearts re- cently occurred at a testi- mony meeting in the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, Eighty- sixth street and Madison avenue. John Crawford, aged sixty-one, an honest tanner and an excellent workman when sober, stood up among his fellows to tell of his hard struggle against his lifelong enemy, strong drink; and of how, through God's help and mercy, he had at last won the victory. He said: "I am one slow of speech. It is not that I am ever ashamed to say a word for Christ, but I am ashamed of my many backslidings from the right way. I know that God has forgiven me, and that I am still a joint heir with Jesus." That was his last word. His eyes and his hands were uplifted as if in praise or petition; a smile was on his face, and while his hearers were listening for his further speech, he sank slowly back into arms that opened to receive him. The poor wayfarer had gone to his Father's house with Christ's name on his lips.

AN AMERICAN LANDMARK—THE FIRST TEXAN CAPITOL

This ruined building, two miles west of Columbia, Texas, is an interesting reminder that our Lone Star State was once our sister republic (1836–45). Little as its appearance suggests such distinction, the front room on the first floor has been a Senate Chamber: here, Oct. 4, 1836, when Texas had won her freedom from Mexico, a Provisional Congress met and listened to the first Presidential message delivered by David G. Burnett, Provisional President; and here, Oct. 22d, the first President of the new republic—famous Sam Houston—was formally installed. Near-by is "Independence Tree," a grand, old live-oak, with spreading, moss-draped branches; beneath which the declaration of Texan independence was read; and not far away is an old cemetery, in which heroes of the Mexico-Texan War lie sleeping; that last sleep which may not be broken by "wars or rumors of wars."

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

MY times are in thy hand, O Lord;
Go thou, I pray, with me,
And I am safe; all will be well,
If I am close to thee.

Still, above all things else, I pray,
That thou my life wilt lead;
And use me in thy work of love,
Helpful in others' need.

Working with thee, promote thy cause
Of peace and love on earth;
Good-will to men, the angel song
At our Redeemer's birth.

And ever as the Christmastide
Comes with its sacred joy,
Anew I give my life to serve
In thy most blest employ.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE, G. H. SANDISON,
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Enthroned Evangelist

IT was a shock to Christendom—the telegram that announced the exit of Dwight L. Moody. His illness had alarmed us; but no one is ready for such a world-wide calamity as has fallen. We said to ourselves: "What will his lay-college and his Institute at Chicago do without him? What will Northfield, with its institutions of learning and mercy, do without him? What will the church universal do without him?"

The simple fact is that he has done the work of five hundred men. The cities, American and European, are full of the converts whom he brought to God, and of Christians whom he inspired for higher usefulness. He taught the pulpits how to preach and prayer-meetings how to pray and philanthropists how to contribute and Christian workers how to triumph. And all the obsequies that may be observed and all the obituaries that may be written and all the monuments that may be built to his memory cannot make him dead. He lives in the words he uttered. He lives in the books he has published. He lives in the institutions he established. He lives in the example of fidelity and righteousness and zeal which he has set before all nations.

And there is a consolatory thought in the fact that this good and great man deserves a rest. What toils, what fatigues, what self-sacrifice were his! What pull upon his nerves and brain the vast assemblages he addressed for more than thirty years! What physical and mental reactions must always come from such expenditure of the life forces. No wonder his heart gave way, for it had broken a thousand times in sympathies for the world he was helping to save. He was as much of a martyr as Latimer or Ridley or Hugh McPhail or Paul, the apostle. Not the fires of the stake nor the ax of the headsman touched him, but he was consumed with his great zeal for God and souls.

Surely, after all these years of self-denying devotion, he needed a rest for heart and head and hand and foot. That rest has come. His last sermon preached, his last prayer offered, his last journey ended! Joy to him, everlasting joy! What a throng welcomed him at the shining gate! They must have known in heaven he was coming. A great throng of those who had reached that city through his instrumentality must have come out to welcome him, and the Christ to whom he had invited uncounted millions of souls, on both sides the sea, I am sure, greeted him with the words: "Well done, good and faithful servant. I will make thee ruler over many cities."

The question will be asked: "Who will take his place?" No one. The Lord does not want any one to take his place. The first sermon I ever heard Mr. Moody preach was on the text: "To every man his work," and we must know that no two missions in the world are alike. He fulfilled his mission, and others will just as well fulfil their missions, and the work will go on until the day of the world's complete Gospelization. But neither on earth nor in heaven will church militant or church triumphant forget the apocalyptic Dwight L. Moody.

We were always impressed with the good common sense he mingled with his evangelism. Going to a town or city where he had been announced, he would immediately be surrounded by the representatives of all the newspapers of that place, and by the correspondents representing the press of other cities. He would immediately put before them his plans and ask their aid, and they all became his coadjutors; and the words he spoke in the evening would the next morning be put before the eyes of all the intelligent people of those communities. The same common sense he used in choosing co-workers, and in ignoring religious cranks who would disturb his meetings. He gave no time to the mere technicalities of religion, quarreled with no denomination, and never tried to explain the inexplicable. He put a warmth into the Gospel invitation which was felt by all who heard him, and by all who read his utterances.

How kind and encouraging a friend he was to the one who writes this paragraph, I may only hint. From the day he cabled me to come and help him in his meetings in London, at the opening of his greatest work, till the last brotherly words he uttered in these editorial rooms, he was to me a cheer and an inspiration. No tears could express my personal grief at his going. Good-by! my dear friend of many years, until we meet again in our Father's house to talk over the times when in the same harvest-field, side by side, we swung the sickles!

On the desolated home at Northfield may there come such influences consolatory that the sadness of the earthly parting may be overcome by the certain joy of celestial reunion! For such comfort for the bereft in our homes and in our churches, let us devoutly pray.

In this dark world of sin and pain,
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We there shall meet to part no more.
The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away.

T. DeWitt Talmage

. . Special Notice . .

From this date forward, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will accept no more advertisements of a medical character for insertion in its pages. Existing contracts with advertisers of this class will be completed, but not renewed. It will hereafter be observed as an inflexible rule that all medical advertisements are to be treated alike, without prejudice or discrimination, and rigorously excluded from the columns of this journal.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Mormon .. Heresies Exposed ..

Miss Helen Gould Sharply Criticises Brigham H. Roberts' Book—"A New Witness for God"

ALL over the land the people are waking up to a clear perception of the importance of the Mormon question. The attitude of Congress on the Roberts case, and the growing evidence of the fact that the country, as a whole, demands his rejection, has brought the whole Mormon question again to the front in our national affairs. Among those able and influential women who have bravely come forward as the opponents of the Mormon infamy, Miss Helen Gould easily stands first. Her utterances on the subject have already commanded wide attention. We give space below to the essential passages in a letter which she has just addressed to the League for Social Service, New York city. She writes:

"A short time ago I received 'with the compliments of the writer,' a pamphlet entitled *Plural Marriage and the Manifesto. The Tribune and the Kinsman Answered*, by Nathan Tanner, Jr. The book is an argument for polygamy. I desire, however, to call your attention particularly to *A New Witness for God*, by B. H. Roberts, as it has the endorsement of the Mormon Church and was published by George Q. Cannon & Sons' Company in 1895. As you know, George Q. Cannon is one of their three great leaders. You will find Chapter XXX., on 'Man's Place in the Universe,' very important, for it gives so clearly the Mormon point of view. I wish I might quote the whole chapter for you, but perhaps it will be better for me simply to give you an idea of the contents, and you can then judge for yourself whether it will be advisable for you to procure a copy. Mr. Brigham H. Roberts advances the theory that spirits of men before they tabernacled in bodies of flesh and bone on this earth, had an existence with God in another world; God is the father of their spirits, Jesus Christ being the first-born. We have also a mother in heaven. On page 460, Mr. Roberts says:

"The prophet also taught that the relationships formed in this life were intended to be eternal, not excluding that of husband and wife, with all its enduring affections. He taught that the marriage covenant which binds man and woman as husband and wife should be made for eternity, and not until 'death doth them part.'

"He then goes on to say:

"I wish to be perfectly understood here. Let it be remembered that the prophet Joseph Smith taught that man—that is, his spirit—is the offspring of Deity; not in any mystical sense, but actually; that man has not only a Father in heaven, but a mother also. And when I say that the prophet taught that the resurrection is a reality; that the relationship of husband and wife is intended to be eternal, together with all its endearing affections, I mean all that in its most literal sense. I mean that in the life to come man will build and inhabit, eat, drink, associate and be happy with his friends, and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the power and dominion of those who attain by their righteousness unto these privileges.

"Speaking further of this power of forever adding to his posterity, Mr. Roberts continues:

"It is one of the chief means of man's exaltation and glory in that great eternity which, like an endless vista, stretches out before him! Through it man attains to the glory of the endless increase of eternal lives, and the right of presiding as priest and patriarch, king and lord over his ever-increasing posterity. Instead of the commandment, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," being an unrighteous law, it is one by means of which the race of the gods is perpetuated, and it is as holy and pure as the commandment, "Repent and be baptized." Through that law, in connection with an observance of all the other laws of the Gospel, man will yet attain unto the power of the Godhead, and, like his Father—God—his chief glory will be to bring to pass the eternal like and happiness of his posterity.

"Next, Mr. Roberts argues that it is possible for men to become gods, and he quotes from the prophet Joseph Smith to show that the God whom we worship was once a man:

"God himself was once as we are now, and is an exalted Man and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret . . . Here, then, is eternal life—to know that only wise and true God, and you have got to learn [illegible] to become gods yourselves and to be kings [illegible] priests to God, the same as all gods have [illegible] before you—namely, by going from one [illegible] degree to another, and from a small capa[illegible] to a great one, from grace to grace, from [illegible] altation to exaltation, until you attain to [illegible] resurrection of the dead, and are able to d[illegible] in everlasting burnings and sit in glory, a[illegible] those who sit enthroned in everlasting po[illegible] (From a discourse preached by Joseph Sm[illegible] at Nauvoo, April 7, 1844. *Millennial S[illegible]* vol. xxiii., pp. 245–248).

"Polytheism is then distinctly taug[illegible] and I quote from page 466 the follow[illegible] passage:

"But if God, the Father, was not alw[illegible] God, but came to his present exalted position [illegible] degrees of progress, as indicated in the te[illegible] ings of the prophet, how has there been a [illegible] from all eternity? The answer is that th[illegible] has been and there now exists an endless [illegible] of gods stretching back into the eternities, t[illegible] had no beginning and will have no end. Th[illegible] existence runs parallel with endless durati[illegible] and their dominions are as limitless as bou[illegible] less space.

"Can one imagine a lower or more n[illegible] terialistic conception of spiritual thing[illegible] Below I quote the advertisement of [illegible] work to show you it has the approval [illegible] the Mormon Church:

"*A New Witness for God.* A work of [illegible] pages, treating of the divinity of the miss[illegible] of the Prophet Joseph Smith. The commit[illegible] appointed by the First Presidency to read t[illegible] manuscript of this work before it was pu[illegible] lished — viz.: Elders Franklin D. Richar[illegible] George Reynolds, and John Jaques—say [illegible] their report: 'Your committee, to whom y[illegible] referred the consideration of Elder B. [illegible] Roberts' new work, entitled, *A New Witn[illegible] for God*, respectfully represent that they ha[illegible] read it with great care and believe it to be [illegible] valuable addition to our church literatu[illegible] They find nothing therein calling for adve[illegible] criticism, but, to the contrary, find that it [illegible] orthodox and consistent with our teachin[illegible] There is harmony in its chapters which giv[illegible] much strength to its arguments, all of whi[illegible] point directly to the evidences, first of t[illegible] need of a New Witness for God, and ne[illegible] that Joseph the Prophet was that witne[illegible] The truths are emphasized on lines of reaso[illegible] ing different from those common to our elde[illegible] which carries to the work a freshness and [illegible] interest that will, we think, attract studen[illegible] and develop in our youth and others an i[illegible] creased love for the study of the great Latte[illegible] day work. Brother Roberts' work collat[illegible] and condenses a large amount of useful an[illegible] important information, historical and theolo[illegible] ical, which is often not readily accessible [illegible] the Elders and members of the church, b[illegible] which tends to broaden their views and e[illegible] large and enlighten their understanding of v[illegible] rious vital matters connected with the Gosp[illegible] of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"Wishing you success in your effort[illegible] to have our people more thoroughly in[illegible] formed on the Mormon question, I remain[illegible]

"Very truly,

"HELEN MILLER GOULD."

BRIEF NOTES

A law now under the consideration of th[illegible] Congress of the Argentine Republic provides fo[illegible] the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

Preparations are being made for commenc[illegible] ing mission work in the Soudan as soon as per[illegible] mission is given by the Sirdar. The United Pres[illegible] byterian Church has a fund of eleven thousand[illegible] dollars ready to establish a mission in Khartoum.

Dr. S. B. Rossiter, pastor of the North[illegible] Presbyterian Church in New York, has accepted[illegible] the office of Secretary of the American Auxiliary[illegible] of the McAll Mission. Dr. Rossiter contemplates[illegible] retiring from the pastorate of the church which he[illegible] has held for twenty-six years.

The New York Sabbath Committee is be[illegible] ginning a crusade against the theatres in which[illegible] Sunday performances are given. They are adver[illegible] tised as concerts but as they are in many cases[illegible] ordinary theatrical performances, the committee is[illegible] moving against them under the law.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference, to[illegible] be held in New York in March next, will have[illegible] many distinguished members. Sixty-one delegates[illegible] have already arranged to attend. They come as[illegible] representatives of missionary societies in Germany,[illegible] Denmark, England, Norway, Sweden, Holland and[illegible] Switzerland.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding services at[illegible] Wilkesbarre, Pa. They were commenced Dec. 1 in[illegible] the First Methodist Church which has been crowded[illegible] every evening. A remarkable service was the one[illegible] on Dec. 10 in the First Presbyterian Church. This[illegible] was for young people only and was very impressive.[illegible] Every part of the church was filled long before the[illegible] hour of commencing, and hundreds were unable to[illegible] obtain admission. There is every indication of the[illegible] revival being very deep and extensive.

It is reported that efforts are now being made by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York, to secure as pastor in succession to the late Dr. John Hall, Professor George T. Purves, D.D., of Princeton. He occupies the chair of New Testament Exegesis in the Theological Seminary, and is also pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Princeton. It is understood that Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who was the first choice of the session, will not accept an invitation unless it is unanimous, and the fact of his being a Congregationalist prevents that unanimity.

Colorado's New Capitol

IVIC pride is justly gratified by the new building at Denver, which Colorado has erected as her new capitol. A photograph of the magnificent edifice appears on this page. It is probably the finest public building of its kind in the whole of the West. A distinguishing feature of it is the great dome, which is designed to be a State memorial of the greatest of Colorado's citizens. It will contain sixteen windows, which will have portraits of such noted characters as Ouray, Chief of the Utes; Kit Carson, Gen. Denver, etc. Among the women whose names have been suggested for representation in this miniature Pantheon are Mrs. Augusta Tabor, Mrs. Boone, wife of the Scout; and Margaret W. Campbell, the enthusiastic pioneer in the struggle for woman suffrage. The edifice is a model of architectural skill and arrangement in the accommodations it affords for the various departments of the public service. The grounds in which it stands have been laid out with great care by the best landscape gardeners of the West, and on them alone, over fifty thousand dollars have been expended. It may be hoped that the new building will always have that adornment which will tend more to the welfare of the people of that great State than architectural beauty—the righteousness of the men who occupy its offices.

Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people (Prov. 14: 34).

Singular Lapse of Memory

The police at a station in Williamsburg, N. Y., had to deal with a peculiar case one night last week. A man with a big sand cart and a team of horses came to the station-house in a dazed condition. He said he was from Poland, but he had been several years in this country. He had gone to work for a contractor, whose name he could not remember. He had been sent to a sand-pit, where the wagon was filled with sand. Thence he drove to another part of the city, where some houses were being built, and there he had dumped the sand. He was driving back to the sand-pit for another load when he seemed to lose all knowledge of his route and of what he had to do. He had driven until dark in the hope that he would see some familiar landmark, or that his memory would return. Some one in whom he confided had advised him to apply to the police and had shown him the way to the station. He had not been drinking, but he could not remember where he was going, nor where he came from, nor where he lived. The police kept him at the station for the remainder of the night, feeling sure that inquiries would be made for him in the morning. His condition is extraordinary and calls for medical attention. It is not often that we hear of such a case; but it is not at all uncommon to find people who in the far more important matter of the soul are similarly ignorant as to their origin and destination, but think only of present indulgence.

Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we shall die (Isaiah 22: 13).

Fished in a Barrel

A Maine journal, which devotes its attention to sporting matters, describes a surprise which a fisherman experienced recently. He was standing on the apron of a dam, fishing in the quick water below, and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on his right hand, in a little eddy, he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He was curious about the barrel, and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and was lying so that he could see the bung hole. Of course, the barrel was full of water, and there was a noise as if there was a fish inside of it. He dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. But it was so large that it would not come through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds, and was one of the handsomest squaretails caught in that section this year. One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small, and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken up their abode inside until it grew too big to get out. It must have had an easy time, but its ease was fatal. Men have sometimes suffered from a similar cause. In pursuit of wealth or power, they have entered into occupations, or associations, which they knew to be detrimental to their best interests, but which they intended to quit when they had attained their object; but when that time came they found the way of escape barred and themselves bound by chains of their own forging. There is no more successful device of the enemy than that of the suggestion that a wrong-doer can reform whenever he wishes. Prosperity is often more fatal to the soul than adversity.

Fulness of bread and abundance of idleness were in her and her daughters and they were haughty. Therefore I took them away as I saw good (Ezek. 16: 49, 50).

COLORADO'S NEW STATE CAPITOL AT DENVER

For Premature Burial

A strange exhibition was given in New York last week, by two Frenchmen of an apparatus by which if a person were buried alive and recovered consciousness in the coffin he could give an alarm. The life-saving apparatus consists of a tube four inches in diameter, which extends down to the coffin and fits into a hole in the lid over the breast of the person inside. Attached to the upper end of the tube is a metal box which is visible above the grave. In the box is a bell, and fixed to the lid is a rod on the end of which is a brass ball. Through the tube leading to the coffin, a small rod is run with a ball on the end, placed just above the breast of the supposed corpse. The person who has been prematurely buried, it was explained by the inventor, would upon coming to in the grave, simply have to put his hand up and either push up or pull down the ball above his breast. This would set the bell above ringing for half an hour. A proposed addition is a connection with a central telephone office where a bell rings when the buried man pushes the ball. There may be some people with a nervous dread of being buried alive who will ask their relatives to have such an apparatus fixed on their graves. There is, however, reason to doubt whether any one is ever buried before he is dead. A much more important matter is it for people to take account of that day of universal awakening, which will surely come, and to prepare for it.

The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done ill to the resurrection of judgment (John 5: 28 R. V.).

Gen. Lawton Killed

Sincere sorrow was expressed throughout the country when the news was received from the Philippines that Gen. Lawton had been killed in battle. Few officers in the army had so thoroughly won the admiration of the soldiers and the general public as this great man who had distinguished himself in the service of his country. From the dispatches describing the sad event it appears that he set out from Manila on Monday night Dec. 18, to occupy the valley of Mariquina, fifteen miles to the north, which has been an insurgent stronghold throughout the war. Traveling with a small escort, over a hilly country, through a pouring rain, he reached San Mateo, a town at the head of the valley, shortly before daybreak. The town has a lofty mountain in its rear and a broad, shallow stream in front. The force had to cross the stream under a heavy fire from the insurgent trenches. Gen. Lawton made his men lie down in the rice-fields and send a few volleys preparatory to crossing. His stalwart figure, conspicuous in a white helmet, immediately became a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. His staff officers called to him, warning him of his danger, but he laughed and strode on along the firing line. Suddenly he was seen to stagger and fall. His men rushed to him while others ran for the surgeons. But all efforts were useless; he had been shot through the heart and his death was almost instantaneous. His body was placed on a litter and, while the ringing cheers of his troops rushing to the capture of the town reverberated through the valley, six grief-stricken soldiers bore the remains of their beloved chief from the field. He was not yet fifty-seven years of age and was in the full vigor of manhood. Standing over six feet in height with a broad muscular figure, he looked every inch a soldier. His first service was in the Civil War; when, at the age of eighteen, he served as sergeant of a company of Indiana infantry. In May, 1862, he was promoted to a captaincy. Two years later he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and at the close of the war was brevetted Colonel "for gallant and meritorious service." He immediately sought a commission in the regular army and was appointed. He distinguished himself in the campaigns against the Indians, notably in 1886 in the pursuit of Geronimo. At the opening of the war with Spain he again offered himself for active service. At El Caney, his gallantry won him the personal congratulations of the President, and throughout the Santiago campaign he did valiant service. In January, 1899, he was sent to the Philippines. His services in the capture of San Isidro and other towns called forth praise on all hands and the President sent him a message of congratulation. His nomination to the rank of Brigadier-General was being written when the sad news of his death came to hand. A man so devoted to the service of his country, so brave, and so indifferent to his own comfort and safety, is an example to the soldiers of Christ in their lifelong warfare, so that when death comes to them they may have the consolation of the apostle:

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL LAWTON

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness (II. Tim. 4: 8).

A Prisoner's Plea

A pathetic letter was read by Judge Newburger, in the General Sessions Court in New York, on Dec. 15. It came from a prisoner who was then in the dock waiting for sentence. The writer said that he had not had a free Christmas for twenty-two years, and he longed beyond the power of words to express, to spend the day this year outside the walls of a prison. It appeared from his record that he had been arrested in 1877 and tried for grand larceny. He had been convicted and sentenced. There had been several charges against him, and, when he had served his term for one offence he was rearrested as he left the penitentiary and tried for another. In November last he was once more a free man, but there was one more charge pending, and he was arrested as his discharge papers were handed to him. He was the more disappointed, because he had learned in prison a trade, by which he could support himself honestly and was hoping to lead a right life. All this he explained in his letter to the judge, and begged him when he should be brought up for sentence to give him a chance. An officer corroborated his story of good behavior in prison and his learning a trade. The judge having read the letter in open court, gave the prisoner some good advice and suspended sentence. The man was so overcome with joy that he was unable to walk and an officer had to lead him out of court. The plea that availed in his case was probably not that of the suffering he had already undergone, but his determination to lead an honest life in future. Punishment has accomplished its best purpose when it has led to the reformation of the criminal.

They shall bear the punishment of their iniquity that they may be my people, and I be their Lord (Ezek. 14: 10, 11.)

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER V.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETTIT

Samantha in Mormon-Land

SALT LAKE CITY lays in a rich valley at the foot of a range of snow-capped mountains that tower up 'round it, seemin' to the saints, I spoze, as if they wuz heavenly ramparts to protect 'em from evil; and lookin' to them that despise the saints' ways and customs, as if the very earth itself was liftin' up its high hands in horrow at their deeds. But to me, hanted as I wuz by a memory, the mountains looked some like old men with white hair; as his would be when he got older if he wuz'nt bald. I knew that I ort not to think on it, but it would come onbid. It is a beautiful city with electric lights, electric railways, broad streets lined with lofty trees, and little rivulets of pure cold snow-water runnin' along the side of 'em. The houses are clean and comfortable looking, with well-kep' lawns and gardens about 'em and flowering shrubs. The temple is a magnificent building; it towers up to heaven, as if it wuz jest as sure of bein' right as our Methodist Episcopal steeple at Jonesville. Though we know that the M. E. steeple, though smaller in size, is pintin' the right way and will be found out so on that day that tries souls and steeples and everyhing else.

The old Bee Hive (where the swarm of Mormons first hived and made gail or honey—I d'no which, or mebby both)—is also an interestin' sight to meditate on. It is shaped a good deal like one of them round straw bee hives you see in old Sabbath School books. The bride and groom went to their own home to live, on whom we called, or Tommy and I did, and left 'em well situated and happy; and I told him, sez I: "If you 'tend strict to the eighth commandment, you'll git along first rate."

And he said that he felt that he could rise to any height of goodness with Baby's help. And she scoffed at the idee of pa ever payin' any attention to any other woman but her, when he worshiped her so.

Well, so other men have felt and got led off, but I won't forebode. But I left 'em happy in their own cozy home, which I wuz glad to think I could describe to Phileman and Ann if I ever see that blessed haven, Jonesville, agin.

We went out to visit the Mineral Springs. It only took us about ten minutes on the train, and it only took us about half an hour to go to Garfield Beach. It is the only sand beach on Salt Lake, and some say it is the finest beach in the world, and they say that the sunsets viewed from this spot are so heavenly bright in their glowin' colors that no pen or tongue can describe 'em. The blue-green waves wuz dancin' as we stood on the shore, and we wuz told that if we fell in, the water would hold us up, but didn't try it, bein' in sunthin' of a hurry.

Through "Jordan Valley"

At Miss Meechim's strong request we went on a pleasant trip to York City through the valley of the River of Jordan. How good that name sounded to me! How much like scripter! But, alas! it made me think of one who had so often sung with me on the way home from evenin' meetin', as the full moon gilded the top of the democrat, and the surroundin' landscape:

By Jordan's stormy banks we stand
And cast a wistful eye
On Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Oh, human love and longing, how strong thou art! I knowed that him meant the things of the sperit, but my human heart translated it, and I sithed and felt that the Jordan my soul wuz passin' through wuz indeed a hard pathway, and I couldn't help castin' a wishful eye on Jonesville's fair and happy land, where my earthly possession, my Josiah, lay.

"WE ALL SOT DOWN IN THEIR LARGE, COOL PARLOR"

A Mormon Invitation

But to resoom. We had hearn that Polygamy wuz still practiced there, and we had hearn that it wuzn't. But every doubt on that subject wuz laid to rest by an invitation we all had to go and visit a Mormon family livin' not fur off, and Miss Meechim and I went, she not wantin' Dorothy to hear a word on the subject. She said with reason, that after all her anxiety and labors to keep her from marryin' one man, what would be her feelin's to have her visit a man who had boldly wedded 'leven wives and might want a even dozen!

I could see it to once, so didn't urge the matter, but left Tommy with her and Aronette. As nigh as I could make out, the Mormons had felt that Miss Meechim and I wuz high in authority in Gentile climes, one on us had that air of nobility and command that is always associated with high authority, and they felt that one on us could do their cause much good if they could impress us favorable with the custom, so they put their best twenty-four feet forward and did their level best to show off their doctrine in flyin' colors. But they didn't do any good to "one on us," nor to Miss Meechim, either; she's sound in doctrine, though kinder weak and disagreeable in spots.

Well, we found that this family lived in splendid style, and the husband and all his pardners acted happy whether they wuz or not. And I d'no how or why it wuz, but when we all sot down in their large cool parlor, Miss Meechim and I in our luxurious easy chairs, and our host in one opposite with his wife occupyin' 'leven chairs at his sides, a feelin' of pity swep' over me—pity for that man.

Yes, as I looked at that one lonely man, small boneded at that, and then looked at them 'leven portly wimmen that called that man "our husband," I pitied him like a dog. I had never thought of pityin' Mormon men before, but had poured out all my pity and sympathy onto the female Mormons. But havin' a mind like a ox'es for strength, I begun to see matters in a new light, and I begun to spozen to myself, even whilst I sot there with my tongue keepin' up a light dialogue on the weather, the country, etc., with the man and his wife ('leven on 'em). I spozed what if they should all git mad at him at one time how wuz he goin' to bear their 'leven rages flashin' from twenty-two eyes, snortin' from 'leven upturned noses, fallin' from 'leven angry voices, and the angry jesters from twenty-two scornful hands. Spozein' they all got to weepin' on his shoulder at one time how could one shoulder blade stand it under the united weight of 'leven full-sized females, most two ton of 'em, amidst more'n forty four nervous sobs, for they would naterally gin more'n two apiece. In sickness now, if they wanted to soothe his achin' brow, and of course they would all want to, and have the right to. But how could twenty-two hands rest on that one small fore-top? Sixty-six rubs at the least figger, for if they stroked his forehead at all they would want to stroke it three times apiece, poor creeter! would not delerium ensue instead of sooth? And spozein' they all took it into their heads to hang on his arm with both arms fondly whilst out walkin' by moonlight, how could twenty-two arms be accomodated by two small scrawny elbows?

"A HALL BOY COMES UP TO ME"

It couldn't be done. And as I mused on't I spoke right out onbeknown to me, and sez I:

Samantha's Indignation

"The Lord never meant it to be so; it hain't reasonable; it's aginst common sense."

And the hull twelve sez, "What didn't the Lord mean? What wuz aginst common sense?"

And bein' ketched at it, I sez, "The Mormon doctrine;" sez I, "to say nothin' on moral and spiritual grounds, and state rights, it's against reason and against good sense."

I felt mortified to think I had spoke out loud, but had to stand my ground after I had said it.

But they all said that the Mormon doctrine wuz the true belief, that it wuz writ in heaven, then it wuz engraved on plates, and dug up by Joe Smith, a Latter Day Saint.

Sez I, "If anybody trys to prove sunthin' they want to, they can most always dig sunthin' up to prove it. You say a man dug this plate up; what if some woman should go to diggin' and find a plate provin' that one woman ort to have 'leven husbands?"

"Oh, no!" sez the man in deep scorn, "no such plate could be found!"

The wimmen all looked as if they would kinder like to see such a plate, but they all sez faintly, "We don't spoze that it could be found."

"But," I sez, "you don't know how many plates there are in the ground, nor who'll dig 'em up."

"Oh, that idee is preposterous!" sez the man, as visions of dividin' one woman's heart into eleven parts, and reignin' over that little mossel riz up before him.

"Men never would agree to that; there would be mutiny, internal bloodshed and sizm."

"Well," sez I, "mebby there is more or less internal heart bleedin' goin' on in the wimmen's hearts that have to divide a man's love and care a dozen times."

Sez I, "A hull man's hull affections are onstiddy and wobblin' and oncertain enough without dividin' it up so many times."

Them wimmen wuz touched. I see a answerin' gleam of understandin' come into about twenty-one eyes as I spoke; one on 'em stood firm and looked hauty and cast iron, but I mistrusted that it wuz a glass eye, but don't know, it might have been principle.

And even on the man's small-sized countenance my words had seemed to make a impression. But yet he didn't want to give up in a minute; he spoke of how the Mormons had flourished since they come to Utah, how they had turned the desert into a garden, and he felt that the Lord must look on 'em favorable or they wouldn't be so prosperous.

"Yes," sez I, not wantin' to lie, "your country is beautiful, it is in a flourishing state, and shows the good results of systematic labor, industry and ambition; you have made the desert bloom like the rosy, many of your ways and customs might be followed with profit by older communities, and more orthodox accordin' to my idees. But I don't know as your flourishin' in worldly affairs is any sign of God's favor," and I mentioned the scripter concernin' who it wuz that flourished like the green bayberry tree. So bein' driv out of that argument, he sez, forgittin' his own eleven proofs aginst his story bein' true:

"Polygamy is done away with anyway; the United States have abolished it in Utah."

And I sez: "Well, I should be glad to think that wuz so, for one husband and one wife is as much as the Lord in his mercy ort to ask one human creeter to tend to and put up with. Not but what marriage is a beautiful institution and full of happiness if Love props it up and gilds it with its blessed ray. But one is enough," sez I firmly, "and enough is as good as a feast."

Miss Meechim sot silently by durin' this eloquent discussion—what she felt, she that abhorred the institution of marriage anyway—what she felt to look on and see folks so much married as these wuz, will forever remain a secret, but her looks wuz queer, very, and her nose fairly sought the heavens, it wuz held so high. A few of the wives brought in some refreshments to refresh us, and a few more waited on us and the small husband of their eleven hearts, and almost immegiately we tore ourselves away, takin' in ourn as we left, the hand of the husband and the eleven right hands of the wife.

An Unexpected Caller

A little while after we got back from our visit to the Mormon family, I wuz sittin' in the handsome parlor of the tarven by Miss Meechim's side, Dorothy settin' at the piano acrost the room playin' low, dreamy melodies as if to her own soul and ourn, ruther than to our ears, when a hall boy, most covered with buttons, come up to me, bearing a note on a little silver plate, for all the world as if it wuz vittles of some kind he wuz passin'. I took it with dignity and opened and read it with the same mean on me, though surprise laid holt on me as I read, and I sez to Miss Meechim:

"For gracious' sake! if this letter hain't from Brigham Roberts, askin' a augence with me." (I knowed that two of his wives had had a fever, and one on 'em, the bilerous colic, and he had had to come on from Washington to bathe their three achin' brows and press their six fevered hands).

"Well, of course you will see him," sez Miss Meechim. "I will take Dorothy out of the hotel whilst he is here," sez she anxiously.

Sez I, "I guess she would be safe up in your room with the door locked."

"Oh no," sez she, "I will have her put on a thick veil and will take her out milds away, and we will take Tommy with us, and you can receive him in our settin' room. It is probable a affair of State he wishes to see you on."

I had riz up high in her estimation, I could see by attentions from statesmen, or them that wanted to be. So it wuz arranged as she spoke on. At her request I sot the time I would see him fur enough ahead so she could git Dorothy three milds away before he come. And these formalities bein' attended to, I put on my cameo pin, and sot enrobed in my gray alpacky and dignity, lots of dignity, awaiting the coming of Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts Wants Advice

At last he entered. I wuz anticipating meeting him with a cool stateliness, befitting my feelings towards him and his beliefs and practices. But I wuz took off my guard by his anxious, excited, onhappy mean. He rushed forwards and grasped holt of my hand with both of hisen, as if I wuz his only hope and refuge, and sez he:

"O mom, I have come to you as a sufferin' fellow creature!" and still holdin' my hand in hisen (though I tried to draw it away for Josiah's sake, as well as my own) but he continued to pour out incoherent words of agony and I felt that he didn't know what he wuz graspin' holt on no more than a drowndin' man.

"I know," sez he, "that you stand high with the public: I know your influence can help me, and I pray you as one suffering human being prays another, to help me; give me some succor and relief!"

With one tremendious effort I freed my hand from his frenzied grip, and sez in a calm voice, though his excitement and distracted mean wore on me a sight:

"Be calm, sir; and tell me in a coherent manner what I can do for you, and if it is reasonable, if it is anything I can do with justice to Josiah, and Duty, and the Nation, and the children, and grandchildren, I will do it."

Agin he poured forth frenzied words of distraction, his sentences falling over each other, and his words trippin' each other up, till I could sense nothin', only that here wuz a soul wrestlin' in deep agony before me, and I sez agin:

"Tell me in plain words to once what you want, or else leave the presence," sez I, rizin' and pintin' to the door post. It wuz a grand jester, my mean wuz all dignity, and he wuz frightened for fear I would leave him without hope, and he bust forth in loud agonized tones:

He Wanted to "Set Down"

"I want to set down! Do you know—duz the Nation know," sez he wildly, "how long I've been kep' standin' up? I want to *set*! I've *got* to set down!" sez he, and he covered his face with his hands and busted into tears.

I pitied him, much as I despised some of his deeds and beliefs; I pitied him like a dog. But I see that I must control myself and not let him see the sympathy I felt, if I wuz to do him any good, for he wuz pacin' the room back and forth agin like a lame lion who is stirred up in its lair. I pinted towards a big arm chair and sez I:

"Be sot, sir!"

"Oh, no!" sez he, in wild fearful axents, "Oh, no! the Nation hain't willin' for me to set! I've got to bear it, I spoze. But, oh, help me!" sez he "do help me! Go to your President—or no, I'll tell you what's betier—see the man who fixed the Canteen law for him; he can do what he wants to; he can wiggle through any place bigger than a cambric needle. Mebby there is some high church officials, some Bishops that would help. Or no, go to the head of it all; go to the Liquor Power, that's the place to go to; that rules Church and State; that makes the laws. Oh, do go to the Liquor Power," sez he, "and git it to let me set. I'll pay as much as is their usual price for makin' personal laws in a man's favor."

The glare in my gray eye froze the words on his lips. My pity wuz all gone, in the place of my gushin' sympathy wuz a frozen reservoir of contempt and disdain.

"You ask me to go to the Liquor Power for help!" sez I, "Do you know who you're speakin' to?"

"Yes," sez he feebly, as he stood half bent, fagged out, but still tottlin' on his feet, "I am speakin' to Josiah Allen's wife, and I want to set." He looked worse than ever, his last hope seemed to have fled. He see I wouldn't help him; I wuz jest on the pint of leavin' him alone when he agin' murmured pitifully, "I want to set, I want to set down."

His axent wuz heart broken, and I fancied that there wuz a little tone of repentance in it. Could I influence him for the right?" I felt that I must; I reached up the arms of my soul and took a firm grip, and sez in a low, deep voice:

"I will help you set, if you'll set where I want you to."

"Oh tell me," sez he, "tell me where you want me to set!"

"Not in the high halls where justice is administered," sez I, "not to set up there with the pictures of your three wives on your heart, to make laws condemnin' a man who has one extra wife to prison for twenty years, which same law would condemn you to prison for forty years. That wouldn't be reasonable," sez I. "Presidents and Senators are not sot up there in Washington, D. C. as examplers for the young to foller and stimulate 'em to go and do likewise. Such an example as yourn would stimulate 'em too much in matrimonial directions, and land 'em in prison."

He turned round in his haltin' walk and said sunthin' about lots of public men havin' other wives in secret.

"In secret?" sez I, "well, mebby so, but it has to be in secret, hid away, wropped in disgrace, and if the law discovers it they're punished. That is a very different thing from makin' such a life respectable, hidin' the husband and wives under the mantilly of the law, embroidered, too, with public honors."

He turned away despairin'ly, and murmured mekanically the old heart-broken wail, "I want to set. Months have gone by, and years, and I hain't been let to set down. I want to set!"

And I sez reasonably: "There is no objection to your settin' down, and if I had my way you would set right down by them who have done only half or a quarter what you have, and in the place the laws have made for them and you—right there in prison," sez I, "there is good stun seats for all on you."

The Right Place "to Set"

He turned quick as a wink: "Then you won't help me?"

"Yes," sez I, "I'll help all I can to put you right in with the others that have done jest what you have—openly set our laws at defiance. But if I know myself," sez I, "I won't help a tiger cat to hold a canary bird, or a woif to guard a sheep pen. I won't help a felon up on the seat of justice to make laws for innocent men."

"Innocent men!" And agin he sez, "Ha! ha!"

And agin I didn't care what he said. And I got up and sez: "Mr. Roberts, you may as well leave the presence," and as he turned I sez in conclusion, thinkin' mebby I had been too rash: "You have intellect, Brigham Roberts, and are a good man so fur as I know, only in this one iniquity and open defiance of our laws, and I advise you to turn round in your tracts, and get ready to set down on high, for you'll find it a much worse thing to prance round through all eternity without settin', than it is not to set here."

He just marched out of the door and never said good-bye, or good-day or anything. But I didn't care.

When Miss Meechim come back I wuz settin' calm and serene in her big chair windin' some clouded blue and white yarn, Aronette holdin' the skein; I had brung along a lot of woolen yarn to knit Josiah some socks on the way, to make me feel more homelike.

And the next day we proceeded on to California.

(To be Continued.)

"I PINTED TOWARDS A BIG ARM CHAIR, AND, SEZ I, 'BE SOT, SIR!'"

Founded a Century Ago

THE Fourth Presbyterian Church in West Philadelphia celebrated the century mark of its existence with appropriate exercises on Sunday, December 3, 1899. Rev. Dr. Worden presided during the day. Rev. W. M. Rice, D.D., who was its pastor for ten years, delivered an historical address, and Rev. Dr. Benjamin L. Agnew gave the centennial address. In the afternoon a Sabbath School celebration was held, at which time the superintendent, George Cleeland, gave an historical sketch of the school, telling of its progress in past years and its flourishing condition to-day. Appropriate evening services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Worden. On the following Wednesday evening there was a social reunion of former and present members and friends of the church. The history of the Fourth Church dates back to the year 1798, when part of the Third Church withdrew, and in June, 1799, organized the Fourth Church, with the Rev. George C. Potts as pastor, worshiping in a small frame building on the south side of Lombard street, west of Third. In 1802 a church was built at the corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets, where the congregation worshiped for forty years. In 1835 Dr. Potts resigned and was succeeded by the Rev. Wm. McCalla. In 1842 a new church was dedicated at the corner of Twelfth and Lombard streets. Here the congregation continued to worship until 1891, when they removed to their present location and erected a substantial stone edifice comprising a chapel seating about 400. The membership of the church is about 400, and the Sabbath School about the same. There is a thriving Christian Endeavor Society.

Scenes in the British-Boer Campaign

Photographs from Our Own Correspondent, Showing the Naval and Military Activity in South Africa

ROYAL ARTILLERY HOISTING GUNS FROM STEAMER TO TRAIN, AT DURBAN

ARRIVAL OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND DUBLIN FUSILIERS

RECENT reverses in South Africa seem to have aroused the warlike spirit in England to a point seldom reached in previous campaigns. It has been decided to send forward to the Cape a vast army of reinforcement, especially cavalry and artillery, and transports are even now on the way. It is said by English military authorities that Great Britain's army in the South African field will be 175,000 strong. A unique corps will be the Mounted Yeomanry, from 3,000 to 5,000 strong, and similar in many respects to our Rough Riders in the late Spanish-American war. Australia, New South Wales and Canada are also preparing each a second contingent, and the Colonial troops in Cape Colony and Natal will be represented in the field in larger proportion than before.

Meanwhile the Boers are strengthening their positions both in Natal and between the Modder River and Kimberley.

Our correspondent, Charles S. Morris, writes us from Cape Town, describing the extensive military preparations there, and enclosing a number of photographs, several of which appear on this page. One of the illustrations shows the Royal Irish Fusiliers landing at Durban, Natal. This famous regiment was ambuscaded, and many were captured by the Boers. They broke down and cried like children when they discovered that there was nothing for them to do but surrender.

Another picture is that of a detachment of Zulu police. England has a great reserve army in the countless thousands of natives who oppose the Boers, and who would ask nothing more than a chance to rise against them. Civilization would shudder were the black tribes to rise in the present campaign. Another photograph shows the Gordon Highlanders and Dublin Fusiliers arriving at Durban. They are part of the great army Britain is rapidly pouring into South Africa. Transport after transport from England, India, Australia, Canada, is coming in almost daily, laden with thousands of troops. The Gordon Highlanders, as already stated in previous issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, suffered severely in the recent engagements, and one famous Highland regiment, the "Black Watch," was almost wiped out at the battle of Magersfontein.

Still another photograph shows the Royal Artillery moving guns from a transport to a train of the Natal Railroad at Durban, preparatory to a rush to the front. It is now generally acknowledged that the Boer artillery is superior to that of the British. The burghers have the benefit of the services of expert French and German artillerists, and their "Long Toms" (as the long-range Krupp and Creuzot guns are called) have already made several of the British positions untenable. To offset this, the English have utilized some of the long-range naval guns from the warships. A fifth photograph shows the Manchester regiment, which was hurried to the front in Natal, just before the Boers issued their famous ultimatum, which was accepted as equivalent to a declaration of war. The Manchester regiment is now cooped up in Ladysmith, with the remainder of Gen. White's forces. A sad scene, amid so much that is full of life and action, is the photograph of the grave of Gen. Colley, who fell at Amajuba Hill, the Boers' most signal victory in the last war.

THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS LANDING AT DURBAN

THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT BEING HURRIED TO THE FRONT

GEN. COLLEY'S GRAVE AT AMAJUBA HILL (MARKED WITH A CROSS)

A DETACHMENT OF THE ZULU POLICE

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Old Age and Childhood in the Sunrise Kingdom

JAPAN is the paradise of childhood. There are a great many annual festivals in that sunny, flowery land, the most popular of all occurring about

AN OLD JAPANESE FLOWER-WOMAN

the New Year, and engaging the attention of everyone in the family, from grandparents to the baby. This holiday fete does not end with one day: it stretches over two entire weeks, and is really not quite over until the last of the month. The children are dressed in their prettiest clothes and wear them from morning until night; friends and relatives are coming and going, and there is a spirit of fun and jollity abroad, so that the sense of enjoyment never ceases. Toys and dolls are bestowed on the little folks, and cakes and sweets are abundant, while in the evenings, old and young play games and have a merry time. Then, sprinkled all through the year are the flower and fruit festivals; the cherry, the plum, the iris, or the chrysanthemum giving the motif for the brilliant scene. And in no other country of which I ever heard, is there a yearly Feast of Dolls, lasting three days. Miss Bacon, who spent some years in Japan, tells us that on the third day the great fire-proof storehouse yields up its treasures of dolls; in an old family, some of them hundreds of years old, and their tiny furnishings of lacquer, silver and porcelain, are all arranged on red-covered shelves in the finest room in the house. Many people have dolls dressed to represent the Emperor and Empress and the courtiers and musicians, just as if we were to dress dolls like the President and his wife.

. . .

THE dress of Japanese children is very comfortable and picturesque, and their freedom from reproof and scolding makes them very gentle and amiable. In Japanese houses one does not hear the perpetual "don't" of Western lands, and as there is little which children can injure, nobody is worried about mischief which may be done by small and meddlesome fingers.

Old women in the Sunrise Land enjoy a great deal of independence. So far from being ashamed of her age, an elderly dame in Japan takes pains to reveal it; the younger people wait on her, and she undertakes any light tasks she pleases, goes freely about the streets, and is cared for tenderly by her sons and daughters. Women age early in the Orient; at thirty-five a matron is in the sere and yellow leaf, so far as her beauty is concerned; she shrivels up, becomes lean and wrinkled, but, as a rule, remains smiling and good-tempered, and never forgets to be polite.

. . .

IN worn blue cotton clothes, with a burden on her back—flowers, fruit, vegetables, or whatever it may be—one often meets an old woman cheerfully trotting along, ready to sell her wares to any customer who will buy. Sometimes one finds her cutting the grass in a little garden and doing it with a pair of scissors. Whatever she does, she is serene, cheerful and contented.

Given these natural qualities, how lovely would the Japanese woman be, how fascinating the Japanese child, if, added to them were the high principles, steadfast faith, and unselfish love of the disciple of Christ! Little by little the light has been breaking through the pagan darkness of Japan. It may well be that the twentieth century will see the Sunrise Kingdom brought to Immanuel, and made His peculiar treasure.

White Days and a White World

Snow is most welcome to the young girl, who, like the very spirit of the season, with glowing cheeks and smiling eyes, seems incapable of fatigue. She has her skates, and can glide over the smooth surface of the pond, and, when her hands are cold, she is woodsman, or rather woman enough to light a little fire and thaw their icy tingle above its grateful warmth. I hope she remembers the birds, for many of them dare our Northern winters and would be glad of crumbs when the ground is frozen.

Dr. C. C. Abbott, describing a winter scene, says: "Even during bitterly cold days in our woods, there are birds and birds. As a proof of this, one need only mention crows and snowbirds; but I am not speaking ironically, but soberly, discreetly and cautiously, when I say that our woods, at least in midwinter, often contain as many species, usually even more individually, than in midsummer."

Dr. Abbott is speaking of Central New Jersey. My boys who belong to the Audubon Society, may send me the result of their observations, if they choose. How beautiful is winter, when the ice-fields glisten, and the dark boughs of the cedar lift their glorious tapering spires; when the moss clings close to the north side of the tree, and the holly berries shine on the branches. In winter, we see the architecture of the leafless trees. Some one has compared the forest branches when denuded, to the cordage and spars of a stately ship. There is life in the trees—very busily at work, too—and in the forests, in every nook and corner, there are sleeping forms of life; some to awaken.

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

When the Almond Tree Shall Flourish

Two of our most honored readers, Mr. and Mrs. John Osburn, of Cadiz, Ohio, recently celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of their wedding. Both are hale and hearty and drive three miles to church every Sunday, and both have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for fourteen years. Father Osburn is eighty-four and Mother Osburn is eighty-three, and sixty years have passed since, in their youth, together they united with the Presbyterian church. Of their ten children, eight are living, and all are in Christ's fold, as members of the church.

This is a beautiful life-record—a golden wedding thirteen years ago, and life still full of joy for the venerable pair.

Table Manners

Our habitual table manners are revelations of our home training. The careful parent begins the training of the child in the graceful use of the knife and fork and spoon, almost in babyhood. I sat at the table lately beside a wee maiden of two summers whose table behavior was perfect. She handled her spoon with the ease of a duchess. A child should be taught to eat soup from the side of the spoon, silently; to break off his bread in little pieces, not to spread a slice and bite it or tear it; of course nobody eats with a knife, or drinks from a saucer. Those customs obtained before silver forks were in common use, and when there was less leisure about meals than now, and persons could not wait to let tea and coffee cool. A spoon must not be permitted to stand in a cup. Knife and fork are laid across the platter when the meal is finished. If a child wishes to push some article of food upon his fork, he takes a bit of bread for the purpose. Bread must not be dipped in coffee or in gravy.

If one has a cold and must use a handkerchief, it is necessary to ask to be excused, and to leave the room, going out of sight and hearing. No polite person, child or adult, interrupts another in conversation at the table or elsewhere, and asides, giggling, and remarks upon the conduct of guests or elderly people are excessively ill-bred. Should you happen not to like some part of the food, leave it without remark, and never explain that it does not agree with you.

JAPANESE CHILDREN ON A FÊTE DAY

A MASQUERADE

A LITTLE old woman before me
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if a-weary
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke-bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving cap-string floated
Like a pennon to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footsteps caught,
And I sprang, to keep her from falling
With a touch, as quick as thought.

When, under the old poke-bonnet,
I saw a winsome face,
Framed in with the flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter, Grace.

Mantle and cap together,
Dropped off at my very feet,
And there stood the little fairy
Beautiful, blushing, sweet.

Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden, gleaming pavement
Of the blessed, blessed land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of Time,
Shall our better selves spring backward
Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shapes that hid us
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get our child hearts back again
With a brightness that will stay?

I thought—and my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine,
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Good-night

In English households one sees on the hall table an array of bedroom candles, and as each person leaves the others for the night, he or she takes a candle to carry to the sleeping apartment. The soft "good-night," spoken by loving lips, is really a tender commendation of the loved one to the heavenly care. In the night, when sleep enfolds us and we drift to the unknown land of dreams, we are at the mercy of many apparent accidents; fire may come, or robbers or illness. Yet he who watches Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, and so we may confidently seek our beds, saying "Good-night."

The Penny Saved

We should teach our children that the penny saved is the penny earned; and to this end, if we can possibly do so, we should give each boy and girl an allowance: three cents or five cents a week, if no more. City children can seldom resist the temptation to squander pennies when the candy shop stands on every corner, unless they have early been indoctrinated in the virtue of thrift. They should also be taught to save, that they may have the wherewithal to give; not merely persuaded to save, so that they may have a hoard in their little banks. Then we should let them know where their Sunday School money goes, what is done with it and the good it does.

. . .

"IT TAKES two to make a quarrel," says a pithy Spanish proverb worth remembering. "It takes two to make a quarrel; one can always end it." Do not forget this, when your temper is irritated. Be silent, and let the matter drop until you are calm. In contention, silence, if not cowardly, is usually the part of wisdom.

. . .

TABLE MANNERS should be slightly formal, yet full of ease. Do not have company manners; your very best are none too good for everyday use in your own home.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story is concerned with the fortunes of two brothers, Caryl and Douglas Lingard. They were reared and educated by a rich uncle, who at his death, left all his money to Caryl, the elder of the two. Douglas, the younger brother, could not understand being disinherited and was still more surprised at his brother accepting the whole estate, instead of dividing with him. He becomes a civil engineer, and, while superintending the construction of a railroad, lives in a country town, to which his brother comes as a candidate for election as member of Parliament. Previous to his brother's arrival he had made the acquaintance of Martin and Celia Hamerton, who were the son and daughter of the former squire of the village, who had ruined himself and left his two children slenderly provided for. Martin Hamerton eked out their income by literary work. He had been at school with the Lingards and had cordially welcomed Douglas to his home. Celia was beloved of all the parish and was a friend to every poor person in it. Douglas fell in love with her at first sight, but as he notices that his brother Caryl is also attracted to her, has little hope of the success of his suit. Caryl is staying with Mr. Allardyce, the gentleman who had purchased Squire Hamerton's estate, and, with his son Frank, was living in the squire's mansion. Another character in the village was Mrs. Locke, a cousin of the Lingards, who had been housekeeper to their uncle. She and the Hamertons and Mr. Allardyce had gone to a political meeting in the village, at which Caryl Lingard, as the candidate for election, had made a speech. At its close, in the dusk of the evening, some one called out to him: "Tell us what became of your old uncle's money." Caryl naturally supposed that his brother had been talking against him in the village and was incensed at his doing so.

CHAPTER X.
Guesses at Motives

WHO could have asked that disconcerting question at the political meeting? Who could there have been in that handful of villagers with the knowledge of the affairs of the Lingard brothers which was displayed in that question: "What became of your old uncle's fortune?" If it was a villager who put the question, then someone must have been gossiping with him. More than one person was thinking over that subject.

Celia was puzzling her active little brain about it. She was not walking home with Caryl, as Douglas feared. She walked between Mr. Allardyce and his son, and contrived so to distribute her attention as to keep them, nothing loth, by her side: thus rather compelling the others—her brother, Mr. Lingard and Mrs. Locke—to form another trio. When the party broke up, at the head of the lane that led to the Dower House, she slipped her hand under her brother's arm and fell suddenly silent—a sufficiently unusual state of things to move him presently to ask the reason of it. But she would not satisfy him until they were safely within the walls of their own home.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked Martin, smiling, as he flung himself into his own study chair, and Celia carefully closed the door and perched herself on the corner of the table before him. "What is this weighty business that cannot be stated in the open air?"

"Why, it seems even to myself like scandal—the most improbable, causeless scandal, that I am ashamed to repeat! But the more I think of it the more sure I am."

"Sure of what?"

"Martin, who do you think it was that put that question to Mr. Lingard?"

"I can't imagine. One of the lads, I suppose, though how one of them should know or think anything about it———"

"It was Mrs Locke!"

"Mrs. Locke! Impossible!"

"That is just what I feel, but all the same it was she. I know them all, every boy and man of the few who were in that room, and there is not one who would have put that question—not one who speaks like that, even. And besides, I happened to be watching her. A few minutes before she had turned down the lamp, saying something about its smoking, but it was not smoking. And she had turned it much too low, so that it gave hardly any light. She turned her face rather toward the wall, and held up her hand so as to hide the direction from which the voice came, but I know it was she who spoke. She waited till William Bennett had got up, so that everyone might be looking at him."

"But supposing that she dared to do such a thing—that she could hope to do it without being found out—what could be her motive?"

"Ah! that is what I want you to help me to find out. You are accustomed to judge of motives and probabilities, and you know the facts as well as I do."

Martin frowned thoughtfully, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"We may conclude," he said at last, "that the question was not put to please Caryl Lingard. And that is a puzzle, for I have always thought that Mrs. Locke was particularly desirous of pleasing him."

"Ah!" said Celia, "you have noticed that, have you?"

"I thought so. Well, it is pretty evident that if he was to be taunted on the subject of old Lingard's money, it must have been in the interests of his younger brother. Nothing has ever been said to me about it; but it is very plain to me that all the uncle's money has gone to Caryl, and it has seemed to me unfair. Is it possible that Mrs. Locke thinks so, too, and took this way of showing it?"

"No!" said Celia decidedly. "She cares for Caryl so much more than for the other that she would think it quite fair for him to have everything."

"True, O queen! That is the logic of your sex, for which we men have often occasion to thank Heaven. Moreover, if there was a person in that room to-night to whom that question was more annoying than to Lingard *major*, it was Lingard *minor*."

"I wish you would not call them by those stupid school names!" said Celia, with some irrelevance. "Mr. Douglas Lingard is, if anything, rather bigger than his elder brother. I believe I should make a better novel-writer than you, for you can't fathom that woman at all, and I believe I can."

"Go on, then. Interpret, and I will carp and criticise."

"Don't you see that she meant it to be supposed that it was one of the Brentwood people who spoke?—horrid treacherous creature! putting it off upon them, as though my county folks would do anything so ill-bred and interfering. And if it had been one of them, who could have told him anything about the matter? What would Mr. Lingard suppose but that his brother had been talking about his wrongs, if he has any, even to the village people? And if he had done so, how could they ever be friends again?"

"It does not seem likely to tend to a reconciliation, certainly."

"I have seen enough of village squabbles," went on Celia, with a sigh and a quaint little air of deep and sad knowledge of the world, "and I know that nothing makes them hopeless except when it appears that So-and-so has said something to somebody else outside the family. When that turns up I know I may as well leave off trying to make them friends again. And depend upon it, that woman knows it too."

"You think, then, that she did it in the hope of making an irreparable breach between the brothers? But that only puts the difficulty a stage further on, for why should she want to do so?"

"That is just what we don't know! But, Martin, I am not sure that it is not our duty to try and find out."

"Oh, what a thing is a woman's sense of duty! My dear, don't you know that there is no circumventing a female villain? especially when you can't guess what she is aiming at!"

"We do know what she is aiming at, only not what she wants it for. And if we know that much more than any one else does, it seems to make us responsible."

"I am sure I hope not, for if you are right Mrs. Locke is far too Machiavellian for me to cope with."

"Time will show. I don't think she is the kind of woman to be consistent in anything. But if she were to be allowed to make a hopeless feud between the two brothers, who have no one but each other in the world, it would be a triumph of darkness over light, of evil over good—and I don't believe it will happen."

While the brother and sister were thus discussing the matter, the young man most concerned, was also grappling with it.

If Douglas Lingard had been aware of how much Celia and her brother knew and understood he would probably at this time have come to them for sympathy, and have told them how matters stood between Caryl and himself.

But he had no means of knowing, and as a general thing he more than shared the feelings of Celia's village friends as to the unpardonableness of making family grievances public property. The incident at the meeting had annoyed him bitterly because he felt that to Caryl the only possible explanation of it must seem to be that he had set on some rustic acquaintance to put that question. And yet, when he had half resolved to write to Caryl and tell him that those words had been as much of a surprise to himself as to anybody, he altered his half-made-up mind again. "If he thinks I could do such a thing as that, what is the use of talking? why should he believe my word?" he said to himself.

Though, in the circumstances, to dine at the Hall was as much pain as pleasure, Douglas had naturally wondered how soon Mr. Allardyce would follow up his loudly-expressed hope that he should soon see his dear friend Lingard's brother under his roof again.

Judging by what the Hamertons had said of the good gentleman's exuberant hospitality, Douglas had supposed that another invitation might very shortly arrive, especially in these stirring times, when guests were being entertained at the Hall almost every night.

But none came, and he found himself wondering whether Caryl had said anything—hinted anything—whether Mr. Allardyce knew, in short, that it would be no pleasure to them to meet? And also, which was the real Caryl—the one who had pushed with him behind the tinker's cart and had called him by the old boyish pet name, the man who had talked to those few cottagers of the righteousness that exalteth a nation—or the man who should have been named Jacob the Supplanter?

"I will go and see the Hamertons," thought Douglas. "They were my friends first, at any rate, and for their friendship I will make a fight if need be."

So the next fine afternoon he went down to the Dower House, to find Martin Hamerton sitting in the garden; and they sat there for some time enjoying that amicable desultory argument that often goes on between men who like one another well enough to be confidential if they chose, but—unlike most women—do not feel on that account disposed for confidences.

The little tea-table stood in the shade near them, and when Celia appeared she brought the tea-pot with her, not troubling herself to apologize for the absence of the little maid, who was gone to see her friends.

She allowed Douglas to help her to adjust the legs of the table to the inequalities of the grass plot, and they fell into conversation about some books that Martin—at his sister's instigation probably—had lent to the young man. And Martin, thus released from the necessity of speech, relapsed into somewhat gloomy silence after a fashion that had grown upon him of late, and sat looking—as Celia presently told him—as though the plot of his latest novel would not work itself out properly, or the general election had, as threatened, had a paralyzing effect upon the publishing trade.

When presently he began to listen again to the talk of his sister and his friend, it was still upon books, with that indirect personal reference that makes such talk a pleasant way of betraying one's real self.

"I would not read it at all," Douglas was saying. "I saw that they were going to be ruined, and I declined to have my feelings harrowed. At best, all those details of a happy home life are rather too like 'looking at happiness with another man's eyes,' and when one knows it is a coming to a grand smash directly———"

"—But when the smash comes early in the book, things are bound to right themselves before the end," said Celia, from the height of a wider experience of novel-reading.

"Oh yes, and the hero and heroine live happy ever after. They must have their share of misfortune to make up the story, and I don't generally sympathize to an uncomfortable extent. It is only that particular misfortune, and the way it threatens beforehand like the sword of Damocles, that touches somehow too near the quick. One sees it coming, I think, too long beforehand."

"I know! When I read that book it set me speculating as to the solvency of every family in the neighborhood. Martin can tell you that I got quite anxious about Mr. Allardyce, he is so exactly the kind of man whose harmless pride, in novels, goes before that kind of fall."

"Allardyce is all right," said Martin, somewhat grimly, answering her half appeal. "He took care to put his pile out of reach of trade risks before he indulged in the luxury of turning country gentleman. It is only folks like ourselves who are ruined nowadays."

"Oh! we have had our share of ruin," said Celia comfortably, "and it did not hurt much—I have heard you say so yourself. And there is always the comfort of thinking that it can't happen again. 'He that is down need fear no fall.'"

Martin started a little, and looked keenly at her; and Douglas, who happened to be watching him, was rendered vaguely uncomfortable by his expression. Afterwards, when he recalled it, it seemed to him as though Celia's brother knew of some consequences of their "ruin," such as it was, of which she was not yet aware, and of which he did not like to tell her.

However that might be, Martin put his thoughts aside for the moment, and wished to know whether Celia felt herself justified in accelerating Mr. Allardyce's bankruptcy by all the expense in which she was involving him in connection with the school feast.

"That reminds me," said Celia promptly. "Have you yet been bidden to that function, Mr. Lingard?"

"I have no possible claim to have been bidden," said Douglas, "being neither teacher nor scholar."

"But I bid you; and I have *carte blanche* to ask any one I please. Do you think you could come?"

"Thank you; it is very good of you to ask me, but———"

"Oh! that is not the way in which to look upon it at all. I have designs upon you as a capable and responsible assistant, to help me to send up fire-balloons and organize sports, to keep the boys from quarreling or the girls from cheating. I am asking a favor, not offering one."

"Then that settles the matter. I will certainly be there, if you think there will be anything I can do to help you."

"Only too many things, I am afraid. Mr. Allardyce, as he is so fond of proclaiming, is too old, and his boy Frank too young; and as for Martin, I leave it to his conscience to say why he is no use at all."

"I go there to study human nature," said Martin sententiously. "The village child, when not interfered with, is a valuable epitome of the primitive emotions, but when drilled and bribed into good behavior it is worth no more than the rest of us overcivilized men and women. Consequently, I deprecate interference."

"Do you think, then, that the touchstone is always self-interest, and that it finds base metal in us all?" asked Douglas.

"It seems so," said Martin, not flippantly, but rather as though he was but half considering his own words.

"That is the kind of thing that men think clever, I suppose," said Celia trenchantly. "For my part, I always mistrust generalities, they are so easy! I believe that the touchstone is different for all of us, and what you may find out with it varies just as much—gold, very often, where you thought there was nothing but dross. All the same," she added, with a swift descent from the abstract to the concrete, "I am not going to have my children set to scramble for sweets this time!"

(To be Continued.)

A Bitter Cry for Food

Missionaries in India Describe the Suffering of Starving Thousands, and Plead for Help

PLOWING WITH BUFFALOES IN INDIA

EVERY mail from India brings appeals more urgent than its predecessor, for help in relieving the suffering entailed by the famine. Heretofore there has been an interval of several years between famines. In the majority of instances nineteen years have elapsed after one famine before another came; but now, before the people have had time to recover from the appalling suffering of 1897 and 1898 the monsoon has again failed and the crops have withered. The grain dealers were quick to get information of the fact, and prompt to take advantage of it by raising their prices. Thus, before scarcity was really felt, the prices of food have mounted up and up until, now, they are at the famine rate. The poor native, disappointed of getting a crop from his little holding, having spent every available rupee in the seed which is now withered in the ground, goes to the bunyah, as the grain merchant is called, to buy food for his family and stares aghast at the small quantity offered him for his money. Already the heart-breaking sight of emaciated creatures, pitifully pleading for one handful of grain, is becoming familiar, and the converts at the missions are begging for relief. In this emergency the missionaries have no alternative but to appeal to the friends at home who helped them before.

Rev. R. A. Hume, American Board missionary at Ahmednagar, writes: "The famine is very sore in the land. The Government, always conservative in its estimates, reports that fully thirty million persons are now suffering. I should be surprised if the number is not greater. The magnitude of the calamity cannot be realized. The price of grain is now five measures for a rupee and I cannot remember its being higher during the previous famine. It is now a daily experience with us to have feeble women come to us declaring that they have no food, which their appearance confirms, and they acknowledge that they have not the strength to work. I have seen within the past few days young mothers with new-born children, who have not tasted food in several days. Children deserted by their parents who could not bear to see them die of hunger, have come to our house pathetically holding out their tiny hands. The missionaries are doing all in their power, but it is so little compared with the need. I do not ask for much, but I do ask for help that we may take care of the sick and that we may provide for the children. We are regarded as the representatives of Christ here, and we are followed by crowds who appeal to us to put in practice the principles that we have taught the people to believe are the essence of Christianity. In this district there are eight thousand persons who have been baptized and there are over eight hundred thousand non-Christians. What are we to do in the presence of such numbers? The help rendered us by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the former famine was invaluable; may we not look for further help? The need is very urgent. A single dollar would mean so much to some poor mother, or some starving child. If your readers could see the poor creatures in their despair, no word of mine would be necessary. A heart of stone would melt at the sight of such suffering as I have witnessed, but am powerless to relieve. For the sake of our dear Lord, who taught us to succor the poor, send us relief and he will surely reward you for all that you do."

Dr. P. B. Keskar, the Christian physician of Sholapur, writes: "I personally know the good work you did for my countrymen three years ago in the time of our great suffering. I have seen the tears of gratitude in the eyes of men and women as they have told me of the great American journal which sent them help when they were starving, and have heard them say that they owe their lives to you. I therefore write to you in our new crisis with confidence, assured that the motives which prompted your readers to save life before, are still potent with them, and will lead them to help again. In this city I daily see hundreds of emaciated people from the surrounding villages who have parted with every article of any value to buy food. They are almost naked, and their appearance gives indubitable proof to a doctor's eye, that they are near death by starvation. A very small sum given to each individual would keep them alive until they could reach one of the relief stations that the government is opening, or until they could obtain employment. But the small sum in each case becomes a large amount in the aggregate. We cannot raise such a sum; but if your readers would send us help, we should all be so glad to distribute it, and so save the people alive.

"I know the case of one family of eight, who for two weeks have subsisted on one small meal a day. The husband and father goes out every day and gathers grass. He works from early dawn until dark, and when he takes all the grass he has been able to gather and sells it, he receives one anna (two cents) for it, and with this he buys the food which forms the only meal his wife and their six children have in the twenty-four hours. How would one of your readers like to gladden that man's heart by dropping a nickel into his hand every night? What joy that one nickel would give in that straitened home! How the bright, hungry children would thank God for the extra food that nickel would buy! And the giver would be blessed. It is an opportunity one needs to see in order to appreciate."

Mrs. M. B. Fuller, who is laboring in Gujerat and Berar, describes the conditions there as already most painful, and as likely to grow worse from week to week until June next. Shortly before writing us, a little girl had been found in the river bed, who had been thrown there to end her suffering, as her parents had no food to give her. She was taken into the mission and fed, and speedily recovered her strength.

Miss Grace E. Wilder, of the Presbyterian Mission at Miraj in the Bombay Presidency, earnestly pleads for help to succor the women and children. One dollar, she says, will support a child for a month, and even a family may be kept alive on a few cents a day. "A lady in America writing to a missionary a little north of us, enclosed one dollar in her letter. She said: 'It is only a little gift, but you may have a use for it.' With that dollar a meal was provided for thirty-eight women and one child, all of whom were in urgent need of relief."

A singularly sad feature of this fearful distress, is, that unprincipled people in India are taking advantage of the straits of parents, to purchase the native children for immoral purposes. A father and mother utterly without funds received an offer of a rupee recently for their eldest daughter, a mere child of eleven years. The parents having no food for themselves or their other children, accepted the offer, and the girl was sold into a slavery worse than death that her family might have food for a few days. Such facts make the work that Ramabai is doing at her institutions at Poona and Khedgaon especially valuable. Many of the inmates who would thus have been sacrificed in the famine of three years ago, are now trained Christian girls, happy and hopeful under Ramabai's care. A photograph of a group of these girls has been sent us and is reproduced on this page.

In view of the gravity of the crisis and the imperative demand there is for immediate relief, the proprietor of this journal will gladly receive and forward to India any sums sent for the sufferers. The Interdenominational Committee of missionaries, on which Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Disciples, and Friends are all represented, will take charge of any funds forwarded, and being in India, with perfect knowledge of the needs of the various localities, will intelligently distribute all gifts. Bishop J. M. Thoburn is president of this council and Rev. E. S. Hume, the American Board's missionary at Bombay is secretary. This organization will be of immense service, because it will insure the money going to the districts which most need it, and will prevent gifts being duplicated. It also is valuable in having reports from missionaries of all denominations; so that in making appropriations from the fund, no denomination receives more than it needs for the fields that it occupies. The care and faithfulness displayed by its members in 1897 is a pledge for like fidelity now. No charge or deduction is made for expenses of distribution, the missionary committee giving their services freely, as they did in the former famine. Contributors may, therefore, rest assured, that every cent given to feed the starving people, will be applied to the purpose for which it is given.

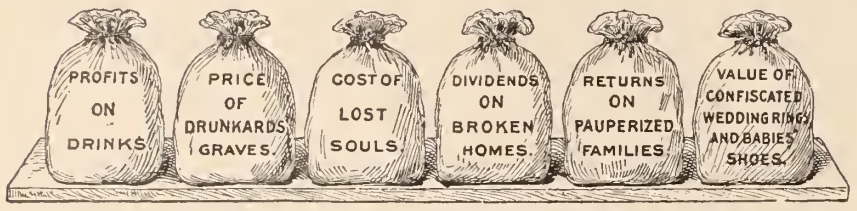
RESCUED FAMINE GIRLS IN PANDITA RAMABAI'S INSTITUTION IN POONA, INDIA

A Tribute to Moody

During a recent sermon in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage took for his subject, "The Life of Dwight L. Moody." In the course of his remarks, he paid this glowing tribute to the great evangelist:

Mr. Moody, better than any other man of this generation, has surrounded himself with the mightiest Gospel geniuses of the time. The sweetest singers of the world have led his music. He has developed more Christian leaders, and put his impress upon the same, than any man of God since apostolic times. There have been just as great preachers as he, as great writers and organizers and pleaders, as profound students of the Bible; but, like George Washington in revolutionary times, as an all-round man, a developer, a commander-in-chief of Christian warfare, he to-day stands without a peer, head and shoulders above the lives of his contemporaries. There are thousands of us who would follow him blindly, and his slightest wish would be our law. I can never repay in this life the great debt of gratitude I owe to him. Outside of my own family, there is no one who has so much molded me and to whom I am more indebted than to him, at whose feet I am laying this sincere tribute of tender love. Perhaps, in answer to our prayers, God will let him again take up his magnificent work. If that be true and you and myself should be summoned to go first, then let me be one of the millions of immortals who will press down to the gates of the New Jerusalem to greet him. For, whether on earth or in heaven, I want to tell D. L. Moody he has made the Bible for me a new book; made my life purer, my hope happier; my faith a living reality; my Christ a companion; and my heaven a home.

The Saloon-Keeper's Money


PROFITS ON DRINKS
PRICE OF DRUNKARDS GRAVES
COST OF LOST SOULS
DIVIDENDS ON BROKEN HOMES
RETURNS ON PAUPERIZED FAMILIES
VALUE OF CONFISCATED WEDDING RINGS AND BABIES SHOES

Arguments From Temperance Advocates Favoring Acceptance

SLEEK Deacon Elder passed the plate
To Brewer Harmon, sitting straight
In his upholstered pew.
The brewer smiled and dropped a bill,
The deacon smiled and thought no ill:
"It's but the brewer's due.

Has he not heard the music bright
And listened to a shining light
In the best church in town?
Some one must pay for all this show;
His money's good as ours, you know;
And then it's paid right down."

The brewer smiled and nudged his wife
And whispered to her: "Bet your life
It pays to give in church!
I'll soon have Elder's Christian name
Upon my license—that's my game.
It pays to give in church."

The brewer's money looked the same
Upon the plate as that which came
From Deacon Elder's purse.
And why not serve the Church's cause
As well as Elder's cash? It was
No better and no worse.

The eyes of God look on that plate—
Look not at number nor at weight,
But motives back of all;
The widow's mite he quickly sifts
From Harmon's, Jones', and Elder's gifts;
On it his blessings fall.

Pasadena, Cal. —G. S. H.

THE letters which we give below, although written by correspondents who desire the abolition of the saloon, give various reasons and conditions which, in the writers' minds, justify the church's acceptance of the saloon-keeper's money. In a later issue, we will give an equally strong array of correspondents who answer with an unqualified "No!" the all-absorbing question: "Shall the church accept the saloon-keeper's money in aid of its spiritual work?"

. . .

The Master Did Not Discriminate The evangelization of the world is by the children of the King mingling among the children of Sin, and Christ prayed "Keep them from the evil." The life of our Saviour was spent among publicans and sinners. He talked with the woman at the well. He called the publican. He found and saved me, and when his messengers ask and receive from saloon-keepers or other rebels a gift for some Christian cause, the wedge is entered; put in the lever of prayer and God only can estimate the result that may follow. Surely the sin does not cling to the money. Take it and transfer it to the service of our God, to whom it and the sinner belong. J. N. Y.
Birwyn, Ill.

. . .

Case in a Frontier Town Circumstances placed myself and friend in the forest. The railroad came and with it a town sprang into existence, filled with the usual class of men that aid in building our roads. Later came the "lumber jack." There was a demand for liquor. The demand was met. Nearly all the families of the town are, through relatives if not directly, in some way engaged in the liquor traffic. My friend and I organized a Sunday School. Later we were two of seven members to organize a church. We have had regular services with varying attendance. Funds used come from collections and socials, which latter are well attended. Our minister is supported by saloon people. I am rabid on the temperance question, but under the circumstances have not questioned but that it was right in this case to receive the proffered aid. J. N. K.
A Frontier Town.

. . .

A Novel Proposition Yes; for the following purpose: It is with difficulty that keepers of licensed drink-places — some called hotels — procure signers to petitions for the license. Besides, some judges have a conscience. If churches would combine and make a rule to take all money offered by licensed people, and expend it putting forth a protest to be mailed to all judges and to all signers of petitions for license, we believe an effective influence would be exerted against the traffic. Ignorance has much to do with this license business. We might err as much as others if in the same darkness, ignorance or misapprehension. J. F.
Gladstone, N. J.

. . .

Reject the Drinker's also It strikes me that it might be in order to change this question to: "Shall the wine-drinker's money be accepted by the church?" The saloon-keeper would have no money to give if his tills were not fed from the wine-drinker's purse. If we reject the dram-keeper's money, we must, to be consistent, reject the dram-drinker's. Mrs. E. B. P.
Norfolk, Conn.

. . .

Afraid to Refuse It If I were offered money by a saloon-keeper for the church, I would be afraid not to accept it. I could not know his motive and I would be afraid to judge him, as we are commanded not to judge. Who knows but that this is his first step towards quitting his evil ways? I think I would take his donation and ask God to convict and convert him. A. H. R.
Chireno, Tex.

. . .

Saloon-Keeper Not Alone Responsible A saloon speaks not for its keeper alone, but for the community. If the majority of voters did not sanction its existence, and if the neighborhood did not patronize it, it would not stand. Can we cast the sins of half our people on the saloon-keeper and make a scapegoat of him? Let these words ring in our ears: "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." In regard to hush-money, if a church is built on so weak a foundation that it can be bribed or moved by the saloon-keeper's paltry pence, had not its "candlestick" as well be removed?
Potter Hollow, N. Y. E. D. C.

. . .

An Interesting Supposition I will suppose a case: Three men enter a restaurant. One orders a plate of oysters and a glass of wine, the other a dish of cheese and a glass of beer, and the third a bowl of bread and milk. After the meal one steps to the counter to pay the bill. The proprietor says: "I notice your people are to have a church sociable; keep this money and hand it to your wife and let her give it to the treasurer." On Sunday next, the saloon-keeper's wife attends church and deposits fifty cents in the basket, and her little daughter puts a dime into the Sunday School treasury. Now, who is the person that would refuse or reject these various gifts? Bear in mind that a saloonman's income is not always derived entirely from the sale of intoxicants. Where will you draw the line between so-called clean and unclean money? Let churches and Christian bodies of whatever name or creed, accept all the money they can get, and I am sure they will put it to good use—and when they get it all, they will have none too much. Money is only a commercial commodity—a circulating medium which loses its identity as it passes from hand to hand, and therefore cannot be tainted by theft, fraud, or crime.
Cortland, N. Y. J. G. M.

. . .

As a Legacy If the proffered gift comes as a legacy or bequest, and there is evidence that the donor regretted having been engaged in the business in which his wealth was accumulated; then I say the giver is not to be judged as a saloon-keeper, but a repentant sinner, whom the Lord himself is pledged to receive, and that his gift to the church is really and truly a restitution to the people, administered we may say, through the instrumentality of the church.
Norfolk, Mass. L. E. W.

. . .

If God Prompts the Gift If the Lord prompts Satan to give a portion of his ill-gotten lucre "for church and missionary purposes," accept it graciously, and close the exercises with the doxology, as a reminder that the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, and that retributive justice awaits the transgressor in due time, in strict accordance with the Divine economy. READER.
Perryville, N. Y.

. . .

How a Tabernacle was Built It was a warm August Sunday evening as I sat on the piazza of an Iowa hotel. A Salvation Army captain stepped up on the porch where twenty traveling men sat, and asked each for a contribution. "Are you going to give the lady a coin?" I asked of a fine-appearing gentleman at my right. "Sure," he replied. "Do you know we Jews bought and paid for a fine tabernacle for the use of these people, down in ——, some time ago?" "Yes," I replied, "I heard of it." "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform": and God moved our Hebrew brethren to do this act. God, too, moves saloon-keepers to give to his cause. We have no right to reject the saloon-keeper's money. Take it! use it! That's just what Christ would do. Did he refuse the water at the well? No. Was it drawn by the hand of a sinner? Yes. Don't let the devil take advantage of you by exciting your prejudice against the use of this money.
J. W. Roe,
Cedar Rapids, Ia. *State Deputy Modern Brotherhood of America.*

. . .

The Case of Vassar College If I mistake not, Vassar College is founded on rum money, Mr. Vassar being a brewer. Still, Mr. Vassar's money serves a good purpose. So, in the church accept all the money the makers and dealers in rum will contribute.
Philadelphia. W. T. T.

. . .

Rejection an Unwise Course In passing the plate for general contributions, each Sabbath in the church, would you withdraw the plate from a saloon-keeper and reject his contribution if he wished to give? Would we not consider such a course an insulting and unwise one? If we accept his money in such a case and under these circumstances should we not in others? Did not heathen tribes pay tribute to the Children of Israel, and was not this money put into the general fund of the nation to pay for religious sacrifices? Is it not reasonable that all means should be used to reclaim the rumseller? Who knows but the same money which the saloon-keeper is contributing, will in some way be the means of saving his soul and the souls of his children? Take all the money the saloon-keeper will give and use it for the furtherance of the cause of Christ. S. P. Kane.
Friend, Scott Co., Kan.

. . .

A Sweeping Exclusion I do not believe that the church has the right to deny any person the privilege of contributing money, or giving any other aid to help carry on the Lord's work. If it is wrong for the church to accept the saloon-keeper's money, then it is wrong to accept money from those who manufacture the liquor, or from those who by their act or failure to act legalize the traffic; or from any worldly sinner or hypocrite. I believe it is right for the church to accept the saloon-keeper's money, but the acceptance should not be permitted to act as a bribe, or prevent the church from discountenancing the liquor traffic. C. E. C.
Schoharie, N. Y.

. . .

Drinkers Responsible for Saloons It is not more cursed than any money obtained through the suffering of our fellows. Is not the man who wastes his earnings at saloons responsible for the existence of saloons and saloon money? He knows his family needs it, and God gave him will power if he will only use it. If saloon money is tainted so is drug-store money.
Kennebunk Port, Me. C. P. T.

. . .

Refuse the Druggist's Gift If we refuse the saloon-keeper's money, we must refuse the druggist's also.
Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. M. J. S.

. . .

Saloon Money the Church's Money The saloon-keeper's money is the church members' money transferred, for the saloon could not exist save by consent and support of church members who make our voting majority. How can the church refuse this money as tainted and accept that of her members by whose favor the saloon lives?
Losantville, Ind. Oscar S. Hunt.

. . .

Nothing to do With the Contribution Box This question has nothing to do with money given at public collections in mixed multitude, where saloon-keepers, their families, gamblers, or other evil-doers throw gifts into the contribution box. No one questions their right to attend church and to give. But to receive money or solicit from saloon-keepers, robbers or gamblers is most assuredly contrary to the Word of God. J. M. M.
St. Helena, Calif.

. . .

Accept Offerings; Solicit More Receive all the money saloon-keepers will give and solicit more. Appoint a committee to receive it, and notify each saloon-keeper that you will become his almoner and distribute his gifts faithfully among his victims, especially in burying his dead.
Grand Bay, Ala. D. DeVol.

DOCTOR'S PROPHECY.

About Grape Nuts.

Dr. J. H. Hanaford, one of the oldest physicians in Reading, Mass., says in the Practical Age: "I firmly believe that Mr. Post has rendered a greater service to humanity than any other man living, in the matter of food.

"He claims, with propriety, I think, that his new food, Grape Nuts, made from the most nourishing elements of the grains, contains nourishment in one pound equal to ten of meat, wheat, oats or bread.

"From the acquaintance that I have had with this unusually nutritious article, I am satisfied the statement is truthful and demonstratable. I am inclined to believe the food will effect considerable of a revolution in society, to the extent that it is introduced."

This was written by Dr. Hanaford several months ago. The rapid spread of the use of Grape-Nuts all over the country has demonstrated that the doctor's prophecy has already come true, to an extent, at least. Perhaps never before in the history of food manufacture has such rapid progress been made as with Grape-Nuts. It especially appeals to brain-workers.

All first-class grocers furnish Grape-Nuts, and the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., are the makers.

..HEALTH..

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A 170-page book of directions with each Oxydonor, and we instruct our patrons in the proper use.

RHEUMATISM, COLDS.

Rev. Henry L. Phillips, 1422 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes Oct. 21, 1899: "For Colds and Rheumatism, I find Oxydonor a most helpful servant. Have used it successfully in my family. As a tonic after Sunday's hard work and exhaustion, it is simply invaluable."

Reverend Phillips is Rector of Crucifixion Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

Caution:—Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr H. Sanche is the inventor and originator, and has obtained final decision in Supreme Court, in Washington, D. C., against imitators. Also on Oct. 16, 1899, the United States Court granted us **an Injunction** restraining agents frsm selling an imitation of Oxydonor.

We will send full particulars of Oxydonor when requested.

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If your blood is impure you may "work on" but you cannot even "think of ease." The blood is the greatest sustainer of the body and when you make it pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you have the perfect health in which even hard work becomes ease.

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Never Disappoints

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This little machine does the finest grades of embroidering now done by hand. Embroiders on any fabric; uses embroidery silk or cotton; a child can operate it; an independent living can be made with it at home. As a special introductory offer we will send a sample machine with a full set of stamping patterns and a beautiful sample of embroidery, together with full instructions teaching how to use machine, for 60c. prepaid—regular price $2.00. A 50-page book of embroidery designs, containing upwards of 200 illustrations, free with each machine. Agents wanted. **GEM MFG. CO., Dept. X, St. Louis, Mo.**

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Bishop Taylor on the Boer War

PROBABLY no American now living has had as long and varied an experience in Africa as the venerable ex-Bishop William Taylor, for many years the head of the Methodist Missions in the Dark Continent. Bishop Taylor is passing the closing years of his busy life in partial retirement with his family at Palo Alto, Cal., enjoying excellent health, although his great

BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR

age prevents him from continuing active service in the Gospel field. Being requested to give his views on the present condition of affairs in South Africa for the benefit of the readers of this journal, he said: "British supervision has for sixteen years ministered to the prosperity of Egypt. Her revenues have increased and her methods of government have been entirely reconstructed and patterned after the best form known to nineteenth century civilization. She has regained her lost provinces in the Soudan. I can see in the future an Egypt independent of Turkey, ranking among the second-class powers of the world, governing in peace the millions at home.

"South Africa is at present the world's chief source of supply for the splendid gems which the wealthy prize, the needy covet, and the lovers of the beautiful admire the world over. The diamonds of Hindustan and Brazil were the ideal gems before Kimberley dazzled the world with the fabulous wealth of the new Golconda. The great diamond mines of South Africa are situated within a circle of about three and one-half miles in diameter. There are five principal mines, the largest of which is forty-five acres in extent. These are known as the Kimberley, Bloemfontein, De Beers, Du Toit's Pan, and Wesselton mines. It is in this vicinity that the famous town of Kimberley has sprung up, where diamond mining is carried on in a way never before dreamed of.

"It is impossible for the outside world to gather the exact facts regarding the quantity of diamonds discovered in these mines. Doubtless the world would be amazed if the truth were known. The directors, however, keep the matter a profound secret, and, moreover, they place a decided limit to the output, lest the market should be glutted. It had been whispered by good authority that up to the end of 1892 no less than ten tons of diamonds had been taken from the mines. Regarding the present war, I would simply say that the best thing that could happen would be the resolving of the different states into one republic, under British protection. This would be best not only for the peace and civilization of the land and its people, but would be the means of extending the Gospel without restriction and with more protection than is enjoyed at present."

During his many evangelistic tours in South Africa the Bishop has visited all the chief cities and towns of Natal, Cape Colony, the Transvaal and Orange Free State. One of his very latest journeys was through the two Dutch Republics. He described, with much interest, his trip from Cape Town by rail to Johannesburg: over the great *karroo*, or desert, strewn with boulders, across the Orange River, and through the great grazing fields of the Free State to Bloemfontein, the capital. Another night of railway travel brought him to the Witwatersrand district—the richest gold mining section on the globe. "We were due in Johannesburg late Saturday night, but did not arrive until three o'clock Sabbath afternoon, and I preached the same evening to a large congregation. The village of tents of ten years previous had become a city, with a population of one hundred and sixty-two thousand. There were some beautiful and substantial squares near the centre; but for the most part the houses were constructed of corrugated iron. The abodes of the large native population were curiously combined of timber, iron, stone, and brick. This was a barren spot when the mining camp took possession of it, but the English miners planted eucalyptus and weeping willow, which now afford shade from the hot sun and rest to the eye, and have completely transformed the scene. From Johannesburg I went by rail to Pretoria, which is a beautiful town, with comfortable cottages, clean streets shaded by tall trees and lined with rivulets.

"The presidential mansion at Pretoria is an unpretentious cottage on a quiet street, where President Kruger himself can be seen seated on the veranda, while an artilleryman stands guard at the gate. 'Oom Paul' speaks English well, and is a plain man, who has family prayers every morning at six o'clock, and preaches a good sermon to his people every Sabbath. That evening I preached in the chapel of the South Africa General Mission and twenty blacks came forward to the altar as seekers of salvation. Just then the curfew sounded, and my black penitents went scampering homeward. The law requires every native to be at home by half-past eight o'clock."

He had a personal interview with President Kruger, and was kindly received. Later, he visited the Boer Senate at the Capitol. Regarding the antagonism of the Dutch and English races, the Bishop says: "Years do not seem to modify, but rather to intensify the incompatibility. Of late years, the feeling has been even more hostile. The South African Bond (Boer) and the South African League (British) represent the extremes of this race feeling. Imperial supremacy is an altogether different thing, and not worth considering. What is important, however, is that it will be of a character to insure the largest possible civil and religious liberty to the people of South Africa. If the British are in the ascendant, the principles which triumphed in the United States, Canada, and the Australias will triumph there also; if the Dutch gain the ascendancy, the outlook is not so bright. In my opinion, the latter can scarcely be the case, though at present Boer ideas and views preponderate. If a happy solution of the problem be arrived at, South Africa, a hundred years hence must have a population of European descent approaching 8,000,000, and a colored population of 16,000,000."

Our Dearest Friend

MANY are life's troubles
Many are its cares;
But I have a Saviour
Who my trouble shares;
When my burden's heavy,
Jesus thinks of me,
And he's always ready
Help and strength to be.

Many are my sorrows,
Oft my heart must break;
It is then my Saviour
Will my sorrows take;
It is then he comforts,
Brings to me sweet cheer,
And when sad and lonely,
Always draws so near.

He's the friend who loves you,
He will hear your prayer;
Then in time of trouble
He is sure to care;
Then when sad and lonely,
Bowed with care or grief,
Always go to Jesus,
He will give relief.

Pittsburg, Pa. H. H. HYLAND, *Evangelist.*

Land Titles in Cuba

THE system of land transfers in Cuba is in many respects like the Australian or Torrens system, which has been introduced into a few of the States of the Union. The records are kept in the department known as the Registries of Property. There are twenty-five of these registries in the island, corresponding closely with the judicial districts, and located in the towns which are the heads of the judicial districts. The registrars of property are appointed by the superior authority. They correspond to the recorders of deeds in American municipalities.

The title to landed property sold by one private person to another, passes on the execution of the public writing or deed, made before a Notary Public and signed by the contracting parties, attested by the Notary Public. The following steps have to be taken in such sales and in the registration of the titles:

1. The legal status of the property is ascertained from the Registry of Property.

2. A certificate of title, either literal or by report, can be obtained from the Registrar, on his responsibility and under his bond. This certificate will aid the Notary to know and make known to the contracting parties the status of the title and to assure them as to whether title to the property can be registered.

3. The deed is now executed before the Notary and signed by the contracting parties and attested by the Notary.

4. Copy of the deed is now taken to the Registrar of Property in his character as representative of the Treasury, for his valuation of the property for the taxes which must be paid on the contract according to the legal tariff.

5. A copy of the deed is now taken to the Treasury with the assessment made by the Registrar of Property for the approval of the assessment and payment of the taxes. The Treasury gives to the owner on payment of the taxes another receipt or certificate of payment.

6. The copy of the deed, with the certificate of payment, is taken to the Registrar of Property in order to have it registered. The Registrar thereupon registers the receipt of the document in the book of daily operations, with the hour and date, which is good for thirty days or sixty days, in case of suspension or denial of registration.

7. The Registrar of Property examines the title with a view of recording it, notifying the party as to defects; and, if registration is allowed, then within the prescribed period, duly records the document under a property number, signing the note of record with his full signature. This completes the official certification.

Under Spanish law, the Notary Public is a far different individual than in the United States. His functions are more formal and distinct. The number of notaries is limited. In their character they are something like United States Commissioners. It should also be noted that the Notary is responsible for any error in the title which he may pass, and damages may be recovered from him for such errors. This makes the Notary very scrupulous in seeing that there is no possible flaw in the title for which he becomes responsible. The deed itself is the act of the Notary rather than of the parties to the transaction which the deed witnesses. The Notary retains the original instrument in his records, which are to that extent public records. The parties to the instrument receive such certified copies made by the Notary as they may see fit to ask and pay for.

All liens and incumbrances and all contracts affecting real property are recorded in the office of the Registrar of Property, along with the title to such real property. The record in the Registrar's office is a record not of conveyances alone, but of the titles resulting from such conveyances. The certificate of the Registrar as to the title of any piece of real property can be had on application by any inquirer, and such certificate is deemed to be conclusive.

Under the American military authority, no changes have been made in the system of land titles and transfers. While it is somewhat cumbersome, the effect has been to give greater security to land transfers. Where so many formalities had to be carried out, there was little chance for the conveyance of a clouded title. Under the Spanish laws, litigation over the title to landed property has been rare.

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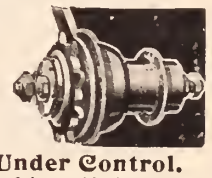

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In the Far Country

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 14. Luke 15 : 11-24

HOW many lost men have been encouraged to make a new start in life by this parable of the Prodigal Son. To a man alienated from God, depressed in spirit and suffering in fortune, the assurance that Christ practically gives of forgiveness and welcome, comes with power. He knows that he is miserable; he knows that he has been foolish, as well as wicked, and he is sorry. But what then? If he returns and humiliates himself, will he be any better off? Perhaps his father will say: "You chose your own course; you took your own way; now you must bear the consequences of your own acts." He would rather not go back than go back to meet a repulse. The question of returning turns on his estimate of his father's love. Has his father expelled him from his heart? Or does he still love him, in spite of his misconduct? That is a matter which the son cannot tell. He does not know how his father may act. But he remembers his father's past kindness; he knows something of his father's character, and he thinks there is a chance, if not of full forgiveness, at least of such favor as is shown, in his father's house, to servants. So he makes the venture. This is the question which Christ settles for us as to God. He gives the assurance that the son needed, in the far country—the assurance that God loves his erring child and will give him welcome.

Among the other lessons that the parable teaches, besides this supreme one of God's long-suffering love, is that of perpetual sonship. The son is a son still, while he is in the far country. A bad, wicked son; but still a son. Men need to learn this lesson. They belong to the highest rank in creation and they are too precious to throw themselves away. They discover this, when they "come to themselves," as Christ significantly phrases it. Though they have degraded themselves and disgraced themselves, they may claim sonship still; even though conscience compels them to add, "no more worthy to be called thy son." And God recognizes the relationship, which is the all-important fact. The wanderer is not received on probation, nor on good behavior; but received at once as a son. It is difficult for some degraded sot, some crime-steeped villain, to realize the fact, or for some other to realize it in him; but it is a fact, and he has only to go to God confessing his sin and his unworthiness to find that the claim holds good. Then, how the lowness of motive is overlooked! The wandering lad is not drawn home by his love of his father, or by concern about his father's distress; but by his longing for decent food. There is plenty in his father's house. Even the servants have enough and to spare. He will go back lest he perish with hunger. But all this does not tell against him with the father. He is glad to get his son back on any terms, so long as he is sorry and admits his folly. God has received many sons on those terms. They have wandered; their motives are still sordid; but when they come, they are welcomed.

As if to leave nothing unsaid which could point the lesson, Christ amplifies the details. The wandering son does not have to reach his father's house and apply for admission. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion on him," and ran to meet him. He was coming home—coming voluntarily—and that was enough. The father understood that his son's mind must be changed. God does not leave the repentant sinner in doubt about his welcome. If he will only quit his sin and come back with words of repentance on his tongue, there are no questions asked. It is no half-forgiveness.

Then his appearance is quickly changed. Christ wishes his hearers to understand that the status of the repentant prodigal is at once established. His rags, smelling of the swine, are removed; and he is clothed as befits a son of the house. "I am not fit" is the reply the sinner makes when he is urged to come to God. That is true, and the prodigal owned it; but the father proceeds to give him the outward evidence of sonship. God does more than that. When the sinner returns, with the confession of unworthiness on his lips, God gives him the spirit of a son. He takes his place at his Father's table, with filial love and respect. That lad will never wander more. His elder brother might yield to temptation, but nothing will ever induce the forgiven prodigal to repeat his offence. He is a son forever and will go no more out.

To Work for Christ in India

MISS EMMA L. KNOWLES, an American Missionary, sailed for India, December 20, to resume work under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Before leaving New York she received word that the Indian home government had granted a tract of land for the rebuilding of the Mission school destroyed at Darjeeling in the Himalaya mountains during the frightful storm of September last. The disaster has been turned by a kind providence into a positive blessing. The natives were given an object-lesson in heroism by the mission workers. The school which they worked so hard to establish was situated upon a lofty mountain slope, twenty hours by rail from Calcutta, and 7,000 feet above the sea. In the awful torrent which the storm sent down the mountain side on the third night, the mission building was rendered insecure. The resident teacher was afraid to put the thirty children to bed as usual, fearful of landslides. At ten o'clock that night she gathered them for a trip up the steep hillside to the nearest house, the storm threatening at every step to engulf them. The trip was made in safety and not a moment too soon, for the foundations were washed away from the building they abandoned, leaving the house itself trembling on the edge of a deep gully. In the upper house they were given shelter, the children being given the sleeping apartments. One of the latter was occupied by the six children of Mr. and Mrs. Lee, missionaries from Ohio. The sad story of the death of those little ones has already been told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

MISS EMMA L. KNOWLES

Next day the storm lessened in intensity, after causing havoc to life and property in that region. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were sent for. They arrived three days later with their one remaining child, an infant nine months old. One of the six children lived long enough after their arrival to tell them the pathetic story of that midnight tragedy. Then he, too, died and was laid away to rest beside his brothers and sisters. The parents, crushed as they were, gleaned some sweet comfort from his recital.

Miss Knowles had not intended returning to India at this time, but in response to the new call and the new interest awakened in the work she can no longer remain.

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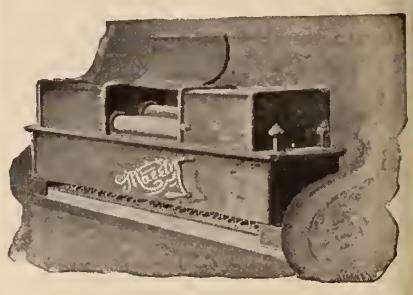

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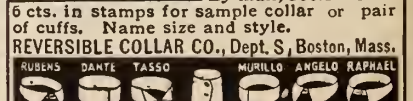

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Whittier, Farm Lad and Quaker Poet*

WHITTIER as a lad was tall, but not over-strong, with large eyes, deep set in their orbits and full of expression. Those es never ceased to challenge attention, d could of themselves question one make reply. His boyish experience ght him of all farm labors; he could lk the cows or fell trees or cradle in. His school opportunities were all, but he grappled them with rare sistence. The strong Quaker strain of od in him brought with it a love for aightforwardness, for plainness and plicity of speech and conduct, which never outgrew: but—what was more ely a product of Quakerism—there was rn in him an instinct for rhyme and etic illuminations of thought, which oke out of him as easily as the dapples sun and shadow broke upon the Powow ver. He was humane, too: Burns' d-mouse touched him as tenderly as e Scotsman's rhythm; all suffering ngs and all captives made quick appeal him, and he wreaked their woes in les that always carried flavors of New gland woods and waters.

Some of these lines catch the attention Garrison, the arch-agitator, only two three years his senior, who goes to it him among his cows—and gives to m the earliest of those encouragements ich pave the way to an ardent and life-g friendship. The Quaker farm-boy earnest to multiply all helps for a better hooling—has also his shoemaking ex-rience, in which the measured beat on the lap-stone is balanced and htened by a beat of trochaic measure d song. There is apprenticeship, more-er, to the printing craft; but the "com-sing-stick" in his hand always lags be-hd the composing-stick in his thoughts. s work is known and welcomed in all e local journals; it has wandered even far as Hartford, where that wit, George Prentice—in those days managing the *w England Review*—has pounced on the Quaker poet as a good succes-r to himself, when he files away to ter upon his Kentucky career.

In 1830-31, therefore, Whittier is virtual itor of that Hartford weekly; and I can call distinctly how, in those years (when e present writer was a fledgling pupil a country school, fifteen miles away m the tidy Connecticut capital), there s a close fingering of the goods—rnals, raisins, and candies—which an nerant huckster brought every Satur-y afternoon into the school-yard—for a ssible story or poem by "J. G. W."! year or two later, we find Whittier re-ned to his old home, shouldering up e industrial exigencies of the farm—his ther being dead—but still illuminating e newspaper columns with the bright tcome of his wakeful muse.

After 1836, he betakes himself to a vil-ge home in Amesbury (the ancestral rm being sold), and there—not so far ay to forbid companionship with the lls and brooks which had made rejoic-gs for his boyhood—he kept and guarded s kindly bachelor serenity in a home hich was brightened for many and many year by the feminine graces and uncon-erable cheer and courage of his young-sister.

But we must leave this New England aster of the deep-set eyes; and in leav-g, I make a threefold summing up of e big virtues that belonged to this man d to his work: First, his humanities; ways ready to lift that clear, honest ice of his to the chorus where there was anting in furtherance of humane enter-ise, or in honor of humane workers—hether living or dead—and always gen-ous to the full limit of his means; ways ready with a sharp note of distrust against organized schemes for the ag-grandizement of wealth—against wealth itself even, except it came only to flow out again in beneficent streams of well-doing and kindly helpfulness. Again, there belonged to this singer broad and earnest religious thought: clear, simple, and suffi-cient, with no crevices where the acrid juices of sectarianism could put in their work. The great vital truths are set firmly in his jeweled verse; while the lesser ones, about which doctors and presbyters everlastingly wrangle, drift down the wind—even as chaff scuds away where grain is winnowed.

**American Lands and Letters.* By Donald G. itchell or "Ike Marvel," author of *Reveries of a chelor.* Pp. 412; illustrated; price, $2.50. Pub-hers, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Ave., New ork City.

The Sailor's Wife*

ROSE made no pretense of disguising her pleasure at my return; and her welcome—the first I had ever known—repaid me a thousand times for all I had gone through. When I sailed again I left a tearful, anxious wife behind. I was growing discontented with sea life. It was becoming harder and harder to part with my wife. She feared I would be drowned or killed. And I, who had never dreamed of such a thing as danger, began to reckon up the chances. I had almost decided to quit when I was pro-moted to the mate's berth. This put an entirely new face on the matter, for I could not hope to get a job ashore that would pay me as well as that. Rose said she didn't care, she wanted me. It was an uphill job to bring the little woman to my way of thinking, but she was far too good a wife to oppose her husband and make the performance of his duty hard. When I left New York on my second voyage as mate I carried with me a vision of a wee mass of dimples, fists, and feet esconsced in his fond mother's arms. Harder than ever Rose clung around my neck: and it was the hardest thing I ever did to untwine those loving arms: but telling her the boy would comfort her I reluctantly—choking back the unmanly tears—parted from that true heart forever. I received a letter in Liverpool: Rose was not strong it said. I was sad all the passage home. Ned (Rose's brother) boarded the ship at Quarantine. I was surprised: he should have been at work. There was a crape band around his hat, but I was such an utter barbarian that I did not know its significance.

"Why, hello, Ned!" said I. "What brings you here?"

He came to me slowly, took my hand in both of his, and said: "Peter, ol' man, it's hard. I'm sorry for ye, but it's God's will."

My heart sank. I became dizzy—almost blind. I asked:

"What is it? What's the matter? How is Rose?"

"Rose is dead and buried this ten days." Things swam about me, and there was a buzzing. I was aware of some one calling my name. "Mr. Stet-son, do you hear me?"

I saw Captain Tasker looking at me. He looked strangely big and indistinct.

"There comes our tug, sir: man the windlass!" said he.

The overpowering habit of obedience partially restored my senses. "Ay, ay, sir," I replied and started forward.

**The Yarn of a Bucko Mate:* his adventures in two oceans. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen, author of *On Many Seas*, etc. Pp. 295; price $1.50. Pub's, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth ave., New York.

Books Received

The War for the Union. A poetical panorama, historical and descriptive. Prefaced by *The Song of America and Columbus.* By Kinahan Corn-wallis, author of *The Conquest of Mexico and Peru.* Pp. 341. Address author, 44 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Demands of Society. By Myra M. Smith, author of *Out of Tune*, etc. Young men and maidens, as well as their elders, will find pleasing and profitable reading in this story, wherein the heroes and heroines are continually striving to adjust the claims of the religious, social, and home life, so that there will be no conflict of duty. This difficult problem is dealt with in an interesting and helpful manner. Pp. 219; price, $1.25; publishers, A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

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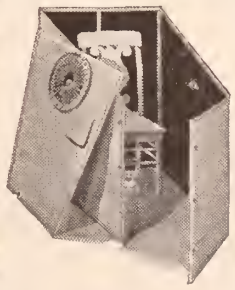

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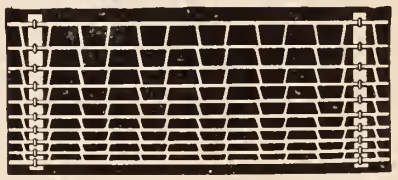

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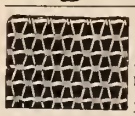

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 2

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1900

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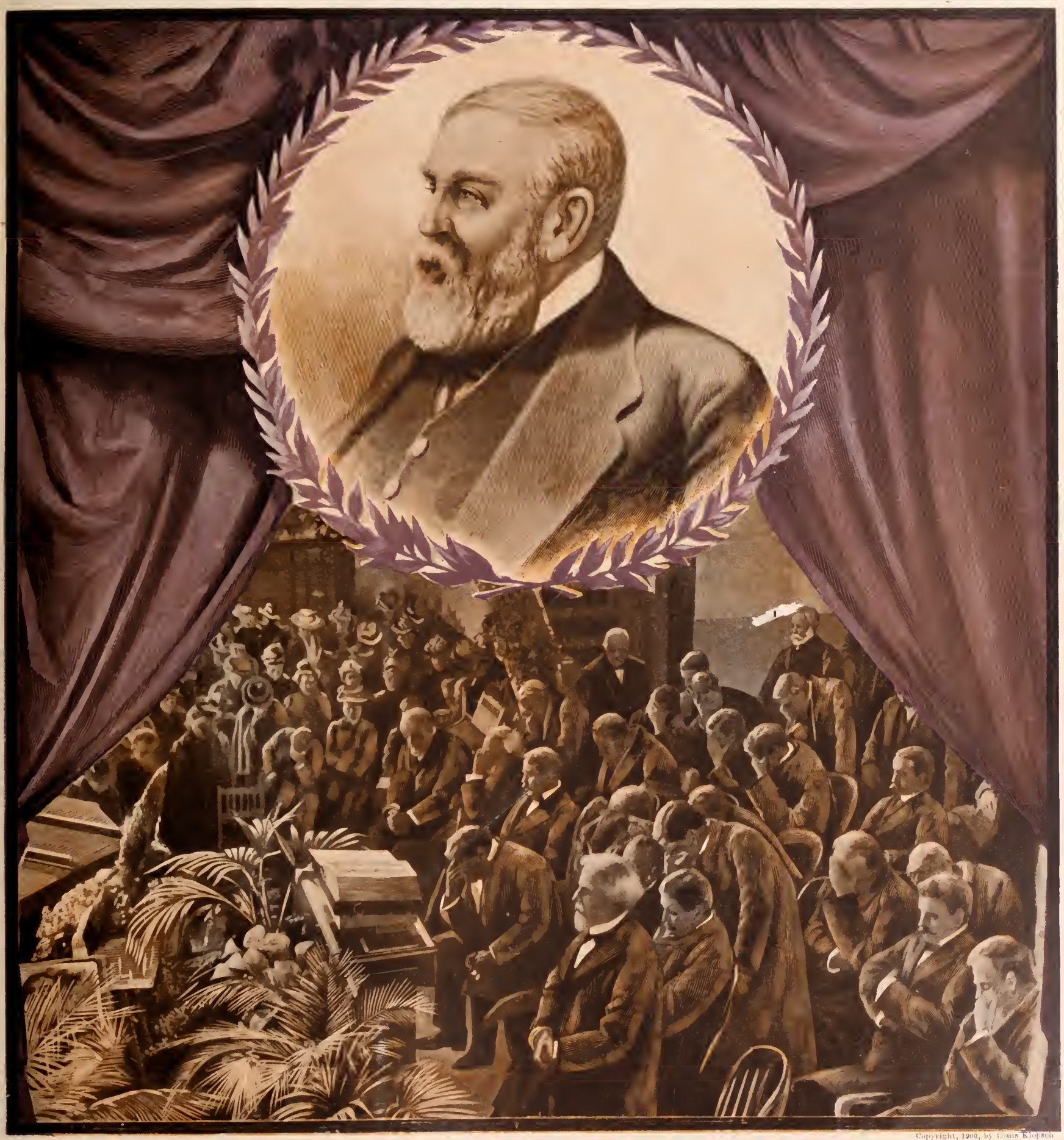

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Closing Prayer at the Moody Funeral in the Congregational Church, East Northfield, Mass., where the Body Lay in State

His Funeral At Northfield

A Nation Mourns for Moody

The Occasion of a Great Demonstration

Thousands Attend the Services and Listen to the Eloquent Eulogies by Distinguished Christian Leaders—

A Last Look at the Dead—Simple Ceremonies at the Grave on Round Top

BENEATH the sod of tree-crowned Round Top, in East Northfield, the graceful mound from whose summit he has so often delivered the precious invitation of that Gospel he loved so well, lies all that is mortal of Dwight L. Moody. On Tuesday, December 26, with simple yet solemn ceremonial, and amid many manifestations of grief, the body of the century's greatest evangelist was committed to the grave, to await the resurrection.

The day of the funeral opened clear and cold, with a bright sun somewhat tempering the keen December air. Preparations had been made for an early service at the Moody home to precede the removal of the body to the church, where it was to lie in state for several hours before the public funeral. Accordingly, the service was held at 9 A.M., only the immediate family and relatives and a few intimate friends and associates of the deceased being present. Rev. Dr. C. I. Scofield read selections from the Scriptures, and Rev. Dr. R. A. Torrey of the Chicago Bible Institute offered prayer. Friends then viewed the body, after which the family were for a short time left alone with their beloved dead. When they had retired, the remains were placed in a casket of simple design, black-covered and open at full length. This was laid upon an oblong bier, heavily draped in black, which was carried to the church by thirty-two stalwart, young Northfield students, divided into four relays of eight each. As they were about to raise the bier to their shoulders, Mr. Fitt — Mr. Moody's son-in-law—sprinkled white roses about the casket.

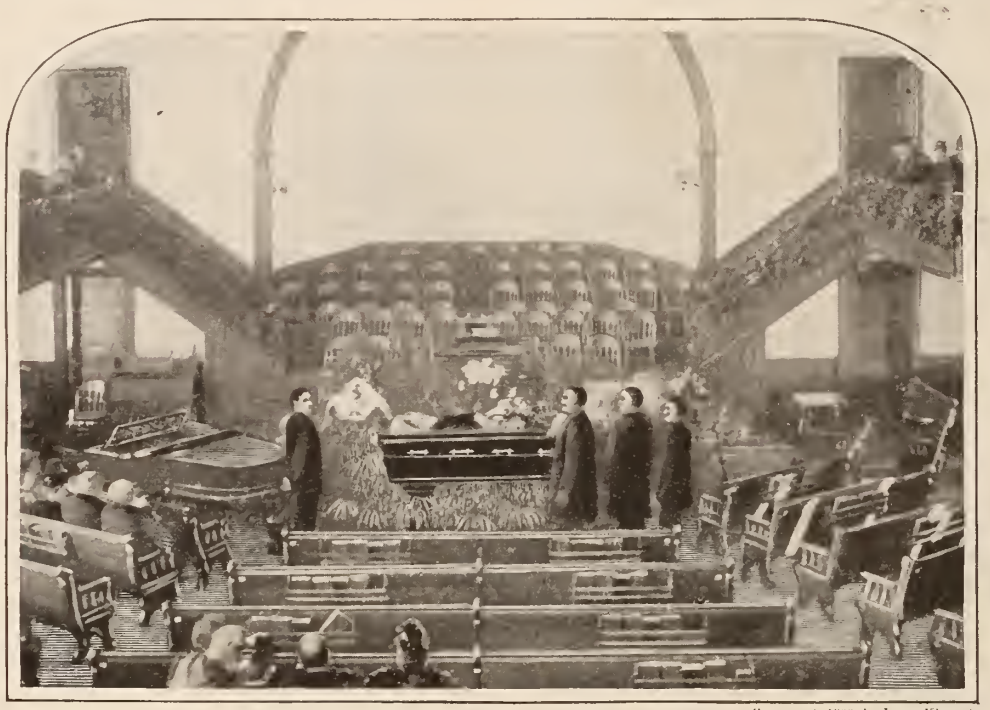
The Cortege to the Church

Drs. Scofield and Torrey led the procession, which left the Moody residence at 10.30 A.M. Immediately behind the bier, walking by twos, came these honorary pall-bearers: Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins, R. C. Morse and D. W. McWilliams, Rev. W. J. Herdman and Rev. Dr. George C. Needham. As the cortege moved from the house, the dead evangelist's eldest son, who stood bareheaded on the lawn, gave way to his grief, and leaned up against a tree, while his frame shook with emotion.

On the Congregational church being reached, the body was placed in front of the pulpit and the casket lid removed. Then followed a remarkable scene, lasting several hours, and showing more than words could express the wonderful hold the great evangelist had upon the hearts of the people. From far and near, in carriages and afoot, came hundreds to attend the funeral and pay the last tribute to him who had been their spiritual monitor for nearly a lifetime.

It is estimated that there were probably not less than three thousand persons in and around the building during the services. Professors from the Northfield schools stood at either end of the casket, and the throng of mourners filed slowly past, reverentially viewing the face of the dead. The features were calm and showed no evidence of suffering. Mr. Moody lay like one in a peaceful slumber. He was clad in his accustomed dress, and the lips seemed as if about to speak to the sorrowing multitude.

A little after 2 P. M. the doors of the church were closed to permit of the final preparations for the public service. Very simple were the floral decorations in the church. The galleries were trimmed with evergreens, and several fragrant tributes lay beside the coffin. At the head of the casket was a pillow of green with a crown of white roses interwoven, and a purple ribbon across the whole, on which were Mr. Moody's last words, "God is calling me." At the foot of the casket was a floral design of the open Bible, the left-hand page with the inwrought words, "Victory. I. Cor. 15: 56-57" and the opposite page, "II. Tim. 4: 7-8." There were wreaths of palm and of laurel, sprays of roses and sheaves of wheat, all gifts from the teachers and pupils of the Moody Institutes and from dear friends. An occasional ray of the clear, white winter sunlight stealing in through the church windows gave an added beauty to the fragrant offerings.



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THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE CHURCH

A Vast Audience of Mourners

At 2.15 the family left the Moody residence, and on reaching the church Mrs. Moody, escorted by her eldest son, Will R. Moody, was the first to enter. Then came Mrs. Fitt, attended by her brother, Paul Moody, Mrs. W. R. Moody and Mr. Fitt and the other members of the household. In the centre of the church, seats had been reserved for the family and relatives, and immediately behind them were the members of the various Northfield and Chicago institutions founded by Mr. Moody. At one side of the platform were seated the young women of the Northfield Seminary and on the other side the young men, the relatives sitting between. All the galleries were filled to overflowing with the general public. On the platform were seated Rev. Dr. H. G. Weston of Crozier Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. George C. Needham of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton of Baltimore, Rev. Franklin S. Hatch of Monson, Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of New York City, S. H. Hadley of New York City, Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. R. A. Torrey of Chicago, Ill., Payson Hammond of Connecticut, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia and Rev. David Allen Reed of Springfield.

After the opening hymn, "A Little While," which was sung by the congregation, led by Prof. A. J. Phillips, and an invocation by Rev. Dr. Scofield, the Scripture lesson was read by Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, the portion selected being II. Cor. 4: 11 and subsequent verses. Rev. George C. Needham led in prayer, and the entire audience joined in singing "Emanuel's Land." Then followed addresses by Revs. Dr. Scofield, Weston and Torrey; Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, Rev. Dr. Chapman, Rev. Dr. Pierson and John Wanamaker, followed by a brief closing address by Will R. Moody.

Rev. Dr. Scofield's Eulogy

It is only possible in these pages to give the merest outline of the addresses, all of which were marked by deep feeling and earnest eloquence. Rev. Dr. Scofield, Mr. Moody's home pastor, at the conclu-

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WAITING FOR THE CASKET AT THE MOODY HOME

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STUDENTS BEARING THE CASKET FROM THE HOME TO THE CHURCH

sion of his Scripture lesson (which he took from II. Cor. 5), delivered a most beautiful and impressive eulogy. He said:

"We know." "We are always confident." That is the Christian attitude toward the mystery of death. We are confident, and

Mr. Moody's Life-work for the Master

IT is hard to write of Dwight L. Moody in the past tense, and his own words suggest the question whether it would ever be appropriate. "Some day," he once said, "you will be told that Moody is dead. Don't believe a word of it. At that very ›ment I shall be more truly alive than I n now. I shall then be beginning to e." He went on to explain his mean- in his own pointed, forcible style: "I is born of the flesh on February 5, 37. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. nat which was born of the flesh will die, course; but that which is born of the pirit will live forever." In that sense r. Moody is not dead, but is enjoying at fuller life which comes only when the dy is laid aside. But for us, who knew m and loved him and rejoiced in his liant services in the Master's cause, e tidings of his departure had a differ- t meaning. It is well with him; but re on earth there is a vacant place, a ince has fallen in Israel, and the scenes which he was so conspicuous and so eful will know him no more. The work initiated will go on; the memory of s soul-stirring words will live in many a art; but we are sadly conscious that e earnest, ringing voice is silent for us, nceforth; and the enthusiastic, cheering rsonality, that seemed to communicate s magnetic force to all with whom he me in contact, is lost to us. His life-work finished.

His Humble Birth

Reviewing that life, so full of activity nd successful service, we are impressed ith the unexpected way in which God lects and prepares his instruments. Who would have supposed that the man ho was to address the largest audiences er gathered for religious teaching, the an who was destined to win souls in umbers so enormous, was to come out f a little New England village, with no dvantages of education and no ecclesi- stical or academic training for his work. et so it was. Almost within sight of the ome at Northfield, in which he died, was he humble cottage in which he first saw he light. There was nothing there to ive augury of his future greatness. There as honest toil, strict economy and earn- st piety; but none of the adventitious ids which are supposed to be necessary o the attainment of world-wide fame. In is fourth year an event occurred which hreatened to doom him to a life of toil nd obscurity. His father died suddenly, eaving behind him nine children for his idow to support on a mortgaged farm. Mr. Moody often spoke in later years of he splendid courage his honored mother lisplayed in the emergency. She took p the burden laid upon her, and, refusing o allow her children to be scattered, de- termined on maintaining the home.

It must have been a hard struggle, but her children stood by her loyally. "Dwight used to think himself a man when he was only a boy," his mother used to say in after years. When only six years old he went to a farmer and engaged himself as a hired help, his duty being to drive the cows to and from their pasture morning and evening. The sturdy independence of the lad was astonishing in one of his age. He worked on the farm, getting such educational help as the village school afforded until he was seventeen, when he felt that the time had come for him to enter a wider sphere. His mother had a brother in Boston engaged in the shoe business, and to him young Moody went to get employment. The wise man accepted his nephew's offer, but made three conditions. The boy must live in a boarding house of his uncle's selection: he must not wander about the city in the evening, nor go to places of amusement of which his uncle did not approve; and he must regularly attend the Mount Vernon church and Sunday School. The boy agreed to all and honorably kept his bargain. The third condition appears to have been a little irksome at first, but before two years had passed Dwight L. Moody was an applicant for membership in the church, and was admitted.

In the Fall of 1856 Mr. Moody removed to Chicago, where he found employment as clerk in a shoe store. He united with the Plymouth Congregational Church and volunteered for Sunday School work. He does not appear to have met with much encouragement; but he did not belong to the class that is easily discouraged. He surprised the trustees by hiring four pews, which was an unusual thing for a bachelor to do. But it was his habit to look up any young men whom he could get acquainted with, and he would invite them to occupy his pews. They were filled at every service. He also found a little mission church in North Wells street which seemed to be in need of help and he offered his services as a teacher in the Sunday School. He was told that there were already teachers for all the classes, but if he would bring new pupils he could form another class. The next Sunday he marched in at the head of eighteen barefooted children, whom he had collected out of the slums. Each one, he reminded the superintendent, had a soul to be saved, unpromising as the material looked. The class grew so rapidly and received additions of so many older members, that Mr. Moody rented an empty saloon for its accommodation. In a short time he had a Sunday School of his own, with seven hundred children and sixty teachers. Larger quarters becoming necessary, Mr. Moody obtained the use of a large room over the old North Market, which was used on Saturday nights for dancing. After the dances were over, Mr. Moody took possession of the room and with his own hands swept and cleaned it and prepared it for the meeting of the Sunday School.

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MR. MOODY'S FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

Composed of Chicago street waifs—Mr. Moody stands behind wearing a cap.

Activity for the Master

He also opened it for a week evening service, to which in some way known only to himself, he brought a motley audience. Like his Master he sought out the neglected and the lost, and found his hearers among the heathen of the city. So fascinated did he become in this work, that he took the bold step of giving up his business to devote all his time to it. "But how are you going to live?" asked a practical friend, to whom he announced the step he had taken. "I don't know," Mr. Moody replied, "but I can stand it for several weeks and if at the end of that time God wishes me to keep on, he will provide the means. He can, you know." Mr. Moody's faith was justified by results. In a short time the work outgrew its quarters and Mr. John V. Farwell came to its relief by erecting Farwell Hall, which had accommodations for the Y. M. C. A. as well as for Mr. Moody's mission. The outbreak of the Civil War turned Mr. Moody's attention temporarily in another direction. He visited the camps and made addresses to the soldiers. There he first realized his power as a speaker and acquired that manly, argumentative style of talk which characterized all his subsequent addresses. After the war he resumed his evangelizing of the slums of Chicago. Farwell Hall was burned, but Mr. Moody refused to regard the destruction as an intimation that his work there was ended. While the ruins were still smoking, he was around among the business men of the city with a subscription paper, and as soon as it was possible to occupy the ground he had the funds in hand for the erection of a new building, and the plans for it in the builders' hands.

His Field Two Continents

The mission grew with such rapidity that in 1863 it was necessary to erect a church building. Mr. Moody married, and a career of increasing usefulness and prosperity as a city pastor appeared to be opening before him. The great fire, however, changed that prospect. Mr. Moody was called to serve all our cities, and to minister to the church universal. The great meetings in the Hippodrome, New York, must have convinced him, if he had needed conviction, of the character of his future work. It is unnecessary to tell here the story of his campaigns, in which, accompanied by Mr. Ira D. Sankey, he went to every city, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. On the other side the Atlantic the triumphs were as great. No buildings were large enough to hold the people who thronged to hear a plain man, in strong, forcible Anglo-Saxon words, explain the way of salvation. Wherever he spoke, either in his own land or across the Atlantic, the common people heard him gladly: and men like Drummond and Gladstone, highly educated as they were, sat at his feet delighted.

Exhausting as such labors were, Mr. Moody's energies were not satisfied. The enterprises at Northfield, already fully described in these columns, are a testimony to his boundless activity. The Seminary for Girls, established in 1879, was the beginning of an educational work which has developed with phenomenal rapidity. The Chicago Institute, the School for Boys at Mount Hermon, and the names, the buildings at Northfield—which make up a town of themselves—are all memorials of the devotion and consecration with which he applied himself to the Master's service. Nor did these alone exhaust his energy. Of late years his summer schools—in which many a minister has gained new inspiration for his work—have won for him the gratitude of the churches. Besides these, his pen was always busy, and his Colportage Library has penetrated with its Gospel literature to every corner of the English-speaking world. Yet to the last he was devising new methods of service, and was looking forward to labors still more abundant.

The Mormon Practise of Polygamy

By Gen. John Eaton

Ex-United States Commissioner of Education

IT is well-known how openly Mormons a few years ago taught and practised polygamy. Not a few of them made a boast of the number of their wives. Utah was then a Territory. Congress, by the United States Constitution, has absolute control even in all police matters over the conditions of our Territories. For years George Q. Cannon, a polygamist in theory and practise, was elected delegate to Congress, and allowed to have his seat in the House of Representatives until the moral sentiment of the country rose up and forbid his admission. Mr. Edmunds secured the passage of the anti-polygamy laws protecting the family. My study of the situation at the time had convinced me that under our system a constitutional amendment was necessary to protect the family—that institution so fundamental to all others in the United States. While Congress could legislate specifically and comprehensively for the Territories, the national Constitution made no provision with reference to marriage, but left that subject entirely to the respective States.

The country generally became convinced that polygamy was blotted out and that the great American sentiment in favor of the purity of the home was completely triumphant even among Mormons. But the Mormon leaders had stooped to conquer. On their formally solemn pledge, Utah was admitted to Statehood; but the doctrine of plural marriages, it was all along observed, had never been stricken from their book of doctrines. No sooner was the State constitution prohibiting polygamy adopted and Statehood secured, which under our system carried the right of regulating marriage and divorce, than some of the Mormons began to say, "now we can practise our religion," meaning by it polygamy. Even those who had been convicted of the crime in the courts and formerly pardoned on condition of their observance of the law, here and there began to show signs of disregard for their pledges. There are those among them who have a great way of saying one thing and doing another. Their leaders not only pledged absolute non-practise of plural marriage, but up to this time they have declared that plural marriages have not occurred. They found the feeling in the American mind that criminal husbands should support and save from suffering the plural wives with whom they were compelled to cease to live. The general belief that their prophet Smith taught plural marriage, and that it was not condemned in the sight of God, and that in communities pervaded by this sentiment there could be no one to prosecute those who continued to live with their wives, they continued to do this in spite of the promises and declarations of the Mormon leaders. The Christian ministers in their midst reported their belief that the law was still violated and the Mormons as stoutly denied. As evidence that their denial was true, they pointed to the fact that there were no prosecutions. Now, it turns out, that there are localities even in Utah ready to enforce the law.

The result in the case of the Apostle Cannon became notorious. Evidence was so clear against him as the violator of the law that he was compelled to come forward and confess his guilt and pay the fine. Just now five others have been brought up before the court at Richfield, Utah, and confessed their guilt and received the judgments of the court, in each and every case promising in the future careful obedience to the law, thus proving the statement of the Christian ministers and giving the lie to the declaration of the Mormon leaders. An eminent clergyman, familiar with the increasing Mormon Colony in Canada, writes that they do not adjure their belief. They openly teach polygamy but claim they are obedient to the law of the country and do not practise it, while it is generally believed by candid observers that this claim is a deception. Polygamy is taught in their books of doctrine, and the evidence is increasing that polygamy is still practised among them.

∴ Fireside Talks About Jesus ∴

JOHN,
Herald and Prophet

By. Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts.
Int'l S. S. Lesson for
Jan. 21. Luke
3: 1-17

"A CHRISTIAN herald and hero, because he was first of all a 'seer' of God and a 'friend of the Bridegroom;' such was John the Baptizer, the Nazarite, who prepared the way for Christ by moral reforms; in profound recognition of which fact his story is studied as a 'temperance lesson' in schools and homes all round the world to-day." Thus Uncle Will opened his "round-table," at which the Cross-Roads farmers and their families, as Knights of the Cross, every Sabbath at twilight studied of and with their invisible King.

"Reformers of to-day," remarked Selah Brown, our cheery optimist, "will find not only courage but encouragement in this story, if only in the roll of rascals in church and state with which it starts out; first, Tiberius, then a brace of Herods, then Pilate, then Annas and Caiphas. The Cæsar or Czar of to-day, with all his injustice to Poland, is not to be compared with Tiberius Cæsar, 'the meanest of all mankind,' who would not have held the crown of our modern world for a day. Was it not he who deified his horse as well as himself? In any case he was the worse brute of the two. Christendom, meaning Christ's kingdom, is bad enough, but compared with even classic pagandom it is regnant humanity compared with regnant brutality. And the two Herods of this story, whose family name has become the verb of cruelty in the proverb, 'It outherods Herod,' would not be tolerated as rulers in the most backward of our civilized nations."

"I think we have plenty of Pilates, however," said Mr. Isaacs; "politicians who try to walk the fence of impossible neutrality, only to fall flat on the wrong side in the pages of history. And Annas and Caiphas also live to-day in ecclesiastics who care more for their church machinery than for man."

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Influence of the Cross "On the whole," Uncle Will observed, "individual and social life will be found to have greatly improved wherever the Cross has gone if we measure each age, as we should, by its best, the best of Rome in the first century against the best of Toronto in the nineteenth."

"I have here," said Mr. Isaacs, "Dr. Lyman Abbott's picture of the Roman Empire at the time when John preached his crusade of repentance:

"Drinking bouts lasted, not for hours, but for days and even weeks; licentiousness assumed forms that cannot be mentioned in the modern page. Men dismissed their wives as freely as we dismiss our servants. That freedom, however, was not enough; marriage grew exceptional, and wealthy bachelors were so numerous that their fawning sycophants became a distinct and odious caste. The combative and destructive propensities were then as sedulously cultivated as they are now sedulously restrained. The chronic condition of every province was one of war. Rome was always mail-clad. The cruelty of her wars was unchecked by humane sentiments, public opinion, or an international code. . . . The very amusements of this degenerate age were battlings and murders; and imperial edicts, often disregarded and overstepped, were required to limit the number who might engage in the gladiatorial combats, for popular taste would have turned every such entertainment into a genuine battle field. Half the population of Rome were slaves; the proportion was scarcely less in Greece.

"To such a world John the Baptist cried imperatively, 'Repent.'"

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The Turning-Point "Repentance and conversion," said Mr. Sanders, "both mean turning By repentance man's will turns *from sin* that in conversion his heart may be turned *to God*. John called not the will and heart only, but the feet also, into the way of truth. His sermon was mostly application."

JOHN THE BAPTIST

"This herald," was Uncle Will's quiet remark, "carried not a wand but an axe. At Cairo, in Egypt, I saw a herald, a lithe young man in a white garment reaching to the knees, girded at the waist, with a beautiful embroidered jacket, on his head a red fez with a pound of silk in its beautiful tassel, a wand in his right hand, running a rod or two in advance of a carriage through the narrow, crowded streets, and crying, 'Clear the way for my lord.'

Surely we need such a moral herald as John was in our city streets to-day to cry to newsdealers, bill-posters, theatre managers, slot-machine gamblers and polluters, saloon-keepers, and, most of all, to public officers, 'Clear the way for Christ and a true civilization!' These are the things that delay the chariot of Christ. Law is a John the Baptist in that its mission is to remove such needless temptations of youth and so make it 'harder to do wrong and easier to do right.'"

GEN. GRANT'S VISIT TO CONSUL WASSEF KHAYAT

"But," here said Mrs. Uncle Will, "the herald referred to in this story was the greater herald who makes the very road for his king, going miles and months in advance, with assistants, to dig down hills and fill up valleys and build a royal road. It is said that in the march of Semiramis to Ecbatane, she came to the Zarcean mountain, which, extending many furlongs, and being full of craggy precipices and deep hollows, could not be passed without taking a long sweep round. Being desirous of having a lasting memorial of herself, as well as of shortening the way, she ordered the precipices to be digged down, and the hollows to be filled up, and made a shorter and more expeditious road, subsequently called the Road of Semiramis."

"Thus queenly womanhood," said Thomas Brown, with a touch of gallantry, "is to-day preparing the way for Christ, especially as mother and teacher, hardly less as wife and sister. Woman's pen also is a spade of might for this building of the King's highway."

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A Story of Gen. Grant "A close modern parallel to the herald of the story," said Mr Isaacs, "is given by Layyah Barakat: 'When Gen. Grant was making his tour around the world, he was invited by a United States consul, Wassef Khayat, to visit him at Assioot, Egypt. The invitation was accepted, and for several weeks before Gen. Grant was to arrive, the consul kept more than two hundred men at work at his own expense, preparing the road over which General Grant was to travel, making the high places low and the crooked places straight. When the day arrived on which General Grant was expected, the roadway for a long distance from the consul's house was spread with Turkish rugs. Six heralds, dressed all in white, and with golden wands in their hands, were dispatched to run before the carriage and clear the way. They cried out, 'Make way for the great American Grant.' When General Grant alighted at the consul's house, he was detained from entering until a beef, beautifully garlanded with flowers, had been brought out. It was killed and cut into two pieces, which were laid on either side of the doorway. Then the consul invited General Grant to enter his home with him. They stepped over the blood on the threshold, and between the pieces. By this act they entered into the most solemn covenant known to the Oriental—the blood covenant—and thus became 'blood brothers,' a relation which outranks every other relation in life. One blood brother can not ask anything that the other will refuse. David and Jonathan were blood brothers. God conferred this honor upon Abraham when he bade him slay several animals and lay the pieces one over against another, and God himself passed through as 'a smoking furnace and a burning lamp' (see Gen. 15:5-18). Afterwards Abraham withheld not Isaac when it was this God who asked that he should be laid upon the altar. The Christian enters into a blood covenant with God the Father, through the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, as the victim. Having made this covenant, all that a Christian has of time, talent, money and influence, must be subject to his call. That is what *consecration* means."

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Watching for His Coming "John heralds to our homes and hearts, not a human general, but a divine King, for a blood brotherhood that is eternal," said Ruth, the modest Quakeress. "Isaiah from the watch-tower of prophetic vision, saw afar off the coming of the long-expected Christ, the 'King of glory', whose dominion would extend from sea to sea. Before him, in the vision, ran a herald, whom the prophet seems to have heard without seeing, for he calls him 'the voice' of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' And then he seems to hear the blows of axes in the forest, and strokes of picks on the mountains, as he makes a road for the coming King, and declares that for him every hill shall be brought low, and every valley filled up, and the crooked places be made straight, and the rough places a pass. The coming herald and messenger was to be spiritually an Elijah, one of kindred spirit and energy to that Tishbite who seemed almost like a spiritual presence as he suddenly confronted kings and denounced them for their sins, and then as suddenly took himself away where his enemies were unable to find him, only to appear again, as unexpectedly as before, whenever he had a message from God to deliver. These prophesies were fulfilled after years of waiting, in the birth of a child who was a foreordained abstainer and reformer, and was called John, 'the gift of God.' Every reform and every reformer is such a gift."

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Concerning Conversions "The church in this age of cities," said Uncle Will, "needs to learn that a good environment helps conversion before and after. The profoundest word I have heard on the general lament over diminished conversions is the word of Dr. Wylie, of Wilkinsburg, that probably we shall not see an increase or even prevent a decrease until we give more attention to environment."

"Yet more in heathen lands," here observed Andrew Brown, a soldier boy just home from the Philippines, "is the drink traffic a stumbling-block in the way of redemption. Mr. Peyton, Army Secretary of the St. Andrew Society, reported to Bishop Potter that it was useless to introduce American missionaries in Manila with four hundred and thirty American saloons discrediting American Christianity. Missionary work for our new islands should begin with those by whose permission saloons have followed our flag."

"If John were living to-day," said Uncle Will, "there would be no lack of righteous rebukes. He was the hero of free speech, whether speaking to the wicked king and the divorcee at his side or to to the excitable Jewish crowd, whom he called 'a generation of vipers.' He was not silent on 'the wrath to come.' He hewed down all family trees that had ceased to bear fruit and threw them into the fire. To those who thought to be saved by mere heredity and ritual he taught the gospel of giving. Speaking straight to the mark, he told the political cheats, known as publicans, to quit their tax extortion."

"And he shot straight at us soldiers," said Andrew Brown, "when he condemned disorder and discontent. Our soldiers have certainly not personified law and order, and one of the chief reasons is the canteen."

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Luther and the Soldier "As Luther drew near the door which was to admit him into the presence of his judges in the Diet of Worms," said Ruth "he met the celebrated George of Ffeundsberg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then, charging to the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the King of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, 'Poor monk, poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee.' A noble and truthful tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind. You can find a thousand men to follow the knight to battle, where you can find one to follow Luther in confessing their convictions where they will be ridiculed or opposed."

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"The best thing about this story, as a temperance lesson," said Mrs. Brown, "is that John was a great spiritual and Christian reformer. That is what we stand for," she continued pointing to her white ribbon. "We are but herald servants to clear the way for Christ and the Holy Spirit by removing evils that keep men from God. One in a hundred of the women of the churches and a lesser proportion of its men have gone out in reform organizations as scouting parties for the army, the church of God. Some day, on that main army shall fall, as a spiritual baptism, a passion for the redemption of society, and it shall be purged with that fire of holy enthusiasm of the evils that can remain only until the church awakes to its power and opportunity."

AN ORIENTAL HERALD

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Insomnia

Or, Comfort for Poor Sleepers

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalms 77: 4, ... Thou holdest mine eyes waking

SLEEP is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles and the solace of the nerves: it is the hush of activities; it is the soft curtaining of the eyes: it is a trance of eight hours: it is calming of the pulses; it is a breathing such slower though far deeper: it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares; this is the doctor recognized by all schools of medicine: it is a divine narcotic; it is a complete anæsthetic; it is an angel of the night: it is a great mercy of God for the human race. Lack of it puts patients on the rack of torture, or in the madhouse, or in the grave. O, blessed sleep! No wonder the Bible makes much of it, that through sleep so sound, that a surgical incision of the side of Adam did not waken him, came the best temporal blessing ever afforded to man—wifely companionship. While in sleep on a pillow of rock Jacob saw a ladder set up, with angels coming down and climbing, so "He giveth his beloved sleep," soliloquized the Psalmist. Solomon listens at the door of a tired workman, and eulogizes his pillow by saying: "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet." Peter was calmly sleeping between the two constables the night before his expected assassination. Christ was asleep in a boat on Galilee when tossed in the Euroclydon. The annunciation was made to Joseph in sleep, and death is described as only a sleep, and the resurrection as a glorious wakening out of sleep.

On the other hand, insomnia or sleeplessness is an old disorder spoken of again and again in the Bible. Ahasuerus suffered from it, and we read: "In that night could not the king sleep." Joseph Hall said of that ruler: "He that could command a hundred and seven and twenty provinces could not command sleep." Nebuchadnezzar had insomnia, and the record is: "His sleep brake from him." Solomon describes this trouble, and says: "Neither day nor night seeth he sleep with his eyes." Asaph was its victim, for he complains in my text that his eyes are wide open at midnight, some mysterious power keeping the upper and lower lids from joining: "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Insomnia, which has troubled all nations and all ages, has its widest swing in our land, because of the push and speed of all styles of activities as in no other land. Where there is one man or woman with equipoise of nerves, there are a dozen with overwrought and tangled ganglion. At some time in life almost everyone has had a touch of it. It has been called "Americanitis." Last night there were, as there will be to-night, millions of people to whom the words of the text are appropriate utterance: "Thou holdest mine eyes waking."

Wonderful is that law which Ralph Waldo Emerson called the "law of compensation," and it has been so arranged that while the hard-working populations of the earth are denied many of the luxuries, they have at least one luxury which many of the affluent of the earth are denied, and for which some of them would give millions of dollars in cash down, namely, capacity to sleep. The most of those who toil with hand and foot do not have to send out invitations to sleep. They require no bromide or valerian or sulphonal or triavol to put them to nightly unconsciousness. In five minutes after their head touches their pillow they are as far off from the wall they were building, or the ditch they were digging, or the anvil they were pounding, or the wheels they were controlling, as heaven is from earth. About three o'clock in the morning, the body at lowest temperature and its furnaces nearly out, what a complete quietude for the entire physical and mental structure! All night long, for such, sleep is busy with its enchanted anointing of every corpuscle of the arteries and every molecule of the entire physical organism, and the morning finds the subjects of such sleep rebuilt, reconstructed, and touched of God into a new life.

Of course, there is an unrighteous sleep, as when Jonah, trying to escape from duty, slept in the sides of the ship while the Mediterranean was in wrath because of that prophetic passenger: as when Columbus in his first voyage, exhausted from being up many nights, gave the ship in charge of the steersman and the crew, who, leaving the management of the vessel to boys, went asleep and allowed the ship to strike on the sandbanks of Saint Thomas: as when the sentinel goes to sleep at his post, endangering the whole army; as when the sluggard, who accomplishes nothing the day before he went to sleep, and will accomplish nothing the day after he wakes, fills up Solomon's picture of him, as he yawns out: "A little sleep, and a little slumber, and a little folding of the hands to sleep." But sleep at the right time and amid the right circumstances, can you imagine anything more blessed? If sleep, according to sacred and profane literature, is an emblem of death, the morning to all refreshed slumberers is a resurrection.

Remark the first: If you have escaped the insomnia spoken of in the text, thank God. Here and there one can command sleep, and it comes the minute he orders it and departs at the minute he wishes it to go: As Napoleon, when he wrote: "Different affairs are arranged in my head as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject and open that which contains another. They do not mix together or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of mind. When I wish for repose I shut up all the drawers and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will." But I think in most cases we feel that sleep is not the result of a resolution, but a direct gift from God. You cannot purchase it. A great French financier cried out: "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?"

Do not take this divine gift as a matter of course. Your seven or eight hours of healthful unconsciousness is a blessing worthy of continuous and emphatic recognition. Praise the Lord for three hundred and sixty-five resurrections in a year! Artificial slumber can be made up by the apothecaries: but natural sleep is a balm, a panacea, a catholicon that no one but God can mix. With it he bathes your eyes and brain and nerve and bone. It is a soft robe woven in heaven, with which he wraps your body, mind and soul. The more scientists explore this mystery of sleep the more profound it seems. God tells us many things, but that is a secret he keeps to himself. We philosophize and guess about this phenomenon, but will never know just what sleep is until we are told about it when we get through the last sleep. Thank God morning, noon and night for this strange quietude, this refreshing dismissal, this recuperating absence, this reinforcement of energies, this mighty benediction.

Remark the second: Consider among the worst crimes, the robbery of ourselves or others of this mercy of slumber. Much ruinous doctrine has been inculcated on this subject. Thomas Moore gave poor advice when he said: "The best way to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night." We are told that though they did their work at night, Copernicus lived to be seventy-three years of age and Galileo seventy-eight years, and Herschel eighty-four years. Yes; but the reason was they were all star-hunters, and the only time for hunting stars is at night. Probably they slept by day. The night was made for slumber. The worst lamp a student can have is "the midnight lamp." Lord Brougham never passed more than four hours of the night abed, and Justinian, after one hour of sleep, would rise from his couch. But you are neither a Justinian nor a Lord Brougham. Let not the absurd apotheosis of early rising induce you to the abbreviation of sleep. Get up when you are slept out, unless circumstances compel otherwise. Have no alarm-clock making its nerve-tearing racket at four o'clock in the morning, unless special reasons demand the forsaking of your pillow at that hour. Most of the theories about early rising we inherited from times when people retired at eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Such early retirement is impossible in our own times for those who are taking part in the great activities of life. There is no virtue in the mere act of early rising. It all depends upon what you do after you get up. It would be better for the world if some people never wakened at all.

But most Americans do not get sleep enough. The sin of late retiring is one most widespread and ruinous. What is much needed is that in all our cities those who are leaders in social life turn back the hour of drawing-room assemblage from ten and eleven o'clock to eight or half-past seven, so that the guests at ten or half-past ten may meet sleep at the right hour in their own dormitories. Two or three social heroines could do that in all the towns and cities. Thousands of men and women are slain each year by late hours. Five years is more than the average of endurance The vitality of men and women is depleted, and they go into chronic ailments, if they do not die of dyspepsia or consumption or nervous prostration, and the beauty goes out of the cheek beyond all restoration of cosmetics. Late retiring is the mother of premature wrinkles. Lack of sleep assassinates social life. A reformation is needed, and if the customs of the world could be changed in this matter, and the curtains of social life could be rung down at a reasonable hour of the night, twenty per cent. would be added to the world's longevity.

Remark the third: All those ought to be comforted who by overwork in right directions have come to insomnia. In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon the nervous energy. There are thousands of men and women who cannot sleep because they were injured by overwork in some time of domestic or political or religious exigency. Mothers who, after taking a whole family of children through the disorders that are sure to strike the nursery, have been left physical wrecks, and one entire night of slumber is to them a rarity, if not an impossibility. The attorney-at-law who, through a long trial in poorly ventilated court-room, has stood for weeks battling for the rights of widows and orphans, or for the life of a client in whose innocence he is confident, though all the circumstances are unfavorable. In his room he tries the case all night long, and every night, when he would like to be slumbering. The physician, in time of epidemic, worn out in saving the lives of whole families, and failing in his attempts to sleep at night between the janglings of his door-bell. The merchant who has experienced panics, when the banks went down, and Wall Street became a pandemonium, and there was a possibility that the next day he would be penniless—that night with no more possibility of gaining sleep than if such a blessing had never touched our planet. Ministers of the Gospel, in time of great revival, all their powers of endurance drawn upon day by day, and week by week, and month by month—sermonic preparation, neighborhood visitation, heart-breaking obsequies, sympathetic help for the anxious, the despairing, and the dying. It is a wonder that ministers of the Gospel have any nerves left, and that the angel of sleep does not quit their presence forever.

But I hear and now pronounce highest consolation for all those who in any department have sacrificed their health to duty. Your sleeplessness is as much a wound as you can find on any battle-field, and is an honorable wound. We all look with reverence and admiration upon one who has lost an eye or an arm in the service of his country, and we ought to look with admiration upon those who through extreme fidelity to their life-work have lost capacity for slumber. Remember glorious Albert Barnes going along the streets of Philadelphia four o'clock in the morning for many years to his church study, writing all his commentaries before breakfast, and keeping on until he was stone blind. Will not the Lord reward such sacrifices? and if, through your fidelity, you have lost capacity to sleep, God, who never slumbers nor sleeps, will look after you. When you hear the clock strike twelve, and one, and two, and three, and four, without your going into slumber, let it remind you that you have not been a sluggard or a do-nothing. You are suffering in a good cause. Paul got sore eyes in the Lord's service, and had many a scar, but so far from complaining about it, he exults in those scars, saying—in the only inspired letter we know that he wrote with his own hand, for the other letters were dictated to amanuenses—in that letter to the Galatians: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

It is high time that we enlarge the scroll of martyrs. We are accustomed to put in that scroll only those who have gone down under headsman's axe, or have been wrapped in fires at the stake, or torn apart with the machinery of persecution. But the world is full of martyrs who were never touched by any such instruments of torture. Many of our public men in this capital, and indeed in all the capitals, have their life beaten out of them by interruptions, annoyances, and unreasonable demands added to their straightforward duties. Washington sends many of the public men back to their different States worn out and incapacitated. Why is it that in all our land there are but two ex-presidents and two ex-vice-presidents? The others were slain by the exhaustions of public life or by hand of assassin. Our public men cannot control their time, cannot regulate their hours, cannot escape the imploration of constituents. All who go down to invalidism through the service of God or their country are martyrs.

Remark the fourth: Insomnia is no sign of divine displeasure. Martin Luther had distressing insomnia, and wrote: "When I wake up in the night, the devil immediately comes and disputes with me and gives me strange thoughts, until at last I grow enraged beyond endurance and give him ill words." That consecrated champion of everything good, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Senior, in his autobiography, says that the only encouragement he had to think he would sleep at night, was the fact that he had not slept the night before. One of the greatest English clergymen had a gas jet on either side of his bed, so that he might read nights when he could not sleep. Horace Greeley told me he had not had a sound sleep in fifteen years. Charles Dickens understood London by night better than any other writer, because not being able to sleep, he spent that time in exploring the city.

Perhaps this wakefulness may come to you as an opportunity to think over the mercies of the past and lay out plans for the future. David occupied the hours of wakefulness in music. He speaks of "songs in the night." We could hardly recommend such a solo for most people, for it would disturb the slumber of others; and you have no right, because you cannot sleep yourself, to keep others awake. But the cheerful endurance suggested by that midnight music of the Psalmist we can commend.

Wakefulness may be an opportunity for prayer, opportunity for profitable reflection, opportunity for kindling bright expectations of the world, where there is no night and where slumber will have no uses. God thinks just as much of you when you get but three or four hours of sleep as when at night you get eight or nine hours. One of the greatest prayer-meetings ever held was in a penitentiary at twelve o'clock at night, where Paul and Silas could not sleep. The record says they prayed and sang praises to God. They had cured an idiotic girl of her trouble, and for that they were imprisoned. They were robbed of their liberty, but not of their psalmody. Have you ever thought that sleeplessness may be turned into a rapture, a communion with God, a preparation for heaven?

Remark the fifth: Let all insomnists know for their consolation, that some

people sleep more rapidly than others, as much in one hour as others do in two, and hence do not require as long a time in unconsciousness. In a book on the subject of health years ago, I saw this fact stated by a celebrated medical scientist. Some people do everything quick—they eat quick; they walk quick; they think quick; and, of course, they sleep quick. An express train can go as far in thirty minutes as a way train in sixty minutes People of rapid temperaments ought not to expect a whole night to do the work of recuperation, which slow temperaments require. Instead of making it a matter of irritation and alarm, be a Christian philosopher, and set down this abbreviation of somnolence as a matter of temperament. An antelope ought not to complain because it was not an ox, nor an eagle because it can go faster than a barnyard fowl.

Remark the sixth: The aged insomnists should understand that if their eyes are held waking, they do not require as much sleep as once they did. Solomon, who in knowledge was thousands of years ahead of his time, in his wondrous description of old age, recognizes this fact. He not only speaks of the difficulty of mastication on the part of the aged when he says: "The grinders cease because they are few;" and of the octogenarian's caution in getting up a ladder or standing on a scaffolding, saying: "They shall be afraid of that which is high;" and speaks of the whiteness of the hair, by comparing it to a tree that has white blossoms, saying: "The almond tree shall flourish;" and speaks of the spinal cord, which is of the color of silver, and which relaxes in old age, giving the tremor to the head, saying: "The silver cord be loosed;" but he says of the aged: "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird;" that is about half-past four in the summer time, an appropriate hour for the bird to rise, for he goes to his nest or bough at half-past seven in the evening. But the human mechanism has been so arranged that after it has been running a good while a change takes place, and instead of the almost perpetual sleep of the babe, and the nine hours requisite in midlife, six hours will do for the aged, and "He shall rise up at the voice of the bird." Let all aged men and women remember that they have been permitted to do a great deal of sleeping in their time, and that if they do not sleep so well now as they used to, it is because they do not require so much sleep.

Remark the seventh: Insomnia is probably a warning that you had better moderate your work. Most of those engaged in employments that pull on nerve and brain are tempted to omit necessary rest, and sleeplessness calls a halt Even their pleasuring turns to work, as Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, taking a walk with a friend, met a sunbrowned peasant boy and said, "I must go home and deepen the coloring of my infant Hercules." The sunbrowned boy suggested an improvement in a great picture. By the time most people have reached mid-life, if they have behaved well, more doors of opportunity open before them than they ought to enter. Power to decline, power to say "No," they should now cultivate. When a man is determined to be useful and Satan cannot dissuade him from that course, the great deceiver induces him to overwork and in that way get rid of him. We have thermometers to tell the heat, and barometers to tell the air, and ometers hung in engine rooms to tell the pressure of steam, and ometers to gage and measure almost everything. Would that some genius would invent an ometer which, being hung around the neck and dropped over heart and lung, would, by the pulsation and respiration, tell whether one is under too great pressure or might carry more. All brain workers would want such an ometer and want it right away. For the lack of it how many are dying, and how many have died of overwork? A prominent financier who recently departed this life, was an officer in over a hundred financial and charitable institutions. Thousands of editors, of lawyers, of physicians, of merchants, of clergymen, are now dying of overwork. Do not be in the board of directors of more than three banks, and two trust companies, and five life and fire insurance establishments. Do not as pastor, preach more than three sermons a Sunday, and superintend your own Sabbath school, and conduct a Bible class the same day. Do not edit a paper and write for three magazines and go to four public dinners where you will be called to make a speech, more than four times a week. Do not go so deep into the real estate business that before Spring all the real estate you will really possess will be a piece of ground about six feet long and three feet wide. Your insomnia is the voice of nature, the voice of God, saying, "Better slow up!" Stop that long, swift train, the wheels of which are taking fire from the velocity and smoking with the hot-box. Do not burn the candle at both ends. Do not under too many burdens sweat like a camel trudging from Aleppo to Damascus. Do not commit suicide.

Remark the eighth: All the victims of insomnia ought to be consoled with the fact that they will have a good long sleep after a while. Sacred and profane literature again and again speak of that last sleep. God knew that the human race would be disposed to make a great ado about exit from this world, and so he inspires Job, and David, and Daniel, and John, and Paul to call that condition "sleep." When at Bethany the brother, who was the support of his sisters after their father and mother were gone, had himself expired, Christ cried out in regard to him: "He is not dead but sleepeth." Cheering thought to all poor sleepers, for that will be a pleasant sleep, induced by no narcotic, disturbed by no frightful dream, interrupted by no harsh sound. Better than any sleep you ever took, O child of God, will be the last sleep. In your other slumbers your home may be invaded by burglars and your treasures carried off, but while here and there, in one case out of millions, the resurrectionist may disturb the pillow of dust, the last sleep is almost sure to be kept from invasion. There will be no burglary of the tomb. And it will be a refreshing sleep. You have sometimes risen in the morning more weary than when you laid down at night, but waking from the sleep of which I speak, the last fatigue, the last ache, the last worriment will be forever gone. O, what a refreshing sleep!

Most people are tired. The nights do not repair the day. Scientists, by minute calculation, say that every night comes a little short of restoring the body to where it was the day before, and so every seventh day was put in for entire rest, to make up in reparation for what the nights could not do. But so restful will be the last sleep that you will rise from it without one sore nerve, without one tired limb—rested, forever rested, as only God can rest you. O, ye tired folks all up and down the world! tired with work, or tired with persecutions, or tired with ailments, or tired with bereavements, or tired in the struggle against temptation, clap your hands with eternal glee in expectation of that sleep from which you will wake up so rested that you will never need another sleep or even another night. "There shall be no night there," because there will be no need of its quieting influences. No lengthening of the shadows of tower and wall and gate. No evening mist rising from the river. No sundown. "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

So, my hearer, my reader, "Good night!" May God give you such sleep tonight as is best for you, and if you wake too soon, may he fill your soul with reminiscences and expectations that will be better than slumber. Good night! Having in prayer, kneeling at the bedside, committed yourself and all yours to the keeping of the slumberless God, fear nothing. The pestilence that walketh in darkness will not cross your doorsill, and you need not be afraid of evil tidings Good night! May you have no such experience as Job had when he said: "Thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me through visions." If you dream at all, may it be a vision of reunions and congratulations, and, waking, may you find some of them true. Good night! And when you come to the best sleep, the blissful sleep, the last sleep, may you be able to turn and say to all the cares and fatigues and bereavements and pangs of a lifetime, "Good night!" and your kindred, standing around your illumined pillow, give you hopeful though sorrowful farewell as you move out from their loving embrace into the bosom of a welcoming God. Good night!

Joy at the Bowery Mission

A Christmas Dinner to the Destitute Men, and a Tree for the Child-Waifs

FOR several days past we had been scouring the stores of the neighborhood, furnished with instructions, and the withal to carry them out, by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the purpose of securing articles of wearing apparel for the destitute men of the Bowery. We had also carefully canvassed our congregation each evening during the preceding week, with a view of finding out what each man needed most. Then, everything being ready, we summoned the men to an early prayer meeting on Christmas morning. None knew of the parcels that lay in concealment until the meeting was over, and yet, among our new converts, there were but few absentees. It was a pathetic crowd that stood—for there was standing room only—in the spacious kitchen this Christmas morning, prepared to celebrate in simple fashion the great event that has now assumed such an intense interest in their own personal lives and destinies. There was a new light upon their faces. Tears stood in the eyes of some of the men, and there could be no mistake about the fervor and sincerity of the prayers and praise of all. Naturally there was an opportunity given for a few short testimonies.

THE BOWERY MISSION'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Quickly they came. Space will not allow many quotations, but they ran something like this: "I thank God for this Christmas day. Last year I spent the day in prison." "I want to say how much happier I am to-day than last year, when I spent the whole day in ———'s saloon." "This is the first time for twenty-one years that I shall have spent a sober Christmas day." "Last Christmas night I walked the streets a homeless man; now, I thank God, I have a happy home and a good position." Then came a few more stirring hymns, and a season of prayer, and the distribution of gifts.

This simple service was barely over when, one by one, the workers of the Rescue League arrived, and began decorating Mrs. Bird's Christmas tree. It was an immense and beautiful tree. With a speed born of long practise, it was uplifted and fixed, with five shining silver stars crowning its noble proportions. Then busy hands set to work hanging the hundreds and thousands of toys, dolls, banners, and spangles. High up on fourteen-foot ladder was one of th workers, accustomed to window dressing decorating the upper branches. Dow below another, an electrician, affixing a ingenious arrangement for decoratin the tree with electric lights, and the re busy with the lower branches. Mean while an immense concourse of East Sid children were gathering at the door packing the entrance, blockading the side walk, stretching away even to the verg of the trolley tracks in the middle of th Bowery thoroughfare.

When all was ready, the doors wer opened, and the stalwart policemen be gan the difficult task of selecting th smallest and neediest looking childre from the crowd. Soon every availabl square inch in the building was occupied the doors closed, and instructions give to admit no more; an edict which shortl afterwards imperiled the admission o even the pro prietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD him self. Nearly one thousand children fille the seats, while on the platform were many sympathizing friends One gracious and queenly lady, accompanied by her son and daughter, all of whom had forgone the pleasure of giving and receiving Christmas presents themselves, and had, instead, contributed to the Christmas Tree Fund, sat at Mrs. Bird's side. Dr. Klopsch was instantly recognized when he made his appearance, and cheered to the echo, and when in making a short and an exceedingly interesting address to the children he asked those who had visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack during the previous summer to raise their hands, to his great delight hundreds responded by waving the right hand enthusiastically. The singing of the national airs by the children, to the accompaniment of the great organ, was a thrilling feature of the day. Then in orderly fashion the children marched up to the tree, one by one, and received an appropriate gift from Mrs. Bird; and as they passed out into the street, each one found a package of candy or an orange awaiting them.

There was barely time to clear away and ventilate the room before the evening meeting was due to commence. Again the hall was densely packed with typical Bowery men. Never was the interest more intense, never were the hymns more joyously triumphant, never were the testimonies more effective! At the close, many of the men present made the great decision.

The supper given to the men was furnished by the generosity of Mr. William Patterson, of Manchester, England.

So for twenty consecutive hours of this blessed Christmas day, the Bowery Mission was a scene of joyous and enthusiastic activity.

J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent.

The American Tribute

LADIES of American birth, now living in Great Britain and on the Continent, have been doing a graceful and womanly thing in connection with the war in South Africa. They have united to equip a hospital ship, which has sailed for the scene of conflict. any friends in this country of the dies who had the matter in charge, have so sent contributions, notably Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who sent the most appropriate gift of an ambulance. The entire cost of furnishing the ship has been borne by Americans, so that it is America's expression of sympathy with the suffering. As it has cost more than $150,000 equip the vessel with the most improved surgical appliances, the work of the American ladies has been no sinecure. On this page is a photograph of the executive committee. The lady standing in the centre of the background, is the president of the committee and the originator of the movement, Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. Three eminent American surgeons and a corps of nurses, all Americans, sailed on the ship, after being received and personally thanked by the Queen. It expected that the vessel, which is named the *Maine*, will reach the Cape early this month. The movement has been very gratefully welcomed and very cordially appreciated by the English people, who recognize in it not only the sympathy of Americans, but the appropriateness of its expression in an endeavor to alleviate the inevitable miseries that war produces. This is the feminine side of the gloomy subject, and in dealing with it the American ladies have manifested the sweet compassion which is woman's charm. Even the Apostle Paul, who had not many kindly things to say of women, could appreciate this, and instructed his disciple to receive into the church women who had so distinguished themselves.

If she have relieved the afflicted; if she have diligently followed every good work (I. Tim. 5:10).

A Present in the Fire

During the holidays there was one home where joy turned to sorrow and sorrow back to joy in the course of one day. A lady in Newark, N. J., received from her husband as a Christmas gift a pair of handsome earrings. A fine large diamond glistened in the centre of each. The gift was greatly admired and appreciated. But there are many things that have to be done in a household on Christmas morning; and the lady, having admired her present, wrapped the jewels in the silver paper in which they came and laid them on the table, while she attended to her matronly duties. Later, during her husband's absence, the table was cleared up and several pieces of paper, including the one containing the earrings, were thrown into the fire. The owner speedily discovered her loss and, when her husband returned, he found her hysterically lamenting it. Knowing a little more than he did of the nature of diamonds, he had the fire raked out and the gems were found unharmed. The setting had melted out of shape, but that was a small matter compared with the recovery of the diamonds. They will be re-set and the lady will have her present after all. It may be hoped that she may have a similar experience in the day of final accounting and that she may then wear those better ornaments of which the Apostle spoke, on which the fire will have no power.

It shall be revealed by fire and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is (I. Cor. 3:13).

Killed by Friendly Greeting

A man lost his life by a remarkable accident a few days ago in New York. He was slightly deaf, and was standing at the bar of a saloon, with his back towards the door, when some friends entered. One of them recognized him and called out a merry greeting. The other apparently did not hear him, for he made no reply. His friend went close to him, and, laying a hand on each shoulder, gave him a sharp twist, first to the left, then to the right, at the same time uttering a friendly reproof to him for not responding to a cordial greeting. Those who stood near the two men heard a crack as the man's head turned under his friend's rough handling. When released, instead of turning around and shaking hands with his friend, as every one expected, he sank to the floor with a groan. A doctor was summoned, who, finding him unconscious, sent him to a hospital. It was there found that a vertebra at the base of the neck had been twisted out of place. He recovered consciousness for a short time, but died the same evening. Probably no one deplores the silly act which had the fatal result, more than the man who committed it. As he had no malice toward his victim, he will, doubtless, escape punishment, but he cannot escape remorse. It is so with those whom God pardons. As they witness the results of their sin, which they are powerless to undo, they learn what a grievous and bitter thing sin is. Like Peter, their sorrow is lifelong.

And when he thought thereon he wept (Mark 14:72).

COMMITTEE OF AMERICAN LADIES ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE"

Pardon for a Convict Hero

Probably few people enjoyed their Christmas holidays more than a man in Austin, Tex. He was a convict and expected to spend the holidays in the penitentiary with a prospect of spending many another holiday within the gloomy walls before he recovered his freedom. On December 23d, however, Governor Sayres sent him a full pardon in time for him to spend Christmas day with his friends. The pardon was a reward for a heroic act which the convict performed one day last summer. At that time he was confined in the convict camp in the Brazos River Valley. He was there when the great flood came and the river completely surrounded the camp. Several of the convicts took the opportunity to make their escape, but this one devoted himself to the saving of life and property. Hearing that one of the guards was lying sick in a house menaced by the flood and was unable to save his wife and child, the convict swam out to the house. He found a light wagon in the rear, in which he put the sick man and his wife and child. Tying a rope to it, he harnessed himself like a horse and dragged it into the raging flood. He swam across the river, then nearly two miles wide, and had the satisfaction of saving all three lives. It was this heroic deed which won him a pardon from the governor. He well deserved it, though not even such heroism could give him the right to claim it. Every one recognizes this fact, though it is often forgotten in considering the sinner's relations to God. Pardon must come by mercy and cannot be earned.

By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast (Eph. 2:8).

The Boer War

The commanders of the British forces in South Africa appear to have faithfully observed the instructions reported to have been sent from London, to "mark time" and refrain from aggressive movements. A week of inactivity followed the most recent repulse, but the inactivity appears to have implied only that there was no actual fighting. The Boers have been busy strengthening their intrenchments on the Tugela, and it is now declared by skilled authorities that their position is impregnable. If it is really so, Gen. Buller will have to find some other way of reaching Gen. White, otherwise Ladysmith, so long beleaguered, must fall into the hands of the Boers. They on their side are apparently reluctant to attempt the capture by assault and are trying to starve out the garrison. On the west, General Methuen has made no further attempt to reach Kimberley. The Boers have surrounded him and have dug trenches on all sides to cut him off from assistance. The ease with which the Boers have been able to obtain ammunition and other supplies, has aroused the suspicion that the Portuguese authorities at Delagoa Bay are in sympathy with them. It was reported, but afterwards denied, that the British Government had made an arrangement with Portugal to acquire temporary possession of it. Such an arrangement would be greatly to the advantage of England, but it is doubtful whether in view of possible European complications Portugal could venture to grant the concession. Among the interesting incidents of the war is that of the capture of Lady Sarah Wilson by the Boers. She was in Mafeking with her husband when the place was invested and decided to stay with him. She has been serving as a hospital nurse and has also been war-correspondent of an English journal. When she was made prisoner, she was making a ride of two hundred miles to send a letter to the journal. She belongs to the family of the Duke of Marlborough, being an aunt of the present Duke. The Boers, however, made light of her aristocratic lineage and willingly exchanged her for a Boer woman who had fallen into British hands. Welcome as her liberty would be to her, the high-born dame probably felt the humiliation of being exchanged for an ordinary farmer's wife, but the Boers could not be expected to form their estimates of value on the principles of English society. To them Lady Sarah was merely an English woman and an enemy. So the patrician lady had to learn the lesson of equality which in any case, all must learn in the great day when God will judge not according to rank, but according to character.

LADY SARAH J. WILSON

Taken prisoner by the Boers

Both low and high, rich and poor, together (Ps. 49:2).

BRIEF NOTES

The world's total of Young Men's Christian Associations increased during the past year from 6,698 to 7,226.

Prof. Roentgen, the discoverer of the rays which bear his name, has been appointed to a chair in the University of Munich.

Evangelist E. P. Telford is conducting revival services this week in Boston, Mass. Letters addressed to him at this office will be forwarded to him.

Mrs. J. M. Johnston, of Chicago, is the winner of the first prize offered by the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, for the best essay on Religious Training in the School.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Wilkes Barre were full of interest to the end. At one of his meetings for men only, two hundred young men stood up and pledged themselves for Christ.

John G. Paton, the veteran missionary, says that many native converts in the New Hebrides have given all that they have saved from their earnings for thirteen years to the fund for getting out an edition of the Bible.

The population of France, if not decreasing is practically stationary. The number of births during 1898 was less than the number in 1897 by 15,174. In Germany, during the same year, the excess of births over deaths was 846,871.

Dr. J. G. Butler, pastor of the Lutheran Memorial Church in Washington, D. C., has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his acceptance of the pastorate. He has been chaplain of both houses of Congress and has filled other honorable offices.

A committee of Japanese gentlemen has collected funds to erect a memorial to Dr. G. F. Verbeck, who labored for nearly forty years in the cause of Christ in Japan. The memorial is a shaft of gray granite twelve feet high, bearing a suitable inscription.

The number of total abstainers in the British army now serving in South Africa is a much larger proportion of the entire force than has ever been known in a campaign. A Welch regiment takes the lead with one-half its number pledged teetotalers.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has contributed the sum of $10,000 to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Half of the amount is to be used in meeting last year's deficit, which was caused by the erection of necessary buildings and improvements.

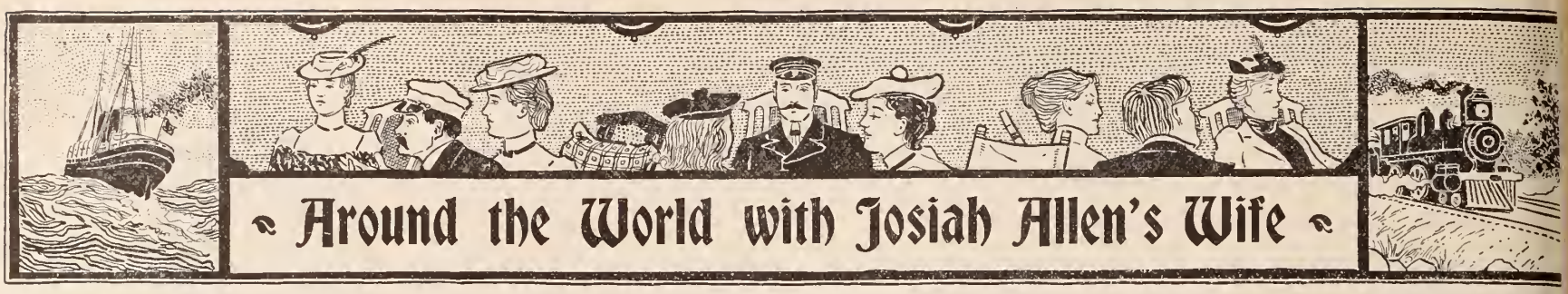
The Moravians have now 138 stations in their foreign mission field and 54 out-stations. The American and European missionaries number 376 and the native helpers 1,942. The baptized members number 92,071, and the communicants, 33,764. The income last year amounted to $392,530.

The American Board has lost two distinguished and faithful workers. It has received news from Micronesia of the death of Mrs. Logan, of Ruk, and from North China of the death of Mrs. E. E. Aiken. The latter was only twenty-eight years old, but she had proved a missionary of rare tact and zeal.

The Presbyterian Mission in Korea was established only fourteen years ago. During the last year 1,153 members were received, and 3,000 catechumens were enrolled. In the Pyeng Yang district alone the people built during the year 44 houses of worship. The total church membership is now 2,079.

The sudden death is announced of Rev. Henry C. Simmons, D.D., President of Fargo College. He had many friends in the East, and a host in Minnesota and North Dakota to whom the news of his death will be cause of deep sorrow. He was only fifty-four years old and was in the prime of his activity and usefulness.

As stated elsewhere, Mr. Moody's eldest son, Will R. Moody, has undertaken the preparation of a biography of the great evangelist. Any of our readers knowing of facts or data that would be serviceable, or of anecdotes of Mr. Moody's work, are invited to forward the same to Will R. Moody at East Northfield, Mass.



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER VI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETTI

ON THE WAY TO CALIFORNIA

MISS MEECHIM and Dorothy looked brighter and happier as every revolution of the wheels brought us nearer their old home, and they talked about Robert Strong and other old friends I never see.

"A NEW PAIR OF CUFFS"

"Be it ever so humbly,
There is no place like hum."

My heart sung them words and carried two parts, one sulferino and one bear tone. The high part caused by my lofty emotions and sweet recollections of home, that hallowed spot; the minor chords caused by feelin's I have so often recapitulated. Tommy, as the day wore on, went to sleep, and I covered him tenderly on the seat with my little shoulder shawl, and sot there alone; alone, as the cars bore us onward, sometimes through broad green fields of alfalfa, anon over a bridge half a mile long, from whence you could look down and see the flowing stream beneath like a little skein of silver yarn glistening in the sun fur below, agin forests and valleys and farms and homesteads, and anon in an opening through a valley, high bluffs, beautifully colored, could be seen towering up over blue waters, up, up as if they wuz bent on touching the fleecy clouds overhead. And then a green sheltered valley, and then a high range of mountains seen fur off as if overlookin' things to see that all wuz well, anon a big city, then a village, then the green country agin, and so the pictures passed before me as I sot there.

I had put on a pair of new cuffs and a collar, made for me and hemstitched by Waitstill Webb, and gin to me by her, though I wanted to pay her. Sweet little creeter! how good she wuz to me and to everybody, and I thought of her sad history, and hoped that brighter days wuz ahead on her. I d'no as I've told the reader much about her history, and mebby I might as well whilst we are rushin' on so fast, and Tommy is asleep.

Waitstill Webb and Alan Thorne

Alan Thorne, the young man she wuz engaged to, wuz brung up by a uncle who had a family of his own to love and tend to, but he did his duty by Alan, gin him a good education and a comfortable, if not affectionate, home in his family. But it wuz a big family all bound up in each other, and Alan had seemed like one who looks on through a winder at the banquet of Life and Love, kinder hungry and lonesome till he met Waitstill Webb. Then their two hearts and souls rushed together like two streams of water down an inclined plane. They literally seemed to be two bodies with one heart, one soul, one desire, one aspiration. He had always been industrious, honest and hard workin'. Now he had sunthin' to work for; and for the three years after he met Waitstill he worked like a giant. He wuz earning a home for his wife, his idol; how happy he wuz in his efforts, his work, and how happy she wuz to see it, and to work herself in her quiet way for the future.

He had bought a home about a mile out of the city, where he was employed, and had got it all payed for. It wuz a beautiful little cottage with a few acres of land round it, and he had got his garden all laid out and a orchard of fruit trees of all kinds, and trees and flowering shrubs and vines around the pretty cottage. There wuz a little pasture where he wuz to keep his cow and a horse, that she could take him with to his work mornings and drive round where she wanted to, and there wuz a meadow lot with a little rivulet running through it, and they had already planned a rustic bridge over the dancing stream, and a trout pond, and she had set out on its borders some water lilies, pink and white, and Showy Ladies and other wild flowers, and she jest doted on her posy garden and strawberry beds, and they'd bought two or three hives of bees in pretty boxes and took them out there; they had rented the place to a old couple till they wanted it themselves. And every holiday and Sunday they walked out to their own

"A ROUGH-LOOKIN' SOLDIER KNELT BY THE DEAD MAN"

place, and the sun did not shine any brighter on their little home than the sun of hope and happiness did in their hearts as they pictured their life there in that cozy nest.

And Alan Thorne, after he loved Waitstill, not only tried to win outward success for her sake; he tried to weed out all the weaknesses of his nater, to make himself more worthy of her. He said to himself when he would go to see her, he would "Robe his soul in holiest purpose as for God himself." His pa had at one time in his life drank considerable, but he wuz not a drunkard, and he wuz a good bizness man when the fever carried him off, and his young wife out of the world the same year. Well, Alan wuz jest as industrious as he could be, and with his happy future to look forward to and Waitstill's love and beloved presence to prop up his manhood, everything promised a fair and happy life for them both; till, like a thunder-cloud out of a clear sky come that deafening report from Spanish brutality that blew up the *Maine* and this nation's peace and tranquility. Dretful deed! Awful calamity! that sent three hundred of our brave seamen onprepared to meet their God—without a second's warning. Awful deed that cried to heaven for pity. But did it bring back these brave fellows sleeping in Havana harbor to their mothers, wives and sweethearts, to have thousands more added to the list of the slain?

"Remember the *Maine*!" How these words echoed from pulpit and Senate and palace and hovel; how they wuz sung in verse, printed in poems, printed in flaming lines of electric light everywhere! From city to country, you saw and heard these words, "Remember the *Maine*!"

I wondered then and I wonder now if the spirit of revenge that swep' through our nation at that time wuz the spirit of the Master.

I d'no nor Josiah don't, whether it wuz right and best to influence the souls of the young till they burnt at white heat with the spirit that our Lord said his disciples must avoid, for said he: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

A Deep Question

Well, it is a deep question, deeper than I've got a line to measure: and Josiah's line and mine both tied together don't begin to touch the bottom on't, for we've tried it time and agin. We've argyed aginst each other about it, and jined on and hitched our arguments together, and they didn't touch bottom then, nor begin to. As Mrs. Browning said (a woman I set store by, and always did, I've hearn Thomas J. read about her so much): "A country's a thing men should die for at need."

Yes, to die for, if its safety is imperiled, that I believe and Josiah duz, but I have eppisoded about it a sight, I've had to, methought how this nation wuz stirred its deepest depths; how it seethed a boiled with indignation and wrath b cause three hundred of its sons wuz kill by ignorant and vicious means; how breathed out vengeance on the cause th slew them: how it called: "To arms! arms! Remember the *Maine!*" But ho cool and demute it stood, or ruther sc and see every year sixty thousand of i best sons slain by the saloon, ten-fo more cruel deaths, too, since the soul a mind wuz slain before their bodies wer No cry for vengeance as the long proce sion of the dead wheeled by the doors the law-makers of the land; no cry: "T arms! to arms! Remember the Saloon And more mysterious still, I eppisoded myself, it would have looked to see th Government rig out and sell to the Spa iards a million more bombs and unde ground mines to blow up the rest of o ships and kill thousands more of o young men. Wouldn't it have looked dc queer to the other nations of the world t have seen it done?

The Nation's Call

But there they sot, our law-makers, an if they lifted their eyes at all to witne the long procession of the dead drift b sixty thousand corpses yearly slain by th Saloon, if they lifted their eyes at all to loo at the ghastly procession, they droppe 'em agin quick as they could so's not t delay their work of signin' licenses, mal in' new laws, fixin' over old ones, an writin' permits to the murderers to go o with their butchery. Queer sight! quee in the sight of other nations, in the sigl of men and angels, and of me and Josial

Well, to stop eppisodin' and resoor backwards for a spell. Alan Thorn hearn that cry: "To arms! To arms Remember the *Maine!*" And his very sou listened. His grandfathers on both side wuz fighting men; at school and colleg he'd been trained in a soldier regimen and had been steeped full of warlik idees, and they all waked up at this cr for vengeance. He had just got to go he had to; it wuz to be. Heaven an Waitstill couldn't help it; he had to go he went.

Well, Waitstill read his letters as we as she could through her blindin' tears letters at first full of love—the very pas sion of love and tenderness for his sweet heart, and deathless patriotism and lov for his country.

But bime-by the letters changed a littl in their tones—they wuzn't so full of lov for his country. "The country," so h

"WAITSTILL READ HIS LETTERS"

writ, "wuz shamefully neglecting its sons, neglecting their comfort." He writ they wuz herded together in quarters not fit for a dog, with insufficient food; putrid, dretful food, that no dog would or could

at. No care taken of their health—and s for the health of their souls, no matter here they wuz, if half starved or half lad, the Canteen was always present ith 'em; if they could git nothin' else r their comfort, they could always git e cup that the Bible sez: "Cursed is he at puts it to his neighbor's lips." Doubly cursed now—poisoned with adulteraon, makin' it a still more deadly pizen.

Well, sickened with loathsome food he ould not eat, half starved, the deadly phoid hovering over the wretched solier, is it any wonder that as the tempter eld the glass to his lips (the tempter be- g the Government he wuz fightin' for) he tempted yielded and drank?

The letters Waitstill got grew shorter nd cooler, as the tempter led Alan deepr and deeper into his castle of Ruin here the demon sets and gloats over its ictims. When the Canteen had done its ork on the crazed brain and imbruted ody, other sins and evils our Government ad furnished and licensed, stood ready o draw him still further along the downrade whose end is death.

A Canteen Tragedy

Finally the letters stopped, and then Waitstill, whose heart wuz broke, jined the noble army of nurses and went forward to the front, always hunting for the ne beloved, and, as she feared, lost to er. And she found him. The very day hat Alan Thorne, in a drunken brawl, killed Arvilly's husband with a bullet neant for another drunken youth, these vimmen met. A rough lookin' soldier knelt down by the dead man, a weepin' woman fell faintin' on his still, dead heart; this soldier ('twas Arville) wuz sick n bed for a week, Waitstill tendin' him, or her I might as well say, for Arville owned to her in her weakness that she wuz a woman; yes, Waitstill tended her faithfully, white and demute with agony, but kep' up with the hope that the Government that had ruined her lover would be lenitent towards the crime it had caused. For she reasoned it out in a woman's way. She told Arvilly "that Alan would never have drank had not the Government put the cup to his lips, and of course the Government could not consistently condemn what it had caused to be." She reasoned it out from what she had learnt of justice and right in the Bible.

But Arvilly told her—for as quick as she got enough strength she wuz the same old Arvilly agin, only ten times more bent on fightin' aginst the Drink Demon that murdered her husband. Sez Arvilly: "You don't take into consideration the Tariff and Saloon arguments of apologizin' Church and State, the tax money raised from dead men, and ruined lives and broken hearts to support poorhouses and jails and police to take care of their victims." No; Waitstill reasoned from jest plain Bible, but of course she found out her mistake. Arvilly said to her: "You'll find that the nation that opens its sessions with prayer, and engraves on its money, 'In God We Trust,' don't believe in such things at all. You'll find that their prayers are to the liquor dealers; their God is the huge idol of Expediency.

Alan Thorne wuz hung for the murder, that over Alan Thorne's name wuz printed:

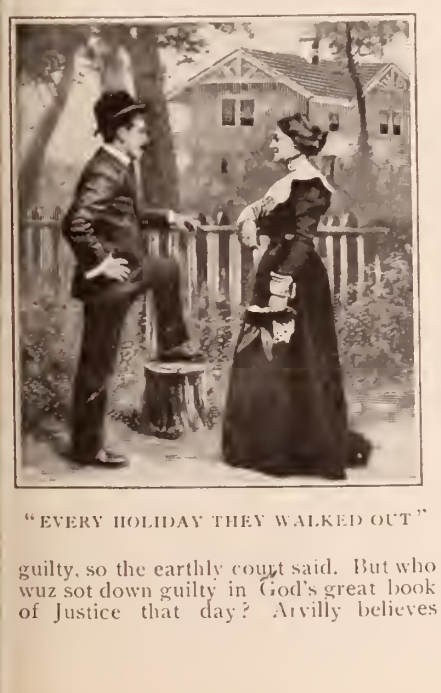
"Alan Thorne, foolish boy, tempted and ondone by the country he was trying to save." And then this sentence in fiery flame:

"The United States of America, guilty of murder in the first degree."

Dretful murder, to take the life of the one that loved it and wuz tryin' to save it.

"Well, Arvilly's last thing to love wuz taken from her cruelly, and when she got strong enough she sot off for Jonesville in her soldier clothes, for she thought she would wear 'em till she got away, but she wuz brung back as a deserter and Waitstill stood by her durin' her trial, and after Alan's death she wuz too smit down, like a posy in a cyclone. Arvilly, in her own clothes now, tended her like a mother, and as soon as she wuz able to travel took her back to Jonesville, where they make their home together, two widders, indeed, though the weddin' ring don't show on one of their hands.

Waitstill goes about doin' good, waitin' kinder still, some like her name, as I've told Josiah, till the Lord sends her relief by the angel that shall stand one day in all our homes. She don't talk much.



"EVERY HOLIDAY THEY WALKED OUT"

guilty, so the earthly court said. But who wuz sot down guilty in God's great book of Justice that day? Arvilly believes

"WHAT A PANORAMA IT WUZ—BEAUTIFUL, GRAND, DELIGHTFUL!"

Arvilly's Grief

But Arvilly's grief is different. She told me one day when I wuz tellin' her to try and chirk up and be more cheerful and comfortable:

Sez she, "I don't want to be comfortable; I don't want to feel any different."

"Whyee, Arvilly!" sez I, "don't you want to see any happiness agin?"

"No, I don't," sez she. "I don't want to take a minute's comfort and ease while things are in the state they be." Sez she, "Would you want to set down happy, and rock, and eat peanuts, if you knew that your husband and children wuz drowndin' out in the canal?"

"No," sez I, "no, indeed! I should rush out there bareheaded, and if I couldn't save 'em, would feel like dyin' with 'em."

"Well," sez she, short as pie crust, "that's jest how I feel."

I believe and so Josiah duz that Arvilly would walk right up to a loaded cannon and argy with it if she thought that it would help destroy the Saloon and the Canteen, and after she had convinced the cannon she would be perfectly willin' to be blowed up by it if the Saloon and Canteen wuz blowed up too.

An Alkali Diet

Well, I sot thinkin' of all this till Tommy waked up and we all went out into the dining car and had a good meal. We wuz a little over two days goin' from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, and durin' that time I calculated that I eat enough dirt, that bitter alkali sand, to last lawful all my life. I believe one peck of dirt is all the law allows one person to consume durin' their life. It seems as if I eat more than enough to meet legal requirements for me and Josiah, and I seemed to have a thick coatin' of it on my hull person. And poor little Tommy! I tried to keep his face clean and that wuz all I could do.

But as we drew nearer to California the weather became so balmy and delightful that it condoned for much that wuz onpleasant, and I sez to myself, the lovely views I have seen between Chicago and California I shall never forgit as long as memory sets up in her high chair.

A Panorama of Beauty

What a panorama it wuz—beautiful, grand, delightful, majestic, sublime—no words of mine can do it justice. No. I can never describe the views that opened on our admirin' and almost awe-struck vision as the cars advanced through natural openin's in the mountains and anon artificial ones.

Why, I had thought that the hill in front of old Grout Nickelsons wuz steep, and the road a skittish one that wound around it above the creek. But imagine goin' along a road where you could look down thousands of feet into running water, and right up on the other side of you mountains thousands of feet high. And you between, poor specks of clay with only a breath of steam to keep you agoin' and prevent your dashin' down into that enormous abyss.

But Grandeur sot on them mountain tops. Glory wuz enthroned on them sublime heights and depths, too beautiful for words to describe, too grand for human speech to reproduce agin, the soul felt it and must leave it to other souls to see and feel.

On, on through mountain, valley, gorge

"I ROCKED TOMMY AND SUNG TO HIM"

and summit, waves of green foliage, rocks all the beautiful colors of the rainbow, majestic shapes, seemin'ly fashioned for a home for the gods; white peaks—sunglorified, thousands of feet high with blue sky above; ravines thousands of feet deep with a glint of blue water in the depths, seemin' to mirror to us the truth that God's love and care wuz over and under us. And so on and ons; valleys, mountains, clear lakes, forests and broad green fields, tree sheltered farms, and anon the broad prairie. It wuz all a panorama I never tired of lookin' at, and lasted all the way to California.

"A San Francisco Tarven"

As our stay wuz to be so short in San Francisco, Miss Meechim and Dorothy thought that it would be best to go to a hotel instead of openin' Dorothy's grand house; so we all went to the tarven Miss Meechim picked out, the beautifulest tarven that ever I sot eyes on, it seemed to me, and the biggest one. Havin' felt the swayin', jiggerin' motion of the cars so long, it wuz indeed a blessin' to set my feet on solid ground once more, and Tommy and I wuz soon ensconced in a cozy room, nigh Miss Meechim's sweet rooms. For she still insisted on callin' their rooms sweet, and I wouldn't argy with her, for I spoze they did seem sweet to her.

Tommy wuz tired out and I had to take him in my arms and rock him, after we'd had our supper, a good meal which Miss Meechim had brung up into their settin'-room, though I insisted on payin' my part on't (she's a good creater, though weak in some ways). Well I rocked Tommy and sung to him:

"Sweet fields beyond the swellin' flood."

And I most know them sweet fields in my mind wuz our own orchard and paster, and the swellin' flood I thought on wuzn't death's billers, but the waters that rolled between California and Jonesville.

Not one word had I hearn from my pardner sence leavin' New York.

"Oh, dear Josiah! When shall I see thee agin?" So sung my heart, or ruther chanted, a deep solemn chant. "Where art thou Josiah, and when shall we meet agin? And why, why do I not hear from thee?"

(To be Continued.)

A New Year's Strain

PRAISE God for the year that is past
Praise him for each blessing it brought us;
And, now that 'tis ended at last,
Praise God for each lesson it taught us.

We lived through the year that is past,
In spite of our doubting and fearing:
God's mercy, from first till the last,
Was graciously, skilfully steering.

Recalling the year that is past,
The new we will joyously enter.
As long as life's journey may last
Our trust upon God we will center.

—R. M. O.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even when stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG, *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

Questions to be Answered Jan. 17

(Answers to be in editor's hands not later than Jan. 3.)

1. Is godliness profitable in this life? That is, are the temporal affairs of a righteous man prospered through his religion?
2. Which of America's poets, living or dead, is entitled to be considered her leading bard?
3. Which is the oldest Protestant church organization in the United States still in existence?
4. How can a wife best influence an unbelieving husband to attend church with her?
5. In view of the enormous natural increase of the heathen population, does the number of accessions to Christianity warrant our claiming that the cause of Christ is making progress in heathen countries?
6. What American woman, not now living, is entitled, by reason of service rendered to the public, to be considered the most illustrious woman in the history of the United States?
7. Should a Christian church take into its fellowship a person who has not been converted or who has not publicly confessed Christ? Is there any warrant, Scriptural or otherwise, for such a course?
8. When was the British nation first given the name of John Bull?
9. Should a Christian marry an unconverted person?
10. What measure passed by our national legislature has done most to advance the interests of the people of the United States?

Questions to be Answered Jan. 24

(Answers to be in editor's hands not later than Jan. 10.)

1. What is the contribution per capita in the various denominations in this country for Home and Foreign Missions respectively, and is it sufficient to indicate a general desire for the hastening of the Second Coming of our Lord?
2. Would a young woman with strong artistic or literary tendencies be the more likely to improve or sacrifice her career by marriage, there being no guarantee of the husband's sympathy in her special tastes?
3. Which nation or nations of the earth may be regarded as furnishing the most heroic instances of disregard for one's own life?
4. Are famine and pestilence the act of Providence, and if so, is man justified in interfering to stay their course?
5. Which was the greatest religious revival since the days of Peter?
6. To which of America's writers of fiction, living or dead, must first place be assigned?
7. How is one to know, absolutely, that he or she is called to personal work in the ministry or missionary field?
8. Which poet since the days of Christ ranks highest from a purely Christian standpoint?
9. What may be considered the greatest evil of the present day?
10. Would a combination of all the Protestant denominations be calculated to serve the interests of Protestantism or otherwise?

Questions to be Answered Jan. 31

(Answers to be in editor's hands not later than Jan. 17.)

1. Where did the phrase "Sound money" originate?
2. Is it right for a reformed drunkard to marry, and take the risk of transmitting the appetite for drink to another generation?
3. Is riding on cars and ferryboats on Sunday for church-going purposes, sinful?
4. Which should be our strongest motive power in every-day action—love, patience or duty?
5. What part of our income should we set apart for religious and charitable purposes?
6. Which of the two poets, Shakespeare or Milton, has been the greatest benefactor to the world at large through his poetical works?
7. How can a deeper interest be best aroused among Christians, in the work of Foreign Missions?
8. Can a man be a good Christian and yet work on the Sabbath day? Take for instance, a railroad conductor, sailor-man, or engineer, etc.
9. What may be done to make the Sunday evening church service more attractive, without sacrificing the eternal fitness of things?
10. What should be our position toward those who have wilfully and grievously wronged us, and persistently continue to do so at every possible opportunity? Christ teaches us to forgive, as we wish to be forgiven, but are we to forgive these wrong-doers before they seek forgiveness and without forsaking their evil ways?

Questions to be Answered Feb. 7

(Answers to be in editor's hands not later than Jan. 24.)

1. Would it be wise for the Federal Government to undertake a pension system whereby a stated number of annual payments on the part of any citizen, male or female, should ensure the individual an annual endowment for the remainder of life?
2. Judged from results, direct or indirect, what book by an American author has been most effective for good?
3. What is the best method of systematic domestic charity?
4. Which is the more important and useful invention, the telegraph or the telephone?
5. What number of insane, feeble-minded, blind, and deaf and dumb people are there in the United States?
6. In what country of the world is the proportion of suicides to the population the greatest, and where does the United States rank in the list?
7. Is open or concealed sin the greater in the sight of God?
8. What is the fastest speed of a railroad train on le... ?
9. Does man's brain continue to grow or otherwise, with advancing years?
10. Was Judas a subject of prophecy in the sense that he had been chosen beforehand for the ignominious role he filled, or was he a moral free agent, capable of rejecting temptation to treachery and of desiring to act the part of a righteous disciple?

Questions of the Week

1. At what age may a young person be properly admitted to all the privileges of church membership?

This, of course, must depend largely on individual character. Almost as soon as a child can distinguish between the principles of right and wrong. Bishop William Taylor was converted when only eight years old, and Matthew Simpson at the age of thirteen. Both were as much entitled to the privileges of church membership as persons of maturer years. It is a fatal mistake to exclude from church membership those of whom our Saviour said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." As partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is one privilege of church membership, there should be an intelligent appreciation of the purpose and meaning of that solemn service, but children are as capable in this direction as many adults.

B. A. RICHARDSON.

2. Is it possible for a backslider to be lost?

To make an absolute declaration that a backslider cannot possibly be lost, seems like arrogating omniscience to oneself. We may surely tell the backslider who is concerned about his state, that divine mercy will receive and restore him. May we not, also, believe where a soul has been born again and passed from death unto life, but has backsliden, God, in his infinite mercy, will devise means for bringing him back. The process of restoration may be accompanied by great bitterness and anguish of soul on the part of the wanderer. The testimony of many who have been restored bears out this suggestion. Nothing in God's Word warrants recklessness in regard to one's salvation whether he has ever or never been a Christian. S. T. BROWN.

3. What are the exact figures showing the comparative strength of the Spanish and American fleets at the battle of Manila Bay?

The Spanish fleet at the battle of Manila was much larger than that of the United States. The fleets were as follows:

Spanish vessels: *Isla de Luzon* (protected cruiser)—Steel, 1,030 tons displacement; armed with four 4.7-inch guns and three torpedo tubes. *Isla de Cuba* (protected cruiser)—Steel, 1,030 tons displacement; armed with four 4.7-inch guns and three torpedo tubes. *Reina Christina*—Steel, 3,520 tons displacement; armed with six 6.2-inch, two 2.7-inch guns and five torpedo tubes. *Castilla*—Wood, 3,342 tons displacement; armed with four 6-inch, two 4.7-inch, two 3.3-inch, four 3-inch guns and two torpedo tubes. *Velasco*—Iron, 1,152 tons displacement; armed with three 6-inch and two 2.7-inch guns; no torpedo tubes. The gunboats in the Spanish fleet were of steel and each carried four small guns. The names were as follows: *Don Juan d' Austria, Don Antonio, General Lezo, Marquis del Cucro, El Careo, Isla de Mindano, Isla d' Ulloa.*

Compared to the Spanish fleet, that of the United States was small in number, but nearly as strong and certainly more effective, if one takes into consideration the armament of our vessels. Their names and the number of their guns follow: *Olympia* (protected cruiser)—Steel, 5,870 tons displacement, armed with four 8-inch, ten 5-inch guns and six torpedo tubes. *Boston* (partly protected)—Steel, 3,200 tons displacement; armed with two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns. *Raleigh* (protected cruiser)—Steel, 3,200 tons displacement; armed with one 6-inch, ten 5-inch guns and six torpedo tubes. *Baltimore* (protected cruiser)—Steel, 4,400 tons displacement; armed with four 8-inch, six 6-inch guns and five torpedo tubes. Gunboat *Concord*—Steel, 1,700 tons displacement; armed with six 6-inch guns and two torpedo tubes. Gunboat *Petrel*—Steel, 1,890 tons displacement; armed with four 6-inch guns. Revenue Cutter *McCullough*—Steel, 1,500 tons displacement; four 4-inch guns.

The Spaniards had twelve vessels in all, while we had but seven, and their cruisers were larger than any of ours except the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia*, which are of the first class. Yet their gunboats were inferior to ours in size and armament, and the guns aboard their cruisers were of old-fashioned make. Still, had their gunners been well trained, the fleet could certainly have inflicted severe damage on our vessels.

H. S. MORRISON.

4. Should Sabbath observance be so strict as to preclude the pleasure of a walk in the woods, field or garden, between services, for those who have no such opportunity during the week?

The principle laid down by Christ that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath" would seem to permit the taking of such walks for the purpose of exercise and recreation. The apparent difficulty of determining aright such questions arises from the improper identification of the Jewish Sabbath with the Christian Lord's day. They are not the same either in origin, purpose, or mode of their observance. The sole and original purpose of the former was to furnish a day of cessation from labor (Exod. 20: 8-11; 31: 13-18; 16: 23-30.) Its subsequent religious observance was incident to resting. But the Christian Sunday, or more properly the Lord's day, is primarily for religious activity, both in worship and by good deeds done to our fellows, as was shown by Christ's words and actions in healing on the Sabbath day. Anything, therefore, which does not prevent us from performing these duties, or which aids us in performing them may lawfully be done on the Lord's day (Matt. 12: 1-8; Luke 6: 1-10; and John 7: 23.) For inasmuch as the Master plainly teaches that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath—which was so repugnant to the ideas of Sabbath observance held by the Pharisees, that we learn "they were filled with madness"—why may we not do that which is clearly for our own mental and physical well-being after having fulfilled our duties to worship him? At the same time we should be careful not to so exercise our liberty as to cause some weak brother to offend. The apostle teaches us that some things are lawful and yet not expedient. H. C. UNDERHILL.

5. Has capital punishment been abolished in any State of the Union? If so, in what States and when?

The death penalty for murder prevails in all States of the Union except Colorado, Rhode Island (abolished 1852), Maine, (abolished 1876, restored 1883, reabolished 1887), Michigan (abolished 1847), Wisconsin, (abolished 1853). New York and Iowa abolished it, but subsequently restored it. In New York and Ohio the punishment is inflicted by electricity, in all the other States by hanging. The restoration act in Maine was carried by a bare constitutional majority, the reabolishing act by a three-fourth vote. In Iowa (by an act passed in 1872), it is at the option of the jury to say whether the penalty shall be death. O. B. BIRD.

6. May it not be considered as possible for Christian parents to so train their children as to make absolutely sure of their moral and spiritual welfare?

No parental training can of itself absolutely assure the morality or the salvation of any child. Training can do much towards securing both, but does not by any process of evolution or otherwise develop into that regeneration which is necessary to salvation. Given absolute faithfulness in the training and faith to plead God's covenant promises in prayer, parents can justly count upon their children's moral and spiritual welfare. In this assurance they are building on the foundation of God's Word. R. FORD.

7. What five or seven hymns in the English language have been most helpful to English-speaking Christians?

The result of the study of many lists received in response to this question gives the following list of seven hymns: 1. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul, 93 per cent.; 2. "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me," 87 per cent.; 3. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," 53 per cent.; 4. "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," 50 per cent.; 5. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," 36 per cent.; 6. "Just as I Am, Without One Plea," 30 per cent.; 7. "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," 23 per cent. The percentages represent the proportion of the lists in which these hymns were found. Two friends have six of the elect hymns upon their lists—Lou G. Findley and Lydia M. Arnold. The hymns selected by the former have received the larger aggregate of votes. No correspondent managed to select all seven of the elect hymns. EDITOR.

8. Name the verse of Scripture which most explicitly states the doctrine of Christ's substitution.

"For Christ, also, hath once suffered for sins—the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." I. Peter 3: 18. This verse sets forth: 1. The reason of the substitution—"for sins." 2. The manner of the substitution—"put to death." 3. The purpose of the substitution—"to bring us to God." 4. The character of those for whom the substitution was made—"unjust." 5. The character of the Substitute—a. "The Just." b. Christ: "anointed," Divine. LOUIS L. SHAFFER.

Other explicit passages on the same subject are Isaiah 53: 5 and I. Peter 2: 24.—EDITOR.

9. Is the breaking of a solemn engagement of marriage ever justifiable?

Plighted troth is a sacred and responsible obligation and should be binding to both parties unless some very sufficient reason justifies its annulment. It is not only contemptible, but dishonorable, even criminal, to allow its sanctity to be violated by light trivial causes. True manhood, chaste womanhood, should scorn to enter into so holy a covenant without serious advisement—having proper regard for the important state it imposes. But the intelligent mind can readily appreciate bars that would prevent an engagement from being consummated—where honor is more in the breach than in the observance. Intrigue, deception or coercion makes marriage a prostitution. Designing, malevolent interest may seek and win favor where it would not dare aspire were not certain dark facts or history concealed. The true conditions being apprehended, honor's purity would shrink, and rightly so, from making an unhallowed alliance. Highest interest, noblest conservation demand that existing bonds be promptly dissolved, and such action should receive the indorsement of all who love and revere so holy an institution.

ROBT. H. GOODLIER.

10. Is a church justified in holding a fair to raise money for church purposes?

There is nothing out of place in holding a sale of useful and fancy articles for the benefit of the church. Many persons can contribute labor upon such articles, where they cannot give the worth of them in money; while other persons find use for the articles so made, and can reasonably be expected to purchase them. It is better not to hold fairs in a house of worship. All lotteries or transactions savoring of chance or undue pressure to buy because the cause to be benefited is a good one are wrong. No right-minded Christian will feel that an article bought at a fair, where value is received for money outlaid, is a gift to the Lord. We are not giving that for which we secure an adequate return. L. REEVES.

Miscellaneous Questions

A. J. H. Audubon, Tex. What is the diplomatic language of to-day?

In Continental Europe, and throughout the Old World generally, French is almost universally recognized as the language of diplomacy. At official audiences, conferences and international assemblages of an official character, it is used almost exclusively.

M. D. G., Garner, Ia. 1. How many parables were spoken and miracles performed by Jesus during the three years of his teaching? 2. Did Jesus ever eat and drink after his resurrection and where is it recorded?

1. Fifty parables are noted in the Gospels. Twenty-four miracles are specifically mentioned as having been performed by Christ; but many more are implied, as see Luke 7: 21, 22; Matt. 4: 23, 24; Matt. 14: 14 and 15: 30; Mark 1: 34; Luke 6: 17-19. 2. See Luke 24: 43.

Louis W., Whittier, Calif., writes:

Permit me to answer the question, which you answer in the negative, i. e., "Is it wrong for a Christian to pick hops?" Having lived in a hop region and heard this question discussed continually for years, and having witnessed beyond a doubt the curse of God upon that region, in a financial collapse from which the community did not emerge for at least fifteen years, in which everybody suffered and many lost their farms under mortgage (to say nothing of the immoral results which always attend the gathering together of all classes and influences in picking time), I would unhesitatingly say, "Yes, it is wrong." For every pound of hops used for legitimate purposes, ninety-nine are used to make beer.

Wishful, E. Nanticoke, Pa. 1. If I marry a widow, she having children by her first husband, am I compelled by law as a stepfather to support the stepchildren until they have attained the age of twenty-one years? 2. Can I, as a stepfather by law, have a right to claim the stepchildren's wages until they are at the age of twenty-one years? 3. In all matters, am I as a stepfather responsible to and for all actions, mischief, sickness or otherwise for stepchildren until they have reached twenty-one years? 4. If a married man is living an unhappy life with his wife—faults on both sides—is a wife justified in absence and unknowingly to her husband in removing all the household goods to her parents or otherwise leaving an empty house for the husband to come home to?

1. A stepfather is not compellable to support stepchildren generally. If he adopts them legally, he is liable, just as if they were his own. And if, without formal adoption, he has supported them so long as to raise the presumption of adoption, he might, in that case, be held liable. 2. Stepfather has no right to stepchild's wages unless there has been an adoption, or perhaps unless he is supporting the stepchild as a member of his family. 3. Stepfather is not liable for stepchild's mischief, unless the stepchild has been adopted expressly or by implication as above, and not then, except in a case where he would be liable for the mischief of his own child. 4. Wife is not justified in case stated in removing household goods. "Wishful," would do well to consult a good lawyer in the place where he lives, as the foregoing answers may require modification in some of the States of the Union.

Reader, Lombardville, Ill. We think it is absurd.

J. W. T., Chicago. 1. Yes, still living. 2. Jamieson. Faussett & Browns.

Constant Reader, Elmira, N. Y. We believe his statements to be founded on fact and therefore reliable.

A. W. S., Springbrook, N. Y. 1. Ellis' is the most voluminous. 2. St. Augustine, Fla. 3. Columbus' landing-place is said to have been Watling Island.

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Cuban Housekeeping

SOME of our thorough-going New England matrons; some of our progressive Western women, representatives of the best, in both cases, which America has to offer in culture and conscience, are now resident in tropical Cuba. Their husbands have gone there for business purposes or in a governmental position, or they have sought in Cuba for themselves a niche where they may do missionary work. The other day I heard from a very proud and quite youthful grandmother who had gone to the bright Southern island that she might be with her daughter when the first baby came, and it was very entertaining to hear of the difference in dress needed by a wee thing just born in a Cuban home, and the outfit required by a young person of the same age in frosty Massachusetts. A Cuban bedroom does not surprise us by any novelty except that there must be a canopy over the couch to keep off mosquitoes, and every woman who lives anywhere in the mosquito belt of our own land has to provide the same thing, unless her windows and doors are effectually screened. Toilet accessories are everywhere the same, and are simple or luxurious according to the owner's purse and taste. A Cuban drawing-room is very dainty and charming, and by preference the floor is covered with cool matting, rather than with any heavier material.

A HAVANA CHEF

Cuban cookery is a very elaborate affair, and is noted for the profusion of pieces used. Steak, for instance, is taken by the chef, chopped into a fine mince, covered with grated almonds and little green peas, dashed with a bit of onion and garnished with raisins and cherries. Fancy the disgust of your good man at being seated before such a dish. Rice is used on every table, and no dinner is complete without fruit, a salad, and a thick sweet custard. Very black coffee is always served after dinner in the usual small cups. Chocolate, a favorite beverage, is very thick, smooth and sweet.

A beautiful adjunct of West Indian scenery is the cocoa palm, from which almost everything one needs may be made. The bark, peeled very thin, serves for writing paper. The leaves help to shingle the houses, which have thatched roofs. Ropes and strings are made of the cocoa husks, and the cocoanut itself is an important article of food. The Cuban cook finds the cocoanut indispensable for his desserts, one way in which he prepares it being by grating, flavoring with cinnamon, covering with sugar, and simmering the mass in his little charcoal oven.

The home cooking is generally done over a handful of charcoal in a brazier, and anything for which this does not serve, is sent to the public bakeshop.

I was present one day lately at a church meeting where the ladies took upon themselves the support of two missionaries in Cuba. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers know that there is deep and squalid poverty, want and ignorance in that beautiful land, owing to the long tyranny there exercised by Spain. In a few years let us hope that liberty, intelligence and pure religion will bring about a wonderful change for the better in the condition of the poorer people, and in the enlightenment of the masses, as well as in the education of the children.

Is it Wrong?

Is what wrong? Why, to use powder on the face as a beautifier. It is said to be rather the fashion just now to use something worse than powder, namely, rouge. If wrong, why is it wrong?

Well, to begin with, it is wrong because those who use powder and paint to make their faces attractive are not quite honest. They want to be more comely than they are. They are vain. They try, but they never succeed in the attempt to deceive their friends as to their age. They imagine they can cheat old Father Time and take ten years off their faces by cosmetics carefully applied. The effort is useless, friends. We look about our age, all of us, and we may as well be resigned to it, and seek the advantages of your age, for each period has its special attractions.

A CUBAN BEDROOM

Next, powder clogs the pores of the skin, chokes up the delicate lace-like texture, and keeps the skin from throwing off impurities. A beautiful skin must owe its beauty to good health, and to careful washing and entire cleanliness. The woman who bathes will not need powder.

To think too much about how one looks seems to me very silly and a sinful waste of time when there is so much work to be done in this world of ours

Concerning a Graceful Walk

"Nine tenths of the women one sees have never learned how to walk," said an observing man the other day. "They trot along as if they were mechanical toys wound up and set in motion, or they drag themselves on as if they were too weary to move, or they zigzag over a sidewalk as if they were describing curves. To see a pretty girl craning her head forward so that she has the effect of a turtle poking his head out of a shell, projecting her abdomen and rounding her shoulders, gives one a heartache. Head up, young lady; shoulders back, stomach in, and step forward with a free swing, as if you were afraid of nobody. A flat back is a great beauty in a girl."

So said my friend. I pondered whether we train our young daughters as we should in graceful walking.

Good Manners in School

A Western school, the Waterloo High School of Indiana, has recently adopted a code of rules for deportment, which commends itself to me as eminently judicious, I should like to visit the Waterloo young people.

1. We will not communicate, nor ask to communicate while in the school building.
2. We will keep refined positions in our school seats.
3. We will cultivate a light step.
4. We will not ask for individual favors.
5. We will prepare all writing material in the morning.
6. We will make the school room a place of quietude.

These rules on general manners also have been signed:

1. We will not allow others to be more polite to us than we are to them.
2. We will not make ourselves odious in the use of tobacco.

And here are some street manners:

1. We will, on passing people in the street, give them half of the walk.
2. We will not jeer at any one on the street or off the street.
3. We, the gentlemen, will tip our hats to ladies.
4. We will avoid being boisterous wherever we may be.

Our Letter-Box

—MINERVA. All professional text-books are expensive. If you live near a public library you may find reference books there.

—JESSIE C. R. I thank you for your very sweet and pleasant words of appreciation lately sent.

—ARTHUR HENRY. You may send a girl a book, or flowers, but not jewelry, or any article of personal wearing apparel.

—BETSY BROWN. Ingrowing nails are caused by a too short shoe. Your shoe should project a little beyond your foot.

—INQUIRER. Write to "The Presbyterian Hospital," and state the case, or to "The New York Hospital." Both are in New York City.

—FANNIE E. F. Did you ever get another pet, in place of the splendid dog you lost? I do not wonder that you were grieved at his death.

—MOTHER. A little girl in cold weather wears a bonnet which covers her ears and the back of her neck. Her hair should be braided, unless it curls naturally.

—JANE DARLING. Try pulled bread; it is easily digested. You must take the ordinary loaf, pull it into long irregular pieces, and dry them in the oven all day.

A PARLOR IN A CUBAN HOME, HAVANA

THE DESERT PLACE

Mark 6: 31

TAKEN aside by Jesus, dear heart,
With a touch of his loving hand;
And a gentle "Come ye yourselves apart,"
Which you and I understand.
The pathway seems so lone and drear,
Till we see his tender face:
But you and I will be stronger, dear,
For the rest in the "desert place."

He gently leads us away with him
From all that has been so dear;
Our hearts are sore and our eyes are dim,
But he dries the falling tear.
Tenderly raising our weary heads,
He says, "Ye shall rest awhile;"
And, oh! the radiance which he sheds
In the tenderness of his smile.

It lights with glory the desert place;
It brings to us rest and peace;
We see the image of God's own face,
And tears and sighings cease.
Then, when he leads us out again,
Our lives will be bright and clear,
Because of the "desert of grief and pain"
With only our Saviour near.—E. M. T.

The Stepmother

"BEWARE," said Samuel Weller, in *Pickwick Papers*, "of a widow."

"Do tell all girls," writes a much tried young stepmother, "to beware of a widower with children."

Our sympathies flow so naturally and strongly toward the children who have lost their own dear mother, and whose portion in life is to be governed by her successor, that we often forget that the stepmother is herself in need of compassion. She is exposed to criticism on every hand. If she reproves the children or corrects them, even more gently than their own mother would have done in similar circumstances, onlookers cry out at her severity. She is an object of curiosity, if not of suspicion. The fact is that a woman to be a good stepmother needs to have qualities of a very high order, love, patience, gentleness, and, above all, unselfishness. Then she must have Christian faith, trusting Jesus every day and all the way for the wisdom she needs.

The stepmother's husband is in a difficult position, too. He sometimes finds himself in danger of taking sides unjustly. He is his children's father, and doubly bound to them, their own mother being in heaven, and if he allow himself to be harsh in manner or dealings with them, because of his wife's complaints of their behavior, he is very much to blame. But he is his wife's husband, and must not suffer her to be treated with disrespect or insubordination by his children, whom she has consented to care for. If the couple have children of their own, there is great reason to guard against discrimination in their favor as contrasted with older children in the family.

I shall be glad to hear from any stepmother whose experience can be useful to my friend. Particularly, as her greatest vexations arise from the conduct of her two young stepdaughters, aged fourteen and sixteen, some wise mother may show her a path in which it may be easy to walk. I myself consider a girl of fourteen too old for any discipline except that of gentle reasoning. She cannot be helped by scolding; she should not be sent to her room and fed on bread and water. At fourteen she is almost on the threshold of young womanhood. How shall the stepmother maintain her authority, when her husband ranges himself on his daughter's side? What do my readers think?

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XI.

The Falling of the Shadow

THE school feast at Sudbrook was much like other school feasts, save in so far as it gained in orderliness and idyllic charm by the smallness of its numbers, and by the all-pervading presence of "our Miss Celia," who to the little ones was a good fairy—kind, but awful in power—and to every one was the life and soul of the simple festivity.

Douglas Lingard's lot in life had not hitherto brought him in the way of such a gathering, but he did not pity himself for the ordeal. Celia had said that she wanted him, and, even if he had been less in love, he would have liked the home-like feeling of being ordered about and set to work by her.

Caryl did not at first put in an appearance; he was said to be away on electioneering business, and Frank Allardyce with him. But Mr. Allardyce was here, there and everywhere—kindly and important; and Mrs. Locke was gliding about, waiting upon the children at tea, and talking to the mothers and fathers who strolled up in the course of the evening to watch the games.

Douglas did not like to see her, and afterwards felt a mingling of gratitude and annoyance when, by a bit of transparent feminine diplomacy, she contrived that he should take Celia back to the house to secure a cup of tea, after the children had all been fed and had set out to amuse themselves with renewed vigor.

It was a pleasant little interlude, no doubt, but he was rather dismayed to find that he had made it evident to an outsider that he liked to be with Celia —— being a simple young man, and not aware how obvious these things generally are.

And, considering how short the time was, Celia spent a good deal of it in talking to him about Mrs. Locke. Though Douglas had never complained of his uncle's temper, far less of his uncle's will, he had naturally spoken sometimes to so sympathetic a listener of his lonely childhood and lonelier youth, of his profession and his ambitions, and so forth. And now that for once they were alone together he would rather have talked of these things—or, better still, of Celia herself—than of Mrs. Locke and the length of time she had been with his uncle, and her antecedents generally.

He found himself, however, telling of his uncle's last illness and Caryl's return, and other matters with which Mrs. Locke was closely connected, but which verged so closely also upon those troubles of which he never meant to speak to any one, that he was actually rather relieved when Celia put down her cup and said that she must go back to the children.

As they entered the Home Close a laughing ring of little ones swept up to them, and carried Celia off, like a dance of chubby little Hours encircling a nymph or a Grace; and Douglas strolled away, to see whether he could further her wishes in any other direction.

Presently he met Mr. Allardyce walking by himself, looking, as Douglas fancied, tired and out of temper. His face was rather flushed, but something in it reminded the young man of what Martin had said of some very serious complaint from which Mr. Allardyce suffered, which his restless energy and somewhat noisy good-nature was apt to make his friends forget.

Douglas timed his pace to suit that of the elder man, and turned back with him into the shrubbery, lending a kindly ear to his somewhat confused remarks. He had been talking, it seemed, to one of the village worthies who had stepped up to look on at the children's play, and this man, who was a great local politician, had told him of some deep-laid scheme—of which Douglas, hearing of it thus, could make neither head nor tail—a scheme formed by a great Tory landlord in the neighborhood to destroy the chances of the Radical candidate.

So far as Douglas could gather, there seemed to be nothing worse going on than the usual electioneering tactics, such as his companion would probably have thought quite justifiable when used by his own side. But he had little time to think about the matter, for Mr. Allardyce suddenly stopped short, and laid a hand heavily upon his arm.

"I'm a fool," he said, speaking rather thickly. "I'm disturbing myself too much, and I've been warned again and again what would come of it. Help me to the house, there's a good fellow, if I can get as far; and don't say anything to anybody."

His face was still flushed, but with a patchy, unwholesome color; and his eyes were dull and misty. He swayed a little as he stood, and held out his hand gropingly, as though he could not quite see where his companion was.

Douglas caught the hand and drew it under his arm, willing enough to do all that youth and strength could do, but fervently wishing that some one else could turn up to share in the responsibility. No one was in sight, however; and as he begged Mr. Allardyce to lean heavily upon him, and they moved slowly towards the house, he was trying to recall what his landlady had poured into his unwilling ears as to the strange seizures to which his present charge was subject. If, as seemed likely, he was going to have what Mrs. Tomlinson called "some kind of a fit," it was some comfort at least to know that it had happened before and he had not died of it.

"I shan't get as far as the house," muttered the older man, after a moment. "There's a seat yonder—help me to that. And don't be scared: you've seen me as bad as this before."

Douglas was scared, too much so to be able to wonder just then why Mr. Allardyce should say that he had seen him in that state before. The seat was just reached, and the heavy form that he was supporting collapsed upon it, and the whole man, body and mind, seemed to sink into a trance of suspended animation. His eyes were half closed; it was obvious that he had as little power to speak as to move: and yet—without knowing why he thought so—Douglas felt sure that he had not altogether lost consciousness. His hands were cold, purple with cold, as though it had been December instead of July; and as the young man felt them and rubbed them between his own, he debated whether he dared leave him alone while bringing some one to his aid, or whether by raising a shout for help he might not bring on himself more spectators than assistants.

In spite of Mr. Allardyce's assurance that he had been as bad before, he looked to the younger man's inexperienced eyes as though he might die if the right thing was not done for him immediately. If some one would but come by, were it only a child who could be sent with a message! but in this lonely shrubbery-path every one was out of sight and out of hearing, and it might be hours before any foot strayed that way.

It was with intense relief that he heard a man's step, and looking round saw Martin Hamerton strolling moodily along, with bent head and hands locked behind him.

Douglas called softly, and in a moment Martin was beside him, looking concerned but not surprised.

"I've heard of this before," he said, bending over the sick man and helping to chafe his hands. "It's serious, no doubt, but nothing to be immediately alarmed at. We can't do much more than let him alone till he recovers sufficiently to walk to the house. It won't hurt him to sit here for a little, and Frank tells me that he hates to be dragged about or to have the servants see him in this state."

"He seems so cold!" said Douglas, who was shivering slightly himself, from pure nervousness.

"Yes; and I believe the recollection of being cold is all that remains with him after one of these attacks. If you don't mind staying here with him I'll fetch a carriage-rug from the house—I know where to find one—and some kind of stimulant would be a good thing, presently, when he is able to take it."

Martin hurried off; and almost before he had disappeared along the winding path it seemed to Douglass that a little more life came into the face he was so anxiously watching, and the hands lost something of that deadly chill. Presently they closed in his, very feebly, but as though clinging to the warmth and vigor that they found there, and the eyes opened a little wider, and moved, as if seeking his face.

"Stay with me, Lingard—don't you go away!" murmured Mr. Allardyce, so faintly that Douglass could not catch the words at first; but they were repeated with a little more strength and with fretful urgency, and he hastened to give his assurance that he was not going.

"Was that Frank that went away?" went on the sick man after a moment. "Keep him away—don't let him see me like this! I'll be better presently."

"It's all right. He is not here, he hasn't seen," said Douglas in a steady soothing tone, as though reassuring a child; not attempting further explanation.

"I'll be better presently," said Mr. Allardyce again. "But not to last—not to last. . . . I told you what it felt like—like a cold shadow creeping over me, ice-cold and dark. What's that they call it?—the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . . And I see you through it, and hear you speak as if it were a thousand miles away. And, bit by bit, at last I get back and see daylight again. But one of these days I shan't get back, and there'll be an end of it."

He spoke very slowly and with effort; but it was only his tongue that tripped and stumbled; his mind was evidently clear enough, in some respects at any rate.

"I said there'll be an end of it," he went on, rather querulously, as Douglas did not reply. "But you know I don't mean that. I'm not an unbeliever; I never was an unbeliever. I know one should think more of those things, but it's hard to do it; hard when a man's been in the midst of business as I have, and it doesn't seem as easy when one's retired as I fancied it would be."

Still Douglas did not speak, yet not altogether because he had nothing to say. He had all a young man's intense dislike of seeming to preach, but never since his young master, John Ashburton, had touched and moulded his boyish spirit, had he found it hard to think of "those things," the things beyond the Valley of the Shadow. He made no claim to goodness; he was intensely conscious of a temper that was far from saintlike, but the unseen world had always had for him an intense reality.

"You might say something!" said Mr. Allardyce, in the same half-fretful tone. "You did last time. I don't remember now what it was, but it was very good, better than any parson. I thought then that when the time came that I must go down into the dark for good and all, I'd like you to be there."

The demand, considering all things, was pathetically that of the frightened child that, waking in the dark, cries for the voice and the words that have soothed it to sleep before. But Douglas was in no mood to take it so, for suddenly there flashed upon him the meaning of Mr. Allardyce's allusions to "the last time." Again he was being taken for his brother, in the dimness and confusion of the sick man's eyes and brain. It was Caryl who —it sent a kind of sickening thrill through him to realize what kind of words those must have been which his companion was trying to recall.

"Excuse me, sir," he said gently but rather coldly. "I think you must be mistaking me for my brother. I am only Douglas Lingard."

Mr. Allardyce started and looked feebly round.

"The other one?" he said. "I didn't know. I'm sure I thought it was Caryl. And can't you—?—Oh!—ah, well, never mind."

He partly withdrew himself from the young man's supporting arm, and Douglas bit his lip, knowing well what was meant by the half-involuntary movement. The sick man did not want spiritual consolation or even physical help from him, knowing now who he was; and there was a sting in his sudden change of tone.

It was doubly a relief at that moment to see Martin Hamerton hurrying towards them, with a rug on his arm.

All the serious side of the incident disappeared with his coming. He was sympathetic, but seemed to think it advisable to make as light of the matter as possible, as he tucked his patient up in the rug and advised five minutes' rest before walking up to the house. And Mr. Allardyce, now that he knew who was with him, seemed resolute to own to nothing more than a touch of faintness, such as no one need think twice about now that it was passing off.

The young men admired his courage, but did not want to tax it too heavily, and with a little significant glance at each other over his head, they vetoed his proposal that they should go back to the Close, declaring that they had had enough of the festivities; and after a few moments, when he rose slowly and rather unsteadily to his feet, they both went with him up to the Hall.

"I shall take the responsibility of sending for the doctor," said Martin, after they had left him in the library to rest. "Frank is not here, and the housekeeper is busy with the children, and there is no one else to see to him."

"Will he be annoyed at your having supposed him ill enough to want the doctor?" asked Douglas.

"Oh! Fosbrook will manage him. I know he drops in sometimes, 'accidentally,' just to keep an eye on him, and he can pretend he is doing so to-night."

Martin, to whom of course that house was sufficiently familiar, dived into some back region to write his note and find a messenger, and Douglas found his way back to the field, where Celia appealed to him to set the boys to run races, and reproached him for having been beguiled from his duty by her idle brother, with blithe unconsciousness of any dark background to the children's merriment.

He was shaking off his own grave thoughts, in the effort of obeying her behests, when presently a dog-cart came up the drive which circled the Home Close. It could hardly be the doctor's carriage yet, he thought, and it was not. It was Frank Allardyce and Caryl who got out, and, sending the groom on up to the Hall, came to see what was going on. Their campaign had apparently been successful, for Frank was in high spirits; and so was the candidate, in his much quieter way.

Douglas drew his brother aside for an instant, glancing to where Frank was romping with some of the tiniest children and swinging them to his shoulder.

"I think young Mr. Allardyce ought to know that his father has been very ill this evening," he said in an undertone. "He is better now, I hope; he is up at the house; but he was pretty bad, and Mr. Hamerton has sent for the doctor."

Caryl's face clouded with the look of one who hears grave but not unexpected news.

"Thanks. I'll tell Frank," he answered in the same tone. "I am sorry to hear it. Perhaps I ought to have stopped all this electioneering excitement for him days ago; but he seemed to enjoy it. I'll take Frank up to the house, and we'll hear what the doctor says."

He seemed to hesitate a moment, however, and when he walked away it was not to seek Frank Allardyce, but Celia, who was carefully unpacking paper balloons, with a circle of admiring urchins watching her.

Apparently he was trying to get her to accept a gift of candies for the children, or to accept his help in some way. Douglas could hear her say:

"I can't promise. Please go away and send your brother here; it is quite time these balloons were sent up."

Douglas was too near at hand to need sending; and as he obeyed his lady's directions, and their fingers met over the difficult task of persuading the crazy diaphanous things to become inflated instead of setting themselves on fire, he wondered whether it was a good sign or a bad one that she appealed to him and ordered him about, and so kept him near her while sending Caryl away.

(To be Continued.)

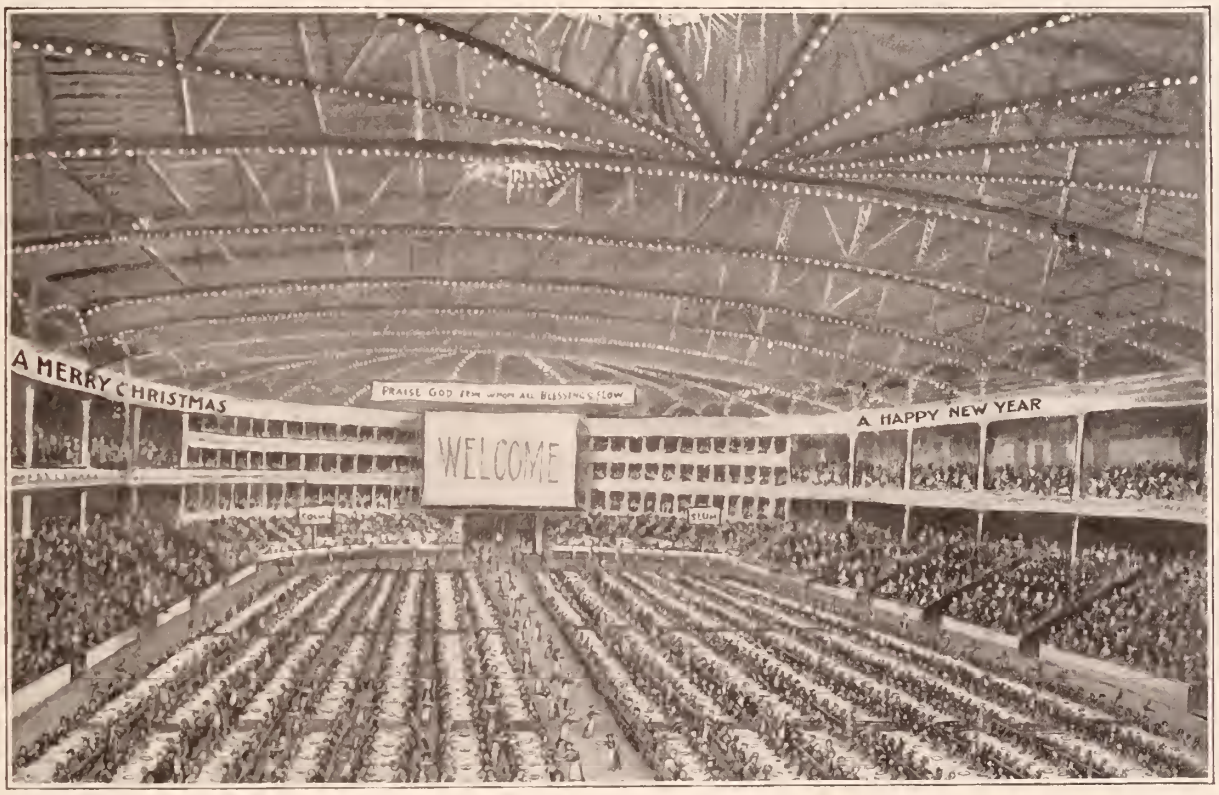
HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED

The Great Salvation Army Dinner

Twenty-four Thousand Needy Poor Fed—The "Hunger Frieze"—Dish-Washing and Gospel Songs

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

MANY events notable in the history of New York City have occurred in Madison Square Garden, the largest building in America devoted almost wholly to entertainment. The great amphitheatre is the home of the annual horse show, the opening social function of the year, sacred to New York's "Four Hundred," and its millionaires, their fine-stepping horses, their laces and their diamonds; it is the home of the annual French Ball; of the Circus; of the thousand-and-one things that go to make up the gay and complex life of a great city; and in it, political meetings affecting the destiny of our whole country have been held. But the greatest event that ever occurred there—an event that will go down in history as one of the widest-reaching religious and social significance—was the mammoth Salvation Army Christmas Dinner, Dec. 25, 1899, when 5,000 men, women and children of the city's poor—the maimed, the halt, the blind and the ragged—sat down to tables stretching the length of the great arena, and ate their fill of all good things. In the boxes and lower gallery, looking down upon them, their eyes glistening in sympathy, were thousands of ladies and gentlemen, in silk and broadcloth, who in some way had doubtless contributed to the feast. For weeks past as they had gone about their Christmas shopping, they had seen, at this or that corner, a Salvation Army soldier in uniform, standing guard over an iron pot hanging from a tripod under the legend, "Keep the Pot Boiling," and they had cast in coins. Well-known preachers and leading reformers and philanthropic workers came by invitation to see a sight that warmed their hearts—the feeding of a destitute and hungry multitude. Among these were Countess Schimmelmann, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Radcliffe, Gen. James R. O'Beirne; and Dr. Louis Klopsch, just from the Christmas Tree at the Bowery Mission.



THE FEAST OF THE POOR IN THE GARDEN AMPHITHEATRE

The story of this day's wonders in Madison Square Garden had begun long before the feast. For a week the kitchens had been in possession of from ten to thirty Salvation Army cooks, busily engaged in roasting and boiling and baking. Through the night of the 24th, 300 soldiers worked lustily packing some 4,000 baskets of uncooked dinners for as many families. Then, too, the long tables were to be set forth with snowy cloths, stands of celery, and gay ornaments. Early in the morning, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker entered, giving oversight and lending helping hands. As the Army folks clattered knives and dishes about, they sang many cheerful Gospel songs.

Before eleven o'clock, the hour set for distribution, applicants for baskets were gathering by hundreds, and Captain Price and a squad of forty policemen formed them into a long line, four abreast. The helmeted knights were kind and cheery. The crowd was patient and good-natured; it was made up of the worthy poor whose cases were well known to the Army or to the various charitable organizations recommending them. It was a thinly-clad, hungry-looking host: a palsied man of eighty leaning on a cane; an aged blind woman led by a little girl; women with babies in their arms and children at their heels; the old, the young, decent poverty and undisguised rags and tatters helped to make up that long line of misery and want. By far the greater number were women. When the Fourth avenue door opened at eleven o'clock, the line numbered some 3,000. As they entered, an assembly of adjutants and captains, stood ready to give baskets in exchange for tickets. Consul Booth-Tucker herself was at the head of the company, wishing everybody "Merry Christmas! God bless you!" Every basket contained a dinner for five persons—a goodly fowl, can of condensed soup, five pounds of potatoes, other vegetables, two pounds of plum pudding and five bananas or oranges. The recipients took their gifts with words, smiles and often tears of thankfulness. Some were too old and infirm to carry so heavy a load, and for these Army lassies were detailed as escorts home. About two o'clock, all the baskets were given out; doors were closed, and preparations for the evening feast resumed. Outside, hungry hordes were gathering anew; the wind was cutting, and few were more than scantily clad: so, before the opening hour of 5.30 P. M., they were invited in and to the seats in the topmost gallery, where they sat silent and patient, watching the soldiers making ready in the arena their bountiful repast. Between them and the floor were the gallery and boxes where the prosperous guests were sitting; from this region came the murmurous sound of well-bred speech: now and then a ripple of laughter; and at last—a sob! A woman, looking up at the hungry gallery above had burst into uncontrollable tears. "The Hunger Frieze" of Madison Square Garden, 1899, the metropolitan press has with tragic and poetic aptness termed that upper gallery of the homeless and the starving.

When the first detachment of 2,200 had been conducted to their seats in the arena, trumpet calls for silence came from the four corners of the Garden; the orchestra ceased its merry march; Commander Booth-Tucker, from a platform, asked everyone present to join in singing the doxology; and Salvation Army men and women, the rich in the boxes and lower gallery, the helmeted policemen, the poor at the tables, the black and the white, the righteous and the sinful, the honest unfortunate, the ex-convict just from prison; perhaps, alas, the thief soon to find his way there, the old man and the little child—fully 10,000 voices—sang as with one accord: "Praise God from whom all blessing flow!"

Then the feast began. There were plates, knives, forks, spoons and even paper napkins for the diners. Busy red-coated soldiers and pretty uniformed Army lassies ran hither and thither with joyful alacrity, helping everybody to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, potatoes, and various other vegetables; for dessert there was plum pudding, fruit, and coffee. Everything was first-class, the food being the best that money could buy, or the great-hearted charity of metropolitan merchants supply. Men ate hungrily, and asked for second and third portions and got what they asked for, none being denied. Many had made pathetic attempts to look neat and trim; some had plainly seen better days; others were unwashed and unshorn; all seemed grateful and appreciative.

When the first 2,200 had finished, their places were taken by a second detachment; after these, over 300 more were fed. Still the hungry host kept coming, and Salvation Army scouts, armed with baskets and money, skirmished the neighborhood for all available supplies; but in spite of their valiant efforts, many had to be turned empty away. The feast over, the tired Salvation Army soldiers began washing dishes, and setting things to rights, keeping time to their work with joyous hymns.

The Commander's parting address, delivered just after the dinner, was a fitting conclusion to the marvelous feast. He said:

In the name of the citizens of New York, I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Whatever your circumstances, your nationality or your religion, we wish you good luck in the name of the Lord. So far as our Christmas efforts are concerned, I wish to give thanks to a generous public and a loyal press, and I am glad to report a victory. We started to feed twenty thousand and we have fed more than twenty-four thousand. It is the largest affair of the kind ever attempted.

No continental city—not even London—has ever had anything approaching this in magnitude. It means the dawning of a new era, the bridging of the gulf between the rich and the poor. From our hearts we thank the people of the city. God bless them all!

A SECTION OF THE GARDEN

. . India's . . Piteous Appeal

Urgent Need of Immediate Succor to Avert an Appaling Calamity

SO generous was the response of our readers to the appeal issued in these columns two years ago, for funds to feed the starving people of India, that the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has felt reluctant to plead again for the same people. It seemed as if America had done enough for India. But it is impossible to turn a deaf ear to the piteous appeals that every mail brings. It is by no fault of their own that these people are bowed under a visitation following closely on the heels of the former calamity. Their need is as great now as then, and the same motive that prompted succor then should impel the follower of Christ to send relief now. It is impossible to incur the responsibility of keeping silence in view of the reports of suffering and the earnest prayers for help that come from the missionaries. The facts must be told and we must leave the matter in the hands of our readers. It is for them to say whether these poor starving women and children shall live or die; whether the missionaries must tell the poor hungry creatures that they have no funds wherewith to save them alive, or shall say to them: 'The followers of our Lord in America love him so well that they bid us feed you in his name, that you may know how compassionate he is and may accept him as your Saviour."

FAMINE BOYS IN THE SCHOOL AT SIRUR

Following is a letter from Rev. J. E. Abbott, the well-known missionary of the American Board in Bombay, who is now on a visit to this country. He is an acknowledged authority on Indian affairs, having lived in that country from boyhood and for eighteen years has been a missionary there:

"The cable report issued on Dec. 27 by Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, is to the effect that two and a half million people, were receiving relief. This shows the alarming proportions the famine is assuming. The details of the suffering and its sore pressure are to be found in the Indian papers, private letters, and cables of missionaries pleading for help. The scenes of 1897 are being repeated. No rain, and both the crops of the year have failed. The famine area is 350,000 square miles, and its population 30,000,000. The greater proportion of these are farmers, petty manufacturers, day laborers, and the wild tribes of the hills and plains. No rain means no food, for their resources are most limited, and with their fields barren, and no work it means actual death by lingering starvation unless help comes to relieve them.

"At such times of suffering, the pressure on missionaries becomes immense. In despair, the hungry crowd surrounds his house. Their emaciated bodies speak to the missionary louder than their words. In the famine of 1897, missionaries had, day by day and month by month, hundreds of such at their doors, whom if they could relieve, it was a benediction in itself; if they could not, it was a burden too heavy to bear. The same pressure is already again being felt, and pleading letters and cablegrams are being addressed to the generous hearted in this land to make it possible to relieve the suffering so present before them.

"Missionaries have a responsibility not only to suffering in general, but a special one to the Christian population. Natives, in becoming Christian, cut themselves off from the help that Hindu gives Hindu. As a Hindu, his neighbor better off might have helped him; but now, if starvation stares him in the face, it is to his fellow-Christians or to missionaries that he can alone turn. Here, then, is a responsibility that the Christians of America must feel, to help their brethren in Christ when in such dire distress, otherwise 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat' will be our condemnation from him who is the Judge of all.

"In the famine area there must be at least a hundred thousand Protestant Christians, and generally in the ranks of those that first feel the pinch of want. To these brethren we owe relief, and surely an appeal to Christian hearts in their behalf cannot be in vain.

"Those of us who had to do with the famine of 1897 acknowledge with great thankfulness the great assistance rendered by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. There is not the slightest doubt that the help then rendered saved thousands of lives.

They gave then because their hearts were touched, but they could not have realized in full the missionary's joy to have in his possession the means with which daily to feed the companies of from a hundred to five hundred emaciated men, women and children, that cried at his door for help, or the joy of rescuing abandoned children from their slow and painful death. Surely the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose aid blessed so many two years ago, will help again in the name of Christ and suffering humanity.

"Many an affecting story is told which cannot fail to excite sympathy. In the Ahmednagar district, Dr. R. A. Hume writes that he knows from personal observation and inquiry, that thousands have been reduced to living on the fruit of the cactus plant. In Central India parents are already offering their children for sale. Cattle are dying by the thousands through lack of food and water, for it is a famine of water as well as food. At a meeting of the citizens of Bombay to raise a famine fund, the Governor of Bombay told the following story he had heard from one of his officials: Three women of the better class were discovered at a relief camp. In reply to questions the older woman said: 'All, all is gone. My husband, and the husbands of these two girls, went away with the cattle to find water and pasture with forty-seven buffaloes and 115 cattle of various sorts. Four days ago my husband returned footsore and ill. All the cattle were dead; my two sons were dead, and in two days my husband died; my all, my all is gone.'

"My own experiences in the famine of 1897 were not where its most terrible manifestations were visible, but I saw sufficient of its dark side, of the general gloom and anxiety, the pinching want of the masses, the emaciated bodies of thousands, the wandering of men and women in search of food, too feeble to be able to talk; the living skeletons, the little children whose arms and legs were mere sticks to support a trunk, swollen by their ravenous eating of indigestible food and drinking of water to stifle their hunger—enough I saw to make me realize the horrors; and the pictures that return to my mind move me to add my own plea to those which every mail is now bringing from India for money to help in feeding the hungry, and relieving the suffering that has fallen so heavily on that sad land. And the time to help is **now**, ere men and women are weakened beyond the power of our gifts to rescue them, or have fallen into blank despair."

A number of contributions have already been received from our readers, a list of which will appear next week in these columns. Money will be cabled to the Interdenominational Committee in Bombay.

The Fear of Humbug

Prevents Many People from Trying a Good Medicine

Stomach troubles are so common and in most cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially in medicines.

This fear of being humbugged can be carried too far, so far, in fact, that many people suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims made of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act only on the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after meals digests the food. That is all there is to it. Food not digested or half-digested is poison as it creates gas, acidity, headaches, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

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FROM the ranks our friends are drop-
One by one, they pass away; [ping:
Soldiers brave who fought beside us
Many a long and weary day.
But their warfare is accomplished
And their life-work now is done:
At the river—peaceful river—
They are gathering—one by one!

They have reached the land of promise.
With the faithful gone before;
Safe within the Golden City
They shall dwell for evermore.
Through the Saviour they have conquered
And their life-work now is done:
At the river—tranquil river—
They are gathering—one by one!

From the ranks our friends are dropping,
Yet to memory they are dear;
Still in spirit we behold them.
And in dreams they hover near.
We shall meet them in the morning,
When our work on earth is done,
At the river—blessed river—
We shall gather—one by one!

FANNY CROSBY.

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Rural Postal Service

RURAL free delivery has already demonstrated itself one of the most successful features of our postal service. In some places it pays, in others almost maintains itself; and in a case or two receipts show a balance over expenditures, as at Westchester, Pa., where two fourth-class post offices ceased to exist as the result of the new competition, and the excess of revenue over the cost of operation was $593 in ten months. Forty States and one Territory have rural free delivery, radiating from some 383 distributing points; and numberless other districts from the Lakes to the Gulf are anticipating similar advantages. The more important results of the service as set forth in Assistant Postmaster-General Heath's annual report are: Increased postal receipts; more letters written and received; enhancement of value of farm lands; more newspapers and magazines subscribed for; general improvement of condition of roads; better prices for farm products, producers being brought into daily touch with the state of the markets; and—most important of all—the educational benefits conferred by relieving the monotony of farm-life through ready access to wholesome literature, and the keeping of farmers and their families fully informed as to the stirring events of the day.

A FREE DELIVERY WAGON IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS

Books Received

Poems. By Hiram Augustus Farrand. Pp. 52. Published by the author, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Triangle. A charming story for girls, by Lena Tomlinson. Pp. 360; illustrated: cloth covers. Price $1. A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

A Man of Honor, or Percy Le Roy. By Helen F. Potter, with introduction by Bishop Henry C. Potter. Pp. 245; Publisher, F. Tennyson Neely, New York City.

At Opening Doors. A delightful tale by Howe Benning. Pp. 351; price $1.25; cloth covers: Illustrated. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

The Minister of Carthage. By Caroline Atwater Mason. A charming story. Pp. 150, cloth, illustrated. Price, 50 cents. Doubleday, McClure & Co., New York, publishers.

Roses. By Amy Le Feuvre. An extremely interesting story, relating many of the quaint sayings and experiences of child-life. Illustrated; pp. 266; cloth covers; price 75 cents. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, publisher.

That Duel at the Chateau Marsanac. By Walter Pulitzer. The story of a game of chess with a heart for the stake. Pp. 120, illustrated, cloth covers. Price, 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

Elvira Hopkins of Tompkins Corners. By Izora Chandler. A tale of rural life in Central New York. Full of dialectic humor and quaint philosophy. Pp. 195; cloth; price 75 cents. Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, publisher.

Cynthia's Sons. By Julia McNair Wright. This is designated as "a commonplace story," but this writer has the happy faculty of investing all her tales with remarkable interest. Pp. 366, cloth. Price, $1.25. National Temperance Society, New York, publishers.

Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology. By R. F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D. (Part I, introduction and exegetical theology). A volume of special value to the student and preacher. Pp. 276. Price, $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

The New Church Messenger, the only weekly in its denomination—the Church of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian)—begins the new year with a specially good number, which contains the first eight articles of a symposium on "Significant Events of the Nineteenth Century."

The Rise and Fall of the United States. A leaf from history A.D. 2000, by a Diplomat. An interesting and ingenious narrative of happenings which an imaginative writer assigns as the cause of the republic's disintegration. Pp. 206, cloth binding. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, publisher.

Gerald and Dolly. A Story of Two Small People. By D'Esterre. The troubles of two motherless children, their quaint and pretty sayings, and their efforts to be good, are portrayed in interesting and touching narrative. In attractive red covers with frontispiece picture of Gerald and Dolly. Pp. 241; price, $1; publishers, A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

Home Memories. By Rev. J. H. L. Joslyn. This is a blank book, so arranged as to assist the possessor in keeping a record of births, deaths, personal reminiscences and friendship memories in a convenient form for reference. A novel, and perhaps valuable, business feature of the book is the identification coupon, by which the owner can identify himself to any one anywhere. Pp. 94. Publishers, J. L. Nichols & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The Rescue of Cuba. An Episode in the Growth of Free Government. By Andrew S. Draper, LL.D. President of the University of Illinois. Although President Draper wrote this book with the youth of the country in his mind, it is in no sense juvenile in its tone or its method of dealing with the momentous questions of the war with Spain. It has a distinct literary style, and its descriptions and narratives are given in so vivid and interesting a manner as to hold the attention of the reader. Pp. 186; 23 full-page illustrations; price, $1. Publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co., New York City.

American Committee Revision of the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the version of the International Committee of Revision, set forth A.D. 1881, with the readings and renderings preferred by the American New Testament Co. edited by Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., late President of Union Theological Seminary, New York. In preparing the Revised Edition of the Bible, the Anglican company of twenty-five, and the American company of thirteen worked together more than three thousand miles apart. Most of the changes proposed by the former company were concurred in by the latter. And yet, after all their mutual concessions there remained a considerable number of rejected American suggestions, a list of which is appended to the volume issued from the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge. These suggestions are in this volume incorporated in the text, and the Anglican forms are presented in an appendix, so that this book presents the Revised New Testament in a two-fold form—Anglican and American. Pp. 466. Publishers, Fords, Howard & Hulburt, New York City.

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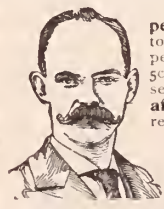

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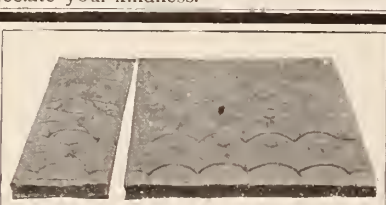
Several thousand cases are reported cured by this remarkable method and as it is very low in price, easily used, adapted to either sex, adults or children, every ruptured person should at once investigate it. Write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 392-D, Main St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a full description, so you can cure yourself in a few weeks, long before the heavy work of the springtime begins. Do not fail to write to-day and if you know of others afflicted, send their names for this wonderfully valuable information. They will appreciate your kindness.



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A good hair mattress costs quite a bit of money. Many so-called "hair?" mattresses are sold at lower prices than our goods, but these low-priced goods often contain sweepings, short hair, or substitutes for hair, and will not give the service that really good hair will. Our mattresses are not made to compete with these cheap lines. They are made for those who want the very best and who are willing to pay the lowest price at which the best can be sold.

Our prices range from $15.00 to $39.60.

Our best grade is made of super extra white or best black English drawings the finest that money can buy.

For a covering, instead of the ordinary striped ticking, we use a beautiful Gobelin Art ticking —more expensive, of course, but it helps to make our mattresses better.

We are perfectly willing that our mattresses should be opened, and if the hair does not compare with sample sent, the price paid will be refunded.

Send us ten cents in stamps and let us know about how much you wish to pay for a mattress, and we will send samples of hair. We will also send samples of ticking, color illustrations, prices and our booklet entitled "Beds of Quality," which tells about good mattresses and "others."

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FREE BIRD & CAGE ANGORA CAT

We will give away **6080 Animals**, Canary Birds, Mocking Birds, Bullfinches, Parrots, etc., Dogs, Angora Cats, Aquariums, Gold Fish, Shetland Ponies, Rabbits, Pigeons, Guinea Pigs, Monkeys, Squirrels, etc., together with fancy cages. We mean exactly what we say. We will send you a pair of beautiful Angora Cats now all the rage, birds with cage or any other animal you may want. We have been breeding for years, and have a fine stock of animals that we are going to give away in the next few weeks.

We Start You In Business Nothing to invest, we want animals raised for us as the demand is greater than the supply and with difficulty we have reserved 6080 animals for breeding purposes, to be distributed free to those who answer this advertisement, and we start you in a paying business and put you in the way of making money without you investing one cent. Genuine Angora Cats are worth from $25.00 to $100.00 each and these animals are easy to raise. No money to send, simply act at once, write us to day and be one of the 6080 to get a fine Song Bird or Parrot with cage, a beautiful pair of Genuine Angora Cats, a complete Aquarium with fish, shells and plants. When you write send the names of ten people who own either a horse, or a dog, or a cat, or a bird, or chickens or some other animal. Give the name of your nearest express office and say what animal or aquarium you want and it will be sent exactly according to our offer. You will have nothing whatever to pay. We pay express charges. This advertisement means exactly what it says and is simply an enterprising plan to increase our business capacity. Address DEPT. 40

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Uwanta Snow White Mattress.

Made from **Cotton Down.** Best mattress on earth; pure; sanitary; soft; never packs; lasts a life-time; freight prepaid if not too distant; money refunded if desired after 30 days' trial. Can be had only of us. From factory to customer; all middlemen's profits saved; at retail would be $12, but is never sold to dealers. Beware of imitations. Send for descriptive catalogue. **Fort Wayne Furniture Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.**

CRAZY WORK 125 Velvet Remnants assorted colors, with Embroidery, Chenille, 42 cts., 400 Beautiful Heavyweight Silk Remnants, all colors, enough for a large quilt, 50 cts., big package, with floss and quilt patterns, 10 cts. 50 Fine Woolen Remnants, with Ice Wool, 28 cents. All post-paid LEMARIE'S SILK MILL, Little Ferry, N. J.

∴ "Send Me" ∴

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 21. Isa. 6: 1-10

WARMTH, light, good cheer, merriment and happy faces under a hospitable roof, in the Christmas holidays. Children running to and fro; gaily dressed maidens gracefully walking hither and thither, laughing merrily, as one or another youth, returned from college or from business in the city, meets them and gives them glad greeting. Outside, a howling storm, wind and rain and hail and darkness. Some miles away over a rough country road is a family to whom a warm welcome would be given if they could be brought. But they have no vehicle, they do not know the way, and do not know that they would be welcome even if they came. Who will go and carry an invitation to them? Who will give up his enjoyment and comfort and go out through the rain and the storm to them and bring them to share in the happiness? How many would say, "Send me?" What shall we say of the young man who volunteers? He will be one who loves the family; he should be one who knows the road; he will be one who delights to be of service to the hospitable host; and he should be one who carries credentials.

The strength of the missionary cause at the beginning consisted in the fact that the men who contended that the Gospel ought to be preached to the heathen, were men who were willing and anxious to go themselves and preach it. If they had simply proposed resolutions, or proved that it was a duty to evangelize the heathen, or merely said that some one ought to go, we should have heard little of foreign missions. It was the intense earnestness, the manifest sincerity, the noble self-sacrifice of the early missionaries that gave the cause its power. When a man says, "Send me," we know that he believes in the message, he loves the people to whom he wants to go and he is thinking of their welfare more than of his own comfort. There were at the outset sufficient difficulties and disasters to test the heroism of the volunteers. When John Williams died under the savages' clubs at Erromanga, and when fierce persecution broke out in Thaiti, Madagascar, and other lands, the missionaries knew that their work had its physical dangers, as well as its spiritual obstacles. Then, when the climate began to seize victims, the courage of the volunteers was put to a new test. But there was no quailing, no drawing back. When one brave man fell at his post, killed by those whom he went to save, or was laid low by African fever, or Asiatic plague, another knowing all the danger, promptly stepped forward with the request, "Send me." The "love that constraineth" was still operating, and the church found she had heroes in her ranks.

The need now is not so much for men, as for money. There are volunteers in abundance, praying, "Send me;" but the missionary societies cannot send them. The fields are open; opportunities of preaching the Gospel to those who have never heard it, are occurring continually, men are here willing to go; but the means to send them are lacking. The demand for self-sacrifice has taken a new form. How many are ready to deny themselves comforts and luxuries, that the volunteers may be sent? The dollar, hardly earned, laid aside for some special purpose, cries from the Christian's pocket, "Send me." That dollar may be an effective preacher. It may aid in sending to some neglected field a consecrated worker, who will win souls for Christ. In these days of great combinations, the work of winning all heathendom for Christ ought to be planned with intelligence. The work needs to be done, and whatever is most needed should be supplied. In a great crisis in a military campaign, the demands of an army are supplied at any cost. A government would be criminal that sent out an army and did not take care that it was supplied with war material. Is the Church less criminal that does not furnish the means for carrying on the campaign for Christ and righteousness?

Rising Sun and Sun Paste Stove Polish

Ask for RISING SUN in cakes for general blacking, and SUN PASTE for quick use—and don't be fooled with any other.

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A true mother values her children above everything. To mothers, then, we say, do not experiment with some unknown cough mixture—use a tried and reliable physician's prescription. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is harmless, sure and quick. It never fails. It will *cure* any cough a child may have.

Mrs. Arthur Pace, McKeesport, Pa., writes: "My two little children had a very severe attack of bronchitis. By using three bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup they were entirely cured. I would not be without it in the house for any money."

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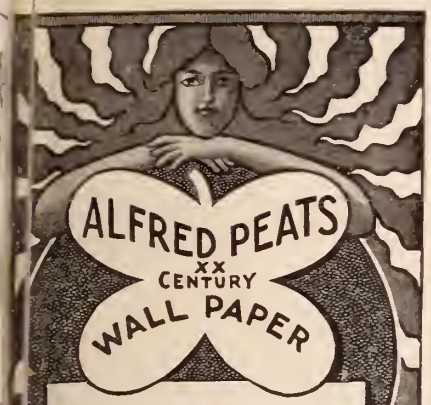

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McLaren, Peter B	5 00	Wienand, Geo E	1 00
McMahan, W F	3 00	Wiest, W J	1 00
McNeill, Kate	5 00	Wilcox, Mrs C P	1 00
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McRae, F J	5 00	Williams, Mrs F	1 00
Mack, Miss Mary F	1 00	Williams, Mrs H	1 00
Maclean, Mrs C M	1 00	Williams, Mrs M C	50
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Moon, Mrs N	1 00	Yeo, John	2 00
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Moules, Miss M F	1 00	Sarah A F, Norristown	1 00
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Reed, H L	2 00	—, Brooklyn	1 00
Reed, Mrs J H	1 00	—, Canada	13
Rhouds, Mrs N M	1 00	—, Charlestown	1 00
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Robinson, Dr L A	1 50	—, Galva	5 00
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Roe, Chas T	25	—, Home	1 00
Roe, Fred	25	—, Jacksonville	25
Rogers, B W	1 00	—, Kansas City	1 50
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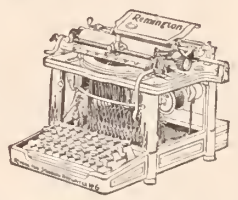

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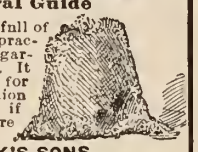

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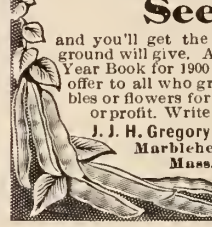

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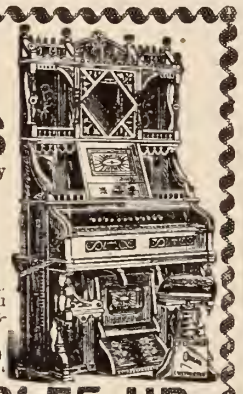

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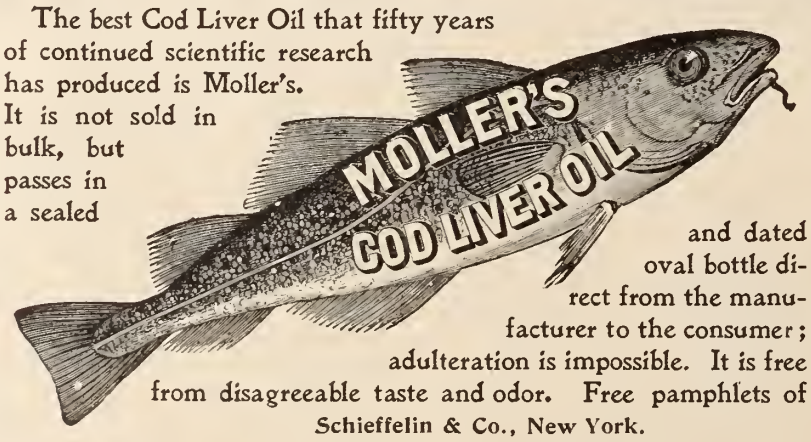

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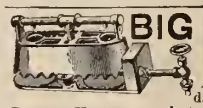

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1900

VOLUME 23 —NUMBER 3

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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W. R. Moody, the Chosen Successor of His Father (SEE PAGE 43)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
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8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG, *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 24

1. What is the contribution per capita in the various denominations in this country for Home and Foreign Missions respectively, and is it sufficient to indicate a general desire for the hastening of the Second Coming of our Lord?
2. Would a young woman with strong artistic or literary tendencies be the more likely to improve or sacrifice her career by marriage, there being no guarantee of the husband's sympathy in her special tastes?
3. Which nation or nations of the earth may be regarded as furnishing the most heroic instances of disregard for one's own life?
4. Are famine and pestilence the act of Providence, and if so, is man justified in interfering to stay their course?
5. Which was the greatest religious revival since the days of Peter?
6. To which of America's writers of fiction, living or dead, must first place be assigned?
7. How is one to know, absolutely, that he or she is called to personal work in the ministry or missionary field?
8. Which poet since the days of Christ ranks highest from a purely Christian standpoint?
9. What may be considered the greatest evil of the present day?
10. Would a combination of all the Protestant denominations be calculated to serve the interests of Protestantism or otherwise?

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 31

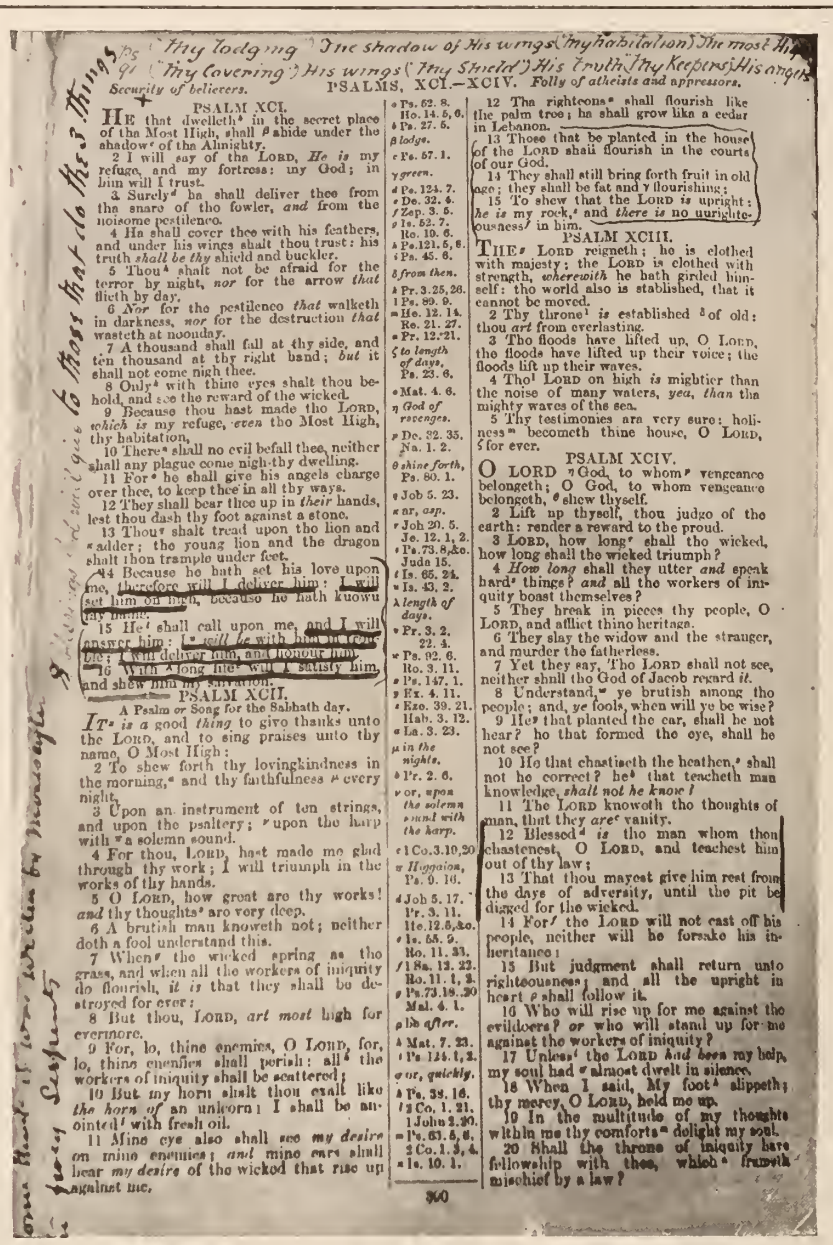
1. Where did the phrase "Sound money" originate?
2. Is it right for a reformed drunkard to marry, and take the risk of transmitting the appetite for drink to another generation?
3. Is riding on cars and ferryboats on Sunday for church-going purposes, sinful?
4. Which should be our strongest motive power in every-day action—love, patience or duty?
5. What part of our income should we set apart for religious and charitable purposes?
6. Which of the two poets, Shakespeare or Milton, has been the greatest benefactor to the world at large through his poetical works?
7. How can a deeper interest be best aroused among Christians, in the work of Foreign Missions?
8. Can a man be a good Christian and yet work on the Sabbath day? Take for instance, a railroad conductor, milkman, or engineer, etc.
9. What may be done to make the Sunday evening church service more attractive, without sacrificing the eternal fitness of things?
10. What should be our position toward those who have wilfully and grievously wronged us, and persistently continue to do so at every possible opportunity? Christ teaches us to forgive, as we wish to be forgiven, but are we to forgive these wrong-doers before they seek forgiveness and without forsaking their evil ways?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 7

1. Would it be wise for the Federal Government to undertake a pension system whereby a stated number of annual payments on the part of any citizen, male or female, should ensure the individual an annual endowment for the remainder of life?
2. Judged from results, direct or indirect, what book by an American author has been most effective for good?
3. What is the best method of systematic domestic charity?
4. Which is the more important and useful invention, the telegraph or the telephone?
5. What number of insane, feeble-minded, blind, and deaf and dumb people are there in the United States?
6. In what country of the world is the proportion of suicides to the population the greatest, and where does the United States rank in the list?
7. Is open or concealed sin the greater in the sight of God?
8. What is the fastest speed of a railroad train on record?
9. Does man's brain continue to grow or otherwise, with advancing years?
10. Was Judas a subject of prophecy in the sense that he had been chosen beforehand for the ignominious role he filled, or was he a moral free agent, capable of rejecting temptation to treachery and of desiring to act the part of a righteous disciple?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 14

1. What four living issues of our time may be grouped as the four most important?
2. What six promoters of sociological reform should be given pre-eminence? The answer need not be confined to Americans, but must be limited to names of persons now living.
3. Does God's method of grace annul or revise his system of government? In other words, does the New Testament abrogate the laws of the Old Testament altogether or in part?
4. How many miles of steam railroad are there in the United States?
5. By what illustration may the fact that the twentieth century does not commence till the close of the year 1900 be most simply demonstrated?
6. How may we best solve what is known as the servant girl problem?
7. Has the principle of business co-operation among employers and employed advanced sufficiently to promise its wide adaptation within the next decade?
8. What text of Scripture may be presented as the most definite and powerful assertion of the deity of Christ?
9. Has the divine law in reference to the punishment of murder, as declared in Genesis 9:6, and as fully defined and detailed in Numbers 35, ever been repealed?
10. Which book of the Bible is the oldest, and on what ground is the claim substantiated?



PSALMS, XCI.—XCIV. *Security of believers. Folly of atheists and oppressors.*

PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth[a] in the secret place of the Most High, shall [β] abide under the shadow[c] of the Almighty.

2 I will *say* of the LORD, *He is* my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely[d] he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5 Thou[h] shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6 *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in darkness, *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only[k] with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, *which is* my refuge, *even* the Most High, thy habitation,

10 There[s] shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For[v] he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou[x] shalt tread upon the lion and [κ] adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He[z] shall call upon me, and I will answer him: [λ] *I will be* with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With [μ] long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII.

A Psalm *or* Song for the Sabbath day.

IT[a] *is a* good *thing* to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

2 To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning,[c] and thy faithfulness [ν] every night,

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; [ξ] upon the harp with [o] a solemn sound.

4 For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

5 O LORD, how great are thy works! *and* thy thoughts[d] are very deep.

6 A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

7 When[e] the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, *it is* that they shall be destroyed for ever:

8 But thou, LORD, *art most* high for evermore.

9 For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all[g] the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

10 But *my* horn shalt thou exalt like *the horn of* an unicorn: I shall be anointed[i] with fresh oil.

11 Mine eye also shall *see my desire* on mine enemies; *and* mine ears shall hear *my desire* of the wicked that rise up against me.

12 The righteous[o] shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13 Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

14 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and [γ] flourishing;

15 To shew that the LORD *is* upright: *he is* my rock,[s] and *there is no* unrighteousness[t] in him.

PSALM XCIII.

THE[a] LORD reigneth; he is clothed with majesty; the LORD is clothed with strength, *wherewith* he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne[l] *is* established [δ] of old: thou *art* from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O LORD, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The[l] LORD on high *is* mightier than the noise of many waters, *yea, than* the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness[m] becometh thine house, O LORD, [ζ] for ever.

PSALM XCIV.

O LORD [η] God, to whom[p] vengeance belongeth; O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, [θ] shew thyself.

2 Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth: render a reward to the proud.

3 LORD, how long[r] shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?

4 *How long* shall they utter *and* speak hard[s] things? *and* all the workers of iniquity boast themselves?

5 They break in pieces thy people, O LORD, and afflict thine heritage.

6 They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless.

7 Yet they say, The LORD shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard *it*.

8 Understand,[u] ye brutish among the people; and, ye fools, when will ye be wise?

9 He[v] that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?

10 He that chastiseth the heathen,[x] shall not he correct? he[b] that teacheth man knowledge, *shall not he know?*

11 The LORD knoweth the thoughts of man, that they *are*[c] vanity.

12 Blessed[d] *is* the man whom thou chastenest, O LORD, and teachest him out of thy law;

13 That thou mayest give him rest from the days of adversity, until the pit be digged for the wicked.

14 For[f] the LORD will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance.

15 But judgment shall return unto righteousness: and all the upright in heart [ρ] shall follow it.

16 Who will rise up for me against the evildoers? *or* who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity?

17 Unless[i] the LORD *had been* my help, my soul had[σ] almost dwelt in silence.

18 When I said, My foot[k] slippeth; thy mercy, O LORD, held me up.

19 In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts[τ] delight my soul.

20 Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee, which[u] frameth mischief by a law?

Selah.

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MR. MOODY'S MOST FAMOUS TEXT

From this page of Mr. Moody's Bible, containing the Ninety-first Psalm, with his own annotations, he preached his famous "Life and Death" sermon, and it was also from this same page that he spoke to the passengers of the steamship *Spree* in November, 1892, when it was thought the ship would founder at sea.

Questions of the Week

1. Is godliness profitable in this life? That is, are the temporal affairs of a righteous man prospered through his religion?

Since God's Word declares that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, it must affect favorably a man's temporal affairs. The necessities of life are promised to those who seek first the kingdom of God. He who contemplates being godly for the sake of gain does not know what true godliness is (see I. Tim. 6:5; also Acts 8:19). Under the old covenant, godliness in the nation assured national prosperity. Better blessings are promised under the New Testament dispensation. Temporal prosperity is, however, still a rational sequence of godliness. The higher the tone of the mental and moral qualities the better the business qualifications. Godliness demands industry, economy, honesty, courtesy, patience, hope—all most useful in temporal affairs. "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working" (James 5:16), and he is permitted to pray for prosperity in temporal affairs. We are encouraged to bring everything, by prayer, unto God (Phil. 4:6).

ANNA T. PEARCE.

2. Which of America's poets, living or dead, is entitled to be considered her leading bard?

Longfellow. No other American writer has been able to carry the reader along with the characters of a narrative as has this poet. He was a master of word-painting, and carried this art to the highest pitch; while his pathos is pure, natural, and deeply affecting. His poems appeal to the heart and to all the finer attributes of mankind. Who, having read "Evangeline," has failed to see in his mind's eye the forms and features of the characters delineated; the changing seasons; even the very colors of earth and trees and sky in the different lands; or has not felt the joys and sorrows in the changing fortunes of the heroine as though they were his own? His poems are grand in conception, elevating in their influence, and marvelous in rhetorical handling and imagery; while through all runs a silver thread of earnest thought, which teaches the lesson of honor, love, and charity.

A. L. VERMILYA.

3. Which is the oldest Protestant church organization in the United States still in existence?

The Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, organized in New York City in 1628, appears to be the first Protestant Church organized in the United States, and still in existence without a break in its history. Correspondents claim this honor for certain Congregational and Episcopal churches, but have not substantiated their claims. Some further interesting facts on early church organizations may yet appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

4. How can a wife best influence an unbelievi husband to attend church with her?

She must be fully devoted to the Churc We can only interest others in what we ou selves are truly interested. Her religion mu be a real treasure in her life. It must be se that her religion and church attendance i part to her some rare sweetness and beau and charm and victorious power that rend her life and portion enviable. Said a devot of worldly fashion and pleasure to a lac whose religious life shone in her very fac "If Jesus Christ made your face like that, want to believe in him." Again, the wife mu love her husband. Only the hand of love c turn around and lead the disobedient sou He must have unanswerable proof of her lo for him. She must love him too well to ass ciate with him in what her conscience forbid and she must love him so well as to prove h willingness to give her life for him. Again, t wife must have the heart of her husband. Sl must cherish that love sacredly, and regard as the chief power intrusted to her by whic to bring her husband to her own religious p sition and hope. Granted all this, the godl wife can pray believingly for her husband conversion.

E. P. KNIGHT.

5. In view of the enormous natural increase the heathen population, does the number accessions to Christianity warrant our clain ing that the cause of Christ is making pro ress in heathen countries?

Yes. The number of professing Christian among the heathen is not a fair test. Man who believe, are doubtless more deterred froi confessing Christ by fear of ridicule or loss business, friends or caste, than in Christia lands. History repeats itself. The numeric increase in open Christians was small in apo tolic times until persecution ceased and Co stantine adopted Christianity as a State r ligion. In the meantime, it had penetrate every rank of society. To-day, in addition t the missionary, we have a Christian civiliz tion and culture which by the telegraph an railroad, the teacher, college professor, judg executive, and police official, and, even by th soldier, is moulding and ripening heathendor for the time when a nation shall be born in day. Through these Japan has proclaime religious toleration, China opened wide he door to Western influence, Corea is no longe the hermit nation, or the Soudan a shambles or the Dark Continent a blank upon the ma

H. C. UNDERHILL.

6. What American woman, not now living, i entitled, by reason of service rendered to th public, to be considered the most illustriou woman of the United States?

Frances E. Willard. In her personal philan thropic work of various kinds, she addresse more people from platforms and pulpits, an won more men from intemperance, an aroused more cultivated women to follow he own example than any woman our countr has produced. She founded and develope the work of the Woman's Christian Temper ance Union with its far-reaching influence Nor must her White Cross work in the interes of social purity be forgotten.

S. V. LEECH.

7. Should a Christian church take into its fellowship a person who has not been converte or who has not publicly confessed Christ? I there any warrant, Scriptural or otherwise, for such a course?

No church should knowingly receive an un converted person into membership. In many denominations the children of Christian par ents are, upon baptism, regarded as members of the church, but that is membership in a limited sense, as when arriving at years of dis cretion, personal confession of faith is neces sary to admit them to the privileges of full membership.

L. S. TAIT.

8. When was the British nation first given the name of John Bull?

John Bull, the familiar name given to the English people, was first generally used in literature in 1712 by John Arbuthnot, a Scottish physician, in his satire, "The History of John Bull." In the same satire the French are designated as "Louis Baboon," the Dutch as "Nicholas Frog," etc. "The History of John Bull" was designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough.

C. R. RUSSELL.

9. Should a Christian marry an unconverted person?

Paul tells the Corinthians that they should not be unequally yoked with unbelievers. It will be said that the term is not applicable to persons in Christian lands who, while not personally accepting and confessing Christ, still admit the claims of Christianity. Paul tells the Corinthians that a widow is permitted to marry again, but adds the significant words "only in the Lord." A Christian who marries a person who is not converted cannot be said to marry "in the Lord." Such a one risks loss of spirituality, and in the event of offspring, saddles upon the children at least one unbelieving parent.

C. EVANS.

10. What measure passed by our national Legislature has done most to advance the interests of the people of the United States?

The Homestead Law, passed May 20, 1862, securing to any citizen the right to enter upon 160 acres of unappropriated lands at $1.25 an acre, and after five years' actual residence to own it, has proved of immense benefit to the country. It stimulated the settlement of the West; has brought a fine foreign population to our country, and has done wonders in developing agriculture.

C. BROWN.

Evangelist Moody's Mantle

It Falls Upon His Eldest Son and Chosen Successor, W. R. Moody — His Great Life-Work to Go on—A Talk With the New Head of the Family

"I WANT you, Will, to carry on my work when I am gone." This was the last command of the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, as he lay on his death-bed at East Northfield. Time and again had he expressed this dearest wish, and next to the thought of Heaven itself, it was the one that lay nearest to his great heart.

Probably no man could begin a great life-work with better equipment than that which Will R. Moody, the eldest son of the great evangelist, brings to the duties before him. He was born in Chicago forty years ago and is a tall, broad-shouldered and ruggedly built man, with the strong Moody features well marked—the firm, yet kindly mouth, eyes that look straight at you when their owner speaks, and an abundance of brown hair. Educated and traveled, Will R. Moody in voice and gesture, gives evidence of the same resolute nature and deeply earnest, even ardent nature that were characteristic of the father. Ever since boyhood, he has been to a considerable extent his father's companion and close confidant; in recent years more so than ever.

Mr. Moody's Personal Wish

In conversation with the writer in the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Will R. Moody spoke most confidently of the future of the work founded by his late father. His father's plans and aspirations, he said, were his own, and he would endeavor to carry them out in every respect as Mr. Moody would have wished to do had he lived.

"For a number of years past," he said, "it has been a part of my duties to collect all the available and authoritative data in existence concerning the beginning, progress and development of my father's work. My intimate connection with the work in all its phases, both at home and abroad, has enabled me to do this as no other man could have done it. It was his personal desire, too, and frequently expressed, long before his last illness, that after he had passed away his son and no other should give to the world the story of his life and its outcome, and with this purpose in view he withheld nothing that would be of the slightest value to his chosen biographer. I have absolutely all my father's writings, letters and other documents, and have already begun to put them in shape; but the task will necessarily occupy time and is not one to be hurried hastily or issued in a crude and incomplete form. I can say now that it will be the only record of my father's life which the family authorizes, for the reason that it will be the only one that will contain any data of value. No scrap of correspondence nor any document has been permitted to pass into any other hands."

It is not proposed to make money for any of the family from the sale of the authorized biography of the great evangelist. All revenues from that source will go directly into the work for the support and extension of its various departments both at Northfield and Chicago.

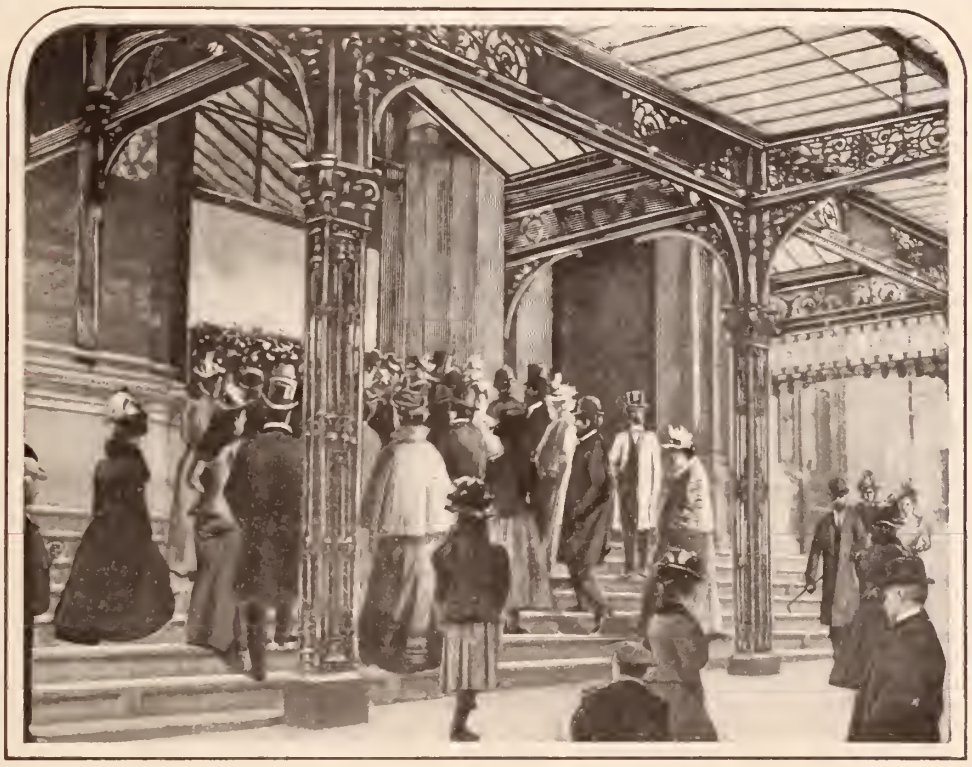
The New Head of the Family

Will R. Moody, the new head of the family, is a graduate of Yale. After leaving college he traveled with his father abroad, and for a time was in charge of the business affairs of the schools at Mount Hermon. He received biblical instruction from his father, and greatly assisted in the evangelical and school work. He inherits much of his father's fervor. About four years ago he married Miss Mary Whittle, daughter of Major Whittle, the evangelist. They have buried two children, Dwight L. Moody, Jr., and Irene. Both were very dear to the grandfather. It was of this little dead daughter of his son, that Mr. Moody, only a few hours before his death, said: "I have been within the gates: I have seen Irene." A few months ago, another child was born to them—a little daughter named Mary.

Paul Moody, the second son of the evangelist, is about twenty years of age and is studying at Yale. The only daughter is the wife of Mr. E. P. Fitt, who has been closely identified with the Northfield work for several years.

The Memorial Service

Moody Memorial services, held in many churches both at home and abroad, gave expression to the widespread feeling of bereavement caused by the death of the great evangelist. Probably no man's death, after a life wholly devoted to spiritual work, has ever been more universally regretted. The most notable memorial gathering ever held in this country took place in Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, on the afternoon of January 8.



CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, WHERE THE MOODY MEMORIAL SERVICES WERE HELD

The vast audience was a thoroughly representative one; the rich and the poor, saint and sinner were there. Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, the well-known philanthropist, presided; Mr. Ira D. Sankey conducted the singing, and Mr. Victor E. Benke (the Bowery Mission organist), was the accompanist. The funeral march was played by G. Waring Stebbins, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. About 300 ministers occupied the platform, which was reserved for clergymen, with the exception of a few prominent business men there to represent the secular appreciation of Mr. Moody's work.

Just before the meeting was formally opened, Mr. Sankey said: "We have still five minutes to spare, and it is suggested that we sing a few Gospel hymns." The first chosen was the familiar hymn:

My days are gliding swiftly by.

This was followed by a hymn that was very popular with Mr. Moody:

My Jesus, I love Thee,
I know Thou art mine.

At three o'clock Mr. W. E. Dodge took the chair and called the large audience to order. The services opened with the singing of the hymn.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., read from the Scriptures texts appropriate to the solemn occasion.

Moody's Influence

Rev. J. Balcom Shaw offered the opening prayer. He thanked God for Moody's influence in the Church, for his enrichment of Christian life, and he petitioned for the continuance of his work.

Mr. Dodge at 3.20 began his address, and said, in substance:

In the history of the Church of Christ very few have touched so many hearts and influenced so many lives as Dwight L. Moody. If all those whom he has led to a better life could be gathered together, half a dozen halls like this could not hold them. There should be no touch of funeral gloom in this demonstration.

His early work was very simple and he had few opportunities for education. He possessed no gift of utterance. I remember one morning going into his poor little school of slum boys, across the river, in Chicago, and was impressed there with his manliness, simplicity and humor. There were two things to which he owed his marvelous success: Companionship with the Y. M. C. A. and study of the English Bible. He had the idea, in the beginning of his work, that if God wanted him to speak he would teach him what to say. A friend advised him to study the Bible and prepare himself better. He shut himself up with his Bible for a great while; and he got from the Bible an arsenal of argument, promise and warning which he used all his life with such magnificent power.

His simple directness was something wonderful. When I first met him in Chicago, we went to call on a wealthy and prominent man

At 3.43 P. M. the venerable Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D., one of Mr. Moody's oldest and dearest friends, was introduced and spoke briefly. He compared him with Abraham Lincoln. Called him and Lincoln the "typical Americans." Lincoln was the liberator of millions; and so also was Moody a spiritual liberator. He continued:

The Lord Chancellor of England has said of him: "He gives me a new conception of preaching." In his last sermon in this city before starting to Kansas City, he said: "When you read that Dwight L. Moody is dead, don't believe it. He is more alive than ever."

Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting, at 3.57 P.M., was introduced as a layman, giving testimony. He spoke about ten minutes, saying in part:

It is a good many years since I last saw Mr. Moody in his own house, and I have been a richer man for that experience. I never knew any man whose preaching touched me so. He was so perfectly frank and courageous. His one doctrine was God's love for the world. The only heretic he knew was an unconverted man.

Mr. Moody's Zeal for Souls

Rev. David G. Burrell, D.D., also paid an eloquent tribute to the great revivalist. He said, among other things:

The inspiration of his life was: "This one thing I do." I met Mr. Moody as a Bible student thirty-one years ago. My room was up in old Farwell Hall; Mr. Moody's rooms were just below. A fire occurred early in the morning; the hall burned slowly. In the street at noon I saw Mr. Moody in front of the burning building, coatless, hatless, and a bundle in his hand. He said: "Take these and distribute them. They tell the people that our beautiful hall is burned up, and that our noonday meeting will be held in the Park Street Church."

At this point in the service a man seated behind THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative, handed the writer this card, with the first two lines written in pencil:

I printed those handbills and gave them to Mr. Moody to distribute, and helped him.

JOHN DEAN

Y.M.C.A., 23d St., New York.

Hon. John Wanamaker telegraphed his regrets that, owing to sickness, he could not be present. Mr. Sankey then sang a solo, "Saved by Grace."

The chorus—by Mr. Sankey's request, "for the sake of old times"—was sung by the audience and repeated by the gallery on the last verse being reached. After the song, Mr. Sankey spoke briefly, telling of his arrival in Northfield after hearing of Mr. Moody's death.

I went to the chamber of death where he lay as though he were only asleep. I could hardly believe that my friend was gone, he looked so natural. While he and I have been journeying together, I have often seen him come into our room, throw himself on the lounge and drop to sleep in a moment. I have often wondered at his capacity for falling to sleep quickly. He would wake in a little while, refreshed and ready for work again. Looking down upon his quiet face I said, "Good-bye, dear Mr. Moody."

I saw at the funeral an old man, bowed on a staff, mourning for him. He said: "Oh, he was my friend—but then, he was everybody's friend." That is true. He was the friend of everybody in Northfield.

A Young Man's Tribute

Mr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the Students' Movement, said:

There is no class over whom Mr. Moody exerted a greater influence than over thinking young men and women—students of this and other countries. It was his work at Princeton in 1876-77 that led to the formation of the "Students' Movement" in this country and Canada, and which has extended to almost every country of the globe. Over twenty of these great intercollegiate gatherings are held for the training of young men and women in Christian work. Yale, Harvard, University of Virginia, Princeton, all enlisted in it. Its membership includes thousands of young men and women. Mr. Moody's work in evangelizing Oxford, Cambridge, University of Edinburgh was marvelous. Scholarly men came and were converted. Henry Drummond was first influenced by Moody.

Rev. A. C. Dixon spoke briefly. He said:

Mr. Moody was a miracle. I hope some of you millionaires will use your millions to perpetuate his schools. Pastors and evangelists should give prayers and work to this end.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., spoke of Mr. Moody's spotless reputation and of his rounded character.

He spoke eloquently of his masterfulness combined with modesty. Mr. Moody was great as he was good. He should not be forgotten; we should raise a memorial to him. He urged steps to carry on the work begun by Moody at Northfield for the perpetuation of his schools.

Among the audience were many ladies and gentlemen prominent in the religious, philanthropic, social and business life of New York and other cities, all sections of the Union finding representation, while the box list contained such names as John D. Rockefeller, Morris K. Jesup, Wm. J. Schoefflin, Louis Klopsch, R. C. Ogden, Russell Sage, James Yearance, and many others equally well known in philanthropic movements.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Wonders of the Eye

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalms 94: 9, ... } He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

THE imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it, or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times is it mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"oh, how lofty are their eyes." Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom he would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for thirty years that some scientist did not go through the country with illustrated lecture on canvas thirty feet square, to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and someone who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygomaxillary fissures, the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in plain, common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting-table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform, and asking the help of the Creator demonstrate the wonders of what we are. If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text. "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

I suppose my text referred to the human eye since it excels all others in structure and adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the two human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under the water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man placed at the head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which if through some crevice of the mountain they should go into the sunlight might be developed into positive eyesight.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God without any consultation created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before he created it. He cried until chaos was irradiated with the utterance: "Let there be light"! In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world, he illumined it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set on the mantle of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night.

To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes. Seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eyes are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them, and the rain dashing against the forehead might not drip into them: the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight.

See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "stay out," and saying to the light, "come in." For inside curtain, the iris or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed it can see both by day and by night.

Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of five muscles as perfect as God could make them.

There is also the retina gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve about the thickness of the lamp wick, passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye. The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril, a contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun ninety-five millions of miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that, and adjusts and re-adjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye without a touch beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler along the Alps with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it. Oh this wonderful *camera obscura* which you and I carry about with us, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming ninety-five millions of miles at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled ninety-five millions of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke.

There also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland by which the eye is washed and through which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes us. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the Arctic of frozen grief in the warm Gulf Stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision. Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor.

What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen the eye flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermons. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle.

But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian, by accident, put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant, "What shall I pay you in money, or in lands?—anything you ask me. I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter, he said: "O Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch when you can't see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva, and a prayer with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

How it adds to John Milton's sublimity of character, when we find him at the call of duty sacrificing his eyesight. Through studying at late hours and trying all kinds of medicament to preserve his sight, he had for twelve years been coming toward blindness, and, after awhile, one eye was entirely gone. His physician warned him that if he continued reading and writing he would lose the other eye. But he kept on with his work, and said, after sitti in total darkness, "The choice lay befc me between dereliction of a supreme du and loss of eyesight: in such a case could not listen to the physician, not Æsculapius himself had spoken from l sanctuary; I could not but obey that i ward monitor, I know not what spoke me from heaven." Who of us would ha grace enough to sacrifice our eyes at t call of duty?

But, thank God, some have been e abled to see without very good eyes. Ge eral Havelock, the son of the more famo General Havelock, told me this concer ing his father. In India, while his fath and himself with the army were encampe one evening-time after a long marc General Havelock called up his soldie and addressed them, saying in words, near as I can recollect: "Soldiers! The are two or three hundred women, childr and men at Cawnpore at the mercy Nana Sahib and his butchers. Tho poor people may any hour be sacrifice How many of you will go with me for tl rescue of those women and children? know you are all worn out, and so am But all those who will march with me save those women and children hold your hand." Then Havelock said: " is almost dark, and my eyesight is ve poor and I cannot see your raised hand but I know they are all up. Forward Cawnpore!" That hero's eyes, thoug almost extinguished in the service of Gc and his country, could see across Indi and across the centuries. But let anybod who has one good eye be thankful, an all who have two good eyes be twice thankful. Take care of your eyes an thank God every morning when you ope them for capacity to see the light. I d not wonder at the behavior of a poor ma in France. He had been born blind, bu was a skilful groom in the stables.

A surgeon riding up one evening, gav his horses into the care of the blin groom. Late at night the traveling sur geon went to the stables and found th groom still at work upon the horses, an the grateful and sympathetic surgeon re solved in the morning to reward the blin groom with money. But in the night th surgeon bethought himself that perhaps h could give the groom something bette than money. In the morning he said to th blind groom, "Step out into the sunshine You are forty years of age. I could sure ly have cured your blindness if I ha seen you sooner, but come to Paris and will give you sight if you do not die unde the operation." Paying the poor man' way to Paris, the operation was success ful. For the first time the man saw hi wife and children, and having taken good look at them he turned and said "Let me look on my friend the surgeon who has opened all this beautiful world t me and shown me my loved ones." Wa not that glorious? Only those who hav been restored from utter blindness ca appreciate the omnipotent blessing o eyesight.

The Earl of Bridgewater, in his las will and testament, bequeathed $40,00 for essays to be written on the power an wisdom and goodness of God as mani fested in creation, and Sir Charles Bell the British surgeon, fresh from Corunn and Waterloo, where he had been tending the wounded and studying the formatio of the human body amid the amputating horrors of the battlefield, accepted the in vitation to write one of those Bridgewate treatises, and he wrote his book on th human hand—a book that will live as long as the world lives. To-day I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text: "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its maker? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the centre of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of

her worlds, but perhaps they may be
le to see us. We have not optical in-
suments strong enough to descry them;
rhaps they have optical instruments
long enough to descry us. The mole
nnot see the eagle mid-air, but the eagle
rd-sky can see the mole mid-grass. We
e able to see mountains and caverns of
other world; but perhaps the inhabi-
nts of other worlds can see the towers
our cities, the flash of our seas, the
arching of our processions, the white
bes of our weddings, the black scarfs
our obsequies. It passes out from the
ess into the positive, when we are told
the Bible that the inhabitants of other
orlds do come to this. Are they not all
inistering spirits sent forth to minister
those who shall be heirs of salvation?

But human inspection and angelic in-
section and stellar inspection and lunar
spection and solar inspection are tame
compared with the thought of divine
spection. "You converted me twenty
ars ago," said a colored man to my
ther. "How so?" said my father.
"wenty years ago," said the other, "in
e old schoolhouse prayer-meeting at
ound Brook, you said in your prayer,
'hou God seest me,' and I had no peace
der the eye of God until I became a
hristian." Hear it: "The eyes of the
rd are in every place." "His eyelids
the children of men." "His eyes were
a flame of fire." "I will guide thee
th mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so
ll of pity, so full of power, so full of
e, so full of indignation, so full
compassion, so full of mercy.
ow it peers through the dark-
ss! How it outshines the day!
ow it glares upon the offender!
ow it beams on the penitent
ul! Talk about the human eye
being indescribably wonderful
how much more wonderful the
eat, searching, overwhelming
e of God! All eternity past and
l eternity to come on that ret-
a. The eyes with which we look
to each other's face to-day sug-
st it. It stands written twice
your face and twice on mine,
less through casualty one or
th have been obliterated. "He
at formed the eye, shall he not
e?" Oh, the eye of God! It
es our sorrows to assuage them,
es our perplexities to disentan-
e them, sees our wants to sym-
athize with them. If we fight
m back, the eye of an antagon-
. If we ask his grace, the eye
an everlasting Friend.

You often find in a book or
anuscript a star calling your at-
ntion to a footnote or explana-
on. That star the printer calls
asterisk. But all the stars of
e night heavens are asterisks
alling your attention to God, an
l observing God. Our every
erve a divine handwriting. Our
ery muscle a pulley divinely swung,
ur every bone sculptured with divine
ggestiveness. Our every eye a reflec-
on of the divine eye. God above us,
nd God beneath us, and God before us,
nd God behind us, and God within us.
What a stupendous thing to live! What
stupendous thing to die! No such thing
s hidden transgression.

A dramatic advocate in olden times at
ight in a court-room persuaded of the
nocence of his client, charged with
urder, and of the guilt of the witness
ho was trying to swear the poor man's
fe away—that advocate took up two
right lamps and thrust them close up to
ne face of the witness and cried: "May
please the court and gentlemen of the
ry, behold the murderer!" and the man
ractically under that awful glare, con-
ssed that he was the criminal instead of
he man arraigned at the bar. O, my
iends, our most hidden sin is under a
righter light than that; it is under the
urning eye of God.

He is not a blind giant stumbling
hrough the heavens. He is not a blind
onarch feeling for the step of his chariot.
Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you
oor? He sees it. Have you domestic
erturbation of which the world knows
othing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my
ffairs are so insignificant I can't realize
hat God sees me and sees my affairs."
an you see the point of a pin? Can you
ee the eye of a needle? Can you see a
note in the sunbeam? And has God given
you that power of minute observation and
does he not possess it himself? "He that
formed the eye, shall he not see?"

But you say, "God is in one world and
I am in another world; he seems so far off
from me I don't really think he sees what
is going on in my life." Can you see the
sun ninety-five million miles away? and
do you not think God has as prolonged
vision? But you say, "There are phases
of my life and there are colors, shades of
color in my annoyances and my vexa-
tions that I don't think God can under-
stand." Does not God gather up all the
colors and all the shades of color in the
rainbow? And do you suppose there is
any phase or any shade in your life that
he has not gathered up in his own heart?

Beside that, I want to tell you it will
soon all be over, this struggle. That eye
of yours so exquisitely fashioned and
strung and hinged and roofed will before
long close in the last slumber. Loving
hands will smooth down the silken
fringes. So he giveth his beloved sleep.

A legend of Saint Frotobert is that his
mother was blind and he was so sorely
pitiful for the misfortune, that one day in
sympathy he kissed her eyes and by mir-
acle she saw everything. But it is not a
legend when I tell you that all the blind
eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss
of the resurrection morn shall gloriously
open. Oh, what a day that will be for those
who went groping through this world under
perpetual obscuration, or were dependent
on the hand of a friend, or with an uncer-
tain staff felt the way; and for the aged
of dim sight, about whom it might be said
that "they which look out of the windows
be darkened," when eternal daybreak
comes in!

What a beautiful epitaph that was for
a tombstone in a European cemetery:
"Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint,
85 years of age and blind. The light was
restored to her May 10th, 1840."

Called Home!

("God is calling me." D. L. Moody on his day of departure)

GOD calls him home! At such command [down;
Well may he lay his loved work
God calls him to the heav'nly land.
To victor's palm and harp and crown.

God calls him home! He is not dead,
The mortal here awhile shall sleep;
The soul to higher service sped,
The grave the treasured dust shall keep.

God calls him home! His star has set
To rise on the Eternal shore:
For him shall be no vain regret,
He lives and reigns forevermore.

God calls him home! How rich the field
Of earth-sown seed that meets his eyes;
Of golden grain, how rich the yield.
To fill the garners of the skies.

—R. M. OFFORD.

In the Land of the Patriarchs

Gospel Progress Among the Cities that Border the Great Mesopotamian Plains—A Region of Many Tongues and Creeds

A CITY that is set on a hill cannot be hid." To the traveler crossing the northern end of the great Mesopotamian plain, the city of Mardin, stretched along the southern slope of Mt. Masius, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the plain, is a conspicuous object, and may be seen from a distance of several days' journey. Reliable statistics are an unknown quantity in this land, and its population is reckoned all the way from 20,000 to 30,000 souls, the smaller number, perhaps, being more nearly correct.

A district of some 30,000 square miles, lying mainly to the east and south of Mardin, with a population of over a million people, constitutes the southernmost of the five stations of the Eastern Turkey Mission of the American Board. It is the only station now under the care of that Board in which the Arabic language is used as the medium of communication with the people, though the Arabic is only one of half a dozen languages in more or less general use among them.

A CHRISTIAN MISSION SCHOOL IN THE ORIENT, SHOWING GROUPS OF PUPILS

Whether viewed from the standpoint of race, of language, or of religion, the people of this region are of the most heterogeneous character. Going out into the city, one may meet Arabs, Kurds, Turks, Armenians, Jews, and may hear the corresponding languages. Turkish is everywhere the official language of the country. In a large part of the field Kurdish is the common tongue, and in some villages little is heard but the Tooranee, derived from the ancient Syriac. The ancient Syriac itself, though not understood by the common people, still survives in the services of the Jacobite Syrian Church, while the Peshito version of the Scriptures and writings of church fathers in that tongue are held in almost idolatrous veneration.

In religion, the larger part of the population is nominally Moslem, but there are also many Yezidees (devil-worshipers), some Jews, and a large Christian element, made up of adherents of the old Jacobite Syrian, Kaldean and Armenian churches, and Catholics and Protestants.

Forty years ago an American missionary took up his residence in Mardin, and ever since a current of evangelical influences has been flowing forth into all this region. From the first, the one aim of missionary effort has been not so much to propagate any specific form of Christian faith as to preach the pure Gospel and to plant and foster self-sustaining Gospel institutions. While we firmly believe that the Gospel is for all, and that eventually all will be brought to accept it and share in its blessings, it has been found necessary for the present to direct effort to the nominal Christians, whose religion consists mainly in a dead formalism, utterly destitute of spiritual life and power, so that they constitute the chief obstacle to the progress of the Gospel among the non-Christian population. Yet, when they shall once again come under the power of the living Gospel, they will be the most efficient agency for reaching the followers of other creeds.

Such progress has been made toward the realization of the aim just mentioned that now the most important part of the missionary's work is not so much simply preaching the Gospel as it is preparing a native agency, and, through a general supervision, helping to give direction to the forming of institutions in the land. Care has been taken from the first to throw such responsibility upon the native brethren that they shall feel that the work is theirs and that the missionaries are here, and foreign aid is given only temporarily, until they shall become strong enough to bear the whole burden. Before the "events" of four years ago one missionary spent most of his time in touring the field, supervising the work of preachers and teachers and visiting new places where a footing had not been gained; but since that time he has been mainly engaged in relief work and the care of orphans.

Another missionary is in charge of the high school, which is virtually a training school preparing preachers and teachers, and at the same time giving opportunity for more advanced and better education than can be obtained elsewhere between Beirut and Urumia. The third male missionary is a skilful physician and surgeon, who finds his time fully occupied with the care of the hospital and a large medical practice. The three missionaries, with four native brethren chosen by the association of churches, form a committee for the general direction of the whole work of the field. Two single ladies, with such help as the three married ladies can give, carry on work for women. Colportage and Bible-reading are most important lines of work, though the former, like missionary touring, has, through force of circumstances, been discontinued since 1895.

While figures can give no adequate showing of the work that is actually being done, they may help to some conception of its progress. There are now in this field six organized churches, with 366 members, more than a tenth of them added in 1898. In twenty places regular preaching is maintained to aggregate average congregations of 1,400, while adherents number 2,400. Forty-five native helpers—preachers, teachers and Bible-readers—are in service. Five prominent young men are half way through a theological course. During the school year just closed seventy-three pupils were in attendance in the boys' high school, and thirty-nine in the girls' high school, while twenty-one day schools had an enrollment of over 600 pupils. Over 7,500 patients received medical treatment.

Though our work is restricted and hampered in many ways, yet the leaven is working—secretly, slowly, but surely. A brighter day is to come.

Mardin. REV. W. C. DEWEY.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Fireside Talks About Jesus

Christ's Early Ministry

By Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Crafts.
Int'l S. S. Lesson for Jan. 28.
Matt. 3: 13 to 4: 11.

His Messianic Work

WHEN the cross-roads farmers and their families had gathered for their usual home department study of the life of Christ in the Sabbath twilight, Uncle Will opened the little meeting with these words:

"John the Baptist knew the value of sentiment and symbol and ceremony, though he was the most practical of preachers and the divinely appointed iconoclast of heartless forms, which, for centuries before he came, had monopolized religious meetings, unmixed with any prophetic voice. In John's services, preaching was the chief thing. When congregations, in rare instances, get such fearless rebukes to-day, they cry out for the 'Gospel,' as if it were something else. John considered it 'good news' to tell one's own hearers of their own sins and how to be rid of them."

"If John were to visit our city churches," said Selah Brown, "his ax would trim down the increasing preliminaries of those churches where it is coming to be said that 'the minister is a good thing to rest the choir.'"

"But," said Saunders, the Scotchman, glancing at his Quaker wife in mild defiance, "he was not one of those pendulum reformers who swing from too much to nothing, and so he pictured the purity, the putting away of the old sinful life, which the Jews had hidden under a network of symbolism, in the one simple ceremony of baptism."

. . .

The Baptism in the Jordan "Let us go in thought," said Mrs. Isaacs, the Christian Jewess, "to Nazareth on the morning of Christ's thirtieth birthday. His mother has already been to the corner of their one-room home in which she keeps the casket which the magi brought, and has asked her heart anew, as often before, why this divinely begotten, star-heralded child has become nothing more than a carpenter. These thoughts have been dispelled by the birthday shouts of the younger brothers and sisters of Jesus. On his lips they have tallied the years with kisses. The table is loaded with oranges and figs and pomegranates that have been secretly gathered for the joyous day, to supplement the usual plain fare of barley bread and olives. Breakfast is hardly over, when a neighbor comes in with exciting news that a new prophet has appeared down in the wilderness of Judea, who is calling the people to put away their sins and prepare for the appearance of the long-expected Messiah. At these tidings, Mary looks at Christ silently, but with a great question in her eyes. A strange awe comes over Christ, such as afterwards made even his apostles fall back and leave him to walk on alone. He takes down his outer robe—which suggests that he contemplates a journey, and not a brief one—and bids Mary and his brothers and sisters a loving good-by. He climbs down the hills to the South and pauses a moment to view the historic Valley of Esdraelon below him—his country's chief battlefield. He feels that he is entering a conflict against yet mightier foes, visible and invisible. Through the valley he walks alone to the Jordan and down its banks until he descries a vast crowd at the river-side. John has ceased preaching and is now baptizing. Jesus, who was then unknown to John, goes forward for baptism."

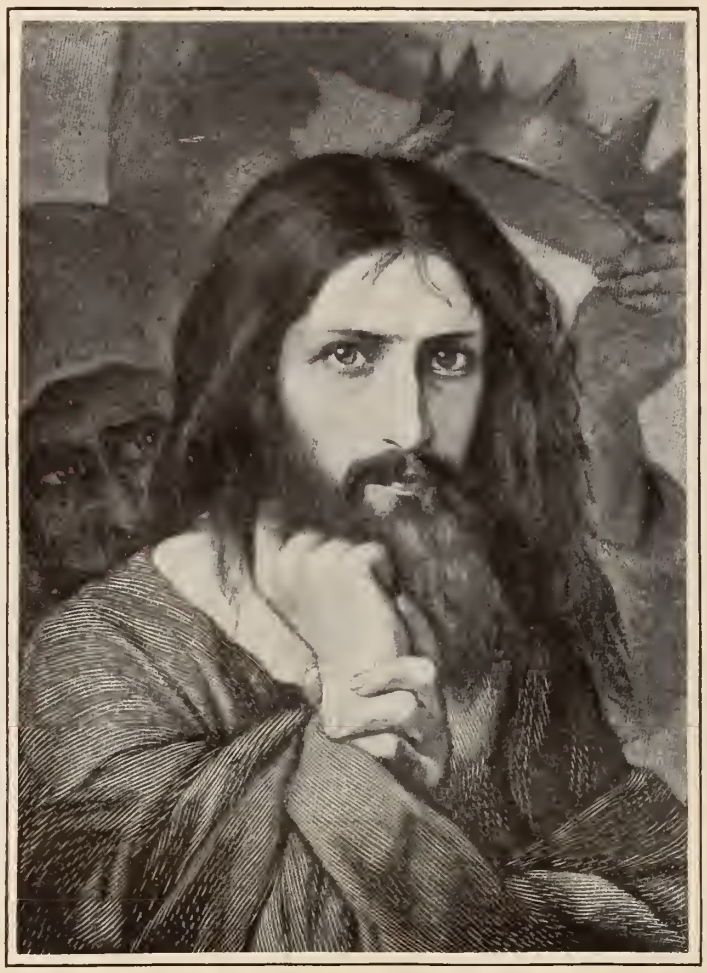
"That is the moment," observed Mrs. Uncle Will, "if you will permit me to interrupt your story, which Carlo Maratta represents in his great painting. Uncle Will calls it 'the mental crucifixion of Christ.' The touches of red in the cheeks and nostrils suggest the keen mental pain of a pure nature to be even for a moment in the attitude of one who has sinned."

. . .

The Opened Heavens "But," said Saunders, "his character was soon proclaimed. The descending dovelike light was the previously appointed signal by which John was assured that this was the long-expected Messiah. He cried out to the crowd, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' and would have suspended the baptism, saying to Jesus, 'I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?' But Jesus insisted on becoming as perfect an example in religion as he had already been in daily living. To me the sweetest thought in all this story is that it was faithfulness in his boyhood and in the long and lowly years of mechanical toil to which that word out of the opened heavens must chiefly refer: 'Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased.' Nothing better could God say at the Transfiguration when he had added the professional life of a doctor and teacher. That was a wise bootblack who thought a 'good job' at his trade would 'please God.'"

"I remember," said Tom Brown, "that such approvals in Bible times often came from heaven even upon men who in human imperfection sought to do God's will—the fire descending upon Abel's and Elijah's altars; Abraham's testimony that his ways pleased God; Joshua's cheer from heaven as he took the arduous duties of leading Israel, 'Be of good courage;' the baptism of Gideon's fleece; the word to Paul amid persecution, 'Fear not; I am with thee;' sweetest of all, the angel's message to Daniel, 'Thou art greatly beloved.' Not now in audible speech, but surely in whispers of peace, every young man starting out on a Christlike life receives the divine approval, whether he follows Christ in hammering or healing."

"As to the mode of baptism," Uncle Will remarked, "we shall all agree that the most important thing is that our baptism should be like that of Jesus in that we too shall have the baptism of the Spirit and the divine witness that our ways please God."



THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

. . .

The Tempted Christ "How strange," said Mr. Isaacs, a Hebrew-Christian, "that Jesus should have found it only a step from the door of heaven to the gates of hell, even as Elijah went from the mount of victory straight to the juniper tree. No sooner had Jesus come to the full consciousness that he was the Messiah, than temptations which were of a lofty type suggested by his mission, thronged upon him with such force that for forty days in the wilderness he forgot to eat. We are told of only the concluding temptations, which are given as samples only of those he encountered all his life."

"The first thing," said Saunders, "that strikes me in the temptation story, is that it was in the wilderness that Christ encountered his greatest temptations, as if to warn the monks of every age that they cannot escape the devil by moving into the country."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "of some boy monks I have known whose parents have attempted a too-absolute seclusion, cutting them off almost totally from other children. Henry, was an only child, whom his father, a clergyman, shut away almost entirely from other children, fearing that he would learn some evil from them. While other children were engaged in merry sports, he was a silent, hungry onlooker from the monastery of his own yard, where he was tethered by an invisible chain. He was not allowed to attend the public school, but had lessons every day alone with his father as his teacher. When a bicycle was purchased for him, he was not permitted to ride through the street, but only in a circumscribed circle in his own yard, where one might have thought he was training for a circus. He was not even permitted to go to Sabbath School, because, once upon a time, he got into a squabble with a classmate. This conventionalized child monk calls up the words of Emerson:

All are needed by each one,
Nothing is good or fair alone.

'I pray not,' said Jesus, 'that thou wouldst take them out of the world, but that thou wouldst keep them from the evil.'"

. . .

Conceptions of the Tempter "Speaking of monks," said Mrs. Smith, mother of Mabel and Frank, "I notice that at least three modern artists represent the devil coming to Christ in the pious garb of a monk or fakir. One of these, by Concilius, seems to me the most powerful of all pictures of this mystic scene. My Frank finds a grim satisfaction in the Apollyon of our illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress*, which combines with the horns and hoofs of a cow, the wings of a bat, all strangely attached, in medieval fashion, to the body of a man; but we cannot think such a hideous creature could tempt Christ or anybody else. Jesus was 'tempted as we are,' and therefore by an invisible tempter, no doubt; and the whole action described in the temptation story was probably one of thought."

"To a Jew," said Mr. Isaacs, "it is clear that these temptations are, in the main, inducements to substitute the devil's short cuts of politics for the slower and surer sta manship of Christ in the development the Kingdom of God; that is, the Ch tianizing of society. 'Use your mira power to conquer the Romans quick suggested the tempter, 'rather than pend on your teachings to conv them slowly. Get your crown as a wo ruler in short order by force rather th waste centuries in winning it by con tion.'"

"The essence of the first temptatio said Uncle Will, "is the temptation to dulge any appetite harmfully or to our God-given powers for selfish en If we could come off victorious in t larger battles with natural desires, must get in the habit of winning lesser battles; for instance, when tempt to eat what would harm us, or to sleep wh duty calls us to rise. Christ had just come the consciousness of miracle power, and w should he not use it to turn stones to bre as he came out of his forty days of fastin Because God gave him that power for spiritu uses. So the man whom God makes an art must not choose his subjects by the test the salesroom, but paint what God gives h to paint and sing what God gives him to si 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' T 'word,' that is, the will of God, as revealed one's talent, is to be first, and the 'bread' secondary matter. We must never sacrifi true life for 'a living.' 'A man may ste rather than starve,' says a Catholic cardin 'A man may lie rather than die,' says Methodist editor. Both are cases of trusti the father of lies instead of the Father truth and love.

"You have perhaps heard" he added, "abo Knud Iverson, the little Norwegian boy Chicago; how, as he was going for his fathe cow, a company of boys wanted him to ste some apples from a gentleman's garden, a threatened that if he did not they would du him in the river; and how the noble boy lowed himself to be actually drowned rath than consent to do wrong. Will those wh argue that one may lie to save life carry th theory to its next logical step, and say th this boy should have stolen rather than ri his life?"

. . .

The Second Temptation "The second temptation," sa Saunders, "is yet more subtl The tempter says to-day: 'Ca yourself down into a life of sin, for God is good he will interpose that you may not st fer the consequences.'"

"That calls up a story I am proud to tell our Frank," said Mr. Smith. "It came to n from one of the other boys. Frank was e gaged in playing with a friend named Willi In the place where their sport was carried c stood a cherry tree, full of ripe fruit. 'Frank!' cried Willie, 'let us pick some of the nice red cherries.' 'No,' said Frank, 'you kno we were told not to touch one of them.' 'Bu Frank, there is no one here to see us; yo needn't be afraid. And, if your father shou find out that we took them, he is so kind th he would not hurt you.' 'That is why I wou not touch them,' said Frank. 'I know m father would not hurt me; yet for me to di obey, would hurt him, and I would not wish grieve him for the world.' Another kind of boy, threatened with merited punishmen saucily responded, 'I don't care what you do Jesus takes care of me.' The kindness of Go should keep us from sinning, but there is a other side. God will not prevent his law from taking their course, if you leap into roaring torrent; and no more will he if fro your heart temple you deliberately plung down into sin."

"That third temptation," said Saunders, "w often meet; it is the temptation to achiev desirable results by the devil's short cuts; fo instance, getting money for the relief of th poor by charity balls, lotteries and theatr benefits."

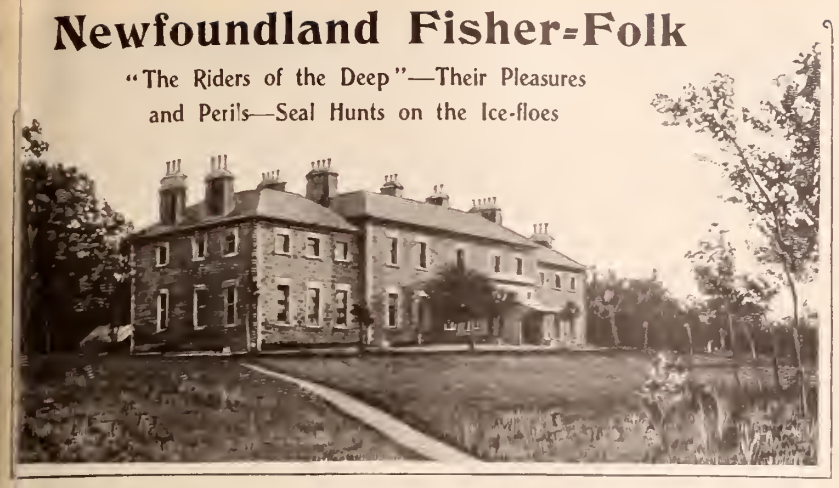
"Christ's victorious shield, the Bible, he ha passed on to us in stronger form," said Uncl Will. "It was a leaf of the much-belittle Deuteronomy which Christ thus quoted a the sure word of God. Our shield is a muc larger Bible than Jesus had."

Tom Brown at this point turned about h home blackboard:

"We must not forget," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "how, after temptation, angels came to ministe to Christ. They come to us in the very mids of temptation. And why may we not be a angels ourselves to strengthen the tempte young men about us whom we are looking a askance, instead of giving them a word o warning and help?"

Newfoundland Fisher-Folk

"The Riders of the Deep"—Their Pleasures and Perils—Seal Hunts on the Ice-floes



"GOVERNMENT HOUSE," ST. JOHNS, N. F.

ENGLAND'S oldest colony, the home of the Riders of the Deep and their wives, is to many a New-Found-Land, as it was to most parts of the world at the time of its discovery by John Cabot, in 1497. I spent three months there in health-seeking nd met with the greatest hospitality om the highest of rank to the humblest herman in the outports. I might de- ribe scenery that would vie with Nor- ay's: but it was the common people who terested me most—the simple, earnest her-folk.

Alternately the Island had been in the ssession of the French and English; d Newfoundland's fisheries, "richer an the gold mines of Peru," have fre ently been cause for national conten- ons. After the rebellion and famine in Ire- nd in 1798, and after each succeeding mine, the people from Erin came in owds to St. hns, for this ort was ever en to all. The cotch, from ne to time. ame in moder- e numbers. he very first ettlers were om Devon- ire, England, nd stanch, gged charac- rs they were. s readers of the ecular press e aware the rench shore eaty is now (as has been for any years), one Newfound- nd's greatest oblems. At e treaty of trecht, 1713, hen New- undland was finally ceded to England, e privilege was assured to France of king and drying fish on about one-third f the coast, and six different treaties ave confirmed this privilege.

Thus it is that there is here an inter- ingling of English, Scotch and Irish, nd while the Queen's English is still re- ained, and there are many finely edu- ated people, there is a strong Irish ccent of the "Auld Counthrie" of years go among the fisher-folk. All the coves, hich dent like fjords the shores of the sland, making an ever-changing and icturesque scene, are filled with fishing illages, which originally were inhabited y people of English or Irish nationality, ho may now be termed with the blend- ng of the nations—for fishermen of all nds have frequented this coast—and dded time, distinctly Newfoundlanders. Here—and not uncommonly in the streets f St. Johns—one hears the broad salu- ation of "Good-marnin'," and the hearty nquiry "How are ye-atall."

Speech is often contracted and unintel- gible. From the outport of Torbay, for nstance, a woman coming to the door to sell er blueberries, will inquire, "Have any urts?" meaning "hurtleberries." "Tackle nd untackle your horse" is a common hrase. Many words now obsolete, nd not found in Webster or Worcester are used locally. For instance, a small "yaffle" will denote as many fish as can be held in two hands. Rain will be predicted thus: "We're going to have some dirt," or "We're going to have some weather." The courtesy of an old Irishman in the country is expressed thus, "Come out an' see us! Plenty o' 'ospitality; country's tay is better than the town's tay anny day!" The fisher-folk are superstitious; their hearts are warm, alive to any sorrow, hospitable to the core. Accustomed to scenes of shipwreck and disaster, they meet trouble bravely as an every-day occurrence. It is their duty to be heroic, and they parade not their good deeds.

There had been a terrible storm on the northern Atlantic, and all along its coast there was still an angry sea. I was boarding the seaworthy steamer *Bruce*, anchored among the rocks at Port aux Basques. An old fisherwoman, to whom I had already said good-by, came hurriedly through the gale of wind on the wharf, pushing the people aside as she came. "Sure, Miss, you're not going to go in such a sea as this; come, lay over, come up to my own house; there's tea and potatoes, and bread and molasses—and a bed as long as you want." I said I must go, and thanked her: "Well, then, if you must go, leave something behind you, and you'll come back to us sure." They have many superstitions similar to the one indicated in her remark.

THE COVE OF QUIDI VIDI ("BEAUTIFUL VIEW")

Near St. Johns, each little cove of Quidi Vidi (meaning "beautiful view," and corrupted in everyday parlance to "Kitty Vitti") has its own church, school, etc. A beautiful spot is Kitty Vitti—hewn out by nature from the huge boulders. The hard-working fishermen have few hours for leisure or for needed rest, or the women either, during the making of cod. Yet these women will stop and talk most courteously with a stranger, and I have gained many valuable points of information from them; the same is true of the fishermen on various wharves. The making of cod is no easy task. Women are seen day after day turning and drying the fish on flakes, covered with spruce boughs. Greatest care must be taken; for if one fish is imperfect it discredits the whole pile with the purchasing merchant at market. These women look very picturesque in their short skirts and their three-cornered capes, worn over the head. Many a time would they stop and tell a good story or give some fishwife-witticism, like "The cod was so salt that it cooked itself," or an invitation to "Come into me house and have a cup o' tay. The man's away." They have good tea and they know how to make it.

The March and April seal-hunt in the ice-seas of the North are hazardous trips. The humane must grieve over the killing of thousands upon thousands of seals. The seals cry like human children when attacked, yet this hunt is the greatest source of revenue to those who need it sorely. I was at St. Johns in March, when the great seal-hunt was on among the northern ice-floes. In the beautiful, almost land-locked harbor of St. Johns, "as sweet a day as ever you'd see"—said Skipper Jackson to me—"fourteen vessels, with all their sails set, were steaming out toward the broad sea." On the shore were the wives of these Riders of the Deep. The last good-by had been said to wives and mothers and sweethearts, too, to whom they might never return; and up from each vessel arose as one grand chorus a song like this:

To the ice, to the ice we go, we go!
Brave in life, brave in death—we go, we go!

The fisherman's greatest danger, however, is not of the seal hunt and the ice-floes; it is that which comes from strong drink—the peril of the sea-faring man everywhere. Smuggled whiskey comes in somehow through all the ports. Lady Thorborn, of St. Johns, is at the head of a Temperance Union, organized a few years ago, and which has put forth earnest, though yet unsuccessful efforts to prevent this. There is room and to spare for missionary effort among the cove-dwellers; this is not to say, however, that faithful labor has not and is not being done by the various denominations, which are chiefly Church of England, Scotch Presbyterian, Wesleyan Methodists, and Roman Catholic. All Newfoundland, and St. Johns, in particular, owes a great deal to Rev. Dr. Moses Harvey. Every philanthropic movement of consequence that has been started in St. Johns in recent years has profited by his interest, influence and devotion.

On one side of Kitty Vitti harbor the folks are all Roman Catholics; on the other, Episcopalians. They have very little to do with each other until Christmas eve, when they visit back and forth, and all together attend midnight mass on the Catholic side. On New Year's eve the Catholics all come over to the Protestant side and join the Episcopalian congregation in listening to an historical sermon in the Episcopal Church. M. B.

"KITTY VITTI" HARBOR, NEWFOUNDLAND

Seattle's Wayside Mission

A Rescue Work in Seattle, Wash., which has Been Greatly Blessed

NO more appropriate name could be given to an effort to fulfill Christ's commission in scattering the seed by the wayside, than has been bestowed upon the Wayside Mission of Seattle, Wash. This Mission was founded by Alexander De Soto a little over a year ago. Doubtless many readers of this journal will remember the little party of men who set out from the Old Bowery Mission a few years ago, intending to walk across the continent to Seattle, and thence to the Klondike. The leader of this party was Captain de Soto, a New York business man, whose conversion had wrought a marvelous change in his life and aspirations. On arriving at Seattle, the season being too far advanced to proceed further, Mr. De Soto was impressed with the favorable opening there for a Gospel Mission. A suitable building was engaged on 316 Railroad avenue, a few blocks from the worst resorts in Seattle. The first meeting was held Nov. 8, 1898, just one year from the day that the party left New York. The Mission hall was thronged and men were brought to Christ even in those first meetings. In the rear part of the building a free dispensary was fitted up for giving advice and medicine to the sick poor. Since the Mission was opened between four and five thousand have received free medical aid and attendance, and in many homes suffering ones found without medical care have been also aided. In this branch of the work, Capt. De Soto has been assisted by Dr. E. L. Johnson, and also by Miss Jane Beyers, a medical student.

Both indoor and open-air Gospel meetings have been greatly blessed. Outdoor meetings have been held on what is known as the "Billy's Mug" Corner—a neighborhood where every door is a saloon. By these means many thousands have heard the Gospel. The hungry, the homeless, the sick and the friendless of Seattle have cause to bless the Wayside Mission.

The Mission dispenses about sixty or seventy free meals a day, or about 25,000 a year. Capt. De Soto has enlisted the sympathy and help of many consecrated workers from the Seattle churches. The Free Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches are warmly interested, and aid the work freely. One of the chief supporters of the Mission is Judge Roger S. Greene, of the Tabernacle (Baptist) church. Substantial aid has come from the North Baptist Church. A Mr. Duffy has furnished one hundred loaves of bread every week for over a year. The faculty and students of Seattle Seminary have taken an active part in conducting the meetings. Their Friday night services, led by Prof. M. C. Clarke, have been a blessing to many. All the domestic work of the Mission is done by converts who make it their home. No collections are taken. The work has been conducted entirely on faith, and its spiritual results have been far-reaching.

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The Two-Fold Danger from Polygamy

MORMONISM is a political power disguised under the cloak of religion. It already has great political holdings in several of the States. The men who want office are required to consult the Mormon authorities in Utah. But the new movement which Mr. Roberts leads, is to secure from the country a recognition of the claims of polygamy. In his book, *A New Witness for God*, Mr. Roberts argues that man's spirit is the literal offspring of God; that man has not only a Father, but a mother in heaven, and that the power of endless increase will contribute to the dominion of those who attain by their righteousness to these privileges. In other words, he argues that heaven itself is a vast theatre of polygamous life, of which the Creator is the Supreme Head. This is taught as against the teachings of the Son of God, whose words are that in the future world there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, but that the inhabitants shall be as the angels of heaven.

A Strange History

LAST July, Benjamin D. Maxham died at Vineland, N. J., leaving $100,000 to found the New Jersey Training School for Feeble-Minded Children. In early life he had been a gambler, owning a large number of faro banks in San Francisco and Virginia City. He was a man of large proportions, with an immense head and strong features. Mr. Maxham was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1821; ran away to sea; deserted the ship in Brazil; learned photography; located in San Francisco, and there made his fortune. Later he established a miners' supply house in Virginia City, conducting also a banking business. While there, according to *The Christian Advocate*, this incident, related by himself, occurred in his career:

"One evening I noticed that my watch-dog put his head to the brick flooring of my establishment and growled. He did so again, and on the third night I grew suspicious and put my ear to the spot where the dog had repeatedly growled. 'Click, click, click' were the sounds that reached me. Robbers tunneling for my bank, thought I. Then I figured upon a scheme to fix them. My place was located upon a hill sloping toward a river about 200 yards distant. The next day I walked along the river bank and discovered the opening to the tunnel. Early that evening I drew a straight line from my house to the tunnel entrance, and about midway between bored several holes about ten feet deep with a long auger. These I filled with powder. At about midnight, when the sounds of digging were again heard beneath my house, I touched off the fuse, and a tremendous explosion followed. I never heard that clicking noise again under my house. Those robbers, who would undoubtedly have murdered me, dug a tunnel which turned out to be their grave. A couple of men were missed from the town, but nobody in the State of Montana ever knew their fate except myself."

Late in life Mr. Maxham settled in Vineland, became a trustee in the Presbyterian church, became a great reader of Drummond's books, and finally made the above generous bequest for feeble-minded children. His last years were very serious, and he was anxious to leave any subject for religious conversation.

A Word with Our Readers

WE are in receipt of letters from several of our readers, who take us to task because this journal has not enthusiastically espoused the cause of England in the South African war. To these well-meaning inquirers we have simply to say that to advocate the cause of either belligerent would be wholly inconsistent on the part of a journal which upholds the principles of the Prince of Peace, as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has always aimed to do. Far from advocating or approving war, we conceive it to be the duty of a Christian newspaper to exert its influence toward dissuading nations and governments from adopting the sword as a means of settling their difficulties, and to urge arbitration instead.

With regard to those of our readers who have written to us in the way of friendly criticism concerning "Aunt Samantha's Journey," we are happy to state that since the recent publication in these columns of a letter from a St. Louis subscriber, we have received hundreds of letters, the writers of which express their high appreciation of Miss Holley's admirable work. They recognize her wonderful ability and her influence as a moral and social reformer, and they believe, with us, that her writings will be read by, and will make their impress upon the lives of, very many who could never be reached by ordinary literary methods, even in a Christian newspaper.

We regard the net increase of 35,000 in our subscription list, over last year, as conclusive evidence of the popular appreciation in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its work are held by the great religious reading community. It is a magnificent and most gratifying testimony to the character and results of the work to which, under Divine blessing, it has been called in the past, and an evidence of absolute confidence in its policy for the future.

Sympathy for the Queen

THE splendors of a throne cover up, so far as our eyes are concerned, the grief of royalty. But the sorrows of those who live in palaces are as wearing and exhausting as those who live in cabins. How much of sadness Queen Victoria has suffered since five o'clock in the morning of June 20th, 1837, she was awakened by a loud knocking at her door and soon after told she was Queen of England! In 1840, she dodged the bullet of Edward Oxford while riding in Hyde Park. Again and again "the Boy Jones," as he was called, was found secreting himself in Buckingham Palace, for what purpose no one can positively know. He said it was only for the pleasure of coming into the presence of the Queen, but there was suspicion that he hid there for a different purpose. In 1842, on Constitution Hill and in Green Park she was twice assailed by one, John Francis, her life saved in the one instance by the fact that the pistol missed fire, the villain standing within two paces when he took aim.

Another attempt upon her life was made by Bean, the hunchback. The year 1861 has been called by the Queen "the year of sorrow," because that year her husband, Prince Albert, died. In 1878, her daughter, Princess Alice, died. Then through many of the years of her reign were cut the deep trenches of battle-fields. Who can tell what the queenly sympathy must have felt in 1857, when the groan of Lucknow and Cawnpore and Delhi made all nations shudder. What must have been her heart-twich when the Prince Imperial of France was sacrificed for England? Would that the evening of her life might have heard no sound of clashing hosts! But this is denied her. Whether sympathizing with the English or the Boers in the awful conflict now raging in South Africa, all right-minded people will condole with the sorrow in Balmoral and Osborne and Buckingham palaces. Alas, that there is no escape from taking a copious draught from the bitter Marah! Edmund Burke, at the height of his fame, tearfully caressing the horse of his dead boy; Abraham Lincoln, desolate in the White House over the casket of "little Tad;" Lord Roberts promoted to the head of the English army while his son lies dead at the front of the regiment he was leading—all these only add to the doleful illustrations of what the exalted in place and power may be called to suffer. Let our prayers arise for all those whose honors are shadowed with storms of trouble. God comfort the queen!

A Great Success

NEVER have we derived more satisfaction from any business deal arranged for the benefit of our subscribers than from the great offer recently submitted to them in connection with the Concert Roller Organ. We made provision for a thousand of these excellent instruments, and the very first announcement resulted in the sale of more than half the entire number; and the letters of commendation which we are receiving from the purchasers are indeed very gratifying. For the home, for Sunday Schools, for Cottage Prayer Meetings and other social gatherings to the greater success of which music is likely to contribute, there is nothing superior to this Organ.

The instrument can be successfully operated by any child old enough to turn a crank; the music rollers are indestructible, being made of wood and steel; the music is continuous (no rewinding of paper music at the end of a verse), and the volume is sufficient to fill a good sized hall. Over a thousand different airs are now ready: religious, popular, patriotic and operatic, and these are sold at twenty-five cents each.

The Organs, with five pieces of music, are offered at $12 if purchased on instalments of a dollar a month, or at $10 for spot cash. The present stock closes the deal. No extension. The instrument is sold only to members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family. Address,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEP'T,
Bible House, New York.

The Proposed Moody Endowment

At a meeting of Mr. Moody's friends, held in Northfield on the evening of his funeral, it was resolved that a statement regarding the institution, founded by him be given to the public. With this end in view the following was prepared:

"These institutions are unique in character, and offer an unequalled opportunity for young men and women of limited means to secure an education that will thoroughly equip them for Christian life and service. They consist of the Northfield Seminary and Training School for young women, Mount Hermon School for young men, and the Bible Institute, Chicago. All are incorporated.

"The Northfield plant consists of about 1,200 acres of land and about thirty buildings, beautifully situated and excellently equipped. With present endowment it is valued at two and a quarter millions, and is practically free from debt. At Chicago the buildings, land and endowment exceed $250,000 in value. The Northfield Schools have about 900 students each, who are charged $100 per annum for board and tuition. The actual cost is about $200. At Chicago the amount required approximates $150 each for 300 students. In brief, therefore, a sum of about $125,000 is annually required to maintain the work inaugurated by Mr. Moody on the principles successfully pursued for the past twenty years.

"This sum has heretofore been largely raised by his personal efforts. We believe his friends will now wish to express their appreciation of him and their gratitude to God for his accomplished work by sharing the responsibility bequeathed to his children by raising the present limited endowment to $3,000,000, the interest of which, at four per cent., would guarantee the perpetuation of his work in all its present prosperity. Such an endowment would be a monument to his memory more enduring than brass or marble, and just such a memorial as he himself would have most desired.

"The appeal is therefore made now to Mr. Moody's friends throughout the world to contribute (without curtailing their support of current expenses) to a Moody Memorial Endowment, notifying his elder son, W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass., of the amount they are moved to give."

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Sydney C. Partridge has been appointed Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Japan. Negotiations have been opened with the English Church for the transfer of Episcopal jurisdiction to the American Bishop.

The late General Wauchope, who was killed by the Boers in South Africa recently, was an elder in the Church of Scotland. He sat in the last General Assembly, and also represented his church as deputy in the Irish Assembly.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia recently celebrated its centennial. The congregations were large, many former members and friends of the church uniting with the present attendants in the celebration.

Mrs. Maggie Van Cott has been conducting revival services in New York. They were held in the Second Street M. E. Church, which was crowded night after night. The evangelist has lost none of her old-time power with the passage of years.

News comes from Pekin, China, of another martyrdom. A missionary of the Church Missionary Society named Brooks, was attacked and murdered by a Chinese seditious society. The crime was committed in Ping Yin, in the province of Shang Tung.

Rev. L. F. Jones, who is laboring in Alaska, reports that during 1899 the number of converts received was greater than in any previous year. Seventeen entire families joined the church, besides individual additions. He writes very hopefully of future prospects.

The Twenty-third Ave. Presbyterian Church of Denver, is rejoicing in a period of prosperity spiritual and financial. During the six years of the present pastorate of Rev. Francis E. Smiley, it has reduced its debt by thirty thousand dollars and has added more than five hundred names to the church roll.

Mrs. M. Baxter, who is now visiting missionary stations in India, writes that unless help comes speedily from other lands, large numbers of people must die of starvation. The Government is opening relief works, but if the missionaries had money they could save thousands of lives which must be lost before the relief camps get into operation.

Rev. F. H. Jacobs, who has been assisting Dr. A. C. Dixon in the pastorate of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, will be glad to assist any pastor in evangelistic services. Mr. Jacobs assisted Mr. Moody in many of his late campaigns and is specially useful in the inquiry room and in the singing. His address is 237 Cumberland Street, Brooklyn.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given three hundred thousand dollars to extend the education work at Cooper Union, New York. The Cooper family in gratefully acknowledging the gift, announce a further gift of their own. They add two hundred thousand dollars to the fund, which makes an aggregate addition of half a million to this most beneficent institution.

At the annual meeting of Livingstone College, Bishop Tugwell testified to the inestimable value of medical knowledge in missionaries, saying that it enabled men to gain a friendly footing with the heathen and relieved much suffering. Through the influence of such missionaries infanticide, formerly common, has been much checked and in many districts abandoned.

The Y. M. C. A. of Yale University has organized a Bible class for Japanese students, of whom there are about twenty in the University. Some of them are Christians, but others are interested only on gaining secular knowledge. Earnest prayer is being offered that all these young men who, on their return to Japan will be professors in colleges, may go back earnest and avowed followers of Christ.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who is in her seventy-eighth year, surprises her friends by eagerly accepting invitations to lecture, and more work in the philanthropic causes in which she has so long labored. She lost her husband recently and she says that she finds in her work the best consolation in the heavy bereavement. She says: "My work is more to me now than money, sympathy, food or raiment."

The Conflict in South Africa

NEWS from the seat of war in South Africa during the week ended January 6, was chiefly concerned with the movements of Gen. French in the district, a map of which appears on this page. It appears that Gen. French succeeded in outflanking the Boers at Colesberg, which is on the southern border of the Orange Free State. He was, however, not strong enough to follow up his advantage and it is not clear whether he finally occupied the town. In attempting to push his way further he met with a reverse and one of his companies, comprising seven officers and seventy men, were made prisoners. Gen. Methuen has been unable to advance to the relief of Kimberley. His position on the Modder River was strengthened, but the Boers were in such force in front and on both flanks that he was unable to attack them, or to make an attempt to turn their position. The reports at the close of the week from Ladysmith increased the anxiety prevailing in Great Britain. After a heavy bombardment, the Boers on Saturday, Jan. 6, attacked the town in force. The garrison, though debilitated by short rations and disease, fought bravely and Gen. White signalled that the attack had been repulsed. It was, however, speedily renewed and with such vigor that Gen. White reported he was "very hard pressed." In the meantime, Gen. Buller, with a large force, little more than fifteen miles away, was unable to go to his assistance. As will be seen from the picture of the Tugela river on this page, the crossing of that stream, which flows between Gen. Buller's camp and Ladysmith, must be a hazardous undertaking. The hills are occupied by the Boers, who have artillery of long range and command every place at which the river is fordable. There have been generals who at any cost would have made the attempt on learning that another officer was in straits so desperate, but Gen. Buller does not appear to feel that he is justified in running so great a risk. The situation from a British standpoint is consequently very gloomy, and it remains to be seen whether even a veteran so able as Gen. Roberts, who is now on his way to the scene of action, can relieve the losses and blunders of the campaign. It is evident that the Boers were far better prepared for the war than were the British, and there must be many Englishmen who clamored for the conflict, who now must regret that they did not follow the advice of the wise king:

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbor hath put thee to shame (Prov. 25: 8).

Missed a Legacy

A strange suit has just been tried in a New Jersey court. It arose out of the sale of some building lots. The lawyer acting for the purchasers, in investigating the title, found that the land had once formed part of an estate which did not appear to have been formally settled. The estate had been disposed of by a will probated in 1866, the executors of which had omitted to get proper release and a discharge. Both executors were dead, and their heirs scattered. A copy of the will was secured, and a request was sent to the legatees, who are the trustees of a church in Vermont, for a formal release. The legacy was for a thousand dollars, but the trustees said it had never been paid to the church. As the residuary legatees are dead and there is no way of tracing their inheritance, the trustees brought suit against the present owners of the land which formed part of the estate. The court, however, has dismissed the suit, on the ground that the Statute of Limitations covered the case, and that whether the trustees knew or did not know of the legacy, they could not recover after an interval of thirty-four years. It may be hoped that the lesson thus taught may be useful to them and other church officers and members. There are rich blessings that God offers to those who seek them, which are not conferred on any who are indifferent to them:

Lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it (Heb. 4: 1).

A Dog in Prison

Among the prisoners committed by the Recorder, at Hoboken, N. J., last week, was a dog who received a sentence of sixty days' imprisonment for vagrancy. The sentence was pronounced at the urgent request of the dog's owner, who was also a prisoner. One of the dock policemen had found the man on a pier, and, suspecting that he was meditating suicide, took him to the station. The explanation the prisoner made was that he had been unable to obtain employment, and had walked up and down the pier to keep from freezing. The sergeant would have sent the man to the almshouse, but he refused to go unless his dog, a poor mongrel animal who had followed him to the station-house, was allowed to go with him. As this was against the rules, the man was detained as a vagrant and his dog was permitted to stay with him. In court, the next morning, the prisoner told the Recorder that he owed his life to his dog. The animal had awakened him on one occasion just in time for him to escape drowning. He had vowed then that he would never part with the dog, and he meant to keep his vow. He would go out into the streets and both die together rather than be separated. He stooped and patted the dog's head, saying he was the only friend he had left, and the dog looked up affectionately and licked his hand. The Recorder was so affected by the spectacle that he sentenced dog and man to sixty days in prison and the man followed by his dog, went contentedly away. He could not forget his obligation to his dog. Many men would have felt the same way, but how few there are, comparatively, who, while they know that Christ died to save them from a fate worse than death, feel similar gratitude to him.

He came unto his own, but his own received him not (John 1: 11).

Denied Her Husband

A remarkable scene was witnessed one day last week on the steps of a church in New York. There had been a wedding in the church and the bridal party was just coming out, when the bridegroom made some remark to his bride which those around could not hear. She became violently agitated and finally sank down fainting on the steps of the church. A crowd quickly gathered around the prostrate girl. A policeman, seeing it, hurried up and forced his way through. The bridegroom told him to go on about his business, as there was no need of his services. The policeman, however, insisted on staying till the girl recovered sufficiently to explain. When she regained consciousness, he asked her, among other things, who the man was who had tried to get rid of him. The girl said she did not know him and had never seen him before; but the man declared that she had just been married to him. The policeman took them both to the station, where the girl persisted in her statement that the man was a stranger to her. They were detained while an officer was sent to investigate. During his absence the two conversed, and finally the girl came out of the room where the pair had been waiting, and told the captain that they were "reconciled." She admitted that the man was her husband and they were allowed to depart together. The reconciliation of which the bride spoke, did not, however, explain the assertion that she had never seen the man before who was really her husband. Perhaps when she made it she had not fully recovered her senses, otherwise she would have known that she could not rid herself of her obligations by a statement so easily disproved. Some men would not have forgiven her for making it, and we are warned that when any of Christ's people act so, he treats the offence as specially heinous:

Even denying the Lord who bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction (II. Peter 2:1).

The Elixir of Life Found Again

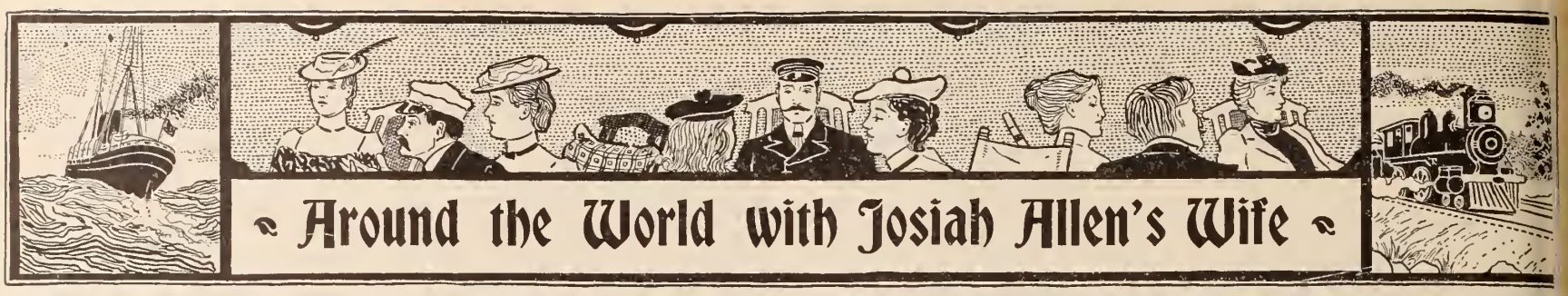
Another announcement is made of the discovery of the Elixir of Life. Every few years some chemist appears who boasts of having discovered the long sought panacea for the ills that flesh is heir to, the tonic which will indefinitely prolong life. This time the discovery has been made in Paris. A newspaper correspondent recently visited the Pasteur Institute in that city, and found one of the professors, Prof. Metchnikoff—presumably from his name, a Russian—busy with a series of experiments. It had been accidentally found that if the blood of a rabbit were injected into a guinea pig, and then the blood of the guinea pig injected into a rabbit, the rabbit would die. But if only a minute portion of the guinea pig's blood were injected, the rabbit would be stimulated. An examination showed that after the injection, the red globules of the blood were more than doubled in number. The professor at once realized that if he had found a means of increasing the number of red globules in the blood, he had made a discovery of prime importance, for it is the deficiency of these red globules that leads to the decay of the cells of the human organism and the consequent symptoms of old age. He has therefore been making experiments to find out the size of the dose required for a man and the right kind of lymph to be given in special cases. It is little likely that the professor has found the real elixir, which has evaded the search of the ages. The only way in which men can attain their ambition to defy the passage of time and live forever is that which Christ came to reveal.

He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die (John 11: 25).

SEAT OF WAR ON THE ORANGE FREE STATE BORDER

GEN. FRED'K S. ROBERTS

BEND OF THE TUGELA RIVER



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER VII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PET

SAMANTHA IN CALIFORNIA

THE next mornin' after we arrived at San Francisco, Robert Strong appeared at the hotel bright and early, and I don't know when I've ever seen anybody I liked so well. Miss Meechim invited me into her settin'-room to see him.

Havin' hearn so much about his deep, earnest nater and deathless desire to do all the good he could whilst on his earthly pilgrimage, I expected to see a grave, quiet man with lines of care and conflict engraved deep on his sober, solemn visage.

But I wuz never more surprised to see a bright, laughin', happy face that smiled back into mine as Albina Meechim proudly introduced her nephew to me.

Why, thinkses I to myself, where can such strength of character, such nobie purpose, such original and successful business habits be hidden in that handsome, smilin' face and them graceful, winnin' ways, as he laughed and talked with his aunt and Dorothy.

But anon at some chance word of blame and criticism from Miss Meechim, makin' light of his City of Justice and its inhabitants she looked down on, a light blazed up in his eyes and lit up his face, some as a fire in our open fireplace lights up the spare-room, and I see stand out for a minute on the background of his fair handsome face a picture of heroism, love, endeavor that fairly stunted me for a time. And I never felt afterwards anything but perfect confidence in him; no matter how light and trifling wuz his talk with Dorothy, or how gay and boyishly happy wuz his clear laughter.

He had worked well and faithful, givin' his hull mind and heart to his endeavor to do all the good he could and now he wuz bound to play well, and git all the good and rest he could out of his play spell. And I hadn't been with 'em more'n several hours before I thought that I had seen further into his heart and hopes and intentions than Miss Meechim had in all her born days.

Robert Strong, before he went away, invited us all to go and see his City of Justice and we agreed with considerable satisfaction to do so, or at least I did and I spoze the rest did. Miss Meechim would be happy in any place where her nephew wuz, that you could see plain, as much as she disapproved of his methods. Dorothy, I couldn't see so plain what she did think, she bein' one that didn't always let her lips say everything her heart felt, but she used Robert real polite, and we all had a real agreeable visit.

Out Sight-seeing

Robert got a big carriage and took us all out driving that afternoon, Miss Meechim and I settin' on the back seat, and Robert and Dorothy facing us, and Tommy perched on Robert's knee; Tommy jest took to him, and visey-versey. Robert thought he wuz just about the brightest little boy he had ever seen, and Tommy sot there, a little pale but happy, and wonnered about things, and Robert answered all his "wonners" so fur as he could.

We drove through beautiful streets lined with elegant houses, and the dooryards wuz a sight. Think of my little scraggly geraniums and oleanders and cactuses I've carried round in my hands all winter and been proud on. And then think of geranium and oleander trees just as common as our maples and loaded with flowers. And palm and bananna trees, little things we brood over in our houses in the winter, and roses that will look spindlin' with me, do the best I can, in December, all growin' out-doors fillin' the air with fragrance.

Sight-seeing at Seal Rock

Robert Strong said that we must go to the Cliff House, and Tommy wanted to see the seals.

Poor things! I felt bad to see 'em, and to think that there wuz a war of extermination tryin' to be waged aginst 'em, because they interfered with the rights of a few. One of the most interesting animals on the Western continent! It seems too bad they're tryin' to wipe 'em out of existence because the fishermen say they eat a sammon now and then. Why shouldn't they, who more than half belong to the water-world, once in a great while have a little taste of the good things of that world as well as to have 'em all devoured by the inhabitants of dry land? And they say that the seals eat sharks too—I should think that that paid for all the good fish they eat. But to resoom. Tommy didn't think of the rights or the wrongs of the seals, he had no disquictin' thoughts to mar his anticipations, but he wonnered if he could put his hands through 'em like he could his ma's seal muff. He thought that they wuz muffs, silk lined—the idee! And he "wonnered" a sight when he see the great peaceable lookin' creeters down in the water and on the rocks, havin' a good time, so fur as we could see, in their own world, and mindin' their own bizness; not tryin' to git ashore and kill off the fishermen, because they ketched so many sammons. And Tommy had to feed the seals and do everything he could do. Robert Strong helpin' him in everything he undertook and he "wonnered" if they would ever be changed into muffs, and he "wonnered" if they would like to be with "ribbin bows on."

At my request we went through Lone Mountain Cemetery, a low mountain rising from the sandy beach, full of graves shaded by beautiful trees, and myriads of flowers bending over the silent sleepers, the resistless sea washing its base on one side—just as the sea of Death is washing up aginst one side of Life—no matter how gay and happy it is.

We rode home through a magnificent park of two thousand acres. Money had turned the sandy beach into a wealth of green lawns, beautiful trees and myriads of flowers. I had always sposed that them Eastern Genis in the *Arabian Nights* had palaces and things about as grand and luxurious as they make, but them old Genis could have got lots of pinters in luxury and grand surroundin's if they'd seen the homes of these nabobs in the environins of San Francisco. No tongue can tell the luxury and elegance of them abodes, and so I hain't a goin' to git out of patience with my tongue if it falters and gins out in the task.

"AM I SPEAKIN' TO THE WIDDER STANFORD?"

The next mornin' while Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz to the lawyers, tendin' to that bizness of hern and gittin' ready for their long tower, Robert Strong took me through one of them palaces. It stood only a little distance from the city and wuz occupied by one old gentleman, the rest of the family havin' died off and married, leavin' him alone in his glory. Well said, for glory surrounded the hull spot.

There wuz three hundred acres, all gardens and lawns and a drivin' park and a park full of magestick old live oaks, and acres and acres of the most beautiful flowers and all the choicest fruit you could think of.

The great stately mansion was a sight to go through—halls, libraries, gilded saloons, picture galleries, reception halls lined with mirrors, liard rooms, bowling alleys, whatever t may be, dining rooms, with mirrors tending from the floor to the lofty ceili

I wondered if the lonely old occup ever see reflected in them tall mirrors faces of them who had gone from him he sot there at that table, like some S omon on his throne. But all he had to wuz to press his old foot on a elect bell under the table, and forty serva would enter. But I'dno as he'd w em all—I shouldn't—it would take aw my appetite, I believe. Twenty carria of all kinds and thirty blooded hor wuz in his stables, them stables be enough sight nicer than any dwell house in Jonesville.

But what did that feeble old man w of twenty carriages? To save his life couldn't be in more than one to a tin and I am that afraid of horses, I felt t I wouldn't swap the old mair for the h on 'em.

At my strong request we made a tow one day to see Stanford University, t immense schoolhouse that is doin' much good in the world; why, good lan it is larger than you have any idee o why, take all the schoolhouses in Jon ville and Loontown and Zoar and put 'e all together, and then add to them all t meetin' houses in all them places a then it wouldn't be half nor a quarter big as this noble schoolhouse.

And the grounds about it are beautif beautiful! we wuz shown through t buildin', seein' all the helps to learning all kinds and the best there is in t world, and after that he went out on t grounds agin, and I sot down under shady tree, Dorothy and Robert wanti to go into another of the school building and Miss Meechim and Tommy walki down a beautiful side path. And I s there alone resting a little and meditat on the great good work one of my s wuz doin'.

"The Widder Stanford"

And even as methought I beheld a la walkin' down one of the paths towa me with a young girl by her side. A just as they got in front of me, the you girl called the lady, Mrs. Stanford. A even as she spoke, Mrs. Stanford seem to miss sunthin' and the young girl turn back to the house for it, and Mrs. Sta ford sot down nigh me, and my powerf emotions jest lifted me right up offen seat and carried me towards her, and sez in tones of feelin' and admiration:

"Am I speakin' to the widder Stanford

"TOMMY WANTED TO SEE THE SEALS"

And she said I wuz, she see in my face hy lofty emotions and spoke accordin'ly.

And I sez, "How glad I am to meet lou, Miss Stanford. Ever sence I've read f the great work you're doin' in helpin' loor boys and girls to an education I've anted to thank you for it and tell you lou're fittin' them out with the best and harpest tools there is to fight the world ith, and I've wanted to see you and tell lou how proud it makes me of the hull emale sect." And knowin' that she deerved to be encouraged jest as fur as he could, I added, "Josiah feels jest as I do."

"Josiah?" sez she inquiringly.

"Yes, Josiah Allen, my husband. I, too," ez I, with a chokin' voice, "am a widder o a certain extent, bein' parted away rom my pardner by land and water, and can sympathize with you, Widder Stanord, jest so fur as I've got." Sez I, "It's dretful lonesome state, I never realized t before."

She sithed deep and sez, "It wuz ineed."

And I went on, "If my feelin's are uch bein' parted away from a comanion by a tower, what must they be if he wuz gone into another world. But," ez I, wantin' to cheer her all I could, "jest think how the mantilly of sorrow hat wrops you round is starred with gems nd wreathed with flowers—gems of pure ratitude and love, and the posies of weet thoughts and remembrances. For ou must think sometimes of the good ou're doin', of the broad stream of helpul influences that flows out of this great nstitution of learning and goes on and n, broadening all the time and blessing nd refreshing a sad world. And," sez I, n a low, tender voice, "it is jest as the ittle lad, who has gone on, wants it to be. His eyes that closed too early, we all hought, on earthly seens, looks on ineffable beauty now in his new home, and he ees the dreams of his loving heart crysalized and taking shape day by day lown in his old home, under his ma's areful eye. He's looking down on you o-day," sez I. "Or why should say looking down when he is, believe clost by your side, holding up your arm that is weary ofttimes with its labor, soothing your poor for'ard when it aches with its burden of care and thought for others," sez I, lookin' dreamily off onto the green-shaded avenoos.

"He walks up and down these beautiful paths by his ma's side; he sees the great crowd of youths going out of these halls every year with praise and love for you and him in their hearts, going out to help the world to better living, to spread abroad the good they've got here. Don't you believe that the little lad is blessed and happy in seeing all this?"

She sez, "Yes, I do think so."

"Yes," sez I, "the hands that worldlings called dead and stopped forever from work reared up all them magestick walls and towers and arches," sez I, "he looks on and is happy. He that wuz so kind and helpful to every one, to the poor most of all, helped the world more in his death, than he could in his life."

"I know it," sez she, in a chokin' voice, "I know it."

"Well," sez I, pityin' her sad look, "a woman that has an angel of help for a child, how happy she ort to be." "But," sez she, "I have suffered! I have suffered!"

"Yes," sez I, "I know that, the cross of sorrow wuz laid on your shoulders and its weight most crushed you to the earth at first, but its sharp, heavy sides have turned to light as you bore it onwards. Yes, that cross of agony you bore has turned into a pillar of flame that lights dark places in this world; its light is streaming, streaming out, a lighthouse to help the sailors on life's tempestuous sea. Think of the thousands and thousands gropin' in darkness who will be helped by it into a happy haven years and years and years to come."

She looked brighter than she had looked; I had cheered her up considerable. And as I see the young girl returning I sez, rizin' up, "Widder Stanford, I will now bid you good-by, and say from my heart, God bless you and your noble work!"

She riz up, too, and our hands met in a clost pressure; we wuz congenial, we felt like old friends, but had to part, as old friends must in this world. Dorothy and Robert soon appeared, and Miss Meechim and Tommy jined us soon afterwards and we returned home shortly after. On my way home I said, onbeknown to me:

Invisible Witnesses

"How happy it must make young Leland Stanford to know that his death has done such grand work, and see it goin' on."

"Why," says Miss Meechim, "how could he see it? He's dead."

Sez I, "Don't you spoze the Lord would let him see what a great light his death has lit up in the world?" Sez I, "In my opinion he wuz right there to-day lookin' at it."

"That is impossible," sez she. "If he wuz there we should have seen him."

Sez I, "You don't see the X-rays that are all about you this very minute, but they are there. You can't see the great force Marconi uses to talk with, but it walks the earth, goes right through mountains, which you and I can't do, Miss Meechim. It is stronger than the solid earth or rock. That shows the power of the Invisible, that what we call the real is the transitory and weak, the invisible is the lasting and eternal. What we have seen to-day is sorrow crystalized into grand shapes. A noble young heart's ideal and aspirations wrought out by loving memory in brick and mortar, the Invisible guiding the eye, holding the hand of the Visible, building for time and eternity."

Miss Meechim's nose turned up toward the sky and she sniffed some. She wuz a foreigner; how could she know what I said. But Dorothy and Robert seemed to understand my language, though they could't quite speak it yet. And good land! I hain't learnt its A B C's yet, and don't spoze I shall till I get promoted to a higher school.

Well, it wuz on a lovely afternoon that we all went out to the City of Justice, and there I see agin what great wealth might do in lightening the burdens of a sad world. Robert Strong might have spent his money jest as that old man did whose place I have described, and live in still better style, for Robert Strong wuz worth millions. But he felt different; he felt as if he wanted his capital to lighten the burden on the aching back of bowed down and tired out Labor, and let it stand up freer and straighter for a spell. He felt that he could enjoy his wealth more if it wuz shared accordin' to the Bible, that sez if you have two coats give to him that hasn't any, and from the needy turn not thou away.

"ROBERT STRONG WAS WALKIN' BY MY SIDE"

That big building, or ruther that cluster and village of buildings didn't need any steeples to tell its mission to the world. Lots of our biggest meetin' houses need 'em bad to tell folks what they stand for. If it wuzn't for them steeples poor folks who wander into 'em out of their stifling alleys and dark courts wouldn't mistrust what they wuz for. They would see the elegantly dressed throng enter and pass over carpeted aisles into their luxuriously cushioned pews, and kneel down on soft hassocks and pray: "Thy kingdom come," and "Give us this day our daily bread," and "give us what we give others." These poor folks can't go nigh 'em, for the usher won't let 'em, but they meet 'em through the week, or hear of 'em, and know that they do all in their power to keep his kingdom of Love and Justice away from the world. They herd in their dark, filthy, death-cursed tenements, not fit for beasts, owned by the deacon of that church, and all the week run the gauntlet of those drink hells, open to catch all their hard-earned pennies, owned by the warden and vestrymen and upheld by the clergymen and them high in authority, and extolled as the Poor Man's Club. Wimmen who see their husbands enticed to spend all their money there and leave them and their children starving and naked; mothers who see their young boys in whom they tried to save a spark of their childish innocence, ground over in these mills of the devil into brutal ruffians who strike down the care-worn form of the one that bore them in agony, and bent over their cradle with a mother's love and hope. As they see all this, and know that this is the true meaning of the prayers put up in them elegant churches, don't they need steeples to tell that they're built to show Christ's love and justice to the world? Yes, indeed; they need steeples and high ones, too.

But this city of Robert Strong's didn't need steeples, as I say. It wuz Christianity built in bricks and mortar, practical religion lived right before 'em from day to day, comfortable houses for workmen, which they could hope to earn and call their own. Pleasant homes where happy love could dwell in content, because no danger stood round, hid in saloons to ruin husband, son and father; comfortable houses where health and happiness could dwell. Good wages, stiddy work, and a share in all the profits made there; good hard work whilst they did work, ensurin' success and prosperity; but short hours, ensurin' sunthin' beyond wages.

A big house, called a Pleasure House, stood in the centre of the broad, handsome streets, a sort of a centrepiece from which streams of happiness and health flowed through the hull city, some as them little rills of pure snow water

"MISS MEECHIM INVITED ME IN"

flowed through the streets of Salt Lake and Denver. Where all sorts of innocent recreation could be found to suit all minds and ages. A big library full of books. A musuem full of the riches of science and art. A big music hall where lovers of music could find pleasure at any time, and where weekly concerts was given, most of the performers being of the musically inclined amongst the young people in the City of Justice. A pretty little theatre where they could act out little plays and dramas of a helpful, inspirin' sort. A big gymnasium full of the best appliances and latest helps to physical culture. A large bathing tank where the white marble steps led down to cool, sweet waters flowing through the crystal pool, free to all who wanted to use it. A free telephone linking the hull place together. I roamed along through the beautiful streets and looked on the happy, cheerful-faced workmen, who thronged them now, for their short day's work wuz ended and they wuz goin' home. My heart swelled almost to bustin' and I sez almost unbeknown to myself, to Robert Strong who wuz walkin' by my side: "We read about the New Jerusalem comin' down to earth, and if I didn't know, Robert Strong, that you had founded this city yourself, I should think that this wuz it."

He laughed his boyish laugh, but I see the deep meanin' in his clear, gray eyes and knew what he felt, though his words wuz light.

"Oh no," sez he, "we read that those gates are pearl; these are just common wood, turned out by my workmen."

Sez I, "The pearl of love and good will to man, the precious stun of practical religion and justice shines on these gates and every buildin' here, and I bless the Lord that I have ever lived to see what I have to-day." And I took out my snowy linen hankerchief and shed some tears on it, I was so affected.

(To be Continued.)

Silver-lined Clouds

Although dark clouds in life appear,
Hope on! and do whate'er is right;
Thy Father's love is ever near,
And will shine out in darkest night.

For when the shower thickest falls
'T will surely soonest clear away;
For then the Father's voice oft calls
And summons forth a brighter day.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

$5,000 More for Starving India

Direct Remittance, Forwarded by Cable to the American Missionaries, of Funds to be Used for Famine Relief . . . .

THERE is joy and gratitude this week in the stations of five missionaries in India. They are now rejoicing in the possession of five thousand dollars which has been cabled to them by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to enable them to feed the starving people. It was necessary that money should be in the hands of the missionaries without delay. Experience has demonstrated that help rendered in the earl' weeks of an emergency of this kind is worth double that which has been sent after the pressure has been long continued. Not only may some lives be saved which cannot be saved later, but the missionaries need capital in hand with which to organize plans of employing the people, such as the digging of wells, the establishing of brick-yards, the purchase of yarn for weavers, etc. The contributions of our readers have not as yet aggregated five thousand dollars, but Dr. Klopsch believed that he might venture in the emergency to anticipate their gifts and to send the money by the swiftest method. The sum has been divided among the following missionaries who are in the most urgent need:

Rev. E. S. Hume, Bombay	**$1,000**
Rev. J. C. Lawson, Aligarh	**1,000**
Rev. M. B. Fuller, Gujerat	**1,000**
Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar	**1,000**
Pandita Ramabai, Khedgoan	**1,000**

All these are earnest Christian workers who will take a delight in relieving the destitute, and, having a long experience in India, know how to do it in the most efficient and economical way. All are Americans except Ramabai, and she, by long residence here and by her cordial friendships, may almost be reckoned one of ourselves. No one did more than she in the famine of 1897 to succor the afflicted. The memory of her own childhood, when she suffered the agonies of starvation, lent strength and energy to her and quickened her sympathies. The rough building she has erected at Khedgoan, in the Poona district, a picture of which appears on this page, is a haven of refuge for many a poor girl, who, but for Ramabai's thoughtfulness and care, might have died in the famine or have gone to a fate worse than death.

The latest news from India is ominous. On January 1st the Viceroy reported three million persons already on the relief works. This is a sure index of destitution, because the wages a man can earn there are only three cents a day, and the women can earn only two cents. People must be in sore straits before they will work for such pay. Yet in one district alone—that of Hissar—there are seventy thousand persons on the relief works, and thousands more are waiting to be employed. This fact in January is alarming, for in the corresponding month in the former famine the number was much smaller.

"Do Send Us Immediate Help"

writes Mrs. J. C. Lawson, the American Methodist Episcopal missionary of Aligarh, in the Northwest Provinces. She continues: "The situation is dreadful. Whole villages are deserted, the inhabitants having gone to the cities in the hope of obtaining work. The extent of the famine is far greater than in that of three years ago. Many native States which escaped then are suffering now, and their people, knowing that their own government will do nothing for them, are crowding into the English States, where at least there are relief works. At our mission, finding it impossible to relieve all who come, we are limiting our efforts to the relief of widows and orphans. Already we have taken in sixty-seven destitute widows. Only God knows how we can support them; but we could not bear to see them die of starvation without trying to save them. In our house at Aligarh we have four hundred orphan boys and girls, whom we took in during the last famine. It is these that your readers are helping to support, and we have been greatly helped by your regular quarterly remittances. The boys are learning trades and the girls domestic work, and both are learning to read the Bible and to understand the principles of the Christian faith. Many of them are bright children whose rescue is a constant reason for thankfulness. We are now

Trying to Open a House

for widows in connection with these institutions. We can get an acre of land for about twenty dollars, and we shall need about five hundred dollars to build and equip quarters for three hundred women to live in. It will cost about fifteen dollars to support one of these widows a year.

"We found one widow, with two children—a girl of two years old and a bright little boy of six. She was trying to sell the girl for two rupees (about seventy-five cents). She had no food for them and believed they must die anyhow, but the price of the girl would enable her and the boy to live a little longer. We took all three into our house and the mother is a most grateful creature. Another woman with a family begged for admittance, but she has a sick husband and we were obliged to adhere to our rule of helping widows only. How we wish we could help all! But

There are Thousands

and we have already spent fifty dollars, while all the help we have received so far is twelve dollars. If your readers could see the poor hungry creatures, especially the women and children, and could hear their thankful words for even one small meal, I believe they would willingly deny themselves some luxury or perhaps some comfort that some poor starving child might have food."

Such an appeal as this, following others already published, must surely touch every heart. Mrs. Lawson is right in believing that she will not appeal in vain to her countrymen and countrywomen in the sad emergency. She and the other American missionaries have been sent to India to preach Christ to the people, and we must enable them to show them, practically, how compassionate are the people who bear the name of Christ. They must not be placed in the situation James describes (James 2: 15. 16): "If a brother or sister be destitute of daily food and one of you say: Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body: what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." The missionaries look to us for the means of proving to these people that faith is not dead. Let all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, all who remember his words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them ye did it unto me," send a contribution to this office that further help may be sent speedily to the afflicted people. The following amounts have already been contributed:

Rev T DeW Talmage 100 00
Louis Klopsch 100 00
P B Bromfield 25 00
Adams, Mrs Q 1 00
Agard, Mrs L 1 00
Albrink, Mrs K 2 00
Albrink, Mrs W 5 00
Alfrey, Kate 50
Alley, J M 1 00
Alton, Anne 1 00
Anderson, A C 25
Andrews, Mrs C F 1 00
Appleby, L P 25
Arms, Geo C 10 00
Armstrong, G A 1 00
Atherton, Mrs Wm E 1 00
Atkinson, Mary Ann 2 00
Auger, Marilla A 1 00
Bagg, Miss A M 1 00
Bagley, Mr & Mrs A 5 00
Bailey, Chas F 1 00
Bailey, Mrs G E 1 00
Baisch, Fred 2 00
Ball, Lucetta, and Ansel Vincent 5 00
Ballou, C F 3 50
Banks, Mrs M L 5 00
Barn, P S 1 50
Bartlett, Mrs A H and Miss L M 3 00
Bates, Mrs A 1 00
Bailey, A E 2 00
Baird, Miss J E 10 00
Ballard, Rev J 2 00
Bealey, John 1 00
Bechtel, Mrs Mary 5 00
Bennington, Nancy 2 00
Benton, E F 5 00
Bettys, Mrs J Y 1 10
Blackwell, J W 1 75
Blish, Mrs Daniel 1 00
Blymyer, Mrs C W 5 00
Bollman, Geo 1 00
Boshart, Miss Dolly 3 50
Brewer, Mrs F H 1 00
Briggs, E Winslow 1 00
Brock, Mrs John 5 00
Buck, Mrs Edward 5 00
Bugbee, Miss Mary 1 00
Bunney, John A 1 00
Burgan, Mr and Mrs J 1 00
Byler, H M 3 00
Beamer, Mrs K D 3 50
Cockin, Harriet 1 00
Codling, E E 1 00
Colbert, S R 10 00
Conbite, Mrs R 50
Cox, Miss C J 2 00
Crawford, Mrs C L 1 00
Cross, Mrs Elizabeth 2 00
Cushman, Mrs Sarah 1 00
Dana, John A 10 00
Dawson, Mrs Imo C 5 00
Deans, Hattie L and friends 2 00
Desh, W K 10 00
Douglas, R 5 00
Douglass, Mrs A C 1 00
Downing, Alfred 2 00
Drury, Mrs W H 50
Duff, Jessie 5 00
Dwyer, Mrs Sarah D 5 00
Diehl, J M & family 1 50
Dietz, Mrs B E 1 00
Dietz, E G 2 00
Dodd, Mrs Wm H 1 00
Dow, Mrs Ann 2 00
Dudley, Mrs W H 1 00
Dutton, Grace 1 00
Eastman, Miss J S 5 00
Ellsworth, Ida G 1 00
Evans, C P 5 00
Evans, Jno G 5 00
Earsley, Theresa 1 00
Edgar, B W 1 00
Ellis, Elizabeth 50
Ellis, Sarah 50
Emerson, N C 5 00
Erskine, Geo E 5 00
Fary, Mrs R F 50
Ferris, Alvin L 2 00
Ferris, Mary 2 00
Finley, S E 50
Fitt, A P 5 00
Forbes, Alexander 5 00
Franck, Mrs Val 1 00
Frederick, O W 1 00
Fry, Mrs Fanny H 2 00
Falls, Mary S 50
Fannon, Mrs Cora C 1 00
Field J P 1 00
Fishkill, M C 5 00
Freihett, Rev Sam'l 1 00
Frew, Mary W 1 00
Frost, H 1 00
Gallup, Mrs P K 2 00
Hill, Mrs J W 1 00
Hill, Mrs Wm H 1 00
Hine, David W 2 00
Hine, Mrs Delilah 5 00
Hinkson, Elanor 1 00
Hodgdon, Mrs J A 2 00
Hoey, Mrs John T 1 50
Holbut, E Carrie W 1 00
Holden, Cyrus 1 00
Holden, Sarah 1 00
Hollowell, A L 1 00
Holt, Samuel 1 00
Howard, M A 1 00
Howe, Edwin J 1 00
Hoyt, Miss F 5 00
Hoyt, Mr & Mrs F B 5 00
Hubbard, Rev A L 2 00
Hughes, Chas P 2 00
Humphrey, L A 1 00
Hunter, Eliza & Wm 4 00
Hunter, Mrs R M 5 00
Hussey, E T 2 50
Hyde, Mrs J 1 00
Irwin, Miss H S 1 00
James, Mrs J A 1 00
James, Mrs John 1 00
Jarrett, M E 20 00
Jarrett, Miss M E 27 00
Johnson, Mrs S 3 25
Jones, Ben F 5 00
Jones, Walter 3 00
Judd, Mrs C P 1 00
Jennings, L F 1 00
Jennings, Mrs Susan 1 00
Johnson, Mrs Wm A 1 00
Jones, Mrs E E 1 00
Jones, Mr & Mrs J G 20 00
Jones, J M 1 00
Keefauver, S H 1 00
Kempton, Sarah 4 00
Kendall, Carrie H 1 00
Kerr, M A 25 00
Kimball, A E 5 00
Kindermann, H 5 00
Kindermann, H 20 00
Kinney, Lucy A 2 00
Kintner, C V 3 00
Kellogg, Mrs R M 5 00
Kerzel, Emma 1 00
Ketchum, Mrs Geo H 1 00
Kintigh, W P 2 50
Klahr, E H 5 00
Kleine, Mrs A C 1 00
Knight, Rev & Mrs EP 5 00
Kraemer, Wm 2 00
Krehbiel, Fred S 2 00
Latta, J C 5 00
Lawson, Mary C 2 00
Leggett, C Pleasants 5 00
Lepper, A H 2 00
Lewis, Richard 50
Libbey, Miss C M 1 00
Linderman, Mrs I S 5 00
Lloyd, John Z 5 00
Long, Mrs J J 1 00
Lung, F J 3 00
Ladd, Maria S 1 00
Larson, D 1 00
Line, David 25 00
Loomis, D W & wife 1 00
Lowrance, S A 5 00
Luntt, J C 5 00
McAfee, C D 5 00
McCarty, Henry 2 00
McClun, J 1 00
McCormick, John 3 00
McGowan, Mrs G W 50
McGregor, J D 2 00
Markle, Cyrus 5 00
Martin, A 10 00
Martin, Eliza 5 00
Matthews, Mrs E 2 00
Matthews, W H 1 00
Meade, Mrs G W 1 00
Meyer, Henry G 1 00
Meyer, Peter 1 00
Miers, Mrs J 1 00
Miller, Mrs J A 50
Milligan, B A 1 00
Mmor, Mrs J A 5 00
Moser, Mrs J 50
Mosher, Mrs E A 1 00
Moss, H 3 00
Mottaz, A 25 00
Mottaz, Alfred 10 00
Mutchler, Mrs R 1 00
Myers, Frank G 2 50
Myers, Coll by Elder J 9 00
McConkey, Mrs H N 2 00
McFadden, Mrs V G 5 00
McLean, Mrs C 1 00
Marshall, Geo 5 00
Marshall, J E 5 00
Mattson, Justus 1 00
Mead, Mrs H 1 00
Mears, Joseph 4 00
Miller, Mrs Etta 1 00
Miller, Mrs Fannie 3 00
Miller, Mrs H P 50
Miller, Mrs J C 5 00
Mills, L M 1 00
Mitchell, Mr & Mrs W 2 00
Montgomery, Annie 1 00
Morrison, E T 2 50
Mosher, E H 1 00
Mosier, Essie 2 00
Myers, Mrs Mary 50
Nary, Mrs M S 1 00
Nehls, E F 3 00
Newton, Mrs H D 1 00
Nemechek, Joseph 1 00
Newbury, Mr & Mrs B 5 00
Newell, S B 2 00
Nicodemus, Marg't 1 00
Norris, Mary 1 75
Osborn, J H 10 00
Osborn, Mrs H T 1 00
Perham, J B 1 00
Perkins, Frances O 1 00
Perry, Miss M 5 00
Peterson, Mrs J 1 00
Peterson, P L 5 00
Peterson, Samuel 1 00
Pierce, Mr & Mrs R B 2 00
Polka, F A 3 00
Polley, S M 1 00
Popple, Mrs J M 1 10
Purdy, F H 10 00
Parrott, Mrs R 1 00
Parsons, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Pearce, Lulu 1 00
Peck, W H 5 00
Pollock, Samuel 1 00
Poole, L H 1 00
Porter, Mrs E M 2 00
Porter, Mrs Lizzie 75
Pratt, Isabel G 5 00
Pratt, R R 3 40
Prentice, Eliza 1 00
Price, Theodore 1 00
Ramsdell, Mrs A M 1 00
Rasmussen, Henry 50
Raymond, Mrs G A 4 00
Reger, Mrs M 2 00
Reichert, Chas 1 00
Reichert, Chas 2 00
Reynold, Mrs C 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs H F 3 50
Rhoads, Mrs G W 2 00
Ribbans, Mrs R 5
Rice, Rev J P 2 00
Rich, Miss M C 18 00
Robertson, Edwin 2 00
Rockhill, Mrs A R 2
Rood, Mary E 2 00
Rose, J B 1 00
Ross, Augusta S 2 00
Russell, Diana 1 00
Russell, Diana 2 00
Ramsbury, Lucretia C 5 00
Randall, A F 1 00
Richardson, Mrs C S 5 00
Riggs, Mrs Alfred 1 00
Rine, H E 2 00
Ritchie, Mrs M 5 00
Robertson, Miss Mary 2 00
Robinson, Mrs R 4
Rockwell, C M 1 00
Ross, Cordelia L 3 00
Rutherford, Chas 1 00
Sawyer, Frank 1 00
Schnitzer, W E 5 00
Shanklin, Mrs T C 2 00
Shaw, C J 1 50
Sheldon, Mrs C 2 00
Shipman, H 1 00
Smith, Mrs J L 5 00
Smith, Lillie T 1 00
Smyser, Mrs J 51 00
Snitcher, Lidie 1 00
Spooner, L E 5 00
Spraggins, Mrs T C 1 00
Stackhouse, R B, R P, Mary and Bessie 1 00
Standish, Maude M 1 00
Stevens, E P 1 00
Stevenson, L N 1 00
Stewart, J D 5 00
Stites, Benjamin 1 00
Streng, C L 5 00
Strong, Mrs Harriet 1 00
Strong, Harriet E 15 00
Stull, Millard 1 00
Swan, E B 1 00
Sangesand, John 1 00
Scott, H E 1 00
Seymour, A N 10 00
Shafer family 2 00
Shaffer, Mrs L L 1 00
Shaver, Mrs J 1 50
Shaw, A R 2 00
Shedden, Mrs E A C 50
Short, Mrs E R 1 00
Simmons, Mrs Sophia 3 00
Slaid, J O 1 00
Smith, Mrs E C 25
Smith, Jas H 5 00
Smith, K L & E 3 00
Smith, V M 20 00
Smoyer, O J 1 00
Smyser, Mrs Susan 1 00
Stebbins, Mrs G T 1 00
Stein, Miss M G 1 00
Stevenson, Mrs B F 50
Stevenson, Mrs Mary E 2 00
Stewart, D 50
Stewart, E 1 00
Stillwell, Mrs M K & Mrs F R Munn 1 00
Stone, Geo J 75
Strickland, Rosa 50
Summers, Mrs E A 2 00
Swift, L M 1 00
Szabo, A A 10 00
Templeton, C A 3 00
Thack, Mrs M 1 00
Thompson, J S 7 50
Thornton, Mary A 12 00
Tilden, Roxanna P 5 00
Titus, G E 18 00
Toogood, Mrs A L 1 00
Turner, Geo O & wife 5 00
Turril, Rebecca 1 00
Tate, S Ed 1 00
Telfer, G D 2 00
Thomas, Mrs S J 15
Thompson, Mrs C M 1 00
Thornton, W P & fam 1 25
Tilden, Mrs 1 00
Tomlin, Mrs & Mrs H A 1 70
Trnedson, T J 2 00
Tucker, W W 1 00
Turner, Mrs F H 1 50
Van Camp, Mrs W 2 50
Van Pelt, Nancy 2 00
Vinton, Maria E 3 00
VanBuren, Mrs E 5 00
VanFossen, E & wife 5 00
VanSweringen Miss M 1 25
Wade, Wm E 1 00
Waite, Mrs F P 1 00
Wales, Rev F H 2 00
Walker, Mrs G B 2 00
Walker, Mrs H T 5 00
Walker, Miss L S 1 00
Ward, Mrs Thomas 1 00
Welander, Olof N 1 00
Wells, Geo 5 00
White, Miss Emily 50
Williams, C S 2 00
Williams, Mrs Eliz 1 50
Wilson, B P 2 00
Wilson, Mrs W E 3 00
Womble, Mrs J G 50
Wood, Mrs Alfred 2 00
Wright, Mrs Lucy F 1 00
Warner, O M 50
Werry, Miss Ada 1 00
Westergaard, C J 5 00
Wetlaufer, Mr & Mrs A 50
White, A N 3 00
White, E S 25
Whitney, A & S 2 00
Williams, Mrs J M 1 00
Williams, J R 3 00
Williams, S E 1 00
Williams'n, Miss Nena 50
Winans, Wm H 2 50
Wingate, Mrs Mary B 1 00
Winslow, Frank A 5 00
Wood, Chas B 10 00
Dorothea, N Y City 1 00
Ellen Lincoln, Conn 1 00
A E W, Winchester 1 00
A L M, Allegheny 1 00
A P, Westville 5 00
B A, Jamesburg 1 00
C A O, Carr 1 00
C M W F, Johnstown 50 00
E W, Lawrence 5 00
F B, York 50
I H N Y City 1 00
H A W, Tidionte 1 00
H B, New York 2 00
H F, Wickenburg 1 00
H H, N Y City 1 00
J A W, Tidionte 25 00
J A W, Tidionte 10 00
Woman's Union Miss'y Soc, Anchorage 500 00
Kirby, Brooklyn 1 00
Plymouth Ch, Minn 47 50
Lyndale Ch, Minn 13 00
Camp Creek Con Zion 3 60
Girls' Missionary Society, Linden 6 50

Total..... $2,488.80

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Bedell, Mrs S M 2 00
Bergland, Mrs H 1 00
Biedernopf, M 5 00
Biggs, Mrs J D 2 00
Bingham, Maud C 1 00
Blood, O A 1 00
Boothby, Mrs S M 1 00
Bradley, Antionette 3 00
Brown, A M 1 00
Bucklin, Flora B 2 50
Bullard, A 1 00
Burdette, Mr & Mrs F W 1 00
Burdick, Mrs 1 00
Burgess, Rev O F 4 00
Bursell, H R & friends 5 50
Burton, Mrs Anna E 1 00
Buttorff, R H 1 00
Calerdine, Thos 1 00
Calhonn, S A 3 00
Camp, Ella 50
Campbell, E P 2 00
Carlton, A 5 00
Chaffee, Mr and Mrs Geo H 3 00
Chapman Mrs E 1 00
Chisholm Bros 3 00
Christenson, N 1 00
Christolear, John 1 00
Clarkson, J W 1 00
Clelland, Samuel 5 00
Clements, Mrs J J 1 00
Clisbee, Mary 2 00
Colburn, Mrs E G 1 00
Cole, Mrs H 2 00
Colebeck, H B 1 00
Connell, Miss Mary 1 00
Cooper, J M 1 00
Cope, John 10
Covey, Mrs Carrie 5 00
Coykendall, M E 1 00
Crosman, Mrs J M 1 00
Cross, Mrs L A 1 00
Curtiss, Mrs Jennie 1 00
Cushman, C M 10 00
Cutler, Jr, Mrs Fred 1 00
Campbell, Mrs A E 5 00
Carder, Ruth G 1 00
Cedarquist, J A 1 00
Chapman, Gideon 10 00
Chapman, Miss Nellie 10 00
Cheever, F W B 1 00
Clark, David M 1 00
Clark, Mrs Mary 10 00
Clark, Miss S M 1 00
Clifton, E W 1 00
Clifton, M J 1 00
Cockin, Emma A 5 00
Gifford, Mrs C P 1 00
Giles, Miss Mary 1 00
Gillespie, Thos N, Isabella and Essie 1 00
Gillette, L M and F S 4 00
Godfrey, Mrs A 1 00
Godwin, Miss Sue 1 00
Goldthorp, Jos 5 00
Gracie, F E 1 00
Graves, Mrs Warren 50
Gault, Dr M B & fam 10 00
Gehrkins, Mrs H F T 10 0
Gibbs, N E 1 00
Gladtelter, David B 1 00
Gorham, Mrs N B 50
Green, Ruth H 2 00
Gregory, Willis 1 00
Gress, R L 1 00
Hagaman, A 100 00
Hagaman, C A 5 00
Hagaman, C A 5 00
Ham, Jessie H 2 00
Hammond, Harriet R 25 00
Harter, Mrs S M 2 00
Hassell, Mrs A N 1 00
Hassmann, A 10 00
Havens, Mrs M A 50
Hawley, M F 1 00
Hayward, Mrs Sarah T 1 00
Heffman, J W 1 00
Henderson, Mrs D 1 00
Hershey, Simon A 1 00
Hershey, Simon A 1 00
Hillis, Leonard 2 50
Hirt, Mrs E 5 00
Homan, Mrs Marie 1 00
Houghton, Mrs L 4 00
Howe, Mrs L L 5 00
Hoyt, Grace 1 00
Huber, Mrs R 18 00
Hughes, C P 1 00
Hunn, Alice 4 00
Hunn, Emma 2 00
Hunn, Fred 5 00
Hackett, Miss E 1 00
Haines, Mrs A W 1 00
Haines, Mrs Rosan'h 1 00
Hall, Miss Hannah 2 00
Hansen, Mrs Mary 5 00
Harpst, V M 2 00
Harrington, Perry 1 00
Harsha, Mrs 1 00
Hattabough, Lillian 25
Hawkins, Mrs A 2 00
Hawkes, Mr & Mrs J Q 3 00
Hayward, Mrs C G 10 00
Heath, J J 1 00
Henley, Frederic 50

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Joy of Motherhood

THE first baby marks an era in a woman's life, and brings to her a flood of gladness which is like no other experience. It may well be that she knows little about taking care of her baby, and that the first blessed year of motherhood is beset with anxiety and made harder than it need be, for both mother and baby, because of her inexperience. Yet she may learn how to nurse her child, not whenever he cries, which was the old-fashioned way and caused many a colic, but by the clock, which is the new and sensible way; she may refrain from compressing the little body with tightly-pinned bands, and may dress the baby in a hygienic fashion; she may see that he is warm and comfortable, and above all, may care for him herself. Hired hands may relieve her, but she will personally look after the baby's welfare if she be a wise young mother. She will keep the baby in a quiet and tranquil world, a world of peace; and for his sake she will neither be fretted, nor cross, nor angry, nor unkind, since any evil passion or petty temper of hers will act as a malevolent poison in the milk in her breast. Baby's skies are mother's eyes, so that he will never have any but clear and sunny skies—if she love him in the right and true and motherly way—for him to see brooding over him.

. . .

One cannot but regret, looking at the innocent and beautiful infant in its mother's arms, that the duties of motherhood should ever be reluctantly assumed. It is the wife's crown of glory. Every little child which enters a home brings a whole train of benedictions with it. Yet there are women who unGraciously exclaim at their ill-fortune, when God sends them a little child; and who, perhaps in ignorance of the crime they commit, spend some of the first weeks of their sacred overshadowing in efforts to rid themselves of the precious gift. Surely no woman would do this if she stopped to consider how holy a thing is human life, and how honored is the mother in becoming the custodian of the new human being, in taking her share in carrying on the long history of the race. From the very first, in the prenatal days when as yet the secret is hers alone, her baby should be dear to the mother. When, after such pain and peril as only mothers know, her child lies in her arms, his welcome is assured. The wee morsel in the cradle is king of us all.

. . .

The baby sleeps—wonder of wonders! The baby nurses—bliss beyond compare! The baby sleeps! Let statesmen walk on tiptoe. The baby smiles! Heaven is not far from that home. The baby coos! Angels make no sweeter music.

I hope you sing to the baby, little mother; and hold him in your lap, and enjoy him and let other things go. He'll never be such a divinely beautiful rose-leaf of a darling again. Don't suffer people to kiss him or toss him up, or try to show him off, either now or by and by. Don't worry over his passing ailments; don't allow loud and sudden noises to come near him; don't let his proud young father walk the floor with him at night. He's a featherweight to-day, but he'll be a big and bouncing baby by and by, and it will be no joke to carry him for an hour at a time. Love him, love him—you can't love him too much! Pray for him every day by name. Begin calling him by name soon, for he is a little individual and deserves a name, and a very nice one.

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BABY FAST ASLEEP

Winter Journeys

If obliged to travel in winter, be sure that your feet are properly protected. The warm, flannel-lined overshoes which button above the boot are indispensable in going to a colder climate than your own; and for use in a sleeping car at night you will need a thick and soft wrapper of outing flannel or of eiderdown, quilted in Japanese silk if you can afford it. Nothing more luxurious than the latter garment has yet been devised. A veil or a worsted nubia should be at hand for your head, unless you are provided with a knitted or quilted hood.

In going South, the requisites are not in the line of very warm clothing, and yet there are few places in our country where one does not need to fear an occasional cold snap. When it is cold in Florida, for instance, it is piercing while it lasts; though, fortunately, it seldom lasts long.

At the Attractive Dinner-table

Christmas is now several weeks behind us, but we are yet under its loving and genial spell, and our homes are warm and throbbing with the love of dear ones then made evident to us. At a Christmas dinner-table, in 1899 (we are in 1900 now, and 1899 seems already remote), the talk, which was breezy and animated, turned on creeds—why they are formulated, what evangelical Christians believe, what a man is pledged to when he unites with the Church, and what reservations certain people make. Every one was interested, and some were extremely positive in their statements, so that it began to seem desirable to the hostess to introduce a new subject and create a diversion. But somebody did it for her. The little blue-eyed granddaughter of the house, on whose golden head lies the sunshine of five happy years, piped up gravely and opportunely: "I know a boy who doesn't believe in Santa Claus!"

The wisdom of the baby was greater than she knew. Her remark was greeted with, so to speak, laughter and cheers. For everybody was very glad that she—bless her dear heart!—did believe in Santa Claus, and several people whose hair was silver averred that their belief in him had never yet waned. How could it, when the whole world was radiant in the light of his benignant countenance, and the spirit of good will was abroad in the earth?

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—ALICE. You have already laid your foundation, and you may become an accomplished Christian woman, if you choose. All education is not gained in the schoolroom.

—SOUTHERN MATRON. Your account of your Florida home makes me long to see it. I suppose oranges do taste much better when plucked from the trees, and the mocking-bird's song must be silvery and flute-like when you hear it in his native grove.

—JAMES. I cannot tell you how to make yourself attractive to women, except by saying that an honorable gentleman, who is invariably courteous and considerate, is sure to be pleasing. The best receipt for bashfulness is to stop thinking about yourself.

—MARTHA M. For pity's sake, dear friend, give up using morphia. You would far better suffer a great deal of pain; the use of this dangerous remedy will grow upon you insensibly, and before you are aware of it you will be its hapless and wellnigh hopeless slave.

—I ADVISE you to go to bed early, sleep in fresh air, and have an easy mind. You do not dream how much the mind can do in making the body beautiful. Health and beauty march together. Be well, if you can; and do avoid the indiscriminate use of drugs.

—JOHN D. While you live under your father's roof you must submit to his authority, in the matter of a latch-key. It does seem inconsiderate for you to stay out very late, when your father is obliged, by his resolution against the key, to sit up and let you in. Why not come home in good season?

—FROM an esteemed correspondent I receive another version of a child's evening prayer:

On reading page 492 of the CHRISTIAN HERALD, of December 6, 1899, where you say that "the old familiar 'Now I lay me,' should be on every child's lips at bedtime," it occurred to me that you might think the following modification appropriate. My child preferred it, others may:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
May holy angels 'round me stay,
And keep all evil far away;
Lord, help me peaceful rest to take,
And give me wisdom when I wake. Amen."

N. H. CLAFLIN, M.D.

FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW

THE snow is falling softly,
The hills and vales are white;
Wild winter spreads a mantle
On every field in sight.
But yet, it might be summer,
For bright and blooming gay
Are sister's window flowers,
Just like a morn in May.

Her primroses are blushing,
Her marguerites are fair,
Geranium and lily
And monthly rose are there.
In sister's window-garden
The flowers are smiling gay,
As if there were no winter,
But just a morn in May.

. . In Sudden Heat . .

IN sudden and violent anger, a young man of nineteen killed his father. The latter was drunk and abusive, following up a curse of wrathful language, by a blow of his fist in his son's face. The boy, transported with rage, seized a knife—for the altercation happened at the family table, and on Christmas, of all days!—and fatally stabbed his father. No provocation can excuse his act, but, only think of the sermon it is on two themes: one, the use of intoxicants, which changes a happy home into a daily hell; the other, the folly and wickedness of an unrestrained temper. To the day of his death, this young man, even if excused from punishment by the law—as he probably will be—will carry with him the bitter memory of parricide. His mother, his brother and himself must bear a load of grief and shame.

When we are bringing up our sons, we mothers must be vigilant that we control our passions, our tongues, our very tones; and equally we should teach them the constant exercise of forbearance and the gentlest love in combat with every furious impulse. Our hasty words and our impetuous acts may bear fruit of the Dead Sea, to poison every remaining hour upon earth; but, if we are too weak to gain the victory for ourselves or our children in our own strength, we may always gain it by prayer at the foot of the Throne. Let us seek for ourselves and our children daily realization of the beauty and strength of gentleness. Teach the children by example that there is dignity in silence or in restrained speech under provocation.

Patchwork

A dear reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, seventy-one years old, is making, in varied and beautiful patterns, her one hundred and fourth quilt. Among my prized Christmas gifts a year ago, was a silk quilt, made in a very beautiful style, by a friend who had passed her eightieth birthday. The stitches were as fine and as regular as though they had been set by youthful fingers.

One thing we may do for old friends who enjoy making patchwork, is to save our pieces for them. When we have a new gown, let us keep a remnant for some one who can utilize it in this way, and if we have in our home a dear aunt or grandmother whose little basket with its spools stands in some familiar corner, let us take an interest in her work.

Bearing Malice

To bear malice or evil about in our hearts, to take opportunities of saying unkind things and to descant on the follies and mistakes of our acquaintances, are mean and small employments. Of a very sweet woman it was said the other day: "Miss L—— never says anything unkindly critical. If she is forced to disapproval, she is silent. The law of kindness is on her lips." I think such a testimony is very beautiful, indeed.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XII.

A Subtle Temptation

FOR some reason of her own Mrs. Locke seemed bent on bringing Celia and Douglas together. After the children had finished their games and had given cheers for Mr. Allardyce and Miss Celia, and had been sent to their homes, Mrs. Locke remembered that she would need an escort and asked Martin Hamerton to fill that office. This of course left Douglas to walk home with Celia. On their way Douglas told his companion about Mr. Allardyce's illness.

"I was afraid that he was ill again," she said regretfully. "I am very sorry. Though we laugh at Mr. Allardyce sometimes, I am really very fond of him. And it seems so sad: he has worked so hard to earn his money and his position, and a little quiet time to enjoy it all; and now this has come, to make him feel that he only holds it from day to day."

"There are many different ways in which a man has notice to get up and move on," said Douglas very soberly. "I suppose if we did not get a peep behind the scenes now and then, we might be too much inclined to envy a man like Mr. Allardyce——"

"Not you, surely! You who are young and have all the world before you? I did not think a young man would ever envy one who had had his day, even if he might hope to enjoy the evening of it in peace."

"Not altogether, perhaps. But even at my age one has found out that it does not mean much to have the world before one—not so much as to have one little corner of it for one's very own, and friends to whom one belongs, as a matter of course. A man's home is the only thing I should ever think of envying him, and if a home is not to be gained before threescore and ten——"

"A smaller home than Sudbrook Hall might be attainable earlier," said the girl, without a hidden thought to make her hesitate. "And friends may be picked up on the way, may they not?"

"I hope so. But it is the curse of a homeless, 'relationless' man that he knows that he cannot possibly be as much to his friends as his friends are to him. And that makes him distrustful and down-hearted."

Celia did not quite know how to answer this impersonally-worded plaint. She quickened her steps half unconsciously, and they came a little nearer to Mrs. Locke and Martin, who were walking briskly and apparently talking very confidentially. Douglas eyed the backs of their heads, inclined one towards another, and the sight seemed to move him to a sort of half confidence.

"Miss Celia," he began abruptly—"I may call you that, mayn't I? No one calls you Miss Hamerton, and every village child may say 'our Miss Ceelie'—I want to ask you something," he hurried on, giving her no time to demur. "I haven't known you long, but your great kindness, and your brother's, makes me feel as though you were old friends. Anyway, I have none that it would hurt me so much to lose. I want you to promise me, if any one talks to you, if you hear things said against me, that you will not condemn me unheard. Don't grow cold to me and drop me and leave me to wonder why! Give me a fair hearing, and let me tell my own story; and you shall judge between them."

It would have seemed natural if Celia had asked who the young man suspected of intending to speak against him, but she did not.

"I don't think either Martin or I would be ready to condemn any one unheard," she answered gravely.

"I am putting it badly enough!" said Douglas, with some passion. "It sounds as though I had a bad conscience—as though I had some reason to expect an accusation to be made against me; but I have not! I have nothing to boast of, but there is no reason why I should not be your brother's friend, or even yours. I seem suspicious—crazy, I daresay—but I can't help it! I have lost one dear friend, and I think I shall never know why. I must make a fight for those I have left."

He seemed to himself to be talking in riddles; but Celia understood him better than he could have hoped, thinking of that letter which even now she dared not tell him that she had seen.

"I don't cast off my friends without good reason given and proved up to the hilt," she said, "and I will answer for Martin that he does not do so either."

"But am I your friend? Will you forgive my boldness, and let me count myself your friend?" he urged.

"If you wish," answered Celia; and as Douglas held out an imploring hand, she laid hers for an instant in it.

Their paction had not been made too soon, for in a moment or two they reached the cottage where Mrs. Locke had rooms, and she must exchange gracious adieux with them all, and final comments upon the fineness of the afternoon and the perfection of all the arrangements.

From thence to the Dower House was but a short distance, and Martin naturally joined his sister and his friend, and the two discussed Mr. Allardyce's illness, and the likelihood that the doctor would order him away, since there would be no quiet to be had for him in the neighborhood till the election was over.

Arrived at the Dower House gate, Martin hospitably pressed Douglas to come in and finish the evening with them, but he declined, saying that he would rather come on another evening soon, and ignoring a suggestion that he might just as well do both. Somehow Celia divined that he was still too much moved to be in the humor for lamplight and ordinary talk, and her eyes followed him a little wistfully as he went up the dusky lane alone.

But she turned brightly enough upon Martin when they were in the house. The smile on his lips lasted only till his sister was gone, and then he suddenly grew grave, and seemed at once to forget his surroundings and the things in which he and Celia had a common interest.

He sat down and took out of a drawer a large flat parcel with a publisher's label on it, which had been brought to him by the post that morning.

Martin Hamerton did not open it—what author needs or wishes to open a packet of rejected MSS.?—but he sat looking at it as if its return meant something more than the ordinary pains and mortifications of would-be authorship.

Every man has his problems to solve, and while Martin was grappling with his, Douglas was wrestling with another peculiarly his own. It seemed to him that his friendship for Celia had assumed a new shape in that walk homeward during which he had obtained a definite pledge of friendship from her, and she was not a girl to make such a promise and mean nothing by it.

(Continued on following page).

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Rev. H. E. Berkey, of Red Lion, Pa., says: "My Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. J. A. Miller, has called my attention to your Zobo Band Instruments, as he has some, and thinks they are just suited for our work." Mrs. Hattie E. Konnty, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo instruments received, and are all right and we want more of them." Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it, will organize a band." Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed, as we have a very small organ. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Cornet, and would say it was a complete success." Mae Blance Winfield, instructor of music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments, I could not and would not do without them, either in my Orchestra or in my Clubs, as they give much **beauty** and volume to the orchestral parts" (This orchestra plays only high class music). Also refer you to Rev. A. G. Stewart of Raymond, S. Dak.; Rev. C. McKibbin, of East Grand Forks, Minn.; Rev. W. H. Sampson, of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada; Rev. A. S. Willoughby, of Moorland, Ia. Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

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The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page.)

Neither, on the other hand, was she the kind of girl to allow love-making under the guise of friendship. It was a step forward, certainly, but not altogether in the right direction.

And it seemed to him, also, that he had put himself definitely in opposition to Caryl, that he had seen in his brother's look and manner a tolerably legible assurance that what he wanted, Caryl wanted also.

Men very rarely understand to what extent a girl chooses for herself. At the bottom of their hearts they mostly believe that he who presses in most boldly will carry her off: and, indeed, events do very often seem to bear them out in this belief. So, that an unselfish lover, even if he be also a modest man, will seriously consider whether it would not be for his lady's advantage that he should hold back and let another man take her (much as though she were a tourney prize that must needs go to the winner), and never glances at the possibility that she may not choose to be won by either.

In other circumstances, Douglas would have been quite capable of thinking that he ought to efface himself to insure Caryl's happiness, and to give Celia a wealthier husband than he himself was ever likely to be. But as things were he could not feel that he owed Caryl anything, nor would he insult Celia by supposing that money would weigh with her.

He was thinking of these things as he walked home from work, on the day after the school-feast. There were very few waking hours, except when he was professionally employed, when he was not thinking of them. As he reached the turn in the road where he had once met Mrs. Locke, to his surprise he saw her there again; and this time she made no secret of the fact that she had been waiting to intercept him.

"I knew you would be anxious to hear about Mr. Allardyce," she said, "so after I had been up to the Hall to ask after him, I walked 'round this way to meet you."

"It was very good of you. And how is he?"

"Well, he won't own to being ill—he never does, I believe, after one of these attacks. But he is not looking at all as well as usual, and the doctor has absolutely forbidden any excitement. He is to go away somewhere to-morrow, out of hearing of all news, until the election is over. Frank is to take him, and, I believe, they are not to leave any address, for fear of friends or foes pestering him with telegrams."

"That seems rather a strong measure, but I can quite believe that he excites himself a great deal more than is necessary."

"Oh yes! but I think it is foolish of the doctor, all the same. He will only fret himself more at not being allowed to hear anything. And I can't think what he will do without Caryl—he has come to depend so upon Caryl for everything; Frank can do nothing to please him."

"The question seems rather, at the present time, what will Caryl do without him?" said Douglas somewhat dryly.

"Oh, he has done all he can, and the election should be pretty safe, I should think. After all, it is his purse rather than his head that is wanted."

After this remark both fell silent until Mrs. Locke asked casually, "What do you think of Caryl's house?"

"Caryl's house! Which is that?"

"Oh, hasn't he told you? You know that nice house on the Castleford Road, with the large garden and the bay windows? If he is elected—we must not be so disloyal as to doubt it—he means to rent that house, which is to let furnished."

"Rather a large place for a bachelor!"

"Yes, but there is no reason why Caryl should remain a bachelor, and—I don't think he intends to."

"Cousin Dora's" talks had always been full of pin-pricks, but this was more than a prick with a pin; it felt more like a dagger, and that a poisoned one.

(To be Continued.)

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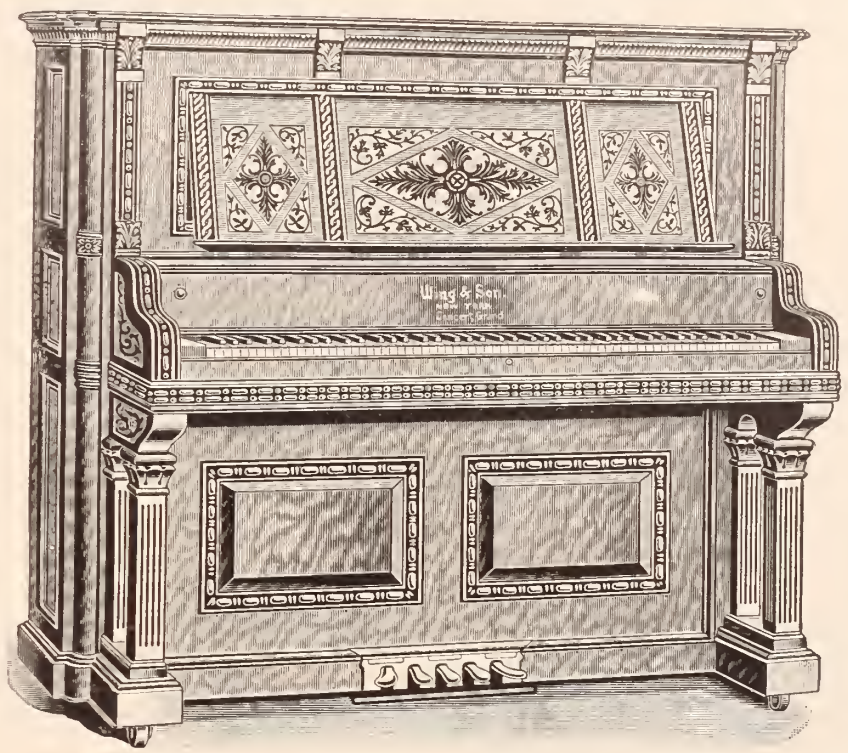

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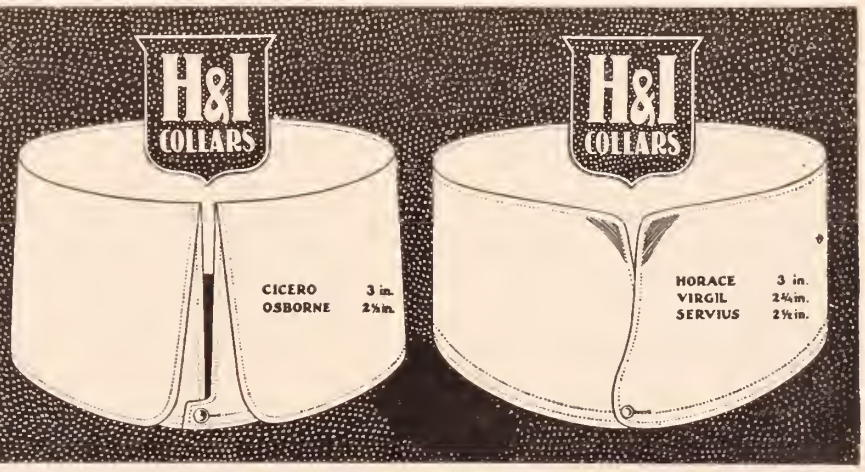

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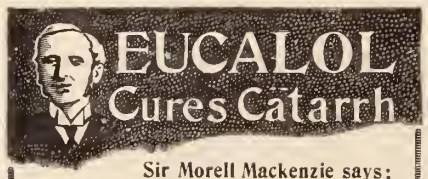

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Watch-night at the Bowery Mission

Over Two Hundred Men Begin the New Year by Accepting Christ

AS December 31st fell on a Sunday, the Bowery Mission Watch-night Service received a splendid impetus from Mrs. Bird's Sunday morning meeting. Not only was the latter one of the largest meetings ever held in the Mission, but it had prepared the men's minds and hearts for the extraordinary scenes of the evening. In the morning meeting the Superintendent announced that every man who attended the evening service would do so on the condition that he would be prepared to be dealt with personally about his soul.

In the evening, for three hours, came a stream of testimony from the lips of redeemed men, interspersed by songs and quartettes of exceptionally sweet and effective character. Among the men who sung and testified were no less than three ex-opera singers, all of whom have been saved through the instrumentality of the Bowery Mission.

Wonderfully diversified were the testimonies. Two old men sat side by side. One had in former years occupied a most influential position in our Federal offices at Washington; the other a prominent physician in a neighboring city. Both had been the victims of drink, and had lost position, friends, home—everything; both had eventually drifted to the Bowery, had been drawn into the Mission, and had found Christ. A man standing in the crowd near the door, tells of his conversion twelve months ago. "I was worn out," he says; "I had not slept in a bed for nine months. Now I have a good position and a happy home." Following him is a bright little man near the platform who served four and a half years in Sing Sing for killing a man in a drunken Bowery brawl. His words are few, but so hearty and so impressive. Then rises a gentlemanly man in the front who is now a prosperous tradesman, but who a few years ago lived on pickings from the ash barrels in the streets. Then a tall longshoreman rises, and every ear is eager to hear his story. He is the man with the soldierly bearing and the tender voice, with the touching story of an eighteen years' life in sin and drunkenness, of separation from wife and child, of entering the Mission because he was famishing with hunger and wanted something to eat; and when he tells the tale, strong men lay their heads on their arms and sob like children. He has a place in the aisle to-night; he is a leader in one of the "sections," and his testimony is given from the rear of the room, but his voice rings out clearly, and every man hears the wonderful story.

"It was a kind word that saved me," says one. "Every door was closed against me," says another. "Home was so lonely when father and mother died," is uttered in a quivering voice by another. "My little girl was the means of bringing me here," says another.

When all the testimonies had been given, the little army of devoted workers stood in front of the platform, and the blessed work of seeking out the individual began in earnest. At 11.30 the meeting was called to order. There was no room for a penitent form. In the evening the whole building was an altar. When all was quiet, however, we asked the men who were fully determined to commence the New Year in the new life in Christ to rise to their feet, charging them in God's sight not to rise unless they were absolutely sincere. The workers stood in the aisles, with their eyes upon the individuals with whom they had been dealing, and when the count was made it was found that **216 men** had made the great and momentous decision.

At a quarter before twelve, with every head bowed, we entered into a season of silent prayer. At the last stroke of midnight the mission organ pealed out the "Old Hundred," every man was on his feet, and the building rang with the song:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

J. G. HALLIMOND.
Superintendent Bowery Mission.

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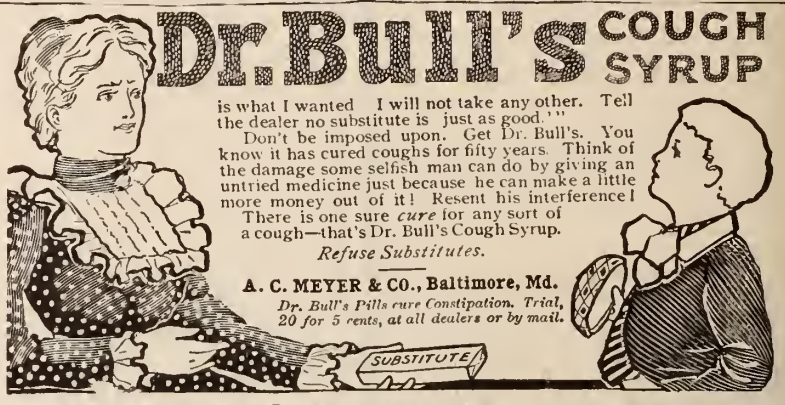

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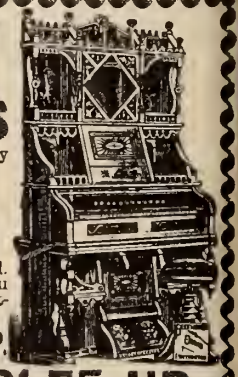

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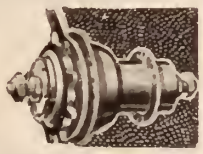

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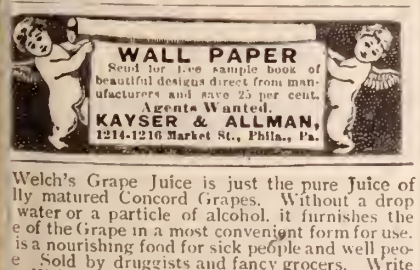
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Porto Rico Relief Work

THE first week of New Year marked three movements looking to the prosperous establishment of Porto Rico. The introduction in Congress of the Faraher bill, providing for the self-government of the island; the movement originating with the Porto Ricans themselves and resulting in the sending of a native delegation, representing the sugar, coffee and other interests of the island, to urge upon Congress measures for the improvement of the agricultural situation; also for adjustment of trade relations; the third movement is involved in the action of the Merchants' Association which invited representatives of Commercial bodies in all our large cities to join a large delegation of prominent Americans who propose investigating, by personal visit, the manufacturing possibilities of the island. General Davis, the military governor of Porto Rico, arrived in this country in the first week of the year, his mission being the representation in Washington of Porto Rico's needs. He reports the people as peaceable, as appreciative of the educational advantages which have been provided for them, and eager for the establishment of settled trade relations.

Since last acknowledgment, the following contributions in aid of the Porto Rican Relief Fund have been received:

Prev. ack.	$6,727 90	Drew, Mrs T T	1 00
Abbot, Mr & Mrs H O	1 00	Dunham, M J	1 00
Adams, Geo M.	10 00	Dye, R O	2 00
Adams, H C	5 00	Eastman, Mrs C F	1 00
Allen, Jas	10 00	Eaton, H M	1 00
Allen, Mrs O D	5 00	Edwards family	5 00
Alter, Mrs Geo	1 00	Elam, Mrs Julia E	1 00
Alvord, Rev A	2 00	Elder, Thos D	5 00
Anderson, Louisa	1 00	Eley, J M	1 00
Andrews, Mrs J W	1 00	Elwell, Mary E	1 00
Andrews, Miss M E	1 00	Emery, S W	1 00
Andrews, Reuben	2 00	Emery, P H	1 00
Andrews, Mrs R	3 00	Everett, Cynthia	1 00
Armstrong, Mrs F A	1 00	Everett, Mr & Mrs F A	5 00
Armstrong, Mrs M J	1 00	Fanasee, Mrs J W	4 00
Arnold, Levi	5 00	Union S S, Athens	1 25
Askland, Inger	1 00	Brownback's Refd SS, E Coventry	19 00
Atwood, Mrs H	1 00	Congl SS, Chester	7 14
Avery, A W	2 00	Riverside S S, Lewis River	1 75
Avery, Miss M A C	1 00	Junior C E, Archer	50
Ayres, Mrs C	10 00	Baptist Juniors, Baldwinsville	2 00
Bailey, H B	10 00	C E, Wilhelm	1 00
Bailey, R W & mother	60 25	Y P S C E 1st Presby Ch, Newburgh	5 00
Baldwin, Mrs T	50	C E Soc, S Lake Weir	10 00
Barnett, Mrs Mary S	10 00	Anon	1 00
Bashford, Mrs L	1 00	"	2 00
Beals, L H	2 00	"	2 00
Beebe, Lena	70	Cash New Haven	20
Beers, C	10 00	An Endeavorer, Lakewood	1 00
Bell Enos T	5 00	Christian Endeavorer, Newburgh	1 00
Belyea, Mrs Ella	50	An Endeavorer Olney	1 00
Bennett, Mrs Arthur G	1 00	An Endeavorer, Pennington	2 00
Betts, W W	5 00	Friendship, Mazomanie	50
Bevington, Alvira & Mrs J H	2 00	In memory of a dear one, Wakefield	1 00
Blizzard, Miss I D	15	In memory of Maggie, N Y City	1 00
Bloodgood, C L	1 00	Neighbor, Springville	25
Bodine, Mrs J P	1 00	One who would like to give more, Phila	1 00
Boehner, Mrs G A	1 00	Widow's mite, Syracuse	1 00
Bonjour, Mrs Alice	1 00	Brother in, Windsor	2 00
Bonnell, C H	1 00	A Louisville girl	50
Bosworth, R S	1 00	A mother, Adamsville	1 00
Bowdler Adolph	1 00	Sister, Huntersville	1 00
Bowes, Mr & Mrs Geo S	5 00	Two sisters, Illinois	6 00
Boyd, Mrs Delia A	1 00	A widow, Oviedo	1 00
Boyer, Mrs Margrette	1 00	A working girl, La Fayette	1 00
Bracken, Mrs W H	2 00	Ladies' Aid, Glendale Bapt Ch, Everett	1 00
Bradford, Mrs Sarah W	1 00	Ladies' Aid Soc, Sardisch	2 00
Bradley, Mrs E J	2 00	Daughters of the King, Vineland	3 00
Brayton C D	1 00	Mission Band, Gladstone	1 00
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Brillhart, Mrs Lizzie	50	Ladies' Prayer Circle, Wuhoo	4 00
Brooks, Miss Elizabeth	1 00	Students of Decorah Inst	6 00
Brooks, P S	3 15	W C T U, White Oaks	25 00
Brown, Nellie	10 00	Linden Bapt Mission, Sta A, Dayton	7 00
Brown, T J	25	Inf'nt Dept., St Mark's Luth S S, Hanover	75 00
Brubaker, Eli	10	Jr Bapt Union, Arkansas City	1 25
Brubaker, L E	25	Friend, Pittston	1 00
Brubaker, Lee	10	" Poughkeepsie	1 00
Buchanan, Mr & Mrs G S	20 00	" So Egremont	1 00
Bugbee A C	1 00	" Toronto	1 00
Bunnell, Mrs E R	1 00	" Vancelburg	1 60
Burall, W E	2 00	" Westmount	5 00
Burch, Miss E C	1 75	Friends, Centralia	50
Burgwin, S N	2 00	Three Friends, Harrisville	5 00
Burns, T	40	Friend's mite, Roscoe	1 00
Butler, Francis H	5 00	Sympathizing friends, Middletown	8 05
Butler, Mrs G S	2 00	In Christ's Name, Little Shasta	5 00
Buttris, Mrs S	1 00	I H N E Patchogue	2 00
Campbell, G E	2 00	" New Haven	5 00
Cash, Annie M	5 00	" Sandy Creek	5 00
Chase, F A	15 00	" Toronto	1 00
Chapman, Ed	1 00	Reader, Bowerston	6 00
Charlton, Cora W	2 00	Reader, Oswego	1 00
Cheney, W A	5 00	Interested Reader, Vt	1 00
Childs, Walter S	50	A Constant Reader, Westboro	1 00
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Cole, A G	5 00	A True Sympathizer, Rushville	1 00
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Collins, Mrs P P	25	Hinney's Corner S S	2 00
Collins, Sydney	6 50	First M E S S Racine	3 00
Collom Mrs J	1 00	S S, New Holland	5 22
Compton, Eleanor	2 00	M E S S So. Swansboro	5 25
Compton, Emily	10 00	Total	$7,550,86
Compton, R & wife	5 00		
Cook, Wilber	1 00		
Coon, Mrs E G	10 00		
Coon, Mrs Jas S	10 00		
Cornwell, Mrs and Miss Miller	1 00		
Cornwell, Lavinia	1 00		
Courtney, Davie	1 00		
Crandall, J L	50 00		
Crane, Mary A	2 00		
Cummings, Mr & Mrs H	5 00		
Cummings, Mrs S E	2 00		
Cutler, Frances E	2 00		
Davis, Mrs L W	1 00		
Davis, Martha	1 00		
Dean, L B	1 00		
Denis, L V	50 00		
Denis, John	2 00		
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It will prevent and relieve Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Gout, Fevers, Nervous Depression, Skin, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

There are some people who never do anything until they have to. Don't be one of them. Take care of your health while you have it. The daily use of Abbey's Salt will keep you in good health the year 'round by keeping your stomach, liver and bowels in perfect condition.

It is endorsed by the leading physicians of America and Europe.

"Our artificial mode of life constantly causes such changes to take place in the quality of the blood, that it frequently becomes impure and we fall an easy prey to infectious diseases and blood disorders of all kinds. I strongly advocate keeping the system cool and the blood pure, and I know of no better remedy than your Abbey's Effervescent Salt. I take it every morning before my bath and I can assure you as a fact that I should miss it more than my breakfast. Most aperients (the German Waters, etc.) have a depressing effect. Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is invigorating, cleans the tongue and mouth and imparts a feeling of freshness and energy to the entire system. I am constantly prescribing it."—Dr W. H. WRIGHT, L.R.C.P.I., L.M., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England.

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A BRAWNY SCOT

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I now weigh 199 pounds, and the flesh is on the right places, i. e., the entire muscular anatomy.

Before trying Grape-Nuts I looked upon the food as a Yankee dodge to fleece the public. (I am Scotch.) I am glad to admit my mistake. I stir two raw eggs in one-half cup Grape-Nuts, sugar to taste, beat all together two minutes, add boiling water, one-half cup; let stand two minutes, and you have a dish that would satisfy the Prince of Wales for once in his life anyhow. I have a delicate sister in Edinburgh, Scotland, who wants Grape-Nuts. Can she get them there?" John W. Hunter, Oakland, California.

F. J. Lawrence, of 435 Fourth Ave., Detroit, Mich., exchange editor on the *Evening News*, says: "I never really broke down while at this work, but one time I was in such a condition that my physician said I would have nervous prostration. I was in a bad way, my nerves seemed to give out and I could not sleep. I lost flesh and had a complication of ailments which baffled skilful medical treatment.

One of my associates recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I gave them a trial. The pills gave me strength and helped my shattered nerves so that I could get a full night's rest. Soon after I began taking them regularly, the pain ceased, causing me to feel like a new man."

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

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The First Resurrection

Its Place in the Millennial Kingdom and the Persons who will Participate in it

BY BISHOP DAHLE, OF NORWAY*

THE events which group themselves under the title "The Millennial Kingdom" are mainly three: the binding of the devil, the first resurrection, and the Millennium itself, of which the first and second prepare for the third, and are conditions of its coming.

Both by the prophet Daniel and by the apostle Paul it is clearly enough hinted that it is the coming of the Lord in person that will destroy Antichrist.

John sees thrones set up: "They sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them" (Rev. 20: 4). Who are they who sat upon these thrones? and in what sense is it said of them that judgment was given unto them? The judgment which is held cannot be the Last Judgment. We must, therefore, look about for some other explanation. It has been supposed, and probably justly, that the solution will be found in the double meaning of the word "judge." For the word in Scripture means sometimes to pass a judgment, sometimes to rule, to exercise royal power.

If the word is regarded in this latter sense, all difficulties on this point disappear. The apostle then sees a great host, those who are permitted to share in the dominion with Christ. Nor is it necessary to ask over whom they will then rule; for after the Last Judgment the elect will rule with Christ to all eternity, although there may be no reference to any who will be governed by them, or any "subjects" in heaven over whom they will rule. It merely denotes that they enjoy a glory, power, and honor with God that can only be compared with a king's.

And so far as concerns "the resurrection from the dead," the whole trend of the apostle's argument leads the thought to "the resurrection of the just."

A noteworthy passage is I. Cor. 15: 23, 24: "Christ the firstfruits; after that they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end," etc. This seems to include all true Christians, both those who are dead when he comes and they who are still alive, and who will be changed when the trumpet sounds. This can only be "the resurrection of the just," and in that all will participate who really belong to the Lord when he comes. What else can he here mean but sharing in "the resurrection of the just"; in other words, being saved?

It seems, therefore, as if Paul had known of the double resurrection, mentioned in the Revelation, and regarded it as certain that all believers will participate in the first. Of the interval between the two (or, as Paul puts it, between the resurrection of those who "are Christ's at his coming" and "the end"), which in the Revelation is filled up by the millennial kingdom, he does not speak further.

With this passage we may connect I. Thess. 4: 13-17. What the apostle here wishes to show is that those already dead at the Lord's coming will not miss any of the honor and glory which believers then alive will enjoy; both will have the same advantages. When the Lord comes and the trumpet sounds, "the dead in Christ" will first arise, then the living believers will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord, and all ever be with the Lord. Here we learn that all they who belong to the Lord will be gathered to him when he comes. There is no mention here of the resurrection of the ungodly, nor even of a judgment. Is this not due to the fact that the time for these two events has not yet arrived? They will first come to pass after the "thousand years." But the judgment which then follows has no significance for those already saved and glorified. It will be no real interruption of their life in glory, and so the apostle can close by saying that now they will henceforth ever be with the Lord.

According to these clear indications in the Word of God, we must assume that all true believers, dead or alive, at the Lord's return for judgment upon Antichrist, will participate in the first resurrection.

*From his article in the *Prophetic News*. May be obtained, price six cents, seventy cents the year, from J. E. Jewett, 77 Bible House, New York.

Social Needs.

Whatever questions of Social Needs may exist, and however much we may rack our brains to discover satisfactory solutions of them, there is at least one—and certainly not the least important—province, in which the solution has been found. For is not the question "What is our best daily beverage?" of importance to all classes of society? And is any other answer to that question possible, from disinterested persons, than Van Houten's Cocoa? It is more wholesome than any other drink, it is nourishing and easy to digest; refreshing, without acting injuriously on the nervous system, in the way that Tea, Coffee, and other drinks do; and its delicious flavor in no way palls on the taste after continually using the cocoa. As regards its price, it is, as thousands can testify from practical experience, not at all dear to use.

What a pity all social questions cannot be answered as easily as the above one; but their answers require a great deal of thinking about. Those who are busy thinking about them, cannot do better than take a cup of Van Houten's Cocoa daily, as for helping the brain-worker it is without equal.

BE SURE YOU TRY VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE.

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CURES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

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"Curtis, Miss., Sept 1st, 1898. The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed for it. It cured me of the worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the Brace I suffered with prolapsus, periodical cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.

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any reader, suffering from rheumatism, will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial Package of simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others among them cases of over 40 years standing. This is an honest remedy that you, can test before you part with your money. Address: JAN A SMITH, 219 Summerfield Church Building Milwaukee, Wis.

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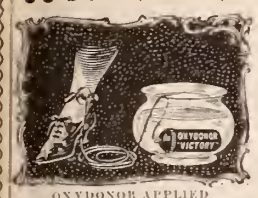

is one of the easiest things in the world to lose and one of the most difficult to regain, unless you go about it in the right manner. Registered Nov. 24, 1896.

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Rev. Henry L. Phillips, 1422 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes Oct. 21, 1899: "For Colds and Rheumatism, I find Oxydonor a most helpful servant. Have used it successfully in my family. As a tonic after Sunday's hard work and exhaustion, it is simply invaluable."

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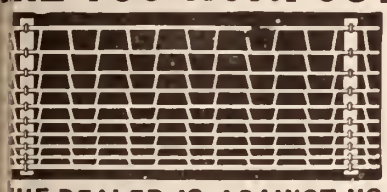

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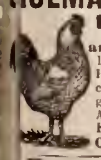

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An Egg Maker

means a money maker. Green Cut Bone prepared by.... **Mann's New Bone Cutter** doubles the egg product. Mann's Granite Crystal Grit, Mann's Clover Cutter and Swinging Feed Tray fit out every poultry requirement. Catalogue FREE.
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Send 4 cents for No. 60 Catalog of valuable information and testimonials. BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Springfield, Ohio.

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COILED SPRING FENCE CO.
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GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of prize winning poultry for 1900. The finest poultry book out. A perfect guide to poultry raisers. Gives price of eggs & stock from the very best strains. It shows the finest chickens & describes them all. 50 different varieties. Everybody gets this book. Send 6c. in stamps H. H. GREIDER, Florin, Pa.

The Lesson to Simon

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 28. Luke 7: 36-50

AT first sight, the parable of the two debtors does not appear to apply to "the woman who was a sinner." They loved, the one more and the other less, because they had been forgiven, while she appears to have been forgiven because she loved much. Thus, from the narrative, standing alone, it would appear that the one case was the converse of the other. It is, however, legitimate to assume that Luke does not tell the whole of the story. This could not have been the first time that the woman had seen our Lord. At least, if she had not seen him before, she must have heard of him and have formed an estimate of his character. Such a woman, pursuing her ordinary life, would not have gone uninvited to Simon's house that she might see and hear a religious teacher. Still less is it probable that she would have taken her box of precious ointment to anoint the feet of a stranger. She must have heard his words, compassionate of sinners, his encouragement to wanderers to repent and return, his assurances of pardon for the outcast, or have heard of them. She had already become repentant and went into the house, with a heart overflowing with love to Him who had begun a new life in her soul.

Simon was doubtless in an inquiring state of mind. He was not sure about this young Teacher. He would not reject him off-hand, as so many of his school did. He would give him a hearing and judge for himself. So he invites him to dinner, but he does not treat him as an honored guest. He omits the usual courtesies that a host paid to an equal or a superior, and doubtless thought the young Galilean sufficiently honored by being invited to the house of a Pharisee. Jesus accepted, as he appears to have accepted any invitation that promised opportunities of teaching; and at the outset made no remark upon the slight put upon him. Simon was in a critical mood and when he saw the woman's attentions accepted, he had the clue for which he was looking. He had no interest in the woman, no concern about the remarkable exhibition of unexpected softening that she made, but only in the indication he thought it afforded of Christ's lack of perception. A real prophet would not, he thought, have accepted such attentions from a woman of bad character, and therefore he assumed that Jesus must be accepting them in ignorance of her character; which proved that he had not the penetration characteristic of a true prophet. But Christ shows him by his parable that he not only knew the character of the woman, but also knew the thoughts that were passing in Simon's mind.

Christ's story of the two debtors showed Simon that he perfectly understood the situation. The woman's demonstration was not one of hysterical emotion, but an evidence of repentance and deep-seated reverence for himself. There was a cause for it. She had become a new creature, had passed from death unto life. That new life she owed to him, and nothing that she could give or do to show her gratitude, was too great. She was not forgiven because of her tears, or because of her anointing his feet; but the tears and the anointing were a consequence or result of her gratitude. Her faith had saved her, and now faith had produced love. If Simon had put faith in him and had been forgiven, it would not have been left to the woman to wash Christ's feet and anoint them. Simon had neither the faith nor the love that the woman had, nor had he the sense of his sin and the need of its forgiveness that she had. Christ showed that he was not indifferent to affection. As with Mary of Bethlehem, who made a like demonstration of love (John 12: 3), he defended her from the reproofs of those who condemned her. It is not possible to show affection in that way now, but Christ has his representatives in the poor and the afflicted and accepts service rendered to them, for love of him, as service rendered to himself.

IN the play of MACBETH, Shakespeare makes Banquo demand of the witches,

"If you can look into the SEEDS OF TIME,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate."

Had Banquo lived in the year 1900, he would need no witch to tell him which seeds will grow. He would just take down his **Burpee Farm Annual** and make out his list. Banquo's garden in the spring would then make the mouth of an anchorite water and turn his neighbors green with envy.

Banquo is dead: but you are alive. Get the best. For the "Leading American Seed Catalogue" send your address to

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Will determine the size and quality of the crop you reap. You take no chances of a poor crop when you sow Johnson & Stokes' seeds. You can see the results almost as well before you begin by examining the handsome photographic plates shown, without exaggeration, in the new century

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We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg.	City Garden Beet,	10c
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3 "	Brilliant Flower Seeds,	15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.		$1.00

Above 10 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this notice & 14c. stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never do without. $200 Prizes on Salzer's 1900—largest earliest Tomato Giant on earth. F: 310

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Always cheaper in the end than any seeds that only cost half as much. Tested, true to name, fresh and reliable. Always the best. Ask for Ferry's—take no others.
Write for 1900 Seed Annual.
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Detroit, Mich.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

This need never be asked if you plant **Peter Henderson & Co.'s** seeds, as they are the acknowledged standard of excellence in both hemispheres. Our 1900 Catalogue of

Everything for the Garden

is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants—a perfect mine of information on garden topics.

To trace advertising, and give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following unusually liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us **10 cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send, **free of charge**, our famous **50-cent "Harvest" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of New Large-flowering Sweet Peas, New Giant Pansy, New Giant Comet Asters, White Plume Celery, French Breakfast Radish and New Freedom Tomato, in a **red envelope**, which when emptied and returned will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK

RELIEF FROM RHEUMATICS..

Mr. W. H. Jenkins writes from Topeka, Kan., under date of August 5th, 1898:

GENTS: Several years ago I was crippled with rheumatism, and for 162 weeks I was unable to do business of any kind, and in that time I have expended nearly $3,000. I had given up all hope.

My mother in looking over the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE saw your advertisement, and we ordered one bottle of your Tartarlithine, which gave me immediate relief.

I have recommended your medicine to a number of parties in this city, who have had chronic rheumatism for years. One of them, a lady 68 years of age, is now doing her own work. So far your medicine has not failed to make a cure.

In conclusion your medicine is just as represented, and has entirely eliminated the disease from my body. My mother is enthusiastic over the benefits that I have derived from the use of your medicine.

Regular package $1.00,
Of all druggists or post-free by mail.
Pamphlets with Testimonials FREE.

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We have spent $4,000 on our new book, **"How to Make Money with Poultry and Incubators."** It tells it all. Leading poultry men have written special articles for it. 192 pages, 9x11 in. Illustrated. It's as good as

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PEACH Grand lot of trees, free from borers, aphis, scale, yellows, etc. Large stock of Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apple, Quince, etc. Immense supply of small fruits. Headquarters for

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40 acres hardy Roses, 44 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Roses, Geraniums, etc. Mail size postpaid. Direct deal will save you money. Try us. Elegant catalogue free. 46th Year. 1000 Acres.
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RIVER SCENES AT MAYWOOD COLONY NO. 20.

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Homes for Hundreds

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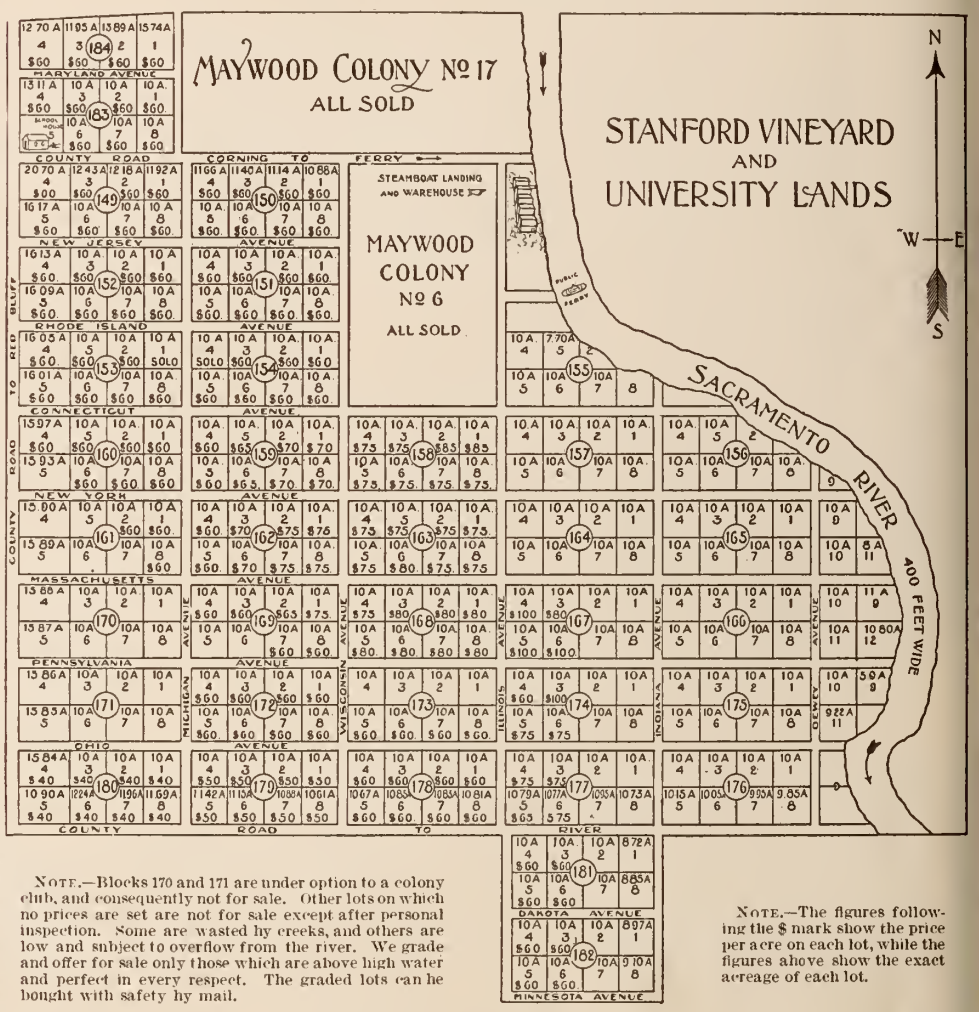
Maywood Colony (No. 20) California.

IN presenting to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this, our 20th contiguous subdivision of fruit land, we offer what is, in many ways, the cream of our Colonies. Maywood Colony No. 20 comprises 3,078 acres of fertile fruit and garden land. The orange, lemon, olive, fig, grape, peach, pear, prune, apricot, and almond, as well as melons, vegetables, and alfalfa, will thrive to perfection on this soil. In addition to being excellent in quality, it is beautiful in landscape. Land is from level to gently rolling, with huge oak trees here and there, many of which have a spread of foliage of 100 or more feet. A house built under one of these trees becomes at once a home.

This Colony lies exactly three miles east of Corning and the railway; three miles north of the village of Kirkwood, and three miles west of Vina, the town and station on the Stanford Estate. This shows the location to be all that could be desired. A public school stands on lot five of block 183. Another will be built more centrally when colonists settle there. Steamboats land at the warehouses shown on accompanying plot. The ferry connecting Colony 20 with the Stanford vineyard belongs to the county, and is free. Title to lots in this Colony, as in the case of our 19 preceding tracts, is absolutely perfect. Our *Advocate*, No. 23, tells all about Maywood Colony No. 20. Get it.



NOTE.—Blocks 170 and 171 are under option to a colony club, and consequently not for sale. Other lots on which no prices are set are not for sale except after personal inspection. Some are wasted by creeks, and others are low and subject to overflow from the river. We grade and offer for sale only those which are above high water and perfect in every respect. The graded lots can be bought with safety by mail.

NOTE.—The figures following the $ mark show the price per acre on each lot, while the figures above show the exact acreage of each lot.

INSTALMENT TERMS.

On $400.00 lots—	$40.00 down;	then $10.00	monthly for 36 months.
On 500.00 lots—	50.00 down;	then 12.50	monthly for 36 months.
On 600.00 lots—	60.00 down;	then 15.00	monthly for 36 months.
On 650.00 lots—	65.00 down;	then 16.25	monthly for 36 months.
On 700.00 lots—	70.00 down;	then 17.50	monthly for 36 months.
On 750.00 lots—	75.00 down;	then 18.75	monthly for 36 months.
On 800.00 lots—	80.00 down;	then 20.00	monthly for 36 months.
On 850.00 lots—	85.00 down;	then 21.40	monthly for 36 months.
On 1000.00 lots—	100.00 down;	then 25.00	monthly for 36 months.

No Interest. We Pay Taxes While Payments Are Being Made.

CASH TERMS.

A straight and uniform discount of $10.00 an acre on all grades of land in Colony 20 is allowed on cash sales.

SPECIAL TERMS.

If desired, we will accept a third or half payment, allowing balance to run for two years with interest at eight per cent. a year, out of which we pay the taxes.

One-quarter and one-half lots can be had at same price per acre and proportionate payments.

If you want some of this land, don't delay. Most of it will have been sold in 90 days. Decide how much you want, make the necessary first payment, and receive our Bond for Deed. Don't forget about the Maywood Colony *Advocate*, if you want to read up on California and its industries. Twenty-four issues will go to you for 24 cents in stamps.

FOSTER & WOODSON,

Corner Broadway and 26th St., New York.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1900 PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 4

A Puzzling Text from the Old Book

(SEE PAGE 72)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG. *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 31

1. Where did the phrase "Sound money" originate?
2. Is it right for a reformed drunkard to marry, and take the risk of transmitting the appetite for drink to another generation?
3. Is riding on cars and ferryboats on Sunday for church-going purposes, sinful?
4. Which should be our strongest motive power in every-day action—love, patience or duty?
5. What part of our income should we set apart for religious and charitable purposes?
6. Which of the two poets, Shakespeare or Milton, has been the greatest benefactor to the world at large through his poetical works?
7. How can a deeper interest be best aroused among Christians, in the work of Foreign Missions?
8. Can a man be a good Christian and yet work on the Sabbath day? Take for instance, a railroad conductor, milkman, or engineer, etc.
9. What may be done to make the Sunday evening church service more attractive, without sacrificing the eternal fitness of things?
10. What should be our position toward those who have wilfully and grievously wronged us, and persistently continue to do so at every possible opportunity? Christ teaches us to forgive, as we wish to be forgiven, but are we to forgive these wrong-doers before they seek forgiveness and without forsaking their evil ways?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 7

1. Would it be wise for the Federal Government to undertake a pension system whereby a stated number of annual payments on the part of any citizen, male or female, should ensure the individual an annual endowment for the remainder of life?
2. Judged from results, direct or indirect, what book by an American author has been most effective for good?
3. What is the best method of systematic domestic charity?
4. Which is the more important and useful invention, the telegraph or the telephone?
5. What number of insane, feeble-minded, blind, and deaf and dumb people are there in the United States?
6. In what country of the world is the proportion of suicides to the population the greatest, and where does the United States rank in the list?
7. Is open or concealed sin the greater in the sight of God?
8. What is the fastest speed of a railroad train on record?
9. Does man's brain continue to grow or otherwise, with advancing years?
10. Was Judas a subject of prophecy in the sense that he had been chosen beforehand for the ignominious role he filled, or was he a moral free agent, capable of rejecting temptation to treachery and of desiring to act the part of a righteous disciple?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 14

1. What four living issues of our time may be grouped as the four most important?
2. What six promoters of sociological reform should be given pre-eminence? The answer need not be confined to Americans, but must be limited to names of persons now living.
3. Does God's method of grace annul or revise his system of government? In other words, does the New Testament abrogate the laws of the Old Testament altogether or in part?
4. How many miles of steam railroad are there in the United States?
5. By what illustration may the fact that the twentieth century does not commence till the close of the year 1900 be most simply demonstrated?
6. How may we best solve what is known as the servant girl problem?
7. Has the principle of business co-operation among employers and employed advanced sufficiently to promise its wide adaptation within the next decade?
8. What text of Scripture may be presented as the most definite and powerful assertion of the deity of Christ?
9. Has the divine law in reference to the punishment of murder, as declared in Genesis 9:6, and as fully defined and detailed in Numbers 35, ever been repealed?
10. Which book of the Bible is the oldest, and on what ground is the claim substantiated?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 21

1. What is the best definite plan for helping the poor?
2. When was the name Cousin Jonathan first given to the United States as a nation?
3. Is civil government an institution of divine appointment?
4. In the Bible we read, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Through what instrumentality does God execute his vengeance on evil-doers?
5. What is the leading lesson to be learned from the life of the late Dwight L. Moody?
6. Is it ever justifiable to use strategy or a ruse to gain a good end in church work?
7. What is the relative strength of the armies and navies of the five leading nations of the earth?
8. When we read, in the Revelation, of books being kept in heaven and also in connection with the Judgment Day, are we to understand the language as literal or figurative?
9. A gentleman is assured by physicians that he cannot live many months, owing to the presence of a disease from which he now suffers little, if at all. He has means more than ample to provide himself with necessaries and comforts. What should he do with the remaining months of his life?
10. When did celibacy among Christian priests come into vogue?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the contribution per capita in the various denominations in this country for Home and Foreign Missions respectively, and is it sufficient to indicate a general desire for the hastening of the Second Coming of our Lord?

The small per capita contribution of the evangelical churches in the United States does not indicate a general desire for the second coming of Christ. Even in the Northern Presbyterian Church, nearly a million strong, and which ranks high in the list, the per capita contribution is less than $1 to foreign missions, and a little over that sum to domestic missions. Among the Congregationalists the per capita is 60 cents for foreign mission, and about 75 cents for domestic. The Lutherans average about 35 cents and 30 cents respectively. The Reformed Church gives slightly over $1 and 43 cents respectively. The seven hundred thousand Protestant Episcopalians contribute 47 cents per capita for foreign work and 40 cents for domestic. The Baptists average less than 50 cents per capita for both purposes. Neither the Methodist figures nor those of any other denomination not mentioned afford any exception to the statement made in the opening sentence. An average of two cents a week from every member of our Evangelical churches would double the revenues of the foreign and home missionary treasuries. Many professing Christians give nothing to missions. M. N. BEATTIE.

2. Would a young woman with strong artistic or literary tendencies be the more likely to improve or sacrifice her career by marriage, there being no guarantee of the husband's sympathy in her special tastes?

A young woman, ambitious for a literary or artistic career, if married at all, should wed a man in sympathy with her tastes; then if forced to renounce her dreams of fame, she will not find herself without either congenial occupation or companionship. Many a woman with artistic tendencies marries happily, but seldom indeed is her career promoted thereby; on the contrary, it too frequently becomes a dream of the past. Marriage presupposes the making of a home, not merely changing the name on one's visiting card. Home-making is a profession by itself, and as no man can serve two masters, so few women can be home-makers and enjoy a public career at the same time. Art and literature are exacting in demands upon their devotees, and half-hearted service seldom wrests fame from either. Again, a man, though possibly proud of his wife's ability, is often dissatisfied with any pursuit or interest that does not directly include himself, and "that way danger lies." All things considered, a woman's career, be it literary, artistic or musical, is best enhanced by thorough, whole-hearted devotion to her chosen profession. ESTHER NORTON.

3. Which nation or nations of the earth may be regarded as furnishing the most heroic instances of disregard of one's own life?

The Anglo-Saxon nations. Their sacrifice is made intelligently and they lay down a life far more worth living than that of Mohammedans who, for instance, with nothing but hardships on earth are convinced that death in battle means immediate entrance into a sensual heaven. The death of General Lawton in the Philippines and of General Wauchope in South Africa are only two conspicuous instances of noble self-sacrifice from motives of principle and duty. R. S. ELLIS.

4. Are famine and pestilence the act of Providence, and if so, is man justified in interfering to stay their course?

Famine and pestilence are not ordinarily to be regarded as the acts of, but rather as permitted by, Providence. There have been visitations of famine and pestilence for which human agents were in no way responsible; they were sent by God's direct decree, in order to further some special purpose. The Old Testament furnishes instances. But usually they are the direct result of man's mismanagement or criminal carelessness. This is true of the devastating fammes of India, and of many of the terrible epidemics of history. It is probable that our own frequently repeated yellow fever plague will be greatly abated, if not wholly conquered, by the sanitary measures now being introduced in Cuba. With man's responsibility for the spread of most of these evils thus established, we may say not only that he is justified in interfering but that it is his urgent duty. J. H. BOMBERGER.

5. Which was the greatest religious revival since the days of Peter?

The Reformation of the sixteenth century. It aroused almost all Europe, brought into prominence the doctrine of justification by faith, showed up the worldliness and immorality which prevailed in church circles, established the right of private judgment in religious matters, and gave the Bible to the common people. For widespread and enduring influence for good no other religious movement since the days of Peter can be compared to it. R. L. FORESTER.

6. To which of America's writers of fiction, living or dead, must first place be assigned?

Nathaniel Hawthorne. Washington Irving, a most popular American novelist, marvelously fruitful in the invention of incident, picturesque and striking in portrayal, magical for beauty of description, might have disputed the palm, but Irving has not that fineness, that exquisiteness in his literary form, the ease, the grace, and the brilliancy of expression which characterize Hawthorne's works, nor that deep and subtle insight into the inmost recesses of the heart. It was on the mystical side that Hawthorne apprehended things, and, like a magician's invisible wand, he wielded his indescribably delicate art in expression. To vitalize fiction there is needed creative faculty with rare parts to work with. Hawthorne had both. In tragic power; in its grasp of the inherited passions of human nature; in searching psychological analysis and pungent application to conscience *The Scarlet Letter* is not only Hawthorne's, but America's greatest book of fiction.

KATHARINE DIX CRANDALL.

7. How is one to know, absolutely, that he or she is called to personal work in the ministry or missionary field?

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon used to say that if a man felt he could as readily take up any other vocation as he could that of the ministry, then he was not called to preach. John Wesley used to insist on grace, gifts and fruits in a candidate. Presuming one has a burning conviction that he is called to the ministry at home or abroad, then if he has shown an aptitude in presenting religious truth and in winning others to its acceptance and is ready to sacrifice cheerfully material advantages that another vocation might afford, and is sure that he has no desire for the sacred office for any honor among men that it may seem to bring, he may well look for further and definite guidance in the matter. This guidance will be ensured in answer to much earnest prayer, in consultation with godly friends and by providential indications. S. M. FULTON.

8. Which poet since the days of Christ ranks highest from a purely Christian standpoint?

If the literary merit of a solitary Christian poem entitles the author to rank "highest," the prize should be given to Milton for his *Paradise Lost*. Many Christian poets have written superior and immortal hymns. In the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January and April, 1864, the distinguished Lutheran critic of sacred poetry, Rev. Frederick M. Bird, gives to Charles Wesley the highest place among Christian poets. His thousands of poems contain five hundred masterpieces. Mr. Bird eulogized his "Funeral Hymns" as "the noblest specimens of his genius." Montgomery was enraptured with his "Wrestling Jacob;" and of his celebrated hymn "Stand the Omnipotent Decree," Mr. Southey wrote: "It is the finest lyric in the English language."

S. V. LEECH.

9. What may be considered the greatest evil of the present day?

The liquor traffic. It is responsible for 35 per cent. of idiocy, 45 per cent. of lunacy, 80 per cent. of crime, and 90 per cent. of pauperism. It has been well said that his traffic "neutralizes educational agencies, silences the voice of religion, baffles penal reform, obstructs political reform, gives to ignorance and vice a greater potency than intelligence or virtue can command, deprives the poor of the advantages of modern progress, debauches and degrades millions below the plane of healthy savagery, and fills the centres of population with creatures dangerous to their generation."

MARY U. JONES.

10. Would a combination of all the Protestant denominations be calculated to serve the interests of Protestantism or otherwise?

No. Could all Christians unite in one body on the vital doctrines of Christianity, such a combination might do much to show the unity of believers. That unity can, however, be emphasized by interdenominational charity and toleration. The mere outward combination of all the Protestant denominations would probably be accomplished and sustained at the cost of fidelity to the greatest principle of Protestantism—the right of private judgment. It would tend to acceptance without intelligent conviction of the tenets of Protestantism.

L. T. LUCAS.

All Love "Aunt Samantha"

WE are constantly receiving letters expressing our readers' delighted appreciation of "Aunt Samantha's Tour Around the World." Some of these are so cordial and even enthusiastic that we give a few extracts below:

. . .

PASCOAG, R. I.

Dear Editor:—I **enjoy every word of "Samantha;"** and her quaint remarks call to mind many a dear old friend, whose peculiar speeches live in my memory, associated with kindness and shrewd common sense. Let us have it all, please. MRS. G. A. K.

. . .

EMPORIA, Kan.

Editor, Christian Herald:—We have all **hailed with delight the advent of Aunt Samantha** into our great family circle. We predict that our friends will all agree with us, that our venerable Aunt (Miss Holley), is one of the noblest specimens of our American womanhood, and certainly ranks well with our foremost reformers. ETTA D.

. . .

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Dear Sir:—Miss Holley is **one of the best American writers** of the day. For wit, wisdom and everything that helps make the world better she is on the top shelf. MAY P. S.

. . .

BAYFIELD, Ont., Can.

Dear Editor: We enjoy your story, **Around the World with Aunt Samantha tremendously. Mamma reads it aloud to us,** and we all consider it just fine.

COLIN CAMPBELL (age twelve years.)

. . .

NOTTINGHAM, O.

Dear Sir:—I really consider THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the very best literature that enters our home. It is looked for eagerly each week. Now that we have "Aunt Samantha" for our escort around the world I think **the young people will enjoy it more than ever.**

MRS. A. E. T.

. . .

CLAY CENTER, Kan.

Editor, Christian Herald:—I think Aunt Samantha's Trip alone **worth the subscription price,** without the balance of the paper.

G. P. R.

. . .

MILFORD, Mich.

Dear Editor:—As a usual thing I do not prefer diamonds in the rough, but there are some things in this "Journey around the World" that are **striking at the root of this evil of intemperance.** Aunt Samantha is taking the guns that have been pointed so long at the saloon-keepers and pointing them at the Christian voters. A. M.

. . .

ORWELL, N. Y.

To the Dear Christian Herald:—I want to tell you how much I appreciate and love the HERALD and its workers, and especially the story by Samantha. I don't see how people can unfavorably criticize Samantha. I think she has a peculiar gift, and I have read her books with **the tears falling and laughing at the same time.** There is a deep vein of meaning and pathos running through all this nonsense. I congratulate you on securing the services of so able a writer. MISS L. F.

. . .

FRENCHTOWN, Pa.

Dear Friend:—I can **hardly wait from one week till the next** to hear from Aunt Samantha. FRANCES B.

. . .

MUNCY, Pa.

Editor, Christian Herald:—Miss Holley is and has been a blessing to humanity, her pen distributing food for both mind and heart, and in her unique way she is **leading many poor discouraged souls** to a higher and holier life. We love her and bespeak for her long life, health and happiness. MRS. D. W. B.

. . .

CONESVILLE, Ia.

Dear Editor:—How any one can object to "Around the World with Aunt Samantha," is beyond my comprehension. We think it delightfully interesting, as well as exceedingly instructive. We **read it aloud to the whole family** and they enjoy it immensely.

MRS. JOHN W. B.

. . .

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

Editor, Christian Herald:—Aunt Samantha is all right—a little fun doeth good like medicine—and I know **we shall learn some useful lessons** from the story. ELLA E. U.

. . .

REDDING RIDGE, Conn.

Dear Editor:—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we all enjoy; I have taken it several years, and it grows better each year. I expect to enjoy the trip with **Aunt Samantha,** even if it is "not quite in harmony with the rest of the paper," as one lady thinks. MARY L.

. . .

ALLENTOWN, N. J.

Dear Sir:—One number has not been received. I do not want to miss any number of **"Around the world with Aunt Samantha."**

MRS. GEORGE T. F.

Emperor William Reopening the Famous Garrison Church at Potsdam

THE IMPERIAL PARTY AND ROYAL MILITARY ESCORT IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

1. The Empress of Germany.—2. Emperor William

ONE of the most impos- religious ceremonies ermany has witnessed in ecent years, s the dedi- tion of the arrison rche" at otsdam, hich took ace lately. he Emper- and Em- ess attend- in person th their tes, and all t could be ne to give ignificence the occa- on was ne. The urch is that which the mperor and s officers orship, and now probably the finest the empire. It has been tirely reconstructed, to ling it into accord with mod- ideas. The gossips averred t the reason for the reno- tion was that the old church s haunted, but the Emperor not the kind of a man to be ured by uneasy ghosts. If s midnight reveries were dis- bed at all by the old church, was because its design was offence to his architectural ste. In any case, the church s been entirely remodeled d is said to have realized e Emperor's ideal.

The interior of the historic ifice bears little resem- nce now to an ordinary urch. In design it is more e an opera house, but there no special sanctity in any der of architecture and the mperor probably thought at he could not do better an follow a model which d proved appropriate for posing spectacles, as well giving the best acoustic ad- ntages. Its non-ecclesias- al appearance is emphasiz- by the flags which form e most conspicuous part of e decorations. The flags. owever, are in harmony with e purpose of the building, d we can imagine the aiser looking at them and ying, "not unto us, not unto , but unto Thy name be all e glory." They are the ophies of German arms and ere brought home by the ctors in the wars of 1813-15, e Austro-Prussian war and e great war with Napo- on III. in 1870. To a potente who sincerely regards mself as "the Lord's anoint- ," the placing of these flags the imperial church is a fit d proper acknowledgment the divine favor. The great ilding is abundantly lighted the daytime by richly stain- windows and illumined at ght by myriads of electric hts in the large centre chan- eliers, and in many wall can- elabras. The altar furnishings e of bronze, the pillars of olored marble, and the rail- gs, dividing the floor spaces, f ornamental wrought iron- ork, brass and bronze. The altar stands near the entrance to the crypt, opposite e pulpit, and almost directly under the Emperor's pew. As it is an old custom at the King of Prussia shall sit surrounded by his generals, his officers and his soldiers, when at divine service, the imperial pew is placed in the centre of the first alcony, and below the Emperor, on the main floor, is the pew for the Empress, er sister sovereigns and the ladies of the court. The galleries are used by the oldiers; the main floor is reserved for officers and high civil officials and their fam- es, and a small portion for the general public.

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, SHOWING THE ROYAL PEWS, OR STALLS

The Empress' pew is the lower stall in front of the platform and to the left of the picture. The Emperor's is immediately over it

The church, as originally built by the great Frederick, had backless benches, so that his great grenadiers had to sit up straight during services, but he had thoughtfully put the benches far apart, and they were open below the seats to allow them ample space for their long legs. The fronts of the balconies are painted uniformly in white and decorated at regular intervals with gilded shields bearing the names of the eight royal Hohenzollerns from Frederick I. to Frederick III. On each side of the shield in every instance, is a long frame containing in letters of gold the Bible texts which were either favorite passages of the respective monarchs or were deemed characteristic of their persons or reigns.

Those on the west side of the church are *Frederick I.:* Psalm 23: 1; Rev. 3: 11; Eccles. 8: 2; Psalm 46 : 12. *Frederick William I.:* Psalm 26 : 8; Exodus 15 : 3; Luke 16 : 10; James 1 : 22. *Frederick II.:* Psalm 101 : 6; Matt. 22 : 21; Acts 16 : 31; I. Cor. 16 : 13. *Frederick William II.:* I. Peter 2 : 17; Psalm 20 : 6; Matt. 26 : 41; Rev. 2 : 10. Those on the east side are: *Frederick William III.:* Psalm 22 : 5; 108 : 14; Phil. 2 : 12; II. Timothy 2 : 3. *Frederick William IV.:* Joshua 24 : 15; Rom. 1 : 16; Luke 11 : 28; I. Timothy 6 : 12. On the south side, to the right and left of the altar, are: *William I.:* Rom. 12 : 12; Psalm 118 : 14; Psalm 100 : 1, 2; Psalm 98 : 1. *Frederick III.:* Heb. 13 : 8; Matt. 11 : 28; Isaiah 6 : 3; James 5 : 13.

Only two of the eight kings are buried in the church. They are Frederick William I. and Frederick II., called the Great. The former had expressed a desire to be buried there and his wish was gratified. His body was placed in the crypt under the altar on May 31, 1740. By his side lie the remains of his famous son, who had wished a far different resting place. He desired to be laid in the crypt of his favorite palace, Sans Souci, and to be buried without pomp or display. It would not have been safe in his lifetime to disregard his wishes; but after his death there was nothing to prevent the sturdy old king being buried as others thought best. So, with a national pageant, he was laid beside his father in the Garrison Church. Frederick William I. had been anxious that his Queen, Sophia Dorothea, should be buried in the crypt beside him. He had ordered for her a coffin of ebony enclosed in black marble, an exact counterpart of his own. His autograph letters, containing a description of the coffin, are still in existence. It was made in Holland, and was placed in the crypt ready for the time when it would be needed. But when that time came, other counsels prevailed, and the coffin was taken up and sent to Berlin and the royal lady was buried in it there.

The present Emperor has taken a lively interest in the rebuilding of the old church and has personally contributed eighteen thousand dollars toward the expenses.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Busybody

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Peter 4:15, ...

A busybody in other men's matters

HUMAN nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, the only difference being that they had the characteristics for a longer time. It was five hundred years of goodness or five hundred years of meanness, instead of goodness or meanness for forty or fifty years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, one day caught sight of a man whose characteristics were severe inspection and blatant criticism of the affairs belonging to people for whom he had no responsibility, and with the hand once browned and hardened by fishing-tackle drew this portrait for all subsequent ages: "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble-maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of exploration and detection, he goes forth mischief-making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the advertising agent of infirmities and domestic inharmony and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not let it stop. He whispers it to his neighbors, and they, in turn, whisper it to their neighbors, until the whole town is abuzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and afloat. Taken by itself, it seems of little importance, but after a hundred people have handled it, and each has given it an additional twist, it becomes a story, in size and shape marvelous. If it can be kept going, after a while it will be large enough to call the attention of the courts or the presbyteries or conferences or associations. The most of the scandals abroad are the work of the one whom Peter in the text styles, "A busybody in other men's matters."

First, notice that such a mission is most undesirable, because we all require all the time we can get to take care of our own affairs. To carry ourselves through the treacherous straits of this life demands that we all the time keep our hand on the wheel of our own craft. While, as I shall show you before I get through, we all have a mission of kindness to others, we have no time to waste in doing that which is damaging to others.

There is our worldly calling, which must be looked after or it will become a failure. Who succeeds in anything without concentrating all his energies upon that one thing? All those who try to do many things go to pieces, either as to their health or their fortune. They go on until they pay ten cents on the dollar, or pay their body into the grave. We cannot manage the affairs of others and keep our own affairs prosperous. While we are inquiring how precarious is the business of another merchant, and finding out how many notes he has unpaid, and how soon he will probably be wound up, or make an assignment, or hear the sheriff's hammer smite his counter, our own affairs are getting mixed up and endangered. While we are criticising our neighbor for his poor crops we are neglecting the fertilization of our own fields or allowing the weeds to choke our own corn.

Gadders about town, with hands in pockets and hats set far back on the head, waiting to hear baleful news, are failures now or will be failures. Christian men and women who go round with mouth and looks full of interrogation points to find how some other church member is given to exaggeration, or drinks too much, or neglects his home for greater outside attractions, have themselves so little grace in their hearts that no one suspects they have any. In proportion as people are consecrated and holy and useful, they are lenient with others and disposed to say: "Wait until we hear the other side of that matter. I cannot believe that charge made against that man or woman until we have some better testimony than that given by these scandal-mongers. I guess it is a lie."

Furthermore, we are incapacitated for the supervisal of others because we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended. People are generally not so much to blame as we suppose. It is never right to do wrong, but there may be alleviations. There may have arisen a conjunction of circumstances which would have flung any one of us. The world gives only one side of the transaction, and that is always the worst side.

Better die than do the least wrong, but moderate your anathema against the wrongdoer by the circumstances which may yet develop. Be economical of your curses when all the community is hounding some man or woman. Wait, consider, pause and hope that which is charged is a base fabrication. Do not be like a jury who should render verdict against the defendant without allowing him to present his side of the case. I know not what your observation has been, but I have never known a case of default in character but there were some circumstances which ought to weigh on the side of the recreant. The most repugnant character on earth to me is the man who believes everything he hears against others and hurls all the slandered down the same embankment of denunciation. I dislike such a one more than I dislike the offender for whom he has no mercy.

Furthermore, we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies. What a diabolical enterprise those undertake who are ever looking for the moral lapse or downfall of others! As the human race is a most imperfect race, all such hunters find plenty of game. There have been Sewing Societies in churches which tore to pieces more reputations than they made garments for the poor. With their sarcasms and sly hints and depreciation of motives, they punctured more good names than they had needles. With their scissors they cut character bias, and backstitched every evil report they got hold of. Meetings of boards of directors have sometimes ruined good business men by insinuations against them. The bad work may not have been done so much by words, for they would be libelous, but by a twinkle of the eye, or a shrug of the shoulder, or a sarcastic accentuation of a word. "Yes, he is all right when he is sober." "Have you inquired into that man's history?" "Do you know what business he was in before he entered this?" "I move that the application be laid on the table until some investigations now going on are consummated." It is easy enough to start a suspicion that will never down, but what a despicable man is the one who started it!

There is not an honest man in Washington or New York or any other city who cannot be damaged by such infernalism. In a village where I once lived a steamboat every day came to the wharf. An enemy of the steamboat company asked one day: "I wonder if that steamboat is safe?" The man who heard the question soon said to his neighbor: "There is some suspicion about the safety of that steamboat." And the next one who got hold of it said: "There is an impression abroad that there will soon be an accident on that steamer." Soon all that community began to say: "That steamer is very unsafe," and as a consequence we all took the stage rather than risk our lives on the river. The steamer was entirely sound and safe, but one interrogation in regard to her started a suspicion that went on until the steamboat company was ruined. Precisely so noble reputations and good enterprises and useful styles of business are slain by interrogation points. Can you imagine any creature so loathsome as the one who feels himself or herself called to question all integrity, all ability, all honesty, all character? Buzzards looking for carrion.

While I believe enough in human depravity to be orthodox, I tell you that the most of people whom I know are doing the best they can. Faults? Oh, yes: all people except you and I have faults. But they are sorry about it, repentant on account of it, and are trying to do better. About all the married people I know of are married to the one person best suited. Nearly all the parents with whom I am acquainted are doing the best they can for their children. All the clerks in stores, so far as I know, are honest: and all persons in official position, city, state, or nation, are fulfilling their mission as well as they can. The most of those who have failed in business, so far as I know, have failed honestly. The singers are singing their best songs, the sculptors chiseling their best statues, the painters penciling their best pictures, the ministers preaching their best sermons. Take any audience that assembles in any church, and if there are five hundred people assembled, I think at least four hundred and fifty are doing the best they can, and if there be five thousand assembled, at least forty-five hundred are doing the best they can.

While I was thinking upon this subject, I made a visit to one of the national bureaus in this capital, and found that out of eleven hundred millions of money that had passed through the hands of more than four hundred employees, only three cents were unaccounted for, and the three cents were afterwards found. What a compliment to common honesty!

How is it that you can always find two opinions about any one, and those two opinions exactly opposite? I will tell you the reason. It is because there are two sides to every character—the best side and the worst side. A well-disposed man chiefly seeks the best side. The badly disposed seeks chiefly the worst side. Be ours the desire to see the best side, for it is healthier for us so to do and stirs admiration, which is an elevated state, while the desire to find the worst side keeps one in a spirit of disquietude and disgust and mean suspicion, and that is a pulling down of our own nature, a disfigurement of our own character. I am afraid the imperfections of others will kill us yet.

The habit I deplore is apt to show itself in the visage. A kindly man who wishes everybody well soon demonstrates his disposition in his looks. His features may fracture all the laws of handsome physiognomy, but God puts into that man's eyes and in the curve of his nostril and in the upper and lower lip the signature of divine approval. And you see it at a glance, as plainly as though it had been written all over his face in rose color: "This is one of my princes. He is on the way to coronation. I bless him now with all the benedictions that infinity can afford. Look at him. Admire him. Congratulate him."

On the other hand, if one be cynical about the character of others, and chiefly observant of defects and glad to find something wrong in character, the fact is apt to be demonstrated in his looks. However regular his features, and though constructed according to the laws of Kaspar Lavater, his visage is sour. He may smile, but it is a sour smile. There is a sneer in the inflation of the nostril. There is a mean curvature to the lip. There is a bad look in the eye. The devil of sarcasm and malevolence and suspicion has taken possession of him, and you see it as plainly as though from the hair line of the forehead to the lowest point in the round of his chin it were written: "Mine! Mine! I, the demon of the pit, have soured his visage with my curse. Look at him! He chose a diet of carrion. He gloated over the misdeeds of others. It took all my infernal engineery to make him what he is—'a busybody in other men's matters.'"

But there is a worthy and Christian way of looking abroad upon others, not for the purpose of bringing them to disadvantage, or advertising their weaknesses, or putting in "great primer" or "paragon" type their frailties, but to offer help, sympathy, and rescue. That is Christlike, and he who does so will the applause of the high heavens. Ju look abroad for the people who ha made great mistakes, and put a big pla ter of condolence on their laceration Such people are never sympathized wit although they need an infinity of solac Domestic mistakes. Social mistake Ecclesiastical mistakes. Political m takes. The world has for such or jocosity and gesture of deploration. The is an unoccupied field for you, my broth No one has been there. Take your ca of medicines and go there, and ask the where they are hurt and apply divi medicament.

There is a public man who has made political mistake from which he will nev recover. At the next elections he will put back and put down into a place disapproval from which he will never ris Just go to that man, and unroll the scro of one hundred splendid Americans wh after occupying high places of prom tion, were relegated to private life a public scorn. Show him in what glorio company he has been placed by the an thema of the ballot-box.

There is a man or woman who h made a conjugal mistake, and a vultu has been put into the same cage with dove, or a lion and a lamb in the san jungle. The world laughs at the misfo tune, but it is your business to weep wi their woe. There is a merchant wh bought at the wrong time, or a manufa turer whose old machinery has been supe seded by a new invention, or who und change of tariff on certain styles of fabr has been dropped from affluence into ban ruptcy. Go to him and recall the nam of fifty business men who lost all b their honesty and God and heaven. L them know there are hundreds of goo men who have gone under that a thought of in heavenly spheres mo than many who are high up and goin higher. All will acknowledge that goo and lovely Arthur Tappan, who failed business, was more to be admired tha William Tweed in possession of his stole millions.

Go to that literary man who is starvin with a brilliant pen in his right hand, h literary position lost, his books unsalabl and tell him of the mightiest of the pa and the present who suffered from no appreciation. Show the discouraged a thor, whose manuscript the publishin house will not take, that among the re jected manuscripts of the publishin houses for awhile were *Paradise Los* and *Jane Eyre*, and Thackeray's *Va ity Fair*, and *Vestiges of Creation*, an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Hear it! the more you go to busyin yourselves in other men's matters th better, if you have design of offering re lief. Search out the quarrels, that yo may settle them; the fallen, that you ma lift them; the pangs, that you may a suage them. Arm yourself with two bo tles of divine medicine, the one a toni and the other an anæsthetic; the latter t soothe and quiet, the former to stimulat to inspire to sublime action. That man' matters need looking after in this respec There are ten thousand men and wome who need your help, and need it righ away. They do not sit down and cry They make no appeal for help, but with in ten yards of where you sit in churc and within ten minutes' walk of you home there are people in enough troubl to make them shriek out with agony i they had not resolved upon suppression

If you are rightly interested in othe men's matters, go to those who are jus starting in their occupations or profes sions and give them a boost. Those ol physicians do not want your help, fo they are surrounded with more patient than they can attend to, but cheer thos young doctors who are counting out thei first drops to patients who cannot affor to pay. Those old attorneys at the la want no help from you, for they take re tainers only from the more prosperou clients, but cheer those young attorney who have not had a brief at all lucrative Those old merchants have their busines so well established that they feel inde pendent of banks, of all changes in tariffs of all panics, but cheer those young mer chants who are making their first mis takes in bargain and sale.

We pity people who have met with bereavements or accidents or great losses but there are "other men's matters" tha are never reported, though they ar

rushing to the last degree. Search them ut. Alleviate them. Give them practi- il help. Have a word of appropriate mpathy. Do not go in at some case of ereavement and quote conventionally om the Bible, as I have heard it quoted nid such circumstances: "We all do de as a leaf." "Man that is born of oman is of few days, and full of trouble," id so on. The Bible, like an apothe- ary store, has many medicines, and they e all good, but are not alike suited to l cases.

Go forth to be a busybody in other en's matters, so far as you can helping em out, and help them on. The world full of instances of those who spend eir life in such alleviations. But there one instance that overtops and eclipses l others. He had lived in a palace, adiant ones waited upon him. He was arioted along streets yellow with gold, id stopped at gates glistening with pearl, id hosannaed by immortals coroneted id in snowy white. Centuries gave him ot a pain. The sun that rose on him ever set. His dominions could not be en- rged, for they had no boundaries, and ncontested was his reign. Upon all that stre and renown and environment of blendors he turned his back and put own his crown at the foot of his throne, id on a bleak December night trod his ay down to a stone house in Bethlehem our world.

He could not see a woman doubled up ith rheumatism, but he touched her, id inflamed muscles relaxed and she ood straight up. He could not meet funeral of a young man, but he broke the procession and gave him back to s widowed mother. With spittle on the of his finger he turned the midnight total blindness into the midnoon of rfect sight. He could not see a man own on his mattress helpless with palsy thout calling him up to health, and tell- g him to shoulder the mattress and walk f. He could not see a crowd of hungry ople but he made enough good bread d a surplus that required all the baskets. ll for others. His birth for others. is ministry for others. His death for hers. His ascension for others. His thronement for others.

That spirit which leads one to be busy r the betterment of others is going to lenize the round earth. That spirit in- ced John Pounds to establish "Ragged hools," and Father Matthew to become temperance reformer, and though our eans be limited and our opportunities rcumscribed, we can do the same thing a small scale. "Other men's matters!" busybodies in improving them. With nd words, with earnest prayers, with lf-sacrificing deeds, with enlarging chari- s, let us go forth on a new mission.

And now my words are to the invisible ultitudes I reach week by week, but yet ll never see in this world, but whom I pect to meet at the bar of God, and pe to see in the blessed heaven. The st word that Dwight L. Moody, the great angelist, said to me at Plainfield, N. J., d he repeated the message for me to hers, was: "Never be tempted under y circumstances to give up your weekly blication of sermons throughout the rld." That solemn charge I will ed as long as I have strength to give em, and the newspaper types desire to ke them. Oh, ye people back there in e sheep pastures of Australia, and ye nid the pictured terraces of New Zea- nd, and ye dwellers on the banks of e Androscoggin and the Alabama and e Mississippi, and the Caspian and Yel- w seas; ye of the four corners of the earth ho have greeted me again and again, cept this point-blank offer of safety and aven, "without money and without ice." What a Gospel for all lands, all nes, all ages! Gospel of sympathy! spel of hope! Gospel of emancipa- n! Gospel of sunlight! Gospel of en- ronement! Gospel of eternal victory! ike it, all ye people, until your sins are pardoned, and your sorrows all solaced, d your wrongs all righted, and your ing pillow be spread at the foot of a lder which, though like the one that as let down to Bethel, may be thronged th descending and ascending immortals, all nevertheless have room enough for u to climb, foot over foot, on rungs of ht, till you go clear up out of sight of earthly perturbation, into the realm here "the wicked cease from troubling d the weary are at rest."

Encounters with . . . Ecclesiastics and Infidels

MOODY AS I KNEW HIM

Edgar W. Hawley's Reminiscences of the Evangelist

. . . Many Incidents Never Before Published

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is to-day privileged to lay before its readers a page of absorbing interest in the life of the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, containing many incidents that have never before been made public. One of Mr. Moody's first associates in active spiritual work, after he had settled in Chicago, was Edgar Wilson Hawley, a young merchant, who became his companion and fellow-worker in many soul-winning campaigns in the Western States. Mr. Hawley is now Chairman of the Missionary Committee of the New York State Sunday School Association. His experiences as Mr. Moody's co-worker cover a period of forty years and begin at a much earlier date than most of his other associates. We give the reminiscences so far as possible in his own words.

. . .

Mr. Moody's Conversion "It was in 1855 that Mr. Moody experienced soul-awakening and conversion. It occurred in Boston in the old Mount Vernon Congregational church. Many years ago Joseph Cook went to the records of this church and had them copied. I have preserved a copy of the entry then made on the church record. Here it is:

"No. 1,079. Dwight L. Moody. Boards 43 Court street. Has been baptized. First awakened on the 16th of May. Became anxious about himself. Saw himself a sinner, and sin now seems hateful, and holiness desirable. Thinks he has repented. Has purposed to give up sin. Feels dependent on Christ for forgiveness. Loves the Scriptures. Prays. Desires to be useful. Religiously educated. Been in the city a year. From Northfield, this State. Is not ashamed to be known as a Christian. Eighteen years old.

"March 13, 1856.—Thinks he has made some progress since he was here before, at least in knowledge. Has maintained his habits of prayer and reading the Scriptures. Believes God will hear his prayers. Is fully determined to adhere to the cause of Christ always. Feels that it would be very bad if he should join the church and then turn. Must repent of sin and ask forgiveness for Christ's sake. Will never give up his hope, or love Christ less, whether admitted to the church or not. His prevailing intention is to give up his will to God.

. . .

How a Merchant Prince was Won "One man who helped Moody, probably more than any other at that time, with wise counsel and with his purse, was John V. Farwell, the dry goods merchant of Chicago. He was a member of the Methodist church. One day Mr. Moody went to visit him. Farwell was surrounded by merchandise and absorbed in business, but Moody sat down and began to talk to him.

"'Mr. Farwell,' he said, 'isn't there something besides these boxes to look after?' (indicating the dry goods boxes that lay around in the warehouse.)

"From that time on Mr. Farwell was a wide-awake, earnest, active Gospel worker and a supporter of Moody. He became the superintendent of Moody's Sunday School in its earlier days.

. . .

Moody's "Praying Closet" "Moody was a firm believer in noonday prayer meetings. The Chicago noonday meeting had been greatly neglected, and was only kept alive by the constant attendance of one good Christian woman, who never failed to go there and to read and pray. When Moody learned of this, he felt it to be his duty to do what he could to rally people to that meeting. It was held in the Methodist church block, corner Washington and Clark Streets—a thoroughfare of leading retail stores, the hall being upstairs over the stores. That place became a spiritual exchange; people came there to learn what was going on in spiritual work. Mr. Moody was always there, and found an ample field for his strong persuasive powers. None of the speakers were allowed to talk longer than three minutes: they were then called down by a tap of the bell. In a little nook under the stairs there was a closet which might possibly have held four or five persons at most. It was known as Moody's "Praying Closet." I have been in there with him, when we have had two men with us, all in the dark, our hands on their shoulders as we prayed for and with them. More than one man has been converted in that little dark closet.

"Moody was invariably found at the foot of the stairs, about fifteen minutes before the noon hour, talking to passers-by and inviting them in. He would say: 'Look here, my friend; haven't you time to run upstairs and get a blessing?' 'I wonder if you aren't Moody?' said one man. 'I am. Come right up' was the cordial answer. A few minutes before twelve he would mount the stairs and open the meeting. At its close he always slipped down again and shook hands with the people at the door.

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A Minstrel Convert "In the North Market Hall work, there was also a large evening preaching meeting. A well-known baritone singer—Frank Lombard—who had become popular in concerts and saloons, was approached by Moody. 'Frank,' said he, 'if you will come and sing in my meetings, we will pray for you every day.' This struck the vocalist as a rather humorous proposition, but he said: 'I'll do it'—and he kept his word, and became a regular and model attendant thereafter.

. . .

How He Caught the Bishop "The North Side was strongly Catholic, and Moody was sometimes interfered with. On one occasion, when he had a good-sized crowd of boys in his Mission, a Catholic priest came and drove them away. Moody would visit a Catholic family as readily as he would a Protestant household. He even attempted to pray with them, but they would not permit him. The bishop of the diocese was a stern old man named Duggan, whom the Protestants feared. Moody determined to visit him. He went, and was soon ushered into the prelate's presence. 'Bishop,' said he, 'I'm around among your people a great deal, and they speak very highly of you, so I thought I would like to come and see the man who had so many souls under his care. I come to ask a favor.' 'What is it?' inquired the bishop. 'That you will pass the word among your people that they may permit me to enter their houses and pray with them.' 'Oh, I cannot advise that,' said the bishop. 'You just come into our church, and I will open every door in Chicago to you.' 'I cannot do that,' was Moody's rejoinder. 'I believe in union work, and at our union prayer meeting every day we meet without regard to denominational differences, and if I became a Catholic I couldn't go there and pray.' 'Yes, you could,' retorted the bishop. 'What!' exclaimed Moody, 'Can Catholics and Protestants pray together?' 'Certainly,' was the answer. 'Then let us pray!' came like a flash from the lips of the evangelist. The bishop was fairly caught, and he knew it. Moody dropped on his knees, and so did the prelate. Each waited for the other to begin, but neither spoke, although they were furtively eyeing each other. At last the bishop signaled to Moody to lead. In telling me the story afterward, he said, 'I prayed most earnestly for his people, that God would guide them into the light: and then he prayed, but I felt disappointed that he didn't pray for me. We arose, and, on shaking me warmly by the hand, the bishop said: 'I refer you to Father——, of the North Side, for anything you may want.' It was a singular fight, uniquely won.

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MR. MOODY PRAYING AT THE OLD STONE PULPIT

A scene familiar to all who have ever visited Northfield

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

MRS. DWIGHT L. MOODY

Outwitting a Bully "Moody was President of the Chicago Y. M. C. A. One day a rough-looking fellow came into the Association rooms and seeing him said: "Mr. Moody, I can't keep a dollar. I drink and gamble it all away. Now, here's five dollars, and I want to leave it with you. You can let me have it when I need it. Moody took the money in good faith. A week or so later the fellow

came in and said: 'Mr. Moody, I've come for that ten dollars. 'Why!' said Moody in some surprise, 'You gave me only five dollars.' 'You lie!' said the bully angrily, 'I gave you ten dollars.' He left after threatening to thrash Moody at the first opportunity. The latter held a meeting two or three times a week in one rather rough locality. One evening, after their meeting had been dismissed, Moody was gathering up the hymn books when in came the rough with two other fellows of the same stamp from a side-door. 'Now, Moody,' he called out, 'pay me that ten dollars or take a licking.' 'I'll pay five dollars,' was the quick reply. 'No; you'll have to pay ten dollars or you'll suffer.' 'Well,' said Moody, calmly, 'Will you hold on till I get through packing up the hymn books?' 'Cert'nly, we are here for the night. Go on with yer business.' There was a young man—a Christian worker—with Moody, and the latter told him quietly to go home. He did so, and the evangelist was left alone in the room with the three rowdies. He kept right on collecting the hymn books and in a little while came within reach of the gas meter. A quick turn of his wrist and the room was in darkness. He easily escaped by a rear door, leaving the rowdies in confusion, and stumbling over the seats in their haste to follow him. Outside, Mr. Moody came across a policeman whom he sent to the hall, and the three roughs were arrested and taken to jail. They had digged a pit and been caught in it.

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"The Worst Man in town" "Moody's physical strength was phenomenal. I have seen no less than half a dozen young men try to 'down him' in a good-natured athletic contest, but they

MR. EDGAR W. HAWLEY

failed. Frequently he would go out into the country in Illinois and Wisconsin and hold meetings. At times he would go off on such trips absolutely penniless, trusting to the Lord to provide what he needed: and men who knew him and his work would hand him $5, $7, or $10—always enough to meet the emergency. On one occasion in a country town, they asked him where he would like to go, now that the work was over. He said: 'Take me to the home of the worst man in your town.' 'Well,' was the reply, 'we have such a man, and his wife is a strong Christian woman. He is an ugly passionate fellow, a carpenter by trade and an avowed infidel.' Moody went to the man's shop and began conversation. Said he: 'Do you know that Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter?' 'No!' was the surly answer, 'don't know and don't care.' 'I think there's something about a carpenter's work that must have a special interest for him,' persisted Moody, 'and don't you think he never made a bad job and that no work was ever turned back on him?' The infidel looked hard at Moody. He began to be interested. The evangelist talked in his most persuasive way and succeeded in convincing him that Jesus was one who loved even such as he. Before leaving town, soon afterward, Mr. Moody saw the carpenter's wife. 'Your husband,' he told her, 'will be converted, and when I come over this way again, two days from now, on the train (her house stood near the track) you will signal to me if he is converted. If not, I won't expect you to signal.' Two days later, as Moody passed on the train, he looked over toward the carpenter's house, and there stood the woman on the porch excitedly waving a big white table-cloth in the direction of the cars to announce her infidel husband's change of heart.

. . .

A Wonderful Barrel of Flour "In his house on the North Side, Mr. Moody had a 'Prophet's Chamber', a room which was always kept available for the use of any guest who might come to visit there, especially of young men engaged in active Christian work. A sojourner of this class would get a hearty supper and be privileged to occupy the 'Prophet's Chamber' over night. One morning, Moody came down from the room and Mrs. Moody said: 'We have hardly a particle of flour left; it's all gone.' 'That so?' said Moody, and he turned and went upstairs again to tell the Lord about it. Then he went off to his work for the day. He came home at night and never thought of the flour. 'You know that flour you sent to-day? It's the best we have had in a long time,' began Mrs. Moody, briskly. Her husband looked at her with an odd expression. 'Yes,' she continued, 'about eleven o'clock the barrel came all right.' 'Well, if it did, God sent it' replied Moody reverently. 'I sent no barrel.'

. . .

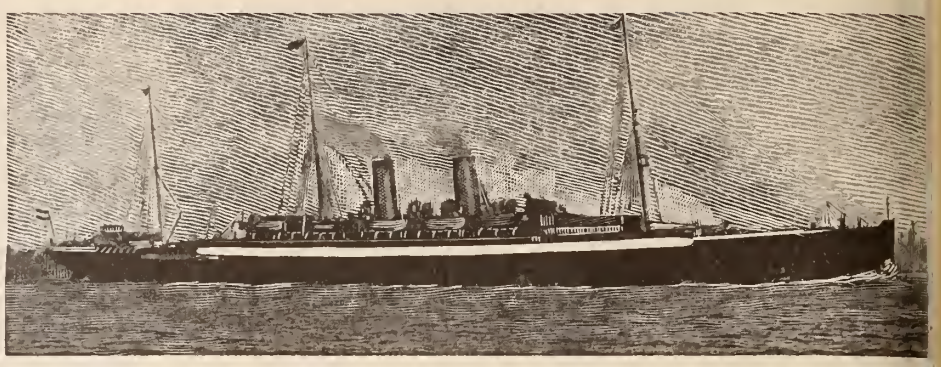
God Paid the Rent "His rent fell behind until he owed $100. The landlord grew impatient and said: 'I'll give you just a little more time; if you can't pay up you must move out.' Things went along until the night before the proposed day of payment. That evening a young man called upon Mr. Moody—a young business man—and Moody was apprehensive that he would be somewhat of a bore. He talked along for a while, and when he arose to leave he said: 'Mr. Moody, we have been taking account of stock, and I have come to bring you a thank-offering for the Lord.' And so saying, he handed Moody $100. It was a purely providential gift, as Mr. Moody had no expectation of the money from any source, and had trusted the unfailing Provider in this as in all his other affairs.

. . .

A Debate With an Infidel "A notorious infidel kept a saloon in town. Moody had already got the man's children to attend his Sunday School, but the infidel scoffed at his work, as he did at all religion. Moody met him and they talked together. The infidel told him sneeringly that he should read Paine's *Age of Reason*. 'If you will read the Bible,' said Moody, 'from cover to cover, I will read Paine's *Age of Reason* from cover to cover.' The man agreed to do so and did read the Bible, while Moody also kept his share of the bargain. 'It was the poorest trash I ever touched,' he said to me afterward. Then they had a debate. In the house were a number of the infidel's friends. Mr. Moody suggested that each debater take half an hour and no more, which was agreed to. The infidel opened the debate by what was intended to be a strong presentation of his side of the question. When he had finished, Moody took the floor. 'Let us pray,' he said, to the surprise of the infidel, who had expected an address and not a prayer. 'Hold on!' he exclaimed, 'Doesn't your Bible say: 'Where two or three are gathered together'? But there's only one of you—you can't do it.' 'Oh,' said Moody, 'I have a boy here—one of my Sunday School boys.' The boy also prayed, and his simple yet eloquent and earnest petition in behalf of the infidel, his wife and children, impressed everybody and drew tears to many eyes. The infidel went up to the boy and looking at him earnestly, said: 'Did Moody teach you that prayer?' 'No,' said the lad, 'The Lord gave it to me.'

"That strange debate changed the current of the infidel's life. He became a frequent attendant at Moody's evening meetings. Whether he ultimately became a Christian I cannot tell."

. . Moody's Prevailing Prayer . .



THE S. S. "SPREE," ON WHICH MR. MOODY CALLED TO GOD AND WAS ANSWERED

DURING a brief furlough from the army in the summer of 1892, important work called me to Spain. After its accomplishment, I went on through Paris to Hamburg, Germany, to meet my daughter-in-law, child and nurse and accompany them to America. We took the large and commodious steamer of the German line, the *Spree*. She was fairly well filled before we left Hamburg. On arriving off Southampton, a number of passengers were brought to us by a lighter, and as passengers are wont to do, we rushed to the side of our vessel to see the strangers. To my surprise, I saw my old friend, D. L. Moody, and his son, W. R. Moody, coming on board.

We had 750 passengers. We had proceeded about eleven hundred knots on our voyage, when, before day-break Saturday morning, I was awakened by a crash—a sound like the explosion of a cannon. Then hearing the rushing along the halls and excited talk, my roommate and myself got up and dressed. Somebody brought us word that the main shaft had been snapped asunder, and had fallen, making a break in the steamer. I hurried out and went to my daughter's stateroom and found that she was dressed, but that she was very anxious to have her dressing-maid come to her and her child without delay. Some of the people were crying, but the most of those who had rooms in the aft part of the ship were endeavoring to get out of them with such articles as they could gather. The captain, his officers and crew behaved like a well-disciplined army.

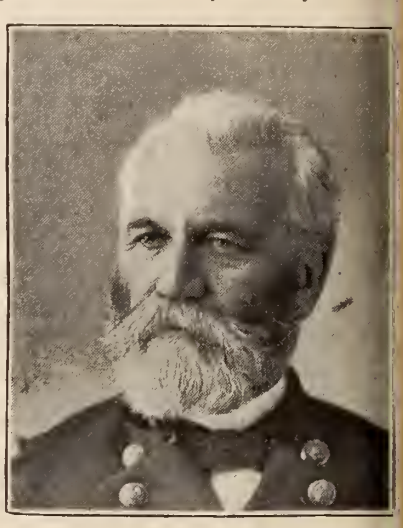
The terror of the passengers can be better imagined than described while the water was rushing in so rapidly as to fill at least four after-compartments of the ship. The bulkheads, which unfortunately were open, were speedily closed so that each compartment was segregated. Then the bailing and the pumping cleared out the foremost compartment. After much labor the second was comparatively free from water. Then a gigantic effort was made to clear the third, but the leakage was too great to admit of success, and the last became like a geyser. The aft part of the ship sunk to the gunwale.

Mr. Moody and his son had come on deck; but I did not see them in the midst of the first confusion. A little after sunrise I found Mr. Moody lying back in a sea-chair and his son near at hand. The father was nauseated by the unusual rolling, but not very ill. After asking me a few questions, he said, "General Howard, won't you come with me to my stateroom?" We then made our way quickly to the stateroom. Mr. Will Moody closed the door, whilst his father dropped on his knees, facing his berth, with his hands holding to the edge. He hardly gave us time to kneel before he began to pray, and this is the prayer in substance:

"Oh, Lord, our Saviour, have mercy upon us and save our lives. When on the Sea of Galilee the storm was heavy and the sea was high, thy disciples were in danger and terrified. They cried to thee and thou didst still the waves and save them. Are we not thy disciples and in great peril with all these people on this ship? Please send us a ship to rescue us; and smooth the waves, that we may not sink and be drowned. Bring us safely to land and please do all this for our sakes, for the sake of our friends, and for the sake of our work not yet finished. We ask it all in thy name."

Then Moody said: "General, pray and I tried to do so, following the bent my own thoughts, asking especially f strength to endure whatever should com and for spiritual blessings. Next, M Will Moody followed in a brief pray full of feeling and with evident emotio

Mr. Moody now sat up upon a cam stool and opened his Bible to the ninet first Psalm and read it with animati and interest. While he was reading gave me one of those quick glances th always marked his generalship and sai "This Psalm is just made for this occ sion, isn't it?" As soon as he had finish reading we went again on deck and spe the rest of the day and the followi night in doing what we could to comfo the passengers. Everybody on the sh gathered the next day, Sunday mornin



GEN. O. O. HOWARD

in our dining-saloon. Mr. Moody conduc ed the service in his own inimitable styl It was a wonderful meeting, never to l forgotten.

The next morning, after our forty-eigh hours of hopeless drifting and signals o distress where no eye seemed able to se us, **a ship that had come all the wa from Quebec**—a steamer named *Huro* —put in an appearance.

By nine o'clock the cables were attache and we were dragged slowly and steadil for another five days into Queenstown Ireland. We came safely into the sma harbor. It was again Sunday morning an all the devout people, who were deepl grateful to God for their deliverance, gath ered in a little Methodist church. Mood again led the exercises, read appropriat Scripture, gave out hymns of praise an thanksgiving and preached as fine sermon as any of those people ever heard on the subject, "God is love."

Mr. Moody's cablegram to the Unite States, as published, said: **"Praye saved the ship!"** This, if we may judg by the press, created a heated controvers on the subject of prayer. After my arriva in New York, I was met by reporters who were very solicitous for my view. said then and I now repeat: Mr. Mood asked (his son and myself united in th prayer) for the Lord to send us a ship, t smooth the waves and bring us safe t land. All these things came to pass a we had entreated. God is able to perfor a miracle; but whether he did so or no in this case he has not told us. Our plai duty is to ask and his promise is to an swer.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

FISHERS OF MEN

A Story of Jesus' First Disciples
By Dr. and Mrs Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 4th. JOHN 1: 35-46

BEHOLD the Lamb of God,' is John's profoundest message and the keynote of the Gospel," said Uncle Will, at our usual Sabbath evening round table of home Bible study. "We have seen John, the hero, daring to rebuke mob and monarch alike, though it would cost him his life. We shall see him in his sublime humility, when his disciples presently complain that Jesus is drawing his audiences away, calling himself 'the friend of the Bridegroom,' who goes before him to tell the bride, the church, of his coming, and then stands back, saying, 'He that hath the bride is the Bridegroom, and the friend of the Bridegroom that standeth and heareth him rejoiceth greatly because of the Bridegroom's voice. He must increase and I must decrease.' In the story before us we see John as the faithful witness, who knows so profoundly the mission of Christ, of which he is called to testify, that he proclaims at its inauguration in the baptism, its consummation at the Cross: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.' And again the next day, when the young Carpenter of Nazareth again approaches, John seems to see the altar cross of Calvary on the clouds beyond Jesus, and says to his own disciples, gathering up in one sentence the meaning of all the sacrificial types from the altar of Abel, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Christ, John tells us, is both 'the Son of God' and the 'Lamb of God', that is, a divine Saviour."

"You call that saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' the keynote of the Gospel," said Tom Brown, "but I once heard a liberal preacher give that name to the Sermon on the Mount."

"That," said Uncle Will, "is a mistake more excusable in a layman than a preacher, due to the position which that sermon occupies near the beginning of the first gospel. But that humanitarian sermon was not preached until the second year of Christ's ministry. It was preceded in the first year by the sermon on worship at Jacob's well; and that was preceded by the sermon to Nicodemus on regeneration; and that was preceded by John's proclamation of atonement at the very beginning of Christ's ministry, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' Let us keep to Christ's order: First, atonement; second, regeneration; third, worship; fourth, humanitarianism. We should either begin with humanitarianism, nor end with worship."

Mrs. Uncle Will: "It is a very common error to suppose that little children cannot understand the atonement and so can only be urged to 'be good.' Watts and Dr. Newton, in hymns and sermons for children, teach the heresy of natural goodness, which it is one of the chief labors of the preacher to dislodge in after years, lest the cross shall seem of none effect. Rev. Dr. E. P. Hammond and the Children's Special Service Mission, of London, which he founded, both begin Christian work, even for children of the primary grade, as John did, with the cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' I have an authentic case of a little Bessie, of London, that on her third birthday showed that she had heard this cry and followed Jesus as the Lamb of God. At the close of that happy day she knelt to say her evening prayer. Her wise mother had already taught her that after repeating a prayer from memory she should think what she wanted to thank God for especially and so make a little prayer of her own. That night she said: 'O, God, I thank you for the birthday and the presents and the party, and—I thank you, O Jesus, that you was punished astead of me.' Her mother thought she could not have really understood those last words of the prayer and so the next day she showed Bessie a picture of Jesus on the cross and said, 'Why did they put Jesus on the cross? Was it because he was very naughty?' 'Oh, no,' said Bessie, 'it was because I was naughty, and he did not want me to be punished, and so he was punished astead of me.'"

* * *

Mothers Preparing Child Disciples "Such a mother," said Mr. Sanders, "is a John the Baptist that so fully prepares her little disciples that when the hour is come for open confession of their faith, as quietly as a bud blooms, like Andrew of our story, they follow Jesus. Such child disciples, often depreciated, bring to Christ the fullest service in quantity and quality. You remember the Scotch elder's depreciating remark of a certain communion: 'No one came into the church but wee Bobbie.' But 'wee Bobbie' grew to be the great missionary, Robert Moffatt."

"Here we have a children's creed," said Mrs. Isaacs, "in seven words: 'Behold the Lamb of God.' 'Follow me.' God's part in conversion and man's part, side by side. The cross covers the guilty past. The present and future of a Christian life consist in simply following Jesus. A dying Sabbath School boy of nine years, said, 'I've been trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus.'"

* * *

Hard Enough for a Hero "Sheldon's *In His Steps*," said Mr. Isaacs, "reminds us that following Christ, though simple enough for a child, is hard enough for a hero. Once, in martyr days as that word, meaning 'confessor,' reminds us, the hard part was to follow him in baptism, in open confession, at the cost of confiscation and execution. We must still follow him on open confession, and that is not always easy. But to really follow Christ in business and pleasure and politics, there is no more heroic path to-day. To follow Christ is not a mechanical imitation of his Oriental customs, but to do only what he would do, to go only where he would go, to say only what he would say, to be silent only where he would be silent, to judge as he would judge, to follow in being as well as doing through the impartation which alone can produce a true imitation of Christ. It was the disciple that Jesus loved whose realized motto was, 'Even as He.' Becoming a Christian is accepting Christ as Saviour and as Leader."

Tom turned his blackboard to view:

"Where he leads I'll follow,
I will follow all the way."

* * *

Simplicity of Conversion "Though Christlikeness be hard," said cheery Selah Brown, "this story reminds us that conversion is not. Dr. George F. Pentecost tells of a colored man at a revival meeting who hesitated long over the invitation to seek conversion. 'Do you believe there is a God?' 'O, yes; no doubt of that.' 'And do you believe Christ is able and willing to convert you?' 'No doubt of that.' 'Then why do you wait?' 'Oh, Doctor, I dreads de process.' He was one of the many whose theory of conversion rested on the conversion of two grown up Pharisees: Nicodemus and Saul of Tarsus. The story before us reminds us that every apostle, save Paul, who had been trained wrong from childhood, began a Christian life by a quiet obedience to that call of Jesus, 'Follow me.'"

Mrs Smith: "The tendency to make conversion chiefly a matter of feeling reminds me of the sensible way our Mabel began. A preacher spoke to her as she knelt at the altar in a revival, 'Do you feel any better?' said the preacher. 'No,' said Mabel, 'but I am going to do better.' Repentance means turning, not turning on the tears, but turning about the life."

Uncle Will: "Conversion also means turning, a turning of the will, so that it may be said of you or me even when the life sometimes relapses into sin, 'He that willeth to do his will.' In the very story before us Christ searches below the action for the motive, saying to those who are following him, 'What seek ye?' As it proved, they sought fellowship with him, a fellowship they found so sweet that they formed right there an Andrew and Philip Society, to bring others to him. A society by that name reports that it now has 475 societies with 14,000 members. But that is only a small part of the influence that has gone forth from the examples of those two disciples."

Mrs. Sanders: "When we lived in town and brought five hundred members into the Sabbath School.

* * *

The Sight of Jesus the Cure of Doubt "Philip's catch interests me," said Andrew Smith, the soldier, who had come home unscathed even by the canteens. "When Philip had come to Christ he hastened to bring his friend, Nathaniel. Evidently they had often talked of the coming Messiah. 'We have found him!' exclaimed Philip. But when he spoke of His being from Nazareth, Nathaniel began to doubt. If Philip had replied that he came originally from Bethlehem, the debate would have gone on about some new difficulty. 'When a matter can be tested, why argue?' said Philip. 'Come and see.' The sight of Jesus proved the cure of doubt."

Mr. Sanders: "That reminds me that Mr. Aitken, the English evangelist, while preaching on one occasion, observed an elderly gentleman with whom he felt sure the Spirit of God was striving. He sought conversation with him afterward, when the old gentleman admitted that the discourse had interested him deeply, but added, 'I am of a very analytical turn of mind, and I should have to weigh and examine your statements before I could receive them.' 'Let me call on you to-morrow,' said the earnest preacher, and an interview was arranged. When he did so, he found the man completely broken down under a sense of sin, and was enabled to lead him to Jesus. Then the old man said: 'What a fool I was to talk to you as I did yesterday. I did not know what to say, so I made an excuse of my analytical turn of mind. What I wanted was salvation.' God's part in saving a man or saving a world may be mysterious, but our part has no philosophical difficulties. First: 'Come and see;' then, 'Follow me.'"

* * *

He Leadeth Me Uncle Will: "What wisdom God has shown in giving us not only a written Bible, but a Living Example! What is God like? Jesus answers: 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' What is it to live a Christian life? Jesus answers: 'I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done.'"

Andrew Brown: "Turkish generals say to their soldiers: 'Go on! Go on!' while remaining themselves in the rear. But wiser and more successful generals lead the way, saying to their soldiers: 'Come on!' When Alexander the Great was once leading his army over some mountains, they found their way all stopped up with ice and snow. The soldiers were tired out with hard traveling and so disheartened with the difficulties before them that they halted. It seemed as if they would rather lie down and die than try to go any farther. When Alexander saw this, he did not scold the men, but got down from his horse, laid aside his cloak, took up a pickax, and, without saying a word to any one, went quietly to work, digging away at the ice. As soon as the officers saw this they did the same; the men looked on in surprise for a few moments and then forgetting how tired they were, all went to work with a will and soon conquered their difficulties. So Christ not only described true religion, but lived it, and epitomized Christianity in two words, 'Follow me.'"

Uncle Will: "The apostles came not alone for their own salvation, but to help Christ save the world. But they are dead. Mabel, Frank and Christina, who do you think are their successors?" It was expected that the children would say, "The preachers," with the usual tendency to turn all Christian work over to them; but Christina said, "I'll be one to help Jesus."

"You shall, indeed," said Uncle Will. "I have some leaflets about Sabbath-keeping for another neighborhood tour of my little bicycle couriers to-morrow. And let us all, as we go about thinking of our harvests, be Andrews and Philips, to bear to our neighbors at least some fragment of the Gospel, in print, if not in word. Miss Havergal reminds us how beautiful are the feet that go on such errands:

'Not unto all the tuneful lips are given
The ready tongue, the words so strong and sweet;
Yet all may turn with humble, willing feet,
And bear to darkened souls the light from heaven.'"

ALEXANDER CUTTING A PATH IN THE ICE FOR HIS ARMY

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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What the Christian Nations Need to Guide Them

WHEN John Bright spoke in the House of Commons on the question whether the United States was likely to subjugate Canada, he closed with this paragraph:

"We have experience, beacons, landmarks enough. It is true that we have not, as had an ancient people, Urim and Thummim — those oracular gems on Aaron's breast from which to take counsel. But we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us. And only so far as we walk by that guidance, can we be permanently a great nation, or a happy people."

This was good advice for Great Britain then: it is good advice for her and for the United States at this moment. Nations have no life beyond this world. They have to be judged here: here receive the penalty of their mistakes and misdeeds. The nations that have perished from the face of the earth have been the nations that have forgotten God, and broken the law of God. This is what the Psalmist means when he speaks of a nation's being cast into hell. All the cities that represent ancient civilization have, more or less, experienced that fate. And if any of them are recovering from it, it is because they have begun to remember God.

To Safeguard the Family

THE value which Jehovah put upon training in the family is shown in this language: "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up." The things to be thus taught, line upon line and precept upon precept, at home, in the street, on retiring to bed, and on rising in the morning, are God's "commandments, statutes and judgments;" in other words, the institutions, the sanctions and the history through which God had unfolded himself to his chosen people. Bible-study, Sunday School work, preaching by pastors, excellent as they are, are not to set aside or supersede this parental interest, this parental training. Family worship even is no substitute for it.

The family, as instituted for the preparation of children for their life-work is, of late, more and more emphasized. The maintenance of the Church, and the organizations and societies connected with the Church and kindred to it, this used to be regarded the great work. But, lately, Christian people have come to see that the family is endangered even by excessive devotion to Church-life. How many good people would gladly have back again their scattered children in the old familiar grouping, with their young and tender hearts so susceptible to religious truth! For, if the family goes, everything else is endangered. The Church, the State must go. Every man who looks after his family builds over against his own house. So all the breaches may be repaired.

College Traditions

COLLEGE traditions have come down from the age of barbarism. They are mediaeval. College faculties in these days have to create new traditions. This is a part of the college problem. It is no longer the period of hazing and rude pranks perpetrated on honest citizens. It is the period of the enfranchisement and college life of woman. Woman must hereafter be reckoned as a part of the tradition of college life. Not woman as a creature of society, but woman as a competitor for mental and moral triumphs: woman as a humanizing influence in college social life.

Many a time you have heard as an apology for the misdemeanors of college students: "Well, boys will be boys." In these days, boys are becoming gentlemen even in college. It is a bad mark, that a Christian civilization fixes to a college, where coarse and brutal tricks and pranks are allowed. We do not want to repeat here the college life of Germany, where so many students bear the marks of duels and drinking bouts. God made even boys in his own image. And it is a boy's duty to remember the words of the Apostle, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

Prison Labor

LARGE amounts of work done in prison have been put upon the market at prices so cheap as to damage the labor outside the prisons. It does not seem to us that prison labor ought to have power to hurt honest labor. There are some styles of industry almost ruined by this competition of the work of the prisons, for prison labor is always cheaper, as the toilers in penitentiary have their clothing and board free of charge. Great changes are needed. Let the legislatures regulate these matters. Let the State, by the labor of convicts, first pay itself for the expense of keeping these offenders and then let the surplus that any inmate earns go to his family. It is not right that the State or Christian charity be required to support the families of these convicts. Compel the man in prison to pay his own board to the State and also to support the helpless wife and children outside the prison. It is a grand thing to keep all the prisoners at work, for it is best for their health and their morals, and let the legislature regulate the work accomplished there, first, so that it shall not hinder the trades outside by ruinous rivalry, and in the next place by making the criminal classes, after paying for their clothes and board to the State, support their families. Men outside the prisons are expected to support their households, and the commission of crime ought not to discharge them from this responsibility. We would have it so regulated that every Saturday night the families of the incarcerated should be at the prison gate and get what the husband or father has earned during the week in excess of what is necessary for his maintenance.

Know Your Own Mind

THE inability to make up the mind, to keep to one intention, and to regard our decisions as final, is a deplorable but very common failing. It may arise from too large an extent of choice; but is far more likely to be the result of a conscience made slippery by habitual neglect of its first admonitions; or else by that restless mental habit which

To-day wants "this" and to-morrow "that"
And the next day wants—it "knows not what."

In any case the result is obvious to all, for this irresolution is a fault that works in the open, and people who are inconvenienced, injured, and irritated by it, detect the slip which generally renders a life futile.

No one in the present era can afford to halt long between two opinions. The world moves too fast, and situations change too rapidly to wait while wavering, vacillating people make up their mind. And while they wait and hesitate, accident—or some unknown person—very likely settles the matter without any regard to their credit or interest. They had the option of taking a certain step; they let the fortunate moment slip by, and are driven to take another course, which very likely is not fortunate because not taken at the right time. Thus irresolute people shilly-shallying with events are really rash people, for their excessive caution makes them finally act on the spur of the moment. A simple and very common illustration of this temper may be seen in an irresolute woman choosing a dress—she hesitates and wavers until she has worn out both herself and the seller, and then, hurried and tired, invariably selects the one least desirable.

. . .

Another fault of the irresolute is that they hardly ever keep their promises. They make promises but they have the habit of considering nothing settled that can be changed. It is this mental fibre that is at the bottom of all decent jilting, for the irresolute party has no sooner committed him or herself to a definite course than they realize they have done a tremendous thing, and then they begin to flounder and to assure themselves it is not irrevocable. And the thing that is told the consciousness often enough becomes a dominant thought, and what was at first the barest possibility grows at last to a certainty. The constant man or woman in the same position may have the same momentary panic, but they instantly rally from it, accept the situation they have created and turn deliberation into action.

. . .

Procrastinating people are irresolute people. To-day does not exist for them, nor for any resolve they make. They are going to do something good to-morrow, next week, next month, next year, sometime. But the good they ought to do at the present time is not better done by waiting—is perhaps not done at all. And as much of the comfort of social and domestic life depends on our being able to take for granted things will happen at the promised and right time; a very slight variation from this rule can bring great annoyance. Have we not all become nervous and irritated at a visitor who is "going," but yet does not go. The pleasure of the call is over with the first intimation that the visit is finished; but the visitor hangs about, minute after minute, for no apparent reason, while our work is urging us to resume it. The pleasantest intercourse can be spoiled by such a procrastinating exit.

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Take again the case of a man who has had his family preparing for a pleasure journey a whole week. They are ready to start, but he vacillates and puts off, and finally, when every one has lost the desire for a change so uncertain, he takes offence at some word of disappointment, and orders the move instantly, though the weather is unfavorable and mother has a headache. In contemplating such provoking people, we may well admire Horace Walpole's self-complacency over the fact that he "arrived at Lee on the day and hour promised Mr. Barrett; returned to London on the day and hour promised himself, and was back home as punctually on his promise to Strawberry. And," he says, "in this there was nothing extraordinary, as I have always had the felicity of knowing my own mind"—a very different person from the Scotchman's definition of an opposite character: "an irresolute, squeezable, boneless lad, wha' couldna tak' care o' himsel'."

. . .

Irresolution in spiritual matters is the fatal mistake. Who can measure the distance between those whose spiritual minds are all nebulous, without strength of coherence, and those whose religious convictions have no loose ends, and who know positively in whom and in what they believe. The first, in opposition to the exhortation to be able to "give a reason for the faith they profess," can give no reason for anything they believe—or fancy they believe. Their vague, vapory *credo* may even be vitally wrong, but if reasoned with they begin at once to flounder, for they have not an inch of firmly laid foundation on w to rest their opinions. On the contrary, m of decision and constancy cannot be sw about with every wind of doctrine; they l a sure foundation; they have confidence, therefore peace in believing.

Acknowledging their weakness, what shall the Irresolute do? Regret for this h is useless; promises amount to nothing, un they are sternly and inflexibly redeemed. this redemption of promises lies the first g remedy, for the self-control that enables u rule our destiny—to will and to do good d —is not a gift, nor is it ever suddenly acqui It is a good habit, learned through ste persevering training, with a conscious dep ence on him who "helpeth all our infirmiti

. . .

If we determine to do whatever we say will do, and to give whatever we promis give; if we do a thing at the precise time arranged to do it, we put life within limitat and limitation always makes for happin and we may remember this simple fact: t if a man says he will do a certain thing twelve o'clock and he does it at that hour is a better man than if he did it at ten min past twelve. To accomplish this straightr of aim and execution will doubtless be a h fight; but then life is given us, not to be joyed, but to be overcome.

In this fight we can have little help f outsiders; in fact, in all moral and spirit conflicts we stand alone, so far as fellow c tures are concerned. And where our own is likely to fail us, we must go boldly for h to him who has pledged his word to help infirmities—go boldly, not waveringly or do ingly, as uncertain both of our own desires of God's good pleasure to give us our desir but sure and certain that God's promises "yea and amen!" For faith is in spiritual m ters all that courage is in material affairs, creates its own verification. With such div help no one need despair. We are nearer God than to our father and mother. We never come of age with God; never grow of our dependence on him; never leave home of his right hand. His strength is strength. His ear lies close to our lips; it never taken away; we sigh into it even w we sleep and dream.

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Purves has formally accepted the c of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, N York, and preached his first sermon as pastor-el on January 14. A large congregation assembled hear the successor of Dr. John Hall.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christi Endeavor Society, sails this week for China a Japan. His object is the extension of Christi Endeavor work. He hopes to return by way London and to be in that city in time to attend t World's Convention in July.

Special services are being held in t Oranges, N. J. Thirteen churches have open their doors for a service every evening except M day and Saturday. The pastors are being assist by visiting preachers and special prayer meetin are being held for a great revival.

Another Presbyterian trial for heresy threatened. Dr. G. W. F. Birch has prepar charges against Dr. A. C. McGiffert, based on famous work on Apostolic Life. It had been hop that this trouble would have been in some w averted, but apparently it is to be brought to issue.

Miss Helen Gould has contributed o thousand dollars to the fund for redeeming t Temple in Chicago and making it a memorial the late Miss Frances E. Willard. Mrs. Cars who has charge of the undertaking, is appealing the public for a hundred subscriptions of the san amount

The retirement of Prof. Fisk from t presidency of Chicago Theological Seminary is a nounced. He is now eighty years of age and h labored in connection with the Seminary for fort years. Ministers in every section of the counti are indebted to him for valuable assistance an think of their study under him with gratitude.

Reports from Rome indicate that the Pop has expressed his opinion as to the best man succeed him in the Papal chair. His choice h fallen on Cardinal Gotti, who is said to be the mo ascetic of all the Cardinals. Whether the Colleg of Cardinals, which has the power of electing t Pope, will pay any heed to Leo's preference doubtful.

The death of Dr. Edward McGlynn, th famous Roman Catholic priest, who had the cou age to disobey his Archbishop and to refuse to g to Rome when summoned by the Pope, is an nounced. Dr. McGlynn was excommunicated fo his disobedience, but was subsequently restored He was, however, removed from his parish of S Stephen's in New York and was sent to Newburg N.Y., where he won the love of his parishioners a he had the love of his New York people.

A Pastor's Opinion of The Red Letter New Testamen

ST. CLAIR, MO.

DEAR SIR: I think the Red Letter Nev Testament the best thing yet to use during altar service to instruct penitents in the way of Eternal Life; also for preachers to carry with them in pastoral visiting, and to read when at leisure. W. A. SWIFT,
Pastor Methodist church

The War in . . . . South Africa

ANOTHER week of anxiety for Great Britain has passed comparatively uneventfully. Some relief to the suspense was afforded by the news of the arrival of Gen. Roberts and Gen. Kitchener on the scene of nflict. There is now a prevalent feeling at the worst weakness exposed by the ar—that of the strategic incapacity of e commanders—may now be remedied the two famous generals. Up to the ose of the second week of January no rther serious assaults had been made Ladysmith, from which we infer that e repulse must have proved even more stly to the Boers than to the British. he fighting was evidently of a desperate aracter. One position was captured by e Boers three times during the day, om which they were as many times ected. Another position which they ptured and held during the day they ere compelled to abandon at nightfall. en. Buller, who did not avail himself of e opportunity of making an attack on e Boers, while they were weakened by e attack on Ladysmith, has at last ley. His disaster at Magersfontein, is said to have impaired the confidence of his officers in his ability. It is now reported that his decision upon the plan of battle on that day was taken in opposition to his officers, who warned him that a terrible slaughter was inevitable and success was probably impossible. A rumor that Methuen will be superseded is prevalent. The gravity of the situation on all sides is by no means diminished, and there is a widespread dread that the next news, whether it be of victory or of defeat, will bring sadness into many homes, both rich and poor, for it is likely to be news of many a precious life sacrificed. It may be hoped that the horrors of war thus brought home to the people on both sides of this awful conflict will lead to greater reluctance in all nations in the future to

THE PASSAGE OF MODDER RIVER — BOERS HALTING ON THE MARCH — OUTPOSTS ON THE MODDER RIVER

ade a movement toward the relief of e beleaguered garrison. He has sent a rt of his force to the west and has ized and held Potgeiter's Drift, which apparently a ford of the Tugela river. nother part of his force was despatched der Gen. Warren to the east. From is it is inferred that he intends making multaneous attempts in three places to oss the river. He is certain to meet fierce sistance and will have to fight probably e most critical battle of the war. It ould appear that the garrison at Ladynith are hopeful of the result, for the gnificant news comes, from a correspondt in the town, that increased rations e being served, which implies that imediate relief is expected, and there is erefore no further need to husband eir resources In the southwest, Gen. rench appears to be showing the greatt activity. He is pushing back the inders on his right and on his left, and is displayed more strategic skill than ny other British General. Even he, owever, has had to send one of the "reet" dispatches, with which the ritish public has become so unpleasntly familiar. In a severe skirmish near olesberg, he lost eleven officers and bout one hundred and fifty men, the ajority of whom were taken prisoners. en. Methuen had maintained his posion on the Modder River, but had made o advance toward the relief of Kimberresort to arms for the settlement of international disputes.

When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble, whether it be done against a nation or against a man only? (Job 34:29).

Firemen Overcome

An extraordinary fire occurred in West Fifty-ninth street, New York, on January 10th, which caused the prostration of more than fifty firemen. The fire started in the basement of a four-story building and soon made its presence known by the volumes of dense smoke which poured forth. When the firemen arrived in response to the alarm, several entered the basement to ascertain where the fire was. The noxious black smoke which filled the room speedily overcame them. Some staggered out and fell on the sidewalk, while others had to be dragged out. Some were in so critical a state that they were sent at once to a hospital. The calls for more firemen alarmed the chief, who went in person to take charge. He ordered the flooring of the room above the basement chopped up. When this was done a tongue of flame shot up and the cause of the dense smoke was discovered. Between the ceiling of the basement and the floor of the room above there was a space filled with tarred building felt which had caught fire from a defective flue and was smouldering in the confined space. The chief said that such fires were more difficult to fight than those that blazed. Christian workers have that experience in analogous circumstances. An open, flagrant wrongdoer is easier to reach with the Gospel offer of salvation, than the decent, respectable sinner, whose life is outwardly irreproachable, but is in secret smouldering with the fires of evil passions. Christ addressed such in his day with the warning:

Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you (Mat. 21:31).

A Fortune in a Book

An astonishing discovery is reported from a small town in Indiana. For many years past it has been the habit of a manager of the principal hotel there, to store in the basement any property left in the hotel by the guests, as well as any discarded articles of furniture. The room had recently become so full, with the accumulation of years, that it was necessary to clean it out, and the manager went down to examine the property. Among the miscellaneous articles turned over was an old book on the subject of theology. It was thrown aside as worthless, but before consigning it to the ash-barrel he gave it a shake. To his astonishment a bill for one hundred dollars fluttered to the ground. He then examined the book more carefully and found that the owner of it had used it as a bank. There were between the leaves, bills of various denominations, including two of one thousand dollars and one of five hundred dollars. There was no clue to the ownership of the book nor to the date when it was left at the hotel. It was an extraordinary and most unlikely place in which to find so large a sum of money. The finder is doubtless very glad that he did not throw it away, as he at first was disposed to do, without examination. How many people there are who have even greater reason to rejoice that they have searched the Book of Books, in which they have found a treasure outweighing in value all the money in the world!

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life (John 5:39).

A Total Wreck

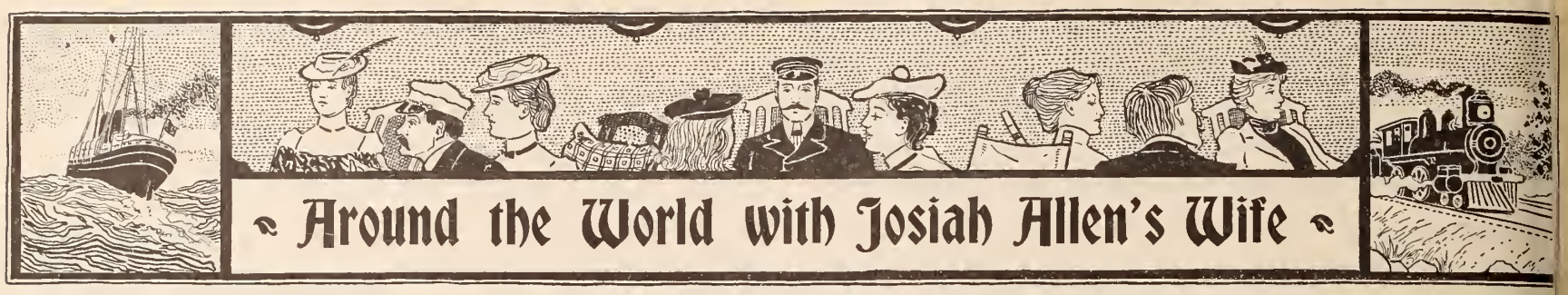
A pitiable spectacle was witnessed in St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland, on Jan. 11. Not more than a quarter of a mile from shore, a large steamer was perishing from fire and water, and no one could go to the rescue of the people on board. About midnight, the vessel had been seen entering the bay during a heavy snowstorm. The next that was seen of her was in the dawn, when, her bows stove in from collision with a rock and her stern burning fiercely, she was sinking beneath the waves. Three men could be seen on the bridge, and one was in the rigging and they were signalling to the shore for help, but in such a storm as was then raging, no boat could hope to live, and there was no rocket apparatus at hand by which a rope could be thrown. It is supposed that the vessel caught fire at sea, and the captain making a run for the nearest land struck a rock at the entrance to the bay. The name of the steamer was not ascertained before she sank, but it will doubtless be learned by the divers. It is supposed that she was a German oil or tank steamer, possibly the *Helios*, which, being on her way from New York to Flushing, would be in the neighborhood of St. John's about the time of the wreck. It is believed that all on board must have perished, but as yet it is not known how many there were. How eagerly those people would have welcomed a boat sent to bring them off in safety. It would not have been necessary to urge them to accept salvation, as it is to urge people who are in danger of eternal disaster, who might be saved through Christ.

We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God (II. Cor. 5:20)

A Heroic Physician

A New Orleans physician has given to the press one of the most thrilling stories of heroism ever related in medical history. It is that of a practitioner in Vienna, who had been studying the Bubonic plague, which has worked such awful havoc in India during the past two years. Dr. Franz Mueller, a young man on the threshold of a brilliant scientific career, devoted himself to the discovery of a remedy for it. In the course of his study he contracted the malady from the bacilli in "culture tubes" and when he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on the window pane, reading thus: "I am suffering from plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as, in any event, my end will come in four or five days." A number of his associates were anxious to attend him, but he refused to admit them, and died alone, within the time he predicted. He wrote a farewell letter to his parents, placed it against the window, so it could be copied from the outside, and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious germ. Seldom has any one displayed so much concern for the safety of others, as to deliberately renounce the comforts of friendly ministration in the last crisis of life, lest loved ones might suffer. We can admire such self-sacrifice even though we listen unmoved to the infinitely greater example of that spirit in him who gave his life to save our souls from death.

He saved others: himself he cannot save (Matt. 27:42).



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PET

The Pacific Voyage Begun

ROBERT STRONG wuz touched to his heart, I see he wuz, but kep' up, his nater bein' such. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz walkin' a little ahead, Tommy between 'em. And anon we come to the house

"AFTER GETTIN' TOMMY TO BED."

Robert lived in; not a bit better than the others on that street, but a nice, comfortable structure of gray stun and brick, good enough for anybody, with wide sunshiny windows, fresh air, sunshine, plenty of books, musical instruments and furniture good enough, but nothing for show.

Here his motherly-looking housekeeper spread a nice lunch for us. His overseer dined with us, a good-looking chap, devoted to Robert Strong, as I could see, and ready to carry out his idees to the full. Miss Meechim couldn't find anything, it seemed to me, to pick flaws in, but she did say to me out to one side, "Just think how Robert lives in a house no better than his workmen, and he might live in a palace."

Sez I, warmly, "Robert Strong's body may stay in this comfortable brick house, good enough for anybody, but the real Robert Strong dwells in a royal palace, his soul inhabits the temple of the Lord, paved with the gold and pearl of justice and love, and its ruff reaches clear up into heaven from where he gits the air his soul breathes in."

"Do you think so? I never thought of it in that light; I have thought his ideas was erroneous and so my clergyman thinks. Rev. Dr. Weakdew said to me there were a great many texts that he had preached from all his life, that if these ideas of Robert's was carried out universally, would be destroyed and rendered meaningless. Texts it had always been such a comfort to him to preach from, he said, admonishing the poor of their duty to the rich, and comforting the poor and hungry and naked with assurances that though hungry here they may partake of the bread of life above, if they are humble and patient and endure to the end, and though shivering and naked here, they may be clothed in garments of light above."

And I sez, "Bein' that we are all in this world at present, I believe the Lord would ruther we should cover the naked limbs and feed the starvin' bodies here, and now, and leave the futur to Him."

But Miss Meechim shook her head sadly. "It sounds well," sez she, "but there is something wrong in any belief that overthrows Scripture and makes the poor wealthy."

"Well," sez I, "if it wuz our naked backs that the snow fell on, and the hail peited, and our stomachs that wuz achin' and faint for food, we should sing a different tune."

"I trust that I should sing a Gospel tune in any event," sez she.

"Well," sez I, "we needn't quarrel about that, for we couldn't feel much like singin' in them cases. But if we did sing I think a good hymn would be:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

"And if the rich and poor, Capital and Labor would all jine in and sing this from the heart, the very winders of heaven would open to hear the entrancin' strains," sez I. But I don't spoze I changed her mind any.

Dorothy bein' natcrally so smart, wuz impressed by all we had seen, I could see she wuz, and when he wuzn't lookin' at her I could see her eyes rest on Robert Strong's face with a new expression of interest and approval. But she wuz full of light, happiness and joy—as she ort to be in her bright youth—and she and Robert and Miss Meechim spoke of the trip ahead on us with happy anticipations.

But I—oh, that deep, holler room in my heart into which no stranger looked; that room hung with dark, sombry black; remembrances of him the great ocean wuz a-goin' to sever me from—he on land and I on sea—ten thousand miles of land and water goin' to seperate us; how could I bear it, how wuz I goin' to stand it? I kep' up, made remarks and answered 'em mekanically, but oh, the feelin's I felt on the inside. How little can we tell in happy lookin' crowds how many of the gay throng hear the rattle of their own private skeletons above the gayest music!

"HIS MOTHERLY HOUSEKEEPER SPREAD LUNCH"

At the Palace Hotel

Well, we got home to the Palace hotel in good season, I a-talkin' calmly and cheerfully, but sayin' in the inside, "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humbly there is no place like home." My home wuz my pardner, the place where he wuz would look better than any palace.

I went up to my bed and after gettin' Tommy to bed, who wuz cross and sleepy, I finished the letter to my help, for we wuz goin' to start in the mornin'.

"Oh Philury!" the letter run, "my feelin's, you cannot parse 'em, even if you wuz better grounded in grammar than I think you be. Not one word from my beloved pardner do I hear, is Josiah dead?" sez I. "But if he is don't tell me; I could not survive, and Tommy has got to be went with. But oh! if sickness and grief for me has bowed that head, bald, but most precious to me, deal with him as you would deal with a angel unawares. Bile his porridge, don't slight it or let it be lumpy, don't give him dishwatery tea, brile his toast and make his beef tea as you would read chapters of scripter—carefully and not with eye service. Hang my picter on the wall at the foot of the bed, and if it affects him too much, hang my old green braize veil over it, you'll find it in the hall cupboard."

But why should I sadden and depress the hearts of a good natered public? I writ seven sheets of foolscap, and added to what I had already writ, it made it too big to send by mail, so I put it in a collar box and sent it by express, charges paid, for I knew the dear man it wuz addressed to, if he wuz still able to sense anything would like it better that way. And then my letter sent off I begun to pack my hair trunk anew.

Preparing for the Voyage

Well, the day dawned gloriously. I spoze I must have slep' some, for when I opened my eyes I felt refreshed. Tommy wuz awake in his little bed and "wonnerin'" at sunthin' I spoze, for he always wuz, and breakfast was partook of by the hull party, for Robert Strong had come with a big carriage to take us to the ship and took breakfast with us, and soon, too soon for me, we stood on the wharf, surrounded by a tumultous crowd, goin' every which way; passengers goin', visitors comin', and officials from the ship goin' about tending to everything; trunks and baggage being slammed down and then anon being run onto the ship, Miss Meechim's, Dorothy's and Robert Strong's baggage piled up on one side on us and I carefully keepin' watch and ward over a small-sized hair trunk, dear to me as my apples in my eyes, because every inch on it seemed to me like a sooveneer of that dear home I might never see agin.

As I stood holdin' Tommy by the hand and keepin' eagle watch over that tru how much did that big ship look lik big monster that wuz agoin' to tear

"HE HELD BOTH MY HANDS IN HIS'N

heart all to pieces, tearin' my body fr the ground that kep' my pardner on bosom. Tears that I could not restr dribbled down my Roman nose and o my gray alpacky waist; Dorothy see and slipped her kind little ha into mine and soothed my ago by gently whisperin':

"Maybe you'll get a letter fr him on the ship, Aunt Sam tha."

An Unexpected Visitor

Well, the last minute come, t hair trunk had been tore from side, and I, too, had to lea terry firmy, whisperin' to mys words that I'd hearn, sligh changed: "Farewell my Josia and if forever, still forever f thee well." My tears blinded so I could only jest see Tomm who I still held hold of. reached the upper deck wi falterin' steps. But lo as I sto there wipin' my weepin' eyes the him sez, I hearn sunthin' th rung sweetly and clearly on ears over all the conflicti sounds and confusion on sh and shore, and that brung me wi wildly beatin' heart to the si of the ship.

"Samantha! stop the shi wait for me! I am comin'!"

Could it be? Yes it wuz n own beloved pardner, mad racin' down the wharf, swingi his familiar old carpet satchel his hand, also huggin' in his arr a big bundle done up in newsp per, which busted as he reached the wate edge, dribblin' out neck ties, bandan handkerchiefs, suspenders, cookies, a the dressin' gown with tossels.

He scrambled after 'em as well as could in his fearful hurry, and his arn bein' full, he threw the dressin' gow round his shoulders and madly raced ov the gang plank, still emitting that agoni ing cry: "Samantha, wait for me! st the ship!" which he kep' up after I h advanced onward and he held both n hands in hisen.

Oh, the bliss of that moment! No ang hand, no reporter even for the New Yo papers could exaggerate the blessedne of that time, much as they know abo

aggeration. Tears of pure joy ran down th our faces, and all the sorrows of the st seperation seemed to dissolve in a lden mist that settled down on every-

ARVILLY SELLING HER BOOK

ing round us and before us. The land oked good, the water looked good, the y showered down joy as well as sun-ine; we wuz together once more. We d no need of speech to voice our joy. t anon Josiah did say in tremblin' ents as he pressed both my hands rmly in hisen: "Samantha, I've me!" And I, too, sez in a voice trem-in' with emotion:

"Dear Josiah, I see you have." And en I sez tenderly as I helped him off th the dressin' gown: "I thought you id you couldn't leave the farm, Josiah."

"Well, I wuz leavin' it; I wuz dyin'; thought I might as well leave it one ay as t'other. I couldn't live without ou, and finally I ketched up what clothes could in my hurry and sot out, thinkin' ebby I could ketch you in Chicago. ou see I have got my dressin' gown and enty of neckties."

Arvilly Joins the Party

"Well," sez I in my boundless joy and ontent, "there are things more necessary h a long sea voyage than neckties, but 've got some socks most knit, and I n buy some underclothes, and we will t along first rate." "Yes, Arvilly id so." Sez he, "Arvilly told e you'd manage."

"Arvilly?" sez I, in surprised cents.

"Yes, Arvilly concluded to come o. She said that if you hadn't arted so quick she should ave come with you. But hen she found out I was omin' she jest set right off ith me. She's brung along at book she's agent for, *The win Crimes of America: ntemperance and Greed*. She inks she can most pay her ay sellin' it. She jest stopped n the wharf to try to sell a opy to a minister. But here e is." And, sure enough, e that wuz Arvilly Lanfear dvanced, puttin' some money her pocket, she had sold er book. Well, I wuz surprised, but glad, r I pitied Arvilly dretfully for what she ad went through, and liked her. Two assengers had gin up goin' at the last inute or they couldn't have got tickets.

I advanced towards her and sez: "Ar-illy Lanfear! or she that wuz, is it you?"

"Yes, I've come, and if ever a human reeter come through sufferin' I have. Vhy, I've been agent for *The Wild leeds of Men* for years and years, but I ever knew anything about 'em till I come n this tower. I thought that I should ever git that man here alive. He has ep' and wailed the hull durin' time for ear we shouldn't ketch you."

"Oh, no, Arvilly!" sez the joyous-look-n' Josiah.

"I can prove it!" sez she, catchin' out is red and yeller bandanna handkerchief om his hat, where he always carries it: Look at that, wet as sop!" sez she, as she eld it up. It wuz proof, Josiah said no ore.

"I knew we should ketch you, for I knew you would stop on the way. I thought I would meet you at the deepo to surprise you. But I had to bank my house; I wuzn't goin' to leave it to no underlin' and have my stuff freeze. But when I hern that Josiah wuz comin' I jest dropped my spade—I had jest got done—ketched up my book and threw my things into my grip, my trunk wuz all packed, and, here I am, safe and sound, though the cars broke down once and we wuz belated. We have just traipsed along a day or two behind you all the way from Chicago, I not knowin' whether I could keep him alive or not."

Sez I fondly, "What devoted love!"

"What a natural fool!" sez Arvilly. "Did it make it any better for him to cry and take on? That day we broke down and had to stop at a tarven I wuz jest mad enough, and writ myself another chapter on *The Wild Deeds of Men*, and am in hopes that the publisher will print it. It will help the book enormously I know. How you've stood it with that man all these years, I don't see; rampin' round, tearin' and groanin' and actin'. He didn't act no more like a perfessor than —than Captain Kidd would if he had been travelin' with a neighborin' female, pursuin' his wife, and that female doin' the best she could for him. I kep' tellin' him that he would overtake you, but I might as well have talked to the wind—a equinoctial gale," sez she. Josiah wuz so happy her words slipped offen him without his sensin' 'em and I wuz too happy to dispute or lay anything up, when she went on and sez:

"I spoze that folks thought from our jawin' so much that we wuz man and wife; and he a yellin' out acrost the sleeper and kinder cryin', and I a hollerin' back at him to "shet up and go to sleep!" It is the last time I will ever try to carry a man to his wife; but I spozed when I started with him, he bein' a perfessor, that he would act different!"

"SAMANTHA, STOP THE SHIP! WAIT FOR ME!"

Anticipations of Travel

"Well," sez I, in a kind of a soothin' tone, "I'm real glad you've come, Arvilly; it will make the ship seem more like Jonesville, and I know what you have went through."

"Well," sez she, "no other livin' woman duz unless it is you." She kep' on thinkin' of Josiah, but I waved off that idee; I meant her tribulations in the army. And I sez, "You may as well spend your money travelin' as in any other way."

"Yes, I love to travel when I can travel with human creeters, and I might as well spend my money for myself as to leave it for my cousins to fight over, and I can pay my way mostly sellin' my book; and I've left my stuff so it won't spile."

"Where is Waitstill Webb?" sez I.

"Oh, Waitstill has gone back to be a nurse—she's gone to the Philippines."

Sez I gladly, "Then we shall see her, Arvilly."

"Yes," sez she, "and that wuz one reason that I wanted to go, though she's acted like a fool, startin' off agin to help the govermunt. I've done my last work for it, and I told her so: I sez, if see the govermunt sinkin' in a mud hole I wouldn't lift a finger to help it out. I meant to go to the Paris Exposition, and I always wanted to see China and Japan, but never spozed I should."

Out on the Great Waters

"It is a strange Providence, indeed, Arvilly, that has started us both from Jonesville to China. But," sez I, "let me make you acquainted with the rest of our party," and I introduced 'em. Josiah wuz embracin' Tommy and bein' embraced, and he had seen 'em all but Robert Strong.

In a few minutes the great ship begun to breathe hard, as if tryin' to git up strength for the move, and kinder shook itself, and gin a few hoarse yells, and sot off, seemin' to kinder tremble all over with eagerness to be gone. And so we sot sail, but ship and shore and boundless water all looked beautiful and gay to me. What a change, what a change from the feelin's I had felt; then the cold spectral moonlight of loneliness rested on shore and Golden Gate, now the bright sun of love and happiness gilded 'em with their glorious rays, and I felt well. Well might Mr. Drummond say, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." And as I looked on my precious pardner I bethought fondly, no matter how little a man may weigh by the steelyards, or how much a Arvilly may make light on him, if Love is enthroned in his person, he towers up bigger than the hull universe. And so, filled with joy radiatin' from the presence of the best beloved, and under the cloudless sunshine of that glorious day, I set out on my Trip Abroad. Yes, I wuz once more embarked on that great watery world that lays all round the continents, and we can't help ourselves.

(To be Continued)

The Unnoticed Bound

IN passing southward, I may cross the line
Between the Arctic and the Atlantic ocean.
I may not know by any test of mine—
By any startling signs or strange commotion
Across my track.

But as the days grow brighter, one by one—
And e'en the icebergs melt their hardened faces,
And sailors linger, basking in the sun—
I know I must have made the change of places
Some distance back.

Thus, answ'ring timidly my Master's call,
I passed the bourne of life in coming to him,
When in my love for him I gave up all;
The very moment that I thought I knew him
I cannot tell.

But, as increasingly I feel his love,
As this cold heart is melted to o'erflowing—
And now so clear the light comes from above—
I wonder at the change, but move on, knowing
That all is well.

Gospel Need in Lumber Camps

Isolation of Lumbermen—Life in a Logging Camp—Work of the Lumbermen's Evangelistic Association

THE lumber business ranks to-day in the forefront of the great industries of the world. Our forefathers lived in log huts, mud houses or tents, and not until the advent of the lumberman and the saw mill were our beautiful homes and churches made possible. During the early years of logging, woodsmen were compelled to undergo many hardships that in later years have been materially decreased. The physical comfort of the men is well looked after; employers have discovered that good food and warm bedding make more profitable labor. In most cases men are much better fed in the woods than in their own homes. They come out of the woods in the Spring fat, robust and hearty. Only their souls are neglected. The Christian Church of the United States has gone far toward fulfilling our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," but it is a singular fact that this great field right at our own door has been almost overlooked. Over half a million of men are employed in the lumber woods of this country—by far the largest unevangelized field in America.

The woodsmen are in camp, away from home, from five to seven months at a time. During this period they live in log houses built for the occasion. In one large room, which constitutes their winter home, will be crowded from sixty to one hundred and twenty men; and here their time is spent when not working. Around the wall on at least two sides is a double tier of bunks in which they sleep. A large stove and sometimes a table, constitutes the furniture of the "home." Here the men gather after the hard day's work. They divest themselves of their mackinaws, jackets and mittens, to which the snow and ice are clinging, and hang them near the red-hot stove to dry; then each man takes out his pipe and begins smoking. Imagine the atmosphere of that room! While away from the refining influences of home and civilization, Satan seems to have complete control; and profanity and questionable songs and stories are far too much the rule. There is little wonder that when lumbermen go to town they frequent saloons and other evil resorts. And thus, in cities and towns, the woodsman has established a reputation for evil. He does not attend the churches, neither is he found in the mission rooms of the Y. M. C. A. or the W. C. T. U. headquarters when in town. If we wish to do anything for these men, we must go to them in their camps in the woods, for they will not come to us.

The Lumbermen's Evangelistic Association was organized a little over three years ago. It has for its sole object the evangelization of lumbermen. Last winter eleven evangelists were sent to the logging camps of the north; and the present winter the Association hopes to send out at least twenty. Each evangelist has charge of from ten to twenty camps, traveling on foot from camp to camp, and speaking every evening. In this way he becomes personally acquainted with the men, and is thereby better able to influence them for good. While it is true that the woodsmen will not come to hear the Gospel, it is also true that when it is taken to them they give most respectful and earnest attention. In these "camp" meetings many men listen to the story of the Gospel for the first time. Others say they have not been inside of a church for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. In a meeting last winter in a camp of seventy, when one of the evangelists spoke on the love of God, it seemed to be a new thought to the hearers that any one loved them. The work as carried on by the Lumbermen's Evangelistic Association is not expensive, the cost per camp for the entire winter being from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Any inquiries sent to A. D. Cafferty, General Superintendent of the Lumbermen's Evangelistic Association, 1411 Elizabeth avenue, Marinette, Wis., will receive prompt attention.

Help for India's Sufferers

Urgent Need of Missionary and Christian Workers in India of Funds to Feed the Starving Multitude

WITH much pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of many contributions to the fund for the relief of the famine-stricken people of India. The prompt and generous response to our appeal, shows that the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was justified in believing that its readers would wish immediate aid to be given, and was safe in anticipating their gifts. The five thousand dollars which, as announced last week, Dr. Klopsch cabled to the missionaries, must have cheered their hearts and encouraged them to enter with confidence on their Christ-like work of feeding the starving. Their letters coming to this office by every mail, show how welcome would be the assurance this remittance would give, that the Christian people of America would stand by them in the crisis and provide them with the means of proving to the people the practical helpfulness of the religion of Christ. They describe a situation which gives cause for anxiety. Their incomes, which under the most favorable circumstances, barely suffice for their unavoidable expenses, must now bear the strain of food at famine prices. But how much more severe must be the strain upon these who, with a noble faith in God's providence, undertook the support of children orphaned in the famine of 1897! To those missionaries the sudden rise in the price of food involves a problem they know not how to solve. So far from being able to feed the destitute people who appeal to them by hundreds, they have to struggle hard to keep the wolf from their own doors.

Among the workers most seriously affected by the calamity, is Pandita Ramabai, who has more than three hundred widows and orphans depending on her for their daily bread. On this page is a photograph recently taken of a part of this large family. Ramabai has a large heart and she has never been able to steel it against the appeal of a hungry child. She remembers the time when she too, wandered around a poor little orphan girl, looking for food. In her compassion she received all who sought refuge with her during the famine three years ago, and she is now hard pressed to maintain them. But her faith is still unwavering. Recently nearly two hundred hungry people came to her from a country district where the famine is especially severe, piteously begging her to help them. She took them all into a barn and there described to them her position, explaining to them that her reliance for food from day to day was on God alone, and then persuaded them to unite with her in an earnest supplication to him for help in the sore extremity. Happily a remittance from friends in England came to her in time not only to relieve their immediate necessity, but to give employment for a few weeks to such as were able to work.

During the past week a letter has arrived from Rev. C. B. Newton, of the Presbyterian Mission at Julundur City, North India. He writes: I was made the agent for distributing relief sent two years ago by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I have now been commissioned by the Lodiana Mission to make an appeal to the people who so liberally helped us at that time. Hundreds of people have been coming into our northern province from Central India and Rajputana for two months past. They report an absolute failure of the crops there and the most utter destitution. There are many women and children among them, all looking terribly hungry. These gaunt refugees fill our streets and their piteous cries can be heard night and day. Our difficulties are increased by the rise in the price of food. The rates are now as high as they were in 1897, when the famine was most severe. I write by order of the Lodiana Mission, now holding its annual meeting, to ask if you will not once more come to our help by appealing to the charity and humanity of the Christian people of America. The need is very urgent. On behalf of the committee.

C. B. NEWTON.

It is unnecessary to add anything to Mr. Newton's pressing appeal. It tells its own sad story of helplessness in the face of appalling destitution. The Lodiana Mission will be included in the apportionment of our next remittance, which we trust will soon be in hand. Following are contributions received since our last week's acknowledgment:

Abbe, H L ... 2 00
Biles, Emma R ... 1 00
Caswell, H E ... 4 00
Chace, Augusta ... 25
Chace, Clara ... 50
Chace, Flora ... 50
Chace, John ... 50
Chandler, W ... 1 00
Chalker, C W ... 50
Chalmers, T ... 1 00
Cheetham, Mrs G F & Mrs G C Cogswell ... 2 00
Chisholm, A & son ... 2 00
Chitester, Mr & Mrs R N ... 1 00
Chittenden, Mrs M J ... 1 00
Christianson, D F ... 75
Christianson, Ella ... 75
Christianson, Grace ... 50
Christopher, Mrs F M ... 2 00
Christy, Mr & Mrs W A ... 2 00
Clark, Mrs A ... 1 00
Clark, Eva M ... 2 00
Clark, E O ... 1 00
Clark, Mrs F R ... 1 50
Clark, H C ... 50
Clark, Mrs J H & dau ... 2 00
Clayton, Ida A ... 1 00
Clemans, G S ... 1 00
Clewell, M E & R ... 4 00
Cochran, Mrs S A ... 1 00
Cole, Mr W L ... 1 00
Colegrove, Mary C ... 50
Collins, Mrs C E ... 1 00
Conger, C E ... 1 00
Cook, Mr & Mrs H W ... 5 00
Coon, W J ... 5 00
Cooper, Miss M J ... 1 00
Cope, Mrs J S ... 50
Copeland, Mrs P W ... 2 00
Cotty, W T & wife ... 3 00
Cox, Mr & Mrs L A ... 2 00
Coy, Mrs L B ... 2 00
Crane, Abbie M ... 1 00
Crane, Mrs H D ... 5 00
Crann, R S & family ... 1 00
Cria, Electa J ... 1 00
Croft, F ... 10 00
Cross, Miss M ... 1 00
Crossen, Mrs M ... 1 00
Culbert, J C ... 10 00
Cumming, J ... 1 00
Cummings, Vilona ... 1 00
Cumming, Mrs W ... 50
Fendlason, Mrs Mary ... 2 00
Field, B S ... 2 00
Fieder, Mrs R L ... 2 00
Finch, S ... 3 00
Finlayson, Mrs John ... 25
Fish, Miss L ... 1 50
Flawn, Lonise ... 50
Fletcher, Mrs S A ... 2 50
Fluharty, Mrs N C ... 3 00
Foglesang, Mrs J ... 1 00
Follick, Geo H ... 50
Folts, Miss C W ... 50
Ford, Mrs ... 25
Ford, Mrs John ... 1 00
Fox, M F ... 2 00
Frazor, Mary ... 2 00
Frederick, J G ... 1 00
Freeze, Mrs M A ... 5 00
French, Mrs C F ... 1 00
Friedel Annie ... 1 00
Fyfe, Mrs A & daughter ... 2 00
Gage, Chas ... 1 00
Gage, Edna ... 3 00
Gage, Margaret ... 1 00
Gallwas, Mr F A ... 1 00
Gallwas, Mrs F A ... 40
Gamgee, Mrs ... 10
Gardner, Margaret ... 5 00
Garig, H H ... 10
Garlough, J & E ... 1 00
Garner, H B ... 25
Garner, Mrs Mary ... 1 00
Gatten, Jas ... 1 00
Gentner, Mrs B ... 1 00
Gerber, Rudolph ... 2 00
Geyer, Adelaide ... 5 00
Gibson, Mrs G G ... 10 00
Gilhooly, Mrs S ... 3 00
Gillespie, E L ... 1 00
Gilman, Mrs Harriet ... 1 25
Gilmore, Mrs S A ... 1 00
Girod, I ... 5 00
Glattly, Mr & Mrs C ... 10 00
Glazier, Mary ... 1 00
Gonder, O W ... 2 00
Goodrich, Mr & Mrs H M ... 1 00
Gorsline, Mary F ... 1 00
Grant, Mrs J A ... 5 00
Graves, Mrs Wm ... 5 00
Gray, Cyrus ... 5 00
Constant Reader & Sub'r, N Woodhury ... 1 00
Reader, Meridcn ... 5 00
I J N, Laotto ... 5 00
I H N, Oregon ... 2 00
I H N, N H ... 55 00
I H N, Montrose ... 5 00
I H N, Minneapolis ... 2 00
I H N, Glendora ... 2 00
I H N, Essex Co ... 10 00
I H N, Chambersbg ... 50
I H N, Bethlehem ... 1 00
I H N, Bean ... 50
I C N, Reed's Ferry ... 1 00
Friends, Willow ... 2 00
Friends, Stowe ... 2 00
Friends, Minneapolis ... 39 50
Friends, Bigriver ... 1 25
Two Friends, Erie ... 2 00
Friend of the Needy, Peoria ... 1 00
Friend E, Brooklyn ... 10 00
Friend, W Eden ... 2 00
Friend, Penn ... 1 00
Friend, Onancock, Va ... 1 00
Friend, Omaha ... 15 00
Friend, Mass ... 5 00
Friend, Lewisburg ... 1 50
Friend, Hubbard ... 2 00
Friend, Hanover ... 2 00
Friend, Brooklyn ... 2 00
Friend, Ambra ... 2 00
——, Wetumpka ... 3 00
——, W Dryden ... 2 00
——, Wasepi ... 25
J A W, Tidioute ... 10 00
J A W, Tidioute ... 10 00
Mrs L G, Chagrin Falls ... 5 00
L S D, Unity ... 10 00
M, Oxford ... 1 00
M, San Saba ... 25 00
Mrs M I M, Mechanics'g ... 1 00
Mrs M R B, Portsmouth ... 2 00
M S C, Hagerman ... 1 00
R D B, New Dorchester ... 1 00
S A S & friend, Northampton ... 2 00
T F E, Verdon ... 1 00
—, Antigo ... 1 00
—, Campbellton ... 2 00
—, Clyde ... 25 00
—, Colusa ... 1
—, Gloversville ...
—, Highland Farm ...
—, Manchester ...
—, Marshfield ...
—, Mt Joy ...
—, Niles ...
—, Spruce Grove ...
—, Syracuse ...
Youngman, Mrs C D, Zepf, John A ...
Isabella, W Rupert ...
Modesta, Grant ...
B P, Waupaca, Wisc ...
Mrs C A D, Gloversville ...
E B G, Philadelphia ...
E M, Toronto ...
E S F, Phila., Pa ... 2
F K L, Bristol ...
G M R, Elmira ...
I H D, Boston ...
Mrs I V R, Knoxville ...
J A W, Tidioute ... 1
J M B, Newington ...
J M T T, Speegleville ...
J S & E C S, Buffalo ...
J W, Bristol ...
L W T ...
M A K, Columbia ...
M C D F ...
M C G, Montclair ...
M J, Pittsfield ...
M P, Hyde Park ...
M V S W Thompsonv'e ...
M W, E Providence ...
Mrs N M H, ...
P D Q, Tromps burg ...
Q, Newtonville ...
T W M, —, Me ...
W, Everett ...
W C, Phila ...
W G, Bristol ...
W P, Port Chester N Y ...
—, Greenwich ...
—, Kinderhook ...
—, N D ... 10
—, Shannon City ... 2
—, Troy ...
Anon ...
A Friend Adairsville ... 1
A Friend Bay City ...
Friend Brooklyn ... 1
A Friend Hemlock ...
Friend Ipswich ...
A Friend Marysville ...
Friend Toledo ... 10
Sympathetic Friend No Middleton ... 1
Friend of the poor Salladasburg ...
Beaver Friends, Gary ...
Friends, Bondville, Vt ...
Friends, Rye, N Y ...
Reader, Mill Hall ...
Reader, Phila ... 1
Reader, Reading ...
Reader, Waubeek ...
A reader of CH, Sist'le ...
Sub'r, Currie ... 1
Sub'r, Lakeland ... 1
Sub'r, Mahanoy ... 10
Sub'r, Munsonville ... 1
Sub'r, New Cumberl'd ...
Sub'r, Phila, Pa ... 1
An old Sub'r ... 3
2 symp'rs, Tacony ...
With symp'y, Plainf'd ... 1
Inasmuch, Williamsbg ... 2
I H N, Evanston ... 2
" Frankliuton ...
" Freeport ... 1
" Hillsville ... 5
" Saratoga Spgs ... 2
" Warren ... 1
" Washington ... 1
In Jesus name ...
" Kirtland ... 1
In the name of our Master, Milford ... 5
Brother in Christ, Sioux Rapids ... 5
Shut-in, Franklin Grove
For Christ's sake, Denver ... 3
God's Xmas gift, Bklyn ... 5
One of his daughters, Trenton ... 1
Repentance, Sauk Ctr ... 1
Widow's mite, Fowler
2 sisters, Wells ... 3
3 interest'd sist's NYC ... 10
Ye did it unto me, Morris Park ... 5
Union S S, Deedsville ... 4
K Dau, Marlboro ... 1
YPSCE, Bruce ... 2
Total ... $1,469

FAMINE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS IN PANDITA RAMABAI'S REFUGE AT KHEDGAON, INDIA

Ahhe, Mrs L P ... 1 00
Ahhott, Ella C ... 5 00
Adams, E E ... 1 00
Adams, Mary E ... 50
Adams, Miss R ... 50
Alden, Mrs J ... 1 00
Allegre, Julia ... 5 00
Allen, J M ... 1 00
Allen, Sarah J ... 6 00
Allen, T & Sophia ... 50
Allison, W J ... 1 00
Ames, A H ... 3 00
Anderson, Belle ... 5 00
Anderson, Hattie ... 5 00
Anderson, Mrs W B ... 1 00
Ankeney, Rose B ... 1 00
Apple, Mrs S L ... 1 00
Armstrong, Miss C ... 1 00
Atkinson, Miss S ... 2 00
Ault, John ... 1 50
Ault, N M ... 2 00
Babb, Mr & Mrs T L ... 1 00
Babbitt, Mrs E ... 1 00
Bailey, Mrs M A ... 1 00
Baldwin, Mr & Mrs S C ... 5 00
Ball, E F ... 25
Ball, J J ... 50
Ball, J M ... 10
Ball, J V ... 25
Ball, N E ... 25
Ball, P A ... 25
Ball, W W ... 25
Ballinger, Eva M ... 1 00
Bamford, Sarah G ... 5 00
Barber, W H ... 2 00
Barnett, A ... 1 00
Barnett, A ... 50
Bartlett, Mrs H L ... 1 00
Bartoldus, Theresa ... 5 00
Basean, Mrs W O ... 20
Bassett, Carrie M ... 1 00
Beatty, Mrs H W ... 2 00
Beauchamp, W F ... 50
Beeck, W R ... 3 00
Bell, Mrs G ... 1 00
Bender, C R ... 1 00
Bennett, Mrs A ... 1 00
Bennett, Mrs E T ... 1 50
Bennett, Helen CSS cl ... 1 55
Benson, Mr I F ... 2 00
Berger, C H ... 1 00
Bidwell, Mr & Mrs W ... 2 00
Bishop, W S ... 2 50
Blanchard, Lydia L ... 2 00
Bleakley, Mrs A ... 1 00
Bodwell, Mrs Susan ... 1 00
Boggess, T N & fam ... 5 00
Boles, S A ... 1 00
Bonney, Mr & Mrs J ... 1 00
Boorman, Charlotte ... 1 00
Bowman, Mrs C M ... 35 00
Bowman, M E ... 2 00
Boyd, Mrs A V ... 1 50
Boyd, Miss Ethel E ... 10
Boyd, Miss F A ... 1 50
Boyd, Wm ... 1 00
Boyd, Master Wm B ... 10
Boyd, Winifred ... 25
Bradford, B ... 1 00
Braley, Grace & Mary Herrick ... 2 00
Brand, Mrs C M ... 10 00
Bratsberg, Myrtle ... 1 00
Bremner, Mrs M H ... 1 00
Brewer, Mrs E C ... 1 00
Brewers, Miss E M ... 1 00
Brewer, F S ... 60
Brick, Mrs Annie ... 1 00
Bridgman, Mrs P B ... 1 00
Briggs, J W ... 1 00
Brock, Mrs L P ... 50
Brough, S Elizaheth ... 5 00
Brown, Mrs A ... 1 00
Brown, Amanda ... 2 00
Brown, Hattie B ... 5 00
Brown, Miss L ... 10
Brown, M F & John ... 3 00
Brown, Martha A ... 1 00
Bruce, Mrs L A ... 1 00
Brunker, Wm A ... 1 00
Buck, Mrs M ... 1 00
Buckwalter, Bertha M ... 25
Bursk, J S ... 1 00
Busa, Mrs W D ... 1 00
Bush, Mrs Lucy R ... 1 00
Byers, E A ... 40
Callen, Mrs ... 10
Callen, M D, J A ... 1 00
Campbell, Mrs A ... 50
Card, I P ... 1 00
Carlson, Mrs M ... 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs E ... 2 00
Carson, Mrs W G ... 1 00
Case, Emma D ... 25
Daisley, T ... 3 00
Daniels, Miss M & H ... 3 00
Davis, Mr & Mrs ... 1 00
Davis, B T ... 1 00
Davis, D ... 1 00
Davis, H M ... 1 00
Davis, J B ... 2 00
Davis, M O ... 3 00
Davis, Mrs S W ... 1 00
Dawe, Miss M ... 50
Dawe, Mrs ... 1 00
Dell, Mrs M E ... 1 00
Denison, Mrs H L ... 1 00
Dewey, Miss E ... 2 00
Diehert, S F ... 1 00
Dickinson, Mrs M L ... 20
Dikeman, A A & C L ... 200 00
Dillett, Miss M L ... 1 00
Dilling, Wm ... 1 00
Dillingham, Mrs Jane ... 1 25
Dockstader, Mrs J C ... 1 00
Doriety, Lizzie ... 50
Dorsey, Miss Argat ... 1 00
Douglass, A M ... 2 00
Doughty, Mr & Mrs ... 1 00
Dow, Angus ... 50
Dow, Daniel ... 50
Downard, Mrs E F ... 50
Downs, Mrs ... 25
Downes, Mrs Sarah W ... 50
Duckworth, R E ... 1 00
Dugan, Mrs W E ... 50
Dulany, John H ... 1 00
Dunlap, Mrs A M ... 1 00
Dunn, W R ... 5 00
Dutcher, H ... 5 00
Eager, Mrs E M ... 1 00
Ellis, Frank ... 1 00
Ellis, Mrs Frank E ... 1 00
Elmer, Mrs E S ... 50
Elrick, Elizabeth ... 1 00
Emannel, Jennett I ... 10 00
Embree, Mrs Ellen ... 1 00
Emlet, Mr & Mrs D E ... 5 00
Emmons, Mr & Mrs ... 1 00
Erickson, A & friends ... 12 40
Evans, S H & wife ... 5 00
Evans, Mrs H ... 5 00
Fary, R F ... 1 00
Fauntleroy, Baynham ... 1 00
Fellows, Miss M J, & Mrs J E Chickering ... 5 00
Green, Mrs J E ... 1 00
Green, Mrs Mary ... 1 00
Gregson, Martha ... 1 00
Grierson, Mrs ... 50
Groome, J A ... 1 00
Guck, Mrs ... 1 00
Gullison, John B ... 1 00
Hackwell, Thos ... 50
Hagar, Miss A C ... 1 00
Halbert, Alice D ... 2 00
Hall, H F ... 1 00
Hall, John W ... 50
Hallauer, Mrs G ... 15 00
Hamilton, Mrs G ... 2 00
Hammond, Mrs M ... 1 00
Hanckey, Coll by Manda J ... 7 00
Hancock, Mrs T ... 25
Hand, Mrs ... 25
Hanlin, J P & family ... 5 50
Hann, Mrs ... 25
Hansen, Edw G ... 3 50
Hansen, Hans ... 1 00
Harding, Chas E ... 10 00
Harmon, Jno P ... 5 00
Carroll St. Chapel, C. E. Soc., St. Paul ... 3 00
Y. P. S. C. E. People's Bap. Ch., N.Y. City ... 5 00
C. E. Soc., Bap. Ch., Eastford ... 6 00
First Pres. Ch. S. S., Chicago ... 2 00
Widow, Talladega ... 2 00
Union Thanksgiving Ser., Winneconne ... 5 60
Three, Rochester ... 3 00
People of Dos Palos Colony ... 3 00
N Lima & New Springfield Thanks'g Ser. ... 6 60
Mother & Son, Leon ... 2 00
Matt. 25: 40. M. C., Northfield ... 6 00
Incog., Corinna ... 54
Detweiler Home Kansas City, Mo ... 5 00
A Lover & Follower of Jesus, Bath ... 1 00
In Sympathy, A.B.C. ... 1 00
Old Subscriber ... 1 00
Sub'r, Sherbrooke ... 5 00

. . A Difficult Text . .

(See First Page Illustration.)

EVEN the most learned students of the Bible have to scratch their heads once in a while over some parts of the divine revelation which we call the Bible. Indeed, it would be difficult to regard it as divine if it had no unfathomable depths. The carpenter in our picture has a quizzical look upon his face, and we fancy that he thinks he has snared the minister. The domnie will be honest enough to admit that the text is a puzzle, if it is so, and if the man upon the bench is honest the two may help each other to get at its meaning. At times God reveals the deep teaching of a text to some very simple people who seek his light upon it, while more scholarly minds are left to wonder and question. "How can a man be in the Spirit and the Spirit in the man at the same time?" asked an assuming sceptic of a poor negro, who could hardly read. "There's no difficulty about that," said the negro. "I put the poker in the fire and in a few minutes the fire will be in the poker." To reject the Bible on account of its difficulties would be as foolish as to give up eating fish or chicken because these articles of diet contain bones. Common sense will help us to interpret and enjoy the Bible

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Harvesting the Rice in China

WHEN we run the white rice grains through our fingers, or watch the process of their swelling when the mass is cooking over our fires, it does not often occur to us that the rice industry means life itself to millions of our fellow creatures. In large portions of China, for example, rice forms the principal article of food for the swarming peasantry, their diet varied by a little fish now and then, or very occasionally by a fowl. Not one of us, in this land of plenty, has the faintest idea of the deep and grinding poverty, the continual and passing privations of some of those Oriental countries where, if the rice harvest fails, stark, gaunt famine is certain. A missionary lady was standing at her door one morning in Amoy, some years ago, and she saw passing on the street a neighbor with two beautiful little twin girls whom he was taking to market to sell. They were about eighteen months old, a most enchanting age; their mother had dressed them prettily according to her means, and they were to be sold to the highest bidder. When the man came home in the later day, my friend told me that he had with him not little bright-eyed daughters, but their price instead, namely, a string of fish, and a few lumps of charcoal, which he had received in exchange for them. Think of it, mother of little girls! The sheer poverty of the people is in part their excuse for holding so very cheaply the lives of their girl babies. Then, too, we must not overlook the fact that girls are not wanted in heathen homes, and that woman is not honored except where Christianity prevails. Ignorance and cruelty walk hand in hand.

The rice is sown in wet and swampy ground, and this soil is kept wet, if not by rains, by continual watching till the seed begins to spring up. We have large rice plantations in our own South, but the methods of working them are somewhat less primitive than those which in China have been handed down from father to son for generations. Men and women work together in the wet fields, and everything is done by hand, the scene when the grain is ripe being exceedingly picturesque. The threshing and winnowing come afterward, as with other grains. India, Japan and China are all largely dependent upon the harvesting of the rice for their comfort and prosperity—almost for their existence.

The Rev. Arthur H. Smith, of the American Board, for twenty-two years a missionary in China, in writing about the people, in his book entitled *Chinese Characteristics*, says: "The quality of Chinese patience, which to us seems the most noteworthy of all, is its capacity to wait without complaint, and to bear with calm endurance. It has been said that the true way to test the real disposition of a human being is to study his behavior when he is cold, wet and hungry." After commenting on the almost universal crossness of Anglo-Saxons when deprived of their dinner, this writer goes on to say that he once saw one hundred and fifty Chinamen who had expected to sit down and banquet themselves served at a feast, instead of which no food was offered them at all, and they were obliged to wait on the people who did eat the viands to which they had supposably a right. They were neither uncivil nor surly, but behaved with perfect and very gentle amiability, waiting for many hours before their time came, without a single murmur. For heathen, such deportment was certainly wonderful, and could hardly have been surpassed by Christians.

The Chinese need no "Don't Worry" Clubs, for as a nation they are philosophical, and worry is unknown among them. Drought, flood, failure of crops, famine, fail to shake their imperturbability. They seem to have an infinite capacity for patience.

When disaster comes, one sees vast hordes of mendicant travelers on the march in China, begging their way a thousand miles to some province where there is plenty. "When the floods have abated, the mendicant farmer returns to his home long enough to scratch a crack in the mud, while it is still too soft to bear the weight of an animal, and in the tiny rift he drops a little seed, and again goes on his devious way, begging a substance until his small harvest shall be ripe."

The people who do not believe in foreign missions have surely never taken to heart or studied deeply into the conditions of life in every clime where Jesus is unacknowledged and worshiped. Yet

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run

and when his empire is established, in its wake shall come blessedness, material prosperity, the enfranchisement of the fettered, and the coronation of the home.

CHINESE WOMEN HARVESTING THE RICE CROP

Muffs versus Pockets

They won't let us have pockets, the autocratic dressmakers who fashion our gowns; and while our sons and brothers walk off triumphantly with fourteen of these useful receptacles in every suit of clothes, we are indeed to be congratulated if we have so much as a single one in any accessible place. But we carry muffs, and a muff in these days is large enough to hold a number of what a little lad I know calls "contraptions." Added to this, a muff is the most perfect and delightful contrivance for keeping the hands warm which was ever invented. I remember a girl who used hers to keep her feet in when they were half frozen as she was learning to skate, but that was forty years ago, and it was a little hard on the muff. Persons who do not like muffs think that they confine the hands too much, and that they leave one no arm free to help herself if she slips. As, when one slips on the ice, the safe plan is usually to make the least possible resistance, and just let oneself go. That argument is rather a failure. Why should not men carry muffs, as they do in Russia, or why should they not wear overcoats with long, loose, warmly-lined sleeves which they might pull over their hands when they choose? For driving this would be an inconvenient fashion, but not for walking. Warm, thick, loosely-fitting gloves probably satisfy most men, but I commend muffs to their consideration as an improvement on what they have now.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—AMY DEAN. Say "Yes, please"; or, "No, Mrs. Smith." Politeness is based on common sense.

—EMILIE H. Make up that quarrel with your friend. Life is too short for quarrels. Ask her pardon.

—AUNT PRUDENCE thanks her friends for good receipts, some of which have been tried successfully in Aunt P's kitchen.

—JUSTICE. You are condemning the young man on hearsay evidence, which is not really evidence, strictly speaking. You are not quite fair yourself.

—FLORENCE BROWN. Aunt Patience admires freckles. They really enhance a girl's beauty, these little kisses of the sun. Don't worry about them, dear.

—LOUISE AND FRANK. Combine in giving your mother a present on her birthday. She will be hard to please if she does not like a soft breakfast shawl or a new rocking chair, both of which gifts have been in your thought.

—PAULINE. When in doubt, wait. Don't decide too soon. The maid is in a strange place and does not know your ways. She may improve if you bear with her. Did you ever read *Mistress and Maid*, by Miss Muloch? It tells how a very blundering maid was transformed by patient training into a real comfort.

—FATHER IN PERPLEXITY. Why in the world should you hesitate to ask your boy to forgive your ill-temper? You were to blame in scolding him when he had made a mistake; the more so that you did not wait to investigate the matter. A parent gains, not loses, by owning up when he is in the wrong. None of us is infallible. If anybody disagrees with Aunt Patience, let him or her speak.

—YOUNG MATRON. You need not be disturbed because your husband wishes you to invite a few friends to dinner. Do not be too ambitious. Have a simple, well-cooked meal, daintily served, and do not let yourself be flustered. The regulation formal dinner requires a number of courses, but as you do your own work, you should not attempt anything elaborate. I advise you to have roast turkey, with celery, cranberry sauce and pickles; mashed potatoes, boiled onions, and stewed tomatoes, with mince pie for dessert, and coffee at the end of the meal. By preparing some of it the day before, you can easily have a more extended menu. Soup is by no means a difficult thing to manage, and if you have a soup course and a salad course your dinner will be charming. Serve crisp crackers and cheese, any sort of the latter which you prefer, with your salad.

HOME

A WORLD of strife shut out, my dears,
A world of love shut in,
And that is what the home should be
In midst of care and din.

Beyond its doors the battle waged
To gain the daily bread;
Within, the wife with angel face,
The baby's sunny head.

Temptation often grim outside,
But strength the crown to win
In hours of prayer at eventide
The happy home within.

A world of strife shut out, my dears,
A world of peace and love,
And we shut in as in an ark,
With God's own light above.

Dear little home, our star of hope
Upon the roughest road,
The type of heavenly rest where God
Makes his divine abode.

Daughters-in-Law

"YOUR son 's your son till he marries a wife," says the old distich. So has it been from the dawn of history, where Rebecca moaned to Isaac, that if Jacob took a wife from the daughters of Heth, her life would do her no good, and she could not bear it. "I am weary of my life, because of the daughters of Heth!" she said, thinking of the rough Esau and the women who abode in his tent. Modern women there are not a few whose daughters-in-law are not altogether pleasing to them, having been brought up in a way opposed to their own, or bringing another element into the family; or, and this is the feeling usually at the bottom of the hostile sentiment, awakening jealousy because alienating the son from his people. "Your son 's your son till he marries a wife."

In Oriental lands, and in the strangely unhomelike manner of life which goes on under the skies of Asia, relations-in-law so far as the women are concerned, take precedence of blood relations. In every Eastern household the husband's mother reigns supreme. The young man brings his wife home to his mother, and she must thenceforth "forget her own people and her father's house." As a daughter, her childhood's home knows her no more. To return thither, in case her husband casts her off, which sometimes happens, is to incur the deepest disgrace. To return in widowhood is an unspeakable calamity. The husband's people want her, hoping that her children may all be sons, accepting from her every sort of service meanwhile, so that her lot is usually bitter, and at all events not exceptional in being so.

No wonder that Oriental women look wistfully across the breadth of the world, to envy the ease and peace of our domestic arrangements and the luxury of our home lives.

A Word to the Housekeeper

One of the most common pieces of carelessness in housekeeping is the leaving of articles on the stairs. A person is sweeping and going to another part of the house; she leaves her dustpan and brush on the stairway, and the next one coming downstairs naturally tumbles over it. Several years ago a young woman going on work for the Young Women's Christian Association, received entertainment in the house of some kind unknown friends. Her room had several doors. After changing her dress and freshening herself from the dust of her journey, she turned in the dusk of a late afternoon to answer the summons to tea. Opening the door which she supposed led into the hall, she stepped clear down a flight of twelve steps into the darkness of the cellar where she was afterward picked up unconscious. A long illness ensued. This incident points to another form of carelessness. Lock doors against unsuspected stairways.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XIII.

One Another's Burdens

AFTER parting from Mrs. Locke, Douglas walked on, thinking deeply. So then it appeared to be all settled. Caryl would marry Celia and thereby carry the vote of that village where everyone, without distinction of politics, would support the man who was to be "our Miss Ceelie's" husband. The contest was so close that the vote of one village might decide it, and so Caryl would be elected.

"It will be thought the right and inevitable thing for her," he said to himself almost despairingly. "Even these people who adore her will be more than satisfied; they will think her goodness suitably rewarded by a rich husband, and one who will not take her away from the place she loves. . . . It is a foregone conclusion, if Caryl wins his election and stays on here."

He walked on, faster and faster, as if trying to escape from the thought which came next, but it overtook him and forced itself into words:

"If I were to do what no doubt he thinks I have done already, and take some one into my confidence who would not be above making public capital out of private matter! . . . It has absolutely nothing to do with his fitness to represent them in Parliament, but the average voter is not capable of seeing that. . . . If it were judiciously made known that. . . . But what has he done, after all? Managed to make himself acceptable to a rich old man, and to reconcile himself to the possession of a few thousands that might in fairness have gone to some one else! There is no crime in that; but it might be put in a light that would cost him a few votes, and every one says that if, as a stranger here, he gets in at all, it will be by the smallest possible majority. Besides, it might well come round to her!"

There was no use in hurrying on now; the debate was fairly begun, and nothing else in the world seemed of much consequence till it was settled. Douglas had forgotten that he was on his way home, and that his landlady and his evening meal awaited him; though before he met Mrs. Locke he had been as hungry as a young man ought to be after a hard day's work. He leaned upon a gate, looking out with unseeing eyes over the summer landscape, and the debate went on as though two trained advocates were pleading alternately. One of them reminded him that it was despicable to say the words which would prevent his brother being elected; the other reminded him that if he kept silence, his brother might win not only the election, but Celia as his wife.

"He has taken away my birthright," Douglas muttered half aloud, "and he will take my blessing too—the only blessing that I care for! 'He has supplanted me these two times!'" That, and the plain confession to himself that the information he was tempted to give would—with the construction that would be put upon it—be neither more nor less than slander, seemed to have cleared his mind a little, but he was as far as ever from having resolved what to do.

He said to himself at last, when he was weary of hearing the two advocates state and re-state the case, that he would be guided by circumstances; which generally means that a man intends to wait and see whether the temptation will not be strong enough to carry him off his feet, and so give him later the excuse that he could not help himself. And with that he went home to his solitary dinner, and as he sat over it studied the views of both local papers as to the Liberal candidate's chances, and counted the days that had still to elapse before the election.

"We were talking of touchstones—this is mine!" was his last waking thought that night. "Martin Hamerton was right; it is all a question of self-interest, only the objects of interest vary. I grudged Caryl my uncle's money, and felt myself superior because it was no more than a passive grudge. Now he touches what I happen to care more about, and I am ready to pawn my honor—to sell my soul, almost—for the chance of being even with him: 'However we bear it out, we men are a little breed.'"

The next night when bedtime came Douglas took the key of the farmhouse door—a ponderous weight of ironmongery—with him, and went out into the scented summer night, which was more "gloaming" than "mirk." He was in no mood to sleep, and his dreams of the night before had not been pleasant enough to invite a repetition. A lover is not wholly miserable, whatever he may suppose himself to be, while the "spirit in his feet" can lead him within sight of his lady's chamber window, and he can, amid the scent of her roses, watch the light go out there, and wonder with awe and reverence whether possibly she has "set his graceless name in her pure prayers."

Douglas went through all the mournful delightful follies of those good days when lovers are so unhappy—days that in after-life some of them would buy back at almost any price that could be asked of them—and then, the Dower House having been dark and silent for more than half-an-hour, set out to walk off his remaining restlessness along the quiet deserted lanes.

He was not thinking or caring much which way he went, but as the clock in the church tower struck two he found himself returning through the village, and with a recollection of the day's work that lay before him and the need of getting a few hours of sleep before it, he took the short cut that led through the churchyard to strike the lane which would take him to High Ashes.

In that dimness, neither dark nor light, the tombstones could have been counted—the ponderous slabs of the villagers, the white marble cross that Squire Hamerton had put there in memory of his young wife, the mother of Martin and Celia, and his own memorial beside it.

Between those two graves there was something—a dark figure that moved, that slowly rose as if from crouching on the grass.

Douglas stopped short a moment, his heart giving an extra beat or two, and then moved forward to see who or what this might be.

The next instant he wished that he had done nothing of the kind, for to his dismay he recognized Martin Hamerton.

The first impulse of a reserved man under such a trial is always to do as he would be done by, to pretend that he had seen nothing and heard nothing, and to avoid any word that might seem to ask for confidence. But on second thoughts he sometimes remembers that other men are not necessarily like himself, and that if a friend may know what is amiss he may be able to give help, or at the least sympathy.

By the time Douglas had stammered out an almost meaningless phrase or two, meant to convey that he was not in the least surprised or anxious, and that it was the most natural thing in the world to find a man lying beside his father's grave at the dead of night, his common sense had come back, and he cut short Martin's halting attempt to reply in the same strain.

"Look here!" he said simply, "we need have no pretences with each other. I know well enough that a man doesn't roam about for half the night because things are going well with him. And I know that I ought to go home and go to bed, and I suspect it would be well for you to do the same. Let's make our way toward's home together; and if you could—if you wouldn't mind trying to tell me what the trouble is—you know how glad I should be if I could do anything."

Martin Hamerton gave a shaky little laugh, the laugh of a man who has been tried by loneliness and misery till at the first word of sympathy he could cry, if it were not for manhood.

"As for telling you what is amiss," Martin said at last, "I could do that. Not only because you are you, but just because you can't help me. In some circumstances to complain is to beg, and that hurts a man's pride, even though he feels that he might be driven to do it if it were any use. But since I know that you can do nothing, you know that I am asking nothing; and I may tell you just for the relief of telling. I have kept it to myself till I am nearly crazy."

"Tell me," said Douglas, gently. "But I wish it might prove that I could do something after all."

"Oh! it is a sufficiently sordid matter—money—the usual source of trouble," said Martin bitterly. "Only a rich man could help me, and I don't number so very many of those among my friends. To put the whole affair in a nutshell, unless I can find a large sum within a very few days I am liable to have my furniture seized, even down to my sister's jewels and our mother's portrait, and the Dower House sold over our heads. And dishonor, worse than ruin to follow."

"But how?—Excuse me! I have no right to question you, I know."

"Oh, I mean to tell you all particulars. They are safe with you, I know; and, as I said, I have gone over the whole thing to myself, and by myself, till it is driving me mad. I must speak out to some one, and rather to you than to any man I know . . . You know that my father ruined himself by rash speculation? and that when he died there was practically nothing left but my mother's small fortune: the Hall and such of the land as was not mortgaged beyond its value barely sufficed to pay his debts."

"I have heard that much, even before we had met."

"Well, I don't blame him for that. The land, which he understood, proved to be nothing to trust to, and he tried other things which he and those like him never did understand and never will, and he paid dearly for it. But after his death, when his affairs were, as I thought, all wound up, and Celia and I were beginning to see how we stood after the wreck, another claim came to my knowledge—one that I resolved should never come to hers."

They had left the sleeping village behind them, and were walking along the lane, and at this point Martin came almost to a stop, as though he would not be too near even to the house in which his sister was, and dropped his voice.

In low tones, almost whispers, Martin told the sad story of a father's wrongdoing. Money intrusted to him used in an emergency, with the confident assurance that it would soon be replaced. "He was quite sure of being able to do it," said Martin, "but no man can foresee his death, and he died without doing it. The shame and disgrace of exposure would have been dreadful. I could not bear to see my father's honored name loaded with infamy. It would have killed Celia to have it known. I concealed it from her and from every one, and I borrowed enough money to make the deficiency good. The money was paid over to the widow and orphans to whom it belonged and my father's name was saved. But the loan to me was only temporary. I gave as security the Dower House and its contents. Now the time for repayment has come and my creditor demands his money. If I cannot pay him this week everything must be sold and Celia and I will be penniless on the street. If I could only have sold my new book as I expected to have done I could have paid at least a part of it; but just now I have nothing."

Martin sat down on the bank by the roadside, as if with that instinct that makes despair hold itself still, and rested his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands. And Douglas sat down beside him, searching his brains vainly for some hopeful suggestion.

"There must be something to be done," said Douglas at last. "Is there not some old friend of your father's who would advance the money?"

"You may be sure I have thought of that. There are many who could, but for various reasons would not; and there are others who would do so gladly, but have not the means. No, every avenue of t kind is closed. I suppose the smash m come."

"How long have you in which to ra the money?"

"Only three days now."

"The two young men sat in misera silence, Martin thinking despairingly the problem so old to him, Doug wrestling with it in its newness."

"Well!" said Martin at last, "I supp no smash is as bad as one thinks bef hand it will be. But I wish the next days were over. Let's go home. Thi a bad preparation for to-morrow, and at any rate have got a day's work bef you. I only wish I had!"

They stood up, slowly and wear Douglas still forgot to express himsel any verbal fashion; and Martin was dull enough to need that he should do Their hands met, and wrung each oth hard and long; and then Martin mo softly and slowly towards the gate of Dower House garden, and lifted latch, and Douglas went off towards H Ashes, thinking as he walked, of t strange trouble. If he had the mon how thankfully he would give it to s the woman he loved from humiliation. was she that he was concerned abo "Was it?" Douglas stopped sudde and asked himself this question.

"Was it pure disinterested affect that was agitating him? If," he saic himself, "there was one way of deliver her, but at the cost of losing all hope winning her for myself, do I love well enough to take it?" *That was Touchstone!*

What that way was, Douglas perceiv only too clearly. Caryl had the mo and could spare it easily, but if Caryl vanced it, he would have a right to pr his suit, and Martin would in comm gratitude support it with his powerful fluence. Ought he to tell Caryl of t opportunity? To do so would be to g him the advantage and was he bound do so? Douglas walked to and fro bating the question. In the end l triumphed. He would sacrifice his ho to save the woman he loved from sor and shame.

It was now broad day. Douglas w into the farmhouse, refreshed hims with a bath, ate a hasty breakfast, a went in search of Caryl.

To his surprise, Douglas found brother prostrate on a sofa, in a darker room in the hotel. He expected to h seen him surrounded by politicians, se ing off telegrams, and eagerly discuss the prospects of election. But Caryl v alone and apparently sick.

"Who's there?" he asked, without m ing, as Douglas entered. "I beg' y pardon—I must have been half asleep- did not hear."

"I made the landlord bring me up. told him that I must see you," s Douglas gravely. "I wouldn't have c turbed you, but that it is a matter of i portance."

At the first sound of his voice Ca half started up, then with a muttered clamation lay down again in the same titude.

"Why, Earl! is it you?" he said ratl confusedly. "Excuse me. Sit dov will you? I'm listening, but I've go splitting headache — I can't see if I upright."

"I'm afraid this is not a good time trouble you," said Douglas stiffly. would go away now if it were not alm a matter of life and death."

"Oh! never mind. It is only th when I was in India I had a touch of t sun, I suppose, and since then, especia when I have been about in the heat— But go on. Tell me what you ca about. Time was when it wouldn't ha needed a matter of life and death to bri you to me—but never mind that just no What is it?"

Douglas had no need to waste time words, and he did not attempt to mak moving tale of it: if the facts did n move his auditor, he had no hope of doi so by eloquence.

Caryl still lay in that constrained at tude, as if by main force holding his s fering sufficiently at bay to permit him listen and to understand. That he d listen and understand was evident, thou he showed no emotion or surprise beyo a half-ejaculation when the name of Ha erton was first mentioned.

(To be Continued.)

. . . Evangelizing Porto Rico . . .

PEASANT WOMEN OF PORTO RICO WASHING CLOTHES

N a recent letter from San Juan, Rev. James Jamieson. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School missionary in Porto Rico. writes some very interesting facts concerning the condition spiritual work on the island. He says:

The general outlook in the direction of secu- l education and moral improvement is very couraging. Here in San Juan, in Ponce, in Yaguez, in Rio Piedras, in Cantano and at other points of importance, the bread and ter of life are being lovingly dispensed by self-denying men and women who have come e strong in the faith of Jesus, and in their le of suffering humanity, to spend and be nt for the glory of God and the eternal l-being of the race. The purely educational terests of the Porto Ricans are not now g neglected. On the contrary, the public ool system patterned after that of the ited States, is being gradually established all available points on the island, and, in t near future, there is every reason for be- ing that every town, village and hamlet in rto Rico will be blessed with good schools d efficient teachers. To illustrate what I e just said, with respect to the progress of ucation, one example will be sufficient. out a month ago, a secular school was es- tablished by the Rev. Mr. Scott, of Phila- phia, in the suburb of Santurce, which has ved a remarkable success. The school is gely attended by all classes of Porto Ri- children.

The following contributions for Porto an Sunday School work have been ceived:

Ev. ack	$630 73	Mrs Thorburn	75
Hudson	1 00	Mrs E L Pickford	2 00
M. Kerr	10 00	Friend, Pendleton	1 00
M R T Lees	2 00	Mrs T Dunning	1 00
Baldwin	1 00	Mrs E R Short	1 00
Joyd	1 00	C Pierce	1 00
M G A Raymond	4 00	J H Harris	5 00
M M Cordry	1 00	For His Sake, Mont	2 50
Burkhardt	1 00	R R Pratt	4 00
J W. Tidioute	8 00	M H.Harlan	2 00
Queson	50	Fidelity, Nunda	3 00
Cleveland	1 00	Mrs A W Colhe	1 00
I N. Odelbolt	5 00	—. Yakima	1 00
Long	2 00	Friend, Earnshaw	50
Igore	50	Mrs J W Kizer	3 00
Portsmouth	3 00	C Judson	1 00
W McMahan	2 00		
M C A Dyer	50	Total	$753 48

The Ecumenical Council

Preparations Begun for a Great Religious Gathering in April Next

AN interesting meeting of the Committee of Arrangements for the Ecumenical Council on Foreign Missions was held in Assembly Hall, 156 Fifth avenue, on the evening of Jan. 11, Hon. Seth Low presiding. Its object was to rouse the people of this country to a realization of the character and magnitude of the Ecumenical Council to be held in New York in April, and to enlist the co-operation that will make it a success. The speakers were Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., President of the International Missionary Union; Rev. J. H. Barrows, President of Oberlin College, Ohio; Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D., and Messrs. Morgan Williams and Charles M. Jesup. Rev. W. J. Lord led the opening prayer and appropriate hymns were sung.

In his well-chosen introductory remarks, Mr. Low spoke of the timeliness in this great season of national prosperity and intellectual activity, of the proposed gathering of leaders in religious thought for the purpose of the extension of the benefits of our faith to all peoples of the earth; he expressed the hope that "the time is coming when all Christendom—the Eastern Church, our Roman Catholic brethren and Protestants"—may recognize the purpose for which they exist—the moral and spiritual uplift of the world. Rev. Dr. Gracey emphasized the great value the Council will have in stimulating the missionary spirit, and solidifying Christian denominations for the redemption of the world. "Hunter tells us," he said, "that there are fifty millions who in the next fifty years will become Hindus, Mohammedans or Christians; these millions are standing to-night in line before the altars of the Christian Church. Bishop Thoburn tells us that he could baptize thousands into the church every month if he only had preachers to receive and care for the converts. Not only ignorant and uncivilized aborigines are thirsting for knowledge of our Christ, but the learned men of the East—the great brain and heart of India—want him."

Mr. Williams and Mr. Jesup explained the advantages of the Council from the standpoint of Christian laymen and business men who want the work of the Lord well done. About 4,000 delegates are expected. Those from the United States and Canada will pay their own expenses, the Committee supplying information and securing special rates; foreign delegates will be entertained at private homes or in hotels at the Committee's provision. Missionaries from Japan, China, India, Korea, Turkey, Palestine, Brazil, Africa, Mexico, Siam and Syria are expected. Mr. Jesup stated $40,000 as the sum needed; $6,000 has already been subscribed, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD guaranteeing $1,000.

Dr. Barrows spoke most eloquently of American responsibilities in the evangelization of the East—particularly Asia. He told of finding in Oriental journeys American heralds of the Cross in all countries, and of hearing "My Country 'tis of Thee," sung by childish voices in strange lands. Rev. Dr. Huntington, explaining the nature and need of an Ecumenical Council, said that whatever one might be in national politics, in the politics of heaven a Christian must be an expansionist and imperialist, ever ready to extend the sovereignty of Christ.

Helen Gould and the Sailors

Miss Helen Gould has been recently displaying in Uncle Sam's sailor boys the same helpful interest that has made her a beloved one in our army. About a month ago, in company with Mrs. Russell Sage, she went to the naval branch of the Y. M. C. A., 167 Sands Street, Brooklyn, modestly presented the gift of a handsome mechanical musical instrument for the entertainment of the jackies; asked questions about the work and its needs; and straightway began planning an extension of accommodations and the erection of a new gymnasium.

Soon after, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. met at Miss Gould's home; and Admiral Philip, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, told them of the value of this Y. M. C. A. work at the very gates of the navy yard.

In a short time Miss Gould, accompanied by a party of friends, went across the river in the tug *Narkeeta*, sent by Admiral Philip, to the navy yard, where they were received by the Admiral and his wife, conducted through the grounds and buildings, and then to the Y. M. C. A. on Sands street, where the tars stood up, hats off, and greeted with a ringing cheer the little woman who has been so good to soldiers and sailors. She promised to come to see them again. "We know you! God bless you, Helen Gould!" they cried, as she went out.

The Moody Memorial Fund

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of Mr. Moody's three schools, namely, Northfield Seminary, East Northfield, Mass.; Mount Hermon School, and the Bible Institute, Chicago, was held on January 11. The chairman of the meeting was Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, who has been President of the Northfield Seminary for many years. There were also present Mrs. Julia Billings, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Sankey, Col. J. J. Janeway (President Mount Hermon School), James Talcot, New York City; Fleming H. Revell, Chicago; James McGranahan, Col. C. A. Hopkins, Boston; D. W. McWilliams, New York City; Gen. J. J. Estey, Brattleboro, Vt.; Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., New York City; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; W. R. Moody, eldest son of the late evangelist; A. G. Moody, and others. The main business under discussion was to arrange for the raising and investing of the Endowment Fund which it is proposed to raise.

An advisory committee was elected, consisting of the following gentlemen: William E. Dodge, James Talcot, Anson Phelps Stokes, D. W. McWilliams, Morris K. Jesup, John S. Kennedy and Ira D. Sankey, New York City; Cyrus McCormick and Victor Lawson, Chicago; John H. Converse, and John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Col. C. A. Hopkins, Boston and Francis White, Baltimore. D. W. McWilliams was elected treasurer of the Moody Memorial Endowment Fund. An investment committee was chosen, consisting of William E. Dodge, James Talcot and Morris K. Jesup, to take charge of the donations as they are received. Steps were also taken towards securing the co-operation of Mr. Moody's friends in England to help forward this movement. All the trustees expressed the feeling that the work committed to them by Mr. Moody should go forward without interruption, and all were convinced that it would receive the most loyal support from the Christian people of both continents.

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Found Christ . . . In the Bowery

Interesting Incidents of Bowery Mission Conversions as Related by the Superintendent

THE story that the tall young Irishman tells of his conversion rarely fails to move his audience to laughter or to tears. To laughter, because of the richness of the brogue, and the genuineness of the wit that bubbles up irrepressibly through every sentence: to tears, because of the pathos of the incident which always forms the climax of his rapidly told autobiographical sketch.

He had lived a wild, tumultuous life. Arrest at the age of eight for drunkenness was an appropriate and prophetic commencement of a career of sin, spent principally at sea, and in boisterous orgies at the different seaports of the world, and which finally culminated in his nearly being beaten to death by a New York policeman in a Bowery brawl. After being treated by the physicians at the hospital he made his way to the Bowery Mission, with his head and ribs broken and bandaged, one of his shoulders dislocated, and not quite sure as to some other parts of his anatomy except that they were frightfully sore. Both his eyes were blacked and his face bruised beyond all recognition. He had been to the Mission many times before, and he knew at any rate he would be kindly treated there. He was in such desperate need that of course the kindly janitor could not turn him away, so he was allowed for a few days to stay in one of the rooms on the cellar floor. He was such a pitiable looking object that he did not dare to go out on the streets, and kept as much as possible out of view of the workers and congregation of the Mission.

SUPT. J. G. HALLIMOND

But one night there came a speaker with a loud and sonorous voice. It not only rang in the lofty arched roof of the Mission itself, but away behind in the rafters of the kitchen, and even down into the depths of the cellar stores and corridors. The poor battered sailor heard it. He had been trying to console himself by a surreptitious smoke, when this voice first penetrated into his hiding-place. Listening intently, he imagined he could even catch some of the words. His curiosity was aroused, and, forgetting for the moment that he still held his pipe in his mouth, he mounted the stairway into the kitchen and quietly opened the door that leads into the hall by the side of the organ. The audience was in full view, so, quickly remembering his bandages and his bruises, he sadly closed the door again. But still that voice rang out, and now some of the words and even sentences of the speaker could be distinctly heard. He was filled with a yearning desire to hear more, and above all to see the face of the man who had so strangely moved him. A new idea flashed itself upon him.

Going out to the back, with his pipe still unconsciously held between his teeth, he climbed the ladder that led to the kitchen roof. Then he found there was another long ladder to scale before he could reach the dome of the building, from the open window of which he hoped to see and hear this wonderful man. He only had one whole arm, and it was a long climb; but he was a sailor, and there was no time to lose. So up he went, and soon found himself at the open window, exultingly looking down upon the listening crowd, and the earnest man whose trumpet tones had stirred his heart so deeply. It was one of New York City's most zealous ministers—Rev. J. A. Francis, of the Second Avenue Baptist Church—and when this eager Irishman ultimately reached his strange auditory, and to his delight found he could hear just as comfortably as if he had been seated in the regular crowd beneath, the first words that rolled up through the arches and fell upon his wondering ears were: "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The words thrilled him with a strange and unearthly sensation. It was no longer the voice of a man, but the voice of God that he heard.

He listened, entranced. All the memories of his rebellious life seemed to come crowding in upon him. There was a battle royal upon the roof that night between the spirits of darkness and of light, between the spirit of doubt and the spirit of hope. At last, as the speaking ceased, and one of the stirring hymns, sung with such characteristic enthusiasm by that Bowery crowd, surged up through the open window, he fell upon his knees, placed his pipe upon the ledge, and looking up at the stars uttered one great yearning cry for mercy and help. And the shimmering stars looked down upon the upturned face of that pleading man, and the shadowy clouds floated away from the face of the smiling moon, and the summer zephyrs came sweeping up gently from the great Atlantic, and fanned his face and soothed the pain of his throbbing head, and his whole being was suffused with a new and melting tenderness beyond all words to express. And, as he climbed down the ladders again, he remembered the words so often heard in the Mission below, that now fell upon his broken heart like a wonderful balm, for oh how true they are: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. J. G. HALLIMOND.

Superintendent Bowery Mission.

. . .

The following contributions for the work of the Mission have been received:

Prev ac	$1,673 00	Searle, Mrs A P	50
Best, Jno E	5 00	Smith, Wm H, Jr	1 00
Burnham, S C	2 00	Soper, Laura F	1 00
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Duvall, Mrs M B	75	T F E, Verdon	1 00
Elderkin, Rev John	50	—, Bridgeport	1 00
Ferris, B K	1 00	—, Ontario	2 00
Gerrard, Thos W	1 00	Cash, Paterson	8 50
Gordon, Aletta H	1 00	Cash, Washington	1 00
Harris, M C	2 00	A iriend, B B	3 00
Harris, M C	2 00	Friend E, Brooklyn	10 00
Hearon, E C	15	A Friend, Cherry Gr'e	1 00
Hendricks, Mrs Wm	1 00	A friend, Commerce	2 00
Hughes, Wesley	1 00	A Friend, Pendleton	6 00
Kerr, M A	10 00	Friends, Topsfield	2 50
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Myers, C F	1 00	One who loves the Poor, Montague	5 00
Payne, Mrs H B	4 00		
Raymond, Mrs G A	10 00		
Reid, Mary D	3 00		
Ross, Margaret B M	1 00	Total	$1,806 90

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ONLY resting for a season
From the labor and the strife;
Only waiting for the harvest,
That will surely crown my life.
I have planted, I have watered,
Pausing not for rest or sleep;
Patient toil must bring fruition;
I have sown, and I shall reap.

Only resting for a season;
Lying here with idle hands;
Waiting for "my ship" that's coming
From the far-off golden strands.
She is bringing countless treasure—
All that I have toiled to win;
I shall quaff from joy's full measure
Sometime "when my ship comes in."

Only resting for a season
From the wearing hopes and fears:
From the burdens and the sorrows
That have gathered with the years.
Only resting in the twilight
"Till the shadows flee away;"
Only waiting for the dawning
Of a better, brighter day.

* * *

No more waiting—only resting;
For life's harvest-time is past;
All its golden grain is garnered,
All its full sheaves safe at last.
Hands that toiled for other's helping,
Now are folded evermore;
And the treasure-ship is anchored
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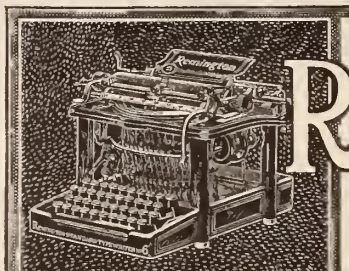

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WM. B. WOLCOTT, *Notary Public.*

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How the Boers Live*

THE Boer's habits and mode of life are similar to those of the American ranchman. The Boer likes to be out of the sight of the smoke of his neighbor's house; and to live fifteen or twenty miles from another dwelling is a matter of satisfaction rather than regret to him. The patriarchal custom of the people provides against the lack of companionship which naturally would follow this custom. When a Boer's children marry they settle within a short distance of the original family homestead: generally several hundred yards distant. In this way, in a few years, a small village is formed on the family estates, which may consist of from five hundred to ten thousand acres of uninclosed grazing ground. Every son when he marries is entitled to a share of the estate, which he is supposed to use for the support of himself and his family, and in that way the various estates grow smaller each generation. When an estate grows too small to support the owner, he "treks" to another part of the country, and receives from the state such an amount of territory as he may require. Boer houses, as a rule, are situated a long distance away from the flocks of the transport wagons, in order that passing infected animals may not introduce disease into the flocks and herds of the farmer. Strangers are seldom seen as a result of this isolation, and news from the outer world does not reach the Boers unless they travel to the towns to make the annual purchases of necessities. Their chief recreation is the shooting of game, which abounds in almost all parts of the country. Besides being their recreation, it is also their duty, for it is much cheaper to kill a buck and use it to supply the family larder than to kill a ox or a sheep for the same purpose. It is seldom that a Boer misses his aim, be the target a deer or an Englishman, and he has ample time to become proficient in the use of the rifle. His gun is his constant companion on the veldt and at his home, and the long alliance has resulted in earning for him the distinction of being the best marksman and the best irregular soldier in the world.

The dress of the Boer is of the roughest description and material, and suited to this occupation. Corduroy and flannel for the body, a wide-brimmed felt hat for the head, and soft leather-soled boots suited for walking on the grass, complete the regulation Boer costume, which is picturesque as well as serviceable. The clothing, which is generally made by the wife, or *vrouw*, makes no pretension to fit or style, and is quite satisfactory to the wearer if it clings to the body.

The religion of the Boers is a pronounced characteristic. The simple faith in a Supreme Being, which the original emigrants from Europe carried to South Africa, has been handed down from one generation to another, and in two centuries of fighting, trekking, and ranching has lost none of its pristine depth and fervor. With the Boer his religion is his first and uppermost thought. The Old Testament is the pattern which he strives to follow. The father of the family reads from its pages every day, and from it he formulates his ideas of right and wrong as they are to be applied to the work of to-day. Whether he wishes to exchange cattle with his neighbor or give his daughter in marriage to a neighbor's son, he consults the Testament, and finds therein the advice that is applicable to the situation. He reads nothing but the Bible, and consequently his belief in its teachings is indestructible and supreme. His religious temperament is portrayed in almost every sentence he utters, and by repetition of Biblical parables and sayings is a custom which so impresses itself upon the mind of the stranger that it is but natural that those who are unacquainted with the Boer should declare it is a sure sign of his hypocrisy.

Oom Paul's People. A narrative of the British-Boer Troubles in South Africa, with a history of the Boers, the Country and its Institutions. By Howard C. Hillegas. Illustrated with eight photographs and a map of South Africa. Price, $1.50. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., Fifth Ave., New York City.

♣

THE MOTHER'S CORONAL

(A prose Idyl)

FOR over twenty years two States separated us from our dear mother; and when she died, aged seventy, they sent us a lock of her hair.

The lock was almost silver-white—beautiful type of the holiness of the saints.

Some strands seemed gray, like the shadows that are coming into our own lives, just as we are crossing the border lines from youth and middle-age into the twilight of the evening.

There was yet a lingering trace of the shining ancestral brown, of which she had been so proud because it represented to her—not only the bright years of her own sweet, pure maidenhood—but several centuries of bravery, chivalry and honor.

The brown—we well remember—
The brown of her strong, firm womanhood.
When wifehood, motherhood, was sweet
And daily care was borne with song.

But years went and shadows came;
Then came the gray—
Creeping in slowly, as if by stealth,
With here and there a line of silver gleaming.

How the days darkened,
And the night grew longer,
And the golden-brown turned silver more and more—
And the gray kept coming on!

But now in heaven,
Where shadows come no more
What shall her coronal be—
Silver or gold or brown?

Port Calhoun, Neb. W. H. WOODS.

The Fear of Humbug

Prevents Many People from Trying a Good Medicine

Stomach troubles are so common and in most cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on their acuteness in never being humbugged, especially in medicines.

This fear of being humbugged can be carried too far, so far, in fact, that many people suffer for years with weak digestion rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims made of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

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"I saw an improvement from the start, but missed my morning beverage and felt a great lack. It was at the home of a friend and Postum apostle, Mrs. ——, of Lonsdale, that I tasted my first Postum. Her family had sworn by it a year or more, and declared themselves, from the least to the greatest, benefited by its use.

"I was surprised to find it really palatable, and determined that I could improve on it myself. I purchased a box, and as we all do, on the first trial, made a lamentable failure of it, through insufficient boiling, and the Postum was poked away on an upper shelf, until the oft-reiterated newspaper statements made me determine to try it again, with long boiling.

"I took twenty-five minutes to prepare it, about ten minutes to bring it up to a boil, and then allowed it to boil steadily for fifteen minutes, and from the first sip, I was enthusiastic over the new beverage, and even wanted a second cup. It has never palled upon me, morning or night. Nothing could induce me to go back to the berry coffee.

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God's Xmas Gift, Bklyn	2 00
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Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

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Things That Endure

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 4. Matt. 7: 21-27

MORE marked than any other characteristic of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is the tendency to estimate men by their conduct, rather than by their creed. The time is past in which the intelligent Baptist holds aloof from the Presbyterian on the sole ground that he is not a Baptist. He regards the Presbyterian as his brother, and, though he still wishes that the Presbyterian agreed with him on the subject of baptism, he is not going to allow that divergence to prevent him grasping his brother's hand and working with him to achieve the objects both desire. The Methodist may wonder that the Congregationalist does not see the value of bishops and of a General Conference, but he will not allow the fact that he does not, to prevent him having the Congregationalist as his comrade in the fight against evil and misery in the world.

There are certain fundamental principles—things that remain—that ought to draw together the men that hold them in common. Men have lost sight of this fact in religious matters, far too much. The great satirist's famous fable of the egg placed it in a light only too true. He told how he had found a great community divided on the question of how an egg should be sucked. One section of the community contended that it should be through a puncture in the small end of the egg, and the other that it should be through a puncture in the larger end. The dispute grew until it came to a regular war. But the observer noticed that no matter how much the "big-endian" hated the "small-endian," they both hated still more the man who said it did not matter which end of the egg was punctured, so long as the eater could extract the meat. He was the man that incurred the enmity of both sides. So it has been in religion. The Baptist denounced the Congregationalist, but both of them reserved their most withering denunciation for the man who said it did not matter whether the candidate was sprinkled or immersed, so long as he had the baptism of the Holy Spirit. So in Church government, the Methodist with his Conference, the Presbyterian with his General Assembly, the Episcopalian with his Apostolic succession, have been at war with the Baptist and the Congregationalist, who believe that each church should be a little self-governing republic, and all of them were at war with any who spoke of their differences as non-essentials.

Happily, a better era has dawned, and the thanks of the whole Christian world are due to the Christian Endeavor Society for the services it has rendered in promoting it. It has, at least, brought Christians of many denominations into contact with one another. Contact, alone, was necessary to a better understanding. Each learned that the other loved the Saviour, was trying to bring souls to him, was preaching him as the infallible remedy for the world's troubles, and was honestly trying to follow him in the world. Beside that, each learned that the other hated sin and was trying to convince the world of "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come." So it has come about, that the more intelligent a Christian man is the more tolerant he becomes and the more ready he is to join hands with other Christian men of other denominations. The real difference which separates men now and which will go on increasingly to separate men, is that of conduct. The man who professes to believe in Christ, who calls himself a Christian, but who does not incorporate Christ's principles into his life, is separated by a high wall from him whose heart is full of love and kindness, who is trying to be good and to do good and is always ready to lend a helping hand to those who need it. The importance of a right creed is in no way overlooked. We still recognize that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," but we have learned that the true Christian, "he who doeth the will of the Father," may not agree with us in details, but is nevertheless a brother worthy of our love.

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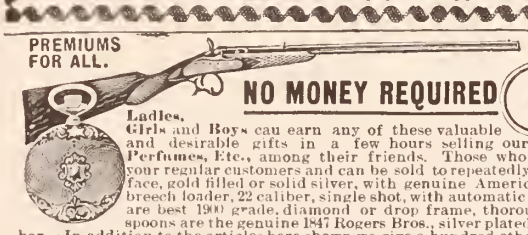

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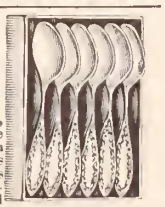

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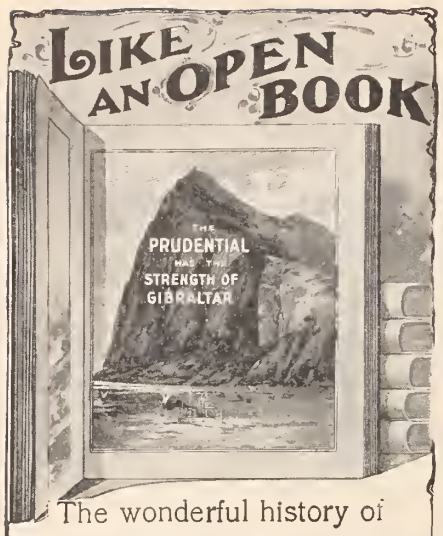

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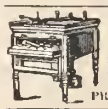

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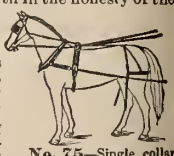

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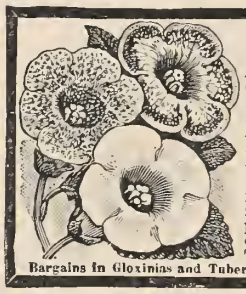

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 5

A Modern Nicodemus

(SEE S. S. LESSON, PAGE 86)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG, *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 7

1. Would it be wise for the Federal Government to undertake a pension system whereby a stated number of annual payments on the part of any citizen, male or female, should ensure the individual an annual endowment for the remainder of life?
2. Judged from results, direct or indirect, what book by an American author has been most effective for good?
3. What is the best method of systematic domestic charity?
4. Which is the more important and useful invention, the telegraph or the telephone?
5. What number of insane, feeble-minded, blind, and deaf and dumb people are there in the United States?
6. In what country of the world is the proportion of suicides to the population the greatest, and where does the United States rank in the list?
7. Is open or concealed sin the greater in the sight of God?
8. What is the fastest speed of a railroad train on record?
9. Does man's brain continue to grow or otherwise, with advancing years?
10. Was Judas a subject of prophecy in the sense that he had been chosen beforehand for the ignominious role he filled, or was he a moral free agent, capable of rejecting temptation to treachery and of desiring to act the part of a righteous disciple?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 14

1. What four living issues of our time may be grouped as the four most important?
2. What six promoters of sociological reform should be given pre-eminence? The answer need not be confined to Americans, but must be limited to names of persons now living.
3. Does God's method of grace annul or revise his system of government? In other words, does the New Testament abrogate the laws of the Old Testament altogether or in part?
4. How many miles of steam railroad are there in the United States?
5. By what illustration may the fact that the twentieth century does not commence till the close of the year 1900 be most simply demonstrated?
6. How may we best solve what is known as the servant girl problem?
7. Has the principle of business co-operation among employers and employed advanced sufficiently to promise its wide adaptation within the next decade?
8. What text of Scripture may be presented as the most definite and powerful assertion of the deity of Christ?
9. Has the divine law in reference to the punishment of murder, as declared in Genesis 9:6, and as fully defined and detailed in Numbers 35, ever been repealed?
10. Which book of the Bible is the oldest, and on what ground is the claim substantiated?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 21

1. What is the best definite plan for helping the poor?
2. When was the name Cousin Jonathan first given to the United States as a nation?
3. Is civil government an institution of divine appointment?
4. In the Bible we read, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Through what instrumentality does God execute his vengeance on evil-doers?
5. What is the leading lesson to be learned from the life of the late Dwight L. Moody?
6. Is it ever justifiable to use strategy or a ruse to gain a good end in church work?
7. What is the relative strength of the armies and navies of the five leading nations of the earth?
8. When we read, in the Revelation, of books being kept in heaven and also in connection with the Judgment Day, are we to understand the language as literal or figurative?
9. A gentleman is assured by physicians that he cannot live many months, owing to the presence of a disease from which he now suffers little, if at all. He has means more than ample to provide himself with necessaries and comforts. What should he do with the remaining months of his life?
10. When did celibacy among Christian priests come into vogue?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 28

1. Which affords the greatest pleasures, memory, imagination or hope?
2. How may one know that he has had a personal and saving application of the blood of Christ?
3. What, in brief terms, constitutes a truly Christian life?
4. Who were the first recorded conquerors of Chaldea—the Elamites or the Medes?
5. What did Christ mean when, after Peter's confession of his Lord, he said, "Upon this rock will I build my church"? Who and what is the Rock?
6. What is the origin of the English alphabet?
7. Does the Bible tell us what period of time the building of the ark occupied? If so, where?
8. From what language is the word Christ derived?
9. What is the origin of the term "Hobson's choice"?
10. Is a Christian woman justified in purchasing goods that cannot be produced at the price paid except by underpayment of the labor required?

Questions of the Week

1. Where did the phrase "Sound Money" originate?

In the brain of John Sherman. The same is true of "Honest Money," "Sound Currency," "An Honest Dollar," and some other catch phrases which have been in general use since the money question forced itself into prominence. It was first used by him in the discussions following his return from Europe in 1868. Prior to that he had been a bimetallist. In 1868 he went to England, where he had several conferences with Baron Rothschild. He then attended an international monetary conference at Paris. There, in a speech, he astounded the representatives of France and Prussia by the unauthorized statement that the United States favored the single gold standard. Such an idea had never been heard of before. On his return, the movement to secure the single gold standard was inaugurated, though for a time he himself seemed still to favor bimetallism. The above catch phrase first appeared in Sherman's letters and speeches in the discussion which followed. A. G. CHAPMAN.

2. Is it right for a reformed drunkard to marry, and take the risk of transmitting the appetite for drink to another generation?

It would not be wrong for a reformed drunkard to remain single. While marriage is the desirable and normal state for men and women, some are commended in Scripture for not entering wedlock (Matt. 19:12; I. Cor. 9:5, 15). For the sake of the Kingdom some have not married. Would it not be praiseworthy if some for the sake of humanity would make the sacrifice? Many things must be known before a definite and safe answer could be given. If a person himself has inherited the appetite; if by long and free indulgence he has strengthened it; if, though reformed, he has much difficulty in restraining it, and if only a short time has elapsed since he gave up the habit, he should not think of marrying. But if his ancestors were free from the vice, and his own indulgence not without restraint, and of but few years' duration, and the person feels himself thoroughly rid of the appetite, and has been conquered by the grace of God, and if wedded to another absolutely free from the appetite, it is not probable that his children, under careful instruction, would develop the appetite. R. W. THOMPSON.

3. Is riding on cars and ferryboats on Sunday for church-going purposes sinful?

This is a question for each individual conscience. To him who doubts, it is sin. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin" (Rom. 14:23), but let no man judge his brother. Cars and boats do not run to accommodate the churches, but for the profits, and, by their Sunday work, they debar a large class of people from public worship; hence Christians should discountenance them and avoid their use, even at great sacrifice to themselves. The example also is pernicious, as the unbelieving world who behold Christians riding cannot know their purpose or destination. "Let each man be fully assured in his own mind." (Rom. 14:5.)
ANNA T. PEARCE.

4. Which should be our strongest motive-power in every-day action—love, patience or duty?

Love. This includes patience; for love is long-suffering. If mere duty be the leading motive, our tasks will not be performed with as much benefit to ourselves or blessing to others as when love moves. Duty is not to be ignored. Christ said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" That was duty, but love to his Father led to his consecration to the performance of duty. Love is invariably a stronger motive, for while love will lead to the performance of duty, duty does not inspire to love. Love in this instance is not mere affection, but the love to God and love to man which is said in God's Word to be the fulfilling of the law. Duty calls for constant sacrifices which only love can readily make. S. R. ROGERS.

5. What part of our income should we set apart for religious and charitable purposes?

As a rule certainly not less than one-tenth. The rule of the tithe is regarded by many Christians as being only a provision under the Mosaic law. This is not the case, as Abraham paid tithes long before Moses. "And if ye be Christs," says Paul (Gal. 3:29) "then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise." Abraham's sacrificial offerings are done away in Christ. The Abrahamic example in the tithe is a good one for Abraham's seed to follow. Malachi 3:8-10 is not superceded by any New Testament law. When Paul says that we are to give as God has prospered us (I. Cor. 10:2) he emphasizes the law of proportionate giving, but does not limit it to the tithe. A tithe would be a very mean and unworthy proportion of some people's incomes. On the other hand, even Christians of small means may well have sufficient faith as well as love to make the tithe the minimum of the Lord's offering. The testimony of many Christians is that it is easier to give, and that there is much more joy in giving, when a proportion of the income is absolutely set apart for God.
E. M. BERRY.

6. Which of the two poets, Shakespeare or Milton, has been the greatest benefactor to the world at large through his poetical works?

Shakespeare. He interprets human nature to man by discovering and making manifest the weakness, hypocrisy, intrigue and vanity of our race; also revealing what virtue and strength grow out of it. Heine says, "Nature wanted to see how she looked and she made Goethe." So, nature wanting man to see how he himself looked and acted, made Shakespeare. Shakespeare is the artist of real conditions. Milton is not, for, though truly the poet—beautiful in imagery, bold in creation—his sentiments are not easily applied to every-day life. Shakespeare teaches us with scenes and incidents of familiar relation till we grow from these through higher concepts up to levels where the mind can grasp fuller knowledge. Shakespeare has reached and influenced a vastly larger multitude than Milton has.
ROBT. H. GOODIER.

7. How can a deeper interest be best aroused among Christians, in the work of Foreign Missions?

Given a church with a young people's society in it, and one consecrated person devoted to foreign missions, and the case is won. I have in mind a church where that was nearly the situation. To-day they have their own missionary on the foreign field. This missionary enthusiast came with dejected air to the chairman of a large and flourishing society with his woes. He was told of Dr. Hudson Taylor and his work in the China Inland Mission with nothing back of him but fervent, prevailing prayer, and he was asked to take as his motto John Eliot's "Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything." In three weeks he had a live missionary committee in that society composed of the most capable young people in it. The chairman presented each member of his committee with that little pamphlet by Speer, "Prayer and Missions:" thus enthused they bought David Park's "Missionary Methods," and "The Missionary Spoke of the Epworth Wheel," by W. W. Cooper; also Belle M. Brain's "Fuel for Missionary Fires." They searched their own denominational missionary magazines for interesting items and found them in abundance. Their missionary meetings grew rapidly in size and interest. To-day they have a small but very readable missionary library.
ROSE R. DEANE.

8. Can a man be a good Christian and yet work on the Sabbath day? Take, for instance, a railroad conductor, milkman or engineer, etc.

Works of necessity are permissible on the Sabbath, but the necessity must be unquestionable, otherwise such work is a violation of good Christian morals and an offence toward God. SAMUEL T. PARKER.

9. What may be done to make the Sunday evening church service more attractive, without sacrificing the eternal fitness of things?

If a social element could be introduced into the evening service, and the order of exercises for at least a portion of the hour be made less formal and more co-operative between pastor and people, the whole service would be more attractive. Practical experience shows that the holding of a Christian Endeavor service immediately before the church service lessens the attendance at the latter. This suggests the use of Christian Endeavorers, on the programme of the evening exercises. More variety in style of discourse, the delivery of short series of lectures on Bible characters, noted Christian workers, hymns, hymn writers, practical questions of the day from a religious standpoint, also thoroughly good illustrated lectures, sacred concerts, short talks from laymen actively engaged in Gospel work, and exercises, musical and otherwise, from various classes of the Sunday School are some of many features that have aided in increasing Sunday evening congregations. R. V. STETSON.

10. What should be our position toward those who have wilfully and grievously wronged us, and persistently continue to do so at every possible opportunity? Christ teaches us to forgive, as we wish to be forgiven, but are we to forgive these wrong-doers before they seek forgiveness and without forsaking their evil ways?

If the offender be a professing Christian, Christ sets forth the proper attitude in the words recorded in Matt. 18:15-17. We should, while pursuing the course laid down by Christ, cultivate the spirit of forgiveness manifested by dying Stephen when he cried concerning his murderers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Toward non-professors the same spirit should be indulged and the course enjoined by Christ pursued so far as possible.
MARY GARDNER.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. M. B., Elbert, Colo. How do you rate the works of Flavius Josephus? How far can we take them for authority?

He was the most celebrated of Jewish historians. In his day he was lauded for his literary abilities, and was accounted as a classic author. It is asserted, however, that his national pride led him into many errors and misstatements, which detract somewhat from the value of his writings. Still, compared with other authors on the same subjects, they are invaluable as throwing a flood of light on Jewish history.

M. A. F., Emaus, Pa. Is there such a thing as witchcraft? There is a little girl here, four and a-half years old, who is suffering from a peculiar illness, and a number of persons think she is bewitched.

There are numerous modern cases of alleged witchcraft, but being in almost every instance, unauthenticated, they are generally regarded as spurious. In all likelihood, a good skillful physician would find the cause of your patient's condition to be something quite explainable. Better consult one. Certain morbid conditions result in hysteria and forms of dementia that may give rise to the belief in spirit possession. In some instances, certain faculties of the mind are phenomenally quickened. Science has explained much that heretofore has seemed occult and incomprehensible.

Mrs. A. B. T., Grand View, Ia. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to write his sermons? When Christ sent the twelve to preach (Matt. 10) he strictly forbade them to take scrip.

"Scrip" has no reference to manuscripts, but means the wallet or side satchel used by travelers for holding provisions. There is nowhere in the Bible any prohibition against written sermons, although oral address is encouraged, and dependence on God for ability in great emergencies (see Luke 21:15) does not imply that no preparation on the preacher's part is necessary at other times. It is the duty of a minister to study out all his discourses carefully (lest he make rash or ill-judged statements), and to ask the Divine blessing upon the work of preparation. As to speaking from notes or from memory, it must depend wholly upon the ability of the preacher to memorize his sermons. There is not a particle of doubt that the most effective sermons, in modern times at least, have been those that were carefully prepared and prayed over in advance of delivery.

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SINCE our first announcement, in which we offered the Concert Roller-Organ, together with **five** music rollers at $10.00 in Cash or $12.00 on the instalment plan, we have decided to lay before our readers a far better proposition which, we are sure, will be accepted so quickly that within a few days after this announcement appears, every one of the few hundred organs left will be disposed of.

Instead of sending out only Five rollers of your own selection we will hereafter send **TWENTY,** free of charge; thus giving $6.00 worth of music with every instrument.

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We have notified all former purchasers of this change, and we are sending them, as fast as we hear from them, the additional music rollers without charge. In order to do this it will be necessary to purchase over 10,000 music rollers, involving a large outlay of money, but as the organs sold much faster than we had originally expected, and the expense of handling them was much less than we had figured on, we find that we can afford this additional complimentary supply of music, and we consider it only fair to include in this generous distribution all those who have **already purchased** an organ and paid for it. If you wish to secure one of these marvelous instruments with twenty indestructible music rollers of your own selection, send us $10 just as soon as you see this. Over a thousand tunes now ready. Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Book Department, Bible House, New York.

Among the Farmers of Cuba

An American who Knows the Land and the People States Some Timely Facts—Primitive Plows and Carts

A WOOD-CARRIER

A ROTARY DISK PLOW IN OPERATION

HARVESTING A POTATO CROP IN CUBA

A LITTLE FAN MAKER

THE subject of Cuba is ever of fresh and acute interest to our readers, for they sowed in that island, with free and generous hand seeds that should bring forth an abundant harvest. Romeo H. Freer, Jr., Superintendent of Agriculture for the uban Relief Fund, has just returned om a ten-months' stay in the island. he station at which Mr. Freer spent ost of his time was near Matanzas, but e journeyed over many sections. He id: "The reconcentrado is a thing of the ast, if he wants to be. There is labor nd to spare for every man in Cuba who ants it, and who will go where it can be

A CUBAN HOME AND FAMILY GROUP

ound — seldom more than a few miles stant from where he may be liv- g. There are employment agencies in avana which are having a hard time to pply the demand for laborers com- g from the big plantations now open- g; and steamers arrive every day bring- g thousands of peasants from Spain id the Canary Islands to meet this de- and. The question of the hour is not, How shall we get work for the Cubans do?" but, "Where will the men come om to do the work in Cuba?"

"If every Cuban farmer were given all e land he could cultivate," said Mr. reer, "there would still be nine-tenths of e island uncultivated. That is what the ext government reports and the census ow in preparation will show.

"The Cubans are poor, poor as poverty, it except among those who refuse to leave e cities, actual hunger is rare. This was ot the case when I went to Cuba some n months ago. Riding about the coun- y as the agent of the Cuban Industrial elief Fund, I found many people at arvation's point. In a large family ving in a miserable thatched hut, I re- ember one little lad who was too far one for effectual relief; chronic hunger id given him what the doctor called ancer of the stomach.' But THE CHRIS- IAN HERALD readers, who have done much for Cuba, do not need any in- rmation concerning famine horrors.

"One crop (in some sections two), has een harvested since the American occu- ation; and the introduction of machin- ery is working improvements in various directions. Improvement is needed, for Cuban methods in agriculture are primitive in the extreme. The plow most in use in the island for breaking land is a heavy one, much the same as that used on the prairies, except that it is much interior. The native plow used for second plowing is really the fork of a tree with an iron tip on the end that goes into the ground, the prongs serving as handles. This implement takes the place of our harrow. The rotary disk plow shown in the picture is the one which I introduced in Cuba. I found this, after trying some twenty different kinds, to be the only plow that would do fine work in Cuba, principally because of its having a scraper that cleans the disk; no plow "scours" or cleans itself in Cuban soil. Cubans have no harrows, spading forks, pitchforks or scythes: they have not even names for these in their farm dialect, which, by the way, numbers only seven or eight hundred words. They called my rake *peignia* (a comb), and my scythe *machete* (a knife). About $1,000 will prepare and plant a sugar crop on thirty-three and one-third acres. December, January and February and a part of March is the time for cutting cane, and the value of your crop depends a good deal upon the time of cutting. The longer you can hold back your cutting, the better your harvest. Oxen do most of the draught-work: they are yoked by the horns, as in Mexico. Mules are also employed; they are much cheaper than oxen, for the reason that they live on native grasses and grain, and can do better work. All carting in the cities is done by mules. The Cuban horse is very small—almost a pony—and he has a peculiar 'single-foot' gait, which makes him a fine riding animal. Spaniards often ride ponies fifty to sixty miles a day, feeding them nothing more than grass, and traveling over a road almost impassible to an American horse. I have ridden over roads that in the United States would be considered a rock quarry. They were originally paved with cobblestones and covered with dirt, but the stones are broken or missing, and ruts are often worn two feet into the bed-rock beneath. The two-wheeled Cuban cart is crude and lumbering, but a most majestic affair. The wheels are each eight feet high. No two vehicles will make the same track. It is necessary to have them as strong as possible, or they could not "live" in their struggle with the ruts that generations of such carts have made.

"The Cubans—that is, the Cuban in the country, the farmer and farm-laborer—I do not consider a lazy people. The Cuban who loafs about the cities has brought an undeserved reproach upon Cubans as a class. Of course you can not find New York 'hustle' in Cuba; that is impossible in the tropics; but at the end of the day my Cubans showed a good day's work. The women have some ingenious industries, as, for instance, the weaving of grass into hats and fans.

A CUBAN LAUNDRY

Some good American instruction in the raising of poultry, dairying, and aviary work would be a very good thing for the Cubans. Cuba is an excellent place for bees because there are so many flowers; the honey has a fine flavor. Hives have been robbed and destroyed to such an extent by Spaniards, insurgents and starving people that bees are almost exterminated. Cuban ignorance of dairying would be laughable if it were not pitiable. When milk is sent into town on the backs of horses it is so thoroughly churned before reaching its destination that it would be butter if it were not so poor. The more ordinary way of getting your milk to you is by a more primitive method than this, however, as every visitor to the island knows—the cow brings it herself. Goat's and asses' milk is used almost as much as that of cows'; and it is quite an odd sight to behold a drove of these little asses rounded up in front of your door and the milkman milking as much milk as you order. 'You are sure now there is no water,' he may say proudly.

"When one goes land-buying to Cuba, the great difficulty is to find a tract small enough to meet modest requirements, a *cabbalarie* (33 1-3 acres) being the smallest purchaseable tract. Land is known as 'red,' 'black,' 'mulatto' and 'white,' the last being clay and worthless. Red land grows tobacco, corn, cane, oranges and various fruits; black land, cane, Irish potatoes and light crops; rice is produced on the black swamps or 'wet' lands; 'mulatto,' which is a cross between the red and black, is good for market-gardening. So, before purchasing, know the crop you want to grow. Bear in mind, too, that the excellence of one plantation is no proof of the value of the one next to it. There are abrupt changes in the quality of Cuban soil, and this fact has opened a way for tricksters (and many are invading Cuba now) to impose upon ignorant purchasers. See your land before buying, is sound advice. Through the fertile valley of Guanacaro—the most beautiful valley I ever saw—I rode for five hours. Crossing a ridge, perhaps a hundred feet high, I rode for the next two hours across a plain absolutely destitute of all vegetation except low palmetto shrubs; there was not a bush big enough to hide a bird; it would produce nothing of value, yet it could be truthfully described as high, dry and well cleared. Land can be had at from $1 to $20 an acre, its actual value running from nothing at all to possibly thousands. The Cuban, as I found him, is a clever, shrewd trader; he is fully able to hold his own. When buying land of a Cuban, it is well to imitate his example; be as polite and affable as he is, and talk about everything else except land-buying. That is the quickest way to come to the point, although it may take you, in this way, a week to find out what he really expects to get for his place. I do not mean to say that the Cuban is a dishonest trader; he is clever. The rock walls enclosing farms attract the visitor's attention. I rode forty miles alongside one broken only by gates to plantations.

A QUAINT CUBAN WELL

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Wonders of the Hand

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Corinthians 12 : 21 . . . — **The eye cannot say unto the hand I have no need of thee**

THESE words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio, and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself, what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no lustre compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in, and ends the controversy by declaring: "The eye cannot say unto the hand I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled *The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design.* But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely-constructed instrument—the hand—ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its hinged joint, and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly 'round. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously-wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can impreeate, it can pray.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard, or unrolled in diagram, or hung in medical museum, is mightily illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when he invented the human hand. Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy, till, in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the Divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or busied in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course he would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right, yea! the duty, of self-defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are so equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition. Solomon speaks of the hands as the "keepers of the house," or the defenders. Surely, such a castle as the human body needs such protection as the hand alone can offer.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight, or broken the skull, or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril, the hand has beaten it back, or struck it down, or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed, or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword-cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier, or in barbarous lands, or as an officer of the law about to make arrest, such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reinforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting-needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed. How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen. How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety. O, the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least sixteen hundred millions of them. Hands to bless others; hands to rescue others; hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts, and carrying medicines, and trying to cure blind eyes, and deaf ears, and broken bones, and disordered intellects, and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add two to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one, add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence, or folded in indifference, or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things, or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress, might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn, and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Quentin Matsys, and Rembrandt, and Albert Durer, and Titian—have done their best in picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of his miracles he performed by word of mouth, and without touching the subject before him, but most of them he performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this, and besought him to put his hand on their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily, in any exigency, put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled-up right hand, dangling uselessly at the man's side, and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it: "Stretch forth thy hand," and the record is, "he stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the sceptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces—a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island, or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed, the shipwrecked, or wounded man in hospital, would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

How often has the hand decided a destiny! Mary Queen of Scots was escaping from imprisonment at Lochlever in the dress of a laundress, and had her face thickly veiled. When a boatman attempted to remove the veil she put up her hand to defend it, and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as certainly as the mouth. Palmistry, or the science by which character and destiny are read in the lines of the hand, is yet crude and uncertain and unsatisfactory; but as astrology was the mother of astronomy, and alchemy was the mother of chemistry, it may be that palmistry will result in a science yet to be born.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul, behold the hand busy in the arts! What a comparatively dull place this world would be without pictures, without statuary, without music, without architecture. Have you ever realized what fifty seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the eternal God could make a hand capable of that swift sweep of the keys, or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute, or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who dreamed out the oratorios and the cantatas of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer, what cavalries gallop, and what batteries boom, and what birds carol, and what tempests march, and what oceans billow! The great architects of the earth might have thought out the Alhambras and the Parthenons and the St. Sophias and the Taj Mahals, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

In two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalms: "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear," and "He that formed the eye shall he not see," but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strung with all its nerves, and moved with all its muscles, and reticulated with all its joints, and strengthened with all its bones, and contrived with all its ingenuities. The hand hath forwarded all the arts, and tunneled the mountains through which the rail-train thunders and launched all the shipping, and fought all the battles, and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea as well as lifted to mid-air the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents, and built all the cities and hoisted the Pyramids.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a *Paradise Lost* or a *Samson Agonistes;* as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting *Conquest of Peru.* Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the Ninth Symphony. Oh, the hand! The God-fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah, and the Ezekiel, and the David, and the Micah, and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying: "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers: the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur, and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul, and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip, and too hot for the tear-glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in Macbeth and King Lear.

Worse than the wringing of the hands was the punishment that Cranmer gave his right hand when he put it in the fire of the stake and without flinching, said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore be the first punished. It shall be the first burned. This was the hand that wrote it."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul in salutation. A former President of the United States said: "I think handshaking is a great nuisance and it should be abolished. It not only makes the right arm sore, but shocks the whole system, and unfits a man for writing or attending to other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system." But while this exercise may be fatiguing, it is also an opportunity. He who knows how heartily to shake hands has one of the mightiest arts for conveying happiness and good cheer and life eternal. After you have shaken hands with one, a line of communication is opened that was not open before. Two hands clasped in greeting are a bridge

n which all sympathies and kindnesses nd encouragements and blessings cross ver. To shake hands with some persons loes us more good than a sermon—ay! t is a sermon. To shake hands with a ood doctor when we are sick is an ano-lyne, a tonic, a febrifuge before he feels he pulse or writes the prescription. To hake hands with a cheerful man when ve are discouraged, fills us with faith to ry again what we have failed in doing. To shake hands with some consecrated nan, clerical or lay, after we have wan-lered away into sin, is to feel the grasp of Father—God welcoming home the prod-gal. Shake hands, oh ye stolid and ex-lusive and coldblooded and precise and onventional Christians! Jehu cried out o Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right? If t be, give me thine hand."

There is in an honest and Christian andshake a thrill of Gospel electricity. ou take part of his trouble and he takes part of your jubilance. In that way you livide up anxieties and congratulations. The main trunk line of that handshake as branches of blessed telegraphy right own to both hearts and up to both heads, nd you both get the message the same nstant. Take off the glove when you hake hands, for that glove puts the hide f a kid between the palm of your hand nd the palm of his hand, and that ani-nal's hide is a non-conductor of this Gospel electricity. Do not grip the bone f the forefinger and the bone of the little nger with a crushing power that puts ne into a severe suffering which many of s have experienced from those who are nore brutes than men. Take the hand ently, reasonably, heartily, and know hat God ordered that form of salutation. That is one important thing that the hand as made for. You can see the indica-ions in its shape and equipment—the our fingers to take your neighbor's hand n the one side, and the thumb to take it n the other, and the forearm so swung hat you can easily draw it toward you.

Of course, there is a wicked shaking of ands, and Solomon refers to it when he ays: "Though hand join in hand, the vicked shall not be unpunished." Shake ands in conspiracy to damage individual r community or nation; shake hands to defraud; shake hands to stand by each ther in wrongdoing—you help me stuff his ballot-box, and I will see that when I m in power you shall have promotion; ou help me in my infamy and I will help ou in your infamy. Oh, that is profa-nation of a holy rite: that is sacrilege gainst a divine arrangement; that is gripping your own destruction! Pilate nd Herod, though antagonists before, hook hands over Christ's projected as-assination.

But shake hands the way William Penn hook hands with the Indians for their ivilization. Shake hands the way Mis-ionary Carey shook hands with the Hindus, for whose salvation he became a lifetime exile. Shake hands the way Havelock shook hands with besieged women at Lucknow whom he had come o save from massacre. Shake hands as David Brainerd did with the American ndians, whom he offered a glorious heaven through the Gospel. Shake hands as Lincoln shook hands with the agitated nother to whom he gave back the boy who had fallen asleep from overfatigue as a sentinel. Shake hands as during the Civil War Anna Ross shook hands with he wounded soldier in Cooper Shop Hos-pital, Philadelphia. Shake hands as Van Meter, the city evangelist, shook hands with the waif of the street coming peni-tent into the midnight mission. Shake hands as heaven shook hands with earth that night when a doxology in the gallery of clouds woke the Bethlehem shepherds.

But it is not always in such glad greet-ng that we can employ our right hand. Alas, that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation. If your right hand retained some impress of all such ises, it would be a volume of bereave-ments. Oh, the good-by's in which your right hand has participated! Good-by at the steamboat wharf. Good-by at the rail-train window. Good-by at the dy-ng pillow. We all needed grace for such hand-shaking, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak and we will need grace for the coming good-by's, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes un-broken. Thank God, there will be no good-by in heaven.

Again, the hand is the chief executive of the soul when employed in benediction. No gesture of the human hand means more than that outstretched gesture. In many of our religious denominations we are not permitted to pronounce an apostolic benediction until we have been regularly ordained as ministers of the Gospel; but there are kinds of benediction that you may all pronounce without especial permission from Presbytery or Conference or Convention. You have a right to spread abroad both right hand and left hand in bestowing a blessing of kindness and good-will upon all you meet. With both hands bless the children. Take them in your arms and kiss their fair cheek. Take with them a round of merriment in the room before you leave it; and by prayer put them in the arms of that Christ, to go to whom in olden time they struggled to get out of the arms of their mothers. God bless the cradles and high-chairs and nurseries all 'round the world.

Extend your hands in benediction for the aged. Take their counsel and ask their prayers, and smooth the path down the declivities. By neglect and unfilial demeanor add no wrinkles to their brow, no more stoop to their shoulders. They have their hand on the latch of the door through which they will soon go out of sight of your homes and churches. May the mantles of the Elijahs fall upon the Elishas! Spread your hand for the benediction upon all the men and women in the tug-of life, many of them tired and buffeted and disheartened. Never go out of a store or shop or office or field without pronouncing a benediction.

And what better use can I make of my hands, which are the chief executive officers of my soul, than now to spread them abroad in the apostolic benediction which has been pronounced for centuries, and over hundreds of thousands of assemblages at coronations and obsequies, at harvest-homes and on fast-days, by all the ministers of the Gospel in the past as it will be by all the ministers of the Gospel until the Church militant reaches up its right hand to take the right hand of the Church triumphant; a benediction which, when it has full sway, will leave nothing for our world to want, or heaven to bestow: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen."

A Perfect Gift

What Our American Consul at Jerusalem Thinks of the Red Letter New Testament

CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

JERUSALEM, Syria, Dec. 24, 1899.

Dear Friend and Brother Klopsch:— How pleased I was to receive your letter of Nov. 17. With it came two books, and the mail of yesterday, fifteen days later than the first, brought a third book from you. Many, many thanks. The *Rulers of the World at Home* is very useful. Several persons have seen it already and think it is excellent. The *Choice Pieces of American Literature* is excellent. It was only received and opened last evening. The first thing I read was Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. My wife says, "That is a capital picture of Sarah Orne Jewett." I have known Miss Jewett since she was a young girl.

But the smallest book, your third gift, **the Red Letter New Testament, is the best of all.** It went into service the very next morning, at our family prayers—there are two of us, you know, my wife and myself—yet we are old-fashioned enough to have family prayers every morning.

I always wanted just such a book. Have thought of several plans as to how one could be made, but it came to me ready-made for my Christmas present from a dear friend, yourself, at the last Christmas but one of this century. How singular! I should have prized such a book if made by anyone else, but it is doubly valuable to me because you arranged it yourself. I have shown it to several friends, English as well as American. They all like it. The book is so neat, the work so perfect and attractive, the interest in it is so precious, I want to thank you over and over for giving this little volume to the world.

Very few travelers come this season because of the quarantine. That has been reduced to two days and we hope for its entire removal soon. I wish you could visit Jerusalem while we are here.

I fear my letter is too long; but I must say how interested I am in all your great work—noble, helpful. Everything you undertake seems the "best thing you ever did." May the Lord bless you always.

Yours sincerely, SELAH MERRILL,
U. S. Consul.

To Preach Christ in Far Fields

Many Newly Appointed Missionary Workers for Cuba, the Philippines and India

THE moral and spiritual conquest of the Philippines is a much greater and more important question than the military subjugation of these many tribes by our army and navy. Among the missionary societies that have planned to send the Gospel of light and liberty to these, our fellow men, in darkness and bondage, is the Foreign Christian Missionary Society of the Disciples of Christ, at Cincinnati. When the Spanish-American War broke out, the Rev. Herman P. Williams, a young pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, at Ames, Ia., enlisted with Co. A, which afterward became the 51st Iowa Regiment. Shortly after enlisting he was appointed chaplain, and served in the Philippines until mustered out Oct. 2, 1899. Before leaving for the East with his regiment, he was married to Miss Beulah McFarland who accompanied him across the sea. Their experience and observations in and about Manila, fit them admirably for the missionary service for which they will return to these islands to do. They are now under appointment by the Foreign Missionary Society, and are making special preparation for their work by taking a short course of study at the Chicago University. Mr. Williams is a native of Iowa City, Ia., and is a son of one of the oldest and best known ministers in the State. He was educated at the State University and at Drake Divinity School in his native State, and for seven years he has been a faithful preacher of the Gospel. His wife has been actively engaged in Young Women's Christian Association work. After taking the literary degree of Ph.B. at the Iowa State College, she taught in the high school of Iowa City for a time before her marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams are anxious to return and preach the Gospel to the people of the Philippines.

H. P. WILLIAMS

MR. AND MRS. C. S. WEAVER

MRS. H. P. WILLIAMS

The same mission board has also selected Mr. and Mrs. Clifford S. Weaver, students in the senior class at Eureka College, Eureka, Ill., to go to the Manila field. Mr. Weaver is the son of an able minister at Texarkana. Though now but twenty-six years of age he has been preaching the Gospel nine years. His wife (formerly Miss Gussie Carson), is also under appointment to go as a missionary to Manila. She was educated at Knox College and Kentucky University, and afterward was for two years State Secretary of the Illinois Christian Woman's Board of Missions among the Disciples of Christ. She is now State Secretary of the Young People's work in the churches of Illinois. She has had a strong desire to work for the Master in foreign fields since becoming a Christian, twelve years ago.

. . .

Rev. Lowell C. McPherson, who for six years has been pastor of the Jefferson Street Church of the Disciples of Christ, Buffalo, has recently resigned to become for a young, energetic, zealous worker to take charge of the work in Cuba, the society finally fixed upon the Rev. Mr. McPherson. He and his wife accepted the call. Both are natives of Illinois, both attended Eureka College and afterward Garfield University. After three years of successful work at Atchison, Kan., they came to Buffalo in 1893; Mr. McPherson took charge of the Jefferson St. Church with only eighty members. It now has about 500 and one of the best of Sunday Schools. He has the largest Chinese class in the city. His wife is State President of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Mr. and Mrs. McPherson will locate in Havana.

. . .

The Christian Woman's Board of Missions has met with so much success in their Bible chair enterpises in the Universities of Michigan, Virginia and Georgia, that they have decided to extend its blessings to institutions of learning in foreign lands, and have planned to begin with the colleges of Calcutta, the great educational centre of India. The mission board has selected two men to undertake this work, whose training and experience qualify them for a high grade of service. Rev. N. M. Ragland, pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ at Fayetteville, Ark., will go as one of the teachers and preachers under this commission. Mr. Ragland has labored with great success for fifteen years among the students of the Arkansas State University at Fayetteville. For several years he has been State Superintendent of Christian Endeavor work among his denomination in Arkansas. The other Bible chair instructor who has been chosen is the Rev. W. M. Forrest, pastor of the Church of the Disciples at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Among the students of the University of Michigan he has done excellent work, serving during the last three years as a Biblical lecturer and instructor under the auspices of the Ann Arbor English Bible Chair. In establishing this Bible Lectureship for the students of India, Calcutta has been selected because it is the most important educational seat of all Asia. It has seventy-four high schools, twenty-four colleges and the University of Calcutta. The University examines 10,000 students every year. The majority of these students are in Hindoo, Mohammedan or government colleges, where there is no Christian instruction given. These students use the English language and many of them are eager to pursue studies in this tongue.

MRS. L. C. McPHERSON

REV. N. M. RAGLAND

L. C. McPHERSON

PROF. W. M. FORREST

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Jesus and Nicodemus

A Story of the Night Interview
By Dr. and Mrs Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 11th. JOHN 3: 1-18

UNCLE WILL: "Miracles are divine bells by which God used to call men to hear some new messenger he had sent.

Nicodemus told Jesus he had been thus called. As yet, so far as the record shows, Jesus had wrought only two miracles. The changing of water to wine in far-off Cana, which proclaimed Jesus Lord of nature, may have been reported in Jerusalem by the Galileans who had just come to the Passover. In any case, a man like Nicodemus would have been still more impressed by the second miracle, wrought in Jerusalem itself, about which the whole city was excited—the cleansing of the temple by the expulsion of its covetous and dishonest money-changers—a miracle that showed Jesus to be Lord of human nature. It is not to be supposed that he used the whip of small cords except upon the cattle and with them not to hurt, but only as a hint. Christ is no advocate of the whipping-post that he should use a whip upon men. For them his look was enough—that look which at two other times made mobs fall back or fall to the ground. No sooner had Nicodemus referred to these miracles upon matter and mind, than Jesus proclaimed the greater miracle of conversion, which changes wickedness into righteousness and cleanses the temple of the heart—a miracle that he declared himself ready to work in the heart of Nicodemus himself: 'Ye must be born again.'"

"HOW CAN A MAN BE BORN WHEN HE IS OLD?"

"How that must have startled Elder Nicodemus, who was also a Supreme Court Judge," said Selah Brown. "Intellectually, he was of the kind that, having been born in Boston, think they have no need to be born again; and, religiously, he was not only a church member, but a ruling elder and leading layman of the kind we send to the General Assembly. He thought he was already a large part of the Kingdom of God, and to tell him he 'couldn't see it' even—well, well! Imagine an evangelist inviting a senior elder to go forward for prayers!"

. . .

Unconverted Members

Uncle Will: "When I was a pastor in a church which I had served a year, I invited a man to 'rise for prayers' in a revival meeting, who indignantly replied that he was 'a member of the church.' I said that I had no apology to make, for I had seen no evidence of it, and did not propose to hunt up old records to find out what ought to be shown by Christian activities. In another case, I incidentally spoke of a man as a church member while talking to a young lady. She exclaimed in surprise: 'I have boarded in the family seven years, and never suspected it before.' One pastor announced a sermon 'to the unconverted members of the church.' That would be a proper title for this first sermon of Christ, preached like seventeen other sermons in John, to a single hearer. What a value Jesus set on the individual soul in giving his very best words to an audience of one!"

"And how unmistakably," said Sanders, "Jesus showed that every soul must be born from above when he said that such a work was needed even by such a churchman as Nicodemus. He was manifestly not of the covetous and hypocritical sort of Pharisees, for the attack of Jesus upon that class had won his approval. He was a Pharisee of the Puritan type, and that means no small degree of devotion, including the paying of one-tenth of income to God, besides numerous free-will offerings. Nicodemus represents pew-holders on the broad aisle who give largely in money and time and ceremonies to the church, but all in the spirit of a servant earning rewards, knowing nothing of the personal love and joy of sonship, and looking at even religious matters from the material standpoint too common in boards of trustees."

"Eternal Life"

John 1: 29-36
John 2: 1-22
John 3: 14-16
"WHOSOEVER" {Matt. 12: 38-40; Matt. 9: 14-16; Matt. 10: 38,39; John 6: 51-58} "BELIEVETH"
Luke 9: 28-30
Matt. 17: 9-13
Luke 9: 13-45
Mark 10: 32-45
Mark 14: 3-9
Mark 12: 1-12
John 12: 20-36
Matt. 26: 1,2,17-19
John 13: 1-38
Luke 22: 14-18
John 13: 2-22
Matt. 26: 31-35
John 14: 1-31
John 16: 1-33
John 17: 11-13
Matt. 26: 36-46
"GOD SO LOVED"

Uncle Will: "Jesus in one profound word shows that the new birth is not an arbitrary law of spiritual naturalization, which might have been different, but rests on the great law of moral necessity, often revealed in such nots of character as follows: 'What *must* I do to be saved?' Ye *must* be born again. 'They that are in the flesh *can not* please God.'"

Frank: "Uncle Will, can you tell what conversion is, so that little fellows like me can undertand it?"

Mrs. Uncle Will: "May I answer with a story of a boy of ten—just your age, Frank? In a certain church the elders met to examine those who wanted to join the church. When all the grown-ups had been examined and gone away there remained in the corner a boy of ten that the elders had thought up till then was only waiting to go home with some of the older people, for, unfortunately, that church had acted on the theory that the lambs should be kept outside the fold amid wolves and winds till they grew to be old sheep. The senior elder asked the boy in a not very encouraging tone of surprise: 'Do you wish to join the church?' 'If you please, sir.' 'Do you hope your sins are forgiven?' 'I know they are.' The elders looked at each other suspiciously, for in that church they only 'indulged a hope,' and with not much even of that, were wont to sing:

'Tis a point I long to know—
Do I love the Lord or no?

'How do you know,' said the senior elder to the boy, 'that Jesus has forgiven you?' 'Because he said he would. 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' We do not 'hope' that Jesus will keep that promise; we know that if we do our part in confessing our sins, with a purpose to forsake them, he will do his part in cleansing our hearts. To cherish a hope is really to cherish a doubt."

Reefs of Truth

Uncle Will: "In the shadow of the Cross and in this lesson, which sets conversion and the Cross side by side, let me read the profound yet clear interpretation of both by Dr. Joseph Cook: 'A certain soul with which I have a better acquaintance than with any other human spirit, was once rocked on dark, unresting seas. At last this tossed mariner planted his feet not on one reef of self-evident truth, but on several. He came to this reef where Bushnell knelt, and also to this other reef, that a man must really love what God loves, and hate what God hates, or he cannot be at peace in his presence; must absolutely have similarity of feeling with God, or the universe will be against him; must, in short, have the new birth or there can be no harmony between his faculties, nor between his soul and the rest of the universe. He came also upon the perfectly self-evident truth that the past cannot be erased, that a record of sin once made cannot be blotted out even by omnipotence. It may be screened, but any amount of effort on the man's part to change the past is impotent, and omnipotence itself cannot make what has been not to have been, and so the necessity not only of the new birth, but of the atonement was made clear. Yielding to what those truths taught, there came a star into the soul. From that hour, however the ocean has lashed the reefs, however the billows have endeavored at times to overtop their barriers, there has been for that soul only peace in the mornings and the midnights, only peace in the sunshine and the storm, and where that soul found peace in life, it also expects to find peace in death.'"

Ruth Sanders: "I have been for years collecting stories of conversions due to that text, of which the whole Bible is the sermon, 'God so loved the world.' Here are three of them:

"A certain minister was informed that during one of his sermons of the previous Sabbath a woman of his parish had been led to become a Christian. He called at her house and found it even so. Then he said to her, 'May I ask you what particular passage in my sermon produced such a blessed effect on your mind?' 'The sermon! It was not the sermon; it was the text, the blessed text, 'God so loved the world.'

"A missionary said to a heathen, 'Do your gods love you?' 'Our gods never think of loving.' 'Then hear this: 'God so loved the world.' Only when it had been read again and again was the heathen able to take it to himself.

. . .

The Dying Gypsy Boy

"A company of Gypsies had encamped near a large town. A good lady, doing her Master's work, asked permission to enter one of the vans, and, after some delay, she was allowed to do so. She found inside a poor boy lying upon a wretched bed and evidently at the very point of death. She spoke to him kindly, but received no answer. Then stooping down, she whispered in his ear the old verse, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' There was no reply. A second time she repeated it, and a second time there was no answer; a third time, kneeling down she whispered in his ear the same verse, and then the eyes, already glazing in death, opened the thin white lips moved and the answer slowly came, 'Nobody ever told me this before, but thank Him kindly for it.'"

THE DYING GIPSY BOY

Mrs. Uncle Will: "A gentleman was addressing a mission school, where most of the scholars were quite young. He asked the question, 'Does Jesus love good children or bad children?' 'Good children,' was the quick reply. 'Yes,' said the gentleman, 'but doesn't Jesus love bad children also?' Instantly a little fellow, not more than six or seven years old, replied, 'Jesus loves every kind.'

"Edmund, four years old, had been looking at the statue, Thorwalsden's Christ, with the prints of the nails in the hands and feet. He came to me, looked into my face with a sweet smile, and said, 'Aren't you glad Jesus was killed on the cross?' 'Why no,' I answered, quite shocked. 'You ought to be,' he answered, 'for if he hadn't been, you could not go to heaven.'"

Uncle Will: "After all, the great thing to learn is not only to accept the unspeakable gift of God's love, but to have the same divine love shed abroad in our hearts. That does not mean that we should love God, but that we should love like him. It is easy to love God, the altogether lovely. It is not easy to love our enemies, which is loving the unlovely, as God loves when he loves us, loving according to needs and not according to merits."

"I can't love God even as I love mother," said Mabel, "and I surely can't love girls that hate me as I love them that love me."

. . .

Three Kinds of Love

Mrs. Uncle Will: "It will help you to know that there are three kinds of love: First, the love of esteem that looks up, the love with which we love God; second, the love of sympathy, the love that looks straight out, with which we love those we like; third, the love of compassion, the most difficult of all, that looks down, the love with which we love those distasteful and hostile to us. This is Godlike love, for in loving men he loves the unlovely and unfriendly. While enemies drove the nails through Christ's hands, he prayed, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' He saw them as brothers wronging themselves in wronging him."

"Faith is friendship," said Mrs. Brown. "It is not believing creed, or church or any 'it', but 'believing on Him.'"

"And the eternal life," said Mr. Isaacs, "is not the future life, but the life that dates from the new birth when we begin to really live. As we date the years of the world from the birth of Christ, so we reckon our personal lives as begun anew in the new birth of Christ in us. As the Nile has transformed the desert into the most fertile land in the world by its overflow, so the inflowing of Christ fills us with noble life.

CONVERSION, NOT CONFIRMATION ONLY, REQUIRED ALIKE BY THE STANDARDS OF JEWS AND CHRISTIANS (BOTH CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT).—"Create unto me a clean heart, O God! and a firm spirit renew thou within me."—*Psalm* 51: 12, *in Rabbi Leeser's Jewish Translation.*

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit." "Wonder not that I said unto thee: Ye must be born again."—*John* 3: 6, 7, *in the Douay (Catholic) Translation.*

"And be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—*Romans* 11: 2, *in the Revised Version (Protestant).*

"You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ!
I do not know.
There came a yearning for him in my soul.
So long ago.
I found earth's flowerets would fade and die,
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to him in prayer.
I do not know,
I cannot tell you how—
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

Paris Donning Her Gala Garb

To Welcome the World's Millions — Visitors Already Crowding in — The Palaces and the Gardens

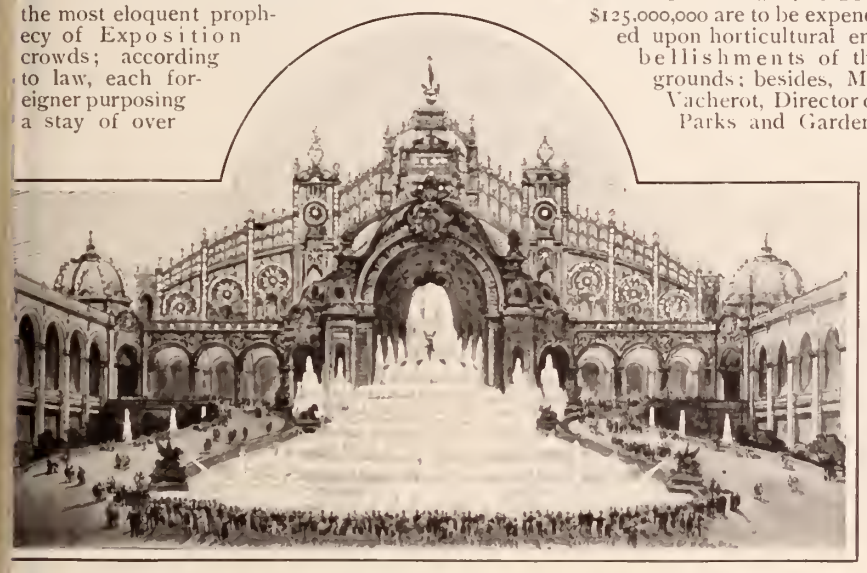
VIEW OF THE ESPLANADE OF THE INVALIDES

THE "LITTLE PALACE OF ART"

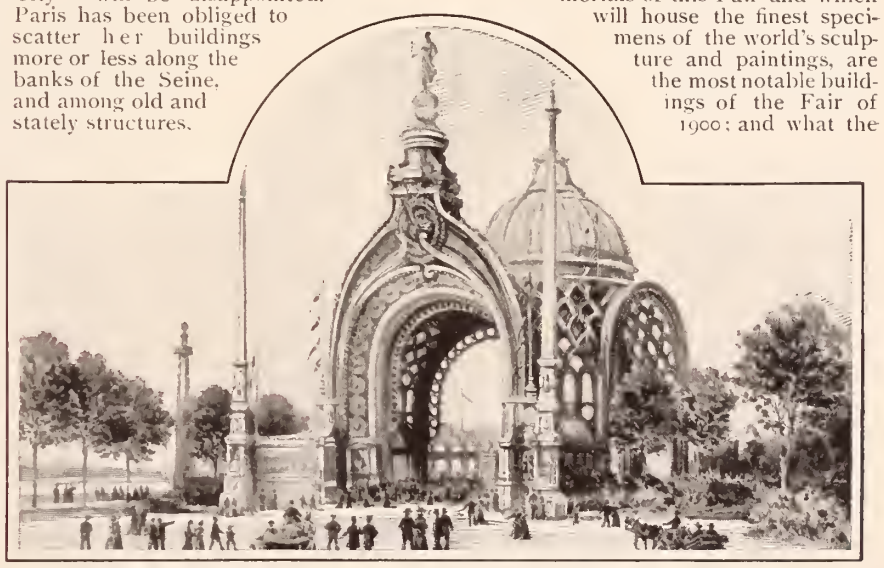
WITH the beginning of the New Year, Paris takes on the appearance of the city soon to be hostess to the world's millions. Pensions (as the Parisian boarding-houses are called) are filling up, and rooms are being engaged in advance. The registry of foreigners with the Prefecture of Police is the most eloquent prophecy of Exposition crowds; according to law, each foreigner purposing a stay of over three months, must report himself for this sort of enrollment; and the records already show extraordinary accessions.

President Loubet has been visiting the Exposition work-yards; the French Commissioners have been pushing matters forward with increasing zeal; most of the palaces are nearly, if not entirely, ready for their final interior equipments. When the gates swing open, April 15, 1900, the entire scheme—except perhaps for the placing of a few foreign exhibits—will doubtless be complete. The horticultural effects are to be a distinguishing feature. M. Laforcade, Chief Gardener of Paris, and his band of over a hundred gardeners, have been at work on a plan which will transform the "City on the Seine" into a veritable bower of greenery and blossom when springtime, and with it all the world comes to Paris. About $125,000,000 are to be expended upon horticultural embellishments of the grounds; besides, Mr. Vacherot, Director of Parks and Gardens to the Exposition, has arranged to borrow thousands of rare plants from the Royal Gardens and Conservatories of the municipality. Perfect forests have been planted on the Champ de Mars; this garden and those of the Elysee and the Esplanade des Invalides will have for the centre or climax of their loveliness the great electric fountain in front of that abode of twentieth century enchantment—the Palace of Electricity. No nation has contributed more than our own to the development of electrical science, and Americans should feel particularly at home among the mysteries and marvels to be displayed here.

Paris did not have, as Chicago, a prairie on which to raise her Exposition scheme: and all of those visitors who expect to see anything like the "White City" will be disappointed. Paris has been obliged to scatter her buildings more or less along the banks of the Seine, and among old and stately structures, so that as one walks along he determines that this or that building is for Exposition purposes, by its newness. The French know how to utilize every bit of nature, and the Seine will become a sort of "Grand Canal" of the Fair; boats loaded with visitors will dart over its waters by day and night—in the latter case under very rainbows of electric light—and many visitors will go by the river to Versailles, St. Cloud and the Bois de Boulogne, and return, refreshed by the short and inexpensive trips to renewed sight-seeing in the Exposition. Sixty millions, according to the estimates made, will pass under the graceful and wide-springing arches of the Grand Monumental Entrance between the opening and the closing days. The Grand and Little Palaces of Art, which are to be permanent memorials of this Fair and which will house the finest specimens of the world's sculpture and paintings, are the most notable buildings of the Fair of 1900; and what the Eiffel Tower was to the Exposition of 1889, the beautiful and massive Alexander III. Bridge may be to the present Exposition—its distinctive architectural feature. This bridge unites the plot taken from the City Park system to the Esplanade des Invalides. The series of palaces on the Esplanade will be occupied chiefly by manufacturing and other industrial exhibits. Many notable assemblages will be held in the *La Salle des Fetes*.

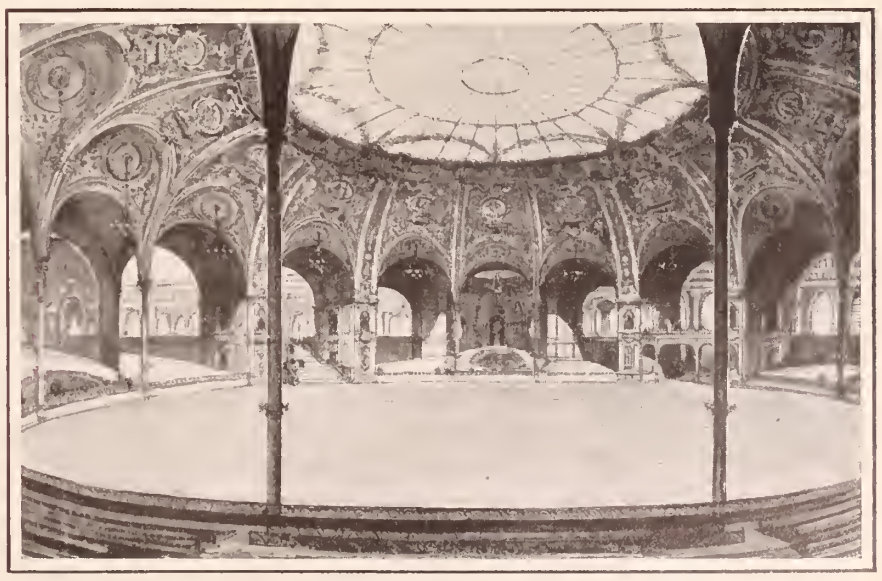


FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY



THE MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION

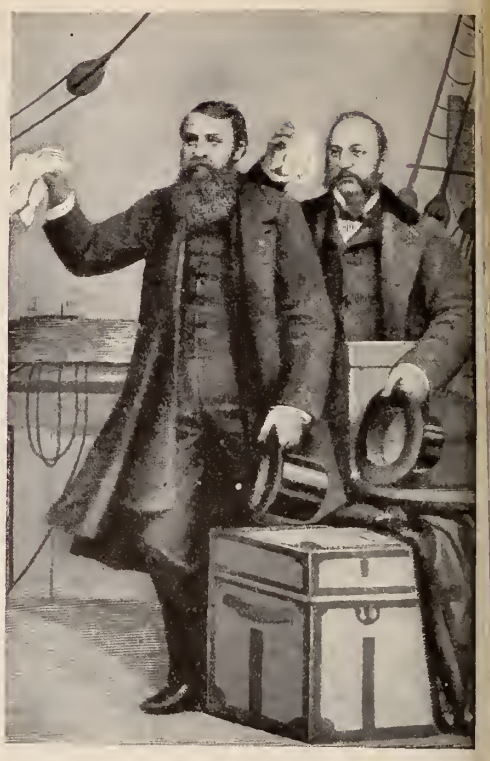
THE GRAND PALACE OF ART



LA SALLE DES FETES, OR THE FESTIVAL HALL

. . . Moody As I Knew Him . . .

Mr. Edgar Wilson Hawley Continues His Reminiscences of the Great Evangelist—His Great Faith and His Zeal for Souls



MOODY AND SANKEY LEAVING ENGLAND IN '73

II.

AT a time when every authentic incident and anecdote relating to the life and work of Dwight L. Moody is doubly precious, a second chapter of reminiscences by Mr. Edgar Wilson Hawley, Mr. Moody's old-time friend and associate, dealing with the early career of the great evangelist, will be read with unusual interest. These reminiscences, like the first, are given, as nearly as possible, in Mr. Hawley's own language.

. . .

How Moody Ran the Guard

"In the early part of the Civil War we had a large camp of instruction in the suburbs of Chicago called Camp Douglas. At one time there were about 12,000 men there. Regiments were coming in and others going to the front all the time. The Y. M. C. A. had a chapel among the men, where meetings were held. The Western branch of the Christian Commission included among its members J. B. Farwell, B. F. Jacobs, Mr. Moody, and several others. We issued an *Army Hymn Book* with an American flag on the front page, and it was used freely among the soldiers. We visited the tents and barracks and found the men playing cards. We proposed to exchange our hymn-books for the cards, and the soldiers agreed quickly enough; indeed, so numerous were those exchanges that several of the Y. M. C. A. rooms were literally full of playing cards which the men had surrendered. This camp was finally struck, the men having all gone to the war. General Grant had captured Fort Donelson and taken 10,000 Confederate prisoners, of whom about 9,000 were sent to Chicago and placed in the barracks with a regiment of our men as guards. It was a period of popular apprehension, and the people of the city were very nervous. A week afterward, at the close of a Union prayer-meeting, Moody said to me: 'Hawley, let us go down and hold a meeting there in the chapel with the prisoners.' It was about five miles down to the camp, and as we got near the entrance, Moody said: 'Hawley, here is a ministerial pass—take it.' 'But how will you get in past the guard?' I asked. 'In some way' was the confident reply. The guard passed me right in, but Moody was halted by the fixed bayonets. 'Stand back!' came the stern order of the guard. 'I am Moody, the president of the Y. M. C. A.,' he explained to the soldier. 'I don't care who you are; you can't get in here!' At that moment a captain who was passing, stepped up and recognized the evangelist. To him Moody appealed. 'Let me in,' he urged, 'for the work's sake.' The officer turned to the guard: 'Let one of your men take Mr. Moody to headquarters; I will be responsible.' We marched in, Moody under military guard. On the matter being explained at headquarters, the officer in charge said: 'Well, seeing you are here and knowing your object, you may stay, but don't repeat it. If you are not out of here by 8 P. M., you go into the guard-house for the night.' We went to the chapel, arranged things and invited the men. It was soon packed full. Turning to me with a twinkle in his eye, Moody said: 'Now, Hawley, you preach.' I remonstrated and said I wasn't a minister. 'But you came in on a ministerial pass and I didn't', he persisted. So I quietly acquiesced and we had an interesting service. In the evening, Mr. Moody took charge and it seemed as though the Spirit of the Lord came down on that service and upon those men with great power. They came forward to the altar, twenty, thirty, forty at a time. We closed the meeting and began inquiry work. Moody had the platform and God used him wonderfully. The whole audience melted down and we could see strong men in tears. Moody whispered to me: 'God is here!'

"We looked at our watches. It wanted but a few seconds of eight and we had to run to get out of camp, having no notion of passing a night in the guard-house. These meetings we kept up two or three weeks and many were converted. We formed a Y. M. C. A. branch at the camp and there were many kind expressions of gratitude even from high officers who were greatly pleased with the work.

. . .

His First Sunday School Work

"I went to Chicago in '58 and engaged in the clothing business, but as my heart was in the Lord's work, I gave to mission work a good deal of my time and energy. During the following spring I became acquainted with Mr. Moody, who was then about twenty-two years old. This was the beginning of an intimate friendship of over forty years. I remember one Sunday I was out on the North Side at a mission school on North Wells and Chicago avenue. The superintendent said to me: 'We have a wonderful young fellow here. He came a few Sundays ago and wanted a class. I told him: 'I haven't a class for you, but I have a place for one.' Next Sunday he was here with twelve or fifteen boys he had picked up.' But that school was too slow for Mr. Moody; in less than six months he got possession of North Market Hall, and the school he established there came to be known by that name. The authorities gave him the building rent free, and there he did some noble work.

"He was full of zeal for Christ. He went to clergymen to propose aggressive Christian work, and was disappointed to find them indifferent and unresponsive. Among the Christian laity he found the same conditions. Gradually his indomitable zeal gathered around him a strong working force of laymen and ministers.

"About this time he was actively connected with a Congregational church on the North Side, where he hired five pews, and filled them with young men. His own speaking at that time was rather crude, and the good brethren thought he did more harm than good by his talks, so they advised him to keep his pews filled rather than to attempt to speak. Their meetings were too slow for Moody, and he went to some good brother and asked him if, at the next meeting, he would not get up and be the first to speak. He said he would. Mr. Moody then went to others and engaged three to be the second speakers and three others to be third. When the first man had spoken, the others followed, several rising at once. This unusual sight inspired the meeting with the enthusiasm of a revival, and was really the beginning of a great quickening of spiritual interest in the church.

. . .

Zeal for Souls Rewarded

"A two-days' Sunday School convention was to be held in Princeton township, Bureau county, Ill., and well known speakers had been invited for the occasion. Mr. Moody wanted to go and urged me to do so also. We were to be among the 'lesser lights.' We went, but for various reasons none of the 'distinguished speakers' appeared. We reached Princeton at three o'clock, on a bitterly cold morning, and on finding our way to the hotel sat for a little while by the stove. Finally, Moody, who had been quietly thinking, said: 'Let us go and pray?' Turning to the clerk, he asked: 'Can you give us a room?' 'Yes; you can go up to No. ——.' We did so, and pulled off the bed coverings, and wrapping ourselves up in them to keep off the chill, we knelt down to pray. The task before us seemed to be a great burden; but we had both come straight from Sunday School revival work, and were confident that the Lord would open the way somehow. When morning dawned, the other speakers were still absent and we felt greatly worried. We visited the public schools and several other schools, and invited the young people to come to the afternoon meeting. One school we reached at recess and spoke briefly to the pupils. In the afternoon meeting, in the church, we both felt assured that God would bless our efforts. Moody observed a little white building off on the road and on inquiring of a young worker named Richardson who was assisting us, he was told that it was Smith's schoolhouse. 'Well,' he said, 'you go and see if we can't use it after the meeting. Have it heated. We shall want it for inquiry meetings. His confident tone surprised us, but the matter was arranged as he directed. When the Convention assembled, and when we were both on the platform, Moody turned to me and said: 'Hawley, you speak first. I'll pray while you are speaking, and you do the same while I speak.' For twenty minutes I spoke and the audience gave the closest attention. Then Moody spoke fully half an hour, and his eloquent words produced an impression such as had never before been felt in Princeton township. There was a hush over the whole audience and many were in tears. The power of God was there. Moody closed his remarks with prayer, after which he asked those who desired the blessing of the Spirit to rise. Nearly all rose. On his knees he prayed for their souls, while tears ran down his own cheeks. He rose from his knees and said: 'All of you who are not Christians and who want to settle the matter to-day are invited to go over to Smith's school. Soon the sidewalk was full of people going to the inquiry meeting. Seventy-one persons were crowded into the little space besides Moody, Richardson and myself. The service opened with a Bible reading: 'Ho, every man that thirsteth,' and the prayer and invitation were followed by a wonderful surrender of hearts, many persons kneeling, uttering short prayers, and weeping copiously. All were questioned. Sixty-eight took part audibly in the service. It grew dark and lights were brought in, but still they remained. Time passed but nobody wanted to go home. The meeting did not close until the bells were ringing for the evening session of the convention. Moody said: 'Hawley, God is showing us what he will do for us if we will let him. Give up your business and join me in this work. We will go through the length and breadth of the State and hold meetings in the different towns.' My business arrangements at that time, however, prevented this. I remember, afterward, a very striking remark by Colonel Hammond, to Mr. Moody, when he was told about this wonderful work. 'Young man,' said the veteran evangelist solemnly, 'Honor the Holy Ghost! You have told me what you and Hawley did. You have not said anything about the Spirit of God.'

"There is where I first felt the power showing what God would do through a man if he will let him."

. . .

The Great English Revival

An English writer gives this interesting reminiscence of the evangelist: "The death of Mr. Moody will recall to many the extraordinary enthusiasm that his first crusade in England evoked in 1873. I can well remember the overflowing houses which responded to the ministrations of Moody and Sankey in those days, and how the largest halls were filled to overflowing. Mr. Moody, had an extraordinary gift of simple, convincing earnestness, which could not fail to impress, and his influence was little less than marvelous. He was greatly assisted in his ministrations by his colleague and friend, Ira D. Sankey. London was full of revivals at that time, and in the West End the meetings were perhaps larger and more enthusiastic than elsewhere."

. . . Round Top . . .

WHEN next across the dreaming lands,
Shall pass the reverent pilgrim bands,
At sunset's hour to meet and pray
To him who guardeth night and day,
Our Greatheart, lifted out of sight,
No more with giant blows shall smite
The evil, hated of his Lord;
No more shall wield a two-edged sword
Against the swarming hosts of ill;
Or tenderly our souls shall thrill
With story of the Saviour's love,
Told oft those kneeling ranks above.

. . .

There where we saw him, gentle, mild,
As simple as a little child,
We shall not see his like again
Among the breathing world of men.
'Tis meed that his last bed is made
Beneath the dappled summer shade,
Beneath the steadfast open sky,
Where mountain winds may pass it by,
And star and sun their long watch keep
Where lies our Greatheart fast asleep.

. . .

For often there shall prayer and praise
Be heard in coming happy days;
From far and near the tribes go up
And blessings brim the pilgrim's cup.
And Round Top nearer seems to God,
Since he, the narrow way who trod
And kept so near the Master, lies
Within its breast, beneath the skies.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Situation In South Africa

DISPATCHES from the seat of war show that up to the close of the third week in January, the decisive battle which was expected to take place on the north bank of the Tugela, had not been fought. The Boers for strategical, or other reasons, have not offered serious opposition to the slow advance of Gen. Buller. He, on his side, appears to have been content with keeping their centre occupied, while awaiting the result of the flank movement by Gen. Warren. It is obvious that if Gen. Warren can drive in the Boer right, he will render a combined attack by Gen. Buller and Gen. White far more formidable than any movement hitherto directed against the Boer forces. His work, however, is arduous, as well as dangerous. One despatch says that it is uphill all the way and the country is of the broken, rocky character, which the Boers turn to account in masking their batteries. After two days' almost continuous fighting, the British forces had advanced only two miles and the main position of the Boers had not been reached. It is sure to be stubbornly defended and the attack upon it will probably prove to be the decisive battle of the war. In the meantime the garrison at Ladysmith is suffering heavily. The Boers continue their bombardment and they have an ally in the enteric fever which is reducing Gen. White's forces. It is evident that the garrison has undergone severe privations and it may not now be in condition to render material aid to the army that is trying to come to its succor. The Boers appear to take that view of the situation, for in retiring, they take up a position south of Ladysmith, which they would not do if they apprehended a sortie being made by Gen. White's army. On the Modder river there has been little change in the situation. No attempt has been made to advance toward Kimberley which is known to be in urgent need of help. No disposition is manifested on either side to abandon the awful struggle, but rather increased determination to fight to the bitter end. That the closing year of the nineteenth century should be marked by a conflict so brutalizing is a sad commentary on the ineradicable passions of the human race, which after so many generations is still so far from heeding the warning of the Prince of Peace.

A MULE-TRAIN CROSSING THE VELDT

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword (Matt. 26:52).

John Ruskin Dead

When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written by some future historian, who would take account of the movements which had their rise in it, a place of no small significance will be given to the influence of John Ruskin. The English-speaking peoples on both sides the Atlantic and in the colonies of the Southern Hemisphere have even yet no conception of the extent to which that influence has affected them. For about forty years his voice, like that of one of the ancient prophets, rang out among his people, denouncing lies and hypocrisy and materialism and everything that was base and sordid in their lives. Its tones were so sweet, its written words so graceful and pungent, that public attention was enchained, and even those who were arraigned could not but admire. The voice has been silent during the past fifteen years, and the mighty brain has been clouded; but when on Jan. 21, the cable flashed the news of his death, there was a general sense that the world had lost one of its noblest souls. It is fifty-seven years since his countrymen, reading the first volume of *Modern Painters*, realized that a new teacher had arisen. Ruskin was then twenty-four years old, his Oxford studies just concluded and he entering on his career. Endowed with an ample fortune inherited from his father, a wealthy wine-merchant, he devoted himself to the study of art. He set himself to the education of the public taste, showing the beauty of nature and inculcating that truth and fidelity to nature which, as he contended, alone constituted the true mission of the painter. Gradually, he was led into the paths of social reform and became a teacher of righteousness, justice to the laborer, and compassion for the afflicted. He taught the dignity of labor and satirized the class distinctions which are based on wealth. His social teachings were not received with the same favor as those on art had been. They were regarded as the dreams of an enthusiast, but Ruskin never faltered in his message. He uttered it, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear, and he sacrificed his own fortune in his efforts to give a practical example of his theories. Since 1886, when he resigned his professorship at Oxford, he has lived in retirement among his art treasures in his home at Coriston. On his eightieth birthday, which was celebrated last year, his disciples and admirers sent him a testimonial of their affection which was signed by the most distinguished men of the land, as well as by a host of humble workers who loved and reverenced him. Nothing, however, pleased him so much as any evidence that reached his ears that his countrymen were giving heed in some practical way to the message which, like the great apostle, he had so persistently urged upon them:

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things (Phil. 4: 8).

An Interesting Experiment

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., the well-known author of *In His Steps*, will shortly undertake an experiment which, from its very novelty, is certain to attract general attention. Mr. Sheldon—whose test question, "What would Jesus do?" he believes in applying to all the affairs of life, last year made an appeal to the Christian Endeavor Convention for a million dollars, with which he proposed to establish a daily newspaper, to be conducted as nearly as possible in accordance with Christ's own teachings. At that time, the appeal brought no response; but, to his surprise, a few weeks ago, the owners and editors of *The Topeka Capital*, announced their willingness to turn over the entire plant and staff of that newspaper to Mr. Sheldon for one week, during which time he might make the experiment of publishing a daily journal, which should in all respects embody his ideas of what a Christian newspaper should be. For six days he will be practically absolute in ownership and management, dictating the policy as well as controlling the news and advertising columns of the paper. Mr. Sheldon has accepted this generous offer, and as his control will doubtless be marked by the most radical and vigorous Christian policy, the result will be everywhere watched with intense interest. As the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, already know much of Rev. Mr. Sheldon's Christlike work in the West, and his consistent and fearless advocacy of the daily imitation of Jesus by all professing to be his followers, they will naturally be attracted by this unique experiment. On learning of the arrangement, the proprietor of this journal immediately telegraphed to the editor of *The Topeka Capital:*

We compliment your commendable enterprise in offering use of your paper to Dr. Sheldon. Our CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will follow the experiment with great interest. Please wire exact date when Dr. Sheldon will begin, also what sum we may invite our readers to send you for the six papers issued under his generalship?

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

To this the following was received:

Thanks for your kind expressions about Sheldon edition. Begins March 13. For entire six Sheldon issues, send 25 cents, same as any six regular issues. TOPEKA CAPITAL.

This is a great opportunity for Mr. Sheldon to show how a newspaper may fulfil its functions, while upholding the principles of Christianity. It is an opportunity that the Psalmist coveted:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all thy wondrous works (Ps. 26: 7).

GEN. WHITE'S HEADQUARTERS IN LADYSMITH

Roberts under Ban

The reports of the special committee appointed to consider the case of Mr. Roberts, whom Utah elected as one of its representatives in Congress, are a distinct triumph for law and order. The majority, including Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, the Chairman of the Committee, are of opinion that the House has the right to prevent his taking his seat. The minority recommend that Mr. Roberts be admitted and sworn in, and then be expelled under the power which the House has of punishing its members for a violation of the laws. Whether the House takes the one course or the other does not signify greatly to Mr. Roberts, inasmuch as both deprive him of the right to participate in legislation. It is gratifying to see that the movement, initiated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD months ago, has received the endorsement of the Special Committee. It would have been a most humiliating scandal to have had an open breaker of the law seated without protest among the lawmakers of the nation.

MR. BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS

Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God (Rom. 2: 23)?

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. G. W. Field, of Bangor, Me., who died recently at the age of eighty-five years, left this behind as his dying testimony: "I have trusted God for my life; I am willing to trust him for eternity, not for myself only, but for the universe."

A good example to wealthy men is set by a New England deacon who has left to his church a legacy which, when invested will produce an income equivalent to his subscription to the church funds. The church consequently will not lose financially by his death.

The statement credited to a Y. M. C. A. secretary that there is an unseemly and disastrous rivalry among the denominations in Porto Rico, is unauthorized. The secretary in question emphatically denies ever making such a statement and brands it as false.

Any of our readers knowing a blind person who is in need of a Scripture volume, can obtain one free, on the payment of the cost of expressage, by writing to Wm. E. Geer, New York Bible Society, 66 Bible House, New York. The volumes are in raised letters, line print.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has conducted a very successful mission at Johnstown, N. Y. The meetings for men only and for women only have been largely attended. At one great meeting in the Grand Opera House, sixty men of various ages rose and pledged themselves in Christ's strength to a new life.

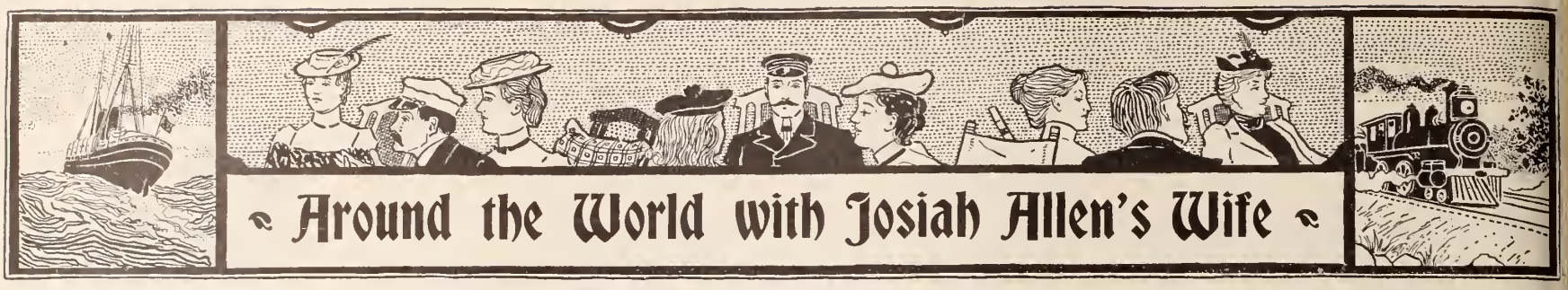
An excellent work for the use of Presidents of Young People's Societies, which will furnish them with facts for missionary talks, has been issued, price 25 cents, by the Student Volunteer Movement. It is entitled "Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways." Address, Harlan P. Beach, 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York.

An interesting revival has taken place at Springfield, Mo., under the preaching of Major J. H. Cole. Baptist, Christian, Methodist and Presbyterian churches united in the movement. Meetings were held in the churches of each denomination and in the railroad shops at the noon hour. All the churches are gaining accessions of membership.

Evangelist E. P. Telford has been holding meetings in Boston, Mass., during the past two weeks. Bromfield Street M. E. Church was crowded night after night and the number of inquirers continually increased. Mr. Telford has a number of invitations from other New England churches which he hopes to fill during the next two months.

A great farewell meeting was held recently in the Victoria Hall, Adelaide, South Australia, to bid good-by to Rev. C. H. Yatman, whose work in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle and other cities has resulted in arousing more than four thousand inquirers. Many eminent speakers joined with officers of the Y. M. C. A. in a hearty tribute of thanksgiving.

There is grave anxiety for the safety of American missionaries in the province of Shang Tung, China. Our minister at Pekin has called the attention of the Chinese government to the anti-foreign agitation prevalent in the province, and the Empress has sent strict orders to the governor to protect the missionaries; but the force at his command is not sufficient to awe the rioters, who are menacing the mission.



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER IX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

On the Ocean Highway

AND the days follered one another long in Injin file, trampin' silently and stiddily on, no matter where we be or what we do. So we sailed on and on, the ship dashin' along at I don't know how many knots an hour. Probably the knots would be enough if straightened out to make a hull bank of yarn, and mebby more. Part of the time the waves dashin' high. Mebby the Pacific waves are a little less tumultous and high sweepin' than the Atlantic, a little more pacific as it were, but they sway out dretful long, and dash up dretful high, bearin' us along with 'em every time, up and down, down and up, and part of the time our furniture and our stomachs would foller 'em and sway, too, and act. The wind would soar along, chasin' after us, but never quite ketchin' us; sometimes abaft, sometimes in the fo'castle, whatever that may be.

THE STEWARD

And under us wuz the great silent graveyard, the solemn, green aisles, still and quiet, and no knowin' how soon we should be there, too, surrounded by the riches of that lost world of them that go down in ships, but not doin' us any good. Only a board or two and some paint between us and destruction (but then I don't know as we are seperated any time very fur from danger, earthquakes, tornados and such). And good land! I would tell myself and Josiah, for that matter I've known wimmen to fall right out of their chairs and break themselves all up more or less, and fall offen back steps and suller stairs and such. But 'tennyrate I felt real riz up as I looked off on the heavin billers, and Faith sez to me, "Why should I fear since I sailed with God. The seas, I am journeying, I told myself with Duty on one side of me and on the other side Josiah, and the sun of Love over all. I got along without any seasickness to speak of, but my pardner suffered ontold agonies—or no, they wuzn't ontold, he told 'em all to me—yes, indeed!

Society on Shipboard

Tommy "wonnered" what made the big vessel sail on so fast, and what made so much water, where it all come from, and where it wuz all goin' to. And at night he would lay on his little shelf and "wonner" what the wind wuz sayin'; one night he spoke out kinder in rhyme, sez he: "Grandma, do you know what the wind is saying?" And I sez:

"No, dear lamb; what is it sayin'?" It had sounded dretful, kinder wild and skairful to me, and so it had to Josiah, I knew by the sithes he had gin. Sez Tommy, it sez:

"Don't be afraid my little child,
God will take care of you all the while."

And I sez, "Thank you, Tommy, you've done me good." And I noticed that Josiah seemed more contented and dropped off to sleep real sweet, though he snored some. Sometimes Tommy would "wonner" what sea-sickness wuz like, if it wuz any like measles, but didn't find out, for he wuzn't sick a day, but wandered about the great ship, happy as a king, making friends everywhere, though Robert Strong remained his chief friend and helper. Dorothy wuz more beautiful than ever it seemed to me, a shadow of paleness over her sweet face peeping out from the white fur of her cunning little pink hood, makin' her look sweeter than ever. There wuz two or three handsome young men on board who appreciated her beauty, and I spoze the gold setting of her charming youth. But Miss Meechim called on Robert Strong to help protect her, which he did willingly enough, so fur as I could see, by payin' the most devoted attention to her himself, supplying every real or fancied want, reading to and with her, and walking up and down the deck with her, she leanin' on his arm in slippery times.

"THERE WUZ THE USUAL VARIETY OF PEOPLE ON BOARD"

"Dear boy!" says Miss Meechim, "how lovely he is to me. He would much rather spend his time with the men in the smoking and reading room, but he has always been just so; let me express a wish and he flies to execute it. He knows that I wouldn't have Dorothy marry for all the world, and had it not been for his invaluable help I fear that she would have fallen a prey to some man before this."

"She is a pretty girl," sez I, "pretty as a pink rosy."

"Yes," sez she, "she is a sweet girl and as good as she is beautiful."

There was the usual variety of people on the ship. The rich family travelin' with children and servants and unlimited baggage; the party of school girls with the slim talkative teacher in spectacles, tellin' 'em all the pints of interest, and stuffin' 'em with knowledge gradual but constant; the stiddy goin' business men and the fashionable ones; the married flirt and the newly married bride and husband, sheepish lookin' but happy; old wimmen and young ones; young men and old ones; the sick passenger confined to his bed, but devourin' more food than any two well ones—seven meals a day have I seen carried into that room by the steward, while a voice weak but onwaverin' would call for more. There wuz a opera singer, a evangelist, an English nobleman, and a party of colored singers who made the night beautiful sometimes with their weird pathetic melodies.

Interesting Passengers

There wuz two missionaries on board, one the Rev. Dr. Wessel, real dignified actin' and lookin'—he wuz goin' out as a missionary to China, and a young lady going out as a missionary to Africa, Evangeline Noble—she wuz a member of some kind of a sisterhood, so she wuz called Sister Evangeline. I sot a sight of store by her the first time I laid eyes on her. Anybody could see that she wuz one of the Lord's anointed, and like our cousin John Richard, who went out as a missionary to Africa several years ago, she only wanted the Lord's will pinted out to her to foller it to the death if necessary. Livin' so nigh to the Kingdom as she did she couldn't help its breezes fannin' her tired forehead occasionally, and the angel's songs and the sound of the still waters from reachin' her soul. She had left a luxurious home, all her loved ones, a host of friends, and wuz goin' out to face certain hardships, and probable sickness and death amongst a strange half savage people, and yet she had about the happiest face I ever saw. His peace wuz writ down on her brow. Her Lord journeyed with her and told her from day to day what he wanted her to do. After we got well acquainted she told me that ever since her conversion there were times when she became uncon scious to things on earth, but her soul seemed to be ketched up to some other realm, where He, who wuz her constant helper and guide, told her what to do. I told Josiah about it, and he sez:

"I'd ruther see that than hear on't. How can she be ketched up, weighin' pretty nigh two hundred?"

Sez I, "Your views are material, Josiah. I said her soul wuz ketched up."

"O well, my soul and body has ginerally gone together where I've went."

"I don't doubt that," sez I, "not at all. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

"Well," sez he, "I've hearn a sight about such things as that, but I'd ruther see 'em myself."

Well, it wuzn't but a day or two after that that he had a chance to see if he had eyes. Sister Evangeline wuz settin' with Josiah and me on the deck, and all of a sudden while she wuz talkin' to us about her future life and work in Africa, her face took on a look as yourn would if your attention had been suddenly arrested by a voice calling you. She looked off over the water as if it wuzn't there, and I felt that someone wuz talkin' to her we couldn't see—her face had jest that look, and at last I hearn her murmur in a low voice:

"Yes, Master, I will go."

And most immegiately her soul seemed to come back from somewhere, and she sez to me:

"I am told that there is a poor woman amongst the steerage passengers that needs me." And she riz right up and started, like Paul, not disobedient to the Heavenly vision, not for a minute. She told me afterwards that she found a woman with a newly-born child almost dying for want of help. She was alone and friendless, and if Sister Evangeline hadn't reached her just as she did they would both have died. She wuz a trained nurse, and saved both their lives, and she wuz as good as she could be to 'em till we reached port, where the woman's husband wuz to meet her.

Josiah acted stunted when I told him, but sez weakly, "I believe she hearn the woman holler."

And I sez, "She wuz fainted away, how could she holler?"

And he sez, "It must be a heavy faint that will keep a woman from talkin'."

Elder Wessel and Lucia

The other missionary, Elder Wessel, I didn't set quite so much store by. His only child Lucia wuz on board going out to China with a rich tea merchant's family as a governess for their little daughter, and some one told me that one reason that Elder Wessel hearn such a loud call to go as a missionary to China was because Lucia wuz goin' there.

Now, there wuz a young chap over in Loontown who had tried doctorin' for a year or two and didn't make much by it, and he thought he see a sign up in the heavens, G. P., and he gin out that he had had a call "go preach," and went to preachin', and he didn't make so well

hat as he did by his doctorin', and then e gin out that he had made a mistake in adin' the letters; instead of goin' to reach they meant "give pills," so he ent back to his doctorin' agin' and is bin' first rate. That wuzn't a call.

But to resoom. Elder Wessel jest worhiped this daughter, and thought she uz the sweetest, dearest girl in the orld. And she wuz a pretty girl with bft. bright innocent eyes. She wuz eduated in a convent, and had the sweet, entle manners and onworldly look that many convent-bred girls have. She nd Aronette struck up a warm friendhip, though her pa wouldn't have allowed I spoze if he hadn't seen how much ore we all sot by Aronette.

We got real well acquainted with Elder Vessel and Lucia; and her proud pa wuz ever tired of singin' her praises or ruther antin' em—he wuz too dignified to sing. rvilly loved to talk with him, though eir idees wuz about as congenial as ile nd water. He wuz real mild and conservave, always drinked moderate and always ad wine on his table, and approved of e canteen and saloon, which he extolled s the Poor Man's Club. He thought at the government wuz jest right, the ig trusts and license laws jest as they ould be, and the wars with the Philipines and Cuba the most holy wars of all me.

Arvilly dearly loved to send sharp rrows of sarkasm and argument through is coat armor of dignified complacency nd self-esteem, for truly his idees wuz to er like a red rag to a bull.

A Strange Partnership

Miss Meechim kinder looked down on rvilly, and I guess Arvilly looked down n her. You know it happens so some mes—two folks will feel real above each ther, though it stands to reason that one f 'em must be mistook. Miss leechim thought she wuz more genel than Arvilly, and was worth more nd I guess she had had better adantages. And Arvilly thought she new more than Miss Meechim, and guess mebby she did. Miss Meechn thought she wuz jest right herelf, she thought her native land uz jest right and all its laws and ustoms, and naterally she looked own dretfully on all foreigners. he and Arvilly had lots of little pats about matters and things, ough Miss Meechim wuz so genel that she kep' her dignity most f the time, though Arvilly gin it evere raps anon or oftener.

But one tie seemed to unite 'em a ttle—they wuz real congenial on he subject of man. They both seemd to cherish an inherient aversion o that sect of which my pardner s an ornament, and had a strong ettled dislike to matrimony; broken nce by Arvilly, as a sailor may break is habit of sea-faring life by livin' n shore a spell, but still keepin' up is love for the sea.

But of their talks together and Arvilly's arguments with Elder Wesel more anon and bime by. Arvilly tood up aginst the sea-sickness as he would aginst a obstinate subcriber, and finally brought the sickess to terms as she would the buyer, n the third day, and appeared pale but riumphant, with a subscription book in er hand and the words of her prospectus dribblin' from her lips. She had ordered trunkful to sell on sight, but Arvilly vill never git over what she has went hrough, never.

As the days went on the big ship seemed nore and more to us like a world, or uther a new sort of a planet we wuz inabitin'—it kinder seemed to be the cener of the universe. I overheard a woman ay one day how monotonous the life vuz. But I thought to myself, mebby er mind wuz kinder monotonous—some e, you know, made so in the first on't; I ound plenty enough to interest me, and o Josiah did.

There wuz a big library where you could keep company with the great minds f the past and present. A music room where most always some of the best nusic wuz to be hearn, for of course here wuz lots of musicians on board, here always is. And for them that wanted it, there wuz a smokin' room, though Josiah or I didn't have any use for it, never havin' smoked anything but a little mullen and catnip once or twice for tizik. And there wuz a billiard room for them that patronized Bill, though I never did nor Josiah, but wuz willin' that folks should act out their own naters. I spoze they played cards there, too. But Josiah and I didn't know one card from another; I couldn't tell Jack from the King to save my life.

Josiah as an Entertainer

We stayed in the music room quite a good deal and once or twice Josiah expressed the wish that he had brought along his accordeon.

And he sez: "It don't seem right to take all this pleasure and not give back anything in return."

But I sez, "I guess they'll git along without hearin' that accordeon."

"I might sing sunthin', I spoze," sez he, "I could put on my dressin' gown and belt it down with the tossels and appear as a singer, and sing a silo."

That wuz the evenin' after Dorothy, in a thin, white dress, a little low in the neck and short sleeves, had stood up and sung a lovely piece, or that is I 'spoze it wuz lovely, it wuz in some foreign tongue, but it sounded first rate, as sweet as the song of a robin or medder lark—you know how we all like to hear them, though we can't quite understand robin and lark language. It wuz kinder good in Josiah to want to give pleasure in return for what he had had, but I argyed him into thinkin' that he and I would give more pleasure as a congregation than as speakers or singers. For after I had vetoed the singin' that good man proposed that he should speak a piece. Sez he, "I could tell most the hull of the American Taxation."

And I sez, "I wouldn't harrer up the minds of the rich men on board with thoughts of taxes," sez I, "when lots of 'em are goin' away to get rid on 'em."

"Well," sez he, "I could tell the hull of Robert Kidd."

And I sez, "Well, I wouldn't harrer up their feelin's talkin' about hullsale stealin'; they have enough of that to hum in the big cities."

So gradual I got him off from the idee.

There wuz one little boy about Tommy's age and a sister a little older I felt real sorry for, they looked so queer, and their ma, a thin, wirey, nervous lookin' woman brooded over 'em like a settin' hen over her eggs. They wuz dressed well, but dretful bulged out and swollen lookin', and I sez to their ma one day:

"Are your children dropsical?"

And she sez, "Oh no, their health is good. The swellin's you see are life preservers." She said that she kep' one on their stomachs night and day.

Well, I knew that they would be handy in a shipwreck, but it made 'em look queer, queer as a dog.

And now whilst the passengers are all settin' or standin' on their own forts and tendin' to their own bizness, and the big ship ploughin' its big liquid furrow on the water I may as well tell what Arvilly went through. I spoze the reader is anxious to know the petickulers of how she come to be in the Cuban army and desert from it. The reason of her bein' in the army at all, her husband enlisted durin' the late struggle for Cuban independence, and Arvilly jest worshipin' the ground he walked on, and thinkin' the world wuz a blank to her where he wuz not, after the last care he left her wuz removed, and always havin' done as she wuz a mind to as fur as she could, she dressed herself up in a suit of his clothes and enlisted onbeknown to him, so's to be near to him if he got woonded, and 'tennyrate to breathe the same air he did and sleep under the same stars. She adored him.

DOROTHY AND ROBERT

It must be remembered that Arvilly had never loved a single thing till she fell in love with this man, her folks dyin' off and leavin' her to come up the best she could, and imposed upon and looked down upon on every side, and workin' hard for a livin', and after she got old enough to read and understand, bein' intellect and practical good sense and household knowledge as a welcome relief from incompetence in hired girl form in the kitchen. His first wife died when his little girl wuz born, and she wuz about seven when Arvilly married her pa. Well, he bein' jest what he wuz—conscientious, God-fearin' 'and havin hearn his minister preach powerful sermons on this bein' a war of God aginst the Devil, enlightenment and Christianity aginst ignorance and barbarism, America aginst Spain—he got all fired up with the sense of what wuz his duty to do, and when his mind wuz made up to that no man or woman could turn him. Arvilly might have just as well spent her tears and entreaties on her soapstun. No, go he must and go he would. But like the good man he wuz, he made everything just as comfortable as he could for her and his little daughter, a pretty creeter that Arvilly too loved dearly. And then he bid 'em a sad adoo, for he loved 'em well, and Arvilly had made his home a comfortable and happy one. But he choked back his tears, tried to smile on 'em with his tremblin' lips, held 'em both long in his strong arms, oncloseed 'em, and they wuz bereft. Well, Arvilly held the weeping little girl in her arms, bent over her with white face and dry eyes, for his sake endured the long days and longer nights alone with the child, for his sake taking good care of her, wondering at the blow that had fell upon her, wondering that if in the future she could be so blest agin as to have a home, for love is the soul of the home and she felt homeless.

Well, she watched and worked, takin' good care of the little one, but bolts and bars can't keep out death; Arvilly's arms, though she wuz strong boneded, couldn't. Diphtheria wuz round, little Annie took it; in one week Arvilly wuz indeed alone, and when the sod lay between her and what little likeness of her husband had shone through the child's pretty face, Arvilly formed a strange resolution, but not so strange but what wimmen have formed it heretofore, and probably will agin' till God's truth shall shine on a dark world and be listened to, and wars shall be no more. She made up her mind to follei the man she loved, she made up her mind to enlist. She wuz always a masculine lookin' creeter, Arvilly wuz, big, raw boneded, and when she cut off her hair and parted it on one side in a man's way and put on a suit of her husband's clothes she looked as much, or more like a man than she had ever looked like a woman. She locked the doors of her home till the cruel war should be ended, and he whose love made her home, should return. Till then, if indeed it should ever be, she left her happiness there in the empty, silent rooms and sallied off. She had disposed of her stock and things like that, folks not bein' surprised at it, bein' she wuz alone, but all to once she disappeared, utterly and entirely, nobody hearn of her and folks thought that mebby she had wandered off in her grief and put an end to her life. Not one word wuz hearn of her until lo and behold! the strange news come, Arvilly's husband wuz killed in a drunken brawl in a licensed Canteen down in Cuba and Arvilly had deserted from the army, and of course bein' a woman they couldn't touch her for it. That wuz the first we ever knowed that she wuz in the army. Blowin' up the *Maine* wuz nothin' to the excitement when we hearn on it.

"DOROTHY, IN A THIN, WHITE DRESS, SUNG A LOVELY PIECE"

The Story of Arvilly

Her husband wuz a good man, not the smartest in the world, but a good, honest God fearin' man, who had had a hard time to get along, but always tried to do jest right, and who hailed Arvilly's bright smart as a whip and one of the firmest lovers of justice and fair play that ever wuz born, she become such a firm believer in wimmen's rights that she got enemies that way. Well, you know right when she started for the World's Fair, helpin' herself along by sellin' the book, *The Wild, Wicked, and Warlike Deeds of Men* (which she said she felt wuz her duty to promulgate to wimmen to keep 'em from marryin' and makin' fools of themselves). Well right there some like Paul on his way to Jerusalem, breathin' vengeance against his Lord, a great light struck him down in the road, so with Arvilly, the great light of Love stopped her in her career, she dropped her book, married the man she loved and who loved her, and lived happy as a queen till the Cuban war broke out.

(To be Continued.)

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Women of Egypt

A BEAUTY OF CAIRO

EGYPT, that ancient land of mystery and charm, the cradle of learning, the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, possesses great fascination for the modern traveler, and still, as of old, beckons and holds the attention of the stay-at-home reader. Photography shows us to-day, with unerring fidelity, just how the people and the homes of other countries look, so that even if we never visit them in person we may have a familiar acquaintance with them, and recognize each type when we meet it. Fashion in Oriental countries is not the fickle goddess which she is with us, and as women dressed in Cleopatra's day, or in the days when Joseph married Asenath, daughter of the priestly house of On, so the women array themselves to-day. An Oriental lady prizes her jewels highly, and her taste leads her to adorn her dark beauty with strings of pearls, rubies and emeralds. So that when in full dress she fairly scintillates and blazes with barbaric magnificence. Her vestments are embroidered with seed pearls and golden thread. Her raiment is glittering and all, as the Bible says, needlewrought. From her dark hair, a veil caught on the top of her head, falls back on either side, like a mantle, and when she walks abroad she veils her face, leaving only a place for her lustrous eyes to peep forth and see the world which may not see her. When not arrayed in her best, or when not possessed of great wealth, the Egyptian woman displays fewer gems in her toilette, but she always adorns her rounded arms with costly bracelets, and sometimes not only her ears, but her nose form nooks from which to hang heavy and cumbersome rings.

The home life of the most beautiful Egyptian woman is a travesty on what we expect of our homes; for the religion of Egypt is Mohammedan, and in the Moslem's view woman is always "an inferior, dependent creature, destined only for the service of her master." Islam does not understand the elevation of woman. In the harem, jealously, envy, and greed fill the idle days; plurality of wives means bitterness and wrath, and it is no wonder that a Mohammedan woman, speaking to Mr. Robert Speer, said with concentrated sadness, "Your prophet did well for your women. I shall have words with our prophet when I meet him in the next world."

A recent visitor to Cairo speaks of the journey there, through the land of Goshen, a lovely country, flat and well-tilled, with rice and cotton springing up, cattle and sheep in abundance. This recalls the story of Joseph and his brethren in Genesis. From Cairo one goes on an afternoon excursion or for a moonlight evening, to the hoary pyramids, or strolling through the quaint streets, may see people from every country of the globe, and find history laid out in spectacular panorama before his eyes. Silk tapestry, brass trays, cups, embroideries, picture frames, rugs, all sorts of curios are bargained for in the bazaars, the merchants on principle asking a larger amount than he expects to receive for his wares. Yet after all, the most lasting thing one brings home from an Egyptian sojourn are the intangible ones: the memories of dusky yet beautiful women, veiled, mysterious and elusive, with childish questionings in their soft, dark eyes.

A GROUP OF WOMEN OF CAIRO, EGYPT

"Christian Living"

In a very helpful little book bearing this title, Rev. F. B. Meyer, talking with disciples of their privileges, gives some suggestive thoughts. I was reading the chapter from which I cull a few words for you, dear friends, only this morning on which I write, and I was so pleased and brightened by a bit of counsel, that I said, "There, I shall copy that for my circle of readers under our evening lamp." "A little group of earnest men were gathered not long ago around a fire, eagerly discussing the methods of a holy life and reciting their own experiences of the grace of God. One had recently entered upon the gladness of a life of entire consecration and spoke fervently of his new found joys. But when his story was told, a venerable clergyman expressed his disappointment at an experience which was only negative and told so little of the positive side of the appropriation of Christ.

"Years before, when engaged in a gathering of unruly and noisy children, he had been suddenly driven to claim from the Saviour the gift of His own gentle patience in the words, 'Thy patience, Lord!' And instantly so divine a calm filled his spirit that he realized he had made a great discovery, and from that moment he had retained the extremes of his brief petition, inserting between them the grace, the lack of which was hurrying him to sin. In moments of weakness, 'Thy strength, Lord!' or in moments of conscious strength, 'Thy humility, Lord!' When assailed by unholy suggestions, 'Thy purity, Lord!' or when passing through deep waters of trial, 'Thy resignation and restfulness, Lord!' What is this but a living example of the appropriation of Christ? This thought would light up the darkest, saddest life. We sadly chide ourselves for our failures, and yet we are oppressed by the weary consciousness that we are all too likely to repeat them. We catch glimpses of ideals in the lives of others, and in our own happier moments that only mock us. We fail to adorn the gospel of God our Saviour in all things, because we lack the materials for the beautiful garments of our array. And all this because we do not realize that all of Jesus is for us; only waiting for us to appropriate it with exceeding joy."

A Matter of Taste

That people should ever stop to quarrel among themselves at home is very sad. It would seem that grown people should know better than to exchange passionate upbraidings and scornful words, knowing how little good these family jars can do and how much harm must come of them. Human nature being what it is, and, unrestrained by the grace of God, being so pitiably weak, I fear we may always expect some scolding, some nagging, some cross looks and vexing words to be existent on occasion somewhere or other. But, good friend, if you quarrel, get the thing over at once. Don't pout and sulk and look injured and go about looking gloomy and black. Don't refuse to acknowledge that you have been in the wrong. Don't hesitate to accept an apology from the one who is sorry first. And, whatever you do, refrain from disputes in the presence of outsiders. Nothing is more embarrassing than to be forced to remain a witness to some disagreeable family passage at arms, unable to do anything but blush and wish one's self a thousand miles from the scene. Nothing is less excusable than rudeness shown by husband to wife, or by wife to husband, or by children to one another in the company of guests or in public.

There is an old Bible word—the word froward, which just hits off the peculiarities of some people—Christian people, too. Dear friends, do not let us be froward. And, if ever we are so, let us keep out of sight till we get over it.

One Use of Sickness

"I never understood before," said a mother whose idolized daughter is recovering slowly from a prolonged illness, "what it is to have a visitation of anxiety and care, such as a lingering illness brings with it; a campaign of fighting against a stubborn enemy. I shall be more sympathetic all the rest of my life with those who have similar trouble." That is one use of sorrow and of sickness, is it not, to make us compassionate?

The Dear Little Wife at Home

THE dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you.
The beautiful household fairy
Filling your heart with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are ever so weary,
You need not be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight.
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face;
And your wee little girl as pure as a pearl
Will be there in her childish grace.
And the boy—his father's pride—John,
With eyes so brave and bright;
From the strife and the din to the peace,
With eyes so brave and bright;
From the strife and the din, to the peace, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What, though the tempest try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near, and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait;
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—JOHN. A girl worth winning does not readily yield. It is her right to be candid. If you cannot give up smoking at her request, I am afraid you like a cigar better than you love the young woman you desire to marry.

—SUSAN JANE. Why be so rigid? Your husband is engaged all the week and never sees his children awake. Why not let them sit up until nine o'clock on Sunday evening, if he desires it? Aunt Prudence is afraid you are a little overfond of carrying your point.

—YOUNG CHESTERFIELD. If your mother is an invalid, take your fiancee to call on her. If your mother is an active person in good health, she will call on your fiancee. These matters are regulated by common sense, as well as by arbitrary rules.

—META. Gladys, Dorothy, Margaret, and Katherine are just now favorite names for girls. Harold, Roderick, Max, Edward, Cecil and Dudley are good names for boys. But I should call my twins, if I were you, after my own father and mother, even if their names are plain John and Jane.

—INQUIRING FRIEND. Aunt Patience does not approve of imitation jewelry. As a rule, wear real stones or none. Hat pins are admissible with imitation stones, or are less objectionable than rings or brooches. But if you are buying a hat pin, select a silver or gold pin instead of a jeweled one.

—BONNY JEAN. Superfluous hair on the face would better be borne with. A sallow complexion may be cured by abjuring too highly-spiced and greasy food, and strong coffee. Bathe and exercise freely. Pray avoid cosmetics; or if you use them do so sparingly. A good cold cream, or a lotion of glycerine and rosewater is harmless, and often is beneficial.

—J. C. D. The little lad who runs away must be tied to the bedpost with a soft bandage for a little while, or else have a cord put around his waist, giving him a good long tether, however, so that he can move freely. I think he does not understand yet that he must not wander off. Perhaps his mother has been very busy and has not given him attention or provided amusements for him. Has he no playmates?

—JESSIE. By no means give your picture to a young man before he asks for it. Let him ask several times and then be very sure that you wish him to have it. Do not ask for his. Of what use can it be to you, unless you are specially dear friends? It is your privilege to begin a correspondence with a stay-at-home friend of either sex, if you are yourself away on a visit. A man who knows you well may certainly write to you, if he is absent; you may use your judgment as to replying. Never exchange cards with casual acquaintances who are not properly introduced. The oldest daughter in the family is Miss Smith, and has "Miss" engraved on her visiting card; the others are Miss Mary, Miss Jane, or Miss Jemima Smith, as may be. The addition of your residence is a matter of choice or convenience. In a small town, it is unnecessary, as everybody knows where everybody lives.

India's Dying People

Official Reports from the Viceroy Confirm the Statements of Missionaries as to the Unprecedented Severity of the Famine

A CABLE despatch from Calcutta, dated January 10, states that the Viceroy and the Imperial Council held a special meeting on that day to take into consideration the famine situation. The official estimates show that the awful scarcity now affects about twenty-two million persons in British territory, and twenty-seven millions in the native States. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, said the famine area had expanded.

Surpassing the Worst Fears,

and they were now facing a cattle, water, and food scarcity of a terrible character. About 3,250,000 persons, he continued, were already receiving relief. While in 1897, the world shared India's sorrow and contributed hundreds of thousands of pounds toward the relief fund, the Viceroy pointed out, India now would have to struggle alone, for the thoughts of every Englishman in the world were centred on South Africa.

The dispatch continues: "The outside world can have but a faint idea of the disastrous effect of the condition of things so coldly described in the official statement given, but the following extract from the letter of a Bombay official dated from Ahmedabad, affords some slight indication of it. He says: "I came here on tour, and find there is every evidence of famine, but the wholesale mortality of cattle is the most striking feature at present. I am afraid this will be the worst famine the Bombay Presidency and India generally has had for very many years past, the area is so extensive and the failure of grass and crops so absolute; in addition to which the water supply is failing. In this usually fertile province of Guzerat-Rajputana and Kattiwar, they have had no such visitation within the century, and in the Deccan, alas! this is the second acute famine in three years. I went to the poorhouse here, which has only been started a short time, for people who are picked up about the city precincts too weak to work and exhausted from nothing to eat. There are already two hundred and twenty in the house little better than living skeletons. Some die every day in the poorhouse. It is only the beginning of what will get worse, more acute, every month for at least six months to come. There is not the slightest doubt that were the British Government not here now, whole provinces would get depopulated; and with all the resources at our command the Government is scarcely able to stand the drain on its resources.'

In a letter just received from Rev. J. E. Scott, the Presiding Elder of the Agra District, he says: "I have just returned from an extended tour throughout the famine-stricken land of Rajputana (which this year is a part of my district), and feel that you ought to know the condition of our Church in that part of southern Asia. We have there more than two thousand native Christians, the most of whom are poor at the best of times, but now are starving to death. It has not rained much for three years, and the land has produced nothing. There are now here twelve million people, who must depend upon imported grain, largely from the Northwest provinces, which themselves are in distress. The prospects for any improvement in the near future are gloomy. In some places parents have sold their children, and there are rumors of more horrible things.

"There is no work to be obtained in the fields, as it is useless for the farmers to plough and sow. The native States are doing something to relieve this distress, and the imperial government is helping, and many are thus rescued; but there are thousands who will not be thus reached. Over two thousand poor Christians look to us for help, and there are many cases where immediate help is needed for non-Christians, while it is pitiful to see the pinched faces, emaciated forms, and hear the feeble cry of little children. Our missionaries in Ajmir are ready to do all they can to help in this time of need, and have done much, but their hands are empty." Mr. Scott adds that even at the increased price of food it is possible to keep a native alive at the rate of five cents a day.

Rev. Thomas M. Hudson, of Ahmedabad, writes that "A peculiar feature of this famine is the startling rapidity with which the acute stage has been reached. Yesterday, comparative plenty. To-day, destroying famine! There has been no famine in Gujarat for nearly a century. Hence, every one has confidently expected rain to fall in time to save the crops, and precautions were not taken in time. Government was taken by surprise with the rest, and had no relief work schemes fully planned in advance; although now making strenuous efforts to cope with the situation.

"The Christian community of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Gujarat is well on toward six thousand souls. Almost all of them are from the classes first to suffer. Already many of them have begun to travel the terrible road of slow starvation by reason of their daily food being increasingly insufficient to sustain life. What their sufferings will be in another month unless promptly succored, I have not the heart to contemplate.

"After thoroughly investigating their respective charges the missionaries of this church in Gujarat District, carefully canvassed the situation, decided that the appeals already sent to America should be supplemented by a cable urging immediate help, and also by a general appeal to the Christian public."

Mrs. Holcomb, of the Presbyterian mission at Jhansi, writes that her husband, who helped to distribute the relief sent by the readers of this journal three years ago, is giving all the relief to the starving people that he has been able to obtain, but it is very little among so many. He is planning to give work to weavers and men of other trades who now have no employment, but money is sorely needed to carry on such operations.

From missionaries of all denominations come similar urgent appeals. They plead that if no more help can be sent, that at least they may have money with which to relieve mothers and children whose cries for food are heart-rending. Only one dollar would enable them to give a meal to twenty. The missionaries beg for this and surely they will not ask in vain. There is no Christian heart that will not respond to a plea based on the tears and agony of a child, or of a mother who cannot endure the sight of her offspring pining to death. Contributions sent to this office will be acknowledged in these columns and will be forwarded by the speediest method to India, where they will be distributed by the missionaries, under the superintendence of the Inter-denominational Committee, organized in 1897. The list of contributions already received is crowded out this week, but will be published in an early issue.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XIV.

A Mysterious Question

WAITING anxiously for the result of his appeal to his brother, Douglas sat perfectly still and added no word further. He had come to give Caryl his opportunity. He had come in good faith, sincerely doing his best for the Hamertons, but if Caryl refused to help them, Douglas would not be sorry. No young man could be expected to grieve if his wealthy rival failed to make use of his advantage. Honor compelled Douglas to do what he had done, but it did not require him to do more. He was prepared to hear Caryl consent: he would not be surprised to hear him refuse; but no words could express his astonishment at the reply which at last Caryl made. Looking keenly in Douglas' eyes Caryl said:

"Why don't you help the Hamertons yourself?"

"It becomes you to ask that question!" said Douglas, after a moment, with the intense quietness of wrath that is beyond words; "you, who know that I have nothing but the bare living that I work for, and who know so well why. You know as well as I do that never in my life have I had a quarter of that sum at one time. Heaven knows, if I could raise it now, or even half of it, I should not be telling you this story. But let us leave me and my affairs alone. We must quarrel sooner or later, I suppose, but I would rather not do it just now, even if it were not for this other business. What do you mean to do about that?"

Caryl had dropped his hands, and was listening with a frown that seemed to be half of pain and half of strenuous effort to understand.

"Yes—the Hamertons," he said slowly, "let us settle that first. There's no time to be lost, I think you said? After that, there is something else that I must get to the bottom of——"

The door was flung open, and the landlord's voice, with a roll of satisfaction, announced:

"Mr. Cribb, Mr. Lawson, and Captain Sandford, by appointment."

Both brothers rose, Caryl leaning for an instant on the end of the sofa and putting his hand to his forehead, and Douglas drawing back, his heart sinking in mingled wrath and despair at the interruption.

"I believe I had forgotten—I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Caryl, rather vaguely. "Mr. Wilson, will you be good enough to light the gas? Good evening, Mr. Lawson."

He shook hands with his inopportune visitors, and signed to Wilson, the landlord, to find chairs for them; and from the third he turned to Douglas and spoke to him in an undertone:

"I will consider the matter you were speaking of," he said briefly; and if the words did not commit him to anything, neither did the look of his pale face, with the dark shadows under eyes that seemed too weary and oppressed to face the light.

"He puts me off with generalities, as he does his constituents," thought Douglas bitterly as he went down the stairs. I'm afraid they don't inspire me with the confidence that others seem to feel!"

No, it was not confidence, but neither was it doubt—only absolute uncertainty. Douglas had believed that after his talk with his brother he should know at any rate what to think of him, which was a thing that he had not known for these many months past. The Touchstone would at least have done him that good office. But he knew no more than before—thanks, perhaps, to the political deputation.

Douglas went wearily to his work, feeling but little interest in it while his suspense continued. He did it as best he could and then went to his room intending to go to bed at once and try to get some sleep. As he entered the house, Mrs. Tomlinson called to him from her kitchen, just as she had done on that May evening when he had first met Celia Hamerton.

"There's a letter for you in yonder, Mr. Lingard. Came this afternoon."

Douglas hurried forward into the room, caught up the letter, and tore it open without waiting to scrutinize the outside of it, confident that it was from Martin, and would end his suspense one way or the other.

The first enclosure that met his eye was the familiar paper of a telegraph form, on which, in the customary scrawl, was written:

"Father not worse, but will be if we cannot pacify him. Come at once if you possibly can. Frank."

Perplexed, Douglas stared at this missive, wondering why it should have been sent to him, and above all, why it should arrive in such a manner. Then he felt again in the envelope to see if it might contain something in the nature of an explanation. This time he drew out a half-sheet of paper, on which was written in Mrs. Locke's hand:

"I send you this, which has just reached me. I suppose you will have to go; but it is a pity it should happen just now.

"Yours, D. L."

This was evidently for Caryl. He looked at the envelope and saw that it was addressed simply to "Mr. Lingard." Mrs. Locke had probably given it to some boy to deliver, and he knowing only one Mr. Lingard had brought it to High Ashes by mistake. It must be sent to Caryl without delay. Better still, Douglas resolved to take it himself and explain why he had opened it.

He found Caryl very much as he had found him before, lying on his back on the sofa in the darkened room. The landlord who took him up to the room, said to him, confidentially, that "Mr. Lingard do seem mortal sick and ought to hev a doctor."

"I am glad you have come, Earl," he said, as he recognized Douglas. "I have decided to do what you ask and I should like you to take the check to Martin Hamerton yourself. I am too ill to go and I dislike to trust it to a messenger. The messengers here seem so stupid."

"They are," said Douglas, "and it is a mistake of one of them that has brought me here now."

Douglas handed his brother Mrs. Locke's letter and its enclosure, and told him how they had fallen into his hands.

"Oh, that is from Frank Allardyce," said Caryl, as he looked at the telegram. "It does not signify. I have had a telegram from him since that one was sent, and it appears there is now no need for me to go to him. His father is much better. Ah, this is Mrs. Locke's note. Odd it never occurred to me before; our Cousin Dora's initials are the same as yours, Earl, 'D.L.' Did you ever notice it?"

"No," said Douglas indifferently, being too much agitated about other matters to trouble himself about Mrs. Locke's initials.

"Well, I will get you to take this check to Hamerton at once to put him out of his misery, and then I want you to come right back to me. There was something you said about yourself that I must have explained."

"Let that stand over," said Douglas. "You are ill, Caryl, and you don't want to go over old troubles. I will come back as you wish it, but I want you to let me bring a doctor with me."

"Do you know of a good one in this neighborhood? If you do, I think I should like to see him. I thought this was only the remains of the sunstroke, but it may be something else."

"I was sick some time ago and had a very intelligent doctor. You will like him. I will look round on Fosbrook as I come back and bring him in. You don't want to be bothered with gratitude just now, otherwise I should like to tell you how grateful I am for what you are doing for the Hamertons. I am more grateful than if you had done it for me."

"Well, well," said Caryl, "say no more. Get the business done and come back as speedily as you can. I cannot rest till we have settled that other matter of your own."

"You are not well enough for that, Caryl. Let it rest for a time."

"Not for an hour. I suspect I have been deceived and I cannot be at peace till I know the truth. Now get you gone and let nothing prevent your coming back immediately."

Douglas hurried away on his errand. It was a pleasant task and his heart thrilled as Martin Hamerton, clasping both his hands, poured out his thanks. He would have gone at once to Caryl, but Douglas would not permit it. "Wait till he is over this sickness," he said. "I am going to take Fosbrook to him now and then we shall know what it amounts to. I will tell him you wanted to come and that

(Continued on next page.)

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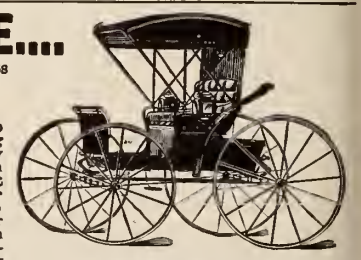

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The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page.)

will be enough. You shall see him as soon as he is able to talk. In the meantime do not speak of his illness. It might endanger the election. If he gets worse, of course it must be made known; but at present it should be kept secret."

On his way back, Douglas called on the surgeon, but he was out visiting patients and all that could be done was to leave a message begging him to come to Caryl's hotel as speedily as possible. Thither Douglas himself went, wondering whether a quarrel or a reconciliation was before him. "Not a quarrel," he said to himself. "Whatever happens, that must not; especially while he is sick. I will do all I can for him now, let the future bring what it may."

Caryl was lying with his face turned away from the light, and his hands over his eyes.

"Now I can tell by your voice," he said, "that Hamerton's affair is all right. Spare me all of that and come and answer me a few questions before the doctor comes. We have both held our tongues long enough, and I am not sure that we have not both been wrong."

A pair of brothers must both have been "grown up" for more years than had the two Lingards before the voice of the elder ceases to have for the younger the echo of the tone of lawful authority, when he wills to have it so. Douglas came and sat down, prepared to be questioned, in spite of his belief that what had waited so long to be cleared up had better now wait a little longer.

"I'm forgetting!" went on Caryl, the next instant; "I have no right now to question you about your private affairs. But will you forgive me, just for to-night, Earl? I'm not in a position to stand on ceremony, and we don't know when we may talk together like this again. Let us make believe that I have still the right to call you to order, as if we were at school again, and it was a question of what had become of your term's pocket-money."

"Ask me what you like," said Douglas gravely. "We did not tell each other everything, even in those days, but at least we never told each other anything but the truth."

"I know that, and therefore I believed you absolutely when you told me that it was not it your power to do anything yourself for Mr. Hamerton. But there was something else you said that I cannot have understood rightly. . . . What has become of the money my uncle gave you?—for you had never any heavy debts to pay. I took care to ascertain that."

Douglas drew a long breath, and answered after a moment very deliberately:

"The last money my uncle gave me was a five-pound note [$25] on my twenty-first birthday. I really don't remember now exactly what I did with it."

Caryl started, took his hand from his face, and looked at him.

"Do you mean that? I beg your pardon—I'm not doubting your word, but I don't know how far I understand. Did not my uncle give you very large sums on three different occasions? I could give you dates and accounts if I had his account-book here, for I have seen the entries in his own writing—two thousand pounds [$10,000] on the third of November, just a month before I came home, I know was the last of them."

"On my honor as a gentleman, he never did!"

Caryl sat up, caught his brother's hands in his, and looked into his face with eyes that for a moment had lost the mist that had dimmed them.

"Then God forgive me," he said, as he dropped back, "for somehow I have been made the fool of a lie!"

"In justice to myself, I must tell you all from the beginning," he said. "You must know what I had to go upon, and perhaps you may help me to get to the bottom. It began while I was in India.

There was a knock at the door and Dr. Fosbrook entered. "Do not go away, Earl," Caryl said, when Douglas was returning after having introduced the young surgeon. "I shall want to see you after the doctor has prescribed for me and it will worry me if I cannot find you."

(To be Continued.)

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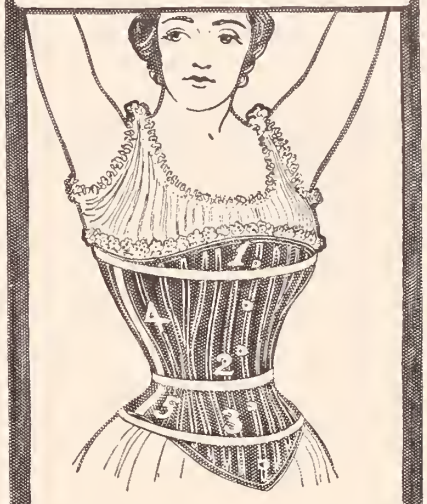

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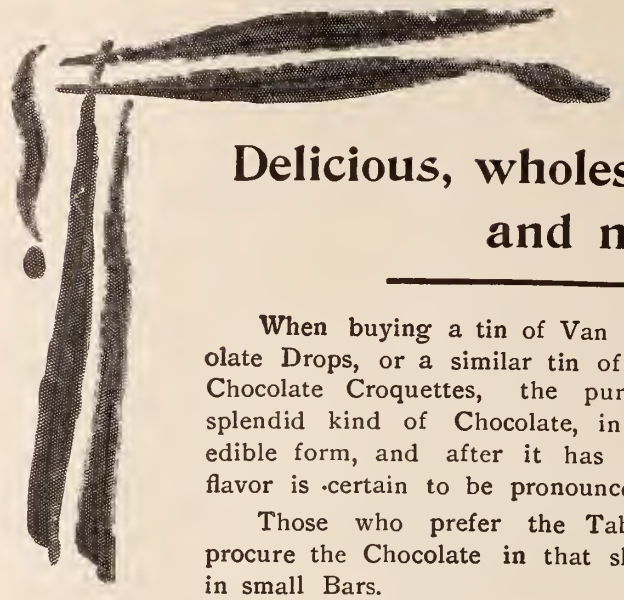

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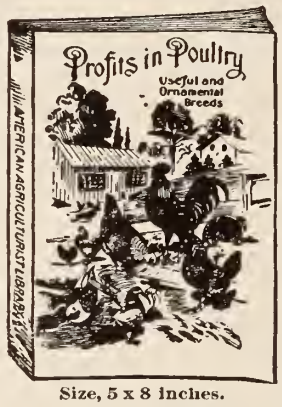

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Our Consul and His Pet

HONG KONG was invested with a new interest for Americans from the moment the first cablegram came from Dewey via that city, announcing his great victory. For a time all our news came through that port or from Madrid. Hong Kong has been a point of large importance to the insurgents, also, for ammunition and other supplies have reached them from that city. Our Consul at this Chino-English port has therefore, filled a delicate and responsible position; and perhaps our readers may be pleased to see his picture. The photograph we present shows Consul Wildman with his tiger-cub pet. The rather formidable pet will doubtless command the interest of many readers, who would rather expend their affection on some tamer and and less dangerous playmate.

MR. WILDMAN'S TIGER-CUB

The Bowery Mission's Need

The Bowery Mission is sorely in need of funds, owing to the extra strain resulting from the unusually large influx of strangers who come to the city in quest of work and who, disappointed for a time, are in need of temporary assistance. The Mission is open to all, and endeavors as far as its means will permit, to assist these men while looking for employment. It is said that **two hundred and fifty thousand men** have left their country homes, encouraged by the glowing reports of prosperity, and have come to the city to share in the advantages. Every section of the country has contributed its quota, and as we dare not turn these men away, we appeal to every home that has a boy in the metropolis, to aid in bearing this exceptional burden. A few dollars will go a great way.

We need at least fifteen hundred dollars more to carry us through the inclement season. You may be very much in sympathy with this effort to help homeless men, and we are very thankful for such sympathy; but in a cash contribution it will find peculiarly practical and highly acceptable expression.

If you have any serviceable clothing to donate, please send it to the Bowery Mission, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, and prepay the charges, which usually are very light.

Burned His Infidel Books

Marshall O. Waggoner, of Toledo, O., the converted infidel whose determination to burn his infidel library was announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few weeks ago, has done according to his promise. His large collection of atheistic books, supplemented by numerous etchings and engravings of an infidel character, was committed to the furnace in the basement of the United Brethren Church in Toledo, on the night of January 18th. Among the books were copies of almost every valuable infidel or agnostic work known to modern controversialists, from Paine's *Age of Reason* and Voltaire's famous volumes, down to the writings of Ingersoll. Only a few persons were present at the literary conflagration. When all the books had been burned, Mr. Waggoner told anew to the small gathering of spectators the story of his conversion.

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If you need a vehicle—carriage or buggy, surrey or phaeton, or want handsome, thoroughly well made harness, buy direct from the makers. Our plan of selling insures you both saving and satisfaction. Your money back if you are not satisfied with your purchase. Backed by a large plant and many years' experience, we are in a position to economize at every point in the making of carriages and harness, and to reduce the cost of production to the lowest notch. The buyer gets the benefit of this, besides

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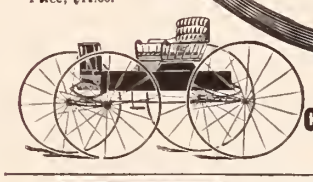

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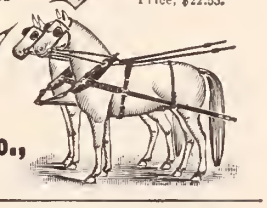

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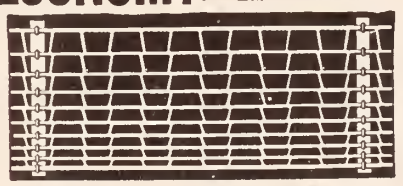

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("*THE 'SALT' OF SALTS*")

to the readers of this paper, we will send free, to every purchaser of a bottle of Abbey's Salt, a beautiful calendar for 1900, embossed and lithographed in 12 colors and gold.

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It will prevent and relieve Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Gout, Fevers, Nervous Depression, Skin, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

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Abbey's Salt is put up in three sizes; the 25-cent size is the usual trial size; the 50-cent size will cure a severe case of Dyspepsia or Constipation, while the $1.00 size is purchased by those who have learned of the benefits to be derived by the daily use of this excellent preparation.

Abbey's Salt is English and was introduced into the United States last spring. It is sold in DRUG STORES only, in many cities and towns, but if your druggist has not got it yet we will mail any size, postpaid, on receipt of price of same.

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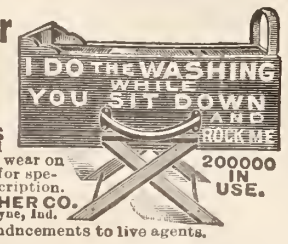

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First, the Kingdom of God

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 11. Matt. 13: 44-46

ONE of the instructive spectacles presented to Bunyan's pilgrim, was that of a man with a rake. This man was so busily engaged in raking together bits of straw—his eyes were so fixed on the rubbish he was gathering—that he did not see an angel who was hovering above him and trying to get his attention. The angel was offering the man a gold crown, but the man did not see it. All his mind was so intent on the accumulated sticks and straws, that he never looked up. One would long to speak to such a man, to call his attention to the treasure he was missing. If some visitant from the life beyond the grave came to this world, how often he must have that longing! Knowing, as he would do, the real value of things, he would be grieved to see men so intent on business and the gathering of a fortune, or so earnestly seeking fame or pleasure, that they were likely to miss eternal life, the greatest boon ever offered to man. If he could make himself heard, he would tell the man to secure the treasure first of all, to make the getting of that his chief business, and then to go on with less important matters. There are duties in life that we ought to perform, matters which, so long as we are in the flesh, we should attend to; but the spiritual matter should be attended to first, because it is the most important.

Firemen tell us that when a sudden alarm of fire is given, the persons in peril seldom save the things that are most valuable. In their distraction they generally snatch up something worthless to carry out of the fire, and leave valuable things behind. Afterwards they realize that they should have saved something else, but at the moment they have not presence of mind. It is this failure in the affairs of life that Christ's teaching was designed to correct. He would have us understand what is really important, and what has importance only for this life. The first thing to seek, he says, is the kingdom of God. If it can be gained only by sacrificing everything else, it is better to make the sacrifice. The man who finds a treasure, gets rid of all his possessions that he may secure that; the merchant who finds in the market a pearl, that is the finest pearl he has seen, sells all he has, that he may purchase it. Christ would have us so intent on entering the kingdom of God that we would give up everything that stands in our way. When the French were preparing to defend Paris against the German army in 1870, they destroyed a number of beautiful villas which stood in the way of the guns. They had no wish to destroy property, but the safety of the city was the first consideration, so they sacrificed everything that might hinder them in securing it. When a great fire is devastating a city, and the firemen realize that the only way to check it is to create a great gap that the flames cannot overleap, they have no hesitation about blowing up a few houses with dynamite. It is a pity to destroy the houses, but if a large section of the city can be saved by doing it, they will destroy them. So, it becomes a matter of relative importance, and the wise course is to make a sacrifice, if one be necessary, to secure something of greater importance.

This is the principle on which Christ's argument is based. There is nothing so important to any man as his entrance into the kingdom of God. Therefore that should be his chief concern. He must do his duty in the world; he should provide for his wife and family; but the entrance into the kingdom of God is the main thing. That should be attended to first. If some poor man, knowing the value of an education, denies himself in order to send his son to college, telling him at the outset that he hopes to see him become a great lawyer or doctor, how disappointed he would be if his son failed to pass his examinations and came back as ignorant as he went! The father would not be consoled by hearing that his son had been foremost in the football field, or stroke of the college boat. He might admire athletics, but he would say to his son, You should have made the getting of an education your first concern.

Protection FOR PLANTERS

Seed is the planter's ammunition, and good seed is just as important to the man behind the plow as good ammunition is to the "man behind the gun."

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do—they grow,—and grow. Failures are eliminated before the seed is sold. All tested at our Floracroft Trial Grounds. Our **1900 Garden and Farm Manual** gives helpful hints on seed selection. It does more—it shows exactly how the vegetables and flowers look when photographed. Send for it to-day. Free to all seed buyers, whether you sow by the yard or by the acre.

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15 Good Bulbs, Pkts. Flower Seed for 25 cts., postpa

All Blooming Bul All Rare Seeds.

The 15 Bulbs a e as follo **1 Double Begonia,** fa **2 Aztec Bridal Flowe** fragrant; **2 Cinnam Vine,** hardy cinnamon-scen climber; **1 Madeira Vi** climber, fragrant; **2 Eve blooming Montbretia 2 Gladiolus, the Bride; 2 Summer bloomi Hyacinth; 2 Giant French Ranunculus; Scarlet Freesia,** summer bloomer.

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You need no other seed catalogue if you have

Burpee's for 1900

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Write TO-DAY!

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Became Poor for Christ's Sake

A Pennsylvania Pastor Who Renounced Pulpit, Salary and Property that He Might Preach for Nothing to the Unshepherded

RARELY, indeed, in this money-making age, when even the churches seem mercenary, do we hear of the voluntary surrender of income and position for the Master's sake. Yet such is the story that comes from the town of Aspinwall, ., where Rev. W. J. Gillespie, pastor the United Presbyterian church, some-

REV. W. J. GILLESPIE

he ago gave up his pulpit and a salary $1.000 a year in order that he might each the Gospel "without money and thout price." His resignation is now the hands of the Allegheny Presbytery. is personal sacrifice has not been ade without due consideration. The urch is a prosperous one, and the par- held many attractions that would have used most pastors to hesitate before king the step that led to absolute sever- ce. But Mr. Gillespie had thought the tter out fully and had prayed earnestly er it, and finally came to the conclusion t the church no longer needed him: it uld pay the salary to some other incum- nt, while he could carry out his long- erished dream of devoting himself to e spiritual needs of some unshepherded ck, too poor to pay a pastor.

But Mr. Gillespie's programme of re- nciation called for the sacrifice of more an his pulpit and salary. At fifty-seven ars of age, he resolved to strip himself all his worldly possessions before tak- g up the Gospel work, as did the apos- s and teachers of old, without purse or ip, and trusting wholly to the Lord. hat little property he possessed, he nsferred to his wife as a provision ainst the necessities of old age. This ne, he was ready to go wherever the ll might lead him, to preach Christ to e poor and to minister among those o had no religious privileges. He be- ves that the Master intended that his fol- lvers should teach and preach in this way. Mr. Gillespie's letter explains fully the otives that led up to the decisive step ich has changed the whole character his life-work. He writes:

I was born near Ballynahinch, County own, Ireland, October 3d, 1842. My ther died when I was eight years old, aving my mother with two children, my ster being two years younger than I. ather had destined me for the ministry. y mother kept this fact steadily before e. In 1857 she brought us to America d settled in Newburg, N. Y., where she mained until her death, in 1891.

I was converted in 1859 under the min- ry of the Rev. J. R. Thompson, then d still pastor of the Westminster Re- rmed Presbyterian Congregation in ewburg, and joined his congregation. the spring of 1862 I went to Westmin- er College, New Wilmington, Pa., and aduated in the class of 1866. Mean- hile, I had enlisted, in June, 1863, and rved with the 55th Pennsylvania Vol nteer Infantry until discharged by rea- n of termination of term of service. I studied theology for three years in Allegheny under the late Drs. Sprout and J. R. W. Sloane. After graduation I spent a few months as a missionary in Minnesota, three hundred miles northwest of St. Paul.

In 1870 I was installed pastor of the United Presbyterian church, in Sparta, Ill., where I continued until called to the United Presbyterian Church, in Charles street, New York. In 1872 I married Jennie, only child of the late James B. Wier of Sparta, Ill., a wealthy farmer and a good man. We have one child, a daughter, who is married to Dr. C. Otis Boynton.

In June, 1886, I went to Leavenworth, Kan., and in July began the chaplain's work at the National Soldiers' Home, located there. I continued in this position until after my daughter's marriage broke up my home. In anticipation of this event I had determined that, if God made it possible, I would preach as the early ministers did—without any commercial contract. Meanwhile, my wife had inherited some property from her father, and I deeded to her what real estate we had, and gave our daughter what little cash we had on hand. I was thus left without any worldly cares, and had provided for the support of my family, which I hold every Christian man is bound to do. I had reason to know that there were many weak congregations unable to support a pastor. I also found that the ministry was looking for the churches paying the largest salaries. This, I thought, could not be God's way.

Only a few days ago, since offering my resignation, I heard of two congregations in Southern Illinois whose pastors had resigned. Neither of the congregations pay more than one thousand dollars a year, yet one had sixty-five applications from ministerial candidates; the other forty-four. To my positive knowledge there are congregations within fifty miles of Pittsburg, in needy localities, pastorless because they cannot pay more than five or six hundred dollars a year.

I hold that, according to the Word of God, every man who feels himself called into the ministry is at liberty to give his message to any who will listen, without making any previous bargain for so much a month or year, as though working under a business contract. I do not lay down any law for other men, only that I am free, and any man may be free to carry the Gospel into any open door without first making a business contract. I believe, also, that this will solve some of the difficult problems now before the Church. The great masses are not to be reached by mercantile methods.

I have thus given a few facts, and my reasons for offering my services to some unshepherded flock. That such a course was wise and pleasing to God I now know by the number of letters I have received, all the way from New York to Washington, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, and even Canada. Why so much attention has been given to it, I do not know, unless it be that the Lord Jesus wants other men to do likewise.

Yours, In His Name,
W. J. GILLESPIE.

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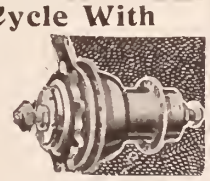

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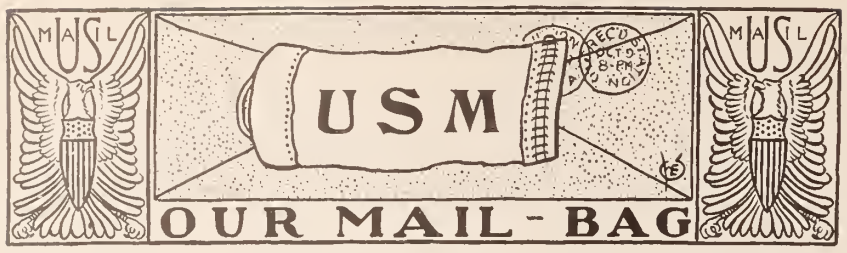
VOLUME 23—NUMBER 6

Leading a Soul into the Light

(SEE PAGE 107)

The Lay Evangelist at work among the inquirers in a New York Gospel Mission (James 5 : 20)



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These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 14

1. What four living issues of our time may be grouped as the four most important?
2. What six promoters of sociological reform should be given pre-eminence? The answer need not be confined to Americans, but must be limited to names of persons now living.
3. Does God's method of grace annul or revise his system of government? In other words, does the New Testament abrogate the laws of the Old Testament altogether or in part?
4. How many miles of steam railroad are there in the United States?
5. By what illustration may the fact that the twentieth century does not commence till the close of the year 1900 be most simply demonstrated?
6. How may we best solve what is known as the servant girl problem?
7. Has the principle of business co-operation among employers and employed advanced sufficiently to promise its wide adaptation within the next decade?
8. What text of Scripture may be presented as the most definite and powerful assertion of the deity of Christ?
9. Has the divine law in reference to the punishment of murder, as declared in Genesis 9: 6, and as fully defined and detailed in Numbers 35, ever been repealed?
10. Which book of the Bible is the oldest, and on what ground is the claim substantiated?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 21

1. What is the best definite plan for helping the poor?
2. When was the name Cousin Jonathan first given to the United States as a nation?
3. Is civil government an institution of divine appointment?
4. In the Bible we read, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Through what instrumentality does God execute his vengeance on evil-doers?
5. What is the leading lesson to be learned from the life of the late Dwight L. Moody?
6. Is it ever justifiable to use strategy or a ruse to gain a good end in church work?
7. What is the relative strength of the armies and navies of the five leading nations of the earth?
8. When we read, in the Revelation, of books being kept in heaven and also in connection with the Judgment Day, are we to understand the language as literal or figurative?
9. A gentleman is assured by physicians that he cannot live many months, owing to the presence of a disease from which he now suffers little, if at all. He has means more than ample to provide himself with necessaries and comforts. What should he do with the remaining months of his life?
10. When did celibacy among Christian priests come into vogue?

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 28

1. Which affords the greatest pleasures, memory, imagination or hope?
2. How may one know that he has had a personal and saving application of the blood of Christ?
3. What, in brief terms, constitutes a truly Christian life?
4. Who were the first recorded conquerors of Chaldea—the Elamites or the Medes?
5. What did Christ mean when, after Peter's confession of his Lord, he said, "Upon this rock will I build my church"? Who and what is the Rock?
6. What is the origin of the English alphabet?
7. Does the Bible tell us what period of time the building of the ark occupied? If so, where?
8. From what language is the word Christ derived?
9. What is the origin of the term "Hobson's choice"?
10. Is a Christian woman justified in purchasing goods that cannot be produced at the price paid except by underpayment of the labor required?

These Questions Will be Answered Mar. 7

1. What was the Ring of Polycrates?
2. What is the comparative speed of the hub and the tire of a wheel when in motion. How are the figures arrived at?
3. Who invented the bicycle?
4. What is the origin of the phrase "acknowledging the corn?"
5. When was the piano first used, or, what are its origin and history?
6. What would be a fair average annual expenditure for apparel by a woman in moderate circumstances?
7. What is the relative status of Gladstone, Bismarck and Cavour?
8. Are department stores helpful or harmful?
9. We are often told that it is a sin to get angry. What then does the Apostle Paul mean when he says to the Ephesians, "Be ye angry and sin not"?
10. Does God send trouble? Does the Bible afford any light on the subject?

Questions of the Week

1. Would it be wise for the Federal Government to undertake a pension system whereby a stated number of annual payments on the part of any citizen, male or female, should ensure the individual an annual endowment for the remainder of life?

It might be very wise if regulated by the principles adopted by reliable insurance companies in the payment of annuities. It would promote thrift. The plan could be operated very cheaply through the Post Office Department. Investors would have the credit of the government to secure them; consequently they would have an interest in defending the government against foreign foes and domestic insurrection and against loose financial legislation or theories which would impair its credit. The plan of government pensions is in vogue in Germany, where it is compulsory. Of course the element of compulsion would not answer in the United States under our constitution. H. C. UNDERHILL.

2. Judged from results, direct or indirect, what book by an American author has been most effective for good?

Ten Nights in a Bar Room has proved most effective in the cause of temperance. Its influence has been widespread and wonderful. Its graphic and faithful portrayal of the evils of intemperance aroused people of all classes. Its logic was the logic of facts, and it has wielded tremendous power. *In His Steps* has had an influence decidedly unique in the realm of practical benevolence. *Looking Backward* has started a revolutionary movement without precedent in social life. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did more than any other book to arouse antagonism to slavery. E. L. GRAHAM.

3. What is the best method of systematic domestic charity?

The Church of Christ should be the almoner of domestic charity. Where there is only one church in a locality, it is not impossible for its members to keep well acquainted with all cases of need in the community. In places in which more than one church exists, the work should be divided by consent. In rendering benevolence, effort should be made to denude it of all mere officialism. In large cities, the churches may do their work better by organization, but this should not prevent the contact between wise and warm-hearted representatives of the church and the needy ones who are to be helped. R. T. HOLT.

4. Which is the more important and useful invention, the telegraph or the telephone?

The telegraph. Through it the news of the world is gathered, large business transactions are consummated and the conveniences of social life are forwarded. The loss of the telegraph would prove a more serious calamity to the world than the loss of the telephone. The United States government proved the value of the telegraph during its war with Spain and has continued to do so since then in its military operations in its new possessions. M. T. MILNER.

5. What number of insane, feeble-minded, blind, and deaf and dumb people are there in the United States?

The United States census for 1890 furnished the following statistics: Total number of insane persons, 106,485; whites, 99,719; negroes, 6,535; Chinese, Japanese and civilized Indians, 231; males, 53,473; females, 53,012. Total number of feeble-minded persons, 95,609; whites, 84,997; negroes, 10,574; others, 38; males, 52,962; females, 42,647. Total number of blind persons, 50,568; whites, 43,351; negroes, 7,060; others, 157; males, 28,080; females, 22,488. Blind in one eye, 93,988. Total number of deaf and dumb persons, 40,592; whites, 37,447; negroes, 3,115; others, 30; males, 22,429; females, 18,163. There were also 121,178 persons unable to hear even loud conversation, of whom 80,611 were able to speak. Reports from thirty States to the Commission on States of the National Conference of Charity and Correction, showed 102,000 insane persons in 1896. At that rate there would be in the United States 145,000 insane persons. The percentage of insane to population in 1890 was 3.87 for foreign whites, 1.40 for native whites and .886 colored. S. M. MERCER.

6. In what country of the world is the proportion of suicides to the population the greatest, and where does the United States rank in the list?

According to the most reliable statistics (Barker's), the average rate of suicides per 100,000 population in countries everywhere from which statistics have been obtained is as follows: Saxony, 31.1; Denmark, 25.8; Schleswig-Holstein, 24; Austria, 21.2; Switzerland, 20.2; France, 15.7; German Empire, 14.3; Hanover, 14; Queensland, 13.5; Prussia, 13.3; Victoria, 11.5; New South Wales, 9.3; Bavaria, 9.1; New Zealand, 9; South Australia, 8.9; Sweden, 8.1; Norway, 7.5; Belgium, 6.9; England and Wales, 6.9; Tasmania, 5.3; Hungary, 5.2; Scotland, 4; Italy, 3.7; Netherlands, 3.6; United States, 3.5; Russia, 2.9; Ireland, 1.7; Spain, 1.4. No statistics are obtainable for countries in Asia, Africa or South America. The cause per 100 suicides are reported as follows: Insanity and delirium, 32; crime, vice, 22; alcoholism, 11; remorse of conscience, 6; family quarrels, 4; want, hunger, 4; diseases, 2; unknown reasons, 19. Paris furnishes the highest number of suicides per 100,000 population of any European city, averaging 42 per 100,000. In the United States, St. Louis seems to lead the list with 25.6 per 100,000 population. C. R. KIMBALL.

7. Is open or concealed sin the greater in the sight of God?

If sin is judged by God according to its results, and these only he can estimate, some specific cases of open sin might be deemed worse than some specific cases of concealed sin. Concealed, in this instance, simply means concealed from man, that is, sin committed in secret. Sin committed openly, has an element of open defiance toward God that adds to its heinousness, and it suggests the possibility of leading others into sin by force of brazen example. But secret sin has in it the element of hypocrisy, and no sin is more severely denounced by Christ than this. There is certainly nothing in Scripture that can afford any comfort to the secret violator of God's laws, on the ground that he might have committed greater offence had he been more open in his transgression. C. M. BANKS.

8. What is the fastest speed of a railroad train on record?

The fastest time on record was made by the Empire State Express on the New York Central and H. R. R., May 11, 1893, in a run of one mile from Crittenden, west, which was made in thirty-two seconds, being equal to 112 1-2 miles an hour. This was done with locomotive No. 999, the engineer being Charles Hogan. GRANT L. BICE.

A number of correspondents cite the case of a train on the Burlington Route which in January, 1899, made the run from Sidney to Arion, 2 1-4 miles, in one minute and twenty seconds and claim that the time made was 130 miles an hour; but a very simple calculation shows that the speed was only 108 miles an hour. EDITOR, MAIL-BAG.

9. Does man's brain continue to grow or otherwise, with advancing years?

Our best anatomists claim that the brain grows rapidly for the first seven years of life, less rapidly then on to the twentieth year, and still less so from this period on to forty, at which period it is said to reach its maximum. Beyond this limit, the brain is said to diminish slowly in weight, about one ounce for each decennial advance. Average brain weight in man is 49 1-2 ounces; in the female, some five or six ounces less. Brain weight is not always indicative of intellectuality; it is rather potential. In many instances it is a talent not developed, but wrapped in the napkin of neglect. Many a man with strong brain capacity goes through life with no more revelation of power than mediocrity gives. Another, with half the brain capacity, so improves and develops his potentiality as to increase and glorify his life, and in the race of progress far outstrips the less active man of greater capacity. ROBERT H. GOODIER, M.D.

10. Was Judas a subject of prophecy in the sense that he had been chosen before hand for the ignominious role he filled, or was he a moral free agent, capable of rejecting temptation to treachery and of desiring to act the part of a righteous disciple?

The question is a very hard one to answer. It is contended on the one side that Judas, as an absolutely free moral agent, could not have been chosen beforehand as the betrayer of Christ. The other and very general view among Christians, is that the act of Judas was foreshadowed, but that he was not predestined to betray the Lord. The question opens up the ever-present problem between God's foreknowledge and man's free will—a problem that cannot be solved in this life. Judas was undoubtedly responsible for his act. C. S. MARTIN.

Miscellaneous Questions

Luella H., Raleigh, N. C. You give Herodias' daughter the name Salome. Is her name thus recorded in the Bible?

No, but Josephus, the Jewish historian (*Antiquities* 18: 5, 4) and Nicephorus both identify her as Salome, the daughter of Herodias and Philip.

Buffalo, N. Y. My son wishes to have my consent to his keeping company with a Roman Catholic young lady (we being Protestants) with a view to marriage. Please advise me what to do about it.

Such unions usually turn out disappointingly if not disastrously. There can be no community of spiritual interest, such as should exist between husband and wife, and the happiness of both is in jeopardy. Their children's faith, too, is sure to be a bone of contention. Even the most conservative are agreed that such marriages are unwise and in the nature of an "unequal yoke."

G. S. A., Huntsville, Ala. Please tell me who wrote these lines:

> For still the new transcends the old,
> In signs and tokens manifold;
> Stones rise up men; the olive waves
> With roots deep set in battle graves.

Whittier, in *The Chapel of the Hermits.*

Josiah B., Conemaugh, Pa. A Presbyterian.

A. C., N. Y. It would be a mockery to do so.

Subscriber, Purcell, I. T. We cannot inform you.

Charles F., Batemantown, O. Yes, quite right.

Reader, Highfalls, N. C. It means "after the fact."

J. B. M., Herbst, Ind. Wherever he may happen to be called.

Fred L. M., Osceola, Pa. The story has been denied absolutely.

E. L., Oskaloosa, Ia. Write to Rev. W. H. Pope, New Haven, Conn.

M. G. S., Alumbank, Pa. Write to Scribner's or Harper's, New York.

L. L. P., Elwood, Miss. 1. Pronounced "E-awn" 2. He has written several.

G. W. G., Chebause, Ill. Only in good will; there are no financial obligations.

Rev. J. A. Monk, Baptist Church, Lake Geneva, Wis., would be glad to receive old Gospel hymn books for use by a poor congregation.

The Bedford Mission, 619 Water St., Philadelphia, can use back numbers of this journal or other good religious literature to advantage.

Aymer Nye. As there is little or no data in some of the cases, the answer would be largely conjectural. Consult a biographical encyclopedia.

Ulster Reader, Cormelly, N. Y. 1. Write to Gen. Eaton, the Concord, Washington, D. C. 2. Apply to Director of the Census, Washington, D. C.

J. M. B., Chillicothe, Mo. Both may be right, and usually are. It depends upon circumstances. No one is obliged to take out his mail on Sunday.

Ella M. C., Carthage, N. Y.; M. G. R., and Mary R., Middletown, N. Y. It is scarcely a matter that can be discussed in a religious journal.

Mrs. T. S., Sault St. Marie, Ont. It is altogether a matter for the individual conscience to decide. On general principles, it is a perfectly proper thing to do.

Carrie, Anderson, S. C. Hypnotism is yet imperfectly understood and is very largely practiced by charlatans and humbugs. We advise you to let it alone.

H. M. H., New Market, Ia. They are not printed in pamphlet form, though they appear in three thousand different papers, including THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, every week.

Mrs. E. B. A., Fitchburg, Mass. Our national flower has never yet been decided upon. The Columbine, so far, appears to have more advocates than any floral candidate for national honors.

J. W. R., New York. You are not liable for more than you actually subscribe for, and any publisher continuing to send his publication after your term of subscription has expired, does so at his own risk.

Perplexed Reader, Spearville, Kan. 1. Yes, it is a portion of the Lord's money. 2. Certainly she has a right to do so. "God first" is a good motto to be remembered. 3. No; she should draw the line when obedience ceases to be a virtue and becomes a sin.

The Last Call

THE announcement that hereafter twenty indestructible music rollers, worth $6.00, would accompany each of our Concert Roller Organs, which we are offering at $10.00, has given to the sale of these instruments such an impetus that the one thousand organs, which we purchased for the exclusive benefit of the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, will be fully disposed of within a very few days. We sound this final call that all those who really want one of these instruments, incomparable for cottage prayer-meetings, country Sunday Schools, young people's meetings, home worship and social entertainments, may take warning and act at once lest they be too late, for under no circumstances will we send out more than the **one thousand** instruments originally provided, and at the present time there are certainly not more than a hundred left—and hardly that many. The price is $10, and for that sum we send the **organ and twenty pieces of music** of your own selection from the list published in our issue of December 27th, 1899. If that issue should not be convenient for reference send us word and we will send you a catalogue of a thousand pieces of music, from which you may select any twenty, and these will be sent to you boxed with the organ. The purchaser pays the freight, which is very light. The size of the Concert Roller organ is 19 inches in length, 16 inches in width and 14 inches in height. Do not miss this golden opportunity. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Department, Bible House, New York.

Pastor Sheldon's Christian Daily

The Great Experiment of Conducting a Newspaper in Accordance With the Teachings of Christ, to be Begun on March 13th, 1900

SITTING in a small church on the edge of Tennesseetown, a negro suburb of Topeka, Kan., a few days ago, I tried hard to realize that the pastor had been preaching, during the last two years, in fourteen different languages to the largest congregations of any preacher of the century. It seemed a paradox too wild even for conjecture. The roar from the shaking cedars of Lebanon, borne in from all the world, was so loud, surely, to have come from a seed planted here. A miracle it seemed, and miracle it may have been; but fact, at all events, it certainly was, for I was sitting in the church study of Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*.

The strong, benignant faces of Phillips Brooks and Principal Bancroft of Andover, looked down from a desk's top: on the wall above them was the inscription, "Thy Kingdom Come;" directly opposite were photographs of negro children gathered in busy kindergartens, and other pictured evidences of earnest work to bring the Kingdom. On the other side of a partition, was a larger room in which a serial story was read on Sunday evenings four years ago, which has found the printed page and gone, in many different tongues, to 20,000,000 readers.

It was in this setting that I met Mr. Sheldon. He was quiet, serene, modest almost to shyness. His deep gray eyes were lighted with strong purpose and kindliness. Even if one knew nothing of the man's life and work, I think the impression would be irresistible that those eyes looked from a soul in which conscience was supreme. This impression would be at once confirmed by the directness and candor with which he met every question. Is a thing right or wrong? was the one touchstone of every decision.

Preparing for the Battle

I had been asked to be present at a conference between Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Frederick O. Popenoe, one of the owners of the Topeka *Capital*, at which the publication of a Christian daily paper was to be considered. Many preliminaries had already been agreed upon. This meeting was for the purpose of completing final arrangements. As a newspaper editor who had not infrequently a ten-column report of a prize fight, it was simply amazing to listen to the talk of a daily newspaper in which the prize fight would not receive so much space as a single line. Surely the publication office of such a paper would have to be in Utopia. But no; it was to be there in Topeka, for such was the clear agreement seriously made by two serious men. Mr. Sheldon, in short, was to have at last an opportunity, long desired, of showing to the world his idea of what a Christian daily newspaper ought to be.

It may interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know something of the inception and development of this Sheldon idea, which is now to be embodied in an experiment that will certainly be unique in journalism. At the Christian Endeavor convention in Detroit last July, Mr. Sheldon asked this question:

"In this day, when philanthrophy munificently endows our institutions of learning, is there here a man who, recognizing the potency of the public press to make or mar our civilization, will contribute a million dollars to establish a daily Christian newspaper?"

That question provoked wide discussion. It went at once from the Christian Endeavor convention to the country. Some praised the plan of such a paper, others criticised it, and nearly all opinions agreed in considering the plan an important one. But no man answered the question with an offer to endow the enterprise. At length, as interest in the subject increased, the Topeka *Capital* decided to place its plant absolutely at Mr. Sheldon's disposal for the experiment. Such an offer, without conditions, was made and accepted, and March 13th next has been fixed upon as the date upon which the author of *In His Steps* will assume the entire editorial and business management of the leading newspaper in Kansas. He will continue his management for six consecutive issues, and his control for that week will be absolute. *The Capital* turns over its presses, type, franchises and advertisement contracts without reservation. It becomes simply a plant for the publication of the paper. The experiment will be an unfettered one in an open field.

Mr. Sheldon is now arranging all the details of his plans for publishing a Christian daily. He is in dead earnest in this as he is in everything. He feels that the press is one of the greatest of moral levers and that its lifting power will be immeasurably augmented if its tone can be elevated and purified. Personally, he shrinks from becoming the conspicuous factor in the experiment, for he desires rather to sink his own personality in his work.

A Man of Rare Modesty

During an industrious newspaper life, in which I have met "all sorts and conditions of men"—men with ideals and men without them—I have never met a man who impressed me so deeply with the genuineness of his desire to efface himself as did Charles M. Sheldon. His thought is directed singly on the work and what may come of it.

PASTOR SHELDON'S CHURCH AT TOPEKA, KAN.

As to the probable contents of his Christian daily newspaper, Mr. Sheldon himself cannot, as yet, speak definitely.

From the first to the last page it is to be Christian, but in no way sectarian or denominational. Its editorials, its news, its advertisements must satisfy the challenge, "What would Jesus do?" It is his intention to devote a large portion of the receipts, after covering expense, to Christian and philanthropic work.

In the course of an editorial announcement *The Capital* said:

As to the results from the object lesson which this Sheldon edition will afford, we would not venture a prediction. They are sure to be many; they may be revolutionary. A world that is reading millions of copies of *In His Steps* every year, and that is even now taking them by the thousand every day from scores of presses before the ink can dry on their pages, may be a world that is waiting for a daily paper modeled after that remarkable book. If it is, the world will get what the world wants. H. SHERMAN HOUSTON.

REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Who will edit the first thoroughly Christian daily newspaper the world has ever seen

"A Practical Idealist"

Bishop John H. Vincent, of the Methodist Church, a familiar acquaintance of Mr. Sheldon, thus describes the Kansas pastor:

"Mr. Sheldon is a dreamer. He has a strong, original and prolific imagination. He is a remarkable dreamer—a genius. Thus endowed, he is of necessity an idealist. His specialty is in the direction of philanthropy. While scholars in seminaries are speculating concerning sociological problems, Mr. Sheldon is experimenting; and as he dreams of the ideal possibility, he puts pen to paper and produces sanctified romance. He is a Christian Socialist—a practical idealist. As his standard of life is the Christ who assumed humanity to show man what to be and how to live, he naturally applies his Christian faith and power of idealization to the practical application of Christ and his ideas. He is humble, gentle, unselfish, declines public recognition, and is the same candid, simple-hearted Christian he has been through all these years."

What Will Mr. Sheldon Do?

Christian Herald Readers Invited to Help Him in His Undertaking

NO practical application of the great test question, "What would Jesus do?" has ever awakened such a deep and widespread interest as that undertaken by Pastor Sheldon, who will begin the publication of the Topeka *Capital* as a Christian daily newspaper on March 13. The whole country will watch with intense interest for the appearance of every issue of the *Capital* during the six days of his control. It was certainly a most courageous and commendable thing for Mr. Popenoe to surrender his property for such a purpose, without a single condition or limitation.

And now the universal question is: "What will Mr. Sheldon do?" Will he attack the corruptions and impurities in state and national politics? Will he unmask hypocrisy and vice in high places? Will he attempt reform on new and startling lines? Will he assail the policies of leading statesmen as venal and time-serving? Will the administration be arraigned on the liquor question? Will the churches be sternly rebuked for their lukewarmness? Will religious apostasy be set in the pillory? Will war and its advocates be declared abhorrent to the Master, and a violation of his teachings? Will a deep and far-reaching note of prophetic warning be uttered against a nation which loves gold better than God, and power and pleasure more than the things of the Kingdom? Will the dissipations of the age, in theatre, staked arena, ballroom and gambling hall be held up to scorn, as unworthy of a nation which professes to be Christian?

"What will Pastor Sheldon do?" will be asked, when the thousand and one offensive details of current crime come to the surface in his editorial rooms as printable news. What of the murders, the bigamies, the divorces, the assaults; the betting of the "sports" and the gambling of the exchanges; the pools, rings, corners and combinations for plunder and profit; the army of business humbugs and the vast array of professional nostrum vendors? Will he take fraud and deceit and imposition to task wherever found and unmask them, or will he pass them by in silence? Will he tell the truth about all things that come up for editorial judgment or simply condemn, by omission? Will he print a paper with the real news—not the veneered, polished and skilfully deceptive statement, but the bare, bald unameliorated Truth, without distortion?

The greatest, and in many respects the hardest, task of his life lies before Mr. Sheldon now. His is a heroic undertaking and God's people everywhere will hope and pray for his success. It may be, too, that they can help him at his work in a material way, and one which we believe he would greatly appreciate. He has yet several weeks of preparation before he assumes control of *The Capital*. We invite our readers to send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD any suggestions as to topics which they believe Mr. Sheldon could take up to advantage in his paper, and especially topics that will be helpful to the Christian cause. Every such suggestion forwarded to us will assuredly be placed in Mr. Sheldon's hands.

In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was stated that the price of the entire six Sheldon issues of *The Capital* would be 25 cents, "the same as any six regular issues." In this we were misinformed. We have since learned that the regular price of the paper is 10 cents per week—but that in order to meet the increased expenses incident to the Sheldon edition it has been advanced to 25 cents per week during his editorship.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Captured Grindstones

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Samuel 13: 19-21:

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears. But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter and his ax, and his mattock. Yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads."

WHAT a galling subjugation for the Israelites! The Philistines had carried off all the blacksmiths, and torn down all the blacksmith's shops, and abolished the blacksmiths' trade in the land of Israel. The Philistines would not even allow these parties to work their valuable mines of brass and iron, nor might they make any swords or spears. There were only two swords left in all the land. Yea, these Philistines went on until they had taken all the grindstones from the land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax, he had to go over to the garrison of the Philistines to get it done. There was only one sharpening instrument left in the land, and that was a file; the farmers and mechanics having nothing to whet up the coulter, and the goad, and the pickaxe, save a simple file. Industry was hindered and work practically disgraced. The great idea of these Philistines was to keep the Israelites disarmed. They might get iron out of the hills to make swords of, but they would not have any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If they got the iron welded, they would have no grindstones on which to bring the instruments of agriculture or the military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heel on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and knees, climbs up a great rock, beyond which were the Philistines; and his armor-bearer, on his hands and knees, climbs up the same rock, and these two men, with their two swords, hew to pieces the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. Two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

I learn, first, from this subject, that it is dangerous for the Church of God to allow its weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies. These Israelites might again and again have obtained a supply of swords and weapons, as for instance, when they took the spoils of the Ammonites; but these Israelites seemed content to have no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths, no grindstones, no active iron mines, until it was too late for them to make any resistance. I see the farmers tugging along with their pickaxes and plow, and I say, "Where are you going with those things?" They say, "Oh, we are going over to the garrison of the Philistines, to get these things sharpened." I say, "You foolish men, why don't you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the Church of Jesus Christ to-day. We are too willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools, and the colleges, and the arts, and the sciences, and the literature, and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after a while, when the great battle between Sin and Righteousness has opened, if we do not look out we will be as badly off as these Israelites, without any swords to fight with and without any sharpening instruments.

The Tyndallean thinkers of our times are trying to get all the intellectual weapons in their own grasp. We want scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform. We want to send out against Schenkel and Strauss and Renan a Theodore Christlieb, of Bonn, and against the infidel scientists of the day, a God-worshiping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz. We want to capture all the philosophical apparatus, and swing around the telescopes on the swivel, until through them we can see the morning star of the Redeemer, and with mineralogical hammer discover the Rock of Ages, and amid the flora of all realms find the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. We want some one able to expound the first chapter of Genesis, bring to it the geology and the astronomy of the world, until, as Job suggested, "The stones of the field shall be in league" with the truth, and the stars in their course shall fight against Sisera. Oh, Church of God, go out and recapture these weapons!

Let men of God go out and take possession of the platform. Let any printing presses that have been captured by the enemy be recaptured for God; and the reporters, and the type-setters, and the editors, and the publishers swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Again: I learn from this subject what a large amount of the Church's resources is actually hidden, and buried, and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land, this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass;" and yet hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, that is the difficulty with the Church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If one half of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat, and make them bite the dust. If human eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it would in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God.

The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills. Oh, is it not time for the Church of God to rouse up and understand that we want all the energies, all the talent and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the Church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you as the general said when his troops were affrighted — rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice until twenty thousand troops heard him crying out "Forward, the whole line!" We want all the laymen enlisted. Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. It is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If men go to ruin, there will be as much blood on your skirts as there will be on mine.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us, in all our churches, two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits' end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. Before you and I have the sod pressing our eyelids we will, under God, decide whether our children shall grow up amid the accursed surroundings of vice and shame, or come to an inheritance of righteousness. Long, loud, bitter, will be the curse that scorches our grave if, holding within the Church to-day enough men and women to save the city, we act the coward or the drone.

Again: I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's grindstones. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes, and their goads, and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I read at the beginning of the service—that they had no other instruments now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it, for Christ's sake. The fact is, we fight with too dull weapons, and we work with too dull implements. We hack and we maul, when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men, and among sharp literary men, and find out what their tact is, and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it.

In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones, and will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail-trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. That was what made Paul such a master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward, standing on Mars Hill, and in crowded thoroughfare, quoted their poetry, and grasped their logic, and wielded their eloquence, and employed their mythology, until Dionysius the Areopagite, learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tremendous powers. My friends, we all have tools of Christian power. Do not let them lose their edges. We want no rusty blades in this fight. We want no coulter that cannot rip up the glebe. We want no axe that cannot fell the trees. We want no goad that cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the very best grindstones we can find, though they be in possession of the Philistines.

Again: my subject teaches us on what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords; then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works: it grabs everything! It begins with robbery, and ends with robbery. It despoils this faculty and that faculty, and keeps on until the whole nature is gone. Was the man eloquent before, it generally thickens his tongue. Was he fine in personal appearance, it mars his visage. Was he affluent, it sends the sheriff to sell him out. Was he influential, it destroys his popularity. Was he placid, and genial, and loving, it makes him splenetic and cross; and so utterly is he changed that you can see he is sarcastic and rasping, and that the Philistines have left him nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard!" His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man: "Now, surrender to me and I will give you all you want—music for the dance, swift steeds for the race, imperial couch to slumber on, and you shall be refreshed with the rarest fruits, in baskets of golden filigree." He lies. The music turns out to be a groan. The fruits burst the rind with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted reptiles. The couch is a grave. Small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—nothing but a file. Oh, sin has a great facility for making promises; but it has just as great facility for breaking them!

A Christian life is the only cheerful life, while a life of wicked surrender is remorse, ruin, and death. Its painted glee is sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest days of the Mexican Empire, Montezuma said he felt gnawing at his heart something like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild beast of the forest, sometimes licks all over its victim in order that the victim may be more easily swallowed; but generally sin rasps, and galls, and tears, and upbraids, and files. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hildebrand? Is it not so, Robespierre? Aye; aye! It is so, it is so. "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was founded, on that day there were twelve vultures flying through the air, but when a transgressor dies the sky is black with whole flocks of them. Vultures! vultures! When I see sin robbing so many, and I see them going down day by day and week by week, I must give a plain warning. I dare not keep it back, lest I risk the salvation of my own soul. Rover, the pirate, pulled down the warning bell on Inchcape Rock, thinking that he would have a chance to despoil vessels that were crushed on the rocks; but one night his own ship crashed down on this very rock and he went down with all his cargo. God declares: "When I say to the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, that same man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

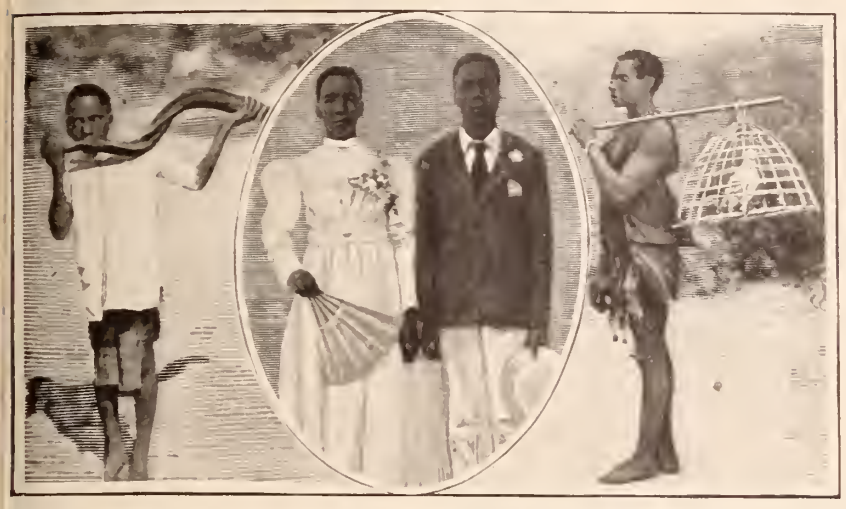
I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the Church of God loses its metal! These Philistines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites, all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the Church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. It has not enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pew or in pulpit or in a religious society, and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial, and all persecution, and all criticism. The Church of God to-day wants more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blast of opposition he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetting the fact that if a man be right, all the opposition of the earth pounding away at him, cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when a man is wrong that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and he is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause, the betterment of the world, the advance of righteousness and the salvation of men.

Go forth in the service of Christ, and do your whole duty. You have one sphere, I have another sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." We want more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor-bearer he hewed down the Philistines; and a man of very ordinary intellectual attainments on his knees can storm anything for God, and for the truth. We want something of the determination of the general who went into the war, and as he entered his first battle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage; and he looked down at his knees, and said: "Ah, if you knew where I am going to take you, you would shake worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask, and for me to ask, What does God want me to do? Where is the field? Where is the work? Where is the anvil? Where is the prayer-meeting? Where is the pulpit? And, finding out what God wants us to do, go ahead and do it—all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking. O, my brethren, we have but little time in which to fight for God! You will be dead soon. Put in the Christian cause every energy that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might; for there is neither wisdom nor device in the grave," whither we are all hastening. Opportunities of usefulness gone forever; souls that might have been benefited three months ago never again coming under our Christian influence. Oh, is it not high time that we awake out of sleep?

An African Wedding-Feast

Missionary Richards Describes a Leading Social Event at a Tropical Mission—500 Guests Serenade the "Happy Pair"



SOUNDING THE HORN—NATIVE BRIDE AND GROOM—OFF TO THE FOWL MARKET

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember with pleasure the interesting letters from Rev. E. H. Richards, American missionary at Inhambane, East Africa, which have appeared in these columns at intervals during the last few years. Mr. Richards, whose work is conducted under the auspices of the Methodist Missionary Board, is in the centre of a most promising field. In a letter just received he writes that Bishop Hartzell recently paid the mission a brief visit. "Our mail since the Transvaal war began," Mr. Richards adds, "has been meagre and irregular. I suppose it was captured by the Boers, who took it from the railway enroute from Cape Town to Delagoa Bay."

The writer gives a most interesting description of social life at the mission station and in the country round about. For the edification of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers he encloses a number of photographs, several of which are reproduced on this page. Regarding a recent social event of importance he writes:

"It was a native wedding at Makodweni, our most recent wedding, and we are still fresh with particulars. The bride was dressed (an all-important item in this country), in an immaculate suit of common table-cloth stuff, which cost $1.50 per yard. Mrs. Richards made it and wrought a ruffle on it. For three whole days the ladies of our boarding-school admired it, with hands over their mouths, and hearts in their throats. That gown never lacked for admiration. The groom is a 'windfall' to us from the converts at Johannesburg, and of sound Presbyterian faith. He is now a member of our M. E. Church at Makodweni.

"Another photograph shows the writer (the missionary himself) counting 'noses' to discover how to lengthen out five pots of pork and three pots of mutton till they shall have sufficed for five hundred empty and uninvited stomachs, whose owners brought them to the wedding without any bidding at all. All who came were treated as guests, but the amount of meat which each received varied from a thimbleful for the vagrant, all the way up to a gallon or so for the groom. The parties sat on the ground (which was well bared of grass) in groups of so many kraals each, and most of them waited for hours and received but a fragment; but they were there, and at the feast, and helped to eat the three hogs, three sheep, and a hundred fowls.

"After the supper had been eaten, the Christians formed into two bands, and marched about singing, "There is a happy land," and everything else in the hymn book. It was a great improvement on what they would have sung had there been no hymn books. After they had sung the hymns over a few times, they abandoned the words and took up some tune and made up the words as they required them. They made a play that would have done honor to better educated folks, picturing the home, singing:

"'Here's the bridegroom,' 'Here's the palace.'

"'Here's the garden,' 'Here's the washtub.'

"'Here's the breakfast,' 'Here's the baby,' and everything else clear down the whole line. The words appeared natural enough after their manner, and the hymn was only well under way about midnight. It ended near dawn, when all the chief singers were too hoarse to make any perceptible sound. And it was a choice wedding, too.

"Another picture from my kodak shows a specimen of our 'Kaffie' corn. It is tall. The lady is five feet and six inches. The corn is one of the common foods of the land. You will notice that the 'ear' of corn is longer than one's whole arm. This food is often soured (*i.e.*, malted) and made into a regular beer—the curse of the country.

"One of the photographs shows a native going to the fowl-market at the door of the mission station. Their baskets are the common freight car for fowls. The bird is lucky if he has the luxury of this contrivance, for usually he is strung up by the heels over a pole, and carried head downward for half a day in the hot sun. Fowls are selling very dear here now; they are five for a quarter (U. S. currency). They used to be ten for a quarter, but they have risen of late. They may some day attain the price of civilized fowl, but we suspect it will be after our day. Still another figure from my camera shows Dawulela with the horn of a 'Koodoo' calling the boys to work, or school. He is clad in the common mission garb, for despite the cost, we make bold to clothe our children with two garments—one an attempt at a civilized cut, and one the best form of native garment. This covers him for the most part and is as inexpensive as anything that will stick to a boy. He can sound octaves, thirds and fifths on his instrument, and others can play the harp of one string pretty well.

"A sad thought occurs to me about the children here. Many of these little ones would most surely be saved if we could take them into our homes and shut them off for a season from their home inheritances of filth and superstition. As it is, if they live to maturity, it is almost impossible for them to escape the fate of all thoroughbred heathen. What a burden is on the Christian world, and how lightly the burden rests on many of us!

"Our mission home at Kambini is an old but picturesque house, with a large tamarind tree in front and rear, which bears fruit at all seasons. The house is of the common corrugated iron, and suffers but little from the ravages of the ever-present white ant. There are probably one thousand natives within a mile of this house, and the country is full of them.

"One of our elderly men is a chief of one of the important districts in this provience. His son and heir is 'royalty' just as legal, in a way, as that which sits on the throne of England. To how much does 'royalty' amount! This man's knowledge is less abundant than his clothing, his house, or earthly possessions all told, and they are all in sight save a few never cultivated acres of land.

"I am thinking of building a girls seminary, at a cost of $6,000 all told, without furniture. We have a population of some two to three millions of souls, and not a school of any grade. We have only our little home schools in our back parlors. Can the Christians of America find a grander work than helping in this project?"

ERWIN H. RICHARDS.

1. MISSIONARY RICHARDS AND HIS OUT-DOOR KITCHEN. 2. "KAFFIE CORN"

An Actor and a Preacher

An actor in a Western town, while walking the streets one night and looking for a gambling house, happened to pass a Gospel Mission where they were singing: "Throw Out the Life-Line." He entered, felt the contrast between the warmth and light and joyousness within and between the happy experiences given and the darkness and hopelessness of his own life. Tears gathered in the eyes of the lonely wanderer; he went out with his heart stirred to its very depths. Card-table, barroom, strong drink, had lost in that hour their attraction for him. He wanted the Holy Spirit—the spirit of purity, love, truth and peace—dwelling within his heart and life, and he hungered and thirsted for nothing else so much as this. Soon after, he wandered into another mission, stood up and confessed Jesus as his Master, resigned his position in his company, and faced poverty and want. God opened for him the way to a year's course in a theological seminary, and now he is using the gift of his trained voice in the Master's service.

A Christian Millionaire

Mr. J. M. Cornell speaks to the waifs and outcasts at the Bowery Mission

THE Bowery Mission was recently blessed by a visit from one of New York's most remarkable business men. Mr. J. M. Cornell is not only the head of a firm possessing vast commercial interests, and employing a large number of men, but he is known throughout the

FROM THE AFRICAN KITCHEN GARDEN

Methodist church as one of its most active laymen, and most generous givers. His interest in men is intense. His knowledge of working men, and the many problems that affect their welfare, has rarely been equalled.

When he appeared in the mission, and took his place on the platform, with his two stalwart sons at his side, a very keen interest was aroused in the hearts of the great crowd that was waiting to hear him. Probably the men of the Bowery Mission never listened to a more stirring or successful address than that of this millionaire employer. Mr. Cornell, in his first sentence, put himself on the same level with his hearers. He made them understand how thoroughly he was acquainted with their peculiar needs. There was something manly and noble in the ideal he set before them, and it seemed so gloriously possible, even to the poorest, and weakest, and most distressed. He told them the story of Barney Quin who tried to live a good life, but trusted in his own strength and failed; and the contrasting story of the man who, in utter despair was bent upon suicide, when Mr. Cornell became the providential means of turning him to the Cross, where he was gloriously saved. These were the two parables that formed the basis of the address. Then, in conclusion, Mr. Cornell told that great crowd of homeless men how God loved them, and as the proof of that great fact he reminded them of the giving of "His only Son," and when, in a parenthesis, the speaker, with a quick glance at the two young men at his side, said, "I tell you, boys, if I had to give up my two sons, it would break me all to pieces," there was not a man in the hall who did not feel the truth of the speaker's words.

In the after-meeting, the workers went down the aisles seeking out those who needed help and prayers. Mr. Cornell joined them, and was as industrious as any, and led several poor, weary men to the front. And the story of this rich man coming down on a stormy winter day to meet these poor outcasts, of the loving words he spoke to them, and how he knelt beside the raggedest, and with his arm around them directed them to Christ, has been the talk of the Bowery ever since.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Jesus at Jacob's Well

The Talk with the Samaritan Woman

..By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 18th. JOHN 4: 5-26

WHEN Uncle Will had read this story, impressively, at the usual Sabbath evening round table of home Bible study of the cross-roads farmers and their families, he exclaimed: "The most wonderful thing in the world is in this story, the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian faith—God seeking man. Farrar pictures the noblest heathen as 'Seekers after God,' but Jesus tells this lowly woman that 'The Father seeketh such'—seeketh sinful human hearts to love him. That is what seeking worshipers means. Worship is loving God. Incense is but the sign of that, and a mockery if the love arise not from the unseen censer of the heart. Faith is friendship. Bishop Brooks once said: 'It is not God's truth, it is not God's law—it is God that is the salvation of the world—not an instruction, not a commandment, but a Friend.' God seeking men! That is what Jesus was doing as he sat tired and thirsty at the well, not stalking through the earth as a stately divinity, but walking in a lowly humanity straight to the heart's door of the heavy-laden. All theology is here condensed in a living parable: The Father in Christ, who manifests both divinity and humanity in this story, seeking men, not the true nobility of Nicodemus only in proud Jerusalem, but the real serfs of sin at Samaria's well, calling both alike to conversion as the fountain of that eternal life whose river is Christian service, whose ocean is heaven's crystal sea."

. . .

Honor All Men "If this story," said Sanders, "glorifies God, no less does it exemplify the command, 'Honor all men.' It shows the value God puts on every human soul. If even the best of his apostles, who were the best quality of humanity then to be found, had been in Christ's place they would have shown threefold contempt to the water-bearer, first, because she was a woman; second, because she was a Samaritan, half foreign in blood; third, because she was immoral. Some who bear the Christian name would have shaded their contempt with the further fact that she was a workwoman.

"The apostles on their return 'marveled that he talked with a woman.' She herself was surprised that a Jew would speak to a Samaritan. And even modern Christians would be surprised to find a talented preacher of to-day talking at all, especially in such a lofty strain, without prejudice or even patronage, to such a sinner."

"To any one sinner for that matter," said Selah Brown, "many a preacher has dismissed a service and saved his sermon; and many a Sabbath School teacher has taught listlessly or not at all, when in bad weather of summer or winter, the audience or class has been reduced to one.

. . .

A Great Sermon to One Hearer "A public lecturer, by way of a joke, tells that on one occasion, finding but one person had come to hear him, he addressed him as follows: 'As an individual you may be a success, but as an audience you are a perfect failure.' Instead of saying that to Nicodemus or the woman of Samaria, Christ spoke to them as impressively as when he preached to multitudes, so unconsciously teaching the value of every human soul."

"That reminds me," said Tom Brown, "of a story of Dr. Lyman Beecher who, one stormy, snowy night, preached to but one hearer, who went away before the doctor could speak to him. Twenty years afterwards, in a pleasant village in Central Ohio, a stranger accosted Mr. Beecher, saying: 'Do you remember preaching some twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the doctor, grasping his hand. 'I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wanting to see you ever since.'

"'I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul—made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio.'"

Mrs. Uncle Will: "Saving one at the well of Samaria led to saving many through her. So it often is even when the one saved is but a child. In Syria, a few years ago, a little barefooted Maronite girl was induced to attend a missionary school by the offer of a pair of shoes. She came a few Sabbaths and was greatly interested. Her parents feared that she would become a Christian, and so forbade her further attendance. But on the Sabbath when she was sent to the well for water, she would stop to rest with her jar of water on her shoulder, within hearing of the singing in the Sabbath School. And so she obtained 'living water.' It was impossible for her non-Christian parents to check the Christian life in her soul. She fled from home, and was educated in the mission school at Beyrout, and has since become the means of leading hundreds of souls to Christ. Do you not recognize in my story the well known, widely beloved Layyah Barakat?"

"What a study of human nature," said Selah Brown, "that woman of Samaria was! When Christ had at once surprised and honored her by asking her to give him to drink, and had told her she could in turn have living water for the asking, how like our unspiritual way of hearing was her reply. 'Thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep.' A volume might be written on water as the symbol of the Christ-life in the soul, cleansing from love of sin, satisfying soul thirst, and supplying life power. But many only reply to this ocean of truth, 'Sprinkle me with holy water.' There is no holy water save that of the soul. And then when Jesus read this woman's heart like an open book and saw there a modern French romance in real life with five divorces in her 'tandem polygamy,' how she tried to turn the subject to a sectarian discussion, above which Christ rose instantly, leaving all denominational temples for the upper air where all true worshipers are one in spirit."

"I THAT SPEAK UNTO THEE AM HE"

"At last she got the cleansing water," said Ruth Sanders, the Quakeress, "and then bore it gladly and swiftly to her neighbors.

"Canon Wilberforce says that a Christian's duty is to admit, submit, commit and transmit. 'You admit the truth of Christ, you submit your will to Christ, you commit your soul to Christ, but what do you transmit to others? Let every hearer become a herald. The water of life stagnates if we do not pass it on. A Christian life is not a pond but river and 'everything shall live whithersoever the river runneth.'"

. . .

Immortality on Earth "Do not forget," said Mr. Isaacs, "while speaking of doing good, the beautiful suggestion of that saying at the beginning of the lesson, 'Jacob's well was there.' That is but one of many illustrations of the immortality of good men on earth in their influence. Every church, every charity, every noble book or song, every true word and deed, is a well at which long years afterwards Jesus shall drink in the person of some soul influenced to hope and faithfulness."

Mr. Sanders: "In Glasgow stands a beautiful fountain inscribed, 'They being dead yet speak.' Beneath it the names and story of two young men who, in the dark days of persecution in Scotland, were called to yield up their lives for Christ's Crown and Covenant. They were burned at the stake in the very spot where the fountain now stands, but every soul in Scotland drinks the waters of freedom from the well they dug."

Mother Manson: "A very poor and aged man busied in planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation: 'Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?' He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, replied: 'Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone.'"

Mrs. Uncle Will: "The well I shall tell of is a tapestry picture of this story which brought a Frenchman to the living water. Bible picture rolls are used in our Sabbath Schools which contain large colored pictures to illustrate the current lessons. These pictures are reproduced in miniature and printed on cards to be given to the children to carry home. A special edition of the Bible roll, and the cards is prepared to be used in France. In a Sabbath School in Paris it is the custom to divide the large roll, giving the pictures as prizes at the end of the quarter to the most faithful scholars. A little girl brought home a small card with the picture of Jesus and the woman at the well, with which the father, who was a worker in Gobelin tapestry, was so well pleased that he said: 'If you will be a good girl and get the big picture like this, father will put it into the looms and weave it.' Not a person in the household ever attended church except the Sabbath School girl, but they were all interested in helping her to get the large picture. She did obtain it, and the father began to weave it. While weaving the face of Christ, he was so impressed by its beauty that he became a Christian. Subsequently the other members of the family—the mother and the sisters—also became Christians and joined the church. Another item of interest connected with this bit of tapestry, measuring only about 18 x 14 inches, is the fact that the father of the little girl found himself unable, financially, to complete the weaving. The incident was told Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, who sent one hundred and twenty-five dollars to purchase the picture in tapestry, when it should be completed, and it is now in his possession."

Mrs. Brown: "That reminds me of a story of a gentleman stopping at a noted watering-place, who went one morning to one of the springs for a draught of water. While there, a lady came also for a draught of the cooling, sparkling water; the aged Christian turned to her and asked her if she had ever drunk at the Great Fountain. The lady turned and walked away without answering the question. Not many months after, the gentleman was attending a meeting for religious conference and prayer. While there a request came for him to visit a lady in the town, who was dying. As he entered the dying lady's chamber, she fastened her eyes on him, and said with a smile: 'Do you recognize me?' The gentleman was forced to answer in the negative; when the lady said: 'Do you remember asking a lady last spring if she had ever drunk at the Great Fountain?' 'Yes,' said the gentleman, 'I remember that.' 'Well, sir, I am that person. I thought at the time you were very rude, but your words rang in my ears and I was without peace or rest until I found Christ; I now expect to soon pass to my Saviour. I wanted to encourage you by telling you that, under God, you were instrumental in bringing me to Christ. Be faithful to others as you have been to me."

. . .

Jesus the Model Teacher Mrs. Uncle Will: "This story is a whole philosophy of teaching in living form.

"1. The small size of Christ's class did not discourage him.

"2. The antipathy of his one scholar did not turn him aside.

"3. The unpromising character of this scholar did not deter him from trying to do her good.

"4. There was no race prejudice in his heart.

"5. He proceeded on the principle of doing good for evil.

"6. Her opposition did not ruffle his patience.

"7. He ignored his own weariness as he put forth effort to do her good.

"8. He set conventionalities aside.

"9. He inspired his pupil with confidence.

"10. He put truth in convincing form.

"11. He aroused in her a desire to reach others with the truth by which she had been impressed.

"12. He cooperated with her in doing good to others."

"Let us close our talk," said Uncle Will, "with the thought of the harvest. There are two kinds of harvests, which may be illustrated by two incidents, which I will now give you:

. . .

Two Kinds of Harvests A young man was listlessly strolling through the streets of the village of C——, on a Sabbath evening, and seeing the doors of a church open, he entered, when the preacher was far advanced in his discourse, and quietly took a seat at the back part of the house. The text, as he soon discovered from the sermon, was, "*The way of transgressors is hard.*" And as, at the close of a period, the preacher repeated it, with deep earnestness, he added, "Yes; the *way* of transgressors *is* hard, but *the end* of that way is *harder still!*"

Like an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty, that last expression entered with power into the young man's soul. As he left the church, those words, "*the end of that way is harder still*," kept ringing in his ears. They followed him to his dwelling, and went with him to the retirement of his chamber; and for days gave him no rest till he was brought in penitence and faith to the only Saviour of sinners. He soon made a profession of religion; then studied for the ministry; then was ordained pastor of a church; and still lives, at the age of three-score years and ten, to proclaim the gospel of Christ.

Years passed away, when, in a distant city, that young man, now in the full vigor of manhood, was relating this occurrence of his early days, and speaking of the deep impression made upon him by the remark, and the solemn earnestness of the preacher. It was in a little circle of friends where the late excellent Dr. D—— was present; and as the speaker ended the narrative, the former asked:

"Where did you hear that sermon?"

"In the village of C——," was the reply.

"And in what year was it?"

"In the year 18—," said the other.

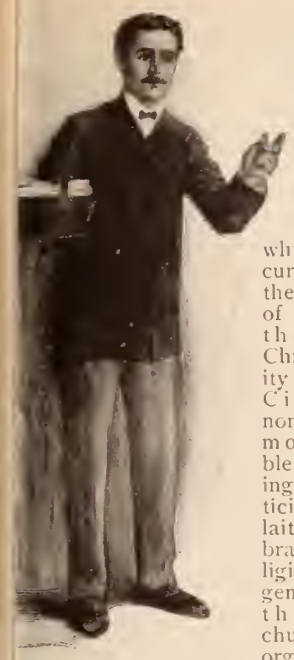
"Then," said Dr. D——, while tears of emotion and thankfulness filled his eyes, "I was the preacher."

"And I," said the other, "was led to Christ and to the ministry by that sermon, and especially by the remark, and the solemn and tender earnestness with which you uttered it, that '*the end is harder still!*'"

The Unordained Clergy's Mission

Business Men and Others Who, as Lay Evangelists, Are Doing a Christ-like Work Among New York's Non-Church Going and Neglected Multitudes

(See Illustration on first page)



A YOUNG LAYMAN

OF the many changes which have occurred during the past quarter of a century in the field of Christian activity in New York City, possibly none has been more remarkable or far-reaching than the participation of the laity in various branches of religious effort. A generation ago, the individual church was the organized centre for all efforts along spiritual lines and the pastor the recognized leader. All but a very small fraction of active Christians were connected with one of the half-dozen leading denominations. But the close of the century shows a wholesale multiplication of denominations, independent churches, missions, Christian associations, organizations after the pattern of the Salvation Army, and bodies religious and semi-religious, in which the laity occupies a place of increasing prominence. All this has brought about a great change in methods and organization, as well as an entire readjustment of relations and responsibilities of the clergy and laity.

As against all objections to the participation of laymen in evangelistic effort, the lay preacher finds the strongest Scriptural warrant for the combined secular and sacred service in which he is engaged. From the Apostle Paul to Dwight L. Moody there is an unbroken succession of evangelists taken from the ranks of business men, who have been largely supported by secular occupations while preaching the Gospel.

* * *

The Lay Preacher in Business There are many who suppose that those who devote themselves to these forms of evangelistic effort are mainly men of certain eccentricities and uncertain business occupation; but quite the contrary is the case. The great contingent of lay evangelists in New York is composed of many substantial business men, identified with important interests, and a representation of young men of talent and ability in various trades, professions, and positions of trust. There is, of course, a certain proportion of these who in time enter the ordained ministry, or feel led to devote their entire time to some specified field of Christian service. But this proportion is, after all, small and insignificant when compared with the steady accessions to the ranks of the unordained clergy.

It is by no means a reflection on the intelligence of the lay preacher to say that he has little interest in current theological discussion. The great facts of Scripture teaching to him stand out like mountain-tops against the petty mole-hills of controversy. He finds abundant internal evidence attesting the supernatural authority of the Bible; and the daily miracles wrought through these truths in the lives of poor, despairing men and women, answer every question as to its claims. The whole scheme of lay evangelism rests on the basis of an inspired Book which reveals the will of God, and supernatural help for those whose sense of need impels them to trust its promises. The great majority of lay evangelists are most thorough Bible students. Not a few of them have a knowledge of the Greek text, and are otherwise competent to discuss the finest points of exegesis. But it may be said that almost without exception, the conviction obtains that these discussions have no part in this field of ministry.

The parish of the lay preacher is hard to define. In brief, it comprehends all the city which is not included in the parishes of the different churches. The work of the unordained preacher at this point becomes an adjunct to that of his ordained brother, with one important distinction. The ordained preacher is largely compelled to wait for his congregation to find him if they would hear the Gospel; while the genius of lay evangelism lies in carrying the Gospel to the people, wherever they may be found. These congregations gather most largely in the various missions scattered throughout the city, chiefly in thickly populated districts and where a church with ordinary appointments could not be maintained. Then there is the work in the prisons. Twenty-five thousand prisoners pass through the Tombs prison alone every year. There are also a large number of public institutions, such as inebriate asylums, reformatory institutions, hospitals, etc., where the lay preacher is always welcome and where his simple message is regularly delivered to the inmates.

* * *

Street Preaching Of the many agencies which have come into prominence within the past few years one of the most effective has been street preaching. The Salvation Army was the pioneer in this field, but it at

MORNAY WILLIAMS (A LAY WORKER)

once appealed to the lay preacher as the only way in which certain classes could be reached. During the past year the Mayor of New York has issued about one hundred and fifty annual licenses for street preaching, and on almost any pleasant evening one may find a dozen or more of these services going on in different portions of the city. At many of these services copies of the New Testament containing marked texts are distributed, and it is remarkable to observe the respectful attention paid to the speakers by audiences often as large as four or five hundred. Another very recent development in methods of reaching the people has been in the direction of midnight missions. There are several of these midnight missions in New York which are largely attended and have proved very successful as agencies for evangelization.

The character of the congregations to which the lay preacher ministers has already been suggested; but it must not be supposed that his labors are solely among the outcasts of society. It is doubtless true that, in the majority of cases, there is a more ready response to the Gospel invitation by those who have reached the lowest depths of misery; but there is a sprinkling of honest, industrious working people in the sphere of these activities. The lay preacher meets his congregation in the simple surroundings of a mission, where they feel at ease.

There is an unconscious testimony in the efforts of a business man along the line of evangelism; and his listeners in some way feel a bond of sympathy in the thought that the one who is addressing them shares their common experience in his contact with the hard problems of actual life. From the very nature of the case, the lay evangelist is brought into close relation with his congregation. With him, revival effort must be constant—not occasional. Every service is one of earnest exhortation to definite decision. This leads to both public and personal appeals, and commonly to personal prayer with each of those manifesting a desire to lead a Christian life. So the lay preacher kneels at some rude altar, arm in arm with the drunkard, the criminal, and poor outcasts of every description, to direct them to the one source of adequate help.

* * *

Characteristic Testimonies The testimony of the mission convert is intensely practical. He tells of the actual difference in his life, and how he is enabled to triumph in the trials and temptations which he meets from day to day. A convert told, at a mission service, how he confessed to his employer certain dishonest acts committed before conversion. His fellow employees were indirectly implicated, and sought in every way to injure him. But the plots were made to turn on the conspirators, and the convert was greatly encouraged. The man's wife arose in the meeting, and after telling of the complete change wrought in their home, added, "Why, even our beer pitcher was converted; it became a coffee-pot."

Another: a man past middle life, told how drink had brought him to the gutter. After the last cent was gone, the desperate craving for drink led himself and a companion to theft. With the proceeds of the theft they purchased several gallons of wood alcohol, thinking it would satisfy the craving for drink, and at the same time prove an effective means of suicide. The speaker said his mind was a blank for three months, until, when his senses returned, he found himself in a padded cell in the insane pavilion of Bellevue Hospital. He was released from the hospital a physical wreck, but a few days later found himself in a mission near the Bowery, where he began the new life in which he is now rejoicing.

Men constantly testify to having entered missions strongly under the influence of liquor, and have been sobered while they knelt at the penitent altar, from which they arose to remain sober evermore.

* * *

The Lay Preacher and Philanthropy The lay preacher recognizes the field of pure philanthropy to be distinct from that of evangelism. Indeed, in his experience, philanthropy becomes but the handmaid of evangelistic effort. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is ever set forth as the supreme attraction rather than free beds or meal tickets. Emphasis is placed on the practical aspect of the Gospel which presents the availability of Divine help rather than the help of man. It has been found that little progress is made in the direction of a spiritual change until men are willing to look beyond the loaves and fishes, and exercise a measure of faith for temporal as well as spiritual needs. It is the invariable experience that when men accept the Gospel invitation in this spirit, the necessity for pecuniary assistance ceases.

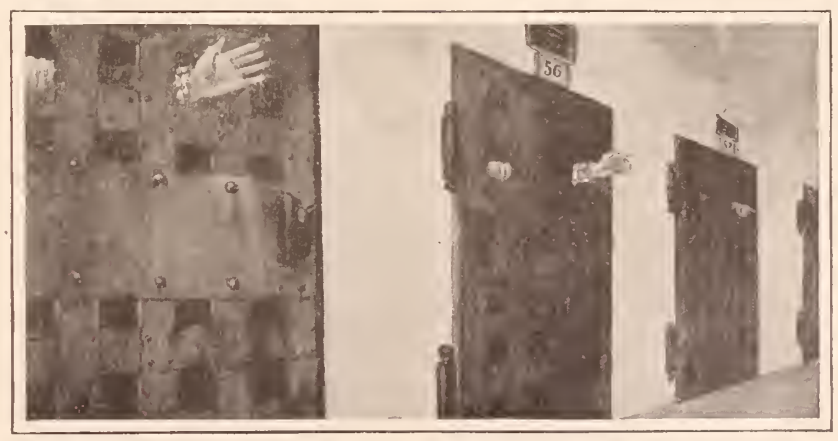
The portion of New York City below Fourteenth street is the chief field of mission effort, and comprises a population of 642,592, according to the last census. Of this number there are 32,074 Protestant church members, a trifle more than five per cent. of the population.

HON. JOHN P. FAURE (A LAY WORKER)

This leaves a balance of 592,518 as material for missionary effort, or considerably more than the combined populations of three great heathen cities, Rangoon, Burmah; Hong Kong, China; and Yokahoma, Japan. In some thickly populated districts the percentage of Protestant church members is less than one per cent. of the population, and in the entire district there are 170,000 children not attending Sunday School. In this great field there are 78 Protestant churches of all kinds, the combined seating capacity of which would not accommodate the five per cent. of church members referred to.

On a Sunday morning, not long ago, a strange sight was witnessed in the central department of the Tombs prison. The prisoners are not allowed to leave their cells for public worship, and the services are conducted in the great corridor on a platform in the centre of the second tier. As the evangelist speaks, his voice echoes down the long area and not one of his auditors is seen. At intervals a pair of eyes or a portion of the face of an eager listener may be seen through the grated door of one of the cells which rise in monotonous tiers on either hand. On this Sunday, after a most impressive service, the invitation was given to any of the prisoners who desired to become Christians to manifest it by the raised hand. And all along these tiers of cells hands could be seen outstretched through the iron bars, desiring to take by faith the Hand that was pierced for them.

As the lay preacher pursues his ministry in these highways and hedges of sin, he finds on every side the hands of captive souls outstretched for the truth. And



"ALL ALONG THE CELLS HANDS COULD BE SEEN OUTSTRETCHED"

the power of the Gospel in these lives, and the inward joy of this holy service, are his exceeding great reward.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR.

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Putting Oneself in Another's Place

THERE are people who think the only way to meet social obligations is, literally, to put oneself into the place of the person with whom you sympathize. For example, a minister sees suffering and degradation among the poorer classes. What does he do? Well, he dons a workman's garb, and hires himself out to a contract carpenter, or a contract mason; or he goes to the iron foundry and gets work for a week. It is like the eyes trying to perform the functions of the hand; the ears trying to perform the functions of the foot. In one sense, we cannot put ourselves into the place of another; in another sense, we can. Our Elder Brother has taught us how to do it. It is not by surrendering differences of station and function. It is by standing in the calling wherein we are called, and showing sympathy and extending help to those who need our sympathy and help. The eye can see, but it cannot hear. The ear can hear, but it cannot see.

The minister who thinks one week of hard work will bring him to the same plane, or reveal to him the same experiences with the working man, is a very superficial man. He will encounter hardships of hand and muscle and limb, for which the laborer cares nothing at all. Socially, he cannot feel as the laboring man. What is it to the man with the hoe that all day long he beats the clod to break it? He is better every way for this employment than he would be without it. It keeps his appetite good, his digestion good. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." He meets a function of society, in itself just as important as any other. "If he is faithful to that which is least, he is faithful also in much." Let him take pride in what he is.

In the same manner, if the minister shall try the rich man's outward lot, he could not feel as the rich man feels. The minister stands in the church to preach the Gospel to the rich and poor together, while they recognize that God is the Maker of them all. He goes about among men to comfort and encourage them in their differences; to persuade them to feel for each other; to help one another in their differences. The function of the eye is, perhaps, more dignified than that of any other organ. As an organ, it is more wonderful than any other. But it is no more useful than the foot is. It is the foot that helps man into the posture that is above that of the brute; helps him to look up to God. It is the foot that is the original locomotive, automobile. All the great pilgrimages of mankind have been taken on foot. It is the foot-soldier that carries the conquests of civilization from land to land. You may destroy fortifications, ships of war, the great guns, that belch out mingled flame and thunder, but if the man on foot escapes you, you will have to do it all over again.

The Ruins of Karnak

THESE ruins have been so long untouched by time, that it causes unusual emotion, to be told that an earthquake shock has prostrated eleven of its wonderful columns, and shattered the architraves that crowned them. The whole world has an interest in the preservation of these venerable relics. Emerson has said:

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the pyramids.
O'er England's abbeys bend the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye,
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

So, to miss any of these architectural wonders is a loss to all earth's inhabitants. Once, we had only poor engravings of such magnificent ruins; now we have the most elegant photographs. We remember the thrill which came over us, as on our route to Rome, we saw from the car window, the real leaning-tower of Pisa. That displaced forever the woodcut in our childhood's geography. Next to actual vision of such structures is a good photograph; and having seen the photograph, is next to having seen the thing. So that we come to feel a personal interest and possession respecting it; and grieve over its loss. We remember the grief that followed the falling of Table Rock, Niagara Falls. We had stood upon it, but, now it is gone forever. So, we grieve over the ruins of Karnak.

Fixing Up the Bible

WE have no sympathy with those who are trying to mend the Scriptures, subtracting here and adding there and interpolating somewhere else. We not only believe in the Bible, but in the Bible in its present shape. The mightiest damage done to the Scriptures has been done by critics calling themselves Christians. They have excited suspicion against the entire Book while overhauling this and that Epistle, this and that chapter. It is too late to remodel the Bible. You might as well take hold of your father's last will and testament and after its bequests have been paid to the heirs, go into criticism of its chirography, its spelling and its grammar. You might as well go to the old picture-galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome, and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the posture of the the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half and half evoluted pulpiteers who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart—and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target, and shoot at God.

An Unnecessary Agitation

"All preaching of righteousness is, to some, unnecessary agitation."

UNDER this heading the Mormon organ, the *News*, of Salt Lake City, quotes from an Eastern paper as follows, deprecating the consideration by the public of the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting Polygamy: "We find it difficult to believe that such an amendment is necessary. It certainly ought not to be in this stage of American civilization. It is not flattering to the pride of our people to be obliged to acknowledge the necessity of adopting this method of stamping out a reproach to any civilization in the closing days of the nineteenth century, and we think, in view of the apparently conceded fact that Polygamy is dying out of itself, that there should be serious deliberation before taking that step. The men who made our National Constitution were averse to recognizing slavery by name in it, and there would be a propriety in their successors taking the same attitude toward the other twin relic of barbarism."

This objection to agitation suits the Mormon organ. It haunts the press for every word which can be construed into favoring their doing as they please. This doing as the evil minded please is a sure way to increase wickedness; they want to be let alone in doing wrong.

Evil doing deprecates the light. The thief fears the street lamp. A deceiver deplores detection. Christianity is the light of the world; sin is alarmed at its approach. The Christian press does a great duty in warning the innocent against the dark ways of sin. I rejoice that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD endeavors to do its whole duty in warning its readers against the dissemination of polygamous doctrines. The adoption of an amendment to our Constitution would be a great step towards the protection of the home. The *News*, the Mormon organ, tries to deceive the public by claiming that their so-called Church is not responsible for the election of a polygamist to Congress, but the intensity of its defense of Mr. Roberts, at every turn, proves what its words deny. (He has since been rejected by Congress.)

It should constantly be kept in mind that the adoption of a Constitutional amendment will take time, and the public attention must be held to it until it is completed. The ratification of "the Conventions" of nine of the "Thirteen Original States," established the original Constitution. It provides for its amendment in two ways. In one, which is the usual way, 1st: Both Houses of Congress prepare and pass the amendment by a two-thirds vote. 2nd: This action of Congress is formally communicated to each State and must be considered by the Legislature of each State and when it has been ratified by the Legislature of three-fourths of the State, the amendment is proclaimed as duly adopted, and is "valid as a part of the Constitution."

This, it will be seen, not only takes time, but requires a strong sentiment in its favor. JOHN EATON.

Washington, D. C.

Aunt Samantha's Trip

INTEREST in Aunt Samantha's Trip Around the World is rapidly increasing, and we are receiving letters from some of our readers whose subscription began subsequent to the commencement of the story, inquiring whether we could supply them with back numbers and thus enable them to start from the beginning. Others again, who have been subscribers for many years but who thought that they would not be interested in Aunt Samantha's journeyings and who have now changed their minds, would also like to have the back numbers which they failed to preserve. In order to meet this demand, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is prepared to send to all who may desire them, the first eight instalments of Aunt Samantha's Tour of the World, on receipt of three two cent stamps. This will afford tens of thousands an opportunity to become interested in one of the most charming, most helpful and most fascinating reform stories of the present day.

BRIEF NOTES

There are Christian Endeavorers in both the armies now in conflict in South Africa.

Col. H. H. Hadley has resigned his office as lay director of the Church Army, and his resignation has been accepted.

A marked improvement in Sunday closing has been observed of late in Chicago. On the last three Sundays the majority of the grocery and meat stores have been closed all day.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding successful meetings at Charleston, S. C. The Old Circular Church was filled at each service, and there have been numerous accessions to the churches.

In reply to many inquiries, we state again that the Bible Class conducted in New York by Rev. D. M. Stearns meets in the Madison Avenue Reformed Church every Monday at two o'clock.

The classification of medical missionaries now in the field made by the *Missionary Review* shows that of the 680 medical missionaries, of whom 210 are women, the Presbyterians, North, send 83, the Methodists 29, the Baptists also 29, the American Board 27.

The Church Missionary Society now has 867 missionaries in the field, of whom 520 are men and 347 are women. Of these, 489 are wholly or partially supported from resources outside of the society, some living on their own incomes and the others supported by churches or individuals.

Two grandsons of Li Hung Chang have come to the United States for study. They will enter Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., after a preparatory course under the superintendence of Dr. Walter Lambuth, formerly missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Soo Chow.

Surgeon John V. Hamilton, U. S. A., who died at Matanzas after a brief sickness, was a direct lineal descendant of Alexander Hamilton, the famous statesman. He was a remarkably able physician and a man of fine Christian character. His wife was with him through all his work in Cuba.

Revival services in Brooklyn, N. Y., were held every day last week in the Y. M. C. A. hall. So large was the audience on Jan. 21, that it was necessary to hold an overflow meeting. Drs. Gregg, A. C. Dixon, Len. G. Broughton and A. T. Pierson are conducting the meetings, aided by other preachers.

The Statistics of the Reformed Dutch Church published in the *Independent* recently are liable to give an erroneous impression, which we are asked to correct. In the list published in that journal in January, 1899, the number of foreign communicants was included, In the list published this year, only the American communicants are given. The number of American communicants is 109,361, an increase for the year of 856.

The First Evangelical Lutheran Church of San Juan, Porto Rico, has been organized in that city. It will be affiliated with the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America. The principal movers in the new organization are Rev. M. Swensson, Rev. H. F. Richards and Rev. F. B. Hankey. A Church Council has been appointed with Mr. Erik R. Koltiff as secretary. The new organization promises to be very active in missionary work in our new colony.

The Second Avenue Baptist Church at 164 Second avenue, New York, has established a Fruit and Flower Mission. Its object is to supply flowers, fruits and delicacies to the sick poor on the east side of the city. Donations of jellies, fresh eggs, condensed milk, etc., would be acceptable. They should be addressed to Mrs. W. L. Elseffer, the General Secretary. Trained workers from the missions have undertaken to distribute articles sent to the mission to the sick poor.

In reply to an inquiry on the subject of temperance addressed to the superintendents of almshouses in various sections of the United States answers have been given by 816. Averaging the results obtained, it appears that the number of persons now being supported in these institutions, who were brought to poverty by indulgence in intoxicating liquors is more than one-half of the whole number. If the same ratio applies in all the almshouses of the United States, it is estimated that about one million and a half persons have been thrown on public support by the liquor traffic.

Desperate Fighting

CONFLICTING accounts of a fierce battle in South Africa on Jan. 24 have come from British and Boer sources. So far as can be learned from the dispatches, it would appear that Gen. Warren, finding it impossible to proceed with his attempt to turn the Boer flank, made an assault on Spion Kop, a steep hill, which was the key to the Boer position. He succeeded, during Tuesday night, in reaching the summit and driving the Boers from their trenches; but apparently had not been able to drag his heavy guns up the hill. When the sun rose, he found, to his consternation, that the Boers had Krupp, Creusot and Maxim guns mounted on other heights, which commanded the top of Spion Kop. All day long he was subjected to a heavy fire, to which he could not reply and had to sustain the assault of the Boers who advanced, covered by the guns. When darkness fell, he decided to abandon the position he had gained at such fearful loss. It was evidently untenable and when Gen. Buller visited his camp, he refused to allow a second attempt to seize it to be made. Realizing that the repulse meant the failure of the plan of campaign and that it was impossible to reach Ladysmith by that route, General Buller retreated to the south side of the Tugela River. The retreat was made in good order and was unopposed by the Boers. Whether a new attempt to relieve the garrison at Ladysmith will be made by another route, or whether it will be left to its fate, is not stated. The blunder of assaulting a position which could not be held after it was won, is all the more astonishing because General Warren was believed to have a thorough knowledge of the country and to be familiar with Boer tactics. He is one of the finest officers in the British service, a pious man whose character resembles that of the heroic Gordon, and a man of undoubted valor. The ease with which the ablest generals in the British army have been out-manœuvered in this war, gives color to the suspicion that they are opposed by the best European strategists. England was warned at the beginning of the war, that she was so bitterly hated abroad, that whenever she engaged in a conflict in which her fleet would be powerless, she would have to meet her foes from every land, who were envious of her greatness. The warning appears to have been well grounded. The joy manifested in France, Germany, Russia and other lands over the humiliation she is enduring, recalls the words of the Psalmist:

GEN. SIR CHAS. WARREN

Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us (Ps. 44:13).

♣

Dan[illegible]n High Altitudes

[illegible]ian writing in a medical jour[illegible]s other practitioners on the danger of allowing patients to go to health resorts in the mountains. "The experiment," he says, "is especially dangerous where the patient has any disease of the heart, or has a weak heart. It is especially the rapidity of the change from one altitude to another, with differences of from three to four thousand feet, which must be considered. There is a call made on the contractibility of the small arteries on the one hand, and on the amount of muscular force of the heart on the other hand, and if the structures in question cannot respond to this call, rupture of an artery or dilation of the heart may ensue. In the case of a normal condition of the circulatory organs little harm is done beyond some transient discomfort, such as dizziness, buzzing in the ears, palpitation, general 'malaise,' and this often only in the case of people totally unaccustomed to high altitudes." The physician cites several instances of death occurring through the removal of patients to higher ground. Happily there is no such danger in the condition of the soul.

If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God (Col. 3:1).

♣

Use of a Cork Safe

A New Orleans journal publishes a description of an ingenious device to prevent the victims of fraud from detecting the criminals who have swindled them. It consists of imitation office furniture, which can be easily and rapidiy transformed. When the victim was lured into the room occupied by the plotters, he saw roller-top desks, an office railing, a handsome cabinet and, in the corner of the room, a large and apparently burglar-proof safe. The last was six feet high and looked like the real thing. Every detail—combination, knob, hinges, bolt-heads, lettering, etc.—was complete. But it was really made of cork covered with paper. When the victim discovered that he had been cheated, he would come back, but the furniture could be so changed in his absence that he would not recognize the room. The safe would be folded together and put in a closet, a roller-top desk proved to be a folding bed; the cabinet became a wash-stand and the office-railing was hidden in sections under the flooring. The room was to all appearance an ordinary sleeping-apartment, and the victim would declare that it was not there that he had parted with his money. It was a crafty scheme, but it failed, and the police took possession of the furniture.

A RED CROSS AMBULANCE HOSPITAL ON THE BATTLEFIELD

A similar failure awaits the men who while given over to evil, masquerade as men of innocence and piety. Though they are skilful in transforming themselves, God will surely expose them:

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise (Job 5:12)

♣

A Lineman's Oversight

An accidental touch of an electric light wire in New York caused the death of an experienced employee of the Manhattan Company, a few days ago. One of the most dangerous duties involved in the company's service, is that known as "trouble hunting." It consists in making tests of the system with a view of locating possible breaks in the circuits. Only the most careful and reliable workmen are employed in this duty. One of these started out with a helper to examine the wires in Fourteenth street. He had worked along the street as far as Ninth avenue, making tests at intervals. At the corner of the avenue he climbed the pole, while his helper stood below with the tools. The helper was looking down the avenue when he heard a heavy thud. Turning around, he saw the lineman lying prostrate on the sidewalk. He went to his assistance immediately, but the man was dead. A black streak across one of his hands showed where he had taken hold of the wire. In his pocket were the rubber gloves that he usually wore when engaged in this duty. Apparently he had forgotten to put them on. If he had been wearing them, the inspectors say, he might have handled the wire with impunity. It seems strange that a man so experienced should have neglected the simple precaution; but familiarity with danger often leads to such neglect. In spiritual matters the men whom it is the hardest to win for Christ are those who have been familiar with Gospel truth from childhood, but have not applied it to their own hearts and lives.

Do not ye after their works: for they say and do not (Matt. 23: 3).

♣

Suing for Reward

A novel suit has been tried at Kokomo, Ind. It was brought by a man who had saved the life of a lady some months before. She, with her husband, a wealthy farmer, was crossing a bridge during a flood, when the structure collapsed and they fell into the river. The farmer was able to swim to the bank, but his wife was carried down the stream. Her course, however, was arrested by a tree, in the branches of which her skirts became entangled. Her situation was full of peril and her husband ran along the shore in great distress, calling for help and offering a thousand dollars for her rescue. A man who heard the offer ventured out and brought the lady ashore. He demanded the reward, but the husband demurred. He said he had made the offer under temporary excitement and it was much too large a sum to pay for the service rendered. A jury, however, after hearing the case, determined otherwise and gave the rescuer the amount offered by the husband. The decision was just. A promise so made ought to be kept; but how many are broken! How few there are who fulfil the pledges made on a sick-bed or under the dread of some impending calamity!

KUANG SU, LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it, for he hath no pleasure in fools: pay that which thou hast vowed (Eccles. 5:4).

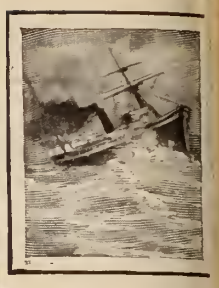
♣

Dynastic Trouble in China

The edict issued in Pekin by the Emperor, Kuang-Su, has excited apprehensions among the foreign population of China, which appear to be only too well grounded. The edict, which purports to be signed by the Emperor, announces his abdication and appoints his successor. No one supposes that this is a voluntary act on his part. It is believed that the Empress Dowager has forced the young man to issue it. A report is current that he has committed suicide, but the prevalent opinion is that, if he is dead, he has been murdered by order of his unscrupulous relative. Such an event has been expected ever since, fifteen months ago, he resigned his power and made the Empress Dowager supreme ruler of the empire. His reign has been a short one. He was placed on the throne in 1875, but, as he was then only four years old, the government was administered by a regency, of which the Empress Dowager, Tsze Chi, was chief member. On his coming of age he showed an enlightened disposition to govern in accord with western ideas and resented all attempts to control him. Tsze Chi, however, had been so long in power that she had numerous powerful friends, who combined with her to set the young Emperor aside. She reversed his policy and dismissed the officers he had appointed. Since that time he has been a cipher in the government and has lived in retirement. The new Emperor named in the edict is Pu-chun, a boy fourteen years old, whose minority will give the Empress Dowager an extension of her lease of power. Pu-chun is a son of Prince Tuan, the chief of the famous anti-foreign society, known as "The Boxers," who are suspected of having instigated the recent murders of missionaries. His appointment is ominous, not only of trouble for foreign residents, but for the future decay of China, as he has from infancy been under the control of men noted for their opposition to progress and reform. There is reason to fear that the empire will have renewed cause to endorse the Preacher's warning:

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child" (Eccles. 10:16).

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife



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CHAPTER X.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETT

ARVILLY'S STORY CONTINUED

ARVILLY deserted from the army and gloried in it, she said bein' a woman born, she had never had a right, and now she took it. After her husband wuz buried, and her hull life too, she thought for a spell, she deserted, but bein' ketched and court-martialed, she appeared before the officers in her own skirt and bask waist and dared 'em touch her. Waitstill Webb, the young sweetheart of the man that shot her husband, wuz with her. Good land! Arvilly didn't lay up nothin' aginst her or him; he wuz drunk as a fool when he fired the shot. He didn't know what he wuz doin'; he wuz made irresponsible by the law, till he did the deed, and then made responsible by the same law and shot. Waitstill wuz named from a Puritan great, great, aunt, whose beauty and goodness had fell onto her, poor girl! She stood by Arvilly. They wuz made friends on that dretful night when they had stood by the men they loved, one killed and the other to be killed by the govermunt. Poor things! they wuz bein' protected, I spoze our govermunt would call it; it always talks a good deal about protectin' wimmen; 'tennyrate the mantilly of the law hung over 'em both and shaded 'em, one man layin' dead, shot through the heart, the other condemned to be shot, both on 'em by legal enactments, both men not knowin' or meanin' any more harm than my Josiah up in Jonesville if he had been sot fire to by law and then hung by law because he smoked and blistered. Good land! them that sets a fire knows that there has got to be smoke and blisters, good land! there must.

The officers they wuz just dumb-foundered at the sight of a woman with a bask waist on in that position—a bein' court-martialed for desertion—and her speech dumb-foundered 'em still more, so I spoze; I hearn it from one who wuz there.

Arvilly and the Court-Martial

Sez Arvilly to 'em, and they wuz drew up in battle array as you may say, dressed up in uniform and quite a few on 'em, the stars and stripes behind 'em, and the mantilly of the law drapin' 'em in heavy folds. And I don't spoze that through her hull life Arvilly wuz ever so eloquent as on that occasion. All her powers of mind and heart wuz electrified by the dretful shock and agony she had underwent, and her words fell like a hard storm of lightenin' and hail out of a sky when it is just stored full of electrical power and has got to bust out.

Sez Arvilly: "You men represent the force and power of the govermunt that falsely sez it is the voice of the people; we two represent the people. As you are the force and power and will of the law, we are the endurance, the suffering. You decide on a war. When did a woman ever have any voice in saying that there should be a war? They bear the sons in agony that you call out to be butchered; their hearts are torn out of their bosoms when they let their husbands, sons and lovers go into the hell of warfare, and you tax all her property to raise money to help furnish the deadly weapons that kill and cut to pieces the warm, living, loving forms that they would give their lives for.

"But you men decide on a war, as you have on this. You say that it wuz from motives of philanthropy and justice; you drag us, the people, out of peaceful, happy homes to leave all we love, to face mutilation, agony and death: you say your cause wuz just, I say it is a lie. I say it is a war of revenge—a war of conquest."

(The idee of Arvilly tellin' the govermunt it lied; why it fairly made goose pimples run over me when I hearn on't. Sassin' the govermunt, she wuz—nothin' more nor less. But she went on worse than ever.

"SASSIN' THE GOVERMUNT SHE WUZ—NOTHIN' MORE NOR LESS"

"You say that it wuz to give freedom to the people of Cuba. You hypocrite! Look at the millions of your own wimmen enslaved in legal fetters! You say that it wuz to protect the wimmen and children of Cuba from the cruelty and brutality of unscrupulous rulers. You hypocrite and liar! Look at the wimmen and children of your own country cowering and hiding from crazed drunken husbands, sons and fathers. More misery, murder, suicides, abuse and suffering of every kind is caused by the saloon every day of the year in the United States than ever took place in Cuba in twice the same time, and you not only stand by and see it, but you take pay from the butchers for slaughtering the innocents! You miserable hypocrites, you!" Sez Arvilly, "I would talk about pity and mercy, you that know no pity and no mercy for your own wimmen and children.

A Crime Against Manhood

"You pose before foreign nations as a reformer, a righter of wrongs, when you have cherished and are cherishing now the most gigantic crime and wrong that ever burdened a people; turning a deaf ear to the burdened and dying about you; wives, mothers, daughters—for whose safety and well-being you are responsible—have told you that the saloon killed all the manhood and nobility of their husbands, sons, and fathers; made the pure, good men, who loved and protected them, into cold-hearted brutes and demons who turn and rend them—still you would not hear. You have seen the dretful procession of sixty thousand funerals pass before you every year, slain by this foe that you pamper and protect.

The Saloon Blocks the Way

"Lovers of good laws have told you that the saloon blocked up the way to every reform and wuz the greatest curse of the day; still you threw your mighty protection around the system and helped it on. The most eminent doctors have told you that drunkenness ruined the bodies of men; Christian clergymen told you that it ruined their souls, and that the saloon was the greatest enemy that the Church of Christ had to contend with to-day; that when by its efforts and sacrifices it saved one soul from ruin, the saloon ruined two to fill the place of that one who wuz saved, and still you opholded it.

"Petitions signed by hundreds of thousands of the best people of the land have been sent to you, but these petitions, weighted down with the tears and prayers of these people have been made a jest and a mock of by you. And strangest, most awful of sights—incredible almost to men and angels—this govermunt, that sot out as a reformer to Christianize Cuba and the Philippines have planted there this heaviest artillery of Satan, the saloon, to bind the poor islanders in worse bondage and misery than they ever dremp on. Hain't you ashamed of yourself! You fool, you! You fool and villain!" (Oh! dear me! Oh, dear suz! To think on't; Arvilly wuz talkin' to the govermunt, and callin' it a fool and villain! The idee! Why, it wuz enough to skair anybody most to death!) I spoze it made a great adoo. I spoze that the men who represented the govermunt wuz too horrified to make a reply. Arvilly always did go too fu when she got to goin'. But it can't h denied that she had great reason for he feelin's, for the strongest argument wu still to come. I spoze she got almost ca ried away by her own talk and feelin'; for all of a sudden they said she lifte her long bony hand and arm—Arvilly a ways wuz kinder spare in flesh—she lifte up her arm and her bony forefinge seemed to be follerin' the lines of som words writ up there on the wall, sez sh slowly, in a awful voice:

"My country! thou are weighed in th balance and found wanting!"

It wuz a thrillin' moment, but after minute's silence she went on: "Look a me!" sez she, pintin that same forefinge first at herself and then at th tall veiled figger of the youn girl beside her—"Look at us we, the people, represent to yo another of your favorite reforms the Canteen, that product o civilization and Christianity yo have transplanted from our hol shores to the benighted tropics How many petitions have yo had wet with the tears of wive and mothers, weighted dow with their prayers to close thi gateway to hell. But no, for a price, as Judas sold his Lord, you have trafficked in humar souls and will do so. And yo are the power—you control; we are the people—we suffer. We leave all we love, we go out and fight your battles when you tel us to, we face mutilation and death for you — isn't that enough? No; besides the foe in front you set us aginst, you introduce a foe into our midst that is a million times as fatal and remorseless. The foe in front only aims at our bodies; this foe, before it kills our bodies, kills all honor, all manhood, all that is noble and worthy to be loved—a devilish foe indeed, but by your command it is let loose upon us; we are the people, we must endure it. Look at me!" agin she pinted that bony forefinger at herself, "I had a husband I loved as well as the gracious lady in the White House loves her husband. He wuz a good man. He thought he owed a duty to his country. He went to fight her

THE TAX COLLECTOR

"DAY BY DAY WE SAILED"

battles at her call. He might have escaped Spanish bullets, but not this foe his Christian govermunt set aginst him. In a low Canteen, a vile drinking den, rented by you for the overthrow of men's souls and bodies, in a drunken brawl a bullet aimed by a crazed brain for another poor ruined boy, reached my husband's faithful heart, faithful to the country that slew him, not for patriotism or honor, but for a few pennies of money—not even the thirty pieces of silver Judas earnt for betraying his Lord. This bullet wuz sent from the hand of a young man, a college graduate, one of the noblest, brightest and best of men until this foe our govermunt set for him vanquished him. He got into a quarrel with another drunken youth, another victim of the Canteen, and meant to shoot him but the unsteady hand sent it into the heart of my husband who went into that vile place thinkin' that he could appease the quarrel. This young man was shot for *your* crime and here is his widow," and turning to Waitstill, she said, "Lift up your veil; let them look upon us, the people."

The Unveiling of Waitstill

The young girl drew back her vail and a face of almost perfect beauty wuz disclosed, but white as death. The big dark eyes were full of sorrow and despair, sadder than tears. She simply said:

"I loved him—he was murdered—I have come to denounce his murderers."

Her voice wuz low, but the words fell like drops of blood, so vivid, so full were they of the soul of her being.

"Yes," sez Arvilly, "and you are his murderer: Not the Spaniards, not the foe of this govermunt that the poor young fellow tried with a boy's warm-hearted patriotism to save. You murdered him." She turned to let her companion speak agin, but the power to speak had gone from her; her slender figure swayed and Arvilly caught her in her strong arms. She had fainted almost away; she could say no more. But what more could she say to this govermunt.

"He was murdered—I loved him—I have come to denounce his murderers."

Arvilly helped Waitstill down on a bench where she leaned back still and white most as if she wuz dead. But before Arvilly went out with Waitstill leanin' on her arm, she turned and faced them dumb-foundered men once more:

"Who is accountable for the death of her lover?" pintin' to the frail, droopin' figger. "Who is accountable for the death of my husband? Who is accountable for the death and everlastin' ruin of my son, my husband, my father and my lover? sez the millions of weepin' wimmen in America that the Canteen and the saloon have killed and ruined. These questions unanswered by you are echoin' through the hull country demandin' an answer. They sweep up aginst the hull framework of human laws made professedly to protect the people, aginst every voter in the land, aginst the rulers in Washington, D. C., aginst the Church of Christ—failing to git an answer from them they sweep up to God's throne. There they will git a reply." Sez Arvilly: "Woe! woe! to you rulers who deviseth iniquity to overthrow the people committed to your care."

Arvilly then went out leadin' Waitstill, and when she come back to Jonesville she [illegible] with her, a patient mourner, [illegible] body and goin' out to day's [illegible] Seventy-five cents a day, for she [illegible] her way to live, for she wuzn't [illegible] then to go on with her nursing and she hadn't a relation on earth, and the man our govermunt murdered in that Canteen represented all there wuz on this broad earth for her to love. They worshiped each other and Waitstill is waitin' till the time comes for her to die and meet the man she loved and lost, havin' to live in the meantime, because she couldn't stop breathin' till her time come. So, as I say, she went out doin' plain sewin', beloved by all both great and small, but a mourner if there ever wuz one, lookin' at his picture day in and day out, which she wears in her bosom in a locket—a handsome, manly face, took before our govermunt made a crazy lunatick and a murderer of him.

Jest as different from Arvilly as day is from night, but the cold hands of grief holds their hearts together and I spoze that she will always make it her home with Arvilly as long as she lives, she wants her to—that is if the plan I have in my head and heart don't amount to anything, but I hope for the land sake that it will, for as I've said many a time and gin hints to her there never wuz two folks more made for each other than she and Elder White.

But she's gone now to the Philippines as a nurse, which shows how different she and Arvilly feels; Arvilly sez that she wouldn't do anything to help the govermunt agin in any way, shape or manner, not if they should chain her and drag her to the front; she would die before she would help the great, wicked, remorseless power that killed her husband for a little money. She's made in jest that way, Arvilly is, jest as faithful to the remembrance of her wrongs as a dog is to a bone, settin' and gnawin' at it all the time, that is her way, she wuz made jest so. And when they come to collect her taxes last year she says:

"No taxes will you ever git out of me to help rare up saloons and Canteens to kill some other woman's husband."

"But," sez the tax man, a real good man he wuz and mild mannered, "you should be willing to help maintain the laws of your country that protects you."

And then I spose that man's hair (it wuz pretty thin, any way,) riz right up on his head to hear her go on tellin' about the govermunt killin' her husband. But seein' she wuz skarin' him she kinder quelled herself down and sez:

"What has this country ever done for me. I have had no more voice in makin' the laws than your dog there. Your dog is as well agin off, for it don't have to obey the laws that it has no part in makin'. If it digs up a good bone it don't have to give it to some dog politician to raise money to buy dog buttons to kill other dogs and mebby its own pups. Not one cent of taxes duz this hell-ridden govermunt git out of me again—if I can help it."

A Brush with the Law

The man ketched up his tax list and flewed from the house, but returned with minions of the law who seized on and sold her shote she wuz fattin' for winter's use; sold it to the saloon keeper over to Zoar for about half what it wuz worth, only jest enough to pay her tax. But then the saloon keeper controlled a lot of bum votes and the collector wanted to keep in with him.

Yes, as I wuz sayin', Waitstill Webb is as different from Arvilly as a soft moonlight night lit by stars is from a snappin' frosty noonday in January. Droopin' like a droopin' dove, knowin' and feelin' that the govermunt wuz the worst enemy she and her poor dead boy ever had, as it turned out, but still ready to say:

"Oh Lord, forgive my enemy, the Government of the United States, for it knows what it does."

Which she felt wuz ten-fold worse than as if it did wickedly without knowin' it, and she knew that they knowed all about it and couldn't deny it, for besides all the good men and wimmen that had preached to 'em about it, they had had such sights of petitions sent in explainin' it all out and beggin' 'em to stop it, onheeded by them and scorfed at. But she stood ready to go agin to the front and serve the govermunt as a nurse, trying to heal the woonds caused by bullet and knife, and the ten-fold worse woonds caused by our govermunt's pet wild beast it rents out there to worry and kill its brave defenders. I looked forward with warm anticipations to seein' her, for I sot store by her. She had fixed over my gray alpacky as good as new, and made me a couple of ginghams, and I thought more of havin' her with me than I did of her work, and once when I wuz down with a crick in the back, and couldn't stir, she come right there and stayed by me and did for me till the creek dwindled down and disappeared. Her presence is some like the Bam of Gilead, and her sweet face and gentle ways make her like an angel in the sick room. Arvilly is more like a mustard plaster than Bam. But everybody knows that mustard is splendid for drawin' attention to it; if it draws as it ort to, mustard must and will attract and hold attention. And I spoze there hain't no tellin' what good Arvilly has done and mebby will do by her pungent and sharp tongue to draw attention to wrongs and inspire efforts to ameliorate 'em. And the same Lord made the Bam of Gilead and mustard, and they go well together. When mustard has done its more painful work then the Bam comes in and duz its work of healin' and consolin'. 'Tennyrate anybody can see that they are both on em' as earnest and sincere in wantin' to do right as any human creeters can be, and are dretful well thought on all over Jonesville and as fur out as Loontown and Zoar.

"LIFT UP YOUR VEIL," SAID ARVILLY

What Arvilly Went Through

Some wimmen would have held a grudge aginst the man that murdered her husband and not bore the sight of the one who loved and mourned him so constant. But Arvilly had too much good horse sense for that; she contends that neither of the men who wuz fightin' wuz much to blame. She sez that if a sane, well man should go out and dig a deep pit to catch men for so much a head, and cover it all over with green grass and blossoms and put a band of music behind it to tempt men to walk out on it, to say nothin' of a slidin' path leadin' down to it, all soft with velvet and rosy with temptations, if a lot of hot-headed youth and weak men and generous open-minded men who wuzn't lookin' for anything wrong, should fall into it and be drownded for so much a head, she sez the man who dug the pit and got so much a-piece for the men he led in and ruined would be more to blame than the victims, and she sez the man who owned the ground and encouraged it to go on would be more to blame than the man who dug the pit. And further back the men who made the laws to allow such doin's, and men who voted to allow it, and ministers and the Church of Christ, who stood by like Pilate, consenting to it and encouraged by their indifference and neglect what they might have stopped if they wanted to—they wuz most to blame of all.

Well, this is what Arvilly has went through.

On Tropical Seas

Day by day we sailed onwards, and if the days wuz beautiful, the nights wuz heavenly, lit by the glowin' moon that seemed almost like another sun, only softer and mellerer lookin'; and the lustrous stars of the tropics seemed to flash and glitter jest over our head almost as if we could reach up and gather 'em in our hands into a sheaf of light.

The weather seemed to moderate and we had to put on our thinnest garments in the middle of the day. But my poor Josiah could not make much change; he had to wear his pepper-and-salt costoom in publick, which wuz pretty thick, but I fixed sunthin' for him to wear in our state-room, where we passed considerable time. I took one of my outing jackets that was cut kinder bask fashion, trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon and pinned it over in the back, and it fitted him quite well and wuz cool. He liked it; he thought it become him it wuz so dressy, but I wouldn't let him appear in publick in it.

I dressed Tommy in his summer suit, and wore my figgered lawn and wuz none too cool. We only had one heavy storm, but that wuz fearful; everything dashed round and wuz broke that could be. I put Tommy in his little crib and fastened him in, and fastened my most precious treasure, Josiah, to the berth. I then tied myself up, and we bore it as well as we could, though every time the ship went down into the trough of the sea I felt that it wuz dubersome about its ever comin' out agin, and every time it mounted up on one of them stupendous billers, higher than the Jonesville meetin' house, I felt doubtful whether or no it would fall bottom side up or not. Tommy wuz cryin', and Josiah wuz kinder whimperin', though for my sake he wuz tryin' to bear up. But I'll hang a curtain up before that seen and not take it down agin till we wuz all ontied and the sun wuz shinin' down on smoother waters.

(To be Continued.)

"JOSIAH WORE HIS PEPPER'N-SALT SUIT"

Plays Speaker Dialogues Recitations
For Silver Day

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

TO-DAY

SEEN by memory's magic,
Yesterday is golden:
Hope illumines the morrow.
Eyes are only holden
From some fair illusion
When they view to-day,
With its mists of morning
Clearly blown away.

Yet of all the morrows
That from me are hidden,
All the bright days ended
Coming back unbidden,
None are, was or will be
Richer in its way,
Than this open-handed
Slightly prized to-day.

Stepmothers Again

THE little plaint of a stepmother published not long ago, on this page, has elicited many responses. From a large budget I select two answers showing a truly maternal spirit. One lady says, "I too am a stepmother. Voluntarily and for the love we bore them, we have, some of us, married widowers, and we have assumed one of the most difficult positions it is ever the lot of women to occupy. Bravely, then, let us go forward to do what we conscientiously believe to be right in the sight of God, not hoping always to have our motives appreciated or understood, either by our family or the world. As for the dear children, let us remember that they are no better and no worse than other children. They have all the heedlessness, self-confidence and inexperience of youth in general, and need to be gently led and guided to do the right by older heads.

We have undertaken to be one of those heads and I hope, before assuming this responsibility, we have made an earnest resolve to ever have the best interests of these children at heart.

When the children are wilful or disobedient or have a stubborn fit let us try to do what their own mother would do—advise, counsel, weep over and pray for them, if need be, but ever be ready to forgive and forget, never varying in our purpose to try to do them good and make their home life as happy as possible.

Let us make as few complaints to the father as we can and *never* in the presence of the children. If husband and wife disagree in regard to discipline, they must not let the children suspect it.

Never correct when angry, and seldom, if ever, in the presence of their father. When he is in the house let him look after their conduct. We may not say much, but we do not like to be a silent witness while another corrects or administers punishment to our child. Girls of fourteen and sixteen I believe to be too old for punishment of any kind but kindness. Forbearance, wise counsel, and a Christ-like example will often work wonders.

May I first add that contrary to the existing impression the advent of a sweet, charming baby in our home has done more to bind the family together than all else combined. Baby has captured all our hearts, and in her we find a common bond of sympathy. She has broadened and deepened mother's sympathies, enabling her to comprehend more fully the irremediable loss the other child has sustained. A mother's place she can never fill, but she will endeavor to step into that lonely heart and throw a little sunshine into the impoverished life, thus trying to fill, in a humble way, the place of a stepmother.

ONE OF THE CRITICISED.

Another young stepmother who at twenty-one took charge of two babies, the children of her own eldest sister, writes, after six years of married life, that her home is perfectly happy, and her boys, two and four years old at the time of her marriage, are as dear to her as if they were her very own. They cannot remember their mother at all, as one was only twenty months old, and the other nineteen days when she was taken away. This dear lady has a tender, womanly heart, and a great deal of excellent common sense. I shall quote from one or two other letters next week.

True Service

The one who prays most, or worships most, or works most, is not the truest servant of God; but he who has learned to throw away his own desires that he may be free to help any other struggling soul into nobler living and has thus gained a place in God's service very near to the holy Christ.

Work, or prayer, or worship, without self-sacrifice, must be only superficial; there can be no depth nor reality in it; the life-principle—the heart—is lacking. Would you be a real Christian, would you do effective work, would you have your prayers answered, would you feel the Divinity you worship? Look out of self into another life, and, forgetful of your own need, bring the love of Christ to another soul.

Then your service will be glorified with a halo, and your soul will be in accord with the Redeemer.

EDITH G. SERAN.

A MODERN HEBE

A Jinrikisha Ride

But for the fear that my pleasure was tiring out the coolie trotting along so nimbly between the shafts, I fancy I would not mind changing places with the pretty Japanese ladies out for an airing. The graceful little carriage is said to be very comfortable, and convenient. Our missionaries often make use of them in going from one point to another, and there is a tradition that it was an American missionary who made the original model, inventing it for the comfort of an invalid wife. This statement is however contradicted by some, who claim that though the Japanese are clever imitators rather than inventors at first hand, yet the little wheeled wagon which the coolies draw so easily was the creation of a native who lived at Kyoto. Whether the Japanese are largely originators or not, they do know how to alter and adapt and take what they can use, and their rapid progress in the last half century in assimilating European ideas is very extraordinary. A coolie makes about forty miles a day when on a journey with a jinrikisha, or he goes a few miles only, as his patrons prefer.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—ELLEN DEAN. Dolly Varden is a very charming character in a novel by Charles Dickens, entitled, *Barnaby Rudge*. A flowered kind of cambric, very fashionable a few years ago, was named Dolly Varden.

—JOHN JAMES. Aunt Patience is old enough to be your mother, and she memorizes with the greatest ease, just as readily as when she was twenty. It is all a matter of paying attention and giving memory something to do.

—WILHELMINA. Aunt Patience advises you to dismiss your admirer. He has treated you very cavalierly in not answering your letters and in preferring the company of other young women to yours. A girl must be the wooed, not the wooer.

—M. G. Unhappy marriages are so common, unfortunately, that your story is not altogether exceptional. As the law has given you a divorce, you are certainly free from any obligation to your former husband, and, should you meet him, it would be as a stranger. You are not called upon to speak to or otherwise recognize him, and your doing so would be needlessly embarrassing to both. If you have resumed your maiden name, and have a child or children of whom you retain the custody, you should be addressed as Mrs., not Miss G. The law of your state and your own wish must determine you as to another marriage. For your children's sake, it would seem better that you should not marry while their father is living, but of this phase of the case, you must determine for yourself.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES"

I WONDER if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if angry and wilful
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so sure in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening
Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to their reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That one of those children went wrong,
And was lost from the peace and the shelter—
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of gray hairs each remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads; that Christ uttered,
"Of such were the kingdom of heaven."

Winter Pleasures

SNOW and ice present no formidable aspects to the girl of to-day who can fasten her skates on her trimly shod feet and glide over the smooth surface of the frozen lake as if she were a bird. All who skate know that the exercise is the very poetry of motion, and that no outdoor sport surpasses this in its power to stir the blood and bring the glow of health to the cheek. It is usually a social pleasure, and, I think, as our pretty maiden warms her hands over the friendly blaze which leaps up so merrily that somebody is not very far away, and that she hears his cheery whistle and the tramp of his arriving footsteps. It is her brother, or her cousin, or the neighbor's son who is her comrade and chum, and they are used to skating together, and very likely, too, there will be a party of friends all sallying forth, and our little lady is waiting for them. The fields are white, the shrubs are coated with armor of ice, and if there are any birds in the thicket they will greedily pick up the crumbs which, I hope, the girl will remember to scatter for them on the snowy ground. A short walk off the village homes cluster, and the village spire rises, the white church steeple which dominates the country landscape, and points ever to heaven.

I have called the winsome lassie a modern Hebe because Hebe was the ancient goddess of health, and if she had secrets they were compounded of dawn and dew, of rain and sun, of fresh air and the gladness of living out of doors. Our girls are beginning to find out that health is to be had by those who breathe long draughts of pure breezes, who walk, run, climb, and in short, tarry for hours at a time in the open, under the sky, and that more frequently than we dream, we hold our physical strength and beauty in our own hands. Winter is not a time for young people to shiver and mope in the house. Outdoor sports beckon them, and they may enjoy great freedom even under Winter's blustering auspices if they are bold, brave and buoyant.

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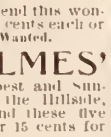

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Statesmen and Temperance

The Congressional Temperance Society and its 67 Years of Active Service at the Nation's Capital

HON. W. W. GROUT

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THE venerable Congressional Temperance Society of Washington has renewed its annual crusade against intemperance. On arriving at the National Capital, all new Congressmen are immediately solicited to enroll themselves in its membership. The Society is no respecter of persons and approaches all legislators, even the dignified senators, without the slightest hesitancy. Most of the new arrivals are surprised to learn of the existence of such a Society, and express astonishment when told that it has been in existence for over half a century, and has included in its ranks some of the greatest statesmen in the nation and exerted a wonderful influence in correcting the morals and preserving the dignity of the law making bodies of the country.

Years ago intemperance was much more common than now. A marvelous change has been wrought. Liquor is never seen in either House, and an intoxicated congressman on the floor would cause the legislators to open their eyes in startled amazement.

The Congressional Temperance Society was founded in 1833, and was fostered by such celebrities as Daniel Webster, Millard Fillmore, and others equally notable, gathering its patrons from prominent men in many States. It was organized on February 26, 1833, three months before the first National Temperance Convention was held in Philadelphia. Its first meeting was held in the historic old Senate Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court, and its platform declared its object to be "to discountenance by example and by kind moral influence the use of ardent spirits and the traffic in it throughout the community." Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of War, was chosen president. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Senator from New Jersey, submitted a constitution which was adopted and signed by one hundred members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

For some time the work progressed satisfactorily, but it was found that the pledge was not sufficiently binding. A new organization called "The Congressional Abstinence Society," was formed and new pledge and constitution adopted. In 1876 the Society became especially alive to the purpose of its existence, and has enjoyed increasing usefulness and prosperity since that time. On its roll appear such names as George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts; Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia; J. R. Giddings, of Ohio; Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts; John Blair, of Tennessee; Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; Millard Fillmore, of New York; Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky; W. W. Ellsworth, of Connecticut; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire; Thomas Ewing, of Ohio. Justices of the Supreme Court, Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, and heads of Departments. Among later subscribers were Thomas W. Ferry, Henry Wilson, Schuyler Colfax, William Windom, Lot M. Morrill, John A. Logan, William Washburn, James Monroe, Hiram Price, James A. Garfield, F. T. Frelinghuysen, Henry V. Blair, John D. Long, A. E. Morse, Nelson Dingley, and scores of others well known in public life. Hon. William W. Grout, of Vermont, is the present President, having succeeded the late Nelson Dingley, who held the position for fourteen years. The other officers are, Vice-presidents, Secretary John D. Long, Senators Frye and Kyle, and Representatives Johnson, Ellis and Pugh; Secretary, F. D. Powers.

A Welcome to Josiah

LANESVILLE, Gloucester, Jan. 24, 1900.

DEAR EDITOR: When THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced that this year they had secured Aunt Samantha to take its readers on a trip around the world, we knew that there was a treat in store for us. We have been intimately acquainted with Samantha and Josiah Allen for more than twenty years. But imagine our disappointment when Josiah refused to accompany us on the trip!

We have been as homesick for him and his unique attitude in regard to new ideas and have wanted him as badly as Samantha, and to none were the welcome words "Samantha! stop the ship! I'm coming," more welcome than to us. Now there is nothing lacking to complete our content, and we shall indeed enjoy our trip under the auspices of Josiah Allen and his wife. (Mrs.) L. C. CLEMENTS.

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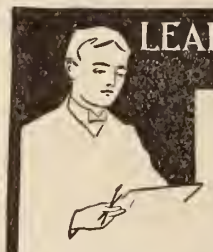
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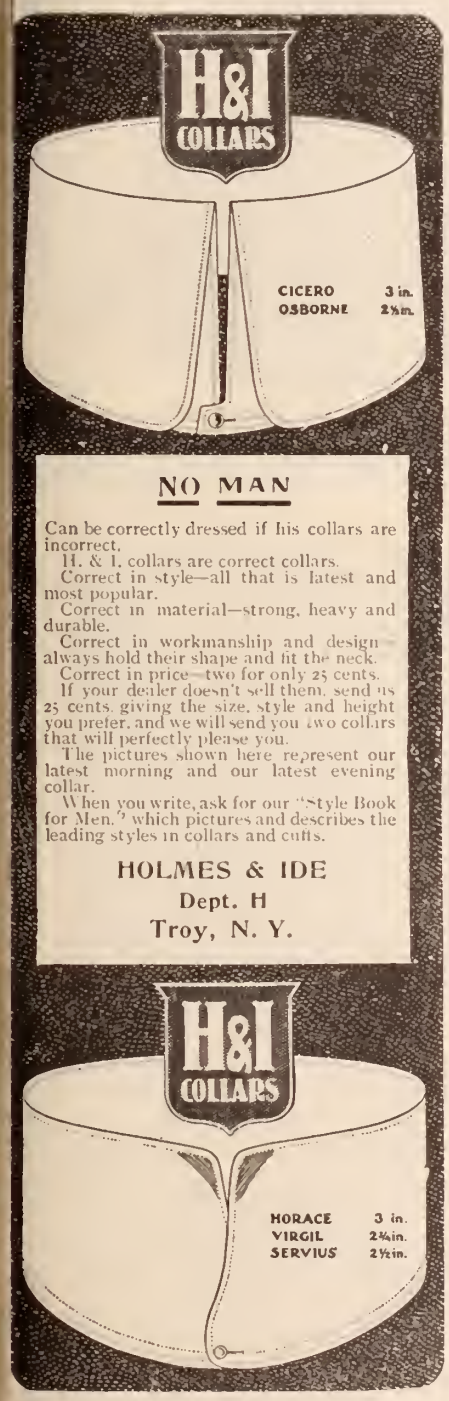

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The Liquor Traffic

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 18. Heb. 2:1-15

WHILE we may question the good taste of the person responsible for the choice of such a passage of Scripture to associate with the topic, there can be no doubt in the mind of any Christian about the desirability of the achievement suggested. To put an end to the liquor traffic would be to lift from society the worst of its many burdens. The fruitful source of crime, pauperism and domestic misery ought to be exterminated. Every Christian patriot would rejoice at its extinction. It is the enemy of the home and of the community and of the church and school. We would be justified in addressing it in the words that Paul used to Elymas: "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" Its victims are to be found in our gutters, in our jails, in our lunatic asylums and our almshouses. And, still worse, they are to be found in our homes, where wives, mothers and children, the innocent victims of the wickedness of husband and father, mourn over its power. What a happy revolution it would make in our land if we could rid ourselves of it!

The little word, "How" is the crux of the problem. To the Prohibitionist, who would cut the Gordian Knot with the sword of legislation, or constitutional amendment, we wish a hearty God-speed. He certainly has courage and deserves success. But the heart fails as the difficulties in his path are considered. To convince legislatures: to secure the election of executive officers who would enforce the law; to watch all the loopholes through which evasion might enter, are achievements that might daunt the bravest spirit. Many earnest temperance men, who would hail his victory with heartfelt rejoicing, shrink from the struggle it would involve and have honest doubts of the possibility of success. They hold aloof, not because they have any sympathy with the enemy, but because they believe that the citadel in which he is entrenched cannot be carried by the Prohibitionist's weapons. There is, however, a distinct advantage in his method even if he failed of complete success. It would be a gain to drive the traffic into secrecy. By making it illegal, we would be spared the flaunting temptation it now holds out on our street corners. There are men who are unable to resist its attractions and are unable to pass its brilliantly illuminated portals, who would not seek it in its hiding place and so might escape its fascination. For such men Prohibition even with evasions and secret violations would be a benefit.

The real hope, however, lies in individual conviction and, like Christianity, temperance wins its chief triumphs one by one. When the majority of a community has been induced to forswear the use of intoxicants, the liquor traffic is diminished, and when the whole community is pledged to abstinence, the traffic dies a natural death. The Prohibitionist can afford to give his efforts to such a crusade. He, too, needs the individual vote before he can apply his more summary method. Both lines of strategy must start from the same principle. And the start should be early. It is with the children that our hope lies. If they could be convinced that there is no beverage so good as pure water, if they could be induced to cultivate a liking for it, the next generation would be a sober one. The church too might lend more aid than it has hitherto done. It might logically exclude liquor dealers from its membership, and it might insist on every new member being pledged to total abstinence. The evil is so formidable, its influence is so powerful, its work is so injurious, that every weapon, educational, religious and legislative that is available, should be brought into service against it. More than all, the need is for united, prayerful, well directed effort against the common enemy.

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THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XV.

A Clue to the Mystery

PACING the corridor anxiously, Douglas waited with what patience he could summon for Dr. Fosbrook to emerge from his brother's room. It was half an hour before he appeared and then Douglas asked the question with which physicians are so familiar.

Dr. Fosbrook replied: "I scarcely know how to answer you. Your brother tells me that he had a bad attack of fever in India (following on a slight sunstroke), and it is from a return of this that he is suffering. It is very difficult for a medical man, unless he has known the patient previously, to judge at first sight how far the constitution has been weakened and what power there is to repel a second attack. In your brother's case there seems to be considerable irritability of the brain, perhaps the result of the sunstroke or of the wear and tear he has been going through lately. It is a most unfortunate time for him to be ill, but we must keep him as quiet as possible, and to-morrow we must see about moving him, for it won't do, of course, for him to be here on the spot during all that must be going on in the next few days. Well, it must just go as it will now," said Dr. Fosbrook autocratically, "and if one word to him would make all the difference, that word must not be spoken. Better a live private individual than a dead Member of Parliament. There! I didn't mean to startle you, but it's as well you should know how careful we shall need to be."

"Could you not stay with him to-night?" Douglas asked anxiously. "I have had no experience of nursing."

"No, I must get some rest. I am quite worn out. He will be all right for to-night, and I shall send a telegram for a professional nurse, who will be here to-morrow. He tells me he has some family matters to talk over with you. The talking will do him harm, but that will be balanced by the mental relief it will give him. Let him talk; do not check him nor encourage him. I will send some medicine that will give him sleep, and he will rest all the better after he has had his say. Now, good-night. I will be in early to-morrow with the nurse."

Douglas returned to his brother's room and found him eager to resume their talk.

"I must have this matter settled," he said, "before I can rest quietly. We have been estranged long enough and I am thankful that at last there is a sign of our coming to an understanding."

"So am I," said Douglas; "but for your own sake, Caryl, postpone as much of it as possible till you are well."

"Yes I will. Now to resume. Did you ever ask our uncle for money?"

"Never," said Douglas emphatically.

"In a letter of Dora Locke's she said that she was afraid that you were in difficulties, for you had been asking your uncle for money, and though the old man had given it to you, yet he had seemed annoyed; and she was afraid that it might be against your interests eventually. Then I wrote to you. Do you remember the letter? I was dreadfully afraid of saying the wrong thing, but I thought I had managed to put it so that if you were really in a fix you wouldn't mind telling me."

"I remember," said Douglas, "I wondered why you should think that I was likely to be in any kind of difficulty."

"Exactly so! Your letter read as though you were offended, or wished me to think you were."

"It was not meant so, I can assure you."

"I daresay not. But we are neither of us among the people whose pens always convey just what they mean. Perhaps, you remember, though, that you did not in so many words deny that you were or had been in need of money. . . . I can't trace it all out—I can't remember all the steps now—but I know that while you were writing to me of our uncle's prejudices against you, and at last you had thought it best to give up going to see him till he should send for you—Dora Locke was mentioning in the most casual matter-of-course way that you had spent this evening and that evening with the old man, and at last that she was glad to say that he had made over a sum to you that ought to put you out of debt and give you a good start in the world. I remember her very words: 'So much more sensible,' she said, 'than keeping you all the best years of your life waiting for dead men's shoes.'"

Caryl shifted his position uneasily, and looked almost appealing into his brother's attentive face.

"If she had seemed to be taking part against you I would never have taken her word against yours. But she seemed so friendly towards you; so pleased; and I—heaven knows that I didn't grudge you the money, but I did think you might have told me both why you wanted it and when you got it. It bothered me a good deal, but—I was bothered about other things, too, at that time. There are times in a man's life when even his brother doesn't come first with him. I said to myself that when I got back home, I would get to the bottom of it all. But, I daresay, my letters got stiffer—I didn't know what to write or how to write—and I know that yours did the same—caught it, perhaps, from mine."

"Very likely. But I wish you could be persuaded to leave all this alone just now," said Douglas gently. "I am sure it is doing you harm."

"It won't leave me alone!" said Caryl

(Continued on next page.)

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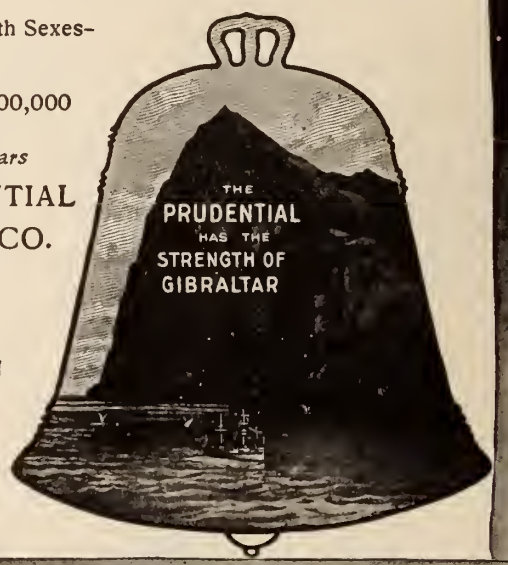

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The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page.)

wistfully. "Well, the last letter I got from Dora Locke, just before I sailed, she said that she was uneasy, that my uncle seemed to be getting even more capricious than old people generally: that he had again been very liberal to you, and now seemed to have taken offence at something, or—I can't tell you how she put it, but she implied that you did not care to come near him any more, now that you had got all you could hope for out of him!"

He paused, but Douglas was trying not to feel hurt at what his words for the first time made clear, and was trying too hard to be able at the moment to find anything to say.

"So I came back," went on Caryl, "and I fancied that you were not very pleased to see me. I daresay you were thinking the same of me. I didn't know how we were ever to be comfortable together till we had cleared up things somehow; but I couldn't think how to question you without insulting you. I thought that my uncle when he was in a confidential mood might tell me the whole story, but he was too ill to be questioned, and his memory was not always available. He grumbled sometimes about kindness that he had shown to you, and 'a poor return.' But it seemed to me more as though he was annoyed at your not having been to see him than determined not to see you, as you had told me he was."

"It was Mrs. Locke who reported that he refused to see me, and advised me not to call again for a time," said Douglas significantly.

Again Caryl dropped the hand with which he was screening his face from the light, and their eyes met. But before either spoke there came a tap at the door, and the chambermaid entered with a piece of paper which she handed to Caryl.

It was the back of a letter, very neatly and securely twisted up, and addressed to "C. Lingard, Esq."

"Is the lady downstairs?" asked Caryl, as he glanced at what was written inside; and as the girl answered "Yes" he signed to her to wait outside for a reply, and flung the note to his brother. It ran:

"So grieved!—only just heard that you are not well. May I come up and see what can be done? I am worth something as a nurse, as you know.—D. L."

"Write her a line, Earl," said Caryl hurriedly. "Tell her that you are with me, and that I don't want any one else."

Douglas wrote as desired, without waiting to find any polite circumlocutions, and handed his note to the maid.

"Fool that I am!" said Caryl when Douglas returned. "I am forgetting the chief thing, the only real excuse I had for thinking that you might really have acted as Dora Locke led me to believe. One day when I was sitting alone with my uncle he began to talk to me about his will. He said something about changes he had been obliged to make in it, and that it was better for young people to know what they had to depend upon and then to make their own way for themselves. I might be surprised, he said, to find that he had not so much to leave, after all; but there were other claims besides mine, though I might naturally expect to come first. And then he added that he had been disappointed in you, and that you never came to see him now. It was all vague and incoherent, and any attempt to question him only put him out, but he was evidently talking of what had been in his mind a good while. And in less than a week after that the old man was gone; and looking over the notebooks he left behind him, I found, about the dates I had been led to expect to see them, entries of large sums drawn from the bank and paid to D. L. Once more, to make sure, I asked the lawyer who drew up his will whether any allusion had been made to you, and he said that he had been given to understand that Mr. Lingard's younger nephew was already provided for. . . . Now, Douglas, speaking the whole truth and not trying to spare me at all, what should you have thought if you had been in my place?"

"Very likely I should have thought as you did, and held my tongue as you did," answered Douglas.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHAUTAUQUA ROLLER ORGAN IS A LARKIN PREMIUM GIVEN FREE

With a $10.00 Combination Case of the LARKIN SOAPS.

Thousands of Roller Organs are giving pleasure to Larkin patrons, making good music in many homes where it was not possible before.

This musical marvel EMPLOYS NO PAPER; but its music is obtained from a ROLLER, furnished with pins like a music box. The reeds are of organ size, and their volume of tone, and full sustaining and carrying power, equal that of a full organ. We fully guarantee the durability of all its mechanism. The case is handsomely made of solid Oak, polish finish.

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The Larkin Idea saves all profits of middlemen, who add nothing to worth. The saving amounts to half the retail prices which our advantages double for you in a premium worth $10.00 at retail. We lose nothing on the premium and make a manufacturer's profit on the Soaps.

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If the purchaser finds all the Soaps, etc., of excellent quality and the premium entirely satisfactory and as represented, remit **$10.00**; if not, notify us goods are subject to our order.

If you remit in advance, we send 50 cents extra value in soaps, and ship day after order is received. Money refunded promptly if the Soaps or Organ disappoints. Safe delivery guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied.

Booklet handsomely illustrating . . . 20 Premiums . . . sent on request.

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100 Bars "Sweet Home" Soap .	$5.00
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1 Stick Witch Hazel Shaving Soap .	.10
The Soaps, etc., at Retail, Cost	$10.00
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ALL FOR $10. Actual Retail Value,	$20

NOTE.—The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. make our readers a wonderful offer. Not only do they give you a box of excellent laundry soap and toilet articles of great value, but they also give each purchaser a valuable premium, and we personally know they carry out what they promise.—*The Independent, New York.*

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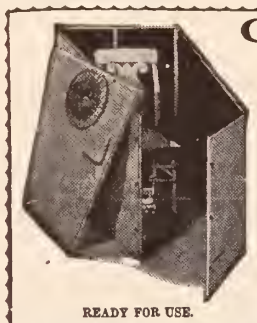

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This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet.** All the beneficial effects of Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. The **Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The Cabinet is **supplied with a door and an opening for the arm,** convenient for bathers in removing prespiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price $5.00, including **Alcohol Safety Stove and Receipes** for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer,** used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price $1.00 extra. **AGENTS and SALESMEN.**—We want agents and salesmen to represent us in every section and we offer money making terms to active men and women. **FREE**—Descriptive Booklet and testimonials to all who write. Address **MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 944 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio.**

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Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Pneumonia and Catarrh

can be cured by DR. ROBERT HUNTER'S method of treatment by which the curative drugs are introduced directly into the bronchial tubes and lungs, and not put into the stomach, where they become useless.

Mrs. A. L. Peer, 179 Washington street, Newark, N. J., says: "I had 27 hemorrhages, and lost 50 pounds in weight; I was cured by Dr. Hunter's treatment."

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Readers of this paper can receive, FREE, a book explaining the causes, symptoms and treatment of the various bronchial and lung diseases by sending their address to Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 West 45th Street, New York City.

Moller's Oil is different

from other cod liver oils, as it is never sold in bulk. It is bottled when manufactured, thus passing direct to the consumer without the possibility of adulteration. Each bottle of

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bears on the label, in perforated letters, the date of manufacture, so that the purchaser may always insist on having oil of the latest season's production, and know that he is getting it.

Moller's Cod Liver Oil is put up only in flat, oval bottles, and bears our name as sole agents.

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Tartarlithine Cures Rheumatism

The editor of the New Albany (Ind.) Medical Herald recently published an article on Rheumatism in which he said:

"But not until recently, when Tartarlithine has been employed by us, have we attained results that were even fairly satisfactory in the treatment of gout and rheumatism. By the employment of this drug I have been able to relieve some of the most distressing afflictions of this class, and now regard Tartarlithine as the most valuable remedy at our disposal in the treatment of this class of affections. In rheumatism and in gout Tartarlithine can be administered with confidence."

Tarlarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00, and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail.

Pamphlets with Testimonials sent FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
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Sole agents for THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Kearney, Neb., says:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work and had to be turned in bed. I fully made up my mind that I could not be cured, as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors.

At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I very reluctantly commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used six boxes the paralysis disappeared, and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."

From the Advertiser, Axtell, Neb.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

MAULE'S Seeds

Lead all, as thousands of successful gardeners in all sections of the country can attest. If you want the finest garden you have ever had, you must plant **Maule's Seeds.**

Our Beautiful New

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to all who apply for it. It contains everything good, old or new, in vegetable, flower, and farm seeds, summer flowering bulbs, etc., etc. It has hundreds of illustrations, four colored plates, practical up-to-date cultural directions, and offers **$2,500 in cash prizes.** Write for it to-day. Address

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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENCTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
Address **Ditman, 2 Barclay Street. New York**

$10,000 More for India

Another Remittance to the American Missionaries in India who are Fighting Famine

LETTERS received from missionaries in India last week show, as was feared, that the pressure of famine is being felt over a larger area, as time passes, and with increased severity. The inhabitants of the states under native rule are entering those governed by the British, in the hope that the sympathy denied them by their own government may be extended to them by Christians. This of course increases the burdens of the states to which they go, but it also affords an opportunity for Gospel work that seldom comes. Multitudes who come seeking food for their bodies will hear the message of Christ, which under happier circumstances might never have reached them. If the missionaries to whom those go, who are unable to go on the government relief works, were able to employ them and feed those who cannot work, such as children and the most feeble of the women, many might be won for Christ's kingdom. But even to supply the need of these, the missionaries have no funds available.

An urgent appeal comes from Miss L. E. Marks and Miss E. V. Tryon, two American missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Ajmere, in Rajputana, in British India. They say: "Three years ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appeal to its readers for help resulted in the missionaries in India being able to succor thousands of famished people. We little thought then that like appeals would soon be needed; but famine as gaunt and terrible as before is now here, menacing millions of people. The centre of the trouble has now changed to Rajputana, though other districts are affected to a deplorable extent. We are daily witnesses of distress and suffering that are absolutely indescribable. Three weeks ago, a company numbering two thousand, passed through Kishangarh—a town near us—having sought help in another district. They had been disappointed, for they found famine everywhere, and they were returning in despair to their own villages. They said that hundreds had died of exhaustion and starvation by the roadside. Oh, it is awful to see the emaciated creatures and hear their cries. Even at this early stage of the calamity we cannot stir out without seeing children and grown people too, who are mere skeletons. **Prompt help would save many lives.**"

The Central Provinces which bore the brunt of the famine of 1897 are again suffering severely. Rev. F. R. Felt, of Khandwa, C. P., writes that the missionaries could help the people permanently by employing them to dig wells. There is the more need for this because in some towns the Christians have been forbidden by their Hindoo neighbors to approach existing wells and they have to go long distances and in secrecy to obtain water. The food in Dr. Felt's district is now four times its normal price. There are many Christians who would prefer to work for money or food to receiving it as charity and Dr. Felt could thus use the funds supplied to him without pauperizing the recipients.

A similar method is advocated by Rev. E. F. Frease, of the American mission in Gujerat. The missionaries there have a number of weavers in the district. By supplying them with yarn, as many as seventeen hundred persons could be supported. A market has been found for a large part of the cloth, as the collector of Kaira District has ordered that the supplies needed for poorhouses, hospitals, etc., shall be purchased from the missionaries.

All reports indicate that the missionaries are preparing to take wise and prudent measures for the relief of the people and need only a small capital to begin operations. They rely on receiving help from the Christian people of America, who stood by them so nobly three years ago. The contributions received at this office from our readers since sending our last remittance of $5,000, have been so encouraging that the proprietor of this journal has cabled a further sum of ten thousand dollars to the missionaries, who are surrounded by this awful misery and are struggling so bravely to save lives.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Best in quality—largest in quantity—applied with a cloth—makes no dust—does its work quickly, easily and effectively.

MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

Dean Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," said that—

"Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."

If you intend to sow any seeds at all in 1900, let us send you a catalogue of

"Seeds that Grow."

You want the best, that is **Burpee's.** Send your address for a catalogue to

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADA.

and so sow the seeds of a

"Happy New Year."

Spotted Calla. Begonia.

20 Packets SEEDS. FLOWERS 10 Choice Bulbs.

For 25c. we will send the following choice collection **for 25c.** post paid.

1 Pkt Double Chrysanthemum hardy, great novelty
1 Pkt Polyantha Baby Rose, bloom in 90 days from planting
1 Pkt Tree Aster, new and very attractive, giant flowers
4 Pkts Pansies, yellow, black, red, white, separate colors
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1 Pkt Poppy Bracteatum, very brilliant colors and hardy
1 Pkt Japanese Morning Glories, beautiful markings
1 Pkt Carnation, choice
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1 Pkt Bracteacome (Daisy)
1 Pkt Nigella, Love in Mist
1 Pkt Bush Sweet Pea, new
1 Pkt Verbena, Sweet Scented
1 Pkt Petunia, fringed, mixed

10 Bulbs 1 Spotted Calla, 1 Begonia, 1 Amaryllis, 2 Montbretias, 1 Cinnamon Vine, 1 Madeira Vine, 2 Gladiolus, brilliant colors; 1 Tuberose, double

All the above Seeds and Bulbs, together with our new colored plate catalog, sent postpaid for 25c. NOTICE.—A return check good for 25c. sent with each collection.

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My new Seed Book tells all about the best varieties of Cabbage and everything of interest in seeds; how to grow them for profit, etc.

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OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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15 Good Bulbs, 12 Pkts. Flower Seeds for 25 cts., postpaid.

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The 15 Bulbs are as follows: **1 Double Begonia,** large; **2 Aztec Bridal Flowers,** fragrant; **2 Cinnamon Vine,** hardy cinnamon-scented climber; **1 Madeira Vine,** climber, fragrant; **2 Everblooming Montbretias; 2 Gladiolus, the Bride; 2 Summer blooming Hyacinth; 2 Giant French Ranunculus; 1 Scarlet Freesia,** summer bloomer.

The following pkts. of seeds:

1 Pkt. Carnation.

$30,000 was paid for **Mrs. Lawson Carnation.** You may get one equally as good—some of my seed is same blood.

CARNATION FLOWER

1 Antigonon, the great **Mountain Beauty; 1 Chameleon** asturtium, new; **1 Multiflora Rose Seed; 1 Moss Verbena; 1 Geranium Seed; 1 Centrosema Grandiflora; 1 Purple Feather Grass; 1 African Horned Cucumber; 1 Red and Gold Foliage Cotton; 1 Crotelaria Retusa; 1 Aster,** new **California Branching.**

Catalogue and "How to Grow" with every order.

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PROMISES FULFILLED!

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Every one who plants Seeds has at times been disappointed. If you would learn the TRUTH about seeds and how to buy them RIGHT—no matter where, or of whom you buy, send for "SEED TRUTH," an Authority upon the subject, SENT FREE. If you also desire a copy of our SPECIAL 64 page Catalogue of Vegetable, Field and Flower Seeds, send 10 cts. (silver or stamps) and also receive one full size pkg. each of Holland Cabbage (best winter sort), Red Globe (earliest) Beet, Cupid (mixed) Sweet Peas (grow 8 inches high), Australian (longest keeping) Onion, Triumph (new spotted) Radish, Evening Scented Stock, Bridal Veil (most charming floral novelty) and Free Samples of Perfected Field Seeds grown by us in this—the World's Golden Grain Belt!

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SEED BILL DUE FREE

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43 FLOWERS 30¢

20 Pkts. Seeds—including Asters, Pinks, Petunias, Pansies, Sweet Peas, Washington Weeping Palm and 14 others. No two alike.

23 BULBS—Two grand new **Canna Lilies,** "Scarlet King" and Variegated; 1 double Tuberose; 2 Hybrid Gladiolus; 2 Butterfly do.; 4 Spanish Iris; 2 Tuberous climbing Wistaria; 10 lovely mixed Oxalis.

NEW FLORAL GUIDE—124 pages, FREE with every order.

The Conard & Jones Co. Box O, West Grove, Pa.

. . . Lincoln . . . Memorial University

IN acknowledging receipt of $311.60 in contributions for the Lincoln Memorial University, received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Gen. O. . Howard writes as follows:

Our good work at Cumberland Gap costs an erage of $600 a month, and as I have—by our help and that of other contributors—overed the mortgages, I beg for an endowment whose interest will be as much as that. 'e have over two hundred students now, and ore are asking to come. As fast as we an get work for them to partly pay their ay, the boys and girls of the mountains ome to us, offering themselves faster than we an make provision for them. Many donors ke to give to scholarships. One hundred ollars a year makes for us a good scholarip. Whatever amount—$25 or $50 or $100—nt to me, with the request that the donor be it in correspondence with the pupil who has at scholarship, will be so used. Our superintendent wants to arrange all donations to holarships, so that the young people may ceive the same through the channel of work our Industrial Department. What better ew Year's gift can you make than the $100 r less to start a scholarship? Ours is a hristian effort.

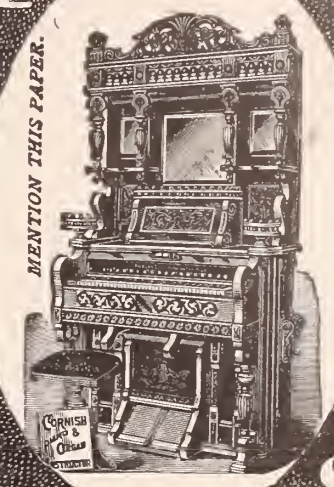
In a letter lately published in the *Tribune*, Gen. Howard thus characterizes is efforts in behalf of the neglected ountain whites:

You know the last message of my noble on, Colonel Guy Howard, who has just fallen Luzon, is burned into my brain, and affects y heart night and day. He was on the eamer (a launch) which was dragging barges led with necessary supplies for Lawton's my. The long tow was moving up the Chiita River, when an enemy in ambush on ore fired. A shot pierced his right lung. As e was dying he staggered toward the wheelan, while his men were returning the fire, nd said: "Whatever happens, keep the launch oing!" I keep answering to myself, "Yes, I ill!" So at once I have come here to New ork to go from office to office and from ouse to house to entreat my friends to aid in is educational part of our nation's work, pecially for those who have somehow been ft behind in the world's advancement, and et have the ability, lacking only a favorable pportunity.

ONE YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS & ORGANS

MENTION THIS PAPER.



WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR CORNISH ORGAN ANYWHERE UPON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT IF IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY TO PURCHASER AFTER 12 MONTHS' USE WE WILL TAKE IT BACK.

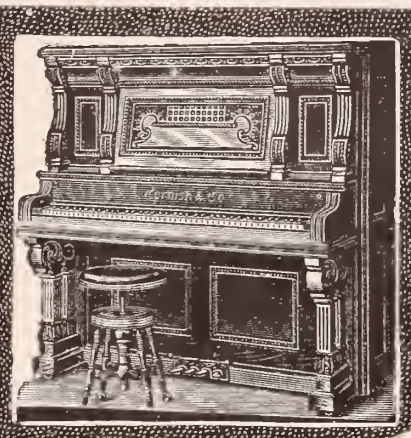
Could anything be more fair, anything more liberal, anything more conclusive of our faith in these instruments?

The Unique Cornish Plan of selling Pianos and Organs

has spread over the entire civilized world and has been the means of building up a business the vastness of which is the envy of every piano maker and dealer in existence.

OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

attest the honesty of this modern method of piano selling. It would have been impossible to build up this business unless the plan was backed up by the strongest evidence of our responsibility.



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A prompt response to this advertisement will secure a DISCOUNT of **$10**, on the list prices quoted in our 1900 Catalogue on any **CORNISH ORGAN** or **$20** on the list price if you buy a **CORNISH PIANO.**

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Send for particulars of the CORNISH CO-OPERATIVE PLAN showing how you can make money working for us, or a CORNISH PIANO OR ORGAN FREE.

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ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS
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We will ship C.O.D. with privilege of examination. You risk nothing. Reliable Top Buggy, **$34.00**; fine spring Wagon, **$39.00**; strong two horse Farm Wagon, **$44.00**; handsome Surrey, **$54.00**; well made Portland Cutter, **$17.25**; Carts, **$9.50** up. Single harness **$4.50**; Farm harness, **$12.95.** Send for free illustrated catalogue.

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are hatched by our incubators, and more of them than hens can hatch. Why? Because our regulator never fails to keep the **heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages** gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers. **Sent for 6 cents.**

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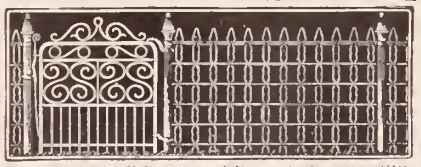

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G—Deems' Memorial Chapel.
H—A. M. Harris, Banker.
J—Park Hotel.
K—Auditorium.
L—Rev. J. C. Fernald, Author.
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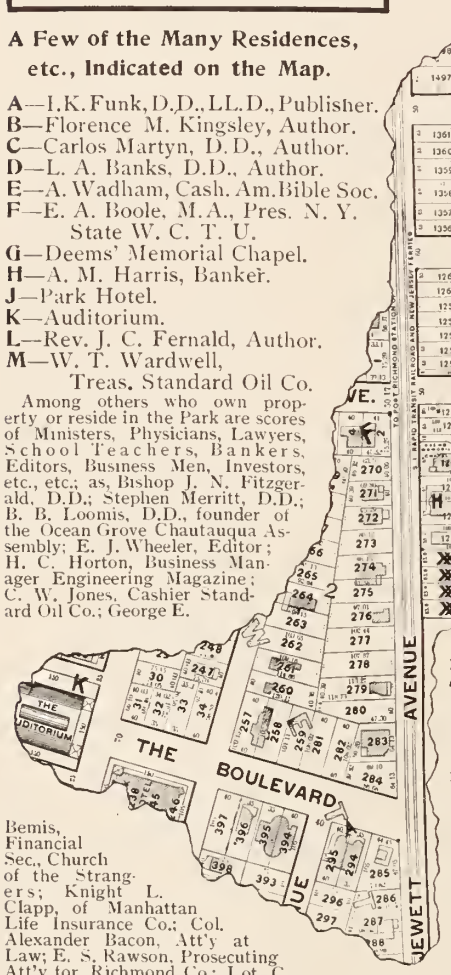
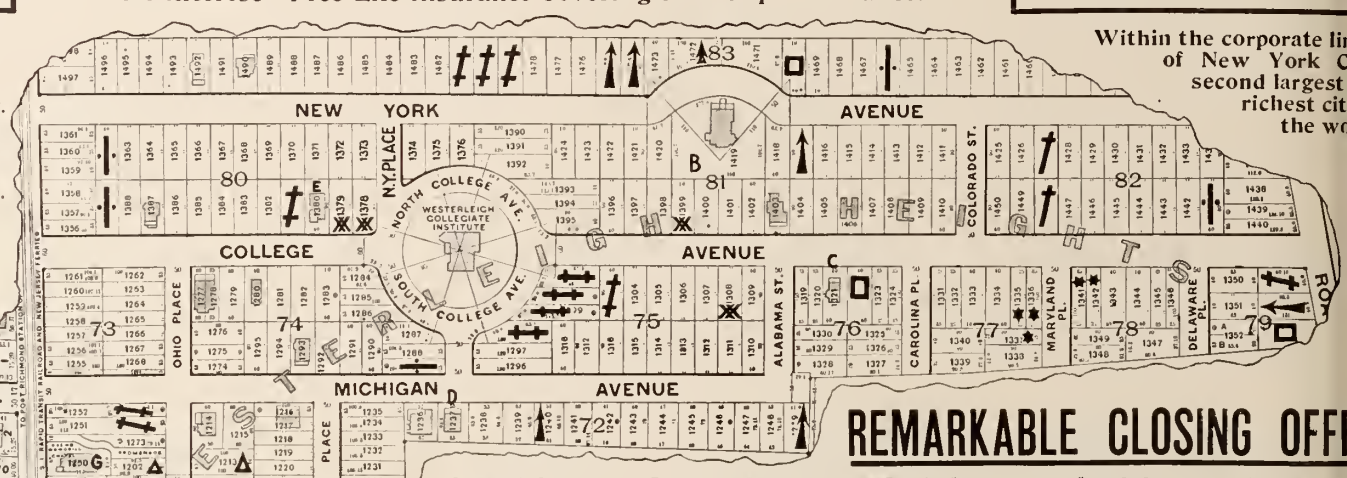
Among others who own property or reside in the Park are scores of Ministers, Physicians, Lawyers, School Teachers, Bankers, Editors, Business Men, Investors, etc., etc.; as, Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, D.D.; Stephen Merritt, D.D.; B. B. Loomis, D.D., founder of the Ocean Grove Chautauqua Assembly; E. J. Wheeler, Editor; H. C. Horton, Business Manager Engineering Magazine; C. W. Jones, Cashier Standard Oil Co.; George E. Bemis, Financial Sec., Church of the Strangers; Knight L. Clapp, of Manhattan Life Insurance Co.; Col. Alexander Bacon, Att'y at Law; E. S. Rawson, Prosecuting Att'y for Richmond Co.; Lot. C. Alston, Att'y; Holmes Merton, Scientist; Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D.; John Boner, Author (Poet); Judge W. J. Groo, Att'y; Ex-Gov. John P. St. John; Rev. C. E. Griffith, Author; H. W. Doremus, of Standard Oil Co., and hundreds of others.





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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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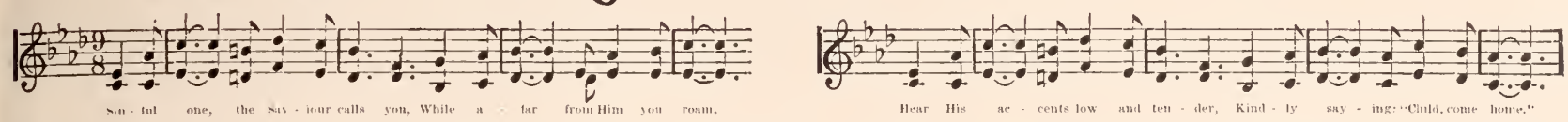
VOLUME 23—NUMBER 7

Sacred Songs from an Invalid Chair


Sin - ful one, the Sav - iour calls you, While a - far from Him you roam,
Hear His ac - cents low and ten - der, Kind - ly say - ing: "Child, come home."

AMONG the earnest workers for Christ's Kingdom there are none more deserving of honor than those who have been chosen as the minstrels of the armies of salvation, whose sweet songs inspire with faith and confidence all who hear them. They are the poets and the singers who, like the harpers of olden times, sit near the King, and make the world melodious with the story of royal love and beneficence. But the Poets of the Cross have a far higher mission than the old-time bards or minne-singers, who hymned the praises of earthly greatness and glorified the cruel triumphs of the sword, for they tell the story, not of slaughter and conquest, but of a world-embracing, redeeming Love.

Foremost among the writers of hymns and sacred songs in our own day have been many whose names are widely known throughout the Christian world. P. P. Bliss, Horatius Bonar, Dean Alford, Frances Ridley Havergal, Fanny Crosby, R. Lowry, R. M. Offord, E. P. Hammond, Joseph Cook, Wilbur F. Crafts, S. Baring-Gould, S. F. Smith, H. L. Hastings, R. A. Dykes, and a host of others, including Mrs. A. S. Hawks, Mrs. Breck, Sarah Doudney and Mrs. Ellen H. Gates, might be mentioned. Some have written only a few hymns, while others, more prolific, have produced many beautiful, soul-stirring songs that have cheered a great multitude of hearts and given brightness and encouragement to those who are struggling upward to the spiritual life.

Fanny Crosby is the most venerable and the best beloved of modern hymn-writers, and her productions are numbered by the thousand. The story of her remarkable life-work is already familiar to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Another writer of sacred songs, whose work is of unusual interest, no less by reason of its extent and quality than for the extraordinary conditions under which it has been produced, is Jennie Wilson, of South Whitley, Indiana, whose photograph appears on this page. Miss Wilson is an invalid, having been lame from childhood, yet her whole life has been a bright example of talent, which has been sanctified and blessed to many souls.

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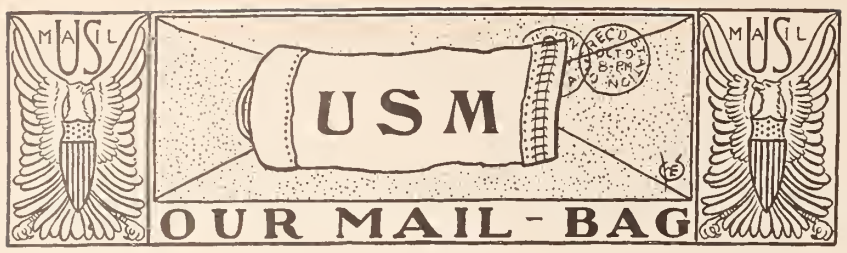
JENNIE WILSON, THE INVALID POET AND AUTHOR OF 600 GOSPEL HYMNS

During the last fourteen years the name of Jennie Wilson has frequently appeared as the author of Gospel songs, but few of those using her hymns know that she is the occupant of an invalid's wheel-chair. She was born near South Whitley, on the farm where, with her aged mother, she now resides in the family of her sister, Mrs. J. Ulrey. Her father died in her infancy. When she was nearly four years old an attack of spinal trouble resulted in paralysis of the lower limbs, which skilful treatment has failed to cure. Being unable to attend school, she studied at home, read much and received some musical instruction. A natural love of music and poetry early led to verse writing, her first published works appearing in a local paper. Afterward, through the influence of Rev. J. D. Coverstone, she sent poems to a publication in Dayton, Ohio. These attracted the attention of music writers, by whom she was invited to write verses to be set to music.

Her first hymn was entitled, "All the Way," and, not knowing of its publication, she was pleasantly surprised when it was found in new singing books purchased by a Sunday School in her neighborhood.

From the beginning of her career, the knowledge of Fanny Crosby's great work as a hymn-writer has been an inspiration to Miss Wilson, who labored patiently and perseveringly, glad that in her weakness the Master had entrusted her with this "one talent" to use for his glory. More than **six hundred hymns,** besides numerous other productions, have gone out into the world from her pen. Among the most useful of these the following may be mentioned: "Precious Golden Grain," "Beautiful City of Peace" and "Jesus is Calling the Children," set to music by Prof. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, of Philadelphia; "There Will be Light at the River," "Is it Well with Your Soul?" "Listen to the Spirit's Call" and "Go Forth to the Battlefield." She has been assured that her hymn, "I've No Other Place to Go," (which is based on John 6:68), has been blessed of God to the conversion of many souls. "Christ is Calling you To-night" and "Mercy's Door is

(Continued on page 123)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Mch. 14

1. How far may a Christian church lend itself to the promotion of amusement, and is it right to use a church edifice for purposes of entertainment?
2. Who is the author of the following lines, and in what poem do they occur?

" Damned be whoever with sin doth play,
Though it hath been but playing;
In bitter earnestness will he atonement make."

3. What is the meaning and origin of the term "Godwin's oath"?
4. Was Peter a converted man when he betrayed Christ? If so why the language of Luke 22:32?
5. What are the comparative drink bills of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia?
6. What city now existing has the record of greatest antiquity?
7. Had Mary, the mother of Jesus, any other children, so far as the Bible informs us?
8. If a stone mason who is a Christian is asked to build a wall, and he knows that the building is to be a billiard hall and saloon, is he in duty bound as a Christian to refuse to build said wall?
9. Can a person be truly converted to God and not enjoy reading God's Word?
10. Which is the longest railroad in the world?

Questions of the Week

1. What four living issues of our time may be grouped as the four most important?

1. The reaching of the whole world with the message of the Gospel of Christ. 2. The subjugation of the liquor traffic. 3. The establishment of right relations between labor and capital. 4. The substitution of arbitration for the appeal to arms in national disputes.

M. O. NICOLL.

2. What six promoters of sociological reform should be given pre-eminence? The answer need not be confined to Americans, but must be limited to names of persons now living.

Herbert Spencer, Tolstoi, the Duke of Argyll, Goldwin Smith, W. T. Stead, and Joseph Cook.

3. Does God's method of grace annul or revise his system of government? In other words, does the New Testament abrogate the laws of the Old Testament altogether or in part?

The Jewish ceremonial law with all its requirements finds its consummation in Christ, who takes the place of all its offerings and sacrifices. The moral law remains in force to be obeyed in the spirit. Righteous as that law is, it gives man no power to obey it, but Christ came and died "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us" through the indwelling Spirit. Christ would not have died in order to give us the power to obey an absolutely abrogated law. Love is the fulfilling of the law and of that love, Christ is our perfect example and our strongest inspiration.

L. T. ENSIGN.

4. How many miles of steam railroad are there in the United States?

There were 189,870.87 miles of railroad in the United States on Dec. 31st, 1899. In addition to the track mileage there were 60,344.54 miles of side tracks, making a total mileage of 250,215.41 miles of track in actual use. 4,500 10 miles were built in 1899, which was the greatest mileage constructed in any year since 1890. Total cost of the railroads and equipment, $10,256,275,585 00. Total assets of all the railroad companies in the United States, $12,285,367,702.00. In 1899 the railroads of this country carried 514,982,288 passengers and moved 912,973,853 tons of freight. THOMAS ALPHRAM.

5. By what illustration may the fact that the twentieth century does not commence till the close of the year 1900 be most simply demonstrated?

By a square enclosing one hundred equal-sized smaller squares, placed in ten rows of ten squares each. Each small square represents a year. Taking the year one as the first year of the first century, place in the upper left-hand corner the figure 1 (or the figure 1801 for the first year of the nineteenth century). Put the figure 2 in the next square, 3 in the next, and so on, until the upper row of squares is filled. So continue to fill the squares until all are filled. The last square on the right hand lower corner will be 100 or 1900 respectively. It takes 100 completed years to make one century and 1900 completed years to make nineteen centuries. The illustration may not convince a man who thinks we are already in the twentieth century, for

" A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

S. W. TAYLOR.

6. How may we best solve what is known as the servant girl problem?

The employment of domestic help is at present largely a matter of securing crude and unskilled labor. A higher order of labor should be demanded. To ensure a supply for the demand would involve the establishing of training schools for domestic service. Graduates from such institutions would be sought after, earn better wages and win an appreciation that would do much to affect favorably the relation between the employer and the employed in domestic life.

E. WILSON.

7. Has the principle of business co-operation among employers and employed advanced sufficiently to promise its wide adaptation within the next decade?

The principle of business co-operation or profit sharing among employers and employed, has proved successful when given a fair trial, and seems well calculated to promote harmony between these often conflicting interests. It has not been sufficiently widely adopted to encourage the belief that it will be very generally so during the next decade, but much may be done in that time.

JOHN G. OSBORNE.

8. What text of Scripture may be presented as the most definite and powerful assertion of the deity of Christ?

In John 10: 10, Christ says: 'I and my Father are one." This is his own unqualified assertion of his oneness with the Father. He also prayed to the Father in these words: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine ownself with the glory which I had with thee before the world was" (John 17: 5). St. John, in his gospel, opens his record of Christ with words used by Moses in introducing God upon the scene. "In the beginning God," says Moses. "In the beginning was the Word," says John, and adds: "And the Word was with God, and the Word was God." We identify this Word as Christ as we read John 1: 14: "And the Word was made flesh." The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews declares that God made the worlds through his Son and that to the Son he saith: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." And again: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth and the heavens are the work of thy hands." Paul, in writing to the Romans, speaks of Christ, "who is over all, God blessed forever." L. T. SHAW.

9. Has the divine law in reference to the punishment of murder, as declared in Genesis 9: 6, and as fully defined and detailed in Numbers 35, ever been repealed?

There is certainly no explicit repeal in the New Testament of the law referred to. Christ forbade the spirit of personal retaliation, which, owing to the weakness of human nature, had taken the place of judicial avenging of blood. The spirit of the New Testament is against merely vindictive punishment, but not against the meting out of just punishment to evil doers. E. S. LEONARD.

10. Which book of the Bible is the oldest, and on what ground is the claim substantiated?

The book of Job. The claim is based upon the following considerations: 1. The general tone and spirit of the book indicate an early period of the race. 2. The language used is a very early form of Hebrew. 3. The high age attained by the patriarch (42: 16), and the mention of only the three most ancient musical instruments (21: 12; 30: 31; comp. Gen. 4: 21; 31: 27). 4. The fact that the only idolatry spoken of, the worship of the heavenly hosts (31: 26–28), is the oldest known in history. 5. The absence of all references, direct or indirect, to the Mosaic law, the temple or tabernacle, the priesthood, and the sacrifices. It is impossible to conceive that a devout Jew could write after these had been established without speaking of them. 6. The absence of references to well-known facts of Israelitish history. The Exodus, e. g., is not mentioned, although the writer was evidently acquainted with Egypt and the desert, and the story of Jehovah's deliverance of his people would have been most pertinent to his argument. There are, possibly, references to the flood (22: 15, 16) and to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (18: 15), but no later facts are even hinted at. J. K. WILSON.

* * *

Miscellaneous Questions

E. L., Eaton, O. Is it right to have a kitchen in a Christian church for suppers and festivals and other gayeties?

It would be indecorous and out-of-place. There is nothing sacred in the brick and mortar of a church, but when the edifice has been solemnly dedicated to God as a house of worship, it should be kept at least reasonably free from gatherings of a nature that are not in harmony with its religious character.

Subscriber. 1. Is it wrong to do literary work on the Sabbath, when one feels the inspiration to write? 2. Would you advise a beginner in literary work to take a course in a school of journalism by mail, or spend the amount it will cost in books? 3. While we pray, should we not have in our imagination an object before us, for instance, Jesus Christ on the cross, or God upon the throne?

1. To the Christian, all work, except that which is of necessity or of mercy, is forbidden on the Sabbath. 2. There are many things that cannot be taught except by actual contact with the thing itself and this is one. Journalism can only be taught by actual service on the staff of a live, progressive publication. 3. The human conception of deity must vary with the individual, and no rule can be laid down to govern the imagination in spiritual things. The praying child has an impression of the grandeur and majesty of the Father, but it has also a distinct impression of His love and care. The sinner sees, through his prayer, an offended God and a despised Christ, while the Christian sees a living Father and a precious Redeemer.

Perry B., Spokane, Wash. 1. Are clairvoyants and palmists frauds? 2. Do you think phrenologists can tell anything about what a man is adapted to or about his past and future life?

1. They are ranked with conjurers and others, and belong to a class who live by imposing on the credulous. 2. No, they can tell nothing definite, although by interrogating the subject they may be able to give a shrewd estimate of character. The formation or contour of the head is not a safe index of intellectual qualities.

J. F., Indiana. After Adam and Eve had sinned God called for Adam; why not for Eve?

Because Adam was the head of the human family, and must first account for his transgression. Eve was not overlooked by God (Gen. 3: 13).

A Subscriber, Canada.

In 1867 under what is called the Act of Confederation, Ontario and Quebec were united to the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1870 the newly created province of Manitoba, in 1871 that of British Columbia, and in 1873 that of Prince Edward Island, were successively admitted into the confederation. In 1882 a provisional government was appointed, and thus the whole of British North America has been organized into a united political confederacy under the name of the Dominion of Canada.

N. A. W. H., Oregon. Has a person a right to expect to gain a title to heaven by connecting himself with some Christian church and never thereafter bear public testimony for Jesus?

No. Connecting one's self with a church does not give a title to heaven. That step is, or should be, the confession that we have secured a title to heaven through faith in Christ's finished work in our behalf. As far as possible, Christians should testify to their faith in the Saviour, but many a true and most useful Christian never gave a testimony in any public meeting. A glib testimony is not the unfailing sign of a gracious heart.

We have been quite overwhelmed, lately, with the many kind things written to us by our readers. We thank them cordially for their good wishes. This extract from a letter sent by a subscriber in Garden Grove, Cal., is a sample of many others:

Please give me the pleasure of saying to the busy editors that I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a number of years, and consider it the best general missionary paper I know of. Each year we are delighted with some new feature and such pleasing variety. The illustrations are fine, especially in the Samantha story. The artist in that case deserves great credit.

From a reader in St. Croix, Danish West Indies, comes this note of greeting;

ST. CROIX, DANSK VESTINDIEN.

My sincere wish to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a blessed new year, and deep-felt thanks for the many happy hours I have spent with it in the past year. In my home here THE CHRISTIAN HERALD makes a glad day in the family when it arrives. E. B. MALLGRAV.

J. F. D., Rockland, N.Y. Is driving to church on Sunday, in the summer time, wrong, when the horse has to be left standing in the heat during the service?

It is cruel and wicked to compel a horse to stand in the burning heat when shelter can easily be provided.

Edward N., Westfield, Mass. What are the power, cost, and general characteristics of acetylene, as an illuminating agent?

It is a gas produced by slacking a lime, known as calcium carbide, in water. Carbide is closely related to common building lime, and may be called practically common lime impregnated with coal or carbon by means of an electric furnace. It is claimed that a pound of carbide, costing 3 3-4 cents, has a lighting power equal to 62 cubic feet of ordinary illuminating gas or two quarts of kerosene. Acetylene costs about the same as kerosene. It gives a clear, white, pleasant light, closely resembling daylight, and is safe to use and in every way adapted to the purposes of general illumination.

L. A. M., Sayre, Pa. Why did Christ give the parable of the unjust steward? (Luke 16: 1-9). Did not the man act in a most dishonest way?

His conduct was dishonest, but Christ did not hold up his dishonesty for imitation. He was inculcating the same lesson that he taught in Matt. 25: 34-40. Those who ministered to the poor and the afflicted, especially to the followers of Christ, would receive a reward out of all proportion to their services. If they knew how great that reward was, they would not let the opportunity escape them. The children of the world were more crafty and then he tells of one of them who worked a device at his master's expense to effect this object. He placed his master's debtors under an obligation, so that they might feel bound to help him, when he needed it, as he had helped them. It was not Christ who commended him, but his own lord, who admired the shrewdness of his dishonest scheme.

New Subscriber. 1. If a person has been baptized in the Lutheran Church and subsequently desires to enter the Church of the Disciples would he have to be baptized again? 2. If it was required of him would he be doing wrong by complying, in view of the restriction to one baptism in Ephesians 4: 5?

1. A minister of that church could tell you authoritatively, but we think it would be required of him. 2. He would be doing no wrong. The apostle's restriction does not apply to him, but to the general unity of the church. He taught that faith and baptism had one and the same meaning for all.

J. Ashworth. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 10, page 25, it is written: "Dwight L. Moody was an applicant for membership in the church and was admitted." Speaking of his application for membership in the church, Mr. Moody himself said: "They would not have me?" Which is correct?

We have referred the question to Mr. Wm. R. Moody, his son and chosen biographer, who gives this answer:

The statements are both partially correct. The first application for membership was not accepted and he was placed upon probation for some time but at a later day was accepted. W. R. MOODY.

S. W., Dundee, Ore. It is not a wholesome food, yet many seem to like it.

Mrs. Jennie V., Hoyt, Kan. She is still alive and happy in the Master's work.

Chas. C. S., Passaic, N. J. It is literally a plague of boils, fever and blood-poisoning.

Elizabeth, St. Davids, Can. She is doubtless anxious about your spiritual welfare.

J. F. W., Dudley, Mo. No; he would not. Such a condition would be without precedent.

M. E. H., Meridean, Idaho. Address him at Tremont Temple, Boston, for all information.

R. S., Wyoma, W. Va. The case is too complicated for us to advise. Consult a lawyer.

G. C., Mo. Write to H. P. Main, of Biglow & Main, music dealers, New York, for all information.

Arch. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. Your pastor is partly right, although Britian is fighting for her subjects as well.

E. A. Q., Nashua, Ia. We cannot advise in such matters. The circumstances are antagonistic to Bible teaching.

J. B. S., Camden, N. J. A movement has already been started for an Endowment Fund for the Moody Schools.

L. A. J., Potage, Wis. We never heard of it. Write to the American Bible Society, New York, for information.

C. W., St. Paul, Minn. Designing posters or anything else to advertise an immoral play is certainly a degradation of art.

A. Grampian, Pa. Explain the matter frankly to him and thus clear up any misunderstanding. You seem to be over-sensitive.

The Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y., can use back numbers of this journal or other religious literature to advantage among its inmates.

Rev. D. M. J., Easton, Pa. We have no national holiday in the sense that it is fixed by Congress. The different States provide, by statute, for certain days to be observed as public holidays; where by statute or custom they agree in any one case upon a common day for a particular celebration, as the last Thursday in November for Thanksgiving, that day and occasion may be considered a national holiday. The President's proclamation would not make Thanksgiving a legal holiday in States that had not provided for it.

Margery, Seattle, Wash. The tale of the old oak chest in "The Mistletoe Bough" ballad, is related by Rogers in his *Italy*, where the lady is called Ginevra. Collet gives a similar narrative in his *Relics of Literature;* and still another is found in the *Causes Celebres*. Marwell Hall, the long-time seat of the Seymours and the Dacres has a similar tradition; and the very chest, it is said, was for many years the property of J. Haggarth, rector of Upham, England. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is a relic of Scandinavian mythology.

Mrs. C. S. F., Sanbornville, N. H. 1. "The man in the iron mask" has never been identified. The preserved records of a turnkey of the Bastille show that a mysterious prisoner of State, who always wore a black velvet mask died there Nov. 19, 1703, five years after his arrival at the institution. 2. "Western Reserve" is the term applied to a tract of land now forming the northeastern corner of Ohio. It was reserved by Connecticut when in 1786 she ceded her western territory to the United States, and continued under her jurisdiction until 1880. 3. The Obelisk of Luxor was set up in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, 1836.

Our Pan-American Exposition

Representation for All Nations of the Western Hemisphere—Our New Possessions — Description of the Exposition Buildings

THE Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., from May 1 to November 1, 1901, will doubtless command as important a share of public interest as the great World's Fair, which opens at Paris in April of the esent year. Paris itself—the city of art d learning and beauty almost unrivaled an not give such display of electrical nders as can our American city, which rrows light and power, practically unhited, from Niagara Falls.

Besides its electrical attractions, the n-American Exposition will possess in turesque group at the west end of the garden—are connected by arcades and so arranged as to enclose in front a semicircular court. The Horticultural Building, which is in the centre of the group, covers an area of 45,000 square feet; the Graphic Arts and Forestry Buildings each cover 30,000. These figures indicate the magnificent scope of the whole. The central lantern, crowning the Agricultural Building, the deeply recessed arch entrances, the ornate windows, and the graceful domes make this group a very beautiful one.

The Plaza, which is an extensive open square at the north end of the grounds, has been so named because of the Spanish characteristics of the buildings bounding it on three sides. The centre of this square is occupied by a slightly raised terrace, in the centre of which is a sunken garden, where the band stand will be erected. The electrical tower is south of the Plaza, outside, and at the north is the railway and trolley station, from which the greater number of visitors will enter the grounds. On the west is a large building which is to be used as a restaurant; on the east is another closely resembling the restaurant and serving as an entrance to the stadium or Athletic Field. Much attention will be given to the stadium; in a general way it resembles that erected at Athens a few years ago. It will accommodate about 25,000 spectators.

ARTS, HORTICULTURE, FORESTRY

MACHINERY HALL

THE PLAZA—ENTRANCE AND COLONNADE

E DIRECTOR-GENERAL

peculiar degree—and in a sense not etofore belonging to any fair—a qualitersely defined by the Act of Congress, vich, appropriating $500,000 for an exsive Government Exhibit, set forth t purpose of the Fair as: "fittingl to illustrate the marvelous developnt of the Western Hemisphere during t Nineteenth Century;" and added that, eing confined to the Western Hemisere, and being held in the near vicini of the Great Niagara Cataract, withi a day's journey of which reside forty llions of people, it would unquestionly be of vast benefit to the commercial terests not only of this country, but of t entire hemisphere." Toward carrying out this purpose, the Government ard, created by Congress, has made ovision for including in the Governnt representation exhibits from Porto Ico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. e Exposition authorities on their part omise to spare neither effort nor exnse to make this "New Possessions" ature conspicuous and intensely intering. Adequate provision will also be ade for a splendid exhibit from Cuba d the adjacent islands. All the nations d colonies of the New World have been formally invited by our National Government to participate in the Exposition. The State of New York has extended similar courtesies to all the States in the Union; and, judging from the manner in which nations, colonies and States have accepted, the display will be fully as representative as its projectors have hoped for, d its benefits correspondingly large.

The best architectural talent of the untry has been employed in the proiction of a number of magnificent buildgs. The Machinery and Transportaon Buildings form a hollow square, with cades on all sides; and in the centre a urt 100 by 200 feet, adorned by a foun-in, a long pool, shrubs and flowers. The neral style of these buildings is Span-, and in many respects will remind the holder of the old missions of Mexico d California.

The three buildings of the Graphic rts, Horticulture and Forestry—a pic-

The plans for the Government's Philippine exhibit demand special mention. The islands themselves are to be shown in a carefully constructed miniature relief model; and men, women and children of the native races are to be reproduced in life-size plaster-casts; typical huts, occupations, etc., will also be presented. After the exposition the collection will be placed in the National Museum. Col. F. F. Hilder, an expert ethnologist, has been sent to the archipelago to secure the necessary photographs, data and specimens for the collection, and he may return with living representatives of the various tribes. The exposition authorities are considering the feasibility of having a general congress of primitive races, including Filipinos, Hawaiians, and North and South Americans, for a feature of the fair.

The scheme of illumination for the two hundred and fifty acres included in the Exposition area is on a magnificent scale. In the great court of fountains over 100,000 incandescent lamps are to be employed, and the Grand Canal encircling the grounds will be a girdle of light. Gala Water, the picturesque park lake in the centre of a natural amphitheatre of verdure-clad hills, affords opportunity for novel floating effects. From a niche in the electrical tower, a waterfall, like a shower of glittering jewels, will drop from a height of seventy feet. Another fountain design for the tower is a cascade of rainbow hues rippling around beautiful allegorical figures until it finds rest in the great basin at the foot of the tower.

Among the principal officers of the exposition are: Director-General, William I. Buchanan; Director of Works, Newcomb Carlton; Commissioner-General, John B. Weber; Acting Auditor, Henry E. Grant; Director of Concessions, F. W. Taylor; President of Board of Directors, John G. Milburn.

An Invalid's Companions

OLNEY, ILL.

Dear Editor:—I have long desired to write you an expression of my appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I have read it for the past five years. I have been an invalid for nearly thirty years, and for the past five years unable to leave my bed, much of that time suffering extreme pain. My constant companions have been the blessed Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These have come into my chamber as rays of sunshine, dispelling much of the gloom and sadness that otherwise would have settled about me.

I am now seventy years of age, with probably only a short time more to spend here; but when I shall have pushed off into the beyond, I trust that my children and friends will each enjoy your paper as I have done.

Yours in Christ, MRS. WM. H. HILL.

The Happy City

There's a wonderful story that's often been told
Of a Saviour in glory—the same as of old—
Who stoops to save sinners, their hearts to renew;
Who from bondage delivers: I know this is true.
There's a heaven prepared for you and for me;
Its flowers are fadeless and crystal its sea;
Its walls are of jasper, its streets are of gold,
Its gates are of pearl, its riches untold;
It charmeth the soul with its music divine;
The night as the day in that city doth shine—
For its light is the Saviour, its law is but love,
For God is the King in that city above.

Chicago. —BASIL C. BROOKE.

Sacred Songs From An Invalid Chair

(Continued from first page)

Always Open," set to music and published in a volume entitled, *Sermon in Song*, have helped many in deciding to accept Christ. "Answer 'Yes' to the Spirit," "In the Light of Eternity," and "Hold the Lamp of Life Aloft," (set to music by Rev. E. S. Lorenz, Mus. Doc.) are among her other popular hymns.

During the last three summers, a few weeks spent at religious assemblies at Pine Lake, Ind., and Winona Lake, Ind., have been to her seasons of great spiritual enjoyment.

In her literary work, Miss Wilson aims to have no trace of invalidism appear. She has seldom written anything relating to her helplessness; but one poem, entitled "A Memory Picture," is an exception. It refers to scenery near Miss Wilson's home, and alludes to memories of the time when she could walk.

In a letter to this journal, Miss Wilson writes:

"I have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. In February, 1896, one of my hymns appeared in its pages, and I also had a poem there entitled "The Palestine Lily," written on receiving a Lily of the Field from the publisher. I have never sought notoriety, but I do want to use my one talent for the Master's glory, and for no other purpose. Nearly all of my waking hours are spent in my invalid wheel-chair." The invalid poet is a tiny little bit of a woman, not more than five feet in height, and seeming still smaller in her chair; but she is all brightness and her sunny nature and gentle, intellectual face would win friends anywhere. She is a fine exemplification of the power of divine grace to illuminate a life which, without that grace, would be misery indeed. She has passed through the ordeal of suffering and come out of it a spiritualized and refined nature, and with a talent which has become a blessing. The little fragile woman, a prisoner in her wheel-chair, and who, forgetful of her own sufferings, has tuned her heart to the strains of praise and thanksgiving and Christian cheer and invitation, has all unconsciously been made the instrument to win many precious souls from sin to righteousness. The poor, obscure Indiana cripple singing so sweetly of Christ and heaven—herself hidden behind her song as the singing lark hides in the cloud—has been heard by God's people over half a continent. In one of her own verses, she voices the longing for that larger freedom which will be hers some day:

But in the land more fair than day,
From bondage free, I hope to stray
By life's pellucid river,
The sunny hills of heaven climb,
And through God's balmy summertime,
Range joyously forever.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Consecrated Muscle

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 14 : 1, ... } And Samson went down to Timnath

THERE are two sides to the character of Samson. The one phase of his life, if followed into the particulars, would administer to the grotesque and the mirthful; but there is a phase of his character fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import. To these graver lessons we devote our sermon.

This giant no doubt in early life gave evidences of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons—the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon—but both alike; two Howards—the boy Howard and the man Howard—but both alike; two Samsons—the boy Samson and the man Samson—but both alike. This giant was no doubt the hero of the playground, and nothing could stand before his exhibitions of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. Going down toward Timnath, a lion came out upon him, and, although this young giant was weaponless, he seized the monster by the long mane and shook him as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and made his bones crack, and left him by the wayside bleeding under the smiting of his fist and the grinding heft of his heel.

There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city, taking an attitude defiant of everything. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his bulk, fierceness, and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is an evil woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "If you should take seven green withes such as they fasten wild beasts with and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength?" and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that have never been used and tie me with them I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house-loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house-loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him.

But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor or shears and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skilful way of manipulating the head to this very day that, instead of waking up a sleeping man, they will put a man wide awake sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears or razor accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house-loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands, and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone. He is in the hands of his enemies.

I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is open, and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill-crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza!

First of all, behold in this giant of the text that physical power is not always an index of moral power. He was a huge man—the lion found it out, and the three thousand men whom he slew found it out; yet he was the subject of petty revenges and out-gianted by low passion. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more robust should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious.

Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, and who, like Hercules, show the giant in the cradle, have more to answer for than those who are the subjects of life-long infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and work twice as long, will have a double account to meet in the judgment.

How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power! If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo—if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up in chronic "rheumatics"—if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain—then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. Samsons in body, we ought to be giants in moral power.

But while you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright! With every thump of the heart there is something saying, "Work! work!" and, lest we should complain that we have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands and feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, and with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and do something."

But how often it is that men with physical strength do not serve Christ! They are like a ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast tonnage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swinging idly at the docks, when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering and sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is that physical strength is used in doing positive damage, or in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up and bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition, it ought to be laying hold with all its might, and tugging away to lift up this sunken wreck of a world.

It is a most shameful fact that much of the business of the church and of the world must be done by those comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason of his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the tomb, yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sending out an influence for God that will endure as long as the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. Edward Payson, never knowing a well day, yet how he preached, and how he wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself to swim in a sea of glory! And Robert M'Cheyne, a walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dundee, and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Philip Doddridge, advised by his friends, because of his illness, not to enter the ministry, yet you know what he did for the "Rise and Progress of Religion" in the Church and in the world.

Wilberforce was told by his doctors that he could not live a fortnight, yet at that very time entering upon philanthropic enterprises that demanded the greatest endurance and persistence. Robert Hall, suffering excruciations, so that often in his pulpit while preaching he would stop and lie down on a sofa, then getting up again to preach about heaven until the glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitude, doing more work, perhaps, than almost any well man in his day.

Oh, how often it is that men with great physical endurance are not as great in moral and spiritual stature! While there are achievements for those who are bent all their days with sickness—achievements of patience, achievements of Christian endurance—I call upon men of health, men of muscle, men of nerve, men of physical power, to devote themselves to the Lord. Giants in body, you ought to be giants in soul.

Behold also, in the story of my text, illustration of the fact of the damage that strength can do if it be misguided. It seems to me that this man spent a great deal of his time in doing evil—this Samson of my text. To pay a bet which he had lost by the guessing of his riddle he robs and kills thirty people. He was not only gigantic in strength, but gigantic in mischief, and a type of those men in all ages of the world who, powerful in body or mind, or any faculty of social position or wealth, have used their strength for iniquitous purposes.

It is not the small, weak men of the day who do the damage. These small men who go swearing and loafing about your stores and shops and banking houses, assailing Christ and the Bible and the Church—they do not do the damage. They have no influence. They are vermin that you crush with your foot. But it is the giants of the day, the misguided giants, giants in physical power, or giants in mental acumen, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, who do the damage. The men with sharp pens that stab religion and throw their poison all through our literature; the men who use the power of wealth to sanction iniquity, and bribe justice, and make truth and honor bow to their golden sceptre. Misguided giants—look out for them! In the middle and latter part of the last century no doubt there were thousands of men in Paris and Edinburgh and London who hated God and blasphemed the name of the Almighty; but they did but little mischief—they were small men, insignificant men. Yet there were giants in those days. Who can calculate the soul-havoc of a Rousseau, going on with a very enthusiasm of iniquity, with fiery imagination seizing upon all the impulsive natures of his day? or David Hume, who employed his life as a spider employs its summer, in spinning out silken webs to trap the unwary? or Voltaire, the most learned man of his day, marshaling a great host of sceptics, and leading them out in the dark land of infidelity? or Gibbon, who showed an uncontrollable grudge against religion in his history of one of the most fascinating periods of the world's existence—the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—a book in which, with all the splendors of his genius, he magnified the errors of Christian disciples, while, with a sparseness of notice that never can be forgiven, he treated of the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy?

Oh, men of stout physical health, men of great mental stature, men of high soc position, men of great power of any so I want you to understand your power, a I want you to know that that power c voted to God will be a crown on earth, you typical of a crown in heaven; b misguided, bedraggled in sin, admin trative of evil, God will thunder agai you with his condemnation in the d when millionaire and pauper, master a slave, king and subject, shall stand si by side in the judgment, and mone bags, and judicial ermine, and royal ro shall be riven with the lightnings.

Behold, also, how a giant may be sla of a woman. Delilah started the train circumstances that pulled down t temple of Dagon about Samson's ea And tens of thousands of giants ha gone down to death and hell through t same fascinations. It seems to me th it is high time that pulpit and platfor and printing press speak out against t impurities of modern society. Fastic ousness and Prudery say: "Better n speak—you will rouse up adverse cri cism; you will make worse what y want to make better; better deal in gl tering generalities; the subject is too de cate for polite ears." But there comes voice from heaven overpowering t mincing sentimentalities of the day, sa ing: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up t voice like a trumpet, and show my peop their trangressions and the house Jacob their sins."

The trouble is that when people wri or speak upon this theme they are apt cover it up with the graces of *belles-lettr* so that the crime is made attractive i stead of repulsive. Lord Byron, in *D Juan*, adorns this crime until it smiles li a May queen. Michelet, the great Frenc writer, covers it up with bewitching rhe oric until it glows like the rising sun, whe it ought to be made loathsome as a smal pox hospital. There are to-day influenc abroad which, if unresisted by the pulp and the printing-press, will turn our mo ern cities into Sodoms and Gomorrah fit only for the storm of fire and brimsto that whelmed the cities of the plain.

You who are seated in your Christia homes, compassed by moral and religiou restraints, do not realize the gulf iniquity that bounds you on the nort and the south and the east and the wes While I speak there are tens of thousanc of men and women going over the awfu plunge of an impure life; and while I c to God for mercy upon their souls, I ca upon you to marshal in the defense your homes, your church and your natio There is a banqueting hall that you hav never heard described. You know all abou the feast of Ahasuerus, where a thousan lords sat. You know all about Belshazzar carousal, where the blood of the murdere king spurted into the faces of the ba queters. You may know of the scene riot and wassail, where there was set b fore Esopus one dish of food that cos $400,000. But I speak now of a differer banqueting hall. Its roof is fretted wit fire. Its floor is tesselated with fire. It chalices are chased with fire. Its song i a song of fire. Its walls are buttresses fire. Solomon refers to it when he says "Her guests are in the depths of hell."

Our American communities are suffe ing from the Gospel of Free Loveism which, thirty years ago, was preached o the platform and in some of the churche of this country. I charge upon Fre Loveism that it has blighted innumerabl homes, and that it has sent innumerabl souls to ruin. Free Loveism is bestial it is worse—it is infernal! It has fu nished this land with many thousands o divorces annually. In one county in th State of Indiana it furnished eleven d vorces in one day before dinner. It ha roused up elopements, north, south, east and west. You can hardly take up paper but you read of an elopement. A far as I can understand the doctrine o Free Loveism it is this: That every ma ought to have somebody else's wife, an every wife somebody else's husband They do not like our Christian organiza tion of society, and I wish they would a elope, the wretches of one sex taking th wretches of the other, and start to-morro morning for the great Sahara Desert, un til the simoon shall sweep seven feet o sand all over them, and not one passin caravan for the next five hundred year bring back one miserable bone of thei carcasses! Free Loveism! It is th double-distilled extract of nux vomica

atsbone, and adder's tongue. Never until ociety goes back to the old Bible, and ears its eulogy of purity and its anathema f uncleanness—never until then will this vil be extirpated.

Behold also in this giant of the text and n the giant of our own century that great hysical power must crumble and expire. he Samson of the text long ago went way. He fought the lion. He fought ne Philistines. He could fight anything, ut death was too much for him. He ay have required a longer grave and a roader grave; but the tomb nevertheless as his terminus.

If, then, we are to be compelled to o out of this world, where are we to go ? This body and soul must soon art. What shall be the destiny of the ormer I know—dust to dust. But what hall be the destiny of the latter? Shall rise into the companionship of the hite-robed, whose sins Christ has slain? r will it go down among the unbelieving, ho tried to gain the world and save their ouls, but were swindled out of both? Blessed be God, we have a Champion! He is so styled in the Bible: A Champion ho has conquered death and hell, and e is ready to fight all our battles from he first to the last. "Who is this that ometh up from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, mighty to save?" If e follow in the wake of that Champion eath has no power and the grave no victory. The worst man trusting in him hall have his dying pangs alleviated and is future illumined.

In the light of this subject I want to all your attention to a fact which may ot have been rightly considered, and hat is the fact that we must be brought nto judgment for the employment of our hysical organism. Shoulder, brain, hand, oot—we must answer in judgment for he use we have made of them. Have hey been used for the elevation of society r for its depression? In proportion as ur arm is strong and our step elastic will ur account at last be intensified. Thouands of sermons are preached to invads. I preach this sermon to stout men nd healthful women. We must give to God an account for the right use of this hysical organism. These invalids have omparatively little to account for, perhaps. They could not lift twenty pounds. hey could not walk half a mile without sitting down to rest. Yet how much nany of them accomplish. O men of he strong arm and the stout heart, what se are you making of your physical orces? Will you be able to stand the est of that day when we must answer for he use of every talent, whether it were a hysical energy, or a mental acumen, or spiritual power?

The day approaches, and I see one who n this world was an invalid, and as she tands before the throne of God to nswer she says: "I was sick all my days. had but very little strength, but I did s well as I could in being kind to those who were more sick and more suffering." And Christ will say, "Well done, faithful ervant."

I said to an old Scotch minister, who vas one of the best friends I ever had: "Doctor, did you ever know Robert Pollock, the Scotch poet, who wrote *The Course of Time?* "Oh, yes," he replied, "I knew him well; I was his classmate." And then the doctor went on to ell me how that the writing of *The Course of Time* exhausted the health of Pollock, and he expired. It seems as if o man could have such a glimpse of the day for which all other days were made s Robert Pollock had, and long survive hat glimpse. In the description of that day he says, among other things:

Begin the woe, ye woods, and tell it to the doleful winds,
And doleful winds wail to the howling hills,
And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales,
And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks,
And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,
And weeping stream awake the groaning deep;
Ye heavens, great archway of the universe, put sack-cloth on;
And ocean, robe thyself in garb of widowhood,
And gather all thy waves into a groan, and utter it.
Long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.
The occasion asks it, Nature dies, and angels come to lay her in her grave.

What Robert Pollock saw in poetic dream, you and I will see in positive reality—the judgment! the judgment!

The Gospel on Our Frontiers

The American Sunday School Union's Work—Schools Organized in a Sawmill, a Blacksmith Shop and a Log Cabin

THE chapters which make up a year's record in the life of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union are often as full of interest as those of the good story book which the children as well as the grown folks love to read around the family fireside in the long winter evenings. The tale is one of earnest, patient endeavor; of difficulties overcome, of hardships endured; sometimes, of dangers encountered, and finally of conquest over all these things as evidenced in the establishment of Sunday Schools and churches in places where these had not been before the missionary came; or the rebuilding of some house of worship that had fallen into decay through the waning interest in holy things of the little isolated, struggling community in which it was set.

REV. J. M. HARTLEY

The incidents given below (and recently related in this office by Rev. J. M. Hartley, who has been connected with the American Sunday School Union for eight years; and who, in the past year, has established some fourteen Sunday Schools in communities where there were none) are typical of the life and labors of hundreds of devoted missionaries sent out by the organization, and will appeal to our readers who are not unfamiliar with the history of the Union and its efforts for the extension of the Master s kingdom. The territory in which Mr. Hartley is working—chiefly Southern Illinois—is historic missionary ground. "Old Stephen Paxson," the father of Dr. Paxson, worked many years in that section—for forty years in connection with the Union—and he started over 1,300 schools, numbering 80,000 members, including children and teachers. It must not be understood that the conditions described are characteristic of all Southern Illinois. Mr. Hartley's business was to seek out the spiritually destitute in the section, and he found them poor in purse also, but ready to generously offer their labor and their means as soon as their interest was awakened and their judgment was convinced.

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN A SAWMILL

One of our pictures shows a sawmill, in which Mr. Hartley organized a Sunday School in a village of 150 inhabitants, where there was not, nor ever had been, a church or Sunday School. The public school directors had been asked to lend the schoolhouse for religious services, but declined; so the little band met every Sunday in the upper story of the sawmill, bringing the boards in to serve as seats and taking them out at night, so as not to interfere with the week-day industry. When winter came the weather was so cold that meetings had to be adjourned until warm days should come again. Last spring, when Mr. Hartley went back, he found that the sawmill had changed hands, and that he could not get the use of it for another term. But the people said they wanted their Sunday School, and that is how the chapel pictured on this page came to be built. The people were very poor; they had little money to give; they told the missionary they would give their labor and such things as they had. One man donated the timber and boards; others went and cut the timber into saw-logs; still others brought their wagons and teams and hauled the logs to the mill. The owners of the mill gave the use of the mill one day free of charge. Everybody helped; the missionary himself worked with the men hauling saw-logs. The total cost in money of timbers for the frame work was $1. Among them all they raised enough money to buy windows, doors, and siding for the outside. Last summer there was service in the chapel, and a very proud and happy congregation it was.

Some of the methods employed by Mr. Hartley for the purpose of enlisting interest in his work are amusing. In one place he cradled wheat for an hour to induce a man to come and hear him preach for an hour. The man was impressed with the clever way in which "the parson" swung his scythe, and faithfully performed his part of the obligation and became one of the missionary's most useful lieutenants. The first Sunday Mr. Hartley preached in that neighborhood he had a large audience. The children were all barefoot, and so were all the men, except three who were escorting their sweethearts.

"What shall we call this Sunday School?" the missionary asked his people of a Sunday School which he had organized in a log cabin which had been used for a "country cross-roads saloon," where hard cider was kept. "We will call it 'New Hope,'" said the grateful women, whose husbands and sons had been in the habit of going to this place to drink. The man who once kept the saloon is assistant superintendent of the Sunday School, and the people expect to build a church this summer.

An abandoned blacksmith shop housed another little band of Bible students until the directors of the public school gave use of the schoolhouse. In one community the church was falling into ruins; nobody preached in it; nobody went to it until the missionary came; now, the songs of Zion are heard within its walls; Bible students meet within every Sunday; and the building shows revival of reverent care.

Four months after organizing a Sunday School in a village where none existed before his coming, Mr. Hartley returned on a visit. When he entered, he noticed that the people were sitting around in groups, very quietly, and looking very sad. They told him that a little girl, the niece of the superintendent, was very ill. The missionary recalled her at once as a bright little maid, very anxious to secure one of the Bibles which he was offering as prizes for faithful attendance. The people told him she had never missed a Sabbath until stricken with the fever, of which she was sick. He found her in delirium talking about the Bible and singing snatches of the Gospel songs she had learned. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," her favorite, she tried to sing just before passing away. Within a few weeks after her death, there were fourteen conversions at this place; among them the father and mother of the little maid who had died singing Gospel songs.

Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will answer any inquiries that may be addressed to him concerning the Union's work.

THE CHAPEL WHICH GREW OUT OF THE SAWMILL SCHOOL

Indian Tribes of Central Brazil

Last summer, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief account of the journeyings of George R. Witte in Central Brazil, and voiced his plea in behalf of the numerous tribes of Indians in that region, who as yet remain untouched by the Gospel, as there is not a single Missionary Society represented throughout the Amazon valley, a territory as large as that of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. As a result of the publicity given to the subject, the work instituted by the pioneer party on the Rio Tocantins will be continued under the care of a Missionary Committee in Liverpool, England, and an additional missionary has already been sent to reinforce Dr. and Mrs. Graham, whom Mr. Witte left at Carolina station, about eight degrees south of the equator and 450 miles from the Atlantic coast. His own return to the field for a time seemed very problematical, owing to a lack of funds, but lately the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church has been enabled, through a special gift of a missionary friend in Pennsylvania, to add the Amazon valley to its other fields of missionary activity, and Mr. Witte has been commissioned to return to Brazil to institute a school for Indian youth on one of the tributaries of the greatest river in the world. The proposed school will be modeled after the school at Carlisle, Pa., where over one hundred Indians are being trained for the duties of Christian citizenship. Of these quite a number become qualified instructors and missionary teachers among the Indians of the far West. Major Pratt, of Carlisle, has offered to give to Mr. Witte the best qualified Indian graduate of his school, if money for his support can be raised.

Any reader of this journal who desires to have a share in practically aiding the work or make inquiries concerning it can address Mr. Witte, care of the Presbyterian Board, 156 Fifth ave., New York City.

Soldiers' Orphans

The Spurgeon Orphanages in London are arranging for receiving the orphans of soldiers killed in South Africa. The managers have notified the government that a number of orphans can be accommodated immediately.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Jesus at Nazareth

Rejected by His Own Townspeople

..By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 25th. LUKE 4: 16-30

WHERE? When? Who? What? Why? Those are the picks with which to open up every Bible mine, whether for personal study or for teaching," said Uncle Will when this story had been read at the Sabbath evening round table of the Cross Roads farmers. "The first line answers our Where? 'He came to Nazareth,' not to some great and holy place, but to one that was low and lowly. Nazareth is from the same root as 'branch,' a term often applied by the prophets to the Messiah, and suggesting his lowliness. The New Testament quotes as a composite photograph of many prophecies, rather than the conscious word of any one prophet. 'He shall be called a Nazarene.' Meek and lowly himself, it is to the meek and lowly he comes."

HIS HOME

"As to When," said Ruth, the Quakeress, "I find it was fifteen months after his baptism that he thus came back in the power of the Spirit to his townspeople—in April of the year 28. How little is recorded of that first year of obscurity! And what little we know of it after his baptism and temptation is all given by John, who had adopted the mother of Jesus and taken her to his home before he wrote his Gospel. No wonder he gives us the very 'heart of Christ' in his history! Not his mother, but his Spirit dwells with us to bear witness of him."

"Where he had been brought up reminds us," said Mrs. Isaacs, the Jewess, "that the people to whom he speaks in this story are the neighbors of his youth. They had opportunities now to become more than neighbors, or to show themselves less. This opportunity Jesus brings to every door."

. . .

The Church-going Habit of Jesus

"I note," said Sanders, the Scotchman, "that 'as was his custom, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day'—how useful are such good habits that become second nature! If anybody ever lived that did not need public worship it was Jesus, but he went regularly, not so much to hear a man preach as to meet God and worship with his people."

Mr. Isaacs: "That Jesus should have been asked to read the Scriptures that day was in accordance with the Jewish custom, of which Paul made so much afterwards, to invite any eminent visitor to take this part in the service. Jesus had become a famous rabbi, and so on his return to his own town was invited to the synagogue pulpit. The 'book' from which he read was a parchment roll of Isaiah, in which he quickly turned to the 61st chapter, a poetic and prophetic interpretation of the year of Jubilee. It is absolutely essential that we should know the history of the Jubilee, the gospel of Moses, in order to understand the gospel built on it by Isaiah and Christ. This Jubilee year was the consummation of the Jewish Sabbatic system, which included a seventh day, a seventh year, and a series of seven weeks of years, followed by the Jubilee in the fiftieth year. (Lev. 25: 8-17, 23-55; 27: 16-25; Numb. 34: 4.) The whole system was a divine mitigation of the wrongs which the poor suffered at the hands of rulers and masters. God insisted that the workman must have the seventh day for rest, and other benefits in the seventh year, and still greater labor reforms in the fiftieth year. To every one who had lost land or liberty it was restored in this glad year. It began with the day of atonement, but no special religious ceremonies peculiar to this year were appointed. It was rather to be distinguished by that consummation of religion, the righting of social wrongs."

"The Jubilee year began," said Uncle Will, "with justification, but went on to justice, as every Christian life should. So the poetic and prophetic interpretation of the Jubilee which Isaiah wrote and Jesus is fulfilling, begins with 'the Spirit of the Lord' and goes on to blind asylums, prison reform and emancipation, a splendid instance of faith and works on a large scale."

"When Jesus declared the good news that light and liberty would come through him to the blind, bruised, bound and broken-hearted, it was not alone an allegory of his coming to a sin-blinded soul, but an advance history of Europe's regeneration in the Christian centuries. Let us read this gospel of Moses, Isaiah and Christ once more, and from the Revision:

"He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives
And recovery of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

"What does that mean? *That's* what it means. For one thing, emancipation of slaves; that, through the outworking of 'the Spirit of the Lord' in the hearts of men, swept slavery from all Christian nations in the middle third of this nineteenth century."

"That settles it," said Selah Brown. "I used to think these words of Jesus were only a picture of a soul's conversion; but as I was reading a book on the Christian centuries the other day, the thought flashed over me that all the betterments in the condition of the poor in Christian countries are a part of the good news Jesus proclaimed at Nazareth. Tom and I have worked it into a blackboard tree. The Gospel seed is a soul saved by the atoning cross and 'the Spirit of the Lord,' but the fruit-laden tree is Christian civilization."

"Those seven fruitful branches are well selected," said Uncle Will," for not one of those words is used by any writer in ancient pagan Europe or modern heathen Asia in the sense we use them. Let me try my hand on the other side of your blackboard in outlining themes for a missionary review or celebration of the nineteen Christian centuries."

"I heard a missionary from India," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "enumerate one hundred cruel customs, such as throwing children to the Ganges and burning widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, that the British Government has abolished one by one in India, with the aid of missionary sentiment. The same has been done in Europe, only the story is not so fresh but it can be found in Ulhom's books and *Gesta Christi* and Lecky's *History of European Morals*. Europe's regeneration seems to me the supreme miracle of Christ—the supreme evidence of Christianity. If European progress is all due to material forces of evolution and the lapse of time, why is the Asiatic civilization to-day, in the treatment of the poor and weak, just where Europe was when Christ came?"

How are women and the children better off in Christian lands than in ancient pagan Europe and in modern heathen Asia? And how are the business customs and the pleasures and the politics nobler?

Mrs. Uncle Will: "Dr. S. L. Baldwin tells a story which places heathenism and Christianity in striking contrast. He, with two friends, had started on an inland missionary tour in China. They came presently to a wide river and hailed a boatman. When they were in the midst of the stream, they discovered a large jar floating in the river. Dr. Baldwin asked the boatman to row up to it. The boatman could not be induced to go near enough for them to get possession of the jar, until at last they threatened to throw him overboard. When the jar was secured, it was found to contain a girl baby, who had been put in the jar as an offering to the river god. She was taken out and carried back by Dr. Baldwin over many weary miles to his home, and left with Mrs. Baldwin. Adopted into the home, she was brought up a Christian, and became herself a teacher and missionary among her people.

"Among the Romans, girls and feeble boys and all unwelcome children, even among the wealthy, were laid at the Lactarian column to meet any fate that might await them.

"They were sometimes taken and maimed for beggars. They were often sold for slaves. They were sometimes killed, that their brains and marrow might be made into medicine. When the Christian Church became dominant in the person of the Emperor Constantine, orphan asylums were founded, and a marble vessel was placed at each church, into which children could be placed instead of being 'exposed' at the Lactarian column. These foundlings in the marble vessels were taken and reared as Christians.

"In the words of Ulhom: 'To children the Gospel first gave their rights. In antiquity, they were beyond the pale of the laws. A father could dispose of his children at will. If he did not wish to rear them, he could abandon or kill them. The law of the twelve tables expressly awarded to him this right. Plato and Aristotle approved of parents abandoning weak and sickly children, whom they were unable to support or who could not be of use to the state. Whoever picked up a child who had been deserted could dispose of it and treat it as a slave. The father's power over his children was limitless; life and death were at his disposal. Christianity, on the contrary, taught parents that their children were a gift of God, a pledge intrusted to them for which they were responsible to him."

"Here is a sentence in point," said Tom Brown, from Jefferson, who is often counted an infidel: 'I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands.'"

"That brings us back to the individual," said Professor Houston, of the Theological Seminary, who had preached that morning in the neighboring city and had been brought home by Mr. Sanders, whose preacher son had been his pupil. "I am old-fashioned enough to stick to Wesley's spiritual and personal interpretation of the Jubilee and of what Isaiah wrote about it and Jesus adopted:

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

. . .

A Soul's Emancipation

"Here is the outline of my sermon on this Nazareth gospel. I used the blackboard some when I was a Sabbath School missionary and will borrow a corner this time.

First, I show that the unregenerate soul is spiritually blind. Instance Nicodemus' misunderstanding of what Jesus said of the new birth, and the woman of Samaria's like remark about the living water. Second, I show that an unregenerate soul is bruised, wound with sins. How the devil tore the demo boy (Mark 9: 20-22) and how sin wounds l and soul to-day! And how many hearts it broken, especially hearts of mothers wh sons have sinned! Third, I show how sinful soul is a captive—no chains like th of sin, whether the sin be appetite, gree lust. Many are bound with all three of t iron links.

Good news	to the
light	blind,
healing	broken-hearted
liberty	bruised
	bound

"Turning to the other side I show how coming of Jesus to the Nazareth of a si soul, brings first, light; the light of spiri vision and of joy; second, healing, mak whole, that is, holy; third, liberty. Th the great word of the Jubilee, and in its foundest meaning liberty is the consumma of the religious life. Spiritual liberty is t God's will as Christ did, not as a duty bu a delight. 'Perfect freedom is perfect ob ence to perfect law.'"

"May I interpose there," said Mrs. U Will, "that profound saying of George M Donald: 'When God's will is our law we but a kind of noble slaves, but when His is our will then are we his free children.'"

"That," said Uncle Will, "is the only personal liberty, and on that blazing b ground, what prodigals and politicians cal that name, is seen to be its black oppo personal slavery. Young men refuse to the pledge lest they should 'sign away t liberty,' when a 'pledge,' properly underst is but a declaration of independence, as famous declaration itself closed with 'pledge' of 'lives and fortunes and sa honor.' The transformed man who has will to do ill is free indeed. We can do w we like, when we like to do what is just."

. . .

Freedom to reject Christ

"I cannot forget that free is an elevator which takes u heaven or hell, according a say, 'Up' or 'Down.' The story of the re tion of Jesus, often as I h read it, makes my heart a for him and for them. W he had read the Bible wo standing, as was the custom honor the book as from G and resumed his seat for own exposition, how gracio they all listened as he s 'This day is this Scripture filled,' implying that in his c ing as Messiah the fulfillm of the prophecy began. T he replied divinely to their spoken thoughts, such as th This is the carpenter and su he cannot be Messiah? W does he not fill our town w miracles as he did Capernau He reminded how in every a prophet is unappreciated his neighbors. Then he sh that God works where he w with the widow alone in Sare with Naaman only in Syria.'

"The way those referen to Gentiles turned that wors ing audience into a lynch mob in an instant," said P fessor Houston, "reminds of the sudden changes fr calm to storm on Galilee. the truth we need to learn that in cherishing race hatr we always reject him who said: 'Inasm as ye have done it unto one of the leas these, my brethren, ye have done it unto m We 'thrust him out of the city' when join race mobs or race wars or even race cries, talking sneeringly of 'sheenies,' 'dago' 'niggers' and the like."

"Do you think immigration restrictio unchristian?" asked Tom Brown.

"Not if it is rejection based on charac rather than race," answered the profes "and based on the principle of saving o selves from the self-destruction of corrupt companions. If our country is to be a ref for the oppressed it must preserve its purit

"As we read of Christ's rejection," s Uncle Will, "we recall how he 'closed book' in his reading from Isaiah at a com He proclaimed 'the acceptable year of Lord,' but forbore to speak of what reject were later told about in loving warning, ' day of vengeance of our God.' We are free was Nazareth, to choose between that and light and liberty Christ brings to our hea door. If we hate and reject him because offends our prejudices we shall not hurt h who can pass through the mob unscathed, we shall hurt ourselves eternally in banish him from our hearts and so exiling our hea from heaven. 'Jesus of Nazareth pass by.' Every unsaved heart must dec whether this shall be the year of acceptan a true year of our Lord, in which he shall to us Lord of years, of days, of moments. time and of eternity. I cannot better cl than in that noblest poem, by Coletta Ry in *The Coming Age* for December:

Great God is Near

God is trying to speak with me and I am trying hear;
But the angry roar of an angry sea
Has told my soul that it is not free;
And my strange, imperfect ear
Has only caught, on the breast of day,
The strain of a song that is far away—
So I sit and listen and humbly pray,
For God is near.

A SCENE IN MODERN NAZARETH

: : Aid for the Starving Millions of India : :

Christ's People in America Respond to the Appeal of the Missionaries for Help

DR. ANNA GORDON AND HER HELPER

DR. GORDON'S MEDICAL CONVEYANCE

FAMINE ORPHANS MAKING BRICKS

GIRLS RESCUED IN THE FAMINE

IS announced in this journal last week, the receipt of contributions to the fund for the relief of the sufferers in the Indian famine was so encouraging that Dr. Klopsch felt justified in cabling ten thousand dollars to India. The money was sent to Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who was chairman of the Inter-Denominational Committee in the famine of 1897. This committee, being made up of missionaries of all denominations, has exceptional facilities for ertaining which districts are in the greatest need, and it must be said to the honor the missionaries that their concern is always that the neediest districts should be ieved first, regardless of the denomination of the missionary laboring there, who uld have the pleasant duty of distributing it. It has been recommended to the mmittee that one thousand dollars each should be sent to Rev. L. Gates, of Sholapur; v. H. Bissell, of Ahmednagar; Rev. W. O. Ballantine, of Rahuri; Rev. M. B. ller, of Bombay; Rev. J. F. Holcomb, of Jhansi; Dr. J. C. Ewing, of Lahore, and v. I. B. Bawa, of Roha, and three thousand to the three Methodist missionaries ho are in the greatest need of help in relief work.

The prompt response of our readers to the appeal of the missionaries is very grati-ing. It shows that Christ's people have his spirit and, like him, have "compassion the multitude because they have nothing to eat." Every contribution means a life olonged for some famishing man, woman or child. It means, too, an object lesson r the people to whom our missionaries have been preaching. There is no native hose pangs of hunger are assuaged by the food these contributions are purchasing, t must be impressed by the fact that strangers ten thousand miles away are send-g him food and must ask himself why they do it. He learns the motive from the issionaries who distribute the food. Many a heart, hitherto closed against the Gos-l, will have its prejudices removed when the story is told of the love of Christ, which s sent them not only food for the body, but the news of the Bread of Life whereof if a man eat he shall live forever." It would be well if every missionary India could set such an object lesson before the people who are dying of hunger. he need is very urgent. Every mail brings news of some other district that has llen under the grip of the famine and some other missionary whose heart is wrung day after day by witnessing suffering that he is unable to relieve. Emaciated mothers carrying children wailing in the pangs of hunger, is a heart-rending spectacle and it is not surprising that the missionaries plead for help that they may give the people food.

Rev. H. J. Bruce, the American Board's missionary at Satara, who is now home on furlough, called last week at this office to plead the cause of the suffering people. "I was in India," he said, "three years ago when the funds from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers came, and I had the joy of distributing a share of them. I want to tell you how much good was done. One result was the rescue of fifteen starving children, most of whom remained with us and are now being fed and taught in our schools. Several have been baptized and promise to become useful members of Christ's kingdom. The present famine is worse in many respects than the former one and the need is very urgent. Unless help reaches them speedily the number of deaths from starvation will be appalling. The missionaries will gladly distribute all the help that can be sent."

Rev. E. M. Gordon and his wife, Dr. Anna Gordon, who distributed a portion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund three years ago, have written from their station at Mungeli confirming the reports of suffering from the famine. Mr. Gordon sends the photographs published on this page. That on the left is a portrait of Mrs. Gordon, who is a medical missionary. With her is her assistant in her hospital—a Christian native who is intelligently helping in her work. The second picture represents the doctor setting out on a visit to a village where patients are waiting for treatment. The third picture is a group of boys who, through the gifts of our readers, Mr. Gordon was able to rescue from starvation. They are now learning the art of brick-making. The picture on the right is of three orphan girls also rescued from the famine. All of these are now Christians, and the one in the centre has already made herself useful in carrying the Gospel into the homes of women whom she knows.

It has not been possible to include in the following list the later contributions received, but those will be acknowledged in an early issue:

ev. ack	$3.958 71
on, Miss Hattie	25
on, Mrs S E	15
ons, Mrs M L	25
Carthy, C	5 00
Carty, W W	1 00
Cord. Ida	1 00
Cornick, Mrs M E	1 00
Coy, Mr & Mrs V	
friends	2 45
Cready, R B	1 00
Cullough, Mrs	15
Donald, Mrs M	5 00
Gaffey, S	10 00
Gaffin, G	2 10
Geehon, Mrs M	1 00
Hardy, Mrs	50
Henry, G	1 00
Kee, Mrs M E	1 00
Kinney, C F	50
Lucas, E B	1 00
Millan, Mrs K	50
Millan, Mrs T A	2 60
Neill, Mrs J C	1 00
Pherson, A	1 00
Pherson, Eva L	3 00
Queen, Alice E	1 00
Queen, Mrs M E	1 00
Walter, R	1 00
acdonald, H & wife	3 00
acEachron, J	1 00
acomber, A W & wife	2 00
acomber, Mrs M	1 00
adison, M C	1 00
agill, Mrs M	3 00
agnuson, C	8 00
aiden, Mrs E A	1 00
artin, Celina	1 00
artin, Mrs E J	1 00
artin, J B	2 50
artin, W J	1 00
assett, E	5 00
aupin, Dita G	25
awle, G	1 00
endenhall, Mrs E D	1 00
erriam, J P	1 00
errill, Miss M E	5 00
erritt, C H	5 00
ertz, J W	2 00
eyer, C A	50
iles, W	60
iller, Mr & Mrs J J	2 00
iller, Mrs T D	1 00
ills, Mrs O S	20 00
iner, Mrs A	1 00
ohus, Mrs	1 00
offat, J	1 00
oore, A	2 00
oore, G	1 00
oorhead, J	2 50
organ, Mrs W A	1 00
orral, Mr & Mrs W W	1 00
orse, Frances A	1 00
orse, Mr & Mrs J L	2 00
orton, E	1 00
ottaz, A	10 00
oyer, F T	1 00
ullins, T G	1 00
unson, H B & S J	2 00
yers, J J	25
aille, Frances	50
ason, Mrs E	1 00
Nay, Mrs E J	5 00
Nelson, A F	7 88
Nemor, Helen	10 00
Nicholas, Mrs W	25
Nicholas, Mrs R L	1 00
Nickel, Mrs J W	2 00
Niles, J O	2 00
Nolen, L	1 00
Northam, Mrs H M	1 00
Noster, H R	1 00
Nowland, Mrs W	1 00
Oakes, Mrs H	50
Oberlin, B	1 00
Oberlin, B	25
Olesen, S	1 00
Olil, Miss M	2 00
Ort, Mrs J E	30
Orton, E W	3 00
Ostergren, Pauline	1 50
Oyer, F E	2 00
Painter, P & family	6 55
Palmer, Miss P	1 00
Pangratz, Mrs T	2 00
Parker, Addie M	1 00
Parker, Gusta	2 00
Parker, Mae	1 00
Parry, A N	50
Parsons, Miss M	1 00
Patton, T B	20 00
Parshley, C L	1 00
Patterson, Mrs A	1 00
Paull, Mrs T	1 00
Payne, Mrs	10
Pearson, A	2 50
Pease, N	2 00
Peck, Mrs C	1 00
Petersen, Mrs H	1 00
Peterson, J A	2 50
Peterson, Mary	1 00
Pettit, C	1 00
Pierce, Mr & Mrs A R	4 00
Pierce, C A	25
Pierce, James	50
Pierce, Mrs L M	1 00
Pierce, Libian	25
Piney, Mrs A N	25
Phillips, Eli T	2 00
Plass, Mrs C	2 00
Porter, E B	2 00
Postle, Ida	1 00
Potter, Mrs A	2 00
Preston, F H	5 00
Rainey, Elizabeth	1 00
Rambo, Mrs J	50
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Rash, Alb	50
Rehard, Mary A	3 00
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Reid, Mrs John	5 00
Reid, Mrs John S	1 00
Reynolds, Mrs John Q	1 50
Riach family & hired help	17 00
Rice, Miss Lucetta J	1 00
Rice, O	1 00
Rice, T N	1 00
Ritchie, E R	1 00
Richmond, Mrs C M	50
Richmond, W A	50
Robart, Mrs G W	2 10
Roberts, Ella L	2 50
Roberts, J V	5 00
Roberts, B B	5 00
Robertson, Jas	50
Robertson, Mrs Jas	1 00
Robinson, Mrs W R	5 00
Roebke, Rose	1 00
Ross, A L	1 00
Ross, S H	2 00
Russell, Laura A	2 00
Rnssell, Richard	5 00
Salsbury, Mary	50
Sanderson, Mrs Thos	2 00
Sappelt, M	1 50
Sargent, F & family	3 00
Sargent, G A	1 00
Savage, Della A	1 00
Scarr, Rev G & Mrs	2 00
Scarsborough, O C	2 00
Scheerer, H	25 00
Schell, Mrs I H	1 00
Schmitt, C	2 00
Schneider, Mr G F	1 00
Scott, Mrs L A	1 00
Sellems, Mrs E H	2 50
Sellers, W B	10 00
Shank, I	5 00
Shaw, S M	5 00
Shaw Mrs T	2 00
Shay, R D	1 00
Sheppard, Mrs S	1 00
Shenk, Mrs J	1 00
Shipley, S S	1 00
Shotwell, Mrs E M	1 00
Sigler, Mrs A M	1 00
Silkenson, Sophia & C	2 00
Simpson, H A	1 00
Sinclair, J A	1 00
Sincock, Mrs	50
Sinnall, Mrs W F	1 50
Skelly, Mrs R K	1 00
Skidmore, Mrs S A	1 00
Slade, Mrs C	1 00
Sliter, Mrs S	1 00
Sloan, Mrs C E	2 00
Smith, Mrs A B	50
Smith, Abigail	4 00
Smith, Carrie	25
Smith, Mrs G W	1 00
Smith, G W	1 00
Smith, H W	3 00
Smith, Jennie P	3 00
Smith, Lucina	2 00
Smith, M W	2 00
Smith, Mary A	1 00
Smith, N M	1 00
Smith, Mrs O B	1 00
Smith, Venia M	1 50
Snyder, Rose	1 00
Somerville, A J	50
Sooy, Rosa	50
Spaulding, F R	50
Speary, Mrs W A	50
Speedy, Frank S	1 00
Spencer, Miss D M	1 00
Spooner, L E	10 00
Stansfield, J W	1 00
Sterrett, Ellen	1 00
Stevens, P J	1 00
Stingle, Mrs M V	1 00
Stoddart, C C	1 00
Stryker, coll by Mrs C M	4 50
Stevens, A M	1 00
Stockwell, G W	5 00
Stolz, Mrs D S	2 00
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Straight, Mr	25
Strange, Mrs M	50
Sturgeon, Mrs K D	1 00
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Sweet, Miss G E	1 00
Sweet, Miss M E	1 00
Sweet, Mrs W M	1 00
Sweetnam, M	3 00
Sweetser, Mr & Mrs L	1 00
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Taylor, Miss M E	5 00
Taylor, Z R	1 00
Teft, F J	1 00
Templeton, O	8 00
Terrell, D S	50
Terrell, H C	1 00
Thomas, Mrs G D	1 00
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Thompson, Emily M	50
Thompson, H	2 50
Thompson, Sarah E	1 00
Thorsen, Mr & Mrs S	2 00
Tibbetts, Jas H	1 00
Tifft, Mrs O	3 25
Tillotson, Mrs J H	1 00
Tinning, M M	1 00
Tinker, C N	1 50
Toates, J J	1 00
Tonne, S J	10 00
Tourtellot, Mrs E	3 00
Towsend, J	14 00
Treasure, T	1 00
Turner, M C	1 00
Turner, Mrs O S	1 00
Tuttle, Mrs L & Miss R & Mrs N Phillips	2 00
Twiggs, J V	50
Upham, R W	1 00
Urton, E C	1 00
Van Fossen, Beth	25
Van Fossen, Mr & Mrs	50
Van Fossen, P	25
Van Fossen, Ruth	25
Van Gillum, Mrs L	1 00
Van Hyning, Mrs N	1 00
Vance, Mrs S S	1 00
Van Tuyl, Mrs W T	1 00
Van Valkenburg, Mrs	10
Vaughn, S H	1 00
Verhulst, C	1 00
Verne, O	5 00
Vierling, B	1 00
Wade, H	5 00
Waite, F M	3 25
Wallace, A S	10 00
Walker, Be tha	1 00
Walker, Mrs E	1 00
Walker, Grace M	1 00
Walker, L W	1 00
Wallace, D	1 00
Waltman, A	5 00
Ward, Mrs	1 00
Ward, Barbara	1 00
Ward, H E	1 00
Ware, W F	1 00
Waring, Mrs E M	2 00
Warren, M A	1 00
Waters, Mrs M	5 00
Watts, S T	25
Watters, Mrs E S	2 00
Watson, W P & family	1 50
Weaver, C B	1 00
Weaver, Miss J	1 00
Webb, Mrs S	1 00
Welch, A E	3 00
Welkins, Mrs G E	2 00
Wellman Mrs C E	2 00
Wentworth, P & M P	2 00
Weston, Mr & Mrs G & son	2 00
Wheeler, Mrs	1 00
White, Mrs N E	1 00
Whitney, Mrs A	1 00
Whitney, M	5 00
Wight, G	1 00
Wilbur, Sarah A	2 00
Wildenstein, J E	2 00
Wilkinson, G B	1 00
Williams, Mrs E	2 00
Williams, Gladys B	1 00
Williams, Miss M	1 00
Willis, Amy	50
Willis, Louisa	1 00
Wilmot, Mrs R O	50
Wills, D T & Annie B	2 00
Wilson, J H	1 00
Wilson, Mrs J S	40
Wilton, C	10 00
Winbourn, Mrs H G	1 00
Winch, Nancy	5 00
Winchester, Mrs E M	1 00
Wingeave, M G	50
Wingert, J H	1 00
Winn, Mrs F	1 00
Wollmann, L A	1 00
Wood, B B	50
Wood, I T	50
Wood, W S	25
Woods, Mrs H J	1 00
Woodruff, E	1 00
Woodward, A P	50
Woodward, Mrs E W	2 00
Wright, MH	1 00
Wright, Mrs S R	5 00
Young, Mrs C	2 00
Young, J	5 00
Young, J	2 00
Young, Mrs W	1 00
Zimmerman, Mrs E C	2 00
Zittrell, Mrs	2 00
Zittrell, Emma	2 00
Zittrell, Lydia	1 00
"Aksala," Montgomery	1 00
Archabald, Kansas City	1 00
Albert	10
"Cashbra," Coldwater	10 00
"Ruth Lacon"	2 00
Sarah	20
"Three," Rochester	3 00
A F E, Fountain City	5 00
A M K, Pen Argyle	70
B S, Port Chester	2 00
B A, Geneva	1 00
C F S, Shelburne	10 00
C C D, N Y City	1 50
C E D, Westfield	1 00
C S, Canaseraga	50 00
E T, Pipersville	1 00
E A, Geneva	1 00
E L D, Montreal	1 00
F M F, Bloomfield	5 00
F A H	1 00
G R G, Seattle	1 00
H S C, New Haven	1 00
I B K, Taneytown	5 00
J A W, Tidioute	10 00
J D M, Lester	10 00
J F	51
J W, Delphos	1 00
M, Jamesville	1 00
M & M, Groton	25 00
M B P, Chicago	1 00
M C, New Wilmington	25
M C, Villisca	2 00
M D S, Baltimore	1 00
M G A, Pittsburg	1 00
M L B, Rochester	5 00
M M H, Tennessee	1 50
M P W, Newark	12 00
M V H, Tennessee	50
Mrs C N, Pittsburg	1 00
Mrs DAG, N Clarendon	50
Mrs E G S, Phila	5 00
Mrs E H, Los Angeles	1 00
Mrs J E G, Baltimore	1 00
Mrs L E B, Uniontown	1 00
Mrs LH, Moranville	1 00
R D L & friend, Rutherfd	2 00
R G, Talmage	1 50
S Bros. Livingston	5 00
S J I, Bridgeville	1 00
S N S, Middle Island	50
T M, Mt Joy	1 00
V A S, Van Wyck	5 00
W A U, Middletown	1 00
W R Columbia	5 00
Wm G, Whitby	2 50
—, Armington	5 00
—, Aurora	1 00
—, Beloit	3 00
—, Chicopee Falls	1 50
—, Cleveland	1 00
—, Cosmopolis	1 00
—, Deedsville	2 00
—, Flandreau	1 00
—, Franklin	1 00
—, Hoytville	1 00
—, Little Rock	5 00
—, New Bedford	1 00
—, Newberg	2 00
—, Phila	50
—, Richmond	1 00
—, Rockyford	50
—, Somerville	1 00
—, South Union	1 00
—, University Park	50
—, Waupun	1 00
—, West Rye	1 00
—, Yuma	17 20
Cash, Ascalon	1 00
For Christ's Sake, Gaines	75
For Jesus' Sake, Chicago	1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Hartford	5 00
For Jesus' Sake, Jamaica Plain	10 00
For Jesus' Sake, Jordan	1 50
Friend, Amesbury	2 00
Friend, Blackcreek	5 00
" Bristol	60
" Cherry Grove	1 00
" Dubuque	5 00
" Frederick	2 00
" Hickman	2 00
" Jamaica	1 00
" La Crosse	20
" Liberty Falls	1 00
" Lincoln	1 00
" Mills Mills	10
" New Haven	10 00
" N Y City	2 00
" Northboro	50
" Olean	1 00
" Passaic	2 00
" Patchogue	1 00
" Pendleton	2 00
" Whitehouse Sta	1 00
" Whitewater	10 00
"Wisconsin Friend"	25 00
Friends, Enreka Spgs	2 00
" Poultney	2 00
" Tioga Center	1 00
" Williamson	1 25
2 " Lancaster	15 00
2 " McGarry	2 00
"Inasmuch,"	
Inasmuch, Northcote	5 00
I H N, Clarksville	1 75
" Des Moines	5 00
" East Orange	1 00
" E Tilton	100 00
" Elkton	1 00
" Galva	1 00
" Heislerville	1 00
" Hopewell	1 00
" Kansas City	1 00
" Manchester	1 00
" Manteno	1 00
" Mexico	2 00
" Starke	10
" Winsted	5 00
In Jesus' Name, Blairstown	1 00
In Jesus' Name, Campbelltown	2 00
In Jesus' Name, Holbrook	100
In Jesus' Name, Knox Point	50
In the name of our coming King, Paw't	1 00
A Canadian Reader, Brooksdale	1 00
Reader, E Orange	1 00
" Holloway	1 00
" Luther	75
" McDowell	1 00
" Seaforth	1 00
" Sodus	1 00
" S Gardiner	1 00
" Spring Lake	10
" Sweetsburg	1 00
" W Chester	25
Snb'r, Ansonia	1 50
" Bedford	1 00
" Hanoverton	1 00
" Los Angeles	1 00
" Lynn	4 00
Subr, Meriden	1 00
" Pougbkeepsie	1 00
" Reading	1 00
" Reading	1 00
Sympr, Accomack Co	2 53
" Mason's Depot	1 00
" Winterpock	1 00
Dakota Sympr	50
Symprs, Jamestown	12 50
Synpathy, Tarrytown	1 00
Anon	10
Christmas Gift, Lawshe	25
For the hungry in India, White Pigeon	1 00
Father & dau, L Lake	2 00
2 sisters, Hobart	6 00
Britishsubject, Canada	2 00
The Lord's Servant, Bridgeton	1 00
Mother & dau, Bidwell	2 00
Servant of Christ, Baltimore	5 00
One of the Herald family, Oswego	1 00
Worker in Christ's Vineyard, Lindsay	5 00
Widow's mite, Barnard	25
" Webster	25
Los Angeles	1 00
Christmas present to Christ's poor, Poland	1 00
Collec'n at Northwood	4 46
Thank offering, Minneapolis	1 00
Unknown, Auburn	25
Motber & son, Leon	2 00
K D, Hunter's Mt	15
Friends Ch, Scotts Mills	5 16
Mulberry S S, Fegley	2 00
Pleasant Valley S S	17 20
M E S S, Grayling	2 90
Union S S, Lohata	20 00
Welch Cong'l S S, Goodhill Co	1 70
Primary S S Cl Presby Ch, Oakes	2 00
Chrismas Union Entertainment Christian & Friends S S, Scott's Mills	7 42
Swedish Mission Ch, Colo Spgs	15 40
E L Trinity M E Ch, Oil City	20 27
Miss'y Soc'y, Freeland	2 00
Swedish Sewing Soc'y, Hamilton Co	10 00
Mission Band Pres Ch of Thayer	3 75
BYPU Baptist Ch, Vassar	5 00
Ladies Missy Soc Red Jacket Congl Ch, Calumet	20 00
Jr End'rs, Alhambra	1 25
Rev W B McMunn's charge	11 25
Mrs Avery's S S class, Mariner's Tem. NY	20 00
Woman's Union Miss Soc, Anchorage	500 00
Total	$5,919 14

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
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Letters should be addressed

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Cheerful Old Age

DO not be fretted because you have come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment to an octogenarian's face. Beside that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a great many unpleasant things that we youngsters are obliged to look at. Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, we think that color is quite as respectable as any other; that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society, and sweeter music. Robert MacCheyne, and John Knox, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-stacks standing in the fields do not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and, throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking time, and then the load goes in from the frosts to the garner.

Our congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again, and you will have no need of crutches. May the clouds around the setting sun be golden, and such as to lead the "weather-wise" to prophesy a clear morning.

Own Your Home

ONE of the safeguards of this country is that so many people own the houses they live in. It is people who own nothing themselves who advocate universal smash up. They want everything to go to pieces so they can pick up some of the wreck. By so much as men own property do they become conservative. In our country becoming a freeholder is often a step toward virtuous citizenship. My counsel is to all young married persons to plan for the purchase of a home as soon as that be practicable. Toil for that though you toil for twenty years. What you have been flinging away in frivolity, put into a homestead. The attempt to secure a home has saved many young people for both worlds. It lead them into a sobriety and a practicality which helps one's morals, as well as his finances. Do not make the mistake of so many that you must wait until you get a great home. Many people in the early part of their life have had more happiness in a house with four rooms than they have in later life had in the house they built with twenty rooms. Luxuriant table cannot give appetite, nor embroidered canopy produce sleep, nor imperial divan yield quiet. It does not so much depend upon the style of house as upon the disposition you take into it. The house in which the peace of God reigns is well furnished. A cradle on one side the house, and grandfather's arm-chair on the other side the house, an altar between, and the house is well balanced.

Freshness

GIVE us more spice in our family newspaper. We meet in our daily walks so much that is depressing. Give us in our family newspaper whole bundles of spice; jokes that you can understand without laborious explanation, conundrums, quips and quirks, harmless satire, caricatures of the world's foibles, and looking-glasses in which to see our failings. Yes, give place occasionally to the much-abused pun. Those only despise the pun who cannot make one. Take the quill, and, after you have made the split in it, sharpen it down till the point is keen enough to puncture the toughest inconsistency. Let the sheet be fresh and healthy, in it the smell of cedar and new-cut grass. Let us hear in the rhythm of some of the sentences the moan of an untraveled wood and the sweep of the wing of a partridge. Instead of the artificial dye of stale imagery crush against the printed leaf a bunch of huckleberries and sumach. We are tired out with all this about the nightingale; for pity's sake, catch for us a brown thresher, and let us hear a hen cluck. Instead of riding Bucephalus to death, halter that sorrel colt. Talk not so much to us about frankincense to the neglect of pennyroyal and brook mint.

Congratulation

WAGES and salary are going up, and that always makes contentment among the working classes. We shall not hear much more of strikes. Employers, encouraged by quickened trade, will increase compensation, and men of toil, finding at home better wardrobe and richer table and more comforts, will be thankful. What a relief it is that our business men have changed their tune. Fewer croakers now than in any time for many years. Prosperity built upon successive years of magnificent harvest, and on long lessons of economy learned in a bitter school. But woe to the land if, with our returning trade, there come not new appreciation of divine favor, new institutions of mercy, and new consecration to the right and the good and the Christian. National wealth is national ruin if God be forgotten, and the population unrestrained. Societies have been formed advocating putting the name of God in the Constitution of the United States: but more than that we want God in the store, God in the factory, God in the shop, God in the street, God in the house.

Side by side with our national thrift let there go religious prosperity, and this land by the Pilgrim Fathers and the Huguenots and the Hollanders dedicated to the Lord, be held for his glory by their grateful, industrious and worshipful descendants.

The Peril to Liberia

IT has seemed to us a mistake that the United States has not sought to be more to Liberia. A republican State, with necessary affiliations with this nation, a foothold for influence on the great continent to which the world's eye is now turned; a possible factor in the future of the Afro-American, it would be very natural for this country to take great interest in her welfare.

It is said now that England and France are both scheming to get a portion there; that in the Cameroons, two-thirds of the firms are German, and that poor Liberia is destined to speedy absorption. We wonder if, with our great strides to the Orient, we are likely to forget Liberia. Perhaps a little experience in continental administration of affairs may encourage us to lend a helping hand there. We certainly cannot be indifferent to what happens in Liberia. Is this republic, modeled after the American, with many ex-American citizens, worthy of the attention of what she might almost regard as the Mother Country?

Aunt Samantha .. Delights Them

MERRIAM, KAN.

Dear Editor:—I am so glad you publish the serial articles of Aunt Samantha. They are so homelike, so full of good cheer, and, still better, so instructive in their moral teaching. We like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so much and patiently wait for its appearance.

MRS. E. S.

. . .

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

To the dear Christian Herald:—I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Holley several times last summer at Thousand Islands and also on the *New Westminster*, the little steamer that plies between the Park and Alexandria Bay, and everywhere I met her she proved herself a most charming woman—a woman with a sunny disposition and generous heart, one whose presence is a loving benediction. I said to her that I did not have the rare privilege of going to the World's Fair, but that I considered reading her book the next best thing. And now I am having the opportunity of going around the world with Aunt Samantha and a vast multitude of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. I am sure I shall read the story with greater interest for having met Miss Holley. CHARLOTTE E. GRAVES.

. . .

ELKHART, IND.

Dear Editor:—I love Aunt Samantha for her kindness to Mr. Roberts, helping him to a seat. Bless her dear heart! Like the rest of your readers I am enjoying the trip around the world with Aunt Samantha. I thank you for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The paper is both interesting and instructive and I esteem it next to my Bible. E. S. S.

. . .

LACELLE, IA.

Dear Christian Herald—I want to congratulate you on securing such an able writer as Miss Holley. We always liked the deep vein of meaning that runs through her stories, and I know we shall enjoy this "Trip Around the World." MRS. V. P. ROBERTS.

. . .

RICHMOND, Va.

Dear Editor: I have been so much "taken" with "Samantha in Mormon Land" in the last CHRISTIAN HERALD, that I am induced to request the favor to let me know (if you can) where and at what cost I could get *Samantha Allen at the World's Fair*—a book I have heard so much of. R. W. ELSOM.

. . .

ANOKA, Minn.

To the Editor: I do not want to miss any of Miss Holley's story. I took THE CHRISTIAN HERALD principally to get Samantha.

MRS. E. S. P.

. . .

JACKSON, MICH.

Dear Editor—I have known Miss Holley a number of years and can truly say she is one of the most devoted Christian workers I know. At her own expense, nearly, she cares for a Sunday School near where she resides, in northern New York. C. M. GIDDINGS.

. . .

YSOHAQUI, N. B., Can.

Editor Christian Herald:—I think Miss Holley's works have as good an influence on the world as T. De Witt Talmage's sermons. Greater praise than that is needless.

DUNCAN B.

JOHN RUSKIN .. .. As I Saw Him

THAT monarch of the world's literatur has passed out, and passed up, and th best appreciation of him now begin: He scolded a good deal in his las years, but his health was poor, and that is a excuse for some cynicism. The sentence co tains more happiness than I can easily mak people understand when I say that I saw Joh Ruskin. I wanted to see him more than an other man, crowned or uncrowned. He ha done more for elevated literature than an man of the century. When I was in Englan at other times, Mr. Ruskin was always absen or sick, but this time I found him. I was vis iting the lake districts of England—the en chanted ground trodden by Wordsworth an Walter Scott and Coleridge and Mrs. Heman I visited the house where Christopher Nortl (Professor Wilson) spent his summers. went into the room where De Quincy at opium and wrote for all the world. I talke with people who remembered Wordsworth and saw Christopher North row across Win dermere and take herculean exercise among the hills.

One afternoon I took a ride that will b forever memorable. I said, "Drive out to Mr Ruskin's place," which was some eight mile away. The landlord from whom I got the conveyance said, "You will not be able to see Mr. Ruskin. No one sees him or has seen him for years." Well, I have a way of keep ing on when I start. After an hour and a half of a delightful ride, we entered the gate of Mr. Ruskin's home. The door of the vine covered, picturesque house was open and I stood in the hallway. Handing my card to a servant I said I wished to see Mr. Ruskin. The reply was, "Mr. Ruskin is not in, and he never sees any one." Disappointed, I turned back took the carriage and went down the road. I said to the driver, "Do you know Mr. Ruskin when you see him?" "Yes," said he, "but I have not seen him for years. I drove for him a good while." We rode on a few moments when the driver cried out to me, "There he comes now." In a minute we had arrived to where Mr. Ruskin was walking toward us. I alighted and he greeted me with a quiet manner and a genial smile.

He looked like a great man worn out. Beard full and tangled. Soft hat drawn down over his forehead. Signs of physical weakness, with determination not to show it. His valet walked beside him ready to help or direct his steps. He deprecated any remarks appreciatory of his wondrous services. He had the appearance of one whose work is completely done and is waiting for the time to start homeward. He was in appearance more like myself than any person I ever saw, and if I should live to his age the likeness would be complete. I could easily understand how the first time I saw Dr. John Brown, the Edinburgh essayist, he greeted me with the exclamation: "There comes my friend, John Ruskin."

Now that he is gone the whole world wakes up to speak words of gratitude and praise which it denied him all through the years in which he was laboriously writing *Modern Painters*, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *The Ethics of the Dust*. We cannot imagine what the world's literature would have been if Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin had never entered it. The day or night a man intelligently meets Mr. Ruskin's works starts a new era in his history. The selections from his writings which I picked up in Wynkoop's store, Syracuse, N. Y., in the early years of my ministry, I shall never forget. I read that book under the trees—the best place to read it. He was the first competent interpreter of the language of leaves, of clouds, of rivers, of lakes, of seas. He did for the hitherto untranslated hieroglyphics of the natural world what Champollion did for Egyptian hieroglyphics. Blessed the day when I read the first chapter of John Ruskin's books! Blessed the beautiful day when he took my hand and put upon me his benediction!

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

A Source of Happiness

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Editor Christian Herald:—No paper I have ever read I enjoy as I do THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I wish it were in every home in the world. We like "Aunt Samantha" very much. The good old woman! If all married people had the true love for each other that is shown in this story, what a happy world this might be! Why cannot people see the vein of meaning in such a story, reading, as it were, between the lines? MRS. H. B. LARKIN.

The Situation in South Africa

ONE supreme effort to relieve the garrison at Ladysmith appears to be impending, but up to the close of the week ending February 3 authoritative statement had been made of the British plan of campaign. There were rumors—which the general position of the forces appeared to confirm—that the advance would be made in a triangular form, with Gen. Buller's line on the south side of the Tugela as the base of

MAJ-GEN. WOODGATE

e triangle. It was indeed stated by ewspaper correspondents that Gen. Kitgener had started from the extreme east that line by a north-westerly route, hich would bring him to the beleaguered rrison without coming in contact with y insurmountable obstacles. Simultaously, it was reported, that an advance uld be made from the west in a northsterly direction. The result of these ovements, if they are actually king place, will be known obably by the middle of the nth. The depression in Engld occasioned by the evacuaon of Spion Kop, described in s column last week, has been mewhat relieved by a dispatch om Gen. Buller, showing that fault attached to the officer o ordered the retreat. Gen. oodgate had been severely unded in leading the column the top of the hill, and was capable of further command. e is a distinguished officer who s seen service in several wars, d has won many medals for very and skill. When he fell, e command devolved on Col. ornеycroft, who is praised by n. Buller for his discretion in andoning an untenable posi n and for the ability he disyed in conducting the retreat. cannot, however, be denied at a serious blunder was comtted in assaulting the hill—a nder which cost the British ny valuable lives. It is now actically admitted that the nduct of the war on the Briti side has been a mistaken e, and that even the position cupied by Gen. White at dysmith was unwise. It has embarssed the leaders, and the necessity for ieving him has involved a disarrangeent of plans, besides disasters humiliatig to British pride. The Boers, too, pear to have suffered heavily and their tories have been won at a terrible exnditure of life. Both sides by this time ubtless regret entering on the conflict, d have need to turn to him whom both knowledge to be their God, beseeching m to send a speedy end to the horrible tchery.

e maketh wars to cease unto the end of the th: he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear sunder. Be still and know that I am God (Ps. 9).

Child's Characteristics

A summary of a forthcoming report of of. A. McDonald, of the Bureau of lucation, is published by the New York *erald*. It gives the results of a series of scientific tests applied to an enormous number of children. One of the tests was that of placing a baby before a mirror daily. At first the baby took no interest in the reflection. Afterwards he showed fear of it. Later, he grasped at it with his hands. Not until he was about a year old did he look behind it to find out whether the baby he saw in the mirror was there. All the babies on whom the test was made acted in the same way. Another test was to determine the relative proportion of eye-mindedness and ear-mindedness. That is to find out whether a child was most impressed by a word he saw in a book, or by a word spoken in his hearing. A third test was as to fear. After reducing all of the replies to a table it was found that the highest number of the children examined on the question, feared thunder storms; the next highest, reptiles. Then follow, in order, according to the number fearing them, strangers, darkness, fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, insects and ghosts. Girls exceeded boys in fear of all the things except high places and strangers. The fear of rats and mice was seventy-five per cent. in girls to thirteen in boys. Fear in boys diminished after attaining the fifteenth year, while in girls no diminution occurs until the eighteenth year. The report will contain a number of other interesting details and will doubtless form the basis of a more enlightened system of education than that now pursued. We should have been better able to judge of the prospects if the author could have told us in his chapter on fear, what proportion of the children had that loving fear, of which the wise king spoke:

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge (Prov. 1:7).

Perilous Fumigation

Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, has had a narrow escape from destruction by fire. The Bubonic plague has made its appearance in the town in a singularly malignant form. Of twenty-two cases reported, every one had terminated fatally. With only one exception, all the victims lived in the Asiatic quarter of the town, and that exception was a girl who lived a short distance away and made frequent visits to the infected region. All the houses in the quarter are wretched wooden shanties, with no pretense to sanitary conditions. It was determined by the authorities that the only way to check the spread of the pestilence was to burn the houses in which deaths had occurred. The furniture and personal effects of the inmates were taken outside the town and thoroughly fumigated. The people were removed to two camps, where they were kept under medical observation until the period of incubation had passed. During their absence fire was set to their dwellings, while the fire department saturated the adjoining houses to prevent their taking fire. In the latter work they were not entirely successful. The fire spread from one house to another, until it was beyond control. It seemed for some hours as if nothing could save the town, but eventually the fire was checked. There is always this danger in taking heroic measures to remedy an evil, that they may do a great deal of harm as well as good. We have the assurance, however, which is very comforting in trouble, that when God adopts such methods for the purification of the soul that he has them under perfect control and will never allow them to consume more than is necessary to his purpose.

And of some have compassion making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire. (Jude 22, 23).

The Tragedy in Kentucky

Deplorable from every standpoint is the crime in which the political ferment in Kentucky has reached its consummation. No patriotic citizen in the whole country could have heard the news that William Goebel had been shot, without deep regret. It was a barbarous crime, repugnant to every man, whatsoever his political party, who has the best interests of his country at heart. The passions in which it originated had their beginning in the State Convention last fall, when Goebel was nominated Democratic candidate for the governorship. There were complaints at that time of the methods he had adopted to secure his nomination, and another convention of Democrats assembled and nominated an Independent candidate. The result of this division of the Democratic party was, that on the polling day, the Republican candidate received a larger number of votes than either of his opponents. His plurality over Goebel was about 2,300. But Goebel had previously introduced a bill in the Legislature, which had been passed, providing for a system of counting the votes in an election, which practically placed the results in the power of the legislature. After the election, Goebel claimed that there had been irregularities in many districts, which had given Republican majorities, and that on a fair count he would be declared elected. During the contest that ensued, and while the Board appointed by the legislature was considering Goebel's claim, a large number of armed men came into the city from outlying districts, ostensibly to see that there was fair play. There was fear then that there would be a conflict and possibly a riotous outbreak. On Jan. 30, as Goebel was crossing the State House yard, on his way to the Senate chamber, a shot was fired and he fell headlong. The assassin, determined to make sure of his work, fired four more shots. Goebel was still living when his friends went to his assistance, but he was so severely wounded that on Feb. 3 he died. It is significant that only five years ago Goebel himself shot down a political opponent. It is possible that some relative or friend of

THE LATE WILLIAM GOEBEL

the man thus murdered may have fired the shot which ended Goebel's life. But if not, and if the murder was political, it is plainly in line with the victim's own methods, showing that the Bible prophecy is still in force:

They that take the sword shall perish with the sword (Matt. 26:52).

A STREET IN HONOLULU, HAWAII

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. Christian Phildius, on behalf of the Central International Y. M. C.-A. Committee at Geneva, has completed a fifty-five days' tour through Austria, and has formed during this visit no fewer than twenty new Associations.

A remarkable example of the power of Christ to save the very worst is that of Archie Sloss, a Salvation Army convert, who died recently, after leading a consistent Christian life for eleven years. Before his conversion he had been in jail many times, some of them for long terms. Forty years of his life had been spent in all within prison walls.

An illustration of the value of temperance in encouraging habits of thrift, is found in the reports of three large estates in England. The owners will not permit any building on their land to be used as a saloon. Their losses by non-payment of rent from their tenants are less than one-eighth of one per cent.

Rev. William E Needham has resigned his pastorate in Brooklyn to devote himself entirely to evangelistic work. He has been holding successful meetings at Greenport, N. Y., and at Rutherford, N. J. Mr. Phillips Hall, the business man evangelist, is anxious to join forces with Mr. Needham and it is possible that they may co-operate. Mr. Needham's address is 465 Summer Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. W. W. Eddy, for more than forty-eight years a missionary in Syria, died at Beyrout on January 29. He went out originally under the American Board, but of late years has labored under Presbyterian auspices. With Dr. H. H. Jessup, he took an active part in founding the Theological Seminary at Beyrout. He was the author of several valuable text-books, and wrote an excellent commentary in Syrian on the New Testament. He was seventy-four years of age.

Dr. F. E. Clark and Mrs. Clark, who have sailed for the Orient, expect to spend a month in Japan, going thence to China, where they will attend the Convention of Christian Endeavorers at Foochow on April 4. They will visit Korea and return by the new imperial railroad across Siberia, reaching London in time to attend the World's Convention in London in July.

An interesting story of church building is told by a correspondent of the *Advance*. He says that when the Congregational Church of Fort Scott, Kans., was burned some time ago, the church bell was badly cracked by its fall. The pastor had a large number of little bells made out of the fragments and sold them for the benefit of the re-building fund. They realized over five thousand dollars with which the present building was erected.

Dr. Lardner, the famous writer on scientific subjects, and Prof. Augustus De Morgan, the eminent mathematician and logician, are both on record as to the beginning of the century. In books written by them they refer to the question discussed in the year 1800 and show that the new century did not begin until the close of that year. Prof. De Morgan had investigated the works of Dionysius Exiguus, whose calculations are the basis of our chronology before writing. It follows therefore that the twentieth century, according to these authorities, does not begin until Jan. 1, 1901.

"WE WENT UP PUNCH-BOWL HILL"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha Meets a Queen

AT last after seven days stiddy sailin' a little spec wuz seen in the distance one mornin' gradually growin' in size, and other little specks wuz sighted, also growin' gradual, and at last they turned to solid land rising up out of the blue water, clad in strange and beautiful verdure behind the white foamin' billers of surf. And instinctively as we looked on't I broke out singin' onbeknown to me, and Josiah jined in in deep base:

Sweet fields beyend the swellin' flood
Stand dressed in livin' green.

We sung it to Balermy. Josiah hain't much of a singer, and my voice hain't what it once wuz, but I d'no as in any conference meetin' that him ever sounded sweeter to me, or I sung it with more of the sperit.

How beautiful wuz the shore as we approached it, its scenery different from Jonesville scenery, but yet worth seein'—yes, indeed! Mountain and valley, rock and green velvet verdure, tall palm trees shadin' kinder low houses, but still beautiful and attractive. And what beautiful colors greeted our weary eyes as we drew nigher. I thought of that gate of Jerusalem the Golden, all enameled with emerald, amethyst, chalcedony, and pearl sot in gold. The golden brown earth made from melted lava, the feathery foliage of the palms that riz up beyend the dazzlin' white beach, the crystal blue waters with myriad-hued fishes playing down in its crystal depths. Oh how fair the seen as we approached nearer and see plainer and plainer the pictured beauty of the shore. Shinin' green valley, emerald-topped mountain, amethyst sea; which wuz the most beautiful it wuz hard to say.

The Islands of the Sea

Evangeline Noble stood off by herself leanin' on the rail of the deck as if she see through the beauty into the inner heart of things, and see in her mind's eye all the work her own people, the missionaries, had done there. The thought that they had taken the natives like diamonds incrusted in dirt and cleansed them of the blackest of their habits. She see in the past natives burying their children alive, putting to death the mentally weak, worshiping horrible idols, killing and eating their enemies, etc., etc. But now under the blessed light of the torch, that long procession of martyrs had held up, the former things wuz passin' away and she, too, wuz one of that blessed host of God's helpers. She looked riz up and radiant as if she see way beyend the islands of the sea and all she hoped to do for her Master on earth, and as if he wuz talking to her now, teaching her his will.

Nigher to us Elder Wessel wuz standing, and he sez, lifting up his eyes to Heaven:

"Oh islands of the sea! where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

And Arvilly hearn him and snapped out, "I d'no as they're so very vile till traders and other civilized folks teach 'em to drink and cheat and tear round." His eyes lost in a minute that heavenly expression they had wore and sez he:

"Oh, Sister Arvilly, surely you think it is wrong to kill and eat each other up and etcetery."

"Well, I d'no," sez she, "but I'd ruther be killed to once by a club and eat up and be done with, than to die by inches as wimmen do under our civilized American license laws. The savages kill their enemies, but the American savage kills the one that loves him best, and has to see her children turned into brutes and ruffians, under what is called a Christian dispensation. There hain't no hypocrisy and Phariseeism in a good straight club death, and most likely whilst he wuz eatin' me up he wouldn't pose before foreign nations as a reformer and civilizer of the world."

"Oh, Sister Arvilly," sez he, "think of the hideous idols they worship! You can't approve of that," sez he.

But Arvilly, the ondanted, went on, "Well I never see or hearn of any savage idol to compare in hegiousness with the Whiskey Power that is built up and pampered and worshiped by Americans rich and poor, high and low, Church and State. Let anyone make a move to tear that idol down from its altar, made of dead men's bones, and see what a flutter there is in the camp, how new laws are made and old laws shoved aside, and Griggses are called in, and new laws are fixed over, and the highest and the lowest will lie and cringe and drag themselves on their knees in front of it to protect it and worship it. Don't talk to me about your wood idols; they hain't nothin' to be compared to it. They stay where they're put, they don't rare round and kill their worshipers as this Whiskey idol duz. I'd think enough sight more of some men high in authority if they would buy a good clean basswood idol and put it up in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., and kneel down before it three times a day, than to do what they are doin' they wouldn't do half the hurt and God knows it, and He would advise 'em that way if they ever got nigh enough to Him so's He could speak to 'em at all."

"Oh, Sister Arvilly!" sez Elder Wessel, and he looked as if he would faint away. And I too wuz shocked to my soul, specially as Josiah whispered kinder low to me:

"Samantha, we might git a small idol whilst we're here. You know it would come handy in hayin' time and when the roads are drifted full."

I looked at him in a way that he will remember through his hull life, and sez he quick, "I shan't do nothin' of the kind unless you're willin'."

"Willin!" sez I, in heart-broken axents, "what will happen next to me?" And then indignation dried my tears before they fell and I sez, "I command you, Josiah Allen, to never speak to me on this subject agin; or think on't!" sez I fiercely.

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"SEE THAT NATIVE, ARVILLY, STANDIN' UP ON THAT BOARD!"

Watching the Surf-Riders

He muttered sunthin' about thinkin' what he wuz a mindter. And I turned to Arvilly and sez, to git her mind off:

"See that native, Arvilly, standin' up on that board!"

For as our good ship bore us onward we see crowds of natives standin' up on little tottlin' boards, dartin' through the water every which way, risin' and fallin' on the waves. I couldn't done it to save my life. No, Josiah nor me couldn't stood on boards like that on our creek, to say nothin' of the Pacific ocean. But we should never have appeared in public dressed in that way—it wuzn't decen and I told Josiah I wouldn't look at 'er if I wuz in his place; I mistrusted tha some on 'em might be wimmen. An then I thought of the Garden of Eder when Adam and Eve first took the place and I didn't really know what to think But I drawed Arvilly's attention to one o 'em that seemed extra dextrious in mar agin' his board and sez, "How under th sun duz he do it, Arvilly?"

"I d'no," sez she, and she added dreamily. "I wonder if he would want a copy o the *Twin Crimes*, or the *Wicked an Warlike*. If I do sell any here to th natives it'll put some new idees in thei heads about idol worship wickeder an warliker than they ever had." Mis Meechim and Dorothy wuz approachin and Robert Strong I see looked off wit rapt eyes onto the glorious seen. And a no two can see the same things in an picture, but see the idees of their ow mind, blended in and shadin the view, I spozed that Rol ert Strong see rared up o the foreground of that er chantin' seen his ideal Cit of Justice, where giganti trusts, crushin' the people' life out, never sot its fee but love, equality and goo common sense sot on thei thrones in the middle on' and the people they rule wuz prosperous and happy And anon he looked dow into Dorothy's sweet fac as if no foreign shore or an inner vision ever looked s good to him.

Miss Meechim's Fears

Miss Meechim hated t have Dorothy see them na tives, I see she did; actin so skittish towards the mal sect always, it wuz dretfu galdin' to her to see 'em i that state and specially t have Dorothy see 'em. Sh looked awful apprehensiv towards them swimmers an board riders and then at he niece. But when she catche sight of Robert by her sid a look of warm relief swep over her anxious face, as i in her mind's eye she se Dorothy by his help walkin through the future a pros perous and contented bach eldor maid.

Tommy wuz kinder talkin to himself or to his invisibl playmate. He wonnered how he wuz goin' to git on shore wonnerin' if he could stand up on one o them little boards and if his grandpa an grandma would each have one to stan up on, and kinder lookin' forward to suc an experience I could see, and Josia wuz wonderin' how soon he could git good meat dinner. And so as on shor or sea each one wuz seein' what thei soul's eye had to see, and shakin' eve and anon their own particular skeletons and shettin' 'em up agin' in their breas closets.

Well, as we approached nigher an nigher the wharf we see men dressed in every way you could think on from petti coats to pantaloons, and men of every colo from black down through brown and yel ler to white, and wimmen the same. Well, it wuzn't long before we wuz ensconced in the comfortable tarven where we put up. Elder Wessel and his daughter and Evangeline Noble went to the same tarven, which made me glad, for I like 'em both as stars differin'. Elder Wessel I regarded more as one of the little stars in the Milky Way, but Evangeline

s one of the big radiant orbs that flashed ver our heads in them tropic nights.

The tarven we went to wuz called the Hawaiian Hotel. We got good comfortble rooms, Arvilly's bein' nigh to ourn nd Dorothy's and Miss Meechim's acrost he hall and the rest of the company comortably located not fur away. Well, the ext mornin' Josiah and I with Tommy valked through some of the broad beauiful streets, lined with houses built with road verandas most covered with vines nd flowers and shaded by the most beauiful trees you ever see, tall palms with heir stems round and smooth as my rolln' pin piercin' the blue sky, and fur, fur p the long graceful leaves, thirty feet ong some on 'em. And eucalyptus and egoniea and algebora with its lovely foiage, and pepper trees and bananas and omegranates and tamarind and bread ruit and rose apples, tastin' and smellin' good deal like a rosy. And magnificent leanders and fuchias and geraniums and very other beautiful tree and blossom ou ever hearn on.

An Island Paradise

And take it with these rich colored osies and luxuriant green foliage and he white suits and hats of the men, and he gay colored clothing of the women we net, lots of them with wreaths of flowers ound their necks hangin' most to their eet, take it all together it wuz a seen ong, long to be remembered. And then we walked up on Punch Bowl Hill, five undred feet above the level of the sea, nd looked off on a broad beautiful picure of sea, mountain and valley soft and eautiful and a-bloom with verdure, and non bold and rugged and sublime, and I sez to Josiah:

"This very place where we're standin' ow wuz once a volcano and belched forth lames, and that also," sez I, pintin' to Tantalus that riz up two thousand feet. "And," sez I, "they say that the view from that is glorious."

"Well," sez he, "I guess we hadn't better climb up there; it might bust out agin. And I wouldn't have you sot fire to, Samantha, for a thousand worlds like this," (he didn't want the work to git up there, that wuz it). And I didn't argy with him, for I thought that it would be quite a pull for us to git up there and git Tommy up, and I didn't know as the child ort to climb so fur, so I didn't oppose my pardner when he proposed to go back to the tarven, and we santered back through the streets filled with citizens of all countries and dressed accordin', to the grounds around the tarven. We put Tommy into a hammock and sot down peaceful nigh by him. The sun shone down gloriously out of a clear blue sky, but we sot in the shade and so enjoyed it, the bammy air about us seemed palpitating with langrous beauty and fragrance, and I sez to my pardner:

"Don't this remind you, Josiah, of what we've heard Thomas J. read about:

'The island valley of Avileon
Where falls not rain nor hail nor any snow.'

"Where it seems always afternoon."

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

"NEVER SPEAK TO ME ON THIS SUBJECT AGIN"

"I d'no," sez Josiah, "as I ever hearn of such a land, I never wuz any hand to lay abed all the forenoon."

"But, Josiah, there is sunthin' so dreamy and soothin', so restful in the soft slumbrous atmosphere, it seems as if one could jest lay down in that hammock, look off onto the entrancin' beauty around, breathin' the soft balmy air, and jest lay there forever."

"I guess," sez he, "that the dinner bell would be apt to roust you out the second or third day."

But Miss Meechim jined us at jest this minute, and she sez to me, "I feel just as you do, I feel as though I would fain dwell here forever."

And Josiah sez: "I believe that it would be a good thing for you, Miss Meechim, to stay here right along; you could probable do considerable good here preachin' to the natives aginst marriage, they're pretty apt to marry too much if they're let alone, and you might curb 'em in some." (Josiah can't bear Miss Meechim, her idees on matrimony are repugnant to him.) But she didn't argy with him. She sez: "Robert is planning a trip to the Pali, and wants to know if you won't join us."

And Josiah says, "Who is Pali?"

And she sez, "It is the precipice five hundred feet high, where King Kamehameha drove off his enemies."

Well we wuz agreeable and jined the party. Robert had got a wagonette and he and Dorothy, Miss Meechim and Arvilly and Josiah and I jest filled the seats, Tommy sot in Josiah's lap or between us.

It is quite a long ride to the Pali, but we didn't realize it, because the scenery all along is so lovely and so novel. That view from the top I hain't a goin' to try to describe, nor I shan't let Josiah try; I don't like to have that man flat out in his undertakin's. Good land! do you want us to tell how many sands there wuz on the flashing white beach that stretched out milds and milds? And we might as well as to describe that enchantin' panorama and take up all the different threads of glory that lay before us and embroider 'em on language. No, you must see 'em for yourself, and then you hain't goin' to describe 'em. I d'no but Carabi could, I hearn Tommy talkin' and "wonnerin'" to him as he stood awestruck beside me, but no mortal can.

Well, I thought that there wuz two things I had to see whilst I wuz there, I must not slight 'em—one wuz the volcano Kilauea, which means the House of Everlasting Fire, and the other wuz the ex-Queen, Liliuokalani. I guess I will call her Lill for short, it is some trouble to spell her name right, let alone pronouncin' it. And I felt that I would see Queen Lill first, as she might feel more hurt than the volcano did if I didn't pay attention to her. And though a volcano busts out fearful I felt that I had ruther face its anger than that of a woman's scorn. Mr. Shakespeare sez, you know, that: "Hell hath no fury like a woman that hain't had proper attention paid to her" or words to that effect.

After a good deal of thought on the subject I concluded that I would go alone, I wouldn't take Josiah with me. I had hearn that Queen Lill wuz very susceptible to the charms of men, and though I hain't jealous and never wuz called so, and though I knew that Queen Lill wasn't nigh so fair as I wuz and am, still men are so queer you never can tell what strange idees they may take into their head, and I felt that it would be safer for me not to take him.

In Royalty's Presence

I had sent word that I wuz there and craved a augence, which wuz gladly granted. She had hearn of me and I had hearn of her, which made everything agreeable. So at the appinted hour I wended my way through her wide dooryard all sot off with tall palms, algebora and bananna trees and gorgeous with every posy that could delight the eye, and wuz ushered by one of her hired men into her presence. I liked her looks first rate; of course she hain't what you may call handsome, and her complection is pretty middlin' dark, but she has a good look and a good way with her. She came forward and greeted me with great cordiality and gin the hand I extended a warm grasp, and I hern visey versey, and sez she:

"I am glad to see you, Josiah Allen's wife." And I sez, speakin' her name as well as I could, "I also am glad to hail the Queen of the Sandwich Islands."

That tickled her and she sez: "I was not deceived in you; you are one who can recognize royalty if the cloud of adversity and trouble is wreathin' it in its black folds."

And I sez, "Clouds often covers the sun and moon, but the light is there jest the same." I felt to pity her as she went on and related her troubles to me. Her throne kicked out from under her by them that wanted to set down on it, the high chairs of her loyal friends took by her enemies who craved the soft cushions. Even her private property grabbed away from her. Why, how should any of us feel to have a neighbor walk in when we wuz havin' a family quarrel and jest clean us out of everything—kitchen stove, bureau, bed and beddin' and everything; why, it would rile us to our depths, any on us.

She sez, "I feel that my kingdom wuz stole away from me." And I sez:

"I know jest how you feel. There wuz a woodsy island down in our creek that Josiah had called hisen for years and years, rained peaceful and prosperous over so we spozed, it made a dretful handy place for our young stock to stand in the shade in the summer, and our ducks and geese jest made their hum there, but what should Bill Yerden do when he bought the old Shelmadine place but jest scoop up that island and try to prove that it wuz hisen. It wuz jest stealin', Josiah and I always felt so. But he wuz down with tizik at the time, and I wore out nussin' him, and Bill put bob iron fence round it, real sharp bobs, too, and we had to gin in. Of course it wuzn't a big spot, but we despised the idee of havin' it took from us just as much as though it wuz the hull continent of Asia and we can't git over it, Josiah nor me can't. And I know jest how you feel, and I sympathize with you."

"THE BROAD, BEAUTIFUL STREETS"

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

SAMANTHA CONSOLES LILIUOKALANI

And she sez "Sympathy is sweet, but justice is sweeter."

And I sez, "That is so, but when you can't git justice, sympathy is better than nothin'."

"Yes," sez she, "I know it, but I am lookin' forward to the day when I shall git my rights again. I am jest as much a queen as Queen Victoria is to-day, and my kingdom is just as much mine."

Sez I "That is just the way Josiah and I feel; we can't help lookin' forward to gittin' our rights, but don't spoze we ever shall, for life is short and Josiah don't want any more of our live stock tore up on them bobs; and, as I've said to Josiah many a time, Bill Yerden feels guilty, or he wouldn't rare up such sharp defences round it."

Well, we had a good deal more of jest such profitable and interestin' talk as two such great wimmen would naterally have, and we parted away from each other with a cordial hand shake and mutual good feelin'. But she called me back and sez she: "I want to give you one word of solemn warnin' before we part," and I stopped stun still and listened.

"I don't know," sez she, "as you'll ever be a queen."

"Well, mebby not," sez I, "but I am thought a sight on in Jonesville, and there is no knowin' what may happen."

"Well," sez she, "if you ever are a queen, a ruler of a kingdom, don't let any other nation protect you. P'protectin'," sez she, "has been the ruin of more than one individual and nation."

And I promised her that I would look out for it if I ever wuz a queen, and then I finished, gracefully backin' out of her presence. I like her first rate, and believe she is a likely woman; I believe she has been lied about, she jest the same as told me she had; if she wuz a woman that took in washin's for a livin' there wouldn't have been so much said about her. Why, it is jest as easy for envious folks to run them high in position and try to demean 'em as it is to fall off a log.

(To be Continued.)

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Our Friends in Luzon

SHALL we not think of them as friends, these people in whom, by God's providence, we have become so vitally interested in these last days? A few

YOUNG GIRL OF MALATE, NEAR MANILA

years ago the Philippine Islands were to our eyes only a group on the map, and we had no concern about them, nor much expectation either of ever seeing them ourselves, or sending our sons and brothers there to fight or dwell or labor. We may hope that the need for fighting will soon be over, and when war has cleared the way, that peace may come to the islanders; that schools and churches and missionaries and teachers may bring them the best fruits of American civilization. A family group in Luzon is interesting in the number of children clustered together, though these are not all brothers and sisters; some are cousins of the others, as in oriental homes it is common for brothers to reside under a single roof, their little ones growing up together as in one family, while the grandmother is the real queen of the house. These people are gentle and willing to be taught; their bright faces show intelligence, and some of the babies and the little lads and lasses are as pretty as are the children of other lands. Somehow, with brown skins, dress does not seem so essential as with white; the dark color is in itself a kind of costume, and in tropical climates the children are, happily for their own comfort, not fettered by much clothing. When a single garment, a skirt, a jacket, or a pair of trousers, composes a day's outfit for a day's fun, he is not apt to be greatly tormented by injunctions from his mother not to get spots on his clothes and cautioning him to be careful to keep out of the mud.

The great need of these people is a knowledge of Christ as their Saviour, and in the wake of that knowledge all other good things will come to them. They, like ourselves, first of all, need to hear the old, old story of Jesus and his love. A young girl of the best class from Malate, near Manila, prettily dressed, and with her beautiful hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, compares favorably with our own maidens of her age, and almost any of us might be happy and light-hearted, if allowed to jog along to market in a Philippine islander's easy-going cart, taking our time behind the sober-paced animal between the shafts.

The Quality of Enthusiasm

People are apt to connect enthusiasm with youth, limiting it as if it were a quality confined to life's earlier years. Indeed, as we grow older, many of us do grow cautious, and lose our faith in new enterprises, and our belief in persons; so that while we are standing by, looking at ways and means, and balancing the chances of success, somebody else rushes in, does the work, wins the laurels or the gold, and our opportunity is past. Many a man, lacking enthusiasm, spends his whole life in considering what to do, and ends by doing nothing whatever.

Enthusiasm is God-given fire. There are blessed souls in this world who keep this quality to the very end of their days. Allied to maturity of judgment, and to a cultivated mind, enthusiasm gives a foretaste of conquest. The enthusiastic woman or man will overcome every hindrance and surmount every obstacle.

Hospitality

When children are in the habit of meeting pleasant guests at the family table, they are broadened and helped as they cannot be in a home which exercises no hospitality. No matter how easy and gracious are the family manners as an accustomed thing, the presence of a guest gives them an added touch of suavity. Every guest tries to be entertaining. There are extra dainties on the table, and the best dishes are used, while the house

A FAMILY GROUP FROM ALBAY, LUZON

all through takes on a gala air. Topics of conversation relating to the great world, to politics, to church affairs, to current events, to the pleasant gossip of kindred and acquaintances are introduced, and the children listen to and participate in the talk. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to exclude hospitality from home life, if only for the children's sake. One does not need to go to very great trouble or expense, or to spend money beyond one's means, in order to receive friends at one's board. The true art of hospitality gives the best one has, without effort or excuse, and then lets the guest fit smoothly into the grooves of the family life.

Concerning Motives

We should not be too introspective. There is no great profit in dwelling incessantly on ourselves, and the result of continual self-examination is very apt to be a morbid and unwholesome mental state. Yet, in our silent hours, we may profitably now and then look to our motives. Why were we so irritated at the casual remark of a friend? Why were we so unwilling to spare a gift for the cause our minister so ably pleaded? Why had we not greater patience under suffering?

The plain truth about most of our lapses is that we have been depending altogether on ourselves, and not seeking help from the Master. When we go to him about everything we are kept from sin, kept from falling a prey to temptation and are able to gain the victory over our natural dispositions, and are made, not by our own power, but by that of Christ, gentle, loving, strong and compassionate. We have only our own motives to think of, and never have any right to scan unfavorably those of others, or to attribute to them motives of unkindness which may have been far from their thoughts.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—HUSBAND. Your wife is perfectly right. A man has no place in the kitchen, interfering with his wife's special business in the home.

—WINIFRED. If invited to dinner you must reply yes or no by return mail. If you accept, let only an extreme reason break such an engagement.

—LOIS. Read ten verses of your Bible daily; you can at least do that. If you will read and think over them, you will presently begin to love the Book of Books.

—A READER. Chewing gum is far from an elegant habit. Many things may be disagreeable without being sinful. Tobacco chewers have no place in polite society.

—WILLIE JANE. The first caller leaves a few moments after the second arrives. The exception is when the first lady is a very intimate friend who may be unconventional.

—PAULINA T. In going to a reception, give your card to the maid. If the door be opened by a member of the family, or if the maid does not offer you a tray for the card, leave it on a table or in the dressing-room.

—TIMOTHY W. There is no especial way in which a man proposes to the young woman he loves. You may do so by letter of course, but since you live in the same street with her, and can see her every day, why not call and receive her answer in her own words.

—MATRON. A table may be very beautifully set with all white china, and the advantage this has over other and decorated china, is that when a piece is broken, it may readily be replaced. But variety is pretty, too, and a table set with blue dishes is very charming.

—LITTLE GIRL. Never mind, dear, if your mother still considers you too young to go into society. Aunt Prudence thinks her a wise mother. You are growing older every day of your life, and you won't always be the little girl at home, which it is a lovely thing to be.

—HENRY JOHN. Apologize to the young woman. You were very rude in leaving her in anger. Her cousin had a perfect right to call on her. What will become of you if you are so jealous before marriage? The young lady may well be afraid of such a tinder-box disposition as yours.

A COMMONPLACE LETTER

IT seemed so little the thing you did—
Just to take the pen in your hand
And send the warm heart's greeting, hid
'Neath the common two cent stamp of the land—
But over the mountains and over the plain
And away o'er the billowy prairie went
The small, square letter, to soothe the pain
Of one who was fretted with discontent.

She was ill and tired; the long, hot day
Had worn itself to the merest shred;
The last of the light as it ebbed away,
Fell on her quivering needle and thread.
A shadow came flying across the space
Where the fading sunlight filtered through:
There was just the gleam of a sweet young face
And a voice said, "Here is a letter for you!"

The quick tears blurred in a sudden mist,
But she brushed them away, and then she smiled, [and kissed
And you should have seen how she kissed
The postmark, just like a little child.
Why, the name brought back the long ago
When she dressed in her best of afternoons,
When she found it a pleasure to sit and sew
And her seams were sewed to tripping tunes.

Poverty, change, and the drudgery
Of work that goes on without an end
Had fettered the heart that was light and free,
Till she'd almost forgotten she had a friend.
The people at home so seldom write;
Her youth and its pleasures lie all behind;
She was thinking bitterly but last night
That out of sight is out of mind!

Now, here is your letter! The old hills break
Beyond these levels flat and green
She thrills to the thrush as his flute notes wake
In the vesper hush of the woods serene.
She sits again in the little church,
And lifts her voice in the choir once more,
Or stoops for a four-leaved clover to search
In the grass that ripples up to the door.

It was very little it meant for you—
An hour at best when the day was done—
But the words you sent rang sweet and true,
And they carried comfort and cheer to one
Who was needing to feel a clasping hand,
And to hear the voices she used to hear;
And the little letter—the breadth of the land—
Was the carrier dove that brought home near.— MARGARET. E. SANGSTER.

THE BIG BROTHER

WHAT a world of adoration is in the eyes of the little fellow of five or six as he gazes up at his big brother, to him the concentration of everything splendid and fine. He is not afraid of anything when he is with his brother. In his heart he believes that wolves and bears would run away, and Indians take to flight, if his brother came along. In the imagination of the small boy wild animals and savages play a large part; he thinks of them, dreams of them, and perhaps hides a club under his bed, so that he may be ready for them should they attack the house in the night. But he feels perfectly certain that his big brother can rout the fiercest foes, and he himself tries to be brave, to walk, to talk, to behave like this dear being, who is somehow his ideal, nearer to him even than his dear father. If mothers are wise they will take great pains in bringing up the big brothers, beginning when they are little, of course. One's greatest care in the home training must be bestowed on the little children who come first. Once get a family well started, the older ones obedient, loving and truthful, and the smaller children will need very little discipline, for they will imitate the brothers and sisters. To have a big brother smoking cigarettes, furtively reading objectionable books and papers, using slang, or profane language, is to have in your house an example so sad and so mischief-making that your guardian angel turns away in grief at the sight.

We must impress our older boys with the thought of their responsibility to the younger ones, with the idea that they are helping us in their education, and that their unconscious influence will always be felt. When the big brother is a manly Christian, obedient to the Lord Jesus, and following him, the home is very sure to be sweet and tranquil, and the parents will have little trouble, great joy, satisfaction and pride in their children.

THE TOUCHSTONE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BY HELEN SHIPTON

CHAPTER XVI.

Revelations

DURING the long night Caryl slept uneasily, waking at short intervals, muttering incoherently, taking reluctantly the medicine Douglas administered and then falling asleep again. Much that he said was incomprehensible to the solitary listener, but one thing he did realize and that filled his soul with unutterable joy. It was not Celia who occupied the chief place in Caryl's heart, but a certain Miss Gilchrist, whom he had met in India, and from whom it seemed he was estranged. Douglas listened intently, and had no difficulty in discovering that Caryl loved this Miss Gilchrist intensely and still longed to make her his wife.

While Caryl slept, Douglas traveled over the story of the plot which had separated him from his brother. Caryl's explanation had made it clear that there was a plot. There was no other name for it. Dora Locke, for some purpose of her own, had poisoned the mind of his uncle against him, and then had embittered Caryl's mind. What could her object be? Douglas knew of no harm that he had ever done her. He could think of nothing that could have prejudiced her against him. Why had she done this cruel thing? Well, that mystery must wait. The first thing was to have Caryl well again and then the skies would clear.

As the night wore itself away Caryl's restlessness increased. Douglas grew anxious and waited impatiently for Dr. Fosbrook's arrival. He came at last, bringing with him the nurse, as he had promised. She was an intelligent, capable woman, who took charge at once with self-reliance that inspired confidence.

"Now," said the doctor, "I must insist on your getting some rest, otherwise I shall have another patient on my hands. You may leave your brother now without any fear. He will be well cared for. He is not worse than I expected to find him; but he will have a long and tedious illness and we shall need you later. I am going to stay with him for an hour and after that the nurse will be in charge. Now go and do not let me hear of your being here again before night."

Thoroughly worn out, Douglas obeyed. He walked slowly through the village with heavy feet and downcast eyes to Highshes, and entering the house silently was going to his room. But his hospitable landlady heard him and insisted on his eating breakfast. Douglas did not know how weak and faint he was until the food and hot coffee that he took mechanically gave him new strength. Then he went up to his bed and slept heavily until night. When he awoke, he rose hurriedly, astonished at the lateness of the hour. Having dressed, he was setting out for his brother's quarters, when he noticed a bulky envelope laid where it must meet his eye. It had been brought about an hour before, he learned, and it was marked, "Important." The writing was Mrs. Locke's. Should he put it in his pocket and read it later? No; perhaps it might contain matters about which he had better speak to the writer, before seeing Caryl. He turned back into his room, broke the seal and read:

"It is to you I must explain," the letter began abruptly without date or preface. "Doubtless you and Caryl have exchanged confidences and you know now why you are poor and he is rich. You are blaming me. I should do that if I were in your place. But I want you to understand why I acted as I did. Read my confession and then if you can say, 'I forgive her,' I hope you will. By that time I shall be beyond caring whether you do or not.

"My temptation began when I saw that your uncle was failing, both in body and mind, and I foresaw the time when I should be adrift on the world again, and should have to seek such another situation among strangers. I wanted independence, and a little happiness, and I had never had either. I felt that your uncle ought to provide for me; but I knew that he had never made a will, and I did not think he ever would be persuaded to make one till it was too late. I began to consider how I might secure something for myself during his lifetime, if only by saving out of the money allowed me for housekeeping, and I tried to keep you out of the way for fear you should see what I was doing. You know how I used to tell you that he would not see you? It was not true; but I kept you away till he grew hurt and angry. Even then it did not turn out quite as I expected, for he began to harp upon the notion that you were in difficulties and were ashamed to face him. That gave me an idea, and two or three days later I told him that you had confessed to me that you were very deeply in debt. I pointed out that it would be a very bad thing for you if it was known that you had a rich uncle, ready to pay any debts you might incur. It was agreed between us at last that I was to have the money, and to settle with your creditors individually, letting each one think that he was the only one to be paid.

"In this way I secured a large sum. Your uncle fretted at your not coming to see him to thank him for helping you, and I had to keep you away. One deception involved others, and I began to suffer torture. I had constant fear of discovery. His mind was failing slowly, and I took advantage of it. One day, not long before his death, some money that he had lent on mortgage was paid in. In his weak mental condition he fretted at having to find a new investment. I reminded him that he had always promised to leave me a legacy, and I suggested that instead of doing so he should give me the money then, so as to save my paying legacy duty. The idea of saving had become stronger with him as he became old, and this suggestion pleased him. He finally wrote a check for the money and gave it to me. In his methodical way he entered the payment in his books to 'D. L.' It was exactly the same kind of entry as the former ones and nothing to distinguish it, your initials being the same as mine. I knew that when his books were examined later it would appear that this, like the other sums I have mentioned, had been given to you. In fact, when the lawyer came to make his will all the D. L. payments were added up, and the old man, surprised at the total, and vexed at your neglect of him, decided that you should have nothing more.

"Of course, I had to deceive Caryl, too, and to alienate him from you. How I did so you know by this time, but you do not know what I have suffered, nor how ashamed and utterly miserable I am. I have dwelt upon it during the past day until I am almost crazy. I must make restitution. I have sinned deeply; I have failed; you and Caryl have come together, and I can never look either of you in the face again. By the time you read this I shall be far away and shall never return. Enclosed is a check for the money that is yours by right. I have retained enough only to pay my necessary expenses."

The letter was unsigned, and the unsteady lines showed how agitated the writer had been. Douglas looked at the check. It was for a large amount, and was drawn on a London bank.

Deeply as Dora Locke had injured him, poignant as was the suffering she had caused him, Douglas pitied her. He could not bear to think of her going out penniless into the world. He went to the house where she had hired a room, intending to urge her to remain until he could consult Caryl about her future. But she had left as she said and there was no trace of her.

Arriving at the hotel, Douglas met Dr. Fosbrook leaving after a visit to his patient.

"He is doing well," the doctor said in answer to Douglas's question. "It will take time, but to-day has been no worse than I anticipated. It is to-morrow that I dread. The election will take place then, you know, and I fear he will be beaten. I dread the effect of the news upon him. Quiet is the best thing for him. If the election news were well over I should not have much fear. You are going to see him, now. Do not stay long and be very careful not to talk of anything that would excite him."

Mindful of Dr. Fosbrook's injunction, Douglas resolved to say nothing of Dora Locke's letter and made his visit brief. Caryl was evidently weak and made no effort to detain him, though the glance with which he welcomed him recalled the old days of fraternal affection.

On the following day Dr. Fosbrook's foreboding was fulfilled. The Conservative candidate was elected, but only by a small majority. Caryl heard the news with more equanimity than either Douglas or the doctor expected. "Poor Allardyce," he said, "how disappointed he will be." Of his own disappointment he said nothing, and it is likely he was prepared for the event. Indeed he seemed relieved that the election was over. Dr. Fosbrook

(Concluded on following page)

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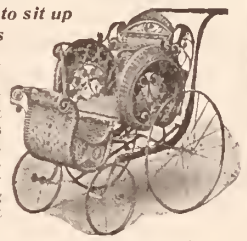

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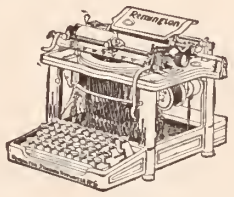

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The Racine Cabinet is guaranteed to be the best one on the market. Not in any way similar to the worthless affairs now advertised for this purpose. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Sold direct to users at from $5 to $12, express or freight prepaid; alcohol stove, vaporizer and face steaming attachment included. Send to-day for our handsome illustrated catalogue, and order from that.

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MAN AND WIFE

See Changes as They Change

To sweeten sour human nature, one of the best methods is to leave off coffee if it gives you dyspepsia or makes you nervous.

"I asked husband this morning to write out a testimonial for the Postum Cereal Co., and from it I quote, 'I am pleased to be able to state that my wife has been cured of sick headaches and "general cussedness" by leaving off coffee and using your Postum Food Coffee. My home is now a happy one.'

"I am forced to admit his joke contains more than a modicum of truth, for I find now I have complete control of my nerves, while formerly I was often irritable, and husband himself has been entirely cured of insomnia by leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. He sleeps now like a baby, from the time he goes to bed until morning, and perhaps his improvement is partly a reason for his seeing such an improvement in me. At any rate, our old sickness and troubles have disappeared.

"I had tried everything for my sick headaches, but as long as I stuck to the coffee, the headaches stuck to me. It took us a little while to learn that we must follow the directions in making Postum, in order to obtain a really palatable, delicious beverage. People must get over the idea that they can make it in any kind of a slipshod way and have it good. The great element in making good Postum is to allow it plenty of time to boil. That is certainly simple enough, and when the cook becomes accustomed to making Postum, one can depend upon a regular quality every morning.

"I know people who seem to be able to drink coffee, with no bad effects; and on the other hand, I know that probably one-half of all my friends are more or less unpleasantly affected with coffee, when they persist in using it, but Postum has obtained a strong hold since its qualities have become known, and a great many of our friends are steady users of Postum in place of the ordinary coffee, and you may be sure every family that has used Postum for even one month will be ready to testify to the improvement in health.

"If you should publish this letter please suppress my name, as I have a horror of undue notoriety. If any one will take the trouble to write you for my name and address, I will cheerfully answer any questions that may be asked, and furnish satisfactory evidence to substantiate my statements. Respectfully," Mrs. ———, Hyde Park, London, Can.

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SEE HOW THE FACE BRIGHT AS AURORA DUE TO USE OF THE SIGHT RESTORER.

The Touchstone

(Continued from preceding page.)

was delighted. "He bears it manfully," he said, "now he will mend."

It was, as the doctor predicted, a long illness, but the recovery was steady and uninterrupted. Every day Douglas spent an hour or more with his brother, and during their conversations they seemed to draw nearer together than even in the days of their boyhood.

One day, as Douglas left his brother's room, happy in the restored fraternal relations which they were both resolved nothing should again disturb, he saw a slender figure passing down the street before him. It swayed under the weight of a heavy child, who was crying bitterly, and, Douglas recognizing it, quickened his steps.

"Give me that child," he said authoritatively. "Miss Celia, you will kill yourself some day with bearing your people's burdens."

Celia resigned the big girl willingly to Douglas's strong arms and they walked on side by side to Mrs. Whitaker's cottage, which was the child's home. The old woman was not at home, but had left her door open in case of her little granddaughter coming. Celia entered and Douglas followed with the child, who had dried her tearful eyes and had forgotten her childish trouble, whatever it may have been. Celia stirred the fire and set a ruddy blaze dancing over the whitewashed walls and gaily-colored Scripture prints.

Then she sat down in the rocking-chair beside the hearth and held out her arms for the little one, and Douglas gave it to her and sat down uninvited in the chair opposite, watching with dreamy pleasure while she took off the damp little shoes and socks and warmed the bare pink toes in a matter-of-course motherly fashion.

It is not conducive to self-control to be at once very tired, very much relieved, and very happy. In that homely little room, with the dusk without and the firelight within, with Celia's sweet face half seen in the uncertain light above that little fair head that lay against her breast, Douglas forgot that he had meant to keep his love a secret for months or even years to come.

It seemed her right, since she knew so much, to know all; he had to open his inmost heart to show her how things were between himself and Caryl, how the cloud had arisen between them, and how it had been completely and forever swept away; and while he was doing that, the love that was in full possession there, came somehow naturally and inevitably to light.

It is but the first step that costs — in love-making as in all else. From thinking of love to speaking of it, from protesting that he dares not hope for a return, to pleading for a look—a word—a promise—these are steps that even a shy and humble-minded lover finds little difficulty in taking, if not very decidedly reproved. And Douglas, like most reticent passionate men, could find words enough on two or three occasions in a lifetime.

Only little Polly Whitaker knows that Miss Celia's soft warm hands were kissed, over and over again, with rapturous grateful kisses, that night beside her Grannie's fire. And she will not mention the circumstance, because she will have forgotten it before she can speak plainly enough to make the story intelligible. When Grannie Whitaker, with her elder grandchild chattering beside her, came slowly up to her cottage door, she found a young gentleman standing very upright beside it, respectfully waiting to escort "Miss Ceelie," who was putting Polly down from her knee, with cheeks made very rosy by the heat of the fire, which had blazed up with unnecessary vigor.

But as the two stepped out together into the dusk, some instinct made the old woman look long and intently after them.

"God bless her," she said half aloud. "Some one will be taking her away from us all one of these days; and I shouldn't wonder if it was him! Well! he looks like one that a woman might put confidence in; and as for her, the heart of her husband may safely trust in her, that's certain. I reckon there's no harm in saying, 'God bless them both.'"

[THE END]

THE LITTLE SOLDIERS IN YOUR BLOOD.

The part which the corpuscles of the blood play in making good the loss occasioned to the body by wear and tear, and in carrying off the effete or worn-out material, has been compared to the part played by a soldier. The corpuscles of pure blood are our soldier-friends, who repair the worn-out tissues of the body, and fight against disease-germs. The first condition for good health is pure blood, and that can only be obtained and kept by taking pure food and drink.

Adulterated food-stuffs and drinks are the pests of the modern market, and all too often health considerations are sacrificed to apparent cheapness. If you would have a pure drink, take cocoa; but let it be a pure cocoa, such as Van Houten's, which is highly digestible, extremely soluble, and of most delicious taste. It is cheap, too, for it costs less than a cent a cup.

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Readers of this paper can receive, FREE, a book explaining the causes, symptoms and treatment of the various bronchial and lung diseases by sending their address to Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 West 45th Street, New York City.

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain cure for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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Charcoal sweetens the breath after smok-ig, drinking or after eating onions and other dorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves he complexion, it whitens the teeth and fur-her acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect n the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the outh and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or nother, but probably the best charcoal and he most for the money is in Stuart's Absorb-nt Lozenges; they are composed of the nest powdered Willow charcoal, and other armless antiseptics in tablet form or rather n the form of large, pleasant tasting lozen-es, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon ell in a much improved condition of the eneral health, better complexion, sweeter reath and purer blood, and the beauty of it , that no possible harm can result from their ontinued use, but on the contiary great enefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the enefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's bsorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering om gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear he complexion and purify the breath, mouth nd throat; I also believe the liver is greatly enefitted by the daily use of them; they cost ut twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and lthough in some sense a patent preparation et I believe I get more and better charcoal n Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of he ordinary charcoal tablets."

Richard D. Creech, of 1062 Second St., Appleton, Wis., says.:

"Our son Willard was absolutely helpless. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and when we used electricity he could not feel it below his hips. Finally my mother, who lives in Canada, wrote advising the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I bought some. This was when our boy had been on the stretcher for an entire year, and helpless for nine months. In six weeks after taking the pills we noticed signs of vitality in his legs, and in four months he was able to go to school. It was nothing else in the world that saved the boy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."—*From the Cresent, Appleton, Wis.*

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TO look at these two photographs one would hardly credit the statement that they are portraits of the same person. Yet such is the fact. The story of this poor little Armenian orphan girl is

THE CHANGE WROUGHT IN AN ARMENIAN ORPHAN

that of hundreds of others now cared for by American benevolence. Missionary Barnum tells it briefly in the letter below:

One year ago a ragged little orphan girl from the Geghi district, one hundred miles to the northeast of us, among the Anti-Taurus Mountains, appeared at our doors and begged to be taken into one of our Orphan Homes; but as we were full, we declined. Her persistence overcame our objections, and she was received. Her photograph was taken at the time. It was taken again the other day, and the two copied together. I send you one of the copies to show the change in this girl, and as an illustration of what is taking place in many others. This girl had a very sad face, but the sadness left it by degrees, till now she is a bright, happy child, doing well in her lessons, and with the promise of a useful future. We have 1,100 orphans under our care.

Harpoot, Turkey. H. N. BARNUM.

A Soldier Boy's Letter

In many hundreds of American homes letters are received from sons and brothers serving in Cuba, in Porto Rico and in the far Philippines. In these even the smallest detail is interesting to the readers whose loving hearts follow the soldier in all his wanderings. Mrs. S. C. R., of Adelphi, O., sends in this extract from a letter received from her son, which is doubtless typical of thousands of other epistles from the soldier boys:

They have chased Aguinaldo and his bodyguards up into the mountains, but I do not think they will catch him, as he is too slick for them.

This town (Biyambang) is a good-sized town, and you can buy almost anything you want to eat. There are a lot of Filipino restaurants here and they are pretty moderate in their prices. We were five days in Tarlac, the insurgents' capitol before we came here. I was in the hospital ten days at Tarlac with the malarial fever, but I feel fine now. It is getting dry and it must be the beginning of the end of the rainy season. I get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD right along. They come two and three at a time, and I enjoy them very much. I have nothing to wear but what is on my back. I have clothes in four different places, if I ever get them.

For breakfast we had two little slices of bacon, a coupie of hardtacks and a cup of coffee; for dinner we had a couple spoonfulls of beans, hardtack and coffee, but for supper we had eighteen chickens for the company. Eighteen chickens for one hundred men would not make them fat, you know.

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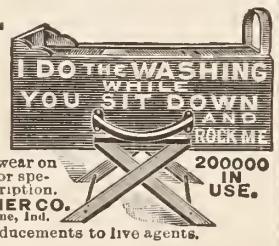
WARRANTED to do the family washing **100 PIECES IN 1 HOUR.** No need for washboard; no wear on clothing. Write for special prices and description.

ROCKER WASHER CO.
Clinton St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



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Because it isn't mounted on

THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

OAK SIDEBOARD FREE

This is no toy, but a full-sized Sideboard. A small order for our **Teas, Spices, Baking Powder, Etc.,** among your friends will secure you a Sideboard. No money required with your order. We pay the express. **Illustrated Catalogue Free.**

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192 Hanover Street,
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$25 to $300 Earned Weekly

Agents wanted to sell the Famous Maryland Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, etc. We prepay freight everywhere, sew carpets free, and furnish wadded lining without charge. For particulars address

Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 218

The Strength of Humility

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Feb. 25. Luke 18 : 9-14

IN teaching men how to approach God, Christ rendered a service to humanity the value of which it would be impossible to overestimate. We know so little of the Almighty, the finite mind is so little able to conceive what kind of Being he must be who made the world and upholds the universe, that when we think of coming into his presence we need to know what attitude we should take and what words we should use. In approaching an earthly sovereign, there are certain forms to be observed and certain deferential lines of conduct to be followed by any one who hopes to stand well with the potentate, or to obtain some favor from him. How much more when we enter the presence of the King of Kings and take upon ourselves to address him! In the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, Christ gives us the instruction that we need in this matter and shows us how we ought to feel and speak when we approach God. The Publican, he says, went away "justified." That is what we all need. If we can so pray that we may be justified, we have attained the highest blessing. To be justified is to be put right, to be approved, to be accepted; and nothing better than that can come into any man's life. It places him in accord with the will of his Maker and brings him into the sphere of the highest development.

Christ puts the two men in striking contrast. The Pharisee thanks God for his blameless life, and surely that is a matter for which he had reason to be thankful. There can be no harm in that. We do well to be thankful for being kept from sin and for being preserved from falling under temptation. But if he had really been so thankful as he professed, if he had been as conscious as he pretended, that it was to God that he was indebted for the power to lead such a life, he would not have proceeded to boast of his performances, nor to disparage his neighbors. His doing so indicated a censorious spirit and a self-satisfaction inconsistent with his prayer. He apparently regards himself as perfect, as having no need of any further help. He has nothing to ask because he thinks he has already attained the highest standard possible to him. We have seen many exhibitions of this spirit in our own time and they are invariably accompanied by similar disparagement of ministers and other Christians. It is sufficient condemnation of that course to say that such people are not justified. They are not in the way of progress, they are outside the possibility of development. Far other was the spirit of Paul, who, forgetting the things that were behind and reaching to the things that were before, pressed toward the mark. Every step taken in the spiritual life is a starting point from which we are to climb to other and still better things.

Perhaps the Publican, too, had things of which he might have boasted. A man who offered his prayer would be likely to have already made some attainment in the spiritual life. At any rate, he was in a more hopeful condition. When a confession is made of faults and shortcomings, there is a better promise of progress than in boastfulness. He was conscious of imperfection, but he was in the presence of One who could impart the power to amend. His attention was fixed, not on his excellences, but on his faults. He asked for mercy. This is the beginning of all true progress. It is an admission of guilt, of unworthiness, and when a man reaches that stage that he is dissatisfied with himself and asks for lenity, there is ground for hope in regard to him. The child who comes to his father after some misconduct, asking to be forgiven, is in a more hopeful condition than the one who reminds his father of his general good conduct and excuses his fault. A child who admits his ignorance is more likely to learn than one who thinks he knows everything. So the Publican was justified, because he put himself in the attitude of a sinner needing forgiveness, and in the way of amendment by confessing his wrongdoing. He was at the beginning of the right path—the path which leads to the highest attainment.

Old Ways

are constantly giving way to new and better ones.

The old way of dumping into the stomach (that most sensitive of all organs) noxious and poisonous drugs is rapidly giving way the new and better way of external treatment.

"Since using the Electropoise, I am almost free from the Rheumatic pains, with an increased appetite, and can digest anything.—R. H. McGINNIS, Iberville, P. Que.

Electropoise

"I have used an Electropoise for four years. I am confident that during that time it has saved me $800 in drug and doctor's bills."—JNO. B. BOTT, Main St., Greensburg, Pa.

combines the newest and best method of administering atmospheric oxygen to the system. Oxygen to the body is like oil to an engine; it cannot run without it. The Electropoise used once a day will keep the doctor away. Our new 128-page illustrated booklet (mailed free) tells all about it. Send also for treatise on Rheumatism.

Miss Clara Barton's Letter.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 21, 1896.

When in London the other day I received two packets from the United States Embassy, each containing an Electropoise. Please allow me to thank you heartily and greatfully for the splendid little machines. As you remember, I am not an entire stranger to the virtues of the Electropoise and I will take great pleasure in passing your offering to afflicted humanity.

Very sincerely your,
CLARA BARTON,
President Red Cross Armenian Relief Expedition.

AGENTS WANTED. We want 1,000 live agents at once. One agent writes, "I have earned $1,600.00." For particulars telling this agent's experience, write for "The Electropoise Agent," mailed free. Address,

THE ELECTROPOISE COMPANY,
1123 Broadway, New York.

What's the use experimenting on your complexion with lotions, tablets, or cheap powders; use the world's purest,

Pozzoni's
Medicated Complexion Powder.

Pozzoni's removes freckles and blemishes, makes the skin delicately soft, prevents that shiney appearance, contains no lime, zinc, lead, arsenic, or other poisons, so common in cheap imitations. Your toilet goods dealer refunds your money if Pozzoni's is not satisfactory. Sample free; box 50c.

New York. J. A. POZZONI CO. St. Louis.

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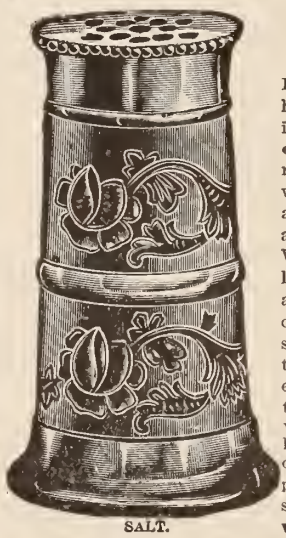
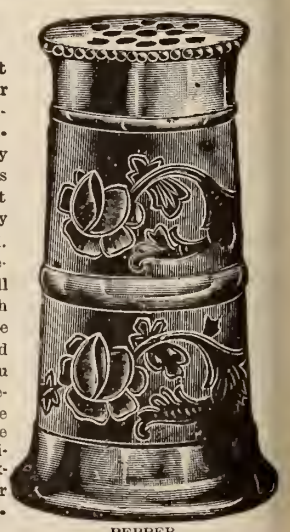


SALT.

If you are looking for a **Great Bargain** in Fine Silverware never heard of before and that will astonish you, here is one of the **Greatest Bargains** ever offered by any reliable Manufacturer. For 25 cents we send **Prepaid Both the Salt and Pepper Shakers.** They are Quadruple Coin Silver Plated. Warranted to wear ten years. Finely engraved and useful as well as ornamental to any table rich or poor. If on receipt of the same you do not think or find them the **Greatest Bargain** you ever have seen or heard of, return them at once to us and we will refund you your m ney. We have been doing business in Chicago since 1865 Any Bank or Express Company can tell you our standing. **Our Bargain Silverware Catalogue Sent Free.**



PEPPER.

LEONARD MFG. CO. INC., LEONARD BLOCK, CLEVELAND, O.

The "Little Miss Abbey" Calendar

has certainly caught the public by storm and a second edition is now on the press. It is a handsomely embossed, 12-colored, lithographed calendar with the prettiest child's face ever printed. We send it free to every purchaser of a bottle of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

("*THE 'SALT' OF SALTS*")

Abbey's Salt is composed of fruit acids and saline ingredients forming an elegant, evenly granulated, effervescent tonic laxative of delightful acid flavor. It is so pleasant to the taste that even children take it eagerly.

It will prevent and relieve Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Gout, Fevers, Nervous Depression, Skin, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

There are some people who never do anything until they have to. Don't be one of them. Take care of your health while you have it. The daily use of Abbey's Salt will keep you in good health the year 'round by keeping your stomach, liver and bowels in perfect condition.

"I am glad to say I find Abbey's Salt an excellent laxative and ant-acid. It gives good results in various forms of Dyspepsia and in Constipation. I have always thought that the effervescent salines were not half as well known and used in this country as they ought to be."—Dr. N. B. SIZER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Abbey's Salt is put up in three sizes; the 25-cent size is the usual trial size; the 50-cent size will cure a severe case of Dyspepsia or Constipation, while the $1.00 size is purchased by those who have learned of the benefits to be derived by the daily use of this excellent preparation.

Abbey's Salt is English and was introduced into the United States last spring. It is sold in DRUG STORES only, in many cities and towns, but if your druggist has not got it yet we will mail any size, postpaid, on receipt of price of same.

FREE If you want the Calendar, but prefer to purchase Abbey's Salt from your local druggist, send us 4c. in stamps to pay postage and packing and we will send one by return mail.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Dept. A, 15 Murray St., New York.

BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)
give instant relief in
Hoarseness

A NEW AID FOR THE DEAF
Sent on trial absolutely FREE of expense or risk. Address, S. H. Hemann & Co. 107 Park Row, N. Y.

THEIR VOICES RAISED FOR PEACE

A Mass Meeting in New York Favors Intervention in the Transvaal War

CARNEGIE Hall, New York, was the scene of a meeting on the evening of February 1, which possessed international interest. It was a gathering of citizens of all parties and many nationalities, for the purpose of giving expression to the desire for such action by the civilized governments as would lead to a cessation of the war in South Africa. A number of well known ministers and laymen were present and took a prominent part in the proceedings. Recently there has been some agitation in behalf of American intervention in the war; but it has been given out unofficially at Washington that there is no likelihood of our government taking any step looking to that end, unless invited to do so by both parties to the struggle, which, at the present stage of the war, is quite improbable. The Carnegie Hall meeting, however, placed the peace party on record, so far as its attitude in the South African conflict is concerned, and expressed the sentiment of the advocates of peace throughout the Union.

Mr. George W. Van Siclen, in his opening address, introducing the chairman, Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, referred sympathetically to the message of unhappiness and sorrow that comes to us from the widows and orphans of both sides in the war. Both combatants claim to be Christian nations; both ought to be urged to go to their tents and cease firing. He contended that under the provisions of the third article of the Hague Peace Conference, the President had the right to intervene and offer our services for mediation and arbitration. "The only solution of the troubles of this world," he declared, "is the application of practical Christianity."

Chairman Remensnyder made a strong plea for arbitration, as substituting reason for passion—justice for force; and preventing the awful carnage of war. He believed intervention practicable and advisable at this time. Hon. R. B. Roosevelt declared that even President Kruger longs for peace. The time has probably not yet come when it can be brought about, but it may come and soon. Let us be ready to take advantage of it.

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D., of the Broadway Tabernacle, the next speaker, believed that some honorable way should be discovered out of this costly and calamitous dispute. America should be a peacemaker among the nations.

Rabbi Pereira Mendes deprecated abuse of either of the belligerent nations. He called on all pastors to preach the doctrine of universal peace and brotherly love.

Mr. George Gluyas Mercer, of Philadelphia, also spoke. He held that the most important immediate contribution America can make to the cause of international peace is the ratification of the Hague Treaty. Despite wars and increasing armaments, the signs of a world-peace justify hopes of realizing a world-federation. It can come, however, only as nations learn that they cannot live unto themselves. We are not responsible for universal peace, but it is in our power to do some small share toward lifting our country to that high plane where that peace may be possible. The more improbable its immediate attainment the more need of labor and of hope.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of our government tendering its offices to bring about peace in South Africa by arbitration. Copies of the resolutions are to be sent to the President, to Queen Victoria, President Kruger, President Steyn and the British Peace Committee.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Minister of Carthage. A clever little story by Caroline Atwater Mason; well illustrated and neatly bound; pp. 150. Doubleday & McClure Co., publishers, New York.

For the Freedom of the Sea. A romance of the War of 1812, illustrated and bound in cloth; pp. 339; price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"

Cleaning Silver

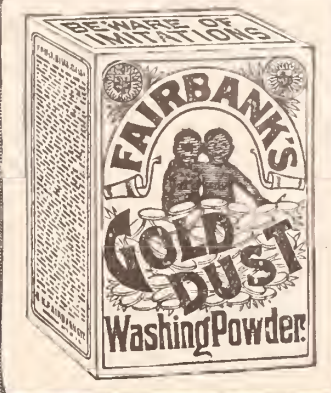
Instead of scouring and rubbing each piece of silver separately, the whole service can be as effectively cleaned in a few minutes. After each meal the silver should be put into a pan (kept especially for the purpose) and cover with lukewarm water, to which a teaspoonfull of

Gold Dust Washing Powder

is added; set the pan on the range until the water gets to boiling point, then lift out each piece with a wire spoon and lay on a soft linen cloth, wiping quickly with chamois skin. The pieces so cleaned will be highly polished and look like new.

The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDEN RULES FOR HOUSEWORK" Sent free on request to

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston.



$18 to $35 Weekly and EXPENSES | **AGENTS and SALESMEN WANTED Men and Women—At Home or Traveling.**

Elexander Smith, of Ind., made $927.50 first 6 months. Albert Hill, of N. J., $238 first month. John Hannibal, R. R. Conductor, $634. Mr. Muncy, of Texas, made $12.50 first 2 hours. Rev. L. McDaniel made $300, besides preaching. Carrie Williams, clerk, made $144 in 6 weeks. Mrs. Hitchcock, of Calif., $222. Miss Sutton, $284. Lida Kennedy, of Pa., $84 while teaching.

LET US START YOU—Be a money maker. We are spending $350,000.00 advertising our new 1902 style Square Quaker Folding Turkish Bath Cabinet in more than 1200 of the largest and best papers, creating an enormous demand right in your section, which we want you to supply, take care of for us, and also appoint sub and local agents.

Our Agents made over $47,000 last month.

Just think of it! No experience needed—only a little nerve and energy. **Failure impossible.** Every energetic man or woman makes $5.00 to $10 every day.

WE ARE AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM—been in business for years. Capital $100,000.00. Do just as we agree. **No scheme, fraud or fake methods.** Our Cabinet is a wonderful seller. Used and recommended by over 1,000,000 satisfied people. **Demand is enormous—25 million will be sold.** Everybody buys. Send your address anyway to

WRITE US TO-DAY (stating age, experience, town or county wanted.)
For our Liberal Proposition, New Plan, Proofs, etc., FREE.

THE WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 1152 World Building, Cincinnati, O.

RUPTURE CURED

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, N. Y.** *Established 18 years.*

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples of one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

Send One Dollar **$9.50**

Cut this ad. out and send to us, mention No. 2216, state your HEIGHT, WEIGHT, number of inches around body at BUST and WAIST, length of skirt in front from waist to bottom and we will send you OUR NEW PERFECT-FITTING WATER-PROOF IMPORTED BLACK MOHAIR BROCADE SKIRT AND CAPE, by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine and try on at your express office, and if found the most stylish waterproof suit you ever saw, equal to anything you could have made at double our special price, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $9.50, and express charges less the $1.00 sent with order. Made exactly as illustrated from a very fine Imported Black Waterproof Wool Brocaded French Mohair Cloth. CAPE lined with a fancy brocade waterproof cloth, double breasted wide facing, full Watteau back, velvet collar, pearl buttons, velvet inlaid epaulets in back, sizes 32 to 42 bust. SKIRT latest style, adjustable at waist, plaid lining, sizes to fit waists from 20 to 32 inches. Opens on the side, buttons concealed by deep fly; can be worn in place of or over ordinary skirt. A $9.50 FASHIONABLE SUIT FOR RAIN, SLOPPY and NASTY WEATHER, such as was never offered before.

CAPE, only $4.75; SKIRT, only $4.75.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN to take orders for Waterproof Garments, Men's Mackintoshes $3.00 up, Ladies' Mackintoshes $3.50 up, Skirts and Capes from $2.25 up. WE FURNISH a big book of samples and complete outfit. Without previous experience you can make $5.00 to $10.00 every day in the year. Write for full particulars. Address,

DUNDEE RUBBER CORPORATION, CHICAGO. 22A

Wonderful Remedy for Rheumatism

DR. J. G. CONNOR, Ionia, Mich., writes:

DEAR SIRS:—An old friend of mine handed me a couple of small vials of your TARTARLITHINE some time ago and I tried it on myself, having suffered from rheumatism for several years. I assure you I was so pleased with its effects that I procured a full sized bottle, and since taking it I have been entirely free from rheumatism during the past year. I also observed that it is not surpassed by any other preparation as a PROMPT and EFFICIENT diuretic; besides it is pleasant to administer. Please send me a few bottles for use among my patients afflicted with Rheumatism.

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00, and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail.

Pamphlets with Testimonials sent FREE.

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Sole agents for THE TARTARLITHINE CO

IT COST US $4,000 Costs You 15c

We have spent $4,000 on our new book, "How to Make Money with Poultry and Incubators." It tells it all. Leading poultry men have written special articles for it. 192 pages, 8x11 in. Illustrated. It's as good as

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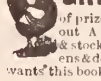
and it's the best. Out batch any other machine. 16 page circular free. Send 15 cts. in stamps for $4 000 book No. 57.

Address nearest office. **CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.**
Boston, Mass. Wayland, N. Y. Chicago, Ill.

2000 PREMIUMS

were awarded my fowls at 12 State Shows in 1899. LARGEST RANCH in the **FOWLS AND EGGS** west **FOR SALE**
Send 5c for illustrated catalogue.
CHAS. GAMMERDINGER, Box 70, Columbus, O.



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of prize winning poultry for 1900. The finest poultry book out. A perfect guide to poultry raisers. Gives price of eggs & stock from the very best strains. It shows the finest chickens & describes them all. 50 different varieties. Everybody wants this book. Send 6c. in stamps B. H. GREIDER, Florin, Pa.

FOOD IN SICKNESS

Proper Selection of Food the Sure Way to Get Well and Keep Well

"While getting over the grip, and while my stomach was so irritable I could not eat anything without distress, I found I could take a dish of Grape-Nuts with rich milk, and feel built up like I had eaten a full meal, and yet have none of the unpleasant effects of indigestion. I wish people knew its worth.

"It seems to me trained nurses and physicians could use it to such good advantage. It is really the most nourishing and easily digested food I ever tried."—Mrs. Myra J. Tuller, 1023 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Grape-Nuts Food is now recommended by physicians all over the United States. They know it contains the delicate particles of phosphate of potash obtained from the natural grains. This is the element Nature uses with albumen of the food to build the soft gray substance in the nerve centers, brain and solar plexus, in the human body. The effect is in some ways like a stimulant, but does not wear off, for it is a natural rebuilding.

Grape-Nuts can be made into a great many different and palatable dishes. The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., the pure food manufacturers, offer to pay a reasonable sum for new and desirable recipes which may meet with their approval. Ladies are requested to experiment and send in their recipes. As an illustration: A most delicious mock pumpkin pie can be made from Grape-Nuts after the following recipe: Pour boiling water over one-half cup Grape-Nuts, let stand 10 minutes; add 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 cups sweet milk, one-third teaspoon of ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spices. Stir over slow fire until thoroughly boiled. Bake pie dough in deep pan. When done, put in prepared Grape-Nuts, return to oven and brown.

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL USE

OXYDONOR

AFTER SUNDAY'S EXHAUSTIVE WORK

REV. HENRY L. PHILLIPS, Rector of Crucifixion Protestant Church, Philadelphia, 1422 Lombard Street, writer Oct. 21, 1899: "For colds and Rheumatism I find Oxydonor a most helpful servant. Have used it successfully in my family. As a tonic after Sunday's hard work, it is simply invaluable."

REV. R. R. ALBIN, Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Shenandoah, Pa., writes Nov. 17, 1899: "Oxydonor wonderfully relieved me of Neuralgia, and I found it very helpful in Rheumatism. Also found Oxydonor very helpful after my Sunday's work as a preacher, by using it on that night, so that Monday morning found me refreshed. Would advise all ministers to try Oxydonor."

REV. R. R. TRAVIS, Ellenville, N. Y., writes Oct. 21, 1899: "For Insomnia and Sciatica Oxydonor proves a speedy and complete relief.

REV. THOS. J. OLIVER CURRAN, Pastor St. George's Church, 76th Street & Drexel Ave., Chicago, writes, July 8, 1899: "I have used Oxydonor on myself for Catarrh, Grippe, Fatigue and Sleeplessness. I am positive from what I know it has done for myself and others, that it will do everything Dr. Sanche claims for it.

Vital Energy

Oxydonor supplies the vital energy which prompts and supports the highest physical effort and renders possible grand mental results.

Oxydonor, in short, is Life. It is a simple instrument, which compels the body to absorb large quantities of healing, health-giving Oxygen from the air through the lungs, membranes and skin, thus transforming disease into Health and Vigorous Life.

Oxydonor will keep a family in good health, and with ordinary care it lasts a lifetime and saves the ruinous costs of sickness. Full instructions with each one.

We have thousands of reports of cures from Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, bankers and prominent men and women from all parts of the country. We will mail our books free to any address sent us.

Letters asking for further information will receive prompt reply.

CAUTION.—Beware of Spurious Imitations. Look closely for the inventor's name—"Dr. H. Sanche"—which is plainly stamped on the Genuine.

DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,

261 Fifth Avenue, New York.
61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich.
57 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Office: 2268 St. Catherine St., Montreal Quebec.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE FORKS OF THE ROAD

O COULD I go back to the forks of the road— [the load;
Back over the long miles I have carried
Back to the place where I had to decide,
By this sign or that sign, my footsteps to guide.

Back to the sorrow, back to the care,
Back to the place where the future was fair.
O, were I there now, decision to make,
My Father in heaven, which road would I take?

O, could I go back to the forks of the road
With the wisdom I've gathered in bearing this load,
A different decision, dear God, would I make,
And the path of the righteous my footsteps should take.

The broad road of pleasure no glory hath won,
It hath brought me to anguish—my whole life undone. [drear!
And now, at the end, Ah, 'tis wretched and
My heart is nigh breaking, I tremble with fear.

The road is so tangled with briar and thorn,
To find the way back I'm ever o'erworn;
Deep-sunk in despair I'm 'wildered and lost
Of choosing the wrong road, how bitter the cost!

If God in his mercy would show me the way
To return, to return, to the light of youth's day,
My road I would choose by the sign of the Word—.
With Jesus, my Leader, my Way and my Lord.

—MRS. CLARA T. KENNISTON.

To Help Clothe the Naked

THE growing success of the spiritual work at the Bowery Mission brings with it increasing responsibilities in the direction of caring for the hundreds and thousands of men who give evidence of a desire to live a Christian life. Homeless, they must be sheltered; famishing with hunger, they must be fed; out of work, employment must be found for them. During the month of January, 3,758 meals were given by the mission, and sleeping accommodation provided for 1,611 men, whilst untiring efforts have been made towards finding work for the unemployed. The most urgent need of all, especially during the cold winter months, is clothing. Scores of men wearily trudge the streets day after day, looking for work, and to many of them the only thing that prevents them finding it is their shabby appearance. Even unskilled men stand all the better chance of securing work if they are presentably dressed. A man in rags and tatters has but little luck. For clerks, salesmen, waiters, barbers and other kindred occupations, there must not only be an absence of rags, but a certian amount of tidiness and cleanliness. There are hundreds of men of this type now looking to the Bowery Mission for this help. What shall we say of the thousands of poor, forlorn, half-naked men that shiver and shake through the long, cold winter nights under their apologies for clothing? In many cases the first duty of the mission in the cases of men who have sought Christ in the meetings has been to send them to the hospital to be treated for pneumonia, bronchitis, and other diseases brought on through want of proper clothing. Will our readers give help in this direction by sending whatever cast-off clothing they can spare—coats, vests, trousers, overcoats, hats, shoes, underwear, shirts, stockings, etc.? All such packages should be sent, express prepaid, in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, and all will be acknowledged in these columns.

The following sums have been received, since last acknowledgment, in aid of the spiritual work of the Bowery Mission:

Previously ack'd	$1806 90	Sympathetic Friend, N Middletown,	1 50
Van Sweringer, Mrs M	1 25	Brother in Christ, Long Branch City,	1 00
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Waldron, Mrs A E,	2 50	" Bucyrus,	15 00
Walter, J D,	50	Widow's mite, Eskridge,	1 00
Ward, Mrs T,	1 00	Widow,	25
Warner, O M,	50	Disciple of Jesus,	1 00
Wheeler, Mrs L,	50	Believer, Omar,	2 00
Wheeler, Mrs R,	50	"Shut-in," Baltimore,	10
Wheeler, S H,	5 00	Monitor, Ashland,	2 00
White, Mrs W V,	1 00	One who tries, Chesapeake City,	1 00
Williams, Mary,	1 00	One who is interested. Athol,	1 00
Wilkinson, A R,	2 00	Yours in Christ's name, Reed's Ferry,	1 00
Winans, W H,	1 20	Well-wisher, W Sunb'y,	1 00
Charite, Brooklyn,	5 00	In mother's memory, Nicholville,	1 00
"Credo," New Castle,	2 00	Xmas gift, Farmer City	1 00
Eliza H, Braceville,	1 05	God's Xmas gift, Bklyn	1 50
Helper, Mill Creek	50	Lover of Christ,	1 00
Charlotte, Flushing,	1 00	Brown Eyes, Oakville,	2 00
W & E B, J H N,	3 00	Member of I A H Circle, Ashland,	50
A B P,	10 00	Union Y P S C E, Herring Row,	1 65
C E D, Westfield,	1 05	Total, ...	$1,910 15
Mrs C H, Montville,	20		
D N C, Newark,	1 00		
E G H, N Y City,	5 00		
E H, N Y City,	1 00		
E M F, Bloomfield,	2 00		
H F, Normantown,	1 00		
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J H P, Livingston,	1 00		

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Rev. H. E. Berkey, of Red Lion, Pa., says: "My Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. J. A. Miller, has called my attention to your Zobo Band Instruments, as he has some, and thinks they are just suited for our work." Miss Hattie E. Konnty, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo instruments received, and are all right and we want more of them." Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it, will organize a band." Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed, as we have a very small organ. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success." Mae Blance Winfield, instructor of music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments. Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

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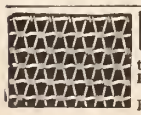

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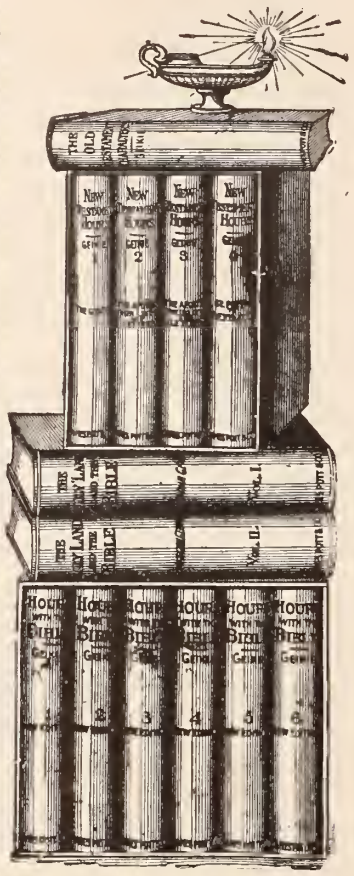

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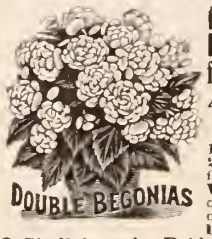

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1900 PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 8

.. Shepherding Our Island Lambs ..

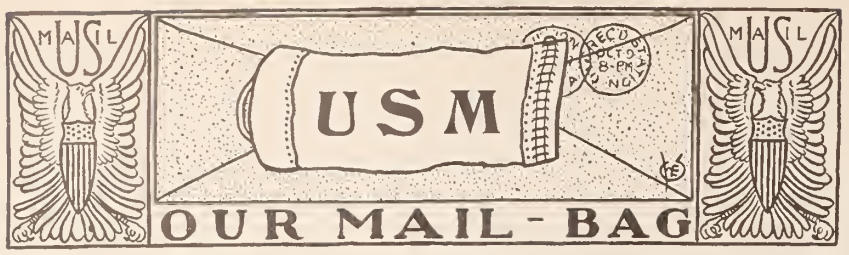
Another Sunday School Opened for Porto Rico's Neglected Children by "The Christian Herald" and its Readers

WHEN that brave and distinguished Christian soldier, Gen. Guy V. Henry, with the last effort of his pen, made a touching plea in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of the "Little Lambs of Porto Rico," he must have foreseen the response that would come from sympathetic American hearts. For nearly three months past, the snows of winter have lain upon the grave of that soldier-statesman, who was beloved by the dusky people of the little West Indian island, but his appeal s already borne fruit. Educational plans are in progress in Porto Rico, and the ousands of hitherto neglected children are being reached by week-day and Sunday hools. In the spiritual work, the readers of this journal have -operated loyally with the good missionaries already the field, and they now have the satisfaction of tnessing the substantial growth of that part the work to which their efforts have been voted. From San Juan comes the cheer- g news of the opening of our new inday School in the Puerta Tierra ction of the city. A photograph the school building, with the holars and teachers grouped front, appears on this page. his photograph was taken Monday, January 29, by ecial arrangement. On e front of the building, the right, is a signboard

"The Christian Herald's" New Sunday School Recently Opened at Puerta Tierra, San Juan

earing the inscription in Spanish: "ESCUELA DOMINICAL DEL HERALDO CRISIANO. LOS DOMINGOS A LAS TRES DE LA TARDE," which being translated, reads: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD SUNDAY SCHOOL. OPEN AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON." On the porch of the neat-looking building are the teachers and their assistants. Mr. Jamieson, our Superintendent, stands beside Rev. Zerah C. Collins, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. work on the island. Concerning the district in which the new school is situated, and the work generally, Mr. Jamieson writes:

"The uplifting of this people is not a question of a few weeks or months. It is a question of years. Sunday School work and church extension are not a mushroom growth, but the fruit of years of intelligent, patient, prayerful labor. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School has been begun in Puerto Tierra and the good work will be systematically and earnestly carried on by myself, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Erwin, Mrs. Erwin and two other ladies, who are taking a deep interest in this most promising field of missionary effort. The rent of the building is twelve dollars a month in gold. About one hundred and twenty children can be accommodated. The location is central, thereby giving all an equal chance to attend. I am having some cards and bills printed for distribution among the people, notifying them when and where the school will be held. In addition to the Sunday work there will be a service every Wednesday evening for the special benefit of adults, which, of course, will naturally tend to keep up the interest in the Sunday School. We need seventy-five New Testaments in the Spanish and English language, and we also require the same number of hymn books in Spanish. I send you a photograph, which represents the model and training school which was opened recently with appropriate ceremonies in the [SEE PAGE 143]



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 28

1. How do you account for the fact that the Christian era is dated some few years after the birth of Christ?
2. What is the meaning of the resurrection of the body? Is there any foundation in the Bible for the belief in the resurrection of the body in the sense that God will use the same elements which have constituted the mortal body in the formation of the incorruptible body?
3. Who is the author of the following lines and where may they be found:
"The voice of Jonathan was heard to express
Our president is going to war I guess."
4. The year 1896 was a leap year. Why is 1900 not a leap year?
5. In what sense was David "a man after God's own heart," in view of his heinous sin in the matter of Uriah and Bathsheba?
6. What is the meaning of the theological term "sanctification"?
7. Is or is not the world growing better?
8. Which is the more likely to foster crime—poverty or wealth?
9. How is the candle-power of gas light or electric light arrived at?
10. What is supposed to be the origin of the various names of the members of the human family?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the best definite plan for helping the poor?

The best method of helping the poor is to educate them to self-support. Industrial training can be made attractive; and its usefulness has been sufficiently demonstrated to call for its vigorous support. The poor should be taught, so far as possible, lessons of economy, sobriety and thrift. To know how to earn a living, and then how to spend a little less than one earns, is the best insurance against poverty. S. L. KNIGHT.

2. When was the name Cousin Jonathan first given to the United States as a nation?

Presumably in Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, where England and the United States are represented as cousins. The name "Brother Jonathan" originated in the times of the Revolutionary War, when Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was governor of Connecticut. Washington placed great reliance upon his judgment and aid, saying, "We must consult 'Brother Jonathan.'" This passed into a by-word when difficulties arose, and so gradually became the national sobriquet.
G. E. KRAUTH.

3. Is civil government an institution of divine appointment?

Certainly. In Numbers 11: 16, 17, we read God's command to Moses to select seventy men of the elders of Israel, to whom God promised to give of the spirit that was upon Moses, and who then should bear the burden with him. In Deut. 16: 18, we read: "Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates . . . and they shall judge the people with just judgment." Christ bid his questioners render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. Paul speaks very definitely on the subject in Rom. 13: 1-7. "The powers that be are ordained of God," he says; and again: "He [the ruler] is the minister of God to thee for good."
E. O. LEE.

4. In the Bible we read, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Through what instrumentality does God execute his vengeance on evil-doers?

First, through the agency of natural forces. If one violates God's natural law, nothing short of a miracle can relieve him from the natural consequences of his act. Second, through the agency of civil power. When the subject-matter of the offence is covered by human law, civil governments become the agents of God to deal with the offender. Third, by direct visitation. From the date of the flood, down to the present age, both sacred and profane history are replete with evidences that the hand of God falls heavily on those who persist in an attitude of utter defiance to his moral and divine principles which fall not within the reach of natural or civil redress. Fourth, by future punishment, on which we scarcely dare even to speculate. But we know that it is a "fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."
J. O. BLACKBURN.

5. What is the leading lesson to be learned from the life of the late Dwight L. Moody?

The potency for good of a life consecrated absolutely to God and thoroughly controlled by the Holy Spirit. In the presence of such consecration and control the lack of classical education does not appear to have hindered Mr. Moody's success for a moment.
L. C. TALBOT.

6. Is it ever justifiable to use strategy or a ruse to gain a good end in church work?

If strategy means deceit, no. But there is a holy strategy that may well be used in seeking the highest welfare of one's fellow men. If not, what did Christ mean when he said: "wise as serpents, harmless as doves"; or Paul, when he wrote to the Corinthians: "being crafty, I caught you with guile." Paul speaks of being all things to all men, and he says that to the Jews he became as a Jew that he might gain the Jews, etc. (I. Cor. 9: 20). Christ made as though he was going farther at Emmaus, and had appeared to the two disciples on the way thither as a stranger. Was not this strategy on his part? Nathan used strategy to bring David's sin home to him. It was by strategy that Israel took Ai, and by the strategy of the pitchers, lamps and trumpets that Gideon and his little army routed the Midianites. M. E. FREEMAN.

7. What is the relative strength of the armies and navies of the five leading nations of the earth?

In December, 1899, Captain W. R. Hamilton announced publicly, that the United States official reports, on file at the War Department, at Washington, embrace the following exhibit: Germany, war footing, army: officers, 66,558; non-commissioned officers and men, 5,738,793. Russia, war footing, army: officers, 65,990; non-commissioned officers and men, 5,143,574; France, war footing, army officers, 60,958; non-commissioned officers and men, 4,933,190. Great Britain, war footing: army officers, 7,826; non-commissioned officers and men, 686,795. United States, regular permanent army limited by law to 25,000 men. Italy, war footing, army officers, 55,442; non-commissioned officers and men, 1,667,456.

The naval strength of these countries is as follows: Great Britain—vessels of all grades, 1,055; officers, 3,219; sailors and marines, 121,115. France—vessels of all grades, 690; officers, 2,015; sailors and marines, 96,960. Germany—vessels of all grades, 320; officers, 1,555; sailors and marines, 24,500. Russia—vessels of all grades, 500; officers, 2,258; sailors and marines, 48,311. United States—vessels of all grades, 283; commissioned officers, 1,340; marine officers, 201; enlisted sailors, 14,603; marines, 6,000. Italy—vessels of all grades, 341; officers, 840; sailors and marines, 24,440. A large proportion of the European vessels enumerated are small boats and old hulks, of which the United States has but a small percentage.
S. V. LEECH.

8. When we read, in the Revelation, of books being kept in heaven and also in connection with the Judgment Day, are we to understand the language as literal or figurative?

Literal if considered in its expression of a result, and figurative if we consider it to mean books like the books of earth. Inasmuch as the human mind cannot fully understand the divine mind, we cannot know exactly what is meant by books in heaven. But a perfect record of the life of each individual is certainly indicated. LOUISE C. TOWER.

9. A gentleman is assured by physicians that he cannot live many months, owing to the presence of a disease from which he now suffers little, if at all. He has means more than ample to provide himself with necessaries and comforts. What should he do with the remaining months of his life?

Speaking generally, a man who knows he must die in a few months should do with his life just what he would do with it if he hoped to prolong it many years. But if there has been neglect of spiritual concerns, and all that that implies, the invalid should first commit his soul to the Redeemer and then in every way possible seek to make amends for his non-performance of duties to his kinsfolk and his fellow mortals. Every man owes to his fellow men the active example of a Christian life. Where this has not been given it will be difficult to crowd into a few months the contribution of Christian love and duty that should have marked the many years of the past. R. T. CARLTON.

10. When did celibacy among Christian priests come into vogue?

In the fourth century synods began to interdict priests from marrying. But it was not until 1048 that the Pope (Leo IX.) interdicted all married priests from exercising any spiritual function. This law stood until 1074, when Gregory VII. decreed excommunication against all who should attend mass celebrated by a married priest, and deposition against the priest himself. The Council of Trent, 1593, discussed the subject and positively enjoined priestly celibacy.
FREDERICK H. BATES.

Miscellaneous Questions

Bertha S., Greenpoint, N. Y. The circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1899 was **13,962,000** copies, or an average of **268,500** copies every week of the year.

Ethan Allan L., Binghamton, N. Y. Why are the Jews called Hebrews?

It is held by the best authorities and by the Jews themselves that the name is derived from Heber, or Eber (which means "from the other side," or a sojourner, or immigrant). Heber was the son of Salah and the father of Peleg (see Gen. 10: 24; 11: 14, and I. Chron. 1: 25). Abram was the first to be called a Hebrew (Gen. 14: 13), presumably in the immigrant sense. The name is seldom used of the Israelites in the Old Testament, except when the speaker is a foreigner, or when the Israelites speak of themselves to one of another nation. Some writers have held that Hebrew is derived from Abraham (Abrai), but this explanation is not generally adopted.

Reader, Joy, N. Y. Can a man be a good Christian and play cards? I do not mean to play for drink or gamble, but to play respectably as in a game of letters, authors, dominoes, etc.?

The true Christian will do nothing whereby he may place a stumbling-block in the way of another. While the mere act of card-playing may in itself be innocent enough, it is a practice which has proved the first step to ruin to countless multitudes. On the other hand, man's moral, spiritual or mental character has never been improved in the slightest degree by card-playing. It is not an accomplishment that wins for a man esteem and confidence either in business or in private life, but the reverse. For the professed follower of Christ to attempt to justify this dangerous and evil pastime is an incomprehensible inconsistency. See Rom. 14: 15-21. Apply the fixed principle that "it is good not to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth," and you will never touch another card, lest by example you may lead weaker ones into sin and possibly be the means of their spiritual destruction.

Evidently, judging from the following letter, there has been a great demand for Bibles for the blind, as a result of the kind offer of the New York Bible Society:

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.

Dear Mr. Klopsch:—You published for us in your paper of Jan. 31, our offer to give a volume of the Scriptures in raised letters to any blind person needing it, free of charge. Will you kindly withdraw this offer as the applications have been so numerous that this special stock of Bibles is entirely exhausted? WM. E. GEER,
Agent N. Y. Bible Society.

H. B. L., Ray Brook, N. Y. How may a person know that he is converted? Is believing all that is necessary?

A mere intellectual belief is not sufficient. As James remarks, "The devils believe." Belief in the sense of trusting, confiding, is required. It is the kind of belief that a patient has in his physician when, in a critical illness, he trusts his life to a physician and calls in no other. Or as when a man charged with murder puts all his reliance on his lawyer and believes in his power to secure his acquittal. Or it is the belief of an outlaw who trusts to a ruler who has issued a proclamation of amnesty. The man who puts himself in Christ's hands for salvation will try to resist all evil and will obey Christ's commands and will seek from Christ the help he stands ready to give to enable him to lead a holy life.

Here is a suggestion which some of our Protestant pastors in Buffalo may be able to put into practice:

Why not have a building on the Pan-American grounds at Buffalo, where all denominations could worship—a Union Hall, and also an amphitheater where the life of our Saviour could be illustrated?

Troubled Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. In what way does religion give one power to overcome a besetting sin? If a man falls under the power of the sin after accepting the aid religion gives him, must he conclude that God has not granted the aid as promised?

There is first the direct power which God promises to give through Christ to those who sincerely and earnestly seek it. Then, there is the subjective power that comes from a soul turning decisively to God. This Chalmers called "The expulsive power of a new affection." It is an over-mastering impulse which leaves no room in the mind for the old enemy. When a man falls again under the power of the sin, he need not conclude that God has not given him the aid. He has more reason to think that the aid was given, but not used. Man must work with God in such a case and must not expect to be delivered without striving, but to be delivered through striving in the new strength that God gives him.

Alice M. Richard, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us six verses of inspiring poetry on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which say many good and kind things. We give one of the verses:

The friends who help the young and old
Their Sabbath lessons through—
Cannot begin to realize
How little we could do
If they should ever give us up
To study all alone—
Without their helpful hints and points,
Their kind and cheering tone.

Girard, Ill. If A. M. stands for before noon, P. M. for noon, and P. M. for after noon, what is midnight—A. M. or P. M., or neither?

It is midnight, but there is no particular sign for it. It might well be quoted as md't, as in railroad time tables. It cannot correctly be quoted as A. M. or P. M., because in one sense it is neither, in another sense both.

East Puestenkill, N. Y. Do you believe that the spirits of our departed friends are with us and know our sorrows and joys as they did when in life? I mean those that have died in the Lord.

There is no passage of Scripture that can be quoted as supporting this view. God's angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation, and God's Holy Spirit dwells with all true believers. What more can be needed in the way of spiritual accompaniment?

Subscriber, Syracuse, N. Y. Is it right for me to address my prayers to Christ or to the Holy Spirit? In praying, for instance, for recovery from sickness, should the prayer be made to God the Father, to Christ or to the Holy Spirit?

Our conception of the Trinity is not of separate personalities but of a divine Unity. It is a threefold manifestation of one Supreme Being. Christ was a manifestation in human form; the Holy Spirit a manifestation in divine influence. A metaphysical explanation of the triune existence could not be given in the space at our disposal and could never be made quite clear to the finite mind. No man could fully comprehend the being of God and he should not expect to do so. Prayer is usually made to God, in Christ's name and we may ask him for the gift of the Holy Spirit, for healing or for any other blessing. If you will read John 14 and indeed the whole Gospel, you will see, however, that the union of the divine Three is so complete that prayer made to Christ or to the Holy Spirit is the same in spirit as if addressed to God the Father and is the same in its effect.

X. Y. Z., St. Clairsville, O. Yes.

Reader, Baltimore, Md. Two dollars.

Subscriber, Iowa. Not if she has only a life-interest.

Mettie A. B., Rushville, N. Y. No, to all three questions.

Subscriber, Mt. Vernon, Mo. Not if they are legally free to marry.

Inquirer, Riverhead, N. Y. D. L. Moody's birthday was February 5.

J. W. W., Pa. The first second after 12, midnight, of December 31, 1900.

Subscriber, Westfield, Mass. We have no information of recent date.

Sophia H., Elmira, N. Y. Yes, nearly all photographs of living persons.

Emma K., Punxsutawney, Pa. "Throughly" is an antiquated form of "thoroughly."

Fred. W. C., Worthington, Ind. Write to Secretary, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Edna N., Lowell, Ark. Unfortunately there is not. It is the ideal city of the future.

Amanda, R. C., Vernfield, Pa., and Mrs. Mc, Peoria, Ill. The control of the gold and diamond fields principally.

Reader, Washington, N. J. No; we do not consider it either dignified or proper. It is unworthy of a Christian Church.

J. H. A., Wooster, O. They perished in a landslide on the mountains near Darjeeling, India, about two months ago.

Emily K. P., Beatrice, Neb. 1. Kray-ger, Tshote, Kar-ne-gee (with accent on first syllable). 2. See a French-English Dictionary.

Mrs. A. J. B., Wilmington, Va. Mr. Moody was originally a Congregationalist, but during the greater part of his life was undenominational.

R. W. K., Locustville, Va. Of all denominations, and both Protestant and Catholic. They are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

H. B., Winchester, N. H. Your plan seems to be a reasonable one, but we cannot advise. The matter of choosing a life vocation should be decided by yourself.

E. C. W., Packerly, Calif. 1. There is only one. 2. Dr. Talmage still preaches, but now devotes the greater part of his time to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which he is the editor.

Wm. E., Steward, Ill. We do not believe that any self-respecting woman would prefer to marry a rowdy rather than a well behaved, sensible man. There may be exceptions, of course.

B. S. D., Tiro, O. 1. The treaty of 1744 between the United States and Great Britain was negotiated by John Jay; that of 1795 between the United States and Spain was signed in Madrid by General Pinckney for the United States and Prince Goday for Spain. 2. The Angell treaty of 1880 was our first step towards the restriction of Chinese emigration. 3. Our only effectual relief from the piracy of the Barbary States was that enforced by the demands of Commodore Decatur; previous to the arrival of his fleet of warships at Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli a number of treaties had been patched up and much blackmail money paid to the Deys and their representatives by our own and European governments in weak and misguided efforts to protect ships and men from these bandits of the seas.

SHEPHERDING OUR ISLAND LAMBS

(Continued from first page.)

presence of 350 children. The building is beautifully situated on the military road in the Puerto Tierra section of San Juan under the shadow of the fortress of Cristobal Colon. This, I believe, is the first building erected in Porto Rico by

SAN JUAN'S NEW TRAINING SCHOOL

Americans in which strictly American school methods are being carried out in the instruction of children. It is admirably adapted for the purposes for which it has been built. There are twelve rooms in all, two of which are reserved for the Board of Education, which will occupy them as soon as furnished. In the construction of the building the health and comfort of the pupils have been most carefully considered. The different class-rooms are fully supplied with all the appliances necessary for the work to be done. The school is divided into nine departments, viz.: kindergarten, primary, intermediate, grammar, high school in English and Spanish, scientific, training, and industrial. The school is under the supervision of Dr. Hill, assisted by a corps of scholarly, experienced educators, who have done and are now doing a grand work in raising the present generation of Porto Ricans to a higher moral and religious plane. Assuredly the inauguration of the high school of San Juan is an earnest of good things to come. It reflects the highest credit upon the intelligence and patriotism of the citizens of the capital."

"Rev. Zerah C. Collins, head of the Y. M. C. A. work at San Juan, writes: "The late official census which has just been completed, but not published, gives to Porto Rico a population of 957,000 souls. With an area of 3,550 square miles, the island has a population of 269 human beings to the square mile. This, however, is in a way misleading, as large tracts in the interior are but sparsely settled, giving the cities and suburbs and the villages a congested population. The centuries of Spanish misrule, with its attendant poverty, together with the home-life consequent upon this crowded condition of the people, can have had but one result—the lowering of the standard of morality, education and religion. A Christian nation is now as far as possible endeavoring to counteract the evil effect of these years of oppression. Unjust marriage laws, the curse of which will require generations to wipe out, have been amended, public schools are being introduced as rapidly as possible, private schools encouraged, and Christian workers of all denominations helped.

"The educational feature is a vital one, going hand in hand with the Gospel. The late census gives 280,000 school children and thus far provisions are made for but 30,000 by the government. The difficulties to overcome and problems to be solved in inaugurating the public school system in Porto Rico are great and numerous and it must of necessity take time for the officials in charge of the educational work to teach these thousands of children. From observation we should say that the young men and women who come here to teach should have a missionary spirit, realizing that in their field of labor they are exerting a mighty force for the uplifting of an unfortunate and downtrodden people. Not only should these 280,000 children be given a secular education, but as disciples of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," the Christians of the United States should see that they are given a right conception of the Gospel and the Word of God. This cannot be taught them in their homes, for in the true sense few of them have homes. It cannot be taught in the public schools as this would not be in harmony with our public school system. The most practical way to them then is through the Sunday School and under conditions very similar to those which brought the Sunday School as an institution into existence. A good work is already being accomplished through this instrumentality, some 800 scholars being reached by the several schools on the island. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which raised $18,000 for the starving hurricane sufferers, has been one of the pioneers in this noble work and we are glad to be able to present to its readers a view of the latest school established under its auspices in Puerto Tierra, a thickly settled suburb of San Juan. Rev. James Jamieson, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School worker, has long had this point in view, and on Sunday, January 28, with the cooperation of a number of Spanish-speaking missionaries, the school was opened with more than one hundred scholars."

A Living Testimony

At a recent meeting of the Student Volunteer Missionary Society, Archdeacon Moule related an incident of his work in China. He said: "I remember one day toward sunset speaking in a town where the people showed some hostility. As a rule the people of mid-China are courteous, but these people were exceedingly rude and menacing. With my helper, an intelligent and earnest native Christian, I went to the top of a hill to spend a half hour in prayer. On our way the aged Chinaman said: 'You have been discouraged to-day.' I admitted that I had been depressed by the treatment we had received. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'there is no need. Do you know I was born in this very village and it was here that I first heard the Gospel. Fifteen years ago the foreign preachers came and I went to hear them. They were received as we were to-day, with ridicule and derision. I am sorry to say that I took part in opposing them. In a few weeks they came again. I was there and listened to them. One of them spoke good Chinese talk and I liked what he said. I thought much about it after they were gone. At their next visit I asked some questions and I learned more. God blessed their words and opened my heart."

LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN OF SAN JUAN

The Artist Preacher

How Rev. W. E. Needham Presents the Gospel in Pictures While Preaching

MEETINGS now being held in Rutherford, N. J., prove how a great talent may be turned to account in Gospel work. The preacher has a pad of manila paper three feet square on an easel on the platform. By his side is a sheaf of colored crayons. As he begins his sermon his hand is deftly sketching on the pad. His subject is the rescue of our lost race by Christ. As he talks the pad shows a seething sea, the waves rising high and tossing angrily. In the distance is a ship in distress. The eye watching the artist's rapid fingers, sees that the ship is about to founder. "What is to be done? Must the crew and passengers perish?" The preacher stops his work and asks the questions. What is he doing now? Across the stormy billows a life-boat is seen approaching the ship. Who will enter? Those who stay on the ship must go down with her; only those who leap into the lifeboat will be saved. Who will trust their salvation to Christ who came to the rescue of the world? As the preacher pleads with sinners his vivid delineation of the storm is before his audience telling its story.

REV. W. E. NEEDHAM ILLUSTRATING HIS SERMON

At another time his subject is the downward course of the sinner. The crayons show on the sheet a bright boy leaving the farm. Father and mother are saying good-by and asking God's blessing on the boy. The next scene is in the city, where the boy is being introduced to the haunts of dissipation. He is drinking and while he draws the scene the preacher describes the temptations of city life.

With word and with crayon he follows the sad journey downward until he draws a miserable man, ragged and dirty, begging in the street. "What shall be the end? Will he die like that?" A deathbed appears on the pad and the audience shudders at its misery. "Or will he accept the deliverance Christ offers to the captive and turn to God?" The crayon is at work depicting the contrast. At one of the Rutherford meetings last week a miserable drunkard saw his own life thus portrayed and came after the meeting begging to be led to Christ.

In another town last summer a lady sat watching and listening to the artist-preacher. On the pad was a long toilsome road. In the distance was a walled city. A few strokes showed a criminal fleeing from justice. Far behind him was the avenger pursuing him. By the roadside were booths and stalls and places of entertainment. Would the criminal be beguiled into loitering and resting, or would he run on, intent on reaching the City of Refuge before the avenger caught him? "What would you do?" the preacher asked. "Will the theatre or the ball-room detain you, or will you fly to the only refuge of safety." The lady knew the case was her own and then and there made her resolve. She is now one of the most earnest workers for Christ in her town.

Rev. W. E. Needham, the artist-preacher, who is doing this effective work, is the youngest of the four Needham brothers, who are all ministers of the Gospel. He was born in the south of Ireland, and from early boyhood showed a wonderful skill in drawing. It was developed during his school days, and later, when his elder brother, George, had settled in this country, the youth came here on George's invitation. He studied in the Lowell Institute in Boston and in a school of design in Philadelphia. Moody and Sankey held services in the latter city while he was there, and young Needham was led to give his heart to Christ.

He then returned to Europe to obtain a theological education and came back here afterwards to work in Christ's vineyard. He has labored as pastor at West Chester, Pa., at Germantown, Pa., and in Brooklyn, N. Y. In one of his sermons he took up a sheet of paper and drew a sketch, and he noticed how it arrested the attention of many in his audience.

From thence forward his sermons have been thus illustrated. He can put a vivid sketch on the pad in three minutes, and often a whole series are presented in the course of one service. So many applications have reached Mr. Needham for help in Y. M. C. A. meetings, Sunday Schools and evangelistic services, that he has decided to devote his whole time to this work, and has resigned his Brooklyn pastorate that he may be free to engage in it. It is a remarkable example of consecrated talent and it is enjoying the blessing of God.

A Christian's Vision of Heaven

Fanny Bryant Stebbins, who died in Rochester on the 1st inst., was reared in a Christian family and was a Christian in heart and purpose, but timid, diffident and sensitive. Accounts of human need and suffering distressed her and she wondered why such things were, while God was proclaimed to be kind and good to the children of men, but in her last illness—during which she was thus much troubled—as death approached, her mind was clear. She said, "Don't be afraid," and just at the last, with a smile, she exclaimed, "I see heaven now!" and was at rest. Doubts and troubles often come that cloud the sky, but the heart, yearning for God and the truth, is assured at last of perfect rest.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

A Healthy Religion

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalm 91: 16, ... } With long life will I satisfy him

THROUGH the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sick beds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed, and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead, should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanative, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness, or an emaciation, or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp: he speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations;" while God, in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian, there were at one time in his empire forty-five people one hundred and thirty-five years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at one hundred and eighty-five years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah 65: 20: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if according to Scripture the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to three hundred and four hundred and five hundred? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Toussaint L'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from under the serfdom of sin, what shall be the body? what shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman, and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity; I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of our health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality; but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God-defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with thirty-two curious bones wielded by forty-six curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy—three hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour—the heart in twenty-four hours beating 100,000 times, during the same time the lungs taking in fifty-seven hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going to the top of his house and leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the pastry-cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed, let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of our health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it, and often let it run down, while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the hands of the watch. You see the face of the watch; but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They do not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at thirty-six years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at thirty-eight pears of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens:

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the centre of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff-box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences. Now practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes; but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead twenty-five years ago but for the defences and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian he makes over to God not only his affections but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell; and if he gain that is best, and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency; I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in thirty of the best monetary institutions of this country; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge of it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Pekin, and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a thousand years; I have all the resources of the universe, and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not muc What lion will dare to put his paw that Daniel? Is there not rest in thi Is there not an eternal vacation in this

"Oh," you say, "here is a man w asked God for a blessing in a certain e terprise, and he lost five thousand dolla in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder a factory, and one wheel is going nor and the other wheel is going south, a one wheel plays laterally and the oth plays vertically. I go to the manufactur and I say: "O manufacturer, your m chinery is a contradiction. Why do y not make all the wheels go one way "Well," he says, "I made them to go opposite directions on purpose, and th produce the right result. You go dow stairs and examine the carpets we a turning out in this establishment and y will see." I go down on the other flo and I see the carpets, and I am oblig to confess that though the wheels in th factory go in opposite directions, th turn out a beautiful result; and while am standing there looking at the exquisi fabric an old Scripture passage com into my mind: "All things work togeth for good to them who love God." Is the not rest in that? Is there not tonic that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worrie about his reputation? One man says l lies, another says he is stupid, anoth says he is dishonest, and half a doze printing establishments attack him a he is in a great state of excitement a worry and fume, and cannot sleep; b religion comes to him and says: "Ma God is on your side; he will take care your reputation; if God be for you w can be against you?" How much shou that man worry about his reputatio Not much. If that broker who, son years ago in Wall Street, after he had lo money, sat down and wrote a farew letter to his wife before he blew his brai out—if instead of taking out of his pock a pistol he had taken out a well-read Ne Testament there would have been one le suicide. O nervous and feverish peop of the world, try this almighty sedativ you will live twenty-five years long under its soothing power. It is not chlor that you want, or morphine that you wan it is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "Wit long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend longevity in the fact that it removes a corroding care about a future existenc Every man wants to know what is to b come of him. If you get on board a ra train you want to know at what dep it is going to stop; if you get on board ship you want to know into what harb it is going to run, and if you should te me you have no interest in what is to b your future destiny, I would in as poli a way as I know how, tell you I did n believe you. Before I had this matt settled with reference to my future exi tence, the question almost worried me i to ruined health. The anxieties me have upon this subject put together woul make a martyrdom. This is a state awful unhealthiness. There are peop who fret themselves to death for fear dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerve and the depression off your soul, and make two or three experiments. Exper ment the first: When you go out of th world it does not make any differenc whether you have been good or bad or whether you believed truth error, you will go straight to glory. "Im possible," you say. "My common sens as well as my religion teaches that th bad and the good cannot live together fo ever. You give me no comfort in that e periment." Experiment the second When you leave this world you will g into an intermediate state where you ca get converted and prepared for heaven "Impossible," you say; "as the tree fal eth so it must lie, and I cannot postpon to an intermediate state that reformatio which ought to have been effected in thi state." Experiment the third: There i no future world; when a man dies that i the last of him. Do not worry about wha you are to do in another state of being you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say; "there is something that tell me that death is not the appendix but th preface; there is something that teils m that on this side of the grave I only ge started and that I shall go on forever; m power to think says 'forever,' my ca pacity to enjoy or suffer 'forever.'"

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty One on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned his pale and agonized face toward the heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck him, and the spears punctured him, and heaven thundered: "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky, and the earth ceased to quiver, and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding, and there was blue as of the bruising, and there was green as of the heavenly foliage, and there was orange as of the day-dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words: "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words: "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words: "The day-spring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill, and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill, it rose upward and upward, and behold there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity of this truth. Religion is sunshine, that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water, they are healthy. Religion is warmth, that is healthy. The doctors will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with twelve manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There is the oratorio of the Creation led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the Red Sea led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah led on by St. Paul, while the archangel, with swinging baton, controls the one hundred and forty-four thousand who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulchre. I open the door on the other side the sepulchre. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave. I show you the under side of the grave; the bottom has fallen out and the long ropes with which the pallbearers let down your dead, let them clear through into heaven. Glory be to God for this robust, healthy religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Mr. Moody's Final Work

Mr. Theo. Henshall, of Kansas City, writes this interesting letter concerning Mr. Moody's last evangelistic tour:

I had the honor of hearing D. L. Moody every time he preached in Kansas City. He preached ten sermons and gave two talks at after-meetings. I heard nearly every word he uttered. Of course, sometimes his voice was lowered. He was Elijah (and looked it), teaching the school of the prophets. About one hundred ministers of the Gospel sat at his feet, that is, a platform a little lower than his stand was kept exclusively for clergymen. Convention Hall seats about 15,000 people, and when Mr. Moody was taken sick folks were turned away. It was the great experience of my life.

Moody's Greatest Victory

How he Mastered a Crowd of Oxford Students who had Determined to Break up his Services—A Famous English Revival Recalled

DWIGHT L. MOODY'S "Greatest Life Victory"—so he called it, in conversation with his friend, Dr. Pierson, who has followed his course with a deep personal interest ever since he was first felt as a power in evangelism. He, at Dr. Pierson's request, recounted in detail the experience given below, substantially as here narrated; only that the Mothers' Prayer Meeting which turned the tide, is not here referred to. Those who loved Mr. Moody will find this relic of history of deep interest. It also illustrates the fact that "one with God is a majority." A. T. PIERSON.

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Speaking to 'Varsity Men

Mr. Moody's mission in Oxford began on the evening of Monday, November 13, 1882, by a general meeting in the Corn Exchange. Mr. Moody preached in the Exchange, and Mr. E. W. Bliss in the Town Hall, while Mr. Sankey found scope for the exercise of his special gift in both. The work among the university students constituted one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of the revival. Meetings specially designed for the 'Varsity men took place each evening at the close of the service for the general public. One Monday evening, the "undergrads" were invited to meet in the assembly rooms of the Clarendon Hotel. A considerable number responded, and it soon became evident that youthful effervescence and boisterous behavior were to manifest themselves. There was a large attendance of local clergy, and Mr. Sankey sang several of his hymns. Mr. Moody selected a chapter from the Book of Ezekiel, and began reading it. Some of the audience commenced stamping and shouting "hear, hear," in a very impious manner. Mr. Moody immediately closed his Bible, and in scathing tones of rebuke said he would rather play with forked lightning, or meddle with the most deadly diseases, than trifle with the Word of God. He then asked those gentlemen who wished him to continue to rise, and the whole assembly, with the exception of a few, instantly did so. The result was striking and effective, there being no more interruptions during the evening.

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Riotous Undergraduates

On Tuesday evening, the assembly room was again crowded. At the Clarendon on Wednesday evening, many undergraduates appeared to have come with the express purpose of making fun of the proceedings. Mr. Moody had not proceeded far before it was evident from criticisms indulged in an undertone, that there were many present who were not inclined to give the speaker a fair hearing. Soon there was open laughter. Mr. Moody said it was very easy to laugh at these things, but they were fixed and eternal. They would live long enough to see what he said was true, and that a man had to reap what he sowed. Let them sow good seed, and not tares, and by-and-by they would have an abundant harvest.

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Ample Apologies

On the third evening there came the turn of the tide. Having set in motion the machinery of the after-meeting, Mr. Moody found himself in the midst of a group of young students, most of whom had been among the disturbers. With intrepidity and readiness of resource he seized the opportunity, and proceeded in the plainest, though most courteous terms, to tell these young friends what he thought of them and their reprehensible conduct. They assented to all he said, and readily tendered a verbal apology. Mr. Moody accepted this *amende honorable* so far as he was concerned, but said he considered they ought to make further reparation by taking prominent seats at the meeting the following evening.

The results fully justified his line of action. On Thursday evening, some of the worst of the malcontents sat on the front seats, and were patterns of attention and good behavior. Mr. Moody addressed his young brethren with wonderful power on the barriers that oppose themselves to a frank acceptance of the Christian life. The Friday evening meeting the Town Hall, which has a seating capacity of nine hundred, was crowded.

MR. MOODY APPEALS TO THE OXFORD STUDENTS TO CONFESS CHRIST

Young Hearts Won

Here and there a young gownsman in the outskirts of the audience might be seen lounging on a bench with an expression of indolent *nonchalance* on his countenance, showing that he "cared for none of these things." Now and again the inherent hilariousness of these young bloods would bubble over at some of Mr. Moody's pungent and quaint observations.

Mr. Moody's sermon was one of most remarkable power. His subject was the value of moral courage in a bold confession of Christ before men, and many instances from the Scripture record were adduced to illustrate this. Having dismissed the first meeting, and gathered the large number that remained into a compact body near the platform, Mr. Moody adopted a more colloquial form of address, and resumed his talk on "Confessing Christ." "It will be a cross to you to confess Christ to-night," he said, "but the best thing to do is to take it up. If you ever see the kingdom of God, you will have to take up the cross: it will never be easier to take up than now. 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man confess before the angels of heaven.' Think of Jesus Christ confessing you, and saying, 'This is my disciple.' Is there not some one here who is willing to take up his cross and say right out, 'I will?'"

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Coming Out for Christ

He had not long to wait for a reply. One strong, manly voice, sounding forth the responsive dissyllable, gave courage to others, and the stream of "I will's" came thick and fast, while Mr. Moody, with choking utterances, interjected such encouraging remarks as "Thank God! I like these 'I will's,'" "Young men, you do not know how cheering this is: it is worth a whole lifetime of toil." "This is a joy that fills me full; thank God for giving you the courage to speak out." "Is there not another here who will take a bold stand for Christ? If a number of you were to come right out for God together, you could change the whole tone of this university. It makes men tremble when they see others coming out and boldly testifying for Jesus." "I could stand here all night and hear the 'I will's;' they are about the sweetest thing one can hear out of heaven."

He suggested that those sitting in the three front seats should vacate them, and that those who had spoken out should come, and kneeling there, in the sight of man, should dedicate themselves to the Lord. The request was scarcely uttered before some five or six rows of seats were filled with a solid phalanx of prostrate forms.

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The Spirit's Power

The meeting for undergraduates, on Sunday night, was more wonderful than any that had gone before. Twelve hundred gathered in the Corn Exchange. The general demeanor of the gownsmen throughout the entire proceedings was all that could have been desired. Mr. Moody, in one long and unbroken stream of eloquent speech, summoned up as witnesses those whose opinions, either for or against the Son of God, are recorded in the New Testament. He dealt mighty blows at the modern idea that Christ was a great human teacher and nothing more. A large proportion of the students remained to the after-meeting, and the scene of Friday night was repeated on a still larger scale, but in a somewhat different form. Mr. Moody asked all who had the least desire to become Christians to proceed to a small side-gallery, where he would himself meet and talk with them. A stalwart young fellow at once arose and led the way, being quietly and quickly followed by a little crowd, until one hundred and fifty had taken their places with the evangelist in the midst, reasoning with and unfolding to them the truth; while from a group of Christian students and workers in the hall below, there went up many a touching and earnest petition that God would give light and peace to those who were in soul-anxiety.

The facts in this account of the famous revival appeared in the *London Christian* of November, 1882.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Jesus at Capernaum

How Jesus Kept the Sabbath

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 4th. MARK 1: 21-34

IT was a cheery sight, the Cross Roads farmers and their families stamping into Uncle Will's kitchen out of the roaring snowstorm, and ranging themselves, as if for a feast, around a big dining table in front of the open fire for their usual Sabbath evening home department study of the life of Jesus.

When the story had been read, verse about, Uncle Will, whose chief aims in these talks were illustration and application, asked, "What does this story teach us?"

Tom Brown, who, as we have said, was hoping to be a preacher and was therefore reading in his evenings the Chautauqua normal course by way of preparation, replied: "First of all, as this is a study of miracles, I think that we should define miracles, and if Uncle Will will permit me I will read a definition he wrote for me a while ago, that weaves together the four Bible words for miracles."

The definition was as follows: "Miracles are 'works' in the external, physical world, capable of being discerned by the senses, and incapable of being ascribed to any but a supernatural will and that divine, which are calculated to excite 'wonder,' and are of such a nature as to be 'signs' of the presence of a superhuman 'power' confirming the authority of a divine mission.

"Now," continued Tom, "as I am asked to give the first answer to Uncle Will's question, I will suggest that these miracles teach us that Christ was God. I do not forget that men of God wrought miracles by his aid. Miracles were God's seal that those who wrought them were his truthful witnesses. In the case of Christ the miracles assure us that he spoke the truth of himself when he said that he was the Son of God."

(As samples of Christ's testimony of himself the following were read from reference slips that Tom had passed to all who sat about the table: Matt. 11: 27; 21: 37; 22: 42; 26. 63 f.; 27: 43; Mark 12: 6; 13: 32; 14: 62; Luke 10: 22; John 5: 19-26; 9: 35-38; 10: 36; 11: 4; 14: 13; 17: 1; 19: 7.)

"In this story," said Uncle Will, "Christ wrought miracles not sparingly, as in his earlier ministry, but poured out his healing power like an overflowing fountain. I once read this wonderful story of that unprecedented Sabbath evening when he healed the multitude at the city gate, on the very ruins of Capernaum, which was blotted out because it rejected such evidence and such a deliverer."

"We have greater miracles to attest his words," said Tom's mother, "in the modern influence of Christ upon the world, that lifts, not one woman from a fever, but all women of Christian lands out of slavery into liberty and love."

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Not doing nothing, but doing good is true Sabbath keeping

Uncle Will: "The supreme, unquestionable miracles that attest Christ as the way, the truth and the life to us are his matchless life, his matchless words, his matchless influence. There is little need to dwell on ancient miracles as seals of Christ's claims to-day, and almost any of the miracles can be used to teach the divinity of Christ, but this story of a Sabbath filled with miracles is the very best illustration in the New Testament of Christ's idea of Sabbath keeping. People commonly speak of the purposes of the Sabbath as if they were all included under the two words: rest and worship. But the Bible puts larger emphasis on two other purposes, namely, to give increased opportunities to do good, and to wean us from selfishness. In that fullest expression of God's Sabbath law (Isaiah 58: 13, 14), selfish pleasure and selfish work are alike forbidden on the Sabbath because we need to be turned away from all forms of selfishness totally one day in the week as a step toward altruism on all the days. But the one supreme lesson of this Capernaum story is that Christlike Sabbath keeping is not doing nothing, but doing good. Christ's chief purpose in what he said and did upon the Sabbath was to open out its neglected side, to show that it was positive as well as negative; that men should not only cease from their own work for money one day in seven, but that they should also on that day take a share in God's work of mercy. Incidentally he showed that works of necessity, such as watering an ox or rescuing him from a pit (Luke 13: 15), or getting a Sunday dinner of cracked wheat (Matt. 12: 1-8) were allowed by the law; but the miracles of mercy which he is recorded to have wrought on eight different Sabbaths in the four quarters of Palestine, and the discourses with which he accompanied them, were chiefly designed to teach us to rest, as God did, on the first Sabbath, by change of work, turning from work among minerals, vegetables, animals, to work for man, for the soul. As farmers rest their fields by change of crops, not by leaving the soil idle to the weeds, so the true rest for fertile minds—which will think and plan on secular things unless the displacing power of a new affection, a new enthusiasm, a new occupation, turns the thoughts into a new channel—is in a radical change of activities, such as Sabbath works of mercy bring after six days' work for money. Christ's example teaches us that idleness as well as business is Sabbath breaking; while Sabbath keeping requires such work as visiting the poor and sick and sinful, to do them good; such work as Christian instruction in the home and Sabbath School. 'It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day.' It is unlawful to spend it in showing an epitome of his talk with a picture of his Nazareth saw, such as Christ laid away when the Sabbath came.

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Reform and Charity

Mr. Sanders, the Scotchman, said: "Bible stories are as many-sided as diamonds and full of light on every side, and I suggest that from this Capernaum story we might teach the two sides of Christian philanthropy, both appropriate to the Sabbath, and to every other day as well. As we see Christ healing the raging demoniac, we are reminded that he said: 'The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil'—a suitable moral for the aggressive Christian philanthropy of moral reforms. Then, as Christ turns to the healing of all manner of sick people, we see the first Christian hospital. Heathendom had hospitals for sacred animals, but none for men. The healing art itself is only a farce and fraud outside of Christian lands. We have too much decried 'humanitarianism,' fearing it would take the place of conversion; but true conversion will grow into humanitarianism."

"HE HEALED MANY THAT WERE SICK OF DIVERS DISEASES"

THE SABBATH'S PURPOSES { REST—WORSHIP / SERVICE—ALTRUISM

AN ORIENTAL SAW

worldly employments or in idleness. The Sabbath has been too much a day of don'ts. Its positive side has been too much neglected. Bad activities may be most easily displaced by good ones. The day is not only to be marked by a cessation of our work, but by a doing of God's work, especially in uplifting the sorrowful and sinful. Constantine, in his second edict about Sunday observance, applies Christ's Sabbath teachings most admirably when he says of the sacred day: 'It is most grateful and pleasing that those things should be done on it that are most desirable. Therefore it is our pleasure that all our ministers have leave to emancipate and manumit on that holy day, and enter all such acts as concern the same.' Christ loosed on the Sabbath those bound with infirmities; Constantine made it a weekly emancipation day; so should Christians of to-day use it to relieve the body and soul, by works of mercy."

Uncle Will turned the home blackboard, and showed the farmer that the desperado had become a changed man. 'Well,' said he, 'if what you say is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see Africaner before I die; and when you return I will go with you to see him, although he killed my own uncle.' At this announcement Dr. Moffat was somewhat embarrassed; but at length he told the secret, and, conducting the farmer to the wagon, pointed to the chief and said: 'This is Africaner.' The farmer then exclaimed: 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish?'"

"After conversion," said Mother Manson, "we should all minister to Christ. The ministry of Peter's wife's mother was no doubt with pots and kettles, from which she joyfully fed the Christ who had saved her, and his apostles. Whatever we do in the right spirit, as unto Christ, is ministry. The old colored washerwoman, who sang as she climbed the stairs after a weary day at the tub, 'One more day's work for Jesus,' understood true religion better than many a rich idler in silks and satins. No one, however rich has any right to be idle."

"How can we children minister to Christ?" asked Mabel, Uncle Will's grandchild of sixteen.

"You can be little ministers," said Uncle Will, "as Samuel was, whose work was to trim lamps and run errands for the high priest, by doing just such work at home in obedience to mother, who is God's lieutenant to give you orders for him. And you can speak and sing for him among your playmates and neighbors. And even school tasks will be glorified if you study in order to be better able to serve Christ and to be more useful."

Selah Brown, merriest of the farmers, who had been unusually silent and solemn all this evening, now spoke:

"All through this story of Capernaum I have been thinking of how that city rejected Christ, although he wrought more miracles to win them in that 'his own city,' than in any other. Not bitterly, but with tears, Christ tells of the judgment for rejected light which the city thus brought upon itself. 'And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom it would have remained until this day' (Matt. 11: 23). The plain meaning of this awful warning is that respectable sinners who have disregarded the 'Come unto me' of Christ as repeated by Christian parents and earnest teachers and faithful pastors, who by education have come to know the mighty works Christ has wrought in men and nations, and yet have refused to accept him as Saviour and Master, will find their case less tolerable in the judgment of a just God than those whose sins have been more gross, but against less of light. Who of all the earth have been more exalted to heaven in Christian privileges than we, who as individuals and as a nation have so often rejected Christ, rejected him by individual sin, rejected him by the unchristian acts of our professedly Christian nation? For the individual, the judgment belongs partly to the future world, and I am old fashioned enough to believe that Christ did not exaggerate it when he represented respectable sinners, charged with no sin but a life of selfishness, as 'tormented' in 'hell' with the memory of such a life (Luke 16). For nations the judgment is all in this world, and the fallen pillars of Capernaum and of Babylon are but types of the deeper moral ruin that rejection of the real teachings of Christ has brought of late on Spain and France. 'Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel' was spoken first to the nation, but the warning belongs also to every soul. My soul at least shall not reject but welcome the Christ who comes to us with nineteen Christian centuries, like gems in his crown.

"'Be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet,
For God is marching on.'"

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Saved to Serve

"That is about what I would teach from the story," said Mother Manson. "I would make it a picture of conversion and ministry. Peter's wife's mother being healed, at once used her strength in service. You remember Jesus said that he healed the palsied man in order that the people might know he had power to forgive sins (Mark 2: 10, 11). His miracles were chiefly for the soul. That demoniac pictures the sinner 'unclean' and 'torn' with sin—a slave to the devil, even though believing that Christ is the Son of God. Both devils and devilish men 'believe and tremble.' Sickness in the others healed appropriately pictures sin, for sickness is mostly due to sin. But Christ, mightier than devils, Conqueror of disease, saved these people, body and soul. I heard a reformed man, after a year of Christian life, say that every cell of his body had been converted, and he looked it. More wonderful than the healing of the Capernaum demoniac was the conversion, a few weeks ago, of Mr. A. O. Waggoner of Toledo, an infidel who burned his infidel library lest its thoughts should, like demons, possess other souls."

Mrs. Sanders: "You remind me of another modern demoniac healed, as related in the life of Dr. Moffat, and now especially appropriate with all eyes on South Africa. When Rev. Dr. Moffat had labored for nearly nine years in Great Namaqualand with scarcely any visible results, he saw the first fruits of his toil in the conversion of Africaner, the notorious Hottentot chief and freebooter. This savage and warlike chieftain had for many years been the scourge and terror of the whole country but when he came under the influence of the Gospel he was convinced of sin and wept like a child. His attachment to his teacher was great, and when Dr. Moffat went to Capetown Africaner requested permission to accompany him. Dr. Moffat consented, although he knew the experiment would involve some risk, as several parts of the country through which they would pass had been laid waste by the robber chieftain before he was converted. At various places surprise was expressed by the Dutch Boers at seeing Dr. Moffat once more, as they had heard that he had been murdered by Africaner. At one place the missionary ventured to mention the fact of Africaner's conversion, when a Dutch farmer answered: 'I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth!' Dr.

White and Native Races

The Women of South Africa

The Streets of Cape Town

HALF-CASTE MALAY WOMAN

TEA-FACTORY COOLIE GIRLS OF NATAL

A MALAY BRIDE, CAPE TOWN

THE last year of the century opens as a year of sorrow for the women of South Africa. Bereaved homes, the anguish of widows and orphans, privations, hardships and all the horrors that follow in the wake of war, have combined to convert the present time into one of the darkest pages in the Dark Continent's troubled history.

The struggle has been between the white races, and on white women and children the burdens have fallen, rather than upon native; although it is to be supposed that the Kaffir, or Zulu, servants of the Boers have necessarily participated in their master's misfortunes. A large proportion of labor on the Boer farms is performed by Kaffirs; and since they are as yet uncivilized and by no means industrious, the barren, unprosperous appearance of the average Boer farm may in some measure be attributed to this fact. The Kaffirs preserve all their old superstitions; they are polygamous; and among the free Zulu tribes, the number of a chief's wives is limited only by his ability to pay for them; the price of a wife is so many head of cattle, according to paternal valuation.

While on the Boer farms, *frouws* show the lack of culture consequent upon isolation, the younger generation of women have had, as a rule, greater advantages than their mothers and grandmothers; many are mistresses of French, music and various other accomplishments acquired at college and through residence in Bloomfontein, Grahamstown, Johannesburg, Cape Town and other African cities. It happened that some Boer maids lost their hearts to young Englishmen (who are now, perhaps, wearing red coats and carrying arms for the English queen), and hence many an African home is to-day a house of divided sympathies, the wife and mother a Boer, the husband and father a Briton. Sturdy and strong and home-loving are these women of the veldt, whether they be schooled in the fine arts, or only in such crafts as make the farmhouse comfortable according to unexacting Boer requirements; hospitable are they, too, and a warm welcome is ready for all comers—save the English. Early rising, family worship, work in the house by the women, work among the cattle and the hunting of game by the men, evening prayers and early slumbers form the routine of Boer farm-life in times of peace. Tidiness has never been named in the list of Boer virtues; but water is a luxury, of firewood to make it boil there is next to none, and criticism would be unjust. The average Boer home is low, one-storied; the door is on a level with the ground, and in and out the chickens wander at will, and perhaps lay and hatch in some cozy corner of the dining-room or kitchen. This description does not apply to the Boer home near the cities. In the vicinity of Cape Town, many picturesque white mansions mark the spots where Boers have made themselves attractive dwellings; this is also true of other localities.

A TYPICAL GROUP IN SOUTH AFRICA

ZULU BRIDAL COSTUME

Life in Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, Durban and Cape Town is, of course, a very different thing from the life of the veldt or from life in Pretoria. Indeed, Cape Town is about as cosmopolitan as New York. A visitor to Cape Town before the war thus describes his first impressions of the South African capitol, which he reached on a fete day: "I was astonished at the great variety of gay costumes among the motley crowd—English, Dutch, Germans and French; Malays, Indian Coolies, Kaffirs and Hottentots—a tremendous gathering, in fact, of all nations and 'all sorts' and 'conditions of men.'" The Dutch are not in such evidence now, but for the rest the streets of the city present even a more varied and stirring appearance than formerly. Daily, big warships come in bringing soldiers; the Highlanders go piping through the streets; the loaded trains bear out company after company to the front, while the bands play and people cheer and wave their handkerchiefs.

American men and women are there on special missions of mercy; for the American hospital ship *Maine*, with her American surgeons and nurses on board, lately reached port and has been hospitably receiving the sick and wounded, both British and Boer.

In spite of war, and perhaps in greater degree because of the stirring times and larger crowds, the street peddlers ply their usual trades; and the sweetmeat seller, the flower seller and the trinket seller have no particular cause to mourn, because canons are thundering in the remote region of the Tugela River.

The Malay bride arrays herself as gorgeously in crinolined skirt and wonderful bodice and crown, gay with tinsel ornaments and flowers, and as merry a company comes to her wedding, where a Mohammedan priest officiates, as if there were no war. But there is mourning among the whites in Cape Town, for trains that go out to the music of the band and the cheer of the populace, sometimes come back bringing the wounded and the dying.

There is mourning in Johannesburg, the City of Gold and in Durban and Pietermaritzburg, although the swarthy coolie girls go so merrily about their accustomed tasks; and we know the shadow that hangs over Ladysmith and Mafeking and Bloomfontein and Pretoria, and the desolate Boer farms where women and children watch and wait and grieve; and we pray that the God of battles may bring peace quickly to our brethren, the Briton and the Boer and to the troubled homes in England and in Africa. Will the native tribes become involved in the present war? Zulus are cruel fighters; besides much agricultural work is done by Kaffirs; and it would be unfortunate for all races if a scarcity of food should add itself to the woes of the situation. The Kaffir, however, is not the only laborer on the African plantations where sugar-cane and tea and Kaffir corn are grown. The Indian coolies are the most efficient help that the Natal and Cape Colony planter has yet found: in the sugar and tea factories in towns, their service is invaluable. Little coolie, as well as Kaffir, maids, serve attendance on ladies in Ladysmith, Durban and other places, and give a somewhat Hindu expression to African surroundings. The Zulu is a nobler-looking creature than the coolie; centuries of savagery have made him a hunter and a fighter rather than a toiler. But of his wife the contrary is true, for upon her fell all the agricultural and manual labor. In the kraals the women are always up early, grinding corn between stones, making mealie-porridge, sweeping with primitive brush-brooms in front of their huts; bringing water—usually from a long distance—and working in the field where maize is struggling for existence. Tidying the huts, after a fashion, is part of the day's work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. de Witt Talmage
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Associate Editors

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Preference for Things Easy

THE tendency of our period is to study the things and to do the things that we prefer. We refer all questions to the taste and the sensibilities. There are great subjects that ought to be studied; great problems that ought to be solved; great achievements that ought to be attained by young Americans. If we fancy them, it is all right; if we think it will pay, it is all right. And right here, sometimes, war is a godsend. It comes with the pressure of a new obligation. It comes with its deprivations and sacrifices, with its hardships, with its sorrow and death. Lieut. Colonel Guy Howard is shot from ambuscade; Major John A. Logan at the head of his column. They die, but the iron that was in their blood flows in the veins of their children and their children's children; fructifies to the end of time. These young men met an obligation. They will have perpetual youth in all their posterity to the latest generation.

Morality is right conduct springing from right motives; from obedience to the voice of God within us, which says: "Thou shalt! Thou shalt not!" Ethics began in the Garden of Eden. God said of a garden full of fruit-trees, "Thou shalt!" and of a single one, "Thou shalt not!" That was man's first lesson in ethics. God has always been generous to his creatures. He gives us six days and he takes only one. But that one is better to us, because it is his, than if it were ours. Of that one day, which is his, he says: "Thou shalt not!" He lets us fill the earth with houses, which we may rent and live in; gives us the lumber and the stone, and he says of a single house: "It is mine; make it not a den of thieves." And what God reserves to himself, here also, is better for us, than what he gives to us. We get more out of his inhibitory commands than out of his permissive ones. Out of the permissive ones, we get enjoyment; out of the inhibitory, strength. When we have kept the inhibitory ones, the next time we pass that way, we can say with Samson: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

When, in his proclamation, the President asked us to thank God for "steady gain in the moral and educational growth of our national character," he meant this: that the churches and the schools are doing their work better year by year. There is certainly great advance in the philosophy of educational work; we know better how to teach; how to make learning simpler and more attractive; to make the process more analytic and logical. Whether we have the same august sanctions to duty, is another question. Ethics, of course, take their authority and dignity from the motive. On the gate-posts of Harvard University is this inscription:

"After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses and provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." This was the motive which led to the founding of Harvard University. It was to prepare men competent to educate the people in intellect, in morals, in the Scriptures. For then, the Pulpit was in a double sense the High School. The minister gave the law as from the seat of a judge.

But illiteracy, bad as it is, is not the only danger. If we cut off the highest sanctions from our ethics; if we do not connect God with them; if we regard them as the product of civilization, of evolution, of anything less august, less authoritative than God himself, they cannot endure the strain of a period of such vast ambitions and activities as our own. Martin Luther felt commanded of God to be Martin Luther. Oliver Cromwell felt commanded of God to rectify matters in the reign of Charles the First; to take off the crown of king, even though a head should come off with it.

The Function of Conscience

RELIGION cannot be without conscience. Aesthetics are good and beautiful; art in architecture, gracefulness in forms of worship. But we have gone very far in this direction. In Congregational and Presbyterian churches, that once protested so loudly against art-decorations in houses of worship; in Methodist churches, that insisted so strongly against too much intellectual culture, all things are changed. Within their stately stone structures, most Protestant churches are studying how to make outward things more attractive; are addressing the "itching ears" of the latter-day assemblies, and give less and less attention to the claims of conscience. How few congregations go away asking themselves after their spiritual state and probable destiny! How few saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" How long can this last, without degeneracy in religion. In these days, too many people disbelieve the truth; too many are indifferent to it. But the multitude follows the preachers whose lips drop soft things, and the choirs that do up their work aesthetically. It is truth addressed to the conscience that breaks up the fallow ground, and prepares men for the great realities of another life. The Welsh have a hymn that has in it this stanza:

The preacher has learning and eloquent tone,
Appropriate his prayers addressing God's throne;
But sinners are thoughtless and saints are all cold,
Just as if the Gospel had never been told.
Heart-searching Amen! converting Amen!
Return to our meetings, revive us again!

The Young Man's Peril

YOU wonder that so many young men are ruined. The wonder is so many escape. When I see a young man in city with eye, and lip, and brawn of arm, and stalwartness of frame indicating that he has fought the temptations of city life and conquered, I can hardly keep from crying "bravo!" though he be a stranger. Under temptation how many thousands of young men have made eternal shipwreck! Do you know the struggles that young men in our cities go through, whether in high life or low life? One day a fast young man of Wall street dropped a memorandum, in which he was keeping an account of his expenses. This was the diary of one day, September 3. He was a young man in "high life":

Breakfast at Delmonico's	$6.00
Omnibus to Wall street	.10
Sundries to facilitate business affairs	5.00
Bet and lost a hat	10.00
To a poor boy	.05
Luncheon at Delmonico's	2.00
Refreshments in the afternoon	2.00
Omnibus going up town	.10
Dinner at the Hoffman House and wines	9.00
Carriage for self and lady	10.00
Ice cream for the lady	1.00
Having brought lady home, went to Blank's and lost	22.00
Went to Smith's to regain what I had lost at Blank's and lost again	47.00
Left Smith's and took another carriage	3.50
Total expenses for September 3..	$115.75

On a large scale and in high life that memorandum illustrates what is being done in our great cities, and on a small scale in the lives of humbler persons who have not the same means. "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Whether they are lifted by your Christian parents, or by your business friends, or by some Christian minister, watch the storm signals.

Will They Stand It?

THERE has somehow got abroad an impression among our young ministers that the people will not take the unadulterated Gospel. It is thought that instead of the theory that men are corrupt and unsavable, save through Christ, we must flatter them with the idea that there is good enough in them, "if it could only be brought out." We must flatter them, and tell them what fine fellows they are, and that if they have a little fixing up they will be all right. Hence, religion is often presented as a weak sentimentality, rather than an infinite necessity, without which they drop down forever. To please the fastidious taste of the day, we must make our sermon a sort of cream meringue, light and frothy and sweet, and almost vanishing at the touch of a spoon.

O vast mistake! The people are hungry for a stout Gospel with bones in it. The greatest novelty for an audience now is repentance and faith. The people are ready to hear all about heaven and hell if we are not too great cowards to speak it. Do not let us be patting them on the backs when we ought to be rousing their souls. The Gospel is incisive. Husking time comes in the corn-fields, but we cannot bring out the golden ear, save with a sharp peg. Conviction before conversion.

Cheered by Samantha

Dear "Herald": KALAMAZOO, MICH.

I like Samantha's story, too,
As well as other readers do;
And follow her around the earth,
Because I do not doubt her worth;
For she is gifted, full of fun,
And at all evil fires her gun,
So I shall be a friend for life
Unto "Josiah Allen's wife."—ROSE TIFT.

. .

HAMBURGH, N. J.

Dear Sir:—Aunt Samantha is one of the best and most fearless advocates against all the moral evils of the day, and none can excel her on the temperance question. I can learn more from reading her books on the World's Fair than I could to have been there one week; and I expect to get a great deal of valuable information from her tour around the world, besides being made more cheery and pleasant by her unique way of telling it.

H. M. S.

. .

HYDE PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Christian Herald:—I am a little girl, seven years old, and I enjoy hearing the story of Aunt Samantha read aloud. It is a fine story. H. LOUISE M.

. .

SPENCERTOWN, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I enjoy the paper very much and feel as though I had missed a good deal in not taking it before. It is full of good things, prominent among which is Samantha. We think the story is fine, and I think a word of praise is due to the artist.

MRS. SEYMOUR OLES.

Dr. Sheldon's Experiment

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is making special arrangements to facilitate the prompt handling by the Topeka *Capital* of the names of those CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers who order, through us, the six numbers of the *Capital* issued under Mr. Sheldon's direction. As the tremendous temporary increase of the *Capital* subscription list will unquestionably interfere with prompt service, unless specially facilitated, we have concluded to send to the *Capital* **six printed mailing lists,** containing the carefully printed **names** and full **addresses** of members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family who subscribe for the six Sheldon issues. This course will insure the promptest service and avoid the inaccuracies which necessarily creep in when wrappers are addressed by the pen. To secure this advantage the **names** of all subscribers for the Sheldon issues (commencing March 13), should be sent in to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, together with twenty-five cents in cash, to **reach us not later** than **Saturday morning, March 10th.**

BRIEF NOTES

Lady Henry Somerset has issued a call for June 23, 1900, to be observed as a devotional day around the world. The World's W. C. T. U. will be "in convention assembled."

The oldest teetotaler is said to be Mrs. Sampson, aged ninety-seven. She was born at King's Lynn, and signed the pledge in January, 1820. She had ten daughters, and the eight still living are teetotalers.

On January 8, Rev. Thomas Spurgeon related to his congregation the story of the conversion of his father, the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, which occured just fifty years ago in a Primitive Methodist chapel at Colchester.

A rumor is current that an imperative demand on the Foreign Office of China has been made by the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy that China make satisfactory provision for the safety of the lives and property of missionaries in that land.

The increase of drunkenness among women was emphasized in a speech recently made by Mr. Robert Graham, of the Church Temperance Society. He said that of the 46,170 persons arrested for drunkenness in New York City during 1898, 10,589 were women.

The death of Judge Enoch L. Fancher, President of the American Bible Society, which occurred on Feb. 9, is widely deplored among a large circle of friends. Though eighty-three years of age, the deceased judge was an active member of many religious societies, and he will be sorely missed.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Mason, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is one of the Christian Endeavor tourists who sailed from New York on Feb. 10 for a tour in Palestine, Italy, Greece, etc., for a series of articles and photographs describing the tour, to appear in this journal.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, Mass., announced to his congregation on Sunday, Feb. 4, that in future at communion services water would be used instead of wine. Dr. Hale has advocated the change for several years, and at last has secured the consent of the officers of the church.

Countess Schimmelmann delivered an address recently in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in which she spoke of the influence of Gospel hymns in evangelistic work. The first impulse to her present self-denying labors came from hearing one of Ira D. Sankey's solos.

At the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the board of trustees of Chautauqua Assembly which was recently held at Cleveland, O., it was announced that there had been a gain in assets of nearly $150,000 over those reported last year. The endowment fund has reached $50,000, and will be increased to $100,000 by May 1.

A bargain of interest to Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies is offered by the owners of a fine exhibition stereopticon who are willing to sell it cheap. It is full-nickeled, has dissolving key and complete outfit. Cost originally $400. Suitable for church, Sunday School or lecture hall. Apply "Stereopticon," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Evangelist William Phillips Hall, known as "the business-man evangelist," has been holding a series of two weeks' union meetings in Passaic, N. J. The union brought together seven evangelical churches. Dr. John T. Wells continued the meetings after Mr. Hall's departure. The churches have received additions to the membership which are still increasing.

The Foreign Missionary Tables prepared by the *Missionary Review* show a total of 15,019 missionaries in heathen lands. Of these, 4,718 are sent from America. The income of European Foreign Mission Societies last year was $9,241,711, and of American Societies $5,522,900. The number of communicants added to churches in heathen lands last year was 79,759.

An instance of Christian heroism is quoted by a western journal. It states that Miss Jennie Dunn, of Wyman, Ia., who held the position of ticket agent on a railroad, recently received notice that she must attend at the station on the Lord's Day. She protested and explained that it was against her religious principles to do such work on Sunday, but was told that she must comply or resign. She promptly sent in her resignation.

The Canal in Diplomacy

ONE obstacle to the realization of the scheme of a canal across the isthmus of Panama, is removed by the convention between the Washington Government and Great Britain, which the President has sent to the Senate for ratification. Every ggestion that our government can ruct that much-needed waterway, has therto been met with the reminder that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty negotiated in 50, the United States was under engagement not to build the canal. The convention now negotiated, explicitly abrogates that clause of the old treaty, and gives the United States the right to construct the canal and control it afterwards. Certain conditions are attached to the concession. The United States is pledged to refrain from fortifying the entrances to the canal, and to adopt the same principles for its control as are in force in the use of the Suez Canal, which have been found to work satisfactorily. It is also stipulated that the canal shall be held in absolute neutrality in peace and in war. In no case shall there be any obstacle to ships of war passing through the canal at any time, but no vessel may take refuge in the canal. It must proceed through and under no circumstances remain in the waterway more than twenty-four hours. The convention, of course, is being carefully criticised, and it evidently will not receive the approval of the Senate without struggle. The chief objections urged against it are on the neutrality clauses. The opponents of the convention contend that if the United States constructs the canal and controls it, it should also have the power of closing it whensoever it deems right, especially in time of war. Otherwise, in the event of the United States being at war with some naval power, our government would be in the ridiculous position of having provided a waterway, through which its enemy's ships might pass to attack our western coasts. This objection may cause the rejection of the convention, although it is not so serious as it appears. Our fleets would surely form a cordon at the entrance or the exit of the canal, which would be quite as effective as fortifications. At the same time it seems reasonable that if we go to the expense of constructing the canal, we should own it absolutely and should not have to obtain or give guarantees to any European power on the subject. The only need for such a convention as has been negotiated, is that we have a respect for our international obligations and having given pledges in a former treaty, we would not repudiate them without the consent of the other contracting party. This convention has the merit of affording us escape from the vexatious position described by the Psalmist:

He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not (Ps. 15:4).

ROUTE OF PROJECTED NICARAGUA CANAL

Death Discloses a Secret

A strange story lies behind a bill that Senator Quarles of Wisconsin has introduced in the United States Senate. It is a bill granting a pension to a lady living at Stevens Point, Wis. It appears that shortly before the outbreak of the civil war she met a young man from the East, to whom she became engaged. He enlisted in a Wisconsin regiment and went to the front, promising to marry her when the war was over. They corresponded during the war and at its close the soldier returned, severely wounded, but with an honorable record for good service. They were married and she nursed him back to health. He secured a pension and with that and the profits of his business they made a comfortable living. He died recently, leaving her with eight children to support. She made application for the pension due to a soldier's widow, but to her surprise, her application was rejected. The Pension Office, in investigating her claim, discovered that she had not been the legal wife of the soldier. Before marrying her, he had married a girl in a town in New York State, who, hearing that he had fallen in battle, had married another man. The news of the soldier's duplicity was a great shock to the widow in Wisconsin, who, during all the years since the war, had lived happily with him, never doubting that she was his legal wife. The only way that she can get the pension that she certainly deserves, is, therefore, by special legislation, as the Pension Office is bound by its rules to recognize the claims only of those widows who were legally married to the soldiers. Every one perceives the necessity of such a rule, though many appear to forget the principle in spiritual matters. It is often contended that at the last judgment, conduct will be the only test, ignoring the fact that only those who are joined in living union to Christ, will be recognized by him.

Then shall ye begin to say, we have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets: but he shall say, I tell you I know you not (Luke 13:26).

Fears for the Exposition

A cable dispatch from the French capital to the New York *Herald*, says there are good reasons for stating that the Exposition authorities are anxious on account of the River Seine, which, in rising, has done considerable damage already to some of the buildings along the banks. One of the wings of the building for the Palais de Electricite, has sunk nearly three metres (about ten feet), on account of the infiltrations of water. The architects are said to be not certain that they can restore the building to its former condition. On the other hand, the banks, where there are several lighter sorts of constructions, are not considered in danger unless the river rises higher. The French people, as a whole, do not pay much heed to Biblical teachings, but if the fears in this dispatch are realized, they will regret that one Biblical warning has been disregarded:

A foolish man who built his house upon the sand and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it (Matt. 7:27).

Books Germ-bearers

A press dispatch from Scranton, Pa., states that the Albright Public Library has been closed by order of the Board of Health, which announces an epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria in the city. It is the opinion of the board that the germs of these diseases are carried from house to house by circulating libraries and so in the hope of stopping the epidemic this radical step was taken. No one seems to know when the library will be reopened to the public. The measure was opposed to the last by the directors of the library, who did not think that the theory of the Board of Health was either reasonable or correct. The health board said that it had received information from a Western city that at least one case of scarlet fever had been traced to books secured in a public library. What has occurred once may occur again, therefore the board felt justified in taking the extreme step of closing the library. It may be hoped that like vigilance is exercised to prevent books getting into circulation which contain the germs of sin, which are much more frequently found in books and are more pernicious than even the germs of disease. There are books in existence so injurious that it would be well if the owners dealt with them as the Ephesians dealt with the corrupt literature of their day.

Many of them brought their books together and burned them before all men (Acts 19:19).

PORTAL IN PARIS EXPOSITION

SCENE IN MANAGUA, THE CAPITAL OF NICARAGUA

A Human Life-line

The presence of mind and personal courage of some young men prevented the drowning of three young girls, at Patchogue, L. I., a short time ago. The girls belonged to a party of skaters who went on the lake during the recent cold spell. The ice seemed firm and bore very well until the party crowded to one place. It proved to be thin there, and the girls fell through. Their friends drew back, screaming for help. There were several young men on the ice, but they perceived the danger of attempting a rescue. The ice around the hole where the girls fell through was already covered several inches deep with water, and was sagging dangerously. One of the young men proposed a life-line, and his plan was put in operation. He lay down on the ice, and another young man took firm hold of his ankles; a third lay behind, holding him, and so on from the bank to within a few feet of the hole. Then the hinder men pushed the forward ones nearer until the foremost could reach over and grasp one of the drowning girls. He gave a shout and the life-line was pulled in and the girl carried to the bank. The life-line was again pushed out and another girl was rescued. By this time the ice was breaking all around, but a third time the life-line was pushed forward, though the foremost of the young men was almost covered by the water above the ice, and the last girl—then unconscious, but still holding the edge of the ice—was drawn out. It was a noble thing to do and the young men deserve to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. It is much to be wished that when souls are in peril, there might always be such intelligent and united effort to save them that was made in this case. Many might be saved if the Lord's people united intelligently as these young men did.

If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye who are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness (Gal. 6:1).

Legally Dead Though Alive

A remarkable decision has been rendered in the Circuit Court of Atlanta, Ga. It practically pronounces a man dead in the eyes of the law, though he was present in court and his identity was fully established. The suit before the court was brought by a man who claimed a share in the estate of his father, who died some years ago in Georgia. After his death the estate was divided among the heirs on the presumption that this son, who had long been absent and for many years had held no communication with his family, was dead. The plaintiff testified that he was in Texas when his father died, and he did not know of the death until he returned to Georgia in 1896. The judge dismissed his claim. He said that a man who absents himself from his home and severs all communication with his family, should not complain if they regard him as dead and proceed on that assumption. Besides, though according to his own admission, he knew in 1896 of his father's death, he suffered three years to elapse before he sued. The court, therefore, refused to entertain his claim. Perhaps this decision may be reversed on appeal, but it shows how a man of common sense regards one who is remiss in attending to his own interests. Yet how many men of common sense neglect to avail themselves of the greatest blessing that could be offered to men and do so from year to year until they come to die!

Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip (Heb. 2:1).

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PE[illegible]T

In a Tropical Eden

WELL, the Queen havin' been tended to I begun to turn my attention onto the volcano, and some of the rest of the party too felt that they couldn't leave the islands without seein' the great Kilauea and some didn't care to go. I felt that I must see it and so did Arvilly, and Josiah looked on me as fondly and proudly as if I myself wuz a volcano and said, "If Samantha goes I shall." Robert Strong wanted to go and so did Dorothy; Miss Meechim didn't feel like going and offered to take care of Tommy with the help of Aronette. Elder Wessel wouldn't go, for Lucia wuzn't very well and he felt that she had better stay and rest at the tarven, and I spozed that Aronette and Lucia would have a pretty good time, for they always seemed to when they wuz together. Evangeline Noble was visiting some friends of hers on the island. There wuz a smart young English clergyman goin' with us and a Scotchman, both good lookin' and good actin'. The Scotchman wuz Sir Duncan Ramsey and didn't act any more sot up than if he wuz a plain mister. He paid considerable attention to Dorothy, too, but Miss Meechim said that she didn't worry about Dorothy at all since I would chaperone her, and Robert wuz going to protect her from any possible lover. Sez Miss Meechim:

"Robert knows that I would almost rather have that volcano burst forth its burning lava and wash her away on its bosom, than to have her engulfed in that terrible state of matrimony from which I and mine have suffered so horribly."

"Well," sez I, "I can't speak for you and yourn, but for me and ourn," sez I, "no state under the heavens would be agreeable for me to live in if my beloved pardner wuzn't in it too."

"Oh, well," sez she, "exceptions prove the rule: your husband is congenial and good to you."

"Oh, well," sez I, "as to the daily acts and queer moves of pardners the least said the soonest mended, but Love is the great ruler; where he rules any state is blest, be it torrid or frigid."

That evenin' Arvilly and Elder Wessel had a argument about votin' and other things. I knew I ort to be in my room packin' my satchel bag, for we expected to be gone a week or ten days, but I did kinder want to hear how their talk come out. He said he didn't vote; he said that he thought it wuz a clergyman's duty to set and judge of the right and wrong of actions, not take part in 'em.

Arvilly is Aroused

And Arvilly says, "I always spozed the Almighty did that; I didn't know as human men wuz obleeged to. I know he cursed them that dealt in strong drink, and blest them that gin even a cup of cold water to the little ones, which I spoze meant help to the poorest and lowest. And I guess that whatever your idees are about it, when you come to the judgment day you won't set up there on the throne judgin', but you'll be down with the rest on us givin' an account of how you've used your talents, your influence, and if you've wropped your mantilly of protection around thieves and murderers that you know the whiskey trade is made of, you'll find that it will drop off there, and you will be judged accordin' to your works. But mebby you'll be made to see before you git there that you're in the wrong on't upholdin' this evil."

Arvilly's axent wuz as sharp as any simeter, and it seemed to go right through Elder Wessel's robe of complacency and self esteem and rend it. He looked dretful bad, and I spoke up, meanin' to pour a little ile on his woonds, and sayin' what I thought, too. Sez I:

"Folks hain't so guilty often as they are thoughtless; ministers and church people who don't use their influence aginst this evil don't realize what they're doin'—they don't think."

"They're guilty if they don't think," sez Arvilly, "if they are blest with common sense. If I wuz walkin' by a deep pond in broad daylight, and see a dozen little children sinking that I might save by a little effort, I wonder how many would believe me when I said that I see 'em drowndin' but didn't try to save 'em because I didn't think. If I had ears and eyes and common sense, and could save 'em and didn't, I wuz guilty of murder, and so the Lord would look at it and everybody else that knew anything." And she looked at me some as if I didn't know anything, jest because I intimated that ministers and church members didn't want to do such wickedness, but didn't think—Arvilly is hash. But I had to admit that she had some common sense on her side. Sez she agin:

"The Church of Christ could do anything it wanted to, if it jined its forces, took holt as if it meant to do sunthin', but as it is, indifference folds its hands, self interest murders humanity, greed upholds intemperance, and all about us in Church and State are drink makers and drink takers, and heaven knows which of 'em will git to hell first!" Arvilly is hash; when she gits rousted up her indignation is like lightnin', and she don't care where it strikes or who. It struck Elder Wessel hard.

"I should be afraid!" sez he, and his voice fairly trembled with indignation. "I should be afraid to talk of the Church of Christ as you do!"

"Let it behave itself then!" sez Arvilly, "be converted and come out on the Lord's side to the help of the weak aginst the mighty!"

"The saloon," sez Elder Wessel dogmatically, "is the Poor Man's Club." He wuz all rousted up by her hash talk and come out plainer than he had come.

Elder Wessel's Plea

"The rich man has his club, and the saloon is the Poor Man's Club. He has a right to go there for a little recreation."

"Re-creation!" sez Arvilly. "If you think drinkin' pizen whiskey is re-creatin' a man, you're different from me."

"And me, too," sez I. "If you call it re-creatin' to go to the Poor Man's Club sober and sane," sez Arvilly, "and stagger home at midnight crazy drunk, I say he hain't no right to re-create himself that way; he re-creates himself from a good man and worthy member of society into a fiend, a burden and terror to his family and community. Now Elder White's idee of re-creatin' men is different: he believes in takin' bad men and re-creatin' 'em into good ones, and I wish that every minister on earth would go and do likewise."

"IF SAMANTHA GOES, I SHALL," SEZ JOSIAH

"I know nothin' about Elder White," sez Elder Wessel hautily.

"He's our minister in Loontown," sez Arvilly. "He has his church open every night in the week for re-creatin' in the right way."

"I don't approve of that," sez Elder Wessel. "The church of the Most High is too sacred to use for such purposes."

"A minister said that once to Elder White," sez Arvilly, "and he answered 'em with that warm meller smile of hisen. 'Where are my boys and girls more welcome and safe than at home, and this is their Father's house.'" sez he.

"Using that holy place for recreation is very wrong," sez Elder Wessel.

Sez Arvilly, "I told you that he used it to re-create anew to goodness and strength. He has music, good books, innocent ga[illegible]s of all kinds, bright lights, warmth, ch[illegible]ful society, good lectures, and an atm[illegible]sphere of good helpful influences roundin' 'em, and he has sandwiches [illegible] coffee served in what wuz the paste[illegible] study, and which he uses now. Hea[illegible] knows, to study the big problem ho[illegible] minister of the Most High can do the m[illegible] good to his people."

"Coffee," sez Elder Wessel, "is all ri[illegible] in its place, but the common workm[illegible] hankers after something stronger: [illegible] wants his beer or toddy, the glass t[illegible] makes him forget his trouble for a ti[illegible], and lifts him into another world."

"Well, I spoze the opium eater [illegible] cocaine fiend hanker after the fool p[illegible]dise these drugs take 'em into, but th[illegible] no sign that they ort to destroy themsel[illegible] with 'em."

"Coffee, too, is deleterious," sez El[illegible] Wessel. "Some say that it is worse t[illegible] whiskey."

I spoke up then; I am a good cof[illegible] maker everybody admits, and I could[illegible] bear to hear Ernest White talked agi[illegible] and I sez: "I never hearn of a workm[illegible] drinkin' so much coffee that he wuz[illegible] danger to his family and the communi[illegible] or so carried away with it that he sp[illegible] his hull wages on it. Such talk is fool[illegible] and only meant to blind the eyes of j[illegible]tice and common sense. Elder Whit[illegible] Mutual Help Club, as he calls it, for[illegible] makes these folks think they help h[illegible] and mebby they do, as doin' sights [illegible] good, sights of it. Young folks who w[illegible] well started towards the drunkard's p[illegible] have been turned right round by it, a[illegible] they save their wages and look like d[illegible]ferent men since they have left the Po[illegible] Man's Club, as you call it, and patron[illegible]hisen."

Who is Responsible?

"And Elder White has showed," s[illegible] Arvilly, "by his example just what t[illegible] Church of Christ could do if it want[illegible] to, to save men from the evil of this pr[illegible]ent time and git 'em headed towards t[illegible] Celestial City."

"Oh!" sez Elder Wessel, "I would [illegible]more use the church dedicated to t[illegible] Most High in the way you speak of th[illegible] I would use the communion cup to pa[illegible] water in."

"If a man wuz dyin' of thirst, and th[illegible] cup could be used to save him, don't y[illegible] spoze the Lord would want it used f[illegible] that, Elder Wessel?" sez Arvilly.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" sez he: "give n[illegible] that which is holy unto dogs; cast n[illegible] your pearls before swine."

"That is jest what I have been preac[illegible]in' to you," sez Arvilly. "Give not th[illegible] which is holy, the best nater, and goo[illegible]ness of boys and men to the dogs, t[illegible] brutes that lay in wait for 'em in whisk[illegible] laws. The God in man is murdere[illegible] every 'lection day by professors of r[illegible]ligion and ministers."

"IN MY ROOM, PACKIN'"

"Why—whyee," sez Elder Wessel, sinkin' back in his chair.

"Yes," sez the dantless Arvilly, "I mean jest what I say: them that refuse to vote and help in the matter are jest as guilty as license voters; they are consentin' to the crucifixion of Christ in man. And the poor drunkards are not the only nes they help nail to the cross. The innocent life and happiness of wimmen and children these wicked laws litt up on the cross of agony, and their heart's blood cries up to heaven for judgment on them that might have helped 'em and would not. The Church of Christ is responsible for this crime," sez Arvilly, "for there is not an evil on earth that could stand before the combined strength of a united church."

Sez Elder Wessel, gittin' back considerable dignity (her hash talk madded him awfully), sez he, "I simply see things in another light from what you do."

"He that is not for me is against me," sez Arvilly.

Sez the Elder in a dogmatic axent, real doggy it wuz, "I say again, the saloon is the Poor Man's Club."

And I sez dreamily, "Talkin' of a club as a club, a club in the hands of a drunkin man, strikin' at and destroyin' all the safety and happiness of a home, yes," sez I, "it is such a club."

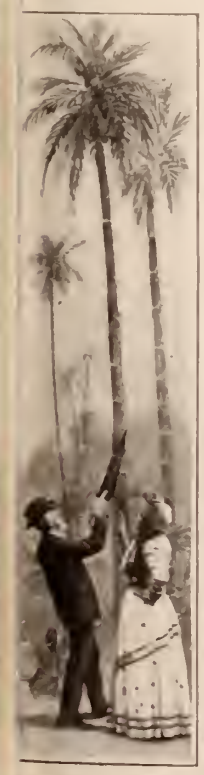
"Yes," sez Arvilly, "if poundin' his wife to jelly, and his children to deformity and death is a Poor Man's Club, the saloon is one."

Sez he agin, "Rich men have their clubs to which they may go, and drink all they choose—carouse, do as they please, and why not poor men, too?" he added.

And I sez, "Grantin' that rich men do drink and carouse at their clubs, as I don't know whether they do or not, two wrongs never made one right, and the liquor couldn't hurt 'em so much, for they can buy it pure, and the poor man's drink is pizen by adulteration, makin' a more dangerous drunk, ruinin' their health and makin' 'em pilin' for fights and bloodshed. The rich man can stay all night at his club, or if he goes home, the decorous butler or vally can send to him and protect his family if need be, he won't stagger in at midnight to a comfortless room, where his wife and little ones are herded in cold and starvation and are alone and at his mercy, and the rich man's carouse at his club don't keep his wife and children hungry for a week."

Bein' driv out of that position Elder Wessel tried a new tact: "The poor man has just as much right to the social enjoyment they get out of their saloon as you have, madam, to your afternoon teas and church socials."

"What hinders the poor man from 'tendin' socials?" sez Arvilly, spiritedly. "They are always bein' teased to, and anyway I never knew tea to make anybody crazy drunk."



"NEVER WILL I TACKLE IT"

"The poor man," sez Elder Wessel in his most dictorial way, all of Arvilly's talk havin' slipped offen him like rain water offen a brass horn, "the poor man, after he has worked hard all day, and has nothing to go home to but a room full of cryin' children, discomfort, squalor and a complaining wife, is justified in my opinion to go to the only bright happy place he knows of, the saloon."

But I sez, bein' such a case for justice, "How is it with the wife who has worked hard all day in the home of discomfort and squalor, her work being rendered ten times harder and more nerve destroying than her husband's by the care of the cryin' children, how would it be for them who are equally responsible for the marriage and the children, to take holt together and make the children happier and the home less full of discomfort?"

Arvilly Gives a Clincher

"Yes," sez Arvilly, "is it goin' to make the home less full of discomfort to have him reel home at midnight and dash the hungry cryin' baby aginst the wall and put out its feeble life, and mebby kill the complainin' wife too?"

"Oh those are extreme cases and uncommon," sez Elder Wessel.

"Not uncommon at all," sez Arvilly. "If you read the daily papers you will see such things as this, the direct work of the saloon, are continually occurring, too common in fact to attract very much attention."

He couldn't deny this, for he knew that we read the papers jest the same as he did, and the fact that he couldn't deny it seemed to kinder tire him, and he sez, getting up:

"I guess I will go and smoke a cigar." And he went. And I went up to my room too to pack my satchel bag, for we expected to start the very next mornin' and to be gone about a week or ten days.

Well, the steamer took us to Hilo, and the panorama that swep' by us on that steamer can't never be reproduced by any camera or kodak; the sapphire blue water, the hills standing like mountains of beaten gold and velvety green verdure, and beyond the soft blue and purple mountain ranges, agin deep clefts and cliffs of richest colored rocks with feathery white waterfalls floating down on 'em like a veil, anon pleasant landscapes, sugar cane plantations, picturesque houses, windmills, orchards, dancing brooks and broad green fields. No dissolvin' view wuz ever so entrancin', but like all others it had to dissolve.

"WE REACHED HILO THE SECOND DAY"

Ashore at Hilo

We reached Hilo the second day and we all went to a comfortable tarven, and the next mornin' bright and early we sot off on the stage for the volcano over, I state, and state it fearlessly, the most beautiful road that wuz ever built towards any volcano or anything else. Why, I've thought that the road between Jonesville and Loontown wuz beautiful and easy travelin'. Old Hagadone is path-master and vain of the road, and calls the men out twice a year to pay poll taxes and such, by workin' it. Sugar maples, elder bushes, and shuemakes and wild grapes and ivy run along the side of the stun wall, makin' it. I always had thought, onapproachable in beauty. But good land! if old Hagadone had seen that road he would have turned as green as grass with envy.

Imagine a wide road, smooth as glass, cut right out of a glowing tropical forest with a almost onimagined splendor, that I spoze wuz meant to be onseen by mortal eyes, risin' up on each side on't. Why, I've been as proud as a peacock of my little hibiscus growin' in grandma Allen's old teapot, and when that blowed out one little blow I called the neighbors in to witness the gorgeous sight. Imagine a hibiscus tree, as big as one of our biggest maples, fairly burnin' all over with the gorgeous blossoms, and banannas with their great glossy leaves, and lantannas. Wuzn't I proud of my lantanna growin' in Ma Smith's blue sugar bowl? I thought that it wuz a lovely sight when it had three blows on it at one time. But imagine milds and milds of 'em risin' up thirty feet on each side of the road, and little spindlin' palms, that we envy if growin' two feet high, growin' here to a hundred feet or more, and begonias and geraniums growin' up into tall trees and of every color, tuberoses and magnolias loadin' the air with fragrance, the glossy green of the ohia tree with the iaia vine climbing and racing over it all, mingled in with tamarind and oranges and bamboo, and oleanders with their delicious pink and white blossoms. Sez I: "Do you remember my little oleander growin' in a sap bucket, Josiah? Did you ever think of seein' em growin' fifty feet high? What a priceless treasure one would be in Jonesville."

"WHYEE!" SAID ELDER WESSEL, SINKIN' BACK

Josiah Demurs

And he whispered back real voyalent: "Don't think, Samantha, of gittin' me to lug one of them fifty foot trees all the way hum. I've broke my back for years luggin' round your old oleander in a tub, but never will I tackle one of them trees," and he looked up defiantly into the glossy boughs overhead.

"I hain't asked you to, Josiah, but," sez I dreamily: "I would love to git some slips of them fuchia and begonia trees, and that jasmine," sez I, pintin' up to the emerald waves of foliage enriched by them I have named, and as many other glowin' with perfume and beauty as there are stars in the heavens, or so it seemed to me. Sez I: "What a show I could make in Jonesville with 'em." Sez I: "What would Miss Bobbett and Sister Henzy say if they could see 'em?" And I pinted up at a gigantick trumpet creeper and convolvuli, festooned along the boughs of a giant geranium and hanging down its banner of bloom.

"They'd say, let well enough alone. I tell you I can't break up my trip diggin' dirt and tendin' to a lot of house-plants from Dan to Beersheba."

"We're not goin' to Dan," sez I, "and if we wuz a man might meet Dan doin' worse than pleasin' his pardner. Look at that jasmine," sez I. "Is that much like that little slip of Sister Bobbett's growin' in a tea-cup? And see! oh do see, Josiah, them night bloomin' ceriuses! Oh, take it on a moonlight night, the walls of fragrant green on either side, and them lovely blows, hundreds and thousands of 'em shinin' out like stars of whiteness, full of the odor of Paradise. Oh what a sight, Josiah Allen, for us to see!"

And he sez, "Don't git any idee, Samantha, of you and me comin' way back here by moonlight, for we can't do it. The road is thirty milds long and if we tried it we shouldn't git here till they had done blowin'."

A Stern Rebuke

"I hain't no idee of tryin' it Josiah, I wuz only revelin' in the idee of what the glory of the sight must be."

"Well," sez he, "I am revelin' in the idee of havin' a good meat dinner if we ever git to Hilo." And he added with a sarcastick smile, "Don't that make you think of poker? High, low—all it wants is Jack and the Game."

I gin him a stern look and sez, "Some knowledge is demeanin' to a pertessor." And he acted puggicky and didn't say another word for a mild or so. But I sot calm and looked away into the entrancin' seen. And all the time we wuz rollin' on towards the volcano.

Robert and Dorothy seemed to be enjoying the seen as much as I did, and Arvilly wuz tryin' to canvass the Scotchman. The Englishman had already bought the *Twin Crimes*, and so she wuz as happy as she ever would be, I spozed.

(To be Continued.)

Journeying with Samantha

CENTRALIA, IA.

Dear Editor:—We hail with delight the trip with Aunt Samantha. As my time is limited for reading, I thought I could not read anything but the most solid or instructive. Being shut in this winter (not being able to go out but very little) Miss Holley's writings have been a very pleasing diversion. With all her fun-making, there is an under-current of meaning that is immense. God bless the dear writer with health and strength to write many more such delightful stories.

LOIS VAN PATTEN.

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Tasks of Oriental Women

OUR greatest drudgery, our least luxurious life in Occidental lands is easy and restful as compared with the lives led by women in the far East. As we know comfort, they have not the faintest notion of it, nor have they any of the labor-saving appliances which are found in our simplest homes. In India, now, as for centuries, the women beat out the grain from the stalk with a heavy mallet made of teak wood and bound with iron, while other women sitting on the earthen floor inside the hut, or in the compound by the door, grind the meal in a small hand-mill, as women in the East have done for ages. One understands the many allusions in Scripture to this custom, when one thinks of the patient brown-faced Hindu women, still engaged, as Indian women were in the times of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and in New Testament days, in the daily grinding of their corn. The primitive apparatus, the uncomplaining service, the fortitude exhibited, are all very touching to us, but far more so is the thought of the famine in India to-day, with the great suffering it entails. Women and children dying by scores and hundreds from bitter wasting hunger; parents expiring from exhaustion and leaving their orphaned little ones; people, with our own needs, our own wants, our own capacity for anguish, and more than our capacity for endurance, since ages of hardship have made them patient, bowed under the hard, cold hand of famine. Surely most of us will hear the appeal this suffering makes, and will endeavor out of our own abundance to assist starving India, with her millions in extremity. In these days the Christian missionary is the native's kindest and truest friend, and Christ alone can give the people assurance of relief and the promise of peace and safety in the midst of woe.

Our Darlings

The roguish little fellow whose eyes are peeping out and whose mind is wandering from his evening prayer somehow wins our hearts, so that we want to kiss his little face and coax him to be as reverent as the others. Mischief is no great matter in a laddie of his age, and we really prefer it to stupidity.

How happy is that period when the evening shadows gather, and we shut our eyes and sleep without a single care, having first folded our hands and said the nightly prayer. Our children, in absolute faith, commit themselves to the divine guidance, and therein we may well imitate them, since we are all children of our Father. The golden heads and the dark heads, the heads close-cropped and the heads adorned with tresses and ringlets are alike beautiful, and as we look at our darlings wherever they kneel, we pray from the depths of our souls that evermore God may bless them.

Teachers and Children

Teachers are not to be held responsible for defects in the educational system under which they teach. If the prevalent theory of the city or town magnifies the routine of the class and diminishes the welfare of the individual child, the system is to blame, not the teacher. Taken all in all, our common school teachers constitute a body of hard-working, faithful, intelligent and devoted people, what Col. Higginson has aptly called "a finer force in our civilization." Their quiet, obscure and often meagerly paid work goes on day in and day out. They are moulding the next generation. Take an East Side New York school, and see the sharp, wizened faces of little foreign-born children, or children of foreign parents, the latter not yet speaking English. As clay in the hands of the potter are these small boys and girls, and the progress they make under the steady, sweet, unremitting and trusty missionary influence of their teachers—young women, for the most part is simply marvelous. Each of our public schools—whatever else it may be—is a manufactory of American citizens and it turns out, all things considered, a very good article.

Memory

Memory is a pack-horse bound to carry whatever is properly committed to him, provided the load is safely adjusted. We deplore our poor memories and plume ourselves upon our good ones, as if the poor memory or the good one were given us by our Heavenly Father, and as if we could not help ourselves in the matter. The fact is that we are the makers of our own memories. Attention to what one sees or hears, and the habit of fixing details on our minds, will enable any of us to remember, not in a slip-shod and inconsequent fashion, but accurately, whatever is really worth our while. We should not burden memory with a thousand foolish trivialities, which are of no real value. Many things are much better forgotten, among them the rude letter somebody sent you, the unkind story you heard, and the anecdote which had a sting. A short memory for other people's faults and foibles, a long memory for every little kindness shown, are good points in character. And, toward our God, should we not reverently cultivate a good memory? "I will remember," says the psalmist, "the years of the right hand of the Most High." Over and over again, through all their wanderings, the people of God, in the old days, were enjoined to tell again and again of his goodness, recounting the way by which he had led them out of Egypt through the wilderness and into the promised land. We should be far more grateful if we did more remembering. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!"

A WEARY TASK. GRINDING AND POUNDING CORN

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—STEPMOTHER. My whole heart went out to you in love and admiration when I read your letter. Yours is the true secret of all success, dear friend—constant prayer and unselfish love. God bless you and make many others like you.

—SCHOOL MARM. Do you realize that you are one of the vanguard of civilization in your little pioneer school house, so many miles from the railroad? Don't think of your work as small. It is very important, and you are a woman in the right place.

—J. MCP. Aunt Prudence cannot see that there is any reason for your anxiety. The young lady is not, as you state the matter, engaged to any one, and there is no harm in her receiving your friendly visits, even if she is corresponding with another man. You need not call so often as to give rise to remarks from outsiders.

—MOTHER OF BOYS. You are right to be very careful about your boys' reading. If you have a Sunday School or town library, let them draw books from that, otherwise consult your minister. The Henty books are very popular among boys, and are excellent both as history and romance. There are a great many of them and, in one edition, they are not dear. Several families might combine in purchasing them. Write to the nearest Y. M. C. A. secretary, too, and see if you cannot be put on the line of some traveling library. Boys are helped or hindered by their reading, and you should not care how much you have to economize if you can get good books for them.

—MRS. M. O. Five or six weeks is a very short time for all you plan to do next summer. Your passage should be engaged now. Many people who wish to economize travel very comfortably as second-cabin passengers. Or you could take one of the slower steamers and save money. Carry as little clothing as possible, but be provided with a heavy wrap. For fuller information write to any of the tourist companies which arrange excursions. You will find their advertisements in the daily papers. A knowledge of French is not necessary, as English is spoken everywhere on the continent. In your case I advise your joining a party, as you and your husband are inexperienced in European travel. If you are going only for the Exposition you need no especial preliminary course of reading. At such a time expenses will be greater than they would in an ordinary summer, on account of the great exodus of American travelers.

THE LITTLE BOY WE MISS

(To a bereaved mother)

We miss our darling; weeks ago
It seems since he ran in and out,
Played with the rest, romped in the snow,
Left books and toys and things about.

His merry eyes, his winsome ways,
A mother's laddie, fine and sweet;
Oh, these are strangely silent days
Unbroken by those eager feet.

We miss him in the morning when
His little comrades rush along;
And in the early gloaming, then
We hunger for his shout and song.

The heartache goes so very deep.
His little unused bed is white;
That other where he lies asleep
Is low beneath the sod to-night.

And much we marvel, grieving, why
Should God stop to this home of ours;
When in his fields beyond the sky,
He has so many, many flowers.

Why take our little bud of bloom,
When he could see we had but one;
Why leave forlorn our little room,
When he had thousands, star and sun!

We cannot tell, but God knows best,
On this we lay the throbbing head;
A rock, a pillow for our rest,
And resting, we are comforted.

In God's own garden, angel-kept,
We yet shall find our darling boy.
Where they awake, with Christ who slept,
Where life is love and heaven is joy.

About Showing Our Love
For the Little Ones

WHEN I was a child I read story about a boy who ha two aunts with whom, bein an orphan, he lived for si months. At the end of a specified pe riod, by the terms of his father's will, h was obliged to choose which aunt shoul be his guardian, and with which h should permanently reside. Aunt Jan was much given to indulgence, to pettin and caressing; Aunt Mary was not de monstrative and held a firm though ver just rein in her management of the litt lad. It was much to his credit that h elected to remain with Aunt Mary, wh was at bottom very unselfish, rather tha with Aunt Jane, who wanted his affec tion, but was averse to taking any re trouble on his account.

Children are very clear-sighted littl beings and observe and discriminate fa more closely and judiciously than adul often suppose. They are not impose upon by the lazy love which spends i self in calling pet names and bestowin sweets in season and out of season. Th love, less fluent in words, which care for their comfort, reproves their fault and sets right their mistakes, is the lov they prize most. Tired mothers, bus with drying wet mittens and stocking which have been in the snow, with patch ing small knees and seating small trous ers, with hearing lessons, and correctin slips of syntax, and settling nursery qua rels, may not stop a dozen times a day t snatch up the bairns and kiss and hu them, but the bairns do not doubt th dear mother love.

Mother's Room

The place in the house to whic everybody hastes is mother's room Here the big boys come when thei work for the day is over, and the daugh ters bring their perplexities, and th little ones cluster. Mother cannot kee them out, for where she is, there home is Have you not often noticed the way th children follow the mother through th house, going into the kitchen to help he make the pies, and into the pantry where she is measuring sugar and spice and into the bedrooms where she is mak ing the beds, under her very feet, clingin to her skirts, utterly contented if onl where she is. Her room, when she get done with her sewing, is to them a ver eden, and there they play with their dolls their blocks, their maps, their trains o cars, feeling somehow as if nothing coul mar their delight because they wer under mother's eye, and nestling beneath her tender wing.

... India in Dire Straits ...

The Famine Area Now Doubled and the Missionaries in Sore Need of Help

BY REV. J. E. ABBOTT, OF BOMBAY

DESTITUTE NATIVES OF INDIA CUTTING GRASS TO SELL FOR FOOD

THREE months have passed since the Government of India officially announced the existence of famine and the apprehension that a large area would be affected. During that time the fears then expressed have been more than realized. The area the famine at the beginning of Novemr contained thirty million people; the ant spectre has now its grip on an area ntaining fifty-two million people. The mber on relief works has sprung duri the same period from 400,000 to 00,000. This large accession comes m people who must have died if such ief had not been extended to them.

We are very thankful that the Governnt has done so much, but there is anher class for whom we are deeply conned, who have no share in this relief. is class is made up of children, delice women and men, who for a variety of sons cannot go to the relief works. ese number tens of thousands, and they now dying by hundreds. Their emaciad forms the missionary sees around doors pitifully pleading for just one al.

For the children, especially, our hearts he. The Hindoo mother is in no way hind American mothers in her affecn for her offspring. She will deny lself, as they would, that her babes ght eat; but what is she to do when e has absolutely nothing for herself nor them? During the famine of 1897 l sy women so weak for lack of food that ey could not stand and the children ound them were mere skeletons covd with skin. A mother so situated is lpless. If she keeps them with her ey will die. Some Mohammedan will ve her a rupee (thirty-three cents) for daughter. She shudders as she thinks the girl's fate, but the child will, at y rate, be fed and the price of her will ovide a meal for the others. What nder that, with a breaking heart, the rgain is made and the child goes away to her horrible captivity. Sometimes e mother will abandon the child by the adside, hoping that some charitable pern may take pity on it, or if not, that death y speedily end its suffering. It is for ese mothers and children that we plead, r the aged and for the sick, and for all o cannot go to the relief camps, or who uld not do the work that would be reired of them there. A dollar in the nds of a missionary would enable him give one meal to twenty of them, or able him to keep one person alive for ee weeks. Think of it! The quesn of life or death for some poor creae depending on whether some Ameri- Christian gives a dollar, or spends it some luxury for himself!

t is easy to see from the letters of the missionaries and the incident related in the Indian papers how severe is the suffering and how much good the missionaries might do with a little money. Rev. W. Mulligan, of Pauch Mahal, writes: "Already our home has received twenty little waifs and this morning the police asked us if we could not take a dozen more. I would have liked to accept them, but we have now as many as we can feed. The other day a Bhil woman was trying to sell her niece. The best offer she could get was five quarts of grain. She refused it and brought the girl to us." Mrs. Fuller, of the Alliance Mission, reports that she has already taken charge of sixty orphan children. Rev. E. Fairbank, of Wadale, writes: "Our helpers are continually beset by people begging for a mouthful of grain. People come to us by the score pitifully entreating us to help them. One poor fellow was so weak that in bending forward to make the customary salaam, he could not recover himself and fell on his face and was unable to rise." Rev. J. B. Bawa, of Roha, reports the increase around him of the number of starving people, especially of helpless women. A very small sum would enable him to relieve in various ways the severe suffering in his district.

It is grievous to witness the struggle that is being made even by people who a short time ago were in comfortable circumstances. It is no uncommon thing to see a man and his wife working hard with any implement they can get, cutting grass, which after a long day's labor they sell for the price of one meagre meal.

The situation threatens to be worse than in the famine of 1897 and the need must inevitably be greater, because the help that then came so liberally from England, will not be afforded now that she is absorbed in the South African conflict. The eyes of the American missionaries are turned to their own land and their hope is that the Christian people who have sent them to preach Christ to the heathen, will supply them with the means by which they can show how kind and compassionate the heart becomes in which he lives and reigns.

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REV. H. M. WHARTON

Owensboro, Ky., is a thriving little town of some eighteen thousand population, and is situated on the Ohio river a hundred miles south of Louisville. On August 9, 1896—nearly three and a half years ago—four hundred and ninety-one Baptists, led by their chosen pastor, Dr. Hale, organized a real New Testament, spiritual, soul-winning, anti-worldly church. It entered the Daviess County Baptist Association as the "Owensboro Third Baptist Church." Resolutions were unanimously adopted to the effect that no person should be received into, nor retained in fellowship, who engaged in dancing, card-playing, drinking liquor as a beverage, renting property to liquor dealers, or in any way investing money in or dealing in the liquor business. They resolved also to enforce scriptural discipline in the case of rich and prominent members, as well as poor and obscure ones. Another resolution was to the effect that there should be no suppers, excursions, fairs, lectures, entertainments, etc., as a means of raising money for the support of the church and the carrying on of its work; and the New Testament financial system of proportionate giving was adopted, one-tenth of the net income being the proportion selected by the church and requested of its members to be set apart for the Lord's work.

It was decided not to have an institutional church, with secular attachments, nor a social club to gather the elite only, nor a musical organization to furnish classic music; but to effect a religious organization, whose purpose it should be to win souls to Christ, a people's church, working for all classes of sinners. It was to be a Baptist church, loyal and faithful to the teachings of Christ as to the doctrines, government and ordinances of a New Testament church: and on the other hand, with a broad, liberal, charitable and fraternal Christian spirit, recognize and appreciate the relationship existing between all Evangelical Christians, composing the Church Universal, and to co-operate in union work with other denominations as far as possible without compromising their convictions of duty to Christ along doctrinal lines.

Comparatively poor, this little band commenced housekeeping as a church family in the county court-house. Ridiculed as "cranks and fanatics" and antagonized and denounced as disturbers of the religious peace of the community, they were persecuted by press and people to a degree seldom witnessed. Nonresisting, they kept to their work as a pioneer, anti-liquor, anti-dancing, anti-card-playing church. It was thought wise to select the best available building lot in the city, though a costly one; consequently their place of worship is within a stone's throw of the centre of the city's population. Desiring to make room for the masses, it was decided to erect a large auditorium, and a fine brick tabernacle was projected and is now complete, at a cost of $35,000. It has a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred. The church is now no longer an experiment, but stands as one of the strongest and most influential of the twelve Protestant churches in Owensboro. Carrying out the principle with which it started, it has reached all classes of people, having received 764 members into its fellowship, and having a resident membership now of more than 1,000. Its total cash contributions for the three and a half years amount to above $40,000. In addition to contributing to all the missionary and educational work fostered by the denomination, it supports a foreign missionary, Miss Julia K. McKenzie, in Chinkiang, China. Even those who oppose its views of Christian living admire and praise it, and the world stands off and says "that church is straight goods." H. M. WHARTON.

A Practical Vicar

He Paints His Own Church when His Parishioners Cannot Afford It

THE Rev. G. M. MacDonald, vicar of the historic old Episcopal church of St. John the Baptist at Spalding, England, has given his brethren of the cloth an impressive lesson in practical Christianity. For a long time the walls of his church had been sadly in need of a new coat of paint, but the parish was so poor that no funds were available for the work. But the vicar proved equal to the emergency, donned a painter's blouse and painted the church and school himself.

Vicar MacDonald is not the only clergyman who has performed manual labor. The late Rev. C. H. Wood, long curate of St. George's Preston, was an expert carpenter, whose skill was always at the disposal of his poor parishioners. Household furniture of their pastor's design graced their cottages, and even coffins were sometimes made by the same hand. The Rev. C. Sellwood Goodwin, of St. Aidan, Middlesborough, having no building in which to hold services, himself dug the foundation, and then with a party of eighty volunteer helpers, who labored in their spare hours, he set about the work with such zeal that within a few months the building, seating between 600 and 700 people, was formally opened by the Archbishop of York. Another vicar, who in his younger days, for exercise, had often worked at the village forge, took the place of the smith, while the latter was sick, and worked steadily and skilfully till the smith returned to his forge. A Sussex rector is a skilled bookbinder.

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Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gurmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach, it is claimed also was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort, whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion; some stomachs lack peptone, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack Hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

F. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

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How God Pays Men

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 4. Matt. 20:1-16

WHAT does a man gain by being a Christian? Judging by the conditions of this world we must answer, Very little. He abstains from many pleasures which are really enjoyable; he gives up many delights that would gratify his nature; and the question that Emerson argued in his essay on "Compensation," is sure to be asked by others, if not by the man himself. The question is by no means new. The prophet Malachi represents the people of his day as saying: "What profit is it that we have kept his ordinance?" and Job had made acquaintance with the same kind of people (Job 21:15). Peter asked the question, too. "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?" The spirit still survives. A middle-aged lady said to her pastor only a few days ago: "I have kept aloof from all kinds of dissipation and all kinds of worldliness; but I do not see that I have gained anything by it." Christ's answer to all such talk is the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard. People who want reward, who expect pay for being good, will surely be disappointed in Christianity.

It is true that Christianity has rewards to give. True, too, that the rewards astonish the recipients by their magnificence, but they do not go to the people who work for them. Christ has an eye for the motive in all work, and he has a poor opinion of those who have the bargaining spirit. When he bestows a reward he gives it to those who were not expecting it. "Lord when saw we thee hungry and fed thee?" the men ask of him in the judgment and they have to be told of the conduct which Christ is rewarding. They never expected a reward for the things they did. The story is told of a millionaire who decided to take a child from an orphan asylum and bring him up as his heir. He went to the asylum and watched the children in their play. He noticed a boy caring for a little lame companion, helping him in difficulty and protecting him from the rough conduct of others. That was the boy he chose. Believing that he had a kind and noble nature. But suppose that boy knew the business that had brought the millionaire there and that he cared for the lame child for the purpose of ingratiating himself with the millionaire. All the beauty of his conduct would be destroyed. Its value consisted in its being the spontaneous outgrowth of his disposition. So in later life. The young man will make no success of his occupation if he is chiefly concerned about his wages. The author or the artist will not succeed, if his thoughts are all the time on the money he will get for his book or his picture. He must take a delight in his work, otherwise his work will be sordid, slavish and perfunctory.

In the parable Christ represents the owner of the vineyard disregarding ordinary rules of business. The first laborers make their bargain and he keeps faith with them. They demand a certain rate of pay and they receive it. "They have their reward." The relation between the two sides is simply that of employer and employees. But the later laborers show a confidence in the householder which brought them nearer together. "Whatsoever is right that shall ye receive" satisfied them. They trusted him and went to work. Christ always placed a high value on this faith or confidence. Those who believed he could and would help them got the blessing. The bargain-maker, the man who looked for reward and made stipulations he disliked. The elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son showed this character in reproaching his father. The essence of Christ's religion consists in being. It is in character. The man who has his spirit does right because it is right, does good because he loves to do good, lives a holy life because he loves holiness, follows Christ because he loves him, not because of the loaves and fishes. That is the man who in the end will be surprised like the eleventh hour laborers by the munificence of the reward.

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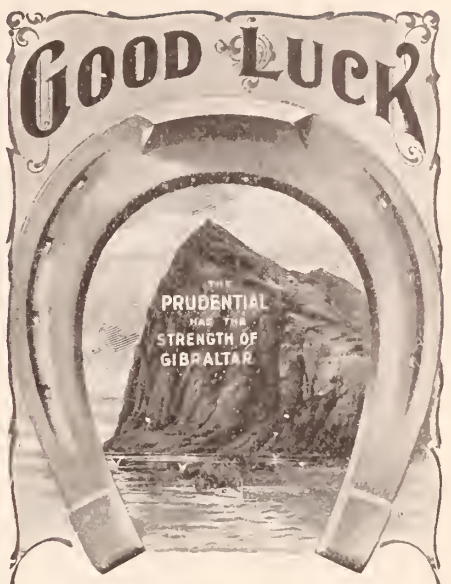

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BRONCHIAL CONSUMPTION

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in the Treatment of Lung Diseases

Of the many forms of Bronchitis, the one most alarming of all is that in which the symptoms closely resemble those of consumption, and hence called consumptive bronchitis, or bronchial consumption. You must not, however, understand from its name that it is really tuberculous in character, or produced by the bacilli which cause true consumption.

In all lung cases, I require a portion of the expectorated matter coughed up by the patient to be brought to me, or sent in a small bottle by express, before giving a definite opinion of the disease. If, on examination, I find the tubercle bacilli present, the case is consumption; and if no bacilli—Bronchitis. A large percentage of those who die of a lung disease, supposed to be consumption, are really deaths by chronic bronchitis resembling consumption.

A remarkable instance in verification of this recently occurred. A lady was brought to me in what appeared the last stage of consumption. Her physicians had told her husband that she could not live a week. She had a bad cough, puriform expectorations, night sweats, and was wasted almost to skin and bone. Judging by her symptoms and appearance, it was impossible not to fear that she had come too late. On sounding her chest, however, I was surprised to find no solidification by tubercles, and on examining of her sputum a total absence of the bacilli. The history, too, of her sickness revealed that it had followed an attack of whooping cough and grippe. So, although her pulse was 120 a minute, and so feeble as to be hardly perceptible, and the wasting of her body so extreme that she could not stand without support, I did not hesitate to pronounce the disease bronchial, and give it as my opinion that, if we could sustain her strength long enough for remedies to act, she would be saved. She was immediately placed under medicated air treatment, with tonics to impart appetite and digestives to help the enfeebled stomach to transform nourishments into chyle and blood. Within a week she showed signs of amendment. Her progress was necessarily slow, as the healing powers of the body were nearly exhausted before the first inhalation was given, but she gradually acquired more and more strength, and within six weeks was able to take short walks in the open air. She recovered perfectly in about six months, and is alive and well to-day.

This case shows the importance of a correct diagnosis and proper adaptation of the treatment of the conditions to be remedied. Had the true nature of her disease not been discovered just when it was, she would have lost her life through wrong treatment, and been recorded as another death by consumption.

Every form of bronchitis is curable by local antiseptic and healing remedies applied directly to the lungs by medicated air inhalation, but none of them by stomach treatment. The stomach is not the part affected. The air tubes and cells of the lungs are the seat of every bronchial disease, and unless remedies capable of changing their bad secretions and healing the inflamed tubes are applied to them, cure is impossible. To treat bronchial and other lung diseases through the stomach and hold out a hope of cure by that treatment is malpractice, and ought to be punished as a crime against the sick.

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Diseases," *free*, address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 45th street, New York.

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"The Christian Herald" in India

MANY of our readers will remember Dr. Alice B. Condict, the American medical missionary, whose excellent contributions describing life in the upper circles of society in India appeared in this journal. Dr. Condict has returned and established herself in Bombay, from which city she now sends this interesting letter:

BOMBAY, Dec. 9, 1899.

DEAR "CHRISTIAN HERALD":—I must tell you how much good the copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing which you are sending me. First, I use it in my Rest Home for missionaries here, and dear friends, from every part of India enjoy reading it. They especially like the superb pictures. All agree that they never saw such excellent pictures in a religious paper. Then my copy is sent to a place in the interior—Karjat, on the Great Indian and Peninsular railroad—where some Free Church of Scotland missionaries have a free reading-room, and there it is read and re-read over and over. Those numbers you had on the Transvaal were very especially appreciated. I don't suppose any English religious newspaper has given such exhaustive and attractive articles as those on the South African war.

Our Missionary Rest Home has now been open two months, and it is my great joy to write you that God has used us in this place most wonderfully. Young and old declare it is a real Home. The very fact of bringing these dear saints together is a mutual benefit. Many, with malaria lurking in their system, have come to get a change and have in every instance been able, with my little medicine case, to shake off the disease. We are in a building that is on a point of land that runs away out seaward, so the air is very pure and perfectly free from malaria. We are praying for a free bed, to be able at times to entertain those who cannot afford to come unless it is free.

May you remember us in this great need, to be able to resuscitate these faithful brothers and sisters, relatives of ours in the Lord. Yours for the Master's service, ALICE B. CONDICT.

Made Him a Square Man

A few months ago a Franklin, N. Y., business man inadvertently gave a customer a ten-dollar gold piece for fifty cents change. The customer who received the gold piece observed to another party a few hours after that it was the funniest fifty-cent piece he had ever seen.

"Yes," replied the new arrival, "but I'll give you two quarters for it."

The fool and the knave closed the bargain; the fool walked off with the two silver quarters, and the knave with the yellow piece.

The loss of the ten-dollar gold piece worried the Franklin merchant because he could not account for its disappearance. During the recent revival in Franklin, conducted by Rev. H. W. Pope, superintendent of the Northfield Extension, the man with the ten-dollar gold piece was converted, and finally returned the gold piece to the merchant. Justice was thus rendered on all sides. The merchant got back his gold, the converted man got back the half-dollar he paid the rustic, and the latter by this time probably has exchanged his two silver quarters for something else.

The Army Chaplaincy

Our readers interested in the army chaplaincy and the spiritual welfare of our "Boys in Blue," may have read with regret the strictures written by the uninformed on the efficiency of the service, some of the criticism being based on Chaplain Orville J. Nave's request that his order to service in the Philippines be revoked. It develops that the cause of Chaplain Nave's course in this matter is organic heart disease, which utterly disqualifies him for action in the field, although he is one of the most efficient workers in the home service. During his past two years at Fort McPherson, he has admitted many applicants to church membership; secured 1,500 total abstinence pledges; preached two or three times every Sunday and held meetings almost every night; visited the sick in hospital and prison; distributed literature, wrote letters for those unable to write—in short, he has been performing in spite of his dangerous malady, all of the thousand-and-one offices which devolve upon every faithful chaplain, and which makes the institution of the army chaplain invaluable to the soldier and his family and friends.

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an imitation—especially imitations of **Pearline**. Many are dangerous. And dangerous washing powders can never be cheap—no matter how little you pay for them. Peddlers and untrustworthy grocers will tell you the stuff they offer is "**Pearline**," "same as," "as good as," "made in the same factory," etc. It's false. **Pearline** is the standard washing compound; never peddled; gives no prizes; simply stands on its merits as the best, safest, and most economical. 575

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ALASKA WORKER

ined 44 lbs. by Leaving off Coffee and Taking Postum Food Coffee

Some people in Alaska have work to do. widow woman, Mrs. Adda Crossley, of Juau, says she has been doing the cooking for ght men through the winter, and during the mmer for fifteen more. She went to Alaska invalid, and had been in poor health four five years before going. It seems that her kness was caused and kept up by the use of ffee. When she finally discovered the real use, she abandoned coffee, and finding Post-n Cereal Coffee in the stores, took up its e.

She says: "I commenced using it once a day two months, then twice a day. I only ighed eighty pounds when I started, and uld hardly get up and down the stairway. ter leaving off coffee and beginning the use Postum, I took up the work for eight men. mproved steadily, and in December last ighed 124 pounds, which is more than I ve weighed for twenty years. My face is lnd and ruddy. Friends say if it was not r my gray hair I would pass for thirty ry easily. There is no doubt that the rds on the famous trademark, 'It makes l blood,' are true."

Sick headache is the cause of untold suffering to many women; of nelected families and unhappy homes. Pleasure is banished from the life that is subject to these attacks, and yet it is possible to be free forever from such trying ordeals. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, by enriching the blood, toning up the nerves and strengthening the stomach, make sick headache impossible and restore nervous energy to the despondent sufferer.

Mrs. Fannie B. Stoffle, of Martinsville, Mo., says: "I used to have terrible sick headaches, which I had as far back as I can remember. In recent years they were getting worse. A few years ago, I took treatment of a specialist in Kansas City, but it only relieved me for a while. When I came here two years ago my health was miserable. My husband, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, insisted that I commence using them. After taking a few doses I could see an improvement and my headache spells were not so severe. I used four boxes, and since that time I have not had any of those attacks and I never felt so well in my life. —From the Republican, Bethany, Mo.

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C Journell	3 00
Mrs E J B Waugh	2 00
Miss Sophie Ewell	3 00
Friend, Emmons	5 00
Lizzie Deitrick	50
Good Cause, Virden	2 00
Wm Luek	1 00
E D Seale	50
Paul D Wampler	15
Total	$80 67

Home Missions.

Mrs M J Waite	$2 00
E W Joslin	2 50
Total	$4 50

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

S K	$1 00
Mrs H B Griswold	1 00
Mrs M T, Rantoul	1 00
Mrs J N, Mahanoy City	1 00
Total	$4 00

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Reader, N Brookfield	$1 00
Miss P S Harrison	1 00
Union Y P S C E, Herring Row	1 00
Mrs E J B Waugh	2 00
Miss H M Swallow	5 00
Total	$10 00

Clinton St. Settlement.

Jennie P Smith	$2 00
Mrs Susan Lusk	1 00
Friend, Mass.	5 00
Mrs E J Lyon	56
Edith Ringland	1 06
In Jesus' Name, N Y	25
Mrs A E Farnham	45
Mrs E L Evans	1 00
Jas Hayward	1 00
Virginia Washington	2 00
Frankstown Juniors, Chapter 6641	1 00
Alfred Locker	3 00
J M M, Normal Park	1 00
Joseph Smith	1 00
Mrs J J Bannister	1 00
A lover of children, Elmore	2 00
—, Lowell	50
Ella M Wayland	50
Total	$24 26

Mayesville Institute

Melissa Chamberlin	$1 00

Miss Emma Nason's Work Among Lumbermen.

Miss A T. Rantoul	$1 00
Mrs E J B Waugh	2 00
E A & M Cummins	10 00
Total	$13 00

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

Mr & Mrs E Meeker	$8 00
Bertha Schmutz	5 00
Mrs A Frier	50
S Wicheln's class	1 00
Thanksgiving Offering, Meredith Chnrches	1 50
Friend, Deckertown	2 00
Constant Reader, Brighton	50
C E Soc, Lincolnville	3 00
W A Norris	50
—, Potter	1 00
A helper, Mill Creek	1 00
G H Hale	5 00
Mrs M E Hollister	40
Suhr, Elmira	1 00
Virginia Brennan	1 00
C D C, Altoona	1 00
Carlton Cox	1 00
Mrs J Van Wormer	1 00
Chas F Bailey	1 00
Total	$35 40

Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree.

Mrs Mary Nelson	$5 00
Miss M M Robe	2 00
Miss A M Chapman	1 00
Mrs Hazen	25
Mrs Cournous	25
P H Gries	5 00
John P Kile	5 00
Mrs J C Smith	2 00
Mrs F C Thompson	1 00
Miss Ida James	2 00
Mrs R E Garlow	5 00
Mrs May Buckner	1 50
Mrs Lawrence	1 00
Annie Real	1 00
S Merrill	1 50
Mrs Dunnell	1 00
Mrs E J Hunt	65
Mrs Kellogg	50
Julia Newton	50
Eliz & S Wetherell	18
Mary Lattlo	3 00
Mrs B & D E F	2 00
Rebecca Hertzen	1 00
Mrs Mary Morris	3 00
Mrs Helen Cook	2 00
Anna St John	2 00
Grace Michael	5 00
S W Lowe	30
Mary Cressey	3 00
Bessie Wood	10
For Christ's sake, N Y City	1 00
E N Dexter	2 50
Mrs A Sealey	1 00
I H N, Shamokin	50
E M Morrison	4 00
Reader, Waterloo	50
Total	$67 23

Emilio Olssen's South American Mission

Mrs N A Horton	$1 00
L Strifller	1 00
Henry Bluemel	3 00
E T Moyer	1 00
Mrs M J Banks	5 00
In Christ's Name, Griswold	10 00
Gilbert & Elda Cederquist	1 00
M J S, N J	3 00
N S Gilbert	1 40
Nora F Altman	1 00
Jos Smith	1 00
Friend, Marshall	1 00
—, Gresham	5 00
Alice B Merriam	50
Total	$34 90

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Mrs M J Banks	$5 00
A A M, Grafton	2 00
Total	$7 00

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Bertha Schmutz	$5 00

Lincoln Memorial University

W Pindar	$2 60
Friend, Pine Grove	20 00
Miss H M Swallow	200 00
Total	$222 60

Miss Reed's Mission to Lepers.

S K	$2 00
Mrs M T, Rantoul	1 00
Total	$3 00

Armenian Fund.

Friend, Hickman	$2 00
F D Filkins	1 00
Friend, Pine Grove	75 00
Total	$78 00

Gospel Work in Philippines

Mrs W A Hutchinson	$2 00

St. Andrew's Coffee Stands

S K	$1 00

Cremorne Mission

H T. Morristown	$2 00

Miss Agnew's Midnight Mission

C M Schodde	$10 00

Texas Flood Sufferers

E K. Northport	$1 00

Tomb's Chaplain's Mission

Miss A T. Rantoul	$1 00

Rev. Jos. Norwood

Mrs E Nbecker	$5 00

China Flood Sufferers

Mrs H Tilyou	$1 00

Mrs. Dr. Hall's Corea Mission

Jos Smith	$1 00

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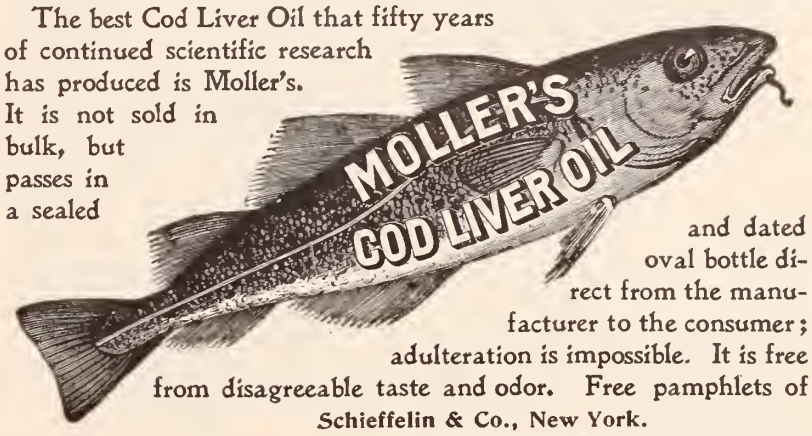

and dated oval bottle direct from the manufacturer to the consumer; adulteration is impossible. It is free from disagreeable taste and odor. Free pamphlets of Schieffelin & Co., New York.

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The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.
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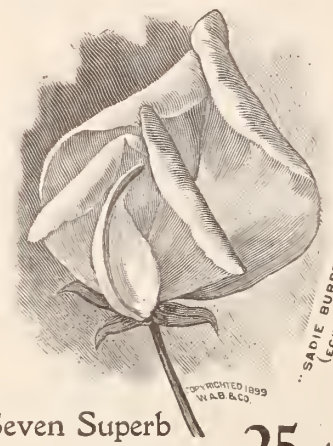

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Our Grand New Collection for 1900 contains a regular-size packet (generally from 40 to 70 seeds) each of **all these finest Novelties:**

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These Seven SUPERB SWEET PEAS, for same quantity of seed, would have **cost three dollars** last year, but are sold now for **only 25 cents.**

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For 25 cents we will mail our **Showy Collection of Seven.** It contains a full-size packet each of our beautiful new giant-flowered "*Sunlight*" and "*Moonlight*,"—the curious tall *French Chameleon*,—the fascinating new *Dwarf Lilliput*,—one-half ounce of the showy *Madame Gunter Hybrids*,—one-half ounce Burpee's Gorgeous *New Tom Thumb Mixed*, and a liberal half-ounce of *Fordhook Favorite Climbing Nasturtiums.* With each order we send our new leaflet on Culture.

For 50 cents we will mail **Both collections** and give as a premium 25-cent packet of the Unique BURPEE'S BUSH SWEET PEA,—*the new race.*

FREE Order one or both collections, mention this paper, and we will send, **FREE**, a regular packet of

"Snapdragon" Sweet Pea

remarkable Novelty for 1900,—never before introduced. Flowers white flushed with pink, borne in clusters of three upon stout stems. It is a great curiosity and of powerful fragrance.

Burpee's Farm Annual

Written at FORDHOOK FARMS—the largest trial grounds in America. Tells about all the BEST SEEDS THAT GROW, including some valuable "NEW CREATIONS" for 1900. Liberal Cash Prizes. Useful Leaflets and New Vest-Pocket Guides to success, free to all customers.

The National Prize Garden (in Michigan) that won seven hundred and fifty dollars cash prizes in the great *American Agriculturist* contest, was planted exclusively with BURPEE'S SEEDS, which are always THE BEST THAT GROW! Every one who would grow choice vegetables or most beautiful flowers should carefully study

"The Leading American Seed Catalogue."

Write TO-DAY. It is FREE!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia.

Women in Pastoral Work

A New College in the West to Train Them as Assistant Pastors and City Missionaries

A MOVEMENT has just been inaugurated in the West for the establishment of a college to be devoted exclusively to the training of women for pastoral and mission work. The movement owes its inception to the Christian church. A committee is considering plans and the question of a site, and the college will probably be located at Chicago. Women are to be trained to assist in pastoral and mission work, especially in the larger cities. The Committee will report on March 29th at a conference to be held in Indianapolis. This Committee consists of Rev. Dr. S. G. Tyrrell, of Chicago, Chairman; Rev. W. B. Taylor, Rev. Dr. H. F. Willett, Rev. Dr. George B. Darstadt, all of Chicago; Rev. Dr. J. W. Harden, President of Eureka College, Illinois; Rev. Dr. C. D. Philpot, of Central Church, Indianapolis; J. E. Pounds, National Superintendent of Christian Endeavor; Rev. C. M. Thurgood, of Pittsburg, and Rev. A. M. Harvout.

REV. A. M. HARVOUT

Dr. Harvout, pastor of the Central Christian church, of Cincinnati, is the father of the project. He holds that though women seldom have the oratorical ability to enable them to discharge the duties of the pulpit, they would make ideal assistants and render invaluable service in visiting and general mission work. "There are many kinds of work which are entirely within a woman's sphere that a man cannot well attend to, and for this reason alone, if for no other, the gentler sex should be trained for the work. I have the advantage of experience, having employed a woman assistant for some time in connection with my own work. She does all lines of pastoral work among rich and poor and her work is so successful that I conceived the idea of a 'Training School' for the education of women as pastoral helpers. Other city pastors have selected faithful women for the same work. The demand so exceeds the supply that a school has become a general demand among ministers."

FOUR GENERATIONS OF READERS OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

The faculty of the school will comprise the best talent available. Systematic instruction will be given in the Scriptures and in the work which devolves on the pastor of a congregation. Students will be expected to spend four afternoons a week in actual service among the poor, at the missions, etc., in order to enter on their work thoroughly fortified by actual experience.

Industrial Work in Cuba

A new orphanage movement has been started in Cuba, under the name of the "Thurston Memorial Home," in honor of the late Mrs. J. M. Thurston, of Omaha, who died in Cuba. Forty acres of land have been secured in Puerto Principe for an industrial home, and while buildings are being erected the work will be carried on in tents. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Andrews, who have long experience in industrial work, will manage the enterprise, which is a purely undenominational and benevolent one. A full Board of Management and an Advisory Board, composed of persons well known in religious and benevolent affairs, have been chosen. Rev. Seneca Howland, Bible House, New York, will answer all inquiries that may be addressed to him concerning the work.

The East African Famine

LATE letters received from missionaries in East Africa show that there is no abatement of the famine conditions prevailing in parts of Mombasa province, and especially in the districts round about Voi and Kikuyu. In the latter section 50,000 people have already starved to death, while no less than 500,000 of the population of Ukamba have perished from the same cause.

In a letter from the Rev. F. W. Krieger, of the Christian Umty Evangelical and Industrial Mission at Nairobi, East Africa, to F. K. Hawley, superintendent of the Christian Unity Association at Hawleyville, Conn., the writer says:

"With gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of your cablegram. I thanked God and ordered four tons of rice, costing $350. This will be a beginning of better days to some poor, needy souls. I am almost afraid to hire a lot of people, because it is evident that this famine must hold sway for six more dreary months—three months before rains can be expected, and if they then come, it will take three months more before the people can realize anything from their fields; and besides, seed is all eaten up long ago. Consequently it is quite a responsibility to take people unless they can be maintained for the next half year. But God has ever stood with us.

"The distress is beyond description, and what is more pitiable, the people have ceased to beg. One meets a poor, tottering skeleton, whose sunken eyes give only an appealing look, and it passes on; and no surprise if the next day I find the remnants of what the hyenas have eaten during the night to be the remains of the poor starveling of the day before. While I write, the horrid hyenas are in the midst of their ghastly midnight carnival, not five hundred yards from the house. Some one has succumbed to hunger to-day, and that within rifle-shot of our door, and we did not even know it until I am told by the weird howls and uncanny laughter of one of the most revolting brutes.

"The natives will need seed in three months. If the good people at home could contribute something to that, I would order a large quantity of corn, which would be judiciously distributed just at the beginning of the planting season." F. W. KRIEGER.

Any inquiries concerning the work or contributions, if sent to Rev. W. P. Ray, Hawleyville, Conn., or Rev. Charles F. Hurlbut, 926 N. Broad street, Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention.

Four Generations

Mrs. M. J. Wilson, of Elwood, Neb., sends this picture, and the following letter concerning the oldest figure in it. Mrs. Ella Howard Wright, who is the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of the other members of the group. She is now in her one-hundredth year:

Mother was born in Clinton, N. Y.; after living there and in Oswego county for seventy years, she came to Nebraska, when everything was new, and much of the land a virgin forest. A godly age, truly, at which to begin the life of a pioneer. She has helped to organize Sunday Schools, churches and Good Templar Lodges, and has always been ready to help in any good cause. She is quite smart and active. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has long been a welcome visitor to our home.

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Of Enormous Size and Magnificent Colorings. Petals are rich, thick and velvety; **perfect in form and substance.** No irregular, loose flowers. Rich red, bronze and copper colors, with delicate rose and pink shades. Received World's Fair medals, Chicago and Omaha. Best Giant mixture in existence.

7 PACKETS, 420 SEEDS, ONLY 25 CENTS.

1 pkt. (60 seeds) Giant Yellow. 1 pkt. (60 seeds) Giant White.
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Vaughan's Seed Store,
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in cash prizes is one of the many interesting features of our new catalogue for 1900. Planters of Maule's Seeds are successful people. **Maule's Seeds lead all;** have done so for years and are as far ahead as ever in the race. Our new catalogue for 1900 is

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50 BULBS 25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Fuchsias, Oxalis, Jonquils, Daffodils, Dewey Lily, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, Chinese Lily, Begonia, Gloxinia, Lilies of the Valley —all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin. A premium with these Bulbs we will send **FREE** a giant collection of flower seeds—over 200 varieties. Address **Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.**

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—and it's the best. Out hatch any other machine. 16 page circular free. Send 15 cts. in stamps for $4 000 book No. 57.

Address nearest office. **CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.**
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NEW HOME RUPTURE CURE

markable Method that Heals Any Rupture Without Pain or Danger

Operation or Detention From Work —Is Cheap, Safe and Sure.

Dr. W. S. Rice has backed up with convinc- facts his statement that rupture can be red at the patients' home without pain, dan- operation or detention from work. He has vented a cheap and reliable method that has et with marvelous success and thousands of ople ruptured for years have been perma- ntly cured. It cured R. M. Wilsie, of Bran- n, Wis., who had been ruptured 20 years- rs. M. E. Smith, Rockingham, Vt., was badly otured and cured herself by Dr. Rice's thod. Wm. Bigford, Bishop Mills, Ont., ed various trusses with no success and final- cured himself by the Rice plan. Jacob Lind- r, Drums, Pa., owes his cure to Dr. Rice. G. lson, Sogn, Minn., has a double rupture and ds Dr. Rice's method a God-send.

Several thousand cases are reported cured this remarkable method and as it is very w in price, easily used, adapted to either sex, aults or children, every ruptured person ould at once investigate it. Write to Dr. S. Rice, 392-D, Main St., Adams, N. Y., d he will send you a full description, so you n cure yourself in a few weeks, long before e heavy work of the springtime begins. Do t fail to write to-day and if you know of ers afflicted, send their names for this won- fully valuable information. They will ap- ciate your kindness.

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Many people want a small incubator but don't want a mere toy, a plaything that will only spoil good eggs. To meet the demand for a really good little incubator we have perfected the now famous Reliable 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL. It is the equal of any hatcher ever made, only smaller, and sells for only **$5**

10c for our **20th Century Catalogue** **Poultry Book.** Best ever published.
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would be an improvement on the old way, but WE can't do it. We CAN furnish an **INCUBATOR that will hatch** all hatchable eggs, and do it with less attention than any machine made. It does it because it is made right and has all late improvements. Sold at a low price and guaranteed. Catalogue in 5 languages, 6cts.
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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
NIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
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PIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. ok of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. ephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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Half a Century for Christ

Egbert Rinehart's Long Career as a Sunday School Superintendent

JUST as truly as there is "the man with the hoe," there are men who have missions, and one of these is Egbert Rinehart, whose mission has been Sunday School work. For half a century he has been engaged in earnest, whole-hearted effort in this direction and his success has been so marked that there is great satisfaction in looking back over it.

Mr. Rinehart was born at High Falls, Ulster County, New York, May 29, 1833.

EGBERT RINEHART

and was early drawn toward the Sabbath School. At the age of thirteen, he acted as librarian for a school in Kingston, N. Y. The greater part of his life work (beginning in 1850), has been in New York City, where he became connected with the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church. For a short time he was a teacher in the Sunday School, but was soon chosen assistant superintendent. On the resignation of Judge Wandell, the superintendent, Mr. Rinehart was elected superintendent and held the office for eighteen consecutive years. He then became superintendent of the Sabbath School of the Twenty-fourth Street M. E. Church, and by his efforts the school became powerful for good in that portion of the city. Eighteen more years were spent in this position and then he returned, after earnest solicitation, to the Eighteenth Street Sunday School, where he labored as superintendent two years longer. He was also actively engaged in Chinese mission work.

Mr. Rinehart sought to bring into his school the outcast children of the tenements. With his co-workers he made house to house canvass, and many of the little unkempt waifs, who responded to his kind invitation to attend Sabbath School, were in a condition that might cause an ordinary Christian teacher to ask to be excused from personal contact with them; but Mr. Rinehart's love for little ones was so deep and earnest that he did not shrink from dirt and rags, but with his own hands transformed them to clean and bright looking human beings.

About eleven years ago he moved from New York City to Sea Cliff and there found a new field for his chosen work, ready for him. Mr. John T. Pirie, having resigned as superintendent of the M. E. Sunday School of that place, Mr. Rinehart was unanimously chosen, and he has held the office continuously ever since. He was one of the founders of the Sea Cliff Grove and Metropolitan Camp Ground Association. He is always laboring to keep the Sunday School in a live and growing condition. Every lesson he carefully illustrates with artistic skill upon the blackboard, and his original methods awaken and rivet the attention of teacher and scholar. He is ably seconded in his work by his wife, who is the assistant superintendent of the school. The fiftieth anniversary of his work as a Sabbath School superintendent was fitly celebrated at the Sea Cliff M. E. Church, Sunday morning, Jan. 21st.

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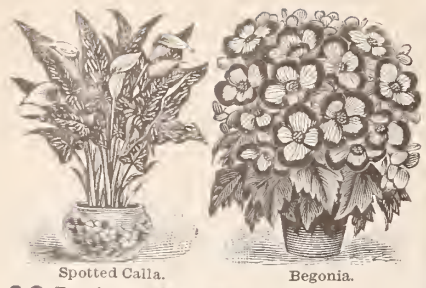

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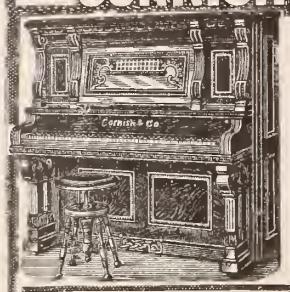

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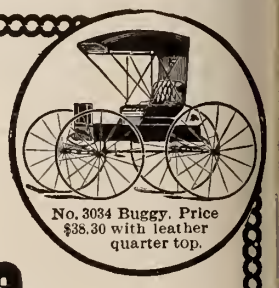

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 9

RAISING THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS IN THE MICRONESIAN ARCHIPELAGO

The first Gospel Meeting held by our Missionaries at Aur, Marshall Islands *(See page 163)*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered April 4.

1. Were the character, career and destiny of Judas known to Christ and if so why did he choose him as one of his twelve disciples?
2. Does hypnotism or personal magnetism bear any relation to the spirit of divination, cast out by Paul (Acts 16: 16), or the unclean spirit, cast out by Christ (Luke 4: 35)?
3. What was the first war of the human race of which we have any record?
4. Where on the earth's surface does the day begin?
5. What are we to understand by the land of Nod, spoken of in Genesis 4: 16?
6. Seeing that God said after creating Adam that it was not good for man to be alone, and inasmuch as Christ upheld the marriage institution, why did St. Paul in 1. Cor. 7: 27 advise the man who had been loosed from a wife not to seek a wife?
7. What is the origin of the Apostles' Creed?
8. What is the origin of the expression "the power behind the throne?"
9. Which is the most costly metal known to man?
10. Is it right to take for religious purposes the money of a thief or a murderer or a trust, paid to the lawyer for striving to defeat the ends of justice?

Questions of the Week

1. Which affords the greatest pleasures, memory, imagination or hope?

Hope. Memories of the past, however bright, have often a tinge of sadness about them. Imagination now and again builds glittering scenes that charm while they last, but which do not last long. Hope has a wide scope, a more solid foundation, and embraces heaven as well as earth, all eternity as well as all time. L. T. MARSHALL.

2. How may one know that he has had a personal and saving application of the blood of Christ?

By faith in the Word of God, which tells us that if we confess our sins God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. It is the blood of Christ that effects that cleansing. By faith we believe and believing have. Moreover, he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself, for the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. See I. John 1: 9; 7: 10; Romans 8: 16. The joy of assurance will follow honest hearty confession and simple earnest faith.

E. S. GROSVENOR.

3. What, in brief terms, constitutes a truly Christian life?

The true Christian life is one lived "by the faith of the Son of God," Gal. 2: 20. Its characteristics are humility, Luke 15: 19; Gratitude, I. Cor. 15: 10, 57; Self-denial, II. Tim. 2: 3, 4; Unselfishness, Rom. 25: 1; Charity, Matt. 22: 39; Trust in God, I. Peter 5: 7; Consecration, Acts 9: 6; Obedience, Acts 26: 19. The ruling motive is love to God in Christ, of which these are the natural and necessary external manifestations. JOHN G. OSBORNE.

4. Who were the first recorded conquerors of Chaldea—the Elamites or the Medes?

In the year 2286 B. C., a king of Elam, Kudur-Nakhunta by name, overran Chaldea, took all the cities founded by Sargon and his successors, and bore off to his capital the statues of the Chaldean gods from the temples. He then set up in Chaldea what was known as the Elamite Dynasty. In the year 538 B. C. (1,748 years later), the Medes, under their king, Cyrus, attacked and defeated the Chaldeans. SALLIE G. GRAVATT.

5. What did Christ mean when, after Peter's confession of his Lord, he said, "Upon this rock will I build my church"? Who and what is the Rock?

The rock is Christ. The Greek is plainer than the English. Christ said, "Thou art Petros (Peter, a stone), and upon this petra (rock) I will build my church." The petros is not the petra. I. Cor. 3: 11, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." I. Cor. 10: 4, "Christ the rock." Peter himself understood that he was not the rock (I. Peter 2: 4, 5), where he likens believers to "living stones," who, "coming to" Christ the "living stone," "are built up a spiritual house," in contrast to Israel's material house. R. L. DOWNEY.

The above answer will satisfy the minds of many, but others will urge that the truth declared by Peter is the Church's foundation.

EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

6. What is the origin of the English alphabet?

To the Phœnicians, a Semitic race who inhabited a barren strip of land on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean (1000 B. C.) we are said to owe the alphabet, which came to us with some modifications through the Greeks and the Romans. According to general belief, the Phœnicians selected from the Egyptian hieratic twenty two letters, making each represent a definite articulation. Twelve of these we retain with nearly their Phœnician value. But the age and origin of the alphabet are still under discussion. Mr. Petrie says that the inscribed potsherds found by him (1890) in Egypt "point to the independent existence of the Phœnician and perhaps the Greek alphabet at least 2000 B. C.," while Prof. Sayce, speaking of discoveries (1890) in Arabia, remarks: "Instead of seeking in Phœnicia, the primitive home of our alphabet, we may have to look for it in Arabia."

CLARA LOUISE HEIDMEYER.

7. Does the Bible tell us what period of time the building of the ark occupied? If so, where?

The Bible nowhere tells us how long a period of time the building of the ark occupied. It does tells us how many years of probation were given to the antediluvians. The Lord said, "My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Thus God gave mankind space to repent. The building of the ark may or may not have occupied the whole period. Many good Bible scholars believe that it did.

L. D. HARRINGTON.

8. From what language is the word Christ derived?

From the Greek word "chrio," which means to anoint. The verbal adjective is "christos," meaning anointed. In New Testament use it is generally prefixed with the article "the," hence "The Anointed One" or "The Christ." "Peter answereth and saith unto him, thou art the Christ" (Mark 8: 29). The corresponding Hebrew word is Messiah. "We have found the Messiah, which is being interpreted, Christ" (John 1: 41 R. V.) (Compare Ps. 2: 2 and marginal readings.) J. W. COUNTERMINE.

9. What is the origin of the term "Hobson's choice"?

According to a story told in the *Spectator*, a literary journal published in England in 1711, by Joseph Addison and Richard Steele, "Hobson's choice" is a phrase which owes its origin to a man named Tobias Hobson, who was the first person in England who kept a livery stable. He owned forty horses and politely offered his customers their choice, but always managed to give the traveler the horse nearest the door. "Hobson's choice" thus means an apparent choice only.

FRANCES MOORE.

10. Is a Christian woman justified in purchasing goods that cannot be produced at the price paid except by underpayment of the labor required?

No. To make a practice of so doing is to violate the golden rule and to ignore the principle laid down by Christ that the laborer is worthy of his hire. The occasional refusal of one woman to purchase goods, the labor upon which has been underpaid, may not materially affect the situation, but the principle is wrong and were the refusal many times repeated by Christian women in combination many a now underpaid toiler would receive better remuneration. T. E. WISE.

Miscellaneous Questions

S., Plainfield, N. J. Is it right and proper for a professed follower of Christ to buy and sell coupons in endless chain propositions, which entitle the seller to a handsome silk waist for twenty-five cents; a twenty-five dollar suit for two and a half; a gold watch for one dollar; or a fountain pen for ten cents? Investigation shows that parties or firms operating the schemes receive full value for all goods distributed, and coupons of such series as do not fill are valueless.

It is a mild species of gambling, which seems to attract a credulous class who believe something is to be had for next to nothing. By the sensible and self-respecting portion of society such schemes are usually ignored. The "endless chain," except possibly when used on rare occasions for an object which justifies the expedient, is an impertinence and is usually treated as such.

Frederick F., Hettick, Ill. 1. Can a Christian justify the killing of men because rulers, whether wicked, unjust or ambitious, have declared war? 2. Is any war justifiable, save when waged in defense of life and liberty?

No, to both questions. Indeed, it is not clear that war, under any circumstances, is defensible from a thoroughly Christian standpoint; wars of aggression least of all. And the time will yet come when men, having no cause of strife with each other, will refuse to wound and slay one another at the behest of wicked kings and rulers.

W. H. H., Yorkville, S. C. Last night two Mormon elders called at my house and wanted to stay all night. I suspected from their manner and dress that they were Mormons. I refused to entertain them and they commenced quoting what Paul said in regard to entertaining strangers. I never turn any decent looking people away. Am I right so far as a Christian spirit is concerned, in refusing to take those two Mormons in?

If you had good reason for believing that they were Mormons, you did right to deny them admittance. If, however, there was a reasonable doubt about it, you should have given them the benefit of the doubt and entertained them.

John C., Payne's Creek, Cal. How much does it cost to keep a child at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home? I should like to pay for one's keeping during next summer, if I can.

Each child stays at the Home for ten days, the total expense, including street car and steamboat fares both ways, medical examination, food, shelter and attendance, being $3 a child. The Home is open ten weeks, during which over 2,000 tenement children are received and entertained, each child staying ten days. $21 will give seven little waifs a holiday of ten days each, covering the entire period during which the Home is open.

G. A. S., O. I have taken in washing to get this contribution to India which I am now sending, and as the Lord gives me strength, I will earn and send more. Is it wrong for me to do the work without my husband's knowledge (he is so opposed to my working for others), so long as it is for the cause of Christ? I never deceive him in any way only in this. He is not a Christian, and he takes no interest in foreign mission work, although charitable and tender-hearted. But this is my work and the Lord's money. I save every bit and spend none of it for myself.

We do not think you need to make it a secret from your husband. You had the right to do what you did to earn a gift for those little sufferers in India, and your self-sacrifice, be assured, will not go for nothing. It very likely will be the means of saving some poor creature's life. Such gifts as yours are consecrated ones and bring a blessing on the giver and the home from which they are sent.

This, from a reader in New Jersey, is a letter of gracious encouragement:

Dear Editor:—I want to tell what your paper has done for me. One Saturday night, fourteen years ago, I entered a book store to get a book for my Sunday's reading. Seeing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD upon the counter I looked it over and was attracted by the illustrations to read the headlines of each article. I purchased it, and without stopping longer for a book, hurried home, and before twelve o'clock that night I realized how great a sinner I was. I read and re-read it again the next day, and awaited anxiously for the next issue, which I procured as soon as published. In less than two weeks I was searching God's Word for "the pearl of great price," which I found. Praise the Lord!

I have made every effort to place THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the hands of unsaved people ever since. I have never missed a single issue in all those years, buying it from the news' stands until within the last four years, when I subscribed for it in my daughter's name. I would live upon one meal a day, if necessary, to get it.

God bless the proprietor, editor, and all those that labor to make it what it is. MRS. L. S.

S. T., Portland, Oregon. Can a person properly call himself a Christian who does not believe in the Bible?

A person who has no faith whatever in the Bible is not a Christian, but there are many Christians who find difficulties in the Bible which they are unable to solve.

J. R. D., Knoxville, Tenn. Is it wise for a community to bond itself or to keep clear of debt?

A community does wisely to bond itself for the securing of necessary public improvements when it cannot defray the expense from its treasury, provided that the interest and principal of its bonds can be met without crippling the people.

S. B. R., Marion City, Ia. A wave of gambling is going over our country. In the church parlors of to-day cards are brought as the pastime, and for the best player valuable prizes are waiting. The prizes have grown a little tame, and now in many of our large cities they play for money. As a rule the pulpit and press are silent. What of the night? Who are the watchmen, and who will cry? The silent ones will be held guilty.

While it is undeniable that card-playing by church members is winked at in many quarters, let us hope it is by no means as common as S. B. R. supposes. Any pastor encouraging or tolerating card-playing among the members of his church, deliberately puts up a barrier to spiritual advancement, and places a stumbling-block in the path of many, which tolerably sure to painfully if not disastrous influence some poor weak souls. There a enough innocent and elevating enjoymen available to all, so that no excuse can urged for the selection of an amusement fraught with peril and which has brought ru to countless multitudes.

L. S., Washington, D. C. How many ethereal e ments are there in the universe and what is the relative connection with each other?

There is only one inter-molecular ether, a this is a suppositious one, its existence bei inferred to account for the phenomena of hea light and chemical affinity. In the composit of the earth and its atmosphere, seventy-tw elemental substances were recognized in 18

Mrs. W. W., Petersburg, N. Y. 1. How far is t sun from the earth? 2. Is a person warmer colder the nearer he gets to the sun?

1. The sun is about 92,000,000 miles fr the earth. 2. Not of necessity. In winter t earth is nearer the sun than in summer, y the earth is not then so warm as in summe because of the obliquity of the sun's rays. man detached from the earth and going t wards the sun would reach a stratum of atmo phere so cold that he could not live in Were it possible for him to pass beyond th and through the intervening ether into t neighborhood of the sun, he would be bur up. It may be stated in general terms th the nearer a planet is to the sun the warm will be the rays of the sun upon that plane as for instance, if one were living on Venus, would be warmer than on the earth; and if Mercury warmer than on Venus.

Mary W., Germantown, Pa. I recently read reference to the village of Weenen, in Nat having a sadly romantic origin. What was origin?

It was the scene of a terrible massacre of t Dutch emigrant farmers under Command Retief, by the treacherous Zulus under Di gaan. Seventy of the emigrants were trapp and butchered, and the savages then march to the Dutch camp and slew some three hu dred men, women and children, and two hu dred colored servants. The site of this trage is now the village of Weenen, which mea "Weeping." Shortly afterward Dingaan w punished and his army almost annihilated the Dutch farmers.

Frank C. Butte, Okla. Who was the first Christia

See Acts 11: 26; 26: 28 and I. Peter 4: which make the earliest mention of the ter "Christian" being used to distinguish this fro other religious sects. Thus though the thr Magi or Eastern princes, who came, led by t star, to worship the infant Christ (see Mat 2: 1–5), and the shepherds who also worshipp (see Luke 2: 15, 16, 17) and the aged Simeo and Anna (same chapter) doubtless believe they were not Christians in name; nor do it appear that either the divine nature of t Master or his mission were clearly compr hended until John the Baptist proclaimed hi as Messiah. His disciples were *literally* the fir Christians, being both believers and follower The first Christians known as such by nam were those of the church founded by Pa and Barnabas at Antioch about A.D. 34. T term "Christian" is said to have been fir used in the Episcopate of Evodius at Antioch who was appointed by the Apostle Peter his own successor.

Reader, Manchester, N. Y. 1. Presbyterian. He still preaches at intervals.

H. A. P., Gloucester, Mass. The Consul is Sam uel L. Gracey, of Massachusetts.

G. G., New York. There is such a law. Wri to Secretary, Excise Board, New York.

D. B. H., Stevens' Point, Wis. History, to b found in any library, tells the whole story.

Young Wishful, Delavan, Wis. You will fin the platforms in any of the leading newspaper a manacs.

Mrs. L. J. S., Alta, Ia. It is a technical ter used to describe the size of a certain kind of prin ing type.

Student, Ontario, Canada. Write to Dr. P. J Barringer, Dean of the Faculty of the Universit of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Correspondent, Montrose, Pa. It is impossib to judge of such a matter in the absence of accura information, stating both sides fairly.

Harry D., Lowry City, Mo. There is no da from which to answer your first two question Write to American Temperance Union, New Yo city.

S. R. S., Carlinville, Ill. The amendment shou have been made in writing, regularly introduced an then either referred to committee or allowed to l over until the next regular meeting, when it come up in due order for discussion.

Subscriber, Campello, Mass. Snow falls in th Holy Land, and may be seen on the mountains. rarely whitens the valleys, however, although does so occasionally. THE CHRISTIAN HERAL reproduced a photograph some time ago showin Jerusalem in a mantle of snow.

Mrs. L. P. R., Caro, Mich. If there is no othe person willing or capable, it would seem to be en tirely proper for her to do so. She probably take the opportunity of holding the choir meetings at time when she can find the largest class. Don't b hard on ministers' wives; they usually have trou bles enough to bear.

N. I. P. C., Geneva, N. Y. 1. February has neve had thirty days since Augustus Cæsar's time, whe one day was subtracted from it and added to th month whose name had been changed from Sextile to August, in honor of the emperor, the object bein to make it equal in length to July—Julius Cæsar month. 2. 1900 is not a leap year. Centennia years are leap years only when the two significan figures are evenly divisible by four.

Planting the Standard of the Cross in Micronesia

How the Missionaries of the American Board have Toiled for Christ in the Islands of the South Pacific

THE FIRST CHURCH ON MARSHALL ISLANDS REV. F. M. AND MRS. PRICE PUPILS IN MARSHALL ISLANDS TRAINING SCHOOL

ONE of the indirect results of the war with Spain was our acquisition of the island of Guam, one of the Ladrone group, in the South Pacific. This new territory, now under the rule of the United States, brings to the Christian people of this country ew responsibilities, for the dis-harge of which God in his rovidence has made strange nd deeply interesting prepara-ons. Guam is only six hundred iles from Ruk, where Ameri-an missionaries have won some the most remarkable triumphs Christian effort. In the an-ls of the Christian church here is no record more aston-hing than the change which as been wrought in the archi-elago of which the island of uk is a part, and that change as been accomplished in less han fifty years. Half a century go there was no region more ompletely given up to the abom-nations of heathenism than the Micronesian Islands. The deg-adation of the people was hor-ible, and wars, which raged lmost continuously, were pro-uctive of horrors indescribable. To-day peace reigns, churches ave been built on many of the slands, marriage is a recognized stitution, and the people are ager for the blessings of civili-ation for themselves, and a re-gious education for their chil-ren.

It was in the year 1852 that hree American missionaries—. H. Gulick, A. A. Sturges nd B. G. Snow, with their wives and wo Hawaiian Christian helpers, first anded in Micronesia. They settled on Ponape and Kusaie, two islands of the Caroline group. The situation was most liscouraging. The degradation of the people had been intensified by contact with white sailors in the trading vessels which had visited the islands. Drunken-ness and vice were rampant and the ignor-ance of the people was of the densest kind. For five long years the mission-aries labored, trying to win the good will of the people, learning their language and seeking to gain an influence over them. Time and again the effort seemed on the verge of failure. The lives of the mis-sionaries were in constant peril, for there was no assurance that in some drunken orgie, the friendliest of the natives might not join the opposition and massacre the little party of whites. But the faith of those noble men and women never failed. The disgusting scenes they witnessed only filled them with a stronger desire to re-deem the degraded people from their sins. They refused to be driven away and in 1859 three more missionaries: G. Pierson, E. T. Doane and H. Bingham, with their wives went to their help. Dur-ing the next five years the fruits of the self-denying toil began to appear. Set-tlements were made in three of the groups of islands: the Marshall, the Caroline and the Gilbert groups and shortly after the end of the period, the missionaries, counting their converts on all the islands, found that no less than 667 persons had become Christians.

KING'S HOUSE AT EBON (KING SEATED IN CHAIR)

During the past twenty years the work of the missionaries has been wonderfully successful. Among the consecrated men and women who have labored in Micro-nesia during that period have been Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Logan, Rev. Fran-cis M. Price, Rev. H. J. Taylor, Rev. F. E. Rand, Rev. Alfred C. Walkup and Misses Annie E. Abell, Ida C. Foss and Louise E. Wilson. The American Board has now in the Gilbert, Marshall and Caro-line groups fifty churches, 164 places of regular preaching, 5,080 regular communicants, Sunday Schools with 6,548 pupils, three training schools with 114 students, 114 common schools in which there are 5,386 pupils and three board-ing schools for girls with sev-enty-eight pupils. When we remember, however, that the Caroline Islands alone have a population of 40,000, and that the islands to the west of Ruk have not yet heard the Gospel, we realize that as yet the work is only at the beginning. But what a glorious beginning it has been!

The labors of the brave pio-neers have been so devoted and the blessing of God upon them has been so manifest, that we should be recreant to our duty if we failed now to extend the sphere that has already been occupied. The islands evangel-ized number more than 200, but these are only a minority of the vast archipelago. Rev. Francis M. Price, to whom we are in-debted for these facts, is now in this country pleading for help to enlarge the work. He is anxious to organize missions in Guam and in Yap, and urges that funds be given to commence the work in those two islands.

The people who have listened to American missionaries will look to see what America will do for the people who have become her own. It is therefore strong ground that Dr. Price occupies when he pleads for the money which is needed to evangelize the islands not yet reached, and especially the island of Guam over which our beloved flag now waves.

WARRIORS ON RUK IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS MISS ABELL ON MARK, THE MISSIONARY DONKEY PREPARING ARROWROOT IN MARSHALL ISLANDS

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

.. Spiritualism ..

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Samuel 28: 7:

Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself and put on other raiment, and he went, and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night.

TROUBLE to the right of him, and trouble to the left of him, Saul knew not what to do. As a last resort, he concluded to seek out a spiritual medium, or a witch, or anything that you please to call her—a woman who had communication with the spirits of the eternal world. It was a very difficult thing to do, for Saul had either slain all the witches, or compelled them to stop business. A servant one day said to King Saul, "I know of a spiritual medium down at the village of En-dor." "Do you?" said the king. Night falls. Saul, putting off his kingly robes, and putting on the dress of a plain citizen, with two servants, goes out to hunt up this medium.

Saul and his servants after a while reached the village, and they say, "I wonder if this is the house;" and they look in, and they see the haggard, weird, and shrivelled-up spiritual medium sitting by the light, and on the table sculptured images, and divining-rods, and poisonous herbs, and bottles, and vases. They say, "Yes, this must be the place." One loud rap brings the woman to the door; and as she stands there, holding the candle or lamp above her head, and peering out into the darkness, she says, "Who is here?" The tall king informs her that he has come to have his fortune told. When she hears that, she trembles, and almost drops the light, for she knows there is no chance for a fortune-teller or spiritual medium in all the land. But Saul having sworn that no harm shall come to her, she says, "Well, who shall I bring up from the dead?" Saul says, "Bring up Samuel." That was the prophet who had died a little while before. I see her waving a wand, or stirring up some poisonous herbs in a cauldron, or hear her muttering over some incantations, or stamping with her foot, as she cries out to the realm of the dead, "Samuel! Samuel!" Lo, the freezing horror! The floor of the tenement opens, and the gray hairs float up, and the forehead, the eyes, the lips, the shoulders, the arms, the feet, the entire body of the dead Samuel, wrapped in sepulchral robe, appearing to the astonished group, who stagger back, and hold fast, and catch their breath, and shiver with terror.

The dead prophet, white and awful from the tomb, begins to move his ashen lips, and he glares upon King Saul and cries out, "What did you bring me up for? What do you mean, King Saul?" Saul, trying to compose and control himself, makes this stammering and affrighted utterance, as he says to the dead prophet, "The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said, "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulchre. I am going now. Come, come with me!" And lo! the floor again opens, and the feet of the dead prophet disappear, and the arms, and the shoulders, and the forehead. The floor closes. Oh, that was an awful seance!

We are surrounded by mystery. Before us, behind us, to the right of us, to the left of us, mystery. There is a vast realm unexplored that science, I have no doubt, will yet map out. He who explores that realm will do the world more service than did ever a Columbus or an Amerigo Vespucci. There are so many things that cannot be accounted for, so many sounds and appearances which defy acoustics and investigation, so many things approximating to the spectral, so many effects which do not seem to have a sufficient cause.

To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled *Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds*, *The Debatable Land Between this World and the Next*, *Researches Into the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, and whole libraries of hocus-pocus, enough to deceive the very elect. I shall not take time to rehearse the history of divination, Delphic oracle, sybil, or palmistry, or the whole centuries of imposture.

Modern Spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next, and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one reasonable credential.

When I find Saul in my text consulting a familiar spirit I learn that Spiritualism is a very old religion.

Spiritualism in America was born in the year 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, New York, when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekman; a rap a second time, a rap a third time; and all three times, when the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. In that same house there was a young woman who had a cold hand passed over her face, and there being seemingly no arm attached to it, ghostly suspicions were excited.

After awhile, Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One night Mr. Fox cried out, "Are you a spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. "Are you an injured spirit?" Two raps—answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in that house years before, and who had been robbed of his $500. Whether the spirit of the peddler came back to collect his $500 or his bones I do not know.

The excitement spread. There was a universal rumpus. The Hon. Judge Edmonds declared, in a book, that he had actually seen a bell start from the top shelf of a closet, heard it ring over the people that were standing in the closet; then, swung by invisible hands, it rang over the people in the back parlor; and floated through the folding doors to the front parlor, rung over the people there, and then dropped on the floor. A senator of the United States, afterwards Governor of Wisconsin, had his head quite turned with spiritualistic demonstrations. The tables tipped and the stools tilted, and the bedsteads raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business! Well, the people said: "We have got something new in this country; it is a new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thousands of years ago we find in our text a Spiritualistic seance.

Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderful than things which have been seen in past centuries of the world. In all the ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a mesmeric state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything, and hear everything, and tell everything; dreamers, people who in their sleeping moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits. Yes, before the time of Christ the Brahmins went through all the table-moving, all the furniture excitement which the spirits have exploited in our day; precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulation of the Brahmins. Now do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world.

What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says: "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some important distinction between spiritualism and witchcraft, God says, in so many words: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or necromancer: for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." The Lord God Almighty, in a score of passages, which I have not now time to quote, utters his indignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a Spiritualist if you dare!

Still further: we learn from this text how it is that people come to fall into Spiritualism. Saul had enough trouble to kill ten men. He did not know where to go for relief. After awhile he resolved to go and see the witch of En-dor. He expected that somehow she would afford him relief. It was his trouble drove him there. And I have to tell you now that Spiritualism finds its victims in the troubled, the bankrupt, the sick, the bereft. You lose your watch, and you go to the fortune-teller to find where it is.

You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may have communication with him. In a highly wrought nervous and diseased state of mind, you go and put yourself in that communication. That is why I hate Spiritualism. It takes advantage of one in a moment of weakness, which may come upon us at any time. We lose a friend. The trial is keen, sharp, suffocating, almost maddening. If we could marshal a host, and storm the eternal world, and recapture our loved one, the host would soon be marshalled. The house is so lonely. The world is so dark. The separation is so insufferable. But Spiritualism says: "We will open the future world, and your loved one can come back and talk to you." Though we may not hear his voice, we may hear the rap of his hand. So, clear the table. Sit down. Put your hands on the table. Be very quiet. Five minutes gone. Ten minutes. No motion of the table. No response from the future world. Twenty minutes. Thirty minutes. Nervous excitement all the time increasing. Forty minutes. The table shivers. Two raps from the future world. The letters of the alphabet are called over. The departed friend's name is John. At the pronunciation of the letter "J," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "O," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "H," two raps. At the pronunciation of the letter "N," two raps. There you have the whole name spelled out. J-o-h-n, John. Now, the spirit being present, you say: "John, are you happy?" Two raps give an affirmative answer.

Pretty soon the hand of the medium begins to twitch and toss, and begins to write out, after paper and ink are furnished, a message from the eternal world. What is remarkable, the departed spirit, although it has been amid the illuminations of the heaven, cannot spell as well as it used to. It has lost all grammatical accuracy and cannot write as distinctly. I received a letter through a medium once. I sent it back. I said: "Just please to tell those ghosts they had better go to school and get improved in their orthography." Now, just think of spirits, that the Bible represents as enthroned in glory, coming down to crawl under the table, and break crockery, and ring tea-bells before supper is ready, and rap the window-shutter on a gusty night! What consolation in such miserable stuff as compared with the consolation of our departed friends free from toil and sin and pain are forever happy, and that we will join them, not in mysterious and half utterance which makes the hair stand on end and make cold chills creep the back, but in a reunion most blessed and happy and glorious.

And none shall murmur or misdoubt
When God's great sunrise finds us out.

I learn still farther from this subject that Spiritualism and necromancy are affairs of darkness. Why did not Saul go in the day? He was ashamed to go. Besides that, he knew that this spiritual medium, like all her successors, performed her exploits in the night. The Davenports, the Fowlers, the Foxes, the spiritual mediums of all ages, have chosen the night or a darkened room. Why? The majority of their wonders have been swindles; and deception prospers best in the night.

Some of the performances of spiritual mediums are not to be ascribed to fraud, but to some occult law that after awhile may be demonstrated. But I believe th now nine hundred and ninety-nine out every thousand achievements on the p of spiritual mediums are arrant and mitigated humbug. The mysterious letters that used to come out on the me um's arm were found to have been ma by an iron pencil that went heavily o the flesh, not tearing it, but so disturbi the blood that it came up in great rou letters. The witnesses of the seances ha locked the door, put the key in their pock arrested the operator, and found out searching the room that hidden lev moved the tables. The sealed letters t were mysteriously read without openi have been found to have been cut at t side, and then afterwards slyly put gether with gum arabic; and the medi who, with a heavy blanket over his hea could read a book, has been found to ha had a bottle of phosphoric oil, by the lig of which anybody can read a book; a ventriloquism, and legerdemain, a sleight of hand, and optical delusion count for nearly everything. Decepti being the main staple of Spiritualism, wonder it chooses the darkness!

You have all seen strange and una countable things in the night. Almo every man has at some time had a tou of hallucination. Some time ago, afte had been over-tempted to eat somethi indigestible before retiring at night, aft retiring I saw the president of one of t prominent colleges astride the foot of t bed, while he demanded of me a lo of five cents! When I awakened I h no idea it was anything supernatur And I have to advise you, if you he and see strange things at night, to st eating hot mince pie, and take a dose bilious medicine. It is an outraged ph sical organism, enough to deceive t very elect after sundown, and does near all its work in the night. The witch En-dor held her seances at night; so they all. Away with this religion spooks!

Still further: I learn from my text th Spiritualism is doom and death to i disciples. King Saul thought that h would get help from the "medium"; b the first that he sees makes him swoo away, and no sooner is he resuscitate than he is told he must die. Spiritualism doom and death to everyone that yiel to it. It ruins the body. Look in upo an audience of spiritualists. Cadave ous. Weak. Nervous. Exhausted. Hand clammy and cold. Voices sepulchral an ominous. Bewildered with raps. I neve knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had healthy nervous system. It is incipien epilepsy and catalepsy. Destroy yo nervous system and you might as well b dead. I have noticed that people wh are hearing raps from the future worl have but little strength left to bear th hard raps of this world. A man can liv with only one lung or with no eyes, an be happy, as men have been under suc afflictions; but woe be to the man whos nerves are shattered. Spiritualism smite first of all, and mightily, against the nerv ous system, and so makes life miserable.

I indict Spiritualism, also, because i is a social and marital curse. The wors deeds of licentiousness and the worst or gies of uncleanness have been enacte under its patronage. The story is to vile for me to tell. I will not pollute m tongue or your ears with the recital Sometimes the civil law has been evoke to stop the outrage. Families innumer able have been broken up by it. It ha pushed off hundreds of young wome into a life of profligacy. It talks abou "elective affinities," and "affinital rela tions," and "spiritual matches," and adopts the whole vocabulary of free-lov ism. In one of its public journals it de clares "marriage is the monster curse o civilization." "It is a source of debauchery and intemperance." If Spiritualism could have its full swing, it would turn this world into a pandemonium of car nality. It is an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into the hell from which it rose, the better both for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honor and woman's purity, I say let the last vestige of it per ish forever. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blest or damned, and gather them all on its own head in thundering raps of anni hilation!

I further indict Spiritualism for that it

(Continued on page 166)

The Twelve Moody's Sources of Power

By JOSEPH COOK, LL.D.

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WHAT did Providence give to the world in Mr. Moody and his career as evangelist and Biblical educator?

1. A Man of Prayer, the chief secret of his wisdom, usefulness and success. Self-surrender to God as both Saviour and Lord made Mr. Moody an illuminated soul and will make any man such. He believed with his whole mind, might, heart and strength that deliverance from sin and the guilt of it through self-surrender to God as both Saviour and Lord is in the very nature of things absolutely indispensable to the peace of the soul in life and death and beyond death. His chief motive in life was to increase the number of souls redeemed and illuminated by this double self-surrender and consequent double deliverance. But such submission to God was with Mr. Moody an inseparable part of all true prayer. It has commonly been taught that prayer consists of four parts—adoration, confession, thanksgiving, petition. But to these Mr. Moody always added a fifth part, namely, total self-surrender of the soul to God as both Saviour and Lord. In his searching, short treatise on *Prevailing Prayer*, he makes nine parts essential to its genuineness—adoration, confession, restitution, thanksgiving, forgiveness, unity, faith, petition, submission. This is what he meant by prayer in the inquiry room. Every part of this ideal he insisted upon as a standard for the duty of the unconverted souls to whom he gave advice. Anything less than this standard requires was to Mr. Moody what the Scriptures call "vain repetition" and not prayer. If it be said that this definition of prayer is too comprehensive and severe, it must be answered that it is no more comprehensive and severe than the Lord's Prayer. No one can offer the Lord's Prayer sincerely without uttering from the inmost soul the petition, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done" in myself this instant as in heaven. This posture of the praying spirit includes all the parts of prayer already named, and means total submission to God as both Saviour and Lord. It opens the way to conversion; it is the ante-chamber to conversion; it is prevailing prayer, for it always brings that gift of the Holy Spirit, which is conversion.

> Evermore surrendered souls
> God's love crowns with aureoles.

Mr. Moody was accustomed to say that our Lord taught his disciples how to pray, but that it is not recorded that he taught them how to preach. "I would rather know how to pray like Daniel," he said, "than to preach like Gabriel. If you have love in your soul so that the grace of God may come down in answer to prayer, there will be no trouble about reaching the people" (*Prevailing Prayer*, page 12).

Preaching, Mr. Moody believed, was to be a condensation of prayer. All this with him meant not sentiment nor theory, but business, which he undertook as if by divine command. This faith in prayer justified itself continually in his strenuous and astonishingly effective addresses in the pulpit and in conversations and prayers in the inquiry room. He never consented to visit a city for revival services until he had secured a union of the churches for several days or weeks previously in prayer for divine blessing on the proposed evangelistic meetings. Such prayer meant the renewed self-consecration of church members to their whole duty, and their preparation to labor in the inquiry rooms with the unconverted in the spirit of prayer taken in its full and overwhelmingly practical Biblical meaning. It was through prayer in this sense that Mr. Moody reached the masses, and so set others at work as to set them also on fire.

. . .

2. A man of the Book. Unwearied in Biblical study, he wore out several Bibles and absorbed the very atmosphere as well as the spiritual texts of Scripture. Miss Willard, whose endowment of experience showed that she was able to stand before queens, used to say of her days as Mr. Moody's coadjutor in Boston: "If we ever differed in opinion on any religious question in our private conferences as to our work, I was unable to stand before him, for he was a torrent of proof texts." The sound of this torrent is heard in all Mr. Moody's best addresses. It is the supreme source of their effectiveness. His answers to the difficulties met with by inquirers were, nine times out of ten, given in Biblical language. He took his Bible into the inquiry rooms as a quiver full of arrows sure to meet every exigency. His readings from the Bible were marvels of spiritual insight. His combinations of texts almost never struck a false note, and were wonderfully suggestive of piercing in their spiritual power. The great conventions he organized at Northfield and his Bible Institute in Chicago had for their avowed and specific objects the study of Scripture in its spiritual application. This subject predominates over every other in the instruction given in the Northfield and Mt. Hermon schools. In connection with these institutions and conventions, Mr. Moody brought together some of the most authoritative experts in Bible study from both sides the sea. As a man of the Book, with such aids and environment, though he himself read only English, he is to be spoken of with reverence as rightly dividing the Word of Truth. He was a profoundly well-educated man in the spirit and substance of the Scriptures. By his example in the pulpit and inquiry rooms, and by the schools which he founded, he became not only a great evangelist by the Divine blessing on the Holy Word, but also a great Biblical educator.

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MR. AND MRS. D. L. MOODY AND THEIR GRANDCHILDREN
This is one of the most pleasing portraits ever taken of the great evangelist, and is greatly treasured by his family

. . .

3. A man of soundest evangelical faith— with a mighty grasp of essentials in the answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" When Mr. Moody began his work as an evangelist, that of President Finney was in course of culmination. The autobiography of this greatest of American evangelists between Jonathan Edwards and Whitefield on the one hand and Mr. Moody on the other, and also his "Lectures on Revivals" show the condition of the spiritual atmosphere pervading the best part of the Congregational and other evangelical churches just before the Civil War. This atmosphere was a breath which we now have a right to say as we judge it by its fruits through half a century must have been sent forth from a Divine source. Many theological teachers, whose names are now held in high reverence by the churches, were then at the height of their power. President Finney himself was a theologian as well as an evangelist, and one of the founders of Oberlin College; but among the eminent teachers of the time were Charles Hodge, Henry B. Smith, Professor Edwards A. Park, Professor Shedd, Austin Phelps and Professor N. W. Taylor. Among evangelists, Nettleton and Lyman Beecher were in the afterglow of their careers. Mr. Spurgeon, who all his life by his sermons was one of Mr. Moody's most effective teachers, was beginning his extraordinary work in London. Dr. E. N. Kirk, in the Mt. Vernon Church—which Mr. Moody first attended when he came to Boston as a youth of seventeen—was himself an evangelist of remarkable power. His church stood in Boston for the defense of sound evangelical theology and evangelistic methods. Mr. Moody was the child of this great hour in American religious history. With the whole force of his straightforward loyalty to supreme essentials in religious faith and work, he grasped the sound teaching of his time and environment. He believed with his whole heart in the necessity of the New Birth and the atonement, and in the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures in religious things. His conversion was a searchingly sound one. It was natural with his native endowments that he should thereafter become a spiritual force to be reckoned with in our religiously somnolent and inert day and generation. He had convictions, and it was a moral necessity with him to transmute them into action.

. . .

4. A man of extraordinary practical sagacity, organizing power, business and executive talent and aptness for leadership. He used to say that it was better to set ten men at work than to do yourself the work of ten men. But he was accustomed to do both. In the management of large evangelistic enterprises he was worth any ten ordinary committees. He never failed to make use of all the usual and of some novel but legitimate means necessary to bring together and hold great audiences and to fill places of prayer, scattered over a whole city or district and especially his own inquiry rooms, with Christian workers equipped for personal dealing with the unconverted. Without arrogance or offensively dictatorial spirit, he had natural power of command through his common sense, decision and palpably unselfish motives. He was a born spiritual charioteer. He could drive more religious steeds abreast than any evangelist of his time or, perhaps, than any known to history. The captain of a fire brigade is wisely and necessarily autocratic at times, and must be so to meet the exigencies of his position, and would be derelict in duty were he not masterful in executing the laws, well understood as authoritative, in the work of extinguishing a conflagration. But that he was autocratic in this good sense of the word, and only in this was Mr. Moody's merit. He, too, was captain of a fire brigade engaged in extinguishing a conflagration, and is not to be blamed because he exhibited a decision which justified itself by its results.

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5. A man of unquestionable unselfishness, never dominated by the love of money and, indeed, caring little for it except for benevolent purposes. No taint of the passion for filthy lucre can be found in his record. His style of living was simple and unostentatious. His provision for his own family during his life and his legacies for them at his death were in the form of work rather than wealth, although he might easily and rightfully have been a fairly rich man. As Dr. Pentecost has said: "He was not a lover of money" (*The Independent*, Jan. 4, page 13).

. . .

6. A man of extraordinary philanthropy for the purposes of Biblical education and evangelistic work. It is estimated that the royalties on the Moody and Sankey hymn books amounted to three million dollars. All this was transferred to a committee, of which John Wanamaker was chairman. It was sacredly devoted to the interests of Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield and of his Biblical Institute in Chicago. Professor George Adam Smith calls this use of Mr. Moody's income, very justly, one of the finest philanthropies of the century. He was wonderfully effective as a collector of funds. It is estimated that six millions passed through his hands (Dr. Foster, in the *Advance*, Jan. 13). It is certain that none of it was wasted and that none of it stuck to his own fingers.

. . .

7. A man of combined courage and tenderness— bold as any lion, tender as any drop of dew. This double character was in his bearing, his voice, his eyes. He was only five feet and eight inches in height and wore a number seven hat, but he had the shoulders of an athlete and weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. Sitting on a platform and seeing other men stand up with him, I have often thought that the scene should be photographed from the rear, for no one had shoulders approaching Mr. Moody's in effective,

lionlike breadth and depth. "I wish I had your shoulders," said Mr. Gladstone on first meeting him in London. "I wish I had your head on them," said Mr. Moody in answer. In Mr. Moody's face and tones and eyes, however, besides the high qualities of valor and indomitableness, there was at times so much suppressed tenderness that the total effect of his personality was like that of a morning breeze under a June sky. His tendency was to conceal his emotions, but it required no great shrewdness to see through the veils of his manly reticence.

8. A man endowed by his unusually powerful but balanced emotions with greatness of character, and by his cautious and trenchant common sense with strategic strength of mind. "I wonder," said a young minister to Professor Park, "that Providence can accomplish so much through a man of only moderate endowments." This was in 1875 in Boston. "I wish to speak respectfully of Providence," said Professor Park in reply, "but I call Mr. Moody a great man." And in 1900 Professor Park writes deliberately: "Mr. Moody was more than a remarkable man. He was a prodigy."

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9. A Man of quiet, but very painstaking preparation for whatever he undertook whether exposition of Scripture, exhortation from the pulpit, personal dealing with those whom he met in his inquiry rooms, employment of associates, organization of meetings or the planning and execution of evangelistic campaigns. He never used notes on the platform. His Bible, however, had abundant manuscript annotations, of which he made the most skilful use. Once at Cleveland, Ohio, in his room at the Forest City House, I saw a large square table in the centre of his chamber completely covered with documents—envelopes containing collections of notes for his sermons and piled up to a depth of four to six inches over the whole space. Professor George Adam Smith says (*Outlook*, Jan. 20, 1900) that Mr. Moody twice came to England to listen to various preachers and make a study of the religious situation, as it were incognito, before he and Mr. Sankey made their first great evangelistic tour there in 1873.

10. A man whose preaching always addressed the will and all whose methods, as an evangelist, were intended to secure decision in the inquirer to accept God in Christ as both Saviour and Lord. Mr. Moody preached to the emotions and to the understanding, indeed, but his supreme object in the pulpit, in the inquiry rooms and in all the expressions he asked from audiences was to reach the will and persuade men to immediate decision to do their whole duty. He did not neglect the power of sacred song, nor of Scriptural instruction, nor of the reproof of sin, public and private, but he called first, midst and last for the instantaneous decision of his hearers to choose Christ as Redeemer and Ruler.

. . .

11. A man working easily with associates, whose endowments filled out his own, like Professor Drummond and Mr. Sankey, the three together making a globe of capacities and aptitudes for the work they undertook. Mr. Moody's methods with his associates were those of spiritual manliness everywhere commanding confidence. His experience had shown him his own powers and also his limitations. He undoubtedly underrated himself as preacher when he said, "I have no capacity for pulpit work beyond the ordinary. I do not easily reach lawyers, doctors, teachers, editors." His most remarkable power was perhaps in the personal dealing with his hearers in the inquiry rooms, with the open Scriptures and prayer as his divine weapons. But he appreciated most keenly styles of preaching entirely different from his own. He had a passionate respect for eminent spiritual power connected with high intellectual endowments. He reverenced sound learning in all its forms and had too humble an opinion of himself as a self-educated man.

His training, at the first in the mission work he founded in Chicago and afterwards in his career as chaplain in the army, taught him to address the individual face to face, and an audience as an assembly of individuals, to each one of whom he had a personal message. His style was adapted to the average man, and carried home his thought with extraordinary facility and force. He was certainly one of the greatest popular preachers who ever lived, although he has left little in print that will compare with the discourses of Edwards, Whitefield and Finney, with whom, as a preacher, he would not for an instant have compared himself. But I venture the assertion that no one of these evangelists had greater power over the average hearer in the inquiry room through Biblical citations and prayer than Mr. Moody, or, indeed, could flash more thought upon an audience through a single phrase than he sometimes did in his best moments in the pulpit.

As to his intercourse with his associates, it produced profound personal attachment on the part of the strongest of them and an enthusiastic loyalty in the mass of them who saw him in all his ways. He did not, indeed, wear his heart always upon his sleeve. He had much reticence, but no cunning or misleading evasiveness. His reticence was a shield against eccentrics and weaklings and unauthorized questioners from whom he kept himself remarkably free. As a whole, his character was a combination of caution and courage, decision and tenderness, reticence and straightforwardness, moderate self-appreciation and immense personal efficiency, trust in himself but supreme trust only in God's Word and the Holy Spirit.

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12. A man whose career has been a spiritual link between England and America, and all English-speaking lands. He should have gone to India and Australia in whose largest cities he would have been received as he was in England and America, and have done a work immensely needed on the other side of the globe. But his books went into these regions and his name, throughout Christendom, was a household word. The Roman Catholics reverenced his career. Unevangelical denominations, with whom he formed no alliance, recognized his spiritual power. The number of those who mourn over his grave can be estimated only by him whose eyes wander to and fro through the whole earth. His wonderful last moments in which he seemed to have a vision of the opening gates of the celestial city, will be among the most sacred memories enriching the hearts of the faithful. His biography, if wisely written, will contain precious treasures of spiritual inspiration for centuries to come. In the last passage which he ever edited for the press, he chose for the New Year's Day of 1900 these memorable watch words (Record of *Christian Work*, Jan. 1900, page 24):

> Fear, facing the New Year,
> Thinketh, "What shall it bring?"
> And is dumb,
> Dreading the hidden ways.
>
> Faith, looking upward, saith,
> "God is in everything.
> Let it come;
> God ordereth the days."
>
> This is our New Year's bliss,
> He is mine and I am His.
> All the days,
> All the ways,
> Lead us home;
> Let us pray, let us praise.

Native Korean Evangelists

Philip S. Yib, formerly a student at Harley College, London, England, and latterly in the United States, has returned to Seoul, Korea. He has chosen to be an evangelist among his own people. He writes, speaking of much fruit in his work and of nine in his family being converted. David B. Yer, also a former student at Harley College, is arranging to open in Korea a college for young men who desire Christian teaching. Many of the noble class in Korea are earnestly desiring such teaching, and some come over to America to obtain it. The heart desire of these Christian Korean students is to win souls to Christ.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon

(*Continued from page 164*)

is a cause of insanity. There is not an asylum between Bangor and San Francisco which has not the torn and bleeding victims of this delusion. Go into any asylum, I care not where it is, and the presiding doctor, after you have asked him, "What is the matter with that man?" will say: "Spiritualism demented him"; or, "What is the matter with that woman?" he will say, "Spiritualism demented her." It has taken down some of the brightest intellects. It swept off into mental midnight judges, senators, governors, ministers of the Gospel, and one time came near capturing one of the Presidents of the United States. At Flushing, L. I., a man became absorbed with it, forsook his family, took his only fifteen thousand dollars, surrendered them to a spiritual medium in New York, attempted three times to put an end to his own life, and then was incarcerated in the State Lunatic Asylum. Many years ago the steamer *Atlantic* started from Europe for the United States. Getting mid-ocean, the machinery broke, and she floundered around day after day, and week after week; and for a whole month after she was due people wondered, and finally gave her up. There was great anguish in the cities, for there were many who had friends aboard that vessel. Some of the women, in their distress, went to the spiritual medium, and inquired as to the fate of that vessel. The medium called up the spirits, and the rappings on the table indicated the steamship lost, with all on board. Women went raving mad, and were carried to the lunatic asylum. After awhile one day a gun was heard off Quarantine. The flags went up on the shipping, and the bells of the churches were rung. The boys ran through the streets, crying: "Extra! The *Atlantic* is safe!" There was the embracing as from the dead, when friends came again to friends; but some of those passengers went up to find their wives in the lunatic asylum, where this cheat of infernal Spiritualism had put them.

A man in Bellevue Hospital, dying from wounds made by his own hand, was asked why he tried to commit suicide, and he said: "The spirits told me to." Parents have strangled their children, and when asked why they did it, replied: "Spiritualism demanded it." It is the patronizer and forager for the madhouse. Judge Edmunds, in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, delivering a lecture concerning Spiritualism, admitted, in so many words: "There is a fascination about consultation with the spirits of the dead that has a tendency to lead people off from their right judgment, and to instil into them a fanaticism that is revolting to the natural mind."

It not only ruins its disciples, but it ruins the mediums also, only give it time. The Gadarene swine, on the banks of the Lake of Galilee, no sooner became spiritual mediums than down they went, in an avalance of pork, to the consternation of all the herdsmen. The office of a medium is bad for a man, bad for a woman, bad for a beast.

I bring against this delusion a more fearful indictment: It ruins the soul immortal. First, it makes a man a quarter of an infidel; then it makes him half an infidel; then it makes him a whole infidel. The whole system, as I conceive it, is founded on the insufficiency of the Word of God as a revelation. God says the Bible is enough for you to know about the future world. You say it is not enough, and there is where you and the Lord differ. And although the Scriptures say: "Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar," you risk it, and say, "Come back, spirit of my departed father; come back, spirit of my departed mother; of my companions; of my little child—and tell me some things I don't know about you, and about the unseen world."

If God is ever slapped in the face, it is when a spiritual medium puts down her hand on the table, invoking spirits departed to make a revelation. God has told you all you ought to know, and how dare you be prying into that which is none of your business? You cannot keep the Bible in one hand and Spiritualism in the other. One or the other will slip out of your grasp, depend upon it. Spiritualism is adverse to the Bible, in the fact that it has in these last day called from the future world Christia men to testify against Christianity. It mediums call back Lorenzo Dow, th celebrated evangelist, and Lorenzo Do testifies that Christians are idolater Spiritualism calls back Tom Paine, an he testifies that he is stopping in the sam house in heaven with John Bunyan. The call back John Wesley, and he testifie against the Christian religion, which h all his life gloriously preached. Andre Jackson Davis, the greatest of all th Spiritualists, comes to the front, and de clares that the New Testament is bu "the dismal echo of a barbaric age."

I have in my house a book used i Spiritualistic service. It contains a cate chism and a hymn book. The catechism has these questions and answers:

Q. What is our chief baptism?
A. Frequent ablution in water.
Q. What is our inspiration?
A. Fresh air and sunshine.
Q. What is our love feast?
A. Clear conscience and sound sleep.
Q. What is our prayer?
A. Physical exercise.

And then it goes on to show that great proportion of their religious servic is a system of calisthenics. Then when they want to arouse the devotion of th people to the highest pitch, they give ou the hymn on the 65th page:

The night hath gathered up her silken fringes

"But," says some one, "wouldn't it be o advantage to hear from the future world Don't you think it would strengthen Chris tians? There are a great many Material ists who do not believe there are souls but if spirits from the future world shoul knock and talk over to us, they woul be persuaded." To that I answer, in the ringing words of the Son of God: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, nei ther will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

I believe these are the days of which the apostle spake when he said: "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits." Audiences in this day need to have re iterated in their hearing the passages I quoted some minutes ago: "There shall not be among you a consulter of familia spirits, or wizard, or necromancer; for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord;" and, "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, I will set myself against them, and they shall be cut off from their people."

But I invite you now to a Christian seance, a noonday seance. This congregation is only one great family. Here is the church table. Come around the church table; take your seats for this great Christian seance; put your Bible on the table, put your hands on top of the Bible, and then listen, and hear if there are any voices coming from the eternal world. I think there are. Listen! "Secret things belong unto the Lord, our God; but things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children." Surely, that is a voice from the spirit world! But before you rise from this Christian seance, I want you to promise me you will be satisfied with the Divine revelation until the light of the eternal throne breaks upon your vision. Do not go after the witch of En-dor. Do not sit down at table-rappings, either in sport or in earnest.

Teach your children there are no ghosts to be seen or heard in this world, save those which walk on two feet or four—human or bestial. Remember that Spiritualism, at the best, is a useless thing; for if it tells what the Bible reveals, it is a superfluity; and if it tells what the Bible does not reveal, it is a lie. Instead of going out to get other people to tell your fortune, tell your own fortune by putting your trust in God and doing the best you can. I will tell your fortune: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Insult not your departed friends by asking them to come down and scrabble under an extension table. Remember that there is only one Spirit whose dictation you have a right to invoke, and that is the holy, blessed and omnipotent Spirit of God. Hark! He is rapping now, not on a table, or the floor, but rapping on the door of your heart, and every rap is an invitation to Christ and a warning of judgment to come. Oh, grieve him not away! Quench him not. Hark! There comes a voice with tender, overmastering intonation, saying: "My Spirit shall not always strive."

What One Good Man Did in Cuba

lmer E. Hubbard's Noble Work Among the Homeless Reconcentrado Children of Matanzas—An Uphill Struggle Which Deserves Encouragement

THE LITTLE CUBAN WAIFS GATHERED BY MR. HUBBARD

ON the beautiful hills overlooking the city and bay of Matanzas, is an out-of-town house, or "Quinta," as it is called in Cuba, which was first the residence of aristocratic Cubans, then the barracks of Spanish soldiers. It is now the home ıd school for forty little homeless Cuban oys, ranging from six to eleven years age, who were gathered up from the rst of last April by Mr. Elmer E. Hubrd, a graduate of Ann Harbor, at one ne a teacher in Japan and afterward ssisting in the teaching in a New York uban mission school. He took with m between four and five hundred dolrs obtained by sacrificing all his posssions. He soon discovered that he eed not go beyond Matanzas to find the ork he sought. It was easier to find ttle children hungry and homeless than find a roof to cover them. He hired ıe old and dilapidated house on the hill. ıd employed two poor Cubans to whiteash some of the rooms, which were arred with the wanton destruction of he war. Soon the place was made fairly abitable.

Mr Hubbard then began the task of rnishing From strips of waste lumer he made frames for cots upon which e tacked canvas, and setting each end pon a soap box, thus contrived to make eds for his boys. This was a wonderıl improvement upon the hard, rough aving stones of the city, upon which the oor reconcentrado waifs had been sleepng. A table was made by laying some oards upon boxes turned on end, and chairs" were manufactured by turning he boxes on one side and placing boards n them. Table cloth there was none, ut the boards were clean, as were the ishes, which were few in number, conisting chiefly of odds and ends procured rom the American soldiers. These erved the purpose until the Eighth Mas achusetts regiment was ordered home, hen the officers gave him some sheets, nd the men a few blankets and dishes, nives, forks and spoons. The old Cuan kitchen still had its stone "stove" f the type used in that land, and with he addition of a few army pots and pans he cooking arrangements were complete.

While government rations were being listributed to the Cubans, these little oys had their share of rice, beans, bread nd canned meat, and when these failed o come, or were insufficient, the emergency was met by purchases with Mr. Hubbard's ever-diminishing store of money. After the distribution of rations had been discontinued, the needs of the waifs compelled Mr. Hubbard to ask a small loan to keep his little charges from suffering the pangs of hunger. Providentially, at this time a church organization—one which was struggling to do a large work with too little money—contributed $100 to the work, and this was used to repay the loan.

In the large main room of the old house, which served for a schoolroom, there was as furniture a folding cot given by an army officer, an uncertain campchair from the same source, a goods box turned on edge and fitted with pigeon holes, the cover hinged to open for a writing table and the whole set on soap boxes to give it the proper height. There was also a table made of a box lid, with shaky legs of stray bits of lumber. For school furniture, the boards used at the table, laid on the flat sides of the overworked soap boxes, served as seats and were placed on three sides of a square, the fourth side being occupied by this devoted teacher. One English and one Spanish primer, an English first-reader and a numerical frame were the aids to teaching that were in evidence. Strips of paper bearing texts from the Bible, lettered in Spanish by Mr. Hubbard, were on the walls.

For the first contingent of little boys, Mr. Hubbard himself did all the cooking and housekeeping that were needed, beside teaching them, and all this while he made preparations for a greater number. Then there came to him two desolate widows, with little boys of their own, and begged to be allowed to do the cooking, washing and sewing, in return for which they received food and shelter. Since then a third woman has joined this cooking, cleaning and mending volunteer force. Day by day some new little wanderer would find refuge in the place and have a little cot tacked together to receive his weary little body.

Before leaving Cuba, the writer took to this school a bright, black-eyed little lad, who is the sole survivor of his immediate family and his entire relationship. Of his reception, Mr. Hubbard said: "We were short of cots, so we took a stout sack of proper length and breadth, ran two mop-handles through the corners, spread the handles with sticks at the ends, set the whole upon two cracker boxes and provided it with sheets, a pillow and a nightgown, and there lies Suello sleeping the sleep of happy childhood."

I cannot forbear quoting further from his letter:

The Good Book says something about forsaken houses, lands, brothers, sisters, children, etc., and getting back a hundred-fold. I now have three times as much land and ten times as much house as I left; the brothers and sisters are coming and I shall soon have more children than I can "shake a stick at;" but I would like very much to read between the lines "and Jersey cows." Then at the very lowest estimate I could expect instead of the three Jerseys, which I left up there in Western New York, six equally good ones here. My milkman with the aerator, the milk bottles and the cream measured by inches rather than by the breath of a hair, would present a picture as novel in the streets of Matanzas as the present Matanzas milkman would be in the streets of New York; and we could turn this rich Cuban grass into heaps of American and Spanish gold, or better still, into strong, beautiful, noble Cuban men and women.

It seems that some of us should help him "read between the lines" and not consider "Jersey cows" too free a translation. In the village of Mocha, twelve miles from Matanzas, with its less than eight hundred inhabitants, all too poor to assume other responsibilities than their own, there are forty-four orphans under twelve years of age living where and how they may. The only one of this number who has been provided for is the one for whom the mop-handle cot was made. There are also at least fifteen girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen years. This is about the usual proportion of homeless children.

PUPILS OF IMMANUEL CUBAN MISSION, TAMPA, FLA.

THE OLD HOUSE AT MATANZAS, OCCUPIED BY THE WAIFS

MR. HUBBARD'S CUBAN SCHOOL IN SESSION

Having voluntarily assumed the responsibility of Cuba's future, the people of the United States cannot overlook the welfare of the most important factor in it —the children. They need food an clothes and education, and, above and beyond all, homes and home influence and training. To us they have an entire right to look for them. If these children are not to have the opportunity of growing up into good, self-supporting honorable men and women, harsh as it may sound, it might have been better had they too perished during the ghastly work of extermination, instead of being spared to lives of wickedness, into which they must in all likelihood be forced if neglected now. Gov. Gen. Wood has very truly said of these Cuban orphans: "Personally I know of nothing which would be taken as an indication of better spirit and greater good-will on our part than taking hold of these fatherless and motherless children who have no one to look after them. I think if you do take hold of this work, which I hope you will, you will never have any occasion to regret it, and I think it will be a very creditable thing to our own people and our own flag."

EFFIE BRACE FREER.

Christian Work in the Canary Isles

In a letter just received from Mrs. T. MacKnight, the well-known Christian missionary at Tafira, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, the writer gives a most encouraging account of the progress of spiritual work there. The situation has greatly changed since the writer and her husband began work in the Canaries at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, at which time the feeling against English-speaking missionaries was exceedingly hostile. Now the people are friendly to the missionary workers, as the letter from which we quote shows. Mrs. MacKnight writes:

This is a veritable harvest field and we claim this island, 30 miles by 30, for the Lord. The Sunday School has several little ones in it. It goes on all Sunday morning and again with the older ones in the afternoon. There is no native church, no native evangelists or helpers, no native Christians except two or three, but we have the beginning of all these among us. The Word is received gladly and we see opposition departing.

In the cave town of Atalaya the boys there requested a boys' school; therefore we now have one and a native teacher, and I had to spare my picture roll and other things. We visit this wonderful town on Tuesdays, walking the three miles there. It is rough and steep all the way along the mule path, and the town is far from church or priest or school. The exceeding poverty of the people has led to a barbaric style of life. Many are old and bedridden in these caves. Here we speak to the people as they gather in the open air. The school has brought out the gratitude of the people. Another school will open by request in another village shortly. There is no opposition in our path. Our first work is the Living Word to each person—personally offered. In December, 64 Testaments were thus given and 164 Gospels. Pictures of any sort help us much and we are very glad to be remembered in this way.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Jesus at Capernaum

The Paralytic Healed

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 11th. MARK 2: 1-12

UNCLE Will: "Let us all go by thought express to Capernaum, and straight to the sick room of the paralytic, who lies helpless on his oriental bed, which is hardly more than a thick quilt or comforter laid on the floor. The door opens and his brother comes rushing in, saying, 'Jesus, who healed my withered hand and cured so many other sick people last Sabbath, has come back to the city again and is in the house of his friend where he always stays, on the other side of the city.'

"The sick man answers wearily, 'I fear he couldn't heal me. My case was worse than yours. But if my feet were not palsied I would go and see whether he could do anything for me.' The sick man's wife said eagerly, 'We will carry you. I will get two of the neighbors who were healed to help us, and brother and I will take the other two corners of your bed.' Presently they were hurrying down the street, but others with no load were hurrying faster, and many with sick ones had started earlier, and so when they reached the house it was full and overflowing into the street. Plead as they would they could not get through the closely packed door. But love is inventive and persistent, and the wife said, 'Let us go up those outside stairs and get in from the roof.' Up they went with their load, and found yet another difficulty, a temporary roof over the court made to shut out the sun, which seemed to shut them out. But love would not be defeated and so the men began to pull the roof open, while the faithful wife hurried to the neighbors for ropes. Down through the opened roof they lowered the sick man, as the dead are lowered, only this time it was for the resurrection, not burial, of one as good as dead."

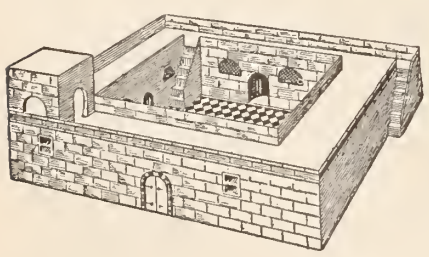
. . .

A Service Interrupted Selah Brown said with a smile, "How this interruption of the decorum of that preaching service to save a man must have offended some of the apostles! I heard Rev. A. J. Gordon tell of such a case in his fashionable Boston church at the time of the great Moody meetings. As the big tabernacle was not open on Sabbath morning, one of the 'poor sinners' that had been stirred on Saturday, but not quite to action, came at that time to the church of Dr. Gordon because he had seen him so much at the revival meetings.

"He came early and took a seat in one of the highest-priced pews, knowing nothing of the church system of reserved seats in the house of God. After Dr. Gordon had invoked God's presence to the end that souls might be saved and some hymn—perhaps 'Just as I am'—had been sung, the convicted sinner rose to his feet and said right out loud in that stately church, 'I want to be saved; pray for me.' If he had been suddenly let down through the roof he would not have more startled the congregation. No doubt many were offended at the interruption, for nothing is more out of order than for a man to seek salvation in a morning service—so far have we drifted from New Testament simplicity into conventionalism."

. . .

The Faith of Friends Ruth, the Quakeress, said: "What impresses and solemnizes me is the cheering yet awful suggestion of that word, 'When Jesus saw their faith.' Whether that includes faith in the man himself or not, it seems clear that he would not have been saved but for the faith of the friends who bore him to Christ. Many of the miracles teach this great lesson: that the fate of a soul may often depend on the faith and faithfulness of his friends. In the story of last Sabbath, probably Peter's wife's mother would not have been healed of the fever if friends had not told Jesus of her. God has an unbounded reservoir of power to save, but it flows only through human channels."



MODEL OF ORIENTAL HOUSE

"I note," said Sanders, "that the faith of those friends was a faith that worked. They helped to answer their own prayers. They were not disheartened by obstacle after obstacle. They did what they could, and only asked God to do what they could not do. Much of praying seems to me a lazy effort to throw upon God what we might do ourselves—at least in part."

Tom, our prospective preacher, said: "If I were a preacher, I think I would take for a text, 'That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then saith he to the sick of the palsy, Arise.' I would show that Christ's miracles were not chiefly to relieve the body, but to teach the soul, and that no really Christian philanthropy will stop with physical relief. The minds and souls of the degraded are really more to be pitied than their rag-clad bodies. Was it Ruskin who said: 'The lack of goods for the higher wants is not so sad as the lack of wants for the higher goods.'"

. . .

Modern Miracles of Healing Mrs. Brown: "I think we may find a message here for those who make bodily healing to-day the chief feature of their religion. Whether miracles of healing are wrought to-day I do not care to debate, but surely it is not Christlike to make so much of the dying body that the interests of immortal souls seem to be secondary. Even in the days of the apostles miracles on the body almost wholly ceased, giving place to greater miracles wrought in the soul, such as the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. And to-day the supreme miracles—as the transformation of such characters as Jerry McAuley and Romanes, and Christianizing of nations, of Europe in the Christian centuries, and more recently of Hawaii, Fiji, Madagascar, the Karens, the Telegus."

Uncle Will: "That key Jesus gave to the spiritual meaning of miracles gives some warrant to the common habit of preachers and teachers in using the miracles as pictures of sin and salvation. We are now in what is called 'the miraculous Scripture,' where miracles are thicker than anywhere else in the Bible. They are by no means as common in the Bible as many suppose. There are really only four miracle periods in the Bible, each lasting about forty years, associated with the four great names—Abraham, Moses, Elijah and Christ. And it is no strained analogy to make the various diseases types of the various forms of sin, for disease is largely due to sin. Nor is it unnatural to make restoration to bodily wholeness stand for the same word in its spiritual form—holiness. Leprosy is a parable of guilt; palsy, of the powerlessness produced by sin; fever, of aroused passion; demoniacal possession, of subjection to Satan; 'the issue of blood,' of hopeless uncleanness; blindness, deafness, dumbness, of lost capacities to see, to hear, to speak, spiritual truth; the dead, of moral death. Over all these Christ had power."

. . .

Miracles as Teachers of Prayer Mrs. Uncle Will: "The miracles in the Gospels, it seems to me, are best used to-day as teachers of prayer. Christ was God made visible, hearing the prayers of men and answering in miracles so varied as to illustrate his manifold ways of answering prayer. Usually Christ waited for the needy one to ask (John 5:6) and even drew out the request sometimes, saying to another paralytic at Bethesda, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' Sometimes he answered when the asking was chiefly, if not wholly, the anxious prayer of friends, as in the case of the paralytic and of Peter's wife's mother (verse 30). Sometimes, as in the case of the Syrophœnician mother, the answer was delayed for his own wise reasons (Matt. 15:22-28), probably to test and develop earnestness in that case. Sometimes he gave a different but better answer than was desired (John 11:3-6, 45), as when Mary and Martha prayed for the healing of Lazarus and Jesus answered, after delay, with a resurrection that converted Mary. Oh blessed encouragement, though he honored great faith, he answered even the cry of little faith, as in the stilling of the tempest (Matt. 8:26), when the apostles' faith was too small to count and Jesus said, 'How is it that ye have no faith?' And he required men to co-operate with him so far as they could in answering their prayers, as when he sent the blind man to wash in Siloam (John 9:7)."

"I SAY UNTO THEE ARISE AND TAKE UP THY BED AND GO THY WAY"

"I have a story" said Mrs. Isaacs, "that just fits your idea of recalling Jesus on earth when we wish to come to God for prayer or conversion. The celebration of a young man's twenty-first birthday had just closed; the guests had all departed. Charles Wilcox and his younger brother Edward stood alone together. The older brother looked sad, and was startled from his reverie when Edward said, 'Charles, I am very glad you could get back in season for to-night.' 'I was still more glad to come,' was the reply, 'yet, though I have enjoyed this evening much, one thought, my dear brother, has constantly haunted me. You have attained what we call your majority, but you have not yet, I fear, come to Christ. Edward, why won't you truly begin a new life?'

"'Charles,' rejoined the other, 'I have thought and tried to pray over what you said to me in your last letter, but I don't know how to find Christ; he seems a great way off.'

"'If Jesus stood in this room, where I do, would you come to him?'

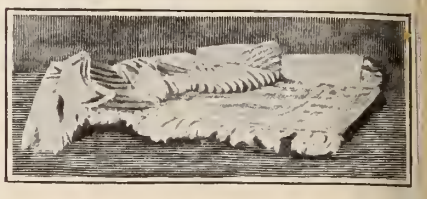
"'Come to him! Yes, even if the whole world laughed me to scorn,' was the impetuous reply.

"'Edward,' said Charles tenderly, 'Christ is here, close by your side, only waiting for you to say, "Here I am Lord, do with me as thou wilt."'

"Edward was deeply moved, and a look of joy overshadowing his face, he knelt down and said reverently, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' And the new life began."

. . .

Uncle Will was ever watching to get these lessons of our home department study lived as well as learned. Thinking how this story of the paralytic might be repeated to-day, his mind rested on a neighboring farmer, robust enough of body but a paralytic in soul. He cared for nothing mental or spiritual. The routine of farm life, with three meals a day and a slowly increasing bank account in the nearest town seemed to be all he cared for. Every enthusiasm, whether for the Flag or the Bible, seemed to him a waste of nerves. Uncle Will and others had tried often and in vain to get him to religious meetings. It seemed as if one might as well try to wring water out of iron ore as to get religious interest from him. Uncle Will tried to drop the mental suggestion as impracticable, but could not banish it. "Well," he said at last, "perhaps if four of us take hold of him with as much faith and persistency as those four men of Capernaum did of their friend, we may yet bring him to Christ." And they did.



RUG USED IN PALESTINE AS A BED

"We four children can bring somebody to Jesus," said little Christina, ten years of age, at the close of that lesson on the paralytic. The children went aside and talked it all over. Christina had been greatly troubled by the swearing and Sabbath-breaking of some of the cowboys of the nearby ranches. She therefore prepared a little morality play in unconscious resemblance of those of the early church, and invited the cowboys to see it the next Saturday evening in Uncle Will's big kitchen. One child personated the soul, another the bad spirit that tempted the soul to do wrong, another the good spirit that warned against the wrong and invited to the right. At last the good spirit triumphed and sang:

"A soul is won! A soul is won!"

The cowboys listened solemnly and some brushed away a tear as the children recalled their own childhood and mothers' prayers. One of the cowboys, a preacher's wayward son, soon after went back to his home and back to God.

. . .

A Road in the Rock

When they could not come nigh unto him. Some people would have given up the attempt and would have carried the man back. We all know people who are easily discouraged and confess their failure. These four friends were of a different kind. They resemble a man who, when asked to define an obstacle, said: "It is a thing that has to be overcome." The four friends, not being able to penetrate the crowd, went on the roof, and when they found that covered, they broke up the covering. Spurgeon used to describe a road that he saw in the Alps, the construction of which much impressed him. Nature seemed to have effectually barred the path by a rock which was worse than perpendicular, for it overhung the course by which the road must run. One engineer after another pronounced it impossible to proceed; but at last one engineer was consulted who overcame the obstacle. He blasted a groove in the side of the mountain and leveled a path. The road is now like a tunnel which has one of its sides missing. When a man of that kind is determined to get to Christ, or to bring one of his friends to him, he lets nothing stand in his way and Christ rewards his persistence.

A Dog's Ministry

When Jesus saw their faith. How did they get their faith? Perhaps one or more of them had already tested his power. The surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London tells a touching story of canine faith of this kind. He saw a dog on the street come limping on three legs and evidently in great pain. Examining the suspended leg he found that one of the small bones was broken. The dog had probably been run over. He picked the animal up and carried it to the hospital where he set the leg and bound it up in splints. In a short time the dog was running around quite cured. Some weeks afterwards as the surgeon was entering the hospital at night, the dog came jumping up to him. The surgeon patted him and was going on, but the dog began to whine and run a little way and then turn, asking as plainly as he could for his human friend to follow him. The surgeon did follow and the dog led him to an archway, where lay another dog with a broken leg. The dog who had been cured had evidently brought the injured dog. If Christians who have been saved would bring to Christ those who need saving, the world would be converted.

eneral Lawton's Funeral

ALL that a grateful nation can do to express its grief and to show honor to a brave and gallant soldier, was done in Washington when the remains of General Henry W. Lawton were committed to the tomb. For a day and a ght the body of the soldier lay in state the Presbyterian Church of the Covhant. So it lay when the doors were pened on the morning of the funeral: oopers from his old command, with ibres drawn, keeping vigil at the head nd feet. Beneath the soft lights of the er rose a tropic jungle of palms and gher than the flag-draped coffin, rose anks of flowers, tributes from every uarter of the land. At his head hung in m folds the dingy battle flag from San lateo, still on its bamboo staff and supported by one of the men who was near im when he fell. From the ceiling hung ie red-centred colors of the Eighth Corps, nder which he had won fame in two land wars. About him as the shrill pipes f the organ trembled with the opening nthem, stood grouped his superiors and is brother officers, with and for whom is life-work had been done. Close to ie coffin sat President McKinley rrounded by the members of the abinet. Close by the pew where Irs. Lawton, little Manley and the ther members of the family sat, ere Gen. Miles, Gen. Merritt, Gen. rooke, Gen. Shafter and their taff officers, all in uniform, and all awton's comrades, who at one me or another had camped or ought beside him. In the body of he church was a scarcely less notble gathering. Assistant secrearies and heads of bureaus, the Iilitary Committees of the House nd Senate, diplomats, the Orientls in their flowing robes of somre color, and the Europeans replendent in decorations, prominent mong them the Spanish Minister. There were delegations from the oyal Legion, the Grand Army and ther patriotic societies. The simple urial service was read, and then President Stryker, of Hamilton College, pronounced a eulogy. At s close, the sorrowing comrades of he dead raised the coffin, and bore t to the caisson on which it was onveyed to Arlington Cemetery. There it was laid in the grave; the oldiers fired a parting volley and he bugle sounded the melancholy taps," suggestive of the darkness nd stillness of the soldier's rest. A ad ceremony which in every age the ations have had to perform over hose whom they loved and honored:

THE FUNERAL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., OF THE LATE GEN. H. W. LAWTON

And they buried him; and all Israel mourned for im (I. Kings 14 : 18).

A Solace in Prison

A New York daily journal, giving deails of the prison life of Roland B. Molneux, the young man who has been conicted of the murder of Mrs. Katharine . Adams, and has been condemned to leath, mentions that some persons who isited him in his cell found him reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We have since learned that during the whole year hat he was in the Tombs he was one of our regular readers and apparently an appreciative one. Some surprise has been expressed that a young man who was ighting for his life against a powerful prosecution and was immeshed in a web of circumstantial evidence, which an accused man always finds it difficult to rebut, should have read a journal which has never mentioned his case and contained nothing that could help in his legal struggle. There is, however, no reason for surprise, if the young man realized, as one in peril so dire would be likely to do, that sooner or later, he must appear before another tribunal, to give account of all the deeds done in the body. To be absolved there, is of far greater importance to him than are the decisions of any earthly court. If this journal has contributed in any degree to that consummation, we shall be devoutly grateful. For all crime and sin we have only hatred and detestation: but for the sinner, whether he be an actual criminal or not, we have only pity and a desire to lead him to Christ, who died for him, and welcomes all who come to him repentant.

And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin (I. John 1 : 7).

A Terrible Mistake

A press dispatch from Rochester, N. Y., reports a sad blunder which was made a few days ago at a funeral in that city. One of the near relatives of the deceased was overcome by her emotions during the progress of the ceremonies and fell to the floor in a swoon. A lady who was sitting near her, sprang to her assistance. She ran to a table in the room on which there was a vessel which, she thought, contained water. She hurried to the fainting woman and threw the contents in her face. Instantly the mistake was apparent. It was not water in the vessel, but carbolic acid, almost pure. As soon as a doctor could be found, remedies were applied, but the sufferer was in torture and if she lives, will be disfigured for life. The lady whose mistake caused the suffering was overcome when she realized what she had done, became hysterical and is in danger of losing her reason. Her sorrow is natural, but she ought not to reproach herself too severely. Her motive was good and that fact should mitigate her grief. No such mitigation can come to those who blunder in spiritual matters. Many a soul suffering under conviction has been led back into worldliness by some officious friend who thinks thus to relieve its suffering, in spite of the prophet's warning:

They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace (Jer. 6 : 14).

A Chequered Career Closing

A cable message from the French capital reports that in one of the hotels of that city the ex-Empress Eugenie is lying dangerously ill. As the illustrious lady is now seventy-four years of age, such an illness must be full of peril to her. It is remarkable that the seizure should have taken place in the city in which she was once the most conspicuous of all its inhabitants and was honored above all of her sex. During the seventeen years that elapsed from her marriage to the Emperor Napoleon III., to the fall of the empire in 1870, her career was one of grandeur and magnificence. She took a deep interest in state affairs and when her husband was absent on his military expeditions, ruled the country as Regent. She heartily approved of the war against Prussia, which ended so disastrously for him, and indeed had a share in inciting him to enter upon it. "This is my war," she said to a group of courtiers who were discussing the situation at the beginning of the conflict. When the collapse came, an American citizen aided her in escaping from the infuriated French people who, like herself, had clamored for the war, but were maddened by defeat. She found refuge in England, where she has spent most of her time during the past thirty years. It has been a time of sorrow and sadness for her. First came the death of her husband and then of her only son, who fell under the assegais of the Zulus, while fighting under the English flag. Left alone save for the sympathetic company of a few faithful adherents and the friendship of the English Queen, she has had an opportunity of realizing the fleeting nature of the world's highest glories. The childless widow, lying sick in her old age, must surely, as she thinks of her past splendor, feel the truth of the verdict of the preacher:

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity (Eccles. 1 : 2).

EUGENIE, EX-EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

The Situation in South Africa

The cable dispatches from the scene of war during the week ended February 17, transferred public interest from the east where Gen. Buller is operating, to the west where Lord Methuen is encamped on the Modder River, facing the force which under Gen. Cronje defeated him at Magersfontein. Lord Roberts quietly massed his forces as early as February 9, and on February 12 pushed forward a cavalry division under Gen. French, which crossed the Modder River and attacked the eastern wing of the Boers, who were besieging Kimberley. Cronje appears to have realized that the cavalry were strongly supported, and would, if prompt measures were not taken, get between him and the Orange Free State, thus hemming in his army in a position where he might be compelled to fight or surrender. He, therefore, made a rapid retreat in the direction of Bloemfontein, abandoning the siege of Kimberley. Lord Roberts occupied Cronje's headquarters at Jacobsdaal, while Gen. Kelly-Kenny followed Cronje into the Free State. The Boer commander kept a strong rear guard, which disputed the British General's progress and protected the main body of the Boer army. The retreat, however, appears to have been a very trying one, the oxen being worn out. The British captured a hundred and fifty wagons laden with arms, ammunition and food. Gen. French joined in the pursuit, evidently intending to follow closely on Cronje's rear and compel a battle before the Boers have time to intrench themselves. A rumor was current that the battle had already been fought and that the Boers had surrendered, but the British war office had not received confirmation of the rumor. There is, however, no doubt that the siege of Kimberley has been raised, and that Magersfontein, so strongly held by the Boers, has been occupied by the British, who found that the position had been deserted in such haste that the heavy artillery had been left behind. In the east, Gen. Buller was reported to be making a fourth attempt to relieve Ladysmith. It is still closely invested and the garrison is said to be living chiefly on horseflesh. Gen. White has been informed of the relief of Kimberley and that news may encourage him to hold out still longer. There is also a possibility that when the Boers from the Free State hear of the invasion of their own land, many of them may quit the besieging force to go to the defence of their homes. If a serious depletion of the besiegers takes place, Gen. Buller may succeed in forcing his way through. This change in the situation gives rise to the hope that the end of this deplorable war may not be far off. It is far more likely to come through British successes than through British defeats, because Great Britain's resources, being so vastly superior to those of the Boers, her final success seems inevitable, and every repulse she endures only protracts the conflict. We may hope that at the end she will show the magnanimity that becomes a great and powerful nation in dealing with a weaker one, which has proved itself a foe deserving respect.

Mercy and truth preserve the king, and his throne is upholden by mercy (Prov. 20 : 28).

BRIEF NOTES

The first Christian Endeavor Society in Palestine has been formed at the Friends' Mission, at Ramallah.

Bishop Tucker reports that in the year ending September last, 5,000 baptisms took place in Uganda. Communicants, catechumens and contributions also increased. Public worship is held at some 500 centres.

The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Eighteenth street and Eighth avenue, New York, Rev. W. McK. Darwood, D. D., has been much cheered by a revival which has come under his preaching. Already seventy persons have made profession of faith.

Rev. N. B. Randall has been holding successful meetings at Andover, N. Y. The meetings were held in the Baptist church, but all the four churches united in the movement. At the closing meeting sixty-five persons testified to the saving power of Christ and many others are inquiring the way to him.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

"The House of Fire"

WELL, after that long enchantin' ride through Paradise, at last we reached the place we wuz bound for and put up to the Volcano House, from which a good view of the volcano is seen at night, but nothin' to what it is to stand on its shores. Well, I will pass over all intervenin' incidents, some as the lava duz when it gits started, and draw the curtain on us agin as we stood in front of that awful, majestic, dretful, sublime, unapproachable, devilish, glorious—a thousand times glorious—and not to be forgot till death, sight. Tongue can't utter words to describe it; the pen hain't made, the egg hain't laid to hatch out the soarin' eagle whose feathers could be wrought into a pen fittin' to describe that seen. Why, I have thought when the mash got to burnin' down to the lake it wuz a grand sight; Jonesvillians have driv milds to see it. I have seen upwards of ten acres of the mash burnin' over at one time, and felt awe struck, and so did Sister Bobbett, for we went down together once with our pardners on a buckboard. But, sez I to myself almost instinctively:

"What if Sister Bobbett wuz here? What would she say?"

Imagine a great lake of fire instead of water, waves of burning lava dashing up onto its shores, bustin' way up in the air at times, towerin' pillers of flame, swishin' and swashin', fire and flames, and brimstun for all I know. What—what wuz goin' on way down in the depths below if this wuz the seen outside? So wildly I questioned my heart and Josiah. "Oh, Josiah!" sez I, "what—what a sight! Did I ever expect to witness such a seen? No, oh no," I sez. "What do you spoze is goin' on inside of that great roarin', blazin' monster?" Sez he, "I know what's goin' on inside of me; I know I am jest starvin', faintin' away fur want of food."

"Well," sez I soothin'ly, "when we get back to the Volcano House I will ask for some bread and milk for you."

"Bread and milk!" sez he bitterly. "I want pork and beans, and ham, and biled greens, and chicken pie and Injin puddin'!"

"Well, well," sez I, "be calm. Do jest see them great waves and fields of lava, milds and milds of 'em, once jest melted fire, rollin' on and rollin' on—what a sight!" sez I. On one side wuz a sort of a high terrace, over which the fiery flames had fell and hardened into solid waves lookin' some as our Niagara would look if her flowin' waters should suddenly harden as they flowed. I pinted it out to Arvilly, who wuz by my side. Sez I, "Do look at that! It seems as if Nater had jest hung up that stupendous sheet there and writ on it the word Glory! Unapproachable glory and magesty!"

Sez Arvilly dreamily, "If I could jest dig out in that smooth lava the words:

'THE TWIN CRIMES OF AMERICA— INTEMPERANCE AND GREED.'

and train the volcano to run blazin' fire into the mould, what a advertisement that would be for my book, or for the *Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Man*. It would help the sale of both on 'em tremendously."

And I sez, "Don't try to train no volcanos, Arvilly; you would find them worse to handle than any man you ever tackled."

"Well," sez she dreamily, "I believe it could be done."

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"LOOK AT THAT EMBROIDERY," SEZ ARVILLY

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"OH, JOSIAH," SEZ I, "WHAT A GRAND SIGHT!"

Robert Strong and Dorothy stood clost together, he a-protectin' her, as I spozed. 'Tennyrate he seemed dretful careful where she stepped and how and when, and she looked up real confidin' and sweet into his face, and then, awe-struck and wonder smit, down into the burnin' lake below. The Englishman and Scotchman had gone on a little nigher to it, with the guide. Hale-mau-mau (House of Endless Fire), well did the nativ name it. Well, it wuz long before we tore ourselves from the sublime seen, and dremp of it all night. I see Josiah bore from me on the lava flood, and then ag I wuz swep' from him and dashed up on a billow of flame, and visey ve sey, versey visey. I had a dretful night, and got up twice ar looked out of the winder on the grand spectacle. But towar mornin' I had a beautiful vision: my pardner and me w bore back to Jonesville, and sot in our own do yard under a spreadin' geranium tree, and Sist Bobbett stood admirin'ly before me with tea-cup in her hand, beggin' for a slip fro the immense branches. It wuz a swe dream, and I waked up refreshed. We one week later we found ourselv agin on the boundless deep, the broa Pacific, bound for the Philippine How fur off from Jonesville did seem as I thought on't, but Lov journeyed with me, and Dut Tommy wuz gittin' fat and ros his cough grew better every da and he looked and acted like different child.

This wuz to be a longer vo age than we had took. W layed out to stop to the Philip pines first, and so on to Chin and Japan. It beats all ho soon you settle down an seem to feel as if the gre ship you are embarked on i the world, and the little corne you occupy, your home, spe cially if you have a devote pardner with you to share you corner, for Love can make home anywhere. Arvilly got number of new subscribers an made friends amongst the pa sengers, but Elder Wessel avoide her. And he didn't seem to lik Sister Evangeline. I told him wha I had seen and hearn, for it seeme to me like a olive branch bore int our dark rainy world by a dove of Par dise. But he scoffed at it; he said tha it wuz all imagination. But I sez: "It hain imagination that the poor woman wuz dyin and Sister Evangeline saved her." And he sai that wuz a coincidence, and I said that it wuz pity there wuzn't more such coincidences. An he didn't answer me at all. He wuz settin' straight up on his creed with his leg hangin' off, and he sot straight, no danger of his gittin' off and goin' down amongs the poor steerage passengers and helpin' 'em. He thought he wuz a eminen Christian, but in my opinion he might have been converted over agin withou doin' him any harm.

Studies in the Book of Human Nature

Well, the big world we wuz inhabitin' moved on over the calm waters. Josial read a good deal, settin' in the library with Tommy on his knee. And I reac some myself, but took considerable comfort studyin' the different passengers, som as if they wuz books with different bindin's, some gilt and gay, some dull and solic and some sombry, but each with different readin' inside. One mournful volume, t continue metafor, wuz a widder by the name of Gray. I got real well acquainte with her, she wuz congenial and so onhappy that I pitied her. She wuz in deep mournin', her husband and two boys had died within a year, and her only child lef had enlisted in the Philippine war and lay sick to death in Manila. I told her I hoped that she would find him better, but she didn't seem to have any hopes of him, and sez she:

"Oh, if I only knew my poor boy had someone to talk and pray with him as he lay tostin' on his sick bed, but there is nobody," sez she bustin' into tears.

"Why, I thought that that wuz the chaplain's business," sez I.

"Oh," sez she, "I hear that they don't have chaplains in the Philippine army now."

Sez I, "I can't believe that, when the head of the army is a Methodist," sez I, for I felt considerable madded. "I hope you hain't castin' any aspersions on the M. E. meetin' house" (she wuz a Baptist, she had told me). "I know well enough," sez I, "no Methodist in full standin' would send out a mob of soldiery with no restraining power of religion to curb' em in and comfort and soothe their dying beds;" but Elder Wessel spoke right up and sez, "If it is as Sister Gray sez, you must remember that chaplains are expensive; they have to have their pay, their board has to be considered too and—"

Widder Gray turned pale, and afterwards she told me why. Her two sons who had died got their death-blow in Cuba. They were pattern young men when they went into the army, but got to drinking and carousing in the licensed Canteens, spilte their constitutions, left the army perfect wrecks morally and physically

he died in a hospital in Florida and the her before he had been home three onths. I could have cried day after y to see the agony she wuz in. It emed to do her good to talk to me, and let her go on, thinkin' my heart might tter be wracked to pieces hearin' her e, than to have her keep it in and break ght down under it.

A Mother's Prayer

"Oh, if Willie had some good man with m to comfort him, to pray with him, to pe the death sweat from his brow and oint his poor soul to heaven!" She emed to know he wuz going to die, and r worst agony wuz to think he wuz in' alone over the dark divide.

And I sez to her, "Mebby there is chapins there; you never can tell by what u hear." Well, onheedin' her agony, heedin' any of our feelin's or fears, the eat ship ploughed on, takin' us towards hat wuz comin' to meet us onbeknown us. Miss Meechim kep' up pretty well, epin' a good lookout on Dorothy, but stin' her mind on Robert Strong's proction, and Robert and Dorothy seemed enjoy themselves better and better all e time, singing together, and walking and down the deck for hours on pleasit days and matchless nights with the brilliant light of oon and star, and Southern ross, and I didn't know what her light might be shinin on m onbeknown to Miss Meechn, but mistrusted by me.

Elder Wessel, when he wuz ith Lucia, didn't seem to want ything else on earth. She wuz pretty girl, but I could see at she wuz very romantic; she d read sights of novels, and uz lookin' out for some prince disguise to ride up on a hite charger to carry her off d share his throne. But I uld see that if the right influces wuz throwed around her e had the makin' of a noble oman in her, and I hoped she uld grow up a good, helpful oman. She had a great influce over Aronette, whose nater uz more yieldin' and gentle, d I didn't altogether approve their intimacy, but consided that it would be broke f pretty quick, as they would art for good and all when we t to China. You may wonder hy I worried about Aronette; ell the reason wuz, I loved r, jest as everybody else did ho knew her well. She wuz darling girl, always sweet mpered, always trying to help mebody; Dorothy loved her st as much as though she wuz her sister d would have treated her exactly like one if it hadn't been for Miss Meechim. She loved Aronette herself, and showed her love by her goodness, buying her everything she needed and didn't need, but she wuz so hauty naturally that she insisted on Aronette's keepin' her place, as she said. And she wuz so sweet dispositioned and humble sperited she didn't want to do any different. Well, I spoze Miss Meechim wuz right: if Aronette wuz Dorothy's maid it wuzn't to be expected that she would take her visitin' with her, and it wuz Aronette's delight to wait on Dorothy as devotedly as if no ties of love bound their young hearts together. Robert Strong liked and respected her, I spoze mebby on Dorothy's account, and Tommy adored her; why even Josiah felt towards her, he said, some as if she wuz Tirzah Ann growed young agin.

Arvilly's heart she won completely by makin' her a bag to carry the *Twin Crimes* in. It wuz made of handsome black silk, worked all round in pink silk in a handsome pattern, and she had worked on one side in big letters:

"THE TWIN CRIMES OF AMERICA, INTEMPERANCE AND GREED."

Arvilly almost cried with joy when she gin it to her, and sez to me "That Aronette is the best girl in the hull world and the sweetest. Look at that embroidery," sez she, holdin' up the handsome bag before my eyes, "you can see that as fur as you can see me; that bag alone is enough to sell the book, and I wuz jest wearin' out the agent's copy. There hain't anything in the world I wouldn't do for that girl." Yes, we all loved her dearly, and a dozen times a day we would say to each other what should we ever do without Aronette.

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"THEY STOOD CLOST TOGETHER"

Fairy-like Scenes

Josiah wuz seasick some, but not nigh so bad as he thought, and Tommy kept well and happy all the time, and wonnered and wonnered at everything and seemed to take comfort in it, and he would set in his little chair on deck and talk to Carabi for hours, and I d'no whether Carabi wuz enjoyin' the trip or not; I didn't seem to have any way of knowin'. One day Tommy and I wuz lookin' off on the broad blue waters and we see approachin' what looked like a boat with its tiny sail set. It looked so like a boat set out from fairyland that instinctively I thought of Carabi, but a passenger standin' by said that it wuz a Nautilus, and afterwards we see lots of 'em. And the Southern Cross bent over us nights as if to uphold our souls with the thought that our heavenly gardeen would take care on us. And some nights the sea wuz lit up with phosphorescent light into a seen of glory that I can't describe and hain't goin' to let Josiah try to; I hain't a goin' to have that man made light of, and Shakespeare couldn't do justice to it. Low down over our heads the heavens leaned, the glassy waters aspired upward in sparks of flame. The south wind whispered soft, strange secrets to us, sweeping up from the misty horizon. Our souls listened—but shaw! I said I wuzn't goin' to try to describe the glory and I hain't.

Elder Wessel Checkmated

And the ship sailed on. One evenin' there wuz another steamer sighted, most everybody wuz on deck. Sister Evangeline wuz down takin' care of that poor woman and child and the fever patients; Tommy wuz asleep; Josiah wuz readin' the old newspaper he had wropped his clothes in, and which he had treasured fondly. He wuz readin' the advertisements now—Help Wanted and such. I asked him what good them advertisements would do him ten thousands milds from hum, but he said no knowin' what would happen, and anything in the paper wuz good readin'. That man's blind adherence to party has caused me many a forebodin'; it is a menace to good government and public safety, and I've told him so. Well, I santered down into the cabin, and there I found Elder Wessel all alone. He had just been readin' a powerful editorial that coincided with his views exactly, and he leaned back, put a thumb in each armhole of his vest and talked powerful to me about the glorious mission of the United States. "Why," sez he, "this war is the weapon God is usin' to save the souls of the barbarous tribes who inhabit the isles of the sea and carry our glorious Christianity and civilization to 'em." Arvilly had come in onbeknown, and I see her fairly snortin' with indignation. The Elder didn't see her, and he looked off as on a pleasant picter as he said: "Yes, yes, our Christian nation goes to these benighted islands, carrying Christianity and civilization in its hand. Of course they may not ever come up to the hite of our own perfect, matchless civilization, but they will approach it, they will approach it."

Sez Arvilly: "Our nation won't come up to them in years and years, if it ever duz!"

He jumped as if he had been shot; he thought we wuz alone, and sez: "Why—why, Sister Arvilly—you must admit these savages are behind us in knowledge."

"So much the worse for us: the sin of ignorance is goin' to be winked at, but if we know better we ort to do better." Elder Wessel wuz stunted, but he murmured instinctively sunthin' about our carryin' the Bible and the knowledge of heaven to 'em."

Arvilly snapped out: "What good will that do if we carry private hells to burn 'em up before they die? A pretty help that is! What is the use of teachin' 'em about heaven if our civilization makes sure the first thing it duz to keep 'em out of it, for no drunkard shall inherit heaven. What's the use of gittin' 'em to hankerin' after sunthin' they can't have."

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"ELDER WESSEL JUMPED AS IF HE HAD BEEN SHOT"

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"WIDDER GRAY WAS UNHAPPY"

The Elder wuz almost paralyzed, but he murmured instinctively sunthin' about our duty to the poor naked heathen hanging like monkeys from the tree tops, like animals even in their recreation. And Arvilly bein' so rousted up and beyend reasonable reason, sez: "That's their bizness about not bein' clothed, and any way it is jest as the Lord started the human race out in the Garden of Eden, and they do wear enough to cover their nakedness, and that's more than some of our fashionable wimmen do, and 'tennyrate they don't suffer so much as our wimmen do with their torturin' tight shoes and steel instruments of agony bound round their waists, compressin' their vital organs into a mass of deformity.

Elder Wessel wuz so browbeat that he kinder got offen his subject, and with a dazed look he murmured sunthin about "the wicked religion of Cuba when the Americans took it—the Papal indulgences, the cruel bull fights, the national recreations—you could always tell the low state of a nation's civilization by the brutish recreations they indulged in."

Sez Arvilly, in a loud, mad axent, "Talk about brutal amusements, why they ort to send missionaries to America to reform us as fur up in decency as to use animals to fight fur our recreation instead of human bein's. Bulls hain't spozed to have immortal souls, and think how America pays two men made in the image of God so much an hour—high wages, too—to beat and pound and maim and kill each other for the amusement of a congregation of Christian men and wimmen, who set and applaud and howl with delight when a more cruel blow than common fells one on 'em to the earth. And then our newspapers fight it all over for the enjoyment of the family fireside, for the wimmen and children and invalids, mebby, that couldn't take in the rare treat at first sight. Every blow, every cruel bruise that wuz made in the suffering flesh reproduced for Sunday reading. And if one of the fighters is killed and his mangled body taken out of the fighting ring forever, taken home to his wife and children with the comfortin' peticulars that he wuz killed for the amusement of men and wimmen, most on 'em church members, and all citizens of our Christian republic in 1900 by special license of the government, why then the newspapers, which are the exponents of our civilization and the teachers of our youth, have a splendid time gloating over the ghastly story under staring headlines. After all this, talk to me about our country's dastin to have the face to reform any other country's amusement. Our prize fights that our nation gives licenses for its people to enjoy are as much worse than bull fights, in view of America's professions of goodness, as much worse as it would be for an angel to fly down 'lection day amongst a drunken crowd and git drunk as a fool, and stagger round and act with her wings dirty and a-floppin'."

(To be Continued.)

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Our Dumb Friends

I WONDER how many of us care as we ought for the dumb friends who serve us so faithfully and ask so little of us in return—nothing, in fact, beyond kind care, food, shelter and protection. To ill-treat an animal, which cannot retaliate, seems to me to show a very low state of humanity, and one of which we may well be ashamed. In Ernest Seton Thompson's remarkable book, *Wild Animals That I Have Known*, he shows a certain kinship between the untamed denizens of the forest—the wild, hunted creatures, wolves, bears, foxes—and ourselves; and just to put new and loving notions into their heads I would like every one of our children to read that book, and also Kipling's jungle books for the same reason. Whatever we may feel about the savage beasts which "seek their meat from God" and must prey upon the defenseless, we cannot but acknowledge our debt and our duty to the horse, the dog, the cat, the donkey, and the birds around our doors. They are our dependents; we can make their lives happy or miserable, and we must answer to their Creator for every act of neglect or positive cruelty which we show them. I hope most of our young people have joined Bands of Mercy or belong to the Audubon Society, or else are in connection with the local associations which have for their object the prevention of cruelty to animals. Each one of us can do our own work, and if each does that, a great many in combination will bring about a general reign of kindness and compassion, which is only just and right. Remember, the unit counts.

Children should be taught kindness to animals by example and precept. Little hands should not be suffered to torture insects, nor small boys permitted to be unkind to stray cats and dogs. Every child should have the care of some pets, for whose comfort and well-being he is held responsible—pets who will be his dear companions. A boy is the better for having a dog, or if his home be in a crowded city, where dogs have no room to run at freedom, he should have his little friend in Madame Puss. I shall speak of this again before long in another view of the case—the economic aspect—but to-day I want you to read this suggestive story, which has an appeal for many readers, a story told by Octave Thanet, and a bit of her experience, well and simply told. It might almost be headed

"LEND A HAND"

I have always been sensitive to cruelty to animals; therefore one day, some years ago, when I heard the unmistakable sickening thud of blows and a furious voice, I ran to the door. I saw there what I had expected—two horses with quivering nostrils, frightened eyes and straining wet flanks, a loaded wagon fast in the mire, and a man with a heavy whip lashing the horses in vain. On the sidewalk, either side of the muddy street, stood half a dozen advisers, and advisers and man had lost their tempers.

"Don't beat those horses," cried a woman, "or I'll call the police!"

"It's a wicked shame to be so brutal," exclaimed another; "you will kill the horses!"

"Say, you'll never get out without unloading, or another pair of horses" — this from a man, between the puffs of his cigar.

An undistinguishable chorus of pity and indignation made a background for these louder remarks, and even through my own anger I had a perception that the man was getting a drubbing as well as the horses. Not a word did he say except to his horses. But he heard, and he grew more furious every minute. One of the poor beasts tugged with all his strength at each shout; the other had apparently abandoned the effort in despair, and gave no sign, beyond a tremor of his limbs when the lash fell.

I felt a sting of pity and anger at the sight; and then I saw my brother coming down the street—my muscular brother, who had recently returned from a German university, and who was as sensitive to cruelty as I was myself. I called, "Oh, Nat, come here!"

He came, took in the situation in one quick glance, and then, instead of the stern reproof I had expected, he shouted in a positively friendly tone, "Want a little help?"

The man nearly dropped his whip; he stared sullenly at the speaker, but with a new expression. In a minute my brother had turned up the bottoms of his new light trousers, had found two boards, and somehow got all the men on the sidewalk behind them prying the wagon out of the hole, and without another blow the horses pulled it safely over the bad place on to firm ground.

"Another time you get into the mud," my brother said, cheerily, "don't whip the horses; get the fellows on the sidewalk behind your wagon to help you."

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you," said the man. "I guess I got madder than I needed to."

I have never forgotten the episode, and many a time have I rescued a beaten animal by using the same plan.

Once, after a teamster and I, on a country road, had together pried a wagon out of the mud, I said, "Now you'll remember next time, won't you, that a stick on the wheel is better than a whip on your horse's back?" and we both smiled as he answered, "Yes, lady, I will; but I guess I'd have gone on licking the mules if you'd 'a' scolded me instead of lending a hand."

AMONG THE POTS AND PANS

Among the Pots and Pans

The tidy little French-woman, sitting beside her door and polishing her pans and spiders and skillets till they vie with silver in their resplendent shining, is not outdone by our American housekeepers, though they compare very favorably with her. Some notable matrons will tell you that cake and pie pans must not be too highly polished, that they bake better if less carefully burnished, though they must be immaculate in their cleanliness. But I, for one, like to see a spotless kitchen adorned with rows of glittering utensils, hanging on the wall like shields in the hall of a knight of old. How much of your time must be spent in the kitchen, and how little worth the parlor would be if the other, the foundation, were neglected. No young woman can be called well educated, even if she has gone through our finest universities, unless she is past-mistress of all kitchen arts, including culinary lore, and can deftly and gracefully manipulate her pots and pans.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—KEZIAH. If you do not like your own name, and are sure you never will enjoy it, don't give it to the baby.

—DAVID C. S. It was delightful to receive such a manly letter from one of my boy friends. I think you will be a great help to your mother when you are older, and indeed I am very sure you help her and auntie now. I am glad you like to take care of your chickens.

—JENNY P. L. G. I fancy the young man's attentions have been only friendly and that they have not meant that he was in love with you. Maintain a dignified attitude and don't pine away, nor go about drooping and sorrowful as if you had lost something precious. One cannot lose what one has not had.

—ELIZABETH H. Your letter interests me very much, because I feel just as you do upon the subject. But your family peace is of paramount importance, and as your husband is a Christian, and the welfare of his children as dear to him as to you, I would not advise your opposing him and them on a question of amusements. After all, the individual conscience must always decide which are right and which wrong recreations for a Christian. Try by tactful means to introduce other pleasures into your home, and do not magnify the one you do not approve of by making it a subject of contention.

—IRENE P. Many wealthy women in these days engage the services of a private secretary, but they seldom have to go outside their family connection to find one. Every rich household has relatives not so well off as they might be. A secretary must be a gentlewoman, well-bred and amiable. She must be intelligent obliging and prompt; must write a good and legible hand, and spell well. The position is desirable and is usually very well paid. It may or may not include a home. Visiting secretaries go to their employers at specified hours, and are paid by the hour. Others receive a monthly salary.

MY HEAVENLY FRIEND

My Lord comes down, so friendly, free
And all my pain beguileth—
And when I weep, he weeps with me,
And when I'm glad, he smileth.

Before I felt his love at first
I grieved him oft in blindness;
But now, of all my wounds, 'tis worse
To turn against his kindness.

And blessing thus my life's estate—
Dark days or sunshine vernal—
He'll not desert me at the gate
That leads to life eternal.

—*From Poems, by William Nye Smith.*

Parents and Teachers

PARENTS and teachers must co operate, if they wish their childre whom they are jointly concerne in educating, to make progres and develop sincere and noble cha acter. Just as nothing in the family i so hurtful to children as opposition be tween father and mother, so any clash ing or antagonism between the schoo room and the home is exceedingly unfo tunate in its effect on pupils. Occasion ally a young girl is convinced that he teacher is unfair to her, that she i not treated as her merits deserve, an she tells some story of insubordination o impertinence in class, which an indu gent father will hear without reproof perhaps with an amused smile. All thi is very bad for the young persons, boy o girl as it may be, and singularly unjus to the teacher, who, it is presumed is working for the child's best interests In the child's presence, in every such in stance, the better way would be to spea gently and soothingly, regretting that an opportunity for censure in the schoo room had been given, and saying, "i must be that there is a mistake; you teacher would not willingly show par tiality or be unfair, and teachers hav great responsibility and very difficul tasks, and are often very tired. I wi see and talk with your teacher about it i a day or two."

The parents' duty is not ended here It is his or her place, usually hers, be cause the mother has the greater com mand of her time, to investigate, to as certain whether or not her child is doin as he should, whether or not the teache is in sympathy with the child, or is de manding what is unreasonable. Ther are many cases where a quiet and firm remonstrance is in order, but the teache should know that the child is not aware o this. The teacher's position to the chil is that of parent for the time; the autho ity of the one is delegated to the othe and the child should equally respect bot teacher and parent.

The Stepchild's Side

We have discussed the stepmother' position from several points of view. I may be interesting to quote from a lette written by a stepdaughter:

"I was seventeen years old when m dear mother died and left me to tak charge of the family, four younger chi dren, one of them a baby being throw on my hands. I managed the house an the children, gave up my whole time an thought to my father, did not go out wit girls of my own age, and devoted mysel to my duties. When I was twenty-on my father, suddenly as it seemed to me decided to marry again, and brough home his second wife. I am now oblige to take the second place and to be over ruled by her, and she is only three year my senior. Do you wonder that I fee badly? What is there left to me?"

The question is open for discussion. I would seem as if the young lady wer much more free to live her own life through this action of her father's, an that she were relieved of a great deal o care and responsibility, and also that sh and her stepmother might be friends being nearly of the same age. But ever such situation has its difficulties and hard ships. As this is the first stepchild wh has spoken, her words deserve attention

Canvassing a City For Christ

8,000 House-to-House Visitors Taking a Religious Census in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA has always been foremost in good works. She is fortunate in possessing a large number of Christian laymen who apply to their religious effort the same business sagacity and enterprise that they use in their ily business. An undertaking of even reater magnitude than her last summer's vangelistic campaign is the religious cen- s of the city in a single day. By the listment of an army of workers of eight ousand persons, certain statistics con- rning all of Philadelphia's million and a arter of inhabitants will be placed at e service of the churches.

The Philadelphia County Sabbath chool Association is directly responsible r this movement. Through its agency, e State Superintendent of House-to- ouse Visitation, Mr. Hugh Cork, has

REV. W. MAC MULLEN HUGH CORK

en brought to the city to superintend e details of the canvass. In connection th the officers of the Sunday School ssociation—who are Rev. Wallace Mac- ullen, D. D., president; Mr. Richard Wallace, secretary and Wm H. Scott, easurer—a special committee, of which r. George W. Bailey is chairman, has en appointed to carry on the census. he city has been divided into eighteen stricts, with a leading Christian layman the chairman of each district. These strict chairmen in turn have one hun- ed and thirty-seven sub-district chair- n who direct the canvassers.

The systematic character of the work the first thing to impress a person who quires into it. The committee not only es large maps of the general territory be covered, but it even has diagrams each block of houses in the city. The my of workers go forth, each of them ovided with a diagram of the territory be covered, and on this diagram every use has been indicated. The workers re instructed to operate in pairs, each ir having about sixty houses to canvass. he questions asked at the homes vis- d were to be the number in the family o are members of church or Sunday hool, the number of children, church eference, if any, etc. These visitors rry no literature, and do no mis- onary work, as that term is commonly derstood, their sole object being to ther information for the later uses of e churches. It is hoped that shortly ter the canvass there will be placed the disposal of every pastor in town

DR. GEO. W. BAILEY RICHARD H. WALLACE

full statement of all the persons with- i his parish who are not members any church, and have no church pref- nce; and also of those who express a eference for his church or denomination.

A noteworthy feature of this house-to- use visitation is the remarkable unanimity with which the workers have volunteered and churches have co-operated. Absolutely every Christian denomination and organization in the city has agreed to co-operate in the taking of the census. An advisory committee, consisting of forty-four representatives of the denominations and Christian organizations—from the Episcopal Church to the Salvation Army—has been appointed. Not a single person who was asked to serve on this committee declined to do so. Even the Catholic church cordially endorses the census. Philadelphia has never before seen so complete and effective a union of her religious forces.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Pastor Sheldon's Experiment

Suggestions for His Christian Daily Newspaper Coming in from All Quarters

IF the volume of correspondence which is now rolling in upon Rev. Mr. Sheldon be accepted as an indication of the steady increasing interest in his experiment of publishing a Christian daily newspaper, there will be a veritable mountain of letters upon his desk when he assumes his editorial duties on March 13. A very large proportion of his mail contains suggestions as to topics to be discussed, evils to be attacked, and abuses to be exposed. Many such letters have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and forwarded to Mr. Sheldon at Topeka, Kan. Following are some of the topics submitted by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for treatment in *The Capital* under Mr. Sheldon's management:

"Intemperance" and "War," Mrs. W. N., Butler, Pa.

"Drunkenness and Treating," "Presidential Violation of the Constitution," "Farming as a Christian Calling," "Good Roads," W. H. C. McM., Alleghany City, Pa.

"Dispensary or Prohibition," A. P.W., Bishopville, S. C.

"Christ's Secular Friends," Henry E. P., Iowa City, Ia.

"Unity in Christian Work" and "Concert of Prayer," F. J. B., Philadelphia.

"What is the Soul?" F. B. A., Sharon, Mass.

"Socialism and the Competitive System," Charles A. Lopp.

"Secret Orders a Hindrance to Christianity," Subscriber, Noble, Ind.

"Amusements," A. H. M., Luton, Ia.

"The Best Plan for a Union of Temperance Organizations," Mrs. S. C. W. C., Burnside, Pa.

"Profanity," Mrs. Cornelia D., Conaquenessing, Pa.

"Card Playing," Subscriber, Morristown, N. J.

"Publish a Sunday Edition Also," S. Wiggins, New York.

"Difference Between Lies and Stories of Fiction," G. B. S., Indianola, Neb.

These are only a few from among many hundreds of topics that have been suggested to Mr. Sheldon, the list embracing a wide variety of subjects, frank discussion of which, in the true spirit of the Master, would be hailed with joy by Christians everywhere and might be productive of lasting benefit to society.

"What would Jesus do?" is the test question which Mr. Sheldon proposes to apply to every matter which comes up for editorial discussion in *The Capital's* columns, and by this standard all current events and topics of the day, whether local, State or national, will be judged. Everywhere his experiment will be watched with interest. As announced in last week's issue of this journal, all CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who wish to subscribe for *The Capital* during the six days of Pastor Sheldon's editorship, can have the entire six issues of that paper mailed to them by sending their names and addresses, with 25 cents in cash, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, to reach us not later than March 10.

As this edition goes to press, the following telegram comes to us from Mr. Sheldon:

TOPEKA, KANS.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, "Christian Herald," N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER:—I thank you for your telegram concerning the Christian daily. Will you please ask your many readers to pray that wisdom may be given to all those who are connected with the paper, so that the Kingdom of God on earth may derive all the glory.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.

"Do Not Call Me Back"

It is given to some of those who die to get a glimpse into the new life before, as was the case when Mr. Moody revived from a supposed sinking spell, and was told by his son that he had been sleeping. Mr. Moody replied: "I have been within the gate; earth is receding, Heaven is opening, God is calling me. Do not call me back."

Within the gates he calleth me
Away from earthly sorrows free
In blissful fellowship to be,
"Then do not call me back.

Earth is receding from my sight
And heaven is opening clear and bright
With sounds of welcome and delight,
"Then do not call me back."

I have been sleeping—now I wake
The bliss celestial to partake;
The dawn of heaven doth on me break,
"Then do not call me back."

The vail is rent, my soul is free
Oh! blissful immortality.
Abundant entrance mine shall be,
"Then do not call me back."

I've kept the faith, my race is run;
The journey's past, the labor done;
The battle fought, the victory won,
"Then do not call me back."

Sea Cliff, L. I. REV. WM. PLATTS.

Books Received

Fairy Tales From Far Japan. Translated by Susan Ballard; illustrated from Japanese originals; pp. 128; bound in cloth. Fleming H. Revell & Co., publishers. New York.

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain cure for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co, Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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What does Hood's Sarsaparilla do? The answer comes full-throated from a gigantic chorus of healthy men and happy women. "It does just what it claims to do." It purifies the blood as nothing else can. The number of those who answer thus is legion and their sentiment is unanimous.

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Consumption, Bronchitis and Bronchial Asthma

Diseases which Cause Almost as Many Deaths as Consumption.

BY DR. ROBERT HUNTER.

A cold settling on the chest or grippe that goes down to the lungs produces bronchitis, and when it has continued for several months it becomes chronic bronchitis.

There is at first only trifling cough in the morning with slight chilly feelings, followed by a sense of feverishness towards evening. Walking rapidly or going upstairs cause shortness of breath with a general sense of tightness and oppression in the chest.

As the disease advances the patient begins to raise yellow, or greenish-yellow matter; has hectic fever and night-sweats and loses in flesh and strength. From this point, unless arrested by treatment, it goes on rapidly, soon exhausts the vitality and causes death with symptoms closely resembling consumption and yet not consumption at all.

By careful observation extending through many years, I am confident that fully *two-fifths* of all the deaths charged to consumption are really deaths by consumptive bronchitis. On examining the sputum and the tissues of the lungs in these cases, we find neither tubercles nor the bacilli germs that are always present in *true* consumption.

This is a most important fact, for bronchitis is much easier to cure than consumption, every case being curable if properly treated. It is only a seated, chronic inflammation of the mucous lining of the air tubes, and at the worst is as certainly curable in the lungs as such inflammation in any other part of the body.

Consumptive bronchitis is not curable by medicine given by the stomach, nor by those hyperdermically injected, for they never reach its seat. It is only by the direct application of medicines to the lining of the bronchial tubes in the lungs that cure is ever effected. The disease is not in the stomach, nor in the blood, but in the lining of the lungs, and *there the remedies must be applied.*

Nothing but a direct application of healing medicines, antiseptics and germicides to the very seat of the disease will effect the cure of this or any other lung case, and they can be applied only by inhaling them in a gaseous state. The lungs constitute an air cavity, and can be reached medicinally only by medicated air. This treatment was discovered, perfected and first successfully applied by me. It is the only natural, scientific and commonsense treatment ever applied for the cure of bronchial and consumptive diseases. If it fails, nothing else could possibly succeed. But it never does fail, unless mortal injury to the lung structures has taken place before it is applied.

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Death of a Veteran

Dr. W. H. Green, of Princeton, Passes Away After a Long Life of Distinguished Service

NEWS of the death of Dr. Green, of Princeton, will be received in the homes of clergymen in all our States and in many foreign lands with the deep sorrow that is seldom awakened save by the death of a beloved father. To many a minister he was dear as a father and

THE LATE PROF. WILLIAM H. GREEN

was reverenced with real filial feeling. For more than fifty years he has been the friend as well as the instructor of the men who fill our pulpits, enjoying their respect and affection. They will feel that a prince has fallen in Israel and will deplore the bereavement which has fallen on the Church of Christ. All the more will his loss be felt, because those who reverenced him most, believe that there is serious need for such men in these times. Their number grows less year by year and their places are not filled; for Dr. Green, though a ripe scholar, belonged to the old school and was a stalwart opponent of the higher criticism. From the time when Bishop Colenso startled the public by his bold theories, to the day when Dr. Green laid aside his pen forever, that pen had been busy in defence of the orthodox faith, and its power had been all the greater because of the kindliness with which it was wielded.

William Henry Green came of a distinguished family. One of his uncles was Chancellor of the State of New Jersey; another was Judge of the Court of Errors and Appeals; while a third, a wealthy merchant, won enduring fame by the magnificence of his gifts to philanthropic enterprises and to education. The future professor was educated at Lafayette College and graduated at the early age of sixteen. Seldom has any college turned out a student so youthful who had made attainments so brilliant. It was his intention to proceed at once to Princeton for his theological course, but Lafayette urged its claims upon him and he was induced to remain for two years as a professor. In 1846 he had completed his studies in the seminary at Princeton, and though only just past his majority, was offered the post of Instructor in Hebrew. He accepted it and also undertook pastoral work as the stated supply of the Second Presbyterian Church of Princeton. Three years later he resigned to accept a call from the Central Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. But though a preacher of rare power, his strength lay in his teaching capacity, and at the end of a successful pastorate of ten years, he returned to his beloved college as Professor of Oriental and Old Testament Literature. From that time until his death, on February 10, he was the most prominent of the Princeton faculty.

Dr. Green had the gratification that few men enjoy so fully as he, of knowing how highly he was honored in the religious world. In 1868 the Presidency of Princeton was offered to him, but was declined. Rutgers College conferred on him the degree of LL. D., Princeton gave him the degree of D. D., and the same degree was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh. In 1891 the Presbyterian Church elected him to the highest office in its gift, that of Moderator of the General Assembly. But the highest tribute to his scholarship was the one paid him in his appointment as Chairman of the American Committee of Revisers of the Old Testament, the duties of which were long and arduous. He leaves behind him many valuable works, the best known of which are: *The Argument of the Book of Job Unfolded; Moses and the Prophets; The Hebrew Feasts in Relation to Recent Critical Hypotheses Concerning the Pentateuch; The Unity of the Book of Genesis; The Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch;* and *A General Introduction to the Old Testament.*

A Child's Beautiful Faith

MRS. JULIA D. KILPATRICK, a reader of this journal, residing at Madison, Neb., contributes this most touching anecdote of the early evangelistic career of the late Dwight L. Moody:

Your anecdotes of the life of Moody caused me to look through the diary kept by my father, Rev. H. Geer, while in City Point at the close of the war in the employ of the Christian Commission. At the conclusion of a very interesting meeting, attended by a large number of soldiers, a young man (Dwight L. Moody), came to the front of the platform with two small Bibles in his hands, which he said were to be given to two soldiers who would promise to comply with certain conditions, which he would state after telling a little story connected with these Bibles. There lived in Chicago, he said, a poor widow with two little girls. The father had been killed in the war. One day, the older little girl found her mamma crying, and throwing her arms around her neck she begged to know what made her feel bad. The mother told the child that her papa was dead and they were very poor and had nothing to eat; she didn't know where they were going to get any bread. The little one looked into her mother's face and asked "doesn't God know about it?" The mother replied "Yes." "Well, doesn't he care and won't he give us bread if we ask him?" "Why, yes," said the mother. "Can't we go and ask him then?" said the little girl. She led her baby sister into the next room beside the crib and they knelt down. The mother followed and listened to the prayer. "Oh, God," said the little supplicant, "we are poor and papa is dead and we haven't anything to eat. Won't you please send us some bread for Christ's sake? Amen." She went to her mother after the prayer and said: "Don't cry any more, mamma, for God will send us something to eat."

A short time after these events, Mr. Moody heard of the destitution of the family and carried them a basket of provisions. When the little girl saw the food, she cried out: "There, mamma! Didn't I tell you God would take care of us!" Mr. Moody found employment for the mother, and the little girls who were very much interested in soldiers, because their papa was a soldier, began to save every penny they could earn to help the soldiers in every way. When they had saved seventeen cents apiece, they took it to Mr. Moody and asked him what they could do with it to help the soldiers. Mr. Moody bought the two Bibles—cheap editions—and the little girls asked him to take them to the soldiers and give them to two who would promise to give their hearts to God. There was a solemn hush through the vast assembly after the recital of the story. Then Mr. Moody asked if there were two soldiers present who were ready to comply with the conditions. Quite a number rose, and two went forward to receive the Bibles, after which they knelt and gave themselves to God.

Samantha and Liliuokalani

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—In February 14 issue I was very much delighted to see a picture of Queen Liliuokalani. While traveling across the continent in November, 1898, I had the pleasure of seeing the Queen, as she was on our train for two days, and stopped off at Salt Lake City the same day I did.

On the platform of the depot in Salt Lake City she was met by some of her former household servants. I noticed one in particular, who got down on her knees, kissed the Queen's hand, and was about to kiss the hem of her dress, when the Queen took her by the hand, lifted her to her feet, and kissed her. The whole scene was very impressive and was witnessed by a great number of people.

She spent the day in Salt Lake City, being entertained at the hotel by her friends, and in the evening she continued her journey to Washington to see President McKinley in behalf of her lost kingdom.

I may add that I am real glad Samantha did not kiss the Queen. SUSAN.

Unnatural Hunger

A Sure Sign of Hidden Dyspepsia.

"It was necessary to eat dinner at 11 o'clock," says Mrs. C. F. Ollman, 1131 Preston St., Rockford, Ill., in order to have strength to prepare the noonday meal for the family.

"While I was drinking coffee I felt so faint at 11 o'clock that I was unable to proceed with the work unless I had lunch. If I missed the 11 o'clock meal, I was attacked with a severe sick headache.

"My complexion at that time was a sight, great blotches appearing on my face, and I was so nervous I could sleep but a few minutes at a time, and would wake in the morning more tired than when I went to bed.

"Our grocer called my attention one day to Postum Cereal Coffee. This was about three years ago. I immediately quit the use of coffee and took up Postum having it prepared properly. The change produced a remarkable result. In a week or two I was able to leave off the 11 o'clock lunch and take my dinner in the regular way with the rest of the family. My blotchy complexion disappeared and a natural complexion took its place. Now I can go from morning until night without a meal, if I desire, and no headache or inconvenience of any kind appears. I sleep sound as a baby, and my kidney trouble, which was more than serious, has entirely disappeared.

"A lady friend was recommended to try Postum, and a short time after, told me she was disgusted with it for it had no taste. I asked her if she boiled it carefully fifteen minutes after the real bubbling commenced. She said no, and in reply to another question, said she used only one heaping teaspoonful to the cup. I explained to her that she must use two heaping teaspoons to the cup and let it boil long enough. The next time I saw her she said she used Postum regularly and liked it very much indeed, and that it had made a great change in her health and the health of one or two members of her family."

It seems plain, from this experiment, that one is justified in the inference that coffee is an actual poison to many human beings, and sets up all sorts of diseases. The remedy is plain enough—to abandon the coffee and use Postum Food Coffee, which is sold by all grocers at 15 and 25 cents a package.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1899
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums	$44,524,519 2
From all other Sources	14,365,557 9
	$58,890,077 2

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$15,629,979 4
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	10,739,057 1
For all other accounts	12,228,444 1
	$38,597,480 6

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$173,185,461 7
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	74,794,821 6
Loans on Bonds and other Securities	6,330,000 0
Loans on Company's Policies	4,374,636 6
Real Estate: Company's 12 Office Buildings, and other Properties	23,186,525 0
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	13,012,455 0
Accrued interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,960,637 4
	$301,844,537 5

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc.	$251,711,988 6
Contingent Guarantee Fund	47,952,548 9
Available for Authorized Dividends	2,180,000 0
	$301,844,537 5
Insurance and Annuities in force	$1,052,665,211 6

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
CHARLES A. PRELLER Audito

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manage
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-Presiden
FREDERIC CROMWELL	Treasure
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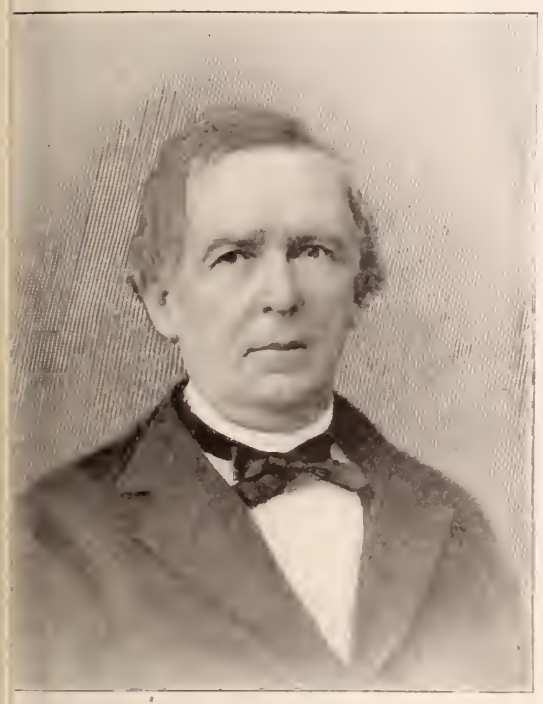
A Life of Christian Service

JUDGE ENOCH LEWIS FANCHER, who died Feb. 9 in New York City, had been connected with the American Bible Society, first as manager, then as president, for a period of forty years. Any man serving God and his fellows in such wise has a profound hold upon the interest of our aders, and Judge Fancher's history and aracter are not unfamiliar to them: but this hour of his departure they will be ad to refresh their memories with some tailed account of the life of this good d true man, who died full of years and nors. That he was a true citizen and



THE LATE JUDGE ENOCH L. FANCHER

rhteous man of business is worthy of rord and memorial; that he was an einent lawyer and jurist, commands ther attention; but that he used his gts and acquirements to further the giv- it of God's Word to the multitude—this is that builds him an indestructible nument in human hearts and lives.

Dr. Fancher was born Jan. 10, 1817, in Ptchess Co., N. Y. His father was Smuel Newman Fancher, a farmer of od standing and large influence in his rghborhood, whose dwelling was known a "the preachers' home," for its hospable doors were ever open to wayfarin ministers of the Gospel; and so Foch grew up in an atmosphere of worsp and service. As a lad he heard contually at his father's fireside reading o the Scriptures, exhortations and pyer in the voices of men to whom relion was a vital truth and the Bible the nst precious and sacred of books. Little nder that he was ready to lend his nnhood's energy and talents to sending t Bible to those who had it not. His ecation began in the local schools; ws continued in Poughkeepsie; from Poughkeepsie he came to New York City, al here commenced that struggle for bsiness success in which he come out vtor, in spite of the fact that he had had nther friends nor money to help him n he start. Temperance, honesty, frugity, a Christian character and unrenting work made up his capital; and wo will say that such capital is not a bter foundation for any young man's s cess in life than any bank account his fher can give him? It was sufficient fo this young man. He climbed rapidly frn the lowest rung in the ladder to a p ition of distinction and influence; his zal in spiritual and philanthropic work a ays keeping pace with his application a enterprise in business matters. At tl time of his death he was president of th New York Institute for the Instructin of the Deaf and Dumb, president of th New Windsor Fresh Air Fund and psident of the Board of Trustees of St. Pal's M. E. Church.

His election as a justice of the Supreme Court in 1872 was a tribute not only to his forensic ability, but to his high integrity: such also was his appointment by Governor Dix, in 1874, to the post of legal arbitrator of the New York Chamber of Commerce. He was married in early manhood to Miss Mary A. Nicoll, of Windsor, where he has had a summer residence for many years. His dwelling, like his father's, was always the preacher's home. Mrs. Fancher died twenty-five years ago. There were no children; but his wife's niece and his adopted daughter, Mrs. William H. Harris, mourn the loss of one who had truly been as a father to her. Funeral services were held at his New York home, 141 Madison avenue, his pastor, Rev. Dr. George P. Eckman, officiating.

The following stanza from a poem written by Judge Fancher some years ago was appropriately read:

On faith's triumphal wing
We view that home above,
Where saved and happy spirits sing
The melodies of love.
From that ecstatic throng
Glad anthems fill the skies,
And o'er the plains of heaven prolong
Their choral harmonies.

In 1859 he became a member of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, and in 1885 its president. During this period, "his legal and personal services," as stated in *The Bible Society Record*, "given without thought of compensation, were of immense value to the Society, especially in the delicate questions relating to legacies. Above and beyond any special service, his best service has been the constant influence in its counsels of a rich and well-stored mind, animated by a pure and loving zeal for God and all things good, 'for he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.'"

In its eighty-four years of existence, the Society has issued about 7,000,000 Bibles; and the Scriptures, in almost every tongue that is spoken, have been carried by its colporteurs to almost every corner of the globe. Mule-back and man-back, as well as in ships and railroad cars, these Bibles, printed in New York, have found their way, over seas and across rugged hills and desert wastes, to those who sat in darkness crying for light.

"Ye Must Be Born Again"

JOHN 3.

NICODEMUS, Nicodemus, chief in Israel;
Nicodemus, Nicodemus, mark this message well:
"If God's Kingdom man would see,
He a creature new must be."
Marvel not; I say to thee:
"Ye must be born again."

Nicodemus, Nicodemus, flesh but flesh doth yield;
Nicodemus, Nicodemus, God hath the Spirit sealed.
They who would be Spirit born
Must of fleshly lusts be shorn:
Then awakes the natal morn.
"Ye must be born again."

Nicodemus, Nicodemus, hear the night wind blow;
Nicodemus, Nicodemus, though its sound you know,
Yet man's wisdom cannot tell
Whence it rose or whence it fell:
So with Spirit-birth as well.
"Ye must be born again."

Nicodemus, Nicodemus, mark this truth I give;
Nicodemus, Nicodemus, "look to Christ and live."
"God so loved mankind that he
Sent his Son the Way to be:
He the Light, the Saviour he."
"Ye must be born again."

Boston, Mass. C. G. LE CRAS.

The Best Chocolate.

When placing on the market the new product Van Houten's Chocolate (for eating) some time ago, the manufacturers had before them the object of offering buyers a nutritive and digestible Chocolate of irreproachable composition, while at the same time more delicious in flavor than any of the already existing kinds; in other words, a Chocolate which, both from the point of view as to health as well as to flavor, should satisfy the most exacting demands. The universal good opinion concerning Van Houten's Chocolate, seems to prove that this object has been attained; and it is recognised as being as superior to other Chocolates, as Van Houten's Cocoa is superior to other cocoas. When travelling, picnicking, or bicycling, it proves of great service.

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By Edward Eggleston.

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A Private Lesson from a Bull-dog.
A Spell Coming.
Mirandy, Hank, and Shocky.
Spelling down the Master.
The Walk Home.
A Night at Pete Jones's.
Ominous Remarks of Mr. Jones.
The Struggle in the Dark.
Has God Forgotten Shocky?
The Devil of Science.
Miss Martha Hawkins.
The Hardshell Preacher.
A Struggle for the Mastery.
A Crisis with Bud.
The Church of the Best Licks.
The Church Militant.
A Council of War.
Odds and Ends.
Face to Face.
God Remembers Shocky.
Miss Nancy Sawyer.
Pancakes.
A Charitable Institution.
The Good Samaritan.
Bud Wooing.
A Letter and its Consequences.
A Loss and a Gain.
The Flight.
The Trial.
"Brother Sodom."
The Trial Concluded.
After the Battle.
Into the Light.
"How it Came Out."

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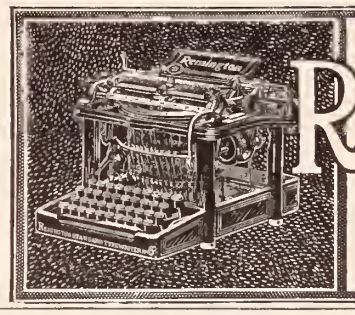

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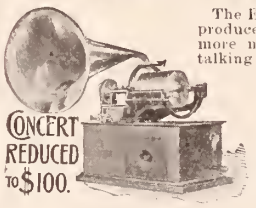

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The Coming Kingdom

Characteristics and Contrasts of the Millennial Reign of Christ

By Rev. William Maude

IT may be truly said of this our sin-stricken world, that, irrespective, of course, of the supreme individual need of salvation, it has four great wants; viz.: considered politically, it wants peace; considered socially, it wants righteousness; considered scientifically, it wants power; and considered intellectually and spiritually, it wants light. Let us look at the second of these, as it will be met in the millenium.

Peace is the flower of which righteousness is the root; morally there is an inseparable causal connection between them; there can be no real peace either for a man, a nation, or a world, in the absence of righteousness. Accordingly, we find in Scripture an intimate and inseparable connection between righteousness and peace again and again expressed. So Isaiah speaks of a time when "judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And," he adds, "the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever" (Isa. 32:16, 17).

But what is righteousness, and how shall we define it? It comes from two old Anglo-Saxon words signifying right or straight, and wise or prudent. Righteousness, therefore, is keeping to the straight line, pursuing the straight path and avoiding all serpentine deviations therefrom. In like manner, vulgarly indeed, but by the use of a similar analogy, we still speak of acting "on the square," as equivalent to acting uprightly and honestly. So Solomon says, "In the way of righteousness"—the straight open way in which neither robber nor serpent lurks—"is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death" (Prov. 12:28). While concerning Messiah it is divinely declared: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: a rod of straightness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom" (Heb. 1:8).

Let us note, then, some of the great forces which will "make for righteousness" in that kingdom of righteousness and peace whereof we speak.

The supreme and universal power and rule will be absolutely and divinely righteous. "Behold," says Isaiah, "a King shall reign in righteousness." And this King is none other than the Lord Jesus himself; for Zechariah says, "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one" (Zech. 14:9). Of his solemn investiture, Daniel had a sublime revelation when he "saw in the night visions, and, behold One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed" (Dan. 7:13, 14).

Now concerning this King it is said, "He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth. And righteousness also shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins" (Isaiah 11:3–5). While of him the Psalmist sings, "The Lord shall endure forever, he hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of troubles" (Psalm 9:7–9).

And if this were all, what an unspeakable blessing would it prove to the world! An absolute monarchy is undoubtedly the only perfect form of human government, but it involves the possession and exercise of a power which cannot with safety be intrusted to any fallen man. But to his Son, God can with divinest confidence say, "Thy throne, oh God, is forever and ever," because he can add, "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows" (Heb. 1:8, 9).

Again, how profoundly would it affect the conduct of men toward their fellows, whether inferior or superior in station, to know that there was on earth and within reach a Supreme Authority, not only armed with irresistible power, but whose decrees were infallibly true and incorruptibly righteous; and which was, moreover, accessible to the poor as well as the rich, to the servant as freely as his employer, nay, which made the former his special care, seeing that it is written, "with righteousness shall he judge the poor," and will be a "refuge for the oppressed." What a blessing, I say, would this be to the world; how completely would it alter the complexion and constitution of all human society. "I appeal unto Cæsar," said Paul, when he feared that justice was not to be had at a lower tribunal, though Cæsar did not rule in righteousness. But when the poorest and humblest shall be able to say, "I appeal to the King of kings," how will injustice shrink back appalled and selfishness hang its head in confusion and dismay!

A Pauper's Consecrated Gift

AMONG other contributions lately received by the General Committee recently appointed in New York for aiding in the erection of a great Protestant Memorial Church at Spires-on-the-Rhine was a gift from an aged inmate of the Almshouse on Blackwell's Island, N. Y. Accompanying the gift was a letter from the chaplain of the Almshouse, to Dr. Albert Beyschlag, the representative in this country of the Spires Memorial Committee, in which the writer said:

The history of this dollar may interest you and I believe you will feel with me that it is of more value than many a thousand dollars you may receive. This woman came to my office and said she wanted to give a dollar for your church. Next day, she came in again with a few pennies and said they were to pay the postage as she wished to make the gift complete. You may ask: "Where did she get her dollar?" It was probably the savings of five and ten-cent bits that charitable persons had given her from time to time, or a small monthly pittance which poor hard-working relations in the city may have sent her. It means for her the giving up of her cup of tea or other little luxury. The name of this good woman is Anna B——, and she is a devout communicant of our church and a constant attendant at its services.

In the New York Committee for the Spires Memorial Church movement are such eminent names as those of K. Buenz (German Consul-General), W. E. Dodge, F. W. Holls, Morris K. Jessup, Seth Low, Geo. H. Moller, J. P. Morgan, Maurice L. Muhleman, Oswald Ottendorfer, A. Pagenstecher, Whitelaw Reid, Herman Schaeffer, Chas. A. Schieren, Gustav H. Schwab, Samuel Sloan, Spencer Trask and Henry Villard.

Inquiries and contributions may be addressed to Louis Tag, Treasurer, American Tract Society, New York.

A Missionary Inventor

Mrs. Dora W. Miller, of Williamsport, Pa., sends us an interesting piece of information in this letter:

Noticing the item in your last number relating to the jinrikisha, allow me to say: My husband, Philip Miller, formerly Assistant Engineer United States steamer *Monocacy*, stationed in China and Japan in 1867-8-9, always told me that Rev. Jonathan Goble, a self-supporting Baptist missionary, was the inventor of the jinrikisha. My husband became acquainted with Mr. Goble while lying ill with typhus fever in a British hospital in Yokohama in 1868, and they became fast friends. On their visit to this country in 1872 he and his wife visited us. I remember that Mrs. Goble had come here before her husband for medical treatment, so the idea of the jinrikisha having been invented for her may be true, although I think it was made before she became ill. Mr. Goble visited us again in 1883, or four years after Mrs. Goble's death, but was nearly blind at that time. The last I heard of this venerable and worthy missionary was at the time of my husband's death in 1896, when he was in a home at or near Philadelphia for aged Baptist ministers. My husband also gave Mr. Goble the credit of being the man who first translated the four Gospels into the Japanese language.

HE LEADETH ME

IN pastures green? Not always; sometimes he
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oftimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "So it is I."

Above the tempest will I hear him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

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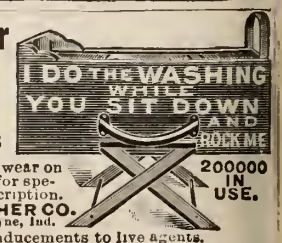

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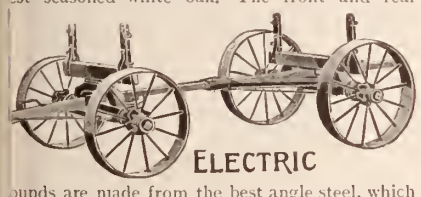
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A Sunday School Veteran

AMONG the many Bible class teachers throughout the Union whose long and faithful labors have produced an impression upon the spiritual welfare of hundreds of their fellows, few are better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. Russell W. McKee, vice-president of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union and Chairman of the Normal Class Committee. His Sunday School work has extended over more than a quarter of a century. He is now seventy-three, a patriarch in years, but hale and vigorous, and still finding it his delight to serve the Master in the way which, by reason of his peculiarly happy faculty of imparting instruction, has been a most valuable one.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the men's Bible class, of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. McKee

RUSSELL W. MCKEE

is founder and teacher, was recently celebrated in a social reunion of much interest. Mr. McKee gave in brief a record of the class, which has now about sixty on the roll. Many former members, now teachers and superintendents of Sunday Schools were present. Mr. F. R. Hibbard, superintendent of the Sunday School; Mr. Ira Goddard, teacher of the Woman's Bible Class; Mr. C. P. Ellison, assistant teacher of the class, and Rev. L. R. Foote, D.D., pastor, made brief addresses, congratulating Mr. McKee and the class on its long and most fruitful existence, together with testimonials as to members of the class as to its benefits to them.

Since Mr. McKee's work has been so enduring and crowned with such success, some account of its history and methods will doubtless be of practical value and a source of inspiration and encouragement to many earnest young Sunday School teachers numbered among our readers. One fact to be noted is that this successful business man has applied his best talents and energies to Sunday School ministry and has made it in a sense his life-work and profession. Thirty five years ago, he was impressed with the fact that the most important problem of the Sunday School was to know how to keep young men in attendance and to interest them. When he entered upon class work at the Park Avenue Mission, where he was leader for ten years, he determined to solve this problem. It was in 1875 that he took up the work in connection with the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, with a Bible class of only four members; at the end of the first year it numbered forty; and soon became a recognized feeder of other Sunday Schools to which it has continually supplied trained teachers and leaders. There have also graduated from its ranks men ready to give their lives to the Master, as ministers and missionaries.

It has always been Mr. McKee's aim to know each member of his class intimately; to be thoroughly familiar with the home and business surroundings of each; to give advice when needed; and to share in the joys and sorrows of each and all. His own statement is that he regards the following elements as essential to success in this work: Punctuality, Perseverance, Patience and Prayer; and he has found in his experience the use of the blackboard very valuable in illustrating the lessons weekly, with the topical outline and practical suggestions. The members take a copy and carry it with them for meditation until the next Sabbath, when the illustration is reviewed. No lesson passes without bringing home to the class the thought of Jesus' power to save and to keep all who will trust him, and many conversions have resulted.

In December, 1896, Mr. McKee's seventieth birthday was celebrated in a reunion, much like that which has just occurred, and by the presentation of a loving cup as a testimonial to his worth and faithfulness. In the address made by Mr. Ellison, on behalf of the Bible class, some things were said which forcibly demonstrate the manner in which he gained and kept his hold upon young men; among them this: "We wish to express our appreciation of the sympathy which you have shown us when sickness and death have visited our homes. At such times we were always sure of your friendship. We recall an instance when a member of our class in his last illness would express no desire to see a minister, and you saw him, pressed upon him the Gospel of Christ, and were rewarded before his departure by assurances that he had found the Saviour. We recall with delight those class prayer-meetings, which were marked by such spiritual power and blessing to us and to our homes, especially one night when Jarvis Powell and John and Henry Van Glahn came out for Christ; and we remember the beautiful life of Powell which followed and his triumphant death; and we know of the noble Christian characters of the Glahn brothers, who became, as have many of our band, pillars of strength in their churches. We recall the delightful annual meetings, when our wives and daughters and sweethearts shared with us in the joy of the occasion, and were made glad by the reports they heard concerning us, and incited by pleasant and kindly words to spur us on to greater things." Superintendent and pastor testified to the zeal and efficiency with which he had held up their hands and seconded their labors. He has been an elder in his church for many years. A number of young men, in his business employ as well as in his Bible class, swelled the list of the givers of the loving cup. As a member of the executive committee of the New York State Sunday School Association, Mr. McKee's activities in this branch of work has extended well beyond his own city.

Gospels for the Million

The American Bible Society has just issued from its presses *The Four Gospels* in very neat and convenient form, the little volume being of pocket size. They are particularly suitable for mission and evangelical work. The type is large and easily read. One style, in leather binding and gilt edges, will be supplied at twenty-five cents, by mail two cents extra. Another, in neat, durable cloth, is sold at fifteen cents, two cents extra for mailing. These may be procured from the American Bible Society, Bible House, New York.

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Messages from India

Missionaries Send Grateful Acknowledgments of the Funds Contributed by Our Readers for the Relief of the Starving People

ONE month is required to bring a letter from India to New York. We are consequently now in receipt of the letters from the missionaries to whom we cabled the first remittance of five thousand dollars on Jan. 15. Since that was sent, as our readers are aware, another remittance of ten thousand dollars has been sent by cable, which will doubtless be acknowledged in due time.

Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay, to whom was sent the five thousand dollars for distribution among five missionaries, including himself, writes that the money was promptly received and one thousand dollars was at once sent to each of the four missionaries mentioned in our cable dispatch, viz.: Pandita Ramabai, Christina H. Lawson, Mrs. M. B. Fuller and Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar. The fifth thousand Dr. Hume gladly appropriated in the rescue of a large number of orphans, who were in a state of utter destitution. The arrival of the money was, he says, very timely, for a wealthy Parsee, named Nauroji M. Wadia, had just placed at his disposal, rent free, a large house and garden, which are usually rented at three thousand rupees, in order that he might accommodate 300 orphans who are in danger of starvation. Dr. Hume gladly accepted the use of the house, though until the money contributed by our readers reached him, he was unable to feed the waifs. So God works when men are ready to do his will and causes combinations to occur at just the right moment, of events at places more than 10,000 miles apart. The house to shelter the children was provided in Bombay just as the Christian people of America were sending the money to provide the food for them. "With this large house," Dr. Hume writes, "we are in a far better position to care for orphans than we were during the late famine. I shall write ere long more fully in regard to the carrying out of these plans. In addition to the rescuing of orphans we sorely need help for the distressed people around us. Tens of thousands are wandering about the streets, or are camping on open ground in the vicinity of Bombay. The government is exerting itself nobly, but the distress has already assumed such proportions that the government gladly welcomes any help and co-operation from individuals. It is appalling to think of the distress, which is sure to grow greater and greater during the coming weeks. Many expectant thoughts are being turned toward you. The noble service your readers rendered during the last famine can never be forgotten. I am sure they will do all they can for us again in this time of sore need. Thank them in the name of the missionaries in India for all that they have done and are doing and tell them we are praying that God will richly reward them for their tender compassion toward the starving people."

Mrs. M. B. Fuller writes that she had gone to Dr. Hume's house to consult with him about the possibility of doing something for the starving people, when to her astonishment and great joy, she found that he had gone to the bankers to collect five thousand dollars, which had been given by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in America for the purpose. Still greater was her pleasure when on Dr. Hume's return, she was told that she was to have the gratification of spending one thousand dollars of this sum on food for the people in her district. She says:

ORPHANS RESCUED BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN INDIA

"I want to thank the kind people who contributed the money, and Dr. Klopsch and the editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who made our sad situation known to them. In every part of our field the distress is appalling. Our missionary at Viramgaum in Gujerat, tells me that **more than a score have died in front of his house and perhaps hundreds have died on the roadsides in that town.** They come there from the native states, and by the time they get there are too far gone to work and lie down to die.

"One old woman with her four sons, two daughters-in-law and three grandchildren came from a long distance, hoping to get relief in some way, and failing to find work and worn and weakened by the journey, became hopeless and one after another died, till all her sons and their wives and two of the children had died, and the poor old woman was sent back with one grandchild to her country. This is only one of many instances of the sights that come to the notice of our missionaries. The living, dying and the dead skeletons are multiplying on all sides now and only God will ever fully comprehend what the suffering of the next months will be. With Christian love to you and all who have had a share in helping us to minister to the suffering people, I am as ever, yours sincerely. M. B. FULLER."

Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, writes: "I do not know how adequately to express my thanks for the thousand dollars received from you through my brother in Bombay. For several weeks we have been longing for some assistance from America. **Meanwhile we have advanced money and even borrowed money in order to meet a few of the most urgent calls for help.** This generous help contributed by your readers is the first which has come to us. At our weekly prayer meeting last Wednesday the missionaries on this station pleaded with God for the means to deal with this emergency. Unusual opportunities are now occurring to reach high caste women, boys and girls. All that was lacking was the money wherewith to provide for them. So for ten days we have been preparing for this large service, in faith that God would supply us with the means. Now our faith is justified. In sending us the money contributed by your readers you have enabled us to proceed and so God has answered our prayers."

Our readers whose generosity is thus gracefully acknowledged will be thankful that God has enabled them to encourage these devoted workers who have, it appears, been borrowing money to feed the starving people. On page 179 of this issue will be found a list of contributions which have been received.

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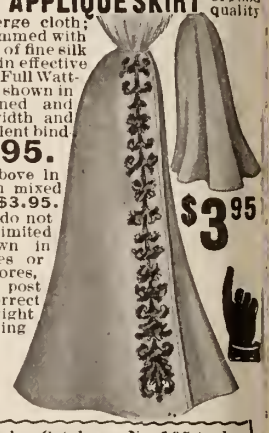

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)ur India Relief Work

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derson, Mrs C M	2 00
derson, J A	2 00
drews, E D	1 00
nold. Mrs O L C	1 00
chinson, Mrs Julia	1 00
well, thro' W G	8 22
wood, Mrs H L	1 00
ker, Mr & Mrs F A	1 00
ldwin, Mrs, Jessie B	
Barrison & another	2 50
rton, Mrs S A	1 00
el, Wm	1 00
lcber, Mrs & Miss	5 00
llinger, Mr & Mrs	1 00
nedict, Mrs J A	2 00
nnett, J D	5 00
nnett, Mrs Marvin	1 00
nton, E F	10 00
nton, Lillian M	1 00
st, H J	50
zalow, Levi	10 00
lard, Mrs B T	5 00
shop, J H	5 00
omer, Mrs A J	2 00
lien, S D	25
werman, I	2 00
wn, Peter	3 00
ayton, Mrs E J	1 00
rford, Mrs J	1 00
mpbell, Mrs S J	1 00
rd, I P	1 00
rter, N L	1 00
nnon, P	1 00
amberlin, A L	1 00
amberlin, Frank	1 00
rk, Geo T	5 00
fford, Mrs C	1 00
ite, M	1 00
le, Mrs E	1 00
les, H C	5 00
lwell, Mrs M A	1 00
on, Mrs BW & WH	10 00
oper, J M	1 00
oper, Mrs W	1 00
peland, Mr & Mrs	6 00
pp, Mrs Emily	2 00
wan, Mrs C	2 00
aven, Miss Anna	1 00
onk, Myra A	1 00
umb, Mrs Wm	5 00
lver, Mrs Henry	5 00
Groff, W L	5 00
Lancett, Louis	5 00
Lancett, Louis	5 00
lmar, A	5 00
mpster, Wm W	1 00
ssan, F W	1 00
Wall, John	2 00
zell, Mr & Mrs	2 00
lley, Eva	1 00
nn, E	1 00
ve, Mrs D E	25
ke, Mrs John	2 00
rl, E E	1 00
ston, D F	1 00
gerton, Mrs F L	1 00
lmonds, Mrs B H	1 00
lson, I C	1 00
sbree, Mrs W P	4 00
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nnott, Mrs Jos	50
hirlee, Rose	5 00
rqnharson, Mrs SM	1 00
rrington, Mrs A H	1 00
nch, Annie L	1 50
nch, Mary L	3 00
sh, Edith	50
sher, E A	1 00
sher, H M	1 00
tch, Mr & Mrs E G	5 00
tzwalter, J C	5 00
eming, E G	26
ower, Mrs G	3 50
rd, E J	1 00
oster, Miss B P	1 00
rancis, L	1 00
reebern, Mrs M P	1 00
rey, Mrs L	50
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risbie, Mr & Mrs I T	2 00
ritcher, D	1 00
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riffing, W H	1 00
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ough, Mrs C B	2 00
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agaman, C A	2 00
ale, H	5 00
arris, M	50
arrison, E	2 00
art, Mr & family	1 10
art, H	5
art, H L	1 00
artley, Sarah	2 00
astings, Mrs G D	5 00
atch, G W	2 00
awes, Mrs E	1 00
awes, Mrs G	2 00
ay, Mrs S	2 00
ayden, Miss E	1 00
eath, Mrs C M	1 00
eit, W E	1 00
eling, Miss M	1 00
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ill, Ruth S	5 00
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odgkins, Martha A	2 00
olley, Mrs E	1 00
olmes, Miss L M	1 00
opkins, J L	1 00
orton, B	1 00
orton, Mrs W	1 00
owell, Mrs C A	1 00
owes, H R	1 00
owes, Mrs A E	1 00
oyt, Mr & Mrs F B	10 00
uff, L	1 00
ull, Mrs H K	1 00
unt, Ida B	1 00
utchings, Mrs W R	5 00
utchings, Mrs W R	1 00
utchinson, J	2 00
utchinson, A	1 00
nxley, Sarah	1 00
ves, Mrs E C	1 00
ames, Miss C M	1 00
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ennings, Mrs E S	5 00

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Keller, F	5 00
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Kent, D	1 00
Kilburn, Mrs E H	5 00
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Kimmick, J G	2 25
Kittell, J C	2 10
Knapp, O W	1 00
Knollin, T H	1 00
Knowles, Mrs J R	2 00
Korst, W	1 00
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Lakin, Leonie	1 00
Lane, Mrs & mother	2 00
Lang, Mrs G H	3 30
Langdon, Mrs N F	1 00
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Leonard, C S	1 00
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Mead, M L	1 00
Menzer, Philip	2 00
Merril, Mrs M	2 00
Millen, E L	1 00
Miller, Mrs Chas	2 00
Miller, Clara M	2 00
Millspaugh, Mr T L	1 00
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Moore, M N	1 00
Morris, Eda	1 00
Mosher, Mrs C H	1 00
Moss, Mrs Jennie	1 00
Munroe, Lydia	1 00
Myers, C F	1 00
Nash, L H	25
Nelson, Mrs C J	1 06
Newman, Mrs J	1 00
Northrup, Ellen	3 00
Norton, H S	50
Norton, Mrs L E	1 50
Noxon, Mrs H E	1 00
Ober, Miss A	1 00
Osborn, Mrs H T	1 00
Palmer, Mrs C W	50
Palmer, Graco	10
Peck, L M	4 00
Peck, P	30
Pedro, J H	1 00
Peet, A S	1 25
Peirson, Mrs L A	1 00
Peterson, E	1 00
Phillips, Mrs C	3 00
Pierce, Mr & Mrs N	2 00
Plants, Mrs H	25
Potter, Miss C	1 00
Prence, C A	1 00
Pullman, A H	2 00
Purcell, Miss Jane	2 00
Purdy, Miss J	1 00
Radburn, Mrs M	1 00
Rambant, Mary L B	25 00
Randall, Mrs C J	5 00
Rayner, Mrs Sarah	2 50
Remington, Mrs T H	1 00
Reynolds, Mrs H M	1 00
Reynold, Mrs Thos	5 00
Richardson, Mrs M G	1 00
Richardson, Mrs M W	1 00
Riddagh, Rev Saml	22 30
Roberts, S	2 00
Robertson, Miss Mary	5 00
Rockfellow, Mrs V S	1 00
Rodger, Androw	10 00
Russell, Diana	1 00
Russell, Diana	1 00
Sands, Mrs C	3 00
Scheffler, Geo A	5 00
Schermerhorn, F P	1 00
Schermerhorn, Mrs SJ	10 00
Schulz, Mrs E G	1 00
Scott, R R	2 00
Seely, S Alfred	5 00
Senn, F M	50
Sharp, Edw G	1 00
Shears, Mrs	10
Sheerar, Rev J B & wife	2 00
Sheldon, Mrs A B	1 00
Sheldon, Albert	1 00
Sherwood, J C	5 00
Shoemaker, Mr & Mrs	5 00
Shotwell, Mrs D A	1 00
Simpson, Mrs G W	1 00
Skinner, D B	1 00
Skinner, Ida I	2 00
Smith, Mrs E M	2 00
Smith, Emily O	10 00
Smith, F A	5 00
Smith, Lillie	1 00
Smurr, L J	1 00
Stanclift, G S & mother	5 00
Stephenson, F A H	2 50
Sterling, Mrs Emiline	5 00
Stevens, E P	1 00
Stone, Mrs C C	1 00
Stone, Mrs E S	1 00
Stone, J	5
Strong, Miss Clarinda	1 00
Stuart, Miss Georgia	1 00
Sturges, D M	2 00
Sybrandt, Mrs C G	1 50
Talbot, Christopher	5 00
Tears, D T	5 00
Tompkins, Mrs M	2 00
Thompson, F M	1 00
Thompson, Geo W	2 00
Thompson, Mrs E	10 00
Thompson, Mr & Mrs	1 00
Thomson, David	2 00
Tibbals, Miss S J	5 00
Tooley, Mrs Eber	2 00
Torney, Mrs	1 00
Tracy, F M	1 00
Trumpp, Rev H	3 00
Turril, Rebecca	25
Tuthill, Mrs Jennie D	1 00
Twiss, Mrs Mary	1 00
Tyler, Mrs J C	1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Van Allen, C L	5 00
Voorhies, Mrs E L	5 00
Voshurgh, H S	1 00
Waddell, Fidelia	1 00
Wakerly, H J	1 00
Wallvan, Lucy A	10 00
Ward, Mr Fred	1 00
Ward, Mrs Fred	1 00
Warner, Louisa B & Eliza L Brown	4 00
Washburn, Harriett C	1 00
Watson, Misses	1 00
Watson, Mr & Mrs	25 00
Weirs, John	1 00
Wench, Fred	1 00
Whedon, Mrs Chas	1 00
Whitehead, Mrs A M	5 00
Whitnack, Mrs C D	3 00
Wiley, Miss Ellen	50
Wilkinson, E	2 00
Williams, M	1 00
Williams, Mrs M L	1 00
Williams, Mrs S H	1 00
Willis, Mrs Mary A	3 00
Wilson, Mrs Geo	1 00
Wright, Mrs Caleb	2 00
Wright, I M	1 00
Wright, Roscoe C	1 00
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C E R, Oswego	1 00
E, Bklyn	1 00
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E D T, Harriettstown	2 00
E P, Port Chester	5 00
E W & MEM, Freep't	5 00
F M A, Cohoes	1 00
G C N, Fredonia	2 00
H H, New York	2 00
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I S, New York	10 00
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J A J, Fabins	1 00
J G, Stottville	1 05
J J A, Ellenville	1 00
J J S, Bklyn	2 00
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J P, Herkimer	5 00
K, Fishkill on Hudson	10 00
L M, Elmira	2 00
L M, Jamaica	5 00
M B, Bklyn	2 00
M C R, Fishkill	1 00
M D S, E Patchogue	1 00
M J W, N Y City	20 00
M S R, N Y City	1 00
Mr & Mrs M, Attica	2 00
Mrs D D, Gloversville	2 00
Mrs H A C, Syracuse	1 00
R H L, Bklyn	1 00
S B & E B, Bklyn	2 00
S L J, Glens Falls	10 00
S M, Kingston	1 00
S P B B	50
S S, Katonah	1 00
S W M, N Y City	5 00
T C, Cambridge	3 00
T R, Gates	1 00
W, N Y City	1 00
W & E B, Brooklyn	2 00
W G & G G, Kiskatom	1 50
W R H, Southampton	5 10
—, Brooklyn	50
—, Brooklyn	5 00
—, Buffalo	1 00
—, Centreport	1 00
—, Coram	1 00
—, Fonda	2 00
—, Gorham	1 00
—, Hancock	2 00
—, Kendall	1 00
—, Leroy	1 00
—, Palmyra	25
—, Penfield	5 00
—, Pleasant Valley	1 00
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—, Watertown	1 00
—, Worcester	25
Cash, Tivoli	10 00
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Friend, Albany	1 00
Friend, Alpine	20
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Friend, B B Brklyn	10 00
Friend, Coldspring	50
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Friend, E Meredith	1 00
Friend, Florence	1 00
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Friend, Johnsons	1 00
Friend, Lansingburg	1 00
Friend, Marion	1 00
Friend, Medina	5 00
Friend, Montgomery	2 00
Friend, N Y City	1 00
Friend, Niskayuna	5 00
Friend, Penn Yan	1 00
Friend, Peru	5 00
Friend, Sherburne	1 00
Friend, S Columbia	1 45
Friend, Tarrytown	25 00
Friends, Albany	2 00
" Farmers Mills	1 00
Friends, Hedgesville	2 00
Friends, Le Roy	2 00
Friends, Liberty	2 50
Friends, Perry	8 00
Friends, Union Sq	25
2 Friends, Masonville	1 50
2 Friends, New York	2 00
Inasmuch, Wilson	5 00
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I H N, Marilla	1 00
H N, Preston Hollow	1 00
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Y P S C E, Tribes Hill	5 00
Jr Ep Lge, Highland	7 35
Y M C A, Boys' Branch, Corning	22 00
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Total	$1,228 38

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Abbott, Mrs A H	5 00
Alling, Mrs J E	5 00
Apgar, Mr & Mrs J	1 00
Bergen, R A	50
Besson, Frances	1 00
Bewkes, L	5 00
Brands, Martha J	1 00
Breese, J G & E C	15 00
Brook, J	1 00
Cole, Miss E	1 00
Conklin, Mrs S	1 00
Cooke, C W	1 00
Cooke, Mrs S H	50
Corson, Annie	2 00
Crane, H D	13 00
Cregor, Mr & Mrs JH	2 00
Cuming, T H	5 00
Curtis, M E	2 00
Davis, Anna	50
Davis, Mrs C	1 00
Doremus, F G	2 00
Dunreith, L M	2 00
Eder, Phebe Z	2 00
Eaton, Mrs G	1 00
Fletcher, Mrs M J	1 00
Foote, Mrs A M	1 00
Fry, W B	10
Gennng, Miss & cousin	3 00
Graeffe, Mrs A	3 00
Hill, J B	5 00
Hoagland, J E	2 00
Hoagland, Mrs J E	1 00
Hoagland, Lizzie	1 00
House, J E	2 00
House, J E	2 00
Howell, Miss M	5 00
Hughes, B, L & R	1 50
Huiskamper, Mrs J A	5 00
Jaggers, Rev & Mrs A	2 00
Johnson, W E	2 00
Jube, J P	10 00
Kelly, Zella	1 00
Keyser, Jane	2 00
Lozier, Mrs S B	1 00
Lynde, J D	50 00
McClnre, J	1 00
Mackie, F A	5 00
Medaugh, Mrs C	2 00
Morse, Myron W	5 00
Newkirk, A	1 00
Nivison, Mrs M L	3 00
Odell, Mrs H D	1 00
Parker, Mr & Mrs E	5 00
Payne, G H	2 00
Petrie, E F	5 00
Philhower, Mrs R J	1 50
Pyle, J	1 00
Roe, Mr & Mrs J G	2 00
Sack, A	1 00
Sack, A	1 00
Sexton, C B	25
Shailer, Mrs M M	5 00
Shepherd, C C	5 00
Shimer, Miss E R	1 00
Shimer, Mrs J M R	2 00
Showles, Mrs J	1 00
Simmons, M E	2 00
Simpson, H A	1 00
Simpson, H M	1 00
Smith, Mrs E C	1 00
Snthpen, E	50
Swayze, Elsio A	1 00
Titus, Mrs S A	2 00
Van Buskirk, Mrs R	1 00
Van Duyno, J W	5 00
VanNorstrand, Mrs M C	1 00
Walsh, Ellen	1 00
Wetherby, Mrs L A	1 00
Wilson, Carrie	25
Wyckoff, Miss A E	3 00
Young, W	1 00
Mah, Mendham	2 00
Mamie C H, Paterson	5 00
C G J, Camden	3 00
F G S, Whitings	5 00
H B S, Woodstown	2 00
H C C, Jersey City	10 00
J A R, Summit	1 00
J Q, Long Branch	50
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J Y S, Westfield	5 00
M A T, Keyport	2 00
M J S, N J	2 00
Mrs A S G & Mrs A H S, Dover	1 00
Mrs G, Newark	2 00
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—, Bridgeton	2 00
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Thank offering Long Branch City	2 00
Grace Mission Chapel, Jersey City	3 00
Primary Dept 1 Bapt SS, Paterson	5 34
C E S, New Durham	5 00
Total	$376 44

Rejecting Christ

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 11. Mark 12: 1-9

THERE are many ways of rejecting Christ, and one of those ways is described in the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen which is associated with the topic. This was the way the Jews took—the way of violence and of murder. Christ foresaw that this would be their way and his parable was spoken to set its wickedness clearly before them. They were the spiritual teachers of the world. Such privileges had been given to them as were given to no other nation. No people had such divinely gifted men as arose among them—men sent from God, filled with his Spirit and specially commissioned by him to declare his will. God came nearer to them than he ever came to any other people, both directly and through these messengers. They had many and unusual privileges and their responsibility was therefore proportionately increased. How did they discharge it? Christ shows them in this parable. It was a common course for a vineyard-owner to place it in the hands of a number of men, who agreed to pay as rental a fixed proportion of the product. In this case, God expected from them service as well as holiness of life. When he sent his messengers to demand this of them, they ill-used them and when he sent his Son, they were about to kill him. This was Christ's indictment.

Very wicked of the Jews, must be the universal verdict; but the application of the parable does not end with them. The nations of Christendom in our day are under indictment, too. Is there one that is rendering to God the return that he has a right to expect? The Jewish prophets and teachers address us. They make it clear that God's way of government is to require a proper return for all the advantages to be given. In legislation, in political life, in business life and in social life there ought to be proofs that the nations have profited by the teachings of holy men of God. Yet looking down from high heaven what does God see? In our legislatures, in our courts of justice, in our stores and exchanges and in our homes the signs are very few that we are acting as God would have us act. Corruption, malfeasance in office, defrauding in business and vice in our streets cry aloud to God for vengeance. The men who accept Christ as their King and strenuously endeavor to obey him are a small minority. We are told again and again, that religion and politics should not be mixed and that the business man cannot hope to succeed if he is a consistent Christian. The liquor traffic and the social evil are regarded as necessary evils which cannot be extirpated, but must be tolerated, restricted and curtailed. We are not guilty of killing Christ; but we will not have him to reign over us and this is rejection of him as our King, which is what the Jews did.

Besides this, there is individual responsibility. God has not one law for the nation and another for the individual. He calls for the fruits of the vineyard; and every man has a vineyard that he holds in trust for God. His own heart and life are a trust for which every man must give account. Do the fruits of the Spirit enumerated by the apostle (Galatians 5: 22, 23) flourish there? Do we render to God the blamelessness and the active righteousness that he looks for? Christ still stands at the door and knocks; have we admitted him to reign and rule? Sometimes we turn a deaf ear to him? Sometimes we bid him wait till we have made a fortune. Sometimes we pretend to admit him, but exclude certain parts of our lives from his control. The method of rejection is not so much of a consideration with him, if we do reject him. Though we do not say, "Crucify him!" as the Jews did, we wound him by neglect, by procrastination, by rebellion. "What shall therefore the Lord of the vineyard do?" The question is one of infinite moment.

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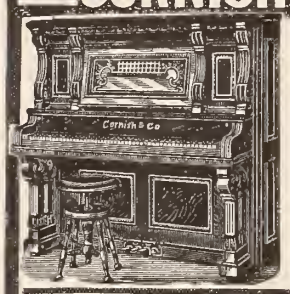

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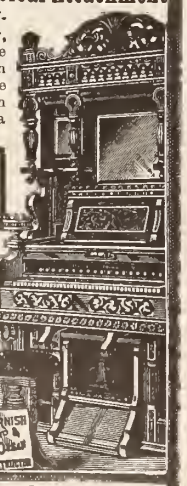

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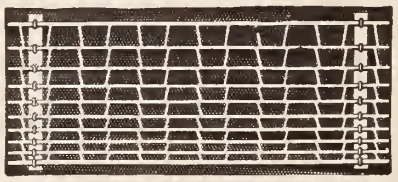

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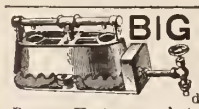

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 10

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NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1900

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. . . The Countess Who Gave Up a Coronet for Christ . . .

Our photographs are (1) Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, now in New York City—(2) Her yacht, the *Duen*, at sea—(3) Her cottage at Rugen, on the Baltic—(4) Her castle home at Ahrensburg, which she gave up with all its belongings. For her remarkable life-story see page 183.

OUR MAIL-BAG

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1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
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4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered April 4.

1. Should church music be confined entirely to such as is promptly recognizable as sacred in its character or may purely operatic airs and sentimental tunes be laid under tribute in public worship?

2. Who is the author of the following lines and in what connection do they appear?

"That book of memory
Which is to grieving hearts as the sweet South
To the parched meadow, or the dying tree;
Which fills with elegy the craving mouth
Of sorrow—slakes with song the piteous drouth
And leaves her calm, though weeping silently!"

3. When were gold and silver first used for coinage?

4. Is there any particular significance in the number twenty-one in the firing of a national salute?

5. To what is the twinkling of the stars due?

6. What is the origin of the order of the "Daughters of the American Revolution"?

7. If I discover valuable minerals under my own land, and in process of digging for them, find that the lode passes the dividing line between my own and another man's property, have I a right to continue mining under his property?

8. What does Christ mean when he says "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil"?

9. What particular evils may the love of money induce in a person?

10. In what way can a person who has very little time at his disposal so read and study the Bible as to get a fairly comprehensive grasp of its contents and character?

Questions of the Week

1. What was the ring of Polycrates?

Polycrates, tyrant of Samos (536–523, B.C.), was so uniformly successful in his undertakings that his friend and ally—Amasis, king of Egypt—warned him to sacrifice something he highly valued to forestall the jealousy of the goddess of fortune. Accordingly he threw into the sea a treasured and beautiful ring. A few days later a fish was presented him, inside of which the ring was found. This led Amasis to break the alliance, as he feared disaster was in store for Polycrates. The conjecture proved true. Samos was subsequently overrun by the Persians and Polycrates was first crucified and then burned to death. R. J. WELCH.

2. What is the comparative speed of the hub and the tire of a wheel when in motion. How are the figures arrived at?

The hub and tire make the same number of revolutions, but the difference in the length of space covered is easily arrived at. Geometry tells us that "two circumferences have the same ratio as their radii." The speed of the hub is to the speed of the tire as the radius of the hub is to the radius of the tire. Their comparative speed may then be obtained by dividing the radius of the tire by the radius of the hub. The same result may be obtained by dividing the circumference of the wheel by the circumference of the hub, but owing to the difficulty of finding the circumference, the above way is better. THOMAS WOOD.

3. Who invented the bicycle?

The origin of the bicycle has, it is claimed, been traced to the fifteenth century, but the beginning of the modern wheel was made by M. de Sivrac, a Frenchman, who, in 1816, made the celeripede. This was composed of two wooden wheels joined by a perch upon which the rider sat with his feet resting on the ground. The machine was propelled by the rider's striding forward and steered by a handle-bar operating on the front wheel. At about this time, Baron Von Drais made a similar machine, the Draisienne. These two clumsy vehicles were improved upon by another Frenchman, Michaux, who, in 1855, invented the crank upon the front wheel. Since then countless mechanics have experimented upon the bicycle until we have the completed wheel of to-day.
L. A. MILLER.

4. What is the origin of the phrase "acknowledging the corn?"

In a Congressional Tariff debate, in 1828, Mr. Stewart (Pa.) said: "Millions are yearly sent to Europe. Americans buying $100 worth of foreign cloth, lace, etc., pay for wool, flax or hemp, bread, meat, etc., consumed. A yard of lace worth $6 is that much foreign stuff. To say a lady carries $6 worth of bacon, beans and cabbage converted into lace is not more strange than Ohio and Kentucky farmers sending hay, grass, corn and other grain to New York and Philadelphia for foreign produce converted into goods." Mr. Wicliffe (Ky.) interposed: "There never was a ton of hay, bushel of corn or other grain sent from Kentucky." "What do they send?" "Horses, cattle and hogs." "Very well, how much grass, grain, hay, etc., does a farmer feed a horse worth $100? Just $100 worth animated, carries this $100 worth of produce to Philadelphia and New York with the owner on top of it. How much of like produce does a fat ox worth $50 carry to the Eastern market? Just $50 worth. And how much does a fat hog worth $10 carry? Just $10 worth of corn!" Here Mr. W. sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the corn!" A. E. HARBAUGH.

5. When was the piano first used, or, what are its origin and history?

Dr. Rimbault traces the first principle of the instrument, the stretched string, to the lyre, and from this it went through the forms of the harp, psaltery, dulcimer, etc. The first marked improvement to the piano appears in the twelfth century, in the transition from the dulcimer to the keyed cithara. Next followed the clavichord for about six centuries. An improvement of the keyed cithara, called the virginal, was very popular in Queen Elizabeth's time. The transitions from the above instruments to the piano appeared about two centuries ago. The invention was claimed in turn by Italians, Germans, French and English, but it is probable that the inventor was Bartolommeo Cristoforo, of Padua, Italy, before 1711. The first piano known in England (about 1757) was made by an English monk in Rome. The first patent for an English piano appears to have been granted to William Stoddart, in 1795. C. R. RUSSELL.

6. What would be a fair average annual expenditure for apparel by a woman in moderate circumstances?

If a woman is clever with her needle and has time to do her own sewing, she may dress neatly on $125 a year. Some women manage to do this on less; others, without being extravagant, require more. It must be borne in mind that the term "moderate circumstances" does not mean the same in one section as in another, in the town as in the country; also that a woman's occupation, her husband's position, and the social duties required of her, must modify her costume and its cost. It is a duty to look as well as one can; allowance for dress should not strain one's income, but it should not be niggardly. C. A. JOHNSON.

7. What is the relative status of Gladstone, Bismarck and Cavour?

As a statesman able to plan comprehensively and to carry out his plans through long years of adverse circumstances and against all possible obstacles, Bismarck must rank first. As a man who had at heart the interests of mankind, a thorough humanitarian, in general, Gladstone ranks first. Cavour was an Italian and a great statesman. Italy owes a great debt to Cavour. German federation owes a greater debt to Bismarck. Gladstone's life and career benefited the world. S. MARSHALL.

8. Are department stores helpful or harmful?

Generally speaking, they are beneficial because of the many different kinds of merchandise contained in one establishment, as well as by reason of the low prices of goods sold. And these low prices are made possible, not because of underpaid labor in production of wares, but because of the ability of these stores, with their abundant capital, to purchase goods in very large quantities. Of course, these stores must occasionally work injury to the smaller tradesmen. A. L. VERMILYA.

9. We are often told that it is a sin to get angry. What then does the Apostle Paul mean when he says to the Ephesians, "Be ye angry and sin not"?

Anger or indignation aroused when we see a wrong done to ourselves or to others is not wrong. It would be sinful not to be filled with anger at cruelty, treachery, licentiousness, etc. Christ flamed forth with indignation at the dreadful forms of sin which confronted him when he was upon the earth. Anger becomes a sin when it degenerates into hatred, when it is nursed until it becomes mere rage, when under it there exists an unforgiving spirit. R. F. SMITH.

10. Does God send trouble? Does the Bible afford any light on the subject?

Men often bring trouble upon themselves, of which God is by no means the immediate author. The Bible speaks of God sending sore judgment on Jerusalem (Ezekiel 14: 21), also of God's chastening his children, and of his not willingly afflicting nor grieving the children of men. These and other passages conclusively show that we must regard at least some of mankind's troubles as sent of God. Such troubles serve to develop moral and spiritual character, just as physical exercise develops the body. M. E. SMALL.

Miscellaneous Questions

C. O. A., Saugerties, N. Y. Of what noted man was it said that he could be silent in seven languages?

Of Count Helmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke, 1800–1891. He was far from loquacious, and being conversant with several languages, when non-committal in conversation, was said by some witty person to be silent in seven languages. It would be interesting to know who was the author of the witticism.

L. R. S., Camden, N. J. Why were Christ's hearers so incensed against him on account of his remarks recorded in Luke 4:23–27?

The evangelist has evidently not recorded all that Christ said. He undoubtedly began to reveal God's plan of salvation for the world, of a revelation open to Gentile as well as Jew, thus ending the period of exclusive religious favor which the Jews had so thoroughly forfeited by departure from God's laws. Such a doctrine would be most unpalatable to Christ's auditors.

American sympathy is being once more poured out in a practical way for the relief of the starving people of India, and it is pleasant to note that even the children are taking an active interest in the movement. Here is a letter from a very young contributor, which speaks volumes for his goodness of heart:

RICHMONDVILLE, N. Y.

I have five cents to give to the starving children in India. I will take it from my bank. My papa has put a bell on my sled. I wish I could look in India to see the poor children, then I would be very sorry. My mamma told me the papas and mammas threw their children in the river, so they would not suffer. That was too bad.
CHARLES M. WALKER, age 5 years.

This example should not be lost upon other children.

F. M. R., Clarendon, N. Y. 1. What is meant by the terms Preferred Stock, Watered, Common? 2. What is the smallest capital stock under which a national bank can do business in the United States?

1. "Preferred" is the stock or shares on which dividends are payable before those on the original or common stock; "watered" stock is that which has been increased by dividing the original shares or by a new issue; "common" or "ordinary" stock is the regular stock, first issue, of any company or corporation. 2. $50,000.

Lizzie H. H., Hillsboro, O. Is there any place on record where, in modern times (say the last fifty years) as many as 3,000 souls were baptized in one day? Where and how?

It is doubtful whether there is any such record in modern missions. Narratives of early missionary work among the Kaffirs and in Uganda show some notable baptisms, and so also in China, the Fiji Islands, Hawaii, etc. In India, Pandita Ramabai recorded the baptism of over 100 of her girls in one day. In the South Sea Islands, where the natives accepted Christianity in great numbers, it is quite probable that hundreds may have been baptized in a day.

M. B. S., Lenora, Minn. Who is the Son of Perdition mentioned in the Scripture?

It is generally supposed that Christ referred to Judas Iscariot when he used the term in John 17:12. Paul used the term in II. Thess. 2:3, presumably referring to the anti-Christ of Revelation.

Miss K. M., Grandbury, Tex. 1. How often is dancing mentioned in the Bible? 2. Where is it pronounced a sin?

1. Dancing and the dance are mentioned in the Bible some twenty-seven times. 2. It has been repeatedly explained in THE MAIL-BAG that the dance, in those early times was not, as now, a social dissipation, but to a large extent a religious ceremonial. Its character and use have altogether degenerated. As it did not then exist as an evil (as now), there was no ground for denunciation.

Sunday School Teacher, Philadelphia, Pa. I have seen it stated that the verses John 3:16-21 are not the words of Christ, but of John. What is your opinion?

We are aware that some scholars have thought that John wrote those verses as a commentary and that they were not spoken by Christ; but the number of such scholars was small and has become smaller as the discussion proceeded. Their theory was based on the fact that there is a change of tense in the verses in question; that the phrase "only-begotten," was a favorite one with John; ar that no further interruption from Nicodem is reported. These reasons do not appe to us of serious weight. The change tense occurs only when the topic requir it, and if the words are Christ's the chan would occur as certainly as if they we John's. The phrase, "only begotten" was, is true, a favorite one with John, but prob bly because he had heard it so frequentl from his Master. And as to the third reaso it is not likely that Nicodemus broke in that wonderful revelation, or that if he di John would interrupt it to report hi qu tions. We cannot believe that Christ ende his talk with the fifteenth verse, because if had done so, Nicodemus would not hav heard the essential facts. Neither woul statements so authoritative have been mac by John, unless he had distinctly indicate that it was he and not Christ who was speal ing. The subject was fully discussed son years ago and scholars so eminent as Alfor Lange and Stier then expressed their convi tion that the whole passage, from the begi ning of the tenth to the end of the twent first verse, was spoken by Christ.

Washington Reader. Will not THE CHRISTIA HERALD add still another to the good dee already done and strive to arouse the people the dreadful increase of profanity, and join the warfare against it? Cannot something done to lessen this great evil?

In many States there is a statute again public profanity, which if enforced would g far toward lessening the evil. Ascertain such a law exists in the District, and if so, yo probably would experience little difficulty organizing a society for its practical enforc ment.

Mrs. J. W. N., Goya, Miss. 1. To whom shall send in order to get the six copies of the *Topek Capital*, issued under Mr. Sheldon's editorshi 2. What is Mr. Sheldon's nationality, his ag and his denomination?

1. Send twenty-five cents to THE CHRISTIA HERALD and you will receive the entire s issues of *The Capital*, mailed. 2. Americar forty-three; Congregational.

Inquirer, Kewanee. Is it right for a Christia Church to hire one who makes no pretensio to Christianity to take charge of the singing the Sunday services and to sing solos, etc.?

This is a harsh view of the matter. Ce tainly, it is desirable that church member and especially those who have to bear a pron inent part in the services, should be genuin Christians. To put one who is an open an flagrant offender in a position of such prom nence, would be altogether wrong; but w should be extremely careful in judging othe lest we do them injustice.

S. J., Scranton, Pa. Who is generally supposed have been the companion of Cleopas in th memorable walk to Emmaus recorded i Luke 24?

There is no concensus of opinion on th subject. Mr. D. L. Moody suggested tha it might have been his wife, and his reaso for the suggestion was to say the least, naiv and interesting. The honored pilgrim is onl one of many nameless characters of the Bibl

A. J., Elgin, Oregon. Some time ago I saw i THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that there was possibility of the members of the Mother Congress drawing up a list of what the thought to be the most suitable books for chi dren. Have they done so? And to whor should a letter be addressed?

The National Congress of Mothers has pr pared a most excellent list of books suitabl for children. It can be had at the nomina price of five cents by writing to Mrs. Mary H Weeks, 1409 Cherry street, Kansas City, M

Edith M. W., Pembroke, N. Y. It would seem that in their case religion did not strike very deep

Subscriber, Brandon, Oreg. "Automobile" is pr nounced *o-to-mo-beel*, accent on first and la syllables.

Mrs. L. Sanborn. Manchester, N. H. All th letters are pronounced as written, except the "c which is silent.

W. L. F., Westerly, R. I. The question has a ready been answered in this department, Feb. 1 The twentieth century begins with the first secon after twelve, midnight, Dec. 31, 1900.

Anne E. S., Baker, Ill. Marriages of persons different races are usually ill-advised, and the tw are "unequally yoked." Society uncompromisingl opposes intermarriage of races so widely dissimila

D. B. Dickinson, N. J., writes to correct the im pression given by another contributor that the ow is blind in the daytime. Mr. D. has studied th owl and declares that he can see fairly well by da light.

Earnest Inquirer, Clermont, N. Y. 1. Innocer amusement should not be barred, but dancing can not be classed in this category. 2. It is a passag greatly in dispute. 3. Such a measure would b strictly opposed by all right-thinking people.

J. S. T., N. S. "Brightest and Best" appears i almost all important church hymn books. It is N 37 of the Hymnal of the Episcopal Church. "Th Voice of Free Grace" will presumably be mos readily found in some old time Methodist hym book.

M. P., Cuttingsville, Vt. Cotton cloth was, a far as we have knowledge, first made in India, 8 B. C. How early wool was woven into fabric, it impossible to say, but its use in this way is of grea antiquity, as evidenced by Biblical and profan history. Spinning and weaving are very ancien arts. Gen. 14: 23, thread is mentioned: Israe made Joseph "a coat of many colors:" Pharao arrayed him in "vestures of fine linen." Man first efforts in the direction of manufactured clot were doubtless matting hair of animals togethe into a sort of felt, and interweaving grasses into kind of grass cloth.

From a Palace to a Mission

How the Countess-Evangelist, Adeline Schimmelmann, Gave Up the World for Christ.....

THE COUNTESS AT SEA

COUNTESS Adeline Schimmelmann's second appearance before a New York audience was at Carnegie Hall under the auspices of the American Anti-Saloon League, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman presiding. Upon the platform and in the audience were such prominent advocates of the temperance cause as Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. Theodore Sutro, Mrs. Theodore B. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Sheldon, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, Mr. and Mrs. James Pearance, and others. An entirely different audience was this from that which had faced her the previous Sabbath at the Bowery Mission. In one instance, the homeless and destitute men who frequent our world-famous thoroughfare of sin and misfortune; in the other, the refined, cultivated and prosperous people of upper New York. With each class her ladyship was equally at ease; and truly, there seems a multiplication of reasons why in Divine Providence a Kaiserin's Lady of Honor should become, as has many another lady of distinction, a worker among the poor, and an exponent of their needs to people of wealth and position. No novel of the day has in it more of thrilling romance or seemingly improbable adventure than the life-story of the evangelist-Countess, the founder of the International Sailors' Mission.

Our illustrations (which have been supplied through the courtesy of the Countess, and some of which have never before appeared in print,) accentuate the wide contrasts that life has known: a lordly castle, a lowly cottage; a maiden in court dress wearing the coronet of a countess, an humble worker for the Master, serving out soup and coffee to hungry fishermen. The Countess was born, 1854, in the Castle of Ahrensburg, Holstein. Her father, a prominent Danish nobleman, owned estates in both Denmark and Germany; and many distinguished guests, among whom the Countess' memory recalls the great Bismarck himself, were entertained at Ahrensburg. When only three years old she appeared in court society, on the occasion of a dinner-party at Fredensburg, when beautiful Queen Caroline Amalie lifted the child to her knee upon hearing the little maid's expression of a preference to "kiss her cheek instead of her hand." She had French, German and English governesses, and early learned to speak several languages. "My first nurse, Chatinka,' she says, "I remember distinctly, and the vivid impression remains that she was a true Christian. With no playfellows but my brothers, I quickly became the wildest boy among them. To ride on my ponies, to climb the trees, to bathe, to fish, to row—these were my greatest pleasures. Thus passed the happy years of my youth. To them and to the reasonable discipline with which they were filled, I attribute the strength of body, clearness of mind and overflowing spirits which, in the Divine mercy, I have in so rich a measure enjoyed."

At eighteen she was presented at the Court of Berlin, and became a Lady of Honor to the Empress Augusta, "whom,' says the Countess, "I came to love as a mother; and I have to thank her influence in a very high degree for the life I am now leading." A typical day in her eighteen years of life as a court attachee, the Countess describes as follows:

Breakfast, 11 A.M. An hour or two later, donning full visiting dress, I ordered my carriage. It was my duty to pretend to return the calls made to me on behalf of the Empress. I took with me a bundle of hundreds of cards and drove hither and thither depositing them. This occupied several hours, which I spent in reclining lazily among the satin cushions of the carriage. Returning to the palace, I received visitors and perhaps held a private dinner party in my apartments. Perhaps in the evening, in full dress, I drove to the theatre in my gorgeous state-carriage, with glass sides, waving plumes, and stiff-back lackeys behind. After the play, we went, perhaps, to a grand ball and danced till nearly morning; or we sat for hours around the festal board at a state-dinner.

These worldly honors did not fill the heart of the "petted child of the court." Early in life, she had shown a strong religious leaning. At the old castle, her "most delightful treasure and plaything," she says, "was the great picture Bible of Schnorr of Carolsfield. I could lie on the floor for hours together, spreading its glorious pictures around me, and just living in the scenes they depicted." In her gay court life, the longing grew upon her for something higher and better; and her Imperial mistress encouraged this spirit. Then came the death of her beloved father, the pious old Count who had said to his child: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." She gave herself fully to Christ, and put in practise the command: "When thou makest a supper, call the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind." The Empress sent her to visit the prisons and to make report of their condition. In this tour of inspection, a revelation of the world's wretchedness came upon her with force all the more crushing, in that her life had hitherto been so secure from such observation. About this time she sought seclusion and rest on the island of Rugen, a small, fashionable summer resort, not far distant from the Danish coast. Here, knowledge was forced upon her of the poverty-stricken condition of the thousands of fishermen inhabiting other near-by islands. She began to give her labor and her money to them, living in a little two-room hut, partaking of their coarse food, and ministering to their bodily and spiritual wants. She built coffee-houses to keep them away from the saloons, established a workshop for the unemployed, started free reading-rooms, and visited their homes, carrying sunshine, help and sympathy. To her relatives, her course seemed madness; and the Countess found herself kidnapped and committed to an insane asylum, from which she was liberated through intervention of friends, and by the proper authorities, who did not agree with her kinsmen's presumption that giving one's life and substance to the poor and needy constituted sufficient ground for the charge of insanity. The sensational case was a nine days' wonder, and the papers were full of it at the time.

SOME OF THE COUNTESS' JEWELS
These she sold to carry on her work

THE COUNTESS AMONG THE BALTIC FISHERMEN

In 1895, the Countess bought her yacht *Duen* (Dove), which now lies in the Erie Basin, Brooklyn. In this yacht, she, her two adopted sons and a crew of young sailors, all missionaries, have journeyed many miles, going from harbor to harbor; visiting ships of all nations; distributing Bibles and tracts; conducting Gospel meetings in many languages, aboard ship, on docks, and in lodging-houses and sailors' homes; and establishing coffee-houses and mission halls here and there. Last July, the Countess obeying, as she says, divine prompting, came to America: her yacht entered the St. Lawrence, and sailed up the river and through the great lakes, touching at various towns, where meetings were held in parks, churches and market-places. At Chicago, the *Duen* dropped her anchor, and was converted by its charitable owner into an eating-house for the poor and destitute applying to her for aid. About 50,000 people were fed at her expense. The Countess stated at Carnegie Hall and the Bowery Mission that her strength and her funds are for the present exhausted; but that she expects, in answer to prayer, restoration of health and replenishing of her purse so that she can carry on her work.

CAPT. C. NOLANDT
The Veteran Commander of the Gospel Yacht *Duen*

Her yacht, the *Duen*, like its mistress, is worn with much journeying. While the Countess rests, it is undergoing an overhauling, preparatory to going into commission again in the spring. Her commander, Captain C. Nolandt, is a fine type of the weather-beaten sailor. His voyages have taken him to almost every part of the globe. He was born at Rostock, Magdeburg, in 1839, went to sea at fifteen years of age, and has served much in German ships engaged in the American trade. His first acquaintance with Countess Schimmelmann was when, as captain of a little steamer, he carried her from one port to another on the Baltic. Up to that time he had been a rough-and-ready sailor, with little thought of spiritual things, but her gentle influence and example had a wonderful effect upon his life as it has had upon the lives of many others with whom she has come into contact. He has now been associated with her five years, has sailed with her across the ocean and up and down the great American lakes, and has taken an active part in all of her Gospel work during that time, assisting at the meetings held on the yacht in the ports of Lakes Erie, Michigan, Huron, and along the canals. He regards her most successful work as that in Hamburg, where her meetings were followed by many conversions.

Captain Nolandt is proud of his crew of eight able seamen, all of whom are men of Christian character, and capable of assisting in the work at meetings on board and ashore, being especially qualified to deal with seafaring men. All the crew are young men and under a godly captain and with the Christian Countess as leader, they form a band of capable and enthusiastic workers for souls.

During the last two months of her stay in New York, Countess Schimmelmann has recovered her health sufficiently to do some active service for the Master. She made a fairly complete tour of the missions and meeting-houses for sailors; went to the down-town boarding houses where the seamen put up when they are ashore, and sought to interest those who keep these places in the sailors' spiritual welfare. She also went to the prisons and talked of Christ to the prisoners. Large crowds have heard her repeatedly in Carnegie Hall, Cooper Union, and a number of churches, both in New York and Brooklyn. The programme of her engagements, when she left New York for Philadelphia Feb. 20, included an address in Mr. Wanamaker's church in that city, the holding of several meetings for the Sunday Breakfast Association; a journey to Sing Sing and a talk to the prisoners there on the morning of March 4, and on the evening of the same day a Gospel address in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music. According to her schedule, she goes next to Baltimore to attend a conference there. A trip to Canada, and Atlanta, Ga., will then occupy her until her return to New York in the latter part of April, when she will devote two months to work in this city and Brooklyn. Thus her whole life, day by day, is unselfishly devoted to Christian service, laboring without ceasing that she may win souls to the Kingdom.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

.. Bad Company ..

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Proverbs 13 : 20, ... **A companion of fools shall be destroyed**

"MAY it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "May it please the Court, bad company has been my destruction; I received the blessing of good parents, and in return therefor promised to avoid all evil associates; had I kept my promise, I should have avoided this shame, and the burden of guilt, which like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although I once moved in high circles and was entertained by distinguished men, I am lost. Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destoyed." It is an invariable rule.

Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship-fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so certainly catch the disease as a good man will catch moral distemper, if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put the prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes, the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the rest.

We may, in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people; but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of associations is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will shear the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man voluntarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catching; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities, knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has entered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that establishment, stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction; and even after they have had the introduction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their association before they know him very well.

But the bad young men in that establishment all gather around him; they patronize him, they offer to show him everything that there is in the city, on one condition—that he will pay the expenses; for it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go together to a place of evil entertainment—the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for, or the champagne bill is to be settled, the bad young man will affect embarrassment and feel around in his pockets, and say, "Well, well, really I have forgotten my pocket-book."

In forty-eight hours after this innocent young man has entered the store, the bad young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and if he is stupid in not being able to take certain allusions, will say: "Ah! my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work to "break him in."

O young man! let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly. Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm may reach them; but God gives to every young man a lightning which he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the use of one sermon like this, in which I try to enforce the thought that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

And first, I charge you, avoid the sceptic. That is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest, and swaggers about, scoffing at your old-fashioned religion; then taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage, and saying, "Explain that, my friend, explain that. I used to think just as you do; my father and mother used to think just as you do; but you can't scare me about the future; I used to believe in those things, but I've got over it." Yes; he has got over it, and you will get over it if you stay in his companionship much longer; for while he may not bring one argument against our holy Christianity, he will by scoffs and jeers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years, and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying.

That brilliant young sceptic will after a while have to die, and his diamond will flash no splendor into the eye of death. His hair will lie uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and this sceptic will say to him, "I cannot die, I cannot die." Death will say, "You must die; you have but ten seconds more to live. Your soul—give it to me right away. Your soul!" "Oh no!" says the sceptic, "do not breathe that cold air into my face; you crowd me too hard; it is getting dark in the room; here—take my rings, and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No," says Death, "your soul! your soul!" Then the dying sceptic begins to say, "O God!" Death says, "You declared there was no God." Then the dying sceptic says, "Pray for me;" and Death says, "It is too late to pray; you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three. Gone!" Where? Where? Carry him out and lay him down beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion, singing the songs of victory.

Again, avoid the idler. That is, those people who gather around the store, or the shop, or the factory, and try to seduce you away from your regular calling, and in your business hours try to seduce you away. There is nothing that would please them so well as to have you give up your employment and consort with them.

These idlers you will find standing around the engine-houses, or standing at noonday, or about noon, on the steps of some hotel or fashionable restaurant, giving the idea they have dined there. They have not dined there. They never dined there. They never will dine there. Before you invite a young man into your association ask him plainly: "What do you do for a living?" If he says "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. I care not how soft his hand, or how elegant his apparel, or how high-sounding his family name, his touch is death.

These people who have nothing to do will come around you in your busy hours, and they will ask you to ride with them to Chevy Chase or to Central Park, and they will tell you of some excursion that you must make, of some wine that you must drink, of some beautiful dancer that you must see. They will try to take you away from your regular work. Associate with these men, and first of all you will become ashamed of your apparel; then you will lose your place, then you will lose your respectability, then you will lose your soul.

Idleness is the next door to villainy. When the police go to find criminals, where do they go to find them? They find them among the idle—those who have nothing to do, or, having something to do, refuse to engage in their daily work. Some one came to good old Ashbel Green and asked him why he worked at eighty years of age when it was time for him to rest. "Oh," he replied, "I work to keep out of mischief." And no man can afford to be idle. I care not how strong his moral character, he cannot afford to be idle.

But you say, "A great many people are suffering from enforced idleness. During the hard times there were a great many people out of employment." I know it; but the times of dulness in business are the times when men ought to be thoroughly engaged in improving their minds and enlarging their hearts. The fortunes to be made twenty years from now will be made by the young men who in the times when business was dull cultivated their minds and improved their hearts. They will get the fortunes after a while, while those men who hang around their stores, never engaging in any useful occupation will be as poor then as they are now. It is absurd for a Christian man to say he has nothing to do.

I went into a store in New York where there were five Christian men, and they said they had nothing to do. The whole world lying in sin. Poverty to be comforted, sickness to be alleviated, a Bible in the back office, every opportunity of mental culture, spiritual culture; every inducement to work, yet a Christian man, sworn before high heaven to consecrate his whole life to usefulness, has nothing to do! If you have not any business for this world, my Christian friend, then you ought to be doing business for eternity.

People go to Florence and to Venice and to Rome to see one of the works of the great masters. I think I can show you the picture of one of the great masters: "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well. I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man." There is no more explosive passage in all the Bible than that. It first begins to hiss like the fuse of a cannon, and then bursts like a fifty-four pounder. The old proverb was true: "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil!" Therefore seek something to do. If no worldly business offers, then, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, go out on Christian toil, and the Lord will bless you and the Lord will help you.

Again, I counsel you, avoid the pleasure-seeker—the man whose entire business it is to seek for recreation and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innocent. I could not live without them. Any man of sanguine temperament must have recreation or die. And yet the amusements and recreations of life must administer to hard work; they are only preparative for the occupation to which God has called us.

God would not have given us the capacity to laugh if he did not sometimes intend us to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay. But all the music and the brightness of the natural world were merely intended to fit us for the earnest work of life. The thundercloud has edges exquisitely purpled, but it jars the mountain as it says, "I come down to water the fields." The flowers standing under the fence look gay and beautiful, but they say: "We stand here to refresh the husbandmen at the nooning." The brook frolics and sparkles and foams, but it says, "I go to baptize the moss; I go to slake the thirst of the bird; I play but I work."

Look out for the man who plays and never works. Look out for that man whose entire business it is to play ball or sail a yacht, or engage in any kind of merriment. These things are all beautiful and grand in their places, but when they become the chief work of life they become a man's destruction.

These mere pleasurists will come around you while you are engaged in your work and they will try to take you away. They have lost their place; why not you lose your place? Then you will be one with them. O my friends! before you go with these pleasure-seekers, these men whose entire life is fun and amusement and recreation, remember while after a man has lived a life of integrity and Christian consecration, kind to the poor and elevating to the world's condition, when he comes to die he has a glorious reminiscence lying on his death pillow, the mere pleasurist has nothing by way of review but a torn play-bill, a ticket for the race, an empty tankard, or the cast-out rinds of a carousal; and as in delirium of his awful death he clutches the goblet and presses it to his lips, the dregs falling on his tongue will begin to uncoil and hiss with the adders of an eternal poison.

Again: Beware of Sabbath-breakers. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and the clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and the clothing of the immortal soul? Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail either in mind, body or moral principle. Oh, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old-fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." Beware young man of all Sabbath-breakers.

Again: I charge you beware of association with the dissipated. Go with them and you will in time adopt their habits. Who is that man fallen against the curb-stone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was as bright-faced a lad as ever looked up from your nursery. His mother rocked him, prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek, and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes, and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their grapples; his feet slipped on the way; and there he lies.

Oh! if I had some art by which I could break the charm of the tempter's bowl, and with mailed hand lift out the long serpent of eternal despair, and shake out its coils, and cast it down, and crush it to death!

Shake off the Sabbath-breaker. Oh! turn your back upon these men, shake off the sceptic. Shake off the idler. Shake off the pleasurist. You may do this work of ejection in politeness, but you may do it firmly. You are not, under any circumstances, to lose all the remembrance of the fact that you are a gentleman and must always act the gentleman. A young man said to a Christian Quaker, "Old chap, how did you get your money?"

"Well," said the Quaker, "I got it by dealing in an article in which thou mayest deal if thou wilt—civility."

Be courteous, be polite, but be firm. Say no as if you meant it. If you say "No" in a feeble way they will keep on with their imploration and their temptation, and after awhile you will stand in silence, and then you will say, after they have gone on a little longer, "Yes," and then you are lost.

Oh! turn your back upon the banquet of sin. I call you to a better feast to-day. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of heaven are the music. The clusters of Eschol are pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While standing at the banquet to pour the wine, and divide the clusters, and command the music, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God, on her brow the blossoms of Paradise, and in her cheek the flush of celestial summer. And her name is Religion. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

.. A Relief Ship for Starving India ..

Lord Curzon's Government will Pay the Charter, if Christian America will Provide a Cargo—A Golden Opportunity

LATE letters and cablegrams from our missionaries in India, represent the need of relief as so urgent and the condition of the sufferers as so appalling, that in order to save thousands who must otherwise perish, it has been decided to hurry forward substantial relief with all despatch. We invite every reader of this journal, and all who delight to serve the Master, to join with us in this movement **to equip a Flying Relief Ship** to carry a load of American corn to Bombay. This vessel, moving quickly—as a flying squadron moves ahead of the main body of the fleet—can reach Bombay in time to save thousands who would undoubtedly perish through famine, before aid could reach them through the regular channels. With this object in view, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago cabled to the British Government, announcing the readiness of Christian America to give of its abundant product to save lives in far-off India, and requesting that transportation be provided for the projected cargo. To this message, the British Government, after communicating with the Viceroy's Committee in India, sent the following reply:

"India Government deeply grateful for renewed American sympathy, and agrees to pay transport, provided the cargo is placed at the disposal of the Central Committee of Famine Relief."

The cargo of food to be conveyed by the Flying Relief Ship will be welcomed by the starving multitudes of India as a heaven-sent succor in their hour of sorest stress.

Haste is imperative, since human lives are at stake, and the cargo for the steamship—which should leave New York next month at the latest—should be gathered together with the utmost expedition. It is especially desirable that churches, Sunday schools, Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and other religious organizations should act promptly at this urgent call, and forward contributions to be applied toward purchasing the cargo of corn for the Flying Relief Ship. What has already been accomplished through the missionaries, as distributors, will be multiplied a hundred-fold upon the arrival and distribution of this cargo, which will include food for the starving, medicines and delicacies for the sick, and a tender message of love and sympathy from God's children in this side of the globe to those in the other, who, sore-smitten by plague and famine, had almost lost faith in God and man. Their pitiful condition is not surprising. In many districts of the Western provinces of that seeming land, where the famine is felt the sorest, practically the entire population is starving. To the local sufferers in every township are now added thousands of refugees, who have come from other parts in search of food, seeing nothing but death from hunger in their own districts. Private and public charity in India are wholly inadequate and the contributions from all sources are nearly exausted. We should reach out the swift hand of help at once, and give according as the Lord hath prospered us as a nation and as individuals.

There is no one so poor as to be unable to send a bushel of corn, or its equivalent, to add to the cargo: and it should not be forgotten that a single bushel of American corn—which is highly spoken of by nearly all our missionaries as being the most acceptable food that could be sent to the sufferers—may be blessed to the saving of many lives. With good, sound nutritious corn in abundance at 30 cents a bushel here, and with millions dying for the lack of food in India, there need not be an instant of hesitation as to the clear and unmistakable duty of all to whom this appeal may come.

* * *

Four months have now passed since the famine in India was officially acknowledged by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon. Since that time the area affected has extended week by week and the number of sufferers has increased. Four months still remain until the harvest can be gathered and the pressure is relieved. We are now, therefore, in the middle of the straitened period and are anxiously looking forward to the struggle that must be made to save life. It becomes more terrible from day to day. On all the roads in Western India crowds of gaunt, hungry men are struggling along toward the relief camps, and in the rear are women scarcely able to walk, plodding along hoping to reach relief before their strength utterly fails. But the most pitiful sight of all is the children in the crowd. They cannot understand why they have to suffer; and their pleading faces, turned in mute agony to any white person they meet, are sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most obdurate person. One dollar placed in the hands of a missionary would enable him to give a meal to twenty of the poor little sufferers. Mrs. Hume writes that at least fifty of them surrounded her when she went out the day before writing, all begging her for just one handful of grain. Another missionary tells of witnessing a struggle outside a grain store where a wagon was being unloaded and the poor creatures were down on their hands and knees carefully picking up every grain that fell into the dirt. It was a pitiable spectacle.

Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, to whom one thousand dollars of the sum contributed by our readers was sent by cable, writes: "Last week I acknowledged receipt from you of one thousand dollars and told you how timely was the remittance; I now write you how it was used. Our plans had been made with much thought and prayer in anticipation of the arrival of help from America. Nineteen missionaries who are working in the Deccan were all gladly prepared to assist in its distribution. One consideration has been how to administer this gift from Christians in America so as to make the distressed people learn from it the love of Christ, as well as to get relief for their bodies. The number is so great that we can reach comparatively few, but we have made the money go as far as we could. We used fifty rupees in setting people to work digging a well. Seven hundred and fifty rupees were spent in feeding a large number of starving children. The balance was used in similar ways in the districts of Satara, Kolgar, Vadala, etc. You will see from the itemized account enclosed how wide a field the money has reached and how many it has relieved. Those who have given through you have strengthened the missionaries almost as much as the poor people, for it is an awful strain on us to witness so much suffering, which we had not the funds to relieve. We are all most grateful to your readers and we ask you to thank them for us."

Rev. H. G. Bissell, to whom Mr. Hume gave some of the money to use in his district wrote, just as he was setting out on his tour of relief: "I wish to send a line of hearty thanks to you for making it possible for me to help these poor creatures. It is most opportune, for I know how many sick and aged and children there are who cannot go to the relief works and are utterly destitute. The children especially suffer severely. Their mothers are so near starvation themselves that they can give them no nourishment. It will be a source of great pleasure to relieve them, and how many lives it will save no one can tell. The people cannot at first understand why people in far-off America should send them help, but I am careful to explain the motive that these gifts express and they learn more of what our divine religion really is than they could learn from preaching. We are looking for a great in-gathering of souls as the result of this beneficence. Please tell your readers that we can use all the money they can send, and that every dollar will be spent in the most careful way and with a conscientious desire to make it tell in the relief of suffering and in the promotion of Christ's cause in this land."

FEEDING THE STARVING PEOPLE AT THE AMERICAN MISSION AT JHANSI

From Pandita Ramabai comes a grateful message of thanks. She writes: "Thank you so very much for sending me the one thousand dollars. Your readers can never know how many hearts they have gladdened among the people of God in this land by sending this help. It enables them to show those who know him not, how loving a Saviour he is, when his people will do so much to please him. It is a terrible affliction that is all around us. The Lord has called me to take up the work of relief, and for three months I have been doing the little that has been in my power. Now that the dear friends in America have sent me this money I can do so much more. God has given me over seventy young widows from Gujarat and Rajputana. I did not know how to provide for them, but I took them in, believing that as God had sent them he would provide, and now he has done so through your readers. Thank them for all they have done for me, and tell them that the blessing of our dear Lord will surely be with them. Especially for this new gift so terribly needed may he bless them. We want, oh, so much! to feed these poor starving thousands."

A cable message has also come from the Methodist Episcopal missionaries, to whom three thousand dollars was sent through Bishop Thoburn. They say: **"Remittance gratefully disbursed. Further help urgently desired."** They are in the worst part of the famine district and have to bear sights which make the heart ache.

Rev. E. Fairbank, of Wadala, who has visited the relief camp near his station, writes: "Three years ago at the end of the famine there was less wretchedness and starvation than I saw here to-day at the beginning of the famine. The misery is terrible. But still worse is the fearful emaciation. Living skeletons are on every side. The village *kulkarani* tells me that the children die soon after they reach the camp, being too far gone to recover. They might have lived had help reached them earlier. Last night a man died here who had traveled a long distance without proper nourishment, and had eaten absolutely nothing during the last three days of his journey.

"This famine is undoubtedly more severe in these parts than that of '76 or that of '96. One of the worst features is the lack of water. Rivers, usually flowing full at this time, are dry beds of sand. Wells, that have never before failed in the memory of any one living, have not a drop of water in them. The well that waters our garden and has never failed since my father came here almost forty-five years ago, is dry this year."

Our readers will rejoice as they read these expressions of gratitude that they have been able to cheer the hearts of these consecrated men and women to whom the appeals of the hungry are made. But more help is urgently needed. It is evident that all the money sent has been expended; and with the utmost care and economy it has only relieved the suffering temporarily. Hundreds are dying for want of a meal. The need is urgent, for the missionaries are surrounded by the hungry crowds. Gifts now will help them and will save others from perishing. Every dollar given in the name of Christ means help of the best kind. There is no deduction for expenses. The missionaries spend it in food or in wages for labor on works of public utility. In the presence of such appalling calamity as now exists we can but ask the question of the Apostle: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

A Corn-laden Relief Ship for Starving India

(Extract from cable message from the British Government to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

"India Government deeply grateful for renewed American sympathy, and agrees to pay transport, provided cargo is placed at disposal of Central Committee Famine Relief."

This means that Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, and his Government will pay the vessel's charter, and Christian America will supply its cargo. Contributions in aid of the corn cargo, to be conveyed in the Flying Relief Ship to Bombay, will be received and acknowledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Fireside Talks About Jesus

Jesus at Matthew's Feast

Social to Save

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 18th. MARK 2:13-22

UNCLE Will: "'Social to save,' the motto of the Endeavorers' social committee, is the very essence of this lesson about Jesus eating with publicans and sinners and teaching the blind teachers of that time, by act and word, how to fulfil their mission in uplifting men. Despite abounding political wrongs, which were represented by the publican tax robbers, and personal vice, which was represented by multitudinous sinners, Jesus was the Man of joy, the Bridegroom gladly leading the church into the bridal of a new life. Here is a lesson for those reformers who, like the Pharisees, forget to 'keep sweet' while combatting evils, who lose heart and hope, and so lose their cause as well. Unlike Roman Catholic monks and Protestant mystics, Jesus did not go apart from sinners, but to them and with them, putting the salt with the meat where it was needed. It was in this spirit, after preaching to the eager multitude on the seashore, that he went forth for equally important personal work and said to Levi, the publican, sitting at the city toll gate, 'Follow me.'"

. . .

Jesus seeks the sinful "From what I hear," said Selah Brown, "an oriental farmer would think publicans of all men past praying for. To-day, as of old, publicans in Palestine are authorized by the Turkish government to take a tenth, but allowed to extort a fifth instead. Tradesmen can sometimes partly hide their property, but the farmer is their helpless prey. The publican puts a huge stamp on the farmer's grain while it is on the public threshing ground, the only place where he can thresh it, and the farmer cannot thereafter remove it without the publican's permission. That permission is withheld until the farmer, worn out with postponements, exclaims, 'Oh, take a fifth and let me sell my grain.' In the times of Christ an additional odium attached to publicans because this tax robbing of the Jews was done by those who were Jews themselves, mean enough to be the thumbscrews of the oppressors of their race if only they could fill their own pockets."

"I fear," said Sanders, "that American farmers are hardly less sceptical as to the possibility of converting that same kind of Jews in our cities, who not infrequently make our farmers their prey. Most of us have some class, or some one at least, that we think too mean for Christ to save."

. . .

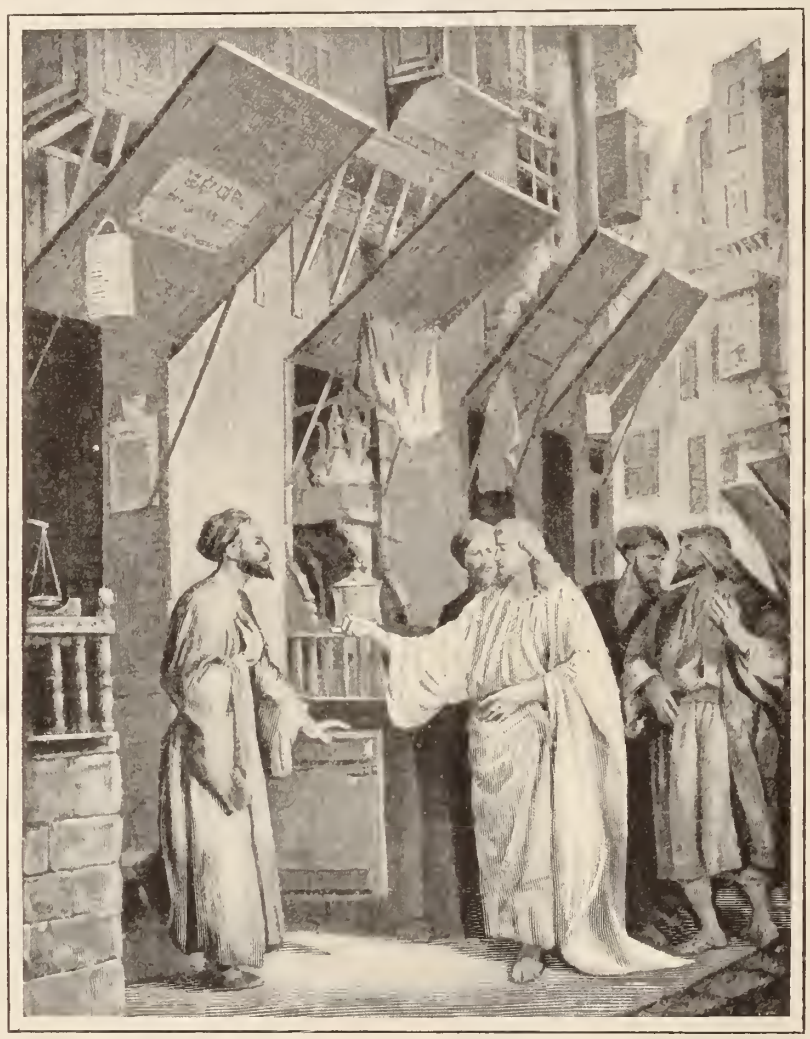
Leaving all to follow Christ "How that feeling is rebuked," said Mr. Isaacs, "by the change wrought in Levi, who became Matthew, a new name, meaning 'the gift of God.' The thoroughness of his conversion and consecration puts many of us to shame. He forsook all and followed Christ. That is something to be pondered by the man who pretends to follow Christ, but will not give up anything that involves financial risk or loss. How strange it sounded to read of that recently converted grocer, who thereupon burned his whole stock of tobacco.

"Finney was kneeling with a new convert and leading him in specific self-surrender. He repeated after the revivalist, 'I will serve God in my home,' 'I will work for God in the church.' But when he was asked to repeat, 'I will serve God in my business,' he hesitated, for he was in the liquor business. The only way to serve God in his business he found was to quit it. Many a church member is selling corrupting literature, less solicitous whether boys and girls should be lost than whether a few cents a week shall be lost. Many a young lady selling cigars or serving wine as a waitress needs this lesson of Levi, who dared to trust in God and renounce a bad business."

"That reminds me," said Uncle Will, "of a child struggling to get its hand out of a vase. After its long and vain efforts the mother said, 'Open your fist and you can get it out.' 'Oh,' said the child, 'I can't do that, for if I do I shall drop the penny.' Many a one will have to drop some penny it is grasping to save not hand but heart. A ship at sea coming on a foundered vessel loaded with emigrants threw over its own cargo in order to save the emigrants. Many a man needs to sacrifice his business or his wealth that he may save himself and others. In the words of Hudson Taylor, 'We cannot crown Christ Lord at all unless we crown him Lord of all.'"

"Matthew turned square about," said Selah Brown, "and leaving his boodling politics followed Jesus, which reminds me of a story told of a traveler on a Massachusetts county road, who asked a man whom he met how far it was to Taunton. 'Well, neighbor,' was the quaint reply, 'in the way you are headed now its right on to 25,000 miles; but if you'll turn square about and go t'other way, it'll be about six mile.' Many a man who thinks he is on the way to heaven will need to turn square about in conduct and character if he is ever to get there."

"You speak," said Tom, "as if Matthew must have been a dishonest publican. But surely there is no sin in tax collecting in itself. Ruskin thinks Matthew must have been an honest publican or Jesus would not have called him, a strange inference to make from a story in which Jesus says, 'He came to call not the righteous but sinners.' Nevertheless, is it not conceivable that there might be a Christian publican, that is, one who was a true Christian and yet did not forsake the business?"



"FOLLOW ME. AND HE AROSE AND FOLLOWED HIM"

"It is conceivable," said Uncle Will, "just as it is conceivable that a druggist might keep open all day on the Sabbath and not break any law of God or man; or that one might open a livery that day and provide only for cases of necessity and mercy. Matthew may have left the business only as John left fishing. But the case at least suggests that we should avoid not only an essentially sinful business, but also one full of temptations. And the same law applies to pleasures. In any case we are to forsake whatever is sinful at whatever cost, whether in business or politics or pleasure, and follow Christ, which means that we will adopt for our whole lives the motto that Dr. Sheldon is this week applying in a daily newspaper office in Topeka, 'What would Jesus do?'"

Mrs. Isaacs: "What a helper of Christ this unpromising publican became, whom the Pharisees thought not worth saving! It makes one think of how the diamond treasures of South Africa were discovered by a visitor about to throw back at a playful boy a pebble which the latter had thrown at him. A glint of light caught his eye and what he would have thrown away proved a diamond and a promise of many more. What the Pharisees threw away Jesus made into saints. Matthew was a case of business talents consecrated to higher uses. His Gospel is not only the Jews' Gospel but the business man's Gospel. How he adds the miracles of Christ together in one place, and the teachings in another, like sums in addition, to prove that such divine power and wisdom must belong to the Messiah! Matthew's Gospel is a converted tax collector's record of God's reckonings with the human race in rewards and punishments. Of all the Bible this is the book of judgments."

. . .

Saving Men by Social Means "And yet," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "Matthew, like his Master, ate with publicans and sinners that he might save them through their social instincts. The feast was to his own trade, no doubt, and the sinners and Pharisees alike came unbidden, for opposite reasons, in the freedom of oriental manners. Matthew knew the value of social forces. Cain built the first city when there were neither wars nor factions—the two usual explanations of the development of cities. That first city was a pure outgrowth of man's social instinct, always strongest in the Cainites. The way in is the way out, and so we should use the social agencies largely to reach the Cainites that prefer vice and poverty in the city to virtue and comfort elsewhere. The 'social settlement,' the 'institutional church,' the 'friendly visitor,' the 'church sociable' are all true successors of that feast at Matthew's house. I join in most that is said against church suppers as a substitute for consecrated giving but we are only repeating the love feasts of the New Testament when rich and poor in the church eat together as a family once a fort night, as our church used to do in Haverhill And the free breakfasts for the poor on Sabbath mornings in many cities are Matthew's feast repeated. In one of these in Dublin, so degraded were those who came that the Christian leader who preached the Word of Life when hunger had been satisfied, found it necessary to take a bath before he could go to church. Oh, if we were only as sensitive to uncleanness of the soul—aye, and as eager to be cleansed!"

ATTITUDE OF GUESTS AT AN ORIENTAL FEAST

Selah Brown: "The Pharisees come into the story to illustrate how not to do it. How many publicans and sinners had they converted by scorning and avoiding them? With keen satire Jesus reminds them that, while pretending to be soul doctors, they avoid the sick and seek only those who need no physician.

. . .

Religion not a Fast, but a Feast "It just suits me," said cheery Selah Brown that Christ should have been at this feast on the very day when the lifeless Pharisees and John's disciples were fasting. What a religion of forms and rules those Pharisees had! It saddened them like a heavy load. Most of our prayer meetings are too solemn, and especially do we forget at the Lord's table looking into ourselves, instead of looking unto Jesus that it was in New Testament times — a Eucharist — that is, a Thanksgiving feast. 'How shall the children of the bride chamber know when the bridegroom is with them?' If we are having a true 'communion' with the 'real presence' of Christ how can we fail to rejoice!"

"The ground of our peace," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "is found in the cross, to which Christ's mystic reference to the Bridegroom being taken away pointed, though the crucifixion was nearly two years away. One of our blessings is that we know nothing of to-morrow's crosses. Christ, through his whole life, saw the cross as its culmination, not counting it a sorrow so much as a victory to come. Because that cross hides our sins, the only adequate ground of sorrow, we have peace."

. . .

A New Spirit and New Methods "New wine in new wineskins," said Mr. Sanders, "is Christ's picture of the new life expressed in the new methods which he brought. Nearly every great truth of the New Testament is as old as the Old Testament, in whose earliest pages the Divine One is pictured as Father, Lamb, Shepherd, King, Saviour, Bridegroom. But into these old truths, which had withered into formalism, Christ put new life, and provided for their extension the swift-footed apostleship in place of the confined priesthood. As the seed must burst the old seed husk and rise into its new expression in the tree, so the story of God's love to man must throw off dead Judaism and expand into living Christianity, which is not a new, finished house, but a new, ever-growing tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Mrs. Uncle Will: "Jesus used a homely but effective illustration to show that what he proposed was not to patch up Judaism, but rather to introduce a new life in a new dress. If a piece of new, unshrunk cloth is sewed into the hole of an old garment, it will only tear the hole larger when it does shrink at last. It is just as true in individual conversion that Christ comes not to patch up our old life with a better habit here and there, but to give us a new spirit, which will express itself in new forms, in purer politics, loftier enjoyments."

ORIENTAL CARRYING A SKIN BOTTLE

A Sunday with Pastor Sheldon

Characteristic Services in the Little Topeka Church — A Graphic Pen-Picture of the Preacher-Editor of the Daily Christian Newspaper

(From our Special Correspondent)

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 26.—On my arrival here I was accorded a hearty welcome as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative by Gen. Hudson and the staff of *The Capital*. I attended the Sunday morning services at Mr. Sheldon's church yesterday, and there received a cordial greeting from some of the principal members of his congregation. Afterward I had the pleasure of spending an hour with the now famous Topeka pastor, whose experiment on the lines of practical Christian daily journalism is attracting the attention of the entire country. He is in many respects a remarkable man, being exceptionally modest and in no sense one who cares for self-glorification before the public. He has thus far resisted all inducements by interviewers and photographers, and it is evidently a part of his fixed plan to sink his own personality so far as possible in the great work he has undertaken to accomplish.

It must not be imagined, however, that there is any secret about the unique enterprise, or that a veil of mystery has been purposely thrown about the Christian daily newspaper which Mr. Sheldon will begin to issue on the 13th inst. On the contrary, the pastor-editor has invited most heartily the co-operation of the whole Christian community. I have received the assurance that the freedom of every department of *The Capital* will be gladly granted me as the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that its great army of readers throughout the world may learn all about the experiment at every stage of its progress. They may, therefore, expect to find in these dispatches a full and unbiased presentation of the story of Pastor Sheldon's editorial trials and triumphs, from the moment he assumes the editorial chair until the novel experiment is concluded, and he turns over *The Capital* to its owner, Mr. Popenoe and its regular conductors, through whose courtesy and enterprise he was granted this great opportunity.

In view of the anticipated widespread demand for *The Capital* during Mr. Sheldon's editorship, it is proposed to print part of the edition in Topeka and the balance in Chicago, with the possibility that necessity may make it advisable to print supplementary editions also in New York and London. Thousands of subscriptions are coming in every day.

The Sheldon church, which is situated on the outskirts of Topeka, is a rather small edifice. Instrumental music is furnished by a small parlor organ, and the singing is led by an aged man, who wields a baton. In several places on the walls of the church and Sunday School room, the words "What would Jesus do?" are stenciled, and stand prominently before the visitor's eyes. Pastor Sheldon preaches from notes. I found the little church packed, there being at least five hundred persons present, including State senators, politicians, the president of the Topeka college, and a considerable sprinkling of negroes. The pastor opened the responsive reading with the third and fourth chapters of Acts. The Lord's prayer was chanted, then came the hymn, "On God, the Rock of Ages," sung by the congregation; then a simple prayer for the guidance of all, that they might live as Jesus would have them do, from the President of the nation down to the humblest citizen. Another hymn, "When Morning Gilds the Skies," was sung. Mr. Sheldon then read a single notice—that of the Thursday night prayer meeting, this being the only public meeting at which he ever mentions his coming newspaper experiment. Then followed a prayer for help, strength and light. Next the offering with liberal contributions.

Pastor Sheldon took the text for his sermon from Acts 4: 12: "And in none other is there salvation." The sermon was a simple plain talk, as if to a Bible class. I am forwarding you by this mail the notes in the pastor's own handwriting, so that you may publish them in full, if desired. After the sermon, came another hymn, "God Loved the World of Sinners Lost;" then a short prayer that all present who had not yet come into the kingdom, might be brought in. The last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," was followed by the benediction, after which the congregation speedily dispersed.

Mr. Sheldon's delivery showed no attempt at dramatic effect. He frequently repeats phrases and expressions for the sake of emphasis. He summed up all the essentials and non-essentials of salvation. Non-essentials that do not count are race, rank, riches, church membership and the assent to certain dogmas, none of which however, are actually necessary to our salvation. The essentials are faith in God, repentance, humility, the new birth, and the daily living and doing as Jesus would do. Let us carry salvation to all who need. "There is no such thing as secular life," said the pastor. "All life is life into which we are to put our Christianity." He should doubt his own salvation if he did not love the multitude. Good works alone will not save us, but we do good because we are saved.

Pastor Sheldon's Sunday routine is interesting. He rose at seven, partook of a simple breakfast, and then had home prayers and Bible reading with his family, including his wife and two-year-old baby and also his father and mother, who live in another part of the town, but visit him on Sundays. Then came half an hour's preparation for pulpit work. Sunday School, followed by a short Bible class lesson, was next in order, and then the regular morning service, which I have already described. Dinner over, the first half of the afternoon was spent in house-to-house visits in the negro quarter of the town, and during this outing he looked in for a few moments at the negro chapel. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the funeral of a white parishioner and a church committee meeting. Next, supper, after which came the only evening service at the church, which was of the nature of a People's Christian Endeavor meeting. At this service Mr. Sheldon gave a short, characteristic talk on humility, and this was by all means the most interesting meeting of the day. The singing was led by a young man and the hymns played by a young woman at the piano, accompanied by young men with violin, flute and cornet. This fairly describes a typical Sheldon Sunday.

Pastor Sheldon's nature is a difficult one to analyze. To many he may appear cold and unsympathetic and lacking in personal magnetism, but those who know him best and who are with him frequently, enabling them to see every phase and revelation of character, know that such a conclusion would do him an injustice. I have been told that many who meet him require weeks to decide for themselves wherein lies his greatness or his strength. His extreme modesty, his indifference to publicity, his guardedness in speech, all give an impression at the outset which is apt to be reversed on longer acquaintance. In conversation with me he expressed genuine appreciation of the co-operation and sympathy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, adding that he much prefers that the complete story of his experiment should be printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD rather than in any daily publication. It is impossible to question his sincerity. He said he was delighted to meet and talk with me as a friend, but desired that he should not be quoted in the first person save on specially stipulated points, as anything beyond this savors of egotism. He denies absolutely that he has given out any signed statements concerning his work for publication in the daily press, and he authorized me further to quote him as saying that any signed statements purporting to outline the policy upon which *The Capital* will be conducted under his control are not genuine.

Especially he denies that he has changed his mind with regard to the publication of a Sunday edition. He says, "I will positively not issue a Sunday edition. An extra edition will be dated, issued and delivered on Saturday night, and the office will be closed before midnight until Monday." The policy of the paper will be set forth on its editorial page and not before. His first issue, outlining the policy, will not essentially differ from that outlined in the seventeenth chapter of *In His Steps*.

Just as I close my dispatch, I learn that Mr. Sheldon is confident the experiment will result in his obtaining one million dollars as an endowment for a permanent Christian daily paper. The sum named by Edward Norman, in the thirteenth chapter of *In His Steps*, in discussing a similar project, was only $500,000.

GILSON WILLETS.

* * * *

Bishop Vincent, of Topeka, has called Mr. Sheldon a "practical idealist," and his life bears out the criticism. Just now he is applying his practical idealism to the inhabitants of Tennesseetown, a suburb of Topeka populated by negroes. These negroes settled there years ago during a great migration from the South. Our photographs show some phases of this work, which will be described in a future issue.

* * * *

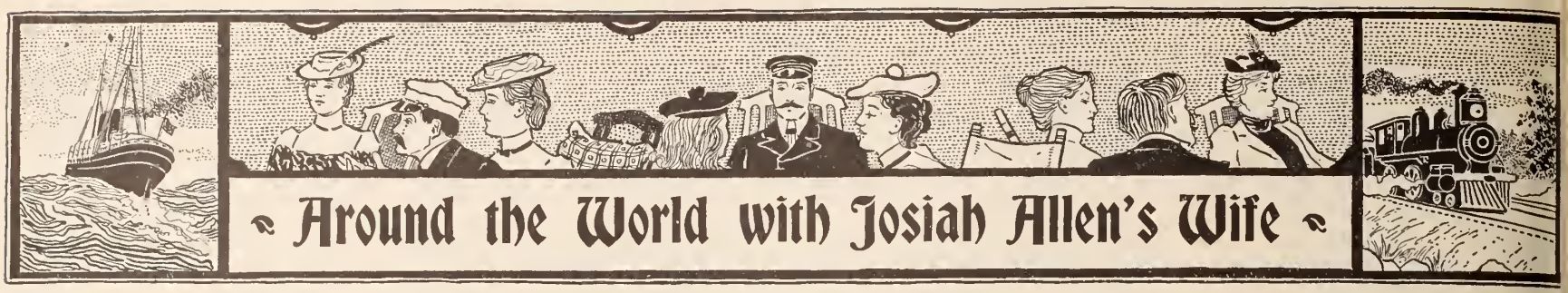
As the tremendous temporary increase of *The Capital* subscription list will unquestionably interfere with prompt service, unless specially facilitated, we have concluded to send to *The Capital* **six printed mailing lists**, containing the carefully printed **names** and full **addresses** of members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family who subscribe for the six Sheldon issues. To secure this advantage the names of all subscribers for the Sheldon issues (commencing March 13), should be sent, together with twenty-five cents in cash, to **reach us not later** than **Saturday morning, March 10th.**

: : : Views in Pastor Sheldon's Mission in Tennesseetown, a Suburb of the City of Topeka, Kan. : : :

THE SEWING SCHOOL AT TENNESSEETOWN

MAKING WICKER BASKETS

ARRAYED FOR AN ENTERTAINMENT



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTI

CHAPTER XIII., Continued

ELDER WESSEL wuz took completely back I could see by Arvilly's eloquence, and I wuz myself. The sharp-toothed harrow of grief had turned up new furrows in her soul, in which strange plants growed. And before Elder Wessel could speak she went on a-thinkin' back about sunthin' he'd said.

"Indulgences to sin! If I granted licenses for all kinds of sin for money, as our nation duz, I wouldn't talk about Papal indulgences. See how wimmen are used—embruted, insulted, ground beneath the heel of lust and ruin by these same license laws."

"But, Sister Arvilly," sez he, "I was reading only this morning a sermon upon how much our civilization had to do in lifting women into the high place they occupy to-day."

"High place!" sez Arvilly, and I fairly trembled in my felt shoes to hear her axent. "Wimmen occupy a dretful high place. I can tell you jest the place she occupies. You have been told of it often enough; you ort to know it, but don't seem to. A woman occupies the same bench with lunatics, idiots and criminals, only hern is enough sight harder under legal licenses and taxation laws."

"But," sez the Elder, "the courtesy with which women are treated, the politeness, the deference—"

"If you wuz kicked out of your meetin' house, Elder Wessel, would it make any difference to you whether the shue you wuz kicked with wuz patent leather or cow hide? The important thing to you would be that you wuz layin' on the ground outside, and the door locked behind you."

Sez Elder Wessel, "That is a strong metafor, Sister Arvilly. I had never looked at it in that light before."

"I presume so," sez she. "The very reason why there are so many cryin' abuses to-day is because good men spend their strength in writin' eloquent sermons aginst sin, and lettin' it alone, instead of grapplin' with it at the ballot box. Our Lord took a whip and scourged the money changers out of the temple. And that is what ministers ort to do, and have got to do, if the world is saved from its sins—scourge the money changers who sell purity and honor, true religion and goodness for money.

"Satan don't care how much ministers talk about temperance and goodness and morality in the pulpit to a lot of wimmen and children that the congregations are made up of mostly, or how many essays are writ about it, tied with blue ribbin. But when ministers and church members take hold on it as Ernest White has and attacks it at the ballot box, and defends and reinforces the right and left flank with all the spiritual and material and legal forces he can muster, why then Satan feels his throne tremble under him and he shakes in his shues."

But before Elder Wessel could frame a reply Josiah come in with the news that the steamer had approached and brung mail to the passengers. And we all hurried up to see what we had got.

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"THE SHORE LOOKED DRETFUL LOW AND FLAT"

CHAPTER XIV.
On a Foreign Shore

WELL, the steamer wuz passin' away like ships in the night, but I found that I had several letters from home. The children wuz gettin' well. Philury and Ury well and doin' well. And one letter wuz from Cousin John Richard, that blessed creeter! who, it will be remembered, went to Africa as a missionary to help the colony of Freedmen to a knowledge of the true freedom in Christ Jesus. Only two idees that blessed creeter ever seemed to have; first, what his duty wuz, and second, to do it. His letter run as follows:

"Dear Cousin: Here in the far off tropics where I thought to live and die with the people I have loved and given my life to help, the Lord has wonderfully blessed our labors. The Colony is prospering as I never expected to see it. The people are beginning to see that a true republic can only exist by governing one's own self, that in the hands of each individual is the destiny of the nation. We are a peaceful people, greatly helped under the Lord by the fact that not a saloon blackens the pure air of Victor.

"How can the crazed brain of a drunken man help a nation only to weaken and destroy? How can children born under the curse of drink be otherwise than a burden and curse to the public weal? How can a righteous ruler handle this menace to freedom and purity save to stamp it beneath his feet? As we have no saloons, so we have no almshouses or prisons, the few poor and wrongdoers being cared for by private individuals, remunerated by public tax.

"So greatly has the Lord prospered this people that I felt that I was needed elsewhere more than here. I have felt that America instead of Africa needed the help of missionaries and teachers of the Most High. Tidings have reached me of the sad, sad state of the Philippines.

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"THE STEAMER HAD BRUNG THE MAIL"

A Gloomy Picture

"Into these islands, inhabited, as has been said, by people half devil, half child, has been introduced the worst crime of America, the drink evil, the worst demon outside the bottomless pit. A Christian civilization, a Christian ruler, sending whole regiments of bright young boys so far from all the deterring and controlling influences of home and home life, the light of happy homes, the idols of fond hearts, sent to face the dreadful climate, the savage warfare; to colonize the graveyards in the sodden earth; to be thrown into the worst evils of war; to face danger and death and with all this provided by the government that should protect them, with this dreadful temptation to ensnare their boyish wills and lead them into captivity

"I feel that God is calling me to go to the Philippines and help these poor boy with the wild blood of youth surging i their veins. So I sail to-morrow wit three of my native converts, good Chris tians, willing to die if need be for the faith."

This letter had been written more'n month, so long had it been coming to m and I wuz tickled enough to think tha when we got to the Philippine we should see Cousin John Richard. And jest as soon as read it I went to Mis Gray's stateroom; she wu abed and cryin', but sh let me in when she foun who it wuz, and I se gladly: "You needn worry any more abou your sick bo bein' alone i Manila; our cou in, John Richa Allen, has gon there and three the noble youn men he has trai ed to help th sick and sinfu they are gone a chaplains. H will find out you boy, and if an body can lead hi to the Great She herd, the gree pastures and sti waters he ca and he will be him what th most devoted p would be to him, and ma, too."

She had been cryin' hard, but her fac looked some brighter. You know how is when you're settin' in deep water, is some comfort when it stops rainin' o you. She wuz in trouble enough an way, but it wuz a great relief and comfo to know that her boy wouldn't have to d without some one to speak words of con fort. I had believed that there wuz cha lains there all the time.

Josiah said when I told him about there wuzn't much chance to find tha boy amongst so many thousand.

But I sez, "Don't you dast to say tha before the Widder Gray. The Lord good enough and powerful enough to lea Cousin John Richard right to that poo lonesome, dyin' boy's bedside."

Up the Pasig River

The shore of Manila looked dretf low and flat as we come up to it some a old Shelmadine's land lays along the lak shore. So you'd think that if it raine hard and raised the water a inch it woul overflow it. And the houses looke dretful low and squatty mebby it wuz o account of earthquakes they built 'em s Josiah thought it wuz so they coul shingle 'em standin' on the ground. inclined to the earthquakes.

Our boat wuz small enough to go ove the surf and up the Pasig river. Th water didn't look very clean, and on wuz floatin' what looked like little cab bage heads. Josiah thought they wu and sez he real excited:

"Thank fortin if they have cabbage to throw away here I shall be likely t git a good biled dinner, and mebby biled puddin' with lemon sass."

But they wuzn't cabbages, they wu some kind of a water plant that growe right there in the water. As we saile along some queer lookin' boats, lookin some like corn houses standin' on enc bulged out towards us from the shor They said they wuz cargo lighters to ou load ships, and mebby they wuz. An one peculiarity I see that I despised. Th natives all seemed to wear their shirt

ver their pantaloons, hangin' loose, and ome on 'em didn't have on any panta-ons, jest the shirt, and some not even

COMING UP THE STEPS OF THE HOTEL AT MANILA

at, just a sash or so tied round about m.

I despised the sight and sez to Josiah: They might do as much as Adam did nyway; they might wear some leaves ound 'em, there is plenty of fig trees ere I spoze."

And he sez: "I have been thinkin' that is a crackin' good idee to wear the hirt over the pantaloons; it would be ool and look all right after we got used o it; the bottom of the shirt could be uffled or trimmed with tattin or red raid, and they would look as dressy agin s I've always wore 'em."

I looked a dagger at him out of my ight eye and sez: "What won't you take into your head to do next, Josiah Al-en?"

Meeting the Natives

But our attention wuz drawed off by Arvilly, who approached us. She looked kornfully at the costoom of the natives, nd I hearn her say to herself: "Not nuch chance to canvass here." But even s she spoke her eye fell hopefully on the pposite shore, like a good book agent canning the earth and heavens for a pos-ible subscriber.

Miss Meechim, who had come on deck vith Dorothy and Robert, looked benig-antly at the natives and sez: "The poor e shall always have with you," and she ut her hand in the little bag that she lways wore at her side and said: "I won-ler if I have got a copy of that blessed ract with me, 'The Naked Sinner Clothed nd in His Right Mind.'"

But Robert sez to her: "They wouldn't hank you for clothes, Aunt Albina; you vill have to wait until we reach New York; some of the naked there would be gladly covered up from the snow and storms."

"Oh, don't compare our own blessed and with this heathen clime."

"But," sez Robert. "The warm breezes here bring only joy and comfort to that sinner's naked limbs, and the sin of ignorance may be forgiven. But the shivering sinners, crouching on the cold stone door-steps, hearing dimly through their benumbed senses prayers and thanks-givings to the Most High for mercies they have no part in, why that is quite a different matter."

Aronette wuz standing a little ways apart, talking with a young man. He wuz payin' her compliments, I knew, for there wuz a pink flush on her pretty face, and his eyes had admiration in them. I didn't like his looks at all; he looked dissipated and kinder mean, and I thought I would warn her aginst him when I got a good chance. Lucia Wessel, too, wuz holding her young charge by the hand, but her attention wuz all drawed off by another young chap that I'd seen with her a number of times, and I didn't like his looks, he had the same sort of a dissipated look that the other young man had, but I see by the expression of Lucia's innocent eyes that she didn't share in my opinion; she looked as if she wuz fairly wropped up in him. I wondered what Elder Wessel would have said if he could have seen that look. But he wuz in blissful ignorance. He thought her bosom wuz composed of a equal mixture of snow and crystal, through which he could read every thought and emotion as soon as they wuz engraved on it. He thought that there was no characters written there as yet by any manly hand save his own writ in characters of fatherly and daughterly love. He wuz holdin' forth to Arvilly, and she with her nose turned up as fur as nater would let it go, wuz listenin' because he wouldn't let her git away. I thought by her expression he wuz praisin' the license laws, for on no other subject wuz he so eloquent, and on no other did Arvilly's nose turn up to such a hite.

Dorothy and Tommy wondered what those strange trees were that grew on the shore in front, and Robert Strong hastened to their side to help them to such information as he had on the subject. And he had knowledge on almost every subject under the heavens, so it seemed to me.

Josiah's Revolt

Well, anon or a little after, we found ourselves on shore and I wuz glad to feel terry firmy under my feet once more. Lots of times on board ship the terry wuz so fur from the firmy that the solid land felt good under the soles of our shoes. Yes, indeed! And though for some time tables and chairs, and even beds and bureaus had a way of advancin' up towards us and then retreatin' away from us over and over, yet as I say terry wuz considerable more firmy than the deck had been.

Well, it wuzn't long before we found ourselves at a comfortable hotel, not too comfortable, but decently so; and in the fulness of time we wuz seated at the table partaking of food which, though it didn't taste like my good Jonesville vittles, still I could eat and be thankful for. Josiah whispered to me:

"Onions and garlicks and peppers; I never could bear any on 'em, and here I be filled up with 'em; there hain't a single dish on this table but what's full of 'em. Oh Samantha!" sez he pitifully, "if I could only eat one of your good dinnerses or supperses agin it seems as if I would be willin' to die."

And I whispered back to him to be calm. Sez I, "Do be reasonable; it ain't logic or religion to expect to be to home and travelin' abroad at the same time."

He see it wuzn't and subsided with a low groan and begun to nibble agin' on his food, but his looks wuz mournful, and if I could I would have put on a apron willin'ly and gone down into the kitchen and cooked him a good square meal, but I knew it wouldn't be thought on, so I kep' calm.

Well, our bed wuz kinder queer. It wuz quite noble lookin', four high posts with lace curtains looped up and mosquito nettin' danglin' down, and instead of springs a woven cane mattress stretched out lookin' some like our cane seat chairs. How to git under that canopy and not let in a swarm of mosquitoes wuz what we didn't know, but we did finally creep under and lay down. It wuz like layin' on the barn floor, the cane mattress didn't yield a mite, and Josiah's low groans mingled with my sithes for quite a spell. Tommy wuz fast asleep in his little bed and so didn't sense anything. Well, the tegus night passed away, happily I spoze for the attentive mosquitos who shared the canopy with us, and mebby liked to sample foreign acquaintances, but tegus for us, and we wuz glad when it wuz time to git up.

The first meal of the day wuz brought to our room; chocolate not over good, some bread and some eggs, almost raw, wuz what it consisted of. Josiah, who wanted some lamb chops, baked potatoes and coffee, wuz mad as a hen. "Heavens and earth!" sez he, "why I never sucked eggs when a boy; have I got to come to it in my old age? Raw eggs and chocklate you could cut with a knife. A few years of such food will leave you a widder, Samantha."

"Well," sez I, "do let's make the best of it: when you're in Rome do as the Romans do." "I shan't suck eggs, for no Romans or for no Philippine." "Eat 'em with your spoon," sez I, "as you'd ort to."

"Or with my knife," sez he. "Did you see them officers last night to the table eatin' sass with a knife? I should thought they'd cut their mouths open."

"Well, it is their way here, Josiah. Let's keep up and look forrerd to goin' home; that's the best fruit of travelin' abroad anyway, unless it is seein' Tommy so well and hearty."

Josiah looked at his rosy face and he didn't complain another word. He jest worships Thomas Josiah. Well, after we eat this meal we went out walkin'. Josiah and I and Tommy, and I spoze Carabi went along too, though we didn't see him. But then what two folks ever did see each other? Why I never see Josiah, and Josiah never see me, not the real us.

Well, it wuz a strange, strange seen that wuz spread out before us; the place looked more'n half asleep, and as if it had been nappin' for some time; the low odd lookin' houses looked too as if they wuz in a sort of a dream or stupor. The American flag waved out here and there with a kind of a lazy bewildered floppin, as if it wuz wonderin' how under the sun it come to be there ten thousand milds from Washington, D. C., and it wuz wonderin' what on earth it floated out there in the first place for. But come to look at it clost you could see a kind of a determined and sot look in the stars and stripes that seemed to say, "Well, now I am here I hain't goin' to be driv out by no yeller grounded flags whatsumever."

Native Customs and Costumes

Some of the carriages that we met wuz queer lookin', rough wooden two-wheeled carts, that looked as if they'd been made by hand that mornin'. Josiah said that he could go out into the woods with Ury and cut down a tree and make a better lookin' wagon in half an hour, but I don't spoze he could. Some on 'em wuz drawed by a buffalo, which filled Josiah with new idees about drivin' one of our cows in the democrat.

Sez he: "Samantha, it would be real uneek to take you to meetin' with old Line back or Brindle, and if the minister got dry in meetin', and you know ministers do git awful dry sometimes, I could just go out and milk a tumbler full and pass it round to him."

But I drawed his attention off; I couldn't brook the idee of ridin' after a cow and havin' it bellerin' round the meetin' house. The native wimmen we met wuz some on 'em dressed American style, and some on 'em dressed in their own picturesque native costoom. It wuz sometimes quite pretty, and one not calculated to pinch the waist in. A thin waist, with immense flowing sleeves and embroidered chemise showing through the waist, a large handkerchief folded about the neck with ends crossed, a gay skirt with a train and a square of black cloth drawn tight round the body from waist to knees. Stockings are not worn very much, and the slippers are not much more than soles with little strips of leather going over the foot, and no heels. Anon we would meet some Chinamen, with eyes set in on a bias, and their hair hanging in two long tails down their backs; lots of them we see, then a priest would move slowly along, then a Spanish senora, then a sailor, then perhaps a native dressed partly in European costoom lookin' like a fright. The street cars are little things drawed by one horse, and the streets are badly paved when they're paved at all.

There wuz some handsome houses in the residence portion of the city, but aside from the Cathedral there are few public buildings worth seeing. But one thing they have here always beautiful, and that is the luxuriant tropical vegetation, beautiful blossoming trees and shrubs, and the multitude of flowers, tall palms, bamboo, ebony, log-wood, mangoes, oranges, lemons, bread fruit, custard apples, and forty or fifty varieties of bananas, from little ones, not much more than a mouthful, to them eighteen or twenty inches long. Josiah enjoyed his walk, finding many things to emulate when he got back to Jonesville. Among 'em wuz the Chinamen's hair; he thought that it wuz a dressy way to comb a man's hair, and he wondered dreamily how his would look if he let it grow out and braid it. But he said that if he did, he should wear red ribbons on it, or baby blue. But I knew there wuz no danger of his hair ever stringin' down his back, for I could, if danger pressed too near, cut it off durin' his sleep, and would, too, even if it led to words.

(To be Continued.)

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"I SHAN'T SUCK EGGS FOR NO ROMAN OR FOR NO PHILIPPINE," SEZ JOSIAH

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

A FLOWER IN THE WINDOW

OUTSIDE is a wild nor' wester,
The wind that bringeth the snow.
But my window is bright with a rosy light,
And my little room is aglow;
For the flower I've watched all winter
Has just begun to blow.

In a blaze of vivid scarlet,
Its petals rival the flame
That leaps to birth in a burst of mirth,
And shines in the chimney's frame.
My flower has just such color,
And its tinted leaves are the same.

So small a thing gives pleasure,
The world is dreary to-day;
There are cares to fret, there is pain, and yet
Light falls on the upward way,
And the flower I've watched all winter,
Has brought me a vision of May.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Grandmother's Lesson

ALL over the world, wherever you find her, the grandmother is the chum of the child. Not merely the friend and instructor and confidante, but the comrade and the chum; a person to run to for goodies when one is hungry, for comfort when one is discouraged and for shelter when one is threatened. Grandmother always takes the child's part, and not to the detriment of the child, but to its advantage.

Over in Holland, where there are some beautiful old-fashioned interiors, like this in the picture, one may see the tiled chimney, the crane on which the kettle may hang, and the spotless cleanliness which cannot tolerate a single speck of dust, or soil of any sort. The cat, a family friend and familiar, sleeps on a chair if he chooses, and drowsily purrs in his complete contentment. Little Wilhelmina, named for the gracious young queen, comes in every day to see grandmother, in a home bright and cheery as this, and the hour for her knitting-lesson is the happiest in her happy day. Her little chubby fingers are clumsy yet, but the work is interesting, and she will soon learn to be as deft and as quick and clever about it as grandmother herself, and she can knit with her eyes shut, or knit in the firelight, or talk and never look at her needles. When youth has gone, and friends have grown fewer than once, and you have time on your hands, knitting is a very pleasant source of occupation. The years may come when Wilhelmina will enjoy — in sweet reverie—the remembered childish time when she sat at her grandmother's feet and learned this art of feminine skill.

GRANDMA AND HER PUPIL

Chaperones

In the old days when Madame Mere and I were girls, we got along quite creditably without chaperones; but in these times, no party of young people caring about good form, can afford to omit the cheery matron who acts in that capacity. This lady may be herself youthful, but she must be married. A married lady of twenty may chaperone a girl of thirty. If unmarried, the chaperon must be a frankly middle-aged spinister over forty, and of some dignity of mien and bearing. A father or a bachelor uncle may officiate as a chaperon to his daughter and her friends, and is generally very popular and successful in that role. Should a young lady go to Europe accompanied by a paid chaperon selected by her mother, the chaperon will carry the purse, make all arrangements *en route* and pay all bills.

Home Study

About the home study of children we are all aware that there are two opinions. There is no pleasanter sight than the household group gathered under the evening lamp, and occupied with books and slates. When much assistance is needed or exacted from parents, there is apt to be friction, for it must be admitted that few of us, who left school twenty or thirty years ago, are familiar with modern pedagogical methods. What we did know in arithmetic we have forgotten, for it is one thing to be able to pay one's bills and keep one's accounts, and quite another thing to solve fearful and wonderful conundrums about sheep jumping over fences, and cheeses sold in the market and eggs transmuted into silk frocks, and lands and houses changing hands in fractional currency. When it comes to grammar, we parsed in *Pope's Essay on Man* and *Milton's Paradise Lost*, but our children diagram sentences in a mystical fashion most puzzling to the beholder, and talk learnedly of adjuncts and other things, and have never a helpful rule like a milestone to mark their path. The old methods have gone out, and we would have to go to school ourselves to learn the new ones. I think it should be insisted upon by parents, that children come home from school armed with the necessary information, so that they may know how to do their next day's work. That is one great duty of the teacher: to fix principles on the minds of the scholars, to exact attention and bring out of each child such powers as he or she may possess. On the other hand, the parent should see that lessons are conscientiously prepared, and that exercises are written out neatly and legibly, also that no small detail is neglected.

When Not to Find Fault

Mothers, may I tell you when not to find fault? Please let me do so.

First, when Teddy falls down and tears a great hole in the knee of his stocking, a hole hard to mend, and to your eyes needless, do not scold. Boys, if well and hearty, will meet with accidents, and tear their clothing. Mend the rent and make the best of it, especially if Teddy tells you all about it. Second, when Lucy lets a dish fall, and you hear the unmistakable crash of breaking china, wait for an explanation before you rush into the kitchen in angry excitement. Dishes slippery with soap-suds drop out of grown-up hands sometimes. I have heard daughters say, when mother broke a cup or platter, "Well, I'm glad I did not do that." It is far better to lose the most prized of our possessions, than for an instant to let go of our tempers. Third, when the teacher sends home the child's report, and it is not a flattering one, its debit side footing up to a higher extent than its credit, look as grave as you like, but find no fault until you have made investigations. In home life, the constant finding of fault is the frost that nips happiness too often in the bud.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—WINNIE. A gentleman meeting you by accident in a public conveyance has no right to pay your fare, unless he is a near relative.

—EMILY MARY. Your cousin is too near you in blood to become your fiance. First cousins would better not marry. But you may continue to be friends.

—W. P. T. Surely you do not read your Bible. If you were familiar with it, you would know that a forgiving temper is enjoined upon us by our Lord, both by precept and example. Jesus bade us forgive our brother's offending us until seventy times seven. Of his own enemies he said on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

—ROSE AND PERRY. If your mother insists on your dressing alike, you cannot help yourselves. Twins, for some reason, do dress exactly alike as a rule, so that they are very puzzling when their resemblance is marked. Persuade your mother to let you dress as you choose. Tell her your Aunt Patience says that girls ought to have a voice about their dress.

—MAUDE. Your age and that of your lover strike me as rather young for matrimony. Wait two years at least, until you are twenty and John twenty-two, particularly as your parents insist upon it. A daughter of eighteen may find many things to occupy her at home for two years longer. Meanwhile John may be saving up his earnings, so that you can have a good start.

—ANXIOUS ONE. Why not join an adult Bible class, and enter for yourself on a regular course of Bible study? You would thus be better prepared for teaching than you now are. No Sunday School teacher should talk a half hour at a time. The art of questioning and bringing out answers is the necessary one, and that can only be acquired by very careful study and much familiarity with the Word of God. I am deeply sorry that you are not happy in your Christian life, but that fact should not keep you from undertaking Christian duty. Do not think about yourself, but pray, read the Bible and keep busy and happiness will come.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their funded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.—WHITTI

A Boy's Reading

THE choice of a boy's reading shou
not be left altogether to the bo
at least some supervision should
exercised by his parents. Naturally,
active, stirring youth does not particula
care for sermons, nor is he always
terested in science or philosopl
Travels usually possess a cha
for the boy; he likes history, if it
well told; and, it goes without s
ing, that a boy is delighted w
good stories. The reason why t
series known as the Henty Boo
is so satisfactory to boys, is that
combines thrilling episodes in h
tory, exciting, stimulating and d
matic periods in the life of natio
and of the race, with bright, a
mated and entertaining story.
lad of thirteen to sixteen, who h
the chance to read such volumes
those written by Mr. Henty, or
Mr. Kirk Munroe, or by W.
Stoddard, will not care for nor t
erate the silly and vulgar di
novels, which by exalting cri
and idealizing criminals have be
the bane of so many growing la
There are young men serving lo
sentences in gloomy prisons w
would never have entered on bu
glary and train wrecking and sin
lar careers of lawless violence b
for bad books. About a deprav
book there is a diabolical mal
nity—a subtlety of poison whi
makes it a terrible engine of ev
Under the lamp I like to think
boys grouped in the loving co
panionship of the home, and rea
ing openly and fearlessly boo
approved of their parents. Rea
ing aloud in the family circle is
means of good which we cannot t
highly commend. Everybody do
not read well, it is true, but mo
people might learn this useful a
truly beautiful accomplishment
taking pains, and by practicing
the home. One who reads aloud shou
open his mouth, so that he may emit t
sound of the words freely and fully; l
pronunciation should be accurate and l
words spoken as they are written: for, n
f'r; and, not an'; winning, not winni
for example. And he should read slowl
so that every sentence should have
weight. In reading aloud for the grati
cation of others, we must not race as
we were matched with a cataract. T
boys who take turns in reading to moth
and father are quite welcome to th
advice.

Begin the Day with God

If you cannot otherwise secure th
morning watch with God, rise a litt
earlier. You may already have to ri
with the sun or before it. Neverthele
set your alarm clock fifteen minutes ea
lier still, and gain the regular time f
your morning devotions. A day begu
with earnest prayer will be less hurrie
less worried and less wearisome, tha
one in which you trust to your own u
aided strength. Our weakness needs
be sustained by the help God send
"They that trust in the Lord shall be
Mount Zion, which cannot be remove
but abideth forever."

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* * * *

Work and Study

harpen the wits and strengthen the uscles of body and mind to meet the pportunity when it comes. Luck is sel- om a great factor in life. The towering enius who can disregard ordinary rules nd carve out his own fortunes by mere orce of personality is only one of hun- reds of thousands; he may appear but nce in a century.

The man who stops a runaway horse n the street, gaining credit and, perhaps, dvancement, has to have something more than the opportunity. He has to have the quickness of eye and hand, the courage and strength that come only with training. The falling of an apple at his feet revealed to Sir Isaac Newton in a flash the great principle of gravitation, which revolutionized science; but he had been preparing himself unconsciously for that moment by years of study of the laws of matter. Apples had fallen at the feet of other men before Newton, but they spoke no such ringing lesson, because the other men had not the training to hear it. Sir Samuel Brown conceived the idea of the suspension bridge from seeing a spider's web swinging in the breeze, but he had been a student of engineering and was then devoting himself to the study of bridge building. He was READY!

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Self-made Men

Some of the most successful leaders in every profession and every industry have been what are called "self-made men," because they had no advantages of early training and no one to give them a start in life. Henry Wilson, who became vice-president of the United States, was a poor boy whose parents apprenticed him to a farmer when he was ten years old. And yet, in spite of the hard work of the farm, Henry Wilson found time before he was twenty-one to read a thousand books and lay the foundation of the ripe learning that gave him power and prominence in public affairs.

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* * * *

The Home University

is open, then, and all are welcome. There is no bar of age, sex or condition. Man is never too young nor too old to learn. Dr. Priestly was 40 years old when his attention was directed to the peculiar action of gases escaping from a beer vat, and he began the studies which resulted in his important discoveries in chemistry. Socrates learned to play musical instruments in his old age, and Cato was eighty when he studied the Greek language. Izaak Walton was ninety when he wrote his immortal work, The Complete Angler, and thousands of other men have done their best work late in life. Genius sometimes blossoms late in life, and no man should let his years discourage him from learning.

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In connection with those studies, a perusal of the lives of men who have won fame in different walks of life, who have made the world richer by their writings and discoveries, will be found of fascinating interest. They, too, had their troubles to bear, their disappointments to meet, their obstacles to overcome, and the courage with which they overcame them is one of the most instructive lessons in life.

It may be wise for the young student to study first the department of biography, for in the life of some chemist, architect, engineer, lawyer, poet, painter or physician he may find an impulse stimulating him irresistibly to follow the same path in life.

Many of the hundreds of biographies contained in the World-Wide Encyclopedia and Gazetteer are character studies of the strongest kind which no young man can read without being deeply impressed by their lessons. A good character is as valuable a possession as great learning. To mention some biographies that will splendidly illustrate desirable elements of character, we unhesitatingly recommend the following:

Character Studies

For lessons of diligence, application and perseverance, read the lives of Benjamin Franklin, Wellington, Faraday, Garfield, Charles Knight, Cobden, Hugh Miller, Newton, Scott, Hume, Buffon, Daguerre, Pare, Herschel, Gainsborough and Grant.

To learn of gallant struggles against poverty, sickness and disaster, we advise you to read the lives of Palissy, Hugh Miller, Galileo, Elihu Burritt, Carlyle, Bunyan, Tasso, Arkwright, Jacquard, Sir Humphrey Davy, Faraday, Stephenson, Ary Scheffer, Franklin and Andrew Johnson.

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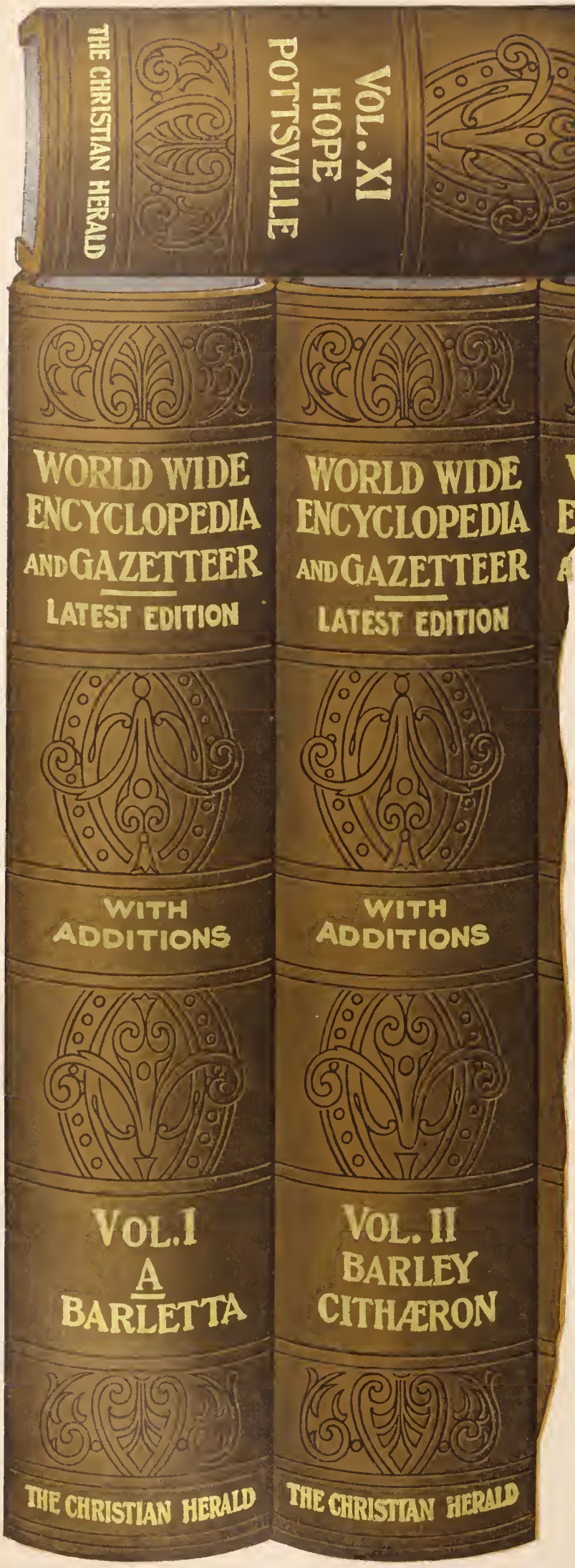

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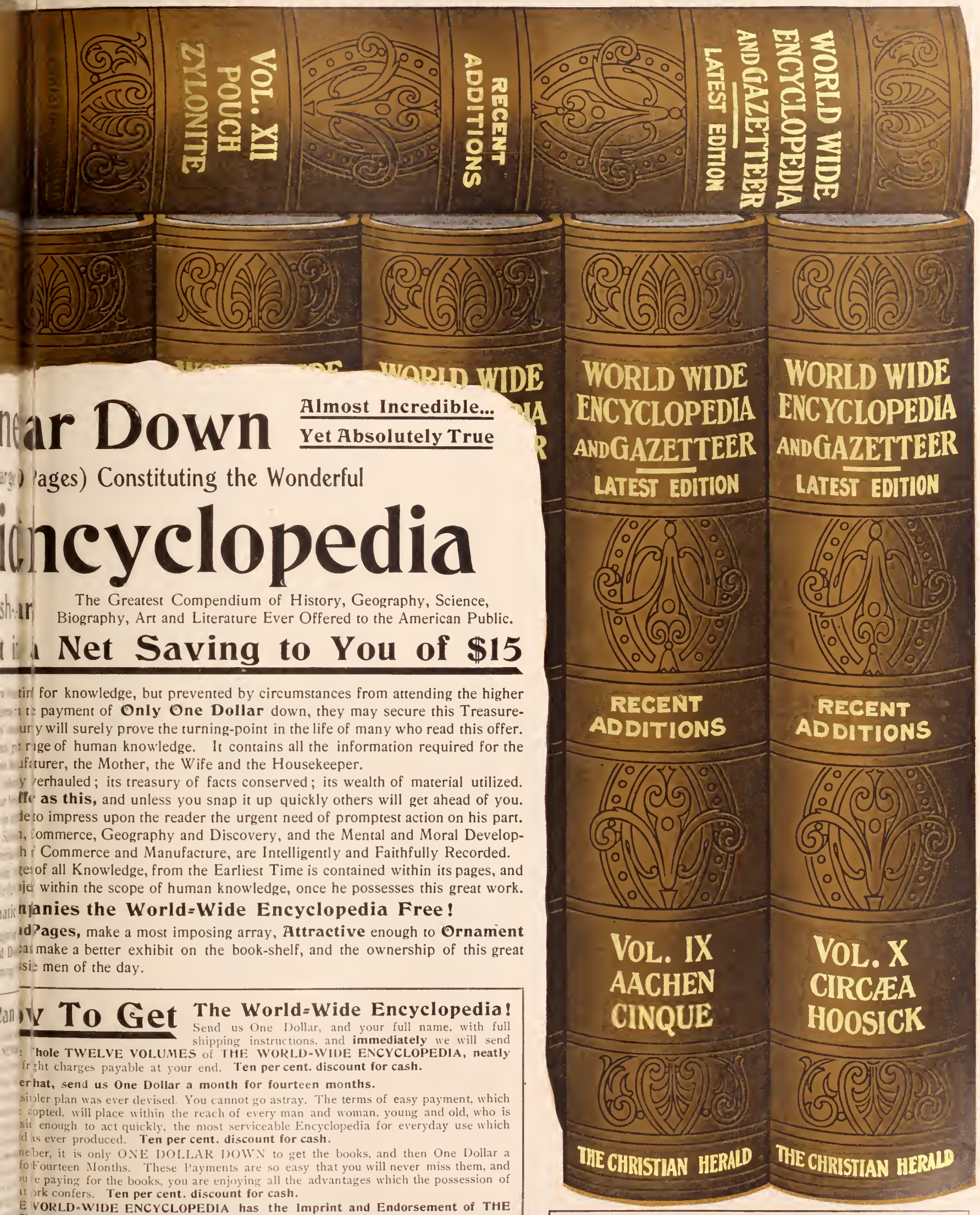

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The War in South Africa

NO one can read the description of the struggle at Paardeberg without feeling increased horror at war of all kinds. Gen. Cronje was obliged to halt at that place in his flight from Magersfontein, his cattle, which were dragging his guns and his provisions, being utterly exhausted. Gen. Kitchener lost no time in pushing forward his troops on all sides f the Boer general's position, so that n a few hours he was completely surounded. There appears to have been ome dissension in the Boer camp, for a nessenger was sent to the British which lainly intimated that Cronje was ready o surrender, but when General Kitchener ent toward the laager to receive Cronje's ubmission, he was met by another mesenger who announced that the Boer genral had resolved to fight to the death. Thereupon a renewal of the bombardment vas ordered and the fire of fifty guns was oncentrated on a space not more than mile square. The carnage at first must ave been dreadful, until the Boers succeeded in digging trenches and availing hemselves of the cover afforded by the ocks in the bed of the river. The British eneral, learning that there were women nd children in the Boer

GEN. CRONJE

ıager, sent word that they ight come out, and promsed to convey them to any lace of safety that he night designate. He also ffered surgical assistance o the wounded Boers, but Cronje curtly rejected both f the humane offers. His osition, however, was obiously untenable and very day added to the useless sacrifice of life. On February 27, Cronje sent word that he would surender unconditionally, asking only that the women nd children in his camp e given safe conduct. With this request Lord Roberts promptly complied. nd Cronje and his officers ntered the British lines. The Boer commander was kindly received by Lord Roberts. The women and children, who had been led o expect that they would e butchered, were astonished at being so generously treated. A numerous British force was sent into the Boer camp to attend to the wounded Boers and to bury their dead, which were lying festering in the sun. The living were very hungry and the British commissariat was taxed to provide sufficient food for them. The fighting has been severe in the East and on both sides instances of heroism have occurred. One of these is pictured in an illustration on this page. It is that on Chaplain Hill of the British army, who was seen kneeling by a dying man in the midst of a hail of bullets. As he read the prayers for the dying in the ear of the wounded man, an officer remonstrated with him. "Lie down," he said, "you have no business to risk your life in that way." The chaplain replied: "This is my place and I am doing my special business," and went calmly on with his prayer. A score of men were killed near him, but the chaplain was not hit. Such heroism shows how great are the men engaged on both sides in this awful war, and makes it all the more deplorable that so many of them are killed. Peace-loving Christians cry with the prince of old:

Shall the sword devour for ever? Knowest thou not that it will be bitterness in the latter end? (II. Samuel 2:26).

CROSSING THE SOUTH AFRICAN VELDT BY WAGON TRAIN

A Homesick Boy

Application has been made to charitable societies in San Francisco for assistance in sending a boy to New York. He had been sent there by the Gerry Society of New York about a month ago at his own request, but would not remain, and begged that he might be sent back. He said he could easily earn his own living in New York and could not bear to be away from the city. The boy has had a strange history. The first thing known about him was that he had lived from infancy until his tenth year, with a lady in San Francisco, who was much attached to him. One day about six years ago a physician called upon the lady and told her that he was willing to adopt the boy, having been an intimate friend of the boy's father. She consented and the boy came with the physician to New York. He was sent to school and was treated with great kindness. But he quarreled with his foster father and wanted to go back to the lady with whom his early years had been passed. He was sent, and the lady was rejoiced to receive him. She had made a will leaving all she had to him, and had for the past six years economized in every way to make his inheritance larger. The boy says she is living in squalid poverty, is eccentric, and is disinclined to give him the comforts of home. The lady is heartbroken at his wishing to leave her and declares that she has toiled and saved for years to enrich her adopted son who now spurns her. It would be well if she could now overcome her monomania and use some of the money she has saved to comfort her declining years. The boy for whom she has made so many sacrifices is evidently not worthy of them. Everyone must be convinced of that fact; yet how few there are who realize what their position would be if God acted so toward them! After all his kindness and the sacrifice he made in giving up his Son to die for the human race, how few, comparatively, are grateful to him and love him.

He came unto his own and his own received him not (John 1:11).

A Modern Macbeth

An astonishing confession was made a few days ago by a prisoner in the penitentiary at Reading, Pa. He is serving a sentence for threatening to set fire to a house. For some days he has been in a depressed condition, which has been observed by the warden and the prisoners with whom the man worked. His face grew haggard and his eyes had a wild, terrified look. The man seemed so near dementia that the warden took him into his private room and questioned him as to the matter that was troubling him. He maintained an obstinate silence at first, but finally said that he was haunted by the phantom of a man whom he killed six years ago. Wherever he went about the prison the phantom followed him and when he was shut up in his cell the phantom entered with him and remained, silently accusing him through the long hours of the night. Under pressure he related the circumstances of the murder and described the place in which the dead body of his victim had been concealed. An inquiry has been made and it was found that a dead body with injuries such as the prisoner described had been discovered by the police about six years ago in the place mentioned, but as no clue had been obtained to the perpetrators of the crime, it had remained a mystery. The misery the prisoner endured must have been extreme. Though the phantom was a product of his own accusing conscience, it was doubtless as real to him as if it had actually existed. The fact that a guilty mind is capable of so torturing its possessor, ought to be a warning against sin of all kinds. Even men who do not believe in a material hell must see that we have within us capacities for suffering so intense, that the words of Scripture are no exaggerations:

The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever and they have no rest day nor night (Rev. 14:11).

BRITISH CHAPLAIN COMFORTING A DYING SOLDIER

The Christian Herald in the Arctic

A letter received last week from Lower Lebarge, N. W. T., tells the following interesting incident: "In my trip over the ice this winter from Dawson to the coast we cut down a dead tree to make a fire. In the hollow of the tree we found a squirrels' nest made from an old copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The fact that a nest miles and miles away from any human being should have been made of a paper published on the other side of the United States is surely unique. I thought you might be interested in knowing how extended your circulation is, as it reaches even the squirrels of the Klondike. Hoping that you may have a still larger circulation, I remain yours truly, Ralph W. Mayer." We knew from our mailing list that we had subscribers in the Klondike, but until reading our correspondent's letter we were not aware that the squirrels found a use for the paper. It was probably an old copy, from which, we trust, some family had derived spiritual comfort before it went to give physical comfort to the squirrels. We are thankful to know, from the letters sent to this office by our readers, that many of them have gained from its perusal that peace with God, which gives to their higher natures that rest and solace that the lower natures of the animals get from a soft nest. Like the Psalmist who compared his delight in the altars of God's house to the rest of a bird in its nest, the spiritual man is satisfied in the truth.

Yea the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God (Ps. 84:3).

BRIEF NOTES

The Baptist Young People's Union has decided to hold its next international convention at Cincinnati. The date is July 12–15.

Rev. H. M. Wharton has lately conducted a most successful revival at Rockford, Ill., under the auspices of the local churches. Many conversions are reported.

A generous friend of Young Men's Christian Associations has offered to erect a building at a cost of $45,000 if other friends will subscribe a maintenance fund of $25,000.

A remarkable fact, showing how widespread was Mr. Moody's influence, is that a Moody memorial meeting was held at Tokio, Japan, soon after the news of his death was received, and was largely attended.

Evangelist E. P. Hammond's meetings at Charleston, S. C., have been wonderfully blessed. At the conclusion of two weeks' work among the whites he held a series of meetings among the colored people.

Mite boxes for use in Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, etc., in taking up collections for the relief of the starving people in India, will be furnished **Free** on application to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, at Madison avenue and Eighty-sixth street, has had one of the most successful years in its history. The manager, Rev. G. S. Avery, reports that in no previous year has the home received so large a number of needy men, asking for help to overcome the liquor habit.

Rev. E. P. Telford, writing from Brattleboro, Vt., says that the meetings there have opened hopefully. The last two weeks in Boston the crowds were larger than ever and the blessing of God was signally manifested. Mr. Telford's next engagement is at Peabody, Mass., whence he goes to Somerville, Mass., and afterwards to Cincinnati and Toledo, Ohio.

.. The Neglected Continent ..

Mr. Olsson About to Return to South America — His Plan of Missionary Work

NATIVE INDIA RUBBER WORKERS ON THE BENI RIVER, BOLIVIA

REV. EMILO OLSSON, the well-known South American missionary and explorer, who has been making a protracted visit to this country, is about to return to his field of labor in the "Neglected Continent." Our readers, to whom he has already told the story of his journeys and labors, will be interested to hear something further about the work he proposes to inaugurate.

This plan is practical and well-defined. To labor successfully among the Indians of the forest it is necessary to be acquainted with their dialects and languages, which are very numerous; Mr. Olsson expects to establish in Buenos Ayres, or its vicinity, a school of interpreters, where the study of these languages can be conducted and where native missionaries can learn English and thereby be enabled to render God's word into the tongues of their own people and thus impart it to them; another part of his plan is a training school for Indian children, where they may be educated both in Christianity and in forms of useful industry.

"South America," says Mr. Olsson, "has a just claim to be called the 'Neglected Continent.' Think of New York or London with only one preacher to every 200,000 souls! which is about the average in South America. I have journeyed 4,000 miles through the interior without meeting a single Protestant missionary." To some of the strange, half-civilized peoples Mr. Olsson preached through an interpreter; there were others who could understand when he spoke in Spanish, which is the common language of the continent. In a steamer upon which he was traveling inland to explore the great region of the Rio de la Plata he counted representatives of twelve different tribes. "I will talk to those people," he thought, "and they will carry the message to their tribes." He asked the captain's permission to preach; the answer was: "Oh, yes; you can have the ship." Nearly everybody on board came to the meeting and many were interested.

On one occasion, Mr. Olsson was traveling in a caravan, escorted by Gauchos, who are treacherous and quarrelsome; at night, when they laid down, they put their revolvers under them, ready to jump up and fight one another at a moment's notice. Mr. Olsson had no revolver, but he had plenty of Bibles, and placed one under his head. They looked at him in wonder, and next day wanted to know what it was that he had used for his pillow and that had given him such a sense of security; the quietness of his slumbers had impressed them. Thus they became interested in his Bibles, and when he talked to them of the "Great Spirit," they were glad to listen.

Mr. Olsson feels peculiar concern for the hopeless and benighted inhabitants of the great india-rubber territory. Slavery is carried on in connection with the India rubber trade. The Indians transport the product in canoes on dangerous rivers, and in shooting the treacherous rapids many poor creatures have lost their lives.

Mr. Olsson has just issued an interesting summary of his work, which may be had of the publisher, M. E. Munson, Bible House, New York City, postpaid for fifty cents. Any of our readers who desire to help in his work can forward contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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Several thousand cases are reported cured by this remarkable method and as it is very low in price, easily used, adapted to either sex, adults or children, every ruptured person should at once investigate it. Write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 392-D, Main St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a full description, so you can cure yourself in a few weeks, long before the heavy work of the springtime begins. Do not fail to write to-day and if you know of others afflicted, send their names for this wonderfully valuable information. They will appreciate your kindness.

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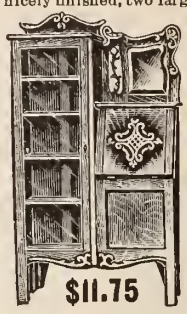

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A FEW PLAIN FACTS

On the Curability of

Consumption, Asthma a Bronchitis

BY DR. ROBERT HUNTER.

I have made the lungs a specialty for n ly fifty years, and know by experience t consumption is curable in all stages. By I do not mean that it is curable in every c for in some the patient's constitution is bad and broken down that no healing po is left in the body. But treated in its ea stages, fully 95 per cent. recover under a septic medicated air inhalations.

But the mere act of inhaling some fragr nostrum is not what I mean by inhalat treatment. The remedies must be adapte the disease and condition of each patient. T physician must have thorough knowledge medicines, be able to detect the differ forms of lung disease and have experience the action of inhaled remedies on the lu or he cannot apply it with success.

Consumption, to have the same chance cure as other diseases, must be treated in early stage, before serious injury has b done to the lung structures. Almost ev case is seen in this stage by the patient's fa ily physician, and, if he knew the remedies use, their strength, and how to apply them the lungs, there would be few deaths by c sumption.

But what possible chance has anyone flicted with consumption under the care of p sicians who never cured a case in their wh professional career, who confess that th have no curative treatment of their own, a no confidence in anything they can do for disease? What moral right have they treat consumption at all, or to permit th patients to believe they are striving to c them, when all they are doing is but a wret ed system of palliation of symptoms?

Here is the real cause of this widespre mortality of consumption. People die it because general physicians do not know proper treatment and are wholly incom tent to cope with it. Before they can do they must be retaught the principles of m ical science which govern the treatment of local diseases, and, acting under them, m discover, as I did, the remedies, which, wh locally applied to the lungs, will kill th germs and heal the ravages they have ma in that organ.

I have given to the world a positive c for consumption in my Antiseptic Medica Air Treatment, when applied before mor lesions have taken place. It is a treatm which places Consumption in the list of c able maladies and renders their cure certain other serious local diseases. By it heali and germicidal remedies are brought i direct contact with the internal surfaces the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and cells the lungs. It soothes the mucous lining the breathing organs, arrests irritation a prevents inflammation, while the antisept destroy the germ life on which the disease pends.

A few cases are as good as a thousand t I might refer to; write to any of them. personal letter from them may be the mea of saving your life.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. A. L. Peer, 179 Washington street, Newa N. J., says: "I had 27 hemorrhages and lost pounds in weight; I was cured by Dr. Hunte treatment."

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O THOU whose perfect love
Casteth out fear,
Be near me when my sky
Is bright and clear.

Be near me when the world
Seems hard and cold;
When friends forsake, and foes
Grow strong and bold.

Be near me when I pass
Through death's dark vale,
For then the arm of flesh
Will surely fail.

Be thou my strength, my stay,
While life shall last;
My shield and hiding place
Till storms are past.

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he Remarkable History of America's Pioneer Women's Benevolent Society—Founded by a Quakeress

PHILADELPHIA lays claim to the oldest woman's benevolent organization in the country. It was founded one hundred and four years ago by twenty-three young women of prominent Quaker families and is still a ourishing organization. It is called "The emale Society for the Relief and Em- oyment of the Poor." Employment is ven during the winter months in knitting, ending and sewing to more than a hun- ed women. The product of their labor disposed of at a store attached to the ome of the club. Membership in the or- nization is inherited through the eldest aughter passing in direct line from the ounders. The business is conducted by committee of thirteen, and the officers e two clerks and a treasurer.

The history of this pioneer club is ex- edingly interesting. A number of cul- ured young women who had been associ- ed in a social way, organized in 1795, rough the exertions of Anne Parrish, the ociety to relieve the terrible distress oc- asioned by the ravages of yellow fever in hiladelphia. At the first meeting of the Friendly Circle," as it was then called, eld in the room of Rose Lory, in Videll's lley, back of Chestnut street, on Novem- er 9, 1795, there were twenty-three pres- nt. Thousands of families were relieved nd assisted by the untiring efforts of this ody of young women. In 1811 the name Female Society of Philadelphia for the elief and Employment of the Poor," was dopted. The society was incorporated 1815. A house of industry was estab- shed where work was prepared for the nployment of the poor and wages paid em for their labors. This house, known s the "Home for Spinners," was on Arch reet above Second, and continued there ntil fifty years ago, when it was removed o No. 112 North Seventh street, and gain to Seventh and Race streets. Dur- g the winter months, from eighty to one undred women are employed there five ays in the week. They do coarse and ne sewing, and quilt silk afghans and otton comfortables. Part of this work is old in the store attached to the house: he rest is made to order for outside cus- omers. A hot dinner is provided for the omen, for their children who come from chool, and their infants, who are cared or in the nursery. Each woman receives pair of shoes during the winter. If sick, ey are visited; and in case of a disabil- y, they receive a small weekly sum.

The Bible is read aloud daily to the orkers. In this busy hive of eighty or inety women, each plying her needle, ome sew unbleached garments; others re quilters bending over the frames, volving intricate patterns on bordered lk afghans filled with wool; and some ery aged women can only sew carpet- gs. Recently a Saving Fund was intro- uced, of which the women avail them- lves, saving from five to fifty cents eekly from their scanty wages, upon hich the bank pays interest.

The present officers of this historic in- titution are: Caroline N. Rhoads, clerk; annah P. Morris, assistant clerk; mma Cadbury, treasurer. Acting ommittee: Mary Randolph, Martha P. Villiams, Elizabeth W. Perot, Alice ennock, Margaret H. Jones, Isabella . Pennock, Susanna W. Lippincott, artha L. Willits, Rebecca C. Reeve, ary Webster and Mary H. Biddle.

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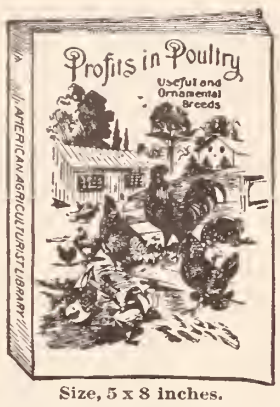

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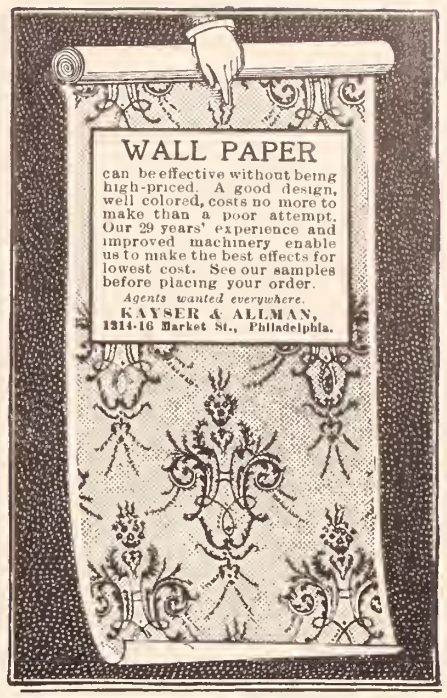
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. . .

WHEELING, W. VA.

Dear Editor:—Aunt Samantha—we have her picture and our young folks are delighted with her. The illustrations serve to make the facts more pointed as well as more easily remembered. The representations are exceedingly good. J. W. MCCOY.

. . .

STOCKTON, KAN.

Aunt Samantha's letters alone are worth the price of the paper. They are eagerly read by our family of six and then loaned to three neighbors' families, who enjoy them just as we do, making fourteen in all that love to read them. I am so glad Josiah has got with her. MRS. J. B. HUBBLE.

. . .

SANBORNVILLE, N. H.

Dear Sir:—We wish to express our appreciation of your excellent paper. A chapter from "Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife" forms a part of the programme at our Women's Literary Club meetings. Needless to say, we are watching the progress of the "party" with great interest, and are very glad they took that round-about way to reach the Paris Exposition, so as to give your readers the benefit and pleasure of Aunt Samantha's observations and comments *en route*.
Yours very sincerely, MRS. C. S. F.

. . .

NEOSHA, MO.

Dear Editor:—Miss Marietta Holly is unquestionably the humorist and satirist of America. She is a dauntless champion of right and an intrepid denouncer of wrong. Possessing eminent literary ability, high mental culture, and being literally covered with the laurels of fame; yet, in her works there is a total absence of pedantry, pomposity or effort after effect. She commands our admiration by the artistic and exhaustive manner in which she handles her theme; fascinates us by being so irresistibly true, so perfectly natural, so absolutely funny, that our hearts are melted with human sympathy and we are convulsed with laughter; her wit flowing as spontaneously as the gurgling merriment from the lips of childhood. Her pen is a double-edged sword, tempered by the beauties of her devout Christian character. A literary feast of the highest order awaits us in "Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife." We welcome "Samantha" with delight, with Christian love and Christian fellowship, to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.
MRS. M. H. DICKSON.

A Fugitive's Prayer

Among the prisoners captured by the Boers in an attack on an armored train recently was Mr. Winston Churchill, a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and a descendant of the famous Duke of Marlborough, who in Queen Anne's reign won the great victory of Blenheim. Mr. Winston Churchill has gone to South Africa as the correspondent of a London daily journal. When the Boers fired into the train, Mr. Churchill, with a few other athletic young men, made his escape: but when he reached a place of safety his heart smote him for leaving his wounded companions, and he returned to help them. He was taken prisoner and was sent with the other prisoners to a place of confinement. After remaining a few days he determined to make his escape. The Boer sentries never pursued an escaping prisoner, but, being picked marksmen, they shot the fleeing man down: but Mr. Churchill thought he might avoid that fate in the darkness, so one night he climbed the stockade around the open space in which the prisoners were confined and hid among the trees, finally reaching Durban in safety. In describing his escape, he says: "While I was hiding among the trees I prayed to that Higher Power which interferes more often than we are prone to admit. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered."

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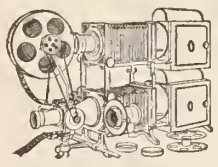

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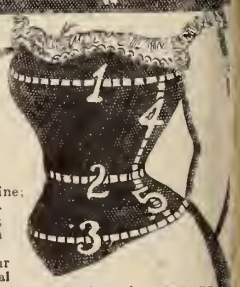

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Twiddle your thumbs, if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with Pearline. Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work. But almost every woman has something or other that she talks of doing "when I get time for it." Washing with Pearline will save time for it. 576

Millions NOW USE Pearline

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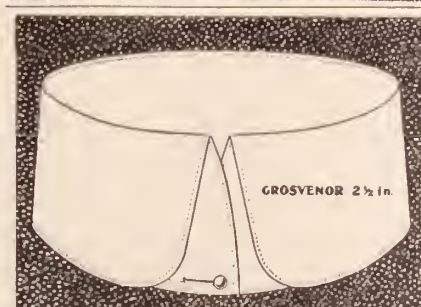
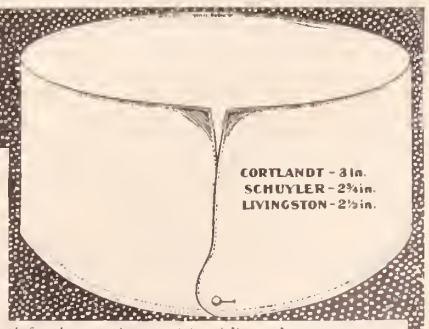


H & I Collars

PROPER COLLARS



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They give perfect satisfaction to the most fastidious dresser. If your dealer does not sell them, send us 25 cents, giving the size, style and height you wish, and we will send you two collars that will surely please you. Write us for our "Style Book for Men," which gives pictures and descriptions of our most popular collars and cuffs.

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AFTER 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
I HAVE THE BEST
Brain
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Nerve Tonic

on earth for all weakened conditions, regardless of cause. It is a liquid remedy, which is of special value in cases of weak and irregular action of the heart, neurasthenia, sick and nervous headache, nervous indigestion, many forms of dyspepsia, St. Vitus' dance, vertigo, dizziness, rush of blood to the head from change of life, spasmodic twitching of the nerves of the face or any part of the body, insomnia, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor-ataxia, and all complications which may be caused by abuses which produce a weakened condition of the system. It is also invaluable in the treatment of the debility incident to old age, mental strain and overwork, and all forms of mental and nervous disease.

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My daughter, when about seven years of age, began to suffer with nervous spells. We called them fainting spells, as we disliked to have it said she had fits or epilepsy. After trying most everything we heard of, and consulting several physicians, and finding no relief, I was advised to try DR. A. S. JOHNSON'S BRAIN and NERVE TONIC, which we did, with happy results. She has had no spells since ten years of age. She is now eighteen, and in perfect health.
MRS. JULIA CUMMINGS.

It is with pleasure that I can testify to the value of DR. JOHNSON'S BRAIN and NERVE TONIC treatment for nervous disorders. I feel that I would not be doing my duty to the medical profession and the public at large did I not make known the value of this wonderful remedy. During my many years of experience as a professional nurse, I have found it to be one of the best, if not the best, medicine I could use as a remedy for nervous and debilitated conditions. It acts directly upon the nerve tissues, and thus its restorative effects are quickly manifested. DR. JOHNSON'S BRAIN and NERVE TONIC has been a blessing to many of my patients as well as myself.
SARAH PALMER, Professional Nurse.

While the claims for the Tonic may seem strongly put, its valuable properties are in no way overstated. It should be distinctly understood, however, that it is not a factory preparation, is not of the "cure-all" variety, and has nothing of quackery, humbug, or the brazen fraud of widely advertised panaceas in its composition. It is simply a superior prescription for the cure of nervous complaints, which has been used and improved during upwards of thirty years' private practice by Dr. Johnson, and one which has proven so universally untailing that he feels that it should be given a wider field of usefulness.

Interested persons may write Dr. Johnson with the same confidence that would be given their own family physician. His standing in the community where his life-work has been done can easily be ascertained by writing any bank or business house in Battle Creek. The Doctor will send a full month's treatment to any address on receipt of $1.00. Address all letters of inquiry, or orders plainly, A. S. Johnson, M.D., Battle Creek, Mich.

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FRIED ONIONS

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of stomach, it is claimed also, was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort, whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion; some stomachs lack peptone, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack Hydro chloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

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STAMMERING. Most Speedy, Perfect, Permanent Educational Cure Guaranteed. Least Expense. Address, Voice School, Salem, W. Va.

For the Best

WHY sin has such a hold upon the soul
We may not know;
Enough for us that he who made the whole
Has willed it so.
But sweet faith whispers to us we must wait,
And in the end
It will be seen, when we have passed the gate,
Who is our Friend.

We cannot tell why sorrow's shadows fall
Upon our way;
Why friends depart whom we would fain recall
To light and day;
Why pass from time, companion kindred hearts
We love so well;
Why earthly joy so suddenly departs
We cannot tell.

But this we know from reason's precious touch—
Mere human sight—
That He, the Being who has done so much,
Must still do right.
No matter what agnosticism says,
Our souls may rest
Through all vicissitudes on this rock-base:
'Tis for the best.

Perth Amboy, N. J. —WM. LYLE.

Porto Rico Relief Work

The total contributions to the relief work in Porto Rico, by States, are as follows:

Alabama	$ 46 55	Nebraska	231 09
Arizona	9 00	Nevada	4 00
Arkansas	2 50	New Hampshire	140 79
California	537 80	New Jersey	259 16
Colorado	107 95	New Mexico	5 00
Connecticut	235 43	New York	1120 09
Delaware	29 82	North Carolina	63 38
Dist. Columbia	43 00	North Dakota	54 75
Florida	80 10	Ohio	470 50
Georgia	47 45	Oklahoma	25 17
Idaho	28 75	Oregon	110 60
Illinois	484 52	Pennsylvania	854 98
Indiana	193 65	Rhode Island	43 00
Indian Ter't'ry	5 00	South Carolina	46 76
Iowa	424 40	South Dakota	131 56
Kansas	344 89	Tennessee	70 35
Kentucky	47 10	Texas	56 00
Louisiana	25 75	Utah	5 90
Maine	192 36	Vermont	75 01
Maryland	111 35	Virginia	88 54
Massachusetts	416 27	Washington	157 72
Michigan	389 32	West Virginia	33 75
Minnesota	197 36	Wisconsin	309 74
Mississippi	22 50	Wyoming	7 00
Missouri	85 66	Canada	171 14
Montana	50 50	Foreign	22 56
Total New Acknowledgments			**$8,717 52**
Previously Acknowledged			**$ 9,378 37**
Total			**$18,095 89**

Prevailing Prayer

A reader (Mrs. A. O. K.), sends this spiritual experience, which many will read with appreciation:

Some months ago among your "questions and answers," I read of a daughter watching by the bedside of her mother, who seemed near death's door. It occurred to the daughter that she might ask God to bring back her mother, to restore her to health. The prayer was answered in the restoration. At the time I read this, I myself was in a very weak state; not able to do for myself. I resorted to prayer; making this promise, that if God would restore me my health and strength, I would write and send this testimony to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. God has heard and answered me, and so I write this.

WASHINGTON

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The next tour of the season leaves Thursday, March 15. Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, meals *en route*, transfer of passenger and ordinary baggage to hotel, hotel accommodations, and guides, services of experienced tourist agent and chaperon, in short, every item of necessary expense, $14.50 from New York, $13.50 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia, with proportionate rates from other points. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, or Ebbitt House. For accommodations at Willard's, Regent, Metropolitan, or National Hotel, $2.50 less. Side trips to Mount Vernon, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk at greatly reduced rates.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

"Experience makes even fools wise." People of all standards of education have come to know from experience that the one true blood purifier and health restorer is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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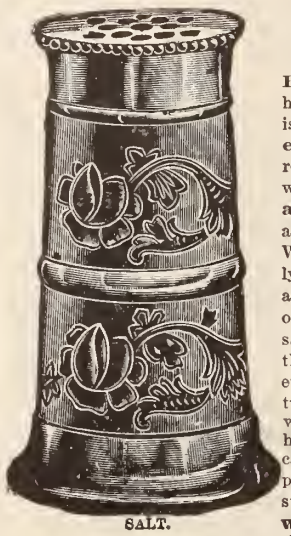
A labor saver—quick and easy shiner—polishes brightest, without odor, dust or muss—up-to-date—it's a sunshine!
MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

For Both 25 cents For Both



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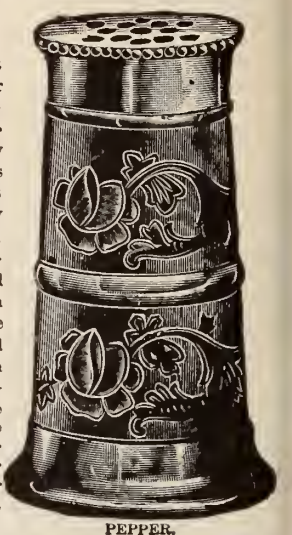

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READY FOR USE.

This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet.** All the beneficial effects of Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. **The Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The Cabinet is **supplied with a door** and an **opening for the arm,** convenient for bathers in removing prespiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price $5.00, including **Alcohol Safety Stove and Receipes** for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer,** used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price $1.00 extra. **AGENTS and SALESMEN.**—We want agents and salesmen to represent us in every section and we offer **money making terms** to active men and women. **FREE**—Descriptive Booklet and testimonials to all who write. Address **MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 944 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio.**

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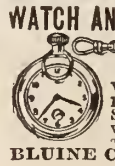

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MAN'S life is laid in the loom of time
To a pattern he does not see,"
While the weaver works and the shuttles fly
Till the dawn of eternity.
Some shuttles are filled with silver thread,
And some with threads of gold;
While often but the darker hue,
Is all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skilful eye
Each shuttle fly to and fro,
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought
As the loom moves sure and slow.
God surely planned the pattern—
Each thread, the dark and fair
Is chosen by his master skill
And placed in the web with care.

He only knows its beauty;
And guides the shuttles which hold
The threads so unattractive,
As well as the threads of gold.
Not till each loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God unroll the pattern
And explain the reason why
The dark threads were as needful
In the weaver's skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver,
For the pattern which he planned.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

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No. 317, is specially designed for growing girls. The clasp is made of the most flexible steel, giving perfect support, without restriction. The bust is soft, the shoulder straps keep the figure erect and graceful. Every feature of every Ferris Waist improves the beauty, health and comfort of the wearer. Send for the Ferris Book of living models—Free.

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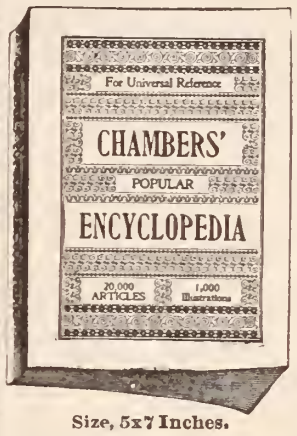

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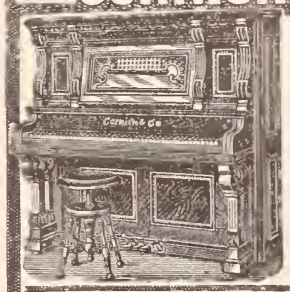

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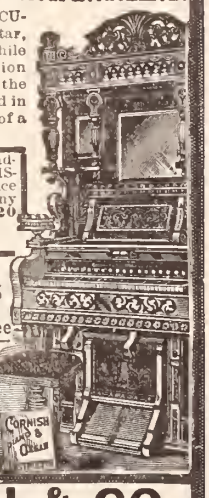

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"Ye Must be Born Again"

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 18. John 3:1-15

SECULAR history, as well as our own experience, confirms the truth of Christ's statement that a man must be born again before he can enter the kingdom of God. The best associations and enterprises that have ever been organized have proved that human faults and frailties can mar the highest and purest ideals. If men could enter the kingdom without being born again it would soon lose its character. There would be jealousies, and envyings, and quareling, and it would no longer be the kingdom of God. Even our churches, with all the care that is taken to restrict the membership to those who have been born again, are often torn by dissension and their usefulness is often curtailed by disputes and enmities among the members. There is no government on earth, no association, political, social or commercial, which is free from the friction resulting from human ambitions and self-seeking. Before we can have perfection in association and such a condition of purity and peace as we expect in the kingdom of God, there must be a change in the nature of its members, so thorough and radical that it can best be characterized as a new birth. The man who enters must have begun "all over again" with new principles, new motives and new aims.

There is good reason for believing that Nicodemus was not so puzzled by Christ's statement as he professed to be. Edersheim. Godet and other scholars say that the Jews of Christ's time were perfectly familiar with the phrase. When an outsider wanted to become a Jew, he had to undergo several rites and ceremonies, one of which was baptism. At the conclusion of them he was informed that he had become a son of Abraham, he had been born again, and so completely was he a new man, so thoroughly had he broken with his former life, that his relatives were no longer related to him. The surprise Nicodemus really felt, was probably at hearing that a Jew needed the transformation. He could understand a new birth originating in forms and ceremonies, but did not know what Christ meant by that deeper change that even a Jew needed. His question showed this. Christ had to explain to him that mere outward rites did not avail. The flesh remained what it had been before; the change that was needed was one of spirit. It was as if a mother vexed that her child should love to play in the gutter, should take the child and wash him, cleansing him from the filth that covered him and should dress him in clean and costly clothes and think that she had done all that was necessary. It would be useless so long as the child liked to be in the dirt and delighted to play in the mud. What the child needed would be to have his mother's dislike of dirt, and a sincere wish to keep out of it.

A man who is fit to enter the kingdom of God need not necessarily be clean. He may have about him the defilement of sin, may be wicked and have propensities to evil that he is unable to control. But the one essential thing before he can enter, or even see, the kingdom, is a desire to be clean, a belief that Christ can cleanse him. He cannot effect the new birth himself. Everyone knows how futile are the efforts to change his nature. The drunkard knows that he cannot resist his craving, but the craving can be taken away. The new birth is a new beginning. So, men who are wicked may be born again. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," but it strikes the craft on which the sails are put up. We have to put up the sails, that is, to do our part in catching the wind and we do not do that when we desire to stay where we are. When we realize the evil that is in us, when we desire to be quit of it and ask Christ's help, he takes us in hand and the change in our nature begins. The love of sin ceases to draw us into evil because the new nature that comes from God antagonizes it and finally extirpates it. When that divine nature is imparted the man is born again and begins the life which shall never end.

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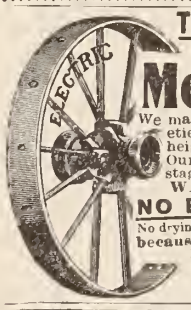

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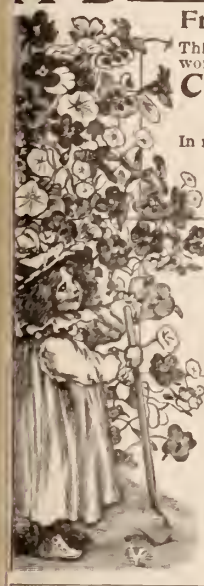

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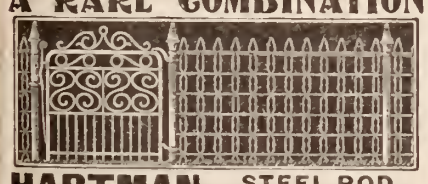

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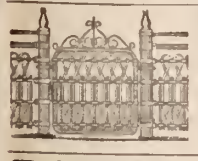

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Maori Peculiarities*

THE Maoris, after their conversion, were very religious; morning and evening devotion were no more daily omitted than breakfast or supper. No more quarrels or ill treatment of each other were heard. The Sabbath was respected. In almost every village was a meeting-house. Earnest chiefs carried the Gospel to their old enemies. Peace and blessing ruled the home. In 1843, a prayer-meeting was held in a cave in Retorua, where chiefs used to lie in wait for travelers, whom they killed and afterwards ate. They built modern houses like the Europeans. They raised cattle, bought plows and raised wheat. Tea and sugar were added to their larder. They exchanged their dog-skin garments for European clothes, but still used their blankets. The Europeans traveled unarmed through the colony, and the natives showed them great hospitality. Knowing their fondness for blankets, the missionaries used to give them some. One day an old man, who had several given to him, came again. The missionary told him he had no more for him. Then he said, "All right, no more blankets, no more hallelujahs."

The missionaries taught the Maoris to keep the Sabbath holy, and to do no work thereon. They followed their instructions even to the letter. In the war of 1863, between the colony and the Maoris, they would not fight on Sunday, and were more than surprised to find that the English fought them on Sundays as well as on week days. On the dead body of a Maori general in battle was found the order of the day. It began with a prayer and ended with the text: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." When the Waikato tribe heard that the army of General Cameron was scarce of food and in a starving condition, they got several canoes together and loaded them with potatoes, goats and milk, and sent them to feed their enemies.

One day some sailors from a trading vessel went ashore and found themselves presented with food prepared by some Maori women. The men who had been working in the field came home. There was loud talking, and as the sailors could not understand them, they thought they had just decided to kill and eat them, but shortly one after the other of the Maoris went aside and opened his bag, and took out a book, and gave out a hymn and all of them sang together and then prayed. The sailors knew that their lives were preserved.

The following is a specimen of a sermon by Hone Heke, a native preacher: "A Pharisee is like a bag tied half way down. The bag is open at the top, but anything put into it won't reach the bottom. So it is with the Pharisee. When he prays, he opens wide his mouth, but keeps his heart close shut. He asks with his lips for things which his heart cares not for. Besides, he always talks for effect, for even if God were to grant him the things he asked for, it would be only a waste of good gifts, for they could never get to the bottom; his pride, like the string that is tied around the bag, preventing them. They would therefore do him no good, as they would reach no farther than his throat."

When a chief's daughter marries, the Maoris go to the wedding in wagons or on horseback with provisions for a feast of several days. After marriage, if the husband allows anything to happen to his wife, all her relatives come and take everything from him. I once attended a Maori wedding, and was hospitably entertained with the guests at a sumptuous table. I was conducting special Gospel meetings in the neighborhood during the week, and on Sunday I was pleased to notice some of the Maoris, present at the wedding, in the congregation. At funerals they also carry food, and sticks of wood with slits cut in them in which bank notes are put. This money is divided among the mourners and spent afterwards.

*From *The Conversion of the Maoris*, by Rev. D. MacDougall, B.D., being a most interesting record of missionary work and travel in New Zealand. Pp. 216, cloth covers, illustrated. Presbyterian Board, Philadelphia, publishers.

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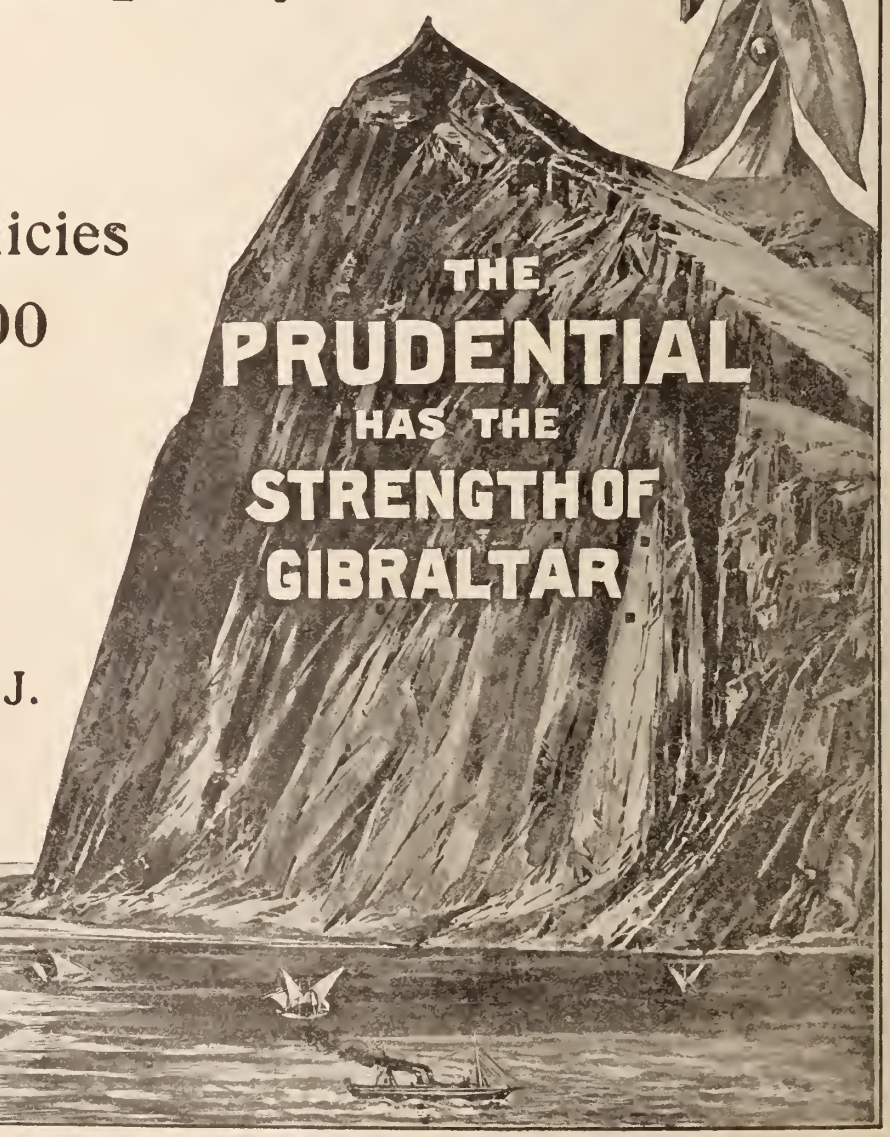

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 11

1. D. L. McEachron, S. S. Sup't.
2. Rev. F. M. Ellis.
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7. Mr. Sheldon's Present Church

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Pastor-Editor Sheldon and His Church and Home Surroundings

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG, *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

These Questions Will be Answered April 11

1. What have been the chief beneficial results of the Christian Endeavor movement?
2. Why do we find women in larger attendance upon the Sunday and week-night services of our churches than men?
3. On what ground did Sunday take the place of the Sabbath among Christians?
4. How should an amateur prepare for the delivery of an address on some social or literary question?
5. When Christ was born the heavenly host sang "On earth peace, good will to men." This would indicate that Christ's mission was one of peace. What, then, did the Saviour mean when he said, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay, but rather division"?
6. How far is faith a matter of the head and how far of the heart; or is it a matter of the one, independent of the other?
7. On what ground does the Protestant church reject the Apocrypha as a portion of the canon of Scripture?
8. What is the nearest approach among human inventions to perpetual motion?
9. What number of words are there in the English language, what is the number used in literature, and what number in ordinary conversation in every-day life?
10. Is municipal ownership of trolleys desirable and would it be likely to benefit the community owning the same, by increased public improvements or reduction of taxation?

Questions of the Week

1. How far may a Christian church lend itself to the promotion of amusement, and is it right to use a church edifice for purposes of entertainment?

The business of the Church of Christ is not the promotion of amusements. The use of places of congregational worship for entertainments is unwise, among other reasons, because such use offends many good people. It is possible that certain rooms in a church edfice might be used as reading rooms and possibly for purposes of reasonable entertainment, as an offset to the saloon. By such means un converted and indifferent persons might be brought under Christian influence. The possession of rooms suitable for social intercourse among the members has proved beneficial to many churches. R. S. WOODWARD.

2. Who is the author of the following lines, and in what poem do they occur?

"Damned be whoe'er with sin doth play,
Though it hath been but playing;
In bitter earnestness will he atonement make."

The quotation is variously attributed to Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Young. The exact wording does not appear to be traceable. S. C. CLEMENT.

3. What is the meaning and origin of the term "Godwin's oath"?

In the year 1052, during the Easter festival, Earl Godwin, the strong supporter of Edward the Confessor, noticed that a cup-bearer stumbled in approaching him, and would have fallen, had not his other foot assisted him. Godwin immediately exclaimed: "Thus brother helps brother!" "Yes," said the king; "had Alfred lived he might have helped me." Godwin understood this as an insinuation that he had killed the king's brother and replied to the king: "I know you suspect me of your brother's murder; but may God who is just and true, not permit this morsel of bread to pass my lips and enter my throat without choking me, if your brother suffered death or violence by me or my counsel." In the attempt to swallow the bread Godwin choked, and died immediately. Godwin's oath, therefore, means a voluntary oath that may condemn, instead of vindicate.

VIRGINIA LYSLE PHILLIPS.

4. Was Peter a converted man when he betrayed Christ? If so, why the language of Luke 22: 32?

He was converted, but no more infallible than Christians of the present day. The revised version of Luke 22: 32, seems a little plainer than the authorized. "But I made supplication for thee that thy faith fail not: and do thou when once thou hast turned again, stablish thy brethren."

BERTHA A. CAMERON.

5. What are the comparative drink bills of Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia?

Russia heads the list. Her drink bill is estimated at $154,500,000; Germany, $135,000,000; France, $130,000,000; Great Britain, $90,000,000. H. M. JACKSON.

6. What city now existing has the record of greatest antiquity?

The eastern coast of the Sea in Palestine must have been settled first by the Canaanites. Sidon was the first-born of Canaan (son of Ham), and the border of the Canaanites was from Sidon to Gaza, even unto Lasha, which takes in the territory wherein Hebron, first known as the city of Arba, is built. The highlands on the east side of the Jordan were occupied by some of the descendants of Shem. Josephus says Uz, grandson of Shem, built Damascus. Many things point to building of towns west of the Jordan first, so Hebron seems to take first place in point of time; but Hebron was partially destroyed, and re-built by Caleb, under Joshua. It seems to have gone into decay and to have been re-built after the captivity. Damascus forms the one grand exception among the great cities of the East in not losing its importance. Its uninterrupted continuance may entitle it to be considered the answer to the question.

SARAH N. LYON.

7. Had Mary, the mother of Jesus, any other children, so far as the Bible informs us?

We may infer that she had from (1) Matt. 1: 18, 24, 25, speaking as if Joseph and Mary lived the natural life of husband and wife; (2) "Her firstborn son," Luke and Matt.; (3) "Brethren" and "brother" of the Lord, Mark 6: 3; Matt. 13: 55; Gal. 1: 19. This rendering of the original Greek is far more exigently correct than the translation "cousin" that some give to it; (4). If Mary had younger children to look after, Luke 2: 41–52 is more readily understood. Such learned Bible students as Stier, De Wette, Wieseler, Neander, Lechler, Bleek, Meyer, Huther, Alford, Schaff, Farrar, Major, Weiss and others accept this theory. Neither Scripture nor early tradition support the "perpetual virginity" of Mary.

G. E. KRAUTH.

8. If a stone mason who is a Christian is asked to build a wall, and he knows that the building is to be a billiard hall and saloon, is he in duty bound as a Christian to refuse to build said wall?

The matter is one for the individual Christian conscience to decide. A man may grow and sell corn, not asking questions for conscience's sake as to its use, who yet might refuse to grow corn to meet a brewer's demand for it. The mason who would refuse to work on a saloon is entitled to be classed with the landowner who refuses to sell his land for saloon purposes, and who may thereby be compelled to take a lower price for it. If a Christian mason should ask the question before us, his attention might well be called to the words of St. Paul in Rom. 14: 23. L. S. YOUNG.

9. Can a person be truly converted to God and not enjoy reading God's Word?

There are some very good Christians who are unable to read at all, but an intelligent Christian who can read, and yet who does not enjoy reading God's word, must either be in a very low spiritual condition or unable to read with that appreciation of mind and heart that alone can make the reading of God's word enjoyable and profitable. Depressed physical condition often interferes with the enjoyment, even of a good Christian in reading the Bible. Moreover, there are portions of the Bible that are not readily intelligible to the mass of Christians, and which without explanation may serve only to mystify and bewilder.

MARY E. COOPER.

10. Which is the longest railroad in the world?

The trans-Siberian Railroad, connecting Russia in Europe with the eastern coast of Asia, is the longest railroad in the world, it being about 9,000 miles in length. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company controls by ownership and by lease 9,070 miles of railroad track. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe corporation owns over 4,713 miles, and controls enough more by lease to make a total of 7,414 miles. The great Canadian railroad is 2,925 miles long. C. A. GEORGE.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mite-Boxes, for use in Sunday Schools, churches, classes, etc., in taking up contributions for the starving people of India, will be sent FREE upon application to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

M. W., Silver Lake, Ind. It is reported around here that the Pope claims we are in the twentieth century. Is it true?

No. The Pope is an educated man. As special services are held during the last week of a year, so the Pope calls for special services during all this year, not because it is the first of a new century, but the last of an old one.

W. R., Springfield, Mo. 1. An International Monetary Conference was held in Paris from June 17 to July 9, 1867. What government took the lead in bringing about this Conference? 2. What nations were represented and by whom?

1. The Conference was held upon the invitation of the French Government; the time chosen being that of the Universal Exposition. 2. Bavaria, Denmark, England, France, Greece, Italy, The Netherlands, Austria, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Spain, Turkey and the United States. The United States was represented by Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, our Commissioner to the Exposition; Great Britain by Mr. Thomas Graham, Director of the Royal Mint; each of the European countries had a financial expert upon its board. Marquis de Monstier opened the Conference; Jerome Napoleon, Prince-president of the Conference, closed it. The principal object was to consider, and, if possible, formulate some plan for the unification of coinage of all nations.

Henry E. W., Fulton, N. Y. What are the seven wonders of the world, and are they generally accepted as such by all nations, and why should they conclude with the seventh wonder, when the whole world is so richly endowed with wonders unceasing?

The seven ancient wonders of the world were: 1, the Pyramids of Egypt; 2, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; 3, the Tomb of Mausolos; 4, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; 5, the Colossus of Rhodes; 6, the Statue of Zeus (Jupiter), by Phidias; 7, the Pharos of Egypt, or else the Palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

Mrs. J. R. G., Gray's Landing, Pa. What has been the approximate increase in population in the United States since 1898?

This can only be arrived at by comparing the ratio of increase in previous decades. From 1860 to 1870 the rate was 22.63; 1870 to 1880, 30.68; 1880 to 1890, 24.86. Assuming that the rate from 1890 to 1900 has been 25, which is probable, the increase during the whole decade will have been about 15,650,000. The latter part of the decade—the two closing years—would probably represent an approximate increase of 3,000,000. These figures are merely speculative and the result may show much larger totals.

M. A. Y., Blaine, Me. 1. Is President McKinley's father living? 2. What is his occupation or profession? We wish to learn something about the father of our President.

1. The President's father, William McKinley, died November, 1892, during his son's first term as Governor of Ohio. 2. He was an iron manufacturer or furnace man, as was his father before him; was a devout Methodist, a man of strong common sense, intelligence, probity and force of character; industrious, temperate, frugal, successful, respected and esteemed wherever known. He was born in Pine township, Mercer county, Pa., and was about eighty-five at the time of his death.

J. M. A., Ennis, Texas. 1. Whose son was Cyrus? 2. Where was he educated? 3. Name some of his generals. 4. What were his orders to his army before entering Babylon, and what the circumstances connected with the fall of that city?

1. Herodotus says he was the son of Cambyses (a Persian prince) and Moudane, daughter of the Median king, Astyages. In a cuneiform inscription on a brick from Sekereh, Cyrus calls himself "the son of Cambyses, the powerful king." 2. According to Xenophon, he received the simple and hardy education of a Persian youth up to the age of twelve, when he went to the luxurious court of his grandfather, Astyages. 3. Gobryas, Chrysantus, Hytospes, Artobazus, Andamyus, Datanias, Artuchas, Modatos, Rambacas, Tigranes and Alceunus. 4. After laying siege to the city, he waited without its impregnable walls until the occasion of an annual festival. Upon that night he had the Euphrates drained by means of trenches and by cutting down the embankment between it and the great lake. His army, divided into two sections—one where the river entered, the other where it flowed from the city—marched on the dry bed of the river, met at the palace and entered, where Daniel had just interpreted the handwriting on the wall.

H. S. No. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not publish an edition in German, although the sermons of Dr. Talmage are translated into that language and others in publication abroad.

W. W. L., Littleton, N. H. I wish you would tell me, if you can, when and where cards were invented.

Playing cards are believed to be of very ancient origin. The Chinese dictionary asserted that dotted cards were invented during the reign of Seun-ho (1120 A.D.) for the amusement of his numerous wives. Cards were apparently unknown in Europe until the end of the fourteenth century. This entry occurs in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI. of France in 1393: "Given to Jacquemin Gringonneaur, painter, for three packs of cards gilt and colored, and variously ornamented for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris." It happened that this entry occurred in the year preceding that in which the king lost his reason, and the story goes that they were invented for the mad king.

S. J. Blum, Rochester. The subject of intemperance in our new colonies is very fully treated in "Aunt Samantha's Journey round the World."

V. C. W. Will you not give your readers your ideas about using "Xmas" for "Christmas?" Is it right?

The Chrisman or monogram of Christ, is composed of the first two letters of the Greek Christos. The first of these letters, in form "X," is the equivalent of the English "Ch." The monogram doubtless came into gradual use as a convenient abbreviation for the full name; and the second letter came in the same way to be omitted. Perhaps the similarity of the letter's form to the form of the cross, and the fact that it lent itself readily to decorative effect in the ancient art of illuminating MSS. and missals, were influential in popularizing the abbreviation.

Mrs. P. McA., Xenia. What is the history of Mary, the Saviour's mother, after the crucifixion, and where can it be found?

She dwelt in the house of John the Evangelist. It is thought that he took her with him to Ephesus, and there is a letter of the town council of that city which intimates that in the fifth century it was generally believed that she was buried there. The cathedral church of Ephesus was dedicated to her. Others assert, however, that she died and was buried in Jerusalem, in her sepulchre at Gethsemane. Epiphanius, who wrote in the fourth century, declares that nothing definite is known as to her decease.

Mrs. L. H., Hillman, Ont., Can. Is it right for Christians to play dance music at church entertainments?

A player who knowingly made such a selection would certainly be open to the charge of irreverence. It would be wholly out of place.

Reader, Leominster, Mass. 1. Who was Josephus and when and where did he live? Can his statements be relied upon? 2. Is there any secular record of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ?

1. A distinguished Jewish historian, born at Jerusalem, A.D. 37. His writings, though declared by some critics to abound in "historical inaccuracies, distortion of facts and Oriental love of exaggeration," are still in the main regarded as reliable and as casting a flood of light on Jewish history and customs. 2. Many secular writers and historians, among them the younger Pliny, Porphyry, Tacitus, Spartian, Suetonius, Lucian, Marcus Antonius, and others, mention in their writings the Christian religion and its founder. Porphyry, though an enemy of Christianity, recorded his esteem of Jesus as "a most wise and pious man, approved by the gods and taken up into heaven for his distinguished virtues." Spartian declares that the Emperor Alexander Severus thought so highly of Christ "that he would have admitted him into the number of his deities and have built a temple for him, had not his Pagan subjects vigorously opposed it." The *Acta Pilati*, or official memoirs of Pilate's administration, which were transmitted to Rome, according to custom, contained an account of all the leading events in Christ's later earthly career, including, doubtless, the crucifixion. Tacitus says "he was put to death under Pontius Pilate, who was Procurator of Judea in the reign of Tiberius." The Jews, in their earliest writings, referred to him ignominiously as "the man who was crucified," and his followers as "the servants of the crucified person," and Lucian employs a similar term.

H. G. M., Hartford, Conn. Write to Secretary, Cooper Union, New York.

Old Subscriber, Brooklyn. Address D. M. Heydrick, 500 Dean Street, Brooklyn.

F. W., Montgomery, Ia. Your question was answered in this department Feb. 14.

Mrs. O. A. M., Montgomery, Mass. Queen Victoria's family name before marriage was Guelph.

Reader, Philadelphia. The suggestion, in one sense, may be wholly in accord with Christian behavior, if it relates to the control of one's passions.

Potts Camp, Miss. It is decidedly not wrong for a Christian to insure himself against loss by the possible destruction of his house by fire or lightning. The wrong lies in not doing so. Yet, no doubt, some Christians have what they claim is a conscientious scruple against such insurance.

J. W. B., Staunton, Va. If impossible to abolish an evil wholly, it would be sound sense and good Christianity to support any measure that would restrict it as far as possible. Whether this would be the result of State, county, or city dispensaries, we are unable to say.

C. A. P., Suffield, Conn. The proposed partitioning of China is not essential to the interests of civilization. Were China to open her ports to commerce and grant free intercourse throughout her empire and freedom of action to missionaries and teachers, the desired result would soon be reached.

My Chair-Ride Through Korea

ROSETTA S. HALL WRITES OF A SEVEN WEEKS' JOURNEY, ITS PERILS AND ITS GRATIFYING RESULTS

OUR MISSIONARY TRAVELING IN DAI-HAN

ONE year ago I took my first really overland trip into the country. Since then I have taken two more—having spent nearly seven weeks in country work during the year. Aside from the encouragement to the native Christians visited, and the help to the sick and heathen met, this country traveling is certainly an experience worth while to the missionary. Chemulpo is twenty-seven miles from Seoul. I bargained with two chair-coolies and secured a couple for the usual price, each thirty cash per ten li and rice (about five cents every three miles and ten cents per day for food). I also had one man to carry our luggage. I was accompanied only by Susan, my native helper, who took turns with me riding in the chair.

We were ready to start by sunrise, but we were not out long before I noticed we had one very poor chair-coolie. Before we reached our inn for lunch he gave out. But after dinner he concluded to go on. It was already 2 P. M., so we decided to only try to make thirty li to the next inn and stay there all night. A series of troubles with both followed, but we finally reached the inn. A snow-storm came on and we were glad enough for shelter.

My first night in a Korean inn, I will spare you the description of. I might have gotten some sleep if it had not been for the donkeys, oxen and horses just outside the thin paper door. One of the lodgers in the men's room took it into his head to read aloud in the native sing-song style until after midnight. At 3 A. M. the noise of scrubbing rice kettles and other preparations for breakfast interfered with further sleep.

At our journey's end we were warmly received. They gave us the best room. As Koreans sit and sleep upon the floor, of course there were neither bed or chairs. As in most native homes, there was not a bit of glass, windows and doors being of paper. The only light at night was a twisted rag in a bowl of castor oil. This was the home of a well-to-do family. In a short time they brought us our dinner, which was so sumptuous that Susan said it was like "going to the mother-in-law's house," or in other words a "wedding feast." Our hostess served nice chicken soup, boiled rice, poached eggs, broiled chicken, peeled chestnuts and confections. They served two regular meals a day, one at 10 A. M., the other at 4 P. M. Koreans have no ovens, so have no kind of baked food.

Our hostess was led to Jesus through Mr. O., who was one of the first fruits of Dr. Hall's work in Pyong Yang. Encouraged and instructed by visits from missionaries, and herself now and then visiting the church in Pyong Yang, she has become a shining light for Jesus in her neighborhood.

This home was in a very small neighborhood, but many people came to see us. We had from 25 to 30 every morning and evening regularly to prayers. We sold 26 Gospels and Epistles, and could have sold more if we had taken them with us. One day we went to another house, 10 miles away, and taught a large room full of people and distributed tracts.

On Sunday we had our room packed to its utmost capacity. After a hymn and prayer they listened most attentively to Christ's Sermon on the Mount. At this Sunday service eight women and five men decided they wanted to be Christians, and gave in their names. They seemed much in earnest: they know the Apostle's Creed and are familiar with the catechism, and most of the women can read the Gospels for themselves, which is quite remarkable as the women are so illiterate in this province.

On my next trip, I decided to avoid using chair-coolies as far as possible, and travel by water. We left Pyong Yang in a native rowboat, at noon, one day in March. Our destination was Sam Wha Eup, a large country village where Kim Chang Sikey is stationed. Mr. Kim himself came to escort us. We hired the boat to go to the point on the river nearest to Mr. Kim's for 700 P. Y. cash (about 75 cents gold for thirty miles). But we couldn't make this distance in one day. Arriving finally at Mr. Kim's we found the ordinary home of the better class Korean, three mud-walled rooms with paper windows, low ceilings and doorways. We held our meetings in Mr. Kim's largest room, eight by sixteen. We had thirty to thirty-five women morning and evening and also visited several other houses and a couple of neighboring villages.

Our special service on Sunday seemed like a revival service at home. Nineteen women and a thirteen-year-old girl gave in their names as seekers. They all seem in earnest, but are so ignorant: only a few read. They will need much patient teaching.

After six days at Sam Wha Eup we went on thirteen miles to Nampo—the open port of this province. It has all sprung up in a couple of years. Only one European, the Chief of Customs, lives here, but there are many Japanese and Chinese. We stopped in the Korean part of town. "Mine host" had only one room, but it was quite a good-sized one, and when we went to bed, the men of the household kindly sought other quarters.

In this trip I treated seventy-seven patients, then my drugs gave out; we also sold out all our Gospels and catechisms.

COUNTRY WOMEN OF KOREA

Pray earnestly for the growing country work in this province: it needs much more visiting. We must have more missionaries."

ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL.

Porto Rico's Waifs

Progress of Our Sunday School Recently Opened at Puerto de Tierra

REV. JAMES JAMIESON, in charge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School work in Porto Rico, writes very interestingly and encouragingly concerning the new school lately established at Puerto de Tierra. He says:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School in Puerto de Tierra is now fully established, is being well attended and is under good, efficient management. The outlook is very encouraging, indeed. On Sunday last we had an attendance of eighty-five children, and had we larger accommodations, I believe that this number could easily be doubled. In fact, there is ample room in the district for another school, but at present it is next to impossible to hire a suitable building for such work.

"The territory over which the influence of our school extends is nearly a mile long and about 800 yards wide, having the harbor of San Juan on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. This is the first invasion of this section of San Juan by Protestants—the first actual attempt to extend the blessings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to these poor, benighted people. True, there is a place of worship in the district, styling itself *Haec est domus dei et porta coeli* (this is the house of God and the gate of heaven), but so far as the moral and spiritual regeneration of the people are concerned, it has done absolutely nothing. Doubtless a vigorous campaign against our work here will be begun at once; but we are fully prepared for all opposition that may come.

"At present the scholars are divided into four classes, three Spanish and one English—the majority of the pupils are Porto Ricans, who, of course, speak Spanish—those who speak English are from the British West Indies and from the island of St. Thomas. There are five teachers, viz.: the Rev. Erwin, Mrs. Erwin, who is very efficient worker; Miss Stephen, Mr. Jarvis, who is doing excellent work in the way of preaching and encouraging the children to come to school, and myself.

"I am sending by this mail some photographs, one of which represents a group of children and adults, that cannot fail to give your readers a good idea of the general character of the inhabitants of Puerto de Tierra."

CHILDREN AND ADULTS OF THE PUERTO DE TIERRA DISTRICT

All Love Samantha

SILVER CLIFF, COLO.

Dear "Christian Herald":

I love Samantha's story, too,
As well as the lady of Kalamazoo.
And, like others who have known her worth,
I am following her around the earth.
For she's the solid shining silver of humanity's rough ore;
She's a star that beams above us out of reach.
She's a lasting, love-lit lighthouse that illumes this sin-cursed shore,
She's a precious pearl the tide leaves on the beach.

MRS. L. F. J.

. . .

Now this is for your private ear,
I wouldn't have Samantha hear.
She's changed, I think, a lot, in looks
Since first she had her picture took.

Josiah, too, has changed as well,
I didn't know him for a spell.
He used to have a hooked nose,
And wore such funny looking clothes.

I like Samantha, she's all right,
Her sword-point thrusts are keen and bright,
That she completely fills the bill,
Is partly due to artist's skill.

Oswego. — S. L. RANDALL.

. . .

"Nicholas Warbash," a reader in China Grove, N. C., sends some felicitous rhymes on the reunion of Josiah and Samantha, from which we take this verse:

Samantha, we are growing old,
Another journey soon must take
To lands whose beauties are untold;
That voyage we may have to make
Ere we return to Jonesville, dear,
But Jordan's waves we do not fear.

A Quaint Notice

A quaint entry in an old church book is quoted by *The Advance*. The church clerk wrote: "This year, in the providence of God, Mr. and Mrs. —— were removed to London. This church did not suffer by their removal." It was well that the church did not suffer, but how was it that it did not? If the two members had been active in church work, or had been useful in any way, their departure would have been a loss. The entry is significant.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Despotism of the Needle

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Ecclesiastes 4: 1, ... Behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter

EVERY long ago the needle was busy. It was considered honorable for women to toil in olden times. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the Emperor, would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected!

The needle has slain more than the sword. When the sewing-machine was invented some thought that invention would alleviate woman's toil and put an end to the despotism of the needle. But no; while the sewing-machine has been a great blessing to well-to-do families in many cases, it has added to the stab of the needle the crush of the wheel, and multitudes of women, notwithstanding the reinforcement of the sewing-machine, can only make, work hard as they will, between two dollars and three dollars a week.

The greatest blessing that could have happened to our first parents was being turned out of Eden after they had done wrong. Adam and Eve, in their perfect state, might have got along without work, or only such slight employment as a perfect garden with no weeds in it demanded. But as soon as they had sinned, the best thing for them was to be turned out where they would have to work. We know what a withering thing it is for a man to have nothing to do. Of the thousand prosperous and honorable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning. But I am now to tell you that industry is just as important for a woman's safety and happiness. The most unhappy women in our communities to-day are those who have no engagements to call them up in the morning; who, once having risen and breakfasted, lounge through the dull forenoon in slippers down at the heel and with dishevelled hair, reading the last novel, and who, having dragged through a wretched forenoon and taken their afternoon sleep, and having passed an hour and a half at their toilet, pick up their card-case and go out to make calls, and who pass their evenings waiting for somebody to come in and break up the monotony. Arabella Stuart never was imprisoned in so dark a dungeon as that.

There is no happiness in an idle woman. It may be with hand, it may be with brain, it may be with foot; but work she must, or be wretched forever. The little girls of our families must be started with that idea. The curse of American society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, fiftieth, thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. You say you have a fortune to leave them. O, man and woman, have you not learned that, like vultures, like hawks, like eagles, riches have wings and fly away? Though you should be successful in leaving a competency behind you, the trickery of executors may swamp it in a night? Have you nothing better than money to leave your children? If you have not, but send your daughters into the world with empty brain and unskilled hand, you are guilty of assassination, homicide, infanticide.

There are women toiling in our cities for two or three dollars a week who were the daughters of merchant princes. These suffering ones now would be glad to have the crumbs that once fell from their father's table. That worn-out, broken shoe that she wears is the lineal descendant of the twelve dollar gaiter in which her mother walked; and that torn and faded calico had ancestry of magnificent brocade that swept Pennsylvania avenue and Broadway clean, without any expense to the street commissioners. Though you live in an elegant residence and fare sumptuously every day, let your daughters feel it is a disgrace for them not to know how to work. I denounce the idea prevalent in society that, though our young women may embroider slippers and crochet and make mats for lamps to stand on without disgrace, the idea of doing anything for a livelihood is dishonorable. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient, when her father toils his life away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle, while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep house, make beds or trim hats as it is to twist a watch-chain.

Idleness ruins the health, and very soon nature says: "This man has refused to pay his rent, out with him!" Society is to be reconstructed on the subject of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art, or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair." If Miss Mitchell will study astronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. If Lydia will be a merchant, let her sell purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the Gospel, let her thrill with her womanly eloquence the Quaker meeting-house.

It is said, if woman is given such opportunities, she will occupy places that might be taken by men. I say, If she have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel, and to her home, as men have. But it is said that her nature is so delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask in the name of all past history what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting, and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-ax, have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchres in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to the fresh air and sunlight.

Go with me and I will show you a woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on her table, and when she can get some neighbor on the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family, appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected. Such a woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat one half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about women as though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and inquisition, will marshall before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of wash-tub and needle. Now, I say if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it. God knows her trials are the severest. By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune, by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh! the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable calling!

I go still further and say that woman should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two-thirds as much pay as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice—that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the two mill-stones of his wrath and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries: give her justice! Oh the thousands of sewing girls! Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women held in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in some great city at six or seven o'clock in the morning as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come! The working girls of the cities. These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, in paper-box making; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat.

Years ago, one Sabbath night in the vestibule of our church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done; I am so tired. I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done. Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments for eight cents a piece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes! Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages resolved to change employers and went to get her pay for work done. The employer said: "I hear you are going to leave me?" "Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you," and he kicked her down-stairs.

Oh, that Women's Protective Union! The blessings of heaven be on it for the merciful and divine work it is doing in the defense of toiling womanhood. What tragedies of suffering are presented to them day by day! A paragraph from their report: "Can you make Mr. Jones pay me? He owes me for three weeks at $2.50 a week, and I can't get anything, and my child is very sick." The speaker, a young woman lately widowed, burst into a flood of tears as she spoke. She was bidden to come again the next afternoon and repeat her story to the attorney at his usual weekly hearing of frauds and impositions. Means were found by which Mr. Jones was induced to pay the $7.50."

Another paragraph from their report: "A fortnight had passed, when she modestly hinted a desire to know how much her services were worth. 'Oh, my dear,' he replied, 'you are getting to be one of the most valuable hands in the trade; you will always get the very best price. Ten dollars a week you will be able to earn very easily.' And the girl's fingers flew on with her work at a marvelous rate. The picture of $10 a week had almost turned her head. A few nights later, while crossing the ferry, she overheard the name of her employer in the conversation of girls who stood near: 'What, John Snipes? Why, he don't pay. Look out for him every time. He'll keep you on trial, as he calls it, for weeks, and then he'll let you go and get some other fool!' And thus Jane Smith gained her warning against the swindler. But the Union held him in the toils of the law until he paid the worth of each of those days of 'trial.'"

How are these evils to be eradicated? Some say: "Give woman the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss; but what would be the effect of female suffrage on women's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by woman's ballot. Indeed, women oppress women as much as men do. Do not women, as much as men, beat down to the lowest figure the woman who sews for them? Are not women as sharp as men on washerwomen and milliners and mantua-makers? If a woman asks a dollar for her work, does not her female employer ask her if she will not take ninety cents? You say, "Only ten cents difference." But that is sometimes the difference between heaven and hell. Women often have less commiseration for women than men. If a woman steps aside from the path of rectitude, man may forgive—woman never! Woman will never get justice done her from woman's ballot. Neither will she get it from man's ballot. How then? God will rise up for her. God has more resources than we know of. The flaming sword that hung at Eden's gate when woman was driven out will cleave with its terrible edge her oppressors.

But there is something for women to do. Let young people prepare to excel in spheres of work, and they will be able after awhile to get larger wages. Unskilled and incompetent labor must take what is given; skilled and competent labor will eventually make its own standard. Admitting that the law of supply and demand regulates these things, I contend that the demand for skilled labor is very great and the supply very small. Start with the idea that work is honorable and that you can do some one thing better than anybody else. Resolve that, God helping, you will take care of yourself. If you are after awhile called into another relation you will be all the better qualified for it by your spirit of self-reliance, or if you are called to stay as you are, you can be happy and self-supporting.

Poets are fond of talking about man as an oak and woman the vine that climbs it; but I have seen many a tree fall that not only went down itself but took all the vines with it. I can tell you of something stronger than an oak for an ivy to climb on, and that is the throne of the great Jehovah. Single or affianced, that woman is strong who leans on God and does her best. Many of you will go single-handed through life, and you will

have to choose between two characters Young woman, I am sure you will turn your back upon the useless, giggling, irresponsible nonentity which society ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman, and ask God to make you an humble, active, earnest Christian. What will become of that womanly disciple of the world? She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the Judgment: more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her apparel than in her redemption. The dying actress whose life had been vicious said: "The scene closes—draw the curtain." Generally the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward; but in her life it was first the farce of a useless life and then the tragedy of a wretched eternity.

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt that was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever asked to give her hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited or the poor to be provided with bread she went with a blessing. She could pray or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas Eve. She knew better than any one else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her; and as you carried her out to rest, the Sunday School class almost covered her coffin with japonicas; and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly, and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea, commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

Relieving India's Starving People

CONTRIBUTIONS POURING IN FOR THE CARGO OF OUR FLYING RELIEF SHIP—MISSIONARIES APPEALING FOR HELP

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the committee of missionaries of all denominations in India, who so loyally worked together in 1897 to secure the fair distribution of the funds contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been re-organized. As the famine is now most severe in the western provinces, one or two names of missionaries laboring in that region have been substituted for those whose fields lie in the east.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who served as chairman of the committee of 1897, writes us that the news of coming help, which Dr. Klopsch cabled to him in advance of the remittance of ten thousand dollars, was received just as the Central Conference was assembling in Calcutta. "The announcement," the Bishop says, "caused great joy among our people, especially those from western India. The outlook is very gloomy indeed. I cannot tell you how grateful our people felt when they heard that your readers were again intervening in behalf of our starving poor. Why God suffers this calamity to come so soon again upon a country already so afflicted, no one can tell, but assuredly the pious American people, who do not become weary in their welldoing, are entitled to special praise and will undoubtedly receive a special reward. You can depend absolutely upon the Committee of missionaries. With the experience of the last famine to guide us, we can do still better this time. God bless you in your good work."

Unhappily, Bishop Thoburn's health has so broken down that by the advice of physicians he will leave India for a period of absolute rest. He has labored so energetically to hold conferences in various parts of the vast country, and in visiting the widely scattered missions and preaching everywhere, that his strength has failed and he is unable to undertake further service. In the meantime, his friendand helper, Rev. J. E. Robinson, the editor of *The Indian Witness*, has kindly undertaken to represent him in the work of famine relief, and Rev. E. S. Hume, the American Board's missionary in Bombay, who was secretary of the committee of 1897, has, at Bishop Thoburn's request, consented to serve in the same capacity again. Mr. Hume's knowledge of the country and his whole-souled sympathy with the people are well known. We shall, therefore, have full confidence that the funds intrusted to the committee will be judiciously and economically used.

From every quarter contributions are now pouring in for the purchase of a cargo of corn for our Flying Relief Ship. As announced last week, the steamer will be chartered at the expense of the India government, and the cargo, which will be carried to Bombay as the gift of Christian America to starving India, will doubtless be the means, under Divine blessing, of saving thousands of lives. Dispatches from Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, and the official head of the relief movement, represent the situation as exceedingly urgent. He cables that the outlook is very gloomy. Fully 4,300,000 natives are on the relief lists, but as over 40,000,000 are affected, the extent of the suffering may be imagined. The need of haste in raising and forwarding the cargo is apparent to all.

Rev. R. Winsor of Sirur in the Poona district, who has been in this country on furlough after a long period of service, called at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week just as he was sailing for his field of labor in India. He heartily approved of the project of sending a shipload of grain to the starving people. He said, "I was one of the missionaries who received part of the grain sent by your readers in 1897. I had five hundred bags with which we were able to feed more than three thousand persons. I never saw in my whole life people so devoutly and sincerely thankful for a gift. Some sceptical persons had said the Hindoos would not know how to prepare it, would not know what to do with it, would not eat it, anyway; but if you could have seen them as I saw them, eagerly devouring it and coming begging for more, you would have had no doubt of its being acceptable. Send corn by all means. It will save thousands of lives and it may be of indirect service in addition; for the grain dealers will have to reduce their prices when a whole shipload of good sound American corn is in the hands of the relief committee for distribution."

DEVOTEES OF FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA ASSEMBLE AT KUMBAKONUM TO PROPITIATE THE GOD SIVA

This photograph, secured for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. Benjamin Aitken, of Calcutta, India, shows a vast assemblage of the natives, which took place recently in Southern India. Notice had been sent by the native astrologers to all parts of the afflicted land, that on a certain day the moon would be at the full in the tenth mansion, which would be a propitious time for invoking the aid of the heathen god, by making a pilgrimage to his temple, and after the performance of certain rites, bathing in the sacred river. The people, groaning under the double affliction of famine and plague, needed no second invitation. Knowing their need of supernatural help, and ignorant of the true Source of relief, they wearily dragged themselves to the appointed place, from distant towns. After worshiping in the temple, they gathered on the river bank, waiting for the loud sounding of drums and trumpets which told them the exact moment of the moon coming to the full. They then plunged into the water, and without drying themselves, began their weary journey back to their desolate homes, supported by the vain hope that Siva would interpose to save them from the horrors of the famine.

.. Fireside Talks About Jesus ..

Christ's Ministry Reviewed

The Time Relations
By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 25th. MARK 10:45

"HAVING reached the middle of Christ's ministry, let us review, as from a central mountain, the whole of it," said Uncle Will to the Cross Roads farmers, gathered as usual on Sabbath evening in his big kitchen for home department study, "in step with the great Sabbath School army studying the life of Christ all round the world. Mrs. Uncle Will has brought out of her art treasures

"NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN"

copies of great paintings that will recall the great events in the life of Christ, from his birth in a stable to his dinner with publicans and sinners in Matthew's house.

. . .

Mrs. Uncle Will also brought a chart which pictured Christ's life and every life, as at first an empty circle, a plan of God to be fulfilled, that is filled full of light and life. "Now," she said, "I take off the manila paper which covers the circle and show you underneath Christ's finished life in the completeness, of which a full circle is the symbol. To be a Christian is to fill our smaller circles of life with similar manifestations of love to God and love to man, each fulfilling God's special plan for him, so that he can say at last, 'I have finished the work that thou gavest me to do.'"

The chart needed but little explanation. Its circle was divided into four parts, three of which were of equal size, representing the three full years of Christ's ministry. The smaller section represented the fragment of the fourth year, from January to April. Not everything that Christ did was fully recorded, but the principal events were noted in the sections representing the respective years.

"In using this chart," said Mrs. Uncle Will, "to drill boys and girls, I have found it well to have them copy it with colored pencils, red for the first year, blue for the second, green for the third and brown for the fourth. The difference in color helps to impress on their minds the difference in time.

. . .

Christ's Superiority to His Times "Neglect of the time relation of words or deeds of Christ may lead to serious misrepresentation of his whole ministry. Because the Sermon on the Mount is found near the beginning of the New Testament as printed, even preachers have often represented it as the keynote and epitome of Christianity. When this mostly humanitarian sermon is set in its chronological place, we see preceding it, 'Behold the Lamb,' 'Ye must be born again.' 'Worship in spirit.' The fourth cornerstone in Christ's teachings is the Golden Rule of this mountain teaching. Christ's order is vital—atonement, regeneration, worship, humanitarianism."

"Speaking of time relations," said Mr. Isaacs, "I feel perhaps more deeply than any other but a Hebrew Christian could, how utterly impossible it is to account for Christ as the product of his times, as biographers often succeed in proving other great leaders to be.

"THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS"

themselves. It is therefore an important part of Christ studies to consider the sort of helpers he selected; good specimens of the 'plain people,' on whom Lincoln so much relied; whose common sense and open-heartedness made them better material for world leaders than the learned triflers of the Hebrew schools.

. . .

Christ's Relation to Places Uncle Will: "We have spoken of Christ's life at large in its relation to times and persons. I have asked Tom, by aid of the blackboard, to show the places that he visited, his journeys—especially in the first half of his ministry."

Tom Brown: "The journey line should begin with heaven—if only we could map it—and proceed thence to Bethlehem, then to Jerusalem, where he was carried for circumcision; back to Bethlehem, then to Egypt, back to Nazareth, years later to Jerusalem, back to Nazareth, thence to the baptism, near Bethabara; thence to the wilderness of temptation west of the Dead Sea, thence to the shores of Galilee near Capernaum, where he called his first disciples; thence to Cana, for his first miracle; on to Jerusalem, where he cleansed the temple and talked with Nicodemus; then through northern Judea and Samaria, where he paused to rest and preach; back to Galilee, to Cana, where he heals the nobleman's son; then to Nazareth, where he was rejected; back to Capernaum, for many miracles; then through eastern Galilee and back to Capernaum, where the paralytic was healed and the feast at Matthew's house occurred.

. . .

Chief Contents of the Gospels Uncle Will: "Now we are ready to see how the Gospels are made up, viewed as a whole. In a consolidation of the four Gospels with all duplications omitted, I find by measure that about one-tenth of the space is devoted to Christ's birth and boyhood, one-seventh to miracles, one-sixth to warnings, more than one-fifth to the week of the cross. Manifestly that was the chief end of Christ's coming."

CHRIST THE CONSOLER

Mrs. Sanders: "I have a little book giving the words of Jesus separated from all else in his story. I find all his words weigh but seven ounces in the scales, but in fact they outweigh all other words in the world. Every word of his should be where Mary kept them. By memorizing one verse at each meal we could make all his words a part of our very selves in a year."

. . .

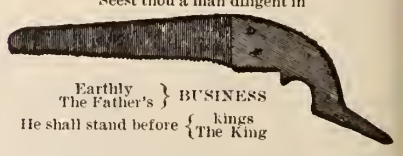
What does Christ's life teach us? Uncle Will: "And at the same time we could put them into our understanding and our living, which brings me to the most important part of our study of Christ's life at large, namely, what does it teach each of us of doctrine and duty; his birth, for instance?"

Mrs. Brown: "That reminds me of a story:

"THEY UNCOVERED THE ROOF"

Annie had a new little brother. She was glad to see him. One day she took his tiny little hands in hers, and looked lovingly into his face, and said, 'Oh, baby, ain't you glad you're born?' Baby did not know anything about it then, but if he lives to be a good man, he will be glad that he was born, and others will be glad, too, as thousands are glad Jesus was born.'"

Tom Brown: "May I give on my blackboard what I think is the teaching for us boys from the boyhood of Jesus? Here it is:



Uncle Will: "The baptism and temptation of Jesus suggest that we, too, shall meet temptation successfully if first baptized with the Spirit. And I have something here from B. F. Jacobs on two big signs, showing what those first disciples lost and what they gained in becoming fishers of men.

WHAT THEY LEFT:	WHAT THEY BECAME:
ZEBEDEE, SONS & CO. DEALERS IN FISH	"SONS OF THUNDER" "THE BELOVED DISCIPLE" PETER, THE ROCK ANDREW, THE APOSTLE

"We talk of 'giving up' things to become Christians. It is as if a pauper should mourn about giving up his rags when he becomes heir to a fortune."

"For the Nicodemus lesson I have a Moody story," said Ruth Sanders. "During the American war there was a man in one of the boatloads of wounded from the field who was in a kind of stupor. He was entirely unknown. A little stimulant was poured down his throat, and Mr. Moody called him by different names, but could get no response. At last, at the name 'William,' the man unclosed his eyes and looked up. Some more stimulant was given, when he revived. He was asked if he was a Christian. Though replying in the negtive, he yet manifested great anxiety upon the subject. 'But I am so great a sinner that I can't be a Christian.' Mr. Moody told him he would read what Christ said about that; so, turning to St. John's third chapter, he read: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Mrs. Uncle Will: "One of the deepest teachings of the woman of Samaria story is Christ's distinctive doctrine—the sacred individuality of every human soul. He was the first to make it felt that every human being, even the woman, the child, the lowliest, is a son or daughter of God, and so a brother or sister of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed."

Uncle Will: "Christ rejected at Nazareth, despite his wonderful words; and at Capernaum, despite his wonderful works, including the healing of the paralytic, reminds us that if we are rejecting him we are sinning against the yet greater light of nineteen centuries of his world-transforming miracles; sinning against one who, not in Matthew's feast alone, but in all the subsequent ages of the world's history has shown himself ready to uplift the sinful and despised."

MR. DELL KEIZER,
THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF "THE CAPITAL"

GEN. HUDSON, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
WHOSE CHAIR PASTOR SHELDON NOW OCCUPIES

MR. POPENOE,
PRINCIPAL OWNER OF "THE CAPITAL"

PASTOR SHELDON IS NOW AN EDITOR

His Great Experiment of Producing a Christian Daily Newspaper Fairly Begun

(From Our Special Correspondent)

PASTOR SHELDON'S great experiment is at last begun. He is now installed as editor of *The Topeka Capital* and has entered upon the practical work of issuing a daily Christian newspaper. At this writing all the staff and other employees of *The Capital* building are working with almost superhuman energy, under the pastor-editor's direction, all straining every nerve to meet the unexampled demand from every State of the Union for copies of the newspaper, whose platform motto is, "What would Jesus do?"

For weeks in advance the busiest employees have been those in the mail and subscription departments. From January 24 to February 1, the new subscriptions came in 1,000 a day. Then, until February 10, came 2,000 daily. Lately they came at the rate of 3,000 a day. On days when the foreign mail arrives the number is doubled. On the last day of February the foreign mail alone brought 5,000 subscriptions—$2,000 being in cash. The American subscriptions come from every State, the largest number from Illinois, and from every country in Europe, the largest number from England. The Sheldon edition will start with 150,000 paid subscriptions, and as the circulation through the news companies will amount to as many more, the total issue will reach 300,000 daily, for the entire six days. The Post-master-general is sending six extra mail clerks to Topeka to handle the edition in the post-office here.

Mr. Sheldon, for weeks in advance of the first issue, gave half of every day to getting ready for the duties of editor-in-chief. He realized that the eyes of the entire religious and journalistic world were upon him, and he was not entirely free from a natural nervousness. He now occupies the office, the desk and the chair formerly filled by the editor of *The Capital*, Gen. J. K. Hudson. During Editor Sheldon's week, General Hudson will act as associate editor.

Great Thinkers on His Staff

The private editorial office is handsome and spacious, having five windows on the second floor of *The Capital* building. The building itself is of graystone, two stories high.

In the working force of the paper, either editorial, reportorial, business office or press rooms, no radical changes will be made. Mr. Sheldon's editorial staff will be increased but not by local writers, the extra help coming from great thinkers in different parts of the country. He himself will write the leader, daily, and sign it. Many of the news stories will also be signed by the reporters who write them. The general plan and policy of the paper, according to Mr. Sheldon's own statement, will not differ materially from the policy he has outlined in his book, *In His Steps*. He is extremely reticent, however, and prefers to be judged by his work rather than by his words.

"Journalism," he says, "is an inspiration for a right ambition. If I were not a minister, I would choose to be a journalist. No prospect for life-work opens so vivid a picture of opportunity. There is an alluring fascination at the thought of the influence that may be found in a paper which has for its motto: 'For a better world,' and for its purpose everything holy. What endless possibilities to shape public feeling and mold private character! Oh, yes, I know the old pessimistic cry of utopian, visionary, impracticable! It is not the first time I heard practical newspaper men say a paper cannot be run on strictly religious principles without going bankrupt in thirty days. Nevertheless, what a splendid opportunity is offered to try running a paper on new principles as old as God, but applied in new places! The new journalism will dawn on the world at the beginning of this coming twentieth century, and it will be the right hand of the Church, to serve as the means by which Christian principle shall be applied to every human condition." These are Mr. Sheldon's own words, spoken before the students of Washburn College.

Personal Supervision of Every Item

Every item of news, as it comes in, will be submitted to Mr. Sheldon, who will pass judgment as to how much or how little of it shall be printed, or whether it shall be printed at all. The same rule will be observed in regard to advertisements, and in fact in everything that is to appear in the paper.

During the week the pastor-editor will be given a list of all the drug stores in Topeka that do an unlawful business in liquors; of all the houses of ill-repute; of all secret barrooms, saloons and so-called clubs where drinks are sold, and of all the resorts of vice of whatever nature. He will be given the names of the owners of these places, together with their street numbers and hours of business. At present, each resort of the kind mentioned pays $25 a month for police protection. This is not a secret, but it is a fact known to half the voting citizens of Topeka. The list will be handed to Mr. Sheldon, therefore, to see what he will do.

Scrutinizing all Advertisements

Each particular advertisement offered is put in an envelope and laid on Mr. Sheldon's desk, marked: "For Sheldon's judgment." He has excluded every patent medicine advertisement of whatever nature. All advertising that comes under the head "Agents Wanted," is declined, Mr. Sheldon's reason being that advertisers of this class usually make promises they never fulfil, and that such advertisements are generally a bait to catch the unwary.

As Kansas is a prohibition State, it is not likely he will have to decline advertisements of wines and liquors. Tobacco advertisements, however, will not be given a line of space. No notice of theatrical performances will be permitted. None of the advertisers now holding contracts with the paper, and whose advertisements have been excluded by Sheldon, have uttered a word of demur. They have cooperated with him so far as they can, by offering no objections to the dropping of their advertisements. They tell me they are willing to be excluded for a week, knowing that after that week, and perhaps for months to come, *The Capital* will enjoy a circulation at least double its present output, and from this increase they will derive benefit without extra cost.

In refusing to admit an advertisement, Mr. Sheldon almost invariably quotes from Scripture to show the reason of his refusal. For example, an advertisement worth several hundred dollars came from a certain novelty concern. The merits of the particular novelty offered were set forth in exaggerated terms. The whole thing, to be plain, was a lie. When this advertisement was submitted to Mr. Sheldon, he simply wrote upon it: "Can't accept. See the commandants, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'"

One day recently he received an application for a large amount of space, which he felt he ought to deny, though he could not readily find a Biblical quotation to support his denial. He came quietly to the business manager and asked what the exclusion of the matter would cost.

A Sacrifice "for Conscience Sake"

"Twelve hundred dollars," was the answer. "Very well then," said Mr. Sheldon; "I feel that we cannot print this advertisement, and I beg that you allow me to make the amount good. I will gladly pay it out of my own pocket."

Of course, his offer was refused, and the advertisement was declined. But the incident is significant of Mr. Sheldon's absolute sincerity, when it is remembered that $1,200 is the exact amount of his yearly salary as pastor of the Central Congregational Church.

Mr. Sheldon eats only two meals a day, no breakfast. He is inclined to stoutness, and by reducing his meals, he has lost fifteen pounds in the last few months. He argues that a full-blooded man should eat less than his thin-blooded brother, and believes that the majority of people would suffer less and live longer if they would do without breakfast.

A Glimpse of Home Life

His working hours may be said to begin the moment he finishes dressing in the morning. Winter or summer he is up and out-doors by seven. His cottage on the outskirts of the town is heated by a furnace. Mr. Sheldon's first self-imposed duty in the morning, is to attend to that furnace. After that, he builds the kitchen fire, so that when the maid-of-all-work comes down, she can begin at once preparing breakfast; for Mrs. Sheldon and the baby have not yet learned to omit the morning meal.

Mr. Sheldon then returns to his room, shaves and completes his toilet, in which he is almost painfully neat. Then a cheery good-morning to the baby—a greeting, by the way, which is full of all the proud surveyings and silly sayings which the average man bestows upon his first-born. The baby-boy is not yet two years old and is, of course, the wonder and pride of the household.

At eight o'clock Mr. Sheldon joins Mrs. Sheldon in the dining-room and, after a short prayer, both kneeling, he looks over the morning paper, while his wife breaks her fast. Mrs. Sheldon is a bright, happy-natured young woman, the daughter of E. B. Merriam, Topeka's leading real estate dealer. She spares what time she can from baby to act as Mr. Sheldon's private-secretary-in-chief, aiding him in his church work, and discussing with him the plans for his experiment with *The Capital*.

After breakfast Mr. Sheldon mounts his wheel, the weather permitting, and pedals swiftly to the post-office. His mail is the largest received by any individual in Topeka. It averages four hundred letters a day, and I was in the post-office one morning when fully seven hundred letters were handed to him.

Handling Hundreds of Letters

These letters came from all parts of the world, from all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, and contain a great variety of requests. With the mail-bag strapped to his bicycle, he wheels over to the Central Congregational Church, enters his study, where Mr. Leroy A. Halbert, his assistant pastor, is awaiting him, and together these two open the letters. At present, owing to the extra demands upon his time, he needs a number of assistants. A large percentage of the letters cannot be answered. He dictates replies to as many as he consistently can, and then wheels down to *The Capital* office to spend the rest of the morning there preparing for editorial work. Usually, he returns home for dinner with Mrs. Sheldon, after which he returns to work. Promptly at 5 P.M. he again hurries home, harnesses his horse himself, and takes his wife and baby for an hour's ride over the prairie beyond the town. Then comes supper, an hour or two more of work, and early to bed. Now that he has actually assumed editorial charge, this daily routine is greatly changed, and his application to work is closer than ever.

On Monday, March 5th, the mail was phenomenal, 19,500 subscriptions being received, eclipsing all records for a daily newspaper. In one day nearly 2,000 subscribers were received through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Twenty-six foreign countries are represented, and all the States. Kansas leads; then in the order named come the States of Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, and New York, the others following. It is impossible to get anything like an accurate estimate of the circulation through other channels. The London edition will be printed by Sir George Newnes, of the *Strand* magazine, and it is said that it may even exceed the American edition.

For the first issue of *The Capital* under his editorship, Mr. Sheldon has prepared a full statement of the paper's policy, and he also gives the name of the institution or cause to which the profits of the entire six days' venture are to be given.

(Continued on next page)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

Register your letters when you remit by cash.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the United States, the Canadas, and Mexico, foreign postage at the rate of one dollar a year should be added to the regular subscription price.

Renewals.—It is always best to renew two weeks before the date on your wrapper, to ensure uninterrupted service.

Back Numbers.—We cannot undertake to supply back numbers, nor to make good omissions caused by tardy renewals.

Change of Date.—It takes two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of subscriptions. The date on the wrapper indicates when your paper will be stopped unless promptly renewed.

Change of Address.—Always give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

The Name of your Post-office and of the State you live in should always follow your own name when writing to this office. We cannot find your name on our books unless this is done.

The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

The Hope of the Nation

THE hope of the nation is in the moral strength of its youth. Its youth, that will not disappoint this hope, are to-day in schools and churches. We hold the fort to-day, but to-morrow they take possession. Some months ago we loaned a brief work on moral science to a young man in jail. He read it with the deepest interest, and as he returned it he said: "If I had known these things, I should never have been here." Moral science is the science which keeps men from jails. And moral science is rooted in the Decalogue; springs from that summary of all obligation: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." It is the sense of obligation to God and to man that makes a republic possible; that will save it from decadence and ruin.

Uriah Heeps

THERE are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has, the more comfortable he will be; but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on the fact that he is uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the Church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The Church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep.

Every Individual a Unit

EVERY individual of us is a unit in America's seventy millions. We count for so much in intellect, morals, religious life. The schools and the churches are to keep us up to the mark; the high standard, needful for a republic where every man is his own king, every woman her own queen and every boy and girl has a new outlook into the future. It is worthy of a great struggle; of a struggle perpetual. God is in it. The hope of humanity is in it; especially the destiny of a nation that has numbered such names as Washington, and Webster and Lincoln. Every new hero, statesman, philanthropist; every great teacher, preacher; every worthy citizen puts us under new obligation to have, to hold and transmit what has come to us through such hands, till time shall be no more.

The People's Ordination

THERE are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of a pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. "What," you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: "If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime, within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of crime, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on now the road to death, should be, by your instrumentality, saved.

Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods—an ordination that would be most bright in the day when

> Shriveled like a parched scroll,
> The flaming heavens together roll.

Open the Windows

WE have wrecked too many sermons and lectures in ill-ventilated audience-rooms not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated lecture halls east of the Alleghany Mountains. There are not a hundred churches in America with air fit to breathe. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an armchair in the parlor that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey to get browned we do not want to smell last year's. There are church basements so foul that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the wails; some of them suffering from what they suppose to be too much religion, when it is nothing but wind-colic.

Chips

THE world has learned that a thing is not necessarily good because it is dry. There is no religion in chips. We never could see any sanctity in husks. The donkey hath no hilarity in his voice, and no nonsense in the twitch of his ear. He never was known to dance, yet he never gets higher than his feed-box, while the robin and the lark, from the tip of bill to tip of claw, all life and joy and merriment, with their wings brush the door-latch of heaven. I would like it the more if the editor dips his pen in the dew to tell one of the morning, and in roseate to describe the sunset, and into the purple vats to suggest the vineyards, and if then he fasten his sheets together with a blue band torn from the forehead of heaven. There is yet to be such a thing as holiness on the bells of the horses; and, when religion shall have completed the conquest of the earth, I expect to see all the diamonds of the universe flashing in the urn of her *tiara*.

Pastor Sheldon .. .. is Now an Editor

(Continued from preceding page)

From the very beginning of his fame, two years ago, Mr. Sheldon has declined all offers of money. He does not wish it said that he works on a dollars-and-cents basis. He could be a very rich man in a short time, were he so inclined. Not long ago a New York paper offered Mr. Sheldon $15,000 a year to write for its columns. This princely honorarium he declined, refusing to consider it for a moment. Again, a prominent religious weekly offered him $5,200 for one article from his pen each week during the year 1900. This offer the preacher and author also declined, though with regret.

Declines to Become a Rich Man

The handsomest offer of all was made by a New York lecture manager. Mr. Sheldon's congregation is to give him an eight months' vacation this year, beginning May first. He has announced that he will spend the first month or two of his vacation lecturing in this country, and will then take his family to England.

The manager's offer was a guarantee of $150,000 if Mr. Sheldon would agree to deliver a series of lectures in England. Here was a tempting opportunity for Mr. Sheldon to devote his vacation to becoming a comparatively rich man—but again he refused! Meanwhile, he has agreed and arranged to lecture in England, in every city and town, if the English managers will agree not to charge an admission fee.

Thus Pastor Sheldon refused all offers of riches, having to make at least one refusal of the kind almost every day. Even the money he receives in royalties for the sale of his books, is a source of trouble to him. He feels that he might not accept it. The amount of his royalties is from $400 to $500 a month, and the fact that the sum is so large, is a constant source of wonder to him.

When I suggested to him that he could make a splendid use of money—that he could devote it to the poor and needy—his reply was: "People would only misunderstand. They might overlook the fact that I gave the money away, and was growing, supposedly, rich."

It is said that he receives many calls to fashionable and wealthy churches in large cities; but he declines all, electing to remain with the little flock who stood by him before he became famous. He says that under no consideration will he leave Topeka; but after his trip abroad, he will return to his pulpit. His congregation is by no means a rich one.

With Sheldon in Prayer-meeting

A prayer-meeting at the Rev. C. M. Sheldon's church in Topeka is an occasion of no more ceremony than attends the gathering in an ordinary household for family prayers. Simply a few souls from the flock gather round their shepherd quietly and reverently on Thursday evenings. It is a gathering characterized by simplicity, earnestness and humility, and Mr. Sheldon himself is the simplest, most earnest, most humble of all. The usual attendance is about forty, young and old, working people principally, from the heart of the city a mile away.

As I sat in the back seat of the lecture-room of the church where these prayer-meetings are held, I watched Mr. Sheldon and wondered. Could that simple soul, that man of extreme modesty sitting at the table, in front of that small gathering be the man upon whom the eyes of the world are now turned? Here was a man who with his pen had gathered an audience of many millions of people. And yet he was now talking in the simplest way to that little band of forty, in a none too sumptuous building, on the very edge of a remote, obscure city. He conducted that little prayer-meeting as though it had been the most important, most distinguished audience in the world. At the conclusion of his first prayer, in which he asked the Lord to bless the stranger present (meaning the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), and that stranger and pastor might co-operate in perfect harmony in carrying out the experiment he was soon to begin for the good of God's people. This was his sole reference to the great event impending.

During the evening Mr. Sheldon asked us to sing the following hymns from the *Christian Endeavor Sacred Song Book No. 1*: "What a Friend Thou Art to Me," "Thou Art My Rock," "Morning Breaks Upon the Gloom," and "Ye Christian Heralds Go."

The hymns were played by a young woman at the piano, and the singing was led by the patriarch of the congregation—Mr. Edward Parson—who bears a striking resemblance to Charles A. Dana, and who is the oldest member of the church. Mr. Sheldon himself joined heartily in the singing.

Three times he led in prayer, and each time he asked the Heavenly Father to teach us all to live as Christ would; to be not only Christians, but Christs.

A Missionary Family

The subject for informal discussion at the prayer-meeting I attended was "Home Missionary Work." The Congregational Home Missionary Society had asked Mr. Sheldon's church to give $150 as its portion of the money needed during the coming year.

During his talk on this subject, Mr. Sheldon alluded to his boyhood, when he used often to have to leave his warm bed in the middle of the night and sleep on the floor, to make room for one of the missionaries who were passing through the town.

"I never minded leaving my bed thus," he said, "for, since the time I first learned to pronounce the word 'missionary,' I had been accustomed to the presence of missionaries in our house. Ours was a home missionary family. I was brought up, I might say, among missionaries, and seemed to feel that I was a part of the missionary system. It is only natural, therefore, that I should be especially interested in Home Missions. My father was a missionary, and helped establish more than one hundred churches on the Western frontier, principally in the Dakotas where we lived."

"Once at a frontier gathering, a saloon keeper—one of the worst characters in the place—stepped forward and gave my father a one hundred dollar bill, adding that he would give him the deed of an acre of ground the following day, upon which to build a church. He said they needed a church, and the reason they were all so bad was because they had never had a church. And so, you can see, my friends, why I am so interested in the Home Missionary Society."

Mr. Sheldon's aged father, the Rev. Stuart Sheldon, was among the forty who attended that prayer-meeting.

After the meeting, Mr. Sheldon, in his gentle way, shook hands and exchanged a pleasant word with each person present.

His Unique Ideas

The pastor aims to give variety to his mid-week prayer meetings, and often introduces unique features. One evening he invited a number of the leading men of Topeka to come to the meeting and tell why certain kinds of work should be done on Sunday. Thus he had the editor of *The Capital* tell why a Sunday edition of a newspaper should be issued. At the same meeting, the superintendent of the principal railroad in Kansas told why railroads should be run on Sunday; the president of the street railways told why cars should be run on Sunday; and a hotel-keeper told why barber shops should be open on the Sabbath, and so on. Mr. Sheldon stated at that prayer-meeting that it was always his desire that both sides of a question should be heard.

When subscriptions for the Sheldon edition began to pour into *The Topeka Capital* office, and the venture promised large profits, Mr. O. F. Popenoe, the proprietor of the paper, suggested to Mr. Sheldon that the latter ought to receive compensation for his work, and begged him to promise to accept at least one-half the profits. Mr. Sheldon promptly declined the offer, but compromised afterward by agreeing to designate some institution or charity, or some other good cause, to which at least half the profits of the Sheldon edition should be given.

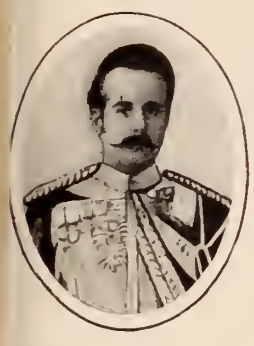
"I do not want one penny for my services," he said, "but in an early issue of the paper under my management, I will suggest a way of disposing of the profits for the benefit of our people here."

Topeka, Kan. GILSON WILLETS.

[Mr. Willett's next letter will describe in detail the whole history of the six daily issues under Mr. Sheldon's editorship. It will be copiously illustrated.]

The War in South Africa

A NEW phase of the war appears near at hand. Hitherto the Boers have been the invaders, but now they are retiring into their own territory and preparing to act on the defensive. Gen. Joubert, who has been besieging Ladysmith, apparently warned by the fate of Cronje, decided to retire while the way was still open. Gen. Buller was pressing him from the south, and there was a possibility of the British forces getting between him and the passes into the Transvaal. He therefore ordered a retreat, which appears to have been a hurried one. His rear-guard valiantly opposed Buller's advance, thus gaining time for the main body to get away northward. As soon as the last train-load was safely away, the Boers blew up the bridges to prevent pursuit. The way to Ladysmith was consequently clear for Buller's force, and Gen. Dundonald entered with a cavalry regiment. It found Gen. White's garrison in sad plight. It had been reduced to a diet of meal and horseflesh, and even those in small rations. The men looked wan and pale, but were still holding out vigorously and determined not to surrender. If, however, Joubert had made another assault like the one he made on Jan. 6, it is doubtful whether the garrison would have been strong enough to repulse it. The men are so weak from their long privations and the sickness caused by drinking the filthy water of the river, that they need rest and care before they can become effective. Eight thousand of them had been in hospital, either sick or wounded, and during the latter part of the siege there had been increased mortality, owing to the complete exhaustion of the store of medicines. The siege had lasted 118 days. General Cronje has been sent on board a British ship. He and his officers have written letters to Lord Roberts, thanking him for the kindness and consideration with which they have been treated. The rank and file also have expressed their gratification. They had evidently been deceived as to British character, and were amazed when British soldiers, seeing them about to march southward as prisoners of war, loaded them with gifts of food from their own rations. It is expected that Lord Roberts will now push forward toward Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State; but it is not safe to predict what he will do, as he has the habit of doing something unexpected. As the invasion of Boer territory has only just commenced, this would be a propitious time to sue for peace, but unhappily there are as yet no signs of a disposition in that direction on the part of the Boers. If they adhere to their resolution to oppose the British advance, some of the bloodiest battles of the war have yet to be fought. It is clear that as, in the conflict which Daniel predicted:



LORD DUNDONALD

Unto the end of the war, desolations are determined (Daniel 9: 26).

The Silent Bells

The managers of the Pan-American Exposition, which is to be held in 1901 in Buffalo, N. Y., are making arrangements to include among the attractions of the Exposition a peal of bells of unique history. The peal consists of forty-three bells, ranging in weight from the small tenor of twenty-five pounds to the ponderous bass of 5,068 pounds. These bells were cast by a noted French firm, on the order of Bishop Timon, at a cost of $25,000. They were retained in France for two years in order that they might be exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, where they won a gold medal for their makers. They were then sent to America and were hung in the tower of the Cathedral of St. Joseph at Buffalo. During the following seven years, according to the report of Mr. George Bleistein, of the Exposition Committee, several attempts were made to ring the chimes on the carillon. It was found, however, that the atmosphere of the tower was so damp and its area so confined that the attempts were ineffectual. The effort was then finally abandoned, and for twenty-five years they have hung silent in their tower. Mr. Bleistein says the carillon is the largest and finest in America, and that in the special campanile which will be erected at the Exposition on elevated ground to hold the bells, their harmonious sound will be fully appreciated. Each bell bears some motto in Latin, such as "Praise the Lord all peoples," "Glory to God in the highest." It must have been very mortifying to have the bells, capable of producing sweet music and bearing such mottoes, hanging silent in the tower for a quarter of a century; but far worse is it when men with so many causes for praising God and capacity for praising him are silent.

If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out (Luke 19: 40).

A Secret Divorce

A petition has been presented to the Court of Chancery in Jersey City, N. J., by a well-known society lady living in New York, asking that a divorce case decided some months ago, in that court, should be reopened. Her story is that two years ago she and her husband quarreled and agreed to separate, he promising to pay her monthly a sum sufficient to support her and her two children. The monthly payments were continued until recently when they ceased. She then entered suit to secure their renewal, when, to her astonishment, she was informed that she had been divorced. Her husband had petitioned the Court of Chancery for a divorce, and as no defence had been made, the decree had been granted. The wife contends that she had never been notified of her husband's petition and knew nothing of the subsequent proceedings, otherwise she would have defended herself. She now asks that the decree be set aside and an opportunity be given her to rebut the charges made against her. If, as she alleges, no such opportunity has as yet been afforded to her, she is certainly entitled to it. We can imagine how a wife must feel on learning that without any notice to her or any word of warning, her husband has severed his relations with her. There are some desponding Christians, who in their depression and conscious of their own unworthiness fear that Christ may so cast them off. Paul appears to have known such people in his day and for their encouragement penned his triumphant words:

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord (Rom. 8: 38).

A Shocking Will

The cable brings a report of the testamentary directions made by the Marquis of Queensberry, the British nobleman, who compiled the rules under which prize-fights in Great Britain and America are generally conducted. The following are the clauses of the will relating to the disposition of the body: "At my death I wish to be cremated and my ashes put into the earth enclosed in nothing. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,' in any spot which is most convenient that I have loved. I particularly request that no Christian mummeries or tomfooleries be performed over my grave, but that I be buried as a secularist and agnostic. If it will comfort any one, there are plenty of those of my own friends who would come to say a few words of common sense. Over the spot where my ashes may lie, place no monument or stone. It is not necessary or required, nor is a procession, as the ashes can be carried in one person's hand. It can be buried in any place where the stars shall ever shed their light and the sun shall gild each rising morn." Perhaps it was best that over the remains of a man capable of writing such words, there should be no religious service. When a man deliberately spurns the good that God has provided for his spiritual development, he voluntarily degrades himself to the condition which the Preacher described:

I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them and that they might see that they themselves are beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other (Eccles. 3: 18).

CROSSING THE KLIP RIVER

BOER PRISONERS OF WAR

GENERAL VIEW OF LADYSMITH

BRIEF NOTES

The Jubilee of Y. M. C. A. work in America is to be celebrated next year in Boston, Mass., on June 11-16, by a world's convention.

Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday, March 4, for Dr. D. J. Burrell in the Collegiate Church in New York. An enormous congregation assembled to hear him.

A munificent gift has rejoiced the Presbyterian Boards. Mrs. Rachel B. Crane, of Peekskill, N. Y., has given one hundred thousand dollars to reduce the mortgage on the Presbyterian building in Fifth avenue, New York.

A wealthy Hebrew banker in London has undertaken to provide a quantity of the unleavened cakes used by Jews in the celebration of the passover, so that the Jews who are serving under the British flag in South Africa may observe the festival in orthodox style. More than three hundred Jews are known to be in the British forces.

The Bishop of Moosonee reports having heard from two Eskimos that two white men came down from the sky and were murdered by Eskimos. It is feared these men were the balloonist explorer Andree and his companion.

The Woman's Board of the Reformed Church in America has received from Mr. Robert Schell, of New York, a gift of ten thousand dollars for the establishment of a woman's hospital at Velore, India, which will be called the "Mary Taber Schell Hospital," in memory of Mrs. Schell.

The West Side Business Men's Noonday Prayer Meeting, held at 281 Greenwich street, New York, is one of the fruits of Mr. D. L. Moody's campaign in the city in 1876. Every business day since that time the meeting has been held and large numbers of business men have found it a source of help and strength. Several conversions have occurred there recently. A cordial welcome is given to all visitors.

Dr. Birch, having decided to appeal to the General Assembly from the decision of the New York Presbytery, which voted by a large majority not to place Professor McGiffert on trial, the Professor has determined, according to a published statement, to relieve the Assembly of the painful duty by withdrawing from the Presbyterian Church. It is reported that he will join the Congregationalists, who will give him cordial welcome.

A short prayer for the use of British soldiers in the war has been prepared by the Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Roberts has ordered copies of it to be distributed among the soldiers. Its concluding words are: "Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave, true to our Queen, our country, and our colors. If it be thy will, enable us to win victory for England, but above all grant us the better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors through him who loved us and laid down his life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen."

"ARONETTE WAS COMBIN' TOMMY'S HAIR"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XIV., Continued

WELL, Arvilly's first work, after she had canvassed the hotel-keeper for the *Twin Crimes*, and as many of the guests as she could, wuz to find out if Waitstill wuz there. And sure enough she found her. She wuz in one of the hospitals and doin' a good work, jest as she would anywhere she wuz put. She come to the hotel to see us as soon as she could, and Arvilly seemed to renew her age, having Waitstill with her agin. We writ to once to Cousin John Richard.

Robert Strong and Dorothy wuz dretful interested in Waitstill I could see, and they asked a great many questions about her work in the hospital. And I see that Robert wuz only grounded in his convictions when Waitstill told him of the sickness the doctors and nurses had to contend with, and how largely it wuz caused by liquor drinking. Hundreds of American saloons in Manila, so she said, and sez she, "How can the hospitals hope to undo the evils that these do to men's souls and bodies?" Sez she, "You know what a fearful disease and crime breeder it is in a temperate climate, but it is tenfold worse here in this tropical land." I asked her about Willie Gray, but she knew nothing about him; she said that he was not in the hospital where she wuz working.

She wuz anxious to hear all the news from Jonesville, and I willin'ly told her what Phila Ann had told me about Elder White, and the noble work he was doin' in East Loontown, and I sez, "Missionary work is jest as necessary and jest as important and pleasin' to God if done in Loontown as in the Antipithies."

And she said she knew it. And I sez: "Elder White is working himself to death, and don't have the comforts of life, to say nothin' of the happiness he ort to."

Waitstill didn't say nothin', but I fancied a faint pink flush stole up into her white cheeks, some like the color that flashes up onto a snow bank at sunset. Life wuz all snow and sunset to her I could see, but I knowed that she wuz the one woman in the world for Ernest White, the ideal woman his soul had always worshiped, and found realized in Waitstill—poor little creeter!

I didn't know whether the warm sun of his love could melt the snow and frozen hail or not—the sun duz melt such things—and I knew love wuz the greatest thing in the world. Well, I had to leave the event to Providence, and wuz willin' to; but yet, after a woman duz leave things to the Most High to do, she loves to put in her oar and help things along; mebby that is the way of Providence—who knows? But 'tennyrate I gin another blind hint to her before we left the conversation.

Sez I, "Ernest White is doin' the Lord's work if ever a man did, and I can't think that it is the Lord's will that whilst he's doin' it he ort to eat such bread as he has to—milk emtin's and sour at that, to say nothin' of fried stuff that a anaconda couldn't digest. He deserves a sweet, love-guarded home, and to be tended to by a woman that he loves—one who could inspire him and help him on in the heavenly way he's treading alone and lonesome." Her cheeks did turn pink then, and her eyes looked like deep blue pools in which stars wuz shinin', but she didn't say anything, and Robert Strong resoomed his talk with her about her hospital work. And before she left he gin her a big check to use for her patients; I don't know exactly how big it wuz, but it went up into the hundreds, anyway; and Dorothy gin her one, too, for I see her write it; Miss Meechim gin her her blessin' and more'n a dozen tracts, which mebby will set well on the patients, if administered cautious. I myself gin her the receipt for the best mustard poultice that ever drawed, and two pairs of clouded blue-and-white wool socks I had knit on the way, and though it wuz a warm country she said they would come handy when her patients had chills.

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"TOMMY AND I WANDERED IN A CROSS STREET"

CHAPTER XV

The Search for Willie Gray

THERE wuz two young American girls at the hotel, and they happened to come into the parlor while we wuz talkin' and they sent a big present to the hospital. I guess they wuz real well off and good dispositioned. They wuz travelin' alone and seemed to be havin' a real good time. One on 'em wuz sunthin' of a invalid, but wuz outdoors all day. I spoze tryin' to git well. They minded their own bizness and didn't do any hurt so fur as I could see, but Elder Wessel couldn't bear 'em. Sez he to me one day:

"I spoze they represent the new young woman?"

He said it real skornful, and Arvilly, who wuz present, took him up real snappish. "Well, what of it? What have they done?" If that poor man had said that black wuz black and white wuz white, Arvilly would have found fault with it.

"I don't object to what they have done," sez he, "so much as to what they are. Young American women know too much." And Arvilly sez with a meanin' glance at him, "That is sunthin' that everybody don't have to stand."

She might just as well have called him a fool, her axent wuz such. Arvilly is too hash. Sez he: "Now my Lucia is different. She knows nothing about sin and wickedness, and I got this position for her, so that as soon as she left the convent she was placed directly in the care of this good woman and her little innocent child. What does she know of danger, of sin or sorrow, or worldliness or vanity?"

"Or danger?" sez I meanin'ly. "If she always has someone at her side to guard her, her perfect ignorance and innocence is a charm, but how would it be in the hour of danger and temptation? Why should anybody fear being burned if they had no knowledge of fire?"

"Oh," sez he, "her divine innocence is her safeguard. Evil would retire abashed before the timid glance of her pure eyes."

"I hope so," sez I dryly. "I hope so. But I never knew the whiteness of its wool to help a lamb if a wolf dog got after it. But mebby it will in her case," sez I reasonably. "I don't want to break up your happiness," sez I.

"You cannot," sez he dogmatically. "You cannot. I have brought up my Lucia in the only right way for a young girl to be brought up. She has been completely separated from young people of the opposite sex; she knows nothing of fashionable flirting and folly. And when I see such abnormal creatures as the New Girl, as they call her, I am horrified, shocked beyond words at the spectacle of their brazen independence and what they call their freedom, their comradeship with the opposite sex, their fearlessness and boldness and frankness with gentlemen, talking with them really as if they were of the same sex as themselves. As I see this I thank God. I thank God that my Lucia is different."

Lambs and Wolves

Well, she wuz a pretty little thing, with eyes as innocent and timid as a young fawn's that had never been outside its green covert in the great wilderness. But I knew that under her baby looks and baby ways wuz a woman's heart; a woman's emotions and impulses would roust up when the time come and the sun of love shone down on her. Why, Nater had layed down laws before Elder Wessel did; he couldn't keep her from thinkin' about her future mate; she would let her mind dwell on some one if it wuz only the man in the moon. And I knew the world wuz full of bad men as well as good men, how would it be with her if thrown with a wolf in sheep's clothing? If guarded and sheltered all right, but if onguarded and onwarned and thrown into temptation and danger I felt that trouble wuz ahead for Lucia Wessel. But I knew that it wuz of no use for me to hist up a danger flag in front of her, for her father wouldn't let me. But I felt dubersome about her, dretful dubersome. She and Aronette had formed a real girl attachment for each other, and some way I didn't like the idee on't, but don't know as I could have told why.

Well, we didn't lay out to stay long in Manila, but we did stay long enough so Dorothy and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong went round and see the different islands. They went to Illollo and wuz gone for three days, Aronette stayin' with me at the tarven, and Dorothy told me when she got back how beautiful the journey wuz. The water wuz like glass, the sunrise and sunset marvelous, thickly wooded shores on either side filled with oncounted wealth. Great forests of sandal wood, enough to build houses of, and how we treasure little snips on't in fan sticks. Mahogany trees enough to build barns and cow stables on, and how we gloat over a old clock case or lamp stand made on't. She said that Illollo wuz like most old Spanish towns, dretful old lookin' and kinder run down. The natives dressed like others she had seen, but spoke a different language. They went to the American general's headquarters some two milds off. A hundred varieties of palm trees grow along the road and every sort of tropical tree. The natives wuz all dark complected, but some good lookin', most all bareheaded or else with a gay turban and knives stuck in the sashes of their gay tunics.

A Wayward Pair

They didn't see any of the insurgents, but knew that back in some of the thick woods or hiding amongst the mountains wuz men fighting for what they called their liberty, home and native land.

One day whilst the party wuz gone Tommy and I wuz takin' a little walk; Josiah could't go, he had got hold of a New York paper of three weeks before, and was readin' it through from title page

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"COUSIN JOHN RICHARD SHOOK HIS HEAD"

to Lost and Found column. We wandered into a little cross street lined on each side with little shops with the shopkeepers squattin' in the door, and outside the native wives and children. Everything under the sun almost wuz to be found in these shops, and we had wandered along for quite a good ways lookin' at the curious things, and still more curious people, when we met Aronette and Lucia, accompanied by the two young men I had seen with 'em on the boat; they wuz on the stoop of one of the old business buildin's, gigglin' and laughin' like a bevy of swallers round the eaves of a Jonesville barn.

But, as I said before, I didn't like the looks of the young men, and on Aronette's return I told her so, feelin' that I wuz in a measure responsible for her safety whilst her mistress wuz away. Aronette wuz combin' Tommy's hair and curlin' it over her finger as I talked to her, which made me feel some mean to attact her whilst in my service, but Duty's apron string fluttered down before me and I stiddied myself on it as I spoke real good warnin' words to her.

Sez I, "My dear, I didn't like the looks of the young men I saw you walkin' with to-night." Sez I, "I saw them two young men coming out of a Canteen not a half hour before, and" sez I, "they look to me dissipated and mean. They drink; I know by their looks they do."

Aronette Rebuked

And she sez, "Oh, dear Madam, I only went out to take the air a little while. You know I care for nobody in this country. My heart is in old Normandie," sez she, the tears welling up to the blue well of her eyes. "My heart is with my Pierre, but," sez she, kinder tossin' her head, not a high toss, only a little vain pretty motion of a pretty, thoughtless girl, some like a blue bird in the spring of the year, "if a young man insists on paying you a little attention what can a poor little girl do? The days are long when one is young and her own Pierre so far away, and, dear Madame, Lucia was with me."

"Another innocent, ignorant young creature," sez I; "two little butterflies fluttering about instead of one, not thinkin' or carin' for the fouler's net," sez I, smilin' on her pleasant, for I couldn't help it. For I knew the heart of youth, and the monotony of life, and the need of young hearts for each other. But I didn't like the young men's looks and told her so agin, and she laughed, and said she didn't like their looks either. Sez she, "Their breath always smells of the whiskey. Faugh!" sez she. "It makes me sick," and she shrugged her shoulders in the true French way.

And I sez agin, lookin' solemn, "No young man whose breath smells of whiskey is safe for any young girl to associate with. It is a pizen atmosphere that blasts every sweet and pure thing that comes nigh it." And I sithed.

And she said in her own sweet way that she knew I was telling the truth, for I talked just as her own sweet mother did. And she bent down with one of her pretty foreign ways and kissed my hand. Dear little thing, I didn't spoze my talk had done her much good, but then I considered that it couldn't do her any hurt anyway. And so I left the event to the overruling Power, just as we poor weak mortals have to.

An Unexpected Meeting

Well, a day or two after that Josiah and I wuz takin' a walk, meetin' occasionally Turks all dressed turkey fashion, and Japans, and Yankees and men and wimmen and children, when who should we meet face to face but Cousin John Richard, that blessed man. As I said, we had writ and writ and tried to find him, but didn't know but we should have to hunt round considerable, but wuz bound to not leave the islands till we'd seen him. But lo and behold! here he wuz, lookin' just as good and heavenly minded as ever. He wuz santerin' along apparently lost in deep thought or nearly lost.

But when he see us he grasped our hands with a welcome that made us know that no matter to what a extent a man's soul may live in the heavens, his heart is tied with deathless ties to the relations on his own side and to their pardners if they be congenial.

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"HE SAID WILLIE GRAY HAD BEEN IN THE NEXT COT TO HISEN"

We stopped stun still and talked for quite a spell about different things: our health, the relations and so forth, and then santered on agin all together. But anon I sez: "John Richard, you look wan and pale, your duty here as a chaplain has wore on you; but oh what a blessed work!" Sez I, "Comfortin' the sick and dyin', turnin' the fadin' eyes to heaven's light, oh what a holy work!" sez I.

Cousin John Richard shook his head sadly. "I am not a chaplain, cousin Samantha," sez he. "I offered my services as a chaplain or a missionary, but was refused. They said I was not needed in that capacity. They had already all the chaplains they needed."

"And after you come thousands of milds, led by Duty, to give your services free?"

"Yes, I offered my services free as a helper to care for them that needed me, and also as I told the representative of the United States, I had brought a sum of money with me to buy little delicacies and comfort for the sick ones."

"And they wouldn't take even that?" sez I.

"Yes," sez he sadly, "they offered to sell part of a Canteen to me. The man didn't know me, and anyway I saw at once that he was under the influence of liquor as he talked to me."

I wuz almost speechless with agitation and shame, and a number of other emotions, and Cousin John Richard went on still more sadly, pintin' as he spoke to a barren lookin' spot sown thick with graves: "There lies the product of the Canteen and Saloon; in this deadly climate the drink demon has little to do to assist his brother, Death. Our poor boys fall like rotten leaves before the hurricane."

Sez I, lookin' up to the blue sky, "Why don't the heavens fall when such things affront the light of day?"

"The patience of God," sez John Richard, "is one of the things we cannot measure."

"Nor his pity, nuther," sez I, in heart-broken axents; for as I looked at them thickly-sown graves and thought of the mothers and wives and sweethearts fur, fur away, mourning for them that wuz not, my tears fell and I wiped 'em off with my snowy linen handkerchief. But our steps had drawed nigh to a rough-lookin' hospital where many lay sick unto death, and I sez to Josiah: "Let's go in; mebby Willie Gray is here." I hadn't seen his ma since we come but spozed that she wuz huntin' for him. We too had tried to find him but had not succeeded.

The Fate of a Soldier

There wuz a kind-lookin' man at the door who let us in after a few questions, and we passed through ward after ward, inquiring for Willie Gray, and at last we found a sick Irishman by the name of Riley, who said that Willie Gray had been in the next cot to hisen, but had died two days before and wuz buried. Riley wuz good natured and went on of his own accord to tell us about his death. Willie Gray had died all alone, the doctor was so hard worked that he could not stay with any one patient, and the chaplain wuz called away to other sick beds, and the nurse of that ward was sick and had to go off duty for awhile. Riley said that Willie had been calling to his mother; for some one to come to him all night. He had something he wanted to say. He wanted to tell his mother sunthin, he wanted someone to pray with him. He sez, "I can't die alone."

When Riley dropped asleep he said that Willie wuz cryin, sobbing in a weak way for he wuz almost gone, but still saying in his low whispering voice, he couldn't die without someone to pray with him. And before morning he died. Some time durin' that dark, lonesome night the poor, home-sick boy left the ranks of the army which had ruined him, for we heard from them that knew that it wuz the fast life he had led there that had killed him. Destroyed by the evils of the system that is provided for our boys with their soldier clothes. Well, it did its work on Willie Gray, just as it has on thousands and thousands of others of mothers' boys, and will keep on doin' I spoze, as long as the flag waves and the eagle screams. And I should think she would scream to think on't. (I call the eagle "she" owin' to a inadvertence, for it is a male bird; no female has any place in our govermunt unless it is the statutes of Justice and Liberty, and all Liberty can do is to stand out in the water and hold up that wooden torch of hern, and if the nation took it into its head to paint that torch with tar and lam black she couldn't hender it. And Justice I spoze has cried quite a good deal under her bandages to see how things are goin' on, she must.

A Mother's Grief

Well, it jest killed his ma; she may drag round her body a few weeks or months longer, but her real life died there. Not knowin' any better, Riley told her jest what he had us. And there I found her in another ward of that hospital smit down like a flower by frost. When I bid her adoo I knew that we should never meet until we meet in that other country whose govermunt is better to its soldiers than ourn, for its Ruler leads them not to pizen drink that murders soul and body, but to living fountains of water, and wipes away all tears from their eyes.

Well, we didn't make a long stay in Manila. But Arvilly beset me to go with her to see General Grant on this subject so near to her heart, and which she had made her life work. She said that it wuz my duty to go.

But I sez, "Arvilly, you talk so hash; I can't bear to have the son of the man who saved his country talked to as I am afraid you will if you git to goin'."

Sez she, "I won't open my head. You know the subject from A to izzard. I'll jest stand by and listen, but somebody ort to talk to him. Hundreds and hundreds of American saloons in this one city! Forced onto these islands by our country. Sunthin' has got to be done about it. If you don't go and talk to him about it I shall certainly go alone, and if I do go," sez she, "he will hear talk that he never hearn before."

"I'll go, Arvilly," sez I hurriedly, "I'll go and do the best I can, but if you put in and talk so hash it will jest throw me off the track."

"A promise is a promise," sez she; "I never did break my word yet."

Well, havin' made the necessary preliminary moves, we met General Grant by appointment in his own quarters. Before we got inside the lines we had to advance and give the countersign, which wuz Whiskey. Arvilly planted herself right there like a balky mule and said she would die in her tracks before she said it. But I, knowin' that it wouldn't make nor break the traffick, sez "Whiskey," and I added, "May the Lord destroy it!" Arvilly sez, "Amen!" and we walked in past the astounded sentry with our heads up. (General Grant hadn't nothin' to do with that countersign; it wuz some officer's doin's.) Well, General Grant seemed quite pleased to see us. He's a real good lookin' man, and if he hadn't any properties of his own he would be beloved for his pa's sake, but he has properties of his own. He is a good man and a smart one. Well, the first compliments bein' passed, I lanched out into my bizness.

(To be Continued.)

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SAMANTHA GIVES THE COUNTERSIGN

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

In the Sunrise Kingdom

IN Japan, as everywhere else in the East, many of the customs to which we have been inured from infancy, and which have prevailed among the well-bred for generations, are reversed. For example, our men wait upon the ladies. In Japan the men are first served; they precede the women on social occasions; the man first enters a train, is first waited on at the table, is, in fact, first everywhere. The women are charmingly graceful, suave, and polite, in the Sunrise kingdom. Part of their training is to make them facile in small talk, and differential in manner. When a group of pretty maids

MY LADY'S TOILET

A GROUP OF JAPANESE GIRLS IN TABLEAU

BABIES AND NURSES

is dressed for dancing, it is not that they are to dance with men; rather they are to execute smooth figures and difficult steps while men look on and are entertained. Thus, long ago, in another Eastern country, the daughter of a wicked queen danced before a wicked king, and so pleased was he that he offered her any gift within his power to grant. And, instigated by her cruel mother, the damsel asked for and received the head of John the Baptist. In Eastern lands, dancing is among the immoralities of life.

Nothing can be prettier, or more comfortable than the dress of a Japanese lady. Often it is composed of very rich silks and brocades, splendidly embroidered, and very lovely in color. Our Western fashions have, from time to time, felt the influence of Japan, and we have now and then broken away, to some slight extent, from the bondage of the stiff corset, and the ugliness foisted upon us by the tyranny of the French dressmaker. The loose flowing skirts, the graceful jacket effect, the soft sleeves, the great girdle and sash and picturesque bows, veil outlines, hide an ungainly figure, and are becoming to old and young. Japanese women are small and doll-like: they look insignificant in the conventional European or American costume, but they are very attractive in their national dress.

Babies have a beautiful time in Japan, as do all little children. The houses have little furniture and few portable bits of ware which a child may ruin by accident or mischief. The nurses are generally young, though occasionally and infrequently they are old. They trot about carrying the babies on their backs, the little bald heads bobbing up from the bag-like wraps where they are securely tied. One seldom hears a child cry in Japan. The nurses are patient and loving, and few dont's hedge the infantile path.

About Boarding-Houses

If I kept a boarding-house, I think my first endeavor would be to make it as home-like as possible. It should be thoroughly aired every day, so that no ghosts of last week's dinners should pervade the stairs and halls, and abide, in the shape of clinging odors, in carpets and curtains. My house should be clean and neat; and I would not have spidery chairs which would break under the weight of a substantial person; nor decrepit tables, ready to go down at a touch. I'd have a piano or a cabinet organ, and it should be in tune. As for pictures, they should be well-chosen photographs of fine pictures, or interesting characters, not, however, of my own family, and cheap oil-paintings and chromos should be banished. My table should be daintily set and served well, with an abundance of good and wholesome food, not depending so much on desserts, as some women do, but giving nutritious soups, well-cooked meats and other viands with a flavor of mother's cooking in their taste. And I'd remember that people who board are people who must somehow make shift to find home in their boarding-house, and it should be my aim to let them discover it in my house. I would order my house as a Christian should, and, at least, so arrange its routine, that church-going folk should have hours which would accommodate them.

Industries of the Blind

Broom-making, the seating of chairs with woven cane, hammock weaving and similar industries are in our large cities carried on by the deft fingers of the blind. A good way to help them is to patronize the homes and shops where they live, as these institutional asylums should never be confounded with the places where hopeless pauperism resignedly hides. The blind prefer to be self-supporting, and may be so, if good people will only buy their wares.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—FATHER. Do not allow your boy to neglect his pet animals. They are dependent on him for food and happiness and their care developes many good qualities in him.

—MATTIE C. Your Aunt Patience advises you to let the young man get over his tiff without assistance from you. Pray do not seem anxious for the attentions of any young man.

—EMPLOYER. When a trained nurse is in your home she is entitled to a good bed in a comfortable room, and to certain hours for rest and exercise. If she lose her own health, she cannot take proper care of a sick person.

—CONSCIENCE. If your parents and friends are satisfied with your engagement, and the young man is devoted to you, I think you are giving yourself needless trouble in the matter. Why distrust happiness? Accept it and be grateful.

—J. R. Please do not take any risks in the matter of which you speak. Aunt Prudence inclines to keeping on the safe side. Find something nearer home, and refuse to invest money. No doubt the people are all right, but you are too far away.

—HILDRETH. A young lady should not permit the familiarities of which you speak. They may not be improper from a moral standpoint, but they are very bad form indeed.

—A SUBSCRIBER. Fathers generally find it rather a trial to give up their daughters, and regard with very critical eyes the man who comes courting the little maiden they have brought up. I counsel the daughter whose father opposes her marriage, to patience and a year's waiting. If at the end of that time her father remains obdurate and she is convinced of her lover's worthiness, she may then decide upon her course.

Mountain Sunday Schools

Many of the American Sunday School Union missionaries in the mountain districts of Tennessee, Kentucky and North Carolina relate interesting experiences among the children. Missionary Jones gave a poor boy a pair of shoes one frosty morning, lately, which put the lad on a comfortable footing, as he went from house to house through field and forest, inviting everybody in the settlement to the meeting. "Do please come to the school house nex' Sunday. The man what 'livers 'dresses to the children is gwine to be there an' make us a Sunday School, perviden' hit aint a snowin'." At the hour appointed the sky was clear, the little house was filled with a most attentive audience, and the happiest looking boy in the crowd was Albert, who had traversed the mountain by-ways for many miles, giving notice of the meeting. It was the boy's first experience in a Sunday School class and the same was true of almost all the others present.

"I Could Not Do Without Thee"

I could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on thee.

I could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear!
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with thee.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

.. Anxious Hours ..

THESE come to us all now and then. Perhaps sickness is in the house, a dear one lying moaning and tossing on a bed of pain, with the doctor coming several times a day, wearing an inscrutable countenance, but failing to leave behind him any definite hope. If the sufferer is husband or wife, the clock of life seems at a standstill: the home loses its cheery aspect of order and business; every thought centres on the couch where fever is burning up the vital forces, and good nursing is fighting to gain the victory. If it be a dear little child, or a youth, the hearts of parents are torn with anguished suspense, until they are sure that the danger is past.

Anxious hours come over money, when funds are low, or the head of the house loses his job, or expenses are too large for the income. Retrenchment is dictated by prudence, but is not always easy or possible. Anxious hours—far the most anxious in life—are the portion of those whose children go astray and wander into forbidden paths.

What are we to do? Carry every anxiety, the least, the greatest, to the dear Lord, and lay it at his pierced feet. There is no burden too heavy for him to lift.

Spring Flowers

On my table to-day, brought me by friends, are two large bunches of golden daffodils, and all summer shines for me in their cheery bloom, and awakes for me in their sweet fragrance. The spring flowers have a message for us in these Lenten days—the assurance of our Father's care. Well may we expect every good thing from him, when he gives us back, year by year, the flowers we love, after the winter's rigor is over.

"THE STONY HEART"

The Carven Scarab Within the Mummy the Emblem of Immortality

THE Egyptian emblem of immortality was the scarab, or sacred beetle. This interesting little creature is found throughout Egypt, as well as in certain other countries. It is black in color and about one inch in length. One of its habits is to burrow its way down into the mud of the Nile, and disappear for a time. After the inundation has subsided, however, it comes forth again to the surface of the ground, the first of living creatures seen emerging from the black soil.

Astonished beholders in ancient times believed this to be a veritable case of

AN EGYPTIAN SCARAB

death, burial, and resurrection, and seizing the suggested thought, made it a symbol for themselves. It is not difficult to understand, therefore, why this insect came to be looked upon as sacred. Models of it were made in great profusion. The material used was chiefly stone. Many of these representations are small, not larger than the insect itself. Others of them are about the size of the closed hand or fist. In the British Museum there is one of basalt about six feet long, five feet wide and three feet high. One precious little scarab (which lies before me as I write) has inscribed on it the cartouche of Thothmes III., a Theban Pharaoh, who reigned while the Israelites were in the land of Goshen. From Egypt these stone models or representations of the sacred beetle were conveyed by traders and merchants to all parts of the ancient civilized world. They have been found in the Tigris-Euphrates valley, in Syria, Phœnicia, Greece, Italy, Sardinia, and in other countries.

In the ancient process of embalming the human body, the brain was taken out and put into a jar, the heart and lungs were put into another jar, and in like manner the viscera was deposited into a third jar. These jars or sepulchral vases were placed in the tomb near the casket which contained the mummy. In that part of the body where the heart had been, the Egyptians were in the habit of putting one of these stone scarabs. Those thus used inside of the mummy were usually two or three inches long. Specimens of them can be seen in the British Museum, and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. They are yet found in Egypt, in the bodies of mummies. The significance of this custom is apparent. As the beetle disappeared under the ground for a time and again emerged, so the Egyptians believed the bodies of their dead that were buried from their sight should, in like manner, rise again, after the lapse of three thousand years. In Ezekiel 11:19 and 36:26 we have a gracious promise that God will take away "the stony heart" out of men's flesh and give them "a heart of flesh." The imagery employed by the prophet is believed to be borrowed from this ancient Egyptian custom. An unconverted person is compared to a shriveled, unsightly mummy, with a cold, dead stone lodged in his bosom in place of a heart. When regeneration takes place the dead is brought to life, the heart of stone is taken away, and in its stead is given a heart of flesh. This throws fresh light upon an interesting figure, and is one of the most striking statements we have in the Bible, of the supreme change that is wrought in man when he becomes a new creature.

J. G. L. CAMPBELL, D. D.

New York city.

His Life-Work Done

To have been for nearly three score years and ten a minister of the Gospel is surely a very exceptional record of usefulness. Rev. Dr. Shaler G. Hillyer, who died in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 19, had been blessed with just such a long and honorable term of service to the Master. He was ninety years old last June, and his brother ministers called upon him in a body with congratulations and good wishes. The week in which he died, an article from his pen appeared in the Southern paper, of which he was an editor; another completed by him during the same week awaits publication. His mind was clear and vigorous up to the day preceding his death, when he was stricken with paralysis. His last sermon was preached two Sundays before. He was a native Georgian; his education began in an "old field school," which he attended when he was a little boy.

In describing the little schoolhouse of his boyhood, Dr. Hillyer said, "The floor was dirt, the desks were plain boards nailed to the log walls, the seats were plain board benches. The teacher, a man named Jones, sat on the wooden bench at the end of the room. The pupils were grown young men and women, and there were boys and girls and some very small children. We were taught spelling and got as far as the first reader. We learned reading, too, out of a newspaper. One of the pupils got hold of a newspaper somewhere and it produced a ripple when introduced in school for our edification."

Dr. Hillyer's education was completed at Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, and he became Professor of Theology in that institution. He was one of three remarkable brothers; Rev. John F. Hillyer died at eighty-nine, after a ministry of sixty-six years; Junius Hillyer, Congressman, lawyer, judge, and solicitor of the United States Treasury, lived to be seventy-nine.

A Missouri Revival

A wave of revival is passing through large parts of the State of Missouri. Besides the wonderful work of Maj. J. H. Cole at Springfield, in which the converts already number over eight hundred, revivals are reported at Green Ridge, Lebanon, and Kansas City. A notable fact is that the majority of the converts are men, some of them advanced in years.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

A broken stitch, like the "little rift within the lute," is the beginning of trouble. "I am tired, not ill." "It will soon pass away." "I don't believe in medicine." These are the broken stitches that lead to serious illness. Nature is wise and in Hood's Sarsaparilla she has furnished the means to take up broken stitches. Why? Because it starts at the root and cleanses the blood.

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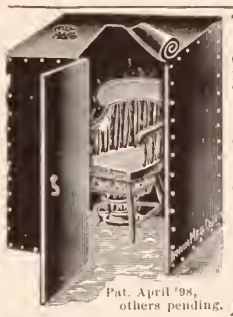

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Please mention The Christian Herald when writing.

Rocky Mountain Snow-Sheds

THE winter of 1899-1900 has been remarkably free from heavy snow-storms such as those that have visited the Middle and Western States during the several preceding years. In the West, however, there have been some very heavy snow-falls; the Rockies, of course, never know a winter of complete exemption. Our picture of the exterior

A RAILWAY SNOW-SHED IN THE ROCKIES

of a snow-shed on the Union Pacific Railroad, between Sherman and Tie Siding, the highest point on that road, illustrates one of the methods by which modern engineering overcomes the dangers and difficulties of winter travel. These snow-sheds are often miles and miles in extent; and are so constructed as to protect passing trains from snow-slides, and also to keep the track clear in regions where the cutting-wheel of the snow-plow would hardly avail for this purpose, and the rails would otherwise be continually buried in snow. The supports need to be strongly built; and the general appearance of the shed suggests the track of a New York elevated train.

A Clergyman's Conversion

IN the course of an address to his people on the death of Mr. Moody, the Rev. E. Bacheler Russell, Vicar of Leyton, England, told the following story of his conversion: "When Mr. Moody visited us in 1875, I had no idea that I was not what could really be called a Christian man. I was as ignorant of the simple plan of salvation and the Gospel message as a man could possibly be, though living in a Christian community and in a Christian land. I had my race-horses; I spent a great deal of time at the card table, in the ballroom, in the theatre. With shame I must say it, I began to gamble; I had a horse which carried everything before him, and consequently I was very much elated, and so lay on more and more until the tide turned and I lost heavily. I wondered whether I was being punished for living an un-Christian life and I determined to go and see Mr. Moody and ask him. I went into his inquiry meeting and asked him if it was wrong for a Christian man to go to the races. Mr. Moody took my hand and looking me full in the face asked, "Are you a Christian?" If any one had before implied that I was not a Christian I should not have liked it, and should have thought it very rude and impertinent. But I didn't with this man. For the first time in my life I realized I was not what he meant by a Christian. 'No,' I said, 'I am not.' Do you want to become one?' he said. 'Yes, I do.' 'Very well,' said Mr. Moody and then he talked and prayed.

It was then, on the 12th day of March, 1875, that the light broke into my soul, and as I sat there, miserable up to that moment, I thought, 'What a fool, what an utter diiot I have been. I have been praying 'Lord I believe,' and I never believed at all. Here, now, I put forth my hand for salvation and took it, and I believed God. And oh, the peace that came into my heart and soul! For twenty-four years, with many, many failures, I have followed Mr. Moody's Master, and the way grows brighter and brighter still."

A Notable Revival

Sunday morning, February 11, the Wesley evangelists began a two weeks' soul-saving campaign at Hempstead, L. I., M. E. church. All the services were marked with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The first Sabbath over fifty persons made public confession of Christ, and for four weeks souls were saved at ever service. A little girl who confessed Christ the first Sunday, went home and informed her unconverted father; his heart was touched, and he also came to the services and found a Saviour. Then two more of his children were converted, and several entire familes were also saved. Up to the close of the fourth week of the services, over 200 souls had made profession of faith in Christ. Rev. Wm. Willett, Jr., of Lawrence, L. I.; Rev. Louis Johnson and Sherwood, of Brooklyn; Colwell, of Long Island; Stockdale, pastor of Fleet Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, and Wm. Nesbitt, the converted policeman of New York; Dr. Sanford and Rev. Jas. E. Holmes, the pastor, with the members have assisted the evangelists in this remarkable revival. The house has not experienced such a religious tidal wave in over forty years.

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It is a peculiar thing that the use of Coffee and Tea has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

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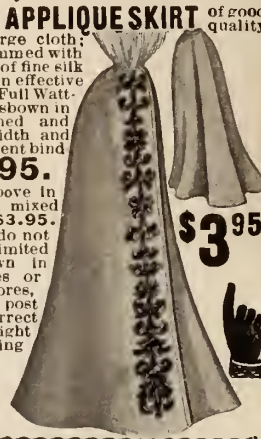

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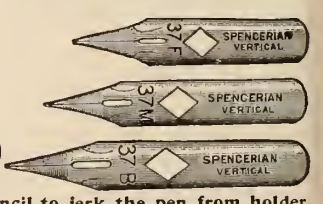

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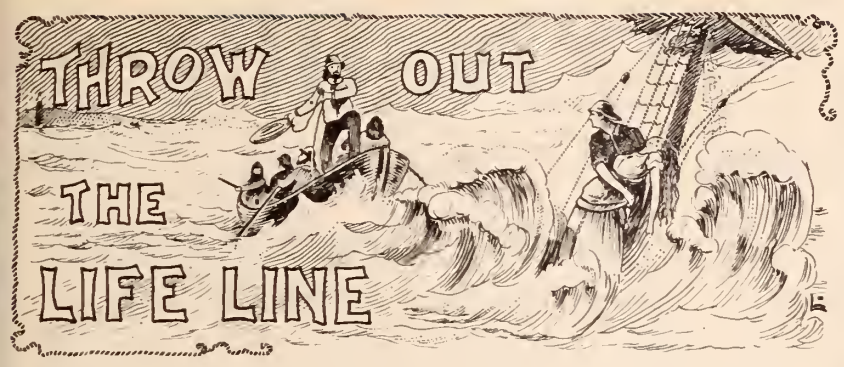

WHEN a popular hymn is carried around the world, the singing public is interested to learn something of the author, and how he was led to compose the song. As many inquiries have been made as to the circumstances which brought forth the famous melody, "Throw Out the Life-Line," we give our readers a brief sketch of its origin.

REV. E. S. UFFORD,
The author of "Throw Out the Life-Line"

The author, Rev. E. S. Ufford, is a Baptist clergyman, now residing in a suburb of Holyoke, Mass. He is a native of Newark, N. J., where he was born in 1851. For many years his father was a chorister in the city churches there, and from him his son inherited musical tastes. The young lad, while living in Stratford, Conn., grew wayward, and, at the age of nineteen, gave himself up to dissipation. At twenty-one, however, after he had attended a dance one night, where he had assisted at the piano, he went home to the old house where his grandmother kept the lamp burning for his return, and threw himself in bed. But it was not to sleep. Next day a horror of darkness seemed to overspread his soul. Two weeks of mental agony passed. One day, while walking, like Bunyan's pilgrim, burdened by a sense of mysterious despair, it flashed upon his mind that he had been seized by conviction. He could almost hear the words pressed upon his soul, "Why stand ye in jeopardy every hour?" At last Rev. Joseph Vinton, the very evangelist he needed, led him through the wicket-gate, where, at the foot of the Cross, he lost his burden and went on his way rejoicing. A new world was now open to the young convert. He was filled with the desire to work for Christ. He held meetings in an unused club-house down by the wharf at the Housatonic River. With the aid of a few singers and some exhorters, the first meeting proved a success.

He visited Dr. Talmage in his Brooklyn home and laid bare the wish of his soul—to become a herald of the Gospel. The kind welcome and cheering encouragement given at this time, and the words of the eminent divine, "I think you will make a success," still linger in the thoughts of this humble worker.

Mr. Ufford went to Lewiston, Me., where he took a course in theological study. He was called to the East Auburn Baptist church and ordained there in 1879, in that his first pastorate. He removed to Massachusetts in 1882, settling at Canton, then in Dedham, and afterwards in Hingham.

It was while settled at the rural hamlet of West Dedham, thirteen miles out of Boston, that the celebrated hymn, "Throw Out the Life-Line," was composed. Mr. Ufford had been preaching to his usual morning congregation of one hundred. He yearned to go out and reach the non-church-going members of the community, and during the afternoon was led to do so. Taking his small organ, he located himself at the public square and began to sing several Gospel songs. The people soon gathered, listened reverently as he prayed for the blessing of God upon them, and urged them all to accept the refuge offered them in the only Saviour of men. It was here that the idea of saving men as if they were drowning, sinking in the waves of sin and temptation, came to the mind of the open-air speaker. Some days afterward, Mr. Ufford was aiding a Boston pastor in revival work, in which the phrase "Throw the line" occurred. Later, while he was at Nantasket Beach, the whole idea burst upon his soul, as if by a revelation. He saw the life-saving station, the distant wreck of a vessel, and thrilling rescue described by an eye-witness, the crew being brought safely to shore by the life-line and breeches buoy. Then he realized that men in a spiritual sense were tossed by the treacherous waves of dissipation, and needed a line thrown to them by the consecrated hands of willing workers.

Returning home, the pastor began to write the hymn, seemingly as if some other help than his own was directing him:

Throw out the life-line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom some one should save;
Somebody's brother, Oh, who then will dare,
To rescue this lost one, his peril to share.

The other verses followed, slightly changed now, and when completed, the writer sat down to his instrument and began to compose a melody to suit them. It is a singular fact that without the slightest use of music-paper or mental effort, the present air as it is sung to-day came to him, which, after singing over a few times, was then recorded for future use. It has been borne on the wings of song and has entered every English-speaking city on the face of the globe, and found its way into several languages.

The spiritual results of this famous song will not be known until all the sheaves are gathered home. Mr. Ufford is now in the prime of life and is active in Gospel work, using an oil painting in his addresses to men, depicting an ocean scene, where a ship is hove to, and a lifeboat on the way to rescue two men clinging to a spar.

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CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND, PATERSON, N. J.

The above photograph represents the Church Choir Zobo Band of Paterson, N. J., which was organized by the church choir and organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for church purposes. It was a great success. Hundreds of church choirs have Zobo bands and find them of great value. **Zobo Concerts always draw large audiences.**

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Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. D., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

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Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo brass instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a 14-piece Zobo band and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo concert and would say it was a big success."

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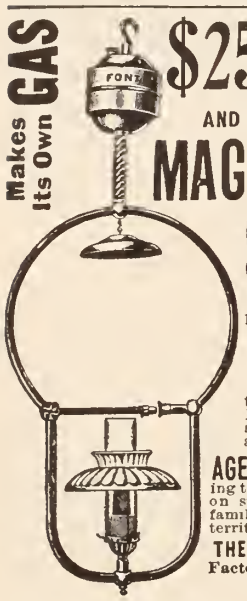

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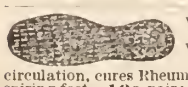

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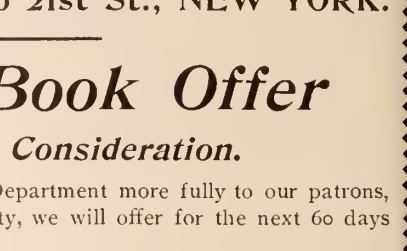

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Hints for Pastor Sheldon

Many of our CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are sending in suggestions to be forwarded to Pastor Sheldon, in his new role of editor. These suggestions deal with a wide variety of topics. Among them are the following:

W. A. S., St. Clair, Mo. "What would Jesus do to reach the men?"

H. A. H., Madeira, Cal. "Is not the preaching of the Gospel the highest calling on earth?"

G. W. S., Greenville, Wis. "Cards, progressive euchre and gambling generally."

Mrs. Elmira G. R., Chicago, Ill. "Correct dress for women."

Mary M. C., Cambridge, Ill. "What would Jesus do with the secret society members in the churches?"

Chas. G. B., Lunenberg, Mass. "Jealousy."

S. J. A., Rochester, N. Y. "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Mrs. Charles D. D., Quarryville, N. Y. "The Philippine war."

E. L. M., Rea, Mich. "More earnestness and depending on Christ."

I. H. N., Escardido, Cal. "Vivisection."

J. M. D., Warren, Pa. "The canteen and the dram shops."

E. L C., Alameda, Cal. "Profanity."

Mrs. D. H., Laurel, Kan. "Style of observance."

John Turney, Mo. "Church fairs, suppers and festivals."

Reader, Butler, Pa. "Friendship and courtship."

James P., Fort William, Ont., Can. "Novel and newspaper reading on Sunday."

C. F. K., Granteville, Mass. "Medical advertisements—should they be abolished?"

Thos. H. R., Globe, Ariz. "Trusts" and "Unity is strength."

Mrs. K. W. B., Dublin, Ga. "Take up the work of the magnetic healers, and investigate whether it is false or not."

Dr. J., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "Mercy to God's dumb creation."

Mrs. D. M., St. Mary's, Ont., Can. "Pre-natal infanticide."

Miss F. E. Lincoln, Philadelphia. "Exterminate the liquor traffic."

Mrs. E. M. E., Door Village, Ind. "Ladies to visit saloons and fight them on their own ground."

Mrs. P. W. B., Marcus, Ia. "How may we know God's will concerning us, and how may we perform it?"

Mrs. S. B. T., Ainsworth, Neb. 1. "Lethargy of the Evangelistic churches." 2. "Harmony in Young People's Religious Societies." 3. "Laws for moral instruction in public schools." 4. "The liquor cause." 5. "Should the pulpit ignore politics?"

Mrs. M. L. H., Reesville, O. "What would Jesus do about temperance work?"

K. A. A., Elwood, N. J. "The iniquity of vivisection."

H. R., Lynchburg, N. D. 1. "Secret societies." 2. "The marriage of first cousins." 3. "Moderate drinking."

Mrs. Alice H., Merino, Colo. "Are church socials, fairs, etc., advantageous to religion?"

Miss C. H. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Professing Christians should give up the world and serve the Master."

Mrs. B. E. D., Hicksville, O. "Prohibition."

A Light Along the Road

Among the many appreciative letters that reach us daily there are often some that strike a peculiarly felicitous note, and a line from these may help others. Mrs. E. R., Wissinoming, Philadelphia, writes: "I have been a subscriber and reader of the good and precious CHRISTIAN HERALD for some time. I think it is invaluable. It will supply the Gospel Truths and the Glimpse of Heaven as I journey down the bright side of the hill, nearing the river. Your sermons are very precious to me, more than the worth of the paper, and the articles contributed by different writers are all invaluable. I think your last sermon was grand."

Feeding East Africa's Sufferers.

Charles F. Johnston, one of the American missionaries in the East African famine district, writes from Kangundo, stating the progress of the relief work now being conducted there. In the famine camp near Machakos 1100 persons are being fed. In the hill paths the emaciated bodies of natives who have died of starvation are frequently found. "As we passed the huts along the way gaunt, emaciated figures crouched beside them, sometimes extending a bony hand in mute appeal for a morsel to eat. I do not think over one-fifth of the fields are being made ready to plant. Even the valley shambas, which yield a fair harvest even when there is no rain, are rapidly filling up with weeds. We were told that during Bangert's absence, less than four weeks, sixteen people had died of starvation."

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The Struggle in the Dark.
Has God Forgotten Shocky?
The Devil of Science.
Miss Martha Hawkins.
The Hardshell Preacher.
A Struggle for the Mastery.
A Crisis with Bud.
The Church of the Best Licks.
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Miss Nancy Sawyer.
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The Glory of Obedience

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 25. Matt. 21: 28

CRITICS who have reproached Christianity with being concerned with the creed rather than with the life, find no basis in Christ's teaching for such reproach. Though he insisted on the necessity of faith and promised that he who believed should be saved, he was always careful to enjoin a change of conduct and to test the sincerity of a man's faith by his actions. The man who heard but did not do, was, he said, like a foolish man who built his house on the sand. The severest of his condemnation was reserved for the scribes and Pharisees, and this not because of heterodoxy or negligence in religious observance, but because their lives were not in accord with their professions. They made long prayers, but they devoured widows' houses. Obedience of the lips that was not followed by obedience of action, was in his eyes utterly worthless. In the parable of The Two Sons this principle is conspicuous. Christ had no sympathy with the son who refused to obey his father's command, but when the son changed his mind and went to work, Christ could forgive the disobedient answer. All through his ministry the same characteristic is seen. Salvation comes to the house of Zaccheus when the publican vows to make restoration, the prodigal son was met with a kiss when he went back to his father's house. The one way of salvation is to repent and quit sin. Then there is restoration and amendment.

The parable has consolation and encouragement for the erring man who changes his ways, but it must not be taken as giving any approval to the early wickedness. A son who answered his father with an "I go, sir," and went, would be a better son than either of the two mentioned. The first son was approved in spite of, and not because of, his rebellious answer. It would be a great mistake to suppose that there is any encouragement given to one who refuses to obey God, while intending at some later period to obey. When the son went to the vineyard he might have found that the father had taken him at his word and had employed others, or circumstances might arise which prevented his going when he wished to do so. There is always a risk in postponing obedience. So long as the son persisted in his refusal, he was in rebellion and therefore under condemnation. It was well for him that he was able to go when he wished. Perhaps, if he had fallen in with some wicked associates he might have been held back, or he might have begun some agreeable pursuit and have become so absorbed in it that he would have no inclination to turn. The one important fact about him was that he carried out his decision to work, and that he was permitted to work, after having refused. The man whom the parable is designed to help is the one who is sorry that he refused the Gospel call when he first heard it, and now wishes to accept it. He is told that his refusal will not count against him if he is now prepared to change his course.

It is the course of the second son that is fatal. None are so hard to win as those who have made profession of Christ, but have failed to live up to the profession. The experience of all evangelists and ministers confirms that rule. Their appeals may reach the open sinner, but they rarely touch one who has promised to yield himself to Christ, but has not kept his promise. There is no church connection, no rite or ceremony that can take the place of obedience. The man who says, "I go, sir," but goes not, adds hypocrisy to his rebellion. He is trying to deceive God, the most hopeless of all forms of deception. Yet it is the most common of all. In all our churches there are people whose hopes of salvation are based on experience that occurred some time in the past, when after a period of anxiety and distress, they entered into peace. But how about their subsequent life? Was the profession of faith made at that past time, like the profession of obedience made by the second son in the parable, a profession that has had no fruit in Christian living? If so, it is of no value, and the sooner the fact is realized the better. There is all encouragement yet. They, too, may go and work in the vineyard, as they promised to do, late as it may be, but work they must, otherwise the promise is an additional sin. The life must be in accord with the profession; that is indispensable. Nothing can be offered in its place. Long prayers, church membership, regular church attendance count for nothing unless there is obedience and a course of life in unison with the spirit of Christ. The question is not as to avowals and professions, but "Whether of them did the will of his Father."

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY?

YOU ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know.
There came a yearning for him in my soul
So long ago.
I found earth's flowers would fade and die,
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then *somehow* I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to him in prayer.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you *how;*
I only know
He is my Saviour now.

You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot tell.
The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.
It must have been when I was all alone
The light of his forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think 'twas *then* I let him in.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you *when;*
I only know
He is so dear since then.

You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ?
I cannot say.
That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.
Perhaps *he* thought it better I should not
Remember *where. How I should love that spot!*
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want, forever, there to stay.
I do not know—
I cannot tell you *where;*
I only know
He came and blessed me there.

You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ?
I can reply.
It is a *wondrous story:* listen while
I tell you *why*
My heart was drawn, at length to seek his face:
I was alone, I had no resting place;
I heard of how *he loved me,* with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken,
I longed *such love* to share;
And sought it then,
Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ
Would *heed* my prayer?
I knew he died upon the cross *for me—*
I nailed him there!
I heard his dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw him drink *death's cup* that I might live;
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame,
He called me—and in penitence I came.
He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you *how,*
Nor *when,* nor *where;*
Why I have told you now.

—*F. G. Brown.*

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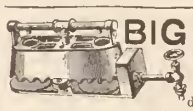

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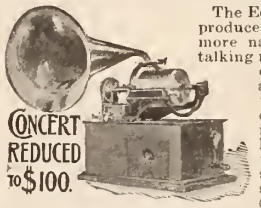

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DRY BRONCHITIS.

From Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.

There is another form, called dry bronchitis, in which the matter expectorated is neither profuse nor watery nor purulent. It is a glutinous kind of stuff, of a bluish white or pearly gray color. The chronic inflammation which causes it thickens the mucous membrane, thereby narrowing the tubes through which we breathe, and shortening and oppressing the breath. Often tubes of considerable size become completely clogged by this tough phlegm, causing great difficulty in breathing.

Of all the forms of bronchitis this is the most common. "In France," says Laennec, "fully one-half of the people are found, on careful examination, to have thickening of some portion of the mucous lining of the lungs, caused by dry bronchitis." It is the most insidious of lung complaints. Those suffering from it have at first only a slight cough; it may be only a trifling coughing spell in the morning; they have a chilly sensation in the forenoon, and toward evening are feverish.

There is always a feeling of more or less tightness and oppression in the chest, which is relieved from time to time by coughing up a quantity of tough, jelly-like matter before described. Sometimes the cough comes on in paroxysms, attended by great oppression and distress, like asthma. On inquiry of a person so affected if he has any lung trouble, he will almost certainly answer, No, and yet during your conversation will perhaps hack and raise this jelly-like mucous half a dozen times.

Here we have a lung disease which directly tends to consumption, and has most of the symptoms of that disease, and yet is not consumption at all. When it ends fatally, as it often does, an examination of the lungs reveals neither tubercles, ulceration, nor the bacili of tuberculosis.

In such cases death generally results from suffocation caused by a sudden attack of congestion, which, supervening on the chronic disease, fills the lungs with viscid mucus that the patient, in his weakened condition, is unable to raise.

Bronchistis is not generally treated with success, because the proper remedies are not applied to the diseased tubes within the lungs. I had the good fortune some years ago to discover and successfully apply a local treatment for this and other lung complaints. I make the air which the patient breathes the carrier of the remedies which are necessary for his cure. Instead of sending them on a roundabout way through the stomach and general system, I introduce them directly into the air tubes and cells of the lungs, where the disease and all the danger lies, and I know by ample experience that this treatment is the only hope there is for the cure of any form of bronchial or lung diseases.

A few cases are as good as a thousand that I might refer to; write to any of them. A personal letter from them may be the means of saving your life.

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Bowery Mission Singers

The Male Concert Quartette Whose Voices Greatly Aid the Gospel Work

THE Bowery Mission Male Quartette is composed of the superintendent, Mr. Hallimond; the organist, Mr. Benke; Mr. Frank Fitzgerald, first tenor, and Mr. Thomas J. Bryant, second bass. The two latter are ex-opera singers of no mean repute, and both are converts of the mission. Mr. Fitzgerald, when quite a young man, was a member of the old Bromfield Street M. E. Church, Boston; and at that time studied music under George L. Osgood, one of the ablest masters in the country. While studying he sang in some of the leading churches in Boston, and was a member of the Boylston Musical Club. After his studies were completed, he went upon the operatic stage and was connected with some of the leading companies. Then came a period of dissipation. His use of stimulants had grown upon him to such an extent, and his downward progress had been so rapid, that he found himself singing in saloons and concert halls in the Bowery. One evening he heard the singing in the mission as he passed by, and went in and heard the wonderful testimonies of redeemed men—redeemed from just such a life as he was leading. Ultimately, after many ineffectual struggles, he gave himself up wholly to Christ, and for twelve months past his beautiful voice has been heard in many of the churches of the Eastern States with great delight and acceptance. In the Gospel tent in New York City last summer, he was one of the most welcome and successful of the soloists. His services are entirely confined to evangelistic work.

Mr. Bryant, the basso of the group, paid his first visit to the mission last August. He professed a desire to lead a Christian life and the next day entered the home of which Mr. Hallimond then had charge where he has remained ever since, living in an upright and consistent manner. He has a remarkably rich and powerful bass voice. Away back in '78 he began his career on the operatic stage. He has traveled all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, singing with such celebrities as Mme. Patti and Emma Abbott. The story of Mr. Benke's career and conversion is already familiar to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

A unique event took place at the Bowery Mission on March 1. It was an organ recital, and the audience was a very different one from that which usually fill the mission benches, being composed of ministers from uptown churches, settlement workers, missionaries, business men and philanthropic citizens from two States. A number of ladies were present. This really brilliant audience had assembled to hear a musical entertainment given by saved men, under the skilful musical conductorship of Victor Benke. Among the compositions sung by the Bowery Mission Quartette were: "There is Work that We Can Do," "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," "Pilgrims of the Night," and several others. One of Mr. Benke's compositions, "He Leadeth his Flocks," was finely sung by Mrs. Hallimond. At the close of a most enjoyable musical hour, Rev. H. Allen Tupper made a short address, during which he declared that the church which did not bring the Gospel home to the masses did not fulfil its mission. Dr. Tupper has recently resigned his pastorate at Montclair N. J., to devote himself permanently to evangelical work.

All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the spiritual and rescue work of the Bowery Mission will be acknowledged in these columns:

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S V, Pecos,	5 00
W E M, Fall River,	1 00
W O, Phila,	10 00
Mrs C C M, Towanda,	2 00
Mrs C H S, W Superior,	50
MrsCHS, Wilmington,	2 00
Mrs E L C, Casco,	1 00
Mrs S M H,	50
Mrs S A, Nunda,	40
Mrs T H A, Panllina,	1 00
Mrs T S R, Oswego,	1 00
—, Antigo,	50
—, Brocton,	1 00
—, Corry,	1 00
—, Freeport,	2 00
—, Greenwich,	1 00
—, Hackensack,	1 00
—, Huntsville,	1 00
—, Irvington,	1 00
—, Jeffersonville,	1 00
—, Magnolia,	2 00
—, Mishawaka,	10 00
—, Millersburg,	1 00
—, Oakland,	2 00
—, Poland,	1 00
—, Portsmouth,	3 00
—, Rubinson,	65 00
—, Royal Centre,	1 00
Ross, Cordelia S,	3 00
Ramsburg, Lucretia C	2 00
Rnedy, Mrs J,	1 50
Rundell, Millie,	2 00
Russell, W,	1 00
Sanders, W F,	50
Scott, Edith,	1 00
Scott, R,	1 00
Seacord, Mrs J,	2 00
Shaw, Wm,	1 00
Shedden, Mrs E A C,	50
Sheldon, Mrs C,	1 00
Slater, Elizabeth C,	1 00
Smith, D M,	3 00
Smith, Mrs J,	50
Spangenburg, Mrs S,	1 00
Stanley, O J,	1 00
Total . . .	$2,493 57

V. V. Benke H. B. Bryant J. G. Hallimond Frank Fitzgerald

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Cassity, Mrs M A,	40
Chaffee, D B,	1 00
Chambers, Mrs A,	3 00
Chandler, W E,	5 00
Cheever, Mr & Mrs,	1 00
Churchill, E J,	1 00
Cleaver, E,	1 00
Close, Mrs W J,	5 00
Coles, Mrs,	1 00
Colvin, M L,	50
Conard, E,	1 00
Cook, Mrs L,	2 00
Cook, T & son,	5 00
Courtney, M,	25
Coy, S E,	50
Craig, W J,	1 00
Cunningham, Mrs S J,	50
Curtis, E C,	50
Curtiss, Mrs J,	50
Dean, Mrs M S,	2 00
Deering, Milliken & Co,	5 00
Denton, F & C,	1 00
Dewey, Ina,	1 00
Dikeman, Amelia & Caroline L,	100 00
Dodge, Mrs A,	2 00
Downes, C O,	1 00
Dunning, Mrs T,	1 00
Dutton, E P,	5 00
Dutton, Grace,	4 00
Eastman, L M,	2 00
Ellis, Sarah,	25
Erskine, Annie B,	1 00
Esther, May L,	1 00
Evans, Mrs E R,	1 00
Evans, S H & wife,	2 00
Ewing, A M,	1 00
Ewing, M Emma,	50
Ewing, W H,	50
Fahrer, F R,	3 00
Ferris, A L,	5 00
Finegan, Florence,	1 00
Fisher, Mrs N,	7 00
Fitzpatrick, Mrs M E,	5 00
Freidel, Annie,	1 00
French, Mrs S,	50
Frey, R,	25
Gasline, Miss M F,	1 00
Gay, Mrs E,	1 00
Gifford, Mrs T A,	50
Goehringer, W A,	1 00
Greig, Mrs C D,	4 00
Green, Mrs T,	1 00
Greenow, Mrs W,	50
Greenwood, Mrs H,	50
Gress, R L,	1 00
Grigsly, Martha,	30
Griswold, Mrs H,	1 00
Griffin, H,	10 00
Griffing, W H,	1 00
Hallbert, Alice D,	2 00
Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co,	5 00
Harpst, V M,	2 00
Harrison, A G,	5 00
Harvey, M,	1 00
Hatch, Mrs C G,	1 00
Hawks, Mrs J I,	1 00
Henderson, Mrs A J	50
Hermo, Mrs J & Mrs W J Hartman,	1 50
Herning, Mrs W,	50
Higgins, Miss M,	1 00
Holmes, Mrs A M,	50
Holt, Mrs G E,	1 00
Houghton, Mrs L,	50
Hunter, R M,	1 00
Hutchinson, Priscilla,	1 00
Hutchinson, Mrs W R,	3 00
Jackson, Miss M,	1 00
Jacobson, F A,	1 00

"No gains without pains." Yet by purifying, vitalizing and enriching your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you can acquire good health and escape much suffering. It never disappoints.

AN OHIOAN'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

Invents a Device That Brings Happiness and Health to Every User and Relieves Without Drugs the Most Obstinate Diseases by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the Blood.

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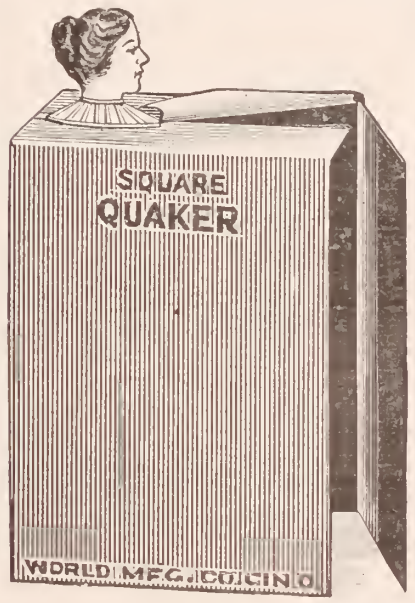
Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing



out of the system all impure salts, acids and poisonous matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing disease, fevers, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feelings and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for natural method of curing and preventing disease without medicine has certainly been found.

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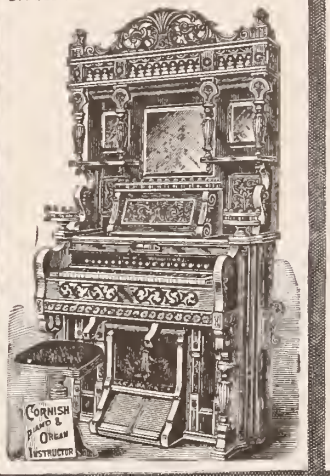

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Could anything be more fair, anything more liberal, anything more conclusive of our faith in these instruments?

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OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS attest the honesty of this modern method of piano selling. It would have been impossible to build up this business unless the plan was backed up by the strongest evidence of our responsibility.

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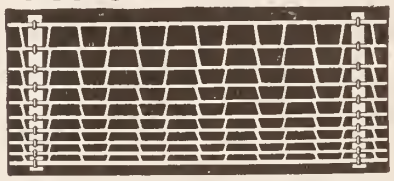

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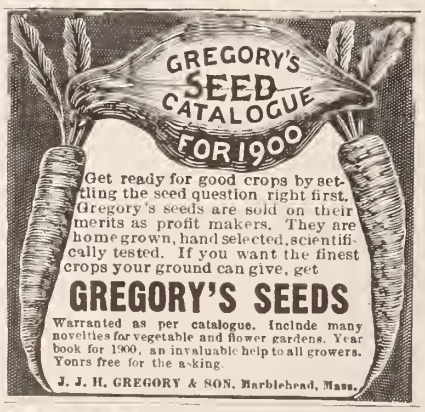

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The Clematis is the most beautiful, most aristocratic, and the most desirable of all climbing vines. They have until now been quite expensive, 50 to 75 cents each. The plants I offer are the regular 50-cent size, and the varieties are the most distinct and desirable of all. Red, white and purple. Perfectly hardy. Established plants often have 300 flowers at one time. My catalogue of bargains sent with every order and on application.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 12

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1900

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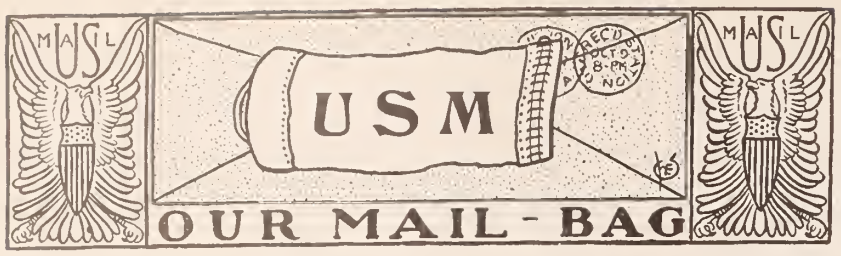
A Great Modern Artist's Idea of "The Sermon on the Mount" (SEE PAGE 227)



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered April 18

1 Why is May so generally tabooed for weddings and June so popular?

2. Has a counsel a right in law or ethics to drag in or abuse an outside person while discussing a case, even though that case may be strengthened by the evidence?

3 What five proverbs are the most frequently quoted in ordinary American conversation?

4. Is there any symbolism in Bible numbers?

5 Who is the author of the following lines, and to whom do the words in italic refer?

I held it truth, with *him who sings,*
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

6. Why were Cleopatra's needles so called?

7. What was the first English newspaper?

8. What is the most popular anonymous poem in the English language?

9 What letter of the alphabet may be said to have played an important part in the career of the great Napoleon?

10. Has any light been shed on the act of Lamech, the commission of which he regrets in such strong terms in the record of Genesis 4. 23, 24?

Questions of the Week

1. How do you account for the fact that the Christian era is dated some few years after the birth of Christ?

It is due to an error of Dionysius Exiguus, who originated the Christian calendar. He fixed on March 25, year of Rome 754, as the date of Christ's incarnation, and the beginning of the year A. D. 1. He made "the fifteenth year" of Luke 3: 1 refer back to the death of Augustus, 767, assumed John had been baptizing several years when he baptized Christ at the age of thirty (Luke 3: 23). Hence Christ, born about Jan. 6, 755, but assumed Dec. 25, 754, and the conception on March 25, 754 But Luke 3 1 refers to beginning of co regency of Tiberius as 764 or 765, and it is almost certain that Herod the Great died in 750. So it is now generally accepted that Christ was born late in year 749. Hence the era should begin with 749, instead of 754, five years after as it does J. A MCALLISTER.

2 What is the meaning of the resurrection of the body? Is there any foundation in the Bible for the belief in the resurrection of the body in the sense that God will use the same elements which have constituted the mortal body in the formation of the incorruptible body?

Beyond the words of St. Paul in I. Cor. 15: 35-44, we have nothing suggesting the constituency of the resurrection body Christ's mortal body was raised in its entirety at his resurrection, but through what chemical changes, if any, it had passed, no mortal can possibly tell. It was evidently visible or invisible to the mortal eye at Christ's volition. There is no subject about which it is more easy to speculate.

S E. HANSON.

3 Who is the author of the following lines and where may they be found:

"The voice of Jonathan was heard to express
Our president is going to war I guess"

The lines quoted are from Lord Byron's Vision of Judgment, and are supposed to portray the surprise of an American ghost over the clamor incidental to the appearance of George the Third in the world of spirits.

E MATTHEWS.

4 The year 1896 was a leap year. Why is 1900 not a leap year?

The time required for the earth to revolve around the sun is three hundred sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and forty-nine and seven tenths seconds, or very nearly three hundred sixty five and one-fourth days. To cover this fraction a day is added every fourth year. Since the fraction thus made up is a little less than one-fourth of a day, the addition of one day every fourth year is a little too much, and to correct this excess addition is made only to every fourth centennial year. With this correction, the error does not amount to much more than a day in four thousand years. Therefore, centennial years exactly divisible by four hundred are leap years; and as 1900 is not exactly divisible by four hundred it is not a leap year.

CHARLES H. LAFFERTY

5. In what sense was David "a man after God's own heart," in view of his recorded sins?

David is spoken of as a man after God's own heart in I. Samuel 13. 14, before he had committed his most serious sins. God knew the difference between the two men Saul and David, and expresses his preference. David's sins are not made light of in God's Word, but David's manifest penitence has called forth the commendation of good people in all ages since and may well have been one of the features in David's character that would please God CHARLES ROBINSON.

6. What is the meaning of the theological term "sanctification?"

1. Sanctification is making sacred, a consecration or devotion of times, places, things or persons (Matt. 23: 17, etc.) 2. To sanctify is to render morally pure, to cleanse from sin, to render holy (John 17: 17, I. Thess. 5: 23). This moral purification is in two distinct stages (a) Its commencement, called regeneration or new birth; (b). Its progressive accomplishment unto ultimate perfection, which progress is sanctification. Regeneration and sanctification mark the progress of the real moral change wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. The means of sanctification are (a), internal, the indwelling Holy Spirit, faith and the co-operation of the regenerated will with grace, and (b), external, as the Word of God, sacraments, prayer, Christian fellowship, and the providential discipline of our heavenly Father. EDITH S. DAMON.

7. Is or is not the world growing better?

While a vast amount of evil is visible in infidelity, intemperance, worldliness, war, licentiousness, etc., the world is daily growing better from every standpoint. Each succeeding decade of the nineteenth century has introduced additional evidence of the world's moral progress. Never were there so many home and foreign missionaries or such vast missionary offerings from the denominations. In the United States alone sixty new churches are dedicated every Sunday. Our humane societies are caring for the wounded on all of the battlefields of earth. What paper, even a quarter of a century ago, gathered like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD vast sums of money for the relief of the suffering in various parts of the world? Hospitals, asylums and homes for the aged and poor annually become more numerous. In heathen countries missionary movements are enlarging and gaining mighty victories. The brotherhood of man has been wonderfully widened. ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

8. Which is the more likely to foster crime—poverty or wealth?

Most crimes, under modern laws, are offenses against the property rights of others; and they are more likely to be committed by those who have no property than by those who have. "Necessity knows no law" This is also true of crimes against the person, like robbery and murder, where the motive is theft from the man injured. And the vast multitude of acts which are criminal only because they have been made so by human statute—like practicing medicine without a license and the like—are more likely to be committed by poor persons through their ignorance and necessity than by the intelligent and rich. Wealth has its temptations to which its owner succumbs, for the "love of money is a root of evil"; but usually the wickedness that comes from an abuse of wealth is of such a character that, though sinful, it cannot be made a crime, for human laws can only punish offences against the statute books. H. C. UNDERHILL.

9. How is the candle-power of gas for electric light arrived at?

The candle power of a gas or an electric light is arrived at by comparing it with the light given by a sperm candle which burns 120 grs. per hour, known as the "standard candle." This is done by an instrument known as the photometer. The principal involved is that the ratio of the intensities of two lights equals the square of the ratio of the distances at which they give equal illumination. To illustrate. If a gaslight at eight feet gives as much light as a standard candle at two, the former has a power of sixteen candles. E. G. DARBY.

10. What is supposed to be the origin of the various names of the members of the human family?

Christian names in past ages were frequently decided by some circumstance occurring at birth. Family names originated in a variety of ways. from one's trade, from some peculiar characteristic, or from the name of one's father, from the place in which one was born or lived and in other ways. E. A. SCOTT.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Harrington, Del. There is no Biblical injunction against the marriage of second cousins, but there are physiological objections which merit consideration.

Lottie B. B., Lake City, Minn. 1. Do the Boers believe in the New Testament as well as the Old? 2. Has England any just or lawful claim to the Transvaal? 3. Is it right for professing Christians to attend dances, card parties, sociables?

1. Yes, in both. 2. She claims suzerain rights. 3. Dances and card parties, no, sociables, yes.

Subscriber. 1. To whom does Alaska belong? 2. When and under what circumstances were the American people called Yankees?

1. To the United States. It was ceded by Russia to the United States for $7,200,000 by treaty signed March 30 and ratified June 20, 1867. 2. The word "Yangees" is a corruption of "English," which was the name originally given by the Massachusetts Indians to the colonists. During the war of 1775-81, it was applied by British soldiers solely to New Englanders, afterwards to all natives of the United States and more lately to the people of the North.

Inquirer. Does the Lord require of a woman who through industry and economy has acquired a comfortable living, to give to a friend who began life with better capabilities, only she felt herself too good and was too indolent to work and is now lonely and poor? Does humanity require such a sacrifice?

This is a very difficult question and deals with an experience familiar to many. It would seem to be an injustice that the burden of supporting a lazy and incapable person, who had not had sufficient energy or industry to learn how to make a livelihood, should fall upon a deserving worker; yet there are such cases in every community. Wasted opportunities result in wasted lives. Such people should be made to work, if possible. It is doubtful whether there is any merit in generosity that will enable them to continue in indolent idleness.

Alcibiades, Brooklyn. Where will be found the full sentence—a part of which has been quoted by one of your correspondents—to the effect that "A nation shall be born in a day"? Is it Scriptural in origin?

It has a Scriptural basis, being doubtless founded on the passage in Isa. 66. 8.

Miss Kittie R., Hiram, O. Does a Christian ever get mad? Is it right for him to get mad at the people about him, when they do things he cannot approve of?

Madness, in the sense of blind, violent, insensate rage or passion, is a sin; but there is a righteous anger or indignation, which every Christian may at times experience, without sin (see Eph. 4. 26; II. Cor. 7: 11). It is the revulsion of a pure mind against flagrant and persistent sin, and may find expression in stern private rebuke, or open denunciation; yet it is directed against sin itself rather than against the sinner, for whom it feels nothing but sorrow.

"Ouie," Cohasset, Mass., suggests a new idea, which may challenge the attention of thoughtful women. She writes:

The W. C. T. U. favors giving the ballot to women. Many women feel that if all were allowed to vote, many would not and the result would be disastrous to the temperance cause, because in communities having a foreign population, even in small towns, that element would go to the polls solely to advance the liquor interest. In seventeen large cities the foreign element preponderates. According to the census of 1890, 165 cities had each a population of over 20,000. Would not a Women's Christian Temperance organization, that did not favor giving the ballot to women, be a stronger influence and accomplish more for the temperance cause?

G.W.D. 1. Is the social custom of giving banquets, dinners or teas, in honor of some person or thing, with the modern menu and service, detrimental to health and longevity? 2. What is the history of such functions, ancient and modern?

1. A too frequent indulgence in such festivities is to be avoided, for obvious reasons. Overloaded stomachs, late hours, loss of sleep and the resultant impairment of the digestive organs and the nerves, often lay the foundation of fatal diseases, and carry off many victims. This refers, however, only to a certain class of social functions; there are unquestionably occasions of social reunion where common sense dictates the menu and such gatherings, occurring only at rare intervals, are thoroughly enjoyable and unaccompanied by unpleasant results. 2. Feasts are apparently as old as the history of the race. In sacred history, the first record is found in Gen. 19: 3. Anniversaries of great events, victories, birthdays, the accession of kings and potentates to power, harvests, weddings, and even funerals were so celebrated. Heathen nations made feasting a part of their sacrificial observances. The history of Egypt, Rome, Greece, and other ancient countries is replete with the record of feasts and banquets, public and private, and our modern method of feasting is based on somewhat similar grounds. The calendars of almost all the churches, old and new, contain hundreds of so-called "feast days."

Reader. Dewart, Pa. Please give the area of Greater New York, its outlines, etc.

Greater New York consists of New York city, Long Island city, the county of Kings (which includes Brooklyn), Richmond county (Staten Island), the towns of Westchester, Flushing, Newtown, Jamaica, and parts of Eastchester and Pelham. This includes an area of 35,975 square miles. The population is estimated at 3,500,000.

Frank L. W., Gloucester, Mass., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for March 7, I note in THE MAIL-BAG you are asked by a correspondent a question as to any large number such as 3,000 having been baptized in one day in recent times. I quote from *The Story of the Baptists*, by H. B. Cook, page 74, where the following history is recorded: "In July, 1878, J. B. Clough, D.D., Baptist missionary in India, with five assistants, two baptizing at a time, immersed 2,222 believing Telugus converts from heathenism in six hours."

The story of this great harvest, probably the largest in many centuries, is also told in a little booklet, entitled *The Lone Star or Triumphs of the Gospel*, by Rev. S. S. Day, the founder of the Telugu Mission.

M. E. S., Cranberry, O. Did God foreknow from all eternity whether a certain man would be lost or saved?

If you concede God's omniscience you must believe that he did know. But why do you ask? It does not concern us. Every man is perfectly free to accept or reject the offer of salvation. When you have done and said all, it comes to the fact that God knew that the man in question would accept or reject the offer. No one can escape responsibility in that way, because his conscience tells him that he is free and accountable. God does not compel a man to do this or that. If he deprived him of power, he would by the same act free him from responsibility. Still further, knowing that man needs power to lead a godly life, God offers him more power.

Student, Philadelphia, Pa. Are we to understand from John 19. 24 that the soldiers designed to fulfil a prediction of the Old Testament when they cast lots for Christ's garment?

No; they had no such design, and had probably never heard of the prophecy. They simply perceived that if they tore the garment into four pieces they would spoil it, and it would be of no value to any one. It was the most natural course for such men to cast lots for it. The evangelist, in writing that it was done "that the Scripture might be fulfilled," meant that in God's providence the fulfilment took place. The soldiers were unconsciously doing the thing that it was predicted they would do. John was anxious to show that Christ was the predicted Messiah, and he mentions this incident to show that the details of the prophetic writings were fulfilled in him.

Young Christian, Bangor, Me. How can I discover whether I am called to the ministry? I should like to be a minister, but am conscious that a mere desire is not enough.

Go and work for Christ wherever you have opportunity. Teach in Sunday School, give addresses, speak in mission chapels, try to bring some of your friends to Christ. Ask God for light and guidance. You will soon learn whether you have a call to the ministry. If God blesses your labors and you are used in winning souls, he will open your way.

H. M. S., New York, N. Y. Do evolutionists believe that the process of evolution will still continue and a higher being than man be produced?

Some evolutionists believe that the summit has been reached and no higher order of beings will be developed on the earth. We cannot answer for all evolutionists. Professor Drummond's reason for believing that the process will not continue was that the causes for development have been superseded. When man began to use tools, he lost the impetus to development. When he wanted to see farther he did not train his eye, but made a telescope. When he wanted more power he did not cultivate his physical strength, but made a steam engine. Thus the development, that came by use and effort, ceased, and therefore no further progress in physical power is to be expected.

Catherine M. F., Jerseyville, Ill. No.

Appreciative reader. No, certainly not.

J. H. A., Jamestown, N. Y You are entirely right.

G. W. Adams, Danville, Ga. The report is unfounded.

Emil Webber's address is wanted by Otto Webber, Indianola, Neb.

Frank P. Gregory, Mich. No; if non-alcoholic and non-intoxicating.

W. S. P., Pipestone, Minn. Quite right, if raised for food, otherwise not.

Reader, Middlebury, Ind. Yes, it sets a bad example. See Rom. 14. 22.

Mrs. E. Powel, Adair, Ia., wishes the address of N. V. Reavis, formerly of Texas.

C. P. D., Buda, Ill. Certainly. the immediate effect of the Peace Conference does not seem to have been to dissuade the nations from war.

.. THE BEATITUDES ..

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 1. Matthew 4: 25—5: 12.

Golden Text, Matthew 5: 8: Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

THE beatitudes are a chime of Old Testament bells which Christ brought together and lifted up for all the world to hear, and it is of vital importance to keep in mind that they were not, as their place in Matthew might suggest, the morning chimes of his ministry, but rather a noontide psalm from the middle of his second year. Those who depreciate the atonement and future punishment often speak as if the Sermon on the Mount was both the keynote and summary of Christ's teaching, whereas it is neither. Atonement (John 1: 29, 36), regeneration (John 3: 3), and worship (John 4: 23), had been previously proclaimed and eternal punishment was afterwards declared (Matt. 25: 46), with the same "authority" that marked this sermon, which was not Christ's inaugural, but an exposition of the Old Testament's relation to the New, its most famous passages being the very words or substance of Old Testament utterances. Overlooking this fact, many praise this sermon who have only sneers for the Old Testament.

. . .

What is it like? It was not new truth which Jesus was setting forth, but old truth in new promises and deeper meanings.

Are these the first and only beatitudes? There are a thousand Bible verses, mostly in the Psalms, on the blessedness of goodness. See Psalm 1. especially.

The Sermon on the Mount may properly be called the dedication sermon of the Christian Church, as it was also the ordination sermon of the apostles. Which apostles had long been with Christ? Andrew, Peter, Philip, Nathaniel, Matthew, James and John. The other five had been called but recently.

Why did Matthew introduce this sermon so early in his gospel? Because he was writing "the Gospel of the Kingdom" in the order of thought rather than the order of time. First, he gives the genealogy of the King; then his relation to Herod, the earthly king; then his inaugural at the baptism, which was a King's anointing; then his temptation to set up his Messiahship by force. Next Matthew states in his sermon the conditions of naturalization, the elements of Christian citizenship.

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The Scene Pictured The place, seven miles southwest of Capernaum, is a low grassy hill, called "The Horns of Hattin," from its two peaks, suggestive of law and Gospel, which Christ in this sermon sets side by side, as branches of love. Sitting on a stone as his pulpit, with his twelve apostles close beside him, Jesus spoke to the multitude who were sitting and standing on the green slope that form a natural amphitheatre. Teachers should especially note how Jesus used a score of things in sight for illustrations. As he uttered a new truth, he seemed to say, as a mother would in teaching a child, "To what shall I liken it?" and thus he was led to speak illustratively of the city set on a hill, the house on the rock, the birds playing about him, the flowers so abundant, even to-day, in those fields.

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Beatitudes of Goodness Jesus was about to preach and, instead of taking one text he took eight, which together give a full picture of a Christian citizen, a Christian gentleman; a picture also of true blessedness, a full answer to the new question, "What would Jesus do?" What he would have us be, first of all. Which beatitudes relate chiefly to the inner life? Those that approve humility, repentance, aspiration, purity: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," Blessed are they that mourn," "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." These relate to character, a character impossible save as the spirit of Christ dwells in us. The other beatitudes show what conduct flows out of such character. "Blessed are the meek," "Blessed are the merciful," "Blessed are the peacemakers," "Blessed are they which are persecuted," that is, whose who successfully endure it.

As Christ was transfigured on Mount Hermon, the stern law was transfigured on the Mount of Beatitudes, whose green slopes contrast with the bare rocks of Sinai. The Koh inoor diamond is called a "Mountain of Light." In a truer sense the Sermon on the Mount is that, with its many beatitudes flashing back upon our eyes the light of heaven.

The word "blessed" is sometimes translated "happy," but Christ names as blessed the very ones who are not happy, those conscious of their own faults: the mourners, the persecuted, etc.

Blessed are those who are poor—not in property but in pride. The less a man has of that the "better off" he is. The less he has of it the more room he has for Christ.

Blessed are they that mourn, in the development of those sweetest graces, uplook, tenderness, sympathy, brotherhood.

Blessed are the meek. Diplomacy has won more than war, even in the career of warlike Russia. Christian nations possess more than half the earth's surface and have kept it more through the application of Christian principles, imperfect as they have been, than through the sword. The meek inherit the earth, enjoying all its wonders and beauties, whoever possesses it.

Blessed are they that hunger. It has been well said of the slum dwellers that "the lack of goods for the higher wants is not so sad as the lack of wants for the higher goods."

Blessed are the merciful, those who are merciful not in separate acts only, but in their temper of life, pitying even those who wrong them, rather than hating them, because they are wronging themselves most of all by being what they are. That is what Christ meant when he said of his crucifiers, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Blessed are the pure, the sincere, the simple, the guileless. As the ear is the natural sense for enjoying music, so the pure heart is the sense for seeing God, in his works, in his Word, in his providence.

"Blessed are the peacemakers." The world still says, "Blessed are the war-makers." But the peace beatitude, seemingly drowned in the cannonading of wars, is surely much less contrary to public sentiment than when Christ uttered it.

"Blessed are the persecuted," and they receive the blessing in the fellowship of Christ's suffering; in the development of his patience and courage. The word "traitor" comes from "traditores," referring to those Christians who gave up the Bible rather than die for it in days of persecution. Alas that many to-day will disobey the Bible rather than lose a job or even a dollar! Blessedness is not mere happiness, but the deeper peace and satisfaction that the Puritan and other heroes of history have felt in God's approval in both worlds.

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Teaching Hints for Class Instruction Draw on the blackboard, or on a slate or pad, a row or circle of eight hearts. Print the word "blessed" above the hearts, one letter over each heart — B, L, etc. Print in the first heart, "Not proud;" in the second, "Sorry for sin;" in the third, "Gentle;" in the fourth, "Want to be good;" in the fifth, "Think no evil;" in the sixth, "Pure in thought;" in the seventh, "Healing quarrels;" in the eighth, "Patient." Connect with each heart a short story made up when none remembered that would fit; first, of a child willing to be told of his faults; second, of a child who prayed to be forgiven for doing wrong; third, of a child who said "never mind" when a blow had been struck, or unkind words spoken; fourth, of a child who prayed every day for help from Jesus to do good, fifth, of a child who was always trying to do kind things for everybody, and for animals as well; sixth, of a child who wanted to be clean inside; seventh, of a child who would not quarrel, and helped others to make up; eighth, of a child who kept right on being a Christian though made sport of at school. Tell the children that such hearts as these are pleasing to Jesus, for he once told the people so as he sat upon the mountain, while they were gathered at his feet. The hearts if touching each other will form a necklace, the "jewels" of Jesus. Proverbs calls the virtues "an ornament of grace about the neck." Illustrate how all of these good things may be in one heart, drawing one large heart around the smaller ones or by preparing before coming to the class a string or circle of paper hearts, folded so as to look like one. As the hearts are unfolded, one by one, the children read what is in each. They are then folded up again to suggest that one heart is to be blessed or happy in having all these virtues.

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For Class of Juniors Let the teacher briefly relate eight incidents from the Bible, illustrating the beatitudes. Let it be done by personating the characters, whose names the children shall be expected to guess. For example:

I am a very young man, hardly more than a boy, but suddenly, because of the death of my father, I am crowned king over more than three millions of people. God speaks to me and tells me to choose what he shall give me. I ask for wisdom, so that I can judge the people righteously. Who am I? Solomon. If we ask him God will give us wisdom to know what we must do in order to be prepared for heaven. And the beginning of wisdom is humility, willingness to be taught. Let us together read, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Now I am a man, very much discouraged. I was very brave yesterday, brave enough to defy a great company of false prophets, and even the king and queen; but to-day I am lying under the bushes, and I think God has no friends. But I go to sleep, and when I wake up I find that an angel has prepared food for me. Later I hear the voice of God telling me that he will meet me on yonder mountain, and he does. Who am I? Elijah. Let us read together "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Now I see one that I would not dare to say that I am. His enemies, who have given him wounds unto death, are gathered about him. He is dying, and listen, he is praying for those who have wounded him. Who is it? Jesus. Let us read, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Now I am a man who is soon going to have the duties of a prophet put upon him, but all of my life I have been a farmer; indeed, I was ploughing in the field when I was told by one of the greatest prophets that I should be a teacher and prophet in his stead. I want to do my duty so well that I ask that a double portion of his Spirit may be upon me. Who am I? Elisha. Let us read, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

Now I am a young man. I know that I shall some day be king in place of the king now reigning, for he has disobeyed and dishonored God. He knows that I am to be king, and he is determined to kill me. I hide from him in caves, and he comes after me with soldiers. One day he comes into the very cave where I am, but he does not see me. He lies down and goes to sleep. I might easily kill him, but instead, I only cut off a piece of his cloak to show him, some other time, that he might see I could as easily have cut off his head, but did not. After I had cut so much as his coat I was sorry to have done even that. Who am I? David. Let us read together, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Now I am a very old man; I know that I am soon going to die. All my life long I have been the servant of the Lord. When I was only three years old my mother brought me to live in God's house. All through my life since I was only twelve years old, God has talked to me and told me what to do. I have given God's laws to the people. Now I am standing up and saying, just before I say good-by, "If I have ever wronged anybody, or taken what did not belong to me, let any man say so." No one speaks against me.

OLD TESTAMENT BELLS

Who am I? Samuel. Let us repeat together, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Now I am a rich old man, rich because I have large herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. My nephew, who is much younger than I am, has flocks and herds too, and there is not grass for all. Our herdsmen quarrel, but I will not quarrel with any one. I tell my nephew to choose which way he will go, and take his herds, and I will go another way, so we shall both find grass. My nephew chooses the richest place, and I move off where the grass grows less abundantly, but I speak never a word of reproof, and afterward, when my nephew was in great trouble, I go to his relief and bring back the things which have been stolen from him. Afterwards, when he is in greater danger still, I pray for him. Who am I? Abraham. Let us say together, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Now I am in prison and another man is with me. Our backs are all bleeding, for we have been beaten, though we have been doing nothing wrong. We have been put into prison because we preached to the people about Jesus. The prison is very dark, but our souls are filled with the light of heaven. We sing songs of praise to God in the darkness. Suddenly there is an earthquake, and the prison doors are opened; but we do not go out. The jailer comes in; we talk to him about Jesus, and he and his whole family are baptised. Who am I? Paul. Let us say together, "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you."

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For Classes of Older Scholars Eight members of the class are each in turn asked to report on the meaning and examples of one beatitude which was assigned to him on the preceding Sabbath, or some days in advance. The teacher should be fortified with additional material on each one, to add, if necessary. Let this whole group of beatitudes be treated as Christ's picture of a true gentleman, and compare it with Paul's picture of the same in I. Cor. 13: 4-8, and Peter's in II. Peter 1: 5-7. In eight footprints, indicate by one word each, the eight beatitudes as Christ's picture of the way to be happy, for which the world has vainly searched in the ways of honor and wealth and worldly pleasure. Contrast with the beatitudes the six things the Lord hates, Prov. 6: 16-18. Write out eight false beatitudes which the world has followed in vain search for happiness or blessedness: Blessed are they who are rich and mighty; blessed are they whose lives are free from affliction and tears; blessed are the proud conquerors of the sword, for they shall inherit the earth; blessed are those whose every earthly desire is gratified. Let instances be cited of men and women who have had great wealth, great honors, great conquests, unlimited gayeties, and yet, because their hearts were wrong, were far from happy, such as Alexander, Byron, etc. It should not be denied that power brings a certain pleasure and wealth and even sinful indulgences, but they will not bear the two tests that are based on memory, and should be kept, like shields, in every memory:

Nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remember.

A good time is one that don't go off with the having.

Since we are endowed with memory and must live every experience over and over in this world and the other, it does not pay to take pleasure that will be pleasant only once—in the act—and bitter a thousand times in both worlds when conscience cries, "Remember" (Luke 16: 25). On the other hand, when Job was in trouble what treasures of joy he drew out of his memories of doing good! And one of the joys of heaven is the memory of repentance in the new song, "Unto Him that hath washed us from our sins."

HORNS OF HATTIN, THE RANGE ON WHICH THE BEATITUDES WERE DELIVERED

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Dramatic Element

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, I. Cor. 7: 31, ... { They that use this world as not abusing it

MY reason for preaching this discourse is that I have been kindly invited by two of the leading newspapers of this country to inspect and report on two of the popular plays of the day: to go some weeks ago to Chicago, and see the drama *Quo Vadis*, and criticise it with respect to its moral effect; and to go to New York, and see the drama *Ben Hur*, and write my opinion of it for public use. Instead of doing that, I propose in a sermon to discuss what we shall do with the dramatic element which God has implanted in many of our natures: not in ten or a hundred or a thousand, but in the vast majority of the human race. Some people speak of the drama as though it were something built up outside of ourselves by the Congreves and the Goldsmiths and the Shakespeares and the Sheridans of literature, and that then we attune our tastes to correspond with human inventions. Not at all. The drama is an echo from the feeling which God has implanted in our immortal souls. It is seen first in the domestic circle among the children three or four years of age playing with their dolls and their cradles and their carts—seen ten years after in the play-houses of wood—ten years after in the parlor charades—after that, in the elaborate impersonations in the Academies of Music.

I do not speak of the drama on the poetic shelf, nor of the drama in the play-house; but I speak of the dramatic element in your soul and mine. We make men responsible for it. They are not responsible. They are responsible for the perversion of it, but not for the original implantation. God did that work, and I suppose he knew what he was about when he made us. We are nearly all moved by the spectacular. When on Thanksgiving Day we decorate our churches with the cotton and the rice and the apples and the wheat and the rye and the oats, our gratitude to God is stirred. When on Easter morning we see written in letters of flowers the inscription, "He is risen," our emotions are stirred. Every parent likes to go to the school exhibition with its recitations and its dialogues and its droll costumes. The torchlight procession of the political campaign is merely the dramatization of principles involved. No intelligent man can look in any secular or religious direction without finding this dramatic element revealing, unrolling, demonstrating itself. What shall we do with it? Shall we suppress it? You can as easily suppress its Creator. You may direct it, you may educate it, you may purify it, you may harness it to multipotent usefulness, and that it is your duty to do.

The plainest man has in his plainest day something histrionic. Now I have to tell you not only that God has implanted this dramatic element in our natures, but I have to tell you in the Scriptures he cultivates it, he appeals to it, he develops it. I do not care where you open the Bible, your eye will fall upon a drama. Here it is in the Book of Judges: the fir-tree, the vine, the olive-tree, the bramble—they all make speeches. Then at the close of the scene there is a coronation, and the bramble is proclaimed king. That is a political drama. Here it is in the Book of Job: Enter Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu, and Job. The opening act of the drama, all darkness: the closing act of the drama, all sunshine. Magnificent drama is the Book of Job!

Here it is in Solomon's Song: The region, an oriental region—vineyards, pomegranates, mountain of myrrh, flock of sheep, garden of spices, a wooing, a bride, a bridegroom, dialogue after dialogue—intense, gorgeous, all suggestive drama is the Book of Solomon's Song. Here it is in the Book of Luke: Costly mansion in the night. All the windows bright with illumination. The floor aquake with the dance. Returned son in costly garments which do not very well fit him, perhaps, for they were not made for him, but he must swiftly leave off his old garb and prepare for this extemporized levee. Pouting son at the back door, too mad to go in, because they are making such a fuss. Tears of sympathy running down the old man's cheek at the story of his son's wandering and suffering, and tears of joy at his return. When you heard Murdock recite the Prodigal Son in one of his readings, you did not know whether to sob or shout. Revivals of religion have started just under the reading of that soul-revolutionizing drama of the Prodigal Son.

Here it is in the Book of Revelation: Crystalline sea; pearly gate; opaline river; amethystine capstone; showering coronets; one vial poured out incarnadining the waters; cavalrymen of heaven galloping on white horses; nations in doxology—hallelujahs to the right of them, hallelujahs to the left of them. As the Bible opens with the drama of the first Paradise, so it closes with the drama of the second Paradise.

Mind you, when I say drama I do not mean myth or fable, for my theology is of the oldest type—five hundred years old, thousands of years old, as old as the Bible. When I speak of the drama at the beginning and the close of the Bible, I do not mean an allegory, but I mean the truth so stated that in grouping and in startling effect it is a God-given, world-resounding, heaven-echoing drama. Now if God implanted this dramatic element in our natures, and if he has cultivated and developed it in the Scriptures, I demand that you recognize it.

Because the drama has again and again been degraded and employed for destructive purposes is nothing against the drama, any more than music ought to be accursed because it has been taken again and again into the saturnalian wassails of four thousand years. Will you refuse to enthrone music on the church organ because the art has been trampled again and again under the feet of the lascivious dance?

It is nothing against painting and sculpture that in Corinth and Herculaneum they were demonstrative of vulgarity and turpitude. Let me say at this point in my sermon that the drama will never be lifted to its rightful sphere by those people who have not sense enough to distinguish between the drama and the play-house. The drama is no more the theatre than a hymn-book is a church. I am not speaking in regard to the theatre at all. The drama is a literary expression of that feeling which God implanted in the human soul. Neither will the drama ever be lifted to its proper sphere by wholesale denunciation of all dramatists. If you have not known men and women connected with the drama who are pure in heart and pure in speech and pure in life, it is because you have not had very wide acquaintance.

Wholesale denunciation of all dramatists will never elevate the drama. Yonder stand a church and a theatre on opposite sides of the street. The church shouts over to the theatre, "You are all scoundrels;" the theatre shouts back, "You are all hypocrites;" and they both falsify. Dropping all indiscriminate jeremiads against dramatists, and realizing that the drama is not necessarily connected with this institution or with that, I want to show you how the dramatic element in our natures may be harnessed to the chariot of civilization and Christianity.

Let the Sabbath School teachers employ more of the dramatic in their work. By graphic Scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation, urge your classes to right action. We want in all our schools and colleges and prayer-meetings, and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches, to have less of the style didactic and more of the style dramatic.

Let me say to all young ministers of the Gospel, if you have this dramatic element in your nature use it for God and heaven. If you will go home and look over the history of the Church you will find that those men have brought more souls to Christ who have been dramatic. Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic; Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Bourdaloue, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; John Mason, dramatic. When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to cultivate that element, and try to wield it for God, you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical counsel will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down; but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come snoring down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; not the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon Lake. We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness, and the vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctified wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood-red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal, and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic.

If Christianity is mighty enough to manage everything but the amusements of the world, then it is a very defective Christianity. Is it capable of keeping account of the tears of the world and incompetent to make record of its smiles? Is it good to follow the funeral but dumb at the world's play? Can it control all the other elements of our nature but the dramatic element? My idea of Christianity is that it can and will conquer everything. In the good time coming, which the world calls the golden age, and the poet the Elysian age, and the Christian the Millennium, we have positive announcement that the amusements of the world are to be under Christian sway. "Holiness shall be upon the bells of the horses," says one prophet. So, you see, it will control even the sleigh-rides. "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof," says another prophet. So you see it is to control the hoop rolling and the kite flying and the ball playing. Now, what we want is to hasten that time. How will it be done? By the church going over to the theatre? It will not go. By the theatre coming to the church? It will not come. What we want is a Reformed Amusement Association in every city and town of the United States. We need a new institution to meet and recognize and develop and defend the dramatic element of our nature.

It needs to be distinct from everything that is or has been. In an age which has projected a telephone and an electric pen and the bicycle and the telegraph, surely we are not afraid of a new institution. It would be derided at the start, as all great movements are derided at the start, but it would revolutionize society for good. Wiser men than we are would baptize it with a name, only for the purposes of this sermon I will call it The Spectacular. I would have its board of trustees made up of the most intelligent and most unimpeachable men and women of each community. One half of them I would have professed and most pronounced Christians, connected with the churches.

I would have this Reformed Amusement Association having in charge this new institution of the Spectacular take possession of some hall or academy. It might take a smaller building at the start, but it would soon need the largest hall, and even that would not hold the people: for he who opens before the dramatic element in human nature an opportunity of gratification without compromise and without danger, does the mightiest thing of this century, and the tides of such an institution would rise as the Atlantic rises at Liverpool Docks.

There are tens of thousands of Christian homes where the sons and daughters are held back from dramatic entertainment for reasons which some of you would say are good reasons and others would say are poor reasons, but still held back. But on the establishment of such an institution they would feel the arrest of their anxieties, and would say on the establishment of this new institution, which I have called the Spectacular, they would say, "Thank God! this is what we have all been waiting for."

Now, as I believe that I make suggestion of an institution which wiser men will develop, I want to give some characteristics of this new institution, this Spectacular, if it is to be a grand social and moral success. In the first place, its entertainments must be compressed within an hour and three-quarters. What kills sermons, prayers and lectures and entertainments of all sorts is prolixity. At a reasonable hour every night every curtain of public entertainment ought to drop, every church service ought to cease, the instruments of orchestras ought to be unstrung. What comes more than this comes too late.

On the platform of this new institution there will be a drama which, before rendering, has been read, expurgated, abbreviated, and passed upon by a board of trustees connected with this Reformed Amusement Association. If there be in a drama a sentence suggesting evil, it will be stricken out. If there be in a Shakespearian play a word with two meanings—a good meaning and a bad meaning—another word will be substituted, an honest word looking only one way. The caterers to public taste will have to learn that Shakespearian nastiness is no better than Congrevean nastiness. You say, "Who will dare to change by expurgation or abbreviation a Shakespearian play?" I dare. The board of trustees of this Reformed Amusement Association will dare. It is no depreciation of a drama, the abbreviation of it. I would like to hear thirty or forty pages of Milton's *Paradise Lost* read at one time, but I should be very sorry to hear the whole book read at one sitting. Abbreviation is not depreciation.

On the platform of this new institution this Spectacular, under the care of the very best men and women in the community there shall be nothing witnessed that would be unfit for a parlor. Any attitude, any look, any word that would offend you seated at your own fireside, in your family circle, will be prohibited from that platform. On the platform shall come only such men and women as you would welcome to your homes. I do not make the requisition that they be professors of religion. There are professors of religion that I would not want in my parlor, or kitchen, or coal-cellar! It is not what we profess, but what we are. All who come on that platform of the Spectacular will be gentlemen and ladies in the ordinary acceptation of those terms—persons whom you would invite to sit at your table, and whom you would introduce to your children, and with whom you would not be compromised if you were seen passing down Pennsylvania avenue or Broadway with them—such women as Charlotte Cushman of the past, such men as Joseph Jefferson of the present.

The platform of that new institution, of that expurgated drama, occupied only by these purest of men and women, will draw to itself millions of people who have never been to see the drama more than once or twice in their lives, or never saw it at all. That institution will combine the best music, the best architecture, the best genius six nights the week on the side of intelligence and good morals.

I would go to such an institution, such a Spectacular; I should go once a week the rest of my life, and take my family with me, and the majority of the families of the earth would go to such an institution. Until, sirs, you can establish a Spectacular, or a similar institution, with as much purity and with as much entertainment as this one of which I speak—until you can establish some such institution—you may thunder away against evil amusements until the last minute of the last hour of the last day of the world's existence and without any avail.

This dramatic element will break out, nd it will climb over and it will trample nder foot every effort at suppression. f you cannot guide it in the right direc- on, it will plunge in the wrong direction. t will either be angel or satyr.

We want this institution independent of ie Church and independent of the thea- e. The Church tries to compromise this natter, and in many churches there are ramatic exhibitions. Sometimes they all them charades, sometimes they call iem magic-lantern exhibitions—enter- ainments for which you pay fifty cents. he fifty cents to go for the support of ome charitable institution. An extem- orized stage is put up in the church or in he lecture-room, and there you go and ee David and the giant, and Joseph sold nto Egypt, and little Samuel awoke: the hief difference between the exhibition in he church and the exhibition in the thea- re being that the exhibition in the theatre s more skilful. The exhibition in the hurch generally has amateurs; the exhi- ition in the theatre, performers who have iven their whole life to the study of par- icular parts. But because the dramatic xhibition in the church is not as good as he dramatic exhibition in the theatre, it s considered to be more pious!

Because the drama is good it need not e dull. There is more fun in virtue than n sin. The best way to scatter darkness s by the clear light; and the best way o overcome the polluting and besotting nd soul-destroying amusements of the lay is by a model Spectacular with expur- gated drama, under the control of the purest and the best men and women in he world and church. That man who shall have money enough and brain enough and enterprise enough and heart enough to establish, illustrate and demon- strate the institution that I speak of, will bring the Church of God and all the human race under everlasting obligations. The world waits for it.

Meanwhile, until the Spectacular, this new institution, or something like it, shall be established, I counsel you to beware lest you allow the dramatic element in human nature to lead you into contami- nation. To gratify that one taste, you cannot afford to sacrifice your purity, your influence, your usefulness, your soul, as many have done. The amusements of life are merely the interstices, the paren- theses, the interregnums of hard work, in preparation for other hard work.

It was not original with Shakespeare when he said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely play- ers." He got it from St. Paul, who, fifteen centuries before that, had written, "We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men." A spectacle in a Colosseum fighting with wild beasts in an amphitheatre, the galleries full, looking down. Here we destroy a lion. Here we grapple with a gladiator. When we fall, devils shout. When we rise, angels sing. A spectacle before gallery above gallery, gallery above gallery. Gallery of our departed kindred looking down to see if we are faithful, and worthy of our Christian ancestry, hoping for our vic- tory, wanting to throw us a garland; glo- rified children and parents, with cheer on cheer urging us on. Gallery of the mar- tyrs looking down—the Polycarps, and the Ridleys, and the M'Kails, and the Theban Legion, and the Scotch Covenan- ters, and they of the Brussels market- place, and of Piedmont—crying down from the galleries, "God gave us the vic- tory, and he will give it you." Gallery of angels looking down—cherubic, se- raphic, archangelic—clapping their wings at every advantage we gain. Gallery of the King from which there waves a scarred hand, and from which there comes a sym- pathetic voice, saying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, the spectacle in which you and I are the actors!

Scene: The Last Day. Stage: The Rocking Earth. Enter: Dukes, Lords, Kings, Beggars, Clowns. No sword. No tinsel. No crown. For footlights: The kindling flames of a world. For orchestra: The trumpets that wake the dead. For applause: The clapping floods of the sea. For curtain: The heavens rolled together as a scroll. For tragedy: *The Doom of the Profligate*. For the last scene of the fifth act: The tramp of nations across the stage—some to the right, others to the left. Then the bell of the last thun- der will ring, and the curtain will drop!

India's Perishing Millions

STARVING MULTITUDES WHOSE LIVES WILL BE SAVED BY CORN SENT TO THEM BY CHRISTIAN AMERICA

PROMISES of help in filling a vessel with corn for the starving multitudes of India are daily being received, and the prospects are now bright that by the time the famine reaches its worst crisis the Stars and Stripes will be seen in the harbor of Bombay, floating over the life-giving gift of the Christian people of America. To do this, however, it is necessary that the corn be given quickly. There is no time to be lost, because a freight steamer is long on the voyage, and in order to reach the people in time to save life, it should be dispatched at an early date. Every one who desires to share in this glorious opportunity of feeding the hungry people should act promptly. To some it may be more convenient to arrange with their neighbors to fill a car with corn. Others may prefer to give money and may send a two-dollar bill, with which we can buy five bushels of corn, but in either case speed and promptitude are imperative. It is a privilege not to be neglected. Many a child, in years to come, will be proud to say: "I sent five bushels of corn to India in the great famine to keep a family alive," and he may truthfully add with the patriarch: "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me."

A report just received from India shows that a direct duty is involved on every Christian in responding to the appeal. Christ said that when even a cup of cold water was given in his name to any of his people, *because they belonged to him*, the giver should not lose his reward (Mark 9: 41). Now we learn that Christian families—people who "belong to Christ"—are starving. At the recent Methodist Episcopal Conference in Calcutta, the missionaries from Gujarat, Rajputana and the other famine-stricken districts were requested to state what was the condition of their people. From their reports it was learned that in their fields alone, not reckoning those in the districts of the Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Disciples, which are almost as bad, there were **eleven thousand five hundred Christian persons** in urgent need. These are the people who have the first claim upon us. They are our brothers and sisters in Christ and it would be an everlasting disgrace to have one of them, though "the least of these my brethren," perish for lack of food. We may be quite sure that they will get no help from heathen hands. In becoming Christians they had to accept ostracism, but they have thus a double claim on Christians—the claim of Christian brotherhood added to the claim of common humanity. They should learn in this their hour of suffering that their brotherhood in Christ counts for something with those in other lands who, loving the Lord, love his people too. Thus the prophet's words will be fulfilled. "That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand that the hand of the Lord hath done this."

Rev. E. S. Hume of Byculla, Bombay, whose efforts to relieve the starving people now, as in the previous famine, deserve the highest praise, sends us the two photographs reproduced on this page.

STARVING CHILDREN SUCCORED IN MR. HUME'S MISSION AT BYCULLA

They were taken at his mission station and speak more eloquently than words can do of the terrible suffering he is trying to alleviate. The smaller picture is pitiful in the extreme. The teacher's fingers on the arm of the poor little skeleton present a contrast that moves the heart. The other picture shows a group of sufferers who are now being fed at the expense of our readers. We sent one thousand dollars of the fund so generously placed in our hands by people moved by

"ONE OF THE LEAST OF THEM"

the spirit of our Master, to Mr. Hume and he lost no time in turning it into food with which to feed the starving children. In his letter accompanying the photographs he says: "I call your attention to the fact that it is difficult in the photograph to tell which are girls and which are boys. The same is true of full-grown men and women. The present famine is affecting the higher castes and the well-to-do classes far more than the former famine did. There are places not far from Bombay where whole companies of women, who not long ago were in comfortable circumstances, will gather, stark naked, around a stranger to beg for food and clothing. I saw distress in 1897 during the famine, but nothing to compare with that which is covering the land this year. In the name of Christian workers to whose assistance you have come, I thank you most sincerely. Please thank your readers, whose generosity and Christlike compassion will surely be observed and rewarded by our Lord."

A pathetic story of the need of the people for help comes from Rev. H. G. Bissell, of Ahmednagar, who since he wrote it has received a thousand dollars by cable from the fund contributed by our readers. He writes: "There is not a village in this whole district without its scores of empty houses witnessing to the wholesale desertion by sufferers from the famine. Husbands and fathers in despair of caring for their wives and children, are abandoning them to fate, and wandering about irresponsibly in search of food. Not a month ago two children—*little girls between four and five years of age*—were found seated together near a cactus hedge. Each was supplied with a heap of the red thorn-covered cactus fruit. The poor waifs were questioned, but were evidently so reduced by hunger that they seemed not to comprehend where they were, who had left them, or what they wanted.

"What mothers, delicate women, and children are suffering this season in the relief camps, is past finding out. The Government can plan for and relieve them only in a general way, and is doing so extensively, but private charity alone can meet exceptional cases. The struggle against want and hunger and cold and death is a desperate one this year. All who can should help those involved in it."

There are in the United States and Canada 131,550 Sunday Schools, 42,490 Christian Endeavor Societies, and 26,700 chapters of the Epworth League. If every one of those organizations would send only one dollar, there would be a grand total of $200,740 with which corn enough to nearly fill five ships could be bought and the starving people be fed.

All contributions should be addressed to The India Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Editor Sheldon's Appeal for India

....HE MAKES THIS THE MOST PROMINENT TOPIC IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF HIS CHRISTIAN DAILY PAPER

"*The Capital* knows of no more important matter of news the world over this morning than the pitiable condition of famine-stricken India. We give the latest and fullest available information of the progress of the scourge in the following articles.

"If every reader of this paper will give ten cents to the relief fund for this terrible Indian famine, we may be able to save thousands of lives. Will you do it? Let us all have a share in helping our brother man, for these fifty million starving creatures are a part of that human family which Jesus taught us to love when he taught us to say, 'Our Father.'

[Signed] "CHARLES M. SHELDON."

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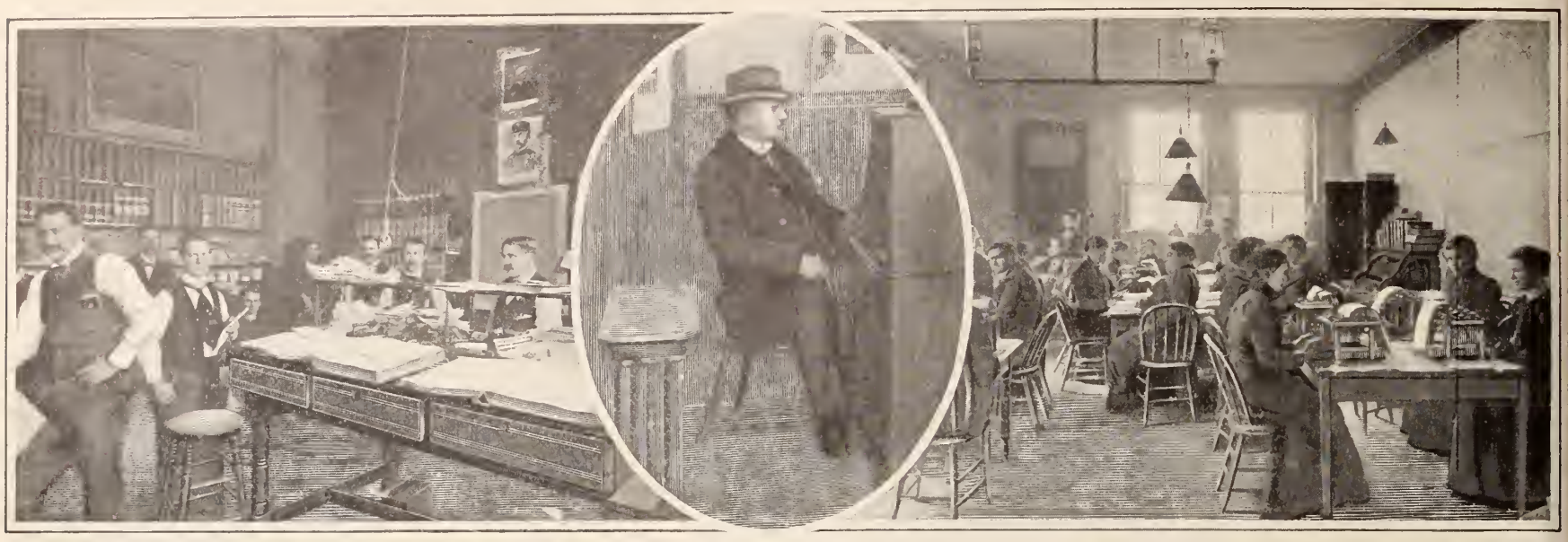
PASTOR SHELDON'S EDITORIAL EXPERIENCES

How the Christian Daily was Welcomed by the World and How it Looked—Practically Applying the Text: "What Would Jesus Do?"



A CORNER OF THE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT — PASTOR SHELDON VISITS THE BUSINESS OFFICE — PREPARING THE MAILING LISTS

(From Our Special Correspondent)

IT was exactly 9 o'clock, A.M., on Monday, March 12, when the Rev. C. M. Sheldon took the editorial chair of the *Daily Capital*, in Topeka, and began his actual work of editing and publishing a daily newspaper in the strictest accordance with the teachings of Jesus Christ. Twenty newspaper correspondents, besides the regular staff, were awaiting him. There was no formality, no ceremony, no prayer. Mr. Sheldon said all the praying must be done at home. He was bright and cheerful, but a trifle nervous. His first words were: "Well, brothers, here we are." Then, after a cordial handshake and greeting, he addressed the correspondents:

"I hope you will all take me seriously," he said. "This is not play for me. It is perhaps the most important week in my life. I intend to conduct a normal daily paper. I thank you for respecting my wishes not to be interviewed. I do not care to speak for publication during the week and will not consent to pose for photographs. I wish the paper to speak for itself."

Directing His Staff

The only extra hand on *The Capital* staff is Mr. Sheldon's private secretary. Sitting at a desk in General Hudson's room, Mr. Sheldon called in the regular staff and gave these instructions:

Do not use any slang words or phrases, not even those in common use, in the paper. Omit the Kansas word "pop" and write "populist." After interviewing submit your article to the man interviewed, and bring me the copy with the man's written approval. If a man does not wish to be interviewed accept his first refusal as final, and never insist. Theatrical news and scandals are not wanted. No notice will be given of any of five theatrical performances to be held this week. We will print only such sporting news as comes under the head of clean, healthful amateur athletics. In crime avoid all horrible details of the actual event and inquire completely into the cause. Discover especially if drink was a cause. All political matter must be absolutely non-partisan. No smoking or profanity will be allowed in *The Capital* building.

He requested the city editor to give out assignments as usual and proceeded with the regular routine. He agreed to meet the correspondents twice daily, to answer questions. He rented rooms within a block of *The Capital* office, that he might not have to go home nights.

The Capital is an eight-page issue, with twenty columns of advertising and thirty-six columns of news. No advertisement of Mr. Sheldon's books are printed.

The general appearance of the paper is totally transformed. The first page opens with the following prayer, by Bishop Vincent:

I will try this day to live a simple, sincere, serene life, repelling every thought of discontent, self-seeking and anxiety, cultivating magnanimity, self-control and the habit of silence, practicing economy, cheerfulness and helpfulness. And as I cannot in my own strength do this, or even with a hope of success attempt it, I look to thee, O Lord, my Father, in Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit.

India's Need the Leading Theme

Next comes a leading article headed, "Starving India. Fifty million people affected. Urgent need of aid from Christian America." The article opens with this signed appeal by Mr. Sheldon:

> *The Capital* knows of no more important matter of news the world over this morning than the pitiable condition of famine-stricken India. We give the latest and fullest available information of the progress of the scourge in the following articles. If every reader of this paper will give ten cents to the relief fund for this terrible Indian famine, we may be able to save thousands of lives. Will you do it? Let us all have a share in helping our brother man. For these 50,000,000 starving creatures are a part of that human family which Jesus taught us to love when he taught us to say "Our Father." CHARLES M. SHELDON.

In thus presenting as the foremost and most urgent topic for the consideration of Christian America the sad condition of the people of India, Mr. Sheldon has given to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plea for India the grandest endorsement that could have been uttered or written. His words should have weight and influence with the hundreds of thousands to whom his daily paper will go.

The third column of the first page opens with an article on "The War Spirit," which the writer, a physician, diagnoses as "military fever."

Then more reprints on the cruelty of war, ending with a seventeen-year-old speech by John Bright against the former Boer war. The next article is headed "The Cry for Work; the saloon and liquor industry makes millions idle." Then comes an article headed "Prohibition Tested; the law a success in Kansas." The page concludes with a column article headed "Colorado's Burden," appealing to philanthropists to build homes for consumptives.

The second page opens with the names of all the members of the editorial staff, business department and composing, stereotype, press and mailing rooms. Then follows the editor's prospectus. An editorial on starving India says principally that little help will come except from America. Then comes an editorial by a Korean missionary. The market article says the stock market is "a gambling hell" and reports of speculative tradings are not necessary to the business of the country; hence the paper will give space only to actual sales and dealings. The centre of the page is given up to a cartoon showing the canteen as the soldiers' worst enemy.

The third page is devoted to telegraphic and Kansas news, including a column and a half on anti-saloon and anti-trust laws. All the principal news articles are signed and have a paragraph of comment by Mr. Sheldon appended. Some of the subjects are "The Kentucky Trouble," "The Chicago Strike," "The Kansas Methodist Conference," "The Boer War"—the latter being mentioned only as to the possibilities of peace—and "Porto Rico's Appeal for Food." The fourth page gives the Topeka local news, the most remarkable article being a list of local divorces and the cause. The fifth page has four contributed articles on the industries of Kansas, against acquiring the Philippines, the progress of kindergartens for sixty years and local college reports. The sixth, seventh and eighth pages are filled with advertisements.

Appearance of the Paper

The general appearance of the whole paper is more like a literary publication than a newspaper. The large percentage of reprint suggests a free use of the scissors. On the other hand Mr. Sheldon's running comment gives it a wide-awake appearance. As a strictly religious paper, it is a success; but as a newspaper, in the minds of all correspondents here, it is a disappointment.

In his leading editorial Mr. Sheldon defines the policy of *The Capital* under his management. He states the conditions under which he accepted the editorship; declares that he receives no compensation, and that a share of the profits are to go to some benevolent work. With God's help, he means to do the best he can.

He will not attempt to illustrate in a dogmatic way "What would Jesus do" in every case.

The only thing I or any other Christian man can do in the interpretation of what is Christian in the conduct of this paper, is to define the term "Christian" the best that can be done after asking for Divine wisdom, and not judge others who might with equal desire and sincerity interpret the probable action of Jesus in a different manner.

A Definition of "News"

He then gives his definition of "news" as events which the public ought to know for its development and power in a life of righteousness. Great causes, that belong to the profoundest principles of human life, will be given the most prominent place. The paper will be strictly non-partisan in local, state and national politics. It will advocate universal prohibition of the liquor traffic. The great social questions of the age will be prominently treated. War will be declared utterly abhorrent, whether in Africa, the Philippines, or anywhere else. He confesses that he cannot indicate the Christian attitude on such matters as the finances, the tariff and expansion. The first and main effort of the paper will be to influence i[illegible]ders to seek first the Kingdom of [illegible] without [illegible]

A big advertisement of a Bible publishing house offering Bibles worth $3 for $1 was rejected. Mr. Sheldon wired the firm how they could sell Bibles thus, but received no answer. He also refused the advertisement of a Kansas City clothing house offering suits worth $20 for $14.

Editor Sheldon's first day in the editorial chair was, as a whole, all confusion and hurry. He kept his head throughout, but calmness was a great effort. He passed on news and telegraph as fast as presented, but was constantly interrupted by a stream of callers, citizens of the town who came in to wish him success. He denied himself to none, but arose from his chair, though swamped with work, and advanced half-way across the room with extended hand, greeting each caller patiently. He acknowledges that he cannot keep this up, and callers hereafter can be seen only on business. At three o'clock on Tuesday morning he stood by the press as the first copy came off, seized it and handed it in memory of the occasion, to his wife. At that moment I asked him if he was pleased with the first-born. He tried twice to find answering words but failed. With his thoughts unuttered, he showed how deeply he was moved by turning his head to hide his tears.

GILSON WILLETS.

* * *

The Capital's subscription list, up to date, shows the following remarkable figures:

Monday, February	26		3,000
Tuesday "	27		11,000
Wednesday "	28		13,000
Thursday, March	1		15,000
Friday "	2		20,000
Saturday "	3		27,000
Monday "	5		45,000
Tuesday "	6		16,000
Wednesday "	7		16,000
Thursday "	8		16,190
Friday "	9		12,000
Saturday "	10		11,000
Monday "	12		30,000
Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD			16,000
Added to this is *The Capital's* normal list; the foreign mail, 8,000; and other subscriptions not accounted for above, estimated			49,000
Total aggregate			300,190

"The Topeka Capital" has been furnished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with six carefully prepared and accurately printed lists of the **Sixteen Thousand Subscribers placed through this paper.** As the facilities in Topeka were found inadequate to meet the unusual demand, part of the edition will be printed in Chicago and another part in New York. Owing to the necessity of first preparing matrices of the forms in Topeka, and then shipping them to the other cities, a delay of two days or so will ensue.

While it is not expected that any occasion for complaints will arise, still, should there be any, such communications should be addressed direct to "The Capital," Topeka, Kan. **Under no Circumstances** should they be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as such a

rcuitous course must entail considerble and unnecessary delay.

A Unique Experiment

In the history of American journalism, will probably be many years before here will be another week as important as hat of March 12 to 17—the week of the heldon Edition of the Topeka *Capital*. long time, too, must elapse before any ewspaper office in Kansas will be kept s busy as was the one of *The Capital* uring the week immediately preceding. he entire business force of the paper orked night and day, opening mail, anwering correspondence, registering subcriptions, booking advertisements, and ttending to a thousand and one details f the enterprise. The number of emloyees in the subscription department ad been doubled, then tripled, then uadrupled, and at last quintupled. Every esk was crowded, two and three at a esk. Even then not all the mail of the orning had been opened at the closing ime in the evening. The entire force orked on till midnight, and on several ccasions even all night, entering subcriptions. There were at work twenty-ix typewriters and fourteen other girls in he mail address room; fifteen men regisering subscriptions and opening mail, nd four men handling money, etc.

On Tuesday of the second week before he time of issue, the subscriptions uddenly jumped from 3,000, the number vhich had been coming in daily for sevral weeks, to 11,000. Even with the six xtra post-office clerks sent from Washingon to take care of *The Capital's* mail, the Topeka post-office was never before so heavily taxed.

It was computed that the total output of he Sheldon Edition would reach three undred thousand copies. This, however, nly represented an estimate of the circuation in the United States, Canada and Mexico. By far the largest single list of ll was that received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, aggregating 16,000 subscribers.

It was thought that the British edition o be issued by Sir George Newnes, of London, would equal, if it did not exceed, the American edition. Matrices, plates of the pages issued here, advertisements and all, were forwarded to London, where Sir George Newnes issues the first paper about ten days after the first Sheldon issue here. The New York edition will be three days later than that in Topeka, the Chicago edition two days later, and the Kansas City edition one day later.

For a whole week before assuming actual control Mr. Sheldon went about his work of preparation as silently and modestly as ever. Of his plans or policy he said nothing. Not even the regular editor of the paper, General J. K. Hudson, nor Mr. Dell Keizer, the business manager, nor Mr. E. O. Popenoe, the proprietor, had the least inkling of what he proposed to do, what kind of news he intended to eliminate, or what his policy might be. "I would rather the people would judge the paper itself as I give it to them," he told me personally when I asked him. Regarding advertisements, however, he was obliged to pass judgment day by day, for weeks before the day of issue. His most radical changes were: Refusing all medical advertisements, including even cards of local physicians; refusing all "agents wanted" advertisements; refusing land boom and mining advertisements; giving choice of position to no advertiser; refusing advertisements that are usually printed in the news columns as "reading notices." He would print no advertisement that offered everything for nothing, nor notices of the sale of stock of an enterprise or place that existed only on paper.

Mr. Sheldon committed himself regarding the news end of the paper, pledging himself to read every written line, day by day, before it goes to the compositor to be put in type. He says he "can read two lines at a time." He wrote all his leading editorials in advance, so as to be as free as possible for the routine work, and the news of each day as it comes up for his judgment.

Governor W. E. Stanley, of Kansas, thus expresses his views on Sheldonism and the daily Christian newspaper:

"Everything is possible in Kansas. I believe that if Mr. Sheldon had been born and raised in Kansas he would know how to get the $1,000,000 he needs to endow a Christian daily newspaper. I do not know him intimately, have never heard him preach; but I have read all his books with great interest, especially *In His Steps*. I believe most of the theories he advances in that book to be impracticable.

"Of course all people, rich or poor, can try to do and live as they believe Jesus would. But in real life all have not the money to experiment with, as do the characters in Sheldon's book.

"In real life there are few people who can afford, or who will spend or lose their money in this way. In our modern life there are a great many problems which we cannot solve by asking, 'What would Jesus do?' We must act according to modern conditions, and we must do and live and decide, each according to his conscience.

Will its Influence Last?

"I do not believe Sheldonism will endure long enough to establish a cult. His newspaper experiment must remain an experiment. Meantime, he is unquestionably a sincere, good man, genuine in his desire to induce people to live as Jesus would, were he in their place. I hope good will come of it."

Before beginning actual editorial work, Mr. Sheldon increased the number of hours he had been spending daily in *The Capital* office. He went from man to man asking every sort of question, and acknowledging that he knew little or nothing about the practical work of getting out a newspaper. He said he visited to familiarize himself with the work in all the departments. He gave out half a dozen "local assignments" of a special nature—directing reporters to visit certain places and write articles. These pertained principally to the secret saloons, gambling houses and dives. The presumption was that he intended exposing these places in *The Capital's* columns. Not many months ago the Central Congregational Church of Topeka, Kansas, Sheldon's church, were two months behind with their pastor's salary. On the second Sunday of the third month, the salary not being yet forthcoming, Mr. Sheldon mounted his pulpit and, after the prayer, when he read the "notices" for the ensuing week, he announced that he would not preach for a church that did not pay its debts. He made this announcement in his characteristic, simple way, yet earnestly and even sternly.

MRS. SHELDON AND THE BABY

PASTOR SHELDON IN HIS EDITORIAL ROOM IN "THE CAPITAL" OFFICE

"A church," said he, "should at least be as honorable in its methods as the ordinary mercantile house. And do you suppose dealers would continue long to supply a firm that could not or would not meet its obligations?"

That the congregation of the Central Church would give its last dollar to retain Mr. Sheldon as its pastor was proven the following week, for before the pastor again mounted his pulpit the $200 for the two months arrears of salary had been raised and paid.

The episode did not make the pastor misunderstood, for all appreciated the truth of his statement that it was not the money he cared for, but the principle. He wants his church to be at least as honorable as any ordinary business institution. In his idea of Christianity, "churchianity" has no place. He defines churchianity as a form of worship which includes, as of necessity, a costly edifice, a grand organ, an expensive choir and an immense amount of red tape, style, pomp and ceremony. He says Christ himself preached the Gospel without the adjuncts of riches and vanity, and fashion, and form, and these are not necessary to practical religion to-day. He believes in a Christianity that is a part of life not only on Sundays, but on every day in the week. He wants to see a Christian a Christian at all times and in everything he does. He asks each member of his little flock to live as Christ would have them live each minute of every day, asking themselves, even in the simplest matters, "What would Jesus do?"

Mr. Sheldon has had calls from fashionable churches in large cities, but has declined them. He prefers his own plain little church. Probably $10,000 would cover the entire cost of the edifice in which he preaches. The organ is the small kind used in an ordinary parlor. There are no cushioned pews—just a few plain, wooden benches, such as are used in school-rooms. Of the 350 members, only two may be called rich. The others are bread-winners, who live and earn each according to his talents. There are a few lawyers, real estate men and merchants. A former mayor of Topeka is a member; and others are the editor of the Kansas *Farmer*, the stenographer in the City Court, the Principal of Washburn College, the city Health Officer, a bank examiner, a state evangelist of the Congregational Church, and the Principal of the Topeka High School. Of course, all the members of Mr. Sheldon's family are active in the church. On Sunday evening the congregation, besides Mrs. Sheldon, are Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Merriam, Sheldon's parents-in-law; also the Rev. Stuart Sheldon and wife, the preacher-author's father and mother.

. . .

SHELDON NOTES

"Oom" Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, is among the foreign subscribers.

The largest single list of subscriptions, by many thousands, is that received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Many thousands of subscriptions have been received from the Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers, Y. M. C. As., Y. W. C. As., W. C. T. Us., and State Temperance Unions.

Gen. Hudson, managing editor of *The Capital*, though not sharing Pastor Sheldon's religious views, is a firm believer in Sheldon personally and regards him as thoroughly genuine.

While the Sheldon experiment is going on other editors are taking advantage of the excitement to make capital for their own papers. Editor Howe, of the Topeka *State Journal*, is publishing a series of lay sermons on "How Jesus would run a church," and the *Daily Champion*, of Atchison, Kan., is running in accordance with a remarkable programme, viz., "How the Devil would run a newspaper."

As might have been expected, the tremendous pressure upon the business office of *The Capital*, consequent upon the avalanche of subscriptions, has taken most of the business staff by surprise, notwithstanding all preparations. It is an absolute inundation, and the attempt to handle all subscriptions as they arrive leaves the force scarcely time to eat or sleep. Manager Dell Keizer especially feels the pressure which is in striking contrast with his former quiet and easy-going surroundings.

All the ministers of Topeka approve of the Sheldon experiment, and the local Ministerial Union recently adopted resolutions expressing cordial appreciation of the Christian enterprise. In some of the Kansas cities, however, adverse criticism has been encountered both from press and pulpit; but this was not unexpected. Some preachers have devoted whole sermons to denunciation of the experiment as sacrilegious; others have contended that its effect would be to cheapen one's conception of Christ. As a whole, however, pulpit opinion throughout the State has been favorable and expectant of good results.

BABY MERRIAM SHELDON

SIN'S TERRIBLE WAGES

A New Sermon by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kans.

"The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Romans 6:23.

THE Emperor William of Germany is very jealous of what he calls the rights of the throne. He will not allow the least familiarity of approach to himself or any of his family either in word or manner. Recently a German soldier, who did not know the Empress by sight, saw her for the first time in the palace gardens, and thinking her to be an ordinary German woman addressed her as *fraulein*. The Emperor heard of it, and he was so indignant that according to report he has ordered a portrait of the Empress to be placed in every soldier's barracks in Germany so that every man in the German army may hereafter know the Emperor's wife when he meets her and pay her the due respect which belongs to her rank and importance.

I have often thought that our ignorance of sin's greatness made us so careless and indifferent to its importance that we needed frequently to be reminded by some visible sign of its vast power. If there could be stamped in our imagination, on our heart and mind the portrait of its awful presence in the kingdom of man we might be spared the harmful indifference with which we too often accost it or the light way in which we treat it, as if it mattered very little in any case.

. . .

Sin Portrayed And it is of course true that such a vivid portrait of sin God the ruler of us all has placed in view of every soul. We cannot read our Bibles without finding everywhere the most striking illustrations of sin's results in a human life. It seems as if the Old Testament writers exhausted all the resources of language to describe sin's features. And all the writers of the New Testament dwell with inspirational force upon the effect of sin in the soul. No man who reads or studies the Word of God has any excuse for being ignorant of sin. He should know it when he sees it, and treat it with the seriousness its greatness demands.

There is a very common and popular way of treating sin lightly. I was looking over a number of so-called comic magazines lately, and I was struck repeatedly with the fact that drunkenness and lying were made the basis for large numbers of supposably funny pictures. That is, it seemed to the managers of these papers as if it was very funny for men and women to lie to each other, if what they said resulted in certain embarrassing situations that the public falsely think are comical.

It may be well for us to ask, why is sin so great? What difference does it make whether we have sin in us or whether our sin has been borne away by the Saviour of the world? What are the results of sin on the world? What are the results of sin on the life of any soul anywhere? Is sin really so great that we need to know much about it?

In answer to these questions and others like them let us try to see how serious is the harm that sin works in man. I am simply repeating here in a feeble way Rom. 6. There are three very distinct and emphatic ways in which sin shows its enormity. Those three ways we will consider.

. . .

The Natural Man 1. Sin makes impossible a right relation between God and man. Paul says: "The natural man receiveth not the things of God. For they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Sin does this. It shuts God out of the ambitions, out of the loves, out of the desires, out of the plans of life. And it is an awful result that such a soul reaps at last. It is like a plant trying to grow without sunlight. It is like a bird trying to fly in a vacuum. It is like a man trying to read in total darkness.

If sin therefore did only this one thing, it would be great and terrible. But there is another truth about sin's power. 2. Sin not only makes impossible a right relation between God and man; it also throws man out of right relation to himself. That is, the man who sins is fighting against his own interests and the penalty of his sin is being visited upon himself.

. . .

The Folly of Sin But not only is this true of sin in a man. It brings remorse; that is bitter. It brings a lowering of the moral standing; that is humiliating. It weakens the will; that brings man near to the brute creation. All these things are true of the effect of sin. But more yet. The man who continues to sin loses his taste for the grandest things in the world. Sin, in other words, makes a man choose wrong every time, when choice is a matter of infinite importance. He sets things out of proportion. What profit is it for a man to gain the whole world and lose his life? Yet men keep doing it as if they thought it paid. They choose death instead of heaven. They choose riches instead of character. They choose the temporal instead of the eternal.

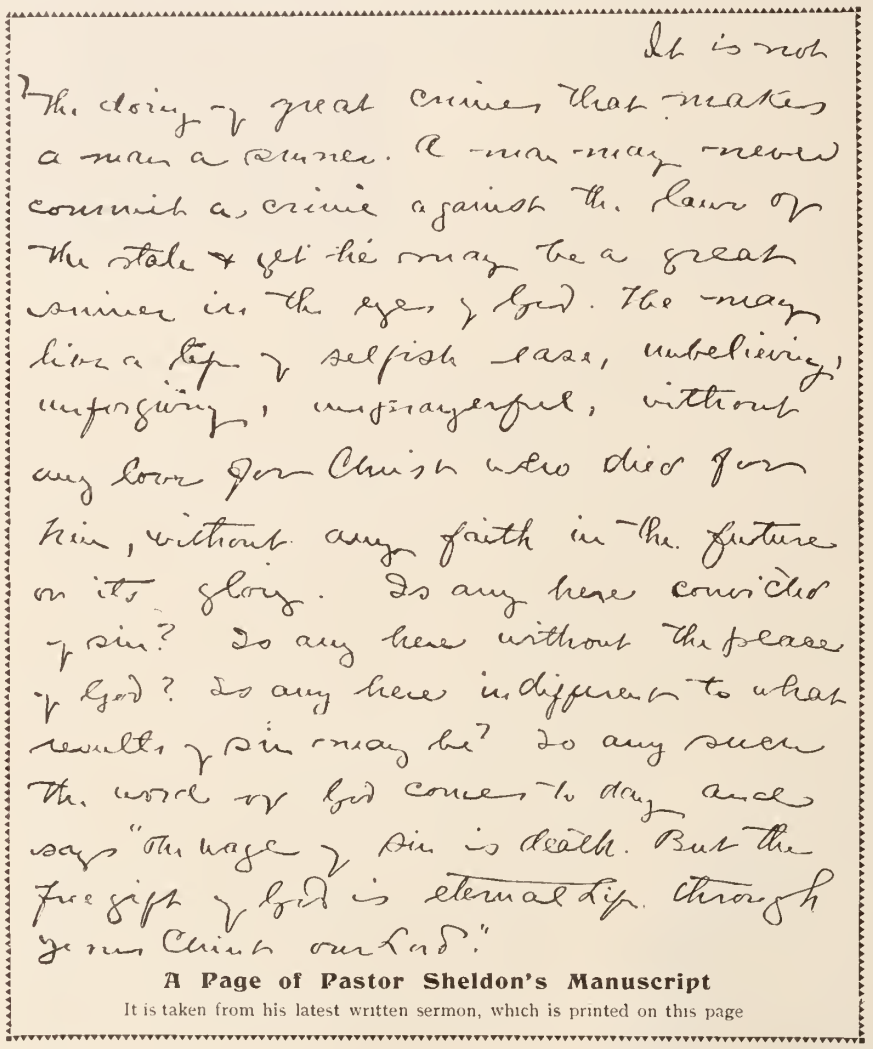
Sin makes men fools. That is one of the derivations of sin. It is foolishness because it makes a man an enemy of his own best good. We would certainly call a man a fool who every day cut off a part of his body with a sharp knife. We would say he had lost his mind; that he ought to be restrained or shut up in an asylum. Yet men who sin are daily destroying what is of infinitely more value in the soul, and they do not seem to realize that they are doing a very foolish thing. But this is what sin does. This is what sin is. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That is the inevitable result. "The wages of sin is death." That makes sin such a terrible power in its greatness.

. . .

Its Polluting Nature 3. But sin not only makes impossible a right relation between man and God; it not only throws a man out of right relation to himself and causes him to act against his own best good; sin also extends from the individual to society, and the man who sins not only destroys himself but he endangers innocent lives all about him.

When some one in a family has scarlet fever, the Board of Health puts a staring red sign on the house and everybody who can possibly do so leaves the sick person to the care of a doctor or nurse, and keeps away from the house until the danger is over. Even husband and wife are separated and for awhile every precaution is taken to keep people away from the patient.

But in the world of sin men and women who are tainted with that awful contagion, move about among our dearest and best, spreading them all through society and, too often, we do not object nor seem to care. Society that would shrink with terror from a scarlet fever patient, will receive and welcome sinners into its family circle and be blind to the awful danger.



It is not the doing of great crimes that makes a man a sinner. A man may never commit a crime against the laws of the State & yet he may be a great sinner in the eyes of God. He may live a life of selfish ease, unbelieving, unforgiving, unprayerful, without any love for Christ who died for him, without any faith in the future or its glory. Is any here convicted of sin? Is any here without the peace of God? Is any here indifferent to what results of sin may be? To any such the word of God comes to day and says "The wage of sin is death. But the free gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A Page of Pastor Sheldon's Manuscript

It is taken from his latest written sermon, which is printed on this page

. . .

Crimes before God You cannot put a man in jail simply for being intensely selfish. And yet his selfishness may ruin the character of many young people. You cannot arrest and convict a man for drinking intoxicating liquor so long as he keeps sober, and yet his sinful example may lead scores of other men into crime and ruin. You cannot bring a man into court and charge him with being dangerous to the human family because he does not believe in the Bible or prayer or God. And yet his sin of unbelief may imperil the soul of your child or mine. You cannot shut a man up in an insane asylum because he is in the habit of laughing at religious things or telling indecent stories to young boys, or finding perpetual fault with Christian people and church members. And yet such a man may be as dangerous to the spiritual life of a neighborhood as a maniac would be to its physical life. All crime is sin. But all sin is not crime in the eyes of society. Only God sees and judges sin, and to him we shall finally have to give account. He will be the final Judge. "For every idle word that men speak they shall give account at the day of judgment."

. . .

Sin's Selfishness What an awfully selfish thing sin is. Not content to work out the destruction of the man who is possessed by it, sin always reaches out for those nearest and pollutes and disfigures and hurries into the way of destruction all others who come in contact with it. If we labelled all sinners with red signs, as we label houses where there is contagious disease, how many of us would be going about saying to society, as the lepers were obliged to cry, "Unclean! unclean! Come not nigh! I will certainly pollute thee! Unclean! unclean!"

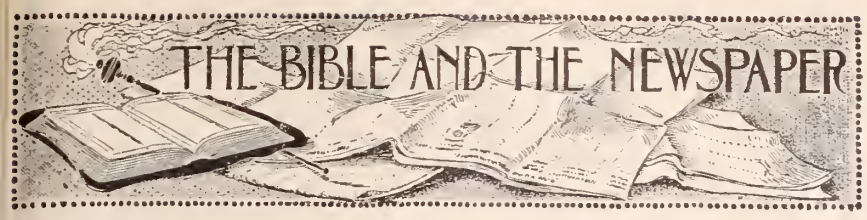
. . .

Sin a Life-Destroyer The man who sins chooses to accept the life of selfish desires, free from service, free from burden-bearing, free from obedience. The very things that the sinner chooses are the things that inevitably bring death to him. The wages of sin, that for which the man hires out, is death. He may enjoy his life in the gratification of certain desires that come to him in the way of sinful pleasures, but every sin indulged leaves its mark upon his abbreviated life. Every sin shortens by just so much the actual life of the sinner. "At the last it biteth like a serpent." "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Sin does this. It is a destroyer of life. I have come to believe, myself, in the probable annihilation of those who persist in sin, those who never respond to God's offer of forgiveness, those who never believe in Christ and take him as their Saviour. It seems probable that the Bible teaches that the word death, as applied to the soul that always refuses to repent is a death that means total extinction. I cannot interpret the use of such a text as we have to-day to mean anything less than that. "The wages of sin is death." What do those words mean if not plainly what they say? The extinction of life. The utter going out of the flame that was meant to ascend brighter and purer on the altar of man's worship of his Creator and Redeemer.

. . .

Choose To-day What will you choose to-day? life or death? Always before the soul stands this choice. There is always the opportunity to believe and be saved now. Whatever opportunities there may still be after the earthly life are so shrouded in uncertainty that the chances are all against any such opportunity for repentance. What we are absolutely sure of is that now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation. To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Shall we remember it is not the doing of great crimes that makes a man a sinner. A man may never commit a crime against the laws of the State, and yet he may be a great sinner in the eyes of God. He may live a life of selfish ease, unbelieving, unforgiving, unprayerful, without any love for Christ who died for him, without any faith in the future or its glory. Is any here convicted of sin? Is any here without the peace of God? Is any here indifferent to what results of sin may be? To any such the Word of God comes to-day and says, "The wages of sin is death; but the free gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Choose ye whom ye will serve. Sin is a hard master. He pays. He always pays wages. But what wages! Death! The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Who will serve for such wages, when by turning to the Saviour he can receive as a free gift not only life, but eternal life?



The War in South Africa

INDICATIONS of depression on the part of the Boers are seen in the appeal for the cessation of hostilities, which

GEN. JOHN D. P. FRENCH

has been forwarded to London. Although it has not been productive of peaceful results, the appeal shows that a decided change has taken place in the Boer attitude since the statement was issued a few weeks ago, in which President Kruger declared that the only terms on which he would make peace were the payment of an enormous indemnity and the cession of portions of Natal and Cape Colony. It is evident that terms much less favorable would now be acceptable, although the two States are not yet prepared to accept the terms which the British Government is willing to grant. The people of the Orange Free State are said to be even more anxious for peace than those of the Transvaal. The war is now transferred to their territory and their capital is menaced. The army which opposed the advance of Gen. Roberts has been compelled to retreat. A brilliant attack by Gen. French at Poplar Grove, near Osfontein, forced it out of its intrenchments, and, had French received the support from the British infantry that he expected, the whole Boer force in that region would have had to surrender. Happily for them, the infantry was delayed, and so the Boers were able to retreat in good order with their guns, but the flight was so hasty that when the victors took possession of the camp they found cooked food which had been prepared, but which the Boers did not stay to eat. The Boer forces fled toward the north and east. They made another stand at Driefontein, where they were again attacked and a furious battle was fought. The Boers occupied a strong position on the crests of the hills and had heavy artillery, which did severe execution. After a stubborn resistance they were driven out of their intrenchments by a bayonet charge and continued their retreat. At the close of the week Gen. Roberts had advanced to within twenty-five miles of Bloemfontein. The conflict in the northwest, where Col. Baden-Powell has been holding Mafeking with great difficulty against an overwhelming force, is enveloped in obscurity. One report has it that the town has fallen, while another has it that the siege has been raised. The garrison has suffered great privations, and for several weeks has been reduced to a diet of horseflesh. The men are represented to be extremely weak, many of them unable to stand, and there is a great deal of sickness. There is additional interest in this struggle, because among the defenders is Lord Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, the British premier. Several scions of other high families also are serving as officers under Col. Baden-Powell. A report is current that Presidents Kruger and Steyn have addressed an appeal to the foreign consuls at Pretoria, which they asked them to forward to their governments, soliciting intervention. There appears, however, to be little hope of relief in that direction. The British government has emphatically stated that it would regard intervention as an unfriendly act, so the European powers are in the position which the wise king describes:

He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears (Prov. 26: 17).

An Illogical Plea

A lady of Virginia has appealed to the courts of that State for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. She was able to prove that the promise had been made and that it had not been fulfilled at the time agreed upon. The defendant, however, presented certificates of physicians, showing that subsequent to his making the promise he had been very ill, that he had not recovered at the time set for the marriage, and that his disease being incurable, he would be an invalid all his life. The court accepted the plea as a valid defense, justifying him in breaking the engagement. The plaintiff has now appealed, on the ground that since the defendant won the case, he has married another lady. She naturally feels indignant at his setting aside the plea which he had used to justify him in breaking his promise to her. Unhappily, there is often similar reason to complain of men in their treatment of the claims of Christ. The reasons they give for not fulfilling their obligations to him do not weigh with them when business or pleasure is in question.

Saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the sabbath that we may set forth wheat (Amos 8: 5).

A Sister's Sacrifice

A strange reason was assigned recently for an act of renunciation on the part of a girl. It was the admission of a wealthy young lady to a Roman Catholic order known as "The Poor Clares." The members of the Order are bound by most solemn oaths to spend the remainder of their lives in poverty and silence. The girl has a brother to whom she is devotedly attached, who is quite deaf, and she hopes that by this act she may be the means of his regaining his hearing. It is sad to learn that at the end of the nineteenth century and in a Christian land, any one can be so ignorant of God's nature as to think that he can be propitiated by such an act of self-sacrifice. Even under the old dispensation men had learned that such self-inflicted punishment was unavailing.

Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shown thee O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God (Micah 6: 7).

The Right to Exclude

The Supreme Court of Indiana has been called upon to decide a question at issue between one of the local Health Boards in that State and the father of a child. There was, it appears, danger of an epidemic of smallpox and the health officers, finding in the school a child who had not been vaccinated, excluded him from the school. The case has been carried to the Supreme Court, which has now given judgment in favor of the Board of Health. The Court holds that in view of a public danger, the Board has the right to insist that such safeguards as in its judgment ought to be adopted, shall be enforced. The plea that there was no specific statute authorizing the exclusion of the child was therefore dismissed. We are not so careful about the spread of moral contagion, which is far more common. If exclusion from the schools were the penalty in the case of every child whose parents have neglected to get for it the moral safeguards which God promises in his Word, how many places would be vacant!

Ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way (Deut. 11: 19).

Gift of a Birthday

One of the most peculiar gifts on record is described among the reminiscences of the famous author, Robert Louis Stevenson. While he was living in Samoa, he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. H. C. Ide, of Vermont, who was for several years United States Land Commissioner in that island. Mr. Stevenson was very fond of Mr. Ide's little daughter, Annie, and it was to her that he made his unique gift. In the formal document in which he conveyed it to her, he said: "In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide was born out of all reason on Christmas day, and is, therefore, out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday; and considering that I have now no further use for a birthday, I have transferred, and do hereby transfer to the said Annie H. Ide, all and whole of my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, my former birthday, now, hereby and henceforth the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats and receipt of gifts, compliments and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors. And I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, and as a good daughter of the family, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since, I can remember." To this quaintly humorous document Mr. Stevenson affixed his signature and seal, as if he were conveying to the little girl an estate. One would have thought that no better birthday than Christmas day could have been desired by anyone, but possibly the child may have perceived its disadvantages, inasmuch as the gifts she would have at Christmas would serve as birthday gifts, and so she would have only one festival in the year instead of the two that come to most children. Doubtless the child's family and friends will respect Mr. Stevenson's kindly device, and so the little girl will have another festival which she will associate with the gentle and beautiful soul who provided her with it. We may hope that her natural birthday, too, will remind her of her obligations to Him whose birth is celebrated on that day, through whom she may have that better birth which begins the endless life.

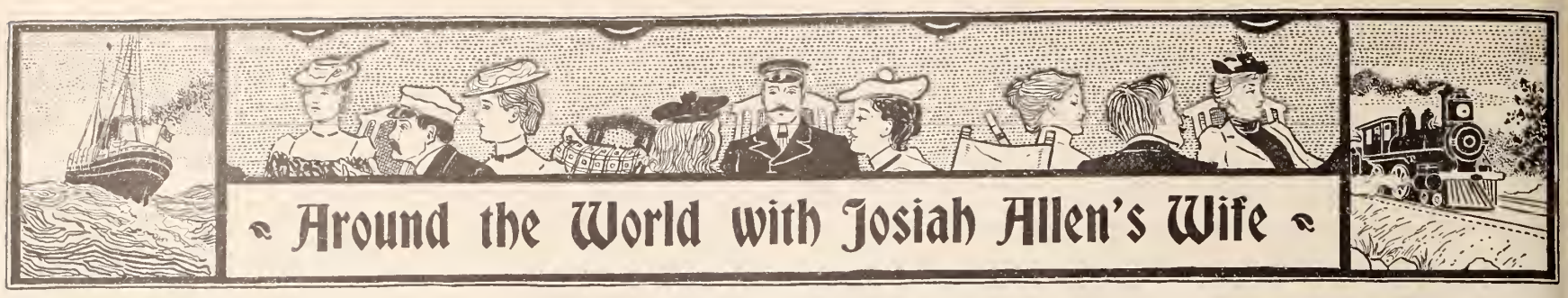
To them gave he power to become the sons of God even to them that believe on his name: who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God (John 1: 12).

A Search for a Grave

Notice of a reward of one thousand dollars, which will be paid to the finder of a certain grave, is published by the *Republican* of Denver, Colo. It appears that fifteen years ago, a millionaire cattle-owner in Chicago sent his favorite son to Colorado for the recovery of his health. The young man had been ailing for several months, and it was hoped that the free, open air life of a cattle-ranch in that State would make him strong and robust. The fact that his father owned most of the cattle on the ranch, insured him all the care and attention that could be expected. He appeared to gain strength after his arrival, and in a few weeks was able to ride around on a gentle horse. He continued to improve until time came for the general "round up" of the cattle, when he was thought well enough to take his share of the duty. He had been out a few days when, one morning, he was seized with a spasm of the heart and died. His comrades wrapped the body in canvas and buried it, marking the grave with a loose wagon-board. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm and the frightened cattle stampeded. How many miles the herders were carried in their effort to gain control of the thousands of terrified beasts, they never knew. It was not until long after dawn that the mad rush slowed up, and then the ground, so far as could be seen, looked as if it had been ploughed and harrowed. The excitement over, the men thought of their dead comrade and sent the sad news to his father in Chicago. He set out at once to bring his boy's body, to inter it in the family tomb. But the grave could not be found. Every trace of it had been obliterated by the hoofs of the cattle. The men were set to digging in a hundred places, but the grave was not located. The grief-stricken father offered a reward of a thousand dollars for its discovery, but without avail. Years have passed and the reward is still unclaimed. The father naturally yearned for the consolation of laying his son in the grave of his kindred, but he has a better hope if, like David, he can look forward to meeting him where there is no more parting.

I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me (II. Samuel 12: 23).

WAGON TRAINS CROSSING THE TUGELA RIVER



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XVI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

"WAITSTILL HAD A LETTER"

Samantha Sees the General

SEZ I, "Brigadier General Grant, I have come to you on the most important mission any ambassador ever traveled on."

Sez he, "What sovereign, madam, do you represent, and from what country do you come?" Sez I, "Brigadier General Grant, my mission is from the Lord of Hosts, and the country I come to plead for is your own native land—the United States—the land your own illustrious pa saved with the Lord's help."

He wuz deeply affected I see and invited us to set down, consequently we sot. And I sez, plungin' to once into my bizness as my way is in Jonesville or the Antipathies: "Brigadier General, everybody knows that you are a brave man and a good man." He thanked me and looked pleased as well he might from such an enconium from one of the first wimmen of the ages, and I resoomed: "General Grant," sez I, "are you brave enough and good enough to tackle the worst foe America ever had?"

Sez he, "What foe do you allude to, mam?"

Sez I, "The foe that slays sixty thousand, and causes ten thousand murders every year, steals the vittles and clothes from starvin' wimmen and children, has its deadly grip on Church and State, and makes our civilization and Christianity a mock and byword amongst them that think."

"You allude to Intemperance, I presume," sez he. He's dretful smart; he knew it in a minute from my description.

"Yes," sez I, "a foe a million times as dangerous as any your army ever faced, and a million times as hard to chase out of its ambuscade." But here in a gentlemanly, quiet way he went on to recapitulate our provocations. It wuz a eloquent, brief summary of events leadin' to the war. Among other causes he mentioned the words I had hearn before, "Remember the *Maine!*"

"Yes," sez I, "I remember how roused up you and America wuz by the death of three hundred of our brave boys, but," sez I, "Frederic" (I thought mebby it would sound more convincin' and friendly if I called him Frederic, and I wanted to convince him; I wanted to like a dog), "Frederic," sez I, "three hundred deaths hain't so many as hundreds of thousands. And those poor boys on the *Maine* died a clean death, and their agony wuz brief: they didn't moulder out a livin' death, chained to tender hearts, dragged along the putrid death path with 'em. Their country honored 'em; they wuzn't thrust into dishonored graves, some as paupers, some as criminals swingin' from scaffolds. Their country mourns for 'em and honors 'em. It wuzn't glad to cover their faces away from the light, brutish faces to hant 'em with reproach, I should think, knowin' how they died. Try to think of that, Frederic; try to take it to heart."

I hearn Arvilly behind me breathin' hard and kinder chokin' seemin'ly, and I knew she wuz holdin' herself in as tight as if she had a rope round her emotions and indignations to keep her from breakin' in and jinin' our talk, but she wuz as true as steel to her word and didn't say nothin' and I resoomed:

"You've got to take such things to hum to realize 'em," sez I. "Owin' to a sweet mother and a good father your boy meby is safe. But spozein' he wuzn't, spozein' you and his sweet ma had to look on as millions of other pas and mas have to and see his handsome, manly young face growin' red, dissipated, brutal; his light, gay young heart changed to a demon's, and from bein' your chief pride you had to hide him out of sight like the foul and loathsome leper he had become. Millions of other pas and mas that love their boys as well as you love yours have to do this. And if it wuz your boy what would you say of the legalized crime that made him so? Wouldn't you turn the might of your great strength aginst it?"

SEZ HE: "WHAT SOVEREIGN, MADAM, DO YOU REPRESENT?"

An Effective Appeal

He didn't speak out loud, but I see from his looks that he would. "Then," sez I, "do, do think of other pas and mas and sisters and sweethearts and wives weepin' and wailin' for husbands, sons and brothers slain by this enemy! I spoze," sez I reasonably, "that you think it is an old story and monotonous, but Love is an old story and Grief and Death, but they are jest as true as at the creation and jest as solemn." I thought he looked a good deal convinced, but he looked as if he wuz thinkin' of the extreme difficulty of reachin' and vanquishin' this foe intrenched as it is in the lowest passions of men, hidin' behind the highest legal barriers and barricaded behind meetin' house doors, guarded by the ballots of saint and sinner; I read these thoughts on his forehead, and answered 'em jest as if he'd spoke.

Sez I, "When your illustrious father come up face to face with a foe no other general could manage, did he flinch and draw back because it had been called unmanageable by everybody else? No, he drawed a line between good and evil, black and white, and says, 'I'll fight it right out on this line.' And he did, and before his courage and bravery and persistence the foe fell. Now, Frederic, here is the biggest foe that the American people are facin' to-day; here are weak generals and incompetent ones. Nobody can manage it; them high in authority wink at it and dassent tackle it, and so on down through all the grades of society—Church and State—they dassent touch it. And what is the burnin'est shame, them that ort to fight it support it with all the political and moral help they can give it. Here is a chance, Frederic, for you to do tenfold more for your country's good than ever your revered father did, and you know and I know that if it wasn't for this great evil and a few others, such as the big Trusts and a few other things, our country is the greatest and best that the sun ever shone on. If we loved our country as we ort to we would try to make her do away with these evils and stand up perfect under the heavens. It is the ma that loves her child that spanks her into doin' right if she can't coax her, and now do lay hold and help your country up onto the highest pedestal that a country ever up stood on, and I'll help boost all I can." I hearn behind me a loud "amen," turned into a cough. Arvilly wuzn't to blame, it spoke itself onbeknown to her.

The Soldier's Heart Touched

Sez I, "This is a hard job I am askin' you to tackle. The foe your father fit wuz in front of him but this foe is within and without, and has for allies, powers and principalities and the Prince of Darkness. And now will you, bearin' the name you do, of General Grant, will you flinch before this black-hearted foe that aims at the heart and souls of your countrymen and countrywomen, or will you lead the Forlorn Hope? I believe that if you would raise the White Banner and lead on this army of the Cross, Church and State would rally to your battle-cry, angels would swarm round your standard and the Lord of Hosts go forward before you."

He didn't say he would, I spoze he wuz too agitated. But he sez sunthin' in a real polite way about what a good Ambassador his country had in me.

But I sez sadly, "I can't do much, Frederic, I am a woman, and the only weepon that is able to slay this demon is hung up there in Washington, D. C. Wimmen can't reach up to it, they can't vote. But you can, your arm is longer, and with that you can slay this demon as St. George slew the dragon. And heaven itself would drop down heavenly immortelles to mix with our laurel leaves to crown your forehead. Think on it, Frederic, no war wuz ever so holy, no war on earth wuz ever so full of immortal consequences."

And here I riz up, for I felt that I must leave the Presence, not wantin' to make the Presence twice glad. I reached out my right hand and sez, "Good-by, and God bless you, for your own sake and for the sake of your noble pa."

He looked earnest and thoughtful, that allusion to the boy he loved so, named after his illustrious grandpa, had touched his very soul. I felt that I had not lost my breath or the eloquence I had lavished. I felt that he would help save other bright young boys from the demon that sought their lives — the bloody demon that stalks up and down our country wrapped in a shelterin' mantilly made of the Stars and Stripes—oh for shame! for shame that it is so! But I felt that General Grant would come up to the help of the Lord aginst the mighty, I felt it in my bones. But I wuz brung down a good deal in my feelin's as Arvilly advanced to the

"ELDER WESSEL RUSHED IN, DISTRACTED"

front. She had kep' her word as to talkin', though the indignant sniffs and sithes behind me showed how hard it had been for her to keep her word, but now she advanced and sez, as she drew out her two books from her work bag: "General Grant, I have two books here I would like to show you; one is the *Twin Crimes of America: Intemperance and Greed*, that subject so ably presented to you by Samantha; the other is *The Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Men*."

Arvilly Makes a Capture

Sez General Grant, risin' up: "I haven't time, madam, to examine them, but put me down as a subscriber to both." Arvilly wuz in high sperits all the way back. And as we wended our way to the tarven agin who should we find but Waitstill Webb, and we wuz dretful glad on't, for we wuz layin' out to leave Manila in a few days, and this would be our last meetin' for some time, if not forever. Though I wuz glad to see when questioned by me about her return that she didn't act so determined as she had acted about devotin' her hull life to nursin' the sick.

She told Arvilly confidential that she had had a letter from Ernest White since we had seen her. Arvilly knew that he had wanted to make her his bride before she left Jonesville. But the two ghosts, her murdered love and her duty, stalked between 'em then, and I spozed wuz stalkin' some now. But as I said more previous, the sun will melt the snow, and no knowin' what will take place. I even fancied that the cold snow wuz a little more soft and slushy than it had been, but couldn't tell for certain.

* * *

A dretful thing has happened! I am almost too agitated to talk about it, but when I went down with my pardner and Tommy to breakfast ruther late, for we wrote some letters before we went down, Miss Meechim broke the news to me with red eyes, swollen with weepin'. Aronette, that dear sweet little maid that had waited on all on us as devoted as if we wuz her own mas and pas, wuz missin'. Her bed hadn't been slep' in for all night; she went out early in the evenin' on a errent for Dorothy and hadn't come back.

She slept in a little room off from Dorothy's, who had discovered Aronette's absence very early in the morning, and they had all been searching for her ever sence. But no trace of her could be found; she had disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Dorothy wuz sick in bed from worry and grief; she loved Aronette like a sister; and Miss Meechim said, bein' broke up by sorrow, "Next to my nephew and Dorothy I loved that child."

And anon another dretful thing wuz discovered. Whilst we wuz talkin' about Aronette, Elder Wessel rushed in distracted, with his neck-tie hangin' under one ear, and his coat buttoned up wrong, and the feathers of his conceit and egotism and self-righteousness hangin' limp as a wet hen.

Lucia had gone too; had disappeared jest as Aronette had, no trace could be found of her; her bed had not been slept in. She, too, had gone out on an errent the evening before. She and Aronette had been seen to leave the hotel together in the early evening. Elder Wessel, half distracted, searched for them with all his strength of mind and purse.

I started Josiah off a huntin' the minute he had got through eatin'. He refused pint blank to go before. "Eat," sez I, "who can eat in such a time as this?"

Sez he, "It goes agin my stomach every mou'ful I take (which was true anyway), but we must eat, Samantha," sez he, helpin' himself to another cake. "We must eat so's to keep up our strength to hunt high and low."

The Search Begun

Well, I spozed he wuz in the right on't, but every mou'ful he consumed riled me. But at last the plate wuz emptied and the coffee pot out and he sot off. And we searched all that day and the next and the next, and so did Miss Meechim and Arvilly, with tears runnin' down her face anon or oftener.

Robert Strong, led on, Miss Meechim said by her anxiety, but I thought meb by by the agony in Dorothy's sweet eyes as well as his own good heart, didn't leave a stone unturned in his efforts to find 'em. But they had disappeared utterly, no trace could be found of 'em. They had been seen during the evening with the two young men they had got acquainted with and that I didn't like. They had been seen speaking with them as they came out of the shop where Dorothy had sent Aronette, and the young men could not be found.

"A MAN COME IN AND SPOKE TO ROBERT"

Well, we had all searched for three days without finding any trace of the two missing girls. Everything wuz ready for our departure, but Dorothy said that she could not, could not go without Aronette, but Robert Strong said and believed that the child was dead. He had come to the belief that she and Lucia by some accident had fallen into the water and wuz drowned. Dorothy had cried herself sick and she looked wan and white, but bein' so sweet dispositioned she give up when we all said that we must go before long, and said that she would go too, though I knew that her heart would remain there wanderin' round in them queer streets hunting for her lost one. The morning of the third day after they wuz lost I wuz down in the parlor, when a man come in and spoke to Robert Strong, and they both went out together talking earnestly, and I see in Robert's face a look of horrow and surprise that I had never seen in it before; and the first time Robert saw me alone after that he told me the dretful news. He said that the man that spoke to him was a detective he had employed, and the evening before he had come acrost a man who had been out of town since the night Aronette wuz lost. This man told the detective that he saw her and Lucia and the two young men coming out of a Canteen late at night, staggering and reeling they all wuz, and they disappeared down a cross street towards another licensed house of ruin. Licensed by Christian America! Oh my achin' heart to think on't! "I wonder if our govermunt is satisfied now," I broke out, "since it has ruined her, one of the sweetest girls in the world. But how did they ever entice 'em into that Canteen," sez I.

"They might have made them think it was respectable, they do serve lunches at some of them; of course they didn't know what kind of a place it was. And after they were made stupid drunk they didn't know or care where they went."

"I wonder if America is satisfied now!" I sez agin, "reachin' out her long arms clear acrost the Pacific to lead them sweet girls into the pit she has dug for her soldiers? Oh!" sez I, "if she'd only been drownded!" And I wiped my streamin' eyes on my linen handkerchief.

And Robert sithed deep and sez, "Yes, if she had only died, and," he sez, "I can't tell Dorothy, I cannot."

Elder Wessel's Sorrow

And I sez, "There is no need on't; better let her think she's dead. How long," sez I, turning toward him fierce in my aspect, "How long is the Lord and decent folks goin' to allow such things to go on?"

And he sez, "Heaven knows, I don't." And we couldn't say more, for Dorothy wuz approachin', and Robert called up a smile to his troubled face as he went forward to meet her. But he told me afterwards that the news had almost killed Elder Wessel. He had to tell him to help him in his search. He wuz goin' to stay on there a spell longer. He had to tell him that Lucia had been seen with Aronette staggering out of a Canteen with two young men late at night, reeling down a by-street to that other licensed house which our Christian govermunt keeps nigh the Canteen, it is so obleegin' and fatherly to its soldier boys.

"WE MUST EAT," SEZ JOSIAH, HELPIN' HIMSELF TO ANOTHER CAKE

"WHO SHOULD WE FIND BUT WAITSTILL"

When he told him Elder Wessel fell right down in his chair, Robert said, and buried his face in his hands, and when he took his hands down it wuz from the face of an old man, a haggard, wretched, broken-down old man.

The People's Club House didn't wear the kindly beneficent aspect it had wore. He felt that coffee and good books and music would have been safer to fill the Poor Man's Club with; safer for the poor man; safer for the poor man's family. Tea and coffee seemed to look different to him from whiskey, and true liberty that he had talked about didn't seem the liberty to kill and destroy. The license law didn't wear the aspect it had wore to him, the two cherished institutions Christian America furnished for its citizens at home and abroad seemed now to him instead of something to be winked at and excused, to be two accursed hells yawning for the young and innocent and unsuspicious as well as for the wicked and evil-minded. Ungrateful country, here wuz one of thy sons who sung the praises of thy institutions under every sky! Ungrateful indeed, to pierce thy most devoted vassal with this sharp thorn, this unbearable agony.

"For how was he goin' to live through it," he cried. How was he? His beautiful, innocent daughter! his one pet lamb! It was not for her undoing that he had petted and smiled on these institutions, the fierce wolves of prey, and fed them with honeyed words of excuse and praise. No, it wuz for the undoing of some other man's daughter that he had imagined these institutions had been raised and cherished.

He wuz an old broken man when he tottered out of that room. And whilst we wuz moving heaven and earth hunting for the girls he wuz raving with delerium with a doctor and trained nurse over him. Poor man! doomed to spend his hull life a wretched wanderer, searching for the idol of his heart he wuz never to see agin—never!

(To be Continued.)

"HE FELL RIGHT DOWN INTO HIS CHAIR"

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LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A Church Trust

THE English churches have tried it. Since, it has been ten years tried in the State of Maine. It is nothing dangerous, nor very formidable, except to the enemies of the truth and the institutions of the Tempter. Why should not business men exercise the same business skill in church work and missionary work as in work secular? Why need Christians duplicate work, duplicate officials, duplicate expense, and cultivate unfraternal feelings in trying to carry on the work of the Lord in the earth? It is not church legislation that is proposed. It is not interference with creed symbols, with church government. The Congregationalist may still insist upon the Pilgrim Fathers, and date from them; the Presbyterians from the Covenanters, and date from them; the Methodists from John and Charles Wesley, and date from them. And so with all varieties of church belief and church order. It is proposed merely to hold a church conference of mixed denominations, with reference to duties and labors and perils that are common. Mr. Moody had such meetings in Northfield. The idea was long before in the Young Men's Christian Association. It has been well called a Religious Trust, to do business for the Lord on a larger and mightier scale, and with greater ease and better profits.

The Tired Pen

THERE are many new kinds of pen being manufactured, but no man has yet been able to invent a pen that will not get weary. We have often had hold of a pen that seemed determined to skip and gambol: It leaped from paragraph to pargraph; it flew from simile to trope; it made a dash as it went; it slurred unimportant events; it threw interjections of surprise and interrogations of inquiry and hour after hour rushed along the line. But after a while it was sure to get weary. It stumbled. It dragged. It blotted. It staggered and after a while it dropped as though dead. Talk of weary arms and legs; let some one tell us the story of weary pens. They may be found late at night in editorial rooms, and on reportorial desks, and in the hand of poet, essayist, romanticist, and historian. For the most part they hunger for more bread, and yawn for more sleep, and worn out, long for the grave of obliteration. Kept in a fine case at Abbotsford, you may find the expired pen of Walter Scott, and in the venerable hall of Philadelphia, the pen which signed the Declaration of Independence. But post mortem honors are seldom awarded to deceased quills. They are generally thrown away. They drop into the dust and are trod on, and the places that knew them once know them no more. But our chief sympathy is for the living pens, which write and write and wish they could die. Nothing in all the world has such hard work in making a livelihood as pen and pencil. The one languishes in the picture gallery, the other faints in the study. May the day speed on when literature and art shall come to higher appreciation. That will be the elysium of pen and pencil.

Switzerland Reproduced in Paris

AMONG the many wonderful things to be displayed at the Paris Exposition is a model of Swiss mountains, snow-capped, covered with rocks and trees and descending cataracts. This is to be an exact reproduction of Nature; realism as never before executed at a national exposition, save, perhaps, at Chicago, in the case of the cave-dwellers of Arizona. Our readers can imagine the contrast between the intense civilization of the great city of France and this proposed reproduction of Nature in her wildest aspects. The work is to be carried out with exactness and simplicity and is faithfully to display the mountains, cascades, pastures, houses, chalets of actual Switzerland. It will be a whole Switzerland in miniature, and may be supposed to tone up the great Exposition itself. For certainly God himself walks in Nature. And to reproduce from actual scenery glaciers, pasture lands, even mountain flowers, so to speak, the very walks of God, will actually preach the Gospel of Nature to the world's inhabitants, who shall visit this metropolis of fashion, beauty and art. One feature of the exhibition will be a system of irrigation that will keep this miniature Switzerland in perfect verdure. That ought to remind the people of the verse, "He sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust."

Socialism and Christianity

THERE are apostles in the world who claim that they know Christianity better than the Author of it. They want what they call a Christian State. When the founder of Christianity was on the earth, he was very careful to distinguish between his kingdom and Cæsar's kingdom. He insisted on having his own. But he said, "My kingdom is within you." He said, "Render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." There is no doing the first without doing the last. We must begin, not by tearing down what man is doing in the way of rendering God's things to himself, that we may build up things to be rendered to Cæsar on the ruins; but by tearing down what in man is hostile to God's things, and on the new foundation building up the things that belong unto God. Dr. Blumhart claims that "Christ was crucified because he was a Socialist." Why, he did not at all interfere with social conditions. He cast in his lot with the rich and the poor with like indifference. He disregarded the ecclesiastical differences established by the Jews; but in the social conditions he sought to effect changes only by changing the hidden man of the heart.

The Law and the Canteen

AT the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, Superintendent of Legislation of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has prepared a brief statement explanatory of the present condition of the Anti-Canteen movement and the legislation, passed and prospective, affecting it. She writes:

The Canteen is the army saloon. Why it is styled Canteen is a problem unenlightened minds have not been able to solve. The object of the Canteen, in the beginning, was a well-stocked general store, where soldiers could procure certain luxuries not provided by the government, viz., a well-kept lunch counter, supplied with a great variety of viands, such as canned fruits, meats, pastry, non-alcoholic drinks, and tobacco. Reading and writing materials were also supplied. Gradually beer and other intoxicating liquors were introduced, and it is to have these latter removed that recent legislative efforts have been put forth.

Upon the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, it became evident that many of our boys who had nobly responded to the call for troops were destined to meet a worse fate than to fall in battle, for in these government saloons soldiers were detailed to tend bar, and many a boy going from a Christian home, and a member of the Society of Christian Endeavor, upon enlistment, was compelled to sell liquors to his comrades at this government bar, without question, for implicit obedience is the rule of the army, and there was nothing left for him to do but to obey orders.

Rumors of the terrible condition in camps where the Canteen flourished, during the mobilization of troops in the southern states, aroused the indignation of fathers and mothers whose boys had gone to the front, as well as of the country at large. There was a general protest in the form of petitions to Congress, which culminated in the framing of the now celebrated Anti-Canteen bill, which provides:

That no officer or private soldier shall be detailed to sell intoxicating drinks, as a bartender or otherwise, in any post-exchange or Canteen, nor shall any other person be required or allowed to sell such liquors in any encampment or fort or on any premises used for military purposes by the United States; and the Secretary of War is hereby directed to issue such general orders as may be necessary to carry the provision of this section into full force and effect.

This passed both Houses of the Fifty-fifth Congress, and received the signature of the President. As a consequence of this order, a large number of inquiries reached the War Department, and Secretary Alger referred the law to the Attorney-General, J. W. Griggs, who rendered an opinion that Congress had not intended to abolish liquor selling in the army, but only to prevent officers or soldiers being detailed to sell, and that civilians could do so without fear or question.

A whirlwind of indignation and protest passed over the country at this decision. From press and pulpit, from city and town, from grief-stricken fathers and mothers, came the cry to the Chief Executive, who as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, had it in his power to issue an order forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors in the army.

A committee representing various temperance societies, called upon the President in July last, urging him to take action. He received them graciously, listened attentively, and promised to give the matter personal attention.

Early in January, the National W. C. T. U., through its Superintendent of Legislation, sent out a circular, addressed to prominent professional and business men all over the country, requesting them to write a letter to the President, reminding him of his promise, and urging action. This letter found its way to the Attorney-General, and he replied to the Superintendent of Legislation, that "shortly after the committee had waited upon the President in July, the matter had been referred to him, but with no change in his views, and that furthermore, the present Secretary of War concurred in his opinion."

Thereupon, the President of the National W. C. T. U., Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Miss Anna A. Gordon, Vice-President-at-large, and the writer, waited upon the President again, to ascertain if the opinion of the Attorney-General must be considered as final, and to present over 200 letters from professional and business men and organizations, beside signatures representing over 13,000 people, protesting against the opinion of the Attorney-General. The President assured the ladies that the opinion as given was final, but if "Congress would speak in plain terms on the subject, he stood ready to execute the law."

Again we turn to Congress, and the following bill has been presented in the House of Representatives by Hon. J. D. Bowersock, of Kansas, and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs:

"To prevent the selling or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating drinks in any post exchange, or Canteen, or transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

"That the sale of or the dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating drinks as a beverage by any person, in any post exchange, or Canteen, or transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States is hereby prohibited.

"Sec. 2. That the penalty for any violation of this act shall be no less than one hundred dollars and not more than five hundred dollars for each offence."

Let every one who reads this story, write at once to his Representative, addressing him simply Capitol, Washington, D. C., and urging him to give this bill his support in every way. By so doing, we shall be able to impress Congress with the fact that the people are in great earnest concerning the welfare of the soldier boy.

MARGARET DYE ELLIS,
Superintendent of Legislation.

Liquor Exports to Our Islands

THE writer has just secured the first official report that has been given out by the United States Treasury's Bureau of Statistics (Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief), which shows how beer and whiskey have followed the flag with leaps and bounds since we entered these islands with whiskey "drummers" at the head of the army.

The increase from 1897, when Spain was in charge, to 1899, when our Government was in full control, is shown by the following figures:

	1897	1899
CUBA		
Malt liquors . . .	$27,549	$924,654
Distilled	495	65,271
PORTO RICO		
Malt	2,354	176,510
Distilled	15	19,213
PHILIPPINES		
Malt	663	154,488
Distilled	—	106,843

Washington, D. C.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS,
Supt. of the Reform Bureau.

BRIEF NOTES

Evangelist E. P. Telford is holding meetings this week at Chillicothe, O., at Trinity M. E. Church. On April 8, he begins a series of meetings at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Cincinnati, O. Thence he goes on April 29 to Sidney, O.

The Rescue Band Mission is doing a difficult work at its quarters, 461 Palisades avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J. In endeavoring to evangelize a neglected neighborhood, the mission is meeting with much encouragement and reaching a class that is seldom found within the walls of our churches.

The spirit of toleration had a conspicuous illustration in London recently. The Bishop of London is a member of one of the most exclusive clubs, which takes a pride in keeping its membership extremely select. The Bishop has nominated for membership there Dr. Hermann Adler, the chief Jewish rabbi.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Record* who has been on a journey through Siberia, writes that although he came in contact with Russian officers in every town he has only found one Russian military man who was in sympathy with the imperial rescript on international peace, which summoned The Hague Conference.

Rev. Francis Edward Smiley, of Denver, Col., has been holding meetings at Hastings, Neb., assisted by Mr. Herbert E. Pack, who has had charge of the musical part of the services. Many of the students of Hastings College attended the meetings. Over one hundred persons pledged themselves in Christ's strength to a new life.

Dr. J. E. Clough was expected to attend the Ecumenical Conference of Missions in April next and the Baptist Union gave him leave of absence for the purpose. He has, however, decided in view of the suffering of his people in the famine, to give up his journey and remain in India with them that he may help them in their sore affliction.

Send for Mite Boxes for India's Relief!

Our Flying Relief Ship for India will sail from New York to Bombay with its life-saving load of corn as soon as the cargo can be gathered. The India Government pays the steamer's charter, and Christian America supplies the cargo. All should have a share in this work. One dollar may be the means of saving many lives. Churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor and other Young People's societies, should send for **FREE** Mite Boxes to **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 92 Bible House, New York.**

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

A Home for Old Ladies

I DON'T think any home is ever quite completely furnished until it has an old lady in it, an auntie or a grandmother, or some beloved friend of the family, who is spending her declining years in its shelter. When I was a child there was generally a dear old lady staying with my mother, a relative or an acquaintance, happy in that safe harbor, our peaceful household. It often happens, however, that in the course of human events, women reach old age and have no place of abode on which they have a claim, in which case the best provision for them is found in a retreat like that afforded by an old ladies' home. Here they have pleasant rooms and good care when ill, nursing, doctoring, medicine, and whatever else they may want. The old ladies are company for one another, and have many a friendly hour of gossip over their sewing and mending, while sometimes they are able to do the fine needlework, in which they excel, and dispose of it to others, or in some way aid in lightening the burdens of their own kith and kin. For example, old Mrs. Teal has a distant cousin whose houseful of bairns wear out stockings very fast, and whose heedless boys are often needing a patch on their trousers. Should you peep into Mrs. Teal's mending basket, you would often find that she had a bundle of sewing on hand for her far-away cousin Mattie.

Old age should be sunny and peaceful. The rough and turbulent clamor of life, the battles of the days and the strife with care are behind it. The promise is to God's saints, "At eventide it shall be light." Very beautiful, I think, are the countenances of good women, traced with the lines of struggle, but quiet and resigned, and full of the strength of victory. A woman who is quite homely and plain in her youth, is often beautiful when age softens her face, and crowns it with an aureole of white hair. I like a cap, and consider it a very decorative headdress, especially when the gray hair is growing thin. A tight little knob at the back of the head, and wisps of gray hair over the ears, are not ornamental, but a snowy cap, with a frill or without it, with ribbons, bows, or lacking them, adds much dignity to its wearer; and nothing is more suitable to an old gentlewoman than a shawl or a large kerchief folded over her shoulders.

The cat asleep on the chair, the flowers blooming in the sunshine, the space, the cleanliness of the unspotted room, make this picture of a home for old ladies very attractive.

Variety on the Table

As spring advances we need more variety in our daily bill of fare than in the very cold weather. Stewed fruits, green vegetables as they come, brought to our Northern market from the South, oranges and apples should form a portion of our diet. Eggs and fish, always on the Lenten schedule, may be prepared in so many ways that the family table need not weary by monotony. We need to coax the appetite of the semi-invalid, of the person whom grip has left less vigorous than usual, and of her who frankly believes that she is tired of everything. At this season salads are in order, and they may be of many kinds. On the crisp leaves of the lettuce, lay squares chopped small and fine of the vegetables left over from yesterday's dinner—beets, potatoes, whatever they may be—and pour over the whole a mayonnaise dressing. Apples and celery finely chopped make a delicious salad. We do not use so much oil as we ought in our food, and American women, being highly strung and nervous, require fat of some kind in their food. Nothing is better than oil, used as a condiment, and a simple French dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, adds piquancy to the raw tomato or the lettuce leaf, which help out luncheon or dinner. Onions, which are undeniably wholesome, can never be a popular article of food on account of their pungent odor, which is apt to linger on the breath for hours.

In Play-time

When our little people are at play, and aware of no observation from their elders, they reveal quite unconsciously, not only their traits of character, and the education they have received, but also the style of living in their homes. A little maid of eight, who is sharp and fretful, and given to scolding her dolls, is an index finger, pointing to her own mother. A boy of ten, out of whose mouth slips slang or worse profanity, may have heard that sort of objectionable language from father or elder brothers. If we wish to know our children, and to be fully acquainted with the influences which surround them, we must watch them when they are at play. A mother should be shy of letting her little girls wander off with strangers. They are safer under her own eye.

A TRANQUIL EVENTIDE

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—Margaret. In a city like New York a good trained nurse may receive from fifteen to forty dollars a week. Twenty-five dollars a week is frequently paid her.

—Elsie V. The young woman was very rude to interrupt a conversation not intended for her ears, and her explanation that she was vexed by hearing her own name did not amend matters.

—Mrs. E. O. You have done a good work in your fidelity and kindness to your husband's large family of children. No wonder they love and appreciate you, now that they are settled in life themselves.

—Louise J. "P. P. C." on a visiting card left at your door or sent you by mail means: "To take leave," or "Good-by for a time," as your friends are going from home for a season. You do not return such a card by one of your own.

—M. D. S. We are not so far apart in opinion as you think. Your letter largely expresses my own feeling in the management of children. Punishment is, of course, sometimes necessary. My point is that it should never be inflicted in anger or resentment; always in gentleness, tenderness, and love.

—Vivisection. In Aunt Patience's humble opinion an immense amount of wholly unjustifiable cruelty goes on under the name of scientific investigation. God forgive the torturers of dumb creatures, when they inflict needless pangs upon defenceless animals which cannot retaliate nor save themselves from agony.

—A Sister. You are right. A mother cannot in our country choose a wife for her son, and prevent his marrying the girl he loves, in order that he may oblige her. A mother has no such privilege, and a son must assert himself. If a man ever has the right of choice it is when he is seeking a wife. The second young lady in the case is being unfairly treated.

—Bachelor Friend. You misunderstand the spirit in which your married acquaintances deprecate your single life. They see in you an excellent husband for some admirable woman; they observe your good temper, candor and charm of disposition and manner; and, knowing how happy some maiden would be if allied to you, they suggest that you should become a benedict. No impertinent interference is intended.

—W. F. H. A Christian who has wronged another will always try by every possible means to make amends. This may be done by a personal acknowledgment to the injured party, or if false impressions have been wilfully made, by an honest retraction wherever it is necessary. The pastor would be a good adviser of the best course to pursue. As a rule Christians do not deliberately seek to hurt other people, either fellow members of the church or outsiders.

—Brown Eyes. A black satin dress is not quite so appropriate for a bride's traveling costume as a wool gown of serge or other material would be. I advise you keeping your black satin for church and visiting, and procuring a simple jacket and skirt to be worn with a shirt waist on your journey. Gray or tan gloves and a turban simply trimmed would be suitable with this toilette. Have the wedding cake for the boxes cut and packed beforehand, and let each guest take a box on leaving the house after the wedding reception. It should be a rich fruit cake, and each slice must be wrapped in parafin paper. The bridal cake, cut by the bride herself, may be a white cake, flavored with almonds and elaborately iced. In acknowledging a gift from former business associates of your husband and yourself, the proper way will be to say: "Dear Friends: We thank you sincerely for the kind assurance of your good will and the beautiful wedding present you have sent us. Very truly yours," and then let both names follow, the husband's first. Ordinarily if gifts are sent to the bride, she sends her thanks personally, signing her maiden name. I hope, dear Brown Eyes, that you and your fiance will be very happy in your marriage.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

A YEAR ago, in the sweet spring weather,
We sought the trailing arbutus together;
Brushing the withered leaves aside,
And the long pine needles, brown and dried.
We found it there with its glossy green
And its clustering flowers coy between
The sheltering leaves, so near the ground,
And we laughed and sang for the treasure found.

Over the waxen petals white
Hovered a blush as they met the light—
Pure as the look a maiden wears
As forth she comes from her morning prayers.

I gathered the lovely things for you [dew,
With the breath of the woods in their drops of
And home we went by the common way
With a halo around our holiday;
For we both had lost and we both had found
A something sweet in the forest's bound.

And if your heart was exchanged for mine
As we stooped for the blossoms beneath the pine,
The pine was far too high to hear
The words you whispered in my ear.

But the shy arbutus knew of the "yes,"
The troth-plight sealed with love's first kiss.
And every year in the blithe spring weather
We seek the trailing arbutus together.

Ash-barrels and Waste-paper

I LIVE in a city which on certain days of the week parades in sackcloth and ashes before the public gaze. Early in the morning of the penitential Friday, the householder rolls out his barrel overflowing with gray ashes and with red cinders. The latter in such proportion that the frugal and thrifty shudder at the waste of coal which goes on in our American homes. Not one in ten of our townsfolk seems to know that cinders make a hot and clear fire, and should be utilized and not thrown away. Unsightly debris of various descriptions is mingled with the ashes, and inquisitive Italians and professional ragpickers come along, poke the barrels with sticks and hooks, to the detriment of the sidewalk, fringed so far as the eye can see with this unornamental line of defenses, like an abattis thrown up against assault. By and by, great wagons rumble along and dusty men, powdered white with the ashes of the town, toss the barrels high in the air, empty their contents, and fling them furiously back upon the pavement. Woe to the unfortunate pedestrian at that moment passing by. She will be covered with a cloud of dust, and her clothing will show its traces, while her face, unless she is exceptionally amiable, will be darkened by a frown.

To all women who preside over city homes, here is a word in season: Do not allow in your ash-barrefs anything other than ashes. Waste papers have no place there. Garbage should be burned, never buried in an ash-barrel, nor kept waiting for the garbage man, nor thrown about on the floor of the cellar or by the back door.

Burn all refuse which can possibly be thus disposed of. This is at once the safest, cleanest and most sensible method to pursue, and it removes the peril of lurking germs, which may infect the lungs or poison the water-supply. Put ashes and other rubbish into covered receptacles, and stand guard over your own premises, so that bits of paper and anything else which helps to make the street and city untidy may not start on their course from your door. We owe a duty in this matter to our neighbors and the community.

A Word About Prayer

Dear friends, what are we that we should dictate to our Heavenly Father? We complain that we pray and our prayers are not answered. How do we know this? The petition may not be answered in a way open to our eyes; we may not see just what we desire, but God is not limited by our narrowness, and he knows what is for our good, though we ourselves may not know it. Shall we not trust in his never-failing love and boundless wisdom?

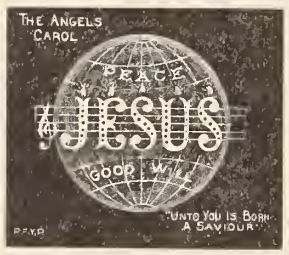
Gospel Teaching by Crayon

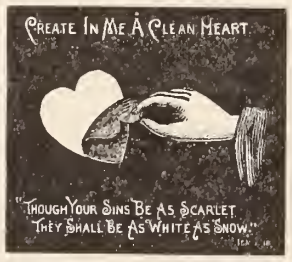
HOW REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE DEVELOPED AND POPULARIZED THE BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATIONS

TEACHERS in the Sunday Schools of America and Great Britain are under obligation to the famous preacher, of Scranton, Pa., whose portrait appears on this page. The now almost universal use of the blackboard in Sunday School work was in its infancy when Mr. Pierce threw his energy and his genius into it, and he has given it a vitality and a power which have widely extended its usefulness. At its first introduction it was restricted almost entirely to the primary department, and in truth the early illustrations were fit only for that department and not always for that. Mr. Pierce also brought to the work the cartoonist's genius and raised the character of the illustrations, so that they appealed to the older scholars and even to adults. We never lose our interest in pictures, and when a picture tells a story at a glance, or places some truth forcibly before the eye, the sense of vision reinforces the sense of hearing and impresses the lesson with double force on the mind. Christ's sermons show that "He who knew what was in man" appreciated the value of illustration. The kingdom of heaven, which he came to proclaim, always appears in his discourses as like some phenomenon, or some custom, with which his hearers were familiar. Stars, trees, fruit, vines, leaves, etc., were used by the Great Teacher to impress spiritual lessons. Behold him point to the sparrows and teach the transcendent value of human life. Again he points to the fisherman's net, or the ripening harvests, or displays a Roman denarius, or plucks a lily for a text. Pictures speak as forcefully as words, and the teachings of the pictures are often more impressive and abiding. Old and young, of every tribe and nation, find here a universal language which they can understand.

REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE

THE CHRISTIANS COMMISSION
THE WORLDS CALL
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH MY GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE
COME AND HELP US





Pictured truth has power, and Mr. Pierce has most wisely harnessed the illustrated methods to preaching the living word--methods which are so successfully applied to the departments of secular education, to the commercial, industrial, political, philanthropic and literary enterprises of the day.

A new impetus is being given to "eye preaching" when our colleges and theological seminaries and institutions for the training of Christian workers are asking for instruction and help in this practical method of spreading the light of God's truth. Mr. Pierce has just been giving another course of explanatory lectures on the illustrative methods of preaching, at the University of Chicago, the Baptist Missionary Training School, and the Moody Bible Institute. The *Chicago Journal* says: "Rev. Robert F.Y. Pierce is delivering a course of lectures on 'Object Preaching' at the Moody Bible Institute. It is safe to say that no more practical and inspiring addresses have been given to Christian workers in this city for a long time. Mr. Pierce is a thorough Bible student, an earnest speaker and a gifted artist, and he combines these gifts in a remarkable degree in simplifying Scripture truths and presenting them to the heart through the eye. The students at the Moody Institute have been charmed by the novel and the practical methods of illustration introduced by the lecturer. Many neighboring ministers and visiting clergymen are availing themselves of these talks, and from the profusion of notebooks and registered hints, it may be expected a large number will introduce this method of preaching and teaching in religious work. The lecturer enjoys an international reputation in his field, as his blackboard illustrations of the Sunday School lessons are extensively used throughout the United States, Canadian provinces and Europe. His recent book, entitled *Pictured Truth*,* is a handbook of blackboard and object teaching, and is a valuable aid to all classes of Christian workers. His lectures at the Institute are profusely illustrated; the rapid sketches, quick combinations and pungent truths come as a flash, every stroke of his crayon having a new meaning."

Mr. Pierce was born at Salem, N. J., and his early education was received at the public schools and the academy of his native town. In 1871 he graduated from the State schools of New Jersey, and entered upon the teacher's profession in which he was eminently successful, six thousand students being under his care. He early exhibited energy and tact and had been principal of two academies before he was twenty-one. At his majority he was chosen principal instructor in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia, the office which James G. Blaine filled when he began his public career.

Mr. Pierce gave much attention to convention work among secular teachers, and organized the American Normal Institute—a home school for the education of teachers—which was afterward embodied in Chautauqua work. For several years during his work as a teacher he pursued the study of medicine, which had been commenced in his boyhood. During the most of the time he was teaching and engaged in medical work he was resisting the call to the Christian ministry. In 1884 he gave up all else to devote his life to the higher claims of the Gospel, and was ordained March 4, 1885. His first work was the pastoral care of the great Mission in Philadelphia, organized by the Christian philanthropist, Mr. John B. Stetson. Since then he has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Mount Holly, N. J., and of the State Street Baptist Church of Rockford, Ill., in both of which he met with great success and was much beloved.

After two years in the ministry as an evangelist, in connection with the Grace Baptist Temple of Philadelphia, and the great rescue work of that city, he accepted the call of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church of Scranton, Pa., where his ministry is greatly blessed. While his first service is to the church of his pastoral care, his peculiar gifts identify him with the broader ministry of the world.

For several years Mr. Pierce has been deeply interested in all phases of Sunday School work throughout the world, and he is an important factor in developing the religious life of the young people. He was one of the organizers of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, and for some time was the national secretary of that Society. He designed the badge which is now worn by thousands of Young Baptists in the United States and Canada. His broad Christian spirit makes him a universal favorite in young people's gatherings of all denominations. At the great Christian Endeavor convention in San Francisco, thousands attended his daily lectures.

The three illustrations on this page show how Mr. Pierce uses the blackboard to teach spiritual truth. The globe with the name of Jesus in the centre was used to illustrate a Christmas lesson, showing how light and peace and good-will have come from him whose advent the angels proclaimed to the shepherds. The globe with the projecting hand served to impress the duty of foreign missions. Christ's command to preach is on the one side, and the hand between the words of the Macedonian cry, implies the readiness of the world to receive the word. The third illustration, though scarcely such as an orthodox theologian would use, conveys the idea of the cleansing of the heart by removing its dark, sin-stained, sin-hardened covering, under which is the heart, soft and white, ready for the entrance of the Holy Spirit. Such illustrations as these make an appeal to the eye and live in the child's memory after the spoken words are forgotten.

*Published by Wm. H. Dietz, 115 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

"Never Do Things by Halves."

Sometimes the condition of your health could be described as half-sick and half-well. You may not be ill enough to go to bed but too ill to be happy or efficient in your home or your business. Why not be wholly well? Your dragged-out, tired feeling is due to poor blood and nothing else. Make your blood rich by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works to perfection; there is nothing like it.

Tired Feeling — *"My husband would come home from work so tired he could hardly move. He began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured him. It cured my girl's headaches." Mrs. A. J. Sprague, 57 Oak St., Fall River, Mass.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Watches
$90 for $30.
$1 Monthly
Payments.

OLD WATCHES taken as part payment; here is a lot of watches that I am going to sell for only a fraction of the real cost, believing that it will make many good customers for me; there is quite a little history connected with this lot; there are just 1000 of them; they were made on contract for one of the leading watch dealers of this city; they were to be sold for $90 each; the investment when sold would amount to $90,000, one of the largest ever made in this section; the man that made the contract failed in business before a single watch was delivered; the contract called for high-grade Waltham movements and gold cases, every case to be made heavy double stock; to compare with any $90 watch in the market; I have bought the entire lot for cash, and shall offer them for $30 each; anybody that knows anything about a watch will see at once that they are a genuine $90 watch for $30, and I am perfectly willing to send one to any address in the United States for examination if $1 is sent to insure express charges, which amount will be allowed on the bill; there are a few ladies' sizes in the lot at the same price, both hunting style and open face; it will be many years before an opportunity of this kind presents itself again; I would say now for the benefit of strangers that have never had dealings with me that they can readily find out my financial standing at any bank in the United States; my establishment has been in existence at the same number 40 years; also another large establishment in New York city, opened three years ago. Call or address, whichever is the most convenient. KEENE'S WATCH STORE, 1301 Washington St., Bostou; 140 Fulton St., New York. I have some good trades in diamonds from $10 to $1000; open Saturday nights till 10 o'clock.

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Absolutely Pure.

The Government Investigations show Royal superior to all other baking powders in purity and strength.

Welch's Grape Juice is not a preparation—it is the pure Juice of choice Concord Grapes, pressed on the spot where grown. It not only is a most helpful table beverage, but it is a valuable tonic food for sick and well. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

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BOYS PAPER FREE if you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you the Star for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 30, OAK PARK, ILLS.

Safe Investments For Small or Large Sums Pay better than Savings Banks. Address, FIDELITY INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.

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and many other high-class pure books, postpaid for 5c. each, by H. E. Erwin, Lock Box 998, New Orleans, La.

Hundreds of thousands, all over the world, use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you? Cresolene is a specific for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Cold.

A germacide of great value in the treatment of contagious diseases, as Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever.

Descriptive booklet giving testimonials by physicians and prominent people free.

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WANTED agents to sell our money makers. Liberal salary or commission to satisfactory agents. "Excelsior Writer & Speaker" on Composition and Oratory. "Queen of Republics," "War in South Africa" and others. Danford Pub. Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Rejoicing in the Light

Saved Men Tell Their Stories of Rescue in the Old Bowery Mission

THURSDAY, the first of March, was a pouring wet day, but during the afternoon and evening three gatherings were held at the Bowery Mission, 55 Bowery, differing considerably from each other, but all very interesting to anyone interested in what is often spoken of as the "reaching of the masses" by the saving and keeping power of God.

The first of these was an organ recital, which has already been described in these columns. The next gathering was a smaller one, and composed of very different persons. It was held in the basement, and there was no pealing organ for the singing. There were about a dozen men, ages from sixteen to sixty, and there were few indications of prosperity beyond clean faces, clean linen—what there was of it—and whole garments. Yet this was a precious gathering; these men were some of the "sheaves" that God allowed his faithful laborers to gather in before their eyes. "Honest John Long" presided. He is a white-haired convert of the Mission, too, and later in the evening, in another place, described himself as having been a regular drunkard when he first made his appearance in the establishment. This gathering was a converts' prayer meeting for the benefit of the meeting soon to assemble in the large hall. Honest John first read them a verse from the first epistle of John, as a kind of helper for them in time of discouragement, and announced that if any of them should take him for an angel, that brother would assuredly be mistaken. At the same time, he could testify to the keeping power of God, and told them how to lay hold on it and keep it for themselves. Then a few testimonies, the most pathetic, perhaps, being from the lips of white-haired men.

The third meeting was not like either of the other two. The large hall was filled with an orderly, well-behaved crowd. Looking at the congregation as a whole one could not but be struck by the high type of the countenances, even where marred by dirt or dissipation, or both. As for the converts of some time standing, not a few of them were as well dressed and groomed as any men in the city, although, of course, there was no display of jewelry. One man who said that on New Year's eve he had less on his back than anyone he could see in that hall, might easily have been taken, both as to dress and mode of speaking, for a prosperous lawyer or merchant. And he was not alone in well-dressed prosperity by any means. It was not easy to comprehend that the majority of that orderly, intelligent-looking congregation were "homeless men." Yet such was the actual case. When the testimony time came the speakers thanked God for having kept them out of the hands of their enemies, drink being the foe most frequently mentioned, for periods of from twenty-four hours to four months. The man who had been kept a whole day said that later on he would give a lecture there on twenty-seven years of rum. He was a strong, well-built fellow, not apparently more than thirty or thirty-five years of age even now, so let us hope that he will have a long term of service for the Master. Another man, wearing a frock coat, and whose large, fine head suggested no mean intellectual power, had been saved for forty-eight hours. Rum had been his downfall, and he was separated from his wife and family by his evil life. He was exhorted to hold on to God, and encouraged by the testimonies of others who had had the same experience, to believe that he should yet have again the joys and happiness of which he had been robbed by his sins.

The meeting was conducted by Mrs. Bird, who was supported by several ladies. Among them was Mrs. Hallimond, who sang "Behold the Saviour at the Door," with a gentle sweetness, the power of which could not fail to impress every unconverted heart. Mrs. Bird is an adept at handling her forces, and the results of her strategy were delightfully manifested at the close.

In Mr. Hallimond's address he mentioned a case that must commend itself especially to church members. Several months ago a young man who had come to feel keen remorse, after a long debauch, came forward for salvation. He said, with great penitence, that his wife had left him in consequence of his evil ways, and that he had no home to go to and no means. The superintendent dealt with him kindly and kept him there that night. All the next day he spent in looking, unsuccessfully, for his wife, and he kept the search up for several days, always coming to the mission at night. One evening he came, bringing his wife with him that she might hear him testify. After that he was seen no more, until a few days ago, in an uptown church, the happy re-united couple came forward to greet Mr. Hallimond at the close of a meeting that he had been holding.

Mr. Fred. Gardner, formerly of the Volunteers of America, and who now has successful missions at Washington and Baltimore, gave the final invitation for those who wanted to prove the power of God in their own lives, to come forward for prayer and personal dealing.

In response to this call, and to active personal dealing, about a dozen men came up to obtain from God the salvation of which they had heard.

FOOD RULES COMPLEXION.

Medicines of No Avail When Improper Food is Persisted In.

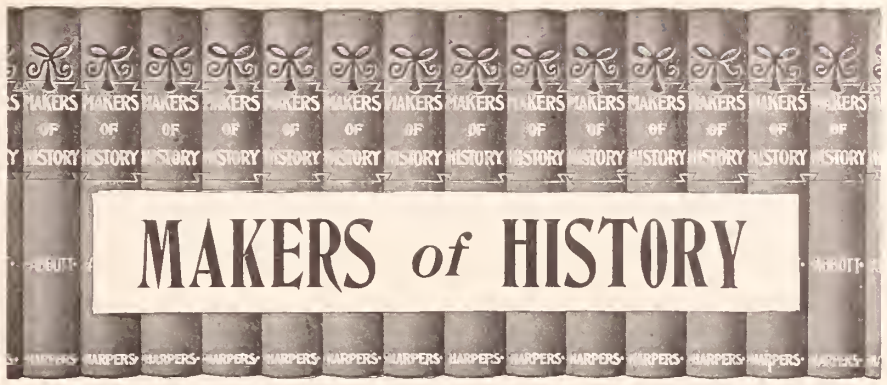
A young lady whose first name is Blossom, and who was for many years, misnamed, but is now properly named, tells some interesting facts about her efforts to clear up her complexion, which in spite of all sorts of medicines and washes, face bleaches, etc., etc., were ineffective, because the root of the difficulty was not removed.

Her own story is interesting. "From childhood up, I, with my sisters and brothers, have been allowed the use of both tea and coffee. After I became a young lady of course it was no more than human that I should wish for a beautiful complexion like several of my companions, but which I did not have. Many different courses were taken to accomplish my end, such as applying face bleach, taking bottles and bottles of cleansing medicines, etc., all to no purpose.

"My older sister had learned before me that coffee was the root of the difficulty and urged me to begin taking hot water. I tried it, but could find little satisfaction in so weak and unpalatable a beverage. While visiting a friend one day, I accepted a cup of coffee (as I supposed), when I noticed that this particular coffee had a hundred per cent better taste than the coffee we had been in the habit of using. Upon inquiring for the receipt of this very pleasing beverage, I learned that I had partaken of the noted Postum Cereal Food Coffee.

"I had struck the goal at last. This was the morning beverage that I wanted, and this, it turned out, was the secret of the beautiful complexion of my friend. Of course we immediately commenced using it in our home, and I want to say that to-day not a more healthy, robust family is to be found in the United States, and the fact is attributable to our abandonment of coffee and the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee." We do not feel disposed to publish the full name of Miss Blossom, but the name can be given to those interested, by letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. The young lady lives in Traverse City, Mich.

It may be of interest to know that many of the young ladies' seminaries throughout the country have discontinued the use of coffee and are using Postum Food Coffee. A letter from Rev. Alex. Burr, Secretary of the Seattle, Wash., Young Ladies' Seminary, recites: "We are using Postum Cereal Food Coffee on the table, greatly to the satisfaction of the faculty and a large number of boarding students."



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A Young Christian Soldier

A reader in Flandreau, S. D., sends us some interesting facts concerning the career of the first American baptized in the Christian faith in the Philippine Islands, the late Corporal Harvey M. Breed, of the South Dakota Volunteers. He enlisted May 17, 1898. "In a little country schoolhouse on the eve of the 17th day of January of that year he first learned of the love of our Saviour, and from that hour he became an earnest, faithful worker and promoter of Christianity. He was a delegate to the Epworth League Convention, which convened at Sioux Falls, May 3d and 4th, 1898. Before he started for the Philippines, when his mother was pleading with him to remain at home, he said: 'Mother, God is calling me; that is my work. I must go.' He did much good work among the soldiers, and was instrumental in organizing the first Epworth League in Manila, where he was the first American to be baptized, according to the rites of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. Owen. He was fatally wounded April 25, 1899." At a memorial service held at his home shortly after his death, many words were spoken of the splendid example he had given in braving the dangers of the battlefield in order that he might carry the Gospel into the ranks of the "boys in blue."

LATE CORP. HARVEY M. BREED

Sunday Work

A TRAVELER, writing to *Hide and Leather*, relates the following incident:

Four of us were sitting in the hotel last Saturday evening, watching the falling snow and listening to the sleigh bells.

"Wish I were home for Sunday," said one of the boys. "I don't," replied another. "If I were, I should probably be hauled down to the office on Sunday morning and bothered and badgered about business."

"This Sunday work is wrong," remarked a quiet and thoughtful man. "No good ever came from it, and none but business fanatics desecrate the sanctity of the Sabbath by letting business cares and responsibilities cripple and disturb the day set apart for rest and reflection."

The sentiments were wise and wholesome. They set me thinking. I know something about Sunday work. Some leading tanners make no secret of attending their office on Sunday mornings to open the mail. To me, the idea is revolting. While it may be absolutely necessary for certain processes in tanneries to receive attention on Sunday, I know beyond all doubt that an office can be run more successfully under six-day management than on the perpetual plan. It is the old story of men fooling themselves. Sad and pathetic foolishness! When man was built of flesh and blood it was never expected he would try and do the work of steel and iron. Human endurance is limited. Vital force and energy are bounded in various degrees in every individual. Business life is an octopus. Its tentacles are widely embracing, and business men have to be careful they are not drawn too closely to the beast and imprisoned for life.

Some Sunday workers make the stupid excuse that by opening the mail on Sundays they can answer their correspondents one day earlier than by waiting until Monday. So they can. What of it! Do the giant corporations insist on their mail being opened on Sundays? I guess not. And yet men doing a comparatively small business are apt to go crazy over it and imagine they are forced to violate the Sabbath. They seem to forget that business men do not expect Sunday answers to letters.

Note the difference between the seven-day worker and the normal man. The former, the fanatic, is a bundle of tired and irritated nerves, unsettled and in a worked-up condition all the time, and one to whom life is a continual nightmare. The Sunday of the six-day worker is spent happily and tranquilly. All business cares are forgotten, and as Sunday evening slowly fades away the sensible man feels strengthened and refreshed and Monday morning sees him jump at his work with avidity, and probably he does more in one day than the tired octopus-ridden fanatic accomplishes in two days.

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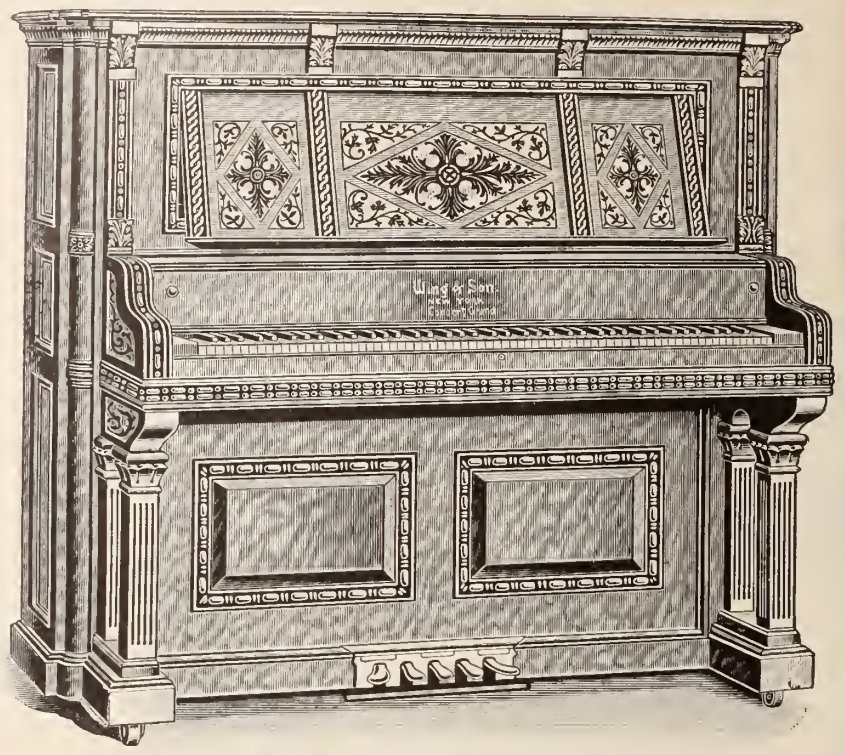

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The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort, whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

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A New Gospel Door Opened

MISSIONARIES' HEARTS GLADDENED BY THE GRANTING OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN ECUADOR

AS we compare the condition of affairs in Ecuador to-day with what existed five years ago, our hearts must cry out, "This is the Lord's doings; it is marvelous in our eyes." Five years ago saw the whole country under the absolute control of the Church of Rome, which through a consecutive government dictated laws and measures to suit the fancy and serve the ends of the clergy. Repeated efforts had been made by colporteurs to establish a work in the land, but the constitution declared the religion of the country to be Catholic, to the exclusion of all others, and every attempt at occupancy failed. One or two workers who managed to gain an entrance were quickly expelled, one of them having to flee for his life. Such was the situation when the liberal revolution in 1895, under General Eloy Alfaro, succeeded in overthrowing the conservative power and the new era began. In 1896 General Alfaro was chosen President and a new constitution was adopted granting religious tolerance. Ecuador, which for more than three hundred years had been a stronghold of the Papacy and had held out till it was the only land in South America where missionaries were excluded, under the hand of God swings open its doors to the messengers of Christ. Even before the signing of the constitution missionaries had landed at Guayaquil, expecting that religious liberty would be granted, and at the very day the final decision was reached they were present in Quito to witness the celebration. The missionaries have been kindly received by the new government and the fullest liberty and protection assured.

THE MARKET PLACE OF QUITO

The stranger landing at the port of Guayaquil finds himself confronted by an active commercial life in a tropical city enjoying many of the conveniences of modern civilization. Journeying inland towards Quito, which lies some six days' hard travel away, a few hours on horseback brings an entirely new change of scenery: and less than one hundred miles away the traveler finds himself in almost another world. The climate has changed into the cool autumn of the temperate zone, the products are altogether different, the houses of another style and structure and the people and customs appear to belong to a past century.

Here the Church of Rome has enjoyed undisputed sway since the time of the Spanish conquest, and the most intolerant fanaticism prevails. Against this mighty opposition the missionaries have had to press themselves in the power of God, and the effort has not been altogether unsuccessful. Although in three different places mobs have been raised, yet no harm has come to any one and the result has been rather a reflex influence in favor of the missionaries. Stations have already been opened in four different towns while the itinerating work has carried Bibles and tracts into many other places throughout the republic. Whole provinces wait for the first coming of the missionary and large towns have not yet seen even a colporteur.

In many ways the people of Ecuador are an attractive race. Naturally they are quiet and gentle, and only when the fires of fanaticism are roused do they display their capacities for wickedness. The larger part of the inhabitants are engaged in farming. The whole republic has less than fifty miles of railroad and the traveler goes either on horseback or afoot with his baggage carried on pack mules or on the backs of men.

The country offers a blessed opportunity for Gospelwork. Away to the east across the Andes lies a vast unexplored region inhabited by Indians, without a single missionary. Who will go?

Anyone desiring further information about Ecuador may address the Gospel Union, Kansas City, Mo.

Ambato, Ecuador. C. P. CHAPMAN.

A Prince Weds a Native Convert

In his history of the American Mission in Egypt, Rev. Dr. Watson relates the fact of the marriage of Bamba, a young Egyptian girl convert from the Cairo Mission School, to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, son of the renowned Runjit Singh of the Punjab. The young prince, who had been brought up in England, where he had ranked next to the Royal family, and had been a particular favorite with the Queen, was returning to India via Egypt, when he visited the Mission School at Cairo, and first saw Bamba among the other girls. The result of that apparently chance meeting, and of his previous prayers for a Christian wife, was a wedding one June day not long after, and the result to the mission itself was a gift of $5,000, presented by the Maharajah "as a thank offering to the Lord," and a yearly donation of $2,500 as long as his wife lived.

They Enjoy Samantha

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Dear Editor:—The writer has read "Aunt Samantha" aloud to the delectation of others, as well as myself. She is truly amusing and instructing. Have long enjoyed reading "Josiah Allen's Wife." She is a character. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"—and women too. M. E. C.

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THE subject discussed [in the Book of Job] is the mystery of human suffering, and its bearing on the righteous government of the world; this is one of the stock questions of philosophy. Each section of the book is the representation of a different philosophical attitude to this question. The three friends present a cut-and-dried theory of suffering—that it is always penal. They are brought before us as behaving in the usual fashion of persons finally committed to a theory; they pour out stores of facts that make for their view, they ignore and refuse to examine facts that tell against it, and they hint moral obliquity as the real explanation of refusal to concur in their doctrine. Elihu introduces the same theory modified and corrected to date; with him suffering is punishment for sin, but that special kind of punishment which is corrective in character. He accordingly stands for a philosophic school of the second generation; and we are not surprised to find him maintaining his position with as much inflexibility as the friends have shown, and at the same time magnifying his slight difference from them and appearing no less an adversary to the friends than to Job himself.

"Beware lest ye say 'We have found wisdom; God may vanquish him, not man;'
For he hath not directed his words against me,
Neither will I answer him with your speeches."

At the furthest remove from these is found Job, who takes a negative attitude, shattering other theories, but providing none of his own. Of course, no one will understand Job really to accept what some of his words imply, as when he sees in God an omnipotence that judges only to display power. But these wild words are not out of place as a poetically strong representation of the perplexities that encounter one who would explain providential action. Job simply cannot solve these perplexities: he trusts in a divine vindication at some time, but can only pronounce the problem of life insoluble.

Yet another philosophical position is embodied in the Divine intervention. This portion of the book has been often misunderstood. It has been assumed not unnaturally that the Divine intervention must be a final settlement of the question in dispute. When the speeches attributed to God are examined in this light, they are found to be no settlement at all, or what were worse than any settlement, an indignant denial to man's right to question. But such interpretations overlook one important consideration: that in the Epilogue Job is pronounced by the Lord to have said of him the thing that is right, while Job's friends, who maintained the wickedness of questioning, are declared to have incurred the Divine anger. The whole is introduced with the explanation: "The Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind." But when we go below this outer form and inquire what is the general drift of the Divine utterance as a whole, we find that its effect is to widen the field of discussion. Job has fastened his attention simply upon evil and successfully maintained to inexplicableness against his friends. The Divine intervention brings out that the good and the great, all that men instinctively admire in the universe, is just as inexplicable as evil. This implies consolation to the human sufferer as well as progress to the discussion. Job had met loss and pain without a murmur; he broke down when long musing made him realize the isolation his ruin had brought him and how he was an outcast from intelligible law. He recovers his self-control when he is led to feel that his burden is only part of the world-mystery of good and evil, for the solution of which all time is too short.

*From *The Literary Study of the Bible:* An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Literature in the University of Chicago. Pp. 560; price, $2.00. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, Mass. This extract is taken from the chapter dealing with the literary framework of the Book of Job. The light Dr. Moulton sheds on this difficult book is only a specimen of his treatment of the other books of the Bible, which is singularly lucid and interesting.

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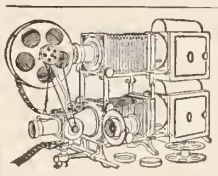

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The End at Hand

Signs of the Times Indicating Consummation, by Rev. T. R. Lawrence

IF we look at the accumulated evidence of the signs of the times, we shall see that there is a certain preparation going on in the world for some great change. The nations are more disturbed—more generally disturbed—than ever before. There is a revolutionary spirit in every country in Europe; secret societies, and other societies which are not secret, all animated by the desire to overturn the present order of things. I venture to say that the world cannot go on in its present state much longer without some very important change.

And the preparation for upheaval is clearly seen in the growing secularism, rationalism, and infidelity of the present day. All these things are going hand in hand to prepare the world for the infidel king, for one who will outrage all the laws of propriety, and kill the present ideas concerning true government.

And then, again, there is a preparation manifest in the increasing admiration for all that is clever, learned, and great. If ever the world had a hero after it [illegible] heart fitted to be the idol of this worship of genius, it will be the man whom the Bible calls the Antichrist, for we are told in Revelation of "all the world wondering after him."

Notice, also, the words of our Lord to the effect that the Gospel shall be preached as a witness to all nations, and "then the end will come." That prophecy could never have been fulfilled until within the last six or ten years. It could not have been fulfilled until Stanley and others discovered the great lakes of Central Africa, until missionaries had been sent out to Victoria Nyanza; until explorers penetrated to the heart of Africa, and a band of devoted missionaries established a missionary station there which is going on at the present time.

Observe, too, the parable of the Gospel supper, wherein the invitation went forth and the announcement made, all things are ready, and those who were bidden did not come. Upon this, the invitation went into the highways and hedges, and the people were compelled to come in, that the master's house might be filled, and then the door was shut. Now, the Gospel message went, first of all, to the cities of Palestine, and the Jews rejected the offer; the message went forth through the cities of Europe, and through the streets and lanes of the cities; and the people were invited to come in. But there has been nothing like this present latter half of the nineteenth century for Gospel invitation and preaching by the Salvation Army and other agencies. Emphatically now has the word gone forth, "Go forth into the highways and hedges and compel them to come into my house;" most strikingly do we see that to be a sign of the times, and from it we conclude that the end of the invitation has come and the door will soon be shut.

There was another message which went forth at midnight, just before the coming of the Bridegroom, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." Students of prophecy there have been here and there before, but now the message is repeated again and again. Hundreds of expositors now search the prophetic word and believe the coming of the Lord to be nigh at hand. Never was there such a cry as now, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

In Dan. 12:4 we find another sign of the coming of our Lord to be that "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Looking at the railway trains and steamers, and the facilities for traveling in the present day we may well say that that prophecy is fulfilled. As it happens, however, there is another meaning to it, which comes out in the Hebrew text, "Many shall run to and fro in the knowledge of the Gospel." Here, then, we see a most distinct sign of the coming of our Lord. The Gospel is being preached on every hand; ministers and lay preachers are running from one end of the world to the other. Conferences are meeting, and from all sides come the fulfillment of the text, "Many shall run to and fro in the knowledge of the Gospel."

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This is a most important fact, for bronchitis is much easier to cure than consumption, every case being curable if properly treated. It is only a seated, chronic inflammation of the mucous lining of the air tubes, and at the worst is as certainly curable in the lungs as such inflammation in any other part of the body.

Consumptive bronchitis is not curable by medicine given by the stomach, nor by those hyperdermically injected, for they never reach its seat. It is only by the direct appplication of medicines to the lining of the bronchial tubes in the lungs that cure is ever effected. The disease is not in the stomach, nor in the blood, but in the lining of the lungs, and *there the remedies must be applied.*

Nothing but a direct application of healing medicines, antiseptics and germicides to the very seat of the disease will affect the cure of this or any other lung case, and they can be applied only by inhaling them in a gaseous state. The lungs constitute an air cavity, and can be reached medicinally only by medicated air. This treatment was discovered, perfected and first successfully applied by me. It is the only natural, scientific and common-sense treatment ever applied for the cure of bronchial and consumptive diseases. If it fails, nothing else could possibly succeed. But it never does fail, unless mortal injury to the lung structures has taken place before it is applied.

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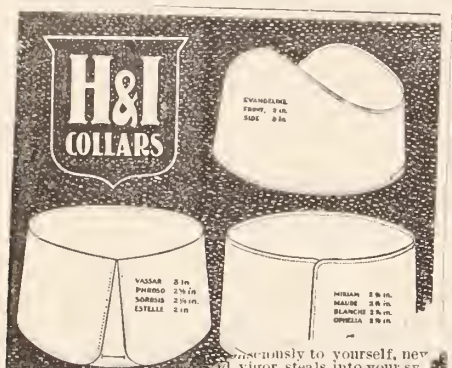

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ESMOND, S. D.

Dear Editor: We are sorry it is not more, but it will help a little. We send you our photographs also. We thought our friends back East would be surprised to see our pictures in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. From your tal, little Dakota friends,

CARRIE AND JENNIE [illegible] HARMAH.

This noble example [illegible] upon other [illegible] great privilege [illegible] not be lost beside [illegible] little people. It is surely a living [illegible] for [illegible] college, and a very graceful thing [illegible], for an American boy or girl, [illegible] at home cosily with kind parents and among kind friends, to do something for some poor wretched famine child in far-off India, who very likely has neither parents, home nor friends, and who has probably never had quite enough to eat and now has nothing unless strangers give a little. A gift like that of Carrie and Jennie will save a life—yes, probably several lives. If every child in this Union, who is willing to try to save some boy or girl in India, were to send a gift to the Fund—with a little, earnest prayer for a blessing upon it—the good missionaries and distributors (who receive the food and medicines procured with those gifts, sent to them through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) would be able to feed a great multitude. Thus the children of America would become the providential means of saving many, many precious lives.

Cheer from Armenia

LETTERS from the various mission stations in Armenia, to the support of which the readers of this journal have generously contributed, have been received during the past week and all contain encouraging reports of the progress of the educational work among the orphans. Miss Myrtle Foote writes from Urfa:

Dear Friends of The Christian Herald —Your letter containing draft for the support of orphan boys was received. Miss Shuttuck is now in England, on her way to America. You will probably see her soon and she will be glad to tell you all about the boys. They are a bright promising lot, and well worth educating.

From Harpoot comes a touching letter from a young Armenian girl:

Our Noble and Dear Benefactors —Again and again we express our thanks to you, who, in places thousands of miles away, sent gifts to make us happy. We are sixty-six girls, gathered from many villages, and through Christ we have become dear sisters to one another. We divide into bands and these are the names of the bands: The Rising Sun, the Sweetness Band, the Love-your-Companions Band, the Morning Star, the Truth-Speaking Band, the Faithfulness Band, and the Obedience Band. Every month we review together our subjects and read our reports and thus we continue our work. Now I will tell you the work which we do during vacation: We bring wool, spin it, and knit stockings; we make hoods, crochet edging and sew. Besides this, of course we do the housework. All the girls have loving salutations for you, and we always pray that the Lord will give you a thousand-fold for the good things you do. VARTER SARKISIAN.

Letters acknowledging remittances for the support of the orphans have also been received from Rev. George P. Knapp, Harpoot, and Rev. Willis C. Dewey, of Mardin.

The Bible in Bengal

Rev. N. Madsden, writing from Bengal to the American Bible Society, says: "I find that during these nine or ten years of missionary work I have sent into circulation about three thousand Bibles and Testaments, and over fifty thousand Bible portions."

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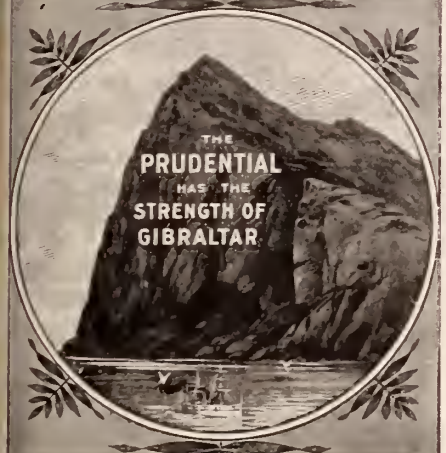

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Always Ready

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 1. Luke 12: 35-40

MUCH time is wasted by students of prophecy in the effort to find out the exact, or approximate date of Christ's second coming. If they could succeed they would, to a certain extent, defeat Christ's purpose in concealing the date. His object in stating the certainty of the event and not disclosing the time, was to have his people in a condition of constant readiness, which, in his mind, was better than having them get ready for a definite period. The familiar story of the clergyman and the miller is an illustration of this principle. The clergyman had occasion, one Monday morning, to consult the miller, who was one of his trustees. He, therefore, called at the mill. The miller came out of the cloud of dust, with which the air of the mill was full, to greet his pastor. But when the latter held out his hand to shake hands, the miller drew back and showing his own hands covered with dust, said apologetically: "I did not expect a visit from you, please excuse my dirty condition." The clergyman said: "Do not apologize. I hope that when my Lord comes, he will find me, as I find you, engaged in my duties." Christianity is a matter of condition, of being. The true Christian is not a man concerned about the end of his life and worrying about his own safety; he is a man who has the spirit of Christ, the sweet, loving helpfulness of him who "went about doing good;" and not the servant who has neglected his duties and needs to make a hurried performance of them at the last.

The blessing Christ pronounces on those whom, at his coming, he will find watching, may come upon those who are peacefully asleep in their beds, or engaged in the office, the store, or the factory at the moment of his coming. His injunction to watch is not a command to leave our duties that we may spend our time in church and prayer-meeting. The wakefulness is spiritual alertness, as opposed to spiritual indolence. In the parable of the ten virgins (Matt. 25: 1-13) the wise, as well as the foolish, virgins went to sleep. They were not blamed for doing so. The fault of the foolish virgins was that they were not prepared for the delay in the bridegroom's coming. The fault of those whom the five foolish virgins represent, is that theirs is only a surface religion. They have no reserve of religious principle which would enable them to meet an emergency. We all know such people. After they have made a profession of faith, they go back to their worldly pursuits in their old spirit, find their enjoyment in worldly amusements and perform their religious duties in a perfunctory manner. As a matter of habit, or as a concession to the opinion of their religious associates, they go to church and to the young people's meeting, but their heart is not in that kind of thing; their thoughts are in the world and dwelling on worldly matters. These are the people who are always asking what harm there is in dancing, card playing, or an occasional visit to the theatre. Their questions show that religion does not satisfy them and that they hanker after the world.

Readiness to meet Christ consists in having his spirit, in love of him, in a continuous effort to please him, to do the things that he would do if he were here and that he likes to have his followers do. And this not by spasmodic exertions, but as the natural outflow of the heart. It requires no effort on the part of a loving husband or father for him to make his wife or children happy; he does the things that will please them because of the love that is in his heart. He may not spend all his time with them; there may be hours in the day when he does not think of them at all. His thoughts are on his work, but deep down in his heart the love for them lies secure and his affection never wavers. That is the kind of love Christ expects of his people. Those who love him so, will be always ready to meet him. They keep clear of all entanglements, all associations, all occupations which would separate them from Christ.

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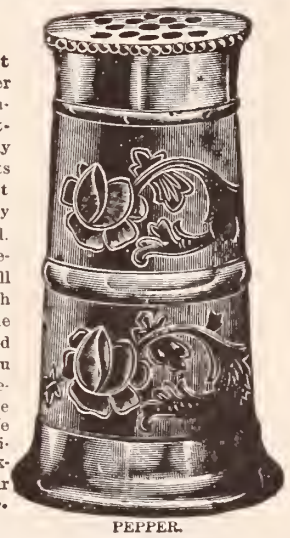

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The Mormon Tablets

A READER of this paper, Mrs. Emma D. C., of Potter Hollow, N. Y., writes concerning the copper plates said to have been found by Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism: "In what language were they," she asks, "and where are they supposed to have originated?" This is not a new question, but one that has been asked a great many times, especially during the recent anti-Mormon agitation on the Robert's case. The plates were claimed to have been found on the west side of a grassy hill, about four miles from Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y. They had lain in the ground, the Mormon leaders mendaciously declared, in a box formed of slabs of stone, tightly cemented together, for some fourteen hundred years. Joseph Smith visited the place after being informed of the exact spot in a revelation, and secured the plates on September 22, 1823. The records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was about seven by eight inches, being not quite so thick as common tin. They were covered on both sides with engravings of something like a jumble of Egyptian, Chaldaic, Hebrew and Mexican characters, bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, and fashioned at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was about six inches in thickness, and a part of it was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and finely engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks intended to indicate antiquity, and the work showed much skill in the art of engraving. With the record, it was claimed that there were also found two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow.

These were in use in ancient times by persons called seers, and by their use they received revelation of things distant or things past or future. Nobody but a few of the inner Mormon circle of leaders have ever claimed to have seen the plates. It has been asserted that the whole *Book of Mormon*, so-called, was copied or adapted from a MS. written by Solomon Spalding, of Ashford, Conn., in 1872, the adaptation being made by Sidney Rigdon, afterward the associate of Joseph Smith. It is universally accepted as a wilful imposture, except by the Mormons themselves.

Finding Spiritual Comfort

Our daily mail contains many letters, of which this is a fair illustration. It is from a reader in Chicago:

It is one of the greatest delights of my life to give my testimony of approval for your enterprise in giving to the public such cheap and in every way satisfactory editions of the Book of books. I speak as one who knows, as I have a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Indexed Revised Version, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, and also a copy of the London Art Bible, all of which are in constant use. I refer to the Indexed Bible when I want the Revised Version and a ready reference; to the London Art Bible when I want my subject illustrated by a superb picture, and to the Red Letter New Testament when I want a "comforter." This Book I find a unique and satisfactory effort, being just the correct size to carry "abroad," as dear grandma used to express it. One certainly gets their "money's worth" from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You have my sincere thanks, and my prayers for your future success and usefulness.

Chicago, Ill. MRS. E. C. REESE.

Cathedral Bells on a Tree

The cathedral in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, a correspondent writes, has no belfry, so the bells are set up in primitive fashion upon trees at the back, and the ringers are natives. For a long time it has been known as "Colenso's Cathedral," in memory of the first Bishop of Natal, who now lies buried within its walls. Bishop Colenso was the author and editor of many books in the Zulu language. The natives, amongst whom he was deservedly a great favorite, knew him best as "Usobantu" ("Father of the people"). He died in 1883. What was until very recently but a small hamlet close to the banks of the Tugela, the town of Colenso, is also called after the Bishop. A few weeks ago it was the scene of an important battle.

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How a Sunday School Was Founded

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—Mrs. M. A. B., who resides in Utah—recently wrote to this journal, setting forth the great need of Sunday School work in her immediate neighborhood. Her letter was referred to the American Sunday School Union, whose New York manager—Rev. E. P. Bancroft, 158 Fifth Ave., N. Y.—communicated with her and gave the necessary supplies and full instructions for "planting" the proposed Sunday School. The sequel is told in the following letter from the lady herself to Mr. Bancroft:

The books and all other literature were received some time since, but I did nothing about organizing till after the receipt of your letter. Last Saturday I sent a note to each family, inviting them to meet at the school house for the purpose of organizing a Union Sunday School. I was greeted by about twenty. We read John 14 and sung a hymn, then united in the Lord's Prayer. I then told them of the Society and its work, and what had been sent me for this place. After this they elected their officers, selecting my unworthy self as their superintendent. I would so much rather some one else had been chosen; but I shall do my best, leaving the rest to God. There were nine adults and eleven children present. We called the Sunday School the "State Line Union Sunday School," and Mrs. Carrie McBurney is our secretary. This is just a small place, and there has been existing among the people here quite a little spirit of unfriendliness; but all are glad of the Sunday School, and think it will do more to unite the people than anything else. I am a stranger, having only been here since November, so have no such feelings, and it may be that that fact will help a little, too. Pray God's blessing to rest upon the work and that it may bear good fruit. Later on I will endeavor to send you a donation toward the help rendered; at present we will have to get some song books and the next quarter's supplies. MRS. M. A. B.

This lady is one of a large number who have been enabled, through the aid of the A. S. S. U., to establish Sunday Schools in sections where the people were absolutely without any religious privileges whatsoever. In nearly every instance the schools have thriven wonderfully, and not a few have developed into live evangelical churches. There are many localities in the thinly populated States and on our frontiers where Sunday Schools are surely needed, and this fact opens opportunities for many to become personally identified with such a work. Thus a donor in some village town or city, by a gift of $25, can be the means of starting a new and much needed Sunday School, and it can be supported on a yearly gift of from $15 to $30. It is a work which many a Christian man or woman, desiring to do something for the Master, can undertake through the American Sunday School Union, and the school so started will be his or her own special and exclusive benefaction or gift. A hundred needy localities are appealing for just such schools.

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Tickets, including transportation, meals *en route* in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of $34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, $32.50 from Trenton; $31.00 from Philadelphia and proportionate rates from other stations.

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For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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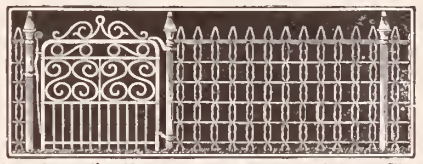

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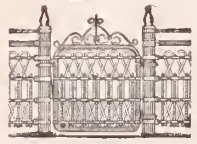

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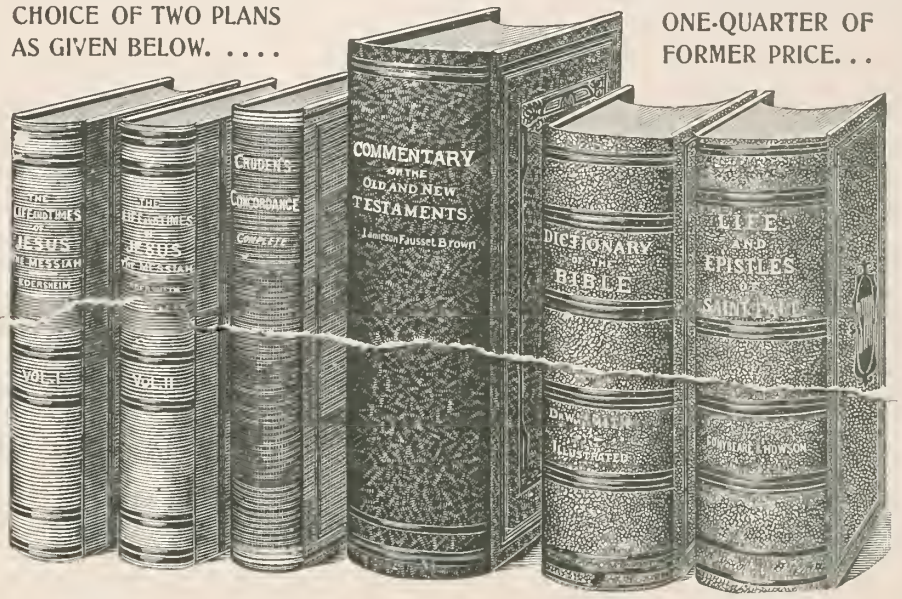

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 13

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1900

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India's Awful Famine—Distributing Food to the Starving Multitudes at Ahmedabad (SEE PAGE 253)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered April 25

1. What is probably the greatest distance at which lightning may be seen from a cloud just above the horizon?
2. Of how many stars is the Southern Cross composed? What is its form and how far north is it visible?
3. How far may law properly interfere with a man's injury to himself?
4. What is supposed to be the origin of the bridal veil?
5. What is the meaning and origin of the proverb, "A miss is as good as a mile"?
6. What is the difference between liberty and license, and can there be personal liberty where there is law?
7. What is the meaning of the word "wisdom" as used in the Old Testament?
8. Since we are divinely taught to pray day by day for the forgiveness of our sins, of what avail is the exhortation "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect"?
9. What is the origin of the term Yankee?
10. Is the teaching of Scripture about the final judgment intended to convey the idea that there will be one set time of judgment for all mankind, or is it warrantable to believe that each man is judged separately? Can one hold the latter theory consistently with Bible teaching?

Questions of the Week

1. Were the character, career and destiny of Judas known to Christ, and, if so, why did he choose him as one of his twelve disciples?

Christ knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man; for he knew what was in man (John 2: 24, 25). He himself says: "I speak not of you all; I know whom I have chosen; but that the Scripture may be fulfilled, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me" (John 13: 18). This latter passage gives the Scriptural reason for the choice. W. P. ANDREWS.

2. Does hypnotism or personal magnetism bear any relation to the spirit of divination, cast out by Paul (Acts 16: 16), or the unclean spirit, cast out by Christ (Luke 4: 33)?

There is no necessary relation between hypnotism or personal magnetism and the evil spirits mentioned in the foregoing question. Evil persons may use their hypnotic or magnetic powers for evil purposes. On the other hand good people can and do use such powers with good effect. C. S. SHORT.

3. What was the first war of the human race of which we have any record?

The conquest of Chaldea by the Elamites, 2286 B.C. Kudur Nakhunta, an Elamite king, overran Chaldea, taking all the cities founded by Sargon and his successors, and set up the Elamite Dynasty. JAY W. ELLSWORTH.

4. Where on the earth's surface does the day begin?

The day begins on the meridian of 180 degrees east or west from Greenwich. Practically, the line zig-zags at a few points so that places near each other but on opposite sides of the meridian, may have the same date for any given day. In this way, the Friendly Islands, about 170 degrees west longitude, are the first lands to see the light of each new day. The Island of Attu, 170 degrees east longitude, the most westward of the Aleutian Group and belonging to Alaska, is the last place to see the sun set on any given day.
MINERVA MANNING.

5. What are we to understand by the land of Nod, spoken of in Genesis 4: 16?

The land east of Eden, to which Cain fled after he had murdered his brother Abel. The Hebrew word is translated *Naid* in the Septuagint. It means "the land of flight or exile." It would be fruitless to undertake to point out its exact locality in Asia because great scholars differ as to the location of Eden. Its location is unknown other than that it lay east of Eden.
ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

6. Seeing that God said after creating Adam that it was not good for man to be alone, and inasmuch as Christ upheld the marriage institution, why did St. Paul, in I. Cor. 7: 27, advise the man who had been loosed from a wife not to seek a wife?

Marriage is not mandatory but voluntary. St. Paul's advice to the ex-husband, to "not seek a wife," is grounded on expediency. "It is good for a man to be as he is" (unmarried), he says, because: (1) The rising persecution affects him alone, while the persecution of the married man is intensified by the sufferings of his family. "Such (as marry) shall have tribulation in the flesh" (ver. 28). Their domestic responsibilities would become grievous burdens in the following troublous times; (2) his personal consecration is unhindered by the marriage tie. We can readily understand that just such advice might have been given by a wise and faithful pastor among the Covenanters or Huguenots, to a member of his flock contemplating marriage in a season of sharp persecution. Paul had no disposition to speak ill of the marriage relation.
HIRAM KING.

7. What was the origin of the Apostles' Creed?

In its present form it is first found in the Psalter of Pope Gregory the Great (540-604 A.D.). The greater part of its contents, however, was known to the fathers of the Church, and most of its expressions are quoted by them. It clearly originated in an expansion of the formula of baptism into a baptismal confession. Since the second century its essential features have been fixed. The legend that each apostle supplied a clause of the creed has no foundation in fact, though its contents are "apostolic truth taken from the Bible and summarized" (Luther).
G. E. KRAUTH.

8. What is the origin of the expression, "The power behind the throne?"

Pitt, Earl of Chatham, in his speech of March 2, 1770, said: "A long train of these practices has, at length, convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself." Dr. Samuel Johnson, who reported the proceedings of Parliament at that date, states that he wrote this in a garret, on Exeter street, London.
S. M. CAMPBELL.

9. Which is the most costly metal known to man?

Gallium, according to the highest scientific authority. One pound of this metal is valued at $68,000. Its properties are said to have been predicted, by Mendelejeff, in advance of its discovery. The metal was actually discovered by a Frenchman in 1875, while examining zinc-blende under the spectroscope. It is found in very small quantities in some German zinc mines. It is very hard; melts at 86° fahrenheit. When melted it is silvery white. The values of metals, from gallium down to gold, as said to be accepted by the highest scientific authorities, are as follows: Gallium is worth $68,000 a pound avoirdupois; rubidium, $9,500; thorium, $8,300; indium, $4,400; arium, $3,600; rhodium, $2,500; barium, $1,900; osmium, $1,000; uranium, $980; palladium, $560; chromium, $490; gold, $300.
HY. RICHTER.

10. Is it right to take for religious purposes the money of a thief or a murderer or a trust, paid to the lawyer for striving to defeat the ends of justice?

If the lawyer take the money for an improper purpose, it should not be accepted for religious purposes. If otherwise, there can be no valid objection. Every criminal, no matter how low and vile he may be, and no matter how violent public clamor may be against him, has certain plain legal rights which must not be infringed. He has the right to a fair and impartial trial by a jury of his peers, and to this end reputable counsel is necessary, who is to see that such proceeding is conducted according to the law of the land, improper evidence rejected, and the defense, if there is any, presented in logical and legal form. Money received for such service, though it be from a criminal, is honestly earned. Even a trust has legal rights which must not be infringed, and a lawyer defending those rights is not open to censure. If, however, an attorney receives money for the purpose of corruptly influencing a court or legislature in behalf of a criminal or a trust, or in any other manner debauches the law of the land, and receives compensation therefor, such money is not honestly gotten.
LOUIS H. KILBOURNE.

Miscellaneous Questions

Constant Reader, Starke, Fla. It was stated by our pastor that when the American army entered Manila there were six saloons, and when the commissioners left last fall there were 300. Is that so?

What he said was substantially correct.

Ninnie. Can a man, who is not a soldier, nor in any way connected with the Army or Navy, be court-martialed?

Only a military man is subject to court-martial. A court-martial is a military court; a military court is not necessarily a court-martial. In places temporarily under martial law a military court is established and a civilian is subject to trial by this court, which in such instance applies the civil law. A soldier on trial would be dealt with under military law. The military and civil codes are not the same, and the penalties of the former would not be imposed upon a civilian; as, if a soldier strikes his superior officer, he may be shot, while a civilian for the same offense would simply incur the penalty for an assault.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Does not the statement in Matt. 28: 1, "In the end of the Sabbath," prove that Christ rose on Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath?

The next few words dispose of the suggestion. They are: "As it began to dawn toward the first day of the week." As at the Passover, when Christ was executed, the sun rises about six o'clock in the morning, it is obvious that this was the time referred to. The first words of the verse should read: "Now after the Sabbath was past."

John Shomber, Lightsville, O. God bless you and the entire staff of the good CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that it may become a still greater blessing to the world. In reading over the names of the contributors to the India Relief Fund, I find that most of the names begin with "Miss" or "Mrs." Why is this? Are our sisters and wives and mothers more liberal-hearted than we of the sterner sex, or are they by nature more sympathetic than we? Or do they love their Saviour and those for whom he died more than we do?

It is unquestionably true that woman is by nature more tender and sympathetic than man where human suffering is concerned; but we do not think this wholly explains the disproportion which our correspondent has noted. The famine in India is a calamity unlike any other in that its terrible effects are most acutely felt in the homes, and the unhappy mothers and children are the greatest sufferers. This is shown by the letters from our good missionaries, who have pictured in the most touching language the scenes in peasant villages where mothers and babes are perishing in appalling numbers. It would be strange indeed if the hearts of our American women did not respond to the appeal of these helpless ones. It is a life-saving campaign for all of God's people, but especially for the mothers and daughters of Christian America.

W. E. B., Harlem, N. D. Was Pastor C. H. Spurgeon a close or open-communion Baptist?

He welcomed to the Lord's table Christians of other denominations, even if they had not been baptized by immersion; but no one could become a member of his church without being immersed. You probably know better than we do, now that you have these facts, whether he would be considered a close or open-communion Baptist.

Young Minister, Ohio. What ought I to do with members of my church who are living in sin? Is it my duty to expose them and have them expelled, or should I keep them under Gospel influence, in the hope that they will reform? If I expel them they will become open enemies of the church. Money considerations have no weight in the question.

If your earnest sermons against the sins in question have no effect, you should seek a private interview with the offenders and point out to them their danger of condemnation at God's judgment bar. You should plead with them and pray with them. Your first duty is to try to save them from their sins. They will probably be glad of a plain, personal talk, for their consciences are doubtless reproaching them. You will be doing a good work in restoring the backsliders. If you find there is no hope of that result your plain duty is to ask them to withdraw or to move their expulsion. No church can afford to retain flagrant sinners among its members.

Subscriber, Marselles, Ohio. Was the baptism of John the Baptist, Christian baptism?

No, John belonged to the old dispensation. His was a revival, a preparation for Christ. He did not preach the Gospel, but only repentance and reformation. He perceived that a greater than he was to come, who would do more than he could and when he recognized Jesus he pointed his disciples to him. You will see from Acts 9: 1-5, that Paul did not regard John's baptism as Christian baptism.

Repentant. A person belonging to the church unintentionally witnesses and takes part in a crime which is never brought to light. This person has secretly grieved over the matter almost constantly since, and is in doubt whether he should withdraw from the church or continue therein. Can there be salvation for such an one and what course should he pursue, believing that no good would come by exposing the matter now, and doubting if those the most guilty would be punished as they deserve, if at all?

If reparation or restitution be possible, it is your duty to make it, at whatever personal cost, through loss or exposure; otherwise, penitence will be unavailing. If the matter is beyond recall and the injury cannot be undone by any act of yours, you can still labor for the repentance of the others by whom you were led into involuntary complicity in the act, and by living a clean, upright and prayerful Christian life yourself, demonstrate the sincerity of your own repentance as well. Possibly a quiet talk with your pastor might be a great aid in guiding you to a right conclusion.

Schoolboy, Oxford, N. C. What is the origin of the eagle as a national symbol and was Rome the first power to adopt it as such?

Ancient Etruria, a county of Italy, west of the Apennines, first used the eagle as a symbol of royal authority. The Romans, 87 B. C. followed their example, and the silver eagle on the top of a spear, grasping a thunderbolt in its talons, became the terror of the world. After Hadrian's time, the eagle was made of gold. The two-headed eagle of the Byzantine emperors was to symbolize control of both east and west. From Rome the custom of using eagles on standards spread to all other European nations, and from European nations to America.

Dr. A. P. Brown, Fort Worth, Tex., sends this hint which may be of service to some:

Your article on the mistake of throwing carbolic acid in the face of a fainting lady, prompts me to suggest to you to say to your million readers that common table vinegar is a prompt and efficient antidote and neutralizer of carbolic acid.

C. R. R., Worcester, Mass. Is not your picture in issue of Feb. 28, page 168, an anachronism? People did not dress like that in Christ's time, nor did they have the modern tools there represented.

We are aware of the fact, but the picture is a contribution to the effort now very general in the Church to bring Christ's life and work into touch with modern life. There has been a tendency to regard all such incidents as belonging to a remote past, whereas Christ's work was for all time. The pulpit is showing how Christ's principles apply to modern life; now art comes in and shows how the events and incidents would appear in modern garb.

Lizzie R., Sing Sing, N. Y. Do the pictures with Samantha's story give one a correct idea of the country and customs in which the travelers are at the time of the story?

Yes, all the pictures, even the drawings, are from photographs of the actual places, and the portraits of the leading characters as well as many others are from life.

C. A. B. B., New Lisbon, Wis. Do you think it right for a pastor and his wife to prepare a banquet at the parsonage, send out printed invitations to a few of his congregation, some Catholics, some that make no profession, but all in the high circle of society, and leave the faithful members out because they are not so popular?

A pastor in his private capacity has the right to choose his own society, just as any other person would do. If the occasion was related to church affairs, it would obviously be ill-advised, if not wrong, for him to do as you describe; if nowise connected with church matters, he did not exceed his privileges. Whether he used them wisely or not is another question, which, in the absence of all the facts, we cannot presume to decide.

S. E. R., Boston, Mass. My wife and daughters are members of a church but I have never joined because I know of no church holding a creed to which I could subscribe. Ought I to join some church even if I cannot agree with all that the church stands for?

We do not see why you should not join a Congregational church or the Church of the Disciples. In both instances the creed is one you could accept if we understand your letter aright. If you could not accept the whole creed we think you would be received if you stated frankly the points on which you differed. When you consider how small is the minority of Christians as opposed to the world, you will see that it is the duty of the follower of Christ to put himself on record as belonging to his army. The Church is not so much an organization for the expression of theological dogmas as an association of individuals who love the Lord Jesus Christ and are treading in his steps. Christ has done so much for you that you ought to make public acknowledgment of your allegiance to him and this is done best by uniting with his people.

I. E. S., South Coventry, Conn. No; we class them among innocent amusements.

Mrs. James M., Howard City, Ind. Thanks for your appreciative letter.

Reader, Gen. Cronje's name is pronounced "Kron-ye."

Joel L., Brown City, Mich. There are some 1,400 islands in the Philippine group, all practically under our flag at the present time.

Mrs. H. C. D., Oswego, Kan. Concerning the question of the government's policy as to land titles in Cuba, write to State Department, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. P. S., Hull, Mont. We see nothing wrong in attending such a social gathering as you describe. We are afraid some of your friends are of the sort who would rob life of all innocent amusement.

Observer, Sierra City, Cal. The war in the Philippines is practically over. At no time has the result been doubtful. The South African war, on the other hand, was an undecided problem for weeks.

... A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE IN MANILA ...

Chaplain Pierce Tells How the First Protestant Church was Organized in the Philippines and Sketches His Future Plans

A DINNER IN CAMP

IN THE TRENCHES IN PHILIPPINE JUNGLES

A GROUP OF INSURGENTS

NEED of Gospel work in the Philippines is now of a two-fold character. The "boys in blue" far away from home influences, especially need the restraining and supporting power of religion, while the native people whose development is now a matter of national concern, need above all things to learn what Christianity really is. It is therefore gratifying to know that earnest and consecrated men are laboring in the islands with both objects in view. One of these, Chaplain Charles C. Pierce of the U. S. Army, has recently come to America on the sad duty of bringing home the remains of Gen. Lawton and is now about to return.

In the course of a visit Chaplain Pierce paid to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago, to express his gratitude for the help this journal has rendered in the work, and to tell us of the appreciation the soldiers show of the copies that have been sent to the troops in the Philippines, he said: "I was the first chaplain of the regular army to be stationed in the Philippines, but I found that chaplains of the volunteer regiments had already done excellent work and had held preaching services. No church, however, had been organized, and it therefore fell to my lot to organize one, and I believe that it is the first church of the Protestant faith ever established in the islands. It had its beginning in a service held on September 4, 1898, in the mansion of Mr. Frederick Wilson, an English gentleman residing on General Solano Street, Manila. The *sala* or hall of his palace runs right through the building and will easily accommodate 500 persons. If I am as successful during my visit home as I hope to be, I shall take back with me funds to erect a modest church edifice. I am anxious that it shall be large enough to serve not only for our soldiers and European residents, but for all the Filipinos whom we can get to come.

"Our soldiers have been very reverent and attentive attendants, so far. All those stories you hear of their iconoclasm, their desecration of Roman Catholic churches, are gross exaggerations. I do not believe that any of them have done wilful and unnecessary injury to the churches, or have done any more desecration than is always involved in a military campaign. On the other hand, I do know that the insurgents were hostile to the Roman Catholic priests and friars and would not allow them to perform their rites. The friars have no fault to find with the treatment of Protestant America. They have under our rule a freedom and a security they would not and did not have under insurgent rule.

"The priests and friars have themselves to thank for their unpopularity. Their proceedings have been utterly unlike those of the Roman Catholic church as we see them in America. An American Catholic would repudiate and denounce such men as have represented the church in Manila. Their greed and rapacity are shocking. I was disgusted one day to see a poor woman whose child was dead, going from place to place begging pennies to make up a fee without which the priest would not conduct the burial service. I learned, too, that there are numbers of couples, living together as husband and wife, who have never been married because they could not afford to pay the sums demanded by the priests for performing the marriage ceremony. When I said in the hearing of an official that in such cases I would be quite willing to marry them without a fee, he said: 'Then I can bring you more than a hundred couples that I know of.' I have also officiated at funerals, at the request of the bereaved families, when there was no money to pay the priests the amounts they required. This greediness is largely responsible for the lack of enthusiasm the people have in their religion. I am sorry to say that it has prejudiced many of them against the very name of religion. But shortly after the funeral I have mentioned, a delegation of Filipino officials waited on me and asked me to hold a service for them. I did so, beginning on Christmas morning, 1898, and have continued them on Sunday mornings since then. We have had fifty-six regular applications from natives for membership since we began and more are coming soon. There has been in former times so complete an absence of sympathy, so utter a disregard for their welfare, that when they find out that we wish to promote their interests and raise them in the scale of civilization, I believe they will be delighted with our rule and will prove a loyal, law-abiding people.

"There is one other matter about which I am deeply interested, and which I should like to present to the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am anxious to establish a club in Manila. A large number of our soldier boys come from good homes and are well brought up. If they had some place to which they could go to read the papers, to write their letters, to drink a cup of coffee, to enjoy a pleasant evening in social talk, they would prefer it to the canteen. So long as the canteen is the only place in which they can have society and cheerful association, so long will the canteen be patronized. Even if that were abolished the remedy would not be found, because the sutler would take its place, and I have learned that, bad as the canteen is, the sutler is worse, in stripping the men and defrauding the Government. The really effectual way of getting rid of the canteen is to have a comfortable club in which no liquor shall be sold. I believe such a rival to the canteen would soon denude it of its patronage. But money is necessary to buy or build and furnish such a club, and it is this I am desirous of getting. The experiment might be made on a very small scale at first, but its success would be so signally and clearly demonstrated that it would be extended. Having been so long a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and having seen how Christlike and generous its readers are when they are shown an opportunity for doing good, I have confidence in explaining my project to them, that they will help me to realize it."

A MILITARY FUNERAL—THE LAST SALUTE

The pictures on this page have never been published before. They are supplied to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the courtesy of Chaplain Pierce. Since March 29, 1899, he has been in charge of the Office for the Identification of the Dead, the duties of which involved many sad labors, besides that of seeing that all our poor fellows had religious burial. One of our pictures shows how sorrowful a thing a military interment may be, involving, as it does, wholesale burial. "Siesta time" is particularly interesting, inasmuch as one of the gentlemen (the one in the foreground) is Mr. Wilson, whose dwelling housed the first Protestant church in the Philippines. The midday heat in Manila is intense, and when possible, the residents make a point of taking a rest at noon. The other photographs are characteristic of many scenes which the chaplain has witnessed and in some of which he has borne a part, for it has been his duty to rough it in the camp and trenches with his comrades, so that he might the better know and minister to their spiritual and physical needs.

"SIESTA TIME" IN THE WILSON GROUNDS

"RAPID TRANSIT" IN THE SUBURBS

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Scenes in Home-Life

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Prov. 10: 1, ... A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother

IN this graphic way Solomon sets forth the idea that the good or evil behavior of children blesses or blights the parental heart. I know there are persons who seem to have no especial interest in the welfare of their children. The father says: "My boy must take the risks I took in life. If he turns out well, all right; if he turns out ill, he will have to bear the consequences. He has the same chance that I had. He must take care of himself." A shepherd might just as well thrust a lamb into a den of lions, and say: "Little lamb, take care of yourself."

Christ comes through all our households to-day, and he says: "You take care of the bodies of your children and the minds of your children; what are you doing for their immortal souls?" You see I have a subject of stupendous import, and I am going, as God may help me, to show the cause of parental solicitude, and then the alleviations of that solicitude.

The first cause of parental solicitude, I think, arises from the imperfection of parents on their own part. We all somehow want our children to avoid our faults. We hope that if we have any excellences they will copy them; but the probability is they will copy our faults, and omit our excellences. Children are very apt to be echoes of the parental life. Some one meets a lad in the back street, finds him smoking, and says: "Why, I am astounded at you; what would your father say if he knew this? where did you get that cigar?" "Oh, I picked it up on the street." "What would your father say, and your mother say, if they knew this?" "Oh," he replies, "that's nothing, my father smokes!" There is not one of us to-day who would like to have our children copy all our example. And that is the cause of solicitude on the part of all of us. We have so many faults we do not want them copied and stereotyped in the lives and characters of those who come after us.

Then solicitude arises from our conscious insufficiency and unwisdom of discipline. Out of twenty parents there may be one parent who understands how thoroughly and skilfully to discipline; perhaps not more than one out of twenty. We, nearly all of us, err on one side or on the other. Here is a father who says: "I am going to bring up my children right; my sons shall know nothing but religion; shall see nothing but religion, and hear nothing but religion." They are routed out at six o'clock in the morning to recite the Ten Commandments. They are wakened up from the sofa on Sunday night to recite the Westminster Catechism. Their bedroom walls are covered with religious pictures and quotations of Scripture, and when the boy looks for the day of the month, he looks for it in a religious almanac. If a minister comes to the house he is requested to take the boy aside and tell him what a great sinner he is. It is religion morning, noon and night. Ah! you stuffed that boy with religion; you had no sympathy with innocent hilarities; you had no common sense. A man at mid-life said to me: "I haven't much desire for religion; my father was as good a man as ever lived, but he jammed religion down my throat when I was a boy until I got disgusted with it, and I haven't wanted any of it since." That father erred on one side.

Then the discipline is an entire failure in many households because the father pulls one way and the mother pulls the other way. The father says: "My son, I told you if I ever found you guilty of falsehood again I would chastise you, and I am going to keep my promise." The mother says: "Don't; let him off this time."

A father says: "I have seen so many that make mistake by too great severity in the rearing of their children; now, I will let my boy do as he pleases; he shall have full swing; here, my son, are tickets to the theatre and opera; if you want to play cards, do so; if you don't want to play cards you need not to play them; go when you want and come back when you want to; have a good time; go it!" Give a boy plenty of money, and ask him not what he does with it, and you pay his way straight to perdition. But after a while the lad thinks he ought to have a still larger supply. He has been treated and he must treat. He must have wine suppers. There are larger and larger expenses.

Now the father and mother are waiting for the son to come home at night. It is 12 o'clock, it is half-past 12 o'clock, it is 1 o'clock. The son comes through the hallway. The father says: "My son, what does all this mean? I gave you every opportunity; I gave you all the money you wanted, and here in my old days I find that you have become a spendthrift, a libertine and a sot." The son says: "Now, father, what is the use of your talking that way? You told me to go it, and I just took your suggestion." And so to strike the medium between severity and too great leniency, to strike the happy medium between the two and to train our children for God and for heaven is the anxiety of every intelligent parent.

Another great solicitude is in the fact that so early is developed childish sinfulness. Morning-glories put out their bloom in the early part of the day, but as the hot sun comes on they close up. While there are other flowers that blaze their beauty along the Amazon for a week at a time without closing, yet the morning-glory does its work as certainly as *Victoria regia;* so there are some children that just put forth their bloom and they close, and they are gone. There is something supernatural about them while they tarry, and there is an ethereal appearance about them. There is a wonderful depth to their eye and they are gone. They are too delicate a plant for this world. The heavenly gardener sees them and he takes them in.

But for the most part the children that live sometimes get cross, and pick up bad words in the street, or are disposed to quarrel with brother or sister and show that they are wicked. You see them in the Sabbath School class. They are so sunshiny and bright you would think they were always so: but the mother looking over at them remembers what an awful time she had to get them ready. Time passes on. They get considerably older, and the son comes in from the street from a pugilistic encounter, bearing on his appearance the marks of defeat, or the daughter practises some little deception in the household. The mother says: "I can't always be scolding and fretting and finding fault, but this must be stopped." So in many a household there is the sign of sin, the sign of the truthfulness of what the Bible says when it declares, "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies."

Some go to work and try to correct all this, and the boy is picked at, and picked at, and picked at. That always is ruinous. There is more help in one good thunderstorm than in five days of cold drizzle. Better the old-fashioned style of chastisement, if that be necessary, than the fretting and the scolding which have destroyed so many.

There is also a cause of great solicitude sometimes because our young people are surrounded by so many temptations. A castle may not be taken by a straightforward siege, but suppose there be inside the castle an enemy, and in the night he shoves back the bolt and swings open the door. Our young folks have foes without and they have foes within. Who does not understand it? Who is the man here who is not aware of the fact that the young people of this day have tremendous temptations?

Oh, how many traps set for the young! Styles of temptation just suited to them. Do you suppose that a man who went clear to the depths of dissipation went down in one great plunge? Oh, no! At first it was a fashionable hotel. Marble floor. No unclean pictures behind the counter. No drunken hiccough while they drink, but the click of cut glass to the elegant sentiment. You ask that young man now to go into some low restaurant and get a drink, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" But the fashionable and the elegant hotel is not always close by, and now the young man is on the down grade. Further and further down until he has about struck the bottom of the depths of ruin. Now, he is in the low restaurant. The cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. Gambling for drinks. Shuffle away, shuffle away. "What!" says the young man, "time to shut up." Push them all out into the night air. Now they are going home. Going home! Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. What was the history of that young man? He began his dissipations in the bar-room of a Fifth avenue hotel, and completed his damnation in the lowest grog-shop.

Sometimes sin does not halt in that way. Sometimes sin even comes to the drawing-room. There are leprous hearts sometimes admitted in the highest circles of society. He is so elegant, he is so bewitching in his manner, he is so refined, he is so educated, no one suspects the sinful design: but after a while the talons of death come forth. What is the matter with that house? The front windows have not been open for six months or a year. A shadow has come down on that domestic hearth, a shadow thicker than one woven of midnight and hurricane. The agony of that parent makes him say, "Oh, I wish I had buried my children when they were small!" Loss of property? No. Death in the family? No. Madness? No. Some villian, kid-gloved and diamonded, lifted that cup of domestic bliss until the sunlight struck it, and all the rainbows played around the rim, and then dashed it into desolation and woe.

The statistic has never been made up in these great cities of how many have been destroyed, and how many beautiful homes have been overthrown. If the statistic could be presented, it would freeze your blood in a solid cake at your heart. Our great cities are full of temptations, and to vast multitudes of parents these temptations become a matter of great solicitude.

But now for the alleviations. First of all, you save yourself a great deal of trouble, oh, parent, if you can early watch the children and educate them for God and heaven! "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Tom Paine. A vessel puts out to sea, and after it has been five days out there comes a cyclone. The vessel springs a leak. The helm will not work. What is the matter? It is not seaworthy. It never was seaworthy. Can you mend it now? It is too late. Down she goes with 250 passengers into a watery grave. What was the time to fix that vessel? What was the time to prepare it for the storm! In the dry dock. Ah, my friends, do not wait until your children get out into the world, beyond the Narrows and out on the great voyage of life! It is too late then to mend their morals and their manners. The dry dock of the Christian home is the place. Correct the sin now, correct the evil now.

Just look at the character of your children now and get an intimation of what they are going to be. You can tell by the way that boy divides the apple what his proclivity is and what his sin will be, and what style of discipline you ought to bring upon him. You see how he divides that apple? He takes nine-tenths of it for himself, and he gives one-tenth to his sister. Well, let that go, and all his life he will want the best part of everything, and he will be grinding and grasping to the day of his death.

Two young men came to a door of wickedness. The one entered. The other turned back. Why? Difference of resolution, you say. No. The one had a Christian influence, the other had no pious training. The one man went on his evil way. He entered and went on. No early voice accosted him, but the other heard a voice whose tones may have died from the ear twenty years before, saying, "Don't go there; don't go there!" I think it was almost the first time I ever made a religious address—it was in Dr. Bethune's church, Brooklyn—it was an anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association—I came in from my village home, and I remember nothing of that anniversary, except that one of the speakers that night said: "Many years ago two young men stood at the door of Park Theatre, New York. They were discussing whether they had better go in or not. There was an immoral play to be enacted that night. One of them said, 'I will not go in.' The other said: 'Don't be afraid; let us go in; who cares?' The one who entered went on from sin to sin, the terminus of his life delirium tremens, with which he died in a hospital. The other man turned back, came to Christ as his Saviour, entered the Gospel ministry, and he stands before you to-night. What was it that stopped me at the door of Park Theatre, New York, so many years ago. It was a pressure of a hand on my shoulder—the pressure of my mother's hand."

Begin early with your children. But, O, my friend, be careful to make a line, a distinct line between innocent hilarity on the one hand and vicious proclivity on the other. Do not think your children are going to ruin because they make a racket. All healthy children make a racket. But do not laugh at your child's sin because it is smart. If you do, you will cry after a while because it is malicious. Remember it is what you do, more than what you say, that is going to affect your children. Do you suppose Noah would have got his family to go into the ark if he stayed out? No. His sons would have said, "I am not going into the boat; there's something wrong; father won't go in; if father stays out, I'll stay out." Lead, if you would have them follow. Have a family altar. Do not with long prayers wear out your children's knees. Do not have the prayer a repulsion. If you have a piano, or an organ, or a melodeon in the house, have it open while you are having prayers. If you say, "I cannot construct a prayer; I am slow of speech and never could construct a prayer," then take Matthew Henry's prayers, or take the Episcopal Church prayer-book. There is nothing better than that. Put it down on the chair, gather your children about you, and commend them to God. You say it will not amount to anything. It will, long after you are under the soil. That son will remember father and mother at morning and evening prayers, and it will be mighty help to him. And above all, in private commend your children to God. Say, "Here, Lord, I am—all my imperfections of discipline and government—here are these immortals—make them thine forever. The angel that redeemeth us from all evil, bless the lads."

I wonder if the subject strikes a chord in the heart of any man who had Christian parentage, but has not lived as he ought? God brought you here this morning to have your memory revived. Did you have a Christian ancestry? "Oh, yes!" says one man, "if there ever was a good woman, my mother was good." How she watched you when you were sick! Others wearied. If she got weary she nevertheless was wakeful, and the medicine was given at the right time, and when the pillow was hot she turned it. And oh, then when you began to go astray, what a grief it was to her heart!

All the scene comes back. You remember the chairs, you remember the table, you remember the doorsill where you played, you remember the tones of her voice. She seems calling you now, not by the formal title with which we address you, saying, "Mr." this, or "Mr." that, or "Honorable" this, or "Honorable" that. It is just the first name, your first name she calls you by this morning. She bids you to a better life. She says, "Forget not all the counsel I gave you, my wandering boy; turn into paths of righteousness; I am waiting for you at the gate." Oh, yes, God brought you here this morning to have that memory revived, and I shout upward the tidings. Angels of God, send forward the news. Ring! Ring! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found!

India's Bitter Cry

HOW THE MISSIONARIES AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN INDIA ARE STRUGGLING TO SAVE THE STARVING PEOPLE FROM DEATH

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE)

OUR picture on the first page tells its own sad story of hunger and privation and its blessed story of Christian compassion. It was received by a recent mail from an officer of the Salvation Army at Ahmedabad, India, who sent it to Commissioner Booth-Tucker in New York, to whom we are indebted for the privilege of publishing it. The officer is Miss Case, a lady of culture and refinement, who gave up an excellent position to devote herself to the service of Christ among the people of India. She adopted the native garb, lives on the native food and dwells in a hut like the natives. She even took a native name and is called Col. Nurani, that, following the example of her Lord, she may become of no reputation, that she might lead the poor creatures to him. With the picture she has sent the following graphic description of the situation in her district, which is like that in the other famine districts:

"According to the prognostications of the newspapers, the famine is month by month increasing in severity. It is calculated, however, that it has not yet reached its worst point. Rain cannot be expected until June, therefore distress will grow greater daily. As the resources of the people fail, the number of the starving must necessarily increase. The Government have a terrible problem to solve—the famine is the worst they have ever had to grapple with. In the famine of 1897 and 1898 they received 150 lakhs of rupees [five million dollars] from Great Britain and the Colonies, the contributions of the charitable; but this year, through the sad war in South Africa, they have not been able to receive such help. Yet in the 1897 famine, on New Year's Day only one million persons were in receipt of relief; this year at the same date two million and three-quarters were on the hands of the Government, and since that time the number has nearly doubled. The prospects are gloomy and terrible indeed.

"The high caste people are selling their wives' silver ornaments, and starving themselves in a weary struggle to try and keep some of their bullocks alive, or what can they do next monsoon, if they have no animals to plough with? And yet how fruitless and weary this struggle is, is too plainly seen by the skeletons of the poor, dead cattle to be seen on every hand in the villages. A few low caste people who have managed to get a little capital have been able to do a good trade in skins and bones, but they are only a few, and it is a ghastly thought, reminding us of the vultures we constantly see in the fields holding their carnival of death. Sad sights and sounds are all around us. Yesterday a poor, desolate woman with five children came here, having walked fifty miles to beg us to take her children. She was formerly a woman in respectable circumstances. Daily people come asking us to buy their little ones for a pound or two of grain. A young woman died outside our house a few days ago of starvation.

A Whole Family Dead

"What has increased the sufferings of the poor, is that for the last ten days the most terrible cold snap has set in. We Europeans, in our good houses and with sufficiency of clothing and food and bedding, do not know how to keep ourselves warm—what must be the sufferings of these starving masses? What pitiful stories we hear! In one village, where our people needed a house, one poor starving family to secure the eight pence a month rent, turned out to live on the road.

"One dear European officer of the Salvation Army, who has been laboring heroically among the tribe of Bhils cannot speak of what she sees without tears. Every day as she visits her villagers, she sees poor dead bodies by the roadside. What filled her first with horror is now the common daily sight. Dead and dying people everywhere. A short time since she came across a whole family by the roadside. The father dead, and a little dead child near, and, still alive, the poor mother with a little dead infant in her arms. The dear girl with her heart full of compassion, laid the poor woman's head on her shoulder, and spoke some words of sympathy, but its sudden weight alarmed her, and, looking down into her face, she found the woman had died in her embrace.

"We have twenty grain shops in as many different centres. In these we weekly sell to our

Poor Christian People

over $500 worth of cheap grain at a loss to ourselves of $125 a week. In connection with our grain shops also the very poorest are given free tickets and receive weekly free grain. But the pressure and appeals for this free grain are something sickening to contemplate, and our poor workers are often compelled to withdraw in tears; they are so distressed not to be able to do more.

"In the last famine we were able to do much more, but even the amount of relief we are now giving is a great strain We have so far expended something like $500 in giving weaving work to our Christian people. Now, however, I am thankful to say I have received permission to considerably extend this, and for the next six months we shall have a hundred families regularly kept in work. If we reckon this at five to the family, it will be five hundred people employed and supported. We are thankful to do this, but oh, how small the number, compared to the need and the starving thousands.

"With some few donations from some personal friends, we have sought especially to help the little children. We have now at this time 163 day schools, with an attendance of 4,825 children. Our great desire was to keep these little children from starvation, and hoped to have been able to have given them grain at regular intervals. The numbers, however, are too large to make this of practical assistance to the children, and we have arranged, therefore, that four hundred of the very worst cases shall receive every week enough grain to keep them alive. If only enough help comes in, the four hundred children will become six or eight hundred, always taking the worst cases. They are all in need; none can get sufficient, but we must take the worst first.

"In addition to the orphans under our care in India in the last famine, there is accommodation in our various homes for two hundred more. We have already received about forty under our care, and are believing and hoping that sufficient means will come in to increase these to two hundred. We are also already passing many children to other orphanages.

"As an illustration of the way these little children are thrown upon our hands, I may mention that only this morning an officer of the Salvation Army has written to me to say that last evening a police inspector inquired if the army was willing to take orphan children. The officer inquired what would become of him if she did not take him. The inspector said: 'In a few days

We Will Find Him Dead

through hunger or run over by a cart.' The little fellow pathetically said that his father and mother were both dead, and his sister, had lately died.

"A district officer also came to inform me that a few days since a poor woman with two tiny children came asking relief. He gave her some food, and she ate it, but almost immediately expired. The officer, who is a single man, had the two little children left on his hands—one about two years old and the other about four—without the least knowledge of where they came from, or anything about them. Such little orphans we feel God sends to us, and even if it were our last crumb we must share it with them."

Such problems are presenting themselves in every mission station in the famine districts of India. Through the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD many of the missionaries are able to solve them. There are now hundreds of children orphaned in the famine of 1897, who were mere skeletons when they were rescued, but are now through the help rendered by our readers, healthy children, with a knowledge of Gospel truth and many of them sincere Christians. On this page is a picture of an assemblage of such children. They are orphans in Mrs. Haig's kitchen in Ahmednagar. Seated on the floor according to Oriental custom, they are about to partake of dinner. Their intelligent faces show how well worth saving such children were.

ORPHAN CHILDREN AT DINNER IN MRS. HAIG'S REFUGE AT AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA

The Relief Ship

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of many contributions toward the corn for the Relief Ship which will soon be on its way to India. Our readers will be happy to know that we have secured the help of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, of Springfield, Ill., who rendered such efficient service in the former famine. It will be remembered that Mr. Hobbs went to India on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Steamer *City of Everett*, and personally superintended the distribution of the corn with which that vessel was laden. Mr. Hobbs has undertaken to visit the five great corn States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, and arrange for the collection of corn toward the cargo of the ship. Our readers and friends in those States will render a service by communicating with him and reporting to him what arrangements they can make toward the completion of the cargo. Do not wait until the corn is ready, but write Mr. Hobbs at Springfield, Ill., what he may hope to receive. The following appeal which he is issuing will show how earnestly and enthusiastically he is entering into the project:

REV. R. G. HOBBS

"If one hundred people in each of these States will raise the price of one hundred bushels of corn in New York, the work will be done. Will you be one of them? If so, send me your name at once, so that we may know that some one is looking after this matter in your community. You need not raise all the money yourself; you can get others to help you. Start three or four to canvassing for small subscriptions, and the work would be done in a very few hours. Forty dollars will buy one hundred bushels of corn in New York. I appeal especially to ministers of the Gospel! Others can do the work, but pastors will find it especially easy to complete the task. Do not wait, but lend a hand at once. Is it not possible that at least five hundred people in these great States will have sympathy enough with dying people to put bread into their mouths when it is as easily possible as now. Prompt action on your part will put you among the life-savers.

"The starving man in India, receiving bread for his body, will have a heart open to receive the Bread of Life. You will, therefore, help him in two ways. I learned one word in India—*julda*—hurry. This is the word for this campaign which, if God's people will, may be completed in thirty days. In Christ's name I lay the burden on the shoulders of those who read this. If you can voice the cry of India to the people in your community, some starving people will live who otherwise would die. If the pastor cannot do this work will not you, Christian worker, take it up at once. We are asking for the money to buy the corn in New York so as to get the ship away as quickly as possible. If grain is contributed it can be turned into money."

If there is a prompt response to this appeal, it will be possible to begin loading the ship in a few days, and before the end of April, it will be on its way with the blessings and prayers of God's people to Bombay, on its Christ-like mission. The offer of the government of India to pay all expenses of transportation and to provide the ship, insures the completeness of every gift. Every bushel of corn thus becomes available and is not taxed with the cost of sending it across the sea. The giver will feel that he is as surely relieving hunger as when he gives a loaf to some starving applicant. Who can tell what blessing may come upon his head, in answer to the prayers of the women and children whose lives it may save. And at the last, when the great Judge divideth the people as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, he may hear the welcome words: "I was an hungred and ye fed me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto these ye did it unto me."

Living the Golden Rule MADE POSSIBLE THROUGH PRAYER

PRECEPTS AND PROMISES

BY DR & MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 8. Matthew 7: 1-14.

Golden Text, Matthew 7:12: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"

IN studying the lives of successful men of the past and present, the writer found that many attributed no small part of their success to some motto or watchword that came into life like an influence. With one the motto was, "Do the next thing." With another, "If you undertake to do a thing, do it." With another, "Always in haste, never in a hurry." This lesson contains the mightiest watchwords that have ever been spoken, which have changed not only individuals, but nations also, and the world. Let us store them in our memories this week, two a day as breakfast mottoes, and live, as well as learn them.

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Lesson Setting Where? Mount of Beatitudes. When? Year 28, about the middle of the second year of Christ's ministry. Who? Jesus, apostles, multitude.

What? Sermon on the Mount continued. This lesson shows the meaning of the Golden Rule, and the difficulty of living it, which drives us to prayer for divine help.

Why? The underlying principle of the lesson is that worship and humanitarianism are fountain and stream. There can be no true brotherhood of man except among those who feel the Fatherhood of God. This double law of love to God and man, James calls "the royal law," the king of all laws, and its essence is love, for law is but the expression of love. In the words of Miss Frances E. Willard, "Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the golden age of man." The Golden Rule in modern phrase is, "Put yourself in his place."

Sceptics point to a negative version of the Golden Rule in the Talmud, "What is hateful to thee do not to another," and to another negative version in Confucius, as if to intimate that Christ borrowed from one or the other. But the Talmud is more recent than the New Testament, and Confucius more recent than "the law and the prophets," whence Christ expressly declares that he derived the substance of the Golden Rule, whose positive form is in any case a vast advance on the negative version. Confucius urges men not to harm others, while Christ bids us help them, as we would wish to be helped.

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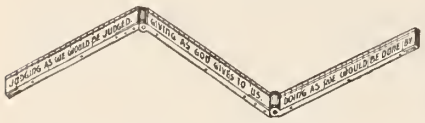
The Golden Rule Unfolded I. Harsh judgment to be avoided, vs. 1-5. 1. Often in judging others we show a character calling for judgment. 2. It is the man with a beam in his own eye who is most likely to become an eye doctor to the neighbor who has only a splinter in his. Other



Bible illustrations of wrong judging: Luke 13: 1-4; Romans 14: 1-3; I Corinthians: 8.

II. Lack of judgment is also condemned, v. 6. What kind of judgment is enjoined in the Bible? (Lev. 19: 15; John 7: 24.)

III. To avoid these faults, turn to prayer, vs. 7-11. God's ways with us to be imitated in our ways with our fellows.

IV. Because God is our Father we are to live the Golden Rule of brotherhood, v. 12. "Wherefore," links the Golden Rule with God, who alone can give power, through prayer, to practise it. (See application of Golden Rule to capital and labor, Eph. 6: 5-9.)

V. Only by earnest effort can we practice it, vs. 13-14. Conduct not to be determined by majorities. The right way always narrow, and followed by the earnest few.

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Illustrative Personations "*Judge not, that ye be not judged.*" I am a king who has doubly sinned. I have caused a soldier, whose wife I desired, to be set in the front of the battle, so causing his death. A preacher stands before me and tells of a rich man with great flocks, who has taken the one ewe lamb, which is the only possession of a poor man. I order the rich man brought before me to be punished. The preacher says, "Thou art the man." Who am I? David. II Sam. 12: 1-7. (Illustrate other mottoes in the lesson by similar Biblical or historical personations.)

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The Unlocked Door of Mercy "*Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*" A poor widow living near Glasgow had an only daughter, who, while greatly beloved, was the source of much pain and anxiety to her mother. She was inconsiderate, giddy, and fond of gay company. Affectionate entreaty and warning were alike unavailing, and at length the sorrow of the unhappy mother culminated in her daughter's leaving home abruptly and going to a disreputable neighborhood in Glasgow, refusing to return. For more than a twelvemonth the Christian mother carried her grievous burden every day to God in prayer. While doing mechanically her work in the household, the prayer was ever in her heart and upon her lips, "Bring back my wandering child, O Lord!" An officer who was well acquainted with the woman, and with her grief, was riding in a procession in Glasgow, when, in the crowd lining the sidewalk, he recognized the face of the girl.

"WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN"

He at once left his place, and, dismounting, said to her, "Are you not Sarah M——?" "Yes, that is my name," was the reply. "Well, let me say to you that your mother hasn't fastened her door since you went away. I have told her many times that it was unsafe and imprudent for her not to fasten it, but she always says, 'Perhaps my Sarah may come back, and while I live I will leave my door unbolted.'" The sad, dejected child burst into tears, and said, "I will go to my mother this very hour." She returned at once and was received with love and tenderness, not only by her mother, but also by the Christ to whom she turned in penitence.

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"*Strait is the gate.*" In another place Jesus says, "Strive, agonize to enter in." A liquor dealer in New York, on the witness stand, asked as to his religion, said, "I have none but the Golden Rule, 'Do as you have been done by.'" That is the easy way, with David Harum's supplement, "Do to another as you expect to be done by, and do it to him first." To do to others as we would be done by does not mean that we will do what we might wish should be done if the case were reversed, but to do what our best judgment would dictate in such case. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would naturally do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice. It was not a golden, but a tinsel rule that he followed.

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Question Points Does Jesus' injunction to "judge not," mean that we shall not make estimates of the character of others? What kind of judging did Jesus condemn? How does a person who judges censoriously bring judgment upon himself? What parable did Jesus afterwards speak that illustrates this principle? Why do we fail to recognize in ourselves the faults which seem to us so great in others?

What kind of people may be classed as "dogs" and "swine"? Why does this injunction not lessen "the white man's burden" and so discourage missionary enterprise? What three states in the suppliant did Jesus represent when he said: "Ask," "Seek," "Knock"? If unwittingly "a stone" is asked for, what answer will the Heavenly Father give? Why should we not wish to have our prayers always answered in just the way we ask them? How is self-love elevated by the Golden Rule? Is it easier to do wrong than to do right? Is self-denial helpful to godliness? What are the pleasures of self-denial? Why is the "broad road" so full of danger? Why does self-indulgence end in disappointment, and self-denial in joy?

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Living the Lesson Mrs. Ransom had a delightful habit of selecting some Bible verse to be repeated at the breakfast table and lived through the day. This time it was one form of the Golden Rule: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "Now let us make the text work," she said. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Ransom found her little Mamie, twelve years old, sitting on the floor and looking thoughfully at six sheets of fancy paper, three of red and three of blue, which she had been wishing for a long month and had just received. Her poor father had not felt he could afford it before, but at last he had given her the money for it that morning, and she was now able to make the paper dolls and dresses and toys which she had been planning. But her half-opened scissors remained motionless in her hand, and her head was in a posture of deep thought.

"Well, Mamie," said her mother, after watching her unobserved for a few moments, "what are you thinking about?"

"O, mother, that's a hard one."

"What?"

"The text."

"What text?"

"The one you gave us for to-day, 'With what measure ye mete.' You told us to make it work, but it's a hard one. You see these six pretty sheets of paper. I've been wanting just six sheets ever so long to make some clothes for my paper dolls and to cut out some stars and crosses and hearts to write texts on the back, and give them away as my Sunday School teacher does. But there's two other little girls just round the corner that are in my class, and they have been wanting some blue and red paper just as much as I have, but they have no father, and their mother is too poor to buy any. Do you think I ought to give them a part of my pretty paper to make the text work? I have waited for it so long and I need it so much."

"I am not going to tell you anything about what you ought to do," said the wise mother. "You must think it all out yourself. It is all between you and God."

"Mother," said Mamie, "they don't know I've got the paper; but I heard them say the other day when we were looking into a store window how much they wished for just one sheet of the pretty red paper. And they haven't near as nice dolls as I have. Oh, that text is a hard one to work. Mother, do you think it would be very wrong if I didn't divide the paper with them?"

"I have nothing to say about it," said the mother. "The paper is yours."

Mrs. Ransom sat down at the window and went to reading, often lifting her eyes to watch the battle between selfishness and duty which was going on in her little Mamie's heart, and lifting her heart also to God in prayer that the right might be victorious.

About half an hour after her conversation with her mother, Mamie suddenly jumped up and ran toward the door. Her mother was just then absorbed in one of Adelaide Proctor's poems and had forgotten the battle for a few moments, and so she said in surprise, "What's the matter?"

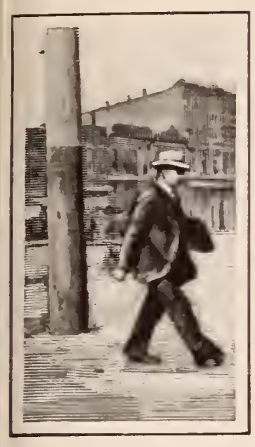
"Don't stop me," said Mamie eagerly. "Don't stop me. If I stop to think any more I may not do what I ought to do."

She had learned already that there is a time when deliberation is dangerous, because duty is clear and delay makes room for temptation. Away she ran with two of the red sheets and two of the blue in her hand. She was soon back again with a very happy face, exclaiming, "I made it work and it paid me, for they were so happy and thankful to get a sheet of the red paper and a sheet of the blue for each of them. And the poor mother was so grateful. I was ashamed to think how unwilling I was to give them a part of the paper. O mother, that is a splendid text. I'll try to make it work as long as I live."

A sudden crash in the kitchen below brought a quick flush to Mrs. Ransom's face, as she hurried down to see what sort of destruction her sometimes careless servant had wrought this time. Angry words came to Mrs. Ransom's lips as she saw several broken plates on the floor that had fallen on the way to the tea table. But she thought, I would not like to have my husband speak angrily to me when I break a dish, and this girl is far away from friends and home, and of course did not do this from malice or intention. So she swallowed the angry words and said as calmly as she could, "Never mind this time. Only try and be more careful next time. I will bring down another set of tea plates."

The girl had expected some rebuke and was prepared to receive it in the same spirit, but the kind words were a surprise that touched her far more deeply, and as she said "Thank you, I will be more careful," and turned to hide a tear; she resolved to do her utmost for so kind a mistress. She was a Protestant Swede, and had repeated the text with the rest, as she stood behind Mrs. Ransom's chair, and now she saw with delight how that lady had made the text work, and resolved that her part in measuring back again the kindness she received should not be lacking.

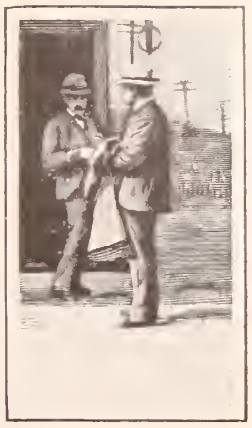
"The text was a great bother to-day," Mr. Ransom said that evening. "It is surely a hard one to work in the fruit business. As I took up a box of strawberries with a raised bottom, which made it really only two-thirds as large as it seemed, and so a full third less than a quart, which the people suppose the baskets to hold, that text popped into my mind, 'With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.' I said to myself, 'I didn't make the false boxes. All of them are short measure.' But I concluded to-day I wouldn't keep up the lie any longer, even if everybody else did, and I have decided to sell fruit hereafter by weight. Let us call our text the Golden Measure, and as a carpenter carries his rule always about him, carry this golden measure all our lives."



EDITOR SHELDON ON HIS WAY TO THE OFFICE

PASTOR · SHELDON'S · WEEK · OF · TRIAL

HIS EXPERIMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN NEWSPAPER REVIEWED— AN EARNEST EFFORT WHICH HAS NOT BEEN WITHOUT RESULT



A REPORTER TRIES IN VAIN TO INTERVIEW HIM

ALTHOUGH Pastor Sheldon's experiment in religious daily journalism is now a thing of the past, the influences which spring, in ever-widening circles, from those six days of sincere effort on the part of the Christian pastor, will be felt for sometime to come. Looking at the result of the effort, while it must be pronounced a disappointment in many respects, it is by no means to be set down as a failure. Perhaps the chief element which the paper lacked, under his control, was that boldness and vigor of treatment in dealing with the great evils of our times, which multitudes had been led to expect, and which would have invested each issue with a power and authority that must have commanded the widest attention and respect. But it is now generally admitted that in the limited term of his editorship, it was impossible for Pastor Sheldon to develop fully such plans and purposes in connection with a Christian daily as have been revolving in his brain for years past. To conduct, even with moderate success, a moral campaign through the press, would require many weeks and possibly months, and to effect results in a few days would be unreasonable. All agree that his sincerity and deep earnestness were visible in everything he did in connection with the experiment, and that, with a longer trial and larger experience much permanent good might have been accomplished.

The first autograph copy of the first issue, Tuesday morning, was sent to Mr. Louis Klopsch, marked, "With best wishes. Charles M. Sheldon."

During the whole week of the trial, Mr. Sheldon did not once show a sign of impatience, annoyance or vexation. Innumerable questions came up for instant discussion. "What would Jesus do?" was the test of his judgment in every perplexing problem. At two o'clock each afternoon the sixteen editors and reporters assembled in Mr. Sheldon's room for conference and instructions. Whenever he could not reach a decision on any particular matter on the spur of the moment, he would say: "Leave this. I shall have to think about it."

In a number of cases he was absolutely unable to reach a decision before the week's end; and this was the reason that a number of important questions were not touched upon in his paper. "I know I have made blunders," he said, "but if I have accomplished one good thing—if I have suggested one good idea to any editor for the bettering of his paper, I shall be satisfied."

The initial issue of the Sheldon Edition has already been described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and succeeding issues had the same general characteristics, with the sole exception of the Saturday evening issue, which was exclusively devoted to religious articles, and contained not a line of current news. India Famine Relief work received a good deal of attention from Pastor Sheldon in nearly all the issues, and the great need of the starving people was set forth in eloquent appeals. In the edition of Wednesday there appeared a telegram from Mr. Amos R. Wells, editor of *The Christian Endeavor World*, explaining the famine needs, and adding these words:

The care and faithfulness displayed by the Interdenominational Committee of Missionaries in 1897, when $189,000 and 90,000 bushels of grain was sent for distribution by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is pledge of like fidelity now. No charge or deduction is made for expenses of distribution, the Missionary Committee giving their services freely. Contributors may therefore rest assured that every cent given to feed the starving will be applied to the purpose for which it is given. This statement is the basis of the appeal which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now making.

Among the many topics discussed by Pastor Sheldon during his editorial week were these: The Union of the Churches; Tax Dodging; Mormon Propaganda in the Different States; Infidel Bohemian Societies in America; Regenerated Humanity the World's Greatest Need; The Use of Narcotics and Alcoholics Among Children; Temperance and Prohibition; Against Cigarettes; The Ethics of Socialism; Sunday Observance; Prison Reform; Government Ownership in New Zealand; Improving Topeka's Morals in Politics and Business; The Evils of Trusts; The Canteen, and many other subjects of current interest. To no one topic was overshadowing prominence given, and those who looked confidently for a crusade against public vice, infidelity, corruption and other evils in high places, or an attack in any special direction were disappointed. In printing news he occasionally followed the example of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its Bible and Newspaper department and gave the items a moral characterization, though not a text.

There has been nothing sensational in Pastor Sheldon's experiment. Like his preaching, his editorial work has been modest almost to unobtrusiveness, and has aimed to quietly arouse serious reflection in the minds of its readers rather than to excite by denunciation or convince by indulgence in sweeping assertion. Its treatment of all topics has been characterized by fairness and justice, and the great moral principles underlying the subjects discussed have been indicated clearly, yet with moderation.

No estimate of Pastor Sheldon's experiment would be complete without a reference to his leader in Thursday's issue, in which he discussed "The World's Greatest Need." The answer he takes to be "A Regenerated humanity. . . . Selfishness is at the bottom of all the world's trouble. There is not a social wrong, not a ruined home, not a tangled condition of life anywhere, that does not have for its real cause a selfish life. The greatest need of the world is to get rid of this horrible selfishness. It is the sin of all the generations. And as fast as it is taken away by the power of Christ, as he is allowed to come into the daily life, so fast will the life of men on the earth become the happy, strong, beautiful life that God loves to have it." These words are the keynote of the whole experiment.

How Pastor Sheldon himself views his work can only be conjectured, as he is extremely reticent on the subject. He would not even mention the newspaper experiment while addressing his congregation on the following Sunday. He began and ended each day's work with earnest private prayer. It is beyond question that the week was to him one of severe nervous strain. Twice he broke down, the first time being when he tried to tell the assembled correspondents how important to his life the work was. He said the first few words of the sentence—then paused long, amid intense silence, over come with emotion, keeping back tears with difficulty, and breaking the silence at last with an effort and in a trembling voice. The second occasion was when he stood by the presses as the first copy came into being. This time he could not restrain the tears which streamed down his face, though he turned away in an attempt to hide them. Everyone in that room became his friend in that moment. Tears were shed by several of the pressmen, the result of their sympathy for Mr. Sheldon and their appreciation of his earnestness.

It is very evident that the Topeka pastor has the cause of suffering India deeply at heart. From his pulpit, on the Sunday after his famous experiment, he made an appeal to the people of Kansas to contribute a million bushels of corn for Indian relief. He referred to the magnificent corn crop and emphasized what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had already urged, viz.: that the people of the State, from their stores of plenty, ought to give liberally to relieve these starving people. He urged the press of the State to aid in the movement, and expressed the belief that the million bushels could be raised and made ready for shipment within thirty days.

"I do not wish to speak about the paper experiment," he said to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD correspondent, "until I have had time to think and to see for myself what the effect has been."

When asked if he thought the time ripe for the ideal Christian newspaper, he replied: "Yes; decidedly, yes!"

"If I were to run a newspaper permanently," he added, "I would certainly employ only professing Christians. From my managing editor to the galley-boy, every one would be in sympathy with me, through living a truly Christian life, acknowledging the kingdom of God and the necessity of his guidance in the practical work of life."

As to the distribution of the profits of the venture, Mr. Sheldon said: "I could not name the charity to which a part of the profits should be given, until I learned how much the profits would amount to." Hence he was not able to indicate any particular cause to which the money might be devoted, until after the venture was over and an accounting completed.

PROF. A. M. HYDE
One of Mr. Sheldon's leading members

MRS. ELIZA WILSON BOWMAN
Who furnished the money to build the main part of Mr. Sheldon's Church

PROF. EUGENE HARSHBARGER
Another leading member of Mr. Sheldon's Church

MANAGER DELL KEIZER AND EDITOR SHELDON
Going to the bank to deposit money received for *Capital* subscriptions

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. de Witt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors

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Attenuating the Man-Christ Jesus

DR. JAMES STALKER predicts a great, imminent warfare upon the present estimate of Christ, as a result of the recent higher criticism. Just before the period of this criticism, especial attention was given by such writers as Renan (French), and Gerkie (English), and Dr. Andrews (American), to the human life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. Renan's work was, perhaps, the least consistent and satisfactory, beautiful as it was in literary and descriptive power; Dr. Andrews', probably, the strongest and best. But these books antedated the higher critic. If his positions are regarded sustained as to facts, miracles and teachings of the Saviour, there is to be a new estimate of his character and work. This is Dr. Stalker's view.

As Dr. Stalker says, "The total result of the critical processes, as they are usually applied on the continent, is, doubtless. to attenuate the figure of Christ. His mightiest works and grandest sayings are taken from him; what is left reduces him to a size very different from that in which he appears to the faith of the church; to a man, who was merely the son of Joseph and Mary; merely healed a few sick people, mainly of nervous disorders, by the influence of his imposing personality, and perhaps, with the help of some simple remedies of which he possessed the secret; merely rose from the dead, in the same sense in which all souls of men, at death of the body, pass to God, and can claim the worship of the world merely by a title a little higher than that under which, in the Roman Catholic Church, worship is rendered to the saints."

There is something almost pathetic in this statement, should it prove true. The Man, Christ Jesus is to have a new *via doloris*. Men are to hide their faces from him again. Men are to forsake him, and crucify him afresh. And thousands, alas, may be left to reject him to the loss of their souls. But, notwithstanding all, he is to see the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Even from his enemies, every fresh analysis and reconstruction of his character will result in the universal exclamation, "Truly this Man was the Son of God."

A patient, reverent and consistent study of God's Word; hiding that Word in the heart; returning to it after every excursus of wandering in critical study; and especially the prayer of faith, is the only way of safe-guarding the soul of man and the Church of the living God; of learning what is the truth, and of unlearning errors, rectifying mistakes, and meeting the coming issues of this fresh battle for the Lord. To these we commend every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Indigestible Religion

IT requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work, there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says, "My child shall know nothing but religion; he shall hear nothing but religion, and he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at six o'clock in the morning to recite the ten commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of the Westminster catechism. It is religion morning, noon and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bed-room wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is.

After awhile the boy arrives at that period in life when he is too old for chastisement and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night—ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half-past twelve o'clock, and they hear the night key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get upstairs before he is accosted. The father says, "George, where have you been?" "Been out!" Yes he has been out and he has been down, and he is on the broad road to destruction for this life and the life to come. Father says: "There is no use in the ten commandments; the catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households, an abhorrence in yours.

Trying to do Too Much

SOME of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who at the forge conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners, who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers, and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish some one would tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.

THE ART OF DIVINATION

THE desire to look into futurity is an instinct in the heart of mankind not to be easily eradicated; and is probably coeval with the sinful curiosity which prompted Eve's desire to "know good and evil." It is certain that in every age and among all races, men have presumptuously endeavored to anticipate time; they have reduced this presumption to a study; divided it into sciences and systems; and upon no subject has it been so easy to deceive. In the Bible alone, eighteen different kinds of divination are mentioned, most of which are in use, in widely distant parts of the world, at the present day. Thus the divining cup common in ancient Egypt—and used by Joseph for the purpose of divination—is yet common in Hindostan. When Seringapatam was stormed by the English, Tippoo Saib retired in the heat of the conflict to gaze into his divining cup; then rushed desperately to the breach, and fell covered with wounds.

The mingling of arrows mentioned in Ezekiel 21 : 21, as practised by the King of Babylon, is still used as a means of divination in Arabia, only that in the latter country but three arrows are used, one bearing the inscription, "My Lord hath commanded me"; the other, "My Lord hath forbidden me," and the third left blank.

Undoubtedly Assyria was the mother of occult science. The earliest instance mentioned in the Bible refers to the images of Laban, a native of Padan Aram, part of Assyria. But divination had always for the Jews a peculiar fascination; and in spite of the laws of Moses punishing such practices with death on theocratic grounds, it was universally sought after. Even in Christ's time such men as Simon Magus, Bar-jesus, the "Vagabond Jew exorcists" and others of this class drove a lucrative business.

. . .

It is true that in numerous cases God sanctioned divination and prophecy; but there is this remarkable difference in the true and false agents of it. In all sinful divination, there was insensibility, foaming mouth, streaming hair, and a general distraction of behavior; but the prophets of the Lord, even in their most passionate and irresistable declarations, were calm and reasonable, without any of the distortions common to pretenders. There was also another great distinction—false diviners demanded, and received money for their skill; the true prophets were not to be bought by the richest promises or gifts.

The art of divination is older than the settlement of Europe. Augury existed before Rome, for the name of the new city was decided by it. Cicero says that Romulus was skilled in the art; and Fæsulæ—the modern Florence—was the nurse of all who desired to penetrate into the future. There was no possible event of nature, or of daily life, that was not pressed into the service of augury; and the system ended in such stupendous deceit that Cato said: "It is strange how two augurs can meet without laughing in each other's face."

The imaginative character of the Greeks gave an early and warm welcome to divination; but they were an inquisitive and disputatious people, and their statesmen and generals were always ready to dispute the decisions of their oracles, if they thought it to be to their advantage to do so. Indeed, after exhausting the subject of the Grecian oracles and soothsaying, Professor Clasen says: "All that can be positively affirmed is their uncertainty."

. . .

Divination, driven from pagan temples, quickly found a new home in Christian monasteries; and though the instruments of delusion were changed, the system was the same. The lying miracles of the saints, the incantations of the necromancer, the forgeries of the alchemists, and the old, old, old delusions of astrology, proved fatal to European civilization for at least three centuries. As to astrology, it has been from time immemorial a definite system—a science as universally acknowledged as geometry. All attribute its mystic secrets to Chaldea; and it certainly came from the East, where it preserves at this day, all its primitive influence. The royal astrologist is one of the most important officers of the Shah's court; and no Persian minister concludes a political treaty, or a state ceremonial, without the sanction of the stars. The warlike Khans of Central Asia are particular to ascertain the precise hour when the planetary influences will be propitious to murder and robbery; and even the prowling thugs are scrupulous to commit their habitual atrocities with exact astronomical propriety.

. . .

Indeed, astrology in Europe under the sway of the Romish church was preached and practised with liberal rewards. For many generations in France, kings, statesmen, generals, publicly consulted, and relied on it; and Catherine de Medici, who ridiculed the Gospel, listened with devout docility to the jargon of Nostradamus. But in England it was quite as popular. Even as late as Elizabeth's time, it was a lucrative and very honorable profession; and the devout puritans of Cromwell's and Fairfax's armies did not scruple to seek promises of victory from the stars; while on one occasion, two eminent astrologists were entertained with great distinction at Parliamentary headquarters.

. . .

The wandering race called the Gypsies brought with them from the East the art of palmistry; a method of foretelling the future which they alone practised. It is very common in eastern nations where even the lines on the brow are regarded as equally significant, and their proverb, "every man's destiny is written on his brow," is believed by modern Orientals to be literally true. And if any one thinks that the West is free from such superstitions, they are very much mistaken. We have only to look at our own daily newspapers to find that both palmistry and astrology are recognized among Christian Americans at this very hour; and only to visit the apartments of the pretenders to these arts, to wonder at the luxury with which their practice of them enables them to live. And one thing in connection with this practice is very remarkable—that it is women, who in all ages and in all nations, that have been the great pretenders to the art of divination. Evidently the desire for forbidden knowledge, which so fatally tempted Eve, has been inherited by her daughters.

. . .

But nothing is more certain than this fact—the attribute of foreknowledge can never be commanded by any mortal. It is always miraculous, and limited to a particular object or subject. Mankind, as a whole, knows not what a day, an hour, a moment may bring forth; and the concealment is Godlike in its wisdom and kindness. How would our hearts have failed had we perceived beforehand the trials and sorrows through which we have passed! Yet when they came, we were able to bear them, and had been—though perhaps unconsciously—prepared for them. If the disciples were rebuked for wishing to know "the times and seasons," surely "our strength is to sit still."

But though some things are hidden from us, we are told enough to make us secure in God's providing care. We know that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall not fail." We know that in social matters "the thing that hath been, is that which shall be." We know that in spiritual matters, God will never change. He will always be the hearer and answerer of prayer. We know that he will never leave nor forsake us; that "as our days, so our strength shall be;" that he will "guide us with his counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory." If we take God on his word, we shall not ask for signs, which are only a way of seeing our own faith; for even spiritual signs are only good when sent by God, unsought by us; those spiritual favors "which no one knoweth, saving he that receiveth them."

"We know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
We only know, we cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
And thou, oh God! by whom are seen
Thy children as they be,
Forgive us, if too close we lean
Our human hearts on thee."

Amelia E. Barr

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Geo. C. Needham has been conducting evangelistic services in Cortland, N. Y., Camden, N. Y., and Grove City, Pa. Churches of various denominations have co-operated in the movement.

The churches of Hempstead, N. Y., are enjoying quite a revival, union meetings being held every evening with great blessing. Major Lamb, with a brigade of six members of the Salvation Army, are doing a successful work.

Rev. B. W. N. Simms, of Missouri, has gone to Havana, Cuba, where he has taken charge of a Baptist Church under the superintendence of Dr. A. J. Diaz. The church is on the corner of Drgones and Zulueta streets, and we are informed that it will accommodate two thousand hearers.

Rev. H. M. Wharton's meetings at Rockford, Ill., have yielded a large harvest of souls. Twelve churches of different denominations united in the revival. All are receiving additions to their membership. Mr. Wharton proceeded to Worcester, Mass., on leaving Rockford, and goes thence to Kansas City, Mo. Readers of this journal who have written him in reference to the article from his pen that we published recently on "The Model New Testament Church" may obtain further information by addressing Mr. James H. Parrish, Owensboro, Ky.

The War in South Africa

ONE of the combatants in the deplorable conflict in South Africa appears to be weary of its course and to be preparing for submission. When Lord Roberts was marching on Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, he was met two miles from the town by a deputation of its inhabitants headed by Mr. Fraser, a member of the Boer government, who handed him the keys of the public offices and informed him that his entry into the capital would be unopposed. President Steyn had been urged to yield to the British, but he made his escape and left the pro-British party to welcome Lord Roberts. The reception was cordial, the British flag being saluted when it was run up over the Presidential mansion, and the soldiers were cheered as they marched through the streets. Lord Roberts issued a proclamation assuring the people that all who would give up their arms and return to their farms would be free from molestation and would receive compensation for their property. He also gladdened the Boer wounded in the hospital by promising them that on their recovery they would be allowed to go home and would not be held as prisoners. Large numbers of Boer rifles are now being brought into camp and the men are returning to their homes. The seat of the Boer government is now at Kroonstadt, one hundred and thirty miles from Bloemfontein. Preparations are being made for the invasion of the Transvaal which is certain to be desperately resisted. There are signs, however, that even President Kruger is beginning to realize the hopelessness of the struggle. The most important of these was his request, presented through Mr. Hay, the American Consul at Pretoria, for the intervention of President McKinley. He probably meant mediation, as the President would be little likely to intervene. The President duly forwarded the message to London, but Lord Salisbury replied that the only basis for negotiations was the submission of the two Republics to British rule. As Mr. McKinley was not authorized to offer such terms, the kindly attempt to end the war failed. President Kruger and his officers now declare that they will fight to the bitter end and are apparently preparing for a life and death struggle. The British forces are eager to advance, especially the Irish regiments, which, having suffered most severely in the early months of the war, are thirsting for revenge. The courage and fortitude of these regiments are being generously recognized by the Queen and the government. The Queen has announced her intention of paying a visit to Ireland and has been assured of a cordial welcome. A remarkable concession, which only Irishmen fully appreciate, was the issue of an edict permitting them to wear the long-tabooed shamrock on St. Patrick's day. Time was when "the wearing of the green" could be done only at the risk of severe punishment, as it was regarded as the badge of disloyalty, but the behavior of the Irish regiments in this time of trial has changed the attitude of the British government and it is now rumored that even the Coercion act may be repealed. There is therefore one good result among the evils of the war in removing the hostility between England and Ireland, or at the least, in allaying it. Our illustration on this page shows one of the strange contrasts of this war. A correspondent of an English journal says that after one of the fiercest battles, he saw some of the English soldiers looking for the dead and wounded. They found ten wounded Boers lying near together. They propped up their heads and gave them water out of their bottles. It was hard to believe that these same men had only a few hours before been trying to kill one another. They were giving practical obedience to the Apostle's injunction:

If thine enemy hunger, feed him if he thirst give him drink (Rom. 12: 20).

BRITISH SOLDIERS GIVING WATER TO THE BOER WOUNDED

An Involuntary Journey

A little newsboy in New York had an unpleasant experience last week. He is thirteen years old and is one of ten children whom he helped to support by selling newspapers. Once a week he went over to Jersey City where he earned a quarter by sweeping out freight cars on the West Shore Railroad. He was there on his usual day last week and was sweeping out a car when the door was suddenly slammed to and locked. He thought some one was playing a joke on him, but when the car began to move he realized that he had been shut in by mistake. He was alarmed and suffered from hunger and thirst. At last, after what appeared an interminable time the car stopped and the door was opened. He learned that he was then at Ravena, thirteen miles south of Albany. He begged some food and being penniless he boarded a freight train which he thought was going to New York. But it branched off to the west and made no stop till it reached Schenectady. There he told his story, and some compassionate railroad men bought a ticket for him and put him on the train for New York. They did a kindly thing for him. One may wish that there were always people around to take similar measures when young people having been led away from the home of their Heavenly Father, and having failed in their efforts to return, put them in the right way. To all such a special reward is promised.

Let him know that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins (James 5: 20).

The Washington Statue

One of the most conspicuous figures in the approaching Exposition at Paris will be a heroic statue of Washington, the work of two American sculptors, Mr. Daniel C. French and Mr. Edwin C. Potter. The Washington Statue Association, composed of the leading ladies of Washington, D. C., originated the idea of the statue and collected the funds amounting to about forty thousand dollars for its execution. The statue is being cast in bronze and when completed will be fifteen feet in height and will weigh over twenty-two thousand pounds. The moment selected for representation is when the hero was receiving command of the army at Cambridge and shows him mounted on horseback, his hat and reins held in his left hand, while in his right he holds aloft his sword. The face will be an excellent likeness of Washington, modeled from the best portraits. It will be placed on a site at the intersection of the Trocadero and the Avenue de Jena, where it will be seen by every visitor to the Exposition. It is sure to be admired by the French people as a work of art and it would be a good thing if its presence induced them to study the character of the man whom it represents and to emulate the noble and generous qualities which distinguished him. During the recent trial of Captain Dreyfus, revelations were made which showed that there were many Frenchmen high in the national service who need such an object lesson.

THE WASHINGTON STATUE

They had not executed my judgments, but had despised my statutes and polluted my Sabbaths and their eyes were after their fathers' idols (Ezekiel 20: 24).

A Long Search Ended

A press dispatch to New York journals from Terre Haute, Ind., reports the death of a woman well known in that locality. Her elder daughter disappeared suddenly one day twenty years ago and from that time the solution of the mystery of her fate occupied the whole life of the mother. The daughter left the house as usual in the morning and when she did not return at her customary hour in the evening the mother became alarmed. She began her search the next day, looking carefully at the banks of rivers and lakes. Then she went into the towns and villages scrutinizing the face of every girl she met. She searched the woods, too. After several years spent in this way she began visiting asylums, and poorhouses, and morgues. Then she turned her attention to cemeteries, examining the registers and tombstones to see if her daughter's name was there. Not a trace of her could she find For several years past she had been very poor, but the people who knew her story pitied her and gave her food and clothing. She did not allow the most severe weather to prevent her going on with her search. Not until a week before her death, and when she was utterly worn out, would she accept the hospitality of a kind woman who knew her. She went to bed and for the first time in twenty years did not spend her day in searching for her daughter. A week afterwards she was dead. If any one had known where that missing girl was and had told her of her mother's search for her, what a kindness it would have been to both mother and daughter, for the daughter would surely have returned when she heard of her mother's devotion. This is what ministers and Christian workers are doing for sinners. Their message is that Christ is seeking them.

As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God (II. Cor. 5: 20).

A Bride by Lot

A justice of the peace, at Hoboken, N. J., performed the marriage ceremony, a few days ago, in a case that was decided by lot. The bride was an orphan girl whose hand had been sought by two suitors. She appears to have encouraged them both and with strange heedlessness had given each of them her promise that she would marry him. When one of them began to press for the fulfilment of the promise, and the other hearing of the projected marriage, reminded her of his claims, she was in a difficulty. She sought the advice of the lady with whom she boarded, who, having heard her story and the story of each of the suitors, recommended that the rival claims should be decided by lot. All agreed to the suggestion, and she cut two slips of paper, one shorter than the other and held them in her hand, concealing the length. He who drew the shorter was to be the successful suitor. The elder of the two suitors drew the shorter strip, but the younger protested and demanded that the trial should be repeated with the future bride holding the slips. The elder consented and again drew the shorter slip. That settled the matter and the party proceeded to the justice's court, where the marriage ceremony was performed. The suitor who missed the prize is the one who deserves congratulation. A girl whose affection was so shallow that she was willing to have a husband chosen by lot is not likely to prove a good and faithful wife. There are many people in the world who miss salvation through like indifference. It is those who are of the mind of the Psalmist, loving God above all, that God loves and admits to his favor.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee (Psalm 73: 25).

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VIEWING HONGKONG HARBOR

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XVII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN CHINA

WELL, the time come when we wuz obleeged to leave Manila. Robert Strong, for Dorothy's sake as well as his own, left detectives to help on the search for the lost ones, and left word how to communicate with him at any time. Waitstill Webb, bein' consulted with, promised to do all in her power to help find them, but she didn't act half so shocked and horrified as I spozed she would, not half so much as Arvilly did. She forgot her canvassin' and wep' and cried for three or four days most all the time, and went round huntin', actin' more'n half crazy, her feelin's wuz such. But I spoze the reason Waitstill acted so calm wuz that such things wuz so common in her experience. She had knowledge of the deadly Canteen and its twin licensed horror, dretful things was occurring all the time, she said.

The detectives also seemed to regard it as nothing out of the common, and as to the Canteen keeper, so much worse things wuz happenin' all the time in his profession, so much worse crimes, that he and his rich pardner, the American Govermunt, sees goin' on all the time in their countless places of bizness, murders, suicides, etc., that they evidently seemed to consider this a very commonplace affair; and so of the other house kep' by the two pardners, the brazen faced old hag and Christian America, there too, so many more terrible things wuz occurrin' all the time that this wuz a very tame thing to talk about.

But to us who loved her, to us whose hearts wuz wrung thinkin' of her, mournin' for her, cryin' on our pillers, seekin' with agonized, hopeless eyes for our dear one, we kep' on searchin day and night, hopin' aginst hope till the last minute of our stay there. And the moon and stars of the tropics looked in night after night to the room where the old father lay at death's door, mourning for his beautiful innocent daughter who wuz lost—lost.

The Shadow of Sorrow

But the hour come for us to go and we went, and right by us, day or night, in sun or shade, from that hour on a black shadder walked by the side on us in place of the dimpled, merry face of the little maid. We didn't forgit her in the highest places or the lowest. And after days and days had passed I felt guilty, and as if I hadn't ort to be happy, and no knowin' where she'd drifted to in the cruel under world, like sea-weed driftin' in the ocean current. And when we wuz out evenin's, no matter where I watched, the faces of every painted, gaudy dressed creeter I see, flittin' down cross streets, hoping and dreading to see Aronette's little form. Arvilly and Miss Meechim openly and loudly, and Dorothy's pale face and sorrowful eyes told the story that they too wuz on the watch and would always be. But never did we catch a glimpse of her; never, never.

As we drew nigh to the city of Victoria on Hongkong island we see that it wuz a beautiful place. Big handsome houses built of gray stun, broad roads tree-bordered, leadin' up from terrace to terrace, all full of trees, covered with luxuriant tropical foliage. It wuz a fair seen clear from the water's edge, with its tall handsome houses risin' right up from the edge of the bay, clear up to the top of Victoria mountain, that stands up two thousand feet, seemin'ly lookin' over the city to see what it is about. And this is truth and not clear simely, for the Governor General and Chief Justice have houses up there which they call bungalows, and of course they have got to see what is goin' on. The hull island is only nine milds long and three wide. And here we wuz ten thousand milds from home. Did the Hongkongers ever think on't, that they wuz ten thousand milds from Jonesville? I hope they didn't, it would make 'em too melancholy and deprested.

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"WE WUZ CARRIED THROUGH THE NARRER STREETS"

We all went to a comfortable tarven nigh by, and after partakin' of nourishin' food, though kinder queer, and a good night's rest, we felt ready to look round and see what we could. Josiah and I, with little Tommy, wuz the first ones up in the mornin', and after breakfast we sallied out into the street. Here I proposed that we should take a jinrikisha ride. This is a chair some like a big willow chair, only with a long pole fastened to each side and two men to carry you round. Josiah wuz real took with the looks on 'em, and as the price wuz low we got into the chairs, Tommy settin' in Josiah's lap, and wuz carried for quite a ways through the narrer streets, with shops juttin' out on each side makin' 'em still narrerer.

Picturesque Scenes

Josiah gin orders that I overheard to "go at a pretty good jog past the stores where wimmen buy sooveneers," but I presoomed that they didn't understand a word he said, so it didn't do any hurt and I laid out to git some all the same. But what a sight them streets wuz; they wuz about twenty feet wide and smooth and clean, but considerable steep. To us who wuz used to the peaceful deacons of Jonesville and their alpaca-clad wives and the neighbors who usually borry sleeve, and skirt, and coat, and vest patterns, and so look all pretty much alike, what a sight to see the folks we did in goin' through just one street. Every sort of dress that ever wuz wore we see there, it seemed to me—Europeans, Turks, Mohomadeans, Malays, Japanese, Javanese, Hindoos, Portuguese, half castes, and Chinese coolies. Josiah still called 'em "coolers" because they wuz dressed kinder cool, but carryin' baskets, buckets, sedans, or trottin' a sort of a slow trot hitched into a jinrikisha, or holdin' it on each side with their hands, with most nothin' on and two pigtail braids hangin' down their backs, and such a jabberin' in language strange to Jonesville ears; peddlers yellin' out their goods, bells ginglin', gongs, firecrackers, and all sorts of work goin' on right there in the streets. Strange indeed to Jonesville eyes! Catch our folks takin' their work outdoors; we shouldn't call it decent.

We went to the Public Gardens, which wuz beautiful with richly colored ornamental shrubbery. I sez to Josiah:

"Did I ever expect to see allspice trees?"

And he sez: "I can't bear allspice anyway."

"Well," sez I, "cinnamon trees; who ever thought of seein' cinnamon trees?"

An' he looked at 'em pretty shrewd and sez: "When I git home I shan't pay no forty cents a pound for cinnamon. I can tell 'em I've seen the trees and I know it ort to be cheaper." Sez he, "I could scrape off a pound or two with my jack-knife if we could carry it."

But I hurried him on; I wuzn't goin' to lug a little wad of cinnamon ten thousand milds, even if he got it honest. Well, we stayed here for quite a spell, seein' all the beautiful flowers, magnificent orchids—that would bring piles of money to home, jest as common here as buttercups and daisies in Jonesville, and other beautiful exotics, that we treasure so as houseplants, growin' out-doors here in grand luxuriance — palms, tree-ferns, banian trees, everything I used to wonder over in my old gography I see right here growin' free. Tommy wuz delighted with the strange beautiful flowers, so unlike anything he had ever seen before. We had got out and walked round a spell here, and when we went to git into our sedan chairs agin, I wuz a little behind time, and Josiah hollered out to me:

"Fie tea, Samantha!"

"Tea?" sez I. "I hain't got any tea here." And I sez with dignity, "I don't know what you mean."

Josiah Talks Chinese

"Fie tea," he sez agin' lookin' clost at me.

And I sez agin with dignity, "I don't know what you mean." And he sez to me: "I am talkin' Chinese, Samantha; that means 'hurry up.' I shall use that in Jonesville. When you're standin' in the meetin' house door talkin' about bask patterns and hired girls with the female sisters, and I awaitin' in the democrat, I shall holler out, 'Fie tea, Samantha;' it will be very stylish and uneek."

I didn't argy with him, but got in as well as I could, but havin' stepped on my dress and most tore it, Josiah hollered out, "See sum! see sum! Samantha!"

And I, forgittin' his fashionable aims, sez to him, "See some what, Josiah?"

"See sum, Samantha That means "be careful." I shall use that too in Jonesville. How genteel that will make me appear to holler out to Brother Gowdey or Uncle Sime Bentley, in a muddy or slippery time, "See sum, Brother Gowdey; see sum, Uncle Sime! Such doin's will make me sought after, Samantha."

"Well," sez I, "we'd better be gittin' back to the tarven, for Arvilly will be

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"THE PUBLIC GARDENS WUZ BEAUTIFUL"

wonderin' where we are and the rest on 'em."

"Well, just as you say, Samantha," and he leaned back in his chair and wav'd his hand and says to the men, "Fey tea, fey tea; chop, chop."

I expect to see trouble with that man in Jonesville streets with his foreign ways.

Well, as we wuz passin' through one of the narrer streets, through a perfect bedlam of strange cries in every strange language under the sun, so it seemed, and seein' every strange costoom that wuz ever wore, when, happy sight to Jonesville eyes, there dawned on my weary vision a brown linen skirt and bask, made from my own pattern.

Invited to "Tiffin"

Yes, there stood Arvilly conversin' with a stately Sikh policeman. She held up the *Twin Crimes* in a allurin' way and wuz evidently rehearsin' its noble qualities. But as he didn't seem to understand a word she said she didn't make a sale. But she wuz lookin' round undaunted for another subscriber when she ketched sight of us. And at my request we dismissed the jinrikishas and walked back to the tarven with her.

Dorothy and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong come back pretty soon from a tower of sight-seein', and they said we'd all been invited to tiffen with the Governor-General the next day. Well, I didn't have the least idee what it wuz, but I made up my mind to once that if tiffenin' wuz anything relatin' to gamblin' or the opium trade, I shouldn't have a thing to do with it. But Josiah spoke right up and sez he had rather see tiffen than anybody else in China, and mistrustin' from Robert's looks that he had made a mistake, he hastened to add that tiffenin' wuz sunthin' he had always hankered after: he had always wanted to tiffen, but hadn't the means in Jonesville.

Sez Robert, "Then I shall accept this invitation for breakfast for all our party." And after they went out I sez: "I'd hold myself a little back, Josiah. To say that you'd never had means to take breakfast in Jonesville shows ignorance and casts a slur on me."

"Oh I meant I never had any tiffin with it, Samantha; you'll see it don't mean plain breakfast; you'll see that they'll pass some tiffen, and we shall have to eat it no matter what it's made on, rats or mice or anything. Whoever heard of common breakfast at twelve M."

Well, it did mean just breakfast and we had a real good time. We went up in sedan chairs, though we might have gone on the cars. But we wanted to go slower to enjoy the scenery.

I had thought the view from the hill back of Grout Nickleson's wuz beautiful, and also the Pali at Honolulu, but it did seem to me that the seen we looked down on from the top of Victoria mountain wuz the most beautiful I ever did see. The city lay at our feet embowered in tropical foliage, with its handsome uneek buildin's, its narrer windin' streets stretchin' fur up the mountain side, runnin' into narrerer mountain paths covered with white sand. The beautiful houses and gardens of the English colony clost down to the shore. The tall masts of the vessels in the harbor looking like a water forest with flowers of gayly colored flags. And further off the Canton or Pearl river, with scores of villages dotting its banks; glittering white temples, with their pinnacles glistening in the sunlight; pagodas, gayly painted with gilded bells, rising up from the beautiful tropical foliage; broad green fields; mountains soarin' up towards the blue heavens and the blue waters of the sea.

A fair seen, a fair seen! I wished that sister Henzy could see it, and told Josiah so.

And he sez with a satisfied look, "Wait till I describe it to 'em, Samantha. They'd ruther have me describe it to 'em than see it themselves." I doubted it some, but didn't contend.

The breakfast wuz a good one, though I should have called it dinner to home. Josiah wuz on the lookout, I could see, for tiffen to be passed, but it wuzn't, so he ort to give up, but wouldn't; but argyed with me out to one side that "they wuz out of tiffen, and hadn't time to buy any and couldn't borry."

Well, the Governor-General seemed to be greatly taken with Dorothy. A relation on his own side wuz the hostess and Miss Meechim acted real relieved when it turned out that he had a wife who wuz visiting in England.

I sot at the right hand of the Governor-General and I wanted to talk to him on the opium question and try to git him to give up the trade, but concluded that I wouldn't tackle him at his own table. But I kep' up a stiddy thinkin'.

That very mornin' I read in the daily paper that two missionaries had arrived there the day before, and on the same steamer three hundred chests of opium.

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SIGHT-SEEING IN CANTON

Poor creeters! didn't it seem mockin' the name of religion to help convert the natives and on the same steamer send 300 chests of the drug to ondo their work and make idiots and fiends of 'em.

The Opium Iniquity

It seemed to me some as if I should read in the Jonesville *Augur* or *Gimlet* that our govermunt had sent out three or four fat lambs to help the starvin' poor and sent 'em in the care of thirty or forty tigers and wild cats.

No doubt the lambs would git there, but they would be inside the wild cats and tigers.

Such wicked and foolish and inconsistent laws if made by women would make talk amongst the male sect and I wouldn't blame 'em a mite; I should jine with 'em and say, "Sure enough it is a proof that wimmen don't know enough to vote and hain't good enough; let 'em drop the political pole, retire into the background and study statesmanship and the Bible, specially the golden rule." But to resoom.

Arvilly tried to turn the conversation on the *Twin Crimes* of America, but didn't come right out and canvass him, for which I wuz thankful. They all paid lots of attention to Tommy, who had a great time, and I spoze Carabi did too.

We had fruits and vegetables at the table, all gathered from the Governor-General's garden—fresh fruit and vegetables in February, good land! Pickin' berries and pineapples while the Jonesvillians' fruit wuz snowballs and ice suckles; jest think on't!

Well, Robert Strong thought we had better proceed on to Canton the next day and we wuz all agreeable to it.

After we all went back to the tarven and I had laid down a spell and rested I went out with Arvilly and Tommy for a little walk. Miss Meechim, and Dorothy, and Robert Strong havin' gone over to Maceo, the old Portuguese town on the mainland. They wanted to see the place where Camoens wrote his great poem, "The Lusiad," and where he writ them heart-breakin' poems to Catarina. Poor creeter! they had to be separated. King John sent him off from Lisbon, wantin' the girl himself, so I spoze. Catarina died soon of a broken heart, but Camoens lived on for thirty years in the body, and is livin' now and will live on in the Real Life.

Yes, his memory is jest as fresh now as it ever wuz in them streets he wandered in durin' his sad exile, while the solid stun his feet trod on has mouldered and gone to pieces, which shows how much more real the onseen is than the seen, and how much more indestructable. Iron pillars and granite columns aginst which his weary head had leaned oft-times had all mouldered and decayed. But the onseen visions that Camoens see with his rapt poet's eye wuz jest as fresh and deathless as when he first writ 'em down. And his memory hanted the old streets, and went before 'em and over 'em. How much more real than the tropical birds that wheeled and glittered in the luxuriant tropical foliage, though they couldn't lay hands on 'em and ketch 'em and bring a few to me, much as I would liked to have had 'em. But these bein' the real, as I say, they wuz also with me way over in Hongkong. I thought a sight on him all the time they wuz gone and afterwards I thought of the honor and dignity his noble verse had gin to his country, and how princely the income they had gin him after they let him return from his exile. Twenty-one dollars a year! What a premium that wuz upon poesy; the Muse must have felt giddy to think she wuz prized so high, and his native land repented of the generosity afterwards and stopped the twenty-one dollars a year.

But then after his starved and strugglin' life wuz ended his country acted in the usual way, erected monuments in his honor, and struck off medals bearin' his liniment. The worth of one medal or one little ornament on the peak of one of his statutes might have kep' alive the

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"MISS MEECHIM WUZ DRETFUL WORKED UP ABOUT THE GAMBLING"

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"I NEVER HAD ANY TIFFIN," SEZ JOSIAH

broken heart and starved body and gin him some comfort. But that hain't the way of the world; the world has always considered it genteel and fashionable to starve its poets, and stun its prophets, with different kinds of stuns, but all on 'em hard ones; not that it has done so in every case, but it has always been the fashionable way.

Dorothy and Robert talked quite a good deal about the sad poet and his works, their young hearts feelin' for his woe; mebby sunthin' in their own hearts translatin' the mournful history; you know plates have to be fixed jest right or the colors won't strike in, it is jest so in life. Hearts must be ready to photograph the seens on, or they won't be took. Some hearts and souls are blank plates and will always remain so. Arvilly seemed lost in thought as they talked about the poet (she hain't so well versed in poetry as she is in the license laws and the disabilities of wimmen), and when she hearn Robert Strong say, "Camoens will live forever," she sez dreamily:

"I wonder if he'd want to subscribe for the *Twin Crimes?*" And sez she, "I am sorry I didn't go over with you and canvass him." Poor thing! she little knew he had got beyend canvassin' and all other cares and troubles of life two hundred years ago. But Miss Meechim wuz dretful worked up about the gambling going on at Maceo, and she sez it is as bad as at Monte Carlo. (I didn't know who he wuz, but spozed that he wuz a real out and out gambler and black leg.) And sez she, "Oh how bad it makes me feel to see such wickedness carried on. How it makes my heart yearn for my own dear America!" Miss Meechim is good in some things; she is as loyal to her own country as a dog to a root, but Arvilly sez:

Arvilly's Plain Talk

"I guess we Americans hadn't better find too much fault with foreign natives about gambling, when we think of our stock exchanges, huge gamblin' houses where millions are gambled for daily; thousands of bushels of wheat put up there that never wuz growed only in the minds of the gamblers. Why," sez Arvilly, warmin' up with her subject, "we are a nation of gamblers from Wall Street, where gamblin' is done in the name of greed, down to meetin' houses where bed-quilts and tidies are gambled for in the name of religion. From millionaires who play the game for fortunes, down to poor backwoodsmen who raffle for turkeys and hens, and children who toss pennies for marbles."

Sez Miss Meechim, "I guess I will take a little quinine and lay down a spell." Arvilly tosted her head quite a little after she retired and then she also went out to canvass a clerk in the office. Arvilly is dantless in carriage, but she is too hash. I feel bad about it.

(To be Continued.)

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Pauncefote-Bromley Wedding

WHOEVER is familiar with our country's capital knows the old Saint John's Episcopal Church, where, a short time ago, a very brilliant and notable wedding took place. Lord Pauncefote, who has for more than ten years been at the head of the British Embassy in Washington, and who is the Dean, by reason of long service of the foreign diplomatic corp, gave his daughter, Lillian, in marriage to Mr. Robert Bromley, of Stokes, England. It is a proof of the home feeling entertained by the Pauncefote's, after their long residence in Washington, that they did not go across the water for the performance of this function, but that her lover came to America to obtain and carry back his bride. Lord and Lady Pauncefote are deservedly popular in Washington, and with their four daughters, of whom the Honorable Lillian is the first to marry, they have been leaders in the most exclusive set. Many of us have feared the withdrawal of Lord Pauncefote from the post of British Ambassador, because two years ago he arrived at the usual retiring age; but, in view of the intimate and friendly relations now existing between the two great countries, and the need of extreme tact and wisdom on the part of the English minister, while feeling is so strongly aroused in regard to the South African situation, it has been hoped both in London and on this side the ocean that no change will at present take place. Lady Pauncefote's gracious presence and the hearty, cheery manner of her bright-faced girls would be sorely missed.

The husband of Lillian Pauncefote is the son of Sir Henry Bromley, fifth baronet of his family, and owner of vast possessions and ancestral wealth. To us in America titles count for little, comparatively, and when a nobleman seeks one of our own daughters, we scan his claims very carefully, but good blood and clean lineage are never to be discounted, and it is a credit to be born of good stock. The wedding of these young people seemed especially auspicious, so well suited to each other, socially and in age, were the contracting parties. It was a very beautiful pageant, the bride radiant in white satin gown with a sweeping court train carried by a picturesque little page, Master Sidney Kent Seger, of Washington. Two of the bride's sisters are seen in the picture standing next the bride; they are the Honorables Sybil and Audrey Pauncefote; Miss Esther Bromley, sister of the groom, and Miss Hettie Sargent, of Boston, the two other bridesmaids, stand just beyond them, while in the rear is the best man, the groom's brother, Mr. Maurice Bromley-Wilson.

This strikingly beautiful picture was taken in the ball room of the British Embassy, just before the bridal party went to the church; it is reproduced exclusively in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Family Jars

A family jar of any sort is a mortifying occurrence and a token that the family itself is only partly civilized, not to mention its lack of a Christian spirit. Really civilized people have good manners, and good manners imply self-restraint, and an ability to refrain from unkind speech, as well as a habit of being obliging. If, for example, in the ordinary intercourse of the family life, everybody were as polite as he or she is in company, how seldom would there be friction. And, advancing a step farther, if we were always as considerate and loving as those should be who have learned the ways of the Master, in gentleness, in charity, and in self-effacement, what a heaven on earth every home would be.

A family feud is sometimes the outgrowth of a family quarrel, and is of all difficulties the hardest to settle. I heard of a sister the other day who said, "If my brother Dan were lying in the road beside my door, helpless and ill, I would not lift a finger to assist him. I would lock my door and leave him there." Dan had offended his sister by a marriage of which she disapproved, and the current of her love had turned to implacable hatred in consequence. Can anything be more dreadful in the sight of God and man than a temper of this variety, so bitter, so unkind, so monstrous? Yet it is indulged in by those who have bent the knee to God from their cradles, read their Bibles, and heard the Gospel every Sabbath through many years.

Friends, we must watch ourselves lest the adversary of souls implant in us the seeds of such possible wickedness. Let us determine that no family jar, family friction or family feud shall ever mar our

THE PAUNCEFOTE-BROMLEY BRIDAL PARTY

life story and grieve the blessed One who came to save us from our sins. And, as our own strength is often weakness, and we may not trust it to help us in the hour of trial, let us ever pray to One who is mighty, remembering that his grace is sufficient for us in every emergency.

A Mother's Meeting

I am asked to tell inquiring mothers how to begin regular meetings in their church or town. First: call a meeting, either by a public announcement in the local paper or by a word from the pulpit, inviting every mother to attend at a given place on a certain day and hour. Let the pastor's wife, or some interested woman, call the meeting to order. Begin the proceedings with prayer for the divine blessing. Then name a secretary pro tem to keep the record of the meeting. Elect a president, vice-president and secretary, who may also be a treasurer. The object of the organization should be stated by the chair, and clearly understood by those who signify their intention to become members. In successive meetings, you may consider problems which all mothers meet in daily life—the best education of children, their playmates, their perils, whatever you wish to discuss. Above all, pray earnestly and unitedly in such a meeting, that America's motherhood may be consecrated and America's childhood taught of God.

The next National Congress of Mothers will convene in Des Moines, Iowa, May 21st to 25th. Full particulars will be given on this page later.

Letters and Visiting Cards

Plain white unruled paper is in the best taste for ordinary letters. Avoid all novelties and eccentricities. In calling on a friend who is visiting a lady whom you do not know, etiquette requires you to send a card to your friend's hostess, and you should consult her convenience in making engagements with your friend and for her. A gentleman's ordinary visiting card is much smaller than that of a lady. Husband and wife as a rule use separate visiting cards. You may, on occasion, write "Mr. and" before the "Mrs." on your own card, if you are making calls together.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—DORRIS. Announcement cards are sent out as soon as possible after a marriage.

—ETHEL. Consult the geography of the United States, selecting whatever book is in use in the nearest public school.

—NOVICE. It is always courteous to acknowledge cards of invitation by your own card, but in the case of a large wedding where you are invited only to the church and not to the succeeding reception, this is not necessary.

—D. C. I advise your seeking information from a specialist. Any prominent undertaker in a large city, such as Chicago or St. Louis New York or Boston, could advise you as to burial robes.

—J. J. D. It is impossible to give trustworthy statistics, but the efforts of the Audobon Society, and the formation of a better public sentiment are operating to prevent the wearing of birds as ornaments on millinery.

—MARJORIE. In this country, a young man's mother calls on his fiancee. Abroad, it is quite frequently customary for him to bring her to call upon his mother. The really needful thing in the case is for her to receive a cordial welcome from her lover's family.

—MRS. B. S. How rich and full is your life, with your eight children, "every one in the fold of Christ, every one loving father and mother." Far superior seems this full quiver than a childless home, in which old age and lonliness must be faced, without filial ministries to cheer the westerning slope of life.

—GERTRUDE B. Aunt Patience is too old-fashioned to understand your subtleties. When she was a girl, young people were less complex. One thing is certain, my dear. Either you do love your suitor or you are averse or indifferent to him. In any case marriage can be right for you if you truly love and honor the man you marry. To marry without love for a mercenary consideration, is degrading, and in my opinion, criminal.

—A CANADIAN GIRL. I know of no special school which an aspiring author can attend to advantage. Something to say and the ability to say it in a clear and agreeable manner are needful pre-requisites, and these cannot be imparted by any school. A knowledge of one's own tongue, gained chiefly by much reading of good books, is invaluable. Finally, the young writer must possess pluck, precision and perseverance.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A CHILD

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me:
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
Amen.

Preventible Illness

"DO not kiss that little girl," said the wise physician to the tender mother, who was bending over her fevered child. "The kiss will do her no good, and it may give you her sickness. You can care for her just as well, and neither inhale her breath nor take up the air about her by approaching too closely with your caresses."

The doctor was right. Great as is the desire on the mother's part to hug and kiss her little pain-racked girl or boy, she must resolutely deny herself the gratification. It was forgetfulness of this sort which destroyed the life of the Princess Alice of Hesse, a very noble woman and a favorite daughter of Queen Victoria. She passionately kissed her little one who was tortured by diphtheria, caught the dread disease herself, and died its victim. In obscurer homes and places this tragedy has been often repeated, so, dear mother, reading this paper, take the counsel of prudence to yourself in the matter.

Modern science shows us that no malady is more contagious than the familiar scourge consumption, which slays its tens of thousands every year all round the globe. Yet medical and, above all, preventive aid is constantly lessening its evil powers, and the number of its victims does not increase; is indeed perceptibly diminishing, as we understand that pure air and good food are the best weapons with which to fight it. In days which I remember, if consumption gained an entrance into a family, it often swept like a devouring flame straight through it, one young life after another falling an easy prey to its relentless terrors. Now, we know that we must wage war upon the noxious germs, that a consumptive patient must be kept out of doors, that a cold bracing climate is often better for him than a sultry warm one, and that no well person must on any pretext sleep with one whose lungs and throat are morbidly affected.

There are preventible colds and other illnesses which we take through deliberate heedlessness. The list is long. Can we not shorten it in our own case by common sense?

School Cruelties

Twice recently I have been deeply pained, as has many another woman, by reports of shameful cruelty to a child by a school-teacher, resulting in both instances in the child's death at the teacher's hands, or through the teacher's agency. One school-master, a man, so harshly beat a small boy that the boy died a few days afterward from an injury to the brain and spine. One young woman, enraged because a little girl of nine had written a line too many in her exercise book, slapped and shook the poor little culprit, and must have been very much confounded when death stepped in and snatched the victim from her grasp, on the spot. The child had a weak heart, and between the violence of the teacher's attack and the shame of the treatment, succumbed, and went to a merciful heaven, where instruments of torture and thoughtless executioners do not enter.

I long for the day when at home and in school a better way of discipline shall be found than that of maltreating children by rods and straps. The child who is thus punished is inevitably hardened, and nine times out of ten the person who does the whipping does it to gratify a sentiment of revenge, not because he wishes to do the child good. A mother once said to me, "I wouldn't let John see me whip one of the children for the world. It would be laying off the angel and laying on the rod in his eyes," and she was right.

"Christ the Equal of God"

Helen M.'s Famous Question Elicits Many Replies From Our Readers

WHEN a reader of this journal, signing herself simply "Helen M." wrote a letter sometime ago in which she asked the question: "Does Jesus anywhere claim to be the equal of God?" the first impulse was to reply, quoting for the inquirer's benefit all the Scriptural passages in support of the Divine equality of the Son and Father. It seemed, however, to be a question so certain of interesting a very large number of other readers that, on consideration, it was decided to submit the matter to the readers themselves for answer. The result has been an avalanche of letters on the subject which till now we have had little opportunity to publish, owing to lack of space. We give below a general summary of the answers:

Mrs. N. P. A., Sanford, Me., writes:

I answer yes. He says, "I and my Father are one" (John 10: 30). "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14: 9). The Jews sought to kill him *because he made himself equal with God* (John 5: 18). In Jesus' prayer for his apostles, he declares himself one with the Father (John 17 · 21-22). Jesus says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28: 18). And "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son *even as they honor the Father*" (John 5: 22, 23). There is one God, the Father, one Lord the Saviour, and one Holy Spirit, *three in one* (I. John 1: 7). I do not think this is as mysterious as many other things in the Bible; the new birth, for instance, which cannot be explained but must be experienced, to be understood.

J. H. B., Lancaster, Pa., writes:

I believe Christ to be equal with God, but I do not understand it. There are many other things about God and eternity that I do not understand. I just believe them and trust the Lord that it is all right. It is, however, right to search and see if these things be so. If we look up the following texts, we will get light on the subject. John 1: 1-3; 10: 30, 38; Phil. 2: 6; Gen. 1: 26.

Thomas Henshall, Kansas City, Kan., writes:

Is Jesus God? Yes; because Jesus said so. That settles it with me. The high priest asked: "Art thou the Son of the Blessed?" Jesus said: "I am." He said: "Before Abraham was, I am." "He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life and shall not come into condemnation." "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last." "All things are delivered unto me of my Father." Paul says: "In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "The express image of his person." Millions of saints throughout all the generations have offered him their adoration and praise and worship. Him because "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God." "I and my Father are one."

F. J., Strathroy, Ont., Canada, writes:

"The question seems to be a very debatable one. I might be permitted to refer to I. Cor. 16: 24-28, where it is intimated very clearly that Jesus is to give up all authority to God, even the Father (24th verse), that God may be all in all (28th verse), and the Son himself shall be subject unto him who did put all things under him. Can a subject be equal to the one under whom he serves? The following passages of Scripture might be read with profit on this subject: Matt. 20: 23; Mark 10: 40; John 5: 19, 20, 30; 6: 38; 7: 16, 28, 29; 8: 28, 42, 54, 55; 10: 32; 12: 49, 50; 14: 10, 24, 28, 31; 15: 15; 17: 4, 8, 18; I. Cor. 3: 23; 9: 3.

J. H. Y., Indiana, Pa., writes:

1. Christ says: "I and the Father are one," and, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father" (John 10: 30; 14: 9).

2. His miracles of healing, raising from the dead, and his creative power in the wedding wine, and feeding the multitudes, imply divinity.

3. The main events of his life—birth, works, character, suffering for others, death and resurrection—are all subjects of prophesies, extending over centuries. In these he is called Messiah, Shiloh and Immanuel (God with us); and in Is. 9: 6, "the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

Rev. F. W. A., Marysville, Ohio, writes:

Christ is equal with God: 1. Because names pertaining to God only are ascribed to him (John 20: 28; Rom. 9: 5; I. John 5: 20, and many others). 2. Because attributes which pertain to God only are ascribed to him. He is eternal (Micah 5: 20; Isaiah 9: 6; John 1: 1, 2; Heb. 13: 8; John 8: 58). He is omnipresent (Matt. 18: 20; Matt. 28: 20). He is omnipotent (Matt. 28: 18). He is omniscient (John 2: 25; John 21. 17). 3. Because he performed divine works of his own power (John 1: 3; Heb. 1: 3; Col. 1: 16, 17; Luke 7: 14; John 2: 11; Matt. 9: 6). Notice especially in Luke 7: 14 that he says, "I," not like the disciples in Acts 3: 6, 12, 16, "in the name of." 4. Because the greatest divine honor is given him (John 5: 23; Phil. 2: 10; Heb. 1: 6). 5. Because he expressly affirms his equality with God (John 10: 30; John 14: 9). In John 5: 18 the last five words are especially to be noted. As to the incontrovertible truth that there is but one God, see John 10: 30, where Christ solves the questioner's difficulty. And as to the equally incontrovertible truth that Christ acknowledged the divine authority of the Father and offered up prayers to him, let it be remembered that the Son of God became man—was God and man in one person and humbled himself, and in the days of his flesh or in the state of humiliation ordinarily did not make use of his divine majesty and glory (see Phil. 2: 5-8 and also II. Cor. 8: 9; II. Cor. 5: 21; Gal. 3: 13), in which last three passages the purpose of his lowliness and humility is shown, namely that of being a perfect substitute for the fallen human race and a satisfactory atonement.

Eli K., Clarksville, Ohio, writes:

Before he was crucified he prayed that the cup might pass from him, which was not granted. He then exclaimed: "My God, my God, why hast thou deserted me?" Again, he lay dead in the sepulchre three days and of course powerless during that time. And although he was given all power in heaven and earth, it was only a gift of God. God created the heavens and the earth and all things therein, whereas, Christ is the Redeemer of the people and King over all.

H. D. writes:

God himself revealed Jesus to the world as the "Well beloved Son," on two important occasions, viz.: His Baptism and Transfiguration, and commanded us to "hear him."

Why should we believe that God kept back anything, which is essential to our faith?

Jesus repeatedly told his apostles that all he had he received from the Father, and on his day of ascension sent this message by Mary to his disciples: "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, and to my God and your God." St. Paul answered this question in I. Cor. 8: 5, 6: "Though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth," etc. "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him: and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."

A large proportion of the affirmative answers take the ground that "Jesus is God manifest in the flesh," and therefore not only equal but identical with the Father. Some make the distinction that while metaphysically Jesus acknowledged his subordination to the Father, morally and spiritually he claimed equality.

C. W. M., Carlisle, Ark., writes:

I believe that Christ was none other than Adam himself, because Luke in his genealogy of Christ traces his lineage back to Adam, who, he says, "was the son of God." In many places Christ is spoken of as the Son of God and only begotten of the Father. Paul speaks of Adam as being the "figure of him that was to come," Rom. 5: 14; that is, figuratively they were the same; really Christ was a new person; the mortal had put on immortality and the corruption incorruption. And again in I. Cor. 15: 45, "and so it is written the first man Adam was made a living soul; and the last Adam was made a quickening spirit." Also in Heb. 1: 6, "and when he bringeth again the first begotten into the world," signifying that he must have been in the world before. In Revelations Christ is spoken of as "The First and Last;" "The Beginning and the End." Now, if Christ was Adam, then he is our Creator and Father of us all. As to Christ's equality with God, he is equal in sentiment, in love and in action, executing the Father's will as a trusted earthly son does his father's will. Illustrated by the willingness of the Father that he should, and the willingness of the Son to come into the world again to make an atonement for the sins of the people. Of course, the Father first created the Son, therefore the Father is greater in that respect.

Peter O., St. Peter, Minn., writes:

There is only one place in the whole Bible indicating that the Son is not all in all with the Father; it is about the time of the final judgment. He says regarding that, himself, Mark 13: 32. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." But we may also believe that Christ had given up that knowledge for the time being, while he was in the body, and that to-day sitting at the right hand of the Father, he is all and all in him.

F. Carpenter, Berlin, Ont., writes:

1st. Jesus was a man like all men, as to his person; that is, he had a father and mother as we all have. He was the man for the time, the promised Saviour, the wonderful Councillor, the perfect man, the revealer of the Father's nature, so that those who see him see the character of God.

2d. There is only one God. If the Bible teaches anything it teaches this.

3d. Christ gave his life, a willing sacrifice from first to last, for the good of his fellow men.

4th. The only true manhood and womanhood, that which will elevate man above the beasts that perish and make us worthy of life eternal is to follow in the steps of Jesus, by always striving, with God's help, to do what we believe Jesus would do in our place.

L. R. B., Leroy, Minn., writes:

Gen. 1: 1: "God created;" 26th verse, God said: "Let us make man," revealing the triune God in creative work. In the Gospel of John: 1, 2, 3, 10 and 14, declares this of him "who was made flesh and dwelt among us;" Paul in Heb. 1: 1, 2, 3, 10 and in Col. 1: 16, 17, ascribes to Jesus all-creating power. The title Jehovah, "I Am," is the most august title of God, Ex. 3: 14 and 6: 3. Jesus claims this august title, John 8: 53-59. He claims also equality with God, the Father, John 10: 30, 33-38. For this he was condemned, John 19: 7. The Jews considered sonship equality. Jesus repeats this to his disciples in John 14: 7, 11 and 17: 1, 2, 5. The accepted worship, John 8: 38. He declared himself the coming Judge in Matt. 24: 30, 25, 31-46.

Dr. R. Hamilton, Ill., writes:

As a human son Christ would say: "My Father is greater than I"; as a divine son he could say: "I and my Father are one."

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THE BEGGAR TRAMP TRANSFORMED

A Marvelous Story of God's Saving Grace at the Old McAuley Mission

HE was without doubt the most thorough-paced tramp that ever came into our old mission, where the lost congregate in such numbers. No pen can adequately describe him, but may be able to give a faint idea of how he looked. He was over six feet tall and sixty years old, but he looked a hundred.

THE OLD COLONEL

His beard was a dirty gray and a foot long. His hair, the same color, hung down his back over a foot long. His eyes were bleared and the hue of his face showed that water and he had long been strangers. He had on a ragged old overcoat, probably picked out of some ash barrel, and fastened with a nail; an old coat and vest completed his wardrobe. Of course he had neither a shirt nor undershirt. His trousers were simply indescribable; they consisted of holes tied up with strings and a little cloth here and there. On his feet were pieces of carpet wrapped up with strings.

I had known him for years as a common beggar. It was thirteen years ago last June when he came to see me, one Sunday night, and he stood up for prayer in the middle of the service. Peering forward, he asked if I was present, and when I said "Yes," he said, "Mr. Hadley, pray for me. I am contrite." At the invitation he came up with twenty others and prayed like a man in dead earnest. When we rose from our knees he stood up and said, "Well, I am saved! there is no doubt about it." At the close of the service he put his arm around my neck and said:

"Brother Hadley, what ye going to give me?"

"Oh," said I, "you will get a night's lodging."

"Yes," said he, "that's right; what else?"

"I will give you a quarter for your breakfast," said I.

"That's right," said he again, "that's right. I always knowed you was a Christian," and with his quarter and a ticket for bed, he tottered off.

As he left me he said: "I'll come every night."

"Oh don't," I said, "just come occasionally."

But he said again: "Yes, Brother Hadley; I'll come every night."

Who was this man—this finished work of Satan's cruel power? He was from one of the best Ohio families, from a wealthy, prosperous, Christian home. After college he studied law in the office of Edwin M. Stanton, the great war secretary under Lincoln. He married and began to practice law, but in college he had learned to drink whiskey. He entered the army at the outbreak of the war, served through that fearful struggle with credit, and was mustered out a colonel of cavalry in an Illinois regiment, but a confirmed drunkard. He tried to struggle against that deadly habit which had securely fastened itself upon him, but it was useless. At last, when home was destroyed and wife and children gone, he became utterly discouraged. He came to New York, assumed another name, never went near the post office, and ultimately became a common beggar on the streets. For over a quarter of a century he had been a confirmed drunkard.

This was the man who came up for prayers at the Water Street Mission. He was on hand early the next night, and when the invitation was given he came up with the rest, and, after praying very unctuously, rose up and said he was saved—sure this time! He tried to put his arm around me again, but I repelled him with much more vigor than grace, I fear. I pointed him to the door.

"Do you mean it?" said he.

"If you linger much longer," said I, "you'll see if I mean it."

He went slowly out, cursing me and the mission and everybody else, and swearing he would die in the street rather than come in again.

I had been sorely tried that night. I had to put out three longshoremen, who came in drunk looking for a fight, and I was clearly a backslider. My heart smote me as I saw the miserable, hopeless figure go out into the night. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I could think of nothing else, pray for nothing else. I felt he must be saved or I would be lost.

Two weeks from that day we had a monthly meeting of rescue workers. Our speaker had disappointed us and someone said, "Call on Brother Hadley." I said, "Yes, I have something to say today," and with shame and weeping, I told them about the old colonel and how I had treated him. While I spoke, it seemed as if the Holy Ghost fell on us all. No one said "pray," but all fell on their knees. They prayed for the colonel and they prayed for me, that God would deliver my soul. While they prayed the light broke. "Get up," said I, "you need not pray any more." They gathered around me and said, "Oh, Brother Hadley, have you got your answer." "I have," said I, as I wrung their hands. I hastened to the elevated road and came down to the mission, and there on the back bench sat the colonel. It was my turn now and I put my arms around his neck and burst into tears.

I got him a beefsteak, bread, butter, potatoes and coffee, and he ate like a famished animal. I got a tub of hot water, a bar of soap and plenty of towels and clean clothes, and with the hands that pen these lines I washed this poor outcast. I dressed him from head to foot and took him over across the street to the barber's, and soon his long hair and beard disappeared. He stayed to the meeting and came forward; but how changed! His whole frame trembled with emotion and tears fell from his eyes to the floor as he cried, "Oh, Lord, if it ain't too late forgive this lost sinner."

For six nights this was repeated, and on Saturday night he arose at the close of our service, and said with heaven in his face, "Oh, Brother Hadley, I am saved." I said, "I believe you," and then we did have a hug.

From that instant the old beggar tramp was turned into a child of God. He fairly loathed rum and all its works. God restored to him his intellect, which was so sadly impaired; his youth returned, and he became a tall, dignified, handsome Christian gentleman.

Thousands have heard him, during the last thirteen years, tell in the most convincing manner how Jesus had reached down and saved him and kept him. For some time past his health had been failing, and at last we put him in the Presbyterian Hospital. On February 28th he went to see Jesus, whom he loved so well. He was buried from our dear old Water Street Mission.

"For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Heb. 8: 12.

S. H. HADLEY.

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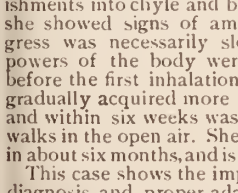
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BRONCHIAL CONSUMPTION

From Dr. Robert Hunter's Lectures on Lung Diseases

Of the many forms of Bronchitis, the one most alarming of all is that in which the symptoms closely resemble those of consumption, and hence called consumptive bronchitis, or bronchial consumption. You must not, however, understand from this name that it is really tuberculous in character, or produced by the bacilli which cause true consumption. In all lung cases, I require a portion of the expectorated matter coughed up by the patient to be brought to me, or sent in a small bottle by express, before giving a definite opinion of the disease. If, on examination, I find the tubercle bacilli present, the case is consumption; and if no bacilli—Bronchitis. A large percentage of those who die of lung diseases, supposed to be consumption, are really deaths by chronic bronchitis resembling consumption.

A remarkable instance in verification of this recently occurred. A lady was brought to me in what appeared the last stage of consumption. Her physicians had told her husband that she could not live a week. She had a bad cough, puriform expectorations, night sweats, and was wasted almost to skin and bone. Judging by her symptoms and appearance, it was impossible not to fear that she had come too late. On sounding her chest, however, I was surprised to find no solidification by tubercles, and on examining her sputum a total absence of the bacilli. The history, too, of her sickness, revealed that it had followed an attack of whooping-cough and grippe. So, although her pulse was 120 a minute, and so feeble as to be hardly perceptible, and the wasting of her body so extreme that she could not stand without support, I did not hesitate to pronounce the case bronchial, and give it as my opinion that, if we could sustain her strength long enough for remedies to act, she would be saved. She was immediately placed under medicated air treatment, with tonics to impart appetite and digestives to help the enfeebled stomach to transform nourishments into chyle and blood. Within a week she showed signs of amendment. Her progress was necessarily slow, as the healing powers of the body were nearly exhausted before the first inhalation was given, but she gradually acquired more and more strength, and within six weeks was able to take short walks in the open air. She recovered perfectly in about six months, and is alive and well to-day.

This case shows the importance of a correct diagnosis and proper adaptation of the treatment of the conditions to be remedied. Had the true nature of her disease not been discovered just when it was, she would have lost her life through wrong treatment, and been recorded as another death by consumption.

Every form of bronchitis is curable by local antiseptic and healing remedies applied directly to the lungs by medicated air inhalation, but none of them by stomach treatment. The stomach is not the part affected. The air tubes and cells of the lungs are the seat of every bronchial disease, and unless remedies capable of changing their bad secretions and healing the inflamed tubes are applied to them, cure is impossible. To treat bronchial and other lung diseases through the stomach and hold out a hope of cure by that treatment is malpractice, and ought to be punished as a crime against the sick.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. A. L. Peer, 179 Washington street, Newark, N. J., says: "I had 27 hemorrhages and lost 50 pounds in weight; I was cured by Dr. Hunter's treatment."

Mrs. Edward Raynor, 174 Bank street, Newark, N. J., says: "I had the worst symptoms of consumption, fever, night sweats, hemorrhages, great shortness of breath and loss of flesh, and I owe my recovery to Dr. Hunter's treatment."

In order to obtain Dr. Hunter's book, "The Lungs and Their Diseases," *free*, address Dr. Robert Hunter Association, 117 W. 45th Street, New York.

The First Philippine Preacher

FROM Rev. T. G. Steward, Chaplain 25th Infantry now stationed at Manila, we have received a very interesting letter concerning the career of Nicholas Zamora, the first native preacher outside the Romish church. Zamora is a young man whose parents were Catholics. His father became a Protestant in heart years ago, and was banished from home and family by priestly influence, but afterward permitted to return to Manila. "This circumstance, with others," writes Chaplain Steward, "filled the heart of Nicholas with a detestation of the doctrines of the Romish Church. He passed several years in a Jesuitical college. Now that he has become a Protestant, he preaches every Sunday to an earnest congregation of his brethren. He is by nature warm-hearted and genial, and God will yet give him to his people as a preacher of love. Will the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray for him that God may give him a glorious baptism of love. He is a Methodist, and his address is Calle Batario, No. 13, Manila."

NICHOLAS ZAMORA

French Mothers and the Gospel

An excellent work among the women of France is being done by Madame Dalencourt, of Paris. Brought up as a strict Roman Catholic, she was much impressed by some words spoken to her by a Christian lady, who was her fellow teacher in a public school. Madame Dalencourt had become very anxious about her father and the teacher was sympathizing with her. She mentioned some passages of Scripture that might help her; but Madame Dalencourt replied that as a Catholic she read only such extracts as the Church recommended. The teacher said: "Suppose your good father, believing he was going to die, and not wishing to leave you without his counsel, wrote a letter for his children; and, that after his death, some of the elder brothers should take possession of the letter and say: 'We will not let you read it all, but we will let you read some extracts,' would you be satisfied? Well, your priests do that: they keep from you your Heavenly Father's letter."

These words, "Your Heavenly Father's letter," lead Madame Dalencourt to read the Bible, and were the first dawn of light on her soul, though it was not till some years later that she publicly left the Church of Rome. She spent some months in England, and whilst there became interested in the working and influence of some of the mothers' meetings in London; and on her return to Paris she began to gather the women together in her own home. The work thus started has extended to about twenty other towns and villages in France; other Christian women being encouraged by her example to try and teach their poorer sisters about the love of Jesus. It consists, in most places, besides the mothers' meetings, of classes for children and temperance work; and while there is frequent opposition to it and many efforts are made by priests to draw away those who come to the meetings, there is proof that God is blessing his message, in the changed lives of many, both old and young.

Would Not Part With It

BODE, IOWA.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The Red Letter Testament is convenient in size, and the exact words of Christ, being printed in red, makes it exceedingly convenient for reference. It seems to me it presents those sayings more prominently than is done in ordinary print, thus arresting attention and accomplishing much more good than could otherwise be done. I would not part with my copy for many times the cost. T. M. M. H.

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CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND, PATERSON, N. J.

The above photograph represents the Church Choir Zobo Band of Paterson, N.J., which was organized by the church choir and organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for church purposes. It was a great success. Hundreds of church choirs have Zobo bands and find them of great value. **Zobo Concerts always draw large audiences.**

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT ZOBO:

Chas. W. Diehl, 107 West 127th Street, New York City, Music Director of S. S. Class of Harlem Presbyterian Church, says:

"I have used the Zobo Instruments in my Sunday School Class for the past year with big success."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. D., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N.J., says: "I have just received the Zobo cornet, and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo brass instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a 14-piece Zobo band and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo concert and would say it was a big success."

Mac Blance Winfield, instructor of music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo band instruments. I could not and would not do without them, either in my orchestra or in my clubs, as they give much beauty and volume to the orchestral parts." (This orchestra plays only high-class music.)

Also refer you to Rev. A. G. Stewart, of Raymond, S. D.; Rev. C. McKibbin, of East Grand Forks, Minn.; Rev. W. H. Sampson, of St. John, West New Brunswick, Canada; Rev. A. S. Willoughby, of Moorland, Ia.

Had we space we could quote thousands of such letters from pastors and prominent citizens who have Zobo instruments. With a full Zobo band ***A GRAND PIPE ORGAN EFFECT*** can be obtained. To Churches that have no pipe organ Zobo supplies the want at a small cost. Churches without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir band. It is a money-making and music-supplying feature. To you personally a Zobo cornet affords unlimited pleasure in your home, as you can play it with forcible effect without the aid of other Zobo instruments which usually constitute a complete Zobo band. The Zobo cornet is also an excellent accompaniment to a piano, organ, or any string instrument. We especially call the attention of vocalists to Zobo instruments, as they open up new possibilities for the improvement and high cultivation of the voice.

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MOODY'S LAST APPEAL*

The Great Revival Which Closed the Evangelist's Earthly Career

MR. MOODY left home for the last time on November 8, 1899. His family had no suspicion that he was not enjoying his usual health and strength. He had engaged to conduct a week's meetings in Kansas City, Mo. He reached Kansas City a sick man.

The great auditorium in which the meetings were held is estimated to hold easily 15,000 people. Friends say that fully that number attended his first Sunday meetings, while thousands were unable to gain admittance. "It was a thrilling spectacle. The great arena, like a valley filled with upturned faces, and the balconies, thronged like receding hillsides covered with a countless multitude—and a solemn silence hovering over them all! Alone in that great assemblage stood Mr. Moody, at the front end of the extended platform. His voice sounded as though he was talking confidentially to a man in the eighth or tenth row.

Thursday, November 16th, was the day on which he preached for the last time. On the afternoon of that day, his subject was "Grace in a Three-fold Aspect" (Titus 2:11-14).

That last night Convention Hall was well filled. Mr. Moody showed no signs of exhaustion. His last sermon on earth was on "Excuses." He read the parable as found in Luke 14:16-24, beginning: "Then said he unto him: A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come: for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

Had he known that this was to be his last sermon could he have made a more urgent and characteristic appeal in closing:

"Suppose we should write out to-night this excuse. How would it sound? 'To the King of Heaven. While sitting in Convention Hall, Kansas City. Mo., November 16th, 1899, I received a very pressing invitation from one of your servants to be present at the marriage supper of your only-begotten Son. I pray thee have me excused.'

"Would you sign that, young man? Would you, mother? Would you come up to the reporter's table, take a pen and put your name down to such an excuse? You would say, 'Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I sign that.' I doubt if there is one here who would sign it. Will you then pay no attention to God's invitation? I beg of you, do not make light of it. It is a loving God inviting you to a feast, and God is not to be mocked. Go play with the forked lighting, go trifle with pestilence and disease, but trifle not with God.

"Just let me write out another answer. 'To the King of Heaven. While sitting in Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., November 16th, 1899. I received a pressing invitation from one of your messengers to be present at the marriage supper of your only-begotten Son. I hasten to reply. By the grace of God I will be present.'

"Who will sign that? Is there one here who will put his name to it? Is there no one who will say, 'By the grace of God I will accept the invitation now?' May God bring you to a decision now. If you would ever see the kingdom of God, you must decide this question one way or the other. What will you do with the invitation? I bring it to you in the name of my Master; will you accept or reject it? Be wise to-night, and accept the invitation. Make up your mind that you will not go away till the question of eternity is settled."

Day by day passed in much the same way. Mr. Moody found it impossible to walk, although it did not trouble him to stand for an hour twice daily before those large audiences, and preach. On Thursday he had quite a chill, and had to summon a doctor on Friday. Under the doctor's advice he decided to relinquish all further attempt to proceed with the mission.

A beautiful incident occurred on the homeward journey—illustrative of what used to happen very frequently of late years.

When the train pulled into Detroit it was over an hour late, and unless at least half of this time should be made up, the eastern connection at Niagara for the through Boston train could not be made. As the train was standing in the station at Detroit, waiting for the signal to start, the engineer, a grizzled old veteran of the rail, came back along the car until he reached the special car.

"Whose car is this?" he asked one of the party who was standing outside.

"It's a special, taking Mr. Moody to his home," was the reply.

"We are about an hour late, and if we don't make up the time we won't make the proper connections for Boston."

"Look here," said the engineer, his voice choking as he spoke, "fifteen years ago I was converted by Moody, and I have lived a better and a happier life ever since. I didn't know Moody's car was on to-night, but if you want me to make up the time for you, I'll do it. Just tell Mr. Moody that one of his friends is at the throttle, and then hold your breath."

As soon as the train got clear of the city the engineer pulled open the throttle, and it is said that he made the fastest time ever made over his division.

*From *The Shorter Life of D. L. Moody*, Vol 1., by Paul D. Moody and Arthur P. Fitt. Price, 10c. The Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, publishers.

Seed Catalogues Received

30th Annual Catalogue. New Century collection of flower and vegetable seeds, plants and bulbs. Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Seed Annual for 1900. A complete list of flower, vegetable and farm seeds, bulbs and plants. D. M. Ferry & Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Salzer's Royal Carnations, and all other flower, vegetable and farm seeds, bulbs, and plants. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

John Lewis Childs' Condensed Catalogue of Specialties, new and rare bulbs, plants, seeds and fruits. Illustrated. John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits. Showing many flowers of rare tropical beauty. Seeds, plants and bulbs. The Jessamine Gardens, Jessamine, Pasco Co., Florida.

Garden Annual for 1900. Flowers only, but showing a very complete and attractive collection of seeds, roots and bulbs. J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Floral Park, N. Y.

New Floral Guide for 1900. Surpassing flower, fruit and vegetable seeds, roots and bulbs. The Conrad Jones Company, Rose and Flower Growers, West Grove, Pa.

The Storrs & Henderson Co. Handy Guide to intending purchasers of farm, garden and flower seeds, roots and bulbs. The Storrs & Henderson Co., Painesville, Ohio.

Glenwood Nurseries. Showing a fine line of seeds and plants for farm, garden and lawn. Landscape gardening a specialty. The William H. Moon Co., Morrisville, Pa.

Flowers from Seed. A catalogue devoted exclusively to flowers and flower seeds, comprising the best in both new and old varieties. S. Y. Haines & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Good Seeds at Fair Prices. All kinds of vegetable, flower and grass seeds; also *Seed Truth*, containing hints to intending purchasers. Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Everything for the Garden. An extensive list of flower, garden and farm seeds, bulbs and plants. Just the book for intending gardeners in city or country. Illustrated. Peter Henderson & Co., New York.

Garden and Farm Manual for 1900. A convenient and well illustrated guide for those interested in novelties and specialties in vegetable, flower and farm seeds. Johnson & Stokes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Vick's Garden and Floral Guide. A most attractive catalogue, which gives a great variety of plants, bulbs, seeds and fruits, including the latest novelties as well as the standard varieties, Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

Farm Annual for 1900. A complete and handy list, containing valuable facts about the best seeds and the results of experiments in the largest trial gardens in America, well illustrated; also *Burpee's Unique List for 1900*, being a catalogue of a few of the best seeds selected from thousands at Fordhook Farms. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Florists. Philadelphia.

Any or all of these catalogues will be sent on application to the publishers

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Gospel Work in Matanzas

Pastor Cova's Mission Which has Prospered Amid Great Opposition

TEN months ago a notable Christian work was begun in Matanzas, Cuba. The Rev. J. V. Cova, a Baptist pastor, came thither with his family to establish a Gospel Mission. It was opened with only five members and amid a storm of hostility from the local priests. He found not a paper that was willing to announce the services or make any mention of the work. He rented a large house for a chapel, but on the owner learning that it was intended for a Baptist mission, she refused to give him the key. He was obliged to look for another home for the mission. The Lord answered his prayers, and the little church of five members has now fifty-six communicants and many candidates under probation. The hall is crowded at every meeting by eager multitudes, earnestly receiving the Gospel and hearing the songs of salvation.

Mr. Cova writes: "We are going to move to better quarters in a few days. Our latest place is a large hall with a seating capacity of 250, and when repairs are finished it will have a really fine appearance. We also keep a free day mission, with sixty-four children and young ladies, where they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, drawing, the English language and the Bible. Our Sunday School numbers some seventy children, with six teachers. We have also organized a Young People's Society for Bible training and missionary work, with twenty-five members up to date. I have, besides, two other preaching places in this city, where I speak to the people in Spanish and English once a week. At the first, we hold a morning service at 9 A.M. every Sunday, and an evening meeting on the same day at 7:30 P.M. The Sunday School gathers at 10 A.M. I ask the prayers of God's people for this work.

"Matanzas is a fine city, the second on the island, with two magnificent rivers, three splendid bridges, good hotels and nice buildings. Its surroundings embrace some of the finest scenery human eyes ever beheld. The population is 50,000, though, since the war, I fear it has been somewhat reduced."

PASTOR COVAS' MISSION SCHOOL IN MATANZAS

Our Porto Rico Children

From Rev. Mr. Jamieson. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School Superintendent in Porto Rico, comes another cheerful letter, giving account of the progress of our readers' work among the native children of the island capital. He writes:

"On Sunday last, in spite of the stormy, rainy weather, there were between fifty and sixty pupils in attendance at the Puerto de Tierra School. Of late there has been considerable sickness in the district, resulting, no doubt, from the recent heavy rains. This has necessarily kept away many who would have otherwise been glad to be present. Both parents and children are giving every evidence that they fully appreciate the benefits of the mission work that has been established in their midst. The Thursday evening service for adults is regularly maintained and well attended, especially by the more earnest and religiously disposed.

"The school is under good, efficient management, and everything is being done to promote the best interests of both parents and children in the school and in their homes by systematic visitation during the week. Could we secure larger quarters we could doubtless double our present number, but that is out of the question, as every habitation in Puerta de Tierra is full to overflowing.

"Rev. Mr. McCormick has opened a mission at Caguas, which is receiving the support of the intelligent portion of the community and is proving quite successful. Rev. Mr. Greene, the superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission in Santurce, is having abundant success, his meetings being largely attended. Generally speaking, the outlook for the success of Gospel work is decidedly encouraging."

The Princess to the Widows

The following open letter to the women and children of the soldiers who have fallen in South Africa was written by the Princess of Wales. It shows how tender is the heart of the best-beloved lady in England, and also shows that she has learned where to go for comfort in sorrow:

"My heart bleeds for the poor widows and faterless, whhose loved ones hav meet a glorious death fighting for their Queen and country. May God help and comfort them in their saddened circumstances, and give them that peace which passeth understanding.

"Peace, perfect peace: with loved ones far away.
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they."

ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales.

Journeying With Samantha

BAY CITY, MICH.

Dear Herald:—I wait anxiously from week to week for a new revelation from Aunt Samantha, as she brings before us new thoughts and places of interest, depicting them in a manner peculiar to herself and full of good cheer to all.

MRS. J. L. GOULD.

Aunt Samantha a Great Teacher

ROME, PA.

Dear Editor:—One of your subscribers, who is receiving so much help from the weekly visits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, feels that he can no longer withhold an expression of his gratitude. Each copy of this great paper, while in every way so complete in itself in its various departments, always has something better for its readers the next week. In this consists its beauty and power. Thank God for the reserved power of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

How full of pleasure and profit is "The Trip Around the World with Aunt Samantha!" How much we all owe to this truly great woman! More, I think, than to any other, not excepting Mrs. H. B. Stowe. We cannot help feeling that if Elder Wessel can much longer resist such a Gospel as she preaches, it will be because "there is no light in him." Prophetess, teacher, preacher of righteousness, and healer of the discouraged and downhearted in this practical, every-day life of ours, our thanks to you. FRANCES E. B.

"Patient waiters are no losers." The sorely afflicted and long suffering have only to put confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla and be patient and the good accomplished will be surprisingly great.

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Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy
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$25 to $300 Earned Weekly

Agents wanted to sell the Famous Maryland Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, etc. We prepay freight everywhere, sew carpets free, and furnish wadded lining without charge. For particulars address

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OFTEN LACK RICHNESS AND A DELICACY OF FLAVOR. A FAULT EASILY REMEDIED BY USING
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
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It has more imitations than any other brand ever produced.
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One Year's Free Trial

We will ship a Cornish Piano or a Cornish Organ anywhere upon the distinct understanding that if it is not satisfactory to the purchaser after twelve months' use, we will take it back. Could anything be fairer, anything more liberal than this unique plan of selling

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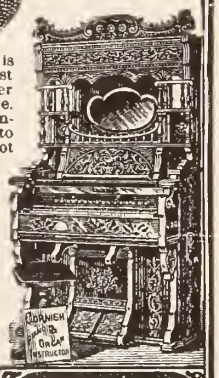

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS WORLD FAMED CORNISH PLAN, send for our *New Souvenir Catalogue* —a work of art with handsome colored illustrations. We send it absolutely free.

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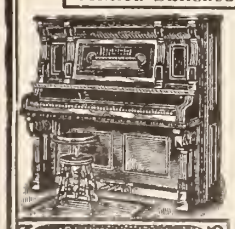
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WE SELL BUGGIES
SURREYS, CARRIAGES, LIGHT and HEAVY WAGONS, at lower prices than any other house in America, quality considered; issue a two-year binding guarantee, and we ship to anyone to examine before paying. Write for free Buggy Catalogue.
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain cure for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Braco Co, Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

Our Missionary Model

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 8. John 4: 5–15

ONE of the most significant incidents in our Lord's ministry was this talk with the woman of Samaria. It was the more remarkable because of the nationality of the woman. It would be difficult for us in these days to fully realize the hatred and contempt the Jews felt for the Samaritans. The Jew could not forget their heathen origin as described in II. Kings 17, and he knew that their profession of allegiance to God was merely a desire to propitiate the being whom they regarded as the God of the land. The refusal of Ezra and Nehemiah to allow them to participate in the building of the second temple increased the original prejudice, and subsequent events developed it still more. The Jew had to admit that the Samaritans were human beings, but he scorned them as he did dogs and swine, and would go a long distance out of his way, when he traveled, to avoid the degradation of contact with them. No wonder that the disciples "marveled that he talked with the woman."

The woman was as much astonished as they. But Jesus had taken the sure way to a woman's heart by asking her to do him a favor. She was curious to know what manner of Jew this was. Availing himself of this curiosity, and still preserving the figure of the water, Jesus tells her of his power. Through the conversation that followed, she tries to get away from the personal trend, to the theoretical and the doctrinal, while Christ, delicately but firmly, applies the truth to her own soul. Finally, he so impresses her with his power and authority, that she leaves her waterpot and goes to summon her neighbors. The conversation thus led to a work that continued for two days and brought many converts.

The church was slow to follow the example set by the Master. The admission of the Gentiles that Paul won was grudgingly granted, and long centuries passed before systematic attempts were made to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Even to this day, there are classes in Christian lands outside the pale of Gospel influence, that are not reached. Respectable Christianity gathers up its skirts lest it be defiled and forgets how its Lord talked with the outcast and did not shrink from one whose character was notoriously bad.

We sometimes fail to reach those who need the Gospel most, because we do not take the view of them that Christ took. He said that if this woman had known she would have sought. He seemed to think that it was not urging and pressing that she needed so much as knowledge. She did not know the gift of God nor who it was that talked to her, otherwise she would have asked and he would have given. It is so now. There are multitudes who do not know that the blessing is within their reach. Even if they know of the blessing, they are apt to think it is not for such as they. It was when the woman learned that Christ was aware of her degradation when he made the offer, that she was really moved to seek it. How glad many a weary soul would be to be assured of that fact. They do not know of the gift, they do not know what a transformation it makes in a life, and they do not know that it is really possible for them to secure it. What a glorious work is that of enlightening them! No pulpit is necessary for that work, no ordination, no formal authorization. Every Christian may do as Christ did: deal with some solitary soul with whom he comes in contact. It is as truly missionary work as is that which is done by the noble men and women who go to heathen lands, and it brings the same reward.

It is worthy of notice how frequently Christ talked with a solitary hearer. He who had audiences of five thousand did not think his time wasted in conversing with one person. If he who had so much to impart and so short a time in which to impart it, could afford to speak with one soul, and to so adapt his conversation to its understanding and mode of thought as to win its confidence, surely such work is not beneath us. So much may be done in this way because the soul won may, as in this case, bring others to him.

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No. 3094 Buggy, made with surrey seat. Price $47.05 with leather quarter top.

by buying it of the makers. Pay only one, instead of two or three profits. No other factory can build finer, handsomer or more substantial vehicles than the surreys, buggies, phætons, road wagons and carts which we ship direct to buyers—instead of selling through dealers. Our great facilities and long experience enable us to secure the highest quality of material and workmanship at the lowest cost.

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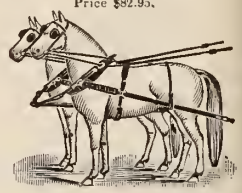

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STARK TREES best by Test—74 YEARS. Largest annual sale. High quality—NOT high price. FINEST sorts. We BUD 4 million Apple trees, whole-root graft 5 million—1- and 2-yr. Other Trees, Vines, etc., in proportion. 1400 acres Nursery 43,000 acres Orchards. FRUIT BOOK free. We PAY FREIGHT box and pack free, ask no money till SAFE arrival,—guarantee SATISFACTION We PAY CASH each WEEK and want more HOME and traveling salesmen Stark Market and Quality Kings PAY: LOUISIANA, MO. Dansville, N. Y. Stark, Mo., etc.
Apple of Commerce, Black Ben Davis, Champion, Delicious, Senator, Staymar Winesap; Gold plum; Kieffer; Elberta.—Visit us STARK BRO'S

The case of Henry Jones, of Zenas, Ind., is one of those rare ones, according to physicians, of a combination of diseases from which the person attacked seldom recovers, the combination consisting of rheumatism, la grippe and indigestion. Mr. Jones, who is 62 years old, says:

"My sufferings were almost unbearable, and only persons having been afflicted with this rare and dreaded combination of diseases can imagine what they were like. I was confined to my bed almost all the time. My doctor finally acknowledged that neither he nor any one else could cure me. I would not give up, so tried different medicines and finally began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The first box of pills helped me some, and I took some more. The second box began to produce the desired result, and before I had finished the fourth box I was at last a cured man. That was last March, and I have not been troubled with these diseases since.—*From the Banner Plain Dealer, North Vernon, Ind.*

At druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
50 cents per box; 6 boxes $2.50.

BURPEE SEEDS
are sold in any quantity, but only under seal. They are always genuine as **dated** and are fairly described in BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1900. This is a bright new book, full of practical information, which we are pleased to **Mail FREE** to progressive planters, who desire to raise the choicest Vegetables or most beautiful Flowers. **Write TO-DAY.**
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Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.		$1.00

Above 10 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this **notice & 14c.** stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try **Salzer's seeds** you will never do without. $200 Prizes on Salzer's 1900—rarest earliest Tomato Giant on earth. F: 310
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See our samples before placing your order.
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The Armenian Orphans' Christmas

FROM Mardin, in ancient Mesopotamia, Mrs. Helen Dewey Thom sends this description of a Christmas celebration among the Armenian orphans, many of whom are supported by our generous readers.

MARDIN, TURKEY, February 12.

Dear Editor:—Christmas will be an old story by the time this letter reaches you; but perhaps your readers, who so kindly send us each year a generous sum toward the support of the Mardin Orphanage, would enjoy learning how our thirty little girls celebrated the happy day. I went down to see them one evening a few days before Christmas, and after we had exchanged "salaams" and seated ourselves, I asked them, "When will Christmas be?" There was quite a difference of opinion. Some said, "Next Saturday;" some, "Next Monday," and others, "Don't know." Never having celebrated it in their own homes, they had not gotten into the habit of counting the days until it should arrive. Having told them what the day would be, I said, "How shall we celebrate it?" All said, "As you like," which is a customary answer to any such question in this country; but it was not a very satisfactory answer, so I tried to draw them out by a few questions. "Who was born 1899 years ago?" "Why did he come to this world?" "What did his life and death mean for us?" "Ought we to love him and be grateful to him?" "How can we show our love and gratitude to him?" It was agreed that we ought to give something in return for all the dear Saviour gave for us. "Can we give anything to him?" No, but he has said that giving to the poor and to the least of his disciples, is the same as giving to him. They looked pleased at this, but again looked sober, for they said they had nothing to give. "All our clothes and our food and everything we have is given to us; we have nothing of our own to give." "Well," I said, "we will suppose that I am a poor beggar woman and some one comes along the street and gives me a piece of bread for my dinner. Isn't that piece of bread mine?" "Yes." "And if I see a little hungry child and choose to go hungry in order to let him have my piece of bread, is it not I that gives the bread?" "Yes." "Well, you children, this Christmas, if you are willing to go hungry that day, can give the food to some poor people. Would you like to do it?" They all said "Yes." So it was decided that they should eat but one meal on Christmas day.

And if you, readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, could have looked into my upper hall that day, you would have seen a half bushel of lentils, a small pile of bread, made of barley flour, and a bag of raisins and nuts (for they gave up also their Sunday luncheon treat of nuts and raisins, which in this country are quite plenty and cheap). The orphans' contribution gave a Christmas dinner to eight poor families and the orphans went to bed hungry but happy, for they had proved that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A few days later, at New Year's, we gave each one a new handkerchief, a little calico bag of "goodies" and a picture card, and they were radiantly happy over them.

They all send their "salaams" and grateful thanks to their dear CHRISTIAN HERALD friends.

HELEN DEWEY THOM.

The Red Letter Testament

A Loving Wife's Birthday Gift to Her Husband

FARNHAM, VA.

Dear Editor.—Your Red Letter New Testament received. It is a perfect gem. I never read the inspired Word with as much interest before, and I am now descending the "hill of life." Would like to have just such a little book in my hand when I die after I had gotten it all into my heart. My husband, who has been declining for many weeks, said enthusiastically when I showed it to him: "Send and get me one. I want to keep it in my pocket and have it near me all the time." I told him I would give him mine on the eleventh of April—his eighty-second birthday. God grant he may be here to read it then! but, I have my tears. Pray for us. May the good Lord bless the one whose brain gave birth to this beautiful thought and whose hands carried it out!

Yours, in his name, MRS. R. H.

Beyond All Expectations

SIMONS, O.

Dear Editor:—We received the Red Letter Testament and are much pleased with it. It exceeds our expectations; the binding is fine, material of covers extra good, paper of first-class quality and printing exceedingly clear and correct. As to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we take more solid pleasure in reading it than any paper.

Yours in Christian fellowship, J. W. I.

A Friend's Kind Wishes

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Red Letter New Testament on the renewal of my subscription. I have now been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for three or four years and think it one of the best family papers published. I trust it will keep on securing new subscribers so that many more homes in this Christian land of ours will be benefited thereby.

MRS. LETTIE F. H.

A GOD-SEND TO ALL HUMANITY.

Invention of an Ohioan That Produces Perfect Health, Strength and Beauty to Every User, and Relieves Without Drugs, All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Blood and Kidney Troubles, Weakness, and the Most Obstinate Diseases, by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the System.

Ministers and Those Who Have Used It Declare It to Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced, Better Than Any Treatment at Hot Springs, Sanitariums or Health Resorts.

A genius of the Queen City has placed on the market a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman or child who has used it.

Recent investigation of this remarkable invention was so very satisfactory that we have no hesitancy in indorsing the same as just what all readers need.

It is an air-tight inclosure, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for three cents each, all the marvelous cleansing, curative and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot Vapor,

or Medicated Bath with no possibility of taking cold afterwards, or in any way weakening the system.

Hundreds of well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell this Cabinet—such eminent men as Emerson McKay, Detroit, who has already sold over 700, and John C. Wright, Chicago, who sold 125 last month.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users, some of which, referring to

Rheumatism, La Grippe, Kidney Troubles,

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. W. L. Brown, Oxford, O., writes: "My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than $50 worth of drugs." G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated with rheumatism and kidney troubles, when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use relieved me. I have never had a twinge since." Rev. Geo. H. Hudson, Okemos, Mich., says: "I gave up my pastorate on account of nervous prostration and lung troubles; my editor so highly recommended your Cabinet, I tried it: From that day I have steadily grown better; am now well; nervousness gone; lungs strong; am a new man." Mrs. Ober, No. 994 Broad St., Columbus, O., writes: "It is grand for relieving colds, la grippe, inflammation, aches, pains; it relieved my uncle of neuralgia and sleeplessness, with which he had long suffered. A neighbor relieved herself of la grippe in one night, her little girl of measles, her son of croup. Another neighbor of eczema of many years' standing." Hon. A. B. Strickland, of Bloomington, writes that the Cabinet did him more good than two years' doctoring, relieved him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted.

Hundreds of Ministers

write, praising this Cabinet. Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kan., says: "It's a blessing; made me full of life and vigor; should be in use in every family." Rev. J. C. Richardson, N. Fifth Street, Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefited by its use, and recommends it highly, as also does Prof. R. E. P. Kline, of Ottawa University, who says: "I find it a great benefit. No Christian should be without it." Hon. V. C. Hay, St. Joe, Mo., writes: "Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded by friends to try this Cabinet, and it relieved me. I can not praise it enough." Rev. Baker Smith, D.D., Fairmont, N. J., says: "Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pain, and as cleanliness is next to godliness, it merits high recommendation."

Congressmen John J. Lentz, Mrs. Kendricks Prin. of Vassar College; John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide"; Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of clergymen, bankers, governors, physicians and influential people, recommend it highly.

It Prevents Disease,

and physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, la grippe, fevers, smallpox, consumption, kidney trouble, Bright's disease, cancer—in fact, such marvelous eliminative power has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book, issued by the makers. To

Relieve Blood and Skin Diseases

this Cabinet has marvelous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood purifier known. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons, and assist nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

The Important Feature

of this Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands, drawing out all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion. The first bath makes you feel like a new being—10 years younger.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer,

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing the most wonderful results; removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, relieves Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, O., writes: "Since using this Cabinet my Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has never returned. Worth $1,000 to me. I have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Every one was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills."

Whatever

Will Hasten Perspiration

every one knows is beneficial, but other methods are crude and insignificant, when compared to the convenience and marvelous power of this Cabinet, known as the new 1902 style

Square Quaker Folding Thermal

Bath Cabinet. We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide, as shown in cut. When closed it is air-tight; handsomely made of best, most durable, waterproof goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bathroom within itself. It has top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements.

The makers furnish an excellent stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions. It folds flat in 1 inch space, when not in use; easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

People don't need bathrooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room, and bath tubs have been discarded since this invention, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick room its advantages are at once apparent.

After investigation, it can be said the Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

Makers Guarantee Results,

and assert positively that this Cabinet will benefit Nervous Troubles, Debility, Purify the Blood, Beautify the Skin and relieve Rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Benefits the most obstinate cases of Women's Troubles, La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Headaches, Obesity, Gout, Sciatica, Eczema, Scrofula, Piles, Dropsy, Blood and Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney Troubles. It will

Break Up the Worst Cold

with one bath, all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Consumption, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. Gives the most

Cleansing and Refreshing Bath

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value is its marvelous power to draw out of the system all impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is truly a God-send to all humanity.

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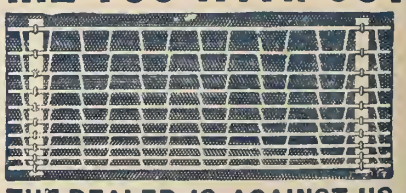

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Delegates to the Approaching Ecumenical Conference on Missions in New York (SEE PAGE 271)

1. Dr. J. Hudson Taylor. 2. Bishop J. M. Thoburn. 3. Rev. E. W. Parker. 4. Joseph Taylor. 5. Bishop Ridley. 6. Bishop Hartzell. 7. Eugene Stock. 8. Dr. S. L. Baldwin. 9. Mary Reed. 10. Grace Kimball. 11. Dr. A. T. Pierson.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered May 2

1. To which of its languages, living or dead, is the world most indebted, and why?
2. Which war of the nineteenth century did most to benefit the world?
3. What is the meaning of Ecclesiastes 7 : 16: "Be not righteous over-much; neither make thyself over-wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"
4. Supposing that there were no hereafter, would it pay to live a religious life?
5. What imperial ruler sat on his throne for more than three hundred years?
6. What may be regarded as the seven most useful inventions of the nineteenth century?
7. Since we may presume that Christ knew that he would raise Lazarus from the dead, how are we to account for his weeping on reaching the site of the sepulchre?
8. Christ purposely used parables in his earthly ministry, as will be seen on reference to Mark 4: 10-12. A hasty reader might be led to argue that the Master did not intend his hearers to understand and receive the truth. How can such an objection be best answered?
9. If a person has one hundred dollars that he regards as the Lord's tenth, what would be a good way of dividing it? What proportion to the church, to foreign missions, to the poor and sick, etc.
10. In view of the fact that Christ said, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne," etc., is a Christian justified in taking the oath as a juryman or as a witness in a court of justice?

Questions of the Week

1. Should church music be confined entirely to such as is promptly recognizable as sacred in its character or may purely operatic airs and sentimental tunes be laid under tribute in public worship?

All music tending to the inspiration of feelings of devotion for things good, beautiful and true, may well be called sacred. The tunes of many of the hymns commonly sung, if divorced entirely from the words with which we habitually associate them, would be considered light, in some cases poor music. It is chiefly the words and the use to which they have been put, that have rendered these sacred. On the other hand, there are few pieces more liable to elevate the soul and fill the heart with grander, nobler, purer sentiments, than many of those commonly termed secular; such, for instance, as the sublime aria, "O du mein holder Abendstern," from Tannhauser; or the "Simple Aven," of Thomas Thome; or even the much hackneyed, but still beautiful "Intermezzo" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Such masterpieces are prayers without words, and in the hearts of many are capable of inspiring deeper veneration, than the simple strains of many of the most sacred hymns. J. M. BECK.

2. Who is the author of the following lines and in what connection do they appear?

"That book of memory
Which is to grieving hearts as the sweet South
To the parched meadow, or the dying tree;
Which fills with elegy the craving mouth
Of sorrow—slakes with song the piteous dronth
And leaves her calm, though weeping silently!"

The author is Charles Tennyson Turner, a brother of the late laureate; and the reference is to Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which poem expresses its author's grief upon the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, Henry Hallam, who was engaged to marry Tennyson's sister. H. M.

3. When were gold and silver first used for coinage?

Coined money was probably first used about eight hundred years before Christ by the Greeks. The oldest Asiatic coinage was about 536 years B. C., in the time of Cyrus, King of Persia. The use of coined money by the Jews is mentioned in Ezra and Nehemia, about the same date, but this is supposed to be Persian gold money (the Darics). There seems to be no mention of Hebrew coinage before the period of the Apocryphal books. In the first book of Maccabees it is mentioned that Antiochus VII. allowed Simon Maccabaeus to coin money with his own stamp. This is the first record of Jewish coined money, about 140 years B. C. The Persian Daric, mentioned in the Old Testament, was a gold coin, so named after Darius, the name of several Persian kings. It was a coin a little heavier than a half eagle (U. S. money). On one side there was a half length figure of a king armed with dart and bow, the other side an irregular square sunk in the metal, valued about $5.52 (U. S. money).

J. F. BEATH.

4. Is there any particular significance in the number twenty-one in the firing of a national salute?

Yes; it is a matter of graduation. Thus, eleven guns is the salute for commodore, thirteen for a rear-admiral, seventeen for admiral, and so on, the guns fired increasing in a certain ratio for Secretary of the Navy, representatives of foreign governments, etc., until the maximum of twenty-one is reached in greeting the President of the United States or in any national salute. EDGAR MCDONALD.

INAUGURATING THE WORK ON NEW YORK'S GREAT UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

A ceremony of national importance took place on Saturday, March 24, when the Mayor of New York, with a silver spade, broke ground in City Hall Park and inaugurated the great work of constructing the monster tunnel which is to provide New York with an underground system of rapid transit. The park was beautifully decorated with naval flags, some of which excited no little curiosity because of their novel design. About 20,000 people were gathered to witness the rite. The monster subway will be finished in three years; it will cost $35,000,000; 10,000 workmen will be employed; the daily pay-roll will be $20,000; the completed line will be twenty-one miles; the running time from City Hall to the Bronx will be forty-five minutes; to Ninety-sixth Street, thirteen minutes. The contractor is Mr. John B. McDonald. The engineering feat is the greatest ever undertaken on this continent, and the contract is said to be the largest ever recorded.

5. To what is the twinkling of the stars due?

The twinkling of the fixed stars is due to the diversity of the different strata of air through which the light passes. The white light of the stars is made up of the several colors of the spectrum, and in passing through the different strata, some rare, moist or warm is very unequally transmitted, sometimes one color predominating and then another, causing the stars to seem to change color. As the purity and density of the air vary, the twinkling of the stars changes and is greatest at the horizon. MAUDE MUNSON.

6. What is the origin of the order of the "Daughters of the American Revolution"?

The Sons of the American Revolution excluded women from membership in their order. Miss Eugenia Washington, a descendant of Samuel Washington, a brother of George Washington, considered this exclusion an injustice, and in May, 1890, had a conference with Mrs. Flora Adams Darling regarding the injustice of the exclusion, and decided to form a patriotic order of women. On October 11, 1890, Miss Washington, Mrs. Darling, Miss Ellen H. Walworth, Miss Mary Desha, and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood met together and organized the Daughters of the American Revolution, with headquarters at Washington, D. C. There are now 492 State chapters in 44 States and territories, and 27,000 members. A. M. WING.

7. If I discover valuable minerals under my own land, and in process of digging for them, find that the lode passes the dividing line between my own and another man's property, have I a right to continue mining under his property?

No; neither morally nor legally, unless with his consent. If a man owns an absolute fee simple title to land, he also owns everything that is on or under the surface. "He owns," says Blackstone, "whatever is in direct line between the surface of the land and the centre of the earth." If, therefore, I knowingly take another man's minerals from beneath the surface of his land, without his consent, I am as much a thief, legally and in morals, as though I stole his fruit trees, standing timber or growing crops from the surface.

H. C. UNDERHILL.

8. What does Christ mean when he says "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil"?

The revised version reading is, "Resist not him that is evil." The injunction was called forth by the reference in the preceding verse to the law of retalliation mentioned in Ex. 21 : 24, by which, though the execution properly belonged to the civil magistrate only, the Jews justified private revenge. It is this that our Lord condemns. He teaches us that rather than return evil for evil we should be ready to suffer a repetition of the same injury. This teaching is best illustrated by his own conduct: "When he was reviled he reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously" (I. Pet. 2: 23).

W. P. ANDREWS.

9. What particular evils may the love of money induce in a person?

According to the Apostle Paul (I. Tim. 6 : 10) the love of money is a root of all evil. That love may work havoc among those who do not possess wealth, as well as among those who do. Selfishness, greed, covetousness, which is idolatry, discontent, injustice, avarice, and murder may all be caused by the love of money. R. T. HARTWELL.

10. In what way can a person who has very little time at his disposal so read and study the Bible as to get a fairly comprehensive grasp of its contents and character?

To read the Bible with profit, one must not only read, but reflect and remember. One should read the books of the Bible consecutively; or if preferring topical study follow its topics consecutively. One should write down the characters, places, events and teachings spoken of or set forth in what we read. By sorting these notes under alphabetical headings and frequently referring to them, one's knowledge of the contents and character of the Bible will grow wonderfully. The Methodist Book Concern publishes a good plan for Bible reading, the work of Rev. A. H. Tuttle, D.D. S. M. MARSH.

Miscellaneous Questions

A. M. C., Troy, N. Y. I have been praying for a very long time for something I thought it was perfectly right to ask of the Lord, but he has not answered my prayer. Now will you give me a little advice on the subject? Must I stop praying, or would you keep on?

Keep right on praying, and if you do not ask amiss, and make your request in Jesus' name, and with full confidence in the promise, your petition will not be in vain. Prayers are answered sometimes immediately, at other times after delay, and often differently from our desire. You must ask according to God's will, nothing doubting, and in God's own time and way, the answer will be made plain.

J. T., Branchdale, Pa. A Catholic friend gave us this question to answer: "Where was God when he made heaven and earth?" He said none of us could answer it, not even our preachers. Please let us know what you think about the question.

It belongs to the category to which Paul refers in I. Tim. 4 : 5, 20, also II. Tim. 2 : 16, Titus 3 : 9. Job (15 : 3) speaks of the man who "reasons with unprofitable talk." One might easily multiply theological questions that are incapable of being answered by mortal man; but not one of such questions would touch the essential truths of Christianity, to which Paul alluded when he declared his resolution to know "nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified" (I Cor. 2 : 2.)

Praying Christian, Cal. Is it consistent for the Ladies' Aid Society of the church to make arrangements with the managers of a public ball to furnish suppers for the crowd at say $1 a couple, the money to be used to defray the expenses of the church? Many of the ladies defend their position by saying it keeps the dancers from going to the saloon-restaurants?

It certainly has the appearance of the church trafficking too much with the world, and condoning, for the sake of gain, that which it would otherwise condemn. There can be no harm, of course, in the Ladies' Aid Society conducting a temperance restaurant; but it would be unwise for them, to say the least, to seek for patronage altogether of a worldly character, and to cater to dancers as a class. They should be careful not to permit their attitude, as a part of the church organization, to be open to misconstruction, so that not even "the appearance of evil" may attach to the church in consequence.

We never like to lose our old friends; therefore we are always glad to receive such letters as this:

Dear Sir: I have very kind friends who have supplied me with reading matter of all kinds, and I am not very well; being in my eighty-first year, can not keep up with literature; thought I might dispense with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but I find I miss it more than any of my reading. Hence my renewal. It is invaluable for its spiritual good, and as for news and morality, doctrine or science of man's duties it is all that could be desired.

MRS. C. A. H.

This is what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD aims to be to all who read it—a spiritual help and comfort to both youth and age.

Mrs. Lena S., Selma, Tex. Are the widows in India burned on their husband's grave, as I heard a young preacher say in his sermon yesterday?

Suttee, the name by which the practice of cremating the widows of India on their husband's funeral pyres has been abolished by a law passed many years ago, and if now practised at all it must be done secretly, as the perpetrators would be severely punished.

A. S., Watseka, Ill. My brother is thirty years old and has always had a good home with us, free of charge. But by his disrespect to parents, laziness, ill-temper, unkempt appearance, vulgar language, tobacco habit, and, worst of all, his detrimental influence on the younger brothers, he makes home unhappy. Would it be better for father to give him his inheritance and ask him to leave, or should he still be tolerated in the home?

We do not think any stranger can counsel in such a matter. It is a heavy cross to bear; but if you turn him away you may find yourselves confronted by a still heavier burden of remorse and unavailing regret. Idleness, probably, is the chief cause of the trouble. If the young man had some occupation in which he could employ his full energies, we believe an improvement would follow. Try to get him interested in some good enterprise with Christian people at the head of it, and where he will be impressed with the difference between a worthless, wasted life and an active, fruitful one. Above all, help him by your earnest prayers. To give him money now and turn him adrift would in most cases of a similar sort be equivalent to sending the young man to ruin (See Col. 3 : 12, 13).

J. H. B., Hartford, Conn. It was to have been expected that Mr. Sheldon would meet with abuse in some quarters; but such a criticism as that to which you refer, from its very bitterness, defeats its own object. It can have no weight with those who regard Mr. Sheldon's experiment in the proper light.

Subscriber, Kirby, W. Va. Do you consider it a sin for Christian parents to sit down and play a few games with their children or friends, such as domnoes, checkers, or something of that character, just for amusement?

No more harm in it than if you played hopscotch or riddles. By all means, cultivate innocent amusements in the home.

∴ MISSIONARIES IN CONFERENCE ∴

Approaching Ecumenical Conference in New York on Foreign Missions by Representatives of all Denominations

SEE ALSO PORTRAITS ON FIRST PAGE

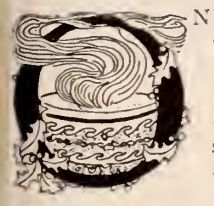
REV. JAMES STEWART, D.D.

DR. A. SCHREIBER

WALTER B. SLOAN

DR. G. A. KING

REV. R. W. LAMBUTH



ONE of the most significant signs of the times is the great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, which will be in session in New York from April 21 to May 1. As its name implies, it will include representatives of nations and denominations the world over and will bring together missionaries and clergymen and laymen who, howsoever diverse in other matters, have a common interest in the evangelization of the world. Such an assemblage will show how close is the union of churches of different names in this great work of carrying the Gospel into every land. Christ said that the harvest was great, but the laborers were few. We are only just realizing how great the harvest really is and that, although the laborers have multiplied, the results have not proportionately increased, because of the lack of organization and administrative control. All have been working with the same object in view, but while some fields have been comparatively neglected, other fields have suffered through duplication of efforts and there has been jealousy and competition, which have paralyzed effective labor. The close of this century, the most wonderful missionary century since Apostolic times, is an appropriate time for surveying the field, reviewing the work already done and forming plans for accomplishing that which remains to be done. It is matter for devout thankfulness that the various denominations can unite in such a conference and their consultation is a happy augury of future triumph for the common cause.

REV. GEORGE OWEN

It is important to remember that this will be a Conference, not a Council. It will formulate no creed, denounce no heresy, issue no edicts. It will have no authority but that which comes from the loyalty of its members to the cause they love, and their readiness to sacrifice personal predilections in the interest of the general campaign. It will discuss methods, consider problems, listen to the experiences of missionaries, receive suggestions from men who have devoted their lives to the work, and will wrestle with difficulties which are common to all heathen fields. The outcome cannot but be a clearer and wider and deeper knowledge of existing conditions and a better organized system of improving them. From every quarter of the world prayers will ascend to the great Head of the Church, that this consultation may be guided and directed by him, so that it may hasten the time when all shall know him from the least even unto the greatest.

The conference is an outgrowth of an organization formed in 1884 in this country. This was the International Missionary Union, composed of foreign missionaries retired from labor, or temporarily at home on furlough. Its object was to diffuse missionary information, to study missionary problems and to promote co-operation in missionary effort. The time now appears to be ripe for a general Ecumenical conference, which shall include representatives of all Christian nations, as the former conferences had included representatives of all evangelical denominations. Accordingly, more than two thousand invitations were sent out and have been cordially accepted. Delegates have been formally appointed and a large number of voluntary visitors from Great Britain and the continent of Europe have arranged to attend, besides the representatives of fifty-eight missionary societies and seventy-nine missionary organizations. These, with eminent missionaries now on their way from Africa, India, China, Japan and Micronesia, will make up such an assemblage as the world has never seen before.

Prominent among the delegates will be Bishop Ridley, of British Columbia, who formerly labored in Afghanistan under the services of the Church Missionary Society. Rev. J. M. Thoburn, Methodist Episcopal Bishop of India, will also attend if the condition of his health permits. Dr. Hartzell, Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Africa, the successor of the apostolic William Taylor, will be present to report the work of his church in the Dark Continent. An interesting personality will be Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, whose labors for China have borne rich fruit in the services of the multitude of consecrated men and women, now and in the past enlisted, by Dr. Taylor, and doing and suffering in the interior of that teeming empire. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, the veteran missionary to China from the Methodist Episcopal Church, will also be present at the conference to tell of the triumphs he has witnessed there and in Japan. Eugene Stock, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who probably knows more about all missionary fields than any living man in the world, will bring to the conference the help of a long experience and the matured judgment of the profound thinker and skilful organizer. From their fields in India will come Rev. E. W. Parker, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Joseph Taylor, of the Society of Friends. Miss Grace Kimball, the heroine of Armenia, will be there to describe the Christian fortitude of the converts in that oppressed land. Mary Reed will come from her leper asylum in India to tell how Christ can give hope and comfort to the afflicted sufferers from that dread disease. Dr. A. T. Pierson, who labors at home to arouse the interest of the churches in the missionary cause, will be a welcome guest and will learn the grateful honor in which he is held by the men and women at the front, whose interests he makes his own.

DR. MARY E. BRYAN

REV. C. T. WILSON

REV. W. E. COUSINS

One of the most interesting stories to be told at the conference will be that of Rev. W. E. Cousins of Madagascar, who has nobly stood by his converts in that island during their trials and has foiled the schemes of the Jesuits, whom the corrupt government of France has sent to Madagascar to undo the work of the Protestant missionaries. By his prudence and tact, Mr. Cousins has secured partial tolerance from the French governors and has won for the natives a measure of religious liberty. Rev. James Stewart's industrial institutions at Lovedale, in South Africa, are a triumph, which will give him the right to be heard in the discussion of one of the burning problems of missionary labor. Dr. Paton will tell again the story of struggle and victory in the New Hebrides. From China comes the veteran missionary Dr. W. Ashmore, who for half a century has devoted his life to the salvation of its people. Dr. George Owen will tell of the translation of the Bible and literary work that he has prosecuted in the same land. Rev. C. T. Wilson is able to speak of two fields, having labored in Uganda, at the suggestion of Mr. H. M. Stanley, and among the Mohammedans of Palestine.

Dr. August Schrieber, Secretary of the Rhenish Missionary Society, will describe the work in Sumatra. Dr. Walter R. Lambuth, Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has served for nine years in China, which was the land of his birth. Dr. Mary Bryan will describe the life of a medical missionary in India and tell of the suffering among the women of India which the trained physician is able to alleviate. These are only a few of the great host whose presence at the Conference will be a source of inspiration to their comrades in the army of Christ.

The chief meetings are to be held in Carnegie Hall, the first on the afternoon of Saturday, April 21. President McKinley is expected to give an address, and ex-President Benjamin Harrison will preside. On *Sunday* many of the pulpits of New York and Brooklyn will be occupied by the delegates. On *Monday*, April 23, the business of the conference will begin. Three sessions will be held each day, and there will be sectional meetings to consider special features of missionary work. *Tuesday* will be devoted to administrative problems, organization and the work on the field. *Wednesday* will be educational day, similarly arranged to provide for the discussion of higher education, the training of teachers, industrial education, etc. *Thursday* is especially set apart for woman's work in its different phases, but side by side with their meetings there will be others for the discussion of the great question of comity and co-operation. On *Friday* the dominant topic will be the development in the native churches of self-support and self-direction. *Saturday* will be young people's day, and the topics will be the present missionary movement among students, the needs of the future ministry and the peculiar obligation of the present generation. On *Monday* medical missions will come to the front, Bible versions and the need of a Christian literature as the basis for the normal development of a Christian community. *Tuesday*, the closing day, the home churches will be the special topic; the reflex influence on them of missions: the power of the pastor, etc. The meetings outlined will be largely technical and confined to the mornings and afternoons. The evening meetings will be more popular in character and include addresses by well-known and effective speakers, missionaries, pastors and laymen of the United States and Canada and Great Britain.

REV. JOHN G. PATON

It is an honor to America to entertain guests so distinguished in the highest rank of Christ's princes. They are the noblest and best of his servants; men who have given up all that men value most that they may serve him. They must receive no grudging welcome, but must learn by their reception the high value the Church sets on their services. When they return to their distant fields of labor, their solitude should be cheered by memories of the love and cordiality manifested toward them by the people of America. To afford them hospitality, to hire halls for the meetings and to secure full reports of their deliberations will involve on the most economical basis an expenditure of forty thousand dollars. Would not the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD like to have a share in the honor of entertaining such guests? Every contributor to the fund will in his degree be a host to those honored visitors, and will remember with joy in years to come that he helped to make their stay agreeable to them. Contributions sent to this office will be duly acknowledged in these pages, and every one who sends five dollars will be entitled to receive an official report of the proceedings. It would be very gratifying if at least one thousand of the forty needed, were to be given by the readers of this journal.

REV. W. ASHMORE, D.D.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Christ Our Song

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Psalm 118: 14, ...

The Lord is my strength and song

THE most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the stars shine him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. So, when in the summer-time I pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding-board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding-board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding-board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle-song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fibre of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes; and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The schoolgirl asks for a schottisch or a glee; but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the Psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting-house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that your younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. "Do you know me?" said the wife to her aged husband who was dying, his mind already having gone out. He said, "No." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The daughter said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The minister of the Gospel standing by, said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I know him, 'chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely!'" Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the wornout pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn-book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song!

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night-song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and someone asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples, or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent-day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones: "Oh, my God! flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! For the soldier in the field-hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

This Sabbath-day came. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel preached in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people assembled in Hindoo temple and Moravian church and Quaker meeting-house and sailors' Bethel and king's chapel and high-towered cathedral. Lumbermen sang it and the factory-girls and the children in the Sabbath-class and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag-hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea-hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction.

We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans, the lame men that forgot their crutches, the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek, the hungry thousands who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler of a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his stone-bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him, the sorrow of his disciples, the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror. Oh! is there any song more appropriate for a Sabbath night than this song of Jesus?

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired: the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying, "Harvest-home! harvest-home!

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—not much sense often in the words they utter, but the music is thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah! if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority; and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing-floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to Ridley in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are; I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain, the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder—and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service—Will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the "Crystal Palace" stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and Amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

Social Life in Ponce and San Juan

Woman's Ways in Porto Rico

Wedding Customs—English Classes

A GROUP OF AMERICAN SCHOOL TEACHERS

PROTESTANT CHURCH

LITTLE COLONISTS IN FRONT OF THEIR NEW SCHOOL

IT is customary for Porto Ricans to speak of their winter guests from the northern continent as visitors "from the States:" the descriptive term still holds good; and will doubtless cling to "States' people" long after it applies as properly to the islanders themselves. It will certainly add to the picturesqueness of life in our National Capitol when Porto Rico begins to send her best citizens to Congress, and they come, bringing with them dark-eyed senoras and senoritas, and the little olive-skinned children, babbling Spanish and English interchangeably; and it will take a long time for continental ideas and customs to so ingraft themselves upon the little island that it will not afford the refreshment of foreign atmosphere to States' visitors seeking diversion.

Some of their customs we hope they will never abandon. The senoras and senoritas live principally outdoors; not on the streets, it is true, for that is contrary to good form in high society, but in the big blossoming, tropical gardens back of the residences. Walks connect these gardens, and in the rear of Millionaire's Row, San Juan, you will find feminine society making its calls by going back and forth along these shaded, fragrant pathways. A visitor pays tribute to her hostess among the roses and jessamines without perhaps going into the house at all; and a bevy of young ladies will gather for afternoon tea in flowery precincts where the birds sing around them and the fountain sheds its cooling influence. One of our photos shows such a company; the picture was taken for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the ladies seen in it belong to the most exclusive circle of San Juan society. The broad stone stairways leading from the house to the ground are picturesque features of the average dwelling. Sometimes these dwellings, even among the wealthy classes, are over stores and other business establishments; and the appearance in front may be quite unpretentious; but in the rear you will always find an attractive court or garden. If there is a balcony in front, perhaps you may sometimes see the ladies sitting there in the evening.

Porto Rican ladies lead secluded lives; a high-born senorita does not go on the street without a chaperone. Education has been principally along the line of accomplishments in music, fancy-work, and possibly French. In the little garden-parties, mandolins and guitars, embroidery frames and fans (which no one can wave more gracefully than a Porto Rican) usually play a pretty part. In Adjuntas, a small town in the coffee-raising district, a number of young ladies organized themselves into a class or club for the study of English—the first club of its kind in Porto Rico. Our illustrations, which were taken specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are peculiarly interesting. That of the Free School at Ponce shows the first institution of the kind established on the island; many of the tidy little colonists are wearing clothes supplied by American relief work. The lady in the centre of the group of teachers is Miss Carmilita Autoinsanti, President of the American School Committee; the officer behind her, is the Army chaplain of the Nineteenth U. S. infantry.

OUR WEST INDIAN COLONIAL SISTERS ENJOYING A SOCIAL HOUR IN THE AFTERNOON

Porto Ricans are not much given to alcoholic indulgences. The ladies are experts in making temperance drinks. Delicious coffee, chocolate, orange water, sherbets, delicate cane juice, a beverage of toasted corn and sugar in water, diluted milk of almonds, and various other liquid refreshments, hot or iced, are served to guests. Chocolate is the nuptial beverage. "When will chocolate be served?" is one way of asking "When will the marriage take place?" Courtship goes on under the eyes of kin-folks. It is unwritten law that the bride brings only herself and her outfit to her husband. Wedding customs are pretty. On returning from church, the bride throws her veil over the head of her first bridesmaid, who cuts it up and divides it among the unmarried guests. The orange crown and garniture of the bridal dress are treated in a similar way; and the flowers are eagerly counted, for blossoms signify years, half-blown buds, months, and buds, weeks before the recipient's marriage; hence, this is a case in which he or she who gets least is often the happiest.

The ladies in the picture in the centre of this page were particularly active in establishing the American school at Ponce, and in organizing the American Singing Society. The ladies at the Coamo Springs, wives of American officers, also lent influence in this direction.

A GIANT WEST INDIAN TREE AND ITS SUPPORTS

THE FAMOUS COAMO MINERAL SPRINGS

The springs and the curious inscriptions on the walls are famous. The Coamo Baths were established 1500 A. D. The wide-spreading tree reproduced here is another very ancient landmark; it is several hundred years old. The only English church ever built in Porto Rico, or any other Spanish possession during Spanish rule, is shown on this page. It has been recently renovated, and regular services are now being conducted within its walls.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XVIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

In the City of Boats

ARVILLY and I went out for a walk, takin' Tommy with us. We thought we would buy some sooveneers of the place. Sez Arvilly, "I want to prove to the Jonesvillians that I've been to China, and I want to buy some little present for Waitstill Webb, that I can send her in a letter."

And I thought I would buy some little things for the childern, mebby a ivory croshay hook for Tirzah Ann and a paper cutter for Thomas J., and sunthin' else for Maggie and Whitfield. It beats all what exquisite ivory things we did see, and in silver, gold, shell, horn and bamboo, every article you can think on and lots you never did think on, all wrought in the finest carvin' and filigree work. Embroideries in silk and satin and cloth of gold and silver, every beautiful thing that wuz ever made you'd see in these shops.

I wuz jest hesitatin' between a ivory bodkin with a butterfly head and a ivory hook with a posy on the handle, when I hearn the voice of my pardner, seemin'ly makin' a trade with somebody, and I turned a little corner and there I see him stand tryin' to beat down a man from Tibet, or so a bystander told me he wuz, a queer lookin' creeter, but he understood a few English words, and Josiah wuz buyin' sunthin' as I could see, but looked dretful meachin and tried to conceal his purchase as he ketched my eye. I see he wuz doin' sunthin' he ort not to do, meachinness and guilt wuz writ down on his liniment. But my axent and mean wuz such that he produced the object and tried hard to explain and apoligize.

It wuz a little prayer-wheel designed for written prayers to be put in and turned with a crank, or it could be hitched to water power or a wind-mill or anything, and the owner could truly pray without ceasing. Oh how I felt as he explained! I felt that indeed the last straw wuz bein' packed onto my back, but Josiah kep' on with his apoligizin'.

Josiah's Prayer-wheel

"You needn't look like that, Samantha; I can tell you I hain't gin up religion or thought on't. I want you to know that I am still a strong, active member of the M. E. meetin' house, but at the same time," sez he, "if I—if there—spozein' there wuz, as it were, some modifications and conveniences that would help a Christian perfessor along, I don't know as I would be to blame to avail myself of 'em."

Sez I, "If you're guiltless what makes you look so meachin?"

"Well, I most knew you wouldn't approve on it, but," sez he, "I can tell you in a few short words what it will do. You can write your prayers all out when you have time and put 'em into this wheel and turn it, or you can have it go by water, you can hitch it to the windmill and have it a-prayin' while you water the cattle in the mornin' and I thought, Samantha, that in hayin' time or harvestin' when I am as busy as the old Harry I could use it that way, or I could be a turnin' it on my way to the barn to do the chores, or I could hitch it onto the grin'stone and Ury and I could pray for the whole family whilst we wuz whettin' the scythes."

"Not for me," sez I, groanin' aloud, "not for me."

"You needn't look like that, Samantha: I tell you agin' I wuzn't goin' to use it only when I wuz driv to death with work. And I tell you it would be handy for you when you expected a houseful of company, and Philury wuz away."

"No indeed!" sez I, "no such wicked, wicked work will be connected with my prayers."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "Id'no as it would be much wickeder than some prayers I've hearn when folks wuz in a hurry; they would run their thanksgivin's into their petitions and them into their amens, and gallop through 'em so there wuzn't a mite of sense in 'em. Or take so much pains to inform the Lord about things. I hearn one man say," sez Arvilly:

"'O Lord, thou knowest by the morning papers, so and so.' Id'no as a prayer turned off by a wheel would look much worse or be much less acceptable."

Josiah looked encouraged, and sez he to me, *soty vosey*, "Arvilly always did have good horse sense."

Sez I, "They wuzn't run by machinery—wicked, wicked way. A boughten machine!" sez I, shettin' up my eyes and groanin' agin.

"No," sez Josiah eagerly, "I wuz agoin' to tell you; I've got a wheel to home and a cylinder that come offen that old furnace regulator that didn't work, and I thought that with a little of Ury's help I could fix one up jest as good as this, and I could sell this for twice what I gin for it to Deacon Henzy or old Shelmadine, or rent it through hayin' and harvestin' to the brethren, or——"

Sez I "You would disseminate these wicked practices, would you, in dear Christian Jonesville? No indeed."

"I tell you agin I wuzn't a goin to use it only in the most hurryin' times—I—"

A Stern Rebuke

But I sez, "I will hear no more; give it back to the man and come with your pardner!"

And I linked my arm in hisen and motioned to the man to move off with his wheels. And my looks wuz that dignified and lofty that I spoze it skairt him and he started off almost immegiately and to once.

And I hain't hern no more about it, but don't know how much more trouble I may have with it. No knowin' what that man may take it into his head to do in Jonesville or China. But prayer-wheels! little did I think when I stood at the altar with Josiah Allen that I should have to dicker with them.

Up the Pearl River

It only took six hours to sail from Hongkong up to Canton. The scenery along the Pearl river is not very interesting except the rice fields, bannana groves with pagodas risin' amongst 'em anon or oftener, and the strange tropical foliage, cactuses that we raise in little jars riz up here like trees.

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"JOSIAH WAS DRETFUL TOOK WITH THIS FLOATIN' CITY"

The native villages along the ruther flat shore looked kinder dilapidated and run down, but yet they looked so different from Jonesville houses that they wuz interestin' in a way. The forts that we passed occasionally looked as if they would stand quite a strain. But the queerest sight wuz the floatin' houses that we had to sail through to land. Two hundred thousand folks live on them boats, are born on 'em, grow up, marry, raise a family and die, all right there on the water, just as other folks live on the land.

If a young man courts a girl he takes her and her setting out, which is mebby a extra night gown, or I don't know what they do call 'em—their dresses look like night gowns. Well, she will take that and a rice kettle and go into his junk and mebby never leave it through her life only to visit her friends. The children swarmed on them boats like ants on a ant-hill and they say that if they git too thick they kinder let 'em fall overboard, not push 'em off, but kinder let 'em go accidental like, specially girls, they kinder encourage girls fallin' off. And the Chinese think that it is wrong to save life. If anyone is drownin' for instance, they think that it is the will of the higher Power and let 'em go. But they look down on girls dretfully. If you ask a Chinaman how many children he has got he will say "Two children and two piecee girl." Jest as if boys was only worthy to be called children, and girls a piece of a child. Miss Meechim wuz indignant when that way of theirs wuz mentioned; she considers herself as good if not better than one man and a half. Sez she: "The idee of calling a boy a child, and a girl a piece of a child, or words that mean that."

But Arvilly sez, "Well, how much better is it in the United States—or most of 'em? Girls don't even have the comfort of thinkin' that they're a piece of a person; they're just nothin' at all in the eyes of the law—unless the law wants to tax 'em to raise money." Sez she, "I would be thankful 'lection day if I wuz a piece of a woman, so that five or six of us would make a hull citizen." Miss Meechim had never thought on't before, she said she hadn't, but nobody could git her to say a word aginst American customs no more than they could aginst herself. She thinks that she and America are perfect, but puts herself first. Well, America is the best land under the sun: I've always said so. But I feel towards it as I do towards Josiah: what faults it has I want to talk it out of, so that it will stand up perfect among nations as Josiah could amongst men if he would hear to me. Arvilly likes to stir Miss Meechim up: I believe she sez things a purpose sometimes to set Miss Meechim off: but then Arvilly talks from principle too, and she is real cute.

Josiah's Bright Idea

There wuz all sorts of boats, theatre junks and concert junks and plain junks, and Josiah wuz dretful took with this floatin' city, and sez to once that he should build a house boat as soon as he got home—he and Ury. He said that he could use the old hay rack to start it—that and the old corn house would most make it."

"Where will you put it!" sez I.

"Oh on the creek or the canal," sez he. "It will be so uneek for us to dwell when we want to, on the briny deep."

"I guess there hain't much brine in the creek or the canal," Josiah.

"Well, I said that for poetical purposes. But you know that it would be

"SHE LIKED TO STIR MISS MEECHIM UP"

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HOSPITALITY IN A CHINESE HOME

very stylish to live in a boat, and any time we wanted to, when onexpected company wuz comin', or the tax collector or book agent, jest hist the sail and move off, it would be dretful handy as well as stylish.

"Well, well," sez I, "you can't build it till you git home." I felt that he would forgit it before then. Arvilly looked thoughtfully at 'em and wondered how she wuz goin' to canvass 'em, and if they would do as Josiah intimated if they see her comin'. Miss Meechim wondered if they could git to meetin' in time, they seemed to move so slow, and Robert Strong said to Dorothy:

A Strange City

"Well, a poor man can feel that he owns the site his home stands on, as well as the rich man can, and that would be a hopeless attempt for him in our large American cities, and he can't be turned out of his home by someone who claims the land."

And Tommy wondered how the little boys could play ball, and if they didn't want to slide down hill, or climb trees, or pick berries, and so on and so on. And every one on us see what wuz for us to see in the movin' panoramy.

Canton is a real queer city. The streets are so narrer that you can almost reach out your hands and touch the houses on both sides, not more than sev en or eight feet wide. There are no horses in Canton, and you have to git about on "shank's horses," as Josiah calls it, your own limbs you know, or else sedan chairs, and the streets are so narrer, some on 'em, that once when we met some big Chinese man, a Mandarin I believe they called him, we had to hurry into one of the shops till he got by, and sometimes in turnin' a corner the poles of our chairs had to be run way inside of the shops, and Josiah said:

"I would like to see how long the Jonesvillians would stand such doin's; I would like to see old Cowdey's fills scrapin' my cook stove, it is shiftless doin's, and ort to be stopped."

But I knew he couldn't make no change and I hushed him up as well as I could. Robert Strong got quite a comfortable tarven for us to stay in. But I wuz so afraid all the time of eatin' rats and mice that I couldn't take any comfort in meat vittles. They do eat rats there, for I see 'em hangin' in the markets with their long tails curled up, ready to bile or fry. Josiah said he wished he had thought on't he would brung out a lot to sell and he wuz all rousted up to try to make a bargain to supply one of these shops with rats and mice. Sez he:

"It will be clear profit, Samantha, for I want to get rid on 'em and all the Jonesvillians do, and if I can sell their carcasses I will throw in the hide and taller. Why, I can make a corner on rats and mice in Jonesville; I can git 'em by the wagon load of the farmers and git pay at both ends." But I told him that the freightage would eat up the profits, and he see it would, and gin up the idee on willin'ly.

Though I don't love such hot stuff as we had to eat, curry, and red peppers, and chutney, not to home I don't, but I see it wuz better to eat such food there on account of the climate. Some of our party had to take quinine, too, for the stomach's sake to keep up, for you feel there like faintin' right away, the climate is such.

It must be that the Chinese like amuse ments, for we see sights of theatres and concert rooms and lanterns wuz hangin' everywhere and bells. And there wuz streets all full of silk shops, and weavers, and jewelry, and cook shops right open on either side. All the colors of the rainbow and more too you see in the silks and embroideries, and jewelry of all kinds and swingin' signs and mat awnings overhead, and the narrer streets full of strange lookin' folks, in their strange lookin' dresses.

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"WE THEN VISITED A JOSS HOUSE"

Among the Chinese Idols

We visited a joss house, and a Chinaman's paradise where opium eaters and smokers lay in bunks lookin' as silly and happy as if they wouldn't ever wake up agin to their tawdy wretchedness. We visited a silk manufactory, a glass blowing shop. We see a white marble pagoda with several tiers of gilded bells hangin' on the outside. Inside it wuz beautifully ornamented, some of the winders wuz made of the inside of oyster shells; they made a soft, pleasant light, and it had a number of idols made of carved ivory and some of jade stun, and the principal idol wuz a large gilded dragon.

Josiah said the idee of worshipin' such a looking creeter as that. Sez he, "I should ruther worship our old gander." And Miss Meechim wuz horrified, too, at the wickedness of the Chinese in worshipin' idols.

But Arvilly walked around it with her head up, and said that America worshiped an idol that looked enough sight worse than that and a million times worse actin', sez she, "This idol will stay where it is put, it won't rare around and murder its worshipers."

And Miss Meechim sez coldly, "I don't know what you mean; I know that I am an Episcopalian and worship as our beautiful creed dictates."

Sez Arvilly, "Anybody that sets expediency up before principle, from a king to a ragpicker: anyone who cringes to a power he knows is vile and dangerous, and protects and extends its influence from greed and ambition, such a one worships a far worse idol than this peaceable, humbly-lookin' critter and looks worse to me enough sight."

I hearn Miss Meechim say out to one side to Dorothy, "How sick I am of hearing her constant talk against intemperance; from California to China I have had to hear it. And you know, Dorothy, that folks can drink genteel."

Miss Meechim Overruled

But Dorothy, with her sweet lips trembling and her white dimpled chin quivering, sez, "I should think we had suffered enough from the Whisky Power, Auntie, to hear anything said against it, and at any time."

And Robert Strong jined in with Dorothy, and so Miss Meechim subsided, and I see a dark shadder creep over her face, too, and tears come into her pale blue eyes. She hain't forgot Aronette, poor little victim! Crunched and crushed under the wheels of the monster Jugernaut America rolls round to crush its people under. I wuz some like Arvilly. When I thought of that I didn't feel to say so much aginst them foreign idols, though they wuz humbly lookin' as I ever see. And speakin' of idols, one day we see twelve fat hogs in a temple, where they wuz kept as sacred animals, and here agin Miss Meechim wuz horrified and praised up American doin's, and run down China, and agin Arvilly made remarks. Sez she:

"The hogs there wallowing in their filth are poor lookin' things to kneel down and worship, but they're shut up here with priests to tend to 'em; they can't git out to roam round and entice innocents into their filthy sties and perpetuate their swinish lives, and that is more than we can say of the American beastly idols, or our priesthood who fatten them and themselves and then let 'em out to rampage round and act."

Miss Meechim sithed deep and remarked to me "that the tariff laws wuz a absorbin' topic to her mind at that time." She did it to change the subject.

We went to a Chinese crematory and the Temple of Longevity, where if you paid enough you could git a promise of long life. Josiah is clost, but he gin quite a good deal for him, and wuz told that he would live to be one hundred and twenty-seven years of age. He felt well. Of course we had a interpreter with us who talked for us. Josiah wanted me to pay, too, for a promise. Sez he with a worried look:

An Odd Investment

"I shall be wretched as a widower, Samantha; do patronize 'em, I had ruther save on sunthin' else than this."

So to please him I gin 'em a little more than he did, and they guarenteed me one hundred and forty years, and then Josiah worried agin and wanted me to promise not to marry agin after he wuz gone. He worships me. And I told him that if I lived to be a hundred and forty I guessed I shouldn't be thinkin' much about marryin', and he looked easier in his mind.

One day we met a weddin' procession, most a mild long, I should say. The bride wuz ahead in her sedan chair, her dress wuz richly embroidered and spangeled, a veil fringed with little pearls hung over her face. Pagodas with tinkling gilt bells, sedan chairs full of silk and cloth and goods of all kinds wuz carried in the procession by coolies. Idols covered with jade and gilt jewelry, a company of little children beatin' tom-toms and gongs, and the stuffed bodies of animals all ornamented with gilt and red paper figgers wuz carried, and at the tail end of the procession come the friends of the family.

The bridegroom w u z n ' t there, he wuz waitin' to hum in his own or his father's house for the bride he'd never seen. But if the bride's feet wuz not too large he would most likely be suited.

Miss Meechim said, "Poor young man! to have to take a wife he has never seen; how widely different and how immeasureably better are such things carried on in America."

Sez Arvilly, "What bridegroom ever did see his bride as she really wuz? Till the hard experience of married life brought out her hidden traits, good and bad? Or what wife ever see her husband's real temper and character until after years of experience?"

Samantha's Reflections

Sez I, "That's so; leaves are turned over in Josiah Allen's mind now as long as we've been pardners that has readin' on 'em as strange to me as if they wuz writ in Chinese or Japan."

But then it must be admitted that not to see your wife's face and know whether she's cross-eyed or snub-nosed is tryin'. But they say it is accordin' to the decree of Feng Shui and therefore they accept it willingly. They have a great variety of good fruit in Canton—some that I never see before—but their vegetables don't taste so good as ours, more stringy and watery, and their eggs they want buried six months before usin' em. I believe that sickened me of China as much as anything. But then some folks at home want their game kep' till it hain't fit to eat in my opinion. But eggs! they should be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion—the idee of eatin' them with their shells all blue and spotted with age—the idee!

(To be continued)

"CONDUCTED ME TO MY SEDAN CHAIR"

Through Death to Life .. Easter Lesson

Mark 5: 22-24; 35: 43; Matt. 28: 1-15

The Raising of Jairus' Daughter and the Resurrection of Christ*

By Dr. & Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts : International Sunday School Lesson for April 15. Golden Text, Matt. 28: 6: "He is risen as he said."

WITH the manifold resurrections of nature all about us at this Springtime, we may well repeat Paul's question, "Why should it seem to you a thing impossible that Christ should raise the dead?"

The miracle is not so great
Of ours as is the rising of the wheat.

Resurrections by Christ and the resurrection of Christ are but the brightest blooms of the resurrections that form the upward steps in the whole march of life. Everywhere the order is, through death to higher life. The ugly bulb dies that it may live a new, transfigured life in the lily. The crawling worm must die that it may fly in robes of beauty through the sky. The egg, by a like change, rises to a higher form of life. Finding such resurrections in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, we should naturally expect to find similar but greater resurrections in the higher spiritual kingdom to which man and Christ belong. It was reason as well as faith that made Dr. J. G. Holland sing in his last poem:

"If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore—

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
O, what will it matter to me?"

When Christ rose in the Springtime all nature seemed to be singing of resurrection like a chorus supporting a master's solo. As the friends of Jesus returned sadly from the tomb in which they had laid him, they must have met a joyous procession going out for the ceremony of reaping the first sheaf, the "first fruits" of their fields, that were to be given to God. It was cut, threshed, ground, mixed with oil and frankincense, and waved before the Lord as an offering—all this before any other sheaf was harvested. On that first Easter, as Edersheim reminds us, the "first fruits of them that slept," the cut, threshed, ground first omer of the paschal flour, was offered to the Lord, not in the temple, not by the priests, but in the silence of the garden tomb.

. . .

Lesson Argument Christ proves that he can raise us from death to life—in body and soul—first, by raising the daughter of Jairus and others; second, by his own resurrection.

1. Jesus raised the dead when he walked among men: Jairus' daughter from her deathbed; the son of the widow of Nain, from the bier; Lazarus, from the tomb. The first of the stories is for several reasons the sweetest picture of death and resurrection for children—no bier, no tomb—only a sleep and awaking.

2. Jesus laid down his own life and took it again—a supreme proof that he is Lord of death and life, ours as well as his.

When? "Easter Sunday" is probably the correct anniversary, though the Greek Easter comes a few weeks later. But it was unquestionably as Winter's death was passing into the life of Springtime that Christ gave supreme proof that life in richer fullness lies beyond death.

Where? The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, though it has been the occasion, not alone of theological strife, but even of the war, that of the Crimea, is certainly not on the site of the cross and tomb of Christ. Schoiarship now locates Calvary about four hundred feet northeast of the Damascus gate, on what is called to-day "Skull Hill." The British General Gordon and others have investigated the claims made for this location, and having been fully convinced, a company of Protestant Christians has purchased it for $16,000.

Who? The very joy of Easter is saddened by the thought that though Jesus foretold his death and resurrection thirty-three times, in most cases, with no mystic veil upon his meaning, his apostles and even his mother were so filled with expectation that he would be a temporal Messiah that they thought what he said of crucifixion and resurrection was but an oriental hypobole of battle and victory, which again and again raised the controversy as to who should be greatest, that is, who should be premier, and so when he was crucified none but his enemies remembered he had said he would rise the third day, and not one of his friends kept tryst with him. The Roman guard had been driven away by the earthquake, and only angels welcomed him back to life. As one has said, it was lonelier than his coming to Bethlehem, for there at least his mother welcomed him at the gates of life.

"HE IS NOT HERE; FOR HE IS RISEN, AS HE SAID"

What? The most significant events of that first Easter are associated with the following expressions:

"Make it as sure as ye can." This is but one of many cases that the enemies of truth have thought they had killed and buried it, and sealed its tomb forever. But the Word of God—written Word and living Word alike—is not bound. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

"Who shall roll us away the stone?" Christ's resurrection breaks the seal of every Christian's tomb, and makes it but a tunnel of momentary darkness, as when one passes from Alpine snows into the flowery fields of Italy.

"He is risen, as He said." Christ represents the present life of struggle and sorrow as a travail from which one is born by the final throe of death into the real "land of the living," compared with whose deathless joys this is the land of the dying.

"Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen and man shall rise."

Why? One purpose of these resurrection lessons is to remove the fear of death. That is indeed a "golden text" which Jesus spoke in the mourning household of Jairus. "Be not afraid; only believe." The resurrection should teach us more than resignation. That word has an undertone of feeling that "God's will is hard to bear, nevertheless." Resignation should take the higher note, "Thy will is our welfare."

. . .

"The Lord's Day, The Little Easter" But Easter should not be wholly given to the thought that Christ is Lord of death. "The Lord's Day, the little Easter," reminds us that in his resurrection he proved himself Lord of life as well, not of eternity only but of time.

This is the highest significance of "the Lord's day," the weekly celebration of Easter. One day in the week the invisible Lord calls a halt in business and politics and pleasure, so proclaiming himself Lord of our time and occupations on all days, through the whole "year of our Lord." "The Lord's day," like a pillar of fire and cloud, moves round the world every week, taking more than two days, nearly one-third of the week for its journey, proclaiming everywhere by its name by its control of occupation, the universal Lordship of Christ. As the Jews, to whom the Sabbath is a monument of creation, say that he who breaks the Sabbath practically denies the creation, we may say, with deeper emphasis, he who desecrates the Lord's day denies the Lordship of Christ by deeds that speak louder than words. Let not Christians forget that the Christian Sabbath is not only the rest day, the home day, the weekly independence day—essential for the preservation of the health, the home, the republic—but that it is also the Lord's day, the "sign" of the Lordship of Christ, his ensign, his flag, its field of blue spangled by stars and sun; its stripes the colors of night and day, of sunrise and sunset; a flag borne by the Son as colorbearer round the world every week in token that Christ is Lord of the world; saluted in the putting away of tools and toil, in the devotion of the day to rest and worship. To break the Sabbath, therefore, is to tear the flag of Christ. In this view of the case we can understand why willful Sabbath breaking was a capital crime among the Jews, and also why, in the Ten Commandments of the World's Constitution, written with the finger of God, the Sabbath Commandment is the longest of all. These are times when even Christians need to be reminded that God did not write it longest to have us treat it as least. Let us as soldiers of Christ rally about his flag, never so much attacked, in our land as now.

. . .

Resurrections in Character The topmost peak in the teachings of the resurrection is the resurrection of character. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." Even on Easter day we are too materialistic in our thinking, as if the future resurrection of the body were the end of aspiration, the change, however wrought, from the natural body to the spiritual body. The New Testament points us higher yet to spiritual character, in place of the carnal, selfish life we commonly live. That is the resurrection of which all others, even that of Christ, are but types and promises, such a resurrection as changed the proud, persecuting Saul into Paul, beseeching men with tears to love the Christ he once hated.

. . .

For Youngest Classes How to acquaint children with death is an anxious question, which many parents and teachers are asking. It is against the code of the kindergarten to present to the children anything unpleasant, death especially. But death cannot thus be set aside, and it is certainly wiser to meet the subject in a way that will familiarize the children with it without alarming them. It is best to approach it through the idea of sleep; therefore the following hints:

Get the children to pretend sleep by closing their eyes, and resting their heads on their hands as pillows. Let the teacher sing a gentle lullaby, as:

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber.

Show a picture of sleep, the one to be found in Froebel's "Mother, Play" is particularly good, where the happy buds represent sleeping flowers, and the little birds are seen asleep with their heads tucked under their wings. The baby is asleep in its cradle, and father, mother, and the other members of the family are also sleeping. Get the children to talk about what wakes them up in the morning—the bright sun, the singing of birds, or mamma's call. Tell them there is a kind of sleep from which none of these things can awaken them, the death sleep, in which only the call of Jesus can be heard. There should follow the story of how the little daughter of Jairus awoke from the death sleep, when Jesus took her by the hand and spoke to her the usual morning call of her mother, "Little one, get up" (talitha cumi). Follow this with the account of how Jesus himself awoke from the sleep of death, and repeat his promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Teach the children especially that what Easter means most of all is to rise into a nobler life now.

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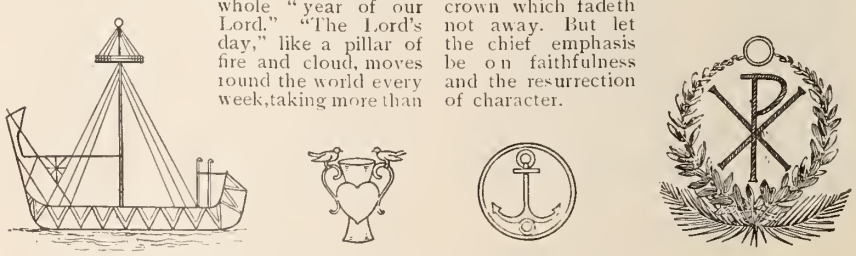
For Older Scholars By way of illustration, much of interest can be added to this lesson by showing some of the inscriptions of the Catacombs, and explaining their meaning, of which the cuts at the foot of this page are examples:

The anchor represents the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, belonging to a life bark that has glided safely into the harbor of eternal rest. The ship has about the same significance. The doves drinking out of a vase and eating olive berries symbolize the soul's enjoyment of the blessings of Paradise. The palms, the wreath and the crown signify the crown which fadeth not away. But let the chief emphasis be on faithfulness and the resurrection of character.

"DAMSEL I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE"



EMBLEMS OF RESURRECTION IN THE CATACOMBS

*The lesson committee offers a choice of two lessons. We combine the two as one.

The War in South Africa

MEAGRE reports of the campaign have been given to the public during the past week. Probably the troops under Lord Roberts were so exhausted by their march to Bloemfontein, that a period of rest and recuperation was necessary. The Boers are said to be strongly intrenched at Kroonstad, which is on the direct road to Pretoria. They are reported to have taken special precautions against the flanking tactics which Gen. Roberts has adopted so successfully. Other reports say that they do not propose to seriously defend Kroonstad, but will make their strongest stand nearer Pretoria. In the meantime, interest has centred on the operations in the west, where Col. Baden-Powell is still gallantly defending Mafeking against an overwhelming Boer army. Hopes were entertained by the British that Col. Plumer, who was marching to the relief of the town from the north, would have compelled the Boers to raise the siege, but he has been forced himself to take a defensive attitude. A part of the besieging army left Mafeking and went to meet him. He was driven back to Lobatsi, where he is with difficulty keeping himself from being surrounded. There appears to be on both sides a grim determination to fight to the end. The Boers realize that their cause is hopeless unless some other nation comes to their assistance or makes a diversion which would cause the withdrawal of a large part of the British forces. At present there seems to be no prospect of such relief and the words the prophet used about another war apply to this deplorable conflict:

Unto the end of the war desolations are determined (Dan. 9:26).

CONVEYING WATER TO THE BRITISH FIGHTING LINE

Emancipation for Guam

News has been received of the abolition of slavery on Guam, the island in the Ladrone group, which was ceded by Spain to the United States in the treaty which closed the recent war. Capt. Richard P. Leary, whom the President appointed governor of the island, has issued a decree in the course of which he says: "Honest labor with just compensation, dignified by faithful consideration of the mutual interests and welfare of all concerned, should insure contentment and prosperity to this community; whereas, the existing labor-degrading system of human bondage and unjust, indefinite servitude or peonage permitted during the late Spanish control in this island is, in fact, a system of slavery, and as such is subversive of good government, is an obstacle to progressive civilization, a menace to popular liberty, and a violation of the sacred privileges guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States." Therefore he publicly proclaims the abolition of slavery or peonage, the abolition to take effect from Washington's birthday in the year 1900. The peons have reason to rejoice at such news and they will have still more reason if they will listen to the missionaries who can tell them how to become spiritually free.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed (John 8:36).

A Hidden Will

A lawyer from Chatham, N. Y., surprised the Probate Court of Pittsfield a few days ago by offering for probate a will that had been missing for eighteen years. It was the will of an aged lady who died in 1882. It was known that she had made a will, but no one knew its contents. Search was made for it, but it could not be found. After waiting some months the relatives who were considered likely to be her heirs came to an agreement and divided her property among themselves. Among other effects an old cabinet fell to the share of a favorite niece of the old lady. It has been taken care of ever since, and a few weeks ago it received a thorough cleaning. In the process, it is supposed that a spring was accidentally touched and a door covering a secret drawer flew open. In the drawer was the long-missing will. Its provisions made a very different disposition of the property from that which had taken place, and it now remains to be decided whether the division already made shall stand or whether the will shall be made the basis of a new division. The will now discovered is a genuine surprise, and not altogether a pleasant one to some of the relatives. They will probably oppose its going into effect. When our Lord declared the will of his Father there were many who were similarly displeased when they learned that the kingdom of heaven was not their exclusive possession as they had supposed, but was open to members of despised classes, who had not expected an inheritance in it.

Verily I say unto you that the Publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you (Matt. 21:31).

Took Refuge on An Iceberg

A thrilling story of peril at sea is told by the passengers and crew of the *Wolcott*, a steamer belonging to the Pacific Whaling Company's fleet, in a press dispatch from Seattle, Wash., on their arrival there on board the steamer *Excelsior*. They say that on their voyage homeward the *Wolcott* encountered a severe gale. While the steamer ran before it, one dark night, she struck on a sharp rock. It was not supposed at the time that the injury to the vessel was serious, but about an hour later it was found that she was rapidly filling. There was no time to be lost in seeking safety. The boats were lowered and the passengers and crew were taken off the sinking ship. They were then eighteen miles from the nearest point of land on the coast of Alaska. It was impossible for them to sail so far with a gale blowing and the sea running high. A floating glacier was seen in the distance and on that the shipwrecked party took refuge. They remained there for two days and three nights, during which they suffered severely from cold and exposure. When the weather improved, they again entered the boats and succeeded in reaching Uyak, Alaska, where they remained until the *Excelsior* arrived and took them to Seattle. Doubtless they were glad when they got on the iceberg, for desolate as it was, it was better than going down in the angry waves. They would be still more glad when they reached dry land, but their greatest joy would be when the stanch vessel came and took them home. The spiritual experience of many a Christian has been like their changes of fortune, and it has reached its full culmination when the Captain of their salvation took them home:

I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also (John 14:3).

A VAST ICEBERG IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN

The Legend of a Prophecy

A strange story of the fulfilment of a prediction is related by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*. He says that some years ago, a murder was committed in the Shenandoah Valley and suspicion fell upon a merchant of Roanoke, who was charged with the crime. At his trial, the prisoner vigorously protested his innocence, but the circumstantial evidence was strong and he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. He maintained to the last that he was not guilty, and declared that the prayers he had offered for vindication would be answered after his death. On the scaffold he told the people to watch the trees in the neighborhood, for they would point the way to the dwelling of the real murderer. His friends had not much faith in his prediction, but a watch was kept on the trees. It was noticed that a cedar tree near the jail died soon after the execution and the blight extended from tree to tree across country in a straight line like the trail that a man makes in blazing a way through a wood. The line of dead trees stopped at a cedar which grew at the gate of the house of a man who had never been suspected of the crime. The strange indication caused so much talk that the man was arrested and has confessed his guilt. The narrator of this story declares that it is absolutely true.

Royalty or Love

A marriage solemnized on March 22 at the castle of Miramar in Austria-Hungary attracts unusual interest because of the sacrifices the bride made. She was the Princess Stephanie, daughter of Leopold, King of the Belgians. She had been married in her girlhood to Rudolph, only son and heir of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and she naturally expected that in the course of time she would become Empress of Austria. But all such hopes were destroyed in 1889 by the mysterious death of the dissolute Crown Prince, her husband, at the Castle of Meyerling, either as a suicide or the victim of a murderer. Since that time she has lived in state as a member of the Imperial family. Now, however, she has become the wife of Count Elsmere Lonyai, a Hungarian nobleman. The marriage was resolutely opposed by her own relatives in Belgium and by her late husband's relatives in Austria. The latter warned her that if she married she would forfeit her rank as a member of the Imperial family. It would appear that the threat did not deter her, for the marriage has taken place. It may be hoped that she will be happier as a countess than she ever was as Crown Princess; but so dear is rank to most ladies that few would be willing to sacrifice it even to wed the man they love. It is the converse of this change that Christ offers to those who love him. The humblest soul who accepts him he raises to the highest dignity in the universe.

Unto him that loved us and hath made us kings (Rev. 1:5, 6).

BRIEF NOTES

During the past nine years the chapel-cars sent out by the Baptist Publication Society have been the means of organizing eighty churches. During the same period 8,750 persons have made profession of faith who were brought to a decision for Christ in the meetings held in the chapel cars.

Rev. Thomas Harrison is enjoying one of the most remarkable revivals of his eventful life. He is at Bloomington, Ill., holding services in the Methodist Episcopal Churches. Arrangements are being made for a great jubilee day, at which it is expected fully five hundred persons will be received as the fruits of the revival.

Rev. James A. O'Conner recently welcomed to the communion of the Protestant Church a talented young Roman Catholic priest named Alphonius Hauberich, who is a member of the Order of St. Francis. He is a remarkably intelligent man, and has been for some time contemplating withdrawal from the Church of Rome.

We are glad to learn that the International School for the girls of Spain, which was so useful under the charge of Mrs. Gulick before the war, is to be reopened in Madrid. During and since the war it has been carried on at Biarritz. Mrs. Gulick has received contributions toward the cost of a building in Madrid amounting to fifty thousand dollars.

The movement for aggressive Christian work commenced by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, in connection with Madison Square Church, New York, is developing rapidly. Dr. Parkhurst is happy in having secured the services of Major George A. Hilton as superintendent. Major Hilton's experience of such work in other cities, especially in Washington, D. C., in the Western States and on the Pacific Slope renders him an ideal officer for the charge of this movement.

CARNIVAL * TIME * IN * PUERTO * RICO

A SEASON OF EXTRAVAGANT MERRY-MAKING AMONG THE NATIVES OF OUR ISLAND COLONY

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Puerto Rico has not yet wholly recovered from its long season of distress and suffering, which affected the greater part of the island's population, the return of carnival time was not permitted to pass without the usual celebration. A correspondent in

TWO BRAVE PUERTO RICAN LADIES
They kept "Old Glory" flying during the war

San Juan writes us a most interesting letter concerning the festival. He says:

"This feast, like many others of religious origin, has degenerated into one of merrymaking. The three days preceding Lent were originally set apart as days of fasting and prayer, to prepare the hearts of the people to begin Lent with the proper spirit, and a right understanding of its signification. At present it is spent in unrestrained amusement; the streets are strewn with tiny bits of paper, cut and accumulated for the purpose of being thrown from the balconies upon the heads of passers-by, and every available atomizer and syringe is brought into action by the men, in squirting perfumery upon the senoritas as they meet them on the streets or in the plaza. Of course, the lower classes use whatever they can best afford, and it is not unusual for ladies and gentlemen to get their clothing spoiled and their faces drenched with water and cheap perfumery.

"Our photograph shows a group of negroes keeping time to the beating of a drum made out of a barrel covered with sheepskin. They are partly dressed and their bodies smeared with tar. They are pelted with handfuls of the papelites which adhere to the skin and soon cover them all over. In all these sports there is manifested much good nature, and the senoritas seem to care nothing about the paper clinging to their dresses and in their hair. The writer went about the city, and while making observations received no injury to his person or clothing, but at night relieved himself of several handfuls of these small pieces of paper that had been put down his collar at different times, while passing dangerously near to the overhanging balconies, his intention on starting out being to keep the centre of the roads."

Two daughters of the late Dr. Luis Salicrup, a Puerto Rican by birth, but an educated American citizen, had a flag in their possession for several years before the Spanish war, which they refused to destroy or surrender, although entreated to do so by friends and relatives and threatened by the Guardia Civile, or mounted police. They are now as proud of the flag as if they had fought to defend it, which in a sense they did. After the occupation of the island by the American forces, these people opened wide their doors to receive their new friends, and gave a hearty welcome to the messengers of the Gospel.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School held every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in their home, is well attended by children and adults, and in spite of the many attractions in and about the city in the carnival season, there were present at the last session, forty-six children and twelve adults. The writer had the privilege of teaching a class of boys, and it was indeed a treat to see the eager faces of those who seemed anxious to catch every word of explanation regarding the baptism and temptation of Jesus. Many a country pastor, and some of our city Sunday School teachers, would receive new courage, could they meet in their classes every Sunday a dozen such attentive and receptive scholars.

The Gospel in South America

Natives Hungry for God's Word—Missionary Olsson Returns to His Active Work

BY the time this issue is in the hands of our readers, Rev. Emilio Olsson, with whose work in South America our readers are familiar, will be on his way back to his field of labor in that continent. Just before his departure Mr. Olsson called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, and spoke with deep feeling and faith of the good things which he hoped, with God's help, to accomplish for the benighted peoples of South America, and referred with great thankfulness to that which God had already permitted him to do for them. He said:

"The carrying of the Gospel into the depths of South America, I feel sure, will interest every true friend of missions. To me it has been an inconceivable joy to penetrate into its darkness with the Gospel light, and to explore many out-of-the-way places never before visited by a missionary of the Cross. In dark Bolivia I traveled with the Bible on muleback over 1,000 miles, and navigated the great rivers, Rio de la Plata, Mamore in Bolivia, Maderia, and the great Amazon in Brazil, by sailboats, canoes and steamboats, for over 3,000 miles. I am happy to say that more than 2,000 Scriptures—Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, in Spanish—were put into circulation on this trip alone, among different races and tribes which had never before possessed such treasure; probably we reached 30,000 souls with the message of salvation. Hundreds of Indian tribes in the heart of South America had never so much as heard of the Gospel of Christ. I know the names of forty-two different savage tribes in darkest Bolivia, numbering at least 1,000,000, who hardly know that there is a Christ. The Indians of the Chiquito tribe were astonished indeed when I told them of the Son of God and that he died for them. I was traveling one day in company with Gauchos and other Indians.

A SCENE DURING CARNIVAL TIME IN SAN JUAN STREETS

GAUCHOS ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN PAMPAS

One Gaucho, who could read, shed tears while reading my Spanish New Testament, which he handed back to me saying: 'This book I cannot read without crying. I did not know how God loved me before.' He told me he had never seen a New Testament until then. I gave him one. At another time a young man whom I met said he had wanted a Bible for three years but had not known where to get one. Still another, to whom I had given a tract called *The Just for the Unjust*, came to me a few days later, saying, 'I want the Big Book which speaks to me of the Just One who died for sinners;' and he bought a Bible and went on his way rejoicing.

"Through God's providence, every country in the neglected continent, as in a missionary sense South America has all too sad a right to be called, is now opening its doors to the Gospel and freely permitting the circulation of Bibles—this is true even of Ecuador, which has been closed against the Bible for 300 years. In many parts of South America the people are waiting and hungering for God's Word. The most remarkable place that I ever visited was the great nitrate fields of the Pampos, in northern Chili. The people at one meeting there became so intensely interested in the story of the Cross that I was preaching to them that after the sermon large numbers of them came up to me asking to buy Bibles. I let them have thirty-five. After another meeting, thirty poor souls sought the Saviour, and I left them praising God for sending them the Gospel. Rev. Thomas Wood, one of the oldest missionaries of South America, told me he had never seen a time when the natives were so ready as now for a great spiritual awakening. They have lost faith in their idols."

The school of interpreters which Mr. Olsson expects to establish will seek to provide the native messengers, who will return to their kindred in the forests bearing the Gospel tidings of great joy to their brethren, with translations of the Scriptures into various languages and dialects.

Mr. Olsson hopes that the training school, which has already a modest beginning, will send forth many Indian missionaries to labor among their own people. This school is now receiving Indian children, and they are under the special care and personal oversight of Mrs. Olsson.

The following true story of one Spanish Bible will touch the hearts of North Americans, who have so many Bibles: A young man bought it of Mr. Olsson; studied it faithfully; came to Mr. Olsson's little mission at Adrogue and was converted. Two years later, at a religious meeting in another place, Mr. Olsson met this man. His face was radiant with the joy of Heaven as he presented to the missionary half a dozen people who had become converted through the reading of that one Bible. Twelve persons besides had been brought through its influence to the missionaries' meetings; nine of these are now Christians, and one is deacon of a church in Chili. "The Bible in question, from constant use," said Mr. Olsson, "looked as if it were twenty years old, although only two years had elapsed between its sale and my second vision of it."

"Native converts make splendid workers and evangelists. The living messenger and the ever-living Word printed in the language of the people must go together into the dark interiors of the neglected continent if we would convert the dwellers of the jungles."

Where the natives have come in contact with civilized peoples, they understand Spanish; and this is very fortunate, for a native who happens to have lived in a town or worked on a plantation can explain the meaning of a Spanish Bible to his tribes-people who do not understand Spanish.

Mr. Olsson will keep us informed of the progress of his work, sending letters and photographs descriptive of it from time to time. Any of our readers who may desire to aid him in his efforts to carry the Gospel to the neglected people of our sister continent, can send contributions for that purpose to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, and all will be duly acknowledged.

India's Viceroy Invites American Help

AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH FROM LORD CURZON TO THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON

ALL doubt as to the wide extent and terrible severity of the famine in India must be removed by the dispatch which Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has transmitted to our Government. It shows not only the concern of the ruler of that afflicted land for the lives of the people, but a belief that the people, whom his wife claims as her countrymen and countrywomen, are sympathetic and will render help to a nation in its sore calamity. The dispatch has been brought to our notice in the following letter from the Second Assistant Secretary of State:

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

WOMEN IN THE FAMINE CAMP AT AHMEDNAGAR

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D.C., Mar. 24, 1900.

DEAR MR. KLOPSCH: Recalling your interest in the business of Cuban relief in 1898 and your efforts to assuage suffering in Russia, India and Armenia, I take the liberty of sending you copy of a press item which has just been given out expressing the willingness of the Indian Government to receive famine contributions from this country.

Very cordially yours,

[Signed] ALVEY A. ADEE.

This is the item Mr. Adee encloses: "The Secretary of State is informed by the Viceroy of India, with reference to offers of aid to the sufferers from the famine in India, which have generously been communicated to him by charitably disposed persons in this country, that while the Indian Government is devoting its energies to fulfilling its duty to save five million souls from starvation, contributions from any American friends of India will be thankfully received and will be devoted to the material relief of suffering."

A cable dispatch reports that on March 23 the number of persons receiving relief from the government, was five millions and the territory on which the famine was then pressing contained a population of sixty millions. It is evident that in regions contiguous to the original famine area, the sparse harvests are exhausted, and multitudes are being daily added to the great army of famine sufferers. The representative in the British Parliament of the Government of India, stated that the cost of feeding the people who had applied to the Government for relief, had already reached the enormous sum of ten and a quarter million dollars and he estimated that a further sum of sixteen millions would be needed to carry the people through until harvest. Probably never before in the history of nations has a government spent so enormous a sum in saving the lives of its people. But even this vast system of relief is inadequate. It does not reach the poor creatures who are unable to travel to the relief camps and who could not work there if they could get to them. The old people, the young children and the sick and delicate women, cannot make the toilsome journey and they are slowly dying by the hundred in remote villages. We asked the Rev. Justin E. Abbott, who knows the country well, having labored there for many years as a missionary, what proportion he thought such people bore in number to the people in the relief camps. He replied that in his opinion the lowest estimate would be five millions and the number was probably larger. Such a picture of the situation as his words convey is positively appalling. To think of five million persons slowly dying of hunger is heartrending. No one can conceive of the agony of mothers who must listen to their beloved children crying for food and must see them actually die of starvation. These are the people for whom the missionaries appeal. In their stations and in their preaching tours, they see them and hear their sad stories. It is no wonder that, as one missionary writes, they have given away every cent they have, and have borrowed money to relieve the worst cases. Men and women with the love of God in their hearts cannot witness suffering like this without an effort to alleviate it. In asking for the help of Christian people at home they ask as men and women, not as missionaries. Not a cent of the money intrusted to them is spent in their religious work, but is scrupulously and conscientiously expended in feeding the starving people.

In view of the urgency of the situation, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week forwarded by cable

Another $5,000

to the missionaries in the famine districts. Of this amount $500 was sent to Pandita Ramabai; $500 to Rev. E. S. Hume, of Byculla, and $250 each to Kate Corbett, of Gujranwalla; Rev. R. S. Winsor, of Sirur; Dr. Keskar, of Sholapur; Rev. W. O. Ballantine, of Rahuri; Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar; Rev. Henry G. Bissell, of Ahmednagar; Rev. E. Fairbank, of Vadala; Rev. J. R. Godshall, of Raj Nandgaon; Rev. Geo. N. Thomssen, of Bapatla; Rev. E. C. Millar, of Bina; Rev. D. O. Fox, of Poona; Rev. J. N. Forman, of Fatehgarh; Miss Lawson, of Bombay; Rev. Geo. J. Albrecht, of Palnad; Rev. J. H. Harpster, of Guntur, and the Salvation Army officer at Ahmedabad, Col. Nurani. These eighteen missionaries had all reported their need as very pressing, and they must have been delighted when they received help within an hour of its leaving New York. The cost of sending the money by this swift process is heavy in comparison with the mails, but the mail requires a month to reach India, and in that month many hundreds might die. Dr. Klopsch therefore determined to use the swifter mode, and paid the expenses himself.

The list of acknowledgments we print this week shows how deeply our readers sympathize with this afflicted nation and how cheerfully they respond to the appeal for help that the missionaries have made. Such generosity is a proof that the religion of Christ is no meaningless profession with them, but is a vital power controlling heart and life. Some of the letters that have reached us containing contributions show that the writers have had to make sacrifices in order to give. Gifts of that kind assuredly bring a blessing. He who estimated the widow's two mites as greater than the larger gifts of the rich, because "she cast in all her living," will notice with divine approval the self-denial represented by much of this money that has been sent to us for the starving people of India.

The gratitude of the missionaries for the help they have received is pathetically expressed in their letters. Their words show how anxiously they had looked for aid and how gladly they will disburse the money. Dr. W. O. Ballantine, of Rahuri, writes, after receiving the thousand dollars cabled to him: "I am very much relieved by the receipt of this money, as I have been hard pressed on all sides for the relief of many persons who are in extreme want and who are needing help very sorely. I sit right down to thank you for this noble gift and through you to thank your numerous constituents who have come to our relief so generously in our difficulty. **We are passing through the worst famine we have had yet.**

The people have nothing to fall back upon. They have spent their all long ago and have no resources left. Many are deserting their children, and husbands and wives are being separated and are going wheresoever there is the least chance of their getting food to eat. The Government is doing its best, even going in debt in order to start famine relief works in every section of the country, but it cannot help some of the worst sufferers who, on account of age or sickness, are unable to leave their villages. It is these that the missionary longs so much to relieve. I shall send you a detailed statement of the expenditure of this thousand dollars later on. In the meantime I will simply say that I shall make it go as far and do as much good as it can."

Rev. E. S. Hume, of Byculla, Bombay, to whom we are indebted for the photographs reproduced on this page, writes: "These photographs will bring before you the condition of **sixty millions of people in India to-day.** Of these, multitudes are already nearly starved to death, and millions more would soon die but for the aid they are receiving from the Government and the missionaries, whom your readers are so generously providing with the means of relief. This year we are in a position to help many who have never before known severe want. By the help you are enabling us to render, they are taught to love the Christians who have come to their aid in their hour of distress. Deep-felt prejudices are being removed and are forever disappearing. Christians have never before had such an opportunity for furthering the interests of the Master's kingdom. For all that has been done and is still being done, we are most grateful. The picture of the famine camp herewith shows the camp at Ahmednagar when it was first opened. There are now five thousand hungry persons congregated upon it. The other photograph shows the women's section. They came to the camp early in the famine and are consequently in better condition than those who delayed coming. They are carrying earth to the works and in oriental fashion they do it on the head. They earn about three cents a day on which they manage to subsist."

Rev. Edward Fairbank, of Vadala, writes: "Please convey to your readers, on behalf of the members of this mission, our hearty thanks for the money they have sent us wherewith to alleviate the appalling suffering around us. The population as a whole is in a sad condition. The villages are a sight of nothing but destitution and wretchedness and want. A large proportion are almost without clothes. The greater proportion is in tatters, suffering intensely by the chill of the nights and the burning sun of the days. Hundreds of skin-covered skeletons are in evidence at the camps. Many children as well as adults, too far emaciated to recover, **die in sight of food** at these places. The situation in the camps is only a sample of the condition which one sees in every village and town. **The suffering and want are beyond description.**

"Even with what I have written, the subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Fund will be convinced, I am sure, that their money, distributed as it is through the hands of missionaries in large sections of Western India, will fulfil its mission to the suffering and famishing. In a future communication some representative of our mission will describe the ways in which the money has been distributed. Again I must add that it is a duty for us who stand between you and this stricken people to say that still the darkest days are before this land. There are at least seven months before a new crop of grain is possible in this part of the country. May you continue to remember these famishing millions."

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CAMP WHERE FIVE THOUSAND FAMINE SUFFERERS ARE NOW CONGREGATED

Free Mite-Boxes For India

6,000,000 STARVING—WHO WILL HELP?

Two cents will keep a man, woman or child alive for a day. **One dollar** will save a life for over one month. Send for **Mite-Boxes,** which will be sent **Free** to any one addressing **The Christian Herald,** 92 Bible House, New York. Pity the poor sufferers and send in your mite for their prompt relief.

New York

Ahbott, Miss J F 1 00
Acker, Mrs J C. 5 00
Acker, M F..... 1 00
Adams, Chas G.. 1 00
Adams, Mrs Wm. 5 00
Ainsworth, A A. 2 00
Alden, Miss E A. 5 00
Alden Miss E A..11 45
Aldrich, A D.... 25
Allen, Mrs M A & Mrs S Johnson. 2 00
Allen, S E 1 00
Alsop, Belle..... 1 00
Alton, Anne 1 00
Anderson, Selma. 2 00
Andrews, Mrs T F 5 00
Armatage, Mrs W N 1 00
Arnold, Henry... 2 00
Arnold, Levi..... 5 00
Arnold, S M 1 00
Ash, J H..... 5 00
Austin, Mrs M L 25
Auten, Mrs De Witt B 50
Ayers, M C..... 1 00
Babbitt, L L.... 75
Bachman, Miss C.10 00
Bailey, Jos..... 1 00
Bailey, Jos..... 1 00
Bailey, Libbie .. 25
Bailie, H M..... 1 00
Baker, Mrs Emma 50
Baker, Miss M... 40
Baker, Mrs W.... 5 00
Bancroft, Grace.. 10
Bancroft, S S... 1 00
Barker, E B ... 2 00
Barnes, Mrs M C 2 50
Barnhart, Miss K A 1 00
Barrie, Mrs C & daughter 2 00
Barrett, F L 2 00
Barrow, Edw W.. 1 00
Beebe, Edgar P.. 1 00
Beemer, Mrs P H 1 00
Beers, Carrie A.. 1 00
Beken, Mrs M A 1 00
Beckingham, E... 2 00
Belden, Mary A. 1 00
Benedict, Addie.. 1 00
Benedict, A & Mrs Matilda Mee .. 5 00
Benedict, Mrs C P 1 00
Bennett, Mrs H.. 1 00
Bennett, Mrs A. 1 00
Bennett, Mrs C G 3 00
Bennett, Mrs M.. 1 00
Benton, L A..... 1 00
Biggs, Mrs J D.. 2 00
Bingham, Maud C 1 00
Bird, Mrs W N.. 2 00
Blackburn, L S & A P..... 4 00
Blair, Alzaville...1 00
Blakeslee, E A.. 1 00
Blauvelt, John H.10 00
Blish, J W..... 2 00
Boardman, Mrs O P 5 00
Boertker, Frank. 25
Boleau, Mrs C G 1 00
Bounell, Mrs..... 1 00
Bott, Edith 1 00
Boyce, Miss L I.. 1 00
Boyd, James G.. 5 00
Bradley, Mary C. 1 00
Bradley, Mrs S H 3 12
Braiuerd, Mrs H M 3 00
Bramley, Annie . 1 00
Bramley, Harriet 1 00
Bramley, Miss H 1 00
Brand, Mrs C M 5 00
Bronson, Mrs.... 1 00
Brooks, C W.... 5 00
Brown, Amelia L 2 00
Brown, C G..... 1 00
Brown, Fred..... 2 00
Brown, Mrs N J. 1 00
Brown, W F.... 5 00
Brown, Robt 1 00
Brownell, Miss E M 1 00
Bruse, Angie..... 1 00
Brush, Joseph ... 2 00
Buchanan, Auna. 75
Bullard, A B .. 5 00
Bulmore, Mrs G.. 1 00
Bullard's, Miss, S S Class..... 5 00
Bump, Mrs A E.. 1 00
Bunce, Mrs C E. 1 00
Burgess, C..... 1 00
Burlington, R.... 1 50
Burrows, Mrs P L 1 00
Burt, J L..... 5 00
Burt, Henry S.... 2 00
Burton, Miss C A 1 00
Butler, Mrs E A 1 00
Cady, Mrs H R.. 5 00
Caldwell, Mary .10 00
Camm, Mrs G E. 1 00
Camp, A & wife.10 00
Camp, Earl 50
Camp, Harrison . 50
Camp, Laura ... 50
Camp, Violet 50
Campbell, Mrs F E 1 00
Canfield, Clara . 1 00
Carpenter, Miss E 1 00
Carver, Mrs R... 1 50
Case, Lucy B.... 5 00
Cash, Auburn ... 1 00
Cassell, Mrs I... 1 00
Caster, M E..... 1 00
Caudell, Mrs M.. 1 00
Chadwick, Miss S 1 00
Chambers, A.... 2 00
Chapin, Mrs J S 1 00
Chase, Mrs A R. 3 00
Chase, Mrs J C . 50
Cheetham, R M.. 5 00
Chapman, Mrs D P 1 00
Childs, W S..... 50
Christian Amelia. 1 00
Christian, M H .. 5 00

New York—Continued.

Christopher, Mrs W B..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs A & mother 60
Clark, Mrs C, Misses S C & M A & Mrs P Stockman 3 00
Clark, Mrs Coy.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs E S.. 4 00
Clark, E & Mary E 5 00
Clark, F R..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs F..... 50
Clark, Geo..... 2 00
Clark, Geo..... 50
Clark, Mrs Jas... 1 00
Clark, Mary E.. 2 00
Clark, Mr & Mrs Richard 1 75
Class No —, Pres S S, Canisteo .. 2 60
Clute, A 1 00
Clute, J Peter... 4 00
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Cobb, Mrs Theo.10 00
Coleman, Jos D.. 2 00
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Cowles, Mrs C . 3 00
Crombie, W C .. 1 00
Collister, E..... 2 00
Comstock, Clara. 2 00
Confield, Miss H 25
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Cook, Mrs J..... 2 00
Cook, Mrs M J... 2 00
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Coye, Mrs H A.. 2 00
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Craver, Mrs E R 1 00
Cullings, Robt C 2 00
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Daily, Julia E.... 1 00
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Douglas, M A F 1 00
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Dunlap, Maud . 40
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Eaton, Mrs A R.. 1 00
Ecker, Mrs R A.. 1 00
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Edmonds, M E... 1 00
Edwards, Mrs B S 5 00
Eldred, Mrs E D 5 00
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Smith, Emily O.20 00
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>
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Wagner, Mrs H A 1 00
Walbnrn, K L.. 4 00
Walker, Mrs E.. 1 00
Walker, Miss F.. 1 00
Walker, John A.. 1 60
Wallace, Mrs A E 50
Wallace, A B.. 1 00
Wallace, Jane E and Joanna.... 5 00
Walter, J H.... 1 00
Walters, Mrs D.. 1 00
Walton, C..... 1 00
Walton, C..... 50
Walton, E..... 1 00
Walton, R S....10 00
Wanner, K A.... 1 75
Ward, Mrs T.... 1 00
Warner, Jean L.. 1 00
Weaver, O..... 50
Weaver, H T.... 3 00
Weishampel, Mrs S A..... 1 00
Weiss, J S..... 1 00
Welker, Mrs C L.1 00
Wells, Mr and Mrs E E..... 1 00

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd.

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Irene, George and Francis, Tarentum 2 00
"Little Tyrrell," Highspire 1 00
"Luzerne," Wilkesbarre ..50 00
A M F, Frankford 3 00
A T, Hatboro.... 75
A W B, Leisenring 1 00
A W F, Mt Union 5 00
B & L, Merwin.. 6 00
B A M, New Alexandria 1 00
C A G, Hazelton. 5 00
C H M, Phila... 1 00
C O D, Mechanicsburg 10 00
C M, Oakryn..... 3 00
D E Z, Chambersburg 1 00
E D, Meshoppen.. 1 00
E H D & wife, Jerseytown 1 00
E L McP, New Brighton 1 00
M M P, Independence 1 00
Mrs C H P, West Chester... 1 00
Mrs M D B, North East..... 1 00
Mrs M J, Pittsburg 1 00
Mrs R W, Tidioute 5 00
O J S, E Texas 1 00
R A B, Centralia 5 00
S, Allegbeny..... 50
S A F, Germantown 1 00
Mrs S A H, Browuville 5 00
Mrs V M, Holbrook 50

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd.

L R, Local..... 50
M A B, New Alexandria 1 00
——, Wyoming... 5 00
M J H, Phila.... 2 00
Family, Wilkinsburg 5 00
For Him, Scranton 100 00
Friend, Boyertown 25
Friend, Brownsburg 1 00
A Friend, East Bethlehem 1 00
Friend, E Mauch Chunk 1 00
A Friend, Edge Hill 50 00
A Friend, Frankfort Spgs 2 00
Friend, Lancaster 1 00
Friend, Nazareth. 1 00
Friend, Plymouth 1 00
Friend, Rockville. 2 00
Friend, Saegertown 1 00
Friend, Stewartstown 5 00
A Friend, Titusville 35
A Friend, Waynesboro ... 15
A Friend, West Fairview 1 00
A Friend, West Philadelphia .. 2 00
A Friend, Westover 1 00
Friend, Wilkesbarre 1 00
A Friend, Williamsport ... 2 00
A Friend, York.. 50
Friends, Clark... 5 00
Friends, Harmony 6 00
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PENNSYLVANIA—Concl'd.

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Miscellaneons, Waynesboro 30
Two Sisters, Phila 2 00
Sister Florence, Ramcy 10 00
Associate Presb Cong of Cove..38 25
Messiah's Ch S S, Challenge 1 25
Glenn Ave S S Presbn Ch, Wilkinshurg 12 30
Sabbath School, Buffalo Roads..14 64
Whitc Rock S S, Oliphants 2 00
Mendon Council No 276, Jr O U A M..... 5 00
Eshcol Uniou C E Soc 6 00
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Light Bearers' Mission Band Fifth Bapt Ch, Phila 2 00
Y P S C E of Lime Hill..... 7 00
Ladies' Miss Soc Ref Presb Ch, Wilkinsburg ...58 38
E L 14064, New Alexandria 10 73
Christian Endeavorer, Buffalo Roads 2 36
Mt Pleasant Miss Soc, Raymilton, 5 00
Miss Com C E Carmel Presbyn Ch, Edge Hill. 5 00
Laurel Hill C E Soc, Milan.....10 65
Soc of C E, Greene's Landing 5 00
King's Daughters, Pleasant Grove. 2 00
Arch Kock Y P S C E, Mifflintown 5 00
Willing Circle of K D, Phila....10 00
Ladies' Aid Soc of Blue Eye, Spring Creek... 5 00
Children's Meeting of First Congtn Chnrch McKeesport ... 3 25
Chapel S S, Floyd 3 25
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"The McG's," Norristown 15 00
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L, Conshohocken. 1 00
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Aim, Phila..... 1 00
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E K, Orwigsburg 50
Mr & Mrs B, Lewisburg 1 00
H A N, Columbia. 1 00
Mrs H A N, Columbia 1 00
H A W, Tidioute 1 00
H L M D, Phila . 3 75
H R S, Chambersburg 2 00
J A W, Tidioute.. 5 00
J A W, Tidioute..50 00
J R, Lausdale.. 1 00
M E D, Clifton Heights 1 00
M T, Allentown..20 00
Mrs R W, Tidioute 5 00
S, Lewistown 1 00
Mrs V S M, Bellevue Sta..... 5 00
——, Collegeville. 2 00
Cash, Gap..... 1 00
——, Harrishurg.. 2 00
——, Harrisburg.. 1 00
——, Jamestown.. 5 00
——, Oxford..... 1 00
——, Phila..... 1 00
Cash, Phila.....10 00
——, Pittsburg.... 1 00
Friend, Germantown, Phila.... 25
A Friend, Reading 1 00
A Friend of the Needy, Lancaster 1 00
A Reader, Salix.. 1 00
——, Skippack.... 1 50
Friend, W Grove.10 00
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Sunshine, Stroudsburg 1 00
Juniors, Duncansville 1 00
Jr C E Soc of Refd Ch, McEwensville 1 00
W C T U, McEwensville 1 00
Ch of God S S, Mechanicsburg..15 24

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Smith, Mrs C M. 1 00
Smith, Mrs J L.. 1 00
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Smith, Val..... 50
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West, Wm..... 1 00
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Wilcox, Mrs D H 1 00
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Williams, D S.. 3 50
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Yeagley, H..... 5 00
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——, E Petersburg 1 00
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——, Phila..... 2 00
——, Sharon..... 50
——, Toughkenamon 1 00
——, West Greene 1 00
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In Jesus' Name, Allentown 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Rosston 3 00
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In memory of E A, Phila..... 3 50
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I H N, Tyler Hill 1 00
I H N, Warren.. 1 00
In Jesus' Name, S M, Stcelton.. 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Allentown 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Rosston 3 00
In memory of Easther 5 00
In memory of E A, Phila..... 3 50
A Reader, Altoona 2 00
Reader, Brogueville 50
A Reader, Scranton 1 00
A Reader, Sunbury 1 00
A Sympathetic Reader, Phila... 5 00
Subscriber, Carbondale 1 00
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Jen, Mrs 1 00
Jen, Miss 1 00
Jnes, Mrs M A 2 00
Jthony, Geo ... 1 00
Jldwin, Mrs J C 1 00
Jll, Wm 1 00
Jrclay, Geo ... 50
Jrclay, Mr 2 00
Jrker, J 1 00
Jrry, Mary A.. 1 00
Jtts, Isabell ... 2 00
Jennan, M E... 1 00
Jown, Mrs John 1 00
Jown, Miss M.. 1 00
Jown, Miss M.. 1 00
Jss 17, Broadway Bap S S, Providence 5 00
Jlby, Sarah ... 50
Jvereux, R W.. 3 00
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Jggeshell, Mrs P 50
Joue, Mr 75
Jger, Janet J.. 2 00
Jnuer, Mrs H A 2 00
Jancis, Mr & Mrs and family..... 3 00
Jaham, Wm F. 1 00
Jinnell, Mrs ... 25
Jdley, Mr T L. 1 00
Jdley, Mrs T L. 75
Jdley, Master C 3 25
Jolmes, R G 2 75
Jdson, C D..... 2 00
Jinnecom, Wm N 75
Jwton, C G ... 1 00
Jwls, Mrs R G. 1 00
Jclntosh, A 5 00
Jaciver, Mrs A J 2 00
Jaxwell, Mrs A.. 1 00
Jay B, Providence 1 00
Jetcalf, E 15 00
Jills, Mr 1 00
Jillman, A H.... 2 00
Jowry, Mr & Mrs A M 10 00
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Jiles, Mrs M A.. 1 00
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Jherman, Mrs C F 2 00
Jsson, E 50
Jnalley, John ... 1 00
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Jtoddard, H W.. 2 00
Jahor, S O 1 00
Jhornton, Mrs C W 1 00
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Jrner, J M..... 1 00
Jilliamson, J & J 2 00
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Jood, Rev W L. 2 00
J—, Pawtucket . 1 00
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J L J, Potter Hill 3 00
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Jubscriber, Providence 1 00
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Jolnt Judith Bapt Ch 5 00
Jriends' Stone Ch, Tiverton 6 00

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Joyd, C F 1 00
Joylston, S 1 00
Jrown, E R 13 50
Jrown, E R coll by 3 00
Jobb, J M..... 1 00
Jial, Emma M.. 1 00
Ju Bose, Mrs D S 2 00
Jriend, Conway.. 2 25
Jlatton, Mrs R H 75
Joller, L L 1 00
Jackson, M J 50
JcElhon, Miss J. 5 00
Jnnu, G W 5 31
Jaul, Mrs J L... 3 00
Jea Ridge S S, Eastover 1 55
Jitts, J D 4 75
Joe, Mrs O S... 2 00
Jeed, H A (Col).. 40
Jeld, Samuel ... 1 00
Jloan, Mr & Mrs T Douglas..... 1 40
Jmith, Mr & Mrs O P 5 00
Jrnumlr, Mrs E S 3 00
J T, Greenville.. 1 00
J J, Denmark .. 1 40
J, Charleston ... 5 00
J K & F M K, Charleston 2 50
J S B, Beaufort. 1 00
Jn emptier purse, Winnsboro 1 00
J Philadelphian.. 2 00
Dorcas So of Rocky Sprlug Ch, Laurens 3 00

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Allen, Catherine.. 1 00
Althouse, J G.... 5 00
Andrews, F M.. 1 00
Attfellish, L F... 1 00
Berg, H D..... 5 00
Bens, Beulah ... 1 00
Bent, Mrs E C.. 1 00
Bent, L & M.... 1 00

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Boyden, E L.... 1 00
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Brinkworth, Mrs J 50
Burch, Un Y P S C E 20 00
Burdick, J W ... 1 00
Callahan, John .. 50
Carlile, M G 1 00
Carroll, J H..... 1 00
Casey, Wm T .. 1 00
Chilson, Amund . 1 00
Chilson, C H ... 50
Chilson, O A..... 5 00
Clark, F C 1 00
Clase, Henry ... 50
Clayton, Mr & Mrs D H 2 00
Close, Emma E.. 1 00
Close, James G.. 50
Close, J H 1 00
Close, L C 50
Close, Mrs Marion 1 00
Close, Olive P... 1 00
Cole, Mr & Mrs E L 5 00
Colie, S W 1 00
Cords, B F 2 00
Conse, E H 5 00
Conse, Mrs E H. 5 00
Coulter, J E 1 00
Cowles, Mrs R... 50
Craig, H T 2 00
Crooks, Mrs C.... 1 00
Crooks, W 50
Danley, F B 1 00
Davis, Seth 1 00
Dayton, Mr S F. 10
Dorchester, D W 1 00
Evans, E C 50
Evans, J M..... 50
Evans, Mrs R... 2 00
Fisk, Warren and wife 5 00
Fry, G G..... 5 00
Fry, Mrs G G.... 5 00
Fuller, C S G... 2 00
Garrett, Mrs T H 1 00
Gaylor, Julia A.. 25
Gertsch, A 50
Gilbert, S N 1 00
Gibson, Jno W.. 2 00
Grunman, Wm .. 50
Hannah, C & J.. 3 00
Hanson & Furgusen 2 00
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Hntcheson, Mr & Mrs J W..... 5 00
Ickes, Hattie 15
Johnson, E S.... 1 00
Johnson, H E.... 4 75
Keller, W B..... 1 00
Kelley, Owen ... 1 00
Kingsbury, Mrs L A 1 00
Komstad Miss Soc19 50
Lambert, W 50
Larson, Ben 15
Lattin, G W..... 1 00
Llephart, J P... 1 00
Lilly, J B..... 1 00
Loftus, D H..... 2 00
McCaughey Mrs.. 10
McKibben, Mary. 2 50
McKlver, John... 1 00
March, Mrs L A. 1 00
Mason, H W..... 1 00
Maxwold, A C .. 1 00
Miles, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Miller, Mrs H J.. 1 00
Miller, I J..... 1 00
Miller, M E..... 1 00
Moore, Mrs M E. 50
Morgan, A J.... 5 00
Mush, Mr 25
Nelson's, Jennie, S S class 12 90
Olston, L I 1 00
Perry, Horace .. 1 00
Quigley, M L.... 1 00
Randkleo, Peter.. 1 00
Retfield, Chas ... 1 00
Root, S L 1 00
Sasse, L E..... 1 00
Schaab, Frank .. 1 00
Sickles, Wm B... 50
Silkenson, Mrs A M 1 00
Smith, Mrs A M. 50
Smith, J E 5 00
Soderstrom, C G. 1 00
Soderstrom, Mrs E 2 00
Sorbell, A O..... 1 00
Sorum, N J..... 1 00
Stankey, Mrs A. 50
Stickles, Mr 15
Sturgeon Geo 1 00
Summers, J W .. 5 00
Swanson, A G.... 5 00
Tallmadge, G A. 2 00
Thurlow, M B... 5 00
Tiffany, Mrs H .. 50
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Trevithick, John.. 2 00
Trevithick, Jos .. 1 00
Trevithick, Peter. 1 00
White, Wm 1 00
White, W E 1 00
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Wilder, R G..... 50
Wilhite, Irvin A. 1 00
Williams, E 1 00
Williams, Mrs E. 5 00
Williams, F M .. 14
Wold, T O 1 00
Wolf, Geo J..... 50
Woodbury, B J.. 1 00
Wright, John.... 1 00
Young, Mr & Mrs J H 1 00
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G C R E, Madison 1 50
Mrs S E, —— .. 1 00
—, Aberdeen ... 1 00
—, Aberdeen .. 1 72
—, Clark 1 00
—, Glenwood ..11 40
—, Greenfield .. 6 00

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Collection, Deadwood 25 00
Friends, Flint .. 5 00
Friends, Canning. 2 00
Reader, Custer . 1 00
Subscriber, Aberdeen 50
Red Canyon S S, Hot Springs ... 55
A Brother, Hot Springs 1 00
A Sister, Hot Springs 5 00
Our Children, Madison 36
Contribntors, Watertown, S D 6 00

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Abicht, Mr & Mrs W J 5 00
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Barrow, Mrs R . 3 50
Beck, Mrs J R .. 50
Bell, Mrs W H . 5 00
Birkhead, J H .. 5 00
Byron, Miss M .. 1 00
Clark, Mrs Boyd. 5 00
Clark, C F 1 00
Cole, Mrs T G .. 2 50
Daggy, J S 2 00
Davis, Harry ... 50
Daniel, Mrs M J. 1 00
Duncan, Mrs J A 1 00
Edwards, A R G. 1 00
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Ervin, Mrs H F. 5 00
Fry, Mrs M M... 5 00
Gossard, M M ... 2 00
Govett, E S 1 00
Hargrove, W C & wife 1 50
Heller, Mr & Mrs W F 2 00
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Hughes, Mrs C . 3 00
Hugon, B D 1 00
Hutton, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00

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—, Krum..... 1 00
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S Bros, Livingston 10 00
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Baird, Mrs W.... 1 00
Baseom, O..... 3 00
Bissell, Mrs C W. 2 00
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Bliss, Mrs G L... 5 00
Boardman, N W.. 1 00
Bowman, L..... 1 00
Bride, Ada..... 25
Brooks, Mrs E A. 2 00
Buckman, M E... 1 00
Britell, Mrs O K. 1 00
Burnham, May S. 5 00
Carlisle, Mrs L D. 3 00
Church, Mrs G K. 1 00
Clark, Mr & Mrs R 2 00
Colburn, Mrs E G 1 00
Colliston, Mrs E G 1 00
Collins, Mrs L J. 1 00
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Cunningham, Miss Ola E 25
Cunningham, Mrs E M..... 5 00
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Dickinson, S L... 1 00
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Flower, A H..... 3 00
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Williams, Alex C 5 00
Wing, E A..... 6 00
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Friend, W Newbury 5 00
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A J G, St Johnsbury 1 00
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L B W, Rutland.. 25
L B W, Rutland.. 25
M A H. E Poultney 1 00
M H M, Windsor. 1 00
—, Cavendish...10 00
—, Union Village 1 00
Friend, Boltonville 2 00
A Friend, Burlington 1 00
Friend, Pawlet... 2 00
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In Memory of J E Noyes 2 00
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Barglebaugh, C E 2 00
Betts, Capt W S. 50
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Huff, Miss E C... 40
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Robinson, Mrs W H 1 00
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Skelton, Wm E.. 1 00
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Spencer, Wm G.. 50
Stevens, Harry... 50
Stewartsville, S S 6 00
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Van Siekler, Mazle 1 00
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White, Miss Sallie 1 00
Winston, Mrs T B 1 00
Williams, Mrs I D 1 00
Williams, W G... 50
Wilson, S P..... 1 00
Young, Jno H... 7 00
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Ladies' Aid Soc, Williamsburg ..25 00
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Ewing, May 1 25
Freeman, Charles S 25
Graham, Mrs A.. 5 00
Hart, Mrs D 1 00
Hodge, E L 1 50
Holmes, L & J . 2 00
Jeffery, Miss A A 1 00
Johnson, M 50
Jones, Mrs P 2 00
Jones, T I 4 00
Jones, Mrs M L . 1 00
Keumer, Mrs A .. 30
Lengfeld, Mrs J W 35
Lyman, Mrs F E 1 00
Lyman, Lula M .. 1 00
Lyman, Mertie E. 1 00
Manning, Mary A 10
Merrill, Mrs M .. 2 00
Milne, Mrs Jas .. 2 00
Mingo, Horace .. 1 00
Mitchell, A 1 00
Morris, M H & S A Sedgwick 6 00
Morse, Mr & Mrs A F 1 00
Morse, Lizzie A .. 1 00
Patt, George 2 00
Pettigrove, Mr & Mrs W T 1 00
Putnam, F L 2 00
Schmale, Carrie . 25
Sears, Curt 25
Walker, Mrs S E. 1 00
Weekes, W & M.. 1 00
Westervelt, Mrs A 30
Wiggins, Mrs R . 1 00
Wilson, S N 2 00
Yonng, J D 2 00
Young, Mary 1 00
Yonng, Roy 50
"Azalea" 1 00
Blank, Milton ... 1 00
Ynohtna 1 00
A S E, Petersbnrg 5 00
E J S L, —— ... 1 00
H C, —— 25
I C W 25
J Vx 2 00
L F W, —— 3 00
L R L, Lyons ... 1 00
M A S 5 00
S A, Richmond .. 1 00
S C P, San Remo Hotel 5 00
Mrs S C R, Milnor 9 90
Mrs T W, —— .. 3 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 2 00
Anon 50
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon 20
Anon 1 00
Anonymous, —— . 1 00
Anon, —— 25
—, Jordanville .. 1 00
—, Melrose 2 00
A friend, —— 14
Friend, —— 1 00
Friend, —— 5 00
A friend, —— 30
A friend, Brunswick 50
Friend, Claremont 5 00
Friend, Hurley ... 1 00
Unknown friend, Walton Furnace. 25
I H N, Florence.. 2 00
In His Name, Westbranch 2 00
In Memory of Ethel & Lizzie . 1 00
A Reader, —— ... 1 00
A Reader, Peotone 2 00
Subscriber, —— .. 1 00
A Snbscriber, Tilden 5 00
Suhscriber , West Newton 1 00
A Widow's Mite . 10
"Mother," Warren 2 00
A King's Daughter —— 1 00
A lover of righteousness, Corona 1 00
Two little girls, —— 10
People's Tabernacle Prim S S 6 00
A L B 2 00
A Consecrated Worker for God. 20
"A Well Wisher" 4 00
Alone 1 00
One Who Loves Jesus —— 4 84
Two Widows, Westfield 2 00
E V H, —— 1 00
G A E G, —— .. 1 00
J S 2 00
M De, Bridgeport. 1 00
M J B, Blaine ... 2 00
T A, —— 2 00
Christian, —— ... 50
Friend, Winchester 1 00
Two Friends, —. 2 00

> If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noon-day.
> Isa. 58: 10.
>
> The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me.—Job 29: 13

Keeton, Mrs M . 1 00
Kling, J M 4 00
Kincy, H Y..... 1 00
Kincy, Lora..... 25
Kincy, S J 50
Knight, Jno 5 00
Lynch, J H 2 00
Mallette, Jas L... 5 00
Millhouse, Rev T S 1 00
Minter, W A ... 1 50
Palge, P F & wife 2 50
Pevoto, Mrs J B. 1 00
Porter, Miss Cora 1 60
Price, Mrs W S. 1 00
Reid, Miss Hay . 25
Reid, Mrs Kittie. 1 00
Reid, M B 1 00
Riggs, Mrs M E. 1 00
Robinson, Mrs A M 1 00
Rouseau, Mrs, & Mrs Herrick ... 3 00
Rngel, G A 50
Rugel, L C 1 00
Schmidt, Miss L. 5 00
Seibert, Eva 5 00
Selpp, Wm 5 00
Smith, Mrs C ... 60
Smith, Harriet J. 1 00
Stockbridge, A... 1 00
Traylor, John ... 1 00
Tull, Mrs A O .. 1 00
Vance, Susie 1 00
Van Dewater, Jennie 1 00
Wellington, Mrs J F, Jr 10 00
White, Lucy H . 2 00
Woods, Wm 10 00
Wilson, M B..... 2 00
Young, Mrs A E. 1 00
D W, Montgomery 1 00
J V, Brownsville 1 00
S, Jesse 24
—, Coleman ... 1 10
A Friend, Joshua 1 00
Friend, Lewisville 2 00
Friend, Rawlins . 1 00
Friend, Velasco . 1 00
Friends, Sabinal . 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Fort Worth ...10 00
A Sympathizer, Bryan 2 00
Students of Tex Hollness Univ, Greenville 7 40
B Y P U, Buda . 1 55
Agnes S S, —— . 3 40

Grosvenor, Mrs D A..... 1 00
Hagar, Miss L... 1 00
Hall, Mrs L C... 1 00
Harris, Mrs W B. 1 00
Harwood, H H... 1 00
Hastings, S G... 2 00
Heath, Alma A.. 2 00
Heath, Mildred... 10
Hight, Mrs M H.. 50
Hoit, T..... 3 00
Hovey, J W..... 2 25
Jewett, Mr & Mrs A S..... 1 00
Kimball, W F... 25
Kellogg, Mrs A L 50
Ladd, E L..... 5 00
Laird, J L..... 3 00
Lewis, N M..... 1 00
Lyman, Mrs E O 1 00
Lymau, W R..... 2 00
Lord, Theron..... 1 00
McLane, J F.... 1 00
Maranville, Mrs C E & others..... 1 50
Marvin, David.... 5 00
Moulton, E..... 1 00
Marsh, Mrs C A. 1 00
Owens, Mrs H.... 50
Otis, Geo C..... 5 00
Perry, Charlie D 1 00
Perry, J & J..... 2 00
Pinney, Sarah.... 1 00
Paige, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Palmer H R..... 2 00
Peirce, Mrs M D. 1 00
Phelps, M M..... 2 00
Reed, Mrs A C... 5 00
Rice, F H & A M 2 00
Ripley, Mrs Anna 1 00
Sauborn, Mrs L F 50
Sauborn, Mrs O S
Smith, E W..... 2 00
Smith, Mrs A T.. 50
Stuart, Mrs J B . 50
Schwul, Mrs S L. 2 00
Sly, Edwin 2 00
Smith, Mrs David 25
Smith, Mrs G B.. 2 00
Smith, Mrs R C.. 2 00
Taft, Mrs A S .. 2 00
Tracy, Hannah... 1 00
Warren, W H.... 10
Welch, C H..... 2 00
Whitford, Mrs E W 1 00
Whitford M A... 1 00
White, Mr & Mrs Horace 1 00
Wilds, John..... 50
Willard, Dr R F. 50

Bispham, Mrs N C 3 00
Bondnrant, Mrs A L 1 00
Bontou, Mrs E G 1 00
Borden, Mrs H... 2 00
Bruce, Mrs M F. 1 00
Buchanan, S..... 1 00
Burgess, Mrs J W 50
Burns, C C &wife 2 00
Burton, Giles A.. 1 20
Bussells, I M.....10 00
Caldwell, Rosa B. 60
Campbell, Mrs G L 2 00
Carey, Florence.. 50
Carey, Tom 25
Carson, Mr & Mrs F B..... 1 50
Chalkley, Mrs H L 50
Chamblin, Miss L.. 75
Cheever, Mrs E W B & friends 1 70
Clarkson, J W.... 2 08
Clayton, Mr & Mrs J M..... 1 00
Collins, S Q, Page, H E, Penzold, E T 60
Copps, Eddie, Mortimer & Sybil.. 1 50
Cox, Mrs M J.... 5 00
Curry, J Reed.... 5 00
Davis, Jr, Mr & Mrs F E.....10 00
Deffenbaugh, B A 5 00
Dorteh, Mrs H W 3 00
Dunavant, J T .. 10
Dunnington, F P. 5 00
Eamiek, Geo F.. 1 00
Elam, Mrs J E... 75
Ewing, L M..... 1 00
Faris, Jno B..... 25
Fary, Bernard A. 25
Fary, Mrs L A... 50
Fary, L M B.... 25
Fary, Mrs R E... 25
Florence, Mrs G C 1 00
Gayle, Faunie... 1 00
Gilbert, Mrs B & Yates, Mrs M F 2 00
Gilbert, Geo W.. 1 00
Gleaves, Mrs T... 1 00
Halslip, M D, Geo W 1 00
Hall, Mrs C A.... 1 00
Hall, Mrs R..... 1 00
Hamblin, Mrs A H 1 00
Harper, Mrs A M 2 00
Hattie, Blauch, Homer & Carrie Cripple Creek... 25

The Viceroy's Pathetic Plea

Authoritative Statement of Famine Conditions Six Weeks Ago, when 3,750,000 were Supported at Government Expense—Now there are Over Five Millions

AT an Indian Famine Relief Fund inaugurated in Calcutta on Friday the 16th, at a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, Europeans and Indians, high officials, leading merchants and every other class being represented, the Viceroy presided and delivered a speech, in the course of which he said: "It is a sorrowful task to stand up to speak of the sufferings of millions of our fellow-creatures who, while we are living in comfort and affluence, are enduring severe hardships and privations, and are practically only being saved from the clutches of death by the direct action of the State. You are all aware, ladies and gentlemen, that we are confronted in India by a famine of unparalleled magnitude. To each famine as it comes these words are apt to be used. I am conscious of the dangers of exaggeration, but at the same time, from figures and facts submitted to me, from the totals already on relief, and from estimates of the probable duration and extent of suffering that have been sent up, I entertain little doubt that in the territories that are seriously affected the description is literally true."

A FAMINE WAIF

* * * *

3,750,000 Now on Relief and Likely to be Substantially Increased

After alluding to the pathetic condition presented by Bombay, where Plague adds its terrors to those of the Famine, the Viceroy proceeded to give the very latest statistics. He stated:

"I have during the past few days received an account, specially sent to me at my request, from every affected province or part of India, which enables me to give you the most recent tidings. When I spoke in the Council exactly four weeks ago from to-day, the numbers throughout India in receipt of relief exceeded **three and a quarter millions.** To-day, in spite of the closer stringency tests which have been applied, and which I may say in passing have been unanimously welcomed by the local Government officers as both timely and necessary, the total exceeds **three and three quarter millions.** No such number of persons has ever before been simultaneously relieved by any Government in the world. But I am constrained to admit that in spite of every legitimate precaution that may be taken, these totals are not likely to prove the maximum, but that in the spring and summer months that lie before us they will be substantially increased. In Central India, even the fertile district of Malwa, which has always been the asylum for famine-stricken wanderers from other parts, has itself been stripped bare. Hundreds of thousands of poor fugitives, who crowded over the border in the early days of scarcity, have drifted back again to pick up a meagre subsistence wherever they can. Famine conditions of the worst type prevail in Western Rajputana, where Jodhpur has lost as much as ninety per cent. of its stock of cattle, and other States a little less. The distress is spreading towards the eastern parts of that region. All these circumstances will show you that there is no exaggeration in describing the present as a time of unprecedented emergency.

* * *

The Duty of Saving Human Life

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, you may expect a few words from me as to the conditions under which we appeal to your charity and the objects to which it will be applied. I am not inclined to draw any pedantic distinctions between the spheres of Government duty and private benevolence. Wide as is the scope of the former, inasmuch as it includes the whole duty of saving human life, it is not so ample as to leave no margin for outside assistance. We are not asking you to relieve the Government of its due burden or to save us from one penny of expenditure that ought properly to fall upon our shoulders. Whatever you give us will make no difference in the extent and character of our outlay. That is fixed for us by the high conception that we entertain of our public duty, but for all that there is ample field for private generosity, both in supplementing that which the State can do and must do, and often in pursuit of that which the State cannot do at all.

* * *

A Convincing Offer

"If any rich man in this city is in any doubt as to whether he should subscribe, I would gladly give him a railway ticket to a famine district, and take what he chose to give me on his return. He might go with a hard heart, but he would come back with a broken one. Nor need any poor man desist from offering his mite. A mite to him may be almost a fortune to the starving."

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

STARVING PEASANTS ON THE WAY TO RAHURI IN SEARCH OF FOOD

Consecrated Gifts

ALL over the land, hearts have already been deeply touched by the sad story of poor India's sufferings. God's people everywhere are rallying to the cry of distress, and vying with each other in their efforts to send the quickest relief to the starving multitudes. They are sending their gifts, accompanied by their earnest prayers, that what they give may be blessed to the sufferers and may be the means of saving precious lives.

Nearly all of these letters breathe the true spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice. One lady, in sending her gift, writes:

"India is dear to my heart. I have friends there who are laboring for the Master. I have been wanting to send an offering, but was taken ill and had to go to a hospital. I have not lived so close to Him as was my bounden duty. I often ask God to give those who have plenty no rest until they offer their hearts and purses for these sufferers."

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. S., of Riley, Kan., writes, addressing their letter to those "in charge of this wonderful opportunity to show the truth of the preaching of our missionaries in India that the love of our Lord Jesus Christ in the heart of this great American nation really means, in deed and in truth, something more than is found in the heart of those worshiping idols. Enclosed I send herewith exchange for $225, as some little expression of my sympathy for their great needs. I hope to be able to send to you next week $300 more as a further evidence of this sympathy shared by myself and wife for these dying multitudes."

Two days later, from the same good people, came a second letter, enclosing $300, "to assist in the purchase of corn for the famine-stricken people of India.

"We assume from the character of the religious publication house that assumes charge of this, that it cannot be otherwise than that men who have charge of receiving and disbursing these funds must be men whose souls are, in the strictest sense, given to great accomplishments with the smallest possible outlay at such a time of need, with so many millions dying of starvation. Surely godly men will make best possible use of the funds so generously contributed by a sympathizing people who read your printed appeals for India's dying people. We are not wealthy people, but live in very modest and primitive lines of country villa life, keeping our personal expenses at the lowest possible limit. But if only a small part of our people would follow in similar contributions, if economically used, India would soon be redeemed from famine distress."

* * *

Some Touching Letters

Some of the letters are particularly touching and give evidence of the tender hearts that inspired them. Thus an afflicted friend writes from Geneva, N. Y.

"Knowing the kindness and liberality of your heart, I am quite sure you will not despise the small contribution of one dollar for the benefit of the starving people of India, from one who is blind."

Surely a special blessing must come upon such a gift as this!

Another letter, which will bring a thrill to the heart of many a parent whose "treasures" are in safe-keeping, is this:

"Bertha, Minn., March 21, 1900.

"I send you New York draft for $20.90. It belonged to our little Ro who left us. We wish it given for Indi

"Mr. and Mrs. L. P. L."

These are only a few of many such letters that are received, showing how warmly Christian America has the cause of suffering India at heart.

* * *

An Opportunity For All

SEE OPPOSITE

There are thousands of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD whose hearts are aching for the starving millions of India and who are earnestly desirous of doing a Christian's share in their behalf, but who do not know just how to go at the work. To assist them to crystalize the laudable desire into a blessed and helpful reality we have prepared the subscription blank opposite, which should be carefully detached from the paper proper. Then an earnest house to house or friend to friend campaign should be begun, and the cause of India should be presented with an urgent request for a subscription. The name of the donor should then be entered with the amount contributed. Within an hour or two the list will have been completed, the work will have been accomplished, the vague desire will have been turned to a practical purpose and the benediction of our Heavenly Father will crown the work.

On the reverse side of the blank will be found many particulars which may be utilized to advantage, and much information that will enable the Christian volunteer worker to intelligently present the plea. Old and young, men and women, boys and girls can thus become life-savers and gain the blessing of him who in His Word hath said: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

As soon as you feel that you have done all you can, even if the list is not completed, sign your name to it and send it with the money collected to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

* * *

Be sure to mail by April 16. This will give you a chance to take Easter collections for India's famishing millions.

In case you soil or tear this blank, an ordinary sheet of paper may be substituted.

To the India Famine Relief Fund,

Bible House, New York City.

Every Contribution will be acknowledged in The Christian Herald

The undersigned have contributed for the Relief of the Famine Sufferers in India the amounts entered opposite their respective names, and are entitled to be credited accordingly in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

	TITLE—Mr., Mrs. or Miss, Dr. or Rev.	FULL NAME.	STREET ADDRESS.	POST-OFFICE.	COUNTY.	STATE.	DOLLARS	CENTS.
1				1				
2				2				
3				3				
4				4				
5				5				
6				6				
7				7				
8				8				
9				9				
10				10				
11				11				
12				12				
13				13				
14				14				
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16				16				
17				17				
18				18				
19				19				
20				20				
21				21				
22				22				
23				23				
24				24				
25				25				

How Many Lives Will You Save?

Two Cents a day will support one life.
One Dollar will save a life for two months.
Two Dollars will save a life until the harvest.
Five Dollars will save a man, wife and child till the next crop is gathered.
Ten Dollars will save a whole family from death.
Twenty Dollars will save ten lives for four months.
Twenty-five Dollars would save them and afford them the comfort of blankets during the rainy and cold season.
Fifty Dollars would save five families.
One Hundred Dollars would save a small community.

This List is Sent in by .....

Give Full Name and Full Post Office Address.

Starving India's Pitiful Cry for Bread

What Will Christian America Do for Poor India's Starving Millions?

Statistics that Stagger

Many Millions of Starving People —Multitudes at Death's Door

One of the Least of These

THE most pitiful, most heartrending cry for bread that has ever escaped human lips or reached human ears comes from famine-smitten India's sorely distressed and greatly afflicted people. Many millions of human beings are in various stages of starvation, and a considerable proportion of these at death's door! The greatest catastrophe of the closing century is now being enacted, and unless help comes speedily to India's relief, **Millions** of men, women and children, principally of the **farming** communities, **must die** before the next crop is harvested.

* * * *

Five millions of these people are now employed by the Government at wages averaging two cents a day each, but the remainder must be relieved by private charity or succumb to starvation. England is doing nobly, but she is not equal to the occasion, and America, with her overflowing, bursting granaries, must speedily come to the rescue or these millions will perish from the very lack of what we enjoy in superabundance.

* * * *

A Noble Record

Christian America has never yet turned a deaf ear to the pitiful cry of agonizing despair. Ireland, Russia, Armenia, Cuba, Porto Rico, and India itself bear eloquent witness to her generous and prompt responsiveness to every worthy appeal, and in this calamity, greater than any yet witnessed, she will unquestionably prove herself worthy the noble record of the past, and share in generous measure the abundance wherewith she has been so bountifully blessed.

* * * *

Help Them to Help Others

Missionaries now working in India have been so affected by the scenes of heartrending suffering which they have been compelled to witness that, though their hearts are breaking, their tears refuse to flow. They themselves have given all they had and all they could borrow and now they are daily inditing pathetic communications, and sending them broadcast with the fervent prayer that God would move the hearts of their more fortunate brothers and sisters in distant lands to contribute largely in this hour of India's direst need, and thus help them to help those who are looking to them for salvation from impending death.

* * * *

Looking This Way

For many years these godly men and women have pointed the people to the Saviour, and countless thousands have accepted him and have been baptized in the Faith. Indeed, the cause of Christ is making wondrous progress among the dense and dusky population of India, and now that disaster has befallen them and death is threatening them, what wonder that they are hoping for help from this country whence hail the missionaries who have told them again and again the beautiful story of one Jesus who went about doing good, who fed the multitudes, and whose followers in this prosperous country are walking in the footsteps of their Master, daily testing their lives by the standard he established, and ever asking themselves, **What would Jesus do?**

* * * *

Help Them Quickly

And shall they look in vain? Shall they be disappointed? Shall we lead them to believe that our religion is mere profession? Shall we shut up the bowels of our compassion and tell them that American money and American grain are for Americans only—that religion is one thing and charity quite another? Or shall we open up our hearts, our hands, our purses and our granaries, and in the name of our Master whom we serve bid them share with us the bounties of our Heavenly Father's goodness?

A Safe Investment

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

Two cents a day will support a life. **One dollar** will keep a man, woman or child two months from starvation. **Ten dollars** will save five lives for four months. Twenty dollars will save a whole family until next harvest.

* * * *

The Land of His Birth

This pathetic cry for bread comes from the continent of Asia, concerning which Dr. Talmage says:

Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he rested and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences he whelmed with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals, and great rainfalls, and bellowing tempests, and hypocrites' long faces, and croaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during his earthly stay was but once outside of Asia.

FAMINE CHILDREN PLUCKED AS BRANDS FROM THE BURNING

Photographed at the American Mission House of Rev. E. S. Hume, Byculla

* * * *

A Flying Relief Ship

The Secretary of State for India has cabled to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that his government will pay transportation charges if America will speedily send a cargo of corn, and already arrangements are under way to have a capacious vessel laden with life-saving American grain start from the harbor of New York at an early date.

* * * *

If we can secure a million bushels of corn of the 2,500 millions harvested last year, we can fill ten ships, and the greatest life-savin fleet ever organized will spee across the waves and bring hop and life for four months to a millio men, women and children.

* * * *

Let All Join Hands

Let every village be represente Let every Church, Sunday Schoo Officer, Teacher and Schola vie with each other in haster ing to the rescue of this unfor tunate people. Let farmers orgar ize and send car-loads of corr This is the greatest opportunity c the closing century to do good i the Master's name. We are Hi almoners. He gave up all for us and now through these starvin ones he claims a share of what h has entrusted to our care. Are w unjust stewards? God forbid! I this gracious Easter-time, how ca you honor Christ more than by gift which will in itself be a resu rection, inasmuch as it may becom the blessed means of bringing bac to life and joy those perishing ones

* * * *

Help or They Perish

We urge upon every reade of this appeal to join the Chris tian life-saving crew and to thro out to these starving people the lif line, before it is too late. Try t fill a car with corn and send to u for instructions. **If you canno pay freight charges** The Chris tian Herald **will pay the bil** If you cannot send corn sen money. Pray that God's peop everywhere may realize the impor ance and urgency of the case an may willingly and cheerfully giv even as God has prospered them.

The King's business require haste. Every day's delay may prov fatal. Let us then be up and doin He that sitteth in the heaver watches us. His eye is upon u What we do let us do it as unt Him, and he that seeth in secr and rewardeth openly will bless u with an everlasting blessing.

* * * *

The Daughters of the Kin

There are in every communit godly women, sympathetic an kind; consecrated women, who lon to do good, as they have opportun ty and to aid the poor, the sufferin and the distressed. We look co fidently to them for aid at this tim They can work, they can speal they can plead, pray and giv May God call them to this missio and graciously prosper the work o their hearts and their hands.

Every Contribution will be Acknowledged in The Christian Herald, 103 to 105 Bible House, New York

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

Another View of Japanese Childhood

NOT long ago, following the information given by Lafcadio Hearn, Miss Bacon, Sir Edwin Arnold, and other well-known writers on Japan, and also conveying the impression I have received from American friends who have visited the Sunrise Kingdom, I spoke of Japan as a very happy place for babies and little children. A missionary friend, whose letter was on its way to me when I wrote the paragraphs referred to, has a different opinion, and I think my readers will be interested to see what she says. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD always wishing to be absolutely fair and true, and to present both sides of a story so that no injustice may be done. This letter has made me more than ever anxious to help in sending the Gospel to Japan, for only where Christ is really worshiped and served can either children or grown people be happy and comfortable in mind, body or estate.

The writer of this letter has spent ten years working among the poorer people in Japan. She says:

"I have seen a great many festivals and feasts of dolls and New Year days, when the children are dressed up in bright clothes, and go out in the narrow streets and play. But if yours and your neighbors' children had a lot of gorgeously dressed dolls packed away in a fireproof house for 360 days, and then saw them brought out and set up on shelves to be admired, but not handled at all during the festal week, do you think they would enjoy them? The streets have no sidewalks, and when the children play they have constantly to watch lest bullocks or pack horses or jinrikishas run over them, and open sewers are on every street, into which little children frequently fall.

"All childlife is not made up of play. They sometimes are ill, and then various treatments are tried. Sometimes they have moxa put on their backs, a bit about the size of a pea, which is set on fire. The child screams and tries to get away, but is held fast till a number of places are burnt in its back. I have watched this done. They often give them the gall of animals for stomach troubles. Then they have to go to school and sit on hard and very uncomfortable benches in cold school-rooms where there is no fire. There are about 30,000 schools of all kinds in Japan, and I doubt if there are 500 which have any method whatever of warming their school-rooms. Some of the little boys wear caps, but the girls go bareheaded. Some have shawls or a piece of flannel cloth tied around their necks. Their feet are clad in sandals and cotton stockings that come just up to the ankle. Some little boys wear drawers to cover their lower limbs, but the girls never. Those oriental dresses are so made and worn that they afford very little protection from the cold, and if the children run about and play their naked lower limbs are exposed to view at every step. I have seen them coming home from school looking as if their blood had almost congealed. Their homes are a little more comfortable for cold weather than the school-rooms, for there they can sit down on the floor-mats and warm their hands over a little blaze of charcoal in the fire-box. But there are no stoves or fire-places to heat the room. Then, too, many little girls can't go to school because they must stay at home and carry a younger baby brother or sister on their backs all day. Some little tots, six years old, have all their play with this burden on their backs. Only a little over one-half of the girls of school-going age go to school in Japan.

"I suppose, taken altogether, Japanese children have a better time than any other children in the Orient, but there is the widest difference in the world between the pleasures, comforts and advantages of the average Japanese child and the average American child. Some travelers come to Japan and visit the better class of people and write of them as if theirs were the customs of Japan. They go to the few comfortably heated school-rooms in Tokio and suppose that the other 29,000 school-houses in Japan are equally comfortable. What I have written here is the average scene among the common people, who make up about ninety per cent. of Japan.

A MISSIONARY.

WEARIED WITH PLAY

Quarreling Before Folk

It was in a public conveyance that two well-dressed persons, apparently husband and wife, recently quarreled so angrily and vociferously that the friend who witnessed the occurrence and narrated it to me, said that the whole car full of spectators was outraged and indignant. No decent people air their angry feelings in a crowd. They do not quarrel before their servants, or in company, or in the presence of the children. They should not quarrel at all, if they are Christians, but, you may rest assured that if any body, man or woman, gives way to temper, uses emphatic language accompanied by violent gestures, waxes red and furious in the face, talks with a raised voice, and calls names anywhere, and especially in society or in a crowd, that individual is most ill-bred, undisciplined and impolite, as well as very wicked before God.

"Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," than a feast with malice and all uncharitableness. Never, dear lady and gentleman—as you value the good old-fashioned title—never fight or squabble or bicker in public.

A SONG

For the flowers that spring in the meadows,
For the grace of the dew and the rain;
For the sunbeams, and also the shadows,
To thank thee, dear Lord, I am fain.

Thy mercy is new every morning,
Thy Goodness repeated each night;
Thy love is my breakfast-plate, adorning
My garments of praise with its light.

EUNICE ELMENDORFF.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—VIOLET VANE. It is vanity, not love, which has been wounded in your case. You are much too fond of flirtation, I fear.

—MRS. L. Your letter awakes my sympathy. Still, you have gone through the hardest part of your experience, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best.

—RUTH LONE. The King's Daughters wear a silver cross and a purple ribbon as their badge. Their object is to deepen the spiritual life of the individual, and to do good to others as they have opportunity.

—ANXIOUS MOTHER. Do your utmost to keep your boys at home in the evening and try to make the house pleasant for them. Boys like a cheerful stir and a little fun. They do not enjoy a gloomy room and cross faces. So don't scold them, but oblige them nevertheless to stay in after dark.

—M. M. Dismiss the matter from your mind, believing that your life is a plan of God and that you have been guided in your actions. Think no more about the person to whom you refer, as he is now married, and hold no communication with him or his wife, as indeed you have no rights in the case. Undertake some definite religious work, and let that folded leaf lie where it is.

—L. M. W. Apply to the nearest large hospital where they have a training school for nurses, addressing "Superintendent of Training School." Application blanks for you to fill will be sent you. A certificate of good moral character from your clergyman, and of health from your physician is usually required, and you must be over twenty years of age, and have a good common school education.

∴ TIRED OUT ∴

THE dear little girlie has been playing in the garden, digging a bed for her pansies, frolicking with her kitten, running races with the sunbeams. Mother called her in to learn a lesson, for this small Elizabeth recites her lessons to her mother every morning. But, like some older and bigger people, Beth prefers play to a task, and is apt to be weary when the call comes to work. Mother knows all about it, as mothers always do, and she smilingly listens to the little maid's complaint and soothes her as the brown head rests on her lap. The Bible says "As one whom his mother comforteth," and I have not yet found in this strange world anybody who is a better consoler in every experience than just the sweet and precious mother. Her love never fails, her goodness is unspeakable, her tenderness cannot be worn out, nor her compassion exhausted. When we are old and gray-headed we still cling to the dear memory of our mother and are thankful for what she was to us in our early years, and, as long as she lives, and we live, we never are ready to do without her.

A Reply to the Stepchild

Several weeks ago, a stepchild made a little statement of her side of the question at issue, in the stepmother discussion in which our readers continue to be interested. "A New Subscriber," who is very welcome to speak on the subject, sends a reply to this young lady.

"Let me emphatically say, my dear child, that if you have health, you have everything left. You have cause for rejoicing that your father has married again, thus setting you free to live your own life. In the four years of your experience as head of the house you have learned self-control and self-denial, and I have no doubt you are now a capable woman, of a type of which the world has great need at home and abroad. The practical knowledge you have acquired while taking the place of your sainted mother, is in itself a future. Let 'I can't' be a word unknown to you. 'Yes, Master, I will,' is the phrase which should be on your lips as you look forward to the future."

Looking Down on Others

The state of mind in which people look down on others is far from Christ-like, and must be very displeasing to the Master. I cannot imagine a Christian as patronizing or condescending, as feeling that worldly station, or larger fortune, or a prettier house, or a better education, gave her the right to feel elated. Every gift from God means a new responsibility, another thing to be accounted for in our stewardship. In a church there should never be drawn hard and fast lines of division, but all should be united in sweet and friendly affection and companionship, serving the Lord. Of course among kindred, such a thing as looking down upon poor relations should never exist.

Little Tenement Folks

They are beginning to write letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and to hang around the Bible House; if so be they may catch Dr. Klopsch on the wing, or Housemother Collins, or some one member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S great army of workers, who can tell them just "when the country will open?" which being elaborated into plain English means. "Will the Children's Home open this summer, and can I go to it?" From four to twelve is the age limit of acceptable candidates for fresh-air outings; and little guests of last summer who wanted to take baby sisters and brothers along are writing funny little letters, assuring us that tiny candidates who had to be rejected last season are "mos' four now an' big as four ennyhow." During the winter past some of our readers have remembered that hot days will come, and that the poor children of the tenements will suffer—and many of them perish—unless Christ's followers make some provision for them. All contribution for our Fresh Air Work will be acknowledged in these columns.

.. Temperance in Congress ..

The Annual Meeting of the Venerable Congressional Temperance Society

EVERY year, in the latter part of March, in one of the many committee rooms which honeycomb the great National Capitol building at Washington, a few members of the Senate and House gather and hold a meeting. Not a large number of either legislative house come to this meeting; yet it is one of the oldest organizations of Congress, and one that has ciety could be congratulated on its great age and the great names which it bore on its roll, and while it had never been an active, aggressive body, yet during all of the sixty-eight years of its existence, it had held aloft at the Capital of the nation the white banner of the cause; that it had repeatedly demonstrated that whenever the necessity arose, that there were, in both of the legislative branches of the government, members who stood not only

OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

1, HON. W. W. GROUT, PREST.; 2, HON. S. J. PUGH, VICE-PREST.; 3, SENATOR KYLE, VICE-PREST.; 4, HON. J. D. LONG, VICE-PREST.; 5, REV. F. D. POWERS, SEC'Y.

perhaps done more for national legislation along certain reformatory lines than any other in existence. It is the Congressional Temperance Society, the oldest temperance organization in America. This year its annual business meeting was held in the committee room of its present President, Hon. Wm. Grout, of Vermont. The annual election of officers was held at the business meeting in Mr. Grout's committee room and he was re-elected President, and Senators Frye and Kyle, and Representatives Littlefield, of Maine; Pugh, of Kentucky; McCleary, of Minnesota; Lamb, of Virginia; Snodgrass, of Tennessee, and Lloyd, of Missouri, were chosen Vice-Presidents. Rev. F. D. Powers, the pastor of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church at Washington, and who has been the main-spring of the Society for a dozen years, was re-elected Secretary.

On the Sunday evening following the business meeting, the annual public meeting of the society took place at the Lutheran Memorial Church on Scott Circle. This meeting occurs on the Sunday evening which is nearest the birthday anniversary of Maine's apostle of prohibition, Neal Dow, and this year it was the 18th inst. Mr. Grout presided and in his opening remarks said that, if for nothing else, the Congressional Temperance Society could be congratulated on its ready to declare themselves temperance men and total abstainers, but to carry with their votes any measure in the interest of the temperance cause. This was evident last winter when the Anti-Canteen Act passed both houses.

Rev. Mr. Powers followed Mr. Grout, giving in place of his annual report a brief sketch of what Mr. Dow's efforts had done for the cause of temperance throughout the country. Mr. Littlefield, one of the new Vice-Presidents and the new member of the House of Representatives from Maine, who made himself famous in a day by his speech in Congress on the minority report of the Robert's case and who has since become known as the leader against the Puerto Rican tariff, was introduced and said he not only believed in temperance, but in total abstinence and prohibition. The first public speech he ever made was a temperance one and he had been making them more or less ever since. Representative Lloyd, of Missouri, also declared himself in unqualified terms for temperance. Representatives Talbert, of South Carolina; Greene, of Massachusetts, and Dahle, of Wisconsin, followed in short but strong speeches, declaring for temperance and legislation in its favor.

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the history of the founding and gradual development of the Congressional Temperance Society was published.

It was founded in 1833, and was fostered by such celebrities as Daniel Webster, Millard Fillmore, and others equally notable, gathering its patrons from prominent men in many States. It was organized on February 26, 1833, three months before the first National Temperance Convention was held in Philadelphia. Its first meeting was held in the historic old Senate Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court, and its platform declared its object to be "to discountenance by example and by kind moral influence the use of ardent spirits and the traffic in it throughout the community." Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of War, was chosen president. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Senator from New Jersey, submitted a constitution which was adopted and signed by one hundred members of the Senate and House of Representatives. On its roll appear such names as George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts; Thomas W. Gilmer, of Virginia; J. R. Giddings, of Ohio; Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts; John Blair, of Tennessee; Henry A. Wise, of Virginia; Millard Fillmore, of New York; Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky; W. W. Ellsworth, of Connecticut; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire; Thomas Ewing, of Ohio; Justices of the Supreme Court, Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, and heads of Departments. Among later subscribers were Thomas W. Ferry, Henry Wilson, Schuyler Colfax, William Windom, Lot M. Morrill, John A. Logan, William Washburn, James Monroe, Hiram Price, James A. Garfield, F. T. Frelinghuysen, Henry V. Blair, John D. Long, A. E. Morse, Nelson Dingley, and scores of others well known in public life. Hon. William W. Grout, of Vermont, succeeded the late Nelson Dingley, who held the position of President of the Society for fourteen years.

♣

Samantha and the Poets

Her "Journey" Arouses the Poetic Spirit of Our Readers

How popular it seems to be
To travel now o'er land and sea.
But every one can't do it;
So I shall stay at home this year,
And scan the pages that appear;
To see how others view it.

I see the sympathy all goes
To "Aunt Samantha's" words of prose
Like sparks above the fire;
It possibly might make her vain
To be kept under such a strain,
So I shall love Josiah.

Livermore, Ia. MRS. LORA IVES.

I welcome in the HERALD'S page, Josiah Allen's wife—
To read "Samantha" surely gives an added charm to life.

Her good sound sense, peculiar style, appear on every page,
And yet she paints in faultless lines the follies of the age.

Her Christian spirit at all times, on all occasions flows
A stream to comfort every soul; all vices feel her blows.

Among all authors who've achieved great honor during life,
In prominence will always stand Josiah Allen's wife.

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"Something over three years ago I became affected with nervousness and neuralgic troubles. This continued until a year ago, after which time I was almost constantly confined to my bed. The neuralgia gradually grew worse: nervous debility set in, and I was completely run down. My blood was impure and watery, while my complexion was sallow and colorless. I had no strength, and was almost completely helpless. The doctor finally advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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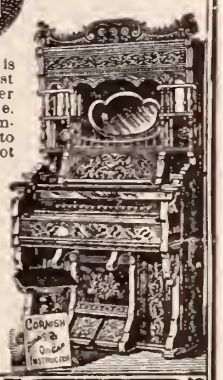

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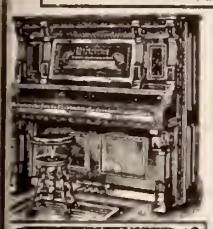

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The Dawn

WE are looking for the coming of the dawn,
The night of error now will soon be gone;
And a glad and happy day,
Come to bless the world alway,
And dispel the gloom for aye;
Help it on!

We are looking for a blessed reign of peace,
When war among the nations all shall cease,
And the greatest good for all
Be the people's clarion call,
And lone all hearts enthrall;
Help it on!

We are looking for our Christ to come again,
And within the hearts of men take up his reign;
So that all shall brothers be.
And the light of truth shall see,
The truth that makes men free;
Help it on!

New Whatcom, Wash. MAY A. HARDY.

Among Korean Children

IN some account of her Home for Destitute Children in Korea, sent to a friend at home, Miss Perry writes: "Is it not wonderful that we should have such a lovely place given us for a home? Last year we sent out circulars, saying we wanted a large place in a healthy situation outside the city walls. Now we have that place—a nice Korean house, with extensive garden and fields—just what we desired. I want to take in a large number of children this year, but funds have come in very slowly.

"Seoul is a very large city, the residence of the Emperor, and the centre of all mission work in the country. It is surrounded by a high and picturesque wall, with large gates, which have heavy roofs, and generally a room above the gate for watchmen. The gates are open all day, and closed at night. The country around is very beautiful, the foliage very luxuriant, when the Koreans do not cut it for firewood. Our garden has been one succession of blossom since the spring. The ground we have is six or seven acres, in a pretty hollow half-way up a mountain, which slopes gradually down to a thickly-populated district, just outside the west gate of the city.

"The little girls are very lively and affectionate. They can learn very easily, and think nothing of committing to memory half a chapter in the morning."

An Ostrich's Appetite

In a letter from South Africa, a correspondent gives this entertaining account of the omnivorous ostrich: "On our arrival they attached themselves to our camp, and being very tame, they were much petted and fed by the boys. The digestion of an ostrich is proverbial, and we can believe anything after witnessing some of the gastronomical performances in this camp. Match-boxes, bars of soap, jam tins as well as rubbish and refuse of all kinds are keenly relished by them. Everything they swallow passes down their long necks immediately under the skin, and it is very funny to see them snatch up a number of articles and see them chasing one another down their four feet of neck. We soon had to chase them out of the camp as we found they did not confine themselves to what we didn't want, but were frequently surprised in an empty tent, eating brass-headed cartridges out of bandoliers, as well as picking brass buttons off clothes, while our brass rifle sights seemed to be regarded as an especially dainty tid-bit."

Samantha is Their Delight

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—I was so prejudiced against Aunt Samantha's style of writing, that I did not read any of the story "Around the World" until I got seven copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Then I thought it unfair to condemn unheard, and I sat down and read every chapter, and now I wait anxiously for the next paper. I am glad that she so soundly denounces the accursed liquor traffic. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the best paper I have ever read. I wish it might be in every home in this and every land. W. K. ALBRANT.

A Joy for Stay-at-Homes

SOUTH DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—I would gladly give the price of the paper for one sermon by Dr. Talmage, like that sermon on "Spiritualism." Aunt Samantha, too! What an interesting companion for the tourist! I am enjoying the trip immensely and am right glad her companion is with her, as she can now give her undivided attention to the description of her journey, so that we stay-at-homes can be benefited thereby. Dear Aunt Samantha!

ALMEDA B. ALLEN.

"When it is fair, take an umbrella." And when in health, take Hood's Sarsaparilla to prevent illness, keep the blood pure, the system well regulated and your health up to a high standard.

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"This proves to me that Grape-Nuts food is a highly condensed and nourishing food which satisfies the system as no other food does, and causes no indigestion. It is a God-send to all sufferers of stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have several neighbors who are using both Postum Creal Coffee and Grape-Nuts, and they wonder how they ever did without either, since learning how good and beneficial they are. One lady has a family of growing school children. She says they use nothing else for their luncheon at noon but Grape-Nuts with milk. They all enjoy the food very much and feel well fed. She states that when the children come in from school, they are not starved for a piece of something to eat, as they formerly were when they lunched from all other foods.

"This has convinced her that Grape-Nuts food sustains the system longer than any other food. The fact that it is thoroughly cooked and ready for immediate serving is of great value, especially when one is in a hurry. Please do not publish my name." The name of this lady can be had by application to the Postum Creal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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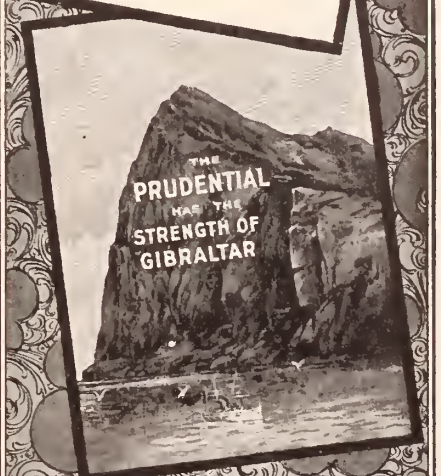

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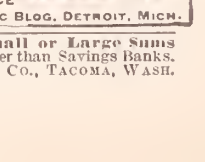

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Sheldon as a Laborer

He Spent a Whole Vacation Working with His Hands Among the Wage-Earners

BEFORE he wrote his great book, *In His Steps*, the Rev. C. M. Sheldon one Sunday asked his congregation for a two weeks' vacation. His request was readily granted. The next day he disappeared. Without saying a word to anyone outside of his family he had donned the clothes of a workman and gone to live for two weeks among the workingmen of Topeka.

He has never written about his actual experiences at that time, but has often spoken of the discoveries he made regarding the life of the day laborer. He found that it was not easy to get work. No one knew him in his disguise, and he seemed to be a sturdy, strong, healthy man, although his speech might have betrayed his intelligence. The first week was almost gone before he got a job, although he was ready to take any work that presented itself. His first employment was in a coal yard shoveling coal. He rode on the carts and shoveled coal into the cellars of several citizens of Topeka. None knew that the poor-looking man with the blackened hands and face coal-begrimed was the Rev. C. M. Sheldon. He next worked in the railroad yards for awhile as a track hand—one of a gang of six. Finally, he went among the brick-layers, masons, plasterers, plumbers, street-sweepers, cart-drivers, and though he had not the time to take a job, if he could get it, in each of these trades he learned much about the lives of the bread-winners which could have been learned in no other way. In two weeks he got in close touch with the workingman, and could thereafter speak of him with intimate knowledge.

He has made good use of what he then learned in the seven books of which he is author. His whole life has been one of hard work. Many years ago, after his graduation from the theological seminary, he had a desire to go abroad, especially to see London, before settling down to preaching. He had little money; his whole capital being only $200, and he determined to make this amount pay for his journey. He crossed to Liverpool in the steerage; and there his first care was to purchase a return passage—a good illustration of his forethought and practicality. Then he proceeded to London and there lived among the masses, trying to understand their life. Before he could finish this self-imposed task, he had reached his last dollar! He went to his garret and wondered what he was to do. He decided to go to work.

He bought a penny newspaper, and almost the first advertisement he read was an offer of a good sum for the best article of a certain kind and length. It had to be in the newspaper office the next day. He wrote all night, and early next morning delivered his manuscript, hardly daring to hope he would ever hear from it again. To his astonishment, twenty-four hours later he received a letter from the paper enclosing a draft for several pounds. He had won the prize. He could remain yet awhile in London, studying the masses.

Now Mr. Sheldon is about to take his second trip to London. On the first of May he leaves Topeka, for an eight months' vacation. And how extremely suggestive is this second visit to London, of the change the years have wrought in his fortunes. Then he was poor and unknown; now he might be rich, if he chose, and his name is a household word, even in Great Britain. It is, indeed, a question whether he is not better known in England than in the United States. His books sell in England for one penny, and his hold on the working masses can be thoroughly appreciated only by those who have been there during the last year. The people have heard that the author of *In His Steps* is coming, and he is besieged with requests to lecture in every town, village and hamlet in the kingdom.

His books have been sold to the number of 20,000,000 copies, and his name is known to fully 100,000,000 people, in all North and South America, and in twenty-six countries of the Old World besides.

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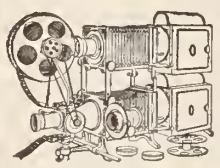

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was taken from a living model wearing the FERRIS GOOD SENSE WAIST. It is not the head of an actress pasted on a pictured form but a living model. It truthfully shows the FERRIS Waist in all its natural beauty; all its healthful comfort. Compare its easy graceful curves with the rigid lines of a corset; consider that it yields to every motion of the wearer, and you have the simple reason why so many women wear

FERRIS' Good Sense Waists

Every martyr of the corset should get the Ferris book of models, free.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are sold by **all leading retailers.** Do not take substitutes. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.75; Misses', 50 cents to $1.00; Children's, 25 cents to 50 cents. Made only by

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$5 **BICYCLES CHEAPER THAN EVER** from the **OLD RELIABLE CO.** Great Special Sale Nearly **8000 Bicycles,** every one a **BARGAIN. Must be sold.** All makes, 2nd hands, **$5 and up.** Late Models new **$11.50 and up.** Shipped anywhere on approval. A few more good agents wanted. Big Money. Write to-day for big list and special offers never before approached. **BROWN-LEWIS CO. Dept. H Chicago, U.S.A.** Above Co. is perfectly reliable.—Ed.

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THE SEA AND THE CLOUD

An Allegory by an Unknown Author

THE great Sea lay and looked on high,
When floating aloft in the lovely sky,
It saw a fleecy Cloud, so light,
So pure, so spotless, and so bright;
It wondered whence so fleet a form
Arose, the heavens to adorn.
"They say," it sighed, "that came from earth,
And more, that I had given it birth.
But how absurd to think that I
Could ever mount that lofty sky!
Ah, I could never be like thee;
In the bosom of God thou seems't to be,
Besides,"—and the Sea was silent now,
As it thought of its wild and fevered brow;
And how oft in its rage it had dealt a blow
That laid thousands dead in its depths below.

And yet I perceived it could not rest
As it looked at that beauteous thing so blest.
Then it roused up and said: "I will try,"
And it borrowed the wind to drive it high;
And, gathering its strength, it curled in its pride
And dashed itself on the rock beside;
Then, rearing a column of quivering spray,
It seemed to be born to the heights away.
But it fell, alas! on the angry breast,
Back with it foaming, whitened crest.
Baffled and beaten, it buried its head,
And hid in the depths of its ocean bed.
And it hissed as it did so, "It cannot be;
I said I knew it was not for me."

At length the great Sea lay quiet and still,
For fell despair had subdued its will;
When the glorious Sun looked forth on the scene
And gleamed on its bosom in silver sheen,
And the great Sea looked in the face of the Sun,
And asked if it knew what could be done;
"The Moon draws me hither and thither," it said,
"But it cannot uplift me from my bed;
Nor can it transform this turbid breast
Into that thing so pure and blest.
Canst thou transform me?" said the Sea.
"Oh, yes," said the Sun, "if you'll suffer me."
And the Sun sent down a noiseless ray,
That loosened and warmed the Sea as it lay,
And lifted it up, how, it never knew,
A fleecy Cloud in the heavens blue.

Do you know the parable, listener fair?
Can you take the lesson that's couching there?
Are you that Sea with its fond desire,
Sighing and struggling to reach up higher?
Does perfect grace attract thine eye,
And to attain it dost thou try?
But do baffled efforts mock thy skill,
While sorrow and anguish thy spirit fill
And thou say'st, "In God's bosom that grace must rest;
It never can visit my troubled breast?"
Now, change thy plan, and behold the Son,
Just rest and trust, and work is done.
Transformed by beholding Him thoul't be,
His great salvation thou shalt see.
The process's, well, that thou canst not know;
Enough for thee it is "even so."
That he lifts thee up and makes thee fit
In the heavenly places with him to sit.

Bishop Newman's Last Work

A most interesting book by the late Bishop Newman is now in press, and will shortly be issued by Eaton & Mains, publishers, New York. It is entitled, *Conversations with Christ.* This volume was in manuscript when the Bishop died, and was prepared for the press by Mrs. Newman. The manuscript was read, at the request of the editor, by Dr. Buttz, President of Drew Theological Seminary, who states that the volume is in the characteristic style of its author, and the conversations are as natural as a friend conversing with a friend. The entire income from its sale will be devoted toward carrying out the long-cherished plans of the Bishop to aid young women who are preparing for the ministry. Orders should be addressed to Mrs. J. P. Newman, 150 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Gave Their Pennies for India

Three little children, touched by the story of India's suffering, have written this letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

MARNE, ID.

Dear Christian Herald:

My name is May Derby. I am 7 years old the 2nd of May. Mamma read to us about the poor hungry children in India. She said we might send some of our pennies, so I and my little sister Esther each send ten cents, and little brother Ray sends five cents. Mamma sends, in memory of our little Orpha who died last winter, and who had 25 cents she saved for them the other time. She was eleven years old. Good bye, from

MAY AND ESTHER AND RAY.

Dear little generous souls! If the great ones in this world's affairs were as tender and merciful as these little ones, how much human suffering might be avoided, how many hearts comforted!

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"Well bred, soon wed." Girls who use **SAPOLIO** Are quickly married.

The Starvation Plan

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles is Useless and Unscientific

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion, as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others, or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words, the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation, because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion most need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and the true reason why they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of wholesome food and after each meal take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not, one grain of the active digestive principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other albuminous food.

Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

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MEN'S SUITS FREE we give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one, in addition **you can make $2.50 to $5.00 a day** while earning suit. Hundreds are doing it. You can too. **SEND ONE 2-CENT STAMP** to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit and make big wages. Write today.

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Young Men and the Church*

AS to the attendance of our young men upon the public ministration of the churches, I believe the statement which places the number at only fifteen per cent. is conservative, so far as regular attendance is concerned. While thirty per cent. including men, women and children, are estimated to be regular attendants, yet of our young men we can class only fifteen per cent. of them as such. Only fifteen out of every one hundred young men upon whom we can regularly bring to bear the influence of the Gospel, and only twenty-five per cent. upon whom we can occasionally bring to bear this blessed power! Of course this twenty-five per cent. embraces the fifteen per cent. who habitually attend, as the fifteen per cent. embraces the ten per cent. who are members. The very fact of their being only occasional, and some indeed only semi-occasional attendants shows how lax is the grip of the church upon them. Yet they are not quite so helpless as that great army of their fellows who never attend church.

How terrific in its hopelessness is that phase of the picture. Seventy per cent. upon whose ears the sweet strains of Gospel news never fall, into whose hearts the uplifting and transforming power of Gospel truth never comes, walking on in darkness through a blindness that is born of ignorance, toward the precipice of eternal night!

To show the contrast as to the drawing power of vile shows compared to the church, note the following facts. In an average Southern city of thirty thousand inhabitants, during one evening the following statistics were noted: Fact 1. There entered the Y. M. C. A. rooms (and they were beautifully equipped) between the hours of seven and ten, twenty-seven young men. Fact 2. The pastor of the First M. E. Church, South (the strongest church in the city), was conducting a "revival" in a large tent near his church.

Out of an audience of possibly two hundred, there were eleven young men present. Fact 3. At the "Bethel Mission," a very popular religious enterprise of the city, there were one hundred and ten present, and only six of these were young men. Fact 4. In one block of this mission was a saloon with a "Midway" annex attached; into this place five hundred and eighteen men and boys were seen to enter between the hours of eight and eleven; not less than four-fifths of these were young men, and a few were boys under sixteen years of age.

Again note the drift. In one of the most progressive cities of Texas, while a "great union revival" was going on, backed by all the evangelical churches in the city, while under full headway, on Friday night with two thousand people present, only eighty-seven of them were young men. That same night there entered one of the saloon theatricals six hundred and seventeen young men. On the Sunday night following, the union revival had one hundred and eighty young men present, but the theatrical had 1,248 men and boys enter its doors between the hours of eight and half-past eleven o'clock. So much for the multitudes of our young men who attend the theatres and low-class entertainment halls. And so it is throughout our broad land.

The two conserving forces of our civilization, the home and the church, are practically wanting, just where the strain upon our institutions is greatest. It is an appalling fact that in those parts of our cities where we need most churches we have the fewest. In many of the wards in our great cities there are one hundred saloons (and in equal proportion licentious and gambling dens) to every one church. And the average in all our cities is not less than ten saloons to every church. Why is this estrangement of such vast multitudes from the church?

*From *Danger Signals for New Century Manhood*, by Edward A. Tabor; pp. 318, cloth binding, gilt top. A volume of up-to-date facts and statistics, forcefully presented and of intense and practical interest to young men. The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth avenue, New York, publishers.

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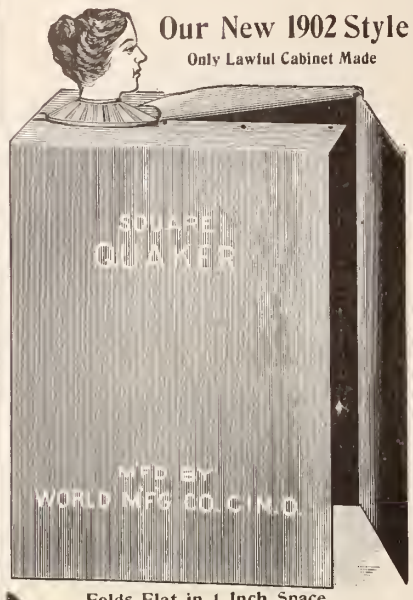

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THE first woman to be ordained a minister of the Gospel is still living, and actively interested in the work of a number of clubs and societies in which she holds an honored membership. Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, of 139 West Sixty-fourth street, New York, is this pioneer woman minister. She was educated at Oberlin College, and was a classmate and

REV. ANTOINETTE B. BLACKWELL

life-long friend of Lucy Stone. They pursued the regular academic course, side by side with the men students, despite the protests of instructors. Miss Brown then entered Oberlin Theological Seminary, and in 1850 took her degree of divinity. For six months she spoke in a public hall in New York. She declined an invitation to establish an independent church. Opportunities for Gospel work presented themselves from widely diverse places, cities, towns, rural districts, in Ohio, New England, New York and elsewhere, many of them in the form of addresses at gatherings of women. In 1852, a congregation at South Butler, Wayne county, New York, invited her to become their pastor. She was regularly ordained that year by the council called by the First Congregational Church. She made many friends, and even her critics were compelled to recognize in her an earnest worker. Not many years later, her very successful pastorate was brought to an end by her marriage to Mr. Blackwell. The time which she did not give to domestic duties and her family was thereafter largely spent in writing.

Mrs. Blackwell's ordination was closely followed by that of the Rev. Augusta J. Chaplin, who was ordained in December, 1863. She is the first woman to receive the title of Doctor of Divinity. The Rev. Olympia Brown was the next woman ordained. Her ordination occurred at Malone, N. Y. Then followed the ordination of Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, who was the first woman to be ordained in New England. She was ordained at Hingham, Mass., in 1868. Since these women were ordained, there have been nearly one hundred ordained in various denominations. During a recent week in Chicago, three women preached in three different pulpits. Miss Sadie American, in Dr. Emil G. Hirsch's pulpit, in Sinai Temple: Mrs. J. H. O. Smith, in the Union Christian Church, and Mrs. H. W. Thomas, in the People's Church, Chicago.

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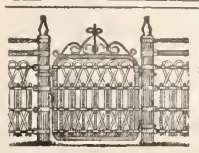

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They Never Saw a Bible

A Colporteur's Tour Among the Neglected Natives of the Mexican Mountains

A SAD picture of the spiritual darkness and ignorance which prevails in some sections of our neighboring republic, Mexico, is that drawn by the writer of the following letter, a colporteur of the American Bible Society:

ATOYAC, Guerrero, Mexico.

I find THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a great treat to me in this dark and benighted land. I have been selling God's Word to the Mexican people for over ten years, and find that the common people are anxious for the Bible, but the priest does all in his power to keep it from them, and to destroy it when he can get hold of it. Yet many are coming out of Romanism. The Bible is the best selling book I have ever known, in fact it sells itself if the priest is not around. There were forty-five men at one time distributing the Word of God here in Mexico. Now I think there are not half as many engaged in the work.

I noticed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last summer, a statement saying the average native in Mexico was not given to intemperance. This is not correct. During ten years of travel in twenty different States of the republic of Mexico, I found that the using of alcoholic liquor is a universal custom. It is given to children, and in this state we are told that the young ladies drink a good deal.

The Sabbath is greatly desecrated here. In many parts of Mexico Sunday is the market day and the greatest of all feast days, when they have bull-fights and cock-fights. Many of the native preachers are entirely too lazy, doing as little as possible and yet holding their place. And while it is very difficult for the native Christians to leave off their old customs, we fear that they do not always have the best examples in the Americans. It is the custom here, in most parts, for the men to carry arms, which some of the missionaries also do.

On the route I am taking now along the Pacific Coast, from Acapulco up to Union, no missionary work has been done outside of the Bible colporteur, so far as I can learn. The field is, as it were, ripe for the harvest. It means a great deal in this State for a native to be a true Protestant Christian. I have met one man who was arrested and taken out to the hills by some fanatical men who threatened his life, but he was rescued. Another man, five years ago, was obliged to leave his home and flee for his life, and remained for years and then returned and lived a Christian life, and is still letting his light shine for Christ.

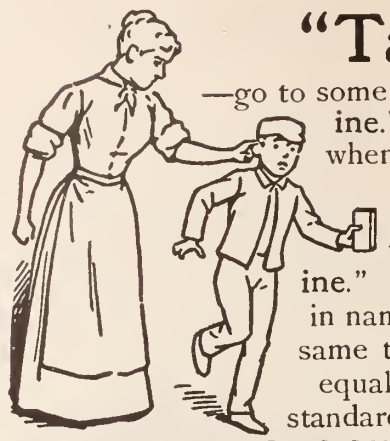
I am stopping with a family who are so poor that they cannot even afford white muslin or unbleached sheeting to dress all of their children, consequently the little ones run naked. Yet this same father is a true Christian, and is in earnest for the salvation of those who have persecuted him and who drove him from his home.

When we reached Acapulco, we were told we would not be able to sell many Bibles there, owing to poverty and fanaticism; but in two weeks time my wife and I sold nearly one hundred books. The poor are always the most eager to listen to the Word. In some of the miserable little hovels up on the stony hills in Acapulco, we sometimes thought it hardly worth while to offer even a sixty cent Bible, as the people looked so dreadfully poor. One day, as my wife came to the open door of one of these hovels, and saluted the occupants, she asked them if they would like to buy a book. They answered "No, we have no money." She said, "Shall I read some?" "Let's hear it." So she sat down on a stone inside the house and read of the angel appearing to Mary. Very soon the two women and a girl came closer and listened attentively. After reading a little more, they took the book and talked about it and one woman bought a Testament and the other bought a Bible for her daughter who was greatly delighted and pressed the Book lovingly. Oh! the need for workers here is so great!

B. B. BLACHLY.

Bible Colporteur of A. B. S.

"Take it back



—go to some grocer who will give you **Pearline.**" That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of **Pearline** begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "**Pearline.**" Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals **Pearline** the original and standard washing compound. 578

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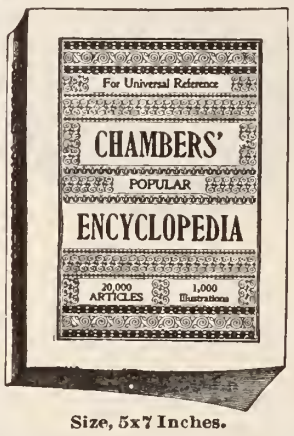

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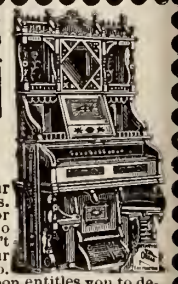

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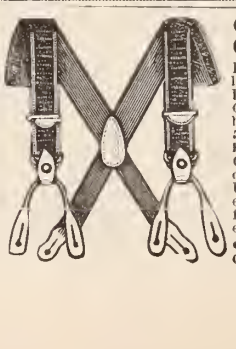

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The Bread of Life

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 15. John 6:24-40

VERY enigmatical and mysterious must Christ's words about the Bread of Life have appeared to those who listened to his utterance. Like Nicodemus, they asked, "How can these things be?" Yet the circumstances might have given them a clue to his meaning. He had fed five thousand of them with miraculous food and they followed him that they might eat again of that strange bread. But he had not come to the world to satisfy the curiosity of men, nor to minister to their physical necessity. His miracles were worked only for the purpose of convincing them of his power to give them spiritual help. Yet they obstinately closed their eyes to the higher blessing, and steadfastly fixed them on the lower, which was only means to an end. That was his reason for telling them that it was food for the soul that they needed, rather than food for the body, and that while anyone could give them material bread, only he could give them the nourishment of which their souls were in need. Their blindness was pitiable. How his soul must have sorrowed to see their incapacity to accept the truth. Even now, how often do men plead for business success, for money to pay off a mortgage, when God stands ready to give them grace, which would enrich them for all eternity, and they do not ask for it.

In what way then is Christ the Bread of Life? How can men eat of it? How does the eating of it impart life? When a man is ill, the physician may not trouble himself about his appetite. It does not signify, he will say, whether he eats or not. In fact he will, in many cases, prohibit his eating food that would nourish a person who is well. But when the disease has been overcome and the patient is on the way to recovery, then the doctor is concerned about his diet and orders him nourishing food. He wants to complete the cure and so he tries to build up his strength by giving him food that will increase it. Christ deals so with the sinner. Pardon is not all that he needs. That is the beginning of his cure. He needs strength for the future. The forgiven soul would be helpless if left to itself. It would fall back into sin and would soon be as polluted as before. It rejoices in losing its burden, but is sadly conscious that another burden will accumulate. How can it avoid the evil around it, how resist the assaults of temptation, how suppress the prompting to sin of the traitor within? The divine life now imparted, needs to be strengthened and nourished. These new aspirations after holiness need to be deepened and invigorated. This is the work Christ will do. He will give the strength required. From him who gave the first feeble stirrings of that new life, must come the nourishment which builds it up.

He will come into the soul and himself be the power that resists evil. As the bread, taken into the system, becomes a part of the man, restoring the wasted tissue, so Christ dwelling in the soul gives it his strength. Faith and love are the doors by which he enters. The soul looking to him sees his purity, his holiness, his infinite grandeur. It longs to be like him. Some temptation comes and, for once, it is thrust away. The man feels that he may not be able always to resist, but now, in his pardoned state, he shrinks from pollution. There is shame in the very thought of yielding. He will not grieve the Lord whom he loves. People wonder that he does not yield as he used to, but he has the consolation of knowing that Christ is pleased with him. He has meat to eat that they know not of. His joy and peace render him happy and he will not willingly let them go. When that temptation comes again, or another temptation assails him, he is a stronger man to resist, for he has tasted the sweets of victory. He dwells on the character of Christ, he loves him better, he longs for more of his spirit, wishes that he might always overcome evil. And so from day to day he learns to fight. His old enemies find him vigilant and hostile. He is sustained by the Bread of Life.

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EASTER NUMBER

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1900

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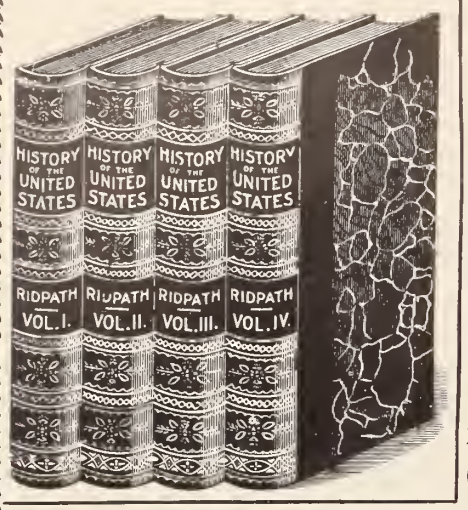

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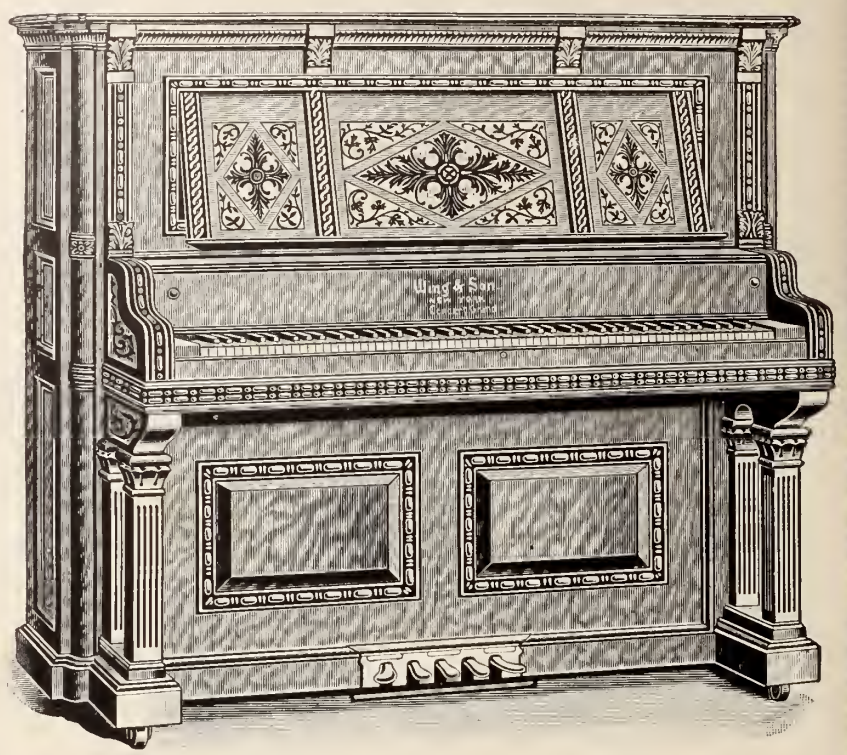

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1868—Thirty-second Year—*1900*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor | NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1900 | PRICE FIVE CENTS

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

STARVING WOMEN AND GIRLS IN THEIR TATTERED CLOTHING AT RAHURI

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

CHILDREN AT RAHURI NOW BEING FED BY "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" FUND

An Easter Offering of $25,000 for India

REPORTS of the suffering and misery of the people of India, now received from missionaries and travelers, have become so appalling, that in order to save time and get the relief to them at the earliest moment possible, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has cabled an additional **remittance of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars** to Bombay and that magnificent sum is now being used to feed the starving thousands. It has no doubt been a most welcome Easter gift to India. As it would be impossible at this distance and in the presence of conditions daily changing, to know which fields are in the most urgent need, Rev. E. S. Hume, of Byculla, had previously been asked by cable to call together the Committee of Missionaries representing all denominations who are to undertake the apportionment of this Easter Fund. They will report the condition of the fields in which they themselves labor and will receive reports from missionaries in other spheres, and have full power to apportion the funds to the districts according to their needs.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has not lost sight of the fact that American corn would be welcome and would be of great value, but as it would require nearly six weeks for a freight steamer to reach Bombay, even if it were already laden and ready to start, it was felt that to delay the remittance of funds already in hand until the complicated arrangements for sending a steamer were completed, would be to incur a serious responsibility. Our experience in the former famine showed the wisdom of prompt action and proved that "he gives twice who gives quickly." Thousands of people might die before the food could reach them, while by cabling the money the people would actually be **fed within twenty-four hours** of the money being dispatched. Our readers will be glad to know that the money they have contributed is, therefore, already doing its beneficent work, and is being expended under the supervision of the consecrated men and women who have given their lives to the salvation of the people of India.

How rapidly the famine area is extending and how dreadful is the suffering now visible through this vast territory, may be learned from the following report forwarded to us by Mr. Hume from Mr. G. S. Eddy, of the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations in India, who has recently traveled through the famine-stricken country:

An Eye-Witness on the Famine

"India is now entering upon the greatest famine of the century. The Viceroy and Imperial Council surveying the entire country, have said officially: 'We are now face to face with famine of water and food and cattle which is unprecedented in character and intensity. No government can undertake at such a time to prevent all suffering. The aggregate famine area will be about 300,000 square miles (or five times that of England), with a population of forty millions. There is a further population of twenty one millions in which more or less general scarcity and distress prevail. The crisis is one which demands the loyal co-operation of all who love India. To that co-operation in the months of trial that lie before us, on behalf of the government of India I unhesitatingly appeal. With ability and heroism the government is trying to meet this crisis but their revenues are reduced by the very famine they are trying to relieve. Already there is a population of nearly five millions on the relief works and they are increasing at the rate of several hundred thousand a week. Government feels forced to reduce the wages to two cents a day for a man, and a cent and a half for a woman, with grain rising every day, and a population nearly equal to that of the United States in the famine areas!'

"I saw a veteran missionary who went through the famine of '76. He says that this will be even greater than the 'great famine' then. Already the crowds of hungry people were beginning to gather about the door. I saw **one group of gaunt spectres,** who had walked seventy-five miles, stalk silently in from the dusty road. 'Sir,' they said, 'we have no work, no food, no water; how can we live?' The missionary could only point them on, thirty miles farther where there was a little work at two or three cents a day. 'But what will become of our wives and children?' The old man could not answer. In his own field are 10,000 Christians already suffering. He told me they were living on berries and cactus; and these could last but two weeks longer. As we drove through the fields the cattle were gone, the streams were dry, the wells often empty, the parched farms deserted: the villages were quiet, the people silent and gloomy. The glaring heaven seemed brass, and the earth burnt like brick, as the silent judgment of God hung over the land.

"In the next mission station half of the 18,000 Christians were destitute. Some had eaten nothing for days. The missionary could not buy them a handful of grain in that village for there was none to sell. The old man had fought through the war, but his face was wet with tears when he told me what he had seen in the villages. And these starving people are our fellow-men, each one your 'mother or sister or brother.' They have been laid, for there is nowhere else to lay them, laid at your gate 'full of sores and desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from your table.' Now, if ever, is the time to help India. Cannot collections be taken in every church, in the Christian Endeavor Societies and Sunday-Schools? How much will this famine cost you?

CHILDREN RESCUED BY A MISSIONARY AT LAHORE

In Western India

"On arriving in Bombay, I met an old Princeton acquaintance. He had just come in from his station in Gujarat. I noted down his statements in pen and ink. Gujarat was a fertile country thickly populated. Now every blade of dry grass is gone. Every leaf was long ago torn from the trees for cattle, and now the trees themselves have all been cut down for wood. The whole country, once green as an English park, is now a blasted waste of barren stumps and burnt fields. Eight or nine months more of famine lie before us, even if the rain comes next monsoon. The cattle have died.

"Every day women come to me crying and ask me to take their children from their arms, or from their empty breasts, and save them alive. Some of the poor little skeletons died after I took them. They were too far gone to be saved by food. Repeatedly the parents have offered me their children for one rupee (about thirty cents), and they love them as we love ours. Children are now being offered as low as four cents each, or for a measure of grain. The Mohammedans are buying little girls at this price. One has to live in a heathen land to know what they will do with them. And today my friend goes back to fight the famine almost empty handed for lack of money, and there are hundreds like him. One missionary told me she had lost her own little girl in the last famine by going a little too far in trying to deny themselves and share their food with the natives. The missionaries are waiting and praying. The people are waiting. And our Master is waiting. It is a time to test the reality of our relationship to Him and to our fellow-men. 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep.' 'Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink.'

"As the College Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and the Student Volunteer Movement, my work has taken me through the famine districts of India. I have never thus asked before for help. I need nothing for myself or my own work. But in all my life I have never seen such need or such an opportunity for doing good."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Christian Stratagem

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Joshua 8: 7: . . . . } Then ye shall rise up from the ambush, and seize upon the city.

ONE Sabbath evening, with my family around me, we were talking over the scene of the text. In the wide-open eyes, and the quick interrogations, and the blanched cheeks, I realized what a thrilling drama it was. There is the old city, shorter by name than any other city in the ages, spelled with two letters—A, I—Ai. Joshua and his men want to take it. How to do it is the question. On a former occasion, in a straightforward, face-to-face fight, they had been defeated; but now they are going to take it by ambuscade. General Joshua has two divisions in his army—the one division the battle-worn commander will lead himself, the other division he sends off to encamp in an ambush on the west side of Ai.

Joshua takes the other division, the one with which he is to march, and puts it on the north side of the city of Ai, and then spends the night in reconnoitering in the valley. The men lying in ambush are straining their vision to get some signal from Joshua that they may know what time to drop upon the city. Joshua takes his burnished spear, glittering in the sun like a shaft of doom, and points it toward the city; and when the men up yonder in the ambush see it, with hawk-like swoop they drop upon Ai, and without stroke of sword or stab of spear take the city and put it to the torch. So much for the division that was in ambush. How about the division under Joshua's command? No sooner does Joshua stop in the flight than all his men stop with him, and as he wheels they wheel, for in a voice of thunder he cried "Halt!" One strong arm driving back a torrent of flying troops. And then, as he points his spear through the golden light toward that fated city, his troops know that they are to start for it. What a scene it was when the division in ambush which had taken the city marched down against the men of Ai on the one side, and the troops under Joshua doubled up their enemies from the other side, and the men of Ai were caught between these two hurricanes of Israelitish courage!

Lesson the first: There is such a thing as victorious retreat. Joshua's falling back was the first chapter in his successful besiegement. And there are times in your life when the best thing you can do is to run. You were once the victim of strong drink. The demijohn and the decanter were your fierce foes. They came down upon you with greater fury than the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua. Your only safety is to get away from them. Your dissipating companions will come around you for your overthrow. Run for your life! Fall back! Fall back from the drinking-saloon! Fall back from the wine party! Your flight is your advance. Your retreat is your victory. There is a saloon down on the next street that has almost been the ruin of your soul. Then why do you go along that street? Why do you not pass through some other street rather than by the place of your calamity? A spoonful of brandy taken for medicinal purposes by a man who twenty years before had been reformed from drunkenness, hurled into inebriety and the grave one of the best friends I ever had. Retreat is victory!

Here is a converted infidel. He is so strong now in his faith in the Gospel, he says he can read anything. What are you reading? Bolingbroke? Andrew Jackson Davis's tracts? Tyndall's Glasgow University address? Drop them and run. You will be an infidel before you die, unless you quit that. These men of Ai will be too much for you. Turn your back on the rank and file of unbelief. Fly before they cut you with their swords and transfix you with their javelins. There are people who have been well-nigh ruined because they risked a foolhardy expedition in the presence of mighty and overwhelming temptations, and the men of Ai made a morning meal of them.

So, also, there is victorious retreat in the religious world. Thousands of times the kingdom of Christ has seemed to fall back. When the blood of the Scotch Covenanters gave a deeper dye to the heather of the Highlands; when the Vaudois of France chose extermination rather than make an unChristian surrender; when on St. Bartholomew's Day, mounted assassins rode through the streets of Paris, crying, "Kill! Blood-letting is good in August! Kill! Death to the Huguenots! Kill!" when Lady Jane Grey's head rolled from the executioner's block; when Calvin was imprisoned in the Castle; when Bunyan lay rotting in Bedford Jail, saying, "If God will help me, and my physical life continues, I will stay here until the moss grows on my eyebrows rather than give up my faith" the days of retreat for the church were days of victory.

The pilgrim fathers fell back from the other side of the sea to Plymouth Rock, but now are marshalling a continent for the Christianization of the world. The Church of Christ falling back from Piedmont, falling back from Rue St. Jacques, falling back from St. Denis, falling back from Wurtenburg castles, falling back from the Brussels market place, yet all the time triumphing. Notwithstanding all the shocking reverses which the Church of Christ suffers, what do we see to-day? Twelve thousand missionaries of the cross on heathen grounds; eighty thousand ministers of Jesus Christ in this land; at least four hundred millions of Christians on the earth. Falling back, yet advancing until the old Wesleyan hymn will prove true:

> The Lion of Judah shall break the chain,
> And give us the victory again and again!

But there is a more marked illustration of victorious retreat in the life of our Joshua, the Jesus of the ages. First falling back from an appalling height to an appalling depth, falling from celestial hills to terrestrial valleys, from throne to manger; yet that did not seem to suffice him as a retreat. Falling back still further from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from Nazareth to Jerusalem, back from Jerusalem to Golgotha, back from Golgotha to the mausoleum in the rock. Methinks that the city of Ai was not so emptied of its inhabitants when they went to pursue Joshua, as perdition was emptied of devils when they started for the pursuit of Christ, and he fell back and back, down lower, down lower, chasm below chasm, pit below pit, until he seemed to strike the bottom of objurgation and scorn and torture. Oh, the long, loud, jubilant shout of hell at the defeat of the Lord God Almighty!

But let not the powers of darkness rejoice quite so soon. Do you hear that disturbance in the tomb of Joseph? I hear the sheet rending. What means that stone hurled down the side of the hill? Who is this coming out? Push him back! the dead must not stalk in this open sunlight. Oh, it is our Joshua. Let him come out. He comes forth and starts for the city. He takes the spear of the Roman guard and points that way. Church militant marches up on one side, and the church triumphant marches down on the other side. And the powers of darkness being caught between these ranks of celestial and terrestrial valor, nothing is left of them save just enough to illustrate the direful overthrow of hell and our Joshua's eternal victory. On his head be all the crowns. In his hands be all the sceptres. At his feet be all human hearts; and here, Lord, is one of them.

Lesson the second: The triumph of the wicked is short. Did you ever see an army in a panic? There is nothing so uncontrollable. If you had stood at Long Bridge, Washington, during the opening of our sad Civil War, you would know what it is to see an army run. And when those men of Ai looked out and saw those men of Joshua in a stampede, they expected easy work. They would scatter them as the equinox the leaves. Oh, the gleeful and jubilant descent of the men of Ai upon the men of Joshua! But their exhilaration was brief, for the tide of battle turned, and these quondam conquerors left their miserable carcasses in the wilderness of Bethaven. So it always is. The triumph of the wicked is short. You make $20,000 at the gaming-table. Do you expect to keep it? You will die in the poorhouse. You made a fortune by iniquitous traffic. Do you expect to keep it? Your money will scatter, or it will stay long enough to curse your children after you are dead. Call over the roll of bad men who prospered and see how short was their prosperity. For a while, like the men of Ai, they went from conquest to conquest, but after a while disaster rolled upon them and they were divided into three parts: misfortune took their property, the grave took their body, and the lost world took their soul.

How long will it take your boys to get through your ill-gotten gains? The wicked do not live out half their days. Where are William Tweed and his associates? Where are Ketcham and Swartwout, absconding swindlers? Where is James Fisk, the libertine, and all the other misdemeanants? The wicked do not live out half their days. Disembogue, O world of darkness! Come up, Hildebrand and Henry II. and Robespierre, and with blistering and blaspheming and ashen lips hiss out: "The triumph of the wicked is short."

Lesson the third: How much may be accomplished by lying in ambush for opportunities. Are you hypercritical of Joshua's manœuvre? Do you say that it was cheating for him to take that city by ambuscade? Was it wrong for Washington to kindle camp-fires on New Jersey Heights, giving the impression to the opposing force that a great army was encamped there when there was none at all? I answer, if the war was right then Joshua was right in his stratagem. He violated no flag of truce. He broke no treaty, but by a lawful ambuscade captured the city of Ai. Oh that we all knew how to lie in ambush for opportunities to serve God. The best of our opportunities do not lie on the surface, but are secreted; by tact, by stratagem, by Christian ambuscade, you may take almost any castle of sin for Christ. Come up toward men with a regular besiegement of argument and you will be defeated: but just wait until the door of their hearts is set ajar, or they are off their guard, or their severe caution is away from home, and then drop in on them from a Christian ambuscade. There has been many a man up to his chin in scientific portfolios which proved there was no Christ and no divine revelation, his pen a scimeter flung into the heart of theological opponents, who, nevertheless, has been discomfited and captured for God by some little three-year old child who has got up and put her snowy arms around his sinewy neck, and asked some simple question about God.

Lesson the fourth: The importance of taking good aim. There is Joshua, but how are those people in ambush up yonder to know when they are to drop on the city, and how are these men around Joshua to know when they are to stop their flight and advance? There must be some signal—a signal to stop the one division and to start the other. Joshua with a spear on which were ordinarily hung the colors of battle, points toward the city. He stands in such a conspicuous position, and there is so much of the morning light dripping from that spear-tip, that all around the horizon they see it. It was as much as to say: "There is the city. Take it!"

God knows and we know that a great deal of Christian attack amounts to nothing simply because we do not take good aim. Nobody knows and we do not know ourselves which point we want to take, when we ought to make up our minds what God will have us to do, and point our spear in that direction and then hurl our body, mind, soul, time, eternity at that one target. In our pulpits and pews and Sunday Schools and prayer-meetings we want to get a reputation for saying pretty things, and so we point our spear toward the flowers; or we want a reputation for saying sublime things, and we point our spear toward the stars; or we want to get a reputation for historical knowledge, and we point our spear toward the past; or we want to get a reputation for great liberality, so we swing our spear all around; while there is the old world, proud, rebellious, and armed against all righteousness; and instead of running any further away from its pursuit, we ought to turn around, plant our foot in the strength of the eternal God, lift the old cross and point it in the direction of the world's conquest till the redeemed of earth, marching up from one side and the glorified of heaven marching down from the other side, the last battlement of sin is compelled to swing out the streamers of Emmanuel. O, Church of God, take aim and conquer.

It is comparatively easy to keep on a parade amid a shower of bouquets and hand-clapping, and the whole street full of enthusiastic huzzas; but it is not so easy to stand up in the day of battle, the face blackened with smoke, the uniform covered with earth ploughed up by whizzing bullets and bursting shells, half the regiment cut to pieces, and the commander crying "Forward, march!" Then it requires old-fashioned valor. My friends, the great trouble of the kingdom of God in this day is the cowards. They do splendidly on a parade day, and at the communion, when they have on their best clothes of Christian profession; but in the great battle of life, at the first sharp-shooting of scepticism, they dodge, they fall back, they break ranks. We confront the enemy, we open the battle against fraud, and lo! we find on our side a great many people that do not try to pay their debts. And we open the battle against intemperance, and we find on our side a great many people who drink too much. And we open the battle against profanity, and we find on our side a great many men who make hard speeches. And we open the battle against infidelity, and lo! we find on our own side a great many men who are not quite sure about the Book of Jonah. And while we ought to be massing our troops, and bringing forth more than the united courage of Austerlitz and Waterloo and Gettysburg, we have to be spending our time in hunting up ambuscades. There are a great many in the Lord's army who would like to go out on a campaign with satin slippers and holding umbrellas over their heads to keep off the heavy dew, and having rations of canvas-back ducks and lemon custards. If they cannot have them they want to go home. They think it is unhealthy among so many bullets!

I believe that the next year will be the most stupendous year that heaven ever saw. The nations are quaking now with the coming of God. It will be a year of successes for the men of Joshua, but of doom to the men of Ai. You put your ear to the rail-track and you can hear the train coming miles away. So I put my ear to the ground and I hear the thundering on of the lightning train of God's mercies and judgments. The mercy of God is first to be tried upon this nation. It will be preached in the pulpits, in theatres, on the streets, everywhere. People will be invited to accept the mercy of the Gospel, and the story and the song and the prayer will be "mercy." But suppose they do not accept the offer of mercy—what then? Then God will come with his judgments, and the grasshoppers will eat the crops, and the freshets will devastate the valleys, and the defalcations will swallow the money markets, and the fires will burn the cities, and the earth will quake from pole to pole. Year of mercies and of judgments. Year of invitation and of warning. Year of jubilee and of woe. Which side are you going to be on? With the men of Ai or the men of Joshua? Pass over this Sabbath into the ranks of Israel. I would clap my hands at the joy of your coming. You will have a poor chance for this world and the world to come without Jesus. You cannot stand what is to come upon you and upon the world unless you have the pardon and the comfort and the help of Christ. Come over. On this side is your happiness and safety, on the other side is disquietude and despair. Eternal defeat to the men of Ai! Eternal victory to the men of Joshua!

Qualities of the Christian Soldier

Luke 7: 1-10

::: THE CENTURION'S FAITH :::

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 22.
Golden Text, Psalm 103: 13.

Approach to the Lesson.

The question, "What was the bravest act you saw in the war for the Union?" was answered by Colonel Higgenson, the historian, by telling of a young officer who was present in a banquet tent, when over the wine one after another in succession was contributing an obscene song or story, to the entertainment. When this officer's turn came he rose with quiet courage and said: "I have no story to tell, but I propose a toast to be drunk in water, 'Here's to our mothers.'" There were no more coarse stories, and presently one by one the revelers stole away. Every soldier knows that quiet word took greater courage than to lead a battalion to the charge. In spite such temptations of army life, Havelock and Gordon and Howard were Christian soldiers. When a perilous hour came it would be said, "Bring out the saints of Havelock." Such also were Cromwell's "Ironsides." If a soldier can be a Christian, anybody can.

NO environment is more crowded with temptations than that of a soldier, especially in the comparative idleness of peace. Napoleon called war the "trade of barbarians," and to be a professional man killer is surely just that. Even in our Civil war, when the armies were composed chiefly of those who had enlisted from patriotic convictions, Gen. Sherman said, "War is hell." The word fits not only the physical, but also the moral slaughter—the vices that kill more than bullets and kill both body and soul. Think of the moral perils that beset a rich scion of British nobility when he goes for garrison duty to India! Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener all stand for cold water armies, but there are other perils left.

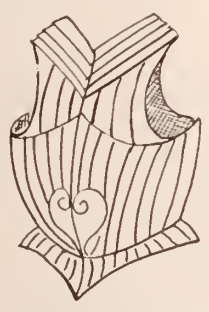
Such and more were the temptations overcome by the Roman captain of the Capernaum garrison, who comes into the life of Christ right after the Sermon on the Mount, as if to illustrate the qualities of Christian citizenship there described. He was a naturalized citizen from outside the Jewish nation, but one whose qualities put to shame the average Jew of that age as they do those of the average Christian of to-day.

The central figure of the lesson picture is surely not the healed body of the servant, as the Golden Text would suggest (Psa. 103: 13), but the noble Christian soldier, whose philanthropy was crowned by "so great faith" in Christ.

. . .

Capital and Labor in Love

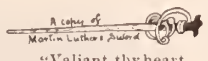
1. *He rose above class prejudices.* Sick unto death was "a servant dear unto him," literally, "a precious slave." It was Capital and Labor in love with each other. This was in the age when a Roman master cut up a slave to feed the fish in his pond. Slaves were counted as mere cattle. This centurion, before he met Christ, showed more of the brotherhood of man than is found to-day in many shops and homes of church people, although we should remember that the strifes of masters and servants are more likely to be heard about than the many friendships that exist. A whole school of employers is developing that seek to promote the social interests of their employees, not alone as altruism, but as a part of good business management. "Good will" has a money value. But on the whole, this centurion's example needs to be pressed on the consciences of even Christian women, many of whom have never tried love as a solution of "the servant girl problem." They have talked loftily at clubs of "the brotherhood of man," but have never realized that it means that the girl in the kitchen is the sister of the mistress. Class prejudice touches our relations not to employees only but to all whom we look down upon by using those un-Christian terms, "the lower classes," "the common people." I knew a church that called itself "Evangelical," a term borrowed from the story about "the Gospel to the poor," whose trustees actually favored the building of another small church near at hand that the poor of the neighborhood might not come to their temple. After nineteen centuries of Christian training even the best Christian nations may look up, with shame at their own shortcomings, to the centurion who had conquered class prejudice when it was far stronger than now, helped only by the starlight of pagan ethics and the twilight of Jewish teachings. The qualities we admire in him were seldom if ever found in a pure pagan. He was no doubt a Jewish proselyte, who had already the faith of Abraham and Moses and Isaiah.



"And the Breast plate of Righteousness Shalt be part of thy Knightly dress."

. . .

2. *He rose above race prejudice also.* The centurion, anxiously watching at what promised to be the death bed of his beloved servant, sent Jewish elders to bring Jesus, the great Healer, to whom these Jews said, "He loveth our nation." Of how many Christians are the Jews unable to say that to-day in Austria, in Germany, in France, aye, even in the two countries where they have suffered least from race hatred, England and the United States! The New Testament Jews had their faults no less than those of to-day, especially covetousness and hypocrisy. And yet this noble Roman was drawn by the struggles of their race toward a purer faith, to admiration and love. And how Jesus loved them, though he felt their faults more than any other could! Amid heart-breaking tears he cried: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Thou that killest the prophets, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, but ye would not." Contrast that with the professing Christian of to-day, who speaks of Jews as "sheenies," of Italians as "dagoes," of Spanish Americans as "greasers," of negroes as "niggers." That is the very thing God sent a vision to forbid in preparation for Peter's visit to that other godly centurion, Cornelius, in whom, as in this one, philanthropy and faith, "prayers and alms" were united in an exemplary manner (Acts 10). When shall we learn that "the love of God" that is to be "shed abroad" in Christian hearts is not love for God, the altogether lovely, but love like God's, love for the unlovely, loving those who seem to us unlovely because they are unlike us or because they dislike us; love for the lowliest because they are sons and daughters of God, brothers and sisters of Christ, and so our brothers and sisters, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed.



"Valiant thy heart must ever be, Thy Sword for Truth fight manfully."

. . .

3. *He was generous in money as well as in sympathy.* "He hath built us a synagogue," said the Jews, as they proclaimed his worthiness of the favor they asked of Christ. His fellow officers doubtless spent their wealth in the "synagogues of Satan." By extortion and oppression of the Jews they won their hate rather than their love. In affliction they had no investments of neighborly love on which to draw. Even in this world that man gets the most joy out of money who spends it in philanthropy rather than vice.

. . .

4. *He, whom others obeyed and praised, wore the Kohinoor of humility.* "I am not worthy," was the message he sent to Christ, of whom the Jewish elders had just said "he is worthy." Jesus had yielded to the prayer for help which the centurion's friends had made to Jesus in behalf of the sick servant and sorrowing master. But the centurion, seeing the great Healer at hand, though dwelling in a home of wealth and authority, sent a message of beautiful humility: "Lord, trouble not thyself, for I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee." Thus has true greatness ever spoken. Mediocre men note how many are below them and are proud. Great men look at the heights they have not reached and are humbled. David, the king, exclaimed, "My soul is even as a weaned child." Solomon, newly crowned in youth, when pride is a sin that easily besets us, exclaimed to God in his cry for wisdom, "I am but a little child." Newton, after the greatest of modern discoveries, that of gravitation, said: "I have only picked up a few pebbles on the shore; the ocean of truth is yet before me."

5. *He crowned his philanthropy with faith.* "Speak the word and my servant shall be healed," was the message he sent to Christ. Many others believed Christ could heal by sight and touch, but it was a wonderful faith indeed, in those days, that this Gentile centurion should believe that Jesus could heal a sick man whom he could not touch or even see, by a "word." Of course such faith was instantly effective in bringing the servant back to health.

The miracle has a close analogy to our own prayers, in which a Christ unseen is asked to save us or our friends in body and soul. Christ exclaimed, and this is the real golden text: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Sometimes outside the church we find philanthropy, faith crowned, in nobler manifestations than in its too formal services. For instance, behold the faith and philanthropy of the social settlements, where cultured wealth resides in quiet neighborliness at its own cost among those that class prejudice and race prejudice both reject. "Saint Jane," as the centurion of Hull House, Chicago, is called, illustrates a modern triumph over class and race prejudice, a generous philanthropy of self-giving and property consecration combined, all beautified by humility and crowned with Christian faith. Herself a church member, the work is an overflow into larger channels than the regular "Israel" has sought.

"Young soldier! On thy head he'll place the helmet of his saving grace.

In the centurion we find faith and works both at their best, but the world is still full of Ephraims, cakes not turned, who are philanthropists without faith, or believers without philanthropy. In the case of the centurion, faith in Christ was the completion of character, for he had begun under the faint "light that lighteth every man," before Christ rose upon the world. But we shall find it best to begin with faith in Christ, which brings his love for man into our hearts and makes philanthropy literally "second nature," the "new nature." His meekness will make us humble, especially our imperfection in contrast with such an example. His consuming love for all classes and races if taken into our hearts will burn out the class and race prejudices of our old nature.

. . .

Both class prejudice and race prejudice are involved in the story of an intelligent slave boy of the south before the Civil war, whose master, a church member, undertook to teach him the Lord's Prayer.

"Now, Sambo, say after me what I say: 'Our Father.'"

"Is he your Father?" "Yes."

"And is he my Father?" "Yes."

"Then we are brothers." Aye, let all who say to God, "Our Father," say "brother" to the servant, the immigrant, the Chinaman, the Hungarian, the Pole, the Filipino.

. . .

"Peace Hath Her Victories"

This lesson affords a fitting opportunity, at a time when the two foremost nations are in danger of militarism, to remind heroic and energetic youth that, in the words of Whittier,

> "Peace hath higher tests of manhood
> Than ever battle saw."

All the noble qualities of the centurion shown in the lesson are independent of his military life, indeed, in spite of it. Such a man in our day would hardly be a soldier, unless constrained by some great national peril. Such men in our day are becoming convinced that as individual warfare, once so common, has given place to courts, so the quarrels of nations that are now going about with bowie knives in their boots, as it were, provoking conflict by carrying weapons, may all be safely referred to the international Supreme court already established through the Hague Peace Conference. One reason why we should abandon war is to release the tremendous energies of young manhood for the nobler battles against the great evils that have always been the deadliest foes of nations. Let the boys be enlisted as "Twentieth Century Knights," with this battle cry:

> "Twentieth century knights are we,
> Charge to us is given;
> Called to battle for the right,
> For the King of Heaven."*

. . .

Seven, eight, nine hundred years ago it was a great thing to be a knight. Not every man could be a knight, but only those of noble birth. The training of a knight began when a boy was only eight years old. He had to learn to be very brave, for he was to be a defender and helper of women and children, and of all who were not strong enough to fight for themselves. He had to be brave and pure, and truthful, and good in every way. From eight to twenty-one years of age a boy was thus trained, and then, by an impressive ceremony, he was made a knight. He was clothed with armor and seated upon his horse. The helmet, the breastplate (or cuirass), the sword and shield were parts of his armor, and there were still other parts, numbering about twenty-six pieces in all. We have pictured in our lesson to-day the four principal parts, and we would apply them to the outfit of the twentieth century knight, who, in the name of God, will fight for

> "The wrongs that need resistance,
> For the cause that needs assistance."

. . .

The Oath

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be
Under the standard exalted and loyal,
Strong in the faith we will battle for thee"

. . .

The Christian Warfare

Soon rested those who fought, but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

"The Lord God is a Sun and Shield."

Truth crushed to earth may rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers.

The Battlefield. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*A beautiful service for the instruction and drill of the Twentieth Century Knights may be ordered of Miss Margaret Ceste Brown, 436 Oak street, Buffalo, N. Y., at five cents.

"I AM NOT WORTHY THAT THOU SHOULDEST COME UNDER MY ROOF" (Matt. 8. 8).

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XIX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Chinese Hospitality

WE wuz all invited one day to dine with a rich Chinaman Robert Strong had got acquainted with in San Francisco. Arvilly didn't want to go, and offered to keep Tommy with her, and the rest of us went. The house wuz surrounded with a high wall, and we entered through a small door in this wall, and went into a large hall openin' on a courtyard. The host met us and we set down on a raised seat covered with red cloth under some big handsome lanterns that wuz hung over our heads. Servants with their hair braided down their backs and with gay dresses on brought in tea—as good as any I ever drank—and pipes. Josiah whispered to me:

"How be I agoin' to smoke tobacco, Samantha? It will make me sick as death. You know I never smoked anything but a little catnip and mullen for tizik. I wonder if he's got any catnip by him; I'm goin' to ask."

But I kep' him from it, and told him that we could just put the stems in our mouths, and pretend to smoke enough to be polite.

"Hypocrasy," sez Josiah, "don't become a deacon in high standin'. If I pretend to smoke I shall smoke, and take a good pull." And he leaned back and shut his eyes and took his pipe in his hand, and I guess he drawed on it more than he meant to for he looked bad, sickish and white round his mouth as anything. But we all walked out into the garden pretty soon and he looked resuscitated.

It was beautiful there; rare flowers and exotics of all kinds, trees that I never see before and lots that I had seen, sparklin' fountains with gold fish, grottos all lit up by colored lanterns, and little marble tablets with wise sayings. Josiah said he believed they wuz duck's tracks, and wondered how ducks ever got up there to make 'em, but the interpreter read some on 'em to us and they sounded first rate. Way up on a artificial rock, higher than the Jonesville steeple, wuz a beautiful pavillion with gorgeous lanterns in it and beautiful bronzes and china.

Strange Celestial Gardening

In the garden wuz growin' trees, trimmed all sorts of shapes, some on 'em wuz shaped like bird cages and birds wuz singin' inside of 'em. There wuz one like a jinrikisha with a horse attached, all growin', and one like a boat, and two or three wuz pagodas with gilt bells hangin' to 'em, another wuz shaped like a dragon, and some like fish and great birds. It wuz a sight to see 'em, all on 'em a growin', and some on 'em hundreds of years old. Josiah says to me:

"If I ever live to git home I will surprise Jonesville. I will have our maple and apple trees trimmed in this way if I live. How uneek it will be to see the old snow apple tree turned into a lumber wagon, and the pound sweet into a corn house, and the maples in front of the house you might have a couple on 'em turned into a Goddess of Liberty and a statter of Justice, you are such a hand for them two females," sez he. "Of course we should have to use cloth for Justice's eye bandages, and her steelyards I believe Ury and I could trim out, though they might not weigh jest right to the notch."

And I sez, "Justice has been used to that, to not weighin' things right, it wouldn't surprise her." But I told him it would be sights of work and mebby he'll give it up.

Soon afterwards we wuz all invited to dinner in this same house. And so ignorant are the Chinese of Jonesville ways, that at a dinner the place of honor is at the left instead of the right of the host. Everything that can be in China is topsy tervy and different from us. I wuz chose for that honorable place at the left of our host. We all stood for quite awhile, for it is China table etiquette to try to make the guest next to us set down first, but finally we all sot down similtaneous and at the same time. Josiah thinks that it is because China is right down under us the reason that she gits so turned over and strange actin', but 'tennyrate, endin' our dinner as we do with sweets, it didn't surprise me that we begun our dinner by havin' sweet meats passed, each one helpin' ourselves with chop sticks, queer things to handle as I ever see, some like the little sticks I have seen niggers play tunes with. Josiah seemed to enjoy hisen the best that ever wuz, and to my horrow he took both on 'em in his right hand and begun to play Yankee Doodle on 'em.

IN THE "STREET OF BENEVOLENCE"

A Hint to Josiah

I stepped on his foot hard under the table, and he broke off with a low groan, but I spoze they would lay it to a foreigner's strange ways. After the sweetmeats wuz partook of we had dried melon seeds, the host handin' 'em round by the handful. Josiah slipped his into his pocket. I wuz mortified enough, but he said:

"Of course he wants us to plant 'em; nobody but a fool would expect us to eat melon seeds or horse feed."

I wuz glad Josiah didn't speak in China, I guess they didn't understand him. A rice-wine wuz passed with this, which of course I did not partake of. Much as I wanted to be polite I could not let this chance pass of holdin' up my temperance banner. I had seen enough trouble caused by folks in high station not holdin' up temperance principles at banquets, and I wuzn't to be ketched in them. It didn't taste any better to me than a chip. It seemed to be cut in little square yeller pieces, kind of clear lookin', some like preserved citron only it wuz lighter colored, and Josiah whispered to me:

"We can have bird's-nest soup any day to hum, Samantha. Jest think of the swaller's nests in the barn and robin's nest and crow's nest, why one crow's nest would last us a week."

Bird's-Nest Soup

"It would last a lifetime, Josiah, if I had to cook it; sticks and straw."

"Well, it would be real uneek to cook one, or a hornet's nest, and would be a rarity for the Jonesvillians, and in the winter, if we run out of bird's-nest, you could cook a hen's nest."

But I sez, "Keep still, Josiah, and let's see what we'll have next."

Well, we had ham, fish, pigeon's eggs and some things I didn't know the name of. The host took up a little mess of sunthin' on his chop stick and handed it to me. I dassent refuse it, for he meant it as a honor, but I most know it wuz rat meat, but couldn't tell for certain. I put my shoulder blades to the wheel and swallered it, but it went down hard.

Bowls of rice wuz passed round last. Between the courses we had the best tea I ever tasted of; only a few of the first leaves that open on the tea plant are used for this kind of tea, and a big field would be gone over for a pound of it. After it is cured it is flavored with the tea blossom. I had spozed I had made good tea to home on my own hot water tank, and drinked it, but I gin up that I had never tasted tea before.

On our way home we went through the Street of Benevolence and I wuz ashamed to run Miss Meechim in my mind.

They name their streets real funny; one street is called Everlasting Love or it means that in our language, and there is Refreshing Breezes, Reposing Dragons, Honest Gain, Thousand Grandsons, Heavenly Happiness, and etc., etc.

An Idea for Jonesville

Josiah said that he should see Uncle Sime Bentley and Deacon Henzy about naming over the Jonesville streets the minute he got home. Sez he, "How uneek it will be to trot along through Josiah's Never Ending Success, or Prosperous Interesting Josiah, or the Glorious Path master, or the Divine Travelin' Deacon, or sunthin else uneek and well meanin'."

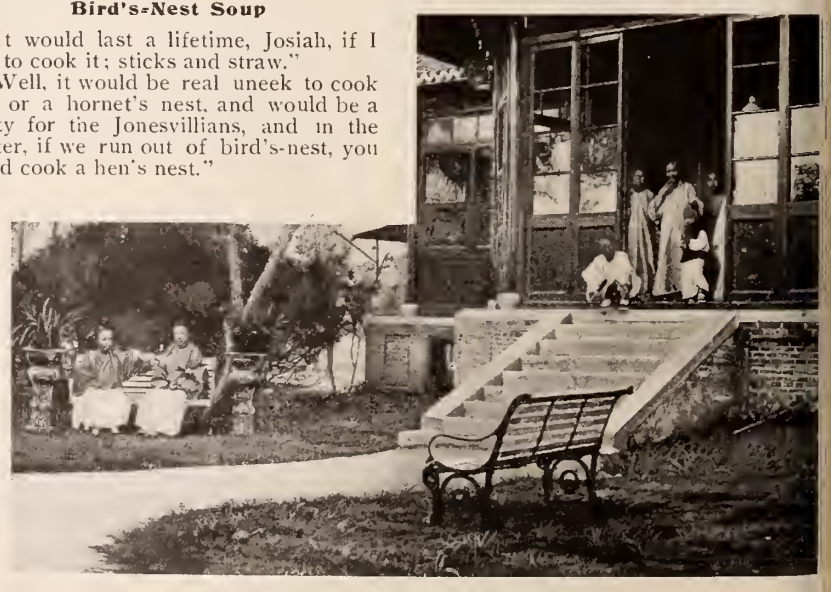
Sez I, "You seem to want to name 'em all after yourself, Josiah. Uncle Sime and Deacon Henzy would probable want one or two named after them."

"Well," sez he, "we could name one Little Uncle, and one Spindlin' Deacon, if they insisted on't."

Josiah wuz in real good sperits, I laid it partly to the tea, it wuz real stimulating; Josiah said that it beat all that the Chinese wuz so blinded and out of the way as to do things so different from what they did in Jonesville. "But," sez he, "they're politer on the outside than the Jonesvillians even down to the coolers."

Sez I, "Do you mean the coolies?"

"Yes, the coolers, the hired help, you know," sez he. "Catch Ury fixin' his eye on his left side coat collar when he speaks



IN A CHINESE GARDEN

o me not dastin' to lift it, and bowin' and crapin' when I told him to go and hitch p, or bring in a pail of water, and catch im windin' his hair in a wod when he uz out by himself and then lettin' it down is back when he came to wait on me."

Sez I, "Ury's hair is too short to braid."

"Well, you can spozen the case, can't ou? But as I wuz sayin', for all these oolers are so polite, I would trust Ury s fur agin as I would any on 'em. And hen they write jest the other way from e do in Jonesville, begin their letters on he hind side and write towards 'em; and o with planin' a board, draw the plane owards 'em. I would like to see Ury try hat on any of my lumber. And because ve Jonesvillians wear black to funerals, hey have to dress in white. How would looked at my mother-in-law's funeral vith a white night gown on and my hair raided down my back with a white rib- in on it? It would have took away all he happiness of the occasion to me.

Celestial Peculiarities

"And then their language, Samantha, t is fixed in such a fool way that when hey want a word different, they yell up he same word louder and that makes it lifferent, as if I wuz to say to Ury kinder ow and confidential, 'I shall be the next resident Ury;' and then I should yell up he same words a little louder and that would mean, 'Feed the brindle steer;' here hain't no sense in it. But I spoze one thing that ails them is their havin' to stand bottom side up, their feet towards Jonesville. Their blood runs the wrong way. Mebby I shouldn't do any better than they do if I stood so the hull of the time; mebby I should let my finger nails grow out like bird's claws and shake my own hands when I meet company instead of theirn. Though," says Josiah, dreamily, "I don't know but I shall try that in Jonesville; I may on my return from my travels walk up to Elder Minkley and the bretheren in the meetin'-house, and pass the compliments with 'em and clasp my own hands and shake 'em quite a spell, not touchin' their hands. I may, but can't tell for certain; it would be real uneek to do it."

"Well," sez I, "Josiah, every country has its own strange ways; we have ourn."

Sez he, "How you would scold me if I wuz to wear my hat when we had company, and here it is manners to do it, and take off your specs. Why should I take off my specs to meet Elder Minkley?"

"Well," sez I, "there hain't anything out of the way in it, if they want to."

Sez Josiah, "You seem to take to China ways so, you and Arvilly, that I spoze mebby you'll begin to bandage your feet when you git home, and toddle round on your big toes."

And I sez, "I d'no but I'd jest as soon do that as to girt myself down with cossets, or walk round with a traulin' dress wipin' up all the filth of the streets to carry home to make my family sick."

But it is a awful sight. I had the chance right there in Canton to see a foot all bound up to make it the fashionable size.

Chinese Footbinding

The four small toes wuz twisted right under the ankle, and the broken crushed bones of the foot pressed right up where the instep should be. The pain must have been sunthin terrible, and very often a toe drops off, but I spoze they are glad of that, for it would make the little lump of dead flesh they call their feet, smaller. They wear bright satin shoes, all embroidered and painted, and their little pantelettes cover all but the very end of the toe. They all, men and wimmen wear a loose pair of trowsers which they call the foo, and a kind of jacket which they call a sham.

"A fool and a sham," Josiah called 'em all the time. The wimmen have their hair all stuck up with some kind of gum, making it as good as a bunnet, but I would fur ruther have the bunnet. Sometimes they wear a handkerchief over it. Wimmen hain't shut up here as they are in Turkey, but no attention is paid to their education and they are looked down on. Men seem to be willin' to have wimmen enjoy what religion they can, such as they have. But her husband won't let her set to the table with him, and he can whip her to death and not be touched for it, but if she strikes back a single blow he can get a divorce from her.

I thought wimmen wuz worse off here than they wuz in America, but Arvilly argyed that our govermunt sold stuff and took pay for it that made men beat their wives, and sold the right to make wicked wimmen and keep 'em so, and took wimmen's tax money to keep up such laws. And she went over such a lot of unjust laws that I didn't know but she wuz right, and that we wuz jest about as bad off in some things. They marry dretful young in China. Little babys are engaged to be married right whilst they're teethin', but they can't marry I guess till they are ten or twelve years old.

ON THE WAY TO JAPAN

Off to Japan

From Canton we went back to Hongkong, intendin' to go from there to Calcutta. But Dorothy felt that she must see Japan while she wuz so near, and we concluded to go, though it wuz goin' right out of our way in the opposite direction from Jonesville. But when Dorothy expressed a wish Robert Strong seemed to think it wuz jest as bindin' on him as the law of the Medes and Persians, whatever they may be, and Miss Meechim felt so too, so though as I say it wuz some as though I should go to she that wuz Submit Tewksberrys round by the widder Slimpseys and Brother Henzy's. We found some mail here to the tarven, letters from the dear children and our help. Thomas J. and Maggie wuz gittin' better, and the rest well, and all follerin' our journey with fond hearts and good wishes. Philury and Ury writ that everything wuz goin' well on the farm and the Jonesvillians enjoyin' good health. Arvilly got a paper from Jonesville and come in to read it to us. It had been a long time on the road. It said that a new bill was a-goin' to be introduced to allow wimmen to vote, but she didn't seem to be encouraged about it much. Sez she: "The law won't do anything about that as long as it is so busy grantin' licenses to kill folks via Saloon and Canteen and other houses of death and ruin and canals and trusts and monopolies to protect to steal the people's money."

But I sez, "I do hope the bill will pass for the sake of Justice, if nothin' else. Justice," sez I, "must have been so shamed to see such things goin' on that she wuz glad she wore bandages over her eyes; and her hands have shook so she haint weighed even for some time: to see her sect taxed without representation, punished and hung by laws she has no voice in makin'."

Josiah sez, "I admit that that is ruther hard, Samantha, but that hain't the nick on't. The pint is that wimmen hain't got the self-control that men has. The govermunt is afraid of her emotional nater; she gits wrought up too quick. She is good as gold, almost a angel, in fact, as we male voters have always said. But she is too hasty; she haint got the perfect calmness, the firm onmovable sense of right and wrong, the patience and long sufferin' that we men have; she flies off too sudden one way or t'other; govermunt well fears she would be a dangerous element in the body politick."

Arvilly had been turnin' the paper over and she read out: "The governor of Kentucky shot down by a assassin. All the men in the place riz up and quarrelin' some on one side and some on the other. Two bodies of troops called out by the two men. Two governors in Kentucky now, for they won't either of 'em give up, one takin' his oath of office on his deathbed where he had been struck down by the hand of a murderer, the other sworn in in a distant part of the State where his partisans protect him with rifles and bowie knives. The editor comments on the number of public men who have been assassinated, presidents and statesmen, and the brawls and fights in Congress."

Sez Josiah, "I guess I will take Tommy and go out for a little walk, Samantha. I feel kinder mauger."

"I should think you would," sez Arvilly, lookin' hull reams of by-laws and statutes at him.

And I sez, "Whilst you're a-walkin', dear Josiah, you might meditate on the danger to the govermunt from woman's emotional nature and the patience and long-suffering of men voters." I said it real tender and good, but he snapped me up real snappish.

"COME, TOMMY"

Sez he, "I shall meditate on what I am a-minter. Come, Tommy." And they went out.

The next day we started for Yokohama and arrove there with no fatal casualties to report, though my pardner wuz real sea-sick but brightened up as we drew nigh to shore. Here and there a little village with quaint houses could be seen, and anon a temple or shrine riz up above the beautiful tropical foliage and further off the Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, riz up above the other mountains.

We come into the harbor about half past three and arrove at our tarven about five. When we drew nigh the shore almost naked boatmen come out to meet us in their sampans, as they call their little boats (Josiah called 'em "sass pans" right to their face but I don't spoze they understood it). They wuz to take us into the shore and they wuz yellin' to each other fearful as they pushed their boats ahead. Their toilettes consisted mostly of figgers pricked into their skins, dragons and snakes seemed their favorite skin ornaments, the color wuz blue mostly with some red. Josiah sez to me as we looked down on 'em from the dock:

"Them coolers wouldn't have to carry a Saratoga trunk with 'em when they travel; a bottle of ink and a pin would last 'em through life." It wuz a real hot day, and Josiah continered, "Well, their clothin' is comfortable anyway, that's why their called coolers, is because they're dressed so cool," and, sez he, "what a excitement I could make in Jonesville next summer in dog-days by introducin' this fashion."

I looked on him in horrow, and he added hastily, "Oh, I should wear a short tunic, Samantha, comin' down most to my knees, with tossels on it, and I shouldn't wear snakes or dragons on my skin, I should wear some texts of Scripter, or appropriate quotations as Josiah, the fair, or Josiah, the pride of Jonesville, runnin' down my legs and arms, and I shouldn't have 'em pricked in, I could have 'em painted in gay colors."

"Oh, heavens!" sez I, lookin' up to the sky, "what won't I hear next from this man!"

"I hadn't said I should do it, Samantha; and 'tennyrate it would be only through dog-days. I said what a excitement it would make if I concluded to do it."

Sez I: "It is a excitement that would land you in Jonesville jail, and ort to."

But at that minute Arvilly and Miss Meechim come up to us and broke off the conversation. Japan boatmen jest wear a cloth round their loins, and some of 'em had a little square of matting fastened by a rope round their necks to keep the rain offen their backs.

After goin' through the custom house, where we got off easy, we went to a tarven called the Grand Hotel and had a good night's rest.

(To be continued)

THE GRAND HOTEL

GOING ASHORE IN NATIVE BOATS AT YOKOHAMA

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered May 9

1. Which is likely to be the happier man, he who has but small means and comparatively small opportunity to give, or he who has large means and could, if he would, give much away?

2. What, in brief, are the varying beliefs among Christians concerning the condition of the elements used in the Communion of the Lord's Supper?

3. Of what practical benefit to the world have the various expeditions to the North Pole been, or would their success ensure?

4. What, in the space of not over one hundred words, would be the best presentation of the claims of the Bible to divine origin, such presentation being specially prepared for the somewhat sceptically inclined?

5. Who are the world's ten greatest philosophers, in their chronological order?

6. What texts most clearly state the soul's immediate ushering into glory after death?

7. What may be regarded as the more important influences at work for the betterment of the American nation?

8. What may we expect will be the next great forward achievement in the practical application of science for the welfare of mankind?

9. If the Revised Version is better than the Authorized Version, why is the former not more generally read in the churches?

10. Is the use of the individual cup at the Holy Communion a Scriptural and a better practice than the cup out of which all communicants drink?

Questions of the Week

1. What have been the chief beneficial results of the Christian Endeavor movement?

It has helped the young to find their mission; has spurred the churches to utilize latent talent; trained the young for more active participation in devotional services and church work; developed familiarity with the Bible; raised up a throng of systematic and proportionate givers; strengthened the sense of obligation for the welfare of souls at home and abroad; intensified and made more intelligent denominational and congregational loyalty, and promoted inter-denominational fellowship and true Christian unity; quickened the civic conscience, and deepened the current of heart-religion. J. H. BOMBERGER.

2. Why do we find women in larger attendance upon the Sunday and week-night services of our churches than men?

Women are more devout than men and as a rule have a more solemn sense of religious duties. This fact alone turns their thoughts churchward when the thoughts of men are in other directions. Women are so much in their homes that they are often glad to go to church for a change, while men, being most of their time away from the house, get their change by staying at home. Men again allow business, outdoor occupations, clubs and social pleasures to interfere with attendance upon church to an extent that women do not.

E. C. STEWART.

3. On what ground did Sunday take the place of the Sabbath among Christians?

The change from Saturday to Sunday was made (1) By the authority of the Apostles, delegated them by the Lord, Matt. 16:19. They kept the "first day of the week," Acts 20:7; I. Cor. 16:2. Says Neander: The Apostles "rejected the Sabbath . . . to avoid the risk of mingling Judaism and Christianity," and also (2) because on that day Christ rose from the dead, and appeared no less than five times to his followers. (3) The outpouring of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost occurred on Sunday. G. E. KRAUTH.

4. How should an amateur prepare for the delivery of an address on some social or literary question?

Study the subject thoroughly on all sides of it. After a thorough saturation, write from the fullness of your heart. When your manuscript is complete, lay it aside for a few days; then critically examine it, adding here and expunging there. Too much care cannot be given to the arrangement of the subject matter, as a logical order tends to promote ease in the listeners. When the paper is finished, commit to memory or learn so well that the reading may be easy and fluent. Practice speaking or reading it until satisfied that you have it well in hand.

ADA ANDERSON NEW.

5. When Christ was born the heavenly host sang "On earth peace, good will to men." This would indicate that Christ's mission was one of peace. What, then, did the Saviour mean when he said, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay, but rather division?"

The religion of Jesus Christ is pre-eminently a system of peace, and if universally accepted and obeyed would establish a kingdom of peace over all the earth. Hence, angels celebrated the advent. But the principles of this kingdom are diametrically opposed to the natural desires and passions of the human heart, therefore men oppose the establishment of this peaceful kingdom. Foreseeing the external evidence, abounding in historical and geographical errors, promoting superstition, justifying deception and teaching false doctrine. PAUL DOLTZ.

8. What is the nearest approach among human inventions to perpetual motion?

Some ingenious clock machinery has been invented which is guaranteed to run for decades of time, but there is a limit somewhere. As any machinery that gathers or generates force must sooner or later wear out, and so cease operating, perpetual motion is not achievable. Putting the Falls of Niagara under tribute for electrical power, the use of the tide-wheel, and Prof. Tripler's process for making liquid air are about as near as man has come to the achievement of perpetual motion.

C. T. RIPLER.

9. What number of words are there in the English language; what is the number used in literature, and what number in ordinary conversation in every-day life?

There are more than 200,000 words in the English language. Shakespeare did not use more than 16,000 different words, nor Milton than 8,000. A graduate from one of our largest universities should be able to use intelligently between three and four thousand words. The knowledge of about 2,000 words will enable a person to read the average newspaper, magazine or book with comfort. In ordinary conversation less than 1,500 words are employed, while there are undoubtedly persons of sparse education who do not use more than 500 words. S. E. SMITH.

10. Is municipal ownership of trolleys desirable and would it be likely to benefit the community owning the same, by increased public improvements or reduction of taxation?

Yes. The profits now declared on watered stock could be used to reduce taxation. Cities can borrow money to buy and build roads at lower rates than private corporations. Fares could be reduced; the roads operated more safely and with more consideration for the public than by private corporations whose stockholders are looking only for immediate returns in money. Water supply and public education are now managed very successfully by the municipalities, and statistics conclusively prove that gas and electric lighting may be managed and supplied by cities at a saving of over thirty per cent., as compared with private ownership. Precisely the same results would ensue in the municipal management of trolleys. H. C. UNDERHILL.

AN EASTER MORNING ANTHEM

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OUT of the darkness, out of the cold,
Up from the cradle of close-clinging mould,
Filling the world with their smile and their cheer,
Lo! in the spring-time, the flowers appear.

Gone is the winter, and scattered the gloom,
Sweet is their fragrance, the Easter-buds bloom,
Lily and rose in their beauteous array,
Lighting the King on His conquering way.

Lift the glad anthem till heaven's reply
Thrills from the angels who praise in the sky.
Jesus is risen! Dear heart, let us bring
Chorals of glory to Jesus our King.

Sweet on the air is the flower's pure breath;
Broken the power of sin and of death;
Fear we no longer the dusk of the tomb,
Lo! in the Easter, life's white lilies bloom.

Miscellaneous Questions

In the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in response to requests from many quarters and for the convenience of new subscribers who have lately joined our circle of readers, we shall publish a synopsis of those chapters of "Aunt Samantha's Journey 'Round the World" that have already appeared. This will be an excellent opportunity for all who did not read the opening chapters of this remarkably interesting story to become familiar with it from the beginning. By reading the condensation of the early chapters, they will be enabled to appreciate and enjoy those that follow—the best of it being yet to come.

E. S., Prescott, Wis. 1. On what day did Thanksgiving come in 1895? 2. What was the origin of the Potters' Field and why so called?

1. On Thursday, November 28. 2. The use of the term as applied to burial places for the poor, owes its origin to the fact that the piece of ground purchased by the priests with the thirty talents of betrayed money which Judas rejected, was called by this name, doubtless because of its connection in some way with the royal establishment of pottery once existing at Jerusalem and referred to in I Cron. 4:23.

G. A., Chambersburg, O. Where was the first asylum or refuge for criminals?

The first asylum of this character mentioned in Scripture is the tabernacle. If a man killed another he might fly at once to the tabernacle and lay hold upon the horns of the altar. There, the "avenger of blood," as the nearest kinsman of the slain was called, might not touch him. Later, like protection was provided in the temple. Under the Mosaic law, too, cities of refuge were also established, three east, three west of the Jordan, where the manslayer might find security. In every case, however, he was subject to trial; and if it was proven that his deed was of malice and premeditation, he paid the penalty. Similar customs obtained among the ancient Greeks and Romans. In the early centuries of the Christian era, criminals or innocent people, pursued by enemies, sought the "sanctuary" and found safety there. The privilege came to be abused and rulers began to circumscribe it. In 1324 a nunnery, which was in its way a house of refuge for fallen women, was established at Naples. There were, doubtless, some sort of reformatory homes for such characters earlier than this.

A reader in Pennsylvania furnishes this interesting information:

KNOXVILLE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 21, in the article "The Mormon Tablets," it says Solomon Spaulding, of Ashland, Conn., was the author of the manuscript from which *The Book of Mormon* was written. May I be allowed to state through your paper that Rev. Spaulding wrote his book in the village of Amity, Washington county, Pa., and that his remains lie buried in the village graveyard. The writer has been in the house where he lived and wrote. It is only recently that the oldest inhabitant passed away who heard Mr. Spaulding read his book to his neighbors. He was old and retired, and wrote for pastime. He would write an instalment of his book, and call in the neighbors and read to them. The old house on the village green still remains or was standing a short time ago. REV. FRANK N. FOSTER.

Benj. W. S., Watkins, N. Y. Has any intelligent and reliable foreigner been permitted, within the last fifty or one hundred years, to descend into the "Cave of Macphelah," beneath or adjacent to the mosque at Hebron—that is, into the chamber where mummies, or receptacles for the dead, would be found? If yes, who was it, and when, and what is in that chamber at the present time?

No; it is guarded with the greatest religious jealousy. Rev. J. L. Porter, Pierotti, Benjamin of Tudela and others, have written all that is known on the subject. The bodies of Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebecca, Jacob and Leah are believed to have been buried there.

Mrs. Jessie R. B., Albany, N. Y. "The Passion Play" is on exhibition in this city as a Punch and Judy show. The most solemn scene in our sinful world, to be treated so, is, in my opinion, sacrilegious. What does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD think of it?

It sometimes happens that the best way to condemn an evil which we are powerless to suppress is to utterly ignore it, and this particularly the case in the present instance, as to excite any agitation over it would simply advertise it—which is precisely what its conductors want.

H. L. S., Waterford, O. We have been reading Samantha's story in our home, and the question comes up as to the real number of American saloons in Manila. She says "hundreds and hundreds." Does she give facts in such statements or is that an exaggeration? We would like to know the real value of such statements.

There is not a doubt about their accuracy. Read Mr. Crafts' statement in our issue of March 21, page 236.

Mary L., Binghamton, N. Y. What is the population of the Transvaal?

About 760,000, of whom only 120,000 are whites. These were the figures two years ago.

In a recent issue the question was asked whether at any time in modern history as many as 3,000 converts had been baptized in a single day. The answer was given that in the Telegu Mission, India, 2,222 persons were baptized on July 3, 1878. Many letters have been received giving additional information concerning that interesting event. Eliza P. Munn, Fleming, N. Y., writes that only

Two persons administered the ordinance at a time, and the whole time occupied about ten hours. It was the largest number baptized, on profession of their faith in Christ, on one day since the day of Pentecost. All was done decently and in order. On Dec. 28, 1890, 1,671 were baptized at Ongole, but the account does not say how many there were to administer the ordinance, though in the case where 2,222 were baptized, only six different persons officiated, and two at a time.

Subscriber. Miss Holley lives at Bonnie View, Adams, N. Y.

J. A. C., Hillman. There is no evidence that tobacco was known in Bible times. It is not mentioned in Scripture.

Mrs. L. F. V., Burlington, Kan. Northfield, Mass., is a small country town, with a population of about 1,000.

Mrs. W. E. D., East Northfield, Mass. If an agriculturist in raising tobacco, corn or any other crop feels that he is doing wrong, he should certainly act upon his conscientious conviction. These matters can only be decided by the individual conscience.

The War in South Africa

NEWS from the seat of war during the week was comparatively uneventful. The most important of the items cabled was that of the death of Piet Joubert, the most skilful and honorable of the Boer leaders. He was sixty-eight years of age, but was still capable of great endurance, and was active in the service. He was wounded early in the war, but it was hoped that he had recovered. It is now evident that he had for many weeks been a very sick man. His death is a severe blow to the Boer cause. Though so able a general, he was no less able as a statesman. There is reason to believe that if his counsels had prevailed, there would have been no war, for he was strongly in favor of making the concessions to the outlanders, which at the outset would have satisfied the British Government. Telegrams of condolence were sent to his widow by Queen Victoria, and frank expressions of regret and respect were sent to President Kruger by Gen. Roberts and Gen. White, who both held him in high esteem as a brave and honorable foe. By his own advice, given shortly before his death, Gen. Botha succeeds him as commander-in-chief of the Boer forces. The general situation is not materially changed. Lord Roberts has apparently thought it unwise to attempt to proceed from Bloemfontein toward Pretoria until the safety of his communications is assured. The prudence of that course was proved on March 31 by a skirmish, which must have been exceedingly vexatious to the British commander. A small force under Col. Broadwood, which had occupied Boesman's Kop, about fifteen miles east of Bloemfontein, found themselves outnumbered by the Boers and were ordered to retreat and to join Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein. On their way they entered a deep valley both sides of which were strongly held by the Boers. The whole detachment, comprising 350 picked troops, the pride of the British army was compelled to surrender with seven guns. The chagrin of the commander must have been all the greater because of the aristocratic position of the officers. Among them are scions of England's most illustrious families. They appear to have fought bravely, but were surprised and outnumbered. A portion of the convoy made their escape. Gen. Roberts, immediately after he heard of the catastrophe, sent Gen. Colville to their rescue, but at the time of writing the result of his effort is not known. Numerous incidents are reported by correspondents, which show how human are these men who are doing their best to slay one another. Our illustration on this page is taken from a picture by an artist on the field. It depicts the scene at a truce in which the British and the Boers freely mingled together in the work of helping the wounded. It was difficult to believe that the men who were so sympathetic with the sufferers and so ready to help them were the very men who had caused the suffering.

THE LATE GEN. JOUBERT

Thy men shall fall by the sword and thy mighty in the war, and her gates shall lament and mourn (Isa. 3:25).

BRITISH AND BOERS CARING FOR THE WOUNDED DURING A TRUCE

Ineffective Arbitration

After a delay of nine years the court of arbitration to settle the dispute between Portugal on the one side and the United States and Great Britain on the other, in the matter of the Delagoa Bay railroad, has rendered its verdict. In 1883 a railroad was projected from Lorenzo Marques on the southeastern coast of Africa, to the Pass of Incomati on the Transvaal frontier, there to connect with the Transvaal railroad. The contract for its construction was awarded to Col. McMurdo, an American citizen, and the capital was subscribed in England. The road was built to within a short distance of the pass and opened for traffic in 1887. But Portugal was disputing with President Kruger about the delimitation of the frontier near the pass and there were other complications which prevented the road being finished. In June, 1889, the Portuguese Government confiscated the road and completed it. Thereupon our government made a claim on behalf of the representatives of Col. McMurdo, who had died, and Great Britain made a claim on behalf of British stockholders. After some negotiation it was decided to submit the dispute to the decision of three judges, who were to be appointed by the government of Switzerland. That court has had the matter under consideration for nine years and has now made an award of $3,062,800 to be paid by Portugal, after deducting the cost of the arbitration, the amount to be divided between the two claimants according to a scale yet to be fixed. The award is undoubtedly a disappointment, not only to the two governments concerned, but to the friends of arbitration the world over. It tends to discredit the principle of arbitration. When two governments quarrel and are urged to submit their dispute to arbitration, they may point to this instance, in which the arbitrators took nine years to reach a decision and then made an award ridiculously inadequate. The judges should have striven to do justice, if for no other reason, to encourage nations to resort to arbitration, instead of to war. The friends of peace might well address them in the words of Israel's statesman:

It is not good that ye do: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen, our enemies? (Neh. 5:9).

An Atheist's Protest

Among the cases before the justice of a New York police court recently, was that of a man who had been summoned for not sending his son to the public school. His boy, who is twelve years old, formerly attended school, but had absented himself. The truant officer notified the father of his absence and learned that the father had forbidden the boy to go. Thereupon the summons was issued. In his defence he said he and his children were aliens. He had kept the boy from school as he did not wish him to receive religious teaching. He further stated that he believed there was no God and he wished his boy to be reared in the same belief. The justice was shocked by the answer and told him that unless the boy was sent to school another summons would be issued and punishment inflicted. The father declared that such treatment was not just in a free country, but his protest was not entertained. Unhappily the small modicum of religious knowledge imparted in our schools is little likely to counteract the father's influence, even if he yields. One cannot but be sorry for such a child, because he will miss the very foundation of all useful knowledge:

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding (Prov. 9:10).

A Canine Patient

An officer who is serving on an ambulance corps in the British service in South Africa tells a remarkable story. It was after the sanguinary struggle at Spion Kop that the ambulance corps, under a flag of truce, went to the scene of conflict to bring in any of the British wounded who might still be living. There were more of them than had been expected, and the surgeons were kept busy dressing the wounds. Under one of the ambulances a liver-colored pointer was lying. He watched the surgeons at their work until the last patient had been attended to. The surgeons were putting away their instruments when the dog rose and limped to a surgeon, and, looking up in his face, uttered a piteous whine. The surgeon, who is a lover of dogs, spoke kindly to him, and the pointer held up a forepaw. It had been hit by a bullet and was evidently giving the animal considerable pain. The surgeon dressed the wound and lifted the dog into the ambulance. How many people might be made spiritually whole by the Great Physician if when they see others being saved they would, like that dog, apply for healing for themselves!

I obtained mercy that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him (I. Timothy 1:16).

Liable for Infection

A question of a railroad company's liability for loss was recently decided by the Supreme Court of Illinois. Suit was brought by a cattle dealer who had sent over a hundred head of cattle from Centralia to Seymour. After the arrival the animals fell sick of splenic fever and about one third of them died. As the disease was not prevalent at either the place from which they came nor the place to which they went, inquiries were made as to the cause of the outbreak. It was discovered that the cars that had been used for their transportation, had previously been occupied by cattle from another state in which the disease was raging. Experts were called to show that the germs of the disease would remain in the cars and would infect other cattle that might be conveyed in them. On this evidence the court decided that the railroad company must pay the sum claimed by the cattle owner. If that decision is confirmed, the railroad companies will be more careful to disinfect their cars. It would be well if parents would take analogous precautions to save their children from the contamination that comes from association with wicked persons, which is quite as insidious as the germs of disease:

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners (I. Cor. 15:33).

News on the Wind

A remarkable story of the strange means by which intelligence of a calamity reached the man most concerned is related by the New York *Herald*. It says that among the passengers of a Pennsylvania ferryboat going from Jersey City to New York was a man who was suffering from rheumatism. The doors of the boat were opened by someone passing through and the wind carried a page of a newspaper in and deposited it on the passenger's knees. He did not raise his crippled arms to remove it, but let it lie there. His eyes rested idly on the columns for a few moments, when, with a cry, he sprang up, exclaiming that his wife was dead. The newspaper scrap told how a lady had gone from New York to Paterson, N. J., to nurse a sick friend. The friend had died, and her attendant had fallen ill of pneumonia and was dead, too. The people knew her name and that she came from New York, but did not know her street address and therefore could not send the news of her death to her family. Her body had been sent to the morgue to await a claimant. Her husband, who did not even know that she was ill, was inexpressibly shocked to read the intelligence in the scrap of paper so strangely brought before him and was so overcome that he had to be helped off the boat. It was marvelous that the wind should happen to carry to that particular man the intelligence in which he was most concerned. It ought to impress people with the truth of the doctrine of special providence. Sceptics who ridicule the power of prayer, forget that God has at his command all the elements by which he can carry out his purposes.

Lo these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand? (Job 26:14).

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage

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Easter Spices

N our celebration of Easter let us remember what it was that the women carried to the Lord's tomb on the first Easter morning. Why did not those women bring thorns and nettles? for these would have expressed the piercing sorrows of themselves and their Lord. Why did they not bring some national ensign, such as that of the Roman eagle, typical of conquest? No, they bring aromatics, suggestive to me of the fact that the Gospel is to sweeten and deodorize the world. The world has so much of putrefaction and malodor that Christ is going to roll over it waves of frankincense, and sprinkle it all over with sweet-smelling myrrh. A thousand years before this, Solomon had said that Christ was a lily, and Isaiah had declared that under the Gospel the desert would bloom like the rose; but the world was slow to take the floral hint. And so now the women bring handsfull and armsfull of redolence, and perhaps unwittingly confirm and emphasize the lesson of deodorization.

When Christ's Gospel has conquered the earth the last offence to the olfactories will have left the world; sweet, pure air will have blown through every home, and churches will be freed from the curse of ill ventilation, and the world will become two great gardens, the empurpled and emblazoned and emparadised hemispheres. Sin is a buzzard, holiness is a dove. Sin is nightshade, holiness is a flower. If you are trying to reform the world, open the windows of that tenement house and pour through it a draught of God's pure atmosphere, and set a geranium or heliotrope on the window-sill; cleanse the air, and you will help cleanse the soul. How dare this world so often insult that feature of the human face which God has made the most prominent feature in human physiognomy? To prove how he himself loves aromatics, I bring the fact that there are millions of flowers on prairies and in mountain fastnesses the fragrance of which no human being ever breathes, and he must have grown them there for his own regalement. And for the compliment the world paid Christ by giving him a sepulchre in Joseph's garden, he will yet make the whole earth a garden.

Yes, he expressed his delight with fragrance in the first book of the Bible, when he said: "The Lord smelled a sweet savor;" and he filled the air of the ancient tabernacle and temple with sweet incense; and there are small bottles of perfume in heaven, described in Revelation as golden vials full of odors. I proclaim an ambrosial gospel which will yet extirpate from the world all foulness and rancidity, and the last noisomeness and the last mephitic gas. Glad am I that, though the world had chiefly spikes for the Saviour's feet and thorns for the Saviour's brow, the Magi put frankincense upon his cradle and the Marys brought frankincense for his grave.

Poor Preaching

TO secure poor preaching, keep the minister on the trot. Scold him when he comes to see you, because he did not come before, and tell him how often you were visited by the former pastor. Oh, that blessed predecessor! Strange that they did not hold on to the angel when they had him. Keep your minister going. Expect him to respond to every whistle. Have him at all the tea parties and the "raisings." Stand him in the draught of the door at the funeral—a frequent way of declaring a pulpit vacant. Keep him busy all the week in out-door miscellaneous work; and if at the end of that time he cannot preach a weak discourse, send for us and we will show him how to do it. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but if the plan of treatment we have proposed be carried out, we do not see that any church in city or country need be long in want of poor preaching.

Use Your Voice

IT is thought classic and elegant to have a delicate utterance, and that loud tones are vulgar. But we never heard of people being converted by anything they could not hear. It is said that on the Mount of Olives Christ "opened his mouth" and taught them, by which we conclude that he spake out distinctly. God has given most Christians plenty of lungs, but they are too lazy to use them. There are in the churches old people hard of hearing, who, if the exercises be not clear and emphatic, get no advantage save that of looking at the blessed minister. People say in apology for their inaudible tones, "It is not the thunder that kills, but the lightning." True enough; but I think that God thinks well of the thunder or he would not use so much of it.

Military Drill in Schools

THERE must be some systematic physical training in schools; why should it not be the military drill? The exercise is moderate and good. It is outdoors. It tends to erect bodies and graceful movement. But, it is objected, it promotes the military spirit. To make lads familiar with fire-arms and military tactics, will tempt them to become soldiers. Certainly, not every boy who is familiar with foot-ball becomes a professional player. But military skill may happen to be necessary. We needed military tactics in the war with Spain. What miserable work was made by our political generals and captains, in both instances. Either we have to maintain a large standing army, or our boys ought to have some sort of military training; not necessarily to become officers, but to be ordinary soldiers. But war is to be no more.

We pray for that, and labor for it; and having done all things, we stand. War may occur any day. It does not depend upon rulers, as it used to do. But it depends upon great civil leaders. This country did not want the Mexican War, but it came; the Civil War, but it came; war with Spain, but it came; war with the Philippines, but it came. Our boys must have some regular physical training. Let it be, at least for a certain class and age, the military drill.

HOW TO START A LOCAL FAMINE RELIEF COMMITTEE

A NUMBER of people have written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating that they would like to start an India Famine Relief Committee in their town, and asking for information concerning the best mode of procedure.

We should say that the first thing to do is to write down a number of names of public-spirited men and women, and to each of these address an invitation about as follows:

Kind Friend:

A sore famine has visited India. Fifty millions of men, women and children are affected. Millions must die of starvation unless help is promptly send them. I am endeavoring to form a Relief Committee and earnestly invite your co-operation. Will you serve as a member? Systematic effort will speedily result in generous contributions and our community will thus be represented in this great international life-saving work. I enclose circular setting forth India's great need.

A meeting for the purpose of forming such a Relief Committee will be held in the parlor of ..... (or lecture room of ..... Church, or some other place adapted to the requirements) on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock. We are sure that we may count on your practical sympathy and hearty co-operation, and hope that you will find it convenient to join us in this movement.

Very cordially yours,

.....

Send this letter to at least double the smallest number you may think sufficient to constitute the Committee.

If possible, before you prepare the circular, get three or four clergymen of your town to join you in sending out the call, and at the same time to supply you with a goodly number of very desirable names to whom it may be addressed.

Before the meeting, write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for such literature as it may be able to provide for the purpose of informing yourself on the real status of the India famine and the latest news concerning it, also for leaflets for distribution on the occasion of the meeting. Get some of the clergymen to agree to talk on the occasion and encourage the work, and settle with them as to which one of those present shall be called temporarily to the Chair during the organization proceedings. Then elect a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, a Secretary, one Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer. Let the Treasurer, if possible, be an officer of a bank. Then elect a Press Committee, whose duty it shall be to call upon the newspapers of your town and ask them to give the widest publicity to the famine needs and to the proceedings of your Relief Committee; also arrange with them to publish the names of all contributors, together with the amount contributed by them. Then appoint another sub-committee to visit all the Young People's Societies and all the churches, and persuade them to take an active hand in this grand and glorious work.

Each church may have its own sub-committees to operate among its own members and to report to the General India Famine Relief Committee. This will result in a series of operations that must be crowned with success and must induce numerous contributions for the cause. As soon as some money has been contributed, and as often as the treasurer of the fund may deem proper, send a remittance on account to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the money may be cabled immediately to India and do the work for which it was contributed. Thus, ten dollars collected to-day in Ohio and sent on to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reaching here the day following, may the very next morning be doing its work in India. Don't keep the money in the treasury but let it immediately start on its work of beneficence. Every day's delay must result in loss of human life.

Positively No!

W. J. McN., Paterson, N. J., writes us as follows:

Please tell me whether Dr. Talmage or Mr. Klopsch, when they went to Russia in 1892, on their mission of famine relief, were decorated by the Czar?

No, neither Dr. Talmage nor Mr. Klopsch was ever the recipient of any decoration from any ruler, nor would they consent to accept a decoration from any government for the work they have done, or are now doing, simply as laborers in the Master's vineyard.

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. P. S. Henson, of the First Baptist Church of Chicago has baptized nearly one thousand converts during the eighteen years of his pastorate of the church. About 2,500 new names have been added to the list of its membership.

It is proposed to establish an American school in Palestine for study and research. Prof. C. H. Toy, of Harvard, has issued an appeal for funds to build and endow it. Prof. J. H. Thayer is chairman of the committee in charge of the undertaking.

The Bishop of London in his recent charge expresses the opinion that the large increase in the use of the confessional is due to the decrease in respect for parental authority and the respect on the part of young people for the good judgment of their parents.

The French evangelical missionaries on the Zambezi River, Africa, report the baptism of the heir to the throne of the country—Litia, son of Lewanika. He has been a professed Christian, except for one or two lapses, since 1891, during which time he has been on probation. He appears now "to have come forth a new man." His wife and only child, a son, were baptized with him.

A good example in church work has been set by the people of Nordhoff, Cal. There were two mission churches there, one of which was Presbyterian and the other Congregational. The people brought the churches side by side and have made one church organization, which is now self-supporting. One of the buildings is used for church services and the other for Sunday School and social purposes.

Nearly seven thousand Americans will be exhibitors at the approaching Paris Exposition. Efforts are being made to induce all to unite in the observance of the Lord's Day. Secretary of State Hay has instructed the United States Ambassador and the Commissioner General to co-operate in the endeavor to secure united action in the matter. If it is successful, the machinery will not run on Sundays, nor will any manual labor be performed in the American section.

The King's Daughters' Settlement, at 48 Henry Street, New York, is accomplishing a wonderful work among the poor of the city. Its operations now include: a free circulating library, a bath-room, a flower mission, a playground, a kindergarten, a sewing school, three cooking classes and a Penny Provident station, beside the fresh-air work; the Sunday "Happy Hour," eighteen clubs for boys and girls, two for young women, two for mothers and one for fathers.

Mr. A. G. Robinson, the Philippine correspondent of a New York journal, states it as his deliberate opinion that the opposition to the United States in the islands is due largely to a doubt in the minds of the people whether, under American government, they would be delivered from the intolerable oppression of the friars and the monastic orders of the Roman Catholic church. If the people could be assured that the vast area of land claimed by the church would be nationalized and the exactions of the monks prohibited, a long step would be taken toward pacification.

Dr. H. M. Wharton's meetings at Worcester, Mass., have attracted enormous congregations. Mechanics' Hall, in which they were held, though accommodating 4,500 persons, was not large enough to hold the crowd that came. Washburn Hall was opened for overflow meetings, and that too was filled. Dr. Wharton asked the converted people present to leave, so as to make room for seekers, and a large number complied. The seats were speedily filled. Subsequently a space at the front was cleared and a large number of anxious persons knelt while Dr. Wharton and the workers prayed with them.

A GLORIOUS EASTER TRIBUTE

The Leading Women of America Bear Testimony for Jesus, and Avow their Faith in the Doctrines of Christianity

MRS. H. C. HANSBROUGH
Wife of Senator from North Dakota

MRS. THEO. W. BIRNEY
President, Mothers' Congress

MRS. BENTON McMILLIN
Wife of Governor of Tennessee

MRS. P. J. McCUMBER
Wife of Senator from North Dakota

Oh, joy to her who, first allowed,
When roused from weeping o'er His shroud,
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name as still His own!

AT this glad Eastertide, when the whole Christian world is joyfully celebrating the anniversary of the Saviour's resurrection, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the privileged messenger to bring to the altar a most fragrant tribute—the heart-offering and Christian testimony of the grandest and most representative women of our nation. In Judea of old it was the women who clung most closely to the Master amid all his trials and sufferings; they walked sadly by his side along the "Way of Sorrow"; through their tears they watched him expire on Calvary and they were specially honored in being the first to see him and hear his voice on that perennial Easter morning after he had broken the bonds of death and the grave. It is peculiarly appropriate that on this, our latest Easter, their voices should be heard in greeting and recognition, and in the giving of glad testimony to their unfaltering devotion to Him who died and rose again:

Hallelujah, He is risen!
Death for aye hath lost his sting;
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,
From the grave His own will bring.

About a year ago, at a time when the Christian integrity of the nation's leaders had been grossly assailed, and when the charge had been made that infidelity was rampant in high places, and that posts of the greatest honor and distinction were filled by unbelievers and agnostics, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the outspoken testimonies of our President and Cabinet, our leading statesmen in Congress, Supreme Court Judges, Army and Navy commanders, Governors and prominent educators. The refutation was complete, and the declarations for God and Christ and righteousness clear and unequivocal. At the suggestion of many who were influenced by this powerful presentation, it was decided to afford the leading women of the nation an equal opportunity of giving their testimonies before the world.

The questions propounded were the following:

"Are you a friend of Christianity and do you believe that it is a friend of humanity?

"Do you believe that Christianity is a masterful influence in civilizing humanity?

"Does your belief extend to the recognition of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ?"

A multitude of replies came from almost every State in the Union. Among the writers were the wives of senators, governors, judges, generals, congressmen, cabinet officers, and ladies prominent in religious, educational and social work. All were cordial and even fervent in their declarations of Christian belief, and the contributions, as a whole, prove that the women of the Union, speaking through their ablest representatives, are stanch and loyal supporters of the Christian faith. It affords the most complete refutation of the statement so often heard that women who socially and intellectually fill the most exalted positions "care nothing for religion." To print all the letters in full would require many pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. First on the list naturally come the letters from the Cabinet ladies. Mrs. John Hay, wife of the Secretary of State, gives this brave and beautiful declaration of her belief:

As a child, I was taught that God was my heavenly Father, and that through his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, salvation was brought into the world. As I have grown older, this belief has become the underlying foundation of my life, and experience has taught me that Christianity is not only the friend of mankind, but is also the dominating influence in the civilization of the world.

MRS. JOHN HAY.

From the wife of the Postmaster General, we have this unequivocal testimony:

God is our Father; it should not be possible for any of us to be other than his friend. I believe that

MRS. S. B. ELKINS
Wife of Senator from West Virginia

MISS FLORA WILSON
Daughter of Secretary of Agriculture

MRS. MARCUS A. HANNA
Wife of Senator from Ohio

MRS. WM. A. STONE
Wife of Governor of Pennsylvania

ALICE DEPEW PAULDING
Niece of Senator Depew

MRS. C. W. ALDEN
A Leading Woman Editor

MRS. N. B. SCOTT
Wife of Senator from West Virginia

MRS. ASA S. BUSHNELL
Wife of ex-Governor of Ohio

MRS. JUDITH ELLEN FOSTER
The Noted Lecturer

MRS. JULIUS C. BURROWS
Wife of Senator from Michigan

MRS. WILLIAM E. MASON
Wife of Senator from Illinois

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER
Wife of the Distinguished Diplomat

Christianity is a masterful influence in civilizing humanity. The highest civilization of ancient times fell, through the want of it. "Happy are the nations whose God is the Lord." My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ.

ELLA H. SMITH.

Mrs. Ella C. Heath, wife of the Assistant Postmaster General, declares:

The Bible is the text-book of the reading world; therefore Christianity is the forerunner of civilization. I do not see how any one could go to sleep at night, confidently believing that he or she will wake in the morning, without believing in the divinity of Christ.

MRS. ELLEN A. RICHARDSON
Ex-Pres., George Washington Memorial Asso.

An equally direct and helpful testimony comes from another Cabinet lady, the wife of the Assistant Secretary of State:

My idea of the highest Christianity is exemplified in the life of him "who went about doing good." In this practical age that Christianity must be lived, not talked, the man who loves his fellow-man and tries in his everyday walk to make the life of his fellow-man better, easier, happier, is living a Christianity which needs no words to recommend it. It is this kind of a Christianity which has brought the world to its present state of civilization.

MRS. DAVID JAYNE HILL.

From the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury comes this declaration:

True civilization has progressed just so far as, in private or national life, the principles of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount are acted upon. These principles are the most perfect yet stated as ideals of spiritual life.

SUSANNA PHELPS GAGE.

A Distinguished Testimony

Surely there never was penned a simpler, grander, more earnest testimony to the Christian faith than this by the widow of ex-President U. S. Grant:

What would we do in this changing world without the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ to keep, comfort and sustain us? It is the greatest thing in the world; nothing else compares with it, and it is the one influence, above all others, that civilizes humanity and that will bring the ultimate peace on earth and good will among men. From my infancy I was taught to reverence and love the God of my forefathers; my honored husband was actuated by the same belief, and I can scarcely understand why anyone should doubt the reality of religion. I certainly believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

MRS. F. H. GAFFNEY
Nat'l Pres., Women's Council

MRS. J. L. McLAURIN
Wife of Senator from South Carolina

MRS. WM. O. BRADLEY
Wife of ex-Gov. of Kentucky

From Mrs. Gray, wife of Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court; Mrs. Amanda McKenna, wife of Justice McKenna; Mrs. Lily M. Shiras, wife of Justice Shiras, and other prominent ladies come most cordial affirmative letters.

In her communication, Mrs. Shiras has this noble utterance:

The millennium day will dawn when man is actuated by love to God and love of his fellow-man.

Miss Flora Wilson, the accomplished daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, adds to her affirmative response:

That quality in human nature which requires something uplifting, ennobling, inspiring, finds its call answered in the teachings which God, the maker of heaven and earth gave through Christ, his Son our Lord.

Mrs. M. A. Hanna sends a short letter declaring the fullest belief in Christianity.

Governors' Wives Testify

From the wives of the Governors of different States a number of very beautiful letters of voluntary Christian testimony have also been received, the perusal of which cannot fail to be helpful and encouraging to many. Each letter has a peculiar individuality of its own. The honored mistress of the gubernatorial mansion of Pennsylvania writes:

Christianity is the best friend of mankind, and I should be very sorry if I could not say that I am its friend. It is its teachings that have brought into existence the hospitals and homes for the poor, and taught man to have love for his fellow-man. My belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ.

MRS. WILLIAM A. STONE,
Wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Emma F. Thomas, wife of the Governor of Colorado, concludes her communication with this ringing declaration:

My belief in God the Father and in Jesus Christ his Son is as immovable as are the everlasting hills of our beautiful Centennial State.

"I have loved our Saviour since early childhood," writes Mrs. Eva Steunenberg, wife of the Governor of Idaho, "and believe he is the best and truest friend of mankind."

Another Governor's wife sends this beautiful tribute:

Even did I not believe in the divinity of Christ—which I most certainly do—I should have to subscribe myself as a friend of Christianity; for its teachings have taught the brotherhood of man and have been the underlying foundation of every philanthropy the world has had from the time of Christ till now. It has preceded and is the dominating influence in all civilization.

MRS. ROBERT B. SMITH,
Wife of the Governor of Montana.

A Conquering Creed

This from the Green Mountain State:

The teachings of Jesus will go on civilizing and Christianizing until at last "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord of lords." "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

MRS. EDWARD C. SMITH,
Wife of the Governor of Vermont.

"The true Church of Christ always makes progress," writes Mrs. L. M. Shaw, wife of the Governor of Iowa, "and will go on conquering—and to conquer—to the end of the world."

Mrs. Agnes P. Scofield, wife of the Governor of Wisconsin, sends an unhesitating "Yes" to each of the questions.

Mrs. Katherine P. Rollins, wife of the Governor of New Hampshire, in her letter declares: "It is the teachings of Christianity which makes the civilized world a desirable place in which to live."

A cordial affirmative to all three questions comes from Mrs. W. A. Poynter, wife of the Governor of Nebraska, who adds: "Christianity is the basis of the highest civilization the world has ever known. I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

A letter that seems like a page of personal experience comes from the Pine Tree State, viz.:

From my childhood I was taught to believe in Christianity, and all my experiences through life have taught me that it is the best friend of mankind. The argument is sometimes advanced that civilization has brought the world to its present state, but history teaches us that a civilization without God does not stand the test of time. God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ his Son, are embraced in my belief.

MRS. LLEWELLYN POWERS,
Wife of the Governor of Maine.

MRS. WILLIAM J. DEBOE
Wife of Senator from Kentucky

MRS. PERRY S. HEATH
Wife of First Assistant Postmaster General

MRS. RICHARD R. KENNEY
Wife of Senator from Delaware

MRS. EDMUND W. PETTUS
Wife of Senator from Alabama

MRS. WILLIAM P. FRYE
Wife of the Presiding Officer of the Senate

MARION HARLAND
(Mrs. Terhune)

MRS. JOHN C. SPOONER
Wife of Senator from Wisconsin

MRS. B. L. WHITMAN
Wife of President of Columbian University

MRS. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS
Wife of Senator from Indiana

MRS. MARIANA W. CHAPMAN
New York's Honored President of the Suffrage Asso.

This from the wife of a Southern Governor reveals an eloquent advocate of the faith:

I believe that Christianity has given friends to the friendless and homes to the homeless; it has fed the hungry and clothed the poor; it is the only system of religion that provides alleviation for the sufferings of humanity, and offers consolation to the sorrowing soul. We have but to look about us for evidence of this. We have but to compare our happy lot with that of the unfortunate women of heathen lands, where the Bright Morning Star of Christianity does not shed its beneficent light.

MRS. BENTON MCMILLIN,
Wife of the Governor of Tennessee.

More Joyful Testimonies

"China, India, Africa, and many islands of the sea, are an evidence of what progress civilization takes without Christianity," writes Mrs. Elizabeth T. Lowndes, wife of the ex-Governor of Maryland, while declaring herself an orthodox Christian. This letter from another Governor's wife is somewhat in the same vein:

Without Christianity, I do not believe that humanity would have become what it now is. There is a quality in human nature which, in order to fulfil its better possibilities, calls for the recognition of the principles of Christianity. It is my belief that all creation points to the existence of a Supreme, a Divine Being, and that the more closely one keeps in touch with nature, the more sure he is of this fact.

MRS. ANDREW E. LEE,
Wife of the Governor of South Dakota.

It is noticeable that a very large majority of the distinguished writers are women who have evidently made a careful study of the record of Christianity's triumph in the moral and social elevation of women. Letters like the following show this to be the case:

Christianity has done for the world what all other religions, all other influences, could not do. It is sometimes said that the advancement of civilization has brought about the present condition of things in the world today, but the Divine Teacher said "By their fruits ye shall know them." If civilization has wrought the advancement which is seen in Europe, England and America, why has it not done so in China, India and Africa? We need but to contrast the condition of the women of these countries with that of our own sex in this happy land to realize what Christ has done for women. To all mankind he is, without doubt, the best Friend.

MRS. F. B. FANCHER,
Wife of the Governor of North Dakota.

An ex-Governor's wife writes:

Wherever the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has not gone, there woman is kept often in degradation, usually in ignorance, and never the equal of man. How can I be other than the friend of that which has done so much for my sex? All nature proves to me that God is the Supreme, over-ruling force in this and all other worlds. The millions of those who have experienced the peace which a trust in Him engenders is the indubitable proof of the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

MRS. W. H. ELLERBE,
Wife of ex-Governor of South Carolina.

"I believe Christianity is the chief corner-stone, the greatest of all civilizing influences. I believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord. I love his name, his service, and watch for his coming," writes Mrs. William O. Bradley, wife of the ex-Governor of Kentucky.

From one of our youngest territories this letter comes:

Genuine Christian influence will do more toward civilizing the world than all else combined. Christ is the greatest teacher the world has ever known. Could the principles that he taught be made the universal practice, the day-dawn of heaven would be realized on earth.

MRS. C. M. BARNES,
Wife of the Governor of Oklahoma.

Letters giving a fervent affirmative to all the questions have also been received from Mrs. George W. Atkinson, wife of the Governor of West Virginia; Mrs. Ada Bushnell, wife of the ex-Governor of Ohio; Mrs. Elisha Dyer, wife of the Governor of Rhode Island; Mrs. Joseph F. Johnston, wife of the Governor of Alabama; Mrs. Myron H. McCord, wife of the ex-Governor of Arizona and Mrs. Miguel Otero, wife of the Governor of New Mexico.

From Senatorial Homes

Seldom have testimonies so direct and convincing been offered than those that come, like fragrant Easter incense, from the ladies of the leading Senatorial households. The wife of the United States Senator from Alabama writes:

By the grace of God, I am a friend of Christianity, a firm believer in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe it to be the most exalting and ennobling influence upon man. It fits him for a better life here and prepares him for the life hereafter. I sincerely believe that Christianity is a masterful influence in raising and civilizing humanity. I do believe in God as the Supreme Being, our Creator, our Preserver and Ruler of the universe. To him be all honor and glory!

MRS. EDMUND WINSTON PETTUS.

Equally touching and full of the spirit of true religion is the following, from the wife of another Senator:

Pure Christianity as taught by Jesus Christ

MRS. CHARLES EMORY SMITH
Wife of the Postmaster General

MRS. JOHN HAY
Wife of the Secretary of State

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE
Founder of Door of Hope

MRS. FRANCIS E. WARREN
Wife of Senator from Wyoming

KATE TANNATT WOODS
Editor and Author

MRS. GEORGE L. WELLINGTON
Wife of Senator from Maryland

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL
President of International Council of Women

MRS. GEORGE TURNER
Wife of Senator from Washington

MRS. EMILY M. C. KILVERT
Secretary Cuban League

MRS. ANDREW E. LEE
Wife of Governor of South Dakota

MRS. C. M. BARNES
Wife of Governor of Oklahoma

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE
Author and Lecturer

of Nazareth, I believe in; but understand me, between pure Christianity and Christianity so-called, there is a vast difference. Certainly the sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule could not do otherwise than civilize humanity. If practised in every day life, how could such teachings, such an example, such a beautiful life, fail to benefit the whole world? When mankind outgrows the creeds of past ages, taught so long as truths, and learns to walk by the Light, then will all these so-called mysteries be solved to his understanding; then he will not be held in bondage to false teachings, for "The Truth shall make him free!" MRS. GEORGE C. PERKINS,
Wife of U. S. Senator from California.

Senators' Wives Testify

Here is a group of letters, each of which breathes the spirit of the Master:

I should regret if I could not subscribe myself a friend of Christianity, for there is no doubt in my mind that it is the best friend of mankind and the most potent influence in the civilization of humanity. My belief extends to a recognition of a Supreme Being and to the acknowledgment of Jesus the Christ as the divine Son of God. MISS PAULDING,
Niece of U. S. Senator Depew.

God is my Father, Christ my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit my Comforter. I rejoice to be able to give my testimony—and I speak from a long lifetime—of the help and strength I have received from my faith. Women are now the greatest ministers in God's work. They are the moral support of the world, and in his name are they purifying and elevating his creatures. MRS. CANDIA B. MONEY,
Wife of U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

I do believe that Christianity is a powerful factor of civilization, and my belief does extend to a recognition of and reverence for a Supreme Being. Concerning incarnation, I hold the more inclusive view, recognizing not only the divinity of Jesus, but also the progressive incarnation of God in the life of humanity.
EDITH J. W. MASON,
Wife of U. S. Senator from Illinois.

I believe the highest type of humanity can only be developed under the inspiration and influence of a Christian civilization. How could there be a Christian religion without a belief in God and the divinity of Christ?
MRS. NORA B. MCLAURIN,
Wife of U. S. Senator from South Carolina.

Wherever its principles are inculcated and practised, man reaches his highest state of civilization. I believe that God is the Creator and Supreme Beng of the universe; that he made all men of one flesh, and that they are most like him when they love their fellowmen and do what they can to help them over the rough places in life.
JENNIE MCCUMBER,
Wife of U. S. Senator from North Dakota.

A Sympathetic Christ

A thousand times Yes to each and all of your questions. True Christianity is most powerful in civilizing humanity, for it is the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through the temporal world. I believe in the Fatherhood of God and the divinity of his Son. Who is Christ? He who fed the hungry, visited the sick. Who are Christ's? Every one that loveth is born of God.
MRS. JAMES HENDERSON KYLE,
Wife of U. S. Senator from South Dakota.

I believe Christianity to be the best friend man can have, and it is the greatest power for civilization the world will ever know. I believe in the Supreme Fatherhood of God and in the divinity of Jesus Christ, his Son.
MRS. RICHARD R. KENNEY,
Wife of U. S. Senator from Delaware.

I believe Christianity is a mighty influence in civilizing humanity and that it has been our most powerful prenatal influence for good, whether we acknowledge it or not. My hopes most earnestly recognize the Supreme Being; my life is the daily effort to live up to my hopes! Christ is divine to me. I interpret unconventionally perhaps; but our forefathers came through suffering to suffer in a new, wild country, for the right to think religiously without criticism or molestation, and I believe in living religion, not professing what we make no hourly effort to live.

Deeds more than words,
Love—not hate,

and the invincibility of hope now and hereafter. MARY B. CHAPMAN HANSBROUGH,
Wife of the U. S. Senator from North Dakota.

I heartily believe in "true religion and undefiled," and experience shows that wherever it is practised, by the individual or the nation, there the highest happiness and prosperity are attained. AGNES V. SCOTT,
Wife of United States Senator from West Virginia.

The influence of Christianity is beneficent; it gives hope to the hopeless, and leads mankind to forsake degrading ways, and, above all, it civilizes, in that it makes truly gentle men and women. I believe in the Supreme Being called God, and in his Son Jesus Christ, the divine Saviour of the world.
MRS. JOHN C. SPOONER,
Wife of U. S. Senator from Wisconsin.

Christianity is the truest friend mankind has ever had—the only civilizing influence humanity has ever had or will have. No thinking being who studies nature can fail to believe in a Supreme Being, as I do most firmly. I believe in the divinity of Christ. How could I do otherwise, for to this teaching and influence women owe the proud position they hold in all Christian countries to-day.
ANNIE E. FOOTE STEWART,
Wife of U. S. Senator from Nevada.

Christianity Best of All

"I believe in everything good for mankind," writes Mrs. Jeter C. Pritchard, wife of U. S. Senator from North Carolina, "and in Christianity as the best and greatest good of all: that Christianity alone can fully civilize man and make him fit to live in this beautiful world, and to live with Christ in heaven."

"Christianity is without doubt the most potent influence in civilizing and uplifting the world: the only religion that teaches selfish man to regard the rights of the poor and weak as equal to the rights of the rich and powerful," writes Mrs. John W. Daniel, wife of U. S. Senator from Virginia, in the same letter in which she declares her faith in Christ's divinity.

Christianity softens, purifies, ennobles and elevates a person as nothing else can do. And what is true of the individual is true of a nation. I believe in God the Father, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Such is the testimony of Mrs. Wm. J. Deboe, wife of the U. S. Senator from Kentucky.

This emphatic testimony comes from Mrs. David B. Henderson, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

It seems to me that every thoughtful person must concede the existence of an over-ruling, Supreme Power, and that no one can contest the masterful influence of Christianity in civilizing humanity. I am certainly a friend to it and believe it is the friend of mankind.

Affirmative answers to all of the questions, each conveying a sincere declaration of Christian belief, have also been received from Mrs. Agnes B. Quay, wife of the Senator from Pennsylvania; Mrs. F. E. Warren, wife of the Senator from Wyoming; Mrs. George L. Wellington, wife of the Maryland Senator; Mrs. Edith M. K. Wetmore, wife of the Rhode Island Senator; Mrs. J. H. Gallinger, wife of

MRS. CHARLES D. SIGSBEE
Wife of the Captain of the "Maine"

MRS. ELISHA DYER
Wife of Governor of Rhode Island

MRS. H. D. MONEY
Wife of Senator from Mississippi

MRS. U. S. GRANT
Widow of Gen. U. S. Grant

ıe Senator from New Hampshire; Mrs. Villiam P. Frye, wife of the Sena- or from Maine; Mrs. Martha A. W. Fos- r, wife of the Senator from Washing- on; Mrs. Cornelia C. Fairbanks, wife of ıe Senator from Indiana; Mrs. Hallie D. lkins, wife of the Senator from West irginia; Mrs. Shelby M. Cullom, wife f the Senator from Illinois; Mrs. Clar- nce D. Clark, wife of the Wyoming Sen- tor; Mrs. J. C. Burrows, wife of the lichigan Senator, and Mrs. William B. ate, wife of the Senator from Tennes- ee.

From Army and Navy Homes

From the wives of Army and Navy fficers come some very beautiful letters. 'his is from a lady whose kindness and evotion endeared her to the brave boys- n-blue, many of whom she tended in ickness at the army camps during the ate war with Spain:

I am now nursing in the hospitals, trying to o what I can to help the uncomplaining sick nd suffering soldiers. I can only say I con- ider religion the greatest civilizer—the great- st power to cultivate and elevate humanity—n all the wide world; the greatest strength n the hour of need; the greatest comfort in orrow; the greatest support in trials our earts can ever know. I truly believe that no eart is ever satisfied—ever really happy—no natter what may be its prominence or rank r wealth or power or glory, unless it lives in nd leans upon and thoroughly realizes and ecognizes the tender love of a pitying heav- nly Father. And no one, no matter what nay be their sorrow or privations or poverty, r losses or trials, or physical suffering, can ver be utterly miserable so long as the love f God is in their heart. It is the only thing hat enables us to endure the agony of look- ng upon the dear dead faces of our dearest nd brightest and best. I can imagine no greater agony than to live without the love of God in our hearts, and without the hope of he eternal blessedness and peace of heaven.

ANNIE WHEELER,
Daughter of General Joseph Wheeler.

The wife of one of our best known Generals writes:

I answer "Yes" to all the questions most heartily and sincerely. Christ came to be mankind's friend. In all ages of the world he has proved to be his best friend, and only through the principles he set down is the highest civilization attained.

LAURA MERRITT,
Wife of General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A.

MRS. CLINTON B. SMITH
Pres. W. C. T. U. of District of Columbia

Captain Charles King, in Mrs. King's absence in Europe, makes reply in her behalf, and writes: "Knowing her faith, I have no hesitation in answering Yes for her to all three of your questions."

Here is a most direct and unequivocal testimony:

I believe in Christianity as the sole influence for good in this world. If any one does good works, and says he is not a follower of Christ, he simply does not recognize the origin of the good influence that is working through him. I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, because it is the only possible explanation of the effect of his influence.

MRS. F. E. CHADWICK,
Wife of Captain Chadwick of the U. S. Navy.

The wife of Captain Sigsbee, of the illfated Maine, writes:

I believe that Jesus Christ is "God manifest in the flesh" and "in him is all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." The Word of God contains all that is necessary for the elevation of the individual and for the Nation. To love God and one's neighbor and to practice the Golden Rule is to do one's whole duty.

ELIZA ROGERS SIGSBEE,
Wife of Captain Sigsbee, U. S. N.

An explicit declaration of Christian belief also comes from Mrs. Charlotte Taylor Evans, wife of Captain Robley D. Evans, U. S. Navy.

Intellectual Leaders Testify

From women eminent in the domain of intellectuality some very striking testimonies have been received. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, from her home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, sends this noble declaration of Christian belief:

THE TRIBUTE OF A NOBLE LIFE

To these questions I can reply very heartily in the affirmative; and I believe, too, there is in Christianity a power that can make the humblest, life more dignified, beautiful and noble.

Very truly

Helen Miller Gould

The foregoing is reproduced from Miss Gould's letter, dated from Lyndhurst, Irvington-on-Hudson, in which she declares herself a firm believer in the doctrines of the Lord Jesus. Miss Gould's splendid services to humanity are everywhere known.

As I am a friend to mercy and truth and righteousness, and to all that is lovely and of good report, I am a friend to Christianity, which embraces these attributes. In this statement I take Christianity to mean a life and not a dogma. And yet I would not be understood as opposed to creeds; I do not think Christian sentiment would long survive if Christian creeds vanished. Empty the vase of rose leaves, and the perfume will linger awhile, but it will grow fainter and fainter, until there is none. So would the Christian sentiment disappear if the Christian doctrine was thrown away.

Christianity has taught men some of the sweetest words that were ever spoken: Freedom, brotherhood, friendship, home, country, unselfishness, charity, purity, love. It is Christianity that has lifted souls from the bottomless pit of selfishness, and made men break the bonds of the slave, and set the captive free; that has taught men to play the part of the good Samaritan—not forgetting the oil and the two-pence to the sick and the helpless. It is, in short, that one simple rule of Christianity, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," which has been, and will continue to be the lever of the noblest civilization the world has seen; and which is day by day working towards that glorious end when the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall be the law of every life, and the sufficiency for every desire.

I not only believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, and my Redeemer, and surety for life everlasting, I believe equally also in the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son and one and indivisible with them. And I see in this Triune God no difficulty to cause me one moment's doubt. I accept it with as much certainty as I accept the miracle of my own dual nature. I am soul and body. None of my physical senses touch my soul; I cannot see my soul. I do not know its shape any more than I know the shape of a thought or a desire. I have no idea how it is joined to my body; yet I know that by no possibility can I mistake my body for myself. Now as I can not understand, nor yet deny, my own dual nature—the mysterious union of my soul and body—I have no difficulty in believing in the Trinity of the divine nature. Therefore I adore as One, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. AMELIA E. BARR.

Very simple and beautiful is this declaration of Christian belief:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world" James 1:27

Some poet has said:

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do.

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN,
Editor Woman's Department, N. Y. *Tribune*.

Another famous author sends this testimony:

Am I a friend of Christianity? Absolutely! and I believe it to be the strongest influence in civilizing humanity. There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind as to the existence of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The following cluster of Easter testimonies from women well-known in the world of letters cannot fail to prove helpful to many:

Nothing but a deep religious trust has sustained me through the great sorrows and trials of my eventful life. Nothing has hurt me more than the cant and hypocrisy of those who constantly parade their religious views in an "I am holier than thou" manner. I believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and I believe devoutly in living your religion. God makes no mistakes, and we can trust him here and hereafter.

MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

From a Group of Authors

I can reply conscientiously that I am a friend of Christianity and that I believe it is the friend of mankind. I certainly believe that it is masterful in civilizing humanity, and my belief extends to the recognition of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ.

MARY E. WILKINS.

Christianity is the most vitalizing force in the world to-day, and with all my heart I believe it is a potent influence in civilizing humanity. I believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I am most heartily and sincerely a friend of Christianity and believe it is the only hope of civilization and of the world. I believe most emphatically in the existence of a Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ.

MARION HARLAND.

I am a friend of Christianity and I believe that a little study of the social conditions of the world to-day will convince anyone that Christianity is the friend of mankind and the most potent influence in civilization. I believe in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ his Son. MRS. WILL CARLETON,
Wife of the poet.

Among others who have contributed

MRS. ADDISON G. FOSTER
Wife of the Senator from Washington

each a fragrant blossom to this rare cluster of Easter blooms are many ladies distinguished in philanthropic and educational work, some as presidents of colleges, others presidents of various organizations that have helped to broaden the sphere of woman's activities.

From the successor of Frances Willard comes a characteristic letter in which she says:

I am a friend to Christianity, recognizing it as more potent than any and all other agencies since the world began, in benefiting the human race. The great reform and philanthropic movements of to-day are the outcome of Christ's gospel of love, peace, and good will. The civilizing influences of the life and teachings of Christ must be manifest to all fair-minded people—even to such as do not profess to try to follow him.

LILIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President National W. C. T. U.

Christianity Woman's Best Friend

"Christianity," writes Elizabeth S. Mead, President of Mount Holyoke College, "is woman's best friend, and the only friend that can restore in time the divine image lost by sin. In Christianity love to God must have for its correlate love to man. I subscribe to the Apostles' Creed."

Another woman of international fame writes:

I believe in Christianity; in the wisdom, the righteousness, the helpfulness of the teachings of Christ. Nominal Christianity has often, unfortunately, no apparent relation to Christ's teachings. But admitting that Christianity is summed up in the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes, I believe in Christianity as the law of life. The teachings of Christ have had a powerful influence in subduing and purifying the human heart. Giving it what seems to me its noblest and most inspiring interpretation, I believe in the divinity of Christ as a pledge that humanity will, as a culmination of the evolutionary process, attain divinity.

MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL,
President Int. Council of Women.

"It is the influence of Christianity in the body politic that engenders pure laws, which makes each man's weal the care of all," writes Mrs. Clinton B. Smith, president of the W. C. T. U., District of Columbia. "Naught but the Golden Rule

MRS. AGNES KEMP
One of Pennsylvania's Active Philanthropists

of Christ can bring the Golden Age of Man when it shall be easy to do well and hard to do evil."

Truly a sermon in brief is contained in this testimony:

I believe most firmly in a Supreme Being; that God is in the world "a Person not of ourselves, working for righteousness;" in Christianity as the divinest religion of the world, whose cardinal doctrines are practical love to God and love to man, and in Christ the great teacher who came to "save his people from their sins." MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

In addition to the glowing testimonies themselves many of the sentiments contained in the letters are well worthy of preservation. Mrs. Agnes Kemp, of the Suffrage Association, writes:

The true godly life is the only happy life; only that life which suppresses the lower nature and reaches upward toward the Divine Life can be happy.

Mrs. Emily Melville Cox Kilvert, secretary National Cuban League, writes:

Humanity would be as desolate without the recognition of a Supreme Being as a child would be without the consciousness of the compassion of human fatherhood, and Christ is the revealer of the divine paternity through his own perfect Sonship.

Miss Anna Gordon, the friend of Frances Willard, gives an affirmative reply to all the questions and sends this from Evanston, Ill.:

In Miss Frances E. Willard's living words I believe that "only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age of Man."

An Eloquent Tribute

This letter, from Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, one of the ablest platform orators of our day, breathes the true Easter spirit:

In my place in the universe of God, I am a humble, reverent friend of that religion which brings us in conscious harmony with Nature and in loving and vital relation to the God of Nature and of Revelation, in whom I live, and move, and have my being. Knowing what Christianity does for me and for all people within my observation, who accept it, and its influence on many who claim to repudiate it, and rejoicing in the great fact of human brotherhood, I believe the Gospel of Christ is and must be the friend of mankind. It is the testimony of world-wide travel, observation and history that in proportion as Christianity wins its way, men and women rise physically, mentally and morally; children are blessed, the home is glorified as a sacred shrine, the old are tenderly cared for, and the unfortunate are guarded from harm. Yes, Christianity is the friend of mankind, and there is not now and never has been since history was written or its legends were told, any civilizing force comparable to Christianity. This force is constructive and cohesive among the units of society; and, therefore, nations and commonwealths are born.

In this faith I was born and reared. My father preached it among the hills of New England, and my mother lived it under the burdens and amid the joys of family life. I have taught this faith to my sons and daughters and expect to leave to them the testimony my mother, dying, gave to me.

I believe in Christianity, not only as religion, but as science and philosophy; morever, that it will have to be recognized as the only sound basis of political and social economics, the much-sought remedy for present harmful conditions. Not to recognition merely do I believe in the Supreme Being and the divinity of Christ, but to conscious touch and communion therewith by the inward way.

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

Prof. Katharine Coman, of Wellesley College, writes:

Without belief in God and the religion of Christ, the best and sweetest things of this life would pass away, as well as that hope of the life which is to come, which soothes and sustains in the dark hour of death.

Faith Amid Trials

After testifying concerning her belief, Alice McL. Birney, National President Congress of Mothers, writes:

I am sometimes temporarily depressed by the thought of the mental and physical suffering in the world; my faith in God's infinite love and wisdom is steadfast, and I feel that some time all which now seems inexplicable to us will be made clear.

The wife of the greatest inventor in the world to-day, Thomas Alva Edison, sends a brief note of testimony in which, after declaring her belief, she adds:

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Judging from this standard there can be no refutation of the statement that Christianity has been and is the most potent influence in civilizing humanity. God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost is embraced by my creed. MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON.

The limitations of the space at disposal make it impossible to give more than a brief extract from many of the letters received. Here are a few which together make a notable cluster:

Civilization without Christianity would be a curse instead of a blessing to humanity.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

Without the teachings of the love of God and the brotherhood of man, what hopeless darkness would shut us in!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It is the one thing needful to accomplish the civilization of humanity.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

Were its precepts the practice of mankind to-day the world would be an ideal place.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

Love is always unselfish, and Christianity embodies the highest, purest love.

MRS. ANNIE HUMPHREY GAFFNEY,
President National Council of Women of the United States.

It will transform the whole earth into what its Maker intended it to be—a fit dwelling-place where he can visit his people as he did in the beginning.

MRS. AUGUSTA M. HOVEY,
Wife of President of Newton Centre College

Letters were also received from Ellen A. Richardson, National President George Washington Association; Mrs. B. L. Whitman, Mrs. Mariana Chapman, Susan B. Anthony and many others.

CHRIST GATHERING LILIES

The Beautiful Blossom was the Master's Favorite—The Lovely Judean Lily and the Lesson it Teaches

BY AMELIA E. BARR

"CONSIDER the lilies of the field," said Christ. There were at that day a great many magnificent lilies of culture; lilies holding in their moonlight cups not only the scent but the care and love and even the adoration of centuries; such lilies as made old Nilus famous, and from whose golden heart, the Hindu scriptures say Brahma—one of the oldest sons of God—sprang; flowers at once so holy and so exquisite that a priest of the highest caste entering a room and seeing them there, bowed first to the flowers, even though a king was present.

And without doubt there were many kinds of such lovely lilies in Judea when Christ lived; but it was not to any lily of culture or worship, or inspirer of song, he referred. It was to the lilies of the fields around him. There was a homely tradition in my youth that these were the lilies of the valley, and our hearts would gladly believe that the heavenly scent and moonlight beauty of these exquisite bells were the "lilies of the field" which Christ took for his comforting text. But the lily of the valley only grows in cold or temperate climates, and it was far more likely the white and purple Judean lily, or the magnificent Martagan lily which, in the springtime, covers the hills of Galilee with inconceivable splendor.

But whichever lily it was, it was a wild lily, a flower of the field and the wilderness, and no garden exotic, a flower of little account in men's eyes—in the way, even—for some of the wild lilies of Palestine are hedged about with thorns, and some of them trouble the wheat fields and are angrily plucked up by the roots and left to wither -- all of them wild things of no use, except to clothe Mount Tabor with royal splendor, or make the fields around a blaze of crimson and purple glory. Yet God painted and perfumed their petals and God cared for them.

. . .

Now, in order not to miss the beauty and fitness of Christ's selection of wild lilies in place of the more lovely cultured lilies, we must consider to whom he preached his lily sermon. It was to "the poor," to "the common people," to the men and women who were held, at that day, in very small estimation—whose lives were so hard and bitter that it was easy for them to believe they were forgotten of God, as well as neglected by men—only a multitude of herds and peasants, of hard-working day-laborers and fishermen and despised publicans.

And Christ gathers a wild lily and points out to this lowly crowd its marvelous beauty and coloring. He shows them that God has clothed it in more royal magnificence than Solomon could buy with all the gold of Ophir. He tells them that God loves it and cares for it, and sends his rain and sunshine to perfect its wild, unregarded loveliness; and then looking round on the destitute crowd he asks, "Shall God not much more clothe you, O ye of little fath?" He comforts them with the assurance that their Heavenly Father knows they need food and drink and clothing. Never did the Saviour of men speak more gracious words than from the text of the wild lily; and to the very end of time humanity will love to remember him, standing on the Mount surrounded by wild flowers and preaching to the poor, the hungry, the naked, the sorrowful, that wonderfully comforting sermon from the text of the wild lilies.

. . .

So then, though it is the cared-for and the cultured lilies that mostly fill our grand churches and listen to our most eloquent preachers, Christ loves his wild lilies; and we know not how many of these poor, neglected flowers are really lilies of "the Bride," wild lilies owing nothing to the care of man, nothing to ecclesiastical training, nothing to the culture of education, but growing to perfect beauty in the rains and sunshine of God's loving discipline. They are only flowers of the wilderness; they have a wild, uncultured character; they are surrounded by repelling thorns; they have a hard fight for mere existence; but God put them in the very place where they are growing. He made room for them. He gave them their own beauty and perfume. He bid them lift their heads to heaven, to be filled from cup to root with his love and blessing.

. . .

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." Is there any more beautiful emblem of the Church in the world? She is "a lily among thorns," pure and beautiful, and of the rarest fragrance; preserved by her innocence and holiness, though she is set among thorns. For it is worthy of notice that this emblem of the Church is not a garden lily; it is that species of wild Judean lily set round with thorns, and yet the royal singer of the Song of Songs must have had many kinds of exotic lilies in his palace gardens. He chose the uncultured lily as the emblem of the church, and has not God chosen the poor of this world heirs of his salvation, inheritors of the kingdom of heaven?

There is, however, one exquisite lily symbol in the Bible which refers to a cultured lily; but it is a lily cultured in the garden of the Church, and it brings with it the thought, to which all considerations finally tend—the thought of death. And we must not pass it by, for no emblem, either in revelation or nature, meets the subject of death so beautifully. "My Beloved—that is Christ—is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." How exquisite is this representation of the Christian's departure! the Christ walking in the garden of his Church, and gathering the lilies that are ready to droop—the lilies that are full bloomed—and especially the lily buds, that are lovely in his sight.

. . .

Oh, then, mourning hearts, when your beloved ones lie in the beauty and languor of death, think of them as gathered lilies!—lilies gathered by Christ for eternity; lilies blooming forever in the paradise of God.

. . .

The Master is seeking lilies to-day,
  And he bends his steps to the lotus stream;
Golden-hearted, and pale, they lay,
  Full of wonderful peace like a holy dream.
    Calm-browed women, over whom the Dove
    Broodeth in still perpetual love,
    Watching and waiting with patient eyes;
    And he gathered them first for Paradise.

Then he paused where the sunshine was warm and bright,
  And the glorious lilies of Judah's land
In the heaven's own purple, the saints' own white,
  Bent lowly and lovingly down to his hand.
    Royal natures, unselfish and pure,
    Strong to contend and strong to endure,
    "The Master doth need you," that will suffice,
    Whether on earth, or in Paradise.

Stoopeth he now 'mong the long dewy grass,
  And sweet little lily-bells folds to his breast;
Ah, how he loves them! yet with grudging alas!
  We give to the Master the flowers he loves best.
    Frail wee blossoms not fit for the strife,
    The sorrow and pains of mortal life;
    Yet somewhere, we know, beyond the skies
    The lily-bells bloom in Paradise.

We see, but we see through our tears and sighs;
  The parable sweet is but dimly read,
Else to the heavens we should lift our eyes,
  Never bemoaning our loved as dead.
    The fairest blossom in all our home
    Suddenly fades from our loving eyes;
    Dead? No, for the Lord hath only come
    For lilies to plant in Paradise.

Amelia E. Barr

. . . EASTER-TIDE AND THE HOME . . .

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Bermuda Lily Farm

NO one who has seen lilies only as we have them in our Northern gardens, a few clumps lifting green sheathing leaves and graceful cups of bloom, or a bed or two diffusing sweetness and shining in purity, can comprehend the glory of a tropical lily farm. No flower in the whole kingdom of nature lends itself to beauty when massed in a multitudinous array, as does the lily. Splendid in coloring, whether white, pink, scarlet, or mottled, sweet in lavish fragrance, stately in shape, of satin texture, and in every way satisfying to the most critical eye, a great lily field, stretching far across the level land, is a sight to remember. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these, and reverently we recall the Master's words, "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin," and we carry to the Father our burdens in entire confidence, for he knows what his children want before they ask, and his promise stands forever, "My God shall supply all you need."

There are immense tracts of ground in California devoted to lily culture for the market, and Bermuda, too, is renowned for this industry. Our beautiful pictures give the reader an idea of what goes on in Bermuda, when the lilies are in bloom, and the gardeners are cutting and packing them by thousands to send to colder climates for the Easter decorations of homes and churches. The florists' shops will blaze with these flowers, so carefully forwarded, and some of them will go to God's house on Easter Sunday, and others will exhale their final sweetness on the graves of the beloved dead, who sleep in Jesus to rise again, because he is the resurrection and the life.

In Spring Garb

When, as this season, Easter Sunday arrives tardily, in mid-April, it is safe to put away the wintry garb and don a new bonnet and gown. The young or old woman who discards warm woolen underclothing too early in our capricious climate may regret her folly, but when the trees are leafing out, the grass greening in the meadows, the brooks dancing, the hyacinths and jonquils blooming, and the whole world in brave attire, we need not be afraid of a new ribbon, or a fresh pair of gloves, or a toilette which is in harmony with the spring-tide brightness.

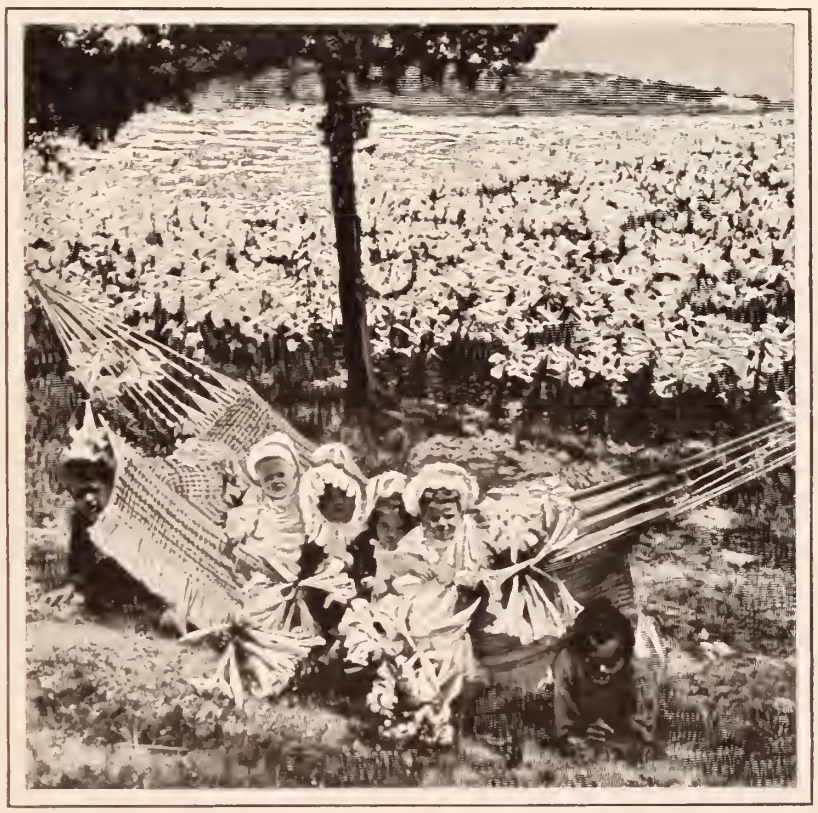
Young people need not be spurred up about this matter. They are quite alive to the propriety of new clothes when they can get them. Yet the young are in their own persons so attractive that they are, in a measure, independent of the aid derived from dress. Elderly ladies should be willing to take pains with their wardrobes and should never be reluctant to take a little trouble to have their gowns freshened up and their bonnets becomingly made. If mother or daughter is to be first considered in a purchase, let the daughter wait. Mothers should always come first, even in Easter finery, though some of the young people have not yet found this out.

Easter Flowers for the Blind

Although the blind cannot see the bright blossoms, their senses of touch and smell are so exquisite that they enjoy them as well as if they could see. Their fingers linger on the petals, and they love the rare perfume. Besides, the blind have an added sense of keen enjoyment when flowers are around them. I have seen a blind gentlewoman working in her garden and taking as much comfort in it and its growth as if she could see. Blind persons often say they see, and they do, with mental vision, though not with bodily eyes.

Gardens for Children

Children find it great fun to plant seeds and watch them come up. Almost every kindergarten has a garden plot where small folk experiment with nature. Beautiful spiritual truths may be impressed upon the child-mind by the teacher who helps the amateur gardener. Patience, faith, hope, charity, the presence of God in nature, the resurrection, all find illustration in the tiny seed that hid away in the earth, bursts forth a green shoot to unfold little by little into leaf and blossom.



THE CHILDREN AND THE LILIES

THEY are very like the lilies, the children
fresh and sweet,
Not yet by sorrow shadowed, not stained
by evil ways;
The path is smooth and easy for their little
tripping feet,
And only mirth and gladness time the
measure of their days.

The birds that sing their matins are less care-
free than these,
Who swing so lightly back and forth, and
revel in the flowers;
Their rippling laughter echoes on the softly
perfumed breeze,
And, white or black, they have but joy in
childhood's sunny hours.

The children and the lilies; perchance the
great white throne,
Where many bands of children in lilied
grace are met,
Sends down to each pure little one a bless-
ing of its own,
And Christ himself will not these lambs of
his green fields forget.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—MRS. J. J. J. Your views are eminently sensible. Thanks for your letter.

—CHRISTIAN HERALD READER. Most growing children have too much homework to do, and parents should express their opinion to school superintendents and boards of education, as the teachers are powerless in the matter.

—STELLA ROSE. Any one who chooses may secure a good education at home by judicious reading. Consult your pastor about books. Physical culture is a matter of personal endeavor. Exercise daily and inhale and exhale deep breaths.

—MAUDE. "Arkansaw" is the right pronunciation. The talks in "Under the Evening Lamp" will not appear in book form.

—J.O.C. The dumb animals shall not be neglected. I shall soon say a strong word for them again. I think vivisection brutal.

—ELSIE DANA. Your little girl should wear simply made frocks for the next three years. Girls of six and seven years should not wear shirt waists.

—A SERVANT OF GOD. The work of a trained nurse is very hard, and requires more than ordinary health and strength. I fear yours is not equal to the strain. You may apply to any Hospital Training School in a great city, and blanks with full particulars will be forwarded you. Nurses receive board and lodging and a small monthly payment while they are in training.

EASTER BEATITUDES

"THERE used to be a great deal of pleasure here," said Helen Laidlaw looking sadly about the pretty manse parlor, but since grandma died, and little Ethel followed her, life has been desolate. We have three graves out there in the churchyard: mother's, she died when I was seven years old; my own little darling's, and the dear old grandmamma's; and now my husband and I are alone, and this is a very mournful house. Hear him tramping up and down the study. He is writing an Easter sermon, but his heart is aching for his mother and his only child."

"A man cannot write an Easter sermon unless in his soul is an Easter song," said Aunt Charity. "My dear Helen, what are you doing to cheer your good man?"

"I? Nothing, Aunt Charity. The spring of my life is broken; I have no pleasure nor profit nor even interest in any task or toil. My one desire is to keep the lowly graves beautified, and at Easter I shall cover them with lilies and roses. Would that Hugh and I were in heaven!"

"When the Lord wants you in heaven, Helen, he will send for you. Until then, dear child, you and Hugh must abide in your lot below. Try to get hold for yourself of the Easter beatitudes, and then you will be a true helpmeet for the minister."

"What are they?"

"Well, one is, 'They that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him,' and another, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' The dear aged saint had spent many years in service here, and was ready for her crown; your own precious mother went fearlessly through the river, knowing that she was safe in the arms of Jesus; your child is angel-guarded and growing up in sinless beauty, in the Master's presence. No temptation nor trouble can ever touch her; no loss of fortune or of faith come to her happy heart. She is at home, waiting for you, and I cannot think she would like to see you distressed and grieving, when she is with Jesus."

"Dear Aunt Charity, I will pray," said Helen Laidlaw, "for the faith to comprehend the Easter blessedness. And now I will put on a smiling face, and strive to uplift and comfort Hugh."

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me."

Easter Flowers for the Sick

If you know a dear "shut-in" who cannot go to church at Easter to hear the triumphant music, and join in the gladness of the most beautiful of the year's Christian festivals, send her a bunch of daffodils, or of carnations, or, if you prefer, let your offering to her be of violets or lilies of the valley. The flowers will tell her of your love, but they will do far more than that; they will carry straight to her heart in her darkened chamber, the message of the Saviour's love.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
And not a flower at all."

But this was not God's way. God filled our earth with bloom, as well as with things of use

PACKING LILIES FOR THE NORTHERN MARKETS

A Story of To-day

"The Lord's Bank"

In Two Instalments

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

CHAPTER I.

"NO; I'm not in!"

"Yes, sir."

"And, John."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not in any more to beggars. Size them all up carefully and send them off. There's been a regular procession running up here for two weeks, and there has to be a stop put to it. I have to keep some of my money to run my business with or go into bankruptcy."

The head clerk bowed himself out obsequiously.

Henry Somerville turned with an impatient air to his desk, picked up the telephone receiver, and, calling up his wife, made arrangements for an early dinner and an evening at the opera. Having accomplished this his brow cleared somewhat, and, after briefly dictating half a dozen letters to his stenographer, he swung easily around in his wide leather chair and gazed contemplatively out at the scurrying snowflakes that now filled the air.

"HE TOOK THE SLENDER, SHIVERING FIGURE IN HIS STRONG ARMS"

He had done well, he reflected. All his life it had been give, give, give, always give, and who had ever given him anything? No one. Had he not made himself! Was he not successful and prosperous, a vestryman of St. Michael's, a well-known patron of the church's charities, of foreign missions, of various philanthropic enterprises, and did not all these things stand to his credit among the brethren? not that he admitted this last into his thoughts in so many words. It merely diffused itself pleasantly among his reflections like an aroma.

And then, proceeded his train of thought, in addition to all these, as if they were not quite enough, he had foolishly given to individual cases, hundreds no doubt, and probably most of them undeserving. It was easier to give than to investigate, and so he had given. Here, by some curious arithmetical process, the meagre sums he had gingerly and grudgingly parted with on those occasions suddenly multiplied in his mind's eye until they made an alarming total. How well that amount would look on a subscription list!

Somehow, as the white veil outside thickened, the warmth and comfort of his luxurious suite of offices sank into his senses with gentle persuasive power, and he rapidly formulated a system of philanthropy in which individual responsibility had no part, until a sudden flood of electric light and the stenographer by his side with the completed correspondence recalled him to his surroundings. He signed the letters and left the office an hour earlier than usual. On his way to the L, a poverty-stricken but decent looking man stepped up to him hesitatingly and said: "Sir, will you be so kind as to give me my carfare uptown?" And, such is the strange constitution of human nature, Henry Somerville had not for many days felt such a glow of invincible righteousness as he did in passing the humble suppliant without so much as a glance.

The dinner was all that an excellent dinner should be, and Henry Somerville had quite forgotten the evolution of his afternoon's theory when a chance remark by his wife recalled it to him and he forthwith elaborated it in full to her.

"You see, my dear," he concluded, "this whole thing of indiscriminate giving is wrong. Now that I have considered it fully I see that it is really criminal. Think of the annoyance to a business man of having a dozen appeals a day made to him right in the very rush of his business; think of the interruption, the delay, the irritation. Investigation under such circumstances is impossible. Amazed at being interrupted and anxious to get to work again as soon as possible, the man gives, and nine times out of ten undoubtedly gives to a professional beggar who, if a man, tells you he has a sick wife, and if a woman, says she has six hungry children at home. Now, even if these stories are true—and they're not more than half of the time—what business is it of mine!"

"Oh, Henry!" ejaculated his wife, "how can you speak so? You know we have responsibility in these matters."

"Now, don't misunderstand me, Helen. I have come to the conclusion that society as a whole is responsible for these things, and that I, as an individual, have discharged my responsibility when I have given to properly organized charities and missions all that I feel I can spare. In future I'm going to live up to this and get rid of this petty personal annoyance of first this beggar and then that whining for a quarter, for carfare, for a penny. I shall simply dismiss the brood in a bunch and let them be ground out by the regularly organized machinery."

"Henry," said his wife seriously, "you forget that many of the most deserving cases would be ground to powder in that official machinery. Before the routine of red tape could seal, sign and deliver their guaranty of deserving poverty they would be crushed between the upper and nether millstone. And then, think of the joy of giving! Think of the pleasure of welding more firmly another link in the common brotherhood of man! As for investigations, turn all the cases for which you have not time over to me, Henry, and I will investigate them."

"And spend all your time in the slums! No indeed."

"And, then, Henry, as to the amount. Are you sure you have given as much to these individual cases as you think?"

"I am very sure I have given more than they deserve. You are delightfully altruistic, my dear, but I shall live up to my resolution. Put on your bonnet; the carriage is due in five minutes and I want to be unfashionably early."

For weeks after that Henry Somerville went his way encased in a moral masonry that seemed impregnable. He talked about it some to his associates, and the more he talked the better it seemed. He developed eloquence in the matter and handled phrases like "the solidarity of human society," "the parasitic tendencies of modern life," and "the altruistic responsibility of the community" with astonishing fluency. Some of the less informed said that Somerville had become a Sociologist with communistic tendencies. Others, a grade below these in intelligence, said that he had evolved a system of philanthropy that would be possible only a century hence.

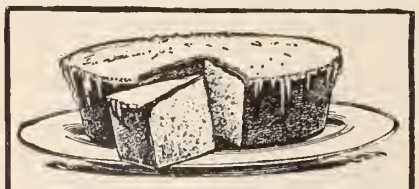
His wife said nothing.

Thus matters went on for several weeks; then one fine morning, immediately on his arrival at his office, a messenger blew in out of storm and hail and wind and handed him a telegram. He had made $3,000 on an investment in the west, which had long hung in the balance, and the check was now on the way. In an irrational moment he gave the boy a half dollar, and then the youth, shaking the rain out of his cap, said: "There's a man out there says he's got a message for you."

"All right, show him in, my boy." The messenger winked as he went out and jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"I guess he's struck something rich.

(Continued on next page)



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"The Lord's Bank"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

If you work him right now, you'll get something sure."

Henry Somerville's thoughts were busy with that $3,000 and he knew nothing until a weak and tremulous voice, the voice of poverty, said:

"Sir, I have never begged before, but I have tried in vain to find work, and now, for the sake of my family, I ask you to——"

Henry Somerville whirled in his chair. If he could only catch that messenger! But the lingo of his undigested philosophy came pat to his tongue. He was face to face with the proletariat, and the proletariat should understand that he was encountering society, in fact, the commonwealth.

"My good man," he began, in suave tones, the tones of a man whose bank account is growing, "my good man, I have already given to you and your family—given liberally."

The man stared blankly.

"You probably do not understand, but if you will apply at the proper headquarters you will be convinced of the truth of my statement. Call at this address," scribbling on a card, "and satisfy yourself in regard to the matter. John, show this man out and, who's this? Randolph Dinsmore! Show him in at once."

The mystified proletarian looked helplessly at the card and, stammering unintelligent thanks, was ushered out of one door as the prosperous promoter, Randolph Dinsmore, was ushered in at another. At least he was supposed to be prosperous. The company of which he was the general manager was capitalized at $1,000,000 and had an imposing list of ex-governors, ex-senators and ex-officials of various ranks on its board of directors. He was a smooth talker, and when he left Henry Somerville's office half an hour later he carried with him a check for $1,500 worth of stock in his company. He went directly to the bank.

It was not yet eleven o'clock. Feeling that he had already done a good day's business, Somerville sent for his stenographer and applied himself diligently to business for the next two hours and then bethought him to telephone a friend to accompany him to lunch that he might incidentally mention his good fortune.

As he lifted the telephone receiver the vociferous shouting of newsboys in the street penetrated his consciousness and he caught their shrill and blatant cry: "All about the failure of the Pan-American and Filipino Developing Company! Extraw! Extraw! All about the yawp! yawp! yawp! Extraw!"

He fell back in his chair.

John, the discreet, appeared.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, no, that is—John, get me a paper."

"Yes, sir."

The paper promptly appeared from behind, and its wet and glaring headlines flaunted their tale to him.

"Shall I say you are out at lunch, sir?"

"Yes."

It was the ordinary story of a swindle, nipped indeed, though scarcely in the bud, since the general manager had disappeared with cash known to aggregate $120,000 and perhaps more. At noon the mail of the concern had been seized by the post-office authorities, and the bank directors had ordered their account to be withdrawn—too late, however. The last check cashed had been one drawn to the personal order of Randolph Dinsmore by Henry Somerville for $1,500.

It was very late that night when Henry Somerville and his wife sat alone in their own apartments. He knew more than he had that morning. He knew that he, the astute man of business, had been cleverly fooled by an impostor, and that the unfortunate man whom he had sent to the mission had there met his wife, who had discovered the truth of his story and relieved his pressing need.

Silence had fallen between them after their mutual confidences, and then, turning to his wife, he said: "Helen, I have learned a lesson to-day and I see something that I never saw before. The Lord has prospered me and I have an account to render unto him. It has come to me like an inspiration that I am only the trustee of certain funds that belong to God and which he desires to be used for the relief of the poor and suffering. I see clearly the way to handle this fund in the best and most effective manner. Set it aside at once, make it a separate and sacred fund not to be touched for any other purpose, but only to be disbursed as occasion requires. We give this jointly to the Lord for his bank, and we are a committee of two, charged with the responsibility of distributing it. What do you think of it?"

His wife had slipped down by him on a hassock and her eyes were luminous in the firelight as she said softly: "Oh, Henry, the $1,500 is well lost if it has brought you to think of this. It is my ideal."

"And mine now. By giving it as a sum it is all given at once, and no matter how many applicants appeal, they are only getting their share. In fact, the more come the better, for we must do all we can with it. For the coming year we will set aside $1,000. If any of our depositors apply to-morrow payments will begin at once."

Henry Somerville met his first depositors in an unexpected manner. At midnight the next night he was hastily summoned to what was supposed to be the death-bed of a relative. In the early hours of the dawn the aged uncle was pronounced out of danger, and he was returning home chilled and dispirited from loss of sleep. The gray morning was raw and foggy. As he turned the heavy collar of his coat up he saw appear in the mist before him, like wraiths, two illy-clad children, a boy and a girl.

"Can you walk any faster, Sis?" asked the boy. "If you can, we won't be so cold."

"Yes, I can walk faster," said the child. She stepped out bravely; little patches of her bare, red legs showed through the holes in her stockings.

Somerville walked unnoticed close behind them.

"Do doctors come to sick people that haven't any money?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Of course they do—that is, if they don't, I'll make them come," replied the boy, with superb courage.

The heart of the man behind them yearned with a sudden stress of emotion. His own children were deep in rosy dreams in their warm, sheltered nests—and these! He came up to them in two steps.

"Who is sick, my little man?"

"Mamma, sir. Do you know where we can find a doctor? We've rung a lot of doctors' bells, but they're all asleep."

"I know a good doctor who goes to everybody and ——"

"But we haven't any money," broke in the girl.

"My, this doctor only goes to people who have no money. Where did you say she lived?"

The boy gave an address in the heart of a squalid district, and Somerville hailed a passing messenger and sent him to his own physician post-haste, with an imperative summons. Then, rousing a drowsy cabman from his somnolent state, he said to the boy: "Jump in," and taking the slender, shivering figure of the girl in his strong arms he drew her deep within the shelter of his great coat and pressed the icy little fingers in his own.

"Oh, gee, Bobby!" she shouted, as the cab rattled off, "I'm getting warm! Are you?"

(To be Concluded next week)

Missionaries at the Canaries

Mr. T. M. Macknight, the well-known missionary, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Tafira, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, announcing that he has opened a Rest Home for invalid missionaries at Tafira, where those workers who have become enervated through exposure to the trying African climate may come for recuperation. Each missionary will be entertained free for two weeks and a longer stay may be arranged at a nominal cost. The Rest Home has an elevation of 1,000 feet above sea level, amidst vineyards, figs, and many beautiful walks. The temperature averages in the winter 60° Fahr. and in summer 71.7°, and the rain fall is only 10 to 15 inches. Such a place has been needed and had it been established earlier many valuable lives might have been saved for the Lord's work in Africa.

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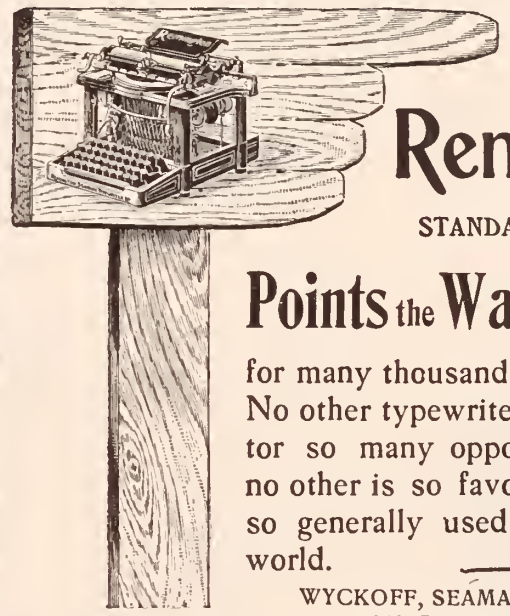

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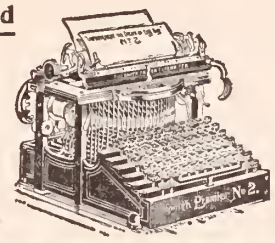

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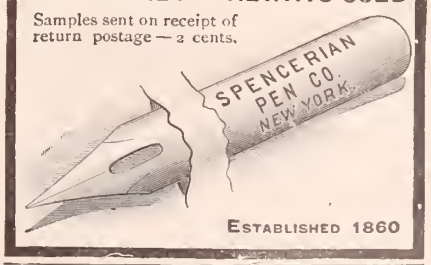

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The Island Prison of Captured Heroes

ST. HELENA, THE PRISON OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT, TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE BOER GENERAL CRONJE AND HIS OFFICERS

LONGWOOD, WHERE NAPOLEON LIVED AND DIED

REPORTS are in circulation, though not as yet authoritatively confirmed, that Gen. Cronje and his officers who surrendered to Gen. Roberts at Paardeburg, on Feb. 27, will be sent to St. Helena for safe keeping. They are at present confined on board a man-of-war at Cape-

GEN. PIET CRONJE

town; but it is feared that men accustomed to much exercise in the open air will not long maitain their health on shipboard. Gen. Cronje wrote to Lord Roberts to thank him for the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated and there is no doubt that the Boer leader is in comparative comfort, but he would be happier and more healthy on land. In view of that fact the deportation to St. Helena would probably be the wisest and most magnanimous procedure. At the close of the war he will doubtless be liberated, but present indications point to a severe and protracted struggle which may continue for several months, before that most desirable issue is obtained. Until then, the British authorities, knowing well his implacable hostility to them, and his prestige as a military leader, will take care that he does not escape. At St. Helena he would be safe while enjoying wide liberty and opportunities for open air exercise.

The Island of St. Helena is the craggy summit of an ancient volcano. It is four thousand miles from the English coast, more than eleven hundred miles from Africa, and eighteen hundred from South America. Its extreme length is ten and a quarter miles and its width at the widest part eight and a quarter. It has an area of about forty-seven square miles, and its chief plateau is about twenty-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. When the voyager to India had to go around the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena was a frequent place of call, as it has an excellent harbor at Jamestown, but since the Suez Canal was cut, its importance has declined. The population is about six thousand souls. On the central plateau the vegetation is flourishing.

The fame of the island comes from its having been the scene of the imprisonment and death of Napoleon I. After the battle of Waterloo he returned to Paris, but the fickle French people, who had adored him in his prosperity, turned against him, after their nature, in his adversity and demanded his abdication. After spending three weeks in retirement endeavoring to arrange for a continued residence in France, and failing that for an escape to this country, Napoleon found himself cut off from every alternative but surrender to his English foes. He therefore gave himself up to Capt. Maitland, of the British ship *Bellerophon*. The government decided to send him to St. Helena. It was on Oct. 16, 1815, that he landed on the island. Thirty friends, selected by himself, accompanied him to share his exile. Among them were two physicians, whose services were needed owing to the critical condition of his health. A roomy substantial farm house, named Longwood, was placed at his disposal. Within a circuit of several miles he could roam at will, but if he wished to approach the coast, he must be accompanied by an English officer. As Napoleon himself said, no governor that could have been appointed would have satisfied him, but to Sir Hudson Lowe, who was made governor of St. Helena, he took an implacable dislike from the outset. He quarreled with him continually and Sir Hudson Lowe seemed destitute of the chivalrous tact which would have made their relations endurable. For nearly six

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

years Napoleon lived there, spending his time among his books, writing his memoirs and wandering about the island. His health, however, gradually declined. His disease was cancer of the stomach and recovery was impossible. He died May 5, 1821, in his fifty-second year.

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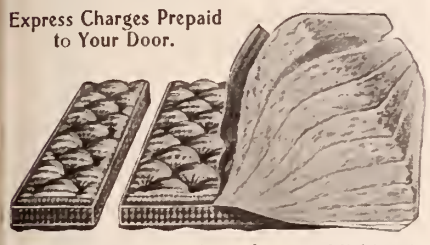

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Malachi 3: 10

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Then I'll pour you out a blessing,
Till ye have no room for more.

Prove me now, ye doubting children,
Let your faith attest my word;
Fill your measure of the contract,
Leave the balance to your Lord.

Stand no longer idly waiting,
Prayer unproved hath little power;
Vain your urging, without effort,
To advance the promised hour.

Bring your offerings to the altar,
Tithes of money, work and prayer;
Yea, with earnest consecration,
Give yourselves to service there.

Then will I, the Lord Jehovah,
Surely make my promise good;
Open wide the heavenly windows,
Pour you out a gracious flood.

Morristown, N. J. —E. F. R. C.

Puerto Rican Relief Work

MUCH good work has been accomplished in Puerto Rico through the relief work inaugurated immediately after the great hurricane and maintained ever since by the contributions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and other generous friends. Mr. Warner Van Norden, treasurer of the American Relief Committee, writes to the proprietor of this journal, giving an interesting review of the work as a whole. He says:

"Our most active shipments were made in September and October, when the largest amount of distress existed in the Island of Puerto Rico. There was a persistent and urgent demand also for medicines, and medical appliances, which we aimed to meet promptly. Early in September we sent 352,000 pounds of rice and 360,000 pounds of beans, they being the cheapest class of nourishing food. Along with these we sent a vast quantity of light foods suitable for the sick, and those who had suffered a long time from starvation, including thousands of tins and boxes of tea, and large quantities of malted milk, lime juice, condensed milk, 1,000 large bottles of beef extract, and a quantity of miscellaneous food, most of which was suited more particularly for the sick or convalescent. The most continued demand, however, was for medicines and appliances for the relief of the sick, of whom there were vast numbers cared for by our administration, being the unfortunates who were suffering from the hurricane and its effects, or reduced in vitality by the want of nourishing food.

We sent repeated shipments, and in many cases large quantities of quinine, opiates, salol, sulphonal, surgical needles, bandages, catheters, antiseptics, ergot, camphor, considerable materials for hospital use, rubber bags, soap, salicylate of soda, absorbent cotton, trusses, eye glasses, bi-carbonate of soda and an infinite assortment of pills, cups, tin basins, sprinklers, bottles, splints, and various articles used in surgery. In addition to all these things, hundreds of dozens of towels, and quantities of unbleached muslin and cloth were also shipped. The bulk of these shipments were made between the end of August and the 1st of December. The cost of the goods sent at this time was nearly $50,000. We have, however, continued to forward goods as required week by week, our last gift being $500 in money, to be used for necessaries which can be purchased on the island to better advantage than we can ship them, and an acknowledgment of which I have just received by mail from General Davis.

"I venture to add that the large gift made by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, representing the numberless contributions of its friends and readers, came just in the right time, and enabled us to forward articles of absolute necessity for the relief of the suffering islanders. The committee feels that it is indebted to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the Bishop of Puerto Rico as its most earnest and generous contributors, both having accomplished a work which no one else seemed able to do."

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A Crisis with Bud.
The Church of the Best Licks.
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Face to Face.
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A Little Girl's Bible

How it Saved a Criminal—Christian Work in Japanese Prisons

MENTION has been frequently made in these columns of the work done by Rev. Mr. Hara, the "Howard of Japan," among prisoners and ex-convicts in that country; and particularly of his labors in the Hokkaido prison, where 7,000 convicts were confined. For some time, Mr. Hara has been prosecuting his

MR. MAKI WITH HIS TESTAMENT

benevolent labors with marked success in Tokio, where his work has so recommended itself by its results that it has won for its sympathetic friends a number of prominent Japanese gentlemen, among whom are Hon. Mr. Hijikata, lately Minister of the Interior, several members of the Diet, the present Minister of Justice, and others of equal standing.

During the past two years Mr. Hara has lent assistance to 365 ex-convicts; of these, sixty-two are still living with him, and in training for some occupation that will make them an honest livelihood; the others are in comfortable homes, earning a support for themselves and those dependent on them. The following history of two ex-convicts helped by Mr. Hara are striking illustrations of the need and value of his work. One of these men, Mr. Maki, is an inmate of Mr. Hara's home. He plies his trade as a mason, while assisting Mr. Hara in missionary work. The other, Mr. Kobayashi, lives in another part of Tokio, follows the trade of a carpenter and supports his aged mother. He, too, is one of Mr. Hara's helpers. The two men are friends; they have been companions in crime and misfortune and now they are co-laborers for Christ and their fellow-man. It will be observed in our picture that Mr. Maki holds a book in his hand; it is a Bible which he values inexpressibly. The translation of the inscription on the fly-leaf reads: "Jesus is man's true savior. Whoever believes on Jesus is saved from sin." The story of Mr. Maki, his friend and his Bible are thus told by Mr. Hara:

"When I was Christian chaplain in Kushiro penitentiary some years ago, there were brought from Tokio to the Hokkaido two noted criminals. I observed that one kept in his sleeve a New Testament, which he occasionally read. After I had won his confidence he told me how he came by it. He said: 'I am a great robber and I deserve my punishment, but God has not forsaken. My mate and I, after long planning, broke into the Bible school at Yokohama, frightened and silenced the gate-keepers, and among other rooms entered the girls' dormitory, which we proceeded to despoil of any valuables we could find before the intimidated inmates could give the alarm. One little girl knelt down by her cat and prayed. My mate said: "She is praying because she is afraid." But no! she was praying for us. As we were stealing along a dark hall out of the building we heard the patter of feet behind, and we began to be frightened, thinking we were pursued, when we heard a gentle voice say: "Oh, sirs, please take this little book and read it." It was the little girl who had prayed. I was enraged; flung it back in her face and threatened to kill her if she didn't keep quiet. We hid among the graves of Yokohama cemetery, but when I went home that evening I was arrested, and next morning brought into court. We were examined; sentence was pronounced. Then the Judge held up a little book before me and said: "Do you know this? It is the book the little girl wanted to give you after you had stolen all her other treasures."

"'This time I kept it; and I am trying to read it. See, she wrote these words in it; and here also is my name, and under it, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I read some of the little book to my mate. He was very downcast, and it comforted him, too.' These two men gladly received my instructions. They remained in the Kushiro penitentiary until, with many others, they were released by Imperial decree at the time of the Empress-Dowager's death a few years ago. They came at once to Tokio, and united with the church."

HAPPY FAMILY,

When They Got Rid of the Coffee Habit.

A little woman out in Oswego, Ills., tells about her husband having determined to see if he could not make her quit coffee drinking, which he believed to be the cause of her constant neuralgia and general nervousness, brought home several packages of Postum Food Coffee, which he had discovered, by trying elsewhere, to be good.

She says: "What in the world he brought home five packages for I could not understand; nevertheless I quit coffee and started in on Postum Food Coffee. I did not have much faith in the change doing me any good, but was astonished to discover that my neuralgia left me almost at once, and the nervous troubles kept getting less and less.

"Little daughter at that time had been ill and could eat little or nothing. She was pale and thin. As soon as I discovered how Postum treated me, I began to give it to her. She liked it very much, and would drink it when she would take nothing else. She began to pick up rapidly and got plump and round and rosy.

"I don't care what sort of food there is in Postum so long as it treats me as it has. It is plain enough the food contained in Postum Coffee is good, and that's all we want to know. I am rid of neuralgia and nervousness, and am a healthy woman. Husband has also been improved, and daughter is well and happy, as I stated above." With best wishes, Mrs. Nellie Treman.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

Reader, do you know what real cocoa is? To economical housewives, and wide-awake people generally, the *best* cocoa and that of Van Houten are synonymous terms. The cocoa manufactured by that well-known firm is a preparation from the very best cocoa-beans, and contains all the valuable nutritive and stimulating properties natural to cocoa. The cocoa-bean contains an alkaloid called "Theobromine," which is the principle of the *"cup that cheers, but does not inebriate."*

The great point of difference between the stimulating properties of alcohol, and that of theobromine is, that the use of the former causes a subsequent depression, which is proportioned to the amount of stimulation it has previously brought about; the use of the latter (theobromine) is unattended by such unpleasant after-effects. Of course, only a first-class cocoa, such as Van Houten's, will work in the aforesaid manner. *That* cocoa has been described as "A triumph of science!" It is absolutely pure, entirely soluble, and easy of assimilation and digestion by the weakest stomach. It costs but a trifle, being less than one cent per cup; and it is the simplest drink to make ready, of the whole catalogue of possible beverages. It smells so good, and tastes so delicious, that when you try it you will certainly exclaim: "Ah! indeed, it *is* a triumph of science!"

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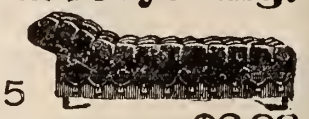

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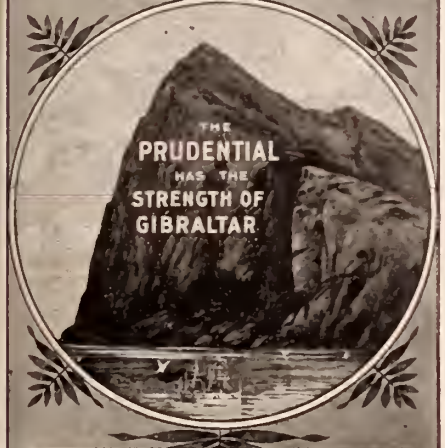

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Write for our book of "points."

A Novel Church Thermometer

REV. J. CLAYTON YOUKER, of Oak Park, Ill., has devised a novel and very successful method of raising sufficient money to pay for erecting a church edifice. The lot is a large one, at Washington boulevard and Euclid avenue. A chapel has just been dedicated, where the congregation meets for service while the larger church is being completed. Mr. Youker placed beside his pulpit a huge thermometer eight feet in height. After the dedication service, he explained that the enthusiasm of the meeting was expected to wax so warm that the mercury in the thermometer might rise to the $12,000 mark at the top of the scale. For each $100 contributed the mercury would rise one degree. Before the morning service was over the thermometer registered 52 degrees, equal to $5,200. In the afternoon snow began to fall as the service opened. In spite of this the fluid in the thermometer rose steadily, and at night stood at 100 degrees, equal to $10,000.

REV. J. CLAYTON YOUKER

Dr. Youker's new church will be known as the Euclid Avenue M. E. Church, of Oak Park, Ill. The congregation first held services in a deserted railway station, then in the parlor of a member's residence. This novel method of raising funds will doubtless be widely imitated.

Little Tots Helping Starving India

MARNE, IA., March 23, 1900.

Dear Christian Herald:—Mamma said I could write to ask if you had any of those *mite boxes* for India like you had in 1897. If so, would you send me three and I will take one to each of the Sunday schools in town? Mamma said she would explain it to them for me. Please let me know as soon as you can. Good-bye. From your little friend.

MAY DERBY,
(Six years old).

MAY AND ESTHER DERBY

Yes, little May; we have Mite Boxes in plenty and are sending you and Esther a package by this mail. We will be glad to supply Mite Boxes free to all the little folks in this broad land who wish to help save a life in India. It is the Lord's work and it is a grand and uplifting example to see the young children engage in it with such zeal. A blessing will surely rest upon those dear young workers.

The Red Letter Testament.

MCGREGOR, TEX., Mar. 24, 1900.

Dear Sir:—Many thanks. I think it the neatest book of the age. One can read it with a better understanding of what Jesus said, and that is the main feature we are after in the New Testament. I like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD better than any other paper. M. CAVET.

Christ's Words in Far Japan

UWAJIMA, JAPAN, Feb. 26, 1900.

Dear Editor:—The Red Letter New Testament has been received, and I am very much pleased with it. So are all my Japanese friends to whom I have shown it. It is just a good size for a traveling missionary and the print is excellent. It is unique and more satisfactory in every way than I expected it would be. W. P. TURNER.

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THE MUSICAL MARVEL OF THE AGE.

You can play it. Not the slightest knowledge of music required. Hum into the mouthpiece—Zobo does the rest. It is a money-making and music-supplying feature for churches and all other entertainments.

CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND, PATERSON, N. J.

The above photograph represents the Church Choir Zobo Band of Paterson, N.J., which was organized by the church choir and organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for church purposes. It was a great success. Hundreds of church choirs have Zobo bands and find them of great value. **Zobo Concerts always draw large audiences.**

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT ZOBO:

Chas. W. Diehl, 107 West 127th Street, New York City, Music Director of S. S. Class of Harlem Presbyterian Church, says:

"I have used the Zobo Instruments in my Sunday School Class for the past year with big success."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. D., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo cornet, and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo brass instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a 14-piece Zobo band and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo concert and would say it was a big success."

Mac Blance Winfield, instructor of music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo band instruments. I could not and would not do without them, either in my orchestra or in my clubs, as they give much beauty and volume to the orchestral parts." (This orchestra plays only high-class music.)

Also refer you to Rev. A. G. Stewart, of Raymond, S. D.; Rev. C. McKibbin, of East Grand Forks, Minn.; Rev. W. H. Sampson, of St. John, West New Brunswick, Canada; Rev. A. S. Willoughby, of Moorland, Ia.

Had we space we could quote thousands of such letters from pastors and prominent citizens who have Zobo instruments. With a full Zobo band ***A GRAND PIPE ORGAN EFFECT*** can be obtained. To Churches that have no pipe organ Zobo supplies the want at a small cost. Churches without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir band. It is a money-making and music-supplying feature. To you personally a Zobo cornet affords unlimited pleasure in your home, as you can play it with forcible effect without the aid of other Zobo instruments which usually constitute a complete Zobo band. The Zobo cornet is also an excellent accompaniment to a piano, organ, or any string instrument. We especially call the attention of vocalists to Zobo instruments, as they open up new possibilities for the improvement and high cultivation of the voice.

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The illustration shows a refrigerator built to order for Hon. Ben. T. Cable, Rock Island, Ill. It is tile lined; one department is arranged for meats, one for bottle goods, and the other departments are for butter, milk, fruits, vegetables, etc. It has an ice door in the rear to be iced from outside of house.

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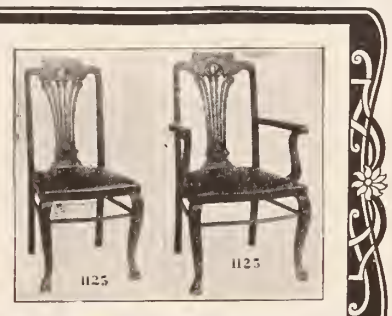

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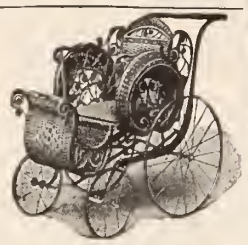

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How Moody Met Sankey

The Beginning of a Spiritual Partnership that Lasted a Life-Time

THE International Convention of the Y. M. C. A., in 1871, was held in Indianapolis, Ind., writes E. G. Cleveland in *Our Day*. Mr. Moody had already gained some reputation from his Y. M. C. A. work in Chicago, and his success in missions. Ira D. Sankey had also been heard from outside of his home at Newcastle, Pa., for his ability to win souls by singing. Both had been at the convention one or two days before they met, and then only under rather novel circumstances. It was announced that "Mr. Moody, from Chicago," would conduct a prayer-meeting on a certain morning, at 6 o'clock, in a little room some distance from the Academy of Music, where the regular exercises were being held.

The service was half way through when Mr. Sankey arrived. He had scarcely been seated, when somebody touched him on the elbow, and turning around, he discovered that he was sitting beside the Rev. Robert McMillen, whom he happened to know quite well. McMillen asked Sankey to take charge of the singing at the service, explaining that there seemed to be nobody present who could lead. At the conclusion of a very lengthy prayer, McMillen nudged Sankey, and told him to start right in and sing. Without waiting for any further invitation, young Sankey arose and sang with wonderful feeling the words:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The congregation forgot to join in on the chorus, and Sankey finished the hymn by himself. Moody was well pleased with the singing during the remainder of the service. When the meeting was brought to a close, McMillen asked Sankey to step forward and he would introduce him to Moody. A procession was formed, which slowly made its way to the front of the room, where Moody was standing.

As Sankey drew near, Moody stepped out and took him by the hand.

"Where are you from?" Moody asked.

"Pennsylvania," replied Sankey.

"Married or single?"

"Married. I have a wife and one child." was the reply.

"What do you do for a living when you are at home?"

"I am in the government service," Mr. Sankey answered.

All this time Moody had been holding Sankey's hand. Looking into his face with his keen, black eyes, he said:

"You'll have to give up your government position and come with me. You are just the man I have been looking for for a long time. I want you to come with me. You can do the singing, and I'll do the talking."

Shortly afterward, when Mr. Sankey was more inclined to be wavering than anything else, a card was brought to him. He examined it and found it was from Moody, and asked him to meet him at a certain street corner that evening at six o'clock. Without knowing what he was wanted for, Sankey wrote an acceptance upon the back of the card and returned it to Moody. Together, with a few friends, he went to the appointed place at six o'clock that evening, and in a few seconds Moody came along. Without even stopping to speak, Moody walked on and into a store nearby and asked permission to use a store box. The permission was given, and Moody rolled the large box onto the street corner, and then calling Sankey aside, asked him to get up and sing something. Sankey complied, and after one or two hymns had been sung, Moody crawled up onto the box and commenced to preach. The workingmen were just on their way home from the mills and factories, and in a short time Moody had secured a large crowd. Mr. Sankey says he preached that evening from that storebox as he has never heard him preach since, and Sankey, before that week was over, had sent his resignation to the Sec'y of the Treasury.

FISH OF ALL KINDS, NO MATTER HOW PREPARED IS MADE PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BY THE USE OF

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.

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Feather Pillows need washing once a year. Choose a bright, sunny day; fill a large tub half full of water that is almost boiling hot; dissolve enough

Gold Dust Washing Powder

in it to make a good suds; put one or two pillows in, according to size, push them up and down and rub them between the hands until clean. If one suds is not enough, use two or more; rinse in clear warm water, wring as dry as possible, and hang them out; when dry, shake well, and they will be as light and soft as new pillows.

The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDEN RULES FOR HOUSEWORK" Sent free on request to

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Additional references furnished on request. Our 200 page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," the largest and most instructive book of its kind ever published, sent FREE to any address for 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a FREE sample copy of "The Phono-Meter," a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address

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Newest Designs, Latest Improvements and Patents. We make Cabinets from $3.50 to $12.50

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Having thoroughly tested Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder, as well as many others, I am delighted to say to you that Pozzoni's is far superior to any face powder I have ever tried, and it gives me pleasure to recommend it as something unusually delightful for a ladies' toilet.

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WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **Sample free by mail.**

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A SIDE LINE

Good Work by a Traveling Man

A traveling man, Mr. Julius C. Meyer, of 5 Fairlawn street, Cleveland, has cured a umber of his friends of stomach troubles, yspepsia, bowel complaints, etc., by urging e use of Grape-Nuts breakfast food. He ys:

"A business man, a friend of mine, was so n down that he left his business several onths because he could not eat enough to pply the strength required to work. After pending hundreds of dollars in journeys to ineral springs for baths, in medicines, atendants, etc., without success, I recommend- Grape-Nuts food, and at the end of thirty ays he told me he never enjoyed a better apetite, was never more energetic or felt more ke work than then. This change came round entirely by reason of his leaving off e ordinary food and using principally Grape-Nuts at his meals. He said he would not be ithout the food at a dollar a pound.

"A lady friend of my wife was suffering so ith dyspepsia that she was compelled to give p her work, as no food would stay on her tomach for five minutes. The doctors told er there was no hope for her ever enjoying ood of any kind. She started in on Grape-Nuts and used nothing else for about three months, when she was completely cured and eady to attend to her business. She takes Grape-Nuts with her every day. She said to ny wife: 'Had it not been for you and Grape-Nuts, I surely would have died. I shall never orget your kindness to me.'

"In my own family we have used the food or about a year, constantly, and have all enoyed better health since its introduction. It as done us more good than we ever expected to get from a food."

There is a deep, underlying reason why Grape-Nuts food cures people of dyspepsia, nd builds them up into a fine condition of ealth and strength. Certain principles are bstracted from the grains and made up into he food known as Grape-Nuts, producing a owerful, concentrated food that gives certain and well-defined results. The proof is in he eating. There are hundreds of thousands f people that can give testimony regarding he strengthening properties of this famous ood.

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A happy surprise is in store for all bicycle riders, for several makers of well known high grade bicycles, as well as some makers of cheaper grades, have placed their entire output in the hands of one house, to be sold direct to the riders everywhere at the lowest prices ever known. For special prices that will be lower than bicycles were ever before advertised or sold at, and for a free trial and pay after received offer, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), Chicago, Illinois.

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AN EASTER SONG

GLAD Eastertide has come again;
Once more the people raise
Their voices in sweet songs of love,
And songs of heartfelt praise
To him who rose upon this day
From out his rock-bound grave;
To him who on the shameful cross
His life so freely gave.

That he might save a sinful world—
Yes, 'twas for this he died;
For this he suffered cruel pain;
For this was crucified—
But on the third day he arose,
Death could not hold its prey;
The Prince of Darkness vanquished lies,
The Prince of Peace holds sway.

And now we come to him in prayer,
Well knowing he will hear
Our earnest cry, and listen while
We our petition bear.

Our precious Saviour, bless us all;
Bless each and every one
Who comes to thee in prayer to-day,
Oh, keep us all thine own;
Let no temptation draw us back
Into the world again.
Be thou our strength, our shield, our help,
In pleasure, as in pain.

And all the wand'ring ones, O Lord,
Who still are far from thee,
Bring them, too, safe within thy fold,
Let them thy beauty see.

And Saviour, grant us this, our prayer:
Send to the nations peace;
Let the green olive branches thrive,
Let all contention cease;
Let brother clasp the brother's hand,
And cannon silenced be;
Let nation linked to nation stand,
And all be turned to thee.

Elgin, Ill. AGNESS M. LUNDGREN.

The Gospel in the Tombs Prison

SOMETIME ago a committee of gentlemen interested in prison reform, including an ex-Governor of New York State, two Judges of the Court of Appeals and other noted laymen, reported that it costs the taxpayers on an average of $1,600 for every criminal brought to justice. This makes the work of protecting society against such people by the State an expensive luxury. The Gospel Mission to the Tombs aims not only at saving the unfortunates in the city prison, but reclaiming those who have fallen into sin, and restoring them again as good citizens at a much less cost. The missionary chaplain, Rev. J. J. Munro, devotes all his time to the work, Sunday and week days, and the report of his labor for the past year, just issued, will compare favorably with any work of the kind in any part of the land. During 1899, through this mission, many persons were savingly reached for Christ, and others were restored to their families who for years had lived profligate lives. Some have united with churches, while others are now living sober, honest and industrious lives. The work is undenominational and unsectarian and depends entirely for its support on gifts from those who love him who said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Christian and philanthropic people can help to make it a success. Mr. George E. Sterry, treasurer, 79 Pine street, New York city, will answer all inquiries and acknowledge contributions.

Many Requests for Prayer

A Boston reader of this journal, Mr. Franklin N. Walcott, writes us concerning the religious gatherings in Tremont Temple:

"About a year ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief account of the daily noonday prayer-meeting held in Tremont Temple. I have received more requests for prayer from all parts of the country from your readers, than from the readers of all other papers combined. These meetings began Jan. 30, 1899, at Tremont Temple, and they are now held at Tabernacle Baptist Church, Bodowin Square, Rev. Walter Calley, pastor. As this generous church gives us free use of their church, we have no expenses, pay no salaries, and take no collections. We have received over 4,000 requests for prayer, over 600 have reported answers to requests, and over 100 souls have been converted. We are interdenominational, and directed by a committee of ten, each belonging to a different church.

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	Schumann	*Grieg*	*Smith*	*Bizet*	*Benedict*	*Damrosch*
	Schubert	*Chaminade*	*Bishop*	*Rameau*	*Mattei*	*De Koven*
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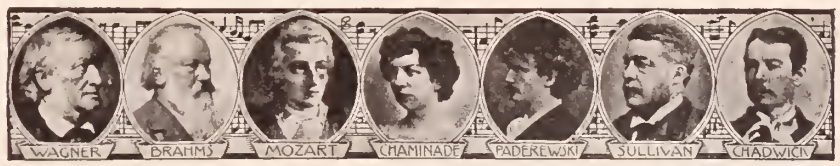
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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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Samantha and the Poets

THOU messenger of righteous wrath,
By sorrow wrought,
Ring out o'er every trodden path
Love freighted thought,
Of how our glorious Christian lands
Of well earned fame,
Are struggling 'neath the murderous hands
Of licensed shame.

With tongue of fire these crimes condemn.
In love divine,
Speak thou these mighty truths to men.
And victory's thine.
Go forth, and benediction sweet
Shall on thee rest;
Men's hearts shall melt, and thou shalt meet
Those thou hast blessed.

Write thou, in words of burning flame,
With tear-dipped pen;
So shalt thou touch, with blush of shame,
The hearts of men.
Unfearing write, and thou may'st claim
The right to win
The golden sheaves of well-earned fame,
And bring them in.

And then our God shall raise in power
His kingly hand,
And for thee build a mighty tower
Of jewels grand.
And womanhood, with blessings rare,
Shall strew thy way,
And songs of gladness everywhere
Hallow thy day.

Petoskey, Mich. —LELIA M. ROWAN.

The World's Bitter Cry

How sore is the need of heathen lands for Christianity is told by that great traveler, Mrs. Isabella Bishop, in her recently published work. The impression made upon her by her observation of the countries through which she has traveled is thus summarized in her own words: "My journeys in Asia have given me some knowledge of the unchristianized Asiatic world. In those years I have become a convert to the necessity of missions, not by seeing the success of missions, but by seeing the misery of the unchristianized world. From the seaboard of Japan to those shady streams by which the Jewish exiles wept when they remembered Zion, and from the icy plateaus of Northern Asia down to the Equator, I have seen nothing but sorrow, sin and shame, of which we have not the remotest conception."

A Sermon that Changed a Life

From Mrs. L. H., a reader of this journal, we have received a letter from which the following passage is taken, as it may be helpful to others:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the best religious paper I ever read. Grandpa says the same. My children like it for its illustrations and my friends like it too. I think a consecrated pen and printing press are two of the greatest powers for God in the earth. They reach where a minister's voice is never heard. A good paper is never done. It may be passed from friend to friend and it always carries its uplifting beneficent influences with it.

My late husband was not a Christian. He was sick for about three months. About two weeks before his death he requested me to read Dr. Talmage's sermon for him. The text was "The Lord Sent the Hornet." I read until it explained that the ills and affliction were to draw us from earth to heaven. He realized the truth of the sermon. The sermon printed reached where the sermon preached could not. He died triumphant in Christ. Death had no terrors for him. He smiled and kissed us all good-by, and passed away from the hornets of this life to be forever with the Lord.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Transvaal Outlook, by Albert Stickney, is a timely and most instructive book on the present war in South Africa. It gives an accurate view of the military situation, with all its peculiar problems; discusses the military methods and tactics of both combatants; reviews the political situation; gives the Boer version of the Burghers' claims and closes with a strong appeal in their behalf. The book has three excellent maps, covering the fields of actual operations in Natal, the Free State and Cape Colony and the Transvaal. Cloth binding, 139 pp. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

The Life and Work of Dwight L. Moody, by J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. This is a book by one who for many years was a co-worker with Mr. Moody. In his preface Dr. Chapman says: "I write because I loved him and I felt that I might in this way pay tribute to the most consistent Christian man I have ever known. I am confident that there has not been, in these latter days, a man who was more truly filled with the Holy Ghost than he." The volume, which consists of 554 pages royal octavo, is well illustrated and bound in cloth. Price, $2. John C. Winston & Co., Philadelphia, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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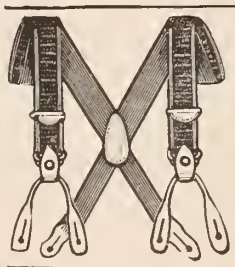

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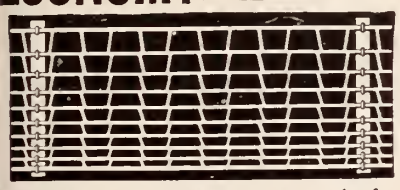

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Joyous Service

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 22. Matt. 22: 1-14

SOCIETIES, it may be presumed, have the option of considering either the topic, or the parable, which has not the remotest connection with it, but was given to teach a very different, but no less important lesson. We can imagine with what sadness the parable was spoken. The invitation to the guests had been rejected with so much levity: it was about to be rejected with so much insolence and wickedness, that the Saviour's heart bled as he foresaw the punishment that must follow. It was not only exclusion from the feast that would result—a fate dark enough, but swift and severe retribution brought on by the criminality of the invited guests. So the places of those who had scorned the invitation were to be filled, and the invitation went out indiscriminately to wayfarers, who were not expecting such honor. But the standard of fitness was not lowered. The same conditions must be fulfilled by the new guests as were required of those for whom the feast was originally prepared. Purity and righteousness must characterize all who come to the King's banquet, whether they are Jews or Gentiles. According to Oriental custom, wedding garments were provided by the host, but one of the guests, thinking his own garments were good enough, rejects the garment the king had provided and appears in his ordinary attire. At once the king notices the omission and inquires how such a guest had found admission. Perhaps the man had thought that, in the emergency of filling the vacant places, he might presume on a relaxation of the rules. Evangelists and worldly preachers, eager above all things to make a record of numbers, are apt to convey such an impression. Their hearers are told that they have only to accept Christ, only to say, "I believe," and in a moment their souls are saved and angelic messengers fly up to heaven with the glad news of their salvation. A more mischievous doctrine cannot be preached. Men's souls are not saved by any such "hocus pocus." The turning from darkness to light, the renunciation of sin, the surrender of the soul to Christ for him to renew, which are involved in the wedding garment, are not done by the light utterance of a formula. Many, it is true, are called, and we are right in inviting all, but we have no right to deceive men as to the conditions of God's choosing. He does not choose any who want to keep their sin-stained garb; who are willing to enter if they may retain their selfishness, their worldliness, or their sinful habits and associations. They come to the feast, but when the King enters and sees them, their impudent intrusion is promptly dealt with. Without holiness, it is impossible to please him.

There is much in the parable to call for serious self-examination and for an earnest desire to have the wedding garment of a pure and spiritual nature which God gives to those who seek it; but nothing to enjoin the joyous service, which is also a duty. It is not by gloomy and depressed spirits that we gain true religion. The service of God is a joyous service, because it springs from a loyal, loving heart, which delights in rendering it. When the soul has been attuned to the divine harmony; when sin, the cause of opposition to God, has been removed and the soul is in accord with him, there is joy in the heart that the world can never give. Service, then, is not rendered because it is a duty, or because God commands it, but as the natural expression of the love which pervades the whole being. It is not strained, nor spasmodic, but flows from the renewed man out of the abundance of love in his heart. "I delight to do thy will O God" is the unconstrained utterance of his life, and he finds a joy in the doing it that is its own reward. It is easy to prove that our natures are so constituted as to find their highest gratification in service. Let anyone who is gloomy and dispirited do some kindness to another and he will find his spirits rise immediately. He will be happier for what he has done. There is no joy equal to the joy of disinterested service.

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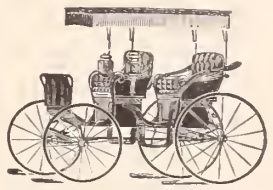

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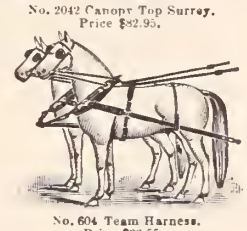

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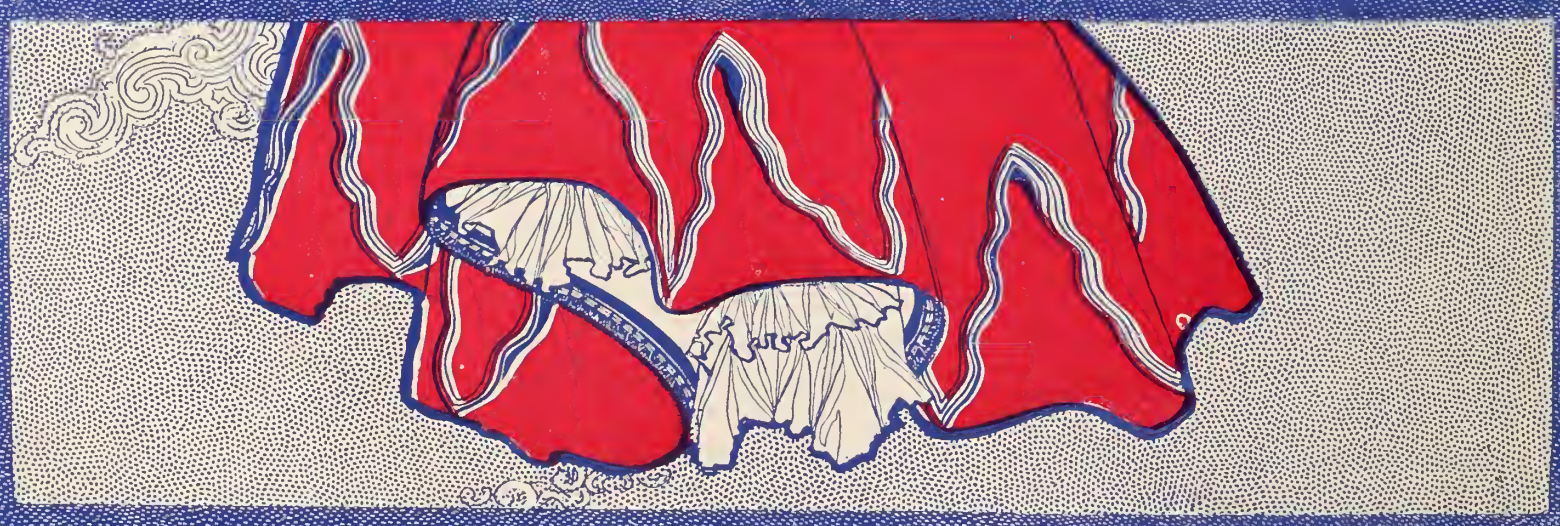

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 16

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE REAL AUNT SAMANTHA AT HOME

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF ONE WHOSE WRITINGS DELIGHT MULTITUDES

MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY AND HER CHARMING DOMESTIC SURROUNDINGS

"BONNIE-VIEW," THE HOME OF MISS HOLLEY, NEAR ADAMS, JEFFERSON COUNTY, NEW YORK

If literary fame is to be measured by the loving hold an author has upon the hearts of a great multitude of readers all over the globe Marietta Holley, whose writings have charmed the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the last four months or more, has already reached the very ummit of popularity. They have niled or wept with her in her arying moods, laughed at her irth-provoking sallies, or burned ith just indignation in sympathy ith her scathing denunciation of ice and wrong; they have thrilled ith her patriotism, and mourned ith her in her sorrow over the misortunes of our poor "soldier oys." The experiences of Josiah llen and Aunt Samantha, while n their travels, are told with a kill and piquant interest that fasinate all who read them.

But it is not merely as a literary ntertainer that Marietta Holley hines brightly above all her conemporaries; her writings stamp ier as a teacher and philosopher of io mean order. She writes ever vith a purpose, and it is always high one, as the remarkable chapers from her pen now running in hese pages sufficiently show.

Parentage and Training

Since the "Tour Around the World" began, we have received many letters from readers desiring to know something of the life and surroundings of the author, whose name has already become a household word in thousands of Christian homes. Miss Holley was born near Adams, Jefferson county, New York, where she still lives, and where five generations of her family have resided. Her maternal grandfather was Lemuel Taber, or "Squire Taber," as he was called, being a Justice of the Peace. He emigrated to Jefferson county from Rhode Island, and settled on a tract of land situated on the west bank of a small stream, called Bear Creek. He was finely educated for those days, and taught higher mathematics and surveying. The maiden name of his wife was Sarah Brightman. Miss Holley's paternal grandfather was David Holley, his wife's maiden name, Sarah Southworth. They came to Jefferson county from Connecticut, his widowed mother coming with them, and, like the other Connecticut Holleys, they claim to be the descendants of the eminent English astronomer, Edmund Halley, whose descendants in this country spell their name Holley. Halley was Secretary of the Royal Society and made many notable astronomical discoveries and was a friend of Sir Isaac Newton.

John Milton Holley and Mary Taber came immediately after their marriage to live in a cottage on the very spot where Miss Holley's home, called "Bonnie-view," now stands, and they never left that home until they were borne out to their last slumber. Here all their children were born, Marietta being the youngest of seven, the eldest dying in infancy. She received the rudiments of an English education at a neighboring school, and later, with the exception of teachers in music and French, she pursued her studies at home. Endowed with quick perception and ready wit, and being a close observer, with an ability to describe whatever she saw or imagined, she has been able to place before her readers some of the most entertaining books that have ever been given to the public. They have attained a wide reputation, and their humor has seldom been equaled and never surpassed. Underneath her wit, pathos and satire, one discovers a principle and a motive, coupled with an earnest desire to improve and benefit mankind.

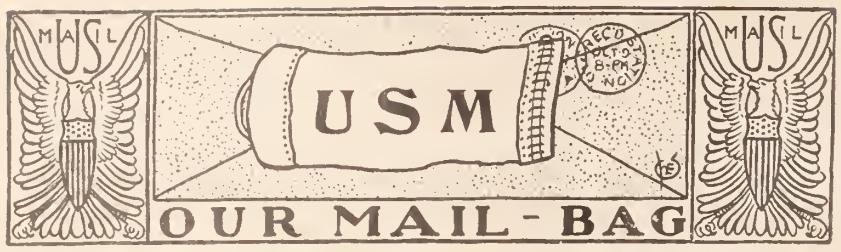
MISS MARIETTA HOLLEY, THE DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR

Whose latest work, "Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife," is now running in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Famous in Many Lands

Miss Holley was extremely fond of music, and gave lessons on the piano for several years. She was also a lover of painting and literature, but she wisely chose the latter as her life-work. She is widely known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," and under this signature her writings have found a warm welcome with all classes, and in every civilized country of the globe. Large numbers of her last book were taken to Africa, and she has recently received from Japan words of warm appreciation and praise. Her works have been translated into other languages, and the foreign press has been quite as appreciative as the American. Few authors have received more warm, heart-felt words of appreciation. Benson J. Lossing, the distinguished historian, wrote:

Miss Holley is a wise and efficient reformer, an acute and moral philosopher, a genuine humorist, and a most skilful limner of special places of social life everywhere to be seen. Her "eppisodin'" sermons are dramatic and incisive; her philosophy is self-demonstrative and her humor always has beneficence and not mere amusement as its prime motive. It is genial, and yet so keenly satirical, that, like the scimeter of Saladin, that cleaved the floating gauze without disturbing its



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered May 16

1. Should unconverted persons be engaged, under any circumstances, as Sunday School teachers?
2. What is the greatest obstruction ever penetrated by a shell from a modern big gun, and what is the greatest distance a shot from one of these guns has been fired?
3. How many changes were made in the revised New Testament?
4. What is the origin of the word "poltroon"?
5. A Christian lady wonders why, during the past ten years, she has not received answers to prayers for the necessities of life, and for money needed to purchase medicines. What reasonable reply can be given to this harassing "why"?
6. Should a Christian trade with a grocer who keeps a liquor department in his store?
7. What was the first American newspaper?
8. Is there any reason to believe that Christ suffered, at any time during his earthly career, from sickness?
9. What living poet in the English language is entitled to pre-eminence, on the ground of poetic diction and ideas?
10. Our Saviour says, in Matthew 7: 13, 14, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." How can this statement be reconciled with the teaching that the world is to be brought to Christ?

Questions of the Week

1. Why is May so generally tabooed for weddings and June so popular?

The ancient Romans regarded June as the most propitious month for weddings, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. Ovid tells us that this month was named in honor of Juno, the divine match-maker. May, on the other hand, was under the influence of spiiits adverse to happy households. These superstitions were retained by Rome's conquerors, passed on into the Middle Ages, and so down to our own day. G. E. KRAUTH.

2. Has a counsel a right in law or ethics to drag in or abuse an outside person while discussing a case, even though that case may be strengthened by the evidence?

Much depends upon the question whether the interests of justice demand the bandying about of a name of an outside party whose reputation may thus be blackened beyond reparation. If the person in question can be subpœnaed to give evidence, the truth may be brought out fairly and squarely and the witness will not be at the disadvantage of being made to set himself right before the court and the public, or to bear the stigma cast on him in a trial in which he was not permitted to appear. M. KNIGHT.

3. What five proverbs are most frequently quoted in ordinary American conversation?

The following proverbs rank in the order given in the list made up from letters received in answer to this question: 1. Honesty is the best policy; 2. A rolling stone gathers no moss; 3. A stitch in time saves nine; 4. The early bird catches the worm; 5. Birds of a feather flock together. The list of J. D. Meese, Pennsylvania, has the first, second and fourth of the five elect proverbs. K. D. Krenell, New York, has the second, third and fourth. No other list contains more than two of the five.—EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

4. Is there any symbolism in Bible numbers?

Numbers in the Bible are no doubt frequently symbolic, but in studying their symbolism, there is danger of drawing unwarranted conclusions. Number one suggests unity; three, the Trinity; four is the human number (four seasons, four quarters of the earth, four winds of heaven); seven suggests the union of the divine and human. It is also used very frequently in the Mosaic law. It is regarded as suggestive of perfection. There are seven petitions in the Lord's Prayer, and seven is used again and again in the Revelation. Twelve, which is the multiple of three and four—the human and divine—would seem to suggest heavenly abundance. The heavenly city has twelve foundations, twelve gates, twelve manner of fruits on its trees. R. S. STUART.

5. Who is the author of the following lines and to whom do the words in italics refer?

> I held it truth, with *him who sings,*
> *To one clear harp in divers tones;*
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.

The lines occur *In Memoriam*, by Tennyson. In vol. II. of *The Life of Tennyson*, by his son, it is stated that the allusion is to Goethe. Tennyson always admired the variety and depth of Goethe's writings and hence, as a contemporary, intimates, regarded him as the singer "in divers tones." JOHN D. MEESE.

[Persons who have overlooked the reference to Goethe of which Mr. Meese speaks have presumed that Tennyson thought of Augustine, of whom Longfellow writes:

> St. Augustine, well hast thou said,
> That of our failures we can frame
> A ladder if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame

EDITOR MAIL-BAG.]

6. Why were Cleopatra's needles so called?

The two red granite obelisks, or "Cleopatra's Needles," which formerly stood in front of the temple of Cæsar in Alexandria, Egypt, were popularly so called on account of a false tradition that they were brought to Alexandria in the time of Cleopatra. One of them now stands on the Thames embankment in London, and the other in Central Park, New York. ELIZABETH H. DAVIS.

7. What was the first English newspaper?

The first authentic English periodical newspaper now known to exist was issued in May, 1622, by Nathaniel Butler, Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer. This newspaper was established in London, under the title of *The Weekly News*. A copy can still be seen in the British Museum. It is entitled "The 23d of May—The Weekly News from Italy, Germany, &c, London, printed by J. D. for Nicholas Bourne and Thomas Archer."

JOSEPH C. HEIDMEYER.

[It is sometimes claimed that the English *Mercurie*, said to have been published in 1588, was the first English newspaper; but the claim is generally regarded as apocryphal.—EDITOR MAIL-BAG].

8. What is the most popular anonymous poem in the English language?

There is probably no more popular anonymous poem than the one beginning "If I should die to-night." Were Abraham Lincoln answering the question he would be likely to claim the distinction for his favorite poem, "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

S. M. CAMPBELL.

9. What letter of the alphabet may be said to have played an important part in the career of the great Napoleon?

The letter M is curiously coupled with Napoleon I. It was the initial letter of the names of several of the generals against whom he fought, six of his marshals, twenty-six of his generals of division, the two men who prepared his memoirs, and no less than twelve of his famous battles. Milan was the first enemy's capital into which he triumphantly entered, and Moscow was the last. It is worthy of notice, too, that his famous passage of the Alps, his declaration of war against England, his assumption of the title of emperor, and thirty other scarcely less important events of his life took place in the two months which begin with M (March and May). May was also the month of his death. GEORGE S. DUNN.

10. Has any light been shed on the act of Lamech, the commission of which he regrets in such strong terms in the record of Genesis 4: 23, 24?

The remarkable poem which Lamech uttered has perhaps never been satisfactorily explained. The view commonly taken has been that Lamech had slain a man in self-defence, and that the drift of his speech is to assure his wives, Adah and Gillah, by the preservation of the murderer Cain, that an unintentional homicide, as he himself was, could be in no danger. Jerome relates a tradition that the man whom Lamech slew, either accidentally or in self-defence, was Cain himself. The view, however, of some German theologians who read the third clause, "Had I slain a man for smiting me," making it hypothetical, is that the words are Lamech's song of exultation on the invention of the sword by his son Tubal-cain, in the possession of which he foresaw a great advantage over any enemies. A. HOYT.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. E. A., New Egypt, N. J. Has the biography of Christ ever been written?

"The Life of Christ" has probably been written a hundred times or more. These, by a wide variety of authors, from the early church historians down to the very latest in our own times, have in all cases been based mainly on the simple facts of the Gospel narrative, though many of the biographers have availed themselves of legend and tradition not mentioned in the Gospels, but preserved in early monastic manuscripts. Farrar, Edersheim and Dr. Talmage are among the most complete of the latter-day biographers.

J. R. C., Keosauqua, Ia. Were the feast of the Passover and that of the unleavened bread one and the same feast?

Yes. The Passover was designated as "the Feast of Unleavened Bread." It was one of the Jewish "Pilgrimage Feasts," the others being the Feasts of Pentecost, of Weeks, of Wheat-harvest (or First-Fruits) and of Tabernacles. The Passover was kept in the month Abib, in commemoration of the rescue from Egypt.

Herman W., Ellettsville, Ind. Who was Cain's wife?

Her identity has always puzzled the investigators. Tradition calls her "Save," or "Azura." The Biblical narrative implies the existence of a considerable population in Cain's time, since he feared that he would be murdered in return for the death of Abel (Gen. 4: 14). The neighbors, among whom he fled, must have been relatives of Cain, and he must have taken his wife from among his own kindred.

M. G., Granby, Conn. Who has charge of the work of collecting children to be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S summer home at Mont-Lawn?

The children who are given summer outings at Mont-Lawn are usually brought to us by the pastors, missionaries and Sunday School workers who labor among the poor of the New York tenement districts; and applications for outings are made by them to this office through letter or personal visit. Children who have been to the Home sometime come themselves, or write touching appea asking for another vacation there; mothe of the children also make request. Ov two thousand very poor children of the slun are given a ten days' outing each at Mor Lawn every summer. The cost per chil covering food, shelter, transportation ba and forth, medical examination and ca taker's attention, is $3 per child; $9 giv three little waifs an outing; and for $21 seve unfortunates can be made happy for ten day

Mrs. J. S. D., Rochester, N. Y. What was th origin of the rosary and by whom was it fir worn?

It originated with the early hermits a monks. Two church historians, Palladius a Sozomen, state that the Abbot Paul in th desert of Pherine, repeated the Lord's Pray in Latin 300 times, and at each repetitio dropped a small stone into his lap. The rosa as now used in Catholic churches, however, of comparatively modern origin. It is said have been brought from the East by retur ing Crusaders. It has been found in u among the Mohammedans and Brahmins well. In the Roman church, it was first use by the Dominican monks.

E. C., Lenoxdale, Mass. Do not such passag as John 18: 28 and 19: 14 imply that our Lo celebrated the Passover feast one day earli than the Jews of his time did?

Dean Farrar and some other commentato take that view, but the general opinion scholars is opposed to it. The accounts the other three evangelists are so definite a clear in fixing the time of the supper as that the Jewish Passover that we are bound to s if there is no way of harmonizing John's a count with theirs. There really is such a wa You must remember that the celebration the Passover covered seven days. This m morial meal, when the lamb was eaten, w preliminary. The Passover was to begin the fifteenth day of the month Nisan. Th according to Jewish reckoning, was the tin that we should call the evening of the fo teenth of Nisan, as the Jews reckoned th day from sunset to sunset. It was a time solemnity and gloom differing materially fro the festivities which followed and which we the Passover proper. It was probably tho to which John refers, when he speaks (18: 2 of the Jews dreading defilement lest th should not be able to eat the Passover. Th other passage (19: 14) where the day of th crucifixion is described as the preparation the Passover may mean the preparation f the great Sabbath of the Passover week, whi as John says (19: 31) "was a high day." Frid was generally known as the "preparation," a at that period of the year it was regarded very sacred. With these explanations John's words, the narratives of the oth evangelists are in harmony.

Inquirer, Luckey, O. 1. Were the inhabitants Galilee, in the time of Christ, Jews; if not what lineage were they? 2. Of what natio ality were the twelve apostles?

1. In the time of Christ, Galilee was one the three great provinces of Palestine, th others being Judea and Samaria. Galile though it comprised the ancient territories Issachar, Zebulem, Asher and Naphtali, h a greatly mixed population, in which th "heathen" element (Syrians, Phoenician Arabs, Greeks) preponderated, with only comparatively small proportion of Jews. Ev in the time of Isaiah it has been known "Galilee of the nations" (Isaiah 9: 1.) 2. Th apostles were all either Galileans by birth residence, except Judas Iscariot, who was native of Keriott, a village of Judea. A though it is not explicitly stated that all we Jews, such is the presumption, as Jesus wou hardly have chosen Gentile apostles to car forward his work among the Jews.

Fred. W., Lois, O. Dr. Talmage was born in 18

L. H. P., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. About sevent five millions, we believe.

M. V. B. P., Portsmouth, N. H. Methuselah, course, was the oldest.

Mrs. Mary W., Sabetha, Kan. No. the wo "refrigerator" is not in the Bible.

M. J. Write for advice to U. S. Consul John Campbell, Port Louis, Mauritius.

Subscriber. Write to Secretary of War, Was ington, D. C., for all information.

L. D. Miss Holley's biography, which appea in this issue, will answer all your questions.

Subscriber. Concerning desertion, divorc widows' rights, etc., consult a reputable lawyer.

Dr. O. W. J., Richmond, Va. They are nom nated by the President and confirmed by the Se ate.

Inquirer, Mulmur, Can. We would advise y to consult a lawyer, as to a wife's legal rights Canada.

H. T. J., Leaper, O. 1. Yes, they invite all wh love the Lord and belong to his church to co municate. 2. The question is not essential.

Reuben A. W., Kingsley, Mich. The cantee system was fully explained in a recent issue THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on page 236.

Mrs. Maria R., Piqua, O. All contributions f the India Famine Relief work should be sent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, Ne York.

W. M. G. "Around the World with Josi Allen's Wife" will not appear in book form un it is concluded as a serial. Your other queri cannot be answered as yet.

The price of *The Shorter Life of D. L. Mood* issued by The Bible Colportage Institute, Chicag in two volumes, is fifteen cents a volume, or twent five cents for both together.

A Governor's Eloquent Plea for India

Hon. G. W. Atkinson, Governor of West Virginia, has sent this "open letter" to the press of that State, in which he makes an eloquent plea for the famine-sufferers in India:

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

To the Citizens of West Virginia:—This office is in receipt of a communication from **The Christian Herald**, published in New York, a newspaper of general circulation and unquestionable responsibility, in which the statement is emphasized that a large portion of the population of India is in a starving condition, resulting from a famine, which, in the dispensation of a Divine Providence, seems to have fallen upon that country and its inhabitants. **The Christian Herald** is now loading two ships with supplies for the starving people, male and female, old and young, in different sections of far-away India. This great religious newspaper asks me to officially and publicly present the facts to the citizens of our State.

While a famine is impossible in a country like our own, and while we are now in the midst of plenty and prosperity on every hand, we should be willing and ready, it seems to me, to respond to the call of **The Christian Herald** to send to the publisher of that paper such sums of money as we can conveniently spare from our own needs, to be expended for the purchase of food and clothing for the tens of thousands that are now in the actual throes of starvation in India. **The Christian Herald** is entirely responsible, and any funds sent to that newspaper will be honestly and judiciously expended, and I trust that it will be the pleasure of a large number of West Virginians to promptly respond to its call for charitable aid.

G. W. ATKINSON.

THE REAL AUNT SAMANTHA

:: CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE..

MISS HOLLEY'S PETS, "DICK" AND "LOSSIE"

A COSY NOOK IN THE LIBRARY

SUMMER HOUSE, NEAR THE FISH POND

urse on the wings of the zephyr; like Cer-ntes, who set Europe a-laughing the tom-oleries of chivalry out of existence; like olmes, who, by a patriotic little poem, saved e frigate *Constitution* from destruction; like hittier, who dismissed from our statute oks a barbarous law by the burning words his "Prisoner For Debt"; like Mrs. Stowe, o pierced the heart of the institution of very with her pen; or like the anecdotes Lincoln, which often solved great problems policy in a moment in cabinet councils. ss Holley's books are doing in a quiet way great work for the promotion of needed cial reforms.

Tributes from Great Minds

John G. Whittier wrote as follows, ncerning a book of poems which Miss olley published in 1887:

I have read thy poems with great satisfac-n. With the wit and wisdom of Josiah len's wife I have long been familiar. I read y beautiful poem, "The Deacon's Daugh-," with moist eyes.

Bishop J. P. Newman wrote of Miss olley's writings, that they are

An antidote for the blues, a tonic mental prostration, a cure-all for y kind of imaginary woe, a relax-on from intellectual taxation, a ovocation for wholesale laughter d an inspiration to godliness.

U. S. Senator Blair, the late ances Willard, and many other minent Americans, besides nu-erous other leading authorities literary matters, both here and road, have expressed similar gh opinions.

Miss Holley's father died sev-al years ago and she has abun-ntly proved her filial love by ring for her aged and widowed other and surrounding her with ery comfort until her death. Her arm love for the old homestead shown by the fact that she still mains in it and makes it her me during a part of every year. place of the little red house of r childhood, there now stands handsome residence of modern chitecture.

Open fireplaces, soft antique gs and beautiful flowers and rubs in the large conservatory l add a charm to the interior this rural home. Lifelike ctures of many talented writers, any of whom are among the wner's most intimate friends, lorn its walls. The place is known as Bonnie-view" and the road leading by it "The Garden Road." There are seven res of beautiful grounds in lawn, garden, rubberies, and an adjacent woodland ancient forest trees adds to the charms the place. Passing through a flower-arden on the opposite side of the road, a ng, tree-bordered, gravel path leads to atural springs, whose waters have been sed to form fish ponds, where speckled out may be seen playing about in the ear depths, while lilies and other water lants dot the surface. Miniature water-alls, vine-covered summer-houses be-eath the shade of evergreens, rustic eats, and hammocks hanging in vari-ous shady nooks and corners evince the taste of their owner. Miss Holley is very fond of being out-of-doors, and during the summer months, when she does not write much, she passes a great deal of her time superintending the work on her grounds. Afternoons she is fond of driving on the pleasant roads surrounding Bonnie-view, for some of the finest and most striking scenery in northern New York may be found within two or three miles of her home.

Marietta Holley's liberality is well-known. She is an unostentatious giver, and is a never ceasing benefactor to those among whom her lines are cast. Her face is never turned away from the poor, nor is precious time or urgent duty weighed in the balance against merciful deeds. Although a busy woman, she excels in hospitality, yet there is in her character an entire absence of egotism or ostentation. A maiden sister resides with her, and a little girl who needed a home finds a warm shelter under her roof.

MISS HOLLEY AT WORK IN HER STUDY AT BONNIE-VIEW

The Author's Desk is Hidden by the Projecting Mantel

Miss Holley's first book was published in 1873; its title is *My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's*. Her later works are as follows: *Samantha at the Centennial*, *My Wayward Pardner*, *The Mormon Wife* (an illustrated poem), *Miss Richard's Boy*, *Samantha at Saratoga*, *Sweet Cicely*, *Poems*, *Samantha Among the Brethren*, *Samantha Among the Colored Folks*, *Samantha at the World's Fair*, and *Samantha in Europe*. Her latest work, "The Tour Around the World," which she has specially undertaken for the benefit of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is affording intense delight and gratification every week to appreciative multitudes, who find the keenest enjoyment in her wholesome humor, no less than in her sturdy denunciation of wrong and championship of right.

. . .

By nearly every mail we receive letters expressing the writers' pleasure at being a sharer in the experiences of Aunt Samantha's tour. Some of these letters are extremely interesting. A few are given below:

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your excellent paper over six years, and it has always been an inspiration. And dear Aunt Samantha! If anyone is capable of holding up the mirror so that all the wrong-doers can see just how bad they do look, it is she. Aunt Samantha lays the axe right at the root of the tree. She will be reckoned one of the greatest modern reformers and ought to be cheered. MRS. HANNAH MEAD.

DELTA, O

Dear Editor:—I like to read "Around the World With Aunt Samantha," as it is the best of Aunt Samantha's stories. I would not read it at first. I thought it was no place for such a story—in a Christian paper—but when I read one of those chapters, I looked up the back numbers and liked them all. MISS MARTHA GUNN.

Now comes Samantha, otherwise Miss Holley,
Letting her arrows fly at sin and folly.
Although her story's an extravaganza,
I'm sure, if she were made, like Sancho Panza,
The Boss of Barataria—or any
Other island of this old earth's many—
She'd quickly uproot almost every seed
Wherefrom there sprang Intemperance or Greed.
Louisville, Ky. BRAINERD MCKEE.

Dear Editor:—I'm a little girl eight years old. My sister Dora is seven. I want to tell you how much we love Aunt Samantha. We are so delighted we can scarcely wait for her to come.

Your little friend,
Falls Church, Va. RUTH L. SHREVE.

A Writer With a Mission

"'A Trip Around the World' is told in such a unique way," writes Mrs. C. A. Chapman, Guilford, Conn., "and brings out so many straight truths." "I think Arvilly's talk to the army officers the grandest temperance argument I ever heard," is the opinion expressed by Mr. Joseph E. Each, of Iowa, La. From Dauphin Island, Ala., Corporal F. P. Vaughan, U. S. A., writes:

Express my congratulations to the author of "The Tour." The hits made upon the Canteens are very well put, and I most sincerely hope the story will help in a very large measure to abolish the sale of intoxicants in post exchanges, or on any military reservation under the control of the United States. I have served in the United States Army and therefore have practical knowledge of the evils arising from this cause. Many in the ranks are watching, as it were, for the "lights along the shore," and your light will shine a long way. I sincerely hope that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will find its way into every squad-room or tent in the United States Army and in the ranks of other nations.

A reader in Conway, Mass., writes:

In reading in the last issue, "Around the World," by Josiah Allen's Wife, I began to think that she might have an influence as great as Harriet Beecher Stowe's in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Our photographs present some of the picturesque surroundings of Miss Holley's rural retreat, and afford the reader a glimpse of the home life of this remarkable woman, whose gifted imagination and facile pen have won her high literary honors at home and abroad. Her intense earnestness and her zeal for the right; her wholesome and always delightful humor; her rare insight into human nature and its weaknesses, and, finally, her impulsive energy in attacking and unmasking sham, hypocrisy and wickedness wherever found, have made her name and her work very dear to the American people. By THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S widely extended circle of readers in all parts of the world, she has been most cordially welcomed. She has already won their esteem and admiration by the courage she has shown in grappling with some of the leading public evils and abuses of the day and has found a way to their hearts by her fidelity to Christian principle, and her loyalty to American institutions and the American home.

A Sermon by . . . .
Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

EASTER REJOICINGS

. . . . Text: John 19: 41
"In the garden a new sepulchre."

LOOKING around the churches this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths and flowers in stars and flowers in crosses and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, conflagration of beauty, you feel as if you stood in a small heaven.

You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but perhaps you may see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. I say it may be so. The ancestors of those tuberoses and camelias and japonicas and jasmines and heliotropes were born in Paradise. These apostles of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors during the flood, under ground, afterward appeared.

The world started with Eden, it will end with Eden. Heaven is called a Paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theological geniuses in this day are trying to blot out everything material from their idea of heaven, and, so far as I can tell, their future state is to be a floating around somewhere between the Great Bear and Cassiopœia, I should not be surprised if at last I can pick up a daisy on the everlasting hills and hear it say, "I am one of the glorified flowers of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshiped with you on Easter morning in 1900."

My text introduces us into a garden. It is a manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He belonged to the Court of Seventy who had condemned Christ, but he had voted in the negative, or, being a timid man, had absented himself when the vote was to be taken. At great expense he laid out the garden. It being a hot climate, I suppose there were trees broad-branched, and there were paths winding under these trees, and here and there were waters dripping down over the rocks into fish-ponds, and there were vines and flowers blooming from the wall, and all around the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come into this suburban retreat, botanical and pomological!

Wandering in the garden, I behold some rocks which have on them the mark of the sculptor's chisel. I come nearer, and I find there is a subterranean recess. I come down the marble steps, and I come to a portico, over which there is an architrave, by the chisel cut into representations of fruits and flowers. I enter the portico. On either side there are rooms—two or four or six rooms of rock, the walls of these rooms having niches, each niche large enough to hold a dead body. Here is one room that is especially wealthy of sculpture.

The fact is, that Joseph realizes he cannot always walk this garden, and he has provided this place for his last slumber. Oh! what a beautiful spot in which to wait for the coming of the resurrection! Mark well this tomb, for it is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages. Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ has just been murdered, and his body will be thrown to the dogs and the ravens, like other crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and efficient hindrance. Joseph, the owner of this mausoleum in the rocks, begs for the body of Christ. He washes the poor mutilated frame from the dust and blood, shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think that regular embalmment was omitted. When in olden time a body was to be embalmed, the priest, with some pretension of medical skill, would point out the place between the ribs where the incision must be made; and then the operator, having made the incision, ran lest he be slain for a violation of the dead. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia, and wine of palm-tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think this embalmment of the body of Christ was omitted. It would have raised another contention and another riot. The funeral hastens on. Present, I think, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, the wealthy man who had brought the spices; and the two Marys. No organ dirge, no plumes, no catafalque. Heavy burden for two men as they carry Christ's body down the marble stairs and into the portico, and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting-place it ever had. Coming forth from the portico, they close the door of rock against the recess.

The government, afraid that the disciples may steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, order the seal of the Sanhedrim to be put upon the door of the tomb, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the Government of the United States or Great Britain, to be followed with great punishment. A company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia is detailed to stand guard.

At the door of the mausoleum a fight takes place which decides the question for all graveyards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel against military. No seal of letter was ever more easily broken than that seal of the Sanhedrim on the door of the tomb. The dead body in the niche in the rock begins to move in its shroud of fine linen, slides down upon the pavement, moves out of the portico, appears in the doorway, advances into the open air, comes up the marble steps. Having left his mortuary attire behind him, he comes forth in workman's garb, as I take it from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

That day the grave received such shattering it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry can never mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death, taking side with the military in that fight, received a terrible cut from the angel's spear of flame, so that he himself shall go down after awhile under it. The King of Terrors retiring before the King of Grace! The Lord is risen! Let earth and heaven keep Easter to-day! Hosanna!

Some things strike my observation while standing in this garden with a new sepulchre. And first, post-mortem honors in contrast with ante-mortem ignominies. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulchre, why could not they have given him an earthly residence? Will they give this piece of marble to a dead Christ instead of a soft pillow for the living Jesus? If they had expended half the value of that tomb to make Christ comfortable, it would not have been so sad a story. He asked bread; they gave him a stone.

Christ, like most of the world's benefactors, was appreciated better after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs to the living. Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, attempts to pay for the sufferings of Grub street.

Go through that Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. There is Handel, the great musician, from whose music you hear to-day; but while I look at his statue, I cannot help but think of the discords with which his fellow musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of John Dryden, a beautiful monument; but I cannot help but think at seventy years of age he wrote of his being oppressed in fortune, and of the contract that he had just made for a thousand verses at six pence a line. And there, too, you find the monument of Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras;* but while I look at his monument in Poet's Corner, I cannot but ask myself where he died. In a garret. There I see the costly tablet in the Poet's Corner—the costly tablet to one of whom the celebrated Waller wrote, "the old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, has just issued a tedious poem on the fall of man. If the length of it be no virtue, it has none." There is a beautiful monument to Sheridan. Poor Sheridan, if he could have only discounted that monument for a mutton-chop!

O you unfilial children! do not give your parents so much tombstone, but a few more blankets—less funeral and more bedroom. If five per cent. of the money we now spend on Burns' banquets could have been expended in making the living Scotch poet comfortable, he would not have been harried with the drudgery of an exciseman. Horace Greeley, outrageously abused while living, when dead is followed toward Greenwood by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and navy. Massachusetts tries to atone at the grave of Charles Sumner for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. Do you think that the tomb at Springfield can pay for Booth's bullet?

Oh! do justice to the living. All the justice you do them, you must do this side the gates of the necropolis. They cannot wake up to count the number of carriages at the obsequies, or to notice the polish of the Aberdeen granite, or to reap epitaphal commemoration. Gentleman's mausoleum in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot pay for Bethlehem manger, and Calvarean cross, and Pilate's ruffian judiciary. Post-mortem honors cannot atone for ante-mortem ignominies.

Again: Standing in this garden of the sepulchre, I am impressed with the fact that floral and arborescent decorations are appropriate for the place of the dead. We are glad that among flowers and sculptural adornments Christ spent the short time of his inhumation.

I cannot understand what I sometimes see in the newspapers where the obsequies are announced and the friends say in connection with it, "Send no flowers." Rather, if the means allow—I say if the means allow—strew the casket with flowers, the hearse with flowers, the grave with flowers. Put them on the brow—it will suggest coronation; in their hand—it will mean victory.

Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers mean resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum contribute to its alleviation. The harebell will ring the victory. The passion-flower will express the sympathy. The daffodil will kindle its lamp and illumine the darkness. The cluster of asters will be the constellation. Your little child loved flowers when she was living. Put them in her hand now that she can go forth no more and pluck them for herself. On sunshiny days take a fresh garland and put it over the still heart.

Brooklyn has no grander glory than its Greenwood; nor Boston than its Mount Auburn; nor Philadelphia than its Laurel Hill; nor Cincinnati than its Spring Grove; nor San Francisco than its Lone Mountain. But what shall we say to those country graveyards, with the vines broken down and the slab aslant, and the mound caved in, and the grass a pasture-ground for the sexton's cattle? Indeed, were your father and mother of so little worth that you cannot afford to take care of their ashes? Some day turn out all hands and straighten the slab, and bank up the mound, and cut away the weeds, and plant the shrubs and flowers.

Some day you will want to lie down to your last slumber. You cannot expect any respect for your bones if you have no deference for the bones of your ancestry. Do you think these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are in the day when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your cemeteries into gardens.

Again: Standing in this garden of the new sepulchre, I am impressed with the dignity of private and unpretending obsequies. Joseph was mourner and sexton, and had entire charge of everything. Only four people at the burial of the King of the universe. Oh! let this be consolatory to those who through lack of means, or through lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the graves of their loved ones. Long line of glittering equipage, two rows of silver handles, casket of richest wood, pall-bearers gloved and scarfed, are not necessary.

Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered, and widowhood and orphanage go forth into cold charity. The departed left a small property, which would have been enough to keep the family together until they could take care of themselves, but the funeral expenses absorbed everything. That went for crape which ought to have gone for bread. A man of moderate means can hardly afford to die in any of our great cities. By all means do honor to the departed, but do not consider funeral pageant as necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put away to sepulchre than Christ our Lord, but there were only four people in the procession.

Again: Standing in this garden with a new sepulchre, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. Seal of Sanhedrim, company of soldiers from the tower of Antonia, floor of rock, roof of rock, walls of rock, door of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypts. Come out and come up he must. Come out and come up he did. Prefiguration. First fruits of them that slept. Just as certainly as we come down into the dust, just so certainly we will come up again. Though all the granite of the mountains were piled on us we will rise.

O, my brethren, death and the grave are not so much as they used to be; for while wandering in this garden with the new sepulchre, I find that the vines and flowers of the garden have completely covered up the tomb. Instead of one garden, there are four gardens, opening into each other—garden of Eden, garden of the world's sepulchre, garden of the earth's regeneration, garden of heaven. Four gardens. Bloom, O earth! Bloom, O heaven! O, my friends, wake up to gladness on this Easter morning! This day, if I interpret it right, means joy—it means peace with heaven, and it means peace with all the world.

Oh! bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon; plant them in the desert, that it may blossom like the rose; braid them into the main of the returned war-charger. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. All around the earth strew Easter flowers. And soon the rough voyage of the church militant will be ended, and she will sail up the heavenly harbor, scarred with many conflict, but the flag of triumph floating from her top-gallants. All heaven will come out to greet her into port, and with long-reverberating shout of welcome will say, "There she comes! the glorious old ship *Zion*. After tempestuous voyage she drops anchor within the veil."

::: The Pioneer of the Famine Fleet :::

OUR GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES A SHIP TO CARRY THE FIRST "CHRISTIAN HERALD" FOOD CARGO TO STARVING INDIA

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the Inter-denominational Committee, which, as announced last week, had been called together to apportion the magnificent Easter gift of twenty-five thousand dollars from Christian America, has placed the money in the hands of the missionaries who are in the most urgent need of help. It is being expended in the purchase of millet and rice, the two chief articles of diet in India. Even so large a sum is speedily exhausted when the number of the starving reaches into the tens of millions. It is very gratifying to know that this vast distribution is made without cost. The missionaries are only too glad to have the opportunity of feeding the hungry people, and cheerfully undertake the arduous duty free of all expense. The new members of the Committee, appointed on account of their intimate knowledge of the famine area, are: Rev. Edwin F. Frease of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Baroda; Rev. G. N. Thomssen of the Baptist Mission at Bapatla; Rev. Edgar M. Wilson of the Presbyterian Mission at Ratnagiri; Rev. M. D. Adams of the Church of the Disciples Mission at Bilaspur; Rev. J. H. Harpster of the Lutheran Mission at Gunter, and Rev. M. B. Fuller of the Alliance Mission at Girgaon, Bombay. Rev. E. S. Hume of the American Board's Mission at Byculla, still continues his services as secretary.

A MEAL FOR FAMINE SUFFERERS

With so efficient a means of reaching the suffering people and saving the lives of those who are ready to perish, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites with confidence the contributions of all American Christians. It now appears from reliable statistics, that while fully sixty million persons are in the grip of the famine, there are twenty-five millions who are in absolute peril of starvation.

God, in his own way, is opening all the doors for our India Famine Relief work. Our friends everywhere will be delighted to learn that the United States Government, in response to a personal appeal made through the State Department by Rev. Dr. Talmage, has directed Pay-Director Denniston, of the Navy Pay Office in New York, to charter a vessel to carry a cargo of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief supplies to India. Secretaries Hay and Long, of the State and Navy Departments, after consulting with the Attorney-General, decided that the present famine, being a continuous prolongation of that of 1897, the unexpended appropriation for chartering a famine cargo, made under the authority of joint resolution of Congress adopted that year, might lawfully be applied towards the despatching of a new cargo.

This generous gift, which is eloquently and officially expressive of the nation's sympathy, will enable us to despatch **the first cargo** of life-saving corn before the close of the present month. It will go to Bombay, and on arrival there, will be **under the personal supervision of our Interdenominational Committee,** reaching the sufferers at a time when the need is sorest and when help will be most warmly welcomed. This appropriation for transportation, secured from our government by the earnest representations of Dr. Talmage, reinforced by the intelligent and valuable co-operation of Mr. Charles M. Pepper, is equivalent to an addition of $40,000 to the Famine Fund.

Rev. J. E. Abbott, the American Board's missionary in Bombay, writing to the *Advance*, draws a pathetic picture of the poor creatures, whom the fathers who have gone to the Relief Camps, have left behind to die. It is not heartlessness that has led to desertion. They love their wives and babes, as we love ours, but they could not save them if they stayed. There is generally a tearful parting, the husband knowing that his wife will slowly perish, and the wife fearing that the husband will die on the road thither before he reaches succor. As the missionary visits these homes, some of them belonging to families who have been baptized and become members of his little church, how must he grieve that he has not the power to give even one meal to postpone the inevitable end.

Mr. Abbott says:

"The little skeleton babies are one of the saddest features of this famine. The merry boys and girls of the villages are such no longer, with their one great thought for food, and their bodies growing weaker as the days go by. And when orphaned, either by the famine or ordinary disease, who is there to care for them, when every one is in the battle of keeping himself alive? And the men and women are fighting with their one problem of no food and no water, millions of them straining every nerve to avoid the humiliation or the hardship of toil at relief camps. The aged, the infirm, women in conditions unfitted for hard toil, and children, dependent on others to care for them, are rapidly weakening in body, and in the months of famine still remaining their prospect is appalling."

It is no wonder that the missionary in whose hands the contributions of the Christians at home have been placed, goes to such scenes with a heart full of gratitude to the people in his own land who have made him an angel of mercy, a very giver of life to these hopeless sufferers. With what joy is he welcomed: and how in years to come, will his message of the Bread of Life be listened to by the people who owe their lives to his ministrations!

Mrs. M. B. Fuller, of the Alliance Mission in famine-stricken Gujrat, the province which is now in the direst need, writing her thanks for the two thousand dollars cabled to her for relief work from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, says: "I want in the name of all our missionaries who are helping me in the work of succor to thank you and your generous readers who have given us the means to relieve this overwhelming distress. I praise God for moving their hearts to give this money and I pray him to lead them to continue their blessed help, for there is a long time of suffering still before us. I went the other day to Ahmedabad and on the way we saw the bony figure of a man under a tree a few yards from the road. We went to him and found that he was still alive. He had simply fallen down through weakness and had not strength to rise. He had lain down to die and I suppose would have died, if we had not seen him; but we managed to lift him into the cart, and having given him some nourishment, took him with us to the camp. Before we reached it we found a poor woman with her baby by the roadside. The mother was in the delirium of the fever that comes with starvation and the child was evidently in a critical condition. We put both in the wagon with the man and took them to the camp, where they would be fed and cared for. That was the best course with them, as the camp was so near and our own funds were needed for people at a greater distance from government aid.

"Such scenes are witnessed by every traveler. One of our missionaries saw an ox-cart in which the driver had collected six living skeletons on his way, whom he was taking to the Government Relief Station. Still worse is it in the early morning hours, because the people die in the night if they lie down to rest by the roadside. One missionary counted fourteen corpses during his morning walk and another said that he saw the buzzards gathered over a field and went to see what it was they were doing and found that there were a number of dying people there whom the buzzards were waiting to eat. At one of our stations an elderly woman asked for food and offered to work in payment for it. She had one child with her. She and her three sons and their wives and three children had left their native village where they were starving to death, hoping to get work elsewhere. The whole party had died one by one by the way until only the old woman and one grandchild were left and they were near death. Only careful supplies of food given in small quantities at short intervals saved their lives. In one family five had died in four days. Parents are selling their children for a handful of grain, but in some cases I have known there has been a sad and pathetic clinging together until the whole family died. These are the scenes witnessed on all sides. If your readers could see the things we see daily, there would be no need of appeals.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN WAITING FOR ADMISSION TO A RELIEF CAMP

"We are putting the money you have sent to us to the best use. We have many Christian weavers who are starving. These we have supplied with yarn and are paying them for weaving it. We give the cloth away to the naked, and sell any surplus there is, adding the money to the food fund. Then your liberality has encouraged us to receive the orphans who have been brought to us. We have now three hundred of them on our hands. In many other ways we are doing all we can to save life, but in spite of all our efforts people are dying for lack of food and our money is slowly dwindling. May God move the hearts of his people to send us more, for there are long months of this suffering before us."

Mr. Moody's Appeal

"In the complicated conditions of modern society it is not always easy to determine 'What Jesus would do'; but in the Gospel of Matthew we have a clear statement of what he did when surrounded by a hungry crowd. The evangelist tells us that he had compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat (Matt. 15: 32). The multitudes of starving India are hungry and they are appealing to Christian America in this hour of their dire necessity. It is our privilege to show that compassion which characterized the Divine Head of the Church.

"It is credibly stated that a few cents are sufficient to sustain the life of one of these sufferers. Surely there are hundreds of thousands of Christians in America who will practise some self-denial that they may be able to save some of these little ones. If during the next thirty days each would give up some luxury and send the result of such self-denial to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD how many of the starving might be fed! And their sacrifice would not be without a blessing to themselves. He who had compassion on the multitude has himself said: 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward.'

"W. R. MOODY."

∴ THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH ∴

Luke 7: 18-28

: : : JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST : : :

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for April 29.
Golden Text, Mark 7: 37.

RUINS OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF MACHŒRUS (JOHN'S PRISON)

ANOTHER "prisoner of the Lord!" What a glorious and mighty company in history are they who were sent to prison, not because they were worse, but better than their fellows! Joseph, Jeremiah, Jesus, Paul, and many another made a prison a palace of power. From prison Joseph came to the premiership of Egypt, then the world's foremost nation. From the lion's den Daniel returned to the premiership of Babylon, then in the foremost place. Jeremiah, imprisoned by petty politicians, through unfaithfulness of cowardly preachers, was even in prison his country's foremost statesman, and master of the situation. Jesus and Paul, prisoners of Cæsar, were really King and premier of the world. In one of the European prisons, where many a Christian and patriot has been sent, not for his vices, but because of his virtues, I read the words, scratched into the stone wall with a nail, "Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee a crown of life," which means not faithful to the time of death, but faithful up to the dying point. Most of us are not faithful up to the sneering point. To bear imprisonment, much more death, rather than speak a falsehood, aye, rather than keep back a brave word that God bids us speak, is our faithfulness of that quality? John's was. It was rebuking the most influential of his hearers for a wicked divorce and remarriage that got him into trouble. It takes courage to speak to wicked kings of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come, as did Moses, Nathan, Jeremiah, Daniel, Paul; but it calls for yet greater courage to rebuke a wicked queen, to be an Elijah before Jezebel, a John the Baptist before Herodias, a Knox before Queen Mary. Partly because so many men have dared to go to prison for righteousness in the past, there are few prisoners of the Lord in our day. But lesser terrors than prison serve to silence many who ought to speak, some in the pulpit, more in politics, yet more in the marts of trade.

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The Caged Eagle Depressed *Art thou he that should come?* Bible heroes assure us they are "men of like passions with ourselves," that we may not reason away every sign of weakness and temptation. John was in the very wilderness where Christ was tempted to hasten the establishment of his kingdom by using the devil's short cut of force. Why should not John feel that same temptation yet more, being only a man and shut up in a dungeon, not at all like our modern prisons, healthy and well lighted, and supplied with work and reading to pass away the time! John no doubt remembered how God had saved Moses from the wrath of Pharaoh, and Daniel from savage beasts and yet more savage men, and wondered why one who could do such miracles as he heard of Christ's doing should not rescue one who had heralded him. His anxiety was no doubt yet more due to the fact that after a year and a half of miracles Christ had not yet established himself as King of the Jews and King of the World. The apostles of Jesus were still looking for a temporal kingdom, and John no doubt was under the same misapprehension. John was apparently in a brief eclipse of faith. But we need not go farther than our own hearts to find the same doubt. We say, Why is it at the end of nineteen Christian centuries that Christ's kingdom has been so imperfectly developed in even Christian nations, aye, in Christian men? Mohammed made Mohammedans and Mohammedan nations swiftly by the sword, but it was only a superficial work. A painter who had very slowly developed an immortal work was chided by one who said, "You have been a long time painting it." The reply was, "But I was painting for a long time." God's work in nature and in grace alike is slow but sure. Blessed is he, as Jesus said in this case, who does not stumble in his faith, because God's work in men and nations alike is more an evolution than a revolution. We must have patience with the slowness of the Christ development even in ourselves, if we are really at the post of duty, though we are of the "shut in," like John, whose only service at this time for the King was to "stand and wait."

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Creed and Deed *Go and show those things which ye do hear and see.* It is as if one should say, "Are you really a Christian?" and you dared to answer: "Stand by and see my day's work." To John's question Jesus did not reply with a long argument, but showed his work—not theological or ecclesiastical work, but of the kind which preachers too much decry, humanitarian work—the kind Isaiah said the Messiah would do (35: 5, 6; 61: 1, 2); work that helped those who were not figuratively, but literally blind, lame, deaf, diseased, dead—the "poor" especially.

Is Christianity the noblest uplifting force in the world? Our best answer will be the work it has done, not yet a perfect work, but better than any other. Thomas Jefferson said to Daniel Webster: "The studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better husbands and better fathers." Another sceptic, Huxley, called the Bible "the Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed."

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What is the Matter With the Church? Bishop Brooks, in a searching passage, said that many are turning John's question on the Church of to-day: "Art thou he that should come?" Can the Church do for the nation and the world in our time what needs to be done? Can it develop men who can bear the temptations of modern politics and pleasures and business? Can it overcome the increasing misrule of our cities? Can it displace the engulfing selfishness of our commerce? The Bishop said that not a few are thinking that the unfaithful Church may be set aside for some new agency, of which the Salvation Army is a suggestion. In any case, the Church must answer those who question her, not with ponderous arguments, but with Christlike works of reform and charity, with transformations of the maimed, the halt and the blind into whole men and ennobled communities.

The nearest application of the story is personal. I must prove myself a Christian, not by words, but by deeds. Justified to God, who sees the heart, by faith, I must justify my faith to man by works. The most perfect illustration of faith and works for the business man is found in the commercial agency reports. When a retail merchant applies for goods on credit at a wholesale house, the "credit man" does not depend upon the applicant's prospectus or promises, but rather he looks up the man's record in the book of judgment at the commercial agency. If it is there stated that from the days of his clerking he has attended strictly to business in business hours, has paid his bills promptly and has no vicious habits, his record proves his revenue. When the Chicago fire made such men penniless, their character became their capital, and they resumed at once on the same large scale as before. On the other hand, the man who is put down on the commercial record as keeping a dog and a gun, often leaving business for pleasure, and is rated careless about paying debts, and fond of drink and what goes with it, will find credit refused, even while he is still rich. One man ceased to credit another on seeing him sneak through a ferry gate without paying his fare. His fears were justified, for he soon went into dishonest bankruptcy. Not James only emphasizes the need of proving our faith by its fruits, but Paul quite as strongly in the Epistle to Titus, and Jesus in this and many passages. Here is a capital story of faith and works for those at school:

"I knew a college fellow," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "who was pretentiously pious and constitutionally lazy. He was always at his class prayer-meeting, and always unprepared in recitation. An eccentric professor once rebuked him before the class in the following manner:

"'You're a professor of religion, aren't you?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And a member of the Society of Inquiry?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And of the Missionary Band?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And always at the class prayer-meeting?'

"'Generally, sir.'

"'Yes, and always unprepared; never have your lesson; hopelessly lazy. Well, I can see through your piety; and I guess the Lord's as far-sighted as I am!"

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John's Excellent Spine *What went ye out to see? A reed shaken by the wind?* Here is a suggestion of that chief quality of strong minds which we name from the chief element of the body: backbone. Many who are physically in the upper order of vertibrates are really only mollusks in mind. We cannot conceive of them as standing before a monarch or a mob with such courageous denunciations as John the Baptist spoke.

Of him it could have been said as of John Knox: "He never feared the face of man." That was because he ever beheld the face of God. We can fear nothing while consciously in his sight. Peter, the natural coward, whom faith made fearless, tells us that the way to courage is the way of faith. "Add to your faith, virtue"; literally, valor (II. Peter 1: 5). "Soft clothing," that is, luxury—of which this age and this country has drunk to perilous intoxication, is suggested as unfavorable to such sterling virtues as John developed in his wilderness of "plain living and high thinking." If luxury be our lot, let us arm ourselves against its perils, and be valorous saints even in Cæsar's household.

PALMA'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

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A prophet. Foretelling is only an incidental part of the prophet's work. A prophet is one who speaks for God to man, as a priest is one who speaks for man to God. The prophet gathers warnings from the past and encouragements from the future, but his object is always to reform the present, to reform individual men, but especially cities and nations and the world in their business and politics and pleasures. And to this work we are all called in that exhortation, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets."

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True Greatness *He that is least in the Kingdom of God is greater than he.* We are greater in privileges than John, with Christ in heaven influencing the whole world; a Christ approved by nineteen centuries of miracles upon men and nations, and an outpoured spirit such as the world had not felt to the full when John preached. We are greater in privileges than John when, by our printed words and by the missionaries we send we can speak to the whole world. Greater in privilege in that our government is at least far above Herod's. In many ways we are greater in privileges and greater in acknowledged rights, such as free speech; but are we really greater in courage and fidelity? Are our doubts as few? Do we with like faith gaze across the ages and behold the Lamb that beareth away the sins of the world? We may well stand beside John's prison and study true greatness, remembering how the years have proved the prisoner greater than the king and queen who sent him there.

Men say falsely, "Nothing succeeds like success." John is but one of many illustrations of the successes of those who fail. In the catalogue of faith's victories, in Hebrews 11, we find enumerated some who were "slain with the sword." In this list of slain victors Paul himself, as well as John the Baptist, was enumerated. Let us dare to fail for Christ's sake in business and politics. In the words of Browning, the modern seer:

> "Aspire, break bounds, I say:
> Endeavor to be good, and better still,
> And best. Success is naught;
> Endeavor's all."

Thus the martyrs succeeded in seeming failure, succeeded in building the Church, succeeded in the nobler building of their own characters, failing in which is the only real failure. Let us learn Christ's way of estimating greatness. He passed by the kings of his time and declared John, the prisoner, the greatest of his age. On a voyage to Europe the writer was led by that declaration to spend one whole Sabbath reading everything said by or about John in the four gospels, with the result that three supreme pictures stand out in memory: first, John the hero, facing multitude and monarch in parallel pictures, with fearless speech; second, John, the faithful witness, proclaiming Christ, the Lamb of God, as he beholds behind the baptized Christ the distant cross upon the sky; third, John, "the friend of the bridegroom," who had come as the trusted friend of Christ to prepare the bride, the Church, for his coming, and on his arrival stands back in the shadow gladly surrendering his previous prominence, smiling with full contentment as he hears the bridegroom's voice in place of his own speaking to the bride, whispering himself with supreme self-effacement, "He must increase and I must decrease." For such greatness let us earnestly aspire.

* * *

Greater than he. Christ did not mean greater in station, or in character, or in power, but greater in the position and privileges of the better time. John, like the other Old Testament worthies, was a servant of God—truly a high honor—but Christ came to reveal sonship, which is far higher. The humblest Christian can go forth to the world with a better message than John proclaimed before Christ was revealed to him. He preached repentance and reformation of life. That kind of preaching was needed at the time, because there was so much Pharisaism and hypocrisy; but the honest seeker after righteousness would find how powerless he was to renew his own soul and would long for help. He would then be in a condition to appreciate the message that Christ gave to Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. So John had prepared the way for Christ.

∴ A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PILGRIMAGE TO THE ORIENT ∴

BY REV. C. S. MASON,
Los Angeles, California

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S
Special Correspondent

UNDER the leadership of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, the first 1900 pilgrimage to the Holy Land left the port of New York February 10. There were eighty-six pilgrims in the party which embarked on the Hamburg-American steamer *Furst Bismarck*, sixteen States being represented. These were the members:

Rev. J. A. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, Columbus, O.; Rev. H. R. Bates, New York; Rev. G. T. Berry, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. C. Bierhaus, Mrs. Bierhaus, Miss I. L. Bierhaus, Miss H. M. Bierhaus, Vincennes, Ind.; Rev. J. W. Bissell, Fayette, Ia.; Rev. D. A. Blackburn, D.D., New York; Mr. J. A. Brennan and Mrs. Brennan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. C. E. Brinkman, Lehighton, Pa.; Mr. J. L. Cameron, Miss A. Cameron, Miss E. Cameron, Rev. J. W. Chapman, D.D., Mrs. Chapman, J. W. Chapman, Jr., New York; R. W. Corwin, M.D., Pueblo, Colo.; Rev. J. D. Countermine, D.D., Mrs. Countermine, Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. J. Curtner, Miss G. Curtner, Warm Springs, Calif.; Mr. C. H. Denison, Saginaw, Mich.; Mr. O. S. Eaton, Mrs. O. Eaton, Bryan, O.; Rev. H. H. Fout, D.D., Dayton, O.; Mr. W. Hardee, Toledo, O.; Rev. R. M. Hodge, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. I. B. Hopwood, D.D., Newark, N. J.; Miss M. Kay, New York; Miss M. E. Kellyer, Miss J. M. Kellyer, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. W. H. Layson, D.D., Mrs. Layson, Santa Ana, Calif.; Mr. J. F. Lucius, Negreet, La.; Miss M. Marshall, New York; Rev. C. S. Mason, Los Angeles, Calif.; Rev. W. H. McCaughey, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. D. A. Medlar, D.D., Shamokin, Pa.; Rev. J. N. Mills, D.D., Mrs. Mills, Montclair, N. J.; Mr. R. T. Moir, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. A. A. Moore, Mrs. Moore, Marshalltown, Ia.; Mr. W. H. Obert, Lehighton, Pa.; Mrs. C. W. Oden-Smith, Vincennes, Ind.; Rev. F. C. Ottman, Newark, N. J.; Mr. E. E. Pearce, Miss A. E. Pearce, Lexington, Ky.; Rev. W. H. Pheley, Munising, Mich.; Mrs. A. D. Pratt, Mr. N. F. Pratt, Miss A. M. Pratt, Campello, Mass.; Miss M. M. Rahm, Evansville, Ind.; Mr. D. Robinson, Jr., Toledo, O.; Mr. C. Robotham, Newark, N. J.; Rev. J. W. Rumple, D.D., Mrs. Rumple, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Rust, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. H. B. Scheitlin, Galesburg, Ill.; Miss E. M. Schumacher, Evansville, Ind.; Rev. J. B. Shaw, D.D., New York; Mr. D. O. Shelton, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. C. W. Shoemaker, Bridgeton, N. J.; Mr. W. Sleicher, Jr., Mrs. Sleicher, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. J. W. Smith, Warren, Pa.; Rev. T. L. Smith, Austin, Ill.; Mrs. R. W. Snitcher, Merchantville, N. J.; Mrs. M. L. Ure, Miss F. Ure, Rev. R. Ure, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. A. Ware, E. Sullivan, N. H.; Mrs. M. C. Williamson, Hingham, Mass.; Mr. M. Winton, Addison, N. Y.; Capt. T. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Miss M. Wilson, Miss A. Wilson, Cleveland, O.; Mr. J. S. Woodruff, Mrs. Woodruff, Ludington, Mich.; Mr. G. W. Veiser, Union Mills, Md.; Rev. A. H. Young, D.D., Mrs. Young, Matawan, N. J.

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The *Furst Bismarck* is a majestic ship, but she will rock and plunge, to the discomfort of many doctors of divinity, and, strange to say, the bigger the man (with D.D.'s and LL.D.'s) the sicker he seemed to get. The sea is no respecter of persons. Our second day out the glorious Sabbath dawned, beautiful overhead, but wet under foot. The upper deck was filled with men and women in all shapes and conditions. Some limp; some rolled up, tucked up and buttoned up. Sedate professors, profound students and dignified clergymen had all things in common. Evangelist Chapman, as he sat in his steamer chair, muffled up and tucked up, asked the man from California, "Have you been sick yet?" and receiving the reply, "No, and I do not intend to be," he said with a far-away look. "Neither did I." When asked if he was to lead the devotional exercises, he responded in a subdued voice, "Not to-day."

"THE SEA BRINGS ALL TO A LEVEL"

once more on terra firma. Our handsome, popular D.D., occupying one of the most influential metropolitan pulpits, enters the dining saloon with a genial smile and a sweater. With prompt decision the waiter informs him that he must divest himself of the sweater. "Not allowable, don't you know," etc. The man of dignity pulls down the sweater and meekly displays a white coliar; presuming upon its appropriateness he remains, in spite of the protest of the under steward. But a mightier force is at work, and he who could exclaim, "O, shaw! Ridiculous! that a sweater is not allowable," suddenly divests himself of the genial smile, takes with him the obnoxious sweater and rushes out to commune with nature.

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There was excitement among our pilgrims on Friday. They were aroused at 6.30 A. M. to behold a scene never to be forgotten, the Azores or Western Islands, which rise abruptly from the sea. We passed in the night snow-crowned Pico, and now looked upon San Miguel with its green hills rising from the ocean. Our pilgrims' kodaks are quickly leveled at this beautiful island, with its orange groves, vineclad hills and massive pines. Soon the islands vanish in the distant horizon and we are again on the high seas.

REV. F. C. OTTMAN REV. I. B. HOPWOOD REV. J. W. CHAPMAN MRS. CHAPMAN

SOME OF OUR FELLOW-PILGRIMS

IN SIGHT OF GIBRALTAR'S ROCK

A sea voyage, like some other things, bring all men to a level, and women too. Our California heiress would give a good slice of her income if she could only get

Mr. Inazo Nitobe, author of the book, *The Soul of Japan*, and special commissioner of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce at Sapporo, accompanies the pilgrims as far as Gibraltar. Mr. Nitobe was educated in the United States, has imbibed Christian ideas, and is a very intelligent, wide awake, keen observer. He carries with him constantly a copy of the New Testament.

On Sunday, 18th, our pilgrims, twenty-two of whom were ministers (blue Presbyterians, deep water Baptists, Lutherans and Evangelical all represented), held a religious service in the second cabin, Dr. Chapman conducting the service. Rev. John Balcom Shaw also spoke and the exercises were enjoyed by all.

On sighting the straits the cry of land ahead brought all the pilgrims on deck. Many were somewhat the worse for wear, but all were happy at the anticipation of going on shore. Nearly every pilgrim prepared to land, the inducement was so great. The joy of being again on solid earth was anticipated, so that we were all ready when the steam yacht came alongside. We seemed like a crowd at a Christian Endeavor Convention waiting for the doors to open.

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The moment our feet touch the soil we are hypnotized. Where are we? "Who is who?" We are allowed by a permit to enter the garrisoned town. As we pass through the gate we are met by a host of jehus, who jabber, gesticulate, wiggle and perform contortions, and a grand pantomime, in their endeavors to get you into a coach. Sweat-shops are open, the hucksters are on the street, the saloons are in American style, and the English, Italian and Spanish languages are largely in evidence. We are warmly invited to visit the Spanish bull fight ring, at the city of Linea, which is connected with Gibraltar by a narrow isthmus, but our party declines to be enticed, so we continue our pilgrimage and view the Alameda, the "pride of Gibraltar," but the beautiful park is far exceeded in culture and beauty by many in America; still we are fain to admire the palm trees, the peppers, the olive trees, and the vine-clad hills. In this cosmopolitan town there are 26,184 population, composed of British, Italians, Spanish, Jews and Moors. The latter parade the streets with bare legs and white tunics. Blind beggars run after you for a long way crying for help, asking in a wailing voice, "A penny! penny! a penny!"

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Our shore visit over we return to the ship and resume our interrupted voyage up the Mediterranean. The first sunset on the Mediterranean was glorious, but the moon cast a silver sheen over the wavelets of the sea that was even more bewitching. Many remained long upon deck, enjoying the calm, beautiful sea. Is it possible that Paul was ever shipwrecked upon such a sea?

On February 21st, eleven days from home, we anchor off the north shore of the Bay of Naples. Rising out of the depths of the bay is Mount Vesuvius, shadowed now by a nimbus cloud. Steam yachts, craft of all kinds greet our eye. Below, as we look down from the main deck, is a troop of troubadours, with a guitar, mandolin and violin, which accompany three female voices, but their words are unintelligent to our non-Italian ears. They were graceful in gesture and most pleasing in manner, as they plead for a gift, to be thrown down to them. One of the troubadours caught the coins we flung him in an open umbrella.

. . .

Passing the "customs," we entered the city proper. Imagine a street, with houses of five stories, narrow and with a balcony at each window; trucks, two-wheeled, drawn by one, two or three horses abreast, and everywhere the *Carrozzella*, two-seated, drawn by one horse. Venders are a pest. Flowers at twenty-five cents or one shilling a bunch were passed up to us on a stick. We observe the absence of bits in the horses' mouths, and in lieu there is a head-gear, fastened tightly about the nose. Italian beggars, peddlers, money-changers, pick-pockets. One of our noted pilgrims divine had his pocket picked somewhere between the *Furst Bismarck* and the first street in Naples. From the first moment of landing to the last of embarking, it is one systematic scheme of robbing in the high places and the low. Money-changers, post-office clerks, venders, drivers, all rob you if they get half a chance. One driver agreed to take two ladies for one franc to the boat at nine o'clock P. M. Stopping quite a way from the boat the fellow explained to the ladies: "Boat illuminated; horse afraid," and when they got out he charged them four francs. Too far from police or boat, the timid ladies reluctantly submited to the extortion. Match girls seize your hand and kiss it and leave a box of matches in your pocket or on your arm and then pester you for pay. Venders follow you continually.

At every turn it is "baksheesh." Even guides ask for baksheesh from the tourists for the driver. The tramways, first and second class, seem to be the only refuge. The itinerary may read: "A trip to the aquarium." When you arrive it is two francs (40 cents) admission. You drive to the top of St. Elmo, to the San Martino Monastery, and it is one franc admittance. "Please leave your umbrella, sir," and coming out, "Baksheesh, please, for umbrella." As you get into your carriage, "Baksheesh for the guide, please," and the four in the carriage are expected to give one franc a piece for the self-appointed guide. I mention this so that if any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contemplate a trip abroad, they may be forewarned and also forearmed with an abundant supply of baksheesh.

. . .

The passing scenes, however, more than repay us. Two strapping native fellows meet in the middle of the street and hug and kiss each other. One of our party pays for a bunch of flowers to a vender running by the side of the carriage and looks for change, but the latter keeps running until he runs away with the money. A few blocks farther on the carriage is approached by the same boy, who does not recognize it, and offers his flowers. This time our friend takes the flowers first and gets even with the little rogue. Goats are driven on the sidewalk and milked at the door. Organ-grinders are very much in evidence.

We have only a day at Naples, dinner at seven, then all go on the steamer *Umberta* for the night. Instead of a steamer exclusive for the pilgrim party, we found ourselves in an overcrowded ship, four persons each being assigned to staterooms hardly large enough for two. Next day we cleared for Alexandria.

REV. C. S. MASON.

EASTER JOYS IN PARIS

The Flowers, the Parks, the Markets, the People—The Exposition—United States' Day and the Lafayette Monument

ON THE OUTER EDGE OF THE CENTRAL MARKET, PARIS

A BUSY SECTION OF THE CENTRAL MARKET AT EASTER

EVEN in ordinary years European society gravitates to Paris at Eastertime, and wealthy tourists from America, Australia and other countries are prone to schedule their journeyings so that Easter will find them in the French capital; for Paris, always gay and beautiful, is at its loveliest then. It is natural that the city of the Seine should excel herself this Easter, for is not the season of the holy festival also that set for the initiation of the great Exposition, at which all the nations of the earth will gather to see Paris at her fairest? Formal opening of the Fair is to be delayed somewhat; but the city is in reception garb and visitors are crowding in.

The twittering swallows dipping in the basins of the Tuileries gardens seem to rejoice when April and Easter have come. The little children playing in the parks seem bubbling over with happiness. Such wonderful rabbits and eggs as Easter brings them! And does it not bring the wonderful Gingerbread Fair held two weeks at this season in Faubourg St. Antoine? The leafage of trees and shrubs in parks and gardens is yet of a tender green. Beds of early flowers make splashes of brilliant color. The purple and white of budding lilacs and other heralds of spring are visible here and there. Many folks that pass, even the nurse-girl and the washerwomen, have sprigs of bloom and greenery pinned somewhere about them. In the windows of almost every quarter are gay and fragrant signals of popular joy. Just before Palm Sunday, trains loaded with flowers and greens begin to crowd the roads to the city, and with slight interruption this continues until Easter. Paris at Easter has been aptly compared to a tremendous flower show. There are flowers, flowers, everywhere, so many and so cheap that the very poor may buy a bit of loveliness and fragrance with which to brighten their dwellings. The flower-markets, of which there are five, are always interesting to visitors. The great Central Market of Paris is one of the sights which no tourist should entirely omit; it consists of ten buildings separated by covered streets, and occupying altogether twenty-two acres.

Long, long before daylight, the wagons of market gardeners are rolling over the thoroughfares leading to this common center. They come from the surrounding country, hence the market is a good place to see sturdy rustic folks as well as city hucksters. The good farmwife, unloading her supplies, will often mark off the little territory alloted to her with deftness and taste, arranging her fresh onions, beets and carrots so that the green tops make a fringe or border for her domain, and the silky white skins of the onions gleam effectively between the crimson of the beets and the gold of the carrots. Emerald heads of curly lettuce will be cunningly bestowed as a valley of division where a hillock of vivid red tomatoes threatens the purple glory of a mountain of egg-plants; neatly tied bunches of asparagus; dainty baskets of scarlet berries and various hothouse delicacies raised for the patron who carries a long purse, are each and all grouped with as much eye to effect as the florist uses in the composition of a bouquet.

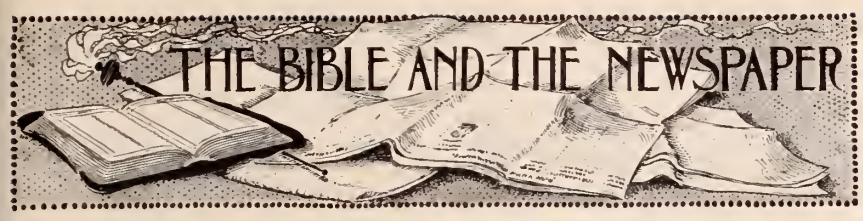
In the fish-market one sees an array of the treasures of the deep that is dazzling and almost limitless; shining scaly creatures—gold, silver, salmon, pink and pearl make rainbows of irridescence hard by the ugly black eels and the sprawling red lobsters. Besides the fish on the trays and in the osier baskets there are whole schools of live fish in immense tanks supplied with water by faucets. In another part of the market—given over to poultry—geese, ducks, chickens, pheasants and other feathered things reign supreme. In still another section, butchers in white aprons are weighing and cutting up tons of meat and dealing out marvelous quantities of sausages, sweetbreads, calves' feet and other edibles. Up to a certain hour traders only can make purchases; after that, the public. Hotel men buying in large quantities, a nun purveying for a convent school, a little white-capped maid-of-all work purchasing carefully for her mistress, a poor woman of the slums making a few cents go a long way in providing for a large family, children catering for parents or for themselves—all constitute a part of the interesting medley of humanity which one sees at market. The market-women waste no time; as soon as wares are arranged they take out a piece of knitting or sewing, and their fingers fly when they are not busy waiting on a customer; nor do their tongues take too much rest. If one understands French this is the place to hear interesting city and provincial gossip.

A SCENE AT THE EASTER GINGERBREAD FAIR

During Lent, buying and selling of some kinds of food has not been brisk, and laying in supplies for the Easter feast is all the more lavish and exciting. The white-capped maids and the housewives of threadbare raiment find their way out through the flower market and crown their baskets of meat and vegetables with a bunch of something pretty and odorous. Sidewalks everywhere are crowded with men and women carrying baskets or guarding piles of produce. The cackle of geese and chickens and the clatter of tongues seems to follow one until the last lingering vestige of the great Central Market is left well behind.

The promenades and drives, and the boulevards leading to the Madeleine, St. Roche, and other prominent churches show a widely differing phase of Parisian life and grades of society which have little to do with the great market, except to be sustained by it. People from the provinces flock to Paris during Passion Week to enjoy the religious privileges and, honesty compels the admission, to see what the latest fashions are. This last reason exercises potent influence, too, over pilgrims not French, who hie to Paris for Holy Week. Before Easter Sunday it looks as if the display on the promenades were of the latest styles in mourning. On Saturday toilettes begin to brighten; on Sunday they bloom out like the flowers into the very freshest, gayest and brightest things possible. This Easter hundreds of sober, demure people, who have little interest in such light matters, are finding their way into Parisian churches, and Protestant congregations are unusually enlarged.

"I am going to the United States," or "I am going to Japan," say the architects and workmen as they hurry back and forth along the Quai d'Orsay, where the nations of the earth have established pavilions and run up flags. The pavilion of the United States is of a goodly size. It has been likened to a pantheon, and there is an equestrian statue of George Washington on the portico. Beside our majestic structure, the handsome Austrian pavilion looks quite dwarfed. Fourth of July is to be "United States Day." On that day America formally presents to France the monument of Lafayette, which is to have a place in the Louvre. Of that interesting date and occasion, Hon. Benjamin D. Woodward, our Assistant Commissioner-General, says: "When this monument is unveiled at noon and the procession of distinguished guests cross the Tuileries, going by way of the Champs Elysees toward our National Pavilion, every eye will be turned in the direction of the high tower, which Eiffel himself has put at the disposition of the United States. By means of an electrical contact, the President of the United States at 7 A. M. (noon at Paris), in the Executive Mansion at Washington, will unfurl to the breeze on top of the highest structure in France, the largest American flag which has ever been made."



Dublin's Royal Guest

ROYAL has been the welcome accorded to Queen Victoria by the people of Ireland. A more hearty and cordial reception could not have been given than that with which she was greeted on her arrival in Dublin. The gaily decorated streets, the illuminations, the cheering thousands of citizens who lined the roadways and sang "God Save the Queen" as she passed, all testified to the pleasure which the Irish people felt at her visit. With her usual tact, the Queen took special pains to gratify the humblest of the people by driving through the poorest quarters of Dublin. Although rain was falling on the first day of her visit, she rode in an open carriage and was careful to respond with pleasant smiles to the greetings of the crowds assembled to see her pass. By her own request, one day was made a children's day. Seven thousand Dublin children and thirty thousand school children from other cities were assembled and were made the Queen's guests for the day. The Queen's love for children and their joy at having a day reserved for them made the occasion one that will be long memorable in Ireland. It is now thirty-nine years since her Majesty visited Ireland, but the cordiality of her reception will doubtless lead to more frequent royal visits in the future. The present visit is due to the Queen's desire to give public recognition of the valor and distinguished service of the Irish soldiers now fighting under the British flag in South Africa. She rightly felt that it would gratify them to have her go among their fellow-countrymen and spend a few days in the capital of their beloved country. That in spite of her eighty-two years she should undertake such a journey is an evidence of her patriotism and her womanly grace and tact. If an earthly sovereign, grateful for the service of her soldiers, shows her gratitude by her favor to their fathers and mothers and wives and children, how much more will our heavenly King show kindness to the relatives of those who serve him and answer the prayers offered for them.

The Lord had a delight in thy fathers to love them, and he chose their seed after them, even you as it is this day (Deut. 10: 15).

The Disastrous Flood in Texas

A calamity, the full extent of which is unknown at the time of writing, is reported from Austin, Tex. The dam across the Colorado River, by which Lake McDonald was formed, gave way on April 7 and released the enormous mass of waters which raised the level of the river nearly fifty feet above the normal height. The swollen stream rushed down the valley with a noise like thunder, carrying all before it. Seven men and boys who were in the municipal power-house, just below the dam, were drowned and a number of other persons, who were on a projecting tongue of land, were swept away by the resistless current. How many others were caught by the flood lower down the river is not yet known, but it is feared that the number is large. Residences, barns, cattle and trees could be seen floating on the surging flood. The dam was 1,143 feet long and sixty feet deep and was the second largest in the United States. It cost over a million dollars. The waters it confined in Lake McDonald were thirty miles long and about half a mile wide. For several days the river had been swollen by heavy rains and the impact of the torrent with the wreckage it brought down had been a severe strain on the dam which yielded at last along a stretch of five hundred feet. Very sincere sympathy will be felt all over the country for the bereaved and for those who have lost their property in this disaster. It may be hoped that Christians everywhere will pray for them, and that they themselves will look to Him whom David addressed:

Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul. I am come into deep waters where the floods overthrow me (Ps. 69: 1, 2).

A Ship for a Coffin

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* describes a remarkable coffin which was constructed by the man who was eventually buried in it. He says: "Probably the strangest coffin ever used was that of a very old Englishman who served in the French wars under Lord Nelson, and afterward went to Canada and settled in Victoria, B. C. In his leisure moments he constructed a model of the flagship *Victory*. It was eight feet long and had all the masts, sails, rigging and cannons which Nelson's ship had. The old man took the greatest pride in it, and in his last days used to watch it for hours at a time. He was a very small man, and when he died some of his old sailor friends lifted the deck off the Victory and had the inside upholstered. Then they put the old man in and replaced the deck. At the funeral the "Victory" was lowered into the grave with sails set and the flags flying. I don't suppose there was ever a more appropriate coffin than that." If the old man had known in his lifetime that his favorite model would be used as his coffin, he would have been very pleased. But now it is far more important for him that he should have had a part in another victory, which will be for him an eternal glory.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne (Rev. 3: 21).

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, SCENE OF THE WELCOME TO QUEEN VICTORIA

A Girl Heroine

Passengers by an express train in Indiana a few days ago have reason to be grateful to an heroic girl for being saved from dire peril. She is a telegraph operator at a junction near New Point, Ind. Her duties are performed in a little tower forty feet above the track, which at that point is on an embankment twenty feet high. She thus works at an elevation sixty feet above the ordinary level. On the morning of the occurrence she gave the signal for a freight train to leave the siding. As it came out, one of the cars jumped the track opposite to her tower and pulled three other cars after it. The cars rolled against the iron work supporting the tower and overturned it. The girl was so badly injured by the fall that she could not stand; but suffering as she was, she recollected that the fast train would be due in half an hour. On her hands and knees she climbed the embankment and found the conductor of the wrecked train. She just managed to tell him of the approaching train and beg him to immediately signal it, when she became unconscious from her pain and was sent to her home. No one else had thought of the impending danger, but this devoted, self-sacrificing girl. She has been critically ill since. Some indication of what she suffered in climbing the embankment to prevent the wreck of the approaching express, is gained from her talk in her delirium. She imagines herself still trying to save the train and fearing that her strength will fail before she reaches the top of the embankment. Many a noble soul in the face of some crisis has had the same fear, and in some cases it has been the eternal safety of others that has appeared to depend on some weak person doing a difficult duty. To all such the promise is very encouraging:

He giveth power to the faint: and to them who have no might he increaseth strength (Isa. 40: 29).

The Prince of Wales Shot at

The attempt to murder the Prince of Wales, on April 4, was a surprise to all Europe. The Prince has so scrupulously avoided mixing in politics, or doing anything in a public capacity to excite animosity, that he seemed to be one of the last persons in the world likely to be marked as the victim of an assassin. The attack was made in Brussels, while the Prince was on the way with his wife to visit his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, at Copenhagen. He had just seated himself in a railroad car to resume his journey after a brief halt, when a young man sprang on the platform of the car and fired at him point blank with a revolver. Twice the pistol missed fire, but the would-be assassin succeeded in sending two bullets into the car, but neither of them did any damage to the occupants. He was seized by the railroad officials and dragged from the platform before he could fire again. He was identified as a tinsmith named Sipido, sixteen years of age, and a member of anarchist societies. He had attended a meeting on the night before the Prince's arrival, at which the British war with the Boers had been denounced, and had filled his pockets with anarchist literature. Another youth, seventeen years of age, was arrested with

THE PRINCE OF WALES

him and charged with complicity in the plot, which was evidently premeditated. If the youth had possessed ordinary common sense, he would have been aware that there was nothing to be gained by such a crime, neither by himself nor by others; but he was probably partially demented and was in that condition which is easily excited to deeds of blood by such utterances as those of Dr. Leyds and his friends, to whom he had been listening.

The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness, and the end mischievous madness (Eccles. 10: 13).

BRIEF NOTES

The oldest inhabitant of Norfolk Island, granddaughter of Fletcher Christian, of the "Bounty" mutiny, and widow of Rev. G. H. Nobbs, the Island chaplain, has lately died, aged ninety, and has left 180 descendants.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew has opened an attractive house in Manila for the use of our soldiers who may need a quiet place for reading and writing, away from liquor temptations. Services for the Filipinos will also be held there under the charge of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Salvation Army is now operating eleven Shelters and Industrial Homes for poor men and women, in the vicinity of New York alone, accommodating some 1,400 persons, in addition to a Home for Fallen Women. Colonel Holland, of 122 West 14th Street, says gifts of magazines, etc., are much needed by the inmates, and will be greatly appreciated.

Dr. Nansen, when a guest at a dinner of medical and other scientists, held at Munich, was asked: "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the *Fram*, or use any intoxicating liquor during your heroic expedition by sledges?" "No," said Nansen; "if I had done so I should never have returned."

Evangelist Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, who superintended the Gospel Tent work in New York last summer, has closed a series of revival meetings with the Baptist and Presbyterian churches in Bradford, Penn. Among the persons who have been led to seek Christ at these meetings are a large number of young men.

A testimony to the value of missions comes from the Hon. Charles Denby, for many years United States minister to China, who says, having in mind what he has seen of Christian missions in China, "The silent but persistent worker, the missionary, has been the pioneer of modern civilization as well as Christianity."

The cosmopolitan character of the Boer army is illustrated by the fact that one hospital in South Africa required Bibles in the Gaelic, Dutch, German, Flemish, French, Swedish, Danish, Italian, Bulgarian, Croat, Magyar, Roumanian and Czech languages, all of which the British and Foreign Bible Society supplied.

Very successful evangelistic meetings have been held at Des Moines, Ia., under the conduct of Dr. L. W. Munhall. Two thousand men were present at the meeting in the Church of the Disciples at one of the meetings for men only. Dr. Munhall served in the army during the Civil war and found many of his comrades at Des Moines. A special service for old soldiers was one of the most interesting of the series.

The magnanimity of a clergyman in Ohio is shown in an item quoted by the *Observer*. The clergyman had occasion some time ago to denounce the liquor traffic in general, and the course of a leading liquor-seller of his town in particular. The sermon excited a great deal of feeling at the time. Recently the same clergyman undertook a long journey at the request of the same liquor dealer, who being near death, sent an urgent letter asking the clergyman to come to him and show him the way of salvation. The clergyman started immediately.

"WE STOPPED AT A TEA HOUSE"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Samantha, Josiah Allen's wife, who thinks she "ort to go to the Paris Exposition," has to make an earlier start than she intended. She must take her little grandson, Tommy, on a long sea voyage ordered by his physician. Josiah firmly declines to risk seasickness of which he has had a lively experience, and it looks as if she and Tommy must journey alone, when Dorothy Snow stops in Jonesville with Tommy's mother, who is her cousin. Dorothy, a rich orphan, is attended by Miss Meechim, whose heart is set on keeping her unmarried, and by her French maid, Aronette. They are on their way to San Francisco, whence they sail on a tour including Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, China, possibly Egypt, and ending with the Paris Exposition. Samantha and Tommy start off with them, leaving Josiah weeping on the patform. They stop at New York, Saratoga, Niagara Falls and Chicago, and Samantha enjoys the sights greatly. In Chicago, she talks with Prince and Princess Cantacuzene and other distinguished people. On the way to Denver, Phila Henzy, of Loontown, near Jonesville, comes on the train with her husband, who is taking her to his home in Salt Lake City. She and Samantha talk about the good work young Elder White is doing for factory folks in Loontown. In Salt Lake City, Samantha visits a Mormon and his eleven wives, and has a call from Brigham H. Roberts, to whom she expresses her opinion. At San Francisco, she meets Robert Strong, Miss Meechim's nephew, a wealthy young philanthropist, who helps Miss Meechim protect Dorothy "from the attentions of other gentlemen" and who is to tour with them. He takes them over San Francisco and to his City of Justice—a model village where his factory hands live. As the party is about to sail, Josiah, from whom Samantha to her great anxiety has not heard since leaving New York, rushes up the gang-plank. Behind him comes Arvilly, a Jonesville book agent, who has a history. Disguised as a soldier, she had followed her husband to Cuba, and was beside him when Alan Thorne, crazed with drink, shot him; Alan's sweetheart, Waitstill Webb, was by, too; Alan was executed; the two women made common cause against the Canteen which they held responsible. Arvilly tells Samantha that Waitstill is now in the Philippines as an army nurse.

Among the ship's passengers are Evangeline Noble, missionary to Africa; Elder Wessel, missionary to China; Lucia, the Elder's pretty daughter, who makes great friends with Aronette, and "Widder" Gray, going to see her sick son in Manila. The Elder and Arvilly take issue on the temperance question, the Elder defending the saloon as the "poor man's club." Samantha calls on Queen Liliuokalani at Honolulu, sees the "House of Fire" and other sights. She is much interested in things at Manila; comes upon "Cousin John Richard Allen," a missionary, who is trying to render spiritual aid to our soldiers who plainly need it; calls with Arvilly on General Grant, and begs him to use his influence against the liquor evil in the army. Search for Willie Gray shows that he died pleading in vain for a minister to pray for him. Waitstill Webb calls, and tells Arvilly that Elder White has written asking her to marry him. Lucia and Aronette disappear; a detective reports seeing them stagger out of a Canteen on the previous evening with two young men who had been showing them attention for some time. The Elder is crushed; everybody is heartbroken; diligent search is made, but at last they have to sail away, ignorant of the fate of the missing girls. The next stop is at Hongkong; they then sail up the Pearl River to Canton. In both cities Samantha has many amusing experiences. They go to Japan.

In The Mikado's Empire

THE next mornin', after tiffen, which wuz what they call breakfast, bein' just so ignorant of good Jonesville language. Josiah and I and Tommy sallied out to see what we could see, the rest of our party havin' gone out before.

Wantin' to go a considerable ways, we hired two jinrikishas, and I took Tommy in my lap, and I must say that I felt considerable like a baby in a baby carriage carryin' a doll; but I got over it and felt like a grandma before I had gone fur. How Josiah felt I don't know, though I hearn him disputin' with the man about his prices—we had took a interpreter with us so we could know what wuz said to us. The price for a jinrikisha is five sen, and Josiah thought it meant five cents of our money, and so handed it to him. But the man wuz so ignorant he didn't know anything about Jonesville money, and he kep' a-callin' for sen, and the interpreter sez "Sen." holdin' up his five fingers and speakin' it up loud, and I hearn Josiah say:

"Well you fool, you. I have given you five cents! what more do you want? But at last he wuz made to understand; but when Josiah made him know where he wanted to go the interpreter said that the sedan carriers wanted a yen, and my poor pardner had another struggle. Sez he:

"You consarned fool, how do you spoze I can give you a hen? Do you spoze I can git into my hen house ten thousand milds off to git you a hen? Or do you want me to steal one for you?"

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THE EARTHQUAKE—"JOSIAH HURRIED ME ALONG ON A SWIFT RUN"

"A yen," sez the interpreter, and the way he said it it did sound like hen.

"Well, I said hen, didn't I?" said my pardner.

But I leaned out of my baby cart and sez, "Y-e-n, Josiah. A yen is their money, a dollar."

"Oh, why don't they call it a cow or a brindle calf?" He wuz all het up by his efforts to understand. They call one of their dollars a yen, a sen is a cent, and a rin is the tenth part of a cent. Josiah fell in love with the copper rins with square holes in the centre. Sez he:

"How I would love to furnish you with 'em, Samantha, when you went to the store in Jonesville. I would hand you out five or six rins and you could string 'em and wear 'em round your neck till you got to the store."

"Yes," sez I, "half a cent would go a good ways in buyin' family stores."

"Well, it would have a rich look, Samantha, and I mean to make some when I git home. Why, Ury and I could make hundreds of 'em out of our old copper kettle that has got a hole in it, and I shouldn't wonder if I could pass 'em."

Miss Meechim had a idee that the Japans wuz in a state of barbarism, but Arvilly who wuz always at swords' pints with her threw such a lot of statistics at her that it fairly danted her. There are six hundred newspapers in Japan. The Japanese daily at Tokio has a circulation of 300,000. She has over 3,000 milds of railroads and uses the American system of checking baggage. Large factories with the best machinery has been built late years, but a great part of the manufacturing is done by the people in their own homes, where they turn out those exquisite fabrics of silk and cotton and rugs of all the colors of the rainbow, and seemingly as fadeless as that bow. Slavery is unknown, and there is very little poverty with all the crowded population. The Japans are our nearest neighbors acrost the Pacific and we've been pretty neighborly with 'em, havin' bought from 'em within the last ten years most three hundred millions worth of goods. She would miss us if anything should happen to us.

Yokohama is a city of 124,000 inhabitants, most all Japans, though in what they call the settlement there are fifteen or twenty thousand foreigners. There are beautiful homes here with flower gardens containing the rarest and most beautiful flowers, trees and shrubs of all kinds.

The day Josiah had his struggle with the interpreter and Japan money we rode down the principal streets of Yokohama. And I would stop at some of the silk shops, though Josiah objected and leaned out of his jinrikisha and sez anxiously:

"Don't spend more'n half a dozen rins, Samantha, on dress, for you know we've got more than 10,000 milds to travel and the tarven bills are high."

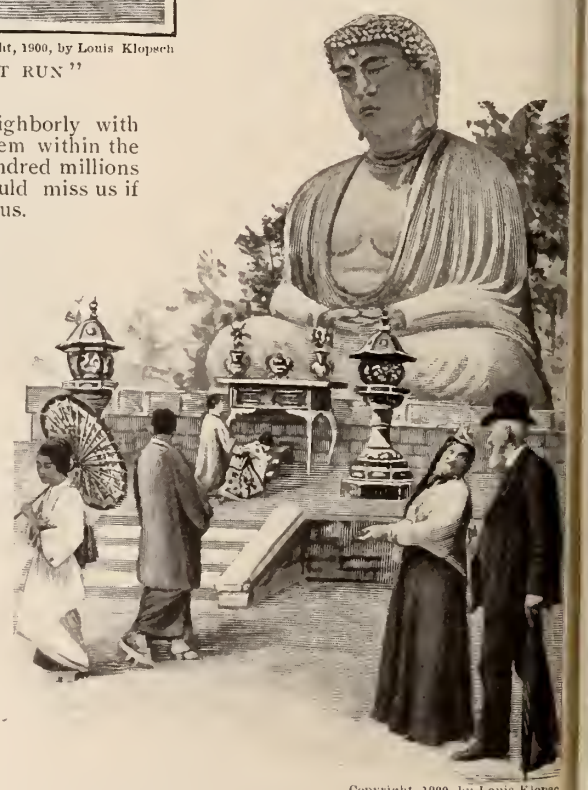
Sez I in real dry axents, "If I conclude to buy a dress I shall have to have as much as a dozen rins; I don't believe that I could git a handsome and durable one for less." My tone wuz sarcastical. The idee of buyin' a silk dress for half a cent! But I didn't lay out to buy; I wuz jest lookin' round.

In Yokohama Shops

I saw in those shops some of the most beautiful silks and embroideries that I ever did see, and I went into a lacquer shop where there wuz the most elegant furniture and rich bronzes inlaid with gold and silver. They make the finest bronzes in the world; a little pair of vases wuz fifteen hundred dollars and you couldn't get 'em for less. But why shouldn't there be beautiful things in a country where every one is a artist?

We stopped at a tea house and had a cup of tea, delicious as I never spozed tea could be and served by pretty young girls with gay colored, loose silk suits and hair elaborately dressed up with chains and ornaments; their feet and legs wuz bare, but they wuz covered with ornaments of brass and jade. Afterwards we passed fields of rice where men and wimmen wuz working, the men enrobed in their skin toilette of dragons and other figures and loin cloth and the wimmen in little scanty skirts comin' from the waist to the knees. Their wages are eighty cents a day. I wondered what some of our haughty kitchen rulers who demand a dollar a day and the richest of viands, would say if they wuz put down on a basis of eighty cents a day and water and rice diet.

The little bamboo cottages are lovely lookin' from the outside with their thatched roofs, some on 'em with little bushes growin' out on the thatch and little bunches of grass growin' out under the eaves. The children of the poor are entirely naked and don't have a rag on 'em until they're ten or twelve



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"KNEELIN' IN FRONT OF THE IDOL"

A lot of 'em come up to the jinrikishas and called out "oh-hi-o" to Josiah, and he shook his head and sez affably:

"No, bub, I am from Jonesville."

But the interpreter explained oh-hi-o means good mornin'; and after that for days Josiah would say to me as soon as I waked up, "Ohio," and wanted to say it to the rest, but I broke it up.

One thing Josiah thought wuz wicked: a Japanese is not allowed to wear whiskers till he is a grandpa, so old bachelors have to go with smooth faces.

Sez Josiah, "What if Cousin Zebedee Allen couldn't wear whiskers? why," sez he, "his whiskers are his main beauty and naterally Zeb is more particular about his looks than if he wuz married. Such laws are wicked and arbitrary. Why, when I courted my first wife, Samantha, my whiskers and my dressy looks wuz what won the day. And I d'no," sez he inquiringly, "but they won your heart."

"No," sez I, "It wuzn't them, and heaven only knows what it wuz; I never could tell. I've wondered about it a sight."

"Well," sez he, "I didn't know but it wuz my whiskers."

We passed a number of temples where the people worship. The two principal religions are the Shinto and the Buddhist. The Shinto means, "The way of the gods," and they believe that their representative is the Mikado, so of course they lay out to worship him. The Buddhists preach renunciation, morality, duty, and right living. Bein' such a case to cling to Duty's apron strings I couldn't feel towards the Buddhists as Miss Meechim did. Sez she, "O why can't they believe as we do in America? Why can't they all be Episcopalians?"

But 'tennyrate all religions are tolerated here, and as Arvilly told Miss Meechim when she wuz bewailin' the fact that they wuzn't all Episcopals and wuzn't more like our country.

Arvilly Champions the "Japs"

Sez Arvilly, "They don't drownd what they call witches, nor hang Quakers, nor whip Baptists, nor have twenty wives. It don't do for us to find too much fault with the religion of other nations, Miss Meechim, specially them that teaches the highest morality, self-control and sacrifice."

Miss Meechim wuz huffy, but Arvilly drove the arrer home. "Gamblin' is prohibited here; you wouldn't be allowed to gamble for bed-quilts and afghans at church socials, Miss Meechim."

Miss Meechim wouldn't say a word. I see she wuz awful huffy. But howsumever there are lots of people here who believe in the Christian religion.

We passed such cunning little farms; two acres is called a good farm, and everything seemed to be growin' on it in little squares, kep' neat and clean, little squares of rice and wheat and vegetables.

And Josiah sez, "I wonder what Urv would say if I should set him to transplantin' a hull field of wheat, spear by spear, as they do here, set 'em out in rows as we do onions. And I guess he'd kick if I should hitch him onto the plow to plow up a medder, or onto the mower or reaper. I guess I'd git enough of it. I guess he'd give me my come up-ance."

"Not if he wuz so polite as the Japans," sez I.

"And what a excitement it would make in Jonesville," sez Josiah, "if I should hitch Ury and Philury onto the mowin' machine. I might," he continered dreamily, just for a change, drive 'em into Jonesville once on the lumber wagon."

But he'll forgit it, I guess, and Japan will forgit it too before long. Their tools are poor and fur behind ourn, and some of their ways are queer; such as trainin' their fruit trees over arbors as we do vines. Josiah wuz dretful took with this and vowed he'd train our old stick no further over a arbor. Sez he, "If I can train that old tree into a runnin' vine I shall be the rage in Jonesville."

But he can't do it. The branches are as thick as his arm. And I sez, "Children and trees have to be tackled young, Josiah, to bend their wills the way you want 'em to go." They make a great fuss here over the chrysantheum, and they are beautiful I must admit. They don't look much like mine that I have growin' in a kag in the east winder.

Their common fruits are the persimmons, a sweet fruit about as big as a tomato and lookin' some like it, with flat black seeds, pears, good figs, oranges, peaches, apples. There is very little poverty, and the poorest people are very clean and neat. Their law courts don't dally along for month after month and years. If a man murders they hang him the same week.

But mebby our ways of lingerin' along would be better in some cases, if new evidence should be found within a year or so, or children should grow up into witnesses.

We went into a Japanese house one day. It is made on a bamboo frame, the roof and sides wuz thatched with rye straw, the winders wuz slidin' frames divided into little squares covered with thin white paper. The partitions wuz covered with paper, and movable, so you could if you wanted to make your house into one large room. Josiah told me that he should tear out every partition in our house and fix 'em like this. "How handy it would be, Samantha, if I ever wanted to preach."

And I told him that I guessed our settin' room would hold all that would come to hear him preach, and sez I, "How would paper walls do with the thermometer forty below zero?" He looked frustrated, he had never thought of that.

The house we went into wuz sixteen feet square, divided into four square rooms. It wuz two stories high, and little porches about two feet wide wuz on each story, front and back. There wuz no chimney; there wuz a open place in the wall of the kitchen to let the smoke out from the little charcoal furnace they use to cook with, and one kettle wuz used to cook rice and fish; no spoons or forks are needed. The doors and frame-work wuz painted bronze color. There wuzn't much furniture besides the furnace and tea-kettle that stands handy to make tea at any time. A few cups and saucers, a small clock, a family idol, and a red cushioned platform they could move, high and wide enough for a seat so several can set back to back, is about all that is necessary.

Their floors are covered with a lined straw matting, soft as carpet; they sleep on cotton mats put away in the day time; their head-rest is a small block of wood about one foot long, five inches wide and eight inches high. A pillow filled with cut rye straw and covered with several sheets of rice paper isn't so bad, though I should prefer my good goose feather pillows. The Japanese are exceedingly neat and clean; they could teach needed lessons to the poorer classes in America.

We one day made an excursion twenty milds on the Tokiado, the great highway of Japan. It is broad and smooth, five hundred milds long, and follers the coast. Part of the way we went with horses, and little side trips into the country wuz made with jinrikishas. Quaint little villages wuz on each side of the road, and many shrines on the waysides. That day we see the famous temple of Diabutsu with its colossial bronze idol. It wuz fifty feet high and eighty-seven feet round. The eyes three feet and a half wide. One thumb is three and a half feet round. He seemed to be settin' on his feet.

A widder and a priest wuz kneelin' in front of this idol. The priest held in one hand a rope and anon he would jerk out melancholy sounds from a big bronze bell over his head. In his other hand he held some little pieces of wood and paper with prayers printed on 'em. As he would read 'em off he would lay one down on the floor, and the widder would give him some money every time. I thought that wuz jest about where the prayers went, down on the floor; they never riz higher I don't believe.

Josiah wuz kinder took with 'em, and sez he, "How handy that would be, Samantha, if a man wuz diffident, and every man, no matter how bashful he is, has more or less wood chips in his back yard. Sometimes I feel diffident, Samantha."

But I sez, "I don't want any wooden prayers offered for me, Josiah Allen, and," sez I, "that seen shows jest how widders are imposed upon."

"Well," sez he, "she no need to dickered with the priest for 'em if she hadn't wanted to."

And I did wish that that little widder had known about the One ever present, ever living God, who has promised to comfort the widder, be a father to the orphan, and wipe away all tears.

But the Sunrise Land is waking up, there is a bright light in the East:

> In the beauty of the lilies Christ is born acrost the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me.

With the sweet gentleness and amiable nater of the Japans what will not the divine religion of the Lord Jesus do for them? It will be plantin' seed in good ground that will spring up a hundred fold.

At Tiffin in Tokio

I spoze that it wuz on Robert Strong's account (he is acquainted with so many big Chinamen and Japans), that we wuz invited to a elegant tiffen in one of the Mikado's palaces at Tokio. The grounds wuz beautiful, the garden containing some of the most beautiful specimens of trees, trained into all shapes, some on 'em hundreds of years old, but havin' their faculties yet, and growin' jest as they wuz told to; and all the beautiful flowers and shrubs that Japan can boast of, and palm trees, bannanas, giant ferns and everything else beautiful in the way of vegetation.

The palace is one of the oldest in Tokio. It wuz only one story high, but the rooms wuz beautiful. The fan chamber wuz fifty feet square, the walls covered with fans of every size and shape and color. The only furniture in this room wuz two magnificent cabinets of lacquer work and four great, gorgeous bronze vases.

The tiffen wuz gin by a high official; there wuz fifty guests. The hour wuz two in the afternoon. There wuz ten ladies present—two beautiful Japanese ladies, dressed in the rich toilette of Japan. The lunch cards wuz little squares of scarlet paper, with black Japanese writing. Josiah looked at the card intently and then whispered to me:

"How be I goin' to know what I am eatin' from these duck's tracks?"

But I whispered, "Le's do what the rest do, Josiah, and we'll come out all right."

But we had a dretful scare, for right whilst we wuz partakin' of the choice Japan viands a loud rumblin' sound wuz hearn, and I see even as we rushed to the door the timbers of the ceilin' part and then come together agin and the great bronze chandelier swing back and forth. My pardner ketched hold of my hand and hurried me along on a swift run and wouldn't stop runnin' for some time. I tried to stop him for I got out of breath, but he wuz bound to run right back to Yokohama thirty miles off. But I convinced him that we would be no safer there for you can't argy with earthquake shocks where they're comin', they are very common in all parts of Japan. After the first heavy shock there wuz two lighter ones, and that ended it for that time. But though we all went back to the table, I cannot say that I took any great comfort in the tiffen after that.

(To be Continued).

"A LITTLE PAIR OF VASES"

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

"FIELDS OF RICE WHERE MEN AND WIMMEN WUZ WORKIN'"

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

"WE HIRED TWO JINRIKISHAS"

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

An April Morn

OH, the sweet of an April morn,
With lilacs budding and singing birds,
Perfumes coy on the breezes borne,
And brooks atune without spoken words.
Lisp of waves on the pebbly beach,
Flit of wings on the household eaves,
And far away as the eye can reach
The wonderful vista of gold-green leaves.

A Hindoo Wedding

WHEN our pretty young daughter is married, her bridegroom comes to the house or the church to meet her, and pay her homage. In India, the bride is escorted to the house of her husband and carried over its threshold, with music and ceremony and a certain glittering pomp among the better circles. The wedding feast which may last for several days, is inaugurated, but the little brown-faced bride, though weighted with golden and silver armlets and ankle bands, and adorned with gems of price, is not the personage of importance that the simplest bride is at home with us. She enters on a life of seclusion; her out-door trips are few; her boundary is the guarded compound of her husband's abode, in which her's are the dark and damp rooms, bare of furniture and shorn of luxury. Except to her husband and the men of his immediate family, the Hindoo wife may not speak, nor does she join these potentates at their meals. Their rice or chicken is cooked and served first; her duty is to wait upon them and to eat the remainder when they have finished. I fancy that no Hindoo woman quite understands the freedom of movement and the peaceful dignity of the American and European wifely state. Her mother-in-law, the system being still patriarchal, rules over the young bride, often with a very stern sway, and in days of illness and child-birth, unless she is attended by a Christian missionary physician of her own sex, she is at the mercy of ignorance and neglect, regarded as unclean, and treated as if she were a creature of shame.

Until Christ becomes the Light of Asia, this state of affairs must continue, and only as Hindoo women find Christ will they become emancipated. They are turning hopefully to the Light of the world in these days. It is interesting to know that the daughter of Pandita Ramabai will enter a New England college next autumn, and that Ramabai's labors among the poor little widows of India have been greatly blessed.

In sad contrast to the state of this wedding, with the bullocks stepping proudly under their trappings, the musicians with their instruments, and the torch-bearers and gay retinue, is the deep poverty of India, as shown to-day in its famine-stricken districts. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing what it can to relieve the bitter woe of the starving, and your meals, dear readers, are sweeter because you have aided in this noble work, and have helped to send bread to those who were in extremity.

A HINDOO WEDDING PROCESSION

Books Around the House

Books are companions for the solitary hour and friends for the time of need, and the book lover is ready to forego any luxury that he may have about him the volumes which he prizes. In a simply utilitarian aspect, books are a good investment for the home-maker, since their presence indicates culture and refinement, and their absence conveys an impression of indifference to mental wealth, not easily removed by bric-a-brac and rich upholstery, though these may be in admirable taste. The most plainly furnished sitting-room takes on an added grace if books lie on the tables and fill a shelf or two, while the last touch of elegance is given to the well furnished parlor by low bookcases which invitingly display the works of good authors.

It is rather surprising that many people never get beyond an uneasy feeling of extravagance when they buy a book. Money for other requirements, for the gratification of any small wish or great one which knocks at the door, they consent to spend without hesitation, but when it is a question of purchasing a new book, they balance the pros and cons and hesitate long before they take the plunge. Numbers of people borrow books; others, and very properly, secure them from libraries, and sometimes women, thoughtfully provident, combine in book-clubs, in which books are loaned from hand to hand and divided at the end of a year. The genuine book lover cuts off an expenditure elsewhere, lingers longingly in the shop where the books tempt him on every side, and finally walks as if on air as he hurries homeward with another book in his possession. If the family are aware of his weakness for the acquisition of literature and do not altogether approve of it, he, or she, for this book buyer is often a woman, may hide the treasure for a day or two, and bring it out unobtrusively when a good opportunity offers itself.

To the economical housekeeper, however, the knowledge that books assist in furnishing the home, in precisely the same way with pictures and other objects of art and beauty, may lead to a more generous outlay in this direction. Books are distinctly decorative with their ornamental covers and brilliant bindings, and though they are, if well chosen, the greatest help one can ever have in the education of the children and the entertainment of guests, yet, were they never opened, their very appearance would dignify and beautify the home which gave them space and shelter.

Gardens

A few flowers in the door yard, and a well-kept lawn give an air of refinement and taste to a house which nothing else imparts. This is the time to make beautiful the outside of the home with fresh paint, to build an addition if it is no longer large enough to accommodate the home brood, and to lay out the pretty garden around it. Let every child have a garden of its own. A few seeds, a few cuttings and a lot of care and pains, and you will be repaid in bloom and beauty.

When the Furnace Fire Dies

The furnace or whatever answers to it, in the cellar, is a welcome agency in winter, when we must keep warm indoors, but as March wanes and April waxes we begin to despise it, and are fain to let its fires die. Now is the hour for a kindly blaze on the hearth in the early morning or chilly evening, for the smouldering glow and crimson flame of the soft coal which sings a song as it burns, for the live sparkle and flicker of the pine-knot; for the cheery crackle and sputter of the irridescent drift-wood, gathered on the beach and encrusted with the ocean spray. A handful of fire, kindled just when the frost begins to steal into the house, takes off the shivery feeling and saves from many a cold. Besides, nothing is more esthetic in its effect; it looks as if the spirit of the flame were glorifying the whole place with a brightening and binding wing. When we cannot have the fire on the hearth, we will fill the cold chimney space with great branches of dogwood, or yellow jasmine, with cherry blossoms or mountain laurel, but for those great flower-glories we must yet wait awhile.

Mother's Picture

When did mother have her picture taken last? I wonder if you children know. Perhaps it was ten years ago; perhaps twenty. Don't you see that she is growing older? and of course dearer with every year; but, one of these days when you are least prepared for it, that great silent angel who sweeps over the doorsill and brings the darkness with him may take her away. Then how you will wish that you had persuaded her to put on her best gown and smooth her dear white hair, and sit to the photographer for a likeness of herself as she is now. That picture will be precious beyond words, if you have it, after mother is gone. She may defer it, but keep her in mind that her sons and daughters want her picture.

The Next Congress of Mothers

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes with great pleasure the following communication from Mrs. Mary H. Weeks, corresponding secretary of the National Congress of Mothers. No question which confronts the present is more frought with vital issues than the query, "What shall I give my children to read?" The lists referred to by Mrs. Weeks will furnish a trustworthy answer to this difficult and delicate inquiry.

As many of our readers know, the Congress of Mothers will this year convene in Des Moines, Iowa, May 21 to 25, the invitation to come having been sent by the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the City, the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, and the Woman's Club of Des Moines. Mrs. Theodore W. Birney will preside, and, in her winning way, will speak of the "Benefits to be Derived from Organized Motherhood." Other prominent educators will take part in the program.

Mrs. Weeks's letter speaks for itself.

"More people have written stating that they saw such and such a thing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than have come to me from all other sources combined. I, therefore, ask you that you will state that the Mothers' Book List is now ready at ten cents a copy, that the outlines for study in mothers' clubs are also ready, that the Children's Book List, which will be ten cents each, will be out in a short time."

Mrs. Weeks's address is Kansas City, Mo.

Much space will be devoted to the interesting exercises of the Mothers' Congress, during the latter part of May.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—MOVER. If books must be removed from place to place, they should be carefully packed in small boxes, with layers of wrapping-paper inserted between them. Their weight—which is formidable when they are numerous—renders packing boxes of large size unwieldy and inadmissible for books.

—MAY BELLE. Try to interest the young people in your neighborhood in some pleasant evenings together; in music and games. You are too young to undertake to influence a young man, all by yourself, but you may show by your manner that you do not approve of certain foolish and wrong practices in which young men indulge, and your silence will speak for you. A girl may serve the Lord, and help all the people she meets by simply being sweet and true and consistent in her Christian life. About earning money, if you can do any single thing so well that it is worth purchasing, from embroidery to candymaking, try that. Of course you need not wear long dresses unless you choose. For week-days skirts which clear the ground are convenient and comfortable.

—J. G. C. Dear and honored friend, your letter deserves and receives consideration and thanks, although I do not altogether agree with you.

—SINCERE INQUIRER. A young woman employed in an office works for her salary only, and in no circumstances is justified in accepting gifts from her employer. The fact that a gift was offered you, accompanied by a caution that you should preserve silence as to the donor, should have made it impossible for you even to think of accepting it. An unmarried girl does not receive gifts from married men. To do so is most compromising, dangerous and immoral. Girls in business must confine their relations to all concerned and to those they meet regularly or transiently strictly to business. Sentiment does not enter into a business woman's contract. Attend only to your work and avoid, even, the appearance of evil, if you have a just idea of yourself and the situation is the rule to be observed. Every young woman in business stands for the great sisterhood who worthily toil, as well as for her individual self. Please remember this, my dear puzzled friend.

A Sailors' Haven

HOW THE NEW YORK SEAMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CARES FOR THE WAYFARERS OF THE DEEP

SHIPS from all parts of the world sail weekly into New York harbor, bringing sailors of all nationalities; and there is not a more important work or one further reaching in its effects than that which the Christian people of this city are doing for the floating population that drifts periodically to and from its shores. The history of the Seamen's Christian Association is well-known to our readers; the progress of its efforts to help the sailor have been noted in these columns from time to time since the days in which the mission had its humble beginning in an old liquor saloon on Washington street. Not far from its first habitation stands the large three-story building, 399 West street, which the mission now occupies.

Hard by are the docks where the *Oceanic*, *Britannic* and other great ocean liners lie in rest when in port, not to mention the many smaller vessels which daily "tie up" on the city's west coast. The writer, on the occasion of a recent visit to the mission, could not but note with pain the many sailors grouped here and there in front of saloons, and the thought was evoked: "This is surely the right neighborhood for the mission."

The mission, clean, homelike, bright and cheery, with sound of Gospel songs echoing from within its walls was a marked contrast to its surroundings. The congregation was plainly of sea-faring men; bronzed fellows who had battled for years with wind and storm; lads not yet so deeply marked with the insignia of the sea; men wearing the garb and the air of authority; stokers in blue jumpers, with the soot of the furnace on their hands and faces. Around the room hang marine views and photographs of the crews of many a ship—the picture in every case a souvenir from men who had passed pleasant and profitable hours at the mission. The services were simple and

ENTRANCE TO THE MISSION

heartfelt; the talks direct and true; the men listened earnestly and some gave testimonies. A quiet little deaconess with a gentle face sang some lovely old Gospel songs, and her hearers seemed particularly pleased. From the attention given every word uttered by Superintendent Stafford Wright, Miss Bangs, and the various missionaries assisting them, the seed sown that night fell upon good ground; and the writer thought: "Perhaps some who are present to-night will influence their friends clustering outside around saloons to come here to-morrow night.

From the time the mission opened at the present building, July, 1899, to March 1, the attendance, consisting almost wholly of sailors and longshoremen, has numbered 24,711; 464 lodgings have been supplied; 309 temperance pledges have been taken. Besides, Mr. Wright has forwarded to the families of seamen over $2,000 entrusted to him by sailors for that purpose. Jack is prone to throw his money away when on land; the unscrupulous are ready to profit by his folly; and a friend who will incite him to thrift and remind him of his duty to the wife and child or the old folks at home is indeed a blessing. The activities of the Seamen's Christian Association are indeed manifold; situations are found for unemployed sailors; seamen, sick or disabled on shipboard and in hospitals are visited; kits are taken care of; letters are written; services are held on different ships; Testaments, Bibles and other literature is distributed; clothing and comfort bags provided for the needy; in fact, the mission is a good all-around friend to Jack, and Jack knows it. The floating library is quite an interesting feature of the work. Twelve or more well-chosen books are placed on outgoing ships, and on their return are exchanged for others, so that the seamen may always have a fresh supply of good literature. On Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter and other festal times, special cheer is provided at the mission. One of our pictures shows how Jack enjoys himself there on such occasions.

On the center-table of the reception room at the Mission is a much-prized volume of letters from sailors and sailors' kindred, bearing the postmarks of many lands and containing sentences like these: "Your mission was a home to me on that side the water;" "I was in a bad way when I heard your voyst saying Jesus could save sinners. I prayed God to keep me and he has kept me. I would do enny hard work before I would write a letter, but I have tryed hard to write this wone." A sailor's wife writes from London: "Since my husband has attended your mission, I can see by his life he is a different man. He does not touch a drop of liquor." From Wales, a mother writes: "Thank you for your kindness to my boy. God reward you."

The president of the Association is Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D. Miss Helen M. Thompson and Mrs. William Wallace Walker are the vice-presidents. The secretary, Miss Emma M. Bangs, is also chairman of the room and devotional committee, and is well-known to the seamen and much beloved by them. She will answer any questions our readers may write her concerning the work.

A SAILORS' SOCIAL IN THE MISSION DINING-ROOM

A Hospital Mission Ship

Capt. Alexander de Soto, formerly leader of the Klondike Gospel Band, and more recently founder of the Wayside Mission on Railroad avenue, Seattle, Washington, has established a floating hospital lying at the foot of Jackson street, Seattle. This hospital is the old ship, *Idaho*, which Capt. de Soto, after securing it at a nominal price, has repaired and fitted up as well as he could with very limited resources. So far he has only been able to make the lower deck serviceable; the upper cabin is to be converted into a woman's ward. At present he has a number of bed-ridden patients and a company of ailing people, who can creep about the decks. Among the latter are some unhappy victims of the morphine habit who seem to have been greatly helped. Capt. de Soto's object, of course, is to combine in his ship the offices of a mission and a hospital, to make its work a ministry to the soul as well as to the body. He has several consecrated workers as volunteer assistants. Besides the regular patients stopping on board the ship, others make daily visits from the shore for treatment, and the opportunities for doing good are correspondingly enlarged. Many sufferers from the hardships of the gold fields are among his beneficiaries.

Progress in Puerto Rico

Educational Work at San Juan—"The Christian Herald's" Sunday School

REV. JAMES JAMIESON, our Sunday School Superintendent in Puerto Rico, in a letter just received, conveys interesting information of the progress of educational and Sunday School work on the island. He says:

"The boys' charity school of Puerto Rico is under control of the Board of Charity. It was formally opened several weeks ago for the reception of the orphan boys of Puerto Rico, who will receive an industrial training. The institute is beautifully situated in a healthy district on the military road in the suburb of Santurce, about two miles from the Plaza in San Juan. The school is under the direct supervision of Mr. Devalle. It has excellent accommodations for five hundred pupils. At present there are two hundred and nineteen names on the roll. The establishment is practically under military rule, the boys being divided into companies under the command of captains.

"Supt. Devalle, in order to give me an evidence of the patriotic spirit of the children, ordered the captains to march their companies into the interior court, where the little band played "My Country! 'tis of Thee," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "The Red, White and Blue," which the boys sung with intense emotion and enthusiasm. The school has no endowment, its main support being derived from the customs duties and not from taxation.

"There are at present four industries in full operation, viz., baking, carpentering, tailoring, and shoemaking. In the near future those in control contemplate introducing other trades.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Sunday School continues to do remarkably well. Last Sunday we had an attendance of more than a hundred scholars. All appear to be deeply interested in their teachers and in what they are being taught. Many adults and children are compelled to stand in the yard at the rear of the building and on the sidewalk and listen to what is being said within. As there are two or three new houses being erected in the district I am hopeful of being able to secure more commodious quarters before long."

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J D D, Dyersville	1 00
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Mrs A E White	1 00
J W Manning	5 00
Friend, Alexandria	1 00
J S Garnett	1 00
Friend, N Y City	10 00
Total	$112 75

Door of Hope.

Prev ack	$24 81
Mrs N Blair	1 00
G J S, N Y City	2 00
Total	$27 81

Foreign Missions.

Prev ack	$7 25
Maude I Hunter	25
A F Richmond	1 00
L Van Osterloo	10 00
S P Kane	5 00
W J Cook	2 00
Mrs H Freeman	1 00
Total	$26 50

Any Good Cause.

Prev ack	$80 67
Mrs M A Craig	20
F M Olmsted	10
Mrs M R Owens	50
O L Quigley	5 00
Mrs N Blair	1 00
W Simmons	50
J A Byrd	15
Mrs E Hirt	50
Mrs R J Bonifacino	1 00
L Van Osterloo	5 00
P S Conde	1 00
J H Baker	1 00
Anna Bohnet	1 50
D Marty	5 00
Marion F Velie	2 00
Harriet Paine	2 00
Miss J W Schade	3 50
J W Young	50
Misscell, Cold Water	5 00
F W Williamson	2 00
G H Loomis	5 00
Geneveve, Boyne	10 00
C O Larson	5 00
C Moos	25
Loella P Stiles	50
E Neville	3 50
Total	$142 37

Home Missions.

Prev ack	$4 50
Mrs F Chapman	1 00
Total	$5 50

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

Prev ack	$4 00
Mrs A R Chase	1 00
Friend in Christ, Janesville	5 00
Total	$10 00

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev ack	$10 00
May L Finch	2 00
Messiah Ch, S S, Challenge	1 25
Total	$13 25

Clinton St. Settlement.

Prev ack	$24 26
T C, Cambridge	2 00
From the Lord, Selinsgrove	22 50
Eva M Cloyd	2 00
Total	$50 76

Miss Emma Nason's Work Among Lumbermen.

Prev ack	$13 00
M V M, Shushan	4 00
Mrs H D Crane	20 00
Total	$37 00

Protestant Memorial Church.

H Clark	50

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

Prev ack	$35 40
R Gerber	2 00
Friend, Ashtabula	1 00
Virginia Brennan	20
Mrs J Bruce	50
Mrs F A Sinquefield	1 00
W H Winans	2 50
J F Bidelspacher	1 00
Mrs D Shoots	2 00
Messiah Ch S S, Challenge	1 25
Mrs T B Myers	3 50
Pierrepont Ctr S S	3 00
N Christensen	50
J D McGregor	2 00
C Judson	50
Miscell, Cold Water	5 00
Philadelphian	2 00
H D G, Philipsburg	2 00
A W, Brooklyn	2 00
J R Thomas	5 00
I H N, Va	1 00
Mrs S Steen	1 00
S White & wife	1 00
I H N, Boone	1 00
Mrs J S Grannis	75
Mrs M E Maxwell	2 00
Mrs R T Lees	2 00
Sabrina, Sodus	1 00
Mrs E S Rice	1 00
Total	$83 10

Emilio Olssen's South American Mission

Prev ack	$34 90
Catharine M Freer	2 00
Mrs S Steen	1 00
Total	$37 90

Armenian Fund

Prev ack	$78 00
One of His Kilbourn'e	3 00
Mrs C Phillips	2 00
—, Washington	3 00
C O D, Mechanicsburg	5 00
Total	$91 00

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev ack	$5 00
Mrs R T Lees	2 00
Total	$7 00

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev ack	$2 00
Mrs A E White	1 00
Total	$3 00

Cremorne Mission

Prev ack	$2 00
C O D, Mechanicsburg	1 00
Total	$3 00

Miss Agnew's Midnight Mission

Prev ack	$10 00
Mr & Mrs S Brown	5 00
Total	$15 00

American S. S. Union.

Prev ack	$1 00
Friend, Williamsport	2 00
—, Greenwood	3 00
Total	$6 00

Bishop Hartzell

Prev ack	$1 00
Miscell, Cold Water	5 00
Total	$6 00

Rev. Mr. McKnight's Rest House, Canary Islands

—, Potter	$1 00

Bishop Thoburn's Missionary Fund

J R Spivey	$50 00

American S. S. Union

Subr, Elmira	$1 00

American Bible Society

C W Lawson	$ .50

Spanish Testament Fund

Mrs S L Hostlander	$ .50

Bishop Hartzell

A R Lond	$1 00

East Africa Famine Fund

Emily Richards	2 00
A A & C L Dikeman	100 00
T M, Mt Joy	1 00
John P Kile	10 00
Mrs J Keyser	2 50
J B Martin	2 50
Emma L Johns	3 00
Lucy A Kinney	3 60
Mrs D Logan	1 00
Mrs H M Northam	1 60
I H N, Mt Vernon	50 00
Mrs S Raynor	2 50
J W Clarkson	2 08
M A, Covert	5 00
Mrs G Faton	1 00
G F Pence	1 00
—, Waupun	1 00
D F Easton	1 00
Mrs M A Henderson	1 00
W & M Heath	2 00
Mrs E L Stewart	1 00
Mrs Badger	1 50
J Harvey	50
Mrs LEB, Uniontown	1 00
M J S, N J	2 00
MrsM Bond	2 02
H Everett	1 00
Mrs W J Fee	1 00
Mrs H Boshell	50
D Ewing	1 00
F Veatch	25
Mrs J B Goodson	2 00
J Ball	5 00
I H N, Holmdel	50
Mrs G P Davis	2 50
Maggie Porter	50
Mrs O Bailey	5 00
Ella F Morrow	2 50
Emma L Morrow & Shelby Co Children's Home	2 84
A V Hester	25
Jennie Holley	25
W Holley	50
Malvina Lane	2 00
I H N, Montrose	5 00
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J P Hanlin & family	2 50
—, Lamar	1 00
J W Manning	7 50
A Mottaz	5 00
Mrs C P Evans	5 00
C S Freeman	25
Kingwood School	6 00
Mrs EStone	1 00
Mrs J F Brooks	2 00
Mrs L J Weber	50
R Bliss	2 00
F A H Stephenson	2 50
Friend, Westfield	2 50
Friends, Groveton	1 00
Ellen Wiley	50
Cathrine McAulay	2 50
Caroline Smiles	6 00
J Holmes	5 00
Helen J Kime	1 00
—, Port Jervis	1 00
Mrs E Seibert	2 50
Subr, Crenshaw	50
Friend, Marshall	1 00
Women's Prayer Meeting & Mission Society, Front Royal	2 05
Mrs O C Tooker	1 00
Christian, Crescent City	50
J M Turner & family	3 00
Friends, Holden	1 50
Mrs A Newman	4 00
Mrs E J Savage	5 00
A C M, Ill	2 50
Dollie Richardson	1 00
C Schupbach	1 00
Inasmuch, Los Angeles	1 00
Mrs A Marshall	1 00
Mrs J T Allen	50
K D, Front Royal	5 00
Ladies' Union Prayer Meet'g, Front Royal	15 00
Rev A Johnson & wife	1 00
C W Clodfelter	1 00
W R Barclay & wife	1 50
Ch of Christ, Lakeport	2 52
Mrs M W Holmes	1 00
Mrs A M Raeder	1 00
Mrs S Snyder	50
E P, B B	50
W C & Eliza L Armor	2 50
S Bergstrom	1 00
Lover of Jesus, Renton	5 00
Ross ME SS, Loveville	5 00
Mrs Mountford	1 00
Coll by A Hare	6 50
H D Crane	13 00
Martha A Alley	1 00
Essie, Capeville	1 00
Reigate, New York	2 50
A Kilgonr & wife	5 00
Inasmuch, Alexandria Bay	2 00
E R L H, Bar Harbor	1 00
Clara Knight	1 00
Ida Thompson	1 00
In Jesus Name, BigSpg	1 00
Mrs G W B, Phila	2 00
Jane B Worth	1 00
A T Campbell	2 00
Friends, Nehalen	4 50
C Weber	2 50
Dr S M Snyder	1 00
Total	$409 71

What is God's Due?

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 29. Luke 20:19-26

WHEN Jesus was approached by any honest inquirer who was sincerely desirous of getting light on a difficulty, his answers were clear and definite; but when mere quibblers questioned him, or when enemies desired to extract from him answers which might be used against him, Christ shrewdly turned their questions into reproof. In this instance of the tribute money he clearly perceived their motive. If he told them to pay the tribute, he would be renouncing his claims to kingship; if he told them not to pay, he would come under the ban of rebellion and would be liable to the punishment of a Roman court. His answer, in effect, was that in using Roman money they practically acknowledged the Roman supremacy. So long as they accepted the money and the protection and advantages which the Roman supremacy secured as the inscription on the coin implied, it was foolish, if not dishonest, to withhold the tribute. Every benefit has its corresponding duty. In using Roman money they recognized the duty of loyalty to Rome. The same principle based on the acceptance of benefits involved loyalty to God. The boy at school must render obedience to his teacher and the docility that his presence there implies; but such submission does not diminish his duty as a son to his father. There are certain duties required by the teacher, other duties required by the parent, other duties to be performed as a citizen to the State, and still other duties he should render to God. In all relations there are duties to be peformed which no conscientious man will neglect, but he will take care that the duties he renders to men are never in conflict with those due to God.

What, then, are the things that are God's? As our Creator he is entitled to our worship; as our King he is entitled to our loyalty; as our Father he is entitled to our loving reverence; as our unfailing Benefactor he is entitled to our gratitude and service, and as our Saviour and Helper he is entitled to our unfaltering trust. But all these are not things apart from our lives; they permeate our conduct and affect all that we do. No man can truly and sincerely love God without loving his fellow-men. No man can give himself wholly to God without fulfilling more completely his obligations in every relation of life. He becomes a better son, a better husband, a better father, a better master, a better servant, because of his trying to be a better son of God. "I do always the things that please him," is a motto that goes deep down into the springs of thought and action, and purifies and energizes all behavior. That is why the Christian is not under any law but the law of liberty. The law has to do with overt acts, but this principle touches motive and purpose. The "things which are God's" include right feeling as well as right action. There is a readjustment of human nature at conversion. The things which may have been done before without scruple, take on a new aspect as they are tested by the supreme allegiance involved in sonship. There are amusements and occupations which it would be difficult to prove wrong, that produce a discord in the spiritual harmony of a nature that has been attuned to God's. As when a boy grows up to manhood the toys which amused him in boyhood lose their fascination and he needs different amusements and pleasures, so the changed man finds himself in a higher life in which the old things have lost their charm.

Perhaps the most comprehensive of "the things which are God's," is self-surrender. The most hopeful thing a young man can do is to yield himself up to God with the earnest prayer that God would take his nature in hand and make of it what he will. Who can tell the possibilities of a human being that God is molding, when there is no resistance to the treatment? He may not have an easy life. There may come trouble, annoyance, disappointment, persecution, poverty, hardship and suffering. All these are tools which God may use in turning out a perfect man. It is not a light thing for one to enter on such a course. But what a hopeful thing it is! To have Him who made us take us in hand for full development is surely the way to the highest attainment. In the process there is perfect peace because there is the firm conviction that the trials which come do not come by chance, but are sent for a purpose. The irksome connection in business or the home, which tries the spirit, produces no impatience, because it is one of the molding influences which are developing character. Through it all, the eye turns lovingly to the great Father and accepts the discipline joyfully, anxious only that the lesson it was sent to teach shall be learned. No happier life can be imagined because it is a life of progress and the soul is armored so that it is never really hurt by any of the trials that it endures. And the Model is ever in our view. Looking at Christ, studying his character, reflecting as a mirror his glory, we are insensibly changed into the same image. That is what is due to God. Happy is the man that renders it.

The Starvation Plan

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles is Useless and Unscientific

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion, as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others, or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words, the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation, because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion most need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

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Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

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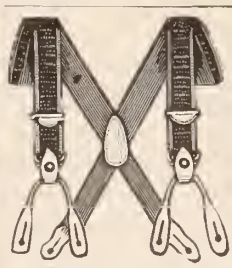

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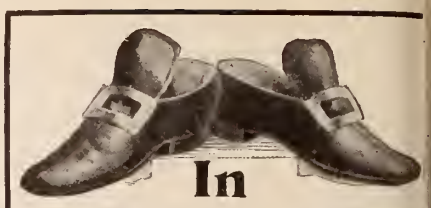

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New Evidence of the Effect

A South Dakota man, W. A. Dawley, Sturgis, explains the condition some men get into from coffee drinking. Let it be understood that coffee seems to agree with some people well enough, but when a person finds it does not agree, it is better to leave it off. He says: "I used coffee about twenty years, and quit it September 30, 1898. I had become almost a complete wreck, thin in flesh and emaciated, dyspepsia and indigestion of the worst order, nerves shattered, no appetite, slept very little, and my blood was so thin that the slightest breeze chilled me through.

"Medicines gave no relief; I had about given up when I finally concluded to investigate and see if it was really true, as I had read in a number of your statements that coffee acted like a poison to some people. It was an easy matter to leave off coffee when I took Postum Food Coffee, for the food coffee tasted as good as the other, and to my surprise, it set good on my weak stomach.

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A BASKET OF EASTER FLOWERS

HOW THEY BRIGHTENED THE LIVES OF POVERTY'S BRIGADE

By .... ERNEST GILMORE

IT was a beautiful Easter day. The window was open, near which Miss Taylor sat, and through it the soft wind came stirring the lace curtains and touching her auburn hair gently. The sweet fragrance of early flowers abloom came to her. She heard the music of the organ from the cathedral near by. She imagined that she even heard the rustling of the silk dresses as their wearers walked down the aisle. But no sound or sight or breath of "green things growing" brought a smile to her face. She was very sad. She had passed through too deep waters to smile—she would have told you had you questioned her on the subject. Suddenly she heard a familiar voice outside the window.

"It's Ben," she said to herself, "and I know what he wants. He has come for me to go to church, but I shall not go."

Benson Grant was her cousin; they had been close friends ever since they could remember.

"Come," called Ben outside the window, "the church bells are ringing. Get your hat on, Helen."

"I'm not going," she said.

"Not going to church on Easter day! How is that?"

"I don't care to go."

"Well now," he said smilingly, "it seems as if you ought to care to go considering you're neither blind, nor deaf, nor disabled."

He was a fine looking young fellow. Grace, tact and genuine goodness spoke in his every act and word. His face was radiant with the joy of a perfect Easter day.

Helen did not answer.

"Supposing then, seeing you're not going to church, we take a stroll," he proposed.

"All right," she said, "I will do that." She put on her hat and wrap and went outside.

"What a lot of flowers you have already!" said Ben, "they're earlier than usual, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes, much earlier. Help yourself, Ben; take all you want."

"Do you mean it?" he asked. "Shall I take all I want?"

She smiled in spite of herself. "Yes, take all you want," she said. "I'm not afraid of your trespassing; you have never been greedy."

Sukey, the black cook, who had lived with Miss Helen ever since her birth, opened the kitchen door.

"Sukey, will you lend me a market basket?" he called pleasantly. Sukey brought one. He picked flower after flower quickly but carefully, Helen regarding him wonderingly, until there was not one left. Then he looked up at Helen questioningly.

"I didn't think you could be so greedy as to take them all," she said, with a frown of displeasure.

"You don't need them, my dear," was his gay respond, "but they do."

"Who?"

"Poverty's brigade. Come on Helen."

"You feel disposed to talk in riddles," she said as she followed him out the gate.

"I beg your pardon, I'll explain. If you're willing we'll go down to Harris street. Are you?"

"Isn't it a dreadful place?"

"It's a poverty-stricken place, but it isn't a place to be afraid of. Jesus would find his way there if he were in the city."

A bird was singing from the fence rail. The grass was already green in some of the yards and a few flowers were abloom but these were soon passed by. They entered a dark, narrow street. It did not seem like spring there. Helen pulled up her wrap and buttoned it close.

"It seems cold," she said.

"You'll not feel cold when you get inside the rooms of the poverty brigade," Ben answered.

Ben put the basket in Helen's hands after they had climbed the stairs of an old tenement. "Here are the flowers, they're yours to do what you like with."

Their first call was upon a bed-ridden old woman on a fourth floor back. So many long and weary years had passed since the poor old soul had touched or even seen a flower that the wondrous beauty and sweetness of the lilies that Helen gently put within her feeble grasp struck her dumb with joy. Into her tired eyes there came a glow such as they had not known for years. While Helen sat beside her, smiling at her, Benson stole out softly, coming back soon with his hands full of packages which he quietly laid down on the rickety old table.

"Just a little remembrance," was his thought, "for his sake who died and rose again."

They made a half dozen more calls, and wherever Helen left a bunch of flowers for Christ's sake, Benson gave a more substantial remembrance.

One of their calls was upon a widow with five small children. She was extremely poor, but so brave that Helen was put to shame.

"Oh," said the little widow, "it's been and still is a hard struggle, but it must be God's will, and so why should I grumble?"

She accepted Helen's gift joyfully.

"I'll put them on Sam's grave," she said. "I've longed so for some, but couldn't afford to buy any. Oh, this blessed Easter day. How good of you to remind me with the sweet flowers that Christ is risen. And Sam will rise, too." Her tears and kisses fell upon the flowers. She even, in her great joy, kissed Helen's hand. As for Helen, tears were rolling down her cheeks. She hid her face in the sunny curls of the "littlest one" who had climbed to her lap. Benson, as was his way at such critical moments, slipped out, this time with one of the children in his arms. When he returned he put his head within the door calling softly to Helen, "Are you ready?"

She joined him and they began the long descent. At the foot they met a big boy with a big basket and the little boy whom Benson had carried out of the room. His face was aglow.

"Duss see dare," he called, "it's full to de brim for mommy an' all of us. Dares everyfing in de basket, everyfing. Oh my, won't mommy laugh?"

Benson laughed as he walked on.

Presently, up in the widow's room, there was another scene upon which angels smiled.

And so the good work went on. When the Easter stroll was over and they were entering the Taylor grounds, Benson said, "Are you tired?"

"I hadn't thought of being tired," was the answer, "perhaps I am, but I'm so happy I don't mind it. I thank you, Ben dear, for teaching me a lesson."

"What lesson?" he asked gently.

"To look upward instead of in the grave. I shall see my dear ones again sometime, somewhere."

The Easter bells were ringing. "They seem to say," said Helen softly, "Christ is risen! Christ is risen."

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A little girl in Providence, R. I., high school was badly run down, owing to the fact that she was not properly fed. When her parents discovered the value of Grape-Nuts food she quickly recovered. Her father's letter is as follows:

"Without any desire whatever for publicity—in fact, with every desire to avoid it, I yet would like you to know of the following in reference to Grape-Nuts.

"My daughter is in the Providence High School English department, and working very hard, her studies telling on her severely, partly because of a serious illness she had some two or three years since. She has been accustomed to take meat luncheons with her, and to obtain a cup of hot drink, often of milk, at the school building. She came home quite hungry, however, on most occasions and somewhat exhausted.

"Three months ago she began to carry Grape-Nuts instead of her meat sandwiches, and now will not forego them. She says she can stand the after study on them better and has no sense of exhaustion on reaching home, although always able to enjoy her meal, as her appetite is good.

"We regard this as strong testimony in favor of Grape-Nuts, and if you can use it without publishing our names, we shall be pleased to have you do it, and will further say that we shall be glad to answer questions on the subject through the mails. We have used Grape-Nuts as an article of diet for nearly two years. Yours truly."

The name of this gentleman can be had by application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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A Story of To-day

"The Lord's Bank"

In Two Instalments

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER II.

AS the cab stopped before one of the festering tenements of the East Side, the children sprang quickly out and rushed pell mell into a dark and narrow passage, whither Somerville would have followed them with difficulty had not their clamorous voices led the way. Then up a rickety stairway they fled, and, pushing open a door on a dark landing, they tumbled precipitately across the room and flung themselves upon the miserable bed crying: "Mamma! mamma! Here is a gentleman come to see you and the doctor is coming too."

There was no response. Somerville advanced quickly to the bed. The woman's appearance shocked him beyond anything he had ever seen. Had she not feebly opened her eyes at that moment he would have thought her dead. She gazed at him with uncomprehending eyes. With his breath stopping short in his throat he leaned deferentially over her and said: "A physician will be here in a moment. What can I do for you?"

A pathetic intelligence showed itself in her haggard features, but as, with a mighty effort she roused herself from the death-like stupor that held her, she said faintly: "Am I—dreaming—or is there—a friend here?"

"Oh, mamma," sobbed the girl, "the doctor is coming in a minute to cure you."

"I am here. I am your friend. Let me do anything I can," said Somerville, hastily.

"Run into the other room for a minute, dearies," said the mother. As they obeyed she turned her great eyes with their unearthly light full on him and said: "There is nothing that you can do for me. I feel it is too late—but they have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. I have lain here unable to do anything for them, and they have thought only of me. Give them something to eat."

With an exclamation of horror he almost ran to the door, and as he did so he collided with the doctor, who entered at that moment.

"Quick!" cried Somerville. "There's not a moment to be lost!"

In an instant the physician was by the bed, his emergency case torn open, and a glass of a reviving cordial held to the woman's lips. As she sank back upon the pillow the experienced eye of the practitioner scanned her closely, then, motioning Somerville out into the hall, he said: "It's starvation and a close call. Get food—soup. We may be able to save her."

Feeling as though he held a human life in his hands, he made such urgent haste as never business had wrung from him, and as with swift strides he forced his way amid the unsightly debris of the noisome street there welled up within him the cry: "God grant it is not too late."

It was a cry that was heard and answered. Fifteen minutes later the scene within the bare and poverty-stricken rooms had shifted to a strange mingling of luxury and want. Within the cracked and battered store a fire blazed that was radiating its cheerful warmth on the chill air. On the table were piled fruits, substantial foods, and a steaming tureen of soup, while through the open doorway came the laughter of the children in the room beyond as they ravenously assuaged the pangs of hunger. Half propped up in the bed the mother lay, with that indescribable look on her face that comes only to those over whom the dread shadow of the Angel of Death has passed.

The doctor arranged a bottle, glass and spoon on the chair by the bed.

"I will be back at four o'clock this afternoon," he said. Then, aside to Somerville, he said: "You got here just in time. All she needs is food, but see that she has only small quantities at frequent and regular intervals to-day."

As the door closed on the doctor the pale figure on the bed motioned him to approach.

"Do you know what you have done?" she said. "You have saved three lives. I was only compelling myself to live until my children came back to kiss them good-by—and God only knows what their fate would have been then—for they have never begged and they are too young to earn anything."

Henry Somerville knew there was a mist before his eyes as he replied: "I have done nothing. God meant that you should draw on his bank in time."

"Mamma," said the boy, climbing up on the other side of the bed, "it's nice and warm in here now, ain't it? But, say, mamma, do you know how hunky warm you can be in a cab! Sis hollered like 's if she'd set off a firecracker."

"Let your mother sleep, children," said their visitor, softly. Even as he spoke, the relaxation of relief following utter physical exhaustion crept over her face, the wasted limbs felt a grateful languor creep through them, and the pale eyelids drooped their curtains over the pathetic orbs.

When he stole quietly out a few minutes later she lay in a deep, dreamless sleep, and on either side sat her two little guardian angels.

. . .

"She is all right now, and as soon as she recovers strength she can easily support herself, for she can sew; and I will give her some work and so will Mrs. Parmalee and Mrs. Ainsworth."

It was the evening of the same day and Mrs. Somerville was speaking to her husband.

"Never have I heard such a story," she continued. "I scarcely know which was more heroic, the mother or the children, but the end had nearly come for all of them—would have come, if it had not been for——"

"Not for me, Helen," interrupted her husband; "but for an over-ruling Providence that directs all. By the way, do you know that this is our first disbursement out of the fund in the Lord's bank? Let us see how we stand now."

When they cast up the account, they found it showed these items: Doctor, $2.00; food and fuel, $4.00; clothing for the children, $3.00; one month's rent paid in advance, $4.00; total, $15.00; balance, $985. They looked at one another. Then Henry Somerville got out of his chair and walked rapidly up and down the room a dozen times before he stopped in front of his wife and said in tones surcharged with deep feeling: "Helen, I cannot comprehend that we have spent only fifteen dollars. At least one human life has been saved, perhaps three, all of incalculable value, and the good that has been done is worth one million dollars to me." He paused. "I never knew the joy of giving before. Why, do you know—" he made a rapid calculation, "in the same proportion that we have spent these fifteen dollars we can relieve one hundred and ninety-seven more! I shall not rest until our other unknown depositors put in an appearance and claim their share."

It needed no interpreter to tell Somerville's business associates that a change had come over him.

A few days later, as he sat in his private office deeply engaged in conversation with a neighboring broker, John entered and said that an unknown man waited outside to see him.

"Show him in," was the prompt reply, to the astonishment of his friend, who immediately arose. "No, don't go, Carlisle, it's nothing private and will only take me a moment."

As he finished speaking the man without the door entered, his whole bearing and appearance indicated his errand unerringly. When, alas! did deserving need ever wear the livery of prosperity! Before he could reach Somerville's chair he was out of it and halfway across the room with outstretched hand.

(Continued on next page

"He is richest that has fewest wants." Likewise he is rich in health who purifies his blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, guarding against attacks of fever, pneumonia, rheumatism and catarrh.

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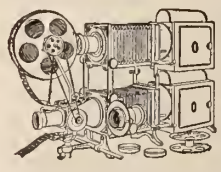

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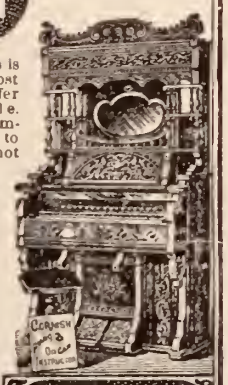

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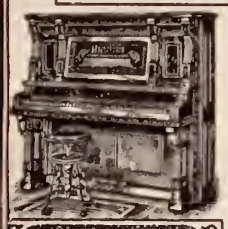

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BOYS PAPER FREE if you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you the Star for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 30, OAK PARK, ILLS.

"The Lord's Bank"

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"Good morning, sir. I am glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

The man reddened confusedly under his stubby beard, then, with a direct and honest look, he replied straightforwardly:

"You can do everything, sir, if you will. I've been out of work for three months, and yesterday I got a job to go to work at next Monday, but what with my wife and four children, and my mother living with us and sick most of the time, I got behind with the rent and unless it's paid to-day we'll all be set out to-morrow, and if you would help me with that, sir, until I can——"

"With pleasure. How much is it?"

"Five dollars, sir. Here is the address. You can find out for yourself."

"I shall only keep it so that my wife or myself can call some time and see how you are getting along. I am very glad you have got work. This is not a loan and you are under no obligations to me for it. If you get into a tight place again you will always find me here."

The man took the slip of paper and as he looked at it he gulped hard, then, taking a step forward he said with an almost fierce intensity: "God bless you, sir. Jim Conway told me what you done for his little lame girl last week and he said you wouldn't turn me down, but I didn't believe him — it seemed to good to be true that there would be a business man anywhere who wouldn't order me out of his office. Mollie made me come, for the sake of the children and the mother. If I don't hurry they'll be setting the things on the sidewalk now. You've saved our home." He flung himself out with sudden and precipitate haste.

"Somerville, what on earth does this mean?" asked Carlisle. "I thought you never gave to beggars."

"I never give to rascally beggars, if I know it, Carlisle. I never give to a purely professional beggar or to a deliberate fraud, but you know as well as I do that the man who was just in here was none of these; he was simply a man and a brother in need. As for the 'giving' part of it, I do not give at all. I merely set aside a sum which belongs to the Lord, and I and my wife are jointly the agents to distribute it. We consider these people who call on us our friends and we take pleasure in paying over to them their share of the funds on deposit. Now look, for instance, at the relief afforded by the five dollars I just now gave out: It keeps a roof over the heads of seven persons, and saves them from being homeless. Can you call that 'giving to a beggar'?"

"Well, in this case, to a beggar—no. But still it must be a case of give, give—"

"Ah, so I used to think, and there was just where I made my mistake. Every time I gave a dollar it cost me an effort and I felt as though I had done a great thing. Now all is changed. The approach of an applicant for assistance causes an expansion instead of a contraction. The Lord's fund is set aside—it is there in the bank waiting to be distributed, and I am only his agent to see that it is well done. By giving it all at once I got rid of this idea of give, give, give. It is all given and the more who apply to draw on it the better, for it should certainly assist as many as possible. I tell you it is a great thing, Carlisle, to readjust your point of view once in a while. I have done it and I'm all the better off for it. Better try it yourself."

"Well, I must say this idea of setting aside a fund and then simply drawing on it does strike me favorably, but it must take quantities of valuable time to receive and dispose of these applicants."

"Not as much as the other method. How long was that man in here a while ago? Only a few minutes. Our investigations we conduct systematically, my wife and I, and if any expense is involved it comes out of the fund. Thus far we have not had to spend one per cent. for that. I tell you this thing has a practical working."

And so it proves. Perhaps $1,000 were never spent to better advantage than was that fund. A year later when they cast up the sum total they found that, directly and indirectly, two hundred and eighty-one persons had been permanently relieved from dire and pressing necessity, and one hundred and six had found employment. Only three per cent. of all the cases had proved to be unworthy, and although twenty-five per cent. had applied for aid the second, or in a few instances the third time, it was in every case due to sickness, death or loss of position. They sat side by side and viewed the results with happy eyes.

"The Lord's bank is solvent," murmured the wife.

"Yes," responded the husband, "and he has doubled the capital for next year."

[THE END]

Children Helping India

Two Little Tots who Gave Their Last Dime to Feed the Sufferers

SURELY a special blessing will rest upon the money which children are sending to the starving people of India. It would seem, by some of the letters and offerings we receive, as if the very babies of America were reaching out tiny hands of loving helpfulness. Hundreds of little folks are asking for mite-boxes: and again, other small people will not wait for these to reach them before sending along their contribution, which, small as it may seem in itself, is magnified many times in value by the sacrifice it involves on the part of the little maid or man whose all it may be, and by the fact that, though it be but a dime, it will support life for five days in a man, woman or child, who would otherwise perish. The offering of the two wee folks—almost babies—mentioned in the subjoined letter will preserve two human lives for five days—not a little work truly, though the workers be so tiny! Mrs. R. J. Hill, Kendalia, W. Va., writes:

REBECCA AND BETTIE HILL

Enclosed find $2 to help buy bread for the starving people of India. Also two dimes sent by my two little granddaughters, Bettie and Rebecca. It is money given them by their papa to buy candy with; but when I showed them the pictures of the starving children of India, they asked me to send you the money that these children might have some bread to eat. The sum is small, but in each case it represents the child's all—its last dime.

He Sold Hazelnuts for India

Below is a letter from a little lad, Dale Miller, Perry, Ia., whose earnings will keep eight people alive for a week. If we add to this the amounts contributed by his little playmates, Edith, John and Albert Miller, Newel Brooks, and Faye and Don Brewer, the total makes $3, which will keep three people alive for three months:

DALE MILLER

I sold hazelnuts and earned $1.14, which I send to the poor little starving children in India. I wish I could send more. I feel so sorry for them when I look at the pictures in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It must be terrible to starve to death.

A Big Drop in Bicycles

A happy surprise is in store for all bicycle riders, for several makers of well known high grade bicycles, as well as some makers of cheaper grades, have placed their entire output in the hands of one house, to be sold direct to the riders everywhere at the lowest prices ever known. For special prices, that will be lower than bicycles were ever before advertised or sold at, and for a free trial and pay after received offer, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), Chicago, Illinois.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month is a delightful, certain relief for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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and almost as indispensable. That's **Uneeda Biscuit.** It's not a noon-day novelty—it's an every-day necessity. You can always rely on the goodness, crispness, delicacy of

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Strangely Drawn to Christ

Many Remarkable Conversions Follow Countess Schimmelmann's Appeal to Souls

DURING the month of February the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, the story of whose life work for Christ has already been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, addressed public meetings every day in New York, Brooklyn, and surrounding towns. She is specially popular among the Scandinavians and Germans, who know the story of her life, and are acquainted with the persecutions she has endured for the Gospel.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN

In the Emmanuel Swedish Church, Brooklyn, she spoke one evening to a crowded house, and in her address she magnified the preciousness of her "living Lord," as she delights to call him, while, as the result of a conspiracy, she was confined in the hospital and received most cruel treatment. When the conspiracy was discovered, and the conspirators arrested, the authorities asked her what her wish was in regard to them. She replied that she simply desired the privilege of forgiving them for the sake of Christ, and all she asked of God was one soul for every tear she had shed during that awful experience. At the close of her address a man arose, and lifting his hand, said, "Pray for me." The Countess at once preached unto him Jesus, and before the meeting was over he had accepted Christ. After the benediction he rushed up to her and taking her by the hand said, "Countess, here's one of your tears; I was the boon companion and intimate friend of the physician who was used in kidnapping you, and I have to-night accepted your Saviour." A few days afterward the sister of this man came to the Majestic Hotel and, in the room of the Countess, surrendered her heart and life to Jesus.

In an address to a packed house in the Central Baptist Church of Brooklyn, the Countess told of a meeting she held in Hamburg, in a theatre, when nearly all present were anarchists. When she mentioned the name of God at that meeting there were hisses and howls of disapproval. Several men rushed toward the platform, and one of them struck at her with a cane. Laying her hand gently on his shoulder she said, "You are my guest, and it is not seemly for you to behave thus in the house of a lady." He seemed ashamed of himself and withdrew with his followers, though in a few moments they returned and took seats in the audience. When she mentioned the name of Jesus they laughed, but, while she repeated earnestly and prayerfully the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin," there fell upon that wild audience the hush of a Sunday morning service.

She now spoke of that meeting as an illustration of the power of God through the Blood of Christ to win and subdue the worst of men. At the close of the service in the Central Baptist Church a man dressed in sailor's garb came from the audience, and taking her by the hand, said with deep emotion: "Countess, I was converted in that theatre in Hamburg where you spoke, and have been serving Christ over six years. I came across the river to-night that I might see you and tell you about it."

In Cooper Union, one Monday afternoon, the Countess spoke ten minutes in Danish, German and English. The Danes listened in quiet pleasure; the Germans laughed, wept and applauded; the English were inspired to greater faith and consecration. At the close of her last address, speaking German, she requested all who would accept her Saviour to raise their hands. A tall, intelligent German near the front seat was among the first to lift up his hand. He came forward to tell the Countess that, though he owned six saloons and was furnishing a seventh, he had now accepted the Saviour and would at once come out of the business. In this same meeting, a gentleman of wealth and culture came forward to tell her that he had for the first time realized a distinction between knowledge and possession. Hereafter he would not simply know about Christ; he would possess him in all his fullness. The testimony of this remarkable woman has been used of God in winning many souls to Christ and in leading half-hearted Christians to fully consecrate themselves to his service. Her work of eight days in Atlanta, Ga., was a continuation of the gracious blessing in New York. She went to Atlanta to attend a Bible Conference in Dr. Broughton's Tabernacle. She spoke twice a day to immense audiences, and the hotel where she stopped became a centre of soul-winning work. The proprietor made a public confession of Christ and took pleasure in introducing his neighbors to the Countess. Several society ladies of Atlanta confessed Christ.

In the great audiences almost every day was a woman who had been born in poverty near the Schimmelman estates in Germany, and had known of the Countess in her early life. After she had heard the Countess speak of her happiness in Christ, this humble woman said, "Tell the Countess that while she was born in a castle, I was born in a cow-shed; but that Jesus who brought her from the castle lifted me from the cow-shed, so that now castle and cow-shed meet on a common level in Christ." When these words were told to the Countess she was delighted.

Many who have witnessed the blessings that have followed the Countess's Gospel work are anxious that she should remain in America, at least during the present year. In order to have her remain here, they will endeavor to raise by contribution at least five thousand dollars for her mission work in the Baltic Sea and elsewhere during her absence in this country.

Our Red Letter Testament

A Septuagenarian Reader's Delight

VALLEY, WIS.

Dear Sir:—I received through your kindness the unique Red Letter New Testament. To say that I am delighted with it would but feebly express my appreciation of its many excellencies. The type is so clear that though I am nearly 77 years old, I can read it quite well in a clear light without the aid of glasses. But what delights me most is I can see at a glance, at any page, where our Lord speaks, by his blessed words being printed in red. I will say to you as I said to a friend the other day, I would not take $5.00 for the copy you kindly sent me if I couldn't get another. Sincerely yours,

E. R. HARRIS.

The Bowery Mission

The following sums have been received in aid of the Bowery Mission:

Prev. ack	$2,493 57	Johnston, Jane R,	1 00
Brown, M B,	100 00	Keates, Caroline	1 00
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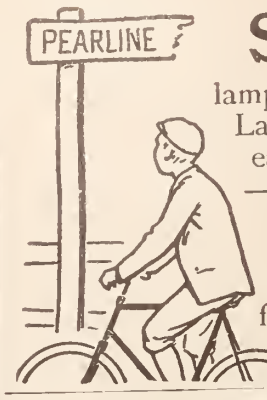
Budd, Mrs J,	1 00	Jones, C H,	2 00
Bngbee, Miss M,	1 00	Sterling, Mary A,	1 00
Burt, Elizabeth,	2 00	Sumner, H M.	1 00
Bussell, Mattie,	1 00	—, Tamarack,	1 00
Butler, E H,	5 00	—, Walton,	5 00
Card, I P,	1 00	Anon.	50
Carpenter, A H,	1 00	For His Sake, Mont,	2 50
Camni, Mrs G E,	1 00	Friend,	25
Keeley, Mrs M E,	5 00	" Bloomfield,	1 00
Kerr, F J,	50	" Dunsmuir,	2 00
Knight, Mrs A L,	1 00	" Hemlock,	2 50
Koontz, Mrs I B,	10 00	" King Ferry,	1 00
Kraemer, W,	1 00	" La Harpe,	50
La Grone, E,	50	" Levi,	1 00
La Munion, Mrs E,	1 00	" Martinsburg,	45
Larson, L B & Emma C	50	" Newark,	2 00
Lawhon, C,	50	" Newark,	1 00
Lee, Mrs M V,	1 00	" New York,	1 00
Leech, L P,	1 00	" Orosi,	1 00
Leinweber, B A,	1 00	" Pendleton,	1 00
Litzenberg, Mrs Capt W	1 00	" Pittsburgh,	1 00
Locke, L,	10	" Ritzville,	40 00
Long, G,	2 50	" Rochester,	1 00
Lonhite, Mrs R,	50	" St Mary,	1 00
Loomis & wife, D W,	1 00	" Seneca Falls,	3 00
Ludlam, M,	1 00	" Seymour,	1 00
Lumney, G,	1 00	" Skaneateles,	25
Lutz, Sarah & G,	2 00	" Springfield,	1 00
Lyle, W,	1 00	" W Va,	1 00
McComb, R E,	1 00	" Willow,	1 00
McElroy, Mrs A E,	50	" "Canada,"	1 00
McHatton, Mrs J,	50	Friends, Littleton,	1 00
McIntosh, A J,	25	" Trenton,	2 50
McKay, F,	10 00	" Wakefield,	1 50
McLean, Mrs C,	1 00	H H N,	2 00
McLennan, A,	1 00	"	2 00
McLennan, Mrs D Y,	1 40	" Chambersburg,	50
McMahan, W F,	2 00	" Hampton,	1 00
Mabus, Wilhelmina,	1 00	" Montclair,	10 00
Madison, M A,	50	" Plainfield,	2 00
Magill, Mrs M,	1 00	" S Hampton,	50
Mallette, Carrie,	1 00	In Jesus Name, Salina	10 00
Marten, A,	5 00	Reader, Binghamton,	1 00
Martin, Hannah,	1 00	" Ft Plain,	1 00
Miller, Nellie N,	25	" Hardwick,	25
Miles, Mrs J,	1 00	" Mill Hall,	2 00
Moore, Mrs G W,	2 00	" Queens B'r'gh Hts	5 00
Moorhead, Mrs S M,	1 00	" Tipton,	25
Morrison, M A,	5 00	The Leland Reader,	50
Moser, Mrs J,	50	Sub'r, Albany,	1 00
Mosson, Mrs J,	1 00	" Baltimore,	50
Stoltz, Mrs D S & Eva J Schick,	1 00	" Del Rio,	1 00
Switer, Mrs A E,	5 00	Total	$2,825 77
Taber, Eva L,	4 50		
Taber, M A,	25		
Jones, Mrs E E,	1 00		
Jones, M E,	2 00		



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YOUNG HEARTS FOR CHRIST

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S VOLUNTEER MISSIONARY BAND AND PRAYER UNION—FRUITS OF FAITH

Mr. A. P. QUIRMBACH, ORGANIZER — Mr. A. B. STRICKLAND, FIRST LEADER — Miss MARY A. HETT, SECRETARY — Mr. A. J. VALE, THE PRESENT LEADER

OFFICERS OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BAND AND PRAYER UNION

IT is a beautiful thing to see young men and maidens banding themselves together for the service of Christ. Particularly appropriate it seems for youth to love the yoke of the Master, whose own service, humanly speaking, to the Father and humanity was the service of youth. We note with pleasure the growing disposition of our young people to form themselves into organizations for Christian work. As an illustration of this tendency, and by way of inspiration to others seeking a way to labor for God and man, we give an account of the Young People's Volunteer Band and Prayer Union of Ontario, Canada. Modest as was its beginning, it may grow, according to its faith, like the mustard seed of Scriptural parable, into large and goodly proportions.

Some years ago several young people of the "Twin City"—Belin and Waterloo—Ontario, Canada, whose hearts were grieved because of "them that sit in darkness" in heathen lands, and who felt that God had called them to engage in missionary work, gathered together to study God's Word and the mission fields of the world, and to pray for missions and for one another. Their way into active service seemed hopelessly blocked; they had not even the means to enter a training school for missionary work.

At first there were only eight members, now there are twenty-five, residing in eight different places and belonging to six different denominations. The organizer of the band, Mr. A. P. Quirmbach, has received the reward of his faith and is laboring under the China Inland Mission in China. Miss Scheuerman, one of the eight, is associated with Miss Wilder in India. Mr. Westgate, another member, is a Church Missionary Society worker in South America. In addition to these three in the foreign field, ten of the band are in schools of training for similar labors. God has thus answered the prayers of the little circle in a marvelous way. The band has likewise been active in stirring up an interest among the churches at home, and in leading many souls to Christ. Several missionary conferences, of a week's duration each, have been held, besides a large number of missionary meetings in the different young people's societies. Systematic Christian work has been done by the band members in the hospital, house of refuge, orphanage, jail, and the mission Sunday School.

The object of the "Volunteer Band" is to reach those young people who are not already in missionary training schools, and to induce them to form missionary bands and prayer unions. It also seeks to stimulate and direct efforts in the evangelization of the world, by study of the Scriptures and of missions. Systematic Christian work is urged upon its members, who each month receive a circulating letter from some missionary in the field. Anyone wishing to unite with the band, and feeling that they can sign the declaration required, "I purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary," can receive further information by application to the secretary, Miss M. A. Hett, Berlin, Ontario, Can. All Christians will bid these young workers Godspeed.

Quickening Entreated

OPEN mine eyes that I may see
Thy wondrous gifts to all.
Thy Holy Spirit give it me,
And save me from the fall.

Unlock my long deaf ear to hear
The call from God above;
The call from God above;
And God—a God of love.

Fountain for guilt, display thy power,
And save my soul from sin;
Send from above a heavenly shower
And flood my soul within.

Enter my heart, set up thy throne,
Reveal the things I need;
Thy love implant, break what is stone,
Plant there thy righteous seed.

Letart Falls, O. J. S. GRIFFITH.

Northfield Students as Workers

At the closing exercises of the Moody Training Schools at East Northfield lately, some interesting facts concerning student experience were brought to light. During the Christmas holidays, at the invitation of the pastors and under the direction of the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society, several of the Training School students went into Vermont to do parish visiting and hold evangelistic services. One of them reported: "We had twelve meetings with a constantly increasing interest and attendance. In the afternoons, we had a Bible class, and ten or eleven came out for the Lord." Another wrote, "Forty-one calls were made, including nearly every family of the scattered portion of the village. Eleven public services were held and six souls came into the light." Such experiences are not only an education for the students, but an encouragement to look for yet greater things in the future.

BOOKS RECEIVED

At Opening Doors. By Howe Benning; illustrated; pp. 351; bound in cloth; price $1.25. American Tract Society, publishers, New York.

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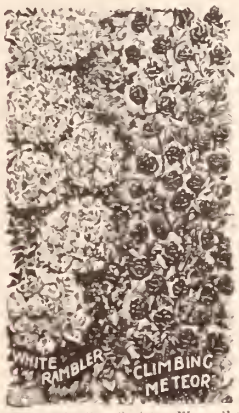

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Roger Lambelin.—A lovely variegated rose. Flowers deep crimson edged with white, and fringed like a double petunia. A striking novelty.

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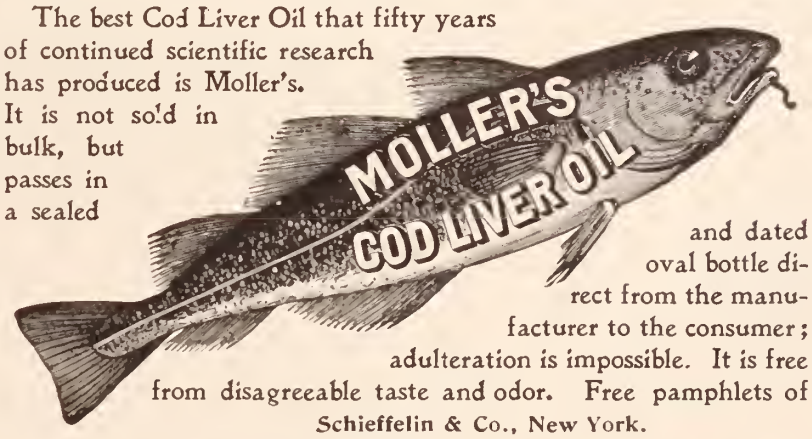

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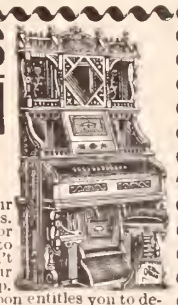

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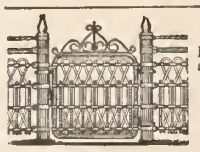

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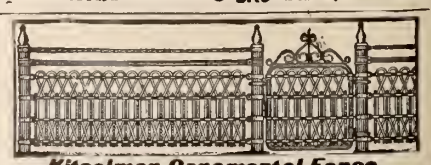

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 17

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GAVE UP THE WORLD'S FAME FOR CHRIST

Miss Ruth Cordis Long casts aside the Attractions of an Operatic Career and Consecrates her Voice to the Master

Build me a bridge of Song, so that souls may enter in:
Let my voice to Thee belong, if perchance I souls may win.

A VOICE for God! What the Nilssons, the Pattis, the Nordicas, the Parepa-Rosas and the Albanis have been to the operatic stage, many gifted women are to-day, to the stage of Christian work. They are the Queens of Sacred Song. There are, in our own land, thousands of pure and beautiful voices, that are never raised in the songs that celebrate the follies and vanities of the world, and whose sweetest strains are heard in the songs of the soul. These are the gifted singers of a great choir, whose humbler members are scattered throughout the Christian world. What Phillips, Bliss, Sankey, Jacobs, and a host of other consecrated vocalists have accomplished in popularizing Christian song, these glorious-voiced women are also doing, inasmuch as the voluntary dedication of their precious talent to the Master's service is proving of inestimable value in the winning over of multitudes from sin to righteousness. Never has the power of Christian song received more striking demonstration than in the services where these pure voices have interpreted the story of redeeming love in a way that has moved the souls of vast audiences.

There came lately to the knowledge of the writer the story of a noble woman — young, beautiful and gifted with a voice of magnificent quality—who has consecrated that gift to God. She had definitely chosen to sing for souls rather than for the world's plaudits and its rewards: to lift her voice in the church, the mission and the revival tent, rather than to sing in the glare of the footlights, amid the pleasure-seeking multitude. This may seem a strange choice to many, but surely it may be said of her who makes it, as Christ said of Mary: "She hath chosen the better part." Ruth Cordis Long, niece of Secretary of the Navy Hon. John D. Long, has made such a choice, and will use the beautiful voice God has given her in evangelical work and not in the opera, to which Anna Louise Cary believed the young girl destined when she first brought her before the public. Miss Long was only seventeen then; she has been singing since she was fourteen, and Miss Cary was not alone in believing that a brilliant future on the operatic stage awaited her. But Miss Long shrank from the thought of making such use of her gifts. She has been singing in Boston churches for several years. Recently, Rev. Dr. James Boyd Brady began a series of revival meetings at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass., and asked Miss Long to assist in the musical part of the services. She consented, and the songs of Zion rendered by her fresh, rich, contralto voice have had a marked effect upon the congregations. Miss Long was born in Boston, but has spent most of her life with her widowed mother at Portland, Me. Her father, Zado Long, brother of the Secretary of the Navy, died when she was a mere child.

MISS RUTH CORDIS LONG, SECRETARY LONG'S NIECE, WHO HAS BECOME A GOSPEL SINGER

It would be well if others, endowed with musical gifts, should make such a choice as Miss Long's. Music is a power for good or ill; many a soul has been saved by the singing of a Gospel song; and, alas, many a soul has been betrayed by listening to a song that was not holy. The gift of song, like the carol of the lark, should always lift our thoughts heavenward.

Writing of Miss Long's singing, which has afforded delight to audiences wherever she takes part in the service, Rev. James Boyd Brady says: "Her soul shines in her song and her song shines in her face. . . . The secret of her success is the singing of ordinary hymns in such intelligent, interpretative way as brings out the author's fervid meaning and conveys his ardor to the throng. . . . The advent of Miss Long," he adds, "may be looked upon as a musical renaissance in woman's religious world."

Mr. Brady tells of an incident which may have been a turning-point in Miss Long's career: At Santiago, on board one of our battleships, after she had sung, a sailor came up and with repentant tears said her singing had inspired him to a new life. This event revealed to her possibilities in the use of her wonderful talent for the good of others. Nothing delights her more than feeling that she is doing good to those in need. At a recent revival meeting she sang "Where is my Wandering Boy?" and, as if in response, one of the young auditors left his comrades in the audience and came forward for prayer. The singer's face was radiant with a strange rapture of tearful triumph. At other gatherings, where she has sung the "Songs of Salvation," her voice has been made instrumental in moving many hearts. She feels that she has been truly called to the work of a Gospel messenger, and that her wonderful gift of song has been bestowed for the noblest of purposes—the winning of precious souls.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered May 23

1. What is the peace and what the war footing of Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Great Britain and Italy, and what the respective number of big guns which each country owns?
2. What are the essentials to success in business life?
3. What is the most valuable diamond in the world?
4. What actual loss did Esau sustain by the trick which his brother Jacob played on him in securing the birthright blessing from Isaac?
5. Given an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, what disposition should be made of the same by a family of four persons, father, mother, son and daughter, the children being under ten years of age?
6. What is the largest temple in the world used for the worship of the Christian's God?
7. What in brief may be said to be the history of writing?
8. What is known of the book of Iddo, the seer, mentioned in II. Chronicles 9:29; 12:15; 13:22?
9. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 28, a list of eleven metals was published, each of which is more valuable than gold. What, in the briefest terms possible, is the principal use of each of these metals?
10. When was printing for the blind first introduced?

Questions of the Week

1. What is probably the greatest distance at which lightning may be seen from a cloud just above the horizon?

There is no rule. The height of the cloud is a factor in the case, and always indeterminate. The convexity of the earth varies with the latitude, growing sharper from the equator toward the poles, except for meridian lines. The answer lies in verified observations. The writer has seen sparks of lightning fall from a cloud just above the horizon, which were proved to be not less than eighty, and probably not more than a hundred miles distant. From a high elevation longer instances might be noted. J. M. DEFREIS.

2. Of how many stars is the Southern Cross composed? What is its form and how far north is it visible?

The Southern Cross is composed of five principal stars, one of the first, two of about the second, one of the third, and one of the fourth magnitude. It has the form of a Roman cross, with the shorter arm running across the longer at a slightly oblique angle. It is situated about sixty degrees south declination and is therefore visible at about thirty degrees north latitude. Todd says, "Good views of it may be expected at the Tropic of Cancer, and they improve with the journey farther south." JOHN D. MEESE.

3. How far may law properly interfere with a man's injury to himself?

Criminal law can properly regulate a man's actions only so far as they injure the person, property or reputation of another. A man cannot steal from himself, forge his own name or libel himself. Nor can human law punish a man for taking his own life whether by refusing food, medical attendance, or by violence, for, if he dies, he is beyond its reach. He may be punished for attempting suicide, because of the bad effect on others of his action. If a man's injury to himself also directly injures another, *e.g.*, where he burns his own house in the night and another sleeping therein is killed, he may be punished. Though law may not properly punish for self-injury, it may restrain if the act of self-injury is reasonably likely to render the man or his family a burden to society and cast their support upon the State. H. C. UNDERHILL.

4. What is supposed to be the origin of the bridal veil?

The earliest reference to this custom is found in Gen. 24:65. Tertullian, commenting on this passage, notes that in his time (200 A. D.) heathen brides were conducted to their husbands, covered with a veil. The veil was regarded as a symbol of submission to the husband (I. Cor. 11:4-15).

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. What is the meaning and origin of the proverb, "A miss is as good as a mile"?

It is hinted that the adage probably once read, "An inch of a miss is as good as a mile." In this shape it would more nearly correspond to old English, Danish and German proverbs. The adage is traced to two legendary soldiers of Charlemagne, who were as like as two peas and who after being adopted into the traditions of the church as martyrs, might be invoked indifferently. Thus it would be said Amis is as good as Amile. R. E. SPEER.

6. What is the difference between liberty and license, and can there be personal liberty where there is law?

License is liberty perverted. You have liberty to do things expedient for you which do not interfere with the welfare or happiness or liberty of another individual. If you encroach on another's liberty—which all lawbreakers do, for just law seeks the greatest good of the greatest number—you have been guilty of license. Liberty or freedom is perfect obedience to perfect law. If there were no just law you would have no liberty, for others would always be encroaching on it and you would be fettered at every turn. Only by universal obedience to just law can any one attain to liberty.

CARRIE W. DARLING.

7. What is the meaning of the word "wisdom" as used in the Old Testament?

It is used in Exodus as a natural endowment of mechanical skill (Ex. 31:3-6). Solomon asked wisdom of God in the sense of ability to govern (I. Kings 3:9-13). Daniel was endowed with wisdom or knowledge to interpret visions. In Job and Proverbs it means the knowledge and fear of God and is generally considered to be used in Proverbs 8 as a representation of Christ.

GEORGE STUART.

8. Since we are divinely taught to pray day by day for the forgiveness of our sins, of what avail is the exhortation "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect"?

In our treatment of others, more especially of those who have done us evil, we are to follow the perfect example of God, who makes his sun and rain ministers of kindness to just and unjust alike. Christ seeks to do away with the law of retaliation and to establish the law of love. As children of their heavenly Father, Christians should be guided by the spirit of love, rather than the mere letter of the law. He who most earnestly strives to manifest the spirit of the Father will be the most conscious of weakness, imperfection and sin, and will be the most ready to offer the daily prayer for forgiveness. The example of perfection and the prayer for forgiveness are not out of harmony as parts of the Christian's equipment. S. FORD.

9. What is the origin of the term Yankee?

There are three suggestions: 1. The Indians of Massachusetts are said to have called the English first "Yenghies," then "Yanghies," then "Yankees," all corruptions of the word "English," or possibly of the French "Anglais." 2. The Dutch settlers of New York are said to have called the English colonists of Connecticut, Yankees, from the term Jankin, a diminutive of John. 3. As early as 1713 Yankee was used as a by-word among the students at Cambridge, Mass., meaning superior or excellent—thus, a yankee good knife. The word thus used may have sprung from the Scotch yanker, a clever, pushing woman; or it may have been first used in the sense of superior, by the Indians, in reference to the mechanical tools which the colonists could turn out so much better than the natives could do. Thus they might have applied the term "Yankee" both to the colonists and their goods. E. COMAN.

10. Is the teaching of Scripture about the final judgment intended to convey the idea that there will be one set time of judgment for all mankind, or is it warrantable to believe that each man is judged separately? Can one hold the latter theory consistently with Bible teaching?

Paul says God "hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained." That statement and the description given of the final judgment in Revelation 20:11-15, would indicate a grand assize. The purpose of all reference in the Bible to the subject appears, however, to be to impress mankind with the fact of a solemn and searching judgment, rather than either its collective or individual character. M. RANDLE.

Miscellaneous Questions

A Reader, Spartanburg, S. C., writes:

In THE MAIL-BAG of March 21, Ouie, of Cohasset, Mass., writes about the formation of a woman's temperance organization without the suffrage feature. I wish to say that there is such an organization in South Carolina, "The Christian Temperance Workers of South Carolina," which is steadily growing in favor and numerical and moral strength. We find that the absence of suffrage gives us a position that the W. C. T. U. cannot hold, at least in our state, and enables us to exert more influence and do better work than we could otherwise do.

S. S., Washington. 1. When were mirrors first used? 2. What is the history and method of the "silvering" process?

Previous to the sixteenth century, mirrors were not articles of household furnishing. The hand or pocket mirrors carried by ladies consisted of polished metal plaques enclosed in boxes, which were often of ivory or ebony, gold or silver and handsomely jeweled. Bronze mirrors were evidently in use in very ancient times. The word "looking-glass," in the Revised Version, rendered "mirror," occurs in Ex. 38:8. The first glass mirrors were backed with sheets of metal. By degrees the present process of "silvering" was evolved, Baron Liebig, 1835, being the first to give a definite formula for it. Any encyclopedia will give you further details; the process is too elaborate for full description here.

J. H. L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 1. I noticed in your journal that you told an inquirer that you believed we should recognize one another in heaven; yet Christ said that in heaven people were not married. How, if a husband and wife are not married there, can they recognize one another? 2. If a Sunday School pupil is converted and intends to be baptized and join the church, but is taken ill and dies without being baptized, will she be saved without being baptized?

1. Recognition does not imply a resumption of the old relations. Christ's words were a reply to a question which assumed that there might be a dispute between husbands of the same woman as to the right of one of them to treat her as his wife. He reminded them that in heaven people would not have their fleshly bodies. Even after the resurrection they will have spiritual bodies (see I. Cor. 15:44). The husband may and doubtless will recognize his wife and the wife the husband, and it will be a loving recognition; but they will be so absorbed in the spiritual delights of the new condition that the old relations will be gross and coarse in their eyes. 2. There is not the slightest doubt of such a child being saved. The change of heart is the essential thing, and that having taken place the child would not suffer on account of having been prevented making public profession of Christ.

Mrs. N. B. E., Loudenville, W. Va. Montgomery's History says Congress voted Lafayette $200,000, and made him a grant of 24,000 acres of land in 1824, when he visited the United States. Would you please tell me where the land was located?

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock, Secretary of Department of the Interior, at Washington, kindly answers: By the Act of December 28, 1824 (6 Stats. at Large, 320), Congress granted to Gen. Lafayette, in consideration of his service in the War of the Revolution, the sum of $200,000 and one township of land, to be located under the authority of the President, on any of the unappropriated lands of the United States. The land granted by the said Act was located in what is now known as the County of Leon, near the city of Tallahassee, in Florida, being Township 1, North, Range 1 East, containing 23,028.50 acres. The land was patented on July 4, 1825, and the patent was delivered in person to Gen. Lafayette by the Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Reader. For Christian Endeavor topics for 1900, printed in French, apply to Mr. J. W. Baer, secretary C. E. Society, 646 Washington street, Boston, Mass. In regard to children's books in French, write us again, giving full name and address.

A. H. P., Suchien, China. Is it possible for one really a Christian to love an unbelieving husband? I think not. When a Christian girl marries an infidel man, I always feel her spiritual life is not what it should be, or her love is not what it ought to be.

Human love is sometimes beyond understanding in its choice of an object, selecting the most unworthy. It is quite possible for a believing wife to love an unbelieving husband. Such love may lead to his reformation; but it is a perilous experiment and one which is very likely to result in the wrecking of two lives. There can be no spiritual union or true happiness in such a case, and the advice given in II. Cor. 6:14, still stands good as the best and safest rule to follow.

J. H. P., Minaville, N. Y. In the case of a man who has pledged himself to give a tenth to the Lord, ought he to give a tenth of all his income, or a tenth on the balance, after rent, taxes, clothing, education, etc., have been paid?

That depends on the pledge he made. There is no law in the case, as there was in the case of the Jew. The Christian's pledge is voluntary and his conscience must tell him what he ought to tithe. Of course, in the case of a merchant, he would not be expected to tithe his gross receipts, nor even his gross profits, over and above the cost price of his goods. He is clearly entitled to deduct business expenses, such as the rent of his store, the salaries of his help, the cost of advertising, etc. Not until those items are deducted does he reach the income available for the support of himself and his family. The conscientious question we have referred to, is whether necessary domestic expenses should also be deducted before the tenth is reckoned. Your own observation will tell you that in many households, if those deductions were made first, there would be little or nothing left to tithe. The expenses that the man and his wife consider necessary often absorb the whole income.

Mrs. W. V. P., Waldo, Fla., writes:

I would be glad if you would appeal to your readers to help put down so much desecration of the Sabbath. There are thousands of Christian people who patronize the open markets for meats and vegetables and buy bread on Sunday. Now I know that this could be dispensed with. I have been keeping house nearly a score of years and I don't buy things on Sunday, only in case of sickness. I don't kill fowls on Sunday for dinner. Any experienced housekeeper could arrange for her Sunday meals without so much Sunday buying or cooking. Then there are lots of Christians who write, mail and receive letters on Sunday. Also read all kinds of secular papers on the Sabbath. I ask the question: If we do these things can we expect our children to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?

A. L., C., Chesterville, O. 1. In what period did St. Patrick live and when did he die? 2. What was the origin of "Peter's Pence"?

1. He is believed (according to tradition) to have been born in Armoric, Gaul, about A.D. 387, and to have died near Armagh, Ireland, A.D. 455. 2. The first idea of an annual tribute to Rome is ascribed to Ina, a king of the West Saxons, in England, about A.D. 721, who having made a pilgrimage to Rome, founded a hospice for other Anglo-Saxon pilgrims. Other writers ascribe the custom to Ethelwulf. In the days of King Alfred, the tribute consisted of one silver penny from every family possessing property of a certain value. It was established in other countries, but ultimately abandoned in nearly all. In recent years the Peter's pence tribute has been revived to some extent in certain lands.

Mrs. M. C. S., Clearfield, Pa. Do you think there is any less liquor drinking because of the many different temperance organizations? I have been a member of the W. C. T. U. for years, but have many doubts, and sometimes think the church certainly ought to cover the whole ground, and will, if ever this monster evil is to be overcome.

There is no doubt much less drinking than there would be had we no strong temperance organizations to keep it in check. The church needs all the aid and co-operation it can secure in dealing with special evils and it should be the aim of every Christian to afford that aid.

O. B., Lisbon Falls, Me. Is it known how many hours Jesus was on the cross?

It is uncertain how long Jesus lived after he was nailed to the cross. At the longest it could not have been more than six hours. Mark says (15:25), "It was the third hour [or nine o'clock], and they crucified him;" and again (15:34), "And at the ninth hour [3 P.M.], Jesus cried," etc. John, on the other hand, describing the proceedings before Pilate (19:14), says: "It was about the sixth hour." But John was probably reckoning the hours by the Roman method from midnight, which, allowing for the subsequent judicial farce and the journey to Golgotha, would bring him into accord with Mark. Matthew also (27:46), represents Jesus as being alive at the ninth hour [three o'clock]. Matthew, Mark and Luke, referring to the darkness, say that it lasted from the sixth hour [noon], till the ninth hour [3 P.M.], but it does not appear to have begun until Jesus had been some time on the cross. The ancients had not the means that we have of accurately reckoning time; so that we cannot be certain of the hour, and it may have been later than nine when Jesus was nailed to the cross. He evidently did not live long after three, probably not many minutes.

"Troubled One," ——, Mich. About two years ago I sought Christ in a revival meeting and believed myself truly converted. Some months afterward I did something that I knew was not right in God's sight. All the happiness I had after my conversion left me and I am still very miserable. It seems to me that I have not been forgiven, though I have sincerely repented and have lived a right life ever since. Is it possible that God has taken his Holy Spirit from me?

We do not believe that he has done so. If he had, you would not be troubled, but would be indifferent. Your condition is due to a lack of faith in his promises. He assures you that forgiveness is given to his children when they are sincerely penitent and you should take his promise and rest upon it. He keeps his word. There may be another reason for your condition. Perhaps he wishes to teach you what a very serious thing it is for one of his children to commit sin. So he may be hiding his face from you. Sometimes a father who is quite willing to forgive an erring child, will keep that child at a distance from his heart, because the child shows that he does not realize how very naughty he has been. The child is really forgiven, but the father does not give him the assurance of forgiveness at first, lest he get the idea that he may commit any sin and be sure of being forgiven.

Reader, N. Y. The "Easter tribute" of Christian American women, which is so highly appreciated, was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Abby G. Baker, of Washington, D. C., who personally communicated with a majority of the contributors. It was indeed a precious and appropriate offering for the Easter season.

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FALL BEAR AND SQUAW

A GROUP OF CHEYENNE CHIEFS

FOUR years ago Rev. Dr. Wheeler M. Wellman, pastor of what is said to be the largest evangelical Indian church in America, gave up a prosperous city charge and went as a missionary to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Oklahoma. At Darlington he found a small church with three Indian and eight white members, and to these he began preaching. In a short while there was a wonderful revival in which, as the first fruit of his labors, he received twenty-nine converts. Since then he has had in one day as many as sixty-seven applications for church membership, and his church, during the present year, has been enlarged by seventy accessions. In addition to his regular pastoral work, he conducts a dispensary, through which hundreds of Indians have been relieved and many lives saved. He has also organized a Y. P. C. E. Society with a membership of fifty Indians, who are faithful attendants at the weekly meetings. It will thus be seen that Dr. Wellman has had exceptional opportunities for studying the red man, his ways and customs, and the following article, written by him for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be welcomed by our readers:

It is sometimes said that the 260,000 Indians, comprising only about one three-hundredth of our population, command an interest out of proportion to their numbers. This interest is too often of a by no means helpful character, for to many the fast-disappearing Indian has become little more than a curiosity, an animal in blankets, beads, paint and feathers; and wherever he goes he attracts attention much in the same way as would a dancing bear. When we reflect that only 300 years ago this great North American domain was his, by every right, which is to-day dear to the white man, it is borne upon all Christian hearts that we owe the Indian a larger consideration than has ever been given him. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes, among whom my lot has been cast, are among the latest to have lands alloted. The last census, taken a few months ago, places the number of the former at 2,056, and the latter, 1,000. The semi-annual interest payment on their one million dollar fund at Washington, arising from the purchase of their lands by the government, has just been completed. It always moves one's sympathy to see them receiving their money, because, in nine cases out of ten, the full amount has been spent for something to eat or wear weeks and months before they get it. So every dollar goes for back bills; not one is left. They are remarkably honest. One trader, who had trusted them for six months to the amount of seven or eight thousand dollars, told me that he had collected all but about two per cent. and that he considered one-half of that good.

INDIAN SCHOOLGIRLS AT PLAY, MAKING DOLL TEPEES

Most of them are as obedient as children to one whom they regard as a true friend. But no one is received by them as such without first having been thoroughly tested. Their greatest enemies are whiskey and mescal, both of which are sold to them by white men. Since the grandson of Sitting Bull, who lives here, introduced the ghost dance years ago, numbers believe the mescal bean to be a specific for various diseases. This bean is the seed bulb of a Mexican cactus. In appearance, size and shape it resembles the button of the hollyhock, after the flower falls. It is said to produce ecstatic dreams, in the same way as Indian hemp (*cannabis indica*), etc. Before the advent of Sitting Bull and his ghost dance, many Indians had small herds of cattle. Now, Sitting Bull has their property, and they have the dreadful mescal habit.

They are great imitators. Some time since, a missionary who preaches in a surplice received from a good woman a box of clothing. Among other things sent, were twenty-four nicely ruffled white night dresses, which were given out. The Indians reasoned that because the minister wore a similar garment they should. So, next Sunday morning, there single filed into meeting, twenty-four men each clad in a handsomely ruffled and laced night dress, some too long and some too short. They are quick to see inconsistencies. It was the day of a big dance, when Big Hawk came to my fire to warm. I said: "Big Hawk, no dance."

"Yes, sir!" he replied with great emphasis. "White man say wrong to dance, but white man dance; you say bad to paint faces, but heap white squaw paint face; long, long time ago Jesus came to help; Jesus, good Friend, and white man kill Jesus; Indian no kill him, Indian no kill anybody, when come to help and be good friend. It may be bad for Indians to dance, but Indian no kill Jesus." Almost without exception they have great reverence for God and his Son.

In the last two years I have received by baptism and confession of faith, 181 Indians from ten to twenty-six years of age, most of whom are consistent and intelligent Christians. In our service last Sunday, for Indians only, thirteen adults came forward and gave me the hand, saying: "I love Jesus, and I want my name put down in his big book as one of his true friends." The men are progressive, wanting civilization. Not so the women. Yet, the woman is the burden-bearer. Sick or well, old or young, she must provide the water, often going a mile, carrying it on her back in ten gallon kegs, frequently without a rest. She must carry the wood, load and unload the wagon when traveling, put up and take down the tepees, care for the children, cook, grease the wagon, harness the horses, picket them out, take them to water, etc. If there are twenty bundles she must carry them all, and the baby on top, even though she make two or more trips. The pictures sent present some views of Indian life not often seen by whites—particularly that of the dead body of Yellow Shirt, one of my brothers in red. Fall Bear and squaw are typical Indians.

This work is supported by voluntary contributions. The Indians do what they can, but they are too poor to give much.

DR. AND MRS. WELLMAN AND NEIGHBORS

SORROW IN THE TEPEE—DEATH OF YELLOW SHIRT

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Creeds Good and Bad

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 11: 44: . . . . . } . . . Loose him and let him go. . . .

MY Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead-pencil marks made at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem, he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Martha, a first-rate housekeeper, and Mary, a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. Worse and worse gets Lazarus, until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn, and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as he so often had been? Far away in the country districts, preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days, and dissolution had taken place.

At the door of the sepulchre is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb one December day, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed, and then he begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after him, and the crowd after them.

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb, the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue, and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall only be an echo, he cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps, and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him, and his feet are fast, and his hands are fast, and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him, and let him go!"

Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus he went on, and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet, so that he could walk, and the breaking off of the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation, and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying, "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are, like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me, and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let him go."

Many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them: a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian Church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand-new one.

It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died three hundred and thirty-six years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats, and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation; and go back to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses; and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals, or the burning of bonfires on the hill-tops, and reject the magnetic wire which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists, and the theologians of the last three hundred and thirty-six years, and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth-century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes: so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam-engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning-footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning, and some of them now mean more, and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants. A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what he did with the babies in Palestine when he hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses.

We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician, and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use, and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy, fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says, "I will show you the structure of this rose," and he proceeds to take it apart, and pulls off the leaves and he says, "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers, and he says, "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars!" and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will just show you how this rose of religion was fashioned;" and it pulls off of it a piece, and says: "That is the human will," and another piece, and says: "This is God's will," and another piece, and says: "This is sovereignty," and another piece, and says: "This is free agency," this is this, and that is that. And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in, and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says, "Inhale the sweetness of this; wear it on your heart, and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart.

What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now; much less the mysteries of his government five hundred quintillion years ago.

I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable non-essentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable.

But there are those who would add unto the present tests rather than subtract from them. Do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter, and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right, and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave-clothes. If you want one glorious Church, free and unencumbered, take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and let her go!

Again, there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows, and hindered and hoppled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated, is morbid, and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life, and stop thinking of yourself, and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination, and they get weaker and sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave-clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel; but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was, and how many times I have grievously strayed, you would understand why I do not come out brighter." Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel, or as the key fits into the labyrinths of a lock. A man who was once called Saul, but afterwards Paul, declared: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief."

Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and, now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats and the splinters of a shivered mast and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smoke-stacks, open a new log-book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable.

Have you not sometimes started out in the rain with your umbrella, and you were busy thinking, and you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and though it had cleared off you still had your umbrella up, and when you discovered what you were doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of you are doing in religious things. You have got so used to sadness that though the rain has stopped you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulchre. Step out into the broad light of noonday. We come around you to help remove your grave-clothes, and a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omnipotent, commands, "Loose him, and let him go."

Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such, the Book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope, are cowards about death. My brothers and sisters, if we made full use of our religion we would soon get over this.

Backed up by the teachings of your Bible, just look through the telescope some bright night and see how many worlds there are, and reflect that all you have seen, compared with the number of worlds in existence, are less than the fingers of your right hand as compared with all the fingers of the human race. How foolish, then, for us to think that ours is the only world fit for us to stay in. I think that all the stars are inhabited, and by beings like the human race in feelings and sentiments, and the difference is in lung respiration, and heart beat, and physical conformation, their physical conformation fit for the climate of their world, and our physical conformation fit for the climate of our world. So we shall feel at

home in any of the stellar neighborhoods, our physical limitations having ceased.

One of our first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up, and had cramped apartments, and were kept on the limits. The most, even of our small world, is water, and the water says to the human race, "Don't come here or you will drown." A few thousand feet up the atmosphere is uninhabitable, and the atmosphere says to the human race, "Don't come up here or you cannot breathe." A few miles down the earth is a furnace of fire, and the fire says, "Don't come here or you will burn." And, crossing a rail track, you must look out or you will be crushed. And, standing by a steam boiler, you must look out or you will be blown up. And pneumonias and pleurisies and consumptions and apoplexies go across this earth in flocks, in droves, in herds, and it is a world of equinoxes and cyclones and graves. Yet we are under the delusion that it is the only place fit to stay in. We want to stick to the wet plank midocean while the great ship, *The City of God*, of the Celestial line, goes sailing past, and would gladly take us up in a lifeboat. My Christian friends, let me tear off your despondencies and frights about dissolution. My Lord commands me regarding you, saying, "Loose him, and let him go."

Heaven is ninety-five per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth, and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast-day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in heaven since its first tower was built or its first gates swung or its first song carolled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary, and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned, or were submerged until all consciousness departed, and were afterward resuscitated, declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens, the soul simply puts out its wings and soars.

The only part of the journey I made years ago to Palestine that I really dreaded was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people cannot land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one misstroke of an oarsman, or an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before, an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was, that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I entered this pulpit. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up; or that if you reach Canaan at all, it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

"Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
O'er the hill of fadeless green,
And the living waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that eternal shore;
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil!

Helping our Boys in Manila

...SOCIAL AND EVANGELICAL WORK NEEDED

...PLANS FOR A SOLDIERS' CLUB HOUSE

CHAPLAIN PIERCE—PROPOSED SOLDIERS' CLUBHOUSE, MANILA

REV. Dr. Charles C. Pierce, Chaplain U.S.A., who recently gave our readers an interesting account of religious work in the Philippines, is about to return to Manila, where he hopes, in consequence of interest awakened in this country, to be able to accomplish larger things for our "Boys in Blue."

Few men are better fitted to plead the cause of the soldier in the Philippines and to influence him than Chaplain Pierce, both because of his thirteen years of experience as a spiritual leader in the army, and of his protracted sojourn in Luzon whither he went with the Otis expedition. Perhaps, too, few names are spoken with more gratitude and tenderness than his in many American homes, whence loved ones went never to return, since but for his indefatigable labors in supervising the Office of Identification of the Dead, many had been unable to find the remains of those they held dear. Since his appointment to that office, March 29, 1899, more than six hundred bodies of our poor fellows have been given into his hands that he might learn their names, wash their faces for the last time, and shroud them for the sepulchre in a soldier's uniform, draping their caskets with the folds of the flag under which they fell, and seeing to it that whatever else of honor or respect were omitted because of the cruel exigencies of war not a single man, be he fever-stricken, a small-pox victim, or slain in battle, should be buried without the services of a chaplain. This work has sometimes required the presence of the chaplain in his crowded morgue throughout the night, as well as the day, and everywhere in Luzon, he is know as "the man who will not suffer the dead to be lost." The weeks of rest granted him in this country since his return with the remains of Gen. Lawton have been spent in efforts to raise funds to establish upon a solid financial basis many of the religious and moral enterprises in Manila in which he has an interest.

GATEWAY TO WALLED CITY

Among these enterprises is a Soldiers' Club House, to be built in Malate (the famous Southern section of Manila), where the Brotherhood of St. Andrew have for the past year rented and maintained a Brotherhood House for soldiers. The work in this rented building has been of large proportion, notwithstanding the fact that the house is small and unsuited to the requirements, affording no room for a gymnasium, or various other devices for interesting and holding the men, as well as being entirely inadequate to demands made upon it for religious exercises. "It is pathetic," says the chaplain, "to see the many men who want to come in and for whom there is no room." The proposed building (of which we present the architect's drawing), will stand between two regimental barracks, and will draw a considerable congregation from these alone. The plan of the interior includes a gymnasium, restaurant, library, reading and correspondence room, assembly room for religious services, lectures and debates; and rooms in which men who are away from their regiments over night may find pleasant shelter, without the necessity of sleeping in localities less comfortable and safe. The second story will contain class-rooms for the study of such subjects as may be desired.

The work, already in existence, and that to be instituted, is along the lines of that which the Y. M. C. A. is conducting in another part of the city some three miles distant, in which the chaplain expresses a deep interest, characterizing it as "a valuable, desirable and blessed one." "Manila," he adds, "is a city of about 350,000 souls, and to meet the needs of the great American army in and near the city, all the agencies established there up to this date have been entirely inadequate. Up to the time I left, the Y. M. C. A. had its headquarters in a big tent. I am glad to hear that they now have a building; it was supplied by our Government." The clubhouse, which the chaplain seeks means to build, will cost $15,000, and it is to be earnestly hoped that he will be able to carry out this worthy enterprise. He believes the only way to save soldiers from the saloon is to provide something better for them. He says:

"There is nothing in the color of the coat. A soldier is a civilian in uniform and under orders. Some of our soldiers are bad, but some were bad before they came to us. And in the ranks will be found men of noblest impulses and as noble lives, whom it is an honor to know. The one point to be borne in mind is, that these men are in our army, and that they are removed from the refining influences of home. It is incumbent upon us to see that homelike places are provided, to which they may go when discouraged and cast down and possessed with pathetic longing for the homes and dear ones left so many thousand miles behind.

"In the pocket or folded to the heart of many a dead soldier I have found a mother's letter or some dear girl's face, baptized with blood; and by these mute agencies I have been able to learn whose was the restraining influence and whence came the motive that had controlled the dead. And all these things have made me feel that there are thousands here at home who, regardless of the other worthy objects of their benevolence, would gladly help me to build this clubhouse, wherein men may gather when they please, without regard to creed or aught else, and may get some touch of home and some impulse toward a better life or some strengthening in a good life long since begun. Other agencies are always found, wherever there is an army, which tend toward debasement, and Manila is no exception. Our men, yours and mine, are worthy of something better. If we call men to wear our uniform and carry our flag, we have a moral obligation to buttress their characters with every good influence which the mind of man can devise and the money of man can provide. I prize the confidence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and shall bless its readers if, by their aid, our hopes are realized."

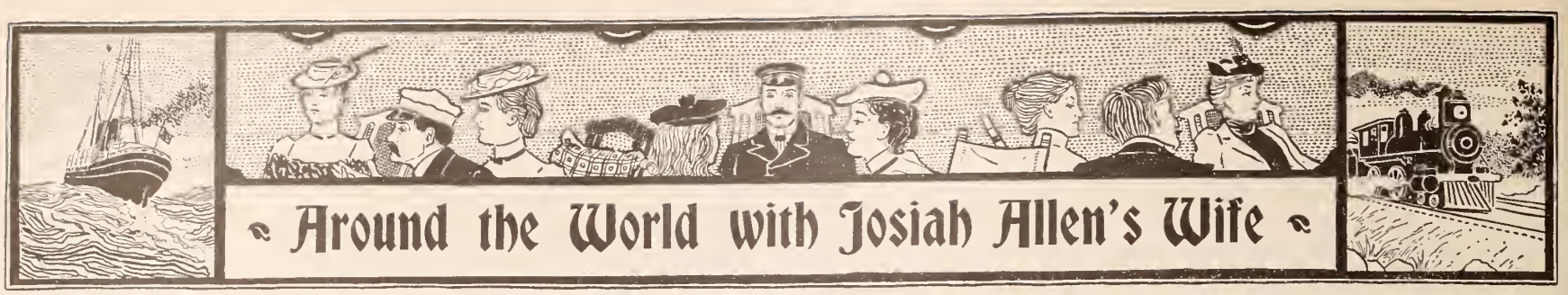
Contributions and communications respecting this work will be forwarded to Chaplain Pierce, if addressed to him at 7 West Tenth street, New York.

A TYPICAL STREET SCENE, MANILA

Seven Years' Work for Chinatown

The seventh anniversary of the New York Rescue Band, celebrated April 7, at its Mission Hall, 17 Doyers street, Hon. Wm. H. Rowe presiding, was a most interesting occasion. Reports made by those in charge of the various departments of the work, consisting of the Midnight Mission, Hope Mission School for Children, Star of Hope Club for Working Girls, Boys' Military Club, Prison and Hospital Work, General Rescue Work, the Fifty-third Street Home for Erring Women, Thecla Orphanage, etc., show gratifying progress. For instance, during the year attendance at the Midnight Mission has been 100,000; 200 wayward girls have visited the reading-room in Fifty-third street; thirty-three girls have been received into the Home, thirty of whom are now leading honest lives; some thirty children are cared for at the Orphanage, and many open-air services have been held.

The opening prayer was by Rev. Wm. James; addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Hall, President Union Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, Secretary Federation of Churches, and others. The Rescue Band numbers one hundred working members, representing twenty-one different churches of Greater New York. When the formal anniversary programme, beginning at nine o'clock, was concluded, the large gathering, consisting principally of people from uptown churches, filed out, and the usual congregation, consisting of the homeless, hungry and ragged, thronged in and filled the benches, and a leader from the Florence Crittenton Mission opened the midnight service. The Doyers Street Mission has had a wonderful influence for good in Chinatown.



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

A Terrible Thing Happens

A BLOW has fell onto me I wuzn't prepared for. We found a number of letters waitin' us here at the tarven that Robert Strong had ordered to be forwarded there. It seemed so good whilst settin' under a palm tree, seein' jinrikishas go by, and Chinas and Japans, to set and read about the dear ones in Jonesville, and the old mair and Snip.

The letters wuz full of affection and cheer, and after readin' 'em I gathered 'em up and sought my pardner to exchange letters with him as I wuz wont to do, and I see he had quite a few, but what was my surprise to see that man sarahuptishushly and with a guilty look try to conceal one on 'em under his bandanna. And any woman will know that all his other letters wuz as dross to me compared to the one he was hidin'. I will pass over my arguments—and—and words, before that letter lay in my hand. But suffice it to say, that when at last I read it and all wuz explained to me, groans and sithes riz from my burdened heart deeper and despairener than any I had gin vent to in years and years.

And I may as well tell the hull story now, as I spoze my readers are most as anxious about it as I wuz. Oh, Josiah! How could you done it? How I do hate to tell it! Must I tell the shameful facts? Oh, Duty! lower thy strongest apron strings and let me cling and teil and weep. And there it had been goin' on for months and I not mistrustin' it. But Duty, I will hold hard onto thy strings and tell the shameful tale.

Captain Bardeen's Cupboard

Josiah owned a old dwellin' house in the environs of Jonesville, right acrost from Cap'n Bardeen's, who rented it of him to store things in. The town line runs right under the house, so the sink is in Zoar, and the cupboard always had stood in Jonesville. But owin' to Ernest White's labors and prayers and votes, his and all the other good ministers and earnest helpers, Jonesville went no-license now jest as Loontown did last year.

And jest as Satan always duz if he gits holt of souls that he can't buy or skair, he will try to cheat 'em, he is so suttle. It seems that after we got away that Cap'n Bardeen moved that cupboard over to the other side of the room into Zoar and went to sellin' whiskey out on't. Awful doin's! The minute I read the letter I sez:

"Josiah Allen, do you write this very minute and stop this wicked, wicked works!" Sez I: "No knowin' how many Jonesvillians will feel their religion a-wobblin' and tottlin' just by your example; naterally they would look up to a deacon and emulate his example—do you stop it to once!"

"No, Samantha," sez he, "Cap'n Bardeen and his father owns more cows than any other Jonesvillians. If I want to be salesman agin in the Jonesville factory I mustn't make 'em mad, and they pay a dretful high rent."

"I wouldn't call it rent," sez I, "I'd call it blood-money. I'd run a pirate flag up on the ruff with these words on it, 'Josiah Allen, Deacon.'"

He wuz agitated and sez, "Oh, no, Samantha; I wouldn't do that for the world, I am so well thought on in the M. E. meetin' house."

"Well, you won't be well thought on if you do such a thing as this!" sez I. "Jest think how Ernest White, that good devoted minister, has labored and prayed for the good of souls and bodies, and you tryin' your best to overthrow it all. How could you do it, Josiah?"

"Well, I may as well tell you, Samantha, I writ to Ury and kinder left it to him. He knows my ambitions and my biziness. He knows how handy money is and he fixed it all straight and right."

"Ury!" sez I, "why should you leave it to Ury? Does he keep your conscience and clean it off when it gits black and nasty by such doin's as this?"

"No, Samantha, I've got my conscience all right. I brought it with me on my tower."

"Why should you leave it to Ury? He's your hired man, he would do as you told him to," sez I. "For a Methodist deacon such acts are demeanin' and disgustin' for a pardner and Jonesville to witness, let alone the country." And agin I sez, "You can stop it in a minute if you want to, and you know right from wrong, you know enough to say yes or no without bringin' Ury into the scrape; Ury! spozein' you git him into it, I can tell you he won't bear the brunt of it before the bar of this country or that bar up above. You'll have to carry the responsibility of all the evil it duz, and it will be a lastin' disgrace to you and the huli Methodist meetin'-house if you let it go on."

Samantha is Indignant

Agin he sez, "Ury fixed it all right."

"How did Ury fix it?" sez I, in the cold axents of woman's skorn and curosity.

"Well, Ury said, make Bardeen stop sellin' whiskey out of the cupboard, make him sell it out of the chist. There is a big chist there that Bardeen bought to keep grain in, sez Ury, let Bardeen move that cupboard acrost the room back into Jonesville, set the chist up on the sink in Zoar and sell it out of that. Ury said that in his opinion that would make it all right, so that a perfessor and a Methodist deacon could do it with a clear conscience."

Sez I, "Do you write to once, Josiah Allen, and tell Bardeen to either stop such works, or move right out."

"Well," sez he blandly, real bland and polite. "I will consider it, Samantha, I will give it my consideration."

"No, no, Josiah Allen, you know right from wrong, truth from falsehood, honesty from dishonesty, you don't want to consider."

"Yes I do, Samantha; it is so genteel when a moral question comes up to wait and consider; it is very fashionable."

"How long do you lay out to wait, Josiah Allen?" sez I, coldly.

"Oh, it is fashionable to not give a answer till you're obleeged to, but I will consult agin with Ury and probable along by Fall I can give you my ultimatum."

"And whilst you are a considerin' Bardeen will go on a sellin' pizen to destroy all the good that Ernest White, that devoted minister of Christ, and all the good men and wimmen helpers have done and are a doin'."

"Well," sez Josiah, "I may as well tell you, you would probably hear on't, Ernest White writ me some time ago, and sent me a long petition signed by most all the ministers and leadin' men and wimmen, beggin' me to stop Bardeen."

"Well, what did you tell him, Josiah Allen?"

"I told him, Samantha, I would consider it."

"And," sez I, "have you been all this time, months and months, a considerin'?"

"Yes, mom," sez he, in a polite, genteel tone, "I have."

"Well, do you stop considerin' to once! Josiah Allen."

"No, Samantha, a pardner can do a good deal, but she can't break up a man's considerin'. It is very genteel and fashionable, and I shall keep it up."

I groaned aloud; the more I thought on't, the worse I felt. Sez I, "To think of all the evils that are a flowin' out of that place, Josiah, and you could stop it to once if you wuz a minter."

"But," sez Josiah, "Ury sez that if it wuzn't sold there by Cap'n Bardeen the factory folks would go over into Zoar and git worse likker sold by low down critters."

Sez I, "You might as well say if Christians don't steal and murder, it will be done by them of poor moral character. That is one strong weepon to kill the evil—confine the bizness to the low and vile and show to the world that you, a Methodist and a deacon, put the bizness right where it belongs, with murder and all wickedness, not as you are sayin' now by your example, it is right and I will protect it."

Josiah is Obstinate

"Well," sez Josiah, as sot as a old hen settin' on a brick bat, "it is law; Ury has settled it."

My heart ached so that it seemed to clear my head. "We'll see," sez I, "if it can't be changed. I'll know before a week has gone over my head." And I got up and dragged out the hair trunk, sithin' so deep that it wuz dretful to hear, some like the melancholy winter winds howlin' round a Jonesville chimbly.

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HE CONCEALED IT UNDER HIS BANDANNA "JOSIAH ALLEN, STOP THIS WICKED, WICKED WORKS" "NEVER WILL I LET MY IDOL GO BACK ALONE," SEZ HE

"What are you a goin' to do, Samantha?" sez Josiah anxiously.

"I am goin' back home," sez I, "tomorrer to see about that law."

"Alone?" sez he.

"Yes, alone," sez I, "alone."

"Never!" sez Josiah. "Never will I let my idol go from Japan to Jonesville unprotected. If you must go and make a town's talk from China to Jonesville I'll stand by you." And he took down his hat and ombrell.

"What would you do if you went back?" sez I. "I should think you had done enough as it is; I shall go alone."

"What! you go and leave all the pleasures of this trip and the Paris Show and go alone? Part from your pardner for months and months?"

A Sudden Resolve

"Yes," sez I wildly, "and mebby forever. It don't seem to me that I can ever live with a man that is doin' what you are." And hot tears dribbled down onto my sheep's head night-caps.

"Oh, Samantha!" sez he, takin' out his bandanna and weepin' in consort, "What is money or ambition compared to the idol of my heart? I'll write to Ury to change the law agin."

"Dear Josiah!" sez I, "I knew, I knew you couldn't be so wicked as to continue what you had begun. But can you do it?" sez I.

Sez he cheerfully, as he see me take out a sheep's head night-cap and shet down the trunk lid, "What man has done, man can do. If Ury can fix a law once, he can fix it twice. And he done it for me." Sez he, "I can repeal it if I am a minter, and when I am a minter." And he got up and took a sheet of paper and begun to write to repeal that law. I gently leggo the apron-string dear Duty had lowered to me: it had held; pure Principle had conquered agin. Oh, the relief and sweetness of that hour! Sweet is the pink blush of roses after the cold snows of winter; sweet is rest after a weary pilgrimage.

The Victory Won

Calm and beautiful is the warm ambient air of repose and affection after a matrimonial blizzard. Josiah wuz better to me than he had been for over seven weeks, and his lovin' demeanor didn't change for the worse for as much as five days. But the wicked wrong wuz done away with.

I writ a letter to Ernest White tellin' him I never knowed a word about it till that very day, and my companion had repealed the law, and Cap'n Bardeen had got to move out or stop sellin' whiskey. He knows how I worship Josiah; he didn't expect that I would come out openly and blame him; no, the bare facts wuz enough.

I ended up the letter with a post scriptum remark. Sez I: "Waitstill Webb is sweeter lookin' than ever and as good as pure gold, jest as she always wuz, but the climate is wearin' on her, and I believe she will be back in Jonesville as soon as we are, if not before. She is a lovely girl and would make a Christian minister's home in Loontown or any other town, a blessed and happy place."

I thought I wouldn't dast to do anything more than to give such a little blind hint. But to resoom. Folks seem to have a wrong idee about the education of the Japanese. There are twenty-eight thousand schools in Japan, besides the private and public kindergartens. There are over three million native students out of a school population of seven million. There are sixty-nine thousand teachers, all Japanese, excepting about two hundred and fifty American, German and English. Nearly ten million dollars (Japanese), is raised annually for educational purposes from school fees, taxes, interest on funds, etc. They have compulsory school laws just like ours. So why should Japan be called benighted in regard to education. And not a drunken native did we see whilst in Japan, and I wish that I could say the same of New York for the same length of time or Chicago or Jonesville.

And for gentle, polite, amiable manners they go as fur ahead of Americans as the leaves of their trees duz, and I've seen leaves there more'n ten feet long. The empire of Japan consists of three thousand eight hundred islands, from one eight hundred milds long to them no bigger than a tin pan, and the population is about forty-three million. I don't spoze any nation on earth ever made faster progress than Japan has in the last thirty years: railways, telegraph postal system. It seems as if all Japan wanted wuz to find out the best way of doin' things, and then she would go right ahead and do 'em.

Robert Strong wuz talking about what the word Japan meant, the Sunrise Land. And he said some real pretty things about it and so did Dorothy. They wuz dretful took with the country. Robert Strong has traveled everywhere and he told me that some portions of Japan wuz more beautiful than any country he had ever seen. We took several short journeys into the interior to see the home life of the people, but Robert Strong, who seemed to be by the consent of all of us the head of our expedition, thought that we had better not linger very long there as there wuz so many other countries that we wanted to visit before we got back to Paris, and we felt that we must git back there by the Fourth of July, United States Day, and of course the Exposition wuz the gole we wuz a lookin' ahead to, or one of the goles. Jonesville and our own doorstep wuz the gole Josiah and I held up in our minds as the dearest ones on earth, but 'tennyrate we decided to start for Calcutta from Hongkong, stopping on the way at Shanghai.

Samantha Goes to See Si Ann

We wuz a goin' to stop for a day or two at Shanghai and I wuz real glad on't, for I felt that I must see the Empress, Si Ann, without any more delay, and I hearn she wuz there visitin' some of her folks.

Yes, I felt that the widder Hien Fong ort to hear what I had to say to her with no further delay, and I felt too that it wuz a duty that I owed toward the nation and Josiah.

The voyage from Yokohama to Shanghai is very interesting, a part of it is through the inland sea, mountains and valleys on both sides, many islands and large and small towns all along the shores. Our hull party kep' well and all enjoyed the strange picturesque scenery, most as new to us as if we wuz on another planet. Yes, I d'no as Jupiter would look any stranger to us than the country did, or Mars or Saturn.

We wuz over a day crossin' the Yeller Sea, well named, for its water is as yeller as the sands on its shores. I'd hate to wash white clothes in it. And as we drew near Shanghai it wuz all alive with Chinese junks full of men, women and children. The children here on these boats seem to be tied up with ropes, givin' 'em room to crawl round, some as I have tied up Jonesville hens that wanted to set.

Shanghai means, "approaching the sea," and I spoze it might just as well mean approaching from the sea, as we did. Old Shanghai is surrounded by a wall and moat and is entered by six gates, the roads are only ten feet wide and dirty and bad smellin', and most of its houses are small, though there are a few very fine buildings, according to their style, lots of little piazzas jutting out everywhere with the ends turned up, that seems to be their taste; why a ruff or a piazza straight acrost would have been a boon to my Jonesville trained eyes. The houses on the principal streets are used for shops; no winders on the first floor; they are all open in front during the day and closed by heavy lattice-work at night.

Undignified Locomotion

The favorite carriage here is a wheelbarrow, the wheel in the center and a seat on each side. Josiah and I got into one, he carrying Tommy in his lap, but he sez with a groan:

"I never spozed that I should git down to this, Samantha, to ride in a wheelbarrow. What would Ury say! I am glad he can't see it, or Deacon Henzy nor any of the other Jonesville brothers and sistern."

The foreign suburbs are laid out like a European city with broad streets well lighted and clean. We went on the Bubbling Well Road, named from a boiling spring a few miles out. The road is broad and smooth as glass with beautiful villas along the way; we also passed a great number of small burying places. They have to bury folks according to the rules of Feng Shui. If Feng Shui should order a burial place in a dooryard it would have to be there. It rules buildings, customs, laws, everything. I asked a Chinaman who could talk English, what this Feng Shui wuz that they had to obey it so strictly, and he described it as being like the wind and water; like wind because you don't know where it come from nor when it would go or where; and like water because you could never know how to grasp it, it would elude you and slip away and you would have nothing in your hand to show. Miss Meechim cried out about the enormity of such a law and laid it to the evil doin's of foreigners, but Arvilly said that it wuz some like the laws we had in America, for we found out on inquiry that money would most always appease this great Feng Shui and git it to consent to most anything if it wuz paid enough, just as it did in America.

Josiah said that he had a good mind to set up some such thing in Jonesville when he got back, sez he, "I wouldn't name it Feng Shui just like this, I might call it Fine Shue or sunthin' like that. And jest see, Samantha, how handy it would be if the meetin' house went aginst me I would jest git up and lift up my hand and say, 'Fine Shue has decided. It will be as I say.' Or on lection day, if I wuzn't put up for office, or when they elect somebody besides me, or at the cheese factory if they put up another salesman, or on the beat, if they wanted another pathmaster, I'd jest call on the Fine Shue and there I'd be. Why, Samantha," sez he, gittin' carried away in his excitement, "I could git to be President jest as easy as fallin' off a log if I could make the Fine Shue work."

"Yes," sez I, "but that is a big if; but do you want to, Josiah, turn back the wheels of our civilization that are creaky and jolty enough, heaven knows, back into worse and more swampy paths than they are runnin' in now?"

"I d'no," sez Josiah, "but it would be all right if it wuz run by a man like me; a Methodist in full standin', and one of the most enlightened and Christian men of the times."

But I lifted my hand in a warnin' way and sez, "Stop, Josiah Allen, to once! such talk is imperialism, and you know I am sot like a rock aginst that. Imperialism is as much out of place in a republic as a angel in a glue factory."

Well, I am in hopes that ten thousand milds of travel will jolt some idees out of his mind.

(To be continued)

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"YES," SEZ I, WILDLY, "AND MEBBY PART FOREVER" "I KNEW YOU COULDN'T BE SO WICKED" "OH, THE RELIEF AND SWEETNESS OF THAT HOUR!"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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Friends of India

WE cannot pass without special acknowledgment the valuable service that has been rendered to the India relief movement by the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, and Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. When the urgent advisability of our government supplying a vessel to convey Christian America's gift of corn to starving India was laid before Secretary Hay and Secretary Long by Dr. Talmage, these official chiefs received the communication in the most sympathetic spirit, and at once set the machinery of their departments in motion to accomplish what was desired.

All honor to Secretaries Hay and Long, to Assistant Secretary Adee, to Mr. Charles M. Pepper and to all others who have contributed in any degree to this result. Their action and the sympathetic co-operation of all with whom they are officially associated, in thus carrying out the wish of the nation, will be the means of saving thousands of lives and adding new lustre to the fame of our Republic for international benevolence.

Fresh Illustrations

RELIGIOUS humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes? You say that all Sunday School teachers and all evangelists and all ministers must bring their illustrations from the Bible. Christ did not when he preached. The most of the Bible was written before Christ's time, but where did he get his illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a camel, from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from a mustard seed, from a fishing-net, from debtors and creditors. That is the reason multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and so understandable. Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you and I find two illustrations from a religious subject, and the one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible, I will take the latter because I want to be like my Master.

Looking across to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about the conspicuity of Christian example, he said: "The world is looking at you; be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While he was speaking of the divine care of God's children a bird flew past. He said: "Behold the ravens." Then looking down into the valley, all covered at that season with flowers, he said: "Consider the lilies." O, my brothers, what is the use of our going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side the earth to get an illustration, when the earth and the heavens are full of illustrations.

Famine Relief Work

IF evidence were needed to show that the spirit of Christ is present and active in the hearts of his followers to-day, it is found in the great work of rescue undertaken by the thousands who constitute the Relief Army that is now engaged in succoring the starving population of India. Obedient to the call of duty, these consecrated bands are sending forth their gifts, with earnest prayers that the aid may not reach too late. In almost every city, town and village, congregations, Sunday Schools, and religious societies of every denomination, are striving to be foremost in the grand, life-saving work. It is a labor which they esteem not only as a duty but a high privilege, since it is performed for the sake of Him whose whole earthly career was a ministry of sympathy for the sick, of food for the hungry, and cheer for the disconsolate.

India's cry for help has sunk deep into the heart of Christian America, and the response has been at once spontaneous and generous. But the real work of relief has only begun. **$50,000** have already been cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to our missionaries in the famine districts and a very large number of lives have been saved and much suffering alleviated. But with all the resources at the disposal of the officials and the missionaries, the grand total of the unrelieved is almost an appalling one. It is reckoned far up in the millions. As Christian men and women, our duty is clear. It lies along the path of sacrifice and self-denial. Let every reader take the question personally to his heart: "How many lives can I save? How many of those poor emaciated brothers and sisters in that far-off stricken land can I be the means of rescuing from death, and of calling back to strength and vigor, to hope and gratitude?" Then let those who ask the question remember this:

TWO CENTS a day will support one life.
ONE DOLLAR will save a life for two months.
TWO DOLLARS will save a life until the harvest.
FIVE DOLLARS will save a man, wife and child until the next crop is gathered.
TEN DOLLARS will save a whole family from death.
TWENTY DOLLARS will save ten lives for four months.
FIFTY DOLLARS would save five families.
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS would save a small community.

We believe there is not one among all the thousands who read this journal from week to week who cannot **Save One Life** at least. Some may save two, some ten, some twenty; but even the humblest may share in the work so far as to say with reverent thankfulness: "Under God, I was privileged to save one life in India." It is a precious opportunity, not to be deferred. Have you saved a life yet? If not, make haste to do it **now!**

. . .

All contributions for the India Famine Relief work should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y. Every gift, however small, will be acknowledged in these columns.

Education for Parenthood

CHILDREN are the hope of the world. They come bearing gifts for posterity; and we can hardly overestimate the importance of this stewardship of the future. For on the early training of children depends not only their physical life or death, but also their moral and intellectual welfare. Let us consider what a mystery children are. The speechlessness of a new-born babe, how baffling it is to us! If it could tell us what Wordsworth tells for it! If it could only say softly in our ear:

> My birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with me, my life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar:
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter darkness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do I come
> From God, who is my home.

Whoever saw two children alike mentally? Fresh from the hands of the divinity, they still retain the infinite variety which is one of the marks of the boundless wealth of his creative power. In a few years—alas, how few!—they will take on the stereotyped forms of the class to which they belong; but for a little while heaven lies about them, and they dwell among us, so much of this world, and so much of that; without any sense of ills to come, or care beyond the day. At this time, any one who can come close to a child's inner life comes very close to the kingdom of heaven. Such an experience is better for us than the lives of the saints or the writings of the schoolmen; it is an epistle, a living epistle, written by the finger of God on an innocent and guileless heart.

. . .

What sublimity of faith these little ones possess. The angels believe, for they know and see. Men believe, on good and indisputable "evidences." A little child believes in God and loves its Saviour, simply on our representation. We ask science and philosophy to explain to us; we are terrified, but not instructed, by the eternal silence of the infinite spaces above and around us. But if in spiritual things we abandon intellect as a blind guide and seek God through the heart, then a little child can best of all lead us.

Not only have they a natural faith, they have also the most pure and delicate fancy. Children are the rarest poets, and it was of them God thought when he made the flowers and the birds and the butterflies. Their voices are the natural key of music; their graceful carriage and sprightly abandon, the very poetry of motion. As Michael Angelo's imprisoned angel pleaded out of the dumb marble, so the divinity within them pleads in the beauty of their forms, the clear heaven of their eyes, and the white purity of their souls for knowledge and enlargement.

Is it not amazing then that not one word of instruction is officially and regularly given in our schools, to the youths and maidens who are to become the future fathers and mothers of the republic, as to their duties in that condition? This neglect is so universal and so nearly absolute, that if in some future millennium, our descendants should stumble upon the curriculum of any of our colleges or public schools they would be puzzled and confounded at the omission; or else they will gravely and learnedly argue that "these programmes of study must have referred to those monastic institutions of the age, and have been intended for celibates." It is time, it is full time, that we recognized the great fact that an education for parenthood is necessary if the race is to grow with the ages in moral and physical beauty. For if it does not, our inheritance will be taken from us and we shall pass away into the list of effete, worn-out nationalities.

This education should lead possible parents to consider the past, as well as the future. Who shall deliver a man from his ancestors? The most distant of them still live in some extent in each individual man and woman. And if the fathers have eaten sour grapes who, or what, shall prevent the children's teeth from being set on edge? Not nature. She is inexorable. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is her law. But between the broken law and its entailed consequences stands the mother, invested with a power which makes her a Nemesis or a Redeemer.

. . .

This is the unwritten scripture in every mother's heart; and in all ages there have been noble women who have hearkened to its teachings. The son which Hannah prayed so earnestly for, and gave unto the Lord before his birth, inherited a soul which had been to school before it drew its first breath. Slaves suckle slaves; pure and enthusiastic women bring forth saints and heroes. All history attests the fact that as a rule great men have had great mothers. But if the grace and dignity of motherhood is lightly esteemed, or if it is felt to be an unwelcome burden, then there is the gravest danger of the babe growing to pre-natal maturity in unloving and unsympathetic solitude. The conscious want will make itself felt, either in mental or in physical weakness; or in a deficiency of those affections, which in their plenitude make humanity but a little lower than the angels. Parents often complain of unloving and ungrateful children; perhaps if personal inquisition was made, they might be forced to acknowledge the unhappy case the inevitable reflex consequence of children nourished on bitter or repining thoughts, and brought into the world in a spirit of regret and grudging.

Those who look thoughtfully forward to the future tremble when they reflect on what slight holds hang even the physical welfare of new generations; and yet the world cannot afford now to have its children left to chance, to ignorant nurses, careless mothers, and all the cruelties born of want of thought, and want of knowledge. There is something pitiful in seeing a thoughtless mother with an unfolding soul and body to deal with. What no knowledge is sufficient for her ignorance accepts with a confident presumption, and her want of thought often produces as great evil as if it was intentional wrong. Without consideration the child's most natural emotions are checked and its sense of right wounded. How often children are forbidden to play, though play is the first poetry of life. How often they are told "not to play with other children," though only children are fit to play with children. How often children are made to do things, not because they ought to do them, but by threats and bribes. How often they are told that a thing is not bitter when it is bitter; that it won't hurt when it will hurt. How often do parents insist on truthfulness from children and yet set them a constant example of lying by making promises—whether of punishments or pleasures—they never perform. How often children are taunted for crying under pain, and for being angry under a sense of injustice, when every day they see their parents giving place to unreasonable wrath and venting upon their innocent heads scoldings which they do not deserve! Yet in the nursery, as well as in the world, only that discipline is just and salutary which "visits on all conduct, good or bad, the natural consequences, pleasant or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring."

Intellectually, the ignorance of parents as parents is just as fatal. Primers are in little hands which ought to know only the skipping-rope or the hoop, for no child wants books till it has exhausted the objects and processes of the house, the streets and the fields. What can a primer teach a little child in comparison with a loving mother who answers patiently, as she goes about her household duties, the never-ending questions of a curious child? Is she making bread? What a story she has to tell of the growing fields of wheat—the reaping and the grinding. The pinch of salt will furnish material for a tale of mines and miners more wonderful than many a fairy tale. The log of wood, the piece of coal, the lump of sugar, the tea, the coffee, the bunch of raisins! What does a child want with a primer till these things have been explained to him? And then there are the store windows, and the men building houses! Oh, there are living primers on every side, if parents will only take the trouble to explain them.

. . .

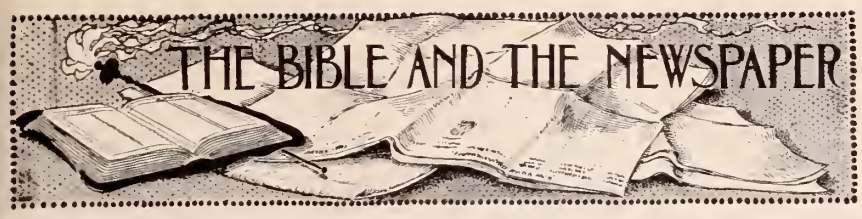
Now, original sin is bad enough; let us not as parents add to it evil examples and neglect. We that teach, "thou shalt not lie"—do we lie?" We that teach, "be just and patient and kind"—are we just and patient and kind? We that teach our children "to love"—do we love? For if we teach them by our example to love God and all that God has made, we teach them more than the whole Ten Commandments.

These duties and many others are included in the necessary education for parenthood. The subject is wide and high and deep, and time is continually adding to its gravity. But it is also reciprocal. Very soon parents—if they have eyes to see and ears to hear—begin to learn from their children rare knowledge; mysteries that are revealed unto babes and hid from the men full of years and high on the staff of worldly wisdom. We must remember that in old Jerusalem, he that spake as never man spake "took a little child and set him in the midst" for an example. So then children, while they are given to our charge, are also set for our instruction. Like them, we are to receive the kingdom of God, believing without a cavil or a doubt in our Father's declarations. Like them, we are to depend on our Father in heaven for our daily bread, being careful for nothing. Like them, we are to retain no resentments, and, if angry, to be easily pacified. Like them, we are to be free from ambition and avarice and disdain. These things are not natural to us; if they had been, Christ would not have said: "Ye must become as little children."

Amelia E. Barr

Mite-Boxes For India Relief Work

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, will send to any address **Free,** on receipt of a postal requesting the same, Individual Mite-Boxes for use in Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, Churches, Societies, etc., desiring to contribute for the relief of famine-stricken India.



The Exposition Opened

GREAT crowds of persons famous in French society gathered on April 14 in the Exposition buildings, in Paris, to witness the inaugural ceremonies. M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, officiated and declared the Exposition open. The declaration, however, applied to the external construction only. The interior of the beautiful buildings was in an unfinished condition, and nearly all of the exhibits are still enclosed in packing cases. During the past few weeks extraordinary efforts have been put forth to get the Exposition ready for the opening day; but it was impossible to do more than have the shell completed. A few weeks will be needed to spread before visitors the wonders that have been pouring into France in bewildering abundance from every country. No country except France will have so many exhibits as the United States. There are 6,564 American exhibitors, while Belgium, which comes next in order of number, has 2,500. Russia has 1,500 and Great Britain only 600. The wings of the huge edifice in which the American exhibits will be placed, are not yet built. Commissioner Peck, who has charge of the American department, has worked with characteristic energy and hopes to distance all rivals in having the exhibits in place. There was a universal expression of admiration of the beautiful buildings. Artists who have seen the World's Fairs of many countries declare that the French Exposition surpasses all of them in the beauty and variety of the architecture. Delicate pinks and whites, subdued greens and pale blues and purples shine forth on a misty background of gray. The scene, viewed from an elevation, is like a vision of fairyland. Towers, minarets, gorgeous domes rich in gilding, flashing finials and graceful columns are on all sides, and picturesque palaces surrounded by gardens glitter in the sunlight. The prevailing tone of the speeches at the inauguration was one of peace and amity and good-will to all. For the time, the people whom Browning describes as "the rip-and-rending nation," seem to be anxious to conciliate all nations and to be hospitable to all, regardless of nationality, who will come to Paris and spend their money. It would be a happy result of the Exposition if it should lead both hosts and guests to turn their thoughts away from war and greed of territory to the peaceful channels of trade and industry and to ask of themselves the question of the prophet:

Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness (Isa. 55: 2).

An Immigrant's Mistake

One of the officers of the Jefferson Market Police Court in New York arrested a man for a mistake a few days ago. The officer went into the private room connected with the court to use the telephone that was there. He was astonished at seeing a stranger in the room. The stranger was similarly disconcerted by the officer's entrance. On being questioned his answers were so apologetic and confused that the officer was convinced that he was a burglar on the outlook for plunder, and he forthwith took him before the magistrate. Here he was further questioned and apparently thought he had better tell the whole truth. He said he had only recently come to this country. Remembering that it was Lent, he thought he would go to confession, so he started out to find a church. When he saw the police court, which has a somewhat ecclesiastical appearance, he entered, concluding that it was a church. He was trying to find a priest when the officer entered and arrested him. The janitor of the building came to his aid by telling the magistrate that the mistake was a common one among immigrants. The magistrate accepted the explanation and telling the man that his sins were forgiven, allowed him to depart. It may be hoped that the immigrant would understand that the magistrate was only joking. He should still seek the forgiveness of his sins, and this he may obtain when he quits seeking it from man and applies to Christ.

Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins (Acts 5: 31).

Wedded by Wire

A strange marriage ceremony is reported from Kansas City, Mo. A gentleman who is in the government service at Washington, D. C., went to Kansas City a few days ago, to make arrangements for his marriage. The bride was the daughter of a farmer in Oklahoma Territory, and she and her father and other members of her family were to journey to Kansas City to meet the bridegroom. At the last moment, however, it was found that the bride's relatives were unable to go to Kansas City on the day fixed. As the bridegroom had to return to Washington the next day to attend to his duties, it appeared that the wedding must be indefinitely postponed. Both parties were reluctant to do this, and finally, after consulting a lawyer, it was decided to have the wedding ceremony performed by telegraph. The telegraph company placed a direct wire at the service of the parties. The bridegroom went with a clergyman to the telegraph office in Kansas City and the bride and her friends went to the telegraph office at Mulhall, O. T. The clergyman asked the necessary questions which were wired to Mulhall and read off by the telegraph agent there to the assembled party. The bride's answers were wired to Kansas City and read by the telegraph agent there to the bridegroom's party. In this way the ceremony was completed and the clergyman pronounced the two man and wife. The bride was to start on the next day for Washington to meet her husband, to whom in this unusual manner she had plighted her troth. There would be no need for any repetition of the marriage ceremony, but there will doubtless be a very hearty welcome awaiting her and cordial congratulations from her husband's friends at the Capital. How many there are who will enter the capital of the universe in that way when they have crossed the dark river of death. They will be received as a bride, having pledged themselves to Christ on earth and been united to him by a living faith!

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me (John 17: 24).

THE AMERICAN PAVILION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

The Cost of an Epidemic

One of the towns within easy reach of New York is realizing how much may be lost by the occurrence of a few cases of a contagious disease. The first case was reported early in March, and the last case has already been cured. But the news that the disease had existed in any degree was enough to do serious injury to the industries of the town dependent on the visits of strangers. By this time the real estate agents have usually rented all their desirable houses, while the hotels and boarding houses have all the applications for rooms that they can meet. But this Spring there has been so far absolutely no evidence of a desire on the part of New Yorkers to come to the village, either to its hotels or its cottages, and owners and managers are wondering if this indifference is to be permanent in view of the fact that all trace of the disease which caused the alarm has disappeared. There is doubtless no need now to fear contagion, but the visitors will not go yet. They dread the possibility of it and will avoid the slightest risk. It is much to be wished that the same care was used to avoid moral contagion, which is much more disastrous.

Ponder the path of thy feet; turn not to the right nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil (Prov. 4: 26, 27).

Locating a Magnetic Pole

A brief cable dispatch from New Zealand announces the arrival at Wellington of the Borchgrevink expedition, which has been exploring in the Antarctic regions. It was apparently unable to reach the South Pole, which was the highest object of Mr. Borchgrevink's hope, but it has located the southern magnetic pole. This news is deemed very important by scientists and will afford valuable aid in the solution of many difficult problems. About sixty years ago Captain James Ross made an effort to reach this spot, but was unable to do so, though he believed it was not more than three hundred miles from the region he penetrated. The northern magnetic pole was discovered in 1833, but since that time there has been reason to suspect that it was not stationary, but traveled over a circle of unknown diameter. If Mr. Borchgrevink has really discovered the south magnetic pole, this doubtful question may have been settled and with it the law of the mysterious variations of the mariner's compass, which have puzzled scientists for many generations. The whole problem of terrestrial magnetism may thus be brought nearer solution. Scientists will be the chief gainers by the discovery. The ordinary mariner finds that, for all practical purposes, it is sufficient for him to know that the needle of his compass points to the north, wherever he may be sailing. It is so with theological problems; theologians are very earnest in discussing them, but the humble Christian does not have to wait for their solution in order to find his way to heaven.

The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein (Isa. 35: 8).

A Will in a Letter

A remarkable story of an unexpected inheritance is published by a journal of Philadelphia, Penn. It appears that some six months ago, a blacksmith living at Lawrenceville, died. It was generally supposed that he was comparatively poor, but after his death his bank books and securities showed that he had accumulated about fifty thousand dollars. No will could be found and several distant relatives put in claims for a division of the estate. There was none of them who had seen much of him during his life and the only friend he had who was very intimate with him was a man living at Pittsburg. He had written to this friend shortly before his death, saying that he did not think that he should live long, and if he died soon, he wished the man who worked for him to have his shop and his servant to have his furniture and the friend to whom he was writing to have all the remainder of his property. His friend did not think that the remainder would be of much value, and so little importance did he attach to the letter that he used the blank page at the back of it to make some memoranda on, relating to his own business. When, however, he heard that there was no will and that the property was so valuable, he showed the letter to his lawyer, who told him that it constituted a valid will and advised him to make his claim at once, which he has now done. A similar surprise awaits many who now hold God's Word in light esteem. They have no idea what a glorious inheritance they might obtain by heeding its teachings and claiming the promises made therein to all who fulfil the conditions.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him (I. Cor. 2: 9).

BRIEF NOTES

The Hospitality Committee of the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missionaries needs funds to provide for the entertainment of its consecrated guests. The receipts at present fall short of the estimated expenses by fifteen thousand dollars. All contributions to the fund sent to this journal will be acknowledged in its columns.

Rev. Joseph Norwood, the agent for the American Bible Society in Colombia, has set at rest the anxiety that has been felt for some weeks as to his safety. It was feared that his silence was due to some disaster connected with the hostilities in his field. He briefly reports that he made his escape from Bucaramanga and has reached Baranguilla safely, which appears to imply that he has been in some kind of peril.

The Northfield Students' Conference will be held as usual next July. It was feared that owing to Mr. Moody's death this conference to which students all over this country and in foreign lands have been so much indebted would not be held. There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Moody would have deplored any cessation in this matter occurring through his death. Mr. John R. Mott, one of the most prominent leaders of the movement, will preside.

The new Metropolitan Tabernacle in London to replace the old one, so long the scene of the labors of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, is approaching completion. The fire which destroyed the famous edifice occurred April 20, 1898. The congregation has been worshiping in the basement of the new building since Jan. 1, 1899. The cost of the new tabernacle will be $220,000, one half of which was obtained from the insurance company with which the old tabernacle was insured.

All Help to Fill the Famine Ship

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE CARGO POURING IN—DR. KLOPSCH SAILS FOR INDIA TO SUPERVISE THE DISTRIBUTION

WHEN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, the proprietor of this journal will already be far on the way to India. Dr. Klopsch sailed from New York on April 14th. It was his purpose, on reaching London, to consult with the Secretary of State for India, as to the best methods of doing effective relief work. On arriving in Bombay, he will meet the members of the Inter-denominational Committee, through whom the relief work is conducted, and will arrange with them plans for the distribution of the cargo of American corn to arrive soon thereafter on the steamer supplied by the generosity of our own government to convey the offering of American benevolence. It is expected that the corn-ship will reach Bombay within a week or ten days after his arrival, thus allowing ample time for all preparations, including transportation of the life-saving food to the famine-stricken provinces of the interior.

Dr. Klopsch's visit to India, like his experiences in Russia and Cuba during the time when plague and famine were devastating those countries, is undertaken with a due sense of the dangers and inconveniences attending such a journey, and especially in the season of the greatest tropical heat in India, when sickness is most prevalent. But he has always felt that he owes it to the great army of self-sacrificing contributors to the Famine Fund that he, as their representative, should stand ready to respond to the call of duty, wherever it might lead, in the interest of the work they have entrusted to his care. Even his own household, though at first reluctant, soon realized the advisability of the step, and he goes with the warmest wishes and the prayers of his wife, friends and associates that he may be made serviceable in the saving of life and the alleviation of suffering in that stricken land. He will exercise general supervision of the distribution of the food cargo, and will remain until all the allotments are made and the last bushel of corn has safely reached its destination. He will personally visit some of the interior districts, where the distress is most acute, and will thus be in a position to note the effect of the relief afforded through the benevolence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends. It should be added that his going to India is undertaken without expense to the Famine Fund.

There is, unhappily, no improvement in the condition of the afflicted country. The latest information we have is in a cable message published by the *New York Herald* which states that the number now actually starving has risen to ten millions. This, of course, does not include the vast number, estimated at more than twenty millions, of whom no official count can be made. They are starving in their villages remote from the government relief camps and are dependent only on the missionaries who having established preaching stations in those villages in former years, going there now witness the suffering of the people. Happily they do not go empty-handed. Through the generous help of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD they are enabled to give relief to large numbers of starving native Christians, and have saved a multitude of lives. The recent remittance of twenty-five thousand dollars has been apportioned by our Inter-denominational Committee in such a way as to give immediate relief to the most urgent cases, especially to the women and children. But even that magnificent gift is small compared with the need. We do not realize the number represented by the word "million," until we find that to keep a million persons alive for only one day at the cost of only two cents a head, would require an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars.

The central provinces appear to be suffering now as acutely as Western India. Mr. Donald Sweaton, a member of the Viceroy's Council, who has just returned from a tour through those provinces, thus describes their condition: "For hundreds of miles on end not a single stalk of corn or even dry stubble was seen, nor yet a blade of green pasture. There was no water, except in the larger rivers and streams. The deepest tanks and reservoirs, which never had been known to run dry, are now dry as a rock. The whole country is now one vast, bare, brown lonely desert, where in ordinary seasons one may see busy threshing floors studded all over with heaps of grain."

Rev. E. B. Lavalette, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage at Aligarh, says: "The number of people in India who are seriously affected by the famine is equal to the entire population of the United States, and nine-tenths of these would starve if it were not for charity. As it is, the number of deaths attributable to starvation, which two weeks ago were twenty-eight in the thousand, are now forty-five in the thousand. There is no end in these times to opportunities of doing good with money. If the people at home could only see the sights that we see daily, their gifts would be increased tenfold."

Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, writes: "You will like to know what has been done with the thousand dollars you remitted to me from the fund contributed by your generous readers. We were anxious to make the money go as far as possible. We therefore set some starving weavers to work, and I have now over two hundred employed. We pay women to prepare the yarn, by this means supporting them. The yarn is supplied to the weavers, who receive eight annas (sixteen cents) for weaving one garment; then we sell the garments at half price, or in case of necessity give them away. The money realized is added to the fund, so as to make it last as long as possible. In some districts water may be obtained by deepening the wells or digging new ones. Where this is possible, we set the people to work at low wages. They are thus paid for work which will produce results of general utility. Besides this, we supply a quarter of a measure of grain daily to every child whose parents cannot provide for it. In these ways and in direct relief to the aged and the sick, the money has been spent. Every penny of it is now gone and we are anxiously waiting in the hope that more money may come to enable us to continue the work. I enclose the photograph of a girl whom we rescued. The picture was taken on the day that we received her with many others. She is now much improved and we think she will live. In the name of multitudes, and in the spirit of the Master, I thank you all." The photograph Dr. Hume refers to, showed emaciation so terrible that we dare not publish it.

Photographed specially for The Christian Herald

TYPICAL GROUP AT A RELIEF CAMP

Photographed specially for The Christian Herald

FOUR FAMINE CHILDREN RESCUED AT AHMEDNAGAR

It is a significant fact in view of the criticisms launched at the British Government, that large numbers of people are leaving the native states that are affected by the famine and are going to the relief camps in the provinces under British rule where they are fed and cared for. It is evident that if all India were under native rule, the people would be far worse off than they now are. That they should leave the provinces ruled by native potentates and go to the British provinces, is practical proof that they find there the help that is not given by rulers of their own race.

From nearly every section of the Union comes cheering news of the progress of the relief movement, which promises to eclipse all former benevolences of this character. Every mail brings intelligence of enthusiastic work in churches, Sunday Schools, religious societies and town and village communities, and the prospects are that many thousands of God's people of all denominations will be represented in the life-saving cargo of corn which the first relief ship will shortly convey from New York to India. The Kansas India Famine Relief Committee, through Mr. T. J. Anderson, its Secretary, has expressed a desire to send its gift of corn to India in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief ship, in company with the offerings of the other states.

From among the letters containing contributions which have reached this office during the past few days, we make the following extracts which show that the Christian principle Mr. Moody suggested in his appeal published last week, is operating on many hearts and lives:

M. E. E., Iowa. Enclosed find money order for two dollars. This is the widow's two mites, and may God bless and multiply it so that it will keep some mother and child from starving. I think he will, for he knows what sacrifice I am making to send even so small a sum. I have but a short time to work for my Master, so I am anxious to do the most that I can, and I think he will like me to help the poor and the starving.

Cleveland, O. "There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" Three dollars enclosed.

J. L. S. In the name of Him who gave me the strength to earn this dollar, I send it to feed the hungry in India.

D. B. H., New York. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." I have proved it many times.

O. M. S., Salt Air, O. Enclosed find order for twenty dollars, which was raised by a committee chosen by our Bible class. We live in a country place and hold Sunday School in the schoolhouse. We have one Bible class. At one of our meetings the India famine was talked of and we thought it an opportunity to put our Christianity into practice. The gifts ranged from a nickel to five dollars.

Mrs. Lizzie Stone, DeKalb, Ill. I have been deeply touched by the suffering of the people of India as described by you; but my own mite seemed so small in comparison with the need, that I did not like to send it, so I went among my neighbors and told them about it and they all gave something, so now I send you eleven dollars with the names of the thirty-four contributors.

25,462. I send you a money-order for ten dollars for the starving people of India. Please do not put my name in the paper, as I am very poor and have to work very hard for a living and I am ashamed to have people know that I have given away so large a sum—that is so large a sum for me to give—but it is hard to know that people are starving to death. I cannot bear that that should be going on while I have any money.

Ruth Detwiler, Bessie Fritz and Ruth Henderson, of Kimberton, Pa.: Enclosed you will find $1.25 for the benefit of the starving people of India. We are three little girls, and we earned this money by making taffy and selling it.

Wm. D. Laumaster, Danville, Pa. We have in connection with our Y. M. C. A. a Boys' Bible Class, the members of which vary in age from eight to twelve years. A few weeks ago I told them how the boys and girls of India were suffering, and suggested that the class should help them. Gifts would be welcome, from a penny to a dime. They have brought $6, which I turn over to you, to be appropriated to the famine relief.

DELAWARE

Bowen, Mrs C M & S S Class.... 3 00
Brown, Mrs M L 1 00
Case, Mrs S L M. 75
Cass, Natalie..... 25
Cox, G W..... 2 00
Faries, Wm..... 5 00
Jarrell, W C & Parents 2 00
Karcher, Mrs M.. 1 00
Karcher, Rev M.. 1 00
Lambdin, E 1 00
Luff, Mrs C L.... 1 00
Short, W H..... 2 00
Sudler, Mrs W T 5 00
Wright, Jos..... 1 00
Subr 1 00
T H H M. Wilmington 10 00

D. of COLUMBIA

Barnard, Mrs 25
Black, J M..... 1 00
Brewer, C H..... 1 00
Canfield, A N & S E 2 00
Coe, Mrs D L.... 1 00
Crosland, D F.... 3 00
Dickinson, Miss K F 1 00
Elliott, Miss M & mother.....10 00
Evans, Ethelyn K 1 00
Elliott, H 25
Elliott, S 25
Finney, E C..... 1 00
Gill, R C..... 1 00
Gilman, Miss A I 5 00
Henderson, Miss F 5 00
Hester, J V..... 3 00
Mincker, Mrs J P 1 00
Oxley, Edward... 50
Potter, Ella R.... 1 00
Roome, Wm O Jr 5 00
Skinner, M G.... 1 00
Thompson, Mrs S S 10 00
Whitney, F G.... 2 00
C C & H C, Wash 5 00
E. Washington... 1 00
M L P, Wash.... 1 00
—, Washington..25 00
—, Washington.. 30
—, Washington..10 00
Interested Friends by M G D, Washington 5 00
Nurse, Elise, Washington 1 00
Mrs Mac, Washington 1 00
Mother & Daught, Washington 2 00
Y M Bible Class of 2nd Bapt S S, Washington 5 00

NEW YORK

Adams, S M 10
Addicks, Mr and Mrs F P 20 00
Adgate, Mrs 1 00
Adrit, Mrs Geo .. 25
Ainsworth, F S.. 1 00
Ainsworth, L K.. 50
Alden, Mrs Lois M 5 00
Allen, Miss M L.. 50
Allen, Mrs C F.. 1 00
Allen, Mrs M D.. 50
Ambler, A T 1 00
Anderson, A 1 00
Anderson, C L.... 1 00
Anderson, Tina ..1 00
Andrews, H 2 00
Anthony, Mrs ... 3 00
Archer, Miss C .. 25
Archer, Mrs M V 2 00
Arhellger, G P .. 1 35
Armstrong, I 5 00
Arnold, Mrs. Cornelia M 15 00
Arnold, E E 5 00
Arnold, Mrs H and Family 2 00
Atchinson, Mrs L 50
Atwood, Will ... 25
Auchincloss, E E.20 00
Auchincloss, Mrs J W 10 00
Averill, Miss Emma C 2 00
Avery, Mrs R ... 1 00
Backman, P H... 10
Badgley, Miss ... 50
Bailey, A 50
Baillie, John 2 00
Baillie, J C..... 1 00
Baker, Miss 2 00
Baker, A 25
Baker, H E 1 00
Baker, Mrs H M. 50
Baker, J 20
Baker, J W 1 00
Baker, Sara 25
Baldwin, Mr and Mrs S C 5 00
Bancroft, M H... 5 00
Barber, Mrs A W 80
Barber, G F..... 1 00
Barber, G Howard 10
Barber, H L.... 2 00
Barber, Lynn E.. 50
Barger, P R 1 00
Barnard, S W.... 25
Barnes, Mrs E R. 1 00
Barney, Alvin C.. 3 00
Barrett, Mrs R R 1 00
Barrow, E W.... 1 00
Bartlett, Augusta and Mary C....10 00
Bartlett, Mrs E.. 25
Bassett, E B and Children 10 62
Batcheler, Mrs .. 1 00
Bates, Sarah M.. 1 00
Bauer, Philip 1 00
Beal, Byron A ..10 00
Beale, Jas M 1 00
Becker, T H.... 1 00
Beckwith, E 10 00
Bedell, J F 5 00
Behrns, Miss M.. 2 00
Belcher, I E..... 1 00
Belden, A 1 00
Benedict Babies, Brooklyn 25
Bennett, D 25
Bennett, Edwin.. 1 00
Bennett, J D 2 00
Benstead, Susan E 2 00
Benjamin, Mrs C 10
Benington, Mr & Mrs H G..... 1 00
Berch, Rochester. 5 00
Beveridge, A 1 00
Biddle, G 10
Biggs, D A W... 1 00
Bishop, Mrs L M. 1 00
Black, John H... 10
Blair, W J..... 5 00
Blanchard, H H.. 10
Blume, Frederick.10 00
Breck, Mrs 50
Brewer, Mrs J W 1 00
Boak, R N 1 00
Bonham, C H.... 1 00
Bonney, Jas 1 00
Borgess, E 1 00
Bosby, Mr and Mrs D B 1 00
Boshart, Mrs M A 2 00
Boss, Mr and Mrs C 2 00
Boswell, W D ...50 00
Bowers, Mrs D C 50
Bowers, Henry .. 1 00
Bowers, Mrs H... 10
Bowers, Mary A.. 43
Bowers, Millard . 50
Bowers, Stanley . 20
Boyd, Mary 1 00
Bradford, Anna A.25 00
Bradley, Mr and Mrs B 4 00
Brand, Miss M... 1 00
Braudt, Chas D.. 5 00
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Wesley, E B & E.10 00
Westfall, Mrs N.. 50
Weyant, Mrs W R 1 00
Whalen, Jere ... 10
Wheaton, Miss E B 50
Wheeler, Alice S. 1 00
Wheeler, J E 10 00
White, Capt D... 5 00
White, C H..... 05
White, D A & Mrs F H 2 00
White, Walter ... 10
White, Wm F ...10 00
Whitney, E L.... 50
Whitney, Mrs A.. 5 00
Widrick, Mrs J... 1 50
Wilcox, Mrs L G. 2 00
Wile, Mrs C P... 1 00
Willets, Mrs M J 5 50
Willcox, Chas O.. 5 00
Willcox, Fred.... 25
Wilcox, S N..... 1 00
Williams, B M .. 20
Williams, Daniel.. 1 00
Williams, Mrs M L 1 00
Williamson, Mrs E 50
Willis, Mrs Chas.. 2 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Wilsey, A G..... 1 00
Wilson, Ben Shepard, G, White, G 30
Wilson, F 50
Wilson, J A..... 1 00
Wilson, Mrs G W. 50
Wing, Mrs G.... 1 00
Winner, D C..... 2 00
Wirg, E O..... 1 00
Wiltse, Roy 05
Wood, Rev C N.. 1 00
Wolfe, Mrs J H. 1 00
Wood, Miss Cora 50
Wood, E H..... 10
Wood, Mrs Elmer 1 00
Wood, F H 2 00
Wood, R W..... 1 00
Woodruff, Chas .. 10
Woolley, Miss L V 1 00
Wright, A J 2 00
Wright, Mrs C... 1 50
Wright, Mrs E S 1 00
Wright, Mrs K... 1 00
Wyckoff, Mrs A.. 1 00
Wylie, Lucy B... 25
Wyman, Katie.... 50
Young, Henry ... 1 00
Yonng, L E..... 2 00
Young, R H..... 1 00
Youngman, C D.. 2 00
Zent, Mrs N E .. 1 00
Zimmer, Miss ... 50
Annie and Mary, Rochester 1 00
Augusta, Deposit. 65
Clara C, Amsterdam 25
"Clara Lonise" ..10 00
Drayton & Elizabeth, New York 2 10
"Freda," Caneadia 25
Jessie C A, Yonkers 2 00
Lou, Miss 5 00
Mandell, Aurora . 5 00
A B C, Murray... 1 00
A E, Watervliet.. 1 00
A F M, Cohoes.. 1 00
Mrs A H G, Floral Park 1 00
A K, Northport.. 1 00
Mrs A S, Johnsvle 5 00
A S I Cooper, New Brighton 1 00
Mrs B, Buffalo... 2 00
B D H, Poughkeepsie 1 00
C A D, Geneva .. 5 00
C A S H, Brooklyn 1 00
C E M, Buffalo.. 2 00
Mrs E A L, Salem Centre 1 00
E B, Hudson.... 1 00
Mrs E B C, Dansville 1 00
E C, Waterloo .. 50
E F D, New York. 1 00
E M, Jacksonville 1 00
Mrs E M B, Kingston 2 00
E S, Brooklyn.... 5 00
E S, Saranac Lake 1 00
E S G, Brooklyn. 1 00
E S K, Calway.. 1 00
Mrs F A B, Buffalo 1 00
F E C, New York 10
F M Cong, E Otto 2 00
F M P 1 00
"G, A & C," Fulton 2 00
G B S, Galway... 1 00
G R H, Shelter Isld Heights 3 00
H F, "I H N," Hoosick Falls .. 1 00
H J W, Mahopac Falls 2 00
H D C, Brooklyn. 10
H T & M E T & E M W & E M, New York 1 50
J. Thompson Ridge 2 00
J A B, Brooklyn. 1 00
J E H, Ballston Spa 5 00
J E W, Port Jervis 2 00
J G, Brooklyn ... 5 00
J K C, Brooklyn. 1 00
Mrs J L, Putman 2 00
J M P, Miss, Northport 2 50
J M S, Norwich.. 2 00
J M T, Skaneateles 1 00
J M W, Rochester 2 00
J P D, Dolgeville 5 00
"J S N," N Y C. 5 00
"J W A D," N Y City 2 00
K D H, West Charleston 3 00
K K, Albany 2 00
L & M, Au Sable Forks 50
L R T, Albany... 2 00
McA, Mrs L..... 5 00
M, —— 1 00
M A F, Mrs, Himrod 1 00
M B & S, Buffalo. 7 00
M C C, Brooklyn 40
M D P, Nunda... 2 00
Mrs E, Lyndonvle 1 00
M J G, Brooklyn 2 00
M J W, Astoria. 5 00
M L R, Sodus.... 1 00
M L V & Mrs D T, E Veniee ... 2 00
M V, Albany.... 50
M V S L, New York 2 00
M V S L, New York 1 00
R W W, N Y City 25
Mr and Mrs S, Canendia 75
S D M, Jacksonvle 1 00
Mrs S E W, Northville 1 00
S J M, Bergen... 1 00
S M, Brooklyn... 50
S S, Glens Falls. 30
W A F, New York10 00
Mrs W E B, Johnsville 5 00
——, Albany 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

——, Bath 1 00
——, Bedford Sta. 2 00
——, Bloomville . 1 00
——, Brooklyn .. 3 00
——, Brooklyn .. 2 00
——, Brooklyn ..10 00
——, Brooklyn .. 1 00
——, Congers 1 00
——, Cortland ... 2 00
——, Delhi 25
Dresden, ... 2 00
Fairport, ... 1 00
——, Fleming 1 00
——, Great Valley 5 00
——, Katonah ... 1 00
——, Levant 1 50
——, Meridale 1 00
——, Middletown . 2 00
——, Minaville .. 2 00
——, New York Cy 5 00
——, New York .. 1 00
——, New York Cy 2 00
——, New York .. 2 00
——, New York .. 2 00
——, New Paltz .. 25
——, Nunda..... 65
——, Nunda..... 1 00
——, Olean 1 00
——, Plessis 2 00
——, Pulaski 5 00
——, Scheneetady. 1 00
——, Syracuse ... 1 00
——, Watertown.. 2 00
——, Whitestone . 1 00
——, Wolcot 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
"For Christ's Sake," Greenwich 25 00
For Jesus Sake, Stony Brook ... 50
A Friend, —— ... 1 00
Friend, —— 1 00
A Friend, Albion . 4 00
Friend, Brockport 1 00
A Friend, Brklyn 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn. 1 00
A Friend, Canandaigua 5 00
A Friend, Caroline 3 00
Friend, Oswego.. 3 00
Friend, Oswego .. 1 00
Friend, Port Jefferson 3 00
Friend, Port Jervis 2 00
A Friend, Saxton 2 00
Friend, Syracuse . 1 00
A Friend, Tarrytown 2 00
A Friend, Troy... 5 00
Friend Ulsterville 3 00
A Friend, Watertown 5 00
Friend, Williamsville 1 00
A Marion Friend. 1 00
Friend and Well Wisher, Pittstwn 2 00
Friend, W Side Auditorium, N Y City 3 00
Friends, Oriskany Falls 85
Friends, Otisco Valley 1 00
Friends, Penn Yan 6 00
Two Friends, Bkln 20
"Two Friends," Highland Falls . 9 00
Two Friends, Lyon Falls 1 00
Two Friends, W Colesville 1 00
Friends, Fernwood 6 00
A Friend, Fort Edward 1 00
Friend, Franklin. 1 00
Friend, Gerry ... 75
Friend, Gray 2 00
A Friend, Kingston 3 00
A Friend, Lansingburgh 1 00
Friend, Malone .. 1 00
Friend, Manhasset 1 00
A Friend, Marcellus 3 00
Friend, Middletwn 1 00
Friend, New York 2 00
A Friend, N Y Cty 2 00
A Friend, N Y Cy.50 00
A Friend, N Y.. 2 00
Friend, N Y C .. 1 00
Friend, New York 5 00
A Friend, Ogdensburg 50
Three Friends, Salem 12 00
Three Friends, West Colesville. 3 00
A Few Friends at at The Leslie .. 5 00
Several Friends, Bethlehem Centre 1 50
In His Name, Brooklyn 1 00
"Inasmuch," Wilson 1 00
"I H N," Bklyn. 3 00
In His Name, Georgetown ... 1 00
In His Name, Hamden 1 00
"I H N," Hoosick Falls 1 00
I H N, New York 50
I H N, Prospect Ridge 50
I H N, Wiscoy .. 1 00
In Memoriam, M E Campbell 2 00
Readers of the C H, Ballston Spa. 30
Reader of T C, Brooklyn 2 00
Reader, Hobart... 50
Reader & Subr, Liberty 1 00
Reader, Schoharie 1 00
A Reader, Spg Vly 30
A Subr, Elbridge. 1 00
Subr, Irving 5 00
Subr, Kenwood .. 25
A Subr, N Y City 1 00
Subr, Schenectady 30

NEW YORK CONT'D

A Sympathizer, Shaudaken 1 00
Sympathy, Tarrytown 1 00
Sympathizing friend & nephew, Buffalo 35
Friendship, ... 1 00
"One Cent Assn," Alfred 5 10
Sister B, Brooklyn 2 00
White Ribboner, Brooklyn 5 00
No Name, Buffalo. 1 00
Mother and Son, Clermont 2 00
Unknown, Flemingville 15
Unknown, Flemingville 1 00
Unknown, Flemingville 1 00
Unknown, Flemingville 1 00
Unknown Flemingville 50
"Sister of Jesus," Glens Falls 2 00
"Cottage," Lebanon 1 00
A Follower of Him, Leonta 50
The King's Daughters, Lestershire 5 00
"Widow M," Matteawan 2 00
"X"—X , Medina 3 00
A Christian Worker, New Paltz..20 00
One of the King's Own, N Y City. 1 00
Mother and her children, Oakfield 1 00
Mother & Danghter, Patchogue 2 00
One Who Loves Jesus, Raceville 2 00
Endeavorer, Rochester 5 00
Two Little Boys, Shushan 10
"One of His Own," Webster 2 50
First Baptist Ch, Addison 3 20
Presby Ch, Axton.15 00
Pres Ch, Big Flats11 00
1st Bapt Ch, Fabius 1 67
Members of 1st Con Ch, Guilford Centre 12 25
Cong of Broome st Tabernacle, N Y17 00
Baraca Class of 1st M E Ch of Rome 6 12
A member of the Christian Ch, So Butler 2 00
Bapt & Meth Chs, Spring Mills 10 07
West Colesville Ch 1 50
Bapt Ch, Whitesville 16 57
M P S S, Adams Basin 1 00
Union Evan S S, Corona 10 00
Children & teacher of Int Dept of Mizpah Chapel SS, New York 2 00
East Harlem Pres S S 2 00
St Mark's S S, Syracuse 2 59
Inf Class Rocktou S S 4 00
Memorial Pres SS.10 00
Prim Class Chili Pres SS & frnds 5 00
"Victory Un S S," 3 00
Bapt S S, Wilton 1 25
Jr Lea M E Ch.. 7 00
Auburn Cen W C T U 2 00
Jun C E Soc, Chester 7 15
Jr Ep Lea M E Ch & Jr Y P S C E Union Ch, Corona, L I.....15 50
Ep Lea, Eagle... 2 00
Friends, W F M S, Elba 3 05
W C T U of Gerry 1 00
Y P S C E, Gloversville 1 00
Y P S C E of U Ch, Grant 2 28
Y P S C E Ref Dutch Ch, Gravesend 5 00
W C T U, Lansingburgh 8 00
W C T U, Lansingburgh 2 00
Y P S C E, Bapt Ch, Mt Upton... 7 00
W W C of K D, Norwich 16 00
J E Soe of Orthodox Friends, Poughkeepsie 1 00
C E's, Sloansville. 2 00
King's Daughters of Tivoli 10 00
Children in Masonic Home, Utica... 3 00
West End Perry S S, Warsaw...16 00
Y P's Alliance of Ch of Evan Asso, Webster 8 00
Ep Lea, W Sparta 4 00
W C T U, Wyoming 5 00
A E, Brooklyn... 5 00
A G, Syracuse... 1 00
C, Mongaup Valley 50
C E R, Watertown 25
C H B X X, Albany County.... 2 00
D G, N Y Mills.. 3 00
F A L & L E C, Smyrna 1 00
G S, Webster.... 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

G H S, Sparrow Bush 2 00
H L L, Stevenson 1 00
J E S, Ponghkeepsie 2 00
J L H, Ithaca... 1 00
J McT, Brooklyn..10 00
L D, Hnron..... 1 00
"M," N Y C.....10 00
M & A, Schenectady 3 00
M A R, New York.15 00
M E B, Honeoye Falls 2 00
M E H, ... 1 00
M E M, Freeport. 5 00
M E W, New Hamburgh 10 00
M F M, Astoria. 1 00
M D G, Chittenaugo Falls 20
M S P, Fonda.... 2 00
N S F, Jamaica.. 1 00
S G, N Y C..... 5 00
S L, Heath..... 1 00
The W R C, Granville 5 00
N, Whitpey's Pt. 1 00
U T K, Utica.... 2 00
X Y Z, Wolcott.. 1 00
Y's of Sandy Hill 2 00
——, Brooklyn..... 1 00
——, Geneva..... 5 00
——, N Y C..... 5 00
——, N Y C..... 1 00
——, New York.. 2 00
——, N Y City.... 1 00
——, Oneonta..... 2 00
——, Penn Yan.... 5 00
——, Poughkeepsie. 1 00
——, Scheneetady. 5 00
——, Walesville... 2 00
A Friend, Canajoharie 10 00
A Friend, Brookln 2 00
Friend, Bronxville 1 00
A Friend, Danville 25
A Friend, Ithaca. 1 00
A Friend, N Y C 7 00
Friend, Amsterdam 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn.. 5 00
Friend, Edwards. 2 00
Friend, Newburgh 1 00
Friend, N Y C... 1 00
Friend, W Hebron 50
Friends, Frewsburg 1 25
Friends, Mohawk. 4 00
Friends, Norwich. 3 40
Friends, Pompey Centre 1 25
Friends, Port Jefferson 1 50
Two Friends, Lisbon Centre..... 2 00
I H N, Birchton. 10
"I H N," Conquest 1 00
Readers, N Paltz. 36
Subr, Coldspring. 1 00
Subr, Rockville... 2 00
Sympathizer, Brooklyn 5 00
Four Ladies of W C T U, Mayville 1 00
A Christian, Bklyn 1 00
A Child, New York 2 00
Two Widows, Lafargeville 2 00
Lovers of Jesus Jericho 2 00
Forget-me-not Mis Band, New York 2 00
A Roman Catholic, New York City. 50
A A H S & Sister, Downsville 2 00
The Madison Lea Club, Brooklyn.. 1 50
"Taciturnity," Fonda 3 00
Pastor's Class of Forest Pres Ch, Lyon Falls 11 00
Y P S C E Marble Collegiate Ch, New York.....10 00
U E St Paul's En S S, Buffalo....25 00
Bapt SS, Canastota 6 00
Children of Sch Dis No 3, Clarkstown 1 25
Pres S S, Marion. 5 00
Prim Dept of Lexington Ave Bapt S S, New York. 1 75
A Dorcas Society, Canandiagua ... 6 00
Jr Ep Lea, Ellenville 1 00
C E So, Elmhurst.22 00
W C T U, La Fargeville 9 50
C E Soc, Pleasant Valley 1 00
Y P S C E, Redfield 4 00
"Little Harry," Brooklyn 2 50
Sister Elizabeth, New York 1 00
Sister Neela, Little York 3 25
A B, New York.. 2 00
A M D, Dobb's Ferry 5 00
C H G, New York 1 00
E, Hornellsville..25 00
E B B, Brooklyn 25
J, Hornellsville..25 00
J D H, Albany.. 2 00
J E A, Mamaroneck 10
Mr T E W, Cazenovia 10 00
Mrs D, Tarrytown 3 00
Mrs S J H, Fairport 1 00
S S & J C E Soc 1st Baptist Ch, Flushing 13 55
Z X Y, Kyserike P O 10 00
W S S, W Berne.. 50

NEW YORK CONT'D

W H F, Pratts.. 23
W V O, M L V O, A V O & R S, Catskill, ...10 00
——, Broadalbin...14 00
——, Brooklyn ... 6 00
——, Cedarhnrst . 1 00
——, Conklinville.. 2 00
——, Deer River.. 1 00
——, Malone 1 00
——, Newbnrg 1 00
——, New York..10 00
——, Rondout Sta. 1 00
——, Schenectady. 1 00
——, West Eaton. 3 00
Friend, Round Lake 1 00
A Friend, Sea Cliff 1 00
A Friend, Warwick 5 00
Friends, Huron .. 6 00
In His Steps, Newville 10 00
A Reader, Plattsburg 1 00
A Sympathizer, Cambridge 1 00
A Silent Benefactor, N Collins.. 1 00
Orangeport Christian Ch 30 17
Meth & Bapt Chs, thro W C T U, Pavilion 11 60
The F B Ch, Rawson 10 00
M E Ch, Elma...33 00
Orangeport Christian Ch 1 00
Baptist Ch, Harpursville 4 50
First Cong Ch, Guilford Centre. 6 00
Ch Col, Linlithgo 4 15
Bap S S, Landy Hill 6 62
Mem Pres S S, Rochester 27 75
Bap S S, Jamaica 2 00
S S, Linlithgo... 2 01
Y P S C E of Pres Church 20 00
Ep League of M E Ch, Clark Mills.20 00
Y P Soc, W Bap Ch, Oswego.... 1 00
Mitchell Hollow C E Soc, Windham 16 50
Ladies' Aid Soc, Linlithgo 1 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Abbott, Mrs C M 13
Abbott, Earl 25
Abbott, Eugene .. 20
Abbott, Mrs John 15
Abbott, Mrs Lucy 25
Acroyd, Mrs G R 1 00
Adams, Mrs A M 1 00
Adams, Mr & Mrs W W 12 00
Ailes, Isaac C .. 5 00
Albert, Mollie ... 10
Althouse, Emma.. 5 00
Ament, J 1 00
Angell, Mr & Mrs H D 10 00
Anek, Louisa 5 00
Arthur, Mrs M F 5 00
Auble, Jas A Sr.. 25
Baeh, Miss M P.. 2 00
Bailey, C L Jr..25 00
Bailey, Andrew... 1 00
Bacon, Mrs F.... 1 00
Baum, Edwin J.. 10
Baum, J S..... 10
Baum, Mrs J S... 10
Bair, E & J..... 10
Baker, Mrs 10
Baker, Albert 2 00
Baker, E L..... 1 00
Baker, H B..... 25
Baker, Mary A.. 1 00
Baker, Ruth 5 00
Barnard, Josie .. 2 00
Baker, Jonnie.... 1 00
Baker, Mrs M S.. 75
Banburg, H 25
Barnes, Miss M.. 1 00
Barrett, E C..... 1 00
Barrett, James .. 1 00
Barrett, Jennie .. 1 00
Barron, M 1 00
Barrowe, John ..10 00
Bateson, Jos Jr . 1 00
Batson, Mrs N... 15
Bayless, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Beale, E H.....15 00
Beckett, Mrs M M 1 00
Beckett, Sam.... 1 00
Bennett, T E.... 5 00
Best, D Lillian.. 10
Beamer, Mrs M.. 8 00
Beaver, J A..... 5 00
Bergh, Miss A.... 1 00
Beck, L M..... 1 00
Becker, L C..... 5 00
Beer, Eliz C..... 3 00
Belknap, G A.... 25
Bennett, Mrs E I 25
Bennett, Mrs M.. 1 25
Benninghoff, Mrs H S 42
Bernhard, G R.. 1 00
Beschorman, Mrs F R 1 00
Beyer, Miss Clara 20
Bingley, John J... 1 00
Biddle, Mrs H J.25 00
Bingaman, Mrs R 1 00
Bingham, S 25
Binley, H 5 00
Blodget, Mrs M... 10
Blithe, H 1 00
Black, F 50
Blystone, Mrs P L 5 00
Boesser, Mrs N.. 1 00
Booth, Mrs 1 00
Borden, Miss S.. 5 00
Bonebrake, Jno M 5 00
Boreland Bros.... 1 00
Boyd, Mrs Lina... 1 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Brandon, J A.... 5 00
Breaden, W J.... 25
Briggs, Harry ... 10
Briggs, P H..... 2 00
Brinton, William. 5 00
Bronghton, W A. 2 00
Brown, Mrs G H 1 00
Brumfield, O R... 2 00
Brown, P 50
Brown, W W.... 25
Brown, Mr & Mrs John 10 00
Buchanan, Mrs W O 5 00
Bucher's, K, S S Class & friends 4 00
Buchanan, Dr.... 50
Buckley, Timothy 5 00
Buhl, Mrs 25
Bull, Mrs T J.... 1 00
Burn, Mrs S E.. 1 00
Burns, Helen 4 00
Butterworth, C A 2 00
Campbell, R S.... 1 00
Cameron, Walter. 1 05
Campbell, F E... 1 00
Campbell, W B M 50
Cargill, O L..... 25
Carlston, H 25
Carmou, Mrs A M 5 00
Carriel, J W..... 25
Carpenter, Mrs E 2 00
Carr, E I..... 1 00
Carr, Thos C.... 1 00
Case, Mrs Isaac.. 1 00
Cavely, W W.... 1 00
Chandler, Chas H & family 3 00
Chaffee, Mrs Alice 1 00
Chambers, Miss S. 1 00
Chandler, Jas E. 7 00
Chapen, Mrs..... 25
Charles, Mr R.... 25
Chase, Rev W H. 50
Christensen, Mrs. 1 00
Christman, Mrs Dr 10
Clapp, D C.....25 00
Clark, Mrs Jos A 1 00
Cleeland, Mrs J.. 10
Clark, A B..... 1 00
Clark, B 1 00
Clark, H C..... 2 00
Clark, Mr 25
Close, Mrs W J.. 5 00
Clemens, A B.... 4 00
Clemons, H 2 00
Clewell, A E..... 1 00
Coburn, Hubert .. 25
Coburn, J H..... 10
Commerer, Mrs I. 1 00
Cook, Mr 25
Cobourn, I L.... 2 00
Cochran, S A.... 2 00
Cole, James 2 00
Conger, H 1 00
Coburn, I H..... 3 00
Conard, T H..... 5 00
Conklin, M 2 00
Connell, E & A.. 25
Cordley, F I..... 10
Cork, Mrs H..... 1 00
Cornell, F D..... 4 00
Coughlin, F 25
Coulter, Mrs 1 00
Coulter, Rev R M 1 00
Cowan, J W Sr... 5 00
Crawford, Mrs E A 1 50
Crosby, W D....10 00
Crosics, E C..... 1 00
Crouse, Mrs D F 1 00
Crnikshank, G & family 2 00
Cummins, L R... 25
Darling, Miss A R 10
Darling, Daisy G 10
Darling, Mrs W.. 25
Dailey, Prof L N 50
Davidson, Miss F 1 00
Davidson Mrs M A 1 00
Davidson, O U... 1 00
Davies, K 25
Davis, Mrs 25
Davis, Mrs B R.. 2 00
Davis, Mrs G P.. 1 00
Davis, Mrs P.... 30
Davies, D T..... 2 15
Davison, D D.... 1 00
Davison, Homer.. 1 00
Davy, S H & wife 2 00
Dawson, W T.... 1 00
Day, Mrs D V.... 1 00
Deotlinger, C W.. 25
Deckert, Mrs L.. 1 00
Dehaven, H B.... 2 00
Deisher, H K.... 5 00
Dennison, Miss G 25
Dettre, L W..... 2 00
Deturler, R, Bessie Fritz, Ruth Henderson 1 25
Dever, Wm 3 00
DeFieber, Miss L 2 02
DeWaele, P 5 00
Dewar, James ... 1 00
Dewey, Jas A.... 4 00
Dickison, A I.... 25
Dickinson, Mrs R A L & dau 5 00
Dickson, Arthur G 5 00
Distler, W H.... 1 00
Dimmick, C E.... 25
Dimmick, Mrs E C 20
Doolittle, R B..; 1 00
Dombart, Prof G F 25
Dodson, K H; Hamlin, M L & E L 30 00
Doriety, Jas W.. 3 00
Dorland, J M.... 5 00
Dorothea, Phila .. 1 00
Douglas, Mrs 25
Drawbaugh, J O.. 25
Drury, Fred 25
Drumm, Mrs A C. 50
Drury, J C..... 2 00
Drury, Mrs J C.. 1 00
Duggan, Jas W.. 1 00
Dunn, Alma 5 00
Dunn, R H..... 1 00
Dunkel, Wm 1 00
Dunmore, P E... 25
Dunmore, Mrs P E 25
Dutcher, Mrs E E 50
Dupee, Miss A M C 1 00
Eavenson, D..... 1 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Eller & Williams. 5 00
Elrick, R E..... 1 00
Emig, Belle L.... 2 00
Emig, Mrs L E.. 5 00
Emig, Mary J.... 5 00
Emile, M 1 00
Engberry, Miss C S 5 00
Erwin, Kate 1 00
Etter, A W 1 00
Evans, Eben 1 00
Evans, George .. 5 00
Evans, Jos 5 00
Evans, Jos Jr.... 50
Evans, M R..... 1 00
Ewing, Miss G A 1 00
Farley, Mrs J.... 25
Fassette, Mrs G W 2 00
Fay, Mrs A M.... 50
Fehr, Mrs I V.... 3 00
Ferguson, J 1 00
Fife, Mrs E A.... 5 00
Firth, Mrs 20
Fisher, Mary E... 4 00
Fisher, R 2 00
Fitch, Mr & Mrs F F 5 00
Flewelyn, E 1 00
Forgie, Jas A.... 50
Forrester, E G...26 00
Foster, Mrs S J... 1 00
Foster, W E.... 50
Frain, L A..... 1 00
Frances, W 1 00
Frazier & Ewing, Misses 2 00
Freelend, Andrew. 1 00
Freelend, Effie... 50
Friedel, B E & K M 50
Fritz, A 10
Fry, Mrs Emma E 1 00
Fug, Lola 1 00
Gabel, Amanda A 1 80
Gahu, John 1 00
Gallagher, J 2 00
Garber, Mrs C H 1 00
Garber, Mrs L F 1 00
Gardner, R 2 00
Gates, Mrs H W 10
Gehman, A E.... 1 00
Gelbach, Laura J 1 00
George, Mrs A... 2 00
George—Melda ... 1 00
Gerhart, John H.. 1 00
Gerlach, F 1 00
Getz & Son, J L. 2 00
Gifford, G G.... 2 00
Gilbaugh, Flora .. 50
Gillelaud, A 2 00
Ginter, W E..... 5 00
Glaeser, Mrs F.. 1 00
Good, Miss Ella.. 1 00
Good, Miss Mary. 50
Good, G G..... 1 00
Goodnough, Mr & Mrs L N & family 2 00
Goodwin, Miss B. 1 00
Goodwin, Mrs F O 1 00
Goodwin, F O.... 1 00
Goodwin, Mrs M.. 1 00
Gordon, Nellie M. 5 00
Gore, Geo S..... 25
Gore, Thomas ... 1 00
Gorst, Mrs S R... 1 00
Graham, Mr & Mrs 2 50
Graser, Miss E... 1 00
Gray, J C & family 3 00
Gray, S R..... 5 00
Gray, T H..... 1 00
Gregg, Miss Ruth 50
Gregson, Eliz 2 00
Greenlund, B A.. 1 00
Greenshields, L.. 1 00
Grove, Elmer 25
Grove, Gealrd ... 25
Grubb, E C..... 1 00
Guffey, J R..... 1 00
Gululon, Mrs 30
Haak, Mrs I B... 5 00
Haggerty, Mrs W 25
Hague, Mrs J.... 10
Halght, Miss 1 00
Hallman, W S.... 1 00
Hamilton, Mrs J. 50
Hanchett, F C.... 50
Hannahs, John .. 40
Harder, Sarah A 1 00
Harner, Mrs P W 50
Harner, Wm D... 1 00
Harrington, Mrs Murray 15
Harris, C 2 00
Harris, J 5 00
Harrison, Miss I. 10
Hart, B E..... 1 00
Hartenstine, Mrs A 2 00
Hartenstine, M E 2 00
Hartenstine, Ruth 1 00
Hartman, W W.. 1 00
Harvey, R J A.... 1 00
Hathaway, Mrs M L 2 00
Hawk, C C..... 1 00
Hawk, E M..... 1 00
Hawk, L R..... 1 00
Hawk, Mrs L S.. 1 00
Hayes, Mrs M and faully 5 00
Hays, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Hays, Mrs M.... 2 00
Hayward, H E.. 5 00
Head, E L..... 1 00
Heasly, Mrs S U 1 00
Hedrick, Wm 1 00
Helshley, D A... 2 00
Held, Mrs Helen. 1 00
Hellier, Mrs M A 2 00
Helm, Mrs P.... 50
Hemperly, E D.. 1 04
Hendel, Mrs P M & W L Clayton 2 00
Henkleman, Geo.. 1 00
Henrle, Hannah.. 1 00
Hero, Fannie ... 5 00
Herr, Benj D.... 48
Herr, E I..... 1 00
Hershey, Simon A & S S Class.... 1 00
Hess, James 25
Hess, William ... 1 09
Hibbard, Mrs P.. 1 00
Hickman, Lizzie C 2 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Hickok, Mrs 5 00
Hiestand, B F... 5 00
Hill, Mrs John .. 25
Hines, Rees C....10 00
Hindman, Mrs C. 25
Hoagland, Eva .. 1 00
Hockett, Lial ... 05
Hodgson, Mrs W A 50
Hogg, E L.....10 10
Holmes, D E.... 1 00
Holmes, F V..... 1 00
Hooper, E 20
Hough, W G and wife 2 00
Hover, J K..... 5 00
Howard, Dan 10
Howe, Mrs E H. 50
Hufford, M L.... 50
Hughes, E R.... 5 00
Hughes, Miss N Y 60
Hughes, Owen D 5 00
Huland, M V & mother 20
Hull, Josephine... 50
Hultz, T H..... 4 00
Humphry, D W & Co 1 00
Hunter, J L..... 2 00
Hurnes, W P..... 5 00
Hunter, M R.... 5 00
Hutchinson, Mrs A J 1 00
Jackson, A R.... 1 00
Jackson, Charley. 25
Jackson, Mrs R Jr 1 00
James, William... 1 00
Jamison, J 50
Jenner, Miss Mae 50
Johns, A 1 00
Johnson, C J.... 1 00
Johnson, Edwin.. 1 00
Johnson, E H.... 1 00
Johnson, G G.... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs J L 50
Johnson, Mrs M.. 50
Johnston, Mrs H B 1 00
Jones, Livia 10
Jones, Miss M A 1 00
Jones, W & dau.. 2 10
Jordan, Mrs Anu 1 00
Jordon, A & M... 1 00
Jude, Mrs Mary.. 50
Kay, Thos N..... 1 00
Keener, R S..... 1 00
Keller, F B..... 2 00
Keller, Lewis.... 5 00
Kellogg, O B.... 1 00
Kelly, Mr & Mrs D E 5 00
Kelly, Minta 1 00
Kendig, M D..... 2 00
Kendrick, Mrs C.. 1 00
Kerr, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Kester, Mrs S V.. 1 00
Kilgard, Mrs J... 50
King, F A..... 1 00
Klemm, W D.... 1 00
Kleppinger, J H.. 1 00
Klingensmith, S B 1 50
Klotz, Mrs L.... 1 00
Koltz, Lillie 1 00
Knox, Marian 10 00
Krauser, Miss E.. 50
Krauser, Mrs E W 50
Kraut, Jacob..... 1 00
Kurtz, H T..... 5 00
Kurtz, M L..... 5 00
Laird, Miss H.... 5 00
Lamb, Clare 05
Lamb, J A 50
Lang's, Kennett Square 5 00
Lappin, Esther M 1 00
Larrabee, Mr & Mrs M V..... 1 00
Lasley, Josephine 1 00
Lathrop, Mrs D D 2 00
Laurenson, Mrs C F 1 00
Latimer, Geo D.. 2 00
Lawson, Jas A.... 2 00
Lawson, Jennie M 2 00
Lawson, Lynn F. 1 00
Lawson, T M..... 50
Lawton, C W.... 1 00
Layton, Mrs M.. 25
Leaman, Eliz & daughter 2 00
Leard, Mrs Jane.. 2 00
Leas, George W.. 1 00
Leiser, Mrs Jane & daughter 1 25
Lenox, Kate 50
Leopold, D J.... 1 00
Lesuett, Mrs J S. 1 00
Lewis, Katherine. 1 00
Lewis, S C.....10 00
Lindermanu, Mrs. 1 00
Lindsey, Mrs S A 3 00
Linluger, S 50
Linn, Mrs Belle..10 00
Lippincott, E V.. 3 00
Livingood, Mrs H F 3 00
Lloyd, Miss M J.. 1 00
Lloyd, Mrs J..... 1 00
Lloyd, L 25
Lloyd, R S..... 25
Locke, Mrs Mary. 25
Long, E 1 00
Lott, Charles 1 00
Louchs, J L..... 5 00
Loucks, L V..... 5 00
Lounsbury, Mrs S A 5 00
Lounsbury, M A.. 1 00
Loveland, Mrs C. 10
Low, E J 1 00
Low, J M D.... 1 00
Loyd, Daniel 50
Lucy—Annie 5 00
Ludwick, Miss R. 2 00
Ludwig, Mrs W C 5 00
Lynn, Mrs F..... 1 00
Lynn, Pearl E.... 25
Lyons, Margaret J 2 00
MacKinuon, M Alachlan, A & Alex D 1 00
McAfee, E 1 00
McCamant, Mrs E H 5 00
McCarty, Rev J G 1 00
McClay, Wm 50
McClelland, A E.. 1 00
McCleland, Rev D 4 00
McCloy, Andrew.. 1 00
McClune, Dr J M 25

PENNA, CONT'D

McClymonds, B V, J D & M J.....10 00
McCorkle, Eva... 1 00
McCormick, Mrs D C & Miss....20 00
McCormick, Mrs H B 2 00
McCormick, Mrs R T 5 00
McCracken, S P.. 5 00
McDonough, S E.. 2 00
McDanolds, Mrs H 5 00
McDonald, Alden. 25
McDonald, Mrs E 35
McDonald, Mrs J 50
McDonald, M B..10 00
McEweu, R 5 00
McFadden, Ella C 7 00
McFeeters, Bell .. 10
McGaughey, A ... 5 00
McGill, E & dau. 1 05
McGonven, H T.. 1 00
McGrew, Mrs R G 2 00
McKee, Mrs A H 1 00
McKee, Miss E... 1 00
McKee, Mrs E... 1 00
McKee, Mrs N.... 25
McKee, Mrs J M 1 00
McLaughlin, W F 1 00
McRae, J Percy.. 5 00
McNall, Mrs H A 1 00
McNeil, E M.... 10
McNeil, J P..... 10
McNeil, R L..... 10
McNeil, R M L.. 20
McPherson, Mrs I R 1 00
McPherson, L.... 10
McVaugh, Ella .. 25
McVaugh, Sally... 50
Mace, J H..... 2 00
Magee, Mrs F... 1 00
Machan, Mr 1 00
Mahons, Mrs..... 10
Maulfold, Miss A. 1 00
Manifold, Miss B 1 00
March, Charles E 1 00
Markle, Cyrus .. 2 00
Marsh, M 1 00
Marten, Miss F M 2 00
Martin, Miss H.. 50
Martin, H N..... 5 00
Martiu, J C..... 4 00
Martin, L M..... 2 50
Maskell, James .. 1 00
Mason, James R. 2 00
Mast, S E..... 1 00
Marsh, Mrs E J.. 1 00
Mathers, George.. 25
Maxwell, George.. 25
Mayer, Esmond .. 50
Mayer, Mrs C A.. 5 00
Mayers, K E.... 1 00
Mead, Lydia J... 1 00
Merrell, M M.... 1 00
Messinger, Mrs... 50
Metcalfe, Mrs F G 2 00
Millard, R 1 00
Miller, Miss C... 1 00
Miller, Miss C & Gildner, Ella M 2 00
Miller, F 1 00
Miller, Louis A... 5 00
Minnig, John 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs F E 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs J W 5 00
Mitchell, M 1 00
Mitchell, Mr Wm 2 00
Monday, E 2 00
Montgomery, M .. 1 00
Montgomery, Mrs R I. 2 00
Montgomery, W W10 00
Moore, H W..... 2 00
Moore, J C..... 2 00
Moore, L S..... 2 00
Morgan, C E..... 1 00
Morgan, Jane 1 00
Morris, E C.....10 00
Morris, Lina 1 00
Morten, J W.... 2 00
Mosshammer, Mrs J C 56
Moyer, R E..... 2 00
Myers, D 1 00
Myers, Helen and Roy 30
Myers, Mr & Mrs L F 70
Myers, W C..... 1 00
Myers, Dr W R.. 1 00
Neeley, Mrs P M & Kate 2 00
Nevins, Samuel Sr 5 00
Newkirk, M R.... 5 00
Newton, John T.. 2 00
Niebaum, Wm R.. 2 00
Nobbs, Mrs John. 25
Noble, Mrs F M.. 1 00
Norris, Mrs C L.. 10
Norris, Miss F E.. 10
Northrop, B W... 2 00
Oletz, Chet 25
Olewine, E A.... 2 00
Oliver, John..... 1 00
Orr, Jas P.....10 00
Orton, A C..... 1 00
Oswald, A..... 2 75
Ott, Anna 1 00
Ott, Mrs L G.... 1 00
Owens, W H..... 50
Padock, Chas.... 50
Palmer, Mrs W.. 2 00
Palmer, W H.... 1 00
Parker, E E..... 1 00
Patterson, Mrs L 1 00
Patton, Mrs N.... 1 00
Paxon, M W..... 1 00
Paxton, Emma .. 2 00
Payne, Katherine. 25
Pearce, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Peckham, Jas S.. 1 00
Peok, Florence... 2 50
Perez, W C..... 6 25
Petterson, Miss J. 10
Phil, Jr 1 00
Phil, Sr 1 00
Phillips, Miss M.. 25
Phillips, Philllp.. 10
Philson, Wm A... 2 00
Pickop, Mrs C N. 1 00
Pickop, Miss E W 1 00
Pierce, Earl 1 00
Pierce, E M..... 1 00
Pierce, John M... 1 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Piersol, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Pipher, D A..... 50
Poellot, H 2 00
Pollins, J W..... 5 00
Pomeroy, Miss E N 3 00
Pond, Miss Nellie 50
Porter, Percy 10
Pose, John Jr.... 5 00
Pose, John Sr.... 5 00
Pottle, A E..... 50
Potts, Rev T P.. 5 00
Powell, D E..... 2 00
Powell, Mrs R A.. 1 00
Power, Vida M... 5 00
Price, Miss I F.. 2 10
Pritchard, Mr and Mrs E 1 00
Prugh, W A..... 5 00
Pugh, S J..... 2 00
Purnell, Mr Wm. 2 00
Raisley, H 1 00
Ralph, A & E Rhodes 2 75
Ralph, Floyd, Paul and L B A..... 50
Ralston, Miss R.. 1 00
Ralston, Mrs R G 1 00
Rapp, Mr & Mrs Stanley G 2 00
Rea, Sallie E 1 10
Reamer, Miss B.. 1 00
Reamer, Mrs L... 2 00
Rearher, M 1 00
Reed, D T 10 00
Reed, Miss Eliza. 1 00
Reed, Otis 5 00
Reicheubach, A .. 3 00
Reichenbach, O F 1 00
Reid, Mrs A W.. 2 00
Reid, Howard E. 2 00
Repport, E H....10 00
Rexford, Mrs Etta 50
Rexford, Warner. 10
Reyer, Mrs E O..10 00
Rice, S & M..... 2 00
Richards, Wm H.. 25
Richmond, Mrs M 1 00
Rickerson, Mrs... 20
Riefsueider, J P.. 2 00
Riggs, L W..... 1 00
Ripley, Mrs Stella 40
Rishel, C P & M. 1 00
Risley, C 20
Robbins, R 25
Roberts, Miss K.. 1 00
Roberts, Mrs L.. 1 00
Robinson, Mrs V. 1 00
Robison, J G.... 4 00
Rockefeller, Emily 1 00
Rockefeller, M .. 1 00
Rodgers, G N..... 50
Rodgers, Thos A.. 2 00
Rogers, A E..... 1 00
Rohl, Miss M E.. 1 00
Roblf, Mr & Mrs F H 1 00
Root, W S..... 25
Ross, J K..... 1 00
Rothmire, Mrs ... 1 00
Ruble, F L..... 2 00
Rudisill, M M.... 1 00
Rudolph, Mrs 1 00
Rumler, Fred ... 2 00
Rutter, J S..... 1 00
Sanford, Mrs S M & L G.....10 00
Savlt, Ida 50
Schaefer, A M... 2 00
Schneider, J W.. 1 00
Schoetz, E L.... 5 00
Schultz, Mrs A R 2 00
Scott, Mrs M A.. 50
Scull, Mrs L 25
Seaman, Wm 5 00
Search, Mrs E A. 1 00
Sebring, J 50 00
Seltzer, Mrs C... 1 50
Seneff, D H..... 25
Setchell, M A.... 1 00
Shaffer, Fred 15
Shaffer, Jimina... 50
Shaffer, Ross 50
Shaffer, S 1 00
Shaffer, Mrs S.... 1 00
Shauk, I 2 00
Sharp, F L..... 3 00
Sharpe, Eliz M..20 00
Sheep, Jennie ... 2 00
Shields, Mrs L.... 1 00
Shiuer, P A..... 50
Shippey, Mrs F.. 1 00
Shirley, W & B M 2 00
Shoemaker, Mrs D 2 00
Shortt, Charlie .. 20
Shortt, Mrs C M 1 00
Showvaker, Mrs J R 50
Shumaker, Miss M 5 00
Shuy, C C..... 5 00
Sigafos, Mrs S E.. 1 00
Simcox, L W.... 1 00
Simpson, Mrs D.. 1 00
Sims, Ruben 25
Singley, Josephine 66
Shuamon, E H.. 2 00
Sitter, George B.. 1 00
Slater, Mrs L.... 25
Smedley, Dr H L 3 00
Smith, A L..... 1 00
Smith, Anna H, F H and B H.... 6 50
Smith, Mrs E.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs E.... 1 00
Smith, E B..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs E E.. 1 00
Smith, Eugene... 1 00
Smith, F B and family 1 00
Smith, H D..... 50
Smith, H E..... 50
Smith, Henry.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs I P.. 1 25
Smith, John J.... 2 00
Smith, Mrs Lora. 5 00
Smith, M 50
Smith, M W 1 00
Smith, Ray M.... 25
Smith, Robt J... 25
Smith, Mr & Mrs T B 5 00
Smith, Venia M.. 2 00
Smith, Mrs W C. 6 00
Smithwaite, H L 5 00
Snyder, George .. 3 50
Suyder, Mrs M... 5 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Soule, Mrs L L... 50
Spaulding, Mrs E E 2 00
Spencer, Mrs A F 1 00
Speucer, Mrs R M 10
Staman, Josephine 5 00
Stanger, J B and wife 2 00
Steinbeight, Mrs J 3 00
Sterling, Mrs H G 5 00
Stephens, E L.... 1 00
Steveus, F J.... 25
Stevens, Mrs E A 50
Stevenson, Berna. 1 00
Stewart, Mrs G R 2 00
Stewart, M 25
Stewart, W A.... 50
Stewart, W M... 25
Stilson, Mrs N... 10
Stoker, Charles .. 25
Stoler, S B, Mrs S B & Leila .. 2 25
Stone, Nora 25
Stoner, Anna K.. 25
Stoner, Nella C.. 25
Stork, Harry K.. 5 00
Stover, H C..... 1 00
Strong, Mrs M J. 1 00
Stryker, Ella H & Hatfield, Bessie S 5 00
Stubbs, W E.... 5 00
Sturdivant, S 2 00
Summer, H M.... 5 00
Summerton, Mrs A M 2 00
Surazey, A 1 00
Sutton, D 25
Syphrit, M M.... 1 00
Talley, C W..... 1 00
Talley, G R..... 1 00
Tarry, Miss L D.. 50
Tate, Mr & Mrs L 1 00
Taylor, A M..... 25
Taylor, A N..... 2 00
Taylor, A N, Jr.. 1 00
Taylor, Mrs A N.. 2 00
Taylor, Edith 2 00
Taylor, Eva M... 1 00
Taylor, Mrs I G.. 1 00
Taylor, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Taylor, Mrs Janet 5 00
Taylor, John C... 2 00
Tendhope, Tom... 10
Terwilliger, Mr & Mrs G 1 00
Thays, S J..... 50
Thomas, T H.... 2 00
Thompson, F E & Ruth 1 50
Thompson, Geo W 2 00
Thomson, H 25
Thurman, John... 1 00
Tiffany, Mrs G M 1 00
Tiffany, J H..... 2 00
Tiusman, Margt..10 00
Tompson, Mrs A. 25
Torrance, Mary M 5 10
Trainer, Lewis .. 1 00
Traver, Stephen.. 1 00
Tritt, Mrs C..... 1 00
Tuttle, Penina, J Taft 1 00
Ulmer, Christina. 1 00
Ulmer, Louisa.... 2 00
Ulmer, Thos L... 2 00
Updegrove, Mrs A 10
Updegrove, Sarah 10
Urch, W H..... 1 00
Urch, Mrs W H.. 1 00
Vandebogart, Mr & Mrs 50
VanHorn, Mrs M J 2 00
Vanscyoc, B F.... 1 00
Vaughu, R B.... 5 00
Waldron, Theo ... 5 00
Walter, John B.. 2 00
Walton, Lulu 10
Walton, Martha D 50
Walton, S 25
Warick, Mrs F... 1 00
Warner, Orra M.. 2 00
Warner, T T.... 2 00
Watrons, Chas... 25
Watrous, Mrs M. 10
Watson, C H 50
Watson, E F.... 15
Watson, Miss I... 1 00
Watson R P..... 1 00
Watson S A..... 1 20
Watt, Mrs H..... 1 00
Watts, S T..... 5 00
Weber, Mrs Annie 2 00
Weir, George 2 00
Welse, Mrs Lizzie 25
Welch, Ella M... 2 00
Welch, Mrs I T.. 25
Weller, H M..... 1 00
Welles, Rev H H.10 00
Wheelock, George 10
White, J C..... 2 00
White, Lotta B.. 1 00
White, Mrs R A.. 1 00
White, Walter .. 15
Wick, E J..... 2 00
Wick, Mrs J..... 1 00
Wick, M 5 00
Wick, P K..... 5 00
Wiest, W J..... 1 10
Wilcox, H S..... 2 00
Wilcox Pres S S 8 00
Williams, M E ... 1 00
Williams, Mrs S F 2 00
Wilson, H 5 00
Wilson, Henry .. 85
Wilson, J 3 00
Wilson, Mrs Thos 1 00
Wing, Chas B.... 5 00
Winnamore, S L.. 50
Winger, Lusetta.. 5 00
Wiser, Mrs H L.. 1 00
Wisner, Mrs A E. 1 00
Woddrop & Welch.10 00
Wolfe, G W 2 00
Womelsdorf, Guy. 50
Wonsetler, M ... 1 00
Wood, M R 10
Wood, Paul 10
Wood, R O..... 50
Woods, Mrs O.... 25
Wren, Mrs Jas .. 1 75
Wright, Mrs V... 1 00
Yeager, R 1 00
Young, A H Jr.. 1 00
Young, Mrs J K 2 00
Young, W H.... 1 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Younker, J & Son 2 00
Younkins, R D... 50
Zetty, Anuie 1 00
"Little Ray," Phila 1 00
Minnie, Shiremanstown 1 00
Sister Sarah, Philadelphia 1 00
"A C Endeavor," Ridgway 1 00
A C H, Phila.... 25
A E F, Montrose 1 00
A J B, Oil City.. 2 00
A M S, Strodes Mills 50
A N T & Sister, Phila 105 00
A P D, Harrisburg 5 00
"B," Phila 2 00
C E, Phila..... 5 00
C M Z, McConnellsburg 50
E A C, Pen Argyl 25
E E J, Phila 2 00
E M, Phila.....20 00
F G M, Jr, Scranton 1 00
F H C, Doylestown 2 00
Mrs F O H, Penn's Park 1 00
G R & family, Cush Creek 3 00
G W F, Emleutou 1 00
H D, Phoenixvle. 2 00
H N, Bradford .. 1 00
Mrs I P, West Chester 1 00
J C G, Mrs, Lane 1 00
J J R, Allegheny.. 1 00
J M M, Jamestown 2 00
J N H, Luxon 1 00
J R R Carversvl. 1 00
J R S, Vera Cruz 1 00
L C B, New Holland 25
L E O, Lanc.... 1 00
"L N," Phila.... 3 00
L O R, Canadensis 5 00
Mrs V McB, Wash 1 00
McC, Mrs A J, Phila 2 00
M A C, Steelton.. 1 00
M A S, Drakes Mills 25
M C, Erie..... 1 00
M D W, Middletown 1 15
M J B, Phila.... 1 00
M L E, Greensburg 2 00
M R S, Vera Cruz 1 00
R A V, Phila.... 1 00
S A S, Richmoud 50
"S H C," Pottstwn 24
Mrs T F, Carnegie 5 00
T M B, Phila.... 3 00
W H M S & friends, Derrick City 4 15
W K S, Phila.... 2 00
"X," Gladenm...10 00
——, Allegheny.... 1 00
——, Clifton Hts.. 2 00
——, Cochranton.. 25
Farragut Terrace. 5 00
——, Fort Hunter 1 00
Jerseytown 3 00
——, Knoxville ... 10
——, Lancaster .. 1 50
——, Lanes Mills. 50
——, McFann..... 1 00
——, Mauch Chuk 1 00
——, Pattersou ... 90
——, Philadelphia. 5 00
Phila 1 00
Phila 1 00
——, Phila 1 00
——, Phila 1 00
——, Phila 35
——, Philadelphia. 20
——, Phila 10
——, Phila 10
——, Pipersville... 1 00
——, Pittsburg .. 2 00
——, Pittsburgh .. 1 00
——, Pittston 25
——, Scottdale 1 00
——, Tioga 25
——, Washingtou.. 1 00
——, Webster 5 00
——, Willock 1 00
Friend, Altoona .. 50
A Friend, Campbellstown 1 00
Friend, Dryland .. 50
A Friend, Kittauning 5 00
A Friend, Lanc.. 2 00
Friend, Liberty Sq 10
A Friend, Mt Wolf 2 00
Friend, Nesquehoning 1 00
Friend, Roscoe .. 1 00
Friend, Schuylkill Haven 1 00
Friend, Woodcock 3 00
Friend of Relief Fund, Mt Joy.. 1 00
Friends, Media. . 1 95
Friends, Shrewsbury 3 65
Friends, Sunbury. 2 00
In His Name, Hammerton 50
I H N, Lancaster 3 00
In His Name, Philadelphia ... 1 00
In His Name, C A S, Phila 5 00
I H N, So Bethlehem 5 00
In His Name, Tarrs 1 10
In His Name, Warren 1 00
Reader, ... 2 00
Reader, Atlantic.. 2 40
Reader, Warreu Tavern 1 00
Two Readers, Upper Middletown. 20
A Snb, Wilkes-Barre 1 00

PENNA, CONT'D

Reader, Turtle Pt 1 00
A Sympathizer, Indiana 25
Sympathizer, Kittanning 1 00
Widow's Mite, Fredonia 2 50
Classes 23 & 30, Tabor Ch, Phila 2 00
Oue Who Loves the Master, Shamokiu 1 00
A Few Persons, Greencastle 1 50
Three Children, Meu. Bap S S, Newberry 1 00
From Temperance Play, Millbrook. 9 55
"Mahonoy City"... 5 00
Christian, Old Frg 24
Brown Eyes, Oakville 10 00
Oue of the Lord's Sheep, Phila ... 75
Employes of Mr William O'Neill's Factory, Frankford 5 10
Bavingtou Prayer Meeting 3 33
"A Little One," Philadelphia ... 1 00
Town and Vicinity of Grove City.286 05
Charity, Nectarine 2 00
Mother & Son, Wetona 40
Ch Home for Children, Jonestown 4 00
"Credo," New Castle 4 00
Well Wisher, Towanda 1 00
A Christian Endeavorer, Pittsburg 2 00
Two Cousins, Chambersburg . 2 00
Pupils of S W Greensburg Public School 13 82
King's Daughter, Highland Centre 1 00
Beth Eden Chr Ch, Philadelphia 4 00
Immanuel Evan Ch, Allentown..31 00
Member of M E Ch, Johnsonburg 5 00
Members & Frnds of U Evan Ch, Terre Hill 25 00
Oxford 1st Pres Ch, Hazen 11 00
1st Prim Meth Ch & S S, Pittsburg 8 00
Shearsburg Pres Ch of Westmoreland Co 17 20
Trinity United Ev Ch, Allentown..60 00
1st Universalist Ch of Troy 3 00
Church of God S S, Adult Dept, Middletowu 10 09
Church of God S S, Prim Dept, Middletown 2 00
Class 44, Wakefield, Pres S S, Germantown ... 2 00
"Oswayo M E S S," 1 00
Pine Run S S, Larryville 13 00
Pres S S, Millbrk 5 00
Union S S, Beaver Centre 2 00
C E Soc, Phila.. 5 25
C E of Bethel Pres Ch, Kent..11 58
Mays C E Soc, Dover 6 00
Oxford 1st C E, Hazen 10 25
Zion Ref Ch C E Soc, New Providence 2 00
C E Soc, Crawford's Cors 5 00
Danboro Y P S C E 3 00
Y P S C E Pres Ch, E Sprugfield 3 10
Y P S C E, Tioga.11 25
Epworth League, Girardville 10 00
Epworth League, Shrewsbury 5 00
Junior League, Shrewsbury 1 00
K D of Pres Ch, Collinsville 5 00
Sunshine Cir of K D of 1st Bap Ch, W Chester 2 50
The Banner Cir of King's Sons, 1st Bap Ch, Phila.. 6 50
Corry Bruch Chst & Mis Alliance.10 00
Missionary Guild of Christ Ch, Reading 2 50
Marjorie, Buena Vista 25
Mrs A M G, Pipersville 5 00
C E McC, Buena Vista 1 00
C R B, Phila.... 2 00
E K, Lewistown. 50
H I S, Elizabethtown 2 00
I H M S, Buena Vista 5 00
L C L, East Brady 3 00
I H M S, Buena Vista 25
I H M S, Buena Vista 30
M E H, Mountville 1 00

PENNA. CONT'D

M G D, Scranton 1 00
Mrs M H & daugh, Shawnee 2 00
R V H, Fredonia. 2 00
S, Bethlehem..... 2 00
—, Arbuckle,... 1 00
—, Humphreys.. 2 00
—, Monongahela 1 00
—, Phila 1 00
—, Pittsburg .. 5 00
—, Pottsville ... 1 00
—, Westfield ... 50
For Him, Buena Vista 20
Bethesda, Phila..20 00
White, Phila 2 00
K P, Phila..... 1 00
N S & wife, Two Taverns 2 00
Mrs A F, Norristown 1 00
—, Allegheny .. 1 00
—, Lime Ridge.25 00
—, Philadelphia. 25
—, Weissport .. 2 60
"In Jesus' Name," Harrisburg 2 00
A Reader, Falls Creek 35
A Reader, Lititz. 1 00
A Sympathizer, Kane 2 00
Epworthian Houtzdale 1 00
Two Sisters, Harrisburg 5 00
"Self Denial," Phila 3 50
For the Cause, Phila 5 00
United Brethren in Christ, Cressona 6 70
People of Kanesholm 34 00
Church of God, Roaring Spring.16 10
Derby St Mis of the United Evan Ch, Johnstown..27 50
Saltsburg Pres S School 13 45
Saltsburg Pres S S Prim Dept....12 00
Bridge St Pres S S, Catasauqua.. 7 50
Victor S S..... 1 00
Free Bap S S, Lansville Centre 7 00
Union S S, Russell Hill 5 26
Ellis Union S S, Meadville 5 00
S S of Grace Ref Ch, Shippensbrg 5 00
Saltsbury J C E Soc 3 64
Girls' Inter C U M 1 00
Jr Y P S C E of Pres Ch, Bakerstown 8 00
Y P S C E of Pres Ch, Bakerstown 10 00
Ladies'Sewing Circle, Lincoln Univ 5 00
Jr C E Soc, Union Ch, Gallitzin .. 2 00
C E Soc, 1st Ref Ch, Greensburg.14 00
W C T U, New Providence 2 00
Y P Chr Un of Rohlers, Dover, 4 00
Y P Association, Wind Gap 4 30
For Jesus Sake, Phila 1 00
Friend, Armagh.. 2 00
Friend, Bch Haven 1 00
Friend, Harrisbg. 25
A Friend, Buena Vista 1 00
A Friend, Geneva 1 00
A Friend, Wilkes-Barre 1 00
Two Friends, Buffalo 1 50
In His Name, New Florence.. 1 25
In Jesus Name, Spring City 1 00
Reader, Gaines... 1 00
A Reader, Marks. 10
Reader, Towanda. 25
Subr, Godard..... 1 00
Subr, Reading .. 1 00
Subr, Salfordville. 25
Sympathy, Pheonixville 1 25
A Mother, Wilkes-Barre 2 00
Some Little Children, Germantn 1 00
Me, Buena Vista.. 25
The Pennsdale People 32 00
Old Woman, Gaines 1 00
Calvary Pres Ch, Wyncote 5 00
Mt Pleasant M E Ch, Garrettsford 5 00
Ch of God S S, Landisburg 14 50
Zonck's, Mrs J D S S Class 16 00
Willing Circle, Haverford 5 00
O C Klng's Daugh, Pittsburg 10 00
The Ladies' Aid, Dimock 4 50
Harrisville Sing So 5 00
Y P S C E of Daretorun Presby Soc, Phila 2 00
Jr C E Soc, 43rd St Presby Ch... 5 00
Keystone Lea of Ch E of United Evan, Yoe 3 70

RHODE ISLAND

Allen, Miss C....10 00
Allenson, J 1 00
Arnold, Mrs L M 2 00
Babcock, Hannah 3 00
Baldwin, Mr and Mrs F 10 00
Bartler, Mary ... 1 00
Baxter, Miss F... 1 00
Betts, I 1 00
Charnley, Mrs .. 50
Chisholm, Miss A 1 00
Corbett, Mrs C.. 2 00
Cory, Mr & Mrs E P 4 00
Etchells, E 1 00
Fraser, Barbara.. 5 00
Goodier, Mrs 1 00
Goodier, Jas 1 00
Grant, Miss M... 2 00
Gray, G T..... 5 00
Hall, Wm D..... 2 00
Handron, J 3 00
Harris, Miss S... 2 00
Holmes, Miss C.. 2 50
Hughes, Miss H.. 50
Irons, Mrs C E.. 2 50
Langley, Wm H.. 3 00
Lewis, Willie P.. 1 00
McAlister, A E.. 2 00
McIntosh, Miss M 2 00
McLeish, Mrs J.. 4 00
Maenan, J M.... 3 00
Marchington, Miss E 50
Moutross, Lillian. 1 00
Nichols, Mrs G D. 1 00
Remington, Mrs F A 25
Robinson, Geo W 2 00
Sisson, Mrs M A 1 00
Sisson, Mrs M G. 3 00
Smethhurst, H ... 1 15
Smethhurst, J ... 25
Stansfield, Wm... 10
Sterne, Mrs E R & Tilley, Mary S 2 00
Struther, M E.... 70
Whitman, Miss S. 2 00
Winstanley, Mrs.. 1 00
C A H, Newport.. 1 00
E A P, Pawtucket 5 00
E G L, Providence 2 00
G H B, Pawtucket 2 00
M L C, Providence 1 00
Mrs C I L, Providence 1 00
Mrs M, Newport. 1 00
N E & S R, Barrington Centre. 4 50
V O P, Providence 4 00
Friends, Anthony. 2 00
Friends, Rumford. 6 00
Friends, Wakefld 2 00
"Inasmnch," Fiskeville 2 00
Inasmuch Circle of K D, Newport 2 60
"I H N," Providence 3 00
Subr, Newport.... 1 00
St Mary's Orphanage, E Prov....11 00
"The Beamers & Twisters of the Lorain Mills," Pawtucket 11 50
Plainfield St F B Ch, Olneyville.. 6 00
G E W & E M, Providence 2 00
"Widow's Mite," Central Falls .. 1 00
A Subr, Washingtn 5 00
Thankful, Providence 5 00

VERMONT

Allen, Mrs A & Miss M E Hawley 1 00
Ames, Miss Mary 50
Appleton, Geo A. 1 00
Atwood, Mrs A L 1 62
Bailey, Jennie M 1 00
Bartlett, J H.... 2 00
Batten, Mr & Mrs A L 2 00
Beals, Mrs W S 1 00
Beach, S 10 00
Billings, R 10
Bond, Mr & Mrs E C 2 00
Borland, Martha.. 10
Boynton, Mrs J... 1 00
Brown, Mrs L H. 1 00
Bryan, Mary B... 1 00
Bryan, Thos H.. 2 00
Calkins, S M.....25 00
Chamberlin, Mrs E S 25
Colton, M J..... 1 00
Cox, J E..... 50
Cox, R E 1 00
Crown, Mr & Mrs J E 2 00
Cummings, Mrs L W 2 00
Curtiss, O S 2 00
Davis, M C & M V 5 00
Denio, M C..... 1 00
Davis, Alpha W.. 2 00
Dona, Mrs Wm.. 50
Fifield, Miss J E, Mason, Miss C E 2 00
Fisher, Isidore W 5 00
Flint, Mrs E G... 3 00
Foss, Mrs H L.. 1 00
Ford, J A..... 2 00
Forsyth, Mrs M S 1 00
Frost, Mrs L.... 25
George, Mrs J P.. 1 00
Gibson, Mrs 25
Gleason, H L..... 50
Greene, Mrs & Mrs Boyd 2 00
Guild, M 1 00
Hadley, Mrs L S. 40

VERMONT CONT'D

Harvey, C I..... 1 00
Hall, Mr and Mrs J E 2 00
Hines, H L & A J 2 00
Holman, Mrs H R 1 00
Hoag, J W..... 5 00
Kinsman, Henry. 5 00
Lewis, N M..... 1 00
Martin, Celina... 1 00
Mead, Mrs A W.. 1 00
Merrick, C S..... 25
Mead, Laura..... 25
Mills, Mary E.... 2 00
Moore, Laura.... 1 00
Morver, Allie 3 00
Pearson, Miltilda. 1 00
Palmer, Mrs H C 1 00
Palmer, Mrs Eli H 2 00
Palmer, Lena.... 1 00
Porter, Mrs L.... 2 00
Powell, Mrs E F 1 00
Purdy, Emma A. 1 00
Ripley, Mrs A B. 50
Robb, Mrs J M... 2 00
Ryder, Mrs Geo P 1 00
Seymour, C W 1 00
Seymour, M A... 1 00
Seymour, W L... 1 00
Sheldon, Henry L. 1 00
Smith Bros 43 00
Stanley, A E.... 5 00
Somerville, Mrs A H 1 00
Sqnie, Mrs L P.. 1 00
Tabor, P 1 00
Taggart, Chas R. 3 00
Taylor, Mrs F T. 2 00
Tefft, Mrs Oscar. 1 00
Tillison, Mrs E.. 1 00
Wheatley, Mrs G S 2 00
N, E Putney..... 75
A Friend, Bellows Falls 1 00
A Friend, Lunenburg 1 00
A Friend, New Haven 1 00
Friend, Manchester Centre..... 1 00
I H N, Underhill. 1 00
C E Soc of Cong Ch, Bridgeport..13 65
M E Ch, Weybridge 1 00
The K's, Jericho.. 1 00
B C K, Enosburg Falls 25
Mrs B C K, Enosburg Falls 20
Mrs C W N, Enosburg Falls 10
Miss E M D, Enosburg Falls 10
F L, Enosburg Falls 10
Miss G M N, Enosburg Falls..... 10
M J G, Enosburg Falls 25
N H B, Enosburg Falls 10
Miss S E N, Enosburg Falls 10
W C N, Enosburg Falls 10
Mrs W C N, Enosburg Falls 10
Friend, Hinesburg 5 00
W Berkshire & S Franklin M E Chs, W Berkshire 10 00
I K, Coventry .. 5 00
M R, Derbyline.. 1 00
J S P, E Thetford 1 00
R O W, Enosburgh Falls 2 00
G E H, Johnson. 1 00
L P T, Randolph. 5 00
A L W & A E W, Rutland 50
—, Danby 1 00
—, Windsor ... 1 00
Friend, So Albany 50
Friends, E Randolph 6 25
I H N, Richmond 1 00
A Reader, Bristol 2 00
Reader, E Thetford 1 00
Reader, Plainfield. 1 00
One Who Pities the Suffering Ones, N Randolph 2 00
Ind Meth Ch, W Bolton 5 00
Bapt Ch, E Dover 6 50
C E Soc, Castleton 2 00

VIRGINIA

Adams, Mrs M V. 1 00
Adcock, Mrs W.. 50
Adcock, W H.... 1 00
Anderson, R J.. 1 00
Anderson, T C... 1 00
Angel, J E..... 1 00
Apgar, Mrs P I.. 50
Atkinson, Miss ... 25
Bain, L J..... 1 00
Ball, H J..... 1 00
Baugh, Mrs W F. 1 00
Bates, Mr C A... 50
Bates, Charity... 2 00
Banton, A M.... 50
Barber, Miss A C. 25
Barber, Mrs D A. 1 00
Baker, John 1 00
Barkley, T M..... 05
Beriga, Jr, A.... 2 00
Beard, Mrs N J.. 2 00
Beeman, C E..... 1 00
Beulah SS, Rippon 5 60
Brigg, C W 1 00
Bowles, Mrs A Y 1 00
Bushong, Miss B G & Sisters.... 2 00
Burruss, H C.... 2 00
Callison, Mr and Mrs J S..... 5 00
Campbell, Mr H C 1 00
Carter, U S..... 1 00

VIRGINIA CONT'D

Clarkson, J W... 5 00
Clevenger, C E... 5 00
Coates, Geo 50
Coates, J 1 00
Coates, Jos 50
Compher, W F & wife 1 00
Conway, Mr & Mrs L W 4 00
Copeland, A S... 1 10
Cummings, E F... 1 00
Cunningham, Mrs T J 10 00
Davis, Mrs 05
Davis, W G..... 3 00
Dimick, Mrs N C. 2 00
Douglas, Mrs M O 1 00
Drake, J C..... 05
Eberly, J W..... 5 00
Elder, J M W... 5 00
Ely, Mrs S A..... 8 75
Eskridge, Mrs A T 2 00
Ezel, W H..... 25
Faris, Mrs W G, Miss S E Howe 2 00
Feild, Geo W.... 1 00
Field, M, C & H.. 2 00
Filler, J H..... 1 00
Filson, L D..... 1 00
Florance, L 1 00
Francisco, Miss L 50
Francisco, Mrs M. 50
Gannaway, R & M 1 00
Gardner, M D.... 5 00
Gardner, Mrs W W 4 00
Gilliam, A E..... 1 00
Gilliam, F D..... 25
Gilliam, H E..... 25
Gilliam, M D..... 1 00
Gilliam, M R..... 25
Gilliam, M W..... 25
Goggin, W J..... 25
Goode, M & M.... 50
Goodwin, Miss C. 1 00
Gordon, Miss G.. 4 00
Gordon, Mrs M S 1 00
Goswell, Mrs L E 1 00
Grant, H M..... 1 00
Green, Mrs J C.. 1 00
Hale, M B..... 50
Hall, T H..... 2 00
Hamill, Mrs H P 5 00
Hartwell, Bessie G 50
Hartwell, J W... 50
Hedrick, Mary ... 1 00
Hesson, Mrs J... 1 00
Hoge, Mrs H B... 1 00
Ingram, Mrs J H 50
James, M D..... 1 00
Jackson, R B & L V 1 00
Jewett, Dr O W 5 00
Jewell, T J..... 40
Jones, A B..... 1 00
Joyner, S W..... 25
Kagey, A J 4 00
King, Mr & Mrs O T 50
Lane, C B..... 50
Lee, W McD..... 1 00
Lee, D & H 1 50
Leavis, Miss L K. 50
Lewis, Mrs A A. .1 00
Lewis, Wm E..... 40
Long, Mrs M & I 2 00
Lunsford, C & son 1 00
Luray College Cir of K D's.....20 00
Lynch, W A..... 1 00
McGhee, Miss J... 1 00
McLemore, Jas L. 2 50
Malone, C H..... 25
Maples, L P..... 2 00
Marshall, Mrs R J 1 00
Mason, J Y..... 9 00
Miller, Mrs D C. 50
Miller, Mrs J A.. 1 00
Minns, Mr 1 00
Moon, J E 1 00
Moorhead, A R... 1 00
Moore, Mrs J B.. 1 00
Muse, Mrs 10
Mrs C, Wilmington 2 00
Neal, Miss E..... 6 00
Nicholson, C H... 15
Orndorff, Lee 2 00
Owens, C D..... 5 00
Packard, Jos 1 00
Pastorfield, J ... 2 50
Peake, M R..... 25
Powell, Miss Lee 50
Preston, Mrs A B 25
Preston, A G 25
Primmer, H 50
Pritchett, J I.... 2 00
Pruitt, Bertha R.. 1 00
Pugh, Capt & Mr Butler 1 50
Rankin, S E..... 1 00
Redfield, M B.... 1 00
Reynolds, Mr & Mrs J W..... 1 00
Rice, W D..... 1 00
Richardson, S E..10 00
Robison, Tom ... 1 00
Roy, Mrs H L.... 1 00
Roulet, Mrs 50
Ryder, Mrs J P.. 1 00
Santos, R W..... 2 00
Seay, A L..... 77
Sebrele, M P.... 25
Shackkford, Mrs F A 5 37
Sheldon, J E..... 1 00
Sipple, Miss R... 10
Slaughter, T T... 1 50
Smith, N F..... 1 00
Snedegar, Mrs J W 1 00
Sonner, Mr & Mrs C E 6 00
Sparrow, L 1 00
Sparrow, Mrs M.. 50
Stephens, S S.... 1 00
Sutherland, Mrs W M 1 00
Sykes, Dr J H M 1 00
Taylor, Mrs 10
Taylor, H B..... 1 00
Taylor, A G.....10 00
Templeton, Mr and Mrs Samuel.... 1 25
Tinsley, W R.... 1 00
Thomas, C H.... 50
Thornton, Miss E C10 00

VIRGINIA CONT'D

Thompson, T J... 1 00
Tredwell, Mrs A.. 1 00
Van Lear, W R & Friends 5 00
Vincent, Wm H.. 1 00
Wado, Adella C.. 1 00
Walker, C 5 00
Walker, M B.....10 04
Walton, R B..... 25
Watkins, Mrs M L 1 75
Watts, Mrs O F. 2 00
Wattson, R E.... 1 00
West, Miss C.... 25
Whitefield, A 50
Whitney, A & M L Kellum 1 25
Wilson, Miss L B. 1 00
Wilkins, Eva 1 00
Wortham, R B & others 1 00
World, W L..... 25
Yates, Mrs John.. 1 00
C E H, N Troy.. 10
H B D & F L D, Norfolk 1 00
H E & J, Ryegate 3 00
J A C, Alexandria. 25
M C R, Elkton... 1 00
—, Arlington .. 1 00
—, Routts 2 00
Two Friends, Petersburg 1 00
M P, —— 1 00
—, Fairfax..... 1 00
—, Richmond .. 1 00
—, Yorktown ... 5 00
Subr, Monterey.. 5 00
Subr, Norfolk ... 5 00
A Subr, Richmond 1 00
Friend, Machipongo 1 00
Friend, Port Republic 1 00
Friends, Salem... 3 00
Friends, Shenandoah 1 00
Friend, Sharps Wharf 1 00
Friend, Richmond10 00
I H N, Ollville... 1 00
In Jesus' Name, Burgess Store.. 1 00
Reader, Monterey 1 05
Reader, Orwell... 2 00
Reader, St Johnsbury 2 00
In Sympathy, Capron 1 00
Sympathizer, Richmond 2 00
Minnie, Alice and Susie Amsterdam 15
A White Ribboner, Danville 1 00
Mama and Papa, Kinsale 60
A Lover of India, Richmond 5 00
Leatherbury S S, Onancock 10 00
Little Girl, Richmond 41
A Sister & Brother, Tazewell 2 00
Roanoke Cycle Co 1 00
Mother & 2 daugh, Daugherty 3 00
From a Shut-in,—— 06
The Un Gos Miss, Danville 100 00
Prim Dept Miller Sch, Crozet 1 00
Children Prim Dept of Miller School 5 50
S S Children, Roanoke 2 00
G N U S S, Fergnson's Whf. 1 00
A S, Pt Republic. 5 00
Mrs M R S, Front Royal 2 00
—, Roanoke ... 25
—, Staunton ... 1 00
Cash, Wyndham... 1 00
Friends, Front Royal 3 00
Subr, Marion 75
Sympathizer, E Radford 70
Somebody, Warrenton 50
Mt Carmel Pres Ch, Rose Hill.. 3 65
Woman's Anx St John's Ch, Tappenhannock 2 00
Mt Carmel Ladies' Aid Soc, Rose Hill 4 00

WEST VIRGINIA

Albright, M 25
Allen, J N..... 25
Allen, T S..... 10
Armstrong, J & S 2 00
Backus, C D..... 25
Barrett, Thos ... 10
Barron, J 1 00
Beckner, P L.... 40
Bittinger, Miss J R 1 00
Bittinger, Rev M H & family..... 4 00
Blake, Nellie V.. 5 00
Blatt, G W..... 25
Boggess, T N & wife 10 00
Brown, Margaret.. 1 00
Bunner, C C.... 4 25
Cain, J J..... 25
Cain, Jacob..... 10
Cain, James..... 25
Cain, Mary..... 10
Carden, John D.. 3 00
Carney, Alva..... 10
Carney, B E..... 35
Carney, E A..... 1 00
Carney, E B..... 25
Carney, Edd 10
Carney, Eli 25
Carney, Ellmns, . 10
Carney, Etta 10
Carney, H 50
Carney, I J & fy. 1 00
Carney, I L..... 50

WEST VIRGINIA CONT'D

Carney, J L..... 50
Carney, Olie 10
Carney, Onie 10
Carney, S A..... 5 00
Carney, S P..... 50
Carney, S & S.... 50
Carney, Mr S & wf 20
Carney, Wm 1 00
Chaney, Mr 50
Ciegon, Mrs..... 1 00
Clark, Y L..... 10
Crawford, J H... 25
Davis, J F..... 25
Davison, E E.... 1 50
Denning, M L.... 1 00
Densmore, Mrs W H 2 00
Dowler, Mollie .. 1 00
Duffy, J J..... 25
Duffy, Mrs J J... 25
Dunlavey, L W... 25
Enoch, Frank 50
Enoch, N 1 00
Everbaugh, L 02
Falkington, A O.. 1 00
Farrel, B J..... 25
Figley, A L..... 5 00
Flynn, J W..... 50
Flynn, Lawrence. 50
Forman, Mrs H.. 50
Gary, Mrs C 1 00
Graham, Viola.... 50
Gorby, Bertie..... 25
Gorby, John R... 2 09
Gouldizen, M E.. 1 50
Haines, E F..... 50
Hale, Miss M B.. 1 00
Hall, Alma 50
Hall, Mrs F..... 1 00
Hall, Hayes 50
Hall, Luella 50
Hammond, J H... 50
Hardesty, Mrs C R 25
Hardman, O W O.10 00
Hare, Walter..... 3 00
Henderson, C 50
Henderson, W H. 25
Henderson, Mr & Mrs W H..... 1 50
Hendrix, Sadie... 50
Higgins, Jacob... 25
Hill, B 10
Hill, Chas 1 00
Hill, D M..... 05
Hill, D M & wife 1 00
Hill, H 1 00
Hill, May 09
Hill, R 10
Hill, Mrs R J.... 2 00
Huffman, S 2 00
Jenkins, Mrs P... 1 00
Jolliff, Ira 25
Jolliff, Mary 25
Kerney, Mr 10
King, E E..... 1 00
King, Mrs E E... 10
Kirk, Mrs J E... 5 00
Kirkland, J F..... 10
Kirkpatrick, S K & wife 1 00
Lemons, M J.... 50
Logan, Annie L... 1 00
McClung, J W.... 5 00
McDonald, Ella... 10
McDonald, Grace. 10
Martin, Harry .. 30
Morgan, J U..... 25
Moore, R A..... 10
Morris, Geo S.... 25
Michael, Della ... 25
Miller, Ellis..... 25
Miller, Ira 10
Miller, Jarper & wf 25
Miller, Jefferson.. 10
Miller, Lucy 25
Miller, S C & wf. 50
Miller, Siddie 25
Miller, W T 25
Miller, Wm 25
Nalley, H..... 25
Neely, Mrs M M. 3 00
Pancake, M B....10 00
Parrish, Ed 40
Parrish, Lee 50
Rady, Kate 1 50
Reese, Fred 25
Richmond, H G.. 25
Richmond, G F... 25
Richter, Mrs O.. 10
Riddle, D L..... 55
Robertson, Mrs C 1 50
Robinson, Charley 10
Robinson, J J... 25
Robinson, Mrs J.. 1 00
Robinson, R J... 25
Scott, H 1 00
Sidell, Lou 25
Silling, C K..... 5 00
Sims, Wm 25
Sivert, J W..... 1 00
Sivert, Mrs J W. 1 00
Smith, Blanche... 20
Smith, G W..... 25
Smith, Hattie.... 10
Snedecker, Mrs C H 1 00
Spencer, E L.... 1 00
Stephens, W C... 50
Sterling, Mary A. 5 00
Swan, Fred..... 10
Swarn, W S..... 25
Talkington, Bell.. 25
Talkington, Bert . 50
Talkington, Ezra. 50
Tragarden, W V.. 25
Wade, E L..... 10
Wagner, Mrs M E 5 00
Ward, J R..... 10
Wheat, O P..... 1 00
Whitehouse, Mrs L 1 00
Wilkinson, Mrs M 1 00
Wilkinson, Miss P 1 00
Wiseman, D G... 5 00
Woodsall, John... 05
L A, Kenova..... 1 00
—, Alderson.... 2 00
—, Walker, ... 12
A Friend, Martinsburg 1 00
—, Shenandoah Junction 2 00
Two Readers, Huntington 1 00

WEST VIRGINIA CONT'D

A N B, Worley...2 00
Riverside S S Charleston 2 00
L A & X E B, Aberdeen 1 00
L D L, Laurel Dale 50
—, Schell 5 00
For Christ's Sake, Morgantown ... 50
For Christ's Sake, Parkersburg ... 1 00
A Friend, Coriuth 1 00
A Sympathizer, Soho 25
I H N, Earnshaw 2 00
Two King's Daugh, Middlebourne.... 5 00
People, Lewasy .. 1 75
Laura, D W —, Wheeling 1 00
Jr Soc of U B Ch, Martinsburg 15 75

MISCELLANEOUS

Adams, H 10
Allen, L J..... 1 00
Ames, J F..... 10
Ayer, W J..... 10
Ayer, Mrs W J.... 10
Babbitt, E H..... 1 00
Bell, Gertrude... 1 00
Beebe, H D 1 00
Brunsdon, H 1 00
Bulmer, A L 38
Bulmer, A W..... 37
Campbell, Mrs B. 1 00
Campbell, Ella .. 10
Campbell, Van .. 10
Candee, Mrs G.... 1 00
Cary, Mrs E L... 5 00
Cash 50
DeWoolf, G 05
Dietrick, B V.... 2 25
Dukeshire, H 15
Fares, A C..... 1 00
Grim, Mrs S & J 2 00
Hallenbeck, H .. 50
Haverhill 20
Herbert, J S..... 1 00
Herr, Mrs B..... 1 00
Hironimus, K 1 00
Karl, Pittsburgh.. 5 00
King, Minnie E... 1 00
Lathrope, Mrs W H 2 00
Long, J 10
Long, J H..... 1 10
Meachem, Rev Mr 1 00
Millard, J 10
Newbury, F..... 10
Mrs L, Scotland.. 2 00
O'Leary, M 15
Priester, Miss M. 1 00
Prond E, —— 50
Rich, Mrs W B.. 50
Seely, N W..... 10
Seibert, Mrs L.... 10
Shaper, Bertha .. 1 00
Story, C 1 50
Walker, E 05
Williams, Ida ... 1 00
A A H, —— 2 00
A L, —— 2 00
A V Q, —— 10
C H B, Mt Holly 25
E V, —— 50 00
F A Q, —— 10
J M V 2 00
L, Rahway 25
M C, S Columbia 10
M J S, —— 20
S L, —— 1 00
"T V R," —— ... 2 00
W S, —— 1 00
——, Jamesburg... 1 00
——, So Perkasie. 2 00
Anon, —— 25
Anon 10
Anon, —— 5 00
Anon 2 00
Anon, —— 4 00
Anon 1 00
A Friend, Clinton. 50
Friend, Eden 1 00
Friend, Rochester. 12
Friend, —— 44
Reader, Ansonia.. 20
Reader of Sheldon Edition 10
Subscriber 9 00
Florence Van I,—— 10
A Little One, —— 35
"One who is trying to do as Jesus would" 4 00
Bisbee, Hattie... 05
Brnce, W V & wf 2 00
Clark, Mrs J A A W 3 00
Davanlt, R E..... 1 00
Hopper, H & Tallman, Mrs G 7 00
Ruso, C F..... 1 00
Stam, Mrs E S.. 1 00
Traveller, M 1 00
Wallace, M S.... 1 00
Wells, G N, Santa Rosa 10
"B," —— 1 00
E B, —— 1 00
H W B, Haskell Institute 1 00
L R H, Greenville 1 00
M, —— 1 00
——, Brunswick... 1 00
——, Peone 10
Anon, ... 1 00
Anon, ... 1 00
Anon, ... 2 00
Anon, —— 50
Anon, ... 5 00
Anon, ... 25
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, ... 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, ... 1 00
Anon, ... 5 25
Anon, —— 1 00
A Friend, Southampton 2 00
Little Girls' Miss Soc, —— 3 00
——, Beatty, C.... 1 00
R I & M..... 3 00

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for May 6: Matt. 11: 20-30. | Golden Text, Matt. 11: 28: Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

WOE { TO THOSE WHO ARE } CHRIST-REJECTERS. BLIND TO TRUTH. CARELESS.

WELCOME { TO THE } Childlike vs. 25, 26. Sin-weary (v. 27). Workers (vs. 28, 29).

REST From sin (v. 28). In work (v. 29). From worry (Matt. 6: 34). In heaven (Heb. 4: 9).

1. Print on the board "Woe" as above, and ask, "Against what cities did Christ utter a "woe"? Print after the answer, C for Capernaum, B for Bethsaida, and C for Chorazin. Then show, as above, why the people of these cities were on the way to woe, and at the same time what classes of people to-day are in like case. Fewer perish of wilful rejection than of careless indifference. From other woes of the Bible (assignment to be looked up) show other sins that brought ruin and sorrow to cities and individuals. As to Tyre, see Isa. 23. Impurity destroyed Sodom; drunkenness, Samaria; Sabbath breaking, Jerusalem.

2. From the comes of the lesson and the comes of the Bible (assignment), show whom Christ welcomes. As in this lesson, so all through the Bible the severest and tenderest words are found together, a lesson for one-sided preachers and teachers who fail to combine mercy and justice.

3. From Bible promises of "rest," show four kinds of rest, as above, that Christ gives.

* * *

Cities to be Saved *Then he began to upbraid the cities.* The Old Testament prophets spoke mostly to cities and nations, not to separate individuals. Christ spoke oftenest to the individual soul, but sometimes to the city or to the church as a whole. See his tearful appeal to Jerusalem.

Christians talk about the sins of their own city as if they were not their own sins, even when Christian citizenship has influence and votes enough to purge them away. A lady who had moved into a certain town on account of its splendid reputation for morality, got up in a prayer meeting and said that she had lived in the place several months and did not see that it was so much better than other places. A gentleman who was present rose and said, "My good woman, what have you done to make the town better since you came here?"

Christ said less of political duty than the prophets because in the despotism then existing his followers could do nothing political except to pay tribute. We should therefore look to the prophets for civic guidance.

* * *

Doomed Cities *Woe unto thee, Chorazin . . . Bethsaida . . . Capernaum . . . Tyre and Sidon . . . Sodom.* We know that the three cities first named were all on the northern shores of the Lake of Galilee, but the traveler stands by their three nameless graves, not knowing surely which is which. With many other graves of famous cities under our eyes as we travel; with Spain, France and Turkey dying before our eyes, every patriot should take heed to the dangerous symptoms in our own body politic.

It is not a threat, but a warning of the consequences of violating great laws of the universe, when the Bible says that the nation that will not serve God shall perish. The woes which follow sin are not by an arbitrary, personal decree of God, but like those which come by the violation of physical laws that are for the general good. It is best for all that woe should follow pride and envy and anger and unbelief and rejection of Christ, just as it is best that woe should follow intemperance, that men may be kept from it. "Whatsoever a man soweth" in soul or soil "that shall he also reap."

ORIENTAL BURDEN-BEARER

More tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment. The judgment day of nations is in this world, but the final judgment of citizens is in the next world. Our human judgment deals most severely with ignorant offenders, but Christ's rule is, The greater the light, the greater the condemnation for disregarding it. Our light at the end of nineteen Christian centuries is as much greater than Capernaum's, as Capernaum's was greater than Sodom's.

A man was dying in a large city in California, whither he had gone from his family to make his fortune. His Christian wife had urged him by word and letter for many years to become a Christian. He acknowledged that he ought to do so, but said he must make a hundred thousand dollars first. Again and again she pressed the matter, only to receive the same answer. By letter she interested a California pastor in her husband, and he, also, pressed the duty of immediate loyalty to conscience again and again, but was always put off with the same excuse. At length death stood by this man's bed. The preacher tried to lead him to death-bed repentance by the story of the penitent thief whom Christ forgave on the Cross. "There is no encouragement in that," cried the dying man in a tone of fierce despair. "The dying thief did not have a Christian wife and kind pastor urging him for years to do his duty." And so he died.

Thou hast hid these things from the wise . . . and revealed them unto babes. This seems to intimate that those whose doom Christ had pronounced had fallen through the blindness of their own pride. Professing themselves to be wise, they had become fools. They had rejected One whom the world would later count its noblest Leader; while the lowlier, humbler apostles, in child-like trust, had accepted the truth. So in every age the man who thinks he knows it all is soon distanced by the humbler man who is willing to learn. Many of the world's famous men have been unhappy despite worldly success, because they have been too proud to follow Christ.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden. Orientals carry loads that would appall even a baggage expressman who shoulders Saratoga trunks. Men in Constantinople wear a saddle by which they carry loads upstairs heavier than we would strap on a horse for a level road. The pictures on old tablets show many as "heavy-laden."

A lady who had sat under Mr. Beecher's preaching for several years, and who had been a member of the church for some time, carried a burden which she felt she could not share with her family. She finally resolved to tell Mr. Beecher the story. One night after prayer-meeting she stopped Mr. Beecher and told him all, closing with the sentence: "I come to you for comfort." Mr. Beecher looked at her sternly, and said: "Come to me for comfort! Have you sat so long under my preaching and not learned where to go for comfort? Have I so utterly failed?" With tears in his eyes he turned and left her. She said, in telling the story, "Oh, how crushed, how humiliated, how hurt I was for five minutes! Then the glorious revelation that came to my soul when I caught his meaning! The Father had given to every one, even to me, his holy Comforter. Not a human, but a divine Guide, Help, Comforter."

* * *

How Christ Rests Us *Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.* Here is the profound truth so few have learned, that the noblest rest is not rest from work, but rest in work. The art of resting Christ teaches us by his own example. The rest which Christ gives us, he gives by inspiring us to take up the burden which before we tried to pass by, and by teaching us to see in him a burden-bearer who shares our burdens.

Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.

To work without worry, rejoicing to use our strength as the yokefellow of Christ in loving service of man, some of us know this is more restful than "pleasure exertions." Neither prince nor tramp has any right to be idle. Work is not a curse but a part of the blessing of Eden, where God gave man a garden to dress and to keep. Work has become a curse only as it has been mixed with sin which has crowded in too many hours a day, or too many days a week on the one hand, or has made the workman a "clock watcher," with no heart in his work, no appreciation that in every honest work one is a fellow-worker with God, and should count his work a share in the divine gladness. Christ's yoke is easy and his burden is light, as compared with the service of sin and selfishness. Christian duty as a burden. Augustine likened to the bird's wing, which it bears indeed, but is also upborne by it. "We get nearest to Christ when we are suffering with him; next nearest when we are working with him. It is loneliness in work that makes work hard. The solitary worker is a sad worker. He who works with Christ is never solitary and never need be sad. Work then becomes a privilege and a joy." There is one rest Christ gives (v. 28), rest from sin, and another which we are to "find" (v. 28), to acquire, rest in glad service. It is of this Wesley sings, "Let us find that second rest."

I will give you rest. It is said that Americans do not know how to rest. Rest hunting is common enough and leads multitudes on many a fruitless trail. Neither home, nor bed, nor Sabbath, nor vacation can give real rest to one whose soul is undecided, unsettled, untrue.

The faithful Betty the pillow beats
And smooths the blankets and airs the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking;
But vainly Betty performs her part
If an aching head and a wounded heart
As well as the couch want making.

In India, where in many parts heavy burdens and packs are carried by men on their backs, stones are set up by the roadside of just a right height for a man to rest his burden on. Against the stone he can lean and rest, the whole weight of the burden being on the stone. In another part of India the burdens are carried on the men's heads, and there they have resting places with a shaded seat, and a high shelf on which the burden can easily be placed. These rests are called *sumatangas*. "Ah, Sahib, Christ is all my hope. Christ is my Sumatanga!" said a native Christian of Travancore, when trying to express to a missionary how his trust in Christ rested his soul.

THE CITY AND BAY OF SIDON AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY

RUINS ON THE REPUTED SITE OF CHORAZIN

* * *

A Missionary Story *Ye shall find rest unto your souls.* A distinguished missionary to India, Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, tells an incident connected with a missionary tour into the interior of that country. Before starting he and his helpers took a vow on their knees that they would pass no town or city on their way, however hostile, without preaching the Gospel. They came to one city where a mob had gathered to withstand them. Dr. Chamberlain leaned against a pillar and in a loud voice said: "I have a secret which I have come to tell you. I see that you want to kill me, and I am willing to die, but first I want to leave that secret behind me. Select five of your number; I will tell it to them, then you may kill me, and you may decide whether or not you will let the five tell it to you." Five were selected, and in a low voice Dr. Chamberlain began the story of his secret. He chanted to them in music they had often heard: "O Vishnu, O Vishnu!" The people hearing the song, drew nearer, and seeing this, Dr. Chamberlain chanted in stronger tones more of the familiar song: "O, Vishnu! all our bathings and all our pilgrimages are powerless to lift off from us the burden of sin! O Vishnu! O Vishnu! How shall we find relief from this burden of sin?" The people almost unconsciously joined in the singing, and kept drawing nearer as they sang. Then Dr. Chamberlain began to talk openly to them of his secret, which was that Christ is the wonderful lifter of the burden of sin. The people listened, and at the close they purchased eighty copies of the Bible and many tracts, that they might learn more about what they had heard of the rest Christ gives to the soul by delivering it from the guilt, the power and the very love of sin. In the words of Augustine: "O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in thee." We cannot rest in mere forms, whether heathen or Christian, but only in a real companionship with the living Christ.

* * *

For Youngest Classes *Point of contact.* Get the children to tell about times when they were tired and climbed into mamma's lap for her to rest them. Help them to recall the gentle words, and closely folding arms of mother, and of father, too, sometimes. Tell them that God gives to little children parents who know how to rest them, so that they may learn that their heavenly Father will rest them. And, too, he sent Jesus into this world to rest people who were sick and in sorrow. Recall the familiar story of Jesus taking little children in his arms and blessing them. Tell them how little children can go to Jesus now to be rested and comforted by praying to him, by singing a sweet song about his love. Repeat the Golden Text.

CLOTHED IN SACKCLOTH

... Under the Evening Lamp ...

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE MOTHER'S WAY

I WAS, oh, so busy, one morning,
For of work there was much to be done:
Of sewing and sweeping and baking,
And all ere the set of the sun.

And I fear I was cross to my darling
As he toddled around in my way,
For, with quivering lips and eyes tear-filled,
He turned from my look away.

But soon came the smiles and sunshine—
So brief is the baby's woe—
And he came again to my table,
Some new "pitty fing" to show.

I looked, and behold, 'twas my workbox—
But in what disordered array!
Thread, worsteds and ribbons together,
One mass of hues, dull and gay.

And my baby was looking so happy,
So pleased with his pretty new toy,
His blue eyes sparkling and dancing,
Alight with an innocent joy.

And what did I do—did I scold him?
Ah, mothers! I'm sure that you know;
Why, I took him right up in my arms then
And covered with kisses his brow.

'Tis thus with our Heavenly Father:
How often we err, who can tell?
But he gathers us up in his bosom,
Forgives and forgets—all is well.

Elgin, Ill. AGNES M. LUNDGREN.

RUSSIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

IN our own land one often sees the little mothers, girls of ten and twelve years old or even younger, who carry the children in their arms and take care of them from morning until night. A minister in East London saw a little maiden staggering across the street, under the dead weight of a very heavy child. "That is too great a load for you, my dear," he said kindly. She turned upon him a face lit with smiles, and answered cheerily, "Oh, no! indeed, he's my brother." The wide world over the mother instinct is found in the woman child. It crops out in her tender care for her doll and her pride in it, and everywhere, in her loving and devoted helpfulness in looking after smaller brothers and sisters.

These people of Russia belong to the Greek church and are often devout worshipers of God, though as often they are very ignorant. To Father John, a priest of the Greek church, we owe a great deal to-day, for an example of faith in God, and for apostolic living. In all churches God keeps lamps burning brightly for himself.

The tent has been struck and these people are resting midway on a journey. The older lady, seated on the floor, is musing rather pensively on friends whom she has left behind. Her children, too, are seated. The others standing are ready to wait on her whenever their simple meal shall be cooked, and by-and-by sleep will descend upon them all, and quiet rest, preparing them for another day, will be the Heavenly Father's gift. In every land, and under every sky, the essence of home is the same; and home is incomplete without woman's presence and love, and her wise and guiding hand at the helm.

Mont Lawn, the Children's Home

With the advent of the warm weather, we begin to think and plan for the little ones again, and not only for those who dwell in our own households, whom we tuck into bed at night and awaken with kisses in the morning, but also for that large CHRISTIAN HERALD family, who are gathered every summer into the beautiful home at Nyack, New York. Six years have passed since the children of the poorest districts of the great metropolis found out that a good samaritan was ready to give them ten days of heaven every year, ten days of green fields and daisies, of sweet, clean beds, kind care and good food. They are brought to Mont Lawn pallid, stunted, sorrowful; they go thence rosy, well-fed and strong, with a store of happy things to tell mamma about and a generous desire to send their little mates where they have been. The children are taken without reference to nationality or religion; their want is their sufficient plea. Parties are going and coming all summer; a kind matron and a force of loving assistants care for them, and two thousand are thus entertained during June, July and August, at a cost of $3.00 apiece. Our readers who have generously sustained Mont Lawn will not forget its needs this year.

Eight Hour Shifts for Servants

The plan suggested or tried by whomsoever, of setting an eight-hour limit to the work of domestic servants is bound to collapse for two reasons. One is the old and familiar one, that woman's work is never done; the other is, that a girl engaged in the kitchen or elsewhere in the house, does not forge forward steadily for a given set of hours, as a young woman does in folding books, or making paper boxes, or stitching men's neck-ties, or working behind a counter. In housework there are little rests which come between times, when any girl who is a good manager may for a few minutes take her ease in a rocking chair, or read the newspaper, or do her sewing. She is not on continuous duty as in other occupations. One bright little second maid whom I know has read in her odd moments *The Manxman* and *David Harum*, and last week asked whether the family had finished *To Have and to Hold*, as she wished to read it, having heard it discussed as she waited on the table. A girl, thrifty of time, can contrive a good deal of rest for herself in the days' work.

In a New Jersey town where I have friends, many of the servants, who have no people belonging to them, hire a room and pay its monthly rent. There they keep their possessions, there they go when they have a day out, and there they gossip over cups of tea on Sunday afternoons with cronies whom they love. It strikes me as rather a good idea.

RUSSIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN ENCAMPED

The Queen in Ireland

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of Ireland, is not the only sovereign lady in the world to-day, but she is the one whom we Americans unite with the English in calling "The Queen." This wonderful old lady, at eighty years of age, with unabated mental force, and no little bodily vigor, has undertaken a royal progress to Ireland, has been received with a magnificent demonstration in Dublin, and has abated no jot of her dignity, nor forgotten any of her pomp, though aware that not all her Irish subjects are loyally devoted to her throne. Victoria has been gracious and winning to all, and her visit has been hailed with acclaim by her warm-hearted and quick-witted Irish people. Thirty-nine years have passed since her majesty's last visit to Ireland. A souvenir of that event, preserved in reverence by those who were so honored as to obtain it, was a handkerchief of Irish linen, in its centre the English coat of arms and Victorian monogram, on one side a wreath of rose, shamrock, and thistle, the national emblems of England, Ireland and Scotland, and in each corner a harp, all delicately wrought by hand. Mrs. Joseph B. Glenny of New York is the owner of the handkerchief, a photograph of which we show in these columns, and it was given to her in Linden Hall, Belfast, Ireland, by a famous linen manufacturer, who made one hundred such souvenirs of the occasion.

A SOUVENIR OF VICTORIA'S FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND

Family Quarrels

The reason many family quarrels are so very bitter is that they are between people who have once loved each other. We cannot be much hurt by persons to whom we are indifferent. In a case concerning which a lady writes us, it seems to me very unreasonable for the family to cast the girl off because she may have married the brother of her deceased husband.

His people may have some reason to feel aggrieved; but yours, if you pardon me for saying so, are simply behaving in an arbitrary and rather meddlesome manner. Do make overtures to your sister. The day may come when you will very sorrowfully remember all this coldness.

A STEPSON'S TRIBUTE

I THOUGHT that we were ready to drop the stepmother and take up somebody else, but every mail still brings letters from interested readers. Stepchildren and stepmothers are alike asking to be heard, but stepfathers do not trouble their heads in the least. Probably they have so little to do with direct home management that they never have a chance to show anything but their best side. However, a gentleman rises to speak in meeting, who must have the floor, as he is entitled to give the testimony of a stepson. It is a Kansas subscriber who sends this interesting bit of experience.

How She Won Him

I have been reading the articles on stepmothers some time, as discussed by stepmothers, and this week's issue contains an article from a stepdaughter. So I give you, for what it is worth, my experience as a stepson.

My mother died when I was ten years old, leaving five children, I being the oldest, and the youngest an infant which died within a few months. We were truly in need of a mother. My father secured the services of his cousin as housekeeper for some time, who, I believe, did the best she could, but no woman ever lived who can fill the place of mother. Two of us were boys and two girls. After a time my sisters went to live with some of our folks, and my father and we boys began boarding; this lasted only a short time when my father concluded to marry. I was now fifteen years old—the age when most boys think they know most and can get along without aid or advice from anyone—the age when a boy needs a good mother, if ever.

. . .

Well, my father broke the news to me. I did not say much, for I knew it was settled, but in my mind I began to resolve: first that we'd have a time; second, that I'd not be ruled by any woman who was not my mother, etc., etc. And there were some things that entered my mind then that I have since been even ashamed to think of. Let me say right here that I was not a bad boy, but on the contrary I was considered one of the best boys in the community, but I had the mistaken prevailing idea that all stepmothers were tyrants, and that now I would have one to deal with personally.

Well, she came. She was not the prettiest woman on earth, and not the ugliest; good sized and altogether a very nice looking person. In fact, in appearance she seemed to be a real human being. She spoke to me and to my surprise very kindly, when she had an opportunity, but I was careful to make the opportunities as scarce as possible.

. . .

She had been there two or three days when one day I found myself alone in a room with her. I was seated on a chair reading, she drew a chair to my side, sat down, laid her hand on my shoulder and said, "Walter"—the rest I cannot repeat, but there, for the first time in my life, I had opened to my eyes the blessings of a mother, and instead of my stepmother being a tyrant it seemed to me that she was an angel. She explained to me the great task she had undertaken, and contrary to the practice of some stepmothers she talked to me of my mother, and in such a way that when she had finished her talk, there were two rivulets flowing down my cheeks and my whole soul was overflowing with love for her—my stepmother—and she was never afraid to kiss me even though I was a boy of fifteen. That was the turning-point of my life. I am now twenty-three years old and I cannot to this day think of this without tears.

Boys, if you have a mother be good to her; you will not always have her, and if you have a stepmother, be good to her for she has assumed a great responsibility.

Preaching Christ in the Lumber Camps

Evangelistic Work in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota

A YEAR ago, the writer took a trip through Northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. He found the natural scenery unsurpassed in the Northwest; beautiful lakes hidden away in the thick forests, streams winding through the heavy timbered regions, rocky bluffs from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high, waterfalls fifty and sixty feet in height, dashing over solid rock, and sunsets not to be surpassed in beauty anywhere.

Scattered here and there in the lumbering towns, lumber camps, mining towns and Indian villages are many who never heard the Gospel of Christ. These towns range in population from half a dozen to one thousand people. In one town, there are five saloons and about six hundred people; but when inquiry was made in regard to the churches, it was found that there was an abandoned Catholic church and that was all. No Gospel service had ever been held in that town and there never had been a Sunday School. Grown men and women, as well as children, were as ignorant of the saving blood of Christ as any heathen to be found in the middle of Africa. Furthermore, it was asserted by those who knew the town, that it was utterly useless for Christian workers to attempt work there, and, if attempted, it would simply mean death to those who dared to hold up the Cross. A consecrated Christian woman entered the field under the auspices of the Superior Christian Association. Her first visit seemed to be fruitless. She was insulted again and again, and left for a few days, without seeing any result of her work. The next time she visited the place she succeeded in gathering around her twenty-five people by actual count. She told them the simple story of Jesus Christ. It was a new thing for them, and their hearts were touched as the message, backed up by the power of the Holy Ghost, sunk deep into their souls. There are now seven homes opened in this place where a Christian worker can stay while visiting the field. This is only one of the many towns in this Northland region.

A SLEEPING SHANTY, MADE OF LOGS

In the lumber camps are over 100,000 men, who spend from four to eight months of the year away from their homes, out in the woods. Very little has been done to take them the Gospel. An occasional missionary has been sent into the region, who would hold one service a year in a few camps, but many many camps have never heard a Gospel service. The men work hard through the whole season, getting good wages and saving their money, until they come out of the camp in the spring. When they enter the towns, thousands spend their hard-earned money in the saloon, the gambling-den or even worse resorts, and twenty-four hours later hundreds of them are penniless, character gone, self-respect gone, soul lost in the deepest darkness!

An effort is being made by the Superior Christian Association (which has for its work the evangelization of the Lake Superior region) to put a mission worker over a given district, which shall not include more than ten of these camps. This mission worker is to visit regularly every camp, become acquainted personally with the men, tell them of the better way of living, lead them to Jesus Christ, stay with them during the winter, and when the camps break in the spring, go with the men down to the towns and help them save their money, their characters and their souls. The association is praying the Lord to send them fifty such workers between now and next October. They are also asking God for the necessary money to support these workers.

Mellen, Ashland county, Wis., is the centre of the work. Here the Association will erect a building which shall be a rest home for its workers, where they may stay long enough to study the field and get experience under a trained missionary. When completed, the building will cost $3,500. Eighty acres of land located at Mellen, have been donated, and these are to be used in the support of the work.

All of the workers going into these fields are obliged to go without salary. Since taking up the work there, a year ago, more than thirty different workers have been brought upon the scene, every one "without money and without price," trusting in the Lord for their entire support. Some surprising results have already been attained. One consecrated young woman who left a good position in Chicago to enter the northern field as a soul-winner, has been made instrumental in bringing scores of souls into the kingdom. Other reports are equally encouraging. As a whole, the work is one that well deserves the confidence and support of Christian people. Mr. J. O. Buswell, Superintendent of the Superior Christian Association, at Mellen, Wis., will answer all inquiries from those who have at heart the progress of God's kingdom in the lumber and mining camps of the Northland.

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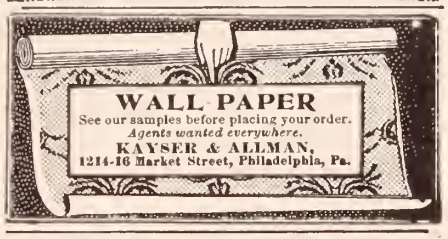
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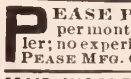

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Young and Old Helping India

High Officials, Humble Citizens and Even the Tender Children Express Practical Sympathy for the Stricken Land

INDIA'S need is the absorbing thought which is moving the nation, as by a common impulse, to a great work of Christian benevolence. Every mail brings an avalanche of letters from contributors to the Famine Relief Fund, and from others who are in sympathy with the work. Among the young people in Sunday Schools and elsewhere there is a beautiful rivalry in benevolence for India. We can only give a few typical instances from among the many hundreds that are received.

Addie C. Beaver, of the Indian School of Phœnix, Ariz., writes:

I also enclose a picture of my class of little Indians who helped to gather up the pennies to be sent to the sufferers. I take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and I showed them the pictures of the poor children who had nothing to eat. They were so sorry, and as they had some pennies that some of the older children had given them, they wanted to send them right away.

ARIZONA INDIAN CHILDREN WHO HELPED INDIA

Many beautiful instances of childish generosity and self-denial come to light. One letter from a little friend in Stark, Kan., reads:

Dear "Christian Herald": I am five years old. I will send a dollar of my pennies for the starving people in India. I was going to get something to play with, but will do without it eight months to send a dollar to those poor little children that don't have anything to eat or wear.

Your little Kansas friend, ERIC A. SHUE.

Another dear young friend sends this letter:

ATLANTA, GA.

I am a little girl, eight years old. I enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week. I am so

ELWOOD BARR

JENNIE ANITA MORGAN

sorry for the starving people of India. I send you $4—all I have. I am sorry it is no more, but it will help a little. I will try to save some more and send.

JENNIE ANITA MORGAN.

One noble little fellow in Virginia affords a bright example to other young readers:

STEPHEN'S CITY, VA.

Dear Editor: Reading in your paper about the poor starving children in India, our little son, Elwood, who is but eleven years old, became so affected and distressed that he resolved to give his only dollar to them, and also collected the other $13 which we here enclose. We hope and pray that the poor unfortunate starving people may soon be relieved.

MR. AND MRS. WM. L. BARR.

ERIC A. SHUE

Miss Rilla M. Harris writes, sending $55, as the town collection of Troy, N. H., for the sufferers; Mr. Howard A. Lowe sends $70.79 as the gift of the people of Yellow Springs, O.; Mr. F. D. Scott forwards $312.10 as the united contribution of the good people of Rantoul, Ill., and Rev. Harris E. Kirk sends $114.58, the gift of the residents of Florence, Ala. A Union service of Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and Friends' churches of Fort Fairfield, Me., resulted in $64.54.

Ernest P., Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., sends $66.56 "the result of a few hours' work among the Shaker people and the Shaker schoolchildren." Mrs. W. H. Klusmann, of Los Angeles, Cal., sends a loving gift from the girls' class of the Pico Heights Sunday School, the givers being Mollie and Lena Blair, Edith Sutherland, Edna Elder, Mattie Yohr, and Leonora Griffen. Other contributors in the same school are Regina, John, and Wesley Klusmann.

In Germantown, Pa., the Bible Union of the Covenant M. E. Church did nobly, contributing the equivalent of five hundred bushels of corn to be added to the famine cargo shortly to sail from New York.

Mr. S. S. Campbell, cashier of the Bank of Carson, Ia., sends a list of sixty-two residents of Carson and Oakland, who have unitedly contributed $51.95 for the famine sufferers.

Marion Alice Jones and her brother Victor together send a dollar to be used for "some poor little boy and girl in India." This little gift may be blessed in saving two lives.

Miss Anne B. Cook, of New Brunswick, N. J., forwards $107, being "a voluntary offering made at a tea given for the famine sufferers." The Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Presbyterian Church of Canonsburg, Pa., sends $57.60, "In His Name," and the First Presbyterian Church and Sunday School of New Castle, Pa., forwards $81.09, contributed largely through the efforts of Rev. Dr. Jordon, the pastor, and Supt. P. J. Watson. By the same mail the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Reformed Church of Schenectady, N. Y., through Miss Ada J. French, sends $66.10; the good people of Farley, Ia., and vicinity, forward through Rev. Lewis McIntyre, of the Presbyterian Church, $95.10, and the Presbyterian Church of Elmira, N. Y., through Mr. Geo. Armstrong, sends $209.32. In Stamford, N. Y., a Ladies Committee, in a house-to-house campaign, collected $75.11, which is forwarded by Mrs. E. W. Gallup.

Mr. Julius Regenstine, of the American Three Color Co., Chicago, has forwarded to the Fund $50, being the contributions of the company's employees for the famine sufferers. S. A. Pollard and G. F. Prosser, a committee of citizens of Aurora and Hampton, Neb., send $50.20, the united gift of sixty-eight citizens. Wm. Small, of Arrowsmith, Ill., forwards a list of thirty-eight residents of Arrowsmith and Colfax, from whom he collected $54.30 for the Fund. The Jackson & Bell Co., publishers of *The Messenger*, of Wilmington, N. C., send $105.30, the result of an appeal through *The Messenger* to the good people of Wilmington.

A Local Preacher's Offering

WASHINGTON, D. C.

To "The Christian Herald":—Please find enclosed my check for $50 to help the starving poor of India. Place it where it will do the most good.

JOHN B. WRIGHT,
Pres. Nat. Asso. of Local Preachers.

SUPPLANT COFFEE

Belief of a Raymond Lady

Mrs. J. T. Bartlett, Raymond, N. H., says: "I suspected that coffee was the cause of my persistent dyspepsia and terrible feeling of weakness and faintness at the heart. It was hard to give up coffee, but when I got some Postum Food Coffee and learned how to make it properly, I quickly obtained relief from the old troubles. The unpleasant sensation of faintness at the heart has entirely gone.

"When I first tried Postum, I failed to notice the injunction to boil it fifteen minutes, and so let it boil just a few minutes, as I would coffee. I was disappointed in the flavor, and did not try it again until told by a friend that this was one of the absolute essentials. I have since observed the rule and am entirely satisfied with the drink. It is simply perfect. I believe it to be the beverage of the future, and that it is destined to supplant coffee everywhere.

"One of our business men here has been improved in health by the use of it. No one could wish to return to coffee drinking after properly testing your delightful and healthful Postum Food Coffee."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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SIDON means "fishing-place." The city was named, as Josephus, the Jewish historian relates, after the eldest son of Canaan (Gen. 10: 5). It lies on the coast of the Mediterranean, twenty-five miles south of Beirut. By its exceptional position and the daring and enterprising character of its inabitants, it rose in olden times to the ighest rank among the cities of Phœnicia. Its extensive commerce reached early to the whole known world. Its manufactures of linen, purple dyes and perfumes, were sources of unbounded wealth. Although one of the cities assigned to the Israelites by Joshua, it never in reality belonged to them, but was repeatedly in arms against them.

It reached the height of its greatness under the Persian rule, but afterwards fell into the hands of the Greeks, Syrians, Romans and Crusaders.

The photograph which appears on page 359 was taken recently, and shows the northwestern side of Sidon. It once had a wall around it, which is now almost a ruin. There are two old castles, one on the north and one on the south, the latter connected with the mainland by eight arches. Its streets are long, narrow and crooked and covered by arches. The houses are crowded together in almost one mass, and it is said a person can walk on the roofs from one end to the other. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Mosems and the remainder are of different sects and nationalities.

American missionaries came to Sidon many years ago. Those now laboring here are Dr. Geo. A. Ford, principal of Sidon Academy and director of the industrial school; Rev. W. K. Eddy, director of the churches and daily schools; Dr. Samuel Jessup, his helper and treasurer and president of the Sunday School. The native people love and trust them. The most prosperous is the American Academy.

The gardens of Sidon produce many kinds of fruit, especially oranges, pomegranates and apricots. The fruit is shipped to Liverpool, Alexandria, Constantinople and other cities, and is a source of wealth to many.

Sidon, Syria SHAKIR DAGHIR.

The Las Palmas Mission

ANOTHER letter has been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Rev. T. M. Macknight, Protestant missionary in Tafira, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, whose Rest Home for invalid missionaries was recently described in these columns. This later communication deals with Mr. Macknight's labors among the natives of the island. These people are Spaniards, or of Spanish descent, and their language is Spanish. Mr. Macknight writes:

We are opening here at Las Palmas a "Christian depot," whence we distribute Christian literature in Spanish—Gospels, Testaments, Scripture texts, school books, pretty colored pictures that are instructive, etc. We take particular care to give out leaflets and pictures illustrating the duty of kindness to dumb animals. Through the ignorance of their owners, the poor beasts here suffer terribly. My "Kindness to Animals" leaflets have been well received, the daily paper reprinting them and emphasizing the importance of such teaching. We seek, too, at our "depot" to render industrial help to the people by supplying them with such aids as good seeds for market gardening, string for netting, and wool for knitting.

The islanders are eager for instruction. There is a general demand that we teach reading; there is much illiteracy, for the schools are poor and their facilities utterly inadequate. There was opposition and persecution at first, but now we do not meet with much of this, though the *curas* (priests) sometimes burn the Bibles we have given out. Last Sunday we had three well-attended services in our mission house, and several Scripture readings in the homes of different families and in caves. Our following is not solely among the poor. The richer and more cultured classes have shown interest in our work. One gentleman, Don Garcia, who had received a copy of Matthew and Mark, sat up all night to read it. He has since been our helpful friend.

We hope to be of great assistance to our missionary brethren in the African field, through the Rest Home. Las Palmas is in comparatively easy reach of Liberia, the Gold Coast, the Congo and Angola, in all of which regions missionaries are continually succumbing to the deadly influences of the climate. A stay in the Rest Home, which is healthfully and beautifully located one thousand feet above sea level, will be the means of saving to further usefulness many a missionary whose term of service would otherwise be cut short by death.

FOR INDIA'S SAKE

"CAST your bread upon the waters,
And to you it shall return."
These are words that through the ages
Never yet have ceased to burn.
And the charity of giving,
To the poor along life's way,
Is by night a fiery pillar,
And a tower of strength by day.

Now, the bread that once you scattered
From your lavish, generous hand,
Has returned again to bless you,
From across our fertile land.
Stricken ones outside our doorways
Who have felt the chastening rod
In these golden globes of sunshine
Find the favoring smile of God.

Let there be no hesitating,
Wondering what you can afford.
He who giveth to the needy,
Is but lending to the Lord.
And as sure as rain and sunshine
Bring the harvest to the plain,
Just so sure the noble giver
Comes unto his own again.

Out on India's plains they perish,
Hark that cry of "Save, Oh! save!"
Mothers pleading for their children,
"Keep my loved ones from the grave."
And from out that land of plenty,
Where the sun shines warm and fair,
Come these heart beats for the children,
Comes the answer to their prayer.

Shall the little ones cry vainly
For the crumbs we throw away?
Can we see them helpless lying,
Growing weaker every day?
Pitying hearts that throb with sorrow,
By your deeds ye shall be known,
Give to-day and ere to-morrow,
'Twill be carved on God's white throne.

J. CLARENCE HARVEY in *Fruitman's Guide.*

An Appreciative Traveler

SOMERFORD, CUSTER CO., NEB.

Dear Editor:—Being too poor and too busy to go in person to different parts of the world as we would like to do, we take great pleasure in visiting such parts of the world as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sees fit to take us, which is the next thing to going oneself. We seem to feel acquainted with many of your contributors, and think we should recognize some of them were we to meet them. To read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD weekly and to be guided by its advice must make one better.

JAMES PIERCE.

A BUSY FACTORY

Never Closes its Doors, Day or Night

The famous "white city," as the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., are called, never shuts down day or night. The great ovens once heated up are kept going, as are the grinding mills, blending machines, mixing machines, and the entire plant, the day laborers, men and women, are replaced at six o'clock in the evening by a night force.

The name "white city" was given by the citizens to the location owing to the color of the numerous factory buildings which are painted pure white with very dark bronze green trimmings.

The utmost cleanliness is observed throughout, and the appetizing odors from the foods in preparation, permeate the air in all directions.

Their products, Grape-Nuts breakfast food and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, go all over the world to the breakfast tables of the well-to-do Japanese and Chinese, and to the high caste Brahims of India, to the Emperor of Germany, to Royalty in Italy, to Great Britain, South America, and they are found in practically all of the best homes of America.

By scientific selection of the certain parts of grains which supply Phosphate of Potash and other important elements for quickly rebuilding the most delicate parts of the human body (brain and nerve centres), and making up therefrom a most delicious food, Grape-Nuts and a breakfast food-drink, Postum Cereal Coffee, this firm has become known as the foremost producers of Health Foods in the world, and their name affixed to a package of food is sufficient evidence of its purity and excellence.

THE ORIGINAL, THE BEST. TRADE MARK GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND AVOID UNKNOWN BRANDS.

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SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS. — Borden's Condensed Milk Co. New York.

To be relieved of a disease that has for a decade infected the system and to feel relief from agonizing pain that has been almost constant during this long period of time, is an event in a man's life, and it is but natural that he should be enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy that brought about these happy results.

Mr. Jeremiah Sand, Justice of the Peace at Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y., joyously tells of his remarkable release from Rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says:

"I was afflicted with rheumatism for nearly ten years and had about given up hope of ever being relieved. For four years I was under the care of a physician, and during my entire sickness employed four different doctors. The pains in my arms and shoulders were so severe as to nearly drive me crazy. Beside these there was a sharp, darting pain in the region of the heart which always left me prostrated.

"One day I read an advertisement in a newspaper which stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People would relieve rheumatism and I at once began taking the pills. I found relief from my pains before I finished the first box. I continued taking the pills for over a year when I was entirely free from rheumatism, and have been so ever since. I have great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I recommended them to Mrs. Ivan K. Budd, who was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and she was entirely relieved by their use.

(Signed) JEREMIAH SAND.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. MILLER.

Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Lewis.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People for sale by all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid on receipt of price, 50c. per box; six boxes $2.50.

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Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

Brooklyn's Floating Bethel

Helping Seamen by a Mission on the Water—Jack's Clubhouse at Anchor—The Sailor as a Missionary

"SAILORS make the best missionaries in the world," says Captain H. L. Meeker, skipper of the Floating Bethel, Brooklyn, and a man naturally partial to Jack tar. It might be said that Captain Meeker's boat is almost a training ship for such missionaries, for, as the Captain says, "We have sailors—who found God here—all over the world converting others. The converted sailor goes from port to port, telling others of God's power to keep as well as to save.

The history of the Floating Bethel and its captain has been given in a previous issue of this paper. The Bethel is a canal boat, swinging at anchor, at the foot of Joralemon street, and has done gallant service as a mission for seamen since the spring of 1893. The captain is an old sailor, and understands how to handle his men. They come to him freely with all their troubles and temptations. It is an ordinary happening on the Bethel for an unkempt, wretched sailor to come aboard with: "Mr. Captain, I aint had nothin' to eat to-day." "All right, my boy," rings out the hearty response, followed by an order to the steward, "Mr. Shipkeeper, take him in and fill him up." Another sailor comes: "Mr. Captain, I haint got a bunk." "All right, my boy, turn in here; this is your home." Yet strict naval discipline is observed. His 'boys' know they must obey when their kindly, bluff old captain sings out an order. They are almost as proud of the Bethel as is her commander. "We keep her ship-shape," says the captain. "You couldn't get the boys to deface this boat." The work has so recommended itself to some consecrated business men of Brooklyn that it has received generous recognition. The walls are wainscotted, and there is a nice desk and organ in one end of the long saloon which accommodates two hundred and fifty men. At the other end is the reading-room, liberally supplied with books, magazines and illustrated weeklies. Religious mottoes, marine pictures, posters making request as to personal conduct, and others bearing the reminders "Write a letter to your wife," and "Write a letter to your mother," hang upon the wall, and stationery, to be had for the asking, encourages the practice of the last suggestions, which are also enforced by the good captain's counsels. "Men who never knew what it was before to send money to mother or wife are doing it now," says he. "I get bushels of letters from mothers, wives and children, thanking me for kindness to their loved ones, and praying God's blessing on the Floating Bethel. Have just received one from a wife who writes that she never knew what happiness was before. Her husband, a well educated, prosperous man, lost everything through drink; went on a ship as fireman, drifted in here, was converted, and afterward recovered himself in business. His wife says he has established a family altar in his home."

It is pleasant to hear the old captain talk about his boat. "She has morally cleaned up this water front," he says. "Policemen come in constantly and say, 'Cap, she's done more than anybody or anything else for this neighborhood.' We've helped other places, too. Sailors who used to go right to the gin mill as soon as they landed hunt up a mission now in other ports as well as here. This boat is a credit to sailors, as well as to her officers. Admiral Philip came to see us and said she was the best conducted boat he ever saw. I make the boys fill up benches from the front; land churches fill from the back. Men come in and cast anchor near the stove, but I sing out, 'Make your line short there! Heave up, boys!' and they come forward. If the singing isn't hearty enough, I call out, 'Boys, get your pumps and go to work in order!' and you ought to hear 'em! We have singing there, I tell you. Some of the fellows have splendid voices and they let 'em out. We help to fill land churches. Often a company of seventy-five or more, under one of my officers, marches up to a land church. When they get back they find the table set and a supper ready. O, Jack likes this place! it's his club-house as well as his mission. He knows where to find his friends. If he hasn't food, we feed him; if he hasn't clothes, we clothe him; hasn't a boarding-house we help him—for a week, may be; if he is out of work we try to get it for him. God provides us with everything. Friends send us cast-off clothing suitable for men's wear, boots and shoes. Groceries, stationery and good bright literature are always acceptable." Readers wishing fuller information or direction will receive it by dropping a postal to Captain Meeker, Floating Bethel, Brooklyn.

The work is conducted under the auspices of the Brooklyn City Mission. It is organized on regular nautical lines, with Mr. John Englis for commodore, and under Captain Meeker a full staff of officers, beginning with Mr. John N. Sayre, and ending with Ship's Doctor William Steward. During 1899 the attendance was 23,158; conversions, 483; pledges signed, 912; meals provided, 12,171.

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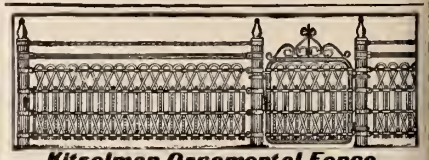

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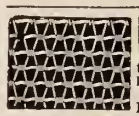

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illie T Smith	1 00
Anderson	5 50
C Harris	4 00
C Burnham	2 00
L Payne	4 00
ary A Sherman	50
Memoriam, Frank-lin	1 00
T & Mrs Grace A Bogle	5 00
ulu C Boggan	1 25
Total	$150 00

Presbyterian Board Foreign Missions

rs Charles Roe	$2 50

Any Good Cause.

rev ack	$142 37
ina E Burns	30
rs E A Barton	25
E Peagam	2 00
L Morgan	1 00
J Crumpacker	50
Parker	2 00
L Ferris	2 00
rs Geo Attride	20
rs B F Cooper	35
rs Alden P Barker	25
er W Kleppinger	2 00
R Bickley	1 00
Whiteley	75
la E Hose	1 00
d Sims	8 25
I B Bredin	25
J Downes	25
rs J E Kirk	50
idow, Morrisville	1 00
rs H G Burton	25
C Bauer	2 00
A Scobie	50
liz Talmadge	1 00
rs K D Fringer	25
I A Richard	10
riend, Stevens, Pt	3 00
rs E A Rowan	1 00
rs P R G, Hayward	2 00
rs F M DePauw	2 75
rs J Wm Burgess	14
B Walter	25
ash, Waco, Neb	1 00
K Haskell	1 00
ng Deckert	25
F Williams	1 00
, Corpus Christi	3 50
eo W Marter	75
I B Sedgwick	10
riend, Curwensville	2 00
Total	$189 06

Home Missions.

rev ack	$5 50
nn E Wolt	1 00
Total	$6 50

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rev ack	$10 00
J Rogers	2 00
Total	$12 00

Protestant Memorial Church.

rev ack	$ 50
K J and S M J, Potter Hill	3 00
Total	$3 50

Clinton St. Settlement.

rev ack	$50 76
H Beedleson	25
Total	$51 01

Miss Emma Nason's Work Among Lumbermen.

rev ack	$37 00
O D, Mechanicsburg	10 00
Total	$47 00

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

rev ack	$83 10
riend of the poor, Kempton	1 00
E Brockway	1 00
rs E P Bunker	1 00
S Hayward	25
M L Moore	1 00
dw Sorvaag	1 75
J T Turner	5 00
rs A G Morey	2 00
H Alexander	5 00
S E Mussell	2 50
M J Rogers	2 00
rs M A Bonce	50
da M Adams	10
rs L N Whittier	1 00
rs F A, Keokuk	1 00
A Jones	1 00
H N, Boone	2 00
Clara Story	1 50
Union Congregation, Hilton	7 35
rs Eliz Shults	4 00
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—, Worcester	1 00
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Presby Bd Hm Mis'ons

Mrs Chas Roe	$2 50

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Prev ack	$37 90
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Mrs Quincy Adams	1 00
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Amanda Patton	30
Gunder Kundland	2 00
J A R, Summit	1 00
Mrs J E Ort	1 00
P L Peterson	2 50
Mother, sister and brother, Lanark	10 00
Henry J VonVleck	1 00
Miss L W Cleare	2 50
Friend, S I	5 00
L C Boggan	1 25
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Armenian Fund

Prev ack	$91 00
Mary Pontius	5 00
P M Barrow	1 00
I Girod	10 00
J T and Mrs Grace A Bogle	10 00
Total	$117 00

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev ack	$7 00
Mr & Mrs J Reinhart	1 00
Total	$8 00

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev ack	$3 00
B P, Waupaca	1 00
Total	$4 00

East Africa Famine Fund

Prev ack	$409 71
O W Brigham	2 50
R D Stimson	1 00
Chas W Gay	2 50
A Mottaz	5 00
Wm Erwin	1 00
Jane A Floyd	1 00
Samuel Floyd	50
Mary E Floyd	1 00
—, Warrenton	2 47
P M Shillings	10 00
Mrs J D Bell	50
W H Gill	1 00
J F Dodd	2 50
E W & S Owen	1 00
Mrs S T U, Kinzua	50
Mrs Wm McAdam	1 00
Friend, Gloucester	1 00
Wm Dilling	1 00
Total	$445 18

Foreign Missions.

Prev ack	$26 50
A F Richmond	1 00
Jas Howard	3 00
I Girod (Africa)	5 00
—, No. Valley	1 00
Total	$36 50

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev. ack	$7 00
C C Grubb	2 00
Mr and Mrs D B K Van Raalte	2 00
Total	$11 00

Lincoln Memorial University

Prev. ack	$222 60
H W Griggs	2 00
Jos Goddard	1 00
Total	$225 60

Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree.

Prev. ack	$67 23
Mrs C S Mann	50
Total	$67 73

Miss Reed's Mission to Lepers.

Prev. ack	$3 00
Geo C Northrop	3 00
Total	$6 00

Micronesian Mission

T W Woodard	$10 00

Elmer E. Hubbard

H Lathrop	$1 00
Mrs P B Bridgman	1 00
Miss E T Kyte	25
Mr & Mrs A F Morse	1 00
R C, Milford	2 00
Mrs H A Dyer	50
G M Briggs	25
W B & E W Sargent	2 00
Mrs J W Benedict	1 00
L B Rice	1 00
Miss S S Rice	1 00
Robt F Wenz and family	5 00
Total	$16 00

Chaplain Chas C Pierce

I H N, Phila	$1 00
J M Riggs	1 00
Total	$2 00

Jerry McAuley Mission.

Prev ack	$13 25
—Collegeville	2 00
Total	$15 25

What Ten Dollars Did

Many persons, when approached on the subject of foreign missions, and the need of giving to their support, reply that the field is so vast that the very little they could do would amount to nothing. Never was there a greater mistake. The efficacy of a gift, given in Christ's name and for his sake, is not to be measured by its size or the value it has in human eyes. An illustration of this fact is found in the following letter from Rev. Erwin H. Richards, the well-known American missionary, at Inhambane, South Africa. Mr. Richards writes to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

On June 3, 1899, through the kindness of Mrs. A. J. Bonnell, you sent us ten dollars as part salary for Angilazi and Mabumbi (two native workers), on their station at Pakuleni. The father of Angilazi was one of the very worst for a heathen I have ever met—and I have met many. He was never sober, always cruel and feared nothing. The mother was full of most loathsome superstition. These two have now for several months been living with Angilazi and Mabumbi, and are apparently trying very hard to live a Christian life. Your ten dollars was one-fifth of all the financial support the pastor received. The mission fed—but did not clothe—five girls, and these two workers fed and clad some eight others for the greater part of the year. Every one on the station is a professed believer, and this means that he is at war with all his home folks—for the home folks are well aware that good heathenism can never thrive alongside of active Christianity, and they fight it with all their ability. I have high hopes for the region round about Pakuli.

Perils of Alaskan Travel

In an interesting article in the first number of the new *Alaskan Magazine*, the present and the former transportation facilities to the gold fields are graphically described. The writer gives this vivid picture of the traveling facilities two years ago:

Dogs used to be cheap in Alaska, but with the sudden influx of prospectors prices rose enormously to $100, and even to $225. In 1897 I saw four dogs at Tanana for which their owner had refused $1,000 in gold. The natives rented dogs for $2 apiece to the prospectors. Prices afterward declined, but have advanced again this winter, as everyone who is foot-loose will leave Dawson for Nome, most of them overland. It is a long, terrible journey through an Arctic night, and its path will be strewn with dead as before the car of Juggernaut. Those who are wise are providing boots for their dogs, so that the sharp ice and crusted snow will not incapacitate them; but to men unused to snow-shoeing, it is very painful to fasten down the toes for long and continued journeys. Snow blindness is nothing, however, compared to that induced by the dazzle of gold. And the strange part of it is, that the further men are from the gold, the brighter does its alluring light shine.

There are few things more pathetic than to see a faithful, willing, long-suffering horse die, yet scattered along those trails into the land of cold and gold lie thousands of them. On the Teslin trail alone 2,000 pack animals and scores of oxen are rotting. "It used to make my heart ache," said one prospector to me, "to see our poor animals die. We would notice one covered with cold perspiration, his patient, long-suffering eyes saying plainly: 'I'm sorry; I've done my best; but don't be angry; I can go no farther.' Then we'd take off the pack and the poor beast would fall over, take the first rest he had in weeks, and just naturally die. Our party lost thirty horses and mules that way. Every time we corralled the poor things, we would find from one to three or four dead."

At Glenora to-day you may see an abandoned warehouse, one hundred feet long, piled with ham, bacon, machinery and all sorts of things. There are also hundreds of tons of flour, hay and oats. I know where there is a tree bearing strange fruit—at least thirty pack saddles. Yet, when the trail was swarming with these maddened gold-seekers, flour was $80 a sack and nails $1 a pound.

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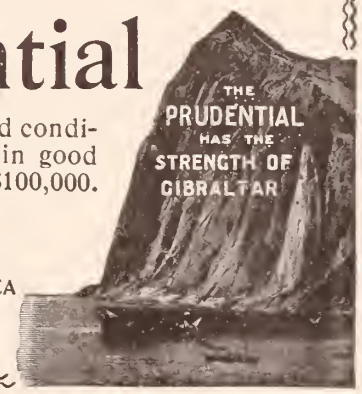

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Vengeance on Jerusalem*

THE plan of Vespasian was first to bring the country into subjection and then with his entire force to close in around Jerusalem, and by its destruction finish the war. In the spring of 67 A.D. he marched with an army of about 50,000 men from Ptolemais into Galilee. Before leaving Ptolemais he had, at the request of the inhabitants of Sepphoris, sent them a garrison of six thousand men, an auspicious beginning, indeed, for the Romans. The time had now come for the disciplined army of Josephus to show its training. Vespasian was approaching. Alas for the months of toil spent in trying to make soldiers of the Galileans! They fled hither and thither into the mountains on the first report of Vespasian's nearness. He gained a goodly part of Galilee without a single sword-stroke. Josephus and the few who remained with him took refuge in Tiberias.

Vespasian now turned his attention to the strongholds. At Jotapata, several miles north of Sepphoris, a large part of the army of Josephus had sought refuge. Josephus, after an appeal to Jerusalem for help, hastened to the threatened city and for forty-seven days directed one of the most desperate conflicts of the war. Forty thousand men lost their lives in those terrible days. With stratagem after stratagem the besieged met the devices of the Romans, while their courage was that of men determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At last, through a deserter's account of the hopeless and pitiable condition within the walls, Vespasian was led to attempt an entrance in the early morning when the exhausted sentinels would be found sleeping. The plan succeeded, and with wholesale slaughter the Romans avenged their own losses and suffering. Josephus, after several perilous adventures, escaped, surrendered himself to the Romans, and, upon being brought before Vespasian, cleverly assumed the role of a prophet, predicting that Vespasian should himself be emperor. This prophecy was not improbable; it was simply an evidence of shrewd insight into the likely result of given conditions in the Roman world. Nero was childless, and Vespasian was a highly honored officer.

In the spring of 70 A.D., just before the Passover, Titus appeared at the gates of Jerusalem. Incautious advances at first caused him much loss; consequently, giving up thought of storming the city, he began a regular siege on April 23. While he was making his first approaches to the city, treacherous dealing on the part of John put an end to the party of Eleazar. The latter opened the gates of the temple for worshippers, and John smuggled in enough of his adherents, with concealed weapons, to gain the mastery of the inner court. Eleazar was himself murdered. It was not until the threatening work of the siege had begun that the two parties gave up their own animosities and joined their forces against a common foe.

The siege lasted from April until September, five months full of desperate undertakings, astonishing endurance, matchless cruelty, and terrible issues. With force has it been said that "scarcely on another occasion in history has the spectator the same feeling of irredeemable ruin, of inevitable destruction, as in the case of the fall of Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D." Titus began his attack on the north side of the city, since everywhere else it was impregnable. Here he met the outer wall, or the wall of Agrippa, which extended around Bethzetha. On the fifteenth day of the siege a breech was made by the battering-rams, and the Romans pitched camp within the city. Orders were then given to storm the second wall, which, running from the gate Gennath in a general northwesterly direction to the corner of Antonia, protected the lower city. Five days after the capture of the first wall, an opening was made in the second, and Titus himself led the advance into the breach. Desperate fighting ensued, and four days passed before the Romans gained the upper hand.

The temple yet remained, and Titus made another appeal to those within its enclosure to surrender, and so to save their sacred shrine from pollution. Josephus was once more the messenger of the Romans, but in vain. Then timbers were brought from long distances and ramparts built for attack. On the 17th of July the daily sacrifice, from lack of both priests and animals, ceased forever. The simple statement of Josephus is alike a tribute to the ceremonial faithfulness of Judaism, and a sign of its accomplished mission. The smokeless altar was soon to be part of the debris of a desolated city. While the ramparts against the temple were being built the Romans suffered some sharp reverses, but on the 8th of August the battering rams began their work. Their heavy blows availed but little against the massive walls, so the gates were set on fire, and through the openings thus made the Romans rushed, eager for vengeance. Titus tried to save the temple, but the infuriated soldiers were beyond control, and the whole structure was soon in flames. There was just time to secure the sacred vessels. Then the glory of Jerusalem disappeared, to be seen no more. A merciless slaughter added its agonies to the awful scene. "The great tribulation" of our Lord's prophecy was being fulfilled.

*From *A History of the Jewish People* during the Maccabean and Roman periods. By Professor James Stephenson Riggs, D.D., of Auburn Theological Seminary. A deeply interesting work showing how our Lord's prophecy delivered with weeping on the Mount of Olives was fulfilled. Pp. 320 with maps and chart; $1.25; published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Ave., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Roses. An interesting little story by Amy Le Feuvre; illustrated and bound in cloth; price 75 cents; pp. 266. Wilbur B. Ketcham, publishers, New York.

The Twentieth Century from Another Viewpoint. By the Hon. David J. Brewer, LL. D., Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Pp. 59; daintily bound; price 30 cents. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, N. Y.

My Young Man. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., author of *The Christian Gentleman, Immortal Songs of Camp and Field, Hero Tales from Sacred Story*, etc. The present volume consists of the compilation of a series of addresses to young men delivered in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Cleveland, O. The chapters treat "my young man" as a son, as a brother, a lover, a husband, a church member, a neighbor, a citizen, at business, etc. Pp. 123; price 75 cents. Publishers, Funk & Wagnall, New York, N. Y.

The Future of the American Negro. By Booker T. Washington. Many people will be glad to have in this more definite and permanent form the ideas regarding the negro and his future, which Prof. Washington has expressed many times on the platform and through the public press and magazines. There is no abler or calmer exponent of the difficult race problem than Mr. Washington. His experience enables him to speak with authority. This exposition commands the interest and respect of all readers, and will doubtless accomplish much good. Pp. 244; price $1.50. Publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

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and drugs and doctors fail to cure you write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy, which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy that you can test without spending a cent. It recently cured a lady who had been an invalid for 52 years. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 619 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Known the world over nearly half a century as the most famous and efficient remedy for children cutting their teeth. In yellow wrappers. A gum lancet the trade-mark. American branch office makes cost to American mothers less than formerly: 25 cents a packet—containing nine powders. At most drug stores, or mailed on receipt of price by J. G. MacWALTER, West Johnson St., Germantown, Phila. Manufactory London, Great Britain.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR, ECKSTEIN } Cincinnati.
ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION } New York.
SOUTHERN, SHIPMAN } Chicago.
COLLIER, MISSOURI, RED SEAL, SOUTHERN } St. Louis.
JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS CO Philadelphia.
MORLEY Cleveland.
SALEM Salem, Mass.
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WHEN you see the paint cracking, peeling or falling off the house in shreds, you may be sure it was *not* painted with Pure White Lead, but with some mixture of Zinc, Barytes, etc.

Pure White Lead unites with Linseed oil to form an elastic coating that never cracks nor peels. It is the good, old-fashioned paint that lasts. To be sure of getting **Pure White Lead,** see that the package bears one of the brands named in margin.

FREE For colors use National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. Any shade desired is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving full information and showing samples of Colors, also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Experience With Paints" forwarded upon application.

National Lead Co., 100 William Street, New York.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"

TO WASH BRUSHES AND COMBS

To wash hair brushes and combs, dissolve a tablespoonful of

Gold Dust Washing Powder

in boiling water; when it is nearly cold, dab the bristles up and down without allowing the backs of the brushes to become wet; when the brushes are clean, dip them in plain cold water and dry them either by the fire or in the open air. Soap turns the ivory back combs or brushes yellow, but Gold Dust does not injure them.

The above is taken from our free booklet "GOLDEN RULES FOR HOUSEWORK" Sent free on request to

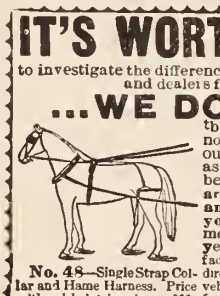
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston.

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE....

to investigate the difference between our prices and those of agents and dealers for the same grade of work.

...WE DO NOT SELL...

through agents or dealers, therefore we do not have them to protect, and in making our prices are enabled to figure them as low as the grade of work we manufacture can be sold. We save you the profits that are added between the manufacturer and the consumer, by selling direct to you from our factory. This has been our method of selling for the past twenty-seven years, and we are today the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling direct to the user exclusively. We make 178 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness and ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe arrival. Send for free catalogue showing all of our different styles.



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When you buy a carriage, buggy or harness. Choose from the biggest stock and fullest assortment, and pay only the cost of making, with but one moderate profit added. Our plan of selling direct from the factory insures satisfaction—your money back if you're dissatisfied with your purchase—and enables you to save the dealer's profit.

Our complete illustrated catalogue, showing many styles of high grade vehicles, harness, robes, blankets and horse equipments, with detailed descriptions of each, mailed free. Write for it and learn how cheaply you can buy when the jobber's and dealer's profits are cut off.

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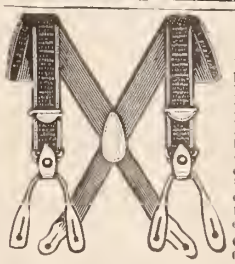
YOU CAN EASILY EARN

bicycles, sewing machines, house furnishings, ladies' or gentlemen's watches, cameras, mandolins, guitars, violins, silverware, dinner sets, guns, and your choice of a hundred other articles, all guaranteed. Simply introduce a few boxes of our unexcelled toilet soaps and any of them are yours. Send no money. We trust you. Girls and boys do as well as older people. Write at once for full information. We mail handsome illustrated catalog free. Address Great Northern Soap Works, 70 Lake St., Oak Park, Ill.



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WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. Sample free by mail.

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PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, Amusements, Books. Catalog free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Dept. 28, CHICAGO.

Welch's Grape Juice is just the pure Juice of fully matured Concord Grapes. Without a drop of water or a particle of alcohol, it furnishes the life of the Grape in a most convenient form for use. It is a nourishing food for sick people and well people. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet

How Christians Grow

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 6. Mark 4: 26-29

LIFE'S mysteries are not all of the spiritual kind. With all our scientific knowledge, there are many phenomena that we cannot explain. We know that they occur; we have become so accustomed to them that we are sure they will occur, but we do not understand them. Even the electricity, that we put to so many uses and are learning to make so valuable a servant, is a mystery that we have not fathomed. But we do not allow our ignorance to prevent our making a practical use of the knowledge we do possess. Although, as Christ said, the seed springs and grows we know not how, we know that under certain conditions it does spring and grow, and so we put it in the ground, confidently expecting a harvest. We know that if we plant an acorn that there will come a shoot from it, and that it will grow into a tree, and out of the soil it will draw the materials for its trunk, and out of the air it will get the qualities it needs for its life, and that it will grow into a tree from which will come other acorns: but if we cut into it to find the secret of these mysterious processes, it eludes us. We have to accept the facts that experience teaches and act upon them, without a knowledge of the method. So Christ says it is with the Kingdom of God.

Whether he was speaking of the kingdom that he was planting in the world, which grew, to the astonishment of all who witnessed its small beginning and realized the power of the forces opposed to it; or whether he referred to the kingdom in the individual soul, the same profound philosophic truth applies to it. Who would have thought that out of such unpropitious conditions as society presented in apostolic days, the kingdom could spring and grow? Yet it did, and we know not how. There was the fact, and to this day we cannot explain it. In the individual soul there is the same mystery. A man seems to be steeped in worldliness, to have no thought or care for anything but his physical comfort and gratification. He is of the earth, earthy. Plain, dull, sordid, unspiritual, he is like the brown soil, that seems the basest of material. But the Holy Spirit plants the seed of truth in him, and the change comes. Out of that soil springs a new life. We know not how, but we have seen it again and again. Graces which are angelic are developed; love and sympathy and fortitude and helpfulness appear and become active, where before everything was sterile. Evidently human nature contains the conditions out of which the godly character may be developed. There is a divine energy, a dynamic force in the seed, which finds in the gross material of the human constitution the congenial habitat for its growth.

Even the subject of the development does not understand the process. He is conscious of the power to resist. But there is in him some power attracting him towards higher things; there is a strange quickening of the conscience, excluding deleterious influences, a reaching out for sustenance of the young life; there is a mellowing of the nature and an increase in the strength of the spiritual forces, which were dormant or non-existent in the old life. So the kingdom of God grows in the soul, and we wonder as we behold the character acquiring strength as it grows out of its unpromising conditions. After all, "great is the mystery of godliness," but it is a sober fact and examples of it are to be seen in every generation. The phenomenon should encourage us both as to ourselves and as to others. Every man at his conversion, knowing his own nature, is apt to despair of its producing the graces of the Christian character. But as he yields to the force within him, he perceives that he is a different man from the man of the old time. Storms may come upon him, the winds of adversity may blow, but somehow, if he remains faithful, the strength increases and he takes on new beauty. So we are encouraged to sow and plant. The conditions we meet with could not be more unpromising than in our own case and the seed sown comes to harvest.

THE WONDERFUL VAPOR BATH

Invention of an Ohioan That Produces Perfect Health, Strength and Beauty to Every User, and Relieves Without Drugs, All Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Blood and Kidney Troubles, Weakness, and the Most Obstinate Diseases, by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the System.

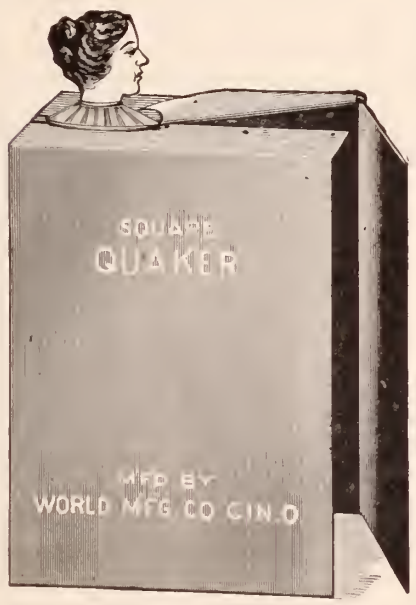
Ministers and Those Who Have Used It Declare It to Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced, Better Than Any Treatment at Hot Springs, Sanitariums or Health Resorts.

38,478 Quaker Cabinets sold last month.

A genius of the Queen City has placed on the market a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman or child who has used it.

Recent investigation of this remarkable invention was so very satisfactory that we have no hesitancy in indorsing the same as just what all readers need.

It is an air-tight inclosure, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for three cents each, all the marvelous cleansing, curative and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot Vapor,



or Medicated Bath, with no possibility of taking cold afterwards, or in any way weakening the system.

Hundreds of well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell this Cabinet—such eminent men as Emerson McKay, Detroit, who has already sold over 700, and John C. Wright, Chicago, who sold 125 last month.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users, some of which, referring to

Rheumatism, La Grippe, Kidney Troubles,

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. W. L. Brown, Oxford, O., writes: "My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than $50 worth of drugs." G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated with rheumatism and kidney troubles, when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use relieved me. I have never had a twinge since." Rev. Geo. H. Hudson, Okemos, Mich., says: "I gave up my pastorate on account of nervous prostration and lung troubles; my editor so highly recommended your Cabinet, I tried it: From that day I have steadily grown better; am now well; nervousness gone; lungs strong; am a new man." Mrs. Ober, No. 994 Broad St., Columbus, O., writes: "It is grand for relieving colds, la grippe, inflammation, aches, pains; it relieved my uncle of neuralgia and sleeplessness, with which he had long suffered. A neighbor relieved herself of la grippe in one night, her little girl of measles, her son of croup. Another neighbor of eczema of many years' standing." Hon. A. B. Strickland, of Bloomington, writes that the Cabinet did him more good than two years' doctoring, relieved him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted.

Hundreds of Ministers

write, praising this Cabinet. Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kan., says: "It's a blessing; made me full of life and vigor; should be in use in every family." Rev. J. C. Richardson, N. Fifth Street, Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefited by its use, and recommends it highly, as also does Prof. R. E. P. Kline, of Ottawa University, who says: "I find it a great benefit. No Christian should be without it." Hon. V. C. Hay, St. Joe, Mo., writes: "Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded by friends to try this Cabinet, and it relieved me. I can not praise it enough." Rev. Baker Smith, D.D., Fairmont, N. J., says: "Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pain, and as cleanliness is next to godliness, it merits high recommendation."

Congressmen John J. Lentz, Mrs. Kendricks, Prin. of Vassar College; John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide"; Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of clergymen, bankers, governors, physicians and influential people, recommend it highly.

It Prevents Disease,

and physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, la grippe, fevers, smallpox, consumption, kidney trouble, Bright's disease, cancer—in fact, such marvelous eliminative power has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book, issued by the makers. To

Relieve Blood and Skin Diseases

this Cabinet has marvelous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood purifier known. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons, and assist nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

The Important Feature

of this Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands, drawing out all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion. The first bath makes you feel like a new being—10 years younger.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer,

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing the most wonderful results; removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions, relieves Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, O., writes: "Since using this Cabinet my Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has never returned. Worth $1,000 to me. I have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Every one was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills."

Whatever

Will Hasten Perspiration

every one knows is beneficial, but other methods are crude and insignificant, when compared to the convenience and marvelous power of this Cabinet, known as the new 1902 style

Square Quaker Folding Thermal

Bath Cabinet. We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide, as shown in cut. When closed it is air-tight; handsomely made of best, most durable, waterproof goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bathroom within itself. It has top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements.

The makers furnish an excellent stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions. It folds flat in 1 inch space, when not in use; easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

People don't need bathrooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room, and bath tubs have been discarded since this invention, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick room its advantages are at once apparent.

After investigation, it can be said the Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

Makers Guarantee Results,

and assert positively that this Cabinet will benefit Nervous Troubles, Debility, Purify the Blood, Beautify the Skin and relieve Rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Benefits the most obstinate cases of Women's Troubles, La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Headaches, Obesity, Gout, Sciatica, Eczema, Scrofula, Piles, Dropsy, Blood and Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney Troubles. It will

Break Up the Worst Cold

with one bath, all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Consumption, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. Gives the most

Cleansing and Refreshing Bath

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value is its marvelous power to draw out of the system all impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is truly a God-send to all humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE.

All readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease and are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. The price is wonderfully low. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and Healthful properties.

Write the World Mfg. Co., 2039 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send you their pamphlets describing this invention. The price is wonderfully low, only $5.00 complete, with heater, directions and formulas. Head attachment, if desired, $1.00 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that guarantees so much health, strength and vigor.

Write to-day for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and agree to refund your money after 30 days' use if not just as represented.

The Cabinet is just as represented, and will be shipped promptly. You can remit safely by express, P. O. money order, bank draft, or certified check.

Don't fail to send for booklet, anyway.

The Cabinet is a Wonderful Seller

for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and many are making from $100 to $150 every month, and expenses. Write to-day.

DO NOT STAMMER YOU CAN BE CURED

Endorsed by Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, New York City, and Bishop C. H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D., Buffalo, N.Y. Summer session at Atlantic City, N. J., from May to Sept. Send for new illustrated book to the Philadelphia Institute, 1033 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa. Established 1884. Edwin S. Johnston, Founder and President. Mention Christian Herald when writing

RUPTURE CURED The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. Comfortable Belts made to reduce corpulency. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate. They can be used after any operations. Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Send for free pamphlets to the **Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, N. Y.** *Established 18 years.*

It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

STARK TREES BEST by Test—74 YEARS. Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. We PAY CASH WEEKLY & want MORE HOME & traveling salesmen STARK BRO'S, LOUISIANA, MO.; Dansville, N.Y.

THE CELEBRATED CORNISH AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS

THE LATEST CORNISH CABINET REED ORGAN

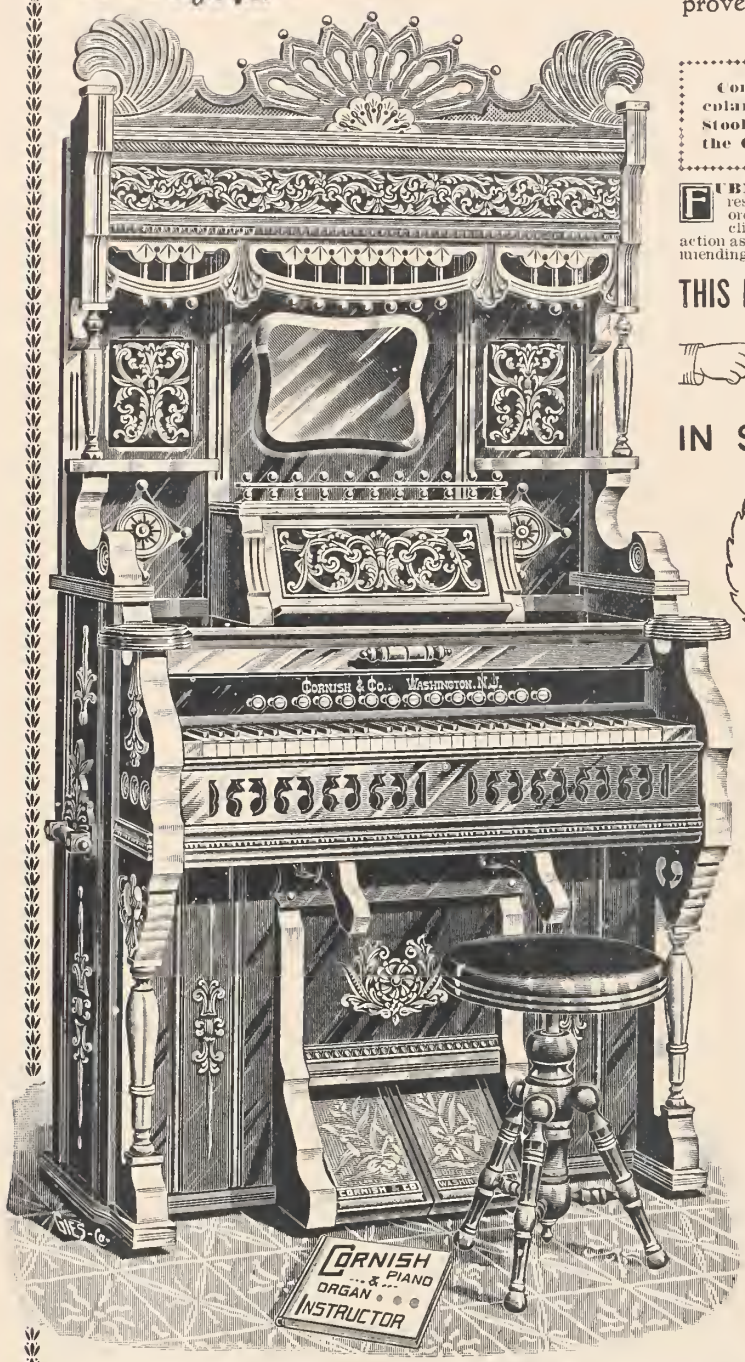
The CENTURY CHIMES

REGULAR RETAIL PRICE $140.00

...STYLE NO. 47,000...

THE first of our Twentieth Century Styles, including all the special excellences of our wonderfully successful Chimes Series of Cabinet Reed Organs, with several new features and improvements in ease and action. Positively one of the most perfect instruments in existence.

...WARRANTED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS...



Complete with solid wood circular-seated adjustable Piano Stool (same as shown in cut), and the Cornish Instruction Book . . .

Dimensions
HEIGHT, 6 ft. 9 in. LENGTH, 3 ft. 9 in.
WIDTH, 22½ in.
WEIGHT, BOXED FOR SHIPMENT, 390 LBS.

In Elegant Black Walnut or English Quartered Oak. Cases Hand Rubbed, Satin Finish over Treble Varnish Surfaces . . . . . .

FURNISHED with our Multitone Combination Action (the number of tone combinations being illimitable, no numerical restriction can be named. The celebrated **Cornish Orchestral Reeds** only used. Mouse and climate proof; cannot get out of order; all parts renewable and removable, no cumbersome trap work; piano touch; double octave couplers of coppered steel; the climax of a series of brilliant experiments in the manufacture of reed actions. It would be easy enough for us to describe this beautiful action as having 30, 40, 50 or 100 tone combinations, and as being equal to 10 or 20 organs combined in one; but as the organ is capable of an unending number of tone combinations, to name a certain number would only be to mystify and mislead.

THIS BEAUTIFUL ACTION HAS 122 REEDS, DIVIDED INTO 5 COMPLETE SETS AS FOLLOWS:

1 Set Round Pipe-Like	**Principal**	Reeds of 24 Notes.	122 IN ALL
1 Set Silver Chime	**Melodia**	Reeds of 37 Notes.	
1 Set Golden Chime	**Diapason**	Reeds of 24 Notes.	
1 Set Chrystal Chime	**Celeste**	Reeds of 24 Notes.	
1 Set Orchestral	**Viola**	Reeds of 13 Notes.	

FULL SIZE, 5 OCTAVES. 14 NECESSARY STOPS. 122 ORCHESTRAL TONED REEDS (extra quality, double riveted). 2 KNEE SWELLS. GRAND ORGAN SWELL . . .

IN SIX OCTAVES WITH ENLARGED CASE, $10.00 EXTRA

CORNISH'S TWENTIETH CENTURY SERIES OF SPECIAL OFFERS

LIMITED TIME BARGAINS FOR THE SPRING OF 1900

THE name and the fame of the wonderful bargains offered by us in our series of special offers have spread the wide world over. Many thousands have taken advantage of them, and the unprecedented success of our efforts to supply our friends and the general public with the **celebrated Cornish American Pianos and Organs** at the **lowest** possible price, consistent with the maintenance of the standard of excellence that characterizes all our products, has decided us to commence a series of **XX Century Offers** that shall transcend all others. We have, therefore, selected an **entirely new organ** for our **first offer**, and will sell this beautiful instrument at the **time bargain prices stated below**, provided that our **cash-with-order** plan is taken advantage of and that your **order** reaches us within twenty days from the date here printed.

WATCH THIS DATE	MAY 10th, 1900	DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY IT CANNOT OCCUR AGAIN.

On this page is beautifully depicted and briefly described our newly invented and designed **CORNISH AMERICAN CABINET REED ORGAN, STYLE NO. 47,000.**

CENTURY CHIMES.

$48.75 Cash With Order
In Six Octaves, $58.75

The **regular retail** price is **$140.00**, our **wholesale** price when the organ takes its place in our catalogue will be **$65.00, BUT** in order to place the first lot of **two Thousand** (made up of stock bought **before** the enormous increase in the cost of material that is now taking place) and to introduce this most desirable organ, we will, during the period of **20** days from the above stamped date, sell **The Century Chimes**, complete with all extras, for the comparatively ridiculously small sum of **$48.75 Cash with Order.** This includes solid wood piano stool (see cut), instruction book and 20 pieces of the latest sheet music; boxing and free delivery on board cars here.

By taking advantage of this plan of payment, which involves no possible risk to purchaser, we present you with a **Cash Bonus** of **$16.25**, as this organ cannot be bought for a cent less than **$65.00**, cash, after the term of this offer expires. It is sold on the unique Cornish method of

1 YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

If the organ is not exactly as represented, after **twelve months'** use, we **guarantee to take it back and to refund you the purchase money with six per cent. interest, and also to return the amount you have paid for freight;** so that if you did send the organ back you would receive **$51.67** and freight charges. **No other firm in the world makes such a proposition,** which is an **ironclad insurance** that protects the purchaser from any and every risk. Use this advertisement if you wish, as your order form, or write on separate sheet of paper, mentioning The Christian Herald, and send **order** and **money at once.** Of course, we are perfectly willing to sell this organ upon other plans of payment, if an immediate cash outlay is not convenient. For instance, we will sell it for **$50.00 cash** 30 or 40 days after shipment; or for **$55.00, $25.00** cash down, balance **$5.00** per month; or **$60.00, $10.00** cash down, balance **$5.00** per month; all first payments on installment orders to be sent in advance as a guarantee of good faith. **Or we will with pleasure consider and accept if possible any other proposition that may be more suited to your circumstances.** Our business is to please our patrons in every respect. We recommend, however, our **cash-with-order** system—**you save money,** and nobody knows what you pay; no deposit is necessary and no references. You run no risk in sending cash in advance; if organ is not as represented after 30 days' trial, your money will be refunded **immediately on application,** together with all freight expenses, and the organ can be returned to us. **Note, also,** that if circumstances prevent you from accepting this offer within the limited time, you can write us and obtain a **Temporary Extension;** we will try and accommodate you as long as **this special stock lasts.** If it is possible that you do not **now** require an organ for your **own use,** you can **easily sell** the organ for **$65.00** to some friend or neighbor, and thus make **$16.25;** if you have a chance to do this write us about it at once, and we will help you to do it.

THOUSANDS of Christian Herald readers own Cornish Pianos and Organs, and thousands more will eventually do so. Remember! North, South, East, West, CORNISH is BEST! The ONLY High Grade Piano and Organ sold DIRECT from FACTORY to FAMILY EXCLUSIVELY at FIRST COST.

BONUS ORDER FORM. FILL UP AND MAIL AT ONCE

NOTE. WHEN CASH IS SENT IN ADVANCE THE INSTRUMENT IS SHIPPED SAME DAY ORDER IS RECEIVED. THERE IS NO DELAY. YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR BIG CASH REDUCTION AND ENSURE IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT.

Messrs. Cornish & Co.—Please forward at once, one **Style No. 47,000, Century Chimes Organ,**

*in*_____ case, with piano stool, book, and music, for which I enclose_____ for* **$48.75**

*Name*_____

*Post-Office*_____ *County*_____ *State*_____

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*Please state clearly whether Oak or Walnut case is wanted, and whether 5 or 6 octaves (6 octaves, $10.00 extra); Vocalin Action, 16 stops, 172 reeds, $2.50 extra; Orchestral Action, 18 stops, 221 reeds, $5.00 extra.

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CORNISH & CO., MAKERS OF AMERICAN PIANOS AND ORGANS. **WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.**

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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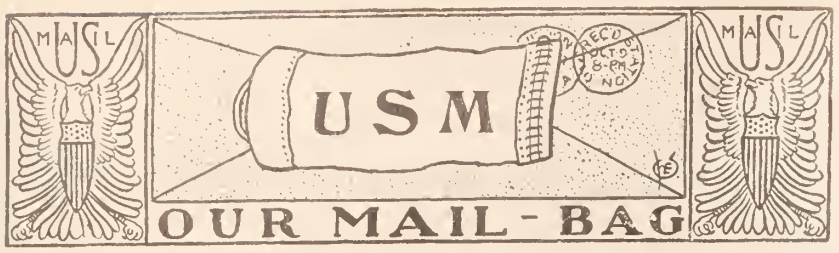
NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 18

PRICE FIVE CENTS

All Germany to Celebrate the Majority of the Heir Apparent, on May 6

Portraits of 1. Crown Prince Frederick William; 2. Emperor William; 3. Empress Victoria Augusta; 4.—Prince Joachim; 5.—Prince Eitel; 6.—Prince Oscar; 7.—Prince Adalbert; 8.—Prince Augustus William; 9.—Princess Louise ("Louischen") and Prince Oscar. (See page 376).



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered May 30

1. Can a Christian consistently practice hypnotism?
2. How did the name Tommy Atkins, as applied to the English soldier, originate?
3. What is meant by the "elect" spoken of in Matthew 24: 22, 31; Mark 13: 27; Luke 18: 7; Romans 8: 33; Col. 3: 12, and elsewhere in the Scriptures?
4. In what States of the Union does temperance legislation prevail?
5. Can any one live like a millionaire and be a good Christian?
6. What is the best description, in a hundred words or less, of a liquor saloon, its objects and results?
7. When and with what nation did England make her first formal treaty?
8. Is suicide mentioned in the Bible and if so, where? Where do we get the idea that it is an unpardonable sin?
9. Is the writing of letters to friends on Sunday a desecration of the day?
10. What is at once the sweetest and most expressive word or phrase in any of the civilized languages of to-day?

Questions of the Week

1. To which of its languages, living or dead, is the world most indebted, and why?

Greek. It is comprehensive of the different needs of language, having given itself to philosophy, the deepest religious expression, history, poetry, oratory, fiction, description and familiar conversation. It is superior to Hebrew in its ability to portray abstract as well as concrete ideas; superior to Latin in its mobility, humanity and lack of that statistical dryness that has made the Latin fit for nothing but law; superior to the German in its musical power, and to the Italian in its rugged strength; to the English, in its purity from mongrelisms, and to the French in its serious stability. It is either the original language, or the most accurate medium of the versions of all that is best in literature up to three hundred years ago—the only language that could have held the juice and elasticity of the thought of the ancients. It was used as a medium of Scripture. It was the language of philosophy, at the same time that impassioned oratory and love were expressed by its means. No other language expresses human life so musically and sympathetically. G. F. GOODENOUGH.

2. Which war of the nineteenth century did most to benefit the world?

Our own Civil War. It brought about the abolishment of slavery—which was as harmful to the owners as to the slaves—and removed the only conceivable source of discord between North and South, thus making the Union stronger than ever and launching it upon a new era of prosperity and world-wide influence and usefulness. L. A. KNIGHT.

3. What is the meaning of Ecclesiastes 7: 16: "Be not righteous over-much; neither make thyself over-wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?"

This verse may be taken as a caution against a Pharisaical display of righteousness, which, while wonderfully scrupulous about the letter, too often loses sight of the spirit of God's commands. S. T. SEARLE.

4. Supposing that there were no hereafter, would it pay to live a religious life?

The moral precepts of the Christian religion—those that concern men in their relations to each other in this life—are such as will promote health, longevity, industry, wealth, happiness and every temporal blessing. It will pay, therefore, in the present existence, to live a religious life. J. G. OSBORNE.

5. What imperial ruler sat on his throne for more than three hundred years?

The body of Charlemagne was placed at death, in 814, in a sitting position, in the tomb connected with the chapel built by himself at Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1001, Otto III. had the vault opened, and the body of the emperor was found in a wonderful state of preservation. In 1165, the Emperor Barbarossa had the vault again opened, and in 1215 the remains were taken from the vault by Frederick II. and put in a casket of gold and silver, in which they are still kept in the treasury of the cathedral. R. S. HOBBS.

6. What may be regarded as the seven most useful inventions of the nineteenth century?

1. The practical application of steam in manufacturing and in transit. 2. Telegraph. 3. Electric light. 4. Use of anæsthetics in surgery. 5. Sewing machine. 6. Cotton gin. 7. Telephone. C. A. MARTIN.

7. Since we may presume that Christ knew that he would raise Lazarus from the dead, how are we to account for his weeping on reaching the site of the sepulchre?

Christ may be presumed to have wept as he saw the sad effects of sin in the parting of human ties by death and the desolation wrought in the home-life thereby. He knew that Lazarus would be brought to life and the loved ones in his home would be reunited, but countless other homes were being desolated by death, and that of which Lazarus was a member would again be disrupted by the same cause. Christ may have wept also because he saw no evidence that even the sisters of Lazarus realized the nature of his mission or powers.

L. H. SMALL.

8. Christ purposely used parables in his earthly ministry, as will be seen on reference to Mark 4: 10-12. A hasty reader might be led to argue that the Master did not intend his hearers to understand and receive the truth. How can such an objection be best answered?

Compare Mark 4: 10-12 with the parallel passage, Matt. 13: 14, 15, as it is given in the Revised Version. Here it appears not that the Master did not intend his hearers to understand, but that the hearers did not wish to comprehend his deeper meaning. "Gross" by nature, utterly indifferent to spiritual things, they listened to Christ's teachings in idle curiosity and gave them only passing attention. The disciples, on the other hand, loving and seeking to serve their Master, followed his words with sympathetic interest and were quick to perceive the real teachings underlying them. Thus to each class of hearers it was "given" (permitted) to find that which they sought; to the one "the mysteries of the kingdom of God," to the other, "all things done in parables."

A. RANNEY.

9. If a person has one hundred dollars that he regards as the Lord's tenth, what would be a good way of dividing it? What proportion to the church, to foreign missions, to the poor and sick, etc.?

No systematic proportion can be stated. The donor should be guided by the current urgency of any particular cause. The following causes should be included in any general distribution: Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Church, Bible Society, Tract Society, sick and poor, Sunday Schools, ministerial education, temperance cause and ministerial relief.

R. T. TERRY.

10. In view of the fact that Christ said, "Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne," etc., is a Christian justified in taking the oath as a juryman or as a witness in a court of justice?

Christ referred to the vicious, wanton and unauthorized swearing in common discourse and not to judicial oaths; for he himself answered when interrogated upon oath (Matt. 26: 63; Mark 14: 4). Paul also makes use of expressions which contain the nature of oaths (Rom. 1: 9; I. Cor. 15: 31; II. Cor. 1: 18; Gal. 1: 20; Heb. 6: 13-17). MARGARET K. RAILEY.

Miscellaneous Questions

Harris L., Lebanon, Pa. 1. What are the requirements for entering a trade school? 2. Please give names of some of the different schools.

Prof. Arthur L. Williston, Director of the Department of Technology, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., kindly answers this query as follows: "The best known trade schools in this country are Williamson Free School of Mechanical Trades; Williamson School P. O., Delaware County, Pa.; New York Trade School, First Avenue, 67th to 68th streets, New York City; Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Trade courses at Pratt Institute, however, are only evening courses. Detailed information regarding the work and requirements of admission can be had by writing to different schools for catalogue. In general, however, the requirements for entering a trade school are that the applicant shall be between about sixteen and twenty-five years of age, bright, intelligent and earnest, and that he shall make satisfactory progress in his work in order to remain. Entrance examinations, as a rule, are not required. Nowadays the idea of a trade school, where nothing but the trade is taught, is giving way to those courses which embody a large amount of practical instruction in various trades, with educational work in mathematics, physics and chemistry, mechanical drawing, machine design, steam engine theory, electricity, and the like.

Corpl. Frank P. Vaughn, U. S. A., sends us some stirring verses on the need of a great temperance movement in our army and navy. One of these is as follows:

Stretch forth your hand. He bids you!
And strength He will provide;
There's noble work for us to do
In stemming the dreadful tide.
What! sixty thousand drunkards' graves
In our bright land each year!
And our best men the devil's slaves—
Shall we longer this tale hear?

Mrs. A. A., Towne, Wis. I should like to see some words on non-spiritual preaching of which there is so much nowadays, preachers seeming to aim merely to cause laughter by their anecdotes and sayings in the pulpit; others giving so much of scientific subjects, all good enough at any other time and place, but not bearing on or dividing the Word as it should be.

Our correspondent has, perhaps, unconsciously touched one of the most prolific causes of church decadence. When a preacher coveting worldly admiration, deliberately sets the Gospel aside, and makes his pulpit a platform for the discussion of non-spiritual topics, he invites ultimate failure. He makes the fatal mistake of speaking to please the fancy instead of to feed the soul. There is only one topic that will satisfy the cravings of a hungry soul, viz.: the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Inquirer. If it is morally wrong to do a certain thing ourselves, it is wrong to aid or countenance others in the doing of it. This applies to card-playing and all amusements that tend to gambling or other forms of immorality. By attending card-playing parties, even though you yourself do not play, you countenance the evil. See our answer to "Reader, Joy, N. Y.," in THE MAIL-BAG of Feb. 21. There are so many games and amusements that are absolutely free from the remotest suspicion of wrong that it cannot be truthfully urged that a person is driven by necessity to choose a pernicious amusement which has been the cause of ruin to thousands.

A. N. B., Buckhannon, W. Va. Is it a lie not to tell the whole truth to one who has a right to know the whole truth?

It depends wholly upon the circumstances of the case. By keeping back a portion of the truth, one may give to a particular statement the color and effect of a lie, even though it should be literal fact. Conveying a wrong impression by whatever means, is indirect lying. On the other hand, we can imagine a case in which one might be silent from laudable motives, as to certain facts, the bringing out of which might serve no good purpose, but would involve others in sorrow or disgrace. Even in such a case, the motive must be unimpeachable. As to the "right to know," there is none who has the right to know the innermost secrets of the heart, save God.

Mrs. A. W. D., Worcester, Mass. When and by whom was the Apocrypha to the New Testament written?

There were nearly seventy apocryphal writings (not now extant) mentioned by authors who lived in the first four centuries of the Christian era; and there are, besides these, over forty writings of the same class which still exist, ancient copies in the original language having been preserved. The details concerning these writings would occupy too much valuable space to be given here. You can procure Tischendorf's, Farrar's, or some later commentary on the apocrypha from any publisher of religious works.

C. B. Smith, Anacostia, D. C., writes concerning a question which recently appeared in THE MAIL-BAG:

The question is in your issue of the 11th inst., whether any intelligent and reliable foreigner has been permitted within the last fifty or one hundred years to descend into the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron. Dean Stanley, in his book on the tour of the Prince of Wales through Palestine, gives a graphic account of the descent of the prince and his party into this cave, where they saw the graves of the patriarchs. The book giving this account, I presume, can be found in most public libraries.

F. C. R., Harmony, Pa. Can a professor of Christianity enter heaven while holding hatred and envy towards one who has wronged him?

Christ best answers that question when he says: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

Student, Ont., Can. What is being done in "spelling reform" in the United States?

Rapid progress has not been made. A number of changes, which look to the dropping of silent letters have, however, received some high sanction, though the practice of following such suggestions obtains slowly. Some response has been made to the recent proposal of the National Educational Association for revised spelling of twelve words (program, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout, catalog, prolog, decalog, demagog and pedagog) has been adopted or recommended for use in public schools of Pittsfield and Northampton, Mass., in Denver, and in Chicago, and by a few prominent publishing houses. The University of Chicago press resolved to adopt the new spellings, but the reform was considered too radical, and was vetoed by conservative members of the faculty. The Chicago Society of Proofreaders has endeavored to encourage the reform.

F. A. G., Citronelle, Fla. 1. How should communion bread be prepared. 2. What should be done with that which is left?

1. The ordinary bread of every-day life will serve the purpose. 2. As only the portion used is consecrated, that which is left has no particularly sacred character; still, its association with the communion table should save it from thoughtless usage thereafter. It might be given to the very poor, who would use it gladly.

I. F., Hagood, S. C. 1. To what race do the people of India belong? 2. What was U. S. Grant's middle name?

1. The Hindus, as natives of India are commonly termed, are accredited by ethnologists to the great Aryan or Indo-European family of nations, resemblance between the languages of all showing a common origin. The mother nation of all, "which died in giving them birth," is supposed to have been in occupation of Central Asia at a period when Europe was a jungle; first, one off-shoot, and then another migrated, and thus a wide distribution resulted. The Aryan race consists, as now defined, of two branches: the Western comprehending the inhabitants of Europe (with exception of Magyars, Finns and Turks) and naturally, their descendants in America; and the Eastern, comprehending the inhabitants of Armenia, Persia, Afghanistan, and the dominant race of India. India has, however, tribes of mongolian type and peoples showing the admixture of many races. 2. Simpson.

A. G. R. Is baptism a saving ordinance?

No; but it is commanded by Christ, and what he commands should be a duty and a pleasure for Christians to obey.

Earnest Christian, Schuylkill Haven, Pa. If a young man, who had to leave the public schools through misfortune and ill health when quite young, but who has obtained a fair education through self-instruction, and has not the means available to undergo a college course now has a desire to enter the ministry, how can he decide if he is called by God? If he has been but recently converted, is there anything to cause his rejection in that direction?

Better consult, if possible, with some warm-hearted minister of the Gospel living near you, who can advise you at close range. The recent date of your conversion need not prove a hindrance. If the way does not open up for a suitable education, it is possible that Providence is leading you to seek some other field of usefulness for which you could be fitted from an educational point of view with less care and in less time.

C. R. B., Bangor, Me. What is the Monroe doctrine?

In December, 1823, it being known that the "Holy Alliance," the emperors of Russia and Austria and the king of Prussia, purposed aiding Spain in bringing back her revolted South American colonies to obedience, President Monroe called attention to the matter in his annual message. Setting forth the friendly relations of the United States with the new South American republics, he went on to say, "We could not view an interposition for oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." The Alliance speedily gave up its project. The principle of non-interference by the United States with European politics with the natural sequence, the refusal to permit European interference in American politics, has been maintained ever since.

A. E. R., Hudson, Ala. Are Mormons Christians? If so, and they do not teach the doctrine of polygamy, why are they so cruelly persecuted by people who claim to be Christians?

The Mormons claim to believe in the Bible, as supplemented by the Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine, also in the salvation of a man "only if he believes in Christ's atonement, repents, is baptized by immersion by a Christ-appointed apostle, and receives the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost by only authorized apostles." The history of Mormonism shows such gross abuse of the main doctrines of Christianity that few evangelical Christians would admit their title to the name.

E. S., Waterford. Miss Gould lives in Irvington, N. Y.

W. S. T., Rochester, N. Y. Purchases on Sunday from drug stores are excusable only on the ground of absolute necessity.

Mrs. A. H. P., North Castine, Me. "God first," is a motto worth keeping in view, and our highest duty is to him. See Matt. 10: 35-38.

T. J. Schwarz, Neb. We see nothing wrong about such suppers, but good taste and a sense of the fitness of things would suggest that they be held elsewhere than in the church building.

New Englander, Concord, N. H. We have no means of knowing how many signatures our readers sent to Washington to protest against Brigham H. Roberts taking his seat in Congress, but there were doubtless many thousands.

Marion, Knoxville, Ia. All documents transferring title in real estate or other property should be regularly drawn in accordance with prescribed legal forms and signed in presence of competent witnesses: otherwise they are liable to be declared invalid.

MISSIONARIES IN COUNCIL

Opening Sessions of the Great Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions in New York

ENTRANCE TO CARNEGIE HALL

A SCENE that will be memorable in the annals of the Christian Church was presented in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, at the opening of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missons on April 21. Bronzed veterans of the Christian army whose lives have been passed at the front in India, China, Japan, Asia Minor, among the savages of the interior of Africa, in the islands of the Pacific, and in other strongholds of heathenism, were there to tell of the triumphs of the Cross. Heroes unconscious of their heroism; men who have given up the world and all they hold dear for Christ, and who count the sacrifice well made, were quietly sitting side by side in a Christian land, intent only on learning what others had done, and recounting their own achievements not in boasting, but for the encouragement of their comrades from other fields. It was good to see such men at least for once, in the flesh, for their names are inscribed on the honor roll of Christ's kingdom, and in the great day of final award we shall see them again, welcomed and honored by Him who promised that those who gave up home and friends and country and houses and lands for his sake should in no wise lose their reward.

The spectacle was significant to the student of the movements of religious organizations. It has not been given to preceding generations to see such accord among the denominations as that great gathering showed. Probably never before in five centuries, have representatives of so many creeds been found under one roof. And they were not fiercely contending for their varied religious principles, intensely as they believe in them, but uniting in the one great purpose, drawn together by the one supreme desire of promoting the advance of the common Christianity in which they are all engaged. Surely, He who prayed in the last solemn hours of his life "that they all may be one," must have looked down with joy on that gathering and have seen the dawn of the day that he predicted as a result of such union, when the world would believe as it witnessed the unprecedented harmony "that thou hast sent me." Faith in Christ, love for him, enthusiasm in his cause, loyalty to his person, profound conviction in his Gospel as the remedy for the world's sin and sorrow—these were the principles animating that great assemblage and the regiments of veterans were less concerned about their regimental names and colors than about the great banner of the Cross under which all were united. A grand and glorious augury was that gathering of the coming time when none would say I am of Paul and I of Cephas, but all would glory in the name of Christ.

PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE

1. DR. EDWIN S. FRY 2. REV. K. S. MACDONALD 3. DR. DUNCAN McLAREN 4. DR. JUDSON SMITH
5. MRS. GEORGE KERRY 6. MRS. DUNCAN McLAREN 7. REV. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D.
8. REV. GEORGE KERRY 9. REV. C. J. JOHANSSON 10. REV. H. O. MACKAY

Ex-President Harrison, who is President of the Conference, struck a true keynote in his opening address when he said:

Not the least beneficent aspect and influence of this great gathering will be found in the Christian union that it evidences. The value of this is great at home, but tenfold greater in the mission field, where ecclesiastical divisions suggest diverse prophets. The Bible does not draw its illustrations wholly from the home or the fields, but uses also strenuous things of life, the race, the fight, the girded soldier, the assault. There are many fields; there are diverse arms: the battle is in the bush, and the comrades that are seen are few. A view of the whole army is a good thing; the heart is strengthened by an enlarged comradeship. It gives promise that the flank will be covered and a reserve organized. After days in the bush the sense of numbers is lost. It greatly strengthens the soldier and quickens his pace when he advances to battle, if a glance to right or left reveals many pennons, and a marshaled host moving under one great leader to execute a single battle plan.

The highest conception that has ever entered the mind of man is that of God as the Father of all men—the one blood—the universal brotherhood. It was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto—he lays his imposts upon others. He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance before him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King, "not to be ministered unto but to minister." The rough winds fanned his sleep; he drank of the mountain brook; would not use his power to stay his own hunger, but had compassion on the multitude. He called them he had bought with a great price no more servants, but friends. He entered the bloody arena alone, and, dying, broke all chains and brought life and immortality to light.

Here is the perfect altruism; here the true appraisal of men. Ornaments of gold and gems, silken robes, houses, lands, stocks and bonds—these are tare when men are weighed. Where else is there a scale so true? Where a brotherhood so wide and perfect? Labor is made noble—the King credits the smallest service. His values are relative; he takes account of the per cent. when tribute is brought into his treasury. No coin of love is base or small to him. The widow's mite he sets in his crown. Life is sweetened; the poor man becomes of account. Where else is found a philosophy of life so sweet and adaptable—a philosophy of death so comforting?

No less cordial was the greeting of President McKinley whose tribute coming from the chief magistrate of this great nation was all the more significant. It must have cheered the hearts of the missionaries who have toiled for years in loneliness far away from civilization to hear the statesman who is the chosen and elected head of the foremost Christian nation on earth say:

I am glad of the opportunity to offer without stint my tribute of respect to the missionary effort which has wrought such wonderful triumphs for civilization. The story of the Christian missions is one of thrilling interest and marvellous results. The sacrifices of the missionaries for their fellow men constitute one of the most glorious pages of the world's history. The missionary, of whatever church or ecclesiastical body, who devotes his life to the service of the Master and of men, carrying the torch of truth and enlightenment, deserves the gratitude and homage of mankind. The noble, self-effacing, willing ministers of peace and good-will should be classed with the world's heroes.

May this great meeting rekindle the spirit of missionary ardor and enthusiasm "to go teach all nations"; may the field never lack a succession of heralds who shall carry on the task—the continuous proclamation of his Gospel to the end of time!

From Dr. Judson Smith, the Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners, the visitors received a cordial greeting. There was no trace of denominationalism in the glowing words with which he welcomed representatives of other creeds, nor any grudging in his tribute of praise to missionaries of other organizations. It was from the heart of a brother in Christ full of love and appreciation of sterling work that he said:

And you missionaries of every name, from every continent and island and tribe of Asia and Africa and Oceanica, part of "the far-flung battle line" of the Christian host, who come from posts of hardship and danger, of great plans and wisest statesmanship, some of whom bear in your persons the marks of the well-fought fight, who give our spirits heroic aims and lift our life from common dust to mingle with immortal light and hope—what words of human speech can tell the homage we owe, the pride we feel, the love and the welcome we give! To these rare days you bring no common gift; to these assemblies you lend a lustre above all earthly pomp and power. We move on different lines; we use each our own equipment and armor; we employ our several methods. But the goal we seek is one; the victory of each is the victory of all, and the triumph of our Lord in all the earth, among the nations, is as sure and irresistible as the flash of the sunlight, as the sweep of the heavenly globes.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Moving-Day in the Cities

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Philippians 4: 12: . . . I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound.

HAPPY Paul! Could you really accommodate yourself to all circumstances in life? Could you go up without pride, and could you come down without exasperation? Teach the same lesson to us all.

We are at a season of the year when vast populations in all our cities are changing residence. Having been born in a house, and having all our lives lived in a house, we do not have full appreciation of what a house is. It is the growth of thousands of years. The human race first lived in clefts of rocks, the beasts of the field moving out of the caverns to let the human race move in. The shepherds and the robbers still live in caverns of the earth. The Troglodytes are a race which to this day prefer the caverns to a house. They are warm, they are large, they are very comfortable, they are less subject to violent changes of heat and cold. We come on along down in the history of the race, and we come to the lodge, which was a home built out of twisted tree branches. We come further on down in the history of the race, and we come to the tent, which was a home built with a round pole in the centre and skins of animals reaching out in all directions, mats on the floor for the people to sit on.

Time passed on, and the world, after much invention, came to build a house, which was a space surrounded by broad stones against which the earth was heaped from the outside. The roof was made of chalk and gypsum and coals and stones and ashes pounded together. After a while the porch was born. After a while the gate. Then hundreds of years passed on, and in the fourteenth century the modern chimney was constructed. The old Hebrews had openings in their houses from which the smoke might escape if it preferred, but there was no inducement offered for it to leave until the modern chimney. Wooden keys opened the door, or the keyhole was large enough to allow the finger to be inserted for the lifting of the latch or the sliding it. There being no windows the people were dependent for light upon lattice work, over which a thin veil was drawn down in time of winter to keep out the elements. Window glass was, so late as two or three hundred years ago in England and Scotland, so great a luxury that only the very wealthiest could afford it. A hand-mill and an oven and a few leathern bottles and some rude pitchers and plates made up the entire equipment of the culinary department. But the home planted in the old cave, or at the foot of a tent pole, has grown and enlarged and spread abroad until we have the modern house, with its branches and roots, and vast girth and height and depth of comfort and accommodation.

Architecture in other days busied itself chiefly in planning and building triumphal arches and basilicas and hippodromes and mausoleums and columns, while they allowed the people for residences to burrow like musk-rats in the earth. St. Sophia's, of Constantinople, St. Mark's, of Venice, St. Peter's, of Rome, are only the Raphaeled walls against which lean the squalor and the pauperism of many nations. I rejoice that while our modern architects give us grand capitols in which to legislate, and grand court houses in which to administer justice, and grand churches in which to worship God, they also give much of their time to the planning of comfortable abodes for our tired population. I have not so much interest in the Arch of Trajan at Beneventum, as I have in the wish that all the people may have a comfortable shelter; nor have I so much interest in the Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens, as I have in the hope that every man may have an altar for the worship of the true God in his own house. And I have not so much interest in the science of ceramics, which goes crazy over a twisted vase or a queer-handled jug in use three thousand years ago, or a pitcher out of which the ancient Pharaohs poured their drunken debauch, as I have that every man have on his table a plate with plenty of healthful food and an appetite to attack it.

Thank God for your home—not merely the house you live in now, but the house you were born in, and the many houses you have resided in since you began your earthly residence. When you go home to-day count over the number of those houses in which you have resided, and you will be surprised. Once in a while you will find a man who lives in the house where he was born, and where his father was born, and his grandfather was born, and his great-grandfather was born; but that is not one out of a thousand cases. I have not been more perambulatory than most people, but I was amazed when I came to count up the number of residences I have occupied. The fact is, there is in this world no such thing as permanent residence.

You see the race is nomadic, and no sooner gets in one place than it wants to change for another place, or is compelled to change for another place, and so the race invented the railroad and the steamboat, in order more rapidly to get into some other place than that in which it was then. Ay, instead of being nomadic, it is immortal, moving on and moving on. We whip up our horses and hasten on until the hub of the front wheel shivers on the tombstone and tips us headlong into the grave, the only permanent earthly residence. But, bless God, even that stay is limited, for we shall have a resurrection.

A day this Spring the streets will be filled with the furniture carts and the drays and the trucks. It will be a hard day for horses, because they will be overloaded. It will be a hard day for laborers, for they will overlift before they get the family furniture from one house to another. It will be a hard day for housekeepers to see their furniture scratched, and their crockery broken, and their carpets misfit, and their furniture dashed of the sudden showers. It will be a hard day for landlords. It will be a hard day for tenants. Especial grace is needed for moving day. Many a man's religion has suffered a fearful strain between the hour on the morning of the first of May, when he took his immature breakfast, and the hour at night when he rolled into his extemporized couch. The furniture broken sometimes will result in the breaking of the ten commandments. There is no more fearful pass than the hall of a house where two families meet, one moving out and the other moving in! The salutation is apt to be more vehement than complimentary. The grace that will be sufficient for the first of January, and the first of February, and the first of March, and the first of April, will not be sufficient for the first of May. Say your prayers that morning if you find nothing better to kneel down by than a coal-scuttle, and say your prayers at night though your knee comes down on a paper of carpet tacks. You will want supernatural help if any of you move. Help in the morning to start out aright on the day's work. Help at night to repent. There will be enough annoyances to make a Xanthippe out of a Frances Ridley Havergal. I have again and again been in crisis of moving day, and I have stood appalled and amazed and helpless in the shipwreck, taking as well as I could those things that floated ashore from the breakers, and I know how to comfort and how to warn and how to encourage the people; so I preach this practical May-day sermon. All these troubles will soon be gone, and the bruises will heal, and the stiffened joints will become supple, and your ruffled temper will be smoothed of its wrinkles, and order will take the place of disorder, and you will sit down in your new home seriously to contemplate.

My first word then in this part of my discourse is to all those who move out of small houses into larger ones. Now we will see whether, like the apostle, you know how to abound. Do not, because your new house has two more stories than the old one, add two stories to your vanity, or make your brightly polished silver door-plate the coffin-plate to your buried humility. Many persons moving into a larger house have become arrogant and supercilious. They swagger where once they walked, they simper where once they laughed, they go about with an air which seems to say, "Let all smaller craft get out of these waters if they don't want to be run over by a regular Cunarder." I have known people who were kind and amiable and Christian in their smaller house—no sooner did they go over the door-sill of the new house than they became a glorified nuisance. They were the terror of dry-goods clerks and the amazement of ferryboats into which they swept; and if compelled to stand a moment with condemnatory glance turning all the people seated into criminals and convicts. They began to hunt up the family coat-of-arms, and had lion couchant, or unicorn rampant on the carriage door; when, if they had the appropriate coat-of-arms, it would have been a butterfirkin, or a shoe-last, or a plough, or a trowel. Now, my friends, if you move into a larger house, thank God for more room—for more room to hang your pictures, for more room in which to gather your friends, for more room in which to let your children romp and play, for more room for great bookcases filled with good reading, or wealth of bric-a-brac. Have as large and as fine a house as you can afford to have, but do not sacrifice your humility and your common sense: do not lose your balance, do not be spoiled by your successes.

Years ago, we were the guests in an English manor. The statuary, the ferneries, the botanical and horticultural genius of the place had done all they could do to make the place attractive. For generations there had been an amassing of plate and costly surroundings. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, the proprietor of the estate had the bell rung, and some twenty or thirty men-servants and maid-servants came in to prayers. The proprietor of the estate read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn, his daughter at the organ started the music, and then the music over, the proprietor of the estate kneeled down and commended all his guests, all his family, all his employees to the Lord Almighty. God can trust such a man as that with a large estate. He knows how to abound. He trusted God and God trusted him. And I could call off the roll of fifty merchant princes as mighty for God as they are mighty in worldly successes. Ah, my friends, do not be puffed up by any of the successes of this life; do not be spoiled by the number of liveried coachmen that may stop at your door, or the sweep of the long trail across the imported tapestry. Many of those who come to your house are fawning parasites. They are not so much in love with you as they are in love with your house and your successes. You move down next year to 320 Low-Water-Mark street, and see how many of their carriages will halt at your door.

Timon of Athens was a wealthy lord, and all the mighty men and women of the land came and sat at his banquet, proud to sit there, and they drank deep to his health. They sent him costly presents. He sent costlier presents back again, and there was no man in all the land so admired as Timon of Athens, the wealthy lord. But after a while, through lavish hospitality, or through betrayal, he lost everything. Then he sent for help to those lords whom he had banqueted and to whom he had given large sums of money, Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius and Ventidias. Did those lords send any help to him? Oh, no. Lucullus said when he was applied to, "Well, I thought that Timon would come down, he was too lavish; let him suffer for his recklessness." Lucius said, "I would be very glad to help Timon, but I have made large purchases and my means are all absorbed." And one lord sent one excuse and another lord sent another excuse. But to the astonishment of everybody, after awhile Timon proclaimed another feast. Those lords said to themselves: "Why, either Timon has had a good turn of fortune, or he has been deceiving us, testing our love." And so they all flocked to the banquet apologetic for seeming lukewarmness. The guests were all seated at the table, and Timon ordered the covers lifted. The covers lifted, there was nothing under them but smoking hot water. Then Timon said to his guests, "Dogs, lap, lap, dogs!" and under the terrific irony they fled the room, while Timon pursued them with his anathema, calling them fools of fortune, destroyers of happiness under a mask, hurling at the same time the pitchers and the chalices after them. O! my friends, I would not want to make you over-suspicious in the day of your success, but I want you to understand right well there is a vast difference between the popularity of Timon, the prosperous, and Timon the unfortunate—I want you to know there is a vast difference in the number of people who admire a man when he is going up, and the number of people who admire him when he is going down.

But I must have a word with those who in this May-day time move out of larger residences into smaller. Sometimes the pathetic reason is that the family has dwindled in size and so much room is not required, so they move out into smaller apartments. I know there are such cases. Marriage has taken some of the members of the family, death has taken other members of the family, and, after a while, father and mother wake up to find their family just the size it was when they started, and they would be lonesome and lost in a large house; hence they move out of it. Moving day is a great sadness to such if they have the law of association dominant. There are the rooms named after the different members of the family. I suppose it is so in all your households. It is so in mine; we name the rooms after the persons who occupy them. And then there is the dining-hall where the festivities took place, the holiday festivities; there is the sitting-room where the family met night after night, and there is the room sacred because there a life started, or a life stopped; the Alpha and the Omega of some earthly existence. Scene of meeting and parting, of congratulation and heart-break. Every door-knob, every fresco, every mantel, every threshold meaning more to you than it can ever mean to any one else. When moving out of a house I have always been in the habit, after everything was gone, of going into each room and bidding it a mute farewell. There will be tears running down many cheeks in the May-time moving that the carmen will not be able to understand. It is a solemn and a touching and an overwhelming thing to leave places forever—places where we have struggled and toiled and wept and sung and prayed and anxiously watched and agonized. O! life is such a strange mixture of honey and of gall, weddings and burials, midnoon and midnight clashing. Every home a lighthouse against which the billows of many seas tumble. Thank God that such changes are not always going to continue, otherwise the nerves would give out and the brain would founder on a dementia like that of King Lear when his daughter Cordelia came to medicine his domestic calamity.

But there are others who will move out of large residences into smaller through the reversal of fortune. The property must be sold, or the baliff will sell it, or the income is less and you cannot pay the house rent. First of all, such persons should understand that our happiness is not dependent on the size of the house we live in. I have known people enjoy a small heaven in two rooms, and others suffer a pandemonium in twenty. There is as much happiness in a small house as in a large house. There is as much satisfaction under the light of a tallow candle as under the glare of a chandelier all the burners at full blaze. Who was the happier, John Bunyan in Bedford Jail, or Belshazzar in the saturnalia? Contentment is something you can neither rent nor purchase. It is not extrinsic, it is intrinsic. Are there fewer rooms in the house to which you move? you will have less to take care of. Is it to be stove instead of furnace? all the doctors say the modern modes of warming buildings are

unhealthy. Is it less social position? fewer people who want to drag you down by their jealousies. Is it less fortune to leave in your last will and testment? less to spoil your children. Is it less money for the marketing? less temptation to ruin the health of your family with pine-apples and indigestible salads.

I meet you this Spring-time at the door of your new home, and I sincerely congratulate you. You are going to have a better time this year, some of you, than you ever had. You take God and the Christian religion in your home and you will be grandly happy. God in the parlor—that will sanctify your sociabilities. God in the nursery—that will protect your children. God in the dining-hall—that will make the plainest meal an imperial banquet. God in the morning—that will launch the day brightly from the dry docks. God in the evening—that will sail the day sweetly into the harbor.

And get joy, one and all of you, whether you move or do not move. Get joy out of the thought that we are soon all going to have a grand moving day. Do you want a picture of the new house into which you will move? Here it is, wrought with the hand of a master: "We know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." When are we going to move into it? We are moving now. On moving day heads of families are very apt to stay in the old house until they have seen everything off. They send ahead the children and they send ahead the treasures and the valuables. Then after awhile they will come themselves. I remember very well in the country that in boyhood moving day was a jubilation. On almost the first load we the children, were sent on ahead to the new house and we arrived with shout and laughter, and in an hour we had ranged through every room in the house, the barn and the granary. Toward night, and perhaps in the last wagon, father and mother would come, looking very tired, and we would come down to the foot of the lane to meet them and tell them of all the wonders we discovered in the new place.

Well, my dear Lord knows that some of us have been moving a good while. We have sent our children ahead, we have sent many of our valuables ahead, sent many treasures ahead. We cannot go yet. There is work for us to do; but after a while it will be toward night and we will be very tired, and then we will start for our new home; and those who have gone ahead of us will see our approach, and they will come down the lane to meet us. And there for the first time we will realize what fools we were on earth when we feared to die, since death has turned out only to be the moving from a smaller house into a larger one, and the exchange of a pauper's hut for a prince's castle, and the going upstairs from a miserable kitchen to a glorious parlor. O! house of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Paris and its Exposition Palaces

Architectural Features of the Exposition . . .

. . . Present Condition of the Buildings—The Czar's Token

ALTHOUGH incompleteness marks the Paris Exposition, the attractions are daily growing more numerous. The first royal visit was that of the Queen of Saxony on April 18; other crowned heads will delay their visits until the period of construction is over. On April 17, the Russian section, up to that date the only section absolutely complete, was formally inaugurated by M. Loubet, President of the French Republic. It was half past ten o'clock in the morning when the President, accompanied by Gen. Bailloud, Gen. Combarien, M. Poulet and the officers of his military household, arrived under the colonnade of the Trocadero. Barriers of wood surrounded the Russian pavilion and behind the barriers were assembled the Russian workmen who shouted "*Hourra! Vive* Loubet! *Vivents les Francais!*" The President was received with cordiality by Prince Ourousoff, the Russian Ambassador, who at once conducted him to the room in which had been placed the costly present which the Czar of Russia had sent as a token of good-will to France.

This present consists of a beautiful map of France made of marble and precious stones, the whole bordered with ebony, the sombre character of which sets off the sparkling jewels most appropriately. The Ambassador made a neat little speech in presenting the map, which he said the Czar intended as a new token of the friendly relations between the two governments and peoples. The President, in reply, expressed himself as much touched, and said that the map would find its place amid the masterpieces of art in the Louvre, the home of so many French treasures. It took skilled workmen two years to produce this unique piece of topographical art.

President Loubet listened, during his visit, to delightful music by the Kremlin band which was formed by the late Emperor Alexander III., who himself had played a brass instrument in its ranks. Among the many attractive displays of the Russian section must be mentioned the handsome furs and skins. These are sure to find favor in American eyes. To the Grand Duchesse Serge is due the organization of a Russian village. This was visited by President Loubet. At the entrance to the village he was received by M. and Mme. Takounchikoff, who represented the grand duchesse, and offered the customary bread and salt. The bread took the form of a round cake, resembling the French twelfth night cake. It was tended on a white serviette, on a silver dish, while the salt was contained in a crystal salt-seller incrusted with gold. Pleasant little speeches were made by Mme. Takounchikoff and the President, the latter begging his host to thank the grand duchesse for the part which her imperial highness had taken in the success of the Russian section of the Exposition.

April 19 was children's day. The schools were closed and the little folks were early in possession. They appeared to be as much interested in the proceedings of the thousands of workmen who were busy on all hands, as in the exhibits. On this day the horticultural section was laid open. A magnificent display of fruit from the Crimea, sent by the Imperial Horticultural Society of Russia, aroused much interest.

The Exposition grounds are now covered with flowers, the electric lighting apparatus is being rapidly installed and the great Chateau d'Eau, or water palace, is being pushed to completion. This will be a singularly beautiful feature of the Exposition. The fountains will discharge about fifty thousand gallons of water an hour, the supply coming from an immense reservoir on the left bank of the Seine. With the combination of falling water and electricity many beautiful effects are promised at the forthcoming "fetes de nuit," or night exhibitions.

Whether from the unfinished condition of the Exposition or from other causes, it is not easy to say, but the average attendance has by no means come up to expectations. Sunday recorded 188,000 paying entrances, Monday 123,000, Tuesday 88,350. Nor is this last the lowest record that has been made. As a result the price of admission has been reduced. At certain hours one can get in on presentation of one ticket which costs the equivalent of about six American cents. At other hours and on certain special days, from two to five of these tickets are required for admission, but the attendance during hours when more than one ticket is necessary is not as encouraging as the officials could wish.

From the views presented on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD it will be seen that the buildings are very beautiful. By the time the usual summer influx of American visitors has reached the bright capital of France they will be in their glory, the din and hum of preparation will be over, and the delay attending the earlier weeks of the Exposition will be forgotten in the impressive consummation.

The Pavilions of Austria, Turkey, Italy and the United States

Entrance, Palace of Varied Industries

A Section of the "Street of all Nations"

NOTABLE GROUPS OF BUILDINGS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

A Prison Revival

DURING the past year, Rev. Wm. C. Stoudenmire, chaplain of the Maryland State penitentiary, has been earnestly striving to induce the prisoners to give up sin and accept Christ. As a result of the year's battle, 126 of the men assembled around the altar in the Penitentiary chapel, confessed their belief in Jesus Christ, renounced the devil, and promised to faithfully follow Jesus in their everyday life. Thirty-three were baptized and ninety-three were confirmed in the Christian faith. With other Christian prisoners they were then privileged to partake of communion. It was a very impressive scene, these men lost to the world through sin, guilty of almost every known crime, now saved through Christ's love and sacrifice. For months the class has been forming and receiving instruction from the chaplain, who in practical, earnest talks at the Sunday School service, has reached many hearts and caused the men to halt and think. As he came in personal contact with them in cell-to-cell visitations, he pressed home the spiritual truths with telling effect. Many during the year have been influenced and helped in their determination to lead a new life, and others who have reformed have been restored to family and friends. Rev. Joseph T. Smith, D.D., of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Esra K. Bell, D. D., of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, assisted the chaplain in his work among the prisoners, and Mrs. Kate Doane sang for them.

H. D. BAKER.

A Boon to the World

DAYTON, VA.

Dear "Christian Herald": You did a wonderful thing for the world when you originated the plan of the Red Letter Testament. It is far more impressive than can be described and the reader feels that he has been brought nearer Christ, and that his conversation was personal. He talks face to face, as it were, with the Master.

MRS. W. W. SHIPPER.

"KEEP STILL, GRANDMA"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA MEETS THE EMPRESS

BEING in Shanghai over Sunday, we attended service held by a missionary. It wuz a beautiful service which we all enjoyed. The words of this good Christian man in prayer and praise sounded to our ears as sweet as the sound of waters in a desert land. Over a hundred wuz present, and after service the pulpit was moved off and several wuz baptized in water jest as they do in America.

The rich and poor seem to live side by side more than they do in our country, and rich merchants live over their shops; mebby it is to protect them from the Feng Shui, for if that gits on track of a rich man a great part of his wealth is appropriated by the government; it very often borrys their money—or what it calls borryin'.

A Useful Ornament

Shanghai wuz the first place where I see men carryin' fans. When they're not fannin' themselves they put the fan at the back of their neck, for a ornament I guess.

Josiah made a note in his pocket diary: "Mem—To git a fan the day after I git home, to carry it to Jonesville to meetin', to fan myself with it on the way there before Elder Minkley and Brother Henzy. Mem—A red and yaller one." But of this fan bizness more anon.

There are not many wimmen in the streets here. The poorer class of Chinese let their feet grow to the natural size; it is only the aristocracy who bind up their feet.

But my mission to the Empress wore on me. I felt that I must not delay seekin' a augience. And, as it happened, or no, not happened—it wuz to be—one day whilst Josiah and Arvilly and Tommy and I wuz walkin' in a beautiful garden, the rest of the party bein' away on another tower after pleasure and instruction, Josiah and Tommy had gone to see the fish in a fountain a little ways off, and Arvilly wuz some distance away, when all of a sudden I heard a bystander say in a low, awe-struck voice, "There is the Empress."

The Meeting with Si Ann

She wuz walkin' through the garden with two ladies-in-waiting, and a elegant carriage wuz goin' slow a little ways off, givin' her a chance for excercise, I spoze. She wuz dressed in a long, colored silk night-gown—or it wuz shaped like one—though they wear 'em day times, all embroidered and glitterin' with precious stuns. She didn't have her crown on—mebby it wuz broke and away to be fixed—but her hair wuz combed dretful slick and stuck full of jeweled pins and stars, etc. I knowed her by her picture, and also by my feelins', and I sez to myself, Now is the time for me to onburden myself of the important mission that had been layin' so heavy on my chist. Yes, Duty's apron strings jest drawed me right up in front of her, and I advanced, holdin' out my hand in as friendly a way as if she had come for a all-day's visit to me in Jonesville. Her ladies-in-waitin' kinder fell back, and as I advanced I bowed real low—as low as I dasted to, for I felt that I wouldn't have ketched my feet in the facin' of my dress and fell down at that time for a dollar bill. She's smart; she recognized my lofty sperit, and her greetin' wuz considerable cordial, though held back by her Chinese education.

Samantha's Greeting

Sez I, "Empress Si Ann (I d'no but I ort to call her Sarah Ann, that's probable her name docked off by her folks to pet her. But I thought I wouldn't meddle with a pet name; I'd call her Si Ann).

Sez I, "I set out from Jonesville with a important message for you, and I've bore it over the ocean on a tower and now I lay it at your feet."

"WE WUZ WALKIN' IN A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN"

I here paused to give her a chance to wonder what it wuz, and get some excited, then I went on, "I felt that I must see you on my own account and Josiah's and the nation's, and tell you not to, oh not to lay that Piece Conference to us. I have laid awake nights worryin' about it, for fear you'd think that Josiah and I, bein' prominent Americans, had jined in and wuz tryin' to cut China to pieces. But we hadn't a thing to do with it."

I meant to keep Josiah in the background, knowin' the Chinese aversion to mix up the sects in company, but he'd come back and he had to put in his oar here and sez he, "No, they couldn't git me to jine 'em. I wuz down with a crick at the time and Samantha had to nuss me. We had our hands full and we couldn't have jined 'em anyway," he sez.

I wunk at him and stepped on his toe, but nothin' could stop him, and he went on, "I wouldn't have jined 'em anyway, Miss Hein Fong, I wouldn't treat a neighbor so."

Near Neighbors

"Neighbor?" sez she wonderin'ly.

"Yes," sez he, "you know our land jines on the under side. China jines my paster in the middle, though owin' to the way our land lays we can't neighbor much, and," sez he, "you're enough sight better neighbors than some I've got, your folks are old settlers and have always tended to their own bizness and kep' their cattle and hens to hum, which is more than I can say for all the neighbors whose land jines mine."

That Peace Conference Again

But I could see that the ladies-in-waitin' wuz oneasy at havin' a man talkin' to 'em so free and I kinder advanced in front of him and sez:

"Josiah and I wuz dretful tickled with the idee at first when we spozed that conference meant real p-e-a-c-e and tryin' to bring the most beautiful gift of God and joy of heaven nigher to earth. Why, it jest riz us right up, we felt so highly tickled with it. But when we see 'em begin to spell it p-i-e-ce, and quarrel over the pieces, why, then we turned right agin' 'em. Why, good land! even if it wuz right, Josiah has got all the land he wants to work and more too, and as I tell him, what is the use of him or the nation havin' a great lot of land to stand idle and pay taxes on, and keep a gang of hired men to watch. Men and nations can git land poor, I believe."

Advice to the Empress

I see she liked what I said about the Peace Commission, but I wuz afraid she didn't git my idee jest right, so I sez, "I believe in the first on't the Zar's idee come right down from heaven, filtered into his comprehension mebby through a woman's apprehension. But you know how it is, Si Ann, in the berry lot now if there are bushes hangin' full of big ones jest over the fence and somebody else is gittin' 'em all, you kinder want to jine in and git some on 'em yourself, though you may be a perfesser and singin' a Sam tune at the time, specially if the fence is broke down that separates you. I can see how it wuz with that Piece Commission and make allowances for 'em, but we didn't have a thing to do with it and we don't want any of the pieces." My axent carried conviction with it; I see she looked relieved. She didn't say it right out, but I felt that we hadn't fell in her estimation, and I went on:

"And I don't want you to blame Uncle Sam either, Si Ann. I believe he will help you all he can, help you in the right way, too; help you to help yourselves. But your folks have got to brace up and do their part; Uncle Sam will neighbor with you if you give him a chance. He's real good-hearted, though bein' so easy and good-natered, he is deceived lots of times and influenced and led around by them that want to make money out of him, such as the trusts and the liquor power. But he stands ready to neighbor with you, and don't turn your back on him, Si Ann. Don't do anything to get him huffy, for though he hain't quick to git mad, he's got a temper when it's rousted up."

Si Ann's Rejoinder

She said sunthin' about Uncle Sam turnin' her folks out and not lettin' 'em step their feet on our sile. I couldn't deny it, and it kinder danted me for a minute how I wuz goin' to smooth that over, but concluded that as in every other emergency in life, the plain truth wuz the best, and I sez in a real amiable voice:

"Si Ann, there is two sides to that jest as there is to every national and neighborhood quarrel. Uncle Sam hain't liked the way your folks have acted with him, and though I dare presoom to say he's some to blame, yet I can see where your folks have missed it. They would flock right over to our place, crowdin' our own folks out of house and home, and expect Uncle Sam to protect 'em, and then they would jest rake and scrape all they could offen us and go home to spend their money; wouldn't even leave one of their bones in our ground. They didn't want to become citizens of the United States, they seemed to kinder want to set down and stand up at the same time, which hain't reasonable if it is done by an American or a Chinee."

She said sunthin' about the masses of other foreigners that Uncle Sam allowed to crowd into our country.

"Well," sez I, "they're willin' to become citizens, the German and English and Irish and Russian and Italian babies grow up Americans. But it wuzn't so with your folks, Si Ann. From the children's little pig-tails down to their little wooden shues they wuz clear China, soaked in, dyed in the wool, born so, and as long as their bones hung together and afterwards, clear China. They kep' themselves jest as fur from American institutions and beliefs as ile stays away from water and wouldn't mix any more. Their bodies stayed on our shores whilst they could make money out of us. But their souls and minds wuz jest as fur removed from our institutions and constitutions as if they wuz settin' in Jupiter with their legs hangin' off. It wuz galdin' to Uncle Sam and finally he had to stop it. But he didn't do it out of meanness. He jest had to, for of course you know your own folks come first."

Breaking Down the Wall

And thinkin' mebby I'd been too hash describin' her folks I went on, "I spoze mebby that high stun wall of yourn has kinder stiffened and hardened the natur

f your folks and made it harder for 'em o change. But you're on the right track ow, Si Ann, you have begun to break own that big wall, you've begun to be nore neighborly. And don't you ever rouch down and hide behind that great tun wall agin; you jest keep right on be-n' neighborly and Uncle Sam will help ou."

A Hint About "Comfort"

Si Ann looked real good and as if she ook every word I said in good part; bein' naterally so smart she would recognize he onselfishness and nobility of my mis-ion, but I see that there wuz a real pert ook on one of the ladies' faces as she aid sunthin to one of the other ones, and mistrusted that they didn't like what I ad said about that wall of theirn, and I vent on to say to Si Ann:

"Of course you may say that a nation or a woman has a right to do as they're a nind to, but common sense must be used f you are goin' to enjoy yourself much in his world. Now, we had a neighbor in Jonesville that sot out in married life de-ermined not to borrow or lend, dretful exclusive, jest built a high wall of separa-tion round herself and family. But after tryin' it for a year or so she wuz glad to give it up, and many is the cup of tea and sugar I've lent her since, and she borries and lends her washtub now or biler, or settin' hens, or anythin'. And she sez that she and her family takes as much agin' comfort now and are doin' as well agin', for of course the neighbors didn't set so much store by 'em as they did when their ports wuz open, as you may say, and they wuz more neighborly."

No Better Than China

I could see by Si Ann's face that she not only enjoyed all I said, but believed a good share on't, and bein' such a case for justice, I felt that I ort to let her know I realized our own nation's short-comin's, as well as hern. Sez I, "I hain't got a word to say to you, Si Ann, about the different castes in your country, when the wimmen in my own land build up a wall between themselves and their kitchen helpers higher than the highest peak of your stun wall and harder to git over, and I don't want to say a word about your folks bindin' down their children's feet to make 'em small as long as our own fe-males pinch down their waists till they're in perfect agony and ten times as bad as to pinch their feet, for the life, the vital organs don't lay in the feet, or hain't spozed to, and so it don't hurt 'em half so much to be tortured. And as long as they drag round yards of silk and velvet through the streets to rake up filth and disease to carry home and endanger their own lives and their families; no, as long as our females do all this I hain't nothin' to say about your dress and customs here, nor I hain't a goin' to cast reflections agin' you about your men wearin' night gowns and braidin' their hair down their backs. Good land, Si Ann! you and I know what men be. We are married wimmen and seen trouble. You could-n't stop 'em if you tried to. If Josiah Allen took it into his head to braid his hair down his back, I should have to let it go on unless I broke it up sarahup-tishly by cuttin' it off when he wuz asleep, but thank fortin' he hain't got enough so that the braid would be bigger than a pipe stale anyway if he should let it grow out, and he is so dressy he wouldn't like that. But I've tried to break up his wearin' such gay neckties for years and years, and if he should go out and buy one to-day it would most likely be red and yeller."

I felt that China hadn't been used ex-actly right; I knowed it. Younger nations —new-comers, as you may say—had made light on her and abused her, usin' the very type the Chinese had invented to say they didn't know anything, and usin' the gunpowder they had invented to blow 'em up with. I had felt that the Powers hadn't treated 'em well, and I had made up my mind some time ago that when I see the Powers I should tell 'em what I thought on't. Then there wuz the opium trade—a burnin' shame! I wanted to sympathize with her about that, but thought mebby it wuz best to not harrer up her feelin's any more, so I sez in a real polite way:

She Bids Si Ann Adieu

"I have nothin' further to say now, Si Ann, only to bid you adoo and to tell you that if you ever come to Jonesville be sure and come and see me; I'll be proud and happy to have you."

Here Josiah had to put in his note: "Good-by, Widder!" sez he. If I had had time I would have tutored him: he spoke just as he would to widder Gowdey. I wanted him to act more courtly and formal, but it wuz too late, it wuz spoke. "Good-by, widder; we'll have to be a-goin'. We've had quite a spell of weather, but it looks some like rain now, and I have a important engagement to-night, and we'll have to be gittin' hum."

But I gently withdrawed him, bowin' very low myself and lookin' dretful smilin' at her.

"I WITHDRAWED HIM, BOWIN' VERY LOW AND SMILIN'"

ARVILLY AND THE EMPRESS

Some Royal Gifts

Like all great monarchs, she wanted to make her visitors a present, and she pro-posed to send us several drawin's of tea of the kind she used, and a little hunk of opium, though, as I told her, I should never use it in the world only to smoke in a pipe for the toothache; and she also proposed to send us a china sugar-bowl and a piece of the Chinee wall, which last I told her I should value high as a sign that the old things wuz passin' away and better days comin'.

And then I made some more real low bows and Josiah did, bein' wunk at by me, and we withdrawed ourselves from the Presence. But Josiah, always over-doin' things, takin' out his bandanna and a-wavin' it towards her as he bowed most to the ground. But what wuz my surprise as we walked away kinder backward, Josiah mutterin' to me that he should fall flat if he backed off much furder! What wuz my horrow to see Arvilly advance with a copy of her books and present 'em to the Empress. One of the ladies-in-waiting, who seemed to talk English quite considerable, looked at the books and read their titles to her Majesty, who im-megiately signified her desire to purchase 'em, and before she left the group Arvilly had sold three copies of the *Twin Crimes* and two of the *Wild and Warlike.*

Arvilly Finds a Customer

Poor Empress! Poor Si Ann! Well might she treasure the last-named book, *The Wild, Wicked and Warlike Deeds of Men.* Poor thing! I am afraid she will see plenty of it herself. Them Pow-ers, sometimes, when they git to goin', act like the old Harry.

The engagement my pardner had spoke on wuz to meet a Chinaman that wuz comin' to see Robert Strong that evenin'. Robert had met him in California, and Josiah seemed dretful anxious to git home so as to dress up for his reception. And I sez, "There is time enough; I shouldn't think it would take you more than two hours to wash your hands and change your neck-tie."

"Well," sez he, in a evasive way, "I—I don't want to be scrimped for time."

So, as Tommy and I wanted to stop along on the way, he left us and went home. Robert had told us a good deal about this man, Mr. Hi-wal-hum; about his wealth and high official standing, and Josiah had been talkin' more or less about him all day; he looked forrered to it. He had said to me: "Samantha, this man is a Potentate, and it stands us in hand to be polite always to Potentates."

Well, I couldn't dispute him nor didn't want to. When we arriv home I thought that I would have jest about time to go to my room and wash my face and hands and put on a clean collar and cuffs and change Tommy's clothes. Tommy went on a little ahead of me, and I see him bend down and stretch his little neck forrered and look through the door as if he wuz agast at some sight. And as I come up he put his little finger on his lips, as I spoze he'd seen me do, and he whis-pered: "Keep still, Grandma; I don't know what Grandpa *is* doin'."

(To be Continued).

Samantha's Lance

As one who wields a lance for truth
Samantha grasps the pen,
Now here, now there, a mighty thrust
She gives again and again.
"The powers that be" (I hope they read it)
Must "wince as galled jade."
The awful blots on history's page
She carefully has weighed.
Write on, Samantha, God will bless
Your words of clear cut sense;
For home and native land you write,
Justice your recompense.

Pasadena, Cal. EWING WATERS.

Greetings to Samantha

Even the Little Children Love It

ALBANY, MO.

Dear Editor: We are all much interested in Aunt Samantha, and baby is anxious every week to know where Tommy is. MRS. M. P. GREGORY.

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The Whole Nation Should Read it

HICKSVILLE, OHIO.

Dear Editor:—The children as well as the older ones **are reading Aunt Samantha every week.** I wish the American people might read it and then I think the government might be the gainer.

MRS. W. E. M.

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A Double Tribute

I have been taught by "Samantha's" now under the mould,
Of industry, virtue: their hearth stones now cold.
The author we crowned her with laurels of fame;
But the artist's a power to the tale, "all the same."

Williamstown, Pa. MRS. M. E. P.

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A Grand Temperance Argument

IOWA, LA.

Dear Editor:—I want to tell you how I enjoy the trip around the world with Aunt Samantha. I think Arvilly's talk to the army officers the grand-est temperance argument I ever heard. I wish every one could read it.

JOS. E. EACH.

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Thoroughly Enjoying the Trip

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the last twelve years, and my family and I have certainly enjoyed read-ing the trip around the world with Aunt Saman-tha. We are delighted with Samantha and Josiah.

HARRIET A. DONNELLY.

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Noble-Hearted Samantha

THOMAS CITY, Fla.

Dear Editor:—I enjoy Aunt Samantha so much that I can hardly wait from one week to another. I think she is a noble-hearted woman, one who does the whole country good. God bless her! She cer-tainly gives to us "crackers," way down in Florida, a grand idea of foreign lands and customs.

W. L. WOOTIN.

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It Brings Out Unique Truths

GUILFORD, CONN.

Dear Editor:—My family think much of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and watch for its weekly vis-its. Aunt Samantha's trip around the world, I hope will sometime come out in book form. It is a fine story, told in such a unique way, and brings out many straight truths. In fact the paper is all an inspiration for good. MRS. C. A. CHAPMAN.

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Samantha's Helpfulness

NEW LONDON, CONN.

Dear Editor:—I was glad to read Samantha's idea of church helpfulness socially all the week through. A church's greatness should be far more than costliness or mission offerings, and instead of thanking God that they are not as others—without social gatherings—such churches ought to be praying for power sufficient to live and control social life. "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," wrote Watts, years ago.

MRS. A. W. ANDERSON.

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A Great Moral Crusade

TOPEKA, KAN.

Dear Editor:—I enjoy Samantha's writings. Ar-villy is sounding the alarm about right. We as an American people need such an alarm,—look at the evil places, the prize fights, the open saloons, the gambling dens and other things that belong to Satan. Awake, America, and get to work! The harvest is ripe and the laborers are few. God be with you and may the good work go on.

A READER OF THE HERALD.

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A Rare Family Pleasure

TROY, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—Once a week, our little fam-ily (there are five of us) gather around the sitting-room table. The day is either Wed-nesday or Thursday and the occasion is the arrival of the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD with the latest instalment of Samantha. Then, for the better part of an hour—one of us reading aloud—we have a genuine wholesome good time, a time of unalloyed enjoyment.

It would be a weak tribute to say that we enjoy Samantha. We have all grown to love her dearly. From the crown of her fuzzy old top-knot to the toe of her shoe, we dote upon her, and think she is about the best represent-ative of rural American common sense, with a strong vein of practical piety run in, that we have ever known between the covers of a book. Her humor is as clean and invigorating as the sparkling water of a mountain spring. Her droll ways keep us in a constant state of bewilder-ment as to what she purposes doing next, and the splendid pluck with which she carries her point with Josiah every time shows her to be a good general on domestic as well as moral lines. We were specially delighted with the "terrible thing" that happened in a recent chapter, in which Samantha compelled her "pardner" to stop his tenant from selling liquor. Indeed, all humor and frolic aside, Samantha is teaching us a noble lesson, not in temperance alone, but on the score of hu-manity. Long life to her! May she travel and write for many years to come.

MRS. ADA M.

Germany's Future Sovereign

THE WHOLE EMPIRE TO CELEBRATE THE COMING OF AGE OF CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, MAY 6—IMPERIAL HOME-LIFE DESCRIBED

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON FIRST PAGE)

WHEN the heir apparent to a royal crown attains his majority, the occasion is usually one of general rejoicing throughout the land which he is some day to govern. May 6th will be such a day in the German Empire. On that day, eighteen years ago, was born Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, the Prince Imperial, at Potsdam, in the famous "Marble Palace." The anniversary next Sunday will be an occasion of great rejoicing and thanksgiving throughout the Fatherland. The prince is the first Hohenzollern in direct succession.

When the Prince Imperial was born, his father was the heir presumptive to the throne. The babe was christened, as were his five brothers and his sister, in a marvelous mediæval font of Silesian beaten gold, embellished with many names—for most of the Hohenzollerns have been baptized in this historic bowl. He was cradled in the bassinet which had rocked the infant form of Frederick the Great. This queer old wooden cradle is treasured in the Berlin Museum, but is sometimes brought forth to accommodate some royal baby. The name of the cradle's latest occupant is always embroidered across the tiny quilt.

The Prince Imperial is a modest young fellow and very popular with all who know him. While studying at Ploen, he declined a special seat in church, and with his brothers, Eitel Fritz and Adalbert, sat with the rest of the cadets. While dining at the school, he took his seat on any bench with the other boys. He greatly resembles his father in looks; though taller, is like him, too, in character, being thoughtful beyond his years. With the Berlin public he is scarcely as popular as his brother, Eitel Fritz, who is of a livelier disposition, but less intellectual than the heir apparent. Between the latter and his sister, "Louischen," there exists a warm affection, the little princess looking upon him with mingled admiration and awe. He is a youth of strong individuality and force of character. In dress he is quiet and unostentatious; in manner, unobtrusive. Like all the German princes, he has learned a trade, he and his brother, Eitel Fritz, having both been apprenticed carpenters. Military life and action are his ruling passion, and second only to these is his love for music. Indeed, he possesses considerable talent as a musician—a trait inherited from his forefathers—and is almost equally excellent as violinist, composer and orchestral leader. At a recent celebration, he surprised his mother, the empress, by directing an orchestra of his classmates through an original composition which he had written in honor of the day.

His devotion to military affairs has made him somewhat of a martinet. It is related of him that, on one occasion, several years ago, the guard being called out to salute him, he noticed that one of the soldiers went through the motions of the manual without a gun in his hand. The poor fellow had rushed into the ranks so hurriedly that he had missed his gun as he passed the rack. The prince, instead of letting the matter pass as a trivial one, called the soldier to him, reprimanded him, and ordered him to fourteen days' arrest. Then he reported the occurrence to his father, the emperor, who promptly ordered that the prince receive the same punishment for interfering in the matter, instead of leaving it to the officer in immediate command. The lesson was not lost upon the prince, who never afterward sought to inflict needless disgrace upon a soldier.

After a term of service with his regiment, the Prince Imperial goes to Bonn University, where his father and grandfather formerly studied. At this famous university all the German princes have received their education. While in military service at Potsdam he will occupy the Kabinets House, a plain, unpretentious building, which was recently the residence of poor Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the grandson of Queen Victoria, of Great Britain, who died so miserably last year. Just at present the Kaiserin is taking an active interest in furnishing the quarters her oldest son is to occupy. Potsdam is only half an hour from Berlin by rail.

It is an interesting study to note the influences that surround this future ruler of a great Empire, who is no longer a boy, but must be reckoned as almost reached man's estate. He is now, in the eyes of Germany, a most important personage. Already he has been decorated with the orders of the Golden Fleece, the Garter, and other high distinctions, and he is giving entertainments as an independent host.

Prince William Eitel Frederick Christian Charles, popularly known as "Eitel Fritz," was born on July 7th, 1883, and he has, until now, shared the education of his elder brother. It is the emperor's wish to send him to Oxford, and then to have him enter the German government service in some civil or diplomatic capacity. Prince Adalbert Ferdinand Beringer Victor was born July 14th, 1884, and is destined to be a sailor like his seagoing uncle, Prince Henry of Prussia. He is already a lieutenant in the navy. Prince Augustus William Henry Gunther Victor, the fourth of the princes, was born on January 26th, 1887, and Prince Oscar Charles Gustavus Adolphus, the fifth son, on July 27th, 1888. Prince Joachim Francis Humbert, the first of the children to be born after their father was emperor, and the only prince in the direct line who can claim to be a "Berliner" by birth, was born on December 17th, 1890. The only daughter came in the autumn of 1892, and her advent was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. She was christened Victoria, after her mother, her grandmother, her great-grandmother, and Louise, after the "good Queen of Prussia."

While there are many who criticise the Emperor as a ruler and statesman, all unite in regarding him as a model father. Notwithstanding the manifold duties that call for his daily attention, he has always found time to look after the education and moral training of his children. He frequently talks with their tutors concerning their progress, their personal peculiarities and their capabilities. He is an uncompromising opponent of over-study, and makes it an absolute rule that the minds of his children shall not be cultivated at the expense of their physical health. As a result of this system, the young princes are all active, robust and healthy. They are, moreover, carefully trained as to deportment, and are noted for the courteous manner toward all with whom they come in contact. To parents and friends who know them best they are young people of noble impulses, with a high sense of honor and strong moral and religious feeling.

The Princess "Louischen" and Prince Joachim are the pets of the royal household. "Louischen" is said to have a will of her own, and she sometimes takes a fancy to stand up in the imperial carriage when driving in the streets of Berlin with her governess. That lady may implore her to sit down, but she jumps up again like a little "jack-in-the-box," to the horror of her companion and the amusement of the passers-by. Prince Joachim is the only one that might be called delicate. On his ninth birthday, a few months ago, the emperor gave him a handsome chestnut pony and his mother added a sleigh.

As a whole, the home-life of the royal household is as simple and free from ostentation as that of many citizens of the Empire, and this fact has done much toward making the young princes popular. The feeling of the German nation will find fitting expression in the approaching celebration.

FRITZ MORRIS.

THE KAISER, KAISERIN, AND GERMAN PRINCES AT A GARDEN PARTY

The Easter Tribute Commended

Dear Editor: I wish to give my testimony to the magnificent work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done and is doing in our country, and, indeed, in other countries; but your Easter number is verily a triumph. I wish it had a place in every home everywhere. I wish that every theological student in this land might study those grand tributes from our leading women. Those clear, ringing convictions come like the sound of many waters, and will do far more to solidify belief, crystalize truth, comfort human souls, inspire Christian action and mould religious character than all the theories along the lines of so-called advanced thought and higher criticism that ever dropped from pen or lip, from the first sentence to the last letter. Let us have more out of life experiences, and less of fog, and maybe's and perhaps! Thank God the old Gospel ship is in demand and the Pilot of the Galilean Sea in charge, and all heading, not for the rocks, but the country of heaven! Again I thank you. REV. S. R. CHUBB.

Our Trouble with Turkey

The Porte Must Pay for the Destruction of Our Mission Buildings During the Massacres

WHEN the fury of Turkish fanaticism against the helpless Armenians was at its height, in 1896, mobs of Koords and Turkish soldiery wrecked and looted the buildings of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions at Marash and Harpoot. At the former place, the handsome American college was destroyed. At Harpoot, eight buildings, the property of the mission, were partially destroyed, their contents wantonly burned or otherwise demolished, and the occupants driven out. When comparative peace had been restored, the claim of the American Board, having been laid before the United States Government, was presented to Turkey through our Minister at Constantinople, and the demand was made that the Sultan's government pay a sum by way of indemnification. The amount asked, it was said, was about $100,000. U. S. Minister Straus made repeated efforts to bring the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, but the Sultan's government, with characteristic diplomacy, evaded a direct answer.

It is now understood that our government has decided to press the claim to a settlement, being convinced of its absolute justice. The State Department has accepted Minister Straus' declaration that the Sultan has repeatedly promised settlement of the claims, and it does not propose to permit the matter to drift along any further. There has been some indefinite talk of an ultimatum to Turkey, followed by the presence of an American fleet in the Bosphorus; also of the possible seizure of Smyrna or some other Turkish port by our warships, such port to be held until sufficient custom duties are collected to liquidate the claim. These rumors however, probably represent the feelings or wishes of some writers of the European press rather than the intentions of our own State Department, for while the claim will be pushed to a settlement, it is scarcely conceivable that such an event as the collection of a just debt should cause the rupture of diplomatic relations and the adopting of an attitude which might be construed as warlike.

From another source, the suggestion comes that this claim would be a proper subject for submission to the Peace Conference. This, however, can hardly be regarded seriously, since Turkey has admitted the validity of the debt, and the Sultan stands in the position of a delinquent debtor, unwilling to pay. In all probability the firm stand taken by our State Department, will produce the desired result.

A Business Men's Bible Class

Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes in Sunday School work. But too often it happens that adults believe in the efficacy of the work only as applied to children. In Washington, D. C., in the First Congregational Church, there is a body of some sixty men, thirty-five to eighty-two years of age, known as the "Business Men's Bible Class." Over ten years ago, a deacon of the church conceived the idea of a Bible class for business men exclusively, and soon he had enrolled ten or a dozen members. After the class had experienced a checkered career of about four years under different leadership, Mr. Elphonzo Youngs, a local business man, was elected moderator, and has had charge of the class ever since. It has increased in numbers to over sixty. Mr. Youngs has evolved a plan of work which renders the class wonderfully unique and effective. Each week he divides the International Lesson into six or seven topics which he allots among the members of the class, changing them each Sabbath. Many of the class are fine Bible students, and all are greatly benefited. Members of Congress, professors of Howard University and lawyers and professors in other lines are members and take an active part in the proceedings of the class. In connection with the church is a Soldiers' Union of over one hundred members, composed of ex-soldiers of the Civil War.

FRED. I. DEAN.

The War in South Africa

PATIENCE has been needed on the part of the British public during the past two weeks. The people who expected Lord Roberts to set out on a victorious march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria have been disappointed. For some reason not fully disclosed, the British commander has remained comparatively inactive at the Free State capital. One of the reasons assigned, which has doubtless contributed to the delay, was the necessity of obtaining fresh horses for the cavalry. The part played by that arm of the service in the capture of Cronje, the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith and the other successes of this year's campaign had told heavily on the mounts, thus crippling the cavalry, which in this war has proved of greater importance than was expected. The need has now been supplied, and there are several indications that Lord Roberts is now preparing for some decisive movement. As is usual with him, no hint of his plans is suffered to transpire. In the meantime there has been grave anxiety about the safety of Mafeking, where Col. Baden-Powell is known to be suffering many hardships and privations, but has been making a gallant defence. Another beleaguered officer is Capt. Dalgety, who, with about two thousand men, is surrounded by a strong Boer force at Wepener, a town about sixty miles southeast of Bloemfontein. Gen. Roberts has dispatched two divisions to his relief, apparently in the hope of surrounding and capturing the attacking force. It is necessary to clear the flanks and rear of the invading army of menace before getting out for Pretoria. There are abundant indications that the forces in front occupying strong positions will be sufficiently formidable without having the enemy harassing the flank and rear. Among the signs of a speedy advance are the new flying ambulance cars which are being pushed forward. They are designed for use in the cavalry divisions, being much lighter than the ordinary heavy vehicle. They contain two stretchers within and four above, the central passage being used for storing surgical instruments and medical appliances. When an engagement occurs, the car is taken as near the fighting line as possible. It is drawn up under the shade of a tree or a hill out of range. The stretchers are unhitched and carried to the front by the attendants. When a man is wounded he is placed on the stretcher and carried to the car, where the surgeons bind his wound, and when the car is filled, it is driven to the nearest field-hospital and returns to the scene of action for another load. It is a sad and ghastly business in spite of all that is done to alleviate the suffering. War has not changed in its horrible cruelty since the days when the prophet lamented over it:

If I go forth into the field, then behold the slain with the sword! and if I enter into the city, then behold them that are sick with famine! (Jer. 14: 18).

THE NEW AMBULANCE CARS FOR SPEEDY RELIEF OF THE WOUNDED

A Valley Becomes a Hill

A surveyor who has been examining timber lands in the Mount Baker district of the State of Washington, has arrived at Seattle, bringing astonishing news of a remarkable natural phenomenon. He says that on March 27 he and his party were startled by the quivering of the earth, as if there had been an earthquake and this was followed by a prolonged rumble like thunder. Later in the day, returning from their work, they had to cross a valley which they had crossed in the morning. To their astonishment it was a valley no longer. In its place there was a hill, seventy feet high in some places. The hill was about a quarter of a mile square. The Nooksachk river had been turned from its course and ran around one side of the hill. Nearly in the centre of this high bank of earth was a large lake. A forest had formerly occupied the ground, and trees which had escaped destruction rose above the water. There were cracks here and there in the mound large enough to ingulf a horse and wagon. There was a smell of sulphur in the air, and it is the surveyor's impression that the disturbance was caused by gases underneath the mountain. A trapper, whose wrecked cabin now stands in the centre of the huge mound, was absent at the time of the upheaval and thus escaped death. His cabin was split in two. We have but a faint idea of the forces imprisoned in the earth's interior. This one incident shows what is yet to occur on a gigantic scale in the day when the world is once more restored to its original beauty.

Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain (Isa. 40: 4).

Acquiring Foreign Accent

A correspondent of a Philadelphia journal calls attention to a curious linguistic phenomenon that he found in that city. At a restaurant at which he dined recently, he was waited upon by a negro, who addressed him in a decided German accent. Having never heard a colored man speak in that way, he was still more astonished when he observed that the German idiom was as noticeable as his pronunciation. He asked the man if he had ever been in Germany, but he said no, though he had been reared from infancy in the home of a German family near Reading, Pa. The same correspondent mentions another coincidence of a similar kind. It was that of another waiter who was really a German, but he spoke English with a marked Irish accent. On his arrival in this country he went into the service of an Irish family and learned English with their assistance. He had no idea that he was acquiring a brogue, but it is now well-developed. So much association will do in influencing the speech. But it will do more than that; it will influence moral character and may ultimately affect the final destiny.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed (Prov. 13: 20).

Married in Fun

A justice of the Supreme Court in New York, was requested last week to relieve a young couple of the consequences of a joke. It appears that about two years ago a lad of sixteen years of age, then a student at Columbia College, New York, was visiting the studios of some artist acquaintances in company with a number of girl friends. In one of the studios they encountered a graduade of Columbia, who had just passed through a theological course and been admitted to the ministry. The whole party was very merry, joking, laughing and playing pranks around the studio. Some one suggested that it would be good fun to enact a wedding ceremony. There were plenty of volunteers for the part of bridesmaids, ushers etc., and a boy and girl consented to take the leading parts as bride and groom. The girl was quickly adorned with some of the artist's draperies, the studio was made to look as much like a church as possible, and to the music of a guitar the procession was formed and marched up to the dais that did duty as a chancel. The theological student officiated and pronounced the two man and wife. The party separated and no more was thought of the morning's amusement until some months afterward, when the youth who had acted the part of the bridegroom casually mentioned the joke at home. His father took a serious view of it and consulted a lawyer, who declared it a valid marriage and said that a suit in the Supreme Court would be the only way to have it annulled. That suit has now been brought and as there was no opposition a decree of annulment was granted. There was no need of a divorce because the court considered the ceremony, though legally valid, not a real marriage. It is so in spiritual matters. There are some who take upon them the name of Christ and are in the church who are never really joined to Christ by living faith.

They went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us (I. John 2: 19).

A Troublesome Trust

Among the recently published reminiscences of our Civil War, by a surgeon in the Federal army, is one of tried fidelity to a trust. A great battle was impending, and the regiment was going to take up the position assigned to it, when the Irish sergeant-major entered the hospital tent and asked for the surgeon for whom he had professed great regard. "Doctor," he said, "I know I am going to be killed in this battle, and I want you to take care of my money and see that it is sent to the old folks in Ireland." There was no time to remonstrate, so the surgeon took the money, which consisted of gold coin weighing about three pounds. All through the busy days that followed, the surgeon kept the bag with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and an embarrassment to him. Before the week ended he was a prisoner, and had lost his instruments and his medicine case, but had managed to save the bag of gold. He made a belt in which he concealed it and tied it around his waist next to his skin. During the long weary march that followed, the gold pieces chafed his body and added to his suffering. Very often in his imprisonment he had great difficulty in hiding it from his captors, but he was determined that the Irishman's "old folks at home" should have the money, if it was possible. By the exercise of patience and caution he succeeded in keeping it until he was exchanged and returned to Washington. There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant-major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night. The surgeon had done his part to save the money, and so he had the satisfaction that comes from duty faithfully performed; but it must have caused him some chagrin to see the money, which had cost him so much trouble to preserve, wasted in such a way. But the most melancholy of all such wasted effort is the spiritual one. How sad it is to see the soul, which Christ suffered and died to redeem, being lost after all.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? (Heb. 2: 3).

BRIEF NOTES

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, received a purse containing $250,000 on his seventy-first birthday (April 10), the proceeds of "self-denial week."

Professor McGiffert, who resigned from the Presbyterian Church to relieve his brethren from the trouble of trying him for heresy, has been cordially welcomed to the ministry of the Congregational Church.

The McAll Mission in Paris has opened a hall opposite the entrance to the Exposition, at 59 Avenue de Labourdonnais, for work among country visitors. Daily meetings will be held there while the Exposition is open.

We are frequently told that in the average public school it is sufficient to teach the three R's. A New York clergyman makes this pertinent suggestion that even in the most elementary school a fourth R should be added, representing Righteousness.

William Phillips Hall, the business man evangelist, is preaching to large audiences at the Metropolitan Temple, New York, every Sunday. Dr. Cadman, the pastor of the temple, is hoping for large accessions to the church from these services.

A cable dispatch from Manchester, Eng., says that Dr. Talmage, on a recent Sunday, addressed an immense throng in church in that city, and afterward, being urged to speak to those who had been unable to gain admittance, addressed a still greater audience in the open air.

Dr. Sayce reports the discovery among the tablets brought from Nineveh of the catalogue of a free library in that city dated 2000 B.C. The catalogue shows that every book in the library was numbered, and that the student had only to write down the number of the book he wanted and the volume would be handed to him by the librarian.

Dr. D. K. Pearson, of Chicago, celebrated his eightieth birthday on April 14 by giving fifty-five thousand dollars to two colleges, Yankton, S. D., and Colorado College. Before the close of the year he intends to distribute half a million more among twelve colleges, of which Mount Holyoke is the highest beneficiary, with $150,000. During the past ten years he has given two millions in his way among twenty-one colleges and he has letters from large numbers of young men who through his beneficence have been able to get a college education. He intends to distribute the whole of his fortune among colleges before his death.

Bishop Vincent has been holding meetings in the M. E. Church, of Denver, Colo., of which Dr. Cobern is pastor. The principal object of the meetings was to reach men who had been brought up in Christian homes, but had drifted away from religious associations and had deserted the house of God. Dr. Cobern succeeded in getting large audiences of these men, and Bishop Vincent talked to them in an earnest affectionate manner. He astonished them at the close of his address by inviting all who were ready to consecrate themselves to Christ to join in partaking of the Lord's Supper. Many accepted the invitation though they were not members of any church.

.. THE PRIMACY OF LOVE ..

JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE .·. BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for May 13: Luke 7: 36-50. | Golden Text, Luke 7: 50: "Thy faith hath saved thee."

"IT is a great crime, but I don't love God," said a young girl of tender conscience, whose very anxiety belied her confession. But many dull consciences need to be taught that it is the capital crime of the universe not to love God with the love of gratitude and esteem and that it is also "a great crime" not to love the sinful as Jesus loves them. "Thou shalt love God"—that is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love man." There is no special merit in loving God, the altogether lovely. We prove ourselves godly, that is godlike; and Christian, that is Christlike, by loving the unlovely, the sinful, the hateful, with the love of compassion, because they are sons and daughters of God, brothers and sisters of Christ, for whom he died, and so our own brothers and sisters. This is the love which is the soul of religion, without which the individual of many great virtues described in I. Cor. 13 is "nothing" and the church of many good works described in Rev. 2: 1-7 is condemned. These passages are the keys to an understanding of the Pharisees, who are also credited with many virtues, but lacking love; their religion was but a galvanized corpse. If they had loved the sinful their hateful pride would have turned to double thankfulness that they had been kept from vices and could lift up and restore the vicious.

A PHARISEE

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Thankfulness in Place of Pride

"You must be very proud of your gifted daughter." "No, I am rather thankful for her," said the wise mother. Pride at its best is a usurper of the place that belongs to thankfulness. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Are you proud because others call you gifted? Let that very word teach you humility. What if you had missed the great gift of good blood, and the greater one of good training, and the more fundamental ones of a good birthplace and a good birthtime? The millionaire could earn about half a dollar a day if turned out in an undeveloped world. "Office is opportunity." Thank God and those who bestow it, for the "opportunity," but do not prove yourself unworthy of it by prating about "honor," as if the purpose of office was to pamper your pride rather than to give you a place of usefulness. President Lincoln's favorite poem, "O why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" might well be hung in public offices, and also the text that hangs ever above the desk of Toronto's mayors, "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." Only an ignorant man can be proud of his knowledge. The great scholar feels, like Newton, that he has gathered only a few pebbles, while the ocean of knowledge stretches before him unexplored. As to pride of virtue, Jesus shows that there is hardly a greater fault than the consciousness of none. That is one meaning of the parable of the elder brother and the prodigal son; and also of the Pharisee and the publican, the first of whom went to the temple to pose, the other to pray. Again we see the same contrast in the Pharisee and the sinner of this lesson. If he had measured himself against the virtues of Christ instead of measuring himself against the sinful woman, he would have cried out, like that Simon who became Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

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One of the Pharisees. We should not overlook the many virtues of the Pharisees. We shall find that to "exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," as Jesus says we must do, to be saved, is no light task. Politically they were patriots, despising all Roman bribes and favors that had won over the Herodians. Theologically they stood for the resurrection and for loyalty to the Old Testament Scriptures, in opposition to the Sadducees, who were materialists and rationalists. They proved their sincerity by self-denial, fasting twice in the week and devoting one-tenth of their incomes to the promotion of religion, besides many additional free-will offerings. Morally they were no doubt free from the coarser vices of appetite and lust.

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Where the Pharisee Failed

For all this eminence in virtue, they should have been thankful instead of proud. They should have poured out the perfume of loving gratitude because they had been kept from vice. The Pharisee got near the right words when he said, "I thank thee that I am not as other men!" If he had given God the glory for his virtues, instead of taking the credit to himself, emphasizing "thee," rather than "I," he would have gone home justified. Better be a moralist, grateful to have been kept from vice, than a reformed man or woman grateful for rescue. But the Pharisees' virtues were overshadowed by their pride and hypocrisy. Many of them were guilty of covetousness, a sin into which in all ages, many fall unconsciously who are proud of their freedom from the grosser sins which Christ condemned less frequently and less severely. Ernest H. Crosby regards hypocrisy as the Pharisees' chief fault:

Ye other sins, like covetousness, ye are idolatry.
But have ye not at least your idols set up before you? Do ye not at least worship something?
Your face is turned to the future; ye climb the steps of some temple, tho' it be the wrong temple;
Ye have a motive and really act and live; for you there still is hope.
But hypocrisy is a mere simulacrum; it has the name to live and is dead;
It has no God, no idol, no ideal;
Its stony stare is riveted on the past;
It cannot grow and develop; it is doomed to eternal rest and stagnation;
It is the sin of death and for it is the woe of despair.
He who came that men might have life and have it more abundantly,
What truce could there be between him and death?

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Magdalen a Misnomer

This incident occurred in the summer of 28 A. D., in the middle of the second year of Christ's ministry, nine months before Mary's similar anointing of Christ on the eve of "Palm Sunday." The confusing of the two incidents has put the name of Mary of Magdala erroneously upon fallen women. Mary was not a "Magdalen" in the modern sense, but the woman of this lesson was. We find her, in accordance with oriental freedom of hospitality, following Christ, "the friend of publicans and sinners" to a feast in a Pharisee's house to which he had been invited while teaching in one of the Galilean cities.

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He went into the Pharisee's house and sat down to meat. Christ was neither ascetic nor monastic. He entered into the social fellowship of the rich and poor, that he might bring them into higher fellowships. To invite one to eat with you in the Orient is an invitation to friendship, and to accept it a pledge of love. In this case it was rather a cold hospitality, as we shall see, but the Pharisee wished at least to honor Christ, and to learn by closer intercourse whether he was indeed "the Prophet," whose advent the Jews awaited.

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Pride and Penitence

A woman of the city, a sinner, brought an alabaster box. As Jesus reclined at the oriental table, a woman of the town, well known as such, entered the house and "rained kisses upon his feet," while her swift falling tears also fell like rain, which she wiped away with her long tresses, and then drew forth the costly alabaster flask of precious perfume which she wore in her breast and poured that also on his feet as "the sacrifice of a broken spirit." The Pharisee's loveless, thankless heart was totally unable to understand either the heart of the penitent woman or the heart of Christ. He thought Christ could not be "the Prophet" or he would have recognized the woman's character and resented her approach. The Psalms of his Old Testament abound in outpourings of penitence, but he was incapable of understanding their import. The law to which he had devoted his life is, in its very essence, love, but he found nothing of it there. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." Failing to love God or man he had broken the whole law, which he prided himself on observing perfectly. So does many a man to-day, boasting that he has kept the whole law when he has not even begun to keep it by loving God. He also boasts that although he never prays he "lives a good moral life." It is as if a man should boast that he was faithful to everybody but his wife or that he neglected no one but his father. He who does not love God has committed the capital crime of the universe. Not loving God as his Father, he surely can not love men as his brothers, and will be brotherly to them only so far as fear and custom and self-interest restrain him.

I have no costly box to bring,
Of ointment precious, to my king:
But only my poor heart.

'Twas cold and hard, because of sin,
But when the love of God came in
Grew soft and broke apart.

The incense rises like perfume:
A heavenly odor fills the room,
And reaches high above.

The love so rich, so pure, is thine.
Bestowed by thee, I claim it mine.
From thee is all my love.

Which of them will love him most. Jesus does not mean to say that the woman was in reality ten times as sinful as the Pharisee; he was rather comparing the two as they were contrasted in Simon's own pride-blinded heart. The one who feels most sinful is the one who will be most grateful for restoration. The Pharisee is the loveless moralist, priding himself on freedom from vice, while guilty of ingratitude, pride, hypocrisy and lack of love. When we see a reformed man, pouring out the spikenard of his gratitude in ardent love to Christ and enthusiastic efforts to save others, it seems as if sin might be a help to devotion, but Paul answers: "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid." Let us rather learn to pour out our grateful love and service because we have been kept by the power of God.

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Thou gavest me no kiss. On the background of the parable, what a character sketch Jesus gives us of this Pharisee! He had thought he was honoring Christ rather than himself in inviting him to the feast, and so had shown him none of the special attentions bestowed on highly esteemed guests. He had brought no water to wash his feet and had given him no kiss. The sinful woman had given him the kiss, not alone of honor but of gratitude, and whereas the host had not even anointed his head with ordinary oil, she had anointed his feet with costliest perfume. This contrast we constantly see in the church to-day. Many loveless formalists, scorning sentimentalism, do not cultivate these noble sentiments of penitence and gratitude and love. Instead, they foster pride in the perfection of their formalism, and a sort of arrogant hauteur toward all whose Christian life has more enthusiasm.

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Poor and Proud

Pride is by no means confined to the rich. There was a story in old times told of a severe, cynical philosopher visiting the house of one who was far his superior in genius as in modesty. He found the good philosopher living in a comfortable house with easy chairs and pleasant pictures around him, and he came in with his feet stained with dust and mud, and said, as he walked upon beautiful carpets, "Thus I trample on the pride of Plato." The good philosopher paid no attention at first, but returned the visit, and when he saw the ragged furniture and the scanty covering of the floor of the house in which the other ostentatiously lived he said, "I see the pride of Diogenes through the holes in his carpet." Many a one there is whose pride is thus seen by his affecting to be without it; many a one whose poverty, whose modesty in spirit can best be appreciated by seeing how the outward comforts and splendor of life can be used by him without any subserviency to them or dependence upon them.

There were once two women, both working women, and both gentlewomen. The younger grieved at the shabbiness of her friend's winter bonnet, used a piece of velvet she had meant for her own in surreptitiously making one, and sending it carefully packed and addressed in a feigned hand, to be left anonymously at the elder lady's door. Shortly afterwards the latter appeared, very irate. "What do you think, my dear? Some one has had the impertinence to send me a bonnet! How dared any one to suppose I wanted a bonnet? As if I would condescend to wear an anonymous present! What could they mean?" Meekly the girl suggested that possibly "they" meant no harm. "But it was harm. It was impertinence. Such an ugly bonnet too! I can't send it back, for I have no idea where it comes from; but I would never wear it." "Then," the other asked, "what do you mean to do with it?" "My dear, the very instant I get home, I shall take a pair of scissors and pick it to pieces." Let us watch against pride whether we are rich or poor, in religion and in common life.

"THIS WOMAN HATH ANOINTED MY FEET WITH OINTMENT"

ORIENTAL SANDAL

ANCIENT ALABASTER JARS

HEART INSCRIPTION

.. THE WHOLE NATION HELPING INDIA ..

Its Great Heart Touched by the Woes of that Famine-Stricken Land—Many Generous Gifts to the Relief Fund

WITHIN a few days, unless some unforeseen delay arises, the fine new five-thousand-ton steamship. *Quito*. chartered by our government for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S India Relief Fund, will sail from New York for Bombay, carrying the cargo of grain provided by American benevolence for the rescue of starving India. It will be the *Quito's* maiden voyage, and the noble ship. as she steams across the ocean, will bear with her not only the life-saving gift of food, but the prayers of a great multitude of God's people in our own land that the gift may result in succoring at least a portion of the perishing millions in that famine-stricken country. In our next issue every detail concerning this relief cargo will be laid before our readers for their information.

On April 20 a cable message from Calcutta reported five and a half millions then on the government relief camps and the number growing daily, especially in the provinces of Bombay and Rajputana. Mrs. J. C. Lawson, of the Methodist Mission at Aligarh, in the northwest provinces, writes: "The money received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund enables us to feed four hundred and fifty daily. The suffering is becoming worse and worse. A few weeks later we may have double the number. We are rushing our sheds so as to take in many more. Water is drying up everywhere, now that the heat is upon us. Last week my husband visited Hissar district again, and in a little while gathered ninety-six starving widows and children and brought them in to Aligarh. These are in addition to the four hundred widows who were received in the 1897 famine, and who are still with us. Dear friends, send us help at once for these needy ones! Others are waiting to come; we want to save them from death. A few weeks hence it will be too late. Can we depend upon you for help if we take them now? Pray for us, too. It is not easy work."

Mrs. Lawson bears testimony to the gratitude and docility of these girls. They are anxious to please, and it is surprising how quickly they become clean and tidy and keep themselves neat. The filthy condition they are in when they are received is evidently caused by their despair. They have no hope, no heart to do anything for themselves; but after two or three weeks of kind treatment they become new creatures.

Pandita Ramabai bears the same testimony. "The girl widows," she says, "are well worth saving. Some of them have shown a beautiful womanly disposition and have gladly helped in the work of the home. The more intelligent have looked around for ways of usefulness and have tried to prove their thankfulness for the benefits they have received." Ramabai was particularly impressd by the kindness and patience of one child-widow whom she received in the 1897 famine, whose picture she sends us. "She is one of those," Ramabai writes, "whom your readers supported. She is fourteen years of age. Soon after she became a Christian we received two blind girl widows into the home. They were not very good girls, having been soured by long continued ill-treatment, but the girl I speak of volunteered to take care of them, and her tact and patience in managing them astonished me. She set herself the task

A RESCUED FAMINE GIRL TEACHING BLIND GIRLS TO READ

of learning the blind characters in order that she might teach them to read. I was so pleased when I saw her guiding their hands over the page and explaining it to them that I had her portrait taken in the act, thinking you would like to see what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund did for one of the hundred widows it supported.

"This girl was found on a railroad station in Central India where she and her brother had come to beg a little food. Learning that she was both a widow and an orphan I offered her a home. She came gladly. She grew quiet and studious and when asked about her behavior she plainly and simply said that Jesus had changed her heart. Besides the two blind girls I mentioned she has taken charge of a feeble-minded girl who needs many repulsive duties performed for her. It was her own act to accept the task and she does it for the love of Christ."

Such reports of the results of the beneficence of 1897 may well encourage the Christian people of America to give again in this heavier calamity. The opportunity is large and the need urgent. It appears that the former gifts of our readers were instrumental not alone in saving life, but in bringing many souls under Christian influence which has led them into the kingdom of Christ. We therefore plead with increased confidence for more money, seeing that the fund contributed three years ago has led to results so blessed.

How sorely tried the missionaries are and how earnestly they are looking to us to learn if we will continue our help may be learned from the following letter just received from Miss Lilian E. Marks, of the American Mission at Ajmere, in the Rajputana District: "We are in the very midst of the direst distress. **Hundreds are dying daily all about us.** I am exceedingly grateful for the help you have sent me. It has enabled me to take in many orphans and to keep **fifty Christian families alive who were starving.**

"Thus far God has provided funds to continue this work, and we are asking him with tears and sighs to open the hearts of his people still further that they may take compassion on the starving people and on us who witness their misery, but cannot relieve it without funds. One of my friends—Mr. Inglis, of the Presbyterian Mission, has just returned from a journey of one hundred miles around this place. He says: 'I expected to see suffering, but it never entered my thought that I should ever witness the sights that have shocked me on this journey. I saw a boy dragging a skeleton of a man by the feet, that it might be burned instead of devoured by vultures or wild animals. I have seen dogs fighting over the body of a child by the wayside. I counted in one evening's journey **forty dead bodies** on the road, and the next day thirty-two, and the following day twenty-five. These had evidently tried to reach a relief camp, but had waited too long before setting out and had died by the way. While sitting at tea with Dr. Huntly we clearly heard some one crying. We went out and there were two little children standing wailing. Their mother had left them there and had gone away. We gave them some food and let them rest until we could decide what was the best way of providing for them. Having talked the matter over, we went out to them, and there to our astonishment, were ten children. Other mothers, hearing what the first one had done and seeing that her children had been fed, had brought their children and had then run away. Only one returned, her maternal love compelling her to bid her offspring farewell. She begged us to keep them, and though her heart was breaking at the parting, she was thankful that they at least would be fed. We gave her some food, too, which she devoured greedily, almost like an animal. Yet a very short time ago this woman was well-off and was a respectable, well-behaved woman. Now she was almost naked and ravenously hungry.'

"I could readily credit," Miss Marks continues, "such a narrative, even if it had not been told me by a friend whose word I can rely on. Heartrending cases have come under my own observation which were worse than I have ever heard of in any former famine. Families setting out to seek food and being separated, too feeble to seek any child who might linger by the way. Terrible partings, when the father is the only one strong enough to undertake the journey. Or perhaps taking one or two of his boys with him. The mother and the young girls left behind to starve. The aged, the crippled, and the blind die, of course. What can be done? There is no food for anyone but those who can travel. Last night I found a boy about four years of age by the wayside. He looked so sad and his little sunken cheeks and bright eyes told the now all too familiar story. '*Mera koi nahiu hai*' (I have not any one) he wailed, as he looked tearfully in my face. I asked him where was his mother. 'Dead,' he answered. His father? 'Gone a long way off.' Friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, what would you have bid me do? I have no money with which to support a child except the funds you have sent. Would you have had me leave that little one there to perish? I am sure you would not. Then send us help that we may save such children, for there are thousands of such cases. Hundreds around us whom we would so gladly rescue if we had the means. May God give you compassionate hearts."

There is no diminution in the steady flow of contributions to the Relief Fund. All classes and conditions are represented among the givers. By the same mail that brings the "widow's mite," or the slender, consecrated offering of the humble worker, come the gifts of those who having been more abundantly blessed in material things, are seeking opportunity to acknowledge the blessing. One generous Christian lady in Philadelphia, who simply desires to be known as "G. H. W.," sends a check for $2,000 for the relief work. A New York lady (who desires to be recorded as "A Friend,") sends $50, "praying that God will add his blessing." Among the gifts are many from church and missionary societies and Sunday Schools. Editor Bonner, of the *Associate Reformed Presbyterian*, Duewest, S. C., sends $515.75, being contributions sent in response to an appeal in his paper. $500 comes from Rev. Wm. Yost, Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the Evangelical Association, Cleveland, O., being the contributions of its members.

FAMINE VICTIMS RESCUED BY MISSIONARIES

Our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee

To whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cables all funds it receives for the relief of the Famine sufferers in India, and who will distribute the cargo of the relief steamship, includes the following representative missionaries:

REV. EDGAR M. WILSON, Presbyterian Mission, Ratnagiri
REV. G. N. THOMSSEN, Baptist Mission, Bapatla
REV. EDWIN F. FREASE, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Baroda
REV. J. H. HARPSTER, Lutheran Mission, Guntur
REV. M. D. ADAMS, Church of the Disciples Mission, Bilaspur
REV. M. B. FULLER, Alliance Mission, Girgaon
REV. E. S. HUME, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Byculla, Bombay, Secretary
BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, Chairman of the Committee, is in the United States on sick leave.

Under the Evening Lamp

By Margaret E. Sangster

The Wail of the Famine-Stricken

BORNE across the mighty ocean
Comes a great and bitter cry:
"People in the lands of plenty,
Haste to help us ere we die!"
From the mother, pinched and pallid,
From the gaunt and fainting man,
From the babies, moaning, dying,
Comes the plea, "Oh, help, who can!"

Fields by draught and mildew smitten;
Earth that, parched and barren, feeds
Nothing living in its bosom;
Blighted crops and shrivelled seeds;
Homes where hideous hunger stalking
Lays the hapless family low;
Leagues of people, dead and dying,
Who shall tell such weary woe?

Send your coin of gold and silver,
Send your meed of yellow wheat,
Send the children and the mothers
Bread, from your fair fields and sweet;
Open wide the purse and scatter
Largesse of the grateful heart,
Unto India's starving millions,
Of your plenitude impart.

Farmers, merchants, richer, poorer,
With these far-off brothers share
What the God who watches o'er us
Wills that you to them should spare.
West to East send benefactions;
Children of the Master's school
Show the little ones beyond you
Something of His blessed rule.

Borne across the rounding billows,
Borne across the naked sands,
Comes the cry of famished millions,
Holding out their empty hands.
People of the homes of plenty,
List that great and bitter cry!
People of our splendid country
Help your brothers ere they die.

My Lady's Kitchen Garden

IN great contrast to the wretched homes of India, where the horrors of famine hang so woefully to-day, are the sweet homes of America. The Spring sunshine, the soft Spring rains, the tender airs, the fertile soil are bringing us not only grain to feed our children, but succulent vegetables, and spicy and toothsome fruits. In Southern gardens already the roses are blooming by the door, and the berries are blushing as they peep out from the little green umbrellas which the leaves hold over their heads. My lady walks out into her realm of beauty, and with a grateful heart notes what the dear Lord has done for her and hers, and she is no weakling in doing her share. What fertilizers should be used, what care given to the fields, what work should be done every day, this lady of the farmstead knows, as well, and as practically as her husband. And while he looks after the broad acres and the meadow lands, her care is the plot near her own kitchen door. Sometimes she makes a neat little sum, not only from her butter and eggs, but from her honey, her fruit, her berries, whatever she personally cultivates and keeps. If she does this, it is wisely used.

About the Giving of Medicine

Miss Eveleen Harrison, in an admirable treatise on home nursing, from the press of the Macmillan Co., gives some explicit directions as to how medicine should be administered. "Medicines should be measured very carefully, as with some drugs even a drop more or less will make a great difference. The graduating glass will be found most accurate for measuring, or a glass dropper with a rubber bulb at one end, when the dose has to be measured by drops. Children need much smaller doses of medicine than adults, and the amount must be regulated according to their ages. A child three years old takes one-sixth the dose of an adult. One teaspoonful equals a fluid drachm, and a tablespoonful equals half an ounce. In giving castor oil, it is very easy to disguise the taste completely. I have given it in orange juice to a child, and it was taken with delight: half the juice poured into a glass, then the oil, and afterward the remainder of the juice on top. The best way to mix it for an adult is to disguise it with lemon juice or cinnamon water" (unless indeed the person can take a capsule), "or it may be taken in soda water.

"When giving medicine put into a small, dainty glass, perfectly clean, with a glass of ice water, and a piece of orange or lemon on a little tray covered with a snowy napkin, and thus by making the dose look attractive you will lighten very much the disagreeable task of taking it."

Under Bare Poles

It now and then happens in this world of strange and swift transitions, that a family, after a season of prosperity, unexpectedly encounters a period of rough weather. Losses occur. The prospects which were favorable change, or do not, in the reality, turn out as they had promised. Investments shrink in value, and that most hopeless of situations occurs, in which nothing is coming in, while everything is going out. Retrenchment is the order of the day, but there comes an hour when there is nothing in which to economize. The family ship is sailing under bare poles.

LOOKING OVER THE STRAWBERRY BEDS IN SPRING

Now is the time to show of what stuff the wife and mother is made. She must rise above depression and keep up her husband's courage. Both must lean hard on God. Pray, pray, pray. Ask in faith, nothing doubting. Believe that though the winds are wild and the waves in a turmoil, there is a fair haven a little way ahead. Expect that the man will soon secure a new position. Let the boys and girls help. If there is a lad who must go to business sooner than you and he had planned, do not lament over the fact, for it may be the making of the boy. It is of the greatest importance that he be developed in manliness, and it may not be too late, by and by, for him to secure the liberal education he longs for. Much culture may be gained quite independent of a college. Do not shut the young people out of your confidence, parents, but pay them the compliment of supposing them to care more for you and the family honor than for their own luxuries and pleasures. There may be great happiness for you in these days of adversity, if you cling close together and hold fast to your triumphant faith in the Father Almighty.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—AUNT JANE. A boy of twenty who is morose and sullen, treating mother and sisters to fits of the sulks, is probably suffering from a disordered liver and in need of the doctor. Unless he breaks himself of this unfortunate temper, he will not make an amiable husband.

—ELSIE VENNER. Brisk rubbing with a crash towel after a cold bath in the morning will bring up your circulation and do you a world of good. Take a hot bath once a week at night for cleansing of the pores, but do not omit the cold bath in the early before-breakfast time.

—ALICE WYLIE. Let a visitor of the other sex follow you from the front door through the hall to the sitting-room. Do not allow him to pass first. If you do not yourself open the door, receive the caller in the sitting-room and take leave of him there.

—BERTHA BELL. I advise you to go to the church you prefer. Let the man who admires you come to your church if he chooses, but, at all events, while he is your lover it would be unmaidenly for you to follow him around from church to church. If I understand your letter, this gentleman does not seem to know his own mind.

—BRIDE TO BE. A simple white organdy would make a lovely wedding gown. Gloves would finish the costume, but are not indispensable. I do not think people should wear gloves during the marriage ceremony. I prefer the ungloved hand for that. The refreshments may be cake and coffee or lemonade, preceded by thin sandwiches, and may be served to the guests as they sit around the room. A grey wool dress will be pretty for traveling and church. Have it made with jacket and skirt, and wear a silk waist.

—E. B. C. Written invitations to your wedding would be perfectly in order and in excellent taste, as you wish to ask relatives and friends. I advise you sending them in your own name, thus: "My dear Eliza, will you give me the pleasure of your presence at my wedding on Monday, June —, at St. Barnabas' Church, where I am to be married to Mr. John Cox, at eleven o'clock in the morning? Affectionately yours." I give this as a sort of guide, but any other simple form will do. I have received invitations in this form from very fastidious people, and you need not be disturbed in doing this. It is quite correct; also very sensible. A great deal of money is needlessly wasted when spent for mere show.

Great Friends

LITTLE Mabel has a comrade wherever she goes, a trusty and tried friend in her dog Champion, who escorts her about, keeps her out of danger, and is as useful and nearly as loving as a big brother. The latter might not like to be tied to a baby's apron-strings, and might often be tempted to play baseball or shinny and leave Mabel to her own devices. Not so with Champion, who is as faithful as the sun, and would scorn to forsake his charge until relieved from duty by some one in whom he could repose entire confidence—her mother or her Aunt Mary or her father himself. When Mabel, tired of play, falls asleep with a dimpled arm around Champion's neck, and her dolly falls asleep, too, Champ takes care of them both, sleeps with one eye open, but does not move till the little princess wakes.

A BLISSFUL NAP

It is a good thing for a child to grow up in loving comradeship with domestic pets, with dear faithful dogs, with gentle cats, purring their pleasure at the touch of a wee hand, with any dumb creatures which require care and repay kindness with affection. Children are better and nobler all their days for being kind to animals, and for learning the true goodness in an animal's breast.

A reader, writing from Philadelphia, urges upon parents the duty of training little folks to be responsible in their care of their pets. She says: "If the poor brutes could speak in houses where prayers are daily said and grace is spoken before long luxurious meals, they would tell a sad story of untended lives, of lacking food and fresh water. If your dog must be kept shut up," she adds, "provide for him some regular exercise, a ball to roll, or something which will allure him to movement." We are prone to forget that animals, like ourselves suffer from ennui, if shut up and confined where nothing entertaining is going on. Even worse is their frequent suffering from thirst. Pussy will brighten up when she has a drink of good cool water. Our dog must have his thirst assuaged or he will suffer frightfully, just as we do when deprived of refreshing water.

Sympathy with the lower creation which is, after all, not so very far below us in the scale, is a Christian duty.

A Clear Skin

You have no right, perplexed young matron, to black shadows under your eyes. You ought to have a clear complexion, and you ought to be in the most beautiful time, physically, of your entire life. If you are sallow perhaps it is because you eat too much hot or fried food. You need daily two hours exercise out of doors and in all weathers. Every night bathe your face in hot water with good toilet soap. Rub this in thoroughly, wash it off and give your face a dash of cold water. If inclined to have rough skin, use, at night, a cold cream made of vegetable oil. Avoid mutton and animal fats generally for the face. You can easily massage your face yourself by rubbing the opposite way of the muscles.

GOSPEL WORK IN CUBA

...THE THURSTON MEMORIAL HOME AT PUERTO PRINCIPE—CAMP WORK AMONG OUR SOLDIERS

INFORMATION concerning a promising work in Cuba has been received at this office in the form of a letter from Mrs. G. E. Andrews, Puerto Principe, where a "Thurston Memorial Home" for orphans and homeless children is in process of establishment, largely through the efforts of Mrs. Andrews and her husband, reinforced by the New York Board of Managers, of which Col. Charles R. Ray is President, and Rev. Dr. Seneca Howland, 64 Bible House, is Treasurer. The projectors purpose that the work shall be self-supporting when once it is inaugurated; an individual school is to be operated in connection with the Home, and simple evangelical instruction to be given. Fifty-eight acres of land have already been given upon which to erect the Home, and while waiting for means with which to build, the missionaries are dwellers in tents, and are doing good camp work among our soldiers and in house to house visitation among natives, as Mrs. Andrews' interesting letter, given below, reveals.

"This morning we raised over our tent the American flag, with a Cuban flag underneath, and fired one gun, then we sang 'America.'

"We arrived at Puerto Principe from Nuevitas, March 12. The soldiers came country. Could you look into some of the 'shacks' whose inmates I have been visiting for a week past, your tears would hardly cease to flow. Not a dog in our land lives so meanly. I was in the 'shack' of Col. Agramonta's daughter, on Thursday last; she told me how her father was taken prisoner by the Spanish, and how his head was tied to the tail of a horse, and he was dragged through the streets of Puerto Principe, until literally torn to fragments. This lady comes from one of the wealthiest and best of the Cubans, and you would not keep a pig in her home, so dirty and poor was the place. A few miles from us is a family of eighteen; the father is dead; several girls, seventeen and eighteen years old, go about absolutely nude. Very few of the children here under seven wear clothing; so you see how great is the need of our school here. If God would only put into the heart of some person who has money, a willingness to build a church and school here for these poor darkened people! I held a mothers' meeting yesterday. A lot of women came, and about seventy-five children. The children are particularly bright and pretty. I wish you could see the services we are holding. Every night hundreds come. The Cubans have learned to sing one hymn, "Where He Leads me I will Follow." The children are learning to sing, "What a Friend we Have in Jesus." I gave each

TENT WORK AT THE THURSTON MEMORIAL HOME, PUERTO PRINCIPE

the Thursday before; they brought a large part of our freight on their train, so it cost us but little compared to what it otherwise would. We are not allowed any baggage in traveling here; have to pay freight on our trunks. I had some beautiful plants given me. I did them up in paper and kept them in my hand. The baggage-master demanded of me that I send them as freight. I just smiled and walked into the train with them in my hand. We have put one large tent on the soldiers' camp, and last night I held religious service with them, some three or four hundred being present.

"The commanding officer and his wife called on me last Monday morning; said they would do all they could to help us. On last Sunday night, about thirty soldiers came to our tent, and I held a service with them. A number of backsliders were there. One, an evangelist when in the States, has made a new start for righteousness; another, a member of Jane Street Methodist Church, in New York, was reclaimed; and one soldier confessed Christ for the first time. Praise the Lord!

"There are about seven hundred soldiers here. We shall keep our tent in camp, and hold religious services with them on Sunday evenings, and two evenings in the week. I shall conduct a service at Puerto Principe once on Sunday, and one week evening. I am full of courage and hope, and while waiting for money to build our school, am sure the Master will help me to do religious work for him here. The most abject poverty still exists in this one of the mothers a card and the children pictures and toys which we brought. They were all so delighted! Will not some one give us an organ? I need one so much to use in our meetings. The soldiers enjoy singing the hymns, which is a great help.

On Monday, March 12 (my birthday), one of the city judges of Puerto Principe gave to our organization fifty-eight acres of land in the suburbs of Puerto Principe, on which to build our school. I accepted it in the name of our organization, and on the following Thursday, accompanied by the judge and a lawyer, I went over the property. There is a beautiful river running through on one side, and a creek on the other; we would say a creek and a brook if in New York State. It is of immense value to have the good soft water that no drought can dry up, when one has had to buy water, at from two cents to twenty-five a pailful. There are also two immense wells of good water on the place. It has, too, a few royal palms, the beauty of which must be seen to be appreciated. The seed of the palm fattens the pork, so the tree is valuable, as well as beautiful. There are plum trees, mango, apple, guava, sugar cane, banana, bread fruit, besides a number I cannot name. I saw one orange tree laden with golden fruit. There is a house on the place, which will need repairing; there are only two living rooms. We will try to gather in some children and begin our school next week. I am to have land for a church also. There is no Protestant work on this part of the island, and I mean to build the first Protestant church in Puerto Principe. If I only had a stereopticon, I believe I could make some money to help build the school. The necessity for our school is greater than you have any idea. Ignorance is on every hand. God help us, is my cry every hour, and God give us faith to claim the needed funds for this work. If we believe, we shall get it. I feel my faith increasing as I write.

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE!"

(John 11: 28).

HAS worry and care deeply furrowed your brow?
Are hopes all imprisoned in dungeons of now?
Has sickness enclouded the sun of your soul?
Or health given spirits beyond your control?
Arise from Despondency's seat and be free,
"The Master is come and calleth for thee!"

If young and o'erburdened with doubtings and fears,
And troubled to-day with to-morrows of years,
If old and o'erwhelmed by the terrible way,
That yesterday's shadows can darken to-day,
Hurl burdens aside and bid shadows to flee:
"The Master is come and calleth for thee!"

Has Death come and taken the one you loved best,
With never a hope or a dawn to suggest?
And grieving alone you sit in the gloom
And make of the home of the living a tomb?
Then know there is hope and a life full and free,
When Jesus "is come and calleth for thee!"

And is Jesus coming and calling for me?"
Yes; list to his call in the murmuring sea;
In song of the bird, in the voice of a friend;
And bells of all Christendom messages send;
And Conscience low whispers a kind, loving plea:
"The Master is come and calleth for thee!"

Philadelphia, Pa. —JOHN L. SHROY.

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HAIR INSOLES keep feet clean and dry. Prevent jar in walking. Relieve Rheumatism, Callous, Tender and Perspiring Feet. 10c., 3 pair 25c., postpaid. The Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Box D, Hartford, Ct.

A Drama of Christian Martyrdom

THAT Sienkiewicz's famous book, *Quo Vadis*, which tells what is probably the most realistic story of early Christian persecution and martyrdom ever written, should have been prepared with a view to popular dramatic presentation is not surprising. It is a work which, of all others, carries the mind back to the tragic days when men and women bravely met danger and death for Christ's sake. That the dramatic presentation of such a story should attract and thrill thousands, as the only authorized version is now doing in New York, was to have been expected. It proves that the stage can be made a great moral and religious agency, and that it is capable of presenting the noblest aspirations and the sublimest truths.

The author of the dramatized version of *Quo Vadis* is Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, the well-known writer. She has dealt successfully with a difficult problem. Sienkiewicz's book offers many pitfalls for the dramatic author, but they have been carefully avoided in her presentation of the story. Miss Gilder's version never introduces religion for sensational ends. The story of the love of *Vinicius*, the pagan, for *Lygia*, the Christian maiden, is charmingly told, and we are shown that it was *Lygia's* religion that opened the eyes of *Vinicius* to the light. We are permitted to quote a scene from Miss Gilder's dramatized version. *Vinicius* has been wounded by the giant *Ursus* and nursed back to strength by *Lygia* and her Christian friends. In this scene *Vinicius* tells her how her religion has affected him:

VINICIUS: My eyes are open now, and I believe in thy religion, Lygia.

LYGIA: O Marcus, my soul is full of light and happiness. The dark days are over. All thy wounds are healed.

VINICIUS: Twice do I owe my life to thee. Thou stayedst Ursus' hand, and thou didst nurse me back to life.

LYGIA: Good Glaucus, who is a physician, didst save thy life.

VINICIUS: No; thou didst nurse me, thou didst tend me, and thou alone hast saved my life. Thou hast given my soul peace and happiness. For long I battled against thy religion. To love our enemies, to forgive those who injure us, to be merciful, seemed madness to me.

LYGIA: Is it not better to love than to hate? Is it not better to give than to take away?

VINICIUS *(rising)*: I know it now. When I returned, my slaves were drunk at a feast in my garden. When they saw me they were terrified. All dropped on their knees and some fainted from terror. At first I wished to call for rods and hot irons.

LYGIA: Thou shouldst be merciful.

VINICIUS: But immediately a kind of shame seized me. I felt for the first time that slaves, too, were human beings. I did not punish. The third day I said, "I forgive you. Strive with earnest service to correct your fault." They fell on their knees, their faces covered with tears, and, stretching forth their hands, called me "Lord and father," and I—it seemed to me that at that moment I was looking at thy sweet face, and that thy eyes, filled with tears, thanked me for that act. Since then all the slaves have vied with one another to divine my wishes, and I will free all those who have served me well when thou wilt come to my house.

LYGIA: Thou didst have Chilo flogged.

VINICIUS: For spying upon thee.

LYGIA: Yet, were it not for Chilo, thou wouldst have never found me.

VINICIUS: I would have found thee in spite of obstacles, distance or time.

LYGIA: Dost thou remember how when Miriam upraided me for my love of thee, Father Linus said——

VINICIUS: "Do not weep; do not suffer; thy prayers for him will be heard."

LYGIA: And a happy day when thou didst come to the father and didst say: "Teach me her religion!"

VINICIUS: I remember all. My life until now has been suffering, unsatisfied desire and an endless problem without answer, but now it is all happiness.

One of the most effective and affecting scenes in this drama of the days of the early Christian persecutions occurs in the house of *Petronius*, where *Vinicius* tells the arbiter of his efforts to save *Lygia*, who is now in prison waiting Nero's orders to be thrown to the lions. It is impossible to hear these words unmoved:

VINICIUS: And every day I go in agony to the arena to see if she is with the martyrs.

PETRONIUS: I pity thy sufferings, Vinicius. Dost thou hope to save her?

VINICIUS: Aye, through her God—who is my God!

PETRONIUS: Thy God!

VINICIUS: Yes, Petronius, I am a Christian, and if thou hadst seen what I have seen, thou, too, wouldst believe in God. While I have watched in the arena for Lygia, I have seen them chased by howling Molossian dogs and torn by lions. They have met death and torture with radiant faces and in clear voices singing the praises of God. Above the howls of the wolves and the roaring of the lions their hymns have soared heavenward. Yesterday, in the amphitheatre, in the highest row, stood the apostle. No one saw him, for all heads were turned to the arena; he rose and blessed with the cross those who were perishing under the teeth of wild beasts. He blessed their blood, their torture, their dead bodies turned into shapeless masses and their souls flying away from the bloody sand. Some raised their eyes to him, and their faces grew radiant; they smiled when they saw high above him the sign of the cross. But his heart was rent, as he said, "O Lord! let thy will be done! These, my children, perish to thy glory in testimony of the truth!" And he blessed them all one after another, with as much love as if they had been his own children, whom he was leading into the kingdom of heaven!

PETRONIUS: I wonder not at thy conversion.

VINICIUS: I have seen much, Petronius, but I have felt more. Cæsar and the pagan world are mad; they are swimming in the blood of the martyrs, but their day of reckoning is coming. The God of the Christians is a just God and to him Nero shall answer for his crimes!

Learning to Walk*

THE baby is learning to walk to-day,
And we watch her busy feet
As she moves along in a halting way,
With a face serenely sweet.

She stops at such tiny little things—
A rug or a paper ball—
Like a new-fledged bird, with untrained wings,
That can scarcely fly at all.

And we give her an earnest, hearty cheer;
She answers it with a smile,
Then bravely crosses the threshold near
As though it were quite a mile.

And we gather her close in our arms, and say,
"Dear little girl, well done.
May the journey long, begun to-day,
Lead home, at life's setting sun."

*From *Clover Blossoms:* a little book of charming poems, by Albert Milton Bruner, of Rock Island, Ill.

BOOKS RECEIVED

That Duel at the Chateau Marsanac. By Walter Pulitzer; a story well illustrated; bound in cloth; pp. 120. Funk & Wagnalls Co., publishers, New York.

Cynthia's Sons. A story by Julia McNair Wright; illustrated; cloth; pp. 336; price, $1.25. Published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York.

The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer. By Ezra Hoyt Byington. This volume supplements the author's previous book—*The Puritan in England and New England*, which has been pronounced by high authorities a very important contribution to the early history of New England. It is a good time to make a fresh study of the Puritans. We have still much to learn from them in respect to the social, political and religious questions of to-day. Pp. 375; three illustrations; price $2. Publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

HEART DISEASE.

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Troubles.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves—the Sympathetic and the Pneumogastric.

In another way also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

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Tea-Gardens in the South

Planting and Plucking at Pinehurst—The Tea-school—New Plantations

PICKERS IN THE ROSE TEA GARDEN, AT PINEHURST

THE picturesque and profitable industry of tea-culture, whose successful prosecution has hitherto been confined to the Orient, seems to be gaining ground in this country. The introduction and progress of any occupation, affording healthy out-door work to men and women, and to little children under conditions not operating against their mental advancement, is well worthy to be chronicled in a religious journal; and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents with pleasure some interesting facts and pictures supplied through courtesy of Dr. Charles U. Shepard, Special Government Agent in charge of tea culture investigation. Dr. Shepard may be called the father of the industry in this country, for although the problem had been under discussion for many years and several fairly successful efforts to solve it had been made, it is to the practical and persistent demonstrations afforded in his tea-gardens at Pinehurst, Summerville, S. C., that we owe renewed governmental appropriations to the project.

The experimentation at Pinehurst began about ten years ago on a small scale, gradually enlarged as results justified, until about fifty acres are now planted in tea, which should produce about 10,000 pounds in full bearing. The problem of providing labor for picking tea leaf has been solved, so far as a steady, and skilful band of nimble-fingered children goes: but its price—extremely high as compared with the price of labor in the Orient—materially affects the question of profit in home-grown tea. It was indispensable to procure a reliable corps of pickers. To meet this condition, there was built a comfortable schoolhouse and a competent teacher engaged. The colored families of the neighborhood were then invited to send their children to the school free of charge. They would be instructed in the ordinary branches, and also taught how to pick tea, and so earn money to buy food and clothing. The offer was accepted, and now there is a good list of pupils to draw pickers from as required; only children of suitable age and size are permitted in the gardens. The older children earn from thirty to fifty cents a day in tea-picking season; younger ones in proportion. In one season, the gardens were picked twenty times, or once every ten days, and it took three days for the force of children to make the rounds. The establishment of such tea-picking schools as Pinehurst's, will be a moral as well as intellectual and industrial influence favorable to inhabitants of the Black Belt.

Dr. Shepard has had no difficulty in selling all Pinehurst tea (black) at one dollar a pound, retail. He says: "Without undue endeavor I sold my crop of 1898, about three thousand pounds, as also about five hundred pounds of the previous year, altogether about three thousand five hundred pounds, at a reasonable profit, although there is no protective duty on tea."

Dr. Shepard sensibly suggests: "There is a class of people who might profitably add the cultivation of tea to that of flowers and vegetables, filling out the corners of their gardens and home fields with tea bushes, as they do in China, or substituting useful as well as ornamental hedges of that plant for fences. As one result, families would be able to supply their own tea, fresh, pure and invigorating. As another, the multiplication of little tea-gardens would mean the establishment of tea-factories in neighborhoods where the product would be bought and sold for commercial purposes." The industry can be undertaken, however, only in sections where the temperature rarely falls below 25° F., and never below zero: there must be abundant water supply.

ROASTING AND ROLLING GREEN TEA

Pinehurst has a well-equipped factory. Two of the processes of manufacturing green tea is shown on this page; the fresh leaf is roasted in an iron pot and then rolled by hand on a table; no mechanical substitute for these combined operations has been invented, and the necessity for hand labor is the factor which raises the cost of green tea. The green color of the Pinehurst brand has attracted much attention. Oriental teas lose it, and other qualities that go with it, before reaching this country. A journey through the tea-gardens of Pinehurst, when the workers are among the velvety green bushes, and over the factory where children are bringing in trout baskets filled with the leaves, and men are busy spreading these out in the drying-room, and rolling and packing tea in other departments, is quite interesting, and to the Eastern traveler somewhat like a chapter out of the Orient.

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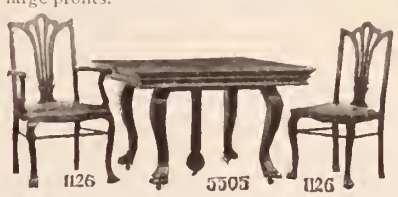

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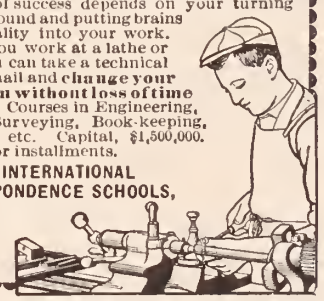

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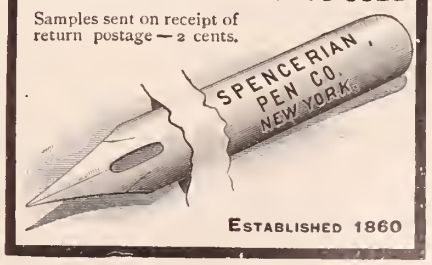

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Vision and Service*

The Purpose and Use of the Vision in the Conflict of the Christian with Evil in the World

DULL and sordid and pitiable is the life of a man who has no visions. Perhaps there are no such men. Even the most prosaic of mortals, the man who has everything cut and dried and has every idea dessicated and laid in its labelled pigeon-hole, and talks of the grandest truths over which other men have pondered and on which they have fed as with bread from heaven, as if they were propositions in mathematics, may yet have moments in which he sees the things which are invisible and has a glimmering notion that there may be truths not included in his philosophy. The business man who thinks day and night of his business, watches the markets intently and is continually planning new schemes for extending his business and making money, often cheers himself with a vision of the time when he will have made his fortune and will give himself rest to enjoy it. There are poor men living from hand to mouth, who have a ceasless struggle to keep their expenses within their income, and must concentrate their thoughts on their duties, lest some oversight, some blunder deprive them of their occupation and leave them penniless and dependent, who have yet rare times of vision in which they see better conditions of life that may yet come to the world, when men, like horses, may be sure of food and shelter.

There are visions, too, of beneficence. Peabody had visions of model tenements in which the poor man who could pay only a small sum in rent, might yet live free from dirt and unsanitary surroundings. Peter Cooper had a vision of an institution in which the struggling boy, longing for an education, might be taught by men who knew his special need and his peculiar difficulties. Just as the Tabernacle existed in the mind of Moses when he descended from the Mount, though it had no material existence, so Cooper Union was in the mind of its founder before a brick was laid. The two essential things in such matters, are the power to see and the power to translate the vision into fact. And these are powers which bless the man and the world. Mere reverie is fruitless. The value of the vision consists in the power to adapt it. When Christ and his three disciples were on the Mount of Transfiguration, Peter said it was good to be there and wanted to build tabernacles that they might stay there always. As the evangelist observes, he knew not what he said. That is, he did not know the object of the vision. The vision was not for his pleasure and enjoyment; it was to give him strength and power for service. Sometimes the two powers are given to different men. We used to speak of Mazzini as a dreamer. He saw a vision of all the miserable Italian states united in one free Italy. It was a beautiful dream, but in his hands it was an unsubstantial vision. But he told his dream, and while some men laughed at it, Cavour and Garibaldi listened and admired and turned the vision into action. The visionary was not so useless after all as the world supposed. So it has been with nearly all great movements. The vision-seer has come first, and then after him, the man of action has realized the ideal.

There have been hours at Northfield when God seemed very near to his people. They had visions of the Infinite that seemed to raise them into his very presence. If there had been no one else in the world, the vision would have been very blessed, but it would have been absorbed without any outward result. With the world lying outside weltering in its sin, with the teeming millions around bearing burdens of sorrow and struggling with temptation, the vision had a different mission. From Northfield, Moody and his friends went forth enthused with their vision to tell the world of the Saviour, to speak to the burdened of the Burden-bearer. So it should be with everyone. The vision comes if we have eyes to see it, but it is not to occupy all our lives, but to inspire us for service. It was said that men came away from listening to Cicero, saying, "What a beautiful oration! what a wonderful orator!" But when they came away from listening to Demosthenes, they said, "Let us go and fight Philip." So it should be after every season of elevation. At the foot of the mountain on which we have been so happy, there is the man possessed with the devil, sore vexed, ofttimes falling into the water or into the fire, getting into trouble of all kinds, whom we may help. The armor and the sword that were given to the knight in olden time were not to make him look handsome and imposing, but to be used in delivering the oppressed. The Christian's armor is given for the same purpose. It is for service, and it fails of its purpose if it is not used.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 13. Ex. 24:15-18; 32:19, 20; Matt. 17:1-8; 14-20.

Gives a Glimpse of Heaven

Dear Editor:—I received a precious gift—the Red Letter Testament. Many thanks for same. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nearly eight years. I think it is invaluable and supplies the Gospel truths, and gives a glimpse of heaven. As I journey down the bright side of the hill, nearing the river, the sermons are very precious to me, and very inspiring. I am seventy-four years of age. Pray that Jesus may be very near me and give me great faith.

ISABELLE WHITESELL.

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"Twenty years ago I was taken with rheumatism which was induced by exposure while in the army. Later this trouble was complicated by diabetes and my suffering was intense. There was an excruciating pain in my shoulders and limbs, also a darting pain in my back. I could not sleep or work on account of the pain.

"I was under the care of physicians and took their medicines but the treatment did me no good.

"About two years ago a friend living at Greig recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I did so. I had taken the pills but three or four days when I found that they gave me relief. The rheumatic pains ceased, and to my surprise I found that the pills were also relieving the diabetes. I took the pills for over a year and was entirely relieved of both troubles.

"I am now 80 years of age but am strong, have a good appetite and feel first class, all of which I attribute to the good qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

(*Signed*) *OLIVER SALMONS.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. MILLER,
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West Virginia's Sympathy

GOVERNOR ATKINSON, of West Virginia, has shown a remarkable interest in the India Famine work, and his example has communicated itself to his State, which is now doing yeoman service in the life-saving work. The following letter from the Governor is evidence of the splendid spirit in which the South is taking up the burden of Christian benevolence:

GOVERNOR G. W. ATKINSON

State of West Virginia,
Executive Chamber, Charleston.
April 7, 1900.

Editor "The Christian Herald":—

"I desire in this public manner to thank you for the work your are doing to relieve the people of India from starvation. You are proving to the world that your paper is in fact what its name implies—a true herald of the Christ. I sincerely hope that you will succeed in raising your two shiploads of supplies at an early day, and that they will sail the seas, under the HERALD'S banner, carrying bread to the starving in far-away India. Yours is the work of the true Christian, and I bid you Godspeed in all that you are doing.

Sincerely and truly yours,
G. W. ATKINSON,
Governor of West Virginia.

The Relief Ship

SPEED the good ship o'er the waters,
Freighted with the golden grain;
India's dark-browed sons and daughters
Must not cry to us in vain;
For the Christians' God, so loving,
Tells us they—the starving poor—
Just as truly are our brothers,
As the neighbors at our door.

Still it comes! That wail of anguish,
From that sad and stricken land;
Christian hearts have caught the echo
And respond with lavish hand.
But the need is growing greater
With each swiftly passing day;
They are dying by the thousands—
Like the mist they pass away.

God has blessed our land with plenty,
We have had abundant store;
He has said that "to the giver
Shall be given, more and more."
Where we send the needed succor,
Food to keep them day by day,
There the "Bread of Life" shall enter,
There the Christ shall soon have sway.

Speed the good ship o'er the ocean
Freighted with our love and care;
With a true, heartfelt devotion,
Waft it on with faith and prayer.
Oh, the joy that waits the faithful,
When the Master's face they see,
When they hear the welcome sentence,
"Lo, ye did it unto me."

E. Corinth, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

A Christian Korean Student

Matthew T. Kang, student, has received Christian teaching for two years in this country. His settled intention is to work in Korea, and to travel among his people in all the cities of his own country, selling the word of God and speaking about it. A man so gentle, so refined and above all so inspired of the Holy Spirit and so endowed with love will be one to bring many into the Kingdom.

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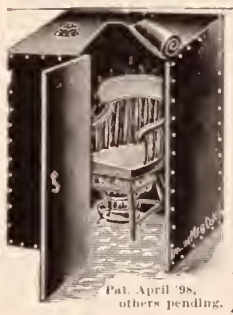
Pat. April '98, others pending.
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These Cabinets place the benefits of Turkish Baths and all kinds of Medicated and Perfumed Vapor Baths within the reach of every one in their own home at a cost of only 3 cents per bath. Will break up a cold or the grip immediately, and relieve most any disease.
The Most Complete Line of Bath Cabinets in the World.
Newest Designs, Latest Improvements and Patents. We make Cabinets from $3.50 to $12.50
Be sure to send for our catalogue before buying a Bath Cabinet if you want to have the best.
Special prices where we have no representative. We give better value for same money than any one. Beware of catch-penny methods and misleading offers. Book "Health and Beauty" free.
AGENTS WANTED; one sold 1,000 in four months.
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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE
CURES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

Thousands of letters like this prove our assertions:
"Curtis, Miss., Sept 1st, 1898. The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed for it. It cured me of the worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the Brace I suffered with prolapsus, periodical cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.
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Send for full information with booklet, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address
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SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE
ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

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HIGH ARM.
FREE TRIAL 20 DAYS
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BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C.O.D. to anyone.
Combination Go-Carts
Direct from factory at lowest wholesale prices.
Dealers large profits saved. No money in advance.
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It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Rubifoam imparts to the breath a sweetness as fragrant as Spring blossoms. Makes the teeth sound and white, and keeps the gums healthy.

Price, 25 cents, at druggists; sample vial of **Rubifoam** mailed free on receipt of postage, 2 cents. Address

E. W. Hoyt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

REV. DUDLEY D. SMITH

RECTOR Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "In August, 1893, I was attacked with severe pains in my knees, making it impossible to rise from a stooping position without great agony. Physicians whom I consulted said it was probably Synovitis. I tried various remedies. Nothing seemed to do any good. After suffering for eight months, I began the use of Oxydonor. At the end of six weeks, all pain left me, and I have not since been troubled with it. I impute my recovery solely to the use of Oxydonor."

Rev. L. L. Gladney, Pastor M. E. Church South, Magdalena, N. M., writes, Feb. 6, 1899: "I had been down in health for three years, completely prostrated by over-work. My friends thought I had consumption. Three weeks after beginning use of Oxydonor I improved at a wonderful rate, until as well as ever."

Mr. H. S. Goldey, Prop'r Goldey Wilmington College, Wilmington, Del., writes, Nov. 16, 1899: "After an interval of several years, my Dyspepsia has not returned, and so far as I can see I am permanently relieved. I am emphatic in my belief that Oxydonor cured me."

AFRICAN FEVER

Mrs. (Capt.) A. B. Miller, Wenonah, N. J., writes, Nov. 2, 1899: "We still use Oxydonor with full satisfaction. Most remarkable has been the help to my daughter, Mrs. Hellen E. Rasmussen, a returned missionary from Africa, who was still held with the daily return of the African Fever. I thought she would die. The result of the use of Oxydonor was little more than a miracle. She is alive to-day, and has since been to Africa, and had good health there."

ABSORB NEW LIFE

OXYDONOR instills new life, teeming with health and vigor, gently and unconsciously, into your system, while you rest. You soon feel as a new person. Literally, Oxydonor forces disease out of your body and rejuvenates you. Oxydonor gives the required vital energy to all the organs, to perform the functions for which they were made by Nature. No dangerous drugs are used. No surgical operations are required to see what is wrong, or to remove any part. The healing and repair all take place naturally, through extraordinary "vis medicatrix naturae," increased and intensified by Oxydonor, by maximum functional activity of the system. Oxydonor begets the primary energy, and as when fuel is supplied in food and drink, Nature does the rest. There is no difficulty, no pain, no sensation, no danger in using Oxydonor, and any sane person can use it successfully.

Buckle the disk at one end of its cord, to one ankle, and drop the vocor at the other end of its cord into cold water, and the revitalizing process begins. Oxydonor will last a life time, and serve a whole family. The purchase is the only cost. No periodical investment is required. Book of directions with each Oxydonor.

CAUTION.—Beware of Spurious Imitations. Look closely for the inventor's name—"Dr. H. Sanche"—which is plainly stamped on the Genuine.

DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,

261 Fifth Avenue, New York.
61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich.
57 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Office: 2268 St. Catherine St., Montreal Quebec.

(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 21, 1896)

OXYDONOR APPLIED.

Founding Sunday Schools on the Frontiers

WHEN the Sisseton Reservation in South Dakota opened, it was my privilege as a representative of the American Sunday School Union—that true Pioneer agency of God's cause in America—to carry the Gospel to the settlers. As there were neither roads nor bridges my only means of travel was horseback. A saddle outfit was purchased, and my Turkish cavalry knapsack (I had picked it up years before on the battlefield of Tel-el-Kebir) was swung on to hold my Bible and a few necessaries. Attired in an old suit, faded plush cap, yellow oil-skin "slicker" (overcoat) which reached to my feet, I mounted my good horse, Gideon, and set forth on a Friday afternoon. On Sunday evening I reached my new home, having covered over 200 miles in two days, and by nine had laid the foundation of a work which, under God, has wrought and is yet working great things to his glory.

Among other missions started in my new field was the Adams School, which had its beginning in Mrs. Adam's shanty, a dwelling of one apartment, 14x18. The morning of the Sunday for which I had called the first meeting there, I rode up to a similar abode, occupied by some young men, whom I saw inside playing cards. Taking me for a cowboy, I suppose, and certainly never thinking me to be a missionary, they proceeded with the game.

"Boys," I said, "I came to tell you that I'm going to hold a Gospel meeting at the Adams shanty, and I want you to come over." At this announcement there was confusion, the door was slammed to, stifled laughter and muttered implications were heard; a voice said: "What's the matter, anyway? He saw us. Open the door;" and immediately this speaker appeared, holding the cards in his hand. "Mister," he said, "we were better brought up than to play cards on Sunday, but we ain't got anything else to do. If you've got anything better than this for us, we want it."

The organization of Bethany Union Sunday School was in the granary side of a barn. While I stood at the door watching the eager people arriving, an old wagon rumbled up, holding among others an aged woman, who, as I helped her to the ground, asked in an undertone, "Are you the preacher." "I'm the missionary," I replied laughing. "Well," she continued in the same low voice, "I want you to take me in, as I feel real scared, for its fifteen years since I was at meetin', and I don't know how to behave." There is a strong church organization at Bethany now.

"Evergreen Union S. S." was started in a nice little cottage, perhaps one of the best built on the reservation at that time, and among a people of whom the majority were Christians and faily prosperous; this school has never gone down, and they have regular preaching there. The school at Summit began in a grocery store fresh from the builder's hands; with the help of some of the men I arranged seats, utilizing kegs and boards, and there amid the shavings we met to worship God; a Catholic lady, a musician, kindly had her organ brought in and played for us; hymns were selected that all knew. That was a service I shall ever remember. I was preaching to some that had never heard the Gospel, and to many who had not heard it for long years. Besides, it was virgin ground I had taken for the Lord, and I had got into a new town ahead of the saloon, which meant much.

When I visited this school last November, imagine my glad surprise when I saw a neat little church with its spire pointing heavenward; it seemed to say to my heart "look up and give thanks." Thus my little horse and I proved the Lord's vedettes on outpost duty; to-day seven or eight Sunday Schools and four church congregations testify to the Lord's faithfulness in rewarding our labors.

I will take pleasure in answering any communications addressed me at Rochester, Minn., and can use to good advantage in equipping schools any library books, hymn books, Bibles, lesson papers, etc., that may be sent me.

REV. G. R. G. FISHER.

"Appetite

comes with eating." And the hankering for Pearline comes from trying it. If you're sceptical about Pearline's washing, try it on coarse clothes, etc., first—things that you can't hurt much, and see how it saves work. Having seen Pearline's superior work you'll be ready to use it for fine, delicate, cobwebby things. 581

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Artistic Monuments in White Bronze

COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES

Marble is entirely out of date. Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth. Besides it is very expensive.

White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss-growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for nearly one hundred public monuments. We have designs from $4.00 to $4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. Over $28,000 worth of work sold to Christian Herald readers in the last few years

The Monumental Bronze Co., 70-90 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Wonderful Remedy for Rheumatism

A physician practising in Olcott, Vt., writes; "Your Tartarlithine has proved a wonderful remedy for rheumatism. I have used a very great quantity of it in the last three or four months, and I have never seen anything like it. I had one patient who had rheumatism all his life, and had taken everything, and nothing completely stopped all the manifestations of the disease like Tartarlithine, one bottle of which completely relieved him.

I had another patient, an old man who travels much on the road peddling, who was lame with rheumatism for five years, and one bottle cured all lameness and he says he has not felt as well in five years as now. These are only the two worst cases of many that I have tried it on."

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00 and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent FREE.

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The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

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ALL WOOL SERGE SUIT

MAN'S SUIT MADE FROM PARKERS BEST BLUE **$4.95**

SERGE CHEVIOT famous for its perfect weave and rich dark blue color. Its fine all wool, medium weight, and will positively not fade. Guaranteed equal to others $10.00 suits.

EXPERT TAILORS will make the suit in latest sack style, to fit perfect, line it with fine super gloss farmer satin, pad and stiffen it so it will always retain its perfect shape and sew with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND THIS ADV. to us and we'll send free a large cloth sample of the blue serge cheviot suit and our big book containing 50 fine cloth samples of other made to order suits from $5.95 to $20.00. We make all grades and styles of suits to order in our own mammoth tailor shops and sell to consumers at lowest wholesale factory prices. Write today.

MEN'S SUITS FREE we give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one, in addition you can make $2.50 to $5.00 a day while earning suit. Hundreds are doing it. You can too. **SEND ONE 2-CENT STAMP** to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit and make big wages. Write today,

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A $12 Bath Cabinet FOR only $5.00

Our new 1902 style Square Quaker guaranteed best of all cabinets at any price. Has real door on hinges, steel frame, best materials, rubber lined, folds flat, lasts 20 years. **Turkish and Vapor baths at home 3c each.** Open the millions of pores, sweats poisons out of the blood, keeps you clean and healthy, beautifies complexion. **Physicians recommend it for Colds, LaGrippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Obesity, Female Ills,** all **Blood, Skin, Nerve or Kidney troubles.** Money refunded after 30 days use, if not as represented. Price with heater, directions, formulas, $5.00. Face Steamer $1.00 extra. Order today. Write us. **Valuable Book FREE. Big Wages. Splendid Seller.** | **Agents Wanted.**

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Sold everywhere.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

43 FLOWERS, 30¢
20 Pkts. Seeds, 23 Bulbs
Most popular varieties, postpaid.
1 pkt. Mary Semple Asters, 4 colors,
1 " Alyssum, Little Gem. [mixed.
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1 " Bouquet Chrysanthemum.
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"Scarlet King" Canna Lily.

23 BULBS—Two grand new Canna Lilies, "Scarlet King" and Variegated; 1 double Tuberose; 2 Hybrid Gladiolus; 2 Butterfly do.; 4 Spanish Iris; 2 Tuberous climbing Wistaria; 10 lovely mixed Oxalis.
NEW FLORAL GUIDE—124 pages, FREE with every order.
The Conard & Jones Co. Box 0. West Grove, Pa.

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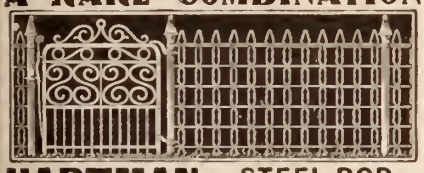

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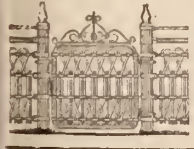
Best and handsomest for lawns, parks, cemeteries, school grounds—anything. Send for our free catalogue—know more about it.
HARTMAN M'F'G. CO., BOX 51 ELLWOOD CITY, PA. or room 11, 309 Broadway, New York City.

$25 That's What we Save You on this Deal.

This Buggy is of such high quality and style, that any dealer, taking advantage of its superior points, would ask you $75. for it.
Our Price $46.55
Its first class in every particular and we take our reputation on its quality and wearing ability. We give with each buggy sold, a 2-years' guarantee. We ship this buggy or any of our vehicles subject to your inspection. If not found exactly as we describe it in our catalogue and not satisfactory in every way you may return it at our expense. This is but one of the many bargains offered in our Special Vehicle and Harness Catalogue. We have all kinds of buggies, carriages, surreys, road wagons, phaetons, spring wagons, all kinds of single, double and team HARNESS, SADDLES AND FLY NETS. Send for our large FREE CATALOGUE.
Marvin Smith Co., 55-57-59 N. Jefferson St., T-83 Chicago.

Do You Want a Buggy?
If you have any use for a fine open or top buggy, surrey, phaeton or spring wagon at the lowest price ever heard of, a price that will surprise you, privilege of free trial and payable after received, cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago, Ill., and they will mail you their very latest and extremely interesting vehicle offer and special catalogue.



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For Yards and Lawns. Substantial, Durable and Cheap.
Special Prices
For Churches and Cemeteries. 20 Designs. Catalogue Free.
COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box D. Winchester, Indiana.

$25 to $300 Earned Weekly
Agents wanted to sell the Famous Maryland Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, etc. We prepay freight everywhere, sew carpets free, and furnish wadded lining without charge. For particulars address
Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 218

BOYS PAPER FREE if you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you the Star for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 30, OAK PARK, ILLS.

EASE PAYS EXPENSES and $75 per month. Steady position; self-seller; no experience needed. Send 2¢ for contract.
PEASE MFG. CO., Cincinnati, O., Dept. A.

All Now Helping India

Many Young Hearts Touched by the Plea for the Sufferers—Whole Communities Working for India's Relief

AS the days pass, the India relief movement extends steadily, and there are now very few localities where some kind, generous-hearted souls have not taken up the work.

Rev. A. W. Spooner, D.D., of Camden, N. J., has begun an active movement of the Christian Endeavor Societies on behalf of India. In his stirring call he says:

REV. A. W. SPOONER

There is not a society in New Jersey that could not give ten dollars towards saving the dying millions of India. Write to me about it, and enclose a stamp, for correspondence is heavy, and a postage stamp means one life kept from death for a whole day. I suggest that the first Sunday in May be made "Rescue Day," and that on that day money be gathered by every society in the State in behalf of the dying millions in India. Plan for it. Get your "mite-boxes," give them to the Juniors and all Endeavorers; gather all you can in the meantime, and on that day bring in the offering.

The High School pupils of Charleston, W. Va., through Claude Cunningham, Secretary of the Senior Class, have generously forwarded $56 for the India sufferers.

Mr. W. C. Whitney, proprietor of the *Evening News* of Marshall, Tex., sends $61.70, being contributions sent to his newspaper by sympathetic readers who desire to aid the India relief work. Mr. Whitney, in sending the gift, added these words: "I hope it will be in time to save some life."

The young men of Kokoma, Ind., have been working energetically among the young people's societies of that town, and have collected a car-load of corn for India by means of a "corn social," which proved a very enjoyable and successful affair. The Committee of Managers were: J. D. Kirkpatrick, W. O. Finch, John McIntosh, Will Starkey, Chas. Rosell, and W. S. Clore.

DAISY MANLEY

Many of the letters received contain contributions from young people whose hearts have been touched by the call of suffering.

Daisy Manley, of Milo, Iowa, writes:

I am a little thirteen-year-old girl. I felt so sorry for the poor sufferers of India that I have collected the amount on enclosed list ($6.25), and hope it may be the means of saving some of the poor children from starving.

Dora Perkins, Madisonville, La., writes:

I was visiting at a friend's a week ago, when a paper came with your appeal for India; a boy of the family, about five or six years old, was listening to the reading of the appeal unnoticed by the others, when all at once he broke out crying (his little heart was too full to hold itself) begging his mother to send some food to the little children and not let them starve. It was with a deal of difficulty she at last made him understand that she could not send them bread, and that she was poor and had no money; then the little fellow, still sobbing as if his heart was broken, went and got his little all, that he had saved through many childish privations, and brought it to me and asked me to send it to the little children to buy bread; so you will find it enclosed, and may God's blessing go with it.

Harvey Long, of Antigo, Wis., sends this letter:

Please accept this dollar for the India famine. This is out of my own savings bank. Last year I sent $3 to the Fresh Air Fund, and will send more when I get it saved. I am seven years old.

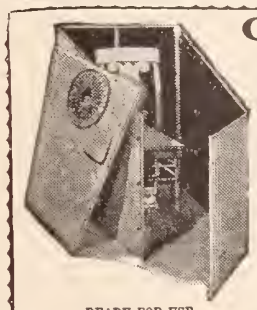
HARVEY LONG

Surely these gifts, sent so freely by pure young hearts, are doubly consecrated, and will bring blessing both to the sender and those for whose benefit they are sent.

Mrs. John P. Wilcox, Springfield, Mass., in forwarding $77 for the Fund, writes: "My prayer is that this money I have sent may save many lives, which may also soon be brought to Christ."

RISING SUN Stove Polish.
Made perfect by 40 years' experience—its shine is brightest, comes quickest—lasts longest—never burns red or cakes on iron.
ALSO IN PASTE FORM—"SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH."

Opens the Pores



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IN USE.

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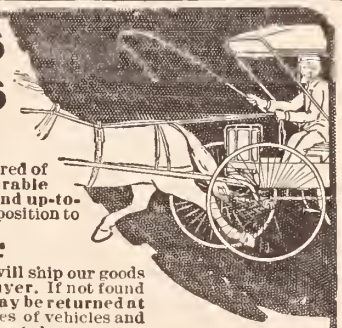
WE SELL VEHICLES ...AND... HARNESS
At Less Than Wholesale Prices.



When you buy any of these things you want to feel assured of several facts. First, that you are getting the best procurable quality. Then, that the style and finish are modern and up-to-date, but above all that the prices are right. We are in a position to
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Indeed, we are so firmly convinced of this fact that we will ship our goods anywhere, subject to the most rigid inspection of the buyer. If not found exactly as represented and entirely satisfactory, goods may be returned at our expense. We offer you large selection, many styles of vehicles and many styles of finish. Write today for free illustrated catalogue.
KALAMAZOO CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO., Box 48, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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No. 3034 Buggy. Price $38.30 with leather quarter top.

When you buy a carriage, buggy or harness. Choose from the biggest stock and fullest assortment, and pay only the cost of making, with but one moderate profit added. Our plan of selling direct from the factory insures satisfaction—your money back if you're dissatisfied with your purchase—and enables you to save the dealer's profit.
Our complete illustrated catalogue, showing many styles of high grade vehicles, harness, robes, blankets and horse equipments, with detailed descriptions of each, mailed free. Write for it and learn how cheaply you can buy when the jobber's and dealer's profits are cut off.
THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO., P. O. Box 772, Columbus, O.

No. 240 Single Strap Buggy Harness. Price $8.15.

A Gift to Agents—7 Articles Free

$1 OUTFIT.
Rotary Cake Cutter.
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Wonder Egg Beater.
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Ideal Cake Spoon.
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To introduce our large line New Household Necessities and Aluminum Ware we will give $1.00 OUTFIT FREE to any person who will act as our agent. No experience required. Send us 50c in stamps to pay for express charges, Catalogs, Printed Matter, etc and our new book "How to Make a Success," and we will send this Outfit of 7 of our best sellers worth $1.00 absolutely FREE, all charges prepaid.
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STARK TREES
best by Test—74 YEARS. Largest annual sale. High quality—NOT high price. FINEST sorts. We BUD 4 million Apple trees, whole-root graft 5 million—1- and 2-yr. Other Trees, Vines, etc., in proportion. 1400 acres Nursery 43,000 acres Orchards. FRUIT BOOK free.
We PAY FREIGHT
We PAY CASH each WEEK and want more HOME and traveling salesmen box and pack free, ask no money till SAFE arrival,—guarantee SATISFACTION Stark Market and Quality Kings PAY: Apple of Commerce, Black Ben Davis, Champion, Delicious, Senator, Stayman Winesap; Gold plum; Kieffer; Elberta.—Visit us STARK BROS LOUISIANA, MO. Dansville, N. Y. Stark, Mo., etc.

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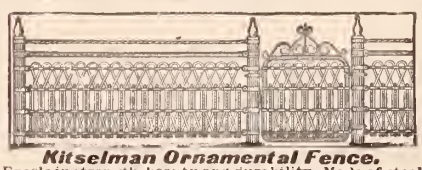

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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ev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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FEEDING · INDIA'S · FAMISHING · MILLIONS

HOW THE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE OF AMERICA ARE SAVING A NATION FROM DEATH

HOW intense and urgent is the need of help for the starving people of India, may be learned from the eloquent appeal issued to the people of the United States by the missionaries, who have ome from India to attend the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions. moved by the thrilling words of the missionaries now before the public. As a matter of fact, we have not told one-half of the horrors that have been reported to us. There are some stories, literally true, that were too dreadful to print. They are indescribably shocking and they harrow the heart as they are read. But sufficient has been told to enlist Christian sympathy, and the response from our readers told him that we thought it would be useless to appeal on behalf of the same sufferers. But the Bishop urged that the gifts previously made showed that the givers were people constrained by the love of Christ, and that there were no bounds to the outflow of hearts that he had touched. So it has proved. Large gifts came from the well-to-do, and even the poorest denied themselves to give their ism have the readers of a periodical proved so conclusively the power of the religion of Christ over heart and life, as have the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in these two famines. And the end is not yet. We believe that until the news comes that the people of India have reaped the harvest that will provide for their wants, the stream of liberality will not cease to flow. We know our friends too well to

VICTIMS AWAITING THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD IN A FAMINE CAMP AT AHMEDABAD, INDIA

They, better than any others, know the ondition of the people and have witnessed their sufferings in the horrible grasp of the famine now nearing a crisis. If a shadow of doubt lay on any mind about he sober truth of the appalling statements of suffering and death that have been published in this journal, it would be has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The fund contributed by our readers for the relief of the sufferers in the famine of 1897, was so recent and so generous, that when Bishop Thoburn came to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in November last and begged us to make another appeal in the new emergency, we mite. The appeal from the Bishop's pen, that we published on Dec. 13, 1899, elicited a response that was prompt and liberal, and, as new facts came to light, showing that the famine was far more severe and more widespread than had been foreseen, more money was sent. Never before in the history of religious journal- think that the lives they have saved and are saving will be lost, after all, through lack of funds. Dr. Klopsch's presence in India will be an assurance to all that there will be energy and wise organization in the measures of relief, and he will have the ablest and best assistance that the

(Continued on page 308)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered June 6

1. New York is to have a Hall of Fame, in which ultimately several scores of America's immortals are to be enshrined. What ten sons has the nation whose title to a place in such a temple it would unqualifiedly agree to recognize?

2. What causes the blue appearance of the sky?

3. What authority does the Church of Rome claim for denying to her laity the use of the cup in the mass, which in that body takes the place of the Protestant communion service?

4. What is meant by the command of the Saviour, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations" (Luke 16: 9).

5. Christ teaches us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Since it is impossible for our heavenly Father to tempt any man to evil, what is the necessity for such a prayer?

6. By which is a person more influenced, by heredity or environment?

7. Who is the author of the words, "Knowledge by suffering endureth, and life is perfected," and what is the meaning of the sentiment?

8. Is the exemption of places of religious worship from taxation reasonable, and if so on what grounds?

9. At what age or period of his earthly life did Christ fully comprehend the import of his mission into the world?

10. When was the telescope invented and which is the most powerful telescope in the world?

Questions of the Week

1. Which is likely to be the happier man, he who has but small means and comparatively small opportunity to give, or he who has large means and could, if he would, give much away?

Generally speaking, the poor and those of limited means enjoy giving what they give far more than do those of ample means. The former sacrifice to be able to give; the latter part with that which is of little or no use to the owners. Man's true happiness lies in the happiness and comfort of others. The one who can give but little, brings with his offering the true, the divine part of the offering; the gift of self. The one who can give away much, too often gives only enough to secure peace of conscience and he is sure to reach that condition before the line of self-denial is reached. H. W. CUMMINGS.

2. What, in brief, are the varying beliefs among Christians concerning the condition of the elements used in the Communion of the Lord's Supper?

The Roman and Greek Catholic churches hold to transubstantiation. They teach that "the whole substance of the bread is converted into the body, and the whole substance of the wine into the blood of Christ." The Lutheran view, known as consubstantiation, is that there is an actual substantial union of the body and blood of Christ with the elements, so that the communicant truly partakes of both. The High Anglican view is that bread and wine become by consecration really and sacramentally (though in an inconceivable manner), the body and blood of our Lord. The general Protestant view is that consecration does not change the elements, though the worthy communicant does by faith partake of the body and blood of Christ after a heavenly and spiritual, and not a corporal and carnal, manner.

W. P. ANDREWS.

3. Of what practical benefit to the world have the various expeditions to the North Pole been, or would their success ensure?

The North Pole expeditions have had scientific objects as their principal inspiration. Certain electrical problems and questions relating to the world's axis and meteorological problems would presumably be solved were absolute success attained in the quest for the North Pole. The marvelous enterprise and indomitable courage manifested in these expeditions has served to further the spirit of exploration in other directions, and to inculcate lessons of hardihood that have proved to the profit of the race. B. ABBOTT.

4. What, in the space of not over one hundred words, would be the best presentation of the claims of the Bible to divine origin, such presentation being specially prepared for the somewhat sceptically inclined?

Written by many different persons during a period covering fifteen hundred years, the consecutive design throughout the Bible argues a common authorship of its contents. The Book furnishes the highest code of moral law—a code promulgated when morals were low. It contains gleams of scientific light, the meaning of which it has taken the race many centuries to realize. Numerous prophecies, inconceivable to any human minds, are recorded and have been fulfilled. Moreover, acceptance of the Bible's teachings revolutionizes for good individuals and communities. L. T. SMART.

5. Who are the world's ten greatest philosophers, in their chronological order?

Any list of ten that can be made will be open to criticism. If the permanency of their work and their extended influence be considered, the following philosophers will, I believe, be entitled to be placed in the list: 1. Socrates, d. 399, B. C.; 2. Plato, founder of the Academic school, d. 347, B. C.; 3. Aristotle, founder of the Peripatetic school, d. 322. B.C.; 4. Bacon, the great apostle of the inductive method, d. 1626; 5. Descartes, founder of "cartisianism," d. 1650; 6. Leibnitz, the "universal" genius, d. 1716; 7. Newton, the profound mathematician, d. 1727; 8. Locke, the founder of the "sensational" school, d. 1774; 9. Kant, founder of the critical philosophy, d. 1804; and Hegel, the great logician, who died in 1831. J. D. MEESE.

6. What texts most clearly state the soul's immediate ushering into glory after death?

Paul's words to the Church at Philippi: "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." The New Testament teaches that Christ is in heaven as our mediator with God. Paul says to the Corinthians: "We are confident I say and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." John describes the saved from earth, in Revelation, as being in heaven and as exempt from sin, sorrow, pain and death.

IDA L. MCJUNKIN.

7. What may be regarded as the more important influences at work for the betterment of the American nation?

The most important influences by far are these three: the church, the press, and the public schools. Of these three, the press is much maligned by some classes, but after all is said, it remains true that the influence of the great journals is for the betterment of the people. JOHN D. MEESE.

8. What may we expect will be the next great forward achievement in the practical application of science for the welfare of mankind?

Probably the greatest in a wide humanitarian sense will be the application of cold air through pipes to dwellings, hospitals and public buildings. A successful experiment along this line has already been made by air forced through ice vaults and conducted into chambers in the same manner that hot air is now conducted through furnace pipes. The value of such an application is obvious.

B. S. LAWSON.

9. If the Revised Version is better than the Authorized Version, why is the former not more generally read in the churches?

The results of the Revision proved that there were no serious errors in the King James Version of the Scriptures, while whatever additional light has been furnished by the Revision is easily accessible to all Bible students. There is, therefore, less advantage than there otherwise might have been in substituting the Revision for the "Authorized" or Common Version. The English of the earlier Bible is very generally preferred; the average reader is glad to have the Bible divided up into texts, the divisions aiding his memory in the retention of many comforting portions; while the substitution of the Revised Bible would involve heavy expense and the relegation to practical oblivion of Bibles long used and treasured. These are reasons enough to suggest hesitation about making so radical a change. There are other reasons why it would not be wise to predict a general putting away of the old for the new, at least at an early date.

C. A. FORD.

10. Is the use of the individual cup at the Holy Communion a Scriptural and a better practice than the cup out of which all communicants drink?

During a continuous ministry of forty years in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I have used the individual cup in two pastorates. In one of these churches the membership numbered seven hundred communicants. In these churches the new mode proved far more impressive, and the attendance on communion occasions increased forty per cent. Nobody wanted to go back to the old system. Physicians said that the individual cup method was in accordance with sanitary laws. Scholars writing of the Passover, at which national Jewish festival it is said of Christ that "he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them," say that a number of cups of wine were on the table; and that the term cup referred to its contents, wine, as a symbol. In the famous painting at Milan of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci, each disciple has a goblet of wine beside his plate. It was painted four hundred years ago, and has been much admired by Popes and Cardinals.

S. V. LEECH.

Miscellaneous Questions

S. T. W., Warren, N. J. Why is it wrong for professing Christians to attend a private dance?

This has been repeatedly answered in THE MAIL-BAG. If by our indulgence, weak brethren and sisters are made to stumble, we would be doing well to sacrifice liberty for the sake of others. There may be no sin in the act of dancing; but the dance too often leads to promiscuous and evil acquaintanceship and has been the first step to ruin of so many souls that we do not belive any earnest follower of Christ can hesitate as to the proper course to pursue in such matters.

F. L. P., North Jackson, Pa. Why did Christ choose twelve instead of some other number of apostles?

Presumably because he judged twelve the fitting number to carry on his work. The number corresponds to the twelve tribes of Israel, but there is no intimation in Scripture that this fact affected Christ's decision in the matter, although it may have done so.

A. E. D., Wagstaff, Kan. If the one hundredth year of a person ends with the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, why is it not so with the age of the world?

It is. We know that there was an error of four or five years in fixing the Christian era; but suppose for the sake of our argument that it was correct, and that Christ was born on the first of January, and that people of that time recognized the era and dated their letters by it. All that year they would be writing March of the year one, or July of the year one, or December of the year one, as the case might be; but on January first, when Christ celebrated the first anniversary of his birth, they would write January first of the year two. On the first of January of the following year, when the second anniversary was celebrated, they would write: January first of the year three. The tenth anniversary would be celebrated on January first of the year eleven; the one hundredth on January first, 101, and the nineteen hundredth on January 1, 1901, when we shall enter on the twentieth century.

W. J. K., Janesville, Wis. Are large, extravagant and expensive churches, which employ the most cultured singers as well as ministers, more conducive to the salvation of men, as a rule, than the smaller and less extravagant ones?

Cultured singing and a cultured ministry are not antagonistic to soul-saving. Where the great object of preaching—namely, the salvation of souls—is lost sight of, and the whole aim of preacher and people is toward ornate service, soul-saving work is not likely to be noticeable. As a rule, small churches reach plain people more readily than do the large and more aristocratic churches.

E. S. G., Citronelle, Fla. Of what use are canceled stamps and where could one dispose of them?

If you desire to dispose of foreign stamps, you should consult a dealer in cancelled stamps. If you have simply a collection of cancelled United States two-cent stamps, your treasures are probably of little value.

E. B., Durham, Ontario, Canada. Is it a sign of irreverence when the singing of hymns is heard on the public street by those who may not be saved? Does it help to lower the cause of Christ?

It is quite possible that the singers in such an instance may become interested in the meetings. A little tract might lead them to take deeper interest.

C. D. H., Bellwood, N. J. Can you throw any light on the question why our Father in heaven allows such a severe visitation as the famine in India to fall upon the people?

We are assured that God "does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." When we know more of him and are better able to understand his ways, we shall surely discover that in every calamity that he permits men to endure, he had some beneficent purpose in view. We must, however, be careful not to ascribe to him calamities due to human wrong-doing or negligence. In this case, both the Government and people of India are in fault. Every one knows that such soil as that of India cannot support a large population without moisture. A source of moisture is usually at hand in the rains that the wind called the monsoon brings, and as the wind brings it without trouble or expense to the people, they depend upon it, though it was known to be precarious and might fail in any year. There is enough water running to waste in India's great rivers to water the whole country, but to turn it to account it would be necessary to build huge dams and construct enormous canals. That would cost immense sums of money and an expenditure of energy which the Oriental does not possess. So he sits down quietly and hopes that God will send him the rain he needs. The Government shows the same folly. If the money it has spent in feeding the famine victims in 1897 and this year had been spent years ago in irrigation, it would have made those famines impossible. But with the people of India as with ourselves, there is need for compassion even when the sufferer has been unwise. We cannot sit quietly by and tell the individual victim that he is suffering the consequences of public folly. We save him from death and hope eventually the lesson will be learned and measures be taken to avoid a recurrence of the calamity. But do not let us hold our Father in heaven responsible.

Reader, Colorado Springs, Colo. Is it right for a Christian to have mining stocks, or is it all gambling?

If the stock is legitimate stock in a bona-fide mine, he has a right to hold it as he would hold any other property. If it is a purely speculative transaction, as buying on margin for a rise, or dealing in wildcat stock, it is gambling.

Mrs. C. H. L. 1. Will you kindly tell me what missionary work the Protestant churches, especially the Presbyterian, are doing for our native Indians? 2. How many Indians are church members? 3. What is the present rate of decrease in our Indian population?

1. In 1899, $261,515 were contributed by all evangelical churches and societies for educational work among the Indians; and for general mission work, the total contribution was $119,407. The Presbyterian church alone contributed $94,000 for Indian work last year; in Alaska alone this denomination spends $40,000. 2. There are about 260,000 Indians in the United States; they have 348 church buildings with a membership of about 31,000. 3. For the last few years there has not been a perceptible decrease.

Miss Jean R., Concord, Tenn. Is there any scriptural warrant for denominations? If not, are they not an evil? Are they a necessary evil?

The Scripture does not specifically command Christians to divide themselves up into denominations, and it would be well for the Church to show its inter-denominational unity; but denominations are not an unmingled evil. It would be quite easy to expend a great deal of time and energy in seeking to break up denominationalism that would yield no satisfactory result. There may be many roads leading to heaven, but their number need trouble no one, as long as they all meet at last at the foot of the Cross.

C. B., Walnut Prairie, Ill. Why is General Roberts, of the British Army, called "Bobs of Candahar?"

In the Afghan war of 1878 he commanded the column sent to operate through the Kooram Valley, and, surmounting the difficulties of the Peiwar Pass, gained a brilliant victory at Charasiab and entered Cabul. On the investiture of Candahar by Ayub Khan, he rapidly performed the march from Cabul to Candahar, one of the most brilliant feats of modern times, and defeated the pretender utterly. For these services he was made a baronet, and when, in 1892, he was, for further services, made a peer, he elected to make the name of Candahar part of his title. His soldiers gave him the nickname of "Little Bobs," "little" because of his stature, and "Bobs" as the diminutive of Roberts.

J. M. J., Cedar Falls, Ia., writes:

In reply to "Ouie," Cohasset, Mass., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 21, page 226, I will say, to be right on this great liquor question, the most momentous of the day, one should always act in opposition to the liquor dealer, for he is a menace to all that is good, and threatens the very existence of this republic. His work destroys both soul and body, brings to an untimely grave 100,000 people each year in this nation, and contaminates millions of others. Those who have made the matter a study, have found that wives of those who have come from foreign countries, in large numbers in those states where they now vote, do not vote the same as their husbands, that a larger per cent. of the good than of the bad women vote, and that those who do vote and take an active part in politics, are more respected than those who do not. The liquor vender knows that it would be death to his vocation if the women were allowed to vote.

Isaac Parkin, Wilmington, Del., writes:

Some time ago I saw in your paper a letter to the effect that God had answered the prayer of faith in healing the sick, this being acknowledged by the writer as of God. Awhile ago my wife was sick and this particular case came before me. Why could not I pray and confess the result in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? I made an appeal to the throne of God on her behalf and I now confess that the God of the Apostles is the God of to-day, for he took her sickness away and I should be under condemnation if I did not now confess to his Almighty power.

M. E. B., Alburtis, Pa. The Lord tempts no man, nor does he drive anyone to self-destruction. See II. Peter 3: 9.

Reader, Flat Brook, N. Y. There is none. The only objection to pork is as to its unwholesomeness, except when in prime condition.

ENDEAVOR PILGRIMS SCALE THE PYRAMIDS

The Travelers in Alexandria and Cairo

NUMBER II.

By the Rev. C. S. Mason

NAPLES, SEEN FROM THE STEAMER "UMBERTO"

AT noon on Washington's Birthday, our party of eighty-six, twenty of them ministers, and the whole party followed by the good wishes of over 80,000 friends, sailed away from Naples. Soon after starting, our party began to melt away. We missed our fellows one by one. If the King of Italy is not more stable than his namesake, the *Umberto*, which bore us over the deep, his kingdom will soon topple. The urbane pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York, Rev. Dr. Blackburn, as he lay reflectively upon the upper deck, remarked: "A little more of this and a fellow won't care whether he attends his own funeral or not." Next morning he spoke more cheerfully, remarking: "It is a great comfort to realize that if I am too sick to think about God, he thinks about me." We are on the sea where Paul fasted. Little wonder that we fast. A rolling ship and an Italian menu are enough to make the most stalwart fast. In spite of the raging waves a prayer service is held, led by the Rev. Dr. Hopwood of Newark, N. J., who read from the seventh chapter of John: "Go ye up to this feast." The sea broke over the upper deck, and there was danger at every lurch; but in solemn yet triumphant thought, the pilgrims lifted their voices in the prayer song, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

Crete and Clauda were sighted with a calmer sea. We were under the lee of Crete, an island 160 miles long, with a population of 279,000. We longed to stop at Fairhaven, but hastened on to Alexandria. We entered the latter harbor at one o'clock P.M., Sunday, 5,600 miles from New York Harbor, fourteen days from the home land. Here we found the steamer *New England*, with 500 tourists from Boston.

Alexandria! We love it for its past associations; we despise it for its odors, its wicked life, the nuisance of its importunate beggars who make a prey of the tourist. Here we had the first touch of homesickness. All was confusion; the streets were packed with human beings—Syrians, Turks, Copts, Albanians, Nubians, French dandies, Hindu monstrosities, Bedouins, women in trousers, men in petticoats, children and young people masked (for it was a carnival day), acting the fool, a la fiesta de Los Angeles and Mardi Grass, New Orleans—heathenish, disgusting. We arrived a day ahead of time, our party of eighty-seven distributing at the various hotels. Some attended divine service at the English church.

On Monday, we rode about the city to Pompey's Pillar, Lake Mareotis, the Khedive's Summer Palace, the Garden of St. John Antonius, and visited the bazaars. The stores were well stocked, and there was an abundance of fine fruits. After lunch and short walks we had our first experience locked in a compartment car; but the company was congenial: Mr. and Mrs. W. Sleicher, Jr., of Troy, N.Y.; Mrs. Clara Oden-Smith, of Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. M. E. Kellyer and Miss J. M. Kellyer, of Troy, and Rev. J. D. Countermine, minister-editor, of Topeka, Kan. The journey was a pleasant one, our eyes being attracted by the series of villages, homes of the Bedouins, Egyptian buffalos, camel trains, ducks, hawks, eagles, irrigating, etc. At the stations we were offered all kinds of stuff. Then came the darkness and we rested our eyes, and wondered what of Cairo.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is the largest city in Africa, one hundred and thirty-one miles from Alexandria. Fashionable Cairo, oriental Cairo, cosmopolitan Cairo! Turks, Arabs, Jews, East Indians, Englishmen, and Americans—recent arrivals. The pilgrim party distributed among three hotels, Shepheard's, Continental, Bristol. We certainly attracted attention, for at once hosts of natives attacked the Americans on all sides. Dragomen without number clamoring for a job at two dollars a day. "Yankee Doodle have a Donk? You remember me. I your servant. Mr. America don't fur-get me. I see you to-morrow."

The street scenes of Cairo are enough to make an Englishman blush, and an American to hide his face. There are people clad and unclad, all kinds and conditions, street beggars, children who are expert gymnasts, performing on the street, women performing slight of hand tricks, boy and girl bootblacks, promenades filled with the elite, men smoking incessantly, and occasionally a woman with a cigarette. The Highland Military Band discoursed sweet music, hotel lackies dogged your steps, beggars innumerable crying "Baksheesh." And yet Cairo, with its oriental air, its venerable Turks, its wealthy merchants, its rich bazaars, its costly wares, its contrasts of life, and above all its ancient associations is a place of great interest. The hotel with its parks is a perfect dreamland. One of the ladies of the party remarked, "The rugs are a dream." The furnishings of Shepheard's beggars description — the rooms are luxurious. So are the prices.

On Tuesday the party had a free day—"going as they pleased," but a majority visited the famous bazaars. Some hired carriages and dragomen, while others walked and strolled by the way, viewing the great display of all kinds of wares. The Muske presents a scene unsurpassed for variety. It is one great department store, and the narrow street is thronged with cosmopolitan life; some walking, some riding in all kinds of vehicles, and some on donkeys.

On Wednesday, the party took a carriage drive, visiting the Citadel, built A.D. 1166, also the Mabaster Mosque, where in order to tread holy ground, shoes were supplied—roomy, broad, expansive. Many able clergy trod in other men's shoes.

We were only ten minutes' walk from Joseph's well, two hundred and ninety feet deep. We visited the tombs of the Marmelukes, then hastened "home" for lunch, after which we visited old Cairo, then the rich Jewish quarter, where also are the fine residences of the brother and sister of the Khedive, the French Ambassador, and other notables. Then we hastened on toward the pyramids, under overarching trees passing hundreds of loaded, heavy-laden camels, the Libyan Desert, the Mokuttam hills, the green fields, asses laden with packs of grass and our own train of carriages, all forming parts of the interesting scene. And now the modern menu hotel, with its brass band, and just beyond, the pyramids! The modern and the ancient united. In memory we go back 3,733 B.C. We lie upon the sand, and gaze upon the mass of blocks, 2,300,000 in number, each averaging three feet. Many go to the top. Subsequently we went by camel and donkey to the Temple of the Sphinx, where we partook of a bountiful lunch amid the ruins. After viewing the Sphinx, taking pictures, and dickering with the camel drivers who demanded double pay, we returned to our carriages, visited the museum where our Egyptian guide is as mum as the mummies themselves.

Friday, March 2, was another free day, and we visited as fancy directed. Some of our party went to the Obelisk of Heliopolis, "land of On." Here Joseph was married. Here Joseph, Mary and the Holy Child Jesus came. Here Joseph the Prime Minister reigned. Some revisited the bazaars, the Pyramids, and some rested. At Naples one of our leaders had his pocket picked—a learned D.D. At Cairo history repeated itself, as another innocent, confiding D.D. met the same fate.

On Saturday, some, to avoid Sunday travel, took the morning train for Upper Egypt, where a special steamer will (if Providence permits, for the Nile is lower by eight feet than it has been in one hundred years) carry them to the first cataract of the Nile.

Sunday, March 4. Rev. T. L. Smith, of Chicago, Ill., and your correspondent spent at Ezbah, a village south of the great health resort of Heloun, as guests of the medical missionary Dr. Witten, who, with his daughter Ada, have a neat home, and are winning their way into the hearts of this benighted people. The story of their lives is most interesting.

On Tuesday, March 6, the writer held a service at the Soldiers' Home in Cairo—a true Gospel mission, which has grown from small proportions to a grand work.

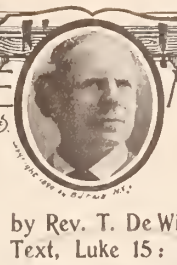
On Wednesday, March 7, a small party of us started for Jerusalem, taking the 11.40 A.M. train to Ismallia *via* Suez Canal, through the Land of Goshen to Port Said, where we are to take the steamer *Vorwaerts* for Jaffa.

REV. C. S. MASON.

OUR ARMY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND

To the left in the above picture, among others, are Rev. Dr. Blackburn, Miss Grace Cutner, Rev. C. S. Mason, Rev. T. L. Smith, Rev. Dr. Layson, Rev. Dr. Gregg, Mr. Charles Denison, an Arab Sheik and a group of Bedouins. In the centre appear Mrs. J. Wilbur Chapman, Willie Chapman, Rev. Dr. Rumple, Rev. Dr. Hopwood, and Rev. Dr. McConghey. Among those on the right are Rev. Dr. Medlar, Rev. F. C. Ottman, Rev. Dr. Shaw, Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Dr. Font, and Don O. Shelton. (The full list of the pilgrims' names appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 18.)

PUBLIC SQUARE IN CAIRO



THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Angry Brother

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 15: 28: . . . . } And he was angry, and would not go in.

MANY times have I been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada, saying, "Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side-face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full-length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side; but they both go down.

From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goatskin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the Oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His face darkens. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice, and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says: "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf, to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted, and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self-congratulatory, self-satisfied, self-worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self-righteous man of my text, like every other self-righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer-meetings, and in places of business, telling how good they are—look out for them; keep your hand on your pocket-book! I have noticed that just in proportion as a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show-window than inside on the shelves.

This self-righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now there are two kinds of higher-life men. The one is admirable, and the other is most repulsive. The one kind of higher-life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer-meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful, until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher-life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home, runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roystering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as that higher-life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in too and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing were genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the Church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant. You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes, but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken, I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the Church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that returned and stayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all the aisles of this church to-day and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail into the warm gulf-stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with a man that has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners, for sinners in velvet and satin and lace, for sinners high-salaried, for kid-gloved and patent-leathered sinners, for sinners fixed up by hairdresser, pomatumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "banged" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God, and put soft ottomans under their feet, and put a gilt-edged prayer-book in their hands, and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls! take out the exquisite portmonnaie, and open it, and with diamonded finger push down beyond the ten-dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare, and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding-dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement-doors of the city—the man, body, mind, and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling, and agonized, and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail, the protest would not have been so severe; but, going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said, "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring and I ought to have had the banquet and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas, for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages!

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died, and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their castor always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist, in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch, put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out, in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches! Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found.

SOILS AND SOULS

PARABLE OF THE SOWER

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for May 20: Matt. 13: 1-8; 18-23 | Golden Text, Luke 8: 11: "The seed is the Word of God"

"THERE are three kingdoms," said a learned man to his little niece, who had nestled into his neck at his invitation to come and hear about the wonderful world we live in. He told her of the "mineral kingdom," whence came the coal on the fire, and the gold of his chain, and the diamond of mother's ring; then of the "vegetable kingdom," whence came the flour for bread, and the flowers of beauty; and the "animal kingdom," to which belonged the cat and dog and little Maud herself. "Oh! uncle," exclaimed Maud, "there are four kingdoms I know; please tell me about the other one, the kingdom come we pray about, the beautiful kingdom of heaven; please tell me of that, dear Uncle Charlie." The uncle was an infidel, but the child's words brought back the memory of his own childhood of trusting faith, and he hurried away to think, and at length found once more his faith in God. Little Maud had proved herself one of God's sowers, and had sown the good seed of God's truth in her uncle's soul, where it had proved mightier than the thorns of doubt, and grew up into a life of great benevolence.

The learned uncle was wrong in saying that people belong to the animal kingdom. We belong to the spiritual kingdom, with God and angels, and so are called to live more than an animal life.

In the parable of the sower, Jesus sought to teach that the kingdom he was to develop was something that was to grow out of his living words planted in living hearts; not something built like a house, set up by external force. His truth was in some hearts to find acceptance, and from individual convictions grow into righteous individual action, then into the social Christian institutions of a Christianized society, in which, in fulfilment of the prayer that he could not have taught us to pray in vain, God's will is sometime to be done, as in heaven, so on earth.

. . .

Jesus . . by the Seaside. The time of this story is near the close of the second year of Christ's ministry, and the place is the Lake of Galilee, to which Jesus had gone from "the house" in the crowded city of Capernaum, where he commonly lived. The story is to be taught all round the world just before the time when so many people flee for days or months to the seaside and lakeside. Let our life by lake or sea be as noble as was his. A Sunday School teacher wrote a friend: "I have loaned my canary to a neighbor, chloroformed the cat, and said good-bye to the Ten Commandments, and am off for a summer at the seaside." She did not mean it for herself, but many a Christian really chloroforms conscience for a long sleep in vacation. We may, like Jesus, make a boat a pulpit, even though we have no eloquence to draw a multitude. There is nothing to prove that even so much good came of the truth-seed Christ scattered in the hearts of that multitude as grew from what he planted at the wayside watering-place in Samaria in the soul of that one woman, who proved such good ground, notwithstanding her sins, and produced such a harvest of saved souls (John 4.)

. . .

He spake many things in parables. Seven parables in this one sermon. Let us not only be Christians in our seaside life, but sowers also of truth in the hearts we meet, making the scenes of nature in which we seek health and strength, parables of the kingdom of righteousness. "What is it like?" is the sickle with which we can harvest illustrations everywhere—from nature, from the Bible, from common life—as Jesus did. As the Word and the world both come from the same God, they must be full of parallel passages.

Behold a sower. Let no one say, "That means the preacher," or, "That means the teacher," or, "That means the parents." Every Christian is at once soil and sower. He is the plant that grows from seed, and in its ripeness scatters seed, as from the dandelion thistle the wind-wafted seed flies far and wide to multiply the golden flowers. "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." "Blessed are ye that sow." Sinful are all who do not. Away with that reversed version: "Here is my check; send somebody else." No one can hire a preacher or church visitor or city missionary to do his sowing. Every soul must sow or sin in refusing.

. . .

The Hardened Soul *Some seeds fell by the wayside.* Now we are to see four spirit photographs, more wonderful than X-rays, taken by the Christ who knew from divine intuition what was in man; and one of the pictures is yours. It is this first picture of the hardened soul. A strip of the field yonder, where Jesus pointed out the sower at work, had been hardened by the sower's own footfalls for a path. Our very teaching, if not received, hardens the soul. May it not sometimes be the fault of the unprepared teacher? The seed takes no hold on the hardened soil, and the watchful birds soon devour it. Every preacher has such souls in his audience, and almost every teacher has one or more in his class. The words of God himself they hear, but do not heed. The moment sermon or lesson is over, some frivolous conversation about bonnets, or baseball, or politics, or business, like a swift bird, swallows up the divine seed. Teaching such is hardly more helpful than the act of the Irishman who came from the city to work on the farm, of whose life he had no knowledge. Being told to feed the cattle with "corn in the ear," he returned and reported that he had filled the cattle's ears with corn, but they had shaken it all out. It is impolite not to be an attentive hearer when in conversation with a man. It is hardly less than impious not to hear when it is God's Word that is spoken.

THE FOUR KINDS OF GROUND

. . .

The Shallow Soul *Some fell upon stony places.* The reference is to a ledge with a little earth upon it. Is this your picture, the shallow soul, that quickly blooms and quickly fades? At the loss of a friend you pour out cries and tears, but soon forget. You accept Christ at the first invitation, and profusely boast of wholesouled, lifelong devotion; but deny Christ and renounce him at the first temptation. And you are thus converted and perverted every year. Your piety is a fire of shavings, very hot while it lasts, but soon burnt out.

. . .

The Thorny Soul *And some fell among thorns.* The picture is of a field that had been pre-occupied with thorns that had not been uprooted but only cut off. Small chance had the wheat in such case. The thorns are of two chief kinds, "the cares of the world," the anxieties of extreme poverty and those other equally vigorous thorns, "the deceitfulness of riches." That wealth fostering pride and tending to excessive indulgence is hostile to the "high thinking" that goes with "plain living" is well known. It is not so generally remembered that extreme poverty, daily fighting of "the wolf" at the door is equally unfriendly to the growth of noblest character.

"Alone, in the garret of a dilapidated house, within a wretched room, stretched upon a pallet of straw, covered only by some scanty and filthy rags, with no fire in the empty chimney, and the winter wind blowing in cold and fitful gusts through the broken and battered window, an old woman lay, feeble, wasted, and gray. She had passed the eleventh hour, and the hand was creeping slowly on to the twelfth. Seeing this, the preacher who had called to fix her thoughts upon Christ spoke to her of her soul. He told her of the Saviour's life and work, urging her meanwhile to prepare for that other world upon whose awful borders her spirit was then hovering. She looked up, stared wildly, raised herself with difficulty on her elbow, and then, with chattering teeth and a ravenous look, muttered, 'I am cold and hungry.' Promising her help, the preacher still continued to warn her that there was something worse than cold and hunger. Whereupon, stretching out her naked and skinny arm, and fixing her fierce eyes upon the preacher's face she exclaimed: 'O my God! I am starving. If you were half so cold and hungry as I am, you couldn't think of anything else!'"

If faith had only been planted first in her heart, she could have borne not only hunger, but death with fortitude and even joy, as so many of the noble army of martyrs have done. More frequently the thorns are not bodily hunger, but a restless hunger for wealth, position, pleasures. These are "devil grass" indeed. A poor man may be as covetous as a rich man. It is not money, but "the love of money," the absorbing desire for it, that constitutes the thorn "root" that chokes the Word of God in a man's soul. Is this your picture? The hardened, stony, thorny soil cannot do anything to produce a change itself; but the hardened, stony, thorny soul may become good ground by accepting the Word of God in an honest and good heart. Christ breaks up the fallow ground, changes the heart of stone, uproots the very love of sin and makes us faithful.

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

. . .

The Fruitful Soul *But others fell into good ground.* Four sowings with but one ripening. Let discouraged preachers and teachers take note that Christ was not discouraged, though he knew that three-fourths of the souls in which he sowed the wonderful words of life would never grow them up into Christian living. If even one soul of all to whom we bring the seed shall develop it into a fruitful Christian life, it will be worth all our efforts. The good ground "brought forth fruit." Is that your picture?

. . .

Lessons of Spring Let us not miss the lessons that Christ would find in reviving nature, if he were teaching in our land on May 20, 1900. All growth proclaims God. The ancients called the earth "Mother," as they saw it bringing forth its manifold children in the Spring. But Earth could do nothing without heaven's co-operation in sun and shower. Thus God and man, divine and human, must co-operate in bringing even good ground to the fruitfulness which is the crown of human life, no less than of the fields. Let us not decry "humanitarianism." That is what the Bible means by the "fruits" that a Christian life must bear or be condemned. Let us look first to roots, then to fruits.

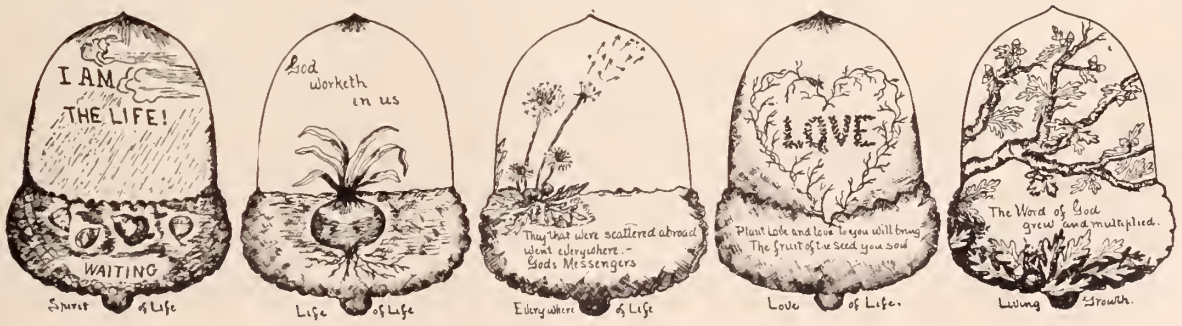
Bible Personations of the Four Kinds of Soils, i. e., Souls. We are men who often listened to the words of Jesus. When he taught in the temple, we were there. When he preached by the seaside, we were there. We heard him in the synagogues. Wherever he was speaking, there we went. His words and his ways did not please us. We did not feel that he could teach us anything, because we knew so well what was in the Bible. We only followed him to find fault with him. Who are we, and what ground are we like? The Pharisees, whose souls were like the hardened ground where the seed would not grow.

. . .

I am a young man, very rich. I heard Jesus preach many times. His words were wise and beautiful, and quite made me feel that I would like to have a home in heaven, and be with him forever. I thought I must do something to buy this home, but when I asked him what I could do, instead of telling me how to buy such a home, he told me to sell everything I had, and give the money to the poor. This was too hard for me, for I was proud of being rich, and so I gave up my desire for a home in heaven, and went sadly away from Jesus. Who am I? The rich young ruler. Like which ground was he? Like the ground where there was but little earth, and a quick growth that faded away on the first hot day.

I am one of ten men who heard the wonderful words of Jesus, and saw his wonderful works as he went about doing good in the land where we lived. The whole ten of us had a disease that no physician could cure. We asked Jesus to heal us. He spoke gracious words to us, and told us what to do that we might be healed. As we went obediently on a journey he commanded, we were all healed by his unseen power; but only one of our number took the trouble to go back to him, and thank him for what he had done for us. I am one of the nine who did not go back to him; indeed, I forgot all about it when I found myself well, and able to go to my friends and my work. Who am I? One of the ten lepers. Like which ground is he? Like the thorny place, for they remembered Christ in adversity, and forgot him in prosperity. The cares of the world, to which they had been restored, and the pursuit of business and pleasure choked the growth of gratitude.

I am a man who is always at a disadvantage in a crowd, because I am such a short man. My head is about as high as the shoulders of other men, and so I generally try to get on some high place when there is a crowd, if there is anything to be seen. One day Jesus passed through my city, and I wanted to have a good look at him, so I climbed up in a tree. He saw me as he was passing and actually stopped, and spoke to me, and told me that he would like to go to my home. How happy I was to come down, and take him for my guest. What wonderful words he spoke to me as he sat with me, while we were at dinner. As he talked, I grew so ashamed of my meanness, that I up and told him how I had cheated men in collecting taxes, and I also told him that I wanted to give back all the money I had taken four times over and that what I had left, I would divide in two equal parts, and give one-half to the poor. Who am I? Zaccheus, the publican. Like which ground is he? Like the good ground.


I AM THE LIFE!
WAITING
Spirit of Life
God worketh in us
Life of Life
They that were scattered abroad went everywhere.— Gods Messengers
Everywhere of Life
LOVE
Plant Love and love to you will bring The fruit of the seed you sow
Love of Life.
The Word of God grew and multiplied.
Living Growth.

THE SEED SOWN IN THE GROUND OF THE HUMAN HEART

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, in Session at Carnegie Hall, New York

· THE · WORLD'S · MISSIONARY · CONFERENCE ·

EMINENT CHRISTIAN WORKERS DESCRIBE THEIR LABORS IN HEATHEN LANDS—THEY APPEAL FOR INDIA

[*See picture on opposite page*]

EVEN the missionary, accustomed as he is to a busy life, must have found the week of the Ecumenical Conference a period unusually full of occupation. There were not only three regular sessions each day, but there were sectional meetings held simultaneously in different buildings to consider special details of the great missionary problem, so that the visitor had to make his choice of a meeting, not being able, as he must have often wished he was, to be in two or more places at the same time. Besides this, not even Carnegie Hall would hold the vast throngs who desired to see and hear the distinguished men whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words," and neighboring churches were pressed into service for overflow meetings. These claimed their share of the speakers so that some missionaries had to pay the penalty of greatness by delivering their addresses twice over—once to the main Conference and once to an overflow meeting. It would be impossible to give even a brief summary of the proceedings at these interesting gatherings. All that can be done is to mention some of the most

Notable Utterances

and to refer our readers to the volume of official reports which will soon be issued.

On Monday, April 23, the subjects were: "The Authority and Purpose of Missions," "A Survey of Fields," and "A Century of Missions." One of the most memorable addresses was that of Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. In the course of his address, he said:

"We have given too much attention to method and machinery and resources; too little to the supreme service of power, the filling with the Holy Ghost. This, I think, you will agree with me, has been the great weakness about the service in the past, and unless remedied will be the great weakness in the future. We are commanded to be filled with the Spirit. If not, we are living in disobedience and sin, the sin of unbelief. God is ready to fill us in this hall with the Holy Ghost. Now, when we are gathered together a mighty power may come on missionary labors and in ideas in every quarter of the globe.

"In November, 1886, we spent eight days in waiting upon God. We spent days of fasting, alternated with prayer, and we were led to pray to God to send one hundred missionaries. We were led to pray for one hundred missionaries to be sent out by our English board from January to November. We were led to ask God to give $50,000 in addition to the income of previous years, and we asked for it to be given in such a manner—in such large sums—that the force of our staff might not be occupied in keeping accounts. God answered our prayers wonderfully. He sent us offers for more than six hundred missionaries, and at the end of the year one hundred had gone.

"You ask, What about the income? God did not give us exactly the $50,000 we asked for, but gave us $55,000. And the $55,000 came in eleven contributions, the smallest amount being $2,500.

The Source of Power

"The living God is an available power. We can call on him in the name of Christ. Only prayer can overcome the appalling doctrines of heathendom. One great power is the Gospel itself. It is my privilege to know hundreds of native Christians who accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour the first time they heard of him

"The Chinese are dying a million a month and without God. Those only who have seen know the darkness of a heathen deathbed. With what despair do they look forward to the judgment which they know is coming! They know they are sinners, and as their proverb puts it: 'Evil doing brings the evil reward.' They know nothing of God's atonement, nothing of the forgiveness which he has provided."

Dr. Taylor related instances of conversion of heathen Chinese. His testimony was a strong refutation of the claim made that conversions are not sincere. He gave one instance of a Chinaman who heard the Gospel preached but once, and then lived for fifteen years as a Christian in the interior where he never in that time saw a missionary. When finally a missionary went there, he found this one Christian man and his family living and worshiping daily, "A light in the province and known as a Christian family."

In Many Fields

In the survey of fields to which nine simultaneous meetings were devoted on Monday afternoon, the work in Corea occupied a prominent place. Dr. C. C. Vinton, a Presbyterian missionary from that land told of the way missionary work was started in Corea, which, he said, was through medical missionaries. "Religious missionaries were forbidden to enter the country," he went on. "Baptism had to be administered in secret. Now the Church of Christ is the most vital thing among them. The Christian Church is established in three hundred cities, and there are 5,000 Christians in the country. The Corean converts build their own churches, and institute and maintain their own schools. They are self-supporting, but they need missionaries to lead them. Those now there have their hands tied. They find little opportunity to preach the Gospel in regions beyond."

The Rev. Albertus Pieters, missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Nagasaki, Japan, said that there were at present 82,000 Shinto priests and 81,000 Buddhist priests in Japan, with 193,000 Shinto shrines and 108,000 Buddhist temples. There was thus one priest to every 280 persons, and one place of worship to every 150 persons. "This," he said, "effectually disposes of the statement that the Japanese are irreligious. We have 100,000 Christians in Japan."

Cannibals Transformed

The Rev. John G. Paton, who has labored in the New Hebrides for forty-two years, gave a brief account of the work in those islands. He said: "When I first went to the New Hebrides I found the people in the most degraded condition. They were cannibals and were constantly warring among themselves. To-day there are 18,000 converts, 3,000 church members who understand the Scriptures, and 300 preachers and teachers. Every church member becomes an earnest worker. If Christians in America were as much in earnest as this people, what multitudes would be brought to Christ! In every family daily worship is held, and every one, old and young, faithfully attends the house of God. One of the greatest obstacles with which we have to contend in those islands is the American traders who go to the natives with rum and firearms. Were there time, I might give many instances of cruelty and death resulting from these deadly weapons of Satan. I appeal to you Americans to try and stop this."

The Rev. Dr. T. S. Wynkoop, Secretary of the Northern India Bible Society, said that India led all countries in the extent and development of her missions. Every part of India was accessible to the Gospel. The different missionary societies annually distributed 177,000,000 pages of Christian literature. The Bible had been translated into sixty-two languages and dialects. Christian ideas and ideals were disintegrating those of ancient custom. The Hindus, he said, are a great religious people, and their influence has extended far and wide outside of India. Of the 117 Mohammedan converts in North India in 1893 no fewer than 62 had become clergymen. He looked to India for Mohammedan converts to carry the Christian religion across the Red Sea.

Woman's Work

The most thrilling spectacle, however, of the whole conference, was the mass meeting for women at Carnegie Hall, which brought out such a crowd as the great auditorium has never before held in its history. The climax was capped, when at the close of the meeting the hundreds of missionaries on the platform were introduced separately to the audience by Mrs. A. J. Gordon, of Boston. It seemed as if the applause attending the reading of the papers and the addresses of welcome had exhausted itself, but the women had been patiently waiting for the hour when they should see and "meet face to face," the workers who were busy throughout the world spreading the Gospel.

The women were in a receptive mood when Mrs. Gordon arose. She said that the best had been kept for the last, and she asked that as the workers came forward the house should rise and wave a salute. Instantly the women acted on the suggestion. Mrs. Gordon made a short address. She said that many in the hall had lived in the time of civil war, and that those must remember that the enthusiasm was kept up until the veterans paraded. If it was right and splendid, Mrs. Gordon said, to show this enthusiasm for military veterans, she hoped it would not be considered fanatical to show a similar enthusiasm when there came before the audience the

Veterans of the Mission Fields

Mrs. Gordon then began calling the names, and the wonderful march past began. As the names were called, women in the hall recognized in some of the women the scions of those who had died martyrs to the cause of Christ, and the enthusiasm burst all bounds. There were vigorous hallelujahs from all parts of the house, and the fluttering of handkerchiefs looked like thousands of snowflakes. It was a scene to be remembered.

When Mrs. Gordon introduced Mrs. Butler and said that she had worked for forty-four years in the mission field, the enthusiasm broke forth afresh. It had hardly exhausted itself when Mrs. Yule, a white-haired self-possessed little woman, came forward. Mrs. Gordon announced that Mrs. Yule had been sixty-six years in the service, and the scene of enthusiasm was repeated.

For a long time the parade went on. Over four hundred missionaries, summoned from all parts of the house, came forward and bowed their acknowledgments. They represented, Mrs. Gordon said, twenty-nine American, nine British and three Continental societies, and through it all the applause and waving of handkerchiefs continued. Finally, at the end of the service, the women all over the house joined hands, but instead of "Auld Lang Syne" there came the hymn, "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds Our Hearts in Christian Love." Five minutes of silent prayer followed, that brought to a close the most memorable day of the conference.

Conference Appeals for India

The culminating event in the week of the Conference was the great mass meeting in behalf of the India Famine Relief Work, which was held in Carnegie Hall, Sunday evening, April 29. The great auditorium was filled with a representative New York audience. On the platform were a number of eminent divines and a group of missionaries from the Indian field. Hon. Seth Low, the President of Columbia College, presided, and in opening the meeting urged that "we do what we can to make this great trouble bear less heavily on that stricken land and people." Rev. J. H. Barrows, President of Oberlin College, the first speaker, told of the horrors of an Indian famine, to which, as an eye-witness he could testify from observations made during a recent visit. He also gave a pleasing picture of some of the peaceable fruits of Christian benevolence won from previous famines. In Rev. Dr. Hume's school at Ahmednagar he had seen many intelligent Christian girls, who had been adopted into the missionary's home. As our readers had a hand in helping Dr. Hume's orphanage, they will be doubly interested to hear from one who has recently seen the children benefited of their good weal. Rev. L. B. Wolf's subject was, "What Causes Lead to Famines in India." The real causes, he said, are the failure of the winds, which bring rain at the usual seasons. When the rains fail the crops fail also, and there is no work for the laborer; as supplies become exhausted and the earth brings forth no grain, starvation ensues. "The Anglo-Indian Government are not failing in their duty; they simply deal with a calamity of whose magnitude we in this fruitful land, can form no adequate conception."

"There are always," said he, "from 50,000,000 to 61,000,000 people in India on the ragged edge of starvation, so it is not hard to see what happens when the rains fail. When the British took India, it was a land of 120,000,000 people. Under her benign rule, the population has increased almost 100 per cent. Under the old Moguls the tax was fifty to sixty per cent. on the total products of the soil, under British rule it is only three to six per cent., and hence, overtaxation cannot be stated as a cause of famine, as is sometimes unfairly done." Rev. Dr. Downie, American Baptist missionary, followed Dr. Wolf in exempting the British Indian Government from blame, and attributing famine solely to natural causes, the failures of the rain-bringing monsoons; he described the tremendous schemes of irrigation works, and railroad and canal systems undertaken by the Government in order to provide work for the unemployed, transportation for food into needy districts, and, above all, the best artificial substitute for rainfall possible under India's climatic conditions. There was yearly a sum of £1,500,000 on the Indian expense budget for famine relief; and the Government was always ready to meet ordinary scarcity of crops, but a case of such tremendous proportions

This Appalling Famine

had a claim on the help of the whole Christian world. He described, graphically, instances of terrible privation of water as well as of food. He came once to a village where a thousand people were living; there was just one well to supply these. In the bottom of that well he saw twenty women and counted twenty pitchers, each of which might hold a gallon; all were empty but two. The well, or spring, was a little hole about as big as his two hands—that was the only water supply that had been left for all these people.

Dr. Findlay, an English missionary, described the "Famine Code," prepared and in constant use by the Indian Government to meet the emergency of famine. Rev. James Smith, the American Board's missionary at Ahmednagar, said that the famine area is larger than in 1896–97; the present famine is an unparalleled calamity; latest estimates show 61,000,000 are affected. Rev. T. S. Johnson of Jabulpur, who distributed a large part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund in 1897, told of the first signs of famine, people wandering about in search of work and then of food. Rev. Dr. E. D. Parker, who also received large sums from the gifts of our readers in 1897, spoke of the dire distress of the women and children. He said that when hunger attacked the men, they threw off the women and children: little ones were left by the wayside. He spoke of the great aid America had rendered in 1897, and of the gratitude which their generosity evoked; he described feelingly the magic of one word sent in cipher over the cable announcing coming help.

A speaker who deeply interested the audience was a daughter of Ramabai. She dwelt on the opportunity the famine afforded for saving India spiritually through ministering to its desperate physical need, and she told of the young girls and children rescued by her mother in the last famine, many of them now doing excellent work as missionaries to their own race. Here, again, our readers have a personal interest in the story, for Pandita Ramabai's noble endeavors have been most generously reinforced by their gifts. The last address of the evening was by Bishop Potter, who urged the chartering of ships, and loading them with grain and other food stuffs, and sending them off to India as soon as possible. He said:

"There is not a man or woman in the room who could not get in touch with some person who would contribute grain for this cause. The honor of the United States is at stake in this matter. If the Ecumenical Conference should have ended without this appeal it would have been a burning shame and a disgrace."

"I SHOULDN'T CALL THESE BREEZES BALMY"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Tribulations of Travel

I LOOKED over his shoulder and thought to myself I should think as much, I should think he wouldn't know. There stood Josiah Allen before the glass and of all the sights I ever see his dress went ahead. He had got on a red woolen underskirt and his dressin' gown over it kinder floated back from it, and he had took out of my trunk a switch of hair that Tirzah Ann had put in, thinkin' mebby I would want to dress my head different in foreign countries; I hadn't wore it at all, and it wuz clear in the bottom of my trunk, but he had got at it somehow and had fastened it onto his head, and it hung down his back and ended with a big broad, red ribbin bow; it was one of Tommy's neck-ties. And he'd got all my jewelry—every mite on't—and had fastened it onto him on different places, and all of Tommy's ribbins to tie his collar with, wuz made into bows and pinned onto him, and my C. E. badge, and W. C. T. U. bow of white ribbin, and he had got my big palm leaf fan and had tied a big, red bow on't, and he wuz standin' before the glass fannin' himself and cranin' his neck one way and tother to see how he looked and admire himself, I spoze. And anon he tried to put the fan over his right ear. The idee! a palm leaf fan that wouldn't shet. And he spoke out to himself:

"No, I can't do that, but I can be fannin' myself, all the time fannin' and bowin." And then he stepped forrerd towards the glass and made a bow so low that his switch flopped over and ketched on the rocker of a chair and he couldn't move either way without jerkin' his braid off.

"Goodness gracious!" I hearn him say, "I never yet tried to be genteel without its being broke up some way," and he gin a jerk and left his switch on the floor. He took it up tenderly and smoothed it out and wuz tryin' to attach it to his head agin. It wuz fastened on by a red ribbin comin' up over his head and tied on top. But at that minute he ketched sight of me and he looked some meachin', but he begun immegiately pourin' out profuse reasons for his costoom and manners.

Sez he, "You know Robert wants us to meet that high official, and I felt that it would help our relations with China if I should dress up China fashion."

Sez I, "It will help one of your relations if you'll take off that red petticoat and ribbins and cameos and badges and things."

A Patriotic "Pardner"

Sez he, "I am doin' this for political reasons, Samantha, and can't be hampered by domestic reasons and ignorance." And he kep' on tyin' the bow on his foretop.

Sez I, "For the sake of your children and grandchildren won't you desist and not put 'em to shame and make a laughin' stock of yourself before Miss Meechim and Arvilly and all the rest?"

"I shall do my duty, Samantha," sez he and he pulled out the ribbin of the bow, so that it sot out some like a turban over his forward. "Of course I look very dressy and pretty in this costoom, but that is not my reason for wearin' it; you and Arvilly are always talking about political men who don't come up to the mark and do their duty by their constituents. I am a very influential man, Samantha, and there is no

"ROWS OF CARVED MARBLE ELEPHANTS"

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"THE MONKEYS HUNG FROM THE TREE-TOPS"

this when they eat their catridge boxes and friz themselves at Valley Forge," and he fingered some of them bows and ornaments on his breast agin with a vain, conceited smirk of satisfaction. I wuz at my wits' end; I glanced at the door; there wuz no lock on it; what should I do? Religion and common sense wouldn't move him, and as for my sharpest weepon—good vittles—here I wuz hampered, I couldn't cook 'em for him, what could I do?

Sez he agin, "I only do this for patriotism; I sacrifice myself on the altar of my country," and he fanned himself gracefully, lookin' sarahuptishly into the glass.

"Yes," sez I, "you could do great bizness in savin' me, togged out as you are, made helpless by your own folly; but," sez I, in a holler, awful axent, "It hain't that, Josiah; it is fur worse than losin' my life; that wouldn't be nothin' in comparison."

He looked white as a piller case. Sez he: "Tell me to once what you lay out to do."

"Well," sez I, "if you must know, I spoze that it might help our relations with China if I should part with you and wed a China potentate. It would kill me and be bad for the potentate, but if our country's welfare is at stake, if it would help our relations I—"

"Let the relations go to Jericho, Samantha! every one on 'em, and the Potentates! every one of them;" and he kicked off them robes quicker than I can tell the tale.

Sez I, "Josiah, you needn't tear every rag you've got on; take 'em off quietly." He'd put 'em on over his own clothes. He obeyed me implicitly, and sez he anxiously, as he laid 'em all on the bed:

"You've gin up the idee, hain't you, Samantha?"

Sez I, "I have for the present Josiah. I wuz only doin' it to emulate your sacrifice; if you don't sacrifice yourself any further, I shan't."

He hadn't been so good to me for sometime as he wuz for the rest of that day. I only done it to stop his display, and my conscience hain't been quite at rest ever sence about it, but then a woman has to work headwork to keep her pardner within bounds. I wuzn't goin' to have him make a fool of himself before Arvilly and Miss Meechim. Arvilly would never let him hearn the end on't nor me nuther.

"Well," sez I, growin' calm as I thought of a forlorn hope, "Mebby it is best, Josiah, and I hain't a goin' to be outdone by you in patriotism. I too will sacrifice myself." And I proceeded to comb my hair with a firm look on my face. He looked alarmed.

"What do you mean, Samantha?" sez he.

"I won't let you go ahead of me in sacrificing yourself, Josiah. No, I will go fur ahead of what you or anybody else would do; it will most probable kill me, but I shall not falter."

Samantha's Sacrifice

"What is it, Samantha?" sez he, droppin' the fan and approachin' me with agitated mean. "What are you goin to do? If it is to throw yourself in front of any idol and perish, I will save you if I shed the last drop of blood in my system!"

tellin' how much good I shall do my country this day, and the sneers of the multitude shall not deter me."

Sez I, almost fearfully, "Think of the meetin' house, Josiah, where you're a deacon and looked up to; what will they say to hear of this, passin' yourself off for a Chinaman; dressin' up in petticoats and red ribbins!"

Sez he, cranin' his neck round to see the bow hangin' down his back, "Our old forefathers went through worse trials than

Off to Singapore

Well, we met the potentate in our own clothes and he met us in his own clothes, jest as he and we had a right to. He wuz a real sensible man, so Robert Strong said, and he understood a good deal of his talk and ort to know.

Well, from Shanghai we sailed for Hongkong and then embarked for Point de Galle on the island of Ceylon, expectin' to stop on the way at Saigon in Cochin-China and Singapore.

It wuz dretful windy and onpleasant at first. It is much pleasanter to read about a monsoon in Jonesville with your feet on a base burner than to experience one on a steamer. Everything swayed and tipped and swung, that could, even to our stomachs. We only made a short stop at Saigon—a hotter place I wuz never in. I thought of the oven in our kitchen range and felt that if Philury wuz bakin' bread and mea' and beans and got into the oven

o turn 'em, she knew a little about the limate we wuz enjoying.

As we ascended the river our ship got a

SAMANTHA AND TOMMY

ittle too near the shore and kinder run ts prow into a jungle where the monkeys ung from the tree tops and made fun of us, I spoze, mad at our invadin' their lomain and wanted us to pay, tennyrate the muskeeters sent in heir bills, sharp ones. Saigon is pretty place set in its tropical scenery; it has eighty or ninety housand inhabitants and belongs o France. The natives are small nd slower than time in the primer.

Josiah's Ideas on Dress

Singapore is an island in the straits of Malacca and is twenty-four milds long and fourteen wide; t is a British province ruled by native princes under the Queen. Here the days and nights are of equal engths and it rains about every day: t has a mixed population of Chinamen, Malays, Europeans and a few Americans, mebby a hundred thousand in all.

We didn't stay long here, but rode out in what they called a Jherry lookin' like a dry goods box drawed by a couple of ponies.

Josiah sez to me, "I am glad that the Malay coolers wear a little more than the Japans." And the coolies here did wear besides their red loin cloth a narrer strip of white cotton cloth hangin' over their left shoulders. Our hotel wuz a very comfortable one; it consisted of several buildin's two stories high connected by covered halls; it wuz surrounded by handsome trees and beautiful ornamental shrubbery and flowers.

The wide verandas wuz very pleasant, with their bamboo chairs and couches and little tables where you could have tea served. Birds of the most beautiful plumage soared and sung in the trees, and butterflies that looked like flowers on wings fluttered about. You can't tell men from wimmen by their clothes. They all wear earrings and bracelets and nose-rings. Josiah sez to me:

"I have always said, Samantha, that men didn't dress gay enough; a few bracelets and breastpins and earrings would add to a man's looks dretfully, and I mean to set the fashion in Jonesville. It would take ten years often my age. Jest see how proud the men walk; they feel that they're dressed up; it gives 'em a lofty look."

The men did seem to have a different gait from the females; the wimmen looked more meek and meachin. We didn't stay long in Saigon, but we visited the Whampoo gardens and found that they were perfectly beautiful, made by Mr. Whampoo, a rich Chinaman. There wuz fifty acres under most perfect cultivation. Here the Chinese fad of dwarfing and training trees wuz carried to perfection; there wuz trees trained into all sorts of shapes. One wuz a covered carriage about three feet high, with a horse, all tree but natural as life; and then there wuz pagodas and men and wimmen and animals and birds all growin' and havin' to be trimmed by the patient Chinese gardener. The tree they can uses best is a evergreen with a little leaf and a white flower not much bigger than the head of a pin. But there wuz not only every tropical tree you could think on, palm, cocoanut, nutmeg, cinnamon, tea, coffee, and clove bush, but trees and plants from every part of the world, some from America.

Here wuz a Victoria lily in its full beauty, the dark green leaves edged with brown and red, as big round as our washtub, and turned up on the edges about two inches. Each plant has one leaf and one flower. And we see the most lovely orchids here; Dorothy thought them the most beautiful of all. Well, in a day or two we sot out for Ceylon's isle.

A Poetical Reminder

As we drew nigh to Ceylon I sez to Josiah: "Did you ever expect, Josiah Allen, to feel

> 'The balmy breezes
> That blow from Ceylon's Isle
> Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile?'"

And he sez, holdin' on his hat, "I shouldn't call these breezes very bammy, and you no need to lay such a powerful stress on *man*, Samantha, that term, man, means wimmin too in this case."

"Yes," sez Arvilly, who wuz standin' nigh, "that term, man, always includes wimmen when there is any blame or penalty attached, but when it sez 'Man is born free and equal,' it means men alone."

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"THE WIDE VERANDAS WUZ VERY PLEASANT"

"Yes," sez Josiah, smilin' real pleasant, "you've happened to hit it jest right, Arvilly."

"Well," sez I, "do look and enjoy the beauty that is spread out right before you." Our good ship made its way into the harbor of Colombo, through a multitude of boats with men of every color and size at their oars and all gesticulating and jabbering in axents as strange to us as Jupiter talk would be. Some of the boats wuz queer lookin'; they are called dugouts, and have outriggers for the crew to set on. They carry fruit and provision to the steamers in the bay, and take passengers to and fro.

A Land of Rainbow Hues

Bein' took by one to terry firmy, we soon made our way through the chatterin' strange lookin' crowd of every color and costoom to a tarven where we obtained food and needed rest, and the next mornin' we sallied out some as we would if we had jest landed on the shores of another planet to explore a new world.

We walked through the streets by big gardens that seemed jest ablaze with color and swoonin' with perfume. The low white houses wuz banked up with drifts of blossom and verdure as the Jonesville houses wuz with snow drifts on a winter day. Sweet voiced birds in gayest plumage swung and soared aloft instead of the ice-suckles that hung from the eaves of Jonesville houses. And instead of Ury clad in a buffalo coat and striped wool mittens walking with icy whiskers and frost-bitten ears to break the ice in the creek, wuz the gay crowd of men, wimmen and children dressed in all the rich colors of the rainbow, if they wuz dressed at all. Solid purple, yellow, green, burnin' colors palpitating with light and cheer under the warm breezes and glowin' sunshine.

Gorgeously Colored Costumes

Sometimes the children wuz in jest the state that Adam and Eve wuz when they wuz finished off and pronounced good. Sometimes a string and a red rag comprised their toilette, but they all seemed a part of the strange picture, the queer, mysterious, onknown Orient. The gorgeous colorin' of the men's apparel struck Josiah to the heart agin; he vowed that he would show Jonesville the way for men to dress if he ever got home agin. Sez he, "I will show Deacon Henzy and Uncle Sime Bentley that a man can wear sunthin' besides that everlastin' black or gray." Sez he:

"I can dress gay with small expense; I can take one of your white woolen sheets and color it with diamond dye a bright red or a green or yeller at a outlay of ten cents per sheet, and one of my bandannas will make a crackin' good turban. Let me walk into the Jonesville meetin' house with that gorgeous drapery wropped round me, why I should be the lion of the day."

"Yes!" sez I, "you would break up the congregation as quick as a real lion would."

"Well, I'll tell you, Samantha, there is beauty in such a costoom that our sombry coats and pantaloons and vests can't come nigh to."

I spoze Ceylon is the most beautiful place in the world, such glow and richness of color, such aboundin' life in the verdure, in the animal and vegetable kingdom. No wonder so many think that it wuz the original Garden of Eden; no shovelin' snow for Adam or bankin' up fruits and vegetables for winter's use. No, he could step out barefoot in the warm velvety grass in December, and pick oranges and gather sweet potatoes and cucumbers, and strawberries if Eve took it into her head she wanted a shortcake pie. And little Cain could cut up cane literally, and every way, in January, and Abel pile flowers and fruit on his altar all the year round. But I wonder which of their descendants built these immense magnificent cities layin' fur below forests and billows of turf and flowers.

I wonder how they looked and what language they spoke and what their politics wuz. Arvilly thought they must have been temperance folks. Sez she, "Any city that has reservoirs twenty milds long believed in drinkin' water." We had took a tower to see one of them dug up cities, and sure enough the water reservoir wuz twenty milds long; jest think from that what the size of the hull city must have been, when their waterin' trough, as you may say, wuz as long as America's biggest city. Stately stairways, up which twenty carriages big as our democrat could pass side by side if horses could climb stairs.

A row of tall pillers, ten milds in length line the roads to some of them cities, and I sez:

"Oh, good land! How I wish I could be a mouse in the wall and see who, and what passed over them roads, and why, and when, and where."

And Josiah sez, "Why don't you say you wish you wuz a elephant and could look on? your simely would seem sounder."

The Worship of Elephants

And I sez, "Mebby so, for hull rows of carved marble elephants stand along them broad roads; I guess they worshiped 'em."

And he sez, "I wuz alludin' to size."

Robert Strong looked ruther sad as we looked on them ruins buried so deep by the shovel of time. But I sez to him in a low voice:

"There is no danger of the city you're a rarin' up ever bein' engulfed and lost, for justice and mercy and love shine jest as bright to-day as when the earth was called out of chaos. Love is eternal, immortal, and though worlds reel and skies fall, what is immortal cannot perish."

He looked real grateful at me; he sets store by me.

Everywhere, as you walk through the streets you are importuned to buy sunthin; some of the finest jewels in the world are bought here. The merchants are dretful polite, bowin' and smilin', their hair combed back slick and fastened up with shell combs. They wear white, short pantaloons and long frocks of colored silk, open in front over a red waistcoat; sometimes they are bare-footed with rings on their toes; they wear rings in their nose and sometimes two on each ear, at the top and bottom.

Josiah studied their costoom with happy interest, but a deep shade of anxiety darkened his mean as they would spread out their wares before me, and he sez with a axent of tender interest:

"If you knew, Samantha, how much more beautiful you looked to me in your cameo pin you would never think of appearin' in diamonds and rubies."

I sez, "I guess I won't buy any nose-rings, Josiah, my nose is pretty big anyway."

"Yes," he interrupted me eagerly, "they wouldn't be becomin', Samantha, and be in the way eatin' sweet corn on the ear and such."

There are lots of men carryin' round serpents, and I sez to Josiah, "Who under the sun would want to buy a snake unless they wuz crazy?"

"Yes," said Josiah, "Eve made a big mistake listenin' to that serpent; there probable wuzn't but one then, and that's the way they have jest overrun the garden, her payin' attention and listenin' to it. Females can't seem to look ahead."

And I sez, "Why didn't Adam do as you always do, Josiah, ketch up a stick and put anend to it?" I always holler to Josiah if I see a snake and he makes way with it.

But such talk is onprofitable. But Josiah hadn't a doubt but this was the Garden of Eden and talked fluent about it.

(To be continued)

"I GUESS I WON'T BUY ANY NOSE-RINGS"

Feeding India's Famishing Millions ::

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

missionaries in India can give in the work of distributing the fund. Under these circumstances, we confidently believe that the funds required will be supplied as they

HON. JOHN HAY
Secretary of State

are needed. In the years to come, there will be thousands of persons living and thriving in India, who will bless God that such people as the readers of this journal heard their cry of agony and stretched forth a hand to save them. When American missionaries tell them the glad tidings of the Bread of Life, they will remember the gifts from the same hands of "the bread that perisheth," and will listen to the still better message.

All arrangements were completed last week for the sailing of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief steamship *Quito*. Her cargo consists of 200,000 bushels of the choicest two-year-old American corn, sacked and placed in four clean, capacious and well-ventilated holds. The cargo is insured and is valued at $100,000, which, at the famine rates at which corn is now selling in India (about three cents a pound, fifty-six pounds to the bushel), will be equal to $300,000 worth of corn when it reaches Bombay. In other words, the cargo will accomplish three times as much in the direction of life-saving as if its equivalent in money had been sent instead. The ship's charter cost $40,000, which is paid by the generosity of the United States Government, being its official contribution to the relief movement. The grain will reach its destination in ample time—months before the famine is ended. Arrangements for its transportation from the Indian port to the interior are so thorough that some of the grain will be in the hands of the distributors within a day or two after it is taken out of the steamer. Dr. Klopsch, aided by the Inter-denominational Committee, will personally receive and superintend the distribution of the corn.

Valuable service has been rendered to the relief work by our government officials in Washington and New York. Special acknowledgment is due to Secretary Hay, of the State Department, and Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, whose prompt co-operation hastened the grant of a vessel by our government, and to Pay Director Denniston, of the United States Navy Pay Office, New York, who personally conducted the details of chartering the *Quito* to bear the gifts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to perishing India. All arrangements for bringing forward the cargo and other necessary matters connected with the life-saving mission were under the care of Rev. R. G. Hobbs, who went to India in 1897 with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief steamer *Everett*, which sailed from San Francisco.

Dr. Klopsch, who is now on his way to Bombay, before leaving London had an interview with Lord George Hamilton, the British Secretary of State for India, at which plans for the relief work were fully discussed. The Secretary expressed the warmest appreciation of America's generous aid to India. He gave to Dr. Klopsch letters of introduction to Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, and to several other high officials. On the same day, Dr. Klopsch and Rev. Dr. Talmage (who is now on a preaching tour in England) were entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor of London. That official also gave expression to his warm admiration of American benevolence. In the evening, Dr. Klopsch left for the Continent, on reaching which he was to proceed by rail to Brindisi, and thence by steamer to Bombay. Before sailing, he said that his official visit in England had been exceedingly gratifying, and that the cordial and appreciative attitude of the British people toward America, in its efforts to help stricken India, showed the warm and fraternal feeling between the two nations. He expects to return to the United States in July.

Unhappily, there is no favorable news from the famine districts, but, as was feared, reports of increased suffering and death. A cable message from Simla, the present seat of government, says that "the horrors of the famine are daily becoming worse." Donald Mackenzie Smeaton, one of the British Commissioners, who has just returned to Calcutta from a visit of inspection to the famine districts, says relief is urgently needed. He adds: "The misery in parts of the Bombay and Rajputana and central India districts is beyond description and is unparalleled."

Mrs. Ada Lee, of Calcutta, whose orphanage our readers have been helping to support, writes: "We have just received from Rajputana twenty-four living skeletons whom we are trying to nurse back to health. So weak were they when they arrived that they could not stand without trembling. Their bodies were in a dreadful condition. The water famine is so severe that there is a difficulty in getting water enough to drink, and they dare not use any for washing. Twelve of them had been fine strong women. Now they are bent and haggard—widows without friends or food. The other twelve were boys—at least that is what the report said; but when we went out to receive them, one of the boys looked up pleadingly in my face and said, 'This one by me is not a boy. She is my sister. You will not take her from me, will you?' He had kept her with him in all their wanderings in search of food. They had suffered the pangs of hunger together. Whatever he could get he had divided with her. She was all he had left. We commended him for his devotion and love, and assured him we would care for both, and that they should be near each other. It was touching to see his gratitude. Two others were brothers, one about eight and the other six years old. They had clung to each other and seemed so fond of each other—two bright little fellows who, we trust, have a mission.

"Another poor little fellow with a cough and so weak, has about his neck a charm. I asked him who put it on him, and he said his mother. She and his father had given to their child—denying themselves—until finally their own life went out. The boy saw them both die, and was very near the end himself, when God sent a kind lady to rescue him, and she sent him to us. He is in a critical state, but he now gets food and medicine and all the care many loving hearts can give, for all in the Girls' Home are interested in these sick, starving people. The charm hanging down over his bony breast is a relic of Hinduism, but I feel I cannot remove it yet, for his mother put it on him, hoping through it some way he would escape. It was all she knew, and God surely heard the poor mother's prayer and saved her boy, although she knew not the true God.

"Could our friends see the pleading faces as we go about among them, I am sure they would realize as they never could otherwise do, the awfulness of famine.

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A SPECIMEN GROUP OF FAMINE VICTIMS RESCUED BY THE MISSIONARIES

"One widow carried in her bony arms a little skeleton we took to be a child eight or ten months old, but upon examination we found it a boy of three years. We did all we could to save the little fellow, but food had reached him too late. And after three days with us the angels came and took our first fruits of the famine back to God. As the heathen mother bent over her dying child she uttered not a word, but the hot tears fell thick and fast; and my heart was knit to hers in her sorrow. The little group of Hindu women looked on with intense interest as we nailed together the box, and dressed the little body clean and laid it in. The school girls brought flowers and strewed them all over, putting a bunch of the brightest within the folded hands. The Hindu women had never seen the like before. Then we laid the little body away to rest; but we thought of the happy spirit which had fled to the land where there is no more hunger and thirst, and felt sure our own children would welcome the little stranger there, and have a special interest in him because he had come from their home below, where we had tried to minister to him.

PAY DIRECTOR H. M. DENNISTON
Of the Navy Pay Office, New York

"The poor mother stood by as we thanked God for the privilege of even saving this little body from being left by the roadside, as this mother had seen many another left. We intend to rescue as many of these as the Lord may send us money for.'

We are glad to notice that interest in the work of relieving this appalling suffering is spreading in our land. We rejoice to see that other religious journals are taking a hand in the work. All the help available is needed. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Inter-denominational Committee in Bombay will take care that money contributed will be given to missionaries needing it most, regardless of denomination.

HON. JOHN D. LONG
Secretary of the Navy

GOOD NEWS!

(From the Bombay Guardian, April 7th.)

A telegram published by the daily papers to the effect that Louis Klopsch, of the New York **CHRISTIAN HERALD** *is chartering a steamer to convey corn to India for the famine-stricken is* **GOOD NEWS!**

Our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee

To whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cables all funds it receives for the relief of the Famine sufferers in India, and who will distribute the cargo of the relief steamship *Quito*, includes these representative missionaries:

REV. EDGAR M. WILSON, Presbyterian Mission, Ratnagiri
REV. J. H. HARPSTER, Lutheran Mission, Gunter
REV. G. N. THOMSSEN, Baptist Mission, Bapatla
REV. M. D. ADAMS, Church of the Disciples Mission, Bilaspur
REV. EDWIN F. FREASE, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Baroda
REV. M. B. FULLER, Alliance Mission, Girgaon
REV. E. S. HUME, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Byculla, Bombay, Secretary
BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, Chairman of the Committee, is in the United States on sick leave.

NEW YORK

Abbott, Mary R.. 1 00
Abbot, Sarah A.. 1 00
Ackert, V A..... 25
Adams, Miss I M 1 00
Adams, W C.... 50
Ager, Bert E.... 25
Agnew, Miss M.. 25
Atkin, Elizabeth.. 2 00
Aliton, J C Sr.. 50
Allen, I H..... 50
Allen, Mrs A M.. 2 00
Allen, Mrs Frank 10
Allen, Mrs P E.. 10
Allen, Seth 50
Alplanalp, G H.. 10
Alplanalp, R 25
Alput, Mrs 10
Amidon, Mrs M M 00
Anable, A D.... 25
Anderson, Jas E. 1 00
Anderson, Miss E 1 00
Anderson, Miss E 25
Anderson, Mrs E. 1 00
Anderson, Mrs K 5 00
Anderson, Mrs M. 1 00
Anderson, Selma. 1 00
Anderson, S 1 00
Andreini, Mrs J M 4 00
Angell, J H..... 5 00
Angell, Mrs J H. 5 00
Ansley, J W..... 5 00
Armstrong, Mrs J and family 3 00
Arnett, Mrs J.... 1 00
Atwood, A T.... 2 00
Austin, A O..... 50
Austin, Miss C... 80
Anstin, Mrs A O 50
Averill, E M..... 5 00
Avery, C D..... 1 00
Avery, Mrs J E.. 5 00
Ayranlt, Mr 25
Babcock, Mrs D O 2 00
Babcock, Mrs L.. 14
Babcock, S & W.. 1 00
Babcock, W A.... 1 00
Bailey, Adelbert.. 1 00
Bailey, Arthur ... 25
Baker, Geo S.... 1 00
Baker, L K..... 25
Baker, Mrs J H & friends 5 00
Baldwin, Allen .. 25
Baldwin, L 15
Baldwin, Mrs S M 2 00
Baldwin, Wm H.. 5 00
Bancus, Mrs E D 1 00
Barton, A 1 00
Barnes, F S & wife & Austen, S G & wife 5 00
Barnhart, Miss K A 1 00
Barteau, Mrs E A 10
Bartholomew, Mrs F C 1 00
Barton, Mrs S.... 10
Bartlette, Mrs .. 1 00
Barton, Wm 50
Batley, Mrs Levi 25
Beadle, D H.... 5 00
Bean, Frank 50
Beardsley, Mrs J N 1 00
Bearn, Mrs M.... 2 00
Beaseley, Mrs E.. 1 00
Beaton, Mrs J N. 1 00
Beckwith, J S.... 1 00
Becker, Mr & Mrs Erastus 5 00
Behrus, Chas 25
Belden, Miss M.. 25
Belden, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Bell, Mrs G M.... 1 00
Bell, W H..... 5 00
Bell, W 5 00
Bender, Jane W.. 1 00
Benham, A B & wife 2 00
Bennett, Mrs S.. 3 65
Bergtold, C L & pupils 2 50
Bernhard, Mr 50
Best, Electa 1 00
Bidelman, Mrs C. 10 00
Bigelow, Mrs E.. 10
Bigelow, Mrs F E 1 00
Biggs, Mrs J D.. 5 00
Billington, Edwin 25
Bink, Mrs A..... 25
Bird, Chas F.... 5 00
Bishop, A Ralph. 1 00
Blair, Mrs Chas. 25
Blake, Thomas .. 5 00
Blakeley, E 25
Blakeley, Tilley.. 50
Blaker, Miss H M 50
Blanchard, J W.. 25
Blencoe, H 1 00
Blend, George ... 50
Blinn, Miss C.... 25
Blood, G V..... 50
Bonton, Mrs L .. 1 00
Booth, Alfred C.. 1 00
Booth, George ... 1 00
Booth, Mrs C.... 1 00
Bootean, Mrs W. 15
Boshart, Miss D A 5 00
Botsford, M E... 1 00
Bowen, Mrs M D. 10
Boyce, J 10
Bradley, Mr and Mrs C 1 00
Bradley, Mrs J.. 1 00
Breen, Sarah..... 1 00
Brezee, Mrs 25
Bridsall, E H.... 2 00
Bromley, Mrs E C 20
Brosens, Mrs S B 1 00
Brown, A 1 00
Brown, D C..... 50
Brown, E & Son. 1 00
Brown, Enos L.. 1 00
Brown, M L..... 50
Brown, Mrs A.... 50
Brown, Thos M.. 2 00
Brundage, M C.. 1 00
Brundage, O 1 00
Brunlng, Wm 25
Bryan, Adele E.. 2 00
Bryan, Julia M.. 5 00
Bryan, Mrs J.... 5 00
Buck, Mrs L I... 50

NEW YORK CONT'D

Buck, Ruth E.... 10
Budd, Mrs C..... 10
Bullard, Mrs D H 50
Bullock, Mrs E M 1 00
Burch, Mrs M B.. 25
Burdick, F M and family 10 00
Burdick, Mrs J.. 10
Burgess, Mrs H A 25
Burke, M 25
Burke, W H..... 5 00
Burnham, Mrs W H 10
Burr, Nella 1 00
Buryeson, Mr E.. 10
Bush, Mrs 25
Bush, Mrs W T.. 50
Butcher, Sarah .. 1 00
Caldwell, J P.... 4 01
Calhoun, E 40
Campbell, J S.... 1 00
Canfield, Mrs E M 1 00
Carey, A 50
Carey, R 50
Carl, Mrs E..... 50
Carley, Mrs D E. 25
Carpenter, B 1 00
Carpenter, Miss S 1 00
Carter, Mrs D H. 2 00
Case, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Casgrove, W L... 25
Casper, F L..... 2 00
Canlkins, Mrs H H 1 00
Ceperly, Mr J .. 15
Chaffee, S M.... 2 00
Chamberlin, Mr A L 1 00
Champion, C M.. 1 00
Champion, Mrs J 1 00
Chase, Miss E F. 50
Chauncey, Israel. 50
Chauncey, Mrs I. 50
Cheelstrom, Mrs K 25
Cheetham, H G.. 1 00
Cheetham, Mrs G F 1 00
Cheetham, Mr & Mrs R M..... 5 00
Clark, Ambrose.. 25
Clark, Daniel 5 00
Clark, Ira 5 00
Clark, Mrs A B.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs B.... 25
Clark, Mrs H N.. 2 00
Clark, Mrs W C.. 15
Clay, Mrs W T.. 10
Clemons, A R.... 2 00
Clemons, Mrs A E 2 00
Clemons, R N...10 00
Clum, Mrs M.... 3 00
Coburn, Mary A. 25
Coggswell, G 1 00
Colburn, Mrs L.. 25
Cole, Miss G..... 05
Cole, Mrs W.... 1 00
Coleman, Jennie.. 50
Coleman, M 25
Coleman, R 25
Congdon, Miss M 25
Congdon, R E.... 1 00
Conley, Mrs Wm 1 00
Connell, Mary E. 1 00
Cookingham, Mrs E 50
Cooley, G W..... 1 00
Cooley, Mrs H L. 50
Cooney, Mrs P A. 10
Coons, Mr J..... 10
Cooper, M E & A 25
Copeland, H 15
Corey, Mrs D.... 10
Cosart, Mrs 50
Cousen, Miss W M 1 00
Coventry, Mrs J T 2 00
Cowden, Charles. 25
Craig, Rev 50
Cramer, C 12 00
Cramer, Ella M.. 1 00
Crandall, Ethel .. 2 40
Crandall, Mrs L. 25
Croly, Miss E P. 2 00
Crone, Mrs M.... 1 00
Crosby, Grace A. 50
Cross, D N..... 25
Crown, Mr 10
Crowner, Mr and Mrs Marion 1 00
Crowner, Mrs S.. 50
Cugler, George... 25
Cugler, Mrs Geo. 50
Cumlu, Mrs Ed.. 10
Daniel, R Jr..... 25
Darby, B S..... 1 00
Darby, Mrs E E. 10
Darmer, Mrs J.. 25
Darrison, M E.... 50
Davey, Mrs T W. 1 00
Davies, Mrs D L and Joseph 3 00
Davis, E S..... 1 00
Davis, J W..... 1 00
Davis, Mrs A.... 1 00
Davis, Mrs E.... 10
Davis, Mrs E E.. 50
Davis, Mrs F R.. 1 00
Davis, W W..... 1 00
Davison, Miss A.. 1 00
Dayton, C 5 00
Day, Mrs C M.... 25
Day, Wm C..... 10
Dean, A H..... 50
Dean, L B..... 2 00
Dean, Miss E T.. 15
Dean, Mrs A H.. 50
Dean, Mrs J M.. 50
Dean, Mrs L..... 1 00
Dean, Mrs Perry. 25
Dean, Mrs R A.. 50
Dean, Ralph 50
Decker, E 1 00
Deegan, Jay 25
Deglow, Mrs C.. 2 00
DeGroot, S 1 00
DeLong, C 1 00
Dempsey, Floyd D 03
Dempsey, Frank . 03
Dempsey, Miss M 05
Dempsey, Mrs E J 07
Denton, Wm L.. 1 00
DeRemer, D 25
DeRemer, Miss M 25
DeVoe, Mrs M... 1 00
Dewey, Mrs E.... 1 00
Dewey, Mrs H... 2 00
Deyoe, A G..... 1 00
Deyoe, Miss M... 40

NEW YORK CONT'D

Deyoe, Mrs J H, sister, and dau.. 1 25
Dieus, August ... 1 00
Diethrick, C 10
Dilley, M L..... 1 00
Dillon, Mrs C J.. 1 00
Dimon, T D.....10 00
Dobson, N 50
Dollinger, J J.... 5 00
Lown, John 1 00
Doolittle, Mrs W H 35
Doolittle, R W & A H 2 00
Dorn, Mrs D R.. 25
Dornfeld, Mrs A.. 1 00
Dorson, Wm 1 00
Douglas, Miss A.. 1 00
Douglas, Mrs J H 10
Douglass, Theo P 1 00
Dowey, M 1 00
Downs, A 50
Draper, Nettie .. 25
Dratt, Mrs J W.. 1 00
Dublin, J E and family 6 00
Dumper, Chas .. 2 00
Dunham, J M.... 1 00
Dunn, E T..... 50
Dunn, Luther ... 10
Dunn, Mrs A E.. 10
Dutton, Mrs D.. 1 00
Easterbrooks, Miss A 25
Eckler, J 1 00
Edwards, H L.... 1 00
Eddy, M E..... 1 00
Edwards, Mrs M. 10
Edwards, Mrs M R 1 00
Eggers, Mrs E A 50
Eldredge, J M.... 1 00
Ellenwood, Mrs C 10
Elliott, Mrs R... 50
Engle, Barbara .. 50
Engle, M 40
Engle, Miss L.... 40
Ericson, Carl E.. 2 00
Evans, Mrs D... 1 00
Ewell, James H. 1 00
Fadald, Jos 25
Falk, Anna B.... 10
Falk, Anna M.... 10
Falk, A J..... 10
Farrington, Mrs R B 1 00
Farrow, Mrs A M 10
Faxon, G H..... 5 00
Faxon, Mrs G H.. 5 00
Fay, Miss K..... 15
Feehan, Miss M.. 1 00
Feller, Mrs K... 25
Fenton, Jane 2 00
Ferrell, Isaac ... 1 00
Field, Mrs Stanley 1 00
Files, Mrs P..... 1 00
Fingar, Mrs P... 10
Fink, Miss 10
Finnard, A T.... 1 00
Fish, Miss Ruth.. 25
Fitzpatrick, Robt 10
Flagler, Blanche. 25
Flagler, Mrs E.. 20
Ford, Mrs M..... 1 00
Fordham, Mrs H F 5 00
Foster, Myrtle .. 25
Foster, Mrs A.... 25
Fox, H H..... 5 00
Fox, Mrs H P.... 3 00
Fraser, Mrs G.... 1 00
Frawley, Mrs S.. 50
Freese, Mrs C.... 10
Freestone, T B & boy 1 10
French, Mrs M S 1 00
Friend, G O..... 1 00
Frost, M S..... 1 00
Fuller, Miss M E 1 00
Fuller, Mrs N.... 50
Fulton, H D....25 00
Furlong, Mrs N C 1 00
Galloup, L C.... 5 00
Ganong, C B.... 1 00
Gardner, A 1 00
Garnsey, C & wife 75
Gaskill, Rev S B 50
Gates, Mrs 50
Gay, Mrs J H.... 25
Geer, Mrs Robt.. 3 00
Gelger, Mrs E H 5 00
Getman, Mrs 2 00
Getman, F 50
Getman, M 50
Gibbs, M A..... 1 00
Gibbs, Mrs T K..25 00
Gibson, C.....20 00
Gilmore, J G.... 5 00
Gilmore, Jennie, coll by 4 00
Gilmore, Mrs W. 2 00
Glass, Willie 10
Glazier, O H.... 1 00
Glazier, Mrs W C 25
Godager, Miss L. 60
Goddeau, Mrs F.. 10
Goodwin, Mrs ... 10
Gorlock, Menzo .. 1 00
Gormel, A W.... 50
Gorrow, Sam 10
Gough, J 2 00
Gould, Mrs G W. 1 00
Grabb, D L..... 50
Graham, A D.... 50
Graham, Wm 1 00
Gratton, Lucy .. 10
Graves, Mrs F J.. 10
Graw, Mrs C.... 2 00
Graw, Charles .. 1 00
Graw, J 1 00
Graw, L S..... 1 00
Gray, Mrs John. 3 20
Greene, Miss E... 1 00
Greene, Miss M.. 1 00
Greer, Jessie ... 25
Gregory, Mrs D M 1 50
Greig, J A..... 5 00
Grenny, C 25
Grenolds, Mrs.... 50
Gridley, Louise M 75
Griffin, Rev P.... 1 00
Griffith, Mrs D J 2 00
Grimm, C 10
Grimm, C 10
Griswold, Miss E 1 00
Gross, F L..... 1 00
Guptill, John L..10 00
Gustafson, Mr A. 50

NEW YORK CONT'D

Haff, Mrs F..... 1 00
Hagaman, A 20 00
Hagan, Miss S.... 25
Hagarly, Mrs M.. 10
Hagberg, Miss E 50
Haley, Mrs J.... 1 00
Hamilton, Mr and Mrs J 1 00
Hancock, Bertha. 1 00
Hanna, D 15
Hanna, M 15
Hanna, T 25
Hanson, Mary.... 10
Hardenbergh, Mrs H 2 00
Hardie, Mrs P... 25
Hardleben, Mrs .. 10
Hardt, F C..... 1 00
Hardy, Mrs G.... 40
Harlow, Mrs D B 1 00
Harnier, H 5 00
Harrington, Mrs P 1 00
Harris, E 25
Harris, E A..... 5 00
Harris, Fred W.. 25
Harris, Lela 25
Hartman, P S.... 25
Hartshorn, F E & Lawrence ... 5 00
Hasbrook, Benj . 2 00
Hasbrouch, Miss L A 5 00
Haseltine, Mrs C I 00
Haseltine, C H... 1 00
Hastings, R E... 1 00
Hathaway, Bessie 10
Hathaway, E A.. 1 00
Hathaway, Mrs W S 50
Haugh, J B..... 50
Heath, A R..... 1 00
Heath, Mrs A R. 25
Heath, H J..... 25
Heath, Sadie M.. 10
Heath, V W..... 25
Hedding, Mrs R A 15
Helin, Mrs S.... 25
Hemens, C L.... 15
Hemstreet, Mr A 50
Henry, F H..... 1 00
Henry, H 10
Henry, O F..... 25
Henry, Zella 10
Hickox, Jas S.... 1 00
Hickox, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Highriter, Mrs H H 1 00
Hill, M E..... 10
Hilliker, Mrs C L 50
Hinckley, Mrs E.. 1 00
Hiskel, Rosana .. 10
Hobbie, I S..... 25
Hobbie, Mrs I S.. 50
Hobbie, Mrs Jno. 1 00
Hoffman, Agnes.. 1 00
Hoglund, Mr Jno. 50
Holdridge, Mrs L 05
Hollenbeck, Mrs A M 1 00
Holmes, G W.... 50
Hones, Mrs 05
Hopson, Mrs and Wing 2 00
Horn, Mrs 50
Hosmer, Jas R.. 1 00
Howe, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Howes, Mr H R.. 1 00
Howes, Mrs J E. 1 00
Howes, Mr Roy A 25
Howlett, Miss E and brother 6 00
Hoyt, Fred M.... 2 00
Hoyt, Mr & Mrs F B 20 00
Hull, Jennie 5 00
Hull, Mrs W..... 2 00
Hult, Miss H.... 1 00
Humphreys, A F 25
Hunt, B F 50
Hunt, Mrs B F.. 10
Hunt, Mrs G B.. 1 00
Hunt, Mrs H.... 10
Hunt, Miss M.... 25
Hunt, R C..... 25
Hunter, A 50
Huntington, D C 5 00
Hurd, Anna J... 25
Hurd, Mrs H J.. 50
Hurlbut, Miss A.. 50
Hurth, J C C... 2 00
Hutcheson, B M.. 1 00
Hutchinson, J S.10 25
Huts, E L..... 1 00
Hion, H N..... 5 00
Irwin, Mrs Dr... 1 00
Ives, Truman C.. 2 00
Jagger, Miss M E 2 00
Janes, D, Mr and Mrs Henry 5 00
Jay, A 10 00
Jaycox, Mrs C ... 1 00
Jeffry, Mrs M.... 2 00
Jennings, Mrs A.. 20
Joh, Mrs L..... 25
Johnson, P A.... 25
Johnson, Miss A L 1 00
Johnson, Miss J.. 1 00
Johnson, Miss T.. 50
Johnson, Mrs C.. 1 00
Johnson, Mrs C .. 25
Johnson, Mrs C R 10
Johnson, Mrs J E 1 00
Johnson, S B B.. 1 00
Johnston, Mrs W 1 00
Jones, C H..... 2 50
Jones, H A..... 2 50
Jones, H A..... 1 00
Jones, Mrs H A.. 1 00
Jones, Olin E.... 1 00
Jones, Mrs G D.. 1 00
Jones, Robt 1 00
Joslyn, E 2 00
Judge, Mrs A.... 10
Judge, Mrs F.... 10
Just, George 50
Kearnen, Mrs H A 50
Kearnen, Miss J O 25
Kearnen, Miss L A 25
Keenan, Mrs F.. 10
Keenan, M 10
Keenan, Will.... 10
Keene, Mr & Mrs F M 2 00
Keery, Mrs J.... 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs G B 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Kemp, Bert 50
Kendall, E 50
Kennedy, J 25
Kennedy, P 10
Kennedy, Mrs W A 1 00
Kennelty, Mrs E. 10
Kenny, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Kernahan, L 2 00
Keys, Wm 50
Kilbourn, Mrs ... 1 00
Kilbourn, Lena .. 1 00
Kilmer, Mrs C... 1 00
Kimmish, F A... 15
Kingsley, Mrs C A 1 00
Kingsley, W W.. 35
Kinney, E 1 00
Kinney, Mrs E.. 1 00
Kitchen, Mrs ... 10
Kramer, Adam .. 50
Kuenze, H G.... 1 00
Kurtz, J W.....10 00
Lafontaine, Mrs R 15
Lafontaine, Mrs B A 10
Lafontaine, P ... 25
Lafontaine, R .. 20
Lafontaine, V ... 10
LaMere, Mrs L.. 10
Lampica, Mrs L.. 25
Lane, Stella 2 00
Langenberg, B .. 1 00
Laren, Robt 25
Lars, Mr 1 00
Lasher, Mrs H D 50
Law, Wm 2 00
Lawrence, H 25
Lawson, Mr and Mrs E 2 00
Lawton, Mrs S.. 1 00
Lay, L A..... 5 00
Lee, Arthur 25
Lee, Miss Janet.. 50
Lehbrink, Mrs A. 25
Lemquist, Rev D. 2 00
Lent, Mrs Wm... 50
Lewis, Mrs F L.. 1 00
Lillie, M E..... 1 00
Lindgren, P 1 00
Litchenhan, Miss F 05
Little, H B..... 05
Litzenburg, Mrs.. 10
Long, George 2 00
Long, Mrs R.... 25
Loncks, Mrs C... 1 00
Loupe, Harry.... 1 00
Lovejoy, Nelson . 5 00
Loveland, Mrs A. 25
Lown, Frank 1 00
Lowry, Mr & Mrs 80
Lundberg, C G.. 1 00
Lundberg, Miss A 1 00
Luttenberg, Mrs E 2 00
Lyman, H C..... 1 00
Lynam, Mrs C B. 10
Lyon, Miss 5 00
McBride, Mrs J.. 1 00
McCarey, Mrs J H 10
McCarrick, F ... 1 00
McCarrick, Mrs S 1 00
McConnell, Mrs A 1 00
McCurrey, Miss N 10
McDowell, Mrs A C 10
McDowell, Miss F 1 00
McDowell, R 2 00
McDowell, Mrs R 1 00
McFadden, Geo .. 2 00
McGibeny, E 25
McGowan, Mrs Ed 50
McIntire, L 50
McIntyre, J A.... 25
McKane, J 25
McKenna, T E.. 25
McMaster, Mr .. 25
McNeal, Arthur . 10
McNeil, Miss G.. 40
McWayne, Mrs .. 05
Mabbett, Mabel.. 2 00
Magaw, L 25
Magee, Mrs Jas.. 1 50
Maginley, G..... 25
Magnire, J R.... 15
Mallory, H H.... 1 00
Manley, Mrs G.. 10
Manley, Mrs L C 25
Manley, O..... 1 00
Manley, S..... 20
Mann, A..... 50
Mann, Miss B.... 40
Mann, Miss F.... 40
Many, I L..... 3 00
Margeson, H.... 21
Markham, Mrs S A 1 00
Marsden, G 15
Marsden, Mrs J L 15
Marsh, Minot.... 40
Marshall, J..... 3 75
Martin, H..... 5 00
Martin, I J..... 25
Martin, O W..... 2 00
Marvin, E J..... 25
Mathews, C R... 1 00
Maxey, Mrs J F.. 25
Maxwell, Jr, C M 1 00
Maynard, I 1 50
Maynard, Mr. and Mrs R S..... 1 00
Mayo, Mrs..... 10
Meale, Miss B... 20
Meade, Mrs F C 25
Meade, Kate..... 15
Meade, Philo..... 1 00
Meade, Mrs Philo 1 00
Meader, Mrs F B. 10
Meader, Mrs S .. 15
Melcher, M E....25 00
Mellen, A H.....10 00
Mercerean, Mrs J L 5 00
Merrill, H J..... 1 00
Merritt, Mrs A E 25
Merrthew, C..... 25
Metcalf, J E.... 50
Middemier, C.... 75
Miller, Chas..... 2 00
Miller, G..... 10
Miller & Holden. 50
Mills, E H..... 2 00
Mills, Mrs H.... 3 00
Mills, Herbert.... 1 00
Mills, Ina L..... 1 00
Mills, Miss M E. 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Mills, Samuel.... 1 00
Mills, T M & P E.40 00
Milne, Wm..... 25
Mitchell, Miss M 25
Mitchell, Mrs A.. 25
Mix, Miss Rose E 5 00
Moffett, Mrs E O 1 00
Moffett, Rev E O. 2 00
Moon, Chas..... 25
Moore, Adams.... 50
Moore, Mrs..... 1 00
Moore, J S..... 25
Moore, Mrs Jane. 25
Moore, Mary..... 10
Moore, Samuel... 50
Morey, Mrs C E. 10
Morison, J G.... 50
Morris, A S..... 25
Morris, Mrs C S.. 1 00
Morton, Mrs F.. 10
Morton, Mrs G A 70
Mowbrey, M E..10 00
Mower, Lelah H. 1 00
Mullen, E J..... 1 00
Mulligan, M..... 1 00
Munday, Miss A M 25
Mundy, Mrs M E 1 10
Munson, F..... 2 35
Munson, Roy.... 1 25
Murdie, Miss M.. 1 00
Murphy, Mrs D J 10
Murphy, Mrs W T 10
Murray, Mrs Geo 1 00
Myers, Miss A... 10
Myers, Mrs Eliz. 1 00
Myers, Mrs L... 10
Nash, Mrs J L... 10
Nash, Mrs P L.. 10
Newman, Sarah.. 50
Nelson, Miss S... 10
Nelson, Mrs Ada. 15
Nelson, W E..... 50
Nichols, C E.... 10
Nichols, Mrs..... 1 00
Nichols, Mrs E H 2 00
Nichols, Mrs R E 50
Nichols, Mrs W. 1 00
Nisbet, Mrs Ward 1 00
Nodine, W..... 5 00
Norris, Mrs Ed... 10
North, Mrs J H.. 25
Northrup, H E... 2 00
Northrop, Miss V L 1 50
Nuttall, Mrs S M 5 00
Oakes, A..... 1 00
Oatman, Mrs M A 10
Ogden, May E.... 1 00
Ohat, Charles.... 25
Oldham, H..... 50
O'Leary, Mrs J.. 10
Oliver, Mrs H M 5 00
Olmstead, Isaac.. 1 00
Olmstead, Mrs M 2 00
Olsen, Miss T.... 25
Olson, Mrs..... 50
O'Neil, Mrs M J 10
Ormiston, Mary.. 1 00
Ostrander, Ethel. 40
Ostrander, Rev Dr 1. 00
Overton, C O.... 3 00
Owen, Lizzie..... 1 00
Owen, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Page, D & D.... 5 00
Page, E S..... 1 00
Palmer, Cland... 10
Palmer, Mrs Ed.. 10
Palmer, Mrs W H 10
Palmer, Robt L.. 1 00
Palmer, Rush.... 25
Palmer, W A.... 1 00
Park, Mrs Jas... 10
Parker, E E..... 50
Parker, G C..... 1 00
Parker, Mrs J W 50
Parkhurst, Mrs J. 50
Parson, H..... 10
Parsons, Fred.... 25
Parsons, G..... 10
Parsons, Geo..... 1 00
Parsons, Mrs D L 25
Parsons, W L.... 25
Patridge, Miss L. 10
Payne, C L..... 1 00
Payne, Mrs C R.. 1 00
Peck, C A..... 5 00
Peck, Mrs Amy... 10
Peck, R & wife.. 1 35
Peckham, M H..10 00
Pells, Walter 25
Pelham, Mrs M, & Mrs Sample.. 1 20
Perkins, T C.... 1 00
Perry, H L..... 1 00
Petty, Wm..... 25
Pezzaln, Fred..... 25
Phelps, Mr & Mrs Herbert 50
Phillips, Mrs B.. 75
Phillips, Mrs H E 1 00
Phin, Mrs A.... 2 00
Phipps, Mr C.... 10
Pierson, Mrs M P 1 00
Platt, Mrs J C.. 5 00
Ploss, Bessie.... 04
Ploss, Ruth N.. 02
Pluckhorn, Miss.. 15
Polley, M F.... 1 00
Pond, Lillian.... 1 00
Porter, Mrs M.. 1 00
Post, O A..... 25
Potter, C M..... 2 00
Potter, Mrs E N 1 00
Potter, Mrs S H 1 00
Power, Mrs E.. 25
Power, Miss A.. 15
Power, Mrs G.. 10
Powers, Inez.... 10
Power, Mr and Mrs A W..... 5 00
Powers, Mrs J R 10
Pratt, D 3 00
Price, E F..... 2 00
Priest, Mrs L.... 10
Prince, Mrs..... 1 00
Prince, Mrs 1 00
Prince, Mrs..... 1 00
Putney, Mrs C.. 1 00
Pultz, Hiram A.. 1 00
Qua, F 1 00
Quarnstrum, Miss E 10
Race, F 15
Race, Mr..... 25
Radcliff, W..... 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Rands, Erwin..... 50
Randall, Mr and Mrs Chas..... 1 00
Randall, Mrs W.. 50
Rasco, E..... 10
Rasmussen, Rev J S R & Miss E J Prior..... 2 00
Rath, Peter 25
Ratnor, Mrs S P 1 00
Rauber, M 25
Ray, Mrs F A & F A, Jr..... 2 00
Raymond, A A.. 50
Raynor, W A.... 1 00
Reboul, H W....25 00
Rech, Clyde 40
Reed, Mrs N.... 25
Reese, M A..... 1 00
Renwick, Mrs H 2 00
Reynolds, E G.... 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs C 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs S C 5 00
Rhoades, B A.... 2 00
Rice, Henry..... 5 00
Rice, Mrs H.... 2 00
Rice, Mrs T B.. 2 00
Rice, Wm B..... 5 00
Richards, G P.. 50
Richards, H H.. 1 00
Richards, Mrs E 5 00
Richards, Mr and Mrs R H..... 1 00
Richmond, H C..10 00
Ricker, Mrs C.. 1 00
Ringrose, M S.. 1 00
Ripley, Rev N B 1 00
Ritter, Mrs E J 10
Robbins, Miss A H 2 00
Robbins, Mrs S E 1 00
Robertson, J R..10 00
Robinson, S C.. 40
Roff, J P..... 1 00
Rogers, Fannie.. 50
Rogers, Mrs J F 10
Rooks, C..... 50
Ropeter, Mrs B.. 10
Ropeter, Mrs S.. 05
Rose, Mrs..... 10
Rosecrans, Mrs Dr A..... 50
Rosenberg, G W I 00
Rossiter, Thos.. 02
Rowe, Mrs E.... 5 00
Rugg, Hiram.... 50
Ruhl, F W..... 1 00
Russell, John.... 50
Rutherford, M J. 50
Safford, Mrs A R 1 00
Sanderson, Mrs L P..... 15
Sands, Mrs C.... 1 00
Sanford, Mrs G L 10
Sanford, S Emily 2 00
Saporito, Chas.. 50
Saner, Adam.... 25
Saunders, Mrs E M 5 00
Savage, Mrs L... 25
Savin, Ed..... 25
Sawyer, Mrs H.. 25
Sawyer, Mrs H.. 25
Sawyer, Mrs W H 1 00
Schneck, Mrs B..10 00
Schiff, Miss S.... 50
Schnell, Mrs A... 10
Schmidt, Louis.. 1 00
Schultz, A L.... 1 00
Schutt, Mrs Lulu. 10
Schutt, Miss P... 25
Schwartz, J J.... 5 00
Scott, Mrs Chas. 2 00
Scott, D A..... 4 00
Scott, F M..... 14
Scott, M S..... 2 00
Scott, Mrs R.... 1 00
Scribner, A C.... 5 00
Searles, P..... 10
Sears, T A..... 1 00
Senior, Mr Luther 1 00
Sergent, Nellie B 1 00
Shaw, Mrs S M.. 50
Shaw, Mr & Mrs Wm H..... 2 00
Sheerar, Rev J B & wife..... 2 00
Sheffer, Mrs H.. 05
Sheffs, Mrs Jno.. 50
Shekey, F A..... 1 00
Shelton, Hannah. 1 00
Sherman, E A... 1 00
Sherman, G W.. 25
Sherwood, Miss.. 1 50
Sherwood, E G...1 00
Shields, J J..... 1 00
Shields, W C.... 2 00
Shnler, Geo..... 1 00
Shults, Edward.. 05
Shultz, G H..... 1 00
Shute, Mrs F W. 1 00
Sibbett, Mrs A.. 25
Sickles, Mrs H... 10
Siglar, Beulah D. 15
Siglar, Esther M. 05
Siglar, Gracie E.. 05
Siglar, Myrtle E. 02
Silvernail, A A.. 50
Silvernail, Mr & Mrs C H..... 1 50
Simkin, M A & Sisters 3 25
Simon, Mrs Carl. 5 00
Sissingham, E... 25
Sivenson, Miss E 50
Sleath, Mrs W... 1 00
Sly, J V..... 25
Sly, M L..... 50
Smart, Mrs T.... 25
Smith, Miss A... 25
Smith, Mrs A E. 50
Smith, A P..... 1 00
Smith, E J..... 1 00
Smith, E K..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs E M 2 00
Smith, Fred..... 2 00
Smith, Garrett . 25
Smith, Geo M... 2 00
Smith, H..... 2 00
Smith, H..... 25
Smith, Harvey... 76
Smith, I F..... 2 00
Smith, Mrs J.... 10
Smith, J & Lillie 2 00
Smith, L J..... 05
Smith, Lester.... 05

NEW YORK CONT'D

Smith, Mrs L P.. 50
Smith, M O Jr.. 5 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs M P.. 2 00
Smith, Mrs P E. 1 00
Smith, Mrs S E.. 5 00
Smith, S M.. 05
Snell, Geo H.. 02
Snook, Mrs Eliz. 1 00
Snow, Jas H.. 2 00
Snyder, Mr & Mrs A F.. 1 00
Snyder, Mrs A R. 1 00
Snyder, Mrs B C. 10
Snyder, Mrs E.. 05
Snyder, Mrs J.. 1 00
Soper, E G.. 1 00
Sparling, Jas.. 1 50
Speaker, Geo M.. 2 10
Speer, Erwin L.. 1 00
Spellman, Mrs E. 15
Sprague, Mrs E A 2 00
Sprague, Mr & Mrs W E.. 2 00
Springer, Mrs L G 1 00
Stacey, Mrs M.. 1 00
Stahl, Mrs Beryl. 10
Stahl, Miss M.. 05
Stahl, Raymond.. 02
Stanton, R B.. 50
Staves, Mrs G.. 25
Stearns, Frank.. 05
Stearns, Mrs J.. 05
Stearns, Marvin. 05
Stebbins, J H.. 2 00
Steel, R D.. 25
Steele, W W.. 5 00
Steinfeld, F & Martin, Una.. 1 00
Stenquist, Miss F 1 00
Stevens, C E.. 1 00
Stevens, C H.. 53
Stewart, C A.. 5 00
Stewart, Mrs E J 5 00
Stickle, Frank.. 2 00
Stilson, C L.. 25
Stilson, E B.. 2 00
Stone, Mrs H C H. 10 00
Storer, Lyde.. 25
Storer, Mrs M G. 50
Starks, Geo F.. 2 00
Story, E M.. 25
Strainge, Mr & Mrs F J.. 1 00
Strickland, Lena. 1 00
Strong, Mrs H.. 1 00
Stuart, Mrs J H. 1 00
Sturges, G F.. 2 00
Sturges, Miss S. 1 00
Sturrock, W & P. 1 00
Sullivan, J L.. 1 00
Sunderlin, H I.. 2 00
Sutton, L.. 20
Sutton, Mrs.. 50
Swan, Miss D A. 10
Sweeney, Mrs H. 10
Switzel, Miss C.. 40
Switzel, Miss M. 40
Sybrandt, Mrs H B 1 00

Tanner, E M.. 25
Taylor, R I.. 1 00
Terry, Mrs O W. 1 00
Terwilliger, Mrs A 1 00
Thayer, A C.. 1 00
Theis, Eva N.. 15
Theis, Peter.. 50
Thiesmeyer, J D, Jr.. 1 00
Thomas, M.. 10
Thomas, Mrs F L 1 00
Thompson, Bert.. 25
Thompson, H G. 1 00
Thompson, Jas.. 1 00
Thompson, Miss B.. 50
Thompson, Miss M.. 10
Thompson, Mrs J 1 00
Thompson, Mrs J 10
Thompson, Mr & J D.. 2 00
Thompson, Mrs Mary J.. 2 00
Thompson, Mrs N 2 00
Thompson, Robt. 15
Thompson, S B.. 1 00
Throop, Mrs H E 3 00
Throop, W S.. 50
Throop, Mrs W S 50
Tiedeman, Mrs B. 1 00
Tiedeman, W E.. 2 00
Timmerman, A E 1 00
Timmerman, G A 1 00
Toaslund, Miss E 1 00
Tollett, T H.. 2 00
Torney, T C.. 50
Torrance, Miss J. 50
Tourtellott, E.. 10
Tracey, Mrs.. 50
Traver, Chas R.. 50
Traver, E G.. 1 00
Trotter, Geo S.. 10 00
Trowbridge, E L 2 00
Trumbull, Frank. 01
Trumbull, Mrs A. 10
Tunnard, Wm.. 50
Turk, Miss.. 1 00
Turner, J W.. 13
Turner, H W.. 50
Tyler, Mrs F.. 25

Underhill, H B.. 5 00
Underhill, Mrs H B.. 5 00
Unger, Minnie.. 2 00
Upham, Mrs A.. 25
Vagan, Mrs A G 1 00
Van Allen, Agnes 1 00
Van Allen, M A 1 00
Van Allen, S A. 1 00
Van Benschoten, Jay.. 2 00
Vander Poll, Mrs S O.. 10 00
Van Der Velde, Mrs. J & D.. 1 25
Van Gorder, Mrs A.. 10
Van Leuvin, J J 1 00
Van Lone, Miss I 1 00
Van Schoonhoven, E C.. 25
Van Schoonhoven, J F.. 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Van Slyke, E.. 1 00
Van Vleit, H M. 1 00
Van Vliet, W H 1 00
Van Vranken, C E 1 00
Van Wagner, Mrs W.. 1 00
Van Wormer, J.. 1 00
Vaughn, E.. 1 00
Vick, Frank.. 50
Vick, May.. 25
Viele, Rev J P.. 5 00
Vogt, Mary.. 20
Voorhees, Jas.. 1 00
Vuille, Ida.. 2 00
Waddell, John.. 50
Wakeman, Mrs H A.. 1 00
Walker, Mrs S E 1 00
Ward, Edith L.. 2 00
Ward, Mrs H.. 1 00
Ward, Mr & Mrs W F.. 1 00
Ward, R & M.. 2 00
Warriner, S N.. 2 00
Washburn, N C.. 10 00
Waterloo, Harry, Allen & Helen. 5 00
Watson, Mrs A.. 10
Watson, Mrs G W 50
Watson, Mrs G W 90
Watson, J H.. 50
Watson, Sarah L. 40
Wyse, Mrs F.. 60
Wearne, F R.. 1 50
Wearne, R L.. 5 00
Wearne, R L.. 1 00
Webster, A.. 10
Webster, H N.. 1 90
Webster, L.. 10
Webster, Mrs H N 1 00
Webster, Mrs J.. 1 00
Webster, Mrs M J 80
Webster, W C.. 1 00
Week, Seward.. 40
Weld, Genevieve.. 25
Wende, Mrs.. 20
West, Miss M.. 1 50
Wetmore, C S.. 5 00
Wheeler, Pearl E 5 00
White, M E.. 5 00
White, Dr C N.. 1 00
White, Mrs C N. 25
White, Mrs H.. 1 00
White, Mrs M E 5 00
White, Mrs W C 25
White, Walter C 50
White, Wm.. 50
Whiteford, G W 1 00
Whitney, Mrs A F 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs J R 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs E.. 50
Wilder, Mrs L B 25
Wier, Mrs E A.. 15
Williams, Jane A 2 00
Williams, Miss L. 1 00
Williamson, Chas. 25
Williamson, Mrs S C.. 1 00
Williamson, W C 1 00
Wills, Mrs W H 1 00
Wilson, E H.. 50
Wilson, John.. 1 00
Wilson, J P.. 1 00
Wilson, Mrs J P. 1 00
Withey, Roy.. 25
Wittemeier, Mr & Mrs H.. 2 00
Wood, Ezra J.. 1 00
Woods, J J.. 50
Woodard, A N.. 15
Wood Bros.. 1 00
Woodruff, C B.. 25
Woolever, Mrs C 2 00
Worth, M J.. 1 50
Wraight, Mrs S.. 1 00
Wright, C.. 1 00
Wright, J A.. 50
Wright, Rev R C 1 00
Yates, M A.. 1 00
Yates, Wm J.. 5 00
Yost, Mrs C.. 2 00
Youngs, Mrs T.. 1 00
Yump, Mrs G M. 50
Zuckmier, Mrs A 25
Zwald, John.. 20
Augusta, Coxsackie.. 1 00
Aunt Phoebe, N Y City.. 1 00
Daphne, Z, Troy. 1 00
Earl and Baby, Jamestown.. 1 12
Eddie, W Hampton Beach.. 1 00
Elizabeth, Herkimer.. 1 00
Jennie M B, Rochester.. 1 00
Katharine, Kingston.. 2 00
Little Miriam, Niskayma.. 10
Madeleine, Yonkers.. 5 00
Master Andreini.. 1 00
Morehead, N Y City.. 50
Packer, Floral Park.. 25
Victor & Willard, Port Jervis.. 50
C B P & family, Sanitaria Spgs.. 2 50
C D G, Floral Park.. 25
C H S, Floral Park.. 25
C K, Freeport.. 5 00
C L E, N Y C.. 5 00
C M W, Yonkers. 1 00
C N L, Floral Park.. 25
C & K, Gallatin. 2 00
A, Brooklyn.. 25
A, Trumansburg.. 1 00
A A M, Brooklyn 1 00
A B C, Floral Park.. 25
Mrs A C C, Clyde 2 00
A H G, Floral Park.. 25
A M, Brooklyn.. 1 00
A M B, Whitesboro.. 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

A M H, Southport 50
A M H, New York 1 00
A P, New York.. 25 00
A R C, Watertown.. 1 00
D B, Floral Park 25
D R H, Floral Park.. 25
E A S, Slateville.. 50
E B, Floral Park 15
E C, Plattsburg. 1 00
E G C, Sing Sing 10
E L, Brooklyn.. 1 00
E L S, Stevensville.. 1 00
E M B, Hancock 2 00
E M M, Floral Park.. 25
E S M, Floral Park.. 25
E N, Floral Park 25
E U C, Brooklyn, N Y.. 2 00
E W, West New Brighton.. 1 00
F H C, Sing Sing 10
F J D, Crittenden 1 00
F M B, Morristown.. 1 00
F M U, Flatbush 1 00
F R E, New York 2 50
G A H, Floral Park.. 25
G A L, N Y City. 10 00
G H D, Floral Park.. 25
G H D, Floral Park.. 25
G H L, White Plains.. 1 00
G M C, Buffalo.. 1 00
G M R, Albany.. 1 00
G R, Floral Park 25
G V, Floral Park 25
H, East Otto.. 1 00
H A A, New York 1 00
H J M, New York City.. 2 00
H S C, Brooklyn 1 00
H S M, Plattsbrg 1 00
I S, N Y City.. 10 00
I S H, Floral Park.. 25
J A, Floral Park 25
J A F, White Plains.. 1 00
J E D, Hempstead 2 00
J H N, Floral Park.. 25
J J Y N, Floral Park.. 25
J L C, Floral Park.. 25
J N H, Floral Park.. 25
J S, Floral Park 15
J S & wife, Mt Vernon.. 10 00
J T T, N Y C.. 1 00
K L, Brooklyn.. 1 00
L A Q, Palisades 1 00
L B, Floral Park 15
L C, Brooklyn.. 1 00
L H K, Albion.. 4 00
L L H, Rochester 50
L M J, Glenville 1 00
L R P, Utica.. 1 00
L S, Sing Sing.. 25
M A, —.. 25
M A McB, Brockport.. 5 00
M A & H V, Niskayanna.. 2 00
M A W, Deposit.. 2 00
M C I, Brooklyn 60
M C M, —.. 1 00
M E S, N Y C.. 1 00
M F C, Nyack N Y.. 1 00
M H, Port Chester 2 00
M L E, Queens.. 1 00
M M, Antwerp.. 2 00
M M, N Y City.. 40
Mrs M M A, Groveland.. 2 00
M M C.. 5 00
M & P, Athens.. 6 00
N C M, Nunda, N Y.. 2 00
N J, Brooklyn.. 1 00
N V S, Floral Park.. 25
P A F, Albion.. 5 00
P V D, N Y City 1 00
R T H, New York 1 00
S B, Floral Park 25
S B, Floral Park 25
S H V, Niskayma 1 00
S J C, "I H N".. 5 00
S T W, Palmyra. 2 00
T A M, Brooklyn 2 00
T B, Brooklyn.. 4 00
T H C, Brooklyn. 2 00
U N W, Newburgh.. 1 00
V C, Mannsville. 5 00
W H T, Floral Park.. 25
W N B, Floral Park.. 40
W W S, Avon, N Y.. 1 00
"X," Honseville.. 5 00
X, Montour Falls 1 00
X W, Watkins.. 1 00
X Y Z, Floral Park.. 25
X Y Z, The Parlor Village.. 1 00
Mrs A F, New York.. 1 00
Mrs E D, Mt Vernon.. 1 00
Mrs E M, Clayville.. 1 00
Mrs F G M, Sidney.. 3 00
Mrs G, Floral Park.. 25
Mrs L A D, Rome 26
Mrs L M H O, Pompey.. 1 00
Mrs M E O, Pompey.. 2 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Mrs T D, Mt Vernon.. 25
Mr Chas G, Cohoes, N Y.. 50
Mr & Mrs A L B, Allentown.. 10 00
—, Amityville.. 25
—, Anburn.. 1 00
—, Auburn.. 2 00
—, Brooklyn.. 1 00
—, Brooklyn.. 2 00
—, Brooklyn.. 2 00
—, Brooklyn.. 5 00
—, Brooklyn.. 1 00
—, Chazy.. 2 00
—, Cochecton.. 05
—, E Hamilton. 1 00
—, Elmira.. 25
—, Essex.. 30
—, Flatland Neck.. 10
—, Greenpoint.. 1 00
—, Henderson Harbor.. 1 00
—, Holley.. 1 00
—, Ithaca.. 1 00
—, Kingston.. 1 00
—, Lansingburgh 1 00
—, Lockport.. 10
—, Moravia.. 5 00
—, New Berlin.. 5 00
—, New London 1 00
—, New York.. 5 00
—, New York.. 1 00
—, New York.. 1 00
N Y C.. 10 00
—, Plattsburg.. 1 00
—, Port Henry.. 5 00
—, Poughkeepsie 1 00
—, Potsdam.. 50
Rome.. 1 00
—, Schuyler.. 2 00
—, Saugerties.. 1 00
—, Utica.. 5 00
—, Victory Mills 50
—, Waterville.. 1 00
—, Watertown.. 1 00
—, West Galway.. 1 00
Anon, Clymer.. 1 00
Anon, —.. 1 00
Cash, Elmira.. 1 00
Cash, Floral Park 25
Cash, Floral Park 15
Cash, Floral Park 30
Cash, Floral Park 25
Cash, Horseheads 25
Cash, Lockport.. 50
Cash, New York.. 2 00
Cash, Sing Sing.. 05
Cash, Sing Sing.. 10
For Christ's Sake, Lansingburgh.. 1 00
For Jesus' Sake, Linlithgo.. 1 00
For the Name of Jesus, Hoosick Falls.. 1 00
A Friend, Albany 1 00
A Friend, Almond 1 00
A Friend, Brooklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Brooklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Buffalo 1 00
A Friend, Candor 2 00
A Friend, Clinton Corners.. 50
A Friend, Cohoes 05
A Friend, Florence.. 1 00
A Friend, Glen Falls.. 1 00
A Friend, Lyons. 60
A Friend, Lyons. 50
A Friend, Middletown.. 2 00
A Friend, New York.. 5 00
A Friend, New York.. 1 00
A Friend, N Y City.. 50
A Friend, Port Richmond.. 2 00
A Friend, Rensselaer Falls.. 1 00
A Friend, Rochester.. 1 00
A Friend, Sing Sing.. 5 00
A Friend, Thurston.. 1 00
A Friend, Towanda.. 50
A Friend, Tremont.. 1 26
Friend, Albany.. 1 00
Friend, Applegate 1 00
Friend, Auburn.. 1 00
Friend, Camden.. 2 00
Friend, Centerport 50
Friend, Dalton.. 1 00
Friend, Dannemora 1 00
Friend, Dannemora 10
Friend, Elmira.. 5 00
Friend, Harford Mills.. 2 00
Friend, Jamestown.. 1 00
Friend, Luzerne.. 10
Friend, New York 5 00
Friend, N Y City 20
Friend, Oswego.. 7 00
Friend, Oswego.. 1 00
Friend, Poughkeepsie.. 1 00
Friend, Sonyea.. 2 00
Friend, Troy.. 50 00
Friend, Utica.. 1 00
Friend, Wellsville. 10 00
Friend, Westernville.. 2 00
Friend, West New Brighton.. 25
Friend, Westport. 60
Friend, G, North Tonawanda.. 1 00
Friend L L S, Cherry Valley.. 5 00
A Friend I H N, Port Chester.. 1 00
A Friend to the Suffering Ones, Syracuse.. 2 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

An Interested Friend, Brockport.. 5 00
Friend & Reader, Arcade.. 25
Friends, Augusta. 2 00
Friends, Otego.. 70
Friends, Southampton.. 4 51
Friends, Stony Brook.. 18 81
Friends, Stuyvesant.. 2 00
Two Friends, Bkn 1 00
Two Friends, Jamestown.. 1 50
Two Friends, Syracuse.. 1 00
Two Friends, Syracuse.. 10 00
Two Friends, Towanda.. 10
Three Friends, Watervliet.. 2 00
Four Friends, Elba.. 1 50
Seven Friends, Towanda.. 75
In the Name of Jesus, Scotch Hill.. 1 00
I H N, Brooklyn. 1 00
I H N, Brooklyn. 1 00
I H N, Catharine. 2 00
I H N, Dannemora 50
In H N, E Hempstead.. 70
I H N, Eldred.. 1 00
"I H N," Fulton 1 00
I H N & In Mem of Herman, Hudson.. 5 00
I H N, Pt Jervis. 2 00
I H N, Sag Harbor 1 75
I H N, Sing Sing 10
I H N, Sing Sing 14
I H N, Union.. 5 00
I H N, Yaphank, L I.. 1 00
Reader, Fultonville 1 00
Reader, Potter Hill 1 00
Readers of New York Herald.. 5 00
Constant Reader, Spencertown.. 1 00
Three Readers, Lowville.. 2 00
Subr, Higginsville 1 00
Sympathizer, Bkln 2 00
Sympathizer, Corning.. 1 00
Sympathizer, Pine Bush.. 2 00
A Welch Woman, N Y C.. 1 00
A Sister, Rose.. 40
Rector St James Ch, Ft Edward. 5 00
In Memory of little Adella, Oswego. 5 00
A Missionary, Bkn 7 00
Individual Subs, Lloyd.. 6 75
Cheerful Giver, Dannemora.. 1 00
A Mother, Morristown.. 1 00
The King's Daughters, Fairport.. 3 00
The Lord's Tenth, Dannemora.. 1 00
Rector of St James Ch, Ft Edward. 37 00
A Teacher, Roslyn 1 00
In Memory of Sister Jennie, Babylon.. 5 00
Christians, Norway.. 9 00
With Thanksgiving, Jamestown. 5 00
A Disciple, Lansingburg.. 4 00
A Widow, Elmira 1 00
Some Teachers & Scholars of Un Sch, Vernon.. 2 01
Nurse, New York 1 00
Tenth Giver, West Brighton.. 1 00
Buds of Promise, Windham.. 10 00
Poor Old Woman, N Y C.. 1 00
A loving dau of the King, Williamstown.. 5 00
Two Sisters, —. 2 00
Danghs of Grace, Morganville.. 4 00
Mem of Cong Pres Ch, Romulus.. 3 50
Mt Lebanon and W Pittsfield Shakers.. 63 56
French Evan Ch, Woodhaven.. 21 80
Presby Ch, Onondoga Hill.. 9 10
Bapt Ch, Hoosick 5 00
U B Meth & Bapt Ch, Frewsburg. 15 00
Presby Ch, East Maine.. 14 00
Bapt Ch, Watkins 11 02
First Presby Ch, Liberty.. 15 00
Kirkland Pres Ch, Clinton.. 20 00
First Cong Ch, Rensselaer.. 5 00
Reformed Ch.. 10 30
Pleasant Cor Bapt Ch, Frederic.. 17 40
Reformed Ch, Claverack.. 11 44
North Rush Christian Church.. 11 50
Pres S S, Romulus. 26 50
Mt Lebanon S S Children.. 3 00
Infant Class Calvary Bapt Ch, N Y C.. 85
Horsehead Bap SS 9 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Kindergarten S S Un Meth Ch, N Y C.. 75
S S French Evan Ch, Woodhaven. 11 09
S S & C E Soc of Ft Edward Bapt Church.. 10 00
Class No 40 Park Ave Bapt Ch, Rochester.. 27 00
Class 20 Pres Ch, Rochester.. 5 00
Howland Prim Cl of Bapt Ch, Manchester.. 2 00
Philethea Class W Bapt Ch, Oswego 2 00
Mr Cox's Bible Cl St Luke's M E Ch, Albany.. 2 00
U B S S, Harrls Hill.. 5 00
Kingsboro Ave Presby Ch S S, Gloversville.. 10 00
So W Oswego M E S S.. 9 20
Sch District No 5, Oswego Town.. 4 00
Graded School, Canadea.. 2 00
Pleasant Valley U S S, Taggart.. 8 21
Seventh Day Bapt S S, Brookfield. 5 00
Pres S S, Roslyn. 8 00
Fluvanna S S.. 10 00
Milton Ave S S, Lloyd.. 2 00
Riverside S S, Lloyd.. 8 25
Highland M E S S 7 50
Highland Pres S S 7 00
Vineyard Ave S S, Lloyd.. 2 00
Lloyd M E S S.. 1 00
Pres S S of Shelter Island.. 8 50
M E S S, Henrietta.. 5 25
Amboy Pres Ch S S, Belle Isle.. 15 73
Ep Lea Chapt 911, Flushing.. 14 00
Y P S C E of 1st Pres Ch, Gilbertville.. 2 20
Mothers' Meeting at Romeyn Chapel, New York.. 4 00
Union C E S, Dairyland.. 5 00
L's A Soc Luth Ch, Maryland.. 5 00
West Brighton Y P S C E.. 10 00
Trenton Ep Lea.. 6 75
Gardiner Miss Aux & C E Soc of Reformed Church. 7 55
Y P S C E, Hunt's Corners.. 5 35
Epw Leag Soc, Wyoming.. 1 55
Moravian C E Soc New Dorp.. 7 00
Trilataur Debating Soc, Ebenezer.. 2 50
Ladies' Committee, Stamford.. 75 11
C E Soc of Aquebogue Cong Ch, Riverhead.. 10 00
K D Soc, Washingtonville.. 5 00
Sr C E Soc Pres Ch, Gloversville. 5 00
Jr C E Soc Pres Ch & personal conts, Gloversville.. 26 80
Whatsoever Cir of K D, Rhinebeck 5 00
W C T U Cottage Prayer Meeting, Olean.. 11 00
K D Cir of the Cross, Waterloo. 5 00
S S Cl of small boys, Corinth.. 80
Jr C E of Villa Road Bapt Ch, Schenectady.. 11 00
Inasmuch Cir of K D's, Brooklyn.. 1 00
Y P S E of Presby Ch, East Constable.. 3 40
School Children & Friends, Huntington, L I.. 5 00
Y P S C E, W Candor.. 1 00
J C E Soc Refd Ch, New Paltz. 1 00
W C T U, Richmondville.. 2 00
Jackson Sanitorium Chapel of K D, Dansville. 20 00
Y P S C E and Friends & Sympathizers, Eddytown.. 6 50
Bapt Y P S C E, Walesville.. 3 40
12th St Ref Jr C E Soc & Friends, Brooklyn.. 8 00
Jr C E Soc of Pres Ch, col by, Hannibal.. 11 50
C E Soc of Free Will Bapt Ch, N Lawrence.. 2 66
E Durham C E Soc.. 4 00
C E Soc, Orient, L I.. 5 00
C E Soc, La Fayette.. 11 67
Ladies' Missy Soc, Orient, L I.. 5 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Jr Lea, No Lewis 2 00
Ladies' Missy Soc, Hopkinton.. 30 00
Y P S C E U, Ogdensburg.. 25 00
Bible Cl of Bapt Ch, Friendship. 6 50
Highland Pres C E Soc.. 6 00
Y C T U, Elmira Heights.. 4 00
Jr Epw Leag, Shushan.. 1 00
Amaryllis Charmed Circle of Alloway, Lyons.. 7 15
S Lyons Miss Soc. 15 00
Opportunity Circle of K D's, Jamestown.. 5 00
Y P S C E of Bapt Ch, Fenner 4 25
Jr C E of 1st Moravian Church, Stapleton.. 2 00
K D of the Cordial Ten, Fairport.. 3 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Abrams, J H.. 5 00
Adams, Mrs F.. 50
Adams, M I, W Herbert.. 2 00
Addleman, F.. 50
Agnew, E.. 2 00
Ake, D.. 05
Ake, J.. 05
Ake, M.. 15
Alexander, Chloe 1 00
Allen, Mrs J M 50
Allen, R H.. 1 00
Allender, H.. 15
Amberson, Miss M 4 00
Amos, Mrs.. 25
Andre, Dr S N.. 1 00
Anderson, A.. 1 00
Anderson, Miss I. 50
Anderson, M D.. 1 00
Andrews, Mrs H W.. 1 00
Andrews, M.. 25
Andrews, Mrs M 1 00
Andrews, Wm.. 1 00
Amiegh, Mr.. 05
Appel, W H & Wife.. 10 00
Appley, Amasa.. 2 00
Armstrong, Miss Eleanor.. 1 00
Armstrong, Miss Grace.. 1 00
Armstrong, Dr J A.. 2 00
Armstrong, Mrs John A.. 1 00
Armstrong, W B 1 00
Arnold, H.. 25
Arnold, Rev P.. 30
Arters, Edgar D.. 1 00
Ash, Chas.. 25
Ashmore, Mrs T J 1 00
Ashton, Laura E & Pupils.. 5 00
Aslibudge, E.. 1 00
Atkinson, Mrs S. 10
Austine, A.. 50
Austine, H E.. 50
Babcock, Mrs M. 25
Bachman, J.. 1 00
Bacon, Mary R.. 1 00
Bailey, Mrs E D. 5 00
Bailey, M.. 25
Baird, Mrs G H. 1 00
Baker, Mrs.. 10
Baker, Miss Anna 1 00
Baker, Chas J.. 50
Baker, Mrs S.. 50
Baker, Wm.. 10
Ball, Mrs C D.. 2 00
Barden, Mrs J M 50
Bare, A J.. 1 00
Bare, Geo.. 25
Bare, L M.. 50
Bargar, Miles J.. 90
Barger, Baby S. 10
Barger, Mrs C.. 1 00
Barger, Master C 50
Bargh, Jno.. 5 00
Barnard, H T.. 10
Barnard, J T.. 25
Barnes, Mr & Mrs J J.. 2 00
Barnett, Wm.. 2 00
Barney, H M.. 1 00
Barnhart, R A.. 1 00
Barnhart, T F.. 5 00
Baruitz, Dora.. 2 00
Baruitz, Margie.. 3 00
Barr, E.. 25
Barrett, W L.. 1 00
Barrow, P M.. 1 00
Bartine, Rachel E, Mother and Sister.. 10 00
Bartlebough, A W 15
Bartley, M.. 1 00
Bashline, O R.. 1 00
Basom, H S and Wife.. 2 00
Bassler, K A.. 1 00
Batterson, Miss J 1 00
Batterman, M.. 10
Batterman, Wm. 10
Batson, Jr Jos.. 1 00
Batton, Mrs.. 1 00
Baxter, Alva.. 25
Beamer, Mrs M.. 2 00
Beatty, Anna D.. 1 00
Beatty, C S.. 1 00
Beatty, T.. 50
Beck, Chas.. 25
Beck, S J.. 1 00
Bechtel, Mrs Dr J Y.. 2 00
Behrens, Jos E.. 50
Bell, B G.. 1 00
Bell, C R.. 50
Benbow, Wm.. 10 00
Benedict, O S.. 5 00
Benedict, S.. 50
Benedict, T.. 50
Bennell, Mrs R J. 25 00
Berry, L D.. 1 00
Besley, G C.. 2 00

PENNA. CONT'D

Bezler, J G 50
Black, Hugh 5 00
Blackburn, Mrs . 50
Blackmon, R 1 25
Blair, Alice 25
Blaker, C C 30
Blancherd, Mrs A 25
Blanning, Wm. . 10 00
Blistine, J L 1 00
Blizzard, Isaac.. 25
Boice, K A 1 00
Bolles, Mrs C.... 1 00
Bolles, Edgar W 2 00
Bolles, Mr L R.. 1 00
Bolles, Miss R S. 50
Bolles, Scott ... 25
Booth, Mrs S W C 2 00
Botdorf, Jno H.. 10 00
Bower, Mrs A .. 5 00
Bower, A E 2 00
Bower, Mrs L .. 1 00
Bowers, C D ... 50
Bowie, Mrs 10
Bowie, Anna 25
Bowman, A G .. 2 00
Bowman, Mrs A K 1 00
Bowman, D 50
Boyd, Nancy 1 00
Braden, Chas ... 25
Bradford, Fordy. 25
Bradford, I F... 25
Bradford, Jno ... 25
Bradford, L 25
Bradford, S 25
Brandt, D L 1 00
Brelsford, W D.. 2 00
Bressler, Mr 10
Bretz, Miss Ella. 25
Brice, J B 1 00
Broadbelt, A 50
Bromback, H.... 50
Brookbank, J O & Family 26 50
Brown, Earl 25
Brown, Mrs C B. 1 00
Brown, Mrs J S. 5 00
Brown, J Shields 5 00
Brown, Miss M J 1 00
Brown, M L 50
Brown, M S 10
Brown, Mary J.. 5 00
Brown, Mrs N .. 1 00
Brown, Mrs P K 25
Brownfield, O R . 2 00
Brubaker, E 5 00
Brubaker, Edith. 10
Brubaker, Jesse.. 25
Brubaker, Mrs M 2 00
Brubaker, R..... 02
Brubaker, Rufus I 00
Bryden, A A ...10 00
Bucher, L A 1 00
Bucks, Deborah.. 1 60
Buerley, Harry.. 2 00
Bull, Mrs H 50
Bush, M S 1 00
Byers, I S 25
Caldwell, Mrs A J 3 00
Calkins, Mrs 25
Calvin, Mrs J A. 50
Campbell, D B .. 25
Campbell, F E .. 2 00
Campbell, J 50
Campbell, M A.. 1 00
Campbell, R S G 1 00
Campbell, Mrs S. 50
Carmichael, Geo 1 00
Carpenter, Miss M 25
Carpenter, Mrs S J 1 00
Carr, Mrs L 25
Carroll, R E 1 00
Carson, Miss C M 50
Carson, J S 1 00
Carson, L 25
Carson, Mabel L. 50
Catherman, F M 10
Cauffman, Mrs E 1 00
Cauffman, Mrs J 1 00
Caye, Miss Edua and Sister 1 50
Chadderton, J A 50
Chadderton, Wm 50
Chalker, Arthur A 1 00
Chamberlin, Mrs B C 10
Chamberlin, C W 25
Champlin, Carroll 50
Champlin, Paul.. 50
Chesebro, E P .. 1 00
Christy, Mrs 25
Churchman, J B 1 50
Clark, Mr W F. 50
Clark, Mr & Mrs W H 1 00
Clearwater, Mrs R 2 00
Clevelaud, Mrs A 25
Clewell, A N 1 00
Clewell, E H ... 5 00
Close, G B 1 00
Clow, Mrs J A... 1 00
Coad, Miss Olive 1 00
Coates, Fred 25
Cochran, I 2 00
Coe, Cyrus W.... 2 00
Collins, M A 25
Confer, J G 1 00
Confer, W J 1 00
Conlan, Thos 10
Connor, Jas 25
Connor, Joe 25
Cook, G 25
Cook, Jacob 50
Cooke, I L 1 00
Coon, Mrs John.. 1 00
Coons, Sam W.. 1 00
Cooper, Miss K.. 3 00
Costello, Fred .. 05
Cowdrietz, Mrs M W 50
Coxey, Jas H ... 5 00
Crawford, Agnes.57 25
Cramer, C E 20
Criswell, Mrs J.. 50
Crawford, M 50
Crawford, O 50
Crawford, O C .. 1 00
Crosby, D H ... 5 00
Crosby, F C 5 00
Crosby, F Clair.. 5 00
Crosby, W E 5 00
Crosby, Mrs W D 5 00
Cross, R W 1 00
Crothers Mrs E P 25
Culbertson, E .. 25
Currie, Mrs 1 00
Curry, James.... 25
Cutshall, Misses Minnie & Bessie 1 00
Daniels, Benj .. 5 00
Dauner, A E 5 00
Daugherty, S.... 25
Davitt, Mrs 25
Davis, Mrs 25
Davis, Mrs B ... 25
Davis, Miss Delta 50
Davis, Mrs F .. 37
Davis, Mrs H ... 25
Davis, M A 2 00
Davis, W A 6 00
Day, Judson, ... 1 00
Decker, B 25
Decker, Mrs S M 5 00
Degayne, A 25
Deitz, G F 10
Denholm, T 50
Dewitt, E V 50
Dickson, Marg.. 5 00
Diffenderfer, E.. 10
Diggs, Arthur .. 15
Dinsmore, M 50
Disney, Miss L.. 25
Donds, Miss L W 1 00
Donds, Mrs R.... 1 00
Donds, W L 1 00
Dougherty, Mrs.. 25
Doughty, H and Wife 2 00
Dougherty, W H 50
Douglass, Mr 10
Douthett, Mrs .. 25
Douty, C & Wife 2 00
Draper, C H.... 25
Dreisback, Mrs Adina R 1 00
Dreisback, Miss Eva C 1 00
Dreisback, F S.. 1 00
Drummond, J G. 26
Drummoud, Mrs J 50
Drummond, Rev Jas 50
Duffy, J C 25
Dulebohn, Jno G 1 00
Dun, Mrs Laura . 10
Dunshee, Miss .. 25
Dunsmore, R E.. 2 00
Dyer, John W.. 2 00
Dyer, Mrs R L.. 50
Eberhart, J B... 1 00
Edgar, Nettie ... 25
Eglinton, F S.... 25
Ellenburger, H.. 25
Ellenburger, Miss G 10
Ellenburger Mrs M 25
Ellenburger, W.. 25
Ellinger, G 50
Elliott, Mrs J N 25
Ellis, S 15
Emory, E 1 00
English, R E.... 1 00
Erb, Celinda ... 2 00
Eva, Rev Thos.. 50
Evans, J W 1 00
Everly, S 10
Fahnestock, Mrs L C 1 00
Fahriser, V 2 00
Falkner, Miss E. 05
Farrow, H R L. 1 00
Fawcett Mrs W J 2 00
Fay, W 05
Feldman, M 50
Feldstein, Wm .. 50
Fellows, Mrs S.. 1 00
Femstermaker, W 50
Ferner Bros 10 00
Fertuer, J Jr ... 1 00
Field, O 25
Fife, Miss M 50
Fife, M 50
Fluch, C A 25
Fink, J H 1 00
Finney, Gertrude 2 00
Fisk, Mrs J E .. 10
Fish, Mrs L 25
Fish, R E 5 00
Fisher, Mrs A J. 1 00
Fisher, J G 50
Fisher, John 25
Fleming, Miss Lenora Olive 1 00
Flocker, Mrs E S 1 00
Floyd, Mrs C ... 1 00
Fluck, P 50
Fly, Chas J 1 00
Foote, D B 1 00
Foote, S L 1 00
Foresman, Miss A R 25
Foster, J S 25
Foster, Miss Viola 10
Foster, Will 25
Fox, Chas 2 00
Fox, Daily 25
Fox, Jno 25
Frederick, G A.. 25
Free, Dr J L 2 00
Freeland, Miss J 5 00
Freeman, Harry. 2 00
Frey, A I 2 00
Frey, M C 25
Frey, R D 1 00
Frey, Mrs R D.. 1 00
Frink, Mr T M.. 50
Fritz, John 5 00
Fry, Wm B..... 5 00
Fulton, H S 50
Fulton, Jas 25
Fulton, Mrs M .. 2 00
Fulton, Mrs T B 5 00
Fulton, Thos B.. 5 00
Furry, David 10
Gabriel, Miss L.. 25
Galbreath, A J... 25
Gallagher, Peter. 1 00
Garfinkle, C 25
Garloch, Mr & Mrs G 2 00
Garner, A D 25
Garrette, Mrs M W 1 00
Garviu, J 05
Gehman, Miss Margie E 1 00
Geissinger, Mrs E 2 00
Geist, Mrs M C.. 2 00
Gemmill, Mrs L H 25
Gensimere, M M. 25
George, N S 2 00
Gerber, S P 10
Gettler, J S 1 00
Gibson, Mrs G G 5 00
Gibson, Ira E .. 50
Gibson, James... 1 00
Gibson, Mrs M.. 50
Gibson, Sarah B 1 00
Gilkison, B S .. 50
Gilkison, Mrs E.. 50
Gildersleeve, Mrs I B 50
Gill Family 7 00
Gilmore, Mr 75
Giugrich, D M.. 1 00
Given, C 50
Given, Thos 50
Glenn, M M..... 50
Goodrich, D 25
Goss, Mr & Mrs Ed 5 00
Gould, Amy 40
Gould, Frank ... 1 00
Gourley, Mrs J..10 00
Graham, Mrs 50
Graham, Constance 20
Graham, Mrs Elizzia K 2 00
Graham, Mrs W A 2 00
Graham, W A & Corbett, A G.. 2 00
Gray, C G 50
Gregg, Mrs F 50
Gregg, Mabel & Willis 50
Gregory, E 5 00
Grier, Ella A 1 00
Grier, John 5 00
Grillis, P E 25
Grimshaw, Chas. 1 00
Grove, Miss R... 1 00
Grove, Wm 10
Gruver, Mrs A.. 1 00
Gulick, Mrs S S. 1 00
Gump, A 25
Gump, J C 50
Gump, Moss 25
Haas, Ida 25
Haertter, E H... 05
Hagadorn, C C .. 10
Hagenbuck, Mrs E A 1 00
Hahn, Mrs, and Warner, Mrs .. 8 00
Haines, A H 1 00
Hale, H W 1 00
Hall, Mrs L 25
Hall, Miss M E.. 1 00
Hamilton, Ruth. 1 00
Hammond, Ch .. 2 00
Hanna, H W 1 00
Hanna, J L 5 00
Hannah, Miss A M 05
Hannah, J M 05
Hanny, Mrs 10
Hano, Harry 25
Harding, Geo....15 00
Harley, Grace .. 25
Harling, Miss M. 25
Harman, B S... 1 00
Harper, S 10
Harple, H F 85
Harpster, F 05
Harpster, Geo W 20
Harris, Mrs Mary 25
Hart, Mrs John.. 1 00
Hartley, J 25
Hartman, G 1 00
Hartman, John I 2 00
Hartman, S 2 00
Hartsell, A 25
Hartzell, J A ... 1 00
Hatfield, Alice ..10 00
Hatfield, E 1 00
Hatfield, M..... 1 25
Hawk, Charles .. 1 00
Hawkins, Mrs N. 1 00
Hays, Jas 25
Hayward, R W . 50
Heagle, Mr 05
Heasley, A 50
Heckler, A H ... 50
Heckman, G W..10 00
Heikes, Miss P.. 15
Henderson, Mrs Mary, Nora L & Mary M 3 00
Hend'ckson, Sharon 25
Hepler, J M 25
Herchelroth, J G 5 00
Hernon, F B.... 25
Herr, W H 50
Heyer, M B 1 00
Hibbard, Wm ... 50
Hibbs, Clara 25
Hibbs, Mrs G L.. 1 00
Hibbs, Hannah .. 1 00
Hice, K G and Mother 3 00
Hickman, Abbie. 1 00
Hickman, Anna.. 1 00
Hickman, Annie. 1 00
Hickman, Earle.. 1 00
Hickman, Eva .. 1 00
Hickman, F 25
Hickman, Heber. 1 00
Hickman, John.. 1 00
Hickman, Mrs J 3 00
Hickman, Jos ... 5 00
Hickman, Maggie 1 00
Hickman, Sadie.. 1 00
Hickok, Geo 10
Hill, Edmund.... 2 00
Hillbish, Mrs S T 1 00
Hilliard, R 25
Hinch, Fred 25
Hinchman, Chas. 50
Hinchman, Jos .. 3 00
Hirsch, Joe 1 00
Hoff, Bonsyl ... 25
Hoffecker, Sidney M 50
Hoffman, Mrs ... 10
Hoffman, J M... 2 00
Hofins, Mrs..... 15
Holcomb, E 1 00
Hollam, M 50
Hollis, H 50
Homadieu, J N.. 1 00
Homan, Mrs J H 50
Honesdale Ep Lge21 03
Honsacker, Louis 1 00
Hoover, Miss E L 50
Hope, E H 6 00
Hopewell, Miss Cora 1 ..... 1 75
Horner, Lewis .. 10
Horton, Mr & Mrs S 50
Hosack, H H.... 1 00
Hoskins, Mrs J.. 05
Houck, E 20
Houck, F A 25
Honck, J S 10
Houck, Mrs M E 10
Houck, R M ... 10
Houck, Miss S E 10
Howe, A L 1 00
Howell, J A and Sallie 2 00
Hoyt, W J 1 00
Hudson, H 50
Hudson, Jno 25
Huey, A F..... 1 00
Huey, Althea 1 00
Huey, C B 1 00
Huey, Geo W.. 1 00
Hughes, E A 1 00
Hulett, Mrs H L 1 00
Hulley, E 5 00
Humiston, E C.. 1 00
Humphreville, H L 5 00
Humphrey, A.... 1 00
Hunt, Hannah M 1 00
Hunt, Mary J .. 3 00
Hunt, William . 1 00
Hunter, Miss 1 00
Hunter, Isabel.. 1 00
Hutchison, Mrs M 1 00
Hutchison, Mrs S E 2 00
Hyde, George ... 1 00
Ireland, A C ... 5 00
Ireland, Mrs A C 5 00
Irvin, Jno 10
Irwin, J A 50 00
Irwin, Mrs S H.. 1 00
Isiminger, Mr .. 50
Jackson, Mrs W J 1 00
James, R 3 00
Jocalman, C H ... 10
John, J L..... 1 00
John, Reason 1 00
Johnson, Miss C. 25
Johnson, Miss M. 1 00
Johnson, W A .. 25
Johnson, W E ... 4 00
Johnson, Mrs W E 1 00
Jones, A 10
Jose, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Juneson, Mrs E E 1 00
Juneson, Master R H 25
Kahl, Miss E.... 1 00
Kanour, Isaac .. 50
Kanour, J C 25
Kantner, Mrs ... 25
Kelley, Jno 25
Kelly, J H 1 00
Kemery, F M.... 1 00
Kemery, K 2 00
Kemmerer, Mrs Agnes & Martin.10 00
Kemp, Mrs L ... 25
Kennedy, J C ... 1 50
Kent, Lydia 25
Kerns, Mary B . 1 00
Kerr, W 6 00
Keys, Mrs 1 00
Keyser, E W ... 25
Keyser, Mrs J...10 00
Kilgore, H W ... 1 00
Kilgore, Jas N.. 25
Kilgore, Mrs M.. 10
King, Archie 50
King, Miss Ida .. 1 00
King, Mrs Jos .. 1 00
King, Jos 3 00
King, Z 25
Kinny, W H 25
Kirk, Jas 15
Kizer, E 1 00
Klenk Mr and Mrs J S 5 00
Kline, Mrs R ... 1 00
Kling, G 1 00
Knox, Miss 25
Koffer, S 50
Kohlmeyer, Miss Annie 2 00
Kohlmeyer, D C 4 00
Kohlmeyer, Mrs E J 2 00
Kohlmeyer, M .. 1 00
Kohlmeyer, Miss Minie 2 00
Koons, I B 1 00
Krail, Miss K H 50
Kratzer, Elizabeth 1 00
Kreiss, I D 1 00
Kreiss, P L. M D 1 00
Kuhn, C 1 00
Kulp, R & G.... 1 00
Kurtz, John 25
Kurtz, T M 25
Lafferty, L N ... 5 00
Laird, G 5 00
Lamb, L M 25
Lamborn, A C .. 20
Lamborn, L G .. 25
Landis, Harry S 1 00
Lawther, J H.. 1 00
Learn, Miss 1 50
Lebo, Mrs Anna. 25
Lebo, Mrs J H .. 50
Lee, L W 10
Lefever, H L ... 1 50
Leidy, F 50
Leister, E S 1 00
Lenhart, A S 1 00
Leopold, A S 1 00
Leslie, G U and Family 2 50
Lener, T 1 00
Lewis, Lizzie and May Broadbent 1 00
Lewis, R M 2 00
Lewis, Wm 50
Limmer, Mrs S C. 25
Lippincott, M.... 1 00
Lockard, Jennie.. 25
Lockart, D 25
Longacre, Miss A 25
Longacre, Miss M 50
Long, B J 1 00
Long, Mrs H R.. 5 00
Longstreet, Mrs W N 50
Losey, Mary E... 1 00
Lutton, J M 50
Lutz, Mrs R B.. 1 00
Lykens, D M ... 30
Lynch, Ethyl 45
Lytle, Wm F ... 1 00
McCamant, Mrs E D 5 00
McCarrell, Mrs .. 1 00
McCartney, S ...10 00
McCleery, M S .. 5 00
McClellan, S E... 1 00
McClure, D A .. 50
McClure, Harold Russel 50
McClure, Jas R.. 1 00
McClure, W L... 2 50
McClure, Mrs W L 2 50
McColley, Geo .. 05
McColley, W ... 05
McCombs, H W.. 1 00
McCombs, Jos .. 1 00
McConnell, L .. 25
McCoy, A 1 00
McCoy, A C 1 00
McCoy, Jay 1 00
McCoy, Mrs M.. 8 00
McCoy, M 1 00
McCracken, J H . 2 00
McElphatrick D..10 00
McElphatrick, Mrs M L 10 00
McFarlin, A ... 25
McFarlin, B 25
McFarrah, A F.. 1 00
McGarvy, Mrs .. 10
McGee, Jas P.... 10
McGuffey, Jno .. 1 00
McGuffey, Mrs K 1 00
McGuffey, Miss K F 1 00
McIntosh, A J & Family 3 00
McKee, A 50
McKeeby, Samuel 50
McKelvey, C M.. 1 00
McLeod, Norman. 50
McMillen, Miss E 1 50
McMullen, G 50
McNeely, L S ... 75
McRoberts, W A 2 00
McZnonn, D M.. 50
Mackey, Mrs Wm 1 00
MacLean, Rev J T 1 00
Macneal, Mrs C.. 1 00
Macpherson, J J. 5 00
Magnire, Mrs J.. 10
Mahoning, S S...12 00
Makives, Mrs J D 25
Mann, H F..... 1 00
Mann, Mrs H H. 1 00
Manrafs, Mrs P. 1 00
Marchael, S 2 00
Marcus, H 50
Marcus, I 1 00
Margraff, Miss N 50
Mark, John H ... 1 00
Marsden, G 1 00
Martin, J 10
Martin, Dr J R.. 5 00
Martin, Mrs W J 1 00
Masters, Jas 25
Mather, G 1 00
Mattern, Mrs A.. 50
Mattern, B W .. 10
Mattern, David.. 50
Mattern, Miss E 05
Mattern, M F ... 10
Mattern, Miss O 05
Maule, E 15
Maxwell, Miss M 5 00
Mead, Mrs A ... 1 00
Mead, Mrs K ... 1 00
Mehaffeys, Miss . 1 00
Meixner, A 25
Meuyman, Mrs M C 2 00
Mercer, E 25
Meredith, Rachel 1 00
Merritt, Mrs M.. 10
Mervine, Chas . 30
Mervine, Harry . 10
Mervine, Lizzie.. 10
Metz, A 25
Mickaels, I 50
Millar, Frank ... 10
Miller, A E 2 00
Miller, Clara 10
Miller, E 1 00
Miller, Edward .. 50
Miller, J E 1 00
Miller, John M .. 4 00
Miller, Miss Lena 25
Miller, Miss Minnie 25
Miller, Mr R 05
Miller, Mrs Robt 50
Miller, Thos 50
Milligan, Mrs M J 1 00
Milliken, M E ... 1 00
Milliken, Rose ... 1 00
Milliken, Wm ... 10
Mills, Mr & Mrs O S 15 00
Mitchell, Mrs Jas 1 00
Montgomery, S .. 25
Moody, Mrs B .. 25
Moody, Mrs J L.. 25
Moore, A 1 00
Moore, Austin.... 50
Moore, B 50
Moore, Eva 50
Moore, Ethel & Walter 30
Moore, J M 50
Moore, Mrs J N. 1 00
Moore, John 1 00
Moore, S 50
Moore, W 25
Moorhead, J C .. 2 00
Morgan, Geo 25
Morris, C G 1 25
Morris, C S 25
Morris, L 1 00
Morrison, A 5 00
Morrison, C B... 50
Morrison, E B .. 50
Morrison, M A ..25 00
Morse, H 1 00
Moser, J H and Miller, C E.... 2 00
Mosher, Rev W.. 25
Moulton, Dora .. 50
Mourey, Mrs L.. 50
Moyer, E B 2 50
Moyer, Mrs T A. 5 00
Mueller, E C ... 2 00
Murphy, Mrs A.. 5 00
Murphy, Miss E N 2 00
Murray, J B....25 00
Murray, Mrs Jas 35
Murray, Mrs Jas 50
Murray, Miss L.. 25
Murray, S W ...20 00
Muselmen, Mrs L 10
Musgrave, E ... 25
Myer, Mrs Annie 10
Nagle, Mrs D J 1 00
Needham, Mrs B C 5 00
Neiderhiser, C B. 5 00
Ness, Maria L.. 2 00
Nevill, Annie 25
Newcomb, J K.. 10
Newell, Mrs Eli.. 50
Newland, Harry . 50
Newman, Chas . 1 00
Nicholas, Mrs W 47
Nimmo, Mrs 25
Norris, J E 18 00
Northup, Sara P 1 00
Nye, Miss Emma 15
Nyman, Esther L 50
O'Neil, Ella 25
Orr, R C 1 00
Orr, S 25
Orr, S C 1 00
Osborn, Miss H L 1 00
Ostheim, I H ... 25
Page, Geo..... 1 00
Page, Mr & Mrs Joseph 2 00
Palmer, Mrs 10
Palmer, Mrs F.. 25
Palmer, Minnie.. 10
Parkhill, Mrs E A 1 00
Parkinson, S 25
Parks, J W 1 00
Parsons, Ira A .. 10
Patterson, M ... 10
Patterson, M 25
Patterson, A E .. 2 75
Patterson, J H .. 1 00
Patterson, J S .. 25
Patterson, Will J 1 00
Pattison, N 25
Patton, Samuel.. 2 00
Paul, Adeline.... 25
Paul, Allen S and Thompson, L C 1 00
Paul, Mrs U F.. 2 00
Pearson, L 1 00
Peden, Edith M. 5 00
Pedrick, Mrs C .. 1 00
Pennepacker, Mrs J B 1 00
Pennsyl End'r.. 1 00
Penny, L R 10
Pentecost, Mrs F 1 00
Pentecost, Wm.. 5 00
Persun, Miss A.. 50
Persun, Miss C.. 1 00
Persun, N 1 00
Persun, Mrs N.. 50
Peters, Mrs A C. 3 00
Peters, Mrs C H 2 00
Peters, Mrs E ... 10
Peters, Mrs S E 1 00
Pew, B 25
Phillib, J H 25
Phillips, Mrs M.. 10
Phillips, P W ... 25
Pierce, Mrs F D. 1 05
Pippert, Mrs J T 1 00
Pitts, Mrs Mary . 2 00
Platt, Mrs Frank 1 00
Pool, L M 10
Potruck, R 50
Pounds, H S 1 00
Pounds, J T 1 00
Pounds, Jos 3 00
Power, Mrs 25
Pratt, Mrs Geo.. 5 00
Pratt, Mrs N M. 2 00
Preston, G L ... 1 00
Prugh, Eva B... 2 00
Prytherch, Ada.. 1 00
Prytherch, H O.. 1 00
Putney, M R 25
Quinn, Jos P 50
Ralston, Mary F 1 00
Ralston, W L... 1 00
Ramsey, C 50
Rea, C M 1 00
Rea, Mrs W M.. 2 00
Ream, B 50
Reed, Mary 50
Reggeunas, Phila 1 00
Regis, L 50
Reichert, Miss M A 60
Reid, W J 25
Reighard, Mrs Dan'l, Sr 1 00
Reighard, Emanuel 50
Reighard, Mrs E. 1 00
Reighard, Harry E 25
Reighard, John J 25
Reighard, Luella. 25
Reitz, Miss Maud 5 00
Renfrew, M 20
Renu, Louise and Paul 2 00
Rhodabarger, F.. 50
Rhodes, Mrs E .. 1 00
Rhule, A J and Family 2 50
Rhule, E H 1 00
Rice, A M 50
Rice, J B 25
Rice, Mrs L 10
Rice, Lucetta J.. 1 00
Richards, W 1 00
Richardson, Miss H J 50
Richardson, W F 1 00
Richie, Mrs J 1 00
Richter, P F 1 00
Riday, C S C .. 1 00
Rider, Mary 1 00
Riegel, Miss Mary 50
Rieger, Casper .. 1 00
Riley, A 10
Riley, C 10
Ringwalt, David. 3 00
Roberts, H B .. 50
Roberts, J M ... 50
Robertsou, L ... 25
Robiuson, Mrs H C 25
Roby, Mrs Ann & Jno 2 00
Rockwell, Mrs S C 1 50
Rodgers, J 25
Roe, Mr D M.... 25
Roff, Mrs E D.. 25
Rogers, Z 5 00
Rohr, Miss M ... 5 00
Rohrer, Mrs C S.15 00
Rollinson, Master Harold 25
Rolliuson, Havilah 50
Rollinson, Mrs Havilah 50
Romig, G M 5 00
Roncans, M 10
Rose, Mrs C C.. 5 00
Rose, F M 1 00
Rose, H G 1 00
Rose, M 25
Rosenberger Miss M 60
Ross, Hattie & Baker, Leola... 50
Rote, Geo G..... 50
Round, Mrs A ...1 00
Rowand, G 25
Rowe, Mrs Ada.. 1 00
Roy, Mr Milton.. 50
Royer, B 05
Royer, D B 1 00
Royer, F 05
Ruch, R F 25
Rude, Bertha M. 2 00
Rudesill, Ralph.. 2 00
Rumberger, E ... 05
Rumberger, Jos.. 10
Russell, Mrs E H 2 00
Ryan, Rev W M 1 00
Ryver, Miss R... 25
Sackett, Mrs A.. 05
Saeger, Al 1 00
Salow, A 25
Sander, Amos ... 5 00
Sanderson, Tillie 25
Sankey, D 1 00
Sanvancool, E .. 10
Sargeant, S A ... 1 00
Scarfe, Mrs G .. 50
Scheflen, Hermon 05
Scheid, J R 1 00
Schell, Samuel .. 50
Schnader, R K.. 3 00
Schnatz Eugene P 2 00
Schneider, J H .. 1 00
Schreeongost, J.. 50
Schroth, Hannah L 3 00
Schulz, A R 1 00
Scott, DeWitt T 1 00
Scott, N & A E.. 1 00
Scott, O P 1 00
Scott, V 50
Scowden, Mrs E A 1 00
Scull, Mrs Almira & Lillibridge, Mrs Lucilla 2 35
Seaton, Ada 1 00
Seely, M B 25
Seibert, E H 50
Seileer, Mr Wm. 50
Seitz, M O 25
Semple, Frank..25 00
Shade, Mrs J A.. 25
Shade, J A 25
Shaeffer, P J ... 1 00
Shaffer, Jno 25
Shaffner, A M .. 1 00
Shank, Mrs M A 1 00
Shannon, Jessie.. 1 00
Sharp's, Mrs Kate Household 2 25
Shaw, N C 2 00
Shearer, T M ... 5 00
Sheeder, Mrs 05
Sheldon, Edgar . 05
Shields, Eska ... 10
Shelor, John 1 00
Shelor, Mrs S .. 1 00
Sherman, Mrs K 25
Shields, J L 50
Shields, Jno 25
Shields, M 50
Shipton, J 50
Shirich, Susan ...5 00
Shook, David ... 1 00
Shook, Jas E .. 1 00
Shook, Tena 5 00
Shulemantle, W M 50
Shultz, F 25
Shultz, Z T..... 25
Shuman, Miss E 25
Sides, Harry ... 1 00
Sigafoss, Lewis & Family 2 00
Sill, Mr and Mrs T P 5 00
Silvens, W 15
Simpson, Isaac .. 10
Sims, J 10
Sloan, E 1 00
Sloan, H P 5 00

PENNA. CONT'D

Smiles, C 10 00
Smiley, Mrs 25
Smith, C A 10
Smith, C W 5 00
Smith, Clyde 25
Smith, Fannie M 2 00
Smith, Miss Gerrude 1 00
Smith, Mrs H I.. 50
Smith, Rev J A L 1 00
Smith, J D 50
Smith, Jos D ... 1 00
Smith, Mrs M N 05
Smith, Mark 1 00
Smith, R E 25
Smith, Saml H.. 25
Smith, Sarah.... 10
Smith, Stella ... 10
Smith, Miss G B. 50
Smith, Mrs..... 25
Snowden, Miss E 10
Snowden, John ... 10
Snyder, C M 3 00
Spangler, E C .. 1 00
Spicer, E 50
Spotts, Jno W .. 1 00
Sprinkle, H F ... 25
Stahl, Rebecca .. 1 00
Staman, F 5 00
Starr, Mrs M L. 2 00
Stanghton, W R . 50
Steckel, Horace & Harvey 3 00
Steele, Mrs Geo W 1 00
Stehman, J G ..10 00
Steltz & Co, Phil 5 00
Stephens, N F .. 1 00
Stephens, S 1 00
Sterrett, C C.... 1 00
Stevens, H 25
Steveus, Jno 25
Stewart, Mrs L J 1 00
Stitzell, Mrs L F 1 00
Stitzer, I M 2 00
Stone, Ada 45
Stone, Mrs E C.. 1 00
Stone, Miss R... 1 00
Stoue, Wm 5 00
Stoner, Mrs Peter 1 00
Stoops, Eli 25
Stork, Harry K.. 5 00
Strange, Mrs M.. 50
Strickland, M C. 2 00
Strong, Mrs E C 1 75
Strong, Mr E C.. 1 00
Strong, Jennie .. 4 80
Stnart, Edward.. 2 00
Snber, J J 1 00
Suber, Mrs J J.. 1 00
Sullivan, Mrs.... 05
Sumners, Miss S 50
Sumnerson, Mrs D R 25
Summerson, M .. 1 00
Summerson, Mrs M 50
Sutman, I D 1 00
Swan, Mrs G ... 25
Swan, Mrs K 50
Sweeny, Mr and Mrs H E 5 00
Sweigart, J 25
Swingle, E 1 00
Taggart, Geo W 25
Taggart, Mahl & Grace 2 00
Tait, E R 1 00
Tallman, John .. 1 00
Tannehill, N R... 2 00
Taylor, C E..... 2 50
Taylor, H H.... 2 50
Taylor, Mrs 50
Tedlee, Harry L 5 00
Templeton, A ... 25
Terry, E E 1 00
Terry Lee 25
Thomas, Mrs C W 1 00
Thomas, Geo 25
Thompsou, D.... 25
Thompson, T N . 1 00
Thompson, Mr .. 1 00
Thomson, I W .. 1 00
Thomson, Mrs W 2 00
Thomson, W.... 2 00
Thorn, F 25
Tiffany, Mrs J H 1 00
Tinker, M M ... 25
Townsend, Cora.. 25
Traughes, H 25
Trihhy, E 1 00
Trout, G F 2 00
Troxell, Mrs L.. 5 00
Tubbs, Mary..... 25
Turns, Miss A.. 25
Tuttle, E A 50
Vance, Frank ... 1 00
VanNess, Mrs S.. 25
VanNorman, Mrs. 50
Vaughn, Mr Ira.. 25
Veon, E 25
Voorhis, Harry... 10
Wagner, Mrs M.. 10
Wagner, Miss T. 25
Walker, Mr A... 25
Walker, Harvey.. 25
Walker, Mrs J... 1 00
Walker, J 3 00
Walker, W S... 3 00
Wallace Miss S S, Erie 1 90
Walt, Mrs S G... 1 00
Waltemyer, Miss E 25
Walters, Mrs H... 20
Waltman, A 4 00
Walton, Chester.. 1 00
Ware, F W..... 2 00
Warner, M 1 00
Warren, E W.... 05
Waters, Rev J I. 50
Watrous Miss Band 50
Watson, A B..... 10
Watson, Miss G.. 1 00
Weakley, J 1 00
Weber, Mrs T B. 25
Webster, A S.... 25
Webster, V 25
Weddell, Mrs S... 2 00
Weiler, Mrs Sarah 1 00

PENNA. CONT'D

Weir, Jos M..... 25
Weir, Lottie E... 25
Weir, Samuel ... 50
Weisel, C 50
Welch, Mrs M... 50
Welch, N 50
Wenger, Miss A.. 1 00
Wenger, J F, Sr. 25
Wenger, Mrs S . 1 00
Westbrook, Mrs E 50
Wheeler, Mrs C A 1 50
Whiffen, F 1 25
Whigham, Miss .. 50
White, Fred 1 00
Whitey, Mrs E... 1 00
Wiant, Mrs Thos 2 00
Wickersham, A . 10
Wickersham, K .. 20
Wightman, H D. 1 00
Wightman, Mary. 50
Wiley, John E.... 50
Williams, N J... 1 00
Willman, L K.... 1 00
Willon, J R..... 25
Wilson, Mrs A... 1 00
Wilson, Mrs D E 1 00
Wilson, Mrs D E 1 00
Wilson, J 1 00
Wilson, J T..... 2 00
Wilson, Susan.... 1 00
Wilson, W S.... 50
Winfield, M 50
Winter, R 5 00
Witherspoon, E .. 50
Wixdorf, L 1 00
Wolf, E 50
Wood, Dr M 25
Wood, Sue 25
Woodcock, A B... 25
Woodcock, J M.. 10
Woodhead, R G.. 1 00
Woods, Mrs E F. 2 00
Woodward, C ... 25
Woodward, I 1 00
Woodward, P ... 25
Worn, Ella 05
Worth, L J..... 20
Wright, Mrs 25
Yahoes, Mrs J M 50
Yarian, L 30
Yarnall, J H & wf 2 00
Yeager, Clarence. 25
Yeager, S 2 00
Yost, Mrs Wm... 1 00
Zahnizer, Mr 25
Zearing, Mrs H B 50
Zimmerman, Mrs J 10
Zinzendorf Cir of K D, Bethlehem 1 00
Block House Rnu Mission, New Brighton 3 59
Baptist Ch, Royersford 10 00
Five Mem of Trin Ref Ch, Waynesboro 10 00
Swedish Cong Ch, Ridgway 31 00
St Mark's Ref Ch, Lebanon 14 50
Church at Lodin Mills 3 88
Free Ch, Siglerwell 5 34
Free Ch, Milroy..22 60
Member of 4th Pres Ch, Lebanon 7 00
Moravian Church, Lancaster 4 00
Student Univ of Pa, Phila 1 00
U Ev Ch, Westover 5 34
Class No 6, Trin M E S S..... 5 35
Free Ch S S, Milroy 5 00
United Evan S S, Jacksonville ...10 25
Skippackville Un S S, Skippack..21 35
Pilgrim Mis Class, No 7, Phila 2 00
Prim Dept of Olivet Pres Church, Phila 5 00
Grace United Ev S S, Port Carbon 7 25
S S, Shousetowu 2 86
M E S S, Gardeau 2 11
M P S S, Kittanning 10 00
Washington Sem.25 00
Un S S, Vandergrift Heights... 7 00
Beulah Pres S S & C E, Ramey. 8 60
United Breth S S, Pleasantville . 7 50
Zion Evan S S, Rochester 11 11
Judson Bible Cl, Hollidaysburg ..10 50
Boys of Mrs Clemens' Cl, M E S S of Elm Park, Scranton 75
M E S S Class 5, Port Allegany.. 5 00
Trin United Evan S S Cong, Harrishurg 8 52
S S of Salem U B Ch 15 70
Bethel Ch S S...10 00
Coopertown Union Bible Sch, Haverford 3 80
Ellen Chapel Un S S, Ferguson Valley 7 67
Woman's Mis Society of Wakefield Pres Ch, Germantown ...18 60
Helpful Cir of K D, Bethlehem.. 5 00
Bethel United Ev Soc, Allentown.20 45

PENNA. CONT'D

Pres C E Soc, Media 2 00
C M W F, Johnstown 4 00
W C T U, Coryville 2 00
C E Soc, McAlister 17 00
Y P S C E of 2d U B Ch, Braddock 7 20
C E Soc, Centre Valley 7 60
Miss Band, Mineral 75
Y P S C E, Bowmansdale 4 00
U S of C E, Haydeutown 3 18
Be Ready Cir of K D of 1st Bap Ch, W Chester.. 2 00
King's Sons and Dau of Cherry Tree Pres Ch, Grant 11 25
Ladies' Aid Soc, Shousetown 5 00
Y Peo Alliance.. 5 00
Un C E Soc, Bath 10 00
The Girls' Aid Club, Gtn, Philadelphia 10 00
Crown Cir K D, Williamsport .. 5 00
Acorn Cir K D & S Tabor Pres Ch, Phila 12 50
W C T U Ladies, Thompson 2 00
Pres Jr C E Soc, McConnellsburg. 4 00
Stamburg & Couneant Ctr Aux of W Board of Miss 2 50
Jr C E Soc, Hollidaysburg 1 50
Y P Soc, 4th Pres Ch, Lebanon .. 7 00
C E Soc of U B Ch, Lancaster ..15 00
Jr C E Soc of Landisville 16 25
Jr C E Soc of St Luke's Ref Ch, Trappe 4 00
United Soc of Y P, Irwin 10 00
Bethany M E J C E, Phila 1 00
Jessup Lds' Aid Soc, Fairdale .. 5 00
1st Pres Ch Y P S C E, Canonsburg 57 60
Mt Wash C E Soc, Farmington 6 00
Choir of U B Ch, Lancaster 12 00
Women's Bap Mis Cir, Herrick Ctr 2 00
Jr C E Soc of Bethany Pres Ch, Bridgeville. 5 00
Look Up & Lift Up Cir K D, Phila 5 00
T Beaver's Boys' Bible Cl, Y M C A, Danville 6 00
J C E S Ev Pres Ch, Phila 4 00
Y P S C E Ev Pres Ch, Phila. 5 00
L A S, Zion's Ev Luth Ch, Trevorton 11 00
Un C E Soc of Harleton 10 00
"Credo," New Castle 2 00
Demmler, McKeesport 50 00
Edith, Lewisburg 12
Ella, Phila 05
Evangeline, Easton 1 00
Margaret McC, Harrisburg 2 00
Three Little Girls, Dorothy, Elizabeth and Edith Phila 5 00
A, 530 & A, 1553, Allegheny 1 00
A J W & Family, Canton 3 00
A K W & Family, Middletown 2 00
A L, Phila 1 00
A P, Roxborongh 2 00
A W, Phila..... 50
C S C, Phila 1 00
D E M, — 1 00
E A C & M C, Corsica 5 00
E A M, — 1 00
E E G, York 35
E M L, Huntington 1 00
G N C, Bursonville 1 00
H E V, Stevensville 5 00
I M F, West Green 1 00
J C H, York.....25 00
J F K, Coatesville 3 00
J N H, West Chester 2 00
J P, Harleysville 1 00
J W, Jr, Phila... 1 00
K V, Phila 2 00
L A, Phila 1 00
L M C, Phila.... 1 00
M, Oxford 50
M C Y, Bethlehem 1 00

PENNA. CONT'D

M A, Houtzdale.1 00
M L Z, Reading.. 1 00
N J D, Homer... 2 00
N M R, Troy ... 5 00
P M T, Waynesburg 5 00
R A B, Centralia 5 00
R H E, Reading. 1 00
S B of M O R, Philadelphia ... 2 00
S C S, Phila 10 00
S G, Broughton . 4 00
S J C, Washington 1 00
T K S, Phila 2 00
W A S, Burgettstown 2 50
W H O, Pottsville 1 00
W H W, Monongahela 5 00
W J D, Phila.... 5 00
W R B, Clearfield 1 00
W S, Jersey Shore 1 00
Miss M D, Norristown 1 00
Miss T R F, New Berlinville 2 00
Mrs A P, New Wilmington ... 50
Mrs C P F, Georgetown 3 00
Mrs E T, Warren 1 00
Mrs H, Morristown 2 00
Mrs H B, Warren 1 00
Mrs J B, Java.. 1 00
Mrs J B R, Greensburg 1 00
Mrs J F W & H W, Phila..... 4 00
Mrs L Y Z, Norristown 1 00
Mrs M, York.... 2 00
Mrs M B D, Erie 2 00
Mrs S W H W, Monongahela 2 00
Anon, Mansfield . 10
Anon, Mansfield . 10
Anon, Mansfield. 15
Anon, Mansfield. 15
Anon, Mansfield. 15
Anon, Mansfield. 25
—, Allentown.. 1 00
—, Allentown.. 1 00
—, Athens 1 00
—, Athens 1 00
—, Chester ... 1 00
—, Cool Springs 25
—, Elmhurst... 1 00
—, Emaus 10 00
—, Ethel Landing 50
—, Good Intent 1 00
—, Gratersford. 3 00
—, Greensburg.50 00
—, Hazleton .. 1 00
—, Linglestown 1 00
—, Madera 1 00
—, New Alexandria 1 00
—, New Wilmington 1 00
—, Phila 1 00
—, Phila 50
—, Phila 2 00
—, Pittsburg .. 1 00
—, St Mary's.. 25
—, Sugar, Grove 2 00
—, Waynesboro 1 00
—, W Bridgewater 1 00
—, West Chester 1 50
—, Wilkes-Barre 5 00
Cash, — 10
Cash, Benjamin . 10
Cash, Dixmont.. 25
Cash, Dixmont.. 25
Cash, Dixmont.. 25
Cash, M'Keesport 25
Cash, M'Keesport 25
Cash, Oakryn ... 75
Cash, Skippack.. 2 00
Cash, Stewartstown 1 00
Cash, Stewartstown 25
Cash, Waterside. 20
For Jesus' Sake, Tyrone 4 00
Friend, Berwick. 1 00
Friend, Brick Ch.20 00
Friend, McKeesport 50
Friend, Meadville 10
Friend, Mt Pleasant 1 00
Friend, Phila.... 5 00
Frieud, Phila.... 5 00
Friend, Phila ... 50
Friend, Port Allegany 1 00
Friend, Reading. 25
Friend, W Chester 5 00
Friend, White Haven 1 00
A Friend, Alexandria 1 00
A Friend, Bareville 25
A Friend, Millersburg 5 00
A Friend, Pittsburg 2 00
A Friend, Richoro 50
A Friend, West Chester 1 00
A Young Friend, Philadelphia ... 1 00
A Friend of the Poor, Beaver Falls 1 00
Friends, Ackermanville 1 00
Friends of Lehigh Ch, Alburtis 7 30
Friends in Markleton Sanitarium 7 00
Friends, Laury's Sta 2 00

PENNA. CONT'D

Friends, Malvern 1 00
Two Friends Allentown 2 00
Two Friends, New Kensington 2 00
Friends, Rankin. 2 00
Two Friends, Friends, Eureka. 2 75
Pittsburg 2 00
Two Friends, Williamsport .. 1 00
Three Friends, Bethlehem 3 00
Four Friends, Chambersburg . 2 50
Inasmnch, Phila. 2 00
In His Name, Allegheny City .. 5 00
In His Name, McKeesport 1 00
In His Name, Steelton 2 00
"I H N," V, Ingram 1 00
I H N, Johnstown 25 00
I H N, Lancaster 3 00
I H N, Phila.... 1 00
I H N, Pottsville 8 00
I H N, Wood Glen 3 00
In Memory of Elsie M Klinger . 5 00
In Memory of Harold E Shoup, Tidal 1 00
In Memory of My Little One, New Bedford 1 00
In Memory of Mother, Gtn, Phila 2 00
In Memorium, Crosby M E... 5 00
A Reader, McDonald 1 00
An Earnest Reader, Laporte 1 00
Reader, Brandy Camp 1 50
Reader, Strodes Mills 50
Reader, Worcester 10 00
Snb, Harrisburg. 2 00
Snb, Markes 1 00
Snb, Mercer 1 00
Sub, Mt Pleasant 1 00
Sub, N Salem ... 4 25
Suh, Pittsburg.. 1 00
Sympathizer, Phil 1 00
Five Sisters, Wilkinsburg 5 00
A Sympathetic Family, Harrisburg 2 00
Two Women, Elizabeth 2 00
The Lord's Money, Jamestown 2 00
The Lord's Money, State College 10 00
For God's Cause, Olney 2 50
My Boys and Me, Phila 1 00
Inmates of Passavant Memorial Home for Epileptics, Rochester 10 55
"3216," Lancaster 5 00
A Farmer's Family, Geneva 2 00
Mother & Daughter, Bethlehem 2 00
Mother & Daughter, Doylestown 2 00
H S Sch Teacher, Phila 5 00
A Citizen, Pittsburg 25 00
"Little Girl," Laketon 99
Citizens of Cherry Tree 14 00
For the Suffering, Allentown 1 00
Teacher, Pittsburg 5 00
Episcopalian, Phil 1 00
Nurses and Patients of Home for Incurables, Phila 5 00
United Evan Ch, McAlister 7 50
Pres Ch, Shirleysburg 2 00
M E Ch, Mineral Point 2 00
U Evan Ch, Akron 27 75
Y P M P Ch, Kittanning 75

RHODE ISLAND

Arnold, Mrs M A 1 00
Bagley, Jos 25
Barber, Miss S E 25
Barber, Mrs S J. 25
Barbour, N 5 00
Beesley, D & H.. 1 00
Bellcamp, S 2 00
Brayton, Mrs 1 00
Briggs, J W..... 25
Briggs, Mrs S E.. 25
Clapp, B P..... 5 00
Cook, Mrs Abby.. 10
Cook, Miss Annie. 05
Burfee, Mrs E W 3 00
Greene, Mrs G N. 5 00
Grinell, John A... 25
Haran, Mrs G D. 25
Haran, G D 25

RHODE ISLAND CONT'D

Hendrick, Greene. 10
Hopkins, C W... 1 00
Hopkins, Mrs H C 25
Hoppin, E A....10 00
Hoxie, N E..... 5 00
Johnstone, Olueyville 1 00
Kenyon, C D.... 25
Kenyon, Mrs N B 25
Kuight, Mrs E A 1 00
Knight, Mary W. 10
Little, Mrs J W. 5 00
Lock, John 25
Lock, Mrs T T... 25
Lock, T T 10
Mathews, Mrs A M H 1 00
Mathews, Miss H K 30
Mathews, Miss H M 10
Mathews, Miss M. 20
Palmer, Wm 25
Pearce, Mrs M A. 5 00
Peckham, A 10
Peckham, Mrs C.. 10
Perry, Wm H.... 1 00
Ralph, J K..... 1 00
Rilchester, Mrs N 1 00
Sard, Mrs B M... 2 00
Tyson, Mrs 50
Tyson, George ... 1 00
Tyson, Miss T A. 1 00
Vaughn, Lincolu.. 3 00
Walker, Mrs 2 00
Welch, E B.....10 00
Westerly, W C T U 10 00
Wilson, Mrs E... 25
Wilson, Rev E M 25
Wright, Mrs S... 50
E B A, Newport. 5 00
H H S, No Scituate 1 00
M A C, Provideuce 1 00
M N G, Providence 5 00
Miss S M W, E Greenwich 2 00
—, Cumberland. 1 00
—, Wickford.... 1 00
Cash, Usquepaugh 10
Friend, Providence 7 00
Friend, Providence 1 00
Friend, Saylesville 3 00
A Friend, Usquepaugh 25
A Friend, Usquepaugh 10
One who loves Jesus, Providence 2 00
A Daughter of the King, Providence 1 00
Mem of Un Free Bapt Ch, Foster 50
Y P S C E, Fisheville 10 00
King's Children Soc, Pawtucket. 1 00

WEST VIRGINIA

Adams, L H.... 1 00
Ankrou, Ellie ... 2 00
Anderson, Wm .. 10
Anderson, Wm O. 50
Ashley, Jno R... 10
Black, M A 1 00
Blaine, J 25
Blair, Mrs J V.. 50
Blair, W A..... 25
Boggess, Coll by Rose 2 75
Booker, Nelson .. 25
Brazeal, Mrs L L 1 00
Brown, Thos 10
Carmichael, Mrs S E & dau..... 3 00
Carter, D 25
Chevalier, Miss E 1 00
Clark, George ... 15
Corter, J Y..... 1 00
Coun, J P..... 50
Crouse, J U..... 25
Dixon, E & E & W 3 00
Duckworth, Mrs N E 1 00
Duckworth, Miss R E & Mrs F.. 1 00
Fatham, C O.... 50
Faw, G W..... 1 00
Fleming, Mrs M L 1 00
Foster, Carr 1 00
Fox, Mrs R M & Martin, Miss S. 2 00
Gray, James 10
Grogg, Miss B... 1 00
Hagan, D 50
Hall, A M..... 1 00
Hart, H M 1 00
Hartwell, H 10
Hatcher, James .. 10
Hartwell, James . 10
Hatter, James ... 25
Henderson, W .. 25
Higgins, Chas ... 50
Holman, E 10
Jackson, J 25
Jenkins, Mrs H E 25
Johnson, Roy A.. 1 00
Jones, Benjamin. 10
Jones, E 1 00
Jones, Miss S P.. 1 00
Jones, Wm 25
Jones, Wm 10
Lilly, W J..... 50
Lint, Mrs Jane.. 1 00
McClintic, J A... 1 00
McClure, A J.... 50
McDonald, M F..20 00
McVoole, Mrs N D 1 00
Mackin, Mrs L E 1 00
Marsh, James ... 25
Mattson, John ... 25

WEST VIRGINIA CONT'D

Mankley, B H.... 50
Miller, George .. 50
Nuttall, L W.... 1 00
Paine, George ... 10
Pancake, coll by I H C.....60 20
Peterkin, Geo W.10 00
Pickering, A B.. 1 00
Pickering, Mrs J. 1 00
Pierce, H 50
Pine, W G..... 25
Railley, W 25
Ramsey, J 1 00
Rappold, P 25
Raven, F R..... 2 00
Rector, C H..... 1 00
Reynolds, F M.. 1 00
Riley, George 50
Robson, Mrs R... 25
Rupert, Dr L B.. 1 00
Ryan, Ed 10
Schauwecker, C C 5 00
Scruggs, W 25
Shannon, F H.... 50
Sheetz, Miss M S 1 00
Shelton, A 1 00
Sims, James 50
Smith, J W Jr... 1 00
Stone, Mrs E C..40 00
Talhott, Martin.. 1 00
Talkington, Miss S 1 00
Taylor children... 1 00
Taylor, E J..... 50
Taylor, J 10 00
Taylor, John N.. 2 00
Thurston, W L.. 10
Trainer, Mrs G H 1 00
Tucker, Mrs Levi 2 50
Tucker, Levi 2 50
Twyford, Mrs G W 5 00
Twyford, Miss P 1 00
Weaver, Mrs 1 00
White, Thos 25
Willis, M. H & M 1 50
Witchey, Mrs L P 1 00
Woodson, M 25
Worth, H C.....15 00
Mr & Mrs A M S, Three Churches 2 00
Cash, Nuttallhurg 10
Cash, Nuttallhurg 25
Cash, West Union 40
Cash, West Union 25
Cash, West Union 35
I H N, Wheeling.50 00
Subr, Fairmont.. 2 00
Four children of the King, Wheeling 2 00
A Little Girl, Wheeling 1 00
Pres Ch, Moundsville 10 79
C E Soc of Pres Ch, Moundsville 20 70
Whatsoever Cir of K D's, Piedmont 5 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Arnold, Harriet.. 50
Boyce, Mrs L.... 1 00
Burrill, E S..... 5 00
Byer 25
Cheney, N D..... 1 00
Coe, A S..... 1 00
Copeland, Mrs G 05
Hannold, L E, A B, J R & L H.. 40
Helen S 1 00
Hildred, Laura .. 1 00
Hildred, Morris .. 1 00
Hodge, S 1 00
Jones, Harold H. 10
Knight, Mrs M... 10
Lettis, Margarett 1 00
Lincoln, M A 5 00
Mendon 1 00
Shoemakers and children 1 62
Staat, Mrs H.... 1 15
Steel 25
Turnage, Mollie . 5 40
VanEpps, M 10
A, Saybrook 10 00
A & E, — 1 00
A S H, — 75
B P R, Danville.. 2 00
E K, — 2 00
H & T, — 50 00
H J M, Moser ... 10
I A H, Panama.. 5 00
J S, Altamont... 2 00
M V M, — 5 00
—, New Brunswick 1 00
Anon, — 2 00
Anon, — 5 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 8 35
Anon, — 15
Anon, — 10
Anon 1 00
Anon 20
Anon, — 15
Anon, — 30 00
Anon, — 50
Anon 25
Anon 25
Friend, — 1 00
Friend 1 00
Friend, Belvidere. 20
Friend, Nantucket 1 00
Friends from Burlington 6 00
Friends, Harrington 2 50
Two Friends, — 6 00
One who wishes to help. —..... 1 00
Member of Brotherhood of St Andrew, — .. 1 00
Mt Vernone Italian Mission ... 7 67
First Cong Ch, Bergen 14 25

Canada's Great Disaster

SINCERE sympathy from the whole civilized world goes out to Canada in the sad affliction which has befallen the cities of Ottawa and Hull. The fire which devastated them on April 26 was the worst conflagration that has occurred on this continent since the great fire of Chicago. It started in Hull, on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River. Some accounts attribute its beginning to a defective chimney, but others convey a suspicion that it was of incendiary origin. The fire was first seen about an hour before noon, and it spread with such rapidity that in half-an-hour it was beyond the control of the fire departments. It leaped the river at a point where there were several large lumber yards, which fed the flames and carried them into the city of Ottawa. Help was rendered to the fire departments by Brockville, Peterboro and, finally by Montreal, which sent a special train. It seemed, however, useless to attempt to extinguish it, and the efforts of the firemen were directed to preventing its spreading. Seventeen hours passed before it burned itself out, and in that time five miles of area had been turned into smoking ruins. It is feared that eighteen thousand persons have been rendered homeless and that property worth from fifteen to twenty million dollars was destroyed. Hull is almost entirely wiped out. Happily, a change in the direction of the wind during the later hours of the fire saved the Parliament buildings and other fine edifices from destruction. The loss of life, so far as has yet been learned is less than might have been expected. Five men and two women are believed to have perished and there are several children missing, but considering that nearly three thousand houses and other buildings were burned, there is reason to be thankful that there were not more people killed. There will, however, be widespread destitution for some time and the homeless people will need food and shelter. We are glad to learn that from New York, Boston, and other American cities funds are being sent for immediate use and that help has been forwarded from England. It may be hoped that the gifts will be of the most generous kind and the words of the prophet be amply fulfilled in the experience of the stricken city:

To give unto them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning (Isa. 61 : 3).

THE CITY OF OTTAWA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT DISASTROUS FIRE

Traced by a Perfume

Recent mails from Europe report the arrest of a notorious burglar in Paris. The police have been looking for him for many months to answer a charge of robbing a lady of her jewels. One night she was awakened by the presence of a man in her bedroom. Fearing that he might murder her if she made outcry, she closed her eyes and feigned sleep. But as soon as he had departed she raised her window and shouted. The police went in pursuit, but were unable to overtake the robber who had taken the lady's jewels with him. The case was then given to the detectives, but as the lady was unable to give any description of him they, too, failed. But she described the missing jewels, and the police sent the list to all the pawnbrokers in Paris. One other clue they had. The lady noticed when the robber was near her bed, a strong odor of eucalyptus oil. This statement was added to the list of the jewels sent out. One afternoon a man called on a pawnbroker with a number of jewels that he wanted to pledge. Referring to the list furnished by the police, the pawnbroker soon found that none of the missing jewels was there; but he detected the odor of eucalyptus oil about the man's garments and he summoned a policeman and had his customer arrested. When the police searched the man's apartments the missing jewels were found there and he has been tried and convicted. It was apparently a very slight clue, but it proved a sure one. The odor was associated with the robber's evil deed, but there are odors that recall to the memory the greatest of all the services that have been rendered to the human race. The Psalmist alluding to the salvation that was to be won by suffering and the healing that was to come to the world therefrom, foresaw the Saviour with garments redolent of perfume.

All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces (Ps. 45 : 8).

A Mother's Will Disregarded

A remarkable suit was tried in the Supreme Court in New York a few days ago. It was based on the will of a lady who died two years ago. She had bequeathed the whole of her property to the gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married, and she had also constituted him the guardian of her three-year-old son, the child of her first marriage. The will was contested by the mother of the deceased lady, but the court gave the property as directed by the will. As to the custody and guardianship of the child, however, it withheld its decision pending certain investigations. It has now given judgment reversing the arrangement made in the will. It confides the child to the care of his grandmother, on the ground that the first duty of the court in the case is to consider the best interests of the child. The court was evidently influenced in the matter by certain other suits in which the gentleman, whom the mother of the child had chosen to be his guardian, had been concerned. It is somewhat unusual for a court to disregard the wishes of a parent in regard to a child, but there can be no doubt that if it had sufficient reason for distrusting the guardian that the mother selected, it was right in committing the care of the child to some one whom it could trust. The best interests of the child ought certainly to be the first consideration. To conserve them, God frequently proceeds in his providential dealings as did the court, and does not grant the wishes of the parents, whether they be living or dead. There are so few of whom he can say as he said of Abraham:

I know him that he will command his children and his household after him and they shall keep the way of the Lord (Gen. 18: 19).

A Burglar's Use of a Bible

A burglar, under sentence of five years' imprisonment, used a Bible to assist him in escaping from the county jail, at New Haven, Conn., a few days ago. About two weeks before he made his escape, a friend sent him a bunch of bananas. It is thought that some fine saws were concealed in the fruit. He sawed through the iron bars in the window of his cell, and, in order to avoid detection, substituted some wooden broom handles for them. Every night when he had finished his sawing, he filled the marks in the bars with licorice. When all his preparations were complete, he climbed through the window of his cell and made his way into the prison chapel, in the ceiling of which there is a slide. To reach the slide, he used a stepladder, but found it too short. Looking around for some means of raising it, he saw the pulpit Bible, and used it for the purpose. Once on the roof of the chapel, he could easily get to the street. His liberty is little likely to be turned to any account but that of other crimes. If he had put the Bible to the purpose for which it was given—that of enabling him to escape from the power and the defilement of sin, there would have been some hope of his reclamation; but they who cling to their sin while they use the Bible to try to escape from the consequences of their sin, deceive themselves and add to their condemnation.

For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning (II. Peter 2 : 20).

Has Waited a Century

A claim for payment for services rendered one hundred and ten years ago was under the consideration of Congress last week. It appears that in 1790, Col. Benjamin Wilson, a revolutionary soldier, constructed a fort in what is now Randolph County, W. Va., for the protection of settlers against the incursions of Indians. He served his country also as Colonel of Militia in other ways, and proved himself a loyal and useful citizen. How much money Col. Wilson received and what reward was given him for his valuable services does not appear, but there is an outstanding claim of $2,998.80, which has been under the consideration of a Committee of the Senate, and that committee now recommends that it be paid to his daughter. It seems extraordinary that such a claim should have been neglected so long. A man whose patriotism was of so high an order and who exerted himself so vigorously in the cause of his country ought not to have had compensation delayed for more than a century. We may hope that the worthy Colonel was a servant of Christ and a soldier under the banner of the Cross. If so, he has learned by this time that Christ never overlooks services rendered in his cause, and that though earthly governments may prove unmindful, his heavenly Sovereign never fails to reward those who serve him.

Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be (Rev. 22 : 12).

BRIEF NOTES

A missionary in Arabia makes the estimate that there are now about 196,500,000 Mohammedans in the world.

Gambling is largely on the increase in France. A Parisian newspaper states that it could be proved that at least one-half of the suicides that occur result from losses at the races.

The London Missionary Society reports that 29,000 out of 35,000 of the population of Samoa belong to churches connected with the society. These churches are supporting their own pastors as well as their educational work.

The Free Church Council of South Manchester, as a result of their recent house-to-house canvas, show that 4,500 families belong to Nonconformist churches, 3,800 to the Church of England, 1,100 to the Roman Catholic or other bodies, while 2,000 attend no place of worship. Only three were avowed atheists.

Major James H. Cole's union meetings in Springfield, Mo., have led to a widespread revival. The Criminal Court, one of the largest buildings in the city, was not large enough to accommodate all who sought to attend the meetings. On April 20, after the meetings had been continued for four months the interest had increased rather than abated.

It is reported that large numbers of Mormons are settling in the Western Provinces of Canada. A Mormon authority claims that they have ten thousand adherents in the Dominion.

Dr. Joseph Parker, referring to a recent debate in the English Parliament, said: "I pray God that he would dissolve both houses of Parliament and readmit members only on proof of character." If that prayer were answered as to all legislatures on earth, there would be some difficulty in making a quorum.

Dr. Clough, the famous Baptist missionary of India, reported some time ago: "I preach seven sermons a day on an average of seven days in the week, beginning at 6 A.M. in one city and taking seven cities a day, always leaving behind me some native preachers and colporteurs to hold the congregation and answer inquiries."

The seventeenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., May 30-June 5, 1900. All foreign missionaries of evangelical boards are eligible to membership and entitled to free entertainment. Missionaries or other persons desiring further information, address Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Rev. A. C. Geyer, pastor of the M. E. church of Lafayette, Ind., writes us that the church building erected only three years ago, at the cost of many sacrifices and much self-denial, has been destroyed by fire. The congregation, exhausted by their efforts to pay for it, are now at the end of their resources and would sincerely appreciate aid from their brethren in other cities.

Dr. Allyn writes hopefully of his work in Brazil. He believes that the Gospel seed that has been sown during the past years of difficult labor is coming to fruition. Among other cheering signs is that a colporteur of the American Bible Society, who visited Sao Joas del Rei recently, sold over one hundred and fifty Bibles and Testaments in two days. This is something unprecedented in that region.

Under the Evening Lamp

By Margaret E. Sangster

CONTRASTED PAIN

ONE folds the little white hands
And lays a flower between,
And sees death's lilies pale
Where life's sweet rose hath been,
And aches through all her heart beside the
Baby face serene.

One smiles a brave good-morrow,
And walks with even tread,
The while she bears the burden
Of a great and nameless dread.
God wot—a living grief is worse than the
Peace that folds the dead.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HOUSE-CLEANING

BUSY days these for the housekeeper, when closets must turn out their contents, trunks, boxes and barrels be overhauled, cellars be cleaned and whitewashed, carpets shaken, turned, and re-made, and the whole house gone over. The annual house-cleaning is a necessity, if we would possess our souls in peace; yet no matter how easy we make it, the work is a large undertaking, and no sinecure in the average matron's hands.

Certain rules may be observed with propriety, and to our manifest assistance in getting through the Spring campaign. The first is, finish the closets first. The next, begin at the top and come down. The third, secure extra help if you possibly can. The fourth, keep one room comfortable and intact for John and the children. The fifth, have one place where you may have a fire if there comes a cold and rainy spell of weather. The sixth and the most important of all is threefold: don't hurry, don't worry, don't get along without your regular meals.

I hope that moving is not added to the task of cleaning in too many of my friends' homes. All rules fail when one must pack up her goods and chattels, and take them bodily from one house to another. If an unhappy mortal in similar plight of ill-fortune is moving out as we are moving in, then are woes multiplied. Some of us are going to pack up and move to the country out of the town, and that is a pleasant step to take. Others from the country will seek the town, and they may expect to be homesick for pastures green and meadows fair.

An Honest Face

"A homely face, but an honest one," said a woman speaking of a lad who had just gone out. An honest face is a good recommendation. Boys may have few worldly advantages, but if they have a candid look, if they gaze boldly into the eyes of those who speak to them, if they have nothing to conceal, they are, so far, well started for life's journey.

Making Flags for the Exposition

It is pretty work, and the young fingers are deft and fly fast as they sit sewing the flags for that gay Paris Exposition of 1900, which some of us will cross the ocean to see. Those who do not go in their own persons may receive an accurate impression of the wonderful scene from Dear Aunt Samantha, who has the gift of painting in words if ever a woman had it.

These immense industrial and artistic displays which call together the ends of the earth and show their inventions, their progress, their manners and customs, their mineral and vegetable productions, and whatever they have that is rich and rare, are improving and broadening to all beholders. Anyone who went through the great aisles and avenues of our own White City by the Lake, in 1893, had eyes opened to the extent of this earth's resources, and was convinced that the age is magnificent. For the young, such shows of manufactures and art are an education. We hope that many of our readers may visit Paris this summer, and come home the better for the pleasure-trip.

Mamma's Story

"Tell us a story, mamma," plead the little ones, gathering about the maternal knee, when the restful hush of evening had followed upon the bustle and stir of the day—a day that had been a hard one for busy, patient mamma. "Run away!" was on her lips; then she said to herself, "No, I can't neglect one opportunity to sow good seeds before tares are planted." So she told in the way they loved to hear of little Samuel listening to the voice of God, giving with the story information the little minds were eager to receive concerning the Tabernacle worship and the customs and family life of ancient Israel; and so speaking of Samuel's listening for God's voice as to implant in them a desire to listen also.

Women's Work in the Great Missionary Conference

The work which for some weeks has been quietly and patiently done by women in preparation for the Ecumenical Conference has resulted in a most complete and educational missionary exhibit. The various fields of the world have been so illustrated as to present an object lesson to all visitors, and quite frequently young women in the native dress have shown people how the Burmese maidens look, how the Karen girl is dressed in her home, how the Syrian matron walks abroad, and so on. Many possessors of curious and interesting missionary relics, and articles brought from the ends of the earth have cheerfully loaned them for the great occasion, and as part of one of the most impressive gatherings ever seen in a Christian land, the work of the women has received attention and elicited much appreciative comment. Thursday, April 26, Woman's Day at the Conference, was one of the most interesting and instructive of the week. The mass meeting for women on that day brought out such a crowd as the great auditorium has seldom held, and an overflow meeting was held in a neighboring church. One fact made prominent during all the sessions of the Conference is that woman's work in the foreign field is, if anything, more necessary than man's, since she alone can effectually reach the woman, wife and mother of the Orient.

MAKING FLAGS FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION

Little Helpers

Birds are the farmer's helpers. A tiny chickadee for a single meal eats 250 eggs of the cankerworm. This worm ruins orchards. Robins destroy cutworms; and all our birds except the English sparrow, two species of hawk and one of owl, are our allies in preserving fruits and vegetables from harm; yet our friends and songsters are slain by the thousands just to decorate hats!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—LUELLA. Strawberries for breakfast may be served unhulled, with their stems. They are then dipped in powdered sugar, and eaten singly.

— ELLA MARTHA. If you set out to be a business woman, be faithful, prompt, and accurate. Do not ask any concession on account of your sex.

—M. E. B. If you possibly can do so, assume an air of indifference to the man in question. Try to put him out of your heart. Refuse his escort and stand independently so far as he is concerned. From what you tell me, he is culpably selfish and thoughtless, and you will be much happier to think no more about him. In a general way, it is well for young people thrown together in church work to eliminate sentiment, and it is always safe simply to go on in work, without introducing the personal element.

—DOUBTFUL. It is always a very serious matter to make a radical change in the form of one's faith. Your own family will undoubtedly be long unreconciled if you leave the communion in which you have been brought up, and go to a church so different in many of its aspects as the one which now attracts you. Still, the matter is one which you must settle for yourself, by the light God gives you. The young lady, as you describe her, is very lovely and I am not surprised that she has won your heart. As a rule, it is best in the interests of family peace, and for the best development of both wife and husband, that in matters of faith they should be agreed and should both attend the same church.

AN EGYPTIAN MOTHER AND HER LITTLE ONES

In the Land of the Pharaohs

MOTHERHOOD is the same under every sky and in every clime, and the poor Egyptian peasant toiling on with one baby on her shoulder and the other clinging to her hand, loves her chicks just as you do when you go about your work, with the little ones following you at every step. When the babies are under foot and in one's arms, one is sometimes weary; but it is a good kind of weariness, and there is sweetness at the very core of it. We cannot always know where our wandering boy is when he reaches manhood; we have often a heartache for the troubles of our grown-up sons and daughters; but when they are little, we can gather them close in the home nest and take care of them. Hard taxation and deep poverty are in the lot of the Egyptian common people, and the patient, plodding women going about their errands, have furrowed wrinkles very early in their brown-veiled faces, but the mother-love makes them happy, just as it makes you and me.

An International Kindergarten Union

In Brooklyn, on April 18, 19, 20, there were convened in several large buildings, including the Academy of Music, Adelphi College, Plymouth Church and the Pouch Mansion, representative assemblies of intelligent and enthusiastic mothers and teachers, who discussed the welfare of little children. Addresses were made by inspiring and eloquent speakers, papers were read, and there was animated comparison of methods and of views. The kindergarten means a great deal to our little people; it insures them days of interest in their earliest schooling, and develops them morally as well as mentally. The sweet, refined countenance of Mrs. Birney, President of the National Congress of Mothers, was a benediction in these meetings.

Words and Smiles

Cheerfull words and merry smiles,
And the path grows short and smooth;
Blest the word that pain beguiles,
Blest the words the ache that soothe.

BESSIE ... The True Story of a Tenement Waif ... THE "LITTLE MISSIONARY"

A LITTLE maid, who has asked for several summers to be taken to Mont Lawn, has not sent in her usual request.

Bessie's face looked older, but she was only five when she first went to the Home—a tiny, bowed creature, who walked with a limp. She could not play with the other children; she would sit on a grassy hillock and watch with great, wistful eyes the stronger lads and lassies chasing over the lawn, whirling about in ring-a-rosies and swinging 'way up into the green tree tops. "All around the mulberry bush!" the merry group would sing at their happy games; and Bess, to be good company, would croon softly to herself in a wonderfully sweet little voice, beating time with her tiny hands.

When the hour for the children's service in Chapel would ring out, the little maid, all a-quiver with eagerness, would hobble painfully to her place in the line of boys and girls, marching sturdily down the path to the beat of the drum. Some kind teacher would be sure to swing Bess to her shoulder and set her down in "Kindergarten Row," as the front benches, where babies are established, are called. She could not read, of course, one word from the little music sheet of hymns, Psalms and patriotic songs provided for our children; but she would pipe forth happily in her clear, pretty treble, her blue eyes shining and always fixed with loving expectation on the face of the leader of the meeting.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY'S IMPROMPTU SONG SERVICE

Bess was kept for longer than ten days, and went back to the city much improved, although the poor little back was still lame; and as for the limp, the Home doctor confirmed the sorrowful prophecy of the physicians at the hospital where Bessie had spent several months of her short life; they had said the child would never walk well, and that she might at any time lose altogether the use of her lower limbs.

How Bessie came by her affliction is a tale almost too sad for telling. Her father is an honest, industrious dock laborer. Once he was out of work for a good while, and his wife, sickly, overworked, lost her mind through fear that her family would starve, and—well, she is in the insane asylum now, but she did not go there before Bessie got the fall that lamed her.

The missionary who first presented Bessie as a candidate for the Home says:

"One rainy Sunday, two years ago, the father sent for me at a new place to which they had just moved. As I climbed the steps, flight after flight to the room, I could not help seeing through open doors men drinking and gambling on all the floors. Drunken men were lying on the stairs; I had to step over one to enter Bessie's home, and inside the door the rain struck my face. Bessie, her father and little brother were sitting at a table, and she was singing to them songs she had learned at Mont Lawn—singing loud and clear in a beautiful little voice. I had heard her from way down below:

There is sunshine in my soul to-day.

"Her father looked at me with tears in his eyes. 'I've paid a month's rent and the landlord won't give it back. It's a terrible place for the children, and I away all day. And look, how the rain is pouring in!'

"I will see the landlord," I said.

"I had left the door open, and now, to my dismay, several men lumbered in. The father rose half angrily.

"'We want to hear the little gall sing,' the foremost one said sheepishly.

"Let them stay," I whispered.

"'All right, neighbors,' he said with simple heartiness, 'There ain't much to make you welcome to, but you're welcome all the same. Sing for 'em, Bess.'

"The child wanted no urging; she gave her favorite:

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

"When she finished the last stanza:

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of heaven,'

there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. Hardly had the last words died away, before the willing entertainer was piping No. 4 of the Mont-Lawn song sheet, 'Yield not to Temptation.' "True, sweet and tender the little voice rang:

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

"'Friends,' I said, 'I think we can all ask God, as with one voice, to bless this little one who has cheered us so, and to make each of us more childlike and true. Let us pray.'

"And right there we had a prayer meeting in Bessie's room. People had come in until the place was full, and many were looking in from the hall. Afterwards, as I was going down the steps, several men said: 'Missus, we'll be better men for this night. The Lord spoke to some of us in that little gall's singing.'

"'I don't want her to see some things I had to see coming up these steps,' I said gently. 'Her father is a poor man; he's paid a month's rent and he's too poor to move his family away.'

"'We'll see to it she won't see any more wrong than we can help, ma'am. We'll see to it the best we can.'

"I spoke to the landlord next day and the roof was fixed.

"And now I want to tell you something wonderful: In a year the moral tone of that place was changed for the better. I dar'n't say 'Little Missionary' did it—it seems so much to say that one little lame girl could do so great a thing, but I know there was a change; and has not the Bible said, 'A little child shall lead them,' and 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump'? I went to her room once a week and we had a little prayer and song service, neighbors dropping in as on that first night. We had penitents and conversions in that little room. Women all around began to 'mother' Bessie, poor things, as well as they could, and the children thronged about her. She was always glad to tell the pretty Bible stories she had learned at the Home to the eager crowd clustered round her; to show them the pictures in her picture-books; to teach them the songs on her little Mont Lawn song sheet. What pretty choruses issued from that poor little room way up in the dingy tenement! I used to think a bit of heaven was up there. Don't think that that neighborhood became all it ought to be by any means; I only say that it was fifty times better than when 'Little Missionary' first went there.

"Last winter I had a message to come to her, and found the child in a high fever, and the doctor said she had pneumonia. Don't think she was uncomfortably circumstanced now; her father was getting good wages, and had taken two rooms; besides, the child was rich in friends. She was very patient during her sickness, giving as little trouble as possible, always wanting to smile and wishing she could sing. One day, as I sat by her, she whispered:

"'Please—I can't—you sing about "that beautiful place He has gone to prepare."'

"'I wonder,' she whispered again when I had finished, 'if it is like Mont Lawn.'

"When she was too weak to speak I sang it for her. One night, just as I, struggling to hold back my tears, had uttered the line, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven,' her father said, weeping quietly:

"'O, ma'am, she's gone!'"

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

A broken stitch, like the "little rift within the lute," is the beginning of trouble. "I am tired, not ill." "It will soon pass away." "I don't believe in medicine." These are the broken stitches that lead to serious illness. Nature is wise and in Hood's Sarsaparilla she has furnished the means to take up broken stitches. Why? Because it starts at the root and cleanses the blood.

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Never Disappoints

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A physician practising in Olcott, Vt., writes: "Your Tartarlithine has proved a wonderful remedy for rheumatism. I have used a very great quantity of it in the last three or four months, and I have never seen anything like it. I had one patient who had rheumatism all his life, and had taken everything, and nothing completely stopped all the manifestations of the disease like Tartarlithine, one bottle of which completely relieved him.

I had another patient, an old man who travels much on the road peddling, who was lame with rheumatism for five years, and one bottle cured all lameness and he says he has not felt as well in five years as now. These are only the two worst cases of many that I have tried it on."

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The Bowery Mission

The following sums have been received for the work of the Bowery Mission:

Attleck, Jas	75	Payne, G H	1 00
Ahrens, M	2 50	Payne, G H	1 00
Anderson, E	5 00	Pence, Mrs J	50
Armstrong, Eliza	50	Phillips, E T	1 00
Ashton, Chas D	5 00	Porter, Miss J L	1 00
Bachmann, E F	2 00	Pevoto, Mrs J B	75
Bailey, Jane	1 00	Quay, W M	2 50
Bailey, Mrs Orra	5 00	Ream Co	10 00
Baldwin, E H	2 00	Reinhard, Julia	1 00
Baldwin, Ray H	50	Rhodes, Mrs E M	2 00
Banks, Mrs M J	5 00	Rich, Mrs S	5 05
Bannister, Mrs J J	1 00	Richardson, Mrs M G	1 00
Barker, F B	1 25	Richardson, T W	1 00
Barnes, Mrs M C	2 50	Robinson, Rena	50
Barnett, Mrs Isaac	1 00	Rollinson, Rev J	1 00
Bell, Caroline	1 00	Rucker, Mrs V H	50
Berger, C H	1 00	Sellems, Mrs E H	2 50
Bickley, F W & wife	3 00	Seymour, Mrs C A	2 00
Billings, Frederick	25 00	Shepherd, J H	10 00
Bliar, Mrs Neil	1 00	Shoemaker, Mr & Mrs L	2 00
Bogle, Bros	20 00	Smith, Sr, Mrs S	2 00
Borden, H	2 00	Snyder, Mrs G W	1 00
Bowers, J W	90	Stamford Mfg Co	15 00
Boyce, Syrah J	1 00	Stone, A	13
Bragg, Wm M	2 00	Spaulding, Mrs E F	1 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs S	10 00	Swallow, Miss H M	20 00
Buckbee, Sela	5 00	Tibbals, Miss S J	5 00
Burnham, S C	2 00	Tipler, Mrs Addie	1 00
Burnham, S S	2 00	Toy, Charles	2 00
Cady, Mrs J E	1 00	Tripp, Mrs J C	1 00
Cairns, Maggie	2 00	Truman, E	1 00
Caldwell, J L	50	Turner, J T	3 00
Calvelli, Dr G	4 00	Tyler, W A	1 00
Cameron, K F	50	Van Osterloo, L	5 00
Campbell, G S	2 00	Van Raalte, Mr & Mrs	3 00
"Cana," Grenola	2 50	Waldron, Mrs M C	5 00
Carr, Mrs F A	5 00	Waldron, Wm	2 00
Chadwick, Jas E	1 00	Waller, Edward C	1 00
Chapman, Mrs	1 00	Waters, Mrs Della	5 00
Chapman, D M	2 00	Walters, G B	5 00
Clark, Bella	1 00	Waugh, Mrs E J B	2 00
Clark, Mrs J C	5 00	West, B, Cowansville	1 00
C H, Clay Bank	75	Whaly, H W	2 00
Cleare, L W	2 00	Wheeler, Miss E M	10 00
Coe, D D, Rev E B	5 00	Wheelwright, E H	2 22
Coe, S P	1 00	White, Mrs A E	1 00
Collins, Alice L	2 00	White, Nettie	50
Conover, S Hettie	10 00	Wilkinson, W S	2 50
Coon, Mrs B W & W H	2 00	Williams, Mrs	50 00
Crane, Mrs A C	1 00	Williams, B	1 00
Crittenden, M E	2 00	Williams, John	1 15
Crosier, Mrs A H	1 00	Williams, Mrs Thos	1 00
Cummings, J F	1 00	Willingly, Springfield	2 00
Dana, F F	2 00	Wilson, R J	10
Davis, Emma L	1 00	Winans, Wm H	2 50
Dellow, Helen S	40	Winn, A M	5 00
Dixon, Homer	1 00	Woodside, Mrs Wm	2 50
Donald, Margaret	1 00	Woodside, Mrs Wm	2 50
Du Ganne, Annie	1 00	Woodward, A P	50
Duvall, Mrs M B	75	Young, E and J	1 00
Dun, R G & Co	25 00	Youngblood, G S	1 00
Eames, Mrs H M	1 00	A C D, Florence	50
Edwards, A R G	1 00	For Christ's Sake, NY	1 00
Ellis, Sarah	50	C D C, Altoona	1 00
Epperson, Lina	5 00	C O D, Mechanicsb'g	1 00
Espy, W A	50	E D M, W Shokan	5 00
Evans, Annie L	1 45	Iniver Chapel Sunday School, Topeka	3 40
Fairbanks, Mrs W W	1 00	Mrs K M H	1 00
Falls, Mrs M S	1 00	G J S, New York city	1 00
Ferris, B K	2 00	H S	75
Ferris, B K	1 00	H T, Morristowd	2 00
Fishback, M E	40	J A R, Summi	1 00
Fisher, Mrs M L	10 00	J D D, Dyersville	1 00
Field, Mrs C De P	10 00	J E H, New York city	10 00
Finley, Miss J A	1 00	J N S, Livingston Manor	2 00
Fleming, Amanda	1 00	Lottie H, Brooklyn	1 00
Fletcher, Mrs S A	2 50	K L D, Andrew	50
Force, Mrs E	40	M C F, Flint	1 00
Foster, Philana A	1 00	M D, Sellersville	1 00
Frier, Mrs A	50	M S R, New York city	1 00
Garlow, Mrs R E	2 50	M V M, Shushan	4 00
Garnett, J S	3 00	R & G, Ottawa	2 00
George, F W	2 00	S, Plainfield	1 00
Gerber, R	2 00	V C, Amherst Jct	2 00
Gibbs, Mrs S S	35	V M P, Kennett Sq	2 00
Glaze, Mrs J	1 00	W T, New York city	7 50
Glenn, Mrs S M	2 00	W W A, N Y city	10 00
Gordon, Aletta H	50	X X, Johnstown	3 50
Gordon, Aletta H	1 50	—, Augusta	2 50
Gordon, Aletta H	1 00	—, Buffalo	60
Green, Mrs T B	1 00	—, Colden	1 00
Gress, R L	1 00	—, Greenwood	5 00
Griffith, Ruth	2 00	—, Huntsville	1 00
Grosvenor, C A	2 00	—, Huntsville	1 00
Hall, A M	1 00	—, Huntsville	1 00
Han, E A	3 00	—, Huntsville	1 00
Harris, M C	2 00	—, Jeffersonville	1 00
Harris, M C	4 00	—, Lacey	25
Harvey, M W	1 00	—, Miss	50
Havens, Sallie	75	—, South Norwalk	2 00
Harwood, M S W P	50	—, Sunny Valley	1 00
Hayes, Mrs G	2 00	For Christ's Sake, N Y city	1 00
Hess, M C	1 00	For Christ's Sake, N Y city	1 00
Hoskins, Mrs E J	50	Friend, Greencastle	4 00
Houghton, Mrs J C	2 00	Friend, Herndon	1 00
Howe, A C	2 00	Friend, N Y city	20 00
Howenstine, Marg't	4 00	Friend, Pendleton	5 00
Hubbard, Gen T H	20 00	Friend, Pine Grove	25 00
Ingersoll, N J & H A	2 00	Friend, Pleasant Prairie	3 00
Ivanhoe	1 00	Friend, Stafford	1 00
Jackson, Mrs L	50	Friend, Sterling	5 00
Jackson, Mary	1 00	Friend, Unionville	1 00
Jaeger, Louisa	10 00	Friend, Williamsport	1 00
Jesup, M K	25 00	A Friend in Need, Henderson	22
Johnson, Mrs E	1 00	Inasmuch, Platte	5 00
Johnson, E S	90	I H N, Chambersb'g	1 00
Jones, Mrs E H	5 00	I H N, Danbury	1 00
Kempton, Sarah J	3 00	I H N, Dublin	50
Kent, Lucy I	50	I H N, Glassboro	1 50
Kezar, E Viola	50	I H N, Plainfield	1 00
Kline, J H	1 00	I H N, Savanah	50
Krady, W J	50	I H N, Virgina	1 00
Lake, Mrs M P & Mrs H C	5 00	Reader, Bevier	1 00
Lambert, Mrs W	10 00	" Shioh	1 00
Larkin, Annie M	10 00	Subr, Bloommgdale	1 00
Larsen, L	1 00	" Calhoun	2 50
Lewis, B F	50	" Hoopeston	20
Lockewood Caroline	4 00	Faith, Jamesville	75
Loomis, M B	5 00	K D, Luray	25
Love, Mrs C S	5 00	Manitoba farmer	15 00
Love, Mrs J	5 00	Moth&dau, Fallsing'n	2 00
Ludwig, J	5 00	Phila'n, Columbia	1 00
McClenathan, J	1 00	One who is interested, Racine	5 00
McClun, J	1 00	Sister in Christ, Vt	1 00
McMath, Mary A	1 00	From the Lord, Selinsgrove	15 00
McRobert, Mrs W E	50	United Electric Light & Power Co, N Y City	25 00
Malcolm, Mrs W M	25	Tempted soul, Elmore	3 00
Manning, J W	5 00	The Lord's Tenth, Willimantic	1 00
Martin, Mrs E	75	A Flandraen, I D	50
Maynard, Miss S	1 00	Messiah's ch S S, Challenge	1 25
Meeker, M	50	Union Y P S C E, Herring Row	1 00
Mentzer, I	1 00	C E S, Pres ch	1 75
Miller, Mr & Mrs C L	3 00	Total	$903 62
Miller, Sr, J F	1 00		
Mondesly, Emma	1 00		
Myers, C F	1 00		
Nemor, H	2 00		
Nichols, Alice I	1 00		
Noxon, Mrs H E	1 00		
Park, I M	2 00		
Parker, J H	20		
Payne, Mrs E L	4 05		
Payne, E L	4 00		
Payne, E L	4 00		

The Church on Dancing

A READER of this journal in Beverly, W. Va., writes: "I learn by a newspaper report that the New York Conference and the New York East Conference in recent session, were working on a plan to get the General Conference of the M. E. Church to change certain rules in discipline, so as to permit members to dance, play cards, etc. Is this a fact? Will you kindly also inform me concerning the proposition on amendment to the discipline proposed at the last General Conference, in which all members and preachers were requested to abandon their political faith in all political parties for the purpose of establishing and upbuilding temperance and morality?"

There is a good deal of misapprehension in the public mind concerning the matter referred to in the first question. The General Conference of 1872 introduced a paragraph into the book of discipline, a part of which reads as follows:

In cases of neglect of duties of any kind, ... dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, or patronizing dancing schools, or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church—let private reproof be given, etc.

An increasing number of ministers and of the laity are reaching the conviction that this enumeration is neither sensible nor edifying and that it would be better to have that portion of paragraph 248 eliminated and allow the question of amusements to be covered by that passage in the general rules which states that "it is expected of all who continue in our societies, that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation by doing no harm, by avoiding evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced, such as . . . . . the taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus."

There is no intention on the part of the Methodist Church to recede from its position of unalterable hostility to the things specified in paragraph 248. There is not the slightest purpose of letting down the bars and therefore permitting or encouraging our people to indulge in these prohibited diversions.

In regard to the second question, no amendment has been made to the discipline requiring members and preachers to abandon their political faiths and to co-operate in the establishment and upholding of any political party committed solely to temperance and morality. The passage to which the correspondent probably refers is in the appendix of the Discipline of 1896, page 349, where it is declared that the time has come when all good citizens should unite for harmonious and aggressive action to the end that all legislation relating to this subject, whether municipal, state or national, should advance steadily and firmly toward the utter extermination of the traffic.

There is another reference (on page 348) to this effect: that the Christian's only proper attitude toward the liquor traffic is that of relentless hostility and that all Methodist Episcopal churches should promote the rescue of our country from the guilt and dishonor which has been brought upon it by a criminal complicity with the liquor traffic. This, it will be seen, is disciplinary and by no means mandatory.

Floating Box of Christian Heralds

Mr. A. M. Taylor, a reader of this journal, sends the following: Mr. E. G. Moore, postmaster at Hampden, Me., received a letter from his son, Lyndon Moore, March 24. The letter was mailed at Cape Nome, December 24, 1899. It traveled 2,614 miles by dog team to Dawson City. In the letter he mentions securing two boxes of wreckage that drifted from a steamer that was stranded somewhere to the windward. He was much pleased to find that one box contained copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which were as eagerly sought for by the boys as if they were gold nuggets. If there is any place on earth that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not reach, we have yet to learn it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Triangle: A Story for Girls. By Lena Tomlinson. This book was written by one who has dealt with girls, and who has studied and loved them. The preface says: "The characters of this book are living, for they were studied and known in the flesh. The setting of the story is also true to nature. So, while there is fancy in the book, it is not fanciful." Pp. 204. Price, $1. Publishers, A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

Oom Paul's People. Narrative of the British and Boer Troubles in South Africa, with a History of the Boers, the Country and its Institutions. By Howard C. Hillegas. Illustrated with eight photographs and a map of South Africa. The writer, an American, says: "In these pages, an effort has been made to describe the Boers as they impressed themselves upon my mind while I associated with them in the farm-houses, on the veldt, in the drawing-rooms, in the cities, in the chambers of the Government House, and in the Mansion of the Executive." Pp. 308. Price, $1.50. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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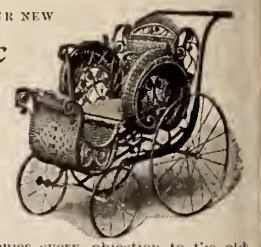

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MEAT OR CEREALS.

A Question of Interest to All Careful Persons.

The arguments on food are interesting. Many persons adopt a vegetarian diet on the ground that they do not like to feel that life has been taken to feed them, nor do they fancy the thought of eating dead meat.

On the other hand, too great consumption of partly cooked, starchy oats and wheat, or bread, pastry, etc., produces serious bowel troubles, because the bowel digestive organs (where starch should be digested) are overtaxed, and the food ferments, producing gas, and microbes generate in the decayed food, frequently bringing on peritonitis and appendicitis.

Starchy food is absolutely essential to the human body. Its best form is shown in the food "Grape-Nuts," where the starch is changed into grape sugar during the process of its manufacture. In this way, the required food is presented to the system in a pre-digested form and is immediately made into blood and tissue, without taxing the digestive organs.

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A Noble Author Dead

The Duke of Argyll, Statesman, Scientist and Philosopher

IN the death of George Douglas Campbell, Duke of Argyll, and one of the leading peers of Great Britain, which occurred on April 14, there passed away one whose remarkable qualities as a statesman, scientist and philosopher made a distinct impression upon the times in which he lived. He

THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL

was born in 1823, and his long career of distinction and influence showed him to have been one of the most energetic and versatile members of the British peerage. An independent Liberal in politics, he was a vigorous debater and formidable either as an ally or an opponent. He held important portfolios during several Ministries, serving under the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone.

It is not, however, with his political career that the world concerns itself. Long before his accession to the dukedom he had become known as a fluent, learned and powerful writer, and a public speaker as polished in style as he was rich in thought. He took an active part in the controversy over the subject of patronage in the Presbyterian church of Scotland. A pamphlet on the subject from his pen attracted wide attention. From the time of its publication to the end of his career he was an authority in ecclesiastical matters and contributed freely to all public discussions concerning them. In 1851 he was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews. He showed that he had a comprehensive grasp of all such questions. He contributed freely to the press, and his letters were models of style, and evinced a remarkable mastery of minute and varied information. In geology, he was an acknowledged authority. Among his more important publications may be enumerated *The Reign of Law*, which has passed through many editions; *Primeval Man*, *History and Antiquities of Iona*, *The Eastern Question*, *The Unity of Nature*, *An Economic History of Scotland*, and the *Philosophy of Belief*, published so recently as 1896.

The death of the Duke makes his son (the Marquis of Lorne) his successor, and the latter's wife (the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria) becomes Duchess of Argyll.

Few public men have been noted for more marked eccentricity of character than "the great Scotch Duke," as he was called. In the eyes of the simple highland population, accustomed for long generations to venerate the head of a great house or clan, "Maccallum More" (the clan's name for its chief), was greatness personified. It is related that when the news came to Argyllshire of the approaching wedding of the Marquis of Lorne and a royal princess, the clansmen declared to a man that "it's a proud woman Queen Victoria should be, having Maccallum More's son for her son-in-law." The Duke himself used to tell with special satisfaction of an adventure that befell him during a journey by rail in England. He usually traveled second-class, always dressed very plainly, and his personal appearance was not calculated to strike the beholder with awe. His fellow-traveler was the Duke of Northumberland, a peer of most autocratic manners. Just as they were starting a third man entered. He was an affable tradesman or shopkeeper, and at once launched into conversation, encouraged probably by Argyll's plain appearance. By-and-by the English nobleman reached his station, and alighted. The shopkeeper remarked to Argyll that "that was a queer fellow. Wonder who he is." "He is the Duke of Northumberland," was Argyll's quiet reply. "Ye don't mean it!" exclaimed his companion. "Well! To think that one of the highest peers in England should talk to common chaps like you and me!"

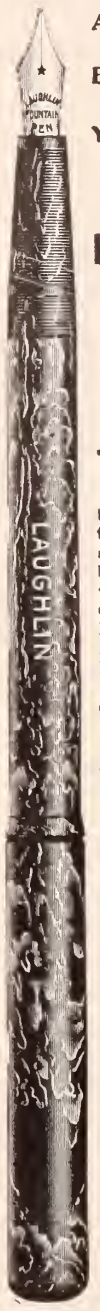
Another incident, which Argyll frequently related, was about a visit he once paid to Brentano's bookstore in New York. He inquired of one of the salesmen whether he had a copy of *The Reign of Law*. "Oh, yes," said the shopkeeper, "we have that and several others by the same writer." "Indeed!" was the Duke's sole reply. "Yes," innocently continued the salesman, "and he's as dry as dust—frightfully dry—but he's a great writer and a powerful man in an argument. Some of the biggest among them are afraid of him; he has such a habit of crushing an opponent down with facts and then walking over him with mailed boots."

A Church that Holds No Fairs

SOME weeks ago, the writer was very much interested in reading the account in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the church in one of the South-Central States that does not hold fairs, festivals, etc., and I thought other readers might be interested to learn of another church that is similar in that respect. The First Presbyterian Church, at Flanders, N. J., occupies a unique place in that it is entirely free of debt, and that it holds no socials, suppers, fairs or any kind of entertainment whatsoever for the purpose of raising money for its own expenses or benevolences, either as a church or through any of its organizations. Of the latter it has a "Woman's Missionary Society," "Girls' Mission Band," and both Senior and Junior Societies of Christian Endeavor. This church was organized in 1852, and has enjoyed many seasons of spiritual refreshing. It has a membership of ninety-six. Since the beginning of the present pastorate, under the Rev. William T. Pannell, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church at Morristown, N. J., November 1, 1898, the church has more closely followed along the line of the early church and dispensed wholly with entertainments for securing financial help.

The result has been wonderful and yet only the fulfilling of the promises of God, and there is increased spirituality. Financially the church enjoys a very encouraging prosperity. During the year that closed Apr. 15, more than $1,428 have been raised, besides about $100 for benevolences. When the Rev. Mr. Pannell went to Flanders there was a debt on the church of about $475. By the following April this had been diminished somewhat. Last summer the church was renovated and repaired and of the $275.95 needed to meet the expense for the same, $209 were raised by subscription. On February 7 there was still an indebtedness of about $433, and pastor and people became earnest in the desire to see it cancelled. On Easter morning the announcement was made at the church service that the church was entirely free of debt. The note that had represented the last of the debt now bears the following endorsement, "This note being paid, we as a church are out of debt, clear and clean in the sight of God and man, an honor to the true building up of the kingdom of our Master." It is signed by the pastor and put on file with the accounts of the treasurer. The church members paid this indebtedness with the exception of $43, and of this amount $23 was given by members of the congregation. The joys of the Easter-tide were accentuated in the hearts of the church by the knowledge that no longer debt harassed. The pretty edifice was profusely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. —H. H.

CONFIDENCE



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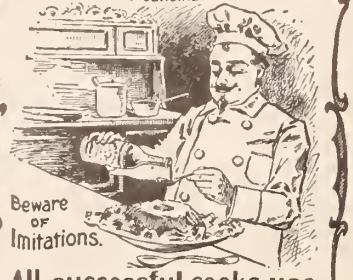

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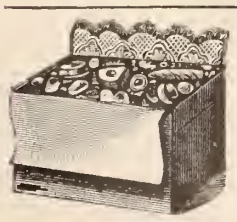

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Heathen Womanhood

Her Degradation, Her Seclusion and Her Influence for Evil—The Necessity for Her Redemption

ONE of the most interesting features of the Ecumenical Conference was the reading by Mrs. Cook, the well-known missionary, of a message to the conference from Mrs. Bishop, describing the appalling degradation of woman in pagan lands. Never was the contrast between woman's position in such countries and those in which Christ is acknowledged more strikingly exemplified than when cultured Christian women, who had lived and worked among their benighted sisters of the Orient, stood up before that great audience in Carnegie Hall voicing the wrongs of these voiceless ones and calling for their complete redemption. Mrs. Cook prefaced Mrs. Bishop's paper by calling attention to the fact that the great author and traveler had been prejudiced against foreign missions until observations made during her journeyings demonstrated their tremendous value. In the paper read, Mrs. Bishop says of the impressions produced on her by eight years of intimate contact with the peoples of Japan, Korea, China, Tibet, the Malay States, India, Persia and Turkey:

"Lying is universal, and no shame attends the discovered falsehood. There are polygamy and polyandry with their infinite degradation. There is no truth and no trust between man and man, and no man trusts any woman.

"The distinction between right and wrong is usually lost, and conscience is deposed and destroyed. The corrupt tree of the dead and degenerate faiths of Asia brings forth corupt fruit from the Black to the Yellow Sea, and from Siberian snows to the equator. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint, and for the grievous hurt there is no balm in Gilead and no Physician there.

"Let us bear in mind that to-day, nineteen centuries after the birth of our Lord, one thousand and fifty millions of our race are unchristianized, and eight hundred millions have never even heard his name. Let us also steadily bear in mind the fact that, though during this century nearly 4,000,000 persons won by missionary effort have been baptized into the Christian Church, there are now over 100,000,000 more heathen and Moslems in the world than when the century began. We must face the truth. Much as we congratulate ourselves, missionary effort has but touched the fringe of the darkness of this world; the Io Paeans of victory are not for us to sing.

"Of the Christless population of the world over 500,000,000 are women. We are chiefly concerned with them to-night. Throughout Asia the natural distrust of women by men and of the degrading views held concerning women in seclusion behind high walls, in separate houses, known to us as the harem, the zenana and the anderun, is deplorable. I have seen much of the inmates of all, owing to the detentions in traveling which have made me frequently their unwilling guest, and have unveiled for me the mysteries of their secluded lives. Such contact has banished from my mind, so far as Asiatic countries are concerned, all belief in purity in women and innocence in childhood. We know what Christianity has done for us. We realize it more or less fully to-night as we meet to discuss the important and unfettered work of women. We know, in part, what Islamism and heathenism have done for our sisters. I have been a storm or peril-bound guest in more than fifty women's houses, including the women's tents of the large nomadic population of Persia. In all the arrangements, so far as means allow, are the same. The women's rooms are built around a yard, and have no windows to the front; a room, near the entrance, is tenanted by eunuchs, or by an old woman who acts as custodian or spy in the husband's interests. Such secluded women can never stir outside except in rigidly closed chairs by day, or in some cities on foot at night, properly attended, along streets from which men are excluded. In many countries it is a crime or a folly to teach women to read; in some, a lady loses caste by employing her fingers, even in embroidery. They know nothing. They have no ideals. Dress, personal adornment and subjects connected with their sex are their sole interests. They are regarded as possessing neither soul nor immortality; except as mothers of sons they are absolutely despised and are spoken of in China as 'the mean ones within the gate.' With dwarfed and childish ignorance is combined a precocity on a gigantic scale in the evil passions of adults—hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, greed and malignity. The system of polygamy, the facility for divorce and the dread of it, the fiendish hate, the vacuity and apathy, and the tortures inflicted by the ignorance of the native female doctors specially at the time of 'the great pain and peril of childbirth,' produce a condition which makes a piteous appeal to every woman here.

"In a rich man's harem there are women of all ages and colors, the favorites and other legitimate wives; concubines, who have recognized but very slender rights; discarded wives who have been favorites in their day and who have passed into practical slavery to their successors; numbers of domestics, slaves and old women; daughter-in-law and child or girl widows, whose lot is deplorable, and many others. I have seen as many as 200 in one house, a great crowd, privacy being unknown, grossly ignorant, with intolerable curiosity, forcing on a stranger abominable or frivolous questions, then relapsing into apathy, but rarely broken except by outbreaks of hate and the results of successful intrigue. It may be said that there are worse evils than apathy. There are worse evils and they prevail to a great extent in upper-class houses.

"On more than fifty occasions I have been asked by women for drugs which would kill the reigning favorite, or her boy, or make her ugly or odious. In the house of the Turkish Governor of an important vilayet where I was stormbound for a week, the favorite wife was ill, and the husband besought me to stay in her room lest some of the other women would make away with her. My presence was no restraint on the scenes of fiendishness which were enacted. Scandal, intrigue, fierce and cruel jealousies, counting jewels, painting the face, staining the hair, quarrels, eating to excess, getting rid of time by sleeping, listening to impure stories by professional reciters, and watching small dramas, usually of immoral character, played by slaves, occupy the unbounded leisure of Eastern upper-class women.

"Yet these illiterate, ignorant women, steeped in superstition, despised as they are in theory, wield an enormous influence, and that against Christianity. They bring up their children in the superstitions and customs which enslave themselves. They make marriages for their sons and rule their daughters-in-law. They have a genius for intrigue, and many a man in the confidence of a ruler or another loses his position owing to their intrigues. They conserve idolatries and keep fetich and demon worship alive in their homes. They drag the man back to heathen customs, and their influence accounts, perhaps, for the larger number of lapses from Christianity. It is impossible to raise the men of the East unless the women are raised, and real converts among Asiatic women, especially among the Chinese, make admirable Christians.

"But owing to social customs, mission work among Eastern women can only be done by women. The medical woman finds ready access into their houses; for the non-medical woman the entrance into such a mixed crowd as I have described is a matter of difficulty, and requires not only the love of our sisters for Christ's sake, but for their own, much, very much of what has been well named 'the enthusiasm of humanity.'"

The Founder of the "Shut-ins"

Mrs. Jennie M. Drinkwater Conklin, the benefactor of many invalids, passed to her home above on Saturday, April 28. Mrs. Conklin is widely known as the founder of the "Shut-in" Society, a bureau of correspondence, of spiritual and often of material help for invalids, and also as a writer for religious journals and as an author of popular books for girls, among which may be mentioned *Tessa Wadsworth's Discipline*, *Miss Prudence* and *Fifteen*. She was the widow of the Rev. Nathaniel Conklin, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of New Vernon, N. J.

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"Mrs C. R. Holmes of 1946 Adair St., and Mrs. Ade Leonard, 234 Twenty-seventh St., Los Angeles, both tried Postum Food Coffee but did not boil it fifteen minutes, according to directions, and therefore did not like it. I made a cup for each of them the right way and now they use it daily and like it very much.

"Mrs. Ida Sherman of 6113 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, had been quite ill for years with dyspepsia and nervousness and I urged her to leave off coffee and take Postum Food Coffee. She now writes me that she is entirely well.

"Mrs. Julia Moore of Riverside, Cal., and also Mrs. Lily Staldn of Riverside, were both ill for some years with heart trouble. I told them of my experience with coffee and induced them to drop it and take up Postum Food Coffee. Mrs. Moore was restored to health and in three months after making the change Mrs. Staldn wrote that she had been relieved more from leaving off the coffee and using Postum than she had obtained from any medicines.

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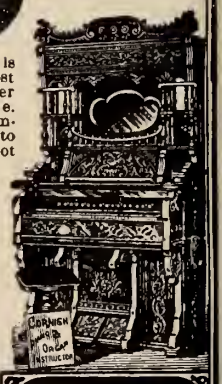

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The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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The National Congress of Mothers

A Great Gathering in Des Moines—The Interests of Parents and Children—Progress of Mother-Work

THE fourth National Congress of Mothers will be held at Des Moines, Iowa, May 23-28. Heretofore its sessions have been in Washington, D. C., but the women of the West and Middle West have shown such enthusiastic and practical interest in the movement represented by this great organization, that their sisterhood of other sections conceded this reunion to Des Moines. As one evidence of the progression west of the Mississippi of the spirit which seeks in educational and co-operative measures the enlightenment of parenthood, the benefit of childhood and the consequent elevation of the race, it may be mentioned that in Iowa alone new Mother Clubs have been formed in over eighty counties during the past year; and the advance in other States has been proportionately rapid. The movement is not confined to cities and towns by any means. In country villages and neighborhoods all over our land, good mothers are banding themselves together and meeting quietly in each other's homes, or in their little church buildings, to talk over the problems which confront them in raising their children aright, and to help each other in various other ways. Almost every city church, mission and social settlement has its Mothers' Club or Mothers' Meeting, some many years older than the Mothers' Congress, one principal object of which is to unite them all into one great order, which shall be able to speak in the interests of childhood and future citizenship with authority in many great matters of social and educational law.

Des Moines shows no lack of appreciation of the honor conferred upon her as the place of convention. The Congress will be formally welcomed by Governor Shaw and the mayor of the city, and later the capitol building will be thrown open by the Governor and his wife for a grand reception to the delegates. The Woman's Club of Des Moines has undertaken to entertain a thousand delegates free of charge, and many handsome homes will be at the service of the visitors, including that of Mrs. Isaac Lea Hillis, the State Regent, to whose untiring efforts the growth of the order in Iowa and the selection of Des Moines for the convention is largely due. The Presidents of the State University, of the State W. C. T. U., of the Iowa Child Study Association, of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs; the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and others equally prominent are lending their energies to make this gathering one of profound interest and large and lasting influence. All associations of philanthropic, reformatory and educational character have been invited to affiliate; and church, missionary and kindergarten workers are lending it their hearty co-operation. The public schools of the State will probably be closed during Congress week, in order that teachers may take part in the conference.

Thousands of persons from Iowa alone will be in attendance, and delegates will come from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, from the North and South, and from every State of the great Middle West, among them many notable men and women. The meetings, three sessions daily, will be held in Des Moines' beautiful new auditorium; and the various speakers on the programme are men and women of national and international note, each a specialist and an authority in his or her particular department of child training. Besides these, the dear old-fashioned mother will be in evidence to give the benefit of her own practical experience and to encourage new ideas that appeal to her; and one of the most interesting features will be reports of delegates from all the States, telling the work their clubs have accomplished during the past year. Affiliated Mothers' Clubs in Germany, France, Japan, India and other foreign countries will be heard from. In this country, fresh-air work, prison reform, improved factory regulations, enlarged school facilities and many other phases of social betterment have received decided impetus from Mothers' Clubs; public opinion in serious affairs of morals and State has been moulded, one instance of which our readers readily recall in remembering the fact that the Mothers' Congress lent its influence effectively to the movement instituted by this paper against the seating of the Mormon Congressman-elect, B. H. Roberts. We give pictures of Mrs. Theodore H. Birney, founder and President of the Congress, and of several Des Moines ladies who have been very prominent in furthering the interests of the mother-work in Iowa. Mrs. Hillis is State organizer as well as Regent. Mrs. Walker is president of the Des Moines Woman's Club and Mrs. Clapp chairman of the hospitality committee.

AN APPEAL FOR INDIA

FAR beyond the deep blue ocean
Lies a fair and sunny land,
Where starvation sits as despot,
Ruling with an iron hand.

Famished men are dying, dying;
Women weep and ask for bread;
Helpless children crying, crying,
Pleading, begging to be fed.

Listen now, and we can hear them
As their cry sweeps o'er the sea!
Calling on their gods to aid them
Low they blindly bow the knee.

Can we calmly view their anguish,
Shall we hear their calls in vain,
If we let fair India languish,
On Christ's name 'twill cast a stain.

God has given us abundance,
Shall we not our plenty share,
When we call to our remembrance,
"One another's burdens bear"?

Send them bread and send the Gospel,
Let the two go hand in hand,
Bringing joy and hope and gladness
To that famine-stricken land.

Marietta, O. MRS. L. J. SHOEMAKER.

The Abigail Kindergarten

With an income of less than $5,000 last year, the Abigail Free School and Kindergarten, 104 Sullivan street, New York, cared for an average of nearly 300 children a day. One-third of the number were given a meal a day. The kindergarten, sewing school and Sunday School have been maintained with vigor. A brief annual report notes the fact that about 200 of the poor children were received at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home for ten days each last summer. During the ten years' existence of the school thousands of children have passed through its hands. Mr. C. B. Devare is the secretary and superintendent.

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EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

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Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N.Y.

How many sufferers from stomach troubles are longing praying for just such relief as has come to Mrs. Amelia Allen, of Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y. For over five years she suffered all the miseries attendant upon this disease, sought vainly in all directions for relief, employed the most skilled physicians, but they failed her, and she had despaired of help when through a friend she learned of the medicine that saved her.

Her remarkable story is here given in her own words:

"For five and a half years I was afflicted with nervous dyspepsia, was compelled to diet myself rigidly and could scarcely keep anything on my stomach. Palpitation of the heart set in and I soon became so thin and wasted that I was a mere shadow. I was treated by all the leading physicians in this section of the state, but without permanent benefit. I was so discouraged that I had no faith in any doctor or medicine.

"When a friend, Mrs. George Mott, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I had no idea of receiving any benefit from them. I tried them, however, and to-day I am well, have regained my weight, and am strong and vigorous. I began to see the good effects of the pills while I was taking the first box. Altogether I took them about a year and a half and was entirely relieved. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

(Signed) *Mrs. Amelia Allen.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. Miller,
Justice of the Peace,
in and for the County of Lewis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Old and Young Help India

Noble Self-denying Work on All Sides to Rescue the Perishing Millions—Children in the Movement

LETTERS, expressive of sympathy for India and containing contributions to the Famine Relief Fund, are received by every mail in steadily increasing numbers. All classes and denominations are represented, showing that the broad humanity of the work is universally recognized. As in previous weeks, there is a goodly showing of young people among the contributors.

THE "HOLY BAND"

Many business firms are also represented. Mr. F. M. Prentice, of Prentice & Johnson, wholesale grocers, Auburn, N. Y., forwards $450, being the contribution of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, Rev. W. H. Hubbard, pastor. Mr. W. H. Meaker, treasurer of the Cayuga County Savings Bank of Auburn, N. Y., sends $142.47, the proceeds of a "choir fund" raised by the choir of the Central Presbyterian Church of that city, and $6 as the offering of the primary department of the Sunday School.

HE HELPED INDIA

Rev. J. F. Irwin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Medicine Lodge, Kan., sends $80, collected for the Fund. The citizens of Rochester, Wis., through Mr. A. J. Russell, miller, send $50 as their united gift.

Five young ladies of Corydon, Ky.: Misses Gibson, Harness, Vivian, Miller and Chandler, gave prohibition recitations, a silver medal being awarded to the most successful speaker, Miss Marie Norris; and the H. S. Mandolin Club furnished the music. The entertainment netted $9.50 for the famine sufferers.

From Newgrove, Minn., Mr. Wm. Stegner writes, enclosing $108.20, the Easter offering of the young people's meeting. He explains: "We give this offering to God for starving India and we send our prayers with our gift. Use it as you think best to feed the hungry." The list of donors contains fifty-five names.

A LITTLE HELPER

Mrs. Scott M. Ladd, Sheldon, Ia., sends $52.17, raised by the good people of Boyden at a union mass meeting, at which she made an appeal for India. Mr. Alfred L. Kiest, clerk of Hope Union Church, Shermerville, Ill., sends $111.46, contributed jointly by the Sabbath School, the Junior Endeavorers and the church, whose congregation is composed of workingmen.

From Isaac Augumslaager, Savannah, N. Y., comes a contribution of two cents, "for a day's supporting of one life." The sender, who is a Hebrew, writes: "Rebecca told me to send it."

SHE SAVED HER PENNIES

The good people of Moorefield, Ont., and vicinity, send $72, through M. A. Malcolmson, secretary, with best wishes for the work.

From Neffsville, Pa., comes $50.75, the joint offering of nearly thirty persons, through Mr. J. F. Hess. This charitably disposed community, of late years has aided many good causes.

Pastor C. D. Trumbull, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Morning Sun, Ia., forwards $83, the united gifts of his own church ($50.20), the M. E. Church ($16.85), the M. E. Church of Marsh, Ia. ($13.95) and two residents of Morning Sun ($2).

The Twelfth St. Baptist Sunday School of Allentown, Pa., sends $50, "with our prayers that it may be the means of saving some few from terrible distress and death."

J. S. King & Co., wholesale grocers, Athens, Ga., forward $100, "given in the spirit of love for Christ" by a few friends in the store and near neighbors, largely at the suggestion of Mr. W. H. Dean.

The good people of Casselman, and South Indian, Ont., 138 in number, have collected $72.75 for the Fund.

"An Easter offering" from the generous residents of Beacom, Groveton, McKees Rocks, Coraopolis and Moon Run, Pa., ($53.75) is forwarded by Rev. D. F. Dickson, pastor of Forest Grove Church, Beacom, Pa.

Rev. J. C. Galloway, of Gastonia, N. C., sends $51.25, the collection taken at a union meeting of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Associate Reformed Presbyterian churches of that town.

The B. Y. P. U. of Sleepyeye, Minn., took up the subject of the India famine at a recent prayer-meeting. On the next Sunday evening, twenty members, with the pastor's consent, conducted the services in church, and gave a most effective programme, closing with a short, earnest plea for India. The result was a contribution of $11.60.

Mr. James J. Eaglestone, Victoria, B. C., Canada, in a letter to the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, relates how the little Sunday School of eighty children of St. Columba's Church gave an entertainment for the India Fund, raising $16.

A Christian Band in Georgia

WOODWARD, GA.

Dear Editor: We send our prayers with our mite ($2.05), and we will send you a picture of some of the Holy Band. We like to read the 37th Psalm, as workers do; it is so helpful.

MRS. H. M. COX, *President.*
U. S. NEWTON, *Secretary.*

What One Little Girl Did for India

TIFTON, GA.

Dear "Herald": I am a little girl twelve years old, who has collected the amount in one week. I shall continue my work in the name of Him who gave his life for me.

HATTIE N. MARTIN.

Accompanying this letter are contributions from Mrs. H. H. Tift, $5; collections by Hattie, $7.23.

Gifts from Children

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Dear Editor: I have saved my pennies for a long time to buy a present for my little sister in Texas; but when my grandma read to me the story of the starving children in India I decided to send my twenty-five cents to them. I am only eight years old and live with my grandma. I wish I had more to send you for them.

LOTTIE LEE LEWIS.

WASHINGTON, N. C.

Dear Editor: I send my picture, if you would like to use it, and collected $8.52.

RALPH A. PHILLIPS.

CUPID'S ADVICE
"GIVE THE BABIES
NESTLE'S FOOD
A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BASIS OF MOTHER'S BEST COWS MILK
NESTLE'S FOOD."
INFANTS FED ON NESTLE'S FOOD ARE STRONG AND ROBUST BECAUSE THEY ARE WELL AND PROPERLY NOURISHED. IT IS EASILY DIGESTED AND ASSIMILATED, AND QUICKLY PREPARED. WE WANT YOU TO PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF, AND WISH TO SEND YOU A FREE SAMPLE OF NESTLE'S FOOD, CONTAINING ENOUGH FOR SEVERAL MEALS. AND OUR BOOK FOR MOTHERS
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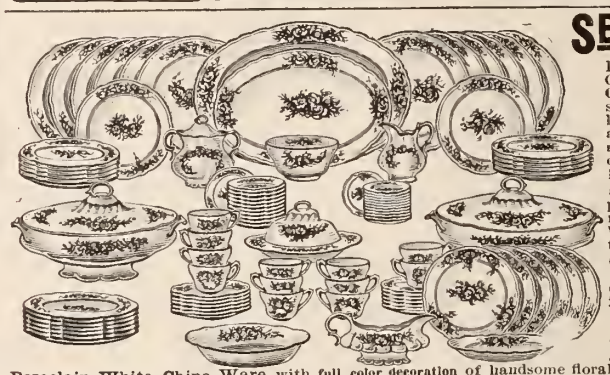

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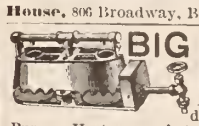
BIG MONEY



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Power of a Temperate Life*

How a Powerful and Insidious Enemy of Social and Individual Well-being May be Overcome

WHAT connection there is between the mind and the body has never been fully discovered, but that there is a very close and intimate connection experience clearly proves. A materialist would say that the presence of the brain explains the connection; but indulgence in liquor frequently affects a part of our nature which we do not usually associate with the brain. This is the moral, as distinct from the intellectual. A man under the influence of liquor is weaker morally than he is in his normal condition. He will do things, when he is excited by liquor, which he would not do when he is sober. Why it should be that what a man takes into his stomach should affect his moral conduct, we do not know, but experience proves that it does. Even a man who does not drink to excess is not quite the same man after indulging in intoxicants that he is before. He is apt to be garrulous, or quarrelsome, or egotistical according to the natural tone of his mind, but that he is affected is obvious to anyone who knows him in both conditions. Liquor changes the normal tone and increases the power of the lower, or animal, proclivities. It dethrones the higher powers which ought to control human nature and produces a moral anarchy in which the lower passions and impulses attain command.

The experiment on the four young men mentioned in the passage of Scripture associated with the topic, appears to have been tested by mental and physical results only. Personal appearance and mental development were the tests applied. These we can understand, because physicians have explained how the tissues of the body are affected by intoxicants and we have abundant opportunities of noticing how the mental processes are disturbed by the indulgence in liquor. Thus we realize that physically, mentally and morally the habit of indulgence produces deterioration. That fact being known, the habit becomes a mystery. Why do men acquire it? And why having acquired it and learned its injurious effects, do they continue to indulge it? Doubtless some do it for the mere gratification of the taste. Others do it for the sake of the impetus which it temporarily imparts to the spirits and the energy. A few possibly do it through hereditary taint, but these are a smaller number than is generally supposed. For one reason or another, a very large proportion of the people and especially the Anglo Saxon people do indulge in the habit and there is grave reason to fear that the number is increasing. This is a serious matter because it threatens the deterioration of the race and calls for intelligent effort to eradicate it.

One of the strongest forces that can be enlisted in the fight against this enemy is the influence of example. The power of a temperate life is more potent than is generally realized. It operates on the children, and they, after all, are the hope of the future. It is on them that the future of our race and country depends. If we could be sure that every child now in our schools was being trained up to abhor intoxicating liquor, we could afford to indulge high hope of success in this struggle against intemperance. We might or might not succeed in reforming the mature drunkard, but we would feel that the death knell of the enemy had been rung. Now there is no force that will affect the child like the force of example. If those whom he loves and reverences were to quit altogether the use of liquor, the probabilities of his growing up to sober manhood would be immensely increased. But if he can say, "My father drank his glass of wine, or my teacher, or my minister, or my employer used liquor and was not hurt by it," the child may grow up to use it, too, and his power of self-control may not be so strong as that of those whom he imitates. If he saw no example of the use of liquor but that of the drunkard, he would be little likely to follow it. The power of a temperate life operates also on the victim of drunkenness. He feels that in abstaining he takes upon himself the stigma of moral weakness. But if he becomes one of a respectable company of abstainers, abstinence is easier for him. When men of eminence and strong moral character voluntarily abstain, there is no stigma on the drunkard who does so too, and so he may be saved by the power of a temperate life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 20. Daniel 1: 1-17.

Moody's Work Goes On

The Summer School at Northfield to Open Shortly with a Grand Spiritual Programme

WHILE the wise counsel and leadership of the late Dwight L. Moody are greatly missed, yet arrangements are being carefully and prayerfully made not only for the usual summer programme, but to carry out plans which Mr. Moody had himself made. Among these may be especially mentioned the May and September Conferences at the Bible Institute, Chicago, which will be held in addition to the regular Summer Course directed by Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, and the Summer Session at Mt. Hermon School.

The Northfield Seminary will hold its Commencement Exercises for this year from June 9 to 14, with sermon to the graduating class by Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., of Northfield, and address by Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., of New York. A large number of the former students of the Seminary are expected at this time.

The series of Northfield Conferences will commence with the World's Student Conference, June 29 to July 8. Among the speakers expected at this Conference, are: Bishop J. H. Vincent, Kansas City; Dr. W. R. Richards of Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; President J. G. Schurman of Cornell University; Dr. C. E. Jefferson and Mr. Robt. E. Speer of New York. Mr. John R. Mott will preside. The Young Woman's Christian Association Conference assembles July 13 and continues until the 23d. Among the speakers will be: Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., Northfield, and Mr. Robt. E. Speer, New York. Miss Effie K. Price being the leader.

These two notable Conferences are gaining yearly a place of more highly recognized importance as factors in the development of Christian work among the students. The usual conduct of these meetings will be observed this year.

The General Conference for Christian Workers will hold its eighteenth gathering August 2 to 20. New as well as familiar faces will be seen upon its platform this year. Beside a number of speakers from our own country, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and probably also Rev. F. B. Meyer will be present from abroad. Conferences on Young People's and Sunday School work will be an added feature of this season, and in the absence of a large C. E. Convention in this country, it is believed will meet the needs of very many young people who cannot attend the London meeting.

The special Bible lectures, which in former years have been such a great source of blessing to many in the quiet days between the Conferences, will again be given from about July 25 to August 1, and from August 20 to September 1.

Camp Northfield will again be opened from June to September at minimum expense, and offers an attractive, informal and distinctively Christian vacation-place to young men. Reduced rates on nearly all railroads will make it possible for a large number to attend these Conferences.

She Likes to Hear About Tommy

Dear Editor.—I am a little girl of eight. In my visits to Grandmamma I have become very much interested in looking over "Aunt Samantha." I always look out for Tommy's picture. Please tell her to say more about Tommy. My own papa has just come from the Philippines and has told me lots about things there and brought me many pictures. I wonder if Tommy liked the monkeys.

Your little friend, MARGUERITE MOSS.

A constitutional disease like catarrh requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured catarrh in every form by thoroughly purifying the blood and healing the diseased tissues.

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THE brands of White Lead named in margin are genuine. They are and have been the standard for years. They are manufactured by the "old Dutch process," and by a company which is responsible. Unlike the so-called White Leads (mixtures of Zinc, Barytes, etc.), these brands correctly represent the contents of the packages.

FREE For colors use National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. Any shade desired is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving full information and showing samples of Colors, also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Experience With Paints" forwarded upon application.

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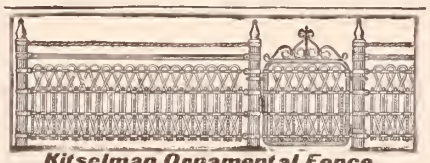

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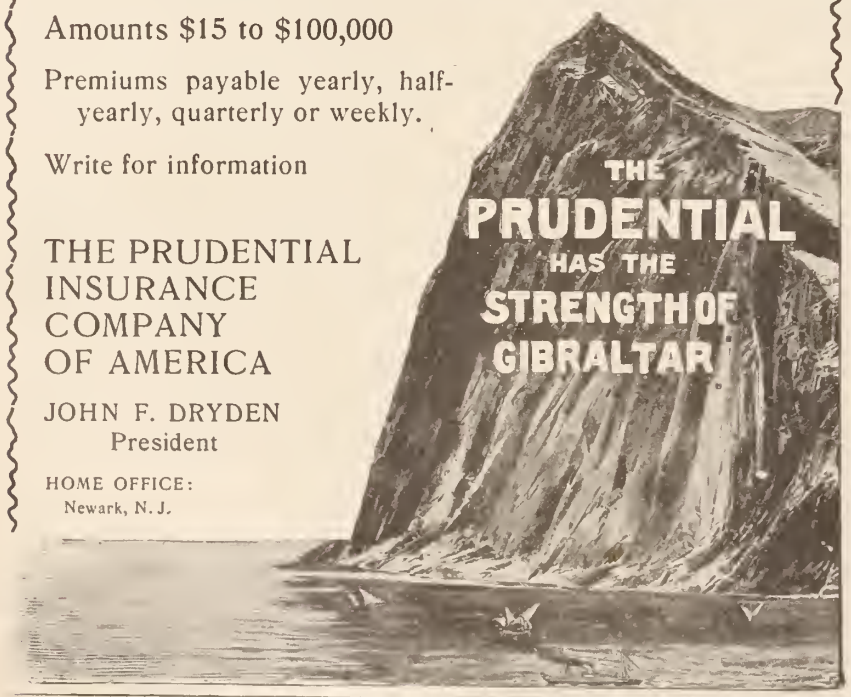

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, MAY 16, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 20

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR FAMINE SHIP ON THE OCEAN

The "Quito," Loaded with 200,000 Bushels of Grain, Christian America's Gift to Starving India

ONCE more the readers and conductors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been associated in the work of a great international benevolence, which has culminated in the sending of a Famine Relief ship to the starving multitudes in a distant land. Together they sent cargoes of food to Russia, to Cuba, and to India—the last-mentioned during the severe famine of 1897; and now, at the height of the most terrible famine of modern times, they have sent the good steamship *Quito*, with the largest cargo ever carried by any vessel, bound on an errand of mercy. Her **5,000 tons** of choice two-year-old American corn go to Bombay, where Dr. Klopsch will await the relief steamer's arrival and where, in conjunction with the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee, he will personally supervise its distribution, until the very last of the **200,000** bushels is sent out to the remotest centre of suffering.

This magnificent gift, which goes over the ocean wafted by prayer and blessing, represents the united offerings of every Christian denomination in the land—Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans, Reformed Church, Disciples of Christ, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Friends, Mennonites, Evangelicals and Moravians. There is probably not a church organization or society in the land which has not shared in the life-saving work. Little village communities and agricultural groups in the great corn-growing States have lovingly loaded up cars with corn and sent them on to swell the relief ship's cargo. It would not have been difficult to fill the largest steamer that ever floated, so generous was the sympathy, so noble the response. The Kansas State India Relief Committee is represented by 20,000 bushels; the Mennonites by 8,000 bushels, and the great host of good people belonging to all sects and denominations, make up the grand total of 200,000 bushels. It will afford all who have taken an active part in the benevolent enterprise additional satisfaction to know that their gift will reach Bombay at the very time when most needed, as our missionary letters assure us.

In the gathering of this great cargo it has been demonstrated that the spirit of Christian generosity is widespread in America. Railroads, business firms and corporations in many quarters have combined to make the labor easier. The Postal Telegraph Cable Co. has franked all fund messages; the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Lake Shore, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and West Shore railroads have been most liberal in their rebates; the elevator companies have also rebated charges; the Truesdell & McCord Co., grain merchants, have given services at cost of actual outlays. Messrs. Johnson & Higgins, in insuring the cargo, contributed their commission to the Famine Fund. All hearts seemed to be generously opened, and all minds intent on forwarding the life-saving work and speeding the departure of the famine-ship.

As she lay at her dock at the West Central Pier, Brooklyn, while loading, the *Quito* was visited by thousands of interested persons from the city and suburbs. She is a fine-looking vessel, of iron throughout. Her commander, Capt. Baird, is a native of Scotland and a navigator of wide experience. Before any cargo was taken aboard, the vessel was inspected by Lieut.-Commander Nickels and Paymaster Jackson of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and accepted in behalf of the United States Government. Her cargo of corn was put aboard ship from the elevator and put in sacks between decks. Every available foot of cargo space is utilized.

In addition to the corn, a quantity of seeds suitable for sowing in India, were placed on board, these being the gifts of nurserymen and seedsmen in different States. The entire cargo is consigned to Dr. Klopsch, who is now in Bombay awaiting its arrival. It goes via the Suez Canal and Red Sea, and as ample precautions have been taken, both in the preparation and packing of the corn, it is confidently believed that it will arrive at its destination in prime condition.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RELIEF SHIP "QUITO" AND HER COMMANDER

SHE IS OF 5,000 TONS BURTHEN, AND WAS CHARTERED BY OUR GOVERNMENT EXPRESSLY TO CONVEY THE CORN CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS TO BOMBAY

While the great army of Christian men and women who have made common cause with this journal in the work of saving life in India, have given their prayers, their gifts and their influence without even thought or desire of reward, and least of all, without seeking to win the applause of men, nevertheless it will interest them to know how those who stand high in the councils of other nations than ours regard their generous course. Our own Congress stamped the work with the hall-mark of official approbation by chartering the *Quito* to carry the gift of food to India, and the Governors of a score or more States are at this moment earnestly laboring in behalf of the Fund. In England, among the highest officials, the interest is hardly less keen. In the letters of introduction kindly furnished to Dr. Klopsch by Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, the writer refers in terms of the warmest approval to the benevolent mission of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its proprietor. Writing to Lord Northcote, the Governor of Bombay Presidency, he says:

"He (Dr. Klopsch) is much exercised by the misery caused by the famine, and has and is collecting large sums for its relief. He is anxious to be of real use. His zeal is that of a Christian missionary, and I am certain you will find him a man worthy of your advice and confidence."

He writes in similar terms to the Bishop

(Continued on page 417)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered June 13

1. What was the shortest year ever known in the history of this country and of England?

2. A young lady asks: "How may I, as a member of the Epworth League, best prepare myself to respond when called upon to pray? What helps, if any, may I properly use?"

3. When did the custom of burying the dead with their head towards the West originate, and what was the reason for the custom?

4. Should the efforts of our missionaries be confined to giving the Gospel to the "heathen," or should the work be so far extended as to give the "heathen," in addition to the Gospel, the educational benefits of our own land?

5. Is there anything inconsistent with a Christian's membership in a secret society?

6. Admitting that it would be well to have uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the country, by what means may we most reasonably hope to secure such laws?

7. Is it right to use intoxicants as medicine?

8. What is the Christian duty of a wife and mother as to the support of her family, when she is married to a man who is physically and mentally able to support them, but refuses to do so?

9. Who was the author of the Golden Rule and whence its name?

10. How can we make our free land laws more actively operative in reducing the pauper population of our great cities?

Questions of the Week

1. Should unconverted persons be engaged, under any circumstances, as Sunday School teachers?

Where the services of consecrated Christian people cannot be secured, the engagement of unconverted persons to teach Sunday School scholars is permissible when such persons are of good moral character and do not teach error. The great object in Sunday School work, however, should be to bring the children to Christ. It is difficult to see how teachers who have themselves never put their trust in the Saviour and become his disciples are likely to win the souls of their scholars to him. S. T. GREGG.

2. What is the greatest obstruction ever penetrated by a shell from a modern big gun, and what is the greatest distance a shot from one of these guns has been fired?

A missile from an English 110 ton gun penetrated 42 feet of steel, iron, concrete, stone and wood in combination. A German 9½ inch bore gun and an English 9 2-10 inch bore gun have each sent a shell 12½ miles.

S. KEITH.

3. How many changes were made in the revised New Testament?

Rufus Wendell, in his *Diacritical Edition of the Holy Bible*, says there are 792,444 words in the text of the Revised Bible. Of that number 721,672 are retained from the Version of 1611. That means that 70,772 words are introduced into the Revised that did not appear in the Authorized Version. The latter, in its turn, contains 65,508 words which do not appear in the revision. If all verbal changes and changes in punctuation are considered, the number of changes would thus be many thousands. But no important doctrines are in the least affected by the large number of verbal and other changes made by the revisers.

G. CROSS.

4. What is the origin of the word "poltroon"?

According to Trench, the word is derived from the Latin phrase, "pollice truncata," and designated a class of persons who, too cowardly to serve the nation in its wars, maimed or cut off their thumbs in order to disqualify themselves for military service. Menage suggests the Italian word, "paltra," a bed, a reference to those who took to their beds, and designed sickness with the same cowardly purpose.

C. E. VAN PELT.

5. A Christian lady wonders why, during the past ten years, she has not received answers to prayers for the necessities of life, and for money needed to purchase medicines. What reasonable reply can be given to this harassing "why"?

The fact that the lady has been spared to pray for ten years past is proof that she has had the actual necessaries of life for that period. Possibly the medicines she has been unable to purchase might not have proved so helpful as she supposes, and our Heavenly Father may have therefore withheld them. Again, she may have expected miraculous answers to her prayers, instead of looking for the responses in ways equally providential, but less miraculous. If she needs medicine and asks God for it, why not then make known her wants to some earthly friend, believing that thus God will relieve her necessities. It might be well to sum up her prayers for temporal benefits in the words "Give us this day our daily bread," and then believing that she has what God sees is necessary, strive to be content therewith. On no account should she give up her faith. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" (Job 13: 5, 15). L. GORDON.

6. Should a Christian trade with a grocer who keeps a liquor department in his store?

The saloons do a bad business, but evil as they are, the temptation they offer is not as insidious as that of the store which while professedly established to supply the necessaries of life, displays its tastily put-up wines and liquors. Numbers of people who would not dream of going into a saloon, have been led to use intoxicants by the tempting array exhibited at their grocer's. The young are injured by the close proximity of wines and liquors with every day edibles, and the association becomes dangerously familiar. Christians should, if possible, deal with stores that do not foster intemperance by dealing in rum.

E. L. STARK.

7. What was the first American newspaper?

In 1689 "a Newspaper Extraordinary," was published by Samuel Green. On Sept. 25, 1690, appeared the first and only number of *Public Occurrences*, Benjamin Harris, publisher. Both were Boston productions and both were suppressed by the authorities. A copy of *Public Occurrences* is kept on file in one of the public offices in London, England. On April 24, 1704, appeared the first number of the *News Letter*, of which John Campbell, postmaster, was the publisher. The first daily journal was the *Daily Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia, in 1785. The *Century Dictionary* claims that the oldest existing newspaper in the country is the *New Hampshire Gazette*, founded in 1756.

S. B. TOTTEN.

8. Is there any reason to believe that Christ suffered, at any time during his earthly career, from sickness?

That Christ was wearied we know from the inspired record of his life. There is no such record of his being sick at any time. In Matthew 8: 17, Revised Version, we read "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Reference is apparently made to Isaiah 53: 4, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." In verse 3, of the same chapter, we read that he was acquainted with grief. The words griefs and grief might be rendered respectively sicknesses and sickness; still, there is no assertion in these texts that Christ suffered disease of any kind, any more than the statement that he bare our sins implies that he sinned. His obedience to all law, sanitary included, undoubtedly served to keep him in health. R. N. ABBOTT.

9. What living poet in the English language is entitled to pre-eminence, on the ground of poetic diction and ideas?

Algernon Charles Swinburne, undoubtedly. The essential attribute of poetry is rhythm, and in rhythmical expression, Swinburne stands unrivaled in English literature, present or past. His lyrics rank with Shelly's for rhythm and with Keats' for diction. In ideas, Swinburne does not take so high a rank. He has written much to glorify political liberty; he has created a Greek drama that reads like a translation; and he has written dramas of English history which are as good as those of any living author.

H. C. CHARLES.

10. Our Saviour says, in Matt. 7: 13, 14, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." How can this statement be reconciled with the teaching that the world is to be brought to Christ?

In the time of Christ it was surely true that many were upon the road that leads to destruction. In our own time there are surely large numbers who know not of Christ and many others who knowing of Christ reject or ignore him, and who are therefore on the same broad road. The Scripture gives no absolute assurance that the world is to be brought to Christ in the sense of universal personal acceptance of him as the soul's Redeemer. It does say that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But he might be the King of the world and yet not be accepted by all mankind as a personal Saviour. The Revelation (20: 7) represents Satan as gathering a great host from among men, immediately after the thousand year reign of Christ upon the earth, to go up against the beloved city, and these are destroyed by fire. It is evident that while they might have given outward homage to Christ they had not given Him their hearts.

C. W. FREEMAN.

Miscellaneous Questions

R., Danville, Pa. What is the earliest and what the latest date on which Easter Sunday can occur?

Easter Sunday occurs on the Sunday following the first full moon after March 21, and may therefore occur as early as March 22 or as late as April 17.

Subscriber, California. Is mental depression caused by physical derangements likely to produce in a Christian morbid or false impressions concerning his Christian duties?

Yes; decidedly. We have known many such cases. A gloomy religion is too often the result of a bad liver. Be sure, however, that God makes due allowances for human failings under such circumstances, for "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

A. T. D., Butler, Neb. Does the fact that nearly one million men lost their lives or were wounded during our Civil War detract from the fame of Abraham Lincoln?

No; the sacrifice of these many lives cannot be charged against Lincoln.

Teachers and ministers in the destitute rural districts in the South, and prison wardens and convicts constantly apply to the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission for back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for distribution. All who wish to donate packages of religious papers to this cause should communicate with Sarah P. Brigham, Lend-a-Hand Society, Boston, Mass., who will reply, sending an address to which the donors may forward the papers.

Durham. Would you consider a person irreverent who in prayer addressed God as "Dear Lord"?

Not necessarily. We have heard these words uttered in prayer in the most devout and reverent manner possible. We can readily understand, however, that the too frequent use of such language, however reverently intended, might have the appearance of irreverence.

M. M. M., Trenton, N. J. What is meant by "the Keswick movement?"

It is a religious movement now a quarter century old, and was fully explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 16, 1898. Meetings are held every summer at Keswick, England, for the promulgation of the special doctrine which the originators and subsequent supporters of the movement aim to emphasize. They believe that Christians who mourn the divided allegiance of their hearts as Paul did in Romans 7, may, like the apostle, find the victory over the old nature as he did through Christ. They claim that a life of rest, of victory, of unbroken communion with God, of power, is the life that the Scripture sets before the Christian. They do not claim sinless perfection.

G. M., Paterson, N. J. I have seen a short sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet. Can you quote it for me?

The shortest intelligible sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet is probably the following: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills."

M. M. D., Ocean Grove, N. J. What is the belief of the Christadelphians?

The Christadelphians are a small religious sect, founded in the middle of the Nineteenth Century by John Thomas, M.D., who seceded from the Disciples of Christ. They reject the doctrine of the Trinity, believe in one supreme God, in Jesus Christ, in whom was manifest the eternal Spirit of God, and who died for the offences of sinners and rose again for their justification. They believe in baptism by immersion as essential to salvation. Satan is a personification of sin. Christ is to reign on David's throne over converted Israel and a redeemed world. They hold that there will be no resurrection of those who have never heard the Gospel, and that the wicked will be ultimately annihilated.

A reader sends this suggestion concerning the India famine relief work:

If every mother in America would send a penny for every child in her family, how much might be accomplished for the starving! This simple plan was adopted by a minister in Germany and a home for cripples and invalids was established. Might not the same plan appeal to the mothers in our own land?

A reader in Spring Brook, N. Y., sends this letter on a most timely subject:

Dear Editor:—You have probably seen a statement in the papers lately that farmers should not sow as much wheat by one-quarter or one-third in order to reduce the product, so to increase the price. I think that would be abominable; it would not benefit farmers a particle and would increase the suffering of the poor; schemers and monopolists would have the whole cornered, and we would not be so well conditioned to help in such cases as starving India.

We quite agree that such a course would be reprehensible and liable to cause much suffering. Whatever others may do, farmers should not permit themselves to be led into gambling with the necessaries of life. The country is dependent upon them and such speculation could not have other than evil results.

M. W. L. Is the use of the descriptive term "goody-goody," as applied to a certain class of people, or to a species of literature, commendable? What better word might be substituted?

Applied to literature, it is a mild form of slang. "Insipid" might be preferable. Applied to individuals, it means that their piety is of the mawkish, effusive, effeminate order that lacks practicality and backbone. It should not be confused with hypocrisy or pharisaism, however.

J. N., Kingman, Kansas. Is the word "everlasting," as used by our Saviour, considered to be endless?

The word "everlasting," as found in the teachings of Christ, is invariably "ai-o-ni-os" in the Greek. So also is the word "eternal." The literal rendering of the Greek word is "age-lasting." In connection with the word "life" it is taken by interpreters of Scripture generally to mean "everlasting," or "without end." Other interpreters hold that where found with the word "punishment," or "fire," the noun modifies the word "everlasting," and that the punishment or fire, while everlasting in its effects, because these cannot be recalled, does not eternally exist in the conscious experience of any one.

Stella, Neb. Is it a Christian act on the part of a church member to get up a party, with dancing, fancy costumes, etc., at a time when a religious revival is in progress in the church of which the person is a member?

Waiving the question of a professed Christian holding such parties, an entertainment of that character would certainly be most inopportune at such a time. It would show a contempt for religion and a poor appreciation of the proprieties.

M. K. B., Boxford, Mo. Who was Susan Warner and what books did she write other than *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy*?

Susan Warner was born in New York City, July 11, 1819. Under the name of Elizabeth Wetherell she published *The Wide, Wide World* in 1851; *Queechy*, in 1852; *The Hills of the Shatemuc*, 1856; *The Old Helmet*, 1863; *Melbourne House*, 1864; *Daisy*, 1868; *A Story of Small Beginnings*, 1872; *Wych Hazel*, 1876; *The Kingdom of Judah*, 1878; *My Desire*, 1879; *Nobody*, 1883; *Daisy Plains*, 1885. Her *Wide, Wide World* had a circulation of a quarter of a million of copies on this side of the Atlantic and was in large demand in England. She died at Highland Falls, N. Y., March 17, 1885.

H. S., Minneapolis, Minn. What is the real objection to cousins marrying?

Scripturally, there is none. There is, however, in many minds, an objection on physiological grounds, the issue of such unions frequently, it is claimed, being abnormal, either mentally or physically, the result of consanguinity.

L. D., Bay City, Oregon. What was the religion of the Arabs previous to the preaching of Mohammed?

For the most part the religion of the Arabs prior to the propaganda of Mohammed was decrepid and effete. There was little sense of loss, however, on the score of religion. Still, there were exceptions. The Hanifs, the meaning of which name is supposed to be "penitents," strove to purify themselves from sin. They rejected polytheism, acknowledged Allah and were almost fatalists in their pious resignation to his will. They believed in human responsibility and a judgment to come. They were of an ascetical trend and did little theorizing.

H. N. C., Sing Sing, N. Y. Where is the island of Patmos and what is its present name?

Patmos, or Patino, as it is now called, is an island of the Ægean Sea, about forty miles in circumference. It belongs to the group called Sporades and lies to the south of Samos. Dr. Talmage refers interestingly to it in one of his *Five Hundred Sermons* (Vol. IX.), recently published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. M. H., Boisseram, Manitoba. A friend makes the statement that according to statistics it costs about three hundred dollars for each person converted in our churches. Is this so? He claims that the large amount of machinery in connection with the churches such as young people's societies, etc., is the cause.

Your friend is mistaken. He is presumably taking the number of a year's conversions in some denomination and dividing with the same the aggregate expenditure of the denomination. He forgets that for every convert added there are about twenty believers ministered to by the public means of grace, to say nothing of pastoral visitation. Taking new converts and old together, it does not cost a tithe of the amount mentioned per head, to dispense to them the privileges of God's house.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FINE GROUNDS AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

PARIS EXPOSITION DELIGHTS THE NATIONS

MULTITUDES OF VISITORS INSPECT A WORLD OF WONDERS—THE BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS, THE ART PALACES AND ALEXANDER BRIDGE

UCH a number of marvels of architecture as the visitor witnesses at the Paris Exposition, were probably never before brought together. The sight as witnessed from the Pont de L'Alma is a brilliant one indeed. On the left bank of the river looking towards Notre Dame is the Street of the Nations, which presents selections of the most typical and beautiful examples of the architecture of each country. The Pavilion of Italy has by common consent been pronounced the finest of all. Germany has a striking reproduction of one of the most famous buildings in Nuremburg.

On the other side of the river the most striking buildings are the monumental conservatories, veritable palaces of crystal, belonging to the Horticultural Section. Beyond lies the marvelous Alexander III. Bridge, certainly the most beautiful of all the twenty odd bridges which span the Seine. The two sections of the Exhibition which it connects are wonders of architecture. The large and the small Palaces of Fine Arts, which flank the entrance from the Champs Elysees—buildings constructed of stone which will survive the Exhibition—are a triumph of French architectural skill. On the other side of the river the buildings of the Esplanade des Invalides are more florid in style, but are also marvelously beautiful.

Looking down stream the prospect is closed by the graceful sweep of the Trocadero. On the right bank is the "Vieux Paris" (ancient city of Paris), and on the left the Pavilions of the Tour du Monde, the panorama of the Compagnie Transatlantique, the Chinese Pavilions and other buildings of all styles of architecture. Opposite the Trocadero lies the main part of the Exhibition, which fills the immense extent of the Champ de Mars. This is closed at the far end by the facade of the Salles des Fetes, the "close" of the Exhibition.

In the panoramic view presented on this page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the new Alexander III. bridge is easily recognizable. It is at about the centre of the picture. In the foreground, well to the right, is the grand Palais. Here also will be seen the entrance from the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The Pont de L'Alma is at the extreme right.

With thoroughly republican simplicity, the two palaces of fine arts were inaugurated Tuesday afternoon, May 1. President Loubet was there, but his visit was of short duration. He was received by the commissioners of each country on the threshold of their exhibitions. Mr. Cauldwell, the director of fine arts of the general commission of the United States, and Mr. Woodward, Assistant Commissioner, received M. Loubet and those with him, and accompanied them through the five open rooms of the American art exhibition. These rooms compare favorably with those of other nationalities in point of decoration. The hangings are uniformly of a pale green, decked with embroidered palms and surmounted by a large painted frieze ornament, with laurel leaves in gilt and the coat of arms of the United States. The effect is quiet and very pretty. In the centre of each room is a round sofa seated in pale green velvet. The guardians, in their uniform of black and silver, were much admired for their fine appearance. The principal museums in the United States and many private collectors and owners have lent some valuable pictures for the Exposition.

Nothing is more noteworthy than the progress made by electricity. At the Exposition of 1889, thousands struggled to see a pear-shaped electrolier of a thousand incandescent glow lamps that the Edison Company had put up. The youngest schoolboy would hardly turn his head to see that spectacle to-day, for electricity has made giant strides since then.

Japan is making a good show. Portugal excels Spain. Greece has an artistic exposition. Belgium makes a solid but not picturesque exhibition. America's contribution is attractive and suggestive of the progress and skill of a great nation. The Exposition has cost the French government a hundred million francs. The two palaces of Fine Arts which are permanent constructions cost one-eighth of this sum. As at our memorable Chicago World's Fair, there will be many congresses during the progress of the Exposition. Over a hundred are announced to be held between the months of June and September. The list of subjects contains many that are of general interest, such as ornithology and other sciences. Then the bakers are to have a congress all to themselves, and another of the one hundred and odd is the Dried Fruit Congress, which to many minds will seem the oddest of them all.

The Diamond Case in the British pavilion has a remarkably interesting display of diamonds. There is the celebrated 971 karat Jager-Fontain diamond, belonging to Barrington & Co., of London, and offered for sale for $5,000,000. It is of a wonderful bluish tint, has the shape of an icicle, and is three inches long and two inches thick in the middle. It will be remembered that this stone was found at Kimberley in 1897 by a native, who sold it to a broker for $5,000, a carriage, two horses, a watch and chain, etc., all told $9,000. There are also on exhibition four other renowned diamonds, the Regent, valued at $2,000,000; the Kohinoor, valued at $1,500,000; the Imperial, valued at $1,000,000, and the Arloff, valued at $900,000. The British exhibit also contains the three largest lumps of gold in existence; Fred Mark's Australian 224-pound lump, Oliver Martin's Californian 181-pound lump, and Peter Flower's Californian 154 pound lump.

A SECTION OF "ANCIENT PARIS"

THE ITALIAN PAVILION, PARIS EXPOSITION

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Splendors of Heaven

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. Cor. 2: 9:

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

THE city of Corinth has been called "the Paris of antiquity." Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war-galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side.

The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture; while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra-cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cæsar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns, towers and temples (one thousand slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh! it was not to rustics, who had never seen anything grand, that Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that, and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure; these statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite; your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds, and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem; and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand; and then they come to this estimate: that after all the nations have been gathered to heaven, there will be room for each soul—a room sixteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It would not be large enough for you. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmeticians calculated.

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later, you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp-strings and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above Paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul standing before the throne. On earth she was a life-long invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now. Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses—health of vision; health of spirits; immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air; health flowing in all the streams; health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again. That night when the needle woman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, that we can, in this world, get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says, "the twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass, and a city like the sun. John bids us look again, and we see thrones; thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus—throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is thrones! thrones! thrones!

John bids us look again, and see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing, passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host, and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted and all ensigns swung out and all chimes rung and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping-stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step is a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding-bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstacy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the seas and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange land, you remember how your blood thrilled, and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the bright city of the Lord those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have changed?"

In this world we only meet to part. It is good-by, good-by. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail-car window, and at the steamboat wharf—good-by. Children lisp it and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way—"good-by," and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Good-by! Ah! that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Good-by, good-by. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no good-by. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem—little hands to take hold in the great home-circle—little feet to dance in the eternal glee—little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups—a group this side of the river, and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place? If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven—don't cry;" and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground; and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down, said: "Is this heaven?" We have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merry-making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher-angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the Inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus." "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying boy; "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said: "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "suppose Jesus should go away from heaven—what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell—what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said: "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the Cross—to go around amid the groups of the redeemed, and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs, and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion; we cannot imagine it now! Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they do not seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice come back over the waters. None, none! Unbelief says: "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but, blessed be God! we have a Bible that tells us different! We open it and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated—that they never were so much alive as now—that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

What a place of explanation it will be! I see, every day, profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, alms-houses for the destitute, and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne, no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house! They are all sparkling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now—by voices that were aged and broken in the music—voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break.

When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus, and city church and sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the Doxology. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout, "Huzza, huzza?" and when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer?

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name!
> Let angels prostrate fall,
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all."

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet what will it be in heaven! They all know the tune there. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—choirs of white-robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Harpers with their harps. Great anthems of God roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full, and the nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany, redeemed, will pour its deep, bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through, there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven, it might meet a song coming up from earth. They rise for the Doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them: and so at this hour the joys of the Church on earth and the joys of the Church in heaven will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our mourning will seem to whiten into the spotless raiment of the skies. God grant that through the mercy of our Lord Jesus we may all get there!

Our Famine Ship on the Ocean .·. Continued from First Page...

of Calcutta. To Dr. Klopsch personally he writes:

"I had no conception, till I saw you this morning, of the magnitude of the philanthropic work done by the paper. . . I can conceive of no Christian work more likely to bind the two hemispheres together in bonds of fraternal sympathy than the relief you are organizing in America to counteract the terrible effects of drought in India. . . . I am sure that in the journey you are undertaking through the famine districts you will receive every assistance you may require from the local authorities. Your work speaks for itself, and it is hardly necessary I should say a word in its favor. I wish you all success."

Hon. Joseph F. Choate, our distinguished Ambassador in England, in his letter introducing Drs. Klopsch and Talmage to the Honorable Secretary for India, referred in the kindest terms to the life-saving mission of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its army of readers, and concluded with these words:

"Any such work as theirs tends to international harmony."

These voluntary testimonies to the value of earnest Christian effort belong equally to every reader of this journal, and to all who have aided the Famine Fund, from the largest donation down to the very smallest gift. It is a precious and a blessed work, and one which has opened up new springs of good-will between two great nations.

Dr. Klopsch writes of his journey as follows:

LONDON, S. W.
27th April, 1900.

Dear Friends: We arrived at Plymouth, after a pleasant trip, on Tuesday night about nine o'clock and remained there that night. In the morning we were pleasantly surprised by finding in the papers an extensive notice of our mission. We reached London Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock, and there engaged two rooms at the Carlton, which were comfortable and in delightful contrast to our accommodation at Plymouth.

After dinner I visited Dr. Talmage at the Metropole, where I was very cordially received. Next morning we called on Ambassador Choate, which reception was a most cordial one. After that we went to the India Office, where we were very courteously received by Sir Charles Bernard, Under-Secretary for India. We spent an hour with him, and at the close Sir Charles came down with us to the very door. He informed us that he would telegraph or write stating when Lord Hamilton would see us the following day. In the evening we took dinner with Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Talmage and Miss Collyer. While at dinner a letter came from the India Office, informing us that Lord Hamilton would see us next morning at 11.15. The letter reads as follows:

"INDIA OFFICE,
26th April, 1900.

"Lord George Hamilton asks me to say he would be glad to see you here at 11.15 A.M. to-morrow, Friday morning, if you can find time to call then. Lord George is asking Dr. Talmage to come at the same time.

I am, yours faithfully,
[Signed] RICHMOND RITCHIE."

The following morning we availed ourselves of the invitation, and Dr. Talmage and I, together with Mrs. Talmage called on Sir George and had a delightful interview. He believes in the missionaries, knows they are doing good work, and is of the opinion that their co-operation can be utilized and that it would redound to the furtherance of the best interests of the cause. He expressed himself in terms of highest appreciation of what the United States have done and the promise in the future in the same direction. He was particularly impressed with the action of the United States Government in placing at our disposal a vessel for the transportation of the corn, and considered it one of the most gratifying, practical evidences of the hearty fraternal relations existing between the two countries.

What impressed me most with Lord Hamilton was the Christian tone that pervaded all that he said. He is a Christian statesman who believes in the potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence. He promised me letters to Lord Curzon, to the Bishop of Calcutta and the Governor of Bombay.

On returning to the hotel, I found an invitation from the Lord Mayor, and hastened with Dr. Talmage to the Mansion House. We were about to leave our cards, when one of the pages came down and said that the Lady Mayoress expected us upstairs to lunch. We entered the dining hall. In the centre was the table with about twenty guests. At the head of it sat the Lady Mayoress, with the Earl Verulam, then the daughter of the Mayoress, next several other gentlemen, and among them Colonel Buxall C. B. The chair of the Lord Mayor was in the centre, and Dr. Talmage was seated at its right and I on the left. About five minutes afterward, the Lord Mayor himself appeared and greeted us very cordially. He spoke a long time with us in regard to the Mansion House India Famine Fund, and regretted again and again that the amount, now £200,000 sterling, was not as large as it should have been. He asked me to give to Lord Curzon his regards and say to him that he was in fullest sympathy with the relief operations.

After the lunch, the Lady Mayoress presented us with her own and the Lord Mayor's photographs.

We leave in a few hours for Brindisi, having accomplished which, we have made one-half the journey. Then we embark for Alexandria, change ships there for Aden, and there change again for Bombay, where we expect to arrive on schedule time, May 12th.

L. KLOPSCH.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FAMINE RELIEF STEAMSHIP "QUITO" IN PORT

A FAMINE GROUP NEAR AHMEDABAD — A DESERTED FAMINE WAIF — SUFFERERS ON THE WAY TO A RELIEF CAMP

Our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee

To whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cables all funds it receives for the relief of the Famine sufferers in India, and who will distribute the cargo of the relief steamship *Quito*, includes these representative missionaries:

REV. EDGAR M. WILSON, Presbyterian Mission, Ratnagiri
REV. G. N. THOMSSEN, Baptist Mission, Bapatla
REV. EDWIN F. FREASE, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Baroda
REV. J. H. HARPSTER, Lutheran Mission, Guntur
REV. M. D. ADAMS, Church of the Disciples Mission, Bilaspur
REV. A. B. FULLER, Alliance Mission, Girgaon
REV. E. S. HUME, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Byculla, Bombay, Secretary
BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, Chairman of the Committee, is in the United States on sick leave.

The need of help becomes more urgent every day. By the latest mail comes a letter from Miss Ella Plomer, of Ajmere, who writes:

"We were very thankful when we received word a few days ago that through the liberality of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we could add at once a hundred famine children to those we are supporting in our Orphanage. I am very busy, but I could not let this mail go without a word of thanks to the people who have sent this money to you for us. Children are brought to us daily, and we give them our best attention, but some of them have suffered too much before we get them to recover. The others are very grateful, and are eager to show how thankful they are by helping in the work, such as drawing water, cleaning plates, etc., before they are strong enough; and we have to repress their energy. We have borrowed a thousand dollars to erect two large dormitories for their accommodation. We are looking to the Lord to send us the money to repay the loan. We are looking to him, too, for money to take in more children. There are so many perishing whom we might save if we had the means! We cannot turn them away: they have such pinched, pitiful pleading faces that we cannot bear the pain of refusing to receive them, and who knows how many of them might be saved to save others in this dark Rajputana.

"I feel assured that in some way God will provide the means. There are four months to go through yet and the suffering gets worse daily. Oh, it is pitiful to see men, women and children dying from starvation. Thirty-eight poor creatures, who could bear their agony no longer, lay down on the railroad tracks for the train to end their misery. Will you please print my letter? for perhaps some one may read it who will give us a little money. If it is ever so little we shall be grateful. And we need the prayers of God's people. We are almost worn out with our work and the awful sights we must see. We dread breaking down. If we were to be sick, who would care for these poor creatures?"

"ERE THE SHIP SAILS"

A SHIP in the harbor is waiting for freight,
On a mission of mercy to fly:
Oh, fairer than all is this ship of "Relief!"
With bread for the starving that die.
Oh, pray her "good voyage" to India's strand!
And add to her cargo some gift from thy hand!
Ere the ship sails.

Gaunt Famine and Death are wasting the East,
While thousands on thousands are dead.
Ye men of the West, where plenty abounds,
Your brothers are crying for bread.
Oh, list to their cry from the far-distant shore!
And speed your rich gifts for the vessel's good store!
Ere the ship sails.

Ah, many a ship in the harbor of "Now,"
God sendeth with purpose most true;
They come to us all, and wait, briefly wait,
For lading—the good we may do;
And angels from heaven are watching with care.
What freight for the vessel our hands may prepare;
Ere the ship sails

Cavespring, Ga. —W. P. RIVERS.

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Barnett, F E L.. 1 00
Barnett, G 05
Barnett, L E 10
Barnett, Mrs L E 10
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Beekman, R B .. 1 00
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Bell, Mrs E M... 25
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Church, G R 10
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Clark, D 1 00
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Clark, Mrs H L. 1 00
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Clark, Mrs S 50
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Clark, Mrs S H .. 1 00
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Cliff, Mrs J R 50
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Clute, Margt 05
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Lee, F W..... 50
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Lewis, Ira 10 00
Lewis, Violena.... 10
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Loomis, H H..... 20
Louk, Ray D 10 00
Love, S 5 00
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Lybolt, A 50
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McLane, Jas 3 00
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McMillan, Mrs M C 1 00
McNicholl, T A.. 5 00
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Madden, C 15
Maker, Jas 10
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Marcus, Mrs A A 05
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Mask, Mrs O..... 2 10
Massie, F 50
Masten, A C.... 5 00
Masters, Mr and Mrs Clair 20
Mathews, Jack ..20 00
Mathews, Madelon20 00
Mathews, Natalie.20 00
Maxfield, Mrs M E 1 00
Meaker, Mrs M E 1 00
Meekes, Caroline. 1 00
Meeks, J 1 00
Merrill, Mrs Annie 50
Merritt, Mrs W S 10
Merritt, Mr W S. 10
Mersereau, H L.. 1 00
Metcalf, S E..... 25
Metzger, A H... 25
Miles, Chas 50
Miles, Mrs C.... 50
Millard, N 1 00
Miller, A 25
Miller, Mrs Chas 50
Miller, Mrs L.... 50
Mills, J E..... 1 00
Miner, F E..... 1 00
Miner, Dr G..... 50
Mitchell, J 50
Moffatt, F H..... 50
Moffett, Jennie .. 3 00
Mohn, Mrs 25
Mohn, Mrs C 25
Monroe, Mr W.. 50
Moore, N, coll by 2 50
Morgan, Mrs F W 25
Morgan, G E.... 1 00
Morgan, Mrs G E 1 00
Morgan, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Morhous, Charlie . 10
Morehouse, Miss B 25
Morris, A A..... 50
Morrison, C K...10 00
Mosher, Mabel .. 25
Mosher, Maud .. 25
Mott, C J..... 1 00
Mowle, Mrs E.... 1 00
Mullen, Miss 10
Mullen, Eugene... 15
Murphy, Mrs T... 15
Murray, A I..... 2 00
Murthey, W R... 25
Myers, Miss E P. 25
Myers, H, coll by 2 50
Myers, Harry ... 30
Myers, Mrs Jacob, Eaton, Mrs A R 1 25
Myers, T, coll by. 1 60
Myers, Wm R.... 1 00
Mynden, E 10
Myrick, Mr C E. 5 00
Nash, Mrs Anna.. 50
Naylor, M 3 00
Neal, Mrs A D... 50
Neal, Miss M A.. 50
Nearing, Mrs Wm. 25
Neice, Mrs G.... 25
Neidlinger, H T.. 2 00
Neily, C E..... 50
Nevins, Mrs H... 50
Newel, W 10
Newell, Mrs E A 50
Nichols, B A..... 1 00
Nichols, F G..... 1 00
Nichols, Mrs G W 25
Nichols, Mrs H W 1 00
Nield, E A..... 1 00
Niles and Helen.. 50
Nightingale, Mrs F J 35
Nigthingale Sr, Mrs Wm 1 00
Nimmons, Leah... 1 00
Nohle, C W & A R 3 00
Oakeey, Mrs R... 10
Odit, Mrs 05
Oldham, Miss E.. 50
Olivan, Mrs 25
Oliver, Chas S... 40
Oliver, Clinton.... 40
Oliver, Louis 40
Oliver, Mrs O R. 3 80
Olsen, Mrs O.... 15
Osborn, Mrs W O 40
Ottinger, Mrs H. 50
Owens, Jas 25
Paddock, Frank... 1 00
Palm, Miss L B. 1 00
Pardel, Geo 1 00
Park, Jas D..... 5 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Parsons, Mrs E E 15
Parrott, J 10
Parsons, M 25
Partridge, Mrs C 25
Partridge, James.. 25
Partridge, L 05
Pasco, Carter ... 50
Pasco, Dell 1 00
Patterson, Jos ... 25
Patton, Mr & Mrs C D 1 50
Payne, Ernest G.. 15
Paul, Wm 10
Peabody, G H.... 5 00
Peckham, M A... 50
Peecock, Emma .. 25
Peiree, Mrs J K 1 00
Peirce, W J..... 25
Penny, Mrs M... 15
Pentelow, K 25
Perkins, Alpheus.. 1 00
Perkins, Geo R.. 1 00
Perry, Mrs C E.. 50
Perry, G 10
Perry, Mrs J W. 25
Perry, L 10
Peters, Mrs C E. 25
Peters, Claude E. 25
Peters, Mrs E... 50
Peters, Edward . 50
Peterson, F M... 2 00
Peterson, John .. 50
Peterson, Miss M. 1 00
Peterson, S M.... 1 00
Petri, Mrs H.... 25
Pfeffer, Mrs C.... 50
Pfeffer, Meta ... 25
Pfeffer, Wm 25
Pharis, A E 25
Phillip, A I..... 2 00
Phillips, Mrs A N. 5 00
Phipps, Lnie 1 00
Pickel, Mrs Cora 15
Pickel, Mrs S G.. 25
Pipe, Lois A..... 25
Podmore, Mrs ... 10
Polhemus, May .. 25
Poloch, Mr 50
Pool, Mrs M..... 10
Poole, M B..... 2 00
Porter, W & F... 1 00
Post, S A.....10 00
Powell, Edwin .. 1 00
Powers, Miss J E. 1 00
Powell, Lizzie ... 05
Prey, G N..... 25
Prince, Geo G... 1 00
Prior, Mrs 25
Proctor, C E..... 10
Proctor, H B..... 03
Proctor, H I..... 15
Proctor, Mrs H I. 10
Proctor, Mrs W L 50
Prosser, Ferrull . 10
Puffer, Miss L.... 1 00
Pulver, O C..... 25
Purdy, Mrs 50
Purdy, Brooks .. 25
Purdy, Geo & E.. 25
Purdy, James 31
Purdy, Lorenzo .. 10
Purkett, Miss D F 10
Pyke, Miss E ... 2 00

Quackenbush, F M 25
Quale, J M..... 1 00
Quale, Mrs M.... 25

Ruchmann, Carrie 80
Rader, J 25
Ranney, Mrs C.. 50
Raynolds, Geo ... 10
Redman, Mr & Mrs W D 2 00
Reed, Edwin 50
Reese, Mrs M P. 25
Reid, Mrs A K.. 20
Reid, Mrs David.. 25
Reid, Donald ... 25
Reid, Mrs W..... 25
Reinhart, C 1 00
Reinhart, Mrs C.. 1 00
Reinisch Mrs C... 25
Relyea, Mrs A D. 2 00
Rennie, Wm 10
Reynolds, Mrs HG 05
Reynolds, Dr H H 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs H H 1 00
Reynolds, R, coll by 2 25
Rich, Mrs 10
Rich, Mrs 05
Richards, W N... 50
Riggs, Mrs C C... 1 00
Ritchie, Robt ... 50
Ritchie, Mrs S.. 05
Robbins, Mrs E.. 25
Robbins, Mrs M T 1 00
Robbins, Mrs S.. 50
Robert, Geo V... 1 00
Roberts, C S.... 5 00
Roberts, Clara .. 1 00
Roberts, Miss R S 25
Roberts, Mrs W F 25
Robertson, A D F 2 00
Robertson, Mrs C E 50
Robinson, Dr F C.10 00
Roblin, D R..... 25
Roemer, Mrs C... 50
Rogers, Mrs E.... 1 00
Rogers, Geo E... 25
Rollin, Mrs L.... 50
Romig, H L..... 1 00
Rowe, Jennette .. 4 00
Rowe, Mrs Mary 50
Rowe, Simon 50
Rowland, Alfred H 50
Rowland, C L.... 1 00
Rowley, Mrs M.. 50
Ruf, John P..... 5 00
Ruland, H C..... 50
Russell, Rose ... 15
Ryan, E F..... 25

Sager, C E..... 1 00
Salles, R S..... 25
Salisbury, E S.... 15
Samers, P S, S Class 1 00
Sanby, Mrs B M 25
Sand, Mrs M A.. 25
Sapio, R 2 00
Sarah, E B..... 1 00
Sargant, L J..... 2 00
Saxe, I J..... 50
Saxe, Moses J.... 1 00
Sayer, J S..... 10
Scales, Dr 75

NEW YORK CONT'D

Schafer, A 10
Schafer, J E..... 10
Schiffer, D C.... 25
Schmidt, A L.... 50
Schmidt, W 50
Schofield, A H.... 25
Schwab, G 50
Schwarzwalder, E & H 10 00
Scobie, Dr 25
Scofield, Mrs C I 3 00
Scott, Mrs M E... 25
Scott, W H..... 25
Scudder, Mrs C W 10
Seacord, Mrs W E 2 15
Seagers, Mrs V M 25
Seamons, Mrs 25
Searl, Mrs G J.... 25
Sears, C L..... 25
Sears, D R..... 1 00
See, Mrs Ellen... 5 00
Seely, S Alfred.. 5 00
Servenie, Jacob... 1 00
Sevier, Caleb 50
Sevier, Miss M & J 16
Sexton, Mr & Mrs E B 100 00
Seymour, Mrs D A 10
Shafer, H B..... 50
Shank, H 25
Shaul, B S..... 2 00
Shaw, Mr & Mrs H J 2 00
Shaw, H W 1 00
Shaw, Jos 5 00
Shawl, Mrs H.... 12
Sheldon, Alice .. 50
Sheuck, E T..... 30
Shetton, Mrs F... 50
Shoemaker, D 2 00
Shoemaker, D ... 45
Shoemaker, L ... 2 00
Shofer, H B..... 50
Shofer, Leon 50
Shotwell, Mrs L L 1 00
Siegrist, Mr 25
Silliman, Mrs D A 2 00
Silvenail, Hattie.. 50
Simons, C L..... 15
Skeels, Bert H.. 1 00
Slaight, G M..... 25
Slater, E L..... 50
Slater, Isabel 10
Slater, W J..... 25
Slater, W J..... 25
Slocombe, Mrs S. 25
Smith, Mrs 10
Smith, Mrs A C.. 50
Smith, Mrs C J.. 50
Smith, Miss C E. 1 80
Smith, D H..... 2 00
Smith, Dora 10
Smith, H F..... 25
Smith, J W..... 25
Smith, Mrs J W.. 25
Smith, John L .. 25
Smith, Mrs L.... 1 00
Smith, L, coll by. 50
Smith, Mrs O K.. 10
Smith, Percival C 5 00
Smith, Mrs S 25
Smith, W 25
Smith, W E..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs W A. 5 00
Smith, Mrs W... 1 00
Snellgrove, Wm.. 25
Snyder, Bessie .. 10
Snyder, Joseph .. 25
Snyder, Mrs Jos.. 25
Snyder, Miss M.. 50
Southwell, M R.. 50
Spanswick, Mrs C 1 09
Specht, Mrs H.. 25
Speir, Miss A L.. 5 00
Spence, Miss E M 8 02
Spencer, Mrs L.. 25
Spense, R A..... 25
Spicer, Mrs Mary 1 00
Spink, L G..... 50
Sprague, James .. 25
Squlers, A N..... 1 00
Squlers, Mr Geo. 10
Squlers, Mrs I... 30
Squlers, M A.... 10
Stacy, Mrs Hattie 50
Stacy, Miss Marie 25
Stacy, William... 50
Stafford, Annie... 20
Stahl, Mrs Wm.. 25
Starks, Lyman .. 10
Start, Edward T.. 25
Start, Mr W G... 50
Stave, E E..... 25
Stearns, Mrs M J 10
Stebbins Family.. 6 00
Steele, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Stevens, John 35 00
Stiles, Mrs H B.. 75
Stockwell, Mrs A P 1 00
Stone, Mrs A..... 10
Storms, Minna .. 1 00
Storms, Mrs S L.. 25
Stowell, E 25
Stowell, F L..... 1 00
Stowell, P 25
Stoyell, Amos ... 50
Sturges, D M.... 50
Sturges, Mrs E... 25
Sturges, Mrs Wm 25
Sutherland, G H.. 1 00
Swayze, Master C 50
Sweatt, Mrs Mary 1 00
Sweeter, Rev J B 25
Symonds, Mrs E J 25
Symonds, J H.... 1 00
Synder, H 25
Tallmadge, W H. 1 00
Taylor, Miss 1 00
Taylor, Miss A .. 5 00
Taylor, Mrs A.... 5 00
Taylor, Mrs J A. 1 00
Taylor, Thos J.. 25
Teachout, Mrs C 50
Telear, Jacob 10
Tenis, A M..... 8 00
Terneut, Ida C.. 50
Terry, G L..... 10
Thayer, Mrs E S & children 50
Thels, J A..... 10
Thomas, Mrs 10
Thomas, A M.... 4 00
Thomas, F J..... 15
Thomas, W H.... 1 00
Thompson, Mrs M F 5 00
Thompson, Mrs E B 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Thompson, G 20
Thompson, H 50
Thompson, Dr J H 1 00
Thompson, M 25
Thomson, S M.... 1 00
Thorn, J P..... 50
Thorn, Mrs M.... 25
Thorns, Mrs W.. 25
Titsworth, Mrs M D 1 50
Tobias, J S 25
Towers, Rev P P 25
Townsend, Mr G.. 10
Townsend, J L... 50
Trapp, H 25
Travis, Mrs M... 25
Trowbridge, J A 100 00
Tucker, Mrs L V 1 00
Turner, Misses ..12 00
Tuthill, Dr T K.. 1 00
Tyler, Mrs C..... 25
Underwood, J H.. 15
Underwood, S.... 10
Upcraft, John.... 50
Utting, Mr 10
Vail, T 1 00
VanArman, Master Henry 20
Vanatta, Mrs H W 10
VanDeusen, W A. 25
Vanderwerker, Mrs 25
VanHousen, Mrs E 1 00
VanMaster, J 1 00
VanName, F B... 1 00
VanSchaick, Mrs H 25
VanValkenburg, Mrs A..... 50
VanValkenburg, H 25
VanVleck, Mrs L 1 00
VanVleet, Ersley. 25
Vogel, Anna 1 00
Vosburgh, Mrs I. 25
Vroom, Wm L.... 1 00
Wager, Chas 05
Wager, Mrs M... 75
Wainwright, Mrs. 25
Wainwright, Miss Ada 10
Waldruf, Mrs L.. 10
Walker, A P..... 1 00
Walker, E M..... 1 00
Walker, Mrs J.... 25
Wall, M E..... 25
Ward, J E 4 00
Warner, Mrs F W 1 00
Warren, H & E F 2 00
Warren, L W.... 5 00
Warriner, V C... 50
Wasman, A 50
Waterman, B D.. 20
Waterman, Mrs R 10
Waters, Mrs 25
Watson, F M.... 10
Watson, Henry A 2 00
Weaver, Eva 25
Weaver, Mrs N.. 1 00
Webber, L 50
Webster, Mrs E.. 10
Webster, F A.... 25
Webster, G M.... 25
Webster, Mrs M D 50
Webster, Mark .. 25
Webster, Robt .. 1 00
Weeks, Mrs John 20
Wehrum, C C.... 5 00
Weir, Harry 1 00
Welch, R W..... 50
Wells, Mrs 50
Wells, Mrs 10
Wells, Miss E.... 1 00
Wenham, Mrs ... 25
Wergenburger, F. 30
West, Bertha 25
Westbrook, J S .. 01
Westes, Mrs 1 00
Wheeler, A 1 00
Wheeler, Frank.. 25
Wheeler, Mrs M.. 20
Wheeler, Marry.. 10
Wheeler, Mr & Mrs Thomas.... 80
White, Mrs A G.. 1 00
White, Bertha A. 1 00
White, F 10
White, Mrs J.... 20
White, Mrs Jas.. 60
White, M 50
White, S H..... 5 00
Whitney, L 15
Whittleton, Mrs E 25
Wicks, Geo W.... 10
Wickser, Mrs J J 2 00
Wilbur, Jesse ... 5 00
Wilcox, Mrs F H 50
Wilgus, Mrs H L 2 00
Wilk, Mr Jas H.. 50
Wilken, John J.. 50
Wilkes, W R.... 2 00
Wilkinson, Mrs W 1 00
Willets, A C..... 25
Williams, Mrs D H 1 00
Williams, H Roy 25
Williams, Mrs J.. 1 00
Williams, J S.... 1 00
Williams, Mrs M 1 05
Williams, S 1 00
Williams, Mrs T.. 5 00
Williams, T R.... 5 00
Williamson, Mrs E 1 00
Willis, Mr & Mrs John W 1 00
Willis, Mr Wm H 50
Wills, C B..... 25
Willson, C M.... 05
Wilson, Emma .. 1 00
Wilson, Mrs J.... 50
Wilson, Mrs Jas.. 1 00
Wilson, Mrs Lucy 50
Wilson, Miss Lulu 10
Wilson, Mrs M.. 1 00
Wilson, W D.... 05
Winegar, Mrs P H 50
Winslow, Louisa.. 25
Wittschen, Mrs A M 2 00
Wolcott, C B.... 2 00
Wolcott, Mrs C B 1 00
Wolcott, Miss F.. 1 00
Wood, Miss C.... 50
Wood, R 05
Woodruff, Mrs W G 1 00
Woods, M A..... 1 00
Woodward, Mrs J 1 00
Woodward, J D.. 5 00
Woody, Mr 1 00
Woolnorth, Mary. 25
Wooster, Mrs G..25 00
Worm, Miss H... 10
Worrell, R 25

NEW YORK CONT'D

Worth, Rev J O.. 3 00
Wright, Mrs 25
Wright, Mrs A E 25
Wright, Miss M.. 25
Wright, R 25
Wring, Mrs A B.. 50
Wyckoff, Miss A 25
Wyckoff, Miss H S 25
Wylie, Alex 1 00
Wylie, Lucy B.. 1 00
Wynne, W H.... 2 00
Yeomans, B C & daughters 1 25
Yerkas, Chas 21
Yerkas, Lyman... 10
Young, I M; Martin F Sotee 20
Young, J S..... 25
Young, Mrs M C. 25
Young, Mrs M D. 25
Youngs, Mrs E... 12
Yourdon, Mrs W.. 50
Zeh, Mrs W..... 1 00
Zilley, T 25
Feldstein, New York 1 00
Hallie, Ripley ... 50
James, N Y C... 1 00
Lynch, N Y C.... 5 00
Wilcox, Brooklyn. 5 00
Winyah, N Y C.. 6 00
Zac, New Rochelle 10 00
A C M, New York 2 00
A E P, Elmira... 1 00
A H W, Cold Spring on Hudson 1 00
"B," Auburn 25
C, New York 2 00
C A A, New York 1 00
C E, Conewango. 5 61
C E, Freeport .. 1 00
E B T, Troy..... 2 00
E E, Clinton.... 1 00
E W B, Huguenot 1 00
F N, New York.. 5 00
F N B, N Y C... 2 00
H C N, Buffalo... 1 50
H E N, Cold Spring on Hudson 1 00
H E T, N Y City. 1 00
H H S, Saranac Lake 25
I H S, N Y C.... 1 00
J & W F, Walden 1 50
J B, Delancey.... 50
J H, N Y City...17 00
J H M, New York 2 00
J L O, N Y City.. 1 10
J V, N Y C..... 1 00
K, N Y C.....10 00
L M, Brooklyn.. 2 00
L M R, Saratoga 1 00
M A B, New York 2 00
M A R, N Y City 3 50
M A W, New York City 10 00
M C, Lynbrook.. 2 00
M C I, Brooklyn.. 20
M H, New York.. 2 00
M M M, Dunhamville 1 00
Mrs D T F, Vernon Centre 25
Mrs E A, Bklyn.. 2 00
Mrs E F T, Bklyn 1 00
Mrs G, LeRoy... 2 00
Mrs H M H, Bklyn 1 00
Mrs M E A, Bklyn 1 00
Mrs R L, Bklyn.. 2 00
Mr & Mrs W A C, Springfield 1 00
P A M, Utica.... 1 00
Mrs R A S, North Hannibal 1 00
R B V, Massopequa 50
R G H C, ... 3 00
S A B, New Woodstock 1 00
S E G, N Y C.... 5 00
S J W T, N Y C.. 5 00
S L F, Amityville 1 00
S M, Round Lake 5 00
S M R, Great Neck, L I..... 2 00
S M W, N Y C.. 5 00
W A H, Watertown 2 00
W F M S, of Woodbury; W Hills, Syossit ...46 50
W H B, of Canaadia 5 00
W R L, New York 2 00
Ashfort, — 5 00
—, Bartlett 40
—, Brooklyn 1 00
—, Brooklyn ... 50
—, Brooklyn 25
—, Brooklyn ... 1 00
—, Brooklyn ... 5 00
—, Dyke 1 00
—, Elmira 1 00
—, Friend 50
—, Mays Mill... 1 00
—, Nassau 1 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, New York ..25 00
—, N Y C..... 15
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 3 50
—, N Y City.... 09
—, N Y City.... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, New York 25 00
—, New York .. 1 00
—, New York.. 5 00
—, New York.. 3 00
—, New York.. 1 00
—, New York.. 5 00
—, New York.. 1 00
—, New York.. 1 00
—, No Syracuse. 1 00
—, Patchogue .. 25
—, Penn Yan.... 1 00
—, Tremont 10 00
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster... 10

NEW YORK CONT'D

Cash, Brewster... 25
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 50
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 50
Cash, Brewster .. 05
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 50
Cash, Brewster .. 10
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 08
Cash, Brewster .. 20
Cash, Brewster .. 20
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 25
Cash, Brewster .. 50
Cash, Brewster .. 50
Cash, Cahoonizie . 25
Cash, Middletown 1 00
Cash, Middletown 50
Cash, New Rochelle 1 00
Cash, New Rochelle 25
Cash, N Y City.. 2 00
Cash, N Y C.... 5 00
Cash, New York 20 00
Cash, New York.10 00
Cash, Saranac Lke 10
Cash, Saranac Lke 25
Cash, Saranac Lke 10
Cash, Sparrowbush 50
A Friend, Albany 50
A Friend, Amityville 1 00
A Friend, Bristol Centre 5 00
A Friend, Bklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Clove Valley 3 00
Friend, E Islip... 25
Friend, Ellenburg Depot 50
A Friend, Geneva 25
From Friends, Groton 16 00
From a Friend, Hartford 5 00
Friend, Jamaica . 2 00
A Friend, Johnstown 25
Friend, Lockport. 2 00
Friend, Locust .. 05
Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Friend, Mt Vernon 10
Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Friend, Mt Vernon 10
A Few Friends, Peekskill 3 50
Friend, Pendleton 1 00
A Friend, Penn Yan 1 00
A Friend, Perry City 10
A Friend, Perry City 07
A Friend, Perry City 50
A Friend, Perry City 25
A Friend, St Regis Falls 75
Friend, Saranac Lake 1 00
Friend, Saranac Lake 10
A Friend, Sodus Centre 25
A Friend, Valatie 1 00
A Friend, Warrensburg 25
Friend, Warrensburg 1 00
A Friend, Wellsville 1 00
Friends, Albion .. 3 25
Friends, Auburn. 50
Friends, E Rodman 2 00
Friends, Hall Corners 3 00
Friends, Ironville. 3 00
Friends, Mellenville 2 50
Friends, Moores Mill 22 55
Friends, Mt Vernon 2 10
Friends, N Petersburgh 1 00
Friends, Ransomville 10 55
Friends, So Wales 4 25
Friends, Troy 2 15
A Few Friends, Johnstown 1 00
Two Friends, Jordanville 2 00
Two Friends, Skaneatcles 1 50
I H N, Burtonville 1 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

I H N, Mechanicville 1 00
I H N, St Regis Falls 25 00
In Jesus' Name, Buffalo 1 00
In Memoriam, Waterloo 1 00
Reader, Eagle Bridge 5 00
Reader, Madrid... 1 00
Reader, Syracuse. 50
Reader of Epw Herald, Watervliet 5 00
Subr, Orange Lake 2 00
Sympathizer, Auburn 25
Sympathizers at Baron 6 50
A Sympathizer, Marcellus 25
Sympathizers, Lafargeville 5 00
Sympathy, New York 10 00
Plattsburgh Sympathizers 5 00
Chautauqua Grape Belt, Ripley 2 90
Friends of India at Virginia St F M Ch, Buffalo..20 00
Two Little Boys, Mertensia 15
125 G of Lestershire 1 00
Prayer, N Y C.... 2 00
A Little Boy, Sparrowbush 01
Some Flushing Girls 1 15
Two Endeavors, Cooperstown ... 2 00
A King's Daughter, Palmyra .. 5 00
A Poor Sinner, Tappan 1 00
For Suffering India, Brooklyn .. 5 00
Residents, Queens. 45 20
An Easter Offering from Four Adults, N York. 30 00
Aunt Samantha, Pomona 1 00
Yours Truly, Saranac Lake 50
Forty-two Ladies in Harrison St, Ponghkeepsie .. 4 20
Welch People of Middle Granvl..19 80
One who is willing to sacrifice something, Franklin Depot 5 00
Boys & Girls of Miss Cristy's Cl, Yonkers 10 50
Dueiple, Brewerton 10
Thro the Silver Cross, New York City 250 22
A Stranger, Marcellus 10
Left Hand, New York 5 00
An Easter Offering, Morris Park 15 00
Union Meeting, Adams Centre.. 3 70
Rector of Saint James' Church.. 1 00
Grandma, N Y City 1 00
Trinity Ch, Canaseraga 3 05
U B Ch, Warsaw 7 00
Preston Hollow Bap Ch 21 00
Meth & Bapt Ch, Pavilion 50
Varick Wesleyan Meth Ch & Cong 3 00
Pres Ch, Galway 8 75
Pres Ch, W Galway 3 75
Welch Cong & Calvin Meth Ch, Holland Paten..11 50
First Bap Ch, Cuba 31 25
Bapt Ch, Haskall Flats 2 00
Coll of M E Ch, Kirkville 2 06
Wilber Lake Ch, Oneonta 1 10
Asbury Meth Ch, Rochester 6 25
Member of G G M E S S, coll by Miss Ruth King, Miss E Fanning & Miss M Giner.11 10
Ohioville S S..... 4 00
Elmira Hgts Un S.30 00
Un S S, Sherburn 4 Corners, Chenango 3 41
Class No 2 Bapt S S, Warrensburg 30
Pope Hollow S S, Ivory 14 50
Trompsburg S S Association 4 46
S S, Sherill 5 00
1st Ch S S, S Westerlo 10 50
S S, Lake View.. 1 00
S S, Willow Glen. 3 00
Y P S C E Ref Ch, Claverack...10 00
Jr End, Arkport. 2 50
Ep Lea M E Ch, Waverly 1 00
Jr C E Beth Chap, New York 3 50
Y P S C E 1st Ref Ch, Schenectady 66 10
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Whitesboro. 5 45
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Tuscarora .17 00

NEW YORK CONT'D

Sr Soc C E, Coldbrook 11 30
Jr Soc C E, Coldbrook 5 00
Y P C U, Conewango 5 62
Ernest Miss Band, Brooklyn 10 00
Sweet Diet S S & Y P C E, Spring Brook 11 00
Women's Miss Soc, So Wales 2 13
Y P S C E of Presby Ch, So Wales 6 37
Pres S S, C E & Jr C E of Silver Creek 7 23
Christian End Soc, St Remy 3 50
Service Cir of K D's, Setauket .. 2 00
B Y P U of Skaneateles 2 00
C En, Springfield 5 00
Bapt Jrs, Poughkeepsie 1 00
K D of MacMasters Cors, Auburn 5 00
K's Dau Cir, Warwick 5 00
W C T U of Rushford 15 00
Y P S C E Bapt Ch, Hermon ... 5 00
Woman's Miss Soc St Ann's Ch, Brooklyn 6 00
Y P S C E, Kerhonkson 2 00
C E Soc of 1st Ref Ch, Bethlehem .15 00
Ep Lea, Woods.. 3 10
K D Cir of New Hackensack Ch .10 00
C E Soc Weston Presby Ch 8 15
Y P S C E 1st Pres Ch, Liberty 8 00
Woman's Miss Soc 1st Pres Ch and Friends, Ozone Park 5 20
Ladies' Anx H M Soc, Willsboro..10 00
Rocky Pt C E Soc 4 00
Ep Lea Ellenburg Depot 5 42
Beth Israel Sisterhood of 72d Temple, New York.. 5 00
Ep Lea Chap 2785 of the 1st Meth Epis Ch, Gloversville 52 00
Bapt Y P S C E, N Manilus 10 00
C E Soc, Hartland 3 75
Ep Lea, Kenyonville 1 95
Nemneister E C L, Auburn 25
Willing Workers Circle of K D's 2 00
Y P S C E, Loomis 2 50
Y P S C E of Lestershire Bapt Ch 5 00

MISCELLANEOUS

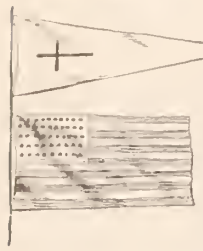
Ackman, Mrs H.. 50
Blackwell, Julia & Friends, — ... 5 25
Buchanan, Rev W C 40
Buck, M 50
Busby, Bessie 50
Calkins, Mrs G W 1 00
Cromartie, Mrs W C, — 50
Cunningham, Mrs Sarah I, — ... 1 00
Daniel, Lucetta... 2 00
Duncklee, J W, Pittsford 2 00
Esterline, Mr and Mrs 5 00
Fulford, Mrs I... 6 57
Lewis, Mary E... 5 00
McLaren, Mrs A D 5 00
Parmelee, Mrs H E 1 00
Sherman, Mrs N.. 50
Spencer, Mrs G.. 2 00
Steinmetz, Geo . 25
Wilson, Mrs F S. 25
Wilson, Mrs Geo 1 00
Young, Mrs F E. 25
C F B, Billings.. 1 00
H S, Mineville... 2 00
Mrs J S, — ... 5 00
—, Bogard 1 00
—, Hector's River 1 25
—, Jeffersonville 1 00
—, Lyman 2 50
Anon 1 50
—, Anon 1 00
Anon, — 1 00
Anon, — 1 00
Anon, — 1 00
Anon, — 1 00
Anon, — 5 00
Anon, — 5 00
Anon 10
—, Anon 2 06
Anon, — 25
Anon, Palmyra .. 50
Cash, — 25
Friend, — 1 00
Friend, — 50
Friend, — 25
A Friend, — ... 1 00
A Friend, — ... 1 00
Friend, Finhold...20 00
Two Friends, — 1 00
Reader, Monteclair 30
Sympathizer, Mt Morris 5 00
Mother, Burlington 20 00
Colossians 2: 9 & 10 1 00
Swewright, Tenats Harbor 50
White Cottage Meth Soc 23 39

THIS IS GOD'S WORLD

PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for May 27: Matt. 13: 24-33 | Golden Text, Matt. 13: 38: "The field is the world"



"CHRISTENDOM" is an abridgement of Christ's kingdom in more senses than one. Its nations, called "Christian nations," have the cross on their flags. Our own country, declared by the Supreme Court on Feb. 29, 1892, "a Christian nation," has an official pennant containing the blue cross of our heavenly redemption in a white field for national righteousness, which flies above the stars and stripes on Sabbath mornings on our ships of war, proclaiming, as the nation's ideal at least, the subordination of the nation to Christ as its King, proclaiming that nothing can properly have the protection of our flag that is inconsistent with the cross of a Christian civilization. Are Christian nations, with all their faults, the kingdom of tares and wheat? The Church is certainly not the whole kingdom, though it is a part of it and the chief visible agency in extending it, for Christ said that the kingdom's "field is the world." Christ calls it "his field." With all its faults, "this is God's world," and is to be God's kingdom. Already Christian nations, that is, nations whose laws and institutions are in some measure based on the teachings of Christ, govern more than half the world, and it seems to be the promise of history no less than prophecy that they will in a few years directly or indirectly control the whole earth. Commerce and conscience alike will insist that inhuman governments, like that of the Turk, and inefficient governments, like that of China, shall give place to civilized, that is, Christian government. "Christendom" is to cover the earth, but is it truly Christ's kingdom? Yes truly, but not fully. Christian nations still send to the heathen missionaries in the cabin, with rum, opium, and guns in the hold. The Church and the saloon are equally legal under Christian governments, and by consent of the Church itself. But Christendom is yet the kingdom in development. Its very defects correspond to Christ's prophetic picture of a field in which sheep and goats, tares and wheat, bad fish and good, are found side by side. It is nevertheless Christ's field, and shall at last be purged and purified.

The perfected kingdom is a Christianized world. The "world" in geographical extent with its populations; the "world" in the sense of "worldly affairs," such as business, politics, and pleasure, is to be Christianized. The law of Christ shall be made really, though in this age not fully, dominant everywhere, and over all affairs, in measurable fulfilment of Christ's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth." The kingdom of heaven is but an abridgement of that prayer, and "our citizenship is in heaven," and "the holy city let down from God out of heaven," are but concrete embodiments of the same prayer, which is itself both a prophecy and promise of its own fulfilment, for surely Christ could not have taught us to pray for what was not to be.

Christ explained this kingdom in seven parables, of which the parable of the sower was introductory, and the other six constitute three pairs.

At the world's conference of missions in New York, these parables of the kingdom were read one morning by Dr. Leonard, missionary secretary, with a vast map of the world at his back, colored to show not its countries but the religious conditions of its peoples — by far the larger part in pagan darkness; the Mohammedans slightly less dark; the Roman and Greek churches lighter still, and Protestants brightest of all.

THE ORIENTAL SOWER

. . .

The Field, Humanity In all the parables, "the field is the world," that is, the world of man, the race, humanity. In its four kinds of hearts, in the first parable, Christ, by his own ministry and that of his helpers, sows the living seed of the Word of God, which grows up in the second parable into "living epistles," "the children of the kingdom."

Some years ago an old man died at the age of 116. When he was about sixteen he heard a sermon that he never forgot. He did not think of it much at the time, and grew up without the fear of God and lived a sinful life. But seventy-four years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, something brought to his mind the sermon that he had heard in his youth. It was fresh in his memory still, and he gave his heart to God, and for the twenty-six years more that he lived he was an earnest Christian. The field is again the world, that is, humanity—in the parable of the hid treasure. Others may be chiefly interested in the world's mineral and agricultural wealth. Christ sees sinful men as earth's greatest treasure, rough ore that others despise, but undeveloped crown jewels to him. Christ saw from heaven the Christianized humanity which is to be and which is his kingdom, and gave all he had —the red coin of his own heart—to secure it and bring it to light. The twin parable of the pearl found by searching, seems to picture those who less promptly discover the preciousness of humanity, but having found it, follow Christ in giving all they have in life, if not in death, to Christianize it. No one can even develop the noblest individuality, who does not develop the sociality of the Christian circles of love to the full.

"AND HE TAUGHT THE PEOPLE OUT OF THE SHIP"

. . .

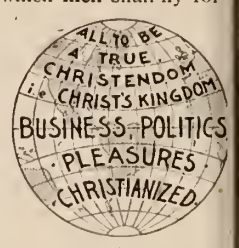
Turning now to the lesson verses, we see:

I. The kingdom's growth:
1. Good and evil grow together, 22, 24-30.
2. The growth will show itself visibly, 22, 31, 32.
3. But its spring of power is invisible influence, v. 33.

II. The kingdom purified at last, 22, 39-43, 47-50.

. . .

Who are the Wheat? *1. Wheat and tares mingled.* We are sometimes told that the parable of the sheep and the goats does not correctly represent the situation; that the line of division between the good and the evil passes not between men, but right through them. But we submit that this is itself not accurate definition. There is, indeed, good and evil in the best of men, and mixed motives in every noblest act. This is the Bible doctrine of the two forces in conflict in every man (Rom. 7: 19f), now revived by the psychologists in their learned discussions of "split personality"—the higher and the lower — the Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde that by turns dominate the acts of men and multitudes. But there are some men in whom, through the grace of Christ, the good habitually dominates the evil — these are the "sheep," the "wheat"; and there are others in whom evil is habitually dominant—these are the "goats," the "tares." In heathen nations there are a few blades of genuine wheat, such as Socrates and Confucius and Buddha. But in such nations tares greatly predominate. Even in Christian nations, only a minority even profess religion—one-third of the population in our own country—and only a minority of these who make up the Church can be counted true wheat. When Gideon made a test he found only one in a hundred "No. 1, hard." It is doubtful if the proportion of full-headed, full-hearted wheat is any greater to-day. A count of attendance at Boston churches a few years since, showed a tally much less than the church membership, when it ought to have been three times that, at the very least, for that allows only four members and their families. And, going to meetings, after all, is only going to meals. A man in Maine said: "It is working between meals that is killing me." The church people are not dying that way; witness the tares to be considered with its companion parable of the net, let us look at the twin parables of growth—the mustard seed parable, especially needed by us; the parable of the leaven, pre-eminently by the Jews of Christ's time. They expected a kingdom wholly outward—a refuge for their oppressed people from Rome. In the parable of the mustard seed Jesus promises that, though the beginnings of the kingdom which they see in his lowly life are small, they will at last grow into visible institutions to which men shall fly for refuge. But in the parable of the leaven he taught them what they needed first and most — to learn that the kingdom was to begin in invisible influences; in personal convictions, which at last would come out in social Christian institutions, as shown in the mustard tree.



Many in our day need to be reminded that we belong to the period of developed Christianity, when all who are oppressed by masters or rulers or habits may find refuge in full-grown Christian institutions. At the World's Missionary Conference a missionary secretary declared, in substance, that the aim of missionaries is not to change institutions, but individual hearts. It would have been more accurate to say that in a new country its first aim is to make Christ known to individual souls, but that its ultimate aim is to save not the sinner only, but the city; to readjust not only one's personal relation to God, but also his social relations to his fellows. The parable of the leaven pictures the primal aim of Christ; the parable of the mustard tree of refuge his ultimate aim. Those who plead that Christ did not deal with social problems forget that he lived in the era of the mustard seed. We live when the ideas he planted have grown into republics in which the Christians are no longer slaves under a despotism, but the rulers of republics and parliaments. The apostles could do nothing to determine whether men should be enslaved; but we live when Christian nations, by treaty, can suppress traffic in slaves, opium and liquor everywhere, as they have already agreed to do in the Congo Free State. This power, being in Christian governments, is really controlled by Christian voters, who should celebrate the opening of the twentieth century by bringing to full fruitage this golden tree of threefold emancipation. Meantime we must practice the parable of the leaven by heart-to-heart influences.

. . .

Unconscious Influences In Bickersteth's poem, "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," the entrance of a soul into heaven is described. After greetings and gratulations received from father, mother, sister, children, and those who had been led to Christ by his words—for he had been a preacher of the Gospel—a multitude gathered about him; they were a part of the unsuspected treasure which heaven contains. They, too, called him "father," and declared they had been brought there by the influence which he had unconsciously exerted over them by his faithful life.

. . .

One who is herself wont to say that McDonald's books came into her life "like an influence," and, later, that Moody's Christian personality as a fellow-worker was a transforming leaven, came herself, even by a single sentence, in the same transforming way, into a young Indian's life. "You had better use your education for the uplifting of your race" was the leaven-like sentence which succeeded in lifting this Indian, who was a college graduate, from the slough into which he had fallen, content to sit in a tent and weave baskets to sell. The Indian was aroused, left his baskets, entered a seminary to study for the ministry, and became an eloquent preacher and lecturer. He was wont to say: "It is a long way from the wigwam to the Chautauqua platform, but it was that sentence which started me out to bridge the chasm." Human words are often such a transforming leaven, but a mightier leaven is the divine Word.

WHEAT AND TARES

A Jewish rabbi had been preaching six years, and had never seen a New Testament. Providentially, a copy came into his possession. He determined to read it. He said: "As I read it enthralled me, and when I had concluded it I said: 'The book is from God.'" He then determined to read it again, comparing it with the Old Testament prophecies. His testimony then was: "The New Testament is the key that unlocks the Old Testament." And he became a Christian—a Christian Jew, and it is now his delight to preach the Saviour, whom he before denied.

THE CIRCLES OF LOVE

Christ Believed in the Devil *His enemy.* Why are these tares of evil in the world, in Christendom, in the Church? "The devil has done it," Christ says. That is pretty good authority for believing in the Spirit of Evil, the father of bad hearts. As God's Word grows up into living Christians, so the devil's words in foul literature produce foul men and women. The Bible clearly teaches that there are bad angels, with a mighty chief of wide influence. Which leads to another harder question: Why doesn't God kill the devil? We do not know; but we do know that, if evil were impossible, good would be equally impossible. But for freedom to go wrong, there would be no more virtue in going right in the case of a man than in the case of a machine. The field can not protect itself, but the heart can keep the devil from sowing his seed there. Jesus said to Peter: "Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat [sifting all the wheat out]; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

Let both grow together. This does not mean that a Christian nation should not punish bad men. Nor can it mean that there should be no church discipline, for Christ himself told just how unfaithful brothers should be dealt with (Matt. 18: 15-18). It means that we must not expect to eliminate evil completely in this world or age.

Leaving the climax of the tragedy of the tally of real workers at prayer-meeting or teachers' meeting.

The Sultan's Debt

WILL it be necessary to send a United States squadron to the Bosphorus to collect the indemnity, due from the Sultan of Turkey, for the damage done to the property of American missionaries during the Armenian troubles? The question is causing anxious thought, and strong pressure is being exerted on the President and Cabinet to induce them to take that course. As explained in this journal on May 2, the Sultan has verbally admitted the justice of the claim, but with the evasive diplomacy characteristic of his government, has failed to pay it. A formal and peremptory demand for payment has been made by our minister, Mr. Straus, and, as no satisfaction was given, he quitted Constantinople; and it is authoritatively stated that he will not return until payment is made. His absence does not appear to trouble the Sultan, who is used to diplomatic snubs and is an adept in the art of resisting pressure from foreign governments. He understands clearly that the mutual jealousies of European powers prevent any one of them attacking him, and by playing one against another, he has succeeded in evading his obligations. He does not understand, however, that the United States are not influenced by the considerations that weigh with other nations and that it is not safe to trifle with our demands. The American public has already lost patience with him, and if the American Government should lose patience, too, Abdul Hamid might suffer humiliation. Happily, however, the President and his advisers are not likely to resort to force so long as there is any hope of securing satisfaction without it. The people who are urging extreme measures do not realize how serious a war with Turkey might prove. Although the poverty of the Turkish government is well known, it maintains an army capable, as was proved in the recent war with Greece, of a vigorous defence. It is also stated on good authority that Russia has promised to help the Sultan if he is attacked by the United States. The Bosphorus, to which it is suggested that our fleet be sent, is strongly fortified and could not be reduced without heavy loss. Besides this, the American Mission Boards have valuable property in the Turkish dominions, which would surely be destroyed on the outbreak of hostilities. It would appear, therefore, that something much more serious than an unpaid debt of $100,000 would be needed to justify us in entering on a conflict with Turkey. The apostle's advice in such cases is worthy of attention:

Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded? (1 Cor. 6: 7).

♦

An Alien Suitor

An action was brought recently in the United States Circuit Court in Boston, to which a remarkable defence was made. The suit was based on the Massachusetts law which makes an employer liable for the death of an employee, when negligence can be shown on the part of the employer. In this instance an Italian laborer had been killed and his widow succeeded in proving that it proper care had been taken in the construction and management of the works her husband would not have lost his life. The defence was that as she was a non-resident alien she had no right to sue under the statute. The judge over-ruled the plea. He said there was nothing in the law to show that there was any intention to restrict its benefits to citizens of the United States, and moreover that to admit such a plea would be to offer a direct encouragement to employers to employ aliens in order that they might escape responsibility for negligence. It is astonishing that any American citizen should have made such a plea, and it is very gratifying that the judge should have so summarily rejected it. Even the ancient Jews, who were necessarily the most exclusive of peoples, were forbidden to entertain such pleas.

Thou shalt not pervert the judgment of the stranger, nor of the fatherless; nor take a widow's raiment to pledge (Deut. 24: 17).

♦

An Exchange of Babies

A curious blunder on the part of the officials of a hospital in Philadelphia has caused trouble in two families. Two babies were received at the hospital from the Temporary Home. They were ill with measles and were placed in the same ward. On their recovery both families were notified to take them away. One of the babies was motherless, but its grandfather, a sturdy Scotchman, promptly called at the hospital and took one of the children away. His wife had some doubt about its being their grandson, but the grandfather was sure and so was the child's father when he returned from his work and it was placed in his arms. They kept the child for a week, the grandmother's doubts increasing as she found herself unable to understand anything the child said. One day a neighbor, who happened to be in the house, heard the child talk and said he was talking German. He proved the truth of his assertion by giving the child what he asked for. Then the grandfather took the baby back to the hospital and complained of the mistake. A German mother was there complaining that she had received a baby that was not hers. The child did not understand German, and though it resembled her child, she was sure it did not belong to her. An exchange of babies was speedily made and both families were satisfied. The babies must have borne some resemblance to one another, otherwise it would not have needed a week to detect the mistake. Perhaps if both had spoken English a longer time might have been needed. It is often difficult to decide whether a person belongs to Christ's family, but in that case it is usually not the speech but the disposition and conduct that reveal imposture.

They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness (Ezek. 33: 31).

♦

Braving Malaria

Two physicians are about to test in their own persons a theory they have adopted as to the origin of malaria. They will take up their residence on June 1 in the neighborhood of Cervellata, on the Roman Campagna, which has the reputation of being one of the deadliest places on the face of the earth. They are convinced that the disease which attacks persons living there is not due to the exhalations from the soil, as is generally supposed, but to the bites of a peculiarly venomous mosquito which has its habitat on the Campagna. The experimenters will live in a wooden building with double casements covered with zinc netting, which will also be placed under the eaves and on the chimney. During the day, when the chances of being bitten by the special species of malarial mosquito is very small, the men will work out of doors. They will retire early in the evening. If malaria does not develop after they have been living in this careful manner during the worst of the season, from June to October, in a spot where the worst form of malaria is prevalent, they will consider that it will absolutely demonstrate the truth of their theory. If they are mistaken, they will probably lose their lives; but if they are right, their experiment will be a great gain to science and will help physicians to cure the malaria which has proved so fatal to the people of those regions. Men, who will put their lives in peril that they may be the means of saving the lives of others, deserve the highest honor; but when men expose themselves to the moral miasma of the resorts of sinful men and women, merely to gratify their curiosity, they deserve the ruin that usually follows the hazardous experiment.

Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away (Prov. 4: 14).

THE BOSPHORUS AND HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE

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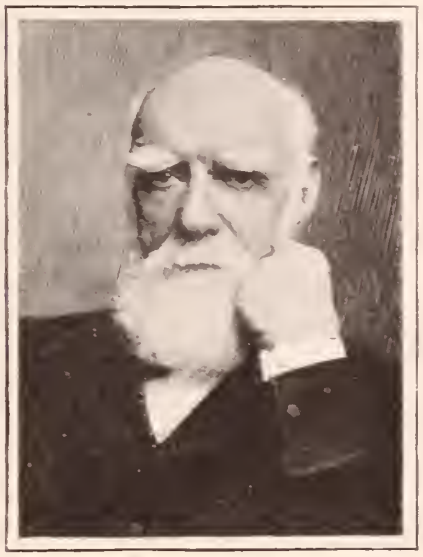
Canada's Munificent Citizen

A press dispatch from Montreal reports a remarkable act of munificence on the part of Lord Strathcona. He has raised a regiment of cavalry for service in South Africa, has defrayed the cost of their uniform and accoutrements, has paid the cost of transportation, and will maintain them while they are in the service. It is stated that the regiment is the best equipped that has been sent from Canada. Lord Strathcona's agents having spared neither money nor effort in providing everything that could add to the comfort and efficiency of the regiment. It is composed chiefly of Western men, many of them members of the mounted police. Some of the men traveled over a thousand miles to enlist. They will receive more than twice the army rate of pay, the whole cost being defrayed by Lord Strathcona. The total will be considerably over one million dollars, and if the war is prolonged it may reach two millions. There can be no question about the patriotism of a man who makes so magnificent a gift to his Queen.



LORD STRATHCONA

One may wish that the King of kings had many subjects able and willing to render such service to him. There are many people who would gladly go out as missionaries to extend the kingdom of the Prince of Peace if there were men like Lord Strathcona who would defray the cost of placing them in the field.

Worthy is the Lamb to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing (Rev. 5: 12).

♦

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. F. B. Meyer is quoted as saying that the only atheists he met in India were men who had studied in European colleges.

According to the law as passed by Congress and signed by the President, the name of the island is "Porto Rico" and not "Puerto Rico."

Rev. Thomas Allen, one of the fraternal delegates to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference.

The Cuban census shows a population of 1,572,797, of whom 443,420 can read and write; fifty per cent. are native whites and thirty-two per cent. negroes. Havana's population is 235,981.

Rev. C. M. Sheldon has accepted invitations from Scotland to make a preaching tour in that country this summer. His book, *In His Steps*, has been widely read by the Scotch people.

The *New York Herald* publishes the statement that a child has been born in Liverpool, England, with horns and club feet. Superstitious people believe that the child will prove to be Antichrist.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts recently celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday by making large gifts to various philanthropic institutions. These gifts raise the total of her benefactions to five million dollars.

A series of special services, conducted by the Rev. M. S. Anderson, formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., will be held at the Door of Hope Gospel Mission, 805 Third Ave., New York, from May 10 to May 30,—Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, at 4 P.M., and every night at 8 P.M.

The Marquis de Gallifet, the French Secretary of War, has issued an order forbidding the sale of liquor in every military barracks throughout France and the colonies. The Marquis is a veteran general and has had abundant opportunities of knowing the effect of liquor-drinking on soldiers.

All inquiries about the last work of the late Bishop Newman, *Conversations with Christ*, should be addressed to Mrs. J. F. Newman, 150 Fifth Ave., New York. It is issued by Messrs. Eaton & Mains, and the proceeds of its sale are devoted to the support of the work long cherished by Bishop Newman, of aiding young men who are preparing for the ministry.

The new President of the English Baptist Union is Rev. Wm. Cuff, pastor of the Shoreditch Tabernacle. Mr. Cuff is one of the students of the Pastor's College, which was established by the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. He bears a strong resemblance in the style of his preaching to Mr. Spurgeon, and is a hard-working pastor in one of the very poorest districts of London.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXIV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN CEYLON

THE TALIPOT PALM

ONE odd thing here in Ceylon is that foxes have wings and can fly. Josiah wanted to get one the worse way: he said that he would willin'ly carry it home in his arms for the sake of havin' it fly round over Jonesville, and sez he, "They are so smart, Samantha, they will git drunk jest as naterally as men do, they would feel to home in America." And they say they do steal palm wine out of bowls set to ketch it by the natives and are found under the trees too drunk to git home, not havin' wives or childer willin' to lead 'em home, I spoze, or accomidatin' policemen.

But I sez, "Don't you try to git the animals in America to drinkin', Josiah Allen." Sez I, "I should be mortified to death to see the old mair or Snip staggerin' round as men do, lookin' maudlin and silly; I should despise the idee of lowerin' the animals down to that state."

"Well, well, I don't spoze I can git one of these foxes anyway, though I might," sez he dreamily, "git one real drunk and carry it." But I guess he'll gin it up.

The jungles all round us wuz, I spoze, filled with wild animals. Elephants, tigers and serpents, big and little, besides monkeys and more harmless ones. The snake charmers did dretful strange things with 'em, but I didn't look on. I always said that if snakes would let me alone, I would let them alone. But they brought all sorts of things to sell: embroideries of all kinds, carved ivory, tortoise shell and all kinds of jewels. Paris and London gits some of their finest jewels here.

At the Shrine of the Tooth

Men and wimmen are all bejeweled from head to foot, children up to ten years of age are almost always naked, but wearin' bracelets, anklets and silver belts round their little brown bodies, sometimes with bells attached. Some of the poorer natives chew beetle nuts which make their teeth look some like an old tobacco chewer's. They eat in common out of a large bowl and I spoze they don't use napkins or finger bowls. But unlike the poor in our frozen winter cities, as Arvilly said, there is little danger of their starving; warm they will be from year's end to year's end, and the bread tree and cocoanut palm supply food, and the traveler's palm supplies a cool, delicious drink. There is one palm tree here—the talipot—that blooms when about forty years old with a loud noise and immegiately dies. Arvilly said that that made her think of some political candidates.

Dorothy and Robert Strong and Miss Meechim wanted to go to Kandy, the capital of Ceylon, only seventy milds away, to see the tooth of Boodha. Miss Meechim said she wanted to weep over it. She is kinder romantic in spots, and Josiah hearn her and said, soty vosey, to me, "You won't ketch me weepin' over any tooth unless it is achin' like the old Harry."

But I kinder wanted to see the tooth. I had hearn Thomas J. read a good deal about Prince Siddartha, Lord Buddha, and how he wuz "right gentle, though so wise, princely of mean, yet softly mannered, modest, deferent and tender hearted, though of fearless blood," and how he renounced throne and wealth and love for his people, to "seek deliverance and the unknown light."

I had always pictured him as looking more beautiful than any other mortal man, but of this more anon.

Josiah and Arvilly concluded to go too; it wuz only a four hours' ride. We passed coffee plantations, immense gardens and forests full of ebony trees, the strange banion tree that seems to walk off all round itself and plant its great feet solidly in the earth, and then step off agin', makin' a hull forest of itself, and satin wood trees, and India rubber, bamboo, balsam, bread fruit, pepper and cinchony or quinine bushes, tea and rice plantations. Our road led up the mountain side and anon the city of Kandy could be seen sot down in a sort of a valley on the mountain. We had our dinner at the Queen's Hotel, and from there sallied out to see the sights. Not fur from the hotel wuz a artificial lake three milds round, built by some king. His very name is forgotten, whilst the water of this little lake he dug out splashes up on the shore jest as fresh as ever. All round the lake is a beautiful driveway, where all sorts of vehicles wuz seen. Big barouches full of English people, down to a little two-wheeled cart drawed by one ox. Crowds of people, jewels, bright color, anon a poor woman carrying her baby astride her hip, men, wimmen, children, a brilliant, movin' panorama.

The tooth of Buddha is kep' in a temple called Maligawa, or Temple of the Tooth, and I laid out to have a considerable number of emotions as I stood before it. But imagine a tooth bigger than a hull tooth brush! What kind of a mouth must Lord Buddha have had if that wuz a sample of his teeth? Why, his mouth, at the least calculation, must have been as big as a ten-quart pan! Where wuz the beauty and charm of that countenance—that mouth that had spoke such wise words?

I don't believe that it wuz his tooth. I hain't no idee it wuz. No human bein' ever had a mouth big enough to hold thirty odd monsters like that, let alone this noble prince, "with godlike face and eyes enwrapped, lost in care for them he knew not, save as fellow lives." There is a mistake somewhere. There wuz lots of natives round worshipin' it. But I felt that if Prince Siddartha could speak out of Nirvana he would say:

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"HE WUZ TIED INTO AN ARM-CHAIR AND SWUNG OFF BY ROPES"

"Don't worship that tooth, Josiah Allen's wife: it hain't mine nor never wuz; but worship the principles of love and compassion and self-sacrifice I tried to teach to my people." And almost instinctively I sez: "I will, Prince Siddartha, I will."

And Josiah sez: "What say, Samantha?" And I sez:

"Let's go out, Josiah, and see the sacred tree. Bo, that they worship."

"I'll go," sez Josiah; "but you won't git me to worship no tree, I can tell you that. I've cleared off too many acres and chopped and sawed too much cord wood to worship a tree."

"Did I ask you to, Josiah?" sez I. "It would break my heart to see you bend your knee to any idol. But this is the oldest tree in the world; it is over two thousand years old."

"Wall, it ort to be cut down, Samantha, if it is that age; it is seasoned and would make crackin' good lumber."

Oh how oncongenial Josiah Allen is by spells; he seemed to be quite a distance off from me as he made them remarks. But Robert Strong and Dorothy shared my feelin's of reverence for a tree whose mighty branches might have shaded the the head of our Lord and whose leaves might have rustled with the wind that swept the brow of Napoleon and Cæsar and Pharo for all I knew. There wuz some natives burnin' camphor flowers before it and some on 'em had hung up little lamps in its branches. They say that one hundred thousand pilgrims visit it each year. Well, we driv round some, seein' all the strange, picturesque sights; past tea plantations and a tea factory, the botanical gardens where we driv milds through its beautiful tree shaded avenoos; there are twenty-five thousand kinds of plants here in this garden; some say it is the finest collection in the world. And we driv past some of the native dwellings, and some beautiful villas where Europeans live durin' the warm season, past the library, a beautiful building standing on pillars on the shores of the lake, and by the Governor's palace, handsome enough for any king and queen, and we got back to Colombo middlin' late and tired out. But as tired as Josiah wuz he talked considerable to me about "Bud," as familiar as if he wuz well acquainted with him, but I sez, "You mean B-u-d-d-h, Josiah." But I thought to myself as the Chinese have five thousand different names for him one more wouldn't neither make nor break him.

Beautiful Madras

Well, the next dav we embarked for Calcutta. Our steamer stopped two milds off from Madras. The wind was so high we couldn't get any nearer. None of our party went ashore but Robert Strong. He wuz tied into an arm-chair and swung off by ropes down into a little boat that wuz dashin' up and down fur below.

I wouldn't done it fur a dollar bill. The surf boats are deep, made of bark and bamboo, shaped some like our Indian canoes. But no matter how much the winds blew or the boats rocked, lots of native peddlers come aboard to sell jewelry, fans, dress stuffs; and snake charmers come, and fakirs, doin' their strange tricks, that I d'no how they do, nor Josiah don't.

Madras has more than half a million inhabitants, and it looked well from the steamer: handsome villas, beautiful tropical trees, and hull forests of cactus ablaze with their gorgeous blossoms. It bein' Sunday whilst on our way from Madras to Calcutta the captain read service, and afterwards made his Sunday inspection of the crew. The sailors and cooks wuz Hindus, the stewards English and Scotch. The crew had on short

"WE MET A BRIDAL PROCESSION, THE GROOM RIDIN' IN A PEACOCK-SHAPED GILT CHARIOT"

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white trousers, long white jackets and white caps, all on 'em wuz barefooted.

We sailed acrost the Bay of Bengal, where I spoze Bengal tigers wuz hidin' in the adjacent jungles, though we didn't meet any and didn't want to. And so on to the Hoogly river, one of the mouths of the Ganges, and on to Calcutta.

Calcutta is over four thousands milds from Hongkong. And oh, my heart! how fur! how fur from Jonesville. Most fourteen thousands milds from our own vine and apple trees and the children. It made my head turn round so that I tried to furgit it.

As we approached Calcutta we seemed to be travelin' through big gardens more beautiful than our own country can boast of; rich, strange, tropical trees and shrubs and flowers grew luxuriant around the pleasant villas. The English district with its white two-story houses made me think some of an American village. We went to the Great Eastern hotel, right opposite the gardens of the Viceroy's palace.

We had pleasant rooms that would have been pretty hot, but great fans are swung up in our room and the hired help swing 'em by a rope that goes out into the hall. It beats all how much help there is here, the halls seemed full on 'em, but what would our hired help say if we made 'em dress like these Hindus? They wear short pantaloons that don't come down to their knees and then they wind a long strip of white cloth round their thighs and fasten it round their waist, leavin' their right shoulder and arm bare naked. An American family of four livin' in Calcutta have thirty servants, ten of 'em pullin' at these punkeys or fans. They don't eat in the house of their employer; but in a cabin outside.

Like "The Garden of Eden"

There is a long, beautiful street called The Strand, shaded by banyan and palm trees; on one side on't is the park so lovely that it is called the Garden of Eden, full of beautiful trees, shrubs and flowers, pagodas, little temples and shrines. Josiah and I and Tommy went there in the evenin' and hearn beautiful music. Josiah wanted to ride in a palanquin. It is a long black box and looks some like a hearse. I hated to see him git in, it made me forebode. But he enjoyed his ride and afterwards I sot off in one, Josiah in one also nigh by with Tommy. One side of it comes off so you can git in and set on a high cushion and read or knit. I took my knittin' and most knit one of Josiah's heels whilst I rid by palaces and elephants and camels and fakirs and palm trees. Oh, Jonesville yarn! you never expected to be knit amid scens like this. I can knit and admire scenery first rate. And my blue and white yarn seemed to connect me with Jonesville in some occult way, and then I knew Josiah would need his socks before we got home.

Seein' that the other ladies did so I had throwed my braize veil gracefully over my head instead of my bunnet. The natives are as fond of jewels here as they are in Ceylon. Women with not a rag on down to their waists will have four or five chains on, and bangles on their naked arms. They spend all their earnin's on these ornaments and wear 'em day and night. Well, seein' they don't have any other clothes hardly, mebby it is best for 'em to keep holt on 'em.

We went by some wimmen preparin' manure for fuel; it wuz made into lumps and dried. The wimmem wuz workin' away all covered with chains and bangles and rings; Josiah looked on 'em engaged in that menial and onwelcome occupation, and sez he:

"To see wimmen to work in the barnyard, Samantha, has put a new idee into my head."

I never asked him what it wuz, but spozed it had reference to Philury and mebby me, but I shall never go into that work, never.

One day we went to the American mission school and see the native children settin' flat on the floor. Josiah wuz awful worked up to see 'em settin' down in such a oncomfortable posture, and he said to me that if he had some tools and lumber he would make 'em some seats. But that is their way of settin' to study their lessons.

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WORSHIPERS IN THE "TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH"

Among 'em wuz a little girl with a red spot on her forward, indicatin' that she wuz married, but don't spoze that she had gone to keepin' house yet. Girls are married sometimes at six or seven, but their husbands don't claim 'em till they're ten or twelve. Good land! they're nothin' but babies then; I used to hold Tirzah Ann on my lap at that age. Widders never marry again, and are doomed to a wretched life of degradation and slavery; I guess that is the reason why some on 'em had ruther be burnt up with their relics than to live on to suffer so. How much they need the religion of love and mercy our Saviour come to teach! Our missionaries are doin' a blessed work, literally loosin' the chains of the captives, and settin' at liberty them that are bound.

One evenin' we met a bridal procession, the groom was ridin' in a peacock-shaped gilt chariot drawed by four horses, accompanied by a band of music; a big crowd of friends follered him, and coolies bearing torches; it seemed as if he wanted to show himself off all he could. When they got to the house of the bride, they took her in a closed palanquin and meached away to the house of the groom. As in some other countries, females play a minor part in the tune of life; wimmen and children can't eat at the table with their husband and father, and he sets to the table and she sets down on the floor.

Miss Meechim exclaimed loudly about the awful position of wimmen here, but Arvilly told her that "though wimmen at home had crep' up a little so she could set to the table and pour the tea, yet at banquets of honor she wuz never seen and at the political table, where men proudly sot and partook, wimmen still sot on the floor and couldn't git a bite."

Miss Meechim didn't dain a reply, but turned her talk onto the dretful idee of widders bein' burnt with their dead husbands. The English won't allow it where they can help it, but it is still practised in way back regions, and Arvilly said that she believed that some American widders, who had had their property took from them by the family of the deceased and had their unborn children willed away from 'em by law, suffered enough sight more than they would if they had burnt themselves up with their relics: to say nothin' of widders bein' burnt up twice in America, first through their own firey agony, and then seein' their children set fire to by whiskey dealt to 'em by the will of the rulers of the land.

Arvilly always would have the last word. Miss Meechim kinder snorted and tosted her head and held in.

I spoze it wuz partly on Robert Strong's account, he bein' high connected and rich, that we wuz all invited to a garden party gin by Mr. and Miss Curzon, she that wuz Miss Leiter, who used to be one of our neighbors, as you may say, out in Chicago, U. S. And then I spoze that it wuz partly on my account they'd hearn of me, without any doubt, and craved a augience. Josiah thought that it wuz on his account that we wuz invited; he thinks he is a ornament to any festive throng.

But 'tennyrate invited we wuz, and go we did, the hull caboodle on us, all but Tommy, who stayed to home with the good English maid that Miss Meechim had hired to take Aronette's place, but never, never to fill it.

Mourning for Aronette

Oh, Aronette! sweet girl! where are you? Where are you? So my heart called out time and time agin'; sometimes in the dead of night on my wakeful pillow, and anon when I wuz lookin' for her in places that I didn't want to find her. So did Dorothy's heart call out to her. I knew she wuz lookin' for her always, seekin' her with sad eyes full of tears, looking, longing for the playmate of her childhood, the loving, gentle helper and companion of her youth.

Miss Meechim didn't speak of her so often as she thought of her I believe, but she grew thin after her loss, and when grief for a person ploughs away your flesh you can call yourself a mourner. She lost five pounds and a half in less than a month; next to Dorothy she loved her.

Arvilly openly and often bewailed the loss of the one she loved next to Waitstill Webb; I wuzn't anywhere in Arvilly's affections to what she wuz, though she sets store by me, and Tommy cried himself to sleep many a night talking about her, and wonnerin' where she wuz, and if somebody wuz abusin' her, or if she wuz to the bottom of the ocean. Why, he would rack my mind and pierce my heart so I would have to give him candy to get his mind off; I used pounds in that way, though I knew it wuz hurtful, but didn't know what to do.

We often thought and spoke of poor Lucia, too, and that poor broken-hearted father who wuz searching through the world for her and would never stop his mournful search till he found her, or till death found him, but our hearts didn't ache for her as they did for the loss of our own.

Martha wuz a kind, good girl, but she wuzn't Aronette, our dear one, our lost one. She wuz jest a helper, doin' her work and earnin' her wages, that wuz all, but she was good natured and offered to look after Tommy, and we all went to the Viceroy's reception and garden party and had a real good time. I had hearn that one of the widder Albert's boys wuz to be there and that had made me more anxious than ever to go.

(To be Continued).

Under the Evening Lamp

By Margaret E. Sangster

IN THE SUNRISE KINGDOM

WE have our little fathers and mothers here in America: children who begin very early in life the task and toil of caring for their small baby brothers and sisters. In Japan, the older child carries the baby on his back, and the burden must sometimes be a heavy one and interfere with the caretaker's freedom, but complaints are not heard, for the Japanese are patient and amiable, even in nursery and schoolroom days. Our threefold picture shows us in scene first the children, with the babies peeping over the shoulders of their nurses, and one happy little creature in a sort of bamboo cage—which is rather a good idea for a wee laddie just at the investigating and exploring age. The second scene to the right, is an illustration of a game under the cherry trees—not unlike our familiar blind man's buff—and the picture to the left, shows a hotel, and on the entrance of a guest, the entire household, servants and retinue are giving an Oriental welcome, prostrating themselves in reverent salutation at his appearance.

A MERRY GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF

ENTRANCE TO AN INN—GREETING A GUEST

THE LITTLE FOLK

SCENES AMONG THE PICTURESQUE PEOPLE OF THE SUNRISE KINGDOM

An Excellent Style

No one at the Ecumenical Council who heard Miss Snigh, the Hindu lady who is professor of English literature at Lucknow College, India, failed to be surprised at the amazing facility in the use of the English tongue, and her beautiful selection of the word to fit her thought. We learn that Miss Snigh's practice has been to read over and over some of the great books, masterpieces of English, in poetry, history and ethics, and thus she has formed her singularly happy and direct style. One may almost always know from the choice of phrases and expressions in ordinary conversation, whether or not people keep good company in their books. And in writing, this is still more evident. The possessor of an excellent style is the reader of excellent books, and insensibly derives from good authors their way of putting things, as well as their opinions, facts and impressions.

The Superfluous Pussy

I can remember when humane persons, otherwise gentle and amiable, thought it no cruelty to lose a cat which it inconvenienced them to keep. Poor pussy would be captured and tied up in a bag, and after dark, by winding ways, would be carried a long distance from home and dropped, a forlorn little stranger among strangers. As a cat's local attachments are singularly strong, this procedure was very cruel. The cat often came back, sometimes after days of travel and effort; came back lean, scrawny and pitiful, an object for compassion. To desert a cat—of all creatures one of the most home-loving—and to leave its food and shelter to the chances of its making friends, is now acknowledged to be a very heartless deed, and few people do it. If pussy must be left or be disposed of, put her to sleep in a box with a sponge full of chloroform. If she can be kept in life and health in a good home among kind caretakers, that is better; but do not abandon her to starve or send her forth to vagrancy. "Nobody's cat" is a poor, helpless being, indescribably sad to a cat lover. The cast-off animal, as well as the cast-off human being, is a reflection on humanity.

When We Hear Preaching

We do not go to church to be amused, nor to be entertained, nor to be enlivened with eloquent stories, nor pleased with poetic fancies. Primarily, we go to church to worship God. The sermon of our minister is part of the worship. It is designed for our instruction, and it should open to us some new glimpse of divine truth. Often our mental attitude is so antagonistic, or so impatient, or dull, or we are so preoccupied that our souls are like houses with doors locked and shutters barred. We are much too apt to blame the minister when we hear a sermon which does not interest us. In nine out of ten cases, the fault is in ourselves. Numbers of people never in their lives learned how to listen. They have no power of consecutive thought. They do not pay attention to a preacher, but allow their minds to wonder far afield. Only by being attentive and reverent can we receive good from a sermon. If we pray for our minister we shall be apt to derive benefit from his teachings, not otherwise to be expected.

The Foreign Missionary

The other evening I was privileged to be one of a company where among the guests were many missionaries. Men and women who had worked for Christ in Turkey, in Armenia, in India, in China, in Corea, in Hawaii, in Japan, in Syria, in the great realm of Australia were in that group. It seemed to me a hallowed group and I felt as if Jesus Christ were present there with his own dear disciples. More than one of those simple, earnest and brave missionaries had faced death, in famine, in plague, in fever, and in massacre, and had not been afraid; had battled for Christ in the darkness, and had won souls for him. Quiet, simple, and childlike were their manners, but their faces shone with the radiance of the inner light, the light of the indwelling Spirit. Most of them were soon going back to their posts of duty. They came to the great Ecumenical...

Good Words

They are so easy to give—yet how many hunger and thirst in vain for them! We peck at this little fault, that little fault in our friend, letting millions of little virtues go by without recognition. Be not sparing in the cordial of kind thought and speech; encourage virtues; feed not failings with censure and reproach.

A SONG FOR THE HOMELAND

A SONG for the homeland, its valleys a hills,
Its lakes lying blue, and its silvery rills;
A song for its fields and their harvest of go
A song for its mines with their wealth untold;
The homeland, the dear land, the land of t free—
O beautiful Mother, our hearts cling to thee

A song for the Church, with its call un prayer,
For the comfort and healing and joy we ha there.
A song for the school, with the flag on its ro
For the lessons it teaches for manhood proof.
A song for true brotherhood, sturdy and fr
O homeland, dear homeland, a chorus for the

A song for our Sabbath, that dawns with peace,
From greed and from bondage a day release;
A song for our Bibles, wide open and fair,
For our Sunday Schools dear and the ban gathered there;
For the men and the women whose service free,
O homeland, fair homeland, a chorus to thee

And, oh, may our homeland be cleansed fr all stain,
And pure as the fathers endowed to remain
Its banner of stars be flung out to the bree
Its fearless ships sail on the path of the sea
God bless it!—the dear land, the home of t free;
O beautiful Mother, our hearts cling to thee

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-al

—LUCY. No, my dear. A woman ne proposes, unless she is in the position of Que Victoria, who was obliged by her rank to m the first advances.

—MARIE JANE. Your husband is right. Y are trying to do too much and are wear yourself out. Give up something. Your o common sense will indicate where you can strain your energies.

—A FRIEND. A long life and much obs vation have convinced your Aunt Prude that people are seldom sorry for what they not say. Above all things we should take c how we talk against others, how we susp their motives, how we speak unkindly. S talk is playing with the devil's firebrands.

Stupid Children

I do not like the adjective, and I thi it is usually misapplied. Children are so times slow, but they are seldom stup If they are, it is almost always beca they have been terrorized by severe a stern treatment, or foolishly forced precocity in the infantile period by v and silly parents. A little brain urg unduly in its first three years may receive impressions quickly nor easily tain them at ten. The kindergarten i great boon to little children, insur them natural development. No li child is ridiculed or scolded or blam for a mistake by a wise kindergarter Mothers are beginning to appreciate value of kindergarten knowledge on th own part, and they are often the bet for taking a regular series of lessons kindergarten lore.

Many Helpers for Starving India

THE interest which children are showing in the blessed work of relieving famine-stricken India is one which would deeply touch the starving people could they realize its significance. Little hands holding out food in Christ's name to the hungry and the dying of a far-away pagan land! Surely that is a beautiful testimony to the spirit of helpfulness and love which abides in the religion of Jesus. The following are illustrations of the character of many letters received at this office:

BESSIE WHITESELL

VERNA COMBS

Hugo Paul Wise, Middle Branch, O., writes:

I will send you $5.00 for the starving children in far-off India. I pity them so much. My papa has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for years. I read it and was so troubled over the pictures of those poor, starving children that I have worked very hard to earn money to send to them. I am eight years old, and I will tell you how I earned some of my money: I sold dandelion, horse-radish and bantam eggs; and I carried messages, and I saved all my earnings. Papa says he will also enclose $5.00, so I hope we may at least save a few people from starving.

A lady of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., sends $4, saying:

This amount was solicited and collected for the starving people of India by Lynn McEachron, because he wished to do something practically helpful for these suffering people. His effort has been gladly given for the cause.

A wee maid, Verna L. Combs, writes with her own hand:

I am six years old. I saw the pictures of the starving children. I wanted to earn some money myself to send them. My mamma made me some candy and popcorn. I sold it in town for $1.47. Will you please send this to them to buy something to eat, and oblige a little girl.

From the Pacific Coast, the large sum of $12.11 has come from a very little woman, named Bessie S. Whitesell, who, not content with doing well, wants to do better, and asks us to send her a mite-box.

HUGO P. WISE

Another letter from California contains $4.55; and Mrs. E. D. Capwell tells how it was raised:

Florence, Blanche and Howard, our three little children, after seeing the pictures in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, got their banks, and with their little hearts full of pity, gave all the pennies they had been saving up for a long time. Florence, the oldest, just nine, took the paper to school and collected a little more. Their papa and I helped them with a contribution and so they had a total of $4.55, which they send, grieving that they have not more.

LYNN McEACHRON

The Citizens' Indian Relief Committee of Charlottesville, Va., through Mr. J. M. Robertson, sends $162.62, collected largely through the efforts of Chairman G. W. Oliver and the local paper, *The Progress*.

From Dr. D. B. Bobb, and Messrs. E. S. Aluman and Walker Templeton, an executive committee of citizens of Dakota, Ill., comes $142, the gift of the good people of that place, which they desire shall be "used to purchase corn for the vessel now being loaded."

A Sunday School's Gift

HANCOCK, MASS.

Dear Brother: I presented the appeal for India to my church and Sunday School on Palm Sunday. A committee of Sunday School children collected $25.85, which our treasurer forwards to-day. God bless the givers and the gifts, as well as the chief factor—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its staff.

REV. W. F. ZELL, *First Baptist Church.*

Nebraska's Noble Gift

Surely God will bless the ever-generous West with a new blessing for the noble way in which it comes to the help of the starving. Its fields should teem more and more every year with grain ready for bountiful harvest. Here is a brief, hurried letter, eloquent of noble endeavor:

BRETHREN: Enclosed find draft for $2,800 which is a part of money I am collecting under the direction of Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Ship. You may expect more soon. I will get you several thousand dollars more I think. Will send names later. (REV.) G. L. HOSFORD, University Place, Neb.

The little sons of Rev. Oren F. Chesebro, Stackville, Neb., remember the starving. Their father sends $2.50, saying:

Dear Editor: Our two boys send from their penny banks the greater part of this free-will offering.

A Birthday Thank-Offering

KUSHEQUA, PA.

Dear Sir:—This is my birthday—the first after two dangerous surgical operations, in consequence of which I am still lying in my bed in the hospital. Just before I was taken ill, I started out to get subscriptions for the famine sufferers, and now for a thank-offering for my recovery, I send one-half of a birthday present which I received, to you, to be used in buying part of the shipload of grain for the India sufferers. I send the other half to a missionary under whose preaching I joined the church.

AGNES C——.

TWO LITTLE GIVERS

The "Alabaster Box"

D. S. R., ——, Pa. The enclosed banker's draft represents the result of self-denial known only to God and myself. Neither my family nor my friends know anything of it and I do not wish them to know. I wanted to do something to please my dear Lord, something for his sake—just an alabaster box of ointment, so I have done this at personal cost. May the lives it may save be dedicated to our Lord and Saviour.

Their Town Will Help

A contribution of $31.85, sent in by Mrs. H. D. Whitefield, Wilkinsburg, Pa., represents, she says, the "community of our church. We are now planning for our entire town to help."

A Newspaper's Aid

The Wilkes-Barre Record is helping nobly. Manager J. R. Boyd sends $210 for India, contributed through that paper. The *Record* has helped us in good works before.

Lake Crystal's Offering

Lake Crystal's name will be written high in the book of Christian deeds. Etta Woleben, of that place, writes:

The churches of our little city (Lake Crystal, Minn.) appointed a committee to canvass for the suffering people of India, and as a result I send you $104.15. The Young People's Societies of our churches started the movement, and the pastors of all churches co-operated heartily.

"Never Do Things by Halves."

Sometimes the condition of your health could be described as half-sick and half-well. You may not be ill enough to go to bed but too ill to be happy or efficient in your home or your business. Why not be wholly well? Your dragged-out, tired feeling is due to poor blood and nothing else. Make your blood rich by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works to perfection; there is nothing like it.

Tired Feeling — *"My husband would come home from work so tired he could hardly move. He began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured him. It cured my girl's headaches." Mrs. A. J. Sprague, 57 Oak St., Fall River, Mass.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Royal
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Makes light, flaky, delicious hot biscuits, rolls, muffins and crusts. Makes hot bread wholesome. These are qualities peculiar to it alone.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—C. GORJU, late *Chef*, Delmonico's.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Rheumatism and Gout

A prominent physician writes:

DEAR SIRS;—Replying to yours on the use of TARTARLITHINE as a remedy in the treatment of gout, I will say that I have used it in the treatment of about a dozen cases with results that are a little less than wonderful. The characteristic feature of its action is the rapidity with which patients improve under its use. An improvement is noticeable within 24 hours. One of the most striking cases was that of a physician suffering from gout, muscular rheumatism and frequent bilious headaches. I prescribed Tartarlithine, and in one week there was absolute disappearance of all of the uric acid manifestations. The nervous irritability disappeared, and he stated that he had done the best week's work which he had accomplished in years.

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00 and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent FREE.

McKESSON & ROBBINS,
91 Fulton Street, New York,
Sole Agents for THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

You Hear!
when you use
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.
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Money Maker

And saver. Print your own cards, circular, book, newspaper, with our $5 or $18 printing press. Type setting easy, printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper, to factory.
The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

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BLUINE CO. Box 3 Concord Junction, Mass.

Uplifting Fallen Women

A Great Industrial Florence Crittenton School to be Started—Practical Work for Erring Girls

ON THE MISSION STEPS

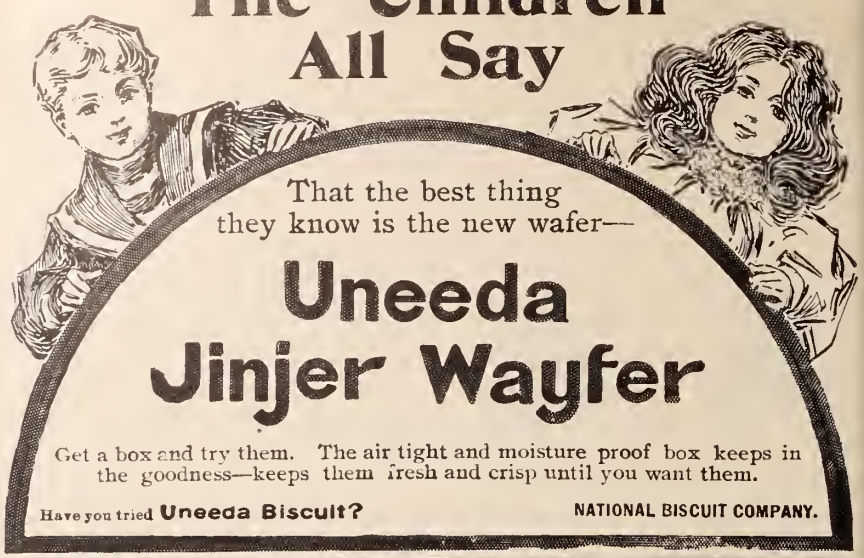
A great Industrial School at which reclaimed women may fit themselves for callings, by which they may earn an honest living, is soon to be built. The ground upon which the institution is to be erected has already been donated by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the Christian philanthropist who has done so much for the redemption of fallen womanhood. The Industrial School will stand on a lot, 300 x 400, overlooking the Hudson River. It is to be operated in connection with the "Mother Mission," as 21–23 Bleecker Street, New York, is called, in consequence of its having been the first created of the chain of Homes now bearing the same name. The new building will be large and commodious; and here erring girls, who have shown a sincere desire to reform, will be instructed in sewing, dress-making, millinery, laundry work, cooking and other manual arts. The "Mother Mission" is to be retained as a receiving home, where cases will be investigated and put on probation, as it were, before admission to the benefits of the school; it will also be used as a training school for missionaries. The work at the "Mother Mission" has long since outgrown present accommodations, and Mr. Crittenton's new gift is most timely. Every woman applying at the Mission is provided with food, help and advice.

Mrs. Barrett, General Superintendent of the National Florence Crittenton Mission, in a recent visit to this office, said of the need and progress of the national rescue work: "Many more girls apply at all the homes than we have room for. Few institutions will receive the erring girl about to become a mother, after she has sunk to the slums and Chinatown; yet, as a matter of fact, there is often more hope for these wretched ones than for those with whom sin has not dealt so harshly. It is our rule that mothers care for their children, for we think that nothing else will so make a girl realize the responsibility she has assumed: love and service to her child wakes something better in her, and it is easier to turn her heart to her Saviour than it would be if she were allowed to transfer her burden to others. Hundreds of girls, who would otherwise be a menace to society, have graduated from Florence Crittenton Homes into domestic positions where they are earning honest livelihoods. Sometimes, a reformed girl throws herself heart and soul into the work of reclaiming others, who are as she was, in which case she makes one of the most effective of missionaries." Mrs. Barrett spoke with peculiar thankfulness of one instance, where a girl of extraordinary mental qualifications, has become so useful as to be in demand in missions, East and West; her great gifts, which had made her all the more dangerous as a servant of sin, now consecrated to the uplifting of fallen humanity. One of our pictures illustrates a not altogether uncommon sight in this rescue work—a girl prostrate on the Mission steps, weak from suffering, lack of food, drink, or all combined. In the present instance, Mrs. Barrett returning near midnight from an errand of mercy, almost stumbled over a poor creature unconscious on the Mission steps, whither she had dragged herself instead of to the river. It is not always the "woman who is a sinner" thus seeking refuge, but often the tried and destitute girl fleeing temptation.

To-day, there are about forty-five Florence Crittenton Homes, scattered from Massachusetts to California, North Dakota to Texas, besides hundreds of Florence Crittenton Rescue Circles doing a like work, but unable to support a home. On a leaflet issued by the national organization giving names of cities where homes are located, appears this sentence: "Any one desiring a girl looked up in any of these cities, will, upon corresponding with the home in that city, be furnished all assistance possible, and the girl, if found, will be given shelter." This brief legend has brought inquiries from all parts of the country concerning missing girls, the number showing how many homes carry a sorrow needing just the aid the Florence Crittenton Missions give. The estimated number of girls in houses of sin in America is 300,000; their average life five years. The National Florence Crittenton Mission is chartered by special act of the United States Government to work among this army of perishing girls, and it is the only national organization of its kind in the world. Its work proves that over sixty per cent. of these women can be reclaimed. In the forty-five homes now existing there are between 3,000 and 4,000 girls and over 600 children. A call has been issued for a $500,000 endowment fund, made up of contributions large or small to perpetuate this Christlike work for womanhood, childhood and humanity. "And this call," says Mrs. Barrett, "was only issued after Mr. Crittenton had so far exhausted his own fortune that he could not entirely insure its own continuance himself." All communications concerning this work should be addressed to Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, National Florence Crittenton Mission, Washington, D. C.

IN THE "MOTHER MISSION" CHAPEL—WORKERS AND REFORMED GIRLS

The Children All Say



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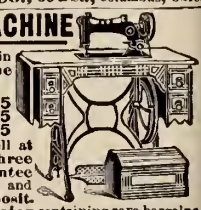

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A Blessed Bit of Real Religion*

ON a little farm situated in a narrow valley among the foot-hills, resided a farmer with his wife and daughter. He was of Puritan descent, above the average in intelligence, read the county paper, and felt a sort of pride in boasting that he had not crossed the threshold of the old meeting-house for more than twenty years. He was past fifty and not physically strong. One day, returning from his field, he fell from his wagon and was injured. The village doctor was quickly summoned. He notified the minister, and the two together went immediately to the poor man's assistance.

When informed that it would be several weeks before he could do much work, he began to worry about his unharvested crops. He was too poor to hire. His wife was too feeble to do much; and the daughter would be able to do very little alone.

Mr. Sayley, the minister, on hearing these remarks and seeing the troubled look on the man's face, stepped up to the bedside, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Do not worry, my good friend, I will see you out of this trouble."

The man's eyes flew open, and he stared at the young minister with a puzzled expression on his face, and asked, "How will you do it?"

"I and a few Endeavorers will gather in your crops."

"You will!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I usually do what I promise, with God's help."

"Well, I have heard of the Endeavorers, but did not know before that they did such things. Are you one of them?"

"I am."

"Then you are a minister and an Endeavorer too? Is that it?"

"That is just it; and we are all Christ's humble servants."

"Well, it beats all! But say, young man, how am I to pay you? I am poor."

"We Endeavorers will look to Christ for pay in this case. All we now ask of you is that you obey the doctor's orders and get well."

After a moment's thoughtful silence, in which he evidently tried to grasp the meaning of the minister's words, he looked up and remarked, "Say, young man, I like that kind of religion."

"O! we are commanded, you know, to bear one another's burdens."

"That's it! That's it!" was the only response the sick man made to this last remark. It was enough, however, to show that his heart and mind responded to the truth and soul of practical Christianity.

Tip Solves the Food Problem†

"TIP," whispered his little sister, as they followed Mrs. Curtiss downstairs, "does yer really think we're going to get breakfast?"

"Dunno," said Tip; "some sorter, maybe. Can't be much, yer know, after last night."

But the milk pitcher might never have been empty, it looked so full; and there stood a fresh loaf, round and brown, just waiting to be cut in slices; with a great dish of smoking hominy. The two waifs asked no more questions, and made no remarks. And again the minister and his good helpers watched this meeting of demand and supply, with feelings that rather hindered their own breakfast. But Tip ciphered his way to one conclusion:

"Tell yer what, Lippet," he whispered, as they left the table, "'taint no sort o' wonder there's so little t' eat in town; folks out here in the kentry eats so much."

Then another thought got astir.

"Does yer eat all the time here anyway?" he said, turning round to the minister. "Or is yer makin' company o' us?"

"Oh, yes, we eat breakfast, dinner and supper every day all the year round," said Mr. Best. Tip looked at him.

"We doesn't in town," he said. "'Bout onct is all we gets time for, gen'ly; an' we calls it jest which, accordin'."

"According to what?"

"Why, t' when we finds it," said Tip. "It don't stand round waitin' fer yer as it does up here. Yer's got t' hunt; right sharp, too, sometimes."

Books Received

A Story of the Past. By Mrs. S. S. Bridges. This booklet contains more gloom and darkness to the square inch than it would be generally conceived possible to put in print. Pp. 20. Publishers, Gazette Book and Job Print, New Albany, Miss.

Chart of Christ's Journeyings. Prepared by C. E. Arnold, A.M. Four small maps and a harmonized table present in the smallest compass possible a sketch of Christ's life and ministry; of value to Sunday School teachers and Bible students generally. Publishers, John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Kent Squire. Being a Record of Gwynnett, Esquire, of Thornbaugh. By Frederick W. Hayes, with sixteen full-page illustrations by the author. Here we have a racy and entertaining story, with a strong historical flavor that adds much to its interest. Pp. 527. Publishers, The F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, New York.

Bulbs and Blossoms. By Amy Le Feuvre, author of *Probable Sons* and *Teddy's Button*, etc. This brief sketch has an irresistible charm about it. It deals with Easter lilies, and is full of their redolence and of comfort to those who mourn the death of dear ones. The characters are simple and wonderfully attractive. Pp. 50. Price, 50 cents. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Addresses on Foreign Missions. Delivered before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. Dr. Storrs has often been called, and with much reason, the prince of pulpit orators in America. His thoughts never breathe with more vigorous life, nor his words burn with more vehement glow than when he speaks of missionary work, and the pages of this work are specimens of his most moving eloquence. Pp. 187. Published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston.

Doings in Derryville. By Lewis V. Price. This is a wholesome story of Christian Endeavor that has the charm of fiction and the ring of fact. The reading of it will be likely to bring about its reproduction in many directions. Pp. 212. Publishers, United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass.

Fresh Air. By Anna B. Warner, author of *A Nest of Stories*. Every page of this fascinating story reaches the heart and rouses its sympathy for the waifs of the city, to whom the fresh air sessions have been as the breezes and venison of Haven. Pp. 112. Price, 75 cents. Published by the American Tract Society, New York City.

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The Three Greatest Bicycle Bargains in the City of New York

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The "Hampden Bicycle" at $15.75. These wheels will be sold by other concerns this season under their original names at $40.00, and are fully guaranteed. The fittings cones, cups, etc., are made from Thompson's selected steel, carefully tempered, full flush-joint frame, rat-trap or rubber pedals, automatic padded saddle, first-class adjustable handle-bars, and guaranteed tires. Two colors to choose from, black and maroon.

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The O'Neill $24.75 Bicycles are the equal of any bicycle ever made. They are highly finished, have fine bearings, and the frame is made of Shelby's seamless tubing, having full flush joints. Internal fasteners, Baldwin detachable chains, and full nickel fork with triple crown.

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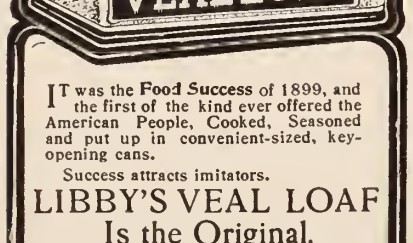

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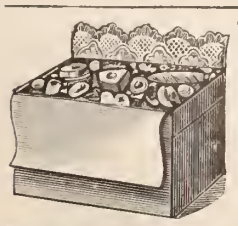
Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.



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CRAZY WORK 125 Velvet Remnants assorted colors, with Embroidery, Chenille, 12 cts.; 400 Beautiful Heavyweight Silk Remnants, all colors, enough for a large quilt, 50 cts.; big package, with floss and quilt patterns, 10 cts., 50 Fine Woolen Remnants, with Ice Wool, 28 cents. All post-paid LEMARIE'S SILK MILL, Little Ferry, N. J.

THE MATANZAS MISSION

A BIBLE READING IN THE NEW CHAPEL OF THE MATANZAS MISSION

REV. J. V. COVA'S work in Matanzas continues to prosper. Our readers will recall the fact that it was established amid great opposition from the local priesthood; and that not one paper in the place would announce the meetings; the key of the first house rented for a chapel was withheld from him by the owner as soon as she discovered that he wanted to use it as a place of Protestant worship, and another house was secured as a makeshift.

The work now has found a commodious new home, which consists of a large hall with a seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty. Here a free day mission school is conducted with some seventy-five children and young women in attendance; they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, drawing, the English language and the Bible. There is also a large Young People's Society, organized for Bible study and missionary training work. The Sunday School has an average attendance of between seventy-five and one hundred children. Mr. Cova preaches at two other places, using, according to his audience, English or Spanish. "The meetings at these places and at the hall are crowded," he writes; "and the Lord's work is growing wonderfully in this beautiful city, next to Havana the largest on the island."

The Ship of Life and Love

THE wondrous love of Jesus
Is still abroad on earth,
And Asia's starving millions
Shall prove its living worth—
For that alone constraineth
The gift of precious grains
From harvests of Columbia
To India's droughty plains.

CHORUS:
God speed the ship—the Ship of Life and Love—
O'er friendly seas with friendly winds above,
God's grain to bear to distant Hindustan—
A token of God's love in Man for man!

From far across the oceans
We've heard the cry of need,
And none with Christian nation
In vain for food can plead;
So gladly from our plenty,
As God gave us, we give
In His Name to our brothers,
That famished folk may live.

O God of Winds and Oceans,
Give them command, we pray,
To aid her Christly mission
And speed her on her way!
Oh, bless both gift and givers,
And let on distant shore
Be heard the sound of praises
For bounty from thy store!

Jersey City, N. J. T. C. MARSHALL.

Spiders' Silk at the Exposition

"THE spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces," said Solomon. In the present age it would seem that the spider will be set to work weaving furnishings for men's palaces instead of for herself. From Lahore comes the statement that among the odd attractions of the Paris Exposition will be a handsome set of draperies manufactured in Madagascar, from the silk of the halabe—an enormous spider found in great quantities in the island. This spider silk of the most extraordinarily brilliant golden color, is much finer than that of the silk-worm and of remarkable strength. It has long been a problem with economists how to obtain from the spider for textile uses the wonderful silk of which she weaves her web; and at different times devices more or less successful have been announced.

A missionary, named Camboue, is said to be the first to conceive that the Madagascar halabes might be made weavers for men; and he carried his experiments to the point of successful demonstration, although on a very limited scale. Similar experiments taken up more recently by M. Nogue, head of the Antanarivo Technical School, have resulted in an apparatus which accomplishes the desired result on a more extensive plan. The apparatus consists of a set of small stocks, which holds the spider in the position in which she naturally takes to spinning. As she begins a thread, it is caught from her spinnerets by a small roller which withdraws it gently; and Madame Spider, doubtless under the impression that she is making a very fine house, keeps very busy until her reserve supply of silk, from three to four hundred yards, is exhausted; upon which she is released and abundantly supplied with the food she likes best until she is ready for the loom again, which is usually after an interval of ten days. One of M. Nogue's delicate little machines operates twelve spiders at a time.

Armenian Orphans

Readers of this journal, thousands of whom feel a kindly interest in the orphans of Armenia, will be pleased to hear from the little wards of our missionaries at Bitlis, in the following letter:

"BITLIS, Kourdistan, *via* }
"CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20. }

"*Our Dear Christian Herald:*—I say 'our,' for our people have long been readers of your interesting pages, and not a few copies run the gauntlet and come to cheer us at the very front of this darkened land, while your bright pictures have helped to cheer the many orphans we, too, have in charge in these regions where the terrible massacres began in 1894. We are glad to know that you have done not a little to help care for orphans in other places in Turkey and also in other lands. We have many children in the wards of this city (more girls than boys), aside from our Sassounian branch orphanage in Moush, fifteen hours distant. Craving your prayers for these dear children, I am, with warm greetings from Asia, R. M. COLE,
"American Missionary."

Revival at Delhi, N. Y.

Rev. H. W. Pope, of Northfield, has been holding meetings at Delhi, N. Y. The Baptist, Methodist Episcopal and Presbyterian churches took part in the services. Seventy-five have made profession of faith as a result of the meetings.

TWO NEW YORKERS.

One Gives the Other a Handy Lift

Mr. E. C. Hazard, one of the oldest and best-known wholesale grocers in New York has for many years given his attention to the preparation of fine food delicacies. He has a farm and experiment station down on Staten Island, where the famous Shrewsbury Ketchup, Burnt Onion Sauce, Shrewsbury Mushrooms and other delicacies are prepared in a most skillful manner.

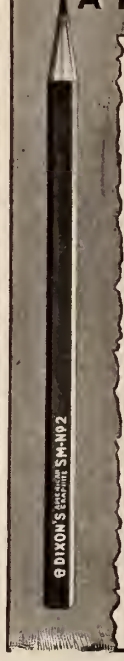
One evening last autumn while on his way home, Mr. H. sat with one of the officials of the N. J. C. railroad, who seemed to be living with one foot in the grave,—stomach so badly disordered that nothing would digest. It seemed only a question of a few weeks, almost, when death would come.

"Mr. Hazard insisted upon taking the gentleman to his house and giving him a package of Grape-Nuts breakfast food which is manufactured by the Postum Cereal Co., at the pure food factories at Battle Creek, Mich., a food which Mr. Hazard has been using at his own table for a long time, greatly to his benefit.

"He told the gentleman that he could get well in a few weeks by the use of perfectly prepared food of this sort, and would never forget the day when he first tried Grape-Nuts. The prediction came true; the official is now only alive to-day, but is in better health than he has experienced for many years, all of which he attributes to the use of Grape-Nuts and from the advice of Mr. Hazard."

There are two reasons for this; in the first place, Grape-Nuts are made from certain selected portions of wheat and barley that contain phosphate of potash and albumen which nature uses in the human system to make up the gray matter in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

The nervous system directly controls the digestive machinery and the brain controls the working and money making power. Mr. Hazard knows this, from his knowledge of foods and from his own experience with Grape-Nuts. Therefore when he took the railway official in charge, he knew exactly what he was doing, and the result proved the correctness of his knowledge.



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AT A SEWING SOCIETY.

"Our Sewing Society meets every week to ew and we always have lunch. Just as sure s I take a cup of coffee I act so silly and say uch absurd things it seems as though I were ntoxicated. I feel so ashamed of myself, but annot help it. My heart will go like a trip-ammer and I am invariably kept awake half f that night. So I thought I would take my ostum Food Coffee the next time, and you should have heard the names they called me—old maid,' 'crank,' etc. But before the lunch was through, Postum had more than one con-ert, and those who tried it were delighted. They had heard of it, but had no idea it was so good.

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OUR · HYMN · LAUREATE · AT · EIGHTY

THE eightieth birthday of Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, was recently celebrated at the offices of her publishers, the Biglow & Main Co., in New York City, where many who hold the aged poetess in affectionate regard gathered around her with congratulations and good wishes. Among these was her friend Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who has found in her hymns the inspiration for many of his best compositions and who has sung them throughout the English-speaking world. Another friend and composer present, who has set her beautiful words to popular music was Mr. Hubert P. Main, a member of her publishing firm between whom and the blind poetess exists a bond of long and kindly interest. A delightful luncheon was served on this anniversary occasion, after which "Fanny"—as her friends familiarly call her—was the recipient of a handsome eight-day clock, presented in behalf of those present with the hope that its musical tones might always remind her of the affection of the givers. The venerable little lady was greatly touched by this and other expressions of good will, for which she rendered thanks in her usual simple, graceful fashion. Before the gathering dispersed all united in singing her hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

FANNY CROSBY

Few people of her age are so bright, cheery and active as this little blind woman, whose songs have made so many people happier, truer and better. If the value of a poet's work be rated by the good it accomplishes, then, indeed, Fanny Crosby deserves a bay wreath and title of wider significance than that with which she was invested last summer, when the Tully Lake Chautauqua paid her the graceful tribute of crowning her their "Poet Laureate." Her songs have softened many hard hearts, comforted many sad ones, and inspired thousands of struggling souls with fresh hope and faith.

The writer recently called upon Miss Crosby and found her sitting in a sunshiny room in a big arm chair, a large white bedspread upon which she was busily knitting massed in a heap on her lap.

Her kindly, cheery little face grew cheerier still when told that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had sent to inquire after her health and to give her greetings. "Oh, I like that paper!" she exclaimed in her impulsive, child-like manner, which is yet full of dignity. "I like its editors and its readers. I have reason to. For one thing, you know, the Bowery Mission has always been dear to my heart. For fourteen years I have never missed an anniversary there. I worked there with Mr. Ruliffson, the founder. After he died, and it looked like the mission would close for lack of help, I shouted for joy when I heard Dr. Klopsch had taken it up."

In regard to the industry she was plying, she said, laughing merrily: "I might get into mischief if I didn't have something in my hands. I have knitted as presents for my friends seven bedspreads in the last few years—some of a more elaborate pattern than this—with deep lace borders. Oh, I knit many gifts. I don't have to count my stitches as seeing people do; I feel the pattern. I could teach your poor seeing people many things! If you go into a dark room, you may stumble against things and hurt yourself, when I would not. I can 'sense' it when I am approaching a solid body: the air between me and the object becomes compressed. I can do many things; I can make up a bed as well as any housewife. My grandmother made me make beds for three days before I got one to suit her.

"I have never seen since I was six days old. My blindness is one of the dear Lord's dealings with me. If you can find a happier mortal in this world than I, bring him or her along—I want to shake hands with that mortal. I haven't gone through life, though, on a bed of roses. I couldn't write and talk to people as I do unless I had suffered."

Miss Crosby is called upon to talk at many churches, missions and Y. M. C. A. meetings in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut; and responds cheerfully whenever she is able. She has been generous of her strength and her means. "If I had kept everything I have made," she says, "I would have a good deal of property now: but praise the Lord! I didn't do it. I've been with my present publishers thirty-six years; they pay me a regular salary. I hear that there is a report abroad that I am in need. Correct that impression for me. I am not rich, indeed, but the Lord has not let his servant want.

"I write all my hymns at night when everything is quiet. Mrs. Curtis, who acts as my secretary, was my dear mother's friend. She and I have been together for twenty-three years. God has been good to me in all my joys and sorrows. My hymn, 'All the Way my Saviour Leads Me,' tells the story."

THE TULLY LAKE CHAUTAUQUA CROWNING FANNY CROSBY AS POET LAUREATE

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Brought back to life.

This was virtually the case with Mrs. Nellie Cameron, of Lockport, N. Y. She was the victim of a severe case of stomach trouble and was slowly starving to death. She could derive no nourishment from her food, as the stomach was too weak to retain it long enough to digest it. She wasted to a mere shadow, doctors failed to help her and she lost all hope of recovery, until finally on the advice of a friend she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and to them she owes her life. Here is her own story:

"In the fall of 1898 I was in a deplorable condition. I had stomach trouble in the very worst form. Nothing at all would stay on my stomach, and I had to almost starve myself. My side pained me constantly. The lack of nourishment caused me to lose flesh rapidly; I dropped from 138 to 97 pounds, growing weaker all the time. There was not the slightest color in my face. I was simply a shadow of my former self. Able physicians treated me, but failed absolutely. I was a complete wreck when a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box greatly improved my condition; it was astonishing how quickly they built me up. I believe Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life. I was enabled to sleep, and in the morning I felt refreshed and rested. My stomach was strengthened, what I ate benefited me, my weight increased, and I soon regained all that I had lost. I am now well and strong. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Nellie Cameron.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1899.

Stacy D. Behe, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.

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Have Patience*

God's Patience and Forbearance with His Children a Pattern for Them in Their Family and Social Conduct

AMONG the most difficult of the duties required of the Christian is the one that Christ enjoins in the Parable of the Unmerciful Servant. Set in the light which Christ sheds upon it, the duty is clearly reasonable. As Shakespeare says: "We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy." But, taking into account our position before God, and remembering all that we have received and hope to receive from him, the duty is still a hard one. For it is no mere verbal forgiveness that is demanded, no mere renunciation of our strict rights, but a heartfelt pardon. This is a sore trial of human nature, an altitude of magnanimity that cannot be attained without divine help. And there is no restriction as to the nature and extent of the offence which is to be forgiven. In some instances, it seems to be unpardonable, as when it is unprovoked, or when it is often repeated, or when it is aggravated by the uniform kindness with which the offender has been previously treated, or when the offender was under peculiar obligations of relationship, or social connection, which demanded his good behavior. Yet all these considerations are covered by the parable. The mercy and forgiveness we hope to receive at the hands of God are for offences heinous on these very accounts.

It must not, however, be supposed that this duty requires of us conduct that could come only from an emasculated spirit. There are offences which we ought to resent, either because of our duty to society or because of our duty to the offender. Christ himself showed indignation at the conduct of the scribes, the lawyers and the Pharisees. The "Woe unto you" that he uttered had in it none of the weak insensibility and indifference to wrong-doing that some people regard as the teaching of the parable. It is right to denounce the sale of liquor, the offering and the taking of bribes, the malfeasance of officeholders, the greed and rapacity of employers who wrong their employees, the defrauders of the widow and the orphan. There is no need to forgive such men, and Christ does not require us to do so. Nor are we required to forgive when the offender would be encouraged by forgiveness to repeat his offence, and so would be confirmed in evil courses. As when a child does wrong, our concern for his future welfare demands that he be taught the wickedness of what he has done; and a criminal should be imprisoned to impress him with the majesty of the law and lead him to reform; so there are private and personal offences which call for resentment. But there ought to be in no case personal vindictiveness, nor a spirit of revenge. The punishment ought always to be exemplary and remedial.

The real teaching of the parable is that of being of a forgiving spirit. As we go to God conscious of wrong-doing and pleading for pardon, we must have in our hearts toward others the magnanimity that we hope he will show toward us. A minister coming down to breakfast noticed that the girl who waited at table had been weeping, and when she went back to the kitchen he asked his wife what was wrong with Mary. "I have had to tell her," said the wife, "that she must leave. I cannot bear with her clumsiness and carelessness any longer. She breaks the cups and she never has the meals on time. I have forgiven her again and again, but I am tired of it now and she must go." The minister was silent for a few minutes and then said thoughtfully: "I hope my Master will never get tired of my wrong-doing. I have given him cause; that is sure. But he bears with me. What wonderful patience he has! It would be a dreadful thing if he turned me out of his service." Nothing more was said, but Mary was not discharged. We ought to make more allowance for the frailties of others. We rejoice in the thought that "God knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust." But when some brother utters an angry or impatient word, how quickly the retort springs to our lips! How readily we give up attempts to reclaim a wrong-doer! How actively we take up the pursuit of a brother who has fallen and is to be driven out of the church and society! God does not deal so with us. We make promises to him which we fail to keep; we pledge ourselves to do this, to refrain from doing that, and we find our nature too weak to fulfil our pledge. We ask God to forgive, and we hope he does. Yet how severe we are when others come to us asking for forbearance and forgiveness!

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 27. Matthew 18: 21-35.

Japanese Buddhists Studying Christianity

From Chicago comes the report that two Buddhist priests, E. Ikeyama and Dr. J. Chikadzumi, of Tokio, have come to this country to study the religious and social institutions of America, both Christian and Jewish. It is also said that they are here as official delegates of the leaders of the Buddhist faith in Japan, who are seeking to make a thorough investigation of the religion of the Occidentals, which is threatening the hold of their own religion on the people of the Sunrise Kingdom. They wish to determine the source of its marvelous energy, and to examine into its methods. This action is interpreted as evidence of a spirit of alarm among the adherents of Buddhism. Whatever be its motive, the result must be good for themselves and their progressive country, which has shown itself so ready to adopt in Occidental civilization everything which appeals to it as better than its own. The religion of Jehovah and Jesus cannot be investigated without approving itself to the candid mind as the world's most excellent possession; it is the pearl of great price which the Orient gave to the Occident, and which the Occident gives back to the Orient. That Eastern pilgrims come asking for it is a blessed sign. Truly, the nation which can and does feed the starving millions of the Orient is commending itself to the Oriental intellect, and drawing to itself the Oriental heart.

Revival Work in De Witt, Ill.

A correspondent writes of good work done in the formation and maintaining of a Young Men's Christian Union in De Witt, Ill. The union was the outcome of revival services held eighteen months ago, by the Rev. Mr. Harry, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church there. Many young men were converted, and as members of the union they became aggressive workers for Christ. One feature of their work was a series of evangelistic meetings in the city park, under the immediate supervision of Rev. Messrs. Harry and King. As many as 1,200 persons sometimes attended the services, and many souls were saved. Emulating the young men, a number of young women have formed the Young Women's Christian Union for active Christian effort.

WORK AND PRAY

WORK for the Master—there's much to do,
For the harvest's great and the laborers few—
The day is far spent; the night is nigh;
Oh! work for the Master till we die.

Live for the Master in all we do,
Be honest and steadfast, brave and true,
Let our lights shine, that all may know
That Christ is our Master here below.

Die for the Master and fear not death,
For "I will be with you then," he saith;
Then why should we dread his summons home?
Answer them gladly, "O Lord, I come."

Watch ye and pray, for the end draws near;
If ye are faithful there's naught to fear.
Death is his servant—whom all obey,
From king to pauper—without delay.

Christ is coming! He bringeth peace;
All wars and sorrows and tears shall cease.
Oh! gladly let us welcome him now
With hymns of praise, and before him bow.

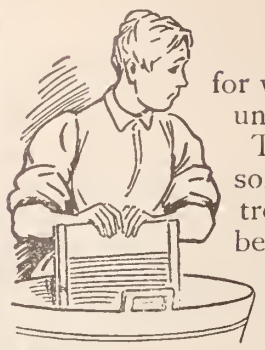
Oh! happy meeting! Glorious day
When the Master wipes all tears away,
When we are freed from our load of sin,
And the Master calls his servants in.

List to the words from his lips which fall,
"Welcome my faithfulness one and all,"
"Ye've served me truly—ye shall be blest,"
"Enter into the joy of my rest."

Ring bells of peace—ye joy bells ring—
The Master is coming, our Lord and King;
Sound the glad tidings o'er land and sea,
Jesus hath conquered and all are free.

New York. LEO D. LANGLEY.

Even though March winds have flown, April showers and Mayflowers come in a season freighted with conditions threatening health. Keep blood pure and body strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so unhealthful as your work over a washtub. This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with **Pearline**, and there's little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health. 582

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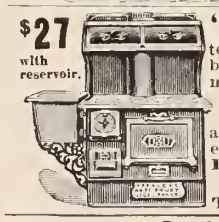

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

HEART DISEASE.

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Troubles.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves—the Sympathetic and the Pneumogastric.

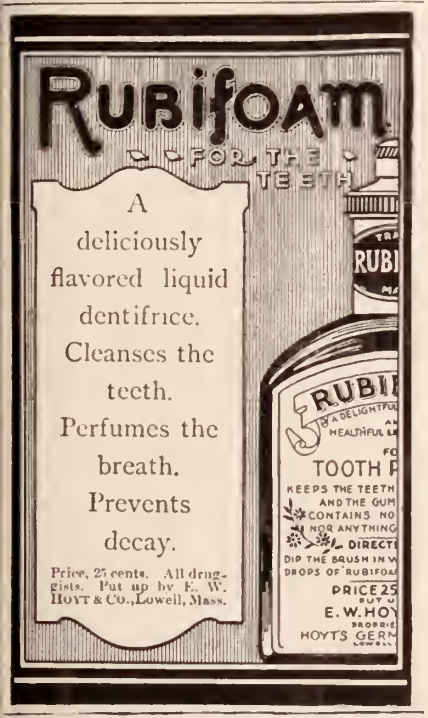
In another way also the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion, which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular, persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.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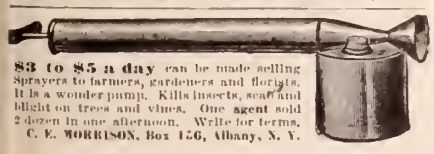

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C. E. MORRISON, Box 126, Albany, N. Y.

Rum the Foe of Missions

Gospel Workers Tell of the Battle Between the Bible and the Bottle

IF the liquor question came late in the programme of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, it was at least treated vigorously. It was the second subject for Monday evening's consideration. That old temperance war horse, Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, opened the discussion. He charged America and England with going out to the heathen nations with a Bible in one hand and a bottle in the other. His statement that our flag, "our Old Glory we call it," floats in Manila over four hundred drinking dens, was met with cries of "Shame." The doctor, roused by the cry, responded with tremendous energy, "Yes, shame, shame! Oh! i it must hang above those hells, hang it at half mast; the flag that we love better than anything except our Bibles."

The Rev. Dr. C. F. Harford-Battersby, President of Livingstone Medical College, charged the United States with having taken the grave responsibility of holding out against prohibition in the South Sea Islands. "To you who are American citizens be a share of that responsibility laid," said the speaker. "I appeal to you to form here a committee, such as we have in England, Germany, France and other nations, for the inauguration of a general international movement to deal with the liquor question." The statement that a meeting would be held next day at the Church Mission House to consider the formation of such a committee met with approval. Still more gratifying was the assurance of Dr. Battersby that the restrictions upon the liquor traffic among savage races are constantly being drawn closer, and that the outlook in this regard is brighter.

A paper was submitted by the aged missionary of the New Hebrides, the Rev. Dr. John G. Paton. The infirmities of age prevented the author from reading it himself, but it was well read by the Rev. Dr. McEwen, and Dr. Paton's venerable presence served to add force to every sentence.

"A rifle is a dangerous thing in the hands of an irresponsible cannibal at all times," he wrote, "and more so when his reason is dethroned by drink. There are still 40,000 or 60,000 cannibals in the New Hebrides group. Great Britain has prohibited all her traders on those islands from trading in rum, ammunition, brandy, opium and dynamite. Surely Christian America should do the same, and prevent the many murders by firearms and intoxicants.

"Surely there are Congressmen who will take up this subject and plead with Congress to pass an act to save such ruin by the trade of traders in America against these defenseless islanders, who are not under the protection of any civilized nation, but are at the mercy of all lawless traders, kidnappers, and slavers who visit or settle on those islands of the New Hebrides."

"To help the President and Congress to get such an act passed, we earnestly plead for the united help and influence of every American Christian and society able to use any influence, and so free themselves before God from any further responsibility for such crimes and murders which hinder the work of Christianity and civilization among the island cannibals."

It is certain that could the Conference have given the necessary legislation, it would have done so promptly. That one result of the discussion may be increased interest, and ultimately Congressional action, is devoutly to be desired. In this battle of the bottle against the Bible, it cannot be conceived for a moment that the Bible can be beaten.

"Cute Little Tommy!"

NEEDHAM, Mass.

Mr. Editor:—Foremost among illustrations, artistic and otherwise, in "Aunt Samantha," is that of little "wonnering" Tommy and the invisible "Carabi." Ah! cute little Tommy—hope to hear from him often. He is a repetition of a Tommy passed into maturity in our home.

ABBIE FISKE EATON.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Best in quality—largest in quantity—applied with a cloth—makes no dust—does its work quickly, easily and effectively.

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On the above buggy the saving to the purchasers in the neighborhood of $25. The quality is all right in every particular. To assure you of this we will ship this buggy anywhere subject to your examination and approval. If not right and satisfactory you return it at our expense. We have a most complete line of **Carriages, Surreys, Traps, Phaetons, Spring Wagons** etc., and all kinds of **single and double harness.** Send today for free illustrated catalogue from which to make your selection.

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$14.85

$35 "Arlington" $16.50
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$50 "Oakwood" $21.50

Good wheels **$12.50, $11.00 & $10.00** Stripped Wheels **$7.00** the Arlington & Oakwood are strictly high grade and the best that can be made. Thoroughly tested and fully guaranteed. Over 100,000 riders can testify to their superior quality, style, construction and workmanship. Illustrated catalog free. **CASH BUYERS' UNION, 162 W. Van Buren St., B-18, Chicago, Ills.**

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W. G. BAKER (Dept. 76), Springfield, Mass.

It Would Look Better!

More homelike, if your lawn were neatly fenced. This **HARTMAN STEEL ROD LAWN FENCE** with steel posts is **most durable, handsome** and **cheap.** Look into the matter. Illustrated catalogue free.

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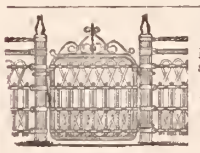

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RHEUMATISM, PILES and all Blood Diseases helped by limd and solid extract of

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BICYCLES CHEAPER THAN EVER from the **OLD RELIABLE CO.** Great Special Sale Nearly **8000 Bicycles,** every one a **BARGAIN. Must be sold.** All makes, 2nd hds. **$5 and up.** Late Models new **$11.50 and up.** Shipped anywhere on approval. A few more good agents wanted. **Big Money.** Write to-day for big list and special offers never before approached. **BROWN-LEWIS CO.** Dept. H Chicago, U.S.A. Above Co. is perfectly reliable Ed.

It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

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Fitted with fine Meniscus lenses and our improved rotary shutters for snap shots or time exposures. Strongly made, covered with imitation leather, have nickeled fittings and produce the best results.

Forty-four page booklet giving full directions for operating the camera, together with chapters on "Snap-Shots," "Time Exposures," "Flash Lights," "Developing," and "Printing," free with every instrument.

Brownie Camera, for 2¼ x 2¼ pictures,	**$1.00**
Transparent-Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 2¼,	**.15**
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Brownie Developing and Printing Outfit,	**.75**

The Brownie Camera Club.

Every boy and girl under sixteen years of age should join the BROWNIE CAMERA CLUB. Fifty Kodaks, valued at over $500.00, will be given to members of the club as prizes for the best pictures made with the Brownie Cameras and every member of the club will be given a copy of our Photographic Art Brochure. No initiation fees or dues if you own a Brownie. Ask your dealer or write us for a Brownie Camera Club Constitution.

Send a dollar to your local Kodak dealer for a Brownie Camera. If there is no Kodak dealer in your town, send us a dollar and we will ship the camera promptly.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Rochester, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1900
VOLUME 23—NUMBER 21
PRICE FIVE CENTS

BLESSING · THE · FAMINE · SHIP'S · CARGO

A Great Gathering At the Sailing of "The Christian Herald's" India Relief Steamship "Quito" from New York

SELDOM has New York witnessed an assemblage so picturesque and enthusiastic as that which crowded the decks of the India Famine steamship *Quito*, and the dock at which she lay on the afternoon of Thursday, May 10. It was an occasion to be long remembered. Bright, sunny weather, with a breeze which set all the flags a-snapping, made the occasion all the more delightful.

For nearly an hour in advance of the time set for holding the farewell services, crowds flocked to Pier No. 1, North River, the spacious entrance to which was beautifully decorated with American flags and bunting, while across the entire front was the legend painted on canvas:

CHRISTIAN AMERICA'S GIFT
TO STARVING INDIA

From topmast to deck the fine vessel was dressed with the flags of all nations, her commander, Captain Baird, having run up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD flag and streamer on the foremast, right below the "Stars and Stripes." Two gangways from the ship's side to the dock were crowded with people who had come to the services, many of them from a considerable distance. Soon the main deck of the vessel was packed, while the poop, the upper-deck and even the open promenade above, were equally crowded.

As four o'clock drew near, the crowd on the poop made way for the speakers who were to address the multitude from that exalted position. They faced a representative gathering. Among those in the audience were many well-known individuals who have been actively interested in the India Relief Work conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On the speakers' stand were the Countess von Schimmelmann, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, Mrs. Louis Klopsch, Mrs. Irwin, Rev. A. C. Dixon of Brooklyn, Rev. M. E. Harlan of Brooklyn, Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, Rev. Mr. Neeld, a veteran missionary of Bareilly, India, Rev. S. T. Willis, D.D., New York, Rev. Richard Winsor, a missionary from India

DIVINE SERVICE ON THE DECK OF THE FAMINE STEAMSHIP "QUITO" IN NEW YORK HARBOR

GREAT Ruler of the sea and land,
Who holdest in Thy mighty hand
The waters of the foaming deep,
We pray Thee of Thy love to keep
This ship on Mercy's mission bent,
To feed Thy starving creatures sent.

Thou who hast heard the piercing cry
Of those who, slain of hunger, die;
Thou who hast seen their awful stress;
Bid Thou both wind and wave progress
This vessel, with her golden freight
For which our famished brothers wait.

(who with his wife accompanies the *Quito* to Bombay), and Rev. R. G. Hobbs of Springfield, Ill., who accompanied THE CHRISTIAN HERALD famine ship *City of Everett* to India in 1897. On the deck and immediately under the poop, were Prof. Ali, the cornetist, Supt. Hallimond with his quartette from the Bowery Mission and Prof. Victor Benke at the organ. These led the musical part of the services, the entire audience joining in the singing.

The Programme

At 4.10 P.M. the farewell services began, Rev. Mr. Hobbs presiding. Following was the programme:

Opening Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Rev. Mr. Harlan led the audience in The Lord's Prayer.
Introductory Remarks—Rev. Mr. Hobbs.
Address—Rev. S. T. Willis, D.D.
National Hymn—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
Address—Countess Schimelmann.
Address—Commander Booth-Tucker.
Address—Rev. Richard Winsor.
Address—Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.
Prayer for blessing on ship and cargo—Rev. Mr. Neeld.
Missionary Hymn—"Till We Meet Again."

Never did a programme prove more interesting throughout nor an audience more enthusiastically responsive. It seemed as if the hearts of all present were bound up in the great mission of mercy which they had thus met to consecrate. Not the least enjoyable was the musical part of the exercises, in which all joined with hearty good-will, the united volume of cornet, organ and vocal music making a great swell of harmony that could be heard far away in the city's streets and by the crews of other craft that lay along shore.

Rev. Mr. Hobbs' Remarks

Rev. Mr. Hobbs read several letters of regret, including the following:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 9, 1900.

Dear Sir:

I very much regret that the pressure of my public duties and engagements will prevent me from being present at the ceremonies attending the departure from New York of the India famine relief ship, *Quito*, Thursday, the 10th instant, to which you have so cordially invited me. It would have given me peculiar pleasure to be with you on this occasion. The success of this work is eminently gratifying to me, as it must be not only to those immediately engaged, but to the country at large, and I trust the ceremonies may be completely successful.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Secretary Long, of the Navy Department, in his letter of regret, wrote:

Please accept, however, my thanks for your courtesy in writing me, and my best wishes for a safe voyage for the ship on her mission of mercy.

Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, wrote:

I should be very glad if it were possible to be present at the departure of the vessel which has been freighted by our philanthropic citizens, through the agency of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to relieve the terrible calamity which is now devastating India, and to testify to the interest I have taken in the work you have so nobly done; but I greatly regret that engagements from which I cannot free myself detain me here this week.

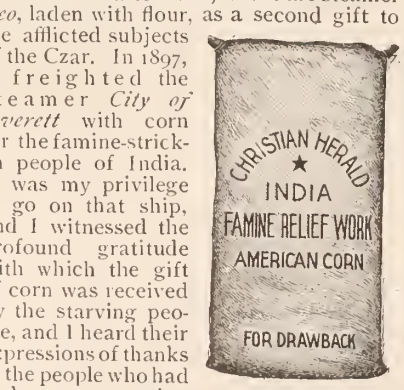
Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York, also sent a note, in which he conveyed the "heartiest acknowledgments on behalf of the people of this State of the splendid work you have done."

Mr. Hobbs briefly explained the purpose of the meeting. He said: "Some years ago, when famine was afflicting Russia, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD put a shipment of flour on board the *Conemaugh*, for the relief of the starving people. A few weeks afterward, it sent the steamer *Leo*, laden with flour, as a second gift to the afflicted subjects of the Czar. In 1897, it freighted the steamer *City of Everett* with corn for the famine-stricken people of India. It was my privilege to go on that ship, and I witnessed the profound gratitude with which the gift of corn was received by the starving people, and I heard their expressions of thanks to the people who had taken compassion upon them. You will be glad to know that in this greater famine, a still greater benefaction is going to the sufferers. Under your feet, stowed away in the hold of the *Quito*, is a cargo of corn twice the size of the one sent out to India just four years ago. I can see in imagination the wasted hands of the emaciated people held out to receive it.

THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "QUITO"

Capt. Baird seated on the left with the Chief Engineer seated on the right; Mates and Assistant Engineers standing

"You need to think of the figures to appreciate the full significance of the gift. The cost of putting this corn in the hands of the starving people of India, including the magnificent gift of the United States Government of the $40,000 for the charter of the vessel, will be one cent and a-fifth a pound. Now grain is selling in India at three and three and a-half cents a pound; so you see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is acting wisely in sending corn, because it nearly trebles the value of the gift. But this is not all. Besides this gift, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already cabled over fifty thousand dollars in cash to India, and it is going to send more money; for there will be no slackening in its efforts until a harvest relieves the need of the people. And remember this: Every cent of the money and every grain of the corn goes into the hands of our missionaries for distribution, and is apportioned by the Inter-denominational Committee — the only Inter-denominational Committee in India —which did such splendid work in the famine four years ago. These missionaries are, I firmly believe, the best men on God's earth to-day. They know the needs of the people, and they will take care that this relief will reach the worst sufferers. This ship goes out of the harbor to that far-off land in the name of that God who made of one blood all the nations of the world: in the name of that Christ who died, that all men might be drawn into the bonds of a common brotherhood."



A MINIATURE CORN SACK

Address of Rev. S. T. Willis

Rev. S. T. Willis, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, New York City, said:

"It seems to me there is no picture so beautiful as that on which we are now permitted to look, if we remember its significance. Twenty-five millions of people are holding out their hands and asking for help from the Christian world. This is the answer to their cry. It embodies the teaching of our Lord better than any creed. In the great day of final account, the test will be: What was your answer to such appeals as this of that starving nation. You remember how our Lord identifies himself with his suffering people, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me.' How the great heart of Christ must sympathize with the people of India! And how glad he is to see the churches of every name and creed uniting in this work of feeding the hungry. No disputing about difference of doctrine, but joining hands in the kind of service that he loved. This is the answer to that pathetic prayer that he offered almost under the shadow of the Cross: 'That they all may be one.' This is missionary work. What would missionary effort amount to in India now, if we who have sent them the Gospel failed in their hour of misery to send them bread? 'What doeth it profit, my brethren, if a man be destitute of daily food, and you say unto them: Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body?' This is the practical Christianity. God will bless this offering. I say God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. God bless the Christian people of America who have united to send this ship on her errand of mercy. God speed her on her way to those hungry people who are crying for food! This gift will emphasize the Gospel that our missionaries are preaching. Those people will see that Christianity is a friend, and does not only teach, but holds out a hand of help to them in their need. It will represent to them the love of God, shed abroad in the hearts of redeemed men and women."

Countess Schimelmann's Remarks

The brief address of the Countess Schimelmann, the titled evangelist and philanthropist, was particularly interesting, as giving a foreign view-point of American charity. She said:

I am not an American, so I rather feel as if I had no right to stand here and share with you in the honors of sending off your great corn-ship to the starving people of a distant land. Still, I am within my rights to stand here and pray that God will bless your land

LOADING AND SACKING THE CORN ON DECK

LOADING AND SACKING THE CARGO BELOW

LOADING THE "QUITO'S" GREAT CARGO OF **200,000** BUSHELS OF AMERICAN CORN

THE DECORATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIER

and to rejoice with you in the Christ spirit that prompts your magnificent gift. Your great land is never greater than when engaged in such works as you are doing now. In America's Christian generosity consists America's true greatness. America will bring souls to Christ with this corn. I heard the other day a friend, who has lived in India, tell how thousands over there are saying: "There is no use in praying to our gods; they will not help us. Let us pray to the God of the Christians." God bless America!

A Voice from the Famine Field

Rev. Dr. Winsor, the India missionary who goes with the corn-ship, spoke eloquently of terrible experiences during famines which he had witnessed in a thirty years' residence in India. Among other things, he said:

The first famine horrors which we saw were those of 1876; and we have just passed through those of 1896-7. In the district where I lived, the people, men, women and children, gathered about our house (just as they always come to the Christian missionary in their times of famine and distress), holding out their hands and begging for gram—for something to keep them alive. We had little food ourselves; and we had not a cent with which to purchase. In our helplessness, the situation was so harrowing that we began to consider if we could longer endure to stay among them, these people whom we loved, and to whom we had preached Christ, watching their starvation, hearing their pitiful pleadings for a little bread, a little corn just enough of anything to keep breath in their bodies—and all the while unable to answer. We about made up our minds that we could not. Just at this moment, from our own land over the water, came good news. We got a cablegram of money from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. None of you can ever know the joy that message brought. None of you can measure the blessedness of the relief administered. This first instalment was followed by others; and with the donations we received instructions that we were not to apply funds to any undertaking, however worthy, except that for which it was sent: famine relief for starving Hindus. We were not even to build churches or Sunday Schools with it; we were to feed the hungry. If we put Hindus to work, paying them with food, it must be on work for Hindus. Knowing the need of a better water supply there, we called the people together and told them how it would be to their interest to construct a reservoir which might provide water for them in time of drought; and we engaged hundreds of them in the construction of one, which, when we left, was supplying people miles away with water. That reservoir is one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S monuments in India.

The Value of the Corn

It is impossible with words to draw a true picture of the people when the corn comes to them. In 1896-7, when we got the corn, they gathered about us in hundreds and thousands watching us with wistful, terrible eagerness as we opened the sacks and spread the corn out. A skeleton family—father, mother and three or four children—would stand in line holding out their hands or the cloth composing their garments, if they had the latter. It often happened, however, that in a family of seven or more persons, there would not be enough cloth to hold a quart of corn—so poor, so destitute are this people; so we had to keep bolts of cloth and tear off strips to give them; to such a family as I have described, we would give the father a quart, the mother a quart and each child a pint of corn. It was heart-breaking to see how, if a single grain of corn fell while you were making apportionments, the children would scramble for it as if it were a piece of gold.

You have heard some rumors stating that they do not want corn in India. I have lived there, and I am speaking of what I have seen, and I have heard heathen Hindus send this message to Christian natives in America: "Do tell them to come back and bring us some corn." I have heard them say of America again and again to American missionaries: "If you had not given us corn, if you had not given us work, if you had not given us money, we would have died." These people are living monuments of what American Christianity did for them during that trying time. In letters received this week, I had messages of gratitude from women and children whose lives have been saved through your generosity. The cry of the women and children of starving India is a message to the motherhood of America. If you could only see the children with their little wasted hands outstretched to take this grain as it is given out to them, you would go down on your knees and thank God for every grain you send. If you could only know what you are accomplishing for the souls of these people through their bodies, all the voices of America would be uplifted in one prayer of praise. There were thousands of people in my district whom I never knew until that time of their trial, and our help opened to us their hearts and homes that had before been closed against the Christian.

A PORTION OF THE CROWD AT THE FAREWELL SERVICE

Rev. Dr. Dixon's Greeting

The next speaker was the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, who said in part:

This ship is the floating edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The edition on land carries the Gospel truth to hungry souls; the edition on water is carrying the Gospel bread to hungry bodies, and both editions are Christian heralds. Love to God and service to man cannot be divorced. Jesus Christ came to proclaim the doctrine of love that knows neither Greek nor Roman, Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free; his heart was big enough to take in all humanity. We are sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. As sons of God we are pressing forward to a glorious future; as sons of man we are having to do with the making of a glorious now. Our mission is to get people into heaven if we can; but we must try to get heaven into them first. Our opportunity in India is to reach the soul through ministry to the body. I remember the story of an army chaplain who went to the cot of a wounded soldier and asked the privilege of reading the Bible to him. The soldier said: "I am very cold; I wish you would get me a blanket." The chaplain hustled around, got a blanket, and when he had wrapped the soldier up in its warm folds, the latter said: "I am very feverish and thirsty; I wish you would get me some water." The chaplain held a cooling draught to the parched lips. "Now," said the boy, "if the book you want to read to me makes a man as good and kind as you are, I am ready to listen." It is hard to teach religion in the abstract, to make people understand it as a theory when they are ready enough to accept it in demonstration. Deeds must interpret Christianity to the heathen. The Christianity that "passes by on the other side" is not convincing, but the ministry of the good Samaritan is, and the privilege of filling to-day the office of the good Samaritan is national in its scope; and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the translator of the parable. In feeding the starving people we are doing battle for the Lord in a way that will conquer. Our ship of conquest is not armed with guns of iron and steel and brass and copper, but with bags and barrels of corn. We are going to batter down the walls of heathendom with the gospel of bread.

Com. Booth-Tucker Speaks

Commander Booth-Tucker's address was singularly impressive, not only because of its characteristic eloquence, but as coming from the man who is the head of the Salvation Army in America, and, though not a Hindu, a native of India. In part he said:

I look upon this corn-ship with peculiar interest, having been born in India, having spent something like twenty years of my life there, knowing it from the peaks of the Himalayas down to the coasts of Gaul and Bombay. I have known, not only from the view-point of a missionary, but from the view-point of an humble native, wearing the garb of the Hindu, and begging my bread from door to door in better times than India is now having. I have received great kindness from the people there; I have known them intimately; I have been in India during a famine.

The Salvation Army owes a special debt to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in the famine district it has some 12,000 soldiers for its friends. It has nobly assisted us in distributing the relief that was necessary. We have stood shoulder to shoulder with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD more than once, and God has helped us both. We are only a poor organization, but we are glad to do what we are able; and we have sent out of our poverty something like $20,000 to India through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Money and grain sent will go further in India than in any other country of the world. They reckon there three cents a day will feed a man, a cent and a half a child. The Hindu of India don't come asking great things; they ask but the barest possible means of existence until the next harvest can be gathered. When a great vessel like this comes riding into port with a great cargo of corn straight from Christian America, she will be one of the best and mightiest missionaries you have ever sent to that country. Its mission will be noised abroad from one end of India to the other. The editors of Mohammedan papers, usually ignoring or opposing Christian missions and missionaries, will not ignore this mission ship. They will be ready to swallow the *Quito* at one gulp; they will publish columns about her; and from the bottom of their hearts they will send back "Thank you!" not merely to America, but to the God of the New World. Hundreds and thousands who have hitherto rejected Christ will ask: "What is there in this people's religion that will make them go out of their way and spend themselves thus for us?"

I should like to add my tribute to that which Dr. Hobbs has paid the missionaries who will receive this cargo, and to assure the givers that it will be safe in their hands, will be as wisely as faithfully distributed.

One regret only I have now; that is that we have not with us in this moment that far-reaching mind that lies behind this effort, that splendid personality which buries itself in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and seeks, as it were, to conceal its own identity—Dr. Louis Klopsch. I feel him to be one of the greatest of men. Such a man is an ornament to his country and to humanity. But I know that he is there on the field, facing the dangers of the plague; he is there watching for this vessel, making ready to receive her, to guard against any delaying in the transmission of this gift to hungry mouths. God's blessing be showered on his head. God bless him! And God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers!

Blessing the Famine Ship and Cargo

After the last hymn had been sung, and the venerable missionary, Rev. F. L. Neeld, amid a reverent bowing and uncovering of heads, had invoked the Divine blessing on the vessel, her cargo, her captain and her crew, the people were still loth to go. Many of those present had a personal share in the cargo of the relief ship, and they lovingly inspected every part of the great vessel, which was about to carry their consecrated gifts to the suffering people of India. Finally, after many handshakings and leave-takings of Missionary Winsor and his wife, the last of the visitors went ashore, and the vessel was ready for her long ocean journey. As she weighed anchor and cast loose from her moorings, there was a general waving of handkerchiefs by those on the pier, to which the *Quito* replied with a vociferous salute from her steam whistle. Slowly the noble ship swung around, and soon she was in midstream, her bow pointed seaward. As she steamed down the river, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD flag—that same flag which has now floated above three famine ships voyaging oversea—was clearly visible from the shore, its blue cross on a white ground emblematic of its Christlike mission of bread and blessing. The *Quito* will be reported by cable at the Azores, Gibraltar, Port Said and Aden during her voyage, and it will thus be learned how she and her precious cargo are progressing. Dr. Klopsch arrived in Bombay May 12, after a pleasant voyage.

The *Quito* will reach Bombay about June 20, when the entire cargo will be discharged. Dr. Klopsch and the members of the Inter-denominational Committee are meanwhile making all necessary arrangements for the distribution, including rail transportation to the remotest centres of suffering.

Full accounts of their labors, and of the relief work accomplished by the missionaries by means of the corn cargo, will be forwarded for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the information of all who have aided in this most deserving cause.

Acknowledgments

In addition to the acknowledgments of valuable services rendered to the Famine Relief work, published in last week's issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD desires to thank all other friends who have, in various ways, contributed to the success of this great charitable enterprise. Special acknowledgment is due to the United Fruit Company for the use of pier; to Messrs. Trecarten & Turner, stevedores; to Mr. F. Stahlberg, surveyor of the Board of Underwriters; to the J. P. Truesdell & McCord Company, who furnished grain,

(Continued on page 445)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RELIEF FLAG

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Employers and Employees

A SERMON BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., ON THE TEXTS:

Galatians 5: 15:
But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.

Philippians 2: 4:
Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.

ABOUT every six months there is a great labor agitation. There are violent questions now in discussion between employers and employees. The present "strikes" will go into the past. Of course, the damage done cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers as well as capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different stages of anarchy. God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson and the Rhine, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare hands of American and European labor.

In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reason; obstructions on the rail-tracks, in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and cripple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

But gradually the damages done the laborer by the strikes will be repaired, and some important things ought now to be said. The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employee wider and wider. In olden time the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm, worked side by side with their employees, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are those here who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm.

All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employee wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employee feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the capitalist feel: "Now, my laborers are only beasts of burden; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, the bridge of sympathy is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said: "Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like, says to his men: 'Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage was yours. Adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above.'" Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I put the trowel to one of the abutments to-day, and I preach more especially to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to both employers and employees.

The behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months may have induced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore, I want to say to you whom I confront face to face, and those to whom these words may come, that all shipowners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: "First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people." Now, there is not a man here who would consent to go into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

First of all then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable. The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When any employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to the principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless yous," are well in their place, but they do not buy coal, nor pay house rent, nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employee takes none, or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever. You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible, pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppose the hireling in his wages." Leviticus: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye, also, have a Master in heaven." So you see it is not a question between you and your employee, so much as it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employees: "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employee. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employees; such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employees, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employees, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyances and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue.

Then, I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the Mercantile Library, to the reading-rooms, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the eight or ten hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen.

But, above all, I charge you, O employers! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employees. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see "Jack Sheppard!" A man that comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evening in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement, is the young man for your store.

Do not say of these young men: "If they do their work in the business hours, that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand. Say "Good-morning" and "Good night" and "Good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds.

One of my earliest remembrances is of old Arthur Tappan. There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employees together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon.

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employees. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between ten and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket, satin-lined, fanned by cherubic wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot, and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—but you are also to see that your boss workman, and your head clerks, and your agents, and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and in the lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but not now. Alas! for some of the cash boys and the messenger boys and the boys that sweep the store. Alas! for some of them. Now, you capitalist, you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

And, then, I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them, without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall Street, having thirty years of reputation for honesty, have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence, do not call in the police, but take him home. Tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once who will never do wrong again. Ah! my friends, I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if he had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then, if in moving around your factory, or mill, or barn, or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of fortune will turn, and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the work-house, and your son will die on the scaffold. If in moving among your young men you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him; "Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him, at least, a week to get over that which he will never get over.

Employers, urge upon your employees, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are many hostile to religion. Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O ship-owners! into what harbor will your crew sail? Oh, you merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? O, you manufacturers, with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves.

REV. A. E. LONG, D.D. PROF. W. T. ORMISTON, A.M. REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D. REV. G. WASHBURN, D.D., PREST. PROF. A. VAN MILLINGEN, A.M.

OUR CLAIM AGAINST THE SULTAN

For the Destruction of tne American Mission Buildings in Harpoot and Marash during the Armenian Massacres in 1896

DIPLOMATIC negotiations make slow progress toward a settlement of the claim made by the American government against Turkey, for the losses sustained by the American Missions during the riots and massacres of 1896. Many of the readers of this journal will recall the terrible time of Armenia's sorest persecution, when her defenceless Christian peasantry fell by thousands under the murderous attack of the semi-savage Kurds and the equal bloodthirsty Turkish soldiery. When the slaughter was at its height, the missionaries of the American Board, at some twenty or more stations throughout Armenia—now geographically known as Anatolia—were in constant peril. They did not liesitate to jeopardize their own lives to save the helpless Armenians who sought a refuge in the mission buildings. In all history, there is no more heroic story than that of the brave, consecrated men and women who often stood between the Armenians and their would-be murderers. What Grace Kimball and her missionary associates did at Van, and what Corinna Shattuck accomplished at Oorfa, will not be forgotten by those who cherish the record of Christian courage and confidence in Divine protection.

But although the fanatical Moslem bands who were drenching the plains and valleys of Asia Minor with blood hesitated to attack the missionaries or those within the mission compounds, fearing the consequences, or possibly being instructed to avoid the missionaries altogether, such instructions, if ever given, proved futile; for the mobs attacked the missions and invaded them in pursuit of the fleeing Armenians, whom the missionaries were powerless to protect. At Marash, the handsome American college was attacked and left practically a ruin, the buildings and contents being almost demolished. At Harpoot, the eight buildings which constitute the mission group were partially destroyed, the furniture, books and apparatus, and the private belongings of the missionaries, teachers and students being wantonly burned or demolished, and the occupants of all the buildings driven out and compelled to seek shelter where they might. Constant peril and great hardships were the lot of the missionaries at these two places, and indeed all through Anatolia. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published full details of the outrage shortly after their occurrence. It is on account of the damage to the missionary property at Marash and Harpoot that our government has made a demand on Turkey for an indemnity of $90,000.

It is interesting to note the ingenuity with which Turkey strives to evade the payment of this just claim. The Sultan's government contends: (1) That it is not responsible for events beyond its control, after it had taken reasonable precautions to protect the property; and (2) that it should not be asked to pay the claim, since its payment would involve a settlement of claims by other governments which are awaiting action on the American claim as a precedent. The Porte has also hinted, indirectly, that if payment is pressed, and especially if any naval demonstration is made by the United States, or if a Turkish port should be seized for its revenues, the Sultan might be tempted to arouse the Mohammedan world against any nation so disposed to act. A more practical, yet hardly more honorable, Turkish suggestion was to the effect that the Porte could engage an American builder to construct a warship for its navy, and that it would be an easy matter to add $100,000 to the price, which Turkey would willingly pay. The builder, in turn, paying that amount in excess over to our government. It is hardly necessary to state that this suggestion, whether official or not, has not been entertained for a moment by the American government, which insists that the debt be paid in an open and honorable manner.

Such, at latest accounts, was the situation regarding the American claim against the Sultan. That the latter is by no means easy regarding it may be inferred from the fact that he has granted a long deferred privilege to Roberts College, the great American educational institution near Constantinople. An imperial irade has been issued, giving the college the right to erect additional buildings and to extend its general educational plan.

Roberts College is named after its founder, Christopher R. Roberts, a wealthy New York merchant, who visited Turkey during the Crimean War, and was then impressed with the need of institutions for higher education in the Sultan's dominions. He invited Dr. Cyrus Hamlin to aid him in founding a college in the East. In 1863, the college was opened in a rented building on the banks of the Bosphorus, Mr. Roberts supplying all the necessary funds. Up to the time of his death, in 1878, this generous benefactor gave altogether nearly half a million dollars toward the project, besides bequeathing a fifth of his large estate for its permanent support. He was a man of abounding faith, and carried out successfully plans which others would have given up in despair, the project being constantly beset by political and religious obstacles raised by the Turkish government and people.

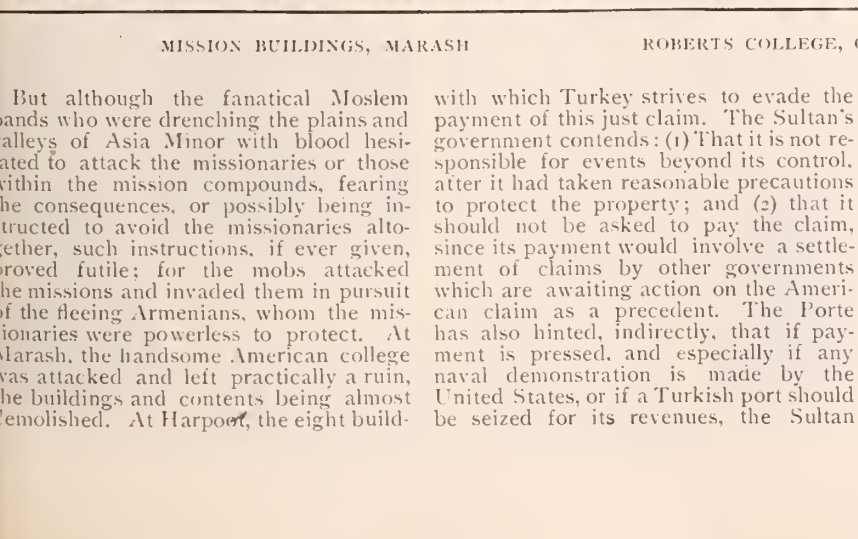
In 1864, Roberts College was chartered under the laws of the State of New York, and five years later, in 1869, the Sultan issued an irade granting to the college all the privileges and advantages enjoyed by educational institutions in Turkey. Immediately afterward, the corner stone of the new college buildings was laid on the heights of Roumeii Hissar, the first building erected being now known as Hamlin Hall.

The vice-president of the faculty of the college, Albert E. Long, D.D., is the popular professor of natural sciences. His heart is wrapped up in the education of the bright-eyed boys, who regard him with respect and love. Here you may listen, with strange fellow-students from Jerusalem and Cairo, to President Washburn's lectures on psychology, or to his latest views on political economy. In another room you may listen to an interesting lecture by Alexander van Millingen on history. The student in science would be delighted at the equipment he finds in the hands of William T. Ormiston in the chemical laboratory. He is professor of geology and mineralogy.

Since its opening, 6,312 students have been enrolled. About 250 students are now in attendance. It is interesting to see how cosmopolitan a class room becomes when there are in it, as in this one, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Israelites and Egyptians. A new building is being erected for the accommodation of the preparatory department.

MISSION BUILDINGS, MARASH

ROBERTS COLLEGE, ON THE BOSPHORUS



AMERICAN COLLEGE, HARPOOT

GOD NEEDS YOUR TALENTS, MANY OR FEW

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JUNE 3: Matthew 9: 35 to 10: 8
Golden Text, Matt. 10: 29: "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you"

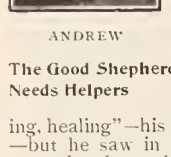
VISITING in Jerusalem, we entered a mission to the Jews, and were disappointed to find so few present. The count proved to be twelve, whereupon we remembered with encouragement that twelve earnest Jews had turned the world upside down. Our great denominations, which are turning to fasting and prayer over recent decline in growth, may profitably look back to the time when the statistics of the church were all in one word, "twelve." Jesus standing out of doors in the midst of that church of twelve, without architecture or ritual, exclaimed: "In this place is One greater than the Temple." The Temple, then counted "the leading church in town," was in reality only the tomb of a dead faith. The greatness of a church should be measured not by the size or elegance of its temple, nor by the numbers and standing of its members, but by its fellowship with Christ. The original Church was simply "the company of Jesus." Many who are feeling that church machinery has become too elaborate will find their yearnings for the simplicity of the New Testament voiced in the following recent poem of Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy:

JAMES II.

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make:
And like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong, so sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure, confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline
And feel thy heart make mine divine.



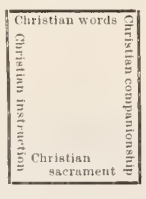
ANDREW

* * *

The Good Shepherd Needs Helpers

As sheep not having a shepherd. "Jesus went about teaching, preaching, healing"—his work as a "Good Shepherd"—but he saw in every direction multitudes more than he could personally teach and heal, "distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd," and "he was moved with compassion for them." Disease and ignorance and sin all called forth his pity. Christ will not do all the shepherding himself. Nor will he call on angels to do it. Men must build a sheepfold—the Church. Here are its four walls:

BARTHOLOMEW



Church membership does not save us by any magic, but it makes it harder to do wrong and easier to do right through the influence of Christian vows, Christian companionship, Christian instruction and Christian sacraments, which last remind us at once of solemn vows and great truths.

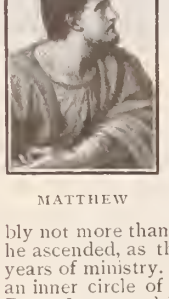
* * *

Under-Shepherds Chosen

Pray the Lord that he send laborers. Jesus had spoken of the multitudes, not only as sheep, but also as a harvest. In either figure we are to pray that the Lord will "send" helpers, and then let us help to answer our own prayers by going when and where God sends us. The word "apostles" means those "sent." The divine sending is best pictured in Isaiah 6, where the prophet pictures himself in young manhood before the throne of God, hearing divine voices that praise God, and others that cry to men, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" to which this young prophet, whose lips have been purged and fired by the live coal from the altar, replies: "Here am I; send me." He who really believes God has sent him is a resistless man. The colored preacher who quoted it, "Here am I; send *him*," was unconsciously true to life, if not to Scripture. "Send somebody else" was the cry even of Moses at first (Exodus 3), and has been the cry of many to the last. We are not only sent, but may help God also in the sending of others.

THADDEUS

Who will send or go
To teach the heathen
Jesus' love to know?



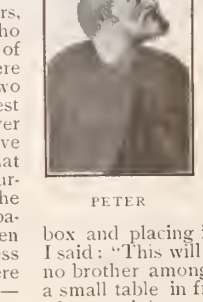
MATTHEW

He called to him his twelve disciples. The name "disciples" means learners, and is applied to all who came to Christ to learn of him. Seventy of these were later sent out two and two to preach. The largest number of "disciples" ever mentioned was the "five hundred brethren" that met him after the resurrection. Counting the women, he had probably not more than a thousand followers when he ascended, as the result of three matchless years of ministry. The twelve apostles were an inner circle of ministers, of whom three—Peter, James and John—formed the innermost cabinet of Christ.

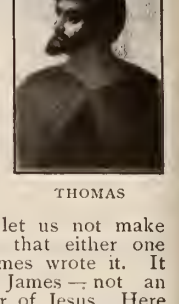
* * *

Memory Helps for Children and Others

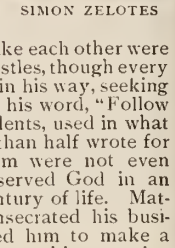
Would you like to hear about how I taught the names of the apostles and the facts concerning them to my Sunday School scholars? First, I tested them by asking them to name them. They readily mentioned Peter and John, James, Matthew and Judas. Then they hesitated, and named Mark and Luke, and said they did not know the others. They were much surprised when I told them that Mark and Luke were not apostles. They said they thought they must be, because they had written a part of the Bible. They were still more surprised, when I told them that only five of the apostles were writers of the Bible. At this juncture I unwrapped a box I had brought with me, and from it I took two small figures attired in Oriental garments. I stood them side by side on a table at the extreme right, and said: "These will represent the two brothers, Peter and Andrew." Then I took two more figures out of the box, saying: "Here are two more brothers, James and John." I stood them side by side at a remove from the two first placed. I said: "You see we have two sets of brothers. Now I will tell you of three others who were brothers." I took three figures from the box and stood them on the left side of the table. "These will represent James the less, and Jude or Thaddeus and Simon." Over and over again we repeated the names of the three sets of brothers. Taking another figure out of the box and placing it in the middle of the table, I said: "This will represent Matthew. He had no brother among the apostles. I will place a small table in front of him with some rolls of paper lying on it and some bits of money, because Matthew was a tax-collector when Jesus called him to be an apostle. I will throw a small net over Peter, Andrew, James and John, for they were fishermen. James the less, and Jude and Simon were probably cousins of Jesus, but we do not know their occupation. James and John were also cousins of Jesus, making five cousins in all." Then I took three figures, one by one, and stood them behind the others, apart from each other. "These had no brothers among the apostles. Their names are Philip, Bartholomew or Nathaniel and Thomas." Over and over again we repeated these names. "There remains but one to be placed," said I, taking the last figure out of the box. "I will place him among the others, with his face turned aside. You can tell his name, I am sure." "Judas." After this I let them come one by one and name the whole company. Then, I said: "There is still something in my box for you to see. I have little books representing books of the Bible. I would like you to tell me to which of the apostles I shall give them as Bible writers." They could not tell me, so I placed two books in the hands of Peter, and opened my Bible to the parts which he wrote, first and second Epistles of Peter. Then turning to the Gospel of Mark, I said: "It is thought that Mark was Peter's secretary and that the Gospel of Mark is really Peter's Gospel." Then I placed five books in the hands of John and we opened our Bibles to the parts which he wrote, namely: the Gospel according to John; first, second, third Epistles of John and Revelation. "There is a book in the Bible called 'James,' but let us not make the mistake of thinking that either one of the apostles named James wrote it. It was written by another James—not an apostle—James, the brother of Jesus. Here is another book to be placed. I will give it to Matthew." And we opened our Bibles to the Gospel according to Matthew. "Here is another book; I will give it to Jude, for he wrote a book of the Bible—a very small one—one chapter of only twenty five verses. Now I have more books left for another apostle. You name over the apostles one by one, and let me tell you which one wrote these books." "No, no," I kept saying as they were named. "You have not found him? Well, I will have to take one away, and put in his place the apostle who was chosen by Jesus after he had gone back to heaven." Then I placed a figure representing Paul in the place where Judas had stood, and we opened our Bibles to the books which Paul had written. I feel very sure that my scholars will never forget the facts they have thus learned about the apostles.



PETER



THOMAS



SIMON ZELOTES

* * *

Christ Needs All Sorts of Talents

How unlike each other were these apostles, though every one was, in his way, seeking to be like Christ—to obey his word, "Follow me!" What a variety of talents, used in what a variety of ways! Less than half wrote for publication. Some of them were not even great preachers. James served God in an early death; John, in a century of life. Matthew, the tax-collector, consecrated his business methods, which helped him to make a gospel of reckoning. Zelotes, his opposite, who despised Jews that would accept an office from Roman oppressors, worked with Matthew to convert them. And Peter—at one moment injudiciously brave, at the next a rank coward—God could use him, too, even after he had relapsed into profanity and reformed. The story of the apostles is the parable of the talents in real life, only that "James the less," the man of one talent, did not "bury it," but made the most of it. There seems to be no reason why any one, whatever his sin, whatever his talent, should disregard the call, "Follow me."

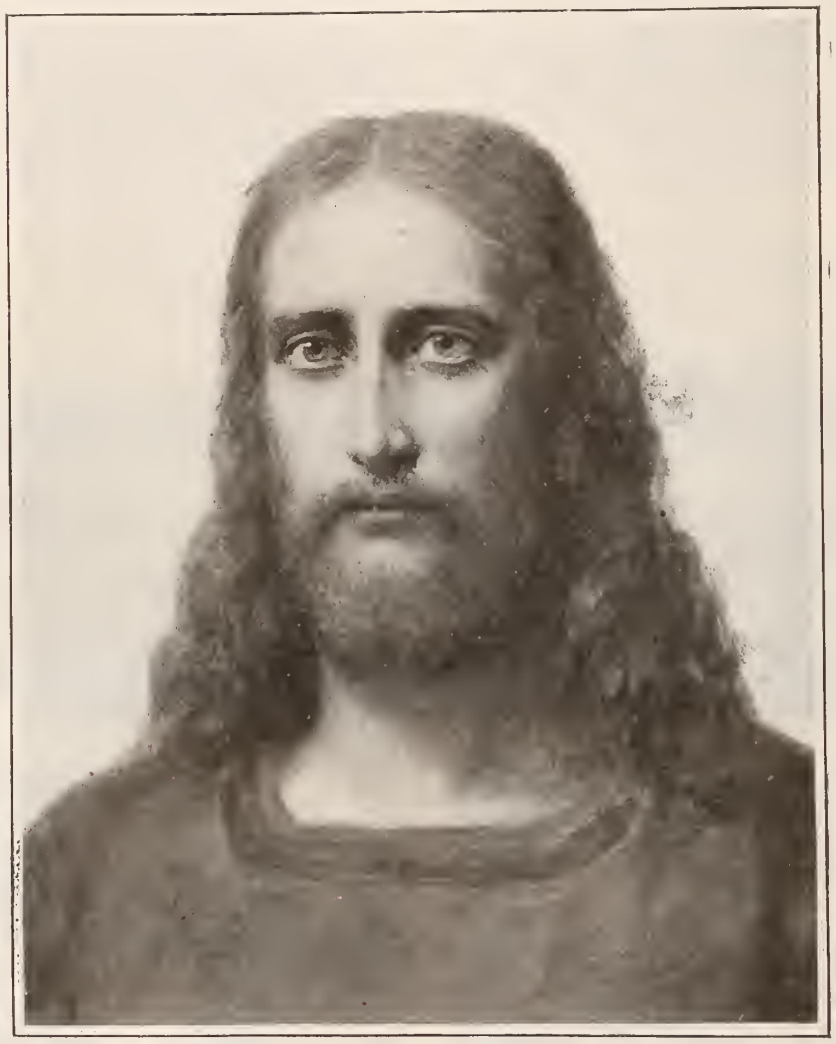
PHILIP

Every kind of Christian worker seems to be represented among the apostles: The impetuous worker, Peter; the doubting but loyal worker, Thomas; the devoted, loving worker, John; the practical worker, James; the sincere Bible worker, Nathaniel; the recruiting workers, Andrew and Philip; the methodical worker, Matthew; the patriotic worker, Simon, the zealot; the prophet-like worker, Jude; the obscure worker, James the less; the inconstant, covetous worker, Judas.

Dr. Joseph Cook says of the strange choice of Judas: "Christ probably chose him that if malice itself could find ought against him it might have free scope and full swing. We do need Judas to learn what aspect the Saviour manifested to a subtle, captious and treacherous witness, and thus to have his testimony, alongside with that of God and the holy angels, to the truth of his claims, the purity of his life."

JAMES I.

The twelve small portraits on this page are of the Apostles in the famous painting of the Lord's Supper by Leonardo da Vinci.



ARTIST SCHMIECHEN'S CONCEPTION OF THE FEATURES OF CHRIST

JOHN

JUDAS

....They Visit Jaffa, Jerusalem, Jericho and the Jordan Valley

OUR ENDEAVOR PILGRIMS IN PALESTINE

NUMBER III

From Our Special Correspondent, Rev. C. S. Mason . . .

EN ROUTE TO RAMLEH
REVS. E. H. HARSHAW, T. L. SMITH, C. S. MASON

LOCOMOTION IN THE ORIENT
CONDUCTOR F. C. OTTMAN

A WAYSIDE INN
BETWEEN JAFFA AND JERUSALEM

AT nine o'clock on Thursday, March 8th, we landed at Jaffa, and so first set foot in Palestine. Jaffa is the ancient Joppa, and is only thirty-five miles from Jerusalem. Here dwelt Simon the tanner, and here Peter had his vision on the housetop, and met the messengers from Cornelius. Here Jonah took ship for Tarshish. Here we were shown "the tomb of Dorcas," after which we took carriage, drawn by horses three abreast, en route for Jerusalem, via Ramleh, over the Plain of Sharon, on the side of the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua (chapter 10) halted the sun and moon.

Ramleh is a town of 3,000 population, inhabited by Arabian sheiks, a deceitful set. We remained over night at Reinhardt's Hotel. From the Tower of Ramleh, we obtained a fine view: the Mediterranean Sea, Lydia or Lud, olive plantations, the Blue Mountains of the Judean range, the fertile fields, and, below, a Mohammedan graveyard, with numerous Mohammedans, some worshiping, some lounging, some playing. Coming down from the top of the Tower, we found that the beggars had followed us even there, and, with unceasing cries, they asked for "baksheesh." We left Ramleh Friday morning, and started on our journey by carriage. We passed Mount Gisert of the Crusaders, and many other towns as we went up, up over the stony hills until, after eight hours' ride, the Holy City met our view. Prominent amid the features of the scene is the church of seven domes on Mount of Olives. Tears would come as we viewed dear old Jerusalem, the place of His trial, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, ascension. Quickly settled at Grand New Hotel, we went at once to Gethsemane, the olive press, and returned with hearts full of praise for him who loved us.

The Ascent of Olivet

On our journey up the hill of Ascension, the Mount of Olives, we were followed by a poor leper woman, who piteously cried "Lepra. Lepra." Oh, that Jesus might come quickly, and, as of old, touch with healing power!

We stopped often to look at the sacred city, built upon the ruins of the past, which are buried one hundred and thirty feet or more. We cared little for the Russian mosque; the Pater Noster Church; the Church of the Ascension, and the varied scenery, for we were seeking the olive groves; and under the sheltering branches of one of the trees facing the Dead Sea we lifted our hearts in prayer to him who has ascended on high, and now intercedes for the saints. With unquestioning faith we believe it, and in spite of the storm, for it was raining, we continued our notes of praise. Each of the party led in prayer and we felt the glow of divine fellowship. Because we had fellowship with God the Father, and God the Son, by his divine spirit, we had fellowship one with another.

TENTING IN PALESTINE

The scene is photographed upon our memory, but we did want a picture to send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but the storm prevented. In descending to the valley we passed the lepers, who sit near the entrance of the Garden of Gethsemane, close to the spot which is marked as the place where Judas betrayed his Master. In the rain the lepers sit, moaning, crying for a gift. Beyond is the place of Gehenna, the place of burning garbage. Near by is the Hill of Evil Counsel and the Field of Blood. What a picture! We passed on down into the valley, over the place of the Brook, and ascended the Via Dolorosa to our temporary home near Mt. Zion and the Jaffa Gate. Arrived there, a number of the pilgrims gathered in a cosy room to study the parables which Jesus spake at Jerusalem. This was the profitable close of a memorable day.

Next day was rainy, and a rainy day in Jerusalem is not inviting. The muddy, dirty streets we found to be slimy and slippery. It seemed cold as Greenland's icy mountains after the weather in Egypt. It was a day for note-taking, study and correspondence, but some in their feverish excitement go through the vile streets to visit the Turkish mosque, the Haram-esh-sherif, Mosque of Omar, or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Your correspondent spent a pleasant time in company with the Hon. Selah Merrill, U. S. Consul, who took great pains in showing the curiosities and articles of virtu, which he has gathered for the Museum of Palestine. Our American Consul is courteous, thoroughly posted and a ripe scholar, and although very busy finds time to help the benighted pilgrims, much to the comfort of the latter.

The "Green Hill Far Away"

Subsequently we visited the place of Pilate's judgment hall, and saw the arch *Ecce Homo*, or arch of Pilate, marking the spot where the Roman governor is said to have uttered the words recorded in John 19: 5–6. "Behold the man . . . I find no fault in him." We were told that Mount Moriah, Solomon's Quarries and *Ecce Homo*, have never been questioned as to their being the true sites. We beheld them again and again, then looked away to the

"green hill far away
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all."

Divided into three parties, the pilgrims "did" the city, the Nile exiles, Revs. Dr. Chapman, Shaw and others, who were stuck on the sand there, having arrived. The latter were in pretty good shape, considering the heat which they had experienced—one hundred in the shade. Rev. Dr. Shaw's little "donk" threw him off, but the good doctor was soon on top again. These little donkeys have very little respect for clergymen.

A PRAYER SERVICE ON OLIVET

On Saturday afternoon we made a trial of our saddle horses, for the "long tour." Some of the riders were more tired than the horses. It was a great sight to see the horsemen and women riding up, over the new road to Olivet, made for the German Emperor. A second prayer service was held on the Mount of Olives, where Christ answered the prayer of his disciples, "Lord, teach us how to pray." On Sunday the 1900 pilgrimage party divided up into little groups. Revs. Dr. Chapman, Hopwood, Ottman, and others took carriages to Mount Olivet, where they held special service. Another group, including Revs. Messrs. Harshaw, Countermine, Smith and Mason, held services on Calvary, outside the city's gate. The group of ladies and gentlemen read in turn Luke 1: 5; Luke 2: 21–29; 46: 52; John 2: 13–17, and other passages relating to Christ's visits to Jerusalem. Revs. C. S. Mason and J. D. Countermine led in prayer. Just at the brow of the hill, to the south, was another group headed by Don O. Shelton, and there, overlooking the garden tomb was a group from the North of Ireland, headed by Rev. J. Harrison, a great admirer of Moody. At Christ's Church was another group of worshipers, while some went out as far as Bethany to worship.

At 3:30 p. m., Rev. T. L. Smith spoke at the Alliance meeting. Some of our party attended the Sunday School for the Arabians.

At 6 o'clock the parlor of the Grand New Hotel was full, waiting for the Rev. Dr. Chapman, who gave an inspiring talk upon the text, "Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives."

He spoke of Christ's love for Mt. Olivet, the place of prayer; the place where he taught his disciples how to pray: the place where his heart yearned over Jerusalem, was beautifully portrayed. Revs. Drs. Hopwood, Countermine and Young, led in fervent prayer. It was a season of contemplation, the fountains of our hearts were broken up and eyes were moist with tears. The divine One was sensibly present. Thus closed our Sabbath day in Jerusalem.

King Abgarus and the Christ

INTEREST has been aroused by the publication of a cable dispatch from Ephesus reporting the discovery there of an inscription on a palace portal of the contents of two letters, and purporting to be addressed to Abgarus, King of Edessa, to Christ, and the other to be Christ's reply to Abgarus. In the one, Abgarus relates that he has heard of Christ and his wonderful cures and asks the Saviour to come and heal him of his diseases. The response commends the faith of Abgarus, who, though not having seen, believes, says that the writer (Christ) must accomplish his mission in his own country and then return to him that sent him, but that after that he will send one of his disciples to Abgarus to heal him and give life to him and all with him. The dispatch has yet to be confirmed and surprise is expressed that the inscription, if genuine, should be found at Ephesus, which is many miles from Edessa. The daily papers have not been slow to so exploit the matter as to impress the ordinary reader with the idea that the correspondence is an entirely new discovery. This is far from being the case. Its existence has long been known to Bible scholars. The Council of Rome, held A. D. 494, declared the supposed letter of Christ apocryphal, although in the Greek church many continued to believe in its authenticity. That Edessa and its king early yielded to Christianity seems to be an established historical fact, and this and other facts could easily have been used to give color to any number of legends concerning the Christ.

It is to the historian Eusebius that we are indebted apparently for the statement that Christ himself wrote the letter to King Abgarus. Addai, who, according to Eusebius, was one of the seventy disciples sent forth by Christ, is reported to have recorded that Christ received the letter and gave a verbal reply, every word being written down, not by Christ, but by the noble messenger sent by the king. The story of this mission and the reply, verbal or otherwise, are regarded by almost all Bible scholars as purely legendary.

Even should the cabled report of the existence of the inscriptions at Ephesus be confirmed, the authenticity of any communication between Christ and King Abgarus would not be proved. In the early centuries legends were plentifully manufactured and the inscription might have been either an artful scheme intended to confirm the legend or the work of one deluded into the belief that it was true.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. It it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered June 20

1. Is there any reason to believe that the spirits of our departed loved ones are with us, and if so, do they have any influence over us?

2. What is the origin of the barber's pole and of its decoration in red, white and blue?

3. When were playing cards invented?

4. In Genesis 22: 1, we read: "God did tempt Abraham." In James 1: 13, we read: "Neither tempteth he (God) any man." How may we reconcile these seemingly contradictory passages?

5. What is the meaning of the expression "the law of sin and death," in Romans 8: 2?

6. What was the cause of the Crimean war and under whose generalship was it conducted?

7. What is the origin of our secret fraternities and which of those now in existence has the oldest record?

8. How many different kinds of laughter are mentioned or illustrated in the Bible?

9. What is the general view among Bible scholars as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews?

10. There is a story told of some emperor or monarch, who asked his chaplain to give him in one word an argument for the Christian religion. "The Jews," responded the chaplain. Who was the questioner in this instance?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the peace, and what the war footing of Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Great Britain and Italy, and what the respective number of big guns which each country owns?

Captain W. R. Hamilton, of the United States Army, has recently given the following statistics: Peace footing, Germany, 687,383 officers and men, 132,500 horses, 2,864 guns; Russia, 949,188 officers and men, 188,300 horses, 2,648 guns; France, 573,160 officers and men, 124,612 horses, 3,188 guns; Austria, 269,708 officers and men, 67,000 horses, 1,672 guns; Great Britain, 217,007 officers and men, 29,000 horses, 720 guns; Italy, 212,752 officers and men, 62,700 horses, 1,268 guns. War footing, Germany, 66,558 officers, 5,738,793 men, 202,860 horses, 4,888 guns; Russia, 65,990 officers, 5,143,574 men, 313,111 horses, 6,124 guns; France, 60,958 officers, 4,933,190 men, 198,418 horses, 5,008 guns; Austria, 57,952 officers, 1,667,450 men, 82,892 horses, 2,872 guns; Great Britain, 686,795 officers and men, 53,000 horses, 1,132 guns; Italy, 55,442 officers, 2,047,536 men, 55,820 horses, 2,012 guns. In the war footing statistics, the term men includes the non-commissioned officers. The totals under a peace footing are as follows: 2,909,198 men, 605,112 horses, and 12,360 guns. The war total of men and officers is 20,524,244, certainly an appalling aggregate. S. V. LEECH.

2. What are the essentials to success in business life?

The essentials to success in America are energy, thoroughness, courage and perseverance. Energy indicates intense earnestness, without which success is unattainable. "He did it with all his heart and prospered," was said of Hezekiah, who found favor of the Lord. Thoroughness indicates well-doing and completeness. Emerson says: "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." One must have courage also, for a person fearful of defeat is already half-defeated, and fear is no element of success: "Courage is victory, timidity is defeat." Unless one have perseverance also, all the other essentials prove unavailing. The one who never gives up or becomes discouraged, wins success at last. Seeming impossibilities give way before energy and perseverance. "The nerve that never relapses, the eye that never blenches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory," and victory over all obstacles is success.

C. R. KIMBALL.

3. What is the most valuable diamond in the world?

Patient research is likely to make this question all the more puzzling. If the diamond belonging to the crown of Portugal is genuine, it is the most valuable in the world, being worth, according to some estimates, $28,000,000. The one belonging to the Sultan of Matan, Borneo, weighs 367 carats, and is worth $3,500,000; if the Portuguese diamond is counted out, this ranks first. The Orloff diamond, belonging to the crown of Russia, ranks next, with the celebrated Pitt, originally sold by Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Orleans, and the Kohinoor in the crown of Great Britain, as close seconds.

4. What actual loss did Esau sustain by the trick which his brother Jacob played on him in securing the birthright blessing from Isaac?

The loss of the privileges which belonged to the first-born son; the special consecration to God (Ex. 22: 29); the honor of standing next in authority to the parents (Gen. 49: 3); the double portion of the inheritance (Deut. 21: 17); the succession in the government of the family or kingdom (II. Chron. 21: 3); and, in Esau's case, the spiritual privilege of being the progenitor of the promised Messiah (Gen. 25: 33; Heb. 12: 16, 17). G. E. KRAUTH.

5. Given an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, what disposition should be made of the same by a family of four persons, father, mother, son and daughter, the children being under ten years of age?

Set aside faithfully one tenth ($150) as the Lord's, to be used for religious and benevolent purposes. Twenty per cent. ($300) is as much as one should pay for rent, fuel and lighting, and less if possible. $500 should feed the family well if not luxuriously. $200 will clothe them fittingly. $75 will be needed for vacation purposes, what is saved from board at home during vacation being added to the amount. $100 should be put by to be drawn on only in case of sickness or emergency. $50. will be well expended on current and other literature while the church pew, life insurance and incidentals will use up the balance. If a domestic servant is kept the figures need changing. S. JEFFERIES.

6. What is the largest temple in the world used for the worship of the Christian's God?

St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, is the largest and grandest building in the world devoted to the worship of God. It stands on the site of Nero's circus. The total length of the interior is 612½ English feet; transept, 446½ feet; length of nave, 152½ feet; diameter of cupola, 193 feet; height of dome from pavement to top of cross, 448 feet. Its area is 212,321 square feet, while the next largest cathedral, St. Paul's, London, covers only 108,982 square feet. The foundation was laid in 1450 A.D. The building was dedicated in 1626, but it was not completed for many years after. R. BROWN.

7. What in brief may be said to be the history of writing?

It is generally supposed that the art of writing was introduced into Europe by the Phoenicians and that their system was based on the Egyptian. It is claimed by scholars that all alphabets were originaliy hieroglyphic, and that all systems of writmg may be traced back to five systems: the Egyptian, the Cuneiform, the Chinese, the Mexican or Aztec, and the characters of Yucatan. The Egyptian system has exercised the widest influence in the world. The modern German alphabet was introduced about the middle of the thirteenth century. The Norman style came to England with William the Conqueror and the English court-hand—adapted from the Saxon—was in use from the sixteenth century to the time of George II. There are no traces of writing at all in Britain before the Roman conquest.

H. CREVLIN.

8. What is known of the book of Iddo, the seer, mentioned in II. Chron. 9: 29; 12: 15; 13: 22?

Iddo is a prophet of Judah, who wrote the history of Rehoboam and Abijah or perhaps it would be more proper to say, who, in conjunction with Seraiah, kept the public rolls during the reigns of these two kings (II. Chron. 12: 15), and who in that capacity recorded certain predictions against Jeroboam (II. Chron. 9: 29); although some commentators think that the latter was a different person. According to Jerome he is identified with Oded (II. Chron. 15: 1). Josephus states that thus Iddo was the prophet sent to Jeroboam at Bethel and who was slain by a lion in consequence of his disobedience (I. Kings 13).

M. L. HOLMES.

9. In "The Christian Herald" of March 28, a list of eleven metals was published, each of which is more valuable than gold. What, in the briefest terms possible, is the principal use of these metals?

"As metals," one authority states, "these elements, with one or two exceptions, are of no commercial importance, but the compounds of some of them I know not of." Another authority goes into details, as follows:

ARIUM "does not exist." BARIUM—"Chromate used as yellow paint, sulphide used for phosphorescent paint, sulphate used as adulterant, peroxide in manufacturing hydrogen peroxide." CHROMIUM—"Chrome-steel excessively hard and tough. Many compounds of chromium employed as pigments, in making artificial gems, etc." GALLIUM—"No more than a couple of pounds of this material has ever been isolated." OSMIUM "is not used at all." In reply to the suggestion that "its alloy, osmiridium, is used for tipping gold pens and for compass bearings, being inoxidizable, proof against acids and non-magnetic," this authority says: "Iridium is used as indicated, but not the alloy, in which the metals occur naturally." PALLADIUM—"For non-magnetic watch springs, for graduations and scientific instruments, verniers, etc." RHODIUM—"Not used." RUBIDIUM—"Metal difficult to prepare and of no technical value; salts rare." THORIUM—"Has been used for incandescent lighting." URANIUM—"Compounds used in photography; glass containing uranium fluoresces; uranium oxide used in porcelain decorations: oxide phosphoresces." INDIUM—"Rare; practically out of the market." EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

10. When was printing for the blind first introduced?

Printing for the blind was first introduced in 1784 by Valentin Hauy, founder of the asylum for blind children in Paris. He made use of a large script character, from which impressions were taken on a prepared paper, the impressions being so deeply sunk as to leave their marks in strong relief and legible to the touch. Hauy's pupils not only read in this way, but executed their own typography, and in 1786 printed an account of their institution and labors as a specimen of their press. In 1827, Gall, of the Edinburgh asylum, printed the gospel of St. John from angular types. This was the first book of the Bible ever printed for the blind. A. B. MILLER.

HON. ALFRED JAMES NEWTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, AND THE LADY MAYORESS

Dr. Klopsch and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage were entertained by the Lord Mayor and his Lady at luncheon at the Mansion House. London, during their recent visit to the English capital.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. M., Cleveland, O. Can a young man (who has a good position as bookkeeper and typewriter, and who is a musician besides) be a good Christian and member of a church, and play in dancing halls at the same time?

He would not be a consistent Christian were he to do so. We should avoid even "the appearance of evil," and certainly a person who devotes his evenings to furnishing music for dancing halls is helping along the devil's work openly.

Mrs. A. B. C., Paineville, Ore. Is it a sin to use the violin for church music, and if so, why? Are not all other instruments used for the same purpose as the violin?

There is no sin in using a violin in church music. It is one of the noblest of instruments, capable of the finest expression. Its introduction is still regarded in many places as an irreverent innovation, but that feeling is rapidly passing away. On the other hand, poor violin playing is an offense against good taste, not to be tolerated in a church choir or anywhere else.

Mrs. Lora M. I., Livermore, Ia., writes:

Your acknowledgment of the $27.60 sent for India's relief fund received in time, and I've been waiting for another collection that was to be sent either through me to you, or to the church's missionary in India; they sent it to the latter. The pastor asked me to aid him in a Sunday evening service, so I did by reading from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and also by essay of prose and some verses. May God bless your effort.

We thank the writer heartily for her efforts in behalf of India, which have already borne fruit. Her letter is a sample of many we are receiving, all of which deserve recognition and thanks.

E. R. R., Chicago, Ill. What is the law of sacrifice as explained by Paul in Heb. 9: 27?

In this text and the context the writer to the Hebrews claims that Christ's one offering of himself takes the place of the oft-repeated sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation. Christ, when he appears again, will appear without reference to providing an offering for sin—apart from sin—to ensure the full and final salvation of those who trust him.

J. D. A., Sheridan, Mont. What space of time in history is covered by the Old Testament?

The narrative of the Old Testament covers the period from the foundation of the world until about four hundred years before Christ's birth in Bethlehem. Its records were made at various times, covering a period of about one thousand years.

Quenst, Richmond, Va. What is "Primrose Day" and where is it celebrated?

"Primrose Day" is celebrated in England by the Primrose League, April 19, as the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, whose favorite flower was the primrose. On that day the Beaconsfield statue is decorated with primroses; the flower is in evidence and all the commemorative functions observed. The Queen usually sends a massive wreath of primroses to be laid on the grave of her dead friend and premier.

Gertrude G., Niles, Mich. What is the correct answer to make when some one says: "I beg your pardon?"

It depends upon circumstances. There are occasions when a simple inclination of the head and a smile are sufficient. "Granted, with pleasure;" "No offence whatever;" "Certainly," and similar expressions are all used, as good taste may dictate. If the apology is a very formal and serious one, a more extended reply might be made: "With the greatest pleasure;" "There is nothing to forgive," or some such expression might be used.

Subscriber, Taylor, Neb. In imagination only.

Sallie O., College Corner, O. All the letters are pronounced as written, except "C." which is silent.

Reader, Indianapolis, Ind. Rev. Mr. Sheldon is a Congregationalist, and, we believe, thoroughly orthodox.

C. R. B., Bangor, Me. The "peace of Paris" was signed in May, 1814. Another "peace of Paris" followed the Crimean war, in 1856.

C. K. W., Hammond, N. Y. For a comprehensive Scriptural answer on the subject of card-playing, send for tract published by Miss Munson, Bible House, N. Y.

E. H., Iowa Falls, Ia. 1. There were so many conflicting views that no definite conclusion could be reached. 2. The Sessions returned from Africa years ago. Some member of the family died there

The War in South Africa

SURPRISE is felt in all quarters that Kroonstad, the new capital of the Orange Free State should have fallen almost without a blow. It was generally expected when Gen. Roberts occupied Bloemfontein and the Free Staters removed their seat of government to Kroonstad, that a stubborn resistance to the British advance would be made there. Indeed, it is reported that President Steyn made an earnest appeal to his men to make a stand, and intrenchments had already been constructed, but beyond a few unimportant skirmishes there was no fighting. President Steyn has now made Lindley, a town about fifty miles east of Kroonstad, his capital. It is, however, reported that he accompanied Generals Botha and De Wet across the Vaal River in their flight to Pretoria. Military critics now say that it would have been impossible to defend Kroonstad, because there is open country to the north of the town, in which cavalry could operate, cutting off retreat in the event of the town being taken. General Roberts surprised every one by the rapidity of his march from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad. That town is one hundred and sixty-three miles from Pretoria. The Free State prisoners are loud in their complaints that the Transvaalers have deserted them and have gone off to defend their own homes. It is, however, difficult to see what else they could do. By remaining in the Free State they would have run the risk of being surrounded as Cronje was, and probably they realized that it was wise to get back to the Transvaal while the way was still open. It remains now to be seen whether the Free Staters will go to the Transvaal to help its people in the defence of that country. Present indications are that the majority will return to their homes, leaving the Boers of the Transvaal to continue the war alone. It would appear that the Boers are still hoping for the intervention of some foreign power on their behalf, but Europe, thus far, has turned a deaf ear to their appeals and there is, at present no prospect of our government taking up their cause. It would appear that Mr. Kruger would be wise, in view of the overwhelming force that is swiftly advancing against him, to follow the example of the king whom Christ described:

Or what king going to make war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an embassage and desireth conditions of peace (Luke 14:31, 32).

The State Boundaries

The controversy as to the boundary line between the States of Virginia and Tennessee, which has been in progress for more than a hundred years and involves jurisdiction over a strip of land in the Cumberland Mountains nearly one hundred miles long, has at last reached the Supreme Court of the United States, which has been asked to appoint a board of commissioners to survey and officially to declare where Virginia ends and Tennessee begins. This contest, one of the oldest between the States, is one only of several similar controversies which have been going on for many years. Some of the States involved are Maryland and Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Tennessee, West Virginia and Kentucky, Arkansas and Missouri, Texas and Arkansas, and California and Nevada. It would be well for the convenience of the State Governments and the satisfaction of the persons living in the disputed strips if the boundary lines were authoritatively settled. Happily, there is no question of national allegiance involved. No matter which of the States these people belong to, they are citizens of the United States, and their patriotism is not questioned. It is not with them as it is with many people in the religious world, about whom their neighbors and friends are in doubt, and they themselves are not sure whether they belong to Christ or to the world. But as to them God knows, and will eventually authoritatively pronounce judgment.

The Lord knoweth them that are his (II. Timothy 2:19).

Profiting by a Discovery

A western journal, recording the death of a wealthy miner, tells a romantic story of his acquisition of riches. He was a common miner in Colorado, working for two dollars and a half a day. The mine in which he worked was in an excellent neighborhood, and there were well-paying mines all around it, but the owners had tunnelled in all directions and had gone down several hundred feet, without finding the vein. He was employed in an excavation known as "Drift Four." One day, his pick brought down a small piece of ore which looked as if it might be valuable. He put it in his pocket and went on with his work. Soon afterwards an accidental blast destroyed the "drift."

GEN. LORD ROBERTS WRITING DISPATCHES IN A WAGON

and it was not reopened. The miner took his lump of ore to an assayer who reported it unusually rich. The miner said nothing about it, but continued to work in the mine for about two years, when the company became discouraged and closed the works. Then the miner arranged for a twenty-year lease of the abandoned mine. He borrowed all the money he could get and started to find "Drift Four." He worked hard and denied himself every comfort to keep the works going. It took him several months of constant toil and great hardship, but eventually he located the vein and took out an immense amount of paying ore. Then he sold his lease for an enormous sum and set out to enjoy life. His course was very short. Dissipation and idleness undermined his constitution, and in a few months he was dead. If he had done his duty, he would have told the company of his discovery; but the temptation to secure the treasure for himself was too great. He succeeded in enriching himself; but, as often happens to men who prosper by selfish devices, his prosperity proved his ruin.

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth not; so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool (Jer. 17:11).

A Prince's Complaint

Extracts recently published from the album of the Duchess of Fife, one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales, comprise among others a contribution by her father. He, like other contributors, states his likes and dislikes; among the latter is that of newspapers which persistently misrepresent his conduct in private life, publish false reports of his sayings and doings and make false charges against him. There are many people less conspicuous than he, in his own country and in this who can sympathize with him. It is not, however, always the newspapers that are in fault. They are victimized as frequently and are as much chagrined as the people traduced. Men in the service of the newspapers, who are believed to be reliable and who carry written testimonials to their veracity, will often manufacture the news they are unable to obtain, or will embellish their stories with details which exist only in their imagination. The newspaper is unable to sift the false from the true and trusting to the good faith of the reporter which they have previously had no reason to doubt, publish the story, honestly believing it to be true. The reporter sometimes appears to have omitted from the ten commandments the one which most directly applies to him in the duties he undertakes to perform:

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor (Ex. 20:16).

A Mountain Mirror

Two travelers in Africa report a remarkable natural curiosity which they found in Katanga, among the upper waters of the Congo. They rested one day in the neighborhood of a huge mountain called by the natives Kahwe-Marwi. It had been raining heavily all day, but in the evening the clouds broke, and the glories of an African sunset gilded the mountain top. It absolutely glowed in the light, and the rays shot from the summit as if from a mirror. The travelers watched it

COL. DALGETY
The Defender of Wepener

in wonder, and the next morning one of of them set out to discover the cause of the phenomenon. He started at dawn, and began the difficult task of scaling the steep slope of the mountain. He finally reached the highest peak, 6,888 feet above sea level, and there he found a great rock whose side, turned toward the western sun, was as polished and bright as a mirror, and shone like burnished steel. It seemed to be a block of almost pure metal. This shining surface contains several hundred square feet, and fully explains the remarkable refraction of the solar rays. The only explanation of the increased brilliancy on that particular day is that the rain washed away all particles that bedimmed the polished surface and left it a fine natural mirror where the falling beams of light were launched again far out over the plain with dazzling effect. The characters which reflect the beams of the Sun of Righteousness are generally prepared in the same way. The impurities of sin must be removed before the world sees the reflection.

We all with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory (II.Cor. 3:18 R.V.).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Talmage has been received with marked enthusiasm in Great Britain. Wheresoever he has preached the crowds have been enormous, filling the largest buildings in the respective towns. In Nottingham, the great Albert Hall was densely packed, and the throng of people outside who could not gain admission refused to go away without a few words from the famous American preacher. Dr. Talmage, therefore, addressed them from the steps of the hall after the service. A similar scene occurred on May 13, in Edinburgh, when Dr. Talmage preached in Synod Hall which holds six thousand persons.

Recently published missionary statistics show that there are now in India 2,797 missionaries, an increase over last year's figures of 329.

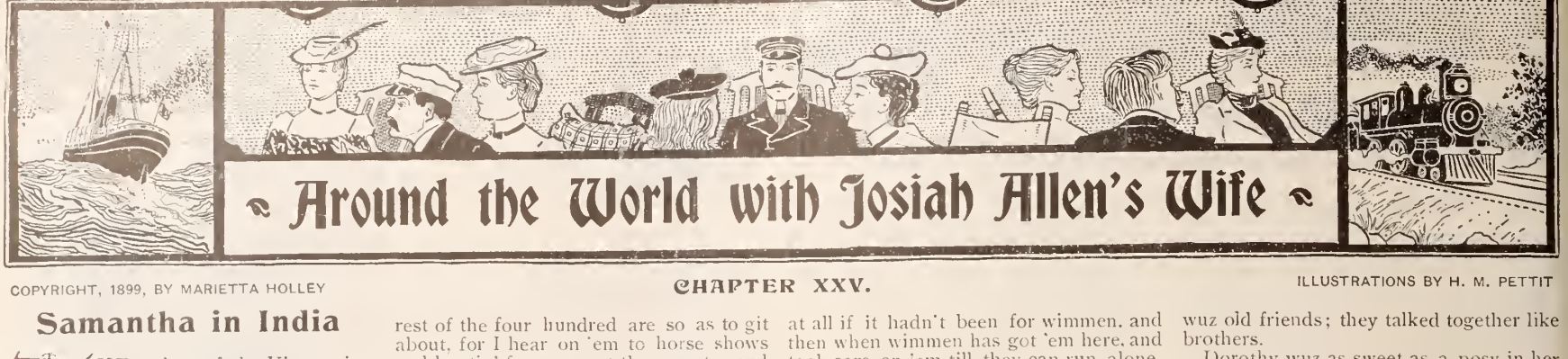
The effort to raise an endowment for Tuskegee College, Alabama, is meeting with success. The sum of $165,000 has already been contributed, and it is believed that the fund will yet reach half a million.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society will hold its seventy-fourth annual meeting at Detroit, Mich., on June 5-7. The annual sermon will be preached by Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Mass.

The slave trade is by no means suppressed. The last year's record of sales in Arabia of slaves imported in spite of the vigilance of the patrolling fleet on the eastern coast of Africa shows eleven thousand head. How many died on the journey is unknown, but probably many more than those who reached their destination.

The Annual Report of the American Sunday School Union shows that the amount received for missionary work during the year was $131,795, an increase on the previous year's figures of $10,778. The number of new Sunday Schools organized during the year was 1880, and 515 were reorganized. During the year churches have developed out of Sunday Schools in eighty-nine cases.

In a magazine article just published, Mrs. Hudson says that a woman, who came to Utah with her husband and children from Scotland, was informed that her marriage could not be recognized in Utah, as it was performed by a Presbyterian clergyman in a Presbyterian Church. Her children were illegitimate and she must go through the ceremony of marriage in the Mormon Temple, in order to insure the legitimacy of children who might be born to them in the future.



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in India

THE palace of the Viceroy is a beautiful structure. It is only two stories high, but each story full and running over with beauty. I d'no but the widder Albert's house goes ahead of this but it don't seem as if it could, it don't seem as if Solomon's or the Queen of Sheba's could look any better. Though of course I never neighbored with Miss Sheba, bein' considerable younger than she, and never got round to visit the widder Albert, though I've always wanted to, and suppose that I may have disappointed her that year when I wuz in London, and kep' by business and P. Martin Smythe from visitin' her.

Miss Curzon is a real handsome woman. and always wuz when she was a neighborin' girl, as you may say, in Chicago, but the high position she's in now has gin nobility to her mean, and the mantilly of dignity she wears sets well on her.

She seemed real glad to see me; she had hearn on me, so she said, and she said she had laughed some when she read my books, and had cried too, and I sez, "I hope you didn't cry because you felt obleeged to read 'em, or somebody made you."

And she sez, "No," and she went on furder to say how they had soothed the trials of a relative, aged ninety, and had been a stay and solace to one of her pa's great aunts.

And a bystander standin' by come up and introduced himself and said how much my books had done for some relations of his mother-in-law who had read 'em in Sing Sing and the Tombs. And after considerable such interestin' and agreeable conversation Miss Curzon branched off and asked me if there wuz any new news at home.

And I sez, "No; things are goin' in the same old way. Your pa's folks are in good health so fur as I know, and the rest of the four hundred are so as to git about, for I hear on 'em to horse shows and huntin' foxes across the country and playin' tee or tee he."

She said, "Yes, golf wuz gettin' to be very popular in America." And I went on with what little news I could about the most important folks. Sez I, "Mr. and Miss McKinley are enjoyin' pretty good health, and Mr. Griggs is real well; Mr. Roberts don't feel quite so well as he did a spell ago, but he is so as to be a movin', and the political bosses and the Liquor Power are rulin' things jest the same as ever. Big trusts are flourishin', Capital covered with gold and diamonds is settin' on the bent back of Labor, drivin' the poor critter where they want to, and the Man with the Hoe is hoein' away jest as usual." And here Arvilly broke in (she had been introduced) and sez she, "Uncle Sam is girdin' up his lions and stands with a chip on his shoulder ready to step up and take a round with any little republic that don't want to be benevolently assimilated."

But I spoke right up, and sez, "He is a good-hearted creeter, Uncle Sam is, but needs a adviser time and agin, and not bein' willin' to let wimmen have a word to say, I d'no what will become on him; bime-by mebby he'll see that he had better hearn to me."

Jest then we hearn a bystander standin' nigh by us talkin' about the last news from Africa, and I sez to Miss Curzon, "It is too bad about the war, hain't it?" And she sez, "Yes indeed!" She felt dretful about it, I could see, and I sez "So do I. And I feel bad about our war, too; we've got one;" I didn't know as she'd heard on't but she had. And I sez, "You and I can't stop it, Miss Curzon; a few ambitious or quarrelsome or greedy politicians will make a war and then wimmen have to stand it. There hain't nothin' right in it, seein' they are half of the world, and men couldn't have got into the world at all if it hadn't been for wimmen, and then when wimmen has got 'em here, and took care on 'em till they can run alone, then they go to bossin' her round the first thing and makin' her no end of trouble, makin' wars and things." And she said she felt jest so, too. "But," sez I, "excuse me for introducin' personal and political matters on festive boards" (we wuz standin' on a kind of a platform built up on the green and velvety grass). Sez I, "I am real glad to see you lookin' so well, and your companion, too." She did look handsome as a picter, and handsomer enough sight than some, chromos and such. And seein' that she had so many to talk to, I withdrawed myself, but as I kinder backed myself off I backed right into Arvilly, who wuz takin' out the *Twin Crimes* out of her workbag, and I sez, "Arvilly, you shall not canvas Miss Curzon to-night."

And she sez, "I'd like to see you stop me, Josiah Allen's wife, if I set out to do anything." She looked real beligerent. But I got her into a corner and appealed to her shiverly and pity, and finally I got her to put her book up in her work-bag. Arvilly is good-hearted if you know how to manage her. I knew Miss Curzon would be tired enough to drop down before we all got away, without being canvassed, if she has got two hundred hired help in the house.

Well, we roamed along through the beautiful walks, sweet with perfume and balmy with flowers, brilliant with innumerable lights, and thronged with a gaily dressed crowd and the air throbbing with entrancing strains of music.

Robert Strong looked noble and handsome that night; I wuz proud to think he belonged to our party. He didn't need uniforms and ribbons and stars and orders to proclaim his nobility, no more than his City of Justice needed steeples. It shone out of his liniment so everybody could see it. It seemed that he and Mr. Curzon wuz old friends; they talked together like brothers.

Dorothy wuz as sweet as a posy in her pretty pink frock, trimmed with white rosies, and her big, white picture hat—the prettiest girl there, I thought; and I believe Robert thought so, too—he acted as if he did. And Miss Meechim wuz in her element. The halls of the noble and gay wuz where her feet loved to linger. And she seemed to look up to me more than ever after she see my long interview with Lady Curzon, as she called her. And then what must have been her feelin's towards me an hour later! But I must not anticipate and hitch the horse too fur from the buggy, but between the thills, where it belongs.

I had got kinder seperated from my party; Josiah had been walkin' with me down a beautiful path, but he see a man some distance off that he said he believed his soul wuz Elder Minkley, and he wuz all rousted up thinkin' that he could hear the last news from Jonesville. I knowed it wuzn't him way off in Injy, but couldn't hender my pardner from satisfyin' himself, so I wuz left alone walkin' down that beautiful shaded path, with here and there a colored light, showing how sweet the soft, perfumed dusk wuz.

Josiah and I returned to our tarven, but the rest of the party wanted to stay some later. We wanted dretfully to go to Benares, and on to Agra so's to see that wonderful monument to Wedded Love—the Taj Mahal—I spoze the most beautiful building in the hull world; and certainly it is rared up to as noble a sentiment; and its being a kind of rareity, too, made me want to see it the worst kind.

But we had loitered so on our travels that we had to hurry up a little in order to arrive at the Paris Exposition the Fourth of July—United States day. I felt that I couldn't bear to git there any later and keep France a waitin' for us, a worryin' for fear we wouldn't git there at all, so

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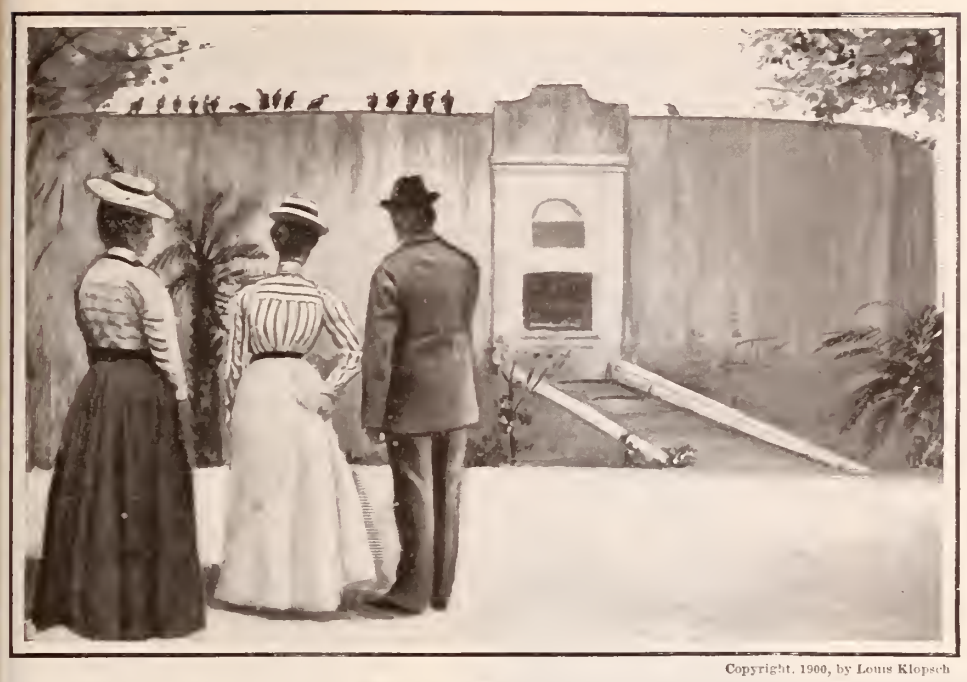
IN THE GARDENS OF THE VICEROY'S PALACE



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THEY PUT THEIR DEAD IN HIGH TOWERS, CALLED "TOWERS OF SILENCE"

we went post-haste from Calcutta to Bombay and from there to Cairo and on to Marseilles; though we laid out to stop long enough in Cairo to take a tower in Jerusalem. Holy Land, wuz I, indeed, to see thee?

We wuz considerable tired when we got to Bombay. The railroads in Injy are not like the Empire Express; though, as we drew near Bombay, the scenery wuz grand; some like our own Sierra Nevada's.

Only a few milds back from the railroad, tigers, panthers and all sorts of fierce animals wuz to home to callers, but we didn't try to visit 'em. At some places the trees along the road wuz full of monkeys, chatterin' and talkin' in their own language which they understood, so I spoze; and there wuz the most beautiful birds I ever saw. The climate wuz delightful, some like June days in dear Jonesville.

Bombay is on an island, with many bridges connecting it to the mainland. We went to a tarven close to Bombay Bay; the wide verandas full of flowers and singin' birds made it pleasant. We got good things to eat here; oh, how Josiah enjoyed the good roast beef and eggs and bread, most as good as Jonesville bread. Though it seemed kinder queer to me, and I don't think Miss Meechim and Arvilly enjoyed it at all to have our chamber work done by barelegged men.

I told Josiah that I didn't know but I ort to have a Ayah or maid whilst I wuz there, and he said with considerable justice that he guessed he could ayah me all that wuz necessary.

And so he could, I didn't need no other chaperone. But the Bombay ladies never stir out without their Ayah, and ladies don't go out in the streets much anyway.

The market here in Bombay wuz the finest I ever see; it has a beautiful flower garden and park attached to it, and little rills of clear water run through the stun gutters. Tropical fruit and vegetables of all kinds wuz to be seen here. The native market wimmen didn't have on any clothes hardly, but made it up in jewelry. Some on 'em weighin' out beef to customers would have five or six long gold chains hanging down to their waist. Bombay has a population of about a million, a good many English, some Hindus, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, Turks, and about one-tenth are Parsees, sun-worshipers. They are many of them wealthy and live in beautiful villas a little out of the city; they are very intelligent and firm friends of the English.

The Parsees dress in very rich silks and satin, the men in pantaloons of red or orange and long frocks of gorgeous colored silk; they wear high-pinted black caps, gold chains and rings and look dretful dressy.

Josiah loved their looks dearly, and he sez dreamily, "What a show such a costoom would make in Jonesville; no circus ever went through there that would attract so much attention," and he added, "their idees about the sun hain't so fur out of the way. The sun duz give all the heat and light we have, and it is better to worship that than snakes and bulls."

My land! had that man a idee of becomin' a Parsee? I sez, "Josiah Allen, be you a Methodist deacon, or be you not? Are you a backslidin' or hain't you?" Sez I, "You had better ask the help of him who made the sun and the earth to keep you from wobblin'."

He wuz real huffy and sez, "Well I say it, and stick to it, that it is better to worship the sun than it is to worship snakes," and come to think it over, I didn't know but it wuz.

The Parsees live together in big families of relations, sometimes fifty.

They do not bury their dead, but put 'em up in high towers, called Towers of Silence. And I believe my soul that I'd ruther be put up in the sky than down in the mouldy earth.

Jest a little way from this Tower of Silence is the spot where the Brahmans burn their dead; there are so many that the fires are kep' burnin' all the time. And a little ways off is the place where the English bury their dead.

And I d'no but one way is as good as another. The pale shadder of the real tower of silence has fell on 'em all and silenced 'em. It don't make much difference what becomes of the husk that is wropped round the wheat. The freed soul soarin' off to its own place wouldn't care what become of the wornout garment it dropped in its flight.

But to resoom: We all went out for a drive through the streets; Josiah and I and Arvilly and little Tommy in a little two-wheeled cart settin' facin' each other drawed by two buffalo cows. Robert and Dorothy and Miss Meechim occupied another jest ahead on us. The driver sot on the tongue of the wagon, and would pull their tails instead of whippin' 'em when he wanted 'em to go faster. The cows' ears wuz all trimmed off with bells and gay streamers of cotton cloth, and their tails had big red bows on 'em, and Josiah whispered to me:

"You see, Samantha, if I don't get some ear and tail trimmin' for old Brindle and Lineback when I git home; our cows are goin' to have some advantage of our tower if they couldn't travel with us. And," sez he, "what a show we could make, Samantha, ridin' in to meetin' behind 'em; bells a jinglin' and ribbins a flyin, I dressed in a long silk frock and you all covered with jewelry."

"Well," sez I (wantin' to break up the idee to once), "if we do that, I must be buyin' some jewelry right away."

"Oh, Samantha!" sez he anxiously, "can't you take a joke? I wouldn't drive anything but the old mair for love or money. And your cameo pin is so beautiful and so becoming to you."

We went by a good many Parsees in that drive, and Arvilly sez, "They look so rich somehow, I believe I shall try to canvass some on 'em." And that afternoon about sundown she seein' one on 'em goin' into a little garden she follered him in; he wuz dressed in such a gorgeous way that she wuz almost sure of a customer, but jest as she wuz gettin' the *Twin Crimes* out of her work-bag, he took off his outer frock, lain it down on the ground and knelt down, facin' the sunset and sprinkled his head, breast and hands three times from a little dish he had with him, and then begun to pray and kep' up his devotions for half an hour, and Arvilly of course not wantin' to break up a meetin' put her book up into her work-bag and went away. I kinder liked the idee of their worshipin' under the blue dome of heaven, though of course I didn't like their idee of worshipin' the created instead of the Creator. In travelin' through these countries more and more every day did I feel to thank the Lord that I wuz a member of the M. E. meetin' house in Jonesville, U. S., a humble follower of him who went about doing good, but I didn't feel like goin' on as Miss Meechim did. How she did look down on the Parsees and compared 'em to the Piscopals to their immense disadvantage.

But Arvilly, the iconoclast, sez, "These Parsees boast that there is not a pauper or woman of bad character in the hull of their sect, and I wonder if any other religious sect in America could say as much as that, Miss Meechim?"

Miss Meechim turned her head away and sniffed some; she hates to enter into a argument with Arvilly, but she wuz gittin' real worked up and I don't know how it would have ended, but I spoke right up and quoted some Bible to 'em, thinkin' mebby that it might avert a storm.

Sez I, "Charity vaunteth not itself. Charity thinketh no evil, suffereth long and is kind."

I meant both on 'em to take it, and I meant to take some ont myself. I knowed that I wuz sometimes a little hash with my beloved pardner. But a woman, if she don't want to be run over has to work every way to keep a man's naterel overbeariness quelled down. I worship him and he knows it, and if I didn't use headwork he would take advantage of that worship and tromple on me.

But though Arvilly didn't canvass the Parsee, she sold several copies of the *Twin Crimes* to English residents who seemed to hail the idee of meeting a Yankee book-agent in the Orient with gladness.

(To be continued)

An Invitation to Arvilly

You all may sing your praises of Samantha and Josiah;
But away down here the neighbors now desire
To say that Arvilly is about the true blue,
For we believe in temperance, and will vote for temperance, too.

So you just tell Arvilly, when she gets around the world,
And has canvassed all the Japanese and her wrath abroad has hurled,
To come down here to Illinois and give her homily,
For we just dote on agents, and I'm sure we'll all agree.

East Lynn, Ill. BOARDMAN.

"Never in a Sunday School"

A Frank Admission that is Frequently Made to A. S. S. Union Workers.....

THE Sunday School missionary is constantly reminded of the fact that the time to interest people in Christian things is while they are young. He is often unable to reach the hearts of the older ones, but the children are always anxious to come to his meetings and attend the Sunday School he organizes within reach of them. One of the workers of the American S. S. Union in Southern Illinois, writes:

"I asked last week of a man who lived within a stone's throw of a schoolhouse in a needy district where I was arranging to start a Sunday School, 'Will you and your family attend Sunday School if we organize one in the schoolhouse here?' 'Say, mister,' he answered, 'I am fifty-three years old and have never been inside a Sunday School but twice in my life. No, you won't get me there; I'm too old to begin now. But we've got four small like kids at my house that ought to be taught religion, I reckon: and if you can get a school on foot, they'll come. God knows we need something of that sort around here bad enough.' Passing on through the community, visiting the people, I presently came to the home of another man, to whom I put a similar question. He laid down his ax, looked at me a moment, and then said: 'Stranger, I'll be fifty-five years old next June, if I live, and I've never been in a Sunday School, and, what's more, I never aim to go to none. I don't believe in such things; it makes hypocrites. No, sir, I'll not come nigh it all!' 'But how about your boys?' I asked, looking at three half-grown lads who stood by, listening to our conversation. 'They ought to be in Sunday School and we would be glad to have them.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I 'low ye couldn't do 'em no good, and I dunno as ye could do 'em no harm neither, for they're about as mean now as the devil wants 'em to be; but if ye wants to experiment on 'em for a spell, just pitch in, and I'll not say nothin' agin it.'

"When we met in the schoolhouse the following Sunday afternoon, I noticed the children of both of these families present, but not their fathers. The house was crowded. They seemed to appreciate the Bible talk, after which we organized the Union Sunday School, much interest being manifested. A consecrated young man in an adjoining neighborhood consented to act as superintendent, but it does not require a prophet's vision to see that this school will be successful and accomplish a great deal of good."

Any of our readers interested in frontier Sunday School work can communicate with Rev. E. P. Bancroft, 158 Fifth avenue, New York.

Noble-Hearted Samantha

WARREN, IND.

Dear Editor: We enjoy Aunt Samantha so much that we can hardly wait from one week to another. I think she is a noble-hearted woman, and does the whole country good. My littie niece loves to see her and Tommy and find where they are.

EDITH WALTERS.

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"WE WENT OUT FOR A DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS"

Under the Evening Lamp

By Margaret E. Sangster

Planning for the Future

TO youthful hearts there never comes a more exquisite moment than that in which they decide on their future home and blended life-work; where these shall be, in what environment, and when they shall begin the work in the home, and both radiant with supreme happiness. Before the hour of plighting their troth there is too much uncertainty for perfect joy. The maiden is not sure of herself; the man fears to put his desires to the test to win or to lose all. Courting days are charming in the retrospect, but at the time they may be compared to a voyage over ruffled waves with a wind that shifts suddenly, and squalls that rise unexpectedly out of clear skies. Engaged days, as every engaged couple can testify, are full of tranquil pleasure, trustful mutual complacency, and blissful anticipation.

Do not, dear friends, allow the engagement to linger along over too many months and years. Never mind whether you have the means to furnish a large or a little home; two young people do not need a very magnificent dwelling in which to be useful and contented. You will never have more satisfaction in your lives than in saving and planning together; your day of small things will shine on your future like a golden star.

But may I say to Strephon and Chloe, that for all their joy in looking over the same page and in hearing the same music, and watching the same flowers bud and bloom, if they are not careful, after awhile they will find a reef on which to split, and the name of that reef is Money. It seems to them very sordid now, and a matter of little account. Nevertheless, when there is not entire candor and confidence on the subject of the domestic finances, when the husband always holds the purse and the wife always asks him for the dollar she wants, there will come

The little rift within the lute
That bye and bye will make the music mute.

Before her marriage it would be very judicious for every intending bride to arrange and contract with her prospective husband for a full share in the handling of their common money, or else for a personal allowance of her own.

The Death of a Saved One

A break in the circle, a voice stilled, an empty chair. Life does not seem the same. There is a sense of loss in the home, in the church, in the Christian Endeavor meeting, in the missionary society, and the more useful and admirable our dear one was, the heavier is the shadow and the lonelier the path without her companionship.

These thoughts often come to us. They are borne in anew when we hear of a death among our beloved family of readers. Mrs. Alida Pierce, a child of God, whose whole life was a testimony to her belief in him, and whose days were filled with loyal service, has been taken hence, and in a touching letter one of her friends says, "the world is very sad; we miss her everywhere."

Yes, but up beyond the blue, in God's house of many mansions, there is joy and gladness, for a ransomed saint is safe at home.

A Child's Diary

The revelation of the heart of a child sometimes introduces us into a sanctuary. A very dear little girl, Minnie A. Foster, was called hence in the morning of her years, when she was in her thirteenth summer. Thirteen is a very attractive age, just "where the brook and river meet." After Minnie's death, her diary, which she had secretly kept was found by her mother, and in it were such passages as the following: "I love Jesus more every day I live. I try to do more for him every day. I am very happy in my Christian life. I wish I could get others to come to Jesus before it is too late. I thank God that I was ever brought to see that I was a sinner."

Begin in the morning to be and to do,
Nor wait till the noontide hour,
When the spirit is weak and the heart is faint,
And the purpose is wasted power.

Begin in the morning to treasure up
The odds and the ends of time,
The seconds of silver and minutes of gold,
As well as the cent and dime.

Begin in the morning to thank the Lord
For the early dews of love;
For home and friends and the thousand joys
That came from the Source above.

This dear child used to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (lent her by a neighbor), with rare pleasure and profit.

The Children and the Queen

It is said that Queen Victoria treasures many beautiful memories of her visit to Ireland. The warm-hearted people of that land chose various poetic ways of showing their love and reverence for the aged sovereign who had come to be their guest. It will be long before Her Majesty can forget the thirty thousand schoolchildren who gathered from far and near to look at her and to sing, "God save the Queen." Then there was the reception at one great school where the little folks stood in line, waving arum lilies and daffodils as Her Majesty approached; and at another institution where the Mother General came to meet her with a bouquet and a little Irish harp made of white silk embroidered in gold. Besides the pretty harp and many another handsome and dainty souvenir that the Queen keeps with care, a living memento went home with her from Ireland, for when she visited the Dublin "Zoo," they gave her the new baby bear. Ireland, too, treasures many beautiful memories and gracious souvenirs of their Queen's visit. Hardly a charitable or educational institution of Dublin but was visited by Her Majesty and the good Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Henry of Battenberg. And will the Jubilee nurses ever forget how the Queen entertained them at the Vice-regal Lodge, asking about their work among the poor, encouraging them and commending them, and finally lunching them in the big historic dining-room. In the afternoon of the day when the Jubilee nurses were entertained, nurses from all the hospitals in Dublin were received by the Queen.

"LISTEN TO THIS, DEAR!"

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JOHN PINE. Do not offer your arm to a lady unless she is old or an invalid.

—SOPHY BARTON. Everybody cannot eat hot bread for breakfast with impunity; but as your family boast of good digestion, and beg for warm biscuits and similar delicacies, do let them have what they wish, even if you confine yourself to dry toast, and cold remainder biscuit.

—FANCHON. Aunt Prudence cannot comprehend your love of flirting, unless you are just like a cat in its delight at teasing and tormenting a hapless mouse. To be serious, you must cease your present course or one of these days you will discover that you have lost the talent of honestly loving a good and worthy man.

—NETTA. A colored cloth is appropriate on the breakfast or luncheon table, but white is the rule for dinner. Under the table cloth, have a cover of felt or canton flannel, a silence cloth, to deaden sound, and to bring out the beauty of your linen. I never use starch in my table linen. It is a matter for individual choice.

—MARTHA J. Why not treat your maid as one of your household? She is a farmer's daughter, refined, educated and a lady. A little common sense will show you that her presence in the sitting-room and at the table may easily be agreeable, and, as you can have her on no other terms, I fancy you will yield the point involved, rather than be overborne with housework.

ROSES HERE AGAIN

THE roses are here, the red and the white
And the yellow that shines with the sun's own light;
They climb on the trellis, they peep through the pane,
They laugh to the ray and they play with the rain;
To the bedside of illness they come with their bloom;
They cover the grave-mound and brighten its gloom.
To our loss and our sorrow, our dole and our lack,
They bring their sweet faces—the roses are back!

And "lift up your hearts," is the song that they sing,
Rose petals as soft as the down on a wing;
And "believe in the Gospel," they tenderly preach,
These roses which sigh, and each breath is a speech,
For the Father who made them, who cares for the flowers,
This Father in heaven is theirs and is ours.

Oh, roses for children, and roses for brides;
A rose for the grief that from sympathy hides;
A rose for the blind, and a rose for the lame,
For the deaf, for the stricken, for souls that we blame;
Roses, rich roses, for altar and fount,
For the vale lying low, for the field and the mount;
For the grave with its peace, for the home with its love;
Sweet roses, the gift of the Father above.

.. A PLAGUE OF FLIES ..

I OFTEN wonder when I go into an otherwise tidy and beautiful home, where good housekeeping is evinced on every side, why neat people put up with the summer plague of flies. Dear Aunt Samantha, in one of her books, makes good humored fun of a matron, whose loathing of these invaders is so great, that a single one of them rouses her to fury, but I confess to sympathy with the matron. One persistent buzzing walking-delegate fly is a tormentor who almost drives me to nervous prostration. A host of flies crawling on the pane, nibbling the food, dropping into the milk, are enough to make one envy the Sleeping Beauty, whose tranced slumber lasted a hundred years. She missed a century of annoying flies.

By the very simple precaution of screening windows and doors all over a house, with wire screens if possible; if not, by the tacking of mosquito netting firmly over the outside of a window, and hanging full curtains of it around a veranda, flies can be kept outdoors where they belong. Should they effect an entrance, brush them out and look more carefully to the state of the screens. But do not use sticky fly paper, nor drop bits of poisoned paper into saucers; the first is extremely cruel, the second extremely disagreeable. Dead flies dropping on the table cloth, and into the porridge, are very objectionable. Poor, dying flies, caught by their feet on a glutinous surface, buzzing, writhing, struggling to escape are pitiful objects, and cruelty to flies is a bad lesson to instil into the minds of children, as well as a lowering experience in our own lives. The woman who is deliberately cruel to a fly may be so to a larger animal, and to a child, not only because she has insensibly became callous, but because the tendency of evil practices is to make one a degenerate.

Therefore, dear fellow-housekeeper, put in screens, and thus do away with the plague of the flies.

Impatient Tones

Even if her words are gentle, the mother may betray impatience in her sharpened tones, in the lifted voice, in the undue emphasis of her speech. Presently the little four-year-old girl will repeat the mother's inflection; the servant in the kitchen will catch it, the whole house will be aware of a crescendo of irritability.

Keep the tones gentle and low. Do not suffer yourself, dear tired woman, to speak above a certain even pitch. And I pray you do not frown. To the last day of your life let your brow be unlined with the marks which come so swiftly to underscore the fretfulness of tone, and the haste of your spirit.

Blessing the Famine Ship's Cargo ::

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 435

etc., and to Police Captain Allaire for a detail of men at the services.

How the Seedsmen Helped India

Nearly all the seedsmen in the country are represented by liberal contributions to the *Quito's* cargo. They gave large packages of carrot and onion seeds, cucumber seeds, pumpkins, tomatoes, corn, beets, turnips and lima beans, all of prime quality, and, we are assured by the missionaries, very desirable for planting in India. The donations are acknowledged below:

Donor's names	*Seed Contributions*
H. L. Holmes, Harrisburg, Pa., May 2, express; how packed, not said.	9 lbs. carrot 5 " " 2 " onion
S. H. Shumway, Rockford, Ill., May, 3, express; in sacks.	2 sacks onions 1 sack carrots
James H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass., May 3, express, soldered tins, wooden boxes.	30 lbs. pea onion. 35 " Danvers onion. 45 lbs. white Cucumber. 30 lbs. Faxon squash. 35 lbs. Danvers carrot. 20 lbs. Gibson pumpkin. 55 lbs. Log Bean 3 pks. Early Canada corn. 5 lbs. Parager tomato.
W. Altee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., May 3, U. S. Express, in zinc case.	Several lots of seed.
J. Bolgiano & Son, Baltimore, Md. May 4—Fast freight—How packed not said.	143 lbs. bl. beet. 47 lbs. long red radish. 59 lbs. all season lettuce.
D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich. May 4—Am. Express—Package.	15 lbs. carrot.
Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa. May 4—Express—Few packages.	Onion. Carrot.
H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill. May 4—Am. Express—How packed not said.	100 lbs. carrot.
Griffith & Turner Co., Baltimore, Md. May 5—"Forwarded."	Carrot. Onion.
James Vicks & Son, Rochester, May 5—Am. Express—How packed not said.	5 lbs. carrot. 5 lbs. Y. C. D. onion.
Peter Henderson, New York City. May 5—"Will send Monday"—Tin-lined box.	100 lbs. carrot. 100 lbs. onion. 100 lbs. beet. 100 lbs. turnip. 200 lbs. H. B. Lima beans.
Ford Seed Co., Ravenna, O. May 3—"Shipped seed W. F. Ex."	"Seed."
Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis, Minn., seed.	
Messrs. Paul Welte & Son, New York, for large inc case donated.	
E. Douglas, 425 North Fifth street, for wood ase donated.	

Latest News from India

Cable dispatches from the Government in India announce that in two districts, Madras and Mysore, rain has fallen, bringing the promise of relief. In all the other districts the distress is rapidly increasing, and the number in the relief camps has risen to 5,617,000. The Lord Mayor of London reports that he has received $1,150,000 for the relief of the sufferers. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary for India, speaking in the House of Commons, said that the Viceroy was sending British officers into the states governed by native rulers, to aid them in inaugurating relief measures. In former famines these rulers had done next to nothing to save their people from dying of starvation; but now stirred up by the example of the British Government, they were desirous of relieving the suffering, but needed help in organizing. The officers who have had experience are therefore placed at their service, and are giving valuable aid. The condition of the people in these native states is appalling. The news has reached them of the relief that is being afforded in British India, and large numbers of emaciated creatures are being met on all the roads leading thither. They leave behind them a ghastly trail of the corpses of those who have perished by the way, many of the people not having started until starvation had impaired their strength.

Pandita Ramabai sends a brief letter, begging us to thank our readers for their recent gifts which we have cabled to her. She has just returned from a tour in the famine districts, and was setting out again for another journey. The devoted lady, on her return, finding our cabled funds, said that evidently the Lord wished her to do more, as he had sent the means, so she dare not stop the work, though

REV. R. G. HOBBS

Who presided at the meeting on the *Quito*

physically she felt exhausted by her journey and the appalling sights she had witnessed. Thus far she has added to her large family of widows during the present famine **three hundred and fifty** mouths to be fed and persons to be clothed.

The *Bombay Guardian* publishes a statement that the corn now on its way from America will be a great boon to the people. The meagre wages paid at the Relief Camps are barely sufficient at the present high prices to secure grain enough to keep the people alive. It adds: "There is need for an independent supply of corn which the people may procure from the missionaries and which shall not on any account get into the hands of the grain-dealers." The same journal publishes the following from one of its correspondents who went to Prantij, near Ahmedabad: "In the streets of the town we saw the children grovelling in the dust after stray grains of corn which were dropped *en route* to the grain merchants' shops. On the way back to our bungalow, we were attracted by the cries of someone in distress, and looking to one side, a little distance from the road, we saw a woman sitting beside the body of her husband who had just died. She was weeping piteously, and beside her stood three children looking quite bewildered."

A GROUP OF INTERESTED SPECTATORS ON THE EDGE OF THE CROWD

One Pathetic Case

only one of many such — is related by Rev. H. G. Bissell, who has been indefatigable in using the funds supplied to him by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in relieving the sufferers: "The story of a family in a small village three miles south of Ahmednagar was related to me at my last visit. The family consisted of the father, who belonged to the farmer caste, his mother, his wife and two bright little girls. The means daily grew smaller and, in spite of the utmost economy, at last failed altogether. Of course a man of his position could not beg near home, and all the friends who might have helped him at another time were in a similar condition. He knew not what to do, so one day, almost crazed by mental agony, he stealthily left the house and wandered far, far away to forget his wife and home and go where he could no longer hear his little girls cry about him night and day for food. For weeks the husband's mother and his wife managed to keep along by asking alms, by doing small odd jobs of grinding grain for people, by carrying water, by bringing bits of fuel to the city to sell for a pittance, or by carrying their neighbor's fodder to market. Even these resources have an end in famine times—nothing was left to do but to die! That would not have been so hard as one might think. One day there was a quarrel between these women. The wife was accused of driving the husband off; she was held responsible for the hard times; she and her two good-for-nothing girls (had they been boys it might have been different), were the cause of the household misery. The old woman had a bitter tongue, and she knew, as only a woman can know, how to make her daughter-in-law suffer. I suppose her taunts and reproaches, added to the pangs of hunger that the younger woman was suffering, were more than her poor harassed brain could endure. In the night she rose and taking her two little girls with her made her way to a field where there was a deep well. Her heart must have been broken, for she loved those little ones as a mother does. But it seemed to her, I suppose, the kindest thing to end their misery, for she threw them both into the well and then rushed away to end her life somewhere out of hearing of their cries. The bodies of the children were found, but that of the poor demented mother has never been seen. Among so many corpses that are to be seen by the roadside everywhere it would not be recognized. A very little money given to that poor farmer a few weeks ago might have saved all that. I never realized the value of money as I do in the presence of this awful misery."

Heartrending Cries

Dr. Keskar, of Sholapur, the Christian physician whom many of our readers met during his recent visit to this country, says that around his home people are to be met with in all stages of starvation. Hundreds of people have applied to him for relief who were beyond the possibility of saving. He as a physician could see death plainly written on their haggard faces and their swollen joints and attenuated limbs. "The cry for food resounds through the city all day and all night. The sights and sounds will ever live in the memory of all whose sad lot it is to see and hear them. They cannot be forgotten by any human being who has learned from the Saviour to love his fellow man. We have taken in fifty children of different ages under eleven years, some of them orphans, some of them deserted by loving parents who to save themselves from going demented by witnessing the agony of their loved ones which they could not relieve, and the others given to us by parents who made the hard sacrifice of parting that their children might live. We have also upwards of twenty sick or infirm adults whom we are trying to support. Oh, it is dreadful to see their gratitude and not to know whether they may not have to perish after all! For who can tell whether we may be able to get food for them much longer. I thank you and your generous readers from a full heart for the help you have sent. You will never know how much good it has enabled us to do."

Consecrated Money

From many other missionaries come accounts of like purport. Especially are they concerned for the Christians among the sufferers, of whom there are many. The native who has been won to Christ, who has put his trust in him, giving up home and friends by his confession of Christianity, has peculiar claims on the Christians of other lands, and the missionaries plead for him. They have made him understand what loving Christ means; how it involves duties from one to another. The native so instructed is quick to see how far the Christian faith affects the hearts of his brethren in Christ. Therefore for the honor of our Lord the appeal of the missionaries must be responded to. "I mean not," one missionary writes, quoting the Apostle Paul, "that other men be eased and ye burdened; but by an equality that now, at this time, your abundance may be a supply for their want." It is on Christian principles that money should be given, and it is gratifying to know that every dollar given through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, being distributed by Christian missionaries, is being recognized as a Christian gift. From a Hindu's hand or from the hand of a government officer, the recipient perceives a public motive for the gift. The government recognizes a responsibility and feeds him; but when he receives the gift from the missionary, he knows that it is the gift of religion and comes to him because in a far-away land there are men and women who in this way show that they love to please Christ.

DR. KLOPSCH MEETS THE COMMITTEE

Dr. Klopsch, who arrived in Bombay on Saturday, May 12, found the situation so appalling, and the need for immediate help so urgent, that he placed three lakhs of rupees, equivalent at the present rate of exchange to **$96,000**, at the disposal of the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee for relief work, thus again considerably anticipating the contributions of our readers, as he has done on other occasions. Dr. Klopsch has sent the following cable message, which will be read with interest by all who have been connected with the India Relief Work:

BOMBAY, MAY 14.

Am about to start for the interior. On my arrival here I was met by Rev. R. A. Hume and the other missionaries, and was accorded a very hearty reception; also met the Governor of Bombay. Attended a meeting of the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee and had an opportunity to address the members briefly. My investigations have already confirmed the truth of the reports of numerous deaths by famine; the horrors are actual facts. The weather is extremely hot.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

WORKING FOR INDIA

Churches, Sunday Schools, Newspapers, Young People's Societies, Factory Hands Helping—Greece and Mexico Contribute

FROM one end of the country to another, the heart of Christian people are stirred at the thought of India's awful affliction. Thousands of letters, coming from every State in the Union—and some from foreign countries—not only contribute money and grain to the relief of the starving, but pledge further effort, unfailing sympathy and continual prayer to the cause of India's dying millions. Such letters strengthen our hands for this good work.

A contribution blank returned from the M. E. S. S., Kansas, O., through Supt. E. L. McDole, brings $52.25, and bears the words: "God and his people will save India." The letter says:

There were just ninety present, including children, when India's suffering was told; every heart was touched. May the gift not only help India, but through its giving may we be better Christians. The prayers of our Sunday School go with this offering.

Superintendent Alfred H. Colby, of the Sunday School of famous Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., sends $55.85, "volunteer offerings in our Sunday School yesterday, for Famine Relief work. The mite-boxes were given yesterday and they will be returned next Sunday." Miss Armour, Supt. Reformed Presbyterian Sunday School, Seattle, Wash., writes:

CLINTON HONEY

Our little Sabbath School heard the cry from starving India and responded with $51, which I enclose. Our school is made up largely from mission scholars, and it would have made your heart glad to see more than a hundred happy little faces when the result of the collection was made known. I am sure the angels rejoiced and "sang a new song."

Master Clinton Honey, five years old, sends his dollar to help India. Little Helen B. Mackey, Treasurer, writes:

Please find enclosed $2.52, which the Jr. C. E. Society, Nyack, N. Y., want to send to help some poor starving one in India.

Rev. Jno. M. Pike, editor and manager of the *Way and Faith*, Columbia, S. C., sends $1,200 for India famine sufferers, contributed by his readers.

This shows how tots in Yonkers are working:

Dear Editor: This is from Miss Cristy's class, of the J. M. Mason School of Yonkers. Our class talked over the suffering in India, and decided that it would be well for each one to bring some small contribution. The girls' contributions amounted to $4.11. We send it, hoping it will help to prolong and strengthen some poor child's life. ALICE B. BEER.

It was suggested by Miss Cristy, the teacher of the sixth year class in school No. 6, that the pupils should try to help the poor starving people of India. We had brought clippings of the newspaper to school and read them. We gladly brought money to help the poor people and to deny ourselves some little comfort. We elected the ones to write the letter and I had to write for the boys. The boys, I think, gave as gladly as the girls, and their sum amounted to $3.30. We all hope the money will reach India in time to save some starving soul. ARTHUR J. LOCKWOOD.

Lillian Chenaweth, Glen Kam, O., says:

Karl is three and I am nine. We feel so sorry for the poor starving people. So we send our dollar. Our papa gave it to us.

Nebraska's third offering through Rev. G. L. Hosford, collecting under the direction of Rev. Dr. R. G. Hobbs, is received with this letter accompanying it:

Brethren:—Enclosed find check for $1,200 for starving India. This makes $4,000 in all I have sent you; and which I have collected in just five weeks' time. More is coming. Nebraska will not be behind in this great work for God and the starving millions whom he teaches us to pity and to help.

From Pecos, Tex., comes $55 and this message:

The writer is a member of our little Baptist Young People's Union out in this small Texas town. We sympathize with every effort you put forth for suffering ones. We give "In His Name." Next Sunday I shall present starving India's claims again.

WILLIE AND GLEN SAMPLE

The members of Presbyterian Church, Greenville, Mercer, Pa., send through their pastor, Rev. W. A. Peck, $233 to feed India's starving people. Rev. Dr. A. W. Spooner sends $55, from the "employers and employees of the Esterbrook Pen factory," and says:

Since last October, assisted by my Christian Endeavorers, I have conducted noonday religious services for the four hundred employees every Wednesday in the "packing room"; an organ has been purchased, hymn-books have been donated by the firm, and a lot of good done. This gift to India is one of the fruits of this work. Send us mite-boxes.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of "Old Trinity" Church and parish, New York City, sends the following letter:

In response to your appeal for the India Famine Relief work, I send a check for $50.

Sunday School Supt. Jno. T. Evans, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

The M.E. Church and Sunday School, Rev. Frank Moore, Pastor, took up a collection of $55 enclosed herewith. There were about 135 prayers offered in the Sunday School that God's blessing would attend the little offering on its mission of mercy to India.

Mexico is helping. Mr. W. W. Blake, City of Mexico, Mexico, sends $57.37 in gold, and says:

At a recent concert, this sum was raised for the famine sufferers. Understanding that you are helping the poor Hindus and sending them a ship-load of food, we send this through you.

God bless the working-people who help! $55.20 comes by the firm's check from the "Employees of Querns Bros., Philadelphia, Pa."

This letter is postmarked Athens, Greece:

Enclosed find cheque on Paris for 250 francs in aid of India Famine sufferers, which please apply in any way you think best. I do not wish my name to appear, but kindly mark it "Sympathy." Best wishes for the success of your noble charity.

LILLIAN AND KARL

From members of the Evangelical Association, Cleveland, O., by Wm. Yost, treasurer, comes $500.00 for suffering India—the second generous remittance from that noble body of Christian workers.

The Presbyterian Church choir of Auburn, N. Y., sends $90.75 through Treasurer W. H. Meaker, for relief of the starving. "Catskill Friends," New York, send $96 through one who "circulated famine literature." Mr. M. H. Arnold, Shickshinny, Pa., writes:

Through the Epworth League of the M. E. Church, a union meeting of the churches of this town was held in the Presbyterian Church and $33.20 collected for India. Individual members of the League raised the amount to $54.70, which we send, believing that through you the contribution will be placed to the best advantage. We pray God's blessing on your efforts to feed the starving.

This letter from Rev. D. N. Howe, Pastor of M. C. Church, Marble Rock, Ia., may contain valuable hints for other workers:

The literature came Saturday, at noon. I gave a bundle to each church, and had it distributed Sabbath morning. Saturday afternoon I distributed some in every business place in town, and put some in every wagon and buggy that came in from the country. Sunday evening we had a meeting in the opera house, and took up a collection of $67.68, which find enclosed. Marble Rock has about 700 inhabitants.

Mr. H. A. Plitt, of Wapello, Ia., sends $80.72 from Louisa County. With the letter is a list of over fifty names of contributors. The relief movement was organized by Rev. T. S. Poole, of Wapello. One good-hearted little boy of five years—Ellard Gore—when he learned of the sad condition of the children of India, instantly decided to send all his money for their relief. His gift appears in Mr. Plitt's roll of honor.

"TED" HUGHES

Mrs. Merry, of Wichita, Kan., sometime ago made the suggestion that the public school pupils give one penny each for the India sufferers. In the schools of Sedgwick county alone, $70 were raised by this plan and forwarded by Professor Dyer to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mrs. Merry has also received many contributions for the Fund.

Our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee

To whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cables all funds it receives for the relief of the Famine sufferers in India, and who will distribute the cargo of the relief steamship *Quito*, includes these representative missionaries:

REV. EDGAR M. WILSON, Presbyterian Mission, Ratnagiri
REV. G. N. THOMSSEN, Baptist Mission, Bapatla
REV. EDWIN F. FREASE, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Baroda
REV. J. H. HARPSTER, Lutheran Mission, Gunter
REV. M. D. ADAMS, Church of the Disciples Mission, Bilaspur
REV. A. B. FULLER, Alliance Mission, Girgaon
REV. E. S. HUME, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Byculla, Bombay, Secretary

BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, Chairman of the Committee, is in the United States on sick leave.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Makes the food more Wholesome and Delicious.

Chronic Rheumatism
Articular and muscular rheumatism and all uric acid troubles are caused by defective action of the kidneys and digestive organs; the kidneys not properly removing the waste products. Uric acid and chalky deposits then accumulate in the muscles and around the joints, causing the excruciating pains peculiar to these diseases, The only way to relieve rheumatism is to rid the system of this poisonous acid.
Tartarlithine
regulates the action of the kidneys, dissolves and removes the uric acid and chalky deposits, and reduces inflammation. It does not upset the stomach, and can be taken by the most delicate. It is a true remedy for rheumatism, for which it is prescribed by many leading physicians.
Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00 and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent FREE.
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"Shallow Brooks Are Often Noisy."
You have headache, backache, eruptions or kidney troubles, or "that tired feeling." These are the shallow brooks with their noise. Seek the source of the brook and it is deep and quiet. The source of illness is impure blood. America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is Nature's own means of cleansing the entire system. It has no superior, no equal, only imitators.
Debility—"My system was all run down. I had blackheads and that tired feeling. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have gained ten pounds in weight and feel like a new man." William J. Knight, 821 Bluff Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

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To have your trousers held up by the President Suspender is to have a service done without realizing it. There's more comfort, ease and convenience in its use than in any other suspender in the world, and yet you don't feel it. You can't feel it. It is so cleverly constructed that it adjusts itself to every bend of the body. You can work in it, walk in it, ride in it or row in it—it meets every need. Metal parts on the genuine will not rust. Refuse imitations. To stimulate your interest in the President Suspender, we make the following offer:
$1500 for your Estimate
The guarantee ticket found on each President Improved Suspender entitles you to take part in our Presidential vote Contest. $1500 in gold will be given as prizes for the nearest estimates of the popular vote in the forthcoming elections. Full information with each suspender.
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• PUERTO • RICO'S • NEW • GOVERNOR •

CROWDS IN FRONT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL ALLEN'S PALACE AT SAN JUAN

OUR picture shows a delegation of country people of Puerto Rico awaiting a view of Governor Allen in front of the Governor-General's Palace, San Juan. The new American Governor, from whom the Puerto Ricans hope so much for their island, took place on May 1. Public demonstrations began at sunrise with a serenade by a military band; at ten o'clock the installation ceremonies were held at the Executive Mansion, and the oath of office was administered by Blennk, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Puerto Rico; a salute of seventeen guns was fired from the Fort of San Christobal, the Governor delivered his inangural address and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Reception at the ∴ ∴ Gospel Settlement

A MOST picturesque and interesting happening in the religious and social life of New York City was the recent reception given by Mrs. Bird, founder and housemother of the Gospel Settlement, 211 Clinton Street, to the Countess Schimmelmann. The gathering was a most notable one, consisting of representative Christian workers from almost every church, mission and social settlement in New York City, and of many wealthy and prominent people, who, while not known as pastors or missionaries, are doing the Master's work by sustaining with active sympathy and interest, and giving freely of their means to almost every good cause. Among the guests were Miss Helen Gould, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Louis Klopsch, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shearman, of Plymouth Church; Mrs. John Slayback, Mrs. George and Mrs. Ellsworth Inness, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Sarah M. Harris, President of the New York Mothers' Club; Misses McCombs, of Dobbs Ferry; Dr. and Mrs. Gerdson, of the Moravian Church; Mr. J. G. Hailmond, of the Bowery Mission; Columbia College and the University Settlement found representation; Mrs. Stambach, of Kentucky, through whom $6,000 have been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for India, and Miss Graham, of the same State, were there, as were also Christian workers from Georgia, Virginia, the West, and, of course, from New Jersey and other near neighbors of New York.

Dr. Lyman Abbott delivered an address of welcome to the Countess, in which he emphasized the Christian and humanitarian character of the assembly that sought to do her honor. He commended the spirit which had inspired alike the Countess and the founder of the settlement and others present to forsake the world's high places and labor among the sinful and needy as the spirit of the true nobility. The Countess replied, expressing with simple and heartfelt feeling her appreciation of the manner in which America had welcomed her into its army of Christian workers, telling of her gratitude to God at the immense good that was being done in America and by America; and finally, in response to request, detailing some of the striking incidents of her own campaigns for Christ in this country and elsewhere.

The settlement was bright and fragrant with apple blossoms, pinks, roses and lilacs, contributed by its many friends. Mrs. Inness sat at a samovar and dispensed tea; while settlement lassies in simple white gowns flitted about bearing cream and cake to the guests. The children of the neighborhood, to whom the settlement as a rule belongs, were in great crowds on the street outside; the Countess stepped to the window and gave them greeting. When Fanny Crosby, the aged blind songwriter, had concluded her call, and was going down the settlement steps, she paused and made a lovely little speech to the children.

Next evening all the children were invited to the settlement, where they had a "play Countess' reception," were treated to cream and cake, and altogether enjoyed themselves as much as had their elders on the previous evening. The neighborhood is a very poor one, the children have few pleasures, and the settlement is a boon to them.

Winning - West - Africa for - Christ

A PIONEER group of missionaries went to the west coast of Africa over a quarter of a century ago, representing six of the great evangelical denominations of Christians. From this seed has sprung a wonderful work, covering a territory as large as the State of New York, and giving promise of the complete civilization of a million natives. What was once one of the most savage sections of the great continent is now the scene of daily toil, of a river and sea commerce formidable in its proportions, of daily school sessions attended by thousands of young people, and of missionary establishments being pushed far into the wilderness of the great equatorial region.

This has been accomplished, not by the representatives of one denomination, but of several, and so favorable have been the results that three great European governments now extend to the workers their protection and co-operation. These governments are the English, the German and the French. American mission boards have been far more active than European, although the French Protestant Evangelical Society, of Paris, has made a most favorable showing. The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of America is on the eve of adding industrial training schools to its already large force in the educational field of this region.

The progress of twenty-five years is shown forcibly in Batanga, one hundred miles south of the Kamerun River. The first native church building there, erected about 1873, recently fell to pieces, and a new one was built to take its honored place. Mr. Menkel, who built both, states that of the $1,800 cost of the new church, the natives subscribed $900. The amount was paid, not in ivory or cocoanuts or palm oil, but in the money which has been introduced into general use—German marks, French francs, English shillings and American quarters.

The progress in school work is shown by nothing more forcibly than in the changed dress of the natives, especially of the young people. The great advance in industry is making the earlier converts well to do, and this example is having its effect on the natives not yet civilized. Cassava, the native staple, resembling a sweet potato, and growing like it in the ground, is in a high state of cultivation.

The girls in the score of mission schools are taught sewing, cookery and music, while the boys in their own schools are given elementary courses. The missionaries have also trained not a few of the native boys to become good carpenters, boat-builders, tailors and shoemakers.

Gaboon is the distinctly French territory, where most excellent results have been obtained. While the native chiefs or middle-aged men are still in polygamy, none of the younger persons within the influence of the missions are addicted to it. Slavery is not nearly extinguished. The three German districts are doing most to stamp it out. The Togo country, lying between the English Ashantee, and the French Dahomey, is reasonably free from the raiders, but the Niger country and the upper Kamerun country still suffer. The chief offender is the Sultan of Sokato, who sits in State at a point 110 miles north of the Equator and compels minor kings and chiefs to pay him a yearly tribute in gold, ivory, cocoanuts and slaves. They, in turn, raid the neighboring tribes to supply their quota. If the Sultan could be captured and his power broken, the rest would be easy.

A SCIENTIFIC BREAKFAST.

Rightly selected food will cure more than half the diseases. Try a scientific and healthy breakfast:—Fruit of some kind, preferably cooked; a dish of Grape-Nuts, with cream; two soft-boiled eggs. Put two eggs in a tin pint cup of boiling water, cover and set off for nine minutes. Whites will then be the consistency of cream and most easily digested. One slice of bread with butter; cup of Postum Cereal Food Coffee.

On that breakfast you can work like a horse and be perfectly nourished until noon. Your nervous troubles, heart palpitation, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney complaints and various other disorders will gradually disappear and firm solid health will set in.

Why? You have probably been living on poorly selected food, that is food that does not contain the required elements the body needs. That sort of food and coffee, is the direct or indirect cause of more than half the ills the human body acquires.

Grape-Nuts is a perfectly cooked food and both that and the Postum Food Coffee contain fine microscopic particles of phosphate of potash obtained in a natural way from the grains of the field and by scientific food experts incorporated into food and drink. That element joins with the albumen in food to make gray matter, which is the filling of the brain cells and the nerve centers all over the human body.

A man or woman thus fed is scientifically fed and rapidly grows in vigor and vitality, and becomes capable of conducting successfully the affairs of life. To produce a perfect body and a money making brain, the body *must have* the right kind of food and the expert food specialist knows how to make it. That is Grape-Nuts and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, produced at the pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

SACRED SONGS No. 2, FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS,
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SACRED SONGS NO. 1,
of which over **735,000** have been sold.
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SUMMER HOMES IN VERMONT ...AND ON... **Lake Champlain**
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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

SCENE IN CHRIST'S LIFE, a superb picture in color 28x40 previously sold for $5 will, for 30 days, be sent postpaid for $1. The Jessup Co., 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

DEAD STUCK
kills the eggs and grown-ups of all bed bugs, moths, roaches, ants, etc. Used by the United States Government. Non-poisonous to human life. A liquid powder. As stainless as spring water and as pleasant smelling as tar. 25 cts. per bottle, or in gallon cans for hotels and hospitals. All dealers.
PHILA. CHEMICAL CO., 2d & Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.

It Is a Certainty That Catarrh
can be cured. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Pang of Remorse*

OH, how can I recount my wicked life
To you, or show the fabric woven here
Upon the loom of time—its warp and woof
Compact of weakness, woefulness, and crime:
Illumined once with love, then darkened, save
For lurid light of hate and wild revenge?
But set the screen before the candle, that
Its light fall not upon my shrinking face.
Pay strictest heed, for I would have you tell
This tale in such strong, turgid phrase that some
Young soul may haply heed and be restrained
From entering on sure ruin's dreadful road;
Speak burning words that may arrest the ear,
Enchain the thought, and lead weak steps aright,
And should but one young spirit list, and heed,
And thus avoid my awful course, and gain
The strength that will endure when trial comes,
For this I'll lift the curtain from my past,
And show the ugly wreck strewn by the way!
I shudder and grow sick with wan despair,
When, with reluctant steps, life's pathway o'er,
At memory's back I tread. The forms recalled,
The tones of love, my mother's sad, pale face,
My father's curse, my sins and tragedies—
These make the shadows black as night and death;
Nay, tear away the remnant of that hope
Which ever bade me gaze up to the skies
To greet the morning star.

Women and Hygiene†

THE mistakes of ignorance have led to a vast amount of self-inflicted suffering, but now that science has come to our relief and indicated to us the broad highway to perfect physical health, the man or woman who knowingly strays into wayward paths of error and self-indulgence is criminally heedless. So hopeful is the outlook for those who realize individual responsibility in every detail of daily life, that it is no idle prophecy to predict that the time is not distant when physiological chemistry will be able to decide exactly what regimen will best further the desire or ambition to develop in certain directions, just as now the college athletic teams are trained to their work by rigid adherence to certain diet, exercise, baths, and sleep.

Women the world over have the baneful habit of hugging the fireside too much and leading too inactive lives; they often wear themselves to nervous wrecks by confining and monotonous indoor occupations. They need all the sunshine, fresh air, and variety that they can possibly contrive to introduce into their lives. Sometimes a round of exacting household duties gives a woman all the exercise she has either time or strength for. But if she closely examines the routine of her duties she will find that some are made unnecessarily laborious, that others can be wisely dispensed with, that into certain ones variety can be introduced which will relieve monotony and thus make the task lighter, and that all will be more easily performed if fresh air and the blessed sunshine are allowed to give a spring to the step.

The woman whose most serious occupation in life is sitting for weary hours sewing superfluous trimming on her clothes, I beg most earnestly to transfer her interest and attention to these more permanent methods of enhancing her attractions. She must become a disciple of Hygeia and devote herself with the same energy and enthusiasm to the study of the sources of health, grace, and beauty that she has heretofore lavished upon the minutiæ of dress; and she will then neglect any other duties before she denies herself her daily allowance of fresh air, sunshine, and exercise, into the proper regulation of which it will now be my pleasure to initiate her.

* From *Gracia: A Social Tragedy*. By Frank Everett Plummer. A pathetic story of sin and sorrow, vividly related in graceful blank verse. The thrilling experience of one girl who learned how exceeding bitter are the dregs of the cup which those must drain who "forget the guide of their youth and forsake the covenant of their God," is described in this beautiful poem so graphically, yet so tenderly, that girls, beset by fierce temptation, may take warning from it and cleave to the right and the true. The book is embellished with several full-page illustrations drawn from designs by the author, by Frank Wolcot Webster. Pp. 125; price $1; published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

†*The Woman Beautiful*. A Practical Treatise on the Development and Preservation of Woman's Health and Beauty, and the Principles of Taste in Dress. By Ella Adelia Fletcher. This is evidently a conscientious effort to tell women how to grow as beautiful as God meant them to be when he first thought of woman. While not prepared to endorse it throughout, it has much that commends itself to common sense, and which women would do well to read and heed. Pp. 535; price $2.50: publisher, Brentano's, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Mother's Love. By Jean Murray. This is a pretty story of love and duty. The letters of travel from a daughter to her mother constitute a particularly bright and attractive feature of the volume. Pp. 93; published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York City.

Picture Puzzles; or how to read the Bible by symbols. This volume seeks to impress Scripture texts upon the young through a very interesting and unique series of pictures, illustrating selected passages. The plan observed is similar to that of alphabet books. Pp. 150. J. L. Nichols & Co., Napierville, Ill.

Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant, author of *The Bachelor's Christmas*, etc. This well-written story, with its clearly portrayed society characters, shows that the author's hand has lost none of its cunning. It serves to show up much of the hollowness of society and public life. Pp. 431; price $1.50; publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Lay Sermons. By Howard W. Tilton. The writer says of his pulpit that it is "only a littered table in the editorial room of a great daily newspaper"; from it, the "unordained preacher" utters many true and helpful words. Pp. 173; price $1. The volume will be sent postpaid, on approval, to any address by the publishers, Doubleday & McClure Co., New York City.

A new and bright hymn and tune book for religious services is *Our Thankful Songs*, a new collection of choice Gospel songs, for prayer, praise and Gospel meetings, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, and general public worship. By A. J. Showalter, E. H. Cornelius, J. S. Hendricks, Rev. E. F. Stanton and Rev. N. Keff Smith, D.D. A. J. Showalter Co., Dalton, Ga.

God and the People; and other sermons. By David James Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York. This is a collection of sermons recently delivered by Dr. Burrell. They abound in strong common sense, in successful application of truth to the thoughtful reader and in deep spiritual fervor. Pp. 350; $1.50; publisher, Wilbur B. Ketchum, New York.

The Life of Jesus of Nazareth. A study by Rush Rhees, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Newton Theological Institution, with map. We have here the work of a scholarly mind and a devout soul which the devout Christian will find fresh and profitable. The appendix will be of special value to trained Bible students. Pp. 320; price, $1.25; publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A Difficult Problem. The Staircase at the Heart's Delight and other stories. By Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), author of *Agatah Webb*, *The Leavenworth Case*, etc. Half a dozen of this well-known author's startling stories are gathered in this volume, and serve to exhibit her notable skill in serving up horrors in readable form. Pp. 344. Publishers, The F. M. Lupton Publishing Company, New York.

The Territorial Acquisition of the United States. An Historical Review. By Edward Bicknell. In this handy little volume, the story is tersely told of the various accessions to the national domain from the Northwestern Territory to the ceding by Spain of Puerto Rico and the Philippines. A host of important history is condensed in very small compass. Pp. 103. Price, 50 cents. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

Historic Finds in Egypt

NEW chapters in the history of ancient Egypt have been opened up by the wonderful discoveries of Professor Flinders Petrie during last winter's exploration at Abydos and elsewhere. The records, it is claimed, cover almost the whole period of the first dynasty of the Egyptian kings, and go back as far as 4,000 to 5,000 B.C. The revelations came about through a careful study of seemingly insignificant lumps of black mud. These hid wine jars, inscriptions on which led to the identification of the tombs of the fifth, sixth and seventh kings of the first dynasty. King Aha has now been identified with Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy. Under Menes, art was rude and archaic, but it rose to the best point under King Denset'ui, the fifth king of the dynasty. His tomb is paved with red granite and richly furnished. Cups of crystal and beautiful stones bearing the King's name in large, finely-cut hieroglyphics, and twenty tablets of ivory and ebony with carved inscriptions were taken from his tomb. The later kings showed less sumptuousness, but had a more general habit of inscribing objects on palace and tomb.

Among royal tombstones discovered was one of Merneit, a king previously unknown. There were also found tombstones of private domestics, fine stone drinking bowls and platters; portions of several hundred dishes of fine stones and abundant alabaster dishes, sixty of which bore royal inscriptions; labels and tablets of ivory and ebony, thirty with inscriptions; innumerable pieces of carving in slate, ebony, ivory and stones. After the selection of a few of the most valuable pieces for the Cairo Museum the remainder were sent to London.

THE QUIET HOUR

'TIS good amid the cares of life,
To find a quiet hour,
A secret place within the soul,
Where restful thoughts have power.

There build a nest of lovely thoughts,
Like fairy palace bright,
Where we may rest in darkest hour,
That comes in sorrow's night.

Bright fancies, memories hallowed, dear,
With gold of friendship frought,
Rich, faithful sayings—treasure house
Of precious, restful thought.

Care cannot mar—nor pain make dark;
No need can take away,
The lovely nest of pleasant thoughts
Wherein the soul may stay.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

HARD TO BREAK

But the Coffee Habit Can be Put Off

"I was a coffee user from early childhood but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until someone induced me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless and I thought it was horrid stuff but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health.

"My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time and are now in perfect condition of health." Grace C. M. Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Put a piece of butter the size of two peas in the pot, to prevent it boiling over.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original & Genuine Worcestershire.

Makes all Chafing-dish cookery palatable and digestible.— Gives a delicate flavor to Welsh rarebits, Lobster-Newburgh, Oysters, etc.

SIGNATURE on every bottle. Lea & Perrins

John Duncan's Sons, Agents - New York.

The story related by Miss Frances E. Harris, 301 Onondaga, Street, Syracuse, N. Y., fits exactly the cases of thousands of young girls of her age.

Weak and languid, suffering from nervousness and lack of blood, unequal to the slightest task. It is a disease known as Anæmia, a common ailment among growing girls. She says:

"When I was seventeen years of age I became debilitated and run down in health. I was extremely nervous, lost my appetite and my blood became so thin that there was no color at all in my face. Much of the time I was confined to my bed and was so weak that I could only walk a short distance. The least exercise would bring on shortness of breath and pain in side. Sometimes I could hardly breathe.

"I tried several different doctors without receiving any benefit. I also tried other medicines advertised to cure troubles such as I had, but they did me no good.

"I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in the papers, and decided to try them. The first box helped me, and I procured some more. My appetite improved, my nerves became stronger, and within a short time I gained over twenty-five pounds in weight. My improvement continued, and in all I took a dozen boxes. When they were finished I was entirely cured and am in good health, have a good color and appetite and am as well as ever.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many others and will be glad to answer any inquiries if the writers enclose stamp for reply."

(Signed) FRANCES M. HARRIS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.

Fine... Fabrics

such as art embroideries, silks, laces, linens and other choice and delicate fabrics should be cleansed by

Priscilla Compound

exclusively.

It will not only make them perfectly clean, but it will improve faded colors, remove all discolorations, and give a bright lustre to silks and a fine grass bleach to linens.

You need not be afraid of it. It will not injure the most delicate fabric, no matter how freely or how long it may be used.

Ask for it at the art stores and embroidery departments. If you do not find it, send us 25 cents for a half pound box, catalogue of useful embroidery novelties, and "The Story of Priscilla," after Longfellow.

PRISCILLA MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Manufacturers of Expansion Hoops, Universal Hoop Holders, Embroidery Sets and Novelties.

A TURKISH BATH AT HOM

Write at once for particulars of a

$12.00 Bath Cabinet for $5.

Remember: The ROBINSON CA INET is the only Lawful Screen-fo ing patented cabinet made.

Dangerous: Persons buying infrin ments are liable. Suit has been filed the U.S. Court against four compan for infringing on Robinson Cabine

$2.00 BOOK FREE to patrons Prof. Robinson has recently return from Europe where he has visited the leading water cures. Much information is contain in his New Book pertaining to the treatment of all chron ailments at home, such as Rheumatism, Liver and K ney trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh, Indigestion, Impure Blo Skin Trouble, General Debility, Etc. Also how to sec a BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Don't be deceived by misleading advertisements. send you literature and samples of goods free.

WE WANT GOOD AGENTS EVERYWHERE. Write at once for Special Agent's "1900 Proposition

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO., 901-917 Jefferson Street, TOLEDO. OHI

$14 If You Want to SAVE MONEY

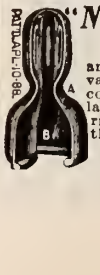
and get the best machine at lowest wholesale price, now is your chance Buy direct from factory, one profit. All attachments free. 30 days' free trial. WARRANTED 20 YEARS.

$40.00 Arlington for $14.00
$50.00 Arlington for $17.00
$65.00 Kenwood for $21.50
Other Machines at $9, $10.50 & $12

Illustrated catalog and testimonials free. CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 W. Van Buren St., B-18, Chicago, Ill.

"Mizpah" Valve Nipple

WILL NOT COLLAPSE



and therefore prevent much colic. T valve prevents a vacuum being formed collapse them. The ribs inside prevent c lapsing when the child bites them. T rim is such that they cannot be pulled the bottle. **Sample free by mail.**

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Helping · Friendless · Tots

Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless—Attractive Exhibition of the Children's Work

OUR readers will be pleased to hear something concerning the recent celebration of the sixty-sixth anniversary of the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, the pioneer in child-saving institutions in this country. The Society was organized in 1834; it is undenominational; its work has from the first been carried on by women only: it aims to save from degradation friendless or neglected children and to give them the benefits of a Christian home-life. The home building running through from 30 East Thirtieth street to 29 East Twenty-ninth street, has sheltered over 30,000 little inmates. Twelve industrial schools, registering 7,436 children during the past year, have been established in the poorest part of the city. Sewing, cooking, housekeeping and various occupations are taught. A daily lunch is provided and clothing is supplied to the most needy. Within the last twelve months 78,688 loaves of bread and 7,514 garments have been given out; 9,103 visits have been made by teachers and workers to the children in their tenement homes.

The Society has derived its main support from voluntary contributions. It is in touch with the poor throughout the city; knows their needs and can always distribute donations of food, clothing or money to the really destitute and worthy. The question has been asked: "Why are these schools needed where there are so many public schools?" The answer is easy: they do work the public schools do not and cannot in the nature of things, perform. For instance, the public school must have rules requiring regular attendance. There are children whose parents cannot afford to have them go to school every day. An overtaxed mother must have Rosy or Bobby to tend the baby on wash-day; if she is sick, they must stay at home and be housekeeper, cook and nurse in one. Then, again, the public schools may not bear indefinitely with the persistent truant. Some unworthy parents do not care whether or no a child goes to school, and the child pays the penalty of the parent's indifference. Other waifs and strays seem to belong to no one, and easily evade the schoolroom and all other regenerative influences; some poor little folks have no clothes to wear to school and no food to eat when they get there.

Such are the unfortunates—small working men and women, and small wayward men and women, who are taken under the motherly wing of the well-named "Guardian Society." Teachers look up the truants, visit the sick, help the little working-men and women and their fathers and mothers, and seek to raise up good citizens out of the flotsam and jetsam of the slums. As New York is the port of entry receiving the incoming foreign tide which so many sociologists fear as a threatening force to our civilization, it can readily be perceived that these twelve industrial schools in which almost every nationality finds representation, constitute a national benefaction. The President of the society is Mrs. Geo. B. Watts; and the Vice-president, Mrs. Francis M. Weeks. Upon Executive, Finance, Nursery and Dormitory Committees, on its Board of Managers, and in its list of generous benefactors, appears the name of Miss Helen Gould.

The anniversary celebration consisted of reports of the year; an entertainment by the children in the afternoon, and an exhibit of work done by students of the twelve schools. It was extremely interesting to walk through the various rooms and note the extent and variety of work performed by childish fingers; it would seem almost impossible that little tots—the very waifs and strays of the city—could accomplish such results. The explanation of the miracle lies in the loving pains and patience of the teachers and in the constant encouragement and oversight of the noble Christian ladies constituting the Society. There were neatly-made garments, well cobbled shoes, strong and pretty baskets woven of reeds and splints, and many other articles, useful and ornamental. Here and there a table was piled with ingenious products of knife-work, such as wooden match boxes, picture frames and kitchen conveniences, all going to show how the boyish propensities for whittling can be turned to good account. Particularly noticeable were the tables of appetizing, well-cooked dishes, brewed and baked by children. Pinned on the wall above them were the recipes by which they were made, showing the ingredients nutritious, yet cheap.

Out in the hallway a busy set of little lads were caning chairs and stools with neatness, dispatch and much cheerful pride. Through different rooms passed groups of little scholars viewing exhibits with critical and appreciative eyes.

The anniversary exercises in the chapel were exceedingly pretty and entertaining and were witnessed by a large concourse of managers, patrons and friends, among them Miss Gould, Mrs. Russell Sage and others equally prominent. The songs, recitations, choruses, flag drill and kindergarten games were really quite delightful. There was not only the evidence of culture and grace imparted, but of character developed in the way the little lads and lassies performed their various parts on the programme, at the end of which small white-capped, white-aproned cooks prepared a collation.

Among some of the little folks encountered in the hallway the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD met with warm recognition, for thirty-five of the Society's children were guests at our Fresh-Air Home last summer.

A BEVY OF SMALL MAIDENS—INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL NO. 7

SECTION OF CHAIR-CANING CLASS, NO. 7

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

FOR NURSING AND GENERAL USE

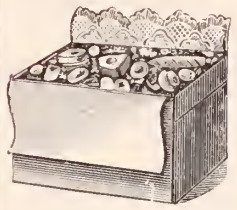
SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., — New York.

Clark's Chocolate Caramels

25c. per box. By mail, 10c. extra.

VERY CHOICE.



They are just the thing to have with you when traveling or in the country. Nice for parties or picnics, and you should always have a box at home.

For sale by dealers at 25c., or sent by mail; 1 box, 35c.; 3 boxes, $1.00 postpaid.

CHAS. A. CLARK, 292 Graham St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Big Drop in Bicycles

For $8.00 to $12.00 you can now buy the same class of bicycles that are being widely advertised by several houses in Chicago and other cities at $15.00 to $20.00.

For $13.75 you can get a high grade, one-year guaranteed 1900 gents' or ladies' bicycle, the equal of bicycles sold everywhere at $25.00 to $40.00, and for $18.00 you can get a genuine Elgin King or Queen, the highest of high grade, a 1900 model, that retails everywhere at $50.00. Shipped anywhere in the United States on 10 days' free trial. No money until after received. For full particulars, complete bicycle catalogue and special price offerings, cut this notice out and mail to

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co., Chicago.

PERFECTION

PERFECTION CAKE TIN has removable bottom which enables you to remove without breaking the most delicate cake or pie. Bottom fits in groove; will not leak batter. We make ten styles, round, square and oblong. We are the largest manufacturers of **Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware** in the world. **AGENTS,** write how to get free this and others of our best selling household novelties—Outfit worth $2.00—Express prepaid. Address Dept. T

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.

THE 1900 PEERLESS **Steam Cooker**

is guaranteed superior to any other and **more value for the money.** First premium everywhere. Cooks entire meal on one burner. Prevents steam and odors. Whistles for more water. Other household novelties. Premiums Free. Agents wanted

PEERLESS COOKER CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

Known the world over nearly half a century as the most famous and efficient remedy for children cutting their teeth. In yellow wrappers: A gum lancet the trade-mark. American branch office makes cost to American mothers less than formerly; 25 cents a packet—containing nine powders. At most drug stores, or mailed on receipt of price by **J. G. MacWALTER,**

West Johnson St., Germantown, Phila.

Manufactory—London, Great Britain.

Acme Medicine Cover AND Dose Indicator

15c

Keeps medicine free from dust and germs, and tells time to take next dose. Fits any glass or makes stand for bottle. Non-corrosive and anti-septic. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c. for sample.

SHARON MANUFACTURING CO.

134 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA.

In the step from finest Concord Grapes to Welch's Grape Juice we produce the Juice in an unchanged state—just Grape Juice. As such it is an easily digested food that will be retained by the weakest stomach. Welch's Grape Juice is a valuable food-medicine to keep in the home. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

DITMAN'S SEA-SALT

The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water

TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING

Used for Quarter Century

Address Ditman, 2 Barclay Street. New York

IMPROVED INFECTION FAN

We furnish samples free to agents. F. S. Frost, Lubec, Me., sold $132.79, retail in 6 days. Write for Catalog new goods, rapid sellers. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 6th St., Bath, N. Y.

STARK TREES best by test—74 YEARS. WE WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH WEEKLY

Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo; Dansville, N.Y.

From the Mill to the Ministry

The Brief Story of a Lad's Struggle for Success
—Robert H. Westwood, Evangelist and Pastor

SUCCESSFUL as an evangelist and as a pastor in Cleveland and Chicago, blessed in the work of winning souls, and now pastor of the First Independent Church of Cleveland, O., the story of the life of Rev. Robert H. Westwood is one of much interest. One of several children, the son of hard-working parents, brought up in the atmosphere of

REV. ROBERT H. WESTWOOD

a thoroughly Christian home in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Scotland, he is a happy illustration of what may be accomplished by a set purpose and devotion to its fulfilment amid all besetting difficulties. There was no opportunity for a prolonged period of education, for the children had to learn to earn their own living early in life. Fortunately, Robert received a four-years' scholarship in an endowment school, which added to its educational advantages a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes every year, no small boon. He had already manifested a desire to become a preacher, and once given a chance to learn he showed himself an apt scholar. The school course over, he was set to work at a spinner's wheel, doing the monotonous twining of the wheel-boy. Even amid this drudgery he continued to look forward to the ministry. He was just entering his teens when he was advanced to the position of bell-sewer and oiler. Having learned from lectures that the great African missionary and explorer, David Livingstone, had wondrously improved his mind while at similar employment, Westwood determined to follow the illustrious example. Then came another change and a step upward. He was apprenticed as a "clothie" or dry-goods clerk.

On the day when he was to appear for his inspection before the employer, Robert was "decked out braw," having a Wincey shirt with a collar, a pair of fine looking shoes belonging to another member of the family and somewhat too large for him, his brother's swallow-tail coat, which fitted easy round the shoulders and was a "wee bit" too long, and a "bannet" that was made for a bigger head than his, was stitched to fit for the occasion, so that he might look "dressed up." He was accepted and wages enough were paid to keep him in shoe leather.

From now on the "struggles of a student after knowledge" became a real battle. The store hours were late, the work continuous, the companions opposed to such concentration. At the same time the members of his church perceived the lad's ability and readiness for every devoted service. The Sabbath School was large and held its exercises in an immense building. In these days one of the godly elders, whose lot it was to open and close the school, called upon Robert to undertake this duty for him. After some persuasion, his "boyish voice, firmed with determination," was sounding in the great auditorium, "leading in the reading of the lesson and in prayer." So satisfactorily did he fulfil this office that the elder desired he would continue.

Under the direction of a wise pastor (Rev. John Campbell) he was led to the work of visitation from home to home, and here we give one incident of blessing through the "boy's visits": A young couple were avoided by the neighbors on account of the husband's drunkenness and for other reasons. Thus they had become outcasts in the vicinity. An evening visit was made by young Westwood to their home, in fear and trembling, with an invitation to attend special meetings in the "auld Kirk" when the noted Rev. Dr. Hutchen was to preach. The mother, when she answered the knock at the door, carried in her arms a little babe. Robert had learned that to put your hand on a child's head is to put your hand on the mother's heart. With a loving word about the child and an earnest "Come to the meetings," the work was done, and in a few weeks the father and mother were converted, baptized and received into the Church, to the astonishment of the community.

Under the same leadership he was prompted to the work of cottage meetings, where workingmen and weary women might be gathered during the week nights "to meditate on the gracious themes of the Bible." Many came and were comforted. The temperance work also engaged his attention, and he became an earnest and eloquent advocate in the cause. Then came further years of assiduous business toil, of the hearty confidence of employers, of evening hours spent in Christian work, and later hours spent over the pages of the Latin and Greek lexicons. Providentially young Westwood was brought in contact with the Rev. Alexander Patterson—"a man who could preach two hours without tiring his congregation." With this learned and devoted minister, the young man spent many hours in helpful study. Of the attractive but subsequently vanishing prospects of a university education, of improved business conditions, of continued study and the unchangeable purpose to enter the ministry, of the loss of his mother by death and consequent change in the household, and Westwood's subsequent removal to America, interesting chapters might be written. Further chapters would tell of business associations in the New World, where the well established principles of the past served him in good stead in the conflict with minds that seemed set wholly on the pursuit of wealth, even though moral, mental and spiritual gain were discounted in the pursuit. By-and-by commercial doors seemed to close upon the young man, but the study and Christian work had been diligently pursued all along, and at last the opportunity for consecration to the ministry came. It came as suddenly as the flower blooms after the long period of growth and preparation on the part of the plant that bears it.

Mr. Westwood has accepted the call to his present field without the promise of one cent of remuneration, believing that God will supply all his need. The church is only three months old and has as yet no house of worship of its own. The divine favor has already been manifested and pastor and people are full of faith, hope and zeal. The young pastor is pronounced a man among men, and has notable influence among young people whom he easily leads into spheres of active Christian work.

Missions a Boon to India

Harnam Singh, of the royal house of Kapurthala, speaking recently in Calcutta, said: "I affirm that foreign missions have been one of the greatest boons to India which have come in the train of the British rule in this country." This is a notable expression of opinion from a native prince.

IF YOU HAVE

Rheumatism

and drugs and doctors fail to help you write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy, which quickly helped me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy that you can test without spending a cent. It recently helped a lady who had been an invalid for 52 years. Address JOHN A. SMITH,
619 Germania Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

$18 to $35 WEEKLY and Expenses. | MEN and WOMEN, At Home or Traveling.

Mr. Smith, of Ind., made $927.50 first 6 months. Albert Hill, of N. J., $238 first month. Mr. Muncy, of Texas, $12.50 first 2 hours. Carrie Williams, clerk, $144 in 6 weeks. Mrs. Hitchcox, $222, besides housekeeping. Lida Kennedy, $84.00 while teaching.

LET US START YOU—No experience needed. Our agents made over $47,000.00 last month supplying the enormous demand for our famous Quaker Bath Cabinet, and appointing agents. Wonderful Seller. Everybody buys—business men, families and physicians. No scheme, fraud or fake methods. WRITE TODAY for Our Proposition, New Plan, etc., FREE. Address, World Mfg. Co., 47 World B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.

HAIR INSOLES keep feet clean and dry. Prevent jar in walking. Relieve Rheumatism, Callous, Tender and Perspiring Feet. 10c., 3 pair 25c., postpaid. The Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Box D, Hartford, Ct.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
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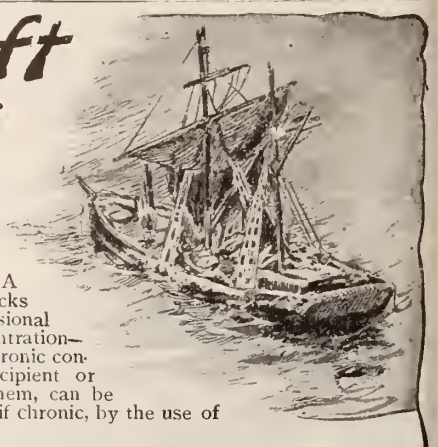
OUR interests influence our opinions. The manufacturers of Mixed Paints and so-called White Leads may believe their mixtures are the best because it is greatly to their interest to do so. We believe that Pure White Lead is the best Paint and our belief is confirmed by hundreds of years of use, and the experience of practical painters everywhere.

FREE For colors use National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. Any shade desired is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving full information and showing samples of Colors, also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Experience With Paints" forwarded upon application.

National Lead Co., 100 William Street, New York.

Don't Drift Too Far!



Don't drift around on the sea of life like a dismantled wreck. A little precaution will save you. Just as the careful mariner seeks a safe harbor until the storm is over, so you should take precautions to stop the first inroads of disease. A constipated condition—those insipient attacks of dyspepsia or billiousness—those occasional headaches—that loss of energy and concentration—may or may not be the forerunner of a chronic condition of similar illness. Whether incipient or chronic, these ills, and those akin to them, can be prevented at their inception, or removed, if chronic, by the use of that geuinely marvellous English remedy,

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Salt is made principally from the salts extracted from the juices of Fresh Fruits—Nature's remedy! The use of this standard preparation not only ensures constant good health, but permanently and positively does away with such ills as Dyspepsia, Billiousness, Flatulency, Headache (nervous or otherwise), and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood.

Dr. C. C. Alexander, Albany, N. Y., states: "I think Abbey's Salt is a grand preparation to stimulate the secretions, ridding the blood of bile. I am prescribing it on all appropriate occasions."

Abbey's Salt is put up in three sizes. The 25c. size is the usual trial size; the 50c. size will remove a severe case of Dyspepsia or Constipation; while the $1.00 size is the economical size.

Abbey's Salt is sold in drug stores only, in many cities and towns, but if your druggist does not keep it, either size will be sent post-paid on recept of price.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT COMPANY,
Dept. A. 15 Murray Street, New York.

WHY PAY $60.00 MORE

for a surrey than is actually necessary. If you buy a job as good as good from a dealer or agent he will charge you about that amount in commission. Buy direct from our factory and save it. We are the largest manufacturers of Vehicles and Harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively.

No. 77—Single Surrey Harness. Price, $17.50. Equal to those selling for $10 more.

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We make 178 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness and ship anywhere for examination, guaranteeing safe delivery. You take no risk, as all our work is guaranteed as to quality, style and finish. You have the advantage of the largest stock in the country to select from. Don't buy a vehicle or harness of any kind until you get a free copy of our large Illustrated catalogue.

No. 911—Canopy-top Surrey, has long-distance axles, open rubber bead springs and Bradley quick couplers. Price, complete with curtains, storm apron, sun shade and fine lamps $135. As good as others sell for $50 more than our price.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., W. B. PRATT, Sec'y. Elkhart, Ind.

RUPTURE

The Improved Elastic Truss is the only Truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, and it retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy relief. Competent lady always in attendance for ladies, or to answer correspondence from women. Our goods are not sold by agents or druggists. Send for free pamphlets to the Improved Elastic Truss Co., 768 Broadway, New York. ESTABLISHED 18 YEARS.

WHY

Can we Save You Money on a vehicle, harness, fly net or saddle?

Because we have no agents,

Can we really do it? We say yes. Can we prove it without cost to you? We can. How? We will ship you a harness, saddle, or vehicle, without you sending a single cent, and let you look it over at your freight house and if you don't find we have given you the biggest bargain you ever saw or heard of, return the goods to us at our expense. We give with each vehicle a 2-year iron-clad guarantee, protecting you from poor material and workmanship. Our vehicle catalogue describes the largest line of buggies, road wagons, phaetons, surries, spring wagons and carts, harness, fly nets and saddles ever shown in one book. It's free. Send for it.

Marvin Smith Co. 55-59 N. Jefferson St. U-83, Chicago, Ill.

GREAT FACTORY **CLEARING SALE**

6000 new '99 model bicycles carried over, must be closed out at once. Price each, complete **$1**

SECOND-HAND wheels, good as new; over 50 makes and models. Each.. **$3** to **$10**

1900 MODELS, strictly high grade makes, all styles fully guaranteed. **$11** to **$20**

We ship anywhere on approval and trial before you pay a cent.

BICYCLE FREE for carefully distributing 1000 catalogues for us.

One agent wanted in each town for this purpose. Write at once for our special proposition.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept 41 H, Chicago

Catalogue of Famous Maryland made-to order clothing free. Lithographed Catalogue of Famous Maryland Carpets free. Freight paid on carpets, expressage on clothing. Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 218.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

A Good Neighbor*

The Neighborly Spirit an Exercise of the Divinity in Man

SOME surprise must have been felt by the lawyer who questioned Christ, at the tact with which the direction of the search-light was changed by Christ's answer to his question. He wanted to know what were the qualifications which entitled a man to rank as his neighbor. If according to his own summary of the law a neighbor had certain claims upon him, it was important to him to know what constituted a neighbor. He had probably realized that mere nearness of residence did not comprise all the qualifications, but he was apparently uncertain as to the length of the radius of the neighborly circle. In telling him the story of the Good Samaritan, Christ gave a clue to the principles which have kept his teachings effective for nineteen centuries. He turned the lawyer's gaze inward instead of outward. Christ intimated that the question for him to consider, was not the relations of others to him, or their nationality, or religion, or their social condition: but whether he himself had a neighborly heart. Not who were his neighbors, but to whom was he neighborly? The same question and the injunction with which the parable closes, apply in our day. It is not necessary to wait until we find a man by the roadside, robbed and wounded. The man who is in need of neighborly help of any kind is our neighbor, and when we see any such, our Lord's command comes to us: "Go thou and do likewise."

Doubtless, our Lord did not mean to imply that a Samaritan was more likely than a Jew to act in this kindly fashion. He purposely made the circumstances impressive that the lesson might have all the more weight. The Samaritan was despised by the Jew, who hated him all the more because of the differences between them of race and religion. Very probably if the two men had met under ordinary circumstances, they would not have spoken. The Jew would have passed the Samaritan with averted head and perhaps with a muttered malediction. The Samaritan might have shrugged his shoulders and repaid scorn with scorn. But the spectacle of the Jew in trouble and needing succor, changed all that. The kindly heart of the Samaritan is touched; he renders help and the Jew accepts the service. The two strangers, almost enemies, become neighbors. One wonders which was the happier that night: the Jew who, neglected of the men on whom he had a claim, and despairing of help, but succored after all; or the Samaritan who had availed himself of an opportunity to render service to one who hated and scorned him. Probably the latter, for there must have been some shame and self reproach in the Jew's mind, while the Samaritan had the consciousness of true nobility and magnanimity without any alloy. There is a luxury in a kind act that brings its own reward apart from the gratitude of the beneficiary. The doer feels himself a better man and a happier, for the exercise of the God-like qualities within him. It is a happiness that none know save those who win it in that way.

So it comes to this, that our neighbor is the man to whom we can render neighborly service. It may be that he is of a different race, a different faith, a man whose previous conduct has not been neighborly; but he affords us an opportunity for doing disinterested service, and so, unconsciously, he serves us. Even if we know that the man has brought the trouble on himself by his own misconduct or imprudence; if, as we say, he is only getting his deserts, the opportunity of helping him is still ours, and we may get good for ourselves by doing him good. We know that if God gave us no more than we deserve, we would have little ground for asking his help. He is kind to the unthankful and the evil, and we are most like him when we are doing the same thing. And it is important to remember that the example Christ sets before us, is one of discrimination. The Good Samaritan did that for the Jew that he needed most. We are not always careful to follow in his steps in that particular. It is so much easier to put the hand in the pocket and relieve the sufferer, than to try intelligently to give him what he really needs. To give a word of kindly sympathy, to help a man to get employment, to intercede for him with his enemy, to render any one of a hundred personal services, is often better than a gift of a coin. The Good Samaritan was not content with paying the man's bill at the inn; he walked that the wounded man might ride, and, with his own hands, bandaged the hurt. This was the act of a true neighbor, and it is of both kinds of help that our Lord said: "Go thou and do likewise."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 3. Luke 10: 25-37

Leaves from the Tree of Life

The printing press is the effective ally of missions, and Missionary Periodicals was the appropriate subject of one of the papers read at the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference. The Rev. D. Strong, of Boston, informed the Conference that he had a list of forty-nine publications issued in Great Britain and Ireland, most of them issued monthly, some of them quarterly, entirely devoted to foreign missions, while there are twenty-two other journals which combine in their view missionary work at home and abroad. On the Continent of Europe there are nearly a score of magazines devoted to this cause, while in America we have a list of thirty-two publications, altogether foreign missionary in their character, while a dozen or more monthly magazines report the missionary work of the churches they represent, both in the homeland and beyond the seas. These lists are probably incomplete, and it is quite within bounds to say that there are to-day not less than one hundred publications, chiefly monthly, which are entirely devoted to foreign missions.

An Exhibit of Children's Work

In the exhibit which the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, at its sixty-sixth anniversary at the home building, 29 East Twenty-ninth street and 30 East Thirtieth street, New York, there was an unusually large proportion of manual training work. There have been six industries taught in the various schools, and the specimens shown were baskets, shoes, chairs neatly caned, the simpler forms of knife work, all kinds of practical cookery (cooking has been taught in ten of the schools), garments for children and grown people, and dolls' wardrobes stitched by young fingers. The six primary grades gave illustrations of their drawing, penmanship, composition, nature studies, etc., and the seven kindergartens were represented. The schools have had 7,436 pupils in attendance during the year, a large proportion of them being the poorest of the poor, and the majority Italians, Hebrews and other foreign nationalities.

What One Mite-box Accomplished

The citizens of Blacksburg, Va., and the faculty and students of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, have sent $55.83 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund to help feed the starving people of India. So small a thing as a mite-box started the movement bringing this goodly sum, sufficient to feed for one day 2,790 famine sufferers—a very multitude. Who that reads the story of America's dispersion of food to starving thousands, but recalls the miracle of the loaves and fishes which Jesus blessed and brake? That tiny mite-box which went to Blacksburg has brought the Master's blessing to thousands.

THE ANSWER ON THE WAY

YOUR prayer shall be answered—the Father's promise hear!
"Ere they call I will answer—while they're speaking I will hear,"
If your soul keeps on trusting—Oh, he will not say you nay—
The answer is coming—it is now on the way!

CHORUS—On the way—on the way—
It is now on the way!
The answer is coming—
It is now on the way!

His word faileth never! Oh, 'tis blessed to believe!
'Tis the soul that is steadfast, wondrous blessing shall receive!
Yea, his promise remaineth, though the stars should flee away—
The answer is coming—it is now on the way.

His grace is unmeasured, reaching into realms afar,
And he yearns to bestow it ever where the needy are.
Ask—Oh! ask then, believing—God will hear you when you pray—
His answer is coming—it is now on the way!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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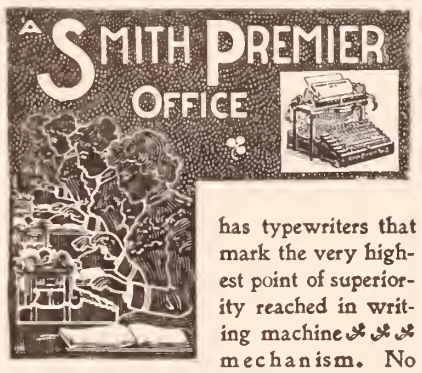

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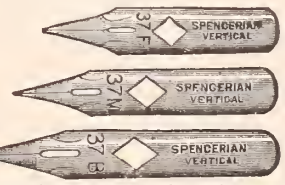

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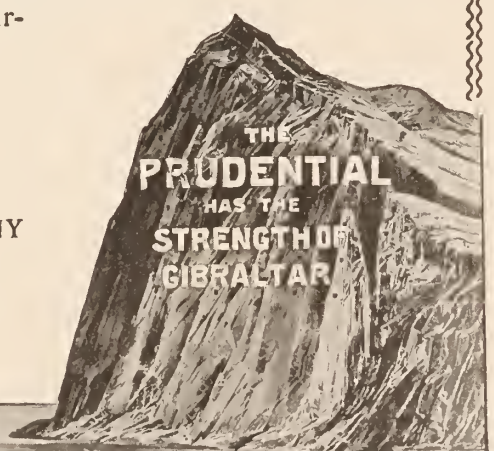

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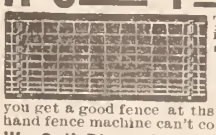

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 22
PRICE FIVE CENTS

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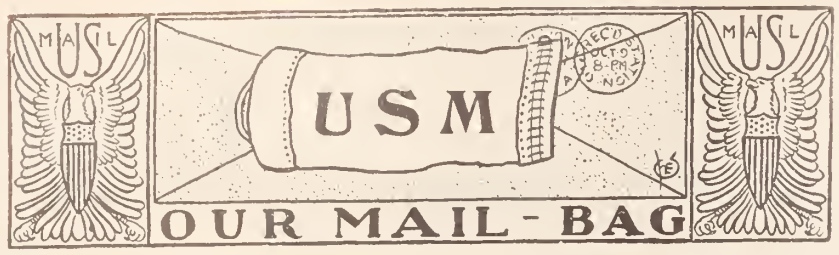
Fair Blossoms on our Heroes' Graves we lay,
A Sad, Sweet Task, on this Memorial Day



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered June 27

1. By whom were the brief summaries of contents over each chapter of the Authorized Version of the Bible supplied?
2. What is the origin of Good Friday and how did it acquire the name?
3. What is the smallest seed known to man?
4. Who were the four first kings in the world's history so far as any records show?
5. What noble traits of character were admired and fostered among the nations of the earth at the time of Christ's birth?
6. Did Dred Scott, the negro, live to receive freedom by the emancipation proclamation and when and where did he die?
7. Who are the six leading orators of to-day in the English language?
8. Can a Christian find anywhere in the Bible justification for self-defence, even though his life is at stake?
9. What reason could there be for a dispute between Michael the archangel and Satan about the body of Moses?
10. Presuming that a boy, ten or eleven years old, already has a Bible, what ten books can be given him that he would be likely to read and which would do him good?

Questions of the Week

1. Can a Christian consistently practice hypnotism?

Hypnotism may be practised by a Christian, without doing any harm whatever. It is to be remembered that it is the use to which it is put that causes the trouble. Many use it for evil purposes, while others use it for the benefits they derive. It is now being more universally used by clergymen, doctors, and, in fact, all classes can use it, if they so desire. It is no more regarded as a mystery or anything superhuman, but is controlled by certain laws in physiology and psychology. It can, therefore, be used beneficially, and without harm to any one. JUDSON G. SMALL.

2. How did the name Tommy Atkins, as applied to the English soldier, originate?

The causes assigned vary. It is said that "Thomas Atkins" was the name of a soldier who, at the memorable siege of Lucknow, refused to save his life by deserting his post, and so any more than usually brave soldier would be called a regular Tommy Atkins. A more prosaic reason assigned is that in books of instruction, blank forms and reports were signed or filled in with the name, "Thomas Atkins," in order to show the proper form of signature. In fact, "Thomas Atkins" seems to have served much the purpose that John Doe and Richard Roe do in legal forms.

M. A. KNIGHT.

[In an article recently published by the London *Mail*, the Lucknow sentry theory is practically endorsed.—EDITOR MAIL BAG.]

3. What is meant by the "elect" spoken of in Matthew 24: 22, 31; Mark 13: 27; Luke 18: 7; Romans 8: 33; Col. 3: 12, and elsewhere in the Scriptures?

"To elect" means to choose; "the elect" are the chosen; in Scripture, God's chosen. Election is of three kinds. First, of individuals to perform some particular service, as Cyrus, the disciple. Second, of nations to special privileges, as Israel. Third, of individuals to be the children of God. To this last class belong all true believers, and such were undoubtedly the elect referred to in the texts cited above. Such were and are God's elect, whether elected unconditionally, as taught by rigid Calvinists; or conditionally, as taught by Arminians. W. P. ANDREWS.

4. In what States of the Union does temperance legislation prevail?

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota and South Dakota have enacted prohibition laws. Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Kentucky, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia and Wisconsin have local option laws. Maryland has special legislation. Nebraska and Pennsylvania, high license. Nevada, county license. New York, "Raines' Law." South Carolina, State monopoly; thus making seven have prohibition laws; twenty-four, local option; one, special legislation; two, high license; one, "Raines' Law;" one, State monopoly.

EDITH S. DAMON.

5. Can any one live like a millionaire and be a good Christian?

Possession of riches is no sin if they have been honestly acquired. Living like a millionaire does not necessarily imply selfish or base use of wealth. A millionaire may give employment to hundreds of needy people who would otherwise be idle. Some millionaires use much means in charitable work or in advancing meritorious undertakings, in scientific investigation, education and the spreading of light in knowledge and religion. No doubt the financial condition most favorable to Christian life is an intermediate state in which one is neither puffed up by money nor dishonest from poverty, but Paul knew how to be poor and how to abound. (See Prov. 30: 9).

MRS. T. W. COSTER, JR.

6. What is the best description, in a hundred words or less, of a liquor saloon, its objects and results?

A saloon is a place where intoxicating drinks are sold as a beverage. Its object is to make money for its owner. Its customers squander money, waste time, injure health, make shipwreck of character, and ruin their souls. The saloon traffic destroys domestic happiness, breaks up families, brings sorrow, causes poverty and want, instigates all kinds of crime, sacrifices virtue, weakens the intellect, dethrones reason, deadens the moral sensibilities, and degrades men below the level of the brutes. It disintegrates society, corrupts government, profanes the Sabbath, blasphemes God, and drags down to perdition all connected with it. JOHN G. OSBORNE.

7. When and with what nation did England make her first formal treaty?

After utterly routing the Danes under Guthrun, at Edington, King Alfred demanded that they should evacuate all Wessex, and that their king should receive Christian baptism. Guthrun accepted the terms which were offered, and Alfred, with the consent of his thanes, ceded to him the eastern part of the island, from the Thames to the Humber. The kingdom of North Umbria, lying beyond the Humber, was already under Danish dominion; so that after the treaty their territories, which now took the name of Danelagh, extended from the Thames to the Tweed. Alfred purposed the fusion of the two nations. A. W. KAINES, M. D.

8. Is suicide mentioned in the Bible and if so, where? Where do we get the idea that it is an unpardonable sin?

Five cases of suicide are mentioned in the Bible. Samson, Judges 16: 30; Ahithophel, II. Sam. 17: 23; Zimri, I. Kings, 16: 18; Saul, I. Chron 10: 5; Judas, Matt. 27: 5. The idea that suicide is unpardonable comes from the fact that it is a most appalling resistance of the will of God, and can never, if we accept the belief of the majority of Christians, be repented of, since the Bible gives no assurance of any "day of grace" beyond the grave. St. Paul forbids it, Acts 16: 27, 28.

G. E. KRAUTH.

9. Is the writing of letters to friends on Sunday a desecration of the day?

Business letters and letters devoted to mere gossip should not be written on the Lord's Day, but letters of condolence with those in affliction, and letters, the object of which is to convey spiritual good, may certainly be written on that day. Could there be any truer ministration of Christian love than a letter of sympathy to a soul in distress, or of a godly parent to a distant son or daughter, seeking to emphasize the lessons inculcated in the Christian home, before the absent left its hallowed influence behind them?

R. S. STUART.

10. What is at once the sweetest and most expressive word or phrase in any of the civilized languages of to-day?

What can be sweeter in sentiment than the German expression, "Auf wiedersehn," which conveys the thought, "I leave you, but with the thought of our next meeting." The French: "Au revoir," though literally the same as the German expression—"to the seemg again," has hardly taken on so full a meaning. In the English "Good-bye" the original meaning, "God be with you," is lost sight in by the condensation. The German "Heimgang," "home going," is a happy expression, covering the departure of our loved ones at the hour of death. M. E. MILLER.

Miscellaneous Questions

M. R. G., Needham, Mass. 1. What is the value of a Spanish *pescta* in our money? 2. Why is the Turkish Government called the Sublime Porte?

1. Nineteen and a half cents. 2. The literal meaning of "Sublime Porte" is "High Gate," and the Turkish Government is so called because of the fact that justice used to be administered from the high gate of the palace.

Mrs. G. S., Graw Camp, O. Would it be a sin to take advantage of Sunday excursion rates and attend church at Cincinnati?

It is well for Christians to avoid travel on Sunday. The example set by traveling on that day is not good. By traveling you help to keep up an activity that deprives your fellow men of their Sunday rest. Is there no church in Graw Camp? If there is, why not support it? If there is none, why not seek to establish religious services there? (See Romans 14: 22, 23).

A correspondent thinks that answer 8 in this department of May 2 is open to question when it says that "the disciples were quick to perceive the real teachings of Christ's parables." He claims that they had to ask Christ for an explanation of them. This at least showed their interest. The facts might have been more correctly stated had our correspondent of that date used the words "inquire for" in place of "perceive."

Glendale, San Francisco, Cal. Is silent prayer acceptable with Christ, that is, to say, "Amen," in your thoughts, and not open your lips. To illustrate, suppose when a pastor rises in his pulpit, and says, "Let us all pray," and as he prays, when he mentions any particular point in his prayer, you say, "Amen," or, "God grant it," etc., is your "Amen," acceptable? Again, if you offer a prayer in your thoughts, and never open your lips, is it acceptable? I have always thought that as God knows our thoughts, a silent prayer was acceptable, but I recently heard a minister declare otherwise, and also a prominent churchman, that if we did not open our lips, our prayer was not answered.

Any prayer that comes from a sincere and contrite heart, is acceptable, whether silent or spoken. This applies equally to the prayer in secret, the uttered petition in prayer-meeting, and the fervent exclamation that may be wrung from the hearer by the prayer of a pastor. There are many occasions when silent prayer is the most available refuge or consolation of the believer. On the other hand, a Christian who would never pray audibly, never confessing Christ before men with his lips, would be an anomaly.

Mrs. Margaret M., Cincinnati. Where is the word "gold" first mentioned in the Bible?

See Gen. 2: 11.

Mrs. Annie Minor, Allensville, Ky., sends us several interesting verses on the India Famine Fund work in that village, composed by the local postmaster, who seems to be a vigorous and apt rhymer. He advises his friends to

> Feed the hungry, clothe the heathen;
> In the last day you'll get even.

In another production, he remarks:

> Perhaps you think, as you're full of meat,
> That every one else has enough to eat.

R. M. C. C., Pitzer, Ia. What is the religious belief or relation of the Boers?

It is very much akin to that of the Dutch Protestants in Holland.

Interested Christian, Shannon City, Colo. Do you think people who have never had any chance to learn of the Gospel will be held responsible for their sins? Are not we that are enlightened more or less accountable for their darkness, if we do not make any effort to help them?

Unquestionably, responsibility will be in exact proportion to opportunity. Those who have never heard the Gospel, cannot, in justice, be judged by the same standard as others who have heard it, but persistently neglected it. Moreover, the enlightened are in large measure responsible for any failure to carry the Gospel "to all nations," which is the Master's command. The spreading of Gospel truth and light is the first duty of every Christian, and he who, knowing his privileges, wilfully neglects this high commission, is a very poor Christian indeed.

J. Knight, Trenton, N. J. How should we pronounce the name of the great Boer ruler, Paul Kruger?

Americans usually pronounce it as written. A correspondent of one of the London illustrated newspapers spells it "Cruger," still others "Krayger," and says that the Boers pronounce it as though spelled "Crere," and rhyming with "care."

G. A. M., New London, Mo. How did Christ's twelve disciples meet death?

Andrew was tied to a cross, and while hanging there for two days, praised God and exhorted the spectators to believe the Gospel; he then died. Bartholomew is said to have been crucified with his head down, at Albanapolis, in Armenia Minor. James the greater, brother of John, was beheaded by order of King Herod (Acts 12: 2). James the less (son of Alpheus), according to some accounts was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple and beaten to death with a fuller's club. John died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. It is recorded that some time previously he was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, but suffered no harm thereby. Judas committed suicide after betraying his Lord. Matthew's end is uncertain. Some accounts say he was martyred in a city of Ethiopia. Peter was crucified at Rome "by the head," not with his head downward—as is usually supposed—so some able scholars tell us. Philip's end was uncertain; according to some accounts he was beaten against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city in Phrygia, until he expired. Simon, the Canaanite, is said to have been crucified in Persia. Thaddeus, also named Judas and Lebbeus, according to Nicephorus, died a natural death at Edessa; but according to Abdias, he was martyred in Persia. Tradition says he was shot to death with arrows. Thomas is said to have been pierced by a lance in the East Indies, or possibly in Persia.

A. B. C., San Diego, Cal. 1. Can a Christian own a building in which there is a hall used for entertainments, including theatrical performances? 2. Can a Christian hold stock in a mining company which works on Sundays?

He cannot do either, consistently.

Cynthia A. Lynch. Could you let me know how to send money to the India sufferers?

You can send your contribution through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which cables all money to the Missionary Committee in Bombay.

J. C. C., Bryantsville, Ind. 1. If a man commits the unpardonable sin, will God take the Holy Spirit from him, and will he love God, or will he be indifferent? 2. If he loves God, and desires and tries to live by the Bible, is it a sign that he has the Spirit? 3. Can a man commit the sin unwilfully? 4. If committed through temptation, will he be forgiven? 5. Will God allow a man to commit that sin who has prayed to him earnestly to strengthen and keep him from it?

1. No man who has the Holy Spirit can commit the unpardonable sin. The man who commits that sin would have no love for God. He would be indifferent about it. Your anxiety about the matter shows that you have not committed any such sin. 2. Yes. 3. No. 4. Christ says the sin against the Holy Spirit is unpardonable. 5. No. Do not pray to be kept from this sin alone, but from sin in general. The unpardonable sin of which Christ spoke appears to have been attributing the works which Christ performed by the Holy Spirit to demoniacal agency. You have never committed that sin.

T. A. R., White Plains, N. Y. Was Longfellow a Spiritualist, as some claim him to have been, or a Unitarian?

Longfellow, like many another poet, was a good deal of a mystic, but we know of no reason for affirming that he was a spiritualist. His religious faith was that of the New England Unitarians.

E. R., ——. What is meant by a full salvation, or in other words, what is salvation?

The term "full salvation" is used by many Christians for conscious salvation or freedom from the power of sin. Undoubtedly many Christians are content to believe that they are through faith in Christ saved from the penalty of sin who do not earnestly seek by his grace to be saved from its thraldom, but no Christian is absolutely without sin (I. John 1: 8). The word salvation is used with varying meaning in God's Word. There is the salvation wrought out for us by Christ on the cross, which the soul appropriates by faith. There is the daily deliverance or salvation from the power of sin which Paul speaks of when he says (Phil. 2: 12), "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Then there is the final deliverance from evil and from temptation of which Paul speaks when he says (Rom. 13: 11), "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."

D. S. B., Nehalem, Oreg. What is the "higher criticism" of the Bible?

This is the name given to that criticism of the Bible which deals with its origin, form and value, and is distinguished from the lower criticism, which deals with the text of the Bible. Although traces of the higher criticism have been found during all the Christian centuries, systematic work in this field is comparatively new. It began with Jean Astruc in 1753. Its principal result has been to assail the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and to pronounce it a composite work of much later day than Moses.

Samuel P. H., Ramona, Kan. We do not care to discuss politics in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. A. O., Nebraska. We have already repeatedly answered questions in THE MAIL-BAG as to dancing, drinking and card playing.

R. G., Kankakee, Ill., and others. Miss Holley's characters are types from real life, although the story is a work of the imagination, like many other famous books. The photographs are from life.

King's Daughter, Monee, Ill., and others. We have the best reasons for believing that the great number of letters sent to Washington, protesting against Brigham H. Roberts taking his seat in Congress, which were written at the suggestion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, materially helped in the decision against him.

Sad Lessons from Prison Cells

....A CHAPLAIN TELLS HOW YOUNG LIVES ARE WRECKED BY BAD BOOKS AND BAD COMPANY

THAT the way of the transgressor is a hard one is abundantly proved by many instances that come to the knowledge of the prison chaplain. Frank is one of the young men in the prison chapel on Sunday afternoons. He has a sad history: A persistent truant from school in his boyhood, he spent several terms in the Truant School, then fell into bad company and became a wanderer and a criminal. He claims to have been a Christian once, and would like to be so again. One day he confided his story to the chaplain. He leaned forward and, resting his head on his hand, said: "Nobody loves me, nobody cares that I am here; nobody cares for me, anyway." I put my hand on his shoulder and said to him: "Yes, Frank; Jesus cares and he loves you—be sure of that. No matter how far you have wandered away from him, if you return and repent he will receive you and love you as he always does. Cheer up and put

ENTERING THE CELLS

your trust in the Elder Brother and Friend who will stay here with you as long as you stay and go with you when you go."

A few days after that, a good Christian man gave me a beautiful CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible, with the suggestion that I should give it to one of the men who did not have one and who would read it. I stepped into the corridor and called to Frank. He stepped out and I handed him the Bible. He prizes it and reads it, too. I am always glad to be able to place a copy of the Bible or some good paper or book in the hands of the men to read. Their evenings are long and they need something to occupy them. A good long evening, isn't it, from 5.30 on? This last week I have been able to place in the hands of the men who want them

ENTRANCE TO THE PRISON

and will read them diligently, four copies of the Bible—two in Italian, one in French and one in English. God's Word is a great power to work in the hearts of men.

Frank taught me a lesson that day. I never want to complain myself, and I am sure I never want to hear any one else complain how hard it is to serve the Lord Jesus. If you want to see hard service, look at those who are serving Satan, and being led by him captive at his will.

* * *

Coming out of the chapel of the prison where I am chaplain, one day not long ago, an officer stepped up to me and said:

"One of the men would like to speak with you a moment, sir."

I asked the officer to show the man into the office. It was no new experience to have a man ask for an interview. Many had come to ask me to intercede in their behalf. Probably this was another one. In he came. A good-looking man in convict's clothes.

"Well, what can I do for you, to-day?" said I to him.

Then followed his life story. He had been brought up in a good Christian home, not far from New York, and a Christian mother was even now yearning over her boy in the prison. I talked with him and found he wanted to live another kind of life. Sick enough was he of the old life of sin. He told me that a number of years ago he had made a profession of religion in the Methodist church. It was a pleasant surprise to find in this backslider and criminal deep yearnings for the joy of the days of his active Christian service.

"NOBODY CARES FOR ME"

He told me how happy he had always been till he wandered into sin; how he did not intend to be a forger. He had never thought of being a thief. Then came the temptation in the apparent necessity, and then his fall. He was a fairly educated man and wrote a beautiful hand. I have a letter now that he wrote me shortly after this first talk with him. I found him well versed in the Bible, too. He had been well taught at home.

I had a number of talks with him after that. He really grew in grace from week to week. He enjoyed reading his Bible more and more and took great interest in the services.

One day in December the telephone called me up. It was a message from the prison that Henry was very sick and wanted to see me at once. I took a carriage and went to him as quickly as I could. When I arrived at his cell I saw plainly that he was dying. I talked with him freely and unreservedly. He was ready to die, but oh, he wanted so much to live till he should be a free man. It was terrible to him to die in prison and under sentence.

"How much longer have you to stay here, Henry?"

"Only a year from next March, sir."

That would not be a short time for you or me to spend in that place, away from all of our friends. Then he told me of his great hope—that if he lived to go out a free man, the old joy of his religious life would return to him again. It seemed to trouble him that it did not come to him in the prison. He wanted to feel as he used to feel, when he was a young Christian. But he was never to have his freedom or his much-sought religious joy again in this life.

As we talked I could see plainly that there was something on his mind which he wished to tell me. I stepped out to speak to an officer for a moment, and when I returned Henry was wandering so in his mind that he never knew anything again. So he died. Over and over again has come to me the passage in the good Book, "The wages of sin is death." It will always seem to me that I have had a glimpse of the payment of that dread penalty with my very eyes.

Henry died two hours after I left his cell. I can only think of him as being pardoned by the Judge of all the earth, long before his earthly sentence had expired. Like every other sinner, he had paid very dearly for his sin. No amount of money could pay for what he suffered, and of that of which he was deprived. I have no doubt that Henry was a saved man, but the awful wages of sin is death.

* * *

Let me tell you something I happen to know, because I am a prison chaplain. Many of the young men who come into my office to talk with me and tell me their troubles, admit that it was reading bad books that gave them their first taste for crime, though at the time they did not know what it was.

Let me give you one instance, though not in the prison where I am now chaplain. In the Massachusetts State Prison is a man by the name of Jesse Pomeroy. His case twenty-six years ago was known all over the United States. He was the boy murderer, who killed two boys and tortured a number of others. His whole iniquitous course was begun and fostered by the reading of bad books. He read how boys had done awful deeds and how cleverly they always escaped detection, and he came to the conclusion that he could do the same. His mother, a Christian woman, was afraid of the influence of these books and used to follow him to his room and see him safely in bed before she left him. But he used to conceal candles in the room and after his mother had gone to bed, he would light a candle and read nearly all night long. It was bad books that started him on his downward course. Jesse Pomeroy ought to have been a useful man. He is a clear headed, inventive, thoughtful man; but if there were 875 men to be released from the State Prison to-morrow, out of the 876 at present confined in the cells, he would be the one to remain. Public indignation would tear him limb from limb if he ever did escape. All this because he gave way to the temptation of bad books.

"I HANDED HIM THE BIBLE"

What a lesson for boys and young men! Be careful what you read. Once a month Jesse Pomeroy's poor, broken-hearted mother comes to the prison to see him. She is the only one now who is allowed to see him. Think of it! He has been there for twenty-six years now, and is only forty-two years old, healthy, strong, and with every appearance of living a good many years. But he is never to know what liberty means, although he spends day after day thinking and planning how it is possible to get out and what he will do when he gets out. His career of crime was inspired by bad books. He was like any other boy, till he became a slave to the book that told him of crime and its outcome; that told how boys did deeds of cruelty and were made heroes by it. Such a life and such a lesson ought to teach every young man a good lesson on reading.

CHAPLAIN A. T. KEMPTON

One day, as I sat in the guard-room waiting for a man I had come in to see, the officer went over to a pleasant-faced woman sitting beside a young man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and said to her, "Your time is up, Madam." I asked the officer about the case. Said he:

"Yes, that is his mother. She is the only one of the family that will come near him; they all feel so disgraced at his being here. Sad case, sir. He is here for life. Been here seven years already."

While we had been speaking, the woman had risen, and covering the young man's face again and again with tears and kisses, she at last tore herself away from him, and he rushed toward his cell. This scene is repeated every month. Another life blighted by bad books and bad companions! AUSTEN T. KEMPTON.

Fitchburg, Mass.

FRANK STUDYING THE WORD

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Victor's Shout

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 17: 4: . . . . . I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

THERE is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We lift the capstone with exultation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find that our time is wasted and our investment profitless. Christ came to throw up a highway on which the whole world might, if it chose, mount into heaven. He did it. The foul-mouthed crew who attempted to tread on him, could not extinguish the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when he said: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound, and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician, and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the ghastliest of all wounds—that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of divine restoration. In carrying this business to a successful issue, the difficulties were stupendous.

In the first place, his worldly occupation was against him. I find that he earned his livelihood by the carpenter's trade—an occupation always to be highly regarded and respected. But you know, as well as I do, that in order to succeed in any employment one must give his entire time to it, and I have to declare that the fatigues of carpentry were unfavorable to the execution of a mission which required all mental and physical faculties. Through high, hard, dry, husky, insensate Judaism to hew a way for a new and glorious dispensation, was a stupendous undertaking that was enough to demand all the concentrated energies even of Christ. We have a great many romantic stories about what men with physical toil have accomplished in intellectual departments, but you know that after a man has been toiling all day with adze and saw and hammer, plane and axe, about all he can do is to rest. A weary body is an unfavorable adjunct to a toiling mind. You, whose life is purely mechanical, if you were called to the upbuilding of a kingdom, or the starting of a revolution which should upturn all nations, could get some idea of the incoherence of Christ's occupation with his heavenly mission.

In his father's shop no more intercourse was necessary than is ordinarily necessary in bargaining with men that have work to do; yet Christ, with hands hard from use of tools of trade, was called forth to become a public speaker, to preach in the face of mobs, while some wept, and some shook their fists, and some gnashed upon him with their teeth, and many wanted him out of the way. To address orderly and respectful assemblages is not so easy as it may seem; but it requires more energy, and more force, and more concentration to address an exasperated mob. The villagers of Nazareth heard the pounding of his hammer, but all the wide reaches of eternity were to hear the stroke of his spiritual upbuilding.

So also his habits of dress and diet were against him. The mighty men of Christ's time did not appear in apparel without trinkets and adornments. None of the Cæsars would have appeared in citizen's apparel. Yet here was a man, here was a professed king, who always wore the same coat. Indeed, it was far from shabby, for after he had worn it a long while, the gamblers thought it worth raffling about; but still it was far from being an imperial robe.

Neither was there any pretension in his diet. No cup-bearer with golden chalice brought him wine to drink. On the seashore he ate fish, first having broiled it himself. No one fetched him water to drink, but, bending over the well in Samaria, he begged a drink. He sat at only one banquet, and that not at all sumptuous, for, to relieve the awkwardness of the host, one of the guests had to prepare wine for the company.

Other kings ride in a chariot; he walked. Other kings, as they advance, have heralds ahead and applauding subjects behind; Christ's retinue was made up of sunburned fishermen. Other kings sleep under embroidered canopy; this one on a shelterless hill. Riding but once, as far as I now remember, on a colt—and that borrowed.

His poverty was against him. It requires money to build great enterprises. Men of means are afraid of a penniless projector, lest a loan be demanded. It requires money to print books, to build institutions, to pay instructors. No wonder the wise men of Christ's time laughed at this penniless Christ. "Why," they said, "who is to pay for this new religion? Who is to charter the ships to carry the missionaries? Who is to pay the salaries of the teachers? Shall wealthy, established religion be discomfited by a penniless Christ?" The consequence was that most of the people that followed Christ had nothing to lose. Affluent Joseph of Arimathea buried Christ, but he risked no social position in doing that. It is always safe to bury a dead man. Zaccheus risked no wealth or social position in following Christ, but took a position in a tree to look down as he passed. Nicodemus, wealthy Nicodemus, risked nothing of social position in following Christ, for he skulked by night to find him.

All this was against Christ. So the fact that he was not regularly graduated was against him. If a man come with the diplomas of colleges and schools and theological seminaries, and he has been through foreign travel, the world is disposed to listen. But here was a man who had graduated at no college, had not in any academy by ordinary means learned the alphabet of the language he spoke, and yet he proposed to talk, to instruct in subjects which had confounded the mightiest intellects. John says: "The Jews marveled, saying, How hath this man letters, having never learned?" We, in our day, have found out that a man without a diploma may know as much as a man with one, and that a college cannot transform a sluggard into a philosopher, or a theological seminary teach a fool to preach. An empty head, after the laying on of hands of the presbytery, is empty still. But it shocked all existing prejudices in those olden times for a man with no scholastic pretentions and no graduation from a learned institution to set himself up for a teacher. Thus, scholarly prejudice was against him.

So also the brevity of his life was against him. He had not come to what we call mid-life. But very few men do anything before thirty-three years of age, and yet that was the point at which Christ's life terminated. The first fifteen years you take in nursery and school. Then it will take you six years to get into your occupation or profession. That will bring you to twenty-one years. Then it will take you ten years, at least, to get established in your life work, correcting the mistakes you have made. If any man, at thirty-three years of age, gets fully established in his life work, he is the exception. Yet that is the point at which Christ's life terminated.

Men in military life have done their most wonderful deeds before thirty-three years of age. There may be exceptions to it, but the most wonderful exploits in military prowess have occurred before thirty-three years of age. But as a legislator—no man becomes eminent as a legislator until he has had long years of experience. And yet the gray-bearded scribes were expected to bow down in silence before this young legislator, who arraigned sanhedrims and accused governments. Aristotle was old; Lycurgus was old; Seneca was old. The great legislators of the modern world have been old. Christ was young. All this was against him. If a child, twelve years of age, should get up in your presence to discuss great questions of metaphysics, or ethics, or politics, or government, you would be as contemptuous as these gray-bearded scribes in the presence of this young Christ.

Popular opinion declared in those days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a castle down on the banks of Lake Tiberias." This young man said, "Blessed are the poor." Popular opinion said in those days, "Blessed are those who live amid statuary and fountains and gardens and congratulations and all kinds of festivity." This young man responded, "Blessed are they that mourn." Public opinion in those days said, "Blessed is the Roman eagle, the flap of whose wing startles nations and the plunge of whose iron beak inflicts cruelty upon its enemies." This young man responded, "Blessed are the merciful." Popular opinion said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." In other words, if a man knocks your eye out, knock his out. If a man breaks your tooth, break his. Retort for retort; sarcasm for sarcasm; irony for irony; persecution for persecution; wound for wound. Christ said, "Pray for them that despitefully use you." They looked at his eye. It was like any other man's eye, except, perhaps, more speaking. They felt his hand, made of bone and muscle, and nerves and flesh, just like any other hand. Yet, what bold treatment of subjects, what supernatural demands, what strange doctrine! They felt the solid earth under them, and yet Christ said, "I bear up the pillars of this world." They looked at the moon. He said, "I will turn it into blood." They looked at the sea. He said, "I will hush it." They looked at the stars. He said, "I will shake them down like untimely figs." Did ever one so young say things so bold? It was all against him.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says: "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach in Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers: "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ: "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers: "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet, no sooner does he set his foot in the towns or cities of Judea, than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for a day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow him out into the wilderness. A nobleman falls down flat before him, and says: "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes, and says: "Lord, that my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman presses through the crowd, and says: "I must touch the hem of his garment." Children who love their mother better than anyone else, struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones, that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying: "I must have them. I will fill heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in heaven, I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea, they were not ashamed of me; and now that I have come to a throne, I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh weeping mother! lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Again, I remark, there was no organization in his behalf, and that was against him. When men propose any great work, they band together, they write letters of agreement, they take oaths of fealty; and the more complete the organization, the more and complete the success. Here was One who went forth without any organization and alone. If men had a mind to join in his company, all right; if they had a mind not to join in his company, all well. If they came, they were greeted with no loud salutation; if they went away, they were sent with no bitter anathema. Peter departed, and Christ turned and looked at him; that was all.

All this was against him. Did any one ever undertake such an enterprise amidst such infinite embarrassments and by such modes? And yet, I am here to say it ended in a complete triumph. Notwithstanding his worldly occupation, his poverty, his plain face, his unpretending garb—the fact that he was schoolless, the fact that he had a brief life, the fact that he was not accompanied by any visible organization—notwithstanding all that, in an exhilaration which shall be prolonged in everlasting chorals, he declared: "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

See him victorious over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the *Central America*, the *President* and the Spanish Armada, as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Some of us who have sailed on it know that Lake Galilee, when aroused in a storm, is overwhelming; and yet that sea crouched in his presence, and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and the wind. When he beckoned, they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of his foot made no indentation on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand," and he stretches it forth. In the eye infirmary, how many diseases of that delicate organ have been cured? But Jesus says to one blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never been opened. Nature is his servant. The flowers—he twisted them into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glitteringly on the thick foliage of the Parables; the Star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death. Behold his victory over the grave! The hinges of the family vault become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the door of the sepulchre, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter of Jairus, sit up!" and she sits up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier!" and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death, and hung them to his girdle, and cried until all the graveyards of the earth heard him. "O Death! I will be thy plague; O Grave! I will be thy destruction!"

No man could go through all the obstacles I have described, you say, without having a nature supernatural. In that arm—amid its muscles, and nerves, and bones were intertwisted the energies of Omnipotence. In the syllables of that voice there was the emphasis of the eternal God. That foot that walked the deck of the ship in Gennesaret shall stamp kingdoms of darkness into demolition. This poverty-struck Christ owned Augustus, owned the Sanhedrim, owned Tiberias, owned all the castles on its beach, and all the skies that looked down into its water; owned all the earth and all the heavens. To him of the plain coat belonged the robes of celestial royalty. He who walked the road to Emmaus, the lightnings were the fire-shod steeds of his chariot. Yet there are those who look on and see Christ turn water into wine, and they say, "It was sleight of hand!" And they see Christ raise the dead to life, and they say, easily explained; not really dead; playing dead. And they see Christ giving sight to the blind man, and they say, clairvoyant doctor. Oh! what shall they do on the day when Christ rises up in judgment, and the hills shall rock, and the trumpets shall call, peal on peal?

My subject also reassures us of the fact that in all our struggles we have a Sympathizer. You cannot tell

Christ anything new about hardship. I do not think that wide ages of eternity will take the scars from his punctured side, and his lacerated temples and his sore hands. You will never have a burden weighing so many pounds as that burden Christ carried up the bloody hill. You will never have any suffering worse than he endured, when with tongue hot, and cracked, and inflamed and swollen, he moaned: "I thirst." You will never be surrounded by worse hostility than that which stood around Christ's feet, foaming, reviling, livid with rage, howling down his prayers, and snuffing up the smell of blood. Oh! ye faintheart-ed, oh! ye troubled, oh! ye persecuted one, here is a heart that can sympathize with you!

Again, and lastly, I learn from all that has been said to-day, that Christ was awfully in earnest. If it had not been a momentous mission, he would have turned back from it disgusted and discouraged. He saw you in a captivity from which he was resolved to extricate you, though it cost him all sweat, all tears, all blood. He came a great way to save you. He came from Bethlehem here, through the place of skulls, through the charnel house, through banishment. There was not among all the ranks of celestials one being who would do as much for you. I lay his crushed heart at your feet to-day. Let it not be told in heaven that you deliberate-ly put your foot on it. While it will take all the ages of eternity to celebrate Christ's triumph, I am here to make the startling announcement, that because of the re-jection of this mission on the part of some of you, all that magnificent work of garden, and cross, and grave is, so far as you are concerned, a failure. Helena, the Empress, went to the Holy Land to find the cross of Christ. Getting to the Holy Land there were three crosses exca-vated, and the question was, which of the crosses was Christ's cross. They took a dead body, tradition says, and put it upon one of the crosses, and there was no life; and they took the dead body and put it upon another cross, and there was no life. But, tradition says, when the dead body was put up against the third cross, it sprang into life. The dead man lived again. Oh, that the life-giving power of the Son of God might dart your dead soul into an eternal life, beginning this day! "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life!" Live now! And live forever!

Progress of the Great Exposition

THE CZAR TO VISIT PARIS—AMERICAN MACHINERY—PLEASANT COMITIES—RUSSO-ASIATIC WONDERS . . .

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION FROM THE RIVER

THERE was considerable alarm on May 15, when fire was dis-covered in the basement of the Chateau d'Eau. For a time it was feared that the adjoining Salle des Fetes might be reach-ed by the flames, in which case the Ameri-can section of the Palace of Electricity would have been in danger. Fortunately the fire, which was due to the fusing of wires and consequent ignition of a scaf-fold, was promptly extinguished.

The American Machinery Building, in the Vincennes Annex of the Exposition, was formally opened during the afternoon of May 15. The United States Ambas-sador, General Horace Porter; United States Commissioner, General Peck, the American Commissioners, a few guests and Sousa's Band made the trip in a decorated boat. The ceremony consisted of remarks made by Mr. F. E. Drake, the superintendent, Mr. Peck and Gen. Porter. On returning, the boat stopped in front of the German National Pavilion, the inauguration of which was proceeding. Sousa's Band serenaded the Germans; the Americans landed and were received of a body by the German officials, who evidently appreciated the compliment paid by the Americans.

The Exposition is not to be ignored by royalty. The visit of the King of Sweden was officially announced for this month. He will take up his residence in the palace fitted up by the government in the Avenue Malakoff, at the corner of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, opposite to the hotel of Comte Boni de Castellane. The Shah of Persia is expected June 8. He will also take up his residence in the same palace as the King of Sweden, which will be somewhat small for the numerous suite which the Persian sovereign purposes to bring with him. And now comes the of-ficial announcement of the visit of the Czar of all the Russias. This is to take place in September, and will be the crown-ing feature of the Exposition. The largest influx of visitors is expected during that month, and a series of magnificent fetes will be inaugurated, throwing all former records into the shade.

It is pleasant to record the good feeling caused by the tactful courtesy of Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States Commissioner General, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Spanish pavil-ion. The Commissioner most cordially congratulated the Duke de Sesto, the Spanish Commissioner General, on the beauty and grandeur of the Spanish pavil-ion and on the importance of the fine exhibit it contains, which, by the way, he could most truthfully do. The Duke was evidently well pleased with these con-gratulations, and the utmost good fellow-ship was evidenced between the distin-guished representatives of the two peoples not long since at war with each other.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to know that the inauguration of the United States pavilion was notable for the absence of a buffet and its accom-panying champagne and other wines and liquors. Commissioner Peck gave the matter no little thought, and, believing that the absence of wine would best please the majority of Americans, he decid-ed on the temperate plan. The occasion was extremely success-ful, and suffered nothing from the course pursued by Mr. Peck.

The Russo-Asian section, situated upon the brow of the Troca-dero, is an imposing structure. Its contents will be a revelation not only to the French, but to visitors from other countries. It affords an idea of the immense re-sources of the vast north-ern empire which could hardly be gleaned from handbooks or consular reports. The Central Asian Hall, with its blue and yellow tilings, its heavy draperies, its painted panelings—giv-ing different views of Turcoman life—and its rich variety of textile goods, vegetable and mineral products and artistic curios, is worth half a day's visit by itself. Grave turbaned Asiatics and Transcaspian Cossacks in tall fur hats, moving silently amid the throng, add to the local color, while in the courtyard adjoining, the band plays Russian and Oriental airs. This Central Asian Hall sums up the full extent of Russia's marvel-ous progress in the heart of Asia since Scobeleff stormed Yeo-Tepe and Annen-koff constructed the Trans-Siberian rail-road. Which nation will be most largely represented at the Exposition is a ques-tion discussed by Parisians. At the last Paris Exposition, Great Britain furnished more than a third of the total of 1,109,550 visitors. It is not unlikely that the South African war and the strong anti-British sentiment that has found vent in the press may diminish the proportion, but there have been many English visitors already, and there will probably be many more. Some English visitors are not ap-preciated. A number of trained English thieves initiate themselves into the good graces of well-to-do passengers, and on reaching Paris see that the traveler is served with a cabman who is in league with him. Then the cabman takes his fare to half a dozen hotels that he knows are full and the victim who is homeless and in a strange city is at once hos-pitably invited by his new made acquaint-ance to spend the night in the latter's flat, which is generally situated in the Rue de Provence or the Rue des Victoires. In the morning, the dupe finds that money and jewelry have been stolen, while a *garcon* indignantly demands the money for the rooms.

A SCENE ON THE ESPLANADES

PORTE MONUMENTAL—THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION

....SAVING INDIA'S STARVING MILLIONS....

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S INTER-DENOMINATIONAL COMMITTEE GRATEFUL FOR THE FUNDS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS.....

SAD, but full of Christian hope and courage, is the report just received from the Secretary of the Inter-denominational Committee, which was organized in India at the request of this journal to receive and distribute the money contributed by the Christian pepole of America. It is easy to see from the report how the hearts of these devoted missionaries were oppressed by the fearful sights they were hourly witnessing; how hopeless must have seemed to them any effort they could make to save the millions who were perishing: but when they learned that the Christian people of the homeland had been informed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of their situation, and were resolved to stand by them again as they did in 1897, and supply them with funds, they took heart and commenced the work of relief. One fact stated by the Committee is sufficient to show the dire nature of the calamity. After referring to general conditions, the report goes on to say: "There is no disguising the fact that the distress is increasingly acute and the mortality from starvation is now terrible and rapidly becoming larger. Over whole provinces the conditions are worse than in 1897. In one large section **eighty-seven persons in every hundred are likely to perish."** Can anything more appalling be imagined? Only thirteen persons left alive to show where a hundred are now living! All the rest slowly and painfully starved to death! And this not in one peculiarly afflicted village, but throughout "a large section." No wonder that the news of funds being sent from America to save the sufferers filled the hearts of the missionaries with joy and thankfulness.

The next business was to ascertain from each member what were the needs of the missionaries of his respective denomination. After hearing these statements the Committee decided on the following apportionment, to rule for the present, but to be changed whenever in any area the famine became more severe, and each missionary declared himself satisfied with the relative division:

The Methodist Episcopal Mission, being largely in the famine area, one-third of all available funds; next the Baptist, one-fifth of the whole; The Christian Alliance, in view of their work in the afflicted province of Gujerat, 14 per cent.; The American Board (Congregational) and the Church of the Disciples, 13 per cent. each; the Lutheran, 5 per cent.; and the Presbyterian, whose chief fields lie outside the famine area, 2 per cent.

No basis of apportionment was suggested by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Committee, the members of which were left perfectly free to divide the funds as they chose. It must therefore be concluded that as each representative was satisfied with the division there must have been a spirit of mutual concession and Christian regard for the needs of one another.

The committee, whose members are well-known representatives of the missions of the Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Lutheran, Disciples and Christian Alliance bodies, assembled in Bombay on April 12, and completed its organization by electing Dr. Hume chairman and convener, and Rev. E. F. Frease secretary and treasurer. These two, with Rev. M. B. Fuller were constituted an Executive Committee to act in the intervals between the meetings of the General Committee. It was decided that in view of the urgent need of immediate relief to the famine sufferers, no portion of the fund of $25,000 which had been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as an Easter Offering should be reserved for future needs, but that it should all be applied at once to the rescue of the starving people. A second resolution required all missionaries receiving funds through the committee to use the money for the relief of the sufferers, and in no case to apply it to mission work. It was also decided that in apportioning funds, the main consideration should be the severity of the famine in the respective areas, attention being paid in each instance to the work already inaugurated in each area and the funds available from other sources. These decisions show how far-sighted and fair-minded are the missionaries composing the Committee, and how sincerely desirous they are that the money contributed by our readers should be wisely and economically administered. It is very gratifying to have such men ready and willing to undertake the arduous service of conducting relief measures.

The Question of Corn

was fully considered by the Committee and the following resolution was passed and forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with a request that it be published:

The Committee expresses the opinion that in the case of future famines, the early shipment of corn from America for use in certain sections in India, is one of the best forms of famine relief.

At that time the Committee did not know of the magnificent generosity of the United States Government in chartering a steamer. The members, therefore, assuming that a large sum of money would have to be paid out of the fund for the charter and that probably much time would elapse before the corn could be collected and the steamer could start, advised that money instead of corn should be sent. They would doubtless be glad to learn that the steamer *Quito* was laden with unprecedented rapidity and the cost of sending it was a free gift to the fund from the Government, thus disposing of the two reasons which had weighed with them in their decision

The Committee had been informed that the Anglo-Indian government had offered to furnish a ship for the transportation of the corn; but in view of the fact that corn so sent would not be distributed by missionaries, while it was raised in response to the appeals of the missionaries, the Committee advised that the offer be not accepted. It also decided adversely to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD paying the freight, both on account of the delay which might occur and on account of the cost. It will thus be seen that the precise reasons which influenced the Committee had been recognized by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD before they were pointed out, and not until both objections were removed was the cargo of corn collected and dispatched. The corn, as our readers are aware, is transported to India without expense to the fund and the whole of it will be distributed exclusively by missionaries. It is gratifying to perceive that the missionaries will now have the corn, which they characterize as "one of the best forms of famine relief," without the drawbacks which influenced them in counselling its rejection.

REFUGEES RECEIVED BY MRS. ADA LEE AT CALCUTTA

SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS SUPPORTING A FAMINE VICTIM

The Orphans

constitute a problem which was evidently a matter of serious concern to the Committee. The members passed a special resolution, which Dr. Frease, as Secretary, was requested to transmit to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was that: "Reports from the various American missions indicating that the missionaries would be called on to receive many more orphans this year than in 1897, and in our opinion ought to receive them, it is important that they should know, at the earliest possible date, what amount of support they can rely upon receiving. The American missions should in our opinion receive at least ten thousand children, as the minimum number, if they do their clear duty; but it would be imprudent for the missionaries to assume so large a burden, unless they can be assured beforehand, that the money to maintain the children will be forthcoming as it is needed. This appeal, however, the Committee considers ought not to divert any portion of the famine fund, every dollar of which is needed for the rescue of the destitute people from impending death."

The report concludes as follows: "Mr. Hume has already cabled the hearty thanks of the Committee and the suffering thousands they represent, to you and to your generous readers; but in conclusion I wish to emphasize our gratitude for the help so opportunely received.

Sincerely yours,
E. F. FREASE, Secretary."

That the Committee is acting prudently in asking as to the future support of the orphans before incurring obligations, cannot be denied. A missionary who undertook to feed, clothe and educate a hundred children would be placed in a very humilitating position, if a year hence he found himself without funds. Yet the opportunity is one that ought not to be neglected. The children are the hope of a country. Who can tell how much India might be benefitted, how largely the kingdom of Christ might be advanced a few years from now if ten thousand young men and women were standing for Christ in the towns and villages of the country, owing to the education they had received in the homes of American missionaries? God has promised again and again in his Word a special blessing to those who succor the widow and the fatherless. Are there not many who would like to secure that blessing? It would be a fine thing if ten thousand Sunday Schools, or Christian Endeavor Societies, or Epworth Leagues would each pledge themselves to support one or two orphans. It would involve a cost of only fifty cents a week for each orphan. We should be glad to receive such pledges and would notify the Committee of the number, so as to enable them to form an estimate of how many of these precious little creatures they might undertake to support. In every case, the denomination of the missionary might be indicated and the child would be regarded as the

adopted child of the person, or Sunday School, or Young People's Society responsible for its maintenance. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be very thankful if its readers would authorize it to cable to the Committee: "Accept ten thousand children; the money to support them will be regularly forwarded, quarterly, by the young people of the United States."

The Committee, however, in the matter of the orphans, are merely asking for information in guiding them as to the number they may receive, and do not feel justified in reserving any portion of the famine fund for the purpose. That they are wise in thus deciding is evident from the reports coming in from all sources. Dr. Klopsch's cablegrams show that the number of deaths from starvation is appalling. In his journeys into the interior of India he witnessed shocking sights. So overwhelming was his conception of the need of help that, as briefly stated in our columns last week, he placed **one hundred thousand dollars** at the immediate disposal of the Committee, and that amount has been already remitted by cable. He had so much confidence in the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have come nobly in the past to the help of the sufferers in Russia, in Armenia, in Cuba and in our own Western States that he felt they would desire the awful destitution relieved without loss of time, and he therefore anticipated their gifts, so that the flickering flame of life in millions of emaciated bodies might be saved before it died out in the darkness of death.

The letters we are now receiving show that he rightly trusted in the people, who have proved their love of Christ and humanity in past years by their magnificent liberality, and that they endorse and approve his resolve to afford timely help. From all sections of this country and of Canada, contributions are flowing in and prayers are being offered for a continuance of this awakened philanthropic spirit. We are glad to notice also that the policy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in having every cent of money distributed through Christian missionaries is heartily approved, and that our readers appreciate the fact that in this way the cause of Christ will be advanced. Money that reaches the people through the hands of heathen or official hands will be received with gratitude; but only when it reaches them through the missionaries will it accomplish that higher and better purpose of leading them to perceive the beauty and glory of our holy religion.

Col. Nurani, the indefatigable lady who has left high position and home comforts to serve in the Salvation Army in India, writes a grateful letter of thanks to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the money we have cabled to her. She says: "May God bless you all abundantly for this timely help. Our hearts have bled over the crowds whom our means will not allow us to help. We are doing much by supplying the people with grain, but it is little compared with what is really needed. We are having a well dug and are giving work to weavers, for which we need funds, so that your gift is most welcome. I send you a photograph [reproduced on the opposite page] of one poor creature whom two of our officers brought in. She could not stand alone. I had her portrait taken that you might see the kind of people you are helping. They are all around us and their condition is in some cases even worse than that of the woman in the picture. It is often impossible, even if we had the means, to save those who have sunk so low through long starvation.

"The news that you are sending a shipload of grain to us in India, to feed these poor creatures is splendid. We trust you will not forget our grain stores which need replenishing. May God's richest blessing be upon you for this grand benefaction."

Rev. H. G. Bissell, of Ahmednagar, who has also received help from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes to correct a misconception that is liable to be produced by the letters and published reports. "The idea that when the rains come, as we hope they will in June, the distress will be relieved, is unhappily erroneous. It is true that many will then leave the relief works because the bamboo matting huts in which they are sheltered will not keep out the rain, and many will make an effort to get to their own homes and fields. But that is the time when help will be most needed. They have lost everything. Even their cooking utensils and all their household goods were sold at the beginning of the famine. They have nothing to plough with and no seed to put in the ground. They cannot borrow, for who would lend to them? Yet if they do not plough and sow there will be no harvest, and thus the rain so long hoped for and so eagerly anticipated will be of no use. If we had the means and could supply them with only a little money for farm implements and a little seed it might be the means of so much good. Without such help the famine will be repeated next year and those whom we are saving will die after all. It is therefore at this season that help will be of the most practical service. We are especially anxious to give the Christians who have lost their all a new start, and there are many, *many* of them. We earnestly hope that in this final crisis that will come in June and July your readers will stand by us. At no time will the money you can send be so gratefully received or will accomplish so much benefit. You cannot realize the difference between one of these native farmers going back to his land in the rain with empty hands and the same man going with a little money in his hand to buy seed and implements. It is all the difference between hope and despair. We therefore beg that you who have so generously helped us thus far will go on helping us to the end, and at least see that we have something to give our Christian people, who weak and wan and almost naked have to begin life over again. May God bless you all for what you have done already and continue to give you the heart that is not weary in well-doing. Pray for this afflicted people and give us all the help you are able!"

One of Mr. Bissell's native assistants has been visiting the relief camps, where he found many native Christians patiently toiling, some of them almost naked under the burning sun. With a little money with which he had been supplied he purchased some garments, which he gave away, to the intense gratitude of the women. "They utter no word of complaint, but it is easy to see how much they have suffered. The hardships which many persons have to endure are greater this time, as this famine has come so close upon the former. The people have hardly been able to fortify themselves against the calamity. Among the principal sufferers are weavers, as their trade is almost at a standstill. The streets of the cities and towns seem to be over-run with men, women and children calling from door to door for alms. Their pitiful cries and sad stories of want and beseeching entreaties would move a heart of stone. Some say they have walked ten and twenty miles, have had no food for two or three days together. No covering from the cold at night. The bare streets to lie in, insufficient water, and wearied nigh unto death. Seeing these people, hearing their voices crying for food, often makes our own food tasteless, and the desire frequent of dividing what we have to the last mouthful with these woe-begone famished people. Besides these, there are people and families ordinarily well to do in this city who are passing through most trying experiences in the ordinary matter of daily food and drink."

DR. KLOPSCH AND SIX MEMBERS OF OUR INTER-DENOMINATIONAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE

1. **REV. E. S. HUME.** Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Byculla, Bombay.
2. **REV. G. N. THOMSSEN.** Baptist Mission, Bapatla.
3. **REV. M. D. ADAMS.** Church of the Disciples Mission, Bilaspur.
4. **REV. EDGAR M. WILSON.** Presbyterian Mission, Ratnagiri.
5. **REV. EDWIN F. FREASE.** Methodist Episcopal Missionary, Baroda.
6. **REV. M. B. FULLER.** Alliance Mission, Girgaon.
7. **DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH.** Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage

EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
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Cheerfulness

WE believe there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning and keeping it all the day. We think we might take some of the dullest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the tune of Antioch and Mount Pisgah. It is a good sign when you hear a workman whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is still a better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin, chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and we suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make heavenly vibration. We do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. We believe that if you could roll the Old Hundred Doxology through Wall street, it would put an end to almost any panic. We believe that the discords and sorrows and the griefs of this world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs.

Rough Christians

A MERE elegance of manner cannot successfully hide iniquity from the eye of God. That model, gentlemanly apostle, Paul, writes to us: "Be courteous." That man can neither be a respectable worldling nor a consistent Christian who lacks good manners. He is shut out from refined circles, and he certainly ought to be hindered from entering the church. We cannot overlook that in a man which we could hardly excuse in a bear. One of the first effects of the grace of God upon an individual is to make him a gentleman. Gruffness, awkwardness, implacability, clannishness, are fruits of the devil; while gentleness and meekness are fruits of the Spirit. But while these excellencies of manner are so important, they cannot hide any deformity of moral character. How often it is that we find attractiveness of person, suavity of manners, gracefulness of conversation, gallantry of behavior thrown like wreaths upon moral death. The flowers that grow upon the scoriæ of Vesuvius do not make it any less of a volcano. The sepulchres in Christ's time did not exhaust all the whitewash. Some of the biggest scoundrels have been the most fascinating. If there are any depending on outward gracefulness and attractiveness of demeanor, with any hope that because of that God will forgive the sin of their soul, let me assure them that the divine justice cannot be satisfied with smiles and elegant gesticulation. Christ looks deeper than the skin, and such a ragged cloak as the one in which you are trying to cover yourself will be no hiding in the day of his power. God will not in the judgment ask how gracefully you walked, nor how politely you bowed, nor how sweetly you smiled, nor how impressively you gestured. The deeds done in the body will be the test, and not the rules of Lord Chesterfield.

The Element of Safety in Our Common Schools

THERE is nothing like fellowship in school to get rid of prejudice, whether of nationality, social rank or religious difference. There is no leveler like that of being associated in the same school classes. Superior scholarship, superior moral character, as shown in the class-room and on the playground, are something that cannot be blinked or resisted. Nor can difference in religious denomination be kept up or magnified after the familiar acquaintance encouraged and fostered in our public schools. There is a new type of humanity unfolding under these influences. It does not go back to medieval times. It is not engaged in settling old scores. It is a type that has this New World as its possession; that has before it the open pages of the Bible, God's Book; and of human history, man's book. And from these two sources it determines that men should no longer magnify their differences, but their similarities. There is but one God, and he is the Father of our Elder Brother; and but one humanity, and that is man in all his varieties, appointed to dwell on all the face of the earth; to possess it and beautify it, and in it to sleep the slumber of death, and from it to rise to a glorious resurrection. God bless our common and public schools and institutions of learning.

The Right Place

HOW many get into occupations and professions for which they are not fitted! It is often the case that the difficulty begins clear back in the home circle, with misapprehension as to which child ought to be consecrated to the ministry. John is a keen, bright boy. He is good at a bargain. When he trades at schooi he always gets the best of it. Make him a merchant. He will soon gather a fortune and go right up to take his place among the Grinnells and the Lawrences. George has great cerebral development. Phrenologically, language is large. Make him a lawyer. He will argue his way to the front, and he will take his place among the Mansfields and the Storys. Henry has large girth at the chest, and is military in his step and bearing. Send him to West Point. We shall see him yet a brigadier-general. William is fond of sketching, especially of sketching ships, and he knows as much about a vessel as an old sailor. Make him a shipbuilder. The vessel that he builds will successfully wrestle with the Caribbean whirlwind. Aleck is not very well. He has never had very good digestion. Since that last malarial attack his spleen is enlarged. He has a morbid way of looking at things. He will sit for hours looking at one figure in the carpet. His manners are so mild, so soft, so gentle, so affectionate, so heavenly, and he cries easily. Make him a minister! Now, my friends, that is a great mistake. If you want to consecrate one of your sons to the Gospel ministry, take the widest awake, the brawniest, the most brilliant, the most irresistible, the most potent. A tremendous work opens before a profession whose one object is to lift the nations toward God and prepare them for heaven

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Volume I is a brilliant setting forth of **God in his Works.** At the preacher's summons, all nature discloses the Creator; the wide universe tells the story of his wisdom, skill, power and love. From the heavens, the earth, the waters, and the human frame, lessons of divine providence, of faith, and hope, and trust, are taught. Volume II is national in its character. The truest patriotism and the soundest philosophy are manifest. The preacher is seen to be one who has understanding of the times to know what God's later Israel ought to do. Another volume **refutes the sceptics** and serves to arm the Christian against the sophistries of the age and to show the folly and absurdities of unbelief. The sins of the city and **the perils of young men and women** are forcibly presented in Volume VI, while the succeeding volume is a graphic panorama of **Life in the Holy Land.** The explanations of Bible lore and Bible times are extremely graphic and flood the soul with new light. In volume VIII, **the Home Life** is discussed with a rare eloquence and fidelity. The "Choice of a Wife or of a Husband," "Sisters and Brothers," "Costume and Morals," "Life Insurance," the "Making of Friends," and subjects of a kindred character, so often ignored by the pulpit, are here treated in a manner which charms and captivates the reader.

The Gospel of the grace of God is in constant evidence. The "Living Bread" which came down from heaven is dispensed freely, fully, and faithfully. Here are **help and healing** for all who sorrow and suffer. Here, on page after page, through the eight thousand pages, are thoughts that breathe and words that burn and glow, and stimulate and strengthen — echoing the sentiments of Him who said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

The subjects treated of in these twenty volumes are numbered by the thousand. About ten thousand are to be found in the copious and very convenient index appended to the final volume of the set. This index is comprehensive, and the references to Christ are numbered by the hundred. It takes two pages of the index to cover the references to "Sin"; there are 100 references to "Prayer," and almost twice as many to "Heaven." Dr. Talmage introduces numerous incidents from his personal experience.

Forty-four pages of the index are given to references to the anecdotal and historical illustrations with which the sermons abound. There are between one and two thousand of these delightful anecdotal helps, which are invaluable to preachers, Sunday School teachers and to Christian workers generally, as well as to all who study the Word of God for personal instruction and profit.

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Each volume measures 5½ x 8½ in. when closed, and the twenty volumes require shelf space 30 inches long. Their combined weight is about thirty-five pounds. **The Price of the Complete Set is Twenty Dollars.** The entire set will be sent securely boxed, either by freight or express, charges not prepaid, on receipt of only **one dollar down** and **one dollar a month** until paid. **Ten per cent. discount** will be allowed when the purchaser pays spot cash. All orders for this great Sermonic Library should be addressed:

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BRIEF NOTES

The Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, evangelist, who organized and conducted the Gospel Tent Services in New York last summer, is being urged by many friends to reopen the work this season.

The Baptist Young People's Union will hold its National Convention in Cincinnati, June 12-15. Special trains will leave New York and Philadelphia on July 10, one fare for the round trip.

The Governor of Georgia has been collecting statistics of the prisons in that State. Among other interesting facts elicited is that of the prisoners then confined, eighty-three out of every hundred had never been in Sunday School.

Dr. R. S. MacArthur celebrated May 12-15 the thirtieth anniversary of his pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. The report showed that during that period over two million dollars had been raised by the church and four thousand members had been received.

New York has a policeman who was born in Finland. He is an exceptionally intelligent, efficient officer. Recently he organized a church for Finns in the city. "If," he says, "it will do nothing else for them, it will help to counteract the influence of the saloon, which is their worst enemy.

The attempt to form a basis of union for Primitive Methodists and Bible Christians in Great Britain appears to have failed. The conferences of both bodies were in accord, but when the plan was submitted to the Primitive Methodist Quarterly Meetings, it was rejected by a vote.

Envoys from the Boers

EARTY and cordial was the welcome extended by the Mayor of New York to the three envoys from the Transvaal Government, who arrived on our shores on May 15. The chilling reception they had met with in European capitals had prepared them to appreciate the warmth of the greeting of Mayor Van Wyck, who with a number of citizens of Dutch descent and Irish-Americans were evidently pleased with the opportunity of displaying their sympathies. The Mayor apparently felt that he had a double cause for cordiality, inasmuch as he is of Dutch descent, and is the municipal representative of Tammany Hall. He appeared to forget that, in expressing his personal sympathy with the cause which the envoys represent, he might give them a wrong idea of the sentiment of the city, which is by no means unanimously in accord with him on this subject. The representatives of the Boers are Abraham Fischer, the Chairman and leader of the party; C. H. Wessels and A. D. W. Wolmarans, all men of about middle age. Mr. Wolmarans was appointed by President Kruger, Mr. Wessels by President Steyn, and Mr. Fischer was the joint selection of both Presidents. J. R. de Bruyn accompanies them as secretary. During their stay in New York they refrained from fully explaining the purpose of their visit. In general terms it was, of course, to enlist the sympathy of the United States Government and people, but whether they hoped to have the sympathy manifested in diplomacy or by force of arms, they did not say. Their official explanation was reserved for their interview with the President and Department of State. It is predicted by some, who claim to speak with authority, that the policy of the envoys will be to address public meetings before the assembling of the National Conventions, in the hope that one or both of the great political parties will incorporate a pro-Boer plank in its platform. It is generally believed that the appeals of the envoys will have no effect on the President, or the Department of State. The President, as is well known, would gladly mediate, if invited to do so by both powers; but so long as Great Britain has expressed no wish for his good offices, he will probably not volunteer them. During our war with Spain, Great Britain so vigorously opposed the intervention of European powers in the struggle, that, as the President believes, she has the right now to expect similar treatment from the United States. This is the principle of the Golden Rule:

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them (Matt. 7:12).

C. H. WESSELS — A. D. W. WOLMARANS — ABRAHAM FISCHER

THE BOER ENVOYS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY ON A MISSION OF MEDIATION

Mafeking Relieved

The news of the relief of Mafeking was first received from Boer sources. For more than seven months the little town has been held by Col. Baden-Powell and twelve hundred irregular soldiers against an overwhelming force of Boers. Before the outbreak of the war this gallant officer was sent from his command in Rhodesia with instructions to hold the place at all hazards. It was deemed important because the railroad from Cape Town to the West Coast ran through it. With Col. Baden Powell were many aristocratic officers, including a son of Lord Salisbury, and Lord Bentinck, who is a descendent of the famous Dutch statesman, who was the most intimate friend of William III. Although most of his troops were unused to war, they showed astonishing courage and endurance. Every attack made by the Boers was repulsed with loss, and though at least five thousand men well armed and with heavy artillery surrounded the town, the little garrison could not be subdued. They made bomb-proof shelters and in many ingenious ways protected themselves. They suffered severely from lack of provisions. Early this year they were reduced to a diet of horse and mule flesh and a soup made from the fodder of horses. It was feared that the men would become so feeble from lack of nourishment that they would not be able to resist an assault, but no word of surrender was uttered. At last on May 16 a column of troops from Kimberley arrived and delivered the garrison from its protracted suffering. The news was received in London with the wildest joy. All places of business were closed, and the people thronged the streets, singing and shouting with an enthusiasm that showed how keen the anxiety had been. The spectacle of the heroism and fortitude displayed had touched all hearts, and every one rejoiced that it had not been in vain. It is this quality of endurance and fortitude exercised in spiritual conflicts that our Lord especially commended:

He that endureth to the end shall be saved (Matt. 10:22).

Bells With a Record

A descriptive article on the City of Charleston, S. C., narrates a history of the bells in St. Michael's Church of that city that is probably without a parallel. The peal of bells has been five times across the Atlantic. Its first journey was westward, before the Revolution. The bells were duly hung on their arrival in America. When the Revolutionary War broke out, it was feared that they might be injured, and they were sent out to England for safe keeping. At the close of the War they were returned, and amid triumphant ovations they were again placed in position in the church tower. They continued to delight the ears of the citizens until the outbreak of the Civil War, when Sherman's army broke them in pieces. After the departure of the troops the pieces of the bells were carefully collected and sent to England to be re-cast. The old books containing a description of the proportion of metals composing the bells were consulted and the fragments were re-united. Again for the fifth time they came back and were placed once more in the church tower, where they have continued ever since. The people are all the prouder of their bells because of the dangers they have survived. So it will be with the Lord's people who through many adversities still testify for him.

Dying and behold we live; as chastened and not killed; as sorrowful yet always rejoicing (II.Cor.6:9).

For Love of the Homeland

Among the personal anecdotes current about the leaders in the war in South Africa is one of Sir Redvers Buller which shows the strength of ties of nationality. It appears that the General was on his way to Canada a year or two ago, with a regiment of soldiers. Off the entrance to the St. Lawrence the transport vessel was delayed by the fog and the provisions ran short. The difficulty increasing, the General asked if there was no way of obtaining food and learned that on a little islet there was a station where provisions were stored for shipwrecked crews. Gen. Buller at once ordered a boat lowered and went to the island. A woman was in charge and to her the General described the situation and asked for a supply of provisions. The women peremptorily refused. She said her stores were for shipwrecked men and no others. Gen. Buller pointed out that the stock was a Government store and he, as a servant to the crown, had a right to whatever it contained that he needed, but the woman was firm. But in her voice Gen. Buller recognized the Cornish accent and exclaimed, "What, not for dear old One-and-All and I a Buller?" Instantly the woman's austerity vanished. "What," she said, "from Cornwall and a Buller? Take everything in the place; you're heartily welcome." She could refuse a general and turn a deaf ear to a tale of need, but she could not refuse anything to a man who, like herself, loved the home-land. Christ wishes his followers to let the love of him form such a tie of brotherhood.

Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward (Mark 9:41).

An Awkward Dilemma

The Supreme Court has been invoked for the relief of a Chinaman who is in prison as a consequence of choosing the least painful of two alternatives. He was ship's steward on board the steamer *Josephus*. Some six weeks ago while the steamer was lying at the Standard Oil Company's docks at Bayonne, N. J., she caught fire and burned to the water's edge. The steward was aware that it was a violation of United States laws for him to land on American soil, he being a Chinaman without a certificate. On the other hand, if he went ashore he would be arrested and imprisoned. Between the two alternatives he did not hesitate long. He jumped over the side and swam ashore. He was promptly seized and taken to jail. On hearing the circumstances Judge Lacombe ordered his release on condition that he was placed on board the first ship bound for China. No one placed in the Chinaman's position of having to choose between burning and imprisonment, would hesitate to do as he did; yet, how many there are, who, though warned of their spiritual danger and assured of absolute safety if they trust themselves to Christ, neglect to avail themselves of the opportunity to escape:

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation (Heb. 2:3).

Identity Fixed by Phonograph

A short time ago a citizen of Galesburg, Mich., paid a visit to Kalamazoo, and among other amusements that attracted him was one in which a phonograph played a part. The phonograph interested him intensely, and when it gave a fragment from the play of "The Three Guardsmen," he paid particular attention. Something in that fragment startled him. He asked to have it over again, and his request was complied with. Then he begged to know where the cylinder came from, and, being told, he set off at once to find the maker. He explained that one of the characters in the play had a scarcely perceptible stammer and a slight difficulty in pronouncing certain words. He had a brother with those characteristics, and he felt sure that it was his brother who had spoken into the phonograph. The brother had enlisted in the army nearly twenty years ago, but had broken down in health and had been discharged on that account. A search had been made for him, but without success. Family affairs rendered his presence important, but he could not be found. The phonograph, however, furnished the true clue and in a few days the brothers were reunited. Probably if the two brothers had met they would not have known one another, but the peculiarity of speech served to identify the missing man, even though heard through a phonograph. It would be well if the conversation of all Christians were of that character that it might be said to them as it was to Peter:

Of a truth thou art one of them for thy speech betrayeth thee (Matt. 26:73).

Paid to Die

In a Chinese newspaper, an extract from which is cabled to the American press, the statement is made that the men who have suffered punishment for the recent murder of the missionaries were not the real criminals. They were men who for a stipulated sum of money consented to undergo the respective sentences. The man who delivered the blow that killed Missionary Brooks was sentenced to be beheaded. For $1,000, the paper says, he got an opium fiend, who had but a few months to live, to allow himself to be decapitated in his stead, and the substitute was duly killed. The second man was condemned to strangulation. The story says he paid a consumptive $600 to be strangled in his stead, and the third murderer got a third substitute to take life imprisonment in his place for $500. The remarkable story says that 218 men, broken down in health, offered themselves as substitutes that they might perform one good act for their parents before their lives were ended, by handing them a sum of money which to poor people in China would be a fortune. The murderers must have been very glad to find people willing for such small sums to suffer in their places, and thankful also that the law permitted such substitution. It was a matter of bargain between the man who had money and the man who wanted money. How different is the sacrifice by which men may be redeemed through Christ, who gave his life that even his enemies might have life eternal.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us (Rom. 5:7, 8).

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXVI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN EGYPT

DOROTHY and Miss Meechim and Robert Strong went over to an island on the bay to see the caves of Elephanta, the great underground temple, one hall of which is one hundred and fifty feet long, the lofty ceilin' supported by immense columns, and three smaller halls, the walls of all on 'em richly sculptured.

Whose hands made them statutes? I don't know nor Josiah don't and I guess nobody duz. There wuz a thoughtful look on Dorothy's sweet face when she came home, and Robert Strong too seemed walkin' in a reverie, but Miss Meechim wuz as pert as ever; it takes more than a cave to dant her.

One place in Bombay I liked first rate, a hospital for dumb animals, it is kep' by a sect called the Jains. Sick animals of all kinds are cared for: horses, cows, dogs, cats, rats and I spoze any ailin' creeter from a mouse up to a elephant is nursed with tender care.

Sez Josiah, "No matter what her creed is, Samantha, that Jane is a good creeter and is doin' a great work, I would send the old mair here in a minute if she wuz took with consumption or janders or anythin', if it wuzn't so fur, and I'd tell Jane jest how much I thought on her for her goodness."

Sez I, "Josiah, it is a sect, not a female."

But he wouldn't gin in and talks about Jane a sight now when he recalls about the horrors of vivisection or when he sees animals abused and horses driv too hard and overloaded—he always sez:

"I would like to have Jane see that, I guess Jane would put a stop to that pretty lively."

Well, it shows Josiah's good heart.

The Hindus have several temples in Bombay. One of the great days is the Festival of the Serpents. Snake charmers bring to this place the deadly snakes which are then fed to propitiate them, by the priests. I spoze.

Oh, how Miss Meechim went on about the idee of worshipin' snakes, and it wuz perfectly dretful to me too. I must confess. But Arvilly always puttin' her oar in and always hash on our govermunt, sez:

"Why, what is this different from what we do in America?"

The Worship of Serpents

Miss Meechim's eyes snapped, she wuz madder than a wet hen, but Arvilly went on, "Every 'lection time hain't the great serpent of the liquor power fed and pampered by the law-makers of our country?"

Miss Meechim didn't reply; I guess she dassent, and I didn't say anything, and Arvilly went on:

"Our serpent worship is as bad agin as these Hindus', for after their snakes are fed and worshiped they shet 'em up again so they can't do any harm. But after lawmakers propitiate the serpent with money and influence, they let it loose to wreathe round the bright young lives and noble manhood and crunch and destroy 'em in its deadly folds, leavin' the slime of agony and death in its tracks all over our country from North to South, East to West. It don't look well after all this for an American to act horrified at feedin' a snake a little milk and shettin' it up in a box." She wuz fairly shakin' with indignation, and Miss Meechim dast as well die as dispute her agin. And I didn't say a word to harrer her up any more, for I knew well what she had went through.

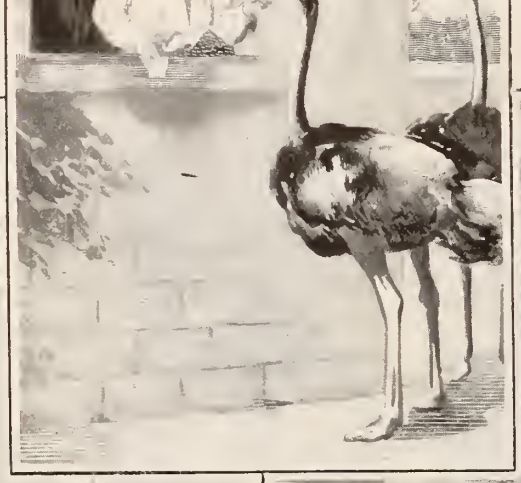
Through the Red Sea

We only stayed a few days in Bombay, and then took the steamer and went straight acrost the Arabian Sea, stopping at Aden for a little while, and then up the Red Sea; on one side on us, Arabia, and on the other, Africa.

Aden, where we stopped for a short time is a dreary lookin' little place with seventy or eighty thousand natives livin' a little back from the shore, while the few English people there live near the coast. Beautiful ostrich feathers are obtained there from the many ostrich farmers living near, as well as the Mocha coffee, which made over a Jonesville stove by a Jonesville woman has so often cheered the heart and put to flight the worrisome passions of a Josiah. But in most of these tropical countries, where you'd think you could git the best, I didn't find coffee half so good as I made it myself, though mebby I ortn't to say it.

We saw some wonderful jugglers here. They will draw out great bunches of natural flowers from most anywhere that you wouldn't expect 'em to be, and call 'em a pretty good duckin'. But I spoze the walls of water like as not is risin' on each side on 'em onbeknown to them, and when the time comes, when the bugle sounds, they will rush in and overwhelm the armies of Greed and Tyranny and the oppressed. Them that are forced to make brick without straw, or without sand hardly, will be free, and go on rejoicin' into the land of Promise.

"WE SAW SOME WONDERFUL JUGGLERS"



WATCHING THE OSTRICHES

IN THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA

Straits or Bab-el-mandeb, Gate of Tears, named so on account of the many axidents that have happened there. But we got through safely and sailed on towards Suez.

So we went on past the coasts of Abyssinia, Nubia. Fur off we see Mount Sineii, sacred mount, where the Law wuz given to Moses.

Where Moses Stood!

Oh my soul, think ont! To see the very spot where Moses stood and talked to the Almighty face to face. It is only three hundred milds from Suez.

We sailed directly over the place where the Israelited passed over dry shod whilst their enemies, the Egyptians, wuz overwhelmed by the waters. The persecuted triumphant and walkin' a-foot into safety, while Tyranny and Oppression wuz drownded.

I wish them waters wuz swashin' up to-day and closin' in on the Oppressor, not to drownd 'em mebby, but to give

To resoom: It is three thousand milds from Bombay to Suez, but it wuz all safely passed and we found ourselves in Cairo in a most comfortable hotel, and felt after all our wanderings in fur off lands that we agin breathed the air of civilization almost equal to Jonesville.

We found some letters here from home. I had a letter from Tirzah Ann and one from Thomas Jefferson. His letter wuz full of gratitude to heaven and his ma for his dear little boy's restored strength and health. He and Maggie wuz lookin' and waitin' with eager hearts and open arms to greet us, and the time wuz long to 'em I could see, though he didn't say so.

Tirzah Ann's letter contained strange news of our neighbor, Miss Deacon

JOY OVER LETTERS FROM HOME

Sypher. Her devotion to her husband has been told by me more formally, it is worthy the pen of poet and historian. She lived and breathed in the Deacon, marked all her clothes, M. D. S., Miss Deacon Sypher. Her hull atmosphere wuz Deacon, her goal wuz his happiness, her heaven his presence.

News from Jonesville

Well, a year ago she got hurt on the sidewalk to Jonesville, and the Deacon sued the village and got five hundred dollars for her broken leg. He took the money and went out to the Ohio on a pleasure trip, and to visit some old neighbors. It made talk, for folks said that when she worshiped him so he ort to stayed by her, but he hired she that wuz Betsy Bobbett to stay with her, and he went off on this pleasure trip and had a splendid good time, and with the rest of the money he bought a span of mules. Miss Sypher wuz deadly afraid of 'em. But the Deacon wanted 'em, and so they made her happily agonized, she wuz so afraid of their heels and their brays, and so highly tickled with the Deacon's joy. Well, it turned out queer as a dog, but just after we started on our trip abroad Tirzah said that the Deacon fell and broke his leg in the same place and the same spot on the sidewalk; the Jonesvillians are slack, it wuzn't mended proper. And Miss Sypher thought that she would git some money jest as he did. She didn't think on't for quite a spell. Tirzah writ. She wuz so bound up in the Deacon and never left his side night or day, nor took off her clothes only to wash 'em for two weeks, jest bent over his couch and drowged round waitin' on him, for he wuz dretful notional and hard to git along with. But she loved to be jawed at, dearly, for she said it made her think he would git along, and when he would find fault with her and throw things, she smiled gladly, thinkin' it wuz a good sign.

Well, when he got a little better so she could lay down herself and rest a little, the thought come to her that she would git some money for his broken leg jest as he had for hern. She thought that she would like to buy him a suit of very nice clothes and a gold chain, and build a mule barn for the mules, but the law wouldn't give Miss Deacon Sypher a cent; the law said that if anything wuz gin it would go to the Deacon's next of kin, a brother who lived way off in the Michigan.

The Value of a Child's Life

The Deacon owned her bones, but she didn't own the Deacon's!

And I wondered at it as much as Tommy ever wondered over anything why her broken limb, and all the emoluments from it, belonged to him, and his broken leg and the proprietary rights in it belonged to a man way out in the Michigan that he hadn't seen for ten years and didn't speke to (owin' to trouble about property) and after Miss Deacon Sypher had worshiped him and waited on him for thirty years like a happy surf.

Well, so it wuz. I said it seemed queer, but Arvilly said that it wuzn't queer at all. She sez: "One of my letters from home to-day had a worse case in it than that." Sez she, "You remember Willie Henzy, Deacon Henzy's grandchild, in Brooklyn. You know how he got run over and killed by a trolley car."

"Yes," sez I, "sweet little creeter; Sister Henzy told me about it with the tears runnin' down her cheeks. They all worshiped that child, he wuz jest as pretty and bright as he could be, and he wuz the only boy amongst all the grandchildren; it is a blow Deacon Henzy will never git over. And his ma went into one faintin' fit after another when he wuz brought home, and will never be a well woman agin, and his pa's hair in three months grew gray as a rat; it most killed all on 'em."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "what verdict do you think that fool brought in?"

"What fool?" sez I.

"The law!" sez Arvilly sternly. "The judge brought in a verdict of one dollar damages; it said that children wuzn't wage-earners and therefore they wuzn't worth any more."

I throwed my arms round Tommy onbeknown to me, and sez I, "Millions and millions of money wouldn't pay your grandma for you." And Tommy wonnered and wonnered that a little boy's life wuzn't worth more than a dollar.

"Why," sez I, "the law gives twenty dollars for a two-year-old heifer."

"Yes," sez Arvilly, "the law don't reckon Willie Henzy's life worth so much as a yearlin' calf or a dog. But they can do jest as they please; these great monopolies have spun their golden web round politicians and office-seekers and office-holders and rule the whole country. They can set their own valuation on life and limb, and every dollar they can save in bruised flesh and death and agony, is one more dollar to divide amongst the stockholders.

"Well," sez I, "we mustn't forgit to be megum, Arvilly; we mustn't forgit in our indignation all the good they do carryin' folks from hether to yon for almost nothin'."

"Well, they no need to act more heartless than Nero or King Herod. I don't believe that old Nero himself would done this; I believe he would gin two dollars for Willie Henzy."

And I sez, "I never neighbored with Mr. Nero. But if I could git holt of that judge," sez I, "he would remember it to his dyin' day."

"He wouldn't care for what you said," sez Arvilly; "he got his pay. There hain't any of these big monopolies got any more soul than a stun-boat."

The Valley of the Nile

It is only nine hours from Suez to Cairo. How often have I spoke of the great desert of Sarah in hours of Jonesville mirth and sadness, little thinkin' that I should ever cross it in this mortal spear, but we did pass through a corner on't and had a good view of the Suez Canal, about which so much has been said and done. For milds we went through the Valley of the Nile, that great wet nurse of Egypt. The banks on either side on't stand dressed in livin' green. There wuz a good many American and English people at the tarven in Cairo, but no one we knew. In the garden at the side of the tarven wuz a ostrich pen where a number of great ostriches wuz kep, and also several pelicans walked round in another part of the garden.

Tommy and I stood by the winder, very much interested in watchin' the ostriches, and though I hain't covetous or proud, yet I did wish I had one or two of them satiny, curly feathers to trim my best bunnet in Jonesville, they went so fur ahead of any sisters in the meetin' house.

Josiah hadn't seen 'em yet; he wuz layin' on the lounge, but he sez: "I don't see why you're so took up with them geese."

"Geese!" sez I; "Look here, Josiah Allen"—and I took a cookie I had got for Tommy—"see here; see me feed these geese ten feet from the ground." He could see their heads come up to take it out of my hand.

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SIGHTS IN THE STREETS OF OLD CAIRO

Josiah and the Ostriches

"Good land!" sez he, "you don't say they stretch their necks clear up here." And he jined in our astonishment then and proposed that he should be let down from the winder in a sheet and git me a few feathers. But I rejected the idee to once. I sez: "I'd ruther go featherless for life than to have a pardner commit rapine for 'em."

And he sez: "If some Egyptian come to Jonesville and wanted a rooster's tail feather, we wouldn't say nuthin' aginst it."

But I sez: "This is different; this would spile the looks of the ostriches."

And he said there wuz sunthin' said in the Bible about "spilin' the Egyptians." But I wouldn't let him wrest the Scripters to his own destruction, and told him I wouldn't, and then sez I, "I never could enjoy religion settin' under a stolen feather."

As you pass through these picturesque streets memories of them that have made this city historic crowd upon your mind. You think of Saladin, Christian, Mameluke and Islamite.

You think of the Bible and you think of the *Arabian Nights*, and you almost expect to see the enchanted carpet layin' round somewhere, and some one goin' up to the close shet doors sayin, "Open sesame."

And as you stroll along you will hear every language under the sun, or so it seems, and meet English, Italian, French, Bedowins, soldiers, footmen, Turks, Arabs, all dressed in their native costumes. Anon close shet up carriages in which you most know there are beautiful wimmen peerin' out of some little corner onbeknown to their folks; agin' you meet a weddin' procession, then a trolley car, then some Egyptian troops, then some merchants, then mysterious lookin' Oriental wimmen, with black veils hangin' loose, then a woman with a donkey loaded with fowls, then some more soldiers in handsome uniform.

Agin' every eye is turned to see some high official or native prince dressed in splendid array dashin' along in a carriage with footmen runnin' on before to clear the way. And mebby right after, comes a man drivin' a flock of turkeys, they feelin' jest as important and high-headed to all appearance.

The air is delightful here, dry and warm. No malaria in Egypt, though nigh by are sulphur baths for anybody that wants them, and also a cure for consumptive folks.

In goin' through the streets of Cairo you will see bazars everywhere; slipper bazars, carpet and rug, vase and candle, and jewelry bazars; little shops where everything can be bought are on all sides of you.

Confusing Oriental Money

But if you go to buy anything you get so confused as to the different worth of a piaster that your head turns. In some transactions it is as much agin as in others. Josiah got dretful worked up tryin' to buy a silk handkerchief. Sez he to the dealer:

"What do you mean by it, you dishonest tike, you? If you should come to Jonesville to buy a overcoat or a pair of boots, and we should wiggle round and act as you do, I wouldn't blame you, if you never come there to trade a cent with us agin."

The man kep' bowin' real polite and offered some coffee to him and a pipe, and Josiah sez:

"I don't want none of your coffee, nor none of your pipes. I want honesty, and I can tell you one thing that you've lost my trade, and you'll lose the hull of the Jonesville trade when I go home and tell the brethren how slippery you be in a bargain."

The man kep' on bowin' and smilin' and I told Josiah, "I presoom he thinks you're praisin' him; he acts as if he did." And Josiah stopped talkin' in a minute. But howsumever he wouldn't take the handkerchief.

Miss Meechim and I—and I spoze that Robert Strong wuz to the bottom of it—but tennyrate, we wuz invited to a harem to see a princess, wife of a pasha. Robert thought that we would like to see the inside of an Indian prince's palace, and so we did.

Miss Meechim of course wouldn't consent to let Dorothy go anywhere nigh such a place, and I guess she disinfected her clothes before she see Dorothy when she got back; 'tennyrate, I see her winder up and her dress hangin' over a chair. Arvilly didn't want to go, and as she wuzn't invited, it made it real convenient for her to not want to. And of course I couldn't take my pardner. Why, that good, moral man would be flowed from by them wimmen as if he had the plague. Dorothy and Robert wuz a-goin' to Heliopolis and offered to take Tommy with 'em. And Miss Meechim and I accordin'ly sot off alone.

(To be Continued).

Drink Out-Herods Herod

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for June 10: Mark 6: 14-29 | Golden Text, Eph. 5: 18: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit"

JOHN and Herod, prophet and king, preacher and president are all "ministers of God." That title Paul twice applies to rulers in the thirteenth of Romans. It ought not to seem a strange saying in a country whose Supreme Court has said, "This is a Christian nation;" but when Rev. Dr. W. J. Robinson stood in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and, with the solemnity of a bishop addressing a class of young preachers, reminded the listening governor and legislators that they were civil "ministers," "ordained of God," "called" to serve him and humanity by applying the law of Christ to civil affairs, it was manifestly to many of them and even to some of the preachers who were present, a novel view of politics. However, when the opposite doctrine, that "politics owes no allegiance to the Decalogue and the Golden Rule," was proclaimed by a United States Senator, he was speedily retired from politics, as if to prove that the law of Christ had not been so retired. A denial in deeds often escapes similar rebuke, but it is something to have the people hold fast even in their ideals to the truth that the sovereign and citizen are both responsible to God for every political act. "The greatest thought that ever entered my mind," said the greatest of American statesmen, Daniel Webster, in one of his great moments, "is the thought of my individual responsibility to God." In the words of Gladstone, "The purpose of law is to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right." That is a good paraphrase of Paul's words that "rulers should be a terror to evil-doers."

. . .

The Herods of History

Herod stands for another class, who are "terrors," but only to the good. The Herod family has become the synonym of cruelty and tyranny. The first Herod though he had built the temple, attempted to kill Christ, and in the effort massacred all the babies of Bethlehem. He treated his own children so badly that the Emperor Augustus said, "I would rather be his swine than his son." In the intoxication of anger to which he was subject, he murdered at different times his brother, his grandfather, three of his sons, his wife's mother and his wife, Mariamne, who was the favorite among his ten wives. And when he was dying, he ordered that the chief men of the cities of Judea should be killed, lest there should be no mourning, but rather rejoicing when he was dead. He died of a loathsome disease, probably due to his vices.

His son, Herod Antipas, the Herod of this lesson, called by Christ, "that fox"—a fine characterization of the unprincipled politician in all ages—was less given to murder than his father; adultery being his favorite crime. He took the legal wife of his brother, Herod Philip as his own, no doubt veiling his crime under some unwarranted decree of divorce. John the Baptist, God's ambassador at his royal court, arraigned the king and queen for this mutual crime, before the Supreme Court of the universe. Herod had borne the rebuke, even if he did not obey it, but women when they are wicked seem to go into sin more intensely than men, and so the Jezebel at his side insisted that John should be sent to the dungeons of Machaerus. Edersheim says of its ruins, "These immense heaps look like a monument of judgment. The foundations of the walls all around to the height of a yard or two above the ground, are still standing. As we clamber over them to examine the interior we notice how small the keep is, exactly one hundred yards in diameter. A well of great depth and a deep cemented cistern with the vaulting of the roof still complete, and—of most terrible interest to us—two dungeons, one of them deep down, its sides scarcely broken in, with small holes still visible in the masonry, where staples of wood and iron had once been fixed. As we look down into this hot darkness, we shudder in realizing that this terrible keep had for nigh ten months been the prison of that son of the free wilderness, the boy herald of the coming kingdom, the humble, earnest, self-denying John the Baptist."

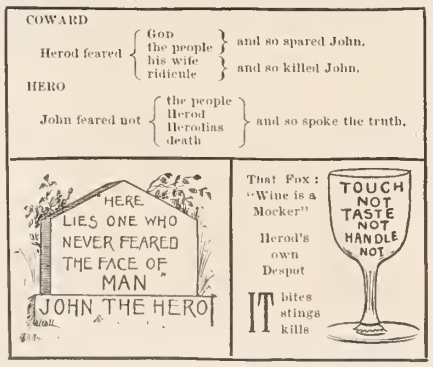
This Herod had a living conscience, and he often called forth the imprisoned prophet and "heard him gladly." But for fear of his wife he would have set him free. He had no thought of punishing him by anything worse than imprisonment. We shall have further proof that whatever this Herod fell short of the family reputation in cruelty, his wife made up.

Here comes into the story King Alcohol, the power behind the throne then and now, that out-Herods Herod in cruelty and tyranny and lust. Every crime of all the Herods he repeats on a grander scale. Herod put in his mouth what steals away the brains of king and peasant alike. In his after-dinner drunkenness, with his guests in like case, he called for the dessert that usually follows the wine in the Orient, as it is coming to do in some of our cities to-day—the dancing girl. We see lust completing the work of liquor in the king's brain, and he utters his foolish promise to reward the dancer with whatever she would ask, to the half of his kingdom. Her mother bade her ask "the head of John the Baptist." To this crime of beheading John, Herod had brought himself by first losing his own head through wine. The awful request sobered him. He saw to what folly and wickedness "wine and woman" had led him, but he was not brave enough to say he had made a mistake and face the sneers of his wife and guests. He might at least have pleaded that a bad promise is "worst kept than broken, though better not spoken." In the words of Shakespeare:

> It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
> But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
> Who can be bound by any solemn vow
> To do a murderous deed?

But this was one of many cases where a king was himself a woman's slave. And so in his lonely dungeon John was straightway beheaded, and the woman whose sin he had rebuked received the ghastly head on a platter for her feast of revenge.

JOHN THE BAPTIST REPROVING HEROD AND HERODIAS—SALOME'S GHASTLY GUERDON



Herodias, the destroyer of John, was at last the destroyer of her husband in everything but life. In her ambition, she induced him to go to Rome to secure the title of king. Instead, he was there charged with crimes, and was deposed by Caligula and banished to Leyons.

. . .

How Drink Perverts Government

This lesson invites us to survey the ruin drink has wrought in the specific realm of government, illustrating the warning in Proverbs 31: 4, 5:

> It is not for kings to drink wine,
> Lest they forget the law
> And pervert the judgment of any that is afflicted.

Railroads are insisting on total abstinence in their employees. Perhaps we shall learn some day that as clear a brain is required to run a government as a freight train.

The Chinese author of "She-King," in about 450 B.C., describes a Chinese Herod whose wickedness was also in part due to drink:

> Thus to the tyrant Shen, our King, Wan said:
> "Alas, alas! Yin's king so great,
> Not heaven, but spirits flush your face with red,
> That evil thus you imitate.
> You do in all your conduct what is wrong—
> Darkness to you the same as light;
> Your noisy feasts and revels you prolong,
> And day through you is black as night."

King Benhadad was defeated when he was drinking himself drunk, he and the thirty and two kings that helped him (I. Kings 20: 16). Belshazzar, the young king of Babylon, only seventeen years old, was overthrown while he drank sacrilegiously from the sacred vessels taken from God's temple (Dan. 5: 1-30)—a sin no greater than corrupting with intoxicants the temples of God to-day, which temples we are.

General O. O. Howard gives the following among other instances of defeat through drink in the war for the Union: "In one of our great battles we suffered defeat, and many of us have believed that the mistake which caused the defeat was due to an excess of whisky drunk by the officer in command. I had the testimony from an officer who was with him, that pitchers of liquor were brought on to his table, and that he and those around him drank freely from them as if they contained only water. The orders the commander gave were the direct opposite from what he would have given had he not been suddenly confused by drink. A heavy loss of men and material, and a dreadful defeat for our cause was the result."

Even Homer, ten centuries before Christ, knew that wine was harmful to the soldier's body and brain, as witness the following dialogue between Hector's mother and her hero son:

> "Stay till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
> Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul
> And draw new spirits from the generous bowl."
> "Far hence be Bacchus gifts!" Hector rejoined.
> "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
> Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind:
> Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
> To sprinkle to the gods—'tis fitter use."

. . .

The Modern Slaughter of the Innocents

The murder of John by drunken Herod, and even the slaughter of soldiers in defeats caused by drink is a trifle to the slaughter of native races through the rum which has been shipped from Christian nations to the child races of heathen lands, through the influence of drink, not in the brains of kings, but at the ballot-box.

Herod's massacre in Bethlehem shrinks into insignificance beside the modern destruction of child races by the vices of civilization. Rev. Charles Satchell Morris, of South Africa, said at the World's Missionary Conference in New York: "What an awful many-sided charge the vast crowd of butchered African witnessess will have against the civilized world in the day of judgment! Africa, robbed of her children, rifled of her treasures, lies prostrate before the greed of the Christian nations of the world. A slave-pen and battle-field for ages, Christian nations, instead of binding up her wounds, like the good Samaritan; instead of passing by and leaving her alone like Levite and priest, have come to her with ten thousand shiploads of hell's master-piece of damnation—rum—that is turning her children into human cinders; that has turned the entire West Coast into one long barroom, from which it is estimated that no fewer than two million drunken savages go forth to die of delirium tremens every year. 'Gin, gin!' is the cry all along the West Coast, and, says Joseph Thompson, 'Underneath that cry for gin I seem to hear the reproach: "You see what Christians have made us.' Africa sends to Europe fibre, palm oil, palm kernels, rubber and coffee. Europe sends to Africa powder and balls to slaughter the body and rum to slay the soul."

In 1892, sixteen civilized nations made a treaty to suppress traffic in slaves, opium and spirituous liquors in a newly opened section of Africa. These nations a year ago held another conference on the one subject of restricting the liquor traffic among native races, and made some new but too feeble restrictions by an increase of duties on spirits. Great Britain has led all other nations in forbidding her merchants to sell firearms or firewater in the New Hebrides, and in establishing total prohibition in the Soudan just when the United States was repealing it in Alaska, except for natives, and allowing unlimited sales to natives as well as whites in Hawaii and the Philippiness. Let this quarterly temperance lesson be made practical by the adoption everywhere by teachers and the older classes of the following petition, first presented in a supplemental meeting of the World's Conference of Missions:

"The undersigned authorize the use of their names on a petition that shall ask the sixteen great nations that in 1892 nobly covenanted to suppress traffic in slaves, opium and spirituous liquor in a defined district of Africa, in protection of native races, to extend that new policy of civilization, by separate and united action in such ways as to protect at least the islands and other districts which are inhabited chiefly by similar undeveloped races, especially those that are under Christian government, against intoxicants and opium." (Sign and send to the Reform Bureau, Delaware avenue N. E., Washington, D. C.).

Even if it be lawful, it is not wise to bring partisan politics into the Lord's Day, even in mass meetings out of church hours, and it will hurt more than help to bring it into the pulpit or Sunday School; but we may surely quote not only the warnings of the Bible, but the resolutions of our churches in favor of total abstinence and prohibition, and especially at this time should we urge as a missionary crusade the foregoing petition to all Christian governments.

. . .

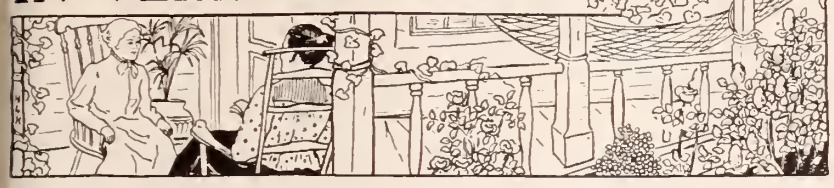
Temperance and a Judgment to Come

It was before another Herod, Herod Agrippa II., that Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come." So should the successors of Paul the preachers and teachers of to-day, reason with the rulers of our time, not forgetting that the voters are our ultimate rulers and that Christian voters are as responsible to God for the use of their ballots, as kings for the use of their sceptres and swords.

. . .

In closing, what nobler contrast can we set against King Herod sacrificing John to keep a promise made in drink, than Abraham Lincoln uttering the following great words on Washington's birthday, 1842, to a Washingtonian Society, in Springfield, Ill.: "Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues (he does not forget that half the race are under total abstinence religions), and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts. Ought any then, to refuse their aid in doing what the whole good of the country demands?"

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MEMORIAL DAY

VER the graves where our soldiers sleep,
The grasses wave, and the mosses creep;
ines grow thick on the lowly mound,
hich to widowed heart is a holy ground.
owers are sweet where the earth was stained
hen the blood of the brave on the turf was rained,
nd the tender touch of the latest May
eaves a wreath for Memorial Day.

othing they heed, who lie so still
valley low, and on wind-swept hill
f the clash of arms, or here, or there,
r the roll of drums on the stormy air.

ver their battles, their strife is done.
ong ago were their laurels won.
ever again shall the reveille,
all them forth, and from sea to sea
heir tents are struck, their flags are furled;
hey are done with the work of this trouble-some world.
anful and resolute, 'twas their best
hey gave, and well have they earned their rest;
lowers for them, each tender May,
nd songs and love, on Memorial Day.

Mother and Child

T makes no difference whether a mother be a poor, hardworking woman who must snatch the time to nurse her baby and crow over it her lullabies from her wash-tub, her scrubbing brush, and her kneading board, or whether she is a lady of ourtly grace and high degree, with a ain of maids to wait upon her, the nother-love is the same. Her baby is er treasure, her pride, her darling. The nother-heart throbs with a pure ecstasy o one else knows or even dreams of, hen the little blessed one lies in her rms, and she feels the weight of the umbering head against their circling rength. Under every sky, in every age, tent and on shipboard, in hut and alace, in town and country, in old Egypt nd medieval England and young America, like, mother-love is the most dominant nd the most sacred passion in the niverse. And when baby rests, it matters ery little to a true woman whether she is ch and famous, or poor and unlettered nd obscure. Heaven itself has stooped pour its divinest elixir into her soul, nd she is blessed among women.

Our Menaced Song-birds

We who love the songsters of wood and rove, and who value the work they do for s, aside from their melody, in protecting uit and crops from maurauding insects, ust rejoice that steps are being taken to ave them from extermination. That little uffian in feathers, the English sparrow, ho is the doughty foe of every decent ird, seems to thrive and multiply in face f the fact that his friends are few and his nemies a host.

In a recent eloquent address in the louse of Representatives at Washington, he Honorable Amos J. Cummings, of ew York, pleaded the cause of the irds, both against the sparrow, and gainst the milliner, and the milliner's atrons, beautiful ladies who wear bon-ets adorned with birds and with the ings and breasts of birds. Mr. Cum-ings declared that thirteen years ago the arks of Washington were vocal in the pring with bobolinks, robins, and other ong-birds; that now one seldom sees a obin, except pursued by the sparrows ho peck him to death, if a solitary one ppears. He added:

"Last summer I spent in the Susque-anna Valley. Twelve years before this had summered in the same spot. The ttle yellow cherry bird was there then in rofusion. The ground chippy darted nder the fences and had its nest in the all grass. The yellow hammer was there undulating from tree to tree. The tapping of the woodpecker was heard in the bass-wood and other trees, and the twitter of the phœbe bird and the plaintive note of the pewit. The killdee and plover flew over the hills, and the king-fisher and the little tip-up were seen upon the shores of the river. Bobwhite made himself heard in the meadows, and dainty woodcock flew out of the dells toward nightfall. All the varieties of birds familiar to us in boyhood days were there, including the catbird, the brown thrasher, and the king-bird. In that same region to-day there is not one of these song-birds, where twelve years ago there were fifty."

Mr. Cummings stated that wild pigeons have been very nearly exterminated in regions where once they were familiar, that in Florida special legislation and heavy fines have been invoked to protect the few remaining species of the beautiful birds which formerly abounded there; that, in short, we are in danger of becoming a birdless country, largely through the "vanity of the female sex."

If it is so, it is high time that we women call a halt, and refuse to be sharers in the wanton destruction of our little brothers of the air. The millinery trade claims that much of the plumage used on hats and bonnets is manufactured from the feathers of domestic fowl, which are thrown aside when the fowl comes to the table in the form of necessary food.

We may at least decide for ourselves, whether or not we will allow the wholesale destruction of useful and beautiful and sweet-voiced birds to go on. Famine may yet visit us, if we suffer this outrage, and we should at once rebuke the propensity of men to kill anything alive wherever they see it. Of this, Rudyard Kipling makes mention in an article on Vermont scenery in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, saying in substance that the craze of men and boys to shoot any moving creature in the woods, is rendering New England woods strangely silent. All the blame lies not at women's doors.

WHEN BABY RESTS

Bobby's Pets

"Mamma, may I have a hen and a coop and raise some chickens for my very own?" asked a very eager little voice. "Bobby, you had a canary bird; what became of it?" He hung his head—it had died of his neglect. "I can't let you have pets until you learn to take better care of them. You can't have the chickens." Auntie was at Bobby's house on a visit. "Sarah," she said to Bobby's mamma, when the disconsolate little boy had gone out, "how is he to learn unless he tries?" "Must he try at the expense of poor dumb creatures?" "No; but at our expense; you must feed his pets when he does not. Perhaps, you might deprive him of a meal when he lets a pet go without. But, busy as you are, you must find time to train him to habits of thoughtfulness. It is a lot of trouble, but it is worth while. I will help you while I am here."

"A DEAR HOME DAUGHTER, PURE AND SWEET"

AN OLD SONG

THE girl with her flower-like face, and air
Of spring and sunshine, eyes and hair
And slender grace as she bends a look
On a beautiful old-time music book,
Is herself a poem and picture in one,
For whom might errands of love be done.

For whom might knights, as in days of old,
Ride forth in tourney brave and bold.
A dear home daughter, pure and sweet
From her golden head to her dainty feet;
Around her radiant memories throng,
As she muses over a dear old song.

That song her mother used to sing
In the days of her own sweet blossoming.
Her father knew it long ago;
And loved its tender silvern flow,
And perhaps there are unseen angels who look
At the girl with the quaint old music book.

About Prayer-Meeting

Attendance on prayer-meeting is so largely a matter of habit and of conscience that where it is abandoned, the family should look to itself, and see whether there is a good reason for the falling off on its part. In the home of the church member it should be taken for granted that social engagements will not be made on the prayer-meeting night, the meeting being in the nature of a permanent engagement.

When the topic of the meeting is announced on Sunday from the pulpit, it is a good plan to go to the meeting prepared by reading and thought, perhaps also by home conversation, although we may take no audible part. A certain note of unity should distinguish a prayer-meeting. If the leader has been speaking of Solomon's temple, the next to follow him should not dwell on the fate of Ananias and Sapphira. Cap the remarks of the pastor or leader by comments along the same line. Join heartily in the hymns, and reverentially in the prayers. Take the children with you. If you are young and belong to the Christian Endeavor group, that need not keep you from attending the regular meeting of the older people. They need you for cheer and inspiration, and you need them for counsel and instruction.

Older or younger, sustain your prayer-meeting. Thus the home upbuilds the church.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—ARTIE. Who shall speak first, when lovers have quarrelled? Why the one whose love is the truest of course.

—OLD GENTLEMAN. You are not expected to give your seat in a public conveyance to anyone younger than yourself. You probably will do it, however, for I see that you are a gentleman of the old school.

—CHARLOTTE AND JANNY. Aunt Patience is astonished at you. Not wear cleaned gloves! Why, girls you must be made of money. I wear mine when they have been cleaned nine times, and the other day a lady who was calling on me, remarked that hers had been cleaned thirteen times. Don't be extravagant, Charlotte and Jane.

INDIA'S LIFE-SAVERS

All America Laboring for the Starving People...Soldiers, Business Men, Clergymen, Church-Choirs and Children Helping

THE frightful suffering caused in India by this, the greatest famine of the century, has stirred the national heart to its profoundest depths, as it well may. It is hard for us, who only know what such ordinary hunger as comes of a delayed meal

JOHN, ANNIE AND ROBERT — MYRTLE AND WINNIE — LEAH AND BEULAH

may mean, to realize the horrors of starvation. It is almost impossible in this rich and bountiful land of ours for us to fully understand these words: "Sixty millions perishing for lack of food!" Yet thousands of letters, from the young and old, which pour into this office daily, show that our unselfish, great-hearted people, surrounded by plenty, are seeking to comprehend the situation in India, and to meet as Christians should the responsibility devolving upon them of keeping these wretched ones alive until their next harvest comes. We give extracts from a few, which show the spirit of the many. God himself will reward these and all other helpers of the starving.

BERTHA STONE

Here is the story of one little mission's self-denial:

Rose Hill Mission Sunday School, Jeffersonville, Ind., $5, through Chas. H. Allen. "You will be pleased to know how this money was raised, and I am sure, as superintendent of the mission, it did me much good to see our children and teachers enter into the two weeks of 'self-denial,' which closed last Saturday. Many sacrifices had to be made to enable us to send this amount. Perhaps one of the most noble acts on the part of any, was that of two young ladies; every spring, their parents have the fences and trees on the place whitewashed by some man engaged in the business; this time the two sisters took the contract, doing the work as well as any one could, and doing it for Jesus' sake that they might send the amount to the starving people in India."

This struggling Texas Sunday School has done well for itself:

Sterling Creek Sunday School, Texas, $5.15. Mr. O. R. Wilson writes: "Our little Sunday School was organized at the foot of the plains in Sterling County. Three or four neighbors got together; some one suggested a Sunday School; we got literature and started it with a brother, who had never filled such a position before, as superintendent. Now we are having a splendid time and the best of lessons. I told Supt. Price to announce to all present last Sunday the facts about the famine and we had no trouble in raising this money.

FLORENCE AND NELLIE

Corn bought with the money sent in this letter is now half-way to India. The writer is J. M. Campbell, Treas. India Famine Com., Troy, O.:

Enclosed find $736.70 to be applied to purchasing corn for the starving people of India. We send money instead of corn, in order to make certain that it will be in time for the relief ship's sailing.

This friend regards help as an obligation.

Beecher Wheeler, N. Y., $100. I see the famine is still raging. I feel it my duty to send you this for the starving.

Where can warmer or more merciful hearts be found than in the men who wear our uniforms and guard our country? God bless our "Boys in Blue"! Here is a letter, enclosing $7, from Private F. J. Deane, Co. I, 8th United States Infantry, Minn:

I receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week from an aunt of mine. I saw the Famine Relief supplement, so I thought I would try to get the boys to give something, and I succeeded pretty well. Although they did not give much, it was as much as some of them could afford.

Rev. B. P. Pennington, W. Va., writes: This $50 was given by R. L. C. Bradley, W. Va., a Baptist minister and a poor man. I am the pastor of the church to which he belongs, and he put it into my hands, asking me to forward it to the famine sufferers of India. This was given at a great personal sacrifice. God will surely bless the giver and the gift. The cry from India has touched the hearts of many of our people.

Surely the story of this busy little worker will be an inspiration to older people:

Willie Hackett, Oklahoma. I am a little boy seven years old. I felt so sorry for the starving people of India that I have sold vegetables of a morning before going to school until I earned $1. I send it to you. I hope it will save some little boy or girl.

This small pair worked to earn money for India, and then collected from friends.

Regina and John Klushman, California. We are six and seven years old. Mamma told us about the poor people in India, and we feel so sorry that we asked her if we could take our little bank and go out collecting some money for them; and she said yes; and so we did, and now have $2.50. We have been working and earned 50 cents ourselves, which we also send, hoping it will all keep some poor children from starving.

The writers of these letters constitute a noble army of children united in their purpose of working for the Master and his starving ones, though scattered geographically from Canada to Georgia.

Mabel and Melville Hart, twin brother and sister, Iowa., $1 each, write: "Papa was reading in your paper about the little children who are starving in India, and we wish to help some. We feel so sorry for them. We are seven years old. We hope every child in the United States will send something. Our teacher is making up a relief fund and we want to help there also."—Margaret Vermillion, Montana, $5: "I am a little girl eleven years old. I took a subscription list around to a few friends."—Nellie Strickland, Ontario, $3.20: "We are glad we could collect this. My sister, Florence, is twelve years old. She expects to be a missionary. I am ten."—Bertha Stone, Kansas, sends $3.65, "collected for the poor little starving children of India."—Mrs. A. E. Pritchell, Georgia.: "My three little fatherless grandchildren, John, Robert and Annie McLarty, brought me 25 cents each for India. They seem greatly interested in the starving people, and will do what they can to help. God put it into all hearts to help in this noble work of relief."—Mrs. M. H. Moore, Kansas, $1.10: "My daughter, Olive, and her friend, Gertrude Wellinger, got up a little entertainment of songs and recitations in Mr. Moore's shop, charging two cents admission for the benefit of the famine children."—Leah and Beulah Hodgeson, South Dakota, 3.50: "We saw the pictures of the famine sufferers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we felt so sorry we wanted to do something; so while one of us stayed at home and helped mamma, the other took the blank sheet you sent with the paper, and in just a few hours got this sum from our kind-hearted neighbors. It must be awful to starve to death. I know it is bad enough to be hungry and just have to wait a little while till dinner is ready."

GERTIE MELLINGER

Newark, N. J., has done a noble part, sending altogether through the treasurer of its India Famine Relief Committee, Mr. Chas. G. Rockwood, President of the National Newark Banking Co., $3,000 to help save the starving, with a promise of further aid. Mr. R. W. Jones, S. S. Superintendent, Neb., sends $60 and tells how it was raised:

OLIVE MOORE

On last Friday I received your circular about the famine. Sunday morning the urgent need of India was laid before the Sabbath School, church congregation and Junior Christian Endeavor Society by their superintendent, pastor and leader respectively, and this was contributed.

Mr. J. A. Boyd, business manager of *The Wilkesbarre Record*, sends a check for $200, saying, "This makes a total of $700 contributed by our readers to this worthy cause. As you will notice from enclosed list of givers, the amounts are made up of small sums, and many of the contributions come from little children, some of whom have given their entire savings." Ten little ladies, Wanda, Celeste, Katherine, May, Jennie, Clara, Miriam, Edna, Jessie, Laura, and two little gentlemen, Stewart and Ernest, all of Baltimore, Md., send $10, proceeds of an entertainment given by themselves.

A LITTLE OFFERING

ENCLOSED one dollar you will find
To feed the starving humankind
In India's distant land.
I'd gladly give a hundred more,
If blessed with plenteous earthly store,
To help that suffering band.

In lowly country home I bide;
My simple wants are well supplied,
Though riches I have none.
No silks or gems, or dainties fine
Are found within this home of mine.
By toil my bread is won.

This dollar sent means sacrifice;
Though gladly given, 'tis the price
Of needed household store.
May God so soften every heart
That each shall gladly bear a part,
And feed the starving poor.

LIVES THAT LIFT*

Souls Changed in their Nature as Leaven Changes Meal, Influencing Other Souls with whom They Come in Contact

APT and forcible is the illustration Christ uses in his Parable of the Leaven, of the progress of his Church through the centuries. Legislation and wars have never directly served its cause; men have never been driven into the church. The patronage of civil government has hindered, rather than helped, the progress of Christ's kingdom. It has increased and developed in spite of persecution and of the indifference of rulers. As he foresaw, the potent truths of his Gospel would work effectually, if let alone, and would silently and slowly, but surely, permeate the whole world. It was a sublime confidence that he showed in the mighty force of the truth, when he staked the whole future of his kingdom on this unostentatious process. And that confidence has been justified by the result. The leaven has worked through society: it has spread from land to land, until it is to-day the mightiest force known to man. Men form social and political ties: they are connected by their relations in business and art and science; they are grouped by nationality and separated by race and color. But the leaven is not checked in its work by any lines of connection or separation. It goes on ceaselessly, reaching forth into the unleavened mass, and as we watch its progress and notice the hindrances still to be encountered, we rejoice in those pregnant concluding words: "till the whole was leavened."

In the very beginning of the kingdom the process was at work. Andrew found his brother Simon and brought him to Jesus; Philip found Nathanael and invited him to come. So it has ever been. The kingdom has grown by accretions brought by its members, as well as through the power of preaching. Leaven has the power of transforming the meal into its own nature, of making it leaven. It is this power which the Gospel possesses, that has worked the wonders that we see. The man who becomes leavened may have been a bad man, exercising an evil influence on his social circle, but after his conversion his influence undergoes a change. If his conversion is genuine, there is no one coming in contact with him who does not feel the power of the new life. He is spiritually alive and all life must exercise power. The meal is inactive and however large may be the heap of surrounding meal, it is an inert mass and remains so: but once let a handful of the meal be leavened and immediately the operation is started which will eventually permeate the whole mass. So well-established is this law that there is reason to suspect the genuineness of the change that has no effect on the people in contact with the soul that professes to have been converted. It is like a tree that bears neither leaves nor fruit. We cannot believe that it is alive. By the very law of its being, leaven leavens the surrounding meal: if the meal is not leavened, we must conclude that it has never been in contact with leaven. The soul that the power of Christ has touched is changed in its nature; it has the power of the creative Spirit, in some degree small as it may be, and it affects others.

Several considerations must be briefly entertained in relation to this view of the Parable. It is objected that in the Bible leaven invariably represents evil. But Christ so plainly represents leaven as a symbol of the kingdom that his parable must constitute an exception to the rule. It was so suitable a symbol that Christ ignored its evil association. A second objection to this view is that it represents the world as continually improving while in the opinion of many it is continually growing worse. But is such an opinion justified by the facts? We see the principles of the kingdom gradually gaining power. Who that can look back over half a century will deny that there is more brotherhood, more mercy and compassion, more sympathy with the suffering, more recognition of Christian principle as the law which ought to govern the conduct of men and nations, than there were fifty years ago? Take our own country for example. Could a notorious libertine, gambler, or infidel be elected to the Presidency as easily as he could fifty years ago? Would not a man of bad moral life be defeated if he were nominated even if he were politically acceptable? When was there a time when the effort was more strenuously made to mitigate the horrors of war, to relieve the anguish of the sufferers by earthquake, or flood, or tornado, or famine? The world is becoming more like Christ, in spite of the prevalence of evil. The leaven is working and in process of time the whole will be leavened.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 10. Luke 13: 20-21.

Boy Crusaders in the Carolina

A SUCCESSFUL work for the welfare of boys is reported from Inoir, N. C. Its inauguration was due to Mr. J. M. Moore, who is connected with the Carolina & Northwestern Railway Company. On Nov. 27, 1898, Mr. Moore organized the "Boy Crusaders" with six boys. The organization is still flourishing, and has a membership of sixty-five. The boys have three rooms, one for an assembly room, with a seating capacity of one hundred and fifty, which is used for Sunday meetings, gymnasium class, initiation of Crusader Knights, etc. Another room, known as the Outer Court is used for reading and games; the third room is the Inner Court, used for educational purposes. The rooms are open three nights in the week and on Sunday afternoon. The work was looked on by many good citizens in the start with something akin to disfavor. It is now pronounced by all a good thing, a success and a fixture in the town.

Mr. Moore has since moved to Chester, S. C., and will be likely to introduce the good work there. Already the *Lante*, the bi-weekly paper of the town has called public attention to the movement by publishing the plans and objects of the movement. These are simple and commend themselves to those who know what boys are and what it is pre-eminently desirable they should be. There are three divisions in the order, Boy Crusaders, Crusaders and the Grand Council. To become a member, a boy must promise to earnestly endeavor to observe the Golden Rule, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, the use of tobacco, including cigarettes, and the use of profanity; to attend all Sunday meetings of the organization, and induce others to become members. The guide of the order is the Bible, and the colors are black, red and white. Anybody and everybody's boy is eligible for membership, as there is not the slightest taint of caste or class about the order.

Saving the Lost—Uplifting the Fallen

A Great Rescue Work in Cincinnati—The Beatty Mission—A Work of Faith—Anniversary Love-Feast

STEEPED IN SIN

TRANSFORMED IN CHRIST

NINE years ago Sherrard Beatty and his wife determined to consecrate their lives to rescue work in Cincinnati. The husband had been saved from the degrading clutches of drink by the power of Christ, and when his own redemption was accomplished, he could not rest till he had shared the joys of the new life with others who had been like himself, victims of sin.

Without a dollar of capital to start with, no fund to draw on but unshaken faith in the promises of God, this devoted couple began by holding meetings in the streets. They had no home, no mission house, nothing but trust and prayer. Help came. Their first mission was a room in a house which had long been a gambling den, in a disreputable quarter of Fifth street. By degrees the influence spread, the work grew, donations increased, and, inside of a few years, they moved three times to larger quarters, always pitched on the devil's chosen battle-ground, right on the firing line, where they could come daily and hourly into literal touch with the strongly intrenched sin and its desperate cohorts.

George street, for half a century the allotted reservation of moral lepers in this city, is lined for squares with houses of sin. Right in the centre of this plague-spot—a Christian breakwater against the seething tide of evil—stands the new Beatty Mission, —a very haven of rest for shipwrecked souls. It is a substantial brick structure, two stories high, about forty feet wide by nearly a hundred deep.

The ground floor is a mission room capable of seating five hundred people. On the upper floor are the apartments of Mr. Beatty and his wife, and ten rooms used as a refuge for penitent women.

"I had not a penny to start with," said Mr. Beatty, "and I never take up a collection. This house and its furnishings have come in answer to prayer. Since this Rescue Mission for Erring Women was founded, about 1894, we have sheltered some sixteen hundred girls, of whom seven hundred have been returned — new creatures in Christ—to parents and friends, and occupation has been found for over three hundred."

Mr. Beatty handed the writer two photographs. "Here is one of our girls," said he. "She rang the mission door here late one bitter night in winter a few years ago. I never saw such a tattered and pitiable wreck of womanhood. Only seventeen, she looked a veteran in dissipation, and had been run out of several towns as a hopeless case. Coming to Cincinnati, a friend sent her to us. She gave a wild, incredulous look when I spoke of God's wonderful love to lost sinners. 'I don't see what there is in me to love,' said she, bursting into tears. Her reformation began from that night. To-day she is back among her own people, a fine Christian woman, helping others. One of these two pictures shows her as she came to us; the other as she is. The change is one of God's miracles."

Across the street from the Mission, and under the same auspices, is a large house rented as a home for men.

Each morning Mr. Beatty visits the Police Court to make the acquaintance of the poor wretches brought there, and to ask the judge to turn over to Mrs. Beatty's care girls under arrest for the first time. Then there are visits to the workhouse, House of Detention and systematic calls at disreputable houses, where they tell fallen women of the love of Jesus, offering them a home if they ever want to lead better lives.

There are many daily calls at the Mission from distracted parents and relatives of girls who have gone astray, and whose whereabouts cannot be traced.

THE BEATTY MISSION

MR. AND MRS. SHERRARD BEATTY

The Mission work includes ten regular meetings each week in the Mission Hall; rescue Gospel meetings every night, and open air and street work in summer. No creed is known but "Jesus only." Last year over 100,000 persons attended the Rescue Mission. Over 3,000 homeless men, and many homeless and hopeless women were sheltered and fed, and led in better paths. All the helpers are rescued men and women, with no salaries.

A great local love-feast was planned for Mr. Beatty's anniversary on May 11, when all the Mission workers in Cincinnati would gather to bless his work. Two well-known workers from New York were present: S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the famous Water Street, or Jerry McAuley Mission, and John H. Wyburn, for nearly four years in charge of the equally noted Bowery Mission, still sustained by the benevolence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Wyburn has been in Cincinnati for some months past.

S. P. BUTLER.

The Lord is Thy Healer

THE Lord is thy Healer:
He hath spoken liberty,
He hath bound the broken-hearted,
He hath made the captive free.

The Lord is thy Healer:
He hath ever been the same;
He hath shown his great compassion—
Let us praise his holy name.

The Lord is thy Healer:
He "remembers we are dust";
He hath healing, he hath pardon
For the souls that fully trust.

The Lord is thy Healer:
Let thy doubting all be o'er;
Trust him with a faith unshaken;
Take his healing, sin no more.

CHORUS:
The Lord is thy Healer,
In his mercy now confide;
The Lord is thy Healer,
In his promises abide;
The Lord is thy Healer:
He will heal, who forgave;
His arm is not shortened—
He will save, he will save!

—MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Twin Oaks. By Whitfield G. Howell. Pp. 350; published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York City.

Lyra Innocentum. Thoughts in verse on Christian children, their ways and privileges, by John Keble, with notes and introduction by Walter Lock, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford. Songs of the cradle, baptism, guardian angels, and similar themes, make up this collection of poems from the works of the well-known Christian author, whose name appears in our hymn-books as the writer of some of our best loved songs of worship. The little volume is a dainty one. Pp. 320. Publishers, Methuen & Co., 36 Essex St., W. C., London, England.

The Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth. A paper prepared for the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, held in New York April 21 to May 1, 1900, by Edward W. Gilman, D.D., one of the secretaries of the American Bible Society. This little pamphlet of 24 pages relates the history in brief, but tersely, of Bible publication and circulation. Copies can be had on application to the American Bible Society, New York. The Society has also republished for circulation *The Power of the Printed Bible*, a paper prepared by Dr. Gilman for the London General Missionary Conference of 1888. Such good seed as these pamphlets cannot be too freely sown.

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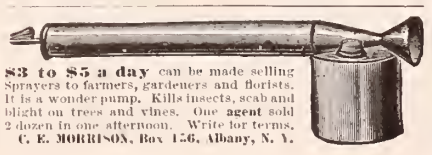

$3 to $5 a day can be made selling Sprayers to farmers, gardeners and florists. It is a wonder pump. Kills insects, scab and blight on trees and vines. One agent sold 2 dozen in one afternoon. Write for terms. C. E. MORRISON, Box 156, Albany, N. Y.

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Be kind to your body. Remember it is fed not by thoughts of what you think you'll do, but by the strong volume of vital force which the heart distributes. Treat your life's blood well. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicinal sister of charity, and aids to keep you in good health as nothing else can.

Pure Blood—*"My blood was poor. I had headaches and but little appetite. Since taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the headaches are gone, my blood is in good condition and I have a good appetite." C. A. Hoffman, 580 Broadway, Long Island City, N. Y.*

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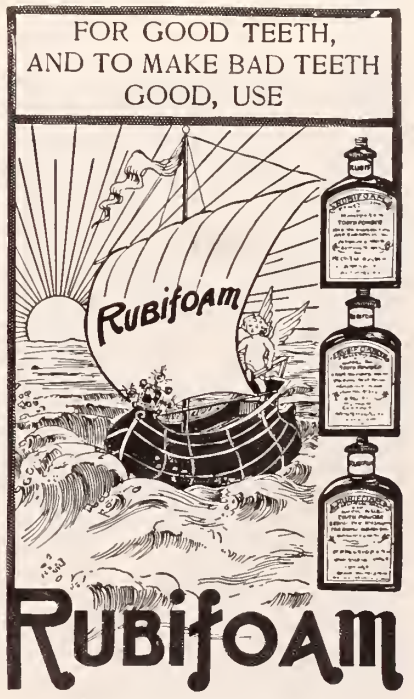
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FOR GOOD TEETH, AND TO MAKE BAD TEETH GOOD, USE



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STARK TREES best by test—74 YEARS. WE WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH WEEKLY Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo; Dansville, N.Y.

Calling the Wanderers In

Mrs. Bird, "the Mother of the Bowery Boys," Writes of the Bowery Mission's Soul-saving Work . . .

WITH its door ever open as a gateway to heaven, the Bowery Mission shelters under its wing thousands of the bravest and noblest wanderers from all the nations of the world. The boy leaves home, friends, and all he holds dear to see "something of life," and the Bowery is the great magnet that attracts, for there he can lose himself. Cut loose from every restraining influence, he joins the motley crowd which with unceasing tramp, day and night, year in and year out, surges past our Mission. Often the young wanderer is suddenly arrested by the sound of music. Hundreds of men within our walls are singing, and their voices repeat the words of some familiar hymn. He goes in, led never touched opium since, for he gave his heart to God and attends our meetings regularly.

MRS. SARAH J. BIRD

. . .

Among the requests for prayer sent up to me, I found those words, "Pray for me. I am not worthy, but I have a mother." As I was kneeling by the side of a broken-hearted penitent, his only cry to God was, "Save me, oh save me, for my mother's sake!" As I was talking to a crowd of rough fellows in a lodging house one day, one of the men said, "Won't you sing the song, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul?' for my mother always sung that when anything troubled her." Memories of home soften the most hardened hearts. The little prayers taught the child before tucking him into his bed are never forgotten. A big strong man found that his life depended upon his yielding to a terrible operation. As the surgeons gathered about him in the hospital, the nurse said he commenced the only prayer he knew, "Now I lay me down to sleep," then lost consciousness, but as soon as the ether

A "PRAYER SERVICE" IN THE KITCHEN OF THE BOWERY MISSION

by curiosity; he is tired and lonely in this world of sin without, and thinks he will sit down and rest a moment. The hush of prayer and the earnest faces he sees touch a chord which makes him think of home. He is surprised by the hearty grasp of a friendly hand. Our Superintendent puts his strong arm about him and urges him to accept our shelter from the fierce temptations raging without. Here he finds a little suggestion of family life, a cordial brotherhood. We have a custom of frequently taking a cup of coffee together, not as a charity, but more as a little love-feast, that we may join hearts and hands more closely, and better learn how to bear one another's burdens.

. . .

Last Sunday, a manly face attracted me; he was eagerly listening to the story of a wayward life. Soon he arose, and said, "I left my home, 3,000 miles away, two years ago. I have never written to my mother since I have nothing good to say of myself. Last week news came to me that my mother was dead." And overcome with deep feeling he asked us to pray that God would forgive him. One night, as I was entering the Mission, a young man, waiting for me, passed me a letter from his mother, saying, "She loves me still, although I am living in an opium den. I only come here for my mail." I took him in to the Gospel service, and seated him close by my side, and he has passed away he took up the words of the prayer just where he had left off. He told me when I saw him afterward, that if he could afford it he would put this little prayer over every bed in that hospital.

. . .

One Sunday morning I was led to speak to a stranger near me. This was his story: While a student at Cambridge University, his father died. Money came to him, and he ran away from college "to go around the world." At the end of three years he found himself sitting in the Bowery Mission, homeless and starving. We sent tidings to his mother, and soon there came a cablegram providing money for his return, with these words, "Forgiven; come home." He left us by next steamer, and to-day is a Christian merchant in his native town. His mother told me by letter that the very Sunday her boy was saved in the Bowery Mission she was sitting in her pew in church; and as her pastor spoke of the power of prayer, her heart was full of bitter unbelief, for she had prayed for three years for her prodigal son, and still he wandered she knew not where. But our God was faithful to answer her prayer, although her boy was at that moment thousands of miles away.

. . .

Oh, dear Bowery Mission! Could I put upon paper the terrible confessions I have heard, or the agonizing cry of the penitent, every mother in our land would beseech God to send us means to carry on the Christian war against those powers of evil which are so rampant here in this City of Destruction.

SARAH J. BIRD.

Taking the Census

THE twelfth census of the United States will be taken during the month of June. The work of preparation for the census has been prodigious and the tabulating of the results will be many times as serious. The details to be gathered are numerous: so much so, that many persons will doubtless feel aggrieved over the number of inquiries put to them. But the faithful answers to these many questions are absolutely indispensable if the census returns are to be of any value. The questions should not be resented nor should the enumerator be regarded as officious when he asks names and ages and nationality, occupation and other particulars of the residents in any house. A great many agricultural details and details of manufacturing concerns will be sought, including the values of machinery, utensils, and equipment of all kinds as well as products. These must be furnished, a serious penalty being incurred for refusal to answer. All particulars furnished the enumerator he is bound to keep secret. The law positively forbids his imparting any facts reported to him to any person whatsoever, save the official authorized to receive the same. One need not fear that any facts reported will be furnished to the assessor, for instance. The seal of secrecy is upon all persons engaged, no matter how, directly or indirectly, in the census taking.

Refusal to admit a census enumerator to one's house or office, or upon the farm is illegal, but enumerators are expected to observe all possible courtesy and tact, and where they do so they are hardly likely to arouse opposition. The enumerator will wear a badge and carry his official commission with him, and will be well able to convince most householders that he is what he represents himself to be. Already sneak thieves wearing some sort of a badge have sought by its use to gain admission to houses in order to practice their nefarious vocation. Any householder, or person who in the householder's absence, may answer the enumerator's call, is justified in seeking assurance that the caller is not an impostor.

When the work is over the enumerators will no doubt have some lively memories of aggravating householders as well as of courtesies received from others, and of many mirth-provoking experiences in the performance of their duties. Meanwhile, the results of their labors will be waited for patiently by all intelligent Americans, the more so by those who appreciate the great value of such statistics as the census will produce. It is by such figures that we are enabled to see what progress we are making as a people, and to compare our advance with that of other nations. Hence the common interest in correct statistics, and the importance on the part of all called upon to answer the census enumerators' inquiries of giving full information.

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Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound cake.
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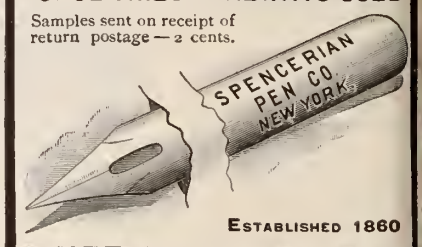

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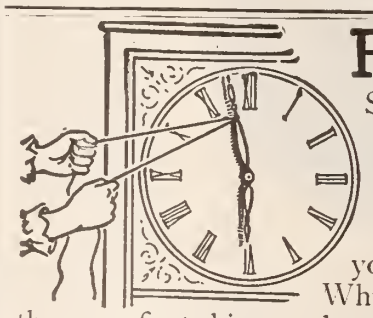

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Why not begin the use of Pearline with the very first thing to be washed or cleaned—your face and hands, say. Pearline hurts nothing; cleans everything. 583
Millions NOW USE Pearline

SPRING DAYS AT MONT-LAWN

HOUSEMOTHER AND TEACHERS RECEIVING MANY LETTERS FROM LITTLE WAIFS ANTICIPATING AN OUTING THERE

OUR MAIN BUILDING AT MONT-LAWN

Three cheers for the Home on the Hudson!
Three cheers for the Home on the Hill!
Three cheers for the kind friends who send us
We give with a hearty good-will!

—Our Fresh-Air Children's Song.

MONT-LAWN is being made ready for its little guests. The news has gone abroad in the tenements, and there is great joy among the children of the poor. The recent spell of hot weather, when the mercury ran higher probably than ever before at the same season, had the effect of intensifying interest on the part of tenement mothers and their little ones in the question of some reprieve from the awful heat of sweltering courts and alleys in torrid days to come. It has been a delight on the part of all engaged in this good work to assure the anxious poor that the tenement children will be as faithfully remembered in this as in past seasons.

Housemother Collins is already at the Home, seeing to its thorough renovation. From top to bottom, it is being made fresh, clean and sweet for the children, the large majority of whom never know what a fresh, clean, sweet home or a pure home life is except when at Mont-Lawn. The ancient papering which has done duty for so many years, is coming down, and walls are being treated to a clean and wholesome dress of whitewash. The good old markee tent, under which our little ones have breakfasted, supped and dined for summer after summer, and which has weathered many a storm and survived many a rip and tear, is of necessity being replaced by a new one. The platform over which it stood has been so worn by the thousands of childish feet that have tramped merrily over it at mealtimes must go, too, and another must need be built.

"There is," said the housemother, "a feeling almost of regret in tearing down the old plastering, old paper, old boards and old tent that have done such good service. They seem to say by their very outworn condition, 'Ah, we know how many dear children have been here.' But this pulling off the old and putting on the new makes me think of the resurrection: I feel that we are going to do here a better work than ever for God. Please tell the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the kind friends who have co-operated so faithfully and so long with us in helping the children of the poor, that we want them to make the Home the subject of special prayer this summer." Particular pains will be taken to make the chapel services especially attractive; the children have been on the hearts of Housemother and teachers all winter; they have studied free-hand drawing in the intervals of labor so that they might illustrate the Sunday School lessons on the blackboard, and one young teacher has been making a special study of songs for the children.

We feel encouraged to persevere in this work; God has wonderfully blessed it. "Is any impression for good that can be made in ten days in any degree lasting?" is sometimes asked by those who are interested in the moral and spiritual as well as physical benefits wrought. Time is answering in some measure this question, to which only eternity can make full reply. The moral tone of whole families and communities has been changed for the better through the influence of a single child, or a company of children who have been taken from them for vacations at Mont-Lawn. Some of the boys and girls who came to us seven years ago, little half-heathen tots, are now studying for the missionary field. A batch of letters has been handed in at this office by our housemother, who asked that great care be taken of them, saying, "They are priceless treasures to the teachers who have received them during the winter from children in her charge at Mont-Lawn last summer." Simple scrawls were they, telling of home troubles, of success or failures at school, or in little industries; telling, too, of moral and spiritual struggle, and showing all through childish faith and love. Poor little men and women! Many of them have so much in their home (or homeless) lives to kill hope and faith, that its resurrection, or preservation, seems a miracle; but with God's help, all things are possible.

Dec. 27, 1899.—My Dearest Friend. I am very unhappy since I came home, but I ask the Lord to forgive me, and I know he will, too. I work at three dollars a week. I cannot forget you, no, never. I never forget you in my prayer. I am so homesick. Last night I cried very badly. I know the Lord will help me. Your dear friend, WILLIAM.

Jan. 9, 1900.—My Dearest Friend. O, how I wish I was up there! Because Papa said I must get out of the house. He said if I do not get out in a week, he would put me out altogether. I was very sick in bed for two weeks and four days. I just able to get around a little bit. I very unhappy, indeed, at home. I miss you very much indeed. I asked the Lord to forgive me, and so will you. I cried very badly last night in wishing I was up there. I am sure you are very dear to me, indeed. You are my dear friend. I love you. I mus hurry with my letter because the headache is coming on again. I wish I was by you. I cried very badly last night in wishing I was up there. If I could see you once more, you dear friend. May God open way we may meet again. Your child, WILLIAM.

Be strong in the Lord (in great letters).

Jan.—Mamma did not look for any place yet. I wish I was up there. Day before yesterday I walked from One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street to Forty-second Street, looking for work an didn't get any at all, and I was very tired that night. I walked from eleven in the morning till five o'clock in the evening. I miss Nyack very much. Mamma has not been feeling well.

Your dear friend, WILLIAM.

Be strong in the Lord (capitalized).

Are you not glad, friends of children, that this child is finding help, and that my brother away. Pippi says he like to stay in the asylum because they are good to him. He wants to stay till June and he can go to Nyack. You will help Pippi to be a good boy.

Joseph Denelfo enclosed a specimen of his work upon which he had spent infinite pains—all he had to offer, poor little man!—and enlarged upon his anxiety to go to Mont-Lawn this summer. He also leads in a joint letter from a number of Elm street tots, who say:

We wish summer will be here soon, so as we could have a good time and some of the Nyack fresh air. Some of us is always sick. Our Sunday School teacher says we are all expected to be there this summer. With lots of love, Joseph, Fredie, Frank, Louis and others. P. S.—Frank and Fredie takes me for a bookkeeper and a letter-writer, because I am going to be one.

One little scrawl says just this: "God be with you till we meet again." Hundreds of letters are being received by every one connected with the work containing just the eloquent plea: "May we come to the country this summer?"

Kind letters of inquiry are received at this office from friends of children all over the Union, asking how they may help in this good work. Three dollars will send a waif to the Home for ten days, this small sum covering cost of transportation, food, shelter, clothing, medical and caretakers' attention; $6 will send two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; and for $35 twelve little ones can be made happy. To bands of King's Daughters, Dorcas and other sewing societies, we may mention the fact that the children often come to us pitiably ragged. When packages of garments are opened for distribution they should see the little expectant faces grow bright when pretty pink or blue dresses or blouses are revealed and distributed; and there is unbounded joy when dingy dark rags and tatters are replaced by these clean, gay garments. While, child-like, they love bright colors they are not fastidious. Oh, no! they will be thankful, kind mother, for garments your children have outgrown. Our children are from four to twelve years of age. Clothing should be sent prepaid, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.; contributions of money to this office. Prompt acknowledgments will be made in these columns.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA

Drawn by one of our little Fresh Air Children

he will soon be at Mont-Lawn? These are from Mott Street children:

1. Why don't you come and see your own dear CHRISTIAN HERALD Childrens' Home children?——2. We have put my brother Pippi away because he was a bad boy. When we go to see him Monday he says, "I will be a good boy." My father says, "No, you will not be."——3. I am glad to say that I made Louie and Joe be friends again. I wish you would write to "your dear Pippi, he is waiting for one. I send you the letter he sent us. (Pippi's letter from the New York Juvenile Asylum, says: "I am trying to be a good boy.") 4. My father is sorry because he put

WHERE IS THY BROTHER?

"WHERE is thy brother?"
Jehovah asked of Cain.
His brother he had slain—
O, wretched Cain!
"Where is thy brother?"
The Lord will ask again;
Will ask thee to explain,
O, modern Cain!
"Where is thy brother?"

Where is thy brother
To whom comes whiskey's bane,
With all its wretched train
Of griefs and pain?
Where is thy brother:
The one whom you disdain?
I beg of thee explain,
Thou modern Cain,
Where is thy brother?

Where is thy brother
Who struggles, but in vain
Himself to rend in twain
The devil's chain?
Where is thy brother;
Is he among the slain
Who Satan's venom drain
From cups profane?
Where is thy brother?

Where is thy brother?
O! rise with might and main,
Not merely to enchain
And so restrain
The demon, brother;
Strike till the thing is slain;
Wash from thyself the stain
Of modern Cain.
Strike now, my brother.

Noank, Conn. W. C. MARTIN.

REDUCED RATES TO PHILADELPHIA.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Republican National Convention.

On account of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, June 19, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia from all stations on its line *at the rate of one fare for the round trip* (minimum rate 50 cents). Tickets will be sold and good going June 15 to 19, inclusive, and returning to June 26, inclusive.

Warmer weather often causes extreme weariness and debility. Now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies and enriches the blood and gives the whole body new life and vigor.

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One Pen only to one address on this offer.

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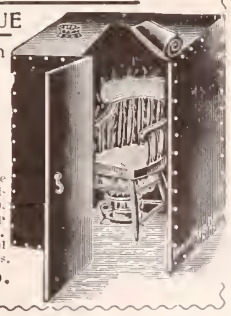

We can prove this and invite investigation and comparisons. Prices, $3.50 to $12.50. **Special prices where we have no agent.** Agents wanted. One sold one thousand in four months.

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HAIR INSOLES keep feet clean and dry. Prevent jar in walking. Relieve Rheumatism, Callous, Tender and Perspiring Feet. 10c., 3 pair 25c., postpaid. The Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Box D, Hartford, Ct.

DECORATION DAY

...See Illustration on First Page...

WE are indebted to our Southern friends for the beautiful custom of devoting one day in each year to strewing with flowers the graves of our soldier dead. Before the close of the Civil War the women of the South began the practice, and have kept it up ever since; naming the day "Memorial Day." The Southerners observe April 27, of each year, for placing their loving memorial of fragrant and beautiful blossoms on the tombs of their heroes.

A similar observance was inaugurated in various parts of the North, shortly after it began in the South. The custom speedily found favor, and on May 5, 1868, General John A. Logan, then Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order fixing May 30, of that year, for the appropriate decoration of the graves of our Northern soldiers. There has been no Federal legislation appointing such a day, but many States have very properly made it a legal holiday. Since the Spanish-American War, renewed interest has been aroused in the beautiful custom, as, alas! there have been many new graves to adorn. As the practice shows a nation's gratitude, so well earned, and is calculated to incite patriotism, the occasion is worthy of an honored place on our calendar of sacred days. North and South have not infrequently united in decorating the graves of those who, when alive, were found in opposing ranks. Over the graves of the blue and gray, their living comrades, now knowing only one flag, unite in their tribute to their common dead, and pray the same prayer for the life and prosperity of our country.

Fair be the blossoms which, on our Memorial Day,
With grateful memories and loyal hearts we lay
Upon the silent graves alike of blue and gray,
And tombs of those who, later, flung their lives away
For liberty's sweet sake.

"The Lady of the Caskets"

MANY comments have been made by the secular press on the story of the lady who has just died, and who had won for herself the above title. She was buried in a casket, costing $50,000, beside her husband reposing in one of like value. The mausoleum, which constitutes their last resting-place, cost $500,000. It has walls five feet thick, and massive gates with double locks as security against grave robbers; knockers on the doors are of pure gold and worth a fortune in themselves. On the coffins are gold medallions valued at $500 each. Thirteen years ago, while her husband, Dr. Hiller, was alive she had these caskets made. She sent all over the world for fine woods; planks from the big redwoods of California, for which she had paid $1,000, were cast aside; wood from the cedars of Lebanon, costing $1,500, was discarded after purchase; rare teakwood and cedar shared the same fate. "At last," as she related by herself, "I sent to the far South, and, after infinite pains, procured mahogany planks enough to build the sarcophagi and the caskets." She designed her grave clothes; her outer robe of corded silk, adorned with 5,000 English daisies embroidered by skilled artists of France, garnished with 500 yards of hand-made lace, fastened with 500 silver hooks made for the purpose, cost $20,000, and the garments beneath, $5,000.

This poor rich woman's morbid passion for splendor in death, according to her own account, came about thus: "We lived frugally; first our ambition was to own a million dollars; when we had that safe, two, three, four and five millions led us on. Everything seemed to come our way; all we touched turned to gold. But our little ones—we had twenty-three, fourteen of them twins—pined away and died in early life. Not one lived to give joy to my heart, sunshine to my home. Seeing we were not likely to have offspring to perpetuate our name and fortune, I spoke to my husband about being preserved in costly caskets under a lasting mausoleum. He told me to carry out any idea I might have." Poor childless woman! her monument is but a perishable memorial after all; with all its magnificence it has no place in the hearts of men. Yet she might have built herself a memorial that would have enshrined her name in the loving thoughts of thousands. A hospital where the sick might be healed, a mission where the weak and sinful might be saved, a church where God would be worshiped; or, best of all, for the bereaved mother a home where little friendless children of the poor might find love and Christian keeping.

The Oldest Postmaster

ROSWELL BEARDSLEY, of North Lansing, N. Y., is the oldest postmaster in the service of the United States government. He was appointed in 1828, and has faithfully performed his duties ever since. A friend (Mr. C. C. Johnson) has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the photograph of Mr. Beardsley, which appears in this column.

ROSWELL BEARDSLEY, P.M.

The Post Office Department recently reorganized its rural delivery system and it is now greatly improved. New rural delivery routes have been organized and postmen now deliver mails every day at every farm house all over the new district.

Florence Nightingale's Birthday

THE eightieth anniversary of this noble lady's birth was recently celebrated. Miss Nightingale has lived for many years past in a quiet house in West London. Every room is filled with tokens of esteem showered on her by governments and individuals of the Old and New Worlds. Her health has never been good since her return from her famous work in the Crimean war, but she has never ceased altogether from humanitarian labor. For many years she personally superintended the Florence Nightingale School for Nurses in London. This school, as the public is aware, was established by Miss Nightingale with the fund of $250,000, which the women of England raised as a gift to their modest little countrywoman, who, after saving the lives of so many sick and wounded soldiers, had traveled from the Bosphorus to England to avoid the public notice that she otherwise would have attracted. To this fund every soldier in the army eagerly contributed a day's pay. Miss Nightingale's latest work consists of two books on nursing. Her advice, sought by the war departments of all countries, has been the basis of modern hospital and ambulance work in war. Though the daughter of an Englishman, she was born in Florence, Italy, and was named for that city.

An India Famine "Spot" Box

AN offering for the India Famine Relief fund from a Brooklyn home suggests a method of raising small funds that could easily be adopted in many another home. In the home referred to a mite box is kept upon the dining-room table, into which a cent is dropped for any spot that appears on the table cloth during meal time. A "tip over" of tea, coffee, milk, etc., involves a contribution of five times that amount to the box. The plan was suggested by two little girls in the family, who on coming out of church one Sunday, picked up a piece of missionary literature that told forcibly the story of the famine. Since then a sharp lookout has been kept for "missionary spots." The little fund has been augmented in other ways. The various members of the household offered their services in various directions, and patronage was solicited. Buttons were sewn on garments for a cent apiece, stockings were mended for one cent upward, gloves and ribbons cleaned, ladies' boots polished, bicycle tires inflated, etc. A generous supply of postage stamps and postals was laid in, to be sold to any member of the household willing to deposit an extra cent in the missionary box, for the convenience of making the purchase without the necessity of going to the drug store to do so. Little by little the box grows heavy. It is to be opened weekly, and great or small the contents will go to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief fund.

Surely other homes will adopt this simple plan, especially when so small a sum as two cents will keep a man alive for a day, and perhaps by prolonging a life, make it possible for one more soul to hear the glad news of Eternal Life.

Church Choirs Helping India

SOME time ago a movement was started in Auburn, N. Y., by Secretary Chas. G. Adams, of the Auburn Business Men's Association, with the object of inducing church choirs throughout the country to aid the India relief movement. How the movement has succeeded in Auburn is told in the following letter:

Editor "Christian Herald."

I have endeavored to get you to bring to the attention of the different choirs in the different cities the plan of giving choir concerts for the India Relief Fund. We started one in the Central Church here; our receipts were $142. Three others have been given: the Baptist Church, receipts $67; Disciples (a small church), $36; the Second Presbyterian, $92, making over $300 raised by choir concerts alone, with practically no expense and requiring but little effort. The churches were all packed.

Churches which could not give concerts endorsed the scheme, and took up collections and were stirred to do this by the concerts in other churches, so the $300 represents one part of what Auburn churches have contributed. I have tried to bring this matter before the choirs in other cities. I do not know whether other places have taken up the matter or not. I cannot reach them personally, but suggest if you favor the scheme that you urge it in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

There are some 250 cities in the United States. If they will do on an average as well as Auburn, over $75,000 can be raised this way. No more can be done in this line in Auburn—we have done our duty. I hope you will see your way clear to advocate it that it may start the good work in other cities.

CHAS. G. ADAMS.

"ENTER INTO THY CLOSET"

Matt. 6: 6.

I HAVE a viewless, cloistered room
Within me, open every day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul may enter in and pray.

No human step, approaching, breaks
The blessed stillness of the place;
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

When I have banished wayward thoughts
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,
When folly wins my ear no more,
The closet door is shut indeed.

To be relieved of a disease that has for a decade infected the system and to feel relief from agonizing pain that has been almost constant during this long period of time, is an event in a man's life, and it is but natural that he should be enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy that brought about these happy results.

Mr. Jeremiah Sand, Justice of the Peace at Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y., joyously tells of his remarkable release from Rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says:

"I was afflicted with rheumatism for nearly ten years and had about given up hope of ever being relieved. For four years I was under the care of a physician, and during my entire sickness employed four different doctors. The pains in my arms and shoulders were so severe as to nearly drive me crazy. Beside these there was a sharp, darting pain in the region of the heart which always left me prostrated.

"One day I read an advertisement in a newspaper which stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People would relieve rheumatism, and I at once began taking the pills. I found relief from my pains before I finished the first box. I continued taking the pills for over a year when I was entirely free from rheumatism, and have been so ever since. I have great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I recommended them to Mrs. Ivan R. Budd, who was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and she was entirely relieved by their use.

(*Signed*) JEREMIAH SAND.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. MILLER,
Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Lewis.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People for sale by all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., postpaid on receipt of price, 50c. per box; six boxes $2.50.

$5 Shoes for 25 cts.

WE make shoes of $5.00 grades in 16 styles, both for men and women; and we sell them to wearers only at $3.00 per pair, express prepaid—a price without precedent. We sell on approval, and guarantee them to be the best shoes that any price can buy. Anyone may obtain a pair of these shoes for but 25cts. by handing a dozen of our catalogues to friends. Write to-day for a catalogue showing all the new styles, and giving full particulars.

The Racine Club, Makers, Racine, Wis.

MONEY MAKER For AGENTS

OUR ALL METAL, NEW STYLE PASTRY BOARD is perfect. Can be sold at sight every housekeeper. Dough won't stick to it. Has 20 advantages over others. W. H. Oniel, Homestead, Pa., writes, "I made $106.50 in 17 days selling your Board." Other agents are doing as well. Write quick FOR TERRITORY, TERMS AND MODEL

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OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. E. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

Oven never baked a daintier morsel, hostess never served a more tempting bit, guest never tasted a more gratifying sweet, than

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At all grocers.
Of course you eat Uneeda Biscuit.
National Biscuit Company.

Peace Lilies

A Memorial Day Story..

PAT FORD and Billy Bradley were fast friends. Pat's full name was Patrick Henry Culpepper Ford, and his grandmother always called him Patrick Henry. But his new schoolmates at once cut it down to "Pat."

Patrick Henry and his grandmother, hailing from the South, had but lately come to Beechdale, and as they seemed to be in comfortable circumstances, people wondered why they chose the lonesome little cottage by the old graveyard when there were two or three nice houses in the village to let.

But by and by it was discovered that Patrick Henry's grandfather was buried in the graveyard; and straightway Billy's grandfather, old Captain Bradley, and two or three others of the Grand Army veterans began to hark back to the war, and at last they ciphered it out that the old lady's husband was Robert Ford, a southern captain who was brought to Beechdale from Camp Douglas for burial. Captain Bradley himself was on duty in Camp Douglas at the time, and he recalled the fact that he wrote a letter for the poor fellow a few days before his death, to his wife down in Memphis, begging her to come to him. He was so low then that the doctor said it would do no good; but she reached the camp the night before he died, bringing with her a bright little chap about eight years old; and when she begged leave to bury her husband in some quiet country graveyard, the Captain told her of Beechdale, his own home, a small village twenty miles away from the city, with a "burying ground" where the wild flowers covered the graves and the birds sang in the forest trees.

"I came on with her myself," said the Captain, "and Parson Brown being away, I got old Elder Simmons to go with us to the grave to say a prayer. To think of it's being over thirty years ago! I don't know now as she'll recollect me, but I guess we'll have to go and see her, Phebe." Phebe was Billy's mother.

But Patrick Henry and Billy waited for no calls to be exchanged. They fell in love with each other the very first day that the little Southerner appeared in school, and though that was nearly eight months ago, they had not yet had a falling out.

Patrick Henry's mother was dead, and his father—the little lad that came from Memphis to Camp Douglas when Captain Ford was dying—was connected with an enterprise that made it necessary for him to spend most of his time in South America. And when he wrote that he would probably have to stay there two years more, at the least, Patrick Henry's grandmother decided to leave her Southern home and move to Beechdale. Living was cheaper at the North, and there was no school for Patrick Henry within walking distance of the old plantation. Besides, she had a longing to be near that lonely grave in the little Northern burying ground.

Billy felt sorry for Pat. Any boy without a mother, he said to himself, was to be pitied. Grandmothers were very nice—he had two of his own—but they weren't quite the same as one's real mother.

"I'm going to give you half my lilies to put on your grandpa's grave," he had said to Pat, early in the spring. "They're coming up thick as hops, and they'll all be out by Decoration Day."

The bed of lilies of the valley was Billy's own property, and he kept a close watch on it from the time the first green leaf unrolled until the slender stems were hung with silvery bells; and now Patrick Henry was equally interested in it. Billy's promise to share with him having given him something like a feeling of partnership.

"Grandma 'll be right glad of 'em," he told Billy, "for we haven't any flowers started yet." And they decided to keep it a secret and surprise her with them on Decoration Day."

"And we'll put flags on, too," said Patrick Henry, eagerly, "same as we did down in Memphis. Grandma's got one she brought on purpose."

"Course, we always put flags on," said Billy. "It wouldn't be 'Decoration' without the flags."

Billy's Grandfather Carter was buried in the lot adjoining Grandma Ford's, and this gave the boys a chance to do a good deal of talking while raking up the dead leaves and resodding the mounds; and as they were too much absorbed in what they were doing to remember that the two soldiers sleeping so quietly had not fought under the same colors, everything for the time went smoothly.

But on Memorial Day there was a strange happening. They had spent most of the morning in gathering lilies and arranging them, with Mrs. Bradley's help; and then, after each had devoured a generous square of gingerbread, Patrick Henry ran home to his dinner, with the understanding that he was to meet Billy in the graveyard at one o'clock, sharp.

"Guess I'll take an extra flag along," said Billy to his mother, "for fear Patsy might forget his." And when on reaching the cemetery with the basket of lilies and roll of bunting he found that Patrick Henry was not there, he thought that it would do no harm to put the flag on Captain Ford's grave without waiting for him; they would divide the lilies when he came, and he had just finished settling the standard to his satisfaction when he saw Patrick Henry and his grandmother coming up the walk. The old lady carried a small roll that looked like a flag.

"They'll be surprised to find that there's one there already," he said to himself, as he hurried to the next lot to put one on his Grandfather Carter's grave.

But when a moment later he turned to join them, he was amazed to see Patrick Henry angrily pulling up the little banner, while the grandmother, looking flushed and hurt, was trying with her trembling hands to put in its place—Billy had to stare hard to make sure that he was right—a faded Confederate flag.

"That isn't our flag," cried Patrick Henry defiantly. "My grandfather died for the Confederacy, and he shall have his own flag over him!" and hurling the Stars and Stripes to the ground, he faced Billy with flashing eyes.

Billy was at once on his mettle. Patsy had insulted "Old Glory," and the next minute the fiery young patriots were rolling together on the grass in a mad tussle.

"Stop, boys—stop!" entreated the delicate little old lady. "It isn't worth while to fight about it now." But the battle was on, and neither boy was willing to yield an inch. Not even the sound of martial music and the long procession marching to the beat of the drum could bring them to their senses. But suddenly, while the fray was at its hottest, a tall, dark-bearded man stepped between them.

"Robert, Robert," cried the grandmother, joyfully.

"It's my father" shouted Patrick Henry. But Billy only dug his fists the deeper into Patrick Henry's ribs.

"What's all this?" asked the tall man, releasing grandmother Ford, whom he had caught up in his arms; and it was only by main force that he succeeded in separating the angry champions.

"He's insulted the flag," cried Billy.

"'Twasn't our flag," protested Patrick Henry. "'Twasn't the flag my grandfather fought and died for."

"See here, Pat, my boy," said the newcomer, drawing Patrick Henry to his side and taking the insulted flag from Billy, who had picked it up and was trying to shake off the dirt that clung to it; "you don't know what you are doing. Except for this flag, I should no doubt be to-day a prisoner." And then he went on to say that, owing to the war between Spain and Cuba, his business enterprise had become blocked for the present, and finding that he could accomplish nothing by remaining, he had lost no time in starting for home. It was a trading vessel from Brazil bound for New York on which he had taken passage, and there chanced to be on board several Cubans who wished to be landed at Havana. But before they could come to anchor they were overhauled by a Spanish warship, and the American flag was all that saved them.

"It is like a mother's protecting arm around her children, that Star-Spangled banner, Pat," he said, with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "It means liberty and safety for all beneath its folds, and if your grandfather were living to-day I am sure he would bid you honor it. Thank God for the Stars and Stripes!" And reverently touching his lips to the little flag, he placed it on his father's grave.

By that time the procession, marshaled by Captain Bradley, had reached the entrance, and Billy, seizing the basket of lilies, began putting wreaths and garlands on the Confederate soldier's grave.

"You dear boy!" cried Grandmother Ford, quite unprepared for such courtesy, especially after so fierce a passage at arms.

"Oh, half of 'em are Patsy's, anyway—if he'll have 'em, now we've quarreled," faltered Billy.

"Billy!" cried Patrick Henry, plumping down on his knees and getting an arm around his friend, "course I'll have 'em. You're mighty good to give 'em to me, after my being so mean. And Billy," he whispered, snuggling closer, "s'pose we bury that other flag, and then we shan't ever fight over it again, because after this your flag—the flag that saved my father from being made a prisoner—is going to be my flag."

The Confederate flag was lying where it had fallen in the struggle, and, taking it up, the boy pushed it gently under the fresh turf on his grandfather's grave and drew a garland of lilies over it.

Grandmother Ford started forward with a quick protest.

"No, no, mother," interposed her son. "Let us leave it where it is. It has had honorable burial—and I would to God there were some lily of peace that could bring all those who are at discord to as happy an understanding as these lads seem to have reached. Look, mother!" And he pointed to the two boys, who, with the basket between them, were hastily laying the remainder of the lilies on the Northern patriot's grave.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.

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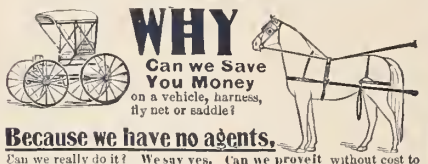

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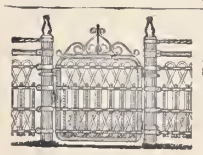

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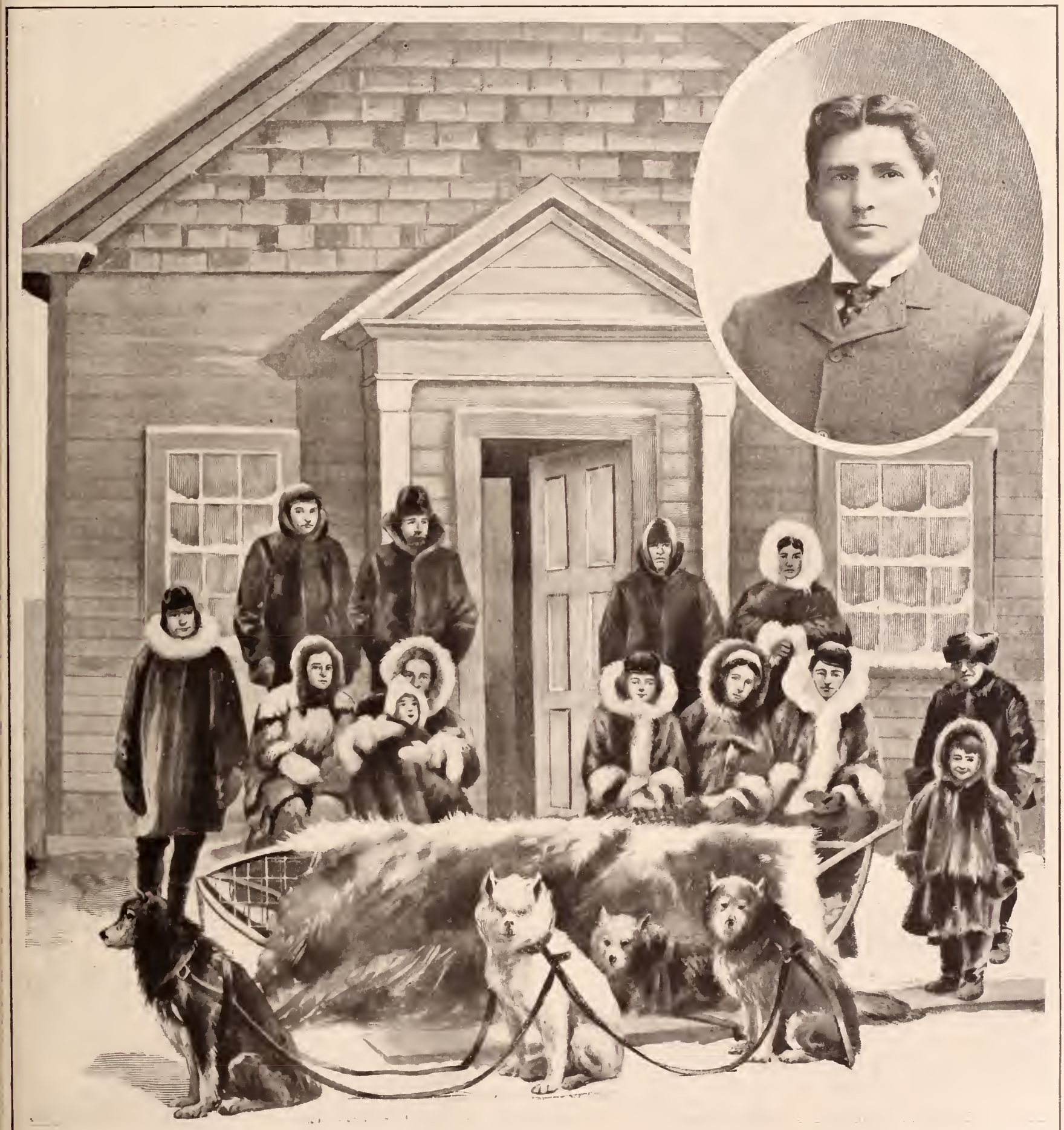

Rev. Loyal L. Wirt Starting on his 1250-mile Journey Over Ice and Snow in Aid of the Sick Cape Nome Miners SEE.... PAGE 475

In the group shown in the photograph, the standing figures in the upper row (reading from right to left) are Mr. Wirt (with hood of white fur), Mr. Elliott, Dr. Tiedemann, Mr. Robins and Capt. Erickson. The five fur-wrapped and seated figures (from left to right), are Mrs. Tiedemann, Mrs. Wirt, Miss Tiedemann, Miss Benton, and Miss Lamont. Capt. Worth stands in the middle ground on the extreme right, behind Benton Wirt, the missionary's son. The large photograph in the upper right-hand corner of the page is that of Rev. Mr. Wirt.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered July 4

1. What does the expression, "the Lord's day," in Rev. 1: 10, imply?
2. From what reputable institutions in the United States can degrees in art, science and literature be secured by correspondence?
3. What is the origin of the expression, "to take a person down a peg or two?"
4. In what way should our churches be sustained financially? Are "ecclesiastical entertainments" permissible as a means of raising money for church support?
5. Is a preacher justified in introducing politics into his sermons?
6. Why do we make the rule to walk on our right hand side, rather than on our left, when on a thoroughfare?
7. What is the origin of the term, "the three R's," as applied to the studies of reading, writing and arithmetic?
8. May we suppose that the author of the Messianic Psalms was conscious of their application to the Messiah? Did he at all understand their prophetical character?
9. Who was the author of the expression, "murder will out"?
10. What are the so-called seven Bibles of the world?

Questions of the Week

1 New York is to have a Hall of Fame, in which ultimately several scores of America's immortals are to be enshrined. What ten sons has the nation whose title to a place in such a temple it would unqualifiedly agree to recognize?

The following names have received the most numerous mention in reply to Question No. 1: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, H. W. Longfellow, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph W. Emerson, Washington Irving, Samuel F. B. Morse. John D. Meese has nine of these names in his list. No other correspondent has so many. EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

2. What causes the blue appearance of the sky?

A colorless ray of sunlight passing through a prism is refracted and separated into a number of colored rays. Now the atmosphere is known to contain myriads of floating dust motes and other particles of inconceivable smallness, which act as prisms to the rays of light. The shorter blue waves are broken and reflected not only by the larger motes, but by those which are too small to reflect the longer yellow and still longer red waves. Thus when a ray of sunlight passes through the atmosphere, more of its blue waves than of its yellow and red are reflected to the eye, consequently the blue appearance of the sky.

C. V. CLIPPINGER.

3. What authority does the Church of Rome claim for denying to her laity the use of the cup in the mass, which in that body takes the place of the Protestant communion service?

The early church, for ages, and the Greek and Protestant churches of our times, follow the examples of the apostles and Christ in distributing the bread and wine to all communicants. Roman Catholic authors say that the Roman church restricts the cup to the officiating priests, for fear that some portion of the Lord's body (made such by transubstantiation) might be desecrated, and that when Jesus said: "Drink ye all of this," he did not mean all communicants; but that the priests and apostles were to drink all of the wine. The Hussite war had for its object the delivery of both bread and wine to the laymen.

ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

4. What is meant by the command of the Saviour "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations" (Luke 16: 9)?

The reading of the Revised Version is: "Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." The Lord teaches here the true use of worldly riches, called "the mammon of unrighteousness" because the unrighteous worship it. With it, by means of it, from the power and influence it gives you, "make to yourselves friends," as in I. Tim. 6: 18; Heb. 13: 16; Ps. 112: 9; Prov. 19: 17. And when it fails—as it must when we die—"each deed done for God with this mammon becomes a friend to greet us as we enter the eternal world"—"the everlasting habitations."

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. Christ teaches us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Since it is impossible for our heavenly Father to tempt any man to evil, what is the necessity for such a prayer?

The Greek word "peirasmos," which is translated "temptation" in the Authorized Version, means properly "trial" or "affliction," and not "temptation" in the sense in which that word is now used. The idea contained in this and the following clause is, "(If it be thy will), bring us not into affliction, but (if thou dost see fit to allow affliction to come upon us) deliver us from evil"—*i. e.*, give us power to endure and overcome. R. F. CLARK.

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A FALLEN MONARCH OF THE CALIFORNIA FORESTS

This specimen of the *Sequoia gigantea*, the largest trees in the world, was cut down in Mariposa Grove, Yosemite Valley. A stage filled with passengers and drawn by six horses rode safely along the trunk. Some of these great trees grow to a height of 400 feet, and a circumference of over 100 feet.

6. By which is a person more influenced, by heredity or environment?

By environment. No doubt persons inherit diseases and bad dispositions as far back as the "seventh generation," but this is nothing compared to the surroundings—the examples—which, at times, cannot be avoided for good or evil. The worst character may be reclaimed by proper environment; while on the other hand, the very elect may be dragged down and destroyed by the example of the wicked.

JEFF. D. FULTS.

7. Who is the author of the words, "Knowledge by suffering endureth, and life is perfected," and what is the meaning of the sentiment?

The quotation is as follows:

Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And Life is perfected by Death!

It is in the last stanza of "A Vision of the Poets," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The sentiment is easily discernible. Suffering teaches us much that cannot be learned in any other way. Life is perfected by death because through death we reach the consummation of God's designs in our lives. We must put off the mortal before we can put on the immortal. The teaching of the poet is by no means new. Long years before she wrote, the Apostle Paul had given utterance to the sentiments she expresses; and one who wrote long before Paul, says: "Before I was afflicted I went astray;" showing that he, too, had learned by suffering. S. MARSHALL.

8. Is the exemption of places of religious worship from taxation reasonable, and if so on what grounds?

It is reasonable because the stability and welfare of any community are greatly enhanced by the presence of churches. Their moral effect is very great, and the indirect public financial benefit derived from churches and the work carried on in connection with them, far more than offsets the taxes from which they enjoy exemption. J. E. CARTER.

A correspondent says: "California is the only State in the Union that taxes churches and it has the poorest church buildings in the country. One church in San Francisco has to pay over six thousand dollars annually as its property tax. Churches should be among the finest buildings of cities and towns, and this is so in the States where God's houses are not taxed. The General Conference of the M. E. Church in session at Chicago, were petitioned by the California members to try to secure the passage of a State constitutional amendment prohibiting the taxation of church edifices and parsonages. EDITOR MAIL-BAG.

9. At what age or period of his earthly life did Christ fully comprehend the import of his mission into the world?

No one can say with absolute assurance of being correct. The mystery of the union of the divine and human in Christ is beyond human comprehension. At the age of twelve years we find him saying to his mother: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" What scope that "business" then assumed in his mind we cannot say. It is not blasphemous to think of Christ as becoming so thoroughly man that he laid aside the divine attribute of prescience and in his incarnation walked by faith in God, learning only the mystery and full purpose of his mission at the time of his baptism. But to say that there is absolute proof that Christ did not anticipate his death and know the purpose of it long before would be unwarrantable assertion. The leading of Christ by the Holy Spirit into the wilderness would seem to imply some kind of revelation as to his earthly mission, and may possibly be taken as confirming in part the view that Christ at this time became fully conscious of the great work he was to do. J. E. BROWN.

10. When was the telescope invented and which is the most powerful telescope in the world?

There is little, if any proof, that the Greeks and Romans and the Arabian astronomers were in possession of the telescope or its equivalent, although such claims have been made. It is likely that Roger Bacon had tolerably clear ideas as to the practical possibility of constructing telescopes, and that Leonard Digges had access to some unpublished MSS. of Bacon, and by their aid constructed some form of telescope. But prior to 1600, the telescope was practically unknown. In October, 1608, Hans Lippershey & Zacharias Jansen, spectacle makers, in Middleburg, Holland, and James Metius, of Alkmaar, brother of Adrian Metius, the mathematician, produced an instrument with which one "could see at a distance," and sought from their government protection of their rights as its inventors. Galileo, hearing of the discovery, studied the optical principles and made independent discoveries that enabled him to produce a telescope, which he first used Jan. 7, 1610. He thereby discovered three of Jupiter's moons. Keppler, Huygeno and Sir Isaac Newton are names of note in telescope producing. The Yerkes telescope in the observatory on Lake Geneva, Wis., has been considered the most powerful telescope yet built. It has an object glass forty inches in diameter, exceeding by six inches the diameter of the Lick telescope, California. The total weight of telescope and mountings is seventy-five tons. But news comes from Paris of a still more powerful telescope, which visitors to the Exposition in that city will be able to see. The general scientific verdict on this latest large telescope will be awaited with interest. E. BARNES.

Miscellaneous Questions

Inquirer, Helena, Mont. We shall be happy to mail to any address a comprehensive statement of the causes of the present famine in India, showing the extent of the responsibility of the British Government, and what it is doing to relieve the suffering.

Happy Mother, Utica, N. Y. I have three happy, healthy children. I want to do something for poor waifs of the slums this summer, as a thank-offering to God. I hear you do a great fresh-air work. Can I help?

Indeed you can. We are glad to have such thank-offerings. This will be the seventh season of our fresh-air work at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, where about 2,000 children of the tenements—the poorest we can find—are given every season an outing of ten days each. The cost of one child's outing, including food, shelter, car and boat transportation back and forth, medical and caretaker's attention, is only $3; $6 sends two; $9, three; $12, four; for only $36, twelve children may be made happy for ten whole days. Not only children, but their hard-working, overburdened mothers are relieved. We seek to impart spiritual, as well as material benefits, and thousands of children are being improved in every way through this excellent charity. Contributions of money should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York; clothing (prepaid) to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. Children are between four and twelve years of age. Garments of every kind, hats and shoes are acceptable. All gifts will be acknowledged in this paper.

Here is an opportunity for some of our good friends to do a kind act in supplying these unfortunates with good religious reading matter.

T. S. R., Bridgewater, Ia. Is it true that there is an increase of crime in the world?

Not in proportion to the increase of population. Crime is more generally exploited than in years past, and this fact serves to encourage pessimistic views on the subject.

A. R., National City, Cal. 1. What is the latest number of languages into which the Bible has been translated? 2. How could Mary Reed, if a leper, be allowed to attend the Ecumenical Conference? Please tell more about her and her work.

1. The Scriptures in whole or part have been published in over four hundred languages; of the whole number, one hundred and eleven contain the entire Bible, ninety-one others contain the whole New Testament, and the remainder contain portions of the Bible. 2. She was not present, but she was cured of her leprosy, as stated in an article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 4, 1899. A thrilling story of this devoted woman's work was told by Dr. L. A. Banks, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 9, 1897.

C. B. B., Midvale, Va. What is the meaning of Luke 19: 27: "But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me"?

Able commentators believe that this text foretells first the doom of Jerusalem, and next the final destruction of all who are found in open rebellion to Christ.

Reader, Minneapolis. The statement in our issue of May 16, attributing the authorship of the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," to Fanny Crosby was a typographical error. The author was Rev. Dr. Fawcett, a pastor of Yorkshire, England.

Subscriber. 1. If a writer should unknowingly head his manuscript with a title already in use, would there be a possibility of any trouble in consequence? 2. Is the thickness of paper on which this letter is written suitable for manuscripts?

1. In the case of a book or a serial story the choice of a title already in use would be unfortunate and should be avoided. It might be an infringement on a copyrighted title. 2. Use heavier paper.

W. P., Webster, N. H. What shall we call the Ladies' Society in our Congregational Church? It has been called the Ladies' Charitable Society, but of late years the Ladies' Sociable.

Why not call it the Ladies' Aid or the Ladies' Aid Society?

E. L. M., Saybrook, Conn. Contribution of $20 safely received for India and forwarded.

Mrs. E. C., Blue Island, Ill. Bowling is good healthful exercise and entirely unobjectionable in its proper place, and not associated with saloons.

Wm. F. D., Stitesville, Ind. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is undenominational, and includes among its readers representatives of all the Christian denominations. Its editorial staff includes Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists and Episcopalians.

E. C. L., Dayton, O. The line, "Let the ape and tiger die," is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam:*

"Arise and fly,
The reeling faun, the sensual feast,
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die!"

E. C. L., Dayton, O. Any good encyclopedia will furnish you a sketch of the life and labors of Prof. Agassiz. The World-Wide Encyclopedia (published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) gives a full page to this subject. The memory book of which you speak is probably as good as any, but we doubt the wisdom of expending much money on any work on mnemonics.

A SNAP-SHOT OF THE BUSINESS SECTION OF CAPE NOME—MORE THAN HALF THE BUILDINGS IN SIGHT ARE SALOONS

Give us Hospitals or we shall die like sheep"...

A Plea From the Cape Nome Gold Fields

Vice and Liquor Everywhere and Sickness Increasing...

THE latest news from Cape Nome, the new Alaskan Eldorado, for which a stampede equal to that of the Klondike seem to be on, will be of interest to our readers; and we present to them with peculiar pleasure the following story, told at this office by Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, founder of the St. Bernard Congregational Church, reading-room and hospital at Nome, and projector of many enterprises looking to the spiritual advancement of Alaska. Mr. Wirt left Cape Nome January 8 and reached New York May 7, coming as fast as dogs, snowshoes, canoe, sloop, steamer and rail could bring him. 1,250 miles were over a desolate waste of snow and ice. The traveler knew, when he bade his wife and children good-by that he could not hear from them again in less than six months; knew the journey he was undertaking to be one of great peril, yet he felt that it was the Lord's command he should acquaint the Church in the East with the conditions at Cape Nome. Here is a condensed record of the situation:

"Each of the various branches of our work as it got under way during our first busy months at Cape Nome made friends for the cause and we were practically an active working church before the subject of organization was mentioned. Toward the end of the year a general desire was expressed for a closer union. On New Year's night, after the Christian Endeavor and praise service were over, the Church of Nome, the only church for whites north of the Yukon, was organized in our chapel, which was crowded to overflowing.

"Our 'Hospice of St. Bernard,' as it now stands, is an institutional church doing a three-fold work: 1. The church, with Sunday and mid-week service, Christian Endeavor society, Sunday school, pastoral visitations and charitable work. 2. Free Christian club-rooms, furnished with good literature, stationery, writing-tables and providing amusements of various kinds. 3. A hospital, where the sick and suffering may receive aid. Similarity of situation and work to that of its famous Alpine prototype suggested the name of this institution, in which mediæval methods are replaced by those of modern science and of Protestantism. St. Bernard dogs were never more successful in the rescue of human life than our less beautiful, but more enduring Malamutes, the pure Eskimo.

"Our first place of worship was in a rented house, built for a saloon. Our library-chapel, in which we now meet, was given us by a reclaimed backslider; it cost $4,500. You would think it a poor structure. The price of lumber is fabulous at Nome. Our hospital, recently erected, accommodates fifty patients, and has a staff of physicians and trained nurses. When I went to Nome last August, the miners waited on me in a body and begged me to assist them in getting a hospital. Hundreds of sick men were lying unattended in their miserable dug-outs or cabins. So heartrending was the outlook that I adapted my mission work to it. I went to Seattle determined to get these men a hospital and returned with lumber and furnishings, and the miners built the house free of charge. Up to the time I left 125 men had been nursed back to life—a record of only two months. No one is ever turned away as long as there is an inch of space in wards or halls. Those who are able, pay a moderate charge; those who cannot pay (the large majority) are as tenderly cared for as if they could. Since the day of its opening the hospital has been full to overflowing.

"There were 3,000 people in Nome when I left. Within the next two months there will be 40,000. If with 3,000 in camp our hospital could not meet demands, how would it be with 40,000? Thousands will not find the gold they seek; they will suffer for food, shelter, nursing, and many will die.

"Whiskey men are enterprising; saloons are springing up everywhere; dance halls multiply. Shall the church be laggard? Through Christian hospitals we can save thousands, spiritually as well as physically; in Christian hospitals we can lead the souls of the dying to Christ. Alaska wants the hospitals. I have deeds to plots of ground in the centre of three towns in the Cape Nome region, given me by their commissioners as I passed through on my way to the Pacific with these words: 'For God's sake, get us a hospital, or we shall die like sheep next summer. Get the lumber; we will build.' The architect's drawing reproduced here, is the plan of each of five hospitals, which, with the help of God's people, I propose to erect in as many large centres growing up along the Behring Sea. The plan embraces a chapel and reading-room to be conducted like that at Nome. These institutions will do more than you can dream to save our boys from the saloons. The reading-room at Nome is crowded morning, noon, and night. There, and in the church Home, kept open by my wife and her co-workers, hundreds of miners have their only glimpses of home-life. If any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wish to help in this good work they can reach me by addressing Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, United Charities Building, New York City. LOYAL L. WIRT."

MINER'S "DUG-OUTS" OR CABINS ON CAPE NOME BEACH

TREACHEROUS FIVE-FINGERS' CHANNEL

DUTCH HARBOR, WHERE A HOSPITAL WILL BE BUILT

PLAN OF PROPOSED HOSPITAL COMPRISING CHAPEL AND READING-ROOM

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Heroes and Heroines of Common Life

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, II. Timothy 2: 3: . . . } Thou therefore endure hardness.

HISTORIANS are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is not written in black ink, but with red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold, or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged; those who faced no guns, blew no bugle-blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot-wheels, and yet, in the great day of eternity, will stand higher than some of those whose names startled the nations: and seraph, and rapt spirit, and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, every-day life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick-room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a Bastile. To be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot. To have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter. To have the rapier of pain strike through the side, or across the temples, like a razor, or to put the foot into a vise, or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever. Yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone, and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves, and tore the muscles, and paled the cheeks, and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick-room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was feebler than the "good-night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battle-field, amid shot and shell, were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field-hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool, and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick-headache. Heroes of life-long invalidism. Heroes and heroines! They shall reign for ever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil, who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle, when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick, when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience, when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted; but to do sewing, when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work, to show how imperfect it is, or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall, and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve. Ah! the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our Civil War were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle! Heroes of the sewing-machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustices. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it. The exasperations of business life, augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God. Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men, who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards to-day, made such by their wives. That is not poetry. That is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom. Something heavier than a stroke of the fist; unkind words, staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a thirty years' martyrdom, a fifty years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband dead drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him, who, when he took her from her father's home, promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh! ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow. When she is dead the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral—one carriage to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door and a shout: "Lift up your head, ye everlasting gate, and let her come in!" And Christ will step forth and say: "Come in! ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You say: "The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me it will be the throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who, out of their pinched poverty, help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the West, who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier; and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket, and give twenty-five cents to somebody else: and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers, or ragamuffins, or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live, or what their name is. God knows; and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in heaven. They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveler, or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger, or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will become a white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give his reward to those humble workers in his kingdom, and to say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose Abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but I was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey—the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most significant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh! when our work is over, will it be found that because of anything we have done for God, or the church, or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument—Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers, or John Brown the Edinburgh carrier and his wife! Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland, was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse rode up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse, and he put it on the little girl's hand, and began to turn it until the bones cracked, and she cried. And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! it seems that you three have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivelling crew; rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die."

John Brown fell upon his knees, and began to pray. "Ah!" said Claverhouse, "look out, if you are going to pray; steer clear of the king, the council, and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love thee better and serve thee more, I put this poor widow-woman and these helpless, fatherless children into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven; and as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late; and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place, on this blessed morning, upon me, a poor, defenceless fellow-creature, may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, thy most unworthy, but faithful servant. Amen."

He rose and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you; and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her arms around him, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers do your work. Take aim! Fire!" and the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said, "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh!" she said, "I always thought weel of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! woe!

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones, with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world-renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving sceptres of eternal dominion? Why they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they comforted the heart-broken.

What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you? I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money, or his applause, or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe, or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement, O! troubled soul, O! sewing woman, O! man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life, and know not which way to turn, O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

What would Jesus do in Vacation?

THE FEEDING OF THE FIVE THOUSAND ∴

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for June 17: John 6: 5-14 | Golden Text, Matt. 6: 11: "Give us this day our daily bread"

WHAT wonderful works of God and man a modern dinner table represents, if we would only pause to think! Surely it would be a case of "think and thank." "Who gives you bread?" said the teacher. "Mother." "And who gives it to mother?" "The baker." "And who gives it to the baker?" "The miller." "And who gives it the miller?" "The farmer." "And who gives it to the farmer?" "The ground." "And who gives it to the ground?" "GOD." Animals and men cannot eat mineral substances, but plants can. They are wonderful laboratories for turning stones into food for man and beast. But God takes man into partnership in creating food, and a mere root is developed by human cultivation into the potato. Man has worked with God in transforming many a weed, even poisonous weeds, as in the case of the tomato, into delicious food. Vegetable foods are now so manifold that many count it no hardship to eat nothing else, and surely in summer it is the fittest food. In the laboratory of animal life vegetables are transformed into flesh. Even flesh can be improved by man through breeding and feeding. And what a history of divine providence and human inventions, especially by transportation and preservation, is written in the variety of foods upon our tables to-day! Minnesota furnishes us with bread, Massachusetts with fish, Illinois with beef, California with oranges, Turkey with figs, Barbary with dates, Brazil with coffee, India with spices; while Ireland supplies the linen and England the cutlery. God made the world in the rough, but gave a share of creatorship to man, who has changed well nigh the whole surface of the world, not only morally and socially, but physically also, to a great degree, the very desert being tranformed by irrigation and by changes of rainfall induced by ploughing and planting.

RUINS AT BETHSAIDA

. . .

The Miracle of Millions Fed If we look from our tables to the growing fields and ponder the miracle of God feeding fourteen hundred millions of human beings, and countless billions of animals and birds and other creatures, giving to each his "daily bread," we shall be lost in wonder, love and praise. Great difficulty has recently been experienced in feeding our army in Cuba and England's army in South Africa. These armies are as nothing to the hosts that God feeds. Let us praise God for the yearly miracle of seed-time and harvest, and allow none of this gift of God to be misused.

. . .

Working With God in Vacation How timely for June is this story of what Jesus did when he had gone for a vacation into the hills by the lakeside! "Come ye apart and rest awhile," he had said to his fellow-workers. They had just returned from tours of spiritual harvesting (Matt. 10: 11: 1, 12, 13). It had been no easy work. They had cast out demons and healed many sick and spent their energies also in fighting off the "wolves" that Christ had said would hang upon their paths, disguised in the wool of Pharisaic piety. Returning to Capernaum, they found Christ busier yet. Crowds were passing on their way to the great festival of the Passover at Jerusalem. "There were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat." That sounds like our own busy days, though some of us have not been busy in the same kind of work as absorbed the apostles and their Master. Christ took his band of workers across the lake and up into the hills overlooking it to rest. But the people, eager to hear his words and see his miracles, watching the course of his boat, ran from Capernaum along the lake shore, crossed the Jordan at the ford two miles from the lake, passed through "Fishertown" (Bethsaida Julias) and gathered a mile beyond in the grassy plain of Batiheh, which lies between the lake shore and the hills which Jesus had climbed. He saw them with "compassion" in the meadow below like scattered "sheep not having a shepherd, and he welcomed them and began to teach them many things and to heal their sick." (We must put together the four gospel accounts or use a consolidated gospel to get all the facts of the story. See Matt. 14: 13-21; Mark 6: 36-46; Luke 9: 10-17; John 6: 1-15. While one reads the story from John, pausing at each verse, let others who have the other accounts in hand add whatever more is told by them.) In our vacations let us, too, "welcome" opportunities to do good; to feed the hungry, to help the sick, to teach unshepherded souls. No man should "take his work as a dose," especially not his Christian work. Work was a part of the Edenic joy. Only overwork and bad work are a "curse." If we delight to do God's will we shall not count that doing as one of the things from which we ever need a vacation. Even in the hills and by the lakeside we shall "welcome" the providence that brings in our way opportunities to be "workers together with Him." With what joy the writer remembers how one "May Day" in Central Park, New York, when walking out for rest, he came on one of the young men of his flock, and sitting down on a park bench amid the merry sounds of childhood's laughter, led him into the gladness of a new life in Christ. Certainly the walk was not the less restful for that opportunity improved.

. . .

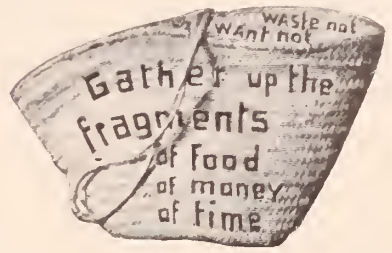
Jesus Cares for Our Bodies *Whence are we to buy bread that these may eat?* The other gospels tell us that it was at evening that Jesus tested the faith of Philip with this question. "He himself knew what he would do." The apostles had first suggested that Jesus should send the multitudes away to the villages for supper and lodging. But he said: "They have no need to go away; give ye them to eat." This was again a test of faith, but it showed also a care for our bodies and an interest in our daily bread. The very reason why Jesus was in the hills was that the tired bodies of his fellow-workers and his own might be recreated to return with new strength to loving service. It was estimated that two hundred days' wages would buy only the lightest sort of a lunch for so many—five thousand men, and probably as many more of the women and children. Jesus bade the apostles search for whatever food might be found in the crowd that they might buy and divide around. They found only a lad, perhaps a little pedler boy, with five barley loaves—five thin loaves like pancakes, of ten inches diameter, but hard as a board, made of barley, bran and all, with no other ingredients but salt and water—and two small, dried fishes. This seemed hardly worth reporting. "There is a lad here," they said, "who hath five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many?" That suggests one great universal lesson of this story, namely, that the beginning of success in working with God is a deep sense of the insufficiency of human resources. First self-distrust, then trust in God. First, "no confidence in the flesh," then supreme confidence in Christ. First, "without me ye can do nothing," then, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Humility is the deep foundation of every lofty life. Moses, when called of God to deliver Israel, cried out: "Who am I that I should go?" Any one who had thought himself worthy of such a charge would by that very egotism have proved himself unworthy. "When I am weak, then am I strong." "What is that in thine hand?" It was neither sword nor sceptre, but only a shepherd's rough stick. But under God's blessing it became mightier than either. Moses, the meekest man, came to be the greatest of human characters—his name joined with that of Christ in heaven's song of Moses and the Lamb.

A DUTCH ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE FEEDING OF THE MULTITUDE

Bring them hither to me. That proclaims the second great lesson—Consecration. The lad's despised loaves and fishes proved sufficient when brought to Christ and blessed by him. Christian history is full of parallels. When David was a lad he brought to God, not five loaves and two fishes, but five pebbles and his sling, and with God's blessing they wrought deliverance for Israel. Later, when David was called to help God feed hungry hearts in all ages with psalms of consolation, he said, "My soul is even as a weaned child." It is the habit of great men in all ages to have this feeling that they are but ill-equipped children in the presence of the great work they are called to do. Solomon, at nineteen, the very period when young men are usually wiser in their own estimation than ever afterward, being called to the throne of Palestine, exclaimed, "I am but a little child." Talents as well as loaves multiply at the touch of Christ. After all, enthusiasm and earnestness have done more for the world than talent. The "graces" that are offered to all are mightier than the "gifts" of the few. That is one lesson of Mr. Moody's life. Many a preacher who knew more of grammar knew less of the Bible and less of the living Christ. If you have greater talents—music, eloquence, influence, wealth—you may be still more useful it you heed the call of Christ: "Bring them hither to me."

. . .

Word Picturing *He gave to the disciples to set before them.* This suggests the third great lesson of this story, namely: All kinds of talents are needed in Christian work. We are now ready to make a word picture of the miracle. "There was much grass in the



place." In this green meadow and on the lower slopes of the hills, the apostles, at the word of Christ, arranged the multitude to be fed, in "ranks," literally, in flower beds. That one word is a flashlight photograph of the whole scene. So it seemed to Peter when he had gone back to Christ for more orders after this seating of the multitude was completed, as he looked from the hillside upon the orderly and picturesque multitude. When he told his secretary, Mark, the story to put into the second Gospel, he said in his vivid way, "They sat down by flower beds in fifties and hundreds." We know not just where the miracle of multiplication occurred, but the word "gave," being in the imperfect sense indicating continued action, suggests that the bread and loaves multiplied in his hands.

Do you wish more particulars of the distribution? We know enough of the apostles by this time to see how their varied talents were used. Of course, Peter came first for a supply of food to give away, not because he was above the others in office or rank, for he never was, but because he was the most enthusiastic of the apostolic group; and he hurries around, distributing faster than others, and with his partiality for the old prophets to whom he was kindred in spirit, he proclaims that in this scene there is a fulfilment of the prophecy, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd." James, comes next, everybody deferring to him except Peter. He moves about more slowly, careful that none shall be overlooked, and reminding every group in his partiality for the old law, that the miracle of the manna is being repeated by One, who fulfils Moses' promise of a prophet like unto him. After these, Philip and Andrew hasten to Christ, a flush of shame in their faces and their eyes cast down, because, despite Christ's earlier miracles, they had expressed misgivings about the loaves. They are eager to atone for their doubting words by helpful deeds. Then comes Matthew, the consecrated business man, who gives the mathematics of the miracles as he goes about—how few loaves there were at the start; how many have been abundantly fed. Among the last comes John, too absorbed in thinking of the meaning of the miracle to be in haste to act, but, finally, taking the loaves absently in his hand as he gazes, almost forgetting the hungry multitude, into the divine face of Christ. Then he goes about telling of the loving Father who gives not only the bread of miracle, but the daily bread as a token of his love. Last of all, comes Thomas, the doubter, looking all about to find the secret of this multiplying food, if he may, and pressing his thumbs into the bread to see if it be real, and not a phantom, that he holds in his hand.

For every variety of talent God has a use, not alone inside the church, but also in the hills and by the lakes of our summer wanderings.

. . .

"*Gather up the fragments.*" Regard for little things is one of the marks of greatness, both in God and man. We should waste neither food, nor money, nor time, not even in vacation. Let us make the most of every hour, even in recreations by choosing the best. And many a spare moment, with no loss of rest, may be devoted to self-culture and doing good.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha Visits a Princess

THE palace stood in beautiful grounds and is a noble-lookin' building. We wuz met at the entrance to the garden by four handsome native girls with beautiful silk dresses on, handsome turbans, satin slippers and jewelry enough for a dozen wimmen.

They took our hands, each on us walkin' between two on 'em, for all the world as if we wuz prisoners, till we got to the gates of the palace, and here two black males, dressed as rich as a president or minister, met us, and four more gayly dressed female slaves.

These girls took Miss Meechim's cape and my mantilly and laid 'em away. Then we went through a long hall and up a magnificent marble staircase, with a girl on each side on us agin jest as if we wuz bein' took to jail. We then went into a large beautiful room where the Princess' Lady of Honor wuz tryin', I spoze, to be jest as honorable as she could be. But to my surprise she handed us the first thing some coffee and pipes to smoke. But such a pipe never entered Jonesville. Why, the pipe stem was six feet long, amber and gold, diamonds and rubies. Good land! it wuz most enough to get a perfessor and a member of the W. C. T. U. to smokin'. But I wuzn't to be enticed; I sort o' waved it off graceful and drinked a little coffee, which wuz good, and if you'll believe it the little holders that held our cups wuz all covered with diamonds. Then six more slaves, jest as pretty, with jest as fine clothes and with as many jewels, came to tell us the Princess would see us. And we went with them through room after room, each one seemin'ly more elegant than the others, till we reached the door of a great grand apartment, and here the Princess wuz surrounded by more slaves, dressed handsomer than any we'd seen yet.

Royal Hospitality

She come forward to meet us and led the way to a beautiful divan, where we sot down. Here they offered us some more of the beautiful jeweled pipes agin, and agin I stood firm and so did Miss Meechim, but the Princess smoked a little. But the tobacco wuz perfumed so delightfully that there wuz no tobacco smell to it.

Then coffee wuz passed agin in a jeweled cup and agin I sipped a little on't, thinkin' like as not it would keep me awake it wuz so strong, but knowin' that I had got to be polite anyway in such a time as this.

She talked quite good English and we had a pleasant visit with her, and anon she took each on us by the hand—for all the world they acted as if we wuz infants and couldn't walk alone—and led us through the magnificent rooms with lofty mirrors, furniture covered with costly Persian cloth embroidered with gold and silver, great rugs of the most exquisite color and texture, mounds of flowers, baskets and vases everywhere running over with them, makin' the air sweet with their perfume.

In one room there wuz no winders, the walls bein' made of glitterin' mirrors sot in gilded frames, light coming down through stained glass in the gilded ceiling.

On the Princess' toilet table wuz a large gold tray holdin' a basin of perfumed water, and white silk towels embroidered in gold and silver.

I remembered my crash and huck-a-buck towels and thought to myself I didn't know what she would do if she ever come to see me, unless I took one of Josiah's silk handkerchiefs for her to wipe her hands on. But concluded I would do that if she ever paid my visit. And I thought the minute I got home I would paint the bowl of the pipe we had used for tizik, a pale blue or pink, and dry some extra fine mullen leaves and catnip blows, they smell real sweet to me, and I knew they would be good for her bronkial tubes anyway. And I laid out to make up in a warm welcome what we lacked in luxury.

Oriental Magnificence

Well, the last room we went into we wuz served in tiny cups with a delicate drink. Lemonade. I guess it wuz, or orange and fruit juice of some kind. It wuz served to us in jeweled cups and we had gold embroidered napkins. Here the Princess thanked us for our visit and retired, followed by the slaves who had gone with us through the palace.

And we went down the staircase with a girl on each side on us jest as we went up, so if Miss Meechim and I had had any mind to break away and act, we couldn't, and went to our carriage waited on jest as when we come. Miss Meechim said as we started back:

"Did you ever see the like? Was you prepared to see such magnificence, Josiah Allen's wife?"

And I told her I wuz partly prepared, for I had read the Arabian Night's Entertainment.

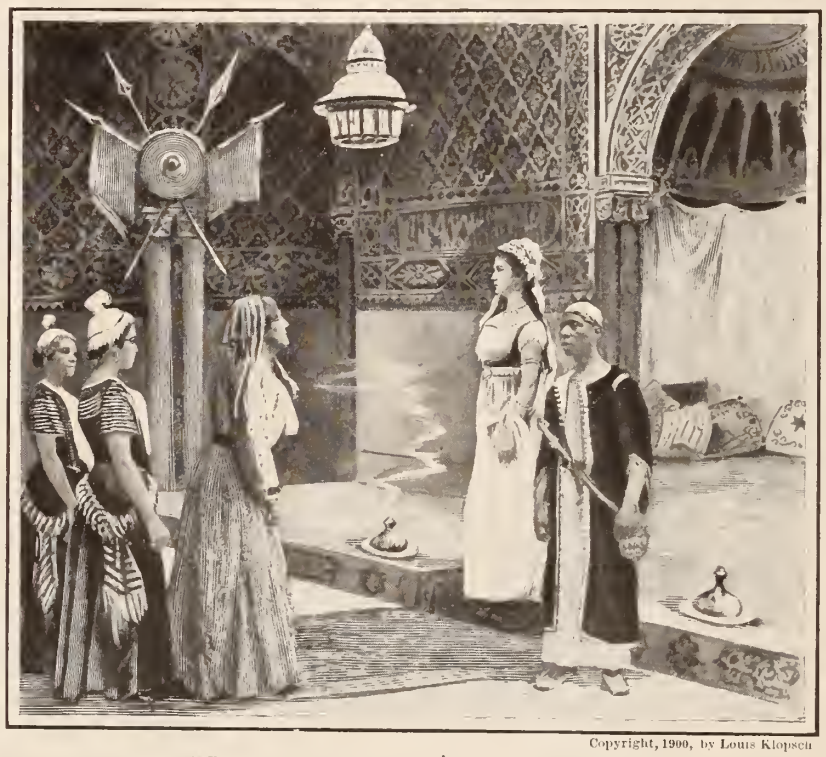
"Well," sez she, "it goes fur beyend my wildest dreams of luxury."

When we got back to the tarven we found that Robert Strong had been delayed by a visitor and wuz jest startin' for Heliopolis, and Miss Meechim and I bein' all ready we turned round and went with 'em.

Heliopolis hain't so grand lookin' as its name. It is a little Arab town six miles from Cairo. The low houses are made of mud and nasty inside, I believe; they don't look much like Jonesville houses. The oldest and greatest college once stood here. Here, too, wuz the hant of that immortal bird, the Phenix, who raised himself to life every five hundred years. (Josiah don't believe a word on't, and I don't know as I do.) But we do spoze that wuz the very place where Joseph married the daughter of Mr. Potiphar, doin' dretful well, it wuz spozed by her folks, but he wuz plenty good enough for her, I think, and so Josiah duz.

And right in this neighborhood Alexander the Great marched round and camped on his way to Memphis. So you can see it wuz interestin' in a good many ways.

But the Virgin's Tree wuz what we wanted to see. It is a fig sycamore; its trunk is twenty feet in diameter and its branches spread out and cover a great space. But its size wuzn't what we went to see. Under this tree Joseph and Mary rested whilst they wuz fleeing to Egypt from them that sought the young Child's life. Our Lord himself had been under this very tree that wuz bendin' over me. My emotions wuz such that I didn't want any on 'em to see my face; I went apart from 'em and sot down on a little seat not fur off from the fence that protects this tree from relic hunters. And I had a large number of emotions as I sot there lookin' up into the green branches.



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MEETING THE PRINCESS' LADY OF HONOR

I wondered how Mary felt as she sot there. She knowed she wuz carryin' a sacred burden on her bosom. The Star that had guided the wise men to the cradle of her Baby had shone full into his face and she'd seen the Divinity there. Angels had heralded His birth; the frightened king looked upon Him as one who would take his kingdom from him, and an angel had bidden them to take the Child and flee to Egypt.

The Holy Family in Egypt

And how happy Joseph and Mary wuz as they sot down under this tree. All their journey over the weary rocky roads, over the mountains, through the streams and the valleys, and over the sandy desert they dassant rest, but wuz lookin' behind 'em all the time as they pressed forward, expectin' to hear the gallopin' steeds of the king, and to hear the cruel cries of his blood-thirsty soldiers. Why, just think on't: every other baby boy in the country put to death jest to be sure of makin' way with the child that she held to her bosom. How would any mother have felt; how would any mother's heart beat and soul faint within 'em as they plodded away on a donkey, knowin' that the swiftest horses of the king wuz mebby follerin' clost behind? But it wuz all past now; under the shade of this noble old tree Mary sot down, happiness in her tired eyes, ontold relief in the weary heart on which the Child leaned.

I believe they laid down there under the starry heavens and went to sleep, mebby the Star shone down on 'em as they slep', seein' they wuz safe now and Herod couldn't touch 'em even if he wuz clost to 'em.

Egypt, blessed be thy turf and thy skies forever more, since thou hast sheltered the Lord!

And while back in Jerusalem the bloodthirsty soldiers wuz rushin' to and fro seekin' for the young Child that they might destroy him, and in his palace King Herod lay in troubled sleep under the close-drawn curtains of the royal couch, slaves watchin' outside the room, slaves watchin' his fearful thorn-strewn pillow, the little Child that he feared and sought to destroy, slept with the clear midnight sky bendin' over his sweet slumber, its matchless blue curtain looped up with stars, hung with the great silver night lamp of the crescent moon. His bed-chamber the broad plains and mountains and valleys of the world which should yet own his peaceful sway. His guard the shining angels that had flown down to herald His coming on the fields of Bethlehem. Sleep well, little Child, with thy kingdom outstretched about thee, the hull grief-smitten world, upon which thou wast to lay thy hands and heal its woes and wounds. The divine clothin' itself in the sad garments of humanity that it might lift it up into heavenly heights.

Miss Meechim Has Doubts

Well, we stayed there quite a spell, Robert I could see felt a good deal as I did and so did Dorothy; I read in her sweet eyes the tender light that meant many things. But Miss Meechim had doubts about the tree. She looked all round it, and felt of the low, droopin branches and looked clost at the bark. She is a great case for the bark of things. Miss Meechim is, you know some be. They will set their microscopes on a little mite of bark and argy for hours about it, but don't think of the life that is goin' on underneath. The divine vitality of truth that animates the hidden soul of things. They think more of the creeds, the outward husks of things than the inside life and truth. Miss Meechim said with her eye still on the bark, that no tree could live two centuries and still look so vigorous.

But I sez, "Mount Sinai looks pretty firm and stiddy, and the Red Sea I spoze looks jest about as red and hearty as it did when the Israelites crossed it."

She wuz examinin' the bark through her eye glasses, but she said mountains and seas could stand more than a tree. And I said I guessed the hand that made a tree could keep it alive.

And I knew that it didn't make any difference anyway. This wuz the road they come and they had to rest anyway and it stood to reason they would rest under a tree, and I felt that this wuz the tree, though it might have been another one nigh by. And while Miss Meechim's mind was all taken up lookin' at the bark of that tree, my mind wuz full of this great fact and truth, that the Child wuz saved from its enemies. And while the kingdom of the wicked king has been covered and lost from sight under the sands of time for centuries, the kingdom of the Holy Child stands firmer to-day than ever before, and is broadening and widening all the time, teaching the true

UNDER THE "VIRGIN'S TREE"

brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God. This is the great truth, all the branching creeds and arguments and isms, they are only the bark.

Nigh by the tree stands a tall piller sixty-four feet high, covered with strange writin'. As I looked at it I thought I would gin a dollar bill to have read that writin'. No knowin' what strange secrets of the past would have been revealed to me. But I couldn't read it, it is dretful writin'. Josiah sometimes makes fun of my handwritin' and calls it ducks' tracks, but I thought that if he'd seen this he'd thought that mine wuz like print compared to it. They say that this is the oldest obelisk in Egypt, and that is sayin' a good deal, for Egypt is full of former greatness old as the hills.

Beautiful Cairo!

Here in the East civilization begun, and gradual, gradual it stalked along towards the West, and is slowly, slowly marchin' on round the world back to where it started from, and when the round world is belted with knowledge and Christianity, then mebby will come the thousand years of peace, the millennium the Scriptures have foretold, when the lamb shall lay down with the lion and a young child shall lead them. I spoze the young child means the baby Peace that shall bime-by lead the nations along into the World Beautiful. And there shall be no more war.

Cairo is different from any other city under the sun, and after you've been there when you shet your eyes and see it agin in memory, the brilliant colorin' sheds its picturesque glow over the brilliant seen. The deep bright blue of the sky, the splendor of the sunlight, the dazzlin' white of the buildings, the soft mellow brown of the desert and the green of the tropical foliage always comes back to brighten the panorama.

And the crowds of people from all parts of the world, each dressed in his and her natural costume, every style of dress and every color under the sun. And the milds of bazars, little booths about ten feet square but all runnin' over with the richest embroideries, silken fabrics, gold, silver, amber and everything else gorgeous. Then there is the new part of Cairo, the broad, long streets lined with magnificent buildin's. The great Citadel of Cairo and the Alabaster Mosque up on a rocky height, six hundred feet above the city. The Citadel wuz built by Saladin in 1100, most a thousand years ago. Where is Mr. Saladin and his folks? and his dynasty? All forgot centuries ago, but the work he thought out is here still. The Mosque is the only building in the world built of alabaster; it wuz begun by Mahommed Ali, the great-grandfather of the Khedive. The alabaster looks like satin, amber and white color, mebby some of my readers have got a little alabaster box or figger that they set store by, it is so costly and fine. Then think of a hull buildin' three hundred feet square built of it. The ruff is uplifted by alabaster columns; the alabaster galleries are a hundred feet above the floor. The gilded dome can be seen twenty or thirty milds away. The view from the terrace in front is so beautiful that you don't want to leave it. The city lies before you and a long view of the Nile, rich gardens, green fields, towering palms, the pyramids standin' like ghosts out of the past, Memphis, oldest city of the world. Turn your head and there is the land of Goshen; how many times amidst the overwhelmin' cares of a Jonesville kitchen have we mentioned "Land of Goshen," but solemn now to look at and contemplate as the home of the patriarchs. Only two milds off down the Nile is the spot where Napoleon fought with the Mamelukes and won the Battle of the Pyramids. And jest under you as you look down, you see the ruff of the Egyptian Museum where the body of Ramesis lays, once rulin' with a high hand he and his folks, as many as a dozen of 'em, over all the land our stranger eyes looked down on. But now they are nothin' but a side show, as you may say in a museum.

Josiah wuz dretful took with the sights of shops on either side of the narrow streets of old Cairo and all sorts of trades bein' carried on there right out doors; goldsmiths and silversmiths makin' their jewelry right there before you, and Josiah sez: "I lay out to have a shop rigged out doors to hum and make brooms and feather dusters; and why don't you, Samantha; how uneek it would be for you to have your sewin'-machine or your quiltin'-frames in the corner of the fence between us and old Bobbett's, and have

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"DOWN THE STAIRS WITH A GIRL ON EACH SIDE OF US"

a bedquilt or a crazy blanket draped behind you on the fence. You could have a kind of a turban if you wanted to; I would lend you one of my bandannas, I'm goin' to wear 'em in my bazar when I rig one up, and my dressin'-gown, and I shall have Ury wear one and sandals. I can make some crackin' good sandals for us all out of shingles, and lace 'em on with colored ribbins. How dressy they will make me look. I shall lace my sandals on with yeller and red baby ribbin, them colors are so becomin' and make my complexion look fairer. We shall jest coin money out of my bazar, and I shall write to Ury to put in a piece of broom corn, and mebby we shall make jewelry; we could make some good mournin' jewelry out of coal and lam-black."

Josiah's New Idea

Well, I didn't argy with him, thinkin' most probable that he'd forgit it, but Arvilly, who wuz with us, sez: "I guess it would be mournin' jewelry in good earnest if you made it; I guess it would make anybody mourn to see it, let alone wearin' it."

"Wait till you see it," sez he.

And she sez, "I am perfectly willin' to wait."

"But I shan't set on the floor as they do here," sez he, "I am sorry for some of them poor old men that can't afford chairs, and I would be perfectly willin' to make 'em some stools if they'd furnish the lumber."

Sez I, "It's their way, Josiah, they like it."

"I don't believe it," sez he; "nobody loves to scrooch down flat with their legs under 'em numb as sticks." But right whilst we were talkin' we met a funeral procession. The head one had hard work to git through the crowd crying out:

"There is no deity but God! Mohammed is his apostle!" Then come some boys singin' a funeral him; and then the bier, borne by friends of the corpse and covered by a handsome shawl. Then come the hired mourners—wimmen—for I spoze they think they're used to mournin' and can earn their money better. 'Tennyrate, these screeched and wailed and tore their hair and beat their breast-bone as if they meant to earn their money. Then come the relatives and friends. Of course, they no need to have wep' a tear, havin' hired it done. But they did seem to feel real bad, they couldn't have wept and wailed any more if they had been hired to. Josiah sez:

A Touching Assurance

"Samantha, when I'm took, if you hire anybody to mourn get some better lookin' females than these. I had almost ruther die onlamented than to have such lookin' creeters weepin' over my remains; now some fair lookin' females such as sister Celestine Bobbett and she that wuz Submit Tewksbury——"

But I interrupted him by telling him truly that no hired tears would fall on his beloved face if I outlived him, and no boughten groans would be hearn. Sez I, "The tears of true love and grief would bedew your forward."

"Well," sez he, "it would be my wishes."

As we wended our way along we met several water-carriers with leather bottles, jest such a one as Hagar took with her and Ishmael out in the desert, and it wuz on this same desert whose sands wuz siftin' in about us every chance it had that she lay the child down to die and angels come and fed him. And, also, it bein' along towards night we met several shepherds; one wuz carryin' a tired lamb in his arms. They wuz patriarkal in appearance and dressed jest like the Bible pictures. I felt as though I had met Abraham or Isac onbeknown to them.

Another sight that impressed my pardner fearfully wuz the howlin' dervishes—we'd hearn about 'em a sight, and so we thought we would go and hear 'em howl. By payin' a little backsheesh (which is money) we got permission to attend one of their religious meetin's. There wuz a chief or Sheik, which Josiah always called a "shack"—and I d'no but he wuz well named—and about twenty or thirty howlers in long white robes. They made a low bow to the Shack and then knelt round him in a circle; then they bowed agin a number of times clear to the floor and begun to sing or pray. I d'no what you would call it, but the axents wuz dretful and the music that accompanied it harrowin' in the extreme. Then they got up and bowed agin to the Shack and begun to shake their heads and their arms and their feet rapid and voylent, all keepin' time to the music, or what I spoze they called music, their hair hangin' loose, their yellin' fearful, and then they begun to whirl like a top spinnin' round, faster and faster, whirlin' and howlin' and shriekin' till they couldn't howl or whirl any longer. Then the meetin' broke up as you may say, they formed a half circle agin round the Shack, bowed to the ground before him and fell down perfectly wore out on the floor. I should have thought they'd died. Why, I couldn't have stood it and lived nor Josiah couldn't; it wuz all we could stand to see it go on.

One day Miss Meechim and I visited an American Mission School for Arab and Egyptian children, and it wuz from one of these very schools that one of the Rajahs or native princes took his wife. She wuz a little donkey driver, and the teacher of the Mission, liking her and pitying her, got permission of her mother (a poor donkey driver of Cairo living in a mud hut) to take the child into her school. When she wuz about fourteen years old the Rajah, who had accepted the Christian religion, visited this school, and the little girl wuz teaching a class of barefooted Egyptian girls, sittin' on the floor about her.

Who can tell the mysteries of love? Like lightning it strikes where it will and must. Why should this Prince, educated in England, a friend of Queen Victoria, who had seen beautiful women all his days onmoved, why should he fall in love with this little girl, late a donkey driver in the streets of Cairo?

I d'no, but so it wuz, and he told the lady in charge of the school that he wanted to make her his wife. She wuz greatly surprised, and not knowin' he wuz what he said he wuz, asked him polite to go away and select some other bride. But the next day he come back, sent in his card and a autograph letter from Queen Victoria, and agin expressed his desire to marry the bright-eyed little Egyptian.

A Romantic Union

When the subject wuz broached to her she wep' and pleaded to not be sold into slavery, spozein' that wuz what it meant. But the Prince made her understand that he wanted her for his wife, and she consented to be educated in a fitting manner, and at last the weddin' took place at the home of the teacher.

The Prince took his wife to London where she wuz presented at Court, and makes him a good wife, so fur as I know, and they say she's dretful good to the poor; 'tennyrate the Prince must think a good deal of her, for he presented every year one thousand pounds to help on the school where he found his Princess. This story is true and is stranger than most lies.

I spoze that from that time on all the dark-eyed little Egyptian maids in that school wuz lookin' out anxiously to see some prince comin' in and claim 'em and make a royal princess of 'em. But one swallow don't make a spring; I don't spoze there has been or will be agin such a romance.

(To be Continued).

EGYPT'S OLDEST OBELISK

..THOUSANDS in INDIA SAVED from STARVING

Dr. Klopsch's Tour through the Famine Districts ... Missionary Testimony to the Life-Saving Effect of the Fund

Special Dispatch to "The Christian Herald."

BOMBAY, May 28. Dr. Louis Klopsch has just completed his tour of the Famine Districts in the Bombay Presidency, including the native states of Gujerat and Baroda. His investigation of the conditions in those sections has been most thorough. Everywhere he was confronted with the most shocking and revolting scenes. He found the famine camps stampeded by cholera and small-pox fugitives who had come from distant points of infection and are now scattering those diseases in all directions. Many are dying in the fields and ditches and along the roadside.

At Godhra, about 300 miles north of Bombay, there were 3,000 deaths from cholera in four days. Dr. Klopsch saw while there sixteen bodies incinerated, this method of disposing of the dead being general throughout the famine district.

Thousands Die of Cholera

At Donad, some fifty miles east of Godhra, he found a similar frightful condition of affairs, there having been 2,500 deaths also from cholera. The air of the place was stifling and strongly impregnated with the frightful odor of hundreds of decaying bodies which lay about unburied. The water was also impregnated with the poison from the carcasses, and everywhere the stench was indescribable and sickening. In the hospitals the death-rate as reported by the physicians was ninety per cent. No language can adequately describe the terrible condition of affairs in this section of India.

At Baroda, about seventy miles to the south of Godhra, Dr. Klopsch found in the poorhouse 1,200 natives who had been rescued from famine. The place was in a dreadfully filthy condition and showed a lack of system.

At Ahmedabad he found the water vitiated and a prolific cause of the spread of sickness. A terrible mortality prevailed among the cattle in that section, rendering them wholly unfit for food. In the poorhouse at Ahmedabad the death-rate was ten per cent. daily.

The Living with the Dead

Here he saw a new patient brought in and placed face to face with a dead man. The occupant of every fourth cot was already dead. The bodies of patients suffering from dysentery were not cleansed and the result was a frightful condition of affairs in the hospital, with millions of flies. The thermometer at Ahmedabad marked 115 degrees in the shade. He next visited the small-pox and cholera wards of Viramgan. All the patients were lying on the ground, there being no cots for their accommodation. In other respects the condition of affairs there was improving and hopeful.

Dr. Klopsch declares the stories of human bodies being devoured by vultures, dogs and jackals absolutely true. Dogs were seen in some of the districts running off with the limbs of children in their jaws.

The Worst Yet to Come

It is evident, Dr. Klopsch adds, that the India Government is doing its best to fight back the ravages of famine and disease. The *native* officials, however, are heartlessly indifferent, and the condition of a large part of India is, as a whole, the worst that has been known at any time during the century. There are sections in which whole families have been blotted out. The spirit of the people is broken down by suffering, privation and the plague. The distress to be seen on every side is heartrending, but it is to be feared that the worst is yet to come. This will be reached when the monsoon breaks and the torrential rains flood the relief camps and of the famine area, spreading disease, and especially cholera.

Dr. Klopsch has purchased one thousand hand plows, which will be given to the native agriculturists who have lost the oxen with which the plowing is usually done. He is now arranging for the purchase of 100,000 blankets to be distributed before the rainy season sets in. These are absolutely necessary in order to save life, as thousands are now sleeping on the bare ground. He has protested to the authorities against the employment of nursing mothers, sick women and delicate children on the relief works, such employment being in violation of the Famine Code. In this connection he has received an appreciative letter from Lord Northcote, Governor of Bombay, promising an immediate investigation of the employment methods now prevailing on the relief works.

The Inter-Denominational Missionary Committee are now engaged in the active work of distribution of relief funds, the $100,000 lately handed to them from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund having given a great impetus to the relief work. The Government, press and people of India are profoundly appreciative of the assistance rendered by the Christian people of the United States. It is quite clear, however, that all that has been done will count for little unless in the crisis more help is generously and quickly extended.

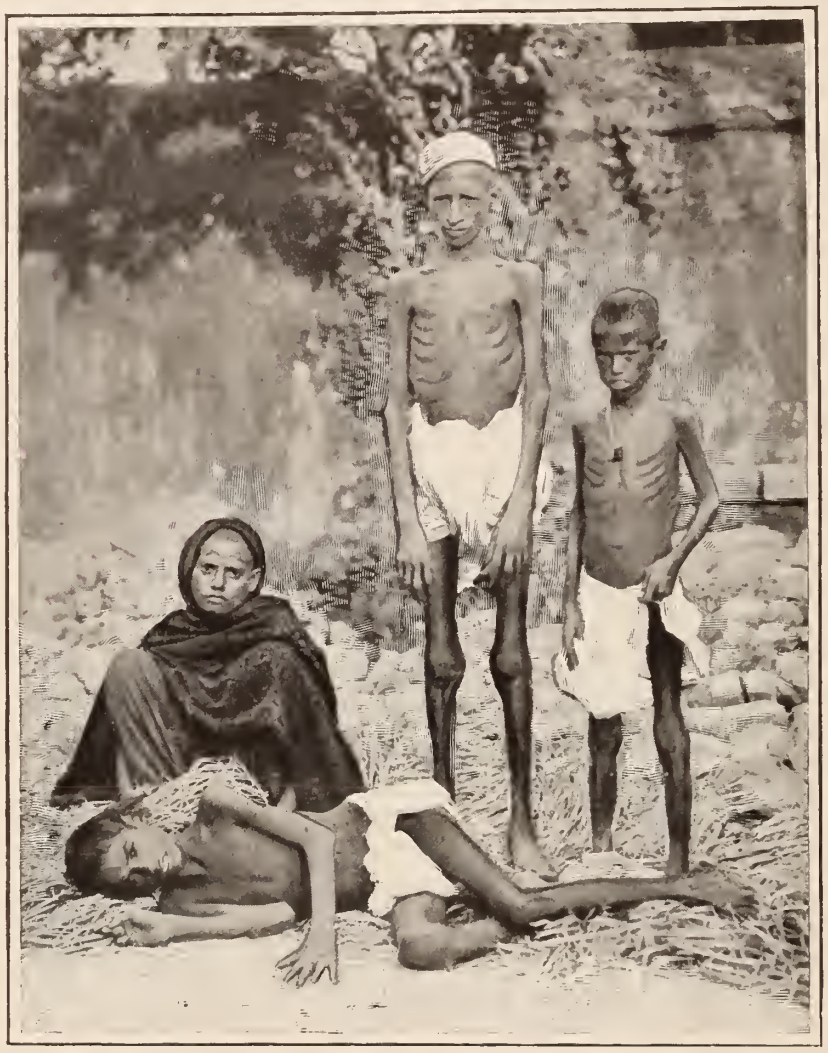
WILLETS.

* * *

In the foregoing cablegram, just received before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, we are enabled to present our readers and to all the contributors of the Relief Fund, the first comprehensive statement of the famine conditions at the present time.

What the Fund Has Done

Dr. Klopsch's tour shows how terrible is the suffering, how great the need which prompted American generosity. It is a cause for great thankfulness that the gifts of our people are making such magnificent life-saving service possible. In the letter below, from one of the workers in the field, is shown the relief question from the missionary point of view, and expresses the gratitude that is everywhere felt in India for the aid extended by America.



FAMINE REFUGEES RECEIVED BY MRS. ADA LEE AT CALCUTTA

GUNTER, INDIA, April 24.

I write you in the midst of a sea of trouble. I estimate that by sending us $250 (the first payment from the fund), Dr. Klopsch **has saved one hundred lives.** He has actually saved them. Otherwise they would have died. If there is any comfort in this, let him and the contributors of the fund comfort themselves before God. I would be glad to see Dr. Klopsch face to face—the man who, all over India, has been keeping people from dying. I should say that a man who does that kind of godlike action ought to sleep well. Say to him that we have three hundred people here whom we are keeping alive through the fund. The money sent to us has been put to the best possible use. It has made a thousand hearts glad. What is before us we do not know. This we know: there are many hungry people who do not know where the next day's food is coming from. Anyhow his act and that of your contributors is a divine act, and some day all will see that it is so. Convey to all my thanks in behalf of the poor sufferers whom their charity has helped to keep body and soul together.

J. H. HARPSTER.

Dr. Colin S. Valentine, a physician who has labored for thirty-nine years in India, in a recent letter from Agra to his friend, Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, says: "Some of the details of the suffering surrounding us are truly heartrending. One medical missionary says that in a walk of about an hour he passed forty dead bodies in various stages of decomposition, partly eaten by jackals and vultures. On three other days, to avoid the shocking sight, he took different directions; but in each case he witnessed the same dreadful spectacles. The infant mortality is appalling.

Dangers Worse than Death

The condition of young Hindu widows is, if possible, worse, for wicked men and women, like birds of prey, hover about all the roads to pick up these unhappy creatures and lure them away to lives of misery and shame. I am arranging with the railroads to obtain for these girls free passage to refuges in other parts of the country. The British Government is feeding more than five millions of the sufferers at an enormous cost. Surely no Government in the history of the world was ever called upon to face so stupendous a problem."

Rev. G. N. Thomssen, of Bapatla, the Baptist member of our Inter-Denominational Committee, sends a list of the missionaries to whom the Baptist apportionment from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD remittance of $25,000 was sent. Mr. Thomssen adds: "This money came when we were just on the verge of despair. I, myself, had borrowed a thousand rupees, that we might feed the starving people around our mission. Dr. Clough, of Ongole, had spent over fifteen hundred rupees in employing men in deepening wells and in other work of public utility, besides several thousand rupees in the famine kitchen and in food for destitute people. Rev. John Newcomb of Cumbum was in urgent need of five thousand rupees to relieve the people around his station and other Baptist missionaries were in like case. It was impossible to turn a deaf ear to the piteous cries for food. The plaintive look of the children was especially distressing.

Aid Gladly Welcomed

There are Christian families in this condition, people who come to the Baptist missions and have been baptized. Something had to be done for them for Christ's sake; but we had not a cent left and were in despair, when your remittance came and made all our hearts glad. Please thank your readers for so generously responding to your appeals. They know not how many people they have saved from suffering and death. Even our native preachers and teachers were in want. Now all is changed. God's sun seems to shine more brightly because of the help we have received from you. Probably you never saw a person dying from starvation. Pray God you never may. It is a sight you could never forget. The Telugu region is five hundred miles by two hundred, and it has a population of six millions, of whom about fifty thousand are professing Christians. All these know that the gift is from the Christian people of America. They say: 'God bless the kind people who have had compassion on us in our affliction and may he bless, too, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which made our need known.'"

Dr. W. O. Ballantine of Rahuri, writes: "We thank you most heartily for appealing on our behalf to the Christian people of America, and we thank them for the generous response to our appeal. Those who know most of the conditions here are agreed that this famine will be far ahead of the former one in intensity. It is certainly worse in our district. The scenes I witnessed the day before yesterday near the relief camp were enough to sadden the most hard-hearted. I pray God that more money may come speedily; otherwise vast numbers must perish."

NEW YORK CITY

Abercrombie, C.. 2 00
Abramson, M..... 1 00
Aeby, Anna M....50 00
Aldred, Mrs O H, & Dr W R Vail 4 00
Aldrich, Mrs T... 5 00
Allen, Sarah J.... 5 00
Alles, M 10 00
Altheer, J C..... 10 00
Altmeyer, S B.... 2 00
Anderson, A M.. 05
Anderson, Geo E. 10
Anderson, Jas A. 2 00
Anderson, Mrs J A 2 00
Anderson, J D.... 10
Anderson, Ruth L 1 00
Andrews, A 1 00
Andrews, A F.... 5 00
Anness, E C.....10 00
Anness, Mrs E C 5 00
Anness, Peyton R 1 00
Armstrong, B 1 00
Arnholz, Mrs S.. 2 00
Ayers, Thos D...10 00
Bach, Isaac A....10 00
Bachman, Miss C.10 00
Bachman, Miss M 5 00
Bahrs, Mrs 05
Baldwin, Dr J G..10 00
Barbarrosa, M .. 49
Barber, B & C... 1 10
Barlow, Annie H 5 00
Barnes, C F....100 00
Bartlett, J 2 00
Barton, A W..... 5 00
Baskerville, T H. 5 00
Battic, A 5 00
Bauman, Chas F 25
Baumgarten, Mr & Mrs M 3 00
Beattie, Anna M. 25
Beattie, Chas 05
Beattie, Wm J.... 05
Beckett, Mrs 3 00
Bedell, F W..... 1 00
Beekman, C C.... 1 00
Belmonts, F 25
Benedict, Mrs R. 3 00
Benthner, Mrs S.. 1 00
Bentsen, J 1 00
Bergman, T F.... 1 00
Bergmann, Julia.. 5 00
Bernhart, Mrs C F 50
Bernhelmer, M A. 10
Berolzheimer, Mrs Philip 5 00
Berry, Mr & Mrs H 5 00
Berry, W G..... 1 00
Beyer, Hane H... 5 00
Bevier, Katherine 5 00
Binn, Lizzie 1 25
Binns, Martha R. 5 00
Birdsall, Miss E T 1 00
Birdsall, Mrs L H 1 00
Bisbee, Eldon 5 00
Bishop, Chas & Son 2 00
Bixby, J W..... 1 00
Black, J V.....10 00
Blackman, L J... 1 00
Blackmer, J A.... 2 00
Blackwell, Jr, Mr & Mrs H F..... 5 00
Bliss, A B.....100 00
Bliss, E W..... 2 00
Bloss, C H..... 2 00
Blount, F R.....20 00
Blum, Mrs C N.. 1 50
Blumenthal, Mrs S 1 50
Boardman, H..... 2 00
Bohata, A M..... 5 00
Bohnet, Mrs 1 00
Booth, C F..... 3 00
Bostwick, H M.. 5 00
Bostwick, O M... 5 00
Bracklin, Lindley.. 5 00
Bradley, M J..... 1 00
Brudner, Mrs J.. 3 00
Bratter, L 5 00
Bray, C 1 00
Breitenbach, J... 5 00
Bremen, John C. 2 00
Brennon, Michael. 5 00
Brett, Everett J.. 2 00
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Brotherton, Mrs H A 2 00
Brown, Mrs 2 50
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Brown, Mrs L A 1 00
Brown, Miss L J 5 00
Brown, M H..... 2 00
Browne, W S.... 4 00
Browning, Wm C.20 00
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Brush, Carrie F.. 5 00
Buchner, Prof, & Mrs E F..... 5 00
Buchtenkirch, H.10 00
Bucknall, W W. 1 00
Bühler, R 25 00
Bundy, E & D M 5 00
Bundy, Laura R.. 2 00
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Burnhan, Dr 22 00
Burns, E 1 00
Burr, Mr & Mrs Mr, Jr.....10 00
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Butler, Sara S... 5 00
Calderon, Luis .. 2 00
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Campbell, J 1 00
Campbell, Mrs W C 2 00
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Donchalu, I B... 1 00
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Dunn, Mrs D.... 1 00
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Forshay, Mrs J E 5 00

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Halvorson, Mrs P 2 00
Hamill, Mrs S.... 2 00
Hammerslough Co, Sam 1 00
Hampel, Mrs Wm 1 00
Haney, E T.....10 00
Hanlon, Mr & Mrs M 5 00
Harding, W E, & Merritt, Jr, C..10 00
Harlow, Mrs D B 1 00
Harrington, C ... 1 00
Harris, Mr 5 00
Harris, Rev Dr M H 10 00
Harrison, F W.. 1 00
Harrison, Marg't. 1 00
Hart, W H..... 5 00
Hartley, Rose ... 05
Hartjen, John ...10 00
Haven, Mrs J W.. 5 00
Hawthorne, M .. 25
Hays, Mrs H P.. 2 00
Healy, Mrs J S.. 2 00
Hecht, S 2 00
Heddon, J W, M D 3 00
Heeger, E 1 00
Heflich, H 50
Heiden, Julius ... 5 00
Heimburg, C H.. 5 00
Hein, H 2 00
Hineman, Master Percy 25 00
Heller, Mrs J 15 00
Henchen, Mrs A C 5 00
Henderson, Miss M W 5 00
Henry, Mrs W M 5 00
Herritt, Mrs M B 5 00
Herrman, Mrs E. 2 00
Hetcher, Evelyn A 4 00
Hetherton, Mrs E 2 00
Hibbard, Mrs M R 2 00
Hicks, Isaac 1 00
Hill, Mary 1 00
Hilliard, A K.... 2 00
Hills, Dr W B... 2 00
Hinsdale, L R.... 6 00
Hirsig, Mrs M.... 1 00
Hirst, Sarah L... 1 50
Hobson, A M & J 1 00
Hohorst, Wm T.. 2 00
Hole, J E..... 5 00
Holmes, A D.... 5 00
Hollister, H F K. 5 00
Holzwasser, Miss F 1 00
Homer, Chas F..25 00
Honey, G C..... 4 00
Hooper, H 10 00
Hope, A J A.....10 00

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Hopps, Mr & Mrs L W 2 00
Horn, Miss A L.. 5 00
Horn, Miss S L.. 5 00
Horner, Elsie.... 2 00
Hotchkiss, Mrs C B 5 00
Hotchkiss, M M.. 5 00
Howell, A K.... 5 00
Howell, F W..... 75
Howell, Thos 2 00
Hoyt, H S..... 5 00
Hoyt, Radina E..25 00
Hubbel, M L.... 1 00
Hubbs, M E..... 50
Hull, Robt C.... 25
Hunt, Mrs K T.. 2 00
Hunton, M D.... 2 00
Hustace, Messrs.. 2 00
Hutchinson, W S 1 00
Hyde, C D..... 7 00
Hyde, F E & E N 5 00
Hyde, Geo H.... 5 00
Hyde, Mrs J M.. 25
Hynieka, Mrs ... 1 00
Inlaad, John B.. 5 00
Inslee, Kath..... 35
Isaaes, C 25
Isaaes, F L..... 25
Isaaes, Mrs F L.. 25
Jagger, C W..... 25
Jagger, F A..... 50
Jagger, H A..... 25
Jagger, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Jagger, J M..... 2 00
Jagger, L M..... 50
Jaqua, Mrs 2 00
Jeannot, Mrs P A 5 00
Jenkins, M A.... 1 00
Jillson, Mr G M.. 2 00
Johnson, Jas G.. 5 00
Jones, Jas H.... 1 00
Joseph, Mrs L.... 2 00
Juhian, M H..... 2 00
Julier, L H..... 5 00
Kahn, Arthur J.. 1 00
Karchel, G 3 00
Katz, Chas 3 00
Kelly, Henry C.. 2 00
Kelly, John 10 00
Kench, Mrs I E. 3 00
Kennady, C 1 50
Kern, Mrs J O...10 00
Ketchum, A P....25 00
Keyser, J F..... 1 00
Keyser, S 10 00
Kimball, Miss M. 5 00
Kimball, Mrs M S 5 00
King, Wm M & Walker, W I..25 00
Klein, Mr 1 00
Klika, M 2 00
Kling, J J & fam 6 00
Klingenfeld, H... 2 00
Knevals, Miss A H 2 00
Knobloch, Edna . 25
Knobloch, Lulu . 25
Knobloch, Miss O. 40
Knoll, Carrie 2 00
Knowles, C V.... 1 00
Knowles, Jas ... 5 50
Kobbe, F W..... 25
Koch, H E F & Co, coll by 2 25
Kohn, Mrs H D.. 5 00
Kollender, M 2 00
Korbett, A 1 00
Korbett, G B.... 1 00
Kraeger, Mrs C.. 2 00
Krakaur, Gabriel. 2 00
Kranich, Mrs ... 5 00
Krans, Morris .. 2 00
Kraus, M R & W 5 00
Krattinger, Mrs F 10
Knever, Mrs A.. 1 00
Kupfer, E 5 00
Labarce, A & M..10 00
Lachmund, A & M 1 00
Lander, Mrs J R. 2 00
Landers, E A.... 1 00
Langey, Otto 1 00
Larsen, Anton .. 1 00
Lowinson, Adele . 2 00
Lawford, H R...10 00
Lawrence, C J... 5 00
Lawton, H 2 00
Leccomb, B H...10 00
Leccomt, H C....10 00
Lederer, A 1 00
Lehman, Mrs 50
Lesinsky, Chas .. 3 00
Lever, J Jr 5 00
Levinson, E D .. 2 00
Lichtenstein, A .. 2 00
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Lichtenstein, H B 6 00
Lichtenstein, M . 1 00
Lindenthal, Mrs D R 1 50
Lindsay, Mrs 2 50
Linton, C C..... 2 00
Littlefield, Mrs E 20 00
Lockwood, A E R 5 00
Loeb, Mrs G..... 5 00
Lombard, G D.... 5 00
Lonergan, Annie.. 1 00
Long, Mrs H.... 3 00
Love, L M & fam 7 00
Low, C A.....50 00
Lowitz, Mrs E M 2 00
Lndington, Mrs C H 5 00
Luria, Mr & Mrs A S 5 00
Lymington, A.... 2 00
MacGregor, R A. 1 00
McCabe, I A..... 2 00
McCarthy, Mrs .. 1 00
McClemonds, A M 25 00
McClintock, A .. 5 00
McConaghy, E S. 50
McDonald, Anna. 25
McDonald, Mrs W J 1 00
McIndoe, Mr and Mrs G J..... 1 00
McIntosh, M M..10 00
McLane, I W....20 00
McLean, Mrs T.. 5 00
McName, Mrs J.. 5 00
McNeice, J M.... 1 00
McQuader, M B.. 1 00
Mack, A L..... 4 00
Mackay, Mrs D S 25 00
Madeida, T R.... 1 00

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd

Mager, Mrs F R.25 00
Mairs, Mrs C F.. 5 00
Malchner, Mrs E.10 00
March, E G and V A 2 00
Marshall, M L.... 1 00
Martin, Dr J..... 3 00
Martin, J S..... 5 00
Martin, Jos 1 00
Martin, P 3 00
Martin, S 1 00
Martin, Mrs W H 2 00
Martling, Mrs ... 25
Marvin, Mrs G H 5 00
Marvin, H N.....10 00
Mason, D 1 00
Mason, Miss H..60 00
Master, Mrs and G H 10 00
Matthews, Mrs E D 20 00
Matthews, Geo...50 00
Maule, Jacob 3 00
Maurer, Mrs H A 10 00
May, Beatriee M. 60
May, David 2 00
Meck, Cornelia B.10 00
Melnbaeh, Cora . 5 00
Mendelson, Dr & Mrs W 10 00
Merrill, Ellen T.. 5 00
Merritt, A H.... 5 00
Mersereau, G B..10 00
Meyer, R B..... 2 00
Michel, Philip.... 4 00
Middlebrook, F J 5 00
Miller, A G..... 2 00
Miller, Miss A...10 00
Miller, Mrs E.... 10
Miller, E C.....50 00
Miller, Mrs H....10 00
Miller, K E..... 5 00
Mirick, M C..... 1 00
Mixon, Babetta .. 1 00
Mixon, Jas 1 00
Moelich, Chas F. 5 00
Moffat, A & D... 49
Moir, Goerge L.. 2 75
Montant, Mrs F A15 00
Montgomery, Miss F E 5 00
Montgomery, Mrs M 3 00
Montgomery, Mrs N S 2 00
Moore, Miss Ann. 1 00
Moore, Geo G.... 5 00
Moore, Mrs H B.25 00
Moore, Mrs J C.. 5 00
Moore, Miss K T 10 00
Morgan, Mrs M L 15 00
Morgan, R 2 00
Morrison, Mrs D. 5 00
Morrison, J 1 00
Morrison, Miss S. 2 00
Morse, Miss L R. 5 00
Morton, E S..... 50
Mosebaeh, F A.. 1 00
Mott, Jordan L..25 00
Mucser, A W.... 1 00
Muller, E 2 00
Mulligan, W J.... 2 00
Munn, O D.....100 00
Murphy, F & C..10 00
Murray, J A.....10 00
Murray, Jane ... 1 00
Murray, Mrs S T 250 00
Myers, J H..... 2 00
Nagle, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Nelman, J A..... 5 00
Netter, M 25
Neville, J J..... 1 00
Nevins, H O & E N Cole..... 2 00
Nevins, J H C...10 00
Newton, D 1 00
Nichols, C M.... 5 00
Nickisch, T H... 5 00
Niles, Mrs W W.10 00
Nutchell, W A.... 5 00
Obbenheimer, J . 5 00
O'Brien, E 1 00
O'Connor, Mrs J. 05
Odell, R I 2 00
Oertle, C 1 00
Ogden, J P and family 5 00
Olcott, H C..... 5 00
Oliver, Capt W H 1 00
Olmstead, V 5 00
Oppenheim, Mr & Mrs 5 00
Oppenheimer, S .. 5 00
Osborn, M H.... 5 00
Osborn, V 5 00
Osmun, Mrs G D 1 00
Otherson, Mrs W C 10 00
Ott, Miss Florence 50
Ott, Miss Hattie. 75
Ott, Pauline 50
Otten, Mrs C.... 5 00
Ottenheimer, C . 5 00
Otterson, Miss L. 5 00
Ottinger, Max ..10 00
Packard, E M.... 4 00
Parker, H J.....25 00
Parker, H S V... 2 00
Parshall, P A.... 1 00
Payne, Mr W and W A 10 00
Payson, Miss A.. 1 00
Peace, Ellen 1 00
Pearl, Mrs W E.. 2 00
Pease, Mira P.... 5 00
Pendleton, F A.. 5 00
Percival, Mrs C & Mouvel. Mrs G.10 00
Peyton, Miss H N 1 00
Pfeweger, F 2 00
Phaneuf, Mrs A; Mrs E Bannister, Mrs R Rosborough 10 00
Phelps, Mr & Mrs C H Jr 25 00
Pirnie, Miss P... 5 00
Pitt, Miss M A.. 2 00
Pauly, Lawson .. 1 00
Polloek, Mrs J... 2 00
Polloek, Walter . 5 00
Poole, Mrs Geo E 1 00
Pope, Mrs J M T.25 00

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd

Postosky, W & A. 1 25
Prentice, C F.... 4 00
Probse, Francis.. 5 00
Prox, W A..... 5 00
Pugh, Ellen, Eustis 5 00
Putnam, Mrs C N 1 00
Quinlan, Mrs 1 00
Raley, E T and sister 1 00
Randall, Mrs L W 5 00
Ray, Mrs S..... 1 25
Raymond, Mildred Kennedy, M.... 3 50
Raymond, Mrs S. 2 00
Reed, J H..... 1 00
Rehm, Mrs W T. 1 00
Rellim, H, Brooklyn 5 00
Renard, Mme and Miss Mackenzie 2 00
Rittish, Hugh.... 5 00
Reynolds, Mrs H F 2 00
Rhinelander, F H 10 00
Riblet, Mrs A.... 2 00
Riee, L W.....12 00
Riegisberger, M.. 1 00
Riley, Eliz..... 10
Reley, Jennie..... 05
Riley, Robt..... 05
Riley, S..... 10
Riley, Wm 10
Robe J B..... 3 00
Robinson, Mr and Mrs B F..... 2 00
Robinson, G..... 5 00
Robinson, Mrs H P 2 00
Robinson, T..... 1 00
Rockhill, C.....10 00
Roekwell, A D... 2 00
Roekwood, W H.. 4 50
Rogers, Miss H.. 1 00
Rogers, Mr L.... 25
Rollberg, Miss K. 25
Romaine, Miss J A 2 00
Rooue, Mrs J.... 1 00
Rose, A & W..... 1 00
Rosenbluth, H .. 2 00
Rosenthal, L L... 25
Rothschild, Mrs V H 5 00
Rudolph, Mrs 50
Ruppert, Mrs I..25 00
Russell, Carl 1 00
Russell, R A..... 1 00
Russell, W F.... 4 10
Rust, W 2 00
Ruxton, D V.... 5 00
Ruxton, W V C.. 5 00
Sackett, Mrs H ..10 00
Sahler, A F.....10 00
Sammoud, H 10
Sand, B Aymar.. 5 00
Sayer, Mrs J S... 1 00
Schaefer, Mr 1 00
Schlegel, Dr 5 00
Schlneter, Mrs G T 1 00
Schmari, S 1 00
Schmidt, Mrs F.. 2 00
Schmitt, Mrs and Mr O T..... 2 00
School, Mrs H... 5 00
Schuhmann, Mrs.. 1 00
Schwarz, J.....10 00
Scott, A L..... 2 00
Scott, C W..... 2 00
Scott, Mr J..... 10
Scott, Mrs W.... 25
Scott, Mrs Wm.. 5 00
Sears, Mrs L E.. 5 00
Seavey, Miss F M 2 00
Seifret, Mrs L... 10
Sellers, L W.....10 00
Sewell, Miss J S 2 00
Sharts, Mrs E H 1 00
Shedd, J A.....10 00
Shelton, Dr G G..10 00
Sherman, H 25
Sherman, Miss M R 20 00
Shland, A Jr.... 5 00
Shipman, E L.... 2 00
Shipman, Jas D..10 00
Sidenberg, Chas.. 1 00
Sidley, J 6 00
Siegel Cooper Co 2 00
Silliman, H B...100 00
Simpson, Danl M 2 00
Simpson, Mrs G.. 2 00
Skinner, Mrs R M 2 00
Slade, Mrs F H.25 00
Sloane, Wm 10 00
Smellie, Agnes .. 70
Smith, Mrs 1 00
Smith, A H..... 5 00
Smith, Dr C L... 25
Smith, E I 10 00
Smith, H T..... 2 00
Smith, I Oscar... 2 00
Smith, Mrs J F.. 5 00
Smith, Mrs M J.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs T W 2 00
Smith, W W..... 5 00
Snowden, R B.... 1 00
Snyder, A T..... 1 00
Southworth, F E 1 00
Sparrow, Mrs J P 5 00
Spreter, A J.....10 00
Spring, Mrs F E.. 2 00
Staats, J H.....10 00
Stadler, C A.....10 00
Starbnck, F..... 25
Stebbins, Mrs S D 5 00
Steer, I 1 00
Steers, N & family 1 10
Steil, Mrs J..... 2 00
Stehlin, Mrs C V 2 00
Steinmann, G..... 1 00
Stemenberg, W T 25 00
Stephens, Mrs F L10 00
Stephenson, Mrs A M 1 00
Stern, Mrs B.....25 00
Stern, Mrs F and Mrs H Kitzinger 1 00
Stern, Joseph 2 00
Sterne, Hon S... 5 00
Steure, J A..... 5 00
Steurer, J A..... 5 00

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd

Stevenson, Miss F 1 00
Stevenson, H P.. 25
Stevenson, M H..10 00
Stoddard, E R.... 2 00
Stoiber, Mrs A H 5 00
Stokes, C M P...20 00
Stone, Mrs C F.. 2 00
Stone, Mary A... 5 00
Stowell, Mrs W L 7 00
Stranss, Mrs H B 5 00
Strachan, J 25
Strong, G L.....10 00
Stnart, Jas M.... 5 00
Sturgis, H B..... 1 00
Sturgis, H R.... 5 00
Swallow, Mrs L A 25
Swallow, L A.... 25
Swanson, A 2 00
Tarbox, Hiram .. 2 00
Tatnm, A H.....10 00
Taylor, Mr & Mrs C M 25
Taylor, Henry L.10 00
Taylor, Wm 10 00
Tecoomb, Mary T.10 00
Teets, H M..... 2 00
Templeton, Mrs .. 2 00
Thompson, M 2 00
Thompson, M A.. 2 00
Thornhill, Mrs .. 10
Todd, Mrs C A... 2 00
Todd, Miss K G. 2 00
Tonkon, Wm 2 00
Tosh Bros 5 00
Tower, Anna R.. 50
Tower, Bell L.... 50
Tower, Mrs H A.. 1 00
Tower, D A..... 1 00
Tueker, Mrs S J. 2 00
Tully, John 1 00
Tully, John 05
Tupper, F E..... 5 00
Turnbnll, K E...50 00
Turpin, H S J.... 2 00
Tuttle, Mrs 1 00
Tutill, Eunice ... 3 00
Urquhart, W W 4 00
Urquhart, W W Jr 10 00
VanAmringe, Mrs J H 15 00
VauBurn, M A...10 00
VanNote, F 1 00
VanWagner, Mrs. 2 00
VanZandt, L S .. 5 00
VanZile, T M.... 3 00
Varnes, R S..... 5 00
Voelker, Fred 1 00
VonDohlen, J J.. 1 00
VonRamdohr, C A, M D 5 00
Wachter, Miss M. 15
Wakeham, F H..15 00
Wakely, Mrs J... 1 00
Wall, Mrs J T... 30
Wall, M 1 00
Wallace, L E.... 2 00
Wallach, A & A..10 00
Wandell, F L.... 2 00
Ward, W J..... 1 00
Ward, W W..... 5 00
Washingtor, Mr & Mrs H 1 00
Waterman, Misses 4 00
Waterbury, W S.. 5 00
Waters, Mrs R E 10
Watson, C R.... 4 00
Watson, B F....10 00
Weidenfeld, J ... 1 00
Weil, L 25
Weil, Robt 5 00
Weisl, Mr 1 00
Weisl, J 10 00
Wells, Mary F.. 2 00
Wenham, Mrs J C 5 00
Wertheim, Mrs S 5 00
Weathersby, H .. 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs J.. 3 00
Wheeler, Mrs Wm B 10 00
White, Mrs 2 00
White, Horace ..10 00
White, Master L. 25
Whitehead, Jno T 2 00
Whitehouse, A D. 2 00
Whiting, L R.... 5 00
Whitney, A E.... 1 00
Wiegand, F 2 00
Wilbur, H F..... 2 00
Wileox, Annie ... 1 00
Wilder, T W.... 5 00
Wilkinsou, G S.. 1 00
Wilkinson, Mrs G 1 00
Williams, Jno G.. 5 00
Williams, M 5 00
Williams, M M.. 1 00
Williams, Mrs W 3 00
Willson, C T..... 2 00
Wilmot, C E..... 5 00
Wilson, E G.....20 00
Wilson, J H 2 00
Winkler, Mrs 25
Winkler, Fred .. 1 00
Wishers, Will ... 1 00
Witmark, Isidore. 2 00
Wohlfert, F 10 00
Wohlgemuth, J L. 2 00
Wood, Mrs 1 00
Wooley, Geo 5 00
Wood, A 5 00
Wood, Mrs Jas...10 00
Wood, Miss M... 5 00
Wood, Mary E... 30
Wood, Mr & Mrs N W, A & M... 5 00
Wortley, Mrs R S 25 00
Yanke, Miss H... 20
Yates, Mrs I..... 2 00
Young, E L..... 2 00
Young, Mrs J.... 1 00
Yule, Jno 10 00
Zabriskie, Mrs A C 5 00
Zabriskie, A C...20 00
Zane, I V..... 2 00
Zeiss, A W..... 1 00
Zellenka, Mrs E.. 2 00
Zink, A 1 00
Doris & Louis, N Y City 2 00
Jennie & Agnes, N Y City 49
"Lillian," N Y City 10

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd
Gilham —, N Y C 2 00
Lindsay, N Y C.. 5 00
Murray, N Y City 5 00
Sadle, N Y City, 2 00
Thompson, N Y City 4 00
Miss A B, Brklyn 1 00
Mrs A B C & 3 Maids, N Y City 13 00
A D B, N Y..... 2 00
A E S, N Y C.... 1 50
A H, N Y C..... 1 00
A M L, N Y C.... 5 00
A M K, N Y C... 2 00
"A P A," Brklyn 1 00
A P W, N Y City 2 00
B H & K P..... 75
Mrs B W B, N Y C 5 00
Mrs C, Brooklyn . 50
C C, N Y C..... 1 00
C E B, N Y City. 1 00
C E S, N Y..... 2 00
C F A, N Y City. 2 00
Miss C M, Brklyn 15
C N T, N Y C.... 1 00
D E O, N Y C....50 00
D F K, N Y C.... 1 00
D H, New York.. 1 00
D S, N Y C..... 1 00
E A K, Brooklyn 10
Mrs E C K, N Y C 5 00
E D, N Y City.... 1 00
Mrs E G S.....10 00
E H B, New York 3 00
E J O & H M D, N Y C 3 00
Mr E K, Brooklyn 10
E L G, N Y C.... 2 00
E M H, N Y C.... 5 00
E M W, N Y City 1 00
E R, New York.. 1 00
E S B, N Y City. 5 00
Mrs & Mr F B.... 1 00
F H C, N Y City. 5 00
F E M, N Y C.... 5 00
F V, N Y C..... 5 00
G, New York 2 00
G A H, New York 2 00
Miss G C, Brklyn 1 00
G I R, N Y C.... 1 00
G T A, Mrs, N Y C 1 00
Mrs H, Brooklyn. 10
H B, N Y City... 5 00
H B K & V B K, N Y City 6 00
H D S, New York 1 00
H M D, N Y..... 2 00
H N A, N Y City. 5 00
H S, N Y C..... 1 00
H S S, N Y C.... 2 00
I F, N Y C..... 1 00
I H N & E E H, N Y C 100 00
I P H S..... 1 00
J & C, N Y C.... 4 00
J A H 10 00
J F B, N Y City.18 00
J H D, N Y C.... 5 00
Mrs J M, Brklyn. 1 00
J W, Brooklyn .. 1 00
K, N Y City 5 00
Mrs K M, Brklyn 10
L A B, Brklyn... 1 00
L A N, N Y C.... 1 00
L E L, N Y C.... 1 00
L F S, N Y City.. 5 00
L M, N Y C..... 2 00
Mrs L M, New York 1 00
L P W, N Y C.... 1 00
M —, N Y C.... 1 00
Miss M, Brooklyn 25
M A H 10 00
M B E, N Y C... 1 00
M C, N Y City... 1 00
M C S, N Y C.... 1 00
M F W, N Y C... 5 00
Mrs M L M, N Y C 1 00
Mrs M M, Brklyn 10
M M, N Y C..... 10
M M McM, New York 1 00
Miss M S, Brklyn 25
M W H, N Y C..15 00
N D, N Y City...25 00
O, N Y C 20 00
R A S, N Y City. 2 00
Mrs R F B, New York City 1 00
R K L, N Y City. 2 00
R X, New York.. 5 00
S B, N Y City....10 00
S & S, N Y City. 2 00
Miss S M, Brklyn 15
S W, N Y C..... 2 00
S Z, New York.. 5 00
T McB, Brooklyn 2 00
Mrs T, Brooklyn. 10
W, New York City 5 00
W F E, N Y..... 4 00
X X, Brklyn 2 00
X Y Z, N Y C... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 3 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 4 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C.....10 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, Brooklyn 1 00
—, Brooklyn 1 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
— 20 00
—, N Y City ... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y City....25 00
—, N Y City.... 5 00
—, N Y City.... 3 00
X X, N Y City .. 1 00
— 2 00
— 1 00
— 1 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y City.... 5 00
—, N Y City.... 25

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd
—, N Y C..... 20
—, New York C. 1 00
—, Brooklyn ... 3 00
—, New York .. 25
—, New York .. 1 00
—, N Y C..... 25
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 3 00
—, N Y City.... 5 00
—, N Y City .. 2 00
—, N Y C.....10 00
—, N Y City....50 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, New York ..10 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y City .. 1 00
—, N Y City.... 2 00
—, N Y City.... 2 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 5 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y C.....25 00
—, N Y C..... 25
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, N Y C.....10 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
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—, N Y C.....10 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 2 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
Anon, N Y C.... 1 75
Anon, N Y City.. 1 00
Anon, N Y City.. 1 00
Anon, N Y C.... 5 00
Anon, N Y City.. 5 00
Anon, N Y City.. 2 00
Anon, N Y City.. 1 29
Cash, Brooklyn .. 25
Cash, N Y C.....10 00
Cash, N Y C.... 5 00
Cash, N Y C.... 5 00
Cash, N Y C.... 2 00
Cash, N Y City .. 1 00
In His Name, Brooklyn 25
In His Name 1 00
In His Name, New York City 10
In Memory of Kenneth, N Y City. 2 00
A Friend, N Y City 2 00
A Friend, N Y City 1 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 50
A Friend, N Y City 1 00
A Friend, N Y City 05
A Friend, New York 2 00
A Friend, New York 2 00
Friend, N Y City 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 5 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 1 00
A Friend, New York 5 00
A Friend, N Y City 1 00
A Friend, New York 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 7 00
A Friend, N Y C. 1 00
A Friend, N Y C. 20
Two Friends, Brooklyn 2 00
Friends, N Y City 25
Friend, N Y C...50 00
Friend, N Y C.... 5 00
Friend, N Y C.... 1 00
Friend, N Y C... 2 00
Friends, New York 2 00
Friend, N Y C... 2 00
Friend, N Y C....25 00
Friend, Worry ... 5 00
Friend, N Y C.... 1 00
A Friend, N Y C.10 00
Friend 2 00
An old subr, N Y City 5 00
Sub Rosa, N Y City 25
Sympathy, N Y C 60
Sympathy, N Y C 2 00
Mother, N Y C... 2 00
"Sister," Brklyn .. 1 00
A Poor Widow's Mite, N Y City. 1 00
One Wishing to Help, N Y C.... 1 00
An Englishwoman, N Y City 1 00
"A Churchman," N Y City..... 1 00
A Pastor's Wife, N Y City..... 20
A Constant Giver, N Y City 5 00
A Hebrew, N Y City 50
A Little Boy, N Y C 25
An English mother & little girl Lillian, N Y C.... 2 00
Two Children, Brooklyn 1 00
Two Little Children, N Y City. 1 00
Three Little Children, N Y City. 1 00
Two Little Girls, New York 1 00
Kerr Children, Lincoln Club 50
Coll by Janet's little friends, N Y 1 50

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd
Anon, N Y City..10 00
Amer Waldo Case Co 10 00
Anon, N Y City.. 1 00
Anon, N Y C....16 00
"Room 1207," N Y C 8 50
A King's Dan, N Y C 5 00
Kind thonghts circle, Brooklyn .. 50
King's Daughters, N Y City..... 5 00
King's Daughter, N Y 2 00
Ladies of Bap Home, Brooklyn. 5 00
Class C H 1 00
Coopertown Union Bible School, N Y C 15 29
Gravesend Neck S Sch, Bklyn 16 00
One who wonld like to send more, Brooklyn . 10
Sixth St Moravian S S, New York.15 35
E L St Paul's M E Ch, Bklyn... 5 87
Mt Olivet Pres Ch, Brooklyn 4 01
King's Messengers Soc, Rutgers Riverside Ch, N Y..25 00
Member of I A H Circle, N Y C.. 2 00
W C T U Woman, Brooklyn 1 00
Jr C E Soc, Mt Wash Pres Ch, New York 1 76
Fifteenth St Bap Ch Mis Soc, Brooklyn 11 25
Ladies' Mis Soc of Gospel Tabernacle, Brooklyn ...22 00

NEW YORK

Aeker, Miss Gertie 25
Adams, Mrs E... 05
Adams, Mrs N... 25
Adelaide, G R... 2 00
Adkine, Mrs L... 1 00
Ahrens, Mrs 10
Ahrens, Mrs S... 05
Aintiss, J K.... 50
Akin, Mrs J W.. 1 00
Albrant, M K.... 25
Aldrich, Geo M.. 10
Aldrich, H & E.. 1 00
Alfred, Mrs A... 25
Allen, D F..... 50
Allen, David 20
Allen, Don J.... 10
Allen, Mr M V... 1 00
Allen, Mrs M.... 50
Allen, Mrs R E.. 1 00
Allis, H M..... 1 00
Allison, Mrs 25
Allison, Edward . 50
Allport, Mrs R... 1 00
Amagansett, Ch .12 60
Anderson, Miss . 10
Anderson, G J.... 50
Anderson, Mrs F. 1 00
Anderson, Mrs W 25
Andrews, Mrs H. 25
Andrews, Rev Jas 1 00
Andrews, Mrs L. 50
Andrews, Mrs M J 50
Andrews, Miss N 50
Andrews, T 25
Angell, Geo B... 1 00
Aplin, Mrs L..... 05
Applebee, Mrs J.. 10
Armstrong, Mrs . 25
Arnold, Mrs E... 1 00
Arnold, J W..... 1 00
Arnold, Wm 25
Asher, A 25
Ashworth, Mrs H C 1 00
Ashworth, R G.. 1 00
Augar, Mrs 05
Aulls, E E..... 10
Au Sable ChasmSS 6 50
Austen, Mrs Alice 5 00
Avery, Mrs J.... 25
Ayres, Mr & Mrs Harvey 10 00
Babcock, Allin .. 50
Babcock, M G... 50
Babcock, Mrs S A 10
Babcock, Mrs W A 25
Babcock Mrs W N 50
Backus, Anna S. 1 00
Backus, Burt ... 25
Backus, W 50
Backus, Miss W D 2 00
Bacon, Mrs A E.. 20
Bacon, Christine . 08
Bacon, Dolphus .. 25
Bacon, Mrs D... 25
Bacon, Edward .. 25
Bacon, Mrs H D 1 00
Bacon, Horace ... 25
Bacon, J T..... 1 00
Bacon, M 25
Bacon, Mrs M... 12
Bacon, W M..... 5 00
Badewitz, J 40
Badgley, S A.... 25
Bailey, Miss B... 50
Bailey, Mrs R... 25
Baillie, H M..... 1 00
Bailey, J E..... 25
Baker, Mrs 40
Baker, Miss E... 20
Baker, Mrs F.... 50
Baker, Miss R E 50
Baker, Mrs S D.. 1 00
Balcom, C E.... 10
Balcome, J 50
Baldwin, Miss E.. 25
Baldwin, Elsie .. 50
Baldwin, Mrs F.. 30
Baldwin, Mr F... 10
Baldwin, L M.... 1 00
Baldwin, Miss M. 05
Baldwin, Regina . 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Ball, Mrs 15
Ball, Halsey J.... 50
Ballard, Mrs D... 25
Ballard, Miss H.. 25
Bamber, Dr R W 50
Banks, D T..... 25
Barber, M F..... 1 00
Bardwell, Mrs E A 2 00
Bargar, J M C... 50
Bargar, Mrs J M C 25
Barlow, H 10
Barnes, Mrs S.. 1 00
Barrett, Mrs R... 2 00
Barter, R H..... 25
Bartlett, Mrs T A 1 00
Bartlet, W M.... 25
Barto, Mrs M A.. 1 00
Bassett, Mrs C.. 20
Bateman, C A... 50
Bates, Mrs Chas. 25
Beach, Mrs H M. 25
Beales, M E..... 10
Beardsley, Mrs E M 10
Beasor, Frank .. 15
Becker, Mrs C... 10
Becker, Mrs S C. 50
Beckwith, T G.. 1 00
Beecher, L & G.. 2 00
Beers, Mrs A L .. 2 00
Belcher, Mrs I... 30
Belknap, Mrs W P 50
Bell, Rev R S... 50
Bellinger, A A... 05
Bellinger, Bert .. 10
Bellows, H E.... 25
Belton, Miss A... 2 00
Benehley, Mr 25
Bending, E D.... 25
Benedict, C I.... 1 00
Benedict, J S.... 1 00
Benedict, John B. 1 00
Benedict, Levi .. 1 00
Benham, B 10
Benjamin, S E... 50
Bennett, Mrs 25
Bennett, A B.... 1 00
Bennett, B L.... 1 00
Bennett, C 50
Bennet, E 10
Bennett, Edward . 05
Bennett, Mr H.. 10
Bennett, H N.... 25
Bennett, J W.... 1 00
Bennett, Mr O H. 25
Bennett, Sam ... 1 00
Benson, Mrs Wm 50
Bergen, Rev Geo 1 00
Berk, Chas 05
Berk, Mrs Chas.. 05
Berray, F S..... 25
Berry, G A..... 25
Berry, G W..... 25
Betts Jr, Ben 10
Bevan, Mrs Alice 1 00
Beven, P J..... 1 00
Bewick, R 1 00
Bexted, Mrs 2 00
Beyer, E F..... 50
Beyer, Eliz G.... 50
Beyer, Frank ... 1 00
Beyer, Miss R E 25
Bigelow, Mrs O L 1 00
Biggs, E 50
Biggs, F 25
Biggs, Mrs M 24
Biggs, R 25
Biggs, Susie 50
Biggs, Mrs W.... 50
Billard, B T..... 1 50
Billings, Mrs 15
Bingel, John Sr.. 20
Bird, L H..... 25
Bird, Misss M... 20
Bishop, Anna H.. 1 00
Bird, S M..... 20
Bishop, Mrs H.. 15
Bishop, H J..... 1 00
Bishop, Jas H...10 00
Bissell, M C..... 25
Bissell, W E..... 10
Black, Mrs F D. 2 20
Black, W J..... 25
Blair, C F..... 10
Blair, Mrs M.... 10
Blanchard, Mrs Dr 10
Bliss, Chas 25
Bloodgood, C L.. 1 00
Bloomer, Mrs A.. 1 00
Bloomer, Mrs D. 25
Blossom, J E.... 50
Bogart, Mr Vernon 05
Boggs, E 2 00
Bonner, A D..... 2 00
Bonnett, Mrs 25
Borgardus, V H.. 25
Bosley, Geo 25
Bosworth, Mrs C. 1 00
Bosworth, Frank. 25
Bourne, John ... 25
Bowdish, Miss E. 50
Bowen, Mrs A E. 25
Bowen, Mrs M M 10
Bower, Alonzo ... 1 00
Bower, Mrs Chas 50
Bower, S J..... 50
Bower, Susie ... 25
Bowler, Rev Geo 1 00
Boyce, Mr M.... 25
Boyce, Mr N..... 25
Boyea, Basil 1 00
Boyd, Mrs 05
Boyty, Frank 10
Boyty, Fred 05
Braby, Lnlu 4 00
Bradford, Mrs E L 50
Brady, Mary 50
Braer, Dan 25
Brainard, Mrs M. 25
Brakman, J 1 00
Brand, Mr A J... 25
Bravender, Mr E. 2 00
Brener, Mrs W.. 10
Breteh, J 50
Bretseh, Huron . 1 00
Brewer, Mrs 25
Brewer, Hy 25
Briggs, Mrs E E.. 1 00
Brimlaw, Mrs E. 25
Brink, Howard . 25
Brink, Nathan .. 1 00
Brink, Mrs Wm.. 50
Brink, Mrs Wm.. 25
Brisser, H M.... 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Broadway, A W.. 25
Brockett, Mr W J 10
Brocking, L 25
Brokaw, Miss S.. 20
Brook, Mrs B T E 5 35
Brooks, G H..... 25
Broqnet, E 1 00
Bronghton, E Coll 1 32
Brown, Agnes V. 1 00
Brown, Mrs Deli. 50
Brown, Geo 25
Brown, Mr & Mrs Jas 25
Brown, Mrs S... 25
Brown, Lulu B... 1 00
Brown, Mary J & S Sch 4 84
Brown, S T..... 1 00
Brown, Wm 05
Brownell, Mr W O 1 00
Brownell, Mrs W O 1 00
Browning, E & W J 25
Browning, E E... 50
Browne, Mrs J... 1 00
Brownell, Mrs E W 1 00
Browning, Rev W G 10 00
Brnsh, W 10
Bryant, Mary E. 1 00
Buch, J 1 00
Buckley, Miss G.. 10
Bucknam, H 25
Bucknam, Mrs J 05
Bucknam, Mrs W. 10
Buell, C E..... 25
Bunnell, Mrs Jay 25
Bnrden, W L.... 25
Bnrdick, D 10
Burkett, Frank .. 1 00
Burkett, Mrs J W 1 00
Burkhalder, N W 25
Burley, Mrs S... 25
Burnett, H 38
Burnett, Mrs H S 50
Burnett, Henry . 1 00
Burns, Jas 25
Burnside, A C.... 1 00
Burt, Miss E..... 1 00
Burtless, Mrs A L 1 00
Bush, Mrs H C.. 25
Bush, J A..... 50
Bnsh, Mrs M....10 00
Bushee, Mrs M .. 05
Bushnell, Mrs J H 5 00
Butler, Mrs B F.. 25
Butler, Mrs Harry 25
Butler, N 10
Butler, Ruby 10
Butterfuss, Mrs & Class 81
Byington, I N .. 1 00
Byrns, Mrs S.... 25
Byrns, Mrs W W. 1 00
Cady, C P 1 00
Cahyer, Jr, Mrs C D 25
Calkins, Mrs W R 25
Calvert, Mr & Mrs 50
Calvert, Mrs S E 1 00
Camp, P T 25
Campbell, E 25
Campbell, S A .. 1 00
Campbell, Mrs W J 10 00
Cant, T 25
Capen, Dessa 25
Carey, Harley.... 25
Carey, Mrs M 25
Carey, Thomas .. 25
Carmichael, Mrs J O 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs E A 25
Carpenter, Mac .. 25
Carpenter, N E . 25
Carr, C H 10
Carr, Mrs D 25
Carr, H F 25
Carring, Mr J ... 25
Carroll, J 1 00
Carroll, Miss J .. 50
Carte, Chas 25
Carter, Mrs A O. 25
Carter, Mrs J 25
Carter, Mrs O L. 25
Carter, Mrs W ... 25
Cary, Mr Alex .. 25
Casey, Mrs Belle. 10
Casman, Miss M.. 1 00
Cass, Mrs V N ... 25
Chace, Benj C....10 00
Chaffee, Geo E .. 1 00
Chamberlain, Mr & Mrs M H 25
Chambers, Mrs G 25
Champlin, J 50
Champlin, J P .. 50
Champlin, Mrs K J 25
Champlin, Mrs M 15
Chapman, O 25 00
Chapman, W 25
Chase, Mrs 10
Chase, Mrs A G.. 10
Chase, Miss B .. 10
Chase, E A 1 00
Chase, E A 50
Chase, Mrs E A.. 50
Chase, H 50
Chatman, Mrs G. 25
Cheney, Eliz W.. 25
Childs, Henry ... 5 00
Childs, Melinda .. 93
Church, Mrs S E. 25
Clapper, Abram.. 25
Clark, Dr 25
Clark, Mrs A G .. 1 00
Clark, C C 25
Clark, Chas 40
Clark, Chas E .. 25
Clark, G S 15
Clark, Miss Haze 20
Clark, J P 25
Clark, Ira 50
Clark, Mrs J G.. 1 25
Clark, Miss M ... 1 00
Clark, Mrs Mary. 10
Clark, R 25
Clark, Mrs R 25
Clark, W 25
Clarke, Iva 20
Clarke, Katie 50
Clements, A B .. 25
Clements, T W .. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Cline, R W 45
Clarke, Mr & Mrs E, Norman, Read & Arthur, Thomas 5 00
Clock, W 25
Clowe, R 10
Clowe, V E 25
Clum, Mrs A 25
Clymont, Mrs M.. 30
Cole, New York..10 00
Cole, Mrs Geo .. 25
Cole, M E 50
Cole, Mrs Tunis.. 25
Coleman, Mina .. 25
Coleman, S H ... 25
Colroon, Mrs 25
Colroon, E 50
Comfort, Mr G W 50
Comfort, Mrs G W 50
Comfort, Mrs J M 1 00
Conant, Mrs C M 1 00
Condon, L K 25
Conger, Mrs M W 2 00
Conin, Olin 25
Conklin, Mrs E.. 1 00
Conklin, Mrs O . 25
Conley, Thos 25
Consene, Mrs R . 25
Cook, Miss 1 00
Cook, Mrs C 25
Cook, Mrs C 10
Cook, Mrs C C.. 1 00
Cook, Chas 25
Cook, Mrs Chas .. 25
Cook, Mr J 50
Cook, Mrs Jas . 35
Cook, Miss Jessie 10
Cook, Jno A 25
Cook, W E 25
Cooledge, Mrs E. 50
Cooley, Mrs M .. 25
Coon, W W 1 00
Coon, Will 25
Cooper, Mrs 25
Cooper, Mrs A .. 25
Cornell, Mrs A .. 50
Cornell, Mrs F... 50
Cornell, Mrs R .. 50
Cornwell, Edwin . 1 00
Cornwright, F A. 25
Corona, C L 1 00
Cory, Curtis 50
Cory, Mabel 87
Cosman, Mrs D.. 1 00
Cosman, F 1 00
Cosy, Mrs J P .. 25
Cottrel, Mrs M .. 10
Conghlin, Mrs ... 25
Countryman, Mrs A 50
Countryman, A F 50
Countryman, Mrs A F 50
Countryman, A .. 38
Courtney E 1 00
Covert, C H 25
Cowan, C 10
Cowan, Mrs C .. 1 00
Cox, Frank E ... 1 00
Cox, Fred E 2 00
Crabbe, Chas 3 00
Craig, Jas 1 00
Cramer, Emil ... 90
Crandall, Hazel . 10
Crandall, Leta .. 10
Crandall, Pearl . 25
Crandal, W 10
Crane, C B 10
Cranford, D..... 50
Crapser, B S 25
Craver, Mrs W H 25
Crawford, Grace . 25
Crawford, J and Wife 50
Crissey, Miss J.. 25
Crocker, Flossie . 25
Crocker, Mrs F .. 25
Cronkite, Mrs N.. 10
Crounse, Alex.... 50
Crouse, Mrs Grace 25
Crouse, Mrs J H. 2 00
Crow, A A 50
Crow, Geo 25
Crowers, G J 25
Cudney, Mrs Wm 10
Cummings, Flor.. 15
Cummings, K 25
Curtie, Arthur .. 25
Curtie, Mrs H J.. 10
Curtis, Burt 25
Curtis, Fannie .. 1 00
Curtis, Mame 1 00
Curtis, Mrs H .. 10
Curtis, O C 1 00
Curtis, Mrs W P. 50
Cushman, Mrs A E 10
Cutler, Mrs Asher 10
Cutler, Clay 25
Cutler, Miss L ... 50
Cutler, P C 2 60
Cutler, Mrs P N.. 10
Cutler, W J 50
Cutting, L E 50
Dailey, Miss R .. 25
Daily, James H.. 25
Dalzell, R S 25
Daniels, Mrs 50
Daniels, W A ... 25
Danongh, Geo.... 1 00
Darling, Prof 25
Darrow, Mrs A S. 25
Dassanee, Mary A 50
Dates, Miss Mary 25
Dates, Mrs Wm .. 50
Daubmeier, F ... 1 00
Davenport, Mrs L H 1 00
Daves, E W 10 00
Davies, Earl 15
Davies, Price..... 10
Davis, Mrs Ella.. 1 00
Davis, G G 1 00
Davis, G W 2 00
Davis, J J 25
Davis, Wm 25
Dawe, Mrs J H .. 05
Dawes, Mrs A ... 25
Dawley, W W ... 50
Day, Albert..... 50
Dealing, Mrs W E 25
Dean, F E and Sisters 4 00
Dean, Francis .. 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Dean, Mrs Henry 25
Dean, Mrs Lucy.. 50
Dedrick, Wm 25
Defrees, Mrs M.. 25
DeGraff, Mrs Wm 10
Deitz, Mrs S 10
DeLa Mater, Miss S A 25
Delinan, Mrs N .. 10
Delling, F L 15
De Loiselle, F E.. 31
Denison, Mrs M A 10
Dernell, Mrs H F 1 00
Devenpeck, Miss S 25
Devenpeck, Mrs W 30
Devenport, Mrs F 45
Dewey, Mrs J J .. 25
Dewey, R C 50
De Wolfe, Mrs J. 10 00
Dezell, Mrs Wm. 25
Dickey, Mr & Mrs J R 30
Dietrich, L V 1 00
Dimon, Mrs P D.. 5 00
Dingman, Miss L 25
Dingman, Mrs W 50
Disbrow, E P .. 4 70
Dixby, Mrs 50
Doan, Mrs J 25
Dobbs, J E 25
Dodge, E H 1 00
Dodge, Miss H ... 25
Dohyre, W I 25
Dollar, Miss B L. 50
Donahey, J 1 00
Donnan, W 50
Donnen, M J 50
Dowers, Mr T 25
Dowling, Mrs D H 1 00
Downer (M D), M B 50
Downer, Mrs M B 25
Downer, Jr, Mortimer 02
Downer, Jr, Mortimer 25
Drake, Mrs 25
Drake, Mrs George 10
Drew, Mrs C 05
Drew, Mrs Larua 09
Duane, E & K & R 5 00
DuBois, Mrs M .. 2 00
DuBois, Mr S H.. 1 00
Duertor, Miss 05
Duffy, Maggie 05
Duffy, P 10
Dunbar, Sylvester 25
Dunham, G H ...20 00
Dunhant, W V .. 1 00
Dunlap, Jr, Mr J 5 00
Dunn, Patrick .. 25
Dussell, H 50
Dussell, Mrs H .. 50
Dutton, Mrs M .. 25
Duydale, Mrs ... 50
Dye, Mrs A 10
Dye, Mrs E 10
Dye, N A 25
Dye, Mrs R 25
Dyer, Edw 25
Eagan, John 25
Eagan, Mrs Sarah 25
Earl, H P 50
Earl, Mrs H P .. 25
Earl, M B 25
Earl, Wm 1 00
Eaton, Mrs G W. 1 00
Eckert, Mr Alvah 06
Eddy, Miss Agnes 1 00
Eddy, Mrs Ollve. 1 00
Eder, Mrs Chas.. 50
Eder, Mrs Geo .. 1 00
Edson, M A 25
Edwards, Mrs J S G 1 00
Edwards, Miss L 1 00
Edwards, S H ... 1 50
Effner, Ada 20
Eiclon, Albert 10
Eighme, M E 50
Elderkin, Mrs H M 1 00
Eller, John 25
Ellis, Mrs 25
Elsle, Mrs B 25
Elywn, Mrs G W 50
Emerson, S Y, New York City. 5 00
Emmons, Mrs J . 35
Ernst, Mrs 15
Esmay, Mr & Mrs 50
Estabrook, Fred T 25
Estabrook, Mrs I S 3 00
Estabrook, I S... 1 50
Estabrook, W B. 50
Estey, Mrs L 3 00
Evans, Ellen G .. 2 00
Everett, C P 25
Everts, Mr & Mrs H 5 00
Evins, Rob 25
Exelby, Mrs John 50
Fairbanks, C H .. 50
Fairbanks, Mrs C H 50
Fairbanks, M H 50
Falcott, R 1 00
Farnsworth, A A. 50
Farnsworth, A R. 1 00
Farnsworth, Mrs C P 50
Farnsworth, K .. 50
Farquharson, Mrs S 1 00
Farr, Mrs D E... 1 00
Farrell, Mr P ... 25
Faulk, Wm 10
Feeter, Mrs W A. 15
Fehlberg, Emil .. 50
Fellows, Mrs A W 25
Fenton, A 25
Fenton, L 25
Ferguson, C J .. 50
Ferguson, J 1 20
Ferris, A J 1 00
Ferris, Chas W . 90
Ferris, Mrs C W. 50
Ferris, Mrs W N 1 00
Ferry, Mrs E E .. 3 00
Ferry, G 25
Fhde, Chas 25
Fields, Mrs Jos. 25
Fisher, Dr 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Finkhollow, Angelica 1 00
Finnella, F 25
Fisher, Mrs 04
Fisher, E A..... 1 00
Fisher, H M 1 00
Fisk, Mrs N C .. 50
Fitzgerald, Mrs .. 25
Fitzgibbons, Miss Margt 10
Fleet, Fred 25
Fleming, Mrs C . 05
Fleming, L L.... 25
Fleming, W R .. 10
Flesh, John 25
Flierl, Fred 25
Fluker, Mrs W .. 10
Fonda, E M..... 1 00
Fonda, Mrs E M. 25
Fonda, Mrs J A . 50
Fonda, Mrs J M. 25
Fonda, L S 50
Foote, D G 50
Ford, Mrs A H.. 25
Ford, E 10
Fordham, H F & Others ... .31 50
Foster, D H 50
Foster, Mrs K ... 25
Foster, T 1 00
Font, E M 50
Fonthworth, Geo. 25
Fowler, W 25
Fox, Chas 50
Fox, Miss Hattie. 50
Fox, John 25
Fox, V D 50
Fralle, Mrs D 25
Francies, G 10
Franklin, E G.... 2 00
Franklin, F E 50
Franklin, Mrs S.. 25
Franghton, Henry 1 00
Frazier, Miss G.. 25
Freer, Mr & Mrs F H 1 65
French, B 22
French, Mrs D .. 25
French, G 20
French, L 1 35
French, Miss T .. 1 00
Frendburg, C O.. 25
Frendenheim, N . 25
Frey, Mrs E..... 50
Frisbie, Mrs 1 00
Frost, Miss E 1 00
Fudge, Harry 25
Fuller, C R 1 00
Fuller, E C 50
Fuller, Mr E J .. 25
Fuller, F 05
Fuller, Gaylord .. 1 00
Fuller, Mrs H.... 10
Fuller, Howard .. 25
Furbush, Miss C. 50
Furbush, Mrs G L 50
Gage, Mrs J W .. 25
Gage, Rev J W .. 50
Gage, La Fayette 25
Gallor, A 25
Gallagher, Wm H 10
Galpin, Mrs 50
Gannett, Mrs A B 25
Gannett, A C 25
Gantley, Mrs T .. 50
Gantleys, J & K.. 1 00
Garder, Wm 10
Gardner, Mrs E.. 10
Gardner, Mrs E J 10
Gardner, F R ... 1 00
Gardner, Mrs F R 1 00
Gardner, J B 10
Gardner, M S ... 05
Gasey, E J 25
Gates, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Geer, W D 10
George, Mrs A E. 50
Ghoman, Mrs 10
Gibbs, W H 50
Gibson, A M 25
Gibson, H E 25
Gifford, Chas 1 00
Gilbert, Mrs B .. 1 00
Gilbert, Miss L .. 25
Gillespie, G M ... 3 00
Gillet, Chas 25
Gillete, Mrs H .. 25
Gillett, C S 50
Gilman, E 25
Glmnln, Jas 10
Gladding, Mrs B T 1 00
Goes, Mr 10
Gold, James 1 00
Goldsmith, Arthur 25
Good, Ira 50
Goodrich, Clarence 15
Gordon, Mrs F ... 25
Gordon, Mary A. 1 00
Gorman, Mrs M A 50
Gornell, Mrs 10
Gould, B 25
Gould, Prof B M. 1 00
Gonld, E 1 00
Gonld, H 05
Gould, O H 1 00
Goulding, Anna M 2 00
Govan, Mrs 1 00
Govan, Miss E ... 1 00
Gracie, Archie.. 25
Graham, Mrs J C 25
Graham, M 25
Grant, L 1 00
Grassmeyer, Mrs E G 25
Graubman, Mrs .. 25
Graubman, C F.. 25
Graves, E 25
Gray, Mrs C A .. 1 00
Gray, Mrs E J .. 50
Gray, Mrs F R .. 2 00
Gray, Mrs Geo W 1 00
Green, Archd J .. 25
Green, Ethel R . 25
Green, Ida S..... 25
Green, Mrs John. 50
Griffiths, Walter . 25
Gross, Miss 40
Greenberg, Hanna 25
Greenberg, Wm .. 25
Greene, C C 60
Greene, Elmer A. 25
Greene, Mrs F .. 25
Greene, Rev W E 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Greenier, John .. 25
Greenman, Mrs K 25
Greenwood, Mrs.. 50
Greenwood, Jos .. 25
Grey, Miss M 10
Griffen, Mrs C H 1 00
Griffen, C W 25
Griffen, Geo A .. 25
Griffen, Mrs L A. 25
Griffin, F 2 00
Gross, Fred L.... 1 00
Grover, Chester . 10
Grover, Mrs 20
Gooduch, G E.... 05
Guenther, David . 25
Guenther, Jacob . 1 00
Guenther, John .. 25
Guest, J L 1 00
Guilford, R D ... 50
Guilford, Mrs R D 55
Gwynn, Mrs Chas 40
Hackett, W H ... 50
Hadley, C A 33 25
Hagaman, Chas A 5 00
Haight, Mrs J L.. 2 00
Haight, Mrs R H 50
Haigis, E 50
Haigis, J 50
Halbert, Roy 10
Hale, Mrs S 1 00
Halgood, S 25
Hall, Dr 25
Hall, Mrs 15
Hall, Mrs D 10
Hall, Jennie 25
Hall, May, Eliz & Jennie H 25
Hallock, R E 25
Halsey, Daniel .. 25
Hambley, Laura, New York City . 2 00
Hamil, D H 25
Hamilton, Mrs A. 25
Hammon, M 25
Hammond, James 50
Hammond, Miss J 15
Hanchett, Mrs ... 50
Hanes, C W 25
Hanks, Mrs H ... 25
Hanks, P 25
Hanor, S R 1 00
Harder, Mrs C N.25 00
Harder, Edw 10
Harding, Mrs C H 10
Hardlng, Frank .. 25
Hardlng, Dr J R . 50
Hardlng, Mrs W B 30
Hardleben, Mrs L 10
Hardy, Mrs H ... 2 00
Harmer, Mrs L .. 25
Harra, Mrs O O.. 1 00
Harrison, Miss B. 1 50
Hart, David H .. 25
Hart, Matthew B. 50
Hart, Mrs Thebe 50
Hart, Master Roy 10
Harvle, Mrs 25
Harwood, Mrs M 1 00
Hatch, Mrs J W.. 25
Hathaway, F A .. 50
Hatt, Mrs C V R 1 00
Hann, Mrs 50
Haus, Chas 25
Hawklns, C 10
Hawklns, R C 25 00
Hawley, Jno E ..50 00
Haynes, Mr 05
Hazzard, Mr E M 50
Hedden, Mrs L .. 1 00
Heln, D 25
Heln, Mrs D 25
Heln, Lillie 25
Heln, Sophia 25
Hendlson, Francis 25
Henry, Wm 25
Herd, Mrs 15
Herdman, Mrs ... 50
Herdman, C W .. 50
Herkimen, Mrs E 10
Herns, C E 25
Herrick, Mary E. 2 00
Hewltt, Mrs F .. 25
Hickox, Mrs A E. 1 00
Hicks, Addle 05
Hicks, Florence . 50
Hicks, Robt H ... 30
Hidell, Mrs 15
Higbee, E 1 00
Higgins, Mrs Eliza 25
Hill, Miss Allce . 25
Hill, C B 50
Hill, T M 5 00
Hitchcock, M J . 25
Hloms, Lillie 25
Hloms, Robt 05
Hodges, F 05
Hodges, W H 1 00
Hodgkins, E K .. 25
Hodgkins, Mrs R. 50
Hogan, Mr Vance 11
Hogmire, Prof E C 25
Hohstadt, J W .. 1 00
Hohstadt, M r s M A 1 00
Hohstadt, M r s M J 1 00
Hols, L J 50
Holden, Mr Jay.. 2 00
Holden, Jennie .. 2 00
Holdridge, Mr and Mrs F 1 00
Holkins, Mrs M .. 25
Holl, Mrs Jas ... 1 00
Holland, Mrs J .. 1 00
Holland, Jennie . 10
Holland, Thos ... 05
Holliday, Mr A W 35
Holmes, Susle ... 50
Hoose, Cass 25
Hopkins, Mrs A.. 10
Hornby Bapt Ch. 6 00
Horton, A E 50
Horton, Ellen E. 25
Horton, Mrs Eva. 50
Horton, Mrs M A 1 00
Hose, Mary 05
Hotaling, Mrs G. 25
Hotchkiss, Crust . 50
Hough, Mrs A J.. 1 00
Hough, W 50
Hough, Mrs W .. 1 00
Houghton, Julla.. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Howard, Mrs A.. 3 00
Howard, Mrs L . 50
Howell, I N 25
Howell, Mrs J E.. 2 00
Howell, Sam 10
Howes, Mrs H R. 1 25
Howes, Mrs J E.. 5 00
Howland, Ford L. 25
Howland, Frank . 25
Howland, Leon .. 25
Huber, Miss Isabella 10
Huff, Mr 25
Hughes, Mrs 25
Hughes, Mrs W . 1 00
Hulell, Mrs A ... 1 00
Hulett, A 10
Hulett, Anna 25
Hulett, C 10
Hull, H E 50
Hull, H P 50
Hull, Mrs J D ..10 00
Hullell, Mrs R D 50
Hunt, Mrs C J .. 25
Hunt, Mrs J G .. 25
Hunter, Henry .. 25
Hnntley, Mr and Mrs Clar 50
Hurd, D S 50
Hutchison, J G ..10 00
Hyatt, Mr D E .. 25
Hyde, Mrs H H.. 1 00
Hyde, Nell 25
Hyle, John 25
Ines, Miss Libbie. 25
Ingersoll, Clark . 10
Ingham, K C 25
Inghams Mills 88.21 50
Irish, Mrs E J.. 10
Ingraham, L 1 00
Ingraham, Mrs L. 1 00
Irish, Mrs H H.. 10
Iryard, Mr 10
Isham, Mrs A L.. 15
Ives, Mrs 20
Ives, Mrs R F ... 1 00
Jack, Miss Esther 15
Jack, Mrs John.. 50
Jackson, C J 25
Jackson, Mrs M.. 1 50
Jackson, N K.... 25
Jackson, R T 25
Jacobs, Fred 25
James, Norman .. 25
Jardine, Wm C . 25
Jarvis, J W 25
Jarvis, Louis R.. 1 00
Jarvis, W S 25
Janke, R D 10
Jay, Mrs A 10
Jay, Miss E 10
Jay, Mrs E E 50
Jefferson, Mrs E W 25
Jenkins, Mrs R . 25
Jenkissen, T 1 00
Jennings, E 1 00
Jennings, Mrs S. 50
Jennings, Miss S. 50
Jennings, Volney. 25
Jerome, Mrs H N 1 00
Jerome, Susle ... 25
Jersey, Henry ... 1 50
Jersey, Mrs H .. 1 00
Jewett, Mrs 1 00
Jillson, H O 50
Jillson, L & H .. 35
Jimeson, W B ... 10
Johnson, Mrs D M 25
Johnson, E C.... 10
Johnson, E P.... 15
Johnson, E S..... 25
Johnson, Elmer . 25
Johnson, Mrs H E 3 00
Johnson, Mr J.... 15
Johnson, J H.... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs L.. 2 00
Johnson, Mrs M.. 2 00
Johnson, O 25
Johnson, Mrs S E & Daughter ... 1 50
Johnson, Theo ... 25
Jones, Mrs D B.. 25
Jones, Mrs E.... 11
Jones, Ellis 10
Jones, F E..... 25
Jones, F P..... 1 00
Jones, H 25
Jones, Helen 25
Jones, Mr & Mrs J C 50
Jones, James 25
Jones, L H..... 1 00
Jones, N H..... 2 00
Jones, Roy 25
Jones, Wm L.... 5 00
Jonson, Frank .. 10
Jordan, F C..... 25
Joslin, Geo 15
Joslin, J H..... 25
Joy, Mrs 25
Juno, Mr J S.... 1 00
Juno, Mrs J S.... 50
Juno, Master W W 25
Keegans, C 1 00
Kelbey, Mrs 10
Kelderhouse, J ... 15
Kelley, Mrs C E. 50
Kelley, Ray 25
Kelley, Mrs Rose. 25
Kelley, Mrs T... 50
Kellogg, Mrs A.. 10
Kellogg, Abert F 50
Kellogg, L 25
Kellogg, Mrs L... 10
Kellogg, Mrs S.. 25
Kellum, Etta 25
Kelly, Mrs M.... 05
Kennedy, Mrs H.. 25
Kennedy, M 25
Kentner, Mrs E.. 25
Kentz, Mrs J.... 05
Kerr, T 20
Kester, W 10
Kezar, Miss M... 25
Kidd, Miss M J... 1 00
Kidney, Mrs R.. 20
Kiersted, Miss E. 10
Killeridge, Wm .. 10
Kimball, C A.... 50
Kimball, H 1 00
Kimball & Co. J.. 1 00
Kimbark, Miss C. 2 00
King, C 25
King, Mr Dallas. 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

King, Mrs Dallas 20
Kiug, E 30
King, Miss M.... 25
Kingsley, Mrs M. 1 00
Kinne, Miss A... 1 00
Kinney, Mrs A A. 50
Kinney, David .. 1 00
Kinney, Mrs E.. 1 00
Kinney, Walter . 25
Kirk, Mrs P R.. 15
Kittel, Mrs E.... 25
Kittel, Ed 25
Kittle, Mrs 25
Klock, Augustus.. 1 00
Kluth, L 06
Knapp, Mr 25
Knapp, Miss B... 25
Knapp, Miss C... 25
Knapp, Cary E. 2 00
Knapp, Chas 1 00
Knapp, Miss E... 75
Knapp, Ethel S.. 2 00
Kuapp, F W.... 1 00
Knapp, Mrs F W. 25
Knapp, Mrs H... 1 00
Knapp, Parker .. 1 00
Knibloe, F 25
Kniffen, F B.... 1 00
Knight, Mrs H A 50
Knight, Miss M.. 1 00
Knight, R 1 00
Knowles, Mrs E A 25
Knowles, J W & wife & Miss M B 5 00
Knowles, Mrs R W 25
Knox, Almeda ... 25
Knox, Burr 50
Knox, R & M.... 5 00
Knox, S W..... 2 50
Knox, Mrs S W.. 2 50
Knurr, M 25
Koithan, M E.... 15
Koss, John 12
Kramer, Miss C.. 25
Kramer, Fred ... 10
Kramer, Miss S.. 15
Krauss, Jno 10
Kring, Ph 1 00
Krull, Mrs F.... 25
Kullmau, Theo ... 2 00
Lacey, F 05
Lacey, L 05
Lacey, Mrs O.... 15
LaFayette S Sch. 5 50
Lakin, E O..... 1 00
Lakin, Emma ... 1 00
Lakin, R 50
Lambrecht, Jno . 25
Lamoreux, Mrs B E 50
Lamphere, Miss B 03
Lane, Miss C A.. 50
Lane, Mrs C R... 25
Lane, Mrs E..... 15
Lane, G S..... 25
Lane, Harvey ... 10
Lane, I A..... 10
Lane, Miss M.... 50
Lang, Mrs N E.. 25
Langdon, E J.... 25
Lansing, Mrs W.. 25
LaRock, D 25
Lary, M 10
Lasher, C A..... 10
Lasher, H 50
Laska, H M..... 20
Lathrop, Chas .. 1 00
Lawrence, Mrs A 50
Lawrence, Mr and Mrs L & Willie 5 00
Lawrence, Mrs M P 1 10
Lawrence, Mrs R 25
Lawyer, R 25
Leach, Mrs J B.. 50
Leavitt, Mrs E.. 25
LeBar, Miss C... 50
Lee, Miss E..... 50
Lee, Mr Joseph.. 05
Lehaber, G P H. 50
Leishman, Mrs H J 1 00
Lembke, E 25
Leneren, J 25
Lenerenz, Wm ... 25
Lent, Jas 10
Lent, Mrs J..... 10
Leonard, Mrs H.. 50
Leoy, Edith 2 00
Leveesee, Mrs ... 25
Levett, Miss I... 25
Levine, E S..... 05
Levine, Mrs E S.. 05
Lewish, Asa 1 00
Lewis, Mrs E.... 10
Lille, Mrs L..... 1 00
Lillie, Miss E C.. 1 00
Lilly, J E 50
Lindblom, Saml . 2 00
Lindsay, S B.... 25
Lindsley, Edith . 1 35
Lindsley, R 2 00
Lines, Miss E E. 1 00
Lockard, Mrs 25
Lockwood, Miss & Class 63
Lockwood, Mr and Mrs A G..... 2 45
Lockwood, Mrs C W 2 00
Lockwood, H 1 50
Lockwood, Mr & Mrs L C..... 1 00
Lockwood, Miss M 2 00
Lockwood, M A. 1 00
Logan, Mrs J H.. 50
Lolnes, Mrs I W.. 1 00
Long, A D 10 00
Long, Frank 1 00
Long, Mrs John . 50
Longee, Miss M.. 50
Longee, Mrs Wm 50
Loomis, H J..... 25
Loring, Mr H C.. 50
Loucks, Frank H 25
Loveland, Jas ... 25
Lovell, Blanche . 25
Lovewell, Mrs J A 50
Lowe, A 10
Lowe, Julia 25
Lowe, M 05
Lowell, Mrs J... 50
Lucas, Thos 10
Ludwig, F 25
Luedtkey, Mrs .. 25
Lyman, Miss A M 5 00
Lyon, Mrs E J.. 5 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Lyon, Mr L..... 40
Lyrone, Bnd 10
McAllaster, Mrs D A 40
McAuliffe, Mr E. 25
McBrian, Alex .. 25
McBrian, Mrs H. 25
McCabe, A K.... 1 00
McCarger, Mrs ... 25
McCarty, Mrs C.. 1 00
McClellan, Mrs J. 50
McClellan, Mrs N 25
McComber, F P.. 25
McConnell, Geo . 1 00
McCready, E ... 1 00
McCurdy, C 25
McCurdy, Mrs D. 50
McDermid, Mrs E V 1 00
McDermott, M .. 1 00
McDongal, M ... 25
McDongal, R 25
McDongall, Mrs A 1 00
McEachron, Mr & Mrs Jas R..... 2 00
McFadden, Angie. 2 00
McGlashan, Mrs C 1 00
McGraw, Mrs I... 50
McIlroy, Prof S H 50
McKay, O R.... 1 00
McKee, J 15
McKee, J E..... 50
McKee, Mrs J E. 25
McKelleh, H E... 25
McKenney, F B.. 50
McKinney, Mrs . 50
McKinney, C C.. 10
McKorn, Maud .. 25
McLaughlin, Mr & Mrs J W..... 50
McLaughlin, Mr & Mrs V L 1 00
McLaury, Mrs C D 20
McLean, Mrs 50
McLean, Ella ... 50
McLean, H K.... 1 00
McLean, Mrs H K 1 00
McMichael, Mrs I 00
McNassen, W E. 50
McNeil, A 25
McNeil, Mrs M.. 25
McPherson, D C.. 3 00
Mabie, Mrs W H. 1 00
Mabin, Mrs A.... 10
Mabin, Mrs F.... 50
Mabin, Miss G E. 10
Mabin, Miss M M 50
Mabin, Stephen . 10
MacDonald, Mrs J M 25
Mach, Mrs E H.. 1 10
Mack, Mrs M J.. 1 00
Mack, W 50
Mackey, Miss Cora 10
Mackey, Geo 10
Macomber, Mrs . 10
Maffett, N S.... 50
Mahanna, Miss F 10
Mahanna, Mr & Mrs Wm 1 00
Mahler, Philip .. 40
Makkow, John .. 1 00
Maleh, Mr 25
Mallison, Florence 50
Manchester, Mrs . 1 00
Manley, G N.... 25
Mann, Chas 5 00
Manning, M 50
Manning, Mrs R. 25
Mansfield, H C .. 5 00
Manus, Mrs I B.. 25
Markwick, A F E 25
Markwick, E T W 25
Marran, Wm 25
Marsh, Mrs E C.. 1 00
Marsh, Mrs Hattie 25
Marsh, Mrs Lucy 1 00
Marsha, H 10
Marsha, L C 50
Markwick, Rev J M & Mrs 100
Marsha, N 50
Marshal, Mrs T .. 50
Marshall, A F .. 50
Marshall, C M.... 2 00
Marshall, Frank. 1 00
Martin, Geo A .. 50
Martin, Mrs G A 50
Martin, Paul 25
Martin, Mrs S M 20
Martin W R 10
Massett, J S and Wife 10 00
Mathews, Mrs E. 50
Mathews, Mr and Mrs G B 2 00
Mathewson, W .. 25
Matson, Mabel & Harry 20
Matthew, Jr, Edw 05
Mathew, Sr, Edw 10
Maurhaf, Mr 25
Maxon, P J 2 00
Mayne, Mrs H G. 15
Mayne, Myron ... 20
Mann, N J.....10 00
Mead, Mrs E 1 00
Mead, F L 25
Mead, Mrs Mary . 25
Meade, J W 10
Melins, Mrs M .. 25
Mercereau, G D .. 1 00
Merrill, Chas E .. 50
Merrill, Mr H J.. 1 00
Merrill, Wm P 25
Merriman, C G .. 1 00
Merris, Miss E .. 25
Merris, S L 25
Mesick, Irving.... 2 00
Mesick, Viola 1 00
Mesick, Will C .. 25
Metcalf, H A 25
Meyers, Mrs M .. 2 00
Michel, Mrs C.... 1 00
Michel, K M 50
Middlebrook, Mrs G 25
Middlebrooks, H A 25
Milholen, Mrs A B 25
Miller, Mrs 50
Miller, E W 1 00
Miller, Ed 15
Miller, Edwin ... 2 00
Miller, F 25
Miller, Rev H A. 50
Miller, Mrs J 25
Miller, Mrs Jacob 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Miller, James 25
Miler, Mrs Joe .. 25
Miller, Mrs Jno . 25
Miller, John 10
Miller, M 50
Miller, Phoebe .. 25
Miller, R A 2 00
Miller, W L 50
Milliken, Miss E K 50
Miltner, Mrs A .. 50
Miltner, Mrs J... 1 00
Miner, Mrs W C. 10
Miuturu, C A 25
Misiner, Geo 15
Misner, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Mitchell, W..... 05
Mix, Mrs L P 25
Montgomery, Mrs 50
Moon, Jas E 25
Moore, Frank ... 1 00
Moore, M 25
More, Miss Anna. 25
Morehead, Mrs A. 25
Morehead, Anna.. 25
Morey, Mrs G 10
Morrell, Mrs C K 25
Morris, G 25
Morrison, Mrs C. 10
Morrison, Miss M 50
Morrison, Miss Maria J 50
Morrison, Wm ... 10
Mosher, Mrs 25
Mosher, Mrs D... 50
Mower, Mrs E and Daughter 3 00
Mulford, Mr F B. 35
Mumford, J 25
Mumford, Mrs L. 40
Munger, Martha . 1 00
Munn, Mrs L ... 15
Munn, Mrs O 25
Murphy, John ... 25
Murphy, Mrs M . 20
Murphy, S 50
Murray, Mrs 05
Murray, Mrs J J.. 25
Myer, Mrs E 1 00
Myers, Mrs F ... 15
Myland, Mrs C .. 25
Myrick, M 2 00
Nash, Mrs J..... 25
Nash, Le Ray H.. 2 00
Nash, Ray 25
Neal, Mrs 45
Neal, M 50
Nealson, Brier Hill 1 00
Nebring, A 25
Needs, John 25
Neff, Rev A J.... 50
Neish, Miss A.... 25
Neish, Mrs D 15
Neish, Mrs W H . 50
Nettie, Mrs E ..10 00
Nevin, C M S ... 25
Newmau, D..... 15
Newman, T W .. 25
Newman, W J .. 10
Newman, Will ... 15
Newport, John .. 50
Newsome, Mrs .. 25
Newton, Miss M E 25
Newton, Oris 10
Newton, W H ... 25
Newton, Mrs Wm 2 00
Nichols, Mrs P .. 25
Nichols, Mrs T A 25
Nickleson, Frank. 25
Nicolait, F 10
Niles, Mrs S 15
Nodine, Mrs 25
North, H W 25
Norhrop, E E 25
Northrup, Mrs E E 25
Northrop, W 25
Nulty, Geo H 25
Oakley, Mrs H E 2 00
Obrien, Mrs H .. 50
Ochampaugh, Mrs 25
Ogden, V R 50
O'Neal, E F 1 00
Orslund, Mr and Mrs C 5 00
Osborn, Mrs S .. 25
Osborne, Mrs H.. 10
Ostwald, F 25
Overton, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Owen, Mrs F M . 50
Packer, Mrs O .. 05
Paddock, Mrs M.. 25
Padleford, Mrs .. 25
Mrs Paine's Children 35
Paine, Mrs C D... 50
Paine, Mrs F N.. 50
Palmer, D 50
Palmer, Edwin . 1 00
Palmer, H O 25
Palmer, F 25
Palmer, Miss Ida. 50
Palmer, Mrs J .. 25
Palmer, Mrs J N. 25
Palmer, T W 25
Palmer, Mrs T W 25
Pangburn, Mrs N 25
Pangbnrn, Peter.. 25
Parce, Mrs Maria 1 00
Parish, Mr A S . 25
Parish, Bert 25
Parish, Mr J 25
Parks, Mrs D ... 50
Parrish, J S 1 00
Parry, Mr 25
Parsons, Mrs 15
Parsons, Harold . 1 00
Parsons, Mrs N.. 50
Partridge, Mrs L A 1 00
Paton, B S 25
Paton, Mrs J 25
Paton, Wm 1 00
Payne, Mrs C G.. 1 00
Payne, D L 1 00
Payne, Jas E 25
Payne, M J 25
Payne, Mrs Mary 25
Peacock, F J 25
Pearson, Miss Ada 10
Pearson, Miss Annie B 10
Pearson, Mrs G .. 50
Pearson, Miss H.. 10
Pearson, Miss J .. 10
Peck, C E 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Pearson, Mr Sidney 10
Peck, Mr & Mrs A T 1 00
Peck, Mrs C E .. 25
Peckham, Mrs M. 2 00
Pembrook, S 10
Penfold, Mr Danl & Miss Sarah L Gurr 2 00
Penney, Robbie W 20
Perkins, A F 1 00
Perkins, Miss S B 1 00
Per Lee, I B 2 00
Perry, Mrs Lina . 50
Perry, Mrs S ... 50
Peters, G A 25
Petinger, P 15
Petre, Lena..... 15
Phillips, Mrs B A 10
Phillips, Mrs G W 15
Phillips, Mr and Mrs L S 2 00
Pickard, Pearl ... 10
Pickett, E F 50
Pickett, Elvira .. 50
Pickett, Harold . 50
Pierce, F 01
Pierce, J 01
Pierce, G R 1 00
Pierce, Mrs L 1 00
Pierce, Mrs M... 50
Pierce, Mrs L 1 00
Pike, Mrs S S Cl, Cong Ch 2 00
Plank, Mrs W.... 1 00
Poole, Frank 50
Porter, F H 25
Porter, Mr W 10
Porteus, Mrs D M 1 00
Post, Johu G 5 00
Poth, H 01
Potter, John 25
Powers, Mr & Mrs M P 10 00
Pratt, E 10
Pratt, Mrs E 50
Pratt, Mrs H 25
Pratt, Mary 10
Pratt, W D 1 00
Pratt, W E 1 00
Prestle, Arthur .. 05
Preston, Miss A.. 1 00
Pride, Mrs H L . 10
Prior, E S 75
Provost, Mr and Mrs & Family.. 1 00
Pryde, Mrs Mary. 10
Puff, J S 50
Purdy, Miss F .. 60
Purdy, M J 25
Purves, W L 50
Quick, Mrs E M 25
Quivey, Miss C .. 50
Radatz, Mrs 10
Radley, Mrs Carl. 05
Rand, Geo F 1 00
Rand, Miss J I.. 25
Rand, Miss L C .. 25
Randall, Mrs C .. 25
Randles, Miss G . 25
Ranlett, Mrs L .. 25
Ransbury, N 10
Ransom, L 25
Rappole, Miss E.. 1 00
Rasell, Fr 25
Rathbun, Mrs E. 1 00
Rathe, Myrtle L & Friends 1 00
Rawcliff, D H.... 1 00
Ray, Miss Laura . 25
Raynor, A H 50
Raynor, Florence. 40
Raynor, Mrs G W 25
Raynor, Mae 60
Raynor, Mrs S .. 25
Reagon, Miss M . 25
Redhead, L C ... 5 00
Reed, Mrs L E ... 50
Reed, Miss May . 25
Reese, Mrs M P.. 20
Reeve, Mrs C 1 00
Reeve, Mrs F . 10
Reid, Mrs 25
Reinhart, Joseph. 10
Remington, Mrs G T 10
Retz, H W 50
Rew, Mr A D 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs C. 10
Reynolds, Mrs F. 25
Reynolds, Mrs H. 15
Reynolds, I 25
Reynolds, Mrs J. 1 00
Reynolds, Miss M. 25
Reynolds, W M . 50
Rice, Mr Austin . 1 00
Rice, E B 15
Rice, Mrs C H .. 25
Rice, Geo E 1 00
Richards, Miss .. 25
Richards, Mrs J H 50
Richardson, F M.10 00
Richardson, K F . 50
Rickelton, Miss .. 25
Riddell, Lyman . 50
Riehen, Mrs S ... 25
Riser, Mrs John . 10
River, Miss M P . 50
Robb, H N 25
Robb, Henry 25
Robbins, Mrs J.. 25
Roberts, Mr and Mrs Ben 50
Roberts, David .. 25
Roberts, Jessie .. 10
Roberts, S 25
Robertson, Mrs C T 1 00
Robertson, J 25
Robinson, C E ... 1 00
Robinson, Mrs C.. 1 00
Robinson, E ... 10
Robinson, E M .. 15
Robisch, Mrs L .. 20
Robison, Rev S D 50
Rockerfellow, C . 10
Roelke, H E 1 00
Rolfe, Mrs L 25
Roney, Mrs Victoria 1 00
Root, E L 50
Rose, Rev 1 00
Rose, Mrs C K.. 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Rose, Mrs G ... 25
Rose, Mrs H S .. 1 00
Rose, Wm H 1 00
Rosier, A & G.... 15
Rosier, Mrs Manyard 05
Ross, Miss Hazel 10
Ross, Helen 1 00
Ross, Jas 25
Ross, Sylvester .. 50
Roth, Jacob, Sr .. 50
Roth, Mrs J, Sr . 15
Roth, Miss Minnie 10
Rothschild, S 1 00
Rowe, J J 25
Rowell, M D..... 50
Rowley, Mrs M .. 50
Roy, Mr & Mrs David 50
Royce, Mrs A 1 00
Rundal, J J 10
Rundall, Miss C.. 10
Rundell, Baby ... 05
Rundell, E 05
Rundell, F 10
Rundell, L 50
Rundell, Mrs L . 25
Rundell, P 05
Rundell, Rose .. 25
Rnoff, Mrs 50
Rnoff, Mrs 50
Russell, Burton A 10
Russell, Miss C.. 25
Russell, D 1 10
Russell, Mrs E .. 15
Russell, Effie C .. 15
Russell, E B 25
Russell, Mary ... 30
Russell, Mrs W .. 1 43
Russell, W H 25
Russell, Wilson .. 1 00
Rutherford, M ... 25
Rutherford, Mrs J K 50
Ryder, Bessie 25
Ryder, Mrs R 10
Ryder, Mrs S .. 10
Saceett, F B 25
Salisbnry, Mrs C. 25
Salisbnry, Lizzie . 25
Salsbury, Mrs M . 25
Salton, Mrs J A .. 1 00
Salton, John A .. 1 01
Salton, Mrs J D.. 50
Salton, Mr J D .. 25
Salton, Miss J T . 10
Salton, Miss M .. 10
Sanford, Mrs S H 50
Sardrns, B 05
Sardrns, G V ... 2 00
Sarr, Wm T 1 00
Satterlee, Harry.. 25
Saunders, Ennice 1 00
Saunders, Mrs N C 50
Saurbur, F 30
Savnnge, Jas A.. 50
Sayers, Dr C O.. 25
Sayre, James 10
Schad, Mrs C 1 00
Schad, Miss Cora 1 00
Scheles, R A 1 00
Schleede, Criss .. 25
Schlieder, Mrs F E 4 00
Schmidt, Anna .. 25
Schoomaker, Mrs. 25
Schoomaker, Mrs A 25
Schoonmaker, J . 5 00
Schrader, Mrs ... 25
Schreeengost, Miss C 25
Schrecengost, L E 25
Schrecengost, "L" 25
Schuyler, Geo F 1 00
Schrier, Mrs J .. 25
Shroeder, Karl ... 25
Schneckniek, Mrs M 30
Schurr, Geo 50
Schnrr, Mrs John 25
Schutt, Miss 25
Schwal, Lillian .. 05
Scofield, Rufus H.10 00
Scott, Mrs A 1 00
Scott, E D 25
Scott, Sr, Mr G B 50
Scott, Lucy T .. 1 00
Scott, Mrs M 50
Scott, O 25
Scott, Mrs P A.. 1 00
Scudder, Della .. 25
Seaman, L W .. 2 00
Seaver, H A 25
Sebring, G C 10
See, Clara 25
See, Ida 05
Seeley, F 2 01
Sebing, L 1 00
Seibert, Mrs 25
Sergel, Mrs J 1 00
Servoss, Mrs J J 23
Seybolt, M & A, Coll by S McKenna & D & R Dickerson 5 69
Sheffield, Robt ... 05
Sheldon, C A 50
Shaw, Miss Eva . 1 00
Shear, Mrs C L.. 25
Shearer, Miss A.. 1 00
Sheep, H 1 00
Sheep, Wm 1 00
Seybolt, O W 2 10
Seymour, G J 25
Shaddock, Mrs G E 10
Shafer, Mrs J .. 15
Shafin, C E..... 25
Shanbhuth, K F. 2 00
Shand, Jas 25
Shapley, Mrs S B 50
Sharpe, Jno N .. 25
Shaw, Amos 1 00
Shaw, Chas T ... 1 00
Shaw, Miss Eliz . 1 00
Sheldon, E W 25
Sheldon, Miss I .. 25
Sheldon, J W 1 00
Sheldon, Mrs J W 50
Sheldon, Jno 25
Sheldon, Mrs M.. 1 00
Shepherd, Mrs M C 25
Sherman, Mrs F.. 10
Sherman, W T .. 25
Sherwood, Mrs H M 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Short, Mrs R R.. 10
Shriber, M A 15
Shrive, Mrs F R.. 2 00
Shuart, Mrs J D. 10
Shultls, Mr I 10
Shults, Mrs D .. 25
Siglar, Beulah D. 10
Silliman, Mrs D.. 1 30
Simmons, Mrs T. 25
Simons, Mrs B 25
Simpson, B 25
Simpson, Mrs M .. 25
Simpson, Mrs M H 25
Simpson, Mrs T R 15
Sinclair, A T 50
Sinclair, G 25
Sinclair, M M 50
Sinclair, R H ... 25
Sinclair, Mrs T R 25
Skinner, J 10
Skinner, Mrs F.. 10
Skutt, Mrs Fanny 10
Skutt, Mr D 25
Skynior, Pat 25
Slaton, Mrs 25
Slawson, Mrs F J 10
Sleggs, Mabel 20
Sloan, Mrs F 25
Sloat, S F 5 00
Smallbreed, Mrs.. 8 00
Smiet, C H 25
Smiley, Mrs A .. 10
Smiley, Mr 10
Smith, Mrs 05
Smith, Mrs A.... 25
Smith, Mrs A 10
Smith, A A & Wife 50
Smith, A E 25
Smith, Bertha ... 10
Smith, B I 1 00
Smith, C 20
Smith, Clinton .. 25
Smith, Collins ... 25
Smith, Mrs Doras 50
Smith, Miss E G & Class 1 61
Smith, Mrs Ed.. 25
Smith, Emily 10
Smith, Ervin 25
Smith, Fred 25
Smith, Mrs G .. 25
Smith, Mrs G W 1 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs G W 5 00
Smith, Geo A 50
Smith, Mrs Glenn 25
Smith, Mrs H 25
Smith, Mrs H E . 25
Smith, Irwin 25
Smith, Mrs J A & Class 1 37
Smith, Miss J 20
Smith, L E 3 00
Smith, M E 25
Smith, Mrs M M. 10
Smith, Mgt 50
Smith, Mrs I B.. 50
Smith, Miss Margt 50
Smith, N 25
Smith, Mrs N B . 25
Smith, P C 25
Smith, Pearl 25
Smith, Mrs W W. 2 00
Smith, Wm H.... 50
Snell, Mrs C C .. 10
Snell, D 30
Snell, E B 10
Snell, Mrs J G .. 10
Snell, Jehom 15
Snell, Miss M 25
Snell, Millon 1 00
Snell, Will 05
Snyder, Mrs Ed.. 25
Snyder, Mrs G A 2 00
Snyder, Mrs J A.. 1 00
Snyder, Mrs Mary 1 50
Snyder, Mr Millard 25
Snyder, R C 50
Somers, C 16
Somers, P S 10
Somerville, H E S 1 00
Soules, Mrs H M 55
Southall, Dr E W 1 00
Southall, H 50
Southworth, Mr.. 75
Southworth, Mrs P 20
Sowder, Mrs H .. 25
Sparrowhawk Miss B A 25
Spaulding, Mrs J. 25
Spaulding, Mrs W F 50
Spencer, Mrs 15
Spencer, Mrs P.. 10
Spencer, Stella .. 25
Spiegel, S 1 00
Sprague, Mrs E.. 1 00
Spring, Mrs H.. 25
Spurr, Mrs Edwin 50
Squire, A 50
Staek, E J..... 1 00
Staey, C 25
Stafford, Charles. 10
Stagner, Mrs E A 50
Stahler, Miss E.. 75
Stalp, H 1 00
Stammer, Mrs E. 1 00
Standish, F Hy.. 1 00
Stangland, Mrs E 25
Stanton, B M.... 10
Staples, Miss L A 25
Starcliff, Mrs D.. 5 00
Starcliff, Sherman 5 00
Starin, Miss J.... 25
Statesle, Mrs, & Class 2 23
Stearns, Dick 50
Stearns, Mrs J.... 10
Steele, L 25
Steele, N 25
Steers, Mr & Mrs 50
Stein, Mr A 25
Stevens, Mr 10
Stevens, A 25
Stever, Mrs E.... 10
Stewart, Frank .. 10
Stewart, Mr J.... 50
Stewart, Mrs J.... 25
Stewart, Mrs K R 1 50
Stewart, Lee 1 00
Stickland, Mrs C L 1 00
Stickland, E C.. 50
Stickroth, Miss S 05

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Stiles, Mrs L.... 25
Still, Mrs B..... 20
Still, Mrs W A.. 15
Stilson, Mrs A B.. 10
Stilson, Mrs 20
Stinell, Miss H A. 25
Stiner, Mrs A C.. 1 00
Stoddard, L A.... 25
Stokes, Mrs S.... 1 00
Stokes, W L..... 50
Stone family, Ithaca 3 50
Stone, A T..... 1 00
Stout, Lilian A... 5 00
Stralz, G J..... 25
Stont, Wilmer .. 2 00
Strail, U E..... 10
Strickland, F..... 05
Strickland, Mr & Mrs F 25
Strickland, Leroy. 05
Strickland, Leland 05
Strickland, M ... 05
Strickland, Ralph. 05
Strong, Mary B... 5 00
Strough, B J..... 50
Stryker, Mrs W.. 10
Stuart, Miss N... 1 00
Sullivan, Mrs D.. 50
Sullivan, Mrs Jas 10
Sutman, C..... 50
Swain, Mrs S.... 25
Swartont, Mrs G. 20
Sweatt, J S..... 10
Sweetland, H S.. 25
Sweetland, Morris 1 00
Sykes, Mrs H.... 50
Sympathy, H C.. 1 00
Tabor, Mrs O.... 1 00
Tabor, Mrs R.... 25
Tackman, Annie. 1 00
Talbot, Archie .. 15
Talbot, Christ.... 5 00
Talcott, H N..... 50
Tallmadge, Wm H 1 00
Tanner, C I..... 5 00
Tarbox, Mrs W.. 10
Taylor, A 1 00
Taylor, B 25
Taylor, Bert 25
Taylor, Chas H.. 50
Taylor, F M..... 2 00
Taylor, J H..... 2 00
Taylor, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Taylor, John 50
Teisk, Mrs N A.. 25
Tenner, Mrs Will 25
Terrell, Mrs A... 10
Terry, Mrs A.... 50
Terry, M Geo J.. 1 00
Terry, Mrs H.... 1 00
Terry, Mrs John. 25
Teter, Helen 50
Thayer, C E..... 25
Theyer, A M.... 1 00
Thomas, Gamaliel 1 00
Thomas, Mrs M.. 1 00
Thomas, Mrs S B 1 00
Thompson, Mrs .. 15
Thompson, Bert .. 25
Thompson, Mrs J H..... 10
Thompson, Jas ... 1 00
Thompson, S C... 25
Thompson, T G... 5 00
Thorn, Mrs C.... 25
Thorn, Mrs D J 10
Thornton, Frank. 25
Throop, Mrs L... 50
Tilden, O A..... 25
Tilton, Allie J.... 5 00
Timberlake, L ... 1 00
Timmerman, Mrs J 10
Timmerman, Mrs W 15
Tipple, Lola 10
Tobin, E S..... 50
Tombo, Dr R..... 2 00
Tomlinson, Mrs H R & children .. 2 00
Tomlinson, John.. 25
Tooker, Anna ... 25
Tooker, Mrs M... 25
Topel, A 15
Topping, N S.... 25
Townley, Mrs A.. 25
Townsend, Maud. 50
Tracy, R S..... 1 00
Traver, V L..... 1 00
Travis, B & C.... 4 00
Travis, Mr D.... 25
Trendell, Mrs 1 00
Trethewey, Jane. 25
Trobridge, G M & family 2 00
Trotter, Miss R... 1 20
Tuehler, M 25
Tuek, Charles ... 25
Turner, Mrs H B.10 00
Turner, Mrs W... 1 00
Turner, Wm H... 5 00
Turney, Mich.... 15
Turrill, R 1 00
Tuthill, B B..... 1 00
Tuthill, Mrs D... 50
Tuthill, Mrs L H 1 00
Tuthill, Mrs R ... 15
Tyler, Della 40
Tyler, M 28
Tyler, Mrs M J.. 25
Tyler, Ray 10
Underhill, Mrs M G 1 00
Upham, Isaac ... 50
Upham, Lurette.. 50
Usher, Miss C R.. 1 00
Utman, Miss J .. 50
Vail, Chas..... 50
Vail, Mrs C..... 50
Vail, Mrs G..... 50
Vail, Geo 50
Vail, Harry..... 50
Vail, Wm 2 00
Van Allen, Mr & Mrs C.....10 00
Van Avery, Mr H 25
Van Avery, Mrs L 1 00
Van Bartle, J C.. 50
Van Camp, Mrs .. 25
Vandemoor, Mrs N G 50
Vanderhnilt, Mrs. 25
Van Deusen, Mrs C M 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Van Dixon, L.... 25
Van Doorn, M E 1 00
Vandnyer, J..... 25
Van Gelder, Mrs G B & family.. 1 05
Van Hoerenburg, Mrs C 20
Van Houten, Fred 25
Van Houten, Mrs W O 50
Van Houten, W O 25
Van Kleek, Mrs C 10
Vanlien, H 10
Van Nostrand, S. 10
Vanvorst, Miss E 50
Vanvorst, Edna .. 50
Van Orden, Mrs G R 10
Vanpfert, Mrs Jennie W..... 1 00
Van Schaick, Mrs Cath 10
Van Vorst, K.... 50
Vedder, Anna ... 1 00
Veeder, C 20
Veeder, Mrs 50
Vibbard, Mrs M.. 1 00
Vibbard, S L.... 25
Vibbard, Wm .. 50
Vickers, Mrs D A 1 75
Vincent, Miss N. 10
Virgil, Mrs S.... 20
Vosburgh, Mrs E. 50
Vosburg, Mr. J.... 50
Vosburgh, Mrs S R 25
Voss, Theo 50
Vonse, Mr & Mrs B 40
Waddell, Mrs G.. 25
Wafnl, Mr H J 50
Wafnl, Mrs H J. 25
Wagarpr, Mrs C. 10
Wagoner, Miss L 50
Wake, Mrs R.... 25
Waldron, Mrs J W 1 00
Waldron, W 10
Waldron, Mrs W. 10
Walker, Mr Jacob 50
Waller, Mason .. 10
Walter, H 25
Walters, Rev J M 1 00
Walters, Mrs W.. 1 00
Ward, M L..... 50
Warger, J H..... 5 00
Warren, J 1 50
Warren, J 15
Wassner, J 25
Waters, Mrs M... 10
Waters, Nina 10
Waterons, Mrs D S 1 00
Watkius, Jno 10
Watson, Mrs 25
Watson, Mrs C... 25
Watson, Geo E.. 1 00
Weatherbee, R... 25
Weaver, Thos.... 25
Weaver, Wm 50
Weed, A H..... 1 00
Weegar, O K.... 25
Weeks, Mrs C.... 15
Weeks, Mrs J.... 10
Weeks, Mrs J.... 25
Weeks, Mrs L.... 10
Weeks, Mrs Moses 10
Weeks, Mrs P.... 10
Weeks, Mrs S.... 15
Weiderwax, Char. 5 00
Weidman, Mrs H 2 00
Weigand, A 25
Weiners, Amelia.. 25
Weiss, J F..... 1 00
Welker, Salome .. 1 00
Wellmau, Mrs W L 10
Welsh, G C..... 25
Welsh, Miss N... 10
Wendland, John.. 50
Wentworth, Mrs S M 25
Wertman, Mrs F C 50
Westbroon, Rev W M 1 00
West, Mrs S.... 10
Weston, Frank.. 1 00
Wetherby, A B.. 50
Wetherby, James 25
Whaley, Eugene.. 25
Wheaton, Mrs K. 10
Wheeler, Alvah.. 50
Wheeler, Mrs E.. 1 00
Wheeler, Gertrude 55
Wheeler, H S.... 3 00
Wheeler, J J..... 25
Wheeler, Mrs S.. 1 00
Wheler, Chas 10
Whipple, B A.... 25
White, Mrs Ansell 10
White, Rev D T. 1 00
White, Hugh. .. 1 25
White, T L & wife 1 00
Whitford, Robt C 25
Whiting, M A.... 25
Whitley, Mrs E.. 40
Whitman, Mrs H 10
Whitney, E 20
Whitney, Miss F E 30
Whitney, L 50
Whitney, Mrs M.. 25
Whitney, M D.... 25
Whitney, M E.... 50
Whitney, O R.... 10
Whittaker, Mrs .. 1 00
Whittle, Mr G ... 25
Whitney, May .. 10
Wieber, Kittie .. 05
Wier, Miss A.... 25
Wier, S..... 1 00
Wilbur, A D..... 1 00
Wilbur, Mrs M A 1 00
Wilcox, Morgan.. 1 00
Wilcox, Wm 10
Wildman, W J... 1 00
Wile, Mrs Carrie. 50
Wiles, A P..... 50
Wiley, Alex 1 00
Wilhelm, W B.... 25
Wilkie, Wm 10
Wilkinson, Nellie. 05
Wilkinson, Orpha. 05
Willard, Miss 1 00
Williams, Miss A. 10
Williams, I 05
Williams, Mr J.. 05

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Williams, Mrs M E 1 00
Williams, Owen.. 25
Williams, Roy.... 25
Williams, Samuel, Jas & Beatrice.. 35
Williams, Stella A 60
Williams, Mrs W J 1 00
Williams, W M... 50
Willis, B T..... 1 00
Willis, Frank 30
Wills, Mrs S..... 40
Willson, Mr 10
Wilsey, A 1 00
Wilson, Miss B... 15
Wilson, Master G 25
Wilson, Mrs H C 1 00
Wilson, Mrs Jas. 25
Wilson, M C..... 25
Wilson, Mrs M T 25
Wilson, Mrs S C 10
Winans, Miss M A 50
Winans, Miss S S 3 68
Winfield, C G.... 50
Winne, C A..... 1 00
Winne, Mrs P.... 25
Withem, Mrs 20
Witherbee, Mrs R M 1 00
Wolf, Fred 25
Wolfe, Mr F..... 25
Wollarton, A M.. 1 00
Wood, D T..... 25
Wood, J M..... 25
Wood, Mrs L.... 25
Wood, Mrs M.... 3 00
Wood, M E..... 1 00
Woodard, Mrs.... 25
Woodford, E H.. 25
Woodhams, M 1 00
Woodley, Miss V. 25
Woodruff, Mrs G W 3 00
Worden, Mr & Mrs A C..... 2 00
Work, Mr Jas... 25
Work, Miss Jane. 25
Work, Mr Robert 25
Work, W, Jr.... 25
Wormer, David .. 25
Wormer, Mrs Wm 15
Worsley, Mary D. 2 00
Wright, Avis 10
Wright, Mrs B C 50
Wright, Mrs Chas 1 00
Wright, D, Jr.... 50
Wright, E A..... 25
Wright, Ethel .. 25
Wright, Mrs F L 20
Wright, Mrs J D 40
Wright, Mrs K C.22 26
Wright, K L..... 1 00
Wright, L 25
Wright, Ruth 10
Wright, Mrs S J 1 00
Wygant, Mrs C E 25
Wygant, G 25
Wygant, Mrs I L 50
Yager, Geo P.... 1 00
Yost, F 25
Yost, James 10
Young, Mrs C F A 1 00
Young, Mrs E... 1 00
Yonng, Little L.. 25
Yonng, Miss M C 1 00
Young, Mrs R G 20
Young, Mrs Theo, & others 3 70
Yonron, Mrs M.. 20
Zankirk, M P... 50
Zankirk, Mrs N.. 25
Zeliff, Wm 1 00
Zuckmier & Co. C. 40
Alta, Selklrk 25
Bob, Hoosick Falls 5 00
Caroline, Slatterville Springs .. 1 00
Dan Van C—, Williamson 25
Griswold & Rockwell 50
Hattie & Helen, Genesco 1 00
Janet, Ponghkeepsie 1 22
Jim 10
John, Amenia Un 10
Lillie L, "The Land of Home".. 1 00
Louis B, S Salem 25
Mrs H M, S Salem 1 00
M I C, Williamson 1 00
M L E & L S M V, Ashton 15
M P, Amenia Un. 20
M S, Saranac Lake 1 00
"M V N D," Saranac Lake 2 00
M W, Albany.... 4 00
N G C, Wyoming 72
N J, Oneonta..... 2 00
P K, Syracuse...3 25
B A Y, Fairfield 1 00
S B J, Amenia Un 50
S E B, Amenia Un 28
T M C, Buffalo. 3 00
X Y Z, Williamsou 47
W D W, Buffalo. 25
W E B C Reader, Amsterdam 1 00
Marian, S Salem. 50
W H, Schoharie. 1 10
Olivia B, S Salem 25
Z E P, Richmond Mills 15
—, —..... 10
—, Bedford P'k. 1 00
—, Belfast 19
—, Bensonhurst. 20
—, Crnm Elbow. 1 00
—, Greenport... 65
—, Hudson 1 50
—, Ilion 1 00
—, Matteawan. 1 00
—, New York.. 1 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 1 00
—, N Y City.... 2 00
—, Piermont 2 00
—, Potsdam 1 80
—, Rochester... 1 00
—, Rochester... 1 00
—, Stapleton ... 1 00
—, Washington. 1 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Ames, S R.....54 00
Back Creek Ch...10 84
Bagley Ep League 8 00
Baker, Mrs H L. 1 00
Beghtel, Mr F... 10
Benson, Mrs T Lamoille 1 00
Blackston, Mrs E R, Lamoiville... 1 00
Borland, Fred ... 2 00
Brown, H T..... 20
Brown, Master Thornton K ... 20
Campbell, Mrs C W, Lamoiville . 2 00
Campbell, J & M. 2 00
Campbell, Morton Lamoille 1 00
Carson, Ellen E & Susan Emerton. 1 00
Cash, J G H..... 25
Colver, Ch 15 00
Clumm, Charles Millville 5 00
Dalton, Wm 50
Danielson, J, Goodhue 20
Delafield, Mrs F.. 5 00
Durkee, Mrs Sarah Lamoille 1 00
Edgmoor Ch 7 70
Ericson, D, Goodhue 25
Ericson, G R, Goodhue 1 50
Ericson, M, Goodhue 21
Ericson, P, Goodhue 17
Fergns, Ernest .. 05
Fraiser, Mrs J H, Lamoille 25
Freick, Francis Santa Barbara.. 10
Frost, A, Coll by. 2 34
Garnett, A M.... 10
Gordon & Son, R A 8 00
Griffith, Rev E F 1 00
Gunn, Joshua ... 1 00
Gunn, Ira W..... 1 00
Hallum, Mrs 50
Harney, Hudie .. 10
Harney, Wm 1 00
Helt, L B & wife. 1 00
Mrs Hesmor, Willson, Gale, Evans, & Davis 3 00
Hill, D W & Co.. 25
Ingram, Dora, Lamoille 25
Jeffreys, Mrs L A & Ezra M Higgins, Rochester.22 00
Johnson, L Goodhue 10
Kelso, Mrs C R, Lamoille 25
Kimball, Mrs T. Lamoille 1 00
Layer, Mrs Bele.. 50
Learway, Mrs M W 2 00
Little Rock Jr Un 1 00
Lindsay, Rev W B 1 00
Low, R M..... 1 00
Low, Will 50
McK, Mrs J..... 50
A Meth & Wife.. 1 00
Mills, Rev J S... 50
Moffat, Jennie T, Orono 1 00
Moir, Mr R T, Schenectady 5 00
Monroe, Jus 1 00
Moon, Mrs D H.. 25
Moore, Margt 5 00
Mooresville Jr Un 2 00
Moss, Miss E R.. 1 00
Moss, Mrs John.. 8 50
Moss, Mr Roy M. 50
Newman, C, Goodhue 1 00
Newman, E Goodhue 1 00
Nord, C E, Goodhue 1 00
Parkinson, Rev G G 1 00
Penfield, Mrs E E 3 35
Penny Collection. 25
Perry, J M, Jr... 25
Pharr, E 1 00
Phelps, L L..... 50
Pollock, Bertha M, Boston 1 00
Porter, Jo M..... 1 00
Schneider, E 1 00
Schooky, G W & Anna 1 00
Seitz, Ewell 25
Shearer, Mrs P, Lamoille 25
Short, Mrs D.... 25
Sloan, Mrs J E... 5 00
Smith, Mrs 1 00
Smith, F 1 00
Smith, Jas S..... 1 60
Smith, Wilbur ... 1 00
Snow, Miss Lucy. 50
Stone, Mrs J B, Lamoille 1 00
Swanson, Alice G.10 00
Sweatman, Mary Lamoille 1 00
Thiel, Mrs C H.. 1 00
Trotter, Mrs Walter, Lamoille ... 25
Twainley, Peter & family 5 00
Walker, J A..... 1 00
Wallen, Miss 2 00
Ward, Mrs Joe, Lamoille 50
Watkins, Miss L.. 10
Watson, E W.... 2 50
White, Dr G..... 2 00
Whorley, Mrs M.. 50
Williams, Mrs W R, Lamoille 50
Willis, S F..... 50
Witty, Mrs W R, Lamoille 50

MISCELLANEOUS—Con'd

Young, L C..... 5 00
Skane 20
Ada 5 00
Dave, Pete & Jack 1 50
Elsie, & Celia B.. 1 25
A S M.....10 00
B C 1 00
C E, So Portland. 2 00
D 2 00
D W 25
E A R, Thorndike 5 00
E J B..... 15
E M 25
Mrs E M W, Flatbush 2 00
E P 20
E R C..... 5 00
E W 50
G 1 00
G E D..... 25
H A O P..... 1 00
H C P..... 5 00
H N J, Ettrick... 1 60
J E G..... 50
J F W..... 25
Mrs J P E A, Overbrook 5 00
J S 25
L R S, Kinderhook 50
M W, Toronto.... 5 00
O K 1 00
S A B..... 1 00
S E J..... 2 00
S J B..... 2 00
T E A..... 1 00
W P, Milwaukee. 1 00
W P & P Co.... 50
W S W..... 50
Z Y X..... 2 00
—— 2 00
—— 20
—— 1 00
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—— 1 00
—— 1 00
—— 1 00
—— 14
—— 2 00
—— 2 00
—— 1 00
—— 25
—— 5 00
——.....10 00
——, Brushwood . 40
——, Butler 1 00
——, Spring Mountain 50
Believer in Christ 50
"Little River".... 1 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 2 00
Anon 2 00
Anon 10
Anon 17
Anon 2 00
Anon 5 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 2 00
Anon 50
Anon 1 00
Anon, Balto 1 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 1 00
Anon 5 00
Anon 10 00
Anon 5 00
Anon 15 00
Cash 13 00
Cash 2 00
Cash 25
Cash 25 00
Cash, Marietta ... 50
An Easter Offering 1 00
For the Master,.. 2 00
Friend, Allentown 5 00
Friend, Santa Barbara 50
Friend, Wilm'gton 2 00
A Friend 2 00
A Friend 1 00
A Friend 1 00
A Friend 1 00
A Friend, Bangor 1 00
A Friend, Chicago 1 00
A Friend, Huntington 3 00
A Friend, Ludleville 2 00
A Friend, New Hampton 1 00
I H N, Harrisburg 1 00
Reader 1 00
Reader 1 00
Reader, Milwaukee 2 00
A Reader, Cleveland 5 00
A Reader, Jetnos. 50
Subr, Mayfield ... 5 00
Subr, Pavilion ... 1 00
Smypathy 2 00
Smypathizer 20 00
Unknown 10
One of His Children, Rockdale Mills 1 00
From One of His Children 2 00
A Child of the King 1 00
Helpers 2 00
Giver 5 00
From 82 Chicago. 1 00
A Poor Widow... 50
Invalids' Mite 40
A Widow's Mite, Blue Ridge Summit 1 00
Hinkston Cong .. 3 00
Lancaster Cong .. 6 60
Springfield S S, Heron Lake 4 85
Maacaind S S, Alexander Valley.. 1 00
Pres S S, Portland 6 00
Union Free Sch.. 5 00
King's Daughter . 05
Meth Ep League, Red Stone 6 40
Uriel Pres Ch Ladies' Miss Soc.. 6 00

The War in South Africa

CABLE reports from both British and Boer sources indicate that the invasion of the Transvaal has actually commenced. Lord Roberts' army crossed the Vaal on May 26, and pushed on toward Johannesburg from which it was then about forty miles distant. Threats still continue to be uttered that the mines will be blown up before the British forces can reach the town. President Kruger professes to be opposed to the destruction, but declares that he may be unable to prevent it. There appears to be no doubt that a small quantity of dynamite in skilful hands may destroy machinery worth millions of dollars and may close the workings of the mines for an extended period. The men who are advocating the destruction contend that justice demands it, inasmuch as the loss would fall upon the capitalists, who have caused the war and who have hitherto not suffered at all, having left the soldiery to bear the brunt of the loss. Wiser heads, however, foresee that eventually the Boers must sue for peace and would find the terms on which it would be granted much harder, if the capitalists were smarting under the wanton destruction of their property and were urging the British Government to inflict punishment for the act. The army of invasion is advancing in the shape of a crescent, the two horns of which, consisting of cavalry are ready to close up in advance of the centre at command, and so surround an opposing force. It is reported that Kruger has asked the burghers to vote on the question of continuing the war or suing for peace. The majority of them are desirous of saving their homes from seizure, but it is doubtful whether, even if they recognize the hopelessness of their cause, they would yield without another fight. It would be possible to continue the struggle for months by retreating to the Lydenberg hills, where they could occupy positions which could not be easily turned and from which they could harass a large army. People, however, who know the Boer character, predict that they will not adopt such a course, but will be glad to get back to their farms on the best terms they can make, when once Pretoria has been occupied. In England the approaching close of the war is hailed with joy, and the men who have returned from the scene of conflict have been welcomed with enthusiasm. The men of the *Powerful*, who left their ship and went to assist in the defense of Ladysmith, have had a great ovation. They were taken to Windsor, where the Queen personally thanked them for their valuable services. The men were evidently delighted with the honor. The time will come when those who have served the Prince of Peace on earth and have struggled and conquered in his cause will thus be welcomed by their Lord, who sees and knows now all that they are doing.

BOER LAAGER OUTSIDE MAFEKING—SCENE OF THE RECENT BATTLE

His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord (Matt. 25: 21).

A Father's Faith

A press dispatch from Daytona, Fla., reports the departure of a well-known citizen for Colorado. In an interview with him prior to his departure, he gave a remarkable reason for his journey. He said he had a daughter fifteen years old who possessed clairvoyant powers. She had fallen into a trance in which she had seen a certain district in Colorado which had gold-producing soil. She described the section, its trees and natural landmarks and assured her father that within easy reach of the surface there was gold in large quantities. The father had such faith in his daughter's powers, that he has turned all his property into money, has disposed of his business and sold his household effects, so that he may go to Colorado, find that property and buy it. He said that he should not have placed so much faith in his daughter's direction if it had not been that as a well-digger he had profited by her help in finding water. She had told him on several occasions where to sink wells and in following her directions he had always been successful. There can be no doubt about the sincerity of the father's faith. In disposing of his property and taking that long journey he proved his confidence in his daughter's powers. Unhappily comparatively few show such faith in Christ, though he had Divine authority for his assurance of an infinite reward to all who put their trust in him.

Every one that hath left houses or lands for my name's sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall inherit eternal life (Matt. 19: 29).

The Legal Value of a Man

An appeal by a railroad company, in Colorado, has elicited from a judge of the Supreme Court a statement of the principles on which the legal mind bases its estimate of the value of a human being. The suit under review had been brought by two men, whose father, a banker's clerk, sixty-eight years of age, had been killed on the railroad company's premises. The evidence showed that there had been negligence on the part of the employees of the company, and this fact was practically admitted. The lower court, in which the case was tried, had given a verdict for four thousand dollars. The company claimed that such an amount was excessive and appealed to the higher court. In giving judgment in favor of the company, the justice called attention to the fact that the only basis for the claim of the sons, was that they had been deprived of their shares of money that their father might have earned, if he had not been killed. As at his age it was not likely that his savings, if he had lived, would have amounted to four thousand dollars, the verdict of the lower court could not be sustained. In other words, the value of a man must be estimated by his power to earn money. It is well for us that God has a different standard by which he estimates the value of a man.

I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee, since thou wast precious in my sight (Isa. 43: 3).

A Wonderful Shell

There was a debate in the United States Senate on May 8, in secret session, which has a far-reaching significance. It arose on a proposal for the purchase of armor for ships and forts. The full details of the debate have not been disclosed, but the assertion is made on good authority that there was strong opposition to the purchase of the armor, for the reason that a shell had been invented which can pierce the thickest and strongest plates. We learn from information courteously furnished to this journal by Gen. Buffington, and Acting Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, T. C. Fenton, that the penetrating power of a projectile fired from the twelve-inch gun, which is the largest calibre, highest power gun in the naval service, is of twenty-four-inch Harveyized armor, and that at its maximum range of ten miles, it will quite pierce the same armor twelve inches thick. The British government, however, has a twelve-inch gun that has a range of fifteen miles, and a nine-inch gun with a range of twelve miles. The projectiles used in the larger gun weigh one thousand pounds, and give a muzzle velocity of 2,300 feet per second. The penetrative power of a shell may, it is now found, be vastly increased by covering its nose with a cap of soft steel containing graphite. When a shell so capped strikes the plate, the soft steel fuses and with the graphite forms a lubricant that enables the diamond-pointed shell proper to bore its whirling way through the armor plate. This is a remarkable discovery, but we have known the same principle to be applied with success in social intercourse. A pointed reproof, or unpleasant advice reaches the heart with greater effect, if its way is prepared by some kindly words which show that there is a good motive for the admonition.

MARINES AT WINDSOR

A soft tongue breaketh the bone (Prov. 25: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES

At the recent Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions forty-eight countries were represented and 115 Boards or Societies.

At the eighty-fourth anniversary of the American Bible Society it was stated that the number of volumes—Bibles, Testaments, and portions—issued last year was 1,406,801. During the eighty-four years of its existence the Society has issued 67,369,306 copies.

The American Tract Society celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary recently by a meeting in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York. The report showed that the sales were largely in excess of those of the previous year, and that the rentals from the building covered the expenses.

Temple College, of Philadelphia, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, the famous illustrator of the International Sunday School Lessons. The honor is bestowed "in recognition of theological scholarship and efficient public service as a minister of the Gospel."

The two new bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church elected at Chicago by the General Conference are Dr. J. W. Hamilton, of the New England Conference, and Dr. David H. Moore, of Cincinnati, formerly editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Two missionaries of India were also elected bishops.

Dr. Charles A. Dickey, of Philadelphia, was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly on May 17 at its meeting in St. Louis, Mo. Rev. R. F. Sample, D.D., the retiring Moderator, in the course of his address said that the net increase in the membership of the Presbyterian churches last year was about nine thousand.

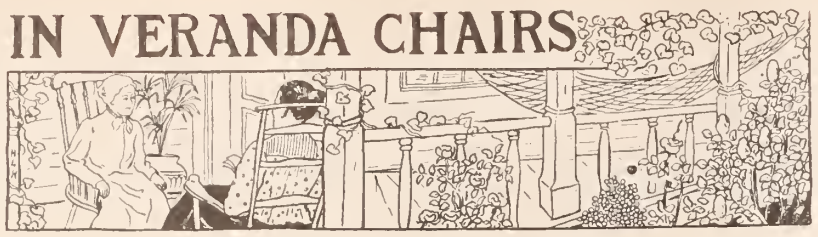
Dr. Talmage preached in London on May 27 to immense audiences. St. James's Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and at the close of the service he had to address the crowd outside which had not been able to gain admission. Dr. Talmage says that the heartiness and enthusiasm of his reception both in England and Scotland have touched him deeply.

The Directors of the Gospel Tent, "Glad Tidings," recently held a meeting in New York City, and voted to resume tent work in the same place—Fifty-sixth street and Broadway—where the meetings were so successful last year. Mr. Wm. Phillips Hall, President of the Board, will assist in the support of the work. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt was appointed Superintendent, and Mr. F. H. Jacobs, the well-known Gospel singer, will direct the music.

The official report of the work accomplished by the recent Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions is now in the hands of a special committee. The plan includes three parts: 1. The story of the conference, its inception, organization and conduct, and its place in the history of missions. 2. The contributions read before the conference, the addresses and discussions. 3. Appendices, including the complete programme, the organization and roll, a list of missionary societies, a summary of missionary statistics, a carefully prepared Bibliography of the best missionary books, and an index. The report will be published in two volumes of about five hundred pages each; price, $1.50, for both volumes; price to advance subscribers, $1 for the two. They may be ordered from the Publication Committee, Ecumencial Conference, 156 Fifth Avenue New York, Edwin M. Bliss, chairman.

STOCKADE AT PRETORIA, WHERE ENGLISH PRISONERS ARE CONFINED

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ABOUT . . .

Preserving the Memory

AS people advance in years, they often experience a great deal of difficulty in remembering the happenings of the moment. The events of early life are firmly embedded in the mind, and as the present recedes, the past returns, so that they live over again the incidents and scenes of childhood and youth, while what they did and said an hour ago makes very slight impression. Early impressions are lasting because the brain is peculiarly sensitive when life is new, and the pathways in the brain's tissue are like freshly-made roads. Later tracks are more superficial and do not so deeply indent the mind.

All this, however, has to do with old age. There is a long period of middle life, extending in persons who remain well and strong, far on into the years, when they ought to be aware of no lapse of memory, and ought to be able to read study, and take in new stores as easily as in their school-days. If this is seldom the case, the reason is, not that memory is itself to blame, but because it is atrophied from lack of use. Tie up your right hand for three months, and it would have lost much of its cunning. Do not tax your memory at all, in the way of direct accumulation of knowledge for thirty years, and what can you expect of it?

If a woman, aware of a partial eclipse of her powers of study, of a partial failure of memory, will but set herself a daily task, first, as if she were again a child, and compel herself to learn this by heart, word for word, she will speedily discover that her memory is as ready as ever to be her obedient slave. If a habit of memorizing be formed and kept up through life, if poetry, texts of Scripture and passages from favorite authors be committed verbatim, when one is forty, fifty and sixty years old, she will acquire with as little difficulty whatever she chooses to learn, as she did when she was fifteen. Habit is everything in this matter.

Again, very few of us are really attentive to what is going on around us. We give a certain half-attention; we are slovenly as to details. We are not sharp and clear-cut and definite in what we remember. Attention is memory's obliging hand-maid.

By laws of association, which may become automatic in their working, we may recollect dates, numbers of streets, post-office addresses, and time-tables of the road. But much of this is luggage which memory should not be forced to carry. It may be given over to the porter who has a pencil and pad, to our little pocket memorandum book.

To recall names and faces readily, especially when one meets many people, is an affair of heaven-sent talent. It is just on the border of memory, not an inherent part of it.

The Fresh-Air Child

If you want a demonstration of what fresh air, sunshine, a regular life and happy play can do for a poor, sallow, half-starved, pale and scrawny child, you need go no farther than to Mont-Lawn, where the happy CHRISTIAN HERALD proteges go for their beautiful country outing every summer. The gain in looks and health is simply marvelous; it is like a visible miracle before one's eyes. In your desire to help the famine sufferers in India, do not altogether, dear friends, overlook the poor who are always with us, here at home—the little boys and girls of the tenements who suffer and pine for fresh air during our torrid summer heat.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ADELA BENSON. Your little girl may learn to like books if her mother reads with her every day.

—EMLY. You do not need to call again, after attending an afternoon reception. Wear a pretty street costume and light gloves.

—G. B. D. For every reason treat your husband's parents with respect and be as cordial as you possibly can be, when they visit you. Surely you would not wish him to be an undutiful son.

—JENNIE. Why are you so disturbed? If your neighbor does not call upon you, it shows that her own concerns occupy her, and that she does not care to widen her circle. You might not find her agreeable if you knew her. In the meantime if you are ever to meet and become acquainted, the way will be made plain. Do not worry over such a trifle.

—FRIEND. You ask by what title an unmarried lady may be described, "old maid" being regarded as a disrespectful appellation. While the lady is still youthful, it is proper to speak of her as a girl. When she is mature, and has apparently resolved to spend her days as a single woman, she is rightly and honorably denominated a "spinster." Certainly she should not be spoken of as an old maid. Nobody defends that outworn style.

—LOUISE B. Mourning is much less rigid in its requirements than it used to be, but you are right in supposing that a widow ordinarily wears a veil. It may be of the stuff known as nuns' veiling. It need not be of crepe, which is extremely expensive and by no means durable. Only rich women can afford depths of crape. A thin face veil only should be worn, as heavy veils ruin the eyes, which are already weakened by weeping. Complimentary mourning, assumed for a relative by marriage for example, is not usually trimmed with crape. It is simply black, as to gown and hat, and is worn from three to six months.

"AWAY BACK EAST IN ILLYNOY"

BY EDWIN P. HAWORTH

Away back East in Illynoy
Where corn grows tall as apple-trees,
'N punkins big enough for a boy
To make a cart of, if he please—
Back there, in Illynoy, I say,
Is where they raised me, as a boy;
'N now 't I'm old and far away,
My mem'ry wanders back each day,
Away back East in Illynoy.

Away back East in Illynoy,
A man can easy earn his bread;
Not all this trouble to alloy
His pleasures and be-frost his head:
Away back there, I wish, my friend
Beyond these troubles that annoy,
That you would lay me at the end
In any spot that they may lend,
Away back East in Illynoy.

—From "*Makin' Rhymes an' other Rhymes.*"

Delinquent Children

The Mother's Congress, with much wisdom, is giving thought to the problems of unfriended, ill-born and misdemeaning children. These come of the class which abets on the criminal, even if it does not actually belong to that, and such poor waifs and strays of society as delinquent children are, have never had a fair chance. If anything can be done for them, by judicious legislation, and by timely provision for their training, the mothers in council, intent on a larger maternity than that which is limited by the confines of the home, will try to secure it for the unfortunates; looking to their reclamation and best development. Nothing more practical has been suggested than this discussion, since first the nation's mothers met together in convocation.

Footstools and Other Rests

A woman who sits up straight in her chair and needs no cushion at her back, who never lolls and lounges, and never desires to put up her feet on another chair is rather an exceptional being. The ordinary woman needs a hassock under her feet, and is not disturbed by an easy chair in which to lean back and take her comfort. The luxurious household provides divans, pillows, and hammocks galore; and when the tired woman sits down, there is near by a stool to slip under her weary feet. I like to see sons and daughters observant and ready to push forward the best arm-chair, the most convenient hassock, and to put the best there is in the house at the disposal of father and mother. Father cares just as much as mother does for these tender little attentions, and they should always be given him without stint.

THE WEE MUSICIAN

HERE'S baby making music,
Sweet music, if you please.
The tune goes very merrily
With Ethel at the keys.

The house were very lonesome,
The days were very long,
If Ethel were not here to cheer
The hours with a song.

.. A Manila Seamstress ..

THE education in current geography is one advantage of our present expanding foreign relations. We know a great deal more about the Philippines than we did a half dozen years ago, and we care a great deal more, for interest keeps pace with acquaintanceship. A walk through a Manila street shows a good deal of the industry going on outside the shop doors. The wives and children of the owners carry on their work or play on the sidewalk, the boys often wearing Chinese dress, and the girls in native costume. The Tagala seamstress, sewing by hand or by the aid of her machine, does her work in public, as is shown in our picture, and very neat and thorough it is, besides being cheap. Our own home dressmaking costs a great deal more. A Manila street shows great variety of type: natives holding themselves erect, and bearing themselves with ease and grace, owing, in the women's case, to the childish custom of carrying burdens on their heads. Spanish and Chinese half-breeds abound, Spanish ladies are occasionally seen, and to the medley of coolies, sailors and natives of every caste, are now added the American soldier, the American sailor, and the American wife and child.

Would that we might say that we had carried no American vices there, no American saloon, no American rum. It is the deep and enduring disgrace of our flag, that under it, in the lands of the East, where our missionaries are striving to bring a Christian civilization, we are sending the "white man's fire-water," to make the misery greater, to arouse infamous passions, and to do the devil's work.

A SEWING CIRCLE IN THE CITY OF MANILA

The Bad Boy Problem

"Mamma, may I go to see Tom?" You answer: "No; Tom is a bad boy, I do not wish you to play with him." This way of setting the matter before your Charlie will do as much harm as Charlie's company; it is a cultivation of the "I am better than thou" spirit. Better say: "No; you and Tom do not help each other to be better boys."

OLD and YOUNG HELPING INDIA

Newspapers, King's Daughters, Sunday Schools, Child-friends Working ... A Prisoner's Mite ...

FEW stories of Christian effort are more full of inspiration and interest than that of America's present work for starving India. The letters that come to this office would warm the coldest, most unbelieving heart; they might convince an infidel that there is a God, whose love is shed abroad in the hearts of his people.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS, SALEM, VA.

In the typewritten letter of the busy man of large affairs, in the scrawl of tender, childish hands the same beautiful spirit of Christian love and pity may be felt.

Mr. J. P. Chew, the proprietor of an Ohio paper, the *Xenia Gazette*, sends $100, collected by appeals through his paper. John T. Hearn, editor and publisher of the *Carroll Free Press*, Carrollton, Ga., sends $141.32, saying: "This is the result of an appeal in the *Free Press* and the work of a few devoted women who personally solicited subscriptions."

The Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church of Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., has contributed $50 to the cause of India. Supt. P. B. Bromfield addressed the school, making an earnest plea for the famine sufferers, with the above result.

WILLIE HORSEMAN

The Local Famine Relief Committee, Detroit, Mich., have gotten an excellent work under way. Alex. McPherson, Treasurer, sent $500, the "first fruits." Rev. P. V. Jenners, Organizer of the Committee, writes on the 19th, "Our fund reached $1,000 to day — just a week since the first appeal appeared." The editors of the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Detroit Journal* are on the Committee, and are lending their influence to the noble undertaking.

Our mite-boxes are being heard from. The superintendent of Park Street Church Sunday School, Boston, Mass., writes:

I enclose $59.67, which with previous contribution, makes our Sunday School's gift to India $115.52; $41.53 of last remittance came through our mite-boxes. With one of these mite-boxes I received a note, saying, "After reading the little paper that was handed to me last Sunday, I felt as if I must do something for those poor suffering ones in India. I have interested others also. It has made me happy this week trying to do for them." A child contributing 99 cents to another box, made the money by selling papers and doing errands. May the sum we send be a blessing to many.

Miss Rose Woodhouse, Pa., suggests:

Since the crying need of the closing century seems to be help for famine-stricken India, it occurred to me that if Sunday Schools would make a special effort on Children's Day it would do much to insure the plan for saving India. The schools have only to act in concert to secure large results. The children would soon become enthusiastic in the work and the work would help them.

India's child-friends are not forgetting to reach forth hands of help to India's starving little ones:

Willie Horseman, $2.50: "I'm a little boy eight years old, and felt so sorry for the famine children, that I got a mite-box and collected $2.50, which I hope will be the means of saving some poor children."——Phyllis King, W. Va., $5.30: "I'm six years old; my little sister, Jessie, is four. Our great-grandmother, Mrs. Susan Armstrong, reads to us about the starving children. We got so sorry we collected this"——Miss Osceola Walton, Va., $2: "After reading about the famine, I showed the pictures to my Sunday School class and told them about the starving children; they at once wanted to help and began to bring their pennies and nickels."——Donald Wilson, Kansas, $1.50: "I send my money because I am so sorry for the starving."——"Little Phil and Bernard," Lincoln, Washington, send 40 cents.

M. J. Gallup, New York, $3.30. "Sixty-five cents of this was handed me by a dear little girl, who was very anxious and interested. She emptied her small pocketbook."

A letter from the State Penitentiary, Ore., reads:

I am a prisoner here. I enclose half my present capital, ten cents, to be used for the India famine sufferers. I hope I may be able some day to give ten thousand to as good a cause. This is my first self-denial; it won't be my last.

This must have been a sacrifice indeed:

Dear CHRISTIAN HERALD: Matilda and I sold our pet lamb and we are going to give the money to the poor sufferers in India. May God bless the gift. Matilda is ten years old and I am seven years old. Yours truly from Matilda and Mary.

Some little people are improving themselves as a tribute to India. We think the following a lovely way for others to win money for India. We hope to hear from hundreds of little contributors along this line, says Ruth Mary France.

I am a little girl seven years old. My grandma and aunt told me if I would stand 100 in my spelling, they would each give me ten cents. I send the twenty cents to help little children in India.

Nor is the South a laggard in this noble work. W. J. Graham, Chairman Local Relief, Greenville, S. C., sends $253 as a "small contribution to aid the starving." The sum was made up by citizens of Greers, Belton, Greenville, Cowpens, Coronaca, Saint Albans Traveler's Rest, by churches, Sunday Schools and King's Daughters. Mr. H. L. Baker sends $81 given by employees of the Whitecastle Lumber and Shingle Co., Whitecastle, La. Mrs. D. D. Johnson, Chairman Local Relief Committee, Concord, N. C., sends $106.18, "from the town of Concord, a sum raised by personal solicitation of ladies of Committee." J. D. Walker, Treas. Local Relief Committee, Sparta, Ga., working under Dr. Hobbs, sends $100, "given by Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and others; expect to send another $100 and maybe $200." Dr. P. Winston sends $122.75, contributed Sunday night at a union meeting without reference to denomination, by the citizens of Farmsville, Va., to starving India."

DONALD WILSON

Rev. Thomas H. Wells sends $50 and writes:

Your perfect arrangements for the distribution of help to suffering India is a great satisfaction to donors and a subject of praise from many.

JESSIE AND PHYLLIS KING

A Radical Change

ONE of the most momentous changes that could have been made by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was made on May 23, when the Conference abolished the time limit. Hitherto the most distinctive peculiarity in the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church as compared with that of other denominations, was the rule limiting the length of a pastorate. Originally no minister might remain in connection with a church more than one year. This limit was, however, afterwards extended to three years. In 1888 it was further extended to five years, and now it is abolished altogether. The pastors are still to be assigned to churches by the bishops, but there is now nothing in the law of the church to prevent a minister remaining, as in other denominations, pastor of the same church all his life.

The considerations which probably weighed with the Conference in making the change are not difficult to understand. A minister, knowing that he must in any case leave his church at a certain time, was not likely to plan any extensive movement for its upbuilding, as he might be succeeded by a minister of a different spirit, who might reverse all his methods. There was always a feeling among the more aggressive men that the harvest would not be reaped by the sower, and it requires a great deal of grace under those circumstances to make the sowing thorough and conscientious. There was also a sense of uncertainty in the churches. The officers and members could never foresee the kind of man who would be placed in their pulpit. With the best intentions and the most sincere desire for the prosperity of a church, the mistake was sometimes made of appointing a minister who could not work harmoniously with the church. There was, besides, a difficulty in finding men suitable for important charges. The square men would get into the round holes, and the churches suffered. Every appointment had the nature of an experiment, and although the experiment was safeguarded by a knowledge of the minister's record, there was always the possibility that he might not be able to do in one environment as successful a work as he had done in another. Then, too, there were cases in the large cities in which a change of pastor involved a change of membership. When the pastor was removed to another church in the same city, the people who had learned to love him and enjoyed working under his leadership were tempted to follow him to his new charge, and so the conditions of a church would be disturbed. Those, among other weighty reasons, doubtless led the Conference to abolish the time limit.

The effects of the change will, however, be watched with apprehension by many earnest Methodists. It ignores John Wesley's theory that as the church needs all the talents, and as no minister has them all, it is necessary to have a succession of ministers who each, in his respective way, will build up the church. It also takes from Methodism its distinguishing characteristic, and may lead to a closer relation between church and pastor that will not promote the loyalty of the church to the Bishop and the Conference.

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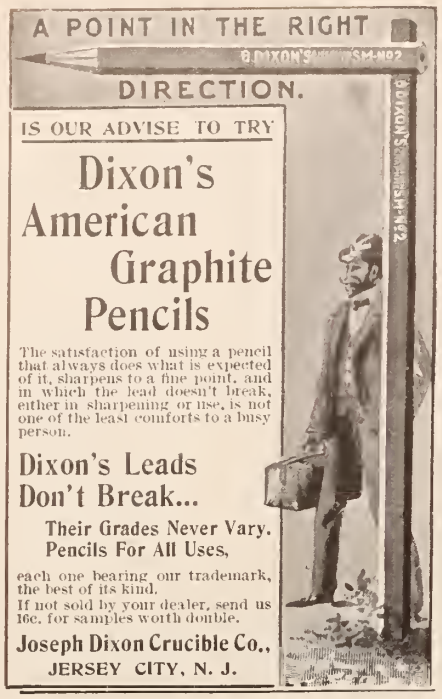

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* * *

God at the Helm I heard of a ship-captain who put out with his vessel with a large number of passengers from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, very early in the season and while there was much ice. When they were well out, the captain saw to his horror that the ice was closing in on him upon all sides, and he saw no way out from destruction and death. He called into the cabin the passengers and all the crew that could be spared from their posts, and told them that the ship must be lost unless God interposed, and although he was not a Christian man, he said: "Let us pray;" and they all knelt, asking God to come for their deliverance. They went back to the deck, and the man at the wheel shouted: "All right, Cap'n, it's blowing nor' by nor'west now." While the prayer was going on in the cabin, the wind changed and blew the ice out of the way. The mate asked: "Shall I put on more sail, Cap'n?" "No!" responded the captain. "Don't touch her. Some one else is managing this ship." Oh, men and women, shut in on all sides by icy troubles and misfortunes, in earnest prayer put all your affairs in the hands of God. You will come out all right. Some one else is managing the ship.—From Vol. I. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

How a Burglar Was Saved In Sweden, a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels, and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so, she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling. Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window, and it did not come back. A few days after, the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying: "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night, and I came to take them, at whatever hazard; but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it, and I fled, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."—From Vol. V. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

Rescued by a Mother's Song Many years ago a group of white children were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after, a mother, who had lost two children in that capture, went among the Indians, and there were many white children in line, but so long a time had passed, the mother could not tell which were hers, until she began to sing the old nursery songs, and her two children immediately rushed up, shouting "Mamma! Mamma!" Yes, there is an immortality in a nursery song. Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality of power to rescue and save.—From Vol. I. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

Devil's Music Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. He thought in his dream that he handed to Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.—From Vol. I. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

A Swearer Rebuked A military officer, very profane in his habits, was going down into a mine in Cornwall, England, with a Christian miner—for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage going down. As they were coming up out of the mine, the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is down to that place, but if this rope should break, you would be there in a minute." It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on our Hudson river, and hearing a man utter a blasphemy, the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after, this same clergyman was on his way to the General Assembly when a young minister addressed him and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before? The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for uttering that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am trying to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the Gospel, and a delegate to the General Assembly."—From Vol. IV., of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

* * *

Power of Little Things Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hung on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American railways, caught him as he was falling between the cars of a flying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. Aggregations of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment come to a bridge, they are always commanded to break ranks, for their simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge at Boughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of temptations, aggregations of sorrow, aggregations of assault, aggregations of Christian effort, of self-sacrifices! Little causes and great results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible from a ship in the harbor of Tokio.—From Vol. I, of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

* * *

The Conqueror's Prize Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself and he replied: "I am keeping hope." And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. "Hope thou in God." He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation.—From Vol. II. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

An Infidel Answered An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across a desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the French infidel; and, after a while, as the Arab got up from one of his prayers, the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" And the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along by our tent last night? I know it by the footprints in the sand. And you want to know how I know there is any God? Look at that sunset! Is that the footstep of a man?" And by a similar process you and I have come to understand that this is the footstep of a God.—From Vol. IV. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

* * *

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Sight-seeing in Hebron, Jericho and at the Jordan.....

Special Correspondence of "The Christian Herald"

ON Monday, March 19, our Christian Endeavor Pilgrim party was conveyed to Hebron by carriage. Sleigh bells were in evidence, and the members of the 1900 Pilgrimage were in a happy mood, for the early morning air was bracing, and the rest of the Sabbath day had recuperated them. Soon, our minds and imaginations were at work, as the dragoman called attention to the points of interest. There was the well where the star appeared to the wise men after leaving Herod. To the right was Rachel's tomb; then to the left were the sealed fountain and Solomon's Pools. Philips' fountain was shown, where Deacon Philip is said to have baptized the eunuch. Thence to Hebron, fanatical, dirty, unattractive Hebron, with a population of eight thousand Mohammedans, who seem to hate the sight of Christians. Up, up a hill, the party were led in order to look very respectfully at the dome or roof covering the grave of Sara, in the Cave of Machpelah. The Christian and Jew are allowed to go only to a given point toward the entrance of the church, marked by a hole in the wall, where you may "send letters to Abraham." Subsequently we rode to Abraham's Oak, then back to Jerusalem.

REV. DR. J. D. COUNTERMINE ON HORSEBACK AND MRS. COUNTERMINE IN PALANQUIN

ENDEAVOR PILGRIMS

On March 20, the cavalcade of horsemen and women, seventy to eighty, started for Jericho. A strange-looking crowd, dressed in styles of all nations; riding in all ways, some ladies side-saddle, some man-fashion, with horses good, bad and indifferent; some trotting, some galloping, some going single foot: while riders rode gracefully and ungracefully, some sitting erect, like a prince; some bent like a jack-knife. But we all reached the inn of the Good Samaritan in such shape that we could lie down to luncheon. After a rest of an hour and a half we pursued the somewhat painful journey until from the hilltop we viewed the valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea and the Hills of Moab. A horseback ride of twenty-two miles, and we entered camp, to occupy the tents which were made for Emperor William's party. On the following day the entire party rode by carriage and saddle to the Red Sea. Some bathed their feet, others took a swim, while others waited for their ducking on the way to the Jordan, by an April shower.

On arrival at the Ford of the Jordan we found a nice lunch already prepared. After luncheon, in spite of the rain, some went for a boat ride on the Jordan, some stepped around in the mud, some took water from the Jordan in canteens, while others gathered together under the tent in order to keep dry. Finally the clouds lifted, the sun shone brightly, and we returned to Camp Jericho.

On Thursday, March 22, we broke camp, mounted our steeds and returned to Jerusalem by the way of Elisha's Spring. As Mt. Olivet appeared in the distance, we repeated the Traveler's Hymn, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord" (Psalm 121). As we neared Jerusalem, news reached us that one of our members, Captain Thomas Wilson, was very sick at the Grand New Hotel. On arrival, he was unconscious, and a few moments later it was announced that he was dead. A sad hour for our party, but who can measure the cup of woe experienced by his wife and children? Special prayer was offered for them Thursday evening, and on Sunday evening a memorial service was held.

On Monday, March 26, fifty pilgrims on horseback started on a camping tour through Palestine to Beirut, Syria. The cavalcade consisted of 79 horses, 61 mules, 10 donkeys, 34 muleteers, 14 horsemen, 12 waiters, 2 cooks, 2 assistant cooks, 2 dragomen, 3 helpers, and 1 conductor, Charles Zerilli, Cook's trusted agent, who takes the party through to England.

The fifty pilgrims on horseback and Mrs. Dr. Countermine, of Kansas, and Mrs. Dr. Young, of Matawan, N. J., in palanquins, were accommodated in camp by twenty-two beautiful tents (made for Emperor William and his party), two large dining tents and two lunch tents. At noon, as we approached our resting-place we saw two tents flying the American and British flags. On arrival we found a nice lunch ready and at sundown, as we entered camp, we found tents up and our baggage awaiting us.

At the hill Scopas, we took a parting view of Jerusalem. As we drew near to Bethel, Rev. Dr. Chapman and wife, Rev. Dr. Gregg, Rev. Dr. Blackburn, Rev. C. S. Mason, Miss Bierhouse of Vincennes, Ind., and Miss Cameron, of New York city, took a side trip to Ramallah where the Friend's Mission is located. Their schoolbuilding is a two-story one and is of stone. It is neat, airy and clean, and contains 26 scholars and 5 teachers. Here we found a Christian Endeavor society, composed of 23 members, 19 of whom are taking the C. E. Bible course studies.

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A Leader Fallen

Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn, Dies After a Career of Usefulness in Pulpit and Press

GRIEF, deep and widespread, has has been caused by the announcement of the death of Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which occurred on May 22. In the present stage of religious thought he was extraordinarily valuable as a writer and preacher, and his death is a loss to the churches. Dr. Behrends was a scholar of high standing; a man who could meet the assailants of orthodox theology on their own ground, and was able to expose the unsubstantial nature of the bases on which they constructed their forts of attack. He was a profound thinker and a terse and forcible speaker—a man of vigorous personality, with a

THE LATE DR. A. J. F. BEHRENDS

clear conviction of the pertinency of the Gospel message to the need of our own times. The church has urgent need of such men at this time, and can ill afford to lose one of them.

Dr. Behrends was a native of Holland, and was in his sixty-first year. He came to this country with his parents when he was five years of age. He was living in Southern Ohio in 1857 when the great revival passed like a wave over the land. He was then eighteen years old, intelligent and well-read beyond most young men of his set. He was brought to Christ in that great harvest and united with a Baptist church. He almost immediately began to prepare for the ministry. Entering Denison University, he studied hard, and in 1862 he graduated and went to Rochester Theological Seminary for his divinity studies. In 1865 he graduated and the same year became pastor of the Baptist Church of Yonkers, N.Y. Thence, after eight years successful labor, he accepted a call from the First Baptist Church, of Cleveland, O. During his work there, his mind underwent a change which eventually led to a change in his denomination. In March, 1883, he accepted a call from the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., and to the end of his life continued its revered and beloved pastor.

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Dr. Behrends did not confine his studies to theology. Philosophy, ethics, science and history were added to his critical reading of the Bible and theological works. This gave his sermons and books and lectures living interest and enriched them with illustrations and beautiful imagery. He was a hard worker both in his study and in his pastorate, and seemed to have a happy faculty of turning every hour of the day to account. One of his latest works, *The Old Testament under Fire*, showed how deeply he had delved in the literature of the time.

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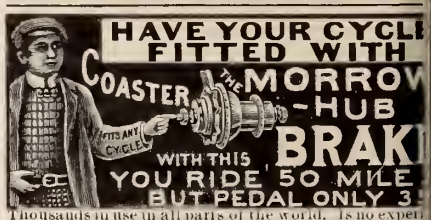

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(*Signed*) *OLIVER SALMONS.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. MILLER,
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Abiding in Christ*

The Vine and its Branches a Symbol of Union Between Christ and his People

VERY significant were the words addressed by Christ to his disciples, when we remember that they were uttered in the full knowledge of approaching death. They are not words of farewell, not the commands of a leader whom they were to see no more; but words implying perpetual union, a closer union than they had ever enjoyed or conceived. It is not the union of a teacher with his disciples, though that may be very close; nor the union of friend with friend, though that may be very intimate; but a union so vital that it is like the branches of a vine, which draw all their life from the stem and die if they are separated from it. It is that truth often forgotten, often obscured, which explains the survival of Christianity. The great artists have been fond of picturing Christ as a child or Christ on the cross, but neither conception truly represents the relation of Christ to his church. It is not the Christ in human form that we need to dwell upon, nor yet the Christ in some far-away heaven seated at the right hand of God; but a Christ living, present, so in touch with his people that they are dwelling in him, sustained by him and dependent on him for all they are and all they do. As there is no independent life in the branches of a vine, but only the essential life that reaches them through the stem, so the power and the love and the holiness of Christ pass into his people and make them Christlike.

How true this idea is, every thoughtful Christian must have realized, yet it is difficult to find any imagery adequate to express it. A feeble comparison may be found in a business relation. A merchant in New York, let us say, has long had profitable transactions in London. These have grown until he deems it wise to have an agency in that city. He accordingly sends his son, a mere lad, to open a London house and in future he will conduct the business. He has full power to act for his father and to represent him in all ways. It is easy to understand how he would be regarded. All his power would be derived from his father, all his business responsibility would rest upon his father; without his father's wealth and position he would be nothing. His business-standing abides in his father, and is dependent upon him. So the Christian's spiritual life depends on Christ, and without him he can do nothing. We cannot explain how it is, but we know it as a glorious, potent fact.

This truth suggests many considerations. The first is the process of emptying. He that would abide in Christ and would have Christ abide in him, must get rid of much that would make the union uncongenial. If a man were expecting his pure-minded mother to visit him and he was in the habit of associating with people of loose life, he would take care that none of them came to his house while she was in it. Their very presence would be an insult to her. So if the presence of Christ is desired in the heart, there must be no malignity there, no impatience, no evil desires or lusts. They must be expelled and Christ who pities us and knows how inadequate our strength is for this cleansing, gives us his own power. Abiding in him we draw strength from him for all that we need. Again there is the thought of fruit-bearing. That is what the vine is for. But how can we bear fruit? Christ knew our difficulty and answers. "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself." So with the divine life proceeding from him, the branch becomes productive. And then there is the solemn thought that thrills us with caution and holy fear: that if the branch does not abide in the vine it withers. Its life, the spiritual life that renders it useful, depends on its union. Then, too, the branches that do abide in the vine must expect pruning. They spread and trail and their exuberance looks beautiful, but the knife comes, some sharp discipline is applied and the branch looks maimed, but the motive for the cutting is not capricious: it is done for a purpose, "that it may bring forth more fruit."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 17. John 15: 1-10.

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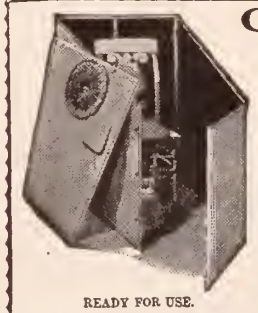
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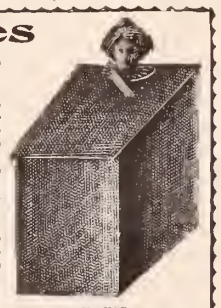
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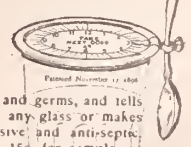

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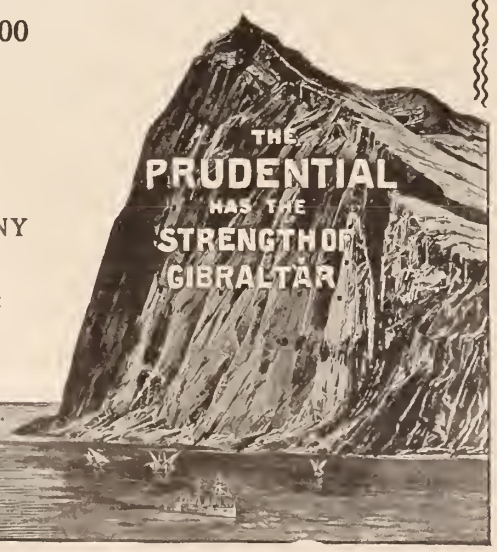

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 24

PRICE FIVE CENTS

· GLIMPSES · OF · ROYALTY · OFF · DUTY ·

1. Four generations: Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales, Duke of York and his son.
2. Emperor and Empress of Germany.
3. King of Belgium on the beach at Ostend.
4. King and Queen of Italy in walking costume.
5. Czar and Czarina of Russia in street dress.
6. Emperor and late Empress of Austria in the park at Kissingen. (*See page 497*).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered July 11

1. Which are the five most important bridges in the world?

2. What is the origin of the word "laconic" and its derivative, "laconism?"

3. In what respect was Cyrus the anointed of the Lord? We read in Isaiah 45:1: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden." Was Cyrus a good man?

4. Christ, speaking of the faith that removes mountains, adds, "Howbeit this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting (Matt. 17:21). Does this mean literal prayer and abstinence from food?

5. Christ says: "When ye pray say, Lead us not into temptation." James says: "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Why this difference in injunction between the Lord and one of his followers?

6. What is the latest computation as to the population of the earth and how is it divided among the continents and islands?

7. How may we harmonize God's three requirements as set forth in Micah 6:8, "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God" and Paul's answer to the jailer (Acts 26:32), as setting forth the way of salvation?

8. Is there any reason to believe that the twelve disciples of Christ raised the dead before their Master was crucified?

9. Since Porto Rico is now United States territory, is there any good reason why the same privileges enjoyed by the United States in general, should not be enjoyed by the people of that island?

10. Different authorities give different dates in Hebrew history. What are its leading dates from the call of Abraham to the birth of Christ, according to the best reputable authority?

Questions of the Week

1. What was the shortest year ever known in the history of this country and of England?

1751, which was about nine months long. In that year the English Parliament passed an act changing the beginning of the legal year from the latter part of March to January 1. This act gave January, February and March to 1752, which three months would otherwise have formed the last quarter of 1751. Nearly all other important European countries made this change earlier, so that, for many years previous to 1751, dates between Jauuary 1 and March 24 fell on a different year in England and her American colonies than in most other countries. GEO. S. DUNN.

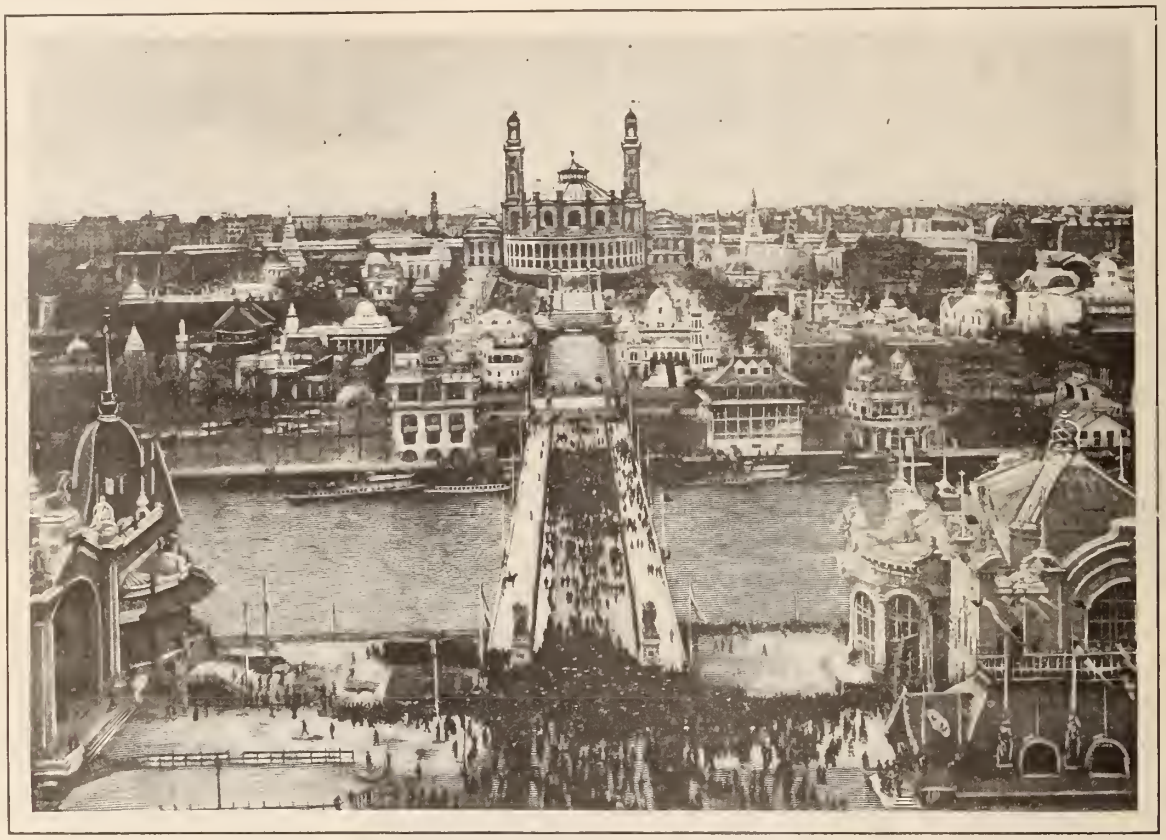
1752 was the next shortest year because, in order to reconcile the difference between the Gregorian and the English calendars, which amounted to eleven days, and to adopt the Gregorian calendar thereafter, Parliament ordered that the day following September 2d should be accounted the 14th of that month. Thus that year was robbed of eleven days.
EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

2. A young lady asks: "How may I, as a member of the Epworth League, best prepare myself to respond when called upon to pray? What helps, if any, may I properly use?"

Get your heart right with God. Read frequently the devotional part of the Bible. Pray much in secret. Study well the lesson of the week, and get your mind full of the subject. Then pray as the Spirit gives you utterance. You will under such circumstances experience little difficulty in praying, and your prayer will be to the point, and will prove helpful to you and inspiring to others. W. P. ANDREWS.

3. When did the custom of burying the dead with their head towards the West originate, and what was the reason for the custom?

The earliest Christian churches faced eastward. Baptism was also performed with the face toward the east; and it became a recognized custom in burials to place the feet toward the east or their heads toward the west. There are various reasons assigned by the early writers for this turning toward the east. Tertullian says that since people must worship toward some quarter of the heavens, they chose that which led them to Christ by symbolical representation. Furthermore, the east was considered the most honored part of the creation, the source of light and brightness, the scene of Christ's birth, of his ministry and his ascension, as it will be the scene of his second coming. The dead were accordingly so buried, that on rising at the resurrection, they might immediately face the scene of Christ's glory. VISTA MCDONALD.



THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, PARIS, FROM THE SEINE

This photograph was taken from the celebrated Eiffel Tower, toward the Trocadero, and shows the crowds of spectators. The view presents the bewildering display of buildings in and around the Exposition with their noble towers, domes and graceful minarets.

4. Should the efforts of our missionaries be confined to giving the Gospel to the "heathen," or should the work be so far extended as to give the "heathen," in addition to the Gospel, the educational benefits of our own land?

The testimony of the missionaries is that education wonderfully helps Christianity. Among other things said at the recent Missionary Conference in New York were these: "Only education can overcome the gravitating pull upon the converted heathen of old superstitious ideas of nature and the world." "The best converts we have are those who have enjoyed the benefits of secular education."
S. E. GEDDS.

5. Is there anything inconsistent with a Christian's membership in a secret society?

It depends upon the character of the society, on the nature of its oath, on its motives, purposes and rules, and upon the attitude its Christian members come to assume towards Christ's Church and towards the world outside the secret society. If selfish exclusiveness is inculcated, or the object of the society is illegal or is contrary to the principles of Christianity, then Christians cannot too emphatically decline to have anything to do with it. One need not be any less of a Christian because he is a member of some secret organizations. The suggestion that Christ's words, "In secret have I said nothing," are intended against secret organizations is wrong. Christ said things in secret to his disciples on certain occasions. By the words quoted he means that his doctrines had been propounded in public. There was nothing held back that could possibly affect his state as a prisoner under arrest (see John 18:19). S. FORD.

6. Admitting that it would be well to have uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the country, by what means may we most reasonably hope to secure such laws?

By means of the pulpit, the platform and the press, so that the people may be influenced. National, state, congressional, district and municipal organizations of workers will be needed. National and State legislators must be so constantly and urgently besieged in favor of uniformity in marriage and divorce laws that their co-operation will be assured. Once such a course is adopted, hundreds of valuable suggestions will make themselves heard. R. T. HARRIS.

7. Is it right to use intoxicants as medicine?

If any substitute is possible, no! If medical skill decides that no substitution is possible, then yes. Fortunately, our physicians are using less and less intoxicants in their remedies every year. A long-buried taste for alcoholic drinks has frequently been resurrected or an original taste for them created by the use during sickness of intoxicants, for which non-intoxicant remedies might have been substituted. E. HEYWOOD.

8. What is the Christian duty of a wife and mother as to the support of her family, when she is married to a man who is physically and mentally able to support them, but refuses to do so?

It is her duty to support her children so far as she is able, while seeking by word of mouth and by example to persuade her husband to do his duty. If any of her children are old enough to earn something toward the family's support, the mother is certainly justified in deciding whether to put the children at work or not. If the man has means, the wife should seek by legal methods to secure an allowance from him when all other efforts to persuade cease to move him. M. A. BROWN.

9. Who was the author of the Golden Rule and whence its name?

To Confucius and others the negative sentiment of the golden rule is attributed: "Do not unto others what you would that others should not do to you." Christ's rule is both positive and negative: "Do" and "Do not." Morever, Christ gives us the power to fulfil this law, as no other teacher ever did or could. It is called golden, because of its high character and worth. H. A. WISE.

10. How can we make our free land laws more actively operative in reducing the pauper population of our great cities?

By colonization: dividing tracts of land into equal portions, and combining farming and village life, agriculture and manufacture. A community thus situated, who would agree to love and help each other, very soon would learn "how not to be poor." One square mile of land can be so divided that thirty-two families may obtain a comfortable living from the products of it. The cost for land, stock, tenements and utensils, together with six months' or even one year's provision need not exceed $25,000, the interest of which, at five per cent., would be less than $40 a year for each family. WM. H. PRITCHETT.

Miscellaneous Questions

W. S. R., LeRoy, N. Y. Is it right to hold political meetings in the church under the guise of temperance?

It must depend wholly on the conditions of the case. We can readily conceive of circumstances which make it incumbent upon a faithful pastor to take active cognizance of political conditions, as when a community is struggling to rid itself of the rule of men who are prostituting public office and outraging all decency by their notorious acts. Such conditions might well furnish themes for the pulpit. On the other hand, the pastor who drags partizan politics into his church, not for the purpose of serving God or the people, but merely to make capital for a particular set of politicians, degrades his sacred office and does not rightly comprehend his calling.

W. A. M., Cincinnati, O. Can a lawyer live a Christian life and be a Christian?

He can, decidedly, and many of the ablest lawyers have been distinguished for their Christianity. In its true sense, "law is the perfection of reason" (Sir Edmund Coke). "Our human laws are but the imperfect copies of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them." "Nothing is law that is not reason" (Sir John Powell). Law is defined as "a system of rules and regulations recognized by men and nations as giving them intercourse." From the time of Moses, the great law-giver, until now, the making of laws has been one of the most honored and most important of public functions. Like all other professions, however, that of the law is crowded with charlatans, and it is often degraded to the level of a mercenary, conscienceless calling. The Christian lawyer has to encounter this mercenary spirit everywhere, even in practice before the highest courts. To stand such a test successfully his Christianity must be of a very stanch type, indeed. It is the degradation of a noble profession by the class referred to that has given the law a reputation for trickery and chicanery that is not deserved.

J. S. J., Baltimore. Is there anything in the teachings of the Christian religion opposed to cremation of the body after death instead of burial?

The early Christians invariably buried their dead, although the practice of cremation prevailed very generally throughout the Roman Empire. The Christians (as Eusebius, Augustine, and Jerome have explained), regarded the body of the believer as an instrument or vessel of which the Holy Spirit had made use, and this view together with their faith in the resurrection doubtless led to the adoption of interment. While there is no special injunction in the Scriptures against cremation, the Christian view as to the most suitable method of disposing of the body remains unchanged and the custom of interment is universal in Christian lands.

H. L., Radnor, O. Write to Biglow & Main, publishers, N. Y.

F. J. R., Schenectady, N. Y. Send to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

H. C., Kansas. Write to the Congressman from your district for all information on the subject.

Seeker of the Truth, Salem, N. J. Yes, it was so in the days of Moses, but not now. See Matt. 10:32; Luke 6:47 and 12:8; John 3:15, 16, and 12:46, and 6:37; also Rom. 9:33, and 10:11, and 10:13.

J. F. B., Del Rey, Calif. 1. We have no data on the subject. 2. The characterization of Mr. Sheldon's book to which you refer is wholly unjust. 3. Yes. 4. No. The whole question is one for the individual conscience.

Luanna A. B., Harwinton, Conn. We know of no special legislation against chain letters, but they are regarded almost universally as a nuisance and such correspondence, being used by swindlers, has sometimes been stopped in the mails by the Postal authorities.

W. I., C., Port Hope, Mich. We think you do right in taking exercise and all needful measures to ensure vigorous health. To neglect these precautions and to permit yourself to degenerate physically is in itself a sin. The body should be kept in the best condition possible to enable the individual to perform the duties before him faithfully and to the best extent of his ability.

They Minister to Soul and Body

A NOTABLE GATHERING OF MEDICAL MISSIONARIES FROM MANY LANDS IN CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK

ONE of the most interesting and impressive meetings of the recent Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York was the gathering of medical missionaries at a reception and luncheon in Calvary Baptist Church. A number of them were induced to stay for a few minutes at the doors of the church in order that a photograph of a group might be taken. That photograph, through the kindness of Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, who arranged the reception, we are able to publish on this page. Deeply significant is the picture, and one of inestimable value. A few months ago the men and women which compose that group were widely scattered over the earth's surface. Some of them were in India, others in China, others in Japan, others in Turkey, others in various parts of Africa. From their fields of labor they came to New York for a few days, and after a brief rest they will soon be dispersed again, probably never more to be brought together in this world. It was well that such an assembly should not separate without a permanent pictorial record being made. They are the successors of the little band whom Jesus sent forth "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick." They are rendering a double service to the people of heathen lands, and in ministering at once to soul and body are bestowing a benediction of life as well as of immortality on the benighted people.

None know so well as these missionaries how true is the Scripture that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. It was the sight of what the sick people of heathen lands have to endure at the hands of pretenders to the ministry of healing, that led the men and women who were there preaching the Gospel to gain a medical education, so that they might at least alleviate some of the suffering. They found that the remedies in vogue would have been simply ludicrous, if it had not been that they entailed agony and often death on the poor patient. In Corea, for example, the regular prescription for anæmia, is a jelly made from the bones of a man recently killed. For catarrh, boiled chips from a coffin that has been let down into the grave. In China, where diseases of the eye are prevalent, the usual treatment is the application of a lotion concocted from boiled monkey's feet, pork and alcohol. In India, the same disease is treated by putting in the eyes a powder composed of a donkey's tooth ground and mixed with charcoal. In Africa, resort is usually had, in cases of sickness to the witch-doctor, whose business is to find out the person who has bewitched the sufferer and to exorcise the demon who is afflicting him. Incantations, horrible noises with drums, and the most revolting cruelties to the sick person are adopted. Diseases which might be cured by simple remedies, were aggravated by these horrible devices, and many died, while others lingered in life-long suffering.

Already at the beginning of the nineteenth century the knowledge of the bitter need of heathendom had led two famous missionaries—John Thomas, an Englishman, and Theodore Vanderkemp, a Dutchman—to make a study of pathology that they might render help to the bodies as well as save the souls of the people in their respective fields. A decade later Pearson, of China, had qualified as a physician, but Thomas was dead, so that then there were only two medical missionaries in the world. In 1820 the number had not increased, for though Dr. John Scudder had gone out two years before, Dr. Vanderkemp had been summoned to his reward. In the fourth decade ten medical missionaries were sent out—eight from Great Britain and two from the United States. In 1850 the number had grown to thirty-nine. The churches had begun to realize the advantages of combining the two functions of the missionaries, and more of the missionaries had perceived the value to them in their work of a knowledge of medicine. Many of them came back to study in our medical colleges, and many of the new men postponed their departure until they had taken a medical degree. Thus from year to year the number grew until at the present day it is estimated that fully seven hundred men and women who have passed a medical examination are now laboring in the foreign field.

Several organizations have been founded to aid in this beneficent work of training prospective or actual missionaries for medical work. In 1841, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Peter Parker, the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society was organized. In 1878 a similar society was formed in London and in 1881 Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt organized a society in New York. Other institutions working mainly through regularly constituted medical colleges have been founded to aid missionaries in securing a medical education. From all of them men have gone to heathen lands, with their double means of blessing. Not a few, after years of beneficent labor, have laid down their lives. Among those whom Dr. Dowkontt assisted in training in his New York institution were Dr. Sumner, who died in Africa, and Dr. Hall, who went to Corea and on the battlefields of that country devoted himself so compietely to the succoring of the sick and wounded that his own health broke down and he died before he could be brought home. A list of the consecrated men and women who have thus laid down their lives was hung on the walls of the building in which the medical missionaries met in New York, and the list which was by no means complete, contained over one hundred names. Of these fifty-four were natives of Great Britain, fifty of the United States, three of Canada and eight of various European lands. One hundred and eight were men and seven were women. They died in China, India, Africa, South America and the islands of the Pacific; their bones now lie among the people for whom they labored; silent memorials of the love with which Christ fills the hearts of his people.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES FROM MANY HEATHEN LANDS RECENTLY ASSEMBLED IN NEW YORK

1. Dr. A. C. Bunn
2. Dr. F. P. Lynch
3. Dr. R. H. Nassau
4. Dr. Sophie E. Johnson
5. } Dr. & Mrs. Hepburn
6. }
7. } Dr. & Mrs. Luther
8. }
9. Dr. Mary P. Eddy
10. Mr. Edw'd A. Jones
11. Dr. O. R. Avison
12. Mrs. Avison
13. Dr. Nutting
14. } Dr. & Mrs. W. F.
15. } Seymour
16. Mrs. F. Krecker
17. Dr. Orissa W. Gould
18. Dr. Mary Bryan
19. Dr. Borchgrevink
20. Mrs. Borchgrevink
21. Mrs. A. H. Henderson
22. } Dr. & Mrs. Geo. D.
23. } Dowkontt
24. Dr. H. Zackhausen
25. Dr. Clinton F. Rife
26. Sam Han
27. Theodore F. Hahn
28. John A. Morgan
29. Dr. E. Sargood Fry
30. Dr. D. W. Torrance
31. Dr. H. C. Sanders
32. Dr. Pauline Root

In the group shown in the photograph are many whose names have long been famous in missionary annals. Dr. R. H. Nassau has a triple distinction. As a missionary preacher in Northwest Africa his work was most successful; as a physician he did a grand and beneficent work, and finally his services in translating the Word of God into the language of the people were of inestimable value. Dr. Sophie E. Johnson's work has been done at Jhelum, India. Dr. F. P. Lynch has labored on the Congo; Dr. A. C. Bunn in China; Dr. and Mrs. Luther in Burmah; Dr. Mary P. Eddy in Syria and Turkey, the only woman who ever held the Sultan's license to practice medicine in his dominions. Dr. Pauline Root's field is Madura, India; Dr. Borchgrevink's, Madagascar. Dr. Mary Bryan and Dr. Orissa Gould are from India, as is also Dr. E. Sargood Fry. Dr. Clinton F. Rife is from Micronesia, Dr. O. R. Avison from Corea, and Mrs. F. Krecker from Japan. Truly a noble gathering of men and women whose lives are consecrated to the two grandest of all occupations—those of ministering to sufferers in body and pointing the way of salvation to all who are afflicted in soul. There are many spheres in which such men and women might have won more fame and certainly many in which they could have accumulated more money; but when they enter the presence of their Master, in whose steps they tread, we cannot conceive of any of his servants who will be more cordially welcomed.

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This Year at Northfield

THE Northfield Conferences of 1900 will be marked by two prominent features among the many that year by year have served to make these meetings the powerful and inspiring occasions they have proved.

First will be the missionary feature. This has long been an essential part of the Student and Young Women's Conferences, especially June 29 to July 23. It was at Northfield that the Student Volunteer Missionary uprising began. To Northfield have come some of the leading missionary workers from all parts of the world. This year, four of the veteran missionary heroes of the world will bring to the Conference the weight of an average experience of fifty years of service—an aggregate of two hundred years of missionary work—Rev. J. G. Paton, from the New Hebrides; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, from China; Dr. William Ashmore, from China; Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, from India. Coming for the Student Conference, June 29 to July 9, these missionaries will remain for the Young Women's Conference, July 13-23.

The second characteristic will be a Memorial one. Of the many classes affected by Mr. D. L. Moody's influence none felt it more powerfully and enduringly than the Student class. The memory of Mr. Moody's relations with them as a friend and advisor-general in Christian service will be evident in these Conferences. Not with depressing effect, but with power to move to deeper self surrender and intenser activity in service. Leading Christian workers have been engaged as speakers.

The city, town and Railroad Associations of the Eastern United States and Canada will hold a Conference during the dates June 29 to July 9. This Conference will unite with the Student Conference in the morning and evening platform-meetings in the auditorium. Some of the topics to be considered are:

1. The need of more of the evangelistic spirit among our associations. 2. Hindrances to a mighty work of God among the young men of our communities. 3. The master passion of Mr. Moody's life and its message to the associations of to-day. 4. The prayer life of the Apostolic Church. 5. The power of the Spirit of God in Christian life and service. 6. Obedience to the last command of Christ.

Accommodations during this time may be secured at the Northfield Hotel and in Northfield itself for others than delegates, to whom the privileges of the platform and Round Top meetings are open.

The Seminary Buildings are used for Conference guests during the General Conference for Christian Workers in August. "Camp Northfield" will open June 28, and with enlarged accommodations offer again an inviting outing-place whither young men may come for part or all of their vacation.

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Red Letter Days

DEAR EDITOR:—I am very much pleased with the Red Letter Testament. The red lettering is as attractive as a series of illustrations. My children are constantly looking at it. Parents, if you want to mark a "red-letter day" in the lives of your children, get them a Red Letter Testament.

Casa Grande, Ariz. MRS. ADA R. HICKEY.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Bestormed Galilee

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Mark 4: 39: . . . . .

And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.

THERE in Capernaum, the seashore village, was the temporary home of that Christ who for the most of his life was homeless. On the site of this village, now in ruins, and all around this lake, what scenes of kindness and power and glory and pathos when our Lord lived here! I can understand the feeling of the immortal Scotchman, Robert McCheyne, when, sitting on the banks of this lake, he wrote:

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But he that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by thy side.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

I can easily understand from the contour of the country that bounds this lake that storms were easily tempted to make these waters their playground. This lake, in Christ's time, lay in a scene of great luxuriance: the surrounding hills, terraced, sloped, groved; so many hanging gardens of beauty. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful—all styles of vegetation in smaller space than in almost any other space in the world, from the palm-tree of the forest to the trees of rigorous climate. It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentlemen in pleasure-boats sailing this lake, and countrymen in fishing-smacks coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter, or swinging idly at their moorings. Oh, what a beautiful scene!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf quivered in the air; not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret; but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing out; not a squadron of deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of light and life and peace. Christ is in the stern of the boat. His disciples are in the bow and amidships. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from starboard to larboard, or from larboard to starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pillow made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate, and his head touched the pillow, than he is sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleeping child on the bosom of a sleeping mother.

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night! Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the passengers can hear the moaning of the storm as it comes on with great stride, and all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessel loosen, and in the strong wind crack like pistols; the smaller boats, like petrels, poise on the cliffs of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ, and say unto him: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel, and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the tempest, and through it comes the cry of drowning men. By the flash of the lightning I see the calm brow of Christ as the spray dropped from his beard. He has one word for the sky and another for the waves. Looking upward, he cries: "Peace!" Looking downward, he says: "Be still!" The waves fall flat on their faces, the foam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches. The tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with his foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are bailing out the boats, and while they are trying to untangle the cordage, the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm Saviour's countenance, and they cry out: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

The subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship; for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us always have Christ in the ship. All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but, oh! have Christ in every enterprise.

There are men who ask God's help at the beginning of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past; no trouble can overthrow them; the storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon, and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends upon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After a while the storm comes, tosses off the masts of the ship; he puts out his life-boat and the long-boat: the sheriff and the auctioneer try to help him off; they can't help him off; he must go down—no Christ in the ship. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadows. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes; I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you, all shall be well. You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after a while, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane-deck, and the decks are crowded with piratical disasters—oh, what would you do then without Christ in the ship? Take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help: then all is well; all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more delightful." But when the winds swept down and the sea was tossed into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it.

Did you ever notice the end of the life of the apostles of Jesus Christ? You would say if ever men ought to have had a smooth life, a smooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life. St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halbert. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Oh, how they were all tossed in the tempest! John Huss in a fire; Hugh McKail in the hour of martyrdom; the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they find it smooth sailing? But why go into history when we can draw from our own memory illustrations of the truth of what I say? A young man in a store trying to serve God, while his employer scoffs at Christianity; the young men in the same store, antagonistic to the Christian religion, teasing him, tormenting him about his religion, trying to get him mad. They succeed in getting him mad, and say: "You're a pretty Christian!" Does that young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? All who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution; if you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. But be not disheartened! Take courage. You are in a glorious companionship. God will see you through all trials, and he will deliver you.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat, I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say, "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the various errors going over the Church of God; we are going to founder; the Church is going to perish; she is going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by iniquity in our day, and think the Church of Jesus Christ is going to be overthrown, and are just as much affrighted as were the disciples of my text. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness. A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread, until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spider's web, and the spiders say: "The lion is done; the lion is fast." After a while the lion has got through sleeping; he rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight; he does not even know the spider's web is spun, and with his roar he shakes the mountain. So men come spinning their sophistries and scepticism about Jesus Christ; he seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord; he will never come forth again upon the nation;" Christ is overcome forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after a while the Lion of the tribe of Judah will rouse himself, and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What's a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth will come off victor.

But there are a great many good people who get affrighted in other respects; they are affrighted about revivals. They say: "Oh! this is a strong religious gale; we are afraid the Church of God is going to be upset, and there are going to be a great many people brought into the church that are going to be of no use to it;" and they are affrighted whenever they see a revival taking hold of the churches. As though a ship captain, with five thousand bushels of wheat for a cargo, should say some day, coming upon deck: "Throw overboard all the cargo!" and the sailors should say, "Why, captain, what do you mean? Throw over all the cargo?" "Oh," says the captain, "we have a peck of chaff that has got into this five thousand bushels of wheat, and the only way to get rid of the chaff is to throw all the wheat overboard." Now, that is a great deal wiser than the talk of many Christians who want to throw overboard all the thousands and tens of thousands of souls who are the subjects of revivals. Throw all overboard because they are brought into the kingdom of God through great revivals, because there is a peck of chaff, a quart of chaff, a pint of chaff! I say, let them stay until the last day; the Lord will divide the chaff from the wheat.

Do not be afraid of a great revival. Oh that such gales from heaven might sweep through all our churches! Oh for such days as Richard Baxter saw in England, and Robert McCheyne saw in Dundee! Oh for such days as Jonathan Edwards saw in Northampton! I have often heard my father tell of the fact that in the early part of this century there broke out a revival at Somerville, N. J., and some people were very much agitated about it. They said: "You are going to bring too many people into the church at once;" and they sent down to New Brunswick to get John Livingston to stop the revival. Well, there was no better soul in all the world than John Livingston. He went and looked at the revival; they wanted him to stop it. He stood in the pulpit on the Lord's Day, and looked over the solemn auditory, and he said: "This, brethren, is the work of God; beware how you try to stop it." "Well," said the people after the service, "I guess you had better send Livingston home; he is making the revival worse." Oh for gales from heaven to sweep all the continents! The danger of the Church of God is not in revivals.

Again, my subject impressed me with the fact that Jesus was God and man in the same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh how tired he looks! what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance; he must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him; he is a man—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat; I hear him say: "Peace, be still;" and I see the storm kneeling at his feet, and the tempests folding their wings in his presence; he is a God. If I have sorrow and trouble, and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat, and say: "O Christ! weary One of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, Man of Nazareth! Man of the Cross!" A Man, a Man! But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I come to the front of the boat, and I kneel down, and I say: "O Lord Jesus Christ, thou who didst hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin!"

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disciples had given up the idea of managing the ship; the crew were entirely demoralized; yet Christ rises, and the storm crouches at his feet. Oh yes! Christ can hush the tempest. You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you—the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions, and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has ever since been like a desolated castle; the owls of the night hooting among the fallen arches and the crumbling stairways. Or all your property swept away, you said: "I had so much bank stock, I had so many Government securities, I had so many houses, I had so many farms—all gone, all gone." Why, sir, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ says: "I have that little one in my keeping. I can care for him as well as you can, better than you can, O bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest. When your property went away, God said: "There are treasures in heaven in banks that never break." Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we will all have to run. The moment when we let go of this world and try to take hold of the next, we will want all the grace possible. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death: all the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul—the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the shriek of the wind, all seem to unite together; but that soul is not troubled; there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears—calm, satisfied, and peaceful; all is well. By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. All shall be well, Jesus being our pilot.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide;
We're home at last, home at last.
Softly we drift on the bright, silv'ry tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT PEKIN

CHINA'S REIGN OF TERROR

The "Boxer" Hordes Overrunning the Empire, and Slaying Foreigners
The Powers Land Troops to Protect the Embassies ... Missionaries in Peril

STARTLING news comes from China. The rebellious faction, known as "The Boxers," who lately took the field in force and defeated the government troops, are now marching upon Pekin, the capital. The rebels have an immense army, which is reported to be constantly growing in numbers. They have announced their determination to slay or drive every foreigner out of China. As there are many missionaries, including a number of Americans, in the districts where the disturbances are now going on, it is feared that they may have fared badly at the hands of the fanatical hordes who constitute the rebel army. Hundreds of refugees are arriving at Pekin, where they are seeking the protection of the foreign consulates. The British and Belgian engineers on the Luhan Railway are in imminent peril, and a party of Belgians and French was surrounded by over four hundred Boxers south of Tien-Tsin; nine were killed. Many railroad cars, tracks and depots have been destroyed, and native employees murdered. In view of the serious nature of the situation, the Diplomatic Corps at Pekin has called for immediate assistance from the various governments, and the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France and Japan have promptly ordered their warships now in Chinese waters to land marines at Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin, for the protection of their respective embassies and of the lives and property of foreigners in China generally. Japan was the first power to land a force of marines. A French gunboat and two German warships at Taku also made arrangements to take similar action. The United States cruiser *Newark* also landed a force, and Rear-Admiral Kempf made her the flagship of the United States Asiatic Squadron, which has at the present time a powerful fleet in Asiatic waters.

Meanwhile, the most disturbing rumors are reaching Pekin. It is reported that a number of Belgians at Feng Tai have been cut off by the Boxers, and that a party of missionaries at Pao Ting Fu are also among the victims of the rebels. A Church of England missionary named Stevenson is reported killed and another named Norman has been made prisoner. It is greatly feared that the Boxers, whose motto is "Death to all foreigners," will not hesitate to deal with the missionaries as they have lately dealt with the native Christians, unless relief quickly comes. United States Minister Conger, our representative at Pekin, has cabled the State Department at Washington, that the Boxers are now threatening Pekin; that all the foreign legations are guarded; and that nine Methodist converts have been murdered at Pa Chow. He will only use our naval forces for defensive purposes and will act independently of other nations. Other advices indicate a probability of the fall of Pekin, should an attack by the rebels be made in sufficient force, as the imperial troops in the capital are demoralized. Russia is preparing to send a force of Russian troops to Pekin from Port Arthur. All the governments having important interests at stake will soon be represented by powerful fleets of warships in Chinese waters, awaiting events.

It is understood throughout the empire that the Dowager Empress is favorable to the Boxers, and that the formidable rebellion has been inspired from a source very near to the throne itself. Their Chinese name is *I Ho Ch'uan*, "the Fist of Righteous Harmony Society." At first anti-Roman Catholic, they soon became broadly anti-Christian and are now anti-foreign.

Great impetus has been given to the movement owing to the defeat of the government troops by the Boxers. The young Emperor was under the influence of Kang Yu Wei, an ardent reformer, who had a small but influential following among literary men. Kang preached China for the Chinese. He was a great student of Confucius, and believed that the best part of Western civilization could be grafted on to Confucianism. As much as any conservative Chinaman, he wished to get rid of all foreigners, but he said: "Keep them as long as they have anything to teach us, and then shove them out."

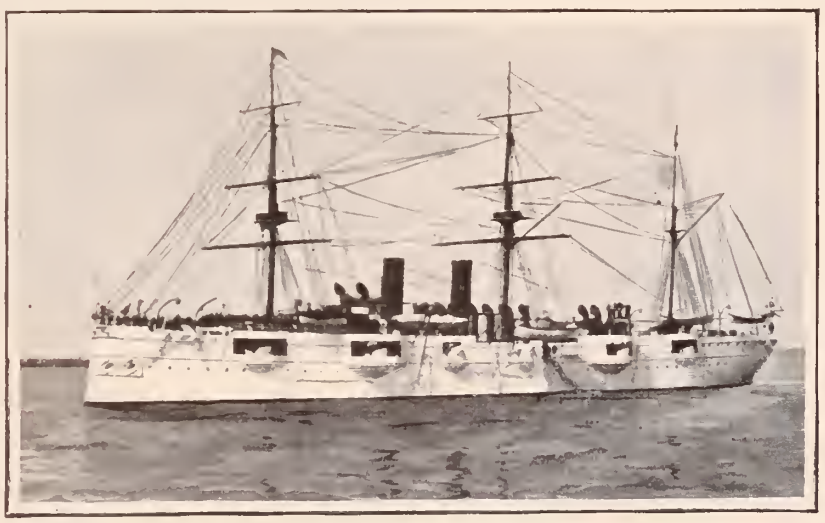
Under these conditions the foreign Powers, although desiring reforms in China, could not welcome Kang and his party in power, because in the end it would have meant the loss of such treaty rights and concessions as they had already forced from the Chinese government.

Then the Empress Dowager plotted to get the power into her own hands. Kang saw this and persuaded the young Emperor to take measures to defeat his mother's designs. The Emperor summoned General Yuan Shi Kai to Pekin, in order to ensure control of the Empress Dowager and force her to submit to the reforms which he proposed to carry out. The General, however, decided to cast in his lot with the Empress Dowager and she was soon informed of her son's conduct, which in China, where parents are worshiped, was a great sin. The Empress Dowager therefore confronted the Emperor and charged him with his misdeeds which he promptly and with tears confessed. She at once deprived him of all power and has since governed the empire herself.

The advisers of the Empress Dowager are bitter anti-foreigners. They claim that all China's troubles have come from outsiders and they would gladly surrender the benefits of foreign trade in order to get rid of the hated foreigners. This fact explains the lack of energetic measures by the government to supress the Boxers.

Each band of the Boxers is conducted by a "demonized" leader, who by the selection of an epileptic patient or by the aid of hypnotism, causes a medium to display wild and unnatural symptoms, or to utter wild and strange speech, this serving as a basis for the claim of the society to spiritual power. Soon the Boxers were drilling in hundreds of villages and were armed with broadswords and in some cases with firearms. Natives in both Catholic and Protestant churches were the first sufferers. Hundreds of native families were rendered homeless, many were killed, and in December last, in one district alone, the homes of two hundred families were looted and burned, all property confiscated and the victims forced to flee. Some were captured and held for ransom, while others were taken to temples and forced to kneel before heathen idols, but most of them were sheltered by missionaries.

Should each of the strong European powers decide to get all it can in China, the peace of the whole world might be threatened. God's people need now, more than ever, to make China a subject of special, earnest prayer, that out of the present troubles Divine wisdom and power may bring great good, and that China may yet discard her idols and be brought to acknowledge the true God.



THE U. S. CRUISER "NEWARK," WHICH HAS LANDED MARINES AT TIEN-TSIN

Glimpses of Royalty off Duty

Emperors, Kings, Queens and Princes as they Appear in Citizen Roles

SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON FIRST PAGE

MUCH as we may be attracted by the pomp of royalty, there is a stronger attraction in the every-day life and engagements of emperors, kings and princes, and their consorts; and the following glimpses of the home side of some of the best-known crowned heads of to day will find thousands of interested readers. It is the other side, the everyday, the home, the real life of these crowned heads and royalties that would attract the most attentive scrutiny.

The Prince of Wales is at his best at Sandringham, upon his private estate, where he is practically the unaffected country gentleman. Some newspaper men wrote to his private secretary for permission to view the stud there. They never expected that the prince would invite more than half a dozen at a time, but after glancing at the names, he handed the letter back to his secretary, saying: "Oh, let all come and make them welcome." Both the prince and princess are good riders and fond of horses. They are also great lovers of dogs. The prime favorite, however, is a wee Dandie Dinmont terrier, which belonged to their son, the late Duke of Clarence and is now taken care of by the prince himself. In private the lives of these people are very quiet and regular indeed, much like that of the average citizen.

Although the prince is said to be the most photographed personage in the world, his imperial nephew, Emperor William, of Germany, has a collection of six hundred differently posed portraits of himself. The emperor was recently photographed in civilian attire. He has never been seen in his capital, and rarely anywhere in his empire, except in uniform of one kind or another. He possesses the uniform of every regiment of the Prussian army, of a commanding officer in all Bavarian, Wurtemburg, Saxon, Baden and Hessian regiments, and as honorary colonel of regiments in Austria, Italy, Russia, England and Sweden he has a variety of military outfits. But the uniform of which he is most proud is that of an English admiral. One garment alone is missing in this outfit—a dressing-gown. Soon after the war of 1870, a manufacturer sent to the "old emperor" a costly dressing gown of gold brocade, which was returned with the brief message, "The Hohenzollerns do not wear dressing-gowns." William is a very early riser and plunges into a cold bath every morning. He has a good appetite and eats heartily; he is a great lover of beef. He has a "sweet tooth" for bonbons.

The Czar of Russia is a man of much reserve, speaking seldom and but very briefly. He rarely laughs and does not often smile. Of personal danger he has no fear, and said, soon after his accession, "I will live and die for Russia; how I die I care not." He drives out in a small, two-horse carriage, or walks in the park at Tsarkoe-Selo, generally accompanied by the Czarina, whom he seems to regard as his protecting angel. He rises late unless urgent business demands an early attention. He dislikes darkness and his chamber is always as brilliantly illuminated as a reception room. He suffers acutely from insomnia and frequently uses a sleeping draught. He has a remarkable memory, and months after he has given an order he will surprise his ministers by asking whether, and how, it has been executed. During the day the Czarina sits beside his desk sewing or embroidering. When a court official enters she prepares to leave the room, but the Czar invariably says, "No, my dear, you won't disturb us," and, laying his hand with gentle insistence on her arm, he draws her back to her seat. The Czar is somewhat of a faddist; collects and enjoys all caricatures of himself, is fond of mechanical toys, and rides a Parisian autocycle.

Most democratic of sovereigns is King Leopold, of Belgium. In Brussels he walks the streets and mingles with the crowd. He is generally accompanied by an aide-de-camp in private clothes. At Ostend he walks about the beach and sails in his yacht like the most unaristocratic of commoners. Not long ago an Englishman accosted him, just opposite his chalet, and asked him in somewhat poor French, what the building was. The King turned to his companion, the Count d'Oultremont, and said: "You know every inch of Ostend, what is that building?" "That? oh, that is the King's chalet." "Oh," said Leopold, "so that's it, is it? Given him by the Queen of England, they say. Pretty place, isn't it?" All three gentlemen walked together for a time and when at parting the tourist presented his card, asking a like favor in return from each of his companions, he learned to his surprise that he had been talking with the King. On the sands Leopold greets everybody, speaks to many, and gambols with the children, who have no idea that the elderly gentleman who buys them cakes and candies, is the King of Belgium.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria and the late Empress were fond of walking, and, when away from the exacting demands of court etiquette, loved to be as far as possible like private people. The portrait on the first page was taken at Kissingen, only a few weeks before the assassination of the Empress. It is the last picture taken of the Empress and the government allowed a limited number to be printed after her death.

ISA BELLE DRYER.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha and the Sphynx

JOSIAH said that we must not leave Cairo without seein' Pharo. Josiah said he felt real well acquainted with him, havin' read about him so much. Sez he, "He wuz a mean creeter as ever trod shoe-leather and I'd love to tell him so."

They keep him in the Museum of Cairo now, a purpose, I spoze, to scare folks from doin' what he did, for a humblier lookin' creeter I never see, and hard lookin'; I don't wonder a mite at the bad things I've hearn tell on him; why, a man that looked like that wuz sure to be mean as pusley. He looked as if wuz bein' plagued now with every single plague that fell on him for his cruelty and I d'no but he is. I wonder that the Israelites got along with him so long as they did; Josiah wouldn't have stood it a week, he's that quick-tempered and despises the idee of bein' bossed round, and how Pharo did drive them poor children of Israel round; ground 'em right down to his terms, wouldn't let 'em say their soul wuz their own, worked 'em most to death, half starved 'em, wouldn't give 'em any rights, not a single right. But as I sez to Josiah, he got his come-up-ance for his heartless cruelty, he got plagued enough and drownded in the bargain.

He's a mummy now. Yes, as Josiah sez when he looked on him:

"You've got to be mum now, no givin' orders to your poor overworked hired help in your brick-fields, not lettin' 'em have even a straw that they begged for to lighten their burden. The descendants of them folks you driv round can stand here and poke fun at you all day and you've got to keep your mouth shet. Yes," sez he, "you've got to a place now where you can't be yellin' out your orders, you've got to be mum, for you're a mummy."

I didn't love to have Josiah stand and sass Pharo right to his face, but it seemed so gratifyin' to him I hated to break it up, and I felt towards him jest as he did, and Arvilly and Miss Meechim felt jest as we did about it; they loathed his looks, hatin' what he'd done so bad. But I thought from what I hearn Robert Strong sayin' to Dorothy that he had doubts about this being the real Bible Pharo, there wuz quite a lot of them kings by the same name, you know. But Miss Meechim hearn him and assured him that this was the very Pharo who so cruelly tortured the Israelites and who was drownded by the Lord for his cruelty, she she knew it by her feelings. And she said she was so glad that she had seen for herself the great truth that the Pharo spirit of injustice and cruelty wuz crushed forever.

But Robert said that Pharo's cruelty sprang from unlimited power and from havin' absolute control over a weaker and helpless class; he said that would arouse the Pharo spirit in any man. That spirit, he said, was creeping into our American nation, the great Trusts and Monopolies formed for the enrichment of the few and the poverty of the many; what are they but the Pharo spirit of personal luxury and greed and dominion over the poor?

I knew he was thinkin' of his City of Justice, where every man had the opportunity to work and the just reward of his labor, where Charity (a good creeter Charity is too) but where she stayed in the background, not bein' needed here, and Justice walked in her place. Where Justice and Labor walked hand in hand into ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.

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"YOU'VE GOT TO BE MUM . . . FOR YOU'RE A MUMMY," SEZ JOSIAH

The Voice and its Message

He didn't say nothin' about his own doin's, it wuzn't his way, but I hearn him say to Dorothy:

"The Voice is speaking now to America as it did to Egypt, Let my people go, out of their helpless bondage and poverty into better, more just and humane ways, but America doesn't listen. The rich stand on the piled up pyramid of the poor, Capital enslaves Labor and drives it with the iron bit of remorseless power and the sharp spur of Necessity where it will. But there must be a day of reckoning; the Voice will be heard, if not in peace with the sword:

'For the few shall not forever sway
The many toil in sorrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
The harvest comes to-morrow.'"

But the greatest sight in Cairo and mebby the hull world, is the Pyramaids.

I d'no as I had so many emotions in the same length of time durin' my hull tower as I did lookin' at them immense structures. It don't seem as if they wuz made by man; they seem more like mountains placed there by the same hand that made the everlastin' hills. They say that it took three hundred thousand men twenty years to build the biggest one. And I don't doubt it. If I had been asked to draw up specifications I wouldn't have took the job for a day's work less. Why, they say it took ten years to build the road over which them stuns wuz brought from the Nile, and good land! how did they ever do it? No hands nor no machinery that we know anything about at the present day could move one of them stuns, let alone bringin' 'em from heaven knows where. They couldn't have been got into any boat, and how did they do it? I d'no nor Josiah don't. Mebby the sphynx knows, most probable she duz, but she's a female that don't git herself into trouble talkin' and gossipin'. Lots of wimmen would do well to foller her example.

From the first minute we got to Cairo and long enough before that we had lotted on seein' the pyramaids, Josiah had talked about 'em a sight, and told me time and agin that he did want to see the spink, he had got to see the spink.

Josiah's Ambition

Sez I, "You mean the sphynx, Josiah."

"Yes," sez he, "the spink; I'm bound to see that. I want to tell Deacon Henzy and Brother Bobbet about it; they crowed over me quite a little after they went to Loontown to see them views of the spink and the Pyramaid of Chops. You know I wuz bed-sick at the time with a crick in my back. I quess they'll have to quirl down a little when I tell 'em I've walked round the spink and seen old Chops with my own eyes."

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"THE GREATEST SIGHT, MEBBY IN THE HULL WORLD IS THE PYRAMAIDS"

Well, I knowed lots of folks travel with no higher aim than to tell their exploits, so I didn't argy with him. And the hull party of us sot off one pleasant day to view them wonders; they're only six miles from Cairo. The Pyramaid of Cheops is higher than any structure in Europe; the Strassburg Cathedral is the highest—that is four hundred and sixty feet, and Cheops is four hundred and eighty feet high. Each of its sides is seven hundred and sixty feet long above the sand, and I d'no how much bigger it is underneath. The wild winds from the desert piles up that sand everywhere it can; it was blowin' aginst that pyramaid three or four thousand years before Christ wuz born, and has kep' at it ever sense; so it must have heaped up piles about it. The pyramaid is made of immense blocks of stun, and I hearn Josiah explainin' it out to Tommy. Sez he, "It is called Chops because the stun is chopped off kinder square."

But I interrupted, and sez, "Josiah Allen, this wuz named after Cheops, one of the kings of Egypt; some say it wuz his tomb."

Miss Meechim sez, "They say it took three hundred thousand men twenty years to build it." and she remarked further, "How many day's works this king did give to the poor, and how good it wuz in him!" And Robert Strong said:

"Their work has lasted while the king is forgotten; labor against capital, labor ahead."

Dorothy looked dreamily up onto the immense pile and said nothin'.

Arvilly said if she had a long white-wash brush she would advertise her book, the *Twin Crimes*, by paintin' a drunken man in a hovel beatin' his wife and children, whilst America wuz furnishin' him with the clubs, and the *Wild and Warlike Deeds of Men* in different wild and warlike attitudes.

And little Tommy wonnered if he could climb up on it and wonnered what anybody could see from the top.

And I looked on it and felt as if I could almost see the march of the centuries defile by its stubborn old sides, and I wondered like Tommy what one could look off and see from the top, gazing out acrost our centuries so full of wonders and inventions, into the glowin' mysteries of the twentieth century.

Robert Strong said that some thought it wuz built for astronomical purposes, for there is a passage down three hundred and twenty feet from the bed rock from which you can view the sky.

"And some think," sez Dorothy. "it wuz built to measure distances correctly, it stands true east, north, south, west."

And Miss Meechim sez, "I believe it wuz built for religious purposes: the interior passages have many stones and symbols that are a mystery to every one unless it is explained in this way."

Sez Arvilly, "I believe it wuz made to shet up folks in that got drunk and acted. Probable there wuz some even in that fur-off time that made fools of themselves jest as they do now, and old Chops built it to shet 'em up in, and mebby he wuz shet up in it, too; mebby he took to

drinkin'. I wish I could have sold him the *Twin Crimes*; it would have helped him a sight, but I wuzn't born soon enough," sez she, sithin'.

Tommy stood back a little, lookin' up and seein' some people half-way to the top, lookin' like flies on the side of the meetin' house, said:

"I wonner, oh, I wonner who made it and what it wuz made for, and oh, how I do wonner how they ever got them big stones to the top."

And I sez to myself, "the child is wiser than any of us. He don't try to measure his weak surmises on them great rocks and problems but jest wonders at it all," and I thought I would foller his example, and I felt considerable better after I gin up.

Robert Strong and Dorothy and Arvilly clumb clear to the top, helped by Arab lifters and boosters. Arvilly and Dorothy wuz tuckered when they come down and they both said they wouldn't have undertook it if they had known what a job it wuz, but they said the view from the top wuz wonderful, wonderful! and I spoze it wuz, but I thought I would ruther hear 'em tell on't than to go through what they did gettin' up and down, and Miss Meechim, I guess, felt so too.

The other two pyramaids in this group wuz smaller than Chops and stood not fur away. The Sphynx stands about a quarter of a mild off, lookin' off towards the east, facin' the risin' sun. I wonder if she expects the sunrise of civilization to dawn ag'in into her sight. 'Tennyrate, she seems to be lookin' out for sunthin'.

There she has sot, meditatin' all these years. She wuz old, old as the hills when Christ wuz born. What haint them old eyes seen if she senses anything?

From Cairo we went to Alexandria where we made a short stay; we couldn't stay long anyway, we had loitered so on the journey and we knew we must get back to the Paris Exposition the 4th of July anyway. Why, I knew the thought of France trying to keep United States Day without Josiah Allen's wife at the helium would be like trying to celebrate George Washington's birthday with the name of that immortal statesman left out of the programmy. We must be in Paris by the 4th of July, and here it wuz June. Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth we must visit, and still how could we hurry our footsteps in these sacred places that our soul had so longed to see?

Alexandrian Sights

Alexandria was considerable interestin' on several accounts: it wuz the home of Cleopatra, and the home of Hypatia, the friend and teacher of women. A smart creeter Hypatia Theon wuz, handsome as a picter, modest, good appearin', and a good talker. 'Tennyrate the rooms where she lectured on philosophy and how to git along in the world wuz crowded with appreciative hearers, and I spoze Mr. Cyrel, who wuz preachin' there at the time, and didn't git nigh so many to hear him, wuz mad as a hen at her for drawin' away the head men and wimmen. 'Tennyrate she wuz killed and burnt up some time ago, a goin' on two thousand years. Yes, they burnt up all they could of her; they couldn't burn up her memory, nor liberty, nor the love of wimmen for talkin', and her stiddy practice on't when she gits a chance, not bein' able to. But to resoom:

The evenin' we got there Josiah looked out of our winder and see a camel kneelin' to take on its load, and sez Josiah, "If I could train the old mair to kneel down in front of the Jonesville meetin' house for me to git onto her back, how uneek it would look."

Sez I coldly, "Then you lay out to go to meetin' horseback, do you? And where should I be?"

"Oh, I might rent a camel for you from some circus; you know what big loads camels can take on, they can carry a ton or more, and it could carry you all right."

I despise such talk, I don't weigh nigh so much as he makes out.

But Josiah went on, "I d'no but a camel could carry both on us, I wouldn't add much to the load, I don't weigh very hefty."

"No," sez I, "you're not very hefty anyway."

But good land! I knew he couldn't rent any camel: circuses need 'em more than we do.

Cleopatra's Ways

The next day we all went out to see Pompey's Piller which we had seen towerin' up before we landed, all on 'em ridin' donkeys but me, but I not being much of a hand to ride on any critter's back, preferred to go in a chair with long poles on each side, carried by four Arabs. Pompey's Piller is most a hundred feet high. Cleopatra's Needles wuz brought from Heliopalis. One is standing; the other, which lay for a long time nearly embedded in the drifting sand, wuz given as a present by Egypt to America, where it stands now in Central Park, New York. To see the mate to it here made us feel well acquainted with it and kinder neighborly. But we couldn't read the strange writin' on it to save our life. Some say that they

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"THEY CLUMB CLEAR TO THE TOP"

wuz raised by Cleopatra in honor of the birth of her son, Cæsarion. But I d'no; if she laid out to write about it so's I could read it, she'd ort to write plainer; I couldn't make out a word on't nor Josiah couldn't.

Cleopatra wuz dretful good lookin', I spoze, and a universal favorite with the opposite sect. But I never approved of her actions, and I wished as I stood there by that piller of hern that I could gin her a real good talkin' to. I would say to her:

"Cleopatra," sez I, "you little know what you're a doin'. Mebby there wouldn't be so many Dakota and Chicago divorces in 1900 if it wuzn't for your cuttin' up and actin' in B. C. I'd say stealin' is stealin', and some wimmen think it is worse to steal their husbands away from 'em than it would be to steal ten pounds of butter out of their suller. And that, mom, would shet any woman up in jail as you well know. And you know, Cleopatra," sez I, "jest how you went on and behaved and your example is a floatin' down the river of Time to-day, some as you sailed down the Sydnus in that barge of yourn. And to-day your descendants or influence posterity, sail down the river of Time in picture hats and feather boas, makin' up eyes and castin' languishin' glances towards poor unguarded men till they steal their hearts and souls right out of their bodies: steal all the sweetness and brightness out of some poor overworked woman's life, and if they don't take the body of their husband nothin' is said or done. Good land! what would I care for Josiah Allen's body if his love had been stole. I would tell the woman to take that in welcome sence she had all the rest. But they sail along down the River of Life, coquettin' with weak, handsome male Antonys, who had better be to home with their own lawful Octavias. So it goes." I always hated Cleopatra's doin's. And I wondered as I looked dreamily at that writin' of hearn, if she wuz sorry for her actions now in that spear of hearn, wherever it wuz, and wanted to ondo it.

But to resoom: We stayed there for some time, and on our way home a dretful thing happened to me. After we all got started, sunthin' happened to one of the poles of my chair, and with as much motionin' and jabberin' as a presidential election would call for, they at last got it fixed agin. By that time the party had all disappeared, and the bearers of my vehicle started off at their highest speed right acrost ploughed land and springin' crops and everything, not stoppin' for anything.

Where wuz they takin' me? Wuz I to perish in these wilds? Wuz they carrying me off for booty? I had on my cameo pin and I trembled. It wuz my pride in Jonesville; wuz I to lose my life for it? Or wuz it my good looks that wuz ondoin' of me? Did they want to make me their brides? I sez to them in agonizin' axents, "Take me back instantly to my pardner! He is the choice of my youth! I will never wed another! You hain't congenial to me anyway! It is vain for you to elope with me for I will never be your brides!"

But they jabbered and motioned and acted and paid no attention only to rush along faster than ever.

I then tried a new tact with 'em. With tremblin' fingers I onpinned the cameo pin, and with a noble jester that would have become Jeptha as he gin his only daughter for a sacrifice, I handed it out to 'em. And sez I, "If that is what you want, take it, and then bear me back safely to my beloved pardner agin."

But they never touched it. They only jabbered away louder and more fierce like and yanked me along faster than ever.

Oh, the agony of that time! Dear Josiah, should I never see thee agin? and the children and the grandchildren? Hills and dells of lovely Jonesville! Would they never dawn on my vision more! Would the old mair never whinner joyfully at my appearance, or Snip bark a welcome?

I thought of all the unfortunate Hebrew wimmen who would have been neighbors to me then if I had been born soon enough. Ruth, Esther, Hagar they all had suffered, they had all most likely looked off onto the desert, even as I wuz lookin' for help, and it didn't come to some on 'em. And by this time to add to my sufferin's, the mantilly of night was descendin' over the seen, the tropical night that comes so swift, so fast, oh, what should I do? Every move I made, every despairin' jester only seemed to make 'em go faster, so it wuz plain to be seen that my help wuz not in man. I thought of that pillar of fire that had lighted that sad procession of Hebrews acrost that very desert. And, like a cool, firm hand, laid on a feverish, restless foretop, come agin the thought of them three wise men that had trod that desert waste. No path, no guide to lead 'em only the Star, and I sez in my inmost heart:

"That Star hain't lost its light; it remains jest as bright and clear to-day as it

IN THE SPHINX'S SHADOW

did then to light true believers acrost the darkness in the hour of their need. And jest as plain as though they wuz spoke to me come these beautiful words: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help."

And I lifted my streamin' eyes accordin', for by this time I wuz cryin' and sheddin' tears. I could see by the faint light in the west that there wuz considerable of a hill on the east of me, and as my weepin' eyes wuz lifted in that direction my heart almost stood still as I beheld all of a sudden a glowin' star of light shine out of the darkness right on the top of that hill and rapidly desend in my direction nearer and nearer.

Josiah to the Rescue

Oh, joy! oh, bliss! it wuz my own pardner with a lantern. His devoted love had bore him back. Settin' on a donkey bearin' a lantern, he looked to me like an angel. It wuz the star of love, indeed it wuz! the brightest star of earth come to light my dark pathway. And I bust out:

"Oh, Josiah Allen! you are not one of the wise men, but you look better to me than any of 'em could."

And he sez, "It don't look very pretty for you, after hangin' out till this time o' night, to run the one who has come way back after you with a lantern, and talk about his not knowin' anything."

"Run you, Josiah," sez I, "you look more beautiful to me than words can tell."

That mollified him and he sez with a modest smile, "I spoze I am very pretty lookin', but I worried about you a sight."

It seems that they had went on a pretty good jog, and seein' my bearers had got belated with me they had took a short cut acrost the fields to overtake 'em. But it was a eppisode not to be forgot, and I told Josiah not to be seperated away from me a minute after this. Sez I, "I almost feel like purchasin' a rope and tyin' myself to you for the rest of the tower."

Sez he, "That would make talk, Samantha, but I will keep my eye on you and not let you git carried off agin; for the feelin's I felt when I missed you I would not go through agin for a dollar bill."

Well, we soon come up with the rest of the party. It seemed that they had been talkin' and havin' such a good time they hadn't missed me for quite awhile. But when they did, Arvilly said Josiah acted some as he did when she and he pursued me acrost the continent: sez she, "He acted like a fool; I knew you couldn't be fur behind."

And I sez, "Arvilly, spiritual things are spiritually discerned; love is spiritual and love has to interpret it."

"Well," sez she, "I am glad he found you so soon, for, to tell the truth, I wuz beginin' to worry a little myself."

Miss Meechim said she thought I had gone into some shrine to worship.

That was a great idee! off with four Arabs huntin' a shrine at that time of night!

(To be continued)

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How to be Happy

PLINY says that the mermaids danced on the green grass, but all around them were dead men's bones. Neither bat nor ball, not boat, nor skate, although they all have their uses, can make death, life and eternity happy. A king said to two of his wise men: "You go out and get me a recipe, you make me a recipe for happiness, and you will have two months to make the recipe in, and I want you to tell me in that prescription how I can be happy, and how I can make all my subjects happy." Well, they took two months, and then the wise men came in, and one of them had a roll of two hundred rules by which this king should be happy and make all his subjects happy, and the king got tired with the recital. Then he turned to the other wise man, and said: "What is your prescription for making myself happy and making all my subjects happy?" and the wise man answered in two words: "Love God." "Why," said the king, "I gave you two months to give me a rule for happiness; is that all you have to offer?" "Yes," he replied, "that is all I have to offer. Love God, and if you love God you will be happy, and if you love God you will make all your subjects happy." Love the world and you will be miserable.

England in the Rain

FOR several weeks England has for much of the time had rainy or cloudy weather; but this makes the people appreciate the sun better when it does come out. The clouds, like a veil to a beautiful face, add to the attractiveness by only occasionally being withdrawn. When the sun in summer shines from morning till night with intense glare we always feel that he is rather overdoing the business. There is nothing more exquisite than a cloud when it is richly edged and irradiated. A cloudless sky is a bare wall. A sky hung with clouds in all stages of illumination is a Louvre and Luxembourg. Clouds are pictures drawn in water-colors. Who knows but that Raphael and Rubens, gone up higher, may sometimes come out and help in the coloring of the canvas of the morning, with brush of sunbeam putting within sight of our eyes the constellated glories belonging to the other side of the Border.

Minor Charities 1899

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for Miscellaneous Charities, Missions, and Other Religious and Benevolent Work During the Year 1899:

RECEIPTS:

Contributions received during 1899, as per ackowledgments in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for various charities, Home and Foreign Mission Work, Personal Relief, &c., &c., as set forth in adjoining column.

Mar. 15	Issue of this day		$418 05
Mar. 29	"	"	205 85
Apr. 12	"	"	249 16
Apr. 26	"	"	200 95
May 3	"	"	30 75
May 17	"	"	318 65
May 24	"	"	557 78
May 31	"	"	17 70
June 21	"	"	43 55
June 28	"	"	363 03
Aug. 9	"	"	695 85
Aug. 16	"	"	89 00
Aug. 23	"	"	67 25
Sept. 13	"	"	160 45
Sept. 27	"	"	197 61
Oct. 11	"	"	182 21
Nov. 8	"	"	338 32
Dec. 27	"	"	409 90
1900			
Jan. 4	"	"	382 55
Feb. 28			78 47
			5,007 08
ACCOUNT OVERDRAWN,			334 83
Total,			$5,341 91

DISBURSEMENTS

DEC. 31, 1899, AMOUNT OVERPAID, . . . $1,062.04

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Rev. W. T. Currie, Cisamba, W. Africa	$31 00	
Miss Mary Sharp, Liberia, Africa,	5 00	
Rev. J. Paul, Dibrugarh, Assam,	10 00	
Rev. D. Wiltshire, Nassau, Bahama,	10 00	
Rev. C. B. Hyde, Honolulu, Hawaii,	10 00	
Dr. L. Salmons, Guaraquita, Mexico,	10 00	
Mrs. Hall, Pyeng Yang, Seoul, Korea	10 00	
Miss Reed, Pithagorh, India,	10 00	
Miss Annie Taylor,	16 35	
Rev. E. H. Richards, Inhambane, Africa	20 00	
China Inland Mission,	6 35	
Dr. R. H. Nassan, Gaboon, W. Africa	11 25	
Miss Mary Talmage, Amoy, China,	110 00	
Postage on Remittances,	1 25	
Miss Mary Sharp, additional,	27 50	
Miss Reed, additional,	42 60	
Presbyt. Board of Foreign Missions,	22 50	
Gospel Work in Cuba,	98 95	
Gospel Work in Philippines,	57 05	
Bishop Hartzell, for Africa,	374 62	
Spanish and English Gospel Fund,	225 25	
F. M. Price, A. B. C. F. M.,	19 14	
Rev. F. Kreiger, E. Africa,	10 00	
Rev. Chas. S. Morris,	10 00	
Rev. Henry Loomis, Yokohama, Japan,	10 00	
Dr. Hannah Yoseph, Oroomiah, Persia,	16 00	
Rev. Jos. Norwood, Bucaramanga, Colo'bia	18 80	
Rev. Dr. E. Olsson, S. America,	48 25	
Ramallah Training School,	1 00	
		1,242 86

HOME MISSIONARY WORK

Door of Hope,	43 50	
Home of Good Samaritan,	40 25	
Emma Nason,	56 10	
Mayesville Institute,	125 76	
Jerry McAuley Mission,	25 00	
Cremorne Mission,	4 50	
Rev. R. Ashley Cake,	11 50	
Florence Mission,	45 60	
Presbyterian Board of Home Missions	12 50	
Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree,	185 50	
Miss Curry's Day Nursery,	6 00	
Clinton Street Settlement,	213 41	
Elim Home,	5 00	
New York Chinatown Mission,	28 36	
Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Thompson,	10 00	
New York Truant School,	1 00	
Mrs. R. H. Lathrop,	61 40	
Anthony Comstock,	7 25	
Chicago Medical Mission,	1 00	
W. H. Hart's Negro Farm School,	1 00	
Mrs. Almira S. Steele	3 00	
Gospel Mission to the Tombs,	2 00	
Anna C. Ruddy,	13 00	
Society for P. of C. to Children,	11 10	
Gospel Mission,	1 50	
Peniel Mission,	3 00	
Miss Helen F. Clark, Chinatown Mission,	6 00	
Rev. Jee Gam,	5 00	
Freedman's Aid,	2 00	
		931 23

MISCELLANEOUS

Philafrican League,	3 60	
St. Andrews' Coffee Stand,	5 25	
Bella Cooke,	14 25	
American Bible Society,	1 00	
Nebraska Prairie Church Fund,	353 90	
Lincoln Memorial University,	308 60	
China Flood Sufferers,	111 15	
Texas Flood Sufferers,	1,000 00	
Protestant Mem. Church in Germany,	53 25	
American National Red Cross,	21 00	
		1,872 00

PERSONAL RELIEF

Mr. Sweeney,	50	
German Y. M. C. A.,	25 00	
Evangel Band	20 00	
Mr. Foster,	16 00	
War Testaments,	3 05	
G. H. Rankin,	10 00	
Mrs. H. Seidel,	20 00	
Caroline Fletcher,	1 00	
Mr. Henderson,	1 00	
Wm. Armstrong,	3 00	
Rabbi Berustein,	26 03	
Miss Holland,	10 00	
Mrs. Wilson,	2 00	
Mrs. Smith,	5 00	
Miss Gilmore,	5 00	
Wesley Dixon,	5 00	
Dr. Benjamin,	10 00	
H. A. Abraham,	29 00	
Mr. Weeks,	1 00	
Sundry Petty Benevolences,	5 75	
		198 33

EXPENSES

Auditor's Fees,	25 00	
N. Y. Charity Directory,	2 00	
Printing acknowledgment blanks,	1 25	
Postage on acknowledgments,	7 20	
		35 45
Total,		$5,341 91

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Charities, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

Sworn to before me this 4th day of May, A. D., 1900.

W. G. GUERINEAU NOTARY PUBLIC NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerineau
Notary Public

Louis Klopsch
Public Accountant,
718 Park Row Building, New York

A Treasury of Anecdote

ANECDOTE and illustration are the simplest and most effective method of gospel preaching. The Master himself taught in parables. In the splendid edition of **Twenty Volumes of Selected Sermons,** by Rev. Dr. Talmage, just issued from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presses, there are many hundreds of anecdotes, told with a convincing power and pathos that never fail to touch the heart. Three of these illustrative anecdotes are given below:

. . .

The Story of a Handkerchief

Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago, there lay in the streets a man dead-drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said: "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch, and began to look at the handkerchief, and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her; he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General for the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.—From Vol. V. of "Selected Sermons" by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

. . .

The Western Trapper

A traveler passing along far away from home was overtaken by night and by a storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms there. It was a rough looking place, but he did not dare to go into the darkness and storm. He had a large amount of money with him, and he felt very much excited and disturbed. After a while the trapper came home. He had a gun on his shoulder. He put the gun roughly down in the cabin, and then the traveler was disturbed. He was sure he was not safe in that place. After a while he heard the family talking together, and he said, "Now, they are plotting for my ruin; I wish I were out in the night and storm instead of being here; I would be safer there." After a while the old trapper came up to the traveler and said: "Stranger, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and when we come in at night we are quite tired, and we go to bed early; but before we go to bed, we are in the habit of reading a few verses from the Scriptures and say a short prayer. If you don't believe in such things, if you would just please to step outside the door for a little while, I'll be obliged to you." There was the courage to do one's whole duty under all circumstances, and a house that has prayers in it is a divinely guarded house.—From Vol. XI. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

. . .

Influence of an Infidel Book

I remember one infidel book in the possession of my student companion. He said: "De Witt, would you like to read that book?" "Well," said I, "I would like to look at it." I read it a little while. I said to him, "I dare not read that book; you had better destroy it; I give you my advice, you had better destroy it." "Oh," he said, "haven't you a stronger mind than that? Can't you read a book you don't exactly believe, and not be affected by it?" I said. "You had better destroy it." He kept it. He read it. He pored over it. He read it and reread it. He read it until he gave up his Bible. He read it until he gave up his belief in the existence of a God. He read it until he gave up his good morals. He read it until body, mind and soul were ruined—the body smitten with disease, the mind deranged—and he went into the insane asylum, and the story of that book, that one infidel book, will never be told in this world.—From Vol. IV. of "Selected Sermons," by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

. . .

The entire set of Twenty Volumes aggregating over 8,500 pages (each volume contains over 400 pages), will be sent securely boxed and packed, to any address on receipt of **one dollar down,** this to be followed by a payment of **one dollar a month** for nineteen months. To all who pay spot cash **a reduction of ten per cent.** will be allowed. Each volume measures 5½ x 8½ inches closed, and the whole set requires shelf space 30 inches long. The twenty volumes have a united weight of 35 pounds. They are richly bound in silk-finished cloth, have gilt tops, and the paper is deckle-edged. Address all orders:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEP'T, Bible House, New York.

INDIA'S GREAT FAMINE
: : : : Nearing the Crisis

Grateful Words of Recognition of American Aid from her Rulers and the Consecrated American Missionaries in the Famine Area

IN response to a cable message from Dr. Klopsch, a remittance of thirty thousand dollars has been cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S India Famine Relief Fund to cover the cost of the one thousand hand-ploughs and the hundred thousand blankets which have been purchased at the suggestion of the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee. The terrible havoc of disease consequent on the condition of the relief camps, and the situation of the people who have lost their homes and are sleeping in the open air, rendered such help as that of the gift of blankets necessary, and it has an indirect benefit in furnishing work to the poor weavers. It was also necessary to provide the hand-ploughs, otherwise even when the ground is moistened by the long-expected rains, the agriculturists, having lost their oxen in the famine and all their farm implements, which have been sold to buy food, would not be able to till their land. Their hopes, of course, are all based on the prospect of a harvest in October, but if there is no plowing nor sowing in June and July, their hopes will be frustrated.

Arrangements have been made for the distribution of the cargo of the corn-laden Relief Steamer *Quito*, which it is expected will reach Bombay about June 16. The Inter-denominational Missionary Committee will supervise the distribution, and applications for portions of the cargo are already pouring in. Dr. Klopsch, having completed these varied arrangements, and having ascertained by personal inspection the extent of the suffering and the efficiency of the relief organization, decided that no useful purpose could be served by remaining longer in the afflicted country. He therefore sailed for home on June 2.

The Viceroy's Thanks

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, who was at Simla, hearing of his intended departure, telegraphed to him on behalf of Lady Curzon and himself hearty thanks for the services he had rendered, and expressing thorough appreciation of the charity of the American people which Dr. Klopsch had been the means of bringing. The Viceroy said he hoped that every facility had been extended, every assistance rendered to Dr. Klopsch by Government officials during his stay and regretted that he had been unable to meet him personally. Lord Northcote, the Governor of Bombay, also telegraphed wishing him a safe voyage, and added: "May I again thank you and your countrymen most warmly for all you are doing, and assure you that India will never forget the kindness and generosity of the American people."

The members of the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee have given Dr. Klopsch valuable assistance in his tour. The Chairman, Rev. E. S. Hume, was unhappily incapacitated by illness, but his brother, Dr. R. A. Hume of Ahmednagar, filled his place and gave Dr. Klopsch cordial co-operation. We regret to learn from Rev. E. S. Hume, who has now arrived in New York, that a prolonged rest and medical treatment are necessary to the restoration of his health. His exertions in connection with the relief work, added to his ordinary missionary duties have so undermined his constitution, that the physicians in Bombay insisted that a return to his native land and absolute rest could alone avert grave consequences. The following report from Mr. Hume has been received at this office:

Rev. E. S. Hume's Report

"I went to India in 1875, and since then have been in this country but once before. Nothing but the orders of competent physicians, saying that it would be at the risk of permanently losing my health in case I remained in India longer, could have induced me to come away from that distressed country at a time when the needs there are so great and the opportunities for work so unusual as they are at the present time. Even so, had I known that the proprietor of your paper, Dr. Klopsch, was so soon to be in India, I think that I should have begged permission to remain there a month longer in order to share with him in the work with the workers for whom he and you all have done such splendid service, both in connection with the famine of 1897 and also this present one. It is difficult to express in words the feelings of appreciation and admiration which the missionaries living in the famine areas feel for the grand work which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have done.

"I trust that what you are doing to raise funds will go on. The worst part of the famine still lies ahead of us. No permanent relief, even in case the rains which are soon expected are timely and abundant, can be expected until the next harvest has been gathered in; i.e., four or five months hence. In the meantime the Inter-denominational Committee could well handle all you can possibly send out—say a million dollars or even more. At four cents a day a man or woman could be supported to the end of October for $6.00. Surely no one can grudge this amount in order to save a human life. The money which you have sent to the missionaries is either distributed by them personally or by their Christian agents, and so reaches the distressed without any waste, which cannot be said of the funds distributed by any other large body of workers. Of course, many of the sufferers are Hindus and Mohammedans; still, many thousands of native Christians are in the direst extremity, and are found on Government Relief works. Comparatively few of them have died from want, because they have been willing to go to the famine camps or have been relieved by their own missionaries. The Inter-denominational Committee is composed of experienced and careful men, who represent the leading missionary societies and distribute impartially and sympathetically the funds placed at their disposal.

"One of the most important branches of mission work is the rescuing of famine orphans. Tens of thousands of these poor waifs are lying at poor-houses, on the outskirts of famine camps, or are wandering around towns and villages with no one to care for them. Had the missionaries the assurance that funds will be available for the support of all whom they may now gather into their schools and orphanages, they would gladly go into this great work with enthusiasm. No work that I have ever undertaken during the twenty-five years of my missionary life has been more satisfactory and more productive of results than that which I have done for famine orphans. I hope and pray that large sums may be available for this unique enterprise. Let the missionaries know that they are to have a generous backing. E. S. HUME."

June 2, 1900, New Haven, Conn.

What the Missionaries Do

In the course of a conversation, Mr. Hume said that there were from two to three hundred American missionaries in the famine area. They were all gladly distributing all the funds they could obtain in relieving the suffering. There were tens of thousands of native Christians in need. Some of the money had been wisely used in supplying the weavers with material and buying from them the garments and blankets that they weave. But over and above this, the sums required for direct relief were enormous. Mr. Hume spoke with deep sadness of the women and children who might be saved if there were sufficient funds for the purpose. He knew of instances in which one missionary had fed as many as eight thousand in a day. The missionaries were dependent upon the Christians at home for the means of relieving the suffering. During the three months before leaving India, he did not think the missionaries had received in all two hundred dollars from the Executive Committee of the India Famine Charitable Relief Fund.

REV. E. S. HUME

That committee was composed of one hundred members, including Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees and Europeans. There were only three missionaries—one English and two American—on it.

There was, Mr. Hume said, a marked difference in the reception of funds by the famine sufferers. They regarded the relief they received from a secular committee as "Girkar money," that is government relief, implying only the government's recognition of its responsibility; but when a missionary helped them, they realized that the help was an expression of Christian compassion, and so were impressed with the love and kindness that Christianity enjoined. It would help the missionary in his future work, if among the people to whom he will preach the Gospel, there are some who owe their lives to the relief he has distributed. The funds administered exclusively through the missionaries as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, are, therefore, a potent means of advancing Christianity in India.

Extending the Relief Work

The management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Work is this week sending out to *one newspaper in each community* a letter inviting these journals to open their columns for the receipt of contributions for the famine sufferers, the same to be forwarded through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Inter-denominational Committee in Bombay.

A SPECIMEN SHEAF OF FAMINE'S DREAD HARVEST

LITTLE WAIFS RESCUED AT THE MISSION AT AJMERE

NEW YORK

Abbott, C H..... 5 00
Abbott, Esther E. 1 00
Abell, A H..... 2 00
Abernethy, A W.. 2 00
Abrahams, Mrs S M 1 00
Ackerly, Mrs H W 3 00
Ackles, Mrs M.... 25
Adair, Robert 1 00
Adams, Anna D.. 10
Adams, Mrs C F. 1 00
Adams, Mrs F.... 1 00
Adams, J M..... 10
Adams, T 10 00
Adams, Mrs F.... 25
Adams, W H..... 1 00
Adams, W H..... 1 00
Adamson, Ellen... 25
Agan, Jno L 5 00
Agen, Alfred 25
Agnew, M 1 00
Agor, Mrs W..... 2 00
Akin, Miss A..... 5 00
All right, Mrs Jno. 10
Alden, Mrs T A.. 1 00
Aldredge, J S....10 00
Aldrich, C H..... 2 00
Aldrich, J S..... 50
Aldrich, L I..... 3 00
Aldrich, W J..... 1 00
Aldridge, Carrie.. 10
Aleph, Lima 5 00
Alheim, J 1 00
Allan, Mrs M..... 50
Allen, B S..... 1 00
Allen, Mrs H..... 1 00
Allen, T E..... 1 75
Allen, Miss V J... 10
Alma, S 10
Almatt, S C..... 2 00
Almy, Helen 3 00
Alsbrow, Will.... 10
Anderson, A L.... 50
Anderson, Hattie. 25
Anderson, Mrs T.. 2 00
Anderson, Mrs W H 5 00
Andrew, Myrta... 10
Andrews, M 1 00
Angell, Mrs H G & Dan 10 00
Anguish, Lulu ... 10
Angus, Mabel 50
Ansen, Mrs Theo. 1 00
Armin, Mrs L ... 1 00
Armstrong, Mrs F 40
Arnold, Mrs G.... 25
Arnold, Mrs Julia. 3 00
Arnold, Mr S V... 5 00
Arnold, Mrs W W 1 00
Arntz, Lucinda... 1 00
Arnst, Eugene.... 2 00
Atkins, Mrs A.... 1 00
Atterberg, Mrs P. 2 00
Attwood, Blanch. 1 00
Atwell, R E..... 50
Atwell, Wm and wife 1 00
Atwood, Mrs H L 2 00
Atwood, J M..... 2 00
Austed, C 25
Austin, George .. 1 00
Austin, Mrs Susan 25
Auten, Dewitt B. 1 00
Avery, Mrs E .. 25
Avery, Myran.... 1 00
Babcock, C G..... 1 00
Babcock, Mrs C.. 50
Babcock, Mrs Geo 5 00
Babcock, J L..... 50
Babcock, Mrs L.. 50
Babel, Rita 2 50
Babcock, Villie H. 2 00
Babel, Elmer 2 50
Bach, Henry 2 00
Bach, Mrs M, Jr. 2 00
Bach, Mrs M, Sr.. 5 00
Bacou, Anna E... 2 00
Bailey, H O..... 5 00
Bailey, Lewis..... 1 00
Baille, Martha D. 1 00
Baker, H 50
Baker, Jos R..... 1 00
Baker, J V 2 00
Baker, Ruth 1 00
Balder, F J..... 25
Baldwin's Shelter Island 2 00
Baldwin, A B.... 1 00
Baldwin, C T..... 2 00
Baldwin, Carrie E 1 00
Baldwin, D W... 1 00
Baldwins, Mrs E H 75
Baldwin, L A.... 1 00
Baldwin, S C.... 2 00
Ball, Mrs S..... 10
Balsley, A N..... 1 00
Banter, E P..... 1 00
Barber, Miss A... 25
Barber, Mrs I J... 1 00
Barber, Mrs J.... 25
Barber, Mrs M J.. 2 00
Barcherding, Mrs H R 3 00
Barens, Mrs A.... 2 00
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Barker, Jessie ... 1 00
Barkley, N 2 00
Barkley, Mrs T L 1 00
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Barnes, Hiram.... 2 00
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Bassett, Mrs Fred 15
Bassett, Will 10
Bates, B H..... 25
Baum, S 1 00
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Bayles, A C..... 5 00
Beach, F A.....25 00
Beach, G A.....25 00
Beach, Judson.... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Beal, Mary 1 00
Beals, Mrs S J.... 25
Becker, Dora 1 00
Beckett, Mrs Mary 25
Bedell, A 2 00
Bedford, An B & S N W 3 00
Bee & Bee, Mr.... 50
Beeby, Henry..... 1 00
Beecher, Mrs 25
Beers, Bella 1 00
Beever, Wm 5 00
Behrns, Henry .. 1 00
Beilly, D 40
Beilly, P A..... 1 00
Belden, Miss M... 10
Bell, Mr & Mrs P 1 00
Bellinger, Mrs E.. 50
Benedick, Miss M. 25
Benedict, G H.... 1 00
Benham, S R..... 2 00
Benn, Mrs C J.... 5 00
Bennett, Mrs A L 2 00
Bennett, Mrs A W 1 00
Bennett, Mrs J & E W 2 00
Benson, Mrs M L 2 00
Benstead, Mrs R J 1 00
Berry, Rev E C.. 25
Berry, S M..... 1 00
Berwick, P E.... 25
Best, Loyer 25
Bevier, Cora E... 1 00
Bevier, Laetitia.. 2 00
Biddell, H E..... 1 00
Bideler, A T..... 1 00
Bidwell, Amelia K 2 00
Bigalow, Levi.... 5 00
Bigelow, C 25
Bigelow, J D..... 5 00
Bigham, Mrs J....3 00
Bightley, Miss S. 25
Billings, Lizzie .. 50
Bingham, Mrs L.. 1 00
Birdsey, Mrs L... 1 00
Bishop, P 25
Bishop, Mrs P.... 25
Bissell, Mr & Mrs W 2 00
Black, Mrs W.... 25
Blackman, Mrs J. 50
Blaisdell, W S.... 5 00
Blake, C B..... 1 00
Blakeman, W H.. 3 00
Blanchard, Mrs... 25
Blanchard, C W.. 50
Bland, Gracie 10
Bloomer, Miss L.. 1 00
Blonnt, Mrs G R.. 5 00
Blue, Arch M..... 1 00
Blueskye, Tillie... 01
Blydenburgh, J D. 5 00
Bockes, M E..... 50
Boehm, Mrs P.... 1 00
Bogarden, I 1 00
Boist, Mrs D H.. 1 00
Bolton, Wm 50
Boltor, Mr & Mrs J H & R Snyder 5 00
Bombay Miss Rand 4 00
Bond, Mrs 50
Bond, Jas 2 00
Boone, W C 10 00
Booth, Anna 10 00
Borink, S O..... 10
Borsen, Geo 25
Bostwick, Mrs E H 1 00
Boswell, Mrs & Daughaday 2 00
Bonghton, Bertha. 10
Boughton, C F.... 25
Boughton, Ruth... 10
Bouton, J F..... 1 00
Bovie, Isaac H.... 25
Bowman, F 2 00
Boyce, (M D) E B 2 00
Boyce, Fannie.... 50
Boyce, M A..... 1 50
Boyce, Nelson.... 50
Boycott, Frances.. 25
Boyd, W H..... 50
Boyd, Mrs Wm... 2 00
Boydstun, Mrs I F 1 00
Bozard, A 10
Bozard, C 1 00
Bradford, Mrs I.. 50
Bradley, E B..... 2 00
Bradley, F W..... 25
Brainerd, F 1 00
Branch, Mrs 03
Brand, Charles... 25
Brears, Mrs..... 10
Breizy, Blanche L, Coll by 1 50
Brenen, Mrs J.... 05
Brenn, Mrs M.... 50
Bridge, Wm 2 00
Brierley, J 1 00
Briggs, Mrs W & Mrs J S Trevett 2 00
Briggs, Mrs Wm. 55
Bristol, E C..... 10
Britton, Mrs Jos.. 2 00
Brockett, H E.... 50
Brockett, M 50
Brockett, Z C..... 1 00
Bromp, John 1 50
Bronner, M G..... 2 00
Bronner, Mrs Wm H 1 00
Brook, Dan'l H... 30
Brooks, A 2 00
Brooks, O 2 00
Bross, Robt 1 00
Brower, Mrs D... 1 00
Brower, Mary 50
Brown, J H..... 5 00
Brown, Mr 10
Brown, Annie..... 25
Brown, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Brown, Clifford... 1 00
Brown, Mrs D H. 1 00
Brown, Mrs F.... 5 00
Brown, Mrs Mary & Minnie Mann. 1 25
Brown, T C & wife 1 00
Brown, T M..... 1 00
Brown, Mrs W H. 25
Brownell, E..... 3 00
Buck, A C..... 1 00
Buck, Dillworth.. 1 00
Buck, E..... 1 00
Buck, Elmer..... 25
Buell, Mrs H J... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Bugbee, Miss 10
Bulland, L M..... 14
Bullard, Mrs E J. 30
Bullen family & Stanton, Mr 13 00
Bullock, David .. 25
Bullock, John..... 50
Bullock, L..... 10
Bullock, Wm..... 1 00
Bump, Sarah 1 00
Bundy, Mrs C.... 2 00
Bundy, P E..... 5 00
Bunting, A W.... 2 00
Burdick, L & H... 1 00
Burdick, T T..... 1 00
Burdick, Mrs T T 1 00
Burger, Wm 25
Burgess, Mrs 10
Burgess, Mrs E W 2 00
Burgess, Miss L.. 2 50
Burgns, Mr 25
Burke, Mrs D..... 10
Burnett, F 2 00
Burney, F C..... 2 00
Burney, I T..... 2 00
Burney, Mrs J C. 1 00
Burney, M P..... 1 00
Burnham, Dr 2 00
Burnham, Mrs N E 5 00
Burr, Geo B..... 2 00
Burrell, Annie L..10 00
Burrell, D H, Jr..25 00
Burrell, Mrs D H.10 00
Burrell & Co, D H 100 00
Burrell, Loomis...15 00
Burrow, Mrs A M 2 00
Burt, Miss A J... 2 00
Burt, C E..... 2 00
Buskerk, M 50
Butler, Thos J.... 2 00
Cady, Dr C S..... 1 00
Cady, Mrs H R...10 00
Cahalan, Mrs 10
Caley, Edw & fam 2 00
Calhonse, John.... 1 00
Camenga, J D.... 1 00
Campbell, M A... 10
Campbell, Mrs Mc B 1 50
Canfield, Nettie & Nellie 05
Capell, Mrs E.... 25
Card, Isaac R..... 1 00
Card, Mrs 50
Carlisle Bros 1 00
Carman, Mrs J.... 5 00
Carney, Mrs M... 1 00
Carpenter family. 5 00
Carpenter, Mrs G. 2 00
Carpenter, I C.... 1 00
Carr, Mrs 15
Carr, E J..... 2 00
Carr, Mrs G W... 1 00
Carter, Betsey ... 1 00
Cartwright, Ralph 50
Case, Mrs E..... 1 00
Case, E N..... 2 00
Case, J L..... 1 00
Casler, Anna 3 00
Casler, B P..... 2 00
Casler, J H..... 2 00
Caslin, Mrs J..... 1 00
Chamberlain, E H 1 00
Champney, Mrs R. 1 00
Chandler, L 1 00
Chapin, J S..... 1 00
Chapman, B G.... 4 00
Chapman, Mr & Mrs D P.....10 00
Chapman, E A.... 2 00
Chapman, E M & M E Jones..... 2 00
Chapman, G E... 2 00
Chapman, Josephine 1 00
Chapman, Mrs L. 25
Chapman, L B.... 1 00
Chapman, Martha. 1 00
Chapman, W J... 5 00
Chapman, Wm T. 1 00
Chapple, W R.... 2 00
Chapple, Mrs W R 1 00
Chard, W A..... 1 00
Charles, Martha.. 25
Charles, Minnie... 02
Charles, Miss N.. 25
Chase, Miss L D.. 2 00
Chase, Mr & Mrs W H 2 00
Chatham Helpers. 8 10
Cheesman, J M... 1 00
Cheesman, R C... 3 00
Cheesman, T H... 1 00
Chesebrough, T U.10 00
Chesterfield, Dr... 25
Chevalley, Mrs L. 50
Chichester, A T.. 15
Chichester, Garret 25
Chichester, H J... 1 00
Chite, Miss Jennie 25
Christiau, Eliz.... 4 00
Christie, Mrs D G 2 00
Christie, Mrs H.. 5 00
Chubb, Mrs Anna. 1 00
Clafton, Mrs M.. 1 00
Clancey, Miss Ida 25
Clapp, Mrs A H.. 1 00
Clapper, A H.... 1 50
Clapper, N B..... 5 00
Clark, Mrs Alice.. 5 00
Clark, Augusta... 2 00
Clark, B F..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs C M.. 1 00
Clark, C W..... 25
Clark, E L..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs E A.. 5 00
Clark, G & V..... 2 00
Clark, Mrs H T.. 1 00
Clark, Ida 05
Clark, James I.... 1 00
Clark, Jas M..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs M..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs Mary. 10
Clark, R A..... 50
Clark, W J..... 2 00
Clark, W N..... 5 00
Clarke, Mrs G H. 2 00
Clarke, Mrs G W. 10
Claus, Miss B.... 25
Claus, Mrs H..... 25
Clayson, Mrs 25
Clemans, Putney.. 2 00
Clement, Mrs A B 1 00
Clement, S 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Cleveland, C S & wife 3 00
Clute, Mrs M A... 2 00
Clymo, Mrs E P.. 25
Clymo, Mrs Jno... 25
Clymo, M 25
Cobb, Lyman, Jr..10 00
Cockings, Mrs S D 2 00
Coddington, Mrs G 1 00
Coe, Mrs R 1 00
Cogswell, N L.... 2 00
Cole, F M..... 25
Cole, G 50
Cole, W W..... 2 00
Cole, Dr & Mrs W W 2 00
Colegrove, A M.. 3 00
Colegrove, C M D 1 00
Colegrove, Kate... 1 00
Collier, Mrs J R.. 2 00
Collins, Miss 1 00
Colton, Mrs A.... 1 00
Colvin, Almira.... 1 00
Collins, Dennis .. 5 00
Collins, Mrs J B. 1 00
Collins, May R... 10
Collins, Sylvia ... 50
Coloney, Wm 50
Colton, A J..... 1 00
Colver, Mrs Robt. 1 00
Comfort, A V..... 10
Comfort, Haze M. 05
Comfort, L B..... 15
Comfort, Ray E.. 10
Comfort, Reeve B. 05
Comfort, Ross C. 05
Comfort, Roy D.. 50
Conant, Mrs E H 2 00
Conant, Miss H... 1 00
Congdon, H C.... 2 00
Conger, W & A & M & B..... 5 00
Conklin, Mrs H W 1 00
Conover, Irma ... 10
Conroy, Mrs W H. 25
Cook, J B..... 50
Cook, Jane 1 00
Cook, M B..... 5 00
Cool, Mrs E C.... 25
Cool, Mrs Marcus. 25
Coolidge, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Coolidge, Mrs S S 1 00
Coon, M J..... 1 00
Coon, Peter 1 00
Cope, C 1 10
Cope, Mr & Mrs T K 2 00
Coquin, Mrs 1 00
Cornish, Mrs G... 50
Cortwright, Mrs.. 1 00
Corbin, Mary 35
Cortwright, Sarah. 1 00
Coryell, Mrs 50
Cosman, H S..... 1 00
Costa, J D..... 50
Coulter, Almira... 1 00
Court, Mrs Chas.. 1 00
Courteuay, A 1 00
Courts, Miss E... 25
Covell, Mrs T E.. 1 00
Cox, Mrs J D..... 2 00
Craig, Mrs D C.. 50
Craig, Florence .. 25
Craig, R H..... 1 00
Crain, Mrs A A.. 1 00
Craine, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Crandal, Mrs 25
Crandall, Mrs A D 50
Craudell, Mrs H L 1 00
Crawford, J R, D D S 2 00
Crippen, Mrs E... 2 00
Crisson, Mrs G A. 4 00
Crouk, Mrs M.... 1 00
Croop, F 1 00
Crosby, Jennie K. 2 00
Cross, Sylvester... 1 00
Crossett, Mrs Jno. 1 00
Crowell, Mrs L... 25
Crowe, A R..... 50
Crowe, F 50
Crowl, Mrs F A... 1 00
Culver, Mrs G H. 95
Curtice, L 10
Curtis, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Curtis, Chas 1 00
Curtis, Mrs M.... 1 00
Curtis, Nellie 1 00
Curtiss, M E..... 1 00
Dadson, Mrs H... 15
Dahlin, Jno 25
Dale, Mrs Fannie. 1 00
Damon, Mrs Geo. 20
Danford, Mrs O E 1 00
Daniels, Claire & Elinor 2 00
Daniels, Mrs Lucy 2 00
Dann, Miss S A.. 5 00
Danser, Mrs L.... 1 00
Darling, Nelsou... 1 00
Dart, Jno H..... 1 00
Dart, Mrs O A.... 10
Dascy, T 1 00
Daton, M 10
Davie, C E 2 00
Davis, Miss 1 00
Davis, Mrs A 2 00
Davis, Chas W... 1 00
Davis, Rev F R... 1 00
Davis, Grace 4 00
Davis, Ira F 1 25
Davis, M 1 00
Davis, Z B 1 50
Davidson, Mrs M B 5 00
Dawson, Caleb ... 2 00
Dawson, Walter... 1 00
Day, Beatrice A.. 25
Day, C D..... 1 00
Day, Mrs J..... 1 00
Day, Sarah 1 00
Dean, Mrs C M.. 2 00
Dean, Mrs J B.... 25
Dean, Mrs J W.... 25
Dean, Mrs L C... 20
De Bevoise, B C.. 50
De Bevoise, Mrs B C 1 00
Decator, A 10
Decker, Miss 25
Decker, Frank B. 1 00
Decker, J W..... 1 00
De Clereq, Mrs H. 3 00
Dedrick, Mrs E C 2 00
De Golia, Mrs J... 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

De Lano, Henry E 2 00
Delmar, Miss A... 2 50
De Long, Mrs H W 1 00
De Jean, F M.... 1 00
Demarest, S W... 25
Demmon, Mrs C E 50
Demmon, J 1 00
Demmon, Mrs J.. 50
Demmon, Lulu & Emma 10
De Mott, Mrs B.. 50
Demott, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Dempsey, Mrs Annette 1 00
Dempsey, Mary A. 1 00
Dennis, Mrs M L. 1 00
Dennison, Jno H. 2 00
Depew, J M..... 5 00
Depew, Mrs R.... 5 00
Derby, Watie & mother 1 00
Derbyshire, M A.. 1 00
Derrick, E J & Caroline 2 00
Densler, Murray.. 25
Densler, S J..... 50
Densler, Mrs S J 25
Devereaux, E M.. 5 00
Devoe, Mrs 50
De Vries, C F....10 00
Dexter, E B..... 25
Dey, Mrs J 1 00
Dicker, Mr & Mrs John 2 00
Dickinson, Mrs B L 25
Dickman, M L.... 1 00
Diddell, Harold, Josie & Clara... 2 30
Dietz, Wm 1 00
Dikeman, Helen.. 1 00
Dimmerling, Mrs.. 1 00
Dimmick, Mrs J.. 50
Dingman, H W.. 75
Dingman, W 1 00
Dingman, Mrs ... 50
Dingman, J E & wife 2 00
Divine, E S 1 00
Divine, Libbie.... 1 00
Divine, Mr & Mrs. 2 00
Dixon, Mrs F T... 1 00
Dixon, H B..... 1 00
Dixon, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Dixon, Mrs Wm.. 2 00
Dockstader, Mrs G 1 00
Dockstader, Mrs U 25
Doc, Jno 50
Dolan, Mrs 25
Donald, J E..... 1 00
Donaldson, J J...10 00
Dorsey, Mrs E J.. 1 00
Dotlou, Mrs C M. 1 00
Doty, Mrs Geo ... 1 00
Douglas, Hazel .. 10
Douglas, K 2 00
Dowding, Ruth .. 1 25
Downey, F H.... 1 00
Drake, Mrs A..... 1 00
Drake, Allen 1 00
Drake, Miss B.... 1 00
Drake, Mrs W F.. 50
Dresser, Herbert.. 50
Dresser, Wm 50
Dubois, Mrs 25
Du Bois, E 1 00
Dubnois, M 5 00
Dudley, Mrs G S. 5 00
Dudley, W J..... 5 00
Duesler, Jessie ... 25
Duncan, J M 8 00
Dunn, A 1 00
Dunn, Mrs A 25
Dunston, H S.... 1 30
Durfee, Mrs A M. 1 00
Durfee, Mrs S 1 00
Durham, Mrs L... 2 00
Durham, W E.... 25
Durst, L 1 00
Duryea, Mrs M C. 1 00
Dutcher, Mrs L... 25
Dutcher, Mrs M.. 50
Dutton, Mr O M.. 1 00
Dutton, Robt 10
Dye, Eliz A 1 00
Dye, Frances A.. 1 00
Dye, Henry C 1 00
Dye, Mrs N J..... 50
Eacker, Mrs D R. 1 00
Eames, F 50
Eames, Mrs M J.. 50
Eberle, Mrs W H. 1 00
Ebert, Annie 10
Eddleblute, J H.. 6 50
Edel, Miss Annie. 25
Edmunds, Mrs C. 25
Edsell, Mrs S.... 25
Edwards, Miss G. 2 00
Edwards, Walter.. 10
Egbert, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Egenberg, L C.... 5 00
Eichhorn, Chas... 1 00
Eichhorn, F H.... 1 00
Elder, John A....10 00
Elias, G M..... 50
Ellis, Mrs F..... 1 00
Ellison, G 15
Ellison, O 25
Elting, S F..... 50
Elting, Mrs S F.. 30
Engell, Al 10
English, Mrs Theo 25
Englund, A 25
Epfell, H 25
Ernhout, F L..... 1 00
Ernst, Miss Anna. 1 00
Ernst, Mrs 1 00
Ersler, J 1 00
Esselstyne, Mrs L M 5 00
Estabrooke, N W. 5 00
Estes, Philip 1 00
Eustace, Fred 4 00
Evans, C O 1 00
Evans, H W..... 1 50
Evans, Mrs Jas.. 2 00
Evans, L R..... 1 00
Evans, W D..... 1 00
Everest, A M..... 3 00
Failing, Elmer.... 1 00
Fairfield, B N.... 2 00
Falconer, W T.... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Fallon, Mrs B L. 25
Fancher, E (M D) 2 00
Fanican, Ina 10
Fanning, E K.... 1 00
Fanning, J F.... 1 00
Farby, E B..... 2 00
Farnsworth, Miss J 50
Farrington, Mrs Z 1 00
Fancett, J 75
Fay A 25
Fay, C W 10
Feeter, J D 5 00
Fell, H A 1 00
Felten, Mrs E A. 1 00
Ferguson, Mrs E M 50
Ferguson, T H.... 1 00
Ferrie, Miss 20
Ferriss, Miss A W & Miss N M Holleron 2 00
Ferris, Lewis 50
Ferris, M B..... 1 00
Field, Mrs C..... 10
Field, C D W..... 25
Fields, Miss R.... 1 00
File, Mrs J M.... 2 00
Fillabon, Arthur.. 5 00
Finch, E 1 00
Finch, Mrs Elmer. 4 00
Finch, P J..... 50
Findley Lake Friend 1 00
Fink, B 2 00
Fish, Miss L L.... 1 00
Fisher, G H..... 50
Fisher, Mrs O N. 2 00
Fisher, W 2 00
Fitch, Mrs U..... 1 00
Fitschen, Mrs J F.10 00
Fitzgerald, W..... 3 00
Flagg, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Flagg, Mrs L H.. 2 00
Flagler, Mrs C... 1 00
Flasi, A F 2 00
Fleming, Jennie.. 1 00
Fleming, T M.... 1 00
Flutot, A H..... 1 00
Follett, A E 10
Food, Mrs F J.... 1 00
Foote, Cornelius.. 1 00
Foote, Mrs E 1 00
Foote, Mrs G W.. 1 00
Forbes, Mrs Wm.. 2 00
Forcierr, T E..... 25
Foresyth, F B.... 1 00
Forsyth, Mrs 1 00
Forrester, A W... 2 00
Fort, C A 2 00
Forster, B P..... 1 00
Foster, Frank 25
Foster, John 25
Fowler, A D..... 2 00
Fowler, Chas I... 1 00
Fowler, Mrs D, Sr 5 00
Fowler, W H, Jr. 3 38
Fox, Mrs Hollis.. 2 00
Fox, Mrs J 1 00
Fralick, Mrs F ... 25
Francisco, E L... 1 00
Frank, A 1 00
Frank, Mrs C M.. 25
Fraser, Mrs W D. 1 00
Frazer, Grace 10
Fredricksen, J D.10 00
Freeman, Miss A M 25
Freeman, Mrs C.. 1 00
Freeman, G L.... 3 00
Freeman, J 25
Freer, J G..... 25
Freer, Mrs L 1 00
Freestone, Mrs J. 75
French, Mrs J H. 1 00
French, Mrs J L.. 1 00
French, R F..... 25
Frisbie, C M..... 5 00
Frisbee, Mrs H... 2 00
Frothingham, W.. 1 00
Fuller, Aliee 25
Fuller, B 50
Fuller, Mr & Mrs C J & family... 50
Fuller, Dnane ... 25
Fuller, M Ettie... 1 00
Fuller, S E..... 50
Fulton, A M..... 5 00
Fulton, A P..... 2 00
Fulton, Miss F M 5 00
Fulton, J A..... 2 00
Funston, Mrs Wm 1 00
Furber, J 1 00
Furst, John F ... 25
Gage, B F..... 1 00
Gage, M M..... 2 00
Gallap, G O..... 2 00
Gallap, Miss L.... 25
Gallinger, Mrs R H 50
Galloway, Mrs L J 1 00
Gallup, Mrs D W. 1 00
Gallup, Roy 10
Gallup, W D 1 00
Gardner, C C.... 1 00
Gardner, Miss I S 2 00
Gardner, Wm 50
Garnar, Mrs 1 00
Garrett, Mrs Jno.. 1 00
Garrey, M 50
Garrey, Mrs M.... 10
Garrison, A E.... 2 00
Gates, Everett T. 25
Gates, F J..... 4 20
Gates, Mrs J D... 50
Gelder, C 1 00
George, Rev, Coll by 92
Gibbons, A 1 00
Gibbs, Mrs O 1 00
Gibson, Mr & Mrs Ernest 25
Gibson, Wm 2 00
Giffen, Rev J (M D). 5 00
Gilbert, J J..... 5 00
Gilbert, Leonora.. 5 00
Gildersleeve, S B. 1 00
Gillespie, E 1 00
Gillett, Mrs J P & Mrs E Lamb.... 2 00
Gillette, Mrs H... 3 00
Gillette, Ona 10
Gillette, Pearl ... 10
Gilmour, Miss M. 25
Gladding, Adon L.10 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Glasser, Mrs C... 50
Gleason, S H..... 1 00
Gleason, Truman. 10
Glennie, Mrs A J. 50
Glover, Rev J C & wife 5 00
Gluer, Mrs R..... 2 00
Goble, G H..... 50
Godfrey, Mrs Jno. 25
Godfrey, Miss P.. 25
Golden, A W.....10 00
Golder, Miss J.... 50
Goodemote, N ... 1 00
Goodenow, Mr & Mrs H 2 00
Goodrich, C 25
Goodwin, Mrs E S 1 00
Gordon, Rachel .. 1 00
Gordon, Mrs S V. 50
Graham, Miss M.. 25
Grant, Mr & Mrs H E 2 00
Grant, Mary A.... 50
Grant, Nettie 25
Grant, Thomas ... 25
Green, A H..... 1 00
Green, C & Sons. 2 00
Green, Chas A.... 1 00
Green, Mrs D W. 1 00
Green, Mrs E W.. 5 00
Green, G W..... 1 00
Green, Lena 05
Green, Mrs M.... 10
Green, Mrs Olivia 1 00
Greenfield, Miss A S 1 00
Greinir, W B..... 50
Grew, Lewis 1 00
Gribe, J & wife.. 1 00
Griffin, A 10
Griffin, G 10
Griffin, Geo K.... 50
Griffin, Mrs Seth. 1 00
Griffin, Mrs T.... 2 00
Griffith, Floyd .. 1 00
Griffith, Mrs G L. 1 00
Griffith, Geo 1 00
Grimes, Mrs W A 2 00
Grimm, Clifford . 1 25
Griswold, J 25
Griswold, Mrs W 1 00
Groak, S & H.... 2 00
Groome, Sarah ... 3 00
Grosvenor, W I.. 1 00
Ground, Flossy .. 01
Gudley, Miss C... 25
Gugelman, A..... 50
Guggleman, Mrs E 25
Gulbran, C G..... 2 00
Guthrie, B 13
Guthrie, E 10
Gypson, Jennie .. 01
Hadden, S 2 00
Hadley, Chas 1 00
Hadley, Ed 1 00
Hadley, Eva J.... 1 00
Hadley, Mrs F A 50
Hadley, H H..... 50
Hagaman, C A.... 2 00
Hagar, Willis ... 50
Haggerty, F 25
Haight, Geo A.... 2 00
Haight, K S..... 2 00
Haines, C 1 00
Haines, Flo, Coll by 4 25
Hait, Ernest L... 1 00
Hait, T J..... 10
Haley, Mrs A.... 15
Haley, F 50
Hall, Mrs B F... 1 00
Hall, Guy C..... 25
Hall, Mrs H W.. 2 00
Hall, Mrs Jas..... 1 00
Hall, Mr & Mrs J 7 00
Hall, Mr Robt.... 50
Hall, Sarah M... 1 00
Hallenbeck, M ... 10
Halleobeck, G ... 25
Ham, Mrs R C... 1 00
Hambleton, Mrs E 1 00
Hamer, M E..... 2 00
Hamilton, H R... 1 00
Hammon, Miss ... 25
Hammond, E F.. 1 00
Hammond, Mrs M 25
Handshaw, J E... 2 00
Haner, Peter 1 00
Hanes, Jno 25
Hanes, O 50
Hanford, Mrs G R 1 00
Hanford, Wm ... 2 00
Harbeck, Mrs H.. 25
Hardeubrook, Mrs E 50
Hardenburgh, S E 4 00
Harder, Miss F.. 10
Harder, H 50
Harder, Master J 10
Harder, W P..... 50
Harriman, Mrs W C 1 00
Harrington, Mrs J 1 00
Harrington, Mrs O 50
Harrington, S M. 10
Harris, Miss 2 00
Harris, Anna 1 00
Harris, G W..... 5 00
Harris, Helen ... 1 00
Harris, Mrs Ruth. 50
Harris, S A..... 5 00
Hart, Arthur 2 00
Hart, E K..... 30
Hart, Leon A.... 50
Haskell, Geo 50
Hasledon, A E... 1 00
Hastings, Mrs .. 1 00
Hatch, Chas 2 00
Hatch, Mr & Mrs J 3 50
Hatch, J E..... 1 00
Hanbell, E, Coll 18 00
Hans, C, M L, J B, & Sarah 4 00
Havens, C D..... 1 00
Haviland, Miss A 50
Hawkins, Miss .. 50
Hawkins, Mrs S.. 1 00
Hawks, E A & A Crane 3 00
Hawks, Geo W & Edith 3 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Hayden, Miss M. 25
Hayden, Mrs M.. 3 00
Hayes, A S..... 1 00
Hayford, Miss M. 25
Hayner, Mrs M.. 10
Haynes, Mrs P W 25
Hays, W C..... 25
Hayward, Mrs C C 15
Hayward, M F... 10
Hazard, D O..... 1 00
Heaps, Mrs J.... 1 00
Heath, J F..... 25
Hebbock, Mrs P A 2 00
Heine, Mr 50
Heist, Dr W H.. 2 00
Hemlock, Helena. 01
Hemlock, Tillie... 04
Henck, Mrs E.... 25
Henderson, A.... 15
Henderson, Mrs G 1 00
Hendrick, Mrs E. 1 00
Henry, Mrs E.... 1 00
Henry, Eva 05
Henry, Mrs G W. 25
Henry, Mrs W A. 1 00
Herber, Miss C... 3 00
Herrick, Mrs H A 2 00
Herrington & Pitney 1 00
Herryan, Mattie . 50
Hess, F B..... 2 00
Hess, Mrs F L.. 1 00
Hewitt, H D..... 25
Hewitt, Ruth ... 1 00
Hewitt, T 25
Hickok, Miss 25
Hicks, M A & S.. 3 00
Higby, Selden ... 2 00
Higgins, E A.... 25
Higinbotham, A.. 10
Hilby, A C..... 5 00
Hiles, Mrs 1 00
Hill, H D..... 1 00
Hill, Larinda 20
Hill, Leon 05
Hill, Maria 05
Hill, N D.....10 00
Hill, Russle 10
Hill, Sadie 05
Hillis, Jas 2 00
Hillis, W S & fam25 00
Hilton, Mrs B O.. 25
Hinckel, Mrs F... 1 00
Hinds, F A..... 1 00
Hines, Arthur ... 2 00
Hinkley, S 25
Hinman, N B.....10 00
Hislop, Mrs Dr... 1 00
Hive, August 5 00
Hoadley, W H... 2 00
Hoag, Charles ... 1 00
Hocklns, Mrs A... 15
Hockins, Mrs J.. 10
Hocklns, L 10
Hockins, Mrs L... 10
Hodgson, D 50
Hodgson, Mrs G.. 1 00
Hoffeld, E H..... 2 00
Hoffman, Wm .. 2 00
Hogeboon, Mrs J W 1 00
Hohenstein, Miss T 1 00
Holden, H W.... 1 00
Holland, B B.... 50
Holland, Mrs Ed. 1 00
Holland, Mrs J S 1 00
Holland, S J..... 2 00
Holmes, Chas ... 1 00
Holmes, Ella P.. 8 00
Holmes, Mrs M J 5 00
Holmes, M R.... 2 00
Hoose, Mrs C.... 10
Hopkins, Mr & Mrs Geo A..... 2 00
Hopper, Mrs A... 5 00
Hopper, Wm 20 00
Horton, Miss H.. 1 00
Horton, Mrs H A 1 00
Hosley, Mary L.. 5 00
Hotchklss, Eva A 5 00
Hotulling, Sarah . 40
Houk, Mrs M.... 50
House, Edna 5 75
House, Mrs V.... 2 00
Housel, Mrs W S & family 1 35
Houslander, Mrs P R 1 00
Houstan, J 5 00
Howe, D B..... 25
Howe, G B..... 1 00
Howell, Mrs C A. 2 32
Howell, E C..... 25
Howell, J D..... 1 10
Howell, Mrs M D 2 00
Howell, W S..... 1 00
Howland, Mrs ... 25
Hoyt, Mrs E P.. 1 00
Hoyt, Mrs I..... 5 00
Hubbard, Mrs E.. 2 00
Hubbard, T D.... 1 00
Hubbell, Mrs 25
Huber, Mr & Mrs Charles 50
Hudson, M 2 00
Hues, Louise 1 00
Hughes, J S & fam 5 00
Hughes, Mary ... 1 00
Hull, Mrs L..... 1 00
Hummell, J H.... 5 00
Humphrey, Mrs G 1 00
Humphrey, L ... 4 00
Hunt, Mrs C L & Mrs C S Myers. 5 00
Hunt, Chas 5 00
Hunt, J W..... 1 00
Hunt, John 45
Hunter, Ed 1 00
Hurd, Mrs M C... 25
Hurlburt, H W & Mrs W L..... 2 00
Huston, Maxfield. 2 00
Huston, Mrs W H 2 00
Hultquist, V J... 2 00
Hutchlngs, Adele. 1 00
Hutchins, C 25
Hutchins, Mrs L.. 25
Hutchinson, O W. 2 00
Hyatt, Mrs Ida.. 50
Hynes, Frank ... 2 00
Ide, Mrs R W... 1 00
Ingalsbe, Mr & Mrs G 3 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ingham, S S..... 1 00
Ingrahm, Mrs W N 1 00
Ireland, Wm G.. 2 00
Irish, N N..... 1 00
Irwiu, Lovilla M. 2 00
Isabell, Wm R... 2 00
Jackson, H B.... 3 55
Jackson, Kate J.. 5 00
Jacksou, Miss L.. 10
Jacobia, C 25
Jacobs, C 10
Jacobs, Snsie ... 04
Jacobson, Jno ... 25
James, C 25
James, Mrs D W.200 00
James, Mrs L.... 1 00
Janseu, Mrs 25
Jansen, F 5 00
Jayne, W F..... 1 00
Jenkins, LeRoy .. 2 00
Jenkius, Z & fam 1 00
Jenks, Mrs E M.. 1 00
Jenks, John S.... 1 00
Jennings, J N.... 5 00
Jewett, J H..... 2 00
Jillson, Mary C.. 5 00
Job, Mrs 10
Johnson, Mrs Dr.. 50
Johuson, J 25
Johnson, J 1 00
Johnson, J W & wife 2 00
Johnson, Mrs L.. 1 00
Johnson, Miss N.. 25
Johnson, R W.... 25
Jolley, A T..... 50
Jolley, Mrs O V.. 1 50
Joney, Mrs W T.. 1 50
Jones, Annie E... 25
Jones, Mrs C A.. 5 00
Jones, D W..... 50
Jones, Emesline.. 5 00
Jones, Mrs Emily. 4 00
Jones, Fannie .. 1 00
Jones, Mrs J B.. 7 00
Jones, Keith 10
Jones, Mrs Levi.. 1 00
Joues, Mark & Son10 50
Jones, Mrs M L.. 50
Jones, Mrs Mgt... 1 00
Jones, Mrs Mary. 10
Jones, Mr & Mrs W F 25 00
Jones, Mrs Wm... 1 25
Joslyn, Calvin ... 1 00
Joslyn, Mrs Jane. 1 00
Joy, Mrs Daul.... 2 00
Joy, Wm 100
Judd, Mrs C S... 2 00
Jump, A L..... 1 00
Kammerer, R 5 00
Kast, John T.... 5 00
Keady, Mrs J.... 30
Keator, A J..... 10
Keator, Maud ... 25
Keith, M A..... 2 00
Kellar, Adam 10
Kellar, M 02
Keller, Hugo 10 00
Keller, W 1 00
Kelley, C 1 00
Kellogg & Carrier 1 00
Kellogg, Roy P.. 1 00
Kelly, Geo 1 00
Kelly, Wm R.... 3 00
Kelsey, Mrs E D 25
Kelso, Mrs J E.. 5 00
Kemble, Mrs H F 10
Kendall, Mrs C.. 1 00
Kendall, Mr Jas.. 1 00
Kendall, J S, sister & family....13 00
Kendall, Dr J V.. 2 00
Kendall, M S....10 00
Kennedy, Miss E. 25
Kennedy, Miss F. 25
Kennell, M B.... 5 00
Kennon, Mr& Mrs 50
Kesler, G W.....10 00
Ketcham, Hey E.. 2 00
Kibling, H 1 00
Kibling, Mrs H.. 1 00
Kilts, Mrs C E.. 25
Kimble, Ellen L.. 50
Kimble, Mary A.. 1 50
Kimpton, Mrs E J 25
Kinch, Irving ... 25
King, E M..... 50
King, H 25
King, Mrs Jas.... 1 00
King, Miss M.... 25
Klngman, T L....10 00
Kingston, S D..... 1 00
Klnne, Mrs G A.. 25
Klusey, Miss M W 10
Kline, B J..... 05
Kline, Mrs R.... 1 00
Klock, Mrs Jacob 60
Knight, Mrs E M 2 00
Knox, Mrs M A.. 25
Knox, S L..... 5 00
Koehler, K W.... 2 00
Koglin, Nellie L.. 1 03
Koons, A J..... 1 00
Krautwurst, J ... 5 00
Kruger, F C..... 2 00
Ladd, Fannie ... 10
Laing, Mrs R.... 1 00
Lamb, Mrs D.... 1 00
La Monte, Hannah 5 00
Lamoreau, J L... 25
Lamorce, S M.... 2 00
Lancaster, Alice.. 2 00
Lane, Anna & Kate 4 00
Lane, Benj 50
Lane, Florence .. 10
Langworthy, L ... 50
Lapp, Mr Joseph. 25
Larder, Will 25
Larrabee, Jessie . 05
Lathrop, Mrs B R 2 00
Lannt, M L & Mrs E Coe 4 60
Lay, B I..... 50
Leaman, E W....10 10
Learnut, C 50
Lee, Miss 1 00
Lee, Wallace 1 00
Lefferts, Mrs B H 25
Legg, V H..... 2 00
Leinz, E T & J.. 2 00
Leith, Mrs Sarah. 1 00
Lembke W F....10 00
Lemon, Mr & Mrs G W 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Letson, Charlie .. 10
Leonard, C D.... 2 00
Anon, Brooklyn... 10
Anon, L I City... 10
Anon, L I City... 10
Anon, L I City.. 05
Anon, Oyster Bay 1 00
Anon, Rochester.. 5 00
Cash, Bensonhurst 1 00
Cash, Bensonhurst 10
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 10
Cash, Greenport.. 10
Cash, Greenport.. 10
Cash, Greenport.. 10
Cash, Greenport.. 10
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Half Moon. 25
F S, Greig 1 00
Mrs G A B, Walton 50
H A B, Amenia Union 25
H E B, Kearney 1 35
Mrs H G M, Jeffersonville 1 00
Mrs H L B, Riverhead 26
H M, Florida.... 1 00
H M H, N Y City.10 00
H M L, Leedsville 15
Mrs H M U, Fredonia 1 00
Mr H S O, Walton 50
I H R, Amenia Un 10
Miss I M B, Walton 50
Miss I W, Long Island City 50
J, Maspeth 3 00
J A S, St Regis Falls 1 50
J L, Canandaigua. 1 00
J K, Amenia Un 25
Mrs J L S Salem 1 00
K V D, Schenectady 1 00
L A B, Andover. 1 00
M, Greenport.... 50
M & M R, Amenia Union 15
M B B, Leedsville 5 00
M B L, Williamson 1 00
M C M, N Y City 1 00
Miss M D E, N Hoosick 1 00
M E E, White Plains 1 00
M E M F reeport 3 00
M F, Grapeville. 5 00
A D, Wadhams.. 50
A M, Albany.... 5 00
B E J, Attica.... 2 50
C E C, Amenia Union 25
C F W, Buffalo.. 1 00
Mrs C L W, Amenia Union.. 30
C M S, Ft Edward 1 00
Mrs C S R, Westford 50
E B F, ... 1 10
Mrs E L L, Deansboro 1 00
E M M, Syracuse 3 00
Mrs F & Mrs L, New York City 1 00
Mrs E C H, Phila 1 00
F C B, Rochester 3 00
"F M F," Oyster Bay 1 00
F R, Alexandria Bay 2 00
Richard & Alice, Rochester 2 00
Russell & Fred, Fort Plain 2 00
Scott, Poughkeepsie 33
Stuart, Poughkeepsie 70
Thomas, Catawba 05
A, Utica 05
A A, Rotterdam.. 2 00
Fr'nds, Bay Ridge 1 00
F'nds, Hopkinton 3 35
Frlends of Chester Park, Jamaica 2 00
Fr'nds, King's Sta 20
"Friends," Lebanon 2 00
Frlends, Middle Falls 2 50
Friends, Mnnusville 50
Fr'nds, N Y City. 1 00
Five Friends, Portland 5 00
Friends, Tioga Centre 1 50
Three Friends, N Y Mills..... 2 00
Five Frlends 40
In Christ's Name, Watertown 50
"In His Name," Brushton 5 00
I H N, Elmont ..1 00
I H N, Gouverneur 1 00
In His Name, Rochester 10 00
I H N, Yonkers.. 2 00
In Jesus' Name, Grace & Pearl Kendall 10
In Jesus' Name, S Bristol 3 40
Reader, Berne ... 1 00
Subscriber, Bay Ridge 50
Subscriber, Bay Ridge 25
Subscriber, Fort Hamilton 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

C E Soc, Mineola 8 00
Subscriber, Fort Hamilton 25
Subscriber, Fort Hamilton 25
Two Hamilton Sub's 2 00
A Sympathizer, Gilbertsville .. 50
A Sympathizer, Manorville 25
A Sympathizer, Nyack 1 00
A Friend, Kingston 25
Friend, La Fageville 10
A Friend, Lansingville 25
A Friend, Lansingville 25
A Friend, Lansingville 10
Friend, Lavonia.. 2 00
A Fr'nd, Lockport 10
"A Friend," Lounsbery 10
Friend, Lyndonville 1 00
A Friend, Maltaville 1 00
A Fr'nd, Millerton10 00
Fr'nd, N Hamline 15
A Friend, New York City 5 00
Friend, Oswego... 1 00
Friend, Oswego .. 80
Friend, Romulus. 25
Friend, Sardinia. 15
Friends, Wright.. 2 15
A Friend, Tonawanda 10
Friend F, Tonawanda 50
Friend G, Tonawanda 25
Friend H, Tonawanda 25
Frlend S, Tonawanda 1 00
Friend W, Tonawanda 25
Friend, Troy 1 00
A Friend, Tyrone 1 00
A Friend, Victory 25
A Fr'nd, Westford 1 00
Fr'nd, Whitestone 25
"A Friend," Yonkers 5 00
A Friend of the Poor, Le Roy... 1 00
Friends, ... 5 00
A Friend, Bay Ridge 50
Friend, Bloomfield 1 00
"A Fr'd," Brushton 1 00
A Friend, Buffalo 1 00
A Friend, Buffalo 50
A Friend, Buffalo 22
Fr'nd, Canaseraga 1 00
Fr'nd, Clarksville 20
A Friend, Cutchogue 25
Frlend, Dolgeville 1 00
"A Friend," East Creek 15
"A Friend," East Creek 25
"A Friend," East Creek 50
Friend, Flanders. 10
A Friend, Fort Hamilton 1 00
Friend, Geneva... 05
"Friend," Goshen.15 10
A Frlend, Greenport 25
A Friend, Greenport 10
Friend, Holland.. 25
A Frlend, Johnsburgh 50
Cash, Lincklaen.. 25
Cash, Manorville. 10
Cash, Mt Vernon. 5 00
A Friend, Altamont 3 00
A Friend, Auburn 40
A Friend, Auburn 05
A Frlend, Auburn 10
M E S S, Whallonsburg 5 00
The Norwood S S 6 00
German M E S S, Jeffersonville .. 3 25
M E Ch S S, N Cohocton 20 00
Presb S S, Williamson 6 78
Presb S S Livonia Centre...10 18
Olive Branch M E S S, Ashton 1 00
Union S S, Smith Gates 6 50
St Paul's P E Ch, Chichester 51 61
M E Church, Waterport 15 40
Presb Church, Pittsford 46 20
F M Cong, E Otto 3 50
St Margaret's Episcopal Ch, Staatsburg 2 06
S S Prim Dept Cen Presb Ch of Auburn 6 00
"Choir Fund" Cen Presb Ch of Auburn 142 47
First Christian Ch, Cranberry C'k.. 5 20
Presb Ch, Hobart.18 05
Ires Ch, S Salem.37 00
Baleville Christian Ch & C E Soc, Halsey 9 00
Hanson Pl Bapt Ch, Brooklyn...16 00
So Presb Church, Elmira 2 15
Ref Cb, Montgomery 49 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ref Church, Fallsburgh 12 30
Pres Ch & Y P S C E Soc, Cazenovia 12 00
Kendaia Bapt Ch, Kendaia 36 00
Bethlehem Presb Ch, Salisbury Mills 18 50
First Cong Ch, Franklin 35 25
Stone Ch, Bergen 1 00
Pres Ch, Oneida.198 64
S S First Sparta Ch, Grovelaud Sta 3 00
Cong Ch S S & Y P S C E, W Bloomfield..40 00
Lamb's C'ners M E Ch 5 19
Presb S S, Cato.. 5 90
Germantown S S, Cuba 6 15
Easter Off from Hindsbury S S, Fancher 4 00
Others, Brushton. 3 00
Sisters & brother, Newburgh 5 00
Mountain Home, Keeseville 1 00
A Staten Islander, New Brighton, S I..... 1 00
The Widow's Mite Portlandville ... 05
A Lover of Sonls, Fortlandville .. 50
No Name, Red House 10
Girl, Poughkeepsie 1 00
Citizens of Oneida 8 10
An English Girl, Syracuse 25
Unknown, Tonawanda 25
Easter Offeriug, Middle Falls... 1 00
My Mother, Albany 1 00
People of Chester 6 25
Collection, Morley 1 00
1st Cong'l Church, Smyrna 5 00
Presb Ch, West Galway 2 50
The Baptist Ch, S New Berlin...25 60
Ref'm'd Church, Lishas Kill 12 00
Onondaga Hill Presb Church, Onondaga 75
Union Service coll, Dolgeville..10 00
Members of Brookview Chapel, Brookview 5 25
Central Presb Ch Choir Fund, Auburn 2 00
United Presb Ch, W Charlton 87 00
Christian Church, N Rush..... 6 75
First Presb Ch, Hector 16 21
Presb Ch, Greenville 10 07
Ires Ch, New Berlin 5 50
Girls & Friends, Manchester 3 00
Father Light's Buddha, New York City 1 00
Sympathy, Tarrytown 1 00
Widow's Mite, Gilbertsville 50
A Widow, Buffalo Mite Boxes, Dolgeville 6 03
One Gratful to Kokomo 10
Ires Ch S S, Rose 1 25
M E SS, Treadwell 11 30
Bapt M E S S, Stockton 5 42
E Rome Mis S S, Rome 3 25
S S, Middlefield Centre 1 50
Ref Ch S S, Fordham 12 00
W M S S, Morley 5 80
M E S S, Cutchogne 5 00
Hill S S Class, Standard Bearers of, N Collins 2 00
Kindergarten Dep of First Bapt S S, Gloversville 5 15
Friendly Grove Bapt S S, Kendaia 5 00
A Country S S, Cameron Mills.. 4 00
Bapt S S, Vestal Centre 2 65
Easter Offering Bapt S S, Westford 7 90
Stone Sch House, Union S S, Caldwell 2 00
Germantown, S S Cuba 3 15
S Sch, Red House 1 50
Bapt S S, Valionia Springs.. 6 42
Bapt S S, Rosendale 5 00
Morrisville U Bapt M S 11 60
Little York M E S S, Preble.... 2 25
Bapt S S, Forestville 7 00
Presby S S, Rose.21 27

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

First Summit Bap S S, Charlotteville 8 50
Lutheran S S, Sharon Sp'gs... 2 00
M E S S, Canaseraga 2 50
N Hill S S, Canaseraga 2 80
Presby End Soc, Cuba 5 00
Y P S C E, Whitelaw 7 00
Neighborly Circle K D, Laurel Hill 5 00
Sr C E Soc Presb Ch, Forestport.. 2 05
Jr C E Soc Pres Ch, Forestport .. 45
Varick Woman's C T U, Kendaia... 5 00
Ladies of the Home of Good Shepherd, Saratoga 4 83
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Williamsou.10 00
Miss Com of Y P S C E of Ref Ch, Cohoes 7 00
Baptist Y P S C E, Clifton Spr..12 60
C E Soc of Union Ch 5 00
Miss Cir of Bapt Ch, Seneca Falls 4 50
Jr Soc of C E Em Bapt Ch, Buffalo 53
Y P S C E, Russia 10 00
M E Soc, Coveytown 5 00
King's Daughters' Circle, Chili.... 5 00
L Aid Pres Ch.. 5 00
Children's Miss Band of People's Bapt Cb, Newburg 6 00
W F M Circle of Taberuacle Bapt Cb, Syracuse... 2 00
Ch Endv of Presb Ch, Broadalbin. 8 35
Inasmuch Circle, Whitehall 1 00
Y P S C E Bapt Ch, Copenhagen 1 00
Jr C E, Plainville 2 00
Y P S C E, Plainville 5 50
W C T U, Broadalbin 1 00
C E Soc, Barre Centre 50
Women's Miss Soc of Presb Ch, Cohocton 7 25
Baptist Jr's, Little Falls 3 05
Y P S C E, Brookfield Presb Ch, Manorville 2 25
C E Soc of Presb Ch, Pompey....10 50
Epwortb League First M E Ch, Yonkers 8 76
Epworth League, Lounsbery 1 00
Y P S C E, Munnsville 17 65
E Nassau C E Soc, Hoag's Corners 1 00
Niagara Co Diset Y P S C E Organization, Lockport 10 00
First Presb Ch, Potsdam 5 00
Volusia Chapter of Epw League. 3 00
Cong'l Y S S C E, Morrisville 13 00
Y P S C E, Jordanville 1 00
Y P S C E Bapt Ch, Forestville. 8 50
W H M Soc of Girls' Miss Band Erwin Mission M E Ch, Syracuse 5 00
Presb Ch, Riverdale 10 00
Epw Leagne M E Ch, Cortland....25 00
First Presb Ch C E Soc, Hector 4 46
C E Soc Bapt Cb, Urbana 12 00
Winfield Chapel Ch E Soc, Winfield 7 00
Little Buds of Promise, Albany 1 00
Epw League & C E Soc, Margaretville 27 25
Avoca Grange No 176 .....10 00
Y P S C E, Clermout 1 25
C E Soc Truthville Bapt Ch... 5 00
King's Daughters, Shady 4 00
Epworth League, Shady 3 00
Epw Leagne, Massena 1 00
Epw League, Sandborn 3 30
First Pres S S of Auburn 50 00
First Pres Ch of Auburn 400 00
Unlo S S, Matteawan 10 75

MISCELLANEOUS

Bainbridge, Miss M 1 00
Barnard, A 10
Barnard, E 10
Barrard, L 20
Baxter, Chas C,— 05
Brady, B B, —.. 05
Burd, G A, —... 05
Burns, Bessie, — 25
Cable, Mrs G C... 2 50
Cole, Mrs H M,— 1 00
Collins, Mrs C B.. 50
Conlan, Claude .. 7 68
Crawford, F A.... 1 00
Bible Sch, Rev A Duncombe, Little Neck 5 00
Dunkelberger, — 50
Durgan, J R, —. 5 00
Ehrhart, L 10
Elliott, Mrs S..... 1 00
Field, S I 2 00
Fineout, W C, — 05
Fiske, Geo F, — 1 00
Gittens, A, —... 05
Gordon, S J, Clinton 1 00
Hanson, Wm V— 05
Hathorn, Mrs J B, — 05
Hathorn, L, —.. 05
Hathorn, S M, — 05
Hathoway, S C... 2 00
Helmstead, H M, — 05
Hodgson, Maud & Minnie 2 90
Hollinger, Miss L J 2 90
Hottenroth, G H, — 05
Inscho, W W, Canoe Camp 5 00
Johnson, S B, — 05
Jones, E W, —.. 05
Kemp, Col Edw, Templeton 10 10
Koethen, Chas, — 05
Lasslett, R H & H 1 00
Lemonde, R E,— 05
Love, C 2 00
MacNair, J D, — 05
McConnell, T J, Clinton 1 00
Mitchell, H G, Albany 2 00
Neville, F A .. 05
Niles, D C, Syracuse 2 00
Oliver, Elizabeth, Albany 1 00
Oswald, M E, — 05
Paul, Hattie, —. 05
Schwager, Geo, — 05
Stanton & Ethel, Voorheesville ... 1 00
Stone, Mrs & Dau, — 1 50
Sprague, E L 50
Tocthaker, E V, — 2 00
Van Cott, E, —. 05
Valeutine, Mr S, — 05
Valentine, Mrs S, — 05
Vermont Friends, — 2 00
Watson, Mrs J H. 8 00
Wentworth, F T.. 05
Wetten, G 2 00
White, A M 25
White, Mrs H..... 25
Wycoff, Wm V,— 1 00
Agnes,—..... 2 00
A H R, Johnsville 1 00
C M W, —..... 1 00
E M S, Canbon.. 25
E W M, Arlington 1 00
G M O, Kootenai. 75
I W B, —..... 2 00
Julda, — 3 00
M A J D, —.... 2 00
M C M, —..... 5 00
M H —..... 1 00
M L —..... 2 00
Miss M L G, Petaluma 2 00
O E S, Greenwich 2 00
S J, Detroit..... 25
T W M, —..... 1 00
V X, —..... 25
Anon, —..... 2 00
Anon, —.....10 00
Anon, —..... 1 00
Anon, —..... 1 00
Anon, —..... 2 00
Anon, —..... 35
Anon, —..... 25
Anon, —..... 20
Anon, —..... 1 00
Anon, —..... 1 00
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—, ... 1 25
—, Arlington.... 25
—, Calumet..... 5 00
—, Denison & Hillsboro 70
—, E Hampton.. 1 00
—, Hallowell.... 1 00
—, Keene 50
—, Larrabee..... 1 00
—, Lyons 1 00
—, New Bedford. 2 00
—, North Rose... 1 00
Cash —.....10 00
A Friend, —..... 1 00
Friend, —..... 1 00
A Friend, —..... 1 00
A Friend, —..... 2 00
Friends, —..... 75
A Friend, —..... 1 00
A Friend, —..... 50
A Friend, —..... 2 00

The Kingdom's Seed-time and Harvest

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for June 24: | Golden Text, Matt. 6. 10: "Thy kingdom come"

THE review should be a composite photograph of the lessons of the quarter, in which one leading thought or one preeminent lesson should furnish a definite subject and object, as in a composite photograph of many persons on one plate, one strong face often dominates all others, and appears distinctly in the final picture. In this quarter the parables of the kingdom (Matt. 13) are the dominating feature into which all others may be gathered, in harmony with the golden text.

. . .

Pointing from Nature Up to Nature's God

Seed-time and harvest, apart from all allegories, point us to God by every growing plant. Men wondered that Christ could feed thousands out of one basket and have a dozen basketfuls left; but what shall we say of the feeding of the world's fourteen hundred millions of human beings in 1890, with seven and a quarter billions of bushels of grain (Department of Agriculture estimate), besides all the rice—"the staff of life" to the world's majority—and all the potatoes, meat, milk and other foods? The grain alone of each year would make a vast golden mountain of fifteen trillion cubic inches; or set in line in bushel baskets, two lineal feet to the bushel, it would become a golden necklace reaching round the world 110,000 times. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

And the tiny seeds in the sower's basket are as wonderful as the harvest whose germs and patterns they contain. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, declared, with the manifest approval of that senate of the scientific world, that the microscopic cells of vegetable and animal life, each with its specific plan and distinct energy, are fortresses of faith that proclaim God and put materialism to rout.

. . .

The Spiritual Seed-time of the Kingdom

We live in the ripening world-harvest of Christ's kingdom, but our lessons take us back to its seed-time, when the divine Sower went forth to sow, first the little garden of Palestine, whence the seed should be spread to his world field. Even in the "Holy Land" there were four kinds of soil in the souls he taught.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S EPITAPH

[Written by himself, and cut in his granite tombstone in Marshfield, Mass.]

LORD,
I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF. PHILOSOPHICAL ARGUMENT, ESPECIALLY THAT DRAWN FROM THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE IN COMPARISON WITH THE APPARENT INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS GLOBE, HAS SOMETIMES SHAKEN MY REASON FOR THE FAITH THAT IS IN ME; BUT MY HEART HAS ASSURED ME THAT THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST MUST BE A DIVINE REALITY. THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT CAN NOT BE A MERELY HUMAN PRODUCTION. THIS BELIEF ENTERS INTO THE VERY DEPTH OF MY CONSCIENCE. THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MAN PROVES IT.

See him on the Mount of Beatitudes first planting in "good ground," as he spake to his apostles by themselves. Even in that choicest corner of his garden one of the twelve seed-beds was to be spoiled with thorns of covetousness.

We are not to suppose that Judas did not at first really desire to help Christ. He was all too much like fully one-twelfth of the Church to-day in seeking first wealth, and the kingdom of God second. The hearts of the other apostles were by no means free from weeds. Race prejudice, ambition and cowardice were there; but Christ is a patient gardener, and by his combined gentleness and severity, by warnings and invitations, south wind and north in co-operation, he produced world-harvests from these apostles, not equally great—"some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundredfold." The central truth of the Sermon on the Mount is the blessedness of Christlike character and conduct, that is, of hearts that receive his words and grow them into gentle lives. The "pure heart" of the first lesson grows into the "golden rule" of the second. First we must get right with God, and then with our fellows. Right relations to God and man mean harmony. Such harmonies

Make life, death and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Here is a strain from such a life, permeated with the golden rule. Coming down town on a rainy morning the slipping car wheels suggested the use of the sand box, and as the conductor pulled open the rear box, a passenger said, "Why drop the sand from this end?" The conductor replied, "I am doing it for the next man."

. . .

The Golden Rule of Gladness

To the joys of the "pure heart" and the golden rule, Jesus invites all as he steps forth from the apostolic corner of his garden and addresses the general multitude of his own people, that proves to be mostly hard and shallow and thorny ground. He warns such hearts of their own defects, to save them if possible from having the "blesseds" displaced by "woes."

Happiness is to be distinguished from blessedness. The very word "happiness" is atheistic. Its god is chance. But the word "blessedness" in itself implies God. History is full of proof that blessedness comes not from gifts, but graces; not from greatness, but goodness. On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life, he said, "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past."

After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But, amid the applause and enthusiasm, Rossini turned to a friend, and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love."

Fame and wealth must yield the palm, even as joy-bringers in this world to the "pure heart" and the "golden rule." Let us both learn and live the motto of Dodridge:

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.

Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.

Lord, in my views let both united be:
I live in pleasure while I live in thee.

. . .

We Need Both Cloud and Sun

But even Christians are not free from sorrows. The harvest field whispers to us that "into every life some rain must fall." Jairus, though a "ruler," could not forbid Death to enter his door and still the voice of his child.

An Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian. "Papa," she said, "little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray." As she said this, she knelt at her father's knee, and this was the sweet little prayer which fell from her lips: "Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

There was something so precious in the lesson of comfort and resurrection that Christ proposed to teach in that chamber of death that he would plant it only in the choicest souls. All the mourners, except the parents and all the curious spectators, were excluded from the scene, and all the apostles, save the three of deepest hearts, Peter, James and John, the same who were selected to be the only seed-beds when he planted the lessons of the transfiguration and of Gethsemane's mystic agony. In every age Christ plants the choicest truths in the most spiritual hearts.

Not alone in Jewish fields did Christ sow the seed. That Roman centurion who sent to Christ in behalf of a servant who was "dear unto him," was "good ground" indeed—a generous giver, a brotherly master, a man of faith, a Christian soldier. It was such a soldier who prayed just before the battle of Blenheim, "O! God, if in this day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me."

Many of the bravest Christian soldiers on God's roll are those who never touched a sword except the one that slew them, to whom the book of Hebrews refers as "slain with the sword." One of the choicest treasures of the Church of Bohemia, is the sword with which twenty-seven martyrs lost their heads to keep their faith. With it is cherished the communion cup of those same martyrs, buried four hundred years, but recently recovered. Since the harvest Christ seeks is character, some of the ripest sheaves are those that have been gathered with the sword.

A Brahmin, who heard the story of Christ from Dr. Pentecost, when he was in India, said: "I am not a Christian. I shall die a Brahmin, but I am greatly touched by the story of Jesus. I could love him."

THE APOSTLES PREACHING — THE SERMON FROM THE SHIP — JOHN THE BAPTIST AT SALIM

"SHE WASHED HIS FEET WITH HER TEARS"

"BROUGHT HIS HEAD IN A CHARGER"

"NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPETH"

"AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS"

The Eclipse of the Sun

REPORTS from the astronomical parties who at various stations observed the eclipse of the sun on May 28, encourage the hope that results valuable to science were obtained. The exact details will not be known until the photographic plates have been eveloped and compared, but it is evident nat the phenomenon has added materially to the knowledge we possessed of he great luminary. The conditions for bservation were peculiarly favorable. It s obvious that, with the earth turning on s own axis, there is only one comparatively narrow line on its surface from which the moon is directly between it and he sun. This is the line of totality. At ther places on each side of the line he eclipse is partial, that is, the sun s only partially covered by the interposing moon. In this instance the line of totality, beginning at New Orleans, passed ver the Gulf States, entered the Atlantic Ocean at Norfolk, Va., touched Southern Spain and across Northern Africa. As n these regions the sky is usually clear of louds, the opportunities for observing he eclipse were good. Another element f importance was the position of the oon. In some eclipses the moon is at he point of its orbit most distant from he earth. At such times, being so much naller than the sun, it does not appear, ven when quite central, to cover the sun, ut leaves a narrow rim of the sun's bulk ll around the moon's edge. In this clipse the moon was at its nearest, and herefore on the line of totality it completely hid the sun from view. That is he period for which the astronomer so agerly waits. It is very brief. At New Orleans the time of complete totality was nly one minute, and in North Carolina nly one minute and a half. During that hort period the spectacle is one of weird eauty. Instead of the sun shining in the eavens, there is the densely black globe f the moon hanging as it were in midir. But it is not dark, for the atmosphere utside the shadow holds the sun's rays, nd there is besides a strange effulgence urrounding the moon's black mass. This ing of beautiful light is called the corona, nd from it proceed long streamers of osy gleams reaching more than three illion miles into space. The corona and he streamers puzzle astronomers, and it s in the hope of discovering their nature nd cause that they look forward so agerly to each eclipse. The impression itherto prevailing is that this strange ight comes from immense masses of glowing hydrogen, rising from various parts of the sun's surface, but this theory loes not explain the apparent space between the corona and the sun. The spectroscope also shows that the corona contains particles of matter distinct from diffused gas. Why these should remain suspended instead of being drawn into he sun is a mystery yet unexplained. It is worthy of notice that the eclipse occurred almost o a second at the time predicted, showing with what marvelous precision the movements of the heavenly bodies are regulated. Little as we know of them, we know sufficient to endorse the declaration of the Psalmist, whose knowledge, limited as it was, led him o the conclusion of the modern Christian:

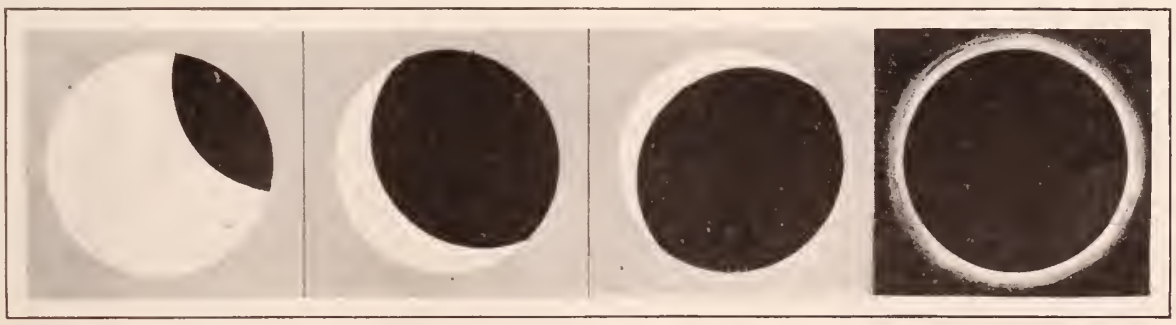
The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. 19: 1).

Collapse of Boer Resistance

The news that Johannesburg had fallen without a struggle, was received everywhere with surprise. On the approach of Lord Roberts a white flag was hoisted, and the Boer commandant entered the British camp and conducted the successful general into the town. The mines were found to be intact and the British flag was raised without opposition. Leaving a force there to preserve order, an advance was made toward Pretoria. President Kruger, Secretary Reitz and the other members of the Boer government are reported to have left the capital and to have reached a town from which they can go east to Delagoa Bay or northward to the mountainous district of Lydenburg as later events may determine. After the departure of the officials, a scene of wild anarchy prevailed in Pretoria. The stores were looted by the population, and there was a struggle between one party who advocated surrender to the British and another party who urged the defence of the capital to the last. It appears that there are three forts which might be held by a comparatively small force and could not be easily overcome. These command the town and would have to be taken before the town could be occupied. The Boer commandant is embarrassed by the presence of the large number of British prisoners who have been confined in and near Pretoria and who are naturally excited by the approach of their comrades. At the suggestion of United States Consul Hay, a number of British officers who are also prisoners in Pretoria have been placed in command of the British rank and file to keep them in order. As the Boers have not lost their artillery they are still a force to be reckoned with, but it is clear that the end of organized resistance is at hand. Lord Salisbury in a recent speech announced the determination of the British Government to annex both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, not leaving them "a shred of independence." This resolve must be a bitter disappointment to President Kruger, who might less than a year ago have secured practical independence by making unimportant concessions in giving the suffrage to the aliens. It is singular that men so familiar with the Old Testament as the Boers, did not remember that there was Scriptural warrant for the concessions that some of them were willing to grant to the Outlanders:

If a stranger sojourn with thee in your land ye shall not vex him; but the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you and thou shalt love him as thyself (Levit. 19: 33).

THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—THE PATH OF THE SHADOW



FOUR PROGRESSIVE STAGES OF THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON MAY 28

Sued for a Prayer

A remarkable suit for damages is to be tried in Pennsylvania. The *Philadelphia Times* reports that an attempt is to be made to hold a clergyman legally responsible for the results of a prayer that he is said to have offered in public. It appears that certain capitalists decided to erect a brewery at Stroudsburg, Pa. The project aroused considerable opposition from the temperance people of the town, but in spite of their protests the building went on. Conspicuous among the opponents of the undertaking was a clergyman, who denounced the project from the pulpit, condemned all concerned in it and prayed God to smite it with his vengeance. Shortly afterwards, during a terrific thunderstorm, lightning struck the brewery, partially wrecking it and injuring two men who were at work upon it at the time. The proprietors would probably have regarded the event as an accident, but public comment insisted on connecting it with the clergyman's prayer, thus bringing them obloquy as under the marked displeasure of the Almighty. They have therefore commenced suit against the clergyman for damages. Lawyers hold that if the lightning stroke was the result of his prayer, he can be held responsible for damages to the property and if it was merely a coincidence he can be held responsible for injury to the reputation of the proprietors. The dilemma seems ingenious, but it is little likely to weigh in a court of justice. The tendency there usually is to take the same view of the power of prayer as did the men of whom the patriarch wrote

What profit should we have if we pray to him? (Job 21: 15).

A Switchman's Heroism

Philadelphia journals report a remarkable exhibition of heroism on the part of a switchman employed in the Reading subway. A train was approaching the tower in which he was stationed, and he had to move a certain switch to prevent a disastrous derailment. The action of the lever revealed to him that something was out of order and, hurrying to the switch, he found that a pivot bolt had dropped out and disappeared. The train was moving rapidly, and to save it a substitute pivot was instantly and absolutely necessary. The switchman thrust his middle finger into the empty hole, signalled to a companion in the tower and the switch moved. Then he found himself fastened tight, so close to the track that a second's delay meant his death beneath the advancing train. He did not delay—he gave one hard pull and walked away, leaving his finger behind him. The improvised pivot served the intended purpose, and the train passed safely. It was a dreadful alternative—that of losing his finger or his life, but he had the courage to choose the wiser course. Unhappily people are not always so heroic when it is a question of giving up some beloved habit, or some enjoyable association that is exposing the soul to peril, although Christ warns them of the consequences of not making the sacrifice.

If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Talmage, on leaving England for the Continent on June 4th, expressed his hearty appreciation of the welcome that had been extended to him. Both in England and Scotland the greatest enthusiasm had been manifested. The largest churches had proved too small to accommodate the crowds that sought to hear him. Frequently improvised open-air meetings were held in the streets, when Dr. Talmage made an address from a carriage. Dr. Talmage intends spending a week in Paris, and afterwards visiting Norway and Russia.

An obelisk twenty feet high is to be erected in Africa to mark the site of the hut in which Livingstone died.

A missionary near Canton, China, says that of the twenty-five native pastors and evangelists working with him no less than twenty were converted in America.

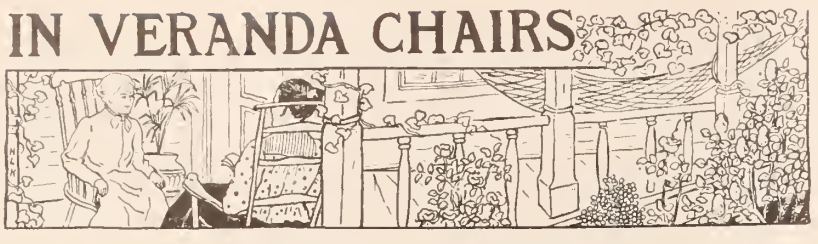
Mr. August Belmont has undertaken to build at his own cost one of the chapels of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being erected in New York. The chapel will be a memorial of Mr. Belmont's wife and will cost $200,000.

A great Gospel effort to reach the non-church going part of the population of London is being made this summer. Mr. Leonard Weaver has succeeded in raising funds for the erection of eleven tents in the outskirts of the city, in which daily meetings will be held.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has uttered a vigorous condemnation of Christian Science and Faith-healing. At its session on May 26 in Chicago it passed unanimously a report of its committee declaring that "belief in divine healing arises from misinterpretation of the Scriptures in regard to Christ's redemption work, and it is repugnant to sanctified common sense. The rejection of means of recognized utility in the relief of sickness and injury is presumptuous and unscriptural.

The West Presbyterian Church, New York, is out of debt for the first time in seven years. Since the former board of trustees resigned last year a determined effort has been made to relieve the church of the burdens that had accumulated. Seven thousand dollars had been paid over and above running expenses, and there is now a balance in hand. Congratulatory meetings were held May 16 to rejoice over the unwonted prosperity.

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HELEN KELLER...

....The Story of a Wonderful Life

THERE are few of our readers who have never heard of Helen Adams Keller. This remarkable child, now a young woman, was born with all her senses: sight and hearing were perfect, and there was no congenital defect in her powers of speech. When nineteeen months old a severe illness almost cost her her life, and when she recovered, the baby was totally blind and totally deaf. Until she was eight years of age, no effort was made to open for her the doors of her dark and silent prison-house; she was simply a helpless little bit of human driftwood, stranded on the shores of time. Then her parents took her from their home in Alabama, to Boston, and placed her in a school for blind and deaf children, where she came under the immediate care and guidance of a very lovely and very wise woman, Miss Annie M. Sullivan. This lady began Helen's education at the very beginning, patiently, indomitably and bravely facing every difficulty, teaching her by the one sense of touch, showing her that things had names, unlocking for her the stores of knowledge which had seemed forever beyond her grasp. One day Miss Sullivan took the little girl to the pump-house and let her feel the water flow over her hand, fresh from the pump. Then she spelled the name, water, into the little hand. "I shall never forget it," Helen has said, relating the incident. "That word, meaning water, startled my soul, and it awoke full of the spirit of the morning, full of joyous, exultant song. Until that day my mind had been like a darkened chamber, waiting for words to enter and light the lamp, which is thought."

Very early Miss Sullivan gave her pupil books. She gave her, of course, books printed in raised letters, and Helen would pass her finger over them, seemingly with delight when she found one she knew. The teacher talked to her incessantly on her sensitive hand; she made her acquainted with Nature, with trees, flowers, fields, gardens, with birds and with beasts. Bishop Phillips Brooks gave her the first lessons she had in religion, teaching her about God, and telling her of Jesus Christ our Redeemer. For several years Helen was not taught by a system of regular lessons, but was gradually instructed in language, in natural science, in reading, spelling and writing, acquiring the art of speech for herself by very slow steps, and it was an almost incredible accomplishment when she could not see the lips of the person addressing her, but had to depend solely upon touch.

Helen Keller has successfully acquired, since her regular school drill began, a good knowledge of English, and in Latin, Greek, German and French, as well as in algebra and geometry, has taken the full courses, and successfully passed the examinations required of a student entering Radcliffe College. Her difficulties were many, for she has had to learn everything through a scheme of notation, or the interpretation of a teacher; but she has splendid mental powers, a fine memory, a gift for analysis, and an unconquerable patience, united with an immense ambition. Withal, she is very gentle, docile and sweet-tempered; a happy, well-bred and charming young girl. Her physical health is perfect. She is very grateful for any help received, and assists her teachers by her willing obedience to their wishes. Any young girl with every faculty unimpaired might be proud to write such a letter as Helen does, to use a type-writer as beautifully, and to bear herself in society with Helen's ease and grace of manner. Parents and teachers seeing her progress, need never despair of teaching children who have only one avenue open to the brain: even though sight and hearing are gone. They may be taught as seeing and hearing children are.

The picture given is the last one taken of Helen and her teacher, Miss Sullivan. One's eyes dwell on it with a very tender interest. One is glad that the life of the blind girl is so rich and full of joy and opportunity, and one honors and reveres the faithful teacher to whom Helen Keller owes so much.

Courtesy of Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.

HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER, MISS ANNIE M. SULLIVAN

Commencement Days

With the roses and the lilies, come the bright commencement days. I can fancy nothing prettier, nothing more radiant, more charming, than the sight of a school, the girls in their white gowns and frocks, the boys in their best suits with their hair combed and their neckties in order, and on every young face a look of grave enjoyment and of eager anticipation. To these pupils who have studied diligently for a year, the commencement day means very much, yet it has even more significance for their toiling hard working teachers. The diplomas and certificates are pieces of paper, but they stand for a long and sustained effort on the part of both scholars and teachers, for duty done well, for another milestone on life's way. At a recent commencement I was impressed with the excellence of the work done by the young ladies who were graduated, especially as shown in their essays. They expressed themselves with clear precision of statement and with grace of diction; they had learned to write good lucid English, no slight accomplishment. Parents take pride in these occasions and with reason. And all who love the next generation and wish it well must feel an interest in the school commencement.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—ELEANOR R. Do not try to earn a living by posing as an artist's model. The occupation is very poorly paid and by no means pleasant

—EDNA L. I am not familiar with the badge of which you speak. Carry your doubts and fears to the gracious Saviour, and he will remove them.

—SARAH A. As a rule, announcement cards do not require any acknowledgment. When the parties married are intimate friends, you may, of course, send congratulations.

—SUZETTE. Proof-reading requires a course of special training. A proof-reader must have a good all-round English education and be very intelligent and accurate. It is fairly remunerative; but I think you would better learn stenography and type-writing.

—A SUBSCRIBER. Nobody loves under compulsion. The man may have an irreproachable character and every virtue under the sun, but if you have to reason about it and make yourself love him, he is not the man for you, nor are you the woman for him. When true love awakes, there is no such uncertainty as you express.

—FRIEND Many congratulations on your approaching marriage. The ceremony need not bother you. The minister will indicate what you are to repeat after him, or answer, or do. A wedding-ring is a plain gold ring, never anything else. The bride's people attend to the wedding breakfast. Sandwiches, chicken salad, berries, ice cream, cake and coffee would make a very satisfactory menu. Blessings on the new home and may I hear from you again?

True Heroism

The patient toiler in some lowly place,
  Who works with cheerful heart and willing hands,
Fills just as nobly his allotted space,
  As he who loud applause and praise commands.

Marietta, O. MRS. L. J. SHOEMAKER.

The Little Ones He Blessed

I WONDER if ever the children
  Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
  The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
  They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
  So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,
  Soft smoothing the silk-tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
  Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
  If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
  Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
  That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
  Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of gray hairs they remembered,
  I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered,
  "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,
  Who spell it in God's Word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
  You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven
  If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
  Shut out from the feast and the song.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

What Twenty Dollars Will Do

LOOKING across the world to In dia, do we realize that this awfu famine has made children or phans, not by the score, and by the hundred, but by tens of thou sands? The mission stations are crowded with these helpless waifs, poor, naked and hungry Children whose parents dropped dead from exhaustion by the side of the road children who have crawled out just alive and no more, from hovels where thei fathers and mothers have breathed thei last, children whom nobody owns, and fo whom nobody cares.

Never in the history of the world wa there another such opportunity afforded for the Christian education of a race, n the door now set open for the feeding clothing, teaching and saving of a whol generation of the young. These littl children of the Hindus are in our hand absolutely, and we are able as never be fore to teach them of the true God, an of the loving Saviour. As never befor too, the heart of India is beating in sym pathy with ours, and the scholars of In dia are acknowledging the uses of Chris tianity, are showing readiness to lear about Christ.

Twenty dollars will entirely support a orphan child in India for a year. It re quires that sum in round numbers to pa every expense of food, raiment and edu cation, and there must be many thought ful, loving men and women here in Amer ica, who want to expand, to devote tha amount in that way. A circle of King' Daughters might raise that sum, a Sun day School class, a Christian Endeavo Society, or a missionary union, migh pledge a single twenty dollars, or twent dollars several times over, that one or phan, or several orphans might be care for by the evangelical missionaries o India.

Think where you can deny yourselves dear friends. Take up this bit of a respon sibility and carry it along for Jesus' sake

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receiv and forward every contribution sent fo the relief of the Hindu famine orphans.

Rainy Days

The soft beauty of a rainy day, whe the showers fall gently, dropping the baptismal dews on fields and hills, robin the gay streets in sober slate-color, an reviving every blade of grass and droop ing flower, is a thing to appreciate merel as a picture. It does not tire the eye with its brightness, it makes no deman in contrasting color effects, it is a stud in low tones. But to the eye of th thoughtful lover of nature, it is ver restful, serene and satisfying. An one gets so much done on a rainy da when there is little to interrupt, and woman may hope to sit steadily at he sewing, or to finish up her neglected co respondence. Blessings on the rainy da

The Plea of Our Tenement Waifs

THE summer promises to be one of extraordinary suffering among the poor of this great city—the most densely populated spot in America. Particularly will the children feel the hardships of the torrid season. Already, in the crowded, malodorous tenement districts, little ones are drooping; many seem ready to answer the grim call of the reaper, Death. Pastors and city missionaries are applying daily at this office for permission to send groups of twenty-five, thirty, or fifty children to our Fresh-Air Home on the Hudson. These are picked children—the very poorest little ones that can be found; many are veritable waifs and strays—little street wanderers from rum-cursed abodes. Many are children of honest, hard-working parents; here and there, of some worthy laborer, bereft of his wife and seeking to make during the hours of the day the wherewithal to keep the motherless babies he must leave to themselves, or in the care of some kind neighbor, or in the keeping of the oldest brother or sister, the "little father" or "little mother," whose bowed form and face of care show how unequal is its strength to the task of maturity. The mothers themselves—washer-women, seamstresses, scrub-women, and other followers at other hard lines of toil—present themselves in their pitiful best, asking with wistful smile:

TYPICAL APPLICANTS

"Can me children go to de country dis summer, please?"

The other night three ladies from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office went down Sullivan street to the Abigail Home, which yearly sends a large number of children to Mont-Lawn. The narrow thoroughfare was so crowded with little ragged tatterdermallions that it was difficult to walk. Hundreds of mothers sat on the curb with pale babies in their arms. Now and then a cry would go up in childish treble!

"See de teachers from de country! Oh!"

And the ladies would be the centre of an almost impassible throng, whose little upturned faces grew radiant as their plea "Can we go to Nyack, please, teacher?" met encouraging response. In the Abigail Home—it was a hot, stifling night, remember—the two big rooms were filled with an audience of little folks listening eagerly to Mr. Devere. Poor tiny men and women! they are hungry and thirsty for love and kindness, for the Word of God, for instruction. We fear their elders would not have sat so still in that crowded room on that hot night to be told of their duty and to hear God's promises to the faithful. The sermon over, the "teachers from Mont-Lawn" were greeted with unbounded delight.

TENEMENT WAIFS
(The Children of a Drink-cursed Home)

"We can fill the churches of America if we do our duty by the children of the slums," said one missionary. "The children grow up into the church. Besides, they bring their parents in. The father of one of your Mont-Lawn children stood up in a mission and told this story.

My little boy brought me to Christ. My father and mother were pious; I was brought up in a good home. But after I came to the city I went astray. I gave my poor wife trouble untold. I lost my position through drink, and got down very low. Our children died, until we had but one left, a little fellow very dear to us. One day, I was so wretched I felt I could kill myself; our poor room was bare of comforts; there was no food in the larder; my poor wife asked for money; I had none. The little boy was hungry. I hung my head in hopeless despair. "I can't get any work," I said to my wife. "I haven't got a friend to help me." The little boy came and put his arms around my neck. "Papa," he said, "why don't you tell Jesus? Jesus is your friend, papa." I couldn't help it—the tears came. Not because I felt that Jesus was my friend, but because my hungry baby was trying to comfort me. He kept patting my cheek, and he sang as bravely as he could:

Have we trials and temptations,
Is there trouble everywhere;
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

He didn't sing the hymn correctly, nor pronounce the words clear, he was so little. When he got through, he said: "Papa, I know it's so. The teachers at Mont-Lawn sang it an' they tell us it's so; an' it's so what they say. Tell Jesus." Well, I did what the child asked—not that I had any faith at first, but I just thought, "He's hungry; he's got a right to tell me what to do, and I'll do what he says." That was the starting point, friends. I am back now with my old employers, who knew me before I fell. The firm is one of the best-known in this city or the country at large. I have been with them twelve months. I took my little boy by the hand and went to them and asked them to give me another trial. They did; I began with a very humble job, and they have gradually advanced me as they felt I could be trusted. As for me, I'm not trusting myself; I'm trusting Jesus. I want to say, God bless the good Christian people who bring the little children to Jesus. The little children will bring us older ones to Christ. A father who won't hear a bishop will listen to his baby.

Contributions for our Fresh-Air Home will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. $3 will give one child an outing for ten days, covering cost of food, shelter, clothing, medical and caretakers' attention, and transportation back and forth; $6 will send two children; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $36 will make twelve little waifs happy for ten days, and influence many lives for good. The following contributions have been received in aid of the Mont-Lawn work:

Barnett, Mrs Isaac	1 00
Bear, Alice	90
Beckingham, Mrs E	2 00
Bollman Geo	1 00
Boyle, J T & Mrs G A	5 00
Bryan, Mrs Effie	1 75
Christolear, John	1 00
Copeland, Justin M	10 00
Crammond, Clyde	20
Dodson, Eleanor	50
Dunnington, F P	2 50
Edwards, A R G	1 00
Gensemer, G & H	15 00
Getchel, Mrs S M	2 00
Heckman, E	3 00
Henderson, Annie	50
Kerr, Mrs Ann	3 00
Kittredge, Mrs A E	50
Lawrence, Miss A	3 00
Lawrence, Miss Ida	3 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs C	3 00
Mussell, Sherman E	1 50
Nichols, Alice I	1 00
Patterson, Annie E	1 00
Peterson, J G	5 00
Rhodes, Mrs E M	2 50
Ryan, J T	2 00
Swallow, Miss H M	10 00
Tilson, I E	50
Urban, Mrs J	50
Van Osterloo, L	5 00
Watters, Mrs Jane M	3 00
White, Mr & Mrs W S E	50
Withington, E A	50
Mrs D L M Elberfield	1 25
J A M P, Florence	3 00
M E, Mt Pleasant	3 00
S C R, San Jose	1 00
—, Dimock	50
"Blank," Johnstown	6 00
—, Pittston	1 87
Friend, Albion	3 00
Friend, N Y City	70 00
Friend, Pawtucket	1 00
Friend, Pendleton	3 00
Old Subscriber	1 00
A Well-wisher, Winchester	3 00
Interested, Chocoma	5 00
In Memoriam, R C M, Wallace Bay	5 00
In Memory of Jane Hope, Ashury Pk	2,560 00
"Wyo"	6 00
Nelson Con Jr Endvs	1 00
Jr C E Soc, Deep Riv	2 03
Total	$2,709 50

Anxious about Aronette and Lucia

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

My Dear Friend: — I have been on your "tower," and enjoyed it very much. I think you have left Lucia Wessell and Aronette behind long enough; I hope they will overtake us at Paris, or at least before we get home.

When Dickens commenced on "Oliver Twist" he intended to take him through all the dens of vice and land him in prison at the end. At the suggestion of Couch Shark, he changed the plot and carried him through safely. But Dickens had not the genius to bring little Paul through to manhood; he had to kill him. I know you can bring the two girls out all right and have them with us in the Paris Exposition, or at any rate before we get back to Jonesville. P. V. V.

Our Pilgrims on Lake Galilee

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TRAVELERS VISIT THE SCENES OF SACRED MEMORIES.....

From our Correspondent . . . REV. C. S. MASON

AFTER our side trip to Ramallah, with which my last letter closed, we lunched at the site of Bethel, or Luz, or Haran. All about is desolation. Throughout Palestine there are only about forty-six persons to the square mile, and these are huddled together in villages; in the time of our Lord there were five hundred persons to the square mile. Pushing onward over steep, rocky roads, seemingly impassable, we reached camp at Sinjil. Here, a sweet gospel service was led by Rev. Dr. Young; subject, "Jacob's loneliness; no sympathetic heart, nor ear, nor friendly hand: alone; but God was there and his friendly voice spoke to him who had been unfaithful to his vow: 'Arise, go up to Bethel.'"

OUR LITTLE BEDOUIN BOY

On Tuesday, March 27, we drank of the refreshing water from Jacob's well, in the land of Ephraim, in sight of Mt. Gerizim and Ebal, near to Joseph's tomb. At night we encamped at Samaria, near the site of Herod's ivory palace, and near the fanatical city of Nablous, with its twenty thousand Mohammedans. Nablous is the ancient Sychar. On Tuesday the pilgrims reached Dothan, where they lunched about noon time; and pressing on over the plain of Esdraelon, camped near Jenin in sight of Nazareth.

At Jerusalem, Ramallah, and Nazareth, we had the ocular demonstration that foreign missionary work is blessed of God. "Miss Dickson's school" feeds, clothes and teaches seventy orphans. There are 200 scholars in the day-school and God has blessed the labors of the teachers.

On Saturday, March 31, we passed Gath-hepher, Jonah's birth-place, visited Cana of Galilee, and the Mount of Beatitudes, where, with holy awe we viewed "the hallowed lake in the land of promise," the lake that Jesus loved; around which cluster the events of his life, as he proclaimed the Gospel of his kingdom; stilling the storm, casting out devils; healing the sick; calling his apostles, and teaching by parables.

Here our hearts burned within us, as we contemplated his human-divine character, and on Sabbath day a most helpful service was led by Rev. T. L. Smith of Chicago, who gave a brief talk upon the words of Peter, "Lord save me." The service was continued under Dr. Chapman at twilight, on the beach.

At 6.30 A.M., Monday, April 2, seven boat loads of happy pilgrims, who were carried from the shore to boats, in the arms of strong boatmen, might be seen making their way over the somewhat turbulent Sea of Galilee toward Capernaum, where they met their saddle-horses and continued the journey over rocky ways, desolate hills, through the cultured fields of the Rothschild's Colony to camp at Lake Merom. Pursuing the pilgrimage, the party reached the site of ancient Dan, lunched under beautiful trees near the source of the Jordan, and camped for the night at Cæsarea Philippi, where Jesus was first acknowledged "the Son of God." Bright and beautiful the day dawned, and the merry campers rode up the slopes of Hermon, five thousand feet high, and continued the day's ride, over steep cliffs and ridges, down into the valley past one of the villages of the Druses, where they saw an ox laid on his back and tied down while being shod. The camp was located near a place called Wind—and it blew a hurricane, leveling two of our tents, but no one was hurt.

Up to date the accidents have been few. The most serious was the fall of Rev. Dr. Shaw from a little donkey, which resulted in an injured shoulder, but did not prevent the genial, plucky doctor from continuing his journey. At Gideon's Fountain, an Arabian or Turkish steed, realizing his need of a bath, took himself and rider (a lady from New Jersey) into the waters and lay down. On the road, another of the cavalry horses plunged into a stream and tried the same trick, but the little rider, J. Wilbur Chapman, Jr., "our Bedouin boy," was too quick for him, for, leaping over his head he landed on dry ground. In one of the olive groves, a New Hampshire lady was gracefully brushed off her saddle; unlike Absalom, she reached *terra firma* safely. Another lady, from Michigan, took a sudden leap over the head of her charger to the ground unhurt, and another lady simply slid off. On Thursday we started early, traveling the road over which Paul went to Damascus, where we arrived at 2:30 P.M. No mishaps occurred to any person.

FOUR O'CLOCK TEA IN A PILGRIMS' CAMP

The Lesson of Moody's Life

THE CAREER OF THE GREAT EVANGELIST AS RELATED BY HIS SON

"THE Life of D. L. Moody," by his son, William R. Moody, is illustrated with more than one hundred reproductions from original photographs, many of which, being the exclusive property of the family, were reserved solely for this volume. This book is the outcome of a trust imposed by a father upon his son, and was prepared under pressure as regards time, in order that it might be presented to the public simultaneously with other and unauthorized biographies of the evangelist.

Mr. Moody was opposed to the publication of any story of his life while he was still upon the earth. He laid upon his son, W. R. Moody, the task of preparing such a work upon the father's decease. To this work the son has given his heart and a deal of good judgment, tact and editorial ability. Had he taken more time to fulfil his pleasurable task he might have produced a work of different literary character, but scarcely one with greater possibilities of usefulness. There is a simplicity about the volume that is its chief charm. The reader's interest is aroused from the start. He does not tarry to think about style, being wholly absorbed in the tersely recorded biographical facts and the racily narrated incidents of the life and career of the evangelist. It is impossible not to be interested in the brief pages that tell of Mr. Moody's boyhood and of his early efforts to find employment in Boston, of his uncle's somewhat stern words of counsel, of his practical joke upon the cobbler—a trick certainly not to be commended—of his faithfully kept promise to attend church and Sunday School, of his search for St. John's Gospel in the Old Testament; he who before he died knew the Bible and its contents perhaps more thoroughly than any other living man. One reads with irresistible sympathy the story of his conversion and the delay in admitting him to church membership, of his sudden removal to Chicago, of his novel way of working for Christ and souls there. The interest is fully sustained as there pass in review his business life in Chicago, incidents of his city mission work and of his labors in the Christian commission, his Y. M. C. A. work and later his evangelistic labors and the conception and establishment of his useful institutions in Chicago and at Northfield. Everywhere and always faithful, earnest, aggressive, thorough, irresistible and successful he was a man of a million. The book closes with the story of his triumphant departure from earth, the account of his funeral and some loving tributes from friends over the water.

The character of Mr. Moody is brought out in these sparkling pages with notable clearness and felicity by the recital of scores upon scores of incidents that are told without the slightest straining after effect. There is a most happy absence of any attempt to glorify Mr. Moody. The author has been kept from conscious or unconscious glorification of the human instrument whom God honored so abundantly. The Christian reader is impressed with the remarkable influence exercised by one man's life and labor when the man is absolutely consecrated to God and endued with the Holy Spirit. The heart is roused again and again with gratitude to God for having blessed the church at large with such a life, the memory of which is its lasting heritage.

The illustrations are well chosen and thoroughly appropriate. We welcome most heartily the varied pictures of Mr. Moody. The mechanical execution of the book is worthy of commendation. We wish there were an index and we find ourselves tempted to ask who was the man, mentioned on page 134, whose words made such an impression on Mr. Moody and produced such an effect upon his life—"The world has yet to see what God will do with and for and through and in and by the man who is fully and wholly consecrated to him." We wish that every Christian worker, ministerial or lay, and indeed every Christian, might read the book. Under God's blessing it might in many instances rouse to life as promptly as once did contact with a dead prophet's bones, as recorded in the history of God's ancient people. We would feel sorry for the soul that could read such a record and not be deeply moved by it. Pp. 590; price, $2.50. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

One or two characteristic anecdotes from the volume are here appended:

In June of the World's Fair year, Forepaugh's circus came to Chicago and Mr. Moody hired the tent for Sunday morning services. The scene on the first Sunday morning is thus described:

"The surroundings were the usual circus furniture—ropes, trapezes, gaudy decorations, etc., while in an adjoining canvas building was a large menagerie, including eleven elephants. Clowns, grooms, circus-riders, men, women and children, eighteen thousand of them, and on a Sunday morning, too! Whether the Gospel was ever before preached under such circumstances I know not, but it was wonderful to ear and eye alike."

When that mighty throng took up the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," a visible sense of awe fell upon the multitude. After an hour of singing and prayer Mr. Moody rose to preach, his text being, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The Spirit of God was present. The hush of heaven was over the meeting. Towards the close of the address there was a slight disturbance, and a "lost child" was passed up to the platform. Mr. Moody held her up so that her parents might see her; and when her anxious father reached the platform Mr. Moody placed the child in his arms, and said:

"That is what Jesus Christ came to do: to seek and to save lost sinners, and restore them to their heavenly Father's embrace."

"During the Columbian campaign in Chicago, Mr. Moody used to preach in the Haymarket Theatre on the West Side. One night the crowd came early, and he closed the meeting before the cab came to take him to his rooms in the Bible Institute. Starting down Madison street on foot, knowing he would meet the cab, he had not gone far when he was accosted by a rough-looking fellow, who asked for money. Mr. Moody told him that he did not have a cent with him. The stranger seemed rather cross, began to complain about the way he was treated, and said he was starving and must have some money. Mr. Moody did not care to proceed any farther for fear he might follow and give him trouble, so he entered into conversation with him, and presently the cab drove up.

"'Lend me a dollar,' said Moody to the driver.

"'Certainly, Mr. Moody,' was the reply.

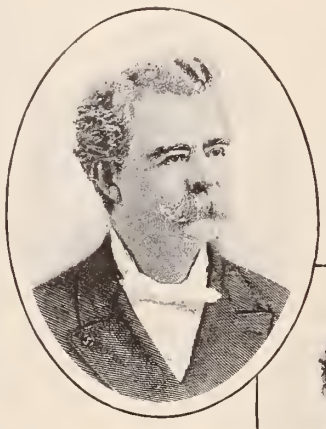
"At this remark the tramp said, 'Is this Moody, the evangelist?'

"Mr. Moody said it was, and that he had just been preaching at the Haymarket, at the same time handing him a dollar that the driver had put into his hands. But the poor fellow drew back, saying:

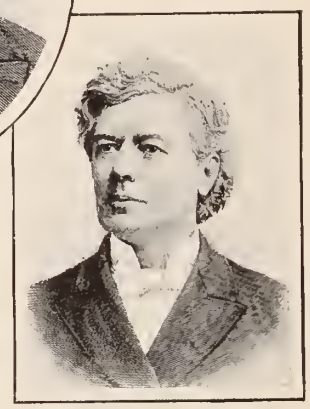
"'No, no; my father is a poor Methodist preacher, and I will starve before I will take a penny from you, Mr. Moody.'"

The New M. E. Bishops

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church elected two bishops and two missionary bishops at its sessions in Chicago. Seventeen ballots were taken before the former were chosen. On the seventeenth ballot Rev. D. H. Moore received 534 votes; 444, or two-thirds of all the votes cast, being necessary to a choice. Dr. Moore is sixty-two years of age and is a native of Ohio. Shortly after graduating and while holding a ministerial appointment at Marietta, O., he entered the Union Army as a private, but speedily rose in rank and at the close of the war had become a lieutenant-colonel. He specially distinguished himself in following Sherman on the march to the sea. After the war he resumed his pastoral duties until he was appointed President of Wesleyan College for Women at Cincinnati. He subsequently served as President of Colorado Seminary and Chancellor of the University of Denver. In 1884 he was elected Editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Dr. John W. Hamilton, who was elected on the same ballot by a vote of 510, is fifty-five years old and is a native of Virginia. His pastoral work has been done chiefly in Massachusetts. He was for several years pastor of the People's Church in Boston. Since 1892 he has served as Corresponding Secretary of the Freedman's Aid & Southern Education Society.



BISHOP D. H. MOORE



BISHOP J. W. HAMILTON

The Missionary Bishops elected were Rev. Edwin W. Parker, who has labored in India and was one of the missionaries who received aid in the Famine of 1897 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, and Rev. Frank W. Warne, who has also served as a missionary in India.

How Much You Eat

Is not the question, but, how much you digest, because food does good only when it is digested and assimilated, taken up by the blood and made into muscle, nerve, bone and tissue. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores to the stomach its powers of digestion. Then appetite is natural and healthy. Then dyspepsia is gone, and strength, elasticity and endurance return.

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For $12.75 you can now buy the same make of high grade, improved, 20-year guaranteed, beautiful oak cased sewing machine that your dealer asks $40.00 to $50.00 for, and a far better machine than those now being so widely advertised at $18.00 to $25.00; shipped on three months' free trial to anyone, any place in the United States; no money to be paid until after received. For full particulars, special machine catalogue and special price offerings, cut this notice out and mail to

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Mayors of Cities Lending a Hand—Ministers, Merchants, Newspapers, Men and Women and Little Children Helping : : : : :

STANLEY LYONS

MATTIE DAVIS

STANLEY CROCKER

ALTA BUDDENBAUM

EVERETT PHILLIPS

THE American life-saving band which is putting forth such noble effort to save India's dying multitude, enlarges day by day, as the flood of letters containing generous gifts and telling stories of earnest endeavor, abundantly testify. Out of these letters, which are such striking testimonials of the greatness of the American and the sincerity of Christian charity, we can only select a few here and there from which to publish extracts typical of them all. Many which for lack of space we cannot give are worthy to be printed as apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Messrs. W. S. Close, J. D. Kirkpatrick, V. O. Finch, Charles Rosell, Will Starkey, John McIntosh, Famine Relief Committee, of Kokomo, Ind., send $188.71; "the donation of the good citizens of Kokomo, who had intended to send a carload of corn, but could not get it off before the *Quito's* cargo was made up." From Dublin, Pulaski Co., Va., comes a gift of $50, with these good words from Mr. H. C. Wysor: "We hope to get in another remittance next week. We are a small, scattered agricultural community, but are trying to save as many lives as possible."

Nebraska does not weary in well-doing. Rev. G. L. Hosford writes again:

Brethren: Enclosed find draft for $1,000, an additional contribution from Nebraska, making $5,000 I have collected here under direction of Dr. Hobbs. More to follow.

A. R., West Chazy, N. Y., sends $6.45, "raised in a few minutes."——E. L. M., Saybrook, Conn., encloses a $20 bill to help the famine sufferers.——John Howland, Treasurer Local Famine Relief Committee, Leadville, Colo., sends $56.70, saying: "A few of our young people, headed by Mr. Percy McGeorge, got together and started the work here."——Mr. George Peck, Costello, Pa., writes: "Tom Ripple and myself got up an entertainment for India with the help of the young people; the proceeds were $7.35; when older church members saw what we had been doing, they wanted to help the cause along, so

MARION AND MYRTLE CROCKER

we took up a collection of $14.75. I know we have started the work now. We want to organize a committee and send more."

A novel and pretty plan for pleading India's cause was followed in Chatfield, O. Mr. F. H. Barth describes it:

I organized a local Relief Committee of seven little girls, ranging in age from nine to twelve, equipped each with a white sash with a cross in color on the end, and each wore on her shoulder a shield with the inscription, "I. H. N."; they went from house to house, rending a program which began with a little poem of which these are the first lines:

We're a band of earnest laborers,
Working for our Master King.

After this, they recited Moody's "appeal," then Matt. 25: 34-41 inclusive; then read what two cents, one dollar, and so on will do in saving life in India; one little maid, who was cashier, asked for contributions and took down the names of donors. Singing "From Greenland's icy mountain, from India's coral strand," the little band marched out and on to the next house. They raised $60, which find enclosed.

The very babies are helping, and a little lad gives his bicycle money:

India Currier, $1. "I am a little girl, named for India." Myrtle and Winnie Weddel, $23.18. "We are two little girls, aged nine and seven. We felt so sorry for the poor starving people. Mamma asked us to go out in our village and see what we could get, and we got this one evening after school." Helen N. Hushey, Walla Walla. "I am five. My mamma said I could send some money out of my bank to feed some poor little starving girl or boy."——Little Ray Thomas, four years old, sends $2 and says: "I don't want the little children to be hungry and die. God loves them. When I get big I'll send more."——Mrs. C., Ross, N. J., $2: "From my little sons, Edward, four years old and Charlie, two. When Edward saw the picture of the poor starving people, he at once asked me to please send the money in their bank which they were saving for a bicycle. He said: 'Hurry, mamma; I can save again for a bicycle.' So I hope their self-denying may be a blessing to some poor children."——Mattie Davis, Mo., 36 cents. "I was given some money to go to a show, but I send it to the sufferers in India."——Alta Buddenbaum, 20 cents, for the starving people.——Myrtle, Marion and Stanley Crocker, 50 cents each for the starving Hindus.——Stanley Lyons, Illinois, $1. A gift from a little fellow four years old.——Ida May Cook, Wisconsin, $1.50: "I went around and collected after school hours. My papa is dead; he was a minister. I know he would like me to do this."——Everett Phillips, $3.27: "I read a great deal about the starving people. It made me feel so bad that I had to go and beg money to help them."

IDA MAY COOK

If one hundred papers would follow the noble lead of these:

The Way of Life, Rev. John M. Pike, editor, Columbia, S. C., sends a second check of $200, making $400 in all, contributed by its readers. Mr. J. A. Boyd, manager of the Wilkesbarre *Record*, sends $300, making a total of $1,000 collected through his paper, and writes: "The givers are farmers, bankers, merchants, lawyers, clerks, Sunday Schools, churches, mission bands, C. E. Societies, Epworth Leagues, public school children, and not a little of it came from those who earn their bread by working in and about the coal mines in this valley. There have been over 300 individual contributions received, the largest of which was $50 and the smallest two cents, which came from a little school boy and may have been his all." The *Record* has given each day nearly a half column of space in appealing for funds. Since the above was written $500 has been raised, making a total of $1,500. The *Recorder*, Bandon, Ore., D. E. Still, editor, $60.——The *Associate Reformed Presbyterian*, Due West, S. Carolina, Rev. O. Y. Bonner, editor, sends $275, raised through its columns.

The following letter from Kewanee, Ill., illustrates the excellent service which can be done the cause through the influence of the Mayors of American cities:

Inclosed find draft for $278.80, collected from the citizens of the city of Kewanee at a meeting called by the ministers of the Baptist, Congregational, Primitive Methodist, Methodist Episcopal churches and by myself. We send it to you to be used only for the relief of the starving people.

(Signed) FRANK F. WHIFFEN, Mayor.

The efficiency of a Mayor's sanction and interest is also shown in the good work done by the Newark Famine Relief Committee, which has raised $3,900 for the starving. Rev. Dr. McFarland, pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church of Newark, wrote fifty invitations to a called meeting of as many prominent citizens, laid these before the Mayor and requested his signature, which was cordially given. The resulting convention called a mass meeting at which systematic work was undertaken. The entire state of New Jersey has quitted itself nobly in this good work for a famine-stricken people. The state Christian Endeavor Society has contributed over $360. North Dakota is helping generously too. Through Rev. Frank Harper Hays, pastor First Presbyterian church, Grand Forks, N. Dak., $1,750 has been sent in. Georgia continues to do her part. Hon John Phinizy, treas. India Famine Relief Fund, Augusta, Ga., sends $406 87, saying:

The Sunday Schools of Richmond County S. S. Association of Georgia, have requested me to forward to you their offering for famine-stricken India. May the Lord use it for his glory and the good of humanity is my prayer.

One gentleman, Mr. McPherrin, Clearfield, Ia., gave ten per cent. of the sales in his store one day to the famine. His offering comes with that of other generous citizens of the place through M. J. K. Hamilton. Mr. Arthur J. Wright, Clark Mills, Oneida, N. Y., writing in behalf of the employees of the Hind & Harrison Plush Co., says:

I circulated amongst the work people your urgent request for aid for the famine sufferers, addressed to my wife, with the result that the sum enclosed, $60.90, was subscribed in about five hours.

Through the combined efforts of the Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist Churches of Ellicottville, N. Y., $57.67 have been sent in by Lois H. Bryant, Treasurer. —— J. A. Leavell, Cashier Home Savings Bank, Fulton, Mo., sends $141.56. "collected Sunday evening at a union service of our churches for the India sufferers."——T. I. Laird, Dumont, Ia., sends $60, the offering of the United Brethren Church, with the "best wishes of the people and the prayer that God's richest blessings go with it."

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better, it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggests sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

HYOMEI
ANTISEPTIC
SKIN SOAP

Made from the fresh green leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.

The only PERFECT SKIN and TOILET SOAP known.

Sold by all druggists or sent by mail.
Price, 25 cents. Sample cake, 5c.

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This is the season when a blood purifying medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you much good. The blood needs purifying and the system a toning up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will do it.

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preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of refined
PARAFFINE WAX
Will keep them absolutely moisture and acid proof. Paraffine Wax is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each pound package.
Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

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One of the many causes of dyspepsia is the use of cereal foods improperly prepared. People fancy that grain food is simple, and consequently healthful. Whole grains, wheat, oats, etc., contain quite largely an element as indigestible as wood and no more nutritious.

CREAM OF WHEAT

being entirely free from indigestible matter is peculiarly adapted to such as require an easily digested diet.

When buying Cream of Wheat ask for our beautiful gravures of northwestern scenery. Your grocer gives one with each purchase of two packages.

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$4.00 and upward per week. Send 4c. postage for Illustrated Book.
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Individual Communion Outfits. Send for *free* catalogue and list of users. SANITARY COMMUNION OUTFIT CO., Dept. 6, Rochester, N. Y.

D. L. MOODY'S LIFE, WORDS and WORK (2560 PAGES) TWENTY VOLUMES of his Latest Sermons, Bible Studies, Anecdotes, etc., carriage paid anywhere. Agents wanted. A. P. FITT, Supt., 250 LaSalle Ave., CHICAGO, or EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS. $2.00

DEAF OR HARD-OF-HEARING ADULTS CAN ACQUIRE LIP-READING AT HOME in six weeks. Easy, practical, interesting lessons by mail. One hour daily for study and practice. Results uniformly satisfactory. Terms moderate. 39th year. DAVID GREENE, 1122 Broadway, New York.

ALUMINUM NOVELTIES, HOUSEHOLD AND TOILET ARTICLES. Rivals Silverware in appearance and durability. Gold Aluminum Jewelry the wonder of the 20th Century. Our beautiful illustrated catalogue upon application. FREE L. & H. SUPPLY CO., 44 Commercial Ave., - - Binghamton, N. Y.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

OPIUM MORPHINE and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller, PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n A, Cincinnati, O.

HAIR INSOLES keep feet clean and dry. Prevent jar in walking. Relieve Rheumatism, Callous, Tender and Perspiring Feet. 10c., 3 pair 25c., postpaid. The Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Box D, Hartford, Ct.

A Great Hymn-Writer's Centenary

THE centenary of the death of William Cowper, the immortal hymn-writer, was celebrated April 26, at Olney, England, where the poet spent much of his later life, and where a large number of his beautiful hymns were written. Representatives of

WILLIAM COWPER

many religious denominations gathered at Olney on the date mentioned, and the memorial ceremonies were of great interest.

William Cowper was the son of Rev. John Cowper and Anne, his wife. He was born at Great Berkhamstead, November 26, 1731. When he was six years old his mother died, an affliction which made a lasting impression upon the sensitive child. It is said that his lines addressed in later years to her portrait have drawn more tears than any other poem in the English language. Soon after her death, he was placed at a school where he was very miserable. Destined for law, he sought to fulfil the expectations of his relatives, but his inclinations were in another direction; he was a templar, loving literature, and hating his profession. The first serious onset of the malady which later clouded his brilliant intellect resulted from the nervous strain of trying to face the necessary examination to secure an excellent post offered through influence of friends.

The poet's life was one of much disappointment and of varied sorrows. Some of his most famous hymns, showing where he found comfort in moments of profoundest depression, have brought consolation to hundreds deeply troubled. Upon how many a sore and doubting heart have these words from "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," breathed a blessing!

> Can a woman's tender care
> Cease towards the child she bare?
> Yes, she may forgetful be,
> Yet will I remember thee.

Or these, from "God Moves in a Mysterious Way":

> Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and will break
> In blessings on your head.

In early manhood he had loved his cousin, Theodora, but parental objections on account of his poverty prevented their union, and they had parted, not to meet again on earth. She never married, and preserved the poems he wrote to her, which were published after her death in 1824. This, his business troubles, the death of his father, the coldness of some friends whom he trusted, the severity of critics who did not appreciate his genius and even his malady failed to rob him of the sweetness of spirit and gentle playfulness which endeared him to almost all who knew him. He sought relief from his own sorrows in ministering to others, and was a sort of a lay-curate to his friend, John Newton, who had taken orders in what was then beginning to be known as the evangelical branch of the English Church; he visited the sick and the dying, and helped the poor of Olney, by whom he came to be much beloved. He diverted himself, too, with tending plants and looking after his simple pets, two tame hares, which have been immortalized by his graceful, humorous pen. His pew in Olney church is still intact and is visited by thousands of pious tourists. At Yardly Close is the famous oak upon which he wrote his celebrated poems. Arrangements are under way to convert his house into a museum of relics relating to him.

COWPER'S HOME AT OLNEY, WHERE HE WROTE MANY FAMOUS HYMNS

He Will Save India, Too

"The great throng, assembled by invitation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, stood with bared heads as the blessing of Almighty God was implored to rest upon the gift, the givers and the recipients. Our government chartered the ship, at an expense of $40,000, to bear this gift gathered from Christians from every State in the Union, by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. As we witnessed the departure of the good ship, our mind reverted to the history of the little starving colony at Jamestown, almost three hundred years ago, when the relief ship sailed up the James River into port at the last hour of their extremity. God saved that colony for the establishing of a nation where his Word is free."—*Good Tidings.*

EATS ANYTHING
Since Leaving Off Coffee

"I wish to give my experience with coffee for the benefit of other people. I used coffee for several years and was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia. The doctor told me not to use coffee or tea and put me on a lighr diet, and I felt better.

"Then I commenced to drink coffee again and had the same trouble come on.

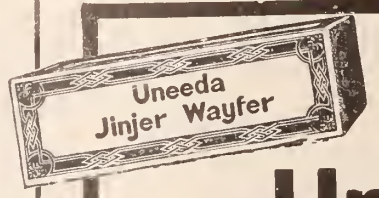
"One day I told a friend about it, who said if I would stop drinking coffee altogether I would feel better, and advised me to use Postum Food Coffee in its place.

"I tried the Postum, but did not like it, so I told him about it and he said I didn't cook it right, that is, didn't boil it enough and that I should use cream instead of milk, and to make sure I would use it, he sent a package to the house.

"After I used that package, I would have no more coffee in the house. Now I don't know what it is to have dyspepsia and I can eat anything. I also give Postum to my two children and they are the healthiest children you could find anywhere. The youngest is a boy 13 months old and we have been giving him Postum for seven months, three times a day. He weighs 30 pounds, and I know that Postum is what keeps both of them so healthy.

"I think all people who have dyspepsia get it from coffee drinking.

"Yours truly, Mrs. Jno. Stringer, 29 S. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J."



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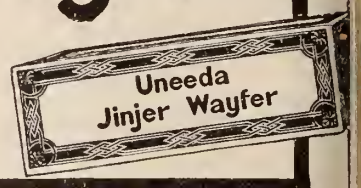

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Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets; a perfect fit and Nature's own remedy for backache, nervousness, indigestion, headache, liver and kidney trouble; complexion tonic, salve and soaps. Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes for falling Hair.

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Prevents steam and odors. Whis
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Husband and Wife Co-Pastors

REV. H. W. THOMAS, of the People's Church, Chicago, Ill., and his wife, Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas, hold an agreeable and unique position as co-workers in the same pulpit. Dr. Thomas organized the People's Church twenty-five years ago. The services are held in McVicker's Theatre, and his pulpit has been for years one of the best known in the West. Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas was ordained as assistant preacher to her husband, Dec. 7, 1899. At the ordination, a number of ministers and the members of different congregations attended. Associated also with the pastor and his wife is Rev. Hedley A. Hall, who joined the First Illinois Regiment, and served with the Chicago Soldiers at Santiago, under Gen. Bates.

MRS. VANDELIA V. THOMAS REV. MR. THOMAS

Mrs. V. V. Thomas has long been known on the lecture platform. She chose as a subject for her first sermon in her husband's pulpit, "The Cost of Right," from the text, Matt. 20: 21: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Mrs. Thomas said in an interview: "Count me as one who loves humanity, who believes in God and Christ. I think we are largely molders of ourselves and co-workers with God."

Our Eternal Destiny*

The Final Separation of the Wicked From the Righteous to be Made by Unerring Discrimination

PROBABLY there are very few who sincerely believe that there is no life for men after death. There are many who act as if that was their belief, but there are times in their lives when the conviction, or at least the suspicion, that there is such a life is forced upon them. The thought comes to every man that the nature and purpose of life require a future beyond death. Apart from revelation—and if there had been no revelation—we must have inferred that the grave was not the absolute termination of existence. Our lives are too much like an education, a preparation for something beyond, to leave us satisfied with a theory that ends them abruptly at a time when all that we have learned is of the greatest use. Then, too, the existing moral and social conditions demand compensation or readjustment, which seldom comes in this life. We see good and admirable men suffering, we see bad men at ease and triumphant; we see the hero perish without reward, the martyrs dying in the flames, the slave dying under the whip—all these spectacles and others of like character cry out for a future in which wrongs will be righted and righteousness vindicated.

This intuition, or inference, or expectation, is confirmed by Christ. He brought life and immortality to light. Without him we might have hoped or feared, but now we *know*. Not in all its details. There is much that we wish we knew. He did not tell us all. Even to the men who had the inestimable privilege of being near him and hearing his words, he had to say of many things that he might have revealed, "ye cannot bear them now." They nor we probably could have understood them if he had revealed them. But there were certain broad principles that he could reveal, and one of them is this that he lays down in the parable of the drag-net. It is the principle of separation. The good are gathered into vessels and the bad or worthless are cast away. So the knowledge we have is advanced a stage. Not only do we learn that there is another life, but that there is to be a division among men. We have divisions in this life, division of races, of social conditions, of rank and fortune; but this is a division on another principle. It is the intrinsic worth of the man that determines whether he shall be gathered or cast away. Not what he has, not his nationality, not his associations or connection is considered, but whether he himself is worth saving. The picture of the fishermen sitting down to examine their haul is a very vivid one. The net may be the haul of death, as some contend, or the church with its worthy and unworthy members as others contend, but the end is the same; the wicked are severed from among the righteous.

The information is very solemnizing. In our present life matters are very different. If a man is not a criminal we allow him to mix freely in society. Murderers and thieves we exclude and shut up in jail, but if a man refrains from breaking the laws, he may associate with others though at heart he may be a villain. But Christ tells us that it will not be so after that separation; the wicked will be severed from among the righteous. And by the wicked we must surely understand not only the men of open wickedness, but the men who have wicked natures; those who have sufficient cunning to avoid coming in conflict with human justice but who are bad at heart. That is why conversion is all-important. There must be a change of nature, a new birth. No creed, no rite, no ceremony, no church connection will avail here. It is not what a man believes, nor what he does that is the question, but what he is. If through faith in Christ and the operation of the Holy Spirit he has become a new man, even after an evil life, there are infinite potentialities of goodness in him, because he has the divine nature and when the wicked are severed from among the righteous, he will be accounted worth saving.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 24. Matt. 13: 47-50.

A "CHANGE" BREAKFAST

Getting Ready for Warm Weather

A complete change in breakfast would, at this time of year, improve the health of anyone.

Meat, potatoes and coffee become tiresome. The system calls for a change, but what to? Hot and half-cooked pastry and starchy cereals are unattractive.

Vegetables taste good but furnish too little nourishment to sustain one until the next meal, particularly if brain work is required.

A most appetizing, convenient and healthful breakfast can be made on Grape-Nuts (a ready cooked food), a little cream or milk, some fruit and perhaps two soft eggs.

(Pint tin cup of sharply boiling water, put in two eggs, not one nor three, cover and set off stove, serve in just nine minutes. Whites will be like cream and half digested). The Grape-Nuts food is concentrated and but three or four teaspoons should be used at one meal, that amount furnishes full strength and nourishment up to the next.

A change from the old breakfast to one like this will refresh and invigorate the system in a surprising manner.

Good food in proper variety and a contented mind, solves the whole health problem.

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Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, Mailed Free.
THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

How many sufferers from stomach troubles are longing praying for just such relief as has come to Mrs. Amelia Allen, of Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y. For over five years she suffered all the miseries attendant upon this disease, sought vainly in all directions for relief, employed the most skilled physicians, but they failed her, and she had despaired of help when through a friend she learned of the medicine that saved her.

Her remarkable story is here given in her own words:

"For five and a half years I was afflicted with nervous dyspepsia, was compelled to diet myself rigidly and could scarcely keep anything on my stomach. Palpitation of the heart set in and I soon became so thin and wasted that I was a mere shadow. I was treated by all the leading physicians in this section of the state, but without permanent benefit. I was so discouraged that I had no faith in any doctor or medicine.

"When a friend, Mrs. George Mott, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I had no idea of receiving any benefit from them. I tried them, however, and to-day I am well, have regained my weight, and am strong and vigorous. I began to see the good effects of the pills while I was taking the first box. Altogether I took them about a year and a half and was entirely relieved. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

(Signed) Mrs. Amelia Allen.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

A. C. Miller,
Justice of the Peace,
in and for the County of Lewis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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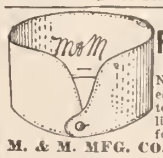

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 25

PRICE FIVE CENTS

China's Great Rebellion and our Imperiled Missionaries

1. The Large Photograph Shows a Group of Mission Workers of the North China Mission, Many of Whom are now in Danger of Massacre. 2. Kuang-Kung, a Chinese War God. 3. Principal Gateway of Pekin. 4. Son of Marquis Tseng, a High Official. *(See page 515).*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered July 18

1. What should be the attitude of a Christian in regard to labor strikes?
2. Is it consistent with the Christian profession to hold stock in a concern which keeps its employees actively engaged in Sunday labor?
3. What was the origin of press censorship and what was the first instance of its actual operation?
4. What are the leading modern substitutes devised by philosophy for Christianity?
5. How and by whom was the principle of the phonograph discovered?
6. What is the origin of the title Poet-Laureate and who was the first to wear the title?
7. What are the best means a pastor can adopt to hold new converts and develop their spiritual life?
8. Ought a Christian who before his conversion did another a grievous wrong, to atone for that wrong when the only atonement possible would involve the wreck of his happiness and prospects in life?
9. Is a Christian justified in staying at home and reading a good book on a Sunday morning, instead of going to church, if he is sure that he will get more good from the book than from the sermon?
10. What royal prisoner, during his long captivity, made an arithmetical study of the Bible with remarkable results?

Questions of the Week

1. Is there any reason to believe that the spirits of our departed loved ones are with us, and if so, do they have any influence over us?

Paul told the Hebrews that all of God's angels minister to the heirs of salvation, and he represents a line of great saints from earth as "a cloud of witnesses" watching us in the race for the attainment of heavenly honors, but there is not a fairly interpreted passage of the Bible that intimates that our departed loved ones are near to us or have any direct or indirect influence over us. The champions of modern spiritualism teach such presence and influence; but not by Scriptural evidence or the sanction of any branch of the Christian church. S. V. LEECH.

2. What is the origin of the barber's pole and of its decoration in red, white and blue?

The origin of the barber's pole is, according to a late magazine article, as follows: "In the olden days barbers were surgeons as well as hair-cutters, and one of their chief occupations was that of blood-letting, a means of cure much indulged in by the good folks of a century or two ago. In this operation the patient grasped a small pole for the purpose of making his arm tense, in order that the incision in the arm might be more effective. When this pole was not in use it was set up in the window entwined with a fresh bandage of cloth to be used for wrapping about the arm after the next operation. This served the purpose of a sign to the public; and after awhile instead of using the actual pole and bandage for advertising his business, the barber contented himself with a representation of them by putting up at his door a red pole encircled by a spiral stripe of white paint and surmounted with the design of a basin."

J. A. DEMUTH.

Similar answers were received later from several other readers of THE MAIL-BAG.

3. When were playing cards invented?

Authorities differ. Chinese writers say that they were invented in China in the reign of Seun-Ho, 1120 A.D., and that they were first used by this emperor's household. The Brahmins of India claim their invention at a much earlier date. Writers have also ascribed their earliest manufacture to the Arabs, Spaniards, Germans and French. It would promote piety among the young people of our churches if they would abstain from card parties, which greatly weaken spirituality of life.

MRS. ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

4. In Genesis 22: 1, we read: "God did tempt Abraham." In James 1: 13, we read: "Neither tempteth he (God) any man." How may we reconcile these seemingly contradictory passages?

The context shows clearly that the word tempt is not used in the same sense in the two instances. In the first it means test or prove, and we should get the idea by substituting the word try: "God did try Abraham." As, "The Lord trieth the righteous." (Ps. 11: 15). See also, Ps. 7: 9; Jer. 20: 12; I. Thes. 2: 4, etc.

In the second passage it has the additional meaning of exerting influence to effect evil, an idea directly opposed to all his holy attributes. Note that Abraham was not tempted to do evil, but the strength of his faith was tested by the demand to honor the Lord by the sacrifice of that which he held most precious.

MRS. T. W. COSTEN, JR.

5. What is the meaning of the expression, "the law of sin and death," in Romans 8: 2?

It refers to that evil principle in man whereby he is kept in bondage to sin, which is spiritual death, and leads to eternal death. In verse 23 of the preceding chapter he says of this law: "I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members." From this law the apostle tells us (in verse quoted in question) he was made free by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." W. P. ANDREWS.

6. What was the cause of the Crimean war and under whose generalship was it conducted?

In 1852 Russia and Turkey quarreled about the holy places at Jerusalem, and concerning the protection of Christians, in those countries, on the Danube, over which Turkey ruled. The Russian Emperor, Nicholas, thought the matter might be settled if the English would help him seize these countries, and he, in return, would help them to take Egypt and Candia. England, however, refused and the European Powers tried hard to persuade the Russian Emperor to keep the peace. When the Turks refused to give him power to protect the Christians of Turkey, he sent Russian troops into the Danube principalities. The Turks then crossed the Danube and defeated the Russians on land, while the Russians in return burned the Turkish fleet at Sinope, November 30, 1853. Lord Palmerston, England's Home Secretary at this time, had great influence with the ministers of the crown, and he was very anxious to put an end to Russian power on the Black Sea, so an alliance with France was formed, and the English and French fleets entered the Black Sea to defend the Turks. On March 28, 1854, war was declared by England and France against Russia. The war took place chiefly in the Crimea, a small peninsula jutting out from the South of Russia into the Black Sea. The English general commanding was Lord Raglan, while the French were led by General St. Arnaud. ANNIE MACEDWARD.

7. What is the origin of our secret fraternities and which of those now in existence has the oldest record?

Probably the Freemasons have the oldest record. Discarding as legendary the claim that the order originated with the building of Solomon's temple, we may assume as a fact, for which there is substantial proof, that the order existed in the middle ages, when castles and cathedrals were being built. Masons then traveled from place to place, hoping to find some locality in which a great edifice was being built. In order to prove their standing in their trade, and so readily obtain employment, they passed an examination and were made members of the guild of masons. In an age in which few could write, the method of identification was the knowledge of certain gestures and passwords. This identification also helped the traveling mason to claim the hospitality of other masons during his journeys. The advantages thus secured were so valuable that the mason was threatened with penalties if he disclosed the secrets to other persons. So the secret society developed, and distinguished men who were not masons by trade were admitted. King Charles II. and King William III. of England became masons. The ritual which gave symbolical meanings to the mason's tools and operations appears to have originated in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and to have been in part derived from the Rosicrucians. CHAS. PRITCHARD.

8. How many different kinds of laughter are mentioned or illustrated in the Bible?

1. Laughter of incredulity (Gen. 18: 12). 2. Laughter of joyful wonder (Gen. 17: 17). 3. Laughter of defiance or conscious security (Job 5: 22). 4. Laughter (or in modern parlance, smile) of approbation (Job. 29: 24). 5. Hollow laughter, with undertone of sorrow (Prov. 14: 13). 6. Laughter of derision or scorn, applied by strong anthropomorphism to God (Ps. 2: 4). 7. Laughter of rapturous delight (Ps. 126: 2). AMELIA HOYT.

9. What is the general view among Bible scholars as to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews?

The authorship of this epistle is unknown, but a great majority of Christian scholars from the times of Origen and Jerome have regarded Paul as the author. Luther, Le Clere, De Wette, Tholuck, Dean, Alford and others regarded Apollos as the writer of this epistle; Tertullian, Wieseler, Thiersh and many other Biblical scholars have regarded Barnabas as its author. The Alexandrian church fathers, followed by such great authorities as Forster, Professor Stuart, Dr. S. Davidson and others, have ascribed the authorship to Paul. It has also been ascribed to Clement of Rome, and Luke. A great majority of critics have believed that Paul wrote it. There is an immense literature on the subject.

MRS. ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

10. There is a story told of some emperor or monarch, who asked his chaplain to give him in one word an argument for the Christian religion. "The Jews," responded the chaplain. Who was the questioner in this instance?

It is reported of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that on one occasion he demanded of his chaplain a brief argument in support of the Scriptures, when the chaplain replied: "The Jews, your Majesty; the Jews!"

MRS. T. W. COSTEN, JR.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Glen Elder, Kans. Husband and wife, both being church members, the wife wants to go to church and he does not, and is angry if she goes. For two or three days he does not speak to her. Should she go to church with the children or stay at home to please him?

Our first duty is to God and conscience, and it should be performed at whatever sacrifice. There is no law, human or divine, under which a wife can be deprived of exercising the privilege of worship, or attendance at church. It is well, however, to settle such differences quietly if possible and without wrangling.

M. R. Bispham, Earlysville, Pa., writes:

One was sick for whose recovery I was praying, and I decided to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the recovery, if my prayer was answered. Now that one is so nearly restored to health, I would feel under condemnation if I did not confess to the Almighty power of God.

F. D. C., Smartville, Cal. 1. To whom did Christ refer when he said, "If I will that he tarry till I come. What is that to thee?" 2. Who was the mother of Zebedee's children?

1 To the Apostle John. John 21: 20 plainly shows. 2. Salome. Compare Matthew 27: 56 with Mark 15: 40.

H. C. A., Eaton, Colo. A minister, in pronouncing a marriage ceremony, became embarrassed and omitted to pronounce the couple husband and wife. Are they lawfully married?

We are not familiar with the Colorado laws, but, generally speaking, the omission of the formal declaration by the clergyman does not invalidate the ceremony. The public avowal of the two principals before witnesses, together with the registration, would in most States be held as sufficient.

S. T. C., White Plains, N. Y. Are there many Japanese in the United States?

According to the Federal Census of 1890, there were nearly fifty times as many natives of China as there were natives of Japan in the United States, there being 106,000 of the former to 2,200 of the latter. But since the war between Japan and China, the Japanese immigration to the United States has considerably increased. In the three years ending with 1899, we received 6,600 Japanese immigrants, and still they come, the estimate for 1900 being in excess of 3,000. These figures do not include the Japanese in Hawaii.

M. C., Princeton, Ky. 1. What are the requirements for entering a school for trained nurses, as to age, education, etc. 2. How long after preparation at such a school before one can command wages? 3. What is the cost of training? 4. What are the wages of a trained nurse? 5. Kindly give names of several training schools for nurses.

1. At different institutions requirements differ, and it is not possible to give a rule followed by all. In a general way it may be stated that an applicant must send in two or more responsible references; a physician's certificate as to soundness of health and possession of unimpaired faculties; the age-limit, roughly stated, is between twenty and thirty-five; a good English education, average height, weight and strong physique are usually requisites. 2. The usual term of preparation, is, we believe, about three years. 3. That, we cannot answer, further than to say that at some institutions the services of the nurse, in some hospital or hospitals, with which the training school is in connection, are accepted as an equivalent. 4. A good nurse, upon receiving her diploma from a high-class training school, should have no difficulty in securing work at once. 5. From one dollar to two dollars a day, with board, may be stated as the average, although able, experienced nurses receive as high as twenty-five dollars a week. The life is hard; the average life of sick nurses is short and even a higher salary than the last figure should not tempt a woman to enter this profession, unless she possesses a natural liking for it, together with excellent health and steady nerves. Nurses' School, Presbyterian Hospital, New York City; Nurses' Training School, St. Luke's Hospital, New York City; Illinois Training School for Nurses, Chicago Ill.; St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul, Minn.; New Orleans, and Louisville in your own State doubtless have excellent institutions, addresses of which could be secured by writing to the postmasters of those cities, or to some clergymen having charges in them.

J. M., Kingman, Kan. 1. Could you publish in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the last words from the dying beds of some of the most prominent men who have believed in the Bible, and also the last words of those most prominent in attempting to disprove the Bible? 2. Can you give me Christ's definition of the word "everlasting?"

1. Dr. Talmage has given numerous dying words as asked for in some of his sermons over five hundred and twenty of which have just been published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in twenty volumes. 2. We have before noted the fact that Christ uses the same word when speaking of the duration of the life of the righteous and the punishment of the wicked. The literal rendering of the speech word (aionios) translated sometimes "eternal," and at other times "everlasting" in the New Testament, is age-lasting. If, with the help of a concordance, you will look up the two words, "eternal" and "everlasting," wherever they occur in the New Testament, you will be able to form a reasonable opinion of Christ's meaning of the word. In Ephesians 3: 11 and I. Timothy 1: 17, the word "everlasting" comes from a slighly different word and in Romans 1: 20, and Jude 6, the word "everlasting" is quite a different word. Omit these four passages, therefore, in your study

E. V. V., Gloversville, N. Y. 1. Where in the Bible is the expression found, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," and of what practical use is it to us, if any? 2. What is the origin of the Apostle's Creed?

1. The expression is not in the Bible. It simply means that so far as practicable one should accommodate himself to the rules and customs of the society in which he finds himself. 2. See this department, question 7, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for March 28.

Mr. Arthur Meachen, of Beverley, N. J. writes:

The thought has occurred to me that as the bicycle season is now here, it would be a glorious opportunity for those who love Christ and use the bicycle to take with them as they go on their country journeys a parcel of *Illustrated Gospel Tracts and Booklets* and some *Illustrated Floral Gospel Picture Cards* for the children and distribute this good Gospel literature as they go through the country. They will be doing the Lord's work and having the assurance of lightening many hearts and helping to make lives sweeter, brighter and happier. This good Gospel literature may also occasionally be dropped along the road for the next passer-by to pick up. It may also be left at the homes of the people, and the Gospel cards and leaflets may be fastened on trees or fences. Of course, judgment and discretion must be used.

Mr. Meachen's suggestion is one that is capable of practical adoption in many localities. We commend it to our readers.

D. A. P., Jamestown, Kan. What is the meaning of Heb. 6: 6?

1. This text has aroused much discussion but no absolutely and universally satisfactory explanation has been made. Paul did not suggest that he was writing to persons who had fallen into a condition in which salvation was impossible. He says distinctly: "We are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation though we thus speak" (Heb. 6: 9). Drs. Jameson, Faussett and Brown in their *Critical, Experimental and Practical Commentary*, say:

A temporary faith is possible, without one there by being of the elect. God's grace is not limited, as if it were impossible for God to reclaim even such a rebel. The impossibility rests in their having known in themselves once the power of Christ's sacrifice, yet now rejecting it; there cannot possibly be new means for their renewal afresh: the means provided by God's love they now, after experience of them, deliberately and continuously reject. Their conscience being seared, "twice dead" (Jude 12), they are past hope, except by a miracle of God's grace. The bar to repentance is in the apostate's present attitude towards God, not in his past history, nor in God's attitude toward him.

J. W. L. We believe there is no institute for teaching the art by mail.

Geo. H. B., Roxabell, N.H. 1. Unfermented wine is now used in many churches. 2. Franklin's is probably the better claim.

W. C. P., Henrietta, Tex. The names of the men who bore the paralytic and removed the tiling to let him down to Jesus are nowhere mentioned in Scripture.

City Missionary S. Foster Grady, 231 Bellevue Ave., Trenton, N.J., would be pleased to hear from any reader of this journal who is specially interested in jail evangelization.

Reader, Wilmington, Del., and others. You can procure leaflets dealing with the question, "Should a Christian play cards?" from Miss Munson, 7 Bible House, New York, at 20 cents a hundred.

W. P. K., Chicago, Ill. We believe it is quite within the range of possibilty that the stage might be so transformed as to become a mighty moral and educational agency. Such a tendency, wherever disclosed, deserves to be encouraged.

A MISSIONARY AT TIEN-TSIN

REV. G. R. DAVIS (METH.) TIEN-TSIN

REV. J. H. ROBERTS AND PARTY, TIEN-TSIN

REV. FRED'K BROWN, (METH.) TIEN-TSIN

MR. AND MRS. HEADLAND

China's Rebellion Spreads

NATIVE CHRISTIANS MASSACRED AND MISSIONARIES IN PERIL ... A MIXED FORCE OF FOREIGNERS TO OCCUPY PEKIN ... REPORTED FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS

FIERCE fighting is reported from China, where the "Boxer" rebellion is steadily extending. Already the rebels control a large part of Northern China, and having again met and defeated the imperial troops, now threaten to attack the capital itself. Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin, is surrounded by Boxer hordes, heading toward the royal city. To prevent this, the marines landed by the foreign warships were still manfully striving at last accounts, and two engagements were being fought simultaneously, at points twenty miles apart, between the imperial Chinese soldiery and the fanatical, half-armed mobs of the "Righteous Harmony Fist Society," the name by which the Boxers are designated in China. Russia, jealously apprehensive of Japan, had landed only a small force of troops, but was apparently making strenuous efforts to suppress the rebellion. The British Admiral, at the request of Sir Claude MacDonald, had landed over nine hundred men, and a detachment of British, with machine guns, were trying to force a passage through from Tien-Tsin to Pekin, to protect the embassies. The Chinese General, Neih-si-Chong, with three thousand imperial troops, had been surrounded by the rebels while endeavoring to protect the railroad to Pekin, and another body of imperial troops, sent to Pao-Ting-Fu to rescue the American and British missionaries there, also met with a reverse. The missionaries, however, are said to be safe.

Such is the situation at latest reports, and it is one which gives rise to the gloomiest forebodings. As already explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Empress-Dowager and many of the highest officials in China, are at heart favorable to the rebellion.

In his dispatches from Pekin to Washington, U. S. Minister Conger plainly intimates that the Empress-Dowager is insincere in her desire to afford protection to foreigners in China, and that she secretly wishes the success of the rebels. There are about 12,000 Americans in China, including several hundred missionaries. Many of the latter are, with other missionaries and their families, now assembled at Pekin, whither all have been summoned to be under official protection; but a number have not yet reached the capital, and their fate is uncertain.

A STREET IN PEKIN, THE THREATENED CHINESE CAPITAL

TSU-TSI, THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS
From a Chinese portrait

The European diplomats sought a special audience with the Dowager-Empress and made a formal demand for the suppression of the Boxers. U. S. Minister Conger made a similar demand separately. No pledge was given by the imperial government, but its real attitude may be inferred from the tone of an edict lately issued, in which the Boxers are referred to as "honest, but misguided patriots." The edict condemns the action of the Chinese commander, Gen. Neih, whose troops attacked the rebels. Immediately after the issuance of this edict, the Dowager-Empress ordered the withdrawal of all the imperial troops stationed between Tien-Tsin and Pekin, leaving that territory at the mercy of the insurgents. Consequently, our minister has cabled that the presence of a considerable American force is absolutely necessary. It may be decided to send a portion of our army now in the Philippines to the scene of the Chinese troubles; but, if so, it will be for protection exclusively.

It is within the probabilities that the Chinese disturbances may be the precursor of a war of tremendous magnitude, involving Russia with her allies on the one hand, and Japan, with possibly Great Britain and Italy as allies, on the other. Russia, from her great military rendezvous at Port Arthur, conveniently near, is eager to pour an army of Cossacks and artillery into North China, but fears a swift counter-movement by Japan, whose powerful fleet and land forces are held in readiness for instant service. Germany and France could hardly stand aloof, were such a struggle to open. Our own policy, as laid down in the instructions to Minister Conger, is one of strict neutrality, and we shall act independently. Our available fleet will include the *Newark*, *Oregon*, *Helena*, *Nashville*, *Monocacy*, *Brooklyn*, *New Orleans* and *Monadnock*.

Latest advices are not reassuring. Disorder is spreading and the people everywhere are befriending the Boxers. Two strong detachments of foreign troops representing several nationalities were on the way from Tien-Tsin to the capital, and preparations were being made to rush forward a combined foreign force of 10,000 troops with machine guns to occupy Pekin. It was rumored that the Empress-Dowager had fled from the palace and sought refuge in the Russian legation. Stories of atrocities by the rebels continue to come in. Seventy-five prominent native Christians have been massacred near Tung-Chow, many being burned alive. Ho Chia Jun village has been attacked and the mission chapel destroyed. The American mission at Pei-Tung-Chow was destroyed and looted, and the missionaries' houses burned. The villagers killed several of the Boxers. The town of Pao-Ting-Fu, already mentioned as the scene of disturbances, is burned. Tung-Chow station has been burned and a number of native Christians massacred. Many converts have been slaughtered at Feng-Tai and Huang-Tsun.

There are rumors that 500 Boxers were killed in a fight near Tien-Tsin, but details are wanting. Our mission station at Neu Pai Tang is wrecked. The South Chihi-li Mission (Rev. H. W. Houlding) is in peril, and a number of American missionaries at other points are said to be in extreme danger.

American interest in the present Chinese troubles is largely focalized on the missionaries. In this connection, the photographs which appear in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are especially timely and interesting. They are furnished through the courtesy of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and also by the kindness of Rev. E. E. Aiken and Rev. Mr. Headland, long active in the field. The large photograph on the first page shows a group of members of the North China Mission, of the American Board, assembled for the annual meeting at Tung-chou, near Pekin. The two gentlemen sitting near the center of the picture are, on the right, Rev. Henry Blodget, D.D., founder of the mission, and one of the translators of the Bible into Chinese; on the left, Rev. D. Z. Sheffield, D.D., President of the North China College and Theological Seminary, at Tung-chou, near Pekin, and one of the leading scholars, educators and writers in China. On the left is Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary at Tung-chou, author of a dictionary of English and Chinese and other works.

The third figure from the left is W. C. Noble, M.D., physician at the Pao-Ting-Fu station of the mission, which is reported to have been attacked by the Boxers last Sunday night. Dr. Noble and his family are at present in this country.

The North China Mission of the American Board has seven stations in North China: Pekin, Tien-Tsin, Tung-Chou, Ralgan, Pao-Ting-Fu, Pang-Chuang and Sin-Ching. Ralgan is on the Great Wall, on the borders of Mongolia; the other six are on the Great Plain. Pao-Ting-Fu is the capital of the province, and is, therefore, a city of some importance. The last two stations, Pang-Chuang and Sin-Ching, are in the western part of the Shan Tung province; all the others are in the province of Chihli. There are forty-four missionaries now on the field in these seven stations of the American Board.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the means now being used by the legations at Pekin will result in the rescue of the missionaries and their families, and will lead to the early restoration of order. In the present crisis, China needs the prayers of God's people for the enlightenment of its rulers and the return of peace to its distracted millions.

DR. E. FLEMING
Miss'y in Choa-Fu

MISS BESSIE McCOY
Pres. Miss'y, Pekin

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Broadest Comfort

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matt. 14: 12 . . . . .

And his disciples went and told Jesus.

AN outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos, and at the same time a most admirable picture, in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and he immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, his brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skilful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skilful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes, "They went and told Jesus."

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer, another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will dive deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty, and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands, or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke and you bite the dust, when, this moment, you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix him. With the beam of his own cross he will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of his own crown he will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear on his wet cheek; in every gash of his side; in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder; in the grave-shattering, heaven-storming death groan, I hear him say, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound you want to make another wound — namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease, and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So the grace of God comes to the old sore of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by Divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child;" "where sin abounded, grace much more aboundeth." With the ten thousand unpardoned sins of your life, go and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in mid-life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hoppled and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up, and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hopple, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain, because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly; but if after awhile we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

It is all folly for you to say to some one, "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say, "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness, and over-eating and drinking; a temptation to ignore the great work of life; a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation; but sanguine or lymphatic, you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling-hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to be seventy or eighty years of age he is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A man at eighty-five years of age has as many temptations as a man at twenty-five. They are only different styles of temptation. Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted of the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

A man who wanted a throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elected he would soon be gone. He crawled upon his crutches to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said: "It was well for me while I was looking for the sceptre of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it, why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again. How illustrative of the power of temptation! You think it is a weak and crippled influence; but give it a chance and it will be a tyrant in your soul; it will grind you to atoms. What must a man do? When the wave strikes him with terrific dash, shall he have nothing to hold on to? In this contest with "the world, the flesh, and the devil," shall a man have no help, no counsel? Our text intimates something different. In those eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice which spake until the grave broke and the widow of Nain had back her lost son, and the sea slept, and sorrow stupendous woke up in the arms of rapture—in that voice I hear the command and the promise, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." Why should you carry your burdens any longer? Oh, you weary soul, Christ has been in this conflict. He says, "My grace shall be sufficient for you. You shall not be tempted above that you are able to bear." Therefore, with all your temptations, go, as these disciples did, and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and to the slandered and persecuted. When Herod put John to death the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in life who do not wish you very well. Your misfortunes are honeycombs to them. Through their teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives, and would be glad to see you upset. No man gets through life without having a pummeling. Some slander comes after you, horned and husked and hoofed, to gore and trample you; and what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say, "I have not an enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world, and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard, and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience if you are, any of you, at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God, you will find a great host disputing your path between this and heaven.

But what are you to do when you are assaulted and slandered and abused, as I suppose nearly all of you have been in your life? Go out and hunt up the slanderer? Oh, no, silly man! While you are explaining away a falsehood in one place, fifty people will just have heard of it in other places. I counsel you to another course. While you are not to omit any opportunity of setting yourselves right, I want to tell you of One who had the hardest things said about him, whose sobriety was disputed, whose mission was scouted, whose companionship was denounced, who was pursued as a babe and spit upon as a man, who was howled at after he was dead. I will have you go unto him with your bruised soul, in some humble, child-prayer, saying: "I see thy wounds—wounds of head, wounds of feet, wounds of heart. Now, look at my wounds, and see what I have suffered, and through what battles I am going; and I entreat thee, by those wounds of thine, sympathize with me." And he will sympathize and he will help. Go and tell Jesus.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all the bereaved. How many in garb of mourning! How many emblems of sorrow you behold everywhere! God has his own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows. This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The sod must be broken. The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the pallor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its prey. Between the closing gates of the sepulchre our hearts are mangled and crushed.

Is there any earthly solace? None. We come to the obsequies, we sit with the grief-stricken, we talk pathetically to their soul; but soon the obsequies have passed, the carriages have left us at the door, the friends who stayed for a few days are gone, and the heart sits in desolation listening for the little feet that will never again patter through the hall, or looking for the entrance of those who will never come again—sighing into the darkness—ever and anon coming across some book or garment, or little shoe or picture, that arouses former association, almost killing the heart. Long days and nights of suffering that wear out the spirit, and expunge the bright lines of life, and give haggardness to the face, and draw the flesh tight down over the cheek-bone, and draw dark lines under the sunken eye, and the hand is tremulous, and the voice is husky and uncertain, and the grief is wearing, grinding, exhausting.

Now, what are such to do? Are they merely to look up into a brazen and unpitying sky? Are they to walk a blasted heath unfed of stream, unsheltered by overarching trees? Has God turned us out on the barren common to die? Oh, no! no! no! He has not. He comes with sympathy and kindness and love. He understands all our grief. He sees the height and the depth and the length and the breadth of it. He is the only one that can fully sympathize. Go and tell Jesus. Sometimes when we have trouble we go to our friends and we explain it, and they try to sympathize; but they do not understand it. They cannot understand it. But Christ sees all over it, and all through it. He not only counts the tears and records the groans, but before the tears started, before the groans began, Christ saw the inmost hiding-place of your sorrow; and he takes it, and he weighs it, and he measures it, and he pities it with an all-absorbing pity. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Heart of our heart. Sorrow of our sorrow. As long as he remembers Lazarus' grave he will stand by you in the cemetery. As long as he remembers his own heart-break, he will stand by you in the laceration of your affections. When he forgets the footsore way, the sleepless nights, the weary body, the exhausted mind, the awful cross, the solemn grave, then he will forget you, but not until then.

Often when we were in trouble we sent for our friends; but they were far away, they could not get to us. We wrote to them, "Come right away," or telegraphed, "Take the next train." They came at last, yet were a great while in coming, or perhaps were too late. But Christ is always near—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstacy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. Close at hand—nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears—I preach him an ever-present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. How can you stay away one moment from him with your griefs? Go now. Go and tell Jesus.

A little child went with her father, a sea-captain, to sea, and when the first storm came the little child was very much frightened, and in the night rushed out of the cabin and said, "Where is father? where is father?" Then they told her, "Father is on deck guiding the vessel and watching the storm." The little child immediately returned to her berth and said, "It's all right, for father's on deck." O, ye who are tossed and driven in this world, up by the mountains and down by the valleys, and at your wit's end, I want you to know the Lord God is guiding the ship. Your Father is on deck. He will bring you through the darkness into the harbor. Trust in the Lord. Go and tell Jesus.

If you go to him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and joy will come to the heart and sorrow will depart; your sins will be forgiven and your foot will touch the upward path; and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it until the great arches of God resound with the glad tidings, if now, with contrition, you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed, as I think of those who may not take this counsel, and may remain unblessed. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people? Xerxes looked off on his army. There were two million men—perhaps the finest army ever marshalled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the two million men, and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah!" he said, "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be dead." So I think of these vast populations of immortal men and women, and realize the fact, that soon the places which know them now will know them no more, and they will be gone—whither? whither? There is a stirring idea which the poet put in very peculiar verse when he said:

'Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief.
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!

IN THE FINAL THROES : : : : OF THE FAMINE

AMERICA'S GIFT OF CORN TO STARVING INDIA EAGERLY AWAITED BY HER PERISHING MILLIONS : : : : :

PROBABLY by the time this number is in the hands of its readers, the good ship, *Quito*, bearing the magnificent gift of American Christians to the famishing people of India will have been sighted from Bombay. None can tell but those who have witnessed famine what the spectacle of that steamer will mean to the people. It is literally to many the gift of life. To the missionaries it will be as welcome as to the people. It will be an object lesson more potent than their teaching, for it will enforce their teaching and will prove to the starving people that the spirit of Christ is alive in his followers at this day. Every bag of corn will be vocal with the message of the Gospel, and He who fed the five thousand by the shores of Galilee, will bless the gift that is made in his name. The whole cargo will be distributed by the American missionaries who form the Inter-denominational Committee. As with the large sums of money previously cabled, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has felt that this gift of Christians should be distributed by Christians that the people may know why it is that strangers on the other side the world take pity upon them, and may be led to love him whose spirit inspired the gift.

It is gratifying to learn from an appeal just issued by the distinguished missionary, Mr. Henry St. Dalmas of the Society of Friends, how welcome will be the cargo of American corn. From a summary of the appeal printed by the Bombay *Guardian*, it appears that Mr. St. Dalmas advises the application of some part of the fund raised by the Mayor of London for the purchase of transmission to India. He also proposes that a public meeting should be held at once endorsing this mode of relief. He advises some of the missionary famine funds to combine and with the help of business men on both sides of the Atlantic arrange for a consignment of corn to be sent to India. Happily one ship-load (that of the *Quito*) of corn for disbursement by missionaries is already on its way from America to India. Mr. St. Dalmas closes as follows: "This is the third great famine in which it has been my sad privilege to take part in relief measures during scarcely thirty years' residence in India, and I am firmly convinced that immense good could be done by the importation of corn, without hindering for a moment the grand relief measures of the Indian Government, and of others who are engaged in seeking to save the lives of men, in this bloodless campaign against famine and death."

A Foodless Village

In confirmation of this unequivocal endorsement of this mode of famine relief and as showing the urgent need of food Mr. St. Dalmas mentions an incident reported by Mr. Eddy, the College Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, who has been traveling in the famine districts. He was at a village in which the people were starving. Some had eaten nothing for days. The missionary could not buy them a handful of grain in that village, for there was none to sell.

Referring to the arrival of Dr. Klopsch in India, which was expected on the day the *Guardian* was published, that journal said: "We are glad to hear that Dr. Louis Klopsch, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, is expected to arrive in Bombay by the incoming mail steamer to-day. During two famines he has exerted himself nobly on behalf of India's suffering ones, and he deserves a warm and hearty welcome. Arriving at a time when the dangers of cholera and plague are added to the burning heat of an overheated Indian May, we shall but voice the feeling of all when we express the hope that Dr. Klopsch may not be injured by these or other dangers."

Relief for Heavy Hearts

Dr. J. E. Robinson, editor of the *Indian Witness*, also extended a cordial welcome combined with thanks for the funds apportioned to his mission and just then received for distribution among the famine sufferers through American Methodist Episcopal missionaries. He says in an editorial: "Returning to Calcutta with a heavy heart as the result of personal investigation in the famine region of Gujarat, the first thing placed in our hand on alighting from the train was a cable-gram from the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD announcing that a further sum of $5,000 for famine relief had just been cabled in Dr. Klopsch's name. We could only thank God and take courage, and rejoice that help is forthcoming so liberally from various countries, especially from America. According to Reuter's cable dispatches, Dr. Klopsch himself will be in India soon. No foreigner of whom we have any knowledge has done so much for the afflicted people of India as this New York journalist, who has consecrated his paper to the high ministry of succoring the poor and needy of this and other lands."

When we read Dr. Robinson's report of what he witnessed, we are not surprised that he wrote with "a heavy heart."

"It is impossible," he says, "to exaggerate the condition and appearance of those who find their way into the poor-houses. Numbers die on the way. Their strength is unequal to the journey. Straggling in from distant villages to the larger stations where relief is provided by the Government, large numbers reach the poor-houses in the extreme of debility, incapable of assimilating food, and utterly devoid of strength to resist the attack of the first disease that lays hold on them. Poor wrecks are constantly added to the inmates by the police and the *dhooli* bearers, who find them on the roadsides and under trees and carry them to the poor-house. The impression made upon one by these living skeletons is simply harrowing. Nothing goes to one's heart so painfully as the sight of the little children whose wasted bodies seem beyond all possibility of recuperation, no matter how carefully attended to they may be.

"At the beginning of scarcity the missionaries were among the first to apprehend the coming distress. They clearly saw that a time of exceptional scarcity was at hand, and that there would be widespread distress throughout Gujarat. Their first concern naturally was for the several thousands of their Gujarati Christians who were certain to be among the most severe sufferers. The problem was how to save these poor people from starvation without demoralizing them; how to provide work for them so that they should be able to survive the horrors of famine without absolutely becoming pensioners on the bounty of the mission or the Government; how to secure a food supply sufficient to keep them alive, and to prevent the breaking up and scattering of families, which would simply mean dis-

FAMINE SUFFERERS EXCAVATING TANKS IN A GOVERNMENT RELIEF CAMP IN INDIA

aster to the work of the mission which might not be repaired in many years.

"Rev. Edwin F. Frease [the secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Inter-denominational Committee], resolved to establish food grain depots at several stations, where the people could obtain grain at actual cost, or if necessary—as it was found to be—at a small loss. Capital to allow of the purchase of grain on favorable terms was appealed for and received, although not to the extent that could be desired. About **four hundred tons of maize,** or forty railway wagon loads, have been sold at these mission depots. Many thousands of villagers have been relieved in their own villages, besides those on relief works. Large numbers have traveled twenty miles for a week's supply, because, as they explained, 'the difference between the rate at which the corn was sold by the missionaries and the local bazaar rate was just the difference between starvation and life.'"

Practical Help

But it soon became clear that the people could not find money to purchase the grain, even at this low price. Mr. Frease then secured money for the purchase of yarn with which he kept six hundred weavers at work, thus supporting over three thousand persons. The product of the looms was turned into the mission and sold, the proceeds being again invested in yarn. In this way the indefatigable missionary has enabled the people to earn the relief provided for them.

An American missionary who passed through Dohad in the course of a journey in the famine district, writes: "By the wayside, scattered over the plain, in little corners here and there, people too weak to walk were lying; near the city were thousands at work cleaning out a reservoir. There was more

Starving in the Streets

of this city than in any locality I have yet visited; little children often seen scraping among the dust and filth in hope of finding a grain of food, and greedily devouring any particle found in it. About a mile from the city, I saw the saddest sight I have yet seen. There were seven hundred people, all seemingly as bad as the worst in other places. They were literally living skeletons. The ground was covered with those too weak to sit up; very many of them, especially the children, could live but a few days longer. The poor little children! To see them was the saddest of all; the poor mother too weak to even notice the little bundle of skin and bones lying on the sand beside her. Around about Dohad the people are perishing for want of water as much as for want of food. One does not like to think that it is yet three months before rain can be even hoped for, and six months before any harvest can be gathered; but even though the summer rains be abundant, there will not be either men or cattle in a fit condition to prepare the ground. In some places the people gather bark from trees, grind it, and mix meal or flour with it and make it into cakes; terrible intestine trouble is the result. Many are so weakened from lack of food that when they do receive it, they sicken and die."

In the course of an address delivered a few days ago, Rev. E. S. Hume, the convener of our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee, who is now in this country trying to regain his health, said: "I have read the accounts of the famine published in the American papers. I have seen the pictures, and I have seen the conditions in the famine districts, and I can assure you that the actual state of affairs is much more terrible than printed or pictured. And the worst of it is that no relief can be expected until the crop is gathered in October. I notice cablegrams to the effect that rains have fallen in Mysore. This, however, has little bearing on the famine question. Mysore is on the extreme edge of the famine area.

"At the worst centres, as in Gujarat and Rajputana, conditions are dreadful beyond all description. Before leaving India, I visited the Government relief works at Ahmedabad, and Ghodra, in Gujarat, and saw those awful sights that photographs are making familiar to people here.

"Distress is greatest in the native states, where, on account of their independence, British control is least, and where native rulers are more indifferent to human life. There are 688 native states. More than 500 are in the famine district, and about half of these are in the Bombay Presidency. In the native states particularly, the missionaries, both American and European, are doing heroic work. There are hundreds of brave, devoted men and women rescuers in the field. The extent of their work depends wholly on the means furnished them. There is already a vast number of orphans and deserted children to be cared for. Some missions have taken more than a thousand."

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXIX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Palestine

THE next day we started for Jerusalem by way of Joppa and Ismalia. It wuz on a fair evenin', as the settin' sun made strange reflections on earthly things, we entered through the gate into Jerusalem, city of our God. Nineteen centuries since, the Star moved along through the December night and stood over the lonely manger in Bethlehem where a Babe wuz born. The three wise men wuz the first visitors to that Child. Now fifteen thousand visitors come yearly from every part of the world to look upon this sacred place where the Man of Sorrows lived his sorrowful life of good to all, suffered and died, and the heavenly King burst the bonds of the tomb and ascended into heaven.

In these streets did sad-eyed prophets walk to and fro, carrying the message of the coming of the King. They were stunned by the gain-sayin' world, jest as it stuns its prophets to-day, only with different kinds of stuns mebby, but hard ones. Here they wuz afflicted, tormented, beaten, sawn asunder for uttering the truth as God made it known to them, jest as they are to-day, of whom the world wuz not worthy. Just like to-day. Here after centuries had gone by, the truth they had foretold become manifest in the flesh. Jest as it shall be. After hundreds of years had gone by, he whom the prophets foretold wuz born in Bethlehem, and the three wise men, fur apart, knowin' nothin' of each other, wuz warned of his birth and wuz told to foller the Star. They obeyed the heavenly vision and met on the pathless desert, as the souls and heart's desires of all good men and wimmen meet who follow the Star!

Oh sacred place! to be thus honored. What emotions I felt as my own feet trod these roads, my own eyes looked on these sacred places.

The next morning after our arrival we went up to the Mount of Olives, and from a tower two hundred feet high looked down on Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives is a long, low ridge on the east of the city. The Garden of Gethsemine is down on the foot of Olivet near the brook Kedron. Here eight great olive trees much larger than the rest form a sacred grove from whose melancholy shadows might well come that agonizing cry to his disciples for human sympathy and love:

"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"

Memories of Gethsemane

Here did Judas come over the brook Kedron with the hungry, cruel mob and betray him with a kiss. It wuz in this place that our Lord give that glorious promise that lightens life and death:

"After I be risen I will go before you."

Every leaf of the old olive trees seemed trembling and full of memories of that hour. To the west was the valley of Jehosiphet, beyend is the city of the King. Back of you is Bethany, the home of the friends of Jesus where he tasted sometimes the human sweets of friendship, in the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha. A beautiful soul Mary wuz, and Martha, poor creeter! I've always been sorry for her, workin' away doin' the housework when she would much rather, no doubt, set and listen as Mary did, but somebody had to do the cookin'. So she jest drouged round the house.

You can see the Dead Sea and the river Jordan, where our Lord wuz baptized and the Dove descended out of the gardens of heaven and lit on him, whilst the voice of the father God spoke, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Not far away from there is Jericho. On the southwest rises the Hill of Zion, one of the four hills on which Jerusalem stands. As I looked on it I spoke to my pardner almost onbeknown to me, "Oh, Josiah! how many times we've sung together:

'The Hill of Zion yields a thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields or walk the golden streets.'

"But," sez I, "did you ever expect to set your mortal eyes on't?" He wuz affected I could see he wuz, though he tried to conceal it by nibblin' on some figs he had bought that mornin'.

Miss Meechim wuz all carried away with the seen as the guide pinted out the different places. Robert Strong and Dorothy didn't seem to want to talk much, but their faces wuz writ over with characters of rapt and reverential emotion.

Arvilly for once seemed to forgit her canvassin' and her keen bright eyes wuz softened into deep thought and feeling.

AT THE JAFFA GATE

THE HOLY CITY FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch

AT RACHEL'S TOMB

Tommy, who had heard us talkin' about Herod walling in that part of the city, wonnered how any man could be so wicked as the cruel king who killed all the little children, and he wonnered if there ever wuz another king in the hull world so wicked.

And my Josiah soothed his childish feelings by assuring him that all such wicked rulers wuz dead and buried ages ago.

Wicked Rulers of To-day

And so queer is Arvilly's mind since what she's went through that she spoke right up and told Tommy that there wuz lots of rulers to-day jest as wicked and fur wickeder. Sez she, "There are plenty of men in every city in America that get the right from the rulers of the country to destroy children in a much worse way than to cut their heads off."

Sez she, "There are men who entice young children to smoke cigarettes, drugged on purpose to form a thirst for strong drink, then enticed into drinking-dives, where goodness and innocence are murdered and evil passions planted and nursed into life, for the overthrowing of all their goodness, for the murder of their family's safety and happiness and making them the nation's menace and greatest danger."

And Tommy wonnered and wonnered what could make men do so and so did I.

And Arvilly sez, "What is cuttin' off the heads of twenty or thirty babies compared to the thousands and thousands of murders that this licensed evil causes every year?"

Tommy's pretty face looked sad and he sez: "Why do good folks let it go on?"

And Arvilly sez: "Heaven knows—I don't. But I've cleared my skirts in the matter. There won't be any innocent blood on my skirts at the last day."

And Tommy bent his head and looked intently at the bottom of her dress; and I see my pardner furtively glance at the bottom of his own pantaloons; he acted guilty.

The Phylacteries

It is about two milds and a quarter round the city; the walls are thirty or forty feet high; there are thirty-four towers on the walls, and the city has eight gates. It has a population of one hundred thousand, more Jews than any other race; for according to Scripture, jest as the Jews wuz scattered to the four winds of heaven, they have of late been flocking home to Jerusalem jest as the old prophets predicted exactly.

During their hours of prayer, many Jews wear phylactrys bound to their forwards and arms, and Robert Strong said he saw one nailed to a door post.

It is a long, narrer case, shaped some like a thermometer, with a round hole towards the top of it covered with a lid which they can lift up and see a few words of the ancient parchment inside, some as the little boy had his prayer

inted on the head-board. and on cold ghts would pint to it, sayin', "O Lord. em's my sentiments."

But these Jews did it to carry out loses' command to bind the words of

THE STAR IN THE CHAPEL

ie law for a sign on their arms, their eads and their door posts.

The writing in these phylactrys is so erfect that you can hardly believe that is done with a pen. The Jews are exemely careful in copying the oracles of God. They still write copies of their Old estament Scriptures, and every page ust have jest so many lines, and jest the ame number of words and letters.

Robert Strong said that this was a great roof of the truth of the Scriptures. Sez e: "Our Saviour said that one jot or ttle of the law shall not fail."

"Jot" and "Tittle"

Tommy wanted to know what that eant, and Robert told him that "jot" wuz ie smaliest letter in the Hebrew alphabet, nd "tittle" meant the little horn-shaped ark over some of the letters.

And I sez: "I never knew what that eant before." But Miss Meechim said he did—she always duz know everything rom the beginning, specially after she's earn some one explain it. But to resoom: Ve went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where many different religious ects come to worship. The place where nany think the body of our Lord wuz ain when he wuz taken down from the ross is covered with a slab worn down by the worshipers, and in the little chapel ound it forty-three lamps are kep' burning night and day.

But I felt more inclined to think that he place where the body of our Lord wuz ain wuz outside the city where the rocky ill forms a strange resemblance to a uman skull, answering to the Bible description. Near there a tomb, long buried, as been found lately that corresponds vith the Bible record, which sez: "Now n the garden was a new tomb wherein no nan had been lain." There wuz places in his tomb for three bodies, but only one ad been finished, and scientists say that o body has ever crumbled into the dust hat covers this tomb. Ruins show that ges back an arched temple once covered his spot. But what matters the very spot where his body lay, or from where he scended into the heavens. , Mebby it can't be told for certain after all these ears; but we know that his weary feet rod these dusty roads. And as we traveled to Bethlehem and Bethany and Nazareth, his presence seemed to go before us.

Josiah Explains

It wuz a lovely morning when we left Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate and went down acrost the valley of Hinnom, up acrost the hill of Evil Council, and acrost the broad plain where David fought many a battle and Solomon went about in all his glory.

We stopped a few minutes at the convent of Mar Elias to see the fine view. From here you can see both places where the Saviour wuz born and where he died. It is a very sightly spot, and I hearn Josiah tell Tommy:

"This is a beautiful place, Tommy; it wuz named after Miss Elias; her children built it to honor their Mar; and it ort to make you think, Tommy, that you must always mind your Mar."

"Mar?" says Tommy inquirin'ly. "Do you mean my mamma or my grandma?"

I wuz glad the rest of the party wuz some distance away and didn't hear him. Josiah always jest crowds his explanations, full and runnin' over with morals, but he gits things wrong. I hated to hurt his feelin's but I had to tell Tommy this wuz named. I spozed, from the prophet, Elijah, who wuz, they say, helped by angels on this very spot as he flowed away from Jezabel; they gin him water and food, such good food that after eating it he could travel forty days and forty nights without eating agin.

Jezabel wuzn't a likely woman at all; I wouldn't been willin' to neighbor with her.

Rachel's tomb is a little furder on. It is a long, rough-lookin' structure with a round ruff on the highest end on't. Christian, Jew and Moslem all agree that this is Rachel's tomb. It wuz right here that little Benoni wuz born and his ma named him while her soul wuz departing, for she died.

A New David Needed

I heard Josiah talkin' with Tommy about "little Ben." I hated to have him call him so, but didn't know as it would do much hurt this late day. Right about here dwelt Ruth and Naomi. A sweet girl, Ruth wuz; I always thought she wuz plenty good enough for Boaz, but then I d'no but he wuz good enough for her. 'Tennyrate, her actions wuz a perfect pattern to daughter-in-laws.

Here on these sands the giant, Goliath, strode out pompously to be slain by a stun from a sling sent by David when he wuz a shepherd boy. "How I wished I had some of them stuns to slay the evil giants of 1900," sez I. "If a stun could be aimed at Intemperance and another at the big monopolies and destroy 'em as dead as Goliath, what a boon it would be."

And Arvilly sez, "Where will you git your sling, and where will you git your Davids?"

Sez I, "The ballot is a good sling, that could kill 'em both stun dead, but I d'no where I could git any Davids at present," and she didn't nor Josiah, but I felt in hopes that there would be one riz up, for always when the occasion demands, the Lord sends the right man to fill the place.

Well, presently we arrove at Bethlehem (House of Bread). I mentioned its meaning, and Josiah sez:

"I do hope I'll git some yeast risin' here that will taste a little like yourn, Samantha."

So little did he dwell on the divine meanin' that wuz thrillin' my heart. House of Bread, sacred spot from which proceeded the living bread, that if anyone eat he should never more hunger.

The Church of the Nativity, the place that we sought first in the village is the oldest Christian church in the world. It wuz built by Helena, mother of Constantine, 330 A. D. It is owned by a good many different sects who quarrel quite considerable over it, as they would be likely to in Jonesville if our M. E. church wuz owned too by Baptists and 'Piscopalians, etc.

In the Sacred Grotto

We spoze this church wuz built on the site of the tarven where our Lord wuz born. Goin' down the windin' staircase we come to the Grotto of the Nativity, which is a cave in the rock. There are several holy chapels here, but this one where they say Christ wuz born is about thirty-eight feet long and ten or eleven feet wide, and covered inside with costly carving and sculpture. A star in the floor shows the place where the manger wuz where the Holy Child wuz born, a silver star glitters above it and around the star sixteen lights are burning night and day. All about here the caves in the rocks are used as stables, specially when the tarvens are full, as the Bible expressly states they wuz the night our Lord wuz born. 'Tennyrate way back almost to the time he wuz born, historians accepted this spot as the place of his birth. But as I said more formerly, what if it wuz not this very spot, or some other nigh by, we know that it wuz in this little city our Lord wuz born. It wuz of this city that centuries before the prophets said: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little amongst the thousands of Judea, yet out of thee shall he come forth that shall be ruler of Israel, whose goings forth has been from old everlasting."

Then and there wuz founded on earth that invisible and spiritual kingdom so much stronger and mightier than any visible kingdom that wuz ever thought on. The gorgeous throne of Herod and the long line of kings and emperors since him have crumbled into dust, but that lowly cradle in the stable of Bethlehem is onmoved. The winds and storms of eighteen hundred years have not been able to blow a straw away from that little bed where the Baby Christ lay. The crowns of kings and emperors have disappeared, covered by the dust of time, but the rays of light that shone round that Baby's brow grow brighter and brighter as the centuries sweep by. The deepest love, the strongest emotions of the hearts of an uncounted host keep that Bethlehem birthplace green and changeless. The Herods, the Pilates, the Cæsars are dead and buried under the driftin' centuries, but our Lord's throne stands more firm and powerful today than ever before. Hatred, malice, the cross of agony, the dark tomb could not touch that immortal life. Great monarch and tender, overturnin' and upbuildin' empires at will, blowing away cruel and unjust armies by a wave of his fingers, heiping the poor slave bear his heavy burden by pouring love into his heart, wiping the widow's tears, soothing the baby's cries, marking even the sparrow's fall.

Oh, what a kingdom! foretold by ages, begun on earth in that little rocky stable that December night in Bethlehem. And it is secure; it cannot be moved, its white pillers are enthroned in the secret chambers of the soul.

Conflicting Emotions

And how strong and changeless his prime ministers, Love, Justice and Mercy are, who carry his messages and do his will. How quiet and peaceable and yet how strong, makin' no fuss and show; but what majesty is writ down on their forwards as they mirror the will of their Master. How firm they stand, jest as they've stood for ages; no wobblin', no turnin' this way and that to git adherents and followers. No, calm and mighty and holy they stand before that sacred throne jest as they did at Jerusalem before Herod and Pilate.

Oh, how many emotions I did have as I stood in that sacred spot, twice as many at least as I ever had in the same length of time in any other place. I didn't want to speak, I didn't want to see even my dear Josiah. No, I wanted to be silent, to think, to meditate, to pray "Thy kingdom come." Nigh by in the same grotto is what they call the tomb of a relation of ourn on both sides. Yes, they say Adam, our grandpa (removed) wuz buried here. I felt considerable sceptical about that, but Josiah beheld it complacently, and I hearn him say to Tommy:

"Yes, here Adam lays, poor creeter!" And sez Josiah, puttin' down his cane kinder hard, "Oh, what a difference it would have made to Jonesville and the world at large if Adam had put his foot right down just as I put my cane to-day, and not let his pardner eat that apple, nor tease him into eatin' it, too."

And Tommy looked at him in wonder, "Did the apple make him sick, grandpa?"

"Yes, Tommy, it made him sick as death, sin-sick, and he knowed it would."

"Well, then what made him eat it, grandpa?"

And Josiah said, "These things are too deep for you to understand now; when you git a little older grandpa will explain 'em all out to you."

Arvilly Defends Her Sex

And Arvilly sez, "I'd love to be there when you explained it, Josiah Allen. Layin' the blame onto the wimmen, jest as men do from Adam and Alpha to Omega."

Sez Josiah, "We'll walk out, Tommy, and see how it looks on the outside."

But Arvilly kep' mutterin' and kinder scoldin' about it long after they had departed. "Why didn't Adam take the apple away from her and throw it away? He hankered after it jest as much as she did, that's why. Cowardly piece of bizness layin' it all to her."

And she sniffed and stepped round sort o' nervous like, but sweet Dorothy drawed her attention off onto sunthin' else.

On the pleasant hills about the village shepards could be seen tendin' their flocks as they did on the night when the angels and the multitude of the heavenly hosts appeared to them bearing tidings of great joy that that night a Saviour wuz born.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will to men."

We felt that we must see Nazareth where our Lord's early years wuz spent, and we set off on a pleasant day; we approached it from the north by way of Cana. The road wuz hard and rocky, but on turning a corner we see the little town like a city set on a hill, only this wuz on the side of the hill with hills above it and below it. Nazareth has only a few hundred houses but they are white and clean looking, mostly square and flat roofed. As we drew nigh we see the tall minaret of a mosque, the great convent buildings and the neat houses of the village looking out of gardens of figs and olives with white doves playing about the roofs; there wuz great hedges of prickly pears and white orange blossoms and scarlet pomgranites to make it pleasant.

At the Virgin's Well

On the road we wuz travelin' the child Jesus no doubt often passed in play with other children or at work. I wonder how he felt as he stood amongst his playmates and if a shadow of what wuz to come rested on his young heart? I spoze so, for he wuz only twelve when he reasoned with the wise doctors.

There is one fountain that supplies the town and always has, and we see stately dark-eyed wimmen carryin' tall jars of water on their heads (how under the sun they ever do it is a mystery to me; I should spill every drop), but they seem to carry 'em easy enough. Children often ran along at their sides. And I knew that in this place the young child Jesus must often have come with his mother after water.

Stood right here where we stood! what emotions I had as I thought on't. Dorothy and Robert looked reverently about them and dipped their hands in the clear water just as Joseph and Mary might when they wuz young and couldn't look into the futer.

Miss Meechim said she had a tract to home that dealt on this spot and wished she had brought it, she would have liked to read it here on the spot.

Arvilly said she wuz glad enough to see that they had plenty of good, pure water here and didn't have to depend on anything stronger.

And Josiah said in his opinion the water would make crakin' good coffee, and he wished he had a good cup and a dozen or so of my nut-cakes.

(To be Continued).

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

MAORI GIRLS

A VILLAGE BELLE

A MAORI MOTHER

THE PET OF A MAORI HOME

Life Among the Maoris

.....WHERAHIKO RAWEI, A MAORI STUDENT IN AMERICA, DESCRIBES SOME OF THE CUSTOMS OF HIS RACE.....

HOW many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD know anything of the Maories of New Zealand? Probably very few. Yet a more interesting race of people it would be hard to find in any part of the world. They are worthy of respect, too. A race that knows how to make a good bargain with the white man and to get the full value of its acres, and often a little more than full value; a race which elects its own representatives to the white man's parliament, who sit and vote and speak with good sense and are listened to with close attention; a race whose women marry the white men and preside over their homes with grace and dignity, and whose children are among the most beautiful that any land can show; a race which holds its own, and is not disposed—even if an effort were made—to be improved by civilization off the face of the earth. Such a race deserves more attention than it has received from the people of other lands. It is therefore with pleasure that we have secured some details of the Maori people and their customs from a young Maori, Wherahiko Rawei by name, who is now a student in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

A MAORI IDOL

RAWEI IN NATIVE COSTUME

It is comparatively a short time ago that Dr. Selwyn, having been appointed Bishop of New Zealand, a wit who had read little of the islands save the stories of the early navigators, about the cannibal feasts of their inhabitants, said to the good Bishop as he bade him farewell: "I hope you will not disagree with your flock." The Bishop knew more of the people among whom he was going to labor, but even he was surprised to see the Maori gentleman, not at all disposed to kill and eat him as the wit had suggested, but wearing the ordinary dress of European civilization and speaking to him with grave and dignified courtesy. It is true that his face was bronzed and that tattoo markings were visible, but there was intelligence in the eye and signs of kindliness and sympathetic feeling in the lines of the mouth. Many of the white people have scarcely seen the Maori of the type of the old days, and those who wish to see him in his native guise and tribal surroundings must penetrate to the recesses of the Northern island and must come well introduced and with the special permission of one of the chiefs, otherwise he will be politely but firmly turned back. For the Maori is not at all afraid of offending the white man, but stands boldly on his rights and resents anything like intrusion or patronage. It must be admitted that he does not as a rule take kindly to the white man's religion, preferring a strange mixed creed of his own, in which he has incorporated some of the white man's doctrines in grotesque form.

"To see Maori life in its primitive simplicity," says our friend Wherahiko Rawei "one should go to Te Ruapeka, one of the most weird villages in all New Zealand. It is situated on a long, narrow peninsula, jutting out into Lake Rotorua, a magnificent sheet of water twenty-five miles in circumference. Every part of this strip of land, from one end to the other, is riddled with hot springs, some of which shoot out of the ground from small apertures, while others assume the form of large steaming pools. They are of all degrees of temperature, from tepid heat to boiling point; and while you may cook your dinner in one, you may take a delightful bath in another and get scalded to death in a third.

MAORI CHILDREN BATHING IN THE WARM SPRINGS

"Many years ago a pa [native Maori village], stood at the further end of the peninsula, but one wild night a rumbling noise was heard, then a sound of hissing steam, the trembling earth opened, and the pa, with its unfortunate inhabitants sank bodily into the depths of the lake. All the houses in this district to-day are built of Raupo, a kind of reed, with large recesses in front of the doorways, the woodwork of which is curiously and elaborately carved. The interior presents a strange spectacle; the roof, high and slanting, is supported by an elaborately carved ridge-pole, while the rafters are covered with curiously carved and twisted lines of strange design and endless variety. The lower walls of the building are ornamented with figures representing renowned ancestors of the tribe. These singular effigies appear at first glance to have been carved after the same model; but upon closer examination each is found to have some peculiarity of feature or bodily characteristic for which the particular warrior represented was supposed to have been remarkable while in the flesh. One and all are depicted with distorted features, protruding tongues and a defiant mien, while their large, staring eyes are formed of the pearly shell of the fresh water mussel.

"Near at hand are the Pohutu and Waikiti geysers; the latter plays incessantly, throwing up great volumes of water and steam every ten minutes. The women are peculiarly prepossessing, many of the maidens being exquisitely beautiful. Their clothing consists of a single loose robe, which they manufacture from native flax and toi toi grasses, or the feathers of rare and beautiful New Zealand birds.

"Very destructive and disastrous are some of the old customs which the Maoris still retain as an inheritance from their ancestors. Marriage feasts and *tangis* [native burials] are the scenes of all that is objectionable. After living closely together in an ill-ventilated *wharepuni* [native dwelling] for a month, the funeral party disperses, leaving the host thoroughly fatigued and disgusted. He laments the kumaras and potatoes that have been consumed, the precious mats and green stones that his mistaken hospitality has lavished upon his guests; but till next year he is content to starve and go about untidy and half naked. Then, perhaps, another Maori dies, and all the villages around must again send natives of both sexes to weep over his dead body, to condole with his bereaved relatives, to benefit by their misplaced kindness and hospitality, and very probably themselves to receive from the fortnight dead corpse a substantial legacy in the form of typhoid fever and similar bequests.

A MAORI PRINCESS

In many of the native villages, the death of a chief—who in consequence of his rank must be kept unburied for a fortnight or even three weeks—is simply the advance herald to a terrible outbreak of disease and mortality, which carries off hundreds of victims. The perpetuation of such customs is a real danger to the Maori people, and it is in this that the white man's help is needed. The Maoris must be taught to shun evils that are destroying their bodies and exterminating a race once famous for its magnificent physique. Sermon preaching alone, unaccompanied by determined efforts to completely reform the sanitary conditions under which the people live, can be productive only of extremely meagre results. Training schools should be erected and native children taught laws of sanitation and health and other matters calculated to promote their social and spiritual welfare. Educational pursuits for the children will certainly be followed by an improved condition of home life among the elders; and in this way the people may be led to build healthier dwellings and to seek light and salvation. By such means Christ's kingdom could be extended, and a splendid race, possessing many admirable characteristics, might be preserved."

Pretoria Surrendered

AFTER several skirmishes in the neighborhood of the Boer capital, Lord Roberts sent an officer with a flag of truce to demand its surrender. General Botha replied that he had no intention of defending it, and merely expressed the hope that the women and children would be well treated. He sent two officers to conduct General Roberts into the town. The British General entered and took formal possession on June 5. The British flag was hoisted over the government's buildings, and all public property left in the capital was handed over. Then it was clear that the fighting which had taken place was not a serious defence, but was only a rear guard action intended to delay Lord Roberts, while the Boer army, guns and archives were sent away, and as many of the prisoners as possible. Two trainloads of prisoners were being removed when Lord Roberts arrived and liberated them. President Kruger and Secretary Reitz, with other members of the Boer government, halted in their flight at Machadodorp, where they occupied a car on the railroad tracks. Mrs. Kruger and Mrs. Botha remained behind in Pretoria. A guard of British soldiers was placed in front of their house to protect them from molestation and from the curiosity of the soldiers. It is inferred from the fact of Mrs. Kruger remaining that her husband does not intend to make a prolonged resistance, as he would have taken her with him if he expected that the war would continue. It is evident, however, that if he chooses he can hold the Lydenburg country for some time. It is a mountainous district, unsuited to the operations of cavalry, and contains passes easily defended by a few determined men. The advantages to the Boers of such a district are obvious, as may be seen at Laing's Nek, where Gen. Buller has been held in check for several weeks by a small force in a futile effort to penetrate from Natal into the Transvaal. Such a course, however, would involve a great sacrifice of life and would be of no ultimate benefit to the people. President Kruger will doubtless be urged to continue the war, but he will be prudent if he seeks the honor which the wise king described:

It is an honor for a man to cease from strife. (Prov. 20: 3).

THE GOVERNMENT SQUARE OF PRETORIA ON A NATIONAL HOLIDAY

A Wedding Delayed

An amusing oversight disconcerted a wedding party in New York a few days ago. The wedding was fixed for eight o'clock in the evening at an uptown church, about two miles from the bride's residence. There was some little delay in the last items of the bride's costume, which would involve a little waiting, so she asked the bridesmaids to go on to the church and explain, and she would follow as soon as possible. They complied and drove to the church, where explanations were made and the whole party waited patiently for the bride's coming. Nearly an hour passed and still she did not come. At length they became alarmed, and one of the party was deputed to go to the house to ascertain what was keeping her. On his way he met the bride riding in an open buggy. It appeared that she was ready soon after her friends' departure, but they had taken all the carriages, and there was not one left to convey her to the church. While the servants were going from place to place, trying to hire a vehicle, the family doctor passed and the bride signaled to him. He relieved her of her difficulty by driving her to the church in his buggy. Doubtless, it was mere thoughtlessness on the part of the bridesmaids that resulted in the bride being placed in that awkward predicament. It may be hoped that it will never be possible to accuse the church of similarly delaying the coming of the Bridegroom by thoughtlessness or negligence of its duty:

This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations and then shall the end come (Matt. 24: 14).

A Warning to Claimants

The State Department has issued a warning to people in this country, who have been notified that they are heirs to large estates in England. Its assistance has so often been invoked by people who have put confidence in English lawyers, who are generally aided by a confederate on this side, that the notice has been issued to put our citizens on their guard. The plan usually adopted is for an American agent to select a likely victim whose name is sent to the English lawyer, who promptly advertises in an American journal for his address. The advertisement is sure to be seen by the intended victim, or by some of his friends, and he immediately writes to the English lawyer, who replies that the estate is very valuable and asks for funds to prosecute the claim. The money is generally sent, and from time to time more funds are asked for, until the victim discovers that he is being swindled. More than a thousand such claims have been referred to the United States embassy in London and not one of them proved genuine. Of all the dormant funds in England open to claim, few are worth two thousand dollars and the cost of establishing a claim to any of them would be large. It is astonishing that people who are so credulous as to send money to prosecute claims to estates, are often so unbelieving when they listen to the Gospel offer of eternal riches which Christ promises to his people.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal (Matt. 6: 20).

A Boy's Adventure

An extraordinary story of a boy's courage and endurance comes from New Orleans. According to the press report, the boy is ten years old and is an orphan. He had been confided to the care of some relatives in Indiana, but they disliked him and ill-treated him. After bearing their cruelty for some time he determined to run away. But the only other relative he had was an aunt who lived in New Orleans, which was twelve hundred miles away. Probably the boy did not realize the length of the journey, but he set out determined to find his aunt. He was more than a week on the way. Three times he was discovered on trains and thrown off, not having money to pay his fare. Once a railroad conductor was so indignant at the child trying to steal a ride that he drew his revolver and threatened to shoot him. The boy escaped by paying the conductor fifteen cents from his little store. Altogether, he paid fifty-five cents during his journey. When he reached New Orleans he had on only a suit of overalls and was barefoot and without a hat. A kindly official bought him a suit of clothes and new shoes, so that he might present himself to his aunt decently clad. If people who are held in captivity by the enemy of souls, showed such determination and persistence as this little boy displayed how many might effect their escape!

That they might recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will (II. Timothy 2: 26).

Disappointed Stowaways

Superintendent Blair, of the Outdoor Poor Department in New York, is investigating the story of two boys who arrived in the city recently on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm* from Germany. They are sixteen years of age and appear to have been of an adventurous disposition. While living at Winsheim, near Wurtemberg, they listened to the stories of wealth and luxury told by romancing persons, and, being anxious above all things to escape military service, they decided to seek their fortunes over the sea. One of the boys had an uncle living at Jaffa in Palestine and to him they determined to go. He had vineyards and was reputed to be prosperous. On their arrival they were set to work in the vineyards and to their disgust they were required to work hard and for many hours in the day. That was not the kind of life they were looking for; so they resolved to come to America, where, according to the accounts they had heard, money was plenty and easily earned. They stole on board the big liner at Hamburg and concealed themselves in the hold. The vessel was two days out when they were discovered. The captain promptly set them to work and kept them at it during the voyage. In New York they eluded the vigilance of the emigration officers and got ashore. They were bitterly disappointed with our country. In a week they had been able to earn only a few pennies and had been obliged to sleep in the parks. Finally, some sympathetic German citizen heard their story and took them to Mr. Blair who will try to make the steamship company take them home. They probably will be less disposed in future to give credence to stories of the riches and honors to be gained in other lands, but we may hope that their experience will not lead them to distrust the promises that Christ makes to all who come to him of a blessedness that is better than riches.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you (Matt. 6: 33).

A Permanent Record

A scientific journal publishes a description of an ingenious device now on exhibition at the Paris Exposition. It is called the telegraphone, and is the invention of M. Valdemar Poulsen, a Danish telegraph engineer. Its object is to keep a permanent record of conversations over the telephone. The apparatus has the appearance of an ordinary telephone, but within the receiver is a highly-magnetized steel wire, wound on a sensitive reel. When the telephone is used, the wire is unwound by the action of the current, or by a clock-work attachment. The impact of the voice is faithfully recorded by the wire, so that at any time by reversing the process the conversation that has taken place can be reproduced, as in the phonograph. The situation of the wire protecting it from extraneous sounds renders its repeating power exceedingly accurate, and in the reproduction there are none of the crackling noises that are heard in the ordinary phonograph. It is easy to remove the record from the instrument and to preserve it or transmit it by mail, so that another person may listen to the conversation repeated in the same tone of voice, just as it actually took place. If these instruments should come into common use, there are many people who would become more careful of the words they use in speaking over the telephone. The consciousness that what they say might be reproduced at some future time would induce caution. But such consciousness might even now be felt if we heeded as it deserves the warning that Christ gave:

I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment (Matt. 12: 36).

BRIEF NOTES

It is estimated that two millions and a half copies of the Bible are printed and put in circulation every year.

The statistics of Union Theological Seminary in New York show that one in every twelve of its students becomes a missionary to the heathen.

A report from Russia announces that the Metropolitan of the Greek Church has solemnly excommunicated Count Toistoi, and has ordered the clergy of the church to refuse to him, living or dead the rights and privileges of membership.

Bishop Tucker of Uganda has surprised a German trader who was carrying off seventeen African dwarfs whom he had seized in the forest. The Bishop liberated the frightened people and had the German trader arrested for kidnapping. When the mail left he was in prison awaiting trial.

The death is announced of Rev. John Scudder, M.D., D.D., at Kodai Kanal, India, on Wednesday, May 23. Dr. Scudder was for thirty-nine years a missionary of the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America in connection with its Arcot mission. He was at the time of his death in his sixty-fifth year.

Moravian Churches throughout the world are celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Zinzendorf, the famous Moravian leader. Count von Zinzendorf once labored in the old church in Fulton street, New York. His influence on the godly men of other churches bore wonderful fruit and led to movements in the home and missionary field of even greater importance than his own.

The Gospel Tent at Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, New York, is now open for the season. Fully fifteen hundred persons were present at the first services. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Dr. S. P. Cadman, and Mr. J. H. Hallimond of the Bowery Mission, took part in the services. Mr. William Phillips Hall the business man evangelist and Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt made earnest appeals to the people to come to Christ.

The British Government has been astonished by the unexpected stand taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of temperance. He declares that any government which proposes to allow the present system to stand, and makes no effort to promote temperance in the country, will have to regard him as "a thorn in its side." As the Archbishop has a seat and a vote in the House of Lords, he can make his words good.

The New Metropolitan Tabernacle, replacing the one in which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached is to be opened on Sept. 19. Mr. Ira D. Sankey is to take part in the dedicatory services. It will accommodate 4,000 persons and has cost $200,000. The number of members on the church roll is 3,861 after the annual revision has been made. Connected with the Tabernacle are twenty-three mission stations and twenty-five Sunday Schools.

"Why Should we Fear Anything with Him Looking at us?"

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA ∴

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for July 1: Matt. 14: 23-33 | Golden Text, Matt. 14: 33: Of a truth thou art the Son of God

MOUNTAINS OF FAITH AND SORROW

MOUNT Fear is greatest and darkest of all the Mountains of Sorrow. Just now Mount Famine and Mount War are in the foreground, and we have always with us Mount Drink, which Gladstone said was bigger and darker than both the others, and Mount Pestilence, now appearing ominously in the background. But the world has suffered more than from all these from Mount Fear, though it is only a shadow. Think of the countless fears of those whose very gods are loveless devils that delight to destroy, and must be placated with ceaseless offerings and self-inflicted tortures! If there were no future every motive of humanity would impel us to save the millions of heathendom from this present hell of superstitious fears, and other present sufferings of body and mind. Even in civilized countries there is not a little suffering from superstition. The year 1881 was called by some "the reign of terror," because so many feared that it would bring the world's end in fulfilment of "Mother Shipton's prophecy." When a comet or two appeared, and science, which has banished so many fears, invented new ones, suggesting possible collisions with the earth, I have no doubt that many nervous people suffered as if subjected to mediæval tortures. Of late, science has alarmed the nervous with its microbia, and the advertisements of quack medicines that make every ache a coffin-nail also recall the words of Watts:

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases lurk around
To hurry mortals home.

This comedy of fear is a tragedy to the victims. If any person had told us as many lies as Fear, we would never believe a word he says again; but we believe our fears in spite of all their false alarms. Most of us are cowards in fear of imaginary foes, and need this lesson on faith as the antidote to fear.

. . .

The Folly of Fear Three questions speak to us out the successive stages of this lesson:

Why should we fear anything with him looking at us?

Why should we fear anything with him coming to us?

Why should we fear anything in coming to him?

. . .

When he had sent the multitudes away.—They had been convinced by the miraculous feeding of the five thousand that Jesus was the expected Messiah, but a temporal Messiah, who would conquer the world rather than convert it, and they had tried to take him by force and make him their king. The people have always been ready to crown those who would feed them. Christ's physical struggle in resisting this blind folly was accompanied by a greater storm of trouble in his soul that his spiritual mission should be so misunderstood by everybody, including his own apostles. To calm his own storm-tossed brain, he took himself to solitude and prayer, first sending his apostles away in their boat and then dispersing the multitude. Every trial and temptation seemed to cry to Christ, like the voice from Eastern minarets: "To prayer! To prayer!" How much better to climb Mount Faith than to tremble in the shadow of Mount Fear! In the Mount of Prayer Jesus saw his apostles as one of those sudden storms characteristic of this lake sprang like a leopard from Lebanon down through the Jordan gorge and out upon the little boat. They thought themselves deserted and forgotten, but the eye of him who makes the winds his ministers was looking upon them all the while. Christ was out of their sight, but they were not out of his sight. And so it is to-day. "Whom having not seen, we trust," let that be our watchword. In the words of George MacDonald: "Why should we fear anything with him looking at us?" Let us in all our seeming perils adopt the Breton boatman's prayer: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and the ocean is so wide."

. . .

In the fourth watch Jesus went unto them. Christ did not go to them at once when the storm rose high and their fears higher. He left them to battle with the winds and waves for nine awful hours, till almost dawn—some time between three and six in the morning. It would not be a real kindness for Christ to save us from struggles. Only by "toiling in rowing" can we be prepared to make the voyage of life; only by such nights can we acquire the strength and sympathy and faith that make the noblest manhood. Let us remember that Jesus is watching, and will come, bringing the morning with him when night has taught his lesson.

"BEGINNING TO SINK, HE CRIED SAYING, LORD SAVE ME!"

Some think this miracle the greatest Jesus had yet performed, but it seems but natural to those who remember it was done by him "through whom God made the world." In the words of Dr. Talmage: "I see why it was so easy for him to hush the tempest; he sank Gennesaret. I see why it was so easy for him to swing fish into Simon's net; he made the fish. I see now why he could open the eyes of the blind; he made the optic nerve. I see now why it was so easy for him to cure the demoniac; he first created the intellect."

And all through his stormy life he was pressing the surges beneath his feet. So may we "while we look at the things that are not seen." In the wilderness of temptation how the storm waves beat about him! But, like Moses, he refused to fall or fear, because he saw the invisible. In Gethsemane again how the waves beat into his boat till it seemed to be full. But, seeing the invisible, again saved him from despair. And on Calvary, his nailed feet pressed the rising waves and made the storm a calm. It is a supreme illustration of the folly of all fears that the apostles were afraid of their Deliverer. Even though it had been Death coming to them, they should have welcomed him as God's messenger and their friend. Through every storm of sorrow he comes to us treading the billows beneath his feet and whispering "Peace." Why should we fear anything with Jesus coming to us?

The Sea of Galilee is also called Chinnereth, meaning a harp, because it is shaped like a harp, and with reference also to the 'chin chin' sound of wavelets playing musically on the beach. Storms are favorite subjects for descriptive music and are pictured by organ and orchestra. But the storm which swept over the harp of Chinnereth that eventful night has caught the ear of the world more than any other storm music, and above it all sounds the divine solo: "It is I; be not afraid." At that word every billow of fear should become a calm in the heart of every one who really believes that God rules the world.

. . .

My Storm-tossed Boats My business is a boat in which I must embark day by day. Storms gather about me; competition threatens to engulf me; there are temptations to deceive; there are fears of failure. But I will not fear for Christ is near.

My home is a boat. It is shaken with the rising winds of affliction. Those whom I love are engulfed in death. Other loved ones are worse than dead, and for both my heart is tempest-tossed. But I will not fear for Christ is near.

My life plan is a boat. I have aspiration to be and do something noble; but my education is cut short; my hopes of employment are disappointed. I seem to be lost at sea, without chart or compass. But I will not fear for Christ is near.

"Bid me come unto thee on the water." The responses of Christ to Peter are his responses to every storm-tossed heart:

"Bid me come!"

"Come!"

"Lord, save me!"

The outstretched hand saves even "little faith."

"O wherefore didst thou doubt?"

. . .

Even "Little Faith" is Answered Why should we fear anything in coming to him, even though it is over the billows of trouble that he bids us come? We hear much of Christ's rewards of "great faith," such as that of the centurion and the Syro-Phœnician mother. But yet more wonderful are his responses to "little faith". When the apostles in another storm had so little faith in his power to save, though he was with them, that it was as nothing, and he was forced to exclaim, "How is it that ye have no faith?" He nevertheless stilled the storm in answer to their prayer. When the father of the demoniac child exclaimed in feeble faith, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion," and then to Christ's response, "If thou canst believe," could only say, "Help thou mine unbelief." Jesus healed his child, illustrating in all these cases the promise that he "would not quench that smoking flax," that is the faith that could not flame, but only smoke. We are not to fear even when faith is failing, but use what remains to get across the billows of doubt to the helping hand of Christ.

. . .

Pride as a Millstone Peter did not answer Christ's question, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" But can we not answer it? Why did the great faith that led Peter to start out to walk the waves fail him in the midst of the undertaking? When he found himself actually walking the waves one would suppose his faith would be reinforced, rather than give place to fear. It has been suggested—and Peter's conduct in another storm of trial warrants the suggestion—that when Peter found himself walking the waves, he was proud instead of thankful. Nothing kills faith quicker than pride. When faith went out fear came in. "When he saw" it was a wrong look that wrecked him, he looked no longer straight at Christ, but at the raging waves—perhaps glanced backward just to see how his associates regarded his great exploit—and so began to sink. But "sinking times are praying times," and prayer saved him from the consequences of his pride and fears. He forgot himself and looked once more to Christ.

Cautious people may condemn Peter's impulsiveness in this and other cases, but they are themselves guilty of the greatest of mistakes, doing nothing for fear of doing something amiss. Better say a word too much now and then than miss daily opportunities by too much caution. Discount all Peter's mistakes, and there is more left of usefulness than in any other apostle, except the "Sons of Thunder," whose impulsiveness was also liable to overflows. Notwithstanding this liability, it is better to be full of zeal than half full.

From this story of Peter walking the sea, the "stormy petrel" gets its name. Adapting a story of faith by Victor Hugo to this bird, we may say:

Let us be like the bird that walks the sea
And 'mid the tempest sings;
Her feet may sink, but she from fear is free,
Knowing she has her wings.

. . .

Why do you not "Come?" What fear keeps you from coming to Christ? It cannot be fear that you will be unwelcome, for he bids you "come." It should not be fear that you will be unable to hold on and hold out, for "God's biddings are enablings," and he holds out an omnipotent hand to uplift and guide you. A four-year-old child upset in a boat, was strangely free from fear. Being asked why, she said: "I finked of Peter." If you fear you will not be able to walk the waves of temptation or persecution, think of Peter, and especially of Peter's Saviour at hand to help. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

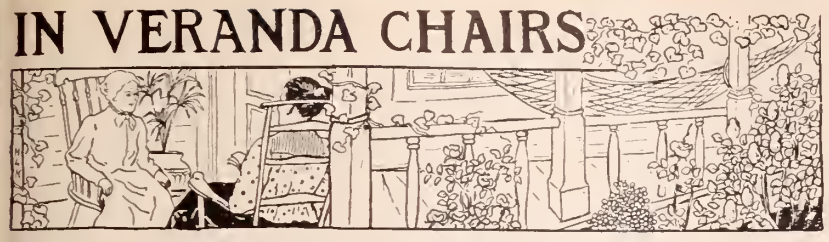
Thou didst reach forth thine hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea;
But not so much that I on thee took hold
As by thy hold on me.

. . .

The wind ceased. The Spanish Testament in the other stilling of the tempest calls the calm that followed the "Peace be still" of Christ, *una grande bonanza.* The original "bonanza" is the fair weather at sea. To have our troubled hearts filled with the "peace" of Christ is both fair weather and wealth, now and forever. "Great peace have they that love the law." That peace should not be disturbed even when our boat comes into the tossing waves under the shadow of that highest peak of Mount Fear, the fear of death.

DRIFTING ON THE SEA OF GALILEE

IN VERANDA CHAIRS



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The High-tide... ...of the Year

IN the whole round year there is not a time more beautiful than this month of June. Roses garlanding old stone walls and wreathing forgotten graves, roses sweetening the air and rioting in the gardens, roses scattering their velvety petals on the ground and blooming for the adornment of the bride. Roses white, red, yellow, and pink. Roses, the queen-flowers of the floral world. And all over the meadows sown there by God's hand, and springing up by the million, the white and golden daisies, covering the field with a cloth of gold, tempting us to pick them for our houses, for the sick, for the tired and sad, and no matter how many we pick, there are just as many more left behind. And in the woods, the laurel, and by the roadside sweet fern and sweet brier, and everywhere bloom and fragrance and beauty, the high-tide of the year. No other season surpasses it, and the trees and lawns are so freshly green with the spring rains scarcely dried, that nothing can be fairer than the background they furnish for the flowers.

Our beautiful picture shows us girlhood in its rich budding, when the bright eyes, the rounded cheeks, the gladness of life's morning, all rival the roses. This sweet maiden with the roses in her basket and on her head and in her hand, is a type of the dearest treasures we possess, our own fair daughters. What is she dreaming of as she stands holding her flowers? Her eyes are soft with dreams, perhaps of some one who has awakened her to her deeper self, of some one who may yet "lead her by the lily-white hand," as the old song says, and claim her before God and the world for his own. And if he be worthy of so great a bit of good fortune as to win the young heart and wed the young life, he may sing, "My love is like a red, red rose," and vow to adore her with a true faith, "till all the seas gang dry."

Sabbath Keeping

The National Sabbath Alliance is trying to awaken Christian sentiment against the rapid increase of Sabbath-breaking. In a recent meeting, Mrs. Darwin R. James, the President of the Alliance, spoke very strongly against playing golf on Sunday. It would seem as if we in America should uplift a standard against the bicycle riding, golf-playing, and Sunday driving for pleasure, which has become a feature of the period. Men and women who were brought up to honor the Lord's Day, have, little by little, let down the bars until now they have silenced conscience, and can engage without a question in secular recreations on the hallowed day. No amusement has been discovered which compares with golf in its combination of attractions, its opportunity for wholesome exercise, and its adaptation to people of all ages. But it is distinctly a week-day game, and not only do those who play it on Sunday affront the sacredness of the day, present an offensive and indifferent aspect to church-goers, break down the reverence of the young for the Sabbath, but they enlist the services of children, and teach the small caddies to trample on a law of God. If we break one law, openly and safely, why shall we hesitate to break others? If we have no regard for the blessed day of rest, and set aside the fourth commandment, why shall we keep the fifth, or the eighth, or the tenth? We in America, we mothers especially, need to stand fast by the old ways; to assert our convictions, to do what in us lies to prevent the breaking of God's day in our own homes. The day need not be dull or monotonous. It may be sunny, bright and full of sweet thoughts and glad engagements, but these should be religious, not secular. Let us do all we can to discourage Sunday golfing.

The Feeling of a Little Child

A child gathered a bunch of flowers from her own garden, tied them carefully and carried them to a relative of whom she was fond. With childish generosity she almost stripped her garden. When she came home, after making her little call with her offering, her face was downcast and her step was slow. She looked as if she were holding back the tears by a brave effort. But she said nothing; not even when questioned did she explain what had disappointed her. The next day it came out, however, in a talk with her father. "I shall not take Cousin Jane any more flowers," she said. "She gave them away to a lady who called in."

The gift bestowed upon another in the child's presence was a gift despised. People often ignore the fact that a child is easily hurt, is sensitive to expressions of the face, and to tones of the voice; that a child has feelings which should not be disregarded. When you laugh at a child's quaint speech, when you repeat her sayings in a spirit of merriment, when you open her letter before she has had a chance to do so herself, when you untie her package instead of leaving her the pleasure, you are committing a blunder, and sometimes an inexcusable one. We owe to our children the same courtesy, the same constant and gentle consideration, the same respect for personal rights which we show to older people.

Which is the fairer, maiden or flower,
Which is the rarer, in this bright hour?

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

IRENE. A young woman should not receive visits from a married man, unless he is accompanied by his wife.

—INQUIRER. You ask a question which cannot be answered without a knowledge of all the circumstances. A man who is engaged to a young woman may call upon her as often as she and her parents consider appropriate—every other evening at least. But the calls should not be prolonged until too late an hour. If the young people are not engaged, but are simply very good friends, a call once a week is a sufficient attention for him to pay and for her to receive.

—ISABEL. Send your stories to any paper which publishes stories, enclosing an envelope stamped and addressed to yourself in case of their return. A young man of eighteen is not mature enough to be seriously accepted as a lover, particularly by a girl older than himself. I advise that you both drop your intimate association and simply remain friends. Sell your seeds and bulbs to the nearest floral establishment in an adjacent city. Consult advertisements and write for information.

—JANE DICK. The bride acknowledges her wedding gifts by a gracious little note either just before her marriage, or, if this is impossible, immediately after. Announcement cards are sent out as soon as possible after the ceremony. Silver may be marked with the bride's maiden initials or monogram, which is customary when the silver is given her, or it may have the initials of her new name. Silverware, however, is not marked with the man's initials. It is always a woman's possession in her married and housekeeping life. The linen is also marked with her initials or monogram.

... Tagging Along ...

"SHE'S forever tagging along!" complained Ethel, as her little sister Marjorie begged to go with her and her Cousin Mattie to the post-office. The two older girls were ten, and wee Marjorie was a small dumpling of four. Her devotion to Ethel was touching; she was never so satisfied as when allowed to trot about in Ethel's train or to hold Ethel's hand. And on Sundays, when Marjorie had on a beautiful white frock, and a picture hat trimmed with poppies and her white shoes, Ethel was rather fond of taking her to Sunday School and church; she felt some pride in escorting her little princess of a sister. But on week-days, she often rebelled and called on her mother to keep Marjorie at home.

"I never have a moment to myself. She is always tagging on and always in the way."

"Come here, darling!" said the mother. "Sister doesn't want you this time. Come, help mamma set the table."

Down the street walked Ethel and Mattie, the former very silent, for though she had succeeded in carrying her point, she felt that she had been very cross and selfish, and her conscience pricked her. As they passed a house on the corner of the street, a lady came out and called Ethel.

"Do you know, dear, whether your mother has any white carnations in bloom and can she spare me some rose geraniums? The baby over the way died this afternoon, and I am getting flowers to put in the little casket. The funeral will be to-morrow."

"The baby! Not Eunice Fairchild? why she was playing by the door yesterday."

"Little Eunice; she was three years old, but she was their baby and the illness was very short and sharp. Why, Ethel, don't cry so!"

Ethel's tears fell fast. She and Mattie looked at one another with the same thought in each heart. What if God should call Marjorie home, as he had called Eunice? Ethel flew to the post-office, did her errand, and rushed home, catching Marjorie up and kissing her.

"Oh! Marjorie, you may go with me whenever you like. I will never again say that you are tagging after me; never, never."

I am not sure that Ethel always kept her word, but I know that she was much gentler, much more considerate of her little sister from that time on. It were well for us all to remember that at any time death might come and that therefore we should be "patient with the living." We never regret our kind word or deed to one who has passed away.

The Half-grown Boy

In the life of every youth there comes a period when he is growing so fast that he is awkward, when his clothing hangs loosely on him, and his arms push through his sleeves with such haste that his mother wonders whether a day will ever come when his hands will look in proportion to his size. Patience, mother, and do not emphasize the little difficulties incidental to rapid growth, by your comments and criticisms. Tell the boy when he pleases you, that he is your dearly beloved, and let him still have his share of the petting he likes; big boys need mother-love and kisses just as little ones do. But do not exclaim when he knocks down a chair in his clumsy progress through the room, and refrain from calling attention to any little forgetfulness of his in company. If you have made him your companion, and treated him as if he were a reasonable being, and his sister's equal, from babyhood on, you will not need to be fearful about his ultimate coming out just right. He will be fully grown one of these days, and a credit to you; and in the meantime make home happy for him, and devote yourself to his real interests with an eye to the future. If he likes athletics, so much the better. A boy whose physical life is upbuilt by healthful and regular exercise, will usually make a finer man, mentally and spiritually, than will one who is timid and shrinking, and who recoils from hearty outdoor sports.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Interrupted Sermon*

THE words had been rapidly spoken, and the preacher paused, perhaps to take breath, or perhaps to collect his thoughts prior to diverting the current of his discourse into a slightly different channel. At any rate, there was a distinct pause in the flow of language. While it continued, Someone stood up in the body of the hall, and a Voice inquired:

"Who shall know Him when He comes?"

The question was clearly audible all over the building. It was by no means unusual, in that place, for incidents to occur which were not in accordance with the programme. Interruptions were not infrequent. Both preacher and people were used to them. By a considerable part of the audience such interludes were regarded as not the least interesting portion of the proceedings. To the fashion in which he was wont to deal with such incidents the Rev. Philip Evans owed, in no slight degree, his vogue. It was his habit to lose neither his presence of mind nor his temper. He was, after his manner, a fighter born. Seldom did he show to more advantage than in dealing out cut-and-thrust to a rash intervener.

When the Voice asking the question rose from the body of the hall, there were those who at once concluded that such an intervention had occurred. For the instant, the movement in and out of the doors ceased. Heads were craned forward, and eyes and ears strained to lose nothing of what was about to happen. Mr. Evans, to whom the question seemed addressed, appeared to be no whit taken by surprise. His retort was prompt:

"Sir, pray God that you may know Him when He comes."

The Voice replied:

"I shall know as I shall be known. But who is there shall know Me?"

The Speaker moved towards the platform, threading His way between the crowded rows of seats with an ease and a celerity which seemed strange. None endeavored to stop Him. Philip Evans remained silent and motionless, watching Him as He came.

When the Stranger had gained the platform, He turned towards the people, asking:

"Who is there here that knows Me? Is there one?" There was not one that answered. He turned to the preacher. "Look at Me well. Do you not know Me?"

For once in a way Philip Evans seemed uncomfortable and ill at ease and abashed.

"How shall I know you, since you are to me a stranger?"

"And yet you have looked for My coming?"

"Your coming? Who are you?"

"Look at Me well. Is there nothing by which you may know Me?"

"I may have seen you before; but, if so, I have certainly forgotten it, which is the more strange, since your face is an unusual one."

"Oh, you Christians, that preach of what you have no knowledge, and lay down the law of which you have no understanding!" He turned to the people. "You followers of Christ, that never knew Him, and never shall, and would not if you could, yet make a boast of His name, and blazon it upon your foreheads, crying, Behold His children! You call upon Him in the morning and at night, careless if He listen, and fearful lest He hear; saying, with your lips, 'We look for His coming'; and, with your hearts, 'Send it not in our time.' It is by the spirit you shall know Him. Yes, of a truth. Is there not one among you in whom the spirit is? Is there not one?"

The Stranger stood with his arms extended in front of Him, in an attitude of appeal. The hush of a perfect silence reigned in the great hall. Every countenance was turned to Him, but so far as could be seen, not a muscle moved. The predominant expression upon the expanse of faces was astonishment, mingled with curiosity. His arms sank to His sides.

"He came unto His own, and His own knew Him not!"

The words fell from His lips in tones of infinite pathos. He passed from the platform through the hall, and out of the door, followed by the eyes of all who were there, none seeking to stay Him.

When He had gone, one of the persons who were associated with the conduct of the service went up to Mr. Evans. A few whispered words were exchanged between them. Then this person, going to the edge of the platform, announced:

"After what has just occurred, I regret to have to inform you that Mr. Evans feels himself unable to continue his address. He trusts to be able, God willing, to bring it to a close on a more auspicious occasion. This evening's service will be brought to a conclusion by singing the hymn 'Lo, He comes, in clouds descending!'"

* From *A Second Coming*, by Richard Marsh. A remarkable imaginative work, in which the coming of Christ and the experiences of men unable, because of their sin, to recognize him, are graphically pictured. The book is full of spiritual suggestion and helpfulness. Cloth covers; pp. 305; price $1.50; John Lane, London and New York, publisher.

A New Quarterly Magazine

THE latest candidate for literary honors in the magazine field is a new quarterly publication, entitled *The People, the Land, and the Book*, an illustrated Hebrew-Christian Quarterly, treating of the old and historic people of Israel, of Palestine, of the Bible and of Jewish traditions and literature generally. In its first issue are many contributions of peculiar interest, including articles on "The Authenticity of the Pentateuch," "The Messiah in the Old Testament," "Rabbinical Preaching," "Zionism," "The False Messiahs" (one of what promises to be a most interesting series), the opening chapters of "Meir Ezofovitch," an absorbing illustrated story of Jewish life in the ancient Polish town of Szybow. The spread of the "Yiddish" or "Jargon" is discussed in another article, with entertaining extracts from a recent book by Prof. Leo Weiner of Harvard University. There are many other attractive articles in this initial issue of the new magazine, which promises to be popular among Bible students, scholars, and all who are interested in the history and progress of "the chosen race." *The People, the Land and the Book* costs $1 a year to mail subscribers and is published at 922 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Notable Anniversary

"AND thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years," was the text from which Rev. Dr. J. Addison Henry proclaimed to his people in Princeton Presbyterian Church, West Philadelphia, Sunday, June 3, the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate. In the course of his sermon, Dr. Henry said: "The pastor stands almost alone now among those who were here forty years ago, there being but four remaining on the communicant roll who were members of the church when he entered upon his pastorate." In the pulpit with Dr. Henry was Rev. Willard M. Rice, who was present at his installation, June 5, 1860. That was the first service held in the main audience room of the new church (known as the "old church," since the present large and commodious structure was reared in its stead about 1877). It was the only installation of a pastor that Princeton Church has ever witnessed—an installation which has proved to be for the pastor that over his one and only charge. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Charles Woodruff Shields, now Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion in Princeton University; Rev. Dr. Robert Watts, afterward professor in the Theological Seminary, Belfast, Ireland, delivered the charge to the pastor; and Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards delivered the charge to the people. The young minister was fresh from Princeton Theological Seminary; in the seminary grounds on the day of his graduation, the papers conveying a unanimous call from the church, whose shepherd he has been so long, were handed him by its elders. At that time the membership of Princeton Presbyterian Church was small, only some thirty-six names being on the roll of regular attendants. West Philadelphia, now numbering a population of some 200,000 souls, was but a succession of straggling villages with here and there a beautiful country-seat.

REV. DR. J. ADDISON HENRY

For one year after his installation the young church remained on the mission list, where it had found a place when but a little band of worshipers meeting in a frame chapel in 1853. After that year it became self-supporting; and it has since steadily grown in numbers, influence and good works at home and in the foreign missionary field. The number of communicants in 1860 was 36; it is now 710. The pastor has joined many hands in wedlock; baptized many adults and little children, and has made 23,505 pastoral calls. No wonder that he has grown into the hearts and lives of his people; and that the first Sabbath in June—the anniversary of the church, the Sunday School and his pastorate is always a holy gala day in Princeton. The present celebration covered four days: Sunday, the pastor's sermon and the anniversary of the Sunday School; Tuesday, ministerial reception; Wednesday, children's reception and church organization meeting; Thursday, congregational reception. Dr. Henry stands first in continuous length of settlement in the Presbytery of Philadelphia.

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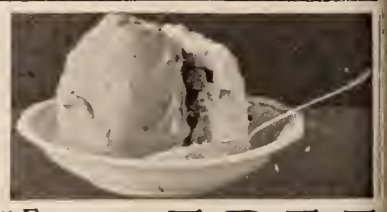

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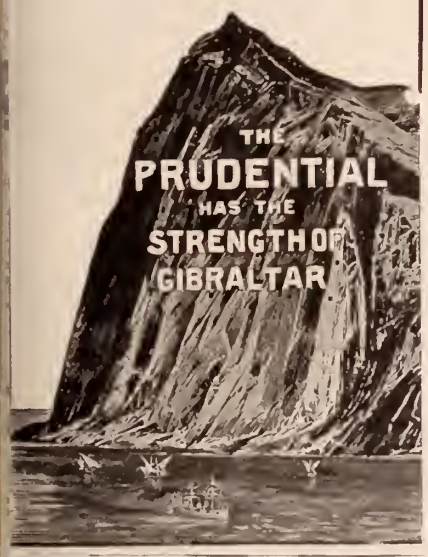

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We refer, by special permission, to many clergymen and other prominent professional and business men.

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Industrial Savings & Loan Co.,
1133 Broadway, New York.

Death of a Famous Pastor

After a Pastorate of Fifty-three Years Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Passes to his Rest : : : : : :

LOSS after loss is falling on the religious public of Brooklyn, N.Y., and on the Congregational body throughout the country. Following close on the death of Dr. Behrends, comes the announcement of the death of Dr. R. S. Storrs, a minister of the same denomination, and like Dr. Behrends, enjoying in remarkable degree the confi-

THE LATE DR. R. S. STORRS

dence and respect of his fellow citizens. Though in the matter of years, Dr. Storrs belonged to a past generation, the people of Brooklyn and the members of the denomination in other cities could never bring themselves to so think of him. In all his social habits and his public relations he kept in touch with the people of his time, and while he was conservative by nature, was always in sympathy with new methods of promoting social progress. Even in the pulpit, where he preached the theology of his early manhood and ignored the new ideas of the higher criticism, he showed marked tolerance and had only kind and brotherly words for the men whose conclusions he could not accept. His eminent character, the sweetness of his disposition, his uniform courtesy and tact won him the reverence of all, and were never more valuable to the church than, when from the chair of the American Board, he poured oil on the troubled waters.

Dr. Richard Salter Storrs was the fourth in the direct line in his family to enter the Congregational ministry. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all Congregational ministers, and each in his day exercised a potent and beneficent influence on the community. He was born at Braintree, Mass., in 1821, and was therefore in his seventy-ninth year when he died. He studied at Amherst College, and after his graduation served in the law office of Rufus Choate for two years. At the age of twenty he heard the call to the ministry, and leaving the law in which he appeared to be destined to high distinction, he went to Andover for a theological course. At its conclusion, he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Harvard Church, at Brookline, Mass. He remained there only one year, and in 1840 began the pastorate which was to be phenomenal in its length and success, of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, N. Y. For fifty-three years Dr. Storrs continued his work in that church, during which it grew to be one of the most influential in the city. His sermons and all his public utterances were characterized by a rhetorical elegance, a peculiar grace of style and dignity of utterance which impressed all his hearers. Dr. Storrs could be depended upon, whether in the pulpit or on the public platform, to say the right thing at the right time, and to allay rising passions and conciliate the most excited opponents. During his presidency of the American Board, he had the confidence of both parties in the Board, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations in preserving the peace and harmony of its leaders.

Dr. Storrs thoroughly identified himself with the social and public life of the city. He held numerous offices, sat on a multitude of committees and delighted to render service to his fellow citizens. They on their part were not slow to avail themselves of his readiness to serve them and even those who have little sympathy with churches and preachers delighted to listen to his words and to work with him for the advancement and development of the city. Not until the loss of his beloved wife, two years ago, did he show the effect of years or begin to diminish his activities. But when she passed away he aged perceptibly, seemed in one year to be twenty years older and showed a loss of nervous energy. In September last, he finally concluded to sever his connection with his church and since that time he has lived in comparative retirement. He died at his home in Brooklyn on June 5, surrounded by his mourning daughters and their children.

Gifts of Corn for India

But if a man be just and do that which is lawful and right . . . and hath given his bread to the hungry . . . hath walked in my statutes and hath kept my judgments . . . he shall surely live, saith the Lord God (Ezekiel 18).

TO those who reached out hands of love and pity to the starving people of India, either in giving grain or money to buy grain that went on the *Quito*, it will be a matter of great rejoicing to know that her cargo of corn—raised on American soil, given by the American people—will soon be distributed among the starving Hindus, sustaining life in thousands of famine victims.

The *Quito* carried from Kansas alone twenty-nine carloads of corn; of these, twenty were billed from Topeka, through Mr. T. J. Anderson; seven from Newton, one from Halstead, through Rev. David Goerz representing the Mennonites: one from Americus, through Mr. F. M. Wilson. "Old Kentucky" sent three carloads through Mr. M. D. Stambach. Ohio sent five, three from Tiffin, through Mr. W. E. Woolf; one from the Baptist Temple Congregation, Columbus, through the pastor, Rev. H. H. Barbour; one from Sabina, through Mr. G. P. Austin. Iowa sent two carloads, one from Emmetsburg, through Col. E. S. Ormsby; one from Essex, through Mr. J. W. Simpson. Illinois sent one carload, through Rev. W. S. Lanck, of Cherry Valley. The Mennonites of Minnesota sent one, through Rev. David Goerz. Nebraska sent one, through Mr. Fred S. Ashby, of Elwood. South Dakota sent one from Vermillion, through Mr. John Armussen, of Greenfield.

Many generous friends, to whom it was not convenient to send the corn itself to New York in time for the *Quito's* sailing, have sent money with the stipulation that corn be purchased with it. Thus, the India Famine Relief Committee, Troy, Ohio, sent, through Mr. John M. Campbell, $736.70—more than enough for the purchase of two carloads; the Pennsylvania Optical Co., Reading, Pa., sent $300 for the purchase of one carload. And multitudes besides contributed sums ranging from ten cents to $500 for the purchase of corn, which have been or will be acknowledged in the usual order.

In other ways our great-hearted people sought to fill that corn-ship; seeds and various other supplies were sent. From Ann Arbor, Michigan, through Mr. L. D. Carr, came a carload of flour; through Mr. W. J. Sherman, Little Falls, N. Y., a carload of wheat. Other givers were Mr. M. S. Blish, Seymour, Ind., representing the Blish Milling Co., of that place; Medora Milling Co., Medora; Donner Milling Co., Columbus; Blue River Milling Co., Edinburg; Trow Milling Co., Madison; Blanton Milling Co. and Acme Milling Co., Indianapolis; New Albany Milling Co., New Albany; F. C. Cook, Crothersville and G. W. Kennedy & Son, Shelbyville. Eberts & Bro., Jeffersonville, sent a carload of excellent flour. Many besides these have been generous.

Tired, languid, dull exactly expresses the condition of thousands at this time. The coming of warm weather finds the system's weak spot. Hood' Sarsaparilla will make you bright and healthy.

A GOOD COMPLEXION

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants.

It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly; unless the stomach, by properly digesting the food taken into it, furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly relieve any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion, and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary. Take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want, and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores and costs but 50 cents per package.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health and a clear, bright complexion.

Brought back to life.

This was virtually the case with Mrs. Nellie Cameron, of Lockport, N. Y. She was the victim of a severe case of stomach trouble and was slowly starving to death. She could derive no nourishment from her food, as the stomach was too weak to retain it long enough to digest it. She wasted to a mere shadow, doctors failed to help her and she lost all hope of recovery, until finally on the advice of a friend she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and to them she owes her life. Here is her own story:

"In the fall of 1898 I was in a deplorable condition. I had stomach trouble in the very worst form. Nothing at all would stay on my stomach, and I had to almost starve myself. My side pained me constantly. The lack of nourishment caused me to lose flesh rapidly; I dropped from 138 to 97 pounds, growing weaker all the time. There was not the slightest color in my face. I was simply a shadow of my former self. Able physicians treated me, but failed absolutely. I was a complete wreck when a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box greatly improved my condition; it was astonishing how quickly they built me up. I believe Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life. I was enabled to sleep, and in the morning I felt refreshed and rested. My stomach was strengthened, what I ate benefited me, my weight increased, and I soon regained all that I had lost. I am now well and strong. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Nellie Cameron.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1899.

Stacy D. Behe,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.

Mason & Hamlin

Church, Chapel, Lodge, **ORGANS** School and Home.

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Catalog free. 146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH HYMNS

AND GOSPEL SONGS.

Examination almost invariably results in adoption.

Sample Copy, 20 cents. Price, $25 per 100.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

Mont-Lawn Ready to Open

THESE are very busy times at Mont-Lawn; a large company of children are coming, and everything must be in perfect readiness for their reception; with from 200 to 300 little folks in the house, there is no time for after-touches. A mother knows what a time she has making ready for the home-coming of the lad and lassie who will be back from their respective schools in June or July. Will she try to imagine what it is to set the house in order for the visitation of between 200 and 300 children, of all sorts and sizes, and from all conditions in life! We wish that every mother and father, and all the good people who are helping us to give a time of refreshment to the children of the poor this summer could see the lighting up of little faces when the message is received that their names are down on the list of those who are to be taken to Mont-Lawn for a ten-day's outing.

When the eager question comes from a company of wee ragged waifs: "Will the country open this summer?" it is such a great pleasure to say "Yes"; to tell them that the doors of the Home will soon swing wide for its dear little guests; that the big dining-tent is about to be spread on the wide, green lawn; that the little white cots are almost ready for occupants; that boxes of little pink and blue dresses and white aprons, and blouses and trousers, and hats and shoes are coming in from friends of poor children: that this and that faithful servant of the Master in Massachusetts, California, Maine and Texas (and all the states between) are not going to forget the tenement waifs this summer, but are already writing letters that pledge help, and others that contain the money to give an outing to two or three or more little ones. The friends of children scattered throughout our country cannot realize, without seeing for themselves, the blessed work they do when cooperating with us in this labor of love for helpless tenement waifs, whose only pleasure, only chance for health and strength, perhaps for life itself consists in the outing to Mont Lawn. In this outing, many have their only glimpse of a pure home-

APPLICANTS FOR AN OUTING

life, others, their only opportunity to hear about Jesus and his love for children under conditions which incline them to believe there is such a thing as love; for while many of our guests are children of the worthy poor, others come from drink-shadowed homes.

Never was Mont Lawn more beautiful than now. From the wide veranda, one looks down upon the peaceful blue waters of the Hudson, and up to the wooded hills outlined on all sides against the azure sky. "This place always makes me think," says the Housemother, "of those words of Holy Writ: 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.'" The green fields seem waiting for the little feet to press them, the daisies for little hands to pluck them; and the birds—well, of course, the birds will be ready with a chorus of welcome! What might be called more substantial tokens of readiness for the children, however, may be seen in the big pantry, where barrels of oatmeal and flour, boxes of crackers and cookies, and other supplies for feeding a childish host, are being stored away. Then, there is the great vegetable garden, which will yield nice, wholesome dishes for hungry little people—to many of whom a fresh vegetable is an unknown quantity.

The pair of unfortunates in our illustration, though better clad than the average, are in many respects typical applicants; they are brother and sister; the little lad is a cripple, the result of a fall received in his neglected infancy; both are motherless; their father, a poor laborer, must need leave them to themselves during the day. The little maid is "housekeeper" of their one hot, tiny room up many flights of dark, narrow stairs.

The following contributions have been received by this journal in aid of the Children's Home:

Prev ack (Corr'd)	$7,556 10	Taylor, Matthew	96
Bateson, Jr, Mrs J.	5 00	Wall, Mrs Dr	1 00
Bickley & wife, F W.	2 00	M J B, Blaine	1 25
Coatsworth, Mrs C	3 00	S T B, Acushnet	50
Connelly, Jos W	10	—, Portsmouth	3 00
Dunning, Mrs Thos	1 00	—, Saco	2 00
Heverly, Mrs S G, & SS c	2 00	For His Sake, Mont	2 50
Long, George	2 00	A Friend, Pendleton	1 00
McMahan, W F	2 00	In mem of nurse M W	1 00
Osmer, Wm	33	W C T U, Warren co	8 00
Pratt, R R	4 00	Total	$7,598 74

A Notable Hebrew Association

TWENTY-SIX years ago, the first Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York City was founded—its model being, to a large extent, the Young Men's Christian Associations, whose phenomenal growth had attracted the attention of the religionists of every creed. The progress and popularity of the parent Y. M. H. A., was such as to induce similar efforts in other cities, and there are Young Men's Hebrew Associations in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Atlanta, Louisville, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Boston, New Haven and San Francisco. Among the many features of the New York Association which afford special advantages to members, are courses of lectures and entertainments, free classes under competent instructors, an excellent library, literary societies, gymnasium, athletic and pastime clubs, conversation rooms and an employment bureau. Many of the leading philanthropic Jewish merchants and business men of New York are among the patrons of the Association, which is doing a very excellent educational work among the young Israelites of the metropolis. As defined by the reports of the parent association, the objects of the Y. M. H. A. are as follows:

That it shall become the foremost educational resort, the haven and home of Jewish young men and Jewish young women, and that it shall benefit and uplift all who come to its doors in every way possible.

Among the notable gifts to the association were $5,000 by J. B. Bloomingdale, $5,000 by Andrew Carnegie, and $10,000 by Mrs. Esther Herrman, all for library purposes. Mr. Jacob Schiff, the well-known banker, gave to the association, two years ago, its new and commodious home. Recently the Association presented him with a loving cup in token of its gratitude.

Saved in Battle by Prayer

Within twenty miles of Augusta, Maine, seven brothers reside, whose ages vary from sixty-three to eighty. They all have a very firm belief in the power of prayer. They are the sons of Enoch and Mary Hallowell Merrill. All but one of these brothers served in the Civil War. During the darkest and most trying days of the war, when five of the brothers were still at the front, their grandfather, Dean Hallowell, of Windsor, Me., was deeply concerned for their safety, as well as for that of his son John, who was also a volunteer for the Union cause. There was much anxiety, much weeping, much prayer for them. One morning the good deacon hastened to his daughter's home and greeted her with these words: "Polly, you needn't worry any more about the boys. God has told me they are all coming back alive, and so is John." His faith had prevailed, and so he could take this welcome assurance to the daughter. James served four years, Enoch and Melvin enlisted twice, and all saw active service. Two only were wounded, but the lives of more than one was despaired of through illness, yet death seemed to have no power to claim them. John Hallowell, the deacon's son, is still living at an advanced age.

In striking contrast to this story of remarkable preservation during the perils of war, was the fate of the seven sons of a near neighbor of the Merrills. These also enlisted in the same war and went to the front, but not one returned alive.

CARRIE H. KENDALL.

THE NEW Y. M. H. A. BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY

BOXES OF GOLD

Sent for Letters About Grape-Nuts.

330 boxes of gold and greenbacks will be sent to persons writing interesting and truthful letters about the good that has been done them by the use of Grape-Nuts food.

10 little boxes, each containing a $10 gold piece, will be sent to 10 writers of the most interesting letters.

20 boxes, each containing a $5 gold piece, to the 20 next most interesting writers, and a $1 greenback will go to each of the 300 next best. A committee of 3 to make the decision and the prizes sent on July 3, 1900.

Write plain, sensible letters, giving detailed facts of ill-health caused from improper food and explain the improvement, the gain in strength, in weight, or in brain-power after using Grape-Nuts food.

It is a profound fact that most ails of humanity come from improper and non-nourishing food, such as white bread, hot biscuit, starchy and uncooked cereals, etc.

A change to perfectly cooked, pre-digested food like Grape-Nuts, scientifically made and containing exactly the elements nature requires for building the delicate and wonderful cells of brain and body, will quickly change a half sick person to a well person. Food, good food, is Nature's strongest weapon of defense.

Include in letter the true names and addresses, carefully written, and 20 persons, not very well, to whom we can write regarding th efood cure by Grape-Nuts.

Almost everyone interested in pure food is willing to have his or her name appear in the papers for such help as they may offer the human race. A request, however, to omit name will be respected. Try for one of the 330 prizes. Everyone has an equal show. Don't write poetry, but just honest and interesting facts about the good you have obtained from the pure food Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman has found a true way to get well and keep well, it should be a pleasure to stretch a helping hand to humanity by telling the facts.

Write your name and address plainly on letter and mail promptly to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Prizes sent July 3.

$18 to $35 WEEKLY and Expenses. | MEN and WOMEN, At Home or Traveling.

Mr. Smith, of Ind., made $927.50 first 6 months. Albert Hill, of N. J., $238 first month. Mr. Muncy, of Texas, $12.50 first 2 hours. Carrie Williams, clerk, $144 in 6 weeks. Mrs. Hitchcox, $222, besides housekeeping. Lida Kennedy, $84.00 while teaching.

LET US START YOU—No experience needed. Our agents made over $47,000.00 last month supplying the enormous demand for our famous Quaker Bath Cabinet, and appointing agents. Wonderful Seller. Everybody buys—business men, families and physicians. No scheme, fraud or fake methods. WRITE TODAY for Our Proposition, New Plan, etc., FREE. Address, World Mfg. Co., 47 World B'ld'g. Cincinnati, O.

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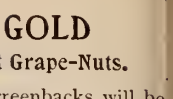

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HAIR INSOLES keep feet clean and dry. Prevent jar in walking. Relieve Rheumatism, Callous, Tender and Perspiring Feet. 10c., 3 pair 25c., postpaid. The Wm. M. Wiley & Son Co., Box D, Hartford, Ct.

$2100 in Premiums.

No Lottery. It costs nothing for our customers to compete. Our clothing catalogue with large cloth samples and our lithographed carpet catalogue showing Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares and Draperies in their real colors, both free. Expressage paid on clothing—freight paid on carpets; also lining furnished free, and sewing free. Address this way:
JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 218

DITMAN'S SEA-SALT
The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
Address Ditman, 2 Barclay Street. New York

We furnish samples free to agents F. S. Frost, Lubec, Me; sold $132.79, retailing days. Write for Catalog, new goods, rapid sellers RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 6th St., Bath, N. Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home.

Prev ack	$150 00
In memoriam R C M, Wallace Bay, Can.	5 00
Lillian T Smith	1 00
Mrs Wm Woodside	2 50
Angusta Lawrence	5 00
Ida Lawrence	5 00
Total	$168 50

Door of Hope.

Prev ack	$27 81
"Wyo"	5 00
Total	$32 81

Foreign Missions.

Prev ack	$36 50
S P Kane	5 00
One of His children, Danville	2 00
Total	$43 50

Home Samaritan

Prev ack	$10 00
H N, Island) Va	3 50
Total	$13 50

Any Good Cause.

Prev ack	$189 06
In memory of J. G. Herbert	10 00
Mrs Elizabeth Smith	2 00
—, Trumansburg	1 00
N A Davis	50
W E Pritchard	1 50
A S Quin	1 00
Total	$205 06

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.

Prev ack	$12 00
—, Coram	1 00
Total	$13 00

Clinton St. Settlement.

Prev ack	$51 01
Lucy Whitmore	5 00
Total	$56 01

Mayesville Institute

Prev. ack	$2 00
B M Cutcheon	1 00
Mary E Tucker	1 00
Miss H E Butler	25 00
H T Lay	5 00
H W Winslow,	20 00
Total	$54 00

Miss Emma Nason's Work Among Lumbermen.

Prev ack	$47 00
Mrs Edward Buck	1 00
Total	$48 00

Porto Rico S. S. Work.

Prev ack	$125 05
C E Soc, Lincolnville	2 00
H A Raub	1 00
E Desmarais	2 00
J H Mason	1 00
Alice F Hawley	1 00
S. Phila	50 00
John C Boyd	10 00
Miss Alice Cary	1 00
H M, Va	3 00
Wm Foxwell	65
Mrs G H. Foxwell	1 00
Etha VanArsdale	1 00
Total	$198 10

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.

Prev. ack	$11 00
"Wyo"	4 00
Total	$15 00

Emilio Olssen's South American Mission

Prev ack	$72 45
H Farnsworth	1 00
Mary J Worth	3 00
Mrs G D Hastings	5 00
Penelope, Rochelle	5 00
Wm Kraemer	1 50
J A M P, Florence	1 00
A N H, Belleville	5 00
Henry Bluemel	2 00
L M Hankes	1 00
Total	$96 95

Armenian Fund

Prev ack	$117 00
Elanor Compton.	2 00
Total	$119 00

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev ack	$4 00
Mrs A E Metz.	5 00
Total	$9 00

Texas Flood Sufferers

Prev ack	$1 00
Mrs S E V Winslow	50
Total	$1 50

Bishop Hartzell

Prev ack	$6 00
Miscellaneous, Coldwater	20 00
Total	$26 00

Chaplain Chas C Pierce

Prev ack	$2 00
Mrs S M & Miss Laura Sanford	10 00
R L Gress	50
Total	$12 50

American Tract Society

Friend, Pardeeville	$1 00

Rev. Mr. Gillespie

H Trowbridge	$50

Rev. S. F. Grady

H Trowbridge	$50

Rev. Jee Gam

J A M P, Florence	$1 00

Ecumenical Conference

Alfred N L Bennnett	$5 00
R W Sankey	5 00
Friend, Durham	2 00
Frances H Butler	5 00
M H Tarbox	5 00
Lydia B Hilton	5 00
W C Yager	5 00
C O D, Mechanisburg	5 00
Mrs W H Null	5 00
Ralph Venecklasen	5 00
John D Simmons	5 00
Victor B Sweeling	5 00
W B Trull	5 00
Miscell, Coldwater	5 00
Total	$67 00

Gospel Work in Cuba

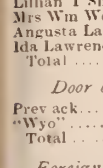
Prev. ack	$8 00
H N, Va	3 00
Friends, Middleboro	1 00
Total	$12 00

East Africa Famine Fund

Prev ack	$445 18
Mrs A E Metz.	5 00
Miss L W Cleare	2 50
Total	$452 68

When is a Nation Safe?*

In Righteousness, not in Tithes and Offerings Lies the Path of Safety



HOW immensely it would simplify our natural difficulties, if the nation could be made safe by the payment of a certain sum annually into God's treasury! Some such idea seems to have been in the mind of the person who chose the topic for this week's consideration, and associated with it the extract from the Jewish law regulating the offering of the firstfruits. It is as if he asked the question: "When is a nation safe?" and answered: "When it does as the Jews were commanded to do in this passage." But can it be possible that any sane person believes that the nation can be made safe by any such means? Can it be imagined for a moment that the Almighty can be hired with an offering to protect the nation? Anyone conceiving a thought so dishonoring to God, must have failed to understand his character, as utterly as he has failed to perceive the real dangers that menace the nation. Not by tithes and offerings, but by righteousness can a nation be made safe.

There is no doubt about the duty of giving, both in direct offerings to the cause of Christ and in gifts to the poor and needy. Though there is no people so generous and liberal in their gifts as the people of this continent, we do not give so much as we should in proportion to our national wealth. But it is not because the gifts are withheld that the country is in danger. Our chief danger consists in the moral deterioration of the people. No nation is safe in which the leaders of society are given up to luxury and pleasure. We are rapidly traveling along that dangerous path. Another danger is in our making money our god. There is a growing tendency to worship success, and to believe in no Gospel but the "gospel of getting on." The nation cannot be safe when the large majority of its people are ready to sacrifice their principles to increase their fortunes and when the boys at school are taught that the one paramount object in life is to accumulate riches. Another great danger, and probably the one most likely to ruin the country, is the growing discontent of the poor. When a man is anxious to work honestly for a bare living, but cannot obtain employment; when having obtained it, he is liable to discharge at the caprice of his employer; when toil as he may, he cannot save enough to pay for his funeral and save his wife and children from going to the poorhouse—it is difficult to convince him that society is as it ought to be and as God intended it to be. If a sufficient number of such men came together and determined to change these social arrangements, there would be trouble which would shake the country to its foundations.

Such are some of the dangers that menace the nation. How are they to be averted? When is a nation safe? We are told that when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him, and what is true of the individual is true of the nation. But let no nation think that it can please the Lord by the offering of firstfruits, if it is living in unrighteousness. Our nation will not be safe till it is purified. So long as the church neglects its duty and leaves to the saloon the privilege of selecting our law-makers and law-administrators, the nation will not be safe. So long as the church occupies itself with disputes about doctrine and ritual, and leaves the burning question of the relations of capital and labor to adjust itself, the nation will not be safe. When will the nation be safe? When God's people in it cease answering the cry of misery with the words of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and endeavor honestly and intelligently to relieve the burdens that are making men desperate; when they insist on municipal honesty; when they compel the courts to be pure and fearless; when they devise means of employing the men who are willing to work on the work that needs to be done; when, in short, they shake off their indolence, and, considering the social condition, shall determine that this nation shall be a nation free from indifference and injustice, then, and not till then, will the nation be safe.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 1. Deut. 26: 1-11.

COFFEE COMPLEXION

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself.

"I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for.

"When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it entirely in place of coffee."

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that the coffee caused the trouble. Please omit my name from public print." Mrs. ——, 2081 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill. The name of this lady can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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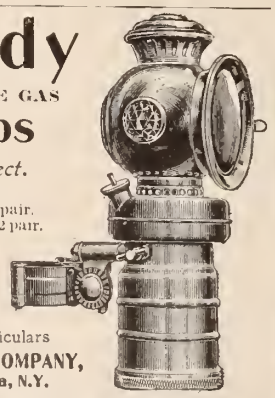

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1900

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORLD'S CONVENTION IN LONDON

1. Alexandra Palace, where the Endeavorers will meet July 14-18. 2. Rev. John Clifford, D.D. 3. Rev. T. Brown Morgan. 4. Rev. S. Chadwick. 5. Rev. Handley Moule, D.D. 6. Rev. R. J. Rees, M.A., Wales. 7. J. Willis Baer, Gen. Sec'y. 8. Rev. F. E. Clark, President. 9. Rev. F. B. Meyer. 10. Rev. W. K. Chaplin. (*See Mr. Baer's article on page 533*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. It it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered July 18

1. What is the origin and meaning of the initials V. C. after the names of British generals?
2. What were the three temptations of Jesus described in Matthew 4? In what way did they conflict with Christ's principles?
3. Is a Roman Catholic eligible for the Presidency of the United States? If so, why cannot a Roman Catholic be monarch of Great Britain?
4. What are the principal points of difference between Buddhism and Christianity?
5. Ought a husband whose wife has broken her marriage vow to forgive her and receive her back to his home on her repentance?
6. How do Christian people who do not believe that Jonah was really swallowed by a fish explain his book?
7. Does God really create evil as he is said to do in Isaiah 45: 7?
8. What proportion of the world's letters is written in Anglo-Saxon?
9. What race or people entertains the belief that heaven will be an exceptionally cool place?
10. Why are X's used on barrels of liquor to signify degrees of strength or quality?

• • •

Questions of the Week

1. By whom were the briet summaries of contents over each chapter of the Authorized Version of the Bible supplied?

They appeared in the Genevan Version, begun in 1558 and completed in 1560, and, so far as I have been able to trace, in no earlier version. That version was made by English reformers who found a refuge in Geneva from the persecution under Queen Mary. Among the scholars who prepared it were: Coverdale, Knox and Whittingham. There is nothing to show, so far as I can find, whether the summaries were the production of the whole company, or of one of the members approved by the others. The Authorized Version, published in 1611, retained chapter-headings, and they, with a few emendations, have appeared ever since. The revisers, however, omitted them from the Revised Version of 1880–85, deeming them controversial and dogmatic, and in some cases misleading.

J. B. INFREE.

2. What is the origin of Good Friday and how did it acquire the name?

History dates the observance of the day at the beginning of the third century as a memorial of Christ's crucifixion. The name given was to remind the early Christians of the good and loving act of the Saviour's sacrifice.

MAE CROWELL.

3. What is the smallest seed known to man?

The strawberry seed, which in order to obtain, the strawberry is placed in sand to decay and the seeds are so very small that they generally are sown with the sand. The Bible says (Matt. 13: 32) the mustard seed is the least of all seeds [the strawberry being probably unknown in the Orient.]

S. E. HEAP.

4. Who were the first four kings in the world's history, so far as any records show?

After the flood the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth, went out into the world, and from them all nations sprung. The sons of Ham were Cush, Mizraim, Phut and Canaan. Mizraim went forth and settled in northern Egypt. His name became Menes in history. He was made king of Upper and Lower Egypt. He was the first king whose name is mentioned in the world's history. Bockh, an historian, gives his accession to the throne as 5702 B.C.; Unger, 5613 B.C.; Brugsch, 4455 B.C.; Lanth, 4157 B.C.; Lepsuis, 3892 B.C.; Brunsen, 3623 B.C.; Poole, 2717 B.C., and Wilkenson, 2691 B.C. The constantly growing evidences point to the accuracy of the higher figures. The first dynasty in Egypt embraced a period of 253 years in which seven kings reigned. Menes, the first king, reigned sixty-two years. As far as history can show by evidences of monuments, etc., the next three kings who ascended the throne were Tota, Atot and Uenephes. All authors agree that the Chaldean Empire in southern Asia was founded by Nimrod the grandson of Ham, many years after the accession of Menes in Egypt, which gives evidence that the first kings reigned in Egypt.

L. W. BROOKE.

5. What noble traits of character were admired and fostered among the nations of the earth at the time of Christ's birth?

Generosity, fidelity, patriotism, courage (of both sorts), honesty, diligence, friendship, unselfishness, command of affairs, and self-control are all referred to by the orators Demosthenes and Cicero, as honored by their hearers and possessed by some of them. Roman historians speak of the family affections, chastity, temperance (even to total abstinence), and reckless daring of the German savages as if they at least honored such things in others. The praises of filial affection in the "pious Æneas" were sung by Virgil before our Lord's early years. In fact, if there be any virtue now honored, not then placed high, it is the substitution of benevolence for "getting even," and the bearing of wrong and insult.

G. F. GOODENOUGH.

6. Did Dred Scott, the negro, live to receive freedom by the emancipation proclamation and when and where did he die?

Dred Scott did not live to be benefited by the emancipation proclamation. He and his family passed by inheritance to Calvin C. Chaffee, and on May 26, 1857, were given their freedom in St. Louis, Mo., by Taylor Blon, to whom Mr. Chaffee conveyed them for that purpose. He died the latter part of the same year, presumably at St. Louis, Mo., although history is not definite on that point.

MRS. T. J. SUMMERS.

7. Who are the six leading orators of to-day in the English language?

Lord Rosebery, recalling Gladstone; Lord Salisbury, whose every word has weight; Dr. Talmage, the celebrated pulpit orator; Bryan, who attracts the populace; Chauncey Depew, with a genial eloquence all his own; ex-President Harrison, a speaker of magnetic power.

AMELIA HOYT.

8. Can a Christian find anywhere in the Bible justification for self-defence, even though his life is at stake?

I presume you mean defence by force. If a man were accused of murder, or any capital offence, he could find justification for defending himself in court in the example of Paul, Peter, Stephen, etc., who defended themselves by speeches. Paul also availed himself of the provisions of the law of citizenship to save himself from injustice (see Acts 22: 25). I believe that if Paul had been attacked by robbers when he was carrying to Jerusalem the money subscribed by the Christians for the relief of the poor, he would not have given up the money without a fight. But direct justification for taking up arms in self-defence, there seems to be none. Perhaps none was needed. It may have been regarded as the natural course, and as there is no direct prohibition of it, that course may be followed. I do not think that Christ's command that "ye resist not evil" (Matt. 5: 39) applies to self-defence so much as to retaliation.

J. SCOTT.

9. What reason could there be for a dispute between Michael the archangel and Satan about the body of Moses? (Jude 9).

Jude used the incident as an illustration of his argument. It would be familiar to his readers, because the story was contained in an apocryphal book entitled the *Ascension of Moses*. Origen mentions the book and the story as one credited by the Jews of his time. My theory is that it was necessary for Moses to appear in the body with Elijah at the transfiguration (Matt. 17: 1–13), and that therefore, Michael, always represented as the angel of resurrection, was sent to take possession of his body after his death and revivify it. Satan resented it first because he did not wish any resurrection nor any anticipation of the general resurrection, and secondly because he did not wish Moses to add his testimony to that of Elijah at the transfiguration.

JOSEPH HAMILTON. (condensed).

If the incident was not apocryphal and actually took place, this is probably the best way of explaining it.

EDITOR.

10. Presuming that a boy, ten or eleven years old, already has a Bible, what ten books can be given him that he would be likely to read and which would do him good?

Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Esop's Fables, Spark's *Life of Washington*, Plutarch's *Lives*, Alcott's *Little Men, Black Beauty*, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Gray's *Children's Crusade, Ten Boys on the Road.*

R. G. GRIFFITHS.

• • •

"THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC" AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Temple of Music, designed by Esenwein and Johnson of Buffalo for the Pan-American Exposition, is to cover a plot of ground 150 feet square, on the north-west corner of the Esplanade and the Court of Fountains. The exterior of this handsome building is treated architecturally after the style of the Spanish Renaissance, octagonal in shape, with octangle pavilions at each corner. Each of the facades of the main building has a richly ornamented colonnade. The balustrades carry tablets bearing the names of noted musicians and composers. On the corners above the pavilions are groups of statuary representing music, dancing etc. In the Temple will be erected one of the largest and finest organs in the United States. The auditorium seats 1.200 persons and in addition the restaurants and balconies give a further seating accommodation for 1.600.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. C. S., Apple River, Ill. Is there any mention of the Romans in the Bible before the appearance of Christ?

Daniel is generally held to have predicted the great power of the Romans (see Daniel 2: 40; 6: 7). The first historic mention of Rome in Scripture is in the Apocrypha. I. Maccabees 1: 10, the date being about 160 B. C.

Subscriber, Chicago. 1. Do you not think a Christian can show an ugly disposition without saying a word? 2. Is it not wicked for a wife professing to be a Christian to encourage her husband working on Sundays?

1. There are, unquestionably, many good people who occasionally give way to fits of temper and some who are afflicted with seizures of "sourness," which make everybody around them miserable. We should think very poorly of the religious pretensions of any one who held that a morose, ill-natured silence was justifiable. Christianity should act as a sweetener of the temper and should enable us to rise superior to ordinary irritations and even to regard them as a part of the discipline of our lives. 2. No Christian wife would encourage her husband or any one else to Sabbath-breaking. One may judge too harshly, however, as the work may be one of necessity, or even of mercy—in either case being justifiable.

Reader, Washington, N. J. Do you think it is proper for a minister of the Gospel to attend a ball game?

The mere fact of his presence at a game of baseball as a spectator, would not be objectionable. To make a habit of attendance at such games, however, might result in seriously impairing his influence.

C. G. L., Worcester, Mass. 1. Will you kindly inform me about the home on or near the Hudson which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supports and sends children for a week or two in the summer? 2. Also where to send money for the use of that home?

1. It is situated at Mont-Lawn on the Hudson, a short distance from Nyack, N.Y., where we have a beautiful place of twenty-two acres with main building, annexes and chapel, a swimming pool and lovely shady woodlands. The home shelters over 2.000 poor tenement children each season, at an average cost of $3 dollars a child for an outing. 2. Send your contribution to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Secretary Chas. A. Glunz of the Y. M. C. A. (Army and Navy Department), writes from Manila that good reading matter is greatly needed in the Association work in the Philippines. He says:

There are in the Philippines 2.000 places where troops are stationed, there being 300 garrisoned towns, and the distance from north to south is 1.000 miles. We have a secretary at Iloilo, Panay, and at Cebu, and they have received their share of the supplies for distribution, but it has been totally inadequate. We could distribute twenty times the amount we receive.

Any of our readers who may desire to "lend a hand" in this very interesting branch of the Association's work among our soldiers and sailors, can address the Y. M. C. A. International Committee, 9 W. 29th St., New York city.

A. E., Sebastopol, Ill. 1. When were the Old and New Testaments combined into the one book which we call the Bible? 2. Why does the Word of God affect different persons so differently?

1. The books of the New Testament were gradually accepted by the Christian churches as worthy of a place with the Old Testament Scriptures. Not till centuries after Christ was the work completed. The subject is presented in great and interesting detail in *The World Wide Encyclopedia*, under the head of "Canon." 2. Christ answers the question effectively in his parable of the sower and the seed, Mark 4: 3 to 20.

H. W. L., Lebanon, Pa. What islands did Spain cede to Germany since the close of the Spanish-American war?

Spain concluded an agreement with Germany Feb. 12, 1899, ceding the Caroline, the Ladrone and the Pelew Islands. Spain can establish naval, mercantile and coaling stations thereon, which she is to be allowed to retain in case of war.

E. M. M., Mansfield, Mass. 1. Was King Hiram, of Tyre, David's friend, the same Hiram we read of as being Solomon's friend and helper in his building projects?

It is presumed so, by most Bible scholars.

W. H. S., Campello, Mass. Is it sinful and unwise for cousin to marry a cousin?

Such unions, though not illegal nor prohibited in Scripture, are generally regarded as unwise, for physiological reasons.

A. B. R., Baltimore, Md. If a person's death proves the means of another's conversion, will the person who dies be rewarded at the final judgment for being the means of saving a soul?

We do not see why, unless the death was the result of an effort for the salvation of the other.

L. D. S., Maxwell, Ontario, Canada. Sceptics say that a whale's throat is too small to have swallowed Jonah. Is that the case, or have some whales large throats?

Nowhere in Jonah are we told that the fish that swallowed Jonah was a whale. In Matt. 12: 40 the word "whale" is used, but the Revised version gives "sea-monster" in the margin. There is absolute proof that sea-monsters large enough to swallow a man have been found in the Mediterranean.

L. Y. Z. It is a work of the imagination.

O. R. L., Thorntown, Ind. Yes, under proper conditions it is unobjectionable.

P. V. M., Denver, Col. Write to the headquarters of both organizations in New York for all information. Our space is too limited.

T. S. T., Lynchburg, Tenn. You will find a succinct sketch of Judas Iscariot in McClintock & Strong's cyclopedia or in the Schaff-Herzog encyclopedia.

A PEKIN HIGH OFFICIAL AND SERVANT

CHIN-KIANG, WHERE RIOT AND MASSACRE ARE FEARED

CHINESE PRIEST AND SERVANT

CHINA'S CARNIVAL OF RIOT AND MASSACRE

Legations, Churches and Foreign Dwellings Destroyed in the Capital, and Many Native Converts Slain ... The Foreign Powers Act ... Taku Forts Occupied, and a Strong Joint Force to go to Pekin ... Hopes for our Imperiled Missionaries

IF the news the cable brings from China be not exaggerated, affairs are in a more critical condition than at any previous period in the history of that empire. Already the victims of the Boxer rebellion number many hundreds, among them being many active Christian converts, who have been martyred because of their renunciation of idolatry. Rumors are rife of disasters to the missionaries, but these are probably unfounded. It is wholly due to that Divine protection, which has thus far never failed them in the hour of sorest trial and danger, that hundreds of those devoted men and women have not been massacred by the fanatical Boxers. Still, the worst may even yet happen to many of those workers who are isolated and surrounded by enemies in places which cannot be reached at present. The earnest prayers of the whole Christian world are now ascending for their protection and ultimate deliverance.

THE TOWN HALL, TIEN-TSIN

From Pekin, the centre of disturbance, many conflicting reports have been received. The Dowager-Empress is represented as still hesitating between an effort to suppress the rebellion and an open espousal of the cause of the Boxers. Indeed, the imperial troops are reported to have already made common cause with the rebels. Rioting, anarchy and incendiarism have prevailed, and it is asserted that all the offices and quarters of the foreign ambassadors on Legation street have been destroyed. A startling rumor, fortunately unconfirmed, was that Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador, had been killed by a Boxer mob, the Chinese soldiery looking on stolidly and making no effort to save him. Later news, however, indicates that the ambassador is alive, but a prisoner in the hands of the mob. Many native converts and Chinese servants of Europeans and Americans have been butchered by the fanatics, and the French Cathedral, the American Board Mission buildings and offices, and many others of an official and missionary character, belonging to foreigners, are burned and looted.

Owing to temporary interruption of the telegraph between Pekin and Tien-Tsin, still wilder rumors gained currency and European capitals were thrilled with stories of dreadful carnage, coming through Chinese sources. Later and more reliable information indicates that up to the time of writing no Europeans or Americans have been killed in Pekin, although there has been a terrible slaughter of native Christians, which still continues. British marines and blue-jackets, engaged in defending their legation, are said to have had a fierce fight with the Chinese, in which many of the latter were killed. An international relief force of 1,200 men, including British, American, French, Japanese, Russian and Italian marines—the whole under the British Admiral Seymour—which was sent from Tien-Tsin by rail, has been halted at Lang-Pang or Yund-Sun, where it is confronted by a great army of Chinese troops and Boxers. The force is known to be short of supplies. Three train-loads of troops have left Tien-Tsin to reinforce Admiral Seymour, and even these may not be able to reach him, owing to the destruction of the railroads. A German detachment is marching to Pekin by road, and it is said that a Russian force of 1,500 men with four guns has already reached the capital, all of whose gates are guarded by vast armies of imperial Chinese troops, equipped with repeating rifles and machine guns. Another Russian force of 7,000, with twenty-four guns, on the way. Five of the foreign ministers, deeming the situation hopeless, demanded safe conduct for their embassies from the Tsung-li-Yamen, at the same time notifying that body of the severance of diplomatic relations; but the Tsung-li-Yamen took no steps, and the ambassadors could not get away.

All the foreigners at the capital were huddled together in the legations and very short of food. When the guards opened the gates on Wednesday evening, June 13, to admit the Boxers, the rebels swarmed in, a vast multitude of many thousands, and at once attacked the legations, whose defenders mowed them down with Maxim guns. The imperial troops were passive spectators. A still later report says all the legations were captured in a subsequent attack.

In Tien-Tsin the situation is hardly less alarming. English and American churches, and residences of foreigners, have been burned, telegraphs are destroyed, and Boxers are spreading terror among the inhabitants. Riots are reported at Bun-Chow, Wu-Chow, Kwei-li-Sich and many other places. Incendiary placards have been posted calling for the "extermination of the foreigners." Strong bands of Boxers have appeared, almost as if by magic, at a score of different localities. There is dread of an attack on Chin-Kiang and the banks have been closed. At Tung-Chow, the Boxers have held the city officials for ransom and anarchy prevails.

In view of the impotence of the imperial government, the foreign powers have decided to pacify China by strong measures. On June 17, the foreign warships silenced and occupied the Taku forts, below Tien-Tsin. This is the first step in the new policy of joint action. There is a report that Japan, which has an available army of 400,000 troops, may be asked to assume the lead in the work of restoring order, but Russia may disconcert the entire plan by taking independent action. No solution of the present troubles can yet be foreshadowed. It is quite certain, however, that the naval and military forces of all the powers will be immediately and very greatly increased in China, and our own government will send a strong fleet with marines. The Ninth Regiment is now on the way from Manila to China. Great Britain, Russia and Japan will each have large land and naval forces to protect their respective interests and to co-operate for the purpose of restoring order. 10,000 British troops are on the way to China from South Africa. The Empress is said to have consented to the entry into Pekin of 1,200 foreign troops. In the present condition of affairs, and with China's vast population stirred up to the point of frenzy against all foreigners, a crisis might easily be precipitated which would make all the efforts of foreign nations seem impotent indeed.

THE EMPEROR'S BOAT-HOUSE, PALACE GROUNDS, PEKIN

Although the buildings and other property of the missionary societies have been included in the general havoc and destruction wrought by the Boxers, hopes are entertained that the missionaries themselves may be rescued from the perils by which they are now surrounded. In some of the interior provinces, the American missionaries have been advised to leave; but they cannot do so unless a relief force is sent to protect them. It is quite evident on all sides—unless there should be a marked change in the present temper of a very large proportion of the Chinese population—that the missionary cause must suffer a severe set-back. Under the lead of the Empress-Dowager, the reactionaries have resolved on a policy which is directed very strongly against all Christian missions, and unless the foreign powers unite in compelling China to grant recognition and protection to missionary workers, the path of spiritual effort in that distracted country will be a thorny one indeed. Our own Government, it is understood, will not relax its efforts to assure their full protection, and it is tolerably certain that other governments will adopt a like policy. It now becomes the immediate task of the whole civilized world to save China from self-destruction, to secure for its unhappy a measure of religious freedom and to safeguard the rights of foreign residents in Chinese territory.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Grapes or Thorns

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matt. 7: 16 . . . . . } Do men gather grapes of thorns?

NOT in this country. Not in any country. Thorns stick, thorns lacerate, but all the thorns put together never yielded one cluster of Catawba or Isabella grapes. Christ, who was the master of apt and potent illustration, is thus setting forth what you and I well know, that you cannot get that which is pleasant and healthful and good from that which is bad. If you find a round, large, beautiful cluster of grapes you know that it was produced by a good grape-vine, and not from a tangle of Canada thistle. Now, if I can show you that this Holy Bible yields good fruit, healthful fruit, grand fruit, splendid fruit, you will come to the conclusion it is a good Bible, and all the arguments of the sceptic against it when he tries to show it is a bad book, will go overboard.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns?" Can a bad book yield good results? Sceptics with great vehemence declare that the Bible is a cruel book. They read the story of the extermination of the Canaanites, and of all the ancient wars, and of the history of David and Joshua, and they come to the conclusion that the Bible is in favor of laceration and manslaughter and massacre. Now, a bad book will produce a bad result, a cruel book will produce a cruel result.

You have friends who have been in the habit of reading the Bible a great many years. Have you noticed a tendency to cruelty on their part? Have you ever heard any of them come out and practically say: "I have been reading the story about the extermination of the Canaanites and I am seized upon with a disposition to cut and slash and mawl and pinch and murder and knock to pieces everything I can lay my hands on?" Have your friends in proportion as they become diligent Bible students and disciples of the Christ of the Bible, shown a tendency toward massacre and murder and manslaughter? Has that been your observation? Have you not, on the contrary, noticed that all the institutions of mercy were established, or, being established, were chiefly supported by the friends of this book? There is the hospital in war time. There are twenty Christian women. They are binding up wounds, they are offering cordials, they are kneeling down by the dying praying for their departing spirits. Where does the cruelty crop out? Your common sense tells you that a cruel book must produce cruel results. When you can make a rose-leaf stab like a bayonet, and when you can manufacture icicles out of the south wind, and when you can poison your tongue with honey gotten from blossoming buckwheat, then you can get cruelty out of the Bible. That charge of the sceptics falls flat in the presence of every honest man.

Again: Infidels go on and most vehemently charge that this Bible is an impure book. You all know that an impure book produces impure results. No amount of money could hire you to allow your child to read an unclean book. Now, if this Bible be an impure book, where are the victims? Your father read it—did it make him a bad man? Your mother read it—did it make her a bad woman? Your sister fifteen years in heaven died in the faith of this Gospel—did it despoil her nature? Some say there are two hundred million copies of the Bible in existence, some say there are four hundred milllion copies of the Bible. It is impossible to get the accurate statistic, but suppose there are two hundred million copies of the Bible abroad, this one book read more than any twenty books that the world ever printed, this book abroad for ages, for centuries—where are the victims? Show me fifty. Show me ten. Show me two. Show me one! Two hundred million copies of an impure book, and not one victim of the impurity! On the contrary, you know very well that it is where the Bible has the most power that the family institution is most respected.

Again: Agnostics go on still further, and they say the Bible is a mass of contradictions, and they put prophet against prophet, evangelist against evangelist, apostle against apostle, and they say if this be true, how then can that be true. Mr. Mill, who was a friend of the Bible, said he had discovered thirty thousand different readings of the Scriptures, and yet, not one important difference—not one important difference out of thirty thousand—only the difference that you might expect from the fact that the book came down from generation to generation and was copied by a great many hands. And yet I put before you this fact to-day, that all the Bible writers agree in the four great doctrines of the Bible.

What are those four great doctrines? God—good, kind, patient, just, loving, omnipotent. Man—a lost sinner. Two destinies—one for believers, the other for unbelievers; all who accept Christ reaching that home, and only those destroyed who destroy themselves; only those who turn their back upon Christ and come to the precipice and jump off, for God never pushes a man off, he jumps off. Now, in these four great doctrines all the Bible writers agree.

You must remember also that the authors of the Bible came from different lands, from different ages, and from different centuries. They had no communication with each other, they did not have an idea as to what was the chief design of the Bible, and yet their writings, gotten up from all these different lands, and from all these different ages, and all these different centuries, coming together make a perfect harmony in the opinion of the very best scholars of all lands. Is not that a most remarkable fact?

Again: Infidels vehemently charge that the Bible is an unscientific Book. In a former discourse I showed you that there was no collision between science and revelation, and I went from point to point in the discussion; but now let us have authority in this matter. You and I cannot give forty, or fifty, or sixty years exclusively to the study of science that some men give. Let us have authority in this matter.

Who says there is a collision between science and revelation? Well, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Darwin. They say there is a discord between science and revelation; but I will bring you names of men who have found a perfect accord between science and revelation—men as much higher in intellectual character above those whom I have mentioned as the Alps and Mount Washington and the Himalayas are higher than the hill back of your house. Herschel, Kepler, Leibnitz, Ross, Isaac Newton. My friends, we are in respectable company when we believe in the Word of God—very respectable company.

Now, I might, as infidels have failed to prove that the Bible is a cruel book, that the Bible is an impure book, that the Bible is a contradictory book, that the Bible is an unscientific book—I might move a nonsuit in this case of Infidelity, the plaintiff, against Christianity, the defendant; but I will not take advantage of the circumstances, for when the sceptic goes on to say that we are a gullible people, when he goes on to say, as he often does, that the greater the improbability the more we like to believe it; when he goes on to say that the Bible is made up of a lot of manuscripts, one picked up here and another there, and another from some other place, and that the whole thing is an imposition on the credulity of the human race, I must reply to that charge.

The Bible is made up of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Let us take the New Testament first. Why do I believe it? Why do I take it to my heart? It is because it can be traced back to the divine heart.

Jerome and Eusebius in the first century, and Origen in the second century, and other writers in the third and fourth centuries, gave a list of the New Testament writers just exactly corresponding with our list, showing that the same New Testament which we have they had in the fourth century, and the third century, and the second century, and the first century. But where did they get the New Testament? They got it from Irenæus. Where did Irenæus get it? He got it from Polycarp. Where did Polycarp get it? He got it from St. John, who was the personal associate of the Lord Jesus Christ. My grandfather gave a book to my father, my father gave it to me, I give it to my child. Is there any difficulty in tracing this line?

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to believe that the New Testament is from the heart of Christ, but how about the Old Testament? Why do you believe that?" I believe the Old Testament because the prophecies foretold events hundreds and thousands of years ahead—events which afterward took place.

You must remember that Tyre and Babylon and Nineveh were in full pomp and splendor when these prophecies, these old prophecies, said they would be destroyed. Those cities had architecture that make the houses of modern cities perfectly insignificant. Yet these old prophets walked right through those magnificent streets and said: "This has all got to come down; this is all going to be leveled."

Suppose a man should stand up in these cities to-day and say: "There will be harvests of wheat and corn where these cities now stand, and these streets will be pasture for cattle." Such a man would be sent to the insane asylum. Yet the old prophets did that very thing. Where is Babylon to-day? You go and walk over the ruins of Babylon and you will not find a leaf or a grass-blade of those splendid hanging gardens, and in the summer-time the ground actually blisters the feet of the traveler. Babylon destroyed according to the prophecy.

Where is Tyre? In the day of its pomp the prophet said: "The fishermen will dry their nets where this city stands." If you should go to that place to-day you would find that literally. The fishermen are drying their nets on the rocks where the city of Tyre once stood. Tartar and Turk and Saracen, drying their nets on the rocks.

Go up Chatham street, New York, and find the fulfilment of a prophecy made thousands of years ago. Why is it the Israelite is always distinguishable, whether you see him in New York, or Pekin, or Vienna, or Stockholm, or London, or Paris? The Englishman goes to America and after a while he loses his nationality. The American goes to England and after a while he loses his nationality. The Norwegian his, the Russian his, the Italian his, the Spaniard his, the Israelites never. Why? Because this book provided thousands of years ago that the Israelites should be scattered in all lands, and that they should be kept separate, separate, until the Lord took them back to Jerusalem. And ye who persecute the Israelites had better look out. They are God's people, and according to the prophecy made thousands of years ago they are distinguishable, they are kept separate until the Lord takes them to their native land.

How could those old prophets foretell that? How could they know that thousands of years ago? Could human skill have predicted it? Does not that prove beyond all controversion and beyond all doubt that those prophets were inspired of the Lord Almighty, looking down in the future and seeing thousands of years ahead occurrences to take place, just as plainly as I see your faces this morning.

"Well," says some one, "now I am ready to take the New Testament as from the heart of Christ, and I am ready to believe the prophecies. The evidence is beyond all dispute. But you must remember," says my friend, "that the prophecies are only a small part of the old book: you don't expect us to believe all the old book." If you found one of your good, honest letters in an envelope with ten or twenty cruel, lying, filthy letters, how long would you allow that honest letter to stay there? In a half minute you would either snatch it out of the envelope, or you destroy the whole envelope. Now, do you suppose the Lord God would allow these pure prophecies, these prophecies which you admit must have come from the hand of God, from divine inspiration—do you suppose God would allow these pure prophecies to be bound up and put in the same envelope with the Book of Job, and the Book of Psalms, and the Book of Deuteronomy and the other books, if those books were not good books?

Beside all this, you must remember that the most of the writers of this book were uneducated men. How can you account for the fact that when Thomas Babington Macaulay, standing in the House of Parliament in London, wanted to finish off a magnificent sentence, he quoted from the fishermen of Galilee? or, sitting in his house, wanting to finish one of his great paragraphs of history, he quoted the words of the fishermen of Galilee? Why is it that those uneducated men have more influence on modern times than all the scholars of antiquity? Because they were divinely inspired, because God stood back of them.

Beside that, you must remember that this book has been under fire for centuries, and after all the bombardment of the sceptics of all the centuries, they have not knocked out of this Bible a piece as large as the small end of a sharp needle. Oh, how the old book sticks together. Unsanctified geologists try to pull away the Book of Genesis. They say they do not believe it; it cannot be there was light before the sun shone; it cannot be all this story about Adam and Eve; and they pull at the Book of Genesis, and they have been pulling a great while, yet where is the Book of Genesis? Standing just where it stood all the time. There is not a man on earth who has ever erased it from his Bible.

And so the infidels have been trying to pull away the miracles, pulling away at the blasted fig-tree, at the turning of the water into wine, at the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Can you show me a Bible from which one of these miracles has been erased? How marvelously the old Book sticks together! All the striking at these chapters only driving them in deeper until they are clinched on the other side with the hammers of eternity. And the book is going to keep right on until the fires of the last day are kindled. They will not find a bundle of loose manuscripts easily consumed by the fire. When the fires of the last day are kindled, some will burn on this side, from Genesis toward Revelation, and others will burn on this side, from Revelation toward Genesis, and in all their way they will not find a single chapter or a single verse out of place. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the Book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of the prophecies when they are all fulfilled? What will be the use of the evangelistic or Pauline description of Jesus Christ when we see him face to face? But I do not think we will give up the Bible even at that time. I think we will want the Bible in heaven. I really think the fires of the last day will not consume the last copy, for when you and I get our dead children out of the dust, we want to show them just the passages, just the promises, which comforted us here in the dark day of interment, and we will want to talk over with Christians who have had trials and struggles, and we will want to show them the promises that especially refreshed us. I think we shall have the Bible in heaven.

Oh! I want to hear David with his own voice read: "The Lord is my shepherd." I want to hear Paul with his own voice read: "Thanks be unto God that giveth us the victory." I want to hear the archangel play Paul's march of the resurrection with the same trumpet with which he awoke the dead. O! blessed book, good enough for earth, good enough for heaven. Dear old book—book bespattered with the blood of martyrs who died for its defence—book sprinkled all over with the tears of those who by it were comforted. Put it in the hand of your children on their birthday. Put it on the table in the sitting-room when you begin to keep house. Put it under your head when you die. Dear old book! I press it to my heart, I press it to my lips.

A · PEACEFUL · INVASION · OF · ENGLAND

The Coming World's Convention of Christian Endeavorers in London

By JOHN WILLIS BAER

JOHN WILLIS BAER

FROM all over the world, Christian Endeavorers will come together in London, July 14-18 for their Second World's Christian Endeavor Convention. Christian Endeavor's banner is now flying in every nation and missionary land in the wide world, and a very large number of these countries will be represented by Christian Endeavor delegates. Australia sends the president of her National Christian Endeavor Union, as will many of the European National Endeavor Unions, and the president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor of Japan has arrived in this country en route to London. The United States will have the largest delegation at London next to those of England, Ireland and Scotland. Already about two thousand have engaged over-sea accommodations with the various Christian Endeavor excursions.

Probably the largest number sailing for London on any one vessel from the United States is the pilgrimage organized under the auspices of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, sailing from Boston July 3, on the ship *Saale*. The five hundred and more delegates on this excursion will enjoy what will be really a genuine Christian Endeavor convention on their way over. A carefully prepared programme for each day of the voyage will make the journey one long to be remembered by those fortunate enough to sail on the *Saale*. It is on this ship that the officers and trustees of the United Society sail and many of the American speakers on the London programme. A special train for western Endeavorers leaves the Union Station, Chicago, at one minute past midnight July 2, and is due in Boston, July 3, at 8:30 A.M. A great farewell meeting has been arranged by the Boston Christian Endeavor Union to be heid the evening of July 2, in Tremont Temple, and on the next day a steamer has been chartered by the Boston Endeavorers to accompany the *Saale* down the bay, and give the last farewell.

. . .

The Meeting-Place The London Convention Committee has thoughtfully provided for the World's Christian Endeavor Convention what we should judge from what we are told, will prove to be as suitable and comfortable a meeting-place as Endeavorers have ever enjoyed in this country. What the Crystal Palace is to the southern portion of London, the Alexandra Palace is to the northern half of the city; and it is here that the convention is to be held. The site is a fine one—on Muswell Hill, and is rendered easily accessible by three lines of railway. A park of two hundred and twenty acres surrounds the Alexandra Palace, and in this park one of our great tents will be erected and used as one of the convention auditoriums. The Palace itself is a splendid affair, and cost $1,750,000 to build. It is about one thousand feet long and five hundred feet wide. At each corner stands a fine tower one hundred and eighty feet high, and near by at either end is a large glass-domed conservatory. The Great Central Hall, our principal meeting-place, is a room three hundred ahd eighty-six feet long and one hundred and eighty-four feet wide, with a central span of eighty-four feet. Two thousand persons can be accommodated on the choir seats alone, and the entire hall will seat twelve thousand, and the acoustic properties of this hall are said to be all that could be desired.

One of the attractions of the great Central Hall is the organ, which is one of the largest and finest in the world. It was built under the supervision of Sir Michael Costa, by Henry Willis. It has four manuals and one hundred and thirty-six stops, and is blown by two steam engines. Besides the great hall, there is a concert room which holds 3,500 people, with a fine organ of its own, and a theatre nearly of the same size, with room for 3,000. On last Easter Monday, it is reported that 63,000 persons spent the day at the Palace, so that our London Committee have found an ample meeting-place.

. . .

The Convention Programme Let me give you a brief outline of the programme of the great convention. Friday, July 13, is occupied with preparatory services in the churches and a great reception by the Lord Mayor of London. On Saturday, at 7 A.M., there are to be held a splendid series of welcome-meetings, in London and at the Palace. All day Sunday the churches of London will be filled, so far as possible, with Christian Endeavor speakers; and in the afternoon, children's services will be held in all the Sunday Schools. At the close of the evening services, there will be Quiet Hour meetings. This will be a Christian Endeavor Sabbath in the world's metropolis, and one certain to be long remembered. The day's meetings are in the hands of a committee, the chairman of which is the pastor of Surrey Chapel, the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr.

There are to be the following interesting Sunday services also at Alexandra Park. It must be kept in mind that

THE GRAND CENTRAL HALL OF ALEXANDRA PALACE

In this Hall the World's C. E. Convention will hold its sessions.

several thousands of Endeavorers instead of living in London are going to "camp out" in the beautiful park surrounding the Palace, and this "encampment idea" is a feature introduced for the first time into Christian Endeavor Conventions. From seven to eight, a united prayer-meeting. From nine to ten, a Quiet Hour meeting. At eleven, a sermon by Rev. Theodore Parr, of New South Wales, and in the evening a sermon by Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, of New York, while in the afternoon there are to be meetings for young men and young women, with many eloquent speakers.

The general subject for Monday will be, "The Twentieth Century Endeavorers on the King's service." The day will be ushered in, as all the Convention days, with Quiet Hour meetings from nine to ten. Among the speakers for Monday morning upon topics connected with the morning's sub-topic, "The Dawning Age and its Problems," are Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, Dr. M. D. Babcock of New York, Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer of Boston, Dr. J. Monro Gibson of London, the eminent Bible scholar and Dr. John Clifford, one of the leading Baptist clergymen of England.

The afternoon of Monday will be occupied by denominational rallies, which will be of unique interest this year on account of the meeting of so many belonging to the same denomination, but to different lands. On this same afternoon, after the denominational rallies, there is to be a meeting in the interests of Sabbath observance, where Rev. Cortland Myers of Brooklyn, will speak, together with Rev. J. E. Roberts of Manchester, England and Rev. James Travis of Chester, England. The meetings on Monday evening, to be held in four large auditoriums, have the general subject, "The Missionary Outlook," and the speakers are Rev. Alexander Connell of London, Bishop B. W. Arnett of Ohio, Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, the secretary of the London Missionary Society, Mr. D. B. Eddy of New York, the student volunteer, and a number of eminent clergymen from England, India, Australia, Africa, China and the Pacific Islands. The general subject for Tuesday, July 17, is, "Ye Are His Witnesses," and the special subject for the morning sessions, "Demonstrations of World-wide Endeavor." At these sessions, President Clark and Secretary Baer will give their annual addresses and Secretary Chaplin will speak for the British Christian Endeavor Union. Tuesday afternoon contains many meetings among which it will be hard to choose. There is to be a temperance rally, with addresses by Rev. Canon Barker, the chaplain to the Queen; Dr. W. T. McElveen of Boston, and Lady Henry Somerset. There will also be held a Christian citizenship meeting, a pastors' meeting, a meeting in the interest of the Tenth Legion and the Quiet Hour, and an evangelistic service, the latter to be conducted by the famous evangelist, Rev. John McNeil of Scotland. Mr. William Shaw will have charge of the Tenth Legion meeting.

Carrying on the great theme of the day, the evening sessions will bring it to a climax, their topic being "Pentecostal Power." There are many speakers, those best known to Americans being Dr. Handley Moule of Cambridge, England; Rev. G. Campbell Morgan of London; Rev. William Patterson of Philadelphia; Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D., of Philadelphia; Rev. Theodore Monod, D.D., the eminent French clergyman of Paris, and Canon J. B. Richardson of Ontario.

The Closing Day Wednesday, the closing day of the Convention, takes appropriately for its general subject, "Thy Kingdom Come." One of the morning sessions is devoted to the Bible, and the speaker is Prof. W. W. White, known the world over for his eloquence as a lecturer on Bible study. Another session is to be devoted to messages of the churches, with eminent representatives from the different English denominations as the speakers. Among these is Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, representing the Methodists. This morning also contains a most important session given up to Christian Endeavor methods of work, to be conducted by Mr. Amos R. Wells, the managing editor of *The Christian Endeavor World*. The Junior rally, the particulars of which are not at hand, will be held this same morning. Wednesday afternoon is reserved for national gatherings. A great meeting is planned for the American rally. It is hoped Ambassador Choate can be present.

Wednesday evening will present four simultaneous gatherings, in each of which a roll-call will be conducted, the leaders being Dr. Clark, Secretary Baer, Rev. E. R. Barrett of Bradford, England, and Rev. E. R. Hasse of Bedford, England. The four closing addresses are to be given by Rev. John Smith, D.D., of Edinburgh, Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, Dr. Ruen Thomas of Boston, and the well-known poet, Miss Marianne Farningham. Remember, this is only an outline. There are many other speakers to be heard from, well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, among them Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of China, Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of London, and Rev. Canon Fleming.

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A Greeting from Great Britain The Rev. J. B. Morgan, Chairman of the London Convention Committee, sends the following word to American Endeavorers, and I desire to pass it along without delay to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"It is understood that, owing to the war in South Africa, and the consequent rise in rates, the delegations from the United States and other parts of America will not be so numerous as was at one time anticipated. It is a genuine grief to British Endeavorers to learn that there will be any diminution in the numbers we may expect of our brothers and sisters from over the Atlantic, and if at this late moment a hearty British invitation will induce others to risk some possible inconvenience and certain extra expense, it is hereby extended. Those who do come may rest assured of a hearty reception. They will be well-come—they will be welcome. Young England is right in the van in desiring closer friendship between these two great powers, and while we recognize that there may be perfectly honest differences of opinion concerning the war in which England is now unhappily engaged, we all pray that it may not lessen the growing feeling of cordiality recently so manifest. It will not, to be sure, militate against the warmth of our welcome, and we hope that by the time we meet, the war will be over, and will not cast a vestige of its baneful shadow over our assemblage."

And to this word of Chairman Brown may be added that a hearty invitation has also been received from Rev. F. B. Meyer, the President of the British Christian Endeavor Union. Mr. Meyer calls the encampment with its tents large and small, spread out about Alexandra Palace, "The White City of July — the new Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven."

I am glad to be able to say in closing this sketch of the coming feast in London, that the founder of Christian Endeavor, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., the President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, who is just completing a tour among Endeavorers in China and Japan will reach London, by crossing Russia, in time to be present.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Good-by to the Orient

WE visited a carpenter shop which wuz, I spoze, about like the shop of Joseph, lots of different tools on shelves and nails on the side on 't some like Jonesville shops.

But carpenter there has a different meaning from what it has in Jonesville, it means different kinds of work, carving, making furniture, plows, shovels, as well as buildin' houses. In some such a shop as this our Lord worked with aching back and blistered hands no doubt, for he worked faithful and stiddy when he wuz subject to his father, Joseph. I suppose his dress wuz much like other Jewish peasantry save in one thing he wore and this wuz the seamless garment, suggestive I spoze of wholeness, holiness. As I thought on 't I instinctively murmured these words of our poet:

The healing of that seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain.
We feel it in life's care and stress—
And we are strong again.

I looked up to the brow of the hill whereon this city is built, and my mind wuz all wrought up thinkin' of how the Christ stood up in the synagogue and told for the first time of his mission in these incomparable words so dear to-day to all true ministers and lovers of God's words, and all earnest reformers from that day down:

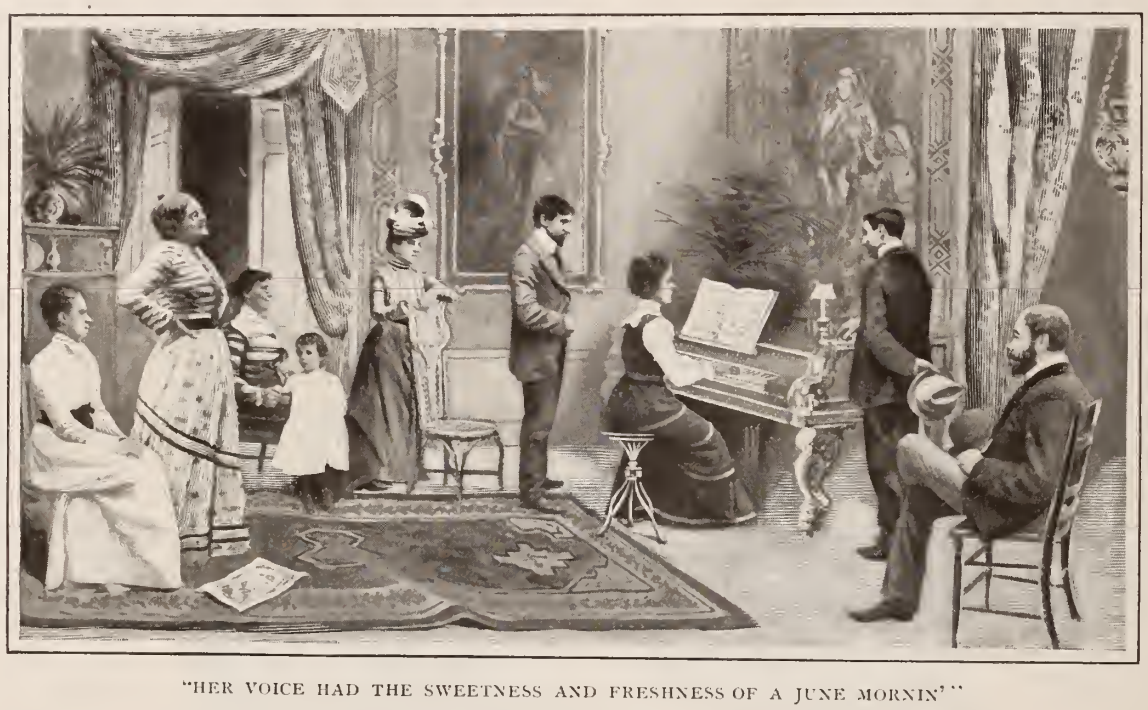
"The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Oh, what a divine mission! not to the great and lofty and happy, but to the poor, the broken-hearted, the bruised and the blind. How his heart yearned over them even as it duz to-day. And how did the world receive it? Just as Truth is received to-day, anon or oftener; they thrust him out of the synagogue, dragged him to the brow of this very hill that they might cast him off. But we read that he passed through the midst of them and went his way, just as Truth will and must. It can't be slain by its opposers; though they may turn it out of their high places by force, it will appear to 'em agin as an accuser.

A Musical Evening

But oh, what feelin's I felt as I looked on that very hill, the very ground where he passed through their midst unharmed! I had a great number of emotions, and I guess Josiah did, although his wuz softened down some and dissipated by hunger, and Tommy, dear little lamb! he too wuz hungry, so we all went to a little tarven where we got some food, not over good, but better than nothin'.

The roads all about Nazareth and Jerusalem are very stony and rocky, so we can see how hard it wuz, in a physical sense, for our Lord to perform the journeys he did, for they wuz almost always on foot.

Well, that evenin' at the tarven in Jerusalem, Miss Meechim and Dorothy and I wuz in the settin'-room, and Dorothy set down to the little piano and played and sung some real sweet pieces, and several of the English people who had come on the steamer with us gathered round her to hear the music, and amongst 'em wuz two young gentlemen we had got acquainted with—real bright, handsome young chaps they wuz—and they looked dretful admirin' at Dorothy, and I didn't wonder at it, for she looked as pretty as a new-blown rose, and her voice had the sweetness and freshness of a June mornin' in it, when the air is full and runnin' over with the song of bird and bee, and the soft murmur of the southern breeze amongst the dewy flowers. She wuz singin' old Scottish and English ballads, and more than one eye wuz wet as she sang about "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie," and "I'm Wearin' Awa, Jean," and the dear old "Annie Laurie."

"HER VOICE HAD THE SWEETNESS AND FRESHNESS OF A JUNE MORNIN'"

Miss Meechim looked worried and anxious, and sez she: "Oh, how I do wish Robert Strong wuz here. Oh, dear! what a trial it is to keep young folks apart."

And I sez: "What makes you try to? It is jest as nateral for 'em to like each other's company as it is for bluebirds and robins to fly round together in the spring of the year, and no more hurt in it, as I can see."

Sez she impressively: "Haven't I told you, Josiah Allen's wife, my wearing anxiety, my haunting fear that in spite of all my efforts and labors Dorothy will marry some one in spite of me? You know how invincibly opposed I am to matrimony. And you can see for yourself just how much admiration she gits everywhere, and one of those young men," sez she, frowning darkly on a handsome young Englishman, "I am sure is in earnest. See the expression of his face—it is simply worship. He would throw himself on his knees in front of her this minute if there were not so many round. Oh, why don't Robert come and protect her?"

Her face looked fairly haggard with anxiety, but even as I looked the anxious lines wuz smoothed from her worried face like magic, and I see Robert Strong come in and approach the group at the piano.

Miss Meechim leaned back in her chair in a restful, luxurious attitude, and sez she: "Oh, what a relief! What a burden has rolled off from me! Robert knows just how I feel; he will protect her from matrimony. Now I can converse with ease and comfort," and she turned the subject round on missionary teas and socials and the best way to git 'em up.

Arvilly is Heart-sick

The next mornin' Arvilly didn't appear to breakfast. I waited some time for her, for I wanted her to go sightseeing with me, and Arvilly wuz as punctual as the sun himself about gittin' up in the mornin', and about as early.

I thought to myself: "Is Arvilly a-goin' to come up missin', as our dear Aronette did?" I wuz agitated. I sent to her room, but no answer. My agitation increased. I then went to her room myself, but my knock at her door elicited no reply. I then spoke in anxious, appealin' axents:

"Arvilly, are you there? And are you sick a-bed? Or are you dead? Answer me, Arvilly, if either of my conjectures are true!"

My axent wuz such that she answered to once, "I hain't dead, Josiah Allen's wife, and I hain't sick, only heart-sick."

Sez I, "Let me in then; I can't have you there alone, Arvilly."

"I hain't alone!" sez she, "Grief is here, and everlastin' shame for my country."

It come to me in a minute, this wuz the anniversary of her husband's death, the day our Govermunt's pardner, the licensed Canteen, had murdered him down in Cuba.

I sez, "May God help you, Arvilly!" And I turned onto my heel and left. But I sent up a tray of good vittles which wuz refused, and I d'no as she eat a mou'ful that day.

At night I went agin to the door, and agin I hearn the sound of weepin' inside.

Sez I: "Arvilly, let me in; I've got a letter for you from Waitstill Webb."

Sweet little creeter! She remembered her agony, and dropped this flower onto the grave of Arvilly's happiness. Oh, how she, too, wuz suffering that day, wherever she wuz, and I wondered as much as Tommy ever did about the few cents the Govermunt received for the deadly drink that caused these murders and the everlastin' sorrow that flowed out of 'em.

Well, Arvilly told me to put the letter under the door, which I did. But nothin' more could I git out of her; and though I sent up another tray of food to her, that too come down untouched; and as I told Josiah, I didn't know as I could do anything more for her, as bad as I felt, only to think of her and pray for her.

"Yes," sez he, "we will remember Sister Arvilly at the throne of grace at evenin' worship." And after we went to our room he did make a able prayer, askin' the Lord to look down onto the poor heart of our afflicted sister, and send peace and comfort to her. It wuz a good prayer; but even in that solemn time come the thought: "If you and other church-members had voted as you prayed, Arvilly no need to be shet up there alone with her life agony."

Josiah Rebuked

But it wuz no time to twit a pardner when we wuz both on our knees with our eyes shet, but when it come my turn I did say:

"O righteous God, do help good men everywhere to vote as they pray."

Josiah said "Amen" quite loud, and mebby he duz mean to vote different. He voted license to help Jonesville, most of the bizness men of the town sayin' that it would help bizness dretfully to have license. Well, it has helped the undertaker, the jail and the poor-house.

Well, the next day Arvilly come down lookin' white and peaked, but didn't say anything about her eclipse; no, the darkness wuz too awful and solemn to talk about. But she showed me Waitstill's letter. In it she said she had been for several days caring for a very sick woman for half the night, and at midnight she would go back to the hospital, and every night for a week she had seen a bent figure creeping along as if looking for

THOUGHT SHE SAW ELDER WESSEL

something, payin' no attention to anything only what he had in the searchin' eyes of his mind.

It wuz Elder Wessel lookin' for Lucia, so Waitstill said. It wuz Love waitin' and lookin' out, hoping and fearing. Poor father—poor girl! Both struck down by a blow from the Poor Man's Club. She writ considerable about Jonesville news to Arvilly, knowin', I spoze, how welcome it would be, and said she got it from Ernest White.

Hopes and Fears

Wuz things comin' out as I wanted 'em to come? My heart sung a joyful anthem right then and there. Oh, wouldn't I be glad to see Ernest and Waitstill White settled down and happy and makin' everybody round 'em happy in the dear presinks of Jonesville and neighbor with 'em!

Ernest White wrote to Waitstill how successful his Help Union was and how his dear young people wuz growin' better and dearer to him every day.

And we talked about it how he wuz carryin' everyday reason and common sense into Sunday religion. Sez Arvilly, "He teaches young voters that while prayers are needful and necessary, votes are jest as needful, for bad or careless votin' destroys all the good that Christian effort duz, all that prayer asks for and gits from a pityin' God. Every saloon is shet up in Loontown and folks flock to hear him from as fur off as Zoar and the town of Lyme. He don't have standin'-room in his meetin'-house, let alone settin'-room, and they have got to put on an addition."

And I sez agin what I had often said before, "What a object lesson Elder White's work in Jonesville is, and how plainly it teaches what I have always known, that nothin' can stand aginst the united power of the church of Christ, and if Christian folks banded together and voted as they prayed, the Saloon, the Canteen, the Greedy Trusts, the licensed house of shame, monument of woman's disgrace, would all have to fall."

"But they won't do it," sez Arvilly in a mad cross axent. "They'll keep right on preachin' sermons against wrong and votin' to sustain it, if they vote at all. Gamblin' for bedquilts and afghans to git money to send woolen clothin' to prespirin' heathens in torrid countries, while our half-clad and hungry poor shiver in the cold shadder of their steeples oncared for and onthought on."

I sez, "Don't be so hash, Arvilly; you know and I know that the church has done and is doin' oncounted good. And they're beginnin' to band themselves together to help on true religion and goodness and peace."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "I should think it wuz time they did!"

I see a deep shadder settlin' down on her eye-brow, and I knowed she wuz a thinkin' of what she had went through.

Well, the next day we sot out for Paris, via Marseilles. We had a pleasant trip up the beautiful blue Mediterranean, a blue sky overhead, a blue sea underneath. Once we did have quite a storm, makin' the ship rock like a baby's cradle when its ma is rockin' it voylent to git it to sleep.

I wuzn't sea-sick at all nor Tommy, but my poor companion suffered, and so did many of the passengers. There wuz a young chap who wuz the picture of elegance when he come aboard, and dretful big feelin' I should judge from his looks and acts. But, oh, how low seasickness will bring the hautiest head! I see him one day leanin' up agin' the side of the ship lookin' yeller and ghastly. His sleek clothes all neglected lookin', his hat sot on sideways, and jest as I wuz passin' he wuz sayin' to the aristocratic lookin' chap he wuz travelin' with:

"For heaven's sake, Aubrey, throw me overboard!"

His mean wuz wild, and though I didn't like his words I made excuses for him, knowin' that mankind wuz as prone to wuz buried with pomp and public mourning, and then a few years after taken up and laid with criminals. But good land! he'd got beyend it all. He had gone to his place wherever it wuz, and it didn't make any difference to him where the outgrown garment of his body wuz.

Off to the Exposition

But to resoom: The Cathedral is quite a noble lookin' edifice built so I hearn, on the spot where a temple once stood where they worshiped Diana; not Diana Henzy, Deacon Henzy's sister. Josiah thought I meant her when I spoke on't, and said the idee of anybody worshipin' that cranky old maid, but as I told him it wuz another old maiden or bachelor maid, as I spoze she ort to be called, some years older than Diana Henzy, sez I. "This Diana wuz a great case to live out-doors in groves and mountains." Sez I, "some say she wuz the daughter of Zeus, and twin of Apollo."

And Josiah said them two wuz nobody he ever neighbored with.

And I sez, "No, you hain't old enough." And that tickled him; he duz love to be thought young.

There is a French Protestant church, where the English residents worship, and churches and synagogues where other sects meet.

We went to an Arab school, a museum, library and botanical garden, where we see beautiful native and foreign trees and shrubs and flowers. It has a splendid harbor, consisting of at least two hundred acres. The manufactures are principally glass, porcelain, morocco and other leathers, soap, sugar, salt, etc., etc. The city has had many ups and downs, plagues, warfares, sieges and commotions, but seems quite peaceful now.

Mebby it put its best foot forrerd and tried to behave its very best because we wuz there. Naterally they would, comin' as we did from Jonesville, the pride and center of the Universe and America.

But 'tennyrate everything seemed peaceful and composed.

We only stayed there two days of rest and sightseeing and then rest agin, and then sot sail for Paris.

(To be continued).

ON THE WAY TO PARIS—"HOW LOW SEASICKNESS WILL BRING THE HAUTIEST HEAD!"

DOROTHY AND MISS MEECHIM

Sights in Marseilles

The new city is built round the port and rises in the form of an amphitheatre; the hills all round are covered with beautiful gardens, vineyards, olive groves and elegant country houses. Just acrost from the harbor is the old chateau where Mirabeau wuz imprisoned, poor humbly creeter! but smart. He didn't do as he'd ort to by his wife, and Mary Emily realized it and wouldn't make up with him, though he argued his case powerful in their law suit. But he wuz a smart soldier and writ quite eloquent things. He stood for the rights of the people as long as he could, till they got too obstropulous, as they sometimes will when they git to goin'. But I presoom he did desire his country's good. His poor body rampage round in sickness and act as sparks are to fly up chimbly. But, take it as a whole, we had a pleasant voyage.

We only made a short stay in Marseilles, but long enough to drive round some and see the most noted sights of the city, which is the principal sea port of France.

On the northern part is the old town with narrer windin' streets and middlin' nasty and disagreable, but interestin' because the old Roman ramparts are there and a wonderful town hall. A magnificent avenue seperates the old part from the new, a broad, beautiful street extendin' in a straight line the hull length of the city. Beyend is the Prado, a delightful sea-side promenade.

Samantha Appreciated

CALMAR, Ia.

Dear Samantha:—You must be tired of congratulations, but I wish only to tell you that I thank God that you live. I am reading your story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is fine. May God continue to bless you and may all you do and say be done to his glory and in his name.

Mrs. M. B. K.

Samantha, a Moral Influence

PICKTON, Texas.

Dear Editor:—Your paper is the best religious paper published, none excepted. Aunt Samantha preaches a sermon, or rather gives a lecture every time she writes. She is doing more good for the cause of temperance than any woman on the American continent.

BELL JAMES.

Manila's American Library

REV. C. C. BATEMAN, Chaplain U. S. A., who recently returned to this country from the Philippines, writes us in the interests of the American Library at Manila. In November 1899, a number of the representative people of California formed an association for the establishment of a library at Manila. Mrs. C. R. Greenleaf, then about to sail for that city, was appointed director; after her arrival other officers were elected; and at a meeting June 19, 1900, the following were among the resolutions adopted as defining the scope and policy of the library:

1. The institution named American Library of Manila, shall be regarded as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the American army and navy who have lost their lives in the Philippines. 2. Since the educational project originated in the mind and heart of the lamented Lieut.-Col. J. D. Miley, it is proposed that a department be dedicated to his memory.

The institution is to be undenominational in religious matters; politics are not to enter into its management; the hope is expressed that such an intellectual treasury may be established as shall be the radiating centre of American sentiment and intelligence in the East; and also that it may become a great moral force. Comfortable rooms have been secured on the Rosario, a busy thoroughfare, but the association hopes to secure grounds of its own and to erect a suitable building. Funds are needed for the work, and the co-operation of the American press and public is requested. Any one interested in this worthy undertaking can communicate with Chaplain Bateman, Fort Wright, Washington.

The Coming W. C. T. U. Conventions

The Biennial Convention of the World's W. C. T. U. will be held in Edinburgh, Scotland, June 23d to 29th. The organization in the United States is entitled to 150 delegates. Delegates from this country are in two parties, one from New York, the other from Philadelphia. After the convention, excursions will be made to the Paris Exposition, to Ober Ammergau, and through Northern Italy, Germany and Switzerland.

The World's W. C. T. U. has now fifty countries affiliated with it. The largest auxiliaries are the United States, Great Britain, Canada and Australia. Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, Corresponding Secretary of the National W. C. T. U. of America, reports to the World's convention in part as follows: "Since the last meeting of the World's organization in Toronto, our society has celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and our silver jubilee was observed with a most impressive programme. We have also celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Crusade, from which sprang our white-ribbon work, and though we have been bereft of our leader since reporting to you last, still the work has been most prosperous."

During the past two years, several colored state unions have been organized, there being now eight of these in all. Alaska has a territorial president, and other officers appointed. This leaves no more territory unorganized in the United States.

The next National Convention is to be held in Washington, D. C., in November.

An Unsurpassed Library

CRANBURY, N. J.

"*The Christian Herald*," *New York City:*

I cannot refrain from a word in praise of the manner in which you have given to the world Dr. Talmage's monumental work—one of the most useful that could find its way into a Christian library, and especially into a minister's study. This work is not only a worthy record of the vast labors of one of the world's greatest preachers, but it is the only homiletic encyclopedia of the kind on the doings of the last quarter century, and an unsurpassed library of biography and illustration. The workmanship is faultless. Accept my congratulations.

CHARLES F. TAYLOR,
Pastor Second Presbyterian Church.

Our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn is about to open. Don't forget the little tenement waifs. You have it in your power to make at least one poor, helpless child happy through the whole year. Your contribution will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE HUNGER AND THIRST OF THE HEART SATISFIED

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for July 8: John 6: 22-40

Golden Text, John 6: 35: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life"

HAVE you read that wonderful book, *The History of a Mouthful of Bread*, which shows that such a "mouthful" is full of miracles, and includes a worldful of animal and vegetable life? There must first be a hand, a whole chest of tools in itself, to lift the bread to the mouth; then a sentinel tongue to taste and test it; and a wonderful digestive laboratory to transform it into bone, and flesh, and blood, and nerves, and brain, which last is the servant of the soul to send the food back to the tongue transformed into words, which in turn become food for the hearts of men.

More wonderful is the history of a mouthful of communion bread. That is both a "mouthful" and a heartful. It is not so much to feed the body as the soul; not to feed the animal life, but the spiritual life. It is not taken to make flesh, and bone, and blood, but to create thoughts that will become loving words and a Christlike life of self-sacrifice. It points us back to the Hand that gives us this bread of the Lord's Supper, with a heart of love throbbing through it. That Hand means, for one thing, fellowship, brotherhood. It is too much forgotten, just when conflicts of labor and capital make it important that we should recall it "in remembrance" of Christ, that the Lord's Supper is fundamentally significant of the fact that Christians are all of one family. The Bible speaks of David going to "bless his house." Few seem to know that the reference is to the weekly communion of the Jewish household, such as the writer saw in Jerusalem at the beginning of the weekly Sabbath. The father repeated the Sabbath commandment, with his household sitting reverently about him, and then some comments from the Mishna. Then he gave a fragment of bread to every member of the household, even putting a tiny crumb on the tongue of his little babe. To each he gave also a sip of wine, with a single drop for the baby's tongue. This household were not Christians, but Jews. It was a sacrament of family love, such as Jesus had known from childhood in his home, and when he gave the bread and wine to his apostles he was adopting them into his family and reminding them that they were brothers to him and to each other. This forgotten note in our communion should be sounded out more clearly at this time when in the cities of our Christian land there are more "brotherhoods" than churches, partly because there is too little brotherhood in the churches.

But the Hand to which the broken bread of the Lord's Supper points us is not only a hand with a heart in it; it is a broken hand, and a broken heart of self-sacrificing, atoning love. The Lord's Supper was not only the successor of the weekly family communion of the Jews, but also of their annual Passover of sprinkled blood. The Passover was the Jewish Fourth of July—the nation's birthday—from which we might well learn to put more of thoughtful gratitude to God into our annual Independence Day. At the Lord's Supper, for which Jesus was preparing his apostles in the mystic words of the lesson we are now to study, the Jews who were at once patriotic and devout recalled the bondage of Egypt and the interposition of God, by which they were led to liberty, and especially the night when the destroying angel, that slew the firstborn in every Egyptian family, passed over every Jewish home where a lamb had been slain and its blood sprinkled on the door. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you" was to have yet a deeper meaning, combining patriotism and religion, in the after years, when the Lamb of God should have been slain upon the Cross to take away the sins of the world.

. . .

Seeking a Kingdom of Meat and Drink *Ye seek me because ye did eat of the loaves.* The spiritual eating of the Lord's Supper even the apostles were not yet prepared to understand, much less the multitudes. They could not even understand his references to the love with which God feeds the hearts of those that love him, and the evil influences that leaven the hearts of the wicked. When he warned the apostles to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy," they whispered: "It is because we have brought no bread." When he said he had "meat to eat that they knew not of," they exclaimed: "Hath any man given him aught to eat?" But when he fed the multitude with real loaves, miraculously multiplied, that was something they could appreciate and understand. A Messiah that could give them bread, as the Roman emperors fed the idle populace of Rome, was the very king they wanted. They sought to take him by force and make him their king. His popularity reached its highest point there and then. They wanted a kingdom of material banquets and patriotic conquests—a kingdom of meat and drink, not one of righteousness; that is, rightness of life and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And so the next morning after the miraculous feeding, when the multitude of the previous day had re-assembled, with large additions from Tiberias, where the news of the miracle had gone, knowing nothing of the night miracle of calming of the sea, and found that Christ and his apostles had left Bethsaida and had hastened to Capernaum, hoping for more miraculous bread, only to receive words of wisdom instead, that might have become food for the inner life, they turned away almost unanimously, and in that turning "the year of popularity" turned into "the year of opposition."

They had come to Capernaum, it is said, "seeking for Jesus," but it was a selfish seeking, such as never ends in really finding. Even to-day there is sometimes a seeking of Christ for the loaves and fishes. "Lord, is it I?"

"JESUS SAID UNTO THEM, I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE"

"Labor not," said Jesus, "for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth to everlasting life." This age of luxury and materialism is a time when we need especially to remember that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses." Life is measured by what I am, not by what I have or what has me. The only real value in having is to enrich being. Our havings should be wings, not weights. Better "plain living and high thinking" than "high living and plain thinking." In a true use of the word life there is no "high living" except in "high thinking."

. . .

Faith and Faithfulness *This is the work of God that ye believe.* The multitude, before they turned away from his words of life, asked: "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" So always men are prone to ask not, "What shall I be," but "What shall I do?" forgetting that being is the seed and root of doing, as Jesus taught in reply, when he said: "This is the work of God that ye believe." If we are to grow faithfulness, we must plant faith. If we are to have right conduct, we must first receive and achieve, through Christ, a right character. A young girl who had been making rather unsuccessful and discouraging efforts to "do good" was reminded by her teacher that perhaps she had been thinking too much of "doing" and too little of "being," and was asked to search out what the Bible says about being: "Be converted," "Be kindly affectioned," "Be ye thankful," "Be filled with the Spirit."

. . .

Not by Imitation of Christ, but by Impartation *What sign showest thou?* These Jews wanted at least something more for the eye if they could have nothing more for the mouth. They wanted something that would appeal to the senses, rather than the inner sense. Jesus felt it was time to give less kindergarten teaching to his grown-up pupils, and compel them to use the eyes of the mind and soul and the faculties that feed the inner life.

His feeding of the multitude on the previous day recalled the miracle of the manna. Now they would have him repeat other miracles that God used as object-lessons for a childish race just out of slavery. But Jesus summoned them to higher studies. They must begin to ponder the miracles greater than his matchless deeds, of his matchless words and matchless life and matchless influence—the threefold perpetual miracle that lies before us to-day. He was himself the heavenly manna, and they were to receive his words, his life and love as food for their hearts. How pathetic was their unconscious confession of incapacity to even understand him when they said: "Lord, evermore give us this bread." Peter at least—at the end of the story, when the multitude had turned away from One who would give them only spiritual bread—showed that he had some conception that noblest words are richest food, for he replied to Christ's question, "Will ye also go away?" "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou alone hast the words of eternal life."

That man has lived a pitifully low life who has not often found that words are sweeter than food, and stronger and mightier in life-building. Into how many lives some word of sympathy, some word of arousement, some word of hope has come like the food that has saved a hungry man! How many a book we have "eaten" with delight, and it has become a part of our lives! Into how many souls a song has come like an influence!

Having ourselves received him who said, "I am the bread of life," we may ourselves be loaf-givers of that same unselfish life. This recalls the meaning of "lady," which is laf-dy, or loaf-giver.

A true "lady" was a young Scotchwoman of rank, whose heart the Lord had opened, and who therefore longed for some opportunity to pass on to others the Living Bread and the Living Water that had satisfied the hunger and thirst of her own heart. But her companions were so absorbed in amusements that she seemed to find no favorable time to be the loaf-giver of the divine love. She would pray daily and anxiously for some open door of opportunity, and then burst into some plaintive song. Shortly after she had finished such a song one day her maid came in and tearfully told her mistress how these songs, heard for days from another room, had melted her heart, which had resisted many spoken entreaties. The singer could not sleep that night for joy, and in the night watches consecrated her talent of song as the golden basket in which she might bear the Bread of Life to others. She studied to make her enunciation clear and unconsciously observed that other much neglected maxim of musical power, "If you would sing sweetly cultivate your heart." She also learned to touch her instruments with utmost skill for the sake of those whose souls she might feed with wonderful words of life. She sang heart songs in halls of wealth and in the cottages of the sick and poor, a true lady, Christ's own loaf-giver. I might tell of a whole choir that, like the apostles of old, helps Christ to feed not only the multitude in the great congregation by singing with a consecrated purpose, but also carries the heavenly food in song to the homes of the blind, the aged and the poor. And even the voices of those who cannot sing seem like music when they bear the words of life to weary and sinful hearts.

. . .

Soul Famine *He that believeth on me shall never hunger.* We are hearing much of India's famine. Even in good seasons it is said there are forty millions in India who are never able to fully appease their hunger from birth to death. But there are more millions yet in India and in every heathen land whose soul-hunger for truth, and joy, and hope is never appeased, to all of whom we might send the waiting host of consecrated student volunteers in this generation with at least the offer of the Bread of Life, which many would quickly receive. Even in Christian lands and among those who fare sumptuously every day, how much hunger and thirst of the heart is unappeased, partly because the hungry soul refuses the Bread of God, but also because it is not really offered to them—"not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord." Nothing but that Word can satisfy the deepest wants of the soul, and develop in us the highest life.

. . .

"A Man may Eat thereof and Not Die" *Everyone which believeth may have everlasting life.* Jesus reminded his hearers that those whose lives were prolonged by the miraculous manna nevertheless died at last, but that those who receive him as Living Bread into their hearts, at that very moment—not at so-called death—begin an "everlasting life" which death cannot interrupt, a life which is like an unfailing spring bubbling up in the soul. In some old ruined castles one finds the spring as full and clear as when the castle was in its glory. So-called death dissolves the walls of our earthly tabernacle, but cannot touch the unfailing spring of everlasting life, life that is full and joyous and gladdening to all about it.

JESUS

As five loaves, at the touch of Christ, fed the multitudes in Galilee, so the words and life and love of Christ are feeding the world's hungry hearts to-day, and we are called to be the apostles of to-day that shall distribute it so faithfully by our activities at home and through those we may help to send abroad, that all shall eat and be filled—not one soul in all the earth left to perish with soul-hunger. It is strange indeed that men who have an angel side are so many of them content to feed only the animal side and leave the angel part to starve. There is not in all the luxurious fruits that God has made, nor among the dainties that men have invented for kings' tables, any food so satisfying as those fruits of the tree of life: love to God and love to man.

In the Orient, "Eat my bread" often means: "Partake of my doctrine." But when Jesus bade us "eat of his flesh," he meant nothing less than receiving his own Spirit—not imitation, but impartation. We are to become like him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister by ourselves, putting service above salary, as did the centurion who built the Capernaum synagogue in which Christ preached this sermon of the living bread, in sight of the carving, still seen in the ruins, of the table of showbread. That noble centurion gave to his servant not only wages and food, but brotherly love. That last-named food for the soul let us freely dispense to every brother man—not help for the body only, such as Christ gave in the miracle, but the deeper charity of the sermon that fed the very soul. "The lack of goods for the higher wants is not so sad as the lack of wants for the higher goods." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

SEEN in the FAMINE CAMPS

A Letter from Dr. Klopsch Containing his Personal Observation of the Ravages of Famine...Quaint Expressions of Gratitude for the Relief Contributed by Our Readers

WELCOME news was cabled from India last week. It was that a steady downpour of rain had commenced. If this continues, and the people can get upon their land with seed, the prospect of the end of the catastrophe will now be within sight. There will, of course, be great and widespread suffering for some time to come, and multitudes will get no relief from the rains because they have nothing to plough with and no seed to sow; but the dreadful hopelessness which hung over the millions like a cloud will be lifted, and the prospect of a harvest in October will give them new courage. We are sure that this encouraging news will be welcome to all who have been sympathizing with the afflicted people and have been keeping them alive by their generous gifts. Another effort, a short continuance in well-doing and the crisis will have passed. The gratitude of hundreds of thousands who are now living and hoping, who but for the help extended by our readers would be dead, will surely be worth having. "I was a-hungered and they fed me," is an acknowledgment which will be heard in heaven, and Christ will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me." But let there be no relaxation of relief now. In these glad hours, when the star of hope is beaming in the sky, the good work must go on and the people be supported until hope comes to fruition.

A special cable dispatch from Dr. Klopsch, who went to India **at his own expense and without cost to the Famine Fund,** that he might personally see the conditions and organize efforts for relief was published in this journal on June 6. The mail now brings us additional details of his journey through the afflicted country, which, as Dr. Klopsch went as their representative, our readers will be glad to see. Dr. Klopsch writes under date of May 18:

We arrived here (Bombay) last Saturday morning at about six o'clock, after spending my last sleepless night on the hot Indian Ocean. My first impression of India was that of a most agreeable surprise. I suppose I re-echo the sentiments of every traveler when I say that I found India the most interesting country I have ever visited. My reception here was certainly most generous, in treatment both of my mission and myself. Lord Northcote, the Governor of Bombay, wrote me a letter of welcome, which was handed to me on board the steamship *Carthage* before I landed, and it was so cordial and appreciative that instantly all trace of strangeness vanished, and immediately I felt that I was among friends.

Meeting the Missionaries

After breakfast I attended a meeting of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Inter-Denominational Missionary Committee, which lasted until after four o'clock. Dr. R. A. Hume presided. He had come for the purpose from Ahmednagar. I was greatly pleased with the *personnel* of the committee as I met them face to face; I was more pleased when I became acquainted with each one of them and observed the courteous Christian spirit that pervaded the proceedings throughout, the perfect harmony that prevailed, and the readiness of co-operation that was manifest in every step that was taken, and the careful consideration given to every question that came up for discussion. Not a single member of the Committee manifested the slightest impatience, and in everything personal prejudices and preferences were sunk in the one desire to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number.

Grateful Famine Waifs

After the meeting was over, at the request of Rev. S. V. Karmarkar, in charge during the absence of Dr. E. S. Hume, I visited the American Mission and School for Girls, all of whom are famine waifs—some rescued in the famine of 1897, and the others during the present famine. A simple little programme of welcome, arranged by the native pastor and his assistants, went off very smoothly, the children entering with spirit into the exercises of the hour. Two garlands of flowers, one intended for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, and the other for America and her people and a bouquet of flowers accompanying each garland were presented in native fashion. This was a very picturesque incident although rather embarrassing at the time. However, I submitted to it, as the native pastor told me that the children would be sadly disappointed if I did not. Under the circumstances I submitted, though on a later occasion I refused to repeat the experience. The garlands consisted of native flowers, toy mirrors and leaves strung together. They were thrown over my head and rested on the shoulders, like the sashes worn on festive occasions by the members of the Masonic fraternity and other societies. It was not agreeable to American taste, but who would like to disappoint children who had taken so much trouble to show their gratitude to a representative of the American people? The incident that was most touching was the presentation of a copy of the New Testament, printed in the Marathi language, beautifully bound, with the following inscription on the fly-leaf:

> To Dr. Louis Klopsch
> A Small Token of Love and Gratitude
> from the
> Famine Children of the American Mission
> Bombay, May 12, 1900

The presentation speech was made by a little girl in the Marathi language, and translated by the native pastor. Not even in the afternoon, when the different members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Inter-Denominational Committee rose to thank me for the sympathy manifested in my taking so long a journey in such weather to see them in their trouble, was I so affected as I was by this bright little girl's address. I found it very difficult to repress my emotion, and when the little girls—about 150 of them, all rescued through the gifts of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Christian missionaries here—rose to sing a song, "Welcome to India; Welcome to Bombay," the strain was absolutely intense. However, without breaking down, I was able to thank the pastor and his assistants and the children for their reception. I hope that the children—who could not understand my English any more than I had been able to understand their Marathi—could see the sincerity of my thanks as well as I had perceived from their tones and their cheerful, beaming faces, the sentiments they were uttering.

Afterwards we paid a visit to the Boys' School, where another hearty welcome awaited us. It was six o'clock in the evening before we reached our hotel, and we were thoroughly tired, having been continually at high pressure since the early morning, in a most debilitating atmosphere. Nor was this an exceptional day. During the week I have been here, I have scarcely had a single leisure hour; but it is a satisfaction to feel that much more has already been done in the matter of getting intelligent and accurate information than I was led to believe could be secured in a month. The six days have left on my mind an indelible impression of the loyalty, consecration and diligence that characterize and the unquestioned prosperity which attends the efforts of our Christian workers here.

AN OUTDOOR ASSEMBLAGE OF FAMINE ORPHANS AT LAHORE, IN THE PUNJAB

A Visit to Pandita Ramabai

On Tuesday night at half-past seven we took the train for Poona, where at seven o'clock in the morning Pandita Ramabai met us, and was good enough to send us a cup of tea and a piece of toast to sustain us until we got to Khedgaum, where her principal work is conducted and whither she expected to accompany us. Pandita Ramabai had been at death's door during the past fortnight and even at this time is far from well. I never shall forget her appearance as she met me clothed in spotless white, with a face still showing the effects of illness, very pale and very serious, and handed me a little bouquet of fragrant native flowers, thanking me in a few simple, well-chosen words for considering her work worthy a personal visit.

At Khedgaum we were met by hundreds of people in various stages of destitution, most of whom were employed in the building and well-digging operations initiated for famine relief by Ramabai, who, owing to her illness, had not been at Khedgaum for two weeks. These people had come to the station to welcome her. It was a very touching, very pathetic scene that must have done her heart good; for the expression on the faces of the people and the way the women embraced her and fervently kissed her must have impressed the Pandita as being sincere manifestations of warm-hearted and grateful people. We proceeded from the station to Pandita's home in a *tanga*, that is a cart drawn by two white bullocks, the driver sitting on the pole with his back to the dash-board, managing the animals by twisting their tails and having no other mean of controlling them. They have no harness. There is a stationary cross-bar near the front end of the pole and that cross-bar fits on the back of the bullock's neck and the halter which each of the animals wears is fastened to this cross-bar. I sat on the front seat next to the Pandita and our two friends Mr. Benjamin Aitken of the "Englishman," Calcutta, who is accompanying us on this trip through India and Mr. Gilson Willetts, my traveling companion, occupied the rear seats, their backs touching our backs.

The Mukti School and Mission are situated about a mile from the station and thither we drove, being saluted deferentially by the people whom we met by the wayside as we journeyed. At last my eyes fell on the great collection of substantial buildings in which Ramabai is conducting one of the most remarkable missionary enterprises of the age, so well known all over India, all over Europe, and all over America. I will not go into the details here. For the present, I will say that I was overwhelmed with the magnitude of the work carried on by Ramabai with a wisdom that is truly remarkable and with a success that is almost incredible. Pandita Ramabai is surely one of God's chosen ones divinely called to her mission and heaven-inspired in its management. I consider it an exalted privilege to have been enabled by the generosity of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to contribute during the past year over twenty per cent. or one fifth of the entire expense of her school and mission. May God bless and prosper her as the days go by! I was glad to see that a beginning has been made on the foundation for a church and Sunday School and a more substantial mission building to take the place of the barn-like structure which as yet serves Pandita Ramabai for all the many-sided work that she is conducting.

A Famine Camp Experience

While watching the famine sufferers busy on this work of building, I heard that there was a Government relief camp four miles away, and I availed myself of this opportunity of getting my first famine-camp experience in India. So at three o'clock, with the thermometer ranging in the neighborhood of 130, and with a wind as hot as though proceeding out of the mouth of an active furnace, we drove in the *tanga* over to the Wurwand camp. For a distance of two miles from the camp huge flat piles of broken stones are piled on either side of the road like small platforms, twelve feet square and about eighteen inches high. We saw girls and women going along the road with large metal basins on their heads. The basins contained broken stones which were prepared by other workers in the

(Continued on page 546)

CONNECTICUT

Avery, H S 1 00
Babcock, Miss ... 25
Barker, N C 1 00
Bidwell, D A 5 00
Bishop, Miss M.. 1 00
Booz, Mrs C S .. 1 00
Bray, Lucy W 5 00
Brown, Mrs F .. 1 00
Buel, Mrs J 50
Buell, Miss M.... 1 00
Carpenter, B F 25
Carpenter, Chas B 1 00
Christian, S 1 50
Clancy, Mrs A E. 1 00
Clarke, Mrs S W. 1 00
Coe, E C 10
Church, I B..... 1 00
Converse, Dr F B 50
Converse, Mrs M L 25
Davis, Mrs T E.. 2 00
De Hart, Mrs M J 50
Dexter, Mrs M C. 5 00
Dorman, Miss E.. 13
Downs, Mrs & Miss Burritt.... 2 00
Dunham, Chas .. 1 00
Ellis, Mr B S.... 50
Ellis, Mrs J E... 1 00
Ellis, Mrs W S... 50
Emmons, D J..... 25
Emmons, J 50
Emmons, Mrs M.. 50
Emmons, Mary J.. 1 00
Fenton, M P..... 25
Foote, Robt & Helen 30
Fox, Amy 50
Gilbert, Mrs J R. 2 00
Goodsell, Mr & Mrs I B..... 2 00
Goodsell, Mrs Jas 1 00
Hakes, I L..... 25
Hale, Mrs 08
Hale, Lily 25
Hall, Majorie A.. 1 00
Hallett, M 2 00
Hanna, John W.. 25
Hills, Mrs Geo.... 50
Hills, Mrs W.... 50
Hutchinsou, Mrs A W..... 1 00
Hutchinson, A .. 50
Hutchinson, A E. 1 00
Hutchison, G C.. 5 00
Hutchinson, Mrs Geo C 2 00
Hutchinson, Mary L 1 00
Jillson, Mrs B A. 25
Jillson, John N... 1 00
Jones, Hansey ... 1 00
Jones, S A..... 1 00
Jncul, Annie 10
Kahu, Geo A..... 1 00
Kempton, Mrs ... 25
Kingsbnry, Mrs A E 10
Kyle, R J & Mrs.. 1 00
Langdon, F H.... 50
Langdou, Mrs P W 50
Lewis, Mrs M.... Hopkins, H .... Wilson, Jno & Jennie 4 00
Loomer, Martha A 2 00
Lord, Miss H.... 1 00
Lord, Mrs H..... 1 00
McBorgiebell, F .. 1 00
Maney, E W..... 25
Mansfield, Mrs C M 25
Minor, Mrs T.... 50
Morse, Geo M...100 00
Northrop, C C.... 10
Ockels, Hermau.. 3 20
Packer, W W.... 1 00
Paddock, M E... 2 50
Palmer, W W.... 1 00
Palmer, Y 1 00
Perkins, Mrs B.. 50
Perry, Mrs C..... 50
Pratt, Mrs Luther 25
Prentice, Mrs F. 1 00
Randall, J C..... 2 00
Robinson, Miss F 10
Robinson, Henry. 50
Robinson, Mrs P E 50
Robiuson, Mrs R S 50
Robinson, W H.. 1 30
Robinson, W H.. 25
Rogers, John J... 5 00
Rossiter, Frances. 5 00
Saunders, Mrs W C 1 00
Sibley, B E..... 3 00
Smyth, Annie 20
Somers, Mrs A... 1 00
Sperry, H..... 50
Sperry, R 50
Stevens, Miss E.. 50
Stevens, Mrs F M 50
Stevens, Jarvis .. 50
Stevens, Miss M.. 50
Stolzenberg, F .. 5 00
Stone, H A C.... 50
Street, Mrs E D. 10
Thanson, Mrs ... 10
Thompson, Robt.. 50
Thompson, Mrs S L 50
Thrall, Bertha.... 50
Tickell, Mrs G W 2 00
Tracy, Frank A.. 25
Turner, R E..... 1 00
Tuttle, Mrs M.... 1 00
Wallcott, Mrs H E 25
Warner, Wm T.. 2 00
Weaver, E M..... 1 00
Weaver, F A.... 1 00
Wheeler, Edward 50
Williams, Miss A M 10 00
Winchester, D .. 25
Woodmansee, W E 10
Yerington, R L.. 1 00
Mrs A D B, Willimantic 1 00
C C, Westbrook.. 5 00
Mrs E, Middletown 1 00
E C W, New Haven 8 00
Mr E H B, Morse Meadow 15

CONNECTICUT—Cont'd.

F N F, Stafford Springs 55
L & E, New Haven 2 00
L I F, Stafford Springs 40
L M Q, Centrebrook 1 00
L C H, New Britain 5 00
M & M, Stafford Springs 30
Mrs M T G, Hotchkiss 1 50
O P J, Glastonbury 3 00
S B I, Fair Haven 2 00
I H N, Gilead.... 25
I H N, Norwich.. 1 00
Friend, Gilead.... 25
Friend, Gilead.... 25
Friend, Gilead.... 25
Friend, Gilead.... 25
Friend, Gilead.... 30
Friend, Gilead.... 50
Friend, Gilead.... 50
Friend, Gilead.... 5 00
Friend, Gilead.... 15
Two Friends, Naugatuck 1 00
Friends, Norwich 50
A Friend, Norwich 5 00
Two Friends, So Britain 3 00
Friend, Suffield .. 1 00
Friend, Waterbury 50
D Y, New Haven 2 00
Subr, E Haven ... 2 00
A Mother & Children, Sharon.... 40
Mother & Daughter, So Norwalk 1 00
Sympathy, So Norwalk 3 00
Bill the Baptist, oS Manchester.. 25
A Gift, —..... 3 00
Widows Mite, Guilford 1 00
E Cornwall Bapt S Sch 2 00
1st Bapt Ch, Lyme10 36
M E S Sch, Westbrook 5 25
Union Bapt S Sch, Mystic 10 00
M E Ch, Copper Hill 5 00
Mrs Geo F Morris' S S Class, Cong Ch, N Woodbury 2 00
Lebanon Bapt C E, Lebanon 5 00
Pratt, J C S Sch Class, Plainville. 2 00
Ep Leagne M E Ch, Copper Hill 5 00
Y P S C E, East Hartland 5 00
C E of Hampton Cong Ch..... 5 00

D. of COLUMBIA

Billing, M M..... 1 00
Cauldwell, G 2 00
Campbell, S L... 2 00
Gentry, Eliz'th .. 50
Love, Mrs S T.. 1 00
McGaughy, M & Ethel McCleary. 4 00
Meigs, James L.. 1 00
Pellew, Mr & Mrs E H.....30 00
Pettit, E L..... 5 00
Rawson, E K..... 2 00
Vinton, Richard.. 50
Winter, John T.. 5 00
Woodruff, E A .. 5 00
Little Ruth, Washingtou 1 00
M H, Washington 3 00
F S, Washington 50
A Friend, Washingtou 1 00

DELAWARE

Alcom, Mrs S.... 1 00
Alrich, Mattie J.. 1 00
Blackiston, J..... 35
Burhr, Mary E... 1 00
Chambers, G W.. 2 00
Collison, J C.... 3 00
Chambers, M J.. 2 00
Fisher, Mrs H C. 2 00
Green, Miss S.... 25
Grime, D & S A. 1 50
Harding, T H.... 1 00
Hart, Lillian M... 10
Hart, Marian ... 05
Hart, Mrs W E.. 1 00
Hoopes, L Y..... 50
Johnston, Kate A & friends..... 2 41
Kerbin, Mrs Jas.. 50
Kersey, Miss M.. 25
Kerbin, Miss S... 50
Outten, Elmer ... 2 00
Peirce, M C..... 1 00
Ross, J J..... 1 00
Shaw, Charlotte.. 50
Waters, E W.... 2 00
Wilkinson, Miss M 25
Wise, Miss A.... 25
C A B, Wilmington 5 00
—, Harrington.. 1 00
A Friend, Middletown 2 00
I H N, Houston.. 1 00
M E Ch, Delaware City 25 00
W C T U, Milford 8 00

MAINE

Abbott, Miss S... 50
Abbott, Mrs C F.. 2 00
Atchison, Dora M. 25
Atchison, E 25

MAINE—Cont'd.

Atchison, Fred.... 25
Atwood, Mrs J F. 2 00
Atwood, Masters R & Newman..... 20
Aundlette, J A.... 2 00
Bates, Albert 2 00
Bartlett, D J..... 5 00
Blanchard, R F... 2 00
Bennett, Clara S.. 1 00
Bryant, Irene V... 1 00
Busber, M E B... 1 00
Carr, Melvin 50
Cates, L B 3 00
Clark, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Cobbett, Mrs Belle & Mrs A Smiley. 2 00
Davenport, A 1 00
Dillingham, C K.. 3 75
Doige, Mrs G..... 1 00
Farin, I S 1 00
Flagg, Mrs M T.. 25
Folley, Fred E ... 1 35
Gardner, E R 2 00
Gile, Mrs E H.... 1 00
Goodwin, Miss M. 2 00
Grinnell, C I 2 00
Glove, R S (M D) 2 00
Gurnee, A C 25 00
Halford, R 50
Harriman, Mary E 2 00
Hathaway, A S... 2 00
Haughton, C N... 1 00
Hawken, Thos.... 5 00
Heald, Mrs B F.. 2 00
Holt, F C 50
Hope, H J 1 00
Horne, Mr & Mrs H A 2 00
Hussey, Edmond.. 25
Hussey, Frank.... 50
Hughes, W J 3 00
Jewett, N 1 00
Johnson, Mr & Mrs J R 5 00
Johnson, Will 50
Jordan, B R.....10 00
Keene, Lydia 25
Kent, Mrs E H.... 1 00
Kerr, Mrs E..... 1 00
Manter, J C 2 00
Martin, Harry ... 50
Martin, Thos 1 00
Mitchell, Lizzie... 1 00
Moody, Mrs H A. 1 00
Nutting, J D 1 00
Newton, Mrs A... 1 00
Prescott, Mrs M A 3 00
Prince, Mrs N E.. 1 00
Poole, Maude 1 00
Pulsifer, L E..... 2 00
Robbins, Nellie M 1 00
Robinson, Mrs A V 2 00
Sargent, Geo R... 2 00
Sawyer, Edw P.... 1 00
Srow, Mary E.... 1 00
Sweetser, Harriet L 50
Stetson, Mrs G C, Coll by 5 00
Strout, Mae G.... 1 00
Swan, Mrs N..... 2 00
Swift, Mrs M L.. 1 00
Thompson, L D.. 4 00
Tweedie, H V (M D) 5 00
Walker, E A 1 00
Walker, Geo 75
Wells, Grace H... 2 00
Wentworth, Patty 1 00
Whittaker, Mary A 2 00
Williams, Mrs M A 10
Wilson, Lottie M. 2 10
Woods, Jos 25
A B G, Anson... 25
C A M, Naples.... 1 00
E A F, Mrs, Rockland 1 00
E E F, Miss, Waltham 1 00
W P A, W Kennebunk 1 00
W C, Casco 1 00
—, Houlton 5 00
—, Kendnokeag.. 1 00
—, Kittery Pt... 2 00
—, Machias..... 1 00
Friend, Exeter ... 2 00
A Friend, Sanford 1 00
Friend, Sargentville 2 00
Friends, Turner... 6 00
A Friend, Waldaboro 2 00
A Friend, Waterville 1 00
Subr, Covinna ... 1 00
A Widow's Mite, Gorham 1 00
Oakland Chapel Friends 3 13
Holy Trinity Ch.. 2 00
Prim Dept M E S S, Rockland..... 1 00
F B S Sch, Edgecomb 2 00
Free Bapt S Sch, Rumford Falls.. 4 00
Cousins Island S Sch 4 00
S C W Sabbath S, Caribon 4 00
Y P S C E of Woolwich & Wiscasset F B Ch..... 1 50

MARYLAND

Ahern, J P 1 50
Amos, H 50
Bamberger, A ... 10
Bird, Mr 25
Black, Mrs J B... 1 00
Bottomley, F S & Cl 2 00
Boyer, Mrs W P. 5 00
Brown, W D 5 00
Campbell, M 1 00
Christian, L A.... 50
Clagett, Mrs M... 2 00

MARYLAND—Cont'd.

Clippinger, J O...12 56
Connell, Mrs J... 50
Connell, Richard.. 25
Connell, Tina 50
Connell, Virginia.. 25
Cook's, H S, class 1 00
Cook, Mrs H S... 50
Dulany, Mr & Mrs H S 1 00
Dulany's, Mrs H S, class 60
Ely, Grace D 5 00
Flynn, A C 1 00
Flynn, H 25
Flynn, J 25
Flynn, Jas 5 00
Flynn, J E 1 00
Flynn, W 25
Frampton, H M.. 25
Freeman, Chas ... 50
Getzendanner, Mrs 3 00
Glann, C H 25
Gomber, J 2 00
Green, Miss M.... 50
Grussendorf, Hy.. 25
Hall, D J 2 50
Hamend, J L 1 00
Hoffman, Calvin.. 50
Hornier, Miss J... 05
Horner, Nina G... 5 00
Hurtt, Mr & Mrs C M 50
Insley, Mrs E..... 10
Jones, Mrs L 25
Lambkin, Mrs O C 3 00
Land, Mrs A W.. 2 50
Legg, Mary 10
Mallalieu, Mrs M E B 50
Meyers, J S 1 00
Newman, Mr and Mrs J S 75
Nice, Mrs C J.... 5 00
Palmer, U G..... 50
Pinder, Ed 25
Porter, Miss M... 5 00
Porter, Robt 50
Powell, Miss D... 50
Powell's Miss H, class 3 00
Price, Mrs L S.... 25
Robinson, A..... 25
Roe, Mrs M J 1 00
Schraeder, A 25
Schraeder, Carl .. 25
Shaw, Lydia C.. 5 00
Shrader, C 50
Smith, Jas H 5 00
Spear, E W 1 00
Spear, J E 1 00
Stansbury, Nellie B 3 00
Steward, Miss J.. 15
Stockbridge, Mrs S L 1 00
Summers, Chas G & Co 2 50
Toadvine, Miss A. 25
Tonkin, Mr & Mrs H & Son 1 70
Tyler, Grace K ... 02
Tyler, J H 25 00
Tyler, K D 02
Tyler, R B 06
Van De Grift, E.. 2 00
Vansant, M 25
Waters, Maria.... 1 00
Waters, Mrs M... 2 00
Waters, Wm A... 1 00
Weisbrod, Walter.10 00
Weist, Jno H..... 1 00
Whitcraft, M F... 1 00
White, C F 50
Wiggin, W F 1 00
Wilson, Mrs W H 2 00
A D, Baltimore... 50
E B H, Baltimore. 2 00
G T M, Sparrows Point 1 00
H A M, Calvary.. 25
J W L, Baltimore.. 1 00
Mrs L E B, Uniontown 2 00
L E B, Mrs, Uniontown 24 00
L M, Montrose.... 1 00
L W M, Calvary.. 25
M E M, Calvary.. 25
M S M, Calvary.. 2 00
W W W, Calvary. 25
—, —..... 50
—, Adamstown.. 1 00
—, Baltimore.... 1 00
—, Baltimore.... 50
—, Donds 1 50
Cash, Millington.. 50
A Friend, Baltimore 1 00
Friend, Buckeystown 1 00
A Friend, Rockville 1 00
Subr, Centreville.. 1 00
Subr, Lapidum... 1 00
Epw Lea, Sykesville 3 27
Harmony Grove C E Soc 5 00
M E S Sch, Rising Sun 10 00
Grace Ch S Sch, Parish, Silver Spring 15 00
Salem S Sch, Fairlee 9 26
Trinity M E Ch, S Millington 10 00
W M Soc Pres Ch, Darnestown 1 80
C E Soc M E Ch, New Market 20 00
C E Soc of Ashland Pres Ch, Cockeysville..... 5 00
Jr Ep Lea M E Ch, Aberdeen...10 00
J C E Light St Pres Ch, Baltimore 1 50
To the Daisy Chain's Brothers & Sisters in India, Baltimore..15 50
Ladies of Hagerstown 5 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Abell, L G 2 00
Adams, Mrs E B. 1 00
Aldrich, Harrison. 2 00
Allen, Ralph C .. 10
Arvidson, A J 1 50
Atwood, Mrs H B 25
Ayles, Maude 15
Babbitt, Lilian.... 25
Bachelor, Mrs J.. 1 00
Bacon, J W..... 5 00
Baker, Geo P 1 00
Bair, R J M 2 00
Barton, A M 1 00
Bateson, Mrs Thos 1 00
Beaman, C B 5 00
Boxwell, Helen... 25
Brault, Jos M.... 10
Brockway, Mrs L G 5 00
Buck, E A 5 00
Bustard, Addie ... 25
Cameron, Eddie H 25
Canney, C W..... 10
Cannon, Mrs G N. 25
Carey, Mrs J A... 1 00
Cairuthers, Jas... 50
Carter, Mrs Edw.. 1 00
Casswell, A J 25
Chase, Ida F..... 15
Chase, W H 2 00
Childs, Miss M ... 50
Chittenden, A J.. 50
Coburn, Mrs C P. 1 00
Codding, E E 1 00
Coldwell, S A 3 00
Conkin, Miss M... 25
Cooper, C E 1 00
Clements, Mrs J J 1 00
Coupe, Thos, Coll by 2 00
Crane, Mrs R R.. 50
Cunningham, Mrs J P 2 00
Daniels, Mrs Jas.. 25
Davis, Mrs C S... 1 00
Dean, Miss C..... 1 00
Devenean, Geo ... 50
Devencan, W T... 50
Dillingham, Mr & Mrs L H 1 00
Dinsmore, Alice... 25
Dinsmore, Frank.. 10
Donhough, Dan... 25
Dudley, C A 10
Dyer, Mrs F..... 5 00
Dyle, W R 10
Earle, J 1 50
Earle, Mrs J H... 1 00
Eddy, Mrs C W... 1 00
Fairbanks, Gertie. 10
Farmer, S 25
Farnsworth, May. 10
Farrand, Mrs Jno. 1 00
Farrell, Jos 80
Farrell, Lizzie J.. 10
Ferguson, Miss R. 25
Ferguson, Miss S. 20
Finley, Mrs 1 00
Fiske, L Louise... 1 00
Fellows, Mrs G O 1 00
Ford, Fred 2 00
Foster, N J 25
Foster, W D 25
Freese, Miss B.... 5 00
French, Mrs R.... 1 00
Gallaway, Chas... 5 00
Garliek, Mrs M... 25
Gerhaid, Mrs L.. 25
Gillis, Miss L B.. 1 00
Goky, Philip..... 2 00
Goodrich, May ... 10
Goodrich, Paul N. 2 00
Gorton, E 1 00
Gonld, J C 50
Graham, Jno 10
Graves, Eunice E. 5 00
Graves, Eunice E.21 00
Green, Mrs S A... 5 00
Griffin, Mrs L R. 1 00
Gunery, R B..... 2 00
Hair, Annie E 50
Hair, Bessie B .. 25
Hair, Florence M. 25
Hall, John 2 00
Hammond, R & De Volson 1 00
Hampton, Miss B B 25
Hampton, H C... 50
Hannon, Benj 25
Harron, Andrew.. 50
Hart, J 1 00
Hartwell, Daisy.. 10
Hartwell, Henry.. 10
Hayes, Mrs P J & Mrs H N Tower. 1 00
Hickox, Mrs S A.. 3 00
Higgins, Mrs H S. 1 00
Hill, Frank P 25
Hogan, Miss M... 50
Howe, C 50
Hunter, E A..... 10
Hurter, M G 2 00
Ingalls, Mr & Mrs Chas T 2 50
Iony, Geo W..... 10
Jerome, Mrs 50
Johnson, Mr 15
Johnson, Mrs C... 1 00
Johnson, Miss L.. 25
Johnson, S W..... 1 00
Kemp, Eugene H. 25
Kendall, Mrs E A 2 00
Kittredge, Mrs O. 1 00
Koenig, Willie.... 25
Kolnig, Lottie 25
Lane, Mrs A E... 2 00
Lannon, Annie.... 20
Larrabee, Lucy L. 1 00
Lawson, E A 10
Learned, H J 5 00
Leonard, Mrs A W 1 00
Loomis, Ethel 3 00
Loring, C E 25
MacAskill, Miss M 25
MacAskill, Miss M B 25
MacAskill, Miss M S 50
McClary, Mrs N... 1 00
McDonald, W B.. 25
McInnis, Miss M.. 1 00
McKinley, John... 1 00

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

McLean, Mrs 25
MacLeau, A 10
McLean, Guy 50
McLean, Mrs I, Coll by 15 00
MacLeod, Miss A J 25
MacLeod, K A ... 25
MacLeod, Miss M 1 00
MacLeod, Miss M J 55
MacLeod, Miss S. 25
Malm, Adelia 25
Marchant, R N.... 25
Marrill, J G and family 10 00
Marshall, Emma.. 1 00
Mason, Mrs A G.. 25
Mercer, Mrs 50
Miller, J M 1 00
Moore, Mrs A S..19 79
Moore, J F 25
Morey, Hattie A.. 10
Morey, Minnie E. 10
Morley, K A..... 1 00
Morrison, Lottie.. 10
Morrison, Minnie. 15
Morse, W B 2 00
Murray, Dan..... 50
Newhall, Charlie.. 25
Newhall, Lizzie... 50
Nourse, P A 1 00
Orth, H 10
Orth, H 05
Osgood, Mrs A A. 1 00
Osgood, Mrs L.... 1 00
Orton, Mrs R N.. 2 00
Paine, W B 1 00
Palmer, Mrs M D 5 00
Perry, K G..... 25
Pickering, Alice... 15
Pickett, Chas 25
Pickford, Mrs A M 5 00
Pierce, John W... 1 00
Pierce, Mrs O M. 15
Pitts, Miss Kate.. 10
Pomeroy, Angeline 5 00
Porter, H H..... 1 00
Post, Mrs C B.... 2 00
Powers, Thos W.. 25
Putnam, P O..... 5 00
Ray, J B 2 00
Read, E R 1 00
Reed, Josie S 5 00
Rice, Alvah 75
Richmond, A F... 2 00
Robbins, Ithiel.... 2 00
Roberts, Benj..... 25
Roberts, Geo 25
Robertson, W W. 1 00
Roper, J W 25
Ross, Miss M E .. 1 00
Rowan, Miss E .. 25
Sampson, Miss E T 1 00
Sanford, Mrs T A 1 00
Sayford, S M 5 00
Scott, Alex 2 00
Scott, Robt 25
Searle, Mrs 50
Seagrave, Mrs M A 1 00
Sherer & Co, Miss.10 00
Simmons, W G.... 1 00
Skillin, Mrs E E.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs A C & A Rayden 2 00
Smith, Mrs Ellen.. 1 00
Smith, E R 25
Smith, Mrs F..... 1 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs F W 2 30
Smith, Mr & Mrs F W 2 00
Snow, F A 2 00
Steere, Lena 10
Stetson, J 5 00
Stevens, Mrs A L 3 00
Stewart, E 1 00
Stokes, Edw 25
Sweet, Grace A... 25
Taylor, Mrs M.... 50
Taylor, W C 2 00
Thayer, Mrs N.... 25
Thomas, Mrs F... 2 00
Thompson, C E... 10
Thompson, Mrs T G 2 00
Thornhill, Miss J E, Coll by 2 40
Thurston, Lois.... 10
Tidd, Mrs W T... 1 00
Walker, Myrtie... 25
Wallace, Mrs T... 1 00
Warner, Evelyn L 05
Warner, H M..... 50
Warner, Mrs H M 50
Warner, S F 05
Wells, Geo 10 00
Whitehill, Grace, Coll by 50
Whitehill, Mabel.. 25
Whitehill, Mrs W L 50
Whitman, Frank.. 25
Whitman, Geo ... 25
Whitman, Miss S. 25
Wiley, A L 2 00
Willey, Mable ... 05
Wolcott, Mrs E R 1 00
Wood, E C 50
Wood, Jos 50
Wood, Mrs S G... 1 00
Woodhead, J H... 5 00
Woodward,, I F.. 5 00
Young, Geo U.... 1 00
Young, Mrs Susan 2 00
Harness, Northfield 2 00
Scotia, Holyoke... 5 00
Saxon, Boston.... 1 00
Marguerite, Roslindale 45
Mrs A, Ashfield... 5 00
A A S, Westfield. 1 00
A L B, Sterling.. 2 00
A M P, Florence.. 1 00
B F H, Somerville 05
C W S, Boston.... 05
E G M., Lawrence 10
G K, Rockdale ... 25
H K B, Boston... 10
J N F, Boston.... 05
J P C, Pittsfield.. 2 00

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

L J T, Northampton 1 00
L T W, Jamaica Islands 50
L W D, Cottage City 1 00
L W O, Dorchester 2 00
Mrs M A B, Boston 2 00
M E R, Belchertown 1 00
M S, Ware 1 00
Mrs N C E, Worcester 25
V A S, Spencer... 1 00
W L S & A L W, Worcester 2 00
—, Boston 300 00
—, Boston 25
—, Boston 1 00
—, Holyoke 1 00
—, Leominster.. 5 00
—, Lowell 5 00
—, Newburyport. 1 00
—, Quincy 1 00
—, Shutesbury.. 2 00
—, Tyringham... 1 00
—, Wellesley Hills 4 00
Chinese Girl, Lynn 15
In behalf of my 3 children, Worcester 3 00
Three old ladies, Beverly 4 00
I H N, Dorchester 57
School children at Chaffin, Holden. 6 00
School Children, Shelburne 1 00
A friend of the Home, Dedham. 1 00
A Friend, Worcester 15
A Friend, Worcester 10
A Friend, Worcester 50
A Friend, Watertown 2 00
Christian Friend, Barre 1 00
Friend, Allston... 50
Friend, Boston.... 2 00
Friend, Brockton. 10
Friend, Brookline. 25
Friend, Danvers.. 25
Friend, Jamaica Plain 30
Friend, Lowell.... 2 00
Friend, Roslindale 10
Friend, Shelburne. 35
Friend, S Westport 1 00
Friend, W Stockbridge 1 50
Friend, Westville. 3 00
Friend, Woburn .. 25
Northfield Farms S Sch 1 25
S S No 5, Northfield 2 00
Park St Ch S Sch, Boston 10 00
West Farms Un S Sch, Wyben 6 15
Jr C E Soc, Ashland 5 00
Inasmuch Cir K D, Beverly 10 00
Bethany Jr C En, Brookline 5 00
Jr C E Soc, First Chris Ch, Fall River 10 00
Ep Lea, Osterville 9 65
Jr Ep Lea, Plainville 1 00
Ep Lea Bway M E Ch, Somerville..10 00
Memorial Y P S C E, Springfield... 5 00
Mem Ch Y P S C E, Springfield... 3 00
P R, L E & M, Springfield 2 00
C E Soc, Weston..13 00
King's Daughters, Min Cir, Worcester 4 00
Pilgrim C C Y P S C E Worcester 25 00
Friend M, Lawrence 1 00
Friends, Jamaica Island 95
Friend of the cause, Taunton.. 5 00
Friends, W Millbury 10 00
A Subr, N Acton. 1 00
A Reader, Watertown 2 00
Reader & Friends, Cambridge 10 00
Sympathizer, Everett 5 00
Parks St S Sch, Boston 55 85
1st Bapt Ch, Merimac 6 30
Bapt Ch, S Hanson 6 10
Woodhead, J H... 5 00
Prim Sch, Vineyard Haven..... 5 25
3d Grade School, Webster 4 41
Bapt S S, S Hanson 10 04
N Brilierica Bapt S School 10 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bartlett, Nathaniel 45
Bartlett, Mrs N C 45
Bassett, Mrs G S. 50
Bean, J W'..... 1 00
Berry, J E..... 2 00
Burbank, D B ... 1 00
Cochrane, Lilla C. 1 00
Cotton, Mrs L.... 40
Curtice, Almena.. 5 00

N. HAMPSHIRE—Cont'd.
Dore, Mrs L..... 15
Eaton, Charlotte.. 5 00
Ellis, Mrs M A... 1 00
Employees of Boston Store, Nashua 15 25
Estes, Mabel M... 1 00
Fitzwilliam Depot Parish 5 49
Goodwin, H A.... 5 00
Howe, L M..... 1 00
Hurd, Asa C..... 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs M M 1 00
Lane, Chas H 5 00
Lang, W A 10
Lemon, C H..... 2 50
Marden, A D..... 1 00
Mohawk S Sch... 1 50
Nicholl, Mrs 1 00
Parker, Jno 2 00
Petigrew, Rev & Mrs O J 10
Phillips, C H..... 25
Phillips, Mrs C H. 40
Phillips, Mrs N.... 50
Richmond Parish.. 5 51
Roberts, C 10
Roberts, G 10
Ruggles, Mrs E R 1 00
Ruggles, Miss H.. 1 00
St Sauveur, Ethel, Coll by 1 00
——, Salmon Falls 1 00
Sargent, Mrs F.. 10
Sanborn, Mrs R P & Dan 6 00
Smith, N M..... 2 00
Stearns, Mrs A P 2 00
Stevens, C 25
Stevens, Eben.... 1 00
Stockbirge, Mrs... 50
Thomas, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Threadgold, I..... 10
Towle, C A..... 1 00
Towle, J H..... 2 00
Trask, W P..... 1 00
Vickery, M 55
Vickery, S P..... 50
Waldo, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Wheeler, G A..... 1 00
Wheeler, Jno A... 1 00
Wheeler, Mary H. 5 00
Whitney, E N.... 2 00
Williams, Mrs, ——10 00
Woodman, W 1 00
——, Barnstead...12 00
——, Littleton..... 10
——, Meredith 5 00
3 C, Hanover..... 1 00
2 H C S, Wilton.. 5 00
2 H H, Grasmere. 1 00
2 M L..... 50
3 A J, Berlin..... 2 00
2 S F, Troy..... 1 00
M A B, Lyme..... 1 00
S H, Wilton..... 5 00
Friends, Alexandria 1 00
Friend, Alton..... 10
Friend, Alton..... 10
Friend, Alton..... 10
Friend, Alton..... 05
Friend, Alton 10
Friend, Alton 10
Friend, Alton 10
Friend, Alton 10
Friend, Alton 10
Friend, Alton ... 25
Friend, Alton ... 25
Friend, Alton ... 25
Friend, Atkinson.. 1 00
Friend, Bradford. 2 00
A Friend, Bristol. 2 00
Friend, Greenland. 1 00
A Friend, Haverhill 1 00
Friends, Jeffrey...17 15
Friend, Lisbon.... 1 00
Friends of the poor 5 00
A widow's mite, Franklin Falls.. 1 00
One of Christ's Workers, Antrim 50
A Little Boy, Atkinson 10
Mother and daughter, N Hampton. 1 05
Song Ch, Surry... 4 50
Endeavor S Sch, Gravelly Ridge.. 5 00
C E S Sch, Brookline 2 60

NEW JERSEY

Ackerson, Mrs M E 10
Adams, Geo C ... 5 00
Albertson, Grace. 1 00
Alison, E A..... 1 00
Amerman, I S.... 1 00
Anderson, Agnes. 20
Anderson, D M... 1 00
Anderson, Edw & family 2 10
Anderson, Mrs W H 1 00
Apgar, E S..... 2 00
Arnold, Mrs E W.38 64
Ashworth, F W.. 2 00
Bacon, A T..... 2 00
Baldwin, Mrs E E 1 00
Baldwin, Herbt.. 1 00
Ball, Mr & Mrs C W 50
Bartles, J P.....10 00
Bartlett, S 1 00
Barraclough, J .. 2 00
Bates, Mrs W C.. 5 00
Baylor, Mr 05
Beams, Mrs E E.. 50
Beams, Mrs G A 25
Beams, Mrs L V... 25
Beatty, W S..... 2 00
Beekman, J B, (M D) 25 00
Bender, Mr Paul. 1 00
Benedict, W B... 2 00
Berchold, Mrs S.. 25
Bergen, Sadie M.. 1 50
Berry, E P..... 1 00
Betz, Ella 2 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
Bird, Sarah J.... 1 00
Bishop, Rae 1 00
Bissett, Mrs Jas.. 2 00
Bodenmaun, Mrs C A 50
Bodine, Jno 25
Bogart, Harry 50
Borehan, N M.... 2 00
Bowen, Chas 1 00
Bowers, J F..... 50
Bowmau, D V.... 25
Bray, Jasper 2 00
Bray, Mrs S A... 1 25
Brett, Albert 25
Brodmerkel, C .. 25
Brown, James ... 1 00
Browu, Jas, Jr...25 00
Brupbacher, L ... 50
Bryan, Harry C.. 05
Buechi, Miss A... 5 00
Buechi, Mrs B... 50
Buechi, Miss H... 15
Buechi, Miss H... 50
Buechi, Miss L... 1 00
Bulkley, E M.... 5 00
Burkett, C S.... 2 00
Burnett, Dr & fam 5 00
Butterfield, M A. 25
Canns, Miss A... 10
Canns, M A..... 25
Cauns, Mrs S G.. 25
Carlisle, Mrs A F 1 00
Carlock, Mrs C F, Coll by 2 25
Carter, Mrs 10
Chafey, H V..... 1 00
Chafey, Mrs H V. 1 00
Chalmers, Mrs M Coll by 2 00
Chastney, Jas ... 1 25
Chisum, W J..... 1 00
Christian, I B.... 1 00
Christy, R P..... 2 00
Clayton, Mrs L D 25
Clayton, Robt ... 1 00
Cockefair, Wm B 2 00
Cole, C 10
Compton, Miss E. 2 00
Conditt, I W..... 5 00
Conklin, Miss P..10 00
Connet, A T..... 2 00
Conover, Allen .. 25
Conover, Jennie . 25
Cook, Mrs F 50
Cook, Wm 10 00
Cottrell, Mary ... 25
Cramer, Mrs C S. 2 00
Chamer, J F..... 25
Cramer, Mrs Rena 50
Crane, Mrs C M.. 2 00
Crane, J I..... 1 00
Crone, L H & fds 7 00
Cropper, K 1 00
Crowel, C 25
Cuming, Wm G.. 25
Currin, Mrs T E, Coll by 23 65
Curtis, Mrs A E.. 50
Dalber, L 25
Davis, Miss 1 00
Davis, A E..... 3 00
Davis, W S..... 2 00
Day, J M..... 1 00
De Grote, Mrs E. 1 00
De Moyne, Fannie 25
Denzler, Mr..... 1 00
De Vean, Lillie.. 30
Diament, Geo E.. 5 00
Dickinson, Miss L A, M E & E Ames 3 00
Dingler, Mary ... 25
Dorland, Mrs G H 1 00
Down, Wm 1 00
Dunning, Mrs F.. 50
Egolf, M 5 00
Eldridge, Adda .. 1 00
Elton, J R..... 2 00
Embury, E A....25 00
Errickson, L M.. 2 00
Everson, Jas H... 50
Everett, Rev B S 1 35
Everitt, Edna E, Coll by 1 85
Fawcett, H 10 00
Flanigan, Saml... 1 00
Fletcher, F 1 00
Forsyth, Mrs L H 5 00
Foss, Chris 15
Foss, Jacob 25
Fountain, Mrs E F 3 00
Franklin, G H.... 5 00
Gaff, Mattie 5 00
Gardner, Geo 50
Gardner, Wm ... 1 50
Garrabrant, Mrs J 1 00
Garren, Mrs D... 1 00
Gaskill, T 05
Giebelhouse, K... 1 00
Goelz, Albert 25
Goelz, Eddie 25
Goldsmith, Mrs M F 10 00
Gossweiler, M ... 50
Gould, Eva 1 00
Grace, Deborah E 1 00
Grandin, J F..... 5 00
Grady, S Foster.. 1 00
Grant, Hy 50
Greene, W A..... 5 00
Grell, Julius 25
Griffith, Mr & Mrs M 50
Groff, Mrs Eliza.. 25
Grove, Franklin . 3 00
Gujer, A 1 00
Hageman, J A... 1 00
Haines, Mrs C T. 10
Hale, Mrs L C... 26
Haley, D P..... 1 00
Hall, Miss 1 00
Hammer, Geo ... 25
Hand, Mrs A B.. 2 50
Hand, Constant W 2 50
Hand, James..... 1 00
Hand, Mrs Jas... 1 00
Hann, M M..... 1 00
Harrer, S A & fam 1 50
Harris, Wm J.... 1 00
Haur, Jno 15
Heirimann, H ... 25
Hendershot, Mr W 25
Herbert, Mrs C..10 00
Herbert, J S..... 2 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
Hersch, E E..... 1 00
Hetnerington, J.. 5 00
Heyer, Jno C.... 10
Higgins, Miss E M 10
Hilliard, Mrs H F 1 00
Hilliard, Miss L.. 1 00
Hoagland, N P & friends 2 00
Hoff, Lovisa 5 00
Holder, J C..... 2 00
Holland, Henry .. 1 00
Holt, A E..... 1 00
Hopper, A W.... 2 50
Hoppock, M..... 5 00
Hour, Geo E..... 5 00
Hoyt, C I..... 1 00
Huber, E 50
Huetsch, Mrs H.. 25
Hulshizer, H F... 5 00
Hulshizer, R W.. 5 00
Inslee, Harry 1 00
Ireland, Mrs 1 00
Jackson, J A..... 1 00
Janeway, Wm R..25 00
Jansen, Miss R R 1 00
Jerdon, Herman.. 10
Johnson, J V..... 1 00
Johuson, Miss S.. 1 00
Johnson, Dr T .. 2 00
Johnson, W L.... 5 00
June, Chas 2 00
Justice, Lolo 4 00
Keevil, Mrs C J.. 50
Keller, Mrs G A.. 1 00
Kemker, W 25
Kemmerer, P L.. 1 00
Kenyon, J C..... 5 00
Kilburn, Jabez ..10 00
Kipsey, Grover .. 60
Kirkpatrick, Mary 2 00
Kleinatland, Aug, through 7 50
Knipe, Rev S W..8 00
Krimic, Mr & Mrs P 2 00
Kronler, E S..... 2 00
Laidlaw, Mrs B P 5 00
Laidlaw, Miss M J 2 00
Lake, Mrs A E.. 5 00
Lampe, Max 1 00
Lane, E A..... 5 00
Lane, Harold B.. 2 00
Lane, Laura I.... 1 00
Lane, Lottie B.... 1 00
Lane, Robt G.... 2 00
Lang, H C..... 4 75
Lanning, Harry . 10
Lanning, Mrs S, Sr 25
Lantz, Carrie 1 00
Larson, R 1 00
Lawrence, M A.. 2 00
Leemann, Tom .. 1 00
Lehman, S 5 00
Lent, John 1 00
Lester, E E..... 1 00
Lines, I 10 00
Lingleton, Mary.. 11
Lippincott, Mrs M A 1 90
Lisk, H J..... 25
Lloyd, Miss A L. 1 00
Lolisen, M C.... 1 00
Loveland, Miss E 1 00
Lyman, Stuart .. 5 00
Lyon, C E..... 1 00
Lyon, James A... 1 00
McCane, J R..... 1 00
McCain, Arthur J 2 00
McCain, Mrs Jas. 2 00
McCain, Jeremiah 1 00
McCain, Lewis M 2 00
McDonalds, G A & wife 2 00
McIntyre, R 50
McKaig, C P..... 1 00
McKay, R E..... 1 00
McKinney, W H.. 20
MacNichols, Mrs E J 2 00
Mahns, Mrs Peter. 50
Marbake, Lila W. 1 00
Marlatt, Mrs W. 1 00
Martin, E 1 00
Martin, Mrs G A. 1 00
Martin, George .. 1 00
Martin, Mrs Margt 25
Mathis, D E.....10 00
Mathis, Mrs J A. 1 00
Mathis, J Frank..10 00
Mazenauer, Mrs T 25
Meeker, Carrie ... 1 00
Meeker, Miss E.. 2 00
Mellor, Mrs M A 2 00
Merrill, Mrs A.... 10
Meyle, M 1 00
Miller, Bertha A.. 5 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs Clarence 2 00
Miller, Morris ... 20
Miller, R S.... .10 00
Miller, Mr Wm.... 50
Moody, D..... 25
Moore, H R..... 2 00
Morgan, Edward. 2 00
Munday, L 10
Narraway, Mrs H B 10 00
Neis, Anna 2 00
Nelson, Mrs J A, New Market ... 25
Newton, H 50
Newton, Mrs J... 5 00
Noe, Jno 50
Norsk, Mrs H.... 1 00
North, Mrs 2 00
Olsen, M H..... 2 00
Orr, M A 1 00
Off, M E..... 3 00
Otto, Mrs 25
Parker, Mrs L... 1 00
Pennell, Jno 75
Pepper, Mrs A... 1 00
Peppler, Thos ... 5 00
Phillips, Mrs E H 2 00
Pike, Mrs M J.. 2 00
Pitts, Daniel 50
Pollard, Mrs L H 1 00
Powell, Frank ... 1 00
Powellson, J J.... 3 00
Powelson, M E... 1 00
Preston & Steele.10 00
Randolph, Geo F. 1 00
Ranlere, Mr 50
Raub, Mrs E V.. 5 00
Reading, Mrs J N 1 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
Reeves, Mrs A J. 20
Reeves, Isaac B.. 5 00
Reich, Mrs 50
Reid, Eliz C..... 35
Reid, Mrs J S.... 1 00
Reinke, Rev E J. 1 00
Runn, Mrs M M. 50
Richman, Mrs L B 1 00
Ricker, C 1 00
Rideout, Lillian H 2 00
Robbins, E C..... 5 00
Robiuson, Mrs W S..... 1 00
Rocap, Mrs C 1 00
Roe, Ella 1 00
Roe, Fred E 1 00
Rogers, J N 50
Roome, Mrs M R. 2 00
Root, X 06
Ryerson, Miss L. 40
Ryerson, Mrs L J 1 00
Salzenberg, C 1 00
Sarson, Geo 25
Saul, C W..... 1 00
Schulchei, L 1 00
Scott, Edith 1 00
Seaman, J W..... 5 00
Search, S B..... 1 00
Searle, E E..... 5 00
Shallcross, Mrs M 2 00
Sharp, Oscar & John 20
Sherer, Mrs A.... 10
Shinn, Saml 2 00
Shuit, Mrs J F... 2 00
Shumaker, O 1 00
Shuster, E D.... 75
Sickel, Ida 25
Siekel, Kate 25
Sickel, Peter 50
Sickel, Mrs Peter 25
Sigler, Mrs A E.. 25
Sindall, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Skillman, E H.... 1 00
Slater, Mrs A.... 25
Sliker, Mr Jos .. 45
Sloan, L P..... 1 00
Smead, Mr & Mrs E J 7 00
Smith, Mrs Edw.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs E H.. 25
Smith, Isaac 25
Smith, Nelson.... 10
Smith, Miss Rea.. 13
Snyder, Danl 5 00
Snyder, Mrs Jos.. 25
Spangenburg, Danl 50
Speer, Miss L B.. 2 00
Staples, Bessie .. 10
Steelman, B W... 1 00
Stevens, Mrs A.. 5 00
Stockwell, M 50
Stoddard, Mrs E A 1 00
Struble, Mr & Mrs Jos C..... 2 10
Stnckl, Mrs Jno..10 00
Sugnler, Mrs L... 2 00
Swain, Mary 2 00
Sykes, Jennie 2 25
Symonds, A S.... 1 00
Taylor, Mr 10
Taylor, Mrs 10
Taylor, Mrs A.... 1 00
Taylor, E 10
Taylor, Mrs F.... 1 00
Tellkampf, A 1 00
Thomas, Eleanor. 2 00
Thompson, Mrs S 2 00
Thorne, F P..... 1 00
Tobler, Mrs 25
Townsend, A 1 00
Updike, A 1 00
Valentine, S 100 00
Vallerchamp, Jno. 25
Vanderoef, Mrs H 2 00
Vannecta, Mrs Jno 10
Van Saun, Miss J 10
Vorberg, Mr 50
Waldron, Wm A.. 1 00
Ware, Mrs Frank & Mother 3 00
Warne, Jno 10
Wash, H 1 00
Watson, Bert 1 00
Webb, Mrs W T. 3 00
Wehrli, Mrs M... 50
Weleh, Harvey C. 2 00
Weller, Jacob ... 10
Weston, A O..... 2 50
Whitford, W J... 1 00
Wickle, Mrs 50
Wiggins, A M.... 25
Wiggins, Flor 50
Wigglns, Dr H C 1 00
Wigglns, Irene .. 50
Williams, Ruth . 2 00
Williamson, Ed L 50
Wilson, Mrs Wash 2 00
Winsor, Elsie C.. 1 00
Winters, Mrs Ben 25
Winters, John ... 50
Whiters, Murtle.. 10
Whiters, Phillps.. 10
Wiss, Mrs A..... 50
Woodruff, M H C.10 00
Woolever, A G... 50
Woolwer, Eddie.. 30
Woolverton, L L. 2 00
Yates, L E..... 2 00
Yauger, M K.... 25
Yawger, J U..... 25
Yeimer, Mrs Geo. 10
Ynnger, A 25
Zulauf, Robt 25
Zuydhox, E F.... 5 00
Clarence, Montclair 25
A H S & S M S, Lakewood 25
A R B C, Jr, Wardville 5 00
B D L & L W, Eatontown 2 00
B S, New Market 15
C E S, Woodbury 2 00
C S R, New Brunswick 2 00
Dr P H, Allendale 1 00
E A, Bayonne... 1 00
E F P, Metuchen 1 00
E L N, Gallia.... 25
H C G, New Market 1 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
E M B, Othello.. 1 00
I W R & E B R, Pemberton 2 00
J H, Cranbury... 1 25
K W B, Salem... 1 00
Mr & Mrs A H B, New Market ... 50
Mrs C, Folsom.... 2 00
M E K, W Hoboken 5 00
Mrs E L G, Barnegat 75
M F H, Allendale 2 00
Mrs G, Newark.. 2 00
Mrs H C, Newark10 00
M J H, Waretown 5 00
Mrs J R D, New Market 25
Mrs M L W, Newark 2 00
M S, Rahway.... 2 00
M W T, Salem.. 1 00
Miss R C, Folsom 1 00
Mrs S R, W Hoboken 1 00
Sten C G C, Newark 25
S E C, Ridgewood 15 00
S H M..... 2 00
R A B, Lumberton 5 00
R B, W Hoboken 5 00
——, Boonton 2 00
——, Camden 2 00
——, E Berne..... 1 00
——, Freehold 10 00
——, Hudson 10
——, Lambertville. 1 00
——, New Market. 1 00
——, Newark 1 00
——, Newark 1 00
——, Paterson ... 1 00
——, Redbank 1 00
——, Tennent 25
——, Warren Paper Mills 1 10
Anon, Fairtown.. 2 85
Cash, Atlantic Highlands 1 00
Cash, Fairtown.. 10
Cash, Holmdel... 3 00
Cash, Lambertville 2 00
Cash, New Market 50
Cash, New Market 1 00
Cash, New Market 20
Cash, New Market 50
Cash, New Market 50
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 10
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 1 00
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 1 00
Cash, New Market 50
Cash, New Market 50
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, New Market 25
Cash, Westville .. 2 50
For Jesus Sake, Middlebnsh 1 00
Friend, Barnegat. 1 00
A Friend, Bloomfield 1 00
Friend, Dunellen.. 20
Friend, Dunellen. 1 00
Friend, Dunellen.. 50
Friend, Dunellen.. 15
Friend, Edgewater 1 00
Friend, Florence. 50
Friend, Irvington 1 00
A Friend, Jersey City 1 00
A Friend, Maplewood 1 00
Friend, New Market 25
Friend, New Market 10
Friend, New Market 15
Friend, New Market 50
Friend, New Market 25
Friend, New Market 1 00
Friend, New Market 75
Friend, New Market 25
Friend, New Market 10
Friend, New Market 50
Friend, New Market 50
Friend, New Market 50
Friend, New Market 1 00
Friend, New Market 25
Friend, New Market 15
Friend, New Market 25
A Friend, Succasunna 15
A Friend, Tenafly 2 00
Friend, Trenton.. 20
A friend of the suffering ones, Pemberton 1 00
Friends, Palmyra. 95
I H N, New Market 1 00
I H N, New Market 2 00
I H N, New Market 25
I H N, New Market 50
I H N, New Market 10
I H N, Roseville. 3 00
A Reader, Peapack 2 50
Reader, W Orange 2 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
Sympathizer, Jersey City 5 00
A Pauper Poet, Salem 1 00
Mother & Children, Stockton.. 2 00
Grandma, Mama, Charlotte & Wilhemina, Rutherford 2 06
Small Sums, Eldora 6 00
Cheerful Giver, New Market.... 1 00
Three Little Children, Palmyra.. 35
Box 17, Wenonah 7 00
Box 500, Flanders 1 00
Cheerful Giver, High Bridge.... 1 25
Citizens, Delaware 7 00
Little Children, Hammonton ... 1 00
Mother & Daught, Princeton 5 00
A Believer, Hackensack 1 00
Helping Hand, Pt Elizabeth 20
Mem'r of Ewing Pres Ch, Trenton Junction 1 00
Germ Presby Ch, Bloomfield 50 00
Central Pres Ch, Summit 11 68
S S 1st Presby Ch, Cedarville 5 00
M E Ch, Blairstown 30 00
Ref Ch, Belleville 1 00
Pres Ch, of Farmingdale 27 00
S S Holland Ref Ch, Wortendyke 1 42
Coll of S S Mt Pleasant Baptist Ch, Newark 44 10
Pres Ch, Harmony21 25
Minute Cir K D & S Beth Eden Bapt Ch..... 4 00
Ref Ch, & C E, Bellville 5 00
Pres Ch, Stirling.13 50
Ewing Pres Ch, Trenton Junct..20 75
Pres Ch, New Gretna 1 23
Seventh M E Ch, Bloomingdale ..17 05
Prim Class of M P Ch, Paterson, 1 10
Ewing S S, Trenton 1 00
Trenton Junct S S 1 00
Spring Road U S Sch of Vineland.10 00
Bethany Pres S S, Newark 40 00
Beth Eden Bapt S Sch 16 39
M E S S, Orange.12 00
Union S Sch, Oakgrove 22 54
S S of Christian Ref Ch, Hackensack 9 00
Mission S S, Harrington Park ... 3 00
Park M E S S, Elizabeth 17 00
Presby S S, Lyons Farms 23 29
Hudson St Miss S S, Hackensack.13 65
Parsonage S Sch, Home Depart, Princeton Junct 1 50
Y P S C E, Oxford 2 77
Dillon, T H & Boys of No 7 Family of Home for Boys, Jamesburg 3 00
T A & M D B, Blackwood 25
C E Soc, Folsom 88
Y P S C E, Bapt Ch, Passaic 6 75
Liberty Corner C E S, Liberty Corner 8 00
Old Tennent Y P S C E.....10 00
Miss Soc 1st Ref Ch, Bayonne...50 00
Newport M E Congr 16 00
Ladies Read'g Cir, Cranbury 10 25
King's Daughters Whatsoever Circle, Burlington. 2 00
C E Soc of Osborne Mem Pres Ch, Cedarville... 2 00
King's Daughters, Middletown 10 00
Friendship S Club, New Market ... 5 00
Dew Bell Club, Wenonah 5 00
Y W C T U, Blairstown 5 00
Dew Bell Club, Wenonah 5 00
C E Soc, Warren Mills 1 75
W C T U, Moorestown 10 00
B Y P U of Pt Norris 5 35

NEW YORK CITY

Archer, Mrs A.... 1 00
Barsou, W G..... 50
Batten, L W..... 5 00
Beekman, W W.. 25
Blake, J V D.... 25
Blake, Miss M... 25

NEW YORK CITY—Con'd
Blake, Mrs T..... 3 25
Boyle, Mrs P A.. 2 00
Bulmer, E, Brooklyn 1 00
Castle, M 9 00
Chambers, Mrs A C 10 00
Coffin, S D..... 2 00
Crane, J H.....10 00
Crane, Mrs J H.10 00
Cross, Mrs Geo W 5 00
Davies, Mrs L .. 25
Davis, Mrs L K.. 2 00
Devfus, R 2 00
DeWhitridge, W A 50
Dietrick, Miss L. 1 00
Farrell, Mrs G... 1 00
Fechtig, St George 2 00
Fletcher Miss M A 1 00
Frederickson, Mrs 25
Freely, Geo 10
Gault Mr & Mrs J H 1 00
Gold, C B.....25 00
Green, Mrs J I.. 2 00
Harmon, A..... 50
Heiser, E M..... 1 00
Hiss, W H Jr... 3 00
Hoffman, Miss .. 1 00
Hoffman, Albert.. 1 05
Holyrood Ch 1 00
Hume, J H.....10 00
Hutchinson, Mr ..10 00
Jennings, E B... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs 25
Jones, M B..... Strauss, M J.... Brodsky, S M.. Tucker, G E.... 4 00
Kahn, Wm B.... 1 00
Kirk, Robt A.... 25
Knowles, Mary .. 1 00
Konigswald, Mrs F 25
Leclair, C 50
Marks, H 2 00
Maier, Dr Otto... 2 00
Marshall, Robt .. 1 00
Maxwell, I E.... 15
Mathews, Mrs S A 3 00
Meyer, Mrs 25
Meyer, C 25
Meyer, Mrs C.... 25
Meyer, Mrs C.... 15
Meyer, Wm 25
Miller, E C.....35 00
Miller, Mrs E C. 3 00
Mills, Mrs L J... 2 00
Miltenburg, A ... 25
Mix, F H..... 5 00
Moran, Mrs J..... 50
Mordberg, Mrs ... 10
Myland, Mrs 25
Nylund, F, A, C, E & B..... 25
Parker, Mrs E K 1 00
Paulsen, J F..... 1 00
Paulsen, M A..... 50
Peck, Miss V A.. 10
Richardson, Mrs.. 25
Sahlen, N S..... 50
Scanlon, B 2 00
Schultz, Mrs L H 5 00
Seaman, Mrs & Mrs Vanschierck 20
Sinshelmer, J 3 00
Smith, T Wm.... 1 00
Snelling, Mrs W W 25
Stam, L M..... 5 00
Stevens, E T.... 2 26
Strebel, Mrs S... 1 00
Stolre, Rev M.... 2 00
Sweezy, Mrs R L 2 00
Swenson, Mrs ... 25
Sylvester A L.... 2 00
Titus, E, Jr.....20 00
Townsend, R H L.25 00
Upton, Mrs T H.. 5 00
Van Dyke, Mrs M C 40
Wallach, H R & M W 5 00
Warren, B C..... 1 00
Waters, S 1 00
Weber, Mrs 10
Weil, Edmond ... 5 00
White, Ida 25
White, Mrs J ... 25
White Mrs L D.. 5 00
Whitehurst, Mrs J 25
Wilkens, Mrs L.. 2 00
Woiferz, Rev L... 2 00
Woods, Mrs & fam 31
Wilson, Sarah.... 05
Youngblade, E C.. 1 00
B W 2 00
C W, ... 3 00
M C I..... 2 00
Mrs J McT, Brooklyn 5 00
M H B,..... 1 00
N L B, Brooklyn 25
——, Brooklyn.... 1 00
——, N Y City.... 3 00
——, N Y City.... 2 00
——, N Y City.... 5 00
——, N Y City.... 1 00
——, Brooklyn.... 1 00
——, N Y City.... 25
——, N Y City.... 2 00
——, N Y City.... 2 00
Cash, N Y City... 1 00
A Friend..... 2 00
Friend 2 00
A Friend.....10 00
Friend Brooklyn.. 2 00
A Friend..... 5 00
A Friend..... 5 00
A Friend..... 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn. 1 00
Friend 1 00
A Reader..... 2 00
From a Smypathizer, Brooklyn 1 00
In sympathy, Brooklyn 1 00
Classical Sch for Girls 5 00
Three interested Sisters 10 00
One who Suffers.. 10
Some Hebrews of the Spanish & Portugese Syn..20 00

NEW YORK CITY—Cont'd
666, Brooklyn..... 1 00
Two little girls... 60
14th st Presby Ch. 5 25
4th ave Bapt Ch. T E C C, Brooklyn 1 14
Bethany Pres Ch..18 21
Trinity School....10 00
Grace Emm'l S S.56 88
Boys C C Wash Hghts Pres S S 2 00
Chinese S S, 14th St Pres Ch..... 8 00
14th st Pres Ch... 2 10
Barren Isld S Sch. 4 27
1st Union Pres S Sch 10 01
Rockaway av Cong S S..... 5 00
Aged People of Baptist Home.. 10 50
Kings Dau Cir of Earnest Workers of 1st Coll Ref Ch 12 00
Mrs H B H's Music Cl 6 00
Y P S C E, West Farms Pres Ch.. 3 00
Old John St Jr E L 2 70
Dorcas Socy 1st Germau Bapt Ch.20 00
Ladies Aid Soc, Welsh Ch,.....10 00

RHODE ISLAND

Anthony, Mrs H.. 25
Bradbury, M 1 00
Clarke, C F..... 1 00
Davis, Mrs W H.. 1 00
Dinsmore Mrs S. 5 00
Fleming, Mrs 3 00
Greene, J F.....25 00
Harding, Jane E. 2 00
Hatch, Mrs L A.. 2 00
Howard, Mrs.... 25
Hubbard, Nellie . 5 00
Lawson, Edith ... 25
Lyon, Mrs Geo C. 5 00
Munroe, Mrs 40
Orpin, Mrs 25
Peck, Jennie 50
Pond, Sara E.....20 00
Turner J M & wf 2 25
White, Miss S.... 3 34
P E L, Providence 2 00
Mrs S A J, Providence 1 00
——, Westerly ... 1 00
A Friend, Central Falls 2 00
Coll, E Providence 2 10
Jr C E Soc of 1st Bapt Ch, Providence 1 20

VERMONT

Banister, F W.... 25
Bartlett, E J..... 50
Bartlett, S 50
Bartlett, W 50
Barton, R L..... 25
Batchelder, A N.. 1 00
Batchelder, H A. 1 00
Bishop, A P..... 1 00
Bolster, Mrs B E 2 00
Brigham, Emnice.. 20
Brown, Mrs D G 10
Brown, W K..... 1 00
Burr, Mrs E..... 25
Burton, Mrs J W 5 00
Carney, Jno V... 1 00
Carpenter, J T... 25
Carrill, Mrs Lucie 50
Case, Mrs S D... 1 00
Chamberlain, B .. 2 00
Chamberlin, Mrs J 1 00
Chedel, Mrs B B & others 5 10
Clark, Mrs F T.. 1 00
Clark, Rev F T... 2 00
Cleghorn, S N.... 1 00
Comstock, C 1 00
Colby, E J..... 1 00
Cook, Frank 25
Cook, Mrs Geo... 25
Cook, Mrs J B... 25
Cooley, W H..... 25
Corlis, Miss C... 25
Corlis, Miss Elsie. 25
Covell, Mrs M J.. 1 80
Courser, Roena & Scott 50
Crosby, Mrs L P.. 5 00
Crawford, Geo P. 50
Crawford, Mrs A. 1 00
Cutting, Mrs F W 2 00
Dareing, E G.... 1 00
Davis, Mrs I..... 10
Davis, Mrs J E... 1 00
Dean, W D..... 10
Dean, Mrs G..... 10
Denison, G M.... 1 00
Dickson, C E..... 1 00
Duncan, Jean 1 00
Evans, L M..... 75
Everate, Mrs A.. 10
Fligg, Herbert .. 50
Flood, A 1 00
Flood, C 1 00
Fredrickson, Mrs. 50
Griswold, E T.... 50
Greene, Mrs G E 1 00
Gordon, Jennie A 2 00
Hatch, Alvin 5 00
Hicks, Mr & Mrs 50
Holt, Mrs W M.. 1 00
Horton, B E..... 1 00
Horton, Mr & Mrs A 1 00
Hudson, J 1 00
Hutchins, Mr S & family 1 25
Hydell, Dr 25
Jackson, W W.... 1 00
Judkins, Miss A.. 25
Kimball, Mrs M A 25

VERMONT—Cont'd.
Kenyon, Rev & Mrs F T..... 25
Kingsley, F B ... 1 00
Labounty, Mary.. 10
La Flam, G..... 1 00
Lane, Mrs A..... 75
Laughna, Jos'ne.. 25
Lombard, W W.. 1 00
Loomis, Mrs 25
McDonald, Jas .. 25
Maranvill Mrs.... 25
Marshall, B W... 25
Messier, Isaac ... 25
Newton, Mr T J. 3 00
Nolton, Henry D. 5 00
Morgan, M B.... 25
Parker, A W..... 1 00
Perry, Mrs H L... 1 00
Pike, Martin 10
Pitts, Mrs C E.. 25
Phillips, T D.... 25
Plumley, Mrs I.. 10
Putnam, Mrs L C 1 00
Rand, Mr & Mrs W R 2 00
Robinson, S H.... 50
Robinson, Mrs S H 50
Robinson, M H.. 25
Sargent, S J..... 1 00
Sherman, Jennie. 2 00
Sherman, Mrs L G 2 00
Sherman, Mrs L A 2 50
Smart, H 1 00
Smith, A E..... 1 00
Soper, Ralph C... 1 00
Spafford, E 10
Spaulding, S 1 00
Stebbins, Mrs H E, Mrs L A Barney, Mrs B S Miller. 3 00
Stone, C H..... 1 00
Stone, Ira 5 00
Suter, Henry T.. 25
Suter, D, Jr..... 7 00
Taylor, Mrs H B. 10
Taylor, Mrs W E. 1 00
Tetrault, Chas J.. 25
Underwood, M A. 2 00
Vail, Lavina 10
Watkins, Chas C. 5 00
Webb, Mr 25
Weeks, Mr & Mrs J E 5 00
Wels, Mr 10
Weston, Eva, Bertha & Grace.... 2 00
White, Mabel 25
Whitney, M L.... 5 25
Woodbury, Mrs W C 1 00
Worth, Mr & Mrs T 1 00
Wright, W M.... 1 00
Wyman, C W..... 1 00
Benton, Rutland.. 3 50
A B F, Copperfield 1 00
Mrs C C S, Norwich 1 00
A N, Barton..... 35
Mr & Mrs C H Q 2 00
H S, wife & son, Hillwest 2 50
Mrs H, Waterbury 2 00
Mrs H C H, S Burlington 5 00
H M W, Thetford Centre 2 25
L & B, Troy..... 1 00
Mrs J W A, E Dorset 2 00
——, Irasburgh... 7 00
——, Norwich 35
——, Rochester... 5 00
——, Randolph ... 1 00
——, Rutland..... 3 00
Friend, Addison.. 1 00
A Friend, Cold River 1 00
Friends, Montpelier 5 00
Two Friends, Irasburg 1 00
A Friend, W Rupert 5 00
In memory of Florence Rindull 2 00
Three of His Little Ones, Grafton 30
Sndr, Derby 25
Confidential, Brattleboro 5 00
Little Boy, St Johnsbury 10
Loose Coll'n Plainfield 6 33
For India, New Haven 1 00
Methodist Ch, Benson 7 25
Sabbath Sch, Buck Hollow 1 00
S Sch, Lewiston. 2 05
M E C, Elmore.. 7 00
Class No 3 of M E S Sch, Waitsfield 3 00
Helping Hand Soc, of M E Ch, W Addison 4 00
C E Soc, Readsboro 4 25
C E Soc, Perkinsville 1 82
Smushine Band, Brookville 5 00

VIRGINIA

Aker, Warnie ... 50
Anderson, C 20
Anderson, Clara... 15
Andrews, B T & Seth A..... 2 00
Andrews, S M.... 50
Apgar, Mrs Irene. 1 00
Armistead, Miss E 50
Armistead, Mrs M C 25
Armistead, Reba. 25
Atkens, Miss B... 50
Baker, J H..... 20
Banks, Mrs L..... 1 00
Baker, Mrs O S.. 1 00

VIRGINIA—Cont'd.
Bates', Mrs W G, Class 55
Bell, Dr W M... 10
Berry, Walter ... 50
Blackwell, J W... 2 00
Blanton, Ida H, Coll by 55
Bodley, Jas W....10 00
Booth, J M 10 00
Borum, Mrs J A.. 50
Bowers, J H..... 1 00
Bowman, Mrs E.. 20
Breeden, Effie, Coll by 3 25
Breeden, Hettie, Coll by..... 1 65
Brockman, J W.. 25
Brooks, Mrs S.... 1 00
Brown, J D..... 50
Brownley, Miss L F 50
Bruce, R A..... 25
Bryant, Mrs J W C 10
Bullard, C L..... 50
Burroughs, Marion 50
Burroughs, Mrs M 50
Burroughs, Mrs R 50
Butts, Mrs C A.. 50
Cahill, Mrs P C.. 10
Cahill, P C..... 25
Callius, G A..... 25
Callvon, Mrs W R 10
Cather Mrs R E. 25
Cecil, Miss Mary. 1 00
Chapman A & J.. 2 00
Chinn, E V..... 50
Chinn, K C..... 1 00
Chinn, Mrs E V.. 1 00
Chinn, Mrs T.... 50
Clarkson, J N.... 5 00
Clutsam, Mrs M C 50
Coley, H 25
Coley, Wade 25
Compher, Miss L. 1 25
Cootes, S L..... 27
Crump, Miss M & Mrs W A Ashby 2 00
Cutchin, J F..... 1 00
Cutchin, Miss A E 1 00
Cutchin, Mrs B M 50
Cutchin, Mrs O.. 50
Cutchin, Sarah C. 1 00
Cutchin, Mrs W L 25
Davenport, Rev M M 1 00
Davis, W H..... 2 00
Deffenbaugh, B A 5 00
De Shazo Rev J E 1 00
Dickey, Miss S... 10
Diggs, Henry 1 00
Diggs, Miss J A.. 25
Dikeman, Will ... 10
Dills, Mrs Wm.... 25
Douglas Pres Ch.14 50
Eamich, H W.... 1 00
Ebervine, C..... 1 00
Ellis, Mrs N F... 1 00
Enos, Laura L.... 1 00
Ewing I S..... 02
Ferguson, Jane... 20
Filter, L W, Coll by 1 75
Fix, Rev J J..... 25
Foster, Miss Janc. 1 00
Foster, S J..... 50
Francis, Frank .. 50
Frye, Mrs J N... 20
Gabbest, Wm 25
Garland, Bettie .. 50
Garland, S A..... 50
Getridge, Mrs F.. 25
Getridge, Mrs M C 25
Gillespie, Miss L.. 25
Gilmore, Mr & Mrs J 1 25
Gogin, Jno 25
Goodell, S B..... 50
Goodheart, W ... 50
Goodridge, John.. 1 00
Goodwin, Hugh N 50
Goodwin, Willie L 50
Goodwin, Wm H. 1 00
Green, Ed 25
Grooms, Mrs Mary 25
Groseclose, Miss M 50
Hall, T N..... 25
Hammack, Miss A 25
Hammack, Mrs A 35
Hann, Mrs R..... 10
Hardiman, A O.. 25
Hariman, P 25
Harmon's Mrs L N, Class 14
Harmon, M H.... 1 00
Harne, Miss Mary 50
Hartborger, M A.. 05
Hawver, G 1 00
Humphreys, J H.. 50
Hilleary, Mrs S.. 25
Hilleary, W H... 25
Himes, J R..... 1 00
Hinman, Mrs E E 10
Hobach, J L..... 25
Holden, West 2 00
Holland, Mrs W T 10
Housholder, A E & family 5 00
Hott, J W..... 60
Hudgins, Bertha F 25
Hudgins, Colee... 25
Hudgins, Eliz A S 25
Hudgins, Jos 50
Hudgins, Martha. 25
Hudgins, Mr & Mrs J T..... 1 00
Hudgins, W F.... 25
Hudson Mrs M... 50
Hudson, Mrs N... 25
Hull, H E..... 25
Hyslup's, L J, Cl. 66
Iron, Miss Mattie 50
James, Miss Lucy. 1 00
James, Miss V.... 1 00
Jarvis, Wm M.... 50
Jackson, Mrs W.. 50
Johnston, J A.... 25
Johnson, Mrs J T 25
Johnston, W E... 25
Jones, Agnes 10
Jones, Garrie 50
Jones, J T B..... 10
Jones, Mrs Bettie 10
Jones, Miss Edith. 25
Jones, Ruth C.... 25

VIRGINIA—Cont'd.
Jordan, Mrs C W. 25
Jordan, Miss F... 40
Jordan, Miss S .. 50
Journell W H.... 05
Kapp, Miss F.... 25
Karns, Mrs A V.. 1 00
Kendall, A C..... 1 00
Kernan, Dr C K.. 25
Kethley, Mrs L... 50
Kiester, Mrs J.... 10
Kimberlin, G W.. 10
King, Mrs 25
Kirwan, Mrs R... 25
Kohen, L M..... 25
Lafturck, Ellen.. 10
Langster, W 1 00
Larrick, John H.. 50
Larrick, Mrs K... 20
Lawrence, Mrs J H 50
Laws, W D..... 1 00
Lenhart, Mrs 25
Long, Miss S B.. 1 00
Lyons, Miss 1 00
McCay, James ... 75
McCorkle, Mrs E W 10
McLaughlin, C .. 05
Macon's, Z C, Cl Keller 2 55
Mapp's, Miss M L C, Class..... 77
Mapp's, Miss Z, Cl 30
Martin's, Mrs J W, Class 1 00
Martin, Mrs M S & Children 3 00
Mead, Miss U.... 1 00
Mear's, Mrs W F, Class 72
Miles, Ella 1 00
Miles, Robt 3 00
Miller, Jno 25
Moore, Mrs J.... 1 00
Moses, Miss R.... 50
Merrill, Mrs E A. 1 00
Myers, Mrs J W. 25
Omeara, Mrs 05
Orndorff, Miss C. 25
Orndorff, Miss E.. 3 20
Orndorff, Mrs J.. 50
Orrison, T C..... 50
Otey, Mrs K..... 1 00
Parham, C P..... 30
Pastorfield, Mrs J W 2 50
Pearson, Jno W. 1 00
Peters, Ira 05
Peters, J S..... 10
Poiner, Miss L... 15
Potterfield, L H.. 50
Preston, Master.. 05
Pugh, Mrs L..... 25
Pyper, J 1 00
Rae, J 1 00
Rae, M 10
Ramey, Boyd 25
Ramey, Leslie ... 25
Ramey, Mrs A... 25
Ramey, Mrs M I 50
Rawls, Susie 25
Ray, A B..... 50
Reese, Morg 05
Reese, Robt 10
Renneer, Kerr ... 25
Rich, Miss A E Coll by 3 75
Richmond, J B... 50
Rigdon, Mrs 50
Ripley, Robt 25
Ritchie, Mrs E V. 25
Ritchie, Miss M.. 25
Robertson, J M.. 1 00
Rosenberger, Chas 25
Rosenberger, Mrs A L..... 50
Rosenberger, M H 25
Rush, L E & nbrs 2 60
Scarbrow, Mrs .. 1 00
Scherer, Mrs L L 1 00
Schooler, W F.... 5 00
Scott, A W..... 1 00
Scott, Chas S.... 50
Scott, Herbert F. 1 75
Scott, Jos C 25
Scott, Mrs M A.. 25
Scott, Mrs B L.. 25
Sharpe, Mrs H B 4 00
Sheppe, W H..... 15
Sherrill, Dr Z V. 1 00
Short, Mrs R F.. 50
Shuemake, Geo .. 20
Shumaker, J 25
Simmons, Eliz J.. 50
Simmons, Ethel E 50
Simmons, Mary A 1 00
Sipple, S S..... 1 00
Skelton, Rev S D 50
Smith, Frank ... 10
Smith, L H..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs D E. 25
Smith, Mrs J F.. 10
Snead, E H..... 25
Spindle, Shelburne, Coll by 3 52
Starke, Mrs E H. 1 00
Steger, Mrs A E. 2 00
Steire, W I..... 1 50
Stephenson, L ... 10
Stockley's, Mrs F T, Class 73
Stotz, Mary R... 2 00
Stotz, Mr & Mrs H 1 00
Stump, James P.. 65
Sturgis', Miss J Class 1 05
Sutton, Edward.. 10
Sutton, Jerry 25
Swisher, Mrs G.. 25
Tally, Mrs Eliza.. 15
Thomas, Annie E 1 00
Thompson, E ... 1 00
Thompson, J 10
Thompson, J C... 10
Thompson, K H... 50
Thompson, Little Ruth 05
Thompson, Miss A 10
Thompson, Miss L 25
Thompson, Miss M 10
Thornton, Mrs J C 25
Tillar, W T..... 1 00

VIRGINIA—Cont'd.
Tomlinson, Miss A 75
Toupkins, J E, (M D)..... 5 00
Turner, H V..... 3 50
Warner, Little Jas 25
Webster, J E..... 25
White, H P..... 25
White, Miss A.... 10
Whitley, Rev & Mrs J T..... 2 00
Wilburn, Mrs H.. 25
Wilkerson, A 05
Wilkins, P L..... 25
Williams, J R.... 1 00
Williams, Miss S. 1 00
Williams, P J.... 25
Wilson, Kate M.. 1 00
Wolfe, J L..... 25
Wool, Mrs E..... 2 00
Worden, E M..... 2 00
Wright, Miss Ida. 50
Yost, G W..... 50
Young, J T..... 25
B M J, Hampton. 5 00
C H, Spring Bank 2 00
E F S, Jeffersonton10 00
H A S, Tazewell. 2 00
Mrs J H J Berkley 1 00
M D M, Yarreli.. 1 00
Mrs S, Golansville 1 25
S A W, Windsor.. 2 00
——, Bou Air 5 00
—— Dilwyn 50
——, Ivor 1 00
——, Pt Haywood. 60
——, Salem..... 2 00
Cash, Black Walnut 05
Cash, Clifton Forge 10
Cash, Clifton Forge 10
Cash, Clifton Forge 10
Cash, Clifton Forge 10
Cash, Clifton Forge 20
Cash, Clifton Forge 10
Cash, Lovettsville 25
Cash, Marion 10
Cash, Marion 25
Cash, Marion 25
Cash, Marion 25
Friend, Elwood... 75
Friend, Marion... 50
Friend, Marion... 15
Friend, Marion .. 50
Friend, Petersburg 1 00
Friend of the cause Marion 25
Friends, Bonsack.30 00
Friends, Timberville 2 00
A Sympathizer, Penola 35
Prayer Mtg men'rs, Locustville 4 00
A Virginia Lady. 1 00
Two little girls, Roanoke 5 00
One that is interested, Marion... 1 00
Employees of W U Tel Co, Richmond 5 31
Unknown Friend, Milford 1 00
A little girl, True Blue 70
A few Norfolk Co friends 2 00
Home Miss Soc of Park View M E Ch 15 00
Beulah Meth Ch, Pt Haywood.... 9 65
Oak Grove M E Ch So & S S, Keller 5 08
Beth Pres Ch, ..18 50
Bapt S Sch, Hampton 13 52
Garrison M E S S, Keller 2 72
S Sch, Urbanna.. 2 00
Citizens, the Faculty & Students of the Va Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg 55 83
Ladies Bapt Miss Soc, Afton.....10 00
Cappahosic Epw Lea, Cappahosic 5 00

WEST VIRGINIA

Anderson, Wm .. 1 00
Arbogast, A L.... 25
Arbogast, M V... 50
Armentrant, A .. 25
Armentrant I D.. 1 00
Armentraut, Miss N 2 25
Arnett, J T C.... 50
Ayers, Jno 10
Ayers, K 10
Ayers, Thos 10
Bell, M M..... 50
Brenner, Mrs A M 1 00
Burke, Mrs T W. 3 00
Busey, Mrs Katie 2 00
Caraway, Mrs R. 2 00
Clendening, Mrs W C 10
Crim, Linnie..... 10
Cronch, M W..... 3 00
Daniels, Mrs E.. 1 00
Duke, Mrs M V.. 25
Ellis, Mrs..... 1 00
Fancher, Mrs R M 1 00
Flaharty, Mrs N C 5 00
Felty, E L..... 1 50
Fultz, Rev C W M 25
Gamer, G A..... 25
Gamer, Mrs Mag. 10
Garner, E S..... 10
Gary, J C..... 1 00
Gordon, J D..... 25
Groff, Mrs Elm... 1 00
Hall, M 10
Harbert, S 25
Hayslett, Mrs R.. 25
Herbert, J E..... 1 00
Herbert, Mrs 75
High, B F..... 2 00
Hudson, W J..... 2 00

WEST VIRGINIA—Cont'd.
Hume, L 10
Ice, Dorothy 2 00
Ice Susie 1 00
Kelly, Florence .. 1 00
Laise, Mrs W S.. 25
Legg, Miss Lollie. 50
Lensay, J P..... 10
McGammon, Mrs H L 1 00
McKeever, G S.... 10
McKown, Miss P. 1 00
McKown, Mrs S.. 25
Mahan, Annie, Bertha, Kate & Chas Edgar 1 10
McMillion, Jno .. 10
Manear, M 25
Melton, Mrs C & B E, M & J Meeker 5 00
Morgan, J B..... 25
Neel, Ella 5 00
O'Donnell, T 3 51
Peery, Mrs A M. 50
Raines, G 25
Sammons, Chas .. 50
Sammons, K 50
Sammons, Mrs M 50
Shaffer, E F..... 30
Skiles, F 50
Skiles, W 50
Sloan, E V..... 5 00
Stulting, C & G. 1 00
Sperow, P S 1 00
Sperow, S A..... 1 00
Stanley, Mr A.... 10
Steele, Mrs Ida... 25
Steele, T J 50
Stewart, E H 05
Stewart, Josie 01
Stewart, Tiva 10
Steward, W W... 10
Stover, Rev G W. 50
Strader, A 4 09
Stuckey, Dan'l ... 25
Stuckey, Wm 25
Taylor, M 10
Toothman, F S... 1 00
Tunstill, Mrs L S. 2 00
Thomas, E 25
Turner, J 25
Thomas, W H ... 25
Underdonk, Chas. 25
Wilson, F M, wife & daughter..... 2 40
Wright, C 20
Wright, D F..... 1 00
Wright, Mrs D F. 1 00
Wright, R 20
Wagner, B K ... 25
Wagner, Miss C... 25
Wagner, Mr C ... 1 00
Wagner, Mr C J.. 10
Wagner, Mr E ... 05
Wagner, Mrs E... 05
Wagner, Mrs H C 10
Wagner, H C 15
Wagner, J H 1 00
Wagner, Mrs L... 15
Wagner, R 05
Wagner, Z 05
Waller, Mr J T... 10
Walker, W S..... 50
Watkins, Almira.. 20
Watkins, Josie ... 10
Watkins, Kate ... 1 00
Watkins, Ida Mae. 02
Watkins, S C 01
Watkins, S E 05
Watkins, Z S 20
Weekly, Mr R.... 25
White, J B 25
Whitmore, Miss M 1 00
Wicklas, N O 1 00
Winpegler, Mrs S. 10
Woods, Rev F M.. 50
Woods, F M 50
Workman, Belle.. 05
Workman, Luna... 05
Young, Carrie L.. 10
Young, Dora B... 05
Young, James 10
Zuspan, Miss A... 20
Zuspan, Miss B... 25
Zuspan, Bertha... 05
Zuspan, Beulah... 05
Zuspan, C J 1 00
Zuspan, Ezra 25
Zuspan, Miss L.. 25
A B C, Keyser...10 00
——, Dillous Run. 4 25
Cash, Gerardstown 25
Friend, Greensburg 2 00
In Christ's Name, Woodyard 1 00
I H N, Chas City 1 00
I H N, Wheeling.50 00
School Children, Charleston 1 15
Matt 6:3, Plum... 3 00
Don Aten, Chestnut 35
U P Ch, Cross Creek 15 00
Collier's Assn for Relief of India Fund 9 60
R R Y M C A & Coll, Handley... 5 00
Nameless, ——.... 2 10
Friends, Romney.. 2 50
Friend, Summit Pt 50
I H N, St Marys..11 20
Readers, Ganley Bridge 1 00
School Children, Buchanan 1 30
Easter Offering P E Ch, St Marys. 7 80
Bethel B Y P U, Parkersburg 1 25
W Va Loyal Temperance Union, Elkins 1 75
Infant Cl M E Ch, Philippi 6 00
M E Ch S S, Philippi 5 00
Churches, Cairo...45 00
Epw Lea M E Ch, Philippi 7 00

NEVADA

S Sch, Paradise Valley 6 00

WYOMING

——, Marquette... 1 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Austin, Nathan... 10
Bartlett, L B G. 2 50
Bullan, Mrs M A. 1 00
Carr, H H, Utica 5 00
Carter, Mrs F.... 25
Grover, Mrs 05
Heustis, Mary ... 1 00
Martin, Lizzie ... 1 00
Milne, Maggie L, Eagle Bend 1 00
Osborn, M L..... 1 00
Pullar, C 25
Pullar, G 25
Pullar, O 25
Pullar, R 25
Pullar, W 25
Pullar, Mrs W... 1 00
Raymond, L E... 5 00
Smith, A 5 00
Sparks, Mrs R E. 50
Stanley, H..... 1 00
Taylor, M P, Phila 2 00
Intermediate P S, Vineyard Haven 5 25
Wainright, C 10
Wainright, Mrs C H 10
Wainright, Chas.. 20
Wainright, N 10
Wasson, Leroy S. 50
Wasson, Mrs M J 1 00
Wood, Mrs John, Lauark 2 00
Yarnall, E 1 00
Yarnall, M 1 00
Yarnall, W 1 00
Zuber, Mrs J..... 1 00
A B..... 25
A S B..... 1 00
C C L, ——..... 2 00
J E S..... 1 00
P P P, Montpelier 2 00
T D K, Eureka Junction 2 00
——, Chesaning... 3 00
Anou, ——..... 3 00
Anon, ——..... 2 00
Anon, ——..... 5 00
——, ——..... 35
Anon, ——..... 35
Anon, ——..... 1 00
Anon, ——..... 50
Anon, ——..... 2 00
Anon, ——..... 50
Anou, ——..... 20
Anon, ——..... 7 00
Anon, ——..... 2 00
Anon, ——..... 5 00
Anon, ——..... 50
Anon, ——.....16 00
Friends, Keyport. 4 25
A Friend, Manchester 2 00
Friend, Martha's Vineyard 2 00
A Friend, ——.... 1 25
Friend, ——..... 60
A Friend, ——.... 1 00
From a Friend,—— 1 00
A Friend, ...3 13
Friend, ——..... 1 00
Friend, ——..... 1 00
Friend of Missions, ——..... 50
Friend, Allegheny. 5 00
Friend S J E, Altamont 5 00
Friend, Hopkinton 1 00
From a friend, Johnsburg 1 00
A Friend, Lafayette 1 00
A Friend, Rochester 10
I H N, ——..... 2 00
I H N, ——..... 05
In memory of Carl & Esther, ——.. 2 00
I H N, ——..... 1 00
I H N, ——..... 3 00
In Memoriam, —— 1 00
Reader, ——..... 1 00
Reader, ——..... 2 00
Subscriber, ——... 1 00
Sndr, Elmira 1 00
Subr, Waupaca... 1 00
New Subr, ——.... 1 00
Sympathizers, —— 2 50
Two Sisters, ——. 1 00
For His Sake, —— 25
A Widow, ——.... 1 00
A Shut-in, ——.... 25
Two Bits, ——.... 25
A Christian, ——.. 40
A friend to the needy, ——..... 1 00
Widow & 2 dans, Pottsville 1 00
A Baltimore Lady. 5 00
A Follower, Lottsville 1 00
One who would serve Christ, Chicopee 1 00
Friend of Needy, —— 1 00
I H N, Grinnell. 25
Three Men, Ware 8 00
H Y Zero, ——.. 1 00
A sister in Christ, —— 2 00
To the Master,—— 1 00
John 3:16, ——.... 1 00
Subr, ——..... 1 00
Calman Pres Ch, Calman 4 50
Two Classes in Hill St M P S Sch, Newark 1 10
S Sch, Pioneer.... 50
Santiago S Sch, Mitchellville ... 1 50
Pres Ladies Ind Soc, Calman.... 5 00

Trouble in Ashanti

SERIOUS anxiety is caused by the peril of a number of English people and Swiss missionaries in Ashanti, where twenty-seven years ago there was a similar cause for alarm. Sir Frederick M. Hodgson, the Governor

EX-KING PREMPEH'S CROWN

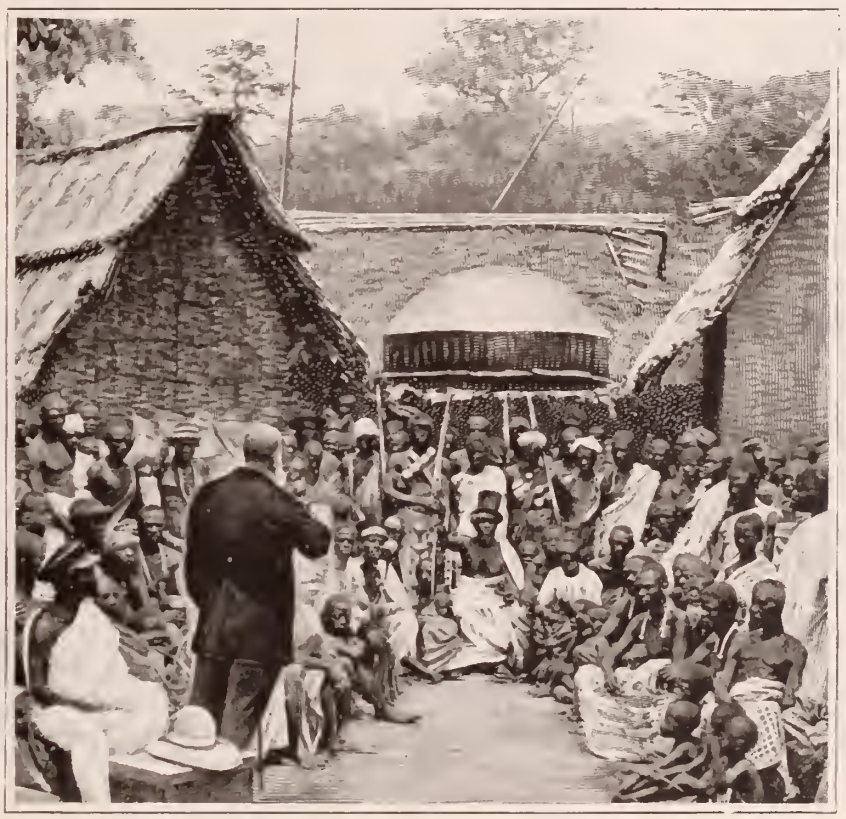
of the Gold Coast Colony, reported in April last that a hostile force of ten thousand men had surrounded the fort at Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti, in which eighteen Europeans, six of whom were missionaries, had taken refuge. Help was needed urgently, as the garrison of the fort consisted of only seven hundred native soldiers, under the command of Major Morris. Since that time a relief force has been trying to penetrate to Kumassi, but has encountered great difficulties. The native forces have been supplied by the French traders with modern guns and ammunition and are disputing the progress of the relief party. The natural obstacles, combined with the deadly climate, are enormous, and they have been increased by the crafty natives who have felled trees and used other means to prevent the advance. The bush is exceedingly dense and at this time of the year the ground is soggy with the heavy rains. It is known that more than one messenger sent by the governor has fallen into the hands of the enemy. A letter received from him on June 4, refers to former letters which did not come to hand. In the latest letter, he says that at that time the garrison of the fort had been put on short rations and that ammunition and supplies were growing scarce. What has occurred since that time is unknown, but the gravest fears are entertained. It is supposed that the hostile force consists of adherents of the former king, Prempeh, whose barbarities were of the most savage nature. He was subdued and made prisoner in 1873, much to the delight of his subjects, but his soldiery have always been restless and there has been much trouble in preventing them killing and robbing the people. It is conjectured that they have now risen against British authority, and having obtained arms from the French are bent on massacre. Of the six missionaries in the fort, three are women. One of them is Mrs. Ramseyer of the Basle Mission. She was one of the prisoners released by Lord Wolseley in 1873, after she had been brutally treated by King Prempeh. Many prayers are being offered that the relief force may reach Kumassi in time to save the lives of the little band. But God does not always answer such prayers. He sometimes allows his servant to die in his cause. But even then they are sustained by the assurance that he gives them:

What shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors (Rom. 8:35).

A Light and Dark Fence

Permission has been asked of the Department of Buildings in New York, to erect a fence eighty feet high, between two houses in the upper part of the city. One of the houses, a seven story apartment house, was built more than a year ago. The owner did not cover all his land, but left a space at the rear, of five feet, to give light and air to his tenants. The owner of the adjoining land on the next street, has now built on his land, the rear of his house looking on the rear of the one before mentioned. He appears to have thought that the five foot space left by his neighbor would be sufficient to give light and air to both houses, so he built on the whole of his land. The other owner thought that it was an injustice that he should have curtailed the size of his house and his neighbor should not have done likewise, but should have availed himself of the space provided for the advantage of the other house. Besides this, the new house had twenty-three windows in its rear, which of course are only five feet away from the windows of the other house. As protests were of no avail, the owner of the house first erected, proposes to remedy the injustice by the erection of a high iron fence on the extreme line of his land, which is not more than two inches from his neighbor's wall. He will have it painted white on his side and black on the other, so that on his side it will reflect the light and make his tenants' rooms bright, while it will be a dark and gloomy shade over his neighbor's windows. There will be some satisfaction in thus punishing his neighbor, but it can do him no good, and if he were imbued with the spirit of Christianity he would not erect the fence, for we are explicitly forbidden to retaliate on a wrongdoer or do anything spitefully.

Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded (I. Cor. 6:7)?



EX-KING PREMPEH AND HIS COURT GRANTING AUDIENCE TO A FOREIGN ENVOY

A Despairing Convict

The story of a convict who had lost heart and all ambition is told in the *Youth's Companion*. It was in the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., that the man was confined. From the time of his admission he was surly and morose. The rules of the institution were explained to him, and he was informed that all the inmates were clothed in red at their entrance, but that after a certain period of good behavior they had a suit of blue, which was a sign of promotion. After a still further period, if their record was clear, they were allowed to wear citizen's clothes. The convict listened, but made no response. He gave his name, but said it was not his right name. He would not tell that, nor would he disclose any particulars of his past life. Kindness had no effect upon him, and reproof seemed only to make him more stubborn. He was at last set down as incorrigible, and he remained one of the worst set, having apparently no desire to rise or to win the good opinion of the officers. They thought he did not care. But the man was taken ill, and it was soon evident that he would die. The chaplain went to see him and tried to induce him to seek pardon of God. Then his spirit broke down and he showed how much his disgrace had weighed upon him. As they listened to his dying words they heard him mutter: "I belong to the red; I wear the red." What a pity that even then he could not be induced to seek the pardon offered to such as he:

Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow (Isa. 1:18).

An Ancient Bell

A Connecticut journal calls attention to the existence of a remarkable old bell, which is in St. Stephen's Church at East Haddam, only a short distance from the Nathan Hale schoolhouse. It bears the inscription in Spanish, "Corrales made me in the year 815 A. D. The Prior being the Most Reverend Father Miguel Villa Murva. The Procurator being the Most Reverend Father Joseph E'Stivan." The archives of the East Haddam Church show that the bell was received early in the century as a gift from Willys Pratt, a ship-chandler of New York, whose wife was the daughter of Captain Oliver Attwood, of East Haddam. It appears that after the war in Spain, when Napoleon I. had sacked the churches of the country, a shipload of choice junk was sent to New York to be sold for anything it would fetch. Among it was the bell, then nearly a thousand years old. Its tone was still good, so Mr. Pratt, remembering that the church where his wife's family worshiped had no bell, bought it and gave it to the church, which has treasured it ever since. It is interesting to think of the events that have been celebrated with its sonorous tones. It was an old bell when the Spanish Armada set sail in Queen Elizabeth's time, and was old when Columbus departed on the voyage which ended with the discovery of America. If bells had spirits, as poetic writers have imagined, what a variety of events this bell could remember! What a contrast between the rejoicing over the sailing of the Spanish Armada and the peaceful calling together of a New England congregation! Yet the bell would give forth the same sweet sound in both cases. It is merely an instrument ready for the use of any who operate upon it. What a pity it is that preachers so often act in the same way, obeying the popular impulses, instead of their consciences, and preaching the thing that is pleasant to their hearers rather than the truth! The influence of such men is meaningless and devoid of benefit.

SIR FREDERICK M. HODGSON
Governor of the Gold Coast

Even things without life giving sound, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped (I. Cor. 14:7).

BRIEF NOTES

The World's Biennial Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is now in session in Edinburgh, Scotland. Delegates from every part of the world in which the Union has organized were expected to be present. American delegates have prominent places on the programme.

Fully eighty missionaries from many lands attended the meetings of the International Missionary Union at Clifton Springs, N. Y. Among the eminent men who addressed the first sessions of the Union were Dr. David Downie, of India; Rev. Peter Whylock, from Africa, and Rev. H. R. Worrall, from Arabia.

Rev. N. B. Randall informs us that his evangelistic meetings during the winter have been more successful than any in his previous experience. He is now resting for the summer at his home, 10 Girard Street, East Orange, N. J. Pastors needing a supply or assistance in revival work may address him there.

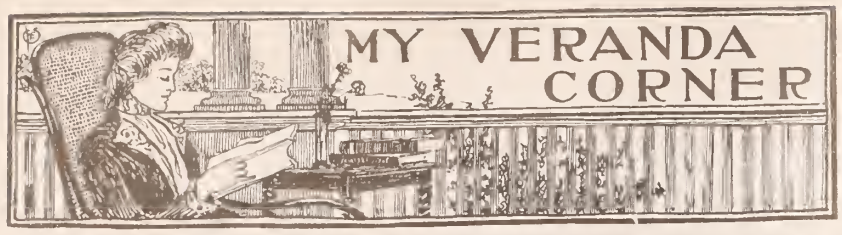
Dr. Geo. H. Dowkontt, who was stricken with African fever while laboring at the Philafrican station of Lincoln, has been staying with Dr. Walter Currie, at Cisamba. Dr. Currie is a physician who graduated in New York and is therefore capable of giving his old friend medical treatment. As Cisamba is nearer to the coast than Lincoln, Dr. Dowkontt will probably return home without going back to Lincoln.

Chaplain Charles C. Pierce, D.D., of the U. S. Army, writes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD while on the U. S. Army transport *Logan*, in the harbor of Honolulu, announcing his arrival at that port with his family *en route* to Manila, and thanking THE HERALD "for valuable aid tendered in the presentation of his work to the large army of THE HERALD'S subscribers and readers." The Chaplain's future address will be Manila, P. I.

The Muncie Bible Conference will be held at the Sanitarium, near Babylon, Long Island, N. Y., July 2-6. Many of the Niagara and Northfield teachers are expected to take part. Among the subjects on the programme are: The Inspiration of the Bible, The Atonement and Priesthood of Christ, His Coming Kingdom and Missionary Endeavor. Intending visitors should apply for rooms, rates, etc., to the Secretary, 119 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Paul Dwight Moody has been elected to the Board of Trustees of Northfield Seminary in the place of his late father. It was stated at the recent meeting of the Board that eighty thousand dollars has been subscribed toward the endowment fund. The current expenses of the year have been practically met, though the outstanding debts amount to about ten thousand dollars. The students, trustees and friends repaired to Round Top and held a service around Mr. Moody's grave.

One of the most remarkable revivals of this year is that which has just been concluded at Springfield, Mo. The meetings have been continued for five months with the interest increasing the whole time. Major Cole, who has had charge of the movement, has received cordial assistance and co-operation from the ministers of all denominations. In all 378 meetings have been held and no less than 2,750 persons have made profession of conversion. Major Cole expects to labor during the summer in Stone and Taney Counties and will probably begin revival work in Kansas City in the fall.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CONSULT THE MINISTER

IN times of grief, many of us are very thoughtless. This is never more manifest than in the usual custom of appointing the day and hour for a funeral service, without asking the minister what his engagements are, and whether the arrangement will be practicable for him. A minister is a man of many engagements, and it is not always easy for him to accept the hour which his parishioners appoint for a funeral, though, once they have announced it, he is left without a choice in the matter. If the family, who are plunged into mourning, stop to remember that though they are stunned with the blow they have suffered, yet the world's work must go right on as if nothing had happened, they will see that it is a wise and courteous precaution to consult the minister's convenience in this particular thing. Undoubtedly the presence of the pastor at the grave is a comfort, but in cities, where cemeteries are remote, and a half day's journey is involved in going to and returning from the grave, this service should not be exacted. The solemn words of committal to the earth's keeping, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," may be said over the casket while it remains in the home.

Most ministers object to funerals on the Sabbath, as that day is already filled with the sanctuary and Sunday School services. On the other hand, many families prefer to wait for the Sabbath, because so many friends are at liberty to attend a funeral on that afternoon or evening. On this mooted point, let me urge you, dear friends, to consult your minister.

Our Duty to Prisoners

No one can have read the touching words of a State Prison Chaplain in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 30th, without asking herself what duty she has to these unfortunate men. Convicted of crime they are, but many of them are by no means hardened criminals, and if they can be led to Christ while in prison, there is no reason why they should not take their places once more among self-respecting men. The trouble is that few of us ever really give them a single loving thought, or send a single real prayer up to God for them, while they are shut up in those grimly barred cells, and when they are released we do not trust them nor give them employment, and finding every door to honest labor locked against them, the released men are often almost forced back to a life of sin again. Especially is the case heartrending when the prisoners are boys.

Maude Ballington Booth, bless her noble womanly heart, is doing what she can to rescue the released convicts from further sin and shame. Others may do what she does. Many of us can send interesting literature, good books and good papers to the men in the cells. Let us not despair of any for whom Christ died. Let us not forget that this bright world has an under side of anguish and pain and humiliation, a woful side even in the deep shadow. When we pray, let us pray for the poor prisoner.

Mothers, Be Fair

I was spending a day with my cousin Jenny, a young cousin with three children. The baby, Ruth, was five years old, at once the despot and the darling of the household. "My dear," I said to Jenny, after watching Ruth's behavior one afternoon, "do you know that Lewis has had to leave his seat three times in an hour, move his books and papers, and go somewhere else. My little Lady Ruth wants his place for her dolly, or her tea party, or on account of her own restlessness, and she has no hesitation whatever in ordering him around at her pleasure. She treats Amy in the same way. It is absurd to let her domineer so, and bad for her disposition."

"The older should yield to the younger," said Jenny.

"Yes, but not to an unreasonable extent. It is wrong to make the younger a tyrant. Even-handed justice should prevail in a family."

Mothers, pray, be fair to all the brood.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR'S CHILDREN READY FOR THEIR DONKEY RIDE

The Little Arch-Duchesses

Recently, while the people were kneeling at communion in a Russian church, a workingman saw that his nearest neighbor, whose sleeve almost touched his blouse, was the Czar; and on the other side of Nicholas, was Alix, the Czarina. They had quietly walked into the church during the service, and remained to communion with the common people. They came and went, unattended, just like one of themselves. The story traveled far and near, going the rounds of all the European papers. For ages, Russia's rulers have gone among the people surrounded by guards and protected by every possible precaution. The present Czar seems to be changing all that, going constantly among his people unattended. His home-life is marked by the simplicity which characterized the manner in which he joined his people in worship. He loves to spend his scant leisure in quiet times at home with his wife and his little daughters around him. The Czarina is a model wife and mother: she is her husband's constant companion and his ever-welcome co-worker. Our illustration shows how the little arch-duchesses enjoy themselves at Tsarskoe-Selo, the Czar's summer palace. They have a very nice donkey, indeed; and their groom is very devoted to his little charges and very careful that no harm befall them on their rides. Olga, the older of the two, is much more accustomed to adventures donkey-back than her little sister, who is yet a bit timid. Tsarskoe-Selo is in the midst of the beautiful Duderhof hills. The town is surrounded by pretty villages. Many people from St. Petersburg spend summers here. The imperial parks and gardens cover 1,680 acres.

The Great Wall of China

China, so long stubbornly closed to the outside world, is rapidly changing, and a new China is bound to come in the course of the new century. Two hundred years before Christ, Chinese engineers projected, and Chinese laborers built, a stupendous wall to keep out Tartar invaders, piling it up brick by brick in massive masonry, to a height of eighteen feet, with a tower twenty-five feet high at short intervals. The foundation was of solid granite, and J. E. Emerson, writing in the *Scientific American*, says that to calculate time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as magnitude of the work is concerned it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The Pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it. In building this immense fence to keep out the Tartars the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save labor or expense. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, and every foot of the foundation is of solid granite. In some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank, or crosses a precipice where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but on the larger streams the walls run to the water's edge, and a tower is built on either side. On the top of the wall there are breast-works or defences facing in and out, so that the defender's forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to an enemy on either side.

THE CHILDREN COMING ON

O! the children, troops of children, ros
freckled, tall and short;
Children of the farm and village, of t
alley, street and court;
Children growing up like flowers, childr
growing up like weeds;
Children who must one day carry all the gre
world's pressing needs.

As I hear their merry footsteps, patter, clatt
past the door;
As I see them skipping, tripping, list them co
ning lessons o'er;
As I think how soon their childhood with i
joyance will be gone,
All my heart is full of blessings for the ch
dren coming on.

May they serve the dear Redeemer, give hi
of their first and best!
Hear His voice full early saying, "Come, and
will give you rest."
May they face the adversary fearless in t
might of love;
May they follow the great Captain, hold H
name all names above.

Father, in Thy ceaseless wisdom, in the da
light, in the dark,
Keep these hosts of children safely, each a
in Thy sheltering ark;
Father, as the swift years hasten, and we, ol
er, must be gone,
Grant protection, grant Thy guidance to th
children coming on.

About Foolish Marriages

A marriage which is contracted be
tween two sentimental and romantic youn
people, on the spur of
sudden impulse, and whe
they have no assured mean
of income, is always a ver
foolish one. Edgar an
Edith go with a number o
excursionists on a picnic
She is beautiful and dear
he is very much in love
and, so far as principle
and training are concerned
is a respectable youn
man. But Edith is a pen
niless girl, and Edgar doe
not yet earn enough to sup
port himself without hel
from his father. It occur
to these two that it woul
be a very pleasant thing t
marry, and, if they live i
a State where a license i
not a preliminary, off the
go to a convenient minis
ter, and the knot is present
ly tied which is to hol
them fast bound for life. I
can think of a half dozer
just such silly marriages
every one of which ende
in a very distressing stat
of affairs, not the least par
of which was the depend
ent position of the newly
married pair.

A girl or a man who is
worth loving is worth wait
ing for. There is no need
of waiting for wealth, but
marriage is not a mere
holiday jest; it is an earn
est and serious business,
and is the founding of a
home. The husband should
have steady work and
steady wages. The wife should be prepared in womanly fashion to make the most of the joint income. Children may come. That is the most blessed home to which they bring their sweetness, their cheer, their affection. But if they come, they will have to be raised and educated, and though the home be poor, it must not be penniless. Before taking an inevitable step, both maiden and swain should consider ways and means.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—MILTON. A family composed of such elements as yours is naturally inharmonious. You all appear to have strong wills and separate interests. Try, so far as you are personally concerned, to refrain from interference, and do not offer advice. Let the ladies settle their own affairs.

—CORA DRAPER. You are not responsible for the reformation of a bad man. Pray for him. You may refrain from offering him temptation. If you disapprove of his cigarette smoking and drinking you may say so, but as he is thirty-one and you are eighteen, I do not see the fitness of your spending your time with him. Leave him to your father, my dear.

Mrs. Gladstone's Death

ON the evening of June 15th, the bells of Hawarden Church rang muffled peals for Catherine Glynn Gladstone, who had just passed away. Two years ago, in the month of May, they

THE LATE MRS. GLADSTONE

tolled for her husband, the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man"; and friends who knew how perfectly they had been united in life, felt that Hawarden's bells, in this merry month of roses, albeit they rang so mournfully, signalled a happy reunion of two, who for fifty-nine years had been beautiful in their lives. "Whatever of success I have attained in my career has been chiefly due to the devoted comforter, counselor, and companion by my side," was the tribute which her husband paid to Mrs. Gladstone in an address to his neighbors in 1889.

Mrs. Gladstone was born Jan. 6, 1812, being the first daughter to Sir Stephen Glynn of Hawarden. Her marriage occurred in 1839. She was the founder and supporter of many charities, and was greatly beloved. She has had six children; her eldest son died in 1891, and her second son is Rector of Hawarden. "I desire to be buried where my wife may lie," was a special clause in Mr. Gladstone's will and in accordance with his wishes, arrangements were made at the time of his own interment at Westminster that his wife should be laid by his side.

A Pledge Remembered

A FEW months ago I was holding gospel meetings at S——, in the State of New York. I was introduced to Mr. S——, a business man of about sixty years of age. He was very sceptical concerning Christian character and bitter towards ministers. No arguments induced him to attend the meetings and no appeals seemed to soften his heart. Prayer was our only resource.

On the Sunday after the meetings closed he asked his wife, as she was getting ready for church: "How do I know that Christ is immortal?"

After the family had gone, he heard a voice saying: "You wretch! You deny your God! Do you remember thirty-six years ago to-day you promised God that, if he spared your life, you would serve him?"

When he consulted his records he found that, thirty-six years ago on that day, as he was going into a fierce battle in the Civil War, he promised God that he would become a Christian if spared through the fight. The incident affected him profoundly, and led him to give himself to God. His scepticism and bitterness at once disappeared, and in a few days he made a public profession of faith in Christ. DR. N. B. RANDALL,

East Orange, N. J. *Evangelist.*

Make the Tenement Children Happy

Do you wish to feel the exquisite joy of delighting the heart of a child? Send some poor, little starveling waif to our Fresh-Air Home at Mont-Lawn. A contribution of three dollars to the work covers the cost of a ten-days' outing and brings a world of exhilaration and pleasure into the heart and life of the waif who is the object of your bounty. We have thousands of such children clamoring for an outing in the green fields. Won't you help to pay for one? Send your gift to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

Contributions, Disbursements, etc., of "The Christian Herald Children's Home" at Nyack, for the Summer of 1899

DISBURSEMENTS

HOUSE FURNISHINGS AND FITTINGS		
Ernest Bros., for House Furnishings, etc	$94.59	
John N. Wesel, for Glazing, Painting, etc	143.53	
E. W. Devoe and C. T. Reynolds Co., for Paint	82.97	
Mayor, Lane & Co., for Bath Tubs	61.50	
Geo. R. Wyman, for Plumbing, etc	369.53	
John H. Post, for Carpenter Work	237.84	
Fred Wesel, for Awnings	23.00	
A. A. Vantine & Co., for Lanterns	5.16	
Townsend Bros., for Crockery	4.02	
John Wanamaker, for Carpet	45.60	
Harrison & Dalley, Dry Goods	77.75	
Miscellaneous Furnishings	32.95	
		$1178.44
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES		
Thomas Glynn, for Shoes	39.50	
I. Neisner, for Clothing	3 69	
I. Eisenstein, for Canes and Whips	30.25	
Thos. Floyd, for Fire Works	33.10	
Thos. Whittaker, for Books	7.53	
Laundry	219.07	
Miscellaneous	36.97	
		370.11
MEDICAL		
Dr. Emily Lewi	55.00	
Dr. H. N. Boyd	12.25	
Drs. Polhemus and Kline	6.00	
C. R. Christy, Druggist	3.65	
J. D. Blauvelt, Druggist	10.70	
		87.60
FOOD SUPPLIES		
Adams & Company, Butchers	321.57	
J. E. Morris & Co., Grocers	669.23	
M. Robertson, Baker	588.88	
Geo. F. Wood, Milk	402.35	
Henry Koehler, Butcher	95.19	
Randolph Bros., Groceries	74.31	
Leydecker Bros. & Co., Groceries	22.93	
I. S. Denton, Vegetables	20.20	
Miscellaneous Cash Purchases	57.04	
		2251.70
LIVERY AND STABLES		
E. R. Van Houton, Hire of Horses, etc	23.00	
Gaylor Van Houton, Stage Use, etc	52.00	
A. F. & J. H. Christie, Repairing Wagon, etc	126 25	
L. Mortensen, Harness	18.60	
Nassau Stables, for Horses	340.00	
Pye & Towt, for Feed	106.57	
T. Gaynor & Co., for Feed	54.13	
Thos. Ogden, for Blacksmithing	7.25	
J. D. Blauvelt, for Blacksmithing	37.15	
Miscellaneous	4.35	
		769.30
FREIGHT AND TRANSPORTATION		
North River Steamboat Co., for Children's Fares	347.55	
North River Steamboat Co., for Freight	35.47	
Matthews Express	8.00	
Traveling Expenses of Caretakers and Others	261.89	
Miscellaneous, Expressage	17.24	
		670.15
SALARIES AND WAGES		
Superintendent of Home	138.06	
Caretakers	442.41	
Watchman, Hostler, Helpers and Chores	604.34	
Clerks at New York Office	96.00	
		1280.81
MISCELLANEOUS		
W. H. White & Co., Coal, Wood, Lime, etc	51.26	
Nyack Ice Co., Ice	44 10	
W. W. Hinton, Stationery	6.59	
Blauvelt & Morrell, Insurance	22.50	
Geo. Hughes & Co., Printing	5.50	
F. J. N. Tallman, Piano Rent	45.00	
Dutcher Bros., Newspaper	5.90	
Telegram and Telephone Use	43.96	
Printing Circulars	14.50	
Legal Expenses, Incorporation Fees	12.10	
Stationery and Postage	29.44	
Moving Expenses from Mont-Lawn to Prospect Ground	75.00	
Preparing Prospect Grounds	519.17	
Cost of Composition, Paper and Printing in issue of CHRISTIAN HERALD, June 7, 1899	745.65	
Auditor's Fees	27.00	
		1617.67
		$8255.78
Contributions as per acknowledgments in Christian Herald		7598.74
Overdrawn during 1899		657.04
Overdrawn during 1898		861.93
Overdrawn as at Jan. 1st, 1900		$1518.97

PORTO RICO FLOOD FUND

CONTRIBUTIONS

As follows per acknowledgments in The Christian Herald:

Aug. 30, 1899		$204.00
Sept. 6,	"	682.20
Sept 13,	"	609.08
Sept 20,	"	744.22
Sept 27,	"	694.12
Oct. 4,	"	1,167.57
Oct. 11,	"	532.17
Oct. 18,	"	211.10
Oct. 25,	"	944.03
Nov. 29,	"	220.37
Jan. 10, 1900		719 04
Jan. 17,	"	822.96
Jan. 21,	"	968.87
Feb. 7,	"	858.64
Mar. 7,	"	8,717.52
Total		**$18,095.89**

DISBURSEMENTS

Cash paid to Government Committee (Mr. Warner Van Norden, President of National Bank of North America, New York City, Treasurer)	$16,883.63
Expenses—Auditor's Fee	10.00
Carried forward to assist in work of opening and conducting two native Sunday Schools in Porto Rico, under American missionary, supplying Gospels, hymns, etc	1,202.26
Total	**$18,095.89**

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home and the Porto Rico Flood Funds, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statements in every particular.

Sworn to before me this 19th day of June, A. D., 1900.

W. S. GUERINEAU NOTARY PUBLIC NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerineau
Notary Public

Louis Housby
Public Accountant,
718 Park Row Building, New York

Gladdening The Waifs

OUR Children's Home is now ready to receive its little guests. By the time this issue is in the hands of our readers, two hundred happy little waifs will be playing on the hillsides, in the fields, plucking daisies, listening to bird songs. They will be growing brown and strong. Last, but not least in measure of delights, two hundred hungry little folks, many of whom never had a square meal before in all their lives, will have eaten in plenty. Children who have been sleeping on the floors of crowded, stuffy tenement rooms, where their poor, overworked mothers have been washing, ironing and sewing all the day long, and where such poor fare as they have to eat has been cooked, will be spending their nights on comfortable cots in great, clean dormitories, whose wide windows let in the fresh air from the hills. Here is a letter from a little lad, who was at our Fresh-Air Home last summer, to Miss Barlow, his teacher:

Mamma has been very sick all winter, and was not expected to live. God restored her. I went to school for a few months after I came home from Nyack, but mamma lost her janitress'place and I had to leave school and go to work in a factory. I work very hard, but I get along pretty well with it. "Be strong in the Lord" is my favorite verse; it helps me to say it in hard times. I'm saving every cent I can get, after helping mamma, to try to come up to see you. But it aint any hardly. Never mind. If it's God's will I can come.

It cost just $3 last summer to give this worthy little laborer an outing of ten days, during which he learned the beautiful lessons of faith, hope and resignation which have sustained him during the winter, and which have inspired him to be so tender and helpful to his invalid mother. A friend has sent in $3 to give him another outing this summer.

Friends of children are writing from many states to assure us of their continued co-operation by prayer and gift in this beautiful work for little ones. One friend sends $5 and signs her name "Invested." Another friend sends $70 "for the poor little tenement children." E. H., Mariposa, Cal., $3 "for one child's outing."

Nelson Congregational Christian Endeavor, Ohio, $1: "to help your poor children's outing."——From far-off Cheyenne, Wyo., Miss E. McC. sends $6, that two little waifs may have a happy ten days in the country.——$5 comes, "In Memoriam," from Wallace Bay, Nova Scotia.——Miss Grace A. B., Pawnee City, Neb., sends $5.——L. V. O., German Valley, Ill., $5. "for the little ones."——S. C. R., San Jose, Calif., $1, "for the little children of the poor, given in the Master's name."——Mrs. E. M. R., Talladega, Ala., $2.50 "for the tenement waifs." So the little children of the poor living in sweltering tenements, where there is not even pure air to breathe, are being remembered by the Lord's followers north, south, east and west in our own country and across the border in Canada.

TENEMENT MOTHERS

IN sweltering alley and stifling court,
The pallid children cry;
And toiling mothers wearily ask:
"Must we watch our little ones die?"

"O, the day is long and the work is hard,
And we have no time to give
From earning rent and a crust of bread
To nurse them and make them live.

"And there's not air enough and to spare
For the children of the poor!"
And then—their faces glow with hope
For a "teacher" stands in the door!

"I am here," she says, "in the name of Christ,
"From a beautiful Fresh-Air Home;
"Where the blessed Master's rule is law,
"And he says: 'Let the little ones come!'

"There are woods and brooks and breezes kind,
"There are birds and fields of flowers;
"And we are the Master's servants there,
"And your children are His and ours.

"I will take your drooping little ones there—
"We will nourish and make them strong;
"We will make them bonny and brown for you,
"And happy as days are long.

"They'll come back well and helpful too,
"Take courage at our word.
"O, toiling mothers of the poor,
"Remembered of our Lord."

LAST DAYS OF THE PILGRIMAGE

AT DAMASCUS—AT CONSTANTINOPLE—OUR PILGRIMS SEE THE SULTAN—IN THE STADIUM WITH KING GEORGE

OUR party tarried four days at Damascus: Damascus, the ancient, invincible, perennial city; the bloody city where twenty thousand Christians were massacred in 1860; Damascus of beautiful gardens and groves and the famous rivers Abana and Pharpar. The home of Naaman, the temporary residence of Elisha and the spiritual birthplace of Paul. Monday we continued our journey toward Beirut, where the Beirut C. E. Society gave a reception to the pilgrims. The beautiful chapel was crowded, and refreshments were served, consisting of lemonade, cakes and "Turkish delight," after which Labil B. Jureidini, the president of the first Syrian C. E. Society said in brief: "On April 23, 1899, the Syrian C. E. Society was formed, and to-day, although a number have gone away, we have a society of twenty active members and sixteen associate. Your presence is a sign to us of God's encouragement."

On Friday we sighted Constantinople, and dropped anchor at the "Meeting of the Waters."

Through the courtesy of the U. S. Consul, and by payment of a fee, we were privileged to see the Sultan, accompanied by ten thousand soldiers and three hundred cavalry, on his way to the mosque. On his return he drove a most magnificent span of snowy white steeds.

On Saturday we started for Piræus, whence we drove to Athens where on Tuesday, April 24, a remarkable privilege was afforded the American party. At every Eastertide (the Greek Easter is ten days later than ours) the King, Queen and royal family review the young men of the public schools in their gymnasium drill at the Stadium. The American party were accorded reserved seats. The five hundred and forty performers marched around the great enclosure and took position. Stately King George, the beloved, with his Queen and the Prince Consort and wife, walked unescorted by any military bands or soldiery to the seats of honor. As they approached, forty thousand people arose and cheered. The Americans waved many American and Greek flags which they carried, and cheered the king, who seemed greatly pleased, for he smiled, touched his hat and bowed in recognition, upon which the immense crowd applauded the Americans, and the daily press spoke in glowing terms of the incident.

The American party were favored with a visit to the king's palace and gardens.

From Athens we made an excursion to Eleusis and visited the Temple of the Mysteries. We witnessed, too, a charming spectacle—twenty-two maidens beautifully attired, with hands joined, arms crosswise, shoulder to shoulder, making a long line, and slowly, methodically keeping step to the music of melodious voices. It was the famous Eastertide Festival.

On Friday, April 27, we started for Naples, sailing upon the waters of the Gulf of Ægina, the Isthmian Canal, and into the Gulf of Corinth, with snow-crowned mountains on the right, and on the left New Corinth, nestling by the water's edge.

Saturday, we reached Corfu, where King George's yacht dipped her colors as we passed. Our mail steamer was in haste, and on we sped to Brindisi where we just missed Dr. Klopsch, who had passed through en route to India. Taking an early train, we rode through Southern Italy, in and out among hills and dales, orchards and vineyards, cultivated fields and vine-clad hills. We are again in Naples. Since February 22 we have visited Alexandria, Cairo, the Nile to Assouan, Port Said, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Jericho, Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, Capernaum, Damascus, Baalbec, Beirut, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens.

Pictures sent give some idea of our life in the East. Mr. G. W. Geiser, Superintendent Lutheran Sunday School, Union Mills, Md., is the pilgrim at the Jordan's source; the pair in Bedouin dress are Mr. C. W. Shoemaker and sister; your correspondent rides the good steed which carried him 250 miles through Palestine; in Dr. R. W. Corwin's tent, Messrs. Chas. E. Brinkman and William H. Obert, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. W. O. Gladden, the "traveling farmer," are taking their ease.

Our party now has its face turned toward home. C. S. MASON.

AT THE JORDAN'S SOURCE

TWO PILGRIMS IN BEDOUIN DRESS

REV. C. S. MASON (OUR CORRESPONDENT)

ENDEAVORERS TENTING IN THE ORIENT

Great Care Required.

HOUSEKEEPERS must exercise great care in buying baking powder, for every kind of scheme is employed to sell the alum compounds, which your physician will inform you are poisonous to the human system.

Royal Baking Powder is well known as an absolutely pure and healthful cream of tartar powder. The U. S. Government tests show this, and also that it is greater than any other in leavening strength. Consumers who are prudent will make sure that no other enters into their food.

Do not, because the alum powders may be a little lower in price (though some of them are not), risk your health by using them.

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"Hat Bleach" cleans straw hats in 5 minutes. Makes an old hat look as good as new without injuring the straw or thread. Price per box (cleans 8 hats 25c. postpaid. The original Hat Bleach refuse substitutes. Agents Wanted.
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Prevents steam and odors. Whist blows when cooker needs more wat
Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, a other Valuable Premiums given wi order for Cookers. Send for illustrat catalogue. *We pay express.* Agents Wante
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Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets; a perfect fit and Nature's own remedy for backache, nervousness, indigestion, headache, liver and kidney trouble; complexion tonic, salve and soaps. Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes for falling Hair.
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Training Tenement Mothers

A Novel Branch of the University Extension Society's Work---Ignorance a Prime Cause of Child Mortality

"DOCTOR, surely you don't mean that there is any harm in a baby's own innocent little thumb?"

"Not as long as you keep it out of he baby's little mouth," says the doctor. "If baby is allowed to suck its thumb constantly, the thumb will become dwarfed and misshapen, the permanent teeth will stick out in ront from pressure forward on the gums, but, vorst of all, the child will get indigestion. The nilk will sour and be rejected, or it will form in reat curdy masses—as useless for nourishing he baby as so many marbles—so that a baby nay really be starving when it gets plenty of nilk."

Next the doctor explained how a bandage, f drawn tightly, will injure the heart, the ungs, and the stomach.

"Doctor, would you use soap on a baby?"

"Certainly; on every part but its face. Better use a washcloth, as a sponge soon becomes illed with decaying animal matter that has been thrown off by the skin. Use a separate loth for the baby's face, on which you never ut any soap, because if we get soap in its yes we cannot get it out. If we get soap in

A GROUP OF MOTHERS AT THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SOCIETY LECTURES

our own eyes the tears flow and wash it away, but a baby has no tears until it is three months old, and soap will injure the eyes."

A young baby should be fed regularly every wo hours, and at four months of age every hree hours.

"What food should a baby have the first day?"

"No catnip and molasses, gin and water, ennel, aniseed or camomile tea, sweet oil, ugar or butter; no little drops of whiskey to trengthen it. It is better not to give any of hese; the mother's milk contains all the food nd medicine the baby requires. Every child nust be weaned before it is a year old."

"Doctor," says a woman, "ask some one else. I could tell you all about it. I'm the mother of thirteen and I've buried them all but this baby. I've had experience, I can tell you."

"It is a pity you did not have a little before you lost all your children. This learning on our own babies is like learning to sew on our wedding dress."

"Doctor, did you say a child couldn't have pie, cake or candy?" a woman asks. "Indeed, then, I never denied mine anything. I have nothing to reproach myself with now that he is dead and gone. Many a time when he would wake up in the dead hours of the night and cry for pie I would make his father get up and go out and get it for him."

"We should never give a child anything that is bad for it, no matter how much it cries," says the doctor.

* * * *

The above are some of the questions that were asked and answered at the close of a health lecture, given by Dr. Delany, of the People's University Extension Society, at a mothers' meeting. In one of the photographs on this page is seen a typical group of mothers, many with two or three little children, for they must bring with them any who are too small to be in school.

There is no work more beneficial or far-reaching than that of teaching the mother how to care for her children and her home. One-half of all the children that are born die in infancy, and in the tenement district where poverty and ignorance combine, it is often as in the case mentioned above, "I'm the mother of thirteen, and buried all but this one."

The great advantage of the People's University Extension lies in the fact that it is purely co-operative. Missions, churches, settlements and kindergartens are all doing a grand work, but missionaries and teachers cannot all be doctors, dressmakers, cooks and trained nurses. To furnish teachers has been in hundreds of cases the work of the Extension.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the harmony that has existed on all sides. Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Evangelicals and humanitarians have all expressed the warmest appreciation for the assistance rendered to them by this society. It has on its staff of lecturers some seventy experienced workers, including Dr. Jane Robbins, of the College Settlement; Dr. Isabelle Delany, of Catharine Mission Dispensary, and Dr. Maria Vinton, of the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. Expert dressmakers, who understand cutting and fitting, have taught the sewing classes. This has been a great boon to the mothers.

The cooking classes (of which one of our photographs taken at a working-girls' club, is a good representation), are the special delight of the business men who have so generously aided this work. One of these patrons affirms that a large annual loss to his business through drunken employees might be saved if some one would teach the wives of workingmen how to prepare appetizing, nutritious food.

Another department of the work appeals to every one who has had sickness in the home. In the homes of the poor, not one in a thousand can have the services of a trained nurse. The mother must herself do all that is to be done, and many a precious little life is lost because of her ignorance. The Peoples' University Extension Society have secured the services of a nurse of wide experience, who gives to the mothers a course of lectures on home nursing, with practical illustrations in bathing, bed-making and diet for the sick.

Anyone who is interested in this work can secure the annual report of the society by writing to J. Eugene Whitney, secretary, 244 West Fourteenth street, New York. Those who are interested in some particular branch, can aid that part of the work exclusively if they so desire. Several branches besides those mentioned here, are fully explained in the annual report. Hundreds of applications for instruction are pouring in on the society, but it cannot undertake them unless there is a corresponding increase in contributions toward the support of the work.

THE COOKING CLASS AT WORK

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Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Democratic Convention, to be held at Kansas City, July 4, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Kansas City from all stations on its line at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold and good going July 1, 2 and 3, and to return until July 9, inclusive. These tickets will be good on all trains except the Pennsylvania Limited, and must be used for continuous passage.

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By brains, hard work and self-denial a man reaches a position of wealth and greatness.

Right then, by a natural law, the contrary forces set to work to tear him down, to prevent his getting too far ahead of the regular evolutionary development.

Think it over and you will remember your own and your friends' experience.

When fortune's face begins to smile, misfortune's iron hand appears, for the man yields to some or many of the "tearing down" forces—anxiety, worry, whisky, tobacco, lust, coffee, etc., etc. Health begins to leave and the man is unable to hold his lofty position.

Only the grim, determined fellows, who recognize the devils that would rob and slay him, and who sturdily and steadily refuse to allow them to work on him, are able to "stay great."

Is it worth while?

You are your own master and judge. You can kill them or you can yield, and they will down you.

A man says, "I can't quit."

There is but one answer: "Get down then to the lower place that the big crowd of 'commons' occupy."

It is only the "masters" who can remain masters.

Coffee is one of the most dangerous sluggers in the list, for it is veiled and seemingly harmless, but its mission is to weaken heart, kidneys and digestion, then slowly follows weakness of purpose and inability, and the victim, all unconscious of the reason, steps backward and downward from his hard-earned place among the great ones.

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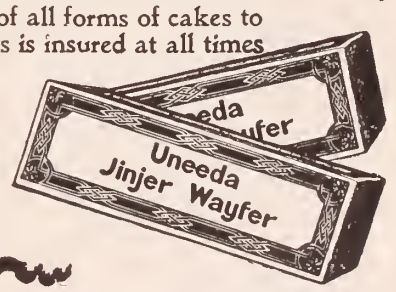

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In the Famine Camps

(Continued from page 537)

relief camp, and which were now being carried by these to the piles indicated in order to be readily available for the betterment of the roads as soon as the rains, which are now shortly to begin, have subsided. My heart went out for the delicate girls, from eight to fifteen years of age, carrying on their heads basins of broken stones and walking a distance of two miles in order to deposit them, with no chance for rest and not a particle of shelter along the entire journey. As we neared the camp we saw a great number of scantily dressed, emaciated men, divided up into smaller groups, doing nothing but complaining of the hardships of camp life, while the women and children were earning from one to two annas a day by working in the broiling sun with no shelter whatever from its deadly rays. Some women were sitting in the Oriental fashion on the ground; some of them with two or three of their children too young to work. They were evidently a very discontented lot; certainly they had not much in life to incline them otherwise. Their work was breaking the stones, which, when broken, the others put into the basins, lifted them on their heads and walked off to the heaps before mentioned.

The one thing which above all others stands out as a blot on the system which was operated in that particular camp was the employment of nursing mothers, many of whom I saw holding their infants with one arm while they were chopping stone with the other. Then the employment of women about to become mothers was another thing which seemed to me unpardonable, and yet I understand that these women would rather work than be idle. Their lot is certainly a very sad one, many of them having been deserted by their husbands. Their homes are broken up, work cannot be obtained and neighbors are too poor to contribute to their support. Even if the government was willing to give them daily rations without work, as it declares in the code under which the relief camps are operated, very likely they would prefer to work in the broiling sun in order that they might forget their troubles, rather than sit at home and brood over them. Then there is one other thing that impressed me painfully. It was the employment of children, especially of young girls, whose growth must be stunted by carrying these burdens on the head, whose organism must be disjointed and who must now be sowing the seeds of disease and unhappiness for the future. These three phases of camp life were very saddening, and the whole camp was so dejected, there was so much discouragement and so much complaining, that the very atmosphere became almost intolerably oppressive.

We went into the camp where very little children are kept, and I was glad to see that they looked fairly well cared for, and with a few exceptions quite contented. A number of them were blind, and of the others a large percentage was deformed.

Indeed, India seems to me a land full of deformities; humanity takes on the most fantastic shape. There are more varieties of form and features and dress in India than there are of character anywhere else in the world. On the whole, the children presented a satisfactory appearance, and I spoke a few words of commendation to the man in charge, and expressed a hope that should I have occasion to again visit the camp I would find the children in a still better condition. I asked him to show me the food which was dealt out to the children. He brought out a loaf of Oriental bread, which looked as though it was composed of oatmeal and sawdust, fried in the shape of a pancake, sour to the smell and disagreeable to the sight and hard to the touch. I asked him to let me have one of the loaves. He cheerfully consented, but intimated that two children would have to go without their ration in the evening in case I took a loaf with me—the supply was just enough to meet the demand. Not a loaf over in all the camp, and rather than deprive the children of a meal, I went without the loaf. This was my first experience, and I was told that the camp under inspection was a sort of a deserted camp, and that the management had not given satisfaction either to the Government or to the people. There were camps of this kind in the 1897 famine and it was remarkable that in every instance of harsh treatment of sufferers, the guilty officials were not Europeans but natives.

The Power of Little Things*

Great Movements that have Proceeded from Insignificant Beginnings

EVEN yet the power of small things is not realized. "It is only a child," we say, and we pass on, taking little account of the child's sayings or doings. Yet in that child there may be forces which shall yet startle the whole earth by a vast crime or a great benefaction. Perhaps if we realized that latent force better, we might do more to turn it in the right direction. But even now, before its development, there is a power in small things. The child may serve as an illustration again. Who that has been in a house when the advent of the first child of the family occurred, has not been astonished at the power the little creature wields. The whole house is hushed while it sleeps lest its slumbers be disturbed. The man who was formerly considered to be entitled to the first consideration is sent hither and thither, or waked out of his sleep to minister to baby's comfort. The most treasured possessions which no one was allowed to handle, are freely given to the baby if he desires them. He is monarch of the household and none are too oid, or too dignified, to be subjected to his service. And the effect of his supremacy shows his power. Who has not seen a rough, over-bearing man become gentle and kindly when his little child is put in his arms? The miracle of transformation of disposition, which no force nor argument nor appeals can work, is worked by a little child.

It is so in the material world. The little flaw in the iron beam, the little worm in the wooden beam, the little spark in the heap of straw, the little obstruction in the railroad switch: all these and many other little things are directly responsible for dire catastrophes. We know them and the evil they do, so we are not reassured by being reminded that they are little; we say there is a great power in little things. So in the spiritual world, though we are not so ready to recognize it there. The minister and the Christian worker know full well how a promising inquirer is held fast to the world and held back from Christ by some little sin which he ought to give up, but cannot. It is so small, such a trifle, that it is almost contemptible, but it serves the purpose. So in later life, some small concession to the world, some little indulgence, will bring a man of long experience under the dominion of evil and lead to the subjugation of his whole nature. Perhaps a great temptation would have been met and grappled with and overcome. All the forces of Christian character would have been summoned to the conflict, but this little matter enters unnoticed and does its fatal work. The story is familiar of the German infidel who had a great granite slab placed over his tomb and on it a blasphemous inscription implying that God himself could not disturb the grave. But the seed of a tree was in the mold and when it germinated and grew, not even the granite slab could resist the young life, but was pushed aside to make room for it.

In social matters, how the power of littles has shown itself! James Watt watches the kettle's lid being raised by steam, and all our system of travel is revolutionized. A child plays with some discs of glass and the telescope which reveals the mysteries of space comes to its birth. Franklin flies his kite in the thunder-storm, and electricity with all it has meant and will yet mean to the world, enters the field of usefulness. So it has been with great movements. The one poor man giving apples to children to come to him on Sunday afternoons to be taught is the germ of the Sunday School. The little prayer-meeting under the haystack is the beginning of the American Board's mighty agency in foreign missions. The one small circle of young people in Dr. Clark's church becomes the germ of the world-girdling Christian EndeavorSociety.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 8. Mark 4: 30-32.

So there is encouragement for the obscure worker in whatsoever field he may be. Small and insignificant service may be the beginning of great things. There is power in the smallest effort that has conscience and a true heart behind it. The one soul won may be the soul of one who will command the world's ear and sway the destiny of millions. Therefore, though our sphere be restricted, though our power seem small, though we ourselves be the smallest of saints, yet to us if the grace be given, may the honor come of doing some great work, or initiating some mighty movement.

The wee children of the tenements look to the kind friends who have remembered them year after year, to help them now. The hot days are here. Three dollars will give one child an outing for ten days in our Children's Home at beautiful Mont-Lawn.

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Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and safe cathartic.

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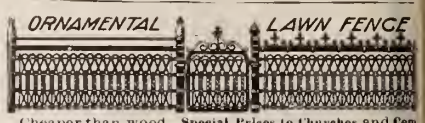

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TEDDY · A STORY OF THE FRESH AIR FUND

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

THE car stopped at Eighth street and into it scrambled and tumbled a throng of eager children from five to twelve years of age. Pallid with the polluted air of crowded tenements, pasty with lack of food, the little faces were yet bright with eagerness. Little hands, wasted and grimy, even after the unaccustomed wash, clutched their bundles as if they contained the treasures of the earth. All alive with anticipation of their ten days in the country, they yet made a pitiful picture of childhood, stunted in body and soul, cheated of its birthright of cheeriness and fun. So thought a young lady, daintily clad, as she turned away from the car that had not even standing-room for her.

Turning back to the sidewalk with her were two children, a girl of ten and a ragged boy as tall, but evidently not as old as his sister. The girl's old winter dress was faded and scanty.

"I'd have got on if you hadn't held me back," said the lad angrily.

"But they wouldn't let you go right off the street so. You got to have your name on the paper. The man read 'em out. I seen him inside the door there," pointing to the side entrance of the Bible House, from which the little procession had come forth.

"Don't care! Jerry Donegan just wint. He hadn't no name wrote down, nor no new shirt, nor nothin'. He just cut behind like I would, and when they got to the cars they let him in."

"But you wouldn't have a good time if you got it jest cuttin' behind."

"I would, and Jerry did. Why, Nell, there's grass! Can turn all the handsprings you like and ye can go in swimmin' and eat and eat much as ever ye can hold—and——" but a shout from other boys on the opposite corner diverted him from his grievance and set his bare legs flying.

"I'll be back in a minute, Nell," he shouted. The little girl's face took on an aged and worried look.

"Is he your brother?" asked the dainty lady, whose car had come and passed.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," murmured Nell, timidly, "and he's good, Ted is; he helps me a lot."

"Helps you! What can you do?"

"Oh, most all. I washes and keeps the place clean and makes the supper. Father carries his dinner in the pail, and," she added, as if answering an unasked question, "mother's been dead two years." The voice was gentle and the face sweet, but the little worried pucker of the brow deepened into a genuine grown-up wrinkle. "I must get Teddy now and hurry home."

"I think we are going the same way," said the lady. "Ted is keeping his eyes on you. If we move forward he will follow."

Nell looked as if that was too much to expect. Nevertheless they moved on side by side, and Teddy, attracted by the strange companion, was soon trotting on behind. He was a frowzle-pated, rough and tumble sort, not by any means a handsome lad, but Nell regarded him with more than motherly devotion.

"So you lost your chance of getting in to the country?" asked Miss Lee, pleasantly.

The boy hung his head as if he had been caught doing wrong. "'Twarn't no much of a chance You do have to have somebody to get your name in, and we ain't got nobody, Nell and me."

"Perhaps I could manage it for you. I know the people of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," said the lady, and Ted's face suddenly took a look which the cripple might have taken when he saw the angel descending into Bethesda. He only gasped, "Golly! Ye couldn't, could ye? for me and Nellie, too?"

"But I couldn't go," said Nell. "You forget, Ted, there's father."

"And how could you leave your sister to do all the work?" asked Miss Lee, greatly interested.

"Couldn't! Wasn't goin' ter!"

"But you were all ready to jump on the car, you said."

"No, no," broke in Nell. "He was only foolin'. Ted's good. He did all the scrubs this morning and helped me, oh, lots and lots. But he always goes down there the day the others start, and he wants to go too——"

"Sometimes we play make-believe we both go," broke in the boy, "and then we play what we will cook to leave for father, and once he said he could eat on the corner—and we could go."

"But—but—that wouldn't do," said Nell, a frightened look creeping to her pallid face. It was plain enough why she didn't like to leave her father to be fed at the corner, but she only said, "I don't want to go. I'm real strong, but it would do lots er good to Ted."

By this time the children had halted before the great barrack of a tenement, which was home to the countless ragged and dirty children who fairly swarmed the pavements and played in the vile-smelling gutters. With that true delicacy that will not intrude even upon a child, Miss Lee hesitated. She understood the look of shame and pain in the child's face, and knew she shrank from having her see the squalor of their home. Ted settled it by suddenly taking hold of Miss Lee's hand, and together they went through the narrow passage to the back yard, where the glare of the sun was diminished a little by the washing that swung from window to window of every floor. Under it to the rear building, and then up, up through such smells and such sounds of crying babies, and brawling women and drunken men as never had greeted her ears before.

. . .

A month later the loungers, men and women, on the piazza of one of the fashionable hotels of a northern Summer resort were diverted from their newspapers and their gossip by the arrival of a man, young enough and good-looking enough to prove an enlivening addition. Two days later he went away again, having indulged in neither drives nor dances, golf nor tennis. The hotel register said Horace Burt, M.D.

The Lee family, to which he seemed to devote himself, said nothing, and when he departed, the other girls said they "didn't believe but he came thinking Grace Lee was there with her parents," and all the more they wondered why she who in other Summers had been a leader in all their frolics, should have stayed away. Horace Burt had asked her father the same question, and got for an answer:

"The fact is, Burt, she's got the poverty craze; fairly bewitched with the slum children. I always kept her away from all such places. Didn't know but she might catch something or other." The doctor nodded a grave approval. "But this year a couple of little tramps got hold of her heart-strings and her purse-strings too, I fancy, and nothing would do but she must have the boy off to the country and make a kind of a little sister of the girl. She begged to stay at the Settlement in —— street for a while, and her mother and I had to consent. Thought she'd get enough of it in a week, but there she is, and that little girl just goes round with her, hunting out a lot of other wretched little beings, and getting them out into the country, where they have cottages and a matron and care-takers, and no end of food and fun for the youngsters. I'll tell her mother to read you bits out of her letters. Fact is, she's bewitched—fascinated by the the suffering she finds among the little children crowded in squalid cellars, with the gutters for a play-ground—sleeping on the steps or huddled in stifling rooms these broiling summer nights. It does seem awful, doctor, and I'm always ready to contribute, but I don't like the idea of my daughter making an orphan asylum of herself."

"Where did you say this Children's Home was?" asked the doctor.

"At Mont-Lawn, near Nyack-on-the-Hudson, under the control of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In recent years, Grace writes, they have given all that the country and home and love and care means to about thirteen thousand children."

"And yet," said the doctor, writing the address in his note book, "they are only a drop in the bucket, in comparison to the scores of thousands crowding the tenements of our congested cities. I'm not sure but Grace is right. If we care for the saving of souls, if we consider the future homes of the people, if we love our country, what better can we do than to train and save its children?"

"Yes, that's all so," said the old gentleman, uneasily, "and I'm willing to help it along, and my wife is reading Grace's letters to all these furbelowed women here, and they are interested too. The fact is, rich folks have feelings, if you only touch them right, and the meanest man in creation will do something for a suffering child. Trouble is they don't see the suffering, and so they don't think or know."

"Well, Miss Lee can be trusted to make them know the things she is finding out for herself."

"Yes, and I suspect you don't mean to discourage her much when you see her."

"No, I would help her if I could. Having your permission, I mean to win her if I can, and if I succeed, I believe the children will have two friends instead of one."

How he succeeded, and what the "two heads" that proved "better than one" devised for the comfort and joy and training of the children of the poor makes too long a story for our space, but the tale is one over which not only the children of earth but the angels of heaven rejoice.

A Christian Workers' Rest Home

Elim Home, at Bell Island, Conn., the Summer resting-place for Christian workers with limited means — is again open. The Home, which is pleasantly located by the water, and which can be reached in a ride of one hour and a half from New York, has been in operation for four seasons. During that time, a large number of Christian workers, returned foreign missionaries, city missionaries, and midnight workers in the slums, some of whom receive no stated salary, have enjoyed the hospitality of the Home, and have been greatly benefited by the change of air, the bathing and boating. Some Christian young women engaged in secular occupations, who were aiding in the support of widowed mothers and were also invited to enjoy the hospitality of the Home. A number of the guests are entertained without charge, it being the desire of the management to select that class whose limited means prevent them from having a Summer outing. A few generous friends have heretofore aided the Rev. Wm. James financially in meeting the current expenses of the Home. He now desires to enlarge the work and increase the number of guests, and he trusts that additional contributions from other friends may enable him to do so this season. Contributions for the work may be sent to Rev. William James, Bell Island, Connecticut (Rowayton P. O.), who will also be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning the work.

OIL AND GOLD MINES.

Visitors Speak of the Food Used.

Major Desborough, writing from Fresno, Calif., says: "I found Grape-Nuts food 45 miles in the mountains in an old oil camp, where the whole crowd, 10 men, eat it for breakfast every day, and every Sunday have it in a pudding for dinner."

General E. C. Machen, an old Confederate soldier, has just returned from an extended trip through the Southwest and along the Mexican border, investigating mining properties. He says: "No matter where I traveled, I always found it possible to get Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, of which I am very fond."

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is especially valued by campers and frontier people, as it is already cooked and ready for instant service, and being concentrated, furnishes unusual strength and nourishment, in a small quantity. It is believed that a man can travel farther and exercise more continuously on a few teaspoons of Grape-Nuts than on like quantity of any other food known.

The reason for this is that there are selected elements in Grape-Nuts that furnish direct to the brain and nerve centres the necessary particles to rebuild the delicate gray matter contained in these parts; therefore a man continuously fed on Grape-Nuts is absolutely certain of a good condition of the nervous system, which is really the controller of the entire body.

The story related by Miss Frances E. Harris, 301 Onondaga, Street, Syracuse, N. Y., fits exactly the cases of thousands of young girls of her age.

Weak and languid, suffering from nervousness and lack of blood, unequal to the slightest task. It is a disease known as Anæmia, a common ailment among growing girls. She says:

"When I was seventeen years of age I became debilitated and run down in health. I was extremely nervous, lost my appetite and my blood became so thin that there was no color at all in my face. Much of the time I was confined to my bed and was so weak that I could only walk a short distance. The least exercise would bring on shortness of breath and pain in side. Sometimes I could hardly breathe.

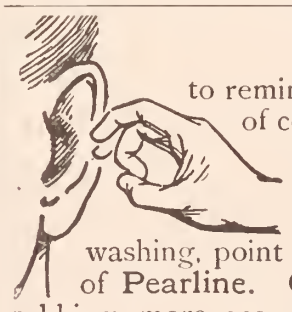
"I tried several different doctors without receiving any benefit. I also tried other medicines advertised to cure troubles such as I had but they did me no good.

"I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in the papers, and decided to try them. The first box helped me, and I procured some more. My appetite improved, my nerves became stronger, and within a short time I gained over twenty-five pounds in weight. My improvement continued, and in all I took a dozen boxes. When they were finished I was entirely cured and am in good health, have a good color and appetite and am as well as ever.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many others and will be glad to answer any inquiries if the writers enclose stamp for reply."

(Signed) FRANCES M. HARRIS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.



A fillip

to remind you that it's time to listen to the voice of common sense. It isn't reasonable to do your washing in the hardest way, when there's nothing to be gained by it. Compare soap-washing with Pearline-washing, point by point, and all the gain is on the side of Pearline. Greater ease and quickness, absence of rubbing, more economy. 585

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I have recommended your medicine to a number of parties in this city, who have had chronic rheumatism for years. One of them, a lady 68 years of age, is now doing her own work. So far your medicine has not failed to make a cure. * * *

In conclusion your medicine is just as represented, and has entirely eliminated the disease from my body.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 27

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Celebrating the Fourth at Our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn SEE PAGE 553

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Aug. 1

1. On being introduced to a stranger, when the stranger remarks: "I am glad to meet you;" what is the best form of reply?
2. Was the conduct of Esther in pleading for another day of destruction (Esther 9: 12, 13) worthy of commendation?
3. What is the smallest republic in the world and where is it situated?
4. Do evolutionists expect a higher order of beings will be developed, or that evolution has reached its limit?
5. What parts of the world are inhabited exclusively by men, and what part exclusively by women?
6. What is the origin of the military phrase to "give no quarter?"
7. Is there any way of explaining the miracle of the sun and moon standing still (Joshua 10: 12, 13), seeing that their standing still would not have the effect of prolonging the time for slaughter?
8. What is the history of the letter "J"?
9. When there is a labor strike, on a question of wages or hours, and men are wanted to fill the places vacated by the strikers, is the Christian workingman justified in offering his services?
10. When, where and by whom was the "Passion Play" originated?

Questions of the Week

1. What does the expression, "the Lord's day," in Rev. 1: 10, imply?

The first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, the anniversary of Christ's resurrection from the dead. On this day Christ appeared to his assembled disciples, and we learn from 1. Cor. 16: 1, 2, that the Christians observed the first day as a day of worship because it commemorated the greatest event in the history of mankind. In Acts 20: 6-11, we learn that the Christians at Troas made the first day of the week their date for public worship. The early Christian fathers say that Christians called this day "The Lord's Day;" and Pliny the Younger, near the close of the first century, wrote to the Emperor Trajan that the early Christians assembled for worship on "The Lord's Day," the first of the week. For nineteen centuries it has been so-called because of the resurrection of Christ.

ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

2. From what reputable institutions in the United States can degrees in art, science and literature be secured by correspondence?

There are several "correspondence" educational institutions, notably those at Dansville, Philadelphia and Scranton, which confer diplomas for successful examinations, but no high class educational institution confers degrees on non-resident students. The Correspondence College at Irvington may contemplate such action. Chautauqua confers degrees for certain special courses of study, which may be conducted by mail.

M. A. RENTON.

3. What is the origin of the expression, "to take a person down a peg or two?"

It originated in a curious custom among the old vikings. They were hard drinkers, and at their feasts would emulate one another in their capacity for strong drink, the horns or flagons of wine being measured off with pegs. These rude seafarers strove to drink down their comrades so many "pegs," which meant so much more liquor. At a given signal, all about the board would raise the immense beakers filled with wine to their lips, to the cry or toast, "*Gar-aus*," and quaff the contents. From that old Norse, *g r aus* ("right out,") comes our modern word, "carouse."

C. A. U.

4. In what way should our churches be sustained financially? Are "ecclesiastical entertainment" permissible as a means of raising money for church support?

In my opinion, our churches should be sustained by voluntary offerings. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Throughout the Bible, God's acceptance of gifts, whether for the Temple service or in apostolic times, seems to have been in proportion to the willingness with which they were offered. In Ex. 25: 1, Moses is told to accept whatever is "offered willingly with the heart," and in Christ's commendation of the poor widow who gave two mites the teaching clearly is, that it is the spirit in which the gift is made more than the value of the gift itself that makes it acceptable to God. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not," and so far is this willing spirit to go that we are even to provide in advance for our gifts. "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store," etc.

Ecclesiastical entertainments for raising money ignore this truth so plainly taught, being based on the assumption that we are not willing to give to God's cause without getting something in return for ourselves. So questionable a method of raising money has first an evil effect on outsiders, in that it leads to the belief that one branch of the Church's work is to make money and another to provide entertainment. A further argument against these entertainments—such as bazaars, etc.—is that they are not even conducted on sound business principles, which goes far to belittle the Church in the eyes of the world. Second, this class of entertainment has an evil effect upon the Church itself, as it brings to the front the members least spiritually-minded and gives them a controlling interest in its affairs; it diverts attention from the legitimate work of the Church; it arouses jealousies; it accentuates class distinctions; it places too much stress upon the value of money for conducting religious work; it cannot compete with similar attractions held by secular organizations; it obliterates the line that should always exist between the Church and the world.

I. H. ROBSON.

5. Is a preacher justified in introducing politics into his sermons?

A preacher must teach ethics—the science of human duty, social ethics, political ethics—else he is not doing his whole duty as pastor of a people. A preacher teaches through his sermons; he is justified in teaching all that makes men better, all that tends to uplift the body politic. He is not justified in keeping silent on questions of right and wrong. All great political propositions are moral questions—true or false, preachers must sift the wheat from the chaff but must not stoop to partisanship. Christ taught ethics in his sermons, *i. e.* our attitude toward our fellowman, as the necessary step to salvatian. Politics is ethics applied to national acts.

SARAH N. LYON.

6. Why do we make the rule to walk on our right-hand side, rather than our left, when on a thoroughfare?

Most of our social customs date back to the days of chivalry, and this is one of them. The helmet was removed in the presence of friends as we remove our hats to-day; but for the opposite reason and because the street was not always safe men chose the right-hand side to be able better to draw and use the sword in case of attack.

VIRGINIA L. PHILLIPS.

7. What is the origin of the term, "the three R's," as applied to the studies of reading, writing and arithmetic?

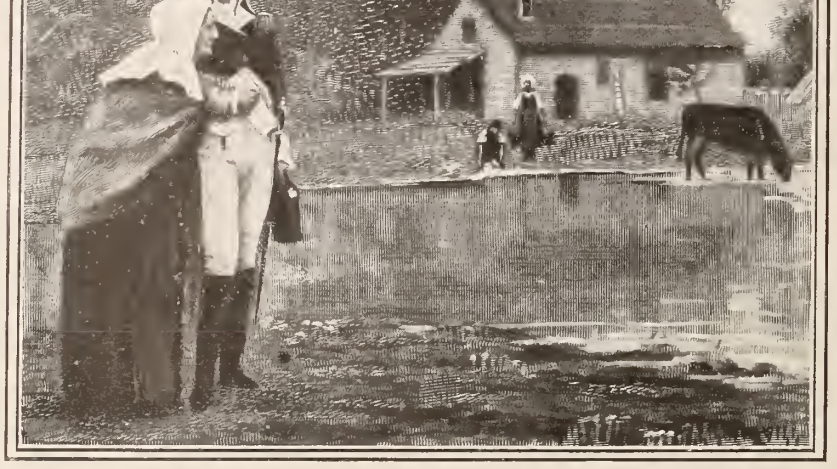
This phrase was originated by Sir William Curtis, Lord Mayor of London in 1795. A writer in *Notes and Queeries* says "I remember an aged member of the corporation, now deceased, asserting that Sir William Curtis—in the days when Dr. Bell and the Quaker Lancaster were pleading on behalf of increased facilities for the education of the poor—gave as a toast at a city dinner "The three R's." My friend assured me that Sir William Curtis, although a man of limited education, was very shrewd and not so ignorant as to suppose his presumed orthography was correct. He chose the phrase in the above form purely for a jocular reason.

NELLIE M. CUMMINGS.

8. May we suppose that the author of the Messianic Psalms was conscious of their application to the Messiah? Did he at all understand their prophetical character?

It is the manner of many Old Testament prophecies to have an application that is local and near, and another application more spiritual and remote. The author of the Messianic Psalms may have had some dim idea of their application to Christ, like Abraham, who saw his day afar off, like a star dimly shining on the far horizon of time. David's view of the day of Christ may possibly have been not so dim as Abraham's, but it certainly was not clear. How then did he use such graphic language about Christ as, for instance, when he says, "They pierced my hands and my feet?" Because David was a poet, and in describing his own case he used this strong figurative language. At the same time, the spirit was guiding him to use such language as would apply literally to him to whom all the prophets—consciously or unconsciously—bore witness.

REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.



GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

This photograph, from a famous painting, shows the first President on the occasion of a visit to the old homestead in Stafford County, Virginia. His aged mother leans upon the arm of her distinguished son, who regards her with loving reverence. Washington's love for his mother was one of the most beautiful traits of a character, which, as a whole, has deservedly challenged the esteem and admiration of the world.

God of our sires and sons, let other Washingtons
Our country bless,
And, like the brave and wise of bygone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies in righteousness.

9. Who was the author of the expression, "murder will out?"

In the *Nonne Prestes Tale*, by Chaucer, Chauntecleer is telling a story to Pertelote from one of the *gretteste of Auctours* (Cicero), in which two fellow-travelers find it necessary to lodge apart. One dreams that his companion has been murdered for gold, and, when morning comes, directly finds the body as he saw it in his dream, thus convicting the murderer.

"O blissful God, that art so just and trewe
Mordre wil out, that se we day by day."

MARION HORSFORD.

10. What are the seven so-called Bibles of the world?

The seven Bibles of the world are the *Koran* of the Mohammedans, the *Tri Pitikes* of the Buddhists, the *Five Kings* of the Chinese, the *Three Vedas* of the Hindus, the *Zendavesta* of the Persians, the *Eddas* of the Scandinavians, and the *Scriptures* of the Christians. The *Koran* is the most recent of all, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments and from the *Talmud*. The *Tri Pitikes* contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the *Five Kings*, the word "kings," meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed they were written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from sages on the duties of life, but cannot be traced farther back than the eleventh century before Christ. The *Vedas* are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era. The *Zendavesta* of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ. The *Eddas*, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was given to the world in the fourteenth century. Moses lived and wrote, as I believe fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ; therefore, his portions of our Bible are at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

ISABEL HOLLAND.

[Similar answers to the above have been received from Mary A. R., Mrs. James R. and several others, all evidently based on the same source of information].

Miscellaneous Questions

W., Turin, N. Y., writes:

In your reply to G. M., Patterson, N. J. (relative to a sentence which includes all the letters of the alphabet), you answer: "J. Gray, pack with my box five dozen quills"—33 letters. Please add thereto: "A quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog"; "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs"; "Quiz Jack, thy frowns vex G. D. Plumb."

Rev. Dr. R. Cruikshank, Oakes, Colo., referring to a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG, writes:

While hypnotism may possibly be used by the medical profession in certain special cases with propriety, yet there are at least two serious objections against public exhibitions of hypnotic experiments: First, nervous persons may be seriously injured by such experiments, and second, the practice of hypnotism for the sake of gain or amusement lies along and even impinges forcibly upon the border-line of quackery and imposture.

A. J., a prisoner in the State Penitentiary, Salem, Ore., writes:

The only chance I get to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is when I see copies one or two years old. I wish some of your subscribers in this State would send their papers here after they are through with them. It would do lots of good.

W. T. M., Buffalo, Pa. What was the amount of internal revenue derived by the United States Government during 1899 from spirituous and fermented liquors; also from tobacco?

Distilled spirits, $99,283,543.16; fermented liquors, $68,644,558.45; tobacco, $52,493,207.64. The increase over 1898 in these three items was as follows: Distilled spirits, $6,736,543.39; fermented liquors, $29,129,137.31; tobacco, $16,262,685.27.

Reader, Newark, N. J. Does the law make it necessary that a minister should put a ten cent revenue stamp on the marriage certificate?

The law does not specify who shall affix the stamp. It simply says, "Certificate of any description required by law not otherwise specified in this act—10 cents." The clergyman, the groom, the best man, the bride's father, any friend present, or even the bride herself may do so legally. It is altogether a matter of choice, but good taste would suggest that either the pastor or best man should attend to the matter.

M. T., Dillsboro, Ind. What is the correct pronunciation of the Bible name, "Esther?"

Pronounce it as though written "Ester."

M. D. M., Happyland, Ala. 1. Was Isaac Watts ever an infidel? 2. To what denomination did he belong? 3. What is meant in Psalm 106: 28, by the sacrifices of the dead?

1. No. 2. To the Independents or Congregationalists. 3. Sacrifices offered to lifeless, or dead, idols, in contrast to those offered to the living God.

W. A. S., Shreve, O. Queen Victoria's maiden name was Guelph.

A reader, Aronia, Pa. Your question has been answered in this department before.

Subscriber, Angus, Ia. Write to the mint or the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. John S., Elston, Mo. We don't know all the facts in the case, and therefore cannot express an opinion.

G. H. S., Chicago. "Quire" is a quantity of paper; "Choir," a body of singers. Anciently, the latter was occasionally spelled like the former.

Mrs. S. M., Calif. The case you mention only goes to show that a man's wife is more to him than all his kin. Yet even that fact is no excuse for injustice and ingratitude.

L. E. B. There are reasons why we do not care to answer your questions in THE MAIL-BAG Department. We cannot answer you by letter, because you failed to send your address.

Albert B., Roseville, O. 1. The prevailing opinion was that, if accepted, it should be applied to rescue and orphanage work only. 2. Yes, by the process of evaporation. 3. Charles Brown, now dead.

THE CITADEL OF PEKIN BOXER PRISONERS WEARING THE "KANJO" THE FRENCH LEGATION AT PEKIN (DESTROYED)

By Permission Collier's Weekly

POWERS UNITE TO RESTORE ORDER

CHINA A PREY TO ANARCHY

GREAT ARMIES TO QUELL THE BOXERS

CHINA'S rebellion is proving a tremendous surprise to the foreign powers. Instead of yielding quickly before the attacks of trained troops, the Boxers, with the imperial Chinese troops as allies, have proved themselves able to repulse any land attack they have encountered up to the present time. The secret of it all is that China learned a lesson from the war with Japan. For over three years she has been accumulating modern rifles at the rate of 500,000 a year; and she has also secured, through what European agency is not made clear, a large number of Krupp guns of heavy calibre. Her troops, and especially her artillery, show the results of European training. In conjunction with the Boxers, they have proved an overpowering obstacle in the way of the repeated attempts by the foreign forces to relieve Pekin and Tien-Tsin. Admiral Seymour's mixed relieving force of 1,500 men is now said to have been cut to pieces before it could reach the capital, and the little detachment of 130 Americans and 400 Russians, sent from Taku to succor the foreign garrison at Tien-Tsin, was surrounded by 20,000 Chinese troops—regulars and Boxers together—armed with repeating rifles and rapid-fire guns. The little force, under Major Waller, was compelled to retire precipitately to avoid utter rout. As it was, four American marines were killed and seven wounded. The Russians are said to have suffered heavily. Another international relief column, 4,000 strong, have started from Taku for Tien-Tsin.

Chinese claims say the Boxers in North China alone number over 3,000,000. What they lack in military training they make up in sheer force of numbers and in their ferocity against all foreigners. Thousands of the Boxers have been slaughtered by the defenders of the foreign quarter of Tien-Tsin and also by the international forces at Taku and in the various engagements that have taken place; but these losses do not seem to have produced any discouragement, for the Boxer hordes are steadily multiplying and threaten to overrun the whole Empire. While the foreign fleets are unquestionably able to control the seaboard, it is clear that only powerful armies, equipped with all the modern enginery of war, can hope for a successful campaign on land against such gigantic numbers as the Boxers can put in the field. At this writing, all the foreign powers are ostensibly working in harmony for China's pacification; but it is, nevertheless, apparent that the ruling passion for territorial gain must sooner or later declare itself. All the powers are now hurrying forward preparations for putting large forces in the field and also for increasing their naval strength in Chinese waters. Our own government has ordered 4,500 soldiers under Gen. R. H. Hall, from the Philippines to Taku, and Admiral Remey will assume command of our squadron in Chinese waters. Russia is putting its Eastern Siberian army on a war footing. Germany, France, Great Britain and Japan will also put large forces in the field.

TIEN-TSIN, WHERE 1,500 FOREIGNERS ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN MASSACRED

It should be recorded, in justice to our own Government, that, while it is taking ample measures to protect Americans and American interests, it has declared emphatically that it will have no part or share in a war of conquest, and will agree to no policy which aims at the dismemberment of China.

It is significant that, while no word comes from any European or American in Pekin, Chinese sources of information appear to be intact. Minister Wu of the Chinese Embassy at Washington, has received assurances that the foreign legations in Pekin are safe, including U. S. Minister Conger, and the French Minister. Shanghai advices say the Dowager Empress decreed the slaughter of all foreigners, but there is a strong hope that such reports may prove to be exaggerations. There is also hope that Li Hung Chang's visit to Pekin in the interest of peace may produce good results.

Nothing is yet positively known regarding the safety of the various parties of missionaries in the disturbed provinces, but it is not improbable that some of those devoted workers have fallen victims to the fury of the Boxer attacks on Tien-Tsin and the capital. There are rumors of 1,500 foreigners having perished in Tien-Tsin alone; but no details have been received, and there is still ground for hoping that the disaster may not be so serious as it would appear from native rumors. That city was subjected to a continuous bombardment for several days with forty-five heavy Krupp guns and the foreign quarter is said to have been practically obliterated. It is specifically stated that the American consulate and the British and French settlements were levelled. Prince Tuan led the Chinese attack, with 40,000 troops including artillery. The second relief column has now probably reached the city.

METHODIST MISSION HOUSE, TIEN-TSIN (PROBABLY DESTROYED)

A SCHOOL FOR NATIVE CHRISTIANS, TIEN-TSIN (PROBABLY DESTROYED)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Best to Come

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, John 2: 10 . . . . Thou hast kept the good wine until now

THIS chapter invites us to a marriage celebration. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hot-house. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not a sufficient supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water-pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then he waves his hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first-rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine he makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water-pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it, and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle: "The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven and of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that he will take care of you and feed you.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, "Yes; you seem very poor." He says, "I am very poor." She says, "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said, "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust him and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping, go to him; he will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women, weak and nervous and exhausted with the care of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed his first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think, certainly, they must have had enough for half the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on and he gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine. It is just like him—doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full: notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics; Oregon forests. Does he go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them: they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grapevine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf in the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the grave. Does he go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full; pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, heaven for all: not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight, and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry, "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say, "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven?" Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark, further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with his own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the Cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas-tree this coming holiday, because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing upstairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

O, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather, be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding his own grief, and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that he wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear-skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference except that which the gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise he would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, he supplied it; and so, I take it, he will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink: there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven. Though tribulation and trial and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark, again, that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did he not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when he did come in, at the hour of extremity, he made first-rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O, wanderer, come home; I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care;" but before you had got through making the resolution, it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to his disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes, and the stimulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," he will say, "Take hold of my arm;" and we will take hold of his arm, and then he will put his foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down, deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry, "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, and pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out, "Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both his arms about us, and set us on the beach far beyond the tossing of the angry, seething billows. Jesus in the last extremity!

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding-ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out his hand, and the Church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then he shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom! But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and, "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and the banqueters will drink. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

"The Fourth" at our Children's Home

★ ★ ★ A Joyous Host of Little Tots ... Jubilant Patriotism and Grateful Hearts ... A Day of Rare Enjoyment... ★ ★ ★

ANOTHER Fourth of July at Mont-Lawn, the beautiful and beloved fresh-air home of our little tenement waifs, has come and will be celebrated with royal enthusiasm. What a day of delights it is to these poor children, to whom such ays are all too few and far between! In he gray dawn teachers are up decorating he buildings with red, blue and white, and tarry bunting. It is lovely to watch the hildren's surprise on awakening to find heir home so bright and beautiful. As oon as their eyes open they ask, "Teach-r, dey says you gives fire-crackers on de o'rt: is that so?" "Yes." "Teacher, m I goin' to get a pack of fire-crackers." Yes." Then a chorus, "Me too!" "Me oo!" "Me too!"

Children of many nationalities are pres-nt: and the American child, born of merican parents, wants to impress little taly, Syria, Ireland, Germany, France, nd other countries, with the importance f a Fourth of July; and teachers want o make the little aliens feel that their ew country is theirs and must be loved, nd its institutions revered. After the re-crackers are all gone, and the beauti-l lawn a perfect litter, the little men nd women anticipating their afternoon arade and visitors, work like troopers, icking up the debris. There is no need f compulsion. "It's our Home!" they y, proudly, "Our company is coming."

Fourth of July dinner is a glorious feast: ncy roast, fresh vegetables from the arden, bread, utter, milk, fruit nd pie, is the ill-of-fare to hich the hungry ost, after sing-g their little ymn of thanks o God, do full istice. Many of hese children arely sit down o a meal at table, r have enough to at at any one me in all their ves before com-ng to Mont-Lawn: and the apidity with hich edibles isappear before eir inroads on rdinary days is eyond the im-gination of ose who have ot witnessed it: n Fourth of uly, the scene eggars descrip-ion.

The Flag-Drill and Salute

Visitors come rom far and near o witness the fternoon parade nd flag salute and evening programme. he children greet their guests with joyous heers and the sweet, spontaneous hospi-ality natural to childhood, but which the ass of these little ones have never in all heir lives before been privileged to exer-ise. They are ready for parade, faces lean of fire-cracker powder, hands wash-d, hair combed, and—Oh, joy of joys!—rrayed in good, clean clothes, the gifts of any kind friends. A long, glad line it is f happy, grateful little lads and lassies n pink, blue, red, green, and yellow resses and blouses, waiting for the dis-ribution of small flags that are to be iven them. It would make any patriotic eart beat quick to see the eager look of nquiry and desire change to one of pride nd joy as each little one receives its flag ntil every child has one, and the ban-ered line marches, kindergarten tots eading, and all singing:

There are many flags in many lands.
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white and blue.

The flower-like chain weaves "in and out and roundabout" over the lawn, and draws at last a charmed circle about the big flag floating from a stately flag-pole on the noble terrace overlooking the river. By this time "America," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the whole cluster of patriotic songs have been sung, and the children are back again to the "Flag Song"—"There are many flags in many lands." All around the big flag they stand, two hundred children, in double and triple circles, waving their little flags and singing at the top of their voices. Presently they drop like a garland of flowers on the green grass and listen to a few tender, patriotic words, at the end of which they rise and salute the flag, bringing their little hands to their heads and then to their hearts as they utter the words pledging their faith.

Ice-cream and Fireworks

About five, a tea of bread and butter, berries and milk is greatly enjoyed: then the little people scatter about the grounds at their own sweet will, talk to their visitors, cheer all the carriages that come and go, and listen to stories, swing in scups, and every few minutes ask Housemother Collins: "When's next parade?" Presently the bell rings: the little drummer starts a merry rat-tat-tat: blue, pink and red dresses and blouses, with gold, brown and black braids, and curls flying above them, flock pell-mell into line, clamoring for flags: the garland of human flowers repeats itself and settles on the green—pretty enough to tempt the very bees! The crowning glory of the day has come—a treat of ice cream! All are served: nobody is forgotten. Every little face is in full view of the visitors, who are prone to observe: "Did I ever know before what a pleasure it is to eat?"

One of the children's greatest joys that day consists in dispensing the hospitalities of their Home, one feature of which is the serving of ice-cream to their guests. Poor little ones! Many of them never experienced before a single sweet privilege of hospitality. After the cream comes the evening's climax of delights, the fireworks, always the personal gift of Dr. Klopsch, and who, though far away, remembered Mont-Lawn's children this year. As the rockets cleave the sky, a chorus of "O-oh's!" and "A-ah's!" almost stuns the ears of grown-up company who have to laugh at the eager outburst from the little men and women, who almost tumble over each other in expressions of wonder and joy. When fire-wheels and fire-fountains have flashed themselves out, and the last rocket dies a brilliant death in the evening sky, the children are dismissed to their several dormitories, where, after words of thanks to God, and of petition for Divine blessing on all the friends who have helped them to their outings, the little ones sleep the sleep of tired, happy childhood. Many a boy, when he comes to manhood, will look back to this glad Fourth of July as the day of a whole life: the day when patriotism, hospitality and Christianity were revealed to him as beautiful truths and living privileges. That it is the delight and privilege of the law-abiding, Christian citizen to love one's country, is exemplified to them in a Fourth of July at Mont-Lawn, as years of preaching and teaching could not exemplify it.

AN INTERESTED GROUP IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN——GOOD TIMES UNDER CHERRY-TREES

Our front page shows our happy host, just as, marching from their patriotic recitations in the chapel, they turn their faces to greet the big flag as a pair of proud laddies run it up. Another—an everyday scene—displays a bit of our farm and vegetable garden, where some little folks have a good time every day pottering about in the wake of the gardener and his assistants, and of one of our teachers, who is an enthusiastic botanist, seizing every opportunity to show the children through nature's beneficence the wonderful hand of their Heavenly Father. Of our older boys, a number are acquiring some knowledge of farming and a taste for it through this very practical and attractive agricultural school, as our farm and garden might be called. The cherry-trees are a source of never-ending delight; first by the fruit, now by the leafy shade. It was so pretty to watch the little ones catch the scarlet treasures as they fell that grown-up visitors did not disdain to join in the sport. That cherries, apples and peaches grow on trees is a new discovery to some of our poor street waifs, who never saw fruit before except on push-carts and in grocery stores. "I t'ought apples growed in boxes," lisped a six-year-old maiden, her wonderful eyes uplifted to the miracle of apples on trees.

Will You Help?

Hundreds of poor, tattered, hungry tenement waifs are waiting eagerly for their turn to go to Mont-Lawn. Will not you send one? It costs only $3, which covers transportation both ways, food, shelter, clothing and caretaker's attention for ten days. Can you not interest your friends in this beautiful work? For $36, twelve poor children—a whole colony—can be made happy, and the very lives of some of them may be saved by the outing your kindness provides.

The following extracts from two letters recently received at this office show the character of the beneficiaries of our Fresh-Air work:

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Will you be so kind as to take a little girl eight years old to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fresh-Air Home in the country? Her father dead, her mother lying very ill and cannot recover, I brought this little one home a few days ago and have made some clothing for her. It would be a blessing if you could give her a week in the country. She has never seen the country; never so much as a park. She is a real bright and obedient little child.

Of course this little maid was received. Mrs. St. James, missionary, wrote:

Most gratefully will I bring twenty-five children to you July 2. I may now satisfy the demands of the little folks who have been coming to my door every week during the past winter to ask: "When is that boat going to sail?" or "When is that country going to open?" One of the little girls who has begged so hard to go—offering to wash dishes or to do anything in return for the privilege—awoke one morning a short time ago to find her poor mother lying dead by her side. The woman had supported her large family by washing. Last summer she coveted a "whole Bible, like what was read out of at Mont-Lawn;" I saw that she got one, and great was her happiness. The little Steinbreckers' father died lately; their mother last summer. The poor wasted old grandmother begged me last week to try to "get them away." It is such a blessing to these poor struggling women of the tenements to have their little ones safe out of the streets; to have them fed, sheltered and cared for; the respite from their never-ceasing anxiety, given them through your Fresh-Air work, is a godsend. The Lord will reward THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers.

These contributions for our Mont-Lawn Work have been received:

Prev. ack	$2,709.50	Stern, Mrs A J	1 00
Blauvelt, Emma, through	10 00	Stevenson, Mrs B F	50
Bliss, Mrs G L	3 00	Taber, Mrs M.	5 75
Brookman, W	2 50	Thompson, Alpha	3 00
Brooks, Matilda	1 00	Walker, Edith	10
Colvin, Wm & Ray	1 00	Wedemeyer, Lydia	1 00
Connell, Sarah & V	12	Wedemeyer, O	25
Curtis, Mrs H D	6 00	F O C & EMC, Lowell	2 00
Dowden, Mrs F M	1 00	Lissa B, Monmouth	3 00
Finlayson, C & J	50	J A W, Tidioute	5 00
Forbes, Mr & Mrs W D	5 00	L P M, Tunnehill	1 00
Girod, I	3 00	Q X Z, Pawtucket	6 00
Goodrich, Nellie	10	—, Birmingham	6 09
Graham, R	1 00	—, Georgetown	5 00
Griffiths, O	15 00	Friend	3 00
Hart, Mr & Mrs H	3 00	" Durham	3 00
Hirsch, Mrs J	50	" Evansville	3 00
Hunn, F L	10 00	" N Y City	3 00
Huntington, H	1 00	" Paterson	3 00
Igon, J	6 00	" Republic	15 00
Jackson, Emma	3 00	" Sand Coulee	3 00
Jenkins, Trixie	10	" Waynesboro	6 00
Johnson, Mrs L H	3 00	" Brooklyn	3 00
Johnson, N	3 00	I H N, Dalton	1 00
Lansaw, Jessie	10	" Heislerville	2 50
Leach, Coy	10	In mem'y of Louis P Tibbals	6 00
Little, Mrs & Mary	12 00	In mem'y of Howard Rushmere & Emma Appleby June, Bklyn	5 00
Longstreet, J A	3 00	Sub'r, La Crosse	3 00
Miller family	18 00	Unnamed, Monroe	10 00
Morgan, Le Roy	5 00	2 Dorcas sis's, Edgeley	50
Mulford, Mrs J E	10 00	3 sisters, Bishop	2 00
Needham, Anna	1 00	K Ds, N Newport	3 00
Needham, Mrs E G	2 00	C E s, St. Paul's Luth ch, Allentown	3 00
Nathan, A J	2 94	Loyal Cir K Ds, Immanuel Bapt ch, Albany	3 00
Northrup, A	2 00	K D Do What You Can Cir & others, Cedar Falls	5 00
Oliver, Mrs S A	3 00	Total	$2,994.15
Palmer, W S	9 00		
Rushmore, Mrs R	3 00		
Sherer, Mrs J W	2 00		
Smith, Mrs J P	3 50		
Smith, Lillie T	3 00		
Stade, A	50		

All contributions to the work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Paris

OUR first mornin' in Paris dawned clear and beautiful. 'Tain't often I do it, but I put my cameo pin on before breakfast, thinkin' that I could not assume too much grandeur for the occasion. The pin wuz clasped over a little bow of red, white, and blue, and in that bow and gray alpacky dress I looked exceedingly well and felt so.

Josiah put on a neck-tie bearin' all the national colors, with more flamin' stars on it, I guess, than we've got States, but I didn't censure him, knowin' his motives wuz good.

We all had comfortable rooms to the tarven that Robert had engaged months before. We wuz layin' out to all go to the Exposition together, but jest as we wuz startin' a friend of Dorothy's come to see her, and so she and Miss Meechim wuz belated, and when Dorothy wuz belated Robert wuz, too. They didn't know but we would want to wait till afternoon to begin our explorations together, but I sez to Josiah and Arvilly, "Under the circumstances I don't feel that I can delay a minute, we can start on and they can jine us in the afternoon. Arvilly wuz dressed in black throughout; I hinted to her she ort to wear some badge in honor of the day, and she retired to her room and appeared with a bow made of black lute string ribbin and crape. I felt dretful. I sez: "Arvilly, can't you wear sunthin' more appropriate to the occasion?"

Sez she, "I know what I am about," and her looks wuz such that I dassent peep about it. But mebby she meant it for mournin' for her pardner, I dassent ask. Josiah wuz readin' his Guide Book as earnest as he ever searched the Skripters, and he sez, with his finger markin' the place, "Where shall we go first? There is one place I won't go to and that is the Avenoo of Sufferin'; I suffer enough to hum."

A Patriotic Visit

Sez I, "If we are good Americans there is only one place we could think of visitin' first, and that is the United States Buildin'." Josiah still read on, and Arvilly looked onbelievin', but I sez, "I am willin' to see all the works of art and beauty and industry in France and every other foreign nation, but," sez I, strikin' my umbrell down kinder solid, "I am bound to start out right; I shall pay my respects the very first thing to the United States." Sez I, "If you've got any principle and patriotism, the time to show it is when you are in a foreign land. This is our uncle's birthday, and I lay out to hold up his respectability and dignity jest as fur as I can," and I glanced complacently at my cameo pin in the lookin'-glass.

Sez Josiah, still perusin' his guide book, "I should kinder like to go first to the Hotel of Invalids; I'm more'n half sick, I feel real mauger, and of course they will have everything fixed up there that sick folks would relish—chicken broth, jell, milk porridge and mebby biled dinner and apple dumplin's."

Sez I, "Biled dinner would be splendid food for invalids, wouldn't it? But you hain't got it right. It don't mean sick folks; it means a place, a palace." And agin I sez, "You can do as you've a minter. Josiah and Arvilly, but I shall go straight as my nose can lead me to the United States Buildin'."

Sez Arvilly, "Do you mean the exhibits of the United States?"

"No," sez I, "to his private house; it will be expected of me—the eye of the world is on me—and I lay out to conduct myself accordin'."

Sez she, "I shall switch off into some other country when we get there; usin' me as he has, he won't expect any compliments from me, or get 'em."

Sez I firmly, "I shall pay my respects to him the first thing."

Sez Arvilly, "I shan't pay any respects when I hain't got any; I don't respect him and he knows it," and Josiah stood ready seemin'ly to jine in with her; I felt dretful. I lifted my eyes to heaven and sez, "What would our old four fathers say if they hearn such talk! Jest think how they tended that dear old creeter, Uncle Sam, when he wuz a puny, weak little thing not expected to live; they rocked him in the cradle of liberty, covered his scrawny little limbs with the folds of our glorious flag, fed him and brung him up till he is stout and strong and has his feet on every shore. And now two of his own children hain't willin' to help keep his birthday, when the hull world is proud to celebrate him."

Sez Arvilly, "You don't like all his doin's any better than I do."

Sez I with dignity, "My own folks don't please me every day in the year, but I think my eyes on 'em, and even if we had jest had a spat, I always stand up for 'em before company. Uncle Samuel is my folks, and I hain't goin' to lower him down before foreign nations by not tendin' his doin's; no indeed!"

Sez Arvilly, "It is out of our way, it is way beyend Turkey.

Sez I firmly, "I can't help that; I can't help it if the Turkeys do feel slighted, I shall do as I said."

Tommy, who had been readin' with his grandpa, had kinder got his mind sot on goin' to the Place of Carousal, he likes to see cuttin's up and goin's on like any other child, but standin' firm as I did they agreed to follow my plan.

Well, when we emerged into the open street we see that it looked brighter and gayer than Jonesville ever did on any Fourth of July. The atmosphere seemed charged with gaiety and brightness, and it swep' clost about you and your sperit jined in and wuz gay too, and bright and boyant. Josiah, who still had his specs on and consultin' his guide book, sez, "The main entrance is near the Place of Concord."

"Well," sez I, "that sounds first rate, peace, harmony, we will seek that entrance."

"Yes," Arvilly sez, "if there is such a place on this quarrelsome earth I want to see it."

Josiah as a Linguist

Well, we hired a cab driver to take us; I didn't know what we should do to make him understand us, for I spozed, livin' so fur off, that he hadn't had our advantages and wouldn't understand good Jonesville talk; but Josiah who always rises to a emergency, sez: "You know very well, Samantha, that I have studied French ever sence we left the Holy Land. I am abundantly able to talk to the man in his own language; I will astonish you."

Sez I, "Oh, don't, Josiah, I would ruther walk than be astonished by you, fur ruther."

"Never willin' for me to show off," he murmured. "But I will show off!" sez he fiercely. "I will talk French to my own pardner anyway! Parly voo Fronsy! Steel blue plate? We, we!"

Sez I, soothin'ly, layin' my hand on his shoulder, "You can talk French, Josiah, and you shan't be disputed."

An Artistic Idea

"Or," sez Josiah, brightenin' up under my praise, "if he is so ignorant he can't understand my conversation, I can draw a picture of our necessities; I can engrave you and Arvilly and Tommy and I in a cab and show it to the man."

I sithed deep and sez: "Le's try common English first. And, to our relief, the man talked it as well as we did, only with a strong Irish brogue. Well, he deposited us only a little ways from the great beautiful entrance to fairyland. There are over thirty entrances, but bein' bound to start right, we entered the great monumental entrance. And we found it exceedin'ly massive and grand-looking, risin' up as it did from the beautiful green foliage. There seemed to be four arches, one immense one and three smaller, but all overflowin' with beauty and grandeur, ornament on ornament, but jinin' graceful, and as if they ort to be where they wuz. Above the arches is a big dome with the arms of the city of Paris. And I wuz glad enough to see on top of the hull thing a statue of Peace with a olive branch in her hand. I loved to see her there, but Arvilly and I both said that we did wish that men would spend some of the time they take a carvin' Peace and paintin' her and sculpin' her, to try to help the poor critter to be somebody and amount to sunthin'. As it is, they must know she is a perfect underlin', kep' down and trod on by the great, brutal, noisy villain, War.

Josiah remarked here that it wuz no place to eppisode in such a time as this, and he drawed off my attention by saying, "Do look at that freeze." And it wuz grand and inspirin'-lookin'. On each side wuz the Workers of the World; them who with hard hands and bent backs carry the burdens of the world wuz bearin' to this Universal Exposition the offerings of their labor. Some on 'em had on their shoulders the implements of farmin'; some carried heavy beams of wood; some had big baskets of fruit on their poor, patient backs; some wuz trundlin' big iron engines; some leadin' horses by the bits, but all liftin' some burden that helped the world—old men, stalwart manhood, and—alas!—young ones, too young to be weighted down by such burdens. But all

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"ANON WE COME TO THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE"

on 'em—the hull procession—wuz marchin' along with strainin' sinews, their steps keepin' time to the anvil of Labor, rung out by Necessity, and in their faces and steadfast eyes wuz the firm resolve, the sad patience of the toilers of Life.

Sez Josiah as he looked on: "What a oversight it wuz that I wuzn't took loadin' a milk-can or drivin' home the cows! That cow duz look some like old Line Back; but how much nobler I should looked leadin' her onwards, and how much France would have prized my liniment!"

I looked up at that great procession of Labor and sez: "It makes me feel bad agin to think that some of the money spent in deifyin' Labor wuzn't spent in helpin' it with its hard struggle with Greed."

But agin Josiah snapped me up real snappish and sez: "This is no time for metaforin'! I believe you would eppisode on the way to the stake or the gallowses." Sez he: "Do look down that beautiful street!" And indeed it wuz a inspirin' spectacle. Beauty, grandeur and exquisite taste, hand-in-hand, had erected these beautiful buildin's. It wuz a site worthy the attention of the world, and I wuz glad to see that the World and his wife and the relations on both sides wuz there to admire the seen with me. We santered along, seein' enough on every side to make hull days of conversation and description to Sister Gowdey, if I ever see her. Anon we come to the Alexander III. Bridge. It is magnificent; it cost a million dollars, and I wouldn't build it a cent less, nor Josiah wouldn't; we couldn't afforded it, specially if we boarded the holds the first place. It stands at the entrance gate of our nation."

"That is so," sez she, "and our country sends the Liquor Power ahead like a carrier-dove of the fallen angel pattern, a sort of carrion dove, into all our new possessions and territories; why should I shrink back from passin' its headquarters on our way to the United States Buildin'?"

A Ramble Amid Palaces

Arvilly has got good horse sense if you manage her right. And though she did kinder shy off as we passed the place of the great wine exhibit, she didn't falter. Italy, we see, lived in splendid style; I guess she has the handsomest house of any of the nations; it wuz a big long buildin' full of winders, and sort o' lifted up in front some like a big crown, all embellished with stained glass and ornaments, and way up above the double or thrible rows of windows and the crown, wuz a big shinin' dome with a cross on top. Real parabolical for the meetin'-house in the habit of rulin' Italy, and I guess lays out to right along. But to resoom, I had always liked Turkey moderately well, and 'tennyrate I wuz glad they wuz able to have all the peaks and towers and minarets and scollops on their buildin' that they wanted onless they wuz onreasonably fond of 'em. It wuz decorated beautifully inside, and there wuz four bazars where you could buy all sorts of Oriental goods and Turkish tobacco if you wanted it. Lots and lots of Turkeys wuz santerin' round there, as well as folks from every other country on the globe.

I spozed mebby Uncle Samuel's private house would be bigger than any minister's or lawyer's in Loontown, but, good land! the hull inhabitants of them two towns could be accommodated there with plenty of room for Zoar and Shackville folks. It wuz a noble lookin' buildin' and up in plain sight in a alcove on the second story wuz our own noble hero, George Washington. He wuz settin' on a big white horse holdin' up the stars and stripes, and right opposite risin' up out of the railin' that run along in front towered up another immense flag, so we walked along between the folds of Old Glory. Way up above George Washington on the richly ornamented ruff that arched over his benign person stood the Car of Progress bein' drawed along by prancin' steeds and a female goin' ahead tootin' on a bugle. She looked some like Arvilly, and I believe acted some like her; she toots loud to attract attention, and gits stuns and dirt cleaned out of the way of the wheels of Progress. And way up on the very peak of the shinin' dome that surmounted the main buildin' I wuz glad to see our eagle stand a flutterin' out his wings in jest as noble and independent a way as if he wuz in Washington, D. C. He stood high, he could look down on the Star and Crescent and minarets and hooded eagles, etc., etc.

It made me feel good, but not hauty. And our Stars and Stripes wuz wavin' out everywhere blue as the sky, rosy as the fresh light of mornin', and white as purity, and inspirin' strains of music wuz ringin' out, and as I walked along I stepped high and held my head nobly on my shoulders. It wuz my eagle that waved his wings aloft; it wuz my country's flag that wuz wavin' out in the fresh morning air; it wuz "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," that the band wuz tellin' on in loud sweet notes. I felt dretful well, and my pardner lifted up his head and his hand and kep' time with the music, and onbeknown to her I see Arvilly reach up sarahuptishusly and take off the crape bow and put it in her work-bag. Inside Uncle Samuel's house wuz all gladness and rejoicing. The rich dresses and uniforms showed out splendid aginst the soft green walls. I wuz glad to see that the Americans wuz all able to git out for they wuz all there, or so it seemed to me, and from every other country on earth. But Josiah and Arvilly and Time wuz passin' along impatient and drawin' me and Tommy along with 'em. We went through Austria and Hungary and Herzegovina and Bosnia at a pretty good jog. Duty demanded a longer stay in Great Britain, and I would pay more attention to 'em whether or no. Their national buildin' looks first-rate; it is copied from a old, old English mansion; I believe it wuz in the time of Queen Anne, or it might be Sally Ann, my memory hain't what it wuz, 'tennyrate Ann knowed what good houses wuz if she drawed up the plans. It stands a little back from the water and is a grand commogious mansion with plenty of gabriel ends and dormer winders and everything else it needs for its comfort, and a high sort of a closed-in piaza with a railin' runnin' along on top and deeped arched doorways goin' under it and lots of folks walkin' along on top and the British flag flyin' as it had a perfect right to on its own private house, and the British Lion appearin' here and there big as life, a roarin' I spoze more or less at France, mebby resentin' things that they had flung out about the Widder Albert lately, and her folks, and mebby visitin' back and forth with our Eagle.

International Amity

They are real friendly now and scream and roar at each other more amiably than they used to, though I spoze inside they still keep up their different naters. It is the lion's nater you know to kinder rule things and switch his tail and step high, and the eagle's nater to screetch loud and flutter her big wings, and show off her Liberty feathers. But they keep in their sanguinary feelin's, if they have 'em, and appear real good and you'd think they loved each other like brothers. It has a picture gallery worth a week's study, containing pictures by Gainsborough and Turner and all the best artists. I could see that the hull kingdom sot store by this buildin' for they wuz the most of 'em there.

Belgium we found wuz built some like the English pavilion on its foundations, but it soared up on one side considerable like a steeple with a high peaked ruff and lots of pinnacles with lace-like ornaments. Norway with its red walls and graceful shape looked well, but what they had so many green fishes on it for I don't know; Josiah thought they probable raised 'em and wished he could git a few to stock the Jonesville creek with.

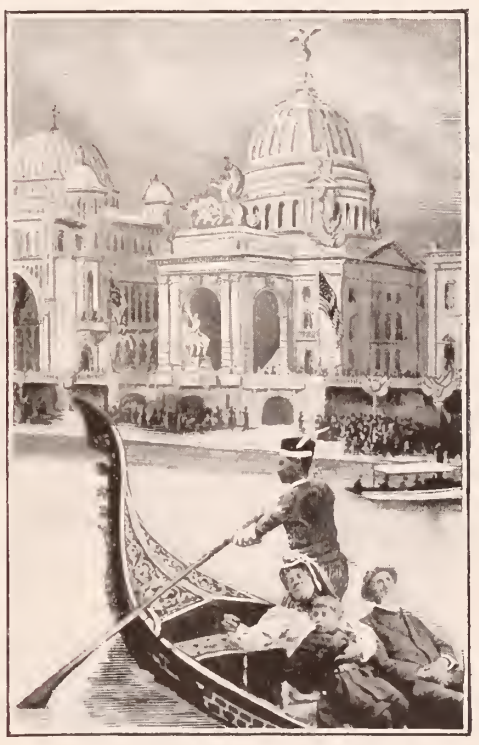
Germany, with its red ruff and bronze turrets, looked solid and handsome, some like a mectin'-house with a big high steeple pintin' way, way up two or three hundred feet kinder tapei in' off and trimmed with stun open work. You see rare treasures of art in Germany sent by the Emperor William, paintings, tapestries, etc. We stayed round there for some time, thinkin' that it would be expected of me, and so I did and would in Spain, though by this time Josiah had got real hungry and wanted to hasten on to Greece (I d'no but the name made him think some of fried cakes), but I sez solemnly, "I shall stay here quite a spell; this is the country that the man sailed from to discover us — do you realize it?"

And he sez, "If he discovered me now, he'd discover a man most dead with starvation." I took two cookies from my handbag and gin him and calmly looked round and took notes of the buildin'. It wuz good-lookin', two stories high some of the way and part four stories, with beautiful big arched windows and embellished and ornamented off, so that it compared favorably with the buildin's round on the outside. Though its underpinnin' didn't seem very solid to me, it looked sort o' open work and as if a big storm might tottle the hull thing down. There wuz a inner court-yard, and a splendid show of tapestries inside, shrines, candelabras, armor, relics, etc., some on 'em sent by the queen. Sweden, with its high steeple all ornamented with wood-carvin', presents a curious and interestin' appearance with its towers, domes and belfries; inside its walls are covered with rich lace and embroidery and some of the most wonderful wood-carvin' that you ever see, and there you can see women makin' the lace and other manufactures of Sweden. Greece and Servia looked first-rate outside and on the inside, and so did Rumania and Persia, Peru and Portugal. I paid attention to the hull on 'em in this section, knowin' the eyes of the world wuz on me and I wuz expected to do the fair thing by the hull on 'em and not make 'em feel hurt by my neglect. After a little rest, and seein' we wuz so nigh, we fell in with Josiah's idees and sought the Hotel for Invalids, though I knowed he would be disappinted when he got there.

(To be continued).

THE ORIENTAL QUARTER

JOSIAH HIRES A COACH IN PARIS



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Ministers Human

CONGREGATIONS sometimes mourn over dull preaching when themselves are to blame. Give your minister more beefsteak and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood, and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain food. These early ministers were not invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big feet of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles, at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers, but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscles and phosphates for the brain and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work.

Failing Rich

THERE are men—you know them and I know them—who are sailing yachts, and driving fast horses, and holding membership in expensive clubs, and owning country seats, who would not be worth a dollar if they returned to others their just rights. A crash comes, and there is a reverse, and the man fails, and he retires from the world, and seems about to go into monastic life; but in two or three years he blossoms out again, having compromised with his creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regrets—and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first chapter of prosperity is that in his picture gallery now he has Raphaels and Murillos instead of Kensetts, and his horses go the mile twenty seconds sooner than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat he has three. I have watched and I have noticed that nine out of ten of the failures in what is called high life leave men with more money after the failure than they had before, and that their failure is only a stratagem to get rid of the payment of honest debts and to put the world off the track while they introduce a more stupendous swindle.

It is most appaling that these things are possible. I blame, first of all, directors of banks and boards having in charge great financial interests. It ought not to be possible for the president of a bank, or the cashier or any officer to carry on a swindle in an institution, year after year and year after year without detection. If a swindle go on one year, two years, three years, four years in a moneyed institution, the directors either have part in the infamy and pocket their share of the theft, or they are guilty of a negligence for which God will hold them as responsible as he holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have our large business men to allow their names to be advertised as directors, so that the unsophisticated put their money in the institution, or buy the scrip thereof, when the directors do nothing for the safety of that institution? It is a deception appalling and monstrous, and in the name of God and the rights of men I denounce it.

Many with small surplus and with money not needed for immediate use, but which will, after a while, be indispensable, have no friends capable of advising them, and in consequence they take the moral character of men advertised as directors. And there are people who say: "I don't know anything about these things, but there is a man who is in that board of directors, and there is a man, and there is a man, and I know they are all good men, and prosperous business men, and they would not have anything to do with that which is dishonorable." When the bank goes over, then the small earnings and the fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged go with the bank, and the directors stand with idiotic stare, and when the inquiry is made by the frenzied depositors and stockholders, and when outraged community arraigns them the directors say: "Oh, I thought it was all right; I didn't know there was anything wrong." They ought to have known. They stood in a position where they deluded the public with the idea that they did know, and that they were carefully observant of what was going on. Advertised as directors, they did not direct.

Railroads as Educational Centres

THE farmers of the West are receiving great educational benefits through the railroads. Under the general freight agent of the road, there is an agricultural agent, a poultry agent, a superintendent of dairies, a land inspector, a traveling commercial agent, buyers, salesmen and so forth. These officials give lectures on soil, nutrition, vegetable-growing, trade shipments, poultry-raising, cattle-feeding and other kindred subjects. This work has been going on only seven years and to-day most of the railroads west of Chicago and St. Louis are engaged in it. They secure the co-operation of the U. S. Agricultural Department, have land tested, recommend it for that which it is especially suited, encourage people along the road to engage in raising what will be most profitable, and thus enrich both themselves and their patrons at one stroke.

Diet Affects Character

AMERICAN breadstuffs and American meat transported in such large quantities must have its effect on European character. All careful observers know that what men eat mightily affects their character. The missionary among the Indians, compelled to live on animal food, gets some of the nature of the Aborigines, whether he will or not. The Anchor Line of steamers going to Glasgow take great cargoes of American meat to Scotland. The meat of animals butchered in America is kept on steamers in a cool draught especially arranged for that purpose, and the meat market of Scotland is being revolutionized. The Scotchman eating American beef and American mutton and American venison becomes partially American. Englishmen on platforms and in the newspapers deplore the coming in of so much American breadstuffs. Because of the failure of English crops for two or three years this is becoming more and more so. The Englishman eating American wheat and American rye and American corn must become in part Americanized. And here is an element of safety which political economists would do well to recognize. The cereals and the meats of one nation becoming the food of other nations, it prophesies assimilation and brotherhood. It will be very difficult for American beef to fight American beef, and American mutton to fight American mutton, and American corn to fight American corn, though it may be found on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The world is gradually sitting down at one table, and the bread will be made of Michigan wheat, and it will be cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps and cooked with Newcastle coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and all nations add their part to the universal festivity. What a time of accord when all the world breakfasts and dines and sups together!

Champion Growlers

IT would be a good plan to have the fault-finding of the world done by delegation or by committee. Take the most powerful "bear" out of Wall Street and let him do the croaking for all the brokers. Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his wind-pipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities, and reporting divorce cases. Let one female "gadabout," gathering all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labeled and peddle it about from house to house in small vials for those who could stand only a little, or in large bottles, as it may be required. Let her be known as the championess of tittle-tattle. So men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world. And, as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy with yacht, and bat, and rifle, let the champion American growler go forth to dispute with the champion English growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle. Let them go at each other with threats and annoyances and recriminations. Let all fault-finders the world over stand round the ring, watching the fate of the two nations. The Englishman might draw the first blood, but the American will prove a full match for him at the last. The struggle may be long and fearful, and the excitement surpass that of Creedmoor shooting and Ascot and Derby races, but I think neither would gain the victory. Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together in the contest and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings and the suspicions, the snarlings and the backbitings of the world.

Bury the two champions in the same grave, their clubs with them, covering them up with a bank of nettles. Read for their funeral service the report of the stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of it a little nightshade, and at the foot of it a little nux vomica. For epitaph: "Here lies complaint and hypercriticism. Born in the year 1; died in the year 1900. May the resurrection trumpet, that blows others up into the light, blow these miscreants deeper down into oblivion."

Anti-Canteen Campaign

Progress and Present Status of the Great Moral Crusade Briefly Stated

MOST of our readers will remember that the Fifty-fifth Congress, in response to almost unparalleled petitioning, supported by the testimony of one hundred military officers, including all of high rank that had expressed an opinion, with the welcome exception of Gen. Egan, enacted the anti-canteen law by an almost unanimous vote. The law declared that "no soldier should serve as a bartender, and that no other person should be allowed to sell intoxicating drinks on any premises used for military purposes by the United States," which would include Army and Navy and Soldiers' Homes. Secretary Alger, a layman in law, interpreted this law as meaning nothing except that soldiers could not be bartenders. Three weeks afterward Mr. Griggs adopted and elaborated this opinion, and subsequently President McKinley, after entertaining an appeal, decided it must stand but said soon after the opening of this Congress that if it would reenact the law "in plain terms" the Executive would enforce it. The Secretary of War in his report said substantially the same thing. The anti-canteen forces therefore turned once more to Congress, and by hearings and petitions and personal letters and interviews sought for the enactment of the Bowersock bill that specifically forbids liquor-selling "canteens" in the army and nothing more, the movement being jointly led by the National Anti-Saloon League, the National W. C. T. U. and The Reform Bureau.

1. The House Committee on Military Affairs reached the canteen question about six weeks before the anticipated adjournment of Congress. A motion to report the bill favorably was carried by six to five, but this was immediately reconsidered and reversed on the suggestion to send it to the War Department for an opinion upon it. The Secretary of War had already sent to Congress in his report a very full discussion of the subject, closing with an intimation that if Congress really meant to prohibit liquor-selling in the army, it should say so again. To send the matter back, therefore, at so late a day was unnecessary, if not dilatory.

2. The Executive Department, in the replies of Secretary Root and Adjutant-General Corbin, took the new attitude of aggressive opposition to the reenactment of the law. Both replies gave the impression that the weight of military authority is in favor of the canteen, which the anti-canteen forces at once took occasion to show was as strained an interpretation of the facts as the Griggs interpretation had been of the law. It was shown that the military opinions sent to Congress included only one-third of the officers, who were by no means all in favor of the canteen, and that there was nothing to show that the other two-thirds of the officers had been given opportunity to express an opinion—indeed it was known by letters from some of them that all had not been polled, chaplains and generals, the two classes of witnesses best qualified to speak, being mostly ignored. The War Department quoted only three generals as favoring the canteen, Anderson, Wade and Merriam. The anti-canteen forces cited against these three generals fourteen: Shafter, Wheeler Howard, Henry, Boynton, Wilcox, Rochester, Carlin, Lee, Stanley, Haines, Carr, Graham, Bliss. Unofficially, Corbin and Sternberg were claimed for the canteen, but it was shown that in official letters within two years Corbin (also in two interviews) had stated facts in condemnation of the canteen which could not be set aside. To make the weight of military authority overwhelming against the canteen, the British experiments—worth more than any opinions—were cited; for instance, the theory of those in control of our army that "soldiers will drink," was answered by the fact that in the British army in India 18,663 soldiers were in 1898 enrolled in the Army Temperance Association, and the official statistics of the army as presented by Lord Roberts, show the rate per 1,000 of disorder and disease among the abstainers, as compared to non-abstainers, viz.:

	Abstainers per 1,000	*Non-abs. per 1,000*
In the hospital	209	302
Court-martials	4.12	36.38
Summary punishments	39.70	92.32

3. These anti-canteen facts and the petitions on that side overmatched the opposition, and the Committee reported the bill, but within less than one month of the expected adjournment, and with the official arguments against the law incorporated in their report, but not the arguments presented in hearings and otherwise on the anti-canteen side. This handicap was increased by an amendment not asked for by the friends of the anti-canteen bill—to make it apply to "all premises owned or used by the United States." This will have the effect of augmenting opposition to the bill, and will make it increasingly difficult to get it through the Senate, even if passed by the House. Christian citizenship should spare no effort to secure this protection for our soldier boys entering on a perilous summer in the tropics, where liquors are even more deadly than at other times and places.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

A BRAVE FIGHT ...WITH FAMINE

DR. KLOPSCH DESCRIBES THE HERCULEAN EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TO SAVE LIFE. THE FAMINE S. S. "QUITO" ARRIVES SAFELY AT BOMBAY

AFTER my visit to Pundita Ramabai's Institution at Khedgaum and to the adjacent Government camp, as described in my letter [published last week], I determined to go to Ahmednagar, where the famine is very severe, and where Dr. R. A. Hume, the Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Inter-Denominational Committee, is laboring. We arrived there at eleven o'clock, after a railroad journey of four hours. The railroad officials, who have been exceptionally kind, sidetracked our car and allowed us to sleep in it all night. We gladly availed ourselves of their courtesy, for we were not sure of getting hotel accommodation in the town, as there are so many towns in India without hotels or anything serving the purpose of a hotel.

By half past six in the morning we had made a hurried toilet, and were ready to set out with Dr. R. A. Hume, Dr. W. O. Ballantine, Revs. H. and E. Fairbank and two native officials, both Parsees, who came to conduct us to the town. Under their guidance, we made a systematic tour of churches, Sunday Schools, weaveries and other industrial branches of

The Greatest Missionary Enterprise

that I ever had the privilege of inspecting. A greater part of the forenoon was spent in going through one place and the other, stopping just long enough to have an intelligent idea as to what that particular branch represented; looking into the faces of poor, emaciated, wan women and children; noting quickly the multitudinous devices employed for the betterment of their condition; wondering at the patience, the zeal, the energy, the enthusiasm, and the consecration of these men and women of God who, ten thousand miles away from home, are laboring in his name for the uplifting of those who sit in darkness, whose lot is truly more deplorable than that of the poorest of the poor in our own beloved land.

There in one room we found thirty-one widows or rejected wives and forty-five children whom Mrs. Bissell had picked up in the districts north of Ahmednagar and into whose dark lives the sunshine of Christian love was now shedding its rays of joy. Then there was a fresh group of famine children, about one hundred and fifty in number, who had just come in, having walked three miles, and who had been gathered by Dr. Ballantine. Another lot of one hundred and fifty, all boys, were brought in by Rev. E. Fairbank. One picture of Christian activity followed another until the mind was fairly bewildered with their variety, their scope and their number. It is impossible here and now in this broiling heat with the thermometer at 130 degrees to attempt to do justice to the Marathi Mission. For the time being, however, you will see that America may well be proud of her missionary representatives at Ahmednagar, who are doing valiant service in the cause of Christ, the chief of whom is Dr. R. A. Hume, one of the most sweet-spirited, untiring and saintly Christians I have ever met.

As the chief object of my visit to India was the inspection of relief camps, and to study the present requirements of those people in the way of relief and the methods best adapted to meet these requirements, I feel that I must not linger too long in this great centre of missionary activity, but must press on to visit the Government relief camp at Kapurwadi, two miles out, and considered one of the best conducted camps in the whole Empire of India. We got there about eleven o'clock, and immediately waited on Assistant Engineer Thomas Watson, who is in charge of the camp and who very kindly gave me all the information asked for. They had eleven thousand people at the camp, nine thousand of whom were workers, the other two thousand being little children and what they call dependants, that is, people who cannot work and who must be supported by the State. They were just building a water-tank on a gigantic scale, which would inure to the advantage of this and the coming generations. There was no smallpox or epidemics of any kind. The family life was encouraged as far as possible by the erection of innumerable huts made of matting, each family having its own hut, and permitted to have within that hut not more than five souls. These huts are in the shape of tents, open at each end, about ten feet long and six feet wide. They are set up on the bare ground, having no flooring or mats. The inmates have a blanket for cover, and sometimes a piece of old carpet for bed.

Life in the Camps

It is surprising with how little furniture the families in India can content themselves. They use the floor to sit, eat and sleep on; in fact all their work is done on the ground, and whether they wash or work or cook, it is all done on the floor, and hence chairs and tables and beds are luxuries which they do not require. Evidently the India Government is not likely to bankrupt its treasury by the purchase of furniture for the use of the famine-stricken in its relief camps. In front of each of these huts there is a little pile of stones which the housewife so arranges that she can use them as stove and oven. Here in the morning, at noon and in the evening the families spend the hours between the end of one task and the beginning of another. Children under age were cared for in the common kitchen, and were fed with cooked food, while the employees received money with which they purchased their food, raw grain, and then cooked it to suit their requirements. The highest price paid for a laborer was four cents a day; women got three and a half cents, and children three-quarters of a cent. This pay was dependent on the quantity of work done, and fifty-one per cent. of the workers earned maximum wages, which are weekly regulated by the price of grain. Every worker has one day off each week at the expense of Government. The pay-bill of the camp is five to seven thousand rupees ($1,666 to $2,333) a week.

The forethought of the Government is best illustrated by the preparations which they make to cope with an epidemic, should any break out. In order to be in readiness for such emergency they erect the camp in sections or quarters so that in case cholera breaks out in one section the huts and rags in that section could be promptly burned and the dwellers could be sent to the other quarters. Then smallpox, cholera and plague sheds are in readiness should they be required.

I stood for an hour watching the people of the camp and I must say that the tone of the camp was directly the reverse of that which I inspected yesterday at Warwand. The

People were Cheerful

Some of them sang as they worked. Although they worked hard, they did not seem to be overworked. The employment of nursing mothers and of the young, delicate children was in evidence here as well as at the other camp, and but for these phases I should have considered the camp as an exemplary one. There is no stone-breaking here. These employees are not compelled to sit down on one spot in the broiling sun all day. The hours as aforesaid are from 7 to 6 with two hours' rest in midday which enables them to prepare their food, to eat it and to rest up for the task of the afternoon. Should the Government withdraw its help from these unfortunate people for a single week, I do not believe that one per cent. would survive, and under these circumstances the India Government is at the present day the greatest life-saving agency in existence.

I visited the children's kitchen and was very much pleased with the bright-eyed, cheerful little ones that were there in charge of their caretakers. They are, as far as their clothes are concerned, in a very bad way. Nine-tenths of them have no clothes at all and the other one-tenth is

Dressed in Rags and Dirt.

But considering everything, life is tolerable both for children and adults in the camp at Ahmednagar and I went away relieved in comparison with the results of my tour of inspection elsewhere yesterday. In this camp the huts are built in long rows and in this particular camp I should say they cover fifty acres of ground. The camp looks like a soldiers' camp or a camp-meeting with the exception that there are no shade-trees and that the tent is made of matting instead of canvas.

From the camp we went for lunch or *tiffin* as it is here called, to the mission, and at a quarter after three, the jaunting cart called for me and took me to the poor-house where those who could not work and who were not dependent on those working at the Government camp were housed. The scenes I saw there were sad beyond description. We photographed several groups but I think that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will not want to publish them, they are so distressing. We went through the hospital where there were a large number of patients, many of whom suffered from guinea-worm, a parasite which works its way out through the leg and other parts of the body. It is caused by bad water, poor and insufficient food, resulting in the running down of the system until the composition of the blood is such as to encourage the development of these parasites. I do not wish to dwell on this description any longer; such a condition of affairs could not exist in any country where the people have even approximately nourishing and sufficient food.

A Contrast

Our visit closed with a call at the Second Christian Church which was packed to over-flowing with an enthusiastic and evidently very attentive and much interested audience. The native pastor, Mr. Modak, introduced me to his charming wife and son, and, as I looked upon that family and upon the crowd assembled outside, I could not help noticing the tremendous difference which Christianity produces in mankind. Here on the one side rough, coarse, unkempt, uncouth, haggard and wan-looking creatures, constantly falling on their faces at your feet adjuring you to give them help and paying all manner of flattering and fawning compliments, ready apparently to sell their very lives for a few coppers, and on the other hand the clean, bright, clear-eyed, neatly dressed and intelligent native family that seemed to rise head and shoulders above all that surrounded them. On the one hand Mussulmans and Hindus and on the other hand children of the Lord. The train took us out of Ahmednagar at five minutes after twelve in the night—our third night on the train—and this brought to a close one of the most interesting days of my life.

I have as yet no opinion to express; I have no criticism to make except with regard to the employment of women and children. One or two visits to the camp will not suffice to furnish that light necessary to intelligently criticize the tremendous charity which the Anglo-Indian Government is conducting. I will say that as a rule people talk very highly of the Government and my own opinion is that an impartial person cannot help being tremendously impressed at the stupendous proportions of this God-imposed responsibility which is unquestionably the most splendid object-lesson bearing on the white man's burden which the world has ever witnessed.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

FAMINE CHILDREN RECEIVED AT MRS. E. S. HUME'S ORPHANAGE, AT BYCULLA, BOMBAY

A Memorable Day

BY BENJAMIN AITKEN

DR. KLOPSCH spent a very interesting and busy day at Ahmednagar, in the northeast part of the Bombay Presidency and one of the worst stricken of the famine districts. Besides visiting a vast Government relief work, and also the Government poor-house, where people unable to work are fed and cared for, he went over the chapels, schools, industries and institutions of the American Congregational Mission. This Mission, known locally as the Marathi Mission, was founded in 1831, and is exceedingly well organized. Carpet-weaving is one of its principal industries, and Dr. Klopsch was much pleased with the beautiful patterns. Dr. Klopsch was accompanied throughout the day by the following missionaries of the American Board: The Revs. Dr. R. A. Hume, Dr. William Ballantine, Harry Fairbank and Edward Fairbank; also by

(Continued on page 562)

NEW YORK

Lape, S 2 00
Lapp, Mrs H 1 00
Laraway, Ruth... 10
Larcum, Mrs F... 25
Larcum, Mr & Mrs Ira 26
Larkin, J U 1 00
Larkin, O T 50
Lasher, Eliz 1 00
Lasher, O 25
Laurence, Rev A A 25
Lavey, Chas 10
Lawrence, Mrs R. 1 00
Lawson, Alex..... 1 00
Leach, L 10
Lee, James 25
Lee, Mrs J 1 00
Leedom, M 1 00
Leet, Miss C 50
Lenard, F 50
Lent, Ada 1 00
Leonard, Theo ... 5 00
Le Rice, Wm 1 00
Le Roy, Geo H... 25
Levehout, Eliza H 1 00
Lewis, Mrs B..... 1 00
Lewis, Mrs Eliz.. 50
Lewis, Mrs L J... 25
Lewis, Mr L..... 05
Lewis, W F 1 00
Liddell, H E..... 1 00
Lilley, M, Coll by. 2 00
Lily, Leon 05
Linard, Mr & Mrs H 25
Liscomb, Mrs Jennie & Miss Carrie & Josie Tebo.... 2 50
Livingston, S 50
Lobb, Mrs H 25
Lockrow, Jos Y.. 3 00
Loduma Fisher Fund, Orwell.... 4 00
Long, Elliott 25
Long, Mary A 01
Loomis, Jas H.... 5 00
Lott, Mrs Emma S 1 00
Lott, Mrs F M... 25
Lott, Miss Marion 25
Lott, Mrs S..... 1 00
Louk, Alice & Nellie Tero 1 00
Loucks, Mrs 10
Loucks, Hugh A.. 10
Lucas, L 25
Lucia, Geo 10
Lucier, Mrs A.... 10
Luke, Mrs J W... 25
Lyman, Frank.... 2 00
Lynd, D C 1 00
Lynk, Mrs L H... 1 00
Lyons, Rufus 35

McBain, Mrs C L. 50
McChesney, Mrs A 1 00
McClurg, Wm H.. 25
McCrea, F F..... 50
McCullough, Jane. 1 00
McDowell, T 25
McElwan, Mrs ... 25
McGregor, Jno.... 2 00
McIntyre, Lewis, Coll by 4 00
McKaw, Edw 10
McKee, Ida T ... 4 00
McKeuzie, R..... 25
McKerrow, Jno... 1 00
McKerrow, Robt.. 1 00
McKinley, Mrs E A 1 00
McKinney, E A... 50
McLaughlin, J W. 4 00
McLauchlin, Miss M 10
MacMillen, Mrs E W 35
McRea, E E..... 1 00
McSterg, Mrs W.. 1 00

Mack, Mrs J..... 3 00
Mackey ,Mrs C W 1 00
Mackmer, F 1 00
Madden, J C 27
Male, Mrs Ed.... 1 00
Male, Elizabeth... 1 00
Male, Thomas.... 1 00
Male, Tommey.... 50
Macomber, A W.. 8 00
Macomber, M K.. 5 00
Madden, Bessie... 25
Mallory, Julia 5 00
Maloney, M..... 25
Mance, Geo 25
Mang, Ida 1 00
Manger, Chas R.. 1 00
Manning, Mrs M A 1 00
Manning, Sarah... 25
Mapes, Miss J S.. 1 00
Mapes, Mrs M S.. 1 00
Markle, J G..... 3 00
Markle, C N..... 2 00
Marks, Mrs J.... 50
Marlette, Mrs L.. 50
Marsh, Mrs 25
Marsh, Mrs A H. 2 00
Marshall, Mrs R R 1 00
Martell, Henry.... 50
Martin, Bert R... 15
Martin, Mrs F R. 1 00
Martin, Joseph... 1 00
Martin, W W..... 25
Maslin, Miss E... 25
Massett, J S and wife 5 00
Mastin, Mr & Mrs Adam 1 10
Mathias, Alice ... 10
Mathias, Miss G.. 10
Mathias, Miss M.. 10
Mathias, W 1 00
Matthews, Mrs H P 1 00
Matthews ,R 2 00
Mattice, Jas D... 5 00
Mattocks, Le Roy 25
Mattocks, Maude. 25
Mattson, Lydia... 50
Maxwell, Fenton.. 10
Maybuck, Miss.... 15
Mayborn, Mrs H. 1 00
Mayhew, B & J Smith 1 00
Maynard, Mrs F F 10

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Maynard, Harold. 02
Maynard, W and wife 1 25
Mead, George 1 00
Measnres, Miss H 50
Medford, Mr and Mrs Wm 6 00
Memanns, Emma. 16
Mering, H 25
Merrihew, D A ... 75
Merrill, M B..... 1 00
Merritt, A 2 00
Merritt, Mrs E... 11
Merithen, Willet.. 50
Merry, Mrs 25
Metcalf, Mrs J... 5 00
Metzgar, Harris & Paul 2 00
Metzgar, Laura .. 15
Micheal, Mrs E... 2 00
Middlewiss, Mrs Wm 1 00
Miles, Mrs Hattie. 2 00
Miller, Egbert.... 1 00
Miller, Eleanor... 2 00
Miller, Esther.... 1 00
Miller, F A..... 1 00
Miller, Helen S... 1 00
Miller, Jacob and friends 25 20
Miller, Joe 25
Miller, Margaret.. 10
Millerd, A D 5 00
Miner, Mrs C H.. 10
Miner, H H 20 00
Mintram, E 1 00
Mintram, Mrs E. 1 00
Mintram, Carrie E 75
Mintram, Flora... 25
Mintram, Frank.. 50
Mitchell, Mrs J & others 8 25
Moak, C G 10
Mcak, Mrs C G.. 10
Moak, James N.... 25
Mofatt, Mrs C.... 50
Moffett, F C..... 25
Moffitt, M E..... 25
Mondore, John .. 50
Mondore, Wm 50
Moore, W F 50
Mantle, James ... 2 00
Moot, Mrs E 2 00
Moore, Belle 1 00
Moore, Mrs H.... 25
Moore, Jacob 1 00
Moore, Mr & Mrs P 20
Moore, Mrs Silas. 1 00
More, Miss Anna. 1 00
Morey, Mrs H W. 15
More, Wm M 50
Morgan, Mrs Geo. 10
Morgan, Irma ... 10
Morgan, J 1 00
Morris, Adah 35
Morrison, Wm B. 5 00
Morse, Frank.... 50
Morse, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Morse, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Morse, O Belle... 1 00
Morts, Mrs H 1 00
Moses, Mrs A G.. 1 00
Mosher, Mrs M.... 05
Mosher, Mrs S.... 10
Mount, Mrs D M. 25
Moyer, Mrs I..... 2 00
Mulford, F 5 00
Mundy, Mrs M E. 1 00
Munson, Mrs O R 50
Murphy, Mrs 50
Murphy, F B..... 2 00
Murray, Mrs G W 1 00
Mnssen, Henry... 1 00
Myers, Mrs 10
Myers, Frank 10
Myers, Mr & Mrs C J & Mr & Mrs J 5 00
Myers, Jos 15
Namer, Mary and Paul 1 00
Nelson, Mrs David 1 00
Nelson, Miss O... 25
Nelson, P C 25
Nesbitt, Mrs J W 1 00
Newman, A 10
Newman, Geo 25
Newman, G W.... 25
Newman, S L 25
Newman, Z I 25
Newton, Anson .. 2 00
Newton, F J 5 00
Nichols, L P..... 3 00
Nichols, Mrs B... 1 85
Nielson, P, thro' Rev P Mortheus.20 00
Niles, F G 1 00
Niles, Mrs L A... 1 00
Niver, A C 1 00
Noble, Mrs S 1 00
Norton, Adella B. 1 00
Nye, Addie 1 00
Nye, C V 50
Nye, Horace 25
Nye, J B 50
Oakes, C V 5 00
Oatman, E A 1 00
Oatman, Mrs E A 1 00
Odell, Alfred 02
Odell, Ethel 02
O'Grady, Mrs D.. 25
Ogsbnry, J D & family 2 00
O'Hara, Mrs 50
Olin, J 1 00
Olmstead, J L.... 25
Osborn, Mrs 25
Osgood, W D 1 00
Osterhout, Mr and Mrs Elisha 3 50
Ottaway, Addie C 5 00
Owens, Daniel ... 25
Owens, R 50
Paddock, Mrs S.. 25
Paesel, Miss H... 50
Page, C 25
Page, L B..... 2 00
Pair, Helen 02
Palmer, Bret 2 00
Palmer, E 1 00
Palmer, Mrs G E. 25
Palmer, Helen N and others 2 45
Palmer, Mrs J I. 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Palmer, Mrs R... 25
Palmer, Roye V.. 2 00
Pangorder, Mrs C 10
Pardy, Mrs A O.. 50
Parks, Carrie B.. 1 50
Park, Rev Mrs C H 1 00
Parker, Charlotte. 25
Parsons, Mrs F M 2 00
Parsons, Matilda and Mary 5 00
Parves, Mrs Jas.. 3 00
Patrick, W R & Mrs H M 2 00
Patterson, Mrs E. 50
Patterson, Grace. 25
Patterson, Mrs J D 1 00
Patterson, Lotta.. 2 00
Patterson, Ruth.. 10
Patton, S 25
Paul, Royden E.. 1 00
Peaker, Walter... 25
Pearsall, Miss A.. 50
Pearsall, Levi ... 50
Pearsons, Mrs M E 1 00
Pease, Mrs M J.. 5 00
Peck, Chas A 10 00
Peck, Chas F ... 2 00
Peckham, F H... 1 00
Penny, Mr & Mrs Jas W 2 00
Peters, Lizzie ... 1 00
Peters, Miss M... 50
Peterson, Gus ... 25
Peterson, J 2 00
Peterson, J S ... 25
Peyer, Mrs S L... 1 00
Pfeifer, Mrs Geo. 10
Phelps, Mr 25
Phettplace, Jno... 25
Phillips, Ella 02
Phillips, Lottie... 02
Pickering, Alice... 1 00
Pike, Mrs 25
Place, Cora B.... 25
Pool, Mrs Mary.. 2 00
Porteous, Mrs S.. 1 00
Porter, A V 50
Porulsky, Jno 1 00
Post, Frank W .. 25
Potter, Geo 1 00
Potter, Julia 05
Potter, Robt 01
Potter, S A 25
Potter, Wm F ... 50
Pound, Mrs 1 00
Powell, Clarence. 15
Powell, W..... 25
Powlesland, Mrs C 25
Powlesland, Geo.. 1 00
Powlesland, Mrs H C 10
Powlesland, Mrs O 10
Pratt, Mrs R W.. 2 00
Prentice, Mrs L, Coll by 6 00
Prester, Mrs L... 50
Preston, Gertrude F 20
Prince, Mrs B L.. 1 00
Prince, Jas 25
Prince, Jno S..... 25
Prindle, Mrs 1 00
Prisch, D L 10 00
Prnyne, Grace ... 10
Prnyne, Mrs S F 1 00
Pruyne, Rev S F. 25
Pudney, Mrs W.. 1 00
Purdie, Mrs E C. 1 00
Purdy, J 2 00
Pnrvie, Mrs 20
Ramboth, Miss R. 50
Rand, Mrs H W.. 25
Randolph, L A... 4 00
Ranger, Chas 50
Rankin, S 55
Rare, Dora 50
Raymond, Lottie & Howell Lila..... 2 25
Reay, Mrs C 25
Redmond, Mrs I.. 25
Reed, Mrs L P... 1 00
Reed, Mrs M H... 1 25
Reese, Mrs A..... 1 00
Reeton, Mrs Ida.. 1 00
Reeton, Mrs S.... 1 00
Reid, Mrs J M... 50
Reiser, Mary ... 01
Remington, A J... 1 00
Ressler, Mrs 25
Reves, Mrs 25
Rexford, Fannie L 5 00
Reynolds, M 25
Reynold, G 05
Reynolds, Geo ... 10
Reynolds, Mrs G. 50
Reynolds, Mrs H B 25
Reynolds, Mary... 1 00
Reynolds, Milton. 25
Reynolds, T G.... 2 00
Reynolds, Robt C. 25
Reynolds, Royal.. 25
Rice, Mrs S L.... 1 00
Richards, Mrs.... 25
Richards, R W... 1 00
Riehlman, Mrs F. 1 00
Riddle, Mrs A D. 1 00
Rice, Alice I 1 05
Rice, Miss H S... 25
Rice, Mrs H and little girl 1 10
Rice, Wm J 50
Rich, Estella 3 00
Rich, Mrs Sarah.. 2 00
Richards, Mr and Mrs Alex 2 00
Richards, Mrs Wm 50
Richardson, M H. 2 00
Richardson, Mrs Wm H 1 00
Richman, James.. 25
Richmond, Jno.... 25
Richmond, C J.... 10
Ricler, Julia L... 1 00
Rippert, D 25
Rixon, Rev H L.. 1 00
Robb, Miss I 50
Roberts, Calista.. 1 00
Roberts, Mrs J F 25
Roberts, Mr & Mrs R 1 00
Roberts, Sevia ... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Robertson, C M..10 00
Robertson, Jas.... 5 00
Robinson, Bertha & Leonard 1 00
Robinson, E 2 00
Robinson, Eliz 1 00
Robinson, I A 50
Rockefeller, E N. 2 00
Roe, Warren 50
Rogers, Mrs Geo. 2 00
Rogers, Louisa ... 2 00
Rogers, Mrs M... 25
Rolfe, Edwin 05
Roosa, Jason C... 50
Roosa, Harry A.. 50
Roosa, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Roosa, John M... 1 21
Roosa, L A 50
Roosa, Mathew H 1 00
Roosa, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Roosa, Mrs Sarah. 25
Roosa, W D 50
Rose, Fred 25
Rosedale, Sarah E 3 00
Ross, Edward F & Francis C 20 00
Ross, Mrs W E.. 1 45
Rote, Wm 50
Rounda, A F 50
Romndy, Mrs C O. 25
Rounseville, Miss Grace 1 00
Rowley, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Rowley, Mrs H... 1 00
Rowley, J 1 00
Royce, Louisa A.. 1 00
Roys, C K 30 00
Rnbeck, Mrs C... 2 00
Rudy, Jas 1 00
Rugg, Miss 2 00
Runkle, Chas 25
Runkle, Wm 50
Rupert, Mrs J O. 1 00
Russ, Mary 1 00
Russel, Mrs 25
Russell, Geo H... 5 00
Rust, Mrs S..... 1 00
Rutherford, T F. 5 00

Sabin, J W 2 00
Sagar, Carl 11
Sammis, Geo S... 15
Samson, Mrs M... 1 00
Sanborn, Gertie.. 1 00
Sanders, Geo 25
Sanders, Lucia ... 25
Sanders, Sadie ... 25
Sanford, Mr A F. 25
Sargent, Esther... 1 00
Savage, Mrs W D 50
Sawdy, Mrs O E.. 10
Sawyer, Mrs J.... 25
Schenk, Miss S... 25
Schlemmer, Geo.. 1 00
Schmidt, Mrs F.. 50
Schremp, Miss ... 25
Schulz, Mrs Theo. 25
Schupp, Juo 25
Schutt, S 1 00
Schwab, Clara ... 10
Schwab, Lydia .. 10
Schuyler, W H... 50
Scofield, Chase & J 25
Scofield, Mrs I L. 1 00
Scott, Mrs 25
Scott, Mrs Lizzie. 15
Scott, Maria L... 1 00
Scripter, Mrs 12
Scripter, Mrs Jas.. 25
Scram, l N 25
Scram, Mary 1 00
Seaman, Alfred F 1 00
Seaman, Mrs S F 1 00
Secor, Musa 2 00
Seely, Mrs R..... 10
Seibert, George... 25
Selkirk, Mrs N... 2 00
Shaffer, Jacob.... 5 00
Shaller, Milly 05
Shaller, Tillie 10
Shanks, M G 1 00
Sharon, A 25
Sharp, Mrs F E.. 2 00
Shaver, Albert ... 10
Shaver, Miss E.... 50
Shaver, M R..... 25
Shaver, Mrs M R 25
Shaw, Charlie ... 1 00
Shaw, Mrs L S.. 10
Sheldon, John.... 25
Sheve, R A..... 5 00
Sherrif, Floyd ... 25
Sherwood, Mrs T G 1 00
Showers, Mrs D A 1 50
Shuckman, Wm .. 10
Shufelt, Mrs F G 1 00
Shufelt, Mrs W.. 2 00
Shulters, Mrs J J 1 00
Shults, Mrs C.... 1 00
Shnlts, Mrs Jno.. 25
Shumway, Mrs C. 25
Shumway, Ed ... 15
Shumway, Julia.. 15
Shumway, Mrs R H 10
Shutts, Geo 25
Shntts, Mrs Peter 25
Silliman, S D.... 1 00
Silsbee, Lucinda.. 50
Simmons, Mrs .. 50
Simmons, Mary .. 1 00
Simpkins, Mary .. 1 00
Sincerbeaux, Mr & E 25
Sinclair, Miss J.. 1 00
Sippel, Henry ... 1 00
Skiff, Mrs 50
Skiff, Mrs & Mr N M 50
Skiffe, S C & Belle 1 00
Skinner, Mrs J H 1 00
Slauson, Mrs C .. 25
Slater, Geo L..... 10
Slater, John W.. 5 00
Sloat, Mrs W G... 50
Slocum, Chester.. 25
Smeallie, Agnes .. 1 00
Smeallie, W J.... 1 00
Smeller, Mrs J... 4 00
Smith, Mrs Adam 1 00
Smith, Bertha ... 4 00
Smith, C B..... 25
Smith, Mrs Chas J 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Smith, C D..... 50
Smith, Mrs E S.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs Eliza. 1 00
Smith, Elijah J... 1 00
Smith, Miss E A.. 10
Smith, Frances .. 10
Smith, Miss F.... 1 00
Smith, G 50
Smith, Mrs G.... 50
Smith, H B..... 2 00
Smith, Ira 50
Smith, Mrs J E.. 15
Smith, J F..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs L.... 1 00
Smith, Lloyd 10
Smith, M M..... 25
Smith, Mildred .. 10
Smith, Mrs O S.. 1 00
Smith, Ruth 50
Smith, Mr & Mrs Ward 1 00
Snell, Lewis 1 00
Snyder, E M R.. 60
Snyder, Mrs J.... 1 00
Snyder, M..... 25
Snyder, M E..... 1 00
Sohle, Jos..... 6 28
Soper, Mr & Mrs C K 50
Soper, Lottie 20
Soule, Mrs L L.. 1 00
Spangenberg, Mr & Mrs..... 5 00
Spear, Gertrude... 10
Spear, Grace 10
Spear, Hattie H.. 30
Spencer, Chas 50
Spencer, Mrs O.. 25
Spire, George 1 00
Spple, L 1 00
Sprague, Theo ... 1 00
Springett, J H.... 1 00
Squires, Robt M. 50
Stafford, Mrs C... 75
Stafford, Miss R R 50
Stanton, Mrs B S 1 00
Staples, Merritt .. 25
Stearns, Mrs S... 1 00
Stedman, Mrs T B 1 00
Steers, Alice 1 00
Stelwell, Mrs E... 25
St Germain, K B. 50
Stephens, Mrs A D 2 00
Stephens, Ray ... 50
Sterling, Mrs ... 10
Stevens, C H..... 44
Stevens, Mrs F A 1 00
Stevens, H L.... 10
Stevens, Mrs M... 50
Stevens, Mrs O W 1 00
Stevens, Mrs S.. 20
Stevens, Wm H.. 1 00
Stewart, Mrs 50
Stewart, Miss N J 1 00
Stickney, Mae ... 10
Stickney, Mrs S.. 1 00
Stiles, Mrs E S.. 1 00
Stillwagon, E ... 05
Stilwell, Charlotte 25
Stokes, Miss H B 13
Stoll, Mrs James.. 05
Stone, Bert 10
Stone, Fred..... 50
Storm, Mrs Allen. 2 00
Storrs, Mrs F H.. 1 00
Straight, Mrs J... 1 00
Strickland, Edith. 04
Strickland, Vera.. 05
Strong, Ethel & Mother 1 10
Stronigan, Mrs N. 2 00
Strous, Evelyn .. 25
Strous, Merritt... 10
Stuart, I L.....25 00
Stuffbleem, Allen. 50
Stumph, Mr 10
Stur, Mr 05
Sullivan, Miss ... 05
Swanson, Mrs A. 1 00
Swarthout, Mrs M 2 00
Swartz, Miss M.. 20
Swartz, Mr W H 50
Sweney, Jno 1 00
Sweeney, Margt J 10
Sweet, J G..... 5 00
Swift, Alice 50
Sykes, J B..... 2 00
Sykes, Mrs J B.. 1 00
Sykes, H B..... 2 00
Sylvester, C B... 5 00
Symes, Mrs T.... 1 00

Tallman, Mrs A J & Mrs L Westfield 2 00
Talmage, Mrs H S 1 00
Tanner, Mrs A... 1 00
Tanner, J H..... 50
Tanner, Mrs M... 10
Taylor, Mrs E M. 5 00
Taylor, Florence. 10
Taylor, Mrs H... 1 00
Taylor, Mary 25
Taylor, R 25
Taylor, Mr & Mrs Wilbur 25
Tefft, Mrs A M.. 15
Tept, Mr 05
Terry, Sophia E.. 2 00
Terwilliger, Benj. 25
Terwilliger, Mr & Mrs C H..... 1 00
Terwilliger, Ed S. 25
Terwilliger, F ... 25
Terwilliger, Ross. 10
Thomas, Mrs D.. 2 50
Thompson, G 1 00
Thurber, E E.... 1 00
Thurston, Mrs R. 1 00
Tice, Emory 1 00
Tice, L A..... 2 00
Tifft, Mrs O.....10 00
Tinning, A 1 00
Titus, V 1 00
Toby, Anna 10
Todd, Mrs S..... 25
Tomlinson, Thos..10 00
Toncy, Miss S D.. 10
Torner, Ella 50
Towners, C C.... 1 00
Townsend, Mrs S 60
Tracy, A W..... 20
Tracy, H E..... 25
Traphagen, Geo . 10
Traver, Eudora .. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Traver, Mrs R.... 50
Travers, A M.... 2 00
Trinegan, Mrs T.. 10
Trombley, Geo .. 1 00
Truax, Miss H.... 15
Tuller, Miss K... 1 00
Tulmer, E J..... 50
Tupper, E B..... 50
Turnbull, Wm M. 1 62
Turner, Jas A... 25
Turner, Austin .. 2 00
Turner, Jay P... 2 00
Tuttle, K P..... 1 00
Tuttle, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Tymeson, Mrs W G 50
Valentine, Jno .. 85
Valentiue, Frank. 50
Van Aernam, Mrs C, Miss M Hallenbeck, Mrs D Blessing 3 00
Van Auken, C.... 25
Van Buren, Dr... 50
Vandemark, C ... 1 00
Vandemark, C.... 50
Vandemark, M... 25
Vandenburg, B B 30
Van Densen, E... 25
Vanderboegh, I... 1 00
Vanderzee, Floyd. 25
Vanderzee, W ... 50
Vanderzee, Mrs W 50
Vandyke, Mrs D.. 50
Vandyke, David . 50
Van Heusen, A... 5 00
Van Lehaick, R.. 10
Van Leuven, Mrs I L..... 1 00
Vann, Mrs 2 00
Van Nest, H B... 1 00
Van Tassel, Ren . 1 00
Van Tyle, Mrs A. 30
Van Teryl, Mrs... 25
Van Tyle, Wm... 1 00
Van Tyle, Mrs W 1 00
Van Voorhis, D... 1 00
Vau Vrankeu, Mrs S 1 00
Van Wie, Rev & Mrs 1 00
Vedder, Mrs I S.. 25
Vedder, W D.... 50
Verity, Obediah.. 10
Vogel, Albert 05
Vogel, Bertha ... 05
Vollmer, Anna .. 1 00
Vongn, D H..... 25
Voorhees, Mrs ... 10
Vrooman, M 50
Wade, Mrs H..... 1 00
Wagar Mrs D.... 25
Wager, Henry ... 25
Wager, Ira 25
Wager, Mrs J W. 25
Wagouer, Ada ... 10
Wagoner, Miss L. 1 00
Wah, Tong 25
Wahl, Mr Phil.... 1 00
Wainright's, Miss Pupils 76
Wakeley, Mrs E.. 1 00
Waldorf, Mrs G.. 50
Waldron, J H & G Y 1 00
Waldrou, Miss S F 25
Walker, Isabel .. 1 00
Walker, Mrs L... 1 10
Walker, Norah... 1 00
Wallis, Mrs P.... 75
Walrath, Mrs K.. 1 00
Ward, Mrs E J... 50
Ward, Mrs Thos.. 5 00
Warner, Miss C.. 1 00
Warner, Geo 25
Washburn, Mrs H 50
Waterbury, Mrs H 2 00
Watkins, Jas H.. 2 00
Watson, Mrs R T10 00
Way, Mrs H V.. 1 00
Way, Mrs J..... 25
Wear, Thos 1 00
Weber, Kath'ne.. 10
Webster, Vivian.. 10
Wecht, Frank ... 25
Weiler, Miss Katie 50
Welch, Mrs H.... 10
Welch, Mrs J.... 1 00
Welch, Mrs Nettie 10
Weldon, Mrs L M 25
Wellman, Jennie. 1 00
Wells, Celia 07
Wells, Mrs H C.. 25
Wells, Merle 05
Wells, Mrs N M. 25
Wells, Mrs R F.. 2 00
Wench, Mr John. 25
Wentworth, Ed . 2 00
Wentworth, J N.. 25
Werlin, Mrs C... 25
Wessels, Mrs M A 1 00
West, G M..... 1 00
Weston, Sarah A 2 00
Wetmore, L 1 00
Whaling, Mrs M J 2 00
Whallon, Minnie . 10
Wheeler, I H.... 5 00
Whelden, C A.... 1 00
Wheldon, D M.. 1 00
Whitbeck, Leo .. 25
White, E 25
White, Mrs M.... 1 00
White, Mrs S M.. 1 00
Whiteford, Mrs D 1 00
Whiteford, Mrs J J 1 00
Whiteman, M A. 2 00
Whiting, E B.... 2 50
Whitmarsh, H P. 50
Whitmarsh, Mrs H P 50
Whitmore, H C.. 2 00
Whitney, M 2 30
Whitney, O E.... 1 00
Whitson, Saml R. 15
Whorton, E T... 1 00
Wicker, Mrs F A, Coll by 3 15
Wickes, A M.... 2 50
Wickham, Charlie 02
Wickham, Nora .. 02
Wiebel, Wm 25
Wilber, Clarence & Francis 25
Wilber, Eva 50
Wilber, Henry ... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Wilbor, H 1 00
Wilbur, Mrs A B. 2 00
Wilcox, M J J.. 1 00
Wilcox, S C..... 1 00
Wilcox, Miss S N. 1 00
Wilklow, Eliza.. 50
Wilklow, Harry.. 10
Wilklow, Jno 25
Wilklow, Linson.. 10
Wilklow, Wm 10
Wilklow, Phillip.. 25
Willcox, Whitman 1 00
Wileman, Chas H. 10
Wileman, Jno D. 15
Wilkins, Eben ... 13
Wilkins, Miss J.. 25
Wilkinson, W ... 2 00
Wilks, Willie 25
Wilson, L S..... 1 00
Willard, Mrs D.. 1 00
Willett, Mrs M J 1 00
Williams, Abbie.. 1 00
Williams, C E.... 50
Williams, C & B. 2 50
Williams, Mrs D. 1 00
Williams, David.. 1 00
Williams, D W... 1 00
Williams, E M... 1 00
Williams, Mrs H. 50
Williams, J 1 00
Williams, Miss K 1 00
Williams, Mrs L. 50
Williams, S B.... 1 00
Williams, Mrs T D 1 00
Williauson, Geo P 50
Willis, A 2 00
Willis, A 2 00
Willsey, Mrs A A 5 00
Wilsou, Mrs H... 50
Wiltsie, Mrs E... 1 00
Winspear, Mrs .. 10
Winspear, H 20
Wintish, Jacob... 25
Wintish, Peter .. 50
Wisser, Mary 10
Witzeg, Arthur .. 05
Witzig, Edith ... 05
Witzig, Frank ... 05
Wollaber, Mrs J H 1 00
Wood, Mrs 01
Wood, Mrs 25
Wood, Mrs 25
Wood, Ebner 75
Wood, E & family 2 75
Wood, H A..... 1 00
Wood, K S..... 75
Wood, Miss L C.. 10
Wood, Martha ... 50
Wood, Mary 05
Wood, Miss O A.. 1 00
Wood, Mrs T.... 50
Wood, Ralph W. 2 00
Wodoward, Belle. 15
Woodward, Mrs D M 2 00
Woodward, Mrs E 30
Woodward, I C.. 2 00
Woolsey, Dr 50
Word, Welissa .. 5 00
Wright, Frank .. 25
Wright, Mrs G... 4 10
Wright, Gertrude. 1 00
Wright, H H..... 1 00
Wright, Hy 1 00
Wright, Mrs Jno. 50
Wright, L A..... 1 00
Wright, Wm 2 00
Wurz, Ben 25
Wurz, E..... 25

Yerdon, Mrs J H. 1 00
York, Mira 1 00
Youmans, Mrs E. 25
Young, Bessie ... 25
Young, Christian. 2 50
Young, C J..... 25
Young, Hawley .. 25
Young, Lewis 10
Young, Norman .. 10
Young, Mrs O.... 1 00
Zaephel, Mrs 50
Zeh, Mrs R S... 50
Zeiss, Jacob 10
Zepf, Mr John.... 1 00
Zinert, Mrs & Mrs A C Schrader... 6 00
Zink, Herman.... 05
Zipp, Robt 10
Maggie, Sabattis.. 50
Susie, Hancock... 50
Stuyvesant, Stuyvesant 1 00
Vic, Pattersonville 03
A A M, Essex.... 1 00
A J B, Holley.... 2 00
Mrs A J W, Port Jervis 50
Miss A & N W, Gloversville 65
Mrs C, Gloversville 50
C A T, Glen Cove 2 00
Mrs C H, Kirkwood 25 00
Miss C K..... 1 00
C P A, Chatham. 1 00
D C, Flackville.. 20
D M D, Amenia Union 2 00
Mrs E C W, Lestershire 5 00
E H C, Almeda.. 2 00
F C W, Buffalo.. 2 00
Mrs G, Gloversville 1 50
G A B S, Hancock 26
Mrs G D R, Waterloo 1 00
Mrs G M, Gloversville 1 00
H E W S, Hancock 25
H M T, Gloversville 1 00
H & W & Mother 1 00
J A H, Hooslck Falls 1 00
Mrs J E J..... 2 00
J E S, Hancock.. 50
J E W, Port Jervis 1 00
J H C, Schenectady 5 00
Miss J K, Gloversville 1 00
Miss K, Gloversville 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Mr K, Gloversville 25
L B C, Huntington 2 00
L C D, Syracuse. 1 00
Mrs M, Cooperstown 1 00
Mrs M, Jericho 10
M B B, Speicertown 50
M L B, Flushing 1 00
M O S, Gloversville 1 00
Mrs N, Gansevoort 25
P S, Ft Montgomery 1 00
P T S B, Brooklyn 1 00
R P R, Binghamton 2 00
R V T, White Plains 1 00
S F C, Sayville.. 1 10
S S, Hicksville... 25
Miss S Z, Tompkinsville 25
Mrs W, Balto.... 1 00
W B, Syracuse... 1 00
Wm J, Buffalo .. 2 00
—, Bridgehampton 10
—, Antwerp 1 00
—, Bergen 3 00
—, Boonville ... 2 00
—, Brier, Hill.. 1 00
—, Brooklyn 1 00
—, Brooklyn 5 00
—, Clarence 2 00
—, Clarence Ctr 1 00
—, Cuba 75
—, Elizabethtown 2 00
—, Etna 6 00
—, Gorham 30
—, Harrisville.. 1 00
—, Jamaica 1 00
—, Johnsons ... 25
—, Little Britain 1 00
—, Luzerne 1 00
—, Malone 4 00
—, Mineville.... 3 00
—, Niagara Falls 1 00
—, N Y C..... 5 00
—, Nnnda 32
—, Olean 1 00
—, Olean 1 00
—, Orient Point. 5 00
—, Orient Point. 5 00
—, Orient Point. 5 00
—, Pike..... 1 00
—, Poughkeepsie 2 00
—, Red Hook... 2 00
—, Swartoutville.10 00
—, Walton..... 2 00
—, Watermill... 1 00
—, Waterville... 1 00
—, Westville ... 1 00
—, Westernville. 1 00
Cash, Amityville.. 55
Cash, Babylon.... 25
Cash, Babylon ... 50
Cash, Babylon ... 50
Cash, Flackville .. 25
Cash, Port Jervis 50
Cash, Port Jervis. 25
For Christ Sake, Greene 1 10
In the name of our Master, W Groton 1 00
Friends, I H N, Andover 8 00
Friends to the cause, Argusville 2 00
Friend, Auburn... 1 00
A friend, Boyntonville 50
A friend, Boyntonville 1 00
Friend, Buffalo .. 25
Friend, Buffalo.. 25
A Friend, Cambridge 3 00
A Friend, Canajoharie 50 00
Friend, Castile .. 1 00
Friend, Caroline Depot 1 00
Friend, Collamer. 15
Friends, Cowlesville 6 25
Friend, E Elma... 60
A Friend, Fabius 1 00
A Friend, Fulton. 2 00
Friends, Glovers-ville 1 10
Friend, Hillsdale.20 00
Two Friends, Hunter 2 00
Friend, Jay 19
A Friend, Lansingburg 1 00
Friends, Lestershire 2 15
Friend, New London 2 50
Friends, Olcott .. 1 96
A Friend, Olean.. 75
Friend, Ovid 5 00
Friends, Pine Plain 2 50
A Friend, Sandy Hill 10 00
A Friend, Schenectady 50
Two Friends, So Westerlo 2 00
Three Friends, Syracuse 2 00
Friend, Watertown 1 00
Friends, Willow.. 10
A Friend, Wyantskill 5 00
In His Name.... 2 00
I H N, Albany... 1 00
I H N, Buffalo.. 10
I H N, Buffalo... 25
In His Name Club, Jamestown 2 35
Inasmuch, Mecklenburg 4 00
I H N, Middleport 10 00
I H N, Patchogue. 1 00
I H N, Rochester 2 25
In Jnses Name, S Columbia 1 00
Sympathizing Fds, Fleming 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

A Sympathizer... 1 50
In Memoriam, Clyde 5 00
Subr, Elmira 1 25
Subr, New Hartford 1 00
Old Subr, Schenectady 1 00
Subr, Summitville 2 00
Reader, Berne ... 2 00
Reader, Johnstown 4 50
Reader, Manlius.. 1 00
Anon, Binghamton 7 00
Anon, —..... 10
Two Ladies Johnsons 1 50
Two little Sisters, Griffins Corners, 20
From One in Palisades 5 00
One interested, Cowlesville 2 00
People of Cherry Hill, Brokenstraw 1 15
Widow & the fatherless, Coxsackie 1 00
The Sender, Manlius 5 00
Mass Meeting, Moundville 18 70
No Name, Pattersonville 75
Shut in, Mt Vernon 50
Shop Boys, Cortland 2 00
One that loves Jesus, Cornwall... 10
One on the way home, Lansingburgh 5 00
Lover of Jesus, Broadalbin 3 00
A Humble C E, Springs 50
For Christianity, Andover 10 00
Belleville Boys... 1 00
Mother's Girls, Nicholville 1 00
A School Boy, Buffalo 1 00
A Widow, Hempstead 1 00
The Peerless Cooker Co, Buffalo.. 3 75
One who loves the dear Savior, Richmondville . 1 00
Citizens, Whitney Point 17 50
People of Colton. 5 65
For the Famishing, Farmington 1 00
Inmates of Keep Home, Watertown 3 35
M E Sunday Sch, E Meadow, L I. 2 00
Troupe Creek S S of M Pro Ch, Steuben 3 00
S S & Womens Miss S of Bapt Ch, Richburg .. 7 09
Coll of Ref Ch & S S 12 00
Stuart Shanl Bible Cl, Emanuel Bapt Ch, Buffalo..... 4 52
S S Bapt Ch, Cherry Creek 8 00
S S, Glen Wild..13 00
Bapt S S Hton...15 98
Blackmans Corners S S, Verona.... 3 10
2d Ref S S, Schenectady 10 00
Cedar Hill S S.... 7 71
Humboldt Parkway M E S Sch, Buffalo 2 00
Qneechy M E S S, Canaan 4 Corners 2 25
Class No 2 Bapt S Sch, Fort Miller 17
Great Neck Union S School 8 82
M E S S, Wyoming 1 21
Bapt S Sch, New Berlin 3 00
Sabbath Sch, Kenka 5 75
Covert Bapt S S, Trumansburg .. 5 00
C M S S Class, Ithaca 40
Hartfield S Sch, Hartfield 3 06
S Sch, W Wilton. 1 00
Burton's, M L, S S Cl, W Schuyler 1 00
S S & Friends, Orwell 8 75
Bapt Ch, & S S Cl, Blodgett Mills.. 7 00
S Sch at Sanfords Corners 8 00
First Ref'd S Sch, Schenectady ...25 00
Primary Class in S S, Kripple Bush 48
Pupils in Sch, Dist No 15, Sherburne 1 25
Pupils of Sch Dist No 3, Dickinson 1 40
Pupils of 2d Inter Dpt & Teacher, Keeseville...27 41
Dist School, Pine Valley 68
Potsdam R P Ch, Madrid 22 30
Lisbon R P Ch, Madrid 15 75
Coll of Ref Ch, Clarence 6 70
Members & Fds of Cong Bapt Meth & Cath Chs, Madrid 95 00
Welch Cong Ch, Waterville 27 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

M E Ch, Deposit.32 25
1st Bapt Ch, Ilion50 00
1st Pres Ch, Gulf Summit 6 13
Bapt Chapel Hamton 2 38
Presby Ch, Unadilla 19 00
M E Ch, Bellport 5 60
Bapt Ch, Almond. 2 00
Ref Church, Glen.13 00
Union S Ser of 3d Ch, Ripley.....22 28
Pres Ch Skaneateles 38 09
Lyonsville Ref Ch, Kripplebush 1 21
Presby Ch, Windsor 14 00
Meth Churches, Cohocton 31 00
Bapt Ch, Fleming 3 00
Friends, Ch Westmoreland 4 41
Bapt Ch, Nicholville 5 15
Pres Ch, Ballston Centre 1 00
Prospect Hill Miss Ch, Schenectady 4 50
Bapt Ch & Frds, Cossayuna 28 00
Covert Bapt Ch, Trumansburg ..10 00
Jrs of Wash Hghts United Pres Ch, New York City.. 1 00
Pres Ch, Glenwood 2 09
Drew M E Ch, Carmel 26 50
Reynold's, Bessie Cl, 1st Pres Ch, Baldwinsville .. 1 30
U B Meth & Bapt Chs, Friensburg15 87
Friends of Bapt Ch, Skaneateles. 2 50
1st Bapt Ch, Bainbridge 17 00
Kent Bapt Ch, Kent 31 60
Ch of Christ Choir Auburn 36 05
Pres Ch, E Pembroke 23 10
M E Ch, Dalton..13 00
Tres of C E Soc, Dnanesburgh ...10 00
The Kings Own Cir of K D of Cornhill M E Ch, Rochester 11 00
G S Graves Bible Cl of Emanuel Bapt Ch, Buffalo 5 00
Y W Aid Soc, 1st Presby Ch, Troy 7 00
Y P S C E, 1st Pres Ch, Gilbertsville 3 00
K D Circle, Lebanon Spgs..... 2 00
Y P C U of U B Ch, Findlay Lake10 00
B Y P U, Delevan 5 00
L A Soc..... 2 00
Jr C E Soc, Windsor 1 50
Island Mission, Cohoes 3 63
Lynbrook Mission.37 00
Hill Top Chapter E L, Ava..... 3 25
Cong Y P S C E, Norfolk 1 00
Vineyard Ave C E Soc, Lloyd 3 00
Delphian Club, Brookfield 8 00
W F M S of State St Pres Ch, Albany 4 61
Ladies Aid Soc Hol Ref Ch, N Y Mills 4 00
Farther Light Cir of Seneca Falls Bapt Ch..... 5 00
Grace M E Ch, Tonawanda 2 50
Jr C E Soc, 1st Ref Ch, Wyantskill 4 50
Y P Soc of C E Presby Ch, Catchogue 5 00
Homer Lockwood, Chap of E L of M E Ch, Madrid 7 00
C E Soc of 1st Pres Ch, Whitehall 13 00
M R Y P S C E, Manorville 1 45
Willing Workers, Luzerne 1 00
King's Daughters, Fleming 5 00
Y P S C E, 1st Ref Ch, Hudson 8 67
Ep League, Argyle 6 35
R R Y M C A, Ravena 10 50
Cong Y P S C E, Morrisville 2 00
Ladies Aid, Bowen 1 08
Endeavors, Orleans 1 00
Jr League, Rushford 5 06
Epw League, Apalachin, ... 1 43
Students of Cazenovia Seminary Cazenovia 20 70
Pres Ch Miss Soc, Union Springs..12 23
Jr Ep League of Floral Park M E Ch 3 00
S S, Ass'n Windsor 2 20
C E Soc, W Wilton 1 75

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Jnnior C E S, Fort Jackson 1 00
Un Ch En Soc, Rock Stream... 5 00
The Little Daughters of the King, Sag Harbor.... 1 05
Jr League, Burke 3 00
C E Soc, Unadilla 3 26
Ulsterville W C T U 5 00
Jr League, Westhampton Beach. 2 00
Y P S C E Bethel Ch, Pt Ontario. 1 25
Jr C E Soc of Kingsboro Ave Ch, Gloversville 56
Y Lad's Miss Soc, Cuba 4 00
King,s Daughters, Bridge Hampton 5 00
Queen Esther Cir, Bellona 5 00
Deeds of Kindness Cir K D, Hamilton 1 00
Presby Miss Soc, Dexter 15 00
Pres Ch C E Soc, Monroe 50 00
Rescue Mission, Syracuse 10 00
Y W C A, Brooklyn 2 03
C E Soc, Binff Pt 75
Mt Morris W C T U 5 00
C E Soc, Columbia 20 00
Boys Miss Band, Hannibal 50
Ecclesia of Diety, Schenectady 20 00
Ballston Grange No 687, Burnt Hills 7 20
Womans Proh'n League, Lockport 3 00
W C T U & L T L, Farmington.. 5 65
W C T U of Beekmantown 4 08
S Elmira W C T U, Albany 14 15
W C T U, Linolenmville 5 25
W C T U, Millbrook 3 50
Prim Dept U Sch, New York Mills. 2 00
S S Cl of 7 boys, N Y City 2 62
Sundry Employes of Union Pac Tea Co, N Y City.... 7 00
Rescue Miss, Syracuse 6 00
Employers of Utica St Hospital..16 00
Widow's Mite, N Y City 2 00
Well fed ones, New Rochelle 10 00
Cl No 1, Cong Ch, Woodhaven 3 00
2d Pres Ch Choir, Auburn 90 75
Coll in First Pres Ch, Ballston Spa.35 68
Christ Church, Bay Ridge 37 05
Bapt Ch, Bradford 2 50
The Ref Epis Ch, Brooklyn 1 50
Hansom Pl Bapt Ch, Brooklyn....33 00
Wyckoff Ave Bapt Ch, Brooklyn.... 7 00
St Paul's M E Ch & S, Brooklyn... 9 50
Lenox Road M E Ch, Brooklyn ... 9 50
Cropsey Ave Meth Ch & S School, Brooklyn 10 00
St Paul's En Luth Ch, Brooklyn ...10 00
Glenmore Ave Pres Ch, Brooklyn....12 10
Salem Danish Ev Luth Ch, Bklyn.12 60
Prospect Hts Pres Ch & S S, Bklyn.70 01
First U P Church, Brooklyn 5 36
Noble St Bapt Ch, Brooklyn 6 89
Nostrand Ave M E Ch, Brooklyn....27 00
Ridley Mem M E Ch, Brooklyn.... 5 00
Goodsell M E Ch & S Sch, Brooklyn. 6 00
German Bapt Ch, S Brooklyn 5 00
1st Ger Bapt Ch, Buffalo 10 00
Drew M E Ch, Carmel 5 50
Presby Ch, Constable 9 00
1st Cong Church, Crown Point....24 47
Ref Pres Church, Duanesburg 62 55
Presby Chapel, E Irvington 5 00
Wesleyan Meth Ch & Village of Fillmore 52 26
Bapt Ch, Fleming. 1 50
M E Ch, Ft Jackson 2 05
Universalist Ch, Ft Jackson 3 61
Gates Hill M E Ch, Franklintown 1 00
M E Ch, Franklintown 8 00
1st Pres Ch, Franklinville 13 18
Prim Cl Dutch Ref Ch, Greenwich.. 1 70
Pres Ch, Hastings 4 77

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Wesleyan Meth Ch, Houghton 35 32
M E Ch, Jonesville 7 00
Lafave Baptist.... 25
Bapt Ch of Yates & Meth & Pres Ch, Lyndonville.19 19
3d Meth E Ch, Sodus 47 50
Pres Ch, Malta...12 00
M E Ch, Montour Falls 8 25
St Michaels Ch, New York 1 00
Friend, Burdett .. 25
Friend, Burdett... 50
A Friend, Croton Falls 1 00
Friend, Doraville.. 25
A Friend, Dunkirk 1 00
A Friend, Dunkirk 1 00
A Friend, Dunkirk 1 00
Friends, Dunkirk. 11 40
Friends, Dunkirk. 5 75
Friends, Dunkirk. 6 25
A Friend, Ganscvoort 1 00
Friend, Lawrence, L I 2 00
A Friend, Liberty 1 00
Friend, New London 1 00
A Friend, Panama 3 00
A Friend, Penn Yan 20
A Friend, Sanitaria Springs 5 00
Friend, S Wales.. 25
Friend, Speonk... 2 50
A Friend, Springville 1 00
A Friend, Tarrytown 5 00
A Friend, Tronpsburg 10 00
Friend, Turner.... 1 00
Friend, Waverly... 25
Friends, Albion... 1 00
Tremont Bapt Ch, N Y City 1 00
44th St M E Ch, N Y City 5 00
Ch of Intercession, N Y City 6 00
Ch of the Redeemer, N Y City ... 6 00
Ascension Memorial Ch, N Y City.10 00
Ch of the People & 5 Points Miss, N Y City 10 00
Tremont Bapt Ch, N Y City 10 00
W 33d St Bapt Ch, N Y City 15 00
Swed Bapt Ch, N Y City 27 00
Ascension Bapt Ch & S S, N Y City.16 60
French Evang Ch, N Y City 40 93
French Evan Ch, N Y City 4 07
Pres Ch, N Bergen 9 60
Cong Ch, N Collins 23 25
Bapt Ch, N Hebron 10 83
M Ch Coll, Oriskany Falls 8 15
Pres Ch Parish... 78
Pres Church, Red Creek 13 00
Park Ave Bapt Ch, Cl 40, Rochester 5 00
Coll Park Av Bapt Ch, Cl 41, Rochester 10 25
Pres Ch, Sennett.. 16 40
Bapt Ch, Sennett.21 75
Old S E Ch, S East 7 00
Pres Ch, Stephentown 21 00
1st Cong Ch & S S, Westmoreland ..10 00
Christian Ch, West Shelby 18 00
Cong & Meth Ch, Willsboro 10 00
Elm Valley Union S Sch, Andover. 1 25
Bethany Pres S S, Brooklyn 16 50
Christ Ch S Sch, Clinton Street, Brooklyn 20 00
1st Free Bapt S S, Brooklyn 3 00
St Clements Prot E S Sch, Bklyn. 4 03
St John's S S, Ft Hamilton, Bklyn 5 00
1st M E S School, Brooklyn 10 00
Ross St Pres Ch S Sch, Brooklyn...10 00
Central E D Bapt S S, Brooklyn...12 00
Baptist S School, Brooklyn 15 00
German S School, Brooklyn 50 00
M E Sch, Cameron Mills 1 10
1nf Class Vischer's Ferry, S S, Clifton Park 25
Prim Dept of Pres S S, Dexter..... 5 25
M E S Sch, Edinburg 4 00
Whig St Union S Sch, Elkdale ...14 00
St Paul's Ch, S S, Flatbush 137 43
Bemis Dist S Sch, Gloversville 2 00
A M E Lion S S, Gravesend Beach 40
S Sch, Hornby....11 29

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

All Saints S Sch, Hudson 11 00
S S Dutch Ref Ch, Ger, Jamaica.... 6 00
Holy Trinity S S, N Y City 7 00
Woodland M E S Sch 5 00
Holyrood S Sch, N Y City 1 00
St Michaels S Sch, N Y City 2 50
Swed Bapt S Sch, N Y City 5 00
Friends Ch S Sch.11 25
Cornell Mem M E S S, N Y City...18 00
Eagle Ave S Sch, N Y City 20 00
Brick Ch Branch S S, N Y City...23 19
Woods Mem S S, N Y City 25 00
St Paul's M E S S, N Y City 32 00
Ch of the Beloved Disciple S Sch, N Y City 10 00
Holy Trinity S S, N Y City 42 81
S S of 1st Presby Ch of Throggs Neck, Westchester 5 09
S Sch, Obi 3 36
M E S Sch, Peterboro 10 00
Pres S Sch, Richfield Springs 27 01
Rose Bapt S Sch, Rose 11 75
S Sch, Sherrill....10 00
S S Children of E E Ch, Smithboro 2 12
Union Centre S S. 6 86
Maryette Union S S, W Colesville. 2 00
M E S Sch, West Exeter 1 46
M E S Sch, W Galway 3 27
Ladies Aid, Apalachin 2 18
Golden Rule M B of little children, Andover 2 00
Y P S C E, Barkertown 6 07
Union Y P S C E, Barnerville 12 42
Jr C E Soc of Park Cong'l Ch, Brooklyn 4 00
B Y P U, Belfast. 5 00
Ladies Aid of Beerston 10 00
Bapt S Sch Miss'y Soc, Bennettsburg 3 00
W C T U, Black Creek 2 00
Epw Lea, Brewerton 6 00
Whatsoever Circle of King's Daughters, Brookfield.. 1 00
Judson Miss Com Hanson Pl Bapt Ch, S S, Bklyn.25 00
Y P S C E First Pres Ch, Brunswick 10 00
M E Ch, Epw Lea, Castleton 10 20
King's Daughters of Reformed Ch, Catskill 5 00
Y P S C E of Christ's Pres Ch, Catskill 15 35
W C T U, Churchville 29 64
W C T U, Cuba..31 31
C E Soc, Dansville 1 00
Y P S C E of Pres Ch, Dansville... 2 05
W H M Soc, Dickinson 14 65
C E Soc, E Irvington 5 00
New Prospect Y P S C E, E Pine Bush 7 00
Southside Bapt C E, Elmira 2 40
Southport Pres C E, Elmira 2 85
Y M C A, Elmira. 3 53
Franklin St Pres C E, Elmira.... 4 20
Ger Evan C E, Elmira 7 00
Centenary Meth Ep Lea, Elmira.13 04
First Pres C E, Elmira 21 00
Jr C E Soc Ref'd Ch, Fishkill.....30 00
Epw Lea of Eddyville M E Ch, Fly Mt..... 5 00
Thimble Bee Soc, Germantown ... 5 00
End Soc, Gerry... 2 00
W C T U Soc, Grahamsville ...20 00
Epw Lea of Greenwood M E Ch.. 8 25
Jr Lea Greenwood 2 29
Faithful Circle of King's Daughts, Hamilton 5 00
Y P S C E, Hammond 2 00
Y P C U of Buch Hill, Hartfield.. 5 06
M E Jr Leagne, Hartford.....12 35
Willing Circle K D, Hudson 10 00
Y P S C E, Lakewood 13 25
C E Soc, Lawyersville 22 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Lend a Hand Club of 2d Presby Ch, Lockport 1 50
Grace Chapel Soc, L I C 5 00
B Y P U, Lndingtonville 2 56
W C T U, Lyon Mountain 3 00
Y P S C E, Lyons 8 10
Y P S C E, 1st Cong Ch, Malone 2 00
Y P S C E of Ref Ch, New Concord 1 00
Jr C E Soc 2d Ch of Disciples of Christ, N Y City 1 86
C E Soc of Bethany, Pres Ch... 5 00
Coll of Y M C A.. 5 21
Armitage Girls Club, N Y City.10 00
Cuyler Chap Miss Soc, N Y City...10 70
Friends Evan Ch, C E, N Y City.. 2 00
Jr C E Soc, Nyack 2 62
Jnn En, Oswego.. 2 00
Y P & C E Soc, Oswego 2 50
Wide Awake Lodge I O G T, Otego.10 00
W C T U, Parishville 1 00
Y P S C E of Jay G M Ref'd Ch, Roxburg 6 15
The 2d Milo Bapt Y P S C E, Second Milo 6 00
The 2d Milo Bapt Ch, Second Milo 9 00
Y P S C E of M P Ch, Spring Lake.20 00
Bangall Loyal Temp Legion, Stanford 3 00
Jr C E, Stephentown 1 50
C E Consecration Coll, Texas Valley 7 33
Y P S C E of Ref Ch, Ulster Park. 3 50
Y P S C E, Ulsterville 5 83
Y P S C E, Union Centre 2 42
Jnn E Soc, Waterloo 12 49
C E Soc Bapt Ch, Waterville 15 55
C E Soc, W Falls. 5 33
Jnniors, W Leyden 2 25
Jr C E Bapt Ch, Yates 1 65

MISCELLANEOUS

Barton, R D..... 1 00
Bidgood, Benj ... 1 00
Bidgood, Mary .. 50
Chamberlain, L, Lowell 1 00
Clay, Jos 5 00
Freer, C M, Jerseyville 3 00
Fuller, Mrs Geo, Spartansburg .. 1 00
Hale, Lucy O.... 1 00
Hecke, Ferdinand 2 00
Hollingsworth J L 3 50
Jackson, Mrs C.. 1 00
Lewis, M D, St Louis 7 00
Lewis, Mary M, St Louis 3 00
McCall, J B 1 00
Mitchell, Sarah .. 20
Moncrief, Sarah, Morton 2 00
Prentiss, Mrs J J 25
Tucker, M J..... 5 00
Wadhams, Mrs .. 1 00
E L K, Springfield 2 00
I F R F, Mashuank 10
M J T, Middletown 1 00
W W, —..... 5 00
I H N, Watsonville 6 00
I H N, S Boston. 1 00
—, —..... 10
—, —..... 25
—, —..... 45
—, —..... 50
—, —..... 50
—, —..... 1 00
—, —..... 1 10
—, —..... 2 00
—, —..... 2 00
—, —..... 4 00
—, —..... 5 00
—, —..... 1 50
—, Beaver City. 50
—, Dawson 10
—, Elmira 1 00
—, Newmarket.. 1 00
—, Seabreeze .. 22
Anon, —..... 20
Anon, —..... 20
Anon, —..... 50
Anon, —..... 1 00
Anon, —..... 1 00
Friend, —..... 50
Friend, —.....20 00
Friend, Boston.... 50
Friend, Omaha... 40
From a Friend... 1 00
Friend who wishes could give more. 1 00
Friends of the Master 1 50
Three Sisters,— 25
People of Larimon & vicinity 7 50
For India, —.... 1 04
Jun Leagne, Watertown 50

.. A Mother's Victorious Prayer ..

THE GENTILE WOMAN'S FAITH .·.

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for July 15: Mark 7: 24-30

Golden Text, Matt. 15: 25: "Lord, help me"

SUMMER brings us face to face with all nationalities, whether our outing be a tour of Europe or a day at some picnic resort. It is therefore a good time to remind ourselves of the real meaning of those words that so many say, and so few live, that "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek." We never think of Christ as a foreigner. "Behold the Man!" Nor can we think of Christ as thinking of any human being as a foreigner. The eloquent negro, Fred Douglass, said that Abraham Lincoln was the only white man who ever talked with him without making him conscious that he was of a different race. Lincoln, like Christ, met everyone as a man. Christ, in the lesson before us, going to a foreign coast for rest and quiet hours with his apostles, showed how un-Christlike is race prejudice.

A MODERN SYRO-PHŒNICIAN WOMAN

. . .

Secret Prayer Essential, But Secret Faith Impossible *He could not be hid.* The feeding of the five thousand had produced two embarrassing results. Patriotic but unspiritual Jews had attempted to force Christ to lead them in a revolt against Rome. That was all "the kingdom of God" meant to their unspiritual natures. They understood no power but physical force. Many others thronged about him, thinking they could live without work on his miraculous bread. He turned from these false disciples to the nearest foreign coast, from which prejudice would hold back the Jewish crowd, that he might teach his more spiritual apostles in a theological retreat the truths they would more slowly work into the hearts of the multitude. Christ had shortly before gone aside to "rest a while," and it is not only our privilege, but in some cases our duty to rest, that we may return to work with increased effectiveness. Rest for such a holy purpose is true recreation. There are no innocent "amusements," except for children; but recreation is a duty, a part of any true "imitation of Christ." When one is in full strength physically, his summer outing should be like the apostles' outing with Christ that we are studying, a Chautauqua of informal training for Christian work.

But there is in this story a hint that though we should resort to secret prayer, we should not and cannot have a secret faith. Even in that foreign coast, Jesus "could not be hid." If he is really in your heart you cannot hide him there. Christianity will out, like perfume from a closed hand. Christ is living courage, and if he is in your heart he will banish the fear that would tempt you to conceal him.

. . .

Saved by a Mother's Prayers *Fell at his feet.* It is a mother praying for her devil-possessed young daughter. Drummond profoundly traces the development of fatherhood and motherhood from their lowest forms. Everywhere in nature he finds the masculine selfish "struggle for life," and the feminine unselfish "struggle for the life of others." A mother's deepest and noblest "travail" is her agonizing prayer for a wayward son or daughter. It is useless to debate whether demoniacal possession was mere insanity or involved some guilt in the victim which opened the heart's door to the tempter. It is more profitable to consider the daughter of to-day who knows that in her case it was her own guilt that turned her life over to the control of the devil to sensuality or pride or infidelity, or the more frequent case of the son who is thus breaking his mother's heart, is a practical problem. Mr. Moody once said to a young man who, by wilful waywardness, was breaking the heart of his Christian father, "Why don't you take a knife and kill him at once and put him out of his misery, instead of killing him by slow torture with your wicked ways?" He concluded not to do either, but rather turn to Christ. In the companion story of the demoniac boy we have both father and mother in an agony of prayer out of which their boy was born anew into a redeemed life (Mark 9: 14ff.) In that story, as in this lesson, the parent unconsciously expressed utter identification with the child, so that the child's sufferings were counted as those of the parent. "Lord, help me," said the mother; "Have compassion on us," said the father, in the other case, each feeling every pain the child suffered, as if the parent had suffered it instead. When we know at last all the secret forces by which the world has been led forward, we shall doubtless find that one of the mightiest forces of history has been the prayers of Christian mothers.

What a glorious roll the "great mothers" of the Bible make? (Can we tell their children as we name them?) Eve, Sarai, Hagar, Rebekah, Rachel, Leah, Asenath, Jochebed, Ruth, Hannah, Elizabeth, Mary, Eunice. There were, alas, as to-day, mothers of another kind, one who was even her son's counselor to do wickedly. But the true mothers—how the greatest men have taxed poetry and eloquence to picture their high nobility! Coleridge said: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." Daniel Webster said: "It is the mothers that make the domestic hearth the nursery of heroes." John Quincy Adams said: "All I am my mother made me." Abraham Lincoln said: "All I am I own to my angel mother." Here are kindred proverbs: "A mother's knee is God's own altar." "Heaven is at the feet of mothers." "A mother's prayers never miss the road to God." The mother in this case prayed, "Lord, help me." Prayer links "me" to the "Lord."

"My weakness is completeness
In another's great strength."

. . .

The little dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. It was a Syro-phœnician mother who prayed for her little daughter. The Jews had a deep-seated contempt for the Syro-phœnicians which rested on better grounds than ordinary race prejudice. The ancient Phœnician worship was the vilest licentiousness under the name of religion. And the Jews had been often corrupted by it and so had brought on themselves divine retributions. The memory of that sad story had led the Jews of successive generations to call these people "dogs." But even so good an excuse does not justify race prejudice in the eyes of Christ. He seized this occasion to show that in true greatness, measured by faith, this despised woman excelled those who despised her. To test her he adopted the common attitude and language of his people toward her's. He seemed to despise and disregard her cry. She persisted and at last he said, "Shall I take the children's bread and give it to dogs?" In beautiful and spontaneous humility she answered: "Yea, Lord, even the little dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." Faith, persistency, humility, won the day. He put off his assumed manner, and poured praise upon her, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

A most perfect illustration of this story is given in the life of Robert Moffatt, the South African missionary. He came one evening to the house of a young and wealthy Boer farmer. He was invited to supper and was then asked to conduct family worship. The Hottentot slaves were not called in, and the missionary, who had worked among them and seen some of them develop beautiful Christian lives, requested that they might share in the worship. "Hottentots!" exclaimed the Boer farmer indignantly. "Let me rather go to the mountains and call the baboons. Or stop, I have it; my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do." The missionary said no more, but proceeded to the singing and prayer and then read the Bible, selecting this story of the Syro-phœnician, and putting special emphasis and explanation upon the reference to "dogs." Presently the farmer interrupted him to say: "Will Mynheer sit down and wait a little? He shall have the Hottentots." They were summoned, and many of them saw the interior of their master's house for the first time in that wondering hour of worship. When they trooped out again the farmer said, "My friend, you took a hard hammer and you have broken a hard head." Let us hope he had also softened a hard heart with some sense of the universal brotherhood of man, against which we offend in every epithet or even thought of race prejudice in which we indulge. God's grace makes beautiful lives in despised races just as skilled smelters have lately been getting great stores of gold from an abandoned mine in Michigan. Here in our picture we have a Syro-phœnician mother of to-day; or she may better represent the grown-up Syro-phœnician daughter, for her coming to Christ in childhood is another story somewhat like that of the lesson. When she was a little barefoot girl in Syria she was induced to join a missionary Sunday School. She became a Christian, which did not please her parents, and to break up her relation to the school they betrothed her when she was twelve years old to an old man of eighty. She escaped from home before the wedding-day and ran away to a missionary school in Beirut where she was educated, and became a teacher in Egypt, and subsequently a missionary lecturer in America.

"SHE BESOUGHT HIM THAT HE WOULD CAST THE DEVIL OUT OF HER DAUGHTER"

Races differ greatly in physical and intellectual qualities, but morally "there is no difference." In every race some are only a little, if any, above the brutes in vice, while others are only a little lower than the angels in Christlikeness. Let us make this lesson practical in banishing, by God's help, every remnant of race prejudice as a demoniacal possession from our natures. "Honor all men."

. . .

Faith is Taking God at His Word *O woman, great is thy faith.* That is a greatness to which we may all attain. And it is the greatest of all kinds of greatness, because it links us to the great God. When a woman went to visit another woman of lowly life but famous for the strength of her simple faith,

the visitor asked: "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," she replied; "I am the woman with a little faith in the great God." Faith is not feeling, but taking God at his word. This woman took Christ at his word, "Be it unto thee as thou wilt," and went back to her home, expecting to find her afflicted daughter well, and she was not disappointed.

It is said that one day, when Napoleon Bonaparte was reviewing his troops, his horse bolted, and a common soldier, rushing from the ranks, caught the bridle and saved the Emperor's life. "Well done, Captain!" said the Emperor. The soldier did not doubt or question, knowing well that the word of the Emperor could transform him from a private to a captain. So he merely asked: "Of what regiment, Sire?" and Napoleon, pleased with being taken at his word, replied: "Of the Guards," giving him the most coveted of all.

But when it is God's will that sickness should continue or end only in death, or that our sorrow, whatever it is, should remain upon us, we may show the greatness of our faith by the perfection of our submission to the always perfect will of God.

One summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen—two flaxen-haired tots—had been put to bed, a severe thunder-storm came up. Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked in low voices about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow: "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying: "Well, I dess I will too." And they both went to sleep without more words.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect Day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

MODERN SIDON

Republicans in ∴ Convention

POLITICIANS were not surprised by the action of the Republican National Convention. It was well understood before the delegates assembled in Philadelphia, that President McKinley would be renominated. It was also known that many of the leaders of the party, for certain weighty reasons, both personal and political, wished the nomination for the Vice-Presidency to go to Theodore Roosevelt, the Governor of New York. He was said to be averse to accepting the nomination, as he prefers his present office and would like to have another term; but a Convention is apt to desire a candidate all the more if he does not seek the nomination and in this instance it tendered the honor with unprecedented unanimity. So McKinley and Roosevelt are to be the standard bearers of the party. The scene of enthusiasm at the nomination of each of them was wonderful, even for a national convention. The platform adopted was in accord with the candidates. It opens with an appropriation of the credit for the national prosperity, for the successful issue of the war with Spain, and a new pledge of loyalty to the gold standard. On the delicate question of the "trusts," the platform expresses approval of combinations of capital for the development of business; but disapproval of "combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or control prices," and promises to favor legislation to prevent those evils. The usual pledge to maintain protective duties follows, and it is defined as "protection to American labor." The platform aiso favors reciprocity, restriction of immigration, the development of our shipbuilding industry, advocates liberal pension appropriations, a reduction of the war taxes, and the construction of the Isthmian Canal. On the South African question the platform is non-committal. It approves the President's offer of meditation, and "earnestly hopes that a way may soon be found" to terminate the strife. The whole proceedings were so harmonious that it now looks as if the party would go to the polls in November without any division in its ranks and with no section of it aggrieved or sullen. It remains to be seen whether the other great party will similarly succeed in adjusting the differences in its camp, which seem to be of a more serious nature than any that the leaders of the Republican party have had to deal with. The duty of the patriotic Christian to whatever party he belongs is to pray that the nation may be rightly guided in its choice of men, and that God will so direct the popular will that the men who will guide the destinies of the nation during the next four years will be such men as

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

tention. The British steamship *Parana* from ports on the River Plata, was held because bubonic plague had been prevalent near the ports at which the steamship loaded. The Norwegian steamship *Lovstakken* was held because she loaded at Hong-kong and other ports in the Orient where bubonic plague exists. The British steamship *Accomac* came from Alexandria, Egypt, where there is also bubonic plague. In addition to this unusual call upon the services of the disinfectors, the regular list of arrivals was large, and about sixty steerage passengers from the Hamburg-American line steamship *Pretoria*, who had been detained for the past two weeks on Hoffman Island on account of exposure to smallpox had to be examined, released and transferred to the Barge Office. Being responsible for the health of so large a city, the Quarantine officers are right in taking care that no vessel liable to bring infection shall enter.

It is much to be wished that the authorities would take similar care to keep the city free from the entrance of sin, which is also infectious, and as deadly to the soul as the plague is to the body.

Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up, trouble you, and thereby many be defiled (Heb. 12: 15).

Arrival of Infected Ships

An unusually busy time was passed at Quarantine, in New York, last week. Every man of the Health Department and all the boats were busy day and night. Four steamships from infected ports were detained for disinfection. The Ward line steamship *Orizaba*, from Mexico and Havana, was held because the ship's barber, who had stolen ashore at Vera Cruz, had developed yellow fever and had been sent to hospital at Havana. The room occupied by the sick man on board the *Orizaba* was partially disinfected at Havana and sealed up. Health officer Doty ordered the room thoroughly disinfected, and thirty-two of the *Orizaba's* passengers were sent to Hoffman Island to complete the five days' period of detention. The British steamship *Parana* from ports on the River Plata, was held because bubonic plague had been prevalent near the ports at which the steamship loaded. The Norwegian steamship *Lovstakken* was held because she loaded at Hong-kong and other ports in the Orient where bubonic plague exists. The British steamship *Accomac* came from Alexandria, Egypt, where there is also bubonic plague. In addition to this unusual call upon the services of the disinfectors, the regular list of arrivals was large, and about sixty steerage passengers from the Hamburg-American line steamship *Pretoria*, who had been detained for the past two weeks on Hoffman Island on account of exposure to smallpox had to be examined, released and transferred to the Barge Office. Being responsible for the health of so large a city, the Quarantine officers are right in taking care that no vessel liable to bring infection shall enter.

Men who had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do (1. Chron. 12: 32).

A Hopeless Consumptive Cured

In an address delivered on June 15, Professor Roberts, of Dunham Medical College of Chicago, told the story of the cure of a man suffering from consumption, whose case had been pronounced hopeless by eminent physicians. The man had been taken to a dry climate and set to sawing wood in the open air. An easy chair had been placed near by, in which he could rest whenever he felt fatigued, but he was kept all day in the open air. Gradually his worst symptoms were relieved; each day he was able to do more work, and he is now a strong and healthy man. Professor Roberts expressed the opinion that the great majority of consumptives might be cured by similar means. He said that he himself was an illustration of the fact. When he was twenty years of age, he was given up by the physicians, but he had taken the fresh air cure, and was now sixty years of age, with the prospect of living twenty years more. The New England sufferers, he said, should go to the Aroostook region, and the Westerners should go to Arizona or New Mexico, but any dry locality would do, providing the sufferer would spend his time in the open-air. There have been cases of moral disease which have been considered hopeless, that have been cured by analogous means. The sinful nature is cured not by punishment nor by repression of the evil, but by the impartation of the pure divine life of Christ which is death to all sin.

If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness (Romans 8: 10).

A Fatal Burden

A significant accident occurred at Fishkill, N. Y., a few days ago involving the death of a young man of considerable promise. He, with three companions, went out for a day's fishing in a row boat. The party thoroughly enjoyed the day, and when they were ready to return to their home at Newburgh, N. Y., one of them proposed that they first go ashore to get supper. They had a liberal meal, at which a generous supply of liquor was consumed. When returning to the boat they took with them a demijohn containing whiskey. When they had rowed about half way across the river, one of the young men declared he could not row another yard until he had a drink of whiskey. He was standing up holding the jar to his mouth when a lurch of the boat overbalanced him, and he fell into the river. In some way his hand slipped through the handle of the jar, and he could not release it. The weight on his wrist caused him to sink like a stone, and his companions never saw him again. The accident was uncommon, though unhappily it is not uncommon for whiskey to drag a man down in other ways.

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PREST. M' KINLEY GOV. ROOSEVELT

The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags (Prov. 23: 21).

Brief Notes

The friends of Rev. Diteran H. Rajebyan, Armenian minister, will be glad to learn that he has accepted a call from the first Evangelical Church at Hadjin, Turkey, and will sail on July 7 for his field of labor.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is again in charge of the Young Peoples' Meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J. The "Sunshine Hour" is from 9 to 10 every morning. During the camp meeting beginning Aug. 19, there will also be a "Twilight Hour" at 6.30 every evening.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison will lead the Iowa State Camp Meeting at Cedar Lake Park from July 17 to 26. He has just closed his work at Bloomington, Ill., which has been one of the most remarkable of recent years. Over seven hundred persons were at the altar.

Among the speakers at the Muncie Island Bible Conference, Babylon, L. I., who will take part in the proceedings this week are: Rev. Geo. C. Needham; Dr. A. C. Dixon; Dr. R. A. Torrey; J. L. Deering, of Japan; Dr. S. McBride; Rev. Geo. S. Avery and Dr. E. H. Muncie.

Many visitors to Northfield in former years will grieve to hear of the death of Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, whose addresses there were always marked by great earnestness. He was under forty years of age, and promised a long career of usefulness.

At the Gospel Tent, in New York, on Broadway, at Fifty-sixth street, the services on Sunday, June 24, were conducted by Dr. Wm. Merle Smith; on Monday, by John S. Hallimond and Mrs. Bird of the Bowery Mission; on Tuesday, by Rev. O. F. Bartholow; on Wednesday, by Rev. Joseph Sullivan; on Thursday, by Dr. J. F. Carson and on Friday, by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. The manager, Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt is greatly encouraged by the number attending and their evident interest.

A cable message received just as we go to press announces the arrival of the "Quito" at Bombay on June 24. Her cargo was in fine condition, and as all arrangements had been made by the Inter-Denominational Committee previous to her arrival, no time was lost in getting the corn into the hands of the missionaries in the interior for distribution.

BRAVE FIGHT WITH FAMINE

Continued from page 557

two Parsee gentlemen, Mr. Eduljee, Vice-President of the Municipality, and Mr. Behramjee Cardmaster, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Municipality, and by Mr. Shahurao Modak, a legal practitioner, the son of one of the first Brahman converts of the Mission. The heat, in the dry, drought-afflicted climate, was scorching, and the glare of the sun almost unendurable, but Dr. Klopsch faced it bravely and suffered no ill effects.

In the afternoon, the party went to the chief chapel of the Mission, and met twelve hundred native Christians, who filled the building to its utmost capacity, while eight hundred non-Christian weavers crowded the yard outside. A couple of hymns were sung in the Marathi language, and after Dr. Hume had explained the character of the assembly to Dr. Klopsch, pointing out the students, the orphans, and the children of the boarding and the day-schools, Mr. Modak addressed him in the name of the Native Church, tendering him a cordial welcome, and assured him that the people could never forget how much the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had twice done for them in their time of dire need. "But," he said, "more than for your money we thank you for your men: the contrast between what we are as you see us, and what we were before, has been produced by these servants of God, the missionaries working under the command and by the example of their Divine Master."

Dr. Klopsch then rose and replied to the following effect:

"I thank you heartily for your message of love to the Christian people of my great country, and assure you that it is cordially and sincerely reciprocated. We gave practical evidence of our affection for India many years ago when we sent some of our noblest sons and most saintly daughters to labor for India's good, ten thousand miles away from home, from friends, from delightful associations, but nearer perhaps to the God whom they delight to serve. In 1897 we gave another practical expression to that love; this year we repeated it on a much more gigantic scale, and should there be another occasion of the same kind (which God forbid), you will find us ready again to do all that we can to lighten the burden and relieve the distress.

"What a grand sight to see 1,200 Christians assembled in church in the heart of India. Surely God has graciously blessed the labors of Dr. Hume and his coworkers who have consecrated their lives to the mission of pointing those who sit in darkness to the marvelous light of the Gospel."

These remarks were interpreted in Marathi by Mr. Modak to the assembly, and greatly delighted them.

. . .

A Welcome from the Press

The editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have received the following letter from the editor of the *Bombay Guardian:*

Dear Friends and Brothers,

It is indeed a pleasure to write and tell you of Dr. Klopsch's safe arrival in Bombay a week ago, and of the joy it was to us to have the honor and privilege of a visit from him.

Before me lies the cablegram dated New York the 4th announcing the sum of $5,000 for relief work—for distribution through the *Bombay Guardian* Famine Fund. And may I say just here how heartily we welcome the increasing number of Missionary Famine Funds, for within reasonable limits, it seems to me, that the more numerous the centres of distribution the less likely for any to be overlooked, or for some to have to excess.

You will be interested to know that as many as eighteen different missions or branch-missions participated in the apportionment, the number of individual missionaries being much greater. In every case the need was urgent, and the wisdom of the ultimate use of the money assured. One missionary, speaking of about twenty mission stations which he supervised, told us that in each of these stations Rs. 1,000 over and above what he was able to send could be wisely used in relieving real need. So great and so widespread the distress!

But as the tidings of these most generous contributions reaches us we see that long after the cash has been spent, and as we trust times of plenty may again be known, there will be found an abiding and an enduring spiritual fruit. For as the missionaries in scores of centres throughout the famine areas apply your gifts to the saving of life they will delight to tell from whence the help has come.

"HUNGRY AND YE FED ME: NAKED AND YE CLOTHED ME"

God Bless the Donors!

For this reason, if for no other, moneys contributed **by Christian people can far more appropriately be dispensed by missionaries than by the religiously-neutral agency of the government.**

Permit us, in closing, to convey to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its generous readers most hearty thanks on behalf of the missionaries now gladdened by the welcome burden of dispensing so great bounties and also on behalf of those many thousands whose life and health will be restored as they receive.

Yours most gratefully in the love of the Gospel,

F. PERCY HORNE,
Editor of *The Bombay Guardian.*

. . .

A cable message received just as we go to press announces the arrival of the "Quito" at Bombay on June 24. Her cargo was in fine condition, and as all arrangements had been made by the Inter-Denominational Committee previous to her arrival, no time was lost in getting the corn into the hands of the missionaries in the interior for distribution.

A Night... in the Parks

...By...
J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent of the
BOWERY MISSION

IN our ministry to homeless men who night after night congregate in such numbers in the Bowery Mission, we have often had our hearts harrowed by stories of suffering and privation undergone by those who "have not where to lay" their head. I felt a desire to know something more by personal observation of the facts of the case. On a recent evening, therefore, I embraced an opportunity of spending the hours between 11 P. M. and 4 A. M., in Madison and Union Square parks.

I do not claim that it entailed any suffering, or even inconvenience, upon myself, except, perhaps, the loss of a night's sleep, for the weather was by no means inclement, and the instruction, entertainment, and inspiration I received made it one of the most memorable episodes in all my experience of Christian work. Every seat in the parks was more or less occupied. What a motley crowd! Old and young, strong and weak; boys fresh from their homes in the country, to whom the experience of being without a bed was evidently something terribly new; and old men, frowsy and ragged, who had not slept in a bed for months, perhaps for years. Here was a big, brawny longshoreman, who had spent his wages in rum, but to whom, partly on account of his great physical strength, and partly because of his semi-drunken condition, it was no great hardship to spend a night in the park. Here, on the other hand, was one whose hacking cough, and hollow eyes, shining with such strange brilliance in the glare of the electric light, denoted that a cot in Bellevue Hospital would have been a more fitting resting-place for him than an inhospitable park-bench. I went from bench to bench, but did not awaken any of the sleeping men. Poor fellows! What an impertinent intrusion that would have been! But whenever I found a man awake, I sat down beside him and began conversation. They had no idea that I was a missionary, so in that respect I caught them off-guard. They talked with perfect freedom about their troubles, and I was able to bring them, in a natural manner, around to the subject of their spiritual needs.

This is what I found. First, that many of these men are, in regard to God and eternal things, in worse than heathen darkness. They are absolutely without hope. Not a single star shines out in the black sky! Yes, perhaps they once knew something of the truth, but waywardness on their part, and a heartless indifference to their needs on the part of their more fortunate fellow creatures, have long since quenched the flickering flame. The sacred name of God has now no meaning for them. Anything bearing the name of religion or the church they hate with a ferocious hatred. Aims and ambitions they have none. Only the necessities of their physical nature, the maddening gnaw of hunger, or the burning flame of a feverish thirst, urges them to effort sufficient to keep body and soul together. And so they wait on for the end to come—the sad, sorrowful end of death and the Potter's Field. It is only the absence of physical courage that keeps them out of a suicide's grave.

Secondly, many of these men have never seen the inside of a church, mission, or other religious meeting-place. How necessary, therefore, it is for aggressive Christian workers such as the Bowery Mission possesses, to remember the injunction, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

Again, I found that many of the most deserving cases of human need never make any claim for help. Will it be believed that some of these homeless ones actually rebelled against my desire to furnish them with a bed for the night, on the ground that they did not care to accept "charity?" Real need is often excessively modest. When philanthropy is dealt out wholesale, a vast proportion goes to waste. If our generous impulses are to be operated upon with the maximum of efficiency we must do what the Master did so often—*get at the individual.* Such a policy shall, in the future, be more than ever a characteristic of Bowery Mission work.

I concluded my conversation in almost every case with arrangements for shelter for the night, car-fare down to a lodging-house, the wherewithal for a substantial breakfast in the morning, and, finally, with an invitation to the Bowery Mission. I noticed that some of them saved the car-fare nickel by starting off to walk. Probably they introduced little alterations with regard to other items in my well-intentioned scheme, but I was glad to find that several were true to their promise to come to the Mission. Some have since knelt at our penitent form, and are friends of ours for life—for eternity.

My work was done. The night was nearly over. I was very tired and sleepy. It was beginning to rain—a drizzly, oozy rain. So I sat down in Union Square Park, to wait for the car which would take me to my ferry for home. My right-hand neighbor was an old man, a German, pleasant-faced and cheery-voiced, but, alas! a homeless tramp. He held in his lap a bundle carefully, even daintily, wrapped up. I wondered what it contained. Probably relics of bygone days, probably all his earthly belongings. I had barely commenced a conversation with him when I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I was awakened by a very vigorous elbow nudge, imparted by the old man. One glance sufficed to show his kindly purpose. Two young men stood by me, or rather leaned over me, in such close proximity as to leave no doubt in my mind, and evidently none in the mind of old Hans, that they had taken me for some fellow sleeping off the effects of a debauch. Having caught a glimpse of my watch-chain, they concluded that it would be a simple matter to relieve me of my watch and any other little personal effects, while ostensibly sheltering from the rain under the same tree as myself. That this view of the situation was the correct one was, I think, conclusively proved by the two young scamps taking to their heels immediately my eyes opened.

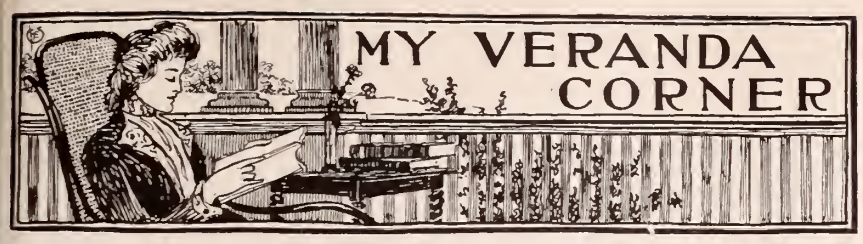
The following evening, while going through our Bowery Mission crowd, to my great delight, I came across my German friend, with his precious bundle tightly clasped under his arm. He often comes now, but never without his bundle. He always takes a rear seat. He is one of those who never accept without a protest. He is too old to work, too proud to beg, and rebels furiously against ending his days in the almshouse. Poor old tramp! With your kindly heart, and cheery voice, who shall say that you are not bravely fighting the good fight of faith? Fight on!

"Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

. . .

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Bowery Mission:

Prev. ack	$903 62	Roberts, L K	$5 00
Allen, Mrs L C	2 00	Sauvain Nelson	1 50
Boggan, Lulu C	1 25	Sealey, Mrs A	2 50
Boyle, J T & Mrs G A	10 00	Simonds, Miss S A	1 00
Cooper, Estelle E	20	Weaver, H T	1 00
Covell, Mrs M J	50	Wentz, Robt F and family	10 00
Day, Mrs J E	50	Whitmore, Lucy	5 00
Drew, Mrs	2 00	Wilcox, Mrs Ithiel	50
Gordon, Alletta H	2 00	Williamson, Mrs J F	25
Hatcher, Mrs A	1 00	Woodside, Mrs Wm	2 50
Hayward, Mrs C G	10 00	Mrs A L S, Middlebrook	50
Hill, A A	2 50	F M W, N Y City	1 00
Himes, Martha L	1 00	M H B, Ada	1 00
Hunter, Mrs Dr Jno	25	— Huntsville	1 00
Hunter, Johnnie L	25	— Jeffersonville	5 00
Hutchison, I	50	"Bank," Johnstown	4 00
Jacobson, N	3 50	— Sycamore	50
Langston, Myrtle	25	Friend, Dayton	1 00
Lippelman, Mrs H H	50	Friend, Nantucket	2 00
McCord, Mrs Sallie E	1 05	Subr, Lee	1 00
Mason, J H	1 50	Subr, Summitville	1 00
Noyes, L	1 00	Total	$1,002 62
Peterson, J G	5 00		
Randolph, C L	5 00		



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Troublesome Baby

THE little ones cling to the mother
With kisses that softly fall;
But somehow the troublesome baby
Is nearest her heart of all:
Ill and fretful and small,
But dearest to mother of all.

The neighbors wonder and pity,
Hearing its querulous cry;
"She is losing her youth and beauty,"
Say friends as they pass her by;
"Well were the babe to die
And the mother have rest," they sigh.

But over the wee white cradle,
Her pure eyes full of prayer,
Bendeth the weary mother;
And never was face so fair,
Pale, and tired with care—
But the glory of love is there!

Rosy and round and dimpled,
Dewy with childish sleep,
She tucks in her other darlings,
Whom angels watch and keep.
Ah, if a darker angel
Anear this treasure creep!

Bless thee, beautiful mother!
Thy heart hath a place for all;
Room for the joys and the sorrows,
However fast they fall;
Room for the baby small,
That may love thee best of all.

Independence Day

WE are still a very young nation, but we are young with the vigor and strength of a growing giant. To nations which reach back into remote antiquity our Independence Day, July 4, 1776, seems not far off; it is a date of yesterday—a near yesterday. But to us, since we are making such amazing forward strides, being not unlike the vision the prophet had of a nation born in a day, that first brave Fourth looks sufficiently distant to be glory-crowned and venerable. Very brave were those signers of the declaration, who appreciating fully the importance of the step they took, knowing that they were risking all they had, their lives, their liberties and their honors, daringly set their names to that immortal brief of freedom.

Time was that every child in our midst knew that document familiarly. It used to be studied in school, read in the family and commented upon in the pulpit. The air was vibrating and thrilling with enthusiastic patriotism on the Fourth of July. The rolling cannon, the beating drums, the marching processions, the fusillade of musketry, the thunders from fort and fleet, and the continuous snapping all day of the children's fire-crackers and torpedoes were the outward and audible tokens of a love of country which clamored for suitable expression.

We were less fastidious, simpler, if you please, and less easily disturbed thirty or forty years ago than we now are, and few complaints were uttered because the Fourth was noisy. In fact, there are old people among us yet, who are not satisfied when the day is tranquil. They are willing once a year to endure a little inconvenience in the way of celebration, for the sake of sentiment and *auld lang syne*. They are not anxious to get out of town to escape the jubilation of which they altogether approve.

Where noise does not after all commend itself to common sense as the best way of honoring one's love of country, there are more excellent methods to be found than the incessant sputtering of small explosives, or the louder booming of guns; though with John Adams, all good Americans must always wish the day to be ushered in with the ringing of bells and the resounding thunder of cannon. After the salute to the dawn, we might be contented with silence, if flags should everywhere float and flutter from roof and spire, if soldiers should march and music delight us, and if our children should have their share in the festivity in some patriotic demonstration. At least every child should sing patriotic songs and hear the Declaration of Independence and some orator's eloquent speech on Independence Day. We are not in peril of too much spread-eagle ism in our hurrying and eager period. We are rather in danger of being too little proud of our country and of taking her gifts too much as a matter of course.

If we spend a portion of "The Fourth" in outdoor jaunts, in picnics and excursions, let no one blame us: we are a hard-working nation and not over ready to sport and play. The bow must sometimes be unstrung. It is a good sign that we give more thought than formerly to recreation, and that we are disposed to enjoy our holidays. They are not a waste of time. And this midsummer holiday is our nation's own; and we do well to love and honor it, and to care for the principles which it forever signifies to all the world.

WELCOMING THE GLORIOUS "FOURTH"

The Pastor's Wife

Whether or not she aspire to the position, the pastor's wife occupies a conspicuous place in the congregation, and, by right of her relation to the minister, is regarded by the women of the church as their leader. She is the first lady in the parish. There is, however, no reason why she should be singled out for the bearing of burdens beyond other women, and if she be young and have little folk to bring up she should be absolved from taking an active share in the church work. She is not paid a salary to serve the church. She is simply the wife of her husband and the mother of the parsonage children. No doubt she will of her own free-will help in many ways, but help should not be exacted nor required of her beyond what she is able to give. Nor ought she to be criticized for any omissions or commissions. She has a right to privacy and to her own life.

With Drum and Tambourine

The best of a summer holiday, like our brave Fourth of July, in the children's minds at least, is that it lasts so long. Their parents are not always of the same opinion, and could easily spare the music of drum and tambourine, though when they see Frank and Flossy, with ecstatic faces and joyful steps, treading a measure, as if they were soldiers setting out on a campaign, they smile in sympathy. We have all been children. We have all known the deep bliss of making music for ourselves. True, some of us now and then are oblivious of the way we felt when we were children, and therein we become curmudgeons of the first water.

The little ones are indeed starting out on a long campaign. May it be a victorious one, and may they keep the purity of childish days, by the grace of God, to the very end of their lives.

HITHERTO

To bluest skies that arch the way
I lift my thankful eyes to-day:
The sunlight falls a golden tide
O'er airy forests green and wide;
Sweet odors drift the morning through,
'Tis God has led me hitherto.

No Neighbors

I AM sitting to-day beside a city window, and on every side of me there are neighbors, so close to me in fact, that now, the windows being open, I am compelled to hear and see more than I desire of their daily doings. There is a division fence between my little back yard and the back yards of my neighbors on the next street, and at present this is wreathed and garlanded and heaped with roses, while some of my friends who enjoy pottering about in their gardens have crammed their beds, just narrow borders, with flowering plants. One neighbor has a parrot, a chattering uncanny creature; another has canaries; still another has rabbits in her yard, her children's pets, of course, and as for cats, their number is large, and some of them are very beautiful. One mother has a very sick child; she is lovely in her care of him; another has a fretful child, and alas! she is very cross and fretful herself, and her nervousness reacts upon the laddie and makes him worse. But this is what I am considering, the great contrast between my lot and that of a lady who wrote to me the other day, that her nearest neighbor was five miles off, and that she lived two years in her present home before she spoke with another woman. Think of it, my dears, the silence, the isolation, the quietude of that life! Yet if she had a good husband, as I am sure she had, and a baby to take care of, she was not desolate, and she was certainly very busy, and the busy woman is the happy woman, is she not?

We should prize the weekly visits of our friendly paper even more than we do, if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were our only pledge of the neighborly spirit of the world. We should not be so ready to complain of the rattling carts and the clamoring street-cars and the city noises against which we rebel, if our homes were miles away from other homes, very close to Nature's heart, but remote from human companionship.

There are people who are sad and morbid in the midst of a great crowd, and there are people again who are bright and blithe and cheery when they have few companions. The well-spring of pleasure is in ourselves. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said our blessed Lord.

A merry heart is a continual feast. I know a little woman whose lot in life is full of disappointment and privation, but if ever I am tempted to be "blue," I run away to her, for her laugh is a chime of bells, and her gayety does me good like a medicine.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—BENEFITS RECEIVED. Do not economize thanks. A letter of appreciation should be very promptly sent.

—SALLIE BRASS. Are you sure you did not begin the quarrel? Well, here is a Spanish proverb for you to ponder:

It takes two to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

—R. N. G. A modern corset is a very comfortable article of dress, and needs not to be very confining. Indeed, it seldom is. One never hears of women who lace their stays as tightly as our grandmothers did.

—LEILA AND FRED. Consult your mother, Leila, and yours, Fred, and abide by their decision. You are still too young to think of marriage. Until Fred is through college and Leila out of school, be friends only, not lovers.

—JENNIE. I cannot recommend breakfast foods. Nearly all the wheat, corn, rice and oatmeal foods are good. Try different kinds in succession. You can have seven different breakfasts a week if you like, and then go round again. Most of them require about twice as much cooking as the directions tell you to give.

—F. F. F. In your part of the world, one thousand dollars a year is equal to three thousand a year in New York. A family of six persons, three of whom are children, should live on this amount in great comfort. It would be interesting to hear how you dispose of it. There are many minister's families, living and educating several children on half or three-quarters of this annual sum.

—A little lad of four years, driving with his papa in the country, stopped before a blacksmith's shop, and saw the smith shoeing a horse, while another man kept the flies off with a brush made of a horse's tail. "Oh, mamma," said the child when he came home, "I saw them making horses to-day. They were nailing them together and were just ready to tack on the tail." Aunt Prudence thinks this a very funny little story.

New Methods of .. .. Pastoral Work

How a Country Pastor Found Spheres of Labor in a Rural Charge and Availed Himself of Various Opportunities of Usefulness

MANY a village pastor has been discouraged when he has visited some great city and has observed the vast opportunities there are there of reaching the masses. It has seemed to him that in his little village of two or three thousand population, there is little that he can do. The same faces look up to him in the pulpit every week, and there

REV. FREDERICK CAMPBELL

is no prospect before him of any change, save that the children grow up to young men and women, and the hair of the adults gets gray, and one after another the aged members go to the grave. It seems a dull life with no opportunity of doing great things for the Master. In the city there are thousands of men and women leading lives of practical heathenism. There is intellectual activity, and an eloquent and vigorous preacher may hope to draw large congregations and inaugurate and prosecute aggressive spiritual work. So the village pastor is liable to lose heart and enthusiasm and to seize eagerly the first opportunity that comes of quitting his country charge for work in a city.

The wisdom of such a course is doubtful at the best. It very often happens that there are opportunities within his reach in his country charge, that are more promising than any he will find in the city. There is oftentimes a more urgent need of work for Christ in the country than in the city, a greater density of unspirituality and a deplorable lack of effort. There are villages in which no service at all is held on the Lord's Day and where the residents would have to go several miles to find an open church or Sunday School. This is ominous, for the city is recruited from the country, and it is a terrible thing for the youth to go to the city and confront its temptations with no restraining influence in his heart, no knowledge of the Gospel in his mind and no power, derived from his experience in the country, to keep him from falling under the glamor of the mirrored and gorgeously upholstered haunts of vice, with the gay company laughing and drinking and beckoning to him. The village pastor might so work for Christ, that every youth going to the city from his neighborhood might go up well equipped for the fight in which he must engage and thoroughly prepared to resist the evil—"to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

It is not long ago that a large, scattered community was mourning the unavoidable removal of a pastor from its villages to the city, and there was such sincere regret for the loss of his services, such evident personal liking for the man, and so much regret that his influence and work must be transferred, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thought that a brief story of what he had done and of the methods he adopted might be of service by way of suggestion and encouragement to other country pastors, and might lead to other communities being benefited.

This community had its centre at Lowville, the County-seat of Lewis County, N. Y., a village of about three thousand inhabitants. The Presbyterian Church there was to have a new pastor, and had invited Rev. Frederick Campbell, of Chicago. He accepted the invitation and settled down to his new charge with the determination to find out all the opportunities for service within his reach, and to fill them at any cost of energy and labor. The result, after some years of work, has been exceedingly gratifying and has abundantly repaid all the effort expended.

The church, when Mr. Campbell went there, contained 240 members. It had been seventy-five years in existence, and was very conservative in its methods. His first step was to consult the pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches on the possibility of extending Christian work. He learned that in the Black River region surrounding Lowville there were sections of rural communities utterly without the means of grace. Many of the people neither maintaining religious service in their own localities nor attending service in the churches nearest to them. In some instances there had been churches, in the past, but they had dwindled down to extinction. In one of them there had once been a wonderful work of grace under Rev. Daniel Nash, the "Father Nash" referred to in Finney's memoirs. Sunday Schools were also lacking, and there was little religious interest existing anywhere.

Mr. Campbell secured good maps of the neighborhood, showing all the country roads, the location of the farm-houses, blacksmiths' shops, school-houses and cheese factories, which were important, it being a dairy region. From these maps Mr. Campbell prepared a diagram, a copy of which is here given. Journeys were then planned in the directions marked. Before the close of that season five Sunday Schools were organized at distances varying from three to twelve miles from Lowville. To these a sixth was subsequently added. Mr. Campbell found

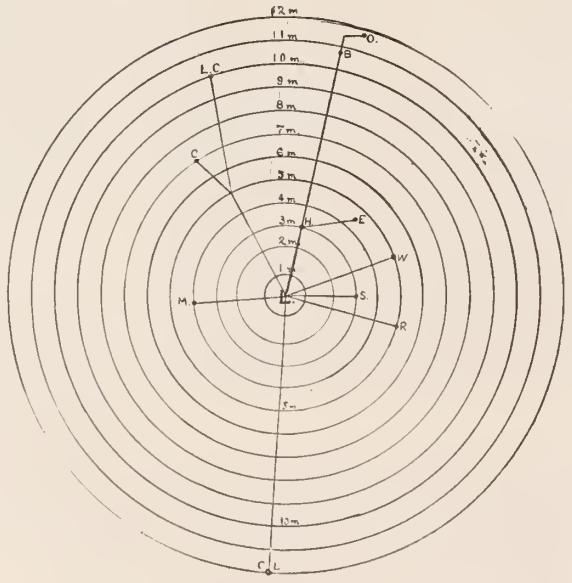


DIAGRAM OF AGGRESSIVE MISSIONARY WORK

ready co-operation in his efforts, and was glad to see that one of the six schools was organized independently of his own initiation.

The plan adopted was to go first to the schoolhouse and ascertain whether there would be any objection to organizing a Sunday School there. The consent of the trustees had to be secured and where the trustees were Roman Catholics, this was difficult if not impossible. If it was granted, and the good-will of the teacher secured, notice was given that a service would be held in the afternoon of the following Sunday. The next visit was generally to the cheese-maker, whose services in spreading the news of the effort were needed. Nearly all the farmers in the neighborhood sent milk to the cheese-maker, so a word from him was the best kind of advertisement.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Campbell would generally find the schoolhouse filled with an interested and attentive audience to whom he would preach a Gospel sermon and sing Gospel hymns to familiar tunes. At the close he would suggest that a Sunday School be organized. The people were invited to speak frankly about it and after some talk it would be put to the vote. Invariably it was carried with practical unanimity and then after a few remarks on the kind of people who make good officers, an election of superintendent etc., would take place.

To show how this worked, let reference be made to the accompanying diagram. At H., a Sunday School was sustained and there was occasional preaching by ministers and laymen; the second year the services alternated between H. and E., two miles apart. At R., there was occasional preaching besides Sunday School, and eventually regular weekly cottage prayer-meetings. There had been no preaching at this point for twenty years. At W., a flourishing school was sustained both summer and winter, together with occasional preaching and excellent prayer-meetings. At O., where there had been no preaching for thirty years, an excellent Sunday School was sustained, occasional preaching was enjoyed. Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting maintained, and singing school established. At C., a point where hardly a dwelling can be seen from the schoolhouse, Sunday School was maintained and occasional preaching was enjoyed. At C. L., on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, Sunday School was maintained.

The seed having been sown through successive months, it was resolved to prove God and see if he would not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing. A layman having already held remarkably successful evangelistic services at C., it was determined to hold eight days' continuous and simultaneous meetings at H., W., R. and M. At the latter point nothing had been done, and there were absolutely no religious services of any kind, prayer and Bible reading being prohibited in the large day-school. Six workers, ministerial and lay, were chosen, and on a given Sabbath the work was opened in all four places, continued through the nights of the week, and, where the interest was not great, closed the second Sabbath. The Spirit of God was manifestly present in each of these places, a large schoolhouse often proving inadequate to the numbers who attended; many were brought under conviction; a goodly number found peace in Christ; and village churches were strengthened by accessions. At M., dark as was the outlook at first, a regular prayer-meeting was established and well sustained, coming under the care of the pastor of a church some miles distant.

But, while thus seeking to solve the problem of the country, that of the village was also resting on the pastor's soul. In Chicago, Mr. Campbell had employed out-door preaching with marked success, and he proceeded to put its usefulness to test in a village. The result amply justified the step. Evening congregations were assembled that would never have been seen in-doors, and among them it was frequent to identify individuals who had long, if not always, neglected the sanctuary. Music was given an important place, both instrumental and vocal, the choir singing their anthem as usual, unless special vocal talent were employed.

One more thing characterized this pastoral effort to reach the people in village and country; this was the constant watchfulness to manifest cordiality to all wherever and whenever met. The annual county fair brought in the entire rural population during four days, at which time the people were being sought out and greeted, wherever they could be recognized upon the fair grounds.

Happily, while this pastor has returned to city work, his successor, the Rev. Geo. B. Van Dyke, intends to follow up this line of work, and the result, in leavening the mass of both village and country, cannot be otherwise than blessed.

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The Great W. C. T. U. Convention in Edinburgh

Representation of Oriental Lands — New Fields of Effort—Scottish Hospitalities

SCOTLAND gave warm welcome to the great white-ribboned army, which made peaceful invasion of her beautiful, historic capital, on the occasion of the fifth biennial Convention of the World's W.C.T.U., June 22–29. For months before their coming, local sisters of the order were diligent in preparation to make their reception and the Convention a memorable event in the annals of Edinburgh. The Scottish W.C.T.U. Treasurer sent in for the month of April four times as much money as ever before in affiliation dues—one evidence of the increased interest in the temperance movement awakened in the country at large by the coming of the Convention. Mrs. Lees, Superintendent of the halls and decoration department to the Lookout Tower, Castle Hill, received from all directions more temperance banners and other ornamental devices of the order than there was easily room to place. Mrs. Duncan, in her plans for receptions and other social functions, found that her one trouble lay in not being able to reconcile overwhelming offers of hospitality with the full business programme of the Convention. Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Darling, in the matter of securing homes for special hotel rates for visitors, met with hearty co-operation. Assistance did not fail Mrs. Barclay in providing good musical features; and over thirty-two important churches promptly offered their pulpits through Miss Miller, who had the Sabbath service department in charge.

MRS. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, Pres. National W.C.T.U., U.S.A. MISS ANNA A. GORDON, Vice-Pres. at-large W.C.T.U., U.S.A.

The programme, as given out some time ago by Miss Agnes E. Slack, Honorary Secretary, was adhered to, with as few changes as possible. That programme embraced a memorial service to Miss Willard and other "promoted comrades," business sessions, mass meetings, church services and social features, the Scottish W. C. T. U. reception and the Lord Mayor's reception in the Art Gallery being the most brilliant of the last group, and the special service and temperance sermon in the Cathedral, arranged by the Dean, the most notable of ecclesiastical demonstrations. Some of the names announced for the Monday evening mass meeting, Lady Henry Somerset presiding, were Mrs. Stevens, President U. S. A. National W. C. T. U., and Miss Anna A. Gordon, Hon. Assistant Secretary W. W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Rutherford, President Canada National W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Nicholls, President Australasian W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Mackay, President Cape Colony, Africa, W. C. T. U.; Miss Johannessen, President Norway W. C. T. U.; Miss Johannsdottir, President Iceland W. C. T. U., and Miss Watts, President of the Brazilian W. C. T. U.

The convention was one of exceptional interest. Since that in Toronto, much has been accomplished; Bermuda and Mexico have been opened; Jerusalem organized; Clara Parrish has made her brave ventures and wonderful successes in Japan; Mrs. Barney, in her round-the-world journey, has carried inspiration and cheer to countless multitudes; and the accounts of this and other grand work held the eager attention of large audiences. Ireland, for the first time, was represented at a world's convention. Delegates from India, Australia, Iceland, Africa and other far corners of the earth, who had journeyed across oceans and continents to join the "white ribbon encampment" in Edinburgh, testified to the wonderful growth of the temperance movement, and planned measures for extending it to every land under the sun and to strengthening its influence in Europe and America. Mrs. Blackie, the beloved President of the Scottish W.C.T.U., was one of the most attractive personalities of the great gathering. To Lady Henry Somerset, Acting President of the W. C. T. U., as well as to the band of noble women, officers and superintendents of the different branches of the organization of which she is head, great credit is due for the wonderful progress of the W. W. C. T. U. movement and for the success of its fifth biennial.

Congratulation is due, too, to the least unofficial member of the organization, for all have helped to bring about the large results this fifth biennial shows.

It is a mighty sermon in itself, this immense gathering from many lands of noble women consecrated to a work which promises help and blessing to a whole world. They came together, in numerous instances traversing great distances, in order that, reviewing the beneficent reforms they have accomplished, they might devise new and better measures for the deliverance of sons, husbands and brothers from the terrible curse of strong drink.

MISS AGNES E. SLACK, Hon. Sec. World's W.C.T.U. MRS. MARY E. SANDERSON, Treas. World's W.C.T.U.

Little "Fresh-Airs"

"Real grass," "true flowers," milk, swings, cool, shady woods and daisy fields to play in with plenty to eat and fresh, clean dormitories to sleep in—these, together with the kind helpers, are what our tenement children love in our Mont-Lawn Fresh-Air Home. And they never forget to pray for the good, kind friends whose contributions pay for their beautiful holiday. Send your gift in aid of the Children's Home to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

Fifty Years a House of God.

The fiftieth anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church, Austin, Texas, was celebrated May 26-27, by appropriate ceremonies. On Saturday, there were literary, musical, social and historical features under auspices of the ladies, in which papers were read by Mrs. Wm. A. Baker, wife of the first pastor, and Mrs. Maggie Stiles. An interesting historical address prepared by the oldest living male member of the church, Dr. M. A. Taylor, was read by Major Ira H. Evans. "Wake the Song of Jubilee" was one of the appropriate anthems sung. Letters of greeting from Mrs. Amelia E. Barr and other old members and absent friends of the church were received with particular pleasure. This church, as the early spiritual home of one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S best loved contributors will have a peculiar claim upon the interest of our readers, who will wish it another fifty years of service and song and another such Jubilee. On the Sabbath of May 27, the present pastor, Rev. Edward B. Wright, preached from the text, "A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you;" and salutations and greetings from the pastors of other Austin churches and many joyous anthems from people and choir marked as with a white stone the semi-centennial of this house of God.

WHO?

WHO can gather wild roses sweet,
Or follow the fences for golden-rod,
Or tramp through the clover the meadow over
And say to his neighbor there is no God?

Who can assume that the birds and the bees
And all dumb creatures, outdoors and in,
Have never a thought of the hand that wrought
Or the heart that bled for the wide world's sin?

Who can look over wide fields of grain,
That wave like the sea in the wind's fond kiss,
Or into the sky as the night passes by
And say there's no other life than this?

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DANGER IN EYEGLASSES

Some Recently Discovered Facts Regarding the Treatment of the Eyes, by E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist.

Diseases of the eyes and defections in vision are seldom removed or corrected by eye glasses. They are simply an artificial substitute to temporarily relieve the strain on the eye. They do not remove the cause of the disease, and consequently can never permanently relieve. Too often it happens that they aggravate rather than relieve a diseased condition. Glasses act as a stimulant on the optic nerve and the muscles of the eye, and, like all other stimulants, require additional strength from time to time in order to keep up the artificial effect they produce. Each new fitting of glasses lowers the power of the eye, and this effect frequently results in the complete destruction of the vision. It is an axiom in medicine that to arrest a disease you must remove the cause. Glasses never have and never will heal diseased eyes or restore failing sight.

A new method of treating this common and dangerous complaint has recently come in vogue, which heals by logical and correct methods. It is not an experiment, but has been used with complete and never failing success for the last ten years. It is known as the Original Absorption Treatment, as used by the Bemis Eye Sanitarium. By their treatment the blood is attracted to the diseased or weakened organ, repairs the wasted and infected tissues in its passage through the innumerable arteries and veins and absorbs all substances which are forming in or on the eyes. It restores the muscles and nerves to their normal vigor and heals the diseased condition by removing the cause. This treatment can be used at home without detention from business or household duties. It is a simple treatment, requiring only a few minutes daily, and is an unfailing remedy for all diseased conditions of the eye or defects of vision. A treatise describing the absorption treatment and its advantages over all other methods will be mailed free to any reader mentioning this paper and addressing the Bemis Eye Sanitarium, Glens Falls, N. Y.

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JOHN HENRY BARROWS, President of Oberlin College.
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W. VAN BENTHUYSEN, Managing Editor N. Y. World.
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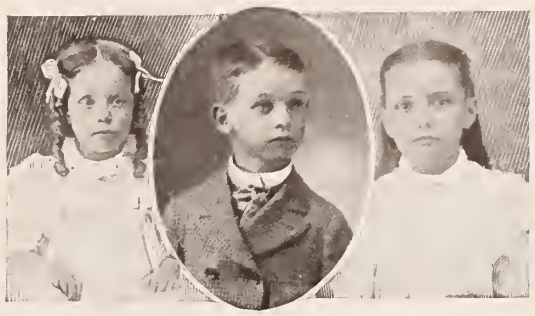
India's Little Helpers

THOUGH their gifts be not always large, is not the example set by these little folks an inspiration to any grown people who might be tempted to remember their own ease and turn a deaf ear to the cry of starving millions?

Sadie Pearsall, Brooklyn, sent $2. Her Mite-Box, 12,795, she keeps in order that she may fill it again.



JOSEPHINE DANIELS RALPH B. WEAVER ENRIE STONE

Sadie's mother makes her own living. The little girl made such pleasant requests of her mother's friends as they came in that they were moved to drop contributions in the mite-box.—Wm. Greer Fisher, $2. Nearly four years old; has done all the collecting himself, and has been very anxious to quickly fill his Mite-Box, No. 9,678.—"A Little Boy," Corona, L. I., put into a mite-box for India eleven bright new pennies—all he had.—Helen Peck, L. I. "She is not three years old; saw pictures of famine children at Sunday School; her mother found her afterwards sitting on the floor dropping pennies, one by one, into her mite-box, saying, 'Feed 'em! feed 'em!' until all of her pennies were in when she said, with a sigh of satisfaction, 'Now, I dess dey'll all be fed!'"

ELLA HOLLAND

Enrie Stone, Kentucky, "fifty cents of her own money to help India."—Josephine Daniels, $1. "Had this money given her for a birthday party, but heard about the poor starving people, and asked that it be sent them." Ralph Bowen Weaver, $1. "All I have left since my papa let me buy two sheep: they each have a lamb." Ella Holland sends all the pennies which she has been saving.

Mrs. M. E. K., Martin, Texas, writes:

My heart just ached for those poor starving creatures until I thought I must send what I could, if only a little. When I told several friends they said they must send, too. Our Sunday School, too, wanted to give and altogether I got $9.60, which I send with the prayer that it may accomplish the saving of some poor souls as well as bodies. God bless the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD!

Mabel A. Kelly and Harold Johnson, $2.18: "For our school. Our teacher read us about India."

This is an extract from the letter of a teacher in a fashionable private school:

Our mite-boxes contain about $25, which we are sending. The children are mostly spoiled darlings of wealthy parents. Each has a regular allowance, out of which he or she tried to fill a box. One child "didn't spend a cent for anything, putting every penny in his box." Two grasped the idea of working (though work is so out of their line!) to earn extra pennies; the work ranged from cutting grass and cleaning golf-sticks to running errands and embroidering towels "for grandma." A beautiful little fellow, who returned his box with fifty cents in it, has since gone to heaven. All of my children have been helped by reaching out the helping hand to others.

There are eyes which will grow misty when reading this letter from Rev. Elmer E. Hubbard, founder of the Industrial Home, Matanzas, Cuba:

I showed our forty-five boys pictures of India's starving children. Some of them were scarcely more than skeletons a year ago, and have not forgotten starvation times in Cuba. India's story touched their hearts. The pennies they had been treasuring were promptly given, until their mite-box held eighty-one cents. A visitor gave me $1 to buy them candy, but, by unanimous vote, they cheerfully said, "Send it to buy Hindu children bread."

"An Ark of Refuge"

SUCH is the name which has been aptly bestowed upon the Wayside Mission, of Seattle, Wash., which is now entering upon the most active season of its existence. Its location is in the centre of a portion of the city where vice abounds and where there are many opium dens, not a few of whose victims ultimately find their way to the medical ward of the Wayside Mission. There they are not only treated physically, but are encouraged to abandon lives of sin and accept free pardon through Jesus Christ. Many notable instances have occurred in which these kind ministrations have been followed by genuine conversions.

The Floating Hospital, which Captain de Soto, the founder of the Wayside Mission established a year ago, is also proving a great aid in the Gospel work of the mission, and has also been the means of saving many lives. It is almost always

THE "FLOATING HOSPITAL" OF THE SEATTLE WAYSIDE MISSION

crowded with unfortunates, and many of the city's prisoners on being taken sick are committed to it by the authorities. It is understood that the city council is considering the advisability of making an appropriation toward meeting the expenses of the Floating Hospital, but this has not yet been done, and the entire burden of support rests upon the founder, who has been aided by some benevolently-disposed citizens and a few kind friends throughout the country. Seattle has learned to love the work and appreciate the motives of its founder, who has had calls from San Francisco, Spokane and Vancouver (B. C.), to establish a similar work in those cities. There is an average of sixty patients on the hospital ship.

Leading pastors of Seattle have commended this as "the most valuable of Christian work now being done in the city." It is deserving of the cordial support of God's people everywhere.

May his paper long continue its great work of usefulness and of carrying good tidings to many hearts.

A touching message comes from St. Louis, Mo., showing how one little worker has laid down her task. Her friend writes:

Little Hazel, who sent for the mite-boxes for India and had collected some money, has been called home to heaven; all her friends sent her flowers.

Perhaps her friends will carry forward her task. One contributor, whose wife was "called home to heaven," has taken up as a memorial to her, the work which she had commenced for India.

Rev. J.C.C., Va., writes, A little girl, Alma Kay, sends $1.20. She was much troubled and wanted to send some of her own clothes. Hearing that only food would help, she solicited $1.06. She says: "I am very sorry I cannot raise more. If all the little girls ten years old would raise one dollar, it would help so many Hindu girls. Our church has also raised money for India.—Union Sunday School, Potsdam, O., $21.50: "May God bless and strengthen THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its noble work of saving the starving, is the prayer of our Sunday School," writes the assistant superintendent.—

INTERESTED LADIES.

Working in a Good Cause.

"In the Institution where I am employed as nurse (The Home for Aged Women) we find many ladies suffering from gastric trouble caused by coffee.

"My own personal experience is that since a child I have been a moderate drinker of coffee, but most of the latter years have suffered from acidity of the stomach, sluggish liver and nervousness.

"I finally gave up coffee entirely, about three years ago, using hot water in its place. Of course, after removing the cause, the symptoms disappeared, but I seemed to need a beverage more strengthening than hot water, as my occupation of nurse required considerable exertion. I began to look about for a suitable breakfast beverage and undertook the preparation of one by browning some wheat berries and using that as coffee, but the result was far from satisfactory. Finally I came across Postum Food Coffee, on a visit at my home in Roselle, N. J., and found it exactly fitted the case.

"I have been using it regularly and introduced it to our institution. When it was first served, it was not satisfactory, but I looked into the matter and insisted upon having it boiled fully fifteen minutes after the actual boiling had started, not counting the time that it was on the stove before boiling began. The next time it appeared you would not think it was the same article, it was so much improved. Several of the patients decided to use it to the exclusion of coffee, and I found that its use reduced the number of cases of indigestion. The result has been very gratifying, and for two years now, Postum Food Coffee has been in daily use at the Home.

"Mrs. Matilda Seaver and Miss Anna Merrill are desirous that their names be used to help forward the good cause. My mother has been greatly helped by the discontinuance of coffee. She was formerly subject to cramps, but they have entirely disappeared since she has abandoned coffee and taken up Postum Food Coffee. Respectfully, Miss E. Stryker, Elizabeth, N. J."

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

REMOVES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

Thousands of letters like this prove our assertions

"Curtis, Miss., Sept 1st, 1898 The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed for it. It freed me from the worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the Brace I suffered with prolapsus, periodical cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.

"Mrs. Susie Woodard."

Send for full information with booklet, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope Address

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO., Box 171, Salina, Kansas

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION COMFORTABLE ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE

The President Suspender

Improved

The only suspender in the world that absolutely conforms to every bend of the body. The only guaranteed suspender that combines perfect ease, convenience and style—and metal parts will not rust

$1,500 For Your Estimate

A novel competition on the Presidential vote open to all wearers of President Suspenders. Get information from dealer. Handsome booklet sent free. President Suspenders sold everywhere, 50 cents, or direct from us.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 209 Shirley, Mass.

Acme Medicine Cover AND Dose Indicator 15c

Keeps medicine free from dust and germs, and tells time to take next dose. Fits any glass or makes stand for bottle. Non-corrosive, and antiseptic. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c for sample.

SHARON MANUFACTURING CO. 134 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA

Welch's Grape Juice—the pure Juice of choice Concord Grapes in an unchanged form. You can tell it is pressed from the finest grapes, for it retains the natural Grape aroma and flavor to a marked degree. It makes people well and keeps people well. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

AVOID UNKNOWN BRANDS

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

SEND "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS
Borden's Condensed Milk Co. N.Y.

The following is a plain, straightforward statement of the way in which an aggravated case of rheumatism was conquered. The words ring true; but anyone who is inclined to doubt the remarkable story can easily investigate it, for it is related by Mr. H. L. Burns, of 44 Brinckerhoff Avenue, Utica, N. Y., one of the best known grocers of that city. When seen at his store at the junction of Park Avenue and Mary Street, Mr. Burns said:

"Six years ago this month I began to feel a slight pain in my hips and legs, and as the pain grew worse it extended to my feet. They swelled all out of shape and the pain was dreadful. Finally my feet began to grow numb and I could barely hobble about. One day when I had come down to the store I got to the steps and could go no farther. I tried for several minutes but could not raise my feet. Finally a passerby helped me into the store and I at once put myself in a doctor's care. Electricity was tried, but without relief; in fact the feeling in my feet was so far gone that I scarcely felt the pull from one of the battery.

"One day Miss Kernans, a member of the family of the late Senator Kernans of this city, told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and asked me to try them. I said I would, and I made up my mind I would give them a fair trial so I bought ten boxes. In my opinion the majority of people are not willing to give a remedy a fair trial. I knew that two or three boxes would not remove as bad a case as mine, but I found that I had bought more than were necessary. I began to find great relief by the time I had used five boxes, and by the time I had finished the seventh box I was entirely relieved. I had no more pain, swelling or numbness than I have to-day, and that was five years ago.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to a great many people, for there is no doubt in my mind that anyone who is suffering with rheumatism will be relieved if the pills are given a fair trial."

[*Signed*]

March 9, 1900. *H. L. BURNS.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. They are never sold in bulk or by the 100. Address Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE GEM EMBROIDERY MACHINE

SOMETHING NEW!

This little machine does the finest grades of embroidery now done by hand. Embroiders on any fabric; uses embroidery silk or cotton; a child can operate it; an independent living can be made with it at home. As a special introductory offer we will send a simple machine with a full set of stamping patterns and a beautiful sample of embroidery, together with full instructions teaching how to use machine, for 60c. prepaid regular price $2.00. A 50-page book of embroidery designs, containing upwards of 100 illustrations, free with each machine. Agents wanted.

GEM MFG. CO., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.

We furnish samples free to agents. F. S. Frost, Lubec, Me., sold $132.79, retail in 6 days. Write for Catalog, new goods, rapid sellers. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 6th St., Bath, N. Y.

STAMMER INC. Most Speedy, Perfect, Permanent Educational Cure Guaranteed. Least Expense. Address, Voice School, Salem, W. Va.

How Missions Succeed*

Faith and Prayer the Two Essentials for Successful Missionary Work

EVEN after the Resurrection, the apostles appear to have had erroneous ideas of the principles and programme of Christianity. Their question to Christ: "Wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" shows that they were still looking for a temporal kingdom, and were expecting Christ to use his miraculous powers in subjecting other kingdoms to the rule of Israel. From the beginning, down to the present day, the common idea of extending the rule of a dynasty or an empire has been that of conquest by force. And, as a matter of fact, most of the world's empires have gained their territories in that way. Christ's kingdom was a new thing in the world. As Daniel saw it, it was a stone cut out of the mountain without hands. It was not to be extended by wars, though it might be the cause of wars. It was not to be built up by royal influence, though royal influence might come to it. No man was to be driven into it, but all were to be willing subjects. The power of the King was to be the power of love, yet no power so absolute, nor so potent had ever existed in the world. It would have no capital, nor seat of government, nor army, nor police to enforce its laws, but no emperor, king or president could boast of subjects so numerous or so loyal.

A clue to the combination that was to achieve this triumph, unprecedented in the world's history, was supplied to the disciples in answer to their question: "Wilt thou?" they asked. "Ye shall receive power," was his answer. The power would be of God, but the workers must be human beings. If they failed to use the power, nothing would be done: if the power were withheld, they could do nothing. It was with inspired men—men endued with power—that this wonder would be worked. They soon began to realize the fact. In every subsequent generation the same principle has been operating. The lame man lying at the gate of the temple might have been lying there until he died and the power of Christ would not have healed him. Men might have uttered incantations over him or administered medicines, and there would have been no effect; but when the disciples, in the name of Jesus, bade him rise and walk, he was healed. There have been times when the church seemed asleep, conversions were few, and the world scoffed at "a religion which had lost its power"; but when Luther, or Knox, or Wickliffe, or Wesley, or Whitefield, or Spurgeon arose, and in Christ's name declared the Gospel, the effects followed. Then the world saw that religion had not lost its power; the power was still there for the use of men who believed in it, and, forgetting themselves, laid hold upon it and used it.

The history of the Church gives that one message to its members in every generation. Of themselves they can do nothing; but with that power there is no bound to their achievements. The Church has had among its leaders men of learning and men of eloquence and they have done good service. God has need of such men in the world; but it is not they who have extended the boundaries of Christ's kingdom. The men who have brought multitudes under Christ's banner have been men of faith and prayer who went forth conscious of their own imperfections and trusting in the power promised, were content to be simply witnesses for him. So it will be to the end. It has been proved by experience that the Gospel is adapted to every race and nationality. The missionary goes to a land which is ignorant of Christianity. He settles down and learns the language, encounters opposition and in some cases persecution, but he stays, witnessing for Jesus. By and by, one or two are impressed and the truth spreads. The work is done without ostentation, and at first the results seem utterly discouraging. Years of labor and ten or a dozen converts to show for it. But the power of Christ is like leaven; it passes from one to another and after a time the converts are a great company. The men who sow the seed often do not see the harvest, but they are sure that there will be a harvest. They toil in unfaltering faith giving their lives for the people to whom they go, as their Master gave his life for the world, and the time will come when they, like him, will see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 15. Acts 1:6-14.

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home

Prev. ack	$168 50
Lillie T Smith	1 00
Miss A T, Rantoul	1 00
Mary A Sherman	1 00
S C Burnham	2 00
Owain Griffiths	5 00
Mrs M Taber	5 00
Total	$183 50

Door of Hope

Prev. ack	$32.81
2 friends, Long Hill	1 00
Total	$33 81

Foreign Missions

Prev. ack	$43 50
Eliza Freer	5 00
Miss A T, Rantoul	1 00
Mr & Mrs C E Barnes	1 00
Total	$50 50

Any Good Cause

Prev. ack	$205.06
L R B, Waco	1 00
Mr & Mrs C E Barnes	1 00
Josephine B Jacob	50
Total	$207.56

Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop

Prev. ack	$13 00
Mrs Kentgen & Belle Hope	20 00
Mrs J B Koeber	2 00
Total	$35 00

Jerry McAuley Mission

Prev. ack	$15 25
Miss A T, Rantoul	1 00
Total	$16 25

Clinton St. Settlement

Prev. ack	$5.61
1 friend, Sabinal	50
Total	$56 51

Porto Rico S. S.

Prev. acks	$198 10
A C Giver	1 00
Subr E A	3 00
J Van Ostenbrugge	2 00
J H Rickel	50
Owain Griffiths	10 00
Total	$214 60

Emilio Olsen's Mission

Prev. ack	$96 95
—, Lakeland	1 00
H. Farnsworth	1 00
Miss A T, Rantoul	1 00
Miss Alice Cary	1 00
Mr & Mrs C E Barnes	2 00
Owain Griffiths	10 00
Total	$112 95

Armenian Fund

Prev. ack	$119 00
Olivet Cong'l ch, Bridgeport	3 50
Friend at Conference	5 00
—, Lakeland	1 00
Mrs D C Blair	25 00
T L Bersagel	50
K B Sturges	60 00
Mrs Paris	8 25
Mrs F M Bean	30 00
Everett P Wheeler	25 00
Mrs M F, Berlin	1 00
C E Leow	20 00
Friend, Westfield	20 00
Rfd E ch, W Chester	15 06
Friend, Manhattan Cong ch, N Y C	1 00
John Boyajian	5 00
Con ch, Poughkeepsie	23 75
Miss Millard	5 00
M Helen Fray	40 00
Total	$418.06

Gospel Work in Cuba.

Prev ack	$12 00
Elha Van Arsdell	1 00
Total	$13 00

Mrs. Dr. Hall's Corea Mission

Prev ack	$1 00
Mr & Mrs C E Barnes	1 00
Total	$2.00

Bishop Hartzell

Prev. ack	$26 00
Lena Bliven	1 00
Total	$27 00

Elmer E. Hubbard

Prev ack	$16 00
A S Steele	100 00
Mrs M J Covell	90
Eunie Brigham	10
Total	$117 00

Chaplain Chas. C. Pierce

Prev. ack	$12 50
Subr, E. V. Phila	2 00
Mrs F C Davis	1 00
Total	$15 50

E. Africa Famine Fund

Prev. ack	$452 80
—, Lakeland	1 00
M D James & Co	2 00
C, Mont	1 08
Subr, Waukegan	1 06
Total	$458 15

A Beautiful Tribute

At the funeral of Mrs. Gladstone, in London recently, among the floral gifts was a wreath sent by the Prince and Princess of Wales, which was laid on the casket. Attached to the wreath were these lines, written by the Princess:

IN MEMORY OF DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE:
It is but a crossing with a bated breath,
A white set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.
ALEXANDRA.

This beautiful tribute to a noble woman came with all the more grace in that it was the spontaneous offering of one who has been more widely beloved and esteemed by the British people than any princess of her generation.

SUCCESS

TO hear men speak in thrilling tones
Of the great deeds that you have done,
To know that all the world has heard
Of battles fought, and victories won;
To pass along the crowded street,
And see the eager throng that press
To catch a word, a glance, a smile,
Is this success? is this success?

To write a sweet, a thrilling song [heart.
Whose glowing thoughts shall move the
To know that you possess the power
To make the smile or tear drop start;
To know that thousands yet shall sing
That song, and then the singer bless,
When you have passed from earth away,
Is this success? is this success?

To strive to fill each day, each hour,
With loving words and gentle deeds,
That all may see Christ's love in you,
And never think of sects or creeds;
To guide the erring, help the weak,
Comfort and cheer the comfortless,
To make this earth a happier place
Because you live—this is success.

New Whatcom, Wash. MAY A. HARDY.

Bad blood breeds catarrh, rheumatism, and humors, all of which Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, effectually cures. It also overcomes that tired feeling and loss of appetite.

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health

It is worth knowing that a change in food can relieve dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has relieved me of indigestion.

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well.

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts. We use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit. I am willing to give any information to anyone who desires to see or write me regarding Grape-Nuts." Respectfully, Mrs. C. H. Lowe, 681 Parker St., Roxbury, Mass.

The reason Mrs. Lowe was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that the food is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Libby's

Summer Food Suggestions

Libby's Luncheons are indispensable helps for everyone who plans the meals or does the cooking during the Summer months. They are fire-savers and time-savers. The wholesomeness and purity of these products appeal to every lover of good things to eat.

Some of Libby's Convenient Foods: Veal Loaf, Deviled Chicken, Potted Ham, Pork and Beans, Ham Loaf, Boneless Chicken, Corned Beef Hash, Breakfast Bacon, and our little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells about sixty more delicious foods prepared by us, — sent free.

$250.00 in cash prizes for Amateur Photographers. Two prizes, $50.00 each, and fifty-eight others in cash. Write for particulars.

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"Frozen Dainties" FREE.

We have made a handsome little book that is a veritable encyclopedia about all frozen delicacies. It tells just how to make the most delicious Frozen Creams, Sherbets, Ices, Fruits, etc. It is written by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln (Author "Boston Cook Book,") and every recipe is tried and true, practical, perfect and easy.

Because this book says a few words about the world-renowned White Mountain Freezers, we send it absolutely free by post-paid mail. A postal-card request will bring you one if you send to-day, and mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing. Address,

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My 32-page book of seventy recipes, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." Send your name to-day.

For 5c. in stamps (to cover postage and packing), the book and full pint sample.

For 15c. and the name of your grocer, the book and a full 2-quart package (two for 25 cents).

Pink gelatine for fancy desserts in every package.

CHAS. B. KNOX, 55 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

FAVORITE CAKE SPOON

For stirring and mixing batter of all kinds. It is useful as a skimmer and in one thousand and one ways. Agents send 50cts. postage on free sample and catalog. We are largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. AGENTS, write how to get free this and four of our other best selling household novelties—Outfit worth $2.00—Express prepaid. Address Dept. T

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WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York

"THE 'SALT' OF SALTS."

Effervescing Coolness.

When the warmth of the day has extracted all energy from the system, and breathing seems a burden, there is nothing so delightfully refreshing, cooling and invigorating as a teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a tumbler of water. It soothes the stomach, cools the blood and gratifies the thirst. It may be taken at any time with beneficial results. The regular use of this standard English preparation will keep you in good health and will prevent and relieve Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness or Constipation and all similar ills.

Abbey's is Nature's remedy—because it is made from the salts extracted from the juices of fresh fruits. Unlike violent remedies, it doesn't knock out your system or deplete the vital organs. It does its work gently, but effectively—as Nature intended it should be done. Sold by most druggists or sent by mail.

25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., Dept. A, 9-15 Murray St., New York.

Booklet free on request.

ALLEGREE, KY.

"Your Salt works like a charm. It seems to be just what had always been wanting, cooling and refreshing and not nauseating in any particular. I shall never be without it in my office."
W. C. DULMAGE, M.D.

1570 ASBURY AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILL., January 5, 1900.

"Your Salt is a very superior article. Am well pleased with it. Bottle waters no comparison."
DR. WM. B. MANN.

60 CLASSIC ST., HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y.

"Abbey's Salt is perfect. I thank you for putting on the market such a valuable article. It is pleasant and effective."
GEORGE M. LAMB, M. D.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., January 25, 1900.

"I can truly say that Abbey's Salt is the best preparation of the kind I have ever used and shall continue to use it in my practice."
DR. ERNEST K. PARKER.

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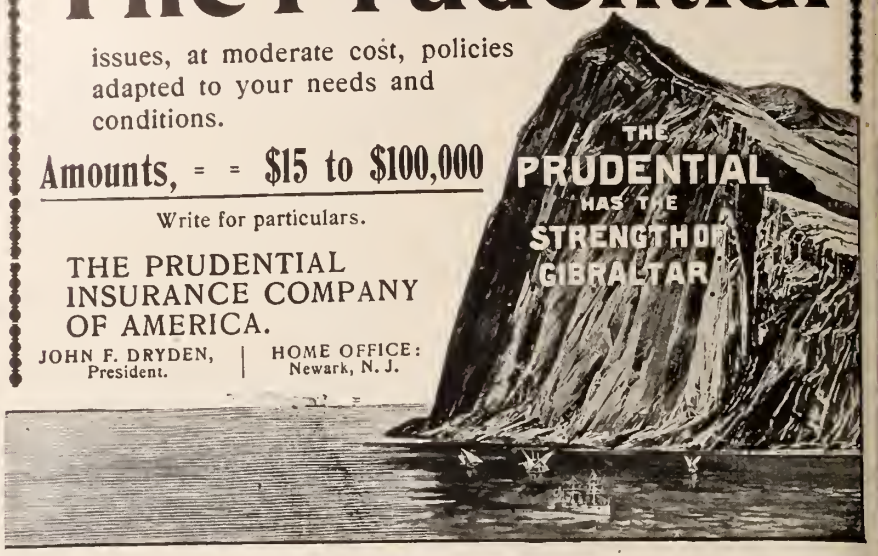

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COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES

Marble is entirely out of date. Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth. Besides it is very expensive.

White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss-growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for nearly one hundred public monuments. We have designs from $4.00 to $4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

Over $28,000 worth of work sold to Christian Herald readers in the last few years.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

DR. JAEGERS POROUS

Underwear absorbs perspiration, and prevents colds.

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MAKE A GOOD WAGON.

Unless a wagon has good wheels it is useless. THE ELECTRIC STEEL WHEELS are good wheels and they make a wagon last indefinitely. They are made high or low, any width of tire, to fit any skein. They can't get loose, rot or break down. They last always. Catalog free.

Electric Wheel Co., Box 136 Quincy, Ills.

GOING TO FEED CATTLE

or hogs or both this season? There is no better fence made for surrounding feed lots, barn yards, or the farm in general than THE ADVANCE FENCE. Perfectly smooth, all interwoven, safe for stock. SOLD DIRECT TO FARMERS AT WHOLESALE. Nobody can buy it any cheaper. Write for circulars and special discounts.

ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 Old Street, Peoria, Ill

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free.

COILED SPRING FENCE CO. Box 47. Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

STARK TREES best by test—74 YEARS. WE WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH WEEKLY

Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo; Dansville, N.Y.

Thousands in use in all parts of the world. Is no experiment. A Cyclist using the Morrow for a few weeks would give up cycling rather than give up the Coaster Brake. Ladies' skirts keep down when coasting. Feet always on Pedals. When ordering your new wheel, be SURE to specify the Morrow Coaster-Brake. For sale by all dealers.

Our **Acetylene Bicycle Lamp** is superior to any yet offered.

Illustrated pamphlet, giving detailed information regarding Brake and Lamp, sent on application.

ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., Box U, Elmira, N. Y.

A $12 Bath Cabinet FOR only $5.00

Our new 1902 style Square Quaker guaranteed best of all cabinets at any price. Has real door on hinges, steel frame, best materials, rubber lined, folds flat, lasts 20 years. Turkish and Vapor baths at home 3c each. Open the millions of pores, sweats poisons out of the blood, keeps you clean and healthy, beautifies complexion. Physicians recommend it for Colds, LaGrippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Obesity, Female Ills, all Blood, Skin, Nerve or Kidney troubles. Money refunded after 30 days use, if not as represented. Price with heater, directions, formulas, $5.00. Face Steamer $1.00 extra. Order today. Write us. Valuable Book FREE. Big Wages. Splendid Seller. Agents Wanted.

World Mfg. Co., 57 World B'ld'g. Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1900

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BOMBAY was *en fete* on the day of the arrival of the *Quito*, with its life-giving cargo of American grain. A cable dispatch to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from the Inter-Denominational Missionary Committee, gives some details of the enthusiastic public welcome accorded to the steamship on June 28. Scarcely had the *Quito* come to her anchorage, when Captain Baird, his officers and crew, and Rev. Mr. Winsor and his good wife, who made the voyage with the *Quito*, were the centre of a very interesting demonstration. Flags and bunting were visible everywhere, and a great crowd, which had assembled to witness the vessel's arrival, gave expression to its feelings in a most enthusiastic fashion.

At the formal public reception, which followed, there was a large and representative gathering, including the Viceroy's representative, many high state officials, influential natives, missionaries and business men. Several members of the Inter-Denominational Missionary Committee were also present. In the addresses, the speakers, with one accord, warmly welcomed the arrival of the relief ship, and expressed the deep gratitude of India for the generous gift of the American people, conveyed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was a princely gift and came at the time of all others when it would be of the greatest service in saving life.

THE CORN-LADEN FAMINE RELIEF STEAMSHIP "QUITO"

Telegrams from the Viceroy Lord Curzon, and the Governor of Bombay, were read to the audience amid tremendous enthusiasm. These messages expressed the warmest congratulations upon the safe arrival of the relief ship and also upon the splendid life-saving work already accomplished in the relief camps, through the Fund supplied by Christian America.

On the hatches being removed, the grain in the *Quito's* holds was found to be in fine condition, the great care exercised in loading and in protecting it from the elements having preserved it thoroughly. This was especially gratifying to the members of the Missionary Committee. Unloading began at once, and railway cars were soon filled with the precious

(Continued on page 578)

DISTRIBUTING "CHRISTIAN HERALD" RELIEF IN REV. DR. HARPSTER'S COMPOUND AT GUNTER, INDIA

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Aug. 8

1. Should the "world" be invited to support the church, or should the latter rely upon its own resources as a Christian organization?
2. Is it probable that the events described in such Parables as the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son were actual occurrences?
3. What is the legend of the origin of the Cypress tree?
4. If a young man had an ambition to spend his life so as to do the greatest possible good to humanity, could he attain his object best in the pulpit, or as a missionary in the slums of an American city, or as a missionary in a heathen land?
5. By what race or nation were wooden swords used in battle and for what reason?
6. In the last verses of the book of Job, the patriarch is represented as being rewarded with double the number of animals that he had at first, but he has only the same number of children. Why was not the number of them doubled, too?
7. What is the origin of the phrase to "throw dust in one's eyes"?
8. Which has the greater influence on the character: heredity or environment?
9. Is a man justified, "for conscience sake," in throwing away his vote on a party which meets his views but which he knows cannot succeed, or should he accept the alternative of giving his support to the better of the two remaining parties?
10. If a Christian saw a man likely to perish by drowning, or burning, or in some other way, and he was morally certain that if the man were saved, he would live so evil a life that his example and his conduct would be mischievous to the community, ought he to risk his own life in trying to save him? Would he not serve society better by letting him perish?

Questions of the Week

1. Which are the five most important bridges in the world?

1. The Tower Bridge—a bascule bridge—crosses the Thames at the Tower of London, cost about $3,500,000. 2. The Niagara Suspension Bridge, 245 feet above the water, and a single strand of 821 feet; built in 1852–5, and at a cost of $400,000. 3. Brooklyn Bridge, across East River, New York; built 1883. About one and one-eighth mile long. Towers, 276 feet high. Three spans—middle span 1,600 feet long. 4. Mississippi and Illinois Bridge at St. Louis, with piers and abutments established on the solid rock by means of caissons provided with air chambers and locks at 110 feet below the surface of the water, where the foundation work was actually performed. This feat is unprecedented in the annals of engineering. 5. The Queensferry Bridge across the Forth, a cantilever, designed to be the largest and most magnificent bridge in the world. Over one and a half miles in length, clear headway under centre 152 feet. Height above same level 361 feet. Among other important bridges may be mentioned the following: London New Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, the Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits, the Cincinnati, and the Steubenville.

CHAS. D. HANGER.

[Other answers received include the Buda-Pest bridge across the Danube, 1,200 feet in length; the great bridge at Moerdyck, Holland, 4,820 feet; the Volga bridge, Russia, 4,715 feet; Neichsel bridge, Germany, 4,356 feet, and the Parkersburg, W. Va. bridge, 7,045 feet.]

2. What is the origin of the word "laconic" and its derivative, "laconism?"

"Laconic" is derived from Laconia, the country of the Lacedæmonians or Spartans, whose habit it was to be brief and concise in their speech. They carried their fondness for giving short pithy answers to an extreme, so that the word "laconic" has come to carry with it in some slight degree at least the idea of affectation or incivility. Laconism, of course, means a concise sententious style of expression, AMELIA HOYT.

[Other answers give instances of the laconic style of the Spartans. Thus D. Myers writes: "Leonidas on being told the Persians' arrows darkened the sky, said: 'We'll fight in the shade then.'" M. writes: "Philip of Macedan once wrote to the ephori of the capital city, Sparta threateningly: 'If I enter Laconia, I will level Lacedæmon to the ground.' The Spartan's answer was the single word, 'If,'" Mrs. N. C. Alger, writes: "Leonidas' reply to Xerxes' demand to give up his arms, was 'Come and take them.'" etc. etc.

3. In what respect was Cyrus the anointed of the Lord? We read in Isaiah 45:1: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden." Was Cyrus a good man?

Compared with other ancient monarchs, Cyrus the great was humane and generous. Taken all in all, he was one of the best men Asia has given to the world. He was the "anointed" of the Lord, in the sense that through him God's people were permitted to build a temple in Jerusalem, as is shown in the first chapter of Ezra. Cyrus, like Pharaoh and other kings, was the medium through which the Almighty carried out his purposes.

JOHN D. MEESE.

4. Christ, speaking of the faith that removes mountains, adds, "Howbeit this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting" (Matt. 17:21). Does this mean literal prayer and abstinence from food?

The Revised Version, following the most reliable Greek text, omits this verse. The corresponding passage is, however, retained in Mark 9:29, but with the words "and fasting" omitted. Matt. 17:21 may be a spurious insertion from Mark. However, if the verse stands, it can only mean that faith of the strongest kind is necessary for such miracles, and that this degree of faith is attained by much prayer and such fasting as fits the mind for the highest religious exercise and leaves it free to commune with God.

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. Christ says: "When ye pray say, Lead us not into temptation." James says: "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Why this difference in injunction between the Lord and one of his followers?

The language in James 1:2, is explained in the next verses, 3 and 4. These "divers temptations," or "trials of our faith," are essential to the development of a perfect Christian character; and therefore we are joyfully to encounter them. At the same time, conscious of our weakness, and of the possibility of falling into sin, we are earnestly to pray that we may not be led into temptations or exposed to trials too great for us to resist, or from which we may not be safely delivered.

J. G. OSBORNE.

6. What is the latest computation as to the population of the earth and how is it divided among the continents and islands?

The total population of the earth is, to a large extent an estimate, inasmuch as in some countries a proper census has never been taken, while in many the interval that has elapsed since the last enumeration is so long as to reduce it to the level of serving as a basis for a calculation in which estimates play a large part. The following is an estimate in round numbers:

GRAND DIVISIONS

North America	100,000,000
South America	40,000,000
Europe	380,000,000
Asia, including Malaysia	850,000,000
Africa	180,000,000
Australia	3,500,000
Total	1,553,500,000

ISLANDS

Danish America	80,000	Madeira Islands	140,000
Arctic Archipelago	1,000	Ceylon	3,000,000
Newfoundland	200,000	Japanese Empire	50,000,000
West Indies	6,000,000	Madagascar and Comoro	4,000,000
Falkland Islands	2,000	Canary Islands	280,000
Faroe Islands	12,000	Cape Verde	110,000
Great Britain and Ireland	50,000,000	Other African Isl's	560,000
E. Indian Islands including Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Philippine & Spice	50,000,000	Tasmania	160,000
		New Zealand	680,000
		New Guinea	900,000
Azore Islands	270,000	Sandwich Islands	92,000
		Other Islands in Pacific Ocean	900,000

CHAS. D. HANGER.

7. How may we harmonize God's three requirements as set forth in Micah 6:8, "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God" and Paul's answer to the jailer (Acts 16:32), as setting forth the way of salvation?

The one is cause, and the other effect. Justice, mercy and humility are the characteristics of one who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. The Philippian jailer asked of Paul and Silas, "What must I do to be saved?" They answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now, if he had further asked, "What must I do to show that I believe? Must I observe the rites and ceremonies of the Jews?" etc., we can imagine Paul answering, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." "Show thy faith by thy works"—by thy Christian character.

MRS. ROBERT DALTON GILBERT.

8. Is there any reason to believe that the twelve disciples of Christ raised the dead before their Master was crucified?

The clause "raise the dead," Matt. 10:8, is omitted by some manuscripts of the New Testament, and by some able critics is suspected to be an interpolation. The absence of any account of such miracle as performed by them does not really prove anything, for no account is given of any performance during the mission on which Christ sent them. "But the supposition of so great a miracle stands opposed to the general analogy of that state of pupilage in which they remained during the Saviour's life."

AMELIA HOYT.

9. Since Porto Rico is now United States territory, is there any good reason why the same privileges enjoyed by the United States in general, should not be enjoyed by the people of that island?

Technically and actually Porto Rico is a territory, not a State. Congress has exclusive power to make all rules for its government for that reason. (Const. Art. IV, Sec. 3). This power must be exercised under constitutional limitations. Freedom of speech and worship, a fair trial by due process of law, equality before the law, the protection of life, liberty and property, and all constitutional rights secured to citizens of the United States belong to the Porto Ricans. They became citizens when they came under our jurisdiction. The right to vote and hold office are not constitutional rights of United States citizens but are conferred and regulated by the States, though no State can abridge or deny the right to vote on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. (Const. Amend. XV). These rights Congress may confer or deny in the territories like Porto Rico and it should confer them with great caution in view of the past experience and history of Latin-American countries in respect to self government. A different condition exists in Porto Rico than among Anglo-Saxon peoples with their centuries of active participation in governing themselves.

H. C. UNDERHILL.

10. Different authorities give different dates in Hebrew history. What are its leading dates from the call of Abraham to the birth of Christ, according to the best reputable authority?

Students who try to construct a chronology exclusively from the Bible records, are practically in accord on the date of the beginning of the reign of Saul, the first King of Israel, as being 1093 or 1095 years before the Christian era. Counting backward from that date the question arises how long the country was ruled by the judges. If the judges mentioned were successive, the period between the death of Joshua and the accession of Saul was about 500 years. But if some of those judges governed contemporaneously, the period may not have been more than 334 years. So that some students place the death of Joshua at 1593 B.C., and others at 1427 B.C. Others again, taking Paul's statement (Acts 13:20), make the date 1543 B.C. The results, according to the long reckoning, are as follows: Call of Abraham, 2164 B.C.; migration of Jacob to Egypt, 1874; birth of Moses, 1738; the exodus, 1658, and the death of Joshua, 1593. Deduct 166 from each of these dates, and you have the dates assigned by students who believe that the "times of the Judges" was not more than 334 years. The later dates are: Accession of Solomon, 1013; dedication of the temple, 1003; revolt of the ten tribes, 973; fall of northern kingdom, 722; capture of Jerusalem under Nebuchadnezzar, 587; decree of Cyrus for the return of the Jews, 537; completion of the second temple, 517; Antiochus subjugates Palestine, 218; Antiochus Epiphanes profanes the temple, 170; Jerusalem taken by Pompey, 63. J. B. INFREE.

Miscellaneous Questions

S. M., Harbourton, N. J. What is ptomaine poison, and from what is the name derived?

The name is derived from the Greek word, *ptoma*, a dead body. Ptomaine is an alkaloid, usually poisonous, derived from decomposing or putrefying animal matter. Some writers use it in referring to similar alkaloids produced by disease germs in the living body.

J. S. F., ——, Kansas. Jesus says the pure in heart shall see God. Surely then the millions who have gone to glory from earth must be pure in heart. Are they to be judged again at the Judgment Day?

Certainly not in the sense of being tested. If they appear before any throne of judgment it is that they may be owned of their Lord and publicly vindicated. It is not conceivable that the question of title and fitness to heaven will be brought up ages after the soul has dwelt amid its glories. Admission to heaven is itself an act of judgment.

H. A., Eureka, N. Y. What is the difference between the Methodist Episcopal, the Free Methodist and the Methodist Protestant churches, in government and belief?

The Episcopacy, that is, government by bishops, is the distinctive feature of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Methodist Protestants have no higher official than presidents of the annual conferences. The Free Methodists have no bishops, but their general superintendents are elected for four years. The two former bodies hold to the same doctrines. The Free Methodists hold to all the doctrines of the others, but add two articles: one an entire sanctification and the other a future reward and punishment.

W. A. Hurley, S. Dak., writes:

In your issue of May 30 (Question No. 4), "In what States of the Union does Temperance Legislation prevail?" is answered incorrectly—at least as far as two of the States are concerned, viz., Iowa and South Dakota. Each of these had at one time prohibition, but both repealed by popular vote; since which time, we, of South Dakota, have had almost no control of the liquor traffic.

Mrs. J. K., Springfield, S. D. What were the bitter herbs used by the Israelites at the Passover?

Since endive, chicory, wild lettuce, or nettles, were important articles of food to the ancient Egyptians, it is likely that these were the bitter herbs of the Passover feast, more especially as they are at the present time eaten by the Jews in the East.

Mrs. H. S., Watertown, India. Had Christ any *own* brothers and sisters? If so, where in the Bible are we so informed?

Answered in THE MAIL-BAG, March 14 (Answer No. 7, page 206).

B. L., New Franklin, Mo. Why do the majority of Christians observe Sunday as the Sabbath Day, when that day is the first of the week, and God commanded that the people should observe the seventh day as a Sabbath?

This question is answered in THE MAIL-BAG Department, April 11 (page 304, answer No. 3). It was there stated, among other reasons given for the change, that it was made by the authority of the apostles, delegated them by the Lord (Matt. 16:19).

J. W. S., Mifflintown, Pa., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 30 we read of Amos J. Cumming's "Address of the birds." Why can't we have a law passed exterminating the English sparrows? They are driving off or killing our songsters.

The pugnacious little sparrow has its uses, no doubt. We would be pleased to hear from some of our ornithologist friends on this subject, and also as to the progress of the movement to protect our song-birds from the ravages of hunters employed by unscrupulous milliners.

S. R. S., Chautauqua, N. Y. In your paper of May 16 you say that March 22 is the earliest and April 17 the latest date on which Easter can occur. Is not this an error? A few years ago Easter occured on April 25.

The types were in error. March 22 is the earliest and April 25 the latest date on which Easter Sunday can occur.

A reader in Listowel, Ont., writes, apropos of answered prayer:

I prayed for my friend, who was a great sufferer, promising if my prayers were answered to acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My friend recovered, and I now write to redeem my promise.

W. S. R., Cameron, Va. What causes honeydew? Where does it come from and why deposited only on certain top surfaces of vegetation?

Authorities differ as to its origin. It is explained by some scientists to be a glutinous, sweetish substance, which is secreted by various insects in drops that resemble dew. Another explanation is that it is a secretion from the leaves or fruit of a plant, owing to a superabundance of juice in the trunk or stem. There are certain kinds of insects, like plant lice, which suck the juices of plants and then exude a gummy substance known as honeydew.

Mrs. F. H. B., Holyoke, Mass. Probably Welsh, but if you desire accurate information, write to College of Heralds, London, Eng.

P. M. B., Philadelphia. Hawthorne's famous book carries an obvious moral. It is that conscience does not cease to torment the sinner until his sin is expiated and his heart feels the joy of forgiveness.

Subscriber, Stafford Springs. Write to J. E. Jewett, Bible House, New York.

A. N., Freeland. We have no information on the subject.

Rev. E. L. Anderson, Salina, Utah, writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for May 2nd, A. E. R., of Hudson, Ala., asks, "Are Mormons Christians? If so, and they do not teach the doctrine of polygamy, why are they so cruelly persecuted by people who claim to be Christians?"

I have lived in Utah four years and have traveled widely and conversed with many Mormons, and in nearly every case those with whom I have spoken have resented having the name "Christian" applied to them. They claim to believe the Bible but set aside every portion of it which does not suit them. They stand in opposition to all other religionists. "We are the people" is their cry. They do teach and practice polygamy. There are active polygamists in this town. Profanity is very common among them in Utah, Sabbath desecration also. Their missionaries go out from Utah and preach a "veiled gospel" very different from their teachings in Utah. If they will go out and tell the real facts of their doctrines, probably they would meet little of what A. E. R. terms "persecution." If Methodist, Presbyterians, or other ministers, were to adopt the same methods of deception and meddling with families that Mormons often do, they would also, probably, provoke antagonism. But for a family or a community, to take measures to protect themselves against deception and fraud is not persecution. Let me advise A. E. R. to procure the articles published by General Eaton in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and now published in pamphlet form, also to write the Kinsman Publishing Co., of Salt Lake City, Utah, for tracts, showing the teachings of the Mormon Church.

Soul-Winning Under Canvas

The Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings" Reopened in New York—Crowded Audiences Attend the Services

THE Gospel Tent, "Glad Tidings," in which a very successful work was carried on last summer, was opened for services Sunday, June 3d, on the lot corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth street, New York. The organization under whose auspices the meetings are conducted, is known as the Gospel Tent Association. There are twelve directors, representing several evangelical denominations. The First Baptist, Church of the Strangers, Calvary Baptist, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, Marble Collegiate Reformed, and Broadway Tabernacle Congregational have each representatives on the Board. Mr. William Phillips Hall, the "Business Man Evangelist," is President; Mr. J. L. B. Holme, Treasurer, and Mr. George E. Bemis, Secretary.

At the first meeting of the Board, Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, who conducted the meetings last year, was reelected Superintendent for this season, and Mr. F. H. Jacobs, who was Mr. Moody's singer for some three years, was appointed musical director. Twenty-four churches on the west side of the city are in special sympathy with the work and cooperate through their pastors and active workers in various ways. The purpose of those in charge of the meetings is to provide the best evangelical preaching at a season of the year when many churches are closed. It is also their desire to emphasize the fundamental teachings of evangelical religion in this age of doubt, and in order to do this the most eminent and worthy ministers are actively cooperating in the movement.

The Gospel Tent, as a meeting-place, is a great boon to multitudes in summer. It is clean, cool, comfortable and attractive. Many people in the great metropolis never have an opportunity of attending the great religious conventions, which are so instructive and inspiring, and the tent services bring to these stay-at-homes many privileges they would not otherwise enjoy. Mr. Moody, last season, said the tent meetings "pay their cost by keeping many Christians from degenerating in the summer."

The great variety of spiritual talent represented is not only an attractive, but a positive benefit. A lady of culture, who had been a church-member for many years, said: "I enjoy my pastor's preaching, but I have come to understand his habits of mind and method of analysis so well that I can almost construct his sermon when he takes his text, and I find myself greatly helped by the varied evangelical truths I listen to in the tent."

HOLDING A REVIVAL SERVICE IN THE GOSPEL TENT, "GLAD TIDINGS"

SOLOIST F. H. JACOBS

The meetings are all conducted in most reverent and worshipful manner. Sensationalism is not sought nor tolerated in speakers or singers. Nothing is done to draw the people except to preach the Word in power, and sing it with the spirit and the understanding. Following the preaching, an aftermeeting is held for prayer, testimony and inquiry. This meeting is conducted on the same lines that the most conservative evangelical churches would approve. The audiences are made up of people who come, many of them, long distances, and strangers are present at nearly every service from all parts of the country. It is safe to say that the tent services constantly reach a class of people covering a radius of fifteen miles from the city. A lady lecturing before one of the grammar schools of New York, last winter, upon South Dakota, mentioned the benefits many people of that State derived from reading the reports of the meetings in the press. A number of papers in London publish reports of the work. Dr. MacArthur, while speaking in a little village about forty miles from City of Mexico, one Sunday last summer, was asked by a lady at the close of the service "how the Gospel Tent meetings in New York City were getting on." She had read so many of the reports from them that she had become thoroughly interested.

Requests for prayers come from Canada, the Southern states and as far West as Montana. Many persons stopping in the city for a few days, have attended the services and have been converted and carried the spirit of the meetings back to their home churches. The tent is supported by voluntary contributions and subscriptions. Among the preachers who have spoken so far this season are Evangelist William Phillips Hall, Rev. Dr. Purves of the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Rev. Dr. Wylie, Scotch Presbyterian Church, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, Rev. John Balcom Shaw, Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, Bishop Andrews, Rev. J. F. Carson, Rev. Charles E. Jefferson and a number of others who have declared the Word with power. Many ministers who will be unable to preach in the tent before autumn, have expressed their approval of the work and their readiness to share in it. Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Rev. Dr. James Burrell and Rev. Walpole Warren, of St James Episcopal church are among the number.

Mr. William R. Moody has promised to cooperate in every possible way. In a letter he says: "I want to congratulate you on the magnificent work which it is your privilege to conduct again this year." He will aid in choosing for the tent services the best Northfield speakers.

It is proposed to continue the meetings until October, or as long as the season will admit. Requests for prayers from all parts of the country will be welcomed, and remembered before God. Strangers visiting the city are most cordially invited to attend the tent services. Letters, containing requests for prayer or information respecting the work, may be addressed to Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, Y. M. C. A., W. 57th street, New York City.

BEYOND DARK CLOUDS

NO matter though we cannot see
The dawns behind the clouds,
And though at first we're followed not
By fond, approving crowds,
Keep hope and let us travel on,
In paths we know are right,
If the torch bearers we shall be,
More will behold our light.

So let us still e'er work and pray,
And right will surely win,
Though ere we reach the haven bright
Come many days of sin;
But still a brighter day shall dawn,
When we the storms have past,
For sunshine always is beyond
And clouds can never last.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

Commencement at Northfield

ON Sunday morning, June 10, the graduating class of Northfield Seminary attended at the Congregational Church, where Dr. C. I. Scofield, D.D., of Northfield, preached the baccalaureate sermon. In the afternoon, Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, conducted the first Round-Top meeting of the season. He said it was the first meeting there since the great leader, D. L. Moody, had been called home. The meetings should be carried on just as Mr. Moody had been accustomed to conduct them. Mr. H. H. Proctor, of Boston; Col. C. A. Hopkins, Mr. G. H. Shaw, Mr. P. B. Keith and others took an active part in the exercises, and so did several students and visitors, among the latter Mrs. Horace Sibley, a missionary recently returned from China and formerly a Northfield Seminary girl.

An eloquent testimony to Mr. Moody's life-work came from one of the young ladies present. Back in 1878, when Mr. Moody was trying to decide upon the advisability of founding a school for girls who were denied ordinary privileges, he was out driving one day about two miles from Northfield and came upon two little girls sitting on a doorstep, braiding straw hats. He found that this was the only means they, with their mother, had of earning a livelihood for a family of five, the father being a helpless cripple. From that moment Mr. Moody bent all his energies toward the establishing of what is now Northfield Seminary, and when a little later it was opened these two girls were among its first pupils. One of these was the young lady who now came forward to pay her tribute to the memory of him who had given her the opportunity of her life.

The commencement address was delivered on Wednesday morning, June 13, by Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., of New York.

The trustees of the Seminary feel greatly encouraged at the outlook for the school. The Endowment Fund has been increasing rapidly—$90,000 has already been raised by the trustees in cash and pledges. The girls of the Seminary have themselves raised in cash and pledges nearly $6.000, and are confidently expecting to raise $50,000. The year just closed has been the best in the history of the Northfield School, and its spiritual life has been stronger and deeper than ever before.

Miss Gould and the Chaplains

Whenever Miss Helen Gould's name appears in a newspaper, one is sure that the story of some good deed follows it. One of the most recent mentions of this benevolent lady occurs in connection with the army chaplaincy in the Philippines. Our Government failing to provide salaries for chaplains for the new regiments ordered to the islands, Miss Gould pays these out of her private purse, the total being $2,000 a month. Ministers of God are needed with our boys in the East. Many a mother, wife and sister whose dear ones are following our flag far from home and its holy influences, will bless Miss Gould for this characteristic act of Christian generosity and womanly thoughtfulness.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

A Mighty Antiseptic

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 14: 34 . . . . . { Salt is good.

THE Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs, among living creatures, storks and eagles and doves and unicorns and sheep and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths and pomegranates and almonds and apples; among jewels, pearls and amethysts and jacinths and chrysoprases. Christ uses no stale illustrations. The lilies that he plucks for his sermons are dewy fresh; the ravens in his discourses are not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing-tip to wing-tip; the fish he points to are not dull about the gills, as though long captured, but a-squirm in the wet net just brought up on the beach of Tiberias. In my text, which is the peroration of one of his sermons, he picks up a crystal and holds it before his congregation as an illustration of divine grace in the heart, when he says, what we all know by experiment, "Salt is good."

I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text, and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. In Galicia there are mines of salt with excavations and underground passages reaching, I am told, two hundred and eighty miles. Far underground there are chapels and halls of reception, the columns, the altars, and the pulpits of salt. When the king and the princes come to visit these mines, the whole place is illuminated, and the glory of crystal walls and crystal ceilings and crystal floors and crystal columns, under the glare of the torches and the lamps, needs words of crystal to describe it. But you need not go so far as that to find the beauty of salt. You live in a land which produces millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the morning rail train, and in a few hours get to the salt mines and salt springs; and you have this article morning, noon, and night, on the table in your home.

Salt has all the beauty of the snow-flake and water-foam, with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars and the diamonds and the white tree-branches, and the splinters and the bridges of fire as the sun glints them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's. It would take all time, with an infringement upon eternity, for an angel of God to tell one-half the glories in a salt-crystal. So with the grace of God: it is perfectly beautiful. I have seen it smooth out wrinkles of care from the brow; I have seen it make an aged man feel almost young again; I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders, and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its therapeutic qualities when he said, "It is marrow to the bones." It helps to digest the food, and to purify the blood, and to calm the pulses, and quiet the spleen; and instead of Tyndal's prayer-test of twenty years ago, putting a man in a philosophical hospital to be experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well that he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion, not of that morbid religion that sits for three hours on a grave-stone, reading *Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs*—a religion that prospers best in a bad state of the liver! I speak of the religion that Christ preached. I suppose, when that religion has conquered the world, that disease will be banished; and that a man a hundred years of age will come in from business, and say, "I feel tired. I think it must be time for me to go," and without one physical pang, heaven will have him.

But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard and cold and repulsive, and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what David calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy and pride and lust and worldliness lurk about, they are chained, and have a very small sweep. Jesus throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden as he comes in, saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" and he submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as he says, "I am the light." Oh, how much that grace did for the three Johns! It took John Bunyan, the foul-mouthed, and made him John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. It took John Newton, the infidel sailor, and in the midst of the hurricane made him cry out, "My mother's God, have mercy upon me!" It took John Summerfield from a life of sin, and by the hand of a Christian maker of edge-tools led him into the pulpit, that burns still with the light of that Christian eloquence which charmed thousands to the Jesus whom he once despised. Ah! you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God. Go all through the deep mine passages of Wieliczka and amidst the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt, and show me anything so exquisite, so transcendantly beautiful as this grace of God fashioned and hung in eternal crystals.

Again, grace is like salt, in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. What are those paths across the Western prairies? Why, they were made there by deer and buffalo going to and coming away from the salt "licks." Chemists and physicians, all the world over, tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God: you must have it or die. I know a great many speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder-strap adorning a soldier, or a light, frothing dessert, brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over, or a medicine to be taken after powders and mustard-plasters have failed to do their work; but ordinarily a mere superfluity, a string of bells around a horse's neck while he draws the load, and in no wise helping him to draw it. So far from that, I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take, or starve into an eternity of famine. It is clothing, without which we freeze to the mast of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float shoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb up into the light. It is a positive necessity for the soul. You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. Salt, a necessity for the life of the body—the grace of God a necessity for the life of the soul.

Again I remark, that grace is like salt in abundance. God has strewn salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-cellar. There is one region of that country that turns out ninety thousand tons in a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria, yielding nine hundred thousand tons annually. Nearly all the nations rich in it—rock-salt, spring-salt, sea-salt. Christ, the Creator of the world, when he uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk, and the springs were bored, and the pumps were worked, and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to undergird every thing. Pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness. Around about the salt lakes of Saratoy there are ten thousand men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the saline treasures. And if the sixteen hundred millions of our race should now cry out to God for his mercy, there would be enough for all: for those farthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows. It is an ocean of mercy: and if Europe and Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea, went down in it to-day, they would have room enough to wash and come up clean. Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon; though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended, and spanning the awful chasm of your guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises, and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so incrusted with jewels that no one after him ever dared to wear it; but our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of his righteousness, a robe blood-dyed and heaven-impearled, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth, and says, "Put that on! wear it now! wear it forever."

Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always impure—that which incrusts the Rocky Mountains and the South American pampas and in India; but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths, and along by galleries of rock, and with torches and pickaxes, find their way under the very foundations of the earth, to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. To get to the best saline springs of the earth huge machinery goes down, boring depth below depth, depth below depth, until from under the very roots of the mountains, the saline water supplies the aqueduct. This water is brought to the surface, and is exposed in tanks to the sun for evaporation, or it is put in boilers mightily heated, and the water evaporates, and the salt gathers at the bottom of the tank—the work is completed, and the fortune is made. So with the grace of God. It is to be profoundly sought after. With all the concentred energies of body, mind and soul we must dig for it. No man stumbles accidentally on it. We need to go down to the very lowest strata of earnestness and faith to find it. Superficial exploration will not turn it up. We must strive and implore, and dig until we strike the spring foaming with living waters. Then the work of evaporation begins; and as when the saline waters are exposed to the sun, the vapors float away, leaving nothing but the pure white salt at the bottom of the tank, so, when the Christian's soul is exposed to the Sun of Righteousness, the vapors of pride and selfishness and worldliness float off, and there is chiefly left beneath pure white holiness of heart. Then, as in the case of the salt, the furnace is added. Blazing troubles, stirred by smutted stokers of darkness, quicken the evaporation of worldliness, and the crystalization of grace.

Have you not been in enough trouble to have that work go on? I was reading of Aristotle, who said there was a field of flowers in Sicily so sweet that once a hound, coming on the track of game, came to that field, and was bewildered by the perfumes, and so lost the track. Oh! that our souls might become like "a field which the Lord hath blessed," and exhale so much of the sweetness of Christian character that the hounds of temptation, coming on our track, might lose it, and go howling back with disappointment.

But, I remark again, that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food and infuses them with brine, which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great antiputrefactor of the world. Experimenters, in preserving food, have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars, and everything else; but as long as the world stands Christ's words will be suggestive, and men will admit that, as a great preservative, "salt is good." But for the grace of God, the earth would have become a stale carcass long before this. That grace is the only preservative of laws, and constitutions and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses this salt of divine grace, it perishes. The philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to this religion, putrefies and stinks. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science to-day is, not more Leyden jars and galvanic batteries and spectroscopes and philosophical apparatus, but more of that grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible. How strange it is that in all their magnificent sweep of the telescope they have not seen the morning-star of Jesus, and that in all their experiments with light and heat they have not seen the light and felt the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness! We want more of the salt of God's grace in our homes, in our schools, in our colleges, in our social life, in our Christianity. And that which has it will live—that which has it not will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly to putrefaction and death—the religion of Christ the only preservative.

My subject is one of great congratulation to those who have within their souls this Gospel antiseptic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life, and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. On the contrary, if you do your whole duty, I will promise you a rough time. You march through an enemy's country, and they will try to double up both flanks, and to cut you off from your source of supplies. The war you wage will not be with toy arrows, but sword plunged to the hilt, and spurring on your steed over heaps of the slain. But I think that God omnipotent will see you through. I think he will. But why do I talk like an atheist, when I ought to say I know he will? "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."

When Governor Geary of Pennsylvania died, years ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that we rode together in the cars he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the Civil War. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended on that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened and concentred, and it was awful! Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together: it was awful, sir! We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants," and as the Governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat it fairly made the car tremble.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "the battle was desperate, but after a while we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned round to the troops and shouted: 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo! it was my son. I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I did not dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle; so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict—it is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battle-axe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement, or anything else. With one ardent embrace and one loving kiss, we utter our farewells and then cry, "Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured, there are other foes to be conquered, there are other crowns to be won."

Yet, as one of the Lord's surgeons, I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's Gospel and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first: but see! the bleeding stops, and lo! the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child. "Salt is good." "Comfort one another with these words."

How a Little Work Was Blessed

The Romance of Richard Bailey's Quaint Sunday School, Which Met in Parlors, Railroad Depots and Sheds—Its Success

THIRTY years ago Richard Bailey came to this country from England and located at Melrose Park, a suburb of Chicago, where he found employment. From childhood he had taken a deep interest in religious work, and his father had been noted for his devotion as a teacher in one of the Sunday Schools of the city of Bristol. At the time Mr. Bailey came to Melrose Park, churches were few and far between, and many of the children playing about the streets and alleys had never seen the interior of a Sunday School, nor scanned the pages of a lesson-book. He began studying plans to reach the little ones and lift them up, if possible. His worthy wife ably seconded his efforts. Mothers were induced to allow their children to go to the Bailey home on Sunday afternoons, where the machinist and his wife taught them simple lessons and read chapters from the Bible of a character which they could understand. Later on, the parents were asked to come with the children, and, as a result, the Bailey home was converted into a miniature church, Mr. Bailey taking the lead in the services.

Soon the attendance became so large that the little parlor and dining-room could not hold all who desired to come, and the founder of the Sunday School looked around for a more suitable place. He was unable to rent a large building. The people who came to the services were among the lower classes; only small contributions could be expected from them. One or two of the ministers in the town became interested in Mr. Bailey's work, however, and through their influence, an old tent was procured, where was begun the Melrose Park Sunday School. The different denominations, represented by churches in the vicinity, invited Mr. Bailey to join with them, but he conceived the idea of a school independent of all churches and strictly non-sectarian. For several years, with Mrs. Bailey, he took the work almost entirely upon his shoulders aided by three or four interested men and women. At one time, being unable to pay the rent of the building in which services were held, the Sunday School was literally turned into the street by the hard-hearted landlord. Several persons, however, offered Mr. Bailey the use of their parlors until he could get suitable accommodations. For sometime services were held in the passenger depot of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, the building being tendered by the company at an hour when trains were not arriving. Other places which were used were vacant stores, the stock-room in a factory, and sheds. At one time services were conducted in a large hall known as the Tabernacle, which was donated for the time by its owner.

As Mr. Bailey's sons and daughters grew up, they took an active interest in their father's work. They got many recruits for the Sunday School, took charge of classes and aided Mr. Bailey as much as possible. By degrees, efforts were made to reach communities outside of Melrose Park. One plan was to make excursions with a number of children who could sing. During the long winter evenings, sleigh-ride parties would be organized to visit the neighboring towns, where songs would be sung and invitations issued to come to their services at Melrose Park. In this way additions were made to the Sunday School from places some of which were ten and even fifteen miles distant.

Mrs. Bailey continued assisting her husband until 1879, when she died. Her daughters, Edith and Alice, endeavored to supply her place, and have been connected with the Sunday School ever since. So has Richard Bailey, Jr., the son. Altogether the father has devoted thirty years of his life to his Sunday School. During that time it has been supported entirely by its own members and individuals, not one dollar ever being accepted from any other church or Sunday School, as Mr. Bailey believed it should be independent of all others. It now has its own Sunday School building, although this is so crowded at the services that plans are being made to enlarge it. It is entirely out of debt, and the contributions each Sunday amount to a considerable sum. The course of study is simple, and has not varied greatly from that arranged by Mr. Bailey in the days when the young organization met at his own home. Special attention is given to Bible study. The school has purchased a fine organ and a special feature is made of the music.

The children of a number of pupils who attended the meetings thirty years ago are now in the school. Many active workers in Sunday Schools throughout the country can remember the day when they first received instruction at the quaint little Melrose Park school. The present officers and teachers of the school are: Richard Bailey, superintendent; A. B. Dunn, assistant superintendent; Raymond Hoffman, secretary; Edith Bailey, treasurer; Emma Lawrence, organist; teachers, Mr. Dunn, Mrs. Skrine, Miss Jenny Boddy, Miss Lizzie Duer, Miss Rose Hauseman and Miss Edith Bailey.

EDITH BAILEY RICHARD BAILEY

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL THAT MET IN A RAILROAD DEPOT

Steadily Gaining

In a recent letter from Dr. W. T. Currie, who is laboring at Chisamba in West Central Africa, he tells of steady gains in his work. He says: "A number of boys and young men from the villages have begun to attend school at this station and we expect a good increase in the number of scholars under our care. A chief named Katateola has settled near us, and at his request we now send young men morning and evening to conduct worship at the ombala; and these meetings are attended by about one hundred people twice a day. Some days ago we had a conference with the old man. He said his boys at this station are doing well. He wished all of his young people to attend school. He would like to learn himself. He wanted to build a schoolhouse. I told him if his young people were ready to work, we would help them; but they must do their share. A site was selected and he is to clear it and get timber before the rains cease; so that we can put up a good sized schoolhouse next dry season."

MR. ALEX. PALMER MR. THOMAS M'CORKLE REV. DR. CHARLES A. GRISE

OFFICERS OF NATIONAL UNION NOONDAY PRAYING CIRCLE

The Noonday Praying Circle

THERE has been recently organized in Wilmington, Delaware, a National Union Noonday Praying Circle, with Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Grise, president; Mr. Thos. McCorkle, treasurer, and Mr. Alex. Palmer, secretary. The conditions of membership are "the desire to lead a better life" and the faithful keeping of the promise on the membership card. The pledge is simply this: "I promise, by Divine help, to spend as much time as possible each day, between the hours of twelve and one, in lifting up my heart in worship and prayer to Almighty God, not for myself alone, but for all the members of this Noonday Praying Circle; that by His mercy and grace our character and life may be a true witness for Christ." The circular sent to this office by Mr. Palmer, states:

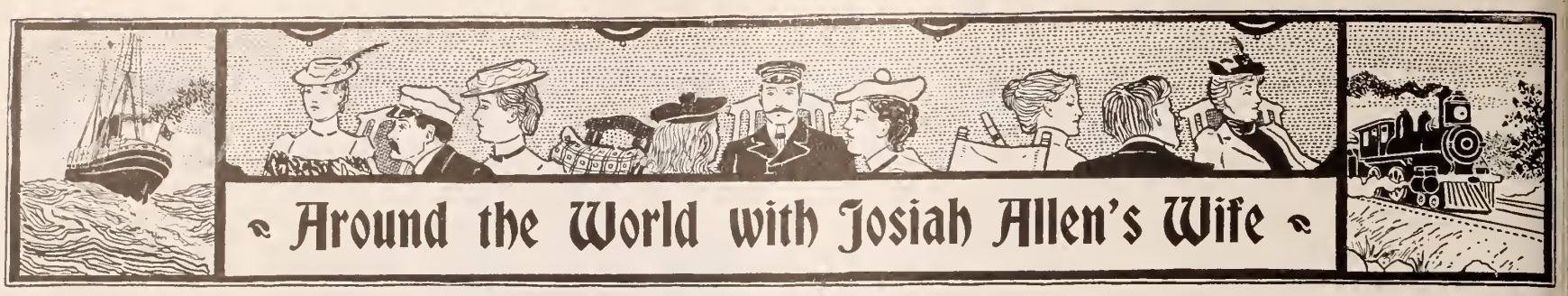
Every church with its Sunday Schools and its Young Peoples' Societies in the United States should form a local branch praying circle. This associated noon-hour worship will be a great spiritual uplift and blessing to all Christians, old and young. Even the children in the primary class will be delighted to have one of these beautiful membership cards. The pastor and Sunday School superintendent are the appointed guardians of church work. So they will, in the love of Christ, take charge of this great means of grace by providing cards. To this end every member of the Sabbath School should each be required to give one cent. One penny will pay for two cards, one to be kept and one to be given away. But these cards should be kept sacred by every member, and no card should be given away except to those who are willing to sign the promise as members.

In a private letter, Mr. Palmer tells us that the people of Wilmington are heartily interested in the Circle, and that the local press is helping to make its object widely known. He adds:

Jesus has given his seal of approval on united prayer with one of his most precious promises: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." If when two agree, it is done, how much greater the blessing were a mighty number agreed to ask the same thing at the same hour? United prayer is a force that opens the treasures of heaven. We want no church to be a missing link in this golden chain of prayer. If all churches and Sunday Schools will unite with us, the year 1900 will close with the greatest revival ever known in this country. It requires sacrifice and effort to remember to pray and worship at this unusual hour, but the habit can be fixed, and then the fruitage in strength and beauty of character will more than repay for the struggle. There may be times and circumstances which will prevent even the most faithful member from entering into his closet at this hour; it will be a comfort and help to silently, in the most public place, uplift his heart to God if but for a moment, and to remember that the great circle is praying for him.

Fruits of Missions

In answer to the question often asked, "What are the results of foreign missions?" the *Missionary Review* publishes the following translation of an article in the *Alte Glaube*, entitled, "Are Foreign Missions Fruitless?": "North Africa is still the citadel of Islam, but in the South Christian missions are active. In North Africa there are only 7,000 Christians, but in West Africa there are 145,000; in the South, 560,000, and on the islands, 350,000, or over a million in all. The negroes say: 'The Christian religion has power; ours will die.' Within twenty years the Uganda Mission gathered 15,000 converts and 2,400 catechumens, while over 26,000 attended services. Farther India, with Ceylon, has over 700,000 Christians, and other islands have 200,000 more. The Batta Mission on Sumatra has gathered, since 1861, at 23 stations, 33,000 converts. In China and Korea there are 180,000 Christians, converted through 26 societies. Women missionaries are especially prominent even as evangelists in China. In Shantung, the province of Confucius and Laotse, there are 25,000 Protestant and 31,000 Catholic Christians. In Japan, mission work began in 1872 with a church of 11 members, and now there are 50,000 Christians there. In Oceanica there are over 300,000 Christians. In all the fruits of foreign missions aggregate over four million souls."



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha at the Fair

WELL, when we left the Street of the Nations, to seek, as Josiah said, the Hotel for Invalids, we passed through the beautiful gardens, containing, I guess, every beautiful plant and flower in the hull world. I wanted dretfully to git some slips for myself and Sister Gowdey, but didn't ask, not knowin' how it would be took. Mebby I might have made a dicker with 'em and swopped some of my house plants for theirn, but Time and Arvilly wuz hastenin' away, so I didn't try, but we all entered the great palace containin' displays of the World's Industries.

The French section is on one side and the foreign display is on the other, and containin' on either side enough for months and months of stiddy sight-seein' and study. Everything that you can think on wuz here, and oceans of things nobody ever did think on, to my knowledge. Everything in house decoration, in sculpture, gold, iron, bronze, mosaics, terra cotta, painting, carpets, silk, velvet, leather, marble, tiles, paper hangings, India rubber, gutta-percha, clocks, watches, jewels, silver, enamel, diamonds, tapestries no end to 'em, some old as the hills and some new, but all beautiful and numerous as grass-blades in a June meadow; antique articles of every kind, manuscripts of priceless value, stained glass, granite, ivory, furniture enough to set off a nation.

IN THE GARDENS

Wonders of the Exposition

All these things and millions of others you'll find in the French section, and on the opposite side the foreign nations' exhibit is jest as full and jest as liable to make your head turn round and round if you try to hurry through it—Russia, Belgium, Germany, United States, Great Britain, Austria, Japan, etc., etc. As I told Josiah, you might just as well try to count the drops of water in our cistern as to pay attention to the hull on 'em in less than a month, anyway.

"Yes," sez he, "and I am in a hurry to git to the Hotel for Invalids. And he hurried us along at a pretty good jog, his mind bein' sot on invalid's food, though I pitied his false idees.

Arvilly wanted to see Napoleon's tomb, and to describe understandin'ly the sights we see in that section would take most a bottle of ink, the tomb, the church, the dome, the court, the hospital, the different surroundin' buildin's full of interest and of memories. All the different galleries of relics and of arms and costooms, etc., etc., but we see what we could in an hour.

Napoleon's tomb is a place of solemn grandeur, worth in itself a journey from Jonesville, as Arvilly said. Beneath our feet wuz the names of the great battles Napoleon won: Jena, Austerlitz, Meringo, the Pyramaids, etc. Twelve colossal Victories in marble wuz keepin' guard over him, though they haint needed now; between these wuz the faded standards he captured, Russian, Austrian, English, more'n fifty of 'em.

We leaned on the white marble balustrade and looked down into the last resting-place of that great weak nater that wanted to conquer the world, and couldn't conquer himself, who let his ambition murder his happiness, wove his own net and got ketched in it. Great warrior! ambitious, soarin' creeter! After life's fever he sleeps well. And the world breathes easier now he lays there onarmed. He is surrounded by the people he loved, by the side of his beloved river that used to murmur to him of conquest and dominion, but now whispers of nothin' but rest and mebby of forgitfulness.

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TAKING THE CAR TO ASCEND THE EIFFEL TOWER

Well, not wantin' to git sick the first day (and you know emotion is dretful tuckerin'), we santered along towards the nighest entrance gate and arrived home in good season and partook of a good supper, seasoned with the sass of hunger.

Samantha's Queen Caller

Robert and Dorothy had gone to see some of their young friends, and Miss Meechim wuz in her settin'-room opposite ourn. They hadn't been to the Exposition at all that day. I mentioned more formerly that Paris wuz jest runnin' over with folks, it wuz as full as ever a New York street car wuz, and I've seen them so full and packed that they've drizzled over the sides and hung on by their eye lashes as you may say; Paris wuz so full that it almost seemed that if one more man or woman got there they would break down the camel's back. A strikin' instance of this fact occurred a few days after, Josiah and Tommy had gone out for a little walk, my room bein' at the end of the hall and Arvilly's and Miss Meechim's opposite we sometimes left the doors open between us. And as I sot there in a comfortable house jacket and rockin' chair I hearn a knock at the side of the door and lookin' up see a weary, hopelessly dejected man standin' in the doorway. He leaned up aginst it as if he did indeed need a prop of some kind, he looked too dead tired to speak at all, but he did say in falterin' accents:

An Odd Proposition

"I beg pardon, Mom, but I have searched Paris through and through for a room in vain. Now I am lookin' for a corner. Would you rent a part of your clothes press to a sufferin' human bein', or the table!" sez he hysterically, "or a bureau draw! would you rent a bureau draw at a high price to a perishin' mortal?"

"No, indeed!" sez I, "I haint a goin' to rent no bureau draw and when I go to git a clean collar or handkerchief have a man pop up his head—no indeed!"

He looked round the comfortable room, the good bed and bureau, the easy chairs and centre-table, and groaned a deep holler groan, and sez he with a look of stern resolve:

"I am not a marryin' man: I had planned to go through life a bachelor. I love peace and repose. But all that a man hath will he give for his life." Sez he, sithin' hard, "Will you marry me?"

"What!" sez I, "what did you say?"

Sez he with a look of onhappiness and resignation pitiful to behold, "Will you be my bride?"

"Your bride?" sez I, "and what part do you lay out for Josiah Allen to play in the programmy you're a markin' out?"

"Josiah Allen?" sez he. "Who is he?"

"He's my pardner," sez I, "the grandfather of my grandchildren and the idol of my heart."

"Excuse me, Mom, but my need wuz great, the crisis wuz imminent!" And he glanced down to his dusty feet and almost wep. Anon he lifted his weary head and glanced acrost into the pleasant room of Miss Meechim's and sez he, "Excuse me, but is that lady also married?"

A Forlorn Hope

"No," sez I, "she's a maiden lady, but abhors matrimony to that extent that a husband would be no more of a hamper to her." His face took on a glimmer of hope. He advanced and knocked at the side of her door. I knowed he would offer her marriage; to such a dretful extreme will urgent necessity carry a man, and Arvilly also I knew would receive an offer. But his stay with 'em wuz but short and he come out of her room with a expression of pure hopelessness that wrought up my feelin's terribly. He wuz talkin' to himself as he passed down the hall, "Even a hornet or a wasp has a nest, a muskeeter has some place to stay in, a statter has a pedestal, but I have not a nich or the end of a branch to cling to."

The exact circumstances of his futer career I know not but I feared the worst, for a few days after I met him on the grounds. A gaunt, homely lookin' woman wuz leanin' on his arm with a air of surprised felicity, his face wuz wreathed with gloom but he had lost the weary look and his shues didn't carry such a heavy load of dust.

Well, the next day we all sot out together and we visited first the great picture galleries where our heads wuz rested. Robert is a good calculator and he took us the quickest way to the great Palace of Arts and afterwards to the smaller one. Just the buildin' of this great palace of art is beautiful enough to deserve days and days of stiddy inspection and admiration. On the front are big, bronze figgers, one is Harmony gittin' the better of Discord. Sez I, "Oh how useful such a statter would be in Jonesville and every school district."

And Arvilly sez, "Folks had better vote for it than spend their time sculpin' it enough sight."

Then there wuz Peace out-pacin' Time. And Arvilly sez, "We read that Time is slower 'n a primmer but Peace has never got ahead on it yet, and I don't believe ever will, only in Fancy's field."

Amid the Big Sculptures

"Well," sez I, "they look beautiful anyway. Them figgers wuz more'n forty feet high, seven times the height of my pardner and he towers up in my mind fur beyend all other men, so you can get a small idee of the size on 'em. And inside it looked as if the very ruff of heaven had been arched over and covered with crystal light and gildin' and ornamentation. How grand the big staircase wuz, with its columns of green porphery leadin' to other rooms filled with enchantin' beauty, full of the perfection of ancient and modern art. Outside and inside that palace wuz a dream. One of the bronze groups adornin' it wuz Inspiration guided by Wisdom. Inspiration wuz a-hoss-back ridin' fast and furious but with her arms extended reachin' out after marvels and mysteries, and her rapt eyes on the heavens. How could she guide that prancin' horse? But Wisdom lookin' dretful knowin', but practical and stiddy, had holt of the creeter, kinder guidin' it onward and I knowed they wuz bound for new and glorious paths of discovery. Then there wuz Science advancin' in spite of Ignorance. Science wuz holdin' aloft her blaz'

torch and urgin' her horse to take the great leaps it is in her nater to take; Ignorance lookin' skairt and onbelievin' wuz tryin' to hold her back, but good land! it's grasp on that horse's fore-leg couldn't no more stop that boundin' steed than the twist of a creepin' vine could bind a whirlwind. These are only little samples of the beauties of this grand buildin' some as you would pick up an atom of gravel to show what the sile of a farm wuz. And then the pictures inside and the statutes, such a endless number in the great Palace and the smaller one, and as I said to Josiah, "If the hull of our woodlot wuz turned into beautiful picters and statutes there couldn't seem to be any more on 'em." And he groaned and sez:

Josiah Overwhelmed

"Don't say wood-lot: say the boundless forest. I hain't no idee," sez he, lookin' mournfully at the spacious rooms openin' off on either side, full of the choicest treasures of art, "I haint no hopes that there is any end to 'em."

"Well," sez I, "it is a feast of beauty that we may never have a chance to see agin." His face brightened up. "Do you think so, Samantha? Are you sure to-day will be the end on't?" And he seemed to act happier after that. But on how beautiful and enchantin' the seen wuz to me, milds of beauty, grace, inspirin' and liftin' up the soul. To describe what I see there would be like tryin' to describe the sands of the sea-shore one by one; glorious landscapes, sky and sea, faces beautiful, noble, sad pictures, and them heavenly bright, pictures terrible and pictures inspirin'. And the most beautiful thoughts and ideals carved in marble for our glory and delight. Robert and Dorothy walked along like them that see visions and dream dreams; Miss Meechim read her Guide Book diligently that she might admire intelligently and not like anything unless pronounced genteel. Arvilly looked about her with critical eyes, and held her work-bag with the puckerin' strings ready to draw open at a minute's notice at the sight of a possible subscriber. Tommy with his hands clasped behind him under his little velvet blonse, santered along by my side, and I spoze Carabai wuz there too; indeed this wuz his native land.

Floating Down the Seine

Well, Robert took us to see the best pictures and statutes in different places, and then to let us down gradual from ideal beauty to solid manufactures we visited the Horticulture displays. Robert got a boat and we floated down the Seine, he thought it would be a welcome change to us and it wuz. Oh how fairy-like it all wuz, on the Seine and the seen round us, all a part of Fairy Land. The graceful and beautiful buildin's on either side, each as exquisite as an artist's mind and onlimited money could make 'em, and each on 'em demandin' in justice a week's study. As we drew nigh Horticultural Hall, which loomed up like a palace of crystal, we see that the Hall of Congress which stood next, wuz a good-lookin' square buildin' with lots of big winders. I guess they made it so to let light in on their public doin's, you know such houses need lots of light, and I remarked to Arvilly that I wished they had been sot in it when they wuz tryin' Dreyfus, but it wuzn't built then. The Horticultural Hall is so beautiful that I haint any idee that Solomon ever had a buildin' to compare with it in beauty and grandeur, and inside it is a dream of loveliness. "Oh! oh! oh!" I sez, and I fairly sithed, language wuz so inadequate to describe it. The fairy-like arches, the soft, brilliant light streamin' in and the millions and millions of lovely flowers of every kind. As I say, I looked round and my mind vainly sought for adjectives to describe it and when I spok it wuz simply to say, "Oh, how I wish Sister Gowdy could see it!"

The Horticultural Display

Nater had her innings here and showed off what she could do when she sot out. He paintin's can't copy the matchless hues of the rose and the white glory of the lily, nor marble be carved in their delicate and perfect shapes. Flowers enough we see to carpet Jonesville from the lake to the town line, and I guess they would lap over into Zoar and Shackville. And everywhere flower-like faces wuz bendin' over the posies and the flutter of pretty dresses and the happy hum of voices helped make the seen one of enchantment. Of course the talk wuz mostly in language we didn't understand. But what of that on a summer morning, when the air is full of the sweet gay voices of robin and lark and yellow bird; who cares if we can't understand every word? We're just as happy and they are, too.

A Point on Economy

Well, after we left Horticultural Hall we santered along and visited the Hall of Social Economy; we all wanted to go there, but Josiah specially, he sez kinder low to me on our way there, "Economy, Samantha, is one of the most beautiful virtues a woman can possess, to be savin', to be equinomical is to be beautiful. Sez I, "I am willin' to go there but it don't mean what you think."

"It duz mean jest what I say," sez he, "and probable you will learn things there that you can teach Philury that will save me dollars and dollars in the course of a year."

Congress Hall and the Palace of Social Economy was built entirely by workmen's associations and is a elegant and commogious structure. The social economy exhibits, everything you can think on in regard to labor is on the ground floor. It has an immense gallery facing the Seine to be used as a sort of reception-room by the members of Congress. This is a very handsome hall adorned with statutes of noted friends of labor. Josiah thought it wuz an awful oversight that his picture wuzn't taken for it; sez he, "Jest think how France would have prized it, and I could have had Ury took me just as well as not."

"The Palace of Costooms"

There is one immense hall to hold meetings, about three hundred and thirty feet long, and six or seven smaller ones. Plenty of room to air their idees, and I wuz glad on't; it's time Labor should sprunt up and be somebody, and I wuz glad they had such a palace as this to show off in.

Robert Strong enjoyed himself here—yes, indeed! I never see him happier as he looked round and took note of everything. Miss Meechim didn't seem to enjoy herself; I am afraid she didn't think that it wuz quite so genteel and aristocratic a place as she desired to be in. She wanted to go to the Palace of Costooms, and persuaded Dorothy to go with her, and Robert—thinkin', I spoze, that he could come back here again—accompanied them. I didn't care about seein' costooms. Good land! the alpacky I had on wuz good as new, and sot good, and Arvilly turned her nose right up when Miss Meechim mentioned it, so we parted for a time, agreein' to meet at the Eiffel Tower and go home together.

Well, after we left the Palace of Social Economy we walked along and presently come to the street of Old Paris, the ancient city resurrected anew in our day. It stands facin' the river, and a part of it built over it. Part of it is buildings of the fifteenth century and from that time on to ours. To walk through it seems like meeting your great, great-grandfather in knee breeches and buckles and his hair braided down his back and shakin' hands and neighborin' with him, and also your great, great-grandma.

On the Champs de Mars

It wuz a impressive sight, and I would loved to stayed there a hull day in the old-fashioned shops, concert halls, etc., etc. But Josiah was interested in the restaurants, and at his request we got a good lunch, and after a little rest we proceeded onwards, visited a few of the foreign houses in that section, crossed the Seine agin and got right into the Naval and Military section. I didn't stay there long, no indeed! there is nothin' in the arts of war that is pleasant for me to contemplate, no indeed. We santered on to the Champs De Mars, and there we found on each side of the streets enough to see for two months. Everything in mines and metals, and the great industrial section showin' the industries of the world. Oh, what a sight to see! It would wear out the quills of a hull goose, and mebby a gander, too, to describe everything as it ort to be, everything in mines and metals, iron, steel, boilers, cylinders, cannons, clothing and articles of every kind that wuz ever made from velvet, felt and leather to silk and muslin and gauze, and all the machinery that ever made 'em from a silkworm to a big loom and the threads it is made on from vegetable to a spider from a silkworm to a block of wood. You see the silkworms and spiders a spinnin', the silk-weavers workin' and the big looms turnin' and every method of making clothing and every article that wuz ever wore or used from a hat to a shue, from a glove to a umbrell. When we see the cloth made from a spider's-web Josiah said:

"Samantha Allen, I'll set Philury to spinnin' spider-webs out of the woodhouse chamber and the horse barn the minute I git home. How equinomical it will be, and how I shall love to see you dressed up in a spider silk."

Sez I, "It makes me crawl to think on't."

Sez he, "Spiders don't crawl no more than silkworms do, and we've got the webs, and mebby I shall have some neckties or vests made on't; of course they could be colored red or yeller."

Josiah Protests

Sez I kinder short, "Le's go into the Gallery of Perfumery." And oh what a sweet-smellin' spot we got into, as sweet as a perary of rosies and lilies. Perfumes of every kind and their manufacture from flowers and most everything else. And every kind of toilet article that wuz ever invented or thought on.

Then in another gallery we see every color that wuz ever colored, and bleaching, and printing, and lustring and the way to do it all. Four rooms wuz occupied by this, besides another big room for their machinery. All the methods of heat and lighting and motors make a noble exhibit. And I sez, after we see this, "We must visit the Retrospective Museum."

And Josiah sez, "I don't want to retrospect, Samantha; I didn't come here to retrospect, I can do that to hum." But he did go and see the richest costooms, uniforms, etc., etc., etc., from way, way back, to the present time. The historical costooms, pictures, and so forth wuz worth days and days of study.

Then we see machinery of every kind, showin' the means by which the wonders of our century is accomplished, the labor-saving, marvelous inventions of genius and hard research, the result of centuries of severest study and toil. It wuz a sight to see 'em all placed before you in a row and you lookin' at 'em calm and onruffled. Josiah enjoyed himself dretfully at the food exhibition. Before we entered it he sez, "Try, Samantha, to swop some receipts with 'em."

I sez, "They wouldn't want to be bothered dickerin' with receipts."

Sez he, "They ort to prize the chance as one of the brightest prizes of the hull Exposition." Sez he, "Your receipt for fried cakes alone is priceless."

(To be Continued).

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THE WONDERS OF THE PALACE OF ARTS

A RIDE IN A CAPTIVE BALLOON

HIS WILL

THE secret whisperings of God
Within the soul to listening ear,
Is very sweet to all who wait
His loving messages to hear.
The soul responds in secret joy
With telegram from earth to heaven,
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
The quick return is freely given.

Such joy to live so near to God,
To know that he takes thought for me,
That he will give me work for him,
To share in his own ministry.
This gives to life for God its grace,
Its lofty, true sublimity,
That makes perpetual sacrament
Of each day's common history.

When the sad time of trial comes,
And all looks dark in earth and heaven,
When e'en the love of God seems dim,
And not a ray of hope seems given,
What is there left to cling to, but
The will of the still trusting heart?
A will God-given, which firmly holds—
God will not from his own depart.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage
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Wandering Thoughts in Prayer

NOTHING bothers the Christian more than the imperfections of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every whither. While praying about one thing, he is thinking about another. Could you ever keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? I never could. While you are praying, your store comes in, your kitchen comes, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front and travel around the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer!" or "What a blundering specimen! But, how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned down the gas in the parlor! Wonder if Bridget has got home yet? Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven?" or "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head, saying: "There! I haven't prayed a bit! I am not a Christian!" Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are damaged of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish and answer it. To the very depth of his nature he sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.

Why I Like the Scotch

NEVER did Scotland seem more glorious than now. Glasgow and Edinburgh greeted us with the same old crowds, and every time I preach I preach twice—first from a pulpit and then from an open carriage, or standing on a table outside.

There is something about the Scotch character, whether I meet it in New York, London, or Perth, that thrills me through and through. Perhaps it may be because I have such a strong tide of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to my own beloved country give me Scotland for residence and grave. The people are in such downright earnest. There is such a roar in their mirth, like a tempest in "The Trossachs." Take a Glasgow audience, and a speaker must have his feet well planted on the platform or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the centre of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip of the nail on the big toe there is a paroxysm of cachination.

No half-and-half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he lets you know it right away. He is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church, you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks, have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided.

Those Loaves and Fishes

THE sun was far down in the West, night was coming on, and there were five thousand people tired, hungry, shelterless. You know how Washington felt at Valley Forge, when his army was starving and freezing. You may imagine how any great-hearted general would feel while his troops were suffering. Imagine then how Christ, with his great heart, must have felt as he saw these five thousand hunger-bitten people. Yes, I suppose there were ten thousand there, for the Bible says there were five thousand men, beside women and children. The case is put in that way, not because the women and the children were of less importance than the men, but because they would eat less; and the whole force of the miracle turns on the amount of food required. How shall this great multitude be supplied? I see a selfish man in that crowd pulling a luncheon out of his own pocket, and saying: "Let the people starve. They had no business to come out here in the desert without any provisions. They are improvident, and the improvident ought to suffer." There is another man not quite so heartless, who says: "Go up into the village and buy bread." What a foolish proposition! There is not enough food in all the village for this crowd; beside that, who has the money to pay for it? Xerxes' army, one million strong, was fed by a private individual of great wealth for only one day, but it broke him. Who then shall feed this multitude?

I see a man rising in that great crowd, and asking: "Is there any one here who has bread or meat?" A kind of moan goes through the whole throng. "No bread, no meat." But just at that time a lad steps up. You know when a great crowd goes off upon an excursion there are always men and boys to go along for the purpose of merchandise and to strike a bargain; and so I suppose this boy had gone along for the purpose of merchandise; but he was nearly all sold out, having only five loaves and two fishes left. He is a generous boy, and he turns them over to Christ. But these loaves would not feed twenty people; how much less ten thousand! Though the action was so generous on the part of the boy, so far as satisfying the multitude it was a dead failure. Then Jesus comes to the rescue. He is apt to come when there is a dead lift. He commands the people that they sit down "in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties," as much as to say: "Order, order! so that none be missed." It was fortunate that that arrangement was made; otherwise, at the very first appearance of bread, the strong ones would have clutched it, while the feeble and the modest would have gone unsupplied.

I suppose it was no easy work to get that crowd seated, for they all wanted to be in the front row, lest the bread give out before their turn came. No sooner are they seated than there comes a great hush over all the people. Jesus stands there, his light complexion and auburn locks illumined by the setting sun. Every eye is on him. They wonder what he will do next. He takes one of the loaves that the boy furnished and breaks off it a piece, which immediately grows to as large a size as the original loaf, the original loaf staying as large as it was before the piece was broken off. And they leaned forward with intense scrutiny, saying: "Look, look!" When some one, anxious to see more minutely what is going on, rises in front, they cry: "Sit down in front! Let us look for ourselves." And then, when the bread is passed around, they taste of it sceptically and inquiringly, as much as to say: "Is it bread? Really, is it bread?" Yes, the best bread that was ever made—for Christ made it. Bread for the first fifty and second fifty. Bread for the first hundred and the second hundred. Bread for the first thousand and the second thousand. Pass it all around the circle; there, where that aged man sits leaning on his staff, and where that woman sits with the child in her arms. Pass it all around. Are you all fed? "Aye, aye!" respond the ten thousand voices, "all fed!" One basket would have held the loaves before the miracle. It takes twelve baskets now. Sound it through all the ages of earth and heaven that Christ the Lord comes to our suffering race with the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of eternal life in the other hand.

Dissipation in Work

SOME religious people are among the worst tempered people of the day, from the fact that they have no rest. Added to the necessary work of the world they superintend two Sunday Schools, listen to two sermons, and every night have meetings of charitable and Christian institutions. They look after the beggars, hold conventions, speak at meetings, wait on ministers, serve as committee-men, take all the hypercriticism that inevitably comes to earnest workers, rush up and down the world, and develop their hearts at the expense of all their other functions. They are the best men on earth, and Satan knows it, and is trying to kill them as fast as possible. They know not that it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to go to the sacrament. It is as much a sin to commit suicide with the sword of truth as with the pistol.

Discouraged Christians

OUR work does not amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted and sorry: we try to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why, he is nearer than if we had succeeded, for he knows we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity.

A Christian Hero's Death

"I WANT to make public acknowledgment here that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty." On a triumphant battleship, in the hour of victory, a great sea-captain, John W. Philip, his head reverently bared, uttered these words. They will go down in the annals of American history, immortal as Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death." So will another utterance, from this same sea-captain's lips, to the sailors of the conquering *Texas*, as the ship they had disabled was settling her doom: "Don't cheer, boys; those poor fellows are dying." The officer who said these things, and who never, in the terror of battle or excitement of victory, forgot that he was a Christian, has answered the roll-call of heaven and stands face to face with the Captain of his salvation—the Master to whom he was always true.

Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, once Captain of the *Texas*, and for some time past Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, died suddenly, Saturday, June 30, of heart disease, a malady from which he had suffered for five years. When he went into the Spanish-American war, in response to what he believed a call of patriotism and duty, he was as his physicians warned him, braving a two-fold peril.

From Santiago, he wrote to his wife: "I am as safe here as I would be walking up Broadway with you, because God is with us and he is listening to our prayer." His influence for good in the Brooklyn Navy Yard has been a powerful one. Throughout the yard, aboard ship and ashore, from the humblest stoker to the gold-laced Captain and Commodore, profound sorrow followed the announcement of the death of the man whose popularity in the navy was second to none; and bronzed and weather-beaten sailors on the *Kentucky* and *Vermont* talked reverently together of the time they had knelt with him in prayer on the powder-blackened deck of the *Texas*.

Messages of sympathy from far and near have poured in upon his widow; among the first received were those from President McKinley, Secretary Long, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admirals Farquhar and Sampson, Governor Roosevelt, and Miss Helen Gould, who has been his generous ally in philanthropic and religious work for our sailors. Admiral Dewey expressed the sentiment of the public as well as the navy when he wired: "Your husband was God's own nobleman."

Secretary Long's message spoke of him as "a faithful servant of God and of his country. He was one of the true heroes of the American navy."

Admiral Philip was born in Kinderhook, New York, in 1840; was married about eighteen years ago; and leaves one son, Woodward Philip, now sixteen years old.

He was a model husband and father. On extensive trips about the country, which he has been frequently making in the interests of the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A., his wife was his constant companion. He did excellent work for the Naval Y. M. C. A., and made diligent efforts to establish new branches. He was ever ready for evangelistic work, answering whenever official duties permitted the numerous calls made upon him for addresses in Gospel meetings. His piety was coupled with such sterling qualities as soldier, sailor and business man that his testimony as an humble servant of the Lord produced a strong impression everywhere. More improvements have been made in the Navy Yard during his administration than under any previous commandant. He has built new streets, erected mammoth storehouses, reconstructed dry docks, built railroads, quay walls and almost innumerable improvements about the naval station. The yard, although the largest and oldest in the country, did not have an official flagstaff, and the present flagpole, 125 feet high, was completed about six weeks ago, when the national colors were unfurled to the breeze. June 30, the Stars and Stripes were placed at half mast for the first time on this pole, in his honor.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, Brit. Ambass'r at Pekin | VICE-ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, Com'd'r of relief party | UNITED STATES COMMANDER McCALLA | UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER

THE BOXER REBELLION SPREADING

MISSIONARIES FLEE FOR SAFETY

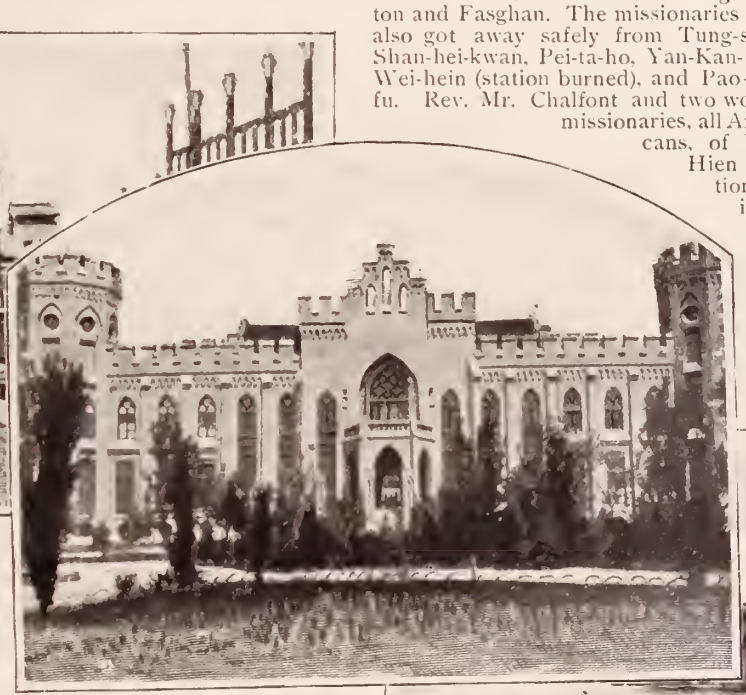
AMBASSADORS STILL HELD IN PEKIN

AFTER a period of intense anxiety, definite news has at last been received from China, which throws some light on affairs at the Capital. Admiral Kempff, Commander of the American Squadron, telegraphs that the Foreign Ministers are still at Pekin. After the capture of the Taku forts by the international fleets, China, regarding that event as an act of war, notified the Foreign Ministers to leave Pekin within twenty-four hours. They declined, and it is believed that they are still in Pekin. A Shanghai cablegram states that their situation is most critical. Baron von Ketteler, the German Ambassador, while proceeding to the British Embassy (which is the most strongly fortified of all the Legations), was dragged from his horse and killed by the Boxers on June 18. Only three of the Legations—the British, French and German—are now standing, the others having been destroyed. All the Ministers are sheltered in the British Legation. The dispatch adds that 20,000 troops will be needed to force a way to Pekin and to relieve the Foreign Ministers and residents. The Capital is still guarded by a great army of imperial Chinese troops at every gate.

A LEADING STREET IN PEKIN

CHINESE REGULARS, TIEN-TSIN

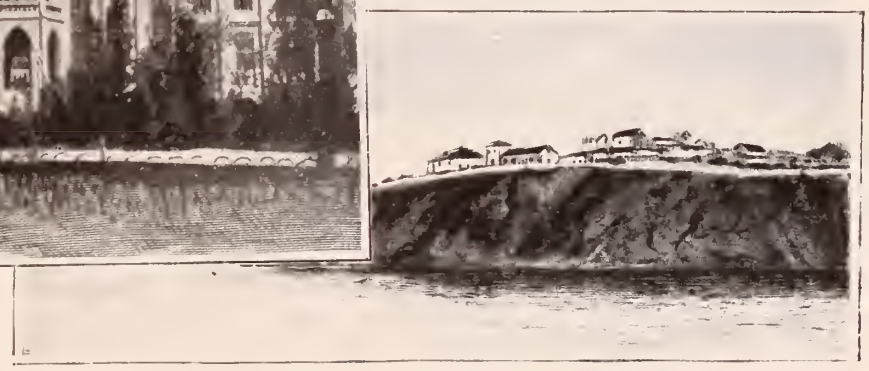
Admiral Seymour's international force was compelled, by overwhelming numbers, to abandon the project of rescuing the ambassadors and had it not been reinforced opportunely, would probably have perished to a man. As it was, it returned to Tien-Tsin utterly exhausted, reporting 62 killed and over 200 wounded, after killing many hundreds of Boxers and Chinese regulars. Commander McCalla and Ensign Taussig, Americans, were slightly wounded, and four American marines were killed and twenty-five wounded. Ten thousand troops, under the command of Col. Stoessel, a Russian, are now on the way to Pekin.



GORDON HALL, TIEN-TSIN

At Tien-Tsin affairs have quieted down considerably, although the danger is by no means over. The beleaguered city was relieved by a mixed force from Taku, principally British, Americans, Germans and Russians, after some hot fighting. It was found that the rumors of massacre and destruction in Tien-Tsin had been greatly exaggerated, and that the foreign quarter had not suffered as heavily as might have been expected from the long-continued bombardment by the Chinese.

Friends of missionary effort everywhere will be greatly relieved by the news of the safety of the spiritual workers in China. Hundreds of them are now in comparatively safe quarters and others are on the way to the coast. In a single day 148 arrived at Chefoo, and on June 30 seventy-three more were welcomed there, thirty-three of the last arrivals being Americans from the disturbed Shantung and Honan districts. Their journeys were in many instances facilitated by friendly Chinese. Among the refugees are missionaries from Kwailan, Chinfu, Nei-Hsien, Woochow, Shulhing, Canton and Fasghan. The missionaries have also got away safely from Tung-shan, Shan-hei-kwan, Pei-ta-ho, Yan-Kan-Kou, Wei-hein (station burned), and Pao-ting-fu. Rev. Mr. Chalfont and two women missionaries, all Americans, of Wei-Hien Station, being in peril, sought refuge in the German mines at Fang-tse, their dwellings having been destroyed. They are now probably safe.



CHEFOO, WHERE MANY MISSIONARIES FOUND SAFETY

Tien-Tsin is also a haven of refuge, and many workers are there. Many missionaries and native Christians have arrived at Hongkong, and some Chinese mandarins, apprehensive of events, have sent their families there for safety. Everything that prudence and forethought could suggest has been done by the international forces and consuls to assure the safety of the missionaries and foreigners generally. The greatest sufferers have been and still are the native converts, toward whom the Boxers extend no mercy. It is impossible, at this stage of the troubles, to give any reliable estimate of the number of Chinese Christians who have fallen victims to the fanatical uprising against all foreigners and the "foreign religion."

Li Hung Chang, who is still at Canton, distrusts the Chinese imperial troops. Prince Tuan, the leader of the anti-foreign movement and the strongest champion of the Boxers, has succeeded in winning over thousands of regular troops to the rebel cause. The Boxers claim that he is to-day the real master of the Empire. It is beyond question that the rebellion is extending over the whole country. South China, excited by rebel successes in the North, needs but a spark to flame into active revolt.

To face this serious situation, the foreign powers have now landed nearly 20,000 troops, and may soon be expected to have twice that number available, with Taku as a temporary centre of activity. Besides, the fleets are rapidly attaining unusual proportions. The American battleship *Oregon*, while proceeding to Taku, went ashore on some hidden rocks in the Gulf of Pechili, but will probably be floated and taken to Port Arthur for repairs.

When all the powers have their available land forces on Chinese soil, they will doubtless be able to cope successfully with the widespread rebellion. It is proposed to hurl an international force of at least 50,000 against Pekin, and the Chinese government has been warned that if the foreign ministers are harmed, the allies may destroy the imperial tombs of the Mings and Manchus.

Brig.-Gen. A. S. Chaffee will command the American land forces in China.

It will thus be seen that amid the multitude of sensational and alarming rumors, there is still reason to hope that the general situation may soon improve. Latest reports represent the Empress and her advisers as more favorable to peace, such a policy being the only one that can save the dynasty.

REV. S. H. NORMAN REV. C. ROBINSON
Two murdered English missionaries

India Welcomes Our Relief Ship

(Continued from first page)

food. When all had been transferred to the cars, they presented an imposing sight, several great trains being filled with the 5,000 tons. The cars were decorated and soon the various trains were speeding to their destinations in the interior. All the railway arrangements for transportation to the centres of suffering were admirable, and reflect credit alike on the government and railway officials, who afforded every facility to the work and upon the foresight of the Missionary Committee, who during Dr. Klopsch's recent visit to Bombay, were assiduous in their efforts to make the arrangements for distribution as perfect as possible. When this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers, their gift of bread to starving India will have reached the hands of the multitudes for whom it was destined and brought gladness and new hope into thousands of famine-stricken homes.

. . .

Having completed the work he undertook in India, Dr. Klopsch has now returned to the United States, after a most valuable and unique experience. His cordial reception by the people and press of India, the kind words he heard on every hand in behalf of the relief work and in appreciation of the benevolence of our readers, will long remain in his memory. He visited nearly all the leading famine fields, the relief works, hospitals, poorhouses, and kitchens; he saw the fearful scenes of suffering, the appalling mortality from plague, small pox, guinea-worm, dysentery, fever and starvation. He says:

"I had watched and investigated government relief operations, and had arrived at a thorough understanding with the Committee. I had seen sixteen famine and cholera corpses burn at one time; my heartstrings and sympathies had been tugged at until they refused to respond any longer. I had noted and admired the heroic self-sacrifice of our American missionaries., and had finally concluded that to stay longer meant, at great risk, to duplicate what I had already seen and heard, felt and experienced.

"I am not a physical coward, but I am glad I am away. We arrived at the most dangerous time of the year. People were amazed, for at this season nothing is quicker in India than death and burial. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a man, apparently healthy, to be dead and buried within the brief space of five hours; and not infrequently the bare, ghastly skull of a man may be seen on the very field over which the day before he had walked in perfect health.

"Then there is a malignant type of dysentery that quickly perforates the bowels and drains the blood. Typhoid fever and plague which everywhere abound swell the list, and all these, with death on every hand, contribute to make the white man feel that when he has done his duty he had better let it rest there and not tempt Providence. I am indeed profoundly grateful that with the exception of a very brief attack of illness —lasting one night —I escaped every whit whole.

"Finally, the ever-present heat. I do not wonder that the people are indolent and apathetic. Day after day the same fierce, burning sun, beating down relentlessly, exhausting, debilitating, devitalizing; night after night the same muggy, close, humid heat to swelter in.

"The white man fumes and frets over his tantalizing inability to get even half his work done by the natives half way decently in double the proper time. The native's grandfather never hurried, his father never hurried, why then should he do what his ancestors had never done? I engaged a Parsee photographer at Bombay to travel with me, agreeing to pay his traveling expenses, his board, the coolie hire for his paraphernalia and seven rupees ($2.25) for every picture he took, agreeing to give him a chance to take ten photos a day. At the end of a week he had taken thirty-one. All the best pictures he missed, owing to positive inability to work smartly. No power on earth could induce him to hurry his movements even by a fraction. We hollahed and shouted "Jaldi! Jaldi!" (which means "hurry, hurry") but he would simply look and smile as though he pitied our impatience and hoped to pacify us with his smile. Finally we gave it up in despair. And we have fully concluded that Kipling was right when he said:

It is not good for the Christian man
To worry the Aryan brown;
For the white man riles, and the brown man smiles,
And it weareth the Christian down.
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white,
With the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph clear, "A fool lieth here
Who tried to hustle the East."

"Apart from the famine, we practically saw nothing of India. Of those things usually considered sights worth seeing, and of the cities which every visitor *must* see before leaving India, we saw nothing. But we saw what we went to see, and there was no mistaking the real object of our visit. Traveling 20,000 miles just to ascertain the condition of a starving people on the other side of the world, and to study how in the hour of their direst need we can prove most helpful to them, is not an everyday occurrence and was not without its beneficent effect. It was a startling and impressive object-lesson on the length to which a kind, sympathetic Christian people will go in order to give practical expression to noble and generous impulses. At the same time it helped to focus the attention of Mussulman, Hindu, Parsee and Christian on the world-wide charity of the American nation. Again and again I have heard people say that they could not understand why I should have left home and business and comfort to look after their necessities, seeing that I had not known them personally, nor had I been under any obligation to them; and why Americans should actually send money and grain for their relief was even more incomprehensible. The famine of 1897 opened up a God-given opportunity for Christian America to strengthen the stakes of American missionary effort in Eastern India, and the present famine afforded the same opportunity in Western India. How well we improved it the next ten years will show. I predict greater results by far in the way of missionary power in India during the next decade than have been achieved during the entire nineteenth century.

"Two important purchases were those of 1,000 hand-plows and 100,000 blankets. Throughout the whole enormous Gujerat Province fully ninety per cent. of the farming cattle have perished, and with his present implements and without bullocks, the farmer is practically helpless. It was necessary, therefore, to devise a plow that could be operated by manual labor. This was done by some ingenious mechanic, submitted to and approved by Collector Stewart of the Panch Mahal district, improved and finally recommended by Rev. Robert Ward of Godhra. But the money to manufacture and put the invention to a practical test was wanting. I noticed the announcement in an article contained in the *Bombay Gazette*, and happening to be in Godhra, I listened to the Rev. Ward—a very earnest, conscientious, fully consecrated missionary —and to Assistant Collector Rendall, and concluded that the opportunity should be embraced. The price was two rupees (sixty-four cents) each, and the whole thousand cost only 2,000 rupees, or $640. In order that a precedent, that might prove awkward, should not be thereby established, the check was made payable to Rev. Robert Ward. Should the experiment prove successful a gigantic step toward the solution of an apparently insurmountable difficulty will have been taken. I shall watch the outcome with interest.

"Surpassing this greatly, both in extent and importance, was the purchase of one hundred thousand blankets at 15 annas or 30 cents each, aggregating $30,000. This sum was paid over on the day of my departure. With the advent of the rainy season the critical period in relief operations will have arrived. It is then that the countless thousands of debilitated men, women and children will be put to the supreme test. Their lives have been spared, but their condition is such that without covering of a suitable character tens of thousands must succumb to climatic inclemency. Cold and wet bring on countless disorders and unless cared for properly death must ensue. The government will be compelled to afford shelter of some kind, while private charity must supply clothing and bed covering. This, thanks to the generous gifts of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, can now be done for 100,000 human beings, and as I write these figures I am appalled with their stupendousness. When, before in the world's history, was it ever given to a private charity to care for a multitude like unto this? Can we who direct the affairs of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ever be sufficiently grateful to God that it has pleased him to entrust to our hands this unprecedented opportunity! And there is still another phase that is peculiarly gratifying. All these blankets are manufactured in the weaveries of American missionaries. The Methodist and Alliance Missions, who employ famine sufferers as weavers, have undertaken the contract of supplying the whole lot within thirty days, or before the rains set in in Gujerat. And that means the employmentof thousands of breadless families."

CITY AND HARBOR OF BOMBAY, WHERE THE S.S. "QUITO" UNLOADED

Photograph taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and forwarded by Dr. Klopsch

FEEDING FIFTEEN HUNDRED FAMINE CHILDREN AT DAKOR, INDIA

NEW YORK

Ackley, Mrs G.... 25
Adams, Chas F... 1 00
Adams, Mrs F D. 1 00
Adams, Mrs M H 2 00
Agar, Mrs 25
Akin, A 5 00
Alexander, D M & H 3 00
Alexander, Mrs F A 1 00
Allen, Geo H..... 2 00
Allen, Mrs J L... 1 00
Anderson, C M... 25
Anderson, Emil .. 15
Anderson, Mrs G. 1 00
Anderson, Mrs L S, Coll by..... 5 00
Anderson, Mrs M 25
Anderson, Aug .. 10
Anderson, Aug .. 25
Anderson, Willie. 2 00
Andrews, Mrs J F 25
Angell, Mrs O T.. 1 00
Appley, Mrs A... 25
Appley, M D..... 25
Archer, L 25
Armbrnster, A ... 10
Armstrong, Gertde 1 00
Arnold, I A..... 1 00
Arnold, S M..... 1 00
Ashberry, Thos... 1 00
Atwood, Mrs R C 1 00
Avery, Mrs 25
Avery, Mrs C H. 5 00
Ayers, Mrs L..... 25
Babcock, F P.... 50
Backman, Aug .. 25
Bader, John 25
Badgley, Emma .. 50
Bailey, Mrs C C. 20
Bailey, Chas 25
Bailey, Mrs C E. 1 10
Bailey, Frank ... 1 00
Baker, Hy & Mrs R 1 00
Baker, W I & Lany 2 00
Baker, Mrs W M. 25
Bakes, Benjamin. 50
Baldwin, T W.... 1 00
Bangs, L B.....10 00
Banks, J 1 00
Barager, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Barber, Mrs W S 50
Barker, Maria ... 1 00
Bardsley, Mrs M.. 25
Barnhart, Mrs J W 50
Barrett, Jennie .. 25
Barton, Mrs E... 1 00
Bassett, Mrs J F.10 00
Bates', Mrs, S S Class 1 40
Bates, Mrs A..... 25
Bauiu, C 1 00
Banman, Mrs 1 00
Baxter, Gilbert .. 2 00
Bayne, E 50
Beardsley, Mrs P 50
Beattie, Mrs Chas 2 00
Beatty, Chas 5 00
Bedford, S 3 50
Bell, Arthur 25
Bell, Jas 20
Bender, J & E... 2 00
Benjamin, R 10
Bennett, Miss B.. 1 00
Bentley, S M.... 2 00
Bigford, M F..... 1 00
Bingham, G W... 1 25
Blackman, Mrs A S 1 00
Blackwell, H F, Jr 2 00
Blanchard, Flo .. 5 00
Blewer, E A..... 1 00
Blodget, O H 1 00
Blue, Rev J H F 1 00
Boettger, Frank.. 3 00
Bonier, David 50
Bosch, Fred H...25 00
Bowen, C W..... 25
Boyd, Mrs F 25
Bradbury, Mrs E & Mrs N W Wolcott 2 00
Bradway, Mrs S J 1 00
Branch, Mrs Mary 25
Brant, Elmer, coll by 4 00
Brien, Wm A.... 5 00
Briggs, Eleanor... 1 00
Brink, Mrs A C.. 1 00
Brink, Harlen.... 1 00
Britten, Mrs J... 50
Broadhead, Mrs J A 3 18
Brockett, Mrs R A 1 00
Brode, Mr 25
Brown, Miss A... 50
Brown, A C..... 1 00
Brown, A N..... 1 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs D A..... 1 00
Brown, E M..... 5 50
Brown, Miss G.... 50
Brown, H 1 00
Brown, Hlram 25
Brown, Mrs Hlram 10
Brown, Mrs J. M. 1 00
Brown, Lida 50
Brown, M E..... 25
Browning, Mr E.. 25
Browning, E M.. 25
Browning, Mildred 25
Browning, Mrs T M 1 00
Browning, Mr W J 25
Bruce, Solon 18
Brunck, A & E... 1 50
Brnnck, Mrs A C 27
Buehr, Mrs K....10 00
Bunce, V C..... 2 00
Bunteklel, Mrs... 2 00
Bunteklel, Miss... 2 00
Bunteklel, Miss... 25
Bnnteklel, W..... 25
Bunteklel, W 2 00
Burbank, Mrs R I 2 00
Burgess, E 2 00
Burnham, Mrs T G 1 00
Burns, Mrs A.... 25
Burronghs, Mrs W 1 00
Burrows, Mrs W.. 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Bnsh, H 1 00
Butler, Ella M... 2 00
Byam, L J..... 50
Cable, E B..... 1 00
Cain, Jacob 1 00
Calvelli, Dr G.... 3 50
Calvert, Mrs S E, coll by 2 00
Candee, Mrs Gay. 4 00
Canfield, Vernie .. 05
Cantrell, S 50
Capell, Mrs C E.. 5 00
Carlsou, A G..... 10
Carlsou, B 10
Carlsou, J E..... 50
Carlson, John F.. 25
Carlson, John G. 25
Carlson, O A..... 10
Carmer, G D..... 2 00
Carpeuter, C 1 00
Carpeuter, Miss F 1 00
Carpeuter, Mrs F L 5 00
Carpeuter, How'd 1 00
Carpenter, Z & wf 1 00
Carter, Jack 1 00
Case, Mrs A..... 50
Case, Mrs S..... 50
Castin, A J..... 1 00
Catskill Friends..91 00
Chaffee, Mary A.. 2 00
Chandler, Miss A. 50
Chase, Miss Anna 25
Chase, Geo S..... 75
Chase, W E..... 2 00
Chellborg, Mrs A. 2 00
Chesterman, Mr .. 50
Child, Mrs F L.. 2 00
Chrestien, Mrs E. 25
Chrismau, D 04
Chrlsman, Mrs W 05
Christian, A A.... 1 00
Christopher, M.... 30
Claire, L 2 00
Clark, I Brooks... 1 00
Clark, Mrs J..... 1 50
Clark, Mrs Theo.. 2 00
Clarke, Edgar 1 00
Clarke, Foster H. 1 00
Clarke, Harry ... 50
Clarke, Mrs S G. 50
Cleveland, J F... 1 00
Clock, Theron ... 05
Clymo, E P..... 2 00
Coats, Miss G.... 25
Coats, Mrs Wm.. 25
Cobb, Irene 04
Colburn, Nellie .. 50
Cole, Mrs 25
Cole, Mrs I..... 10
Cole, Mrs J W.... 2 00
Cole, Miss M E... 25
Collins, Mrs D T.10 00
Conklin, Miss 5 00
Cook, Mrs E L... 1 00
Cook, Harold 10
Cook, L D..... 1 00
Cook, Ralph 10
Cookingham, Miss Sarah 2 00
Cooper, Mrs A W 50
Cooper, Miss B... 50
Cooper, Mrs M.... 35
Cornell, Miss L B 1 00
Corp, Charles ... 25
Corwlth, Dr 1 00
Cough, Daisy 10
Cox, Alfred 1 00
Cox, Mrs M C... 1 00
Crane, M B..... 25
Cranston, C C... 25
Cranston, Mrs J.. 5 00
Cranston, Dr W J 50
Craver, C 2 00
Craver, M E & Baby Alden 3 00
Crayton, Mrs L.. 10
Cross, Ebenezer.. 1 50
Crossman, W E.. 2 00
Cruikshank, M E. 25
Currie, Avery P. 25
Curtis, Daniel ... 7 00
Currie, Thos 25
Dahlstrnn, And'w 15
Dardonville, Mrs J 25
Davie, Sarah F.. 1 00
Darbee, Mr & Mrs Fred 1 00
Davies, E O..... 2 00
Davis, Elma E... 1 00
Davis, H P..... 50
Davis, Harold ... 10
Davis, Mrs LaG.. 15
Davis, Norman .. 50
Deal, Bertie, Nellie, James, Alfred Willie, & Thos.. 2 00
Dean, Mrs J L... 1 00
De Grau, Mrs A.. 10
Deity, Mrs A.... 25
Deity, Jos 25
Delaran, Mrs E C 2 00
Delosh, Lawrence 25
Demarest, Bessie & Will 2 00
Deming, Mrs W.. 5 00
Denlo, Mrs J..... 25
Denson, Robt R.. 5 00
Depew, Frank ... 25
Dewey, Mrs H... 2 00
Deyor, Miss H... 1 00
Deyor, Mrs W S.. 1 00
Dickson, A E.... 1 00
Dickson, A W.... 1 00
Dickson, Mrs M A 1 00
Dietrick, S 1 00
Dikeman, H C... 25
Dicklnson, O T... 50
Dix, Morgan 50 00
Doane, Mrs S.... 10
Doncourt, J H.. 25
Donnell, Mary T.. 2 00
Dorr, Mrs M R.. 50
Dood, H I..... 50
Dow, Mrs Mary.. 25
Doyle, Elsie L.... 25
Doyle, O E..... 25
Drager, Carl 05
Drew, Porter 25
Drury, Chas 50
Dnell, Mrs Julia.. 50
Duell, Leota 25
Dunham, Mrs H.. 1 50
Dunn, Mrs Wm.. 20
Durall, Mrs L L.. 1 36

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Durrell, Geo O... 50
Dnrrell, Mrs H A. 1 00
Duseubery, Mrs H L 1 00
Dye, Mrs D E.. 30
Earing, Osborn .. 2 00
Early, Edna 25
Eddy, Mrs E A.. 1 00
Eddy, W L..... 50
Edget, Harriet L 50
Edget, Miss Nancy 1 00
Edin, A..... 25
Edinger, Mrs J E 1 00
Edwards, Mrs.... 25
Eidlitz, Mrs M.. 5 00
Eldred, Mrs Jos.. 25
Elliott, Mrs Jos.. 1 00
Ellis, Mr 50
Ellis, Jas 1 00
Ells, A 1 00
Elmer, Martha.... 1 00
Engler, Jno 5 00
Engstrnn, John E 25
Esties, E E..... 25
Fairbanks, M 1 00
Fancher, Miss E. 10
Fancher, Master F 10
Fancher, W 10
Fancher, Mrs W M 20
Farrington, A ... 02
Fenton, Luther .. 25
Fentou, Robt 43
Field, Mrs W A. 2 00
Fish, Mrs E..... 25
Fisher, Mrs J C.. 2 00
Fisher, Jas H.... 1 00
Fitch, Mrs F H.. 50
Fitch, Hazel 25
Fleet, Mrs G K.. 2 00
Fletcher, Eliz ... 1 00
Florence, Mrs E.. 1 00
Foster, Birt D.... 2 00
Frederick, Mrs H T 1 00
Fredsell, Chas .. 10
Fredwood, C 2 00
Freeland, J C.... 25
Freeman, Miss M 1 00
Frey, R 25
Friend, Mrs D...10 00
Frier, Mrs 05
Frier, Donald 01
Frye, W W..... 1 00
Fuller, Reuben .. 25
Fnrey, Robt 1 00
Gainer, W H.... 1 00
Gallup, C N..... 1 00
Gardner, Mrs J.. 25
Gardner, Mr M... 1 00
Gardner, Mrs M.. 1 00
Garrison, Geo ... 25
Gast, Margaret .. 50
Gates, E 1 55
Gates, R F..... 2 00
Geere, Mr 2 00
Geldsmith, Max.. 5 00
Gibson, Ray 05
Gilchrist, Mrs A S 1 00
Gilchrist, David.. 2 00
Gilchrist, Edwin. 1 00
Gilchrist, Miss E. 1 00
Gilchrist, Finley. 25
Gilchrist, J H.... 10
Gilchrist, Jno K.. 2 00
Gilchrist, Miss L. 1 00
Gilchrist, Miss M 1 00
Gilchrist, Mrs T.. 2 00
Gilchrist, Wm .. 25
Gildersleeve, Mrs J & family..... 7 00
Gillett, Jamie 05
Goescher, Jacob.. 1 00
Goldsmith, E F.. 6 00
Goliver, Mrs Jno. 50
Goodsell, E A.... 2 00
Gorbutt, H T.... 1 00
Gorton, Mrs P A. 25
Gott, Miss Cora.. 25
Gonndry, Wm ... 15
Graham, R 25
Granger, Mrs E W 40
Grant, J H..... 1 00
Graves, F A..... 1 00
Green, Mrs C E.. 50
Green, Miss L.... 10
Greenland, W Y... 2 00
Grennell, Mrs C.. 1 00
Griffin, Mrs E L.. 1 00
Gross, L A..... 25
Gnstafson, A G.. 25
Hadden, Mr A... 55
Hadden, Mrs Rosa 50
Hafgsen, Ludwig. 25
Hagadun, B E.... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.... 2 02
Hager, Mrs O P.. 25
Haggas, Mrs G.... 1 00
Haggett, Mrs S... 1 00
Hall, Mrs 10
Hall, Mrs C..... 1 00
Hall, Mrs James. 1 00
Hall, N 2 00
Hallen, John A... 25
Hallenbeck, Anna Grace E La Rue 3 05
Hallock, Mrs I... 50
Hallock, J W.... 1 00
Halsey, Mrs M P. 1 00
Handy, Mrs L.... 1 00
Hanford, Mrs L G 2 00
Hanna, Cornelia.. 1 00
Harding, E J..... 2 00
Hardy, R 1 00
Harrington, E.... 25
Harrington, Mrs G 50
Harris, Mrs C.... 2 00
Harris, M 50
Hart, H E & A E 1 00
Hart, Mr & Mrs H L 1 00
Hartley, Miss S.. 1 00
Harvey, Mrs A H. 25
Harvey, Mrs L B 50
Harwell, G 1 00
Harwell, K 50
Harwood, I 25
Haslet, Mrs 35
Hassett, Wm Co. 2 00
Hawkins, Andw J 2 00
Hawkins, R C.... 1 00
Hawley, Mrs J P 1 00
Healey, Anna 2 00
Hebron, Mrs 50
Hedden, Polly ... 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Hedden, Squire .. 25
Hedlund, Chas .. 15
Hedlund, Frank.. 25
Heim, Raymond . 10
Hemstead, J 5 00
Henderson, A R.. 1 00
Henderson, B 25
Henderson, Chas. 02
Henderson, Miss Marion 25
Hendricks, Mrs B 1 00
Heuning, F 1 00
Heuser, W 50
Hequembonrg, H C 1 00
Herendeen, C B.. 2 00
Herrmann, Mrs J 2 00
Herrschaft, Mrs G 1 00
Hewitt, Mrs D... 25
Hickling, Fred .. 5 00
Hilding, Gust ... 25
Hildreth, E A.... 25
Hildreth, E J.... 50
Hildreth, Mrs R.. 25
Hill, Mrs H..... 50
Hill, Mrs & Mr H H 2 00
Hinsman, Mrs A. 2 00
Hitchcock, Mrs H 3 00
Hoag, Mrs Henry 40
Hoag, S C..... 5 00
Hockenberger, C.. 2 00
Hoggett, Mrs J... 1 00
Holden, Mrs C... 1 00
Holdridge, C E... 1 00
Holdridge, H 1 00
Hollister, Mrs L. 50
Holmes, G B..... 5 00
Holmes, Mrs J.... 1 00
Holmes, Jno R... 3 00
Holmes, Wm J... 92
Homer, Milo 1 00
Hopkins, Grace .. 10
Hopkins, Miss L. 5 00
Hopkins, Mrs R A 1 00
Horan, Mrs C.... 5 00
Horton, Miss B E 10
Hortou, Mrs Ellen 50
Houck, Mrs C.... 25
Houck, Clark 25
Houdin, Wm H.. 2 00
Houghton, O E, Jr 2 00
Howard, Chas ... 2 00
Howard, Mrs E.. 25
Howard, Mrs M A 1 00
Howe, E D..... 1 00
Howell, W 30
Howell, O E..... 25
Howell, Wm P... 1 00
Howland, Mrs H & friends 2 45
Howland, H H... 1 00
Howland, J B.... 3 00
Hoyt, Amelia 1 00
Hoyt, F 1 00
Hubbell, Mrs W.. 25
Huff, Mrs Ida .. 1 00
Hulbert, Mrs J... 5 00
Hull, J P..... 1 00
Hull, Lillie 1 00
Humuel, Mrs E E 50
Humphrey, Mrs D 25
Humphrey, Mrs F 30
Humphrey, Mrs H L 25
Hunt, Elmer F... 1 50
Hutchins, J S....10 30
Hyde, Mrs D R.. 1 00
Hyde, Mrs H..... 50
Hyde, Mrs Leslie 50
Hyde, Willie 50
Ingalls, Dewitt... 25
Ingalls, M 10
Ingersoll, Mrs J R 2 00
Jaburg, M 1 00
Jackson, Mrs H B 6 45
Jackson, Mrs Lura 25
Jackson, R C..... 5 00
Jackson, S 50
Jaycox, I 25
Jaycox, S 25
Jeffers, Ella 10
Jenkins, Miss L.. 10
Jesse, August ... 1 00
Johnson, Adolph . 10
Johnson, Aryld .. 25
Johnson, C O..... 25
Johnson, Chas.... 25
Johnson, Mrs E R 1 00
Johnson, G M T.. 1 00
Johnson, Gust A.. 25
Johnson, J P..... 10
Johnson, J P..... 25
Johnson, Oscar .. 15
Johnson, Mrs S.. 50
Johnson, Saml .. 25
Johnston, Mrs A M 2 00
Jones, Chas 25
Jones, Mrs J E.. 10
Joslin, Mrs G.... 50
Joslin, Hannah .. 25
Joslin, Hettie 35
Joy, C F..... 50
Judson, Everett .. 25
Juhre, Jno 1 00
Kahn, Katharine & James..... 2 00
Kaltenbach, G ... 25
Keefe, Wm 2 00
Keefe, Mrs Wm.. 2 00
Keep, Miss A.... 50
Keep, Miss A L.. 25
Kelley, Katie 1 00
Kelly, M C..... 1 00
Kemp, E & H... 10
Kennington, Mrs L 1 00
Kimbnlry, F A... 5 00
King, C W, thro. 2 25
King, Mrs Helen. 1 00
Kingman, Alice .. 2 00
Kinn, Mr N..... 50
Kipp, Jean E 1 00
Kircher, Julius .. 50
Kittell, Mary A.. 1 00
Kittell, Mrs J C. 1 00
Knapp, Albert ... 25
Knapp, Mrs A E. 2 00
Knauff, John ... 80
Koch, Joach 50
Kolander, John... 25
Kolpinn, Mr & Mrs F.....12 00
Kronpa, Barbara. 2 00
Lahne, Mrs J..... 55

NEW YORK—Cout'd.

Lakin, Mrs Juo... 25
Lakin, Sam 1 00
Langworthy, Miss M 1 00
Langworthy, Mrs S C..... 1 00
Larher, Wm A... 1 00
Larson, Johu 10
Larsou, P 25
Larson, Wm 25
Lasher, Mrs R E 50
Lathrop, Mrs C M 1 00
Lannsbnry, Mrs M 25
Lawson, Stephen. 1 00
Lazarus, Rev Jno & Parishioners.. 6 00
Leach, J E..... 1 00
Leach, J Allen ... 1 00
Leal, Miss Annie. 25
Leal, Edward 25
Leal, Henry 1 00
Lee, Emma C.... 1 00
Lee, Mrs Sarah.. 25
Le Fevre, Neal.... 3 00
Leidblad, C O... 10
Leland, E 10
Leo, Mrs 25
Lewis, Miss 15
Lewis, Henry..... 2 00
Lewis, Nellie 5 00
Lindsey, Mrs R... 25
Linebeck, G H.... 50
Linebeck, Miss C. 05
Lion, Mr & Mrs J. 50
Lohman, Mrs J D. 2 00
Lohrenz, Christ... 1 00
Longwell, Mrs A.. 1 00
Lord, A D 50
Lord, Frank 50
Lorenz, Fred 25
Loucks, Mr 03
Loncks, J F 1 00
Lovejoy, Nelson.. 5 00
Lowe, Richard ... 25
Lowell, Rev C G.. 1 00
Lowery, M A..... 25
Lown, Trnman.... 25
Luce, Mr & Mrs J B 2 00
Ludlow, Mrs C T. 50
Lynch, Miss R.... 15
Lyon, H V 1 50
McBride, Lizzie... 10
McCarty, Mrs T.. 25
McChesney, W E. 1 00
McCoy, Mrs H.... 50
McDermott, P 25
McDermott, W... 50
McDermott, Mrs.. 1 00
McElwell, Mrs S. 2 00
McGregor, F 1 00
McIntire, Mrs M.. 1 00
McKean, S S..... 2 00
McKee, Mr 25
McKee, Mrs 25
McKee, J L 7 50
McKinney, Willard & Lura 50
McLaughlin, M... 1 00
McLeod, J G..... 1 00
McNair, Rev A L. 4 00
Magry, Mrs 10
Makey, C D 1 00
Major, Jos 1 00
Mannix, Mrs D.... 25
Marcy, Miss E.... 50
Maricle, Miss E... 1 00
Maricle, J E..... 1 00
Markham, W R... 2 00
Markle, Lydia and friends 2 00
Marshall, N 20
Marston, J W and neighbors 6 00
Martin, Mrs W G. 50
Marvin, Mrs C A. 1 00
Matteson, Frances 1 00
Matthews, Mr 50
Maxson, Mrs J H. 25
Mayer, Mrs J..... 50
Maynard, Arthur.. 25
Maynard, Carlyle. 25
Maynard, E L.... 25
Monika, J 1 00
Merrill, Jay 2 00
Metcalf, M E 25
Metzgor, Miss L A 2 00
Mickel, Anna 20
Miller, A R 1 00
Miller, Mrs A R.. 1 00
Miller, Maggie B. 25
Miller, Miss P.... 1 00
Millington, Ruth.. 2 00
Mills, E D 25
Mills, Mrs H D... 25
Millspangh, Mrs M 1 00
Moody, B R 2 00
Moore, D A 5 00
Moore, Jas 1 00
Morgan, A S 1 00
Morris, Isaac 5 00
Morris, R E..... 15
Morrison, Alice... 1 00
Mosher, Flo and Lena 1 00
Mosher, Mrs Hattie 1 00
Mould, Daniel.... 9 00
Muirhead, Cathie. 1 00
Muller, Mr & Mrs E L 2 00
Murdoch, David... 5 00
Mygatt, Mrs M D 2 00
Neaman, Mrs 50
Needham, Mrs E P 2 00
Neidermyer, Jno.. 25
Neil, Rev E W.... 7 00
Nenhaus, M C ... 3 00
Newcomb, Mrs W. 50
Newland, Mrs R.. 2 00
Newman, Willie.. 25
Newmans, Mrs T. 25
Nichols, Mrs C.... 1 00
Nichols, Mrs R.... 05
Ninick, J N 2 00
Nord, Alfred 25
Norquist, A C & Co 10 00
Norquist, Clyde .. 50
Norquist, Glen.... 50
Norten, Warren... 10
Northnp, Miss A.. 50
Norton, Mrs E.... 2 00
Norton, Miss N... 25
Oakley, Miss 15

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

O'Connor, Mrs E L 3 00
Olberman, H B... 2 00
Oldsin, Chas..... 25
Olin, Pembroke... 25
Oliver, Wm 2 00
Orchard St Missn, Tarrytown 4 00
Orlin, M 50
Osborne, Mrs H D C 2 00
Osiander, Mrs H.. 1 00
Otis, Adah E 1 00
Overton, S O..... 1 00
Owen, Glen 1 00
Owens, Mrs A.... 2 00
Owens, Effie 1 00
Owens, Miss F.... 1 00
Owens, Leland.... 1 00
Own, Mr H J..... 1 00
Paddock, Mrs S... 25
Paddon, Mrs W J. 2 00
Palmer, Myron... 25
Park, Miss G.....11 00
Parker, Mrs C.... 1 00
Parker & McIntyre 10 00
Parker, Mr & Mrs T J 2 00
Parkhurst, A B... 04
Parkhnrst, E W.. 05
Parkhnrst, O W.. 01
Parmeter, N E.... 1 00
Parris, Miss E.... 25
Parris, Miss J.... 25
Parsons, Miss O.. 1 00
Parsons, Miss S J 50
Pasco, Nettie..... 25
Pangborn, Libbie. 1 00
Payne, Mrs H A.. 1 25
Peacock, M 1 00
Peacock, W 50
Pearl, Mrs G..... 50
Peart, Mrs D..... 1 00
Pease, Miss L.... 1 00
Peck, Mrs E 1 00
Peters, W H..... 3 45
Peterson, C J 25
Peterson, Otto.... 25
Pierce, Anna 30
Pierson, E H..... 60
Pierson, H C..... 1 00
Pierson, Mrs J B.. 25
Pike, N B 2 00
Pile, William N... 5 00
Pillmore, Mrs M H 2 00
Pitts, Miss Helen & Miss L Huyler.16 38
Place, Miss Norah 25
Plumb, Miss Abbie 1 00
Plumb, Miss Carrie 50
Porter, Erastus... 35
Porter, Mrs E.... 25
Porter, Miss Eva. 15
Porter, Jamie..... 10
Porterns, Thos.... 5 00
Potter, Jas 1 00
Powel, Elsa 15
Powel, Mrs G..... 10
Pratt, Mr & Mrs R H 3 00
Price, Mrs W 25
Priefert, Mrs C... 1 00
Priestley, Mrs W H 1 00
Pringle, Geo 1 00
Proskine, Alex, Jr 25
Proskine, Mrs C.. 25
Proskine, C..... 50
Proskine, Tillie... 25
Purdy, Mrs A O.. 1 00
Purdy, W H 1 00
Pussic, Chas 10
Putnam, Mrs A T 1 00
Quigley, Mrs J P. 1 00
Raittou, Mrs 1 00
Raken, Mrs A..... 23
Randle, Mrs H E. 2 00
Rant, Mrs E..... 25
Raplee, Mrs M J. 1 00
Rathbone, Mrs L B 25
Read, Raymond... 36
Reading, Authony. 50
Reed, Bertha P... 5 00
Reed, Mrs Wash.. 1 00
Reese, W A 15 00
Reid, Mrs 10
Reid, S C 25
Revenburgh, Miss. 1 00
Reynolds, Mr 1 00
Reynolds, Kate.... 1 00
Rice, Bessie S.... 2 50
Rice, Ella J..... 1 00
Rice, Mrs M..... 1 00
Rice, Zelia S..... 2 50
Rich, Mrs B C.... 25
Rich, Mrs Geo.... 10
Rich, W E & fam. 3 00
Rich, W F 5 00
Rich, Wells 1 00
Richardson, Mrs J 2 00
Rikert, Reuben... 1 00
Rickles, Miss J... 50
Rider, O H 5 00
Ridgeway, Miss A K 2 00
Riesch, Mrs D P.. 3 00
Rigby, Emma A.. 1 00
Rinehart, Mrs 1 00
Riseley, Mrs M C. 1 00
Risley, E 25
Risley, Mrs E..... 25
Rivenburgh, D M. 50
Roberts, Mrs B... 2 00
Robinson, Mand.. 50
Robinson, Mrs W H 50
Rogers, Miss L... 2 00
Rogers, Mrs N C.. 6 00
Rolin, Mrs Cora... 50
Roof, Mrs John... 1 00
Roundsville, R.... 1 00
Ronrke, John E... 25
Royce, Mrs S..... 25
Ruckman, John... 1 00
Rudy, Mrs W..... 50
Ruekstuhl, F W.. 2 00
Rulisar, Mrs D C. 3 00
Rupple, Miss M... 25
Russell, D 1 00
Russell, Rowland.. 1 00
Russell, T B..... 2 00
Rutherford, G F.. 2 00
Ryther, Alice J... 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ryther, Jas F.... 2 00
Sackett, Mr S B.. 50
Sackett, Mrs W P 10
Safford, Maie.... 25
St George, Mrs A. 1 00
Sammis, Belle.... 2 00
Samson, Mrs M A 1 00
Saudberg, Jos.... 10
Sanders, Mrs F H 1 00
Sanders, Miss S.. 1 75
Saunders, Mr and Mrs A P 2 00
Schulte, A 2 00
Schultz, Minnie .. 77
Schuyler, Mrs M.. 5 00
Schwab, Noah 2 00
Schwein, Mrs N.. 25
Scollard, Mrs J I. 5 00
Seely, E 5 65
Seger, Mrs H J... 2 00
Selleck, P 2 00
Senior, A N 1 00
Severn, E 5 00
Shafer, Catherine. 1 00
Shafer, Mrs E ... 25
Shafer, Mrs H L. 25
Shay, D 10
Shepard, W T.... 2 68
Sheriger, Mrs E.. 50
Sherman, M J.... 3 00
Sherow, Mrs 15
Sherwood, Mrs A E 10
Sheyer, Martin.... 1 00
Shields, Willie.... 25
Shinkle, Miss 10
Shoemaker, Rev H R 1 00
Shoonmaker, J....20 00
Shrantz, Mrs F... 25
Shrantz, Mr M.... 50
Shrantz, M 25
Shrantz, Mrs N.... 25
Silvers, Mrs A.... 2 00
Simpsons, Mrs Jas 1 00
Sites, Miss Addie. 25
Skinner, Mrs L.... 50
Skippou, Alice.... 1 00
Sleighton, Mrs L. 20
Sloat, Mr 2 00
Slocum, M H..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs A..... 25
Smith, Mrs A W.. 7 25
Smith, Abel 15
Smith, Mrs A..... 50
Smith, Belle 2 00
Smith, Cora A.... 50
Smith, E O..... 1 00
Smith, Ezra 1 00
Smith, Fannie.... 1 00
Smith, G W 1 00
Smith, Genevieve. 3 00
Smith, Grace 10
Smith, Mrs H C.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs J..... 25
Smith, Mrs J S... 50
Smith, Joseph 25
Smith, Maggie.... 25
Smith, Nelda..... 50
Smith, Orpha E.. 2 00
Smith, R H, H M, R S, Jr; Mable L & Ethel 50
Smith, Will 25
Sniffen, Mrs A C. 2 00
Sniffen, Miss A C. 22
Sniffen, Irving.... 1 00
Snyder, C L..... 1 00
Snyder, Mrs M.... 50
Soper, May 25
Spauldings, Ed C. 2 00
Spencer, Mrs M A 06
Stackhouse, Mrs W 1 00
Standfast, Misses H & R, Fordham 25 00
Standley, W W... 1 00
Stanton, Mrs E... 1 00
Stanton, Mrs O B 10
Starkweather, M C 25
Starr, F 10
Stearns, D W..... 50
Stearns, Mrs G P 25
Stecker, Mrs E... 25
Steiu, Panline.... 2 00
Stent, Ethel..... 10
Stever, J A 1 00
Steward, Mrs R.. 2 00
Stott, J 10
Stott, Mrs W H.. 2 50
Strom, Ethel..... 10
Strong, Mrs 25
Strong, C 1 00
Sturdevant, S R.. 50
Sufts, Mrs D..... 05
Sullivau, Jno 25
Sutherland, Miss. 3 00
Sutherland, H R. 2 00
Sweet, A L..... 1 00
Sweet, Mrs E.... 25
Sweetaple, Fred.. 1 00
Sweetman, Marion 10
Sweun, Alberta .. 1 00
Swift, Mrs G.... 1 00
Sundell, David.... 25
Sundell, Oscar.... 25
Swan, M E 1 00
Swanson, Andrew. 25
Swanson, Chas J. 25
Sweeney, Thos ... 1 00
Sweezy, Mrs S A H 3 00
Taber, Fred 25
Taber, Solman.... 08
Tanner, Mrs A.... 2 00
Taylor, Miss C.... 25
Taylor, Miss E.... 25
Taylor, Jennie 10
Taylor, Mrs M E. 30
Ten Broeck, Mrs M L 25
Thayer, Mrs J C.. 20
Theo, Mrs H..... 1 00
Thering, M 25
Thimblebee, Robt. 50
Thomas, Clara.... 50
Thomas, Eli S.... 1 00
Thompson, Mrs A L 25
Thompson, Chas L, Mrs R L & Libbie 5 00
Thompsou, F W & others 7 30
Thompson, M 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Thompson, Reed.. 2 00
Thorne, Alice..... 1 00
Thorpe, W C 2 00
Thurston, C 2 00
Tice, Mrs L..... 10
Tilton, Agnes M.. 1 00
Tilton, J 25
Tilton, L I..... 25
Tiplady, Mary M.. 2 00
Todd, Mrs A..... 1 50
Todd, Mrs F E... 50
Tomer, C F 1 00
Townsend, Alva... 25
Transon, L 70
Triebier, A 50
Triebier, S 50
Trott, Mrs E.....25 00
Trumble, Mrs A.. 25
Tuck, H J 1 00
Tunner, Richard.. 1 00
Turcas, A D..... 2 00
Turner, Mrs M... 2 00
Tuthill, Mrs Geo.. 50
Tuttle, L 10
Tuttle, Mrs L..... 25
Tuttle, Mrs M.... 20
Tuttle, Noah 10
Tuttle, Mrs R.... 25
Taber, Elina L.... 10
Tabor, E G..... 2 00
Tabor, Miss M A. 50
Tallman, J C.... 1 00
Tanner, H V..... 18
Tappan, Mrs K... 1 00
Tate, C A..... 50
Taylor, A F, (M D) 1 00
Taylor, Frank ... 25
Teeple, Mrs E.... 25
Terhune, Mrs P C 2 00
Terman, Alice ... 25
Thomas, Isaiah .. 5 00
Thomas Raymond 2 00
Thompson, Ada M 1 00
Thompson, R ... 25
Thompson, Mrs R J 1 00
Thorn, Jay 50
Thorpe, E V..... 25
Thayer, O C..... 1 00
Tigue, James 25
Tilden, Mrs J N. 1 00
Tilden, Jno N.... 1 00
Tinklepaugh, Mrs O C 1 00
Titus, V 1 00
Totling, C C..... 1 00
Totling, R 1 00
Tompkins, Mr & Mrs M H..... 2 00
Tompkins, N 2 00
Tompsett, Mrs A. 25
Tompsett, C 10
Tompsett, Laura . 05
Town, Bernice .. 50
Town, Mrs C.... 48
Travis, M T..... 1 00
Twiss, Hattie M.. 1 00
Turk, Archie 05
Turner, Fred 25
Tuttle, Sarah D.. 7 00
Tyler, Carrie C.. 50
Teyler, E 5 00
Tyler, Geo 10 00
Tyler, Jacob 2 00
Tyson, R T..... 2 00
Udy, Mr 25
Underhill, E J.... 25
Underwood, Cyrus 5 00
Unger, Samuel .. 1 00
Underhill, Bessie. 1 00
Underwood, A G.. 2 00
Underwood, F ... 2 00
Vail, Chas P..... 2 00
Valentine, A 1 00
Valentine, Mrs E. 50
Vandermenlin, H. 25
Van Doren, C 25
Van Doren, E 27
Van Dyke, Mrs D. 8 00
Van Loan A ....., 25
Vanocker, Clarabel 10
Van Scoy, L T.... 1 00
Vellam, Geo 1 00
Vellam, Wm..... 1 00
Vicker, H A..... 50
Vincent, Allie 10
Vincent, Mrs S... 25
Vosburg, Frank... 1 00
Vader, Mrs J..... 25
Valentine, Maria. 1 00
Vallette, Miss M. 10
Van Allen, Mrs.. 10
Van Brocklin, Mrs E F..... 52
Van Brocklin, L. 52
Van Buren, Mrs S 1 00
Van Brunt, W D.25 00
Vanderworker, A J 50
Van Duesen, Anna 25
Van Epps, C W.. 30
Van Evera, Mrs J 25
Van Hoesen, A .. 1 00
Vankeuren, Mrs E 1 00
Van Ornum, Mrs M E..... 3 25
Van Pelt, O A... 25
Van Tassell, M J 5 00
Van Vliet, S C, Jr 2 00
Van Wie, A 2 00
Vaughn, Edith .. 25
Vaughn, Mrs F B 1 00
Vibbard, Dr A A 1 00
Vicker, Rev H... 4 75
Vicker, Hedley A 50
Vogel, Fred 10
Vogel, Gertie 10
Vogel, Wm 10
Vosburg, Miss A. 10
Waggoner, J R... 1 00
Waite, Mrs L R.. 1 00
Walker, Jos..... 2 50
Walker, Jos Jr... 25
Wallen, Herman.. 10
Walworth, Mrs A. 15
Warren, Rev A... 25
Warrington, Mrs J H 2 00
Wash, Mrs S..... 50
Washburn, Mrs S. 50
Watkins, F 2 00
Webb, C M 1 00
Weber, Mr & Mrs J B 2 00
Weinert, C 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Weiss, Mrs G H.. 1 00
Weiss, Jas 1 00
Welker, J J..... 1 00
Wells, Mrs E 10
Wemple, Mrs A Z 1 00
Westfall, Mrs G.. 1 00
Westlake, Mrs T.. 15
Westlake, Miss W P 15
Wharton, Mrs C A. 25 00
Wheeler, Beecher. 100 00
Wheeler, Milford.. 2 00
White, J E 1 00
White, Mrs M A.. 1 00
White, W T 25
Whiteman, S Lee. 50
Wibeck, Chas 25
Wibeck, John..... 25
Wick, Henry.....25 00
Wickham, M L.... 1 00
Wickham, Miss M 25
Wietzel, Frank... 25
Wilber, Peter..... 25
Wilkinson, Mrs A. 50
Willard, Mrs C... 2 00
Willey, Geo 25
Williams, H S.... 30
Williams, S 02
Willink, Mr J H.. 50
Wilson, Mrs 30
Wilson, Mrs A P. 5 00
Wilson, Almira L & Benj G 15 00
Wilson, Elsworth. 25
Wilson, Rev J E.. 1 00
Winant, Anne E.. 2 00
Wolfe, Mrs H..... 10
Wood, A B 5 00
Wood, Covina..... 3 00
Wood, Mabel..... 05
Wood, Ralph W... 2 00
Woodman, A 30
Woodman, Mrs C B 5 00
Woodman, F 30
Woodman, Mr and Mrs F G 10 00
Woodman, H 25
Woodman, R 25
Woodward, Mrs T 1 00
Woodworth, Mr & Mrs C D 3 00
Woosley, Richard. 25
Wright, Mrs H... 25
Wyckoff, Mrs M E 1 00
Wade, I A..... 50
Wade, Nettie ... 25
Waelsworth, Mrs G H 10 00
Wallace, Mrs L A 50
Wallis, Misses F A & R E..... 2 00
Walton, Mrs E C 1 00
Wakle, Mary 25
Ward, Mrs E L.. 5 00
Warden, C W.... 25
Warner, G H.... 2 00
Warren, H 1 00
Watrous, Mrs J C 1 00
Watzelhan, Wm.. 25
Webb, Mrs S A.. 2 00
Webb, Mrs T A.. 1 00
Webster, Mrs L G 1 00
Weiman, Mrs ... 25
Welcher, C 75
Welcher, Mrs V E 1 00
Welcher, Verne.. 25
Welcher, W H... 50
Wells, Mrs Inez... 1 00
Wessels, Mrs 25
West, M E..... 1 00
West, Miss Sophia 50
Westfall, Mrs H. 50
Wetsel, Mrs Peter 1 00
Whelan, Lulu ... 15
Wheeler, Jno C.. 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs M M 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs N.. 2 00
Whigam, W I.... 1 00
White, Mrs E.... 25
White, Mamie ... 25
White, Marian ... 5 00
Whitehead, Mr & Mrs Geo 1 00
Whitley, S H..... 1 00
Whitney, Glen 05
Wickham, J M.... 2 00
Widrig, Robt G.. 1 00
Wilber, Ralph .. 03
Wilbur, Mrs J H & Hazel 80
Wild, Silas, T.... 2 00
Wilcox, Mrs G R & D Parker.... 1 10
Wilcox, Mrs H.... 20
Wilcox, Mrs H... 25
Wiles, Mrs Chas.. 1 00
Willard, Mrs S A10 00
Willi, Emma 2 00
Willi, Katie 2 00
Willi, Maggie 1 00
Williams, Mrs E B 1 00
Williamson, Geo'ia 1 00
Wilson, Anna C.. 50
Wilson, Ed B.... 2 00
Wilson, Jno 2 00
Wilson, Mrs Jos.. 20
Wilson, J F..... 25
Wilson, W 25
Winney, Mrs 25
Winslow, B 1 05
Winslow, Mrs J.. 2 00
Winslow, J D.... 50
Winslow, J N.... 50
Winslow, Mrs J N 25
Winters, Chas ... 5 00
Winter, Mrs Chas 2 10
Wolf, J 2 00
Woodall, Chas.... 3 00
Woolford, Mrs H 25
Wood, E R..... 25
Wood, Mr & Mrs G F..... 75
Wood, L G..... 25
Wood, Mrs Mary. 2 00
Wood, Parker ... 1 00
Woods, Dora 10
Worth, John 1 00
Wright, M E.... 1 00
Wright, N S..... 1 00
Wright, Phebe A. 1 00
Wright, Mrs W E 1 00
Yarrington, J 1 00
Young, Mrs J..... 1 00
Younge, A 1 00
Youngs, Mrs Bert. 15

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Yale, Mrs & Mr & Mrs V N Randolph 5 00
Young, A G..... 1 00
Young, C F A & others 2 00
Young, G T..... 1 00
Youngs, Geo E... 25
Yonst, Mrs C.... 1 00
Zeller, Mrs E..... 25
Watson, Albany... 2 00
Dexter, Stockton.. 1 00
Guy & Max, Elmira 1 00
Hannah, Seward.. 1 00
Mae, Brooklyn... 1 00
Sarah, Seward.... 1 00
A B, Horseheads. 25
A G B, N Y City..20 00
A L B, N Y City.. 1 00
A M S, Chatham. 25
C C, Ribley 2 00
C E, Horseheads. 25
C L, Hempstead.. 2 00
C L B, Glen Falls 2 00
E A, Dobbs Ferry 2 00
E E H, Sand Lake 1 00
E J P, Hedgesville 1 00
E S, —..... 25
E T M, Fairfield.. 1 00
J A C, Watervliet 1 00
J A R, Hedgesville 1 00
J E S, Rochester. 1 00
J M B, Ft Covington 1 50
J O O F, Brookfield 1 00
M, N Y City 5 00
M P W, Masonville 5 00
M S C, Fort Covington 3 00
M V L, Middletown 1 00
N F C, Fredonia.. 5 00
P L P, E Greenbush 2 00
R G, N Y City.... 5 00
S A F, Hudson.... 1 00
S H B, —..... 1 00
W, Rondont..... 1 00
W, Woodbourne..10 00
W F T & W R W, Brewerton 1 12
W T, N Y City.... 1 00
Miss M E,..... 15
Miss M E D, Albany 1 00
Mrs F H C, Union Springs 75
Mrs H, Syracuse. 2 00
Mrs J H Q, Stillwater 2 00
X Y Z, Dunkirk... 50
—, Boice 30
—, Boonville.... 1 00
—, Brooklyn.... 1 00
—, Busti 1 00
—, Carlton..... 25
—, Castile 1 00
—, Chili 1 00
—, Clarence.....10 00
—, Clay..... 1 00
—, Falconer..... 1 25
—, Gloversville..79 50
—, Hobart..... 50
—, Horseheads.. 5 00
—, Huntersland.. 5 00
—, Malone 2 00
—, Medina 2 00
—, Medway 1 00
—, N Y City..... 1 00
—, N Y City.....15 00
—, Rochester.... 5 00
—, Staatsburg... 20
—, Syracuse..... 25
—, Wassaic..... 25
—, Wassaic..... 25
—, Wassaic..... 25
Cash, Sea Cliff.... 03
Friend, Albion.... 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Bklyn.. 1 20
A Friend, Buffalo 6 00
Friends, Attica..14 00
Friends at Hay Ground, Bridge Hampton 12 00
Friends of Ref Ch, Germantown 2 55
Friends, Morrisville Station..... 4 00
Friends of 2d Ch of Evan Assoc, Ger, N Y City.. 3 35
Friends in the 7th Day Bapt Ch, N Y City 10 00
Young Friends, Ozone Park 3 75
2 Friends, Bridge-Hampton 1 10
Two Friends, Conewango 1 50
Two Friends, Lansingburg 5 00
Two Friends, W Colesville 1 00
Three Friends, Brooklyn 3 00
Three Friends, Panama 50
Polish friends, Dunkirk 2 00
I H N, Brooklyn Hills 1 00
I H N, Della 2 00
I H N, Mechanicville 1 00
I H N, Ripley 3 00
I H N, Rockton.. 5 00
In Jesus' Name, Louisville 1 00
In memory of departed mother, E W, Islip, L I...15 00
In memory of Nellie, Mumford....10 00
In memory of Jeanie, N Y City 5 00
In memory of N S C May 10th 1900, N Y City.....15 00
Sympathetic fam, Lansingburg 4 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

A drop in the bucket, Bridge Hampton 1 00
Wilbur Sch House Prayer Meeting, Clifton Park...11 00
Employees of Sulphite Pulp & Paper Co, Dexter..18 03
Uncle Billey, Islip, L I 10 00
A non Subr, Kingston 2 00
Employees of St Lawrence Mills, Dexter 7 00
P O Box 65, Schenectady 2 00
The Citizens Fund of Lincoln.....11 00
4 Ladies, Maine... 1 00
No 20, Margaretville 2 00
S Sch, Class, Marion 2 00
Children of Sch Dist No 7, Mottville 2 50
An invalid, Rochester 25
Children of Roslyn Pres Ch 1 00
A S S Class, Dunkirk 40
S School Class of Girls, Brooklyn. 75
Prim Dept, Bridge Hampton School 2 50
2 Sisters, Elmira. 2 00
A Christian, N Y City 1 00
A few boys of P S No 8, N Y City. 35
Mother & Daughters, Smyrna.... 1 00
Arkell, Hudson... 10
Baners, N Y C... 25
Bird, Maine 1 00
Little Carl, Maine 25
Cufic, Bath Beach 1 00
Giles, Warren, Helen & Mott..... 1 00
Jay & Jennie..... 3 00
Margaret, Munnsville 5 00
Mickle, Flosie & Rosa & Pearl, Martindale 65
Naom, Rochester. 5 00
A S, N Y C..... 50
C B L, Colden... 5 00
C E M, Watertown 1 00
C H, No Argyle.. 5 00
C S H, Griffin Corner 1 00
D M R, Lockhart 2 00
E K B, ... 1 00
E & T, Brooklyn. 25
Mrs H C S, N Y C 1 00
I E F, Brownville 1 00
Mrs J J H,..... 50
Miss K M C, Blyn 2 00
M R W, Sterling.. 25
N F P, Franklin.. 2 00
O B X, Mandana. 7 00
R R S, Middletown 1 00
S, White Plain... 1 00
S B Y, Cornwall.. 1 00
S M D, Garnerville 25
Mrs S S B, Groveland, Sta 2 00
T H S, Jamestown50 00
T & S, New York. 4 00
Mrs W B, Quackenkill 50
Z E P, Richmond Mills 25
—, Black River. 50
—, Brooklyn.... 2 00
—, Brooklyn.... 2 00
—, Brooklyn.... 2 00
—, Buffalo 1 00
—, Dayton 1 00
—, Deini 10
—, Cape Vincent 25
—, Cornwall 3 00
—, Hector 35
—, Hornellsville 24
—, Ilion 20
—, Laona 6 30
—, Mountainville 3 00
—, New Lebanon 1 00
—, N Y C.....50 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, Poplar Ridge 1 00
—, Poestenkill.. 1 00
—, Preston 1 00
—, Salem 1 00
—, Schenectady. 1 00
—, Schenevus .. 2 00
—, So Oxford... 1 00
—, Spencerport. 1 00
—, Spring Lake 1 00
—, Syracuse ... 1 00
—, Tioga Centre 1 00
—, Town Line.. 1 00
Cash, Adams 9 68
Cash, Pine Plains 1 00
Cash, Lansingburg 85
Cash, N Y C....10 00
Friend of Jesus, Patchogue 2 00
Friends of the suffering, Middletown 3 75
A Friend of the suffering, Middletown 1 00
A Friend, Amsterdam 2 00
Friend, Arcadia.. 50
A Friend, Auburn 25
A Friend, Auburn 1 00
Friends, Bedford. 50
Friends, Beerston 6 00
A Friend, Brainans Corners..... 1 00
Friends, Brasher. 1 75
A Friend, Buffalo 50
Friend, Buffalo... 25
Friend, Clayton.. 25
A Friend, Clinton 5 00
Friend, Syracuse. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Friend, Cornwall. 1 00
Friends, Dover Plains 1 00
Friends in Edmeston 1 25
Friend, Fair Oaks 15
A Friend, Greenport 5 00
Friend, Kent Cliffs 8 00
Friends, Hedgesville 4 00
Friend, Mooers Forks 2 00
A Friend, Newark 25
A Friend, Newark 05
A Friend, Newark 25
A Friend, N Y C. 2 00
A Friend, N Y C. 27
A Friend, North Hempstead 2 00
Friends, Perrys Mills 5 00
Friends, Pt Leyden 75
Friends, S Fallsburg 5 00
Friend, Waterport 25
Friend, Willsboro 1 00
I H N, Ozone P'k 3 25
I H N, Pawling.. 1 00
I H N, Marilla.. 2 00
I H N, Cassadaga 2 00
Reader, No Hillsdale 50
Subr, Lake Side.. 1 00
A Subr, Chenango Forks 1 00
Subr, Wilseyville 1 00
Weadaman, Holland 25
Springsteen Four Little Boys.....11 00
Mother & dau, Mahopac Falls 3 00
A Neighbor, Mahopac Falls 2 00
In mem of a Father, Hannibal. 2 00
A Good Samaritan, Pine Plains 20 00
In mem of a Mother, Hannibal .. 2 00
Readers of The Churchman ...181 50
Thank-Offering .. 5 00
Collected, Caseade Valley 50
A Mother & Dau, Marcellus 75
Lady emp's of J Adler & Co, Gloversville 16 00
Ruby, Noble & Herbert, Loon Lake 15
For The Master, Troy 2 00
2 Sisters, Humphreyville 3 00
A Mite, Upper Red Hook 1 00
B P T & Mother, Cowanda 2 00
Union Contr'n, Gilbertsville ...20 42,
Proceeds of Fair, N Y City..... 35
Unnamed, Dc Grasse 32
Unnamed, De Grasse 08
Unnamed, De Grasse 56
Contributed, De Grasse 25
Unnamed, Upper Clare 14
Contributed, Upper Clare 10
Freely ye have rec'd, freely give, Forks 2 25
A widows mite, Pt Jervis 1 00
A Class of Girls, Oyster Bay 24 50
Coll'd by Light Bearers, Munnsville 1 55
Cont'n Box, Alexandria Bay 15
Coll'ns by Coll'rs, Alexandria Bay. 9 83
Coll'ns at Devotion-Mtgs, Alexandria Bay 1 43
Two Sisters, Indian Falls 5 00
The Lord's Money, Dickinson 80
Mother & Son, Afton 40
Little Pearls Mite, Albany 2 72
In mem of Marg't, Newark 20
With Gods blessing, Tuley 2 00
United Cong, Meth, Pres & Bapt Chs, Nunda 53 00
Subr, Tallman ... 5 00
Bapt Ch, Coventry 5 25
Christ Epis Ch, Brooklyn 10 00
Spanish & Portuguese Jews Cong, N Y City.....20 00
Bapt Ch, Lorraine 5 39
Class No 6 Ref Ch, Castleton 2 30
M E Ch, Lorraine.15 00
Un Service of Ch of Roxbury 31 10
Bapt Ch, Afton.. 9 50
Ch Coll'n Orwell. 6 00
Ref Pres Church, Duanesburg 15 00
Ref Ch, Fonda...52 17
Olivet Baptist Ch, Deuton 2 50
St Pauls Ch, Flatbush 13 03
Bantist Ch, Kent Cliffs 7 40

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

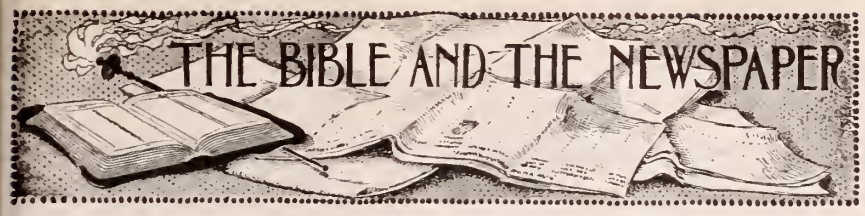
Some members of Trinity Ch, Roslyn 6 05
Baptist Ch, Farmers Mills 5 50
Haskinville Wesleyan Meth Ch..17 55
Fillmore M E S S, Ransomville ... 5 25
Balmville Un S S, Newburgh 15 00
Bapt S S, Ilion.. 8 00
Middle Hope M E S S, Newburgh. 1 15
S School, Henneys Corners 4 12
S S, Owl's Head. 4 60
Friends Bapt S S of 160th St, N Y City 1 00
E E Bapt S Sch, Brooklyn 10 00
Trinity P E S S, N Y City 5 00
Emmanuel House S Sch 10 00
Uhl's, Miss K, S S Class 6 00
Class No 4, M E S S, Smithboro.. 2 00
Prim S S Cl, Bapt Ch, Bramans Corners 60
Christian Ch, Castile 10 00
Standard Bearers of Hill S S, No Collins 3 00
Pres S S, Scipioville 2 50
Bapt S Sch, Essex 6 76
Pres S Sch, Elba..30 83
Natural Bridge S Sch, Jefferson... 5 40
M E S Sch, Jonesville 7 50
M E S S, Whitesboro 6 58
Grace Emmanuel Ch S S, N Y C.. 2 68
S S Cl of Mrs H N, Granger 1 05
Mrs Peterson's Cl, Faith Mission, Brooklyn 1 65
Greenville S Sch, Haskinville 9 51
1st Pres S School, Watervliet 14 50
Mt Sinai S Sch,.. 5 00
Hagadorn Hill S S, Halsey Valley 4 00
Pres S Sch, Jewett12 00
Pupils & Teachers of Sch Dist No 8, Potsdam 3 50
Scholars in Dist 8, Phelps 1 00
Sch of Dist No 19 of Arcadia 1 91
High Sch, Alexandria Bay 2 51
P S Room No 5, Alexandria Bay. 1 01
P S Room No 4, Alexandria Bay. 1 67
P S Room No 3, Alexandria Bay. 2 41
P S Room No 2, Alexandria Bay. 91
P S Room No 1, Alexandria Bay. 43
Prim Sch, Whitehall 2 00
S S C E Soc & Cong of Pres Ch, Ox Bow 29 00
Jr Lea, M E Ch, Norfolk 2 00
R R & Local Y M C A, Oneonta... 3 85
Y P S C E, Lamberton 18 00
W M Soc, 2d Pres Ch, Middletown. 5 00
Epw League, Glenford 3 28
Baptist C E Soc, Hartford 9 60
Womens Miss Soc & S Sch, of Mannet Bapt Ch....10 00
Jr Lea, M E Ch, Mexico 1 02
Jr Rally at Washington St M E Ch, Poughkeepsie 5 00
Y P S C E, No Evans 6 75
C E Soc, Beerston 6 00
C E, Nashville.... 1 00
Pres Ch coll, Ballston Springs..... 1 00
Y P S C E 46 25
Jr Epw League, Jordan 2 25
Jr C E Soc, Helena 1 00
Y P S C E, Bapt Ch, Castile 4 00
S C C of K D, Earlville 10 40
Young Ladies Aid Soc, Dresden Ctr 5 00
Busy Bee Soc of Cong Ch, Keene Valley 2 32
L A Soc of Cong Ch, Keene Valley 10 00
Plessis Cheerful Givers 9 50
Y P S C E of Bapt Ch, Northville.. 9 00
Y P Home Miss Soc, Alexandria Bay 4 00
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Waterport 4 75
B Y P U, Bapt Ch, Brooklyn .. 5 00
Bapt Ch & C E S, Sandy Creek .. 6 70
W C T U Branch, Smithtown 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ep League, 1st M E Ch, Gloversville 4 25
C E Soc, Ricard. 5 00
Ep Lea, Chap No 911, Flushing .. 3 85
C E Soc of Denton Presby Ch, New Hampton.. 5 25
Ladies Aid Soc of the R D Ch, Grahamsville 8 60
Baptist Miss U, Prattsburg 9 00
W C T U, Sloansville 3 00
W C T U, Dorloch 2 00
W C T U, Stanford 2 00
W C T U, Nashville 3 00
W C T U, Mina.. 3 70
—, —..... 8 00
Fin de Siecle Club, Hancock 25 60

MISCELLANEOUS

Allen, Lizzie 10
Austin, O D..... 2 00
Babst, Anna 05
Baker, Emma ... 10
Barrett, Lottie .. 10
Baylor, Mr 10
Beal, Mrs K..... 50
Begley, Julia 05
Bitz, Millie 10
Blumenbaum, L... 25
Blumer, Eliz'th.. 10
Brieu, Lena C... 25
Breman, Mary .. 10
Byrne, Cecily ... 10
Cady, Elisha 1 00
Carter, Lou 10
Ciblin, Julia 05
Conley, Rosa 25
Dice, Lillian 10
Dunn, Celia 10
Freeman, E A.... 25
Gilmore, Neil ... 25
Gloeckler, Frieda. 10
Green, Mrs 10
Henderson, Emma 25
Henderson, Mrs S 1 00
Hilts, Annetta... 1 00
Holdeid, Bertha.. 10
Holstein, Panline 10
Jones, B L..... 1 00
Joyce, Annie 10
Kelly, Mamie 05
Kloss, Minnie ... 05
Kweein, Emily .. 10
Levy, Flossie 20
Litchfield, Clara.. 20
McCarthy, Lizzie. 05
McGaffin, B 50
McNair, Malcolm. 1 00
Mahon, L 1 00
Meiner, F G Jr... 5 00
Mighells, L M.... 50
Miller, Frieda ... 10
Morely, Mrs Geo D & Friends.... 7 06
Netchert, Kath'ne 10
Ortel, Lizzie 10
Palmer, Claire .. 25
Perrine, Justicus. 10
Perrine, W H, Sparta 05
Pickard, Frank.. 10
Pickart, Warren.. 10
Petterson, Mrs .. 10
Portence, Jno 5 00
Ploucquet, P 10
Redmond, Robt . 10
Reiss, Emily 05
Relley, Lizzie ... 05
Roeder, Lucy 10
Rossiter, Kittie.. 10
Schaaf, Bertha .. 25
Scheel, Mrs 10
Shamon, Ellen .. 05
Shankey, Sarah... 05
Smith, Lizzie 10
Smith, M J..... 25
Spear, Minnie.... 14
Stondinger, C J.. 2 00
Thompson, Ella .. 50
Tumbelty, Kate.. 10
Turtan, Emily ... 25
Van Bensehoten, M 1 30
Van Houten, E... 10
Wallach, G 25
Walsh, Mary 10
Waterhouse, R .. 1 00
Weintraub, Fany. 05
West, Nellie 05
Willeck, Mamie .. 10
Wynanns, Miss .. 10
Anon 10
Anon, —..... 1 00
Anon, —..... 10
E E R, Maine...10 00
P S & F S C, Marlboro 5 00
P—, L E..... 2 04
W—, I E..... 10
—, Bowling Gr'n 1 00
—, Caldwell 1 00
—, Coventry 5 00
—, Jenkintown.. 2 00
—, Nashua 05
—, Sand Creek. 50
1 H N, Gettsburg 25
I H N, Middle Fks 1 00
Friends, —..... 3 00
From a Friend,.. 02
A Friend, —..... 1 00
A Friend, Halifax 2 00
Friend, Lockport. 50
Friend, Worcester 1 00
In the Lords Name 1 00
A Reader, —..... 1 00
Reader, Otego.... 1 00
From the Poor,— 60
N—, De Witt.... 05
T—, Oscar 25
Willis family, ... 2 00
—, —..... 23
—, —..... 5 00
—, —..... 2 00
—, —.....10 00
—, —..... 1 00
—, —..... 25



Perished in Flames

HORROR, in which all the civilized world sympathizes, is felt as the reports of the great fire in New York harbor on June 30, are read. Considering the suddenness of the calamity, the value of property destroyed and the number of lives sacrificed, it was one of the worst disasters New York has witnessed in recent times. Four piers, three great ocean steamships, and stores of costly merchandise were burned in one short evening, involving a loss of more than ten million dollars and the appalling destruction of probably three hundred lives. So far as can be learned, the fire started in a bale of cotton lying on Pier No. 3 of the North German Lloyd Steamship Dock, at Hoboken, N. J. Before it could be extinguished, the wind had carried the flames to other bales and from them to a pile of several hundred barrels of whiskey awaiting shipment. In an almost incredibly short space of time, the whole pier was ablaze from end to end. The fire leaped northward to Pier 2 and thence to Pier 1, before the Fire Department could reach the scene. Four great liners were lying at the piers. On the south side of Pier No. 2 lay the *Saale* ready to sail for Boston, Mass., where it was to take on board a great party of Christian Endeavorers, who were going to London to attend the World's Convention. On the other side of the same pier was the *Bremen*, taking in coal, ready to start for the voyage across the Atlantic on July 5. On the south side of Pier No. 1, the finest steamer of the whole fleet and one of the finest in the world, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was moored preparing to sail on July 3, and on the other side the pier, the beautiful new steamer *Main*, built last year. All the doors and port-holes of the steamers were open, as it was a hot day and cargo was being taken aboard and there were many visitors going and coming. The flames from the burning piers were sucked in through these apertures, and, in a short time, every vessel had caught fire. The danger was seen from the river and a score of tugs came to the rescue. The *Kaiser Wilhelm*, being the most valuable of the four, was first attached and the tugs began to drag her out, but she was held to the pier by stout steel hawsers which no one could unfasten. They were chopped apart with axes and then the huge vessel was pulled out, afire on her starboard bow. It was quickly extinguished by the crew and was soon beyond reach of the flames. The other three vessels were then dragged out, their hawsers being cut, but they were already burning from stem to stern and there was no hope of saving them. The fireboats poured volumes of water into them, but the fire had them in its clutch and burned everything in them that would burn down to the hulls. How many persons were on board the three vessels will probably never be known. Many who were on the upper decks jumped off, some to be picked up by the tugs and others drowned in the general confusion. In the engine-room and the lower decks many were held prisoners, their way of escape cut off by the burning passages. On the *Saale* the faces of the men were seen at the portholes pleading for help, which could not be rendered, and on the upper deck stood Captain J. Mirow, dying like a hero on his vessel. Besides these victims, there were people on the lighters, which had also caught fire, and these also perished.

It was an awful scene. From four o'clock in the afternoon, when the fire was first seen, until nearly eleven, when it had burned itself out, it was one continuous horror. How many lives might have been saved had the officials made it their first business to warn the men on the lower decks, instead of trying to save the property, will never be known. Perhaps now, too, the cities may realize their responsibility and make a repetition of the catastrophe impossible, by insisting on the substitution of granite docks for the wretched, grease-saturated wooden piers which are a source of perpetual danger to life and property. All the elements of the conflagration were present, the cotton, the spirits and the greasy planking. Just a match carelessly tossed away would be sufficient to start it:

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth (James 3:5).

CAPT. PETERMANN, OF THE "MAIN" CAPT. ENGELBART OF THE "KAISER" CAPT. J. MIROW, OF THE "SAALE"

By Courtesy of N. Y. Journal

THE "BREMEN" AND THE "MAIN" AFTER THE FIRE WAS UNDER CONTROL

A Honeymoon in a Box-car

A young couple recently married, both belonging to millionaire families, are spending their honeymoon in a box car in Kansas. The local journals are taking lively interest in their proceedings, but are apparently unable to solve the mystery of the arrangement. According to their reports the two young people met for the first time at Hot Springs, Ark., last fall. The bride's father went there with his family for their health and there became acquainted with the young man who is now the bridegroom. He is the son of a millionaire railroad man. After a short acquaintance he proposed marriage and was accepted. The wedding-day was fixed and a magnificent trousseau was ordered from Paris for the bride. But before the day arrived something occured which caused the bride's parents to change their minds. It was they live. The bridegroom, in his overalls, jumper and slouch hat, coming home on a wagon load of soil, does not look much like the son of a millionaire, but he professes that he is happy and enjoys the life. It must be a very different honeymoon from the one he and his wife expected to spend, but if they really love one another they can be happy in any surroundings. It is so with the Christian when he realizes the love of his Lord. Having that, though he may be in poverty and have to bear hardships, he can echo the words of the Psalmist:

Whom have I in heaven but thee? There is none upon earth that I desire besides thee (Psalm 73:25.)

A Tragical Record

A press dispatch from Seattle, Wash., reports the melancholy ending of a search for gold. It appears that five men—two from San Francisco, two from Minneapolis and one from Tacomo—made up a party to search for some abandoned diggings near the Ungatuk River. They were successful in finding the diggings, several hundred miles from the coast. No news was received of them until last month, when a party of prospectors, taking refuge in a half-finished fishing hut, found the body of the Tacoma man. He was identified by a memorandum book which was in one of his pockets. It contained a diary disclosing a story of suffering and crime. Its entries show that the diggings proved even richer than was anticipated. In one week the five men took out gold worth more than twenty thousand dollars. Then came a change in the attitude of one of the men. He seemed almost demented by the prospect of the vast wealth he would obtain. One morning he rushed into the tent where three of the men slept, to tell them that the man who slept with him had been murdered in the night. There was little doubt in the minds of the three men that it was he who had done the deed and they resolved to be on their guard against him. But, in spite of their caution, he shot one of them. Then the other two decided on putting him to death. They did so eventually, but not until there had been a fight, in which one of them was badly wounded. The writer of the diary describes the efforts he made to improve the condition of his sole surviving companion, which, evidently, was very critical. The entries in the diary cease abruptly, but a bullet wound in the body of the writer shows that he too died a violent death. It is conjectured that the wounded man became delirious and shot the friend who was trying to save his life. What became of the wounded man is not known, but probably he also died. Thus the whole party perished in their search for gold. So even in our own day the Apostle's warning is being fulfilled:

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare . . . for the love of money is the root of all evil which while some coveted after they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows (I. Timothy 6:9).

Brief Notes

The cook in one of the London Salvation Army shelters was for fourteen years a Capuchin monk and nightly slept in a coffin.

The last descendant of John Bunyan died recently at Lincoln, England, in the person of Mrs. T. M. Keyworth. She was ninety-nine years of age. The last male descendant died many years ago, and a monument is erected to his memory in Lincoln Cemetery.

Professor Sayce, writing to the *Expository Times*, expresses the belief that one of the mummies recently found in Egypt is that of Meneptah II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, who apparently did not accompany his army when it followed the Israelites into the Red Sea. It was found in the tomb of another Pharaoh, Amenhotep II.

Dr. John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides, is appealing to American public opinion in the hope that Congress may pass a bill forbidding American firms to send intoxicating liquor to the New Hebrides. It is doubtful, however, whether Congress has the power to pass such an act.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton is trying to raise an endowment fund of half a million dollars for the sixty Florence Missions he has established in various cities for the reclamation of fallen girls. Already over eighty thousand dollars have been contributed.

Evangelist E. P. Telford is holding special meetings in the great Mission House built by Mr. Charrington in East London.

The Princess of Monaco, the smallest principality in Europe, is a Jewess. She is the first of her race to occupy a European throne.

King Menelik, of Abyssinia, has issued an edict prohibiting the importation into his dominions of all kinds of intoxicating liquor, tobacco and snuff.

The Marquis of Salisbury, the British Premier, recently entertained at his residence, Hatfield House, over three hundred Christian Endeavorers who went there by special train and spent the day.

Dr. W. F. Oldham, of Columbus, O., has been elected Assistant Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Oldham is a native of India, of English descent on his father's side and Irish on his mother's. It was through the influence of Bishop William Taylor that he was converted and became a minister. His early work was done as a missionary in India and at Singapore.

Epworth Heights, Ohio, will be a busy place during the next three weeks. From July 17th to 21st a Bible conference will be held there conducted by Rev. James E. Gilbert, D.D., and other friends. From July 22 to 26 the Young People's Union Assembly will be in session at which Dr. Thirkield will speak. And from July 27 to August 5 there will be a camp-meeting during which Rev. C. W. Wilson will give Bible readings and Mrs. Coleman will lead the children's meetings.

The Enthronement of Self-Sacrifice

PETER'S CONFESSION

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for July 22: Matt. 16: 13-26

Golden Text, Matt. 16: 24: If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me

IN the lesson of to-day we shall see how Peter stumbled over Christ's announcement that the final world kingdom is to be built, not on the blood of the King's enemies, but his own. Not selfishness but self-sacrifice is to win the world's throne at the last. Not hate but love is the ultimate conqueror in the world at large.

. . .

Cæsarea Philippi. Christ had gone with his apostles to this spot at the base of snow-capped Mount Hermon as a "retreat" for prayer and teaching. A mountain, a fountain and a grove were here together, three things especially sought for in heathen worship. Fallen gods and fallen temples were in sight as they talked, and perhaps suggested a reference to a "living God." The place was named by Philip, the Tetrarch, in part for himself and in part for Tiberias Cæsar, "the meanest of mankind." But here was now to be proclaimed, and later, crowned, the noblest of mankind—crowned here on the boundary between Jew and Gentile as King of both.

Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am? Christ was a great questioner. The "Socratic method" is also the Christ method. Daniel had called the promised Messiah "the Son of Man." He was to be both a true man and a full man: a true man, and so our Friend; a full man, and so our Example. Every man who knows of Christ is not only bound to have an opinion of him but also to be himself affected by that opinion.

"What think ye of Christ?" is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of him.

As to-day, many thought him only a great man, a great prophet, a heroic reformer—great and good, but not God. Some thought he was John the Baptist, or Elijah, or Jeremiah brought back to life. They had credulity enough to think him a superhuman prodigy, but not faith enough to accept his own declaration that he was incarnate Deity.

. . .

Peter's Creed *Thou art the Christ.* This is the first article in the creed here declared with the first reference to the "church." When Jesus asked, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter, always first to speak, replied, "Thou art the Messiah." "Christ" is the Greek form of the word. Both words mean the Anointed One, that is, the King. That Christ is to reign on earth was the first article in all Bible creeds.

The Fatherhood of God is named second in this natural creed. It is through Christ as "the Son of the living God" that we learn of that Fatherhood. Jesus said, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." And it is through Christ also that we come to the Father, for Jesus said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." This part of Peter's creed has not only personal and spiritual, but also social and practical value.

A slave-owner, feeling that he ought to teach religion to his slaves, said to one of his black boys: "Say after me what I say: 'Our Father.'" "Is he your father?" asked the boy. "Yes." "And is he my father?" "Yes." "Then we are brothers." Aye, and let every man who says "Our Father" remember in this age of race and class conflicts that his Hebrew competitors and his Hungarian employees are his brothers—their faults to be conquered by brotherly kindness rather than hatred or hauteur.

The third article in this creed was added by Christ, namely, revelation. "Flesh and blood," he said to Peter, "hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father." The Holy Spirit is not here named, but we know it is through the Holy Spirit that God makes revelations to men, as Peter himself said in his second epistle (1: 21) that "men spake from God, being swept on [like ships before the wind] by the Holy Spirit."

. . .

Was Peter the First Pope? The fourth article in this creed proclaims the "church," here for the first time mentioned, as founded on the believer's personal confession of Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." Libraries have been written, and wars have been waged over this verse, and the "key" verse following, which to many has been a keyless lock. Even if this verse should be admitted to mean that Peter was the rock on which the church was to be built, it would not in the least strengthen the claims of the Pope, for there is no intimation that Peter was to have successors in these honors. The actual history of the apostolic church is a prime factor in the interpretation of these much debated verses. Peter was the leading spirit in the first era of the church. He opened its doors to five thousand Jews during Pentecost and the days following, and at the home of Cornelius also admitted the first Gentile members. He excluded from the church Ananias and Sapphira. The gates of hell, the powers of evil in Jewish and Roman rulers, did not prevail against the church, of which Peter was then the leader. But it was only for a few years that Peter was even first among equals, the chairman, rather than the chieftain, of the apostolic board, for Paul soon became the chief apostle. Instead of one apostle being the rock, it is distinctly stated (Rev. 21: 14) that the "twelve foundations are the twelve apostles of the Lamb." The words Christ spoke to Peter must accord with that other "sure word" (Eph. 2: 20) as to the "foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone." Peter himself taught that all Christians are "living stones" in the church, a word that means, not a building, to which it should never be applied, but an assembly of living persons. In that confession of faith in Christ, Peter was simply the first stone to place himself upon Christ, the cornerstone. If he was the first pope, his first "bull" was one in the Irish sense, a bull against the atonement—surely that was not infallibility—and his first title was the synonym of "Leo," the "roaring lion." "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things of God."

Peter's "Keys" are also Ours *And I will give unto thee the keys.* "Keys," in the well-established language of symbolism, stand for power. Officers used to carry keys as badges of authority. Binding and loosing symbolize permitting and forbidding, which in this case apply not to persons, but to things. "Whatsoever thou shalt bind." In Turkey to-day, dancing dervishes tie and loose a girdle, saying, "I bind up selfishness; I unbind generosity." This passage clearly means, not that Peter holds the keys of heaven, and binds or looses persons in purgatory, for all the apostles are given the same power of the keys in Matt. 18: 18. The words "kingdom of heaven" never mean heaven above, but heavenly customs coming down to earth in a new social life. The key verse therefore means that every believer is given the power and privilege in his life of allegiance to God to develop such similarity of feeling with Him that what he forbids himself will be what God forbids, and what he permits himself will be what God permits. George MacDonald expresses the same thought when he says: "When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves; but when God's will is our will, then are we his free children." In other words, the power of the keys refers to the life of him who is delivered not alone from the guilt, but also from the power—aye, from the very love of sin; so that he loves what God loves and hates what God hates.

Tell no man. Just then there were some reasons for avoiding the excitement of proclaiming his Messiahship; but now the command is that we should

"Tell it out among the nations
That the Lord is king!
Tell it out, tell it out!"

. . .

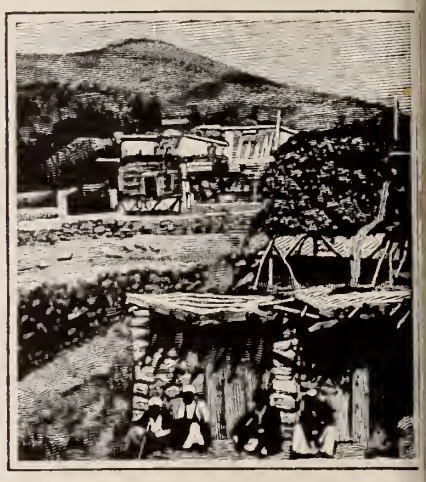
The Shadow of the Cross *Jesus began to show that he must suffer many things.* Now we come to the fifth article in the creed of this lesson, another that Christ added—atonement. From the first the Messiah had been pictured by the prophets as not only a Sovereign, but a Sufferer. The first promise was of a bruised Conqueror—"the seed of the woman who should bruise the serpent's head," but in so doing should be bruised himself. Three times in the first year of Christ's ministry and thirty times afterwards he foretold the Cross. It was the goal toward which he walked from the beginning. If we seek the true Cross it will lead us back from Calvary through Christ's three years of anticipatory suffering—aye, to the beginning of time, for he is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." That is the foot of the Cross.

We are mercifully shielded from knowledge of future suffering. Christ knew all that was coming, but he also knew of the resurrection and of the crown beyond the Cross, and "for the joy set before him endured the Cross." But even the Cross had in it the supreme joy of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Let those of us who are admitted to the fellowship of such sacrifice realize that in it we may find "the very ecstasy of God." How truly representative of "the things that be of men" Peter suddenly became in repudiating the self-sacrifice his Master foretold! Peter was repeating the temptation the devil had presented in the wilderness to establish a kingdom swiftly by force, rather than slowly by love and sacrifice, and so Jesus said: "Get thee behind me, Satan." He who had spoken but a moment before for the Holy Spirit had thus quickly become the mouthpiece of the Evil Spirit. Surely he was no infallible Pope, but an instinctive representative of the everyday Christian, who needs to be especially watchful against temptation after some spiritual success has brought praise and undue elation.

Take up his cross. Nothing is properly called a "cross" which we bear because we must, nothing that we do not voluntarily "take up." It means any self-sacrificing work willingly undertaken. There are three right steps to which we are called. We are commanded to love ourselves as well as our neighbors in the second commandment, but the call to take up the cross is a call to the higher, Christlike privilege of sacrificing self for others. This is more than self-denial, which is only "self-love living for the future."

As he died to make men holy
Let us live to make them free.

Not in China only, but also among our "heathen at home," to proclaim Christ is to take up the cross. In the Y. M. C. A., one of the stalwart duties of members is to give out on the streets cards of invitation to the meetings. In San Francisco one who was thus engaged followed a lot of young men into a saloon to give them these invitations. All accepted them politely except one who tore up the card and spat on the worker who gave it to him. The first thought was "This is too much," but then the loving words of the dear Master in John 15: 20, "The servant is not greater than his Lord," flashed through his mind, and he said, "this is nothing more than what my Master bore for me; they spat upon him, and I certainly should be willing to bear any reproach or insult for his sake." Without saying a word in reply, taking his handkerchief and wiping his coat, he passed out of the hall into the street, giving cards to young men whom he met. Standing on the corner of one of the streets near the concert hall a few minutes later distributing invitations still, a young man stepped up to him and said, "Sir, excuse me, but are you the gentleman who was giving out cards in the concert hall a few moments ago?" Mr. Nelson replied, "I had that pleasure; yes, sir;" and he said "Well, I have come to apologize; I spat on you. I want to tell you I never did a meaner thing in all my life, or anything of which I have felt more ashamed. I most sincerely ask your pardon, and not only that but ask you to pray for me to begin this very night to lead a different life." Mr. Nelson said "I most gladly and readily forgive you, and will be only too glad to remember you in prayer." He earnestly invited the young man to the service on the following Sunday. He was present, and when the invitation was given at the close for those who desired to become Christians to rise, he was among the first to rise, and we believe gave his heart to God on that day.



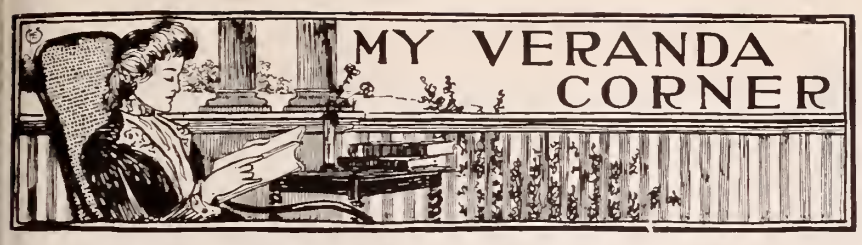
SCENE AT THE MODERN CÆSAREA PHILIPPI

Let us try to fathom the meaning of Christ's words, "He that saveth his life shall lose it," and the companion saying, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" Both these show that selfishness sacrifices the greater for the lesser. Unselfishness is the way to greatest "gain" in a true estimate of values and of joys. I am thinking of a rich man who was glum and silent, a hard money grubber. He was induced to give one hundred and fifty thousand dollars toward building a beautiful church, and his joy in the beautiful embodiment of his gift loosed his tongue and made his face radiant. With him as with other rich men the pleasure of getting was far outdone in the joy of wise giving. As Christ said, in the words overlooked by the Evangelists, but recorded by Paul (Acts 20: 35) "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The joy of a healthful, happy maiden is beautiful, but a greater bliss is that of the mother whose face yet bears the marks of the agony as she holds her babe to her breast. Selfishness has its pleasures, but love, especially self-sacrificing love, dwells on loftier heights of bliss. Zinzendorf in 1721, gave all cross-bearers this song of cheer:

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

RAPHAEL'S FAMOUS CARTOON OF THE COMMISSION TO PETER



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Homesick for the Sea

(By One Away from Home)

I'M wearying for the beating
Of the surf upon the shore,
That creams along the shingle
And prints the sanded floor;
I'm yearning for the sweetness
Of the salt within the sea,
For the rolling and the tumbling
Of the billows wild and free!

Hemmed in by rugged mountains,
Like prison walls that rise,
I walk the narrow canon
And scan the distant skies;
Oh, nearer bent their beauty,
Their stars were nearer me
When I was in my homeland
And dwelt beside the sea!

I'm longing for the marsh-grass
That grew so straight and strong,
From out the white sand lifting
Its spears the path along;
The grass-blades meant for battle
That the chill wind smote in glee;
I'm longing for the sword-grass
That grew beside the sea!

I've stood anear the coast-line
In sun and dew and rain
And watched the vessels sail away
Across the billowy plain;
I've stood anear the coast-line,
And many a one with me
Has waited till the ships came in
Home-bound across the sea.

I'm wistful for the opal
That shimmers in the wave,
For rose and green and silver
And the ocean blue so brave;
The glory of the hill-tops
Less royal looks to me,
For I have known the glory
Of the ever-changing sea:

The sea that keeps her secrets,
Yet thunders all abroad
Her story of the power
And the ceaseless love of God;
The sea that ever hideth
Her tidal mystery,
In ebb and flood unresting:
I am homesick for the sea!

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Woman in China

CHINA is to-day the spot which attracts all eyes. Curiously, too, a woman of China, the wicked Empress-Dowager, has managed to do more in the way of making trouble than any queen in Europe could possibly do. Despised, secluded and held in contempt, it has been reserved for an Oriental woman in modern days to be as bold as Jezebel, as arrogant as Semiramis and as coldly cruel as Lady Macbeth.

Tsi An, the daughter of an obscure Manchu Tartar, was born in 1834 and, as is often the fate of Chinese girls, was sold by her father into slavery. She was

STREET PEDLER IN A CHINESE VILLAGE

bright, quick, keen-witted, had unbound feet, because she was of humble birth, but made herself useful and a favorite in the home of the mandarin who bought her. In her young girlhood there came a chance for her to go with other maidens to the Emperor's palace—much as Queen Esther and her companions were sent to Shushan in the Bible story—and, once there, she pleased the Emperor, he married her, and she became the mother of his only son.

Tsi An's career has been marked by duplicity, by intrigue, by the utmost unscrupulousness. She has stopped at nothing. In Oriental courts there are always easy ways: the cord, the cup of poison and the knife, to get rid of persons who stand in the way; and Tsi An has not a womanly weakness when she decrees the death of any one obnoxious to her. She hates foreigners and has surrounded herself with those who despise them. Human

MANCHU LADIES OF PEKIN —— A WOMAN OF HIGH FAMILY

life is cheap in China. The Empress-Dowager would not care, so that she accomplished her ends, if every missionary and every diplomat and merchant from abroad in her Empire were killed, nor would she hesitate to sacrifice her own people by the tens of thousands to fulfil her purposes.

The lesson comes to us that we must more than ever strive to win the Oriental woman to Christ. The wives, the daughters, the little children of the East, the conservative and stubborn grandmothers, are especially those whom we must try to reach, if we would see the dawning of a brighter and better day. For all the putting in the background, for all the serfdom of the Oriental life of women, they still possess an immense influence, and their opposition to the Christian religion is often more to be dreaded and more inflexibly hostile than that of the men of their countries.

A high-caste lady in China wears rich clothing and has servants to wait upon her, but her daily life is monotonous and lacks the many interests to which the high-born European or the well-to-do American woman is accustomed. Her apartments are sacred to herself and only her nearest male relatives enter them. Of social life, as we understand it, and a gracious mingling of the sexes on terms of equality, the lady of China knows nothing. Her husband precedes her on entering a room, is first served at meals, has the finest furniture, the most artistic ornaments, and, in brief, the best of everything. And yet, as in the case of the Empress-Dowager, the woman in the background may assume the reins and the control, and it is by no means impossible that many a Chinese gentleman is ruled by his wife.

In most Chinese cities the streets are narrow, ill-paved or unpaved and distressingly dirty. They are clogged with booths and implements of trade, choked with all sorts of obstructions, and are in every respect in complete contrast to such streets as we are familiar with in our American towns.

Beauty Not a Matter of Birthdays

The Princess of Wales, who in her youth was a superb and beautiful woman, retains, now that she is approaching sixty, her extraordinary personal attractiveness to a marked degree. Her figure is still fine and symmetrical, although she has put on the flesh of time; her complexion is clear, and her face is very free from wrinkles. Constant massage probably has kept these lines away. People who are not princesses cannot spare an hour or more a day to rub their faces with cold cream and manipulate the crowsfeet which gather around their eyes. Yet wrinkles need not be dreaded. They seem to impart character to the countenance, and, if the prevailing expression be cheery, bright and amiable, a woman will be charming to her latest day.

The Discouraged Man

You may know him before he opens his mouth by his downcast look and the drooping lines in his face, by his inelastic step, by his inert air. Plodding along day in and day out, the discouraged man cannot find the groove which suits him; he is out of work, or his work is unappreciated. Others pass him in the race. He drags drearily on from youth to old age, out of heart, out of hope, and out of pocket.

God help the discouraged man! Well for him if he have a wife who can hearten him by her sunny disposition, and children who love and believe in him notwithstanding the frown of a chilling world.

Flowers for Household Adornment

IN a recent visit to a very beautiful inn at Mount Meenahga, New York, I was impressed with the wonderful capacity of flowers for decorative purposes. The season was that of the laurel, which was profusely in bloom, and the fire-places of the house were turned into bowers, the mantelpieces were adorned with great bouquets, and everywhere there were masses of the lovely blossom. I observed that these wild flowers were often put into stone jars and vases, brought from a native pottery; their homely shapes and opaque colors suited the flowers. In decorating a home with flowers, those of a single kind should be kept together, or if more than one family are used, two contrasting or harmonizing varieties are enough. Ferns may be mingled with white flowers to advantage; roses and mignonette, or roses and geranium look well in a bouquet, but sweet peas do better by themselves, and so do nasturtiums and lilies. The plainest table is made elegant by a mass of flowers in the middle, or by a slender vase with a single flower. Given a fair, white cloth, clean glass and shining silver, and a flower or two, and the farmhouse table will possess every requisite which appears on that of a queen.

A Secret of Charm

A beautiful woman left me an hour ago. She is not young, her hair has been silvery white for ten years, and she has not the roseleaf tints of youth, nor its lissome grace. But a girl said as the door closed, "She is perfectly bewitching. She is dear and true, but many women are that; she has charm. Where does it reside?"

"In her enthusiasm," I said. "It is contagious. She takes an eager interest in everything; she has opinions, and expresses them. Life is full of novelty, full of occasions for rejoicing, full of fresh possibilities. The child in her still exists, and with her child heart she inherits even now the kingdom of heaven."

Pen, Ink and Paper

A good pen, black ink, and a supply of note paper should always form part of the furnishing of a guest chamber. Also, each home should possess these requisites in the family sitting-room. There are houses in which one looks in vain for these cheap and commonplace conveniences.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—IRENE. Aunt Prudence is much interested in your question of conscience. Be positive, dear child, if you seem to excuse vice, if you are not abashed at profanity, and if you do not frown on intemperance and Sabbath-breaking, all of which evils are on the increase in this land of ours. Young men will feel that they have your sanction, or at least your sympathy in every lapse. You do not need to preach, nor to lecture, nor to put yourself forward in a conspicuous or unmaidenly way, dear young lady. You have only to show by your look, by your gravity, by your own example, that you expect from the men you meet reverence for the laws of God and observance of the laws of men. A man's sister, his sweetheart, his friend, may if she choose be his mentor, and impress him for good and for all eternity.

Often a very young man is singularly and strongly influenced by a woman a little his senior in age. There is no faintest suggestion of love in their friendship; that sentiment is not even remotely awakened, but the acquaintanceship insensibly moulds the young man; he adopts the opinions of the young lady; he goes out into the world stamped as with her seal. Such influence is a weapon of tempered steel, and its employment for good entails no slight responsibility on the one who uses it.

A HAPPY PARTY OF TENEMENT CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY TO THE NYACK BOAT

HAPPY WAIFS AT MONT-LAWN

IT would take a great book to show all the phases of our Fresh-Air Work. The pathetic, tender, beautiful story surpasses any telling! We have tried in the past to present to our readers, its generous, sympathetic friends, the various features developed under the best, most prayerful, most conscientious guidance we could give to this labor of love—this holy task of bringing little ones to Jesus, through simply loving them, feeding them, making them happy "In His Name". This week we present two pictures; one shows a group in the slums typical of hundreds of waifs now putting up the plea: "Please, mayn't I go to Mont-Lawn? here. That is one side of the picture.

Here on the writer's desk are a collection of letters; would that every friend of this blessed work might have the privilege of reading them with us, and with us realizing how the bond of Christian charity, love for little children, and service to the Master knits together the hearts of the Christian world!

God bless these aged givers!

C. A. B., Bone Gap, Ill., $2. "I should like to come and see the children at Mont-Lawn enjoy themselves, but I am so old and feeble I cannot come; I am eighty-three years old." B. B. M., Chesterfield, Va., $1. "To help the poor to have ten days escape from the hot slums of the city. I wish I could give more. 'God bless the little ones!'" is an old man's fervent prayer, in closing his letter.

Thank-offerings are these:

Mrs. D. A. C., $6. "For two little waifs to have an outing, as a thank-offering to God for what he has done for me." Mr. and Mrs. S. H. H., Iowa, $3. "Our three boys are so hearty and happy they can hardly realize what it would be to be denied the privilege of a country home; so they, with us, send this 'In Jesus' Name' to make some little child happy."

And this is a memorial:

Last August God removed from us our darling boy Donald, aged three. He had saved his pennies in his little bank, so we thought the best thing to do with them would be to pay for a needy child's outing. God bless your work is our prayer.

How the manner of the giving sanctifies gifts that come for this blessed work!

What would many motherless children do if it were not that the mother-heart of childless women comes so often to their help?

A Subscriber, Orange, Mass., $3. "I have no little ones of my own, but love children dearly and desire to make one little child happy this summer."

Children who are going away from town with prosperous parents for a long outing are often mindful of our waifs. The following letter is penned in a prim little hand, and very nicely for so tiny a writer:

Florence, 25 cents. "I and my little brother Elmer saved this for spending money, but we read about the tenement waifs in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is kept in our home. So please accept this small sum to take some poor child to the country."

A mother in Sonoma, S. D., says:

My little daughter, Ruth, is deeply interested in the New York children who go to Mont-Lawn, and wishes to contribute her mite towards making one happy.

A number of our friends have set apart a certain sum annually for the Home; and letters like the following, or which in any way definitely promise such assistance, are great encouragements to us:

J. I. C., Lafayette, Ind., $6 for two poor children. "My yearly gift to Mont-Lawn" Marion Faye (two years old), $5. "We (her parents) intend to send this sum yearly for her, as God prospers us." Mrs. A. G., Falls City, Neb., $6. "This will send two. I have sent one each year save last, and so this makes up for my neglect."

Use enclosed ($3) for the lambs. May the blessing of the Good Shepherd be with them, and may they be led in green pastures and beside the still waters for His Name's Sake.

"A friend of little children" in far away Spanish Town, Jamaica, W. I., $3 for the fresh air children. "A Canadian Friend," Toronto, $5. "God bless them all." Mrs. A. F. C., Springfield, Mass., $6. "Hoping two needy little ones may be benefited." E. S., Uwuchland, Pa., $3. "Your plan as carried out at Mont-Lawn is one of the best illustrations of practical Christianity." I. W. G., Lamoille, Ills., $3.35. "To send some poor neglected child to Mont-Lawn." Mrs. D. B., Princeton, N. J., $25 for the Fresh-Air Fund. "In His Name," St. Augustine, Fla., $25. "It will give me pleasure to think of all those little unfortunate ones enjoying themselves in the country." "In His Name," Coronado, Cal., $10. "To send some poor child to Nyack."

The following extracts show that side of the picture which deals with the ingathering of our little Fresh-Air guests, and answers, in a measure, the question we sometimes receive: "How are children selected for Mont-Lawn?"

Rev. W. H. Barton.—"I write in the interest of children who are worthy of your consideration, that they may have the benefit of a two weeks' outing at your Fresh-Air Home. Their father and mother are members of my church in excellent standing, but very poor. The father is blind. The children are well-behaved."

Mrs. S. J. B.—"I know you are crowded, and have taken twenty children for us already, but can't you add these two little girls? Their father is a drunkard; their mother is not a good woman; they have no chance in life."

. . .

The following contributions for our Fresh-Air work have been received:

Prev ackn	$2,994 15	Holton, Mrs M	1 00
Anderson, Miss E	3 50	Humes, Geo	2 00
Andrews, Levi	1 00	Hurn, S A	25
Atkinson, Mrs C G	10	Hussey, W L	3 00
Aumendt, Edward	25	Hutchinson, Marion F	5 00
Anske, Miss Huldah	3 00	Jones, M Olive	5 00
Bagley, Mrs R O	2 00	Kellogg, Mrs R M	6 00
Baldwin, Mrs H	1 00	Kile, John P	6 00
Ball, Katie M	1 00	Killmer, Mrs M J	3 00
Banner, Mrs May	1 00	King, Anna V	6 00
Bayspoole, Miss B	5 00	Kinsman, Henry	5 00
Benson, C A	2 00	Kintigh, W R	4 00
Bracewell, Mrs Jas	3 00	Knauer, Mrs A E	1 00
Brown, Mrs David	25 00	Lansing, H S	1 00
Bush, Wm L	3 00	Lee, Eliza J	10 00
Carrick, Mrs D A	6 00	Lloyd, Mrs M W	6 00
Charles, C W	5 00	Loesch, Mrs F & dau	6 00
Christensen, Mr & Mrs C J	1 00	Logan, George	3 00
Chernh, Mrs J L	3 00	McCurdy, Mrs D	1 00
Clark, Eliza J	1 00	McGown, Joseph E	10 00
Clarkson, Edward L	10 00	Macferran, Mrs ME	3 00
Cole, A J	5 00	Martin, Jos	1 00
Collins, Mrs C E	1 00	Maxwell, R B	1 00
Collins, Mr & Mrs H A	5 00	Miller, Mrs R	1 00
Cowles, Mrs A F	6 00	Millman, Raymond E	3 00
Crowell, Julia A	6 00	Muchnore, Mrs Fred	5 00
Danberry, Mrs S	1 00	Myers, C F	1 00
Davis, Mrs Nellie D	2 00	Newton, V A N	2 00
Dondore, C T	3 00	Paul, Mrs J L	3 00
Dunlap, Mrs M H	6 00	Pinney, Ralza	50
Dwyer, Sarah D	12 00	Prentiss, Mrs J M	1 00
Easton, Nellie D	2 00	Ramey, Mrs M E	2 00
Erskine, Anna B	5 00	Reed, Mrs R W	3 00
Foster, M A	1 00	Rottger, E C	2 00
Freeman, Mrs G A	1 00	Rowley, Mrs J & dau	6 00
Friend, Mr & Mrs F G	3 00	Sargent, Blanche	2 25
Fuller, M & L	3 00	Schoenmaker, Mrs J G	3 00
Gates, M G	100 00	Sherwood, W C	3 00
Gault, Lettie	1 00	Short, Effie A	50
Graham, Mrs A	6 00	Sieg, Mrs E A	3 10
Grant, Mrs W B	3 00	Sigler, Mrs A E	1 00
Graves, Ida M	3 35	Smedley, Ernest	3 00
Hall, A M	1 00	Smith, Mrs Cynthia A	6 00
Hawley, M G	3 00	Stanton, Mrs Jesse	5 00
Hayward, Mrs Chas	10 00	Stout, Mrs Sallie C	15 00
Heiskell, Mrs Frank	2 00	Strong, Harriet E	12 00
Herrick, Mr & Mrs S H and children	3 00	Stroud, Mary	3 00
Hine, Mary & Clara	30	Summers, J W	3 00
		Sutton, E S	1 00
		Taylor, A T	1 00
Townley, Mr & Mrs H J	3 00	Mrs W L B, Shreveport	1 00
Trumpp, Rev H	3 00	—, Danville	10 00
Tuckerman, H W	5 00	—, Hartwell	2 00
Valentine, Miss	2 00	—, Oakland	3 00
Vallenj, Ruth	3 00	A Friend, Jamaica	1 00
Van Deman, Ruth	1 00	A Friend, Manchester	25
Vandermenlen, Mrs M	3 00	Friend, Rochester	1 00
Wegg, Mrs Mary A	3 00	Friend, Southampton	3 00
Westfall, D W	1 00	Friend in June, Galesville	3 00
White, Mrs A E	1 00	Friends at Le Grand	10 00
White, Mrs E N	3 00	Canadian Friend, Toronto	5 00
Wilding, M	1 00	"For Christ," Essex	3 00
Williams, Ant'nette A	5 00	"For Jesus," Shawhan	3 00
Williams, Mary	15 00	I A H, Mayville	3 00
Worrell, E B	10 00	"In His Name," Brooklyn	3 00
Wright, Mary L	3 00	I H N, Coronado	10 00
Emma, Platteville	3 00	I H N, Peru	6 00
Fred, Platteville	2 00	I H N, St Augustine	25 00
H, Isabel, Newark	10 00	One Who is Interested, Ore. City	5 00
Katherine, Northville	1 00	In memory of Philip C Brigham	3 00
Linda, Sinking Valley	2 00	In memory of Mildred, Somerville	6 00
A E, Chicago	3 00	Mother and daughter, Clyde	6 00
A R L, Solsville	1 00	A Reader, E Pittston	1 50
Miss A T, Rantoul	1 00	A Reader, Lexington	2 00
C H S, Brooklyn	2 00	A Subscriber, Chittenange	5 00
C J, Leivasy	50	Subscriber, Orange	3 00
"Friends E G L & E," Rye	12 00	Haknai Circle of K D, E Orange	20 00
E M J, Glassboro	6 00	State Schools C E Soc, Trenton	7 00
Mrs G A R, Troy	10 00	North Cong S S, No Woodbury	12 00
H M D, Holden	1 00	Union S S, Ogallah	4 00
H M J, Forestville	1 00	Tuscarora Church	5 00
J A S, Dexter	5 00	Total	$3,805 00
L F H, Catskill	6 00		
L L, Stevenson	2 00		
M A & J E H, Moretown	30 00		
Friend, Conn	3 00		
M A S, Los Angeles	3 00		
M C S, San Francisco	3 00		
M E C, Millington	3 00		
M G Y, Colchester	50		
M M B, Brooklyn	1 00		
M R B, Portsmouth	3 00		
P L C	6 00		
S & J M, New London	3 00		

"PLEASE, CAN WE GO TO MONT-LAWN?"

I'll be good." Another shows a party on the way to the Nyack boat. In the latter case, the little folks show, in their dress and whole appearance, the motherly touch of missionaries, who have clothed them for the journey in garments which kind friends of children have provided; in a few instances the whole credit of tidy appearance is due to the poor tenement parents who have done their very best to make their little ones presentable—efforts almost as touching as the rags of the wee mite whom nobody cares for.

At this moment, an eager, childish multitude is coming up the steps and the elevators of the Bible House, jubilant over the prospect of going to Mont-Lawn; the tidy and the ragged are all

ROYAL is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes further and makes finer cake, biscuit and bread than any other brand. In its use is safety against alumned food.

Warm Weather

Weakness is Quickly Overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla

The cooling, toning, and blood enriching qualities of this great medicine are wonderful. It strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, creates an appetite, and relieves that tired feeling. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HYOMEI

ANTISEPTIC

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The only PERFECT SKIN and TOILET SOAP known

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Price, 25 cents. Sample cake, 5c.
THE R. T. BOOTH CO., 50 Ave. D, Ithaca, N.Y.

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$1.10 Postpaid

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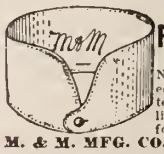

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In the step from finest Concord Grapes to Welch's Grape Juice we produce the Juice in an unchanged state—just Grape Juice. As such it is an easily digested food that will be retained by the weakest stomach. Welch's Grape Juice is a valuable food-medicine to keep in the home. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

BOYS PAPER FREE if you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you the Star for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address with stamp, THE STAR, Dept. 80, OAK PARK, ILLS.

Catalogue of Famous Maryland made-to order clothing free. Lithographed Catalogue of Famous Maryland Carpets free. Freight paid on carpets, expressage on clothing. Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 218.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n A, Cincinnati, O.

Japan's Royal Wedding

An American Missionary Graphically Describes the Marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan and Lady Sadako

THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan has been celebrated with great enthusiasm in that empire. The ceremony took place on the 10th of May. At half past seven A. M., the Crown Prince left the Detached Palace, where he resides, and ıe prospective bride, Lady Sadako, her resi- ence, for the Imperial Palace in carriages. he ceremony took place in front of the Im- erial Sanctuary of the Palace, in the presence f the Lord in Waiting to the Prince Imperial nd other attendants, but no members of the ride's family were present. The marriage te consisted in offering evergreen branches t the imperial shrines, the recital of a mar- age ritual by the Prince, the drinking of acred *sake* (wine) and various obeisances be- ore the altar of the sanctuary, while a naval quadron in Shinagawa Bay, and artillery at oyama fired a salute of 101 guns.

During the ceremony the imperial couple ere dressed in the ancient and traditional yle; but at its conclusion both changed their ostumes, the Prince wearing the usual court ress, and the Princess donning foreign robes. oth then repaired to the presence of the mperor and Empress, received their con- ratulations, drank the traditional cups of licitation; and, entering a coach drawn by our richly caparisoned horses, were escorted ack to the residence of the Prince. The ate coach was especially constructed for the casion, and was gorgeous in lacquer, gold nd glass. From the crowds which lined the hole route rose a chorus of "banzai" (cheers),

THE LATELY WEDDED CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF JAPAN

t there was not the boisterous and enthu- astic demonstration that is manifested in Western countries, as to the ordinary Ja- nese, silent awe seems still more befitting a yal welcome.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Prince nperial and bride proceeded once more to ıe Palace, where a reception was given in yal style. All the high-class officials, the obility, the principal officers of the army ıd navy, the members of the Foreign Dip- matic Corps and officers from foreign men- -war in Yokohama harbor—to the number sixteen or seventeen hundred—were assem- ed to witness the spectacle and express ieir congratulations. A somewhat remark- le feature of the assembly was that not one ıpanese costume was to be seen. In general ppearance, the assemblage presented no dis- nct features from that of similar gatherings the West.

While the great crowd of guests were wait- g in the large audience-hall, the Emperor ıd Empress, Crown Prince and Princess gave ıdience in a separate chamber to Marquis o, as representative of the nobility, Marquis amagata, as representative of the Adminis- ation, and Baron d'Anethan, as representa- ve of the Diplomatic Corps, who in turn pre- nted addresses; and, after replies thereto, ere received with their wives. This cere- ony ended, the Emperor and Empress, rince and Princess Imperial, and all the rinces and Princesses in the capital walked to the hall and passed along a space left ıcant in front of the concourse. Arriving at e centre, the Imperial party paused, bowed aciously, and after a brief interval, left the ll for the banquet room where a feast was repared for their majesties, the Princes and rincesses, the Diplomatic Corps, and the gh dignitaries of State. The remaining ests were conducted to the adjoining apart- ents where refreshments were served in lav- h profusion. On their departure, each guest was given a silver cake-dish as a fitting and lasting souvenir of the joyous occasion.

Hitherto no Imperial marriage has ever been solemnized in such a manner. The old custom did not demand anything more than a public announcement. A certain lady was gazetted to the post of Imperial consort just as a man who had distinguished himself might have been gazetted to some high office. There was no ceremony of a religious character of any kind. According to the recent rites marriage is invested with an importance and sanctity hitherto unrecognized. Such an example will have its effects upon the nation. It is inevitable that henceforth the relation of husband and wife will come to have a new meaning, and more of the significance which is attached to such a relation in enlightened and Christian lands. H. LOOMIS.

Yokohama, Japan.

Our Armenian Orphans

IN acknowledging receipt of the latest remittances from the Armenian Fund for the support of the orphans at Urfa, Van and Mardin, the missionaries write most interesting letters, giving cheering accounts of the progress of the work under their care. Dr. G. C. Raynolds, Van, writes:

"Some of the boys who are teaching in their villages have recently been in asking for new books. One village, situated on a high mountain, far away from the ordinary lines of travel, has never had a school until this winter, I think, and hardly one of the seventy children of the village knew how to read, when one of our boys, himself only sixteen or seventeen years old, and having been with us only about two years, with his sister who was here a year longer, gathered them into a school last fall, and now they report that the children have all learned their letters and finished the first primer, and need a more advanced reading book. In another village near this one, another of our boys, even younger, reports a similar progress for the forty boys he has gathered in his village. Is not this a pretty good showing for one winter's work of three months? They learn not merely their letters, but are becoming indoctrinated in a knowledge of the truths of our blessed Christian religion."

From Urfa, Mrs. M. Myrtle Foote, writes:

"I can see in some of the boys the evidences of Christian character. They are being taught the true Gospel, regardless of former creeds. Most of them are doing good work in school."

The Best Pocket Companion

TOLEDO, O., May 30, 1900.

Mr. Louis Klopsch, "Christian Herald":

The Red Letter New Testament received. I am delighted with it. The design is unique in giving the language of Jesus in a manner that at once strikes the eye and fixes the attention. In binding and typographical excellence it is neat and attractive. It is an invaluable pocket companion that cannot be too highly prized. In this connection, it affords me pleasure to testify to the splendid work that is being accomplished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—a publication that has become a tremendous power for good in the lifting up our humanity, and of giving to the world broader and higher views of life in every detail that enters into human existence. F. J. OBLINGER.

The · Hymn · of · the Boxers

It is a Slogan of Infidelity and Bitter Hatred of Everything Foreign

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Standard* in Tien-Tsin sends this interesting and timely communication, as showing the kind of literature that is now being used in China to inflame the people against all foreigners:

"We are having a recrudescence of anti-foreign literature. Here is one in rhyme of a peculiarly attractive form, the metre throughout representing two lines of three characters each, and one line of seven characters. This is particularly easy to memorize. I know some Chinese Christians whose families can repeat it by heart after one or two readings, and they assure me that it is a style of placard which would be universally memorized, whereas the prose placards are read, but make no lasting impression. I append a literal translation of the poem without any attempt at rhyme, for fear of destroying the effect."

THE BOXER PLACARD.

God assist the Boxers,
The Patriotic Harmonious Corps:
It is because the Foreign Devils disturb the Middle Kingdom,
Urging the people to join their religion
To turn their backs on Heaven;
Venerate not the Gods and forget the Ancestors.
Men violate the human obligations;
Women commit adultery.
Foreign Devils are not produced by mankind.
If you doubt this,
Look at them carefully;
The eyes of all the Foreign Devils are bluish.
No rain falls,
The earth is getting dry.
This is because the churches stop the Heaven.
The Gods are angry,
The Genii are vexed;
Both are come down from the mountains to deliver the doctrine.
This is not hearsay,
The practice will not be in vain
To recite incantations and pronounce magic words.
Burn up the yellow written prayers;
Light incense sticks
To invite the Gods and Genii of all the grottoes (Halls).
The Gods will come out of the grottoes.
The Genii will come down from the mountains
And support the human bodies to practise the boxing.
When all the military accomplishments or tactics
Are fully learned,
It will not be difficult to determine the "Foreign Devils" then.
Push aside the railway tracks,
Pull out the telegraph poles.
Immediately after this destroy the steamers.
The great France
Will grow cold and downhearted:
The English and Russian will certainly disperse.
Let the various "Foreign Devils" all be killed.
May the whole elegant Empire of the Great Ching dynasty be ever prosperous.

FEEDING FOR HEALTH.

Directions by a Food Expert.

A complete change in food makes a complete change in body. Therefore if you are ailing in any way, the surest road back to health is to change your diet. Try the following breakfast for ten days and mark the result:

Two soft boiled eggs. (If you have a weak stomach, boil the eggs as follows: Put two eggs into a pint tin cup of boiling water, cover, and set off the stove. Take out in nine minutes; the whites will be the consistency of cream and partly digested. Don't change the directions in any particular.) Some fruit, cooked or raw, cooked preferred, a slice of toast, a little butter, four heaping teaspoons of Grape-Nuts with some cream, a cup of properly boiled Postum Food Coffee.

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is fully and scientifically cooked at the factory, and both that and the Postum Coffee have the diastase (that which digests the starchy part) developed in the manufacture. Both the food and the coffee, therefore, are pre-digested, and assist in a natural way to digest the balance of the food. Lunch at noon, the same.

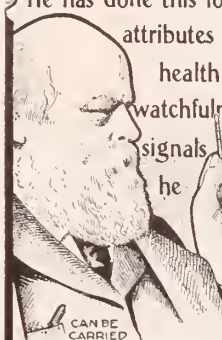
For dinner in the evening use meat and one or two vegetables. Leave out the fancy desserts. Never over-eat. Better a little less than too much.

If you can use health as a means to gain success in business or in a profession, it is well worth the time and attention required to arrange your diet to accomplish the result.

DANGER SIGNALS OF DISEASE

Lord Salisbury uses a CLINICAL THERMOMETER DAILY

He has done this for many years and attributes his uniform good health largely to this watchfulness of the danger signals of disease, which he has been enabled to prevent by proper methods



CAN BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET.

ANY DEVIATION FROM THE NORMAL TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMAN BODY—98 3-5 DEGREES—INDICATES SOME DISORDER WHICH MAY LEAD TO DISEASE

A Taylor CLINICAL THERMOMETER should be in daily use in every home, by every man and every woman, and for every child. It will be found the greatest safeguard of health.

The Taylor-Certified Clinical Thermometers are to be had at $1.00 and $1.25 (magnifying tube) each, from druggists generally, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

Taylor Brothers Company.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
New York City, 85 Chambers St. London, E. C., 103 Hatton Garden

Each Thermometer is accompanied by six copyrighted clinical charts and a little book entitled "*Danger Signals of Disease*" showing the uses of the Clinical Thermometer. This booklet will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone who writes Dept. C and sends name and address.

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Principal and interest are guaranteed by our entire assets of over $1,150,000 and surplus (undivided profits) of $155,000. Our Company is Chartered under the Banking Laws and subject to annual examination by the Supt. of Banks of the State of New York. Our loans are made only on Bond and Mortgage security upon improved real estate in the States of New York and Pennsylvania. Affording unequalled security free from speculative features.

Sums of $50 or more draw interest from date of deposit, interest checks mailed quarterly.

We refer by special permission to many clergymen and other prominent professional and business men.

Write for detailed information.

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Gospel Hymns for Summer Meetings THE CHURCH HYMNS AND GOSPEL SONGS. Sample Music Edition, 20 cts. Words only, 10 cts. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

Individual Communion Outfits. Send for *free* catalogue and list of users. SANITARY COMMUNION OUTFIT CO., Dept. 6, Rochester, N. Y.

A Gift to the Gospel Settlement

MANY of our readers have a lively personal interest in the Gospel Settlement, having lent their sympathy, gifts and prayers since the earliest announcement of its existence in these columns about two and a half years ago. They will be rejoiced now to be informed of a great and providential blessing which has befallen the Settlement.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Sarah J. Bird's purpose in opening this institution

MRS. ROSWELL-SMITH

was to combine with the University or Social Settlement plan the Gospel idea, and to impart not only industrial training and to give not only a good time to the young people of the East Side, but to have religious exercises and teach Christ to all who would receive such teaching. So, they have kitchen-garden classes, where tiny maids playing with toy apparatus at housekeeping learn to sweep, dust, wash dishes and set tables; and cooking classes, where small, white-capped and white-aproned cooks boil and bake until they became great helpers to their mammas at home; sewing classes, where they learn to make their own garments; kindergarten classes, where tots are being taught many beautiful things about God and nature through the medium of play and "Happy Hour Clubs," and history and singing classes. There are also times of prayer and worship, when pretty texts are rehearsed and Bible stories told.

God has blessed the Settlement, and it has prospered since that October day in 1897, when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent its representative down to 211 Clinton street, to see how the good work was being started, to wish it Godspeed, and to bring back all the news about it for our readers. The beginning was modest, the founder being conservative and distrustful of herself. The experiment was committed to God. She and her assistants worked away faithfully through sunshine and shadow, and now the Gospel Settlement is known far and wide for the beautiful things it has accomplished.

Among the friends who cheered the founder and lent strong hands of help to the young work was Mrs. Annie Ellesworth Roswell-Smith. Last January this lady "went to be with God." Since that time her daughter, Mrs. George Inness, Jr., likewise one of the Settlement's earliest and strongest friends, has continued her mother's good offices as a supplement to her own and as a tribute to a beloved parent. Recently the problem of a raised rental confronted the founder, who has carried a heavy financial responsibility in connection with the work; besides, enlargement was needed, as more children were applying for admission to clubs and classes than could be accommodated. The necessity of moving seemed to present itself; but the neighborhood needed the Settlement, and founder and workers were loth to go; they laid the matter before God in prayer and left it there. At this time good news came that Mrs. Inness would buy the property to insure its indefinite possession at a fixed rental to the Settlement; next she authorized extensive enlargements at her own cost to meet the growing needs of the work. Both of these kind deeds are done as a memorial to her mother.

On the Settlement wall hangs the portrait of Mrs. Roswell-Smith, from which our illustration is taken; and little children of the poor for many years to come will be taught to look with love and gratitude upon that pictured face of this noble lady, their friend in life and death. For another reason, besides that of direct service to themselves, the portrait will be one of interest to the little ones and the workers. An inscription on the picture tells that this lady when a lassie of seventeen, was the sender of the first telegram that ever went over an established electric line. The message was: "What hath God wrought." Professor Morse had accorded her this honor, for she had been the bearer to him of the good news that Congress had made the necessary appropriation for the construction of a trial line, after the disheartened inventor had given up hope and left the field in despair. United States Commissioner of Patents, Hon. Henry Leavett Ellesworth (known as the "Father of the Patent Office"), had persevered until the bill was through; and had then sent his young daughter to Professor Morse with the glad tidings.

Twenty-five little tots from the Gospel Settlement will have outings at Mont-Lawn, our Children's Fresh-Air Home.

A Veteran Worker for Christ

MANY of our readers are already familiar with the missionary work of Miss Mary A. Sharp among the native tribes of Liberia, West Africa. Miss Sharp writes to us as follows:

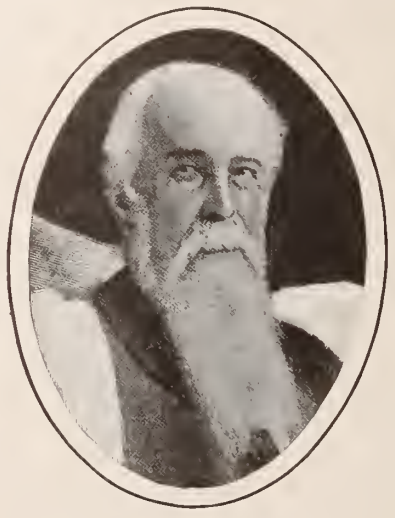
"To-day completes my twenty-first year in Africa! Years of toil, seed-sowing and harvesting. Only last Sunday I listened to one of my former 'boys,' trained in my Mission Home. He came up from his Mission down the Coast for a short visit, and preached three times for me. Some years ago, he, with a cousin, came from a Kroo town, one hundred and fifty miles down the Coast on a Norwegian sailing vessel. They had heard that some one was teaching 'Kroo pickaninny' book. The first intimation I had of their coming was when one bright morning the two lads stood before me, looking as if they had something to say. I called a boy to 'pass word' (*i. e.*, interpret for them), and found they had come up to 'Sabee Book.' I asked if they knew of God. 'We hear him name,' was the reply, but of Jesus they said, 'We no hear him name.' Some years passed, and both were converted.

"When I commenced work, I was repeatedly told that I was 'throwing away my time in trying to do anything with the Kroo people.' Ex-President Payne said to me, 'Why, they are considered infidels among the heathen.' The Camboo church I had erected, with the seats of bamboo poles withed together and placed on forked sticks stuck in the ground, the whole costing ten dollars, some years ago gave way to a corrugated iron church. This, owing to the growing congregation, I am having enlarged. The material for building has been nearly all gathered. The means to build comes in slowly, but it will all come, and the $10 I have just received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be used for seats in the 'amen corner.' As for that, every seat in our church is an 'amen seat.' The people all, Christian and heathen, kneel in prayer-time and all respond 'Amen,' at the close of prayer. One man said to me, 'I say dem Amen; I like him; no more me no Sabee proper what him mean.' 'What do you think it means?' I said. 'Dat ting you say to God, be de same my heart say, and Amen be all de same as Yes, God.' I told him he was right. Thus we sow beside all waters."

A GAME OF CHANCE IN LIBERIA

A Famous Bishop Dead

EVANGELICAL Christians throughout the world are familiar with the name of J. C. Ryle. There are few who have



THE LATE BISHOP RYLE

not at some time seen that name on a pamphlet or tract which was well worth the reading. It was usually related to some event or topic of current interest from which the writer deduced lessons of spiritual power.

Like the ancient Hebrew prophets, he had a profound belief in the nearness of God, and in the fact that God was guiding, controlling and directing all human affairs. His pen was continually busy calling the attention of the reading public to this view of divine providence and he had the happy faculty of seeing and expressing the lessons that might be gleaned from daily life. The world has lost a cheery, useful writer in him, for he is dead after a long life of valuable service.

He was eighty-four years of age and at the time of his death was bishop of Liverpool. He was born in the manufacturing town of Macclesfield and educated at the famous school of Eton. He was not intended for the ministry, his father having been a rich banker, who wished that his son should enter Parliament; but his father's failure compelled a change of plans, which at the time was a crushing blow to young Mr. Ryle. He was ordained as a clergyman in 1841, when he became curate of Exbury, Hampshire, and was afterwards presented to the rectory of St. Thomas', Winchester. From 1844 to 1880, when he was appointed the first Bishop of Liverpool, he spent his life as a Suffolk rector, first at Helmingham, and then at Stadbroke. He became known as a prolific tract-writer, a very hearty supporter of the Church Missionary Society, and a popular speaker at Exeter Hall.

"COMMONLY USED DRUG"

Dr. Wood refers to Coffee.

Dr. Jas. Wood of Philadelphia, speaking of the effect of coffee, says: "These symptoms bear silent but impressive witness to the terrible injury which is being wrought by this commonly used drug."

If health is worth anything, it is worth looking after carefully. Any person who drinks coffee and has any sort of ailment that can be traced back, through even a very long line of disturbances, to the nervous system, may depend upon it that coffee is the cause of the difficulty.

The drug contained in coffee has a direct action upon the nerves, differing in different people. The effect may show in one person in the shape of dyspepsia, in another person in weak eyes, in another, palpitation of the heart, in another, kidney or bowel trouble, in another, bad complexion or eruptions on the skin, in another, a general feeling of lassitude and weakness at times. All of these and a long list of other disturbances come directly from a disturbed nervous system, where the nerve matter, the delicate gray substance that is contained in the nerve centers and in the brain,—has been destroyed, to an extent, and not replaced from the food.

That is the exact work of coffee with highly organized people. Such people feel the loss of coffee for a time, unless something is given to take its place. This is the mission of Postum Food Coffee; it not only furnishes, when properly made, a delicate coffee flavor in itself, but carries with it the phosphate of pot ash and other elements required by Nature to rebuild the nervous system and reconstruct the tearing down work that has been going on from the use of "drug coffee." (We use the words "drug coffee" because all regular coffee is in reality a drug, and its continued use will in ninety cases out of a hundred, bring on trouble of some kind.)

Postum Food Coffee is sold by all first-class grocers.

Fresh Air and Sunshine
are essential to the invalid. We build to order every size and style of

WHEEL CHAIR
and **TRICYCLE**
for Cripples and Invalids.
We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work.
Catalogue free on request.
A. A. FAY TRICYCLE & INVALID CHAIR CO.,
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with any kind of fruit

furnishes an ideal dessert, and makes a most enjoyable luncheon, easily prepared at home and obtainable anywhere.

Sold at all stores that sell
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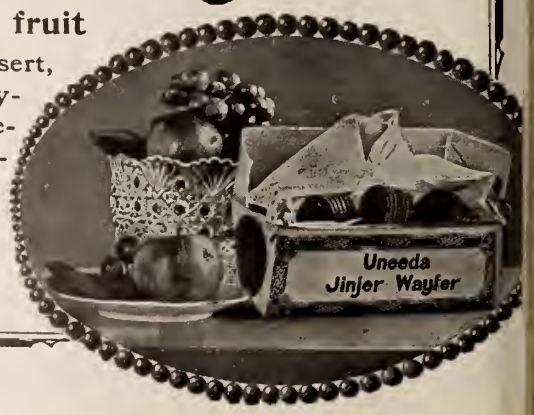

You will look better and feel better if you begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine for the blood. It cures catarrh, scrofula and rheumatism. Get a bottle today.

San Salvador's Passion Play

The Strangest of Romish Mummeries to be Seen in any South American City

FROM R. H. Bender, an American mission-worker in San Salvador, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter descriptive of the Passion Play, as it is celebrated in that city. Mr. Bender writes as follows:

Although the smallest of South American republics (having an area of only 7,335 square miles), Salvador is the second largest in population, having 800,000 inhabitants, or over a hundred to the square mile. One third are pure Indians, who have their own distinct dialect. The country has only two seasons—the dry (summer), and the wet (winter), and we are just beginning to enter the latter. The climate in winter is more agreeable than in summer, as the evening rains keep the atmosphere cool. After a residence of three years, I have not at any time found the heat as oppressive as in New York city during the summer months.

Missionary work was begun July, 1896, by the late Mr. Purdie, whose service was of short duration, as he died on August

MISSIONARIES AT WORK IN SAN SALVADOR

6, 1897. The responsibility of the work fell upon the writer, who had joined him in April, 1897. During my first three months I was occupied in the sale of the Bible and since then colporteurs have continued that work. Preaching did not really begin until March, 1898, in a little Indian village, where I remained one year. In April, 1899, we moved from Hopango to open work in the capital, and the Lord has blessed us. There are only Mrs. Bender and myself to 800,000 souls.

The natives consider "Holy Week" the most holy of all weeks and keep it in reverence, so much so that from Thursday noon until Saturday noon if anyone is seen working or riding a beast, he is despised and called a donkey. Everything is quiet; even the church bells are silent. No traveling is permitted in any conveyance and everything is shut up. The rum shops are in full blast, however. During "Holy Week" there are several processions. On Wednesday of Passion Week we saw the first procession, of thirteen idols, full-size, clad in different colors of silks and satins, erected on small platforms beautifully decorated with artificial flowers. The first eight idols represented Christ in different positions. Following these were five idols or images of women. These were followed by thousands of men and women carrying lighted candles, and by priests and the bishop. On Thursday they had the feet-washing. A priest girds himself with a towel and takes a basin of water and washes the feet of twelve little boys, after which he preaches a sermon on humility, and closes his talk by offering his people certain days of indulgence if they will visit all the temples that night and recite many prayers.

On Friday noon is the crucifixion. An image of Christ, carrying an immense cross, is escorted to a temple called Calvary, several images of women following, while some forty or more priests with a multitude make up the rear. At 3 P. M. they have what they call the "holy burial," with more images representing angels and several little girls, prettily dressed in white with wings attached to their shoulders. All are carried on small, uplifted platforms. Following these are the bishop and a lot of priests reciting prayers, and immediately following comes a large glass coffin, containing an image of Christ, borne on the shoulders of six men; the coffin is covered with artificial flowers. On either side are two figures of women, and four more following, their faces expressing sorrow. These were followed by about 4,000 men and women carrying lighted candles. With such idolatries they commemorate the death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Needy at Our Doors*

The Problem of Poverty Pressing on the Consideration of the Followers of Christ

WHEN Cain impudently asked "Am I my brother's keeper?" he gave expression to an attitude which survives to the present day. There are still many who regard it as no part of their duty to concern themselves about the welfare of their brother. In this country especially, we have so much faith in the ability of every man to take care of himself, that we have devised no adequate means of helping those who need help. True, much money is given away in indiscriminate charity, and a ready response is always made to an appeal for aid when fire or flood brings ruin on a community; but for the widow and children left destitute by the death of their natural protector, for the tradesman who fails in business, or the clerk who loses his situation and cannot get another, we have no system of relief. Such people do not need charity so much as opportunity to support themselves. In all our great cities, there are thousands who are willing to work and able to work, yet are unemployed. What they suffer, none know but themselves, but scarcely a day passes without our getting an indication of the depth of their misery in the report of some suicide, or some crime committed in sheer desperation. These things ought not so to be. We have neglected our duty, otherwise they would not be.

Christ did not approve of such negligence. His vivid description of the doom of the rich man in this parable is a warning that we cannot afford to disregard. The rich man does not appear to have done Lazarus any harm, or in any way to have been responsible for his his poverty and suffering; his fault consisted in his doing nothing to help him. How many at the present day are guilty in precisely the same way! Probably he never noticed the man, did not know of his suffering, or if he did, did not consider it any part of his duty to care for him. There are such people now and their indifference continues in spite of so clear an intimation of God's displeasure as is given in the parable. They, too, have Moses and the prophets and in addition have the teaching of Christ; yet they are not persuaded; and, as Christ said, they would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

In what way can the Church of Christ clear its skirts of responsibility in this matter? It may be argued that it is the duty rather of the civil authorities to look after the poor, but while the poor are here at our doors, no man who calls himself by the name of Christ can escape responsibility. It is amazing that with such a problem near us, enforced by teaching so direct as that of Christ, no really earnest effort has been made to solve it. We assemble in our churches from Sunday to Sunday; we hear sermons on doctrine and we go home to our household comforts, while our brother is without a meal. Could the Church of Christ in any better way prove its right to its name than by taking up this problem of poverty and honestly and earnestly trying to solve it? There is enough wealth in the Church and enough intelligence to grapple with it and at least alleviate its worst features.

There are, of course, in the class represented by Lazarus, some who are incorrigibly lazy, some who would not work if work were found for them. Others who would beg, borrow or steal by preference, but all such might be left to the attention of the State. Having eliminated both classes, there remains a vast number whose condition calls for help. Among them are the aged, the very young, the blind and crippled and the infirm. These are the proper objects of direct charity, and no one would grudge the money necessary for their support. The problem is not with those. But there is another class who are not the proper objects of charity and who do not seek charity. They are the people whose condition demands the most serious thought. They simply seek an opportunity of earning their daily bread, and want to earn it honestly. Any one who has tried to get work for such people, any one who has advertised in the papers for a clerk, and has seen the crowd of eager applicants for the place that only one can fill, knows how hard is the lot of such people. It is with those that the Church ought to concern itself. It could render no better service to the community than by devising some well-considered plan by which every man might be reasonably sure of employment so long as he behaves himself. It would undoubtedly be a difficult thing to devise such a plan, but it is not in human nature, especially American human nature, to be deterred by difficulties. To succeed in such an attempt would be to lift a burden of anxiety from many a tortured heart. Thousands who do not know how to get the money to pay their rent and provide food and clothing for their families would bless the man who solved the problem. And, after all, it is a duty, and one that belongs to the Church. We might let our disputes about doctrine rest for awhile while we attended to it. Some of the men whom we are so anxious to cast out and excommunicate might be allowed to remain while we dealt with this more pressing problem, which certainly commends itself to all who are asking "What would Jesus do?"

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 22. Luke 16: 19-31.

THE SOLDIER'S CALL

(Written for "The Christian Herald")

CHRIST is knocking at the barrack,
Christ is tapping at the door;
Christ is calling to thee, soldier—
Thou hast heard his voice before!
Haste, admit him—why dost tarry?
He may leave and come no more:
"Go thy way," the soldier answers,
"Stay not by our barrack door."

Life is going—years are passing—
Dark and darker grows the hour;
But the Saviour still is knocking,
Still is strong the Spirit's power!
Taps have sounded—hear our pleading—
Hear us calling from the door;
"Come, O Christ, with love entreating,
As thou didst in days before."

Christ is tapping at the portal,
Christ is knocking at thy door;
Jesus calls thee now, poor soldier,
Will you spurn him as before?
Haste to answer—do not tarry—
Wait not on the reveille;
Now admit, accept him freely—
He will then be found of thee.

MAJOR JOHN B. KETCHUM.

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"I have recommended the pills to many whom I have met in my work, and am always pleased to endorse the medicine, the excellence of which has been established within my own observation."

[*Signed*] *REV. ENOCH HILL.*

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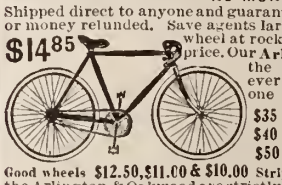

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 29

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHINA'S EMPIRE TOTTERING UNDER REBELLION

Portraits of (1) Emperor Kwang-Tsu, reported dead by poison; (2) Dowager Empress Tsi-An, who encouraged the Boxers; (3) Viceroy Li Hung Chang, advocate of peace; (4) The loyal Governor of Shanghai, a friend of foreigners; (5) The Tsung-li-Yamen in Session. (See page 591.)

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Aug. 15

1. When did missionary work begin in China? Who were the pioneers? To what extent is the country evangelized?
2. What is the best method of making a prayer-meeting interesting and spiritually helpful?
3. Does not the statement of Peter (II. Peter 2:20) that no prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation conflict with the Protestant favorite doctrine of private judgment?
4. Explain the adjustment of the calendar?
5. In view of David's very imperfect life, how could he be said to be "a man after God's own heart?"
6. What is the origin of the Chinese queue or pigtail?
7. What is the best answer to the Catholic taunt: "Where was your church before Luther?"
8. What was the highest price ever offered for a book, as far as recorded?
9. Should a Christian who has failed in business, give money to the church before he has paid his creditors in full?
10. What are the legal holidays in the different States of the Union?

Questions of the Week

1. What should be the attitude of a Christian in regard to labor strikes?

His attitude should be determined by the following principles: Labor has rights, and capital through its misuse of power may inflict upon labor grievous wrongs. The retaliation of labor in inflicting wrong upon capital is unchristian. Arbitration is a Christian method of settling disputes. Protest against the unchristian acts of capital should never be accompanied by violence. So far as labor's protest against clear wrongs is made in an honorable way, that protest may receive sympathy from the Christian. The Christian may properly seek to become an arbitrator between capital and labor. J. ALEX. ADAIR.

2. Is it consistent with the Christian profession to hold stock in a concern which keeps its employees actively engaged in Sunday labor?

The obligation to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy is universal, and is not denied. But it is a well-known rule that he who does anything by another, does it himself. So in law, as in ethics, the principal is responsible for the acts of his agent: the employer for the act of his employee. The individual stockholders are the corporation, and have control of its affairs. Therefore, they are personally guilty of Sabbath-breaking when the employees are required to perform unnecessary labor on Sundays. The Christian stockholder might retain his interest, while he makes an honest effort to change these conditions, but when this cannot be accomplished, he should at once, and at any cost quit the business. J. G. OSBORNE.

3. What was the origin of press censorship and what was the first instance of its actual operation?

An informal method of censorship of the press existed in ancient times in both Rome and Greece; and a form of press censorship was suggested by Plato. During the life of Protagoras we find that press censorship went into operation. All the copies of his works were burned at Athens by a sentence pronounced by the Areopagus. This was done because he had expressed very strongly his doubts as to the existence of the Grecian gods. Later, such actions were of frequent occurrence. ETHAN E. BRUNNER.

4. What are the leading modern substitutes devised by philosophy for Christianity?

1. The worship of mere Force as God seems high in favor with some scientists. This is modern Pantheism. 2. The holding of seances is prescribed by the Spiritualists; and the Theosophists are of the same order. 3. By some philanthropists the improvement of man's outward circumstances, his environment, is considered all-sufficient. 4. By many evolutionists, education, development and the improvement of the race through heredity are advocated. 5. By certain Socialists the Labor Church is thought a fine substitute. This church was founded October, 1891, at Manchester, England, by one, Trevor, and has since taken some root in America. In their meetings they make addresses to the Deity which are often applauded, give readings from the poets, etc. Thus are human hearts that know not Christ, fam to feed on husks.

AMELIA HOYT.

[To these might be added Christian Science, Materialism, and, if it were not that the question is limited to substitutes provided by *philosophy*, Mormonism.—ED.]

5. How and by whom was the principle of the phonograph discovered?

While Mr. Edison was making some experiments with the telephone in 1877, a stylus attached to the diaphragm pricked his finger at the moment when the diaphragm began to vibrate under the influence of the voice. It then occurred to him that if the vibrations caused the stylus to prick the skin, they might produce, on a flexible surface, distinct outlines, representing all the undulations produced by the voice, and that the same outlines might mechanically reproduce the vibrations which caused them. From that moment, the phonograph was discovered, and in less than two days the instrument was made and tried.

G. B. COLBURN.

[Several other correspondents mention Faber, Leon Scott and Charles Cros, as rival, if not prior claimants to the honor of the invention. It is generally conceded that the first practical application of the principle was accomplished by Mr. Edison].

6. What is the origin of the title Poet Laureate and who was the first to wear the title?

Disraeli remarks, "The custom of crowning poets is as ancient as poetry itself." The name "laureate," is supposed to have its origin in the traditional crowning of Virgil and Horace in the Roman Capitol. Frederick II., crowned the "King of Verses," at Ancona, in 1220. Petrarch received the laurel crown in 1341. Chaucer assumed the title of Poet-Laureate, but the official use of the name began in the reign of Edward IV., when John Kay or Caius held the office. The first patent was granted in 1630, so that the regular succession of Poet Laureates begins with Ben Jonson. G. E. KRAUTH.

7. What are the best means a pastor can adopt to hold new converts and develop their spiritual life?

If they are young people, he may introduce them to his young people's society, Christian Endeavor or Epworth League. If they have sufficient intelligence he may get them to work in the Sunday School; but if not, they should be set to work in some other way. By some means they should be led to put themselves on record in telling others of the Gospel that has saved them. It will become all the more precious to them in explaining it to others. The pastor also will do well to maintain personal contact with them, winning their confidence, so that he may by advice and encouragement guide them in difficulties, strengthen them against temptation and keep them from feeling that loneliness and isolation which may cause them to drift back into their old way of life. J. HARPER.

8. Ought a Christian who before his conversion did another a grievous wrong, to atone for that wrong when the only atonement possible would involve the wreck of his happiness and prospects in life?

A Christian, who has at any time in life, done any wrong to his fellow being, whether or not the wrong was intentional, should, if it ever became possible, repair the wrong, no matter at what cost, provided no greater wrong to some third person be incurred by his so doing. No true Christian could be absolutely happy, knowing he had wronged another, and that the power lay within his grasp to atone for the wrong, when by his selfishness he had held the boon from another, that his own happiness might not be wrecked.

CORDIE LEE HARBERT.

9. Is a Christian justified in staying at home and reading a good book on a Sunday morning, instead of going to church, if he is sure that he will get more good from the book than from the sermon?

No; "for none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14:7). Just to seek good for ourselves is the height of selfishness, and utterly opposed to the gospel of Christ. Paul said of himself, "Not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved." (I. Cor. 10:33). In Hebrews we are exhorted, "Not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more, as we see the day approaching." Jesus sanctioned public worship by coming to them after his resurrection, when they were assembled together. The Holy Spirit came at Pentecost, when "they were all with one accord in one place." By assembling habitually with the Lord's people, we show "which side we are on;" "confess him before men," and throw our influence on the side of God and right. No matter if we read the best of books, the Bible, in our own home, when we ought to be in the Lord's house, our influence over those who do not attend worship is bad. We virtually deny him, and "put him to an open shame," saying by our actions, "We do not need his help." Jesus promised to be with "two or three that met in his name," not with those who could meet, and did not.

MRS. IONE E. COE.

10. What royal prisoner, during his long captivity, made an arithmetical study of the Bible with remarkable results?

A Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the crown lest he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in an old prison at the "Place of Skulls," Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb, death came to his release. Many remarkable researches, taken from the Bible, and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment during the weary years. The following were among the researches found:

In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times.
The word "Jehovah" 6,855 times.
The word "Keverend" but once, and that in the 9th verse of Psalm III.
The 8th verse of the 97th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.
The 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther is the longest.
The 35th verse of the 11th chapter of St. John is the shortest.
In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike: The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st.
Ezra 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except J.
Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.
No names or words of more than six syllables are found in the Bible.
The 37th chapter of Isaiah and 19th chapter of II. Kings are alike.
The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the 3d verse of the 3d chapter of Joel.
There are found in both books of the Bible 3,538,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.
The 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read.
The most beautiful chapter is the 23d Psalm.
The four most inspiring promises are John 14:2-6, 27; Matthew 11:28; Psalm 37:4.
The 1st verse of the 50th chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert.
All who flatter themselves with vain boasting should read the 6th chapter of Matthew.
All humanity should learn the 6th chapter of St. Luke from the 20th verse to its ending.

CLARA LOUISE HEIDMEYER.

[Correct answers to this question have been received from several readers, and we give precedence to the first complete answer].

Miscellaneous Questions

W. C. Schulz, Prairie Centre, Kans. Has a postmaster the right to close a post-office on national holidays?

Yes, so far as delivery of mail and selling of stamps is concerned, although letters may be mailed on such days, as on others.

Reader, Md. What are the training-schools for evangelists at Northfield, Mass., and what is the cost of completing the course, and how long does it take?

For all information address W. R. Moody, East Northfield, Mass.

L. P. T., Purmela, Tex. Not long since, a man was helping me in harvest whom I knew to be profane and an habitual Sabbath-breaker and drunkard. Yet he asked a blessing at his table. When he took dinner with us, I asked the blessing myself. Did I, as a religious man, do right, or did I fail to treat him with proper courtesy?

You did right to ask the blessing yourself. It is customary for the host or the head of the family to do so, except when he may have as guest a preacher, evangelist or active Christian worker, whom he may then invite to perform that office.

Mr. A. Wadhams, of the American Bible Society, sends the following information in reference to the recent question as to chapter headings: "While there seems to be no direct authority for the use of chapter headings, it is fair to presume that it has arisen from the custom of the Jews in the time of our Saviour, of reading in their synagogues on the Sabbath day a portion of the Law, also a portion from the Prophets, selected according to the choice of any reader (Luke 4:16, Acts 13:15). At a later day, the books of the New Testament were divided into sections for church service, and subsequently into two kinds of sections, called titles, and chapters or heads. The titles were portions of the Gospels, with summaries placed at the top or bottom of the page.

"There seems to be a connection also between what appears usually at the head of chapters, and the use of paragraphs in the text. The division into paragraphs was made to denote that at that point of the psalm or chapter, a new subject was commenced, and was adopted for convenience sake, by the translators of the Authorized Version.

"It is important to know that in the Revised Version there was a rule adopted 'To revise the headings of chapters and pages, paragraphs, italics and punctuation.' This was faithfully followed except as to the headings of chapters and pages, and finding that it involved so much indirect and frequently direct interpretation, the revisers judged best to omit them altogether.

"As chapter headings and headlines possess no sacred authority, we should be careful not to place any reliance upon them in the formation of religious opinions, but be guided alone by what is directly stated in the text itself."

Reader. I notice that the ———, of ——— prints a receipt on a CHRISTIAN HERALD blank for a contribution sent for India Famine Relief Work to your office, and then goes on commenting on the work of the Committee of One Hundred, giving the impression that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief Work and the Committee of One Hundred are one and the same concern. May I ask you whether I am wrong in claiming that they are not identical?

You are right, and the ———, is wrong. The Committee of One Hundred is entirely distinct from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the fact that they have taken offices in the Bible House has largely tended to bring about confusion in the mind of the public. We would esteem it a great favor if every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would make it known in church and Sunday School that to insure the receipt of contributions intended for India Famine Relief by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, they should be addressed as follows: **"Christian Herald** India Famine Relief Work, Bible House, New York." *The name of the paper must be mentioned* in order to obviate the possibility of confusion in the mail.

J. M. A., Wrightsville, Pa. What is the meaning of "apocrypha," and why is that term applied to certain sacred books?

"Apocrypha" means "hidden" or "mysterious," and is a term in theology applied to books or writings whose authorship or general character is regarded as not sufficiently authenticated to be accepted as genuine. The term, in regard to those books that have been excluded from the Bible, implies, in a wide sense, that the rejected writings are either forged, spurious, of doubtful authority, a variance with fact, anonymous, uncanonical, or such as are designed for private reading only.

J. J. W., Wheaton, Kan. Have any of the Caucasian race ever been cannibals?

There is no record of a race of *white* cannibals, although there have been isolated instances of cannibalism by white men, as when shipwrecked crews have been driven by hunger to make sacrifice of their comrades.

Subscriber, New York, N. Y. Will you, through the MAIL-BAG, kindly speak a few words of comfort to a heart breaking with sorrow. Loved ones and home have been taken. I am sinking beneath the waves. I have not the strength to say, "Thy will be done." My faith is shaken. My Father hides, as it were, his face from me. The Bible has been to me in former trials my dearest friend, but it seems now to bring no message to me.

We are sorry for you, and would gladly comfort you if we can. It is a pity that in these later troubles you should forego the best source of comfort which, as you say, you had in your former trials. There is no reason why you should do so. God is the same now as he was then—your truest and best friend. Be quite sure of that and trust him, even though, as you think, he hides his face from you. You remember what Satan said of Job: "Put forth thine hand now and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." Do not let him have the chance of saying of you: "Take away home and loved ones and she will cease to love thee and will give up her faith in thee." Cease asking why these things have befallen you, and concentrate your thoughts on behaving well under the infliction. See what you have left and thank God for that. Perhaps you have health. That counts for a great deal, as you will find if you will visit the sick. Perhaps you have delightful memories of your lost home and loved ones. They are a precious treasure. There are many who cannot think of the past without sorrow and self-reproach. Many have seen their loved ones go to shame and ruin far worse than death. We do not know your circumstances, but your lot cannot be so dark that there are no bright lights in it. Think of them and be grateful for them. God has not broken his promise to you, for he did not promise to protect you from bereavement and loss of home. You need his help now more than ever; therefore seek it and it will be given you. Find out some one else who is in trouble and try to comfort them. In helping others you will get comfort for yourself.

P. M., Morgantown, Pa. See answer to question 10 on this page.

H. E. D., Tulare, Calif. We are not familiar with the facts in the case.

T. T. T. Your question has been answered several times in THE MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. J. R. F. Such a one cannot be regarded as responsible, morally or legally.

Mrs. E., Pa. All requests for prayers are sent to the Converts' Special Prayer-meeting at the Bowery Mission.

James McC., Inkster, N. Dak. The introduction of politics at the close of a sacramental service was decidedly ill-timed, and deserved to be rebuked.

Inquirer is informed that Frederick C. Wiggins, late of the Hospital Corps, U. S. Army, is at present at Alcatraz Island, San Francisco, California.

A GLEAM OF HOPE IN PEKIN

BOXERS READING AN ANTI-FOREIGN PLACARD IN PEKIN

CHINA'S capital continues to be the centre of world interest. Civilized nations are all painfully in the dark as to the actual condition of affairs in that mysterious city. For many days past, there has been a universal dread lest the lifting of the veil should disclose a tragedy of

BARON VON KETTELER
Germany's Envoy, Murdered in Pekin

indescribable horror and cruelty; and this apprehension has been fostered by the reports of wholesale massacre and incendiarism, which reached Tien-Tsin and Shanghai through Chinese sources. These rumors told, with particularity, of the slaughter of the foreign ministers and their wives and families, the burning of the legations and the indiscriminate killing of all foreigners in the city and of five thousand native converts beside. Pekin was pictured as a city of riot and blood; the British Legation—where the last stand was made—a shambles; the Emperor dead by poison and the Dowager Empress insane.

While the whole world was still shuddering over these appalling rumors, there came on July 8, from apparently reliable sources, the welcome news that up to July 4, the foreign legations in Pekin were safe and that the ministers, their families and official attaches, together with all the foreigners in the city, missionaries included, were still holding out in the British Legation. There had been some terrible fighting and heavy losses, but the heroic defenders had inflicted such punishment on the Boxer hordes, who attacked them repeatedly, that the latter were losing courage. Over 2,000 Boxers had been killed, including many leaders.

Food was plentiful at the legations and the spirits of the defenders were high in the hope that they would be able to hold out till relief came. United States Minister Conger and family, together with all the Americans, were believed to be safe within the British Legation compound.

This news, though meagre, inspires fresh hope that relief may yet reach the legations in time to save their besieged occupants. For many days past the Christian world has been earnestly praying for their rescue, and the intelligence now received of their safety, after they had been practically given up as dead, comes like a direct answer to these supplications.

These tidings of safety may after all prove to be unfounded, like many other recent rumors from Pekin, and the hopes they have raised may be doomed to disappointment; but they are apparently fully credited by the Consuls at Shanghai, who have received information that the Boxer attacks on the legations have ceased, and that Prince Ching has begun a formidable counter-revolution against Prince Tuan. A powerful relief army is probably now on the way from Taku to Pekin, including 25,000 Japanese soldiers and at least an equal number belonging to other nationalities. The Governor of Shanghai predicts the early collapse of the Boxer rebellion.

In Tien-Tsin, the situation is still critical. There are 17,000 foreign troops in the city, but the Chinese troops and Boxers between Tien-Tsin and Pekin are so strongly posted that the foreign force is inactive, awaiting reinforcements. Imperial troops continue to bombard the foreign settlement, and several casualties among Europeans are reported. The women and children will be sent to Taku. There is danger of a rebel uprising in Shantung, and Nankin is threatened, but Lin, the Viceroy, remains loyal. A Catholic bishop, two priests and two sisters were murdered at Moukden, and the Catholic mission burned. Li Hung Chang, at Canton, is executing many Boxers to discourage the rebellion. President McKinley has cabled him, expressing appreciation of his friendship for the whites, and trusting that he will employ his great influence in restoring order.

Assurances of the safety of a large majority of the missionaries have now been received from Chefoo. Those lately stationed at Lin-Chang, Pang-Chuang, Kalgan, Tien-Tsin, Fungcho, Fenchau-Fu, Chin-Kiang, Taiku, Pao-Ting-Fu, Suchler, Hankow, Kiao-chow, Hunan, Ping-Hsieng, Swatow, Kian Yin, Sung Kiang, Taiku-Shansi, Tai-Yinan-Fu, are nearly all known to be safe.

Among those missionaries now in Pekin are Rev. W. S. Ament, Rev. Charles E. Ewing, Ada Haven, Virginia C. Murdock, Nellie N. Russell, Mrs M. L. S. Mateer, Rev. J. H. Roberts, Rev. A. H. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mary E. Andrews, Addie C. Chapin, Jane G. Evans, Rev. H. S. Galt and wife, Rev. Chauncey Goodrich and wife, Dr. Jas. H. Ingram and wife, Miss Luella Miner, Rev. Elwood G. Tewkesbury and wife, Annie A. Gould, Mary S. Morrell, Rev. H. T. Pitkin, Misses Mary E. Ambrose, Jane Evans, Rev. Mark William, Gertrude Wykoff, Grace Wykoff, Rev. John Wherry, D.D., Mrs. Wherry, Rev. J. L. Whiting and wife, Rev. C. H. Fenn and wife, Rev. Charles A. Killie and wife, John M. Inglis, M.D. and wife, Eliza E. Leonard, M.D., Grace Newton, Bessie McCoy, Jennie M'Killican.

BRITISH LEGATION WHICH SHELTERS THE BESIEGED

30,000 at a Funeral

The Victims of the North German Lloyd Steamship Fire Laid at Rest

SELDOM has a sadder or more impressive scene been witnessed in any American city than that which took place on the occasion of the public funeral at Hoboken, N. J., of eighty victims of the triple ocean steamship disaster at the North German Lloyd docks. Particulars of the calamity by which nearly 300 lives were lost, appeared in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. The bodies of many of the unfortunate sailors and workmen who died on the *Saale*, the *Bremen*, and the *Main*, will probably never be recovered. From day to day, the remains of some poor victim come to the surface of the river. Only a few are identified, and the great majority of those who were given burial on July 5, were marked "Unknown."

Funeral services were held in Hoffman's morgue, Hoboken, in the forenoon. Within the building there was a ghastly array of seventy-one coffins, arranged in two long rows on raised platforms, thirty-seven of them bearing the simple legend, "Unknown." In the street were nine hearses from the New York morgue, each with a coffin. Before the services began, thousands of persons passed in front of the double line of coffins, many eagerly scanning the names or looking for some mark of identification. Some inscriptions showed that there had been a partial identification. One marked "Italian boy" was covered with flowers from an Italian club; another marked "Sailor on the *Saale*" bore fragrant tributes from the officers and men of North German Lloyd steamers now in port. Hardly a coffin was without its floral offering, even the "unknowns" being cared for as tenderly as the identified. Hoboken is a town with a large German population, and every garden and flowerpatch in the place contributed generously to this last touching memorial of sympathy.

In the great crowd that surrounded the morgue, many nationalities were represented. When the services began, the strangers as if by common impulse, stood in the street, while the shed was occupied by the relatives and friends of the dead. There was a large attendance of steamship officials and of the officers and men of the line which had suffered. Rev. J. Rudolph, of the German Evangelical Church, Hoboken, officiated, taking his text from Romans 11: 33, 34.

His address, in German, spoke of the mystery of God's attitude toward man and the futility of any human effort to solve that mystery. "We could not," he said, "bow to a God whose ways we knew. It is not for man to try to justify God. It is not for us to know why this errible calamity has come to the sailors and their ships. In all the season of sorrow the individual griefs are forgotten or ignored because they are so insignificant by comparison. But the disaster has caused a great outbreak of brotherhood love. God and good people will care for the widows and the orphans and the sweethearts away off in the Fatherland; and the brave men who have gone to their rest will never be forgotten, whether we can tell now by what names they were called or not. Some of these coffins are marked 'unknown.' There is none unknown to God."

There were many evidences of deep emotion in the audience during Pastor Rudolph's address. A prayer by Rev. Alexander Richter followed, after which the bands from the North German Lloyd ships played several dirges, while the sailors and stewards carried out the coffins and deposited them on twenty-seven additional hearses which had come up while the services were progressing. Besides the hearses, five large floats had been constructed on trucks and draped heavily with crape. The coffins were carried out to the hearses on the shoulders of the sailors. Besides the hearses and floats there were over one hundred mourning coaches filled with city officials and German societies, and behind these marched a great multitude sadly and decorously, over an uphill road of five miles to the Flower Hill Cemetery in North Bergen, where the final interment took place.

By Courtesy of the N. Y. Herald

SCENE AT THE FUNERAL OF THE MARINE FIRE VICTIMS, HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Victories of the Needle

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Acts 9: 39 . . .

And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing him the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them.

JOPPA is a most absorbing city of the Orient. Into her harbor once floated the rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples of Jerusalem were builded. Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through the town. Here Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred. One of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this seaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway, and around about the building, and in the room where she sits are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she adjusts the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard, "Dorcas is coming!" The sick look up gratefully in her face as she puts her hand on the burning brow: and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow, and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half-paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says, "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Dorcas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas bought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say, "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door, and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously waited for than the news from this benefactress. Alas! for Joppa there is wailing, wailing! That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which has made so many garments for the poor is cold and still: the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every forsaken place in that town, wherever there is a sick child and no balm, wherever there is hunger and no bread, wherever there is guilt and no commiseration, wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort — there are despairing looks and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry, "Dorcas is dead!"

They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of the place, stopping with a tanner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What demonstration of grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a miracle. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then he comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulchre, and in the strength of him who is the resurrection he cries, "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart flutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes: the eye opens; she sits up!

We see in this subject Dorcas, the disciple; Dorcas, the benefactress; Dorcas, the lamented; Dorcas, the resurrected.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text, I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needle-work of this woman, I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of tomorrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O, women! that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound, there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of yonder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying heavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Christ: calm, notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens were only the gildings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were only the harmony of an orchestra, as though the awful voices of the sky were but a group of friends bursting through a gateway at eventime with laughter, and shouting, "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every Mary and every Martha would this day sit down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see Dorcas, the benefactress. History has told the story of the crown; epic poet has sung of the sword; the pastoral poet, with his verses full of the redolence of clover tops, and a-rustle with the silk of the corn, has sung the praises of the plough. I tell you the praises of the needle. From the fig leaf robe prepared in the garden of Eden to the last stitch taken on the garment for the poor, the needle has wrought wonders of kindness, generosity and benefaction. It adorned the girdle of the high priest; it fashioned the curtains in the ancient tabernacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Elizabeth; and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch! stitch! stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer are constructed.

Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire: it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the lungs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the Potter's Field; it has pitched whole armies of the suffering into crime and wretchedness and woe. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of the charities of the needle. This woman was a representative of all those who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute, bearing that Gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of the city of Joppa were to be relieved: she took her needle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imaginary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals; or, like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent platform, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" Sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; not so much "God bless yous!" as jackets and frocks. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism who never sent a farthing for evangelization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage, like Dorcas, to take the needle and assault it.

I am glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of female benevolence. God says to all lands and people, Come now, and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor-box. Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I., went down amidst the poor, and washed their sores, and administered to them cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battlefield while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the Civil War in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the North met the women of the South on the battlefield, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain? Dorcas, the benefactress.

I come now to speak of Dorcas, the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in the town of Joppa! I suppose there were women there with larger fortunes: women, perhaps, with handsomer faces: but there was no grief at their departure, like this at the death of Dorcas. There was not more turmoil and upturning in the Mediterranean Sea, dashing against the wharves at that seaport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Dorcas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine-cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The Church of God cries out, like the prophet: "Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning—mourning because Dorcas is dead. When Josephine of France was carried out to her grave, there were a great many men and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city, and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was, and said: "Arise; and she sat up!" In what a short compass the great writer put that—"She sat up!" Oh, what a time there must have been around that town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends! How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! What laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Dorcas is resurrected!

You and I have seen the same thing many a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to fifty years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No. His influence on earth will continue till the world ceases. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self-denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the Spirit of God descends upon that church, hundreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ. Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins forgiven, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected!

After a while all these womanly friends of Christ will put down their needle forever. After making garments for others, some one will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear—the robe for the grave. You will have come in worn out from your last round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb, and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, undisturbed repose! Sleep on!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep!

Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirr of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders booming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street, whom she reclaimed; surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she had administered! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this? It means that reward has come, that the victory is won, that the crown is ready, that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Dorcas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean War to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed those medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann and Sebastopol. As the Queen gave these to the wounded men, and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!

And then they shouted "Huzza, huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors! But a brighter, better, and gladder day will come when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in his service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then he will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven—Bethlehem Nazareth, Gethsemane, Calvary!

INDIA APPEALS: "CABLE RELIEF, QUICK!"

And "The Christian Herald" Wires another $100,000 to Save the Dying Multitudes

WOMEN WEAVERS WAITING TO WELCOME DR. KLOPSCH

LITTLE RESCUED FAMINE ORPHANS AT AHMEDABAD

I HAVE thus far seen nothing in print, regarding the appalling famine in India, that has not been outdone in fact. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the true condition, and for every apparently extravagant statement, a dozen others fall far short of the truth. While we can write only of what we have seen, every day discloses new horrors, heretofore accidentally or purposely overlooked; and it is not unreasonable to assume that, so far as actual suffering in India is concerned, "the half has not been told."

In next week's issue, I shall endeavor to briefly describe a few of the scenes I have witnessed in India, and in the meantime I would urge every follower of Christ to put forth every possible effort to raise quickly, from neighbor and friend, further contributions towards the great work of life-saving now being so extensively carried on in that unhappy country by the consecrated men and women who have left home and kindred and friends to do the Lord's work under exceptionally soul-trying conditions.

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Ominous news comes, as we go to press, in a cable message from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Inter-Denominational Committee in Bombay. It announces that "No rain has yet fallen in the Gujarat and Rajputana provinces and the rainfall has been inadequate elsewhere, absolutely destroying the hopes that were entertained of a favorable harvest. The prospects now are adverse to any improvement in the suffering, and the situation has become a terrible one. There are many thousands of orphans, utterly destitute, now thrown upon our hands who must be cared for. In their behalf we appeal to you to cable relief quick." An appeal so urgent could not be disregarded. Dr. Klopsch therefore

Cabled $100,000

immediately, in order that the distressed missionaries might have funds with which to meet this new emergency. Will our readers remember the condition of this afflicted land in their prayers, and let supplication be made to God, uniting with the Christian communities in India, that he would grant the life-giving rains in their season, that the land may yield its increase, and the people be saved from another period of famine.

A letter dated June 8th, just received from Rev. E. F. Frease, Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Inter-Denominational Committee, gives details regarding the *Quito's* cargo which, as we learned by cable reported in our last week's issue, arrived after the letter was written. Mr. Frease says that the news of the nearing arrival of the corn had traveled far and wide over the afflicted country and the committee was inundated with applications for a share of the live-giving cargo. He promises to send at an early date particulars of the distribution with a list of the recipients and the quantities assigned to each. He adds: "I can say this much now, that **the applications for corn call for much larger quantity than the 'Quito' is bringing; indeed it seems evident that double the quantity could have been distributed to the very best advantage.** The letters which have reached me breathe a spirit of devout thankfulness for this most timely gift, which will doubtless save many thousands of lives from going out amidst the horrors of starvation."

GOVERNMENT FAMINE RELIEF WORKS AT DAKOR, GUJARAT, WHERE 20,000 PERSONS ARE EMPLOYED

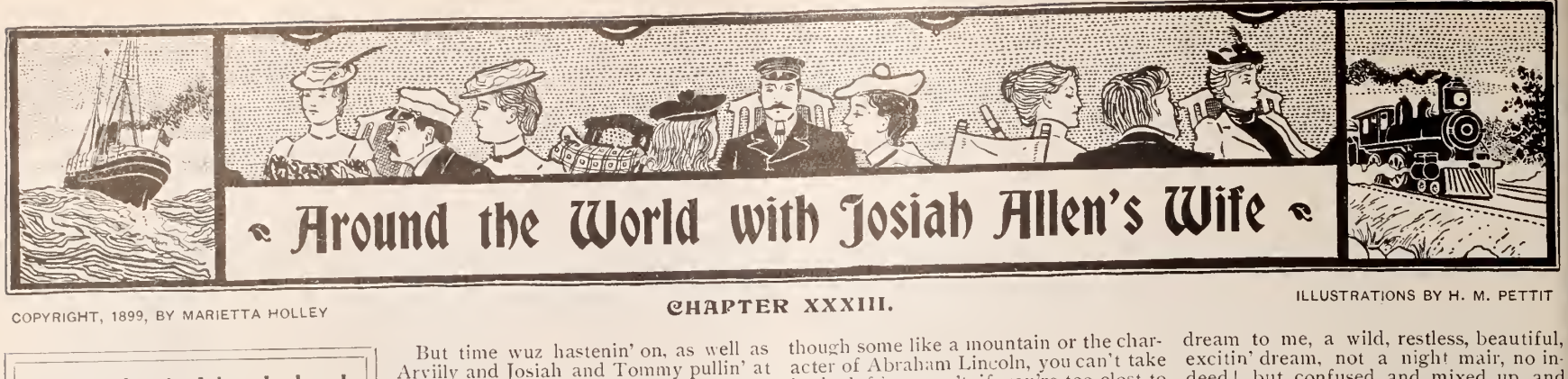
The situation in Gujarat shows no sign of improvement. Mr. Frease says: "The missionaries are straining every nerve to reach the poor in their villages, rapidly opening relief works, such as well-digging, tank-deepening and road-repairing. Moreover they are endeavoring to gather to village centres the starving orphans and the destitute widows; and where parents are living but quite unable to feed the children, the little ones are taken to the mission schools of the various villages and fed at least once a day. As soon as accommodation can be found, the famine waifs and destitute widows will be gathered in from these village centres. But in spite of all we can do, the loss of life is appalling. For the corn cargo to reach us just at this time is

An Unspeakable Blessing

and we will use every effort to get it to the people at the earliest possible moment. All these enlarged operations mean, necessarily, a very large increase in our expenditure, besides which, the number of the famine waifs who will be brought to the missionaries for support will be, I believe, larger by thousands. Therefore with the most profound gratitude for what the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have already so munificently contributed in cash and corn, I cannot refrain from sending an earnest plea to them for a continuance of their generosity which the whole world must admire and wonder at as at a gift actuated by the love which cometh from above.

"The good accomplished by Dr. Klopsch's visit here, undertaken at this time when the fearful heat of the season is most deadly, must have caused him great discomfort, inconvenience and no slight degree of peril, will be fully known only in the great day when all good deeds are revealed to the assembled universe. What it meant to the missionaries and their helpers, struggling under the burden of famine work, and heart-sick with witnessing the awful suffering around them; to the starving thousands to whom his visit brought the first ray of hope from impending death; all this is far beyond the ability of my poor pen to describe. May the richest blessing of God rest upon him, and on the staff of his journal, and upon everyone of its readers who are so loyally and so generously reaching out a helping hand to the sufferers of this famine-stricken land."

The problem of the orphans is now becoming the most serious and urgent of all. The missionaries cannot support them without help. Must they be turned out to starve after all? As we have already pointed out, all these thousands of children might be kept, clothed and educated, if every Sunday School in America, every Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Society would undertake to support one child. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to receive such pledges and will forward them to the missionaries in India. In each case the missionary shall be of the same denomination as the people who give the pledge. It will cost about forty cents a week to keep one child.



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Wonderland

IN the spacious rooms of the food exhibit we see everything connected with foods from the discovery and manufacture of raw materials into the finished products. Food enough wuz there to stock an army and information enough to make the Army's wife a power and a delight, for truly as the song runs with a slight change:

Men must eat, and women must cook;
And the sooner and longer the better 'twill be took,
Though the par-biled cook is a mo-e-nin'.

Knowin' as I did what a close connections there is between a man's stomach and his morals, and experimentin' on it victoriously as I had for years and years, you may know that my feelin's in this section devoted to food wuz equal to Josiah's if not ahead on 'em, as we looked round and see everything in relation to food that ever wuz thought on, a worthy exhibit and one calculated to do lots and lots of good.

And holdin' the electrical display above every other as I did in the hull Exposition you may know how I felt in the spacious palace where I could see the latest and most wonderful exhibitions of this wonder of the twentieth century who stays right here throned in dazzlin' glory and reaches out her strong invisible arms into every corner of this immense Exposition and rules and governs everything; illuminates every palace and keeps every wheel goin' from the biggest to the smallest. Forgin' right ahead in its invincible strength, astonishin' the hull world with its marvelous power, and I spoze lookin' ahead to still more wonderful works, but sunthin' like the infinite mind pervadin' everything silently and onseen, it goes about its stupendous work, makin' no noise, no fuss, but not willin' to be interrupted and fooled with. It seems willin' to do everything it can to help and bless the world, but if any foolish presumptious mortal rushes into her presence onbid and tries to shake hands with her, as you may say, she strikes the darin' mortal into silence. Feelin' as I did towards this marvel of the world, I stood in silent or at the doorway of her palace. There she stands up in her chariot drawed by a dragon, the strongest steed we know on though humbly (not nigh so good lookin' as the mair). And Poetry personified by Pegasus. Yes, onlimited strength and sublimest poetry make up this dazzlin' queen. I wuz glad they pictured her as a woman, and so wuz Arvilly; it wuz a great compliment to our sect. Her looks wuz grand in the day time, and at night when she stands enveloped in her crown of glorious light, it is a sight never to be forgot while memory sets in her high chair.

Amid the Wonders of Science

Well, there is everything in this exhibit from the greatest dynamo to a toy motor. Railways, light-houses, search-lights, the manufacture of electric currents from waterfalls, some of which have been carefull guarded and kep' secret, but is now carried on in public. Manufacturing by it precious metals, diamonds, etc., all its wonderful secrets that are known to 1900 laid bare here to the enraptured eyes.

But time wuz hastenin' on, as well as Arviily and Josiah and Tommy pullin' at my skirts, to attract my attention urgin' me to go on to the Eiffel Tower, but gittin' there earlier than the time agreed on, Josiah proposed that we should go up in the balloon journey through Europe and Africa. And with considerable tripidition we entered the balloon, and at a signal bein' gin we left the crowd below cheerin' and wavin' their handkerchiefs and sayin' adoo, whilst we wuz seemin'ly whirled up through broad space, and anon looked down on the most notabie sights of Europe and the mysterious wonders of Africa.

Josiah seemed to be beyend words and so did Tommy, and Arvilly looked fairly stunted as we hearn the tramp of camels and drumedaries and see the caravans ploddin' their lonely way over the wastes of the desert, and anon see a bull fight in Spain with the maddened animals rushin' at each other in the sight of applaudin' throngs. Agin we wuz in the midst of a storm at sea and felt the thunder of the wind and waves dashin' up aginst the ship; anon we wuz whirled away into a calm evenin' seen in some gray old cathedral town, and see the doves wheelin' round the ivied towers and the peaceful inhabitants walkin' to and fro. Anon we looked off into a battle seen: armies chargin' each other amidst the smoke and dash and rush, and all the mad glory of the battlefield. And so on and so on.

Forty thousand pictures a minute pass in some mysterious way through the apparatus which it has taken years to perfect and make it the lifelike thing it now is.

Josiah said that that wuz the way for him to travel. Sez he, "I can see in an hour what it would take months and months of constant dressin' up, and bone achin' travel, and a mint of money to accomplish." And Josiah spoke true. Tommy wuz murmurin' sunthin to Carabi and I guess that even that magination child wuz danted by our trip.

Well, agreeable to appointment we all met at the Eiffel Tower. We got there first and had a good chance to see it, though some like a mountain or the character of Abraham Lincoln, you can't take in the loftiness on't if you're too clost to it; you have to stand off some distance to get a good idee on't. I wondered dreamily as I looked at it what them folks would say to it who sot out to build the Tower of Babel (I laid out to bring in scripter a good deal in my me-thinkin', knowin' I would have to, to keep my mind anchored as it ort to be in such a place as this). Them Babelites would have been astonished if they had seen it, for truly it did seem to pierce up into the very heavens, and folks goin' up all the time and comin' down. It is the highest tower in the world—the Pyramaids can't compare with it for height. But like some heavy books of poetry, I enjoyed admirin' it at a distance rather than nigher, and we all went home pretty soon.

Well, we got holt of a CHRISTIAN HERALD that night; it wuzn't a new one, but we read it as if it wuz printed in pure gold. Josiah read aloud to me as I combed my hair and afterwards. He wuz readin' about the terrible famine in India and the relief that that noble paper had bore the sufferers, its brave owner goin' right into the hant of terror and perilous disease to carry help and blessin'.

Sez I, "What is the glory and heroism of war compared to that high and holy mission?" Sez I, "I hain't any idee but what angels flew before that ship, laid their pure hands on it and drawed it along on its blessed errent," and I sez, I believe they're perusin' that very page you're readin' now."

Sez Josiah, takin' off his specs and wipin' 'em, "I hope their eyesight is better'n mine; I don't see what ails my specs; I believe they're too old for me."

That good man wuz jest weepin' over the sufferin' of them poor creeters in India and the thrilling story of their relief, and almost told a fib to cover it up. And I d'no as it wuz right, but I sez to myself as I wiped my own eyes on my snowy handkerchief "I think the better of Josiah for it."

Well, them days in Paris seem like a dream to me, a wild, restless, beautiful, excitin' dream, not a night mair, no indeed! but confused and mixed up, and now in rememberin' the different sights we see at the Exposition I can't for my life straighten 'em all out and git 'em to follerin' each other as they ort to, like a flock of amiable sheep follerin' their leader. I have tried to straighten 'em out in a orderly row time and time agin, and have leaned my head on my fingers thinkin' mebby if my brain wuz propped up it would work easier, but to save my life I can't do it; my thoughts wont foller a straight path but meanders to and fro and jest as likely fro and to, and to describe all I see in eight or ten pages is like tryin to put a cyclone in a teacup. Some sights tower up in my mind like a windmill in a medder, but who can take up all the grass blades of that big medder and describe 'em one by one? All the arts and manufactures of my own country and France, and all the other foreign countries from Japan to Portugal; the gleamin' jewels, why, jest that one diamond that is worth three millions, that wuz worth crossin' the ocean to see. All the flowers that ever carpeted the earth, the wonders of the mines, the endless display of books and manuscripts, marvelous paintings and statutes, photography, telegraphing, telephoning, agriculture, hygiene, charities, army, navy, aquariums, hunting, fishing, spinning, weaving, the marvelously beautiful buildings, sot some on 'em in glowin' gardens beautiful as our dreams of Paradise. In fact we see everything on the earth, under the earth (subterranean mines, etc.), and above the earth (the big telescope). What pen can describe 'em all? Mine can't nor Josiah's. But as I say, some thoughts will tower up in my mind and claim a seperate niche in my fore-top.

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AMONG THE ROYAL PORCELAIN IN THE GERMAN EXHIBIT

A Telescopic View

And one of these towerin' memories is of the big telescope. What feelin's I felt as I looked through it and see the moon brung nigh enough so that we could neighbor with it. I knowed jest how skittish Arvilly wuz about men, and I sez to her before we made the move to get nigh to it, "Now if the man in the moon makes any moves to speak to you, Arvilly, don't turn on him and be hash, he may be bashful and he may be quick-tempered; don't act too offish, for what a lot that man might tell us, if he wuz a mind to, about what he's seen up there as he sailed on night and day."

"I guess I know how to act," sez Arvilly, "without you're tellin' me."

It wuzn't took as I meant to have it.

But I no need to worried, we didn't see him, nor no signs of him, but the view wuz grand and wonderful beyend any tellin' as we seemed to take our way through the infinite mysteries of space, and see the moon like a new country spread out before us, and witnessed with or the strange march of the planets, and beheld the wonderful things that made even Arvilly's bold sperit quail, and lifted me up almost into the tenth spear Paul tells on, as the broad, trackless wonders of the sky seemed to onroll before me.

Another wonder standin' off kinder opposite the wonder of the skies, is the wonders of the earth—the subterranean world, the windin' galleries that lay beneath the feet of men way down in the dark caves, burial chambers, grottos—it is a strange memory and a sombry one.

'he most towerin' and heart-searchin' ne is of standin' in a evenin' and lookin' t that magnificent fountain more beauti- il than any fairy-land ever knew. 'Way p a hundred feet high spouted out the azzlin' cascade of waters gleamin' with very color of the rainbow. Streams and reams of glowin' light flowing down- ards to meet other gleamin', sparklin' ts and sprays shootin' outwards and pwards. It seemed a fitting home for iat great elusive, fascinating, mysterious pirit of the nineteenth century, the great owerful giant who is revolutionizing the orld, that makes its home in sky and cean wave, above us, around us and be- eath us, and whose magesty and power e are just beginnin' to spell out.

Some Charming Sights

Another memory that stands out nobly the big congresses, where I listened ften with bated breath and wrapped motion to Eloquence, great idees framed golden words never to be forgot through fe.

Another memory is the music that filled iese charmed aisles to overflowing and iounted to heaven takin' us along, too.

Another beautiful memory is of the wiss village. A real Swiss mountain owerin' up to the sky, a waterfall, lake, ine forest, ragin' torrents, limpid streams, ute little Swiss houses with overhangin' aves, green pasters with flocks of sheep nd cattle, and all kinds of work goin' n — embroidery, wood-carvin', clocks, vatches, music-boxes, toys; and in a lean, sweet creamery you see them mak- n' cheese. More than three undred Swiss peasants in heir national costooms can e seen there goin' on about heir accustomed work. To ee a portion of their coun- ry made here on a foreign hore seemed about like vitnessing the effects of the nandate, "Let there be and, and there was land."

Some of the things that lelighted me wuz tiresome o my pardner and visey 'ersey. I noticed that his orns bothered him more in ›icture galleries than they lid in the halls of agricul- ure or restaurants. He vuz dretfully interested in he American Corn Palace, vhere, like a steeple stand- n' up on it, we see a im- nense ear of corn three storys high, with rows of vinders in it with corn eaves fallin' back from it nore'n fifty feet long. When ve first come in sight on't, osiah turned fairly pale vith excitement, and sez he o me:

"Samantha Allen, if I could git a few seeds of that corn I vould give the old mair and the colt for em. I would give the old mair for one kernel!" sez he. And then, wild with agi- ation, he whispered the awful words to ne: "I d'no but I would steal 'em if I couldn't git 'em honest."

Sez I, "Pause, Josiah Allen, before you backslide any furder. It hain't real corn; who ever hearn of winders in a ear of corn and a railin' on top with folks standin' on it?"

"Well," sez he, beginnin' to look more like himself agin, "I guess it hain't nateral, but I declare it deceived me for a minute."

On the Moving Sidewalk

Well, it wuz enough to deceive any- body. It wuz a good lookin' house with a ear of corn standin' up for a tower. No wonder that Josiah would loved to git a few seeds; one ear would more'n carry five big families through the year if they jest lived on Injin bread and Johny cake. America raises several billions of bushels of corn every year, and I guess she is tryin' to git foreign markets for it, and it is all right if she duz. Inside this house you can learn everything relating to corn, and git it served in every way, and you have no idee of the delicate and delicious dishes that can be made from it, as well as more solid ones, and in one room is a good old southern Mammy with white apron and turban makin' hoe-cakes. Josiah thought he knew everything in regard to raisin' corn, and I thought I knew everything known about makin' good corn bread; but after lookin' round inside we felt as we left the buildin' that we didn't either of us know anything about the capabilities of our great standard crop.

Havin' such a love and pride for my own country, it made me feel happy but not hauty to see that the United States went fur ahead of the other nations in a good many of her exhibits, though of course in some special things the other nations walked a little ahead of her in the procession.

But we see so much every day that our heads fairly reeled, and mebby that is one reason the event I am about to relate occurred. Arvilly, Josiah and I wuz a walkin' along towards home, Tommy havin' jined the rest of the party who wuz a-goin' furder than we wanted to, and presently as we three wuz santerin' along we come on to a walk a little higher than the rest, and I walked onto it, and Josiah and Arvilly stepped onto another one right by the side on't, and I d'no as you'll believe it, but it is true as gospel that sidewalk begun to move off with me, tearin' me right away from my pardner, and what wuz my agony to see the side- walk he wuz on tearin' along as fast agin as the one I wuz on. He shrieked out as he wuz bore away in agonizin' axents: "Farewell, Samantha!" His looks wuz dretful.

And poetry or prose or artist's brush can't never depict Arvilly's looks, despisin' his sect as she did, and her principles like cast iron, to have the looks of elopin'

IN THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING

at a gallopin' pace with a pardner. Like Byron's hero, her face wuz a scroll on which unutterable thoughts wuz traced. And then the appallin' mystery on't! To see the solid earth a movin' away from you, and you a-movin' along also at a pretty good jog.

But my mind bein' very strong I mas- tered the situation, and seein' other folks steppin' off from one sidewalk to an- other, I stepped right onto the one my pardner had embarked on, and as I rushed along, pursuin' him fast as I could I met his returnin' figger. He throwed both arms 'round me, regardless of the crowd, and sez he:

"Samantha, do we meet agin? Oh the agony I have endured!"

"And me, too!" sez I, as I shook hands with him agin and agin.

Sez Arvilly, "He acted worse than when we pursued you acrost the conti- nent. The very idee of your bein' lost in broad daylight," and her nose fairly sought the sky. But we wuz happy; the danger wuz past, we wuz reunited agin.

Well, after that we santered along, seein' sights enough just on our way home to spread over a year in Jonesville and spread thick.

Another memory is of the hull of our party visitin' the Great Wheel, the biggest one ever made on earth. I thought the mill-wheel in Zoar wuz a big one, but good land! what do you think of a wheel big enough to carry with it through the air sixteen hundred men and wimmen.

I hung back at first from embarkin' in it, but when I see Miss Meechim take her place on it with Dorothy and Robert Strong holdin' Tommy in his lap, and Arvilly also makin' preperations for a voyage, I overcome my timidity and graspin' holt of my pardner's arm we stepped onto it and sot down, and wuz lifted gently but firmly up, up, up to where you could see Paris spread out beneath you, some as I would roll out a pie crust on the kitchen table. Jest so cool and onruffled did I look down on the big city and Exposition grounds, the movement upward wuz so gentle and stiddy.

Tommy and Carabi

Then there wuz the great Celestial Globe. Robert took Tommy and revolved round in it to the child's great delight. Mebby Tommy expected to see Carabi as he sailed through the heavens, seein' stars rise and set, and the moon travelin' 'round the earth and eclipses, etcetery, takin' place, all to the accompaniment of delightful music. Tommy talked about it for days.

And Robert Strong and Dorothy and Miss Meechim went to the theatre several times. Some of these Paris theatres, they say, are the finest in the world.

And if you'll believe it, I don't suppose you will, but Josiah, after hearin' them talk about 'em considerable, broached the subject to me of goin'.

But I sez, "Are you a deacon, or are you not? Are you a piller in the Jones- ville meetin'-house or are you not? If you are a piller," sez I, "show it by standin' up straight and not wobblin' like them of Gaza."

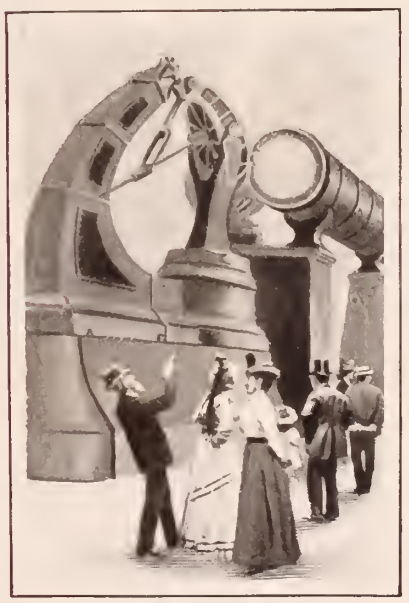
He looked onconvinced and sez, "The Jonesvillians never would hear on't."

Sez I firmly, "Heaven and your own conscience would know it, to say nothin' of Matilda Henn and Aratheusa Pender- grast."

"Are they in Paris?" sez he. "I didn't know that there wuz a Jonesvillian here or a Loontowner."

"Well, there is," sez I, "I met 'em yesterday in the Avenue of Suffering. They come on a excursion with folks from the West."

"Well," sez he, "I don't lay out to go.



VIEWING A BIG TELESCOPE

Of course it is right to stand up for your principles like iron." He didn't say any- thing more about the theatre, but knowin' that it wuzn't best to draw the lines too tight I encouraged him to take Tommy and go to the menagerie, and I went with 'em to the panorama of the Alps, and Venice and so forth.

Well, day after day we hung round that Exposition and Paris, perfectly tired out but perfectly happy, meetin' lots of folks we knowed and millions and mil- lions we didn't know, such as Injins, Turkeys, Persians, Chinas, Japans, Mex- icans, Hottentots, Malays, Yankees, Boers, Russians, Poles, Swedes, Afri- cans, and so forth and so on ad finitum. And some times, specially nights, my brain would fairly seem to tottle and git all mixed up with the whir and noises of all the machinery that ever lifted the burdens of the world and left it on greater

"GOT HOLT OF A 'CHRISTIAN HERALD'"

hites. And my senses would all git tangled up with laces like cobwebs, and silk and fabrics that had caught all the most beautiful flowers of earth in their meshes. Tapestries and carpets dyed with all the colors of the rainbow would reel off in front of me, and mebby a shower of dia- monds and rubies would foller right on, clost to a cook-stove and soapstun, nothin' goin' right and proper in the pro- cession; jest as like as not a Bishop would march along right after a pack of cards, and a dancin' girl of India. Swords and stacks of cannons followin' sacred manu- scripts and Bibles, statutes and tooth- brushes, Arches of triumph and palaces arm in arm as you may say with spinnin' spiders and silkworms, butterflies and mountains, balloons and nursin' bottles, cathedrals and monuments, and perfu- mery. The great libraries full of the best thought of the ages, glorious architecture framin' in all the seen and the light song of a street musician, etc., etc.

Why, my brain would have been a sight to behold if anyone could have looked at it through the X-rays.

(To be Continued).

Samantha and Her Company

Samantha Allen is just right,
And little Tommy seems quite bright.
Although she's "hash," I like Arvilly,
But I think Josiah somewhat silly.
Of all the characters portrayed
(To say it I'm almost afraid
That Dorothy will think it wrong),
But still, I fancy Robert Strong.

—A WISCONSIN SUBSCRIBER.

HIS LAST BATTLE

HE had fought in his country's need,
And returned with a soldier's glory;
He brought home the trophies of war,
But that is not all of the story:
He brought, yes he brought, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

He was handsome, and brave and gay,
He had fought for his nation's glory;
They made him the banquet of wine,
But that is not all of the story:
They fostered and fed, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
An appetite born of the Army Canteen.

For soon came a whisper, ah yes,
And it did not add to his glory;
He's a drunkard, gambler and sot,
But that is not all of the story:
He was marching to death, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
To an appetite born of the Army Canteen.

On, on went his unsteady feet,
Away from his manhood's glory;
No friends, no companions, no home,
But that is not all of the story:
He'd surrendered his soul, tho' at first 'twas unseen,
To an appetite born of the Army Canteen.

At last came a day when he fought,
With demons of hell, dread and gory;
He fought with a drink-maddened brain,
Till death put an end to the story:
His parents stood there, and gazed on the scene,
A noble son wreck'd by the Army Canteen.

And so his last battle was fought,
But well might the seraphs in glory
Veil their faces, hush their glad songs,
While the Angel of God wrote the story.
Lost, lost a poor soul! oh, the pitiful scene!
By a nation's legalized Army Canteen.

V. M. L.

DR. TALMAGE'S TWO VISITS

One to Hawarden Castle, the Country Seat of the Gladstones, the Other to Florence Nightingale....

Editorial Correspondence of "The Christian Herald"

NOT knowing of Mrs. Gladstone's illness, we went up the steps of the Castle at Hawarden one morning last month, the very steps down which the late Mr. Gladstone accompanied us about eight or ten years ago,

THE LATE MRS. GLADSTONE

wishing us prosperous voyage. Miss Gladstone heartily greeted us, and announced her mother's serious indisposition. Through the rooms where the great octogenarian had entertained us we were conducted. But, oh! how changed was everything. Most pathetic were the hats and staffs gathered upon a table to be worn and carried no more. Many of the books, and the scrolls, and the costly and elaborate gifts which had been shown us on our former visit had been removed, but the absence of that most magnificent personality of the nineteenth century most stirred us. There stood the marble bust of Mrs. Gladstone, appearing just as it did when her husband with so much pride called our attention to it. There were the paintings of the great orator and statesman, wrought by skilful artists at various ages of his life. There was the table at which he inscribed for us his name on his translation into Greek of his favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." There was the room in which he had thought out those marvelous speeches and orations which had moved the hemispheres. That was the scene of burden-bearing during four terms of Prime Ministry—a series of honors conferred upon no other man in all history. The entire castle and the grounds about it were solemn and tremendous with memories.

We had no foreboding of the additional shadow that in a few days must fall upon that historic place. In an upper room the widowed soul was already receiving the call to heavenly reunion. They had been parted two years, the usual time of separation for those who live together for half a century. It is generally two winters, two summers, two spring-times and two autumns. That is about all the time the bereft wife or husband can endure the strain of loneliness and broken companionship. Those two years with Mrs. Gladstone had been chiefly occupied in living over through book and conversation the scenes in which she had mingled with her illustrious mate.

From the night when, in the Colosseum at Rome, in a group of visitors, a torch in his hand and a torch in her hand, and each one of the large group carrying a torch, offer of marriage was made by William E. Gladstone to Miss Gladyns, they had been one in affection, one in purpose, one in sorrows, one in life-time successes. How appropriate and beautiful that she should be put to sleep beside her companion in Westminster Abbey. The first grave I sought for in that venerable place last month was the marble floor inscribed with his name, and before I return home I expect to see her name cut in stone close by. Together in life! Together in death! Together in heaven!

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Not with type-written letter, but in old-fashioned chirography did the invitation come to Mrs. Talmage and myself from the octogenarian, Florence Nightingale, yet there was no sign of tremulousness in the handwriting. Although she was prostrate upon a lounge, there was a vigor in her manner that would imply she had only reached mid-life. Her conversation had the sprightliness of a girl, but her countenance had in it the illumination of a long life occupied in helping others. Her features were sympathy enthroned. There was something in her appearance almost supernatural. It is impossible to exercise the highest style of charities for a half-century, and that fact not be emblazoned on forehead and cheek. As we sat down beside the sofa on which she rested, we were at first overawed with the majesty of her presence, and then fascinated with the thought of the sufferings she had alleviated. She had never heard until we told her that she was called by the soldiers in the Crimean hospitals, "the lady of the lamp," because of her visits to their suffering cots in the night carrying a lamp. At our own request, she told us of much that she had seen when there were no hospitals at all, and the wounded lay uncovered upon the battlefield. I said to her, "You found that there was no poetry in war," and she responded, "Yes, but I found poetry in the behavior of men under their pains, and in their sympathy for others who were in pain." I asked her if it was not an awful pull on one's nerves to stand amid so many physical agonies. She said, "We had no time to think of ourselves. There were the gashes to be bound up, and the broken bones to be set, and the dead to be buried, and we forgot our own fatigues and discomforts. I found them all gentlemen, and not one improper word did I ever hear one of them utter."

In reply to a question, she said, "I never knew what it was to be really happy until I undertook the work of relief, and have never known an unhappy day since I undertook my mission." As I had some new facts in regard to the famine in India and the efforts at relief, she made rapid notes of what was said, her pencil and memorandum book close at hand throughout the conversation. She is as busy now in alleviation of the wounded in South Africa as she was busy at Sebastopol and Balaklava. Her room is the place where trained nurses go for instruction and inspiration. She is in constant communication with London hospitals, although she is not able to leave her house. Her head and heart are full of projects of alleviation. She was never more anxious to live, although now in her eighty-first year, and her one idea of life is opportunity to assuage human anguish. What a pity that such a woman will ever have to die as long as the world has sufferings to soothe! Her house is an unpretending house, and on an unpretending street, but a Queen of Mercy is there enthroned, and a ladder bright as that which filled Jacob's dream is let down to that place night by night, and angels of God descend it, their wings loaded with benedictions. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is not more thrilling to me than the womanly bravery and sacrifice that took care of those who were shot from the saddles of the immortal "six hundred."

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

London, England.

THE BOWERY MISSION

....AT THE....

"GLAD TIDINGS" TENT

IN one of the opening sermons of the season at the Gospel Tent in New York City, the Rev. Dr. Chapman, in preaching on the subject of the miracle wrought at the gate of the temple, paid a very warm tribute to the work of rescue missions, and gratefully alluded to the miracles of grace that are being constantly witnessed in connection with them. He further declared his hope that in the work of the tent the spirit of aggression and consecration which characterizes so many of the missions might be a distinctive feature. Acting on this suggestion, the superintendent of the tent, the Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, made instant arrangements for one of the services to be conducted by the Bowery Mission workers.

INQUIRERS SEEKING THE LIGHT

EVANGELIST PRATT EXPLAINING THE WAY OF SALVATION TO YOUNG MEN

It was somewhat of an innovation, the taking of a group of men from the Bowery to the wealthy west side, but it had very blessed results. It was very difficult to realize that some of the bright-faced, cheery-voiced, well-dressed men who filled the platform were, a few short years, even months ago, poor, homeless, outca tramps. But it was even so, and the gre audience that listened with such respec ful attention to the testimonies give felt, indeed, that the age of miracles w not gone by. Nothing, evidently, w more striking to those who for the fir time had come into personal contact wi the trophies of this famous Mission tha the wonderful diversity in the type men who are rescued through its instr mentality.

Upon the platform, amongst the co verts, were prosperous business men, well as men who had spent the great portion of their lives in utter destitutio and misery. There were several of t type of whom the superintendent spoke his address—young men, providently re cued on their first visit to the great cit and its most wicked thoroughfare; ar there were old men with a fifty or six years' record behind them of the mo flagrant kind of sin. There were me there who, above middle age, were unab to write their own names seated side l side with college graduates, and tho who had once been in the highest profe sional callings, but had fallen by the wa to be rescued by the good Samaritans the Bowery. This characteristic feature the Bowery Mission work was well brougl out by the testimonies of six men, w in addition to Mrs. Bird and the supe intendent, took an active part in t meeting.

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A Remarkable Conversion

On July 4, at the evening meeting the Gospel Tent, a man stood up an said:

"Only a year ago to-night my son w converted in this tent. As his father can say that in his home-life he is a mo consistent Christian. He is a member one of our uptown churches." Immed ately after this statement, the young ma himself arose and told of his experienc of the past year and of how wonderful he had been kept, during that time, b the grace of God.

A little later another young man of abou the same age, arose and said: "I want t be saved!" walked to one of the fro seats and knelt, and was immediatel surrounded by some ten young men wh engaged in prayer in his behalf. Whe he rose from his knees saying, "I hav accepted Christ for my Saviour and I a

These men — clean, moral, manly young fellows — represented Independ ence Day of 1899 and of 1900, and the were powerful witnesses to the fact that revival meeting is a good way to celebrat the grand old Fourth and the anniversar of national liberty, a good day on whic to declare the freedom of the soul.

The Democratic Convention

SELDOM has a National Convention been held by either of the two political parties in which the influence of one man has been so potent and so manifest as it was in the Democratic Convention at Kansas City, Mo. There was no question at any time in the minds of the delegates as to the man to be nominated for the Presidency, and there were few, if any, disposed to oppose his wishes as to either the platform or the other candidate. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, had supreme control, and few political leaders have ever had supporters so loyal or so enthusiastic. He was nominated by acclamation, and Adlai Stevenson for Vice-President. The Eastern delegates, conscious that an emphatic statement of the pledge to work for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, would embarrass them in their efforts to carry their States for the ticket, were anxious to keep that pledge in the background in the platform; but Mr. Bryan had insisted on its being explicitly stated, and the Eastern delegates were forced to yield. They succeeded, however, in incorporating a statement that the supreme issue was opposition to the foreign policy of the Republican party, which is now generally known as Imperialism. In this connection, the platform denounces the Porto Rico legislation, and especially the war in the Philippines. It declares that the Convention was "not opposed to territorial expansion when it takes in desirable territory which can be erected into States in the Union, and whose people are willing and fit to become American citizens; but we are unalterably opposed to seizing or purchasing distant islands to be governed outside the constitution, and whose people can never become citizens." After declaring that this is the paramount issue in the campaign, the platform goes on to denounce private monopolies and trusts and to pledge the Democracy to the enforcement of the laws restricting them, and to the enactment of laws still more stringent. Other planks favor the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, the construction, ownership and control of the Nicaraguan Canal; the immediate admission of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma to Statehood; the continuance and enforcement of the Chinese exclusion law; and finally, "an American financial system made by the American people for themselves, which shall restore and maintain a bi-metallic price level and as part of such system, the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold, at the present legal rates of sixteen to one, without waiting for the consent of any other nation." This statement of principle leaves no doubt as to what the party stands for, and every voter can appreciate the difference between it and the Republican party. Every patriotic citizen should study carefully the principles enunciated in the platforms of the two parties and get a clear view of the effect that those principles would have respectively on the welfare of the nation, if incorporated in our national policy. It is no part of the duty of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to tell its readers how they should vote, but it does ask them to consider the principles soberly and prayerfully, and, disregarding all other considerations in this time of crisis, vote according to their conscientious convictions on the points at issue.

Seek good and not evil that ye may live, and so the Lord the God of Hosts shall be with you: hate the evil and love the good and establish judgment in the gate (Amos 5: 14.)

Undergraduate Characteristics

A writer in the New York *Sun* who devotes himself to observations on men and things in the public streets, gives the following curious note on the distinguishing characteristics of the college-bred man: "The regular summer influx of college men, which is noticeable after the boat races each year, is marked this summer by two distinct features. One is the well-tanned faces of the young collegians, and that is directly traceable to the fad of going without hats. Visitors to the New England colleges last week found that hats were the most useless of all articles of dress. The undergraduates went around without any head covering under the hottest sun, and the result was tan. But all sorts of people may get a coat of tan, and to distinguish himself from less fortunate mortals the undergraduate has perfected a peculiar walk. Is is now their walk by right of discovery, and many men have acquired it by unconscious imitation. The walker bends forward slightly from the hips, swings his arms violently and stamps ahead athletically and as if each step marked an advance in the world's civilization. It is a business-like stride, but what gives it particular favor is the fact that it is a distinguishing walk." There can be no objection to the young men adopting any gait they please, but that is not of so much importance as that they should walk according to the Apostolic advice:

See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil (Eph. 5: 15, 16).

Contributory Negligence

A salutary rule on the subject of contributory negligence is laid down by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts in the case of a plaintiff who "entered a building where he had never been before, and walked into the hall without knocking or ringing a bell. He found himself in darkness, and instead of waiting where he was, and endeavoring to attract the attention of the family, or retreating, he chose to try to find his way, and while so doing fell down the cellar stairs." As there had been other suits in which the plaintiffs had recovered damages for injuries received under similar circumstances, the plaintiff in this case sued for damages. Mr. Justice Lathrop, however, decided against him. He pointed out the difference in his case from that of a policeman who was injured in the night by falling down an unguarded elevator well on premises which the officer had entered in the discharge of his duty, and also from that of a letter-carrier who was similarly hurt in a building which he was compelled to visit in order to deliver letters. The voluntary visitor assumed the risk of pushing on through the darkness without injury and was clearly chargeable with contributory negligence. When a man in doing his duty is called to go in danger, he is entitled to the protection that does not belong to a man who heedlessly or purposely exposes himself to danger. It is so with God's care in temptation. God protects the man who encounters it in doing his will, but not the man who wilfully rushes into it.

Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation (Rev. 3: 10.)

A Transatlantic Telephone

The difficult problem of constructing a telephone cable of indefinite length is said to have been solved by Professor M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University. The New York *Herald* gives a full description of the discovery. It appears that the chief obstacle to be overcome in putting two far distant points in telephonic communication is that on an ordinary telephone line the pitch of the voice is changed at every hundred miles, on account of the necessity of saturating the covering of the wire with electricity. The waves of electricity are weakened in the process until the words become an inaudible jumble. Professor Pupin has discovered that if the wire has a coil eight times in every mile that difficulty is removed. The current is concentrated and is passed forward with undiminished force. On land cables one coil to the mile, that is, coils one mile apart, will effect the same purpose. If in practical work the discovery proves all that is claimed for it, we shall soon be able to hold a conversation with a person in the antipodes or in any part of the world. Thus the prediction of the Psalmist will be literally fulfiled:

Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world (Ps. 19: 4).

Prohibition Nominations

The National Convention of the Prohibition Party met in Chicago, on June 27. Nearly seven hundred delegates were present when Chairman Oliver Stewart, called the assembly to order. A difference on the subject of the platform is said to have occurred in Committee. Some members believed that the Convention ought to make its attitude clear on the great national issues of imperialism, the tariff, the trusts, the currency, etc.; but the majority ruled that it should concentrate its deliverance on the one supreme issue of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of liquor. Even the question of woman's suffrage was not included. After a vigorous struggle to get that plank in the platform, it was finally decided to endorse it by separate resolution instead of incorporating it formally in the platform. On the following day, 730 delegates representing forty States reported, and candidates were nominated. The nomination for the Presidency went to Mr. John G. Woolley, the well-known temperance orator and editor. Mr. Henry B. Metcalf, the veteran banker of Providence, R. I., was nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Each nomination was made on the first ballots and was afterwards made unanimous. There was no illusion among the delegates as to the prospects. None of them had any hope that the candidates would carry a single State; but there was a strong feeling that every man who recognized the liquor curse as being the worst foe of our national welfare, should have the opportunity of recording his vote for men pledged to its extermination. Politicians of the Democratic and Republican parties have no sympathy with enthusiasm of the kind manifested in the Prohibition Convention, but the delegates believe with the apostle:

J. G. WOOLLEY H. B. METCALF
The National Prohibition Candidates

It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing (Gal. 4: 18).

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN ADLAI E. STEVENSON
THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

BRIEF NOTES

We are glad to learn that the Misses Talmage, of Amoy, China, the daughters of the late Dr. John Talmage, and nieces of the editor of this journal, were away from China on vacation when the anti-foreign outbreak occurred. A letter just received from them tells us that they are at present recuperating in Switzerland, after a long period of service in China.

Dr. L. W. Munhall begins work in London on August 5. He expects to spend three months in services in different parts of the city,

The Salvation Army is doing excellent relief work among the New York poor during the hot weather, selling ice at the rate of five or six pounds for one cent to families.

The Executive Committee of the United Christian Party has nominated candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. For the former, Rev. S. C. Swallow, of Harrisburg, Pa., and for the latter, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., author of *In His Steps*.

Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday, July 8, in Stockholm, the capital city of Sweden. An immense audience filled Immanuel Church long before the usual hour. An interpreter translated the sermon into Swedish, for the benefit of those present who could not understand English.

Gov. Hodgson, whose portrait appeared in this journal on June 27 with an account of his perilous situation in Kumassi, has made his escape with the other white people, and has succeeded in getting through the besieging army. Six men were killed and several wounded during the journey. Sir Fredrick has reached the Gold Coast in safety, with all his convoy, numbering four hundred in all, including the missionaries who belong to the Basle Society.

The State Department has received a cable message from Lloyd C. Griscom, United States Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, stating that the Sultan of Turkey has promised to pay, within the next ninety days, the $100,000 indemnity demanded by this Government for the destruction of American property in Armenia. Partial promises have frequently been made before, but the tenor of Mr. Griscom's despatch indicates a belief that the Porte is in earnest this time.

.. TRANSFIGURED FLESH ..

THE TRANSFIGURATION ∴

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for July 29: Luke 9: 28-36 | Golden Text, Luke 9: 35: This is my beloved Son: hear him

TRANSFIGURATION and recreation are kindred words. Christ's body was suddenly and miraculously transfigured when he had retired to the mountain top. We climb the mountains and find our bodies slowly but divinely recreated, if we take Christ with us. Alas that so many seeking recreation turn aside to dissipation! These two words suggest as the best test for vacation amusements, even from the standpoint of physical health and strength, to which this vacation season is so largely devoted, the question, "Will the proposed amusement recreate or dissipate my physical powers?" God requires us all to be strong and fair, so far as we may. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength;" "Glorify God in your body." We shall be more likely to do this if we are rid of the medieval error that the flesh is essentially sinful. That error is burned away in the blazing light of the transfigured flesh of the Son of Man. In that light let us read anew: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." "Be ye transfigured by the renewing of your mind." Recreation of body is most surely promoted with renewing of mind.

. . .

After six days (Matt. 17: 1). The transfiguration day was no doubt a Sabbath, and every Sabbath should be a transfiguration day. Luke says "about eight days," which would mean six full days with the Sabbaths at both ends added, in Jewish fashion. The Sabbaths are a range of sacred mountains, which we should climb for health as well as holiness. Let us beware of the temptations, so numerous in summer, to profane and so endanger the weekly rest, more blessed to the body than any annual rest.

. . .

Christ Lord of Nature *A high mountain apart* (Mark 9: 2). The place was no doubt snow-crowned Hermon, the high priest of the mountains of Palestine, the boundary stone between Jews and Gentiles—fitting palace for the coronation of One who was to be King of both, especially as he is also Lord of Nature, proclaimed such in this lesson by the transfigured clouds and flesh, the gleaming snow and rocks, all aflame with his presence who is "the light of the world." Let not Christians hold the so-called "laws of nature," including the laws of health, in less esteem than the ten commandments, which were also written on the rocks, since all are alike the laws of Christ, "by whom God made the worlds." Surely if we once really learn that all nature is the work of Christ we can not forget him when we are seeking recreation on the shores of his ocean or in his everlasting hills.

. . .

Peter and John and James. These men became the cabinet of the King, not by any arbitrary favoritism, but because they had largest spiritual capacity for understanding the highest truths and deepest revelations. The same three men had been with Christ at the raising of Lazarus, and were to be his only companions in Gethsemane. In the kingdom of God highest privileges go to real worth. The words of Tennyson apply in that kingdom:

> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

They "went up to pray," only three, with Christ; reminding us of what we need to remember these summer days, that numbers do not determine the success of a prayer-meeting. What if they had concluded it was not worth while to have that prayer-meeting on Hermon, because only three were present beside Christ! It is enough to make infidels of our young people, the way men and women in full health neglect the Sunday School and other religious privileges in the summer, so-called "soldiers of Christ," at the very time the enemy is most active, abandoning their posts, without substitutes and without taking new positions in the lines in their summer homes—indeed, going over for the time at least into the hostile camp of the Sabbath-breakers. "Be not conformed to the world, but be ye transfigured by the renewing of your minds." Surely no man has the new mind who counts it a drudgery to be escaped to spend two or three hours a week in the house of God.

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The Beauty of the Word *As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was changed.* There is no beautifier like a Christian spirit. That was what made Moses' face shine as he came down from Mount Sinai, transfigured by the vision of God. That was what put upon Stephen, arraigned for martyrdom, "the face of an angel." Whittier, pointing the writers to the pictures of his Quaker mother and sister, remarked: "They say all Quaker women are beautiful." It is the peace of God that makes them so. On the other hand, I have heard of a woman who was "uglier than she had any business to be," her face so marked with the lines impatience and selfishness had sculptured there, that she was alarmed and led to conversion by the sight of her face in the glass. There are some others that ought to find conviction the same way.

But it was not Christ's face alone that was transfigured. His whole body was full of light, as if to remind us that the whole body may be like a burning bush, full of the divine life. There is profound meaning in the words "your more uncomely part has the more abundant honor." Sex itself is a part of the divine image, a share of divine creatorship.

. . .

His raiment was white and glistering. This glistering white, such as kings wore on great occasions, proclaimed Christ a King. But let us remember for ourselves that a Christian spirit will affect our very raiment. A true Christian cannot dress as a rowdy or a rake, nor in disregard of either health or modesty. The dress may not be white, but let it be such as promotes rather than hinders a "white life."

. . .

What it Means to Save a Child *There appeared Moses.* Put side by side, a picture of Moses, the outcast child of slavery amid the rushes of the Nile, saved by a mother and sister and king's daughter, and a picture of Moses coming as an ambassador from the court of heaven to the coronation of Christ, and write under both, "What it means to save a child." There are governors and other high officers in the West who were once New York waifs, but were rescued by wise philanthropy—not by the aid of parents, but in spite of their wicked influence—and trained to make the wise choice which has in turn made them useful on earth and honored in heaven.

RAPHAEL'S PICTURE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

This is not only Raphael's masterpiece, but one of the masterpieces of all art; one of the grandest pictures in the world. It was painted in the fifteenth century. It was in an uncompleted state at the time of Raphael's death, the lower part being only sketched in, the upper part being finished. Raphael's pupil, Giulio Romano completed the picture. It was placed at the head of Raphael's bier as he lay in state, and was carried in his funeral procession. Some idea of the size of the picture may be had when we consider that the figures are life-size. The original picture is now in the Vatican, the palace of the Pope. It is exactly copied in mosaics in St. Peter's at Rome. The personnel of the picture will be best understood by the careful reading of Matthew, chapter seventeen. The two persons not mentioned in Scripture are the Saints Lawrence and Julian, close by the tree. It was mistaken judgment to place them there. The picture is in a sense an allegorical painting, in that the lower part represents the calamities and miseries of human life, the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted, and directs them to look on high for aid and strength in adversity. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the suffering of the lower world, we behold the source of our consolation and of our redemption from evil.

Death does not End All *There appeared Moses and Elijah.* Death, then, does not end all. Fourteen centuries before Moses had "died," as men say, and "God buried him." But here he is again, his name and identity preserved. More than half as many centuries had passed since Elijah's friend exclaimed in sorrow as he passed upward, "My father! my father!" but here he is, Elijah still, though glorified. All the philosophy of Socrates and Plato in regard to immortality pales before this one divinely certain fact, the reappearance of Moses and Elijah. In the light of it death to the Christian is seen to be only the passing from the earthly side of Christ with Peter, James and John, round to the glory side of the same Christ, the same yesterday in life, to-day in death and to-morrow in eternity. Nothing can separate from the love of Christ, neither death nor life.

. . .

The Crown and Cross *Spake of his decease which he should accomplish.* In this grandest conversation on earth between the Son of God and saints in glory, they could find no grander theme than the "old, old story" of earth, which is also the new story of heaven, telling of him that hath "washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Clearly the Cross was the goal to which Christ ever pressed forward. "For this hour he came into the world." It was the thing he was to "accomplish." When it was done he cried, "It is finished." There is a tendency even among evangelical Christians to make the Cross less prominent than it is made in the gospels, in which Christ's death is the supreme fact, towering ever aloft like Mount Hermon in a tour of Palestine. Before we can walk "in his steps" we must be transformed at the foot of his Cross. Even in following Christ we must "take up the cross," the spirit of self-sacrifice, without which we cannot repeat his life nor know the supreme joy of selfishness transfigured.

. . .

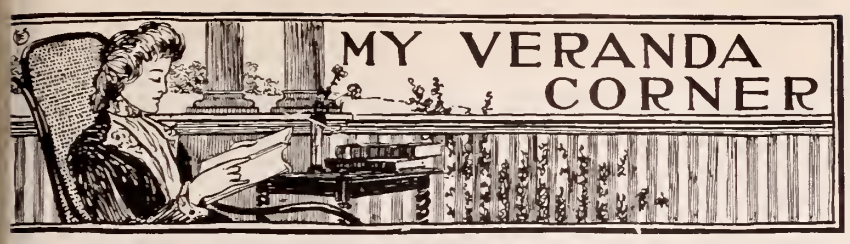
Meetings Only Preparations for Service *Let us make three tabernacles.* For us who already believe in the kingship of Christ the chief lesson of the transfiguration may be found in Peter's blundering proposal to live "on the mount," which Christ designed only as a preparation for work and suffering in his name. So little were even the three most spiritual apostles able to understand the burden of Christ's prayer on the mount that they became sleepy, and were only aroused by the outburst of transfiguration light. As Moses and Elijah departed, impulsive Peter found his voice only to say a very foolish thing, though it is claimed he had been for a week an infallible pope. "Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us forever stay in such a frame as this and sit and sing ourselves away to everlasting bliss in three tents, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." Christ led him rather from the mount of prayer back to the battle with the devil. Many to-day are making Peter's mistake, talking of worship as "divine service," for which it is only the preparation. Going to meetings is going to meals. A man once complained: "It's working between meals that's killing me." It is just the opposite that is killing the Church, making religion consist almost as much in Protestantism of going to meetings as in Romanism it consists of going to mass. We go out of our Sabbath Schools, having talked of Christ saving the boy from the devils at the base of the transfiguration mount, and pass right by windows where the devil has set his traps for the members of our own Sunday School, in foul pictures and evil literature and destroying cigarettes, which the shopkeeper would cease selling if we remonstrated and reminded him of the law, of which he probably has never heard. The best meeting I ever heard of was one in which Raphael's double picture was turned to life. Five hundred young men first devoted half an hour—from 7.30 P.M. to 8—to transfiguring prayer, and then went two and two, block by block, through the business part of the city, by regular assignments, inviting men to a nine o'clock service. When any one secured a promise of attendance he stayed and became acquainted with the man and came with him, so that in the meeting later nearly every sinner had an earnest Christian at his side, ready by silent prayer and a word in season to help him at the time of invitation to begin a Christian life. From prayer to work and from work to prayer should be the Christian's orbit.

. . .

Hear him. In that voice from the cloud we may find a solution for the problems of Biblical controversy. What shall we think about this and that Old Testament problem? Take your New Testament and find what Jesus thought. If you are persuaded that the Christ of matchless life and matchless words and matchless influence was the Son of God, it is the highest wisdom to rest on his word, using our imperfect reasoning only about the things of which the perfect Reasoner has not spoken.

. . .

He was found alone. Ages have passed. Great men have lived and died, but still Jesus is found alone, "the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure;" too good to deceive, too great to be deceived. On him we can rest as the greatest certainty of faith.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A LULLABY

LEEP, my darling, slumber and sleep,
The pines are dark on the mountain steep,
nd the soft wind sings for the day gone by
s the great stars burn in the steel-blue sky.

leep, my darling, slumber and rest;
he birds are flown from the empty nest;
he ripples break on the lonely strand;
here's silence and shadow on sea and land.

ave for the lap of the little waves,
ave for the wind for sleep that craves,
ave for the lilies that faint and sigh;
ave for the ghosts that go gliding by.

leep, my darling, slumber and sleep,
or Love is watching, thy rest to keep,
leep and dream of a happy day;
ood angels guard thy bed alway.

WARM WEATHER WISDOM

N the first place, my dear lady, fuming and fretting because it is hot, fanning violently and mopping your flushed face with energy—all this fuss is only making you warmer. The nly way to keep cool in summer to forget the heat and be easy n your mind. Summer, which omes to ripen the fruits: summer, hich means hay-making and aping and provision laid up by-nd-by in barn and bin for future se, must needs be warm, else how ould its work be done? The eautiful fields, the blushing or-hards, the hedge-rows overgrown ith vines and fragrant with the ent of flowers, all owe their *rgesse* of beauty to the sun and e summer's use of the sun.

Now and then of course we are little uncomfortable. But we ed not despair. Cool nights llow stifling days; showers tem-r the sultry atmosphere; we ay dress coolly, we may avoid o much effort. If we can also rink iced tea and coffee, and use monade freely, if we eat meat aringly and prefer cold desserts hot ones, if we can do most of r cooking over a gas range or oil stove instead of over glow-g coals in a steady fire kept up l day, we shall be cooler. The rdest work of the week is com-rised in three words, baking, ashing, and ironing. Towns-eople may buy their bread dur-g the summer, and country peo-e who must make it, may be grate-l that they have not to live in the nfined limits of city blocks. Washing always a hard task, but if people would sten to reason they could simplify the oning, and nobody is obliged to wear aborately ruffled underwear, and fluffy, ated dresses which are beautiful to look , and back-breaking to launder.

Warm weather wisdom may be summed p pithily in two or three words. Use mmon sense.

The Daughter's Room

A white bed, white curtains at the win-ows, a white, draped dressing-case, a reen or rose-colored rug on the floor, bbons to match the rug, paper on the alls sprigged with green or sprinkled ith roses, a low rocking-chair, and a retty engraving or two, with her work-ox and her favorite books, will make an deal bower for the daughter of the house. othing need be very expensive, but the eneral effect should be dainty and pure. painted or stained floor is easily kept ean; and, if the mother is wise, she will sist that Alice or Mary shall not leave a sordered room behind her when she es out for the day, that the room shall ways be tidy, with no litter of papers and pieces on the floor: no clothes lying about, nor shoes left here and there. A sweet refinement and absolute neatness should characterize a daughter's room, and indicate the maiden's self, for is she not the white lily of her parents' life?

A Model Wife's Love For Her Husband

Mrs. Gladstone was a perfect wife and took in good part the amusement which her belief in "William" as an all-wise and well-nigh infallible autocrat occasionally caused. She relieved him of every possible care. She vigilantly guarded his health. She tolerated his fads and caprices, and to the end of his life retained his unswerving tenderness and loyalty. When the old couple in the last years of their blended lives went here or there, people observed how gentle and constant were their reciprocal attentions; how indispensable the one seemed to the other. In the earlier days, Mrs. Gladstone accompanied her husband on his various journeys and listened to all his speeches; was always present when he made an address in Parliament, and as he grew old she used to make for him, then and there, a drink which smoothed his voice and sustained his strength, and with wifely solicitude saw to it when he sat down that he put on his overcoat or extra wrap.

We often say that great men must have great mothers. A great man in this age of competition and unrest needs a great and good wife, and this Mrs. Gladstone was. Children and grandchildren live to mourn for her, and to carry on the traditions of sincerity, unaffected kindness and nobility of character which were her chief distinctions.

For Future Use

"What a very tiresome old man Mr. Elmore Jenkins is," said Rosalie Simmons, on her way home from a church sociable.

"He was a brilliant business man, and exceptionally successful, but he gave his whole time and thought to the amassing of his fortune, and now that he has retired, the time hangs heavily on his hands, and he does not know what to do with himself. Mrs. Jenkins and Dora find him a sort of incubus. He meddles with the housekeeping, goes into the kitchen and scolds the maids, finds fault with the cooking, and peeps into the flour barrel and the refrigerator. He has never cultivated a habit of reading, and books do not entertain him, and socially he is a wet blanket."

So far proceeded Aunt Phebe. The minister's wife here put in her kind word:

"Mr. Jenkins has a very generous disposition and always helps the poor, and subscribes liberally to every good cause. I do not think we should call him tiresome because he is not on our level. We should try to find subjects for which he will care."

The Doctor, who is a very sensible young woman, smiled and made a suggestion.

"Would it not be well for us, who are still young, to store up something for future use mentally, just as we store our jellies and jams for the winter pantry? Not to be so absorbed in business or in pleasure, that we grow narrow or dwarfed; to exercise more than a single set of faculties, and to keep on learning something new all our lives, are the obvious steps to take to prevent our being tiresome in old age.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—DORRIS. I have only one word to say to you, dear. Never knowingly read a bad book. There are plenty of good ones.

—WILLIAM. It is customary to ask a father's consent to the betrothal of his daughter to her future husband. Very naturally, too, the father is interested in the suitor's business prospects, in his character and standing in the community.

—LOUISA JANE. Since your home must be with your mother-in-law, defer to her wishes as much as you possibly can. Remember that the house is hers. Probably amiability on your part will win her to like you. No, to your second query. You have not come to the house as a servant, and you should not do the family housework, when the means are sufficient to pay for help. I presume the work got itself done before your marriage.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

Whatever troubles wait us,
There are days of dear delight,
When happy we arise at morn
And go to bed at night.

The princess and the peasant,
The child of high degree,
The poorest and the richest ones
Are just one family.

God-loved and Nature-loving;
With eyes that shine like stars,
And hands that haste to gather flowers,
And hearts that know no scars.

About Savoir-Faire

I USE the two familiar French words because while we all understand them, they mean rather more than is expressed by their literal translation into English. To know what to do on all occasions, to be perfectly sure that you will not blunder, and to be delivered from awkwardness, diffidence and doubt, are very blessed things. A young girl going from home for the first time, and appearing among strangers whose ways are more ceremonious than those to which she has been accustomed, may be pardoned if she feel a little uneasiness as to her behavior. It is natural that she should wish to make a good impression, and that she should have a dread of making mistakes. But after all she need not be troubled if she will but remember that at bottom manners are very simple, and if she will observe a fad rules.

First of all, it is not expected nor desired that a young woman shall force herself to the front and take a leading part in the conversation at a strange table or in mixed company. Modesty is most becoming always to youth, and shyness has a charm of its own. A bashful deportment which plunges a person into mortifying situations, is very far removed from shyness, which may always be self-possessed.

One or two rules are to be always observed: In entering a room as a guest, whether by yourself or on an occasion, as a reception, or a party, speak to your hostess, make your little manners to her, as the French say. In leaving say good-by to your hostess. At a dinner or luncheon if you are not quite sure about the various forks and spoons which in these days are placed beside your plate, look at your hostess and follow her example. In some houses the hostess is always served first and the custom, which is a recognition of her position as queen of the home, has much to commend it; among other reasons, it sets an awkward or uncertain guest at ease. A present custom of society is that when persons are served, they at once begin to eat, without waiting until all are helped. This usage is not universal. Where everyone waits till the whole table has been helped, there is an advantage, because the course is then finished simultaneously, and the meal proceeds in a more orderly fashion than when people are obliged to wait for one another.

The most charmingly well-bred women are those whose manners are quite simple, and who never seem stiff and formal. Politeness is never selfish. The savage snatches, pushes, seizes what he wants, and tramples on the rights of others. The civilized being is patient and considerate, and prefers others to himself.

Savoir-faire implies a certain mastery of one's hands and feet. One should not carelessly knock down chairs nor upset cups of coffee or glasses of water, nor thrust his elbows into another's sides. One should not step on a lady's train, nor commit any needless rudeness when in company with others. The well-bred gentleman, if seated, rises when a lady enters the parlor, and either hands her a chair, or remains standing until she is seated. He removes his hat when he meets a lady, lifts it quite off his head, and if they stop and have a conversation, he holds the hat in his hand until he takes leave. A gentleman taking a lady to drive, unless he has no confidence in his horse, seats her first; then steps in himself. If he is already in the vehicle, he steps out and hands her in, does not sit still and let her climb in beside him. A lady always thanks a gentleman for every courtesy and takes nothing as her right, nor as a thing of course. A man follows a woman down the aisle at church, and into the drawing-room at home.

These little matters are soon picked up by the observant. The large and comfortable rule is: be yourself at all times, and do not think about yourself at all.

JOHN H. CHAPMAN, ESQ., PRES.

REV. E. E. CHIVERS, D.D., GEN. SEC'Y

BAPTISTS IN COUNCIL

The Tenth International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union in Session at Cincinnati—The Programme Outlined

GREAT preparations were made for the tenth International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union, which was held in Cincinnati, July 12, 13, 14, 15th. The sessions were held in the great Music Hall, which is one of the finest and largest convention halls in America, having a seating capacity of about 5,000 people. The Baptist Young People's Union has had unparalleled prosperity, having been organized in Chicago in 1891. The former conventions have been held in the following cities: Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Toronto, Baltimore, Chattanooga, Buffalo and Richmond, Va. Nearly 12,000 delegates and visitors were registered in Buffalo in 1898, and the attendance in Cincinnati reached about 15,000.

The key-word this year was "Apostleship," and the sermon and addresses emphasized this central idea. The president is Mr. John H. Chapman, a business man of Chicago, and the general secretary is Rev. E. E. Chivers, D.D., of Chicago. The International Headquarters in Cincinnati, during the Convention were the Grand Hotel. The executive committee in Cincinnati who had charge of all the arrangements for this great Convention were the following: G. M. Peters, P. W. Cadman, Wm. C. Peale, Rev. Warren G. Partridge D.D., H. C. Drake, Jas. K. Stewart, Rev. A. J. Ramsey. The singing was led by a chorus of 500 voices and by the great Music Hall organ, which is one of the largest and finest organs in this country. There was a reception committee of 500, who met all incoming trains.

On *Wednesday* night there was a reception at the Ninth Street Baptist Church, which is the largest Protestant Church in Ohio, having a membership of 1,700, and nine Sunday Schools with over 3,000 scholars, and seven chapels for city mission work, and 80 services each week in institutional methods. The Music Hall was beautifully decorated; and the Union Jack of England was intertwined with the Stars and Stripes.

Arrangements had been made for side-trips to Mammoth Cave, Louisville, Ky., Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, excursions on the Ohio river and to many other places of interest. Many missionaries were present from foreign lands; and on Sunday, July 15th, there was a missionary service in two of the largest churches at 10:30 A.M., in which visiting missionaries gave addresses appropriately described as "Voices from Many Lands."

The following is an outline of the feast of good things in the programme: Opening of the Convention on *Thursday*, July 12th, at 10 A.M., by President John H. Chapman. Addresses of Welcome: 1st, on behalf of the Baptists of Cincinnati and Ohio, by Rev. Warren G. Partridge, D.D. 2nd, On behalf of the citizens, by Col. Wm. B. Melish. Response by President A. Gaylor Slocum, LL.D., of Kalamazoo, Mich. Annual Reports: 1st, Board of Managers, Rev. E. E. Chivers, D.D. 2nd, Treasurer, Frank Moody, Milwaukee. Addresses: 1st, "The Perpetual Apostleship," Prof. George B. Eager, D.D., Louisville, Ky. 2nd, "The Secret of Apostolic Power," A. C. Dixon, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y. At 2:30 P.M. Conference: 1st, "Our Bible Reader's Course," Prof. John R. Sampey, D.D., Louisville, Ky., leader. At 4:30 P.M., there was a unique series of meetings and every State in the union had rallies in the largest houses of worship of all denominations in the city. At 7:45 P.M., there was an immense mass meeting in Music Hall, and the Announcement of Educational Plans for 1900-1901.

On *Friday*, at 8.30 A.M., there was a devotional hour, led by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Baltimore. Election of Officers. Address: "Go," T. C. Johnson, D.D., Charleston, W. Va. Banner service with address illustrative of polyglot missions in America. Address on "America as a Field of Opportunity," by H. L. Morehouse, D.D., of New York. On Friday afternoon there was the award of prize banners, Senior Department. Fellowship meeting with roll-call and greetings. Greetings from the German Baptist Young People's Union, and from the National Baptist Young People's Union. On Friday evening, in Music Hall, the following addresses were delivered: "The Press as an Agency in Evangelism," A. J. Rowland, D.D., Philadelphia; "Mission Work in the South," S. Y. Jameson, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.; "Christ for the World and the World for Christ," J. L. Campbell, D.D., New York.

On *Saturday* morning, in the Music Hall, the following addresses were given: "Getting or Being," B. F. Dunwiddie, Esq., Jamesville, Wis.; "A Good Investment," Carey Emerson, Esq., Minneapolis; "The Messenger's Equipment," L. L. Henson, D.D., Fort Wayne, Ind.; "Student Volunteer Movement"—1st, "Its Origin," Mr. Frank W. Sweet, St. Paris, Ohio; 2nd, "Its Marvelous Development," Rev. Albert Ehrgott, Springfield, Ohio; 3d, "Its Significance," Mr. Charles B. Tenney, Rochester, N. Y. On Saturday afternoon the award of prize banners was made, Junior Department, Junior Exercise; Address, "Child Conversion and Child Training," Rev. W. E. Hatcher, D.D., Richmond, Va. On Saturday evening the following addresses were given: "Gaining by Giving," Rev. W. R. L. Smith, D.D., Richmond, Va.; "China," William Ashmore, D.D., the veteran missionary of Swatow, China.

On *Sunday* the proceedings commenced with a devotional hour at the Ninth Street Baptist Church, led by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Baltimore, and at 10.30 A.M. there was preaching in about seventy different pulpits of all denominations, by visiting ministers; annual sermon, "Apostleship," Rev. E. G. Gange, F.R.A.S., London, England. The closing session of the convention was held on Sunday evening in the Music Hall. Address, "The Convention and After," W. E. Hatcher, D.D., Richmond, Va.; address by Rev. G. H. Ferris, New Haven, Conn.; address by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., Baltimore; closing consecration service, conducted by the General Secretary, E. E. Chivers, D.D., Chicago.

WARREN G. PARTRIDGE.

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When, at the beginning of the war with Spain, the Forty-fourth Separate Company, of Utica, N. Y., became Company E of the First Regiment, N. Y. Vols., Mr. Frank A. Sweezey, of 372 Brinckerhoff Ave., Utica, was one of the first to volunteer in the United States service. As is well known, the regiment was sent to garrison the recently acquired Hawaiian Islands, and Mr. Sweezey went with his company to Honolulu. While there he was stricken with malaria which was complicated with kidney trouble. He was in the military hospital twenty-one days and when discharged was in shattered health. To see him to-day, competing in the athletic contests of the National Guard, one would remark upon his health and strength. Mr. Sweezey tells how the change came about. He says:

"A week after I came out of the hospital the regiment sailed for home. I was then in a miserable condition. The little sleep I managed to get at night did me no good, for I was as worn out in the morning as I was when I went to bed. I was pale and lifeless, and was reduced in weight from 175 to 140 pounds.

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[*Signed*]

FRANK A. SWEEZEY.

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Evansville, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1899.

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Rev. J. R. H. TRAVIS.

ASTHMA

Prof. W. W. Wirt, Superintendent of Augusta Schools, Augusta, Ill., writes Nov. 1, 1899: "My son has been a sufferer from Asthma for ten years, and has tried a number of good physicians without relief. He has been steadily improving ever since he began the use of Oxydonor about three weeks ago, and he is already largely free from the attacks."

Mrs. Emily F. Wright, Dadeville, Ala., writes Dec. 5, 1899: "For a long time I had been afflicted with an aggravated case of Bright's disease. At the time I commenced the use of Oxydonor my physicians had given up all hope of my recovery. I am now in better health than I have been in twenty years. Oxydonor has restored me to health."

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Cumberers*

The Purpose of the Christian's Conversion is Usefulness, Without which it is a Failure

ONE noteworthy characteristic is prominent in this parable of the Barren Fig-tree, as in other passages of Christ's teaching, marking the change from the old to the new dispensation. Negative goodness no longer suffices. It is not now enough to obey when God says: "Thou shalt not"; positive and active goodness is required. This fig-tree may have been a fine tree and may have had abundant foliage; but it did not bear figs. That was a fatal defect. It was planted in the vineyard for the definite purpose of bearing figs; as it did not fulfil the purpose of its being, the order was given to cut it down. The order was reasonable, because as the owner said, it cumbered the ground. It occupied the place which might be filled by a tree that did bear figs. It was in the way of a better tree. This is a serious consideration for the idle Christian. His life may be blameless; he is doing no harm; perhaps he may be an ornament in his way; but if he is bearing no fruit, he is like the barren fig-tree. The graces of the Christian character, love, joy, peace, etc., of which Paul gives a list (Galatians 5: 22, 23) are expected and he ought to be bringing others to Christ. He has not been saved merely to rescue his own soul from perdition, but that the world may be the better for his conversion.

If there is no result from the conversion of any man, if there is no benefit from it to Christ and his kingdom, it is a fruitless conversion. "May I go to the theatre, play cards, or go to a dancing party?" There is no prohibition in Christ's words. So Christians avail themselves of the fact, and the world points to them as being people who are not different in conduct from its own votaries. Religion has made no difference in their lives. They are not fanatical, are not forever thrusting their religion in the face of other people. But there is no fruit from such lives. In the home, in the store, in the church, they are worthless. They may flatter themselves that they bring no scandal on the name of Christ, that they are decent, respectable people who go regularly to church and contribute to its support. But how about the fruit? If there is none, they cumber the ground. If they were removed, there might be men who with those opportunities might do much more. Perhaps some preacher who would preach righteousness, temperance and judgment might be preaching in that pulpit, from which now come only inanities, philosophical disquisitions and learned criticisms of the Bible. Some really earnest Sunday School teacher might occupy the place of that one who is content to tell idle stories and amuse the pupils. In the store and the family, some Christian, by word and example, might be winning souls where now the nominal Christian is making no effort. Who can tell in how many instances for this reason the axe is laid to the root of the tree?

But the Keeper of the Vineyard is reluctant to lose the tree. He thinks perhaps under treatment it might be more productive. The ground around it shall have attention. So the unproductive Christian finds his environment disturbed. Perhaps he loses property, or position or friends. Trouble in some form comes to him. His surroundings are broken up. What will he do? Will he repine and complain? Will he lose faith in God's providence? Will he give up his profession of Christianity and return altogether to the world, averring that religion does not pay? We hope not; for the Keeper of the Vineyard is applying this treatment for a definite purpose. "If it bear fruit, well; if not, then after that, thou shalt cut it down." The Christian may get rich or get poor; may become famous or remain obscure; all that is of no moment. The real question is whether or not he bears fruit. Will the changed conditions affect the fruit-bearing disposition? It is a question on which his whole future depends. Judgment is merely suspended. By-and-by the Lord of the Vineyard will come again, seeking the fruit. If there is none found, the Keeper can make no further plea. The case is hopeless. There must not be any cumberers of the ground and the axe falls. What does that mean? It means the end of opportunity, the end of the existence of the tree.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 29. Luke 13: 6-9.

A Unique Hebrew Charity

THERE is in the Hebrew tongue no word signifying "charity." That the Hebrew is no less charitable than his non-Jewish neighbors, however, the numerous imposing temples of benevolence under Jewish auspices fully attest.

There is in New York City one institution, which, despite unostentatious surroundings, is yet one of the worthiest of charities. It is the *Gamiluth Chassadim.* Though the literal translation would be "the reciprocation of kindness," yet it is generally applied to "free loans." At 215 East Broadway, a diminutive brass sign, bearing the inscription of "Hebrew Gamiluth Chassadim Association," is displayed over the basement entrance. To the casual observer, the place has the aspect of a savings bank on a small scale.

The history of the enterprise is an interesting one. On January 1, 1892, several individuals with limited capital resolved to start a society to loan needy people small amounts "without interest or security." People laughed at the scheme, claiming that in less than a month the capital would disappear and the society would dissolve. The eighth annual report, however, has just been issued. It shows that up to December 31, 1899, $235,815 had been loaned to 15,322 individuals. The aggregate of $101,800 was loaned to 5,354 people during the past year alone. Any poor Hebrew is entitled to borrow from $5 to $50 without any collateral or paying interest, and at no expense to the borrower. All that is required is a note which some tradesman may endorse. The loan must be repaid in instalments of ten per cent. every week. A card is issued to the borrower bearing ten numbers and running ten weeks. The books of the Society show how some endorsers went security for the same borrower as many as thirty-six times.

The appreciation and gratitude displayed by some borrowers are illustrated by the following incident: Last November a woman offered the institution a loan of $650 for a year without interest, as a slight reciprocation for a loan she received from the Society which started her in business. When informed that such proceeding is contrary to the rules of the Society, she was chagrined not a little and tearfully begged that an exception be made in her case. Many borrowers, after bettering their conditions, become members of the Society. The resources of the Society in January of this year were $30,762.85. The total losses incurred by the Society during the past eight years were a little over $100.

The various vocations in life of the 5,354 people to whom $101,800 was loaned last year, were bona-fide trades, 38; miscellaneous, 385. Among them were 25 dentists, 43 druggists and 157 students. The push-cart pedler led the van with 404 loans.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the well-known millionaire philanthropist, is a leading supporter of the *Gamiluth Chassadim.* His last year donations to the free loan association amounted to $5,000. A. B.

JEWELS OF JOY

"I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord

As the treasure in the casket
Safe our precious jewels rare,
Bringing forth on great occasions
To behold their sparkling fair.
So we would preserve remembrance
Of joys shining on our way;
Joys most dear and sacred, brimming
From full cup of blessed day.

Keep the treasure, store the sunlight
A memorial in the heart;
Let the influence, let the brightness
Never from the life depart.
Keep them still to cheer the spirit
In the troubled weary way,
When we need the light of gladness
For the dark and cloudy day.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

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Make pictures 2¼ x 2¼ inches. Load in Daylight with our six exposure film cartridges and are so simple they can be easily

Operated by Any School Boy or Girl.

Fitted with fine Meniscus lenses and our improved rotary shutters for snap shots or time exposures. Strongly made, covered with imitation leather, have nickeled fittings and produce the best results.

Brownie Camera, for 2¼ x 2¼ pictures, - - - $1.00
Transparent-Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 2¼, - .15
Brownie Developing and Printing Outfit, - - .75

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

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THE SMITH PREMIER

Will merit your approval as it fully meets requirements at every point.

ART CATALOGUE FOR THE ASKING.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. U.S.A.

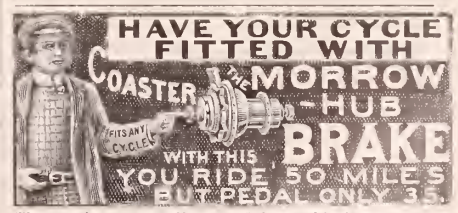
6 Per Cent. NO... RISK

If your money is producing but 3 or 4 per cent, let us give you information in detail concerning the operations of this Company. Six per cent. per annum assured, with ample security for principal.

Assets, $1,150,000. Surplus (accumulated in seven years), $150,000. Our securities are bonds and mortgages on improved real estate in New York and Pennsylvania — non-fluctuating, not speculative. Subject to supervision and regular annual examination by the State Banking department.

We refer, by special permission, to many clergymen and other prominent professional and business men.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.,
1133 Broadway, New York.



Thousands in use in all parts of the world. Is no experiment. A Cyclist using the Morrow for a few weeks would give up cycling rather than give up the Coaster Brake. Ladies' skirts keep down when coasting. Feet always on Pedals. When ordering your new wheel, be SURE to specify the Morrow Coaster Brake. For sale by all dealers.

Our **Acetylene Bicycle Lamp** is superior to any yet offered.

Illustrated pamphlet, giving detailed information regarding Brake and Lamp, sent on application.

ECLIPSE BICYCLE CO., Box U, Elmira, N. Y.

GLADDENING THE CHILD-WAIFS

Our Fresh-Air Home at Mont-Lawn Crowded with Little Tenement Guests

AS a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff of workers was coming into the Bible House one day, a number of little lads flocked about her, calling "Teacher!" and looked up into her face with eagerness.

"Are you going to Mont-Lawn, boys?"

"No'm; but we want to go."

"Why, then, are you not going?"

"We hav'n't got no teacher to take us up in the Bible House."

They were just little ragged Arabs of the street. There was nobody to send them to Sunday School; nobody to take any interest in them, hence they had no "teacher" to take them up and enter their applications for outings; and they did not seem to know how to do it for themselves. They had stood in obscure corners and doorways for several days, and watched other children passing up under conduct of respectable grown-up people, whom they recognized as missionaries or "teachers"—the class whom street waifs all claim as friends. The staff missionary to whom they appealed took them up and their names were entered. They are now at Mont-Lawn; and it is safe to promise that next year they will appear under guidance of a Sunday School teacher, for we will follow them up.

"TEACHER'S COMIN' TO TAKE US TO DE HOME"

. . .

Here is a letter from a lady in Brooklyn:

You asked me to write the particulars in the case of little Bertha, whom you so kindly sent to the Children's Home last Saturday. Three years ago her father was drowned, leaving her mother entirely without means and with four little children and their aged grandfather to support. She made most heroic efforts to provide for her family, working far beyond her strength. Unceasing labor, poor food, exposure, and one neglected cold after another have done their work, and she is now dying with galloping consumption. A year ago the little boy died; the youngest child has been adopted into a Christian family. Three weeks ago, the oldest girl was taken to the hospital because of a severe injury received from a fall. The mother was carried to the Home for Consumptives last week, and is now very low, her death likely to occur at any time. The children have had no pleasures in life; their mother has been too busy in the desperate struggle for bread to give them any. They have never seen any trees or flowers, never played on the grass, never been to a park; they have hardly had life's barest necessaries. The mother is a good Christian woman, comes of a good American family, but has no near relatives to help her. The child at the hospital is a dear little girl of a quiet, gentle disposition. Would it be asking too much if, when she comes out, you will take her also to Mont-Lawn?

She will go to Mont-Lawn; and will not be forgotten when her outing is over.

. . .

A young woman came into the Bible House, bringing with her a wee, pallid maid, in a clean but much patched frock. "Can you please let Minnie go up to Mont-Lawn?" asked the young woman. "Her mamma is my sister; she works in a factory, and I work in a factory. Minnie's been going to school near the factory where I work; and every day she's run up to me and eat lunch with me; and after school she'd come, and the foreman's real kind, and he'd let her play around. Now her vacation's come, the factory's shut down, and there isn't any work, and ——" tears finished the story. Minnie is at the Home, and her aunt will soon be at work again.

. . .

A little one-eyed lad is one of the happiest guests at the Home. His mother, a poor, ignorant woman, has many children; all, save this one, bright and pretty and with perfect vision. She has few of this world's goods, but the best she can do or give goes to the children who are not deformed. Of the little, awkward, half-blind lad she seems to feel ashamed. Out at the Home, no children receive more notice or kindness than those who are afflicted; and so, little Ben is now having the nicest time he has known in all his short, sad life, whose darkness is indeed brightened by the tenderness he meets with.

. . .

Out on the green lawn, at the Home you find here and there a little man or woman, sitting beside a younger sister or brother, fast asleep on the grass. The "little father" or "little mother" looks up with a quiet smile, and says softly: "It's so cool here. She (or he) gets a good chance to sleep. Home it's so hot. We hasn't but one room, and mamma has to cook in it; and she takes in heaps er washin' and ironin'. An' it's awful hot there! An' we ain't got any bed. We sleeps on de floor. De grass is sof' an' cool."

. . .

Some of our hottest days, tots come up to the Bible House in winter raiment. One little girl appeared in a red flannel hood; a little lad in a heavy winter coat. Sometimes a shawl is pinned around the small applicant. Such curious and unseasonable attire and decoration is the result of an effort to appear neat, when the only garments at command are those of six months ago, received perhaps from some charitable friend and kept as treasures too valuable for every-day use. When our over-clad or under-clad summer visitants are washed, combed and arrayed in neat garments—little print or gingham dresses; or cool blouses and seasonable trousers as the case may be—the transformation is a remarkable one; and kind mothers who are sending their children's outgrown garments to Mont-Lawn, as well as King's Daughters and other societies who are making up boxes of clothing for our children, would feel fully repaid could they witness the pride and gratitude of the recipients. Clothing should be sent prepaid to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. Contributions of money to this office. Prompt acknowledgment will be made in each case. Three dollars pays for one child's outing for ten days, covering cost of transportation, food, shelter, medical and caretakers' attention, etc.; $6 sends two children; $9 three; $12 four; $36 will make twelve tenement children happy for ten days.

. . .

These contributions have been received for our Fresh-Air Home work at Mont-Lawn:

Prev ack	$3,805 00	Wheeler, Alice	8
Adams, D. coll by	3 00	Wheeler, Esther	10
Alexander, Grace	50	Wheeler, Ida	8
Allen, Miss Mabel	25	Wheeler, Leroy	8
Alley, Mrs S A & M A Vandermenlen	2 00	Wight, Mrs A R	6 00
Almroth, E	3 00	Wood, Z M	3 00
Barnes, M A	5 00	Wright, Mrs J A	3 00
Beazel, B S	3 00	Credo, New Castle	3 00
Bergen, M H	3 00	A G M, Brooklyn	6 00
Bicknell, Mrs W F	3 00	C F M, E Northfield	3 00
Birmingham, P	9 00	C H J, N Y C	2 00
Bjerregaard, A P	3 00	E A C, Block Island	3 00
Brinckerhoff, Mrs C A	10 00	F M E, Southbridge	6 00
Burke, H W	10	H V G, S Gardner	3 00
Chase, Mrs E C	3 00	Mrs J BK, Taneytown	6 00
Churchill, J C	50	Mrs J B S, Sharon	3 00
Clark, Julia A	50	J E T, Dunellen	1 00
Cobb, Lyman, Jr	3 00	J G A, Beresford	6 00
Day, Stephen D	5 00	J S J, Silver Lake	6 00
Dickerman, L L	3 00	L T K, Brooklyn	3 00
Fisch, Wm	5 00	S E M, Woodbine	1 50
Fletcher, Miss L	1 00	S G, Charleston	5 00
Frese, Fred C	2 00	T C, Reno	3 00
Gearsley, Thos.	3 00	V R D, Evart	5 00
Gill, Wm.	20 00	—, Brewer	3 00
Gillogly, Mrs V	50	—, Owosso	3 00
Gray, Miss Grace	50	—, S Haven	3 00
Gray, Mrs. Susan	50	Cash, Brooklyn	3 00
Hanscom, Mrs E	25	Friend, Chauncey	2 00
Harkin, Mrs A	10 00	" Earnshaw	25
Hill, Mrs F P	2 00	" Freehold	30 00
Holdredge, Emma	1 00	" Lancaster	50
Hoover, A A	6 00	" Lake Linden	3 00
Howard, M Ella	5 00	" New Rochelle	3 00
Leslie, Mrs S J	9 00	Friend of the child'n, Niskayuna	1 00
Little, Geo & Flora	3 00	Friends, Yonkers-on-Hudson	3 00
McDonald, Mrs W J	12 00	One who loves the little ones, Beadles	25
McDowell, Mrs Jno	1 00	C E, Niskayuna	3 00
Martin, L M	5 00	For Christ's sake, Maples Mill	5 00
Nordham, Mrs C O	1 00	I H N, Manchester	50
Osgood, Miss J E	3 00	" Virginia City	9 00
Pearce, Mrs C E	1 00	" Waterbury	2 00
Penhallegon, Mrs J	25	" Conn	3 00
Perham, Mary E	1 00	" Elizabeth	3 00
Potts, Mrs A A	3 00	Leland reader	1 00
Rands, Mrs Geo	1 00	Dupoyer sub'r	2 00
Ream Co.	10 00	Sym'prs, Marietta	3 50
Remsburg, J B	25	In loving mem of E K W, Phila	5 00
Rhodes, Mrs G R	2 00	Bible cl of the YWL	12 00
Rockefeller, M, E & J	3 00	S Sch at Barnsley	3 00
Root, W F	2 00	Upper Florida S S, Durango	1 32
Ross, F H	3 00	Pleasant View Mennonite SS, Aurora	4 42
Russell, E A	2 00	K Ds, Pleasant Grove	6 00
Schmutz, Bertha	18 00	Pansy Club, Brooklyn	1 00
Smith, Lillie T	3 00	Golden Rule Cir K D, Mariner Harbor	3 00
Smith, Misses M M & E A	2 00	Total	$4,222.26
Stevenson, Mrs J R	3 00		
Sturtevant, M L	3 00		
Taggart, M & G	2 00		
Toay, Mrs Maria	50		
Walker, C L & friend	3 00		
Welch, L C	3 00		
West, Harriet	8		

A Fettered Child

In a recent number of the *Homiletic Review*, the following incident is related: The Champs Elysees in Paris, one of its most famous avenues, witnessed a strange sight recently. The avenue was thronged with a stream of equipages when a police officer rushed into the roadway, and seized by the head a horse drawing a carriage, in which were seated an elderly man and woman and a little boy, about four years of age. A woman sprang to the side of the carriage and attempted to drag the child from the vehicle. The child cried to go with her, but was held back. A crowd soon surrounded the struggling group. The newcomer explained that the boy was her child whom the old people refused to give up. The crowd immediately took sides with the mother, and the old woman bursting into tears relinquished her hold. The child sprang toward his mother, but could not get away, it being found that his body was girdled with an iron chain which was padlocked to the man and woman in the carriage.

As the old people still refused to unfasten the padlock, the Commissary of Police ordered the chain filed in two, then the little fellow was restored to his mother, to their mutual joy. You may chain the body, but you never can chain the soul by any outward links that may be forged.

FACTS ABOUT FLOUR.

Made White by Leaving out the Par Which Helps Digest.

Modern methods of milling separate th parts of the wheat berry that contain th diastatic element, and furnish only the whit flour made up almost entirely of starch.

One of the principal elements needed t digest this starch has been left out in th process, and therefore the person who eat much white bread is almost sure to have in testinal troubles, for the starch does no digest properly and must, of necessity, decay and cause all sorts of trouble.

Grape-Nuts food, on the contrary, is mad up of the entire wheat and barley, and th process of digestion as shown in the huma body, are copied as exactly as possible, in mechanical way, by the use of moisture, time and warmth. No chemicals or other ingredi ents are used, but the simple methods scienti fically arranged.

In this way the starch of the grain is trans formed into grape sugar, and the Grape-Nut food, which appears in a granular form, show on the outside of the little granules, glittering specks of this grape sugar, which is not pu onto the food from the outside, but is a resul of the change of the starch into grape sugar which works out to the surface, very much a the sap of the hickory or maple tree will fre quently show in the shape of white sugar o the sawed-off ends of logs.

A handful of Grape-Nuts held to the ligh will show the little glittering particles of grape sugar. It is naturally and scientifically pre digested, therefore the food agrees with th weakest sort of a stomach. It must not b used in large quantities at one meal, for it i concentrated, and over-feeding of even th choicest food is not advisable.

Being perfectly cooked at the factory, th food can be served instantly, either dry o wet, cold or hot. When wanted hot, ho water, milk or cream can be poured over it There is a definite, distinct and undeniabl gain in nervous energy and vitality whe Grape-Nuts food is used.

Libby's

$250.00 Cash Prize Offer

To Amateur Photographers

Two prizes, $50.00 each, for the most original and best taken photographs, and fifty-eight other cash prizes for amateurs. Professionals will be excluded from this competition. Write for booklet giving particulars.

New edition of "How to Make Good Things to Eat" will give you many Summer Food Suggestions. Sent free.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago.

THE "CLEAN CUT" CAKE TIN

prevents cakes from sticking and produces a perfect cake. Is made of best quality tin with a flat, thin knife securely riveted in center and a rim. Simple and durable. Agents send 6 cts. postage for free sample We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. Address Dept. T HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.

Welch's Grape Juice is recommended by physicians—especially those who prescribe food instead of drugs. It is a valuable tonic food for "run down" people. It is a blood maker that produces an immediate vigor from which there is no reaction Sold by druggists and grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet

THE ORIGINAL. THE BEST. TRADE MARK GAIL BORDEN AVOID UNKNOWN BRANDS.

Condensed Milk

HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD.

SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS. — Borden's Condensed Milk Co. — New York.

CHARLES S. RUDDELL LEONORE A. WEEBER T. DE WITT TALMAGE BRIT HERMAN KNOX EVA GROOTEBOYS

Many · Helpers · for · Starving · India

Young and Old Labor and Sacrifice for the Famine-Stricken People

IT would be sad, indeed, if there were no bright side to the terrible tragedy of the India famine. Yet, out of this, as out of every affliction great or small that has ever overshadowed humanity, God bringeth good. The spirit of pity moving the heart of God's people in America to India's relief, is of divine origin; and a more lasting good than feeding starving bodies—great though such mercy be—must come of it. India's spiritual welfare will be served in some way; and then are not those who make such efforts to help others as these letters reveal, themselves helped by their noble giving?

B. E. W., Rockford, Ill., $10: My little boy, Lawrence, six years old, and his playfellow, a neighbor's son, sawed wood and made 50 cents, to which Lawrence added the contents of his bank. They then asked us to send their mite along with our contribution to starving India.——Leonore A. Webber, $6.50: I felt so sorry for the starving people that I went out and collected for them. ——De Witt Talmage B——, 20 cents: All I have, but maybe it will help a little.——Herman Knox, $4: I have done what I could.—— Eva Grooteboys, $3.18: For India sufferers. —— Charles Stephen Ruddell: He is only four years old, but has added his mite to the India Fund.

Ethel C. Hyde: I send my nice new dollar that has never been used and that was given me Christmas to help India.——Mrs. G. A. Shroy: My little girl made 50 cents, and she hurries me to send it to you for India, saying, "Mamma, the people are dying!" Her papa and I add $2. We would send $50 if we were able.——William Gibson, Elmer Virgie and Jessie Schaefer, $1: Our prayer is that this may save some starving one.——Herman C. Hale: I am a little boy. I send 25 cents for India. ——Little Jennie and Mamie Kennedy: We send 40 cents.——Bertha Carpenter, 50 cents: I am nine years old. I sold beans and lettuce, scrubbed the walls for mamma and did some jobs for papa to earn this for India.——Busy Bee Club, Mediapolis, Ia., $9, which we raised by giving an ice cream and cake social.

These little girls have done well:

Elizabeth Dunn, $50. Lee Proebsting, six years old, and myself, eleven, collected this in pity for India's people.

Many of these gifts to India have touching histories:

Lillie Shepherd, Ontario, Canada, $2.25: Mother died suddenly the day your India pamphlet reached us. We found this sum in her pocket, and we felt that we would send it to India in her memory.—— D. M. S., Clarkson, Canada, $22: From myself and family. When we received the pamphlet, I thought I had nothing to give. Then we concluded to give the first picking of strawberries on a small patch we have, and this is the result.——J. A. M., Chicago, $10. I picked up one of your pamphlets in the garbage barrel by chance, and the result was that I took all we had in the house in the shape of cash to send to you. I am only a poor man, a janitor with four small children, but the Lord gives us enough to eat, and I send this in the Master's name.

One lady writes from Osceola, Ia.: "I intended to take a pleasure trip this summer and saved $50 for that purpose; but I have thought how many lives I could save with the money, and I feel sure Jesus, if he were in my place, would not spend it for himself. Please use it for the relief of famine sufferers."

"Some Hebrews of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue," Central Park, West, New York, have sent, at different times, through their pastor, Rev. Dr. Mendes, $110.07 "for famine relief:" $20 of this was "a wedding gift" from a member of his congregation.

Benevolent societies, ministerial organizations as well as individuals are nobly doing their duty.

Miss D. B., Governeur, N. Y., $50: Proceeds of a benefit supper given by St. Agnes P. E. Guild: We are a small society, fifteen in number, but every one seemed anxious to contribute their mite. God sustain your effort.——The Ministerial Association, Richmond, Ind., $1,000: The amount so far received from the canvass in Richmond and Wayne Township. Outlying towns and townships will be canvassed and we shall probably have another remittance to make in a short time.——Rev. D. F. S., Texas, $100. May God's blessing accompany this gift from my people and myself. I have been organizing in Texas by appointing each County Judge as Chairman of Famine Relief Committee for his county. So soon as I can I shall go to our people in various parts of the State and work with might and main till this awful famine is ended.——Friends in Easton, Mass., $112: More will be sent later.——People's Baptist Church and Sunday School, Bayonne, N. J., $100.——Citizens, Spring Valley, N. Y., $200: After Dr. Hobbs told at our meeting of India's need, our little gathering cheerfully contributed this sum and appointed a committee to canvass the town.——Y. P. S. C. E., Canonsburg, Pa., $124.60: For the India Famine sufferers, to be used by you as God, our Father, may direct.

This letter is particularly interesting as it comes from Canada, and gives a British view of America's course in India's calamity:

As a British subject, I wish to thank you for the interest you are taking in a charity which, although legitimately appealing to the whole world, is primarily our matter. I consider it my duty to acknowledge receipt of your famine circular, notwithstanding that both individually and as a shareholder in my company I have already subscribed to the Famine Fund, through a Canadian channel. Your humanitarian work, I am sure the British people will heartily reciprocrate whenever calamity visits an American community.

With the gift of one dollar, "A Disabled Clergyman" writes:

Accept the wages of a day—
Our mite in faith we're giving.
We hear the cry of the far-away,
"Grant us the right of living:
Revive our hope, sustain its wing;
Add days to its probation,
Till Heaven's mission angels bring
Our starving souls salvation."

Commander Booth-Tucker's Daily

Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, is announced as being about to undertake an experiment which will be watched with interest throughout the religious world. He will assume absolute control of the Chicago *Democrat* for one day, and will endeavor to demonstrate "how a daily Christian paper should be edited." He will choose his own staff, decide upon all questions of policy and absolutely direct every department of the paper. Commander Booth-Tucker is a man of broad culture and experience, a trained and vigorous writer and he will unquestionably make the experiment an attractive and instructive one. He promises to make the issue which he controls an illustration of what a model daily paper should be, recognizing religion, rigidly excluding improper matter, nonpartisan, bright, broadly Christian and humanitarian. His edition of the Chicago *Democrat* is announced to appear July 18, and should be read all over the Union. Two-thirds of the gross receipts of the edition will be turned over to the Salvation Army to be used in aid of its colonization work.

The Bowery Mission Employment Bureau

NINETY per cent. of the men who attend the Bowery Mission are out of employment. It is therefore always a serious question, when a man kneels at the penitent form, and gives every evidence of a desire to live a self-respecting Christian life, as to what must be done with him in an already over-crowded city labor market. The Free Employment Bureau has only been in existence a few months, and has already done splendid service. It is in the charge of one of the converts, Dr. G. W. Hall, who follows the superintendent around in each after-meeting, taking the names and as many particulars as possible of each convert. The convert out of work is asked to present himself next morning at the office, where, if an opening does not already exist he is put in the way of finding work. The New York *Journal* has been exceedingly kind in inserting advertisements for employment free, and in many cases they have brought immediate responses. Hotels, restaurants, livery stables, stores and other places employing unskilled help, are kept constantly informed of the Bowery Mission Bureau, and many calls are received from them.

This is felt to be a most important branch of the Bowery Mission work, as in addition to furnishing a man with a means of livelihood, it so often means the removing of him from a terrible chain of temptations and evil associations.

The following is the report of the Bureau for the month of June:

Number of applications	150
Number of situations obtained	105

Forward			39
Bookkeepers	4	Janitors	3
Carpenters	4	Kitchen men	6
Clerks	5	Laborers	6
Drivers	5	Machinists	3
Engineers	2	Night watchmen	3
Elevator man	1	Pedlers	3
Farmers	3	Painters	4
Fireman	1	Porters	3
Gardeners	4	Restaurant men	29
Housework	6	Salesmen	2
Hotel men	2	Sailor	1
Iron workers	2	Shipping clerks	2
		Telegraph men	1
Forward	39		105

"COME AND SEE"

See John 1 39, 41, 42, 45, 46

HAVE you found the loving Saviour
Who redeems and saves from sin?
He is waiting to receive you;
Come, oh, come, and enter in!

CHO.—"Come and see" our dear Redeemer;
"Come and see" his wondrous love;
He will save from sin, and keep you
All the way to heaven above.

Do you know his keeping power
As he saves you every day?
Oh, abide with Jesus ever,
He will keep you all the way!

Do you know the joy of bringing
Others with you to his side,
There to share the peace he giveth,
There to be quite satisfied?

Ramallah, Jerusalem. —WILFRID ROWNTREE.

A constitutional disease like catarrh require as constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured catarrh in every form by thoroughly purifying the blood and healing the diseased tissues.

CAN SLEEP NOW

Since Leaving off Coffee

"Up to five years ago, I had used coffee all my life, but was finally forced to give it up on account of the way it acted on me. Right after drinking it, I would be taken with a dizzy headache and sour stomach, and have to make a cup of strong tea before I could go about my work.

"Two years ago, I started on Postum Food Coffee, and since finding how to make it properly, I would not exchange it for the best coffee I ever saw. My old troubles have disappeared entirely, I have gained considerable flesh, and what is still better, sleep perfectly at night, which was not the case while using coffee.

"When I first used Postum, my husband complained of its being tasteless, so I tried to use more of it, but as that did not help matters, I tried more boiling, which proved to be the right thing, and now it is delicious.

"Mrs. W. A. Eckels, Sisson, Calif."

THE GEM EMBROIDERY MACHINE

SOMETHING NEW!

This little machine does the finest grades of embroidery now done by hand. Embroiders on any fabric; uses embroidery silk or cotton; a child can operate it; an independent living can be made with it at home. As a special introductory offer we will send a sample machine with a full set of stamping patterns and a beautiful sample of embroidery, together with full instructions teaching how to use machine, for 60c. prepaid—regular price $2.00. A 50-page book of embroidery designs, containing upwards of 100 illustrations, free with each machine. Agents wanted.

GEM MFG. CO., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED.
FOR
LIFE & SPEECHES OF BRYAN

The "Life" is written by Mrs. Bryan. The Speeches revised by Mr. Bryan, but he is not pecuniarily interested in its publication. A golden opportunity for agents. Don't miss it. One agent sold 57 copies in one week; another 67 copies in 10 days; another 17 copies first day. Everybody will buy it: Democrat, Republican, Populist and Prohibitionist. The demand exists. It is only necessary for agents to supply it.

$200.00 GIVEN

for selling 200 books in 3 months. Other liberal inducements. Will guarantee good parties a salary. Distance is no hindrance as freight is paid. Credit given. Circulars, instructions, outfit etc., free, but 25 cents must be sent for mailing. Act quick.

R. H. WOODWARD CO., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE—We also desire to employ agents for selling our book on the "Paris Exposition", beautifully illustrated. We also publish "Life of McKinley" and other campaign books.

Acme Medicine Cover AND Dose Indicator 15c

Keeps medicine free from dust and germs, and tells time to take next dose. Fits any glass or makes stand for bottle. Non-corrosive and antiseptic. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c. for sample.

SHARON MANUFACTURING CO.
134 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA

OPIUM **MORPHINE and Liquor Habit** cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars free. Address **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R.5, Lebanon, Ohio.**

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Ladies, at luncheon parties and at all home-meals, will find a delicacy of flavor in all dishes savored with this sauce-for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

SIGNATURE on every bottle. *Lea & Perrins* John Duncans' Sons Agents New York

Support Yourself While Learning a Profession

We can qualify you in a few months to maintain yourself while learning to be a **Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect.** Write for our new circular, "Support Yourself While Learning a Profession." Sent free.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
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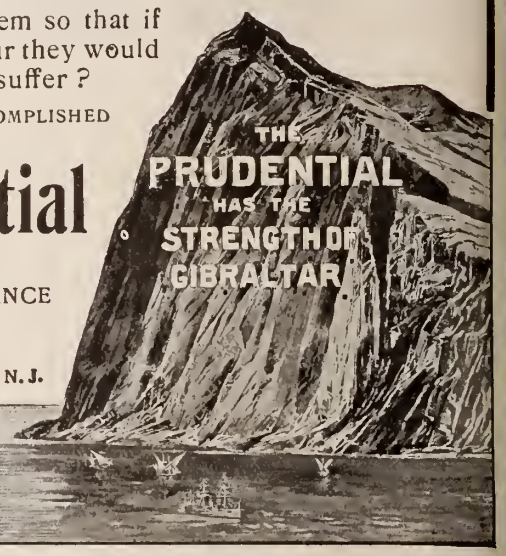

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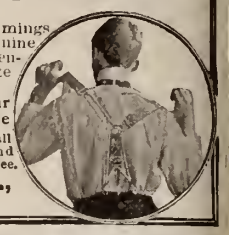

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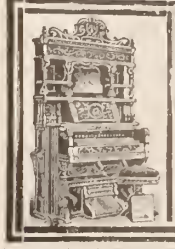

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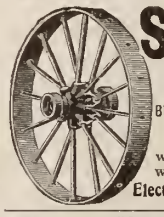

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 30

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Hon. Edwin S. Conger, Our Ambassador at Pekin, Reported Murdered

Minister Conger, with his whole family, his official suite and the Legation guards are said to have perished in the terrible massacre of July 6-7. 2. Prince Tuan, leader of the rebel Boxers. 3. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister at Washington. 4. The British Legation which was burned and demolished. 5. Street in front of the British Legation, Pekin. (See page 607).

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Aug. 22

1. By whom and for what purpose was the Peacock Throne built?
2. In what passage of the Old Testament is a duty of paramount importance, having the prospect of the happiest result, expressed in five words?
3. What is the origin of the bridal wreath of orange blossoms?
4. Should children so young that they cannot understand the service, be taken to church, or should the father who owing to his business sees little of them during the week, stay home with them and try to instil religious principles in their minds?
5. What was the name of the lad who held the basket containing the loaves and fishes that fed the multitude?
6. How should a Christian voter cast his vote for a Member of Congress, if one candidate is right on political questions but is an infidel and immoral of life; while his opponent is wrong in politics, but is a consistent Christian?
7. When did the word "news" as applied to the latest intelligence come into use and what is its significance?
8. If a Christian man detects an employee in robbing him, and decides for the sake of the culprit's family that he will not prosecute him, and subsequently sees him employed by another firm, ought he to inform that firm of the culprit's previous wrong-doing?
9. Who devised the tricolor, the national emblem of France, and under what circumstances?
10. Are all the commands of the Apostles obligatory on Christians of the present day? Or are some of them, such as Paul's rules in reference to women, to be regarded as relating to his time only and having no obligation on us?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the origin and meaning of the initials V. C. after the names of British generals?

It means that these officers have won the Victoria Cross. This is a naval and military decoration instituted by royal warrant June 20, 1856. It is bestowed for "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy." It is open to contestants in all branches of the regular, auxiliary and reserve forces, whether they be officers or privates. It is the most coveted of British decorations. It is a bronze Maltese cross, with the royal crest in the centre. Underneath is an "escrol" bearing the words, "For Valour." It is worn attached to the breast by a blue ribbon by naval officers and sailors, and by a red ribbon by army officers and privates. For each additional act of bravery an additional clasp is added. The cross carries with it a special pension of ten English pounds per annum. Each additional clasp adds five additional English pounds to the pension. MRS. ADA L. MCJUNKIN.

2. What were the three temptations of Jesus described in Matthew 4? In what way did they conflict with Christ's principles?

The threefold temptations of Jesus described in Matthew 4, were: 1. To distrust his Heavenly Father and take Providence into his own hands. To use his supernatural power for his personal advantage, which was contrary to the object of his incarnation. 2. To presume on the care of his Heavenly Father and tempt God by going out of the path of duty and running into danger without cause; and 3, to disown allegiance to God, his Heavenly Father, and own Satan as his master, thereby gaining this world's power from the devil who claimed it as his. The first temptation was opposed to the principle in Christ of implicit, childlike trust in his Father's care; the second was opposed to the principle in him of never tempting God; and the third was abhorrent to him who was daily in communion with his Heavenly Father in spiritual worship. J. L. C.

3. Is a Roman Catholic eligible for the Presidency of the United States? If so, why cannot a Roman Catholic be monarch of Great Britain?

A Roman Catholic is eligible for the presidency of the United States; but no Catholic is eligible for the throne of Great Britain, because in the Declaration of Right, which upon the accession of William and Mary was made a part of the Bill of Rights, there is a clause which states that a Roman Catholic or a person marrying a Roman Catholic be henceforth incapable of receiving the crown of England. William and Mary signed the Bill of Rights as modified by the Declaration of Right, and it became a law. In 1701, Parliament reaffirmed the Bill of Rights and still further extended its provisions by the Act of Settlement, which stated that, in default of issue by William or Anne, the crown should descend to the Electress Sophia of Hanover, Germany, and her Protestant descendants. This law has never been repealed. A. REIST RUTT.

LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA, WITH LADY CURZON AND PARTY

From a new photograph brought from India by Dr. Klopsch. Lord Curzon is the central figure seated, with Lady Curzon on his left. The others are high officials and friends.

4. What are the principal points of difference between Buddhism and Christianity?

1. Buddhism does not recognize the idea of God. Christianity does, and the fatherhood of God. 2. Buddhism teaches the doctrine of transmigration of souls. Christianity teaches the independent continuance of the soul after death of the body, and the reunion of the soul and the body at the resurrection. 3. Buddhism teaches "Nirvana," or extinction finally. Christianity teaches the immortality of the soul. 4. There are no priests or clergy, properly so called, in Buddhism. Christianity has its priests and clergy. 5. Prayers of Buddhists are conceived less as influencing the will of any superior being to grant the requests than as reflex benefit to the petitioner himself. Christianity teaches that God hears and answers prayer. F. J. STRAYER.

5. Ought a husband whose wife has broken her marriage vow to forgive her and receive her back to his home on her repentance?

Our Saviour taught that an offending brother if repentant is to be forgiven, and it would seem as if pardon ought to be accorded as generously to an erring wife, if penitent, as to an offending brother. It must, however, be sorrowfully admitted that in many cases it might be difficult to judge whether the wife were sincere or not in her profession of repentance: and even if sincere there is always grave reason to fear that one who has fallen once may lapse again. But when there is ground to believe the wife truly penitent, then a husband could hardly withhold forgiveness and yet venture to utter that petition in our Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." To receive her back into the home would seem to be involved in forgiving her; for human forgiveness to be real must be like that divine forgiveness which casts our "sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7:19), the sea of deep oblivion. AMELIA HOYT.

6. How do Christian people who do not believe that Jonah was really swallowed by a fish explain his book?

As one of the people claiming to be Christian, and yet not believing that Jonah was swallowed by a great fish, I present my own idea of the book, which, however, may not be endorsed by others. I look on the book as the story of a good man, who, hearing of the vice and wickedness of Nineveh, felt moved to go and warn its people. Realizing that a poor Jew going to the great city on such an errand would be ridiculed and perhaps ill-treated, he shrank from the task. But he became uncomfortable, as a good man does, when he does not obey his conscience. So he starts for Tarshish, thinking to divert his mind and find an excuse for not going to Nineveh. The storm arises, the superstitious sailors throw him overboard, but his life is saved. Then he goes to Nineveh and preaches. In his zeal, he overdoes his duty, and, making no offer of pardon, proclaims the overthrow of the city in forty days. Contrary to his expectations, the people repent, and God spares the city. Thus Jonah feels that he stands discredited as a false prophet, and has to learn by the incident of the gourd that the salvation of a great city is of more importance than any man's reputation. The author wished to teach that the servant of the Lord should obey the dictates of his conscience, which are to him the voice of God; that if he tries to avoid the duty laid upon him, he will be thwarted and forced to do it; and, finally, that God is always better pleased when men repent, than when they are obdurate and are punished. That is the way I look upon the book of Jonah. But the people of that time liked the marvelous, and so the author added the fish incident for spice; just as if I were desirous of teaching my little girl a lesson through a story, I might inject into it something about fairies and brownies, knowing that when she grew older and discarded the fairy part of the story, my real meaning would remain with her.
H. C. BURDEN.

7. Does God really create evil as he is said to do in Isaiah 45: 7?

The context throws light upon the text. The Lord says in this passage "I make peace and create evil." The evil referred to then is antithetic to "peace," and is evidently put for war and its attendant miseries. The meaning is "I will procure peace for the Israelites and destroy Babylon by war." These words, like the antecedent clause, "I form the light and create darkness," were addressed to Cyrus, (see verse 1.) and doubtless refer to the belief of the Persians that there was a duality in supreme power, one being the author of all good whom they called Light, the other of all evil whom they called Darkness. But God by his prophet asserts his own absolute supremacy and unity. "I am Jehovah and none else. Forming light and creating darkness; making peace and creating evil; I Jehovah am the Author of all these things." AMELIA HOYT.

8. What proportion of the world's letters is written in Anglo-Saxon?

Two-thirds of all that now pass through the post-offices of the world are written in English. There are about 500,000,000 persons speaking colloquially some one or other of the ten or twelve leading languages, and of these according to an estimate in the New York *Herald*, 125,000,000 speak English, 90,000,000 Russian, 75,000,000 German, 55,000,000 French, 45,000,000 Spanish, 35,000,000 Italian, 12,000,000 Portuguese, the remainder Hungarian, Dutch, Flemish, Bohemian, Gaelic, Roumanian, Swedish, Flemish, Danish, Norwegian. So large a share of the world's commercial business is conducted by or in conjunction with Great Britain that even among those who do not claim English as their native language, that language is employed in correspondence.
R. A. SMITH.

9. What race or people entertain the belief that heaven will be an exceptionally cool place?

The natives of Botocudes, one of the hottest regions on earth, believe that heaven will be a land of cool streams and shady groves.
J. B. SONDBERG.

Ancient India was inhabited by the Aryans, a noble, fair-skinned people, who had migrated from the temperate zone of Central Asia. Long ages after the Aryans had settled in India, their poets would sing of the cool breezes of the land of their ancestors, and in their prayers for long life they would ask for a "hundred winters." Heaven, in the imagination of these people, would be an exceptionally cool place as compared with the hot, scorching plains of India. NANNIE WALKER.

10. Why are X's used on barrels of liquor to signify degrees of strength or quality?

They signify degrees of strength at the present time. Originally they were put on by the monks as a sort of trade-mark. They were crosses in those days, and meant a sort of oath on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.
MRS. S. M. SAWIN.

Miscellaneous .... Questions

Reader, Ritter, W.Va. Can self-consciousness — fear to read or sing in public — be cured by suggestive therapeutics, or in any other way?

It is worth trying. We have known self-consciousness or excessive timidity to be largely overcome by the person accustoming himself to taking part in conversation, and thus gradually gaining confidence, until he finally had no hesitation in speaking at public gatherings. There are many very excellent speakers and singers, however, who are troubled with timidity all their lives. Gough used to say that he trembled every time he appeared before an audience.

Mrs. W. H. W., Herring, O. Can a woman be a thoroughly consecrated Christian and have a saloon-keeper for a husband?

Yes; but she will probably have a time of great trial unless she succeeds in persuading him to abandon his calling and take up one that is unobjectionable on moral grounds.

Reader, Sandhill, Ont., Can. 1. Is it a Christian's duty to rebuke every wrong he hears? If he hears a person using profane language, is it his duty to rebuke them, whether the person is known to him or not? 2. Is it wrong for a Christian to converse on anything but religious subjects on the Sabbath?

1. Your zeal should be tempered with discretion. It would be obviously unwise to expostulate with a man in a passion. Choose a proper opportunity and then, not offensively but tactfully, show him his fault. Sometimes a few quiet words or a tract will accomplish much. 2. There may be many subjects apart from religion, which unavoidably intrude upon one's attention on the Lord's day. The offence would consist not in giving momentary attention to these, but rather in deliberately devoting ourselves to secular and worldly things. If we plan our Sabbaths rightly, there will be scant opportunity for the world to monopolize them to any considerable extent.

W. V., Greggstown, N. J. 1. It is a contraction first used in telegraphy for brevity's sake. 2. L.H.D. are the initials of *Litterarum Humaniorum Doctor*—Doctor of Humane Letters (or the Humanities), an honorary degree like LL.D.

N. F. C., Washington Depot, Conn. Probably the Librarian of Congress.

I. J. M. We believe they are rarely, if ever, used in Protestant Episcopal churches. We do not know of any P. E. church where they are used.

J. E. M., Middletown, N. Y. See the estimate of population in last week's MAIL-BAG.

Interested Reader. 1. Pronounced as in "chat" or "chop." 2. Pronounced as in "hip." 3. Pronounced *ong root*.

Mrs. B. E., Clarendon. She is so entitled if the cause exists.

Subscriber, N. Middleboro, Mass. About eleven or twelve millions in all.

A GENERAL MASSACRE OF FOREIGNERS REPORTED

DARK TIDINGS FROM PEKIN

NEWS THAT SHOCKS ALL CHRISTENDOM

MISS CONGER

REV. W. S. AMENT

MRS. WOODWARD'S CHILDREN

MRS. W. R. WOODWARD

MRS. CONGER

WHAT may prove to be the darkest tragedy of the century has in all probability been enacted in Pekin. After weeks of alternate hopes and fears for the safety of the little company of foreign officials, their families, friends and attaches, who, with their European and American guards, were besieged in the legation compounds, news has come at last which leaves hardly a doubt of their fate. In every European capital, and even at Washington, hope is now virtually abandoned and it is generally believed that the ambassadors and all the foreigners in the Chinese capital have perished.

On July 13, dispatches from Shanghai were received which confirmed the worst fears and plunged Europe and America into the deepest sorrow and gloom. The first intelligence was contained in a cable message to the Central News Bureau in London. This was supplemented by a dispatch from United States Consul-General Goodnow, at Shanghai, which was based on information supplied by the Chinese Governor of the province of Shanghai, and by Sheng, the director of Chinese telegraphs. Next, a corroborative dispatch was received at the Japanese Embassy in London. All are from Chinese sources, and none are authoritative or direct from Pekin; yet their veracity seems beyond question. Their story, briefly, is that the Boxers under Prince Tuan, jointly with the revolted imperial troops who had flocked by thousands to the rebel ranks, prepared for an attack in force on July 6 on the British and Russian legations.

Heavy cannon were trained on the doomed buildings, within whose walls were sheltered all the foreigners in Pekin—the envoys, their families, the attaches, the legation guards and marines, the missionaries with their wives and children and a number of merchants and strangers of various nationalities. Prince Tuan led the attack in person, dividing his forces into three detachments under Gen's Tsai-Yin, Yin-Lin, Tsin-Yu and Tuh-Fuh-Singh; all simultaneously opening fire on the legations at dusk on the evening of the 6th. The brave defenders in the legation compound fought with desperate heroism, and the streets within the vicinity of the buildings were strewn with Chinese dead and wounded, but the situation was hopeless. All night long Gen. Tuh-Fuh-Singh's cannon pounded the legation buildings. Every attempt to break out and cut through the ranks of the assailants was met by such a hail of bullets that the defenders were driven back, each sortie costing many lives.

During one of these rallies, and when the foreigners were sorely pressed, Prince Ching and Gen. Wang-Weng-Sao with a body of loyal troops, came to their aid and attacked the Chinese forces of Tuan, but were utterly defeated and Ching himself is reported to have been killed. Gen. Wang-Weng-Sao was also killed in the fight. The battle between the allies within the legation and the Chinese without was then resumed with varying fortunes. At 5 A. M. Gen. Tung-Fuh-Singh arrived with a large force of Kansuh troops and reinforced the besiegers. Soon the walls of the legation began to crumble. Hundreds of the brave defenders fell at their posts. Their ammunition gave out, and at 7 A. M. the Chinese fire brought no response. Emboldened by this, the Chinese troops and Boxers made a rush on the legation and a desperate hand-to-hand encounter followed. Every one of the heroic defenders was put to the sword. The few who sought refuge in the ruins of the burning buildings were sought out and mercilessly slain.

Just what happened in these last two hours of their awful extremity, is only vaguely hinted at by the dispatches. It is said that the women and children, at the last moment, were shot down by their own defenders, who had determined that they should not fall alive into the hands of the savage hordes of Boxers, who seemed more like wild beasts than human beings. This phase of the massacre is explained in the Chinese dispatches in these words: "The foreigners also went mad and killed all their women and children, shooting them with their revolvers instead of firing on the Boxers." After all the Europeans and Americans had fallen, the Boxers fell upon the poor, helpless bodies in the courtyard and mutilated them, cutting off heads and carrying them through the streets on the points of their rifles. They closed the day's bloody work by a massacre of native Christians.

In some of the dispatches, incidents are mentioned in connection with the massacre that are almost incredible. It is said that M. De Giers, the Russian ambassador, and his wife, fell into the hands of the Boxers and were subjected to most revolting cruelties. The ambassador was dragged through the streets, tortured and finally boiled alive in a great cauldron, around which the Boxers danced and shouted, while they viewed his sufferings. M. De Giers, who was the son of one of Russia's greatest statesmen, preserved the noblest fortitude amid his agonies, and proclaimed aloud his Christian faith, encouraging his wife by the example of a heroic martyrdom. She, too, was fiendishly tortured and subjected to the grossest abuse. The intelligence of their terrible fate, when it reached St. Petersburg, caused a profound sensation. Tears coursed down the Czar's cheeks as he listened to the reading of the dispatches.

One man alone, Li Hung Chang, the great Viceroy, still cherishes a hope that the news of the terrible tragedy at the legations may be unfounded. He asserts that the legation inmates have been safeguarded by the Emperor and Empress Dowager, and that all the foreign ministers except Baron von Ketteler are safe. There is said to be a secret underground passage from the British Legation to the royal palace in the "Forbidden City," and that food and supplies could have come through this channel. In the last resort of a siege, it would afford a safe avenue of retreat. On July 17, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister in Washington, received a joint message from the viceroys of Nanking and Wuchang and Director of Telegraphs Sheng, stating that the foreign ministers were safe on July 9—two days after the date of the reported massacre. This still leaves a hope, though a very slender one, that the ministers, their wives and children, and all the non-combatants at least may have been providentially preserved.

As far as can be learned, the victims of the terrible tragedy reported to have taken place in Pekin, are as follow:

Americans—Hon. Edwin H. Conger, United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, Mrs. Conger, Miss Laura Conger, the daughter, and Miss Mary Pierce, their niece; Miss Ione Woodward, of Chicago, a visitor in the Conger household, and Miss Cecile Payne, another member of the Conger group; Herbert C. Squiers, U. S. Secretary of Legation; Wm. E. Bainbridge, Assistant Secretary of Legation; Fleming D. Cheshire, interpreter; Miss Mary Condit Smith, a visitor at the Legation; Capt. John D. Myers, of the U. S. battleship *Oregon*, commanding the Legation guard of seven officers and fifty-six men; Capt. Newton H. Hall, U. S. Marine Corps; Assistant Surgeon Thomas H. Lippitt.

British—Sir Claude M. Macdonald, Minister; H. G. O. Bax Ironside, Secretary; H. G. N. Dering, Second Secretary; Dr. Woodsworth Poole, Physician; Right Rev. Bishop Scott, Chaplain; Henry Cockburn, Chinese Secretary; Live Bingham, Honorary Attache; Col. G. E. Browne, Military Attache; Lady Macdonald and the Misses Macdonald; seventy-two men and three officers of the guard; W. P. Thomas, D. T. Terbitt, J. T. Pratt, L. G. Graham, G. W. Pearson, W. P. Russell, H. Phillips, C. C. Kirke, A. J. Flaherty, W. M. Hewlett, H. H. Bristow, H. Porter, C. A. Rose, G. P. Peachey, J. G. Hancock, R. D. Drury, L. H. R. Barr, H. Warren, L. Giles, M. E. Townsend, M. H. Bourne.

German—Baron Von Ketteler, Minister; Baroness Von Ketteler; Von Prittwitz et Saffron, First Secretary; Baron Von Bergen, Secretary; Dr. Velde, Physician; Baron Von Der Sctoltz, Interpreter; H. Cordes, Interpreter; O. Feslan, Chancellor,; thirty-five men and two officers of the guard.

French—S. Pichon, Minister; D'Anthonard, Secretary; M. H. Leduc, Interpreter; M. Morisse, Interpreter; Commander Vidal, Military Attache; Dr. Detheva, Physician; C. M. F. Bertheaux, Chancellor; guard of seventy-two men and three officers.

Russian—M. Michael De Giers, Minister; H. B. Kroupensky, Secretary; M. B. Evreinoff, Second Secretary; M. P. Popoff, Interpreter; Colonel Dessino, Military Attache; Dr. Korsakoff, Physician; guard of thirty-nine men and three officers.

Italy—Marquis Salvago Raggi, Minister, Signor Livio Cretani, Attache; Baron G. Vtall d' Poraggio, dragoman; guard of thirty-nine men and three officers.

Austria—Baron Czikann von Vahlborn, Minister; Dr. A. de Rosthorn, Secretary; Herr R. Natiesta, Vice-consul; guard of thirty men and two officers.

Japanese—Baron Nishii, Minister; M. Ishinkekonjiro, Secretary; M. Nashema Takeshe, Second Secretary; M. Marumo, Third Secretary; Major Aoki, Military Attache; Dr. Nakagawa, Physician; Mm. Tei and Fokowmaron, Interpreters; M. Sagiyama, Chancellor; Guard of twenty-four men and two officers.

Belgium—M. de Cortier de Marchienne, Charge d' Affaires; M. de Neclotte, Attache; M. A. Splingaerd, Interpreter.

Spain—Senor B. J. De Cologan, Minister; Senor F. Soliveres, Secretary.

Netherlands—M. F. M. Knobel, Minister; M. W. J. VanDuysberg, Seretary.

Portugal—Senhor F. H. Galbardo, Minister; Senhor M. P. M. Bauderia de Luna, Secretary; Senhor C. A. R. DePaes Assumpcao, Interpreter.

Foreigners in Chinese Service—Sir Robert Hart, General Interpreter and Inspector-General of Customs; T. R. Brazier, Chancellor; P. Von Rautenfeld, Secretary; F. W. Maze, Auditor; C. H. Brewitt-Taylor, Assistant Secretary; J. Van Aalst, Secretary of Posts; C. E. Tennant, Assistant Secretary of Posts; and twelve probationer clerks.

The list of missionaries in Pekin at the time of the rumored massacre, was published in our last week's issue. As far as known, nearly all the missionaries outside of Pekin are now safe.

MRS. JAS. H. INGRAM — REV. JAS. H. ROBERTS — MISS NELLIE M. RUSSELL — REV. DR. MARTIN — MISS ANNA M. GLOSS, M.D. — REV. CHAUNCEY GOODRICH — MISS GERTRUDE WYCKOFF — DR. JAS. H. INGRAM

THESE WERE REPORTED AS BEING AMONG THE VICTIMS OF THE PEKIN MASSACRE

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Great Surgeon

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Matt. 11 : 5 . . .

The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear.

"DOCTOR," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no;" he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer and more merciful art never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion, namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D.D.'s were M.D.'s, for there are so many cases were body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans and then by the early Christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism; and we see it again in II. Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked lattice-work in the palace, and it broke and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid; and Esculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was deified, and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidaurus and Podelirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy; and Damocedes cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius, and the cancer of his queen; and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures, and introduced amputation; and Praxagoras removed obstructions; and Herophilus began dissection; and Erasistratus removed tumors; and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye, and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat; and Alexander of Tralles treated the eye; and Rhazas cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia; and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine; and in our own century we have had, among others, a Roux and a Larray in France, an Astley Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain, and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America, and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients; and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds received in walking barefoot over the temple pavements, had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling in the surgeon the people only invoked the gods!

But notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill of the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them; the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah; the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy; the sun-stroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head! my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; defection of teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, almost equal to anything modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the unrolled Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind by the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire, and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox, and going out to the fields to pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery, or from paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho, and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound, and oil to soothe it. Thank God for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering!

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Drs. Parre and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, with their amazing genius, came forward, and with their anæsthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hasheesh and mandrake. The world has never seen but one surgeon who could straighten the crooked limb, cure the blind eye, or reconstruct the drum of a soundless ear, or reduce a dropsy, without any pain at the time, or any pain after, and that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest, and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw, or ever will see; and he deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth, and hallelujahs of all heaven. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until there is a complete contraction of the muscles, and false ligatures are formed, and ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of twelve years, and he stopped it. Another was a curvature of eighteen years, and he straightened it. Another was a cripple of thirty-eight years, and he walked out well. The eighteen-year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might stop it from getting any worse, perhaps they might contrive braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humanly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine Surgeon put both his hands on her, and from that doubled-up posture she began to rise, and the emurpled face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles and cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes, that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude, and up toward heaven in transport. Straight! After eighteen weary and exhausting years, straight! The poise, the gracefulness, the beauty of healthy womanhood reinstated. The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature; the bath, one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and eight feet deep. Ah, poor man, if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average of human life! Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon walks along these baths, and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered, or a year or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless, and to this thirty-eight years' invalid said: "Wilt thou be made whole?" The question asked, not because the Surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man, "that is what I came to these mineral baths for; I have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand nor foot nor head. Oh, if I could only be free from this pain of thirty-eighty years!" Christ, the Surgeon could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees, and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the Doctor, with a joy too much to hold, the Doctor says, "Shoulder this mattress! for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh, what a Surgeon for chronic cases then, and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin, and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eighteen years, thirty-eight years. Here is a Surgeon able to give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I cannot rise." Are you flatter down than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the Surgeon who offers you his right hand of help, I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exigencies! A Christ for a dead-lift! A Surgeon who never loses a case!

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon, I must consider him as an oculist, or eye doctor, and an aurist, or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That he was particularly sorry for the blind folks, I take from the fact that the most of his works were with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got his cure. Two blind men in one house, also one who was born blind; the blind man of Bethsaida, cured by the saliva which the Surgeon took from the tip of his own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside. In our civilized lands we have blindness enough, but in the lands where this Divine Surgeon operated, the cases of blindness were multiplied beyond everything by the particles of sand floating in the air, and the night dews falling on the eyelids of those who slept on the top of their houses; and in some of these lands it is estimated that twenty out of a hundred people are totally blind. Amid all that crowd of visionless people, what work for an oculist! And I do not believe that more than one out of a hundred of that Surgeon's cures were reported. He went up and down among those people who were feeling slowly their way by staff, or led by the hand of man or rope of dog, and introducing them to the faces of their own household, to the sunrise and the sunset and the evening star. He just ran his hand over the expressionless face, and the shutters of both windows were swung open, and the restored went home crying, "I see! I see! Thank God, I see!"

That is the Oculist we all need. Till he touches our eyes we are blind. Yea, we were born blind. By nature, we see things wrong, if we see them at all. Our best eternal interests are put before us and we cannot see them. The glories of a loving and pardoning Christ are pro-

DR. TALMAGE ADDRESSING AN OVERFLOW MEETING AT MANCHESTER, ENG.

On leaving the Cavendish Church, one of the largest in Manchester, which was densely crowded to hear Dr. Talmage preach, he was surrounded by a great throng who had waited outside through the service. Dr. Talmage gave an address from his carriage. In other cities of England and Scotland similar enthusiasm was manifested. Dr. Talmage has also preached to large audiences in the cities of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Russia, where the people regularly read his sermons in their own language.

jected, and we do not behold them. Or we have a defective sight which makes the things of this world larger than the things of the future, time bigger than eternity. Or, we are color-blind, and cannot see the difference between the blackness of darkness forever and the roseate morning of an everlasting day. But Christ the Surgeon comes in, and though we shrink back afraid to have him touch us, yet he puts his fingers on the closed eyelids of the soul, and midnight becomes midnoon; and we understand something of the joy of the young man of the Bible, who, though he had never before been able to see his hand before his face, now by the touch of Christ, had two headlights kindled under his brow, cried out in language that confounded the jeering crowd who were deriding the Christ that had effected the cure, and wanted to make him out a bad man. "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

But this Surgeon was just as wonderful as an aurist. Very few people have two good ears. Nine out of ten people are particular to get on this or that side of you when they sit or walk or ride with you, because they have one disabled ear. Many have both ears damaged, and what with the constant racket of our great cities, and the catarrhal troubles that sweep through the land, it is remarkable that there are any good ears at all. Most wonderful instrument is the human ear. It is harp and drum and telegraph and telephone and whispering-gallery all in one. So delicate and wondrous is its construction, that the most difficult of all things to reconstruct is the auditory apparatus. The mightiest scientists have put their skill to its retuning, and sometimes they stop the progress of its decadence, or remove temporary obstructions, but not more than one really deaf ear out of a hundred thousand is ever cured. It took a God to make the ear, and it takes a God to mend it. That makes me curious to see how Christ the Surgeon succeeds as an aurist.

We are told of only two cases he operated on as an ear surgeon. His friend Peter, naturally high-tempered, saw Christ insulted by a man by the name of Malchus, and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at the man's head, but the sword slipped and hewed off the outside ear, and our Surgeon touched the laceration and another ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is not the outside ear that hears. That is only a funnel for gathering sound and pouring it into the hidden and more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake Galilee our Surgeon found a man deaf and dumb. The patient dwelt in perpetual silence and was speechless. He could not hear a note of music or a clap of thunder. He could not call father or mother or wife or children by name. What power can waken that dull tympanum or reach that chain of small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open the gate between the brain and the outside world? The Surgeon put his fingers in the deaf ears and agitated them, and kept on agitating them, until the vibration gave vital energy to all the dead parts, and they responded, and when our Surgeon withdrew his fingers from the ears, the two tunnels of sound were clear for all sweet voices of music and friendship. For the first time in his life he heard the dash of the waves of Galilee. Through the desert of painful silence had been built a king's highway of resonance and acclamation. But yet he was dumb. No word had ever leaped over his lip. Speech was chained under his tongue. Vocalization and accentuation were to him an impossibility. He could express neither love nor indignation nor worship. Our Surgeon, having unbarred his ear, will now unloose the shackle of his tongue. The Surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that he used on two occasions for the cure of blind people, namely, the moisture of his own mouth. The application is made. And lo, the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed, and between the tongue and teeth were born a whole vocabulary, and words flew into expression. He not only heard but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it that while other surgeons used knives and forceps and probes and stethoscopes, this Surgeon used only the ointment of his own lips? To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if he touches us not we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. O, thou greatest of all aurists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the Surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the painlessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases he took were all moneyless. Did he not treat the nobleman's son? Did he not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did he not effect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth, who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They would have paid him large fees, and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem, and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias, who would have given this Surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as he could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received a thousand dollars, five thousand dollars, and, in one case I know of, fifty thousand dollars, but the Surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In his whole earthly life, we know of his having had but sixty-two and a half cents. When his taxes were due, by his omniscience he knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and he sent Peter with a hook which brought up that fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman stater, or sixty-two and a half cents, the only money he ever had; and that he paid out for taxes. This greatest Surgeon of all the centuries gave all his services then, and offers all his services now, free of all charge. "Without money and without price" you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed and your soul saved. If Christian people get hurt of body, mind or soul, let them remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Besides that, there are powerful anæsthetics in the divine promises that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this Surgeon shall have completed the treatment of the world's wounds! The day will come when there will be no more hospitals, for there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmaries, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sunstrokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning hooks; while in the heavenly country we shall see the victims of accident or malformation, or hereditary ills on earth, become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such brilliant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our Surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our Surgeon found bent almost double, and could in no wise lift up herself, and he made her straight. Who is that listening with such rapture to the music of heaven, solo melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our Surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee, and by two touches opened ear-gate and mouth-gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring look and thanksgiving, and cries of "Oh, what he did for me! Oh, what he did for my family! Oh, what he did for the world!" That is the Surgeon of all the centuries, the Oculist, the Aurist, the Emancipator, the Saviour. No pay he took on earth. Come, now, and let all heaven pay him with worship that shall never end, and a love that shall never die. On his head be all the crowns! in his hands be all the sceptres! and at his feet be all the worlds!

A Notable Convention of Temperance Women

DELEGATES FROM WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNIONS OF MANY LANDS IN SESSION IN EDINBURGH

THE fifth biennial convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the world brought to Edinburgh, Scotland, over two hundred women from different countries, who for six days discussed the temperance work of all nations and their part therein. British women were there, in addition, by the hundreds, and the trains running between London and Edinburgh carried enough white ribbon to have made a signal banner.

The World's Temperance Congress in London the week before was an advance meeting-place for many of the foreign delegates, who rallied around Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Miss Agnes Slack and Mrs. J. K. Barney when they took part in the congress.

The cordiality of the English greeting was equalled by a Scotch welcome so warm and generous that traditions seemed incredible of the reserve and even coldness of the Scotch character. It was a welcome from all classes and from people not in the temperance ranks as well as from those enrolled under the standard.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET
President of the World's W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston, the honorary president of the World's W.C.T.U., was unable to cross the ocean to attend the convention, having now arrived at an advanced age, and the acting president, Lady Henry Somerset, presided officially. The Free Assembly Hall of Edinburgh, which is the meeting place of the Free Kirk, was used for all the meetings and its capacity of nearly five thousand was taxed to the utmost.

The gathering place of the temperance clans, at the Free Assembly Church, commands a situation among the most beautiful in beautiful Edinburgh. Occupying the site of the palace of Mary of Guise, the corrupt queen of James V. and the mother of unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, it rests on the summit of what is known as the Mound, which is a hugh accumulation of carried earth across the North Loch valley and serves the purpose of a bridge between the New Town and the Old. Within a stone's throw is the historical Grassmarket where, under a spot marked now by a cross in the causeway, is still retained the socket of the old gallows on which many of the most eminent Covenanters received a martyr's crown.

While there was a slight confusion of tongues within, as when two foreigners lapsed into their native language by force of habit or in haste to express themselves, still the English language was spoken by all and with a fluency remarkable in many cases. When the roll of the countries was called responses from national presidents were made by Lady Henry Somerset for Great Britain; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Portland, Me., for the United States; Mrs. E. W. Nicholls, of Adelaide, for Australia; Mrs. Rutherford, of Toronto, for Canada; Mrs. McLean, of Windsor, for Victoria; Mrs. Johnson, for Queensland; Mrs. Drake, for South Australia; Mrs. Barber, for Tasmania; Miss Watts, for Brazil; Mrs. Tongeroff, for Bulgaria; Fraulein Hoffman, for Germany; Mrs. Parmalee, for Japan; Mrs. Druley, for Newfoundland; Miss Powell, for New Zealand; Mrs. Mackay, for Cape Colony; Miss Johannsdottir, for Iceland; Miss Johanessen, for Norway; Mrs. Harrison Lee, for New South Wales; Mrs. Osten, for Denmark; Mrs. Crawford, for Ireland; Mrs. Brockway, for India; Mrs. Peill, for Madagascar; Miss. Fernie, for Natal; and Mrs. Dann, for the Bahama Islands.

It was an interesting gathering of interesting women, many of them famous in their own land for oratory or literary genius, as well as for temperance zeal, and some famous the world over. Lady Henry Somerset, though with a shadow on her face of constant anxiety about her son in South Africa, exhibited a deep grasp on the fundamental principles of temperance reform.

Mrs. Stevens, the president of the United States W. C. T. U., exhibited the ready wit, practical common sense, thorough knowledge of men and affairs and far-sighted sagacity, which make her the balance-wheel in the work of the national and international organizations, and which have lifted her to a position of leadership in many different movements among the women of her own country. The president of the Iceland W.C.T.U., Miss Johannsdottir, one of the few women of her country known at all to the public, attracted much attention in the quaint costume of her native land, with its short skirt, long mantle widely bordered with white fur, and its close-fitting black cap, with gold tassels. The earnest and tireless energy of Miss Agnes Slack, the secretary; the good judgment of Mrs. Sanderson, the treasurer; the fluent speech of Mrs. Lente-Stevenson, superintendent of the department of Good Citizenship; the winning personality of Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, in charge of the Y. W. C. T. U. work of the world; the educated mind and profound convictions of Dr. Mary Wood Allen, superintendent of the Social Purity department—these have for years been talents displayed and practically used at the conventions of the W. C. T. U., and they were not lacking at this one. Their work during the years between conventions makes them known to white ribboners the world over, and at their conventions they are familiar figures and greeted as old friends.

The convention received enthusiasm and assistance from Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*, who is an ardent supporter of the W. C. T. U. It heard reports from its superintendents, in which the progress of the work was traced in its different branches of scientific temperance instruction, Sunday School work, peace and international arbitration, the work of the Loyal Temperance Legion, the promotion of good citizenship, work among railway men, sailors and miners, antinarcotics, antigambling and social purity. Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, R. I.; Miss Parrish, of Paris, Ill.; Miss Cummins and Miss Vincent, of Australia, whose terms of office had expired, were reappointed to continue their travels in missionary work around the world. The United States W. C. T. U., which had taken a vote at its last national convention abandoning the Woman's Temple at Chicago on account of the hopelessness of the scheme, was sustained in its position by the convention.

But most important was the election, near the close of the convention, of Lady Henry Somerset to be president and Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens vice-president of the World's W. C. T. U. To them is due much of the success of the cause in the past, and the ultimate triumph of the future will be brought nearer by their efforts and consecrated talents.

REBECCA A. INSLEY.

FINDING A STRAY EAR OF CORN

GROUP OF BLIND VICTIMS OF THE FAMINE WAITING TO BE ADMITTED TO A POOR-HOUSE

A HINDU SERVANT

MY TOUR THROUGH FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

.. BY LOUIS KLOPSCH ..

FAMINE in India! How I dread to write about it! What pen can adequately portray the scenes which my eyes have witnessed? Scenes of desolation, of pain, of suffering, of hopeless despair, of heart anguish, of death! And what a death! Lingering, agonizing, torturous, terrible! An indescribable death, coming on gradually; slowly, but surely tightening its grip, until its victim, consciously helpless, the eyes abnormally distended and unnaturally lustrous, sinks down overcome with dread apprehension. Then a feeble but fruitless effort to rise again, a protracted, spasmodic gurgle, an occasional revivification; a final, prolonged, appealing, anxious, despairing look, the death-rattle, and all is over. Then the funeral! If the undertaker be a jackal or a vulture, it may possibly be imagined, but it should never be described. Otherwise, the body is burned, and its ashes fertilize the sun-baked, kiln-dried, sterile ground.

I had fully expected to witness great distress, intense suffering, yes, even death. I realized my own feebleness in the face of so great a calamity. I had nerved myself for the mission in hand; yet, I was in nowise prepared for the dreadful, shocking state of affairs I was called upon to encounter. On the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, while sweltering in a range of temperature and a degree of humidity to which I was wholly unaccustomed, fellow-passengers had endeavored to convey to my mind some idea of the sad, heart-rending scenes one is apt to meet with in the famine territory; but had I the power to intensify a thousand times all I heard, when face to face with the dreaded reality, I should have felt even then that "the half had not been told."

One half of India to-day is a great charnel-house in which countless thousands have already perished of cholera, plague, dysentery and starvation, and as many more are doomed to a like fate. How to describe it, so as to bring it within the grasp of the human mind, I know not. Twenty thousand cases of cholera weekly, with a seventy-five per cent. mortality, representing 15,000 deaths every seven days; plague on every hand; dysentery mowing down its victims right and left, and starvation staring millions boldly and defiantly in the face, reaping a harvest unprecedented—this tells the horrible story about as accurately as a brief prose summary of Milton's *Paradise Lost* would convey a sense of its poetic sublimity. The skeleton may be there, but the soul is wanting.

As Mr. Willets, my traveling companion in India, has undertaken to supply a general narrative of the trip, I will confine myself to a recital of some of the most striking incidents, without regard to chronological order.

But before I begin, permit me to express my heartfelt gratitude to my Heavenly Father for having brought me safely through dangers by land and sea as well as by infection and contagion, and to thank the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for their earnest prayers in my behalf. My physical welfare was beset with dangers on every hand, yet out of them all I have been permitted to return to my family better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of life than in many a year.

"THE CHILD LYING GASPING IN MY ARMS WAS DOOMED"

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Bombay's Army of Beggars

On the day of our arrival, the streets of Bombay were literally alive with walking skeletons. Every step of the way we were beset and besieged by men, women and children in the last stages of destitution, piteously begging for a mite that they might eat and live. They prostrated themselves before us, calling upon us as the "Protectors of the poor, our Father and Mother, our King and our God," to save them from starvation.

They lifted up their hands in earnest supplication, and uttered their petitions while vigorously slapping their naked, hollow stomachs to indicate that for a long time they had had nothing to eat. They held out their hands with a beseeching look, hoping that we might drop a coin that would purchase at least enough food to satisfy their hunger just for an hour. Gaunt men, emaciated women with parched bosoms nursing shriveled, diminutive, hollow-eyed, sickly babies; children with legs and arms like clothes-pins, every rib plainly visible, all ran toward us and after us, completely surrounding the carriage and entreating us every step of the way.

I was tempted to give them all I had, but Rev. Mr. Frease who accompanied me, begged me not to do it, fearing if we gave to some that the rest would become frantic and endanger our safety. "Where do these unfortunate people come from?" I asked. "They come from the villages in families and groups to the larger cities, hoping there to be able to beg enough to keep them alive," was the reply. "How many of them are there in Bombay?" "Tens of thousands," responded my companion. "The municipality sent seven thousand by rail to the Relief Camp at Thana, twenty-five miles away, the other day, but six thousand left in one night and returned to the city, walking the entire distance."

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Streets Littered with Destitute Sleepers

All along the drive of over two miles, between our hotel and the Marathi Mission, doorways, stoops and curbstones were occupied by these helpless unfortunates, many of them more than three-fourths naked and all of them miserably clad. The most persistent in their entreaties were the nursing mothers, and nearly every other woman belonged to that class, and the saddest sight of all were the poor child mothers, themselves in need of maternal attention, hugging their emaciated, hollow-templed and sunken-eyed babies with an intensity of affection that almost broke our hearts to witness — particularly in view of our own utter helplessness to relieve their distress.

Houseless and homeless, these unfortunates sleep in the streets of Bombay at night. They lie down just where they happen to find themselves when tiredness overtakes them, and it is no exaggeration to say that I have seen as many as five hundred asleep on the sidewalk of a single block, lying so closely that it was almost impossible to thread one's way through the maze. In the less frequented streets they sleep also in the driveways, and in order to drive through without accident it is necessary to send an advance courier to wake up the sleepers. Of course, they have neither bed nor covering, and to see the little ones on the hard stones cuddle up to their mothers was one of the most pathetic, touching sights that I have ever witnessed.

Every effort has been put forth by the city to disperse the hungry crowds and return them to the country, but necessity recognizes no law and desperation yields to no entreaties. What they want is bread, bread, bread for themselves and their loved ones, and the city is their last hope. If that fails them they must perish, and if die they must they may as well die there as elsewhere.

As in the city, so along the country roads of the famine district, there are constant streams of grim, gaunt, hungry, despairing people, bound from the villages for the relief stations; for the Famine Code requires the starving to break up their homes and travel from fifteen to twenty miles, yes, sometimes over thirty miles, in order to obtain relief. Hence, no wonder that along the sun-baked, kiln-dried roads of famine-stricken India, dead bodies have strewn the way and sickened the hearts of our missionaries, and that when certain death stares these wanderers in the face they, as a last resort, offer their children for sale at a few annas each, in the hope that such a course will ensure the lives of the little ones and enable their parents to journey further on, with a prospect of getting to where relief awaits them!

A Severe Test

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A Typical Famine Camp

One experience which stands out from all the others most distinctly in my mind, is our visit to Ahmedabad. We got there about half-past five in the evening, and without waiting to visit the accommodations provided for our entertainment we hastened to the poor-house.

On the shadeless plaza before the gate were nearly 250 reeking, filthy bundles of rags, containing as many human beings in various stages of emaciation, some standing, some squatting in Oriental fashion on the ground, others lying flat on their backs, and still others lying with their faces to the ground, in order to screen themselves from the burning rays of the evening sun. The thermometer ranged at about 110 deg. in the shade; not a breath of air was blowing, and the heat and stench contributed to make us physically as ill at ease as the sad scenes of destitution, misery, pain and helplessness made us so mentally. It seemed impossible that any part of the great human family could reach such depth of misery as was everywhere visible.

On inquiring why these people were exposed to the relentless rays of the sun without shelter or shade, I was told that they had been brought in from the neighboring villages on carts and were to remain under observation for twenty-four hours in order to determine whether symptoms of contagious disease developed. They had come in during the afternoon, they had lain there for three or four hours, they were to remain there all night and to stay there all the next forenoon. Possibly the evening of the next day they would be admitted to the inhospitable shelter of the Ahmedabad poor-house. Myriads of flies were feasting on each individual bundle, and the eyelids, mouths, nostrils and ears were all besieged with battalions of flies gorging themselves on the helpless victims of the India famine.

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The Suffering Children

The most distressing phase of all this indescribable misery was the dear little children who seemed to be in constant agony, internal and external. They did not cry aloud, because they lacked the vital inner force for such effort; though their faces were constantly crying no sound was heard, and as we looked at these innocent, helpless little things—so emaciated, hollow-templed, sunken-eyed, the nape of the neck so sharply indented under the skull that the head looked abnormally large and ill-supported—the burden of sympathetic grief became almost unbearable. Sometimes tears rolled down their cheeks, and the mother sitting next to the child would wipe the tears away with a part of her dirty, filthy garment, and something like a sigh would escape to indicate the depth of sorrow that was laying hold upon her heart. As we stood there watching this motley crowd, overawed, as it seemed, by dozens of tall, skeletonized men with long beards and large, abnormally lustrous eyes peering out of depressed sockets, half inquisitive, half reflective, our attention was directed to two groups of burden-bearers, each group bearing a cot: one set bound for the poor-house, the other set coming from it. On the cot bound for the poor-house was a man about twenty years of age, long and thin, sheltering with his hand his eyes from the sun. He was a fever patient, and was going in for treatment. On the other cot was a man who had received "treatment," and was now bound for the funeral pile, where fourteen were to be burned that evening.

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The Dead Beside the Living

We went into the poor-house where over a thousand people in various stages of nudity and emaciation were seated on the ground, waiting to be served. It was time for the evening meal. We left them for the time being, and taking a turn sidewise we entered the hospital section, which was the worst, with one or two exceptions, that I had occasion to visit. We first went through the cholera wards, and there in every ward we found dead bodies on the cots or on the ground. Every fifth or sixth cot had a corpse on it. I asked why they were not removed, and an attendant replied that the victims had died after twelve o'clock noon, in which case there is no removal until the time for burning, which is eight in the evening. It was a gruesome sight to see these dead men and women, with expressions of intensest agony on their faces, lying there; and the only comforting thought was that they were beyond suffering, and that the famine in India, with its plague, its cholera, its smallpox and its fever, could no longer affect them.

Down in a corner of one of the wards, in which we had found three dead bodies, lay a tall, broad-shouldered man, stone dead. He had died during the afternoon. Back of him was his little four-year-old girl, tenderly fondling him and vainly endeavoring to attract his attention. Her face seemed to indicate that she was beginning to realize that something was amiss; and yet there was her father, and what she apprehended vaguely could not very well be, so long as he was there. We stood looking on, our hearts almost breaking and the tears coursing down our cheeks, when a little commotion at the entrance to the ward claimed our attention. They were bringing in the patient whom we had seen on the cot outside, and who required medical treatment. The attendant lifted him up and raised him on his feet, then supporting him on one side, the feeble patient staggering as best he could with the aid of this support, he walked him to the corner and placed him down on the ground, face to face with the dead man whose little child was fondling him. The thing took but a few moments, but the horror of the situation so appalled us that, for the moment, we were stupefied. It seemed impossible that any one could commit so unnatural an act. We called the attention of the man to what he was doing. We asked him why he did not make room elsewhere for the patient. He replied that within an hour the dead man would be removed and the patient then could have the whole corner to himself.

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The Dark Side and the Bright

In the accompanying illustrations, it will be noticed that the photographer has twice caught me while I happened to be holding a famine child in my arms. These pictures, if captioned with due regard for the respective babes, would read: "The dark and the bright sides of the India famine." For while the child lying gasping in my arms was doomed, the other little one, with the pretty, bright face, was saved. One was a famine victim, the other a famine survivor. The one died soon after I laid her gently back on the ground which served for a cot; the other is still living, one of the fortunate orphans supported by the generous readers of this paper—doubtless a happy child who will grow up in the Christian faith to learn how a great paternal government had cared for millions of India's people in time of direst need, how she was rescued from starvation and death by the motherly Pundita Ramabai, and how she owes her very life and enlightenment and happiness to the Christian people of America who contributed money for her upbringing.

THIS LITTLE ONE, WITH ITS BRIGHT FACE, WAS SAVED

. . .

A Most Pathetic Incident

Let me close this paper with a reference to the other illustration herewith, which shows a group of blind women—blindness caused in each case by acute starvation — representing mothers who have lost their children either by death or in the course of that aimless wandering common to a famine-stricken people. These poor, sightless orbs remind me of an incident attending a visit to a poor-house. A girl of thirteen or fourteen prostrated herself, wailing and chattering, at the feet of the native official who was showing me through the camp.

"What does that poor child want?" was asked.

"She wants to leave the camp," replied the fat and sleek Hindu, with a grin. "She has strayed away from her mother, and she says she yearns to meet her once again on earth. But what can I do? If I allow her to leave here, she will wander about the desert and starve to death."

Later in the day that poor girl took things in her own hands and crawled out under the matting which served as a fence to enclose the camp. Outside there, at the entrance gate she espied a group of women who were waiting to be admitted to the poor-house—the place of last resort. One of these women, the one whose form was most emaciated, worn nearest of all to a skeleton, was stone blind. She was calling and repeating over and over again, in a faint voice, a certain name. The girl who had crawled out under the straw fence recognized the name as her own, but she did not immediately recognize the woman who called her name thus in such pitiable tones. After a closer inspection, however, she suddenly uttered a great cry of joy and flew to the blind and tottering woman and caught her in her own young but emaciated arms. "Mother, mother!" she sobbed.

"My child—my little dear at last!" moaned the poor mother. "Now I can die in peace."

And the silent hours of that night saw mother and daughter file with others, into the poor-house. Who can tell whether they will ever emerge again alive?

DR. KLOPSCH ADDRESSING THE WEAVERS AT AHMEDNAGAR

He is standing on the steps of the Chapel, in the background, with the group of missionaries

NEW YORK

Abrams, Mrs G B. 25
Ackerman, Mrs A C 1 00
Aiken, Mrs G S.. 5 00
Albricht, John J.. 2 00
Aldrich, Mrs C.... 1 00
Aldrich, H 20
Aldrich, Mrs V A & Lillian E Pratt 2 00
Alger, Miss S P... 25
Alexander, M 2 00
Allen, C 5 00
Allen, May 15
Allen, Mrs Susan. 1 00
Allen, W J 1 00
Allen, W L & wife. 10 00
Alman, Samuel, Jr. 10 00
Almy, Mrs J 25
Alvord, Mrs A.... 1 00
Andrews, H B.... 4 00
Andrews, Mrs A W 1 00
Angenne, Mabel... 25
Archer, Christina. 10
Archer, Nelson.... 12
Arnold, J Howard 2 02
Armstrong, A 1 00
Armstrong, Mrs J 1 00
Ash, Robt 1 00
Atkins, Mrs 1 00
Austin, May 50
Backus, Mrs A.... 35
Backus, Daniel... 25
Baker, Jas 1 00
Baker, J S 5 00
Ball, Mrs C E ... 1 00
Ball, Raleigh 10
Barbour, Miss H M 2 25
Barker, Mrs C M. 1 00
Barker, Ethel 25
Barker, Mrs G.... 1 00
Barkman, Miss M. 25
Barmore, Mrs S.. 1 00
Barnard, Miss ... 25
Barnes, Clara..... 05
Barnes, Mrs Rose. 50
Bartseb, Mrs H... 1 00
Barton, D N 2 00
Basford, B 72
Basford, H 39
Bassett, Miss C M 1 00
Bassler, W E 1 00
Bates, Mrs Lucy.. 1 00
Batjes, Mrs H.... 5 00
Baumes, Ada 1 00
Beach, Mrs Mary. 50
Beaker, M F..... 3 00
Bean, Jas H 2 00
Becker, Miss R... 25
Beech, Mrs John.. 1 00
Belden, Mary C... 2 00
Bell, Geo W 1 15
Bell, Wm H 25
Belsee, Agnes 1 00
Benchley, Mr and Mrs 50
Benedict, Mrs H.. 1 00
Benedict, Mrs Asa 50
Bennett, Ellen ... 5 00
Benson, C O 2 00
Benson, Rev E E and friends 2 50
Benson, S E 26
Bentley, Mildred C 05
Berry, Mrs H..... 2 00
Berry, Tessie 25
Besten, Chas..... 50
Betts, E K 5 00
Bierce, Stella 05
Bishop, Jessie.... 09
Bishop, Mabel E. 50
Blake, Miss J F.. 10
Blanchard, Mrs T 1 00
Blankenberg, Tessie 25
Blenis, Mrs E K.. 25
Blenis, Mrs G K.. 50
Bloomer, Gracie... 25
Blum, G 1 00
Blumenthal, Bertha & Emma Morton 1 00
Blything, R S 2 00
Boardman, S 40
Boardman, Mrs S 30
Boardman, W H.. 1 00
Boardman, Mrs W H 05
Bogardus, V H.... 5 00
Boice, Mrs E 1 00
Bonton, Matilda... 50
Bordwell, Mrs ... 25
Bowditch, Wm S. 1 00
Bowers, C 25
Bowers, Peter 2 00
Bowler, Mrs M A. 1 00
Bowman, David... 25
Bowman, Mrs J A 5 00
Boydston, Jas F.. 3 50
Braey, H E 1 00
Bradford, Mrs W. 50
Bradley, A S ... 3 00
Bradley, Miss M C 1 00
Bradt, C 25
Braley, Mrs H.... 10
Braley, Mrs H S. 2 00
Brand, Miss A... 50
Brand, Mrs C M.. 10 00
Brewster, Ella ... 1 00
Brewster, E A.... 50
Brice, Geo 1 00
Briggs, Mrs A.... 1 00
Briggs, I 25
Briggs, M L, Coll by 2 43
Briggs, Mrs W.... 25
Brink, Ben 25
Brink, Howard.... 75
Brooks, M 1 75
Brown, A K 25
Brown, E 10
Brown, Mrs Dr... 25
Brown, Mr & Mrs J O 50
Brown, Mrs J S... 50
Brown, S T 1 00
Brundage, Mrs E. 10
Brundage, Mrs S. 43
Brumley, Mrs C L 20
Brumley, Miss M. 10
Bryant, Mrs Will. 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Buck, Mrs A E... 1 00
Buck, A W 1 00
Buck, Mrs E C... 25
Bunce, Wm A..... 25
Burke, Ailcen..... 15
Burke, Stella 20
Bushert, Wm 25
Burlingham, D ... 25
Burnett, R P 1 00
Burroughs, Mrs M 30
Burrows, W J....10 00
Bushnell, Miss A M 10
Bushnell, Mrs M A 50
Bushnell, M L.... 3 00
Bushy, Halsey.... 20
Bussing, A M..... 2 00
Butcher, Emma .. 25
Butcher, R J 2 00
Button, Mrs Ada B 1 00
Byder, Mrs Wm.. 15
Byder, Miss..... 25
Cadwallage, J M.. 5 00
Caprou, M N..... 1 00
Carey, W J 25
Carlson, Albin 1 00
Carney, B 2 00
Carpenter, Mrs A E 50
Carpenter, E O... 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs J L 50
Carpenter, Mrs L. 25
Carpenter, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Carter, T T..... 1 00
Case, Bert L 1 00
Casper, J G 25
Caster, Theo 1 00
Caster, W E 2 00
Casterline, P H.. 5 00
Chamberlain, Mrs Effie 70
Chapman, Mrs F.. 2 00
Chapman, Myrtle. 50
Childs, W S 25
Choate, R D 1 00
Cissurn, Mr 25
Clapp, Lucy A... 1 00
Clark, B F 1 00
Clark, Mr & Mrs C C 2 00
Clark, C W 50
Clark, Mrs Dan... 2 00
Clark, E L 2 00
Clarke, Louie 10
Clark, M E 1 00
Clark, Mary E, (M D) 2 00
Clark, P H 1 00
Clark, Mrs W 1 05
Clay, E C 3 00
Clegg, Mrs Sam'l. 1 00
Cochran, Gertie... 10
Cochran, George.. 25
Cochran, Henry... 05
Cochran, Mrs G.. 25
Coleman, Alice ... 10
Coleman N & A... H & D Lambert. Mrs Harrington. Miss Gowette... Miss A Huber & Miss A Andrews 2 00
Coleman, Mrs W S 15
Coles, H C 5 00
Collins, A 25
Collier, Mrs C.... 1 00
Collons, Mrs H... 50
Colwell, Belle ... 1 00
Conklin, Mrs A... 1 00
Connors, Miss M.. 05
Cook, Mrs J E.... 25
Cool, Miss N J... 15
Cooley, A Eugene. 2 00
Coons, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Coous, Earl T.... 25
Coons, Flossie B.. 50
Coons, Mrs O.... 75
Cooper, Bernard.. 2 00
Cooper, I M 1 00
Copley, Mrs E H. 1 00
Corbin, Mrs F E 2 00
Cornwell, W N... 6 00
Coy, Fanny 50
Craig, Mrs S J... 2 00
Crandall, Mrs C M 1 00
Crane, Mrs J E D 50
Craver, Jennie F.. 1 00
Cresse, N W..... 1 00
Cridler, Mrs E B. 2 31
Crocker, L G ... 50
Crocker, Mrs N... 1 05
Cronkhite, J 1 00
Crosby, Mrs S.... 2 00
Cross, Mr & Mrs C 2 00
Crowner, Truman & Family 1 00
Culver, Electa ... 1 00
Cunningham, E .. 1 00
Cunningham, E J. 25
Cunningham, T... 2 00
Cusack, Geo B.... 1 00
Cushing, Mrs A G 25
Dack, A C 50
Danforth, Miss & Mrs H 2 00
Daniels, Mrs 50
Daniels, Mrs M R 2 00
Darling, Mrs M... 50
Darlington, Mrs J H 5 00
Davenport, J A... 25
Davey, M 10
Davis, C 25
Davis, Miss C R. 1 00
Davis, Mrs J D... 1 55
Davis, Seaman ... 1 50
Day, A P 2 00
Day, J E 1 00
Dayton, Mrs S.... 2 00
Dayton, S 3 00
Decker, Mrs H.... 25
Decker, Mrs S M. 25
Decker, Willie ... 50
Decoop, Christina De Golyer, Mrs W and family 12 2 50
Degraff, C 1 00
D'Hern, Miss J M 25
De Lano, Mrs F... 5 00
Demorest, Mrs E. 3 00
Demorest, N C ... 1 00
Denton, A A 2 00
Derby, Mrs 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Derby, Mrs D D.. 15
Dexter, Miss M G.10 00
Dickerson, Julia.. 1 00
Dievendorf, G E.. 5 00
Delemeter, J 1 00
Dill, Thos & Co.. 2 00
Divine, Mrs G J.. 1 00
Dolawey, Mrs A.. 15
Dorn, Mrs E..... 1 00
Dost, Miss 2 00
Doughty, Mrs P.. 1 00
Douglass, M C... 5 00
Douglass, W H... 5 00
Drew, S 2 00
Dudley, Mrs R M. 25
Dudley, Mrs T... 2 00
Dnesler, Rev and J L 75
Dugan Bros 5 00
Dunham, Mrs C D 1 00
Dutcher, J D..... 1 00
Dyhman, Mrs 1 00
Eanice, Miss 1 00
Earsley, Theresa. 1 00
Easterly, A 50
Eastman, Mrs M.. 1 00
Eddy, Harry M... 65
Elder, Mrs C..... 1 00
Elder, David 1 00
Eldridge, Mrs E L 25
Elletson, Mrs J..100 00
Elliott, Mrs W A. 5 00
Ellis, H A 2 00
Ells, Geo 64
Elwell, Lena 05
Ely, F G 25 00
Emens, Fred S.... 2 00
Emmett, Mrs Jos. 1 00
Enders, P 1 00
Englebrant, L 1 00
English, Mrs O M 1 00
Eno, Mrs J S 2 00
Ernst, Wm 25
Esmay, M E 25
Estes, Geo 25
Estes, Mrs I..... 1 00
Evans, Nora 12
Everett, E 50
Fagan, Mrs Wm.. 25
Fercher, E 1 00
Fergusou, Hugh.. 50
Ferron, D E and mother 7 00
Filkins, Mrs and Miss 2 00
Filkins, Mrs C E. 1 00
Fisher, Mrs E A.. 1 00
Fisk, Geo A 75
Fisk, John 11
Fisk, Mabel 10
Fleming, Lulu 1 00
Fleming, Mrs S J 2 00
Fletcher, Mrs W. 1 00
Foalman, Mrs R.. 25
Folay, Mary 15
Foote, Mr & Mrs J 2 00
Forman, Mrs J E.10 00
Forrest, Heleu.... 2 00
Fradenburg, P R..10 00
France, Mrs A.... 1 00
Fraleigh, C 1 00
Fraleigh, Miss E A 10
Francis, Mrs D W 10
Frederick, Eva... 10
Free, Mrs A R.... 25
Freeman, A L C E & F E 5 00
Freeman, Carrie.. 1 00
Freeman, J M.... 1 00
Freeman, Mrs J M & Miss L 50
Freemyer, Kate E 1 00
Freiberger, Mrs G 50
Freiberger, Jas... 1 00
Frost, S G..... 50
Fry, Edith A, Coll by 7 00
Fuller, Emma 03
Fuller, John 10
Fults, Mrs H..... 25
Gage, Miss N E.. 25
Gailey, Mrs F R. 05
Gailey, J W 10
Gailey, Mrs J W.. 25
Gallant, Alfred... 25
Gallup, D R 50
Gamsey, E P 1 00
Gannon, Mr & Mrs D J 10 00
Gardiner, C R 1 00
Gardner, G W.... 2 00
Gaston, Mary C... 6 00
Gaul, Miss M P... 10
Gay, Carl 25
Gay, Elisha 1 00
Gay, Florence 1 00
Gay, Francis 30
Gay, Harriet 1 00
Geelan, Miss L.... 1 00
Geer, Belva 10
Geer, Mrs R..... 3 00
Gibbons, Mrs T... 1 00
Gibbons, Willis... 1 50
Godfrey, Mrs A... 3 00
Goller, Miss A.... 1 00
Gordon, Mr & Mrs D 1 00
Gordon, D H 1 00
Gordon, Miss H.. 25
Gordon, Mrs J H. 25
Gordon, Revilo D. 1 00
Gordon, Mrs W.. 26
Gorman, Mamie... 25
Gould, J S 2 00
Graham, Miss F.. 1 50
Graham, M 1 00
Graves, Marjorie.. 1 00
Gray, Miss M P.. 50
Green, Mrs Jos... 1 00
Greene, W H S.. 2 00
Gribbin, Jno H... 50
Gridley, Mrs G & Mrs F Humphrey 1 00
Griffin, Mrs B.... 05
Griswold, Gertrude 2 00
Guinther, N 50
Guiles, S..... 17
Gulley, Royal 1 00
Gumaer, Mrs 25
Gumaer, Harry... 05
Gunning, A H 2 00
Guy, I M 05
Hagaman, C A ... 2 00
Haight, E J 1 00

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Hall, F 25
Hall, Mrs G..... 1 00
Hall, Chas H.....10 00
Hall, Mrs H..... 1 00
Hall, Jno W 4 00
Hall, Kittie 12
Hall ,Mary J 2 00
Halsted, C S 11 00
Halstead, G W.... 3 00
Hamlin, F D D.. 2 00
Hamilton, Miss A J 1 59
Hamilton, Miss N 1 00
Hamilton, Wm... 1 00
Hammond, O H & Eunice F 2 00
Hand, Mrs F E... 1 00
Hand, Mrs W B. 1 00
Hanford, Mrs C D 5 00
Haulenbeek, Ruth. 3 00
Hanlon, Mrs Jas.. 1 00
Hanson, Peter ... 1 00
Hardy, R T Jr.... 25
Harlon, C A 2 00
Harnier, Henry... 1 00
Harris, F 2 00
Harris, Mrs M E. 1 00
Harrington, Anna. 25
Harrington, Mrs B T 25
Harrington, Frank 05
Harrington, S N.. 1 00
Harvey, Mrs E... 1 00
Hathaway, Mrs M 5 00
Haws, Mrs F A. 50
Hazen, Mrs E ... 1 00
Hazard, Isaac P..10 00
Heal, Sarah..... 15
Hebbard, Miss L.. 1 00
Helmrick, Geo.... 2 00
Hemstreet, Miss G 50
Heuepey, Tessie.. 25
Henner, Jno H.... 1 00
Hent, Amos 1 00
Herrick, Lulu 2 00
Hick, Katie..... 25
Hicks, Mrs N M. 25
Higgins, F W 1 00
Hill, Arthur J.... 2 00
Hill, Mrs H..... 2 00
Hill, H W 1 00
Hill, Mrs H W... 1 00
Hiller, Chas 50
Hilton, Mrs B.... 50
Hirsch, Miss 50
Histead, Ella 30
Hitchcock, Mrs J. 50
Hitchcock, Jno & Willie 1 00
Hitchcock, Mr & Mrs W P 50
Hitt, Rachel, A... 1 00
Hoag, G W..... 50
Hoag, Mrs M G... 10
Hoadley, U R..... 2 00
Hoar, Tessie 25
Hodges, Eleanor H 1 00
Hodskins, Livingstou 64
Hoffman, Annie .. 25
Hogg, Mrs Amelia. 1 00
Holden, Flora..... 1 00
Holden, Mrs R M. 10
Holland, Mrs J & Miss C 3 00
Hollenbeck, Mrs J 35
Holliday, Mrs S D 1 15
Holmer, Mrs W... 2 00
Hood, Harold 10
Horu, Adam 1 00
Horton, I C 25
Horton, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Hosmer, Kate 10
Hover, Laura 1 37
Hoyden, C C 2 00
Hoyt, Mrs C H... 50
Hoyt, Lillian 75
Hubbell, O A 1 00
Hudson, Sarah H.10 00
Hufent, Miss S B. 15
Hull, Miss Caroline, friend & co-worker 1 55
Hull, Mrs H D.... 5 00
Hull, Mrs M J.... 85
Hulse, Mr & Mrs H E 2 00
Humphrey, H W.. 1 00
Hungerford, Jessie 10
Hunt, Mrs E and Mrs Dixon 75
Hunt, Mr & Mrs F V 50
Hurlbut, Harvey & Nancy 2 00
Hurst, Ira 1 00
Husted, Mrs E B.. 1 00
Hutchinson, Mrs A L 1 00
Hutchins, Mrs L A 5 00
Hyde, C G 1 00
Ide, Mrs Chancy.. 5 00
Jacobs, B & F.... 10
Jagger, Mrs A H.. 2 00
Jaquith, C C..... 1 00
Jakol, Emma 25
Jefferds, Ethel.... 12
Jennings, H 2 00
Jewell, Alice 2 00
Jones, Gomer 40
Jones, Mrs M..... 25
Jones, Robt H.... 1 00
Joslyn, Mrs Wm.. 25
Judd, Mrs C 20
Judd, E J 1 00
Kalar, Mrs 10
Keating, Miss M.. 05
Keator, Andrew J. 3 00
Keleghan, Miss F M..... 25
Keller, David 2 00
Kellog, A 50
Kelly, Jno 25
Kelsey, Elisa 2 00
Kemp, Mrs Geo... 2 00
Kent, Mrs J E.... 5 00
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Kenyon, A B 25
Kenyon, H O and F S 1 00
Kerhoukson, C E Soc 80
Kidd, E W & two poor little boys.. 3 00

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Klink, Mrs M..... 1 00
Knickerbocker, G H 1 00
Kniekerbocker, Miss Jane E.... 2 00
Knopfer, Gussie.. 25
Knowles, R A..... 5 00
Koeff, Olga M..... 10
Koerner, Miss A.. 8 00
Kurth, Katherine.. 25
Lalanne, Grace... 25
Lambert, Mrs 50
Lamibeer, Mrs & grandson 1 30
Lang, Dr 20
Lang, Mrs J W... 30
Langley, E Lee... 2 00
Lansing, Gertrude. 2 00
Langtree, Susie... 3 50
Lain, Herbert 27
Larkins, Miss C... 50
Larsen, Lena 11
Lasher, Amandus.. 50
Latham, S H 1 00
Lawhead, Mr and Mrs W H 1 00
Layer, David 7 00
Leader, Fredie ... 2 00
Leary, Jno J 1 00
Lee, Mr and Mrs Edwin 1 00
Lee, Henry A 1 00
Lein, Mrs H C.... 1 00
Leonard, A C 1 00
Leonard, W T 7 00
Lewis, A B 2 00
Lewis, Laura 25
Lincoln, Mrs G B. 1 00
Linffen, Miss A C. 25
Lloyd, Henry C... 50
Loasel, M 15
Locke, C W..... 30
Lockwood, D 2 00
Lockwood, C E .. 25
Lockwood, G W... 50
Lord, Bert 1 00
Lounsbery, Mrs H F 2 00
Lowhead, Mrs F.. 2 00
Luce, Mrs G N.... 50
Lundrigan, M 25
Luther, A 25
Lutton, Mrs S R. 25
Lyman, E S 1 00
Lynch, Miss 25
Lynch, Miss M A.. 25
Lyons, Kate 25
Lyon, Nora 10
Lyon, Wm J 5 00
McAuley, Alice.... 15
McCauley, Lizzie.. 15
McColl, Hugh 2 00
McConaughy, E L 5 00
McConaughy, E C 1 00
McConaughy, F C. 1 50
McConaughy, R L. 50
McConnell, Thora. 50
McEwen, F F..... 25
McGrath, D 25
McKetchnie, A.... 25
McGibben, Mrs A J 1 00
McKenzie, Miss C W 25
McLean, Mrs 15
McMaster, Mrs E. 1 00
McNeil, Mrs H E. 1 00
McNeilly, A 01
McNeilly, H V.... 2 00
McRay, P 2 00
Nabbett, Mary ... 5 00
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Madison, Harriet.. 1 00
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Maguire, Edward. 1 00
Mahon, Patriek... 25
Malcher, Mr A.... 1 00
Mallison, Mrs G.. 10
Mallison, Mrs B... 10
Mallison, Hulda.. 25
Mallory, Mrs 12
Manning, E J 5 00
Mantanot, Mrs H. 25
March, Mrs 25
Marcy, Mrs N 50
Martin, Clara 25
Martin, D M..... 05
Martin, Lovina... 1 00
Marsh, Mrs C G & Mrs John Briggs 2 00
Marsh, Chas 1 00
Marshall, Mr and Mrs A 1 00
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Mason, Mrs A R.. 50
Masten, Z G 2 00
Mattice, Miss G... 50
Matthews, Anna L 40
Matthews, Mrs B. 25
Matthews, Mrs J H 1 00
Maurer, G W 25
Mawle, Geo 2 00
Mealien, Allen.... 05
Mead, Mr Geo 50
Meacham, Miss E. 2 00
Meek, M A 25
Meek, M A, Coll by 1 00
Meridan, Enna ... 25
Merrihen, Mrs C.. 1 00
Merritt, S H 1 00
Metcalf, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Metzger, C C R... 1 00
Metzler, Frances.. 25
Meyers, Mr & Mrs W 1 00
Miles, Gladis 10
Miles, L 1 00
Miles, Mrs L..... 25
Miller, Mrs F..... 50
Miller, Addie 1 00
Miller, Alice..... 1 00
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Miller, Mrs C M.. 50
Miller, Geo H..... 1 00
Millen, Mrs G H.. 2 00
Miller, Jacob H... 3 10
Miller, Mrs Jos... 25

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Montgomery, F .. 1 00
Moss, J B..... 50
Mooney, Fred 2 00
Mooney, Susan.... 1 00
Moor, John 12
Moore, C S 25
Moore, Miss S M.. 2 00
Morgan, Miss C... 1 00
Morgan, Mamie... 25
Morgan, W 25
Morris, Maggie E. 1 00
Morrison, Mrs S.. 05
Morrison, Wm.... 1 00
Morse, Mrs D B.. 4 00
Mortimer, Mrs.... 50
Mosher, Mr & Mrs A 1 00
Mott, Mrs W W.. 1 00
Mower, Hettie.... 25
Moyer, Blanche... 05
Moyer, Miss I 50
Muldoon, Katie... 15
Mullen, Chas 50
Mullens, E 25
Mullens, May 15
Mullin, J R 2 00
Murtha, Jas J.... 25
Myer, Miss M C.. 2 00
Myer, Miss S M... 2 00
Macle, Jno 25
Murray, A M.... 1 00
Murray, J B.... 2 00
Murray, Mrs J B 1 00
Murray, Philip .. 50
Myers, Maria ... 1 00
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Myers, Mrs 10
Munn, Elsie 2 00
Mullen, Mrs C... 1 00
Murdock, E 25
Murnan, Patrick. 25
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Nelson, Miss S F. 15
Neoon, Mrs Kate.. 1 00
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Neville, Mrs Jay.. 50
Newkirk, Mrs 15
Newman, E G 5 00
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—, Northville ... 50
Norton, F F and friends 4 00
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Orr, Mrs D M..... 1 00
Orr, Mrs Wm 2 00
Orvis, Leota 10
Orvis, Violet 10
Osburn, Sarah B.. 2 00
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Ostrander, Mrs J S 1 00
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Otty, Mrs Thos... 1 00
Oatman, O L.... 25
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Odell, Mrs R.... 25
Olmstead, Mrs & others 2 50
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Olmsted, R D.... 1 00
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Olney, W G..... 1 00
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Olson, Mis O.... 60
Oram, S H..... 1 00
Os, Rev Mr..... 1 00
Osborn, R & Le R 1 00
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Ottaway, Fannie & Mother 30
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Palmer, Mrs Clara 1 00
Palmer, Mrs J M. 1 00
Palmer, L H 2 00
Palmer, Miss M.. 1 00
Parker, Emma B. 5 00
Parker, Mrs H.... 1 00
Parker, Mrs K.... 1 00
Parkhurst, Mrs M 1 00
Parks, W N 2 00
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Passage, Hall 1 00
Passage, Harriet E 1 50
Passage, John G.. 1 50
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Pearson, W C.....10 00
Pease, Mrs 25
Peckham, Mrs I... 1 00
Peebles, V F 5 00
Perkins, Mrs 25
Perkins, David... 1 00
Perkins, Miss W O 10
Perkey, Mrs J.... 56
Peters, C 25
Pettys, C 50
Petteys, R 50
Phelps, Miss A B. 1 00
Phelps, E R 1 50
Phillips, Mrs F... 2 25
Philips, Jas 2 00
Pickard, M E 1 00
Pike, U 42
Place, Mrs H F... 2 00
Planck, Chas N... 2 00
Platte, Miss J F.. 10
Platts, Rev Wm.. 1 00
Plummer's, R S, family ..... Mrs E Whittleton ..... Mrs E Ward .... D Plummer 3 00
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Porter & McCumber 50
Post, Mrs M..... 2 00
Potts, P F 5 00
Powell, Mrs D E.. 3 00
Powell, Rev E P.10 00
Powell, Mrs S J.. 1 00
Powers, Mamie ... 25
Pratt, Mrs John... 25
Pratt, Lena 05
Pratt, Miss P 1 00
Pratt, Proctor.... 17
Pratt, Mr & Mrs W 1 00
Pratt, W L..... 5 00
Puff, Mrs E..... 05
Putnom, Julia L.. 1 00
Page, Mrs I C.... 75
Palmer, Bertha .. 50
Palmer, Mrs J C. 30
Palmer, L N..... 1 00
Palmer, Mrs N O 50
Palmer, Mis R... 10
Pangborne, Mrs L 10
Pangborne, Robt. 10
Parish, J E..... 1 00
Parker, Marcus . 1 00
Parker, M L & T A 2 00
Parker, M W.... 1 00
Parker, Mrs 25
Parmelee, E M... 50
Parsons, S H.... 2 00
Pattison, Ambrose 25
Pea Brook S Sch 1 00
Peck, Wm S & M C 4 00
Peckham, Ellen J 45
Peckham, Fred . 25
Pedley, A J..... 2 00
Peivec, Mrs John. 1 00
Penuey, Mr & Mrs M F 2 00
Penz, Mrs 25
Perring, Robert . 50
Personeus, Rev & Mrs C B..... 2 00
Petsinger, Mrs N W 20
Pettet, C 10
Petzolat, Mrs H. 1 00
Phillips, A 2 00
Pierce, Mrs 10
Pierson, Mrs E... 3 00
Pierson, E H.... 2 00
Plaisted, Mrs E H 3 00
Plaisted, Mrs T.. 1 00
Platt, E S..... 2 00
Platt, Mrs F.... 50
Pocock, Harry .. 25
Pocock, Kate ... 25
Porter, Mary A. 1 00
Pollard, H E.... 50
Pollock, H M.... 2 00
Post, Miss Alice. 75
Powell, Eli M.... 2 00
Powell, Mary E.. 1 00
Pratt, Mrs C.... 1 00
Prentice, John A 1 00
Prichard, Hosia.. 45
Prichard, Jushua. 25
Prichard, Roscoe. 25
Prichard, Z 25
Pulver, Mrs Jane. 6 95
Putman, C M & Son 2 00
Putnam ,Clyde E 1 00
Quackenbush, J H 1 00
Quiggle, Mrs E M 25
Ralston, Mrs O W 1 00
Randell, Mr 10
Rango, L 1 00
Rankin, Agnes A. 3 00
Ranney, F E..... 1 00
Ranscher, Mr J.. 30
Rasel, P 40
Rawley, G H.... 1 00
Raymond, Mrs C.. 05
Rector, Floyd 25
Reddish, Mrs 25
Reddish, Estelle.. 25
Reed, Celia 25
Reed, R 20 00
Reese, Mrs G N. 1 00
Reeve, Miss M J.. 2 00
Reid, Mary A.... 1 00
Reid, Miss N.... 05
Reifsteck, Mrs L. 25
Reilly, Miss J.... 05
Reissig, Rev E....10 00
Revans, Minnie.. 25
Reynolds, Eva ... 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs H 2 00
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Rice, W L..... 1 00
Richardson, L.... 1 00
Ricketts, Mrs P deP 2 00
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Butcher, Carrie.. 10
Clank, M 25
Doan, Mrs J C.. 1 00
Gibson, Edna & Ruth 2 00
Goodspeed, Mrs M A 5 00
Horton, Edna .. 1 00
Horton, M 1 00
Karaghensian, M. 2 00
Mathez, Miss A.. 50
Mathez, Fritz ... 10
Nicholson, Miss B 5 00
Richards, R H...20 00
Schwarz, H W... 1 00
Segler, Mrs B.... 2 00
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Siedenburg, Rhd.25 00
Simous, H 5 00
Stein, Miss F... 1 00
Warner, J W.... 5 00
Watson, Nellie .. 1 00
Whitney, C J.... 1 00
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J H 2 00
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Anderson, Mrs ... 25
Andress, Harry... 25
Andress, Upton... 25
Appel, Geo M..... 2 00
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Aten, Mrs Llde... 50
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Baker, Aaron 05
Baker, W O 10 00
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Barrett, Mrs R & Mrs M & Miss A M 2 00
Bates, Mrs 3 50
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Bell, Miss N 10
Bell, Miss Pearl.. 07
Berkey, Clara 1 00
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Biddison, C L 1 00
Blels, Mrs G 50
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Blair, Mrs E A... 1 00
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Borcland, S S.... 50
Botdorf Mary S... 1 00
Botkin, Caroline.. 10
Bowles, F O 5 00
Boyles, Mrs M E. 1 41
Brady, Mrs D J... 25
Brandt, W E 5 00
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Britton, Sam'l 25
Brooks, Mr & Mrs I J 2 00
Brooks, Mrs S J.. 4 49
Broreln, Mrs 1 00
Brouse, Alice and Nettie Naylor .. 1 00
Brown, J D 2 00
Brown, Mrs J F.. 50
Brown, W H 50
Buell, Chas 1 00
Burner, G W..... 1 00
Burnet, Mrs D.... 25
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Burt, Mark 5 00
Butler, Mrs Julia. 1 00
Butters, Miss A... 15
Butters, Mrs El'a. 50
Butters, Dan'l ... 25
Butters, Mrs M... 25

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Bymer, Mrs S.... 2 00
Byres, Mary A... 5 00
Calahan, Mr 50
Campbell, G A.... 1 00
Canter, O M 26
Carding, Mrs N M 50
Carey, Sue A..... 50
Cavitt, E Leroy & Ina M 1 00
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Chaney, Wm 18 60
Cheney, E V & W A 2 00
Chester, H G 1 00
Chivers, Howard.. 1 00
Clark, J R 25
Click, Edw F..... 10
Cliffe, Belva 25
Cliue, J H 1 00
Cole, A 50
Collier, R 1 00
Collins, Wm 2 50
Cope, Mrs Ida J S 3 00
Cope, J Eda 14
Cope, L R 5 00
Cotton, N L 2 00
Cox, Miss Ethel... 50
Crabbs, Harold R. 1 52
Craig, C C 1 00
Cranz, Miss Kate.. 1 00
Creath, M M 2 00
Crites, Cinderella. 25
Critser, J T 25
Critsen, J W..... 25
Cross, Carloe ... 50
Crow, Chas 25
Culbertson, Ida... 2 00
Cummings, Mrs A 50
Cummings, Dan'l. 25
Cummings, Mrs J 25
Cummings, Geo A. 10
Davis, E M 3 00
Deininger, Ed 60
Dunfee, Laura ... 1 00
Dershem, E 10
Deweese, Geo W... 50
Dick, Mrs Allie... 48
Dick, Anna 1 00
Dick, Dwight C... 50
Dickson, Mrs D.. 25
Doty, D F 1 00
Dunkle, Prof Ell.. 1 00
Dye, Alice B..... 25
Dye, C G 25
Eakins, John 1 00
Easton, C O 1 00
Eby, Miss Jesse... 60
Edwards, Faye.... 10
Edwards, Mrs S.. 25
Edwards, W J ... 2 00
Eggleston, A 50
Eichelberger, E... 75
Eichelberger, Jos. 3 00
Evans, D J 1 00
Evens, K 1 00
Ewing, Blanch & Pansy 25
Farmer, Lucy 1 00
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Fee, Mrs Sarah & Paul Troxell ... 1 20
Feldwieh, Fred.... 1 00
Fetter, J F..... 25
Flester, Dr H A.. 5 00
Fike, John B..... 1 00
Fike, J D & wife. 85
Finney, J F 50
Finney, T 1 00
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Force, A D 1 00
Ford, Chas 25
Fowler, M F 5 00
Freed, J M 2 00
Freese, W L..... 1 25
Freneh, J H 25
Frlbley, Mrs P... 1 00
Fross, Bessie, Coll by 1 00
Gatlin, Wm G 1 00
Garrison, E J..... 2 00
Garst, Fern 35
Garst, Flossie 20
Garst, Robt 11
Gatch, Jennie L..10 00
Gayer, Wesley.... 50
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Glass, Mrs 1 00
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Gray, Mrs Jas.... 1 00
Green, Mrs Burt.. 1 00
Grier, Mrs A 25
Griffith, Mrs R H. 5 00
Griggs, J F 1 00
Grimes, Jos 25
Gromes & Link... 1 00
Grubb, P R 5 00
Guerney, Mrs L... 50
Hackworth, W T. 1 00
Hackedorn, J 50
Halter, Mrs Ella. 25
Hannan, K 25
Hartzler, Jonathan 3 50
Harveys, Mrs J... 1 00
Hassenpflug, C R.. 1 00
Hatton, Mrs C... 50
Hawn, Miss Sue.. 1 00
Hazen, Mrs I R.. 2 00
Headapohl, John.. 3 00
Helser, Mrs A.... 50
Helman, Miss E... 50
Helman, Mrs E E. 1 00
Henshen, H 1 00
Henson, Prof C C. 1 00
Hesse, Stanley & Hazel 2 00
Hewitt, Peter 1 00
Hibbard & Co, C.. 1 00
Hiser, Miss A..... 19
Hiser, Dan'l 10
Hiser, Miss Jennie 05
Hoelsher, E 1 00

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Holt, Adam 05
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Hoover, Prof Wm 1 00
Horstman, Ida ... 5 00
Howard, Emma... 1 00
Howat, Robt 2 00
Hubbard, Mrs W. 1 00
Huff, Nanie 1 05
Huffman, L C 2 00
Hummel, J E 5 00
Humphrey, Mrs S 1 00
Ireland, K H..... 2 00
Jarvis, Will 25
Jester, S 1 50
Johnson, W M.... 25
Jones, David N.... 1 00
Jones, Mrs D and friend 2 00
Jones, J Edward.. 5 00
Jones, Isaac 2 00
Kattmann, T H... 25
Keck, Jenuette E 1 00
Kee, Myra 1 00
Kelley, Bernice... 05
Kelley, Mrs Nell.. 25
Kellogg, S 25
Kennard, W 25
Kenuedy, H C.... 1 00
Kerr, Jane E..... 1 00
Keyes, Rev M J.. 6 00
Kibbey, Mabel ... 3 90
King, Richard.... 1 00
Kirk, J B & wife.. 2 00
Kirk, Jas C..... 1 00
Kirkland, G O.... 50
Kirkland, Mrs G O 50
Kneisley, Mrs C.. 25
Knight, E W..... 1 00
Koogle, Mrs S.... 1 00
Krauter, Ella 50
Krauter, Fred 75
Kranter, Nettie... 25
Lamb, Miss H E. 1 00
Lash, Vera 10
Lawrence, L W.... 50
Leggett, Miss E F 2 00
Lewis, Mrs J..... 25
Linder, Roy 2 00
Lincker, Geo H & sister 1 00
Linton, Miss 5 00
Little, Mrs L..... 25
Logan & Co, E C. 1 00
Lonedecker, Olivia B 1 00
Lure, Cal 1 00
McAfee, Mrs M... 25
McAlister, Mrs A. 25
McCandish, Mrs.. 1 00
McClellan, D H... 50
McClellan, Elmira 1 00
McCune, S L..... 50
McKee, W H 1 00
McKelvey, A T... 2 00
McKever, Jas E.. 1 00
McLaughlin, Mrs Lavina 1 00
McMann, Irwin... 50
McMann, Mrs M.. 1
McMann, Miss S. 25
McMann, Wm..... 25
McVay, Mrs W W 1 00
Mace, Daisy 50
Mach, Mrs F J... 2 00
Mack, Ellen 3 00
Malze, Mrs C..... 1 00
Mallory, J H..... 50
Maples, P 50
Martin, G E 15 00
Mathews, Miss.... 25
Mattes, F H 1 00
Mauk, Mrs Rev... 5 00
Maurer, M A 5 00
Meese, Mrs Katie. 1 00
Mellott, L 25
Merwin, Mrs W.. 1 00
Messerly, Mrs A.. 2 50
Metsger, Wm 30
Metsger, Mrs 25
Miller, E 50
Miller, Mrs E A.. 25
Miller, Miss F M.. 10
Miller, Jno L..... 50
Miller, Mr 50
Miller, Mary M.... 2 00
Millikin, E 1 00
Milliken, L 50
Milliken, Mrs 50
Milliman, Prof L D 1 00
Rev B Mitchell & C L Wharton, Coll by 224 00
Molder, Mrs G.... 50
Moore, C O 50
Moore, Mr & Mrs F C 5 00
Moore, Stannton T 1 00
Mosley, F 50
Moss, M 25
Motteyan, E la ... 1 00
Motteyan, Mary... 1 00
Murphy, Miss M.. 10
Murphy, Mrs O... 25
Murphy, Geo P... 25
Murphy, Geo W... 25
Murphy, Mrs S... 25
Muskoff, Sam 3 00
Naylor, Webster.. 25
Nelson, A T 25
Nelson, Henry ... 1 00
Nesbitt, M P..... 2 00
Newcomb, J W ... 5 00
Newman, Wm ... 50
Newsome, Mrs C S 1 00
Nichols, Mr & Mrs J 1 00
Norris, Thos 5 00
Oberlin, Mary 1 00
Oliver, Mrs 10
Ong, A P..... 2 00
Onston, L C 50
Onston, F H 1 00
Opperman, Geo .. 10
Opperman, Henry. 25
Otto, Lizzie 50
Page, Mrs Emma. 25
Palm, Mrs N E... 1 00
Palmer, Mrs H... 85
Palmer, Mrs S H.. 1 00
Parr, Anna M 1 00
Parsons, Mrs S M 3 00

OHIO—Cont'd.

Peoples, N 1 00
Potter, W L 1 00
Plenger, Lucretia. 5 00
Powers, Dr & Mrs A M 5 00
Pownall, A P 50
Pownall, A T 1 00
Pownall, Chas ... 50
Pownall, Dove 25
Pownall, I M 1 00
Powuall, Mrs J W 1 00
Pownall, S 25
Preston, J L 1 00
Putman, Geo 1 00
Quillin, W 1 00
Raley, Fayc 2 00
Ralttman, S 1 00
Ray, Mrs Mina L. 1 00
Rhoads, Miss M... 25
Richard, Carrie... 10
Richard, Lena ... 10
Rigden, Mr & Mrs Wm F 2 00
Rinehart, E 25
Ripley, M A 1 00
Roach, A L & Son 1 00
Roach, Cora 25
Roach, R W 50
Rodgers, Mr & Mrs W E 50 00
Root, Mrs C 25
Roscoe, Mrs F.... 10
Rose, J B 1 00
Rosemond, Fred L 5 00
Rothtrock, L 50
Roush, H 1 00
Russell, C C..... 1 00
Russell, L E.....10 62
Sargeant, Mrs J.. 1 00
Schamp, Jas 1 00
Schwarztrauber, B G 10 00
Schweuck, Sam .. 50
Shaffe, Anna 1 40
Sharp, F A & Mr & Mrs A Carter. 3 00
Sharp, Mrs J M, Coll by 4 00
Shaw, Vera T 2 00
Sheldrick, I 25
Shepper, Mrs C... 1 00
Sherff, Mrs A.... 25
Shields, S C 2 00
Sibert, Henry 1 00
Sisley, Mrs H..... 50
Sisley, Mrs M..... 25
Sisley, Reasou 25
Sisley, Walter ... 05
Sisson, S M..... 1 00
Slutts, Mrs Ann. 1 00
Smidt, Wm 20
Smith, Carl W.... 5 00
Smith, Dr I N.... 1 00
Smith, R W..... 1 00
Sourei, Mrs 10
Stafford, Clara .. 1 00
Stafford, G H.... 25
Stedman, F C.... 1 00
Steinmetz, Mrs A 1 00
Stevens, B E.....10 00
Stigimie, Mrs N. 25
Storey, Wm 5 00
Strimple, Mrs J... 40
Super, Dr C W... 1 00
Sutterbien, E ... 50
Switzer, Jennie . 10
Taggart, J W.... 2 00
Taylor, Mrs S A 1 00
Thompson, Saml . 3 00
Tiffiny, Ellen C.. 25
Townsend, G ... 1 00
Ulrich, L E..... 1 00
Ulrich, Mr & Mrs W E 2 00
Van Auker, Mrs S 2 00
Van Horn, J H.. 5 00
Wagar, John 1 00
Waggoner, Mrs C 1 00
Waggoner, J H... 1 00
Wagoner, Alta & Friends 13 00
Waite, Sarah 1 00
Walker, G R..... 50
Warrick, Retta .. 25
Weaver, L J..... 25
Wells, C M.....1 00
Wells, O V..... 2 00
Wells, Thos H...50 00
Westervelt, D ... 25
Weston, W P.... 1 00
Weston, Mrs W P 1 15
Whaler, N L..... 2 00
Whipple, C H.... 5 00
White, Francis .. 2 00
White, Mrs M .. 1 00
Wilford, Mrs John 1 00
Williams, Mrs D. 2 00
Wilson, F C..... 1 00
Wilson, Prof H R 25
Wilson, Mary J.. 1 00
Winbigler, Mrs C R 1 00
Wirthwine, E T.. 2 00
Wise, Mrs A W.. 50
Wise, G M..... 40
Wiseman, C F... 1 00
Wood, Judge J M 1 00
Wood, Mr Palmer 1 00
Woodbury, M E..10 00
Morris, Isaac S..18 00
Zenner, Henry .. 1 00
Zimmerman, J F.. 2 00
Zoschke, E G..... 1 00
Yelsly, W H & family 3 75
Yoder, J A..... 5 00
—, —..... 1 00
Jacob, Dublin .. 1 00
A H B, Windham 5 00
Mrs A O A, Collinwood 1 00
E G W, Willorghby 10 00
H L, Radnor..... 1 00
Mrs H L A, Austinburg 1 00
H M & O M K, Columbus 2 00
J B, Creston ... 2 00
J H C, Delphos. 1 00
J W C, Fairpoint 1 00
K S N, Dayton.. 1 00
Mrs P S A, & little son, Claridon 1 20

OHIO—Cont'd.

L A Y, Creston. 50
R B, Ada 25
U B S S, Van Buren 3 60
W H D & W A J, Rising Sun 2 00
W W S, Creston. 2 40
—, Alliance 2 00
—, Ashtabula ..10 00
—, Austinburg . 1 00
—, Cincinnati .. 2 00
—, Ft Recovery 2 00
—, Greensburg . 25
—, Kipton 2 93
—, Mahoning .. 50
—, Sulphur Spgs 5 00
—, Urbana 1 00
—, Warrenton . 1 00
Friends, Berlin Heights 5 00
2 Friends, Cleveland 6 00
Frieud, Dayton.. 1 00
Friends, Lindenville 1 75
Friends, Lockland 3 50
Friend, Ontario . 10
Friend, Ontario . 5 00
Friend, Williamsfield 20
Friend, Youugstown 2 00
Friend, Kath R..20 00
I H N, Browuhelm 2 00
I H N, St Clairsville 1 00
Anou, Marietta .. 1 00
School Children, Berlin Heights.. 2 60
People of Carbou Hill 7 00
A checrful Giver, Knoxville 07
People of Osborne10 00
People of Prairie Depot 17 00
A cup of cold water, Prospect... 25
Priv Contr, Shanesville 45
Sidney Presbytery contribution ...20 00
Residents of Rathbone, coll by F Southard 10 40
Additional, Utica.10 85
M E Ch, Agosta. 8 00
Ref'd Ch, W Alexandria 7 21
Pres Ch, Ottawa.15 60
Ref'd Ch, Canal Fulton 10 00
Ger Piltisteu Ch, Chatfield 46 25
Un Presby Cong, Cherry Fork ..46 58
Pres Cu, Chicago.21 89
Gospel Sunshine Miss B'd, Cleveland 5 00
Presby Ch, Deersville 10 00
Lutheran Cong, Faith 5 16
German Bapt Ch, Franklin Twp...11 00
Mt Gilead Ch....38 00
Cong Ch, Gustavius, ... 5 25
Blessing Chapel, Jeffersonville .. 4 30
Ref'd Ch, Johnsville 4 62
Mem's of Church, Plain City 2 00
Feed Spgs Presby Ch, Tappan ... 5 00
Mrs W's, S S Cl, Austinburg 2 50
Bay Shore Un S S, Toledo 3 00
Hope Chapel S S, Mt Blanchard . 5 55
2 youngest classes of Schaff R S S, Brooklyn 1 20
M E S Sch, Buckeye Cottage ... 1 00
1st Bapt S Sch, Greenville 10 00
Grange Hall Miss S Sch, Lancaster 6 51
Inter & Prim Schs, Lilly Chapel .. 4 68
Trozer Valley S S, Shanesville 1 00
Ref S S, Shanesville 5 00
Christian S S, Ted10 05
Jr C E Soc, W Alexandria 1 00
Christ'n End Soc, W Alexandria..12 50
Epw League, Amherst 11 11
Jr C E Soc, Austinburg 1 50
Ladies Aid Soc of Presby Ch, Blue Ball 7 40
Dorcas Soc, Ger M E Ch, Bucyrus 5 00
A Kgs Dau, Elkton 1 00
Womans Home & For Miss Soc, 2d Presby, Newark.16 76
Va Ridge Lit'y Soc, Philo 5 78
For Miss Meeting, Wyoming 30 00
Y P Soc's Lanesville 12 78

VIRGINIA

Abernathy, W .. 50
Abshire, Mrs H.. 05
Adams, Roy 76
Aleorn, Mrs J H. 1 00
Amiss, Rev J H.. 2 00

VIRGINIA—Cont'd.

Armentrout, J M. 3 00
Arthur, Ethel V.. 1 75
Astor, Miss M M 10
Atwood, Mrs E H 1 74
Baker, E 1 00
Baldwin, W G.... 5 00
Barlow, C B..... 05
Barlow, D L.... 25
Barlow, Miss S E 10
Barnett, Kate & Florence 35
Bentley, Robt E, Jr 1 00
Bentley, R E & wife 1 00
Birckhead, Mrs M 1 00
Bispham, Mrs N C 1 00
Boon, Mrs May.. 10
Booth, Stegemau. 1 00
Bowers, Mabel .. 25
Bragg, Mrs M H & R Wright... 6 00
Briscoe, Lula ... 25
Brooks, John D.. 2 00
Bruffey, Georgic. 5 60
Bullard, Mrs W E 1 00
Burward, J & fds 3 18
Carbangh, Mrs .. 25
Carper, Mrs & H 1 00
Carr, Mrs Elen... 1 00
Cary, Mrs Francis 05
Chambers, Eva .. 1 00
Chapmau, Mrs H B & Mrs M M & Miss M M Armstrong 1 00
Clark, Mrs J..... 1 00
Clarke, F A..... 25
Clarke, Scott 1 00
Cook, Miss Sarah 25
Couder, I 1 75
Coudrey, B 35
Coudrey, Mrs W. 50
Craver, Mrs Wm 4 15
Crocker, Rev W A 1 00
Cullard, James C 10
Dabbs, Mrs M & Mrs W L Oliver 2 00
Danner, Rosa 05
Davenport, Mrs M E 1 00
Davis, Cath'ne A. 50
Davis, C W..... 50
Davis, Mrs David 1 00
Davis, L F..... 50
Davis, Laura H.. 5 00
Delaplane, Mrs C C 2 50
Dellastatius, Mrs V F 1 00
Dinkle, Mrs L A. 2 00
Diggs, Thos A.... 1 00
Dooley, Stella .. 05
Downing, Ferdic. 25
Downing, Herbt.. 25
Drake, Mrs G W 20
Duke, Mrs Lou & J F 2 00
Dungau, L J..... 25
Dungan, Mrs J W 50
Dungan, Mrs ... 1 00
Dunnavant, Mrs J 50
Dyorly, Reta 10
Ensoe, F S..... 1 00
Evans, Kate 1 00
Ewart, A M..... 25
Ewart, E V..... 15
Ewart, D O..... 25
Ewart, L H..... 15
Ewart, S I..... 20
Faulconer, Mr & Mrs & Aubrey.. 36
Foote, Mr & Mrs Wm 50
Ford, Mrs Jas A. 5 00
Trainham, Rev C W 2 00
Frankland, Mrs .. 25
Fray, Mrs R B.. 1 00
Frowed, R S..... 2 00
Funk, E W.....10 00
Garrett, Mrs F.. 25
Garst, Mrs Bell.. 10
Garst, Marvin ... 10
Gillian, J H..... 1 00
Good, Miss Maud. 2 00
Goodman, Annie. 1 00
Goodman, L V... 1 00
Green, Miss Belle 3 25
Gunn, Ethel 05
Gunn, Eustice .. 05
Gunn, Mrs S P.. 50
Hall, Mrs T H... 1 00
Hambrick, R 05
Hammack, Mrs A C 2 00
Hamner, Mrs J G 1 00
Hardaway, B B, Coll by 2 55
Harris, Ernest .. 10
Harris, Lewis .. 10
Harris, Rich'd .. 10
Harris, Sallie ... 25
Henderson, F T.. 2 75
Hickman, C P... 1 00
Hockman, J W.. 1 50
Hudson, M B.... 5 00
Hurst, W H..... 1 40
Hutchins, W 4 00
James, Mrs M C. 1 00
James, Richard.. 5 00
Jeffries, Rev J M 20
Johnston, Mrs D. 1 00
Jordan, H C..... 2 00
Killinger, Mr & Mrs A P..... 2 00
Killinger, Miss H F 1 00
Killinger, Miss M 1 00
Killinger, Mrs R. 50
Lewis, D R..... 1 00
Lewis, Mrs D R. 20
Lilly, Miss Susie. 65
Lindsay, Mr & Mrs C E 1 00
Lindsay, R W.... 2 00
Linn, Miss Anne. 50
Love, Ella M.... 3 00
Luck, Julia 10
McKiney, Mrs L B 1 00
McLaughlin, Mabel 25
Maphis, D W.... 1 00
Markli, Frank A. 25
Markli, Jennie .. 25

VIRGINIA—Cont'd.

Markli, L S..... 25
Melens, W H L.. 1 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs C W 2 00
Miller, Miss N... 5 00
Minor, M W.....10 00
Moore, Ethel 3 00
Moore, Goldie ... 2 25
Moorman, Mrs T B 50
Morris, D 05
Morris, J D..... 10
Morris, Mrs Marg 10
Morris, Orie 10
Morton, Mr Miller 05
Newbill, N B..... 50
Newbill, Susan M 1 00
Newman, N P.... 25
Pace, Mrs S B... 1 00
Parker, Maud L.. 1 20
Parker, Mrs 10
Patterson, T H... 49
Pettus, W T.... 1 00
Poff, Z 25
Pope, S A.....50 00
Powers, Mrs J B 1 00
Prescott, Mrs D H 25
Prukard, Andrew 05
Pugh, S E..... 1 00
Reise, C 05
Richards, Mrs J S 1 00
Robertson, J I.... 25
Robertson, Mrs M C 25
Robinson, Miss M 05
Rogers, Philip ... 25
Rogers, W S.....10 00
Rose, Given 05
Rose, Leland & Edna 2 20
Rose, Mollie 05
Rose, Paul' 02
Rouse, A H..... 50
Shaver, H S..... 1 00
Shaver, L E..... 1 00
Shertzer, Mrs ... 1 00
Slagle, M J F... 25
Smith, L S..... 1 00
Spencer, T H & J G Bailey 2 00
Spiers, Mrs M A. 1 00
Steele, Miss Ida.. 50
Stephens, Joe ... 1 25
Stout, Mrs J A.. 2 50
Sydnor, G Milton 1 00
Taylor, W H & J Hungerford .. 2 00
Tazewell Bapt Ch 2 70
Teasley, T E.... 1 00
Thomas, Mrs J H 1 50
Tidd, Mrs H..... 50
Tatum, Mrs W P 2 00
Trussell, C W... 1 00
Trussell, Jennie.. 1 00
Tucker, Eva 60
Turner, G 90
Van Deman, Mrs H E..... 1 00
Wade, Mrs A C. 1 00
Watson, Mrs 25
Watts, Harry ... 25
Watts, Robt 10
Weaver, Miss A.. 10
Whaley, Mrs J W 25
White, Mrs Annie 1 00
Willett, Stephen. 1 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Anderson, Mrs R 1 00
Anthony, Jacob.. 25
Apgar, Mrs C.... 25
Bailey, L L, Wellsboro 5 00
Bain, Walter & Howard, North-Chatham 1 00
Beatty, Mrs E... 25
Beatty, Mrs J.... 25
Beatty, Mrs Wm. 25
Blackwell, Dr ... 25
Collins, Mrs R... 25
Fleming, Ruth .. 05
Hann, Alfred ... 25
Hendershot, Mrs Mgt 30
Hopler, Mrs G... 25
Kenick, Mrs M D 1 00
Klingler, R S..... 2 00
Marsh, Laura E. 1 00
Meiner, F G, Jr. 3 00
New, Mrs Abner, No Chatham .. 1 00
Noble, Rev C F, No Chatham .. 2 00
Petty, Mrs Jno.. 25
Shaver, Mrs L & Mrs A La Farree, Hill West.. 1 00
Silvester, Mrs E. 1 00
Slater, Mrs A... 80
Sliker, Hazel 05
Smith, Mrs I.... 1 00
Trent, Mrs A L. 1 00
Venneta, Sam 15
Vanderzee, J, Troy 25
Widner, Mrs G.. 25
Wiseburn, Jacob. 25
E, —— 50
E D, Troy 1 00
F M D, —— 1 00
S M G, Sycamore 14
Cash, Chatham .. 1 00
A Friend, ——.... 2 00
Friend, —..... 10
Friends, —..... 2 00
Anon, —..... 50
Three Sisters, —— 2 00
To God's Own, Balto 1 00
—, —..... 50
—, —..... 50
—, —..... 1 50
—, —..... 1 00
—, —..... 15
—, Crookston .. 1 00
—, Crookston .. 1 00
—, Elizabeth .. 1 00
—, Hampton .. 20
—, Harrisonville. 25
—, Hastings ... 25
—, Millbrock .. 1 00
—, Telluride .. 1 00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIF AND G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors

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Summer Rest

OVERWORK is a sin. God gives to every man a certain amount of work, and he does not want him to do any more than that. "Do thyself no harm" is advice no more appropriate to the jailer when the prison is tumbling around his ears, than it is appropriate to those the wards of whose health and the fastnesses of whose strength begin to tremble with the earthquake. Paul was very careful of his body; long before the days of expressage, he sends hundreds of miles for his great-coat to Troas.

Bound to Meet

THE fact that most of the marriages are, taking all things into consideration, fit to be made, convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth. But one child gets out of this cradle and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the north or south or east or west. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them, and the changes of fortune may for a time seem to arrest the two journeys. But on they go. They may never have heard of each other, but the two pilgrimages which started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen or twenty or thirty years the two come within sight. At first glance they may feel a dishke, and they may slacken their step. Yet something that the world calls fate, or that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after awhile to join hands in friendship, after awhile to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east aisle of the church with her father, the delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the gold link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth! May they be one in heaven!

WHERE OUR FAMINE SHIP'S CARGO WENT

The Missionary Committee Reports as to its Apportionment in the Famine Provinces of India—The Food Joyously Welcomed—The Distribution of the One Hundred Thousand Blankets

FROM the Interdenominational Missionary Committee, in Bombay, we have received a full account of the apportionment of the *Quito's* cargo of 5,000 tons of grain contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers in behalf of the famine sufferers. An account of the individual distribution in the various districts by the missionaries will be received and published later. The apportionment report which is signed by the Rev. E. F. Frease, Secretary of the Committee, is as follows:

* * * * * *

"The Executive Committee of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Famine Relief Committee met at the Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church parsonage, Bombay, June 9th and 11th, all the members being present, and proceeded immediately to consider the question of the apportionment of the cargo of the S. S. *Quito*.

"The Committee heard all representations and communications, and considered the applications submitted in response to the inquiries sent out. After full consideration and discussion the following apportionment was made of the 97,730 sacks, one cwt. each (*i. e.*, 112 lbs. per sack, and 20 sacks per ton), constituting the cargo:

APPORTIONMENT BY SACKS

		Sacks
Specially designated to the Mennonite Mission		4,000
American Missions		
Methodist Episcopal Missions	Gujarat, Rajputana, Southern Punjab, Central Provinces, Berar, and Deccan.	32,000
Christian and Missionary Alliance	Khandesh, Berar, Gujarat,	13,350
American Board Mission, Deccan		9,500
Disciples Mission, Central Provinces		4,500
American Lutheran Mission, Guntur		3,300
American Baptist Telegu Mission		7,000
American Presbyterian Mission, Southern Marathi Country		880
German Evangelical Mission, Central Provinces		1,100
Free Methodist Mission, Berar		220
Other Missions		
United Presbyterian Mission, Rajputana		4,800
Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Central India		2,200
Irish Presbyterian Mission, Gujarat		7,000
Irish Presbyterian Jungle Tribes Mission, Panch Mahals		1,200
C. M. S. Mission	Bhill Mission, Kherwara, Rajputana	2,000
	Nandubar, Khandesh	220
	Nasik	220
	Aurangabad	220
	Mandla, Central Provinces	220
Free Church Mission, Jalna (Hyderabad)		220
Swedish Evangelical Mission, Central Provinces		880
Kurku and Central India Hill Tribes Mission		660
German Evangelical Lutheran Mission (Gossner's)		440
Total		96,130
Reserved stock		1,600
Grand Total, sacks		97,730

"The Secretary and Treasurer was authorized to publish a statement showing the apportionment of the cargo as above, and as soon as possible a statement of the distribution of money received this year from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The question of the distribution of

THE 100,000 BLANKETS

provided by the fund was taken up. As these blankets are for use in the imminent rains it was ordered that there be only limited present apportionments to districts where the rain comes late in the year. Following this action and the principles of distribution already mentioned, the blankets were apportioned as follows:

		Blankets
American Missions		
Methodist Episcopal Missions	Gujarat, Rajputana, Southern Punjab, Central Provinces, Berar, Deccan,	35,000
Christian and Missionary Alliance Missions	Gujarat, Khandesh, Berar,	15,000
American Board Mission, Deccan		12,000
Disciples Mission, Central Provinces		6,000
American Presbyterian Mission, Southern Marathi Country		880
German Evangelical Mission, Central Provinces		1,100
American Presbyterian Telegu Mission		4,000
American Lutheran Mission, Guntur		2,000
Free Methodist Mission, Berar		250
Other Missions		
United Presbyterian Mission, Rajputana		4,800
Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Central India		2,500
Irish Presbyterian Mission, Gujarat		7,000
Irish Presbyterian Jungle Tribes Mission, Panch Mahals		1,200
C. M. S. Bhill Mission, Kherwara Rajputana		1,000
C. M. S. Mission, Deccan		800
Free Church Mission, Jalna, Hyderabad		200
Swedish Evangelical Mission, Central Provinces		1,000
Kurku and Central India Hill Tribes Mission		1,000
The German Evangelical Lutheran Mission (Gossner's)		500
Total		96,230
Reserve stock		3,770
Grand Total		100,000

"The firm of W. & A. Graham & Co. stated to the Committee that they would receive and clear the cargo, charging merely actual expenses incurred. The Port Trustees voluntarily agreed to remit wharfage dues."

* * * * * *

In a letter dated from Camp Baroda, June 15, Secretary Frease says:

"The Executive Committee of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund met on the 9th and 11th of June in Bombay, and spent almost the two whole days in the distribution of the cargo of corn and of the one hundred thousand blankets. I enclose herewith copies of the printed reports of the proceedings of the Committee. In addition to the printed reports, action was taken requesting the Secretary to draft a letter of thanks to yourself, the staff of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers for the munificent gifts which have been contributed and sent for famine relief; and also to the United States Government for its part in sending the cargo of corn.

"In considering the division of the cargo of corn the Committee has indicated in the report, it heard carefully the representations of parties present, and considered in detail the applications presented. The serious emergency in Gujarat, and the need of Rajputana, were brought emphatically before the Committee, and it was decided that a large portion of the corn should be assigned to those regions, and less should go to regions where the famine is less acute."

Christian Workers to Meet

Mr. W. R. Moody writes Them to Gather in Conference at Northfield — His Father's Work Continued

FOR twenty years Christians have gathered at Northfield for fellowship and Bible study. God has shown his special favor upon these gatherings, and many testify to the blessing they have received.

In recent years the burden of my father's prayer has been for a general revival. The answer to these prayers is being realized with the close of the century, and the reports of widespread blessing are but an earnest of still greater tidings. "I know how much better it would be for me to go, but I believe we are on the eve of another revival like that of '57, and I want to have a hand in it," were the words with which he answered the summons to withdraw from active work last fall. God seemingly gave his servant a phophetic vision of the conquests of the Cross in the beginning of the twentieth century before taking him to be with himself. To the human leader of former years has been awarded the fulness of joy in the presence of his Master; to us who remain is given the privilege of continuing in active service.

In preparation for this work Christians are feeling the need of spiritual blessings upon themselves individually and upon their churches. To wait upon God for such blessing is the purpose of this conference, and the prayers of Christians are earnestly requested in behalf of this object—not only of those who attend the conference, but of all who sympathize with its purpose and desire the extension of God's kingdom.

No human agency can account for the results of these gatherings; and although keenly missing my father's presence this year, it is with confident assurance in the same Source of unfailing strength in whom he ever relied that I extend a cordial invitation to Christians to meet at Northfield, Mass., as formerly, from August 2 to 20. Many of the leading teachers of former years are to be present, including Rev. F. B. Meyer, London; Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, London; Rev. William Newman Hall, Dublin; Rev. Henry G. Weston, D.D., Chester, Pa.; Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., Brooklyn; Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., East Northfield; Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., Washington; Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., Brooklyn; Dr. Peyton Hoge, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., New York; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D.D., Boston; Mr. R. E. Speer, New York.

During a part of the conference, one hour will be reserved for instruction in the International Sunday School Lesson, and normal methods of teaching same, conducted by Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, Ill. and Mr. Hamilton S. Conant, secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association. Another special conference for those interested in Young People's work will be in charge of Mr. John Willis Baer and other leaders of that work. Mr. William H. Stanes, Nilgris Hills, India, will conduct special meetings for children. Music will be in charge of Messrs. Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins, assisted by Mr. F. H. Jacobs.

In the words of Saint Paul's prayer in behalf of the early church, this invitation is extended "that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would grant us, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fulness of God."

W. R. MOODY.

Queen Victoria at Church

The Queen's Sunday is a real day of rest. In her chapel, the Queen's seat is placed slightly in advance of the others, and has before it a table, on which are placed her prayer and hymn-books. Nobody dreams of leaving before the Queen has quitted the chapel. Her Majesty has even now a sweet singing voice, and invariably joins in the hymns.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Our New Battleship

MORE than common interest has been aroused in our new battleship, the *Kentucky*, which, with her sister ship, the *Kearsarge*, will constitute an important addition to our navy. The chief matter of public concern in these two ships is that a new principle of armament is employed on them the value of which is disputed by several members of the Board of Construction. The ordinary plan adopted on turret-ships is to have two turrets, one forward and one aft, each carrying two guns of the heaviest calibre on the ship. Besides these there are four turrets, one at each corner of the central armed citadel amidships, each carrying two guns of smaller calibre. This arrangement gives a very powerful fire at an object either ahead or astern. But it was found on trial that the firing of the guns in the turrets to the right and left of the chief turret affected the officers in the latter, interfering with their sighting arrangements. It was therefore decided, in building the *Kentucky* to dispense with two of the four turrets carrying the smaller guns and to place the remaining two on a higher level than the chief turrets. The result, according to the advocates of the system, is to get rid of the interference with the chief turrets, and by having them revolve independently of the chief turrets, increase the efficiency of their fire. The system, which is now known as that of "superposed turrets," places the *Kentucky* and the *Kearsarge* in a class by themselves. After a lengthy discussion of the advantages of the new system, the Board of Construction did not feel so thoroughly convinced on the subject to order all five of our new vessels to be constructed on this principle, but to have three of them with superposed turrets and the other two on the old system of a turret at each angle of the central armed citadel. The only question in dispute is, of course, which system renders the ship the more destructive, that being the supreme object to be attained. Under present conditions, such an object must be kept in view; but it is a barbarous purpose, which will be discarded in that better time when men will live together in peace and Christ will reign over the whole earth:

And the battle bow shall be cut off and he shall speak peace unto the heathen and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth (Zech. 9:10).

Long-separated Sisters Meet

An interesting meeting of two ladies occurred recently in Brooklyn, N.Y. They were two sisters who had not seen one another in twenty-five years. Their father served as sergeant in a New York regiment during the Civil War. He was afterward employed on the New York police force, but his home life was unhappy and he finally deserted his wife and her two children and went West. The deserted wife made a hard struggle to support herself and her daughters, but was eventually obliged to put the children in charitable institutions and soon afterward she died. Both the children were adopted by respectable parents and were carefully educated, but never saw or heard from one another. One of them, whose home was in Brooklyn, received a considerable fortune from her foster parents and at once began a search for her sister. She advertised and employed detectives to trace her, but for three years the search was vain. One claimant did appear, and as she was very poor and very crafty, she succeeded in getting money, food and clothes from the seeking sister, by pretending to be the missing woman. Recently, however, the imposture was exposed by the discovery of the genuine sister. A friend of the father of the girls had kept track of one of them and when he casually heard that the other was seeking her, he put them into communication and each sister instantly recognized the other by their likeness to their dead mother. It would be well if Christians always recognized each other by the same means. Neither creed nor profession is so good a test of sonship as are the disposition and character which in the true Christian are reproductions of the Divine image.

Whom he did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son that he might be the firstborn among many brethren (Rom. 8:29).

To Read Invisible Writing

New uses for the famous Roentgen rays are continually being found. The latest application of them is in the examination of ancient manuscripts and palimpsests. It was a custom of the ancients to erase, or partially erase, manuscripts on parchment for the sake of the writing material, parchment being high priced. In many cases the recovery of the erased writing is of far greater interest and importance than the later writing over them. While certain chemicals have been used to render the letters of the older writing legible, their effect has generally been to destroy the manuscript sooner or later. An Italian who has made a deep study of the inks used by ancient scribes, has discovered that many of them are opaque to the X-rays and that good radiographs may be made showing the now almost totally invisible writing with great distinctness. Happily for some of us, no such process will be applied to the writing of our past lives, which we remember only to mourn over and which has been blotted out by the blood of Christ.

I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions and as a cloud thy sins (Isa. 44:22).

When Doctors Disagree

In its legal column the New York *Sun* calls attention to a remarkable will case just decided by the Court of Appeals. It appears that the matter in controversy was the construction of a single paragraph in a will. After quoting it, Judge Werner observes that to the lay mind its language might seem to be simple, unequivocal and even conclusive. "But under the microscopical scrutiny of the trained legal mind," he continues, "it becomes a subtle thing of doubtful and mysterious import, which requires analysis by a process which, for want of a better name, is called construction." The Judge then proceeds to construe the testamentary clause in accordance with the opinion of the court below and adds: "In the expression of these views we have intentionally refrained from the citation of authorities, because the principles by which this case must be governed are so well settled as to be elementary; and in the application of these principles each case must rest upon its own peculiar facts." After reading this declaration as to the extreme simplicity of the case, it is somewhat surprising and amusing to find that two out of the seven Judges of the Court of Appeals were in favor of deciding the other way. These were Chief Judge Parker and Associate Judge Denis O'Brien. Thus even in a case pronounced simple to the lay mind and elementary to the legal mind, there is difference of opinion. It is often so in questions of theology, but it is matter for thankfulness that, whatever differences there may be as to creed, the matter of conduct is clear and unmistakable.

It shall be called the way of holiness; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein (Isa. 35:8).

A Physician's Warning

Some persons have expressed the fear that the excavations for the great tunnel, now begun in New York, may lead to a great increase of the germ diseases in the city, such as malaria and typhoid fever. A doctor who has devoted himself to the study of bacteriology was asked recently whether there was any substantial foundation for such fears. He replied: "I do not think that there will be a marked increase in any of those diseases from that cause, but I should advise residents along the line of the excavations to have a care of their eyes and finger nails. Germs arise from excavations that attack these two points, and we have already had several epidemics of iritis and conjunctivitis around localities where fresh earth was being thrown up. Within three years there has been a severe epidemic of conjunctivitis which was traced to excavations on Fifth avenue, and I remember that when they were tearing up the West Side to put in a new cable system I had a run of patients with sore fingers caused by the infection of hangnails by a germ. Two or three of these cases, which were left unattended too long, resulted in the loss of the finger from suppuration. In general, however, the finger-nail ailment is trifling, though very annoying. Once fairly started, it spreads very rapidly. The eye trouble is more serious, as it attacks those chiefly who do brain work, and incapacitates them from work for varying periods. I shall look for an epidemic of this sort when the tunnel is well under way. The safeguard is to wash the eyes frequently in salt water, and if any foreign substance gets into the eye to refrain from irritating it by rubbing, as the organ, once irritated, presents a prepared field for the germ." It would appear that the best precaution is cleanliness and care that no irritating germ remains long enough on the person to get into the blood. The same care is recommended by the Bible writers as necessary to spiritual health.

And to keep himself unspotted from the world (James 1:27.)

THE NEW U. S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY," WITH THE SUPERPOSED TURRETS

A Boy's Decision

A press dispatch to the New York journals from Altoona, Pa., describes the remarkable nerve of a fifteen-year-old boy. He was out in the woods a few days ago, to the west of that city, picking berries. He had done a fair day's work and was about to return with the results of his labor when he noticed at a short distance some remarkably fine berries that he had overlooked. He crossed over and was just gathering them when there was a sudden rattle, the gleam of two yellow eyes and a sharp pain in one of his fingers. The boy knew instantly what had occurred. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake. There was some big stones near at hand and he hurled one after another at his assailant until the head of the snake was crushed. Then he examined his finger and saw where the fangs had penetrated. He was far from help and he knew his danger. With Spartan courage he took out his pocket-knife and cut the finger at the second joint, severing it completely. He bound the wound with his handkerchief and hurried to Altoona, where the injury was dressed. Few boys would have had the courage to apply a remedy so heroic, but he evidently believed that it was the only way to save his life. It is a pity that when the soul is in danger people have not always the courage to break the habit or sever the connection that places them in peril, though Christ said it should be done even if it was as painful as cutting off a hand.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5:30).

BRIEF NOTES

At the recent meeting of the directors of the American Bible Society, the Rev. John Carington presented the Board with a copy of the Bible in Siamese, which he said was the first ever made.

The famous old elm at Wilmington, Mass., under which Whitefield preached, has been cut down. It was struck by lightning two years ago and since then has been a menace to life. The trunk two feet from the ground had a circumference of sixteen feet.

The meetings of Christian Endeavorers in London have been a great success. A cable message says that both in Alexandra Palace and in Albert Hall the American and English flags were intertwined. A warm welcome was accorded Dr. F. E. Clark, who narrowly escaped being among the massacred missionaries in China.

The movement among French Roman Catholic priests still continues and names of prominent converts to Protestantism are being added to the list. The French *Christian* publishes in a recent issue the names of three vicars of important parishes in Marseilles, who have abjured Romanism. The number of priests who have left the church during the past two years is said to be over three hundred.

Great interest has been aroused in medical circles in Germany by the discovery by Dr. Otto Emmerich, of Baden-Baden, of a specific against morphia poisoning and that peculiar form of disorder known in Germany as "morphinismus." It is a distilled vegetable oil of intense acidity. A few drops taken internally every day soon produce a condition in the patient removing all desire for the morphine needle.

Recently published statistics of the condition of the Methodist Episcopal churches in Greater New York show that there are now sixty-six Methodist churches in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, with a total membership of 16,240; in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, eighty churches, with a membership of 22,496; in the borough of Richmond, ten churches, with 2,080 members. The total for the whole city is 156 churches, with a membership of 40,825, being a gain of 391 since 1899. The probationers number 3,631, a gain of 248. The estimated value of the church property is $8,680,400, on which the indebtedness is $1,410,941.

The many friends of Dr. F. C. Iglehart, of Newburgh, N. Y., will be thankful to hear of the providential preservation of his life and that of many members of his church and Sunday School in circumstances of extreme peril. About seven hundred persons connected with Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church were returning on July 11 from an excursion to Kingston Point, when, owing to a signal being mistaken, the boat on which they were was driven against the pier and crushed. Through the coolness and presence of mind of Dr. Iglehart and one or two of his church officers, a panic was averted and every one on board was safely taken ashore. They were taken on the roof of a building near the pier, from which they descended by a ladder.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha Meets a Princess

WELL, our party visited the Exposition nearly every day, only we older ones stayed to home once in awhile a day to recoop-erate. But as a general thing, the seen wuz so enchantingly beautiful, that we forgot that there wuz such a thing as weariness and sorrow in the world.

And, of course, we all wanted to visit the most noted sights of Paris outside of the Exposition. And all on us fell in love with the gay, bright, beautiful, happy city—though Josiah fell in with French ways more than I did, owin' to his constant strivin's after fashion. Why, I didn't know but he would git to drinkin' whilst he wuz there, observin' the French custom of drinkin' their light wines at their meals.

He intimated that he should most probable have cider on the table in bottles when he got home. "You know," sez he, "that there is a hull box of old medicine bottles to the barn."

But I told him that nothin' stronger than root beer, made by my own hands out of spignut and sassparilla should ever be sot on my table. But I may see trouble with him in that way. Whilst we wuz talkin' about it, I brung up to illustrate the principles I wuz promulgatin', the ivory tankard Arvilly pinted out to us in the American exhibit.

It wuz a big ivory tankard holdin' enough liquor to intoxicate quite a few. Two big, nasty, wreathin' snake (signifyin' the contents on't in my mind), dominated one side and made the handle, and held the laurel wreath surroundin' it (signifyin' office-holders, so I spozed). in its big hungry mouth. On top of the hull thing stood a rarin' angry brute, illustratin' the cap stun and completed mission of the whiskey bottle.

Arvilly talked more'n half an hour to Miss Meechim about it. and I wuz glad on't.

But when I brung that up, Josiah waved the subject off with a shrug of his shoulders in the true French way, though a little too voyalent.

I had ketched him practicin' that movement of the shoulders before the glass. He had got so he could do it first rate, I had to own to myself, though I hated to see him practice it so much, mistrustin' that it wuz liable to bring on his rumatiz.

Josiah as a Linguist

And I see in a letter he writ home: "Be sure, Ury, and weed the *jardin*, specially the onions," and he ended the letter: "*Oh revwar, mon ammy.*"

I knowed that it would make Ury crazy as a hen, and Philury, too, wonderin' what it meant, but couldn't break it up. But speakin' of "jardins," we went to several on 'em, the last one we see the most beautiful seemin'ly of the lot. Jardin de Luxemburg Palais Royal, Tuilleries, Acclimation, Jardin des Plantes. There are hundreds of 'em scattered through the city, beautiful with flowers and shrubbery and statutes and fountains and kept in most beautiful order and bloom at public expense.

And we visited cathedrals, missions, churches, museums, the sewers, libraries, went through the galleries of the Louvre—milds and milds of beauty and art, as impossible to describe as to count the leaves in Josiah's sugar-bush or the slate stuns in the Jonesville creek, and as numerous as if every one of them leaves and slate stuns wuz turned into a glorious picture or statute or wondrous work of ancient or modern art. I hain't a-goin' to try to describe 'em or let Josiah try, though he wouldn't want to, for he whispered to me there in a sort of a fierce whisper: "Samantha Allen, I never want to set my eyes agin on another virgin, if I live to be as old as Methulesar or a saint." Well, there wuz sights on 'em, but they looked real fat and healthy, the most on 'em; I guess they enjoyed good health.

And one afternoon when the sky wuz blue, the sun shone and the birds sung merrily, we went to that dretful place, the Paris Morgue. There wuz a crowd before the doors, for the Seine had yielded a rich harvest that mornin'; there wuz five silent forms, colder than the marble they lay on, one a young woman with long hair falling about her white shoulders. Amongst the crowd that pressed forward to look at that unfortunate wuz a bent, haggard form that I thought I recognized. But if it wuz a father watching and waiting in dretful hope and still more dretful fear for the best beloved, I couldn't tell, for the crowd pressed forward and he disappeared almost before I saw him. And I too wuz agitated, for when I catched sight of the clustering hair, the pretty rounded arms and form, an awful fear clutched my heart and I trembled like a popple leaf and I see Dorothy turn white as a sheet and Arvilly and Miss Meechim looked like them that sees a tragedy and so did Robert Strong and Josiah.

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ENCOUNTERING ELDER WESSEL ON THE STREET IN PARIS

A Father's Vain Hunt

But a closter look made us know that it wuz no one that we ever see. It wuz not the dear one who wuz in our hearts day and night, it wuz not our sweet Aronette and it wuz not Lucia. Poor father! doomed to hunt in vain for her as long as his tremblin' limbs could carry him to and fro under foreign skies and the sun and stars of his own land. Poor seekin' eyes, turnin' away at the very last from visions of green pastures and still waters to look once more down the sin-cursed streets of earth for his heart's treasure! Dying eyes, dim with a black shadow, blacker than the shadow of the Valley, cast from Agony and Sin, sold to the crazed multitude for its undoing by sane men for the silver of Judas. Love stronger than life, mightier than death, never to be rewarded here. But we read of a time of rewards for deeds done in the body. At whose dying beds will these black forms stand, whose shadows torment humanity, to claim their own and go out with them to their place they have prepared here for their soul's dwelling? Hard question, but one that will have to be answered.

Robert Strong and Dorothy wanted to visit the Pantheon; specially the tomb of Victor Hugo. It is a great buildin' with a dome that put me some in mind of our own capitol at Washington, D. C. It is adorned with paintings and statutes by the most eminent artists and sculptors, and the mighty shades of the past seem to walk through the solemn aisles with us, specially before the statute of Victor Hugo. I felt considerable well acquainted with him, havin' hearn Thomas J. read his books so much. And as I stood there I had a great number of emotions thinkin' what Victor had went through from his native land from first to last: abuse, persecutions, sent off and brung back, etc., and I thought of how his faithful *Toiler of the Sea* went through superhuman labors to end in disappintment at last. And Jean Valjean, the martyr, seemed to walk along in front of me patiently guardin' and tendin' little Cossette who wuz to pierce his noble, steadfast heart with the sharpest thorn in the hull crown of thorns—ingratitude, onrequited affection, and neglect.

And we stood before the Column Vendome and meditated on that great, queer creeter, Napoleon. Who but he would think of meltin' the cannons he had took in battle from his enemies and makin' a triumphal monument of 'em a hundred and forty feet high, with his own figger on top.

Among the Tapestries

Well, Miss Meechim wanted to see the Goblin tapestry, so we visited the Goblin manufactory. These tapestries are perfectly beautiful, fourteen thousand shades of wool are used in their construction. What would Sister Sylvester Bobbett say? She thought the colors in her new rag carpet went ahead of anything, and she didn't have more'n fourteen at the outside, besides black and but-nut color. But fourteen thousand colors—the idee!

Yes, we rid through the marvelously beautiful streets under triumphal arches and more warlike ones and visited all the most beautiful sights in the city and the adjacent country, and who do you spoze I met as I walked along in the Bois de Bolougne? It wuz the Princess Ulaly. The rest of our party wuz some little distance off and I wuz santerin' along charmed with the beauty about me when who should I meet face to face but Ulaly. Yes, it wuz Ulaly Infanty.

I wuz highly tickled, for I considered her a likely young woman and sot store by her when I met her to home at the World's Fair. She knowed me in a minute and seemed as glad to see me as I wuz her, and I sez to her most the first thing after the compliments wuz passed, "Who would have thought, Ulaly, when we parted in Chicago, U.S., that the next time we should meet would be in Paris?"

"Yes, indeed!" sez she, "who would have thought it." And I went on to say, for I see she looked real depressed:

"Ulaly, things hain't come out as I wanted 'em to; I felt real bad about it after your folks sold their jewelry to help discover us. I dare presume to say they have been sorry time and agin that they ever found us, and I wouldn't blame 'em, for as Josiah sez to me:

Remembering Columbus

"'Where would we be to-day if it hadn't been for Columbus? Like enough we shouldn't been discovered at all.' Sez he, 'Most probable we should be Injins.' But don't lay it to Josiah or me, Ulaly, we hain't to blame, we didn't do a thing to bring on the trouble. Of course we remembered the *Maine* some, we had to, and your folks couldn't blame us for it. Josiah and me felt real provoked and mortified to think that after folks had gin their jewelry to discover us they should blow us up in that way. But I sez to Josiah, 'Because three hundred are sent onprepared into eternity it hain't no reason three thousand should be.' We are great cases for peace, Josiah and I be, and would have managed most any way, even been run on some and imposed upon a little ruther than to have rushed into the onspeakable horrors of war.

"And I don't want you to blame William, either; he held onto the dogs of war with both hands a tryin' to hold 'em in."

"William?" sez she inquirin'ly.

"Yes, William McKinley our President. He jest held onto them dogs till they wuz likely to tear him to pieces, then he had to leggo. Them dogs wuz jest inflamed by havin' yellow literatoor shook in their faces, and yells from greedy politicians and time servers, till they wuz howlin' mad and would have barked themselves blind if he hadn't leggo. But he didn't want to, William didn't, he wanted peace dreadfully." And she said real sweet, that she knew he did

"Well, it turned out jest as it did, Ulaly. But I think just as much of you as I did before you lost your propputy, and I d'no as the propputy Uncle Sam got hold of in the dicker is a goin' to do him

ARVILLY SEES THE TANKARD

much good, not for quite a spell anyway. There is such a thing as bein' land poor, axes are heavy, hired help hain't to be relied on and the more you have the more you have to watch and take care on, though of course it is a pleasure to a certain set of faculties and some particular bumps in your head, to own a path as you may say, most round the world, steppin' off from California to Hawaii and then on to the Philippines, ready to step off from there. Heaven knows how fur or when or where. It is a pleasure to a certain part of your mind, but other parts of your head and heart hold back and don't cheer in the procession. But howsumever, Ulaly, that is neither here nor there. I hope your folks are so as to git round. I wuz sorry enough to hear that you and your pardner don't live agreable. But though it is a pity, pardners have had spats from Eden to Chicago and I d'no but they always will. The trouble is they take pardners as boons instead of dispensations, and don't lean hard enough on Scripter.

Good-by to Ulaly

"But this is not the time or place for sermons on how to be happy, though married. How is Christina and Alfonso? I'm afraid he's gittin' obstropolous, and I d'no but Christina will have to give him a good spankin' before she gits through. Of course, spankin' a king seems quite a big job to tackle, and of course he's pretty old for it. But it don't do to let children have their heads too much. One good spankin' will strike in truth when reams of sermons and tearful expostulations will fail. You might just mention to Christina what I've said, and then she can do as she wants to with fear and tremblin'."

But I see my folks passin' down a distant path, and I sez: "I will now bid you adoo, Ulaly, as time and Arvilly and Josiah are passin' away." She bid me a real pleasant good-by, and I withdrawed myself and jined my folks.

One day the hull of our party visited Fontainbleu and went through the apartments of kings and queens and popes and cardinals. The rooms of Napoleon wuz full of the thrilling interest that great leader always rousted up, and always will, I spoze, till history's pages are torn up and destroyed. And in the rooms of Marie Antoinette we see the lovely costly things gin to this beautiful queen when the people loved her, and she, as she slept under the beautiful draperies gin by the people, never dreamed, I spoze, that the hands that wrought love and admiration into these fabrics would turn on her and rend her.

But Marie didn't do right. Carelessness, oppression, neglect of the peoples' rights, a few grasping the wealth of the nation while the people suffer and starve, weave bloody colors into the warp and woof of life from Paris to New York and Washington, D. C., and so on to Jonesville. And we went through the apartments of Louis Philippe, Francis I., Louis XIII., etc., and Madam Maintenon's apartments and Diana de Poyters, and see her monogram decorating the apartment interwoven with the king's. I hated to see it, but couldn't do nothin' to break it up at this late day. Miss Meechim walked through these apartments with her nose in the air, having sent Dorothy into the garden with Robert Strong and Tommy, and Arvilly wouldn't cross the threshold, and I didn't blame her, though havin' my lawful pardner by my side I ventered.

But Arvilly led off into the beautiful gardens, where we found her settin' with Robert Strong and Dorothy and Tommy by the fountain.

We wanted to explore the forests of Fontainbleu, but only had time for a short drive through it, but found it most picturesque and beautiful what we see of it.

Bein' such a case for freedom, Arvilly wanted to see the Column of July riz up on the site of the old prison of the Bastile. And I did, too. I felt considerable interested in this prison, havin' seen the great key that used to lock up the prisoners at Mount Vernon—a present to our own George Washington from that brave Frenchman and lover of liberty, Lafayette.

A brave man held in lovin' remembrance by our country, and I spoze always will be, as witness his noble statute gin by our school children to France this present year. That his statute and G. Washington's should be gin to France by America, and that Josiah Allen's wife and Josiah should also be permitted to adorn their shores simeltaneous and to once, what a proud hour for France!

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IN THE GREAT GERMAN TOY EXHIBIT

Well might she put her best foot forrerd and act happy and hilarious!

But to resoom: The last afternoon of our stay in Paris, Arvilly and I went to see the Column of July, accompanied by my pardner, Miss Meechim and Dorothy havin' gone to a matinee, and Robert Strong havin' took Tommy with him to see some interestin' sight. And I had a large number of emotions as we stood there and thought of all the horrows that had took place there, and see way up on top of the lofty column the Genius of Liberty holdin' in one hand the broken chains of captives and holdin' up in her other hand the torch of liberty.

But I methought to myself she's got to be careful, Liberty has, or that torch will light up more'n she wants it to. Liberty is sometimes spelt license in France and in our own country, but they don't mean the same thing, no, indeed! We hung round there in that vicinity seein' the different sights, and Josiah took it in his head that we should take our supper outdoors; he said he thought it would be real romantic, and I shouldn't wonder if it wuz. 'Tennyrate, that is one of the sights of Paris to see the gayly-dressed throngs happy as kings and queens, seemin'ly eatin' outdoors. Lights shinin' over 'em, gay talk and laughter and music sparklin' about 'em.

Well, Josiah enjoyed the eppisode exceedingly, but it made it ruthur late when we started back to the tarven through the brightly lighted streets and anon into a more deserted and quiet one, and on one of these last named we see a man, white-headed and bent in figger walkin' along before us, who seemed to be actin' dretful queer. He would walk along for quite a spell, payin' no attention to anybody seemin'ly, when all at once he would dart up clost to some young girl, and look sharp at her, and then slink back agin into his old gait.

A Strange Recognition

Thinkses I is he crazy or is he some old fool that's love sick. But his actions didn't seem to belong to either of the classes named. And finally right under a lamp post he stopped to foller with his eager eyes a graceful, slim young figger that turned down a cross street and we come face to face with him.

It wuz Elder Wessel—it wuz the figger I had seen at the morgue—but, oh, the change that had come over the poor creeter! Hair, white as snow; form, bowed down; wan, haggard face; eyes sunken; lookin' at us with melancholy, sombry gaze that didn't seem to see anything. Josiah stepped up and held out his hand, and sez: "Elder, I'm glad to see you, how do you do? You don't look very rugged."

He didn't notice Josiah's hand no more than if it wuz moonshine. He looked at us with cold, onsmilin', onseein', mean; some like them same moonbeams fallin' down on dark, troubled waters, and I hearn him mutter:

"I thought I had found her! Where is Lucia?" sez he.

The tears run down my face onbeknown to me, for oh the hunted haunted look he wore! He wuz a portly, handsome man when we see him last, with red cheeks, iron-gray hair and whiskers and tall, erect figger. Now he had the look of a man who had kep' stiddy company with Death, Disgrace, Agony and Fear—kep' company with 'em so long that he wuz a stranger to anybody and everybody else.

He hurried away, sayin' agin in them

A VISIT TO THE LOUVRE

same heart-breakin' axents: "Where is Lucia?"

Arvilly turned round and looked after him as he shambled off.

"Poor creeter!" sez she. Her keen eyes wuz full of tears, and I knowed she would never stir him up agin with the sharp harrer of her irony and sarcasm if she had ever so good a chance. Josiah took out his bandanna and blowed his nose hard. He's tender-hearted. We knowed sunthin' how he felt; wuzn't we all, Dorothy, Miss Meechim, Arvilly, Robert Strong, Josiah and I always, always looking out for a dear little form that had been wrenched out of our arms and hearts, not by death, no, by fur worse than death, by the two licensed Terrors whose black dretful shadders fall on every home in our land, dogs the steps of our best beloved ready to tear 'em away from Love and from Safety and Happiness.

(To be continued).

I Will Obey

So long I trod the fields of Doubt,
So long my poor feet wandered in
The purple paths that wind without
The borderland of earthly sin!
So long, with heart by misery drained,
I waited for His lips to say:
"Love's sacrifice is not disdained.
Come now!" He said: "Come and Obey!"

So long upon the mountain side
I hung, too spent with woe and strife,
And noonday's glare to open wide
My closed heart to Light and Life.
So long the crimson shadows grew
To flames that leaped upon the day,
And dried up my soul's fresh, sweet dew.
Then, "Lord," I cried, "I will obey!"

So long my ship by Sorrow manned,
Beat on the waves of Pain's great sea;
The tempest bore me far from land,
To wrecking shoals called "Self" and "Me."
So long! I could but hold my arms
To heaven and cry, "Show me the way!"
The Vision said, "Thy sin's alarms
Make thee afraid. Love and obey."

So long I groped without one star,
To glow upon my life's long night!
So long I fixed my gaze afar,
To meet the morning's matchless light!
"So long," thought I, "The shroud of Death
Will fold me in! Alway, alway,
I must stop here!" Light as a breath
Of love, One called, "My child, Obey!"

So long it seemed my faltering faith
Knew not the mercy of his love!
But now whene'er His dear lips saith
"Obey," I lift my eyes above.
And I will, through life's changing years
By failure gloomed, by grief made gray,
With patience wipe my bloody tears
On his white robe. "*I will obey!*"

Atlanta, Ga. LAURE BELLE WYLIE.

PUT AWAY THE CHILDISH, KEEP THE CHILDLIKE

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for August 5: Matt. 18: 1-14

Golden Text, Mark 10: 4: "Suffer little children to come unto me"

IT would seem unnecessary to exhort men and women to become as little children at this season, when nearly the whole nation is at play. From an earlier period of overwork our nation has swung to the other extreme of too much amusement. The "sporting column" has become the "sporting page" and the "sporting paper." Even the college news is mostly of games, of which studies are manifestly regarded as disagreeable interruptions. Business is frequently suspended for three-day "carnivals," that are shrewdly planned to escape the law that closes saloons on legal holidays, because liquor and leisure never meet but for mischief. Moral and religious leaders need to discuss the ethical and spiritual bearing of the nine months' vacations of city churches. Between the summer and winter outings of their rich members, the most aristocratic churches have hardly more than a fourth of the year left when the full quota of members is on hand, and even that three months is more given to euchre parties than to Christian work. This excessive devotion to play is one of "the childish things" we are called on to put away (I. Cor. 13: 11), while preserving the childlike love that "never faileth"; which prompts to the greatest possible service, with only so much recreation as will keep up our power to serve. We talk of the "child races" of the world, thinking of Africa and Ceylon and Spain; but we are ourselves becoming one of the child races in our excess of play.

. . .

True Greatness *Who then is greatest?* Ambition is better than selfish ease. God has put the desire to excel even into horses, much more into men. Contentment is said to be "better than wealth," but a false contentment, with low attainments, is worse than the poverty it so often causes. We are commanded to "covet earnestly the best gifts." A right ambition we call by the nobler word—aspiration. That means a desire to better ourselves rather than to domineer over others. The desire to be great is all right if we have the right idea of greatness. Mr. Moody, commenting on the promise, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars," said: "We all want to shine." Let us all cultivate the desire to be great; not to seem so to the eyes of men, but to be so in the eyes of God, to whom greatness is but another name for goodness. "Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us." And character, whose essence is childlike love, is the greatest thing in this world.

"WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL HUMBLE HIMSELF AS THIS LITTLE CHILD, THE SAME IS GREATEST"

Jesus had spoken of his approaching crucifixion and resurrection. The apostles, expecting a temporal Messiah, evidently thought it was a figurative way of speaking of the battle and victory by which he would become the world's king, and therefore they thought it time to agree how the patronage should be distributed. They discussed by themselves who should be premier—whether Peter or John; and who should have the lesser positions. Unable to settle the premiership, they brought the problem to Christ and asked who should be greatest? Jesus called a child to his side as an object-lesson, and said in substance: "You can not even enter my kingdom, much more be leaders in it, unless you become childlike—in humility, in trust, in obedience, in love, which are the elements of true greatness." Manifestly there was too much selfishness in those "office-seekers." There is no reproach in that term for those to whom "office is opportunity." The officer-elect who thanks the electors for the "honor" proclaims his selfish conception of what should be regarded as only a new opening for usefulness.

We talk indefinitely of "Christian citizenship." In this lesson we have Christ's own picture of what it should be, for he was giving, not the conditions of entering heaven, but the qualities necessary to citizenship in the heavenly kingdom he was establishing on earth; not the church, but society Christianized through it in its business and pleasures and politics. The conditions of naturalization are repentance and childlikeness; a new birth into a new childhood, whose great words are "love," "trust," "obey."

Leaving out the "childish things" we are commanded to put away, we are to obey the other command: "Be ye children."

Dr. J. G. Holland, in the story of Arthur Bonnicastle, tells of a feeble church that worshiped in a little chapel, whose services were so fruitful that it became necessary to build a much larger house of worship. But the chapel had become so dear to them by Pentecostal scenes that they were unwilling to tear it down, and so the larger church edifice was built over it, leaving it in one corner as a holy of holies. So, the author suggests, should we keep our childhood within our manhood. Ruskin and Coleridge also teach, all in unconscious confirmation of Christ's definition of greatness, that the one supreme characteristic of the world's noblest leaders has been the retention of the freshness and feeling of childhood in combination with the maturity of manhood. They look into each new problem with the big-eyed wonder of a child, that looks it through, and enter into each new project with that enthusiasm of childhood which overcomes all obstacles. See Michael Angelo, for instance, great as poet, engineer, architect and sculptor, himself cutting out his statues from the stone—a work usually left to stone-cutters—and making chips so fast in his enthusiasm that three attendants are kept busy carrying them away. Or see Agassiz, before an audience, drawing his fishes swiftly with both hands, and at the same time pouring out a tide of enthusiastic description. Much more in the church must we keep a child's eagerness for truth and a child's enthusiasm in action undimmed by prejudice or past defeats. Such men, with or without office, are our natural leaders.

. . .

Children in the Church *Whoso shall receive one such little child.* It is amazing how infidel the Church is about receiving those whose capacity for saving faith Jesus declares when he speaks of "these little ones that believe in me." Jesus says that older people must "become as little children" to be fit for his kingdom, and yet many churches hesitate to receive those who are yet children, and whose daily habit is to love, trust and obey. It is easy to turn these acts toward the heavenly Father. Preachers, in reporting evangelistic services, boast that "it was not a children's revival," forgetting that every adult conversion proclaims neglect in the convert's pastor, teacher and parent, but for which a whole life, rather than a damaged fragment, would be given to Christ. The courts hold that a child of eight is capable of any crime, but the church doubts whether the child of that age is prepared to join the church. This is because we have put adult knowledge where Christ put childlike love. Indeed, we forget that love is the very organ of divine knowledge. In the words of Augustine, "we must know earthly things in order to love them, but we must love heavenly things in order to know them." "He that loveth not knoweth not God." At the Lord's Supper a little girl said, "I love Jesus, can't I go?" Her mistaught mother incurred the risk of those who cause one of Christ's little ones to "stumble" by refusing, because the child, who had learned to love, trust and obey the Saviour, did not understand all the doctrines.

Another mother told a company of Sunday School teachers, amid streaming tears by way of warning, how she had herself offended one of Christ's little ones who was also her own. She was a missionary, and in her journeys this little girl of six went with her in a basket fastened to the back of a donkey. Whenever they passed a native who was a stranger the child would anxiously ask, "Is he a Christian?" But when that child wished to join the church, the mother sadly answered, "No, you do not understand." "Understand what, mamma?" The mother read the child an extract from the Confession of Faith, and several pages from the catechism. "I don't understand that," said the child, "but I understand to love Jesus." And yet the mother kept the child back from the church for years afterwards, following the very prejudices that Jesus rebuked when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." "Lovest thou me?" is the test for child and apostle alike, but let us not forget that children can "understand" all important doctrines if we will properly and diligently teach them. Here is one example, out of many such, of what a well-instructed child of eight years may understand. It is a verbatim report of an examination for admittance to a church served by the writers in New York:

What is baptism the sign of?

Sign of cleansing of the heart.

What does the wine of the Lord's Supper stand for?

Jesus' blood.

And what does the broken bread make us think of?

Jesus' body broken by spear and nails.

Why do we call the Bible the Word of God?

Because God told the people to write it.

What should anyone pray for who wants to be a Christian?

For a new heart and a clean spirit.

Why did Jesus die on the Cross?

For our sins, so that we would be forgiven and go to heaven.

What are some of the things that one will do if he is a true Christian?

Teach others to be Christians. Be kind to others.

What are some of the things that a true Christian will try not to do?

Not smoke, not to fight, nor drink liquors.

If a Christian should do anything sinful, what ought he to do about it?

Go and ask God's forgiveness.

Will everyone who is baptized and joins the church and takes the Lord's Supper, go to heaven?

No; they must be true Christians.

What good does it do to join the church?

It helps us to be good by going to church and hearing about Jesus.

. . .

Child-Destroyers *Whoso shall cause one of these little ones to stumble.* The church is not only to receive the children and to see to it that she does not make them stumble by conditions of membership that God never authorized, but she must also remove the preventable temptations that lie across their path on the streets, the evil pictures and corrupt literature and foul shows and gambling devices and inducements to drink and break the Sabbath. There is nothing more pathetic in literature than the description by Victor Hugo, of the man who gathered up homeless children that he might distort their features, and make their forms hideous in order that he might make successful beggars of them for his own gain. Even more painful to consider is effort to deform the moral nature of the child, as did Fagin, teaching little Oliver Twist how to steal a pocketbook, and so training him for the profession of a thief. It is even worse to initiate a boy into the life of a tippler or a gambler. Farrar speaks of "the child nestling in the arms of Jesus and furnishing the text for his remarks, as he named them, of the awful guilt and peril of offending, of tempting, of misleading, of seducing from the paths of innocence and righteousness, of teaching any wicked thing, or suggesting any wicked thought to those little ones, whose angels see the face of his Father in heaven. Such wicked men and seducers, such human performers of the devil's work, addressing them in words of more bitter, crushing import than any which he ever uttered. A worse fate awaited them, he said, than to be flung with the heaviest millstone around their necks into the sea."

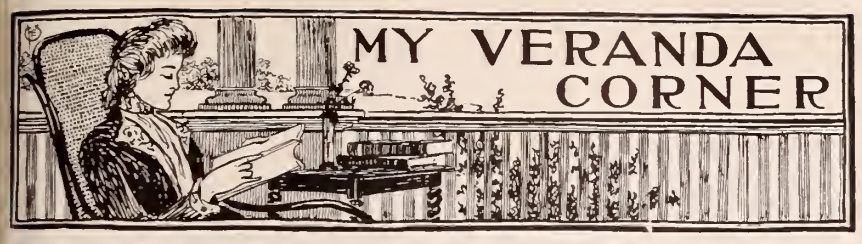
. . .

Children of all Lands Dear to Christ *It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.* "See that ye despise not one of these little ones" because it is of another color or race. Call no child by a race epithet, but treat him as your brother. Let our gifts go to India, where Christ's little ones are perishing in body; and also to China, despite its awful sins against our missionaries; and to the little Filipinos, whom we must save from "stumbling" by getting the Manila saloons suppressed; and to the islands where Dr. Paton asks that the children of converted cannibals shall not be perverted by American rum and guns.

The apostles learned humility at last. Whenever an apostle wrote a Bible book it was sure to say most of his faults and least of his virtues. For instance Matthew calls himself "the publican," which was like writing "ex-sinner" after his name. The fourth group of the apostles in other gospels is Matthew and Thomas, but in Matthew's own story the order is reversed. The gospel of Mark, Peter's secretary, omits the story of Peter's walking on the water but intensifies the record of his cowardly denial. In Luke we only know of his presence by the word "we." John never speaks of himself by name but speaks impersonally of "that other disciple" and "the disciple that Jesus loved." We instinctively recognize this humility as a proof of greatness. "He that is least among you all the same is great."

Christianity on the Congo

The American Baptist missionary work on the Congo is progressing in spite of the difficulties arising from the Belgian Government's cruel and tyrannical treatment of the natives, which naturally excites prejudice. *The Missionary Review* reports that 885 have been baptized.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

.. A Good Wife ..

THE blinds were closed. An air of stillness hung over the house and the farm. Hiram Mayhew in his shirt sleeves sat with head bowed in his hands in the farthest corner of the porch, unmindful of those who came and went. His eyes were swollen with weeping, and his whole figure indicated profound grief. Once he shuddered when the wail of a day-old child struck feebly on his ear. A motherless child, what else so sad, so heart-breaking in this earth of ours as its piteous cry?

"He takes his loss hard," said a neighbor.

"Yes, Sarah was a good wife," replied another.

Sarah Mayhew had been married twenty years, and she died the death of the tired out. Her flock of children like little steps, her incessant churning, baking, washing, ironing, cooking, sewing and slaving had exhausted her vitality, and the burnt candle flickered and expired because there was no more of it. Hiram had not been actively unkind. He had simply accepted his wife as he did the air he breathed; had thought her the best woman in the world, but had never told her so; had gone on working in the fields as she did in the house, and had not once supposed her overtaxed or burdened, since she did not complain. Suddenly, it seemed to him, she had dropped at his side, and here he was, helpless, dazed, amazed, and the father of seven children, one just born.

Over Sarah's sleeping face had stolen a look of strange youth and sweet peace. She had worn that look when she was a bride, standing confident and radiant at his side; when the steep path was as yet untrodden, and life offered her no thorns, only flowers.

I think she would have been a better wife, poor Sarah, if she had revolted, expostulated, and taken her own part. Hiram was not altogether to blame. Tired wives must open the eyes of obtuse husbands: must not wait till death does this office for them.

An Old Fairy-tale

In the legendary and mystic lore of nearly every nation, there is in one form or another, the fairy-tale of the two princesses, whose manner of speech revealed them as kind or as cruel. When one princess spoke, pearls flew from her parted lips; when the other opened her mouth, toads jumped forth. A parallel to this is found in our experience. We know women who never say anything unkind, and who, going still higher, always have gentle and tender things to say of others. The law of their conversation is considerate goodness. They suspect no one of unworthy motives, and they attribute no deceit or other evil thing to any one. Slander and malice wither in their pure atmosphere. Others again, are invariably ready to believe the worst of their fellow beings. They repeat sometimes openly, sometimes in whispers, whatever bit of wretched gossip they hear; they take away the characters of their friends and go about the world with murder in their hearts. Toads are their familiar friends.

The beginning of this habit of unkind and evil speech is in youth. Then may we repress it; then trample on the disposition which leads to it. If we discover in ourselves the wish and the temptation to speak ill of our acquaintances, or to believe ill of accused persons, simply because they are accused, it is worth our while strongly and rigidly to take the thing in hand. Pearls, not toads, should be the offspring of our thoughts.

By thy word, says Holy Writ, thou shalt be justified, and by thy words condemned. Our lips are within our own control. We need not speak bitterly or unkindly of any human being. Above all, we may avoid the hint, the innuendo, the half-truth which is often the worst of lies.

Nervous People

I do not believe that people should give way to their nerves. If we are tired we need not show it by fretting and being cross. We may keep still. If we are timid we may go away by ourselves, not compel our families to discomfort, by shrieking at a mouse, and fancying a burglar under the bed whenever we enter a darkened room. Our nerves may be sources of exquisite pleasure, or tyrants which cause us continual torture: let us so govern ourselves that they will be the latter, not the former.

AN OUTING AT THE SEASHORE ON CONEY ISLAND

CANDOR

Wear the white flower of candor on thy breast,
Speak only truth; obey God's high behest;
With falsehood have thou naught to do, dear soul,
God bid thee serve him, with a service whole.

By the Sea Beach

New Yorkers and dwellers in the region round about know Coney Island well. To you, dear housemother, far away in the level lands of prairie and wheat field, its salt air, its tumbling waves, its white sand, its board walks and its varied gayety, would be a pleasant change, restful to the eyes and strengthening to the nerves. For a few cents, we who live near Coney Island may reach it in the evening and cool off after a hot day, enjoying it the more that it is a peculiarly democratic spot, sacred to the people. Fashion and style do not much affect it. But one sees there the happy family group—father, mother and children, the babies rosy after a dip in the surf, and the absorbed lovers, sauntering on as if they were alone in the world, ensphered in the peculiar solitude one finds only in a crowd. There are merry-go-rounds for the children, and goats on which they may ride. Popcorn and soda-water, milk and ice-cream are on sale at booths and in restaurants, and bathers venture out constantly into the white-capped breakers. Coney Island was famous years ago for roast clams, sold by a wooden-legged sailor, who served them in a primitive way. All the merry life one finds there now was inaugurated by this pioneer forty years ago. The beach changes every year, and the winter storms sweep away many of the barricades built by the inn-keepers, but in spring they rebuild, and with summer come bands of music, all sorts of amusements, and the happy, happy crowds.

Washing Day

Everybody knows that the venerable Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, now benignant and beloved at eighty, in her youthful maturity wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Everybody may not know that the same dear poet wrote a lyric on the homely subject of washing day, suggested by the clothes hanging up to dry, a bit of verse so sweet and true that I am quoting here for all tired mothers. Washing and ironing are with us the most relentless of domestic tasks; they cannot be put aside and the whole house in its routine hangs upon them: all is at a standstill till the laundry work is out of the way. I prefer Tuesday to Monday for a washing day myself, but few housekeepers agree with me, though I once knew a lady who did her washing on Saturday. But the rule in most houses is from "Monday's rub to Saturday's scrub," and is practicably unutterable. Here is Mrs. Howe's little bit of verse to brighten next washing day whatever it happen to be:

The clothes line is a rosary
Of household help and care;
Each little saint the mother loves
Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot
She walks, with thoughtful heed,
I should not wonder if she told
Each garment for a bead.

For Celia's scarlet stockings hang
Beside Amelia's shirt,
And Bilbo's breeches, which of late
Were sadly smeared with dirt.

Yon kerchief small wiped bitter tears
For ill success at school;
This pinafore was torn in strife
'Twixt Fred and little Jule.

A stranger, passing, I salute
The household in its wear,
And smile to think how near of kin
Are love and toil and prayer.

Come to My Party

"PLAYING tea" is splendid fun;
Mabel, Dorothy and Fred,
Alice, too—our quiet one—
Gather round the table spread.

Mother, at her sewing, thinks
Of the days she used to know,
Picking southernwood and pinks
In the happy long ago.

She can hear the children laugh,
Though they do not know her near;
Ah, the cup the wee ones quaff
Has no flavor of a tear!

Little things make childhood gay:
Little pleasures, little joys
Fill the measure of the day
For our darling girls and boys.

"Playing tea" is lots of fun;
Mabel, Dorothy and Fred,
Alice—quiet little one—
Gather round the table spread.

—EMILY DANA.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—L. A. M. Write to Mrs. M. B. Fuller, Byculla, Bombay.

—LUCY MOORE. Why deprive the baby of her doll on Sunday afternoon? She is the dolly's little mother. Put away the other toys, but let her keep her baby.

—HELENA FROST. Ordinarily, measles are not dangerous, but the malady sometimes occasions alarm and the patient is very ill. Have the doctor as soon as possible in all cases of family illness.

—ELIZABETH. Even if the Gospel meetings to which you refer do not appeal to you, they have their place, and are very useful in attracting numbers of people who seldom enter a church. They have been blessed to the conversion of many, and have induced young men and others to begin a better life, to forsake Satan and follow the Master.

—Mrs. C. J. C. I am writing for a most faithful, honorable woman, a widow with four little boys, wholly dependent upon her. She has worked hard to maintain her little family, but sickness and other unavoidable causes have made it impossible for her to put aside anything for a "rainy day." During August she gets but little work and if she could send her children away for a fortnight it would be a great help to them and her.

—PARENT. Among good books for boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age are *The Jungle Books*, by Rudyard Kipling; any or all of *The Henty Books*, which are romances founded on history; *Tom Brown*, *The Grip of Honor*, *In the Golden Days*; Fiske's *Beginnings of New England*, and *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies*, by the same author; Mrs. Barr's *Bow of Orange Ribbon*; Mrs. Dodge's *Donald and Dorothy*; any of S. R. Crockett's, Conan Doyle's or Stanley Weyman's books; Irving's, Motley's and Prescott's *Histories*; *The Schon-berg Cotta Chronicles*, *Winifred Bertram*; Dickens' *David Copperfield* and *Tale of Two Cities*; Mr. Brook's or Miss Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, and any books by Dr. O. S. Marden.

The Shadow of the Sword

We cannot escape in these mid-summer days the shadow of the sword. So many of us care intensely for foreign missions that our hearts are aching all the while for Christ's servants in their peril; by this time on many a brow the seal of martyrdom may have been set. In the Divine purpose the time seems to have come when vast heathen nations are to be brought into the illumination of the Christian religion, and it may well be that the enginery of a bitter warfare with the terrible, death-dealing implements of the period is to be used for this consummation.

"We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
Age to distant age is telling—
To be living is sublime."

But these are sorrowful days to the thoughtful, these days under the heavy shadow of the sword unsheathed. Shall we not all pray for the coming of the King in great power and glory, and the ushering in of Peace?

The Bible in Porto Rico

Mr. Bortree Writes of the Progress of Gospel Work on the Island....

IF you take your map of Porto Rico and look about the centre you will see the name Barronquitas. The town is situated in the highest part of the island and yet you may ascend a hill on either side and you would say it is in a valley. There is one town a little higher, Aibonita, where it is said to rain every day. In the last seventy days here, we have had ten without rain during the day—quite a record; yet much of the time it has been very fair. It rains so easily, and the clouds are very close. The second highest point on the island is directly before me and it is enshrouded in clouds now, as it is raining here.

The town may be approached from three sides: a trail leading from Barros on the west, a trail leading from Bayamon and Comeria on the northeast, and by a short trail leading from the military road at Aibonita on the south. The last is the easiest coming from San Juan or Ponce. You do not see the town of Barronquitas until within two or three minutes' ride of the plaza.

LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL ATTENDANTS AT BARRONQUITAS, PORTO RICO

The cordiality with which we were received by the natives here at Barronquitas on Feb. 4—we being totally ignorant of their language and customs—pleased us. We came to teach the American customs and language and when we received the first forty copies of St. John's Gospel in Spanish-English, the best people believed it was something good. We gave the first few copies rather timidly, but were soon gratified to learn that the people wanted it. To say that the best educated people had never seen the Bible, even in Spanish, is to repeat precisely what they told me. Children have hung about my door from early morn till dusk, trying to ask me in English for a book. I would ask them if they could read and often, after testing their ability, would give them one. Young men have come and asked for Scriptures, and I have given copies to several of the young women whom custom forbade to come and ask.

One intelligent young lady had read the entire book in a few days and said: *Que bonito!* (how beautiful) even after I told her the priest had thrown the book down, saying, "It is no good." Another, whose brother studied for the priesthood, said she would like to have the entire New Testament. I have one for her.

The Sabbath is respected here as a rest from farm labor to a certain extent, and for mass, but there is great need of a truly Christian Sabbath. Many have expressed a desire for Protestant service here. The father of a musical family said to me the other evening: "We will have a Protestant church when you return in the Fall." There is great need and opportunity for the Master's work in Barronquitas."

S. W. BORTREE.

More About the Boxers

IN the July issue of the *National Geographical Magazine*, Llewellyn J. Davies contributes a timely article on the "Boxers," from which we make these extracts:

The society or league which is now turning China upside down and forcing the attention of the whole world is known by various names. The one most commonly seen in the American papers is the "Boxers" or "Spirit Boxers." The origin of this name is to be found in the gymnastic exercises which constitute the drill of the society and in the mysterious incantations used. In the Shangtung Province the society is commonly called the "Ta Tao Hui," or "Great Sword Society."

The "Boxer" society is one of the many secret societies of China, and, as is usual with such societies, has both a political and a religious significance. It is said to be of ancient origin. One Chinese tells me that it had its origin in opposition to the "Manchu dynasty," which has ruled China for the past 250 years. Whatever may have been its past history, the society has now collected its forces against the foreigners within the Chinese Empire. It has been preparing for this present outbreak for several years. About three and a half years ago I learned from Chinese friends that such a society was being organized, and that it was growing rapidly. Its anti-foreign purpose was known distinctly at that time. It was said to be spreading from the south toward the north. Those favorable to governmental reform and to foreign influences in the districts now overrun by these marauders felt and reported what may be called the ground-swell of the storm which has now so furiously burst upon them. Chinese Christians were told, "Well, you will soon have a chance to enjoy the heaven of which you talk;" and, "Soon, soon; your time is coming soon." Shortly before the outbreak it was frequently and plainly said that at no very distant date all foreigners and foreign sympathizers would be killed.

The vast majority of the Chinese are entirely ignorant of the simplest facts of natural science. To them the earth is still flat, and the sun is said to pass around behind a mountain in moving from west to east. The more superstitious worship the spirits, which are supposed to abide in, or have charge of, their spinning-wheels, hand-mills, stables, wells, manure heaps, street gates, and many other things. The organizers of the "Boxers" have used this superstitious disposition for the furtherance of their ends. They have confidently asserted that those properly initiated into the mysteries of this cult, and whose "Kung Fu" or exercise of its rules was perfect, would by virtue of practice become invulnerable, and thus be protected against all bullets or knives. This was not left to future test entirely. Several intelligent Chinese have told me that they had themselves seen advanced members of the society strike different parts of their bodies with sharp knives and swords with no more effect upon the skin than is produced by the wind. The members of the society believe implicitly in this invulnerability, and the people at large are convinced that the claim is well-founded. It was proposed at first to use no firearms in the extermination of foreigners, but to trust to the sword alone. Great reliance was placed on certain calisthenic exercises and posturings which were expected to hypnotize or terrify the enemy.

The "Boxers" are a patriotic party. Whether this means loyalty to the present dynasty or not is questioned. The Chinese have never forgotten that their rulers are foreigners. Manchu and Chinese are still distinct in dress and customs. The feeling seems to be quite general among the people that the "Ta Ch'ing," or "Great Clear," dynasty has about run its course, and there is said to be in one of their sacred books a prophecy the fulfilment of which in the displacing of the reigning family is looked for at any time. Outwardly at least the "Boxers" are loyal to the Manchu dynasty. They look down on every foreigner as a barbarian, and, since they have learned something of the power of European arms, to the contempt is joined fear. To this may perhaps be added a sense of injustice, resulting from the treatment received recently from more than one of the European powers. Missionaries are attacked, not as religious teachers, but as foreigners, and Chinese Christians are robbed and murdered as those who "sui yang kwei tsi" or "follow the foreign devil," and not because they have changed their religion.

The character of the instruction given the people may be seen in the following quotations from a pamphlet, issued a short time before the beginning of the present outbreak, by a county magistrate named Chao, at that time holding office in Hsia Chin County, Shangtung Province:

Their religion (that of the Christians), is such as China never had, and is antagonistic to the doctrines of the sages, such as family relations, the laws of benevolence, and righteousness. In this regard these religions are inferior to Buddhism and Taoism . . . Western sciences have their ancient root in Chinese principles, which have been stolen and shrewdly expanded . . . As to occidentals, their chaos has just begun to dissolve and their savagery has not yet changed. They have no loyalty, no family rules, no true principles of sexual relations, no literature, and no truly civilized society . . . Because their land is narrow they have come to us searching the limits of the land for their own gain . . . In the matter of skilful search into the secrets of the earth, they are far shrewder than we, but they do this simply for gain, and are barbarians still, with all their industrial skill . . . They seek only gain from our country; they aim to deceive our people, to surround our land, to disturb our national laws and customs.

The Real Czar of Russia

Dr. E. J. Dillon, a well-known authority on Russian affairs, gives this interesting sketch of the Czar: "His knowledge of English is such as to enable him to pass as a native Briton; he speaks French with the fluency of a diplomatist and the accent of a Parisian, but his German is that of a Russian born and bred during the period when German and the Germans were exceedingly unpopular in Muscovy. He is wiry and his nerves seem to be made of steel. He is as sensitive as a woman, one of his professors assured the doctor, and the number of persons who are aware of this soft side of his nature could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. He never gives way to his feelings before others, no matter how near and dear to him they may be. Nobody ever saw him break down at the time his father died. Yet he did break down, and most terribly, too, within the four walls of his private room. The Czar is exceedingly shy and retiring, and his best qualities are unsuspected by the crowd and even by the bulk of his courtiers."

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TEACHING THE LITTLE ONES TO SEE GOD IN NATURE

A TYPICAL GUEST

"TEACHER!" It was a low call from four little lads lying over in the grass and beckoning to her. A tuft of black-eyed Susans canopied one curly head; a wreath of daisies garlanded another; oak leaves a third; one scornful little "sandpapered" head was as destitute of any covering or adornment as a newly-hatched bird.

"Teacher" sat down in the grass beside them.

"What are you so still about?" she asked; she was not used to seeing them in a quiet mood.

"See dere!" they whispered, index fingers of four hands pointing at once to a bush some six feet distant. "Dere's a bird on her nes'! Don't you see 'er—under dem leaves?"

"Yes. Poor little mother!"

"She's got four eggs," four voices informed her.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, we've seen 'em."

"We've been watching her every day." Daisy-wreath explained shyly.

"All of us will have a bird when they're hatched," confided Oak-crown.

"What'd you tell 'er fur?" growled Naked-head impatiently, "she's one o' them Cruelty-to-Animals wimmens. We wont get no birds now. See!"

She told a story—they were always eager for stories—of how, in colonial days, some Indians kidnapped the little children of a white mother; she told of the children's and mother's grief, of the baby's cries, the empty cradle, the desolate home. Three pairs of eyes swimming in tears looked up into her's, when she asked the boys how they would feel if they should be torn away from their mammas and little brothers and sisters and never see them again?

"Oh, Oh!" sobbed Daisy-wreath, "them was cruel, cruel Injuns."

His mamma was only a poor seamstress and there wasn't much to eat or much to wear at home, but love was there.

"'Teacher,'" said Naked-head softly, "de moon's risin', de moon's red."

Her story had not touched him.

"Where do you live, Henry?" she asked him.

"No. —— Water street." Further inquiry elicited the fact that he slept in dark corners on the streets as much as at home.

"Is your mother living?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Don't you want to see her?"

"No, ma'am. She gets drunk and she beats me."

No wonder he could see no crime in parting a mother and her young!

She must try another plan with him. She began to talk to her little audience about birds; telling them how there are 12,000 different kinds of birds, how these may be divided into eight great classes: Robbers, Perchers, Climbers, Columbines, Scratchers, Waders, Swimmers, Runners. The peculiarities of each were noted; she explained how each was man's servant. She showed what an exquisite bit of mechanism the bird's form is; told of the wonderful eye of the vulture, nature's scavenger among the Robber Birds, which sees for miles and miles; the strong feet of the Percher, who sits so easily on a little branch that swings back and forth; of how the Climber's claws and tail are made just so that he can run up the straight trunk of a tree; of the way pigeons and doves, of the Columbine family, feed their little ones; of how the Scratchers—like the motheriy hen in the Home barnyard—are provided with the means of making a living; how the Wader's webbed foot fits him for the water; how the Swimmer's oiled feathers make him a lovely water-proof suit of clothes. They listened with round eyes of delightful wonder to the story of the making of the form and the feathers of a bird of flight, that boat-of-the-air, whose motions no man-made machine has ever duplicated; explaining how the bones of the bird are hollow, that the little flying-machine may be light; how its muscles are fashioned with this end in view; how the coat of feathers in being warm yet light, shows the wisdom of the Fashioner of this craft, which must rise and sail in cooler currents than that near our earth. Henry was utterly absorbed in the narrative; he had question after question to ask; they were all answered patiently. At last the teacher told of how Jesus talked about the sparrows, saying that not one of them should fall to the ground without his Father's knowledge. She told them to what group the bird in the nest belonged.

"She is a wondertul singing-boat," said "teacher." "God took such pains to make her. Out of her nest will come four other wonderful winged singing-boats and she will teach them to sail. She sits there, day after day, in such patience, getting her little singing-boats ready just after the way God put it into her nature to do. Do you think we ought to disturb her? We might ruin the singing-boats. God would know."

"We won't watch her no more," said Henry. "Tell us more 'bout God's birds."

Companies of children wander in the woods with their teachers, and little talks and stories about the flowers and leaves and grasses, like this about the birds, lead them to look upon nature as God's handiwork and to learn new lessons of gentleness and reverence, lessons which make the deeper impression because flowers, leaves and birds look like miracles to many little street waifs who never played under the trees or in green fields before.

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. . .

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

An Eviction*

WE walked to Fourth avenue, took a car to the corner of Houston street and the Bowery, and then proceeded down Houston street to the corner of Orchard. I had not often seen this property, but I had a general recollection of its location. On directing our steps toward it we observed, near the entrance to the house, a number of children and grown persons, perhaps a dozen in all, grouped in a semicircle on the sidewalk and street. In the centre of the group, seated beside a pile of household furniture, was a girl of ten sobbing, as she slowly tied together the corners of a handkerchief in which lay some personal belongings. Beside her, a child of three or four was playing contentedly among tins and frying-pans, while a boy, a few years older, stood disconsolate, bawling loudly, with his two dirty fists pressed against his face.

The crowd gave way a moment, and out from the hallway came two men, bearing a stove, which they added to the collection on the sidewalk. This collection seemed now to be complete, for the two men, after setting down the stove, pulled off their hats, wiped their foreheads, and moved away toward Orchard street. Last, there came from the hall door a middle-aged woman, apparently a German. A rusty black shawl was drawn over her head and shoulders, and over a bundle which she carried in her arms. A few plaintive cries, coming from under the shawl, showed that she was carrying an infant. The woman gazed about her, saying nothing, and apparently not noticing the crowd, which had by this time increased. Walking with uncertain steps to the edge of the sidewalk, she sat down on the curb, bent her head, and, drawing forward the shawl so as almost to hide her countenance, she rocked slowly back and forth, singing—or moaning—in a low voice, what seemed to be a song to the infant in her arms.

At the corner of the street a policeman had been standing. He now sauntered down toward the crowd, stopped at the pile of household goods on the sidewalk, then walked toward the woman and touched her on the shoulder.

"Here," said he. "You must take these things off the sidewalk."

The woman drew back her shawl, and looked up at the policeman blankly.

"These things have got to get off the sidewalk," said he. "Do you understand? And you, too, or I'll have to take you along."

One of the men who had been standing in the crowd—a thick-set man, hatless, in his shirt-sleeves, and smoking a pipe—walked up to the policeman.

"Officer," he said, "wait a minute. Let's see if we can't fix this up for her." Then turning, he walked back to the crowd and said: "Friends, this is none of our affairs, but her husband is in the hospital. Can we raise enough to put her back in the house? Does anybody want to put in with me? Here's mine." And he took from his pocket a half-dollar.

Dorothy had been much moved. "How pitiful!" she said, "I am going over to her."

"No," said I, "not yet. Wait and see what happens."

Glancing about me I observed, among the persons who, attracted by the crowd, were moving down from Houston street, a figure that seemed familiar. It was my friend Bradley, the plumber, in his working clothes, and carrying on his shoulder a bag of tools. He bowed and was about to pass us without speaking, when I stopped him.

"Mr. Bradley," I said, "have you a minute or two to devote to a little work of humanity on my account?"

"By all means, Mr. Morton," he replied.

"Then will you go over and find out how much balance is needed to pay that woman's rent and put her back in her rooms? I want to contribute what is needed, but I prefer not to appear."

. . .

The agent came forward with an air of great politeness when we were announced in his office. A smile of superiority and pity seemed to play upon his countenance as we seated ourselves in his private office; and he began:

"Mr. Morton, I congratulate you on the sympathy you show for your delinquent tenants. I assure you, I have very few clients who would allow such a feeling to upset their whole system of rent collecting. I am afraid I don't quite understand what your policy is to be, and I took the liberty of asking you to call, so that we might come to some understanding."

"I have formulated no policy," I said, "and I certainly want my rents collected. But I would as certainly rescue any unfortunate woman from the clutches of a brutal evictor, and be glad of the chance. I suppose you were ignorant of the circumstances of the case, and didn't know the poor woman's husband was sick in the hospital."

"Yes, we knew it," replied the agent. "We knew the circumstances. The man is sober, and prompt when he has work."

"Then why not take that into consideration?"

"We did."

"How?"

"Well, if it were only a question of that particular tenant, we might let it go. But we have to consider the effect on the others, and to-day's eviction would have been a most excellent example. It would have shown those people that no excuse is good on rent day. If they understand the owner interfered with the collector, and ordered an evicted tenant put back, there's an end of rent in that quarter."

"What would the poor woman have done," I asked, "left in the street with her three small children?"

"What will you do with them next month if they don't pay their rent?" asked the agent. "Or six months or a year from now? You are out ten dollars already, and that's the least of it. I don't suppose you are going to turn your properties into charitable institutions. A man can do his duty toward unfortunate humanity by contributing to the regular charitable organizations, as I do, as the collector, who you said was brutal, perhaps does. But every man who knows anything about business must understand where charity ends and business begins. Now, of course, you see that if our regular methods are to be upset as they have been to-day, why naturally there's no use in our attempting to manage your collections."

"Thank you, I will consider it," said I, and we took our leave.

* From *Let there be Light*. The story of a workingman's club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions and its plan for the amelioration of existing evils. By David Lubin. Pp. 526; publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

No Escape from Gethsemane*

FOR Gethsemane comes in our own life, as truly as into Christ's. Every Christian has his Gethsemane. Gethsemane lies on the way to the kingdom where God's will is done perfectly. It is part of the royal road by which all the King's sons are led home. Christ saves none of his saints from Gethsemane, but he saves them with the fulness of his salvation in it. Yes; sooner or later each one of us has to leave the haunts of men, and at a cold midnight must be out alone and come to the place "where is a garden." There will be but one path for our feet when the experience comes to us, and it will lead to a gate, and we shall hear a voice among the trees calling us and we shall need to go in. But often, often we go up to its gate swinging on its hinge, and we refuse to enter. And yet we must some time go in. Many good Christians make no progress just because they will not enter their Gethsemane. Many come to it long, slow years after their conversion, and they need to be driven into it at the last in haste and with fear. This is why God needs to lay sore chastenings one after another upon our families and friends. And some never come to it until the very end, and this is why so many saints have long and troubled deathbeds. They will not enter the garden to take the Gethsemane cup and speak the Gethsemane prayer; and Christ cannot take any of us to heaven until we have learned to say in quietest resignation, "Not my will, but thine be done." The strife is still unfinished, the struggle of life is still to come with sweat and blood, the midnight agony of the heart is still to be borne, if we have not yielded our will in entire surrender to God in our own Gethsemane.

* From *The Evening and the Morning*. By the Rev. Armstrong Black. Here are six Scripture Studies, the product of a deeply spiritual mind, which cannot be read without making a deep impression on, and proving wonderfully profitable to, other spiritual minds. Pp. 159. Price, $1.00. Publishers, The American Tract Society, New York.

A Descendant of Whitefield

IN the death of the Rev. George W. McMillan, at Kenansville, N. C., on June 5, there passed away one of the few remaining descendants of the world-famous Christian preacher.

THE LATE REV. J. W. M'MILLAN

George Whitefield. Mr. McMillan was born in Wilmington, N. C., July 24, 1850. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1874, and served faithfully and acceptably during a remarkably active life. One of his fellow pastors, in a recent letter to his widow, wrote:

"I never knew a purer character than your husband, or a more unselfish servant of our Master. His clear view of truth, his lofty conception of duty, his gentle spirit, his blameless life, and his unwavering faith in God, made him a most useful minister of Christ, even after physical infirmities had laid him aside from the active work of the ministry. If character is the great end of life, he measured up to the fullest standard of a successful life."

Pastor McMillan was greatly beloved by his own people and by a very large circle of others outside of his immediate parish, who knew his worth, and his earnest labors for the spiritual welfare of all around him.

The Religious Census

The Director of the Census has received many letters asking whether the religious statistics of the population are to be taken in the present census. The eighth section of the Census Act provides that "after the completion and return of the enumeration and of the work upon the schedules relating to the products of agriculture, and to manufacturing and mechanical establishments provided for in section seven of this Act," that is, after July 1, 1902, "the Director of the Census is hereby authorized to collect statistics relating to" several subjects specified, of which one reads: "to religious bodies." Under the language of this section nothing can be done, except in a preparatory way, with reference to the collection of religious statistics for the ensuing two years. The question whether they shall be collected or not is entirely within his official discretion.

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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller, PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n A, Cincinnati, O.

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THE EVIL OF ENVY*

How the Prodigal's Elder Brother Revealed His Narrowness of Spirit

ONE of the heroes of ancient Rome is represented by a great historian as in a great crisis, thinking of himself first and of the welfare of his country afterward, which, the historian says, was the fatalest course then and always. Yet it is a very common course. Every one knows men who make themselves and their own interests the first consideration in deciding every question, and who espouse or oppose any project, not on its merits, but according as it may affect their own individual welfare. When a man becomes so selfish as that, he is apt to go a step further and to grudge another his prosperity and to regard any good fortune befalling another as a wrong to himself. Such people cannot bear to see another promoted or to hear another praised, as if in some way the honor meant disparagement of themselves. The elder brother in the parable had so far yielded to this disposition as to lose natural affection. He could not join in the rejoicing over his brother's restoration because his own merits had received no such recognition. On such an occasion one would have thought he might have forgotten himself in the general thankfulness that the wanderer had returned. But his disposition was soured, and envy had taken the place of fraternal love.

In his remonstrance, the elder brother reveals himself as not only oblivious of his relationship to the prodigal, whom he refers to as "thy son," but as forgetful of his relation to his father. He takes the position of a servant, not of a son. "Lo these many years do I serve thee." All his blamelessness and good conduct had been service rendered, not filial devotion. His conduct had been dutiful, and compared with that of the prodigal was worthy of all praise, but his fatal defect was in the absence of heart. His father was his master; his brother was his rival. Many blameless people show the same disposition in relation to God. Their good conduct, in their own view, constitutes a debt which they expect God to pay. They hope to be rewarded in the next life, if not in this, for their good behavior. Such a view ignores the essential principle of Christianity that goodness consists in being, and only indirectly in doing. The kingdom of God is for those who have the heavenly spirit. Good deeds will come from them because they have the springs of good in them, but it is the disposition, the godlike mind which counts. The good deeds which are done for the sake of the reward, the honesty which is practised because it is the best policy, are foreign to the true spirit of Christianity. It is the pure in heart, the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, on whom the blessing is pronounced. In such minds the spirit of envy has no place.

It would be a grievous mistake to suppose that in a comparison of the two brothers, Christ intended to hold the younger as superior to the elder. The younger had lost his patrimony; nothing could restore that. Even in his joy over the recovery of his son, the father acknowledges the elder son's rights: "All that I have is thine." Sin is always loss and repentance does not undo the past. The repentant prodigal must be a poor man working for a livelihood or dependent on his wealthy brother for support. But his spirit is changed and it is that which causes his father's heart to rejoice. His boy is no longer an alien and a wanderer, dead to him. The boy is saved if the estate is lost. The elder son could not understand the father's joy. As Jonah said in his reproach of God: "I knew that thou art a gracious God and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness," so the elder son regards all the jubilation as a sign of weakness. This feast should have been kept for him who had not transgressed his father's commandment at any time. Why should this evildoer's reformation be so celebrated? He forgot the value of a soul. The restoration of the prodigal was the recovery of a brother, but that fact occasions him no gladness. It is of the past years of his own service that he thinks. Apparently they count for nothing and his narrow soul has no room in it for thankfulness that a brother is saved and has received a father's welcome.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 5. Luke 15: 25-32.

Souls Captured by Song

The Religious Work of B. P. Stout, Pennsylvania's Singing Evangelist

COUNTLESS thousands have been won to Christ by the power of sacred song. Names like those of Bliss, McGranahan, Jacobs and Sankey recall stories of triumphant Gospel song that thrill the heart.

B. P. STOUT, THE SINGING EVANGELIST

A new singing evangelist, whose work has been notably blessed, is Prof. B. P. Stout, of Philadelphia. He was born of Methodist parents in Flemington, N. J.; was converted in a remarkable way while still in his "teens," and united with the Baptist church. Endowed by nature with a voice of unusual power and sweetness, he devoted it, from the day of his new birth, to the service of God. Establishing himself in business in Hightstown, N. J., he entered at once and heartily into the religious life of the borough. His voice was carefully trained. Soon after removing his business to Philadelphia a great crisis came in his life. This was the call to give up his business and devote his whole time to the work of singing evangelism. Not supposing himself to have any gifts as a speaker, the struggle was a severe one; but as soon as it became clear to him that the call was a real one, he decided to obey. He closed up his business, and from that time until now—some five or six years—the Master's work has kept him busy.

Mr. Stout's method is peculiar. His usual way is to have the pastor have complete charge of the meetings, do the preaching and direct affairs, while he serves as "pastor's helper." His natural capacities, however, and his hunger for souls, usually reverse this plan and make him director, doing much of the speaking as well as singing, and appealing with marvelous persistence to the unsaved to yield to Christ. On one occasion he closed the first meeting at half past nine in the evening, announcing an after-meeting which closed at 10.15, following which was another after-meeting of half an hour, and after that still another lasting till near midnight. With no urging, nearly all stayed until the very close, and during each of the after-meetings additional converts were won. Besides these meetings—some of them all-day gatherings, without even a break for meals—his work takes him into the homes of people, and his greatest triumphs have been by the fireside of rebellious spirits, where he has been many times known to plead and pray for hours with people (who could not be touched in a meeting) until they were brought to Christ. He is a man of almost superhuman endurance, laboring sometimes thus during the whole day, pouring out his heart and continuing his work in meetings far into the night, only to begin the same thing again on the morrow.

Mr. Stout is still a young man, the sands of whose life have not, in the natural course, half run out yet. He was over thirty before the Master's call to evangelism thrilled his heart; but he has entered so quickly, heartily and triumphantly into it that we may expect his public ministry to cover a generation, quicken hundreds of discouraged churches and light thousands into the Kingdom.

M.

CHRIST.... RATHER THAN THE WORLD

THERE is no sign of greater promise for the world's betterment than is found in the fact that the youthful members of so many wealthy families are turning—and turning in no spirit of painful renunciation, but joyfully, as choosing the better, happier way—from all that the world can offer them, to take upon them the yoke of active service to the Master.

"I have simply followed where my inclination has led me, where I conscientiously thought I could best do my duty, and where I shall be happiest," are the words in which young Anson Phelps-Stokes, Jr., disclaiming any sense of sacrifice, voiced his reasons for entering the ministry.

Mr. Stokes is only twenty-six, the son of one of the oldest, richest, and most influential families in New York City. If he chose to enter society as a gay "carpet knight," the whole fashionable world would welcome him with open arms and glad acclaim. He has just completed his three years' course of preparation at the P. E. Theological Seminary, Cambridge, and received his ordination. No man in his class worked harder for his degree. The bent of his nature was early shown, for before he graduated at Yale in 1896, he had made himself prominent in religious and missionary work. For a year after leaving Yale he traveled, not merely as a sightseer, but with the purpose of studying missionary work in China, India, Japan, and other Oriental countries. On his return he entered Cambridge, whence he now goes to Yale, where, as secretary of the institution, much administrative work will be under his direction, his purely ecclesiastical work being in connection with St. Paul's P. E. Church, the pulpit of which he fills Sunday evenings. He is an earnest, vigorous, manly young fellow, and his whole college life has been marked by simple living and hard work, in which he takes delight.

Mr. Stokes' choice is not more significant than that which his elder brothers are making. Mr. Newton Phelps-Stokes is well known as a student of conditions in the tenement districts of New York, and is one of the most active members of the Tenement House Commission, recently appointed by Governor Roosevelt. Young Mr. Graham Phelps-Stokes, the third brother, has left the family residence on Madison avenue, New York, to live in the University Settlement, where he is one of the very best workers.

DOCTOR'S FOOD TALK.

Selection of Food One of the Most Important Acts in Life.

Old Dr. Hanaford, of Reading, Mass., says in the "Messenger": "Our health and physical and mental happiness are so largely under our personal control that the proper selection of food should be, and is, one of the most important acts of life.

On this subject, I may say that I know of no food equal in digestibility, and more powerful in point of nutriment, than the modern Grape-Nuts, four heaping teaspoons of which is sufficient for the cereal part of a meal, and experience demonstrates that the user is perfectly nourished from one meal to another.

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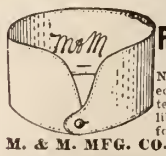

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHING TO A GREAT OPEN-AIR AUDIENCE AT EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND SEE PAGE 629

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Aug. 29

1. What is the origin of what is known as the ladies' "Leap-year privilege"?
2. What is the best estimate of the earth's weight, and how is it ascertained?
3. Who were the original "Seven Wise Men" of Greece, and why were they so designated?
4. If a man commits a sin unknowingly, will it be counted against him, whether he afterwards finds out his sin or not?
5. Did the Psalmist in Psalm 84:3 mean to imply that birds really built nests on the temple altars? If not, what was his meaning?
6. What should be done with a church building which is in a city and is hallowed by sacred associations, when the members of the church have moved to the suburbs and few people attend its services?
7. Is it the duty of a pastor to instruct his hearers on the duties of Christian citizenship, or should he devote his sermons exclusively to the Gospel?
8. Are recent events in China and South Africa in any way a fulfilment of prophecy?
9. What will be the fate of the heathen after death?
10. What is the best method of conducting a Question-box meeting?

Questions of the Week

1. On being introduced to a stranger, when the stranger remarks: "I am glad to meet you;" what is the best form of reply?

It must depend wholly upon the relative social position of the parties to the introduction. To an equal, the reply might be a slight bow and a "Thank you, the pleasure is mutual." To a social inferior, one might cordially answer: "Thank you," without further expression. To one very much higher in station, it is quite evident that a different answer would naturally rise to the lips and it would not be out of place to say: "Thank you, I feel honored in making your acquaintance;" or, "It gives me pleasure," etc. A lady, however, it is hardly necessary to explain, will not make any such remark as by common courtesy, since she condescends to an introduction, all she need give in acknowledging such greeting is a smile and a slight inclination, or at most a "Thank you," although the latter is not necessary.
ROBERT VYSE.

2. Was the conduct of Esther in pleading for another day of destruction (Esther 9: 12, 13) worthy of commendation?

The request of Esther was simply that it might "be granted to the Jews who are in Shushan to do to-morrow also according to this day's decree," but what was this day's decree which the queen desired to be continued another day? Merely "to stand for their life" against all that would assault them (Esther 8: 11). "Hence we infer," says Dr. Terry, "that the queen had reason to suspect that the enemies of the Jews in Shushan would renew the attack on the following day." It is clearly a mistake to pronounce Esther's plea, as some have done, the offspring of a blood-thirsty vengeance. The event showed that there were desperate persons who had resolved not to let the matter stop with the thirteenth of Adar and so recommenced the fight on the next day. It was to secure her people against such an attack that Esther had wisely made her request. AMELIA HOYT.

3. What is the smallest republic in the world and where is it situated?

Goust, which is situated on the summit of a high mountain in the Department of the Lower Pyrenees, France, about thirty miles from Oleron. It consists only of a few scattered cottages with a population of about one hundred persons, forming an industrious and thriving community whose sole occupation is the weaving of wool and silk. Close to them is the gorge of the Gave d'Ossau. Belonging neither to France nor Spain, the hamlet constitutes a small independent State, under the government of an assembly of old men called the Council. They pay no taxes or imposts of any kind, and therefore have no need of collectors, and neither have they mayor, priest or physician. In the neighboring parish of Laruns, their children are baptized, their citizens married and their dead buried. The young men secure their wives, principally, from the Ossau valley, and the girls of the republic their husbands from the *gars* of the low-lying regions about them. Among the peaceful residents of this microscopic republic are several centenarians and in 1605 a man died there aged 123 years. No one is poor and none is rich. There is no master or servant. Their language is a mixture of French and Spanish. Franceville, one of the New Hebrides, is also called the smallest republic.
WILLIAM GERMAINE.

4. Do evolutionists expect a higher order of beings will be developed, or that evolution has reached its limit?

Evolutionists hold that when man, the highest order of being, commenced to invent tools for his use, further development stopped. When he wished to see farther he invented the telescope; when he wished to travel faster, the wagon, steam engine and bicycle, so that it was not necessary for his vision to become stronger or powers of locomotion to increase, and the same with the innumerable articles that have been and are still being invented for his use till the power of man seems almost illimitable. HATTIE A. AMES.

5. What parts of the world are inhabited exclusively by men, and what part exclusively by women?

The village of Fernando Noronha, on an island off the coast of Brazil, is a penal settlement for male convicts only. No women, it is said, are ever allowed on the island. None are permitted on the famous Mount Athos Peninsula in Southern Europe, where the monks have held sway in undisputed celibacy for many generations. The "isle of women" is probably Minicoy, a tiny islet in the Indian Ocean, between the Laccadive and Maldive groups. Men, it is said, are found on the island only a few months in each year, being engaged the rest of the year in fishing. Again, the island of Serodah, near Goa, west coast of India, is inhabited solely by dancing girls.
A. HOLMAN.

6. What is the origin of the military phrase "to give no quarter?"

It owes its origin to the fact that when the Spanish and the Dutch were at war with each other, they made an agreement that the ransom of a soldier should be the quarter of his pay. Hence the command "to give no quarter," originally meant to take no prisoners and hold them for ransom, but to slay them all. As the phrase is used to-day there is no reference to ransom. G. A. HAURY.

7. Is there any way of explaining the miracle of the sun and moon standing still (Joshua 10: 12, 13) seeing that their standing still would not have the effect of prolonging the time for slaughter?

Several modes of explaining the miracle have been suggested. There are some who insist on the literal truth of the narrative and believe that the sun did really stop at the command of Joshua. But there is this objection to that explanation, that the stoppage of the sun would not have lengthened the day, which was Joshua's object. Astronomers tell us that the sun's motion through the heavens is simply carrying the planets with it in an immense orbit, and does not affect the length of the day. In order to lengthen the day the earth's rotation on its own axis must be stopped, as it is that which produces day and night. Therefore it is obvious that some other explanation than that of the literal truth of the narrative must be sought to account for the lengthening of the day. A second explanation is that the author of the book of Joshua did not accept the narrative as true, and, therefore, gave his authority for the tradition, which was the book of Jasher. This was a poetical work now lost. It is suggested that this poet took the poet's license of idealizing a great victory. Maimonides, the learned Jew, took this view. He represents Joshua as praying that the victory might be fully consummated before sunset and that more was accomplished that day than could have ordinarily been done in two days. Another explanation is that the miracle was in the laws of light and that by refraction the sun was made to appear in the heavens after it had really set. Still another explanation is that this was a night attack and that what Joshua was really anxious for was that the sun might be hidden and that in answer to his prayer the sun stood still, that is, did not appear, but was obscured by clouds the whole day. JOB CLARKE.

8. What is the history of the letter "J"?

J is a modified I. It is not found in the Latin or other ancient languages. It seems to have originated in a mere fancy of the scribes. In the fifteenth century the i symbol was drawn a little below the line to denote the consonantal as distinguished from the vowel sound of that letter. By degrees this symbol was curved slightly to the left until its form was j. The capital letter came still later into use, being made to correspond with the little j. This is the statement of the highest authorities. Others have it that "the Dutch scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries first introduced a regular distinction between the consonantal and vowel sounds of i, and marked the former by the distinct character j."
G. E. KRAUTH.

9. When there is a labor strike, on a question of wages or hours, and men are wanted to fill the places vacated by the strikers, is the Christian workingman justified in offering his services?

Some strikes are just and wise, while others are unjust and foolish. Each one must be judged on its own merits. If with a reasonable amount of information and intelligence to guide him, the Christian workingman judges a strike to be justifiable and right, he ought to sustain it so far as not to offer his services. On the contrary, if he judges the strike to be unjust and wrong, he is quite justified in offering his services. And this rule will hold though he may mistake in judging of the merits of the strike. If he uses his best judgment with impartiality, that is enough; in such a case there can be no higher law.
JOSEPH HAMILTON.

10. When, where and by whom was the "Passion Play" originated?

Some passion plays were produced very early in the Christian era, the first being produced by Gregory Mazianzen, who died about 390 A.D. The Oberammergau Passion Play, originated with the inhabitants of that village in 1633. In that year a deathly plague was raging first in the neighborhood and then in the town itself. After eighty-four had fallen victims and seeing that medical aid could not avail, the terrified people prayed God to stay the epidemic. They combined with their prayer the solemn vow, "that if God would hear their cry, they would represent every ten years for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world." The plague ceased, and, it is reported, not a single person succumbed to its fury after the vow was registered. In fulfilment of their pledge they represented the sufferings of Christ in a sacred drama, in which only the devout inhabitants of Oberammergau were permitted to participate, the very next year, 1634. Till 1674 it was observed every tenth year. Then it was decided to have this performance at the beginning of every decade. Accordingly, in 1680, the passion play was acted after an interval of only six years, but thereafter every ten years. Originally it was performed on the village graveyard. Now, however, a large hall has been erected exclusively for the purpose. On account of a manifesto, issued by the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1799, by which all miracle and mystery plays were condemned, this passion play was also in danger of being discontinued. But a deputation of Oberammergau peasants pleaded with the King of Bavaria, who, in consideration of its origin, excepted this Passion Play from the general condemnation. HENRY RICHTER.

Miscellaneous Questions

N. H. M., Campbellsville, Ky. A man made the statement here that there had been sixteen Christs before Jesus who had taught good doctrine, had all worked miracles and had all been crucified.

No less than twenty-four false Messiahs have arisen at different times, some authorities say even more. The first of note was Simeon, who arose in the reign of Emperor Hadrian. Others were Moses Cretensis, Dunaan, Julian, Serenus, David Alrui, Zebi, Mordecai, Almasser and David el-David. Nearly all of these, however, were after Christ, and were a verification of his prediction (see Matt. 24: 24). The general assertion referred to in your letter is incapable of proof, and is simply designed to disparage the Founder of Christianity.

"Dottie," Grand Pre, N. S. Who is the author of these lines:

"Who e'er has traveled life's dull round
Where e'er his journey may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

It was written by the famous poet, William Shenstone on the window of an inn in England. In the original, the word "stages" appears instead of "journey," in the second line.

Interested Reader, Palmer. How many parables did Christ speak, and how many are there in the Old Testament?

Our Lord's parables were thirty-eight in number. There are eleven parables in the Old Testament, four of them being of the purely fabular order.

E. J. D., Chicago. What is the extent of the annual deposit of the River Nile?

The yearly alluvial deposit is very small, since, as estimated, not more than five inches are deposited in a century. This average and the fact that the deposits in some places have been examined to the depth of thirty-nine feet, have given rise to many erroneous computations as to the antiquity of articles found at such a depth in the alluvium. Scientists, however, agree that the shifting of the river's banks by the encroachment of the stream may often precipitate fragments of pottery and brick to a depth in the alluvium, which bears no relation to the age of the articles themselves.

Rev. H. F. Snow, Tallapoosa, Ga., sends the following verses apropos of the arrival of the corn-laden *Quito* at Bombay:

Safely o'er the great wide sea
The *Quito* made her way;
The angels of the Lord were near
To guard her day by day.
The famine-stricken ones rejoiced
When anchor she had cast;
When to the brim the cars were filled
With golden corn at last!

How many hearts now thrill with joy
On either side the sea!
The donors and the starving ones
All sing in harmony.
The HERALD'S countless readers join
To praise the God of Love
For gifts so timely, well bestowed—
Recorded sure above.

Camille H., Lexington, N. H. What is the origin of the term "Round Robin?"

It is said to have originated amongst the officers of the French army, but the exact circumstances are unknown. Another version is that it was the original form of a protest employed by outlaws in addressing an English king, each name forming part of a circle so that no one might lead the list or appear more prominent than another.

D. K. D., Williamsport, Pa. Is it true that many centuries ago the Chinese expelled the Pope's missionaries after they had succeeded in firmly establishing their religion, but had commenced to interfere with the government of the country to such an extent, that an edict was made against them?

An edict was issued by China in 1665 directed against Catholic missionaries on the ground that their political intrigues were objectionable. In 1718, all except a few missionaries were banished. Their missions were never wholly extinguished.

R. W. B., Sabra, Mont. 1. Why are the rebels of China called the Boxers? 2. When a young man is not certain as to what course in life he is to pursue, how shall he decide?

1. The origin of the Society and the derivation of the name "Boxers" were both fully explained in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. 2. If he is a very young man, with a choice of a career still open, he should consult with friends if unable to decide personally. If, however, he has reached an age when it is necessary that he should be actively at work and self-supporting, there is no longer time for hesitation; he should seize the first offer of honest employment that presents itself. If he work well and intelligently, no matter in what calling, he may be reasonably sure of advancement. Idleness and vacillation are the two worst foes he has to dread.

Rev. S. F. Grady, City Missionary, Trenton, N. J., writes:

I want to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the little items which have appeared in its columns concerning my work, and to say that I have received some valuable suggestions from others who are interested in jail evangelization. May I ask your readers to pray that my work among the poor and the prisoners may be owned and blessed in the salvation of many souls.

W. Z., Berlin, Ont. Would you be kind enough to let me know the steps to be taken by an ordinary person from the lowest position to the highest, in order to reach the position of President of the United States?

The question is one that cannot be answered in a paragraph. Procure and read the lives of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield. From these you will gather some idea of the sort of men this nation loves to honor, and of the development of qualities which led to such distinction.

C. E. C., Frederick, Md. His age is thirty-two.

J. E. S., Little Britain, N. Y. "Hobson's choice" is correct.

Geo. R. M., Iders, Va. Such a course is not keeping good faith. You should be one thing or the other; you cannot be both.

Reader, McLeansboro, Ill. 1. There is nothing wrong in playing such music. 2. Nothing is known of the grandmother on either side.

Joseph E., Loyalton, Pa., makes public acknowledgment through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of restored health in answer to prayer.

J. P. H., Bucksport, Me. The coin is a Prussian thaler of the reign of William and Augusta. The words on the edge are: "God with us."

Mrs. J. R. G., Grays Landing, Pa. Some of the members of the family died in Africa and the others returned home. These facts were published in this journal.

J. H. H., Apopka, Fla. Ignorance of the law is not accepted as an excuse for its violation. You should go at once to a U. S. District Attorney or Commissioner, explain your omission and declare your readiness to do all that is necessary to set it right. This will show that you erred unintentionally and the official will probably instruct you what to do.

Mrs. J. E. H., Bloomfield, Ind. 1. It is transacting the business of a middle-man, or broker or agent, and is entirely legitimate. You did quite right. 2. It is not necessarily a sign of a fall from grace when one feels unaccountably depressed. It is more likely to be the result of ill-health, worry, or overwork. You should pray for health to make your burdens lighter. 3. They are those who are specially chosen to spread the truth of the Gospel and to exemplify, in their own lives, the beauty of holiness and Christian living.

TESUQUE MAIDEN

TESUQUE INDIANS, GOV. JOSE DOMINGO IN THE CENTRE

NAVAJOS WOMAN WEAVING A BLANKET

In the Land of the Pueblos

ONE of the most interesting experiences possible to the American explorer is to spend a few weeks among the quaint Indian peoples who have made their homes in the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. Probably the oldest races on the American continent to-day, they have been little affected by the modern civilization around them, yet have adroitly adapted its advantages to their own use, without developing in any appreciable degree, or surrendering the old ideas and social life of their remote ancestors. As one writer who has seen much of the people, says: "It is a land of swart faces, of oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows, of polytheism and superstition—the heart of Africa beating againt the ribs of the Rockies." Coronado found them there in 1540 and there they are now, with little change in their habits and but little in their numbers. There are about ten thousand of them, only one half the number of their neighbors, the Navajos, who with the Mexicans, make up the bulk of the population. They are entitled by treaty to the rights of United States citizenship, but they appear indifferent to the privilege and as they ask no help from the Washington Government either in food or supplies, the Government leaves them to their way of life.

As their name implies, they are a settled people, unlike the nomad Navajos whose home is on horseback. But though pueblo means a city, the city in their case is not on the American pattern. Their remote ancestors were the cliff-dwellers, and they seem to have retained their love of that style of architecture. Taos, one of their towns, consists of only two buildings, but those are six story rambling structures teeming with family life. In Acoma there are only three houses. Queer houses they are, too, reminding the spectator of the time when the Pueblo had to fight for his life and property and was accounted fair prey by the Apaches and a host of bloodthirsty, plundering enemies. So the Pueblo built his house with the view to resisting a siege. Toward the open country whence danger might be expected, it presents a perpendicular wall, but toward the plaza it is a series of terraces, each story narrower than the one below it. The lower stories have no doors. When the Pueblo returns from his farming, or sheep-tending, or trading, to his own fireside, he ascends to the roof of his house by a ladder, which he draws up after him. Then by a scuttle in his roof he descends to the interior, much in the same way as his ancestor found his way to his home in the cliffs. Even in these peaceful times the old habit causes him to feel safer if he hears the tramp of a sentry over his head in the hours of the night.

THE TAOS PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

In former times he used to do his own weaving as well as cultivate the soil, but latterly he has preferred to buy his blankets ready woven from the Navajos, and his wife's picturesque garments from the Moquis. His wife, however, prides herself on the gorgeous girdle she wears, which is the product of her own loom. Now the Pueblo has enough to do in tending his sheep and looking after his vines which bring him no small sum by the sale of grapes and wine every year. He is not an avaricious man, and is content with a small income, which satisfies him if it covers all his modest wants. He loves ease and quietness and so never dies of overwork. He owns his share of about nine hundred thousand acres of land, confirmed to him by Government patent, and from this it is not difficult to extract enough to support himself and his family. In his household economy he has the assistance of his wife, which is exercised in a way that the American white man would scarcely endure. The Pueblo must marry outside his own clan, and he is accepted by his wife's clan, with whom in future he must make his home. His wife owns all the home contains, and though the proceeds of the land belong to him while they are on the land, no sooner are they harvested than they, too, belong to her. The children, too, are hers, and they trace their descent through her. If the husband is not satisfactory to her, either through laziness or incapacity, she can serve him with a notice to quit, and her people will stand by her and see that the unwelcome man goes back to his own clan. This, however, is a very rare occurrence; the husband must be a very bad man indeed to incur such a penalty.

Recently I had the pleasure of visiting Taos, the two-housed town above referred to. I found its eight hundred men, women and children living together in harmony like one great family. They have nineteen towns in all, though in some of them their houses are detached, but still with the old communal style of self-government. In one of the Tesuque villages I made the acquaintance of the governor, Jose Domingo by name, who gave me courteous welcome. He consented to sit for his portrait and he appears with a group of his tribe in the accompanying illustration. Some of the women were not satisfied to pose for their pictures unless they could have a favorite jar of their own making on their head. They take a great pride in their pottery, in which some of the women show great skill and artistic taste. In the same village I visited a young bride who had been educated in a government school and spoke excellent English. She had a fine mahogany bedstead of which she was very proud. There were Indian rugs on the floor, but comfortable chairs for visitors who might prefer them. She had her ornaments, which, like those of the other women, were chiefly of silver. They do not appreciate gold. Their chief treasures are the beautiful turquoise, which is valued at from one to five dollars per carat and would bring six times that price in the jewelers' stores of New York.

"The Adobe Palace" in Santa Fe, the old residence of the governors-general under Spanish and Mexican rule, known as the "Palace," is now in an admirable state of preservation, owing to the liberal appropriations made by the Government in the past. "I regret to say, however," says Governor Miguel A. Otero, "that unless the General Government continues to look after this historic old building it will soon go to ruin and decay." Hon. L. Bradford Prince, ex-Governor of New Mexico, in his later report says: "Without disparaging the importance of any of the cherished historical localities of the East, it may be truthfully said that this ancient palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the United States."

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES

MABELLE BIGGART.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

What Shall We Read?

A Sermon by
T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,
on the Text, Acts 19: 19:

Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.

PAUL had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature, and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist who is standing by, saying, "Stop this waste. Here are seven thousand five hundred dollars' worth of books—do you propose to burn them all up? If you don't want to read them yourselves, sell them, and let somebody else read them." "No," said the people, "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze two hundred feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods. Bring forth the insufferable trash and put it into the fire and let it be known, in the presence of God and angels and men that you are going to rid your homes of the overtopping and underlying curse of profligate literature.

The printing-press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the Gospel, standing in a pulpit, has a responsible position; but I do not think it is as responsible as the position of an editor or a publisher. At what distant point of time, at what far-out cycle of eternity will cease the influence of a Henry J. Raymond, or a Horace Greeley, or a James Gordon Bennett, or a Watson Webb, or an Erastus Brooks, or a Thomas Kinsella? Take the overwhelming statistics of the circulation of the daily and weekly newspapers, and then cipher, if you can, how far up, and how far down, and how far out, reach the influences of the American printing-press.

What is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing-press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses—a purified and Gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down, and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful. May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing-press.

I have to tell you that the greatest blessing that ever came to the nations is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair! The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest rail-train that ever ran over the tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers in the last twenty years.

Now it is amid such circumstances that I put a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group them together. A newspaper is only a book in a swifter and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read? Shall our minds be the receptacle of everything that an author has a mind to write? Shall there be no distinction between the tree of life and the tree of death? Shall we stoop down and drink out of the trough which the wickedness of men has filled with pollution and shame? Shall we mire in impurity, and chase fantastic will-o'-the-wisps across the swamps, when we might walk in the blooming gardens of God? Oh, no! For the sake of our present and everlasting welfare we must make an intelligent and Christian choice.

Standing, as we do, chin-deep in fictitious literature, the question that young people are asking is, "Shall we read novels?" I reply, There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe that seventy-five out of the one hundred novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. It is a history of things around us with the licenses and the assumed names of poetry. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne and McKenzie and Landon and Hunt and Arthur and others, whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's novels are healthfully redolent with the breath of the seaweed and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles, and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretenders to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books, which are a plea for the poor and the anathema of injustice: and there are a score of novelistic pens to-day doing mighty work for God and righteousness.

Now, I say, books like these, read at right times, and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying; but, alas, for the loathsome and impure literature that has come in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense! They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses. They are coming with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your centre-table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find these books in the desk of the school miss, in the trunk of the young man, in the steamboat cabin, on the table of the hotel reception-room. You see a light in your child's room late at night. You suddenly go in and say, "What are you doing?" "I am reading." "What are you reading?" "A book." You look at the book: it is a bad book. "Where did you get it?" "I borrowed it." Alas, there are always those abroad who would like to loan your son or daughter a bad book! Everywhere, everywhere, an unclean literature. I charge upon it the destruction of ten thousand immortal souls, and I bid you wake up to the magnitude of the evil.

I shall take all the world's literature—good novels and bad, travels true and false, histories faithful and incorrect, legends beautiful and monstrous, all tracts, all chronicles, all poems, all family, city, state, and national libraries—and pile them up in a pyramid of literature, and then I shall bring to bear upon it some grand, glorious, infallible, unmistakable Christian principles. God help me to speak with reference to my last account, and help you to listen!

I charge you, in the first place, to stand aloof from all books that give false pictures of life. Life is neither a tragedy nor a farce. Men are not all either knaves or heroes. Women are neither angels nor furies. And yet, if you depended upon much of the literature of the day, you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a fitful and fantastic and extravagant thing. How poorly prepared are that young man and woman for the duties of to-day, who spent last night wading through brilliant passages descriptive of magnificent knavery and wickedness! The man will be looking all day long for his heroine, in the office, by the forge, in the factory, in the counting-room, and he will not find her, and he will be dissatisfied. A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nerveless, inane, and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store, nor the shop, nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. There she is, hair disheveled, countenance vacant, cheeks pale, hands trembling, bursting into tears at midnight over the fate of some unfortunate lover; in the daytime, when she ought to be busy, staring by the half hour at nothing; biting her finger nails into the quick. The carpet that was plain before will be plainer after having wandered through a romance all night long in tessellated halls of castles. And your industrious companion will be more unattractive than ever, now that you have walked in the romance through parks with plumed princesses, or lounged in the arbor with the polished desperado. Oh, these confirmed novel-readers! They are unfitted for this life, which is a tremendous discipline. They know not how to go through the furnaces of trial through which they must pass, and they are unfitted for a world where everything we gain we achieve by hard and long-continuing work.

Again, abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally exactly the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say, "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder-mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not.

In a menagerie in New York, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled and bleeding. Oh, touch not evil, even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the leopard. "But," you say, "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile always carries a warning rattle.

Again, I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and then, looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on his way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. To-day, under the nostrils of the people, there is a fetid, reeking, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blew the trumpet and rallied the forces of righteousness, all armed to this great battle against a depraved literature.

Again, abstain from those books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful bookbindery, and some of the finest rhetoric, have been brought to make sin attractive. Vice is a horrible thing anyhow. It is born in shame, and it dies howling in the darkness. In this world it is scourged with a whip of scorpions, but afterward the thunders of God's wrath pursue it across a boundless desert, beating it with ruin and woe. When you come to paint carnality, do not paint it as looking from behind embroidered curtains, or through lattice of royal seraglio, but as writhing in the agonies of a city hospital. Cursed be the books that try to make impurity decent, and crime attractive and hypocrisy noble! Cursed be the books that swarm with libertines and desperadoes, who make the brain of the young people whirl with villainy! Ye authors who write them, ye publishers who print them, ye booksellers who distribute them shall be cut to pieces; if not by an aroused community, then at last by the hail of divine vengeance, which shall sweep to the lowest pit of perdition all ye murderers of souls. I tell you, though you may escape in this world, you will be ground at last under the hoof of eternal calamities, and you will be chained to the rock, and you will have the vultures of despair clawing at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come around to torment you, and to pour hotter coals of fury upon your head, and rejoice eternally in the outcry of your pain, and the howl of your damnation. "God shall wound the hairy scalp of him that goeth on in his trespasses."

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally, the color dashes to the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes "four," and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained spectre of the night. Soon in a madhouse she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking, "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

Much of the impure pictorial literature is most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by picture. What the painter does by his brush for a few favorites, the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the author accomplishes by fifty pages, the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs ten thousand dollars you may buy for ten cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. You do well to gather good pictures in your homes.

But what shall I say of the prostitution of art to purposes of iniquity? These death-warrants of the soul are at every street corner. They smite the vision of the young man with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and ten, fifty, and the fifty, hundreds, and the hundreds, thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height and depth and ghastliness and horror of the great undoing. The work

f death that the wicked author does in a hole book, the bad engraver may do on half side of a pictorial. Under the uise of pure mirth, the young man buys ne of these sheets. He unrolls it before is comrades amid roars of laughter, but ong after the paper is gone the result ay, perhaps, be seen in the blasted imginations of those who saw it. The queen f death holds a banquet every night, and nese periodicals are the invitation to her uests.

Young man, buy not this moral strychine for your soul! Pick not up this est of coiled adders for your pocket! 'atronize no news-stand that keeps them! Have your room bright with good enravings, but for these outrageous pi.toials have not one wall, not one bureau, ot one pocket. A man is no better than ie pictures he loves to look at. If your yes are not pure, your heart cannot be. t a news-stand one can guess the charcter of a man by the kind of pictorial e purchases. When the devil fails to et a man to read a bad book, he somemes succeeds in getting him to look at bad picture. When Satan goes a-fishng he does not care whether it is a long ne or a short line, if he only draws his ictim in. Beware of lascivious pictorils, young man, in the name of Almighty od I charge you.

Cherish good books and newspapers. Beware of bad ones. The assassin f Lord Russell declared that he as led into crime by reading ne vivid romance. The onsecrated John Angell ames, than whom ngland never produced a better man, eclared in his old ge, that he had ever yet got ver the evil efects of having for fifteen inutes once ead a bad ook. But I eed not go far off. I ould tell you f a comrade ho was great-earted, noble, nd generous. He as studying for an onorable profesion; but he had an indel book in his trunk, nd he said to me one day, De Witt, would you like to ead it?" I said, "Yes, I would." took the book and read it only for few minutes. I was really startled with hat I saw there, and I handed the book ack to him, and said, "You had better estroy that book." No, he kept it. He ead it. He reread it. After awhile he ave up religion as a myth. He gave up od as a nonentity. He gave up the Bible s a fable. He gave up the Church of hrist as a useless institution. He gave up ood morals as being unnecessarily strinent. I have heard of him but twice in any years. The time before the last I eard of him, he was a confirmed inebrite. The last I heard of him he was coming ut of an insane asylum—in body, mind, nd soul an awful wreck. I believe that ne infidel book killed him for two worlds.

Go home to-day and look through your brary, and then, having looked through our library, look on the stand where you eep your pictorials and newspapers, and pply the Christian principles I have laid own this hour. If there is anything in our home that cannot stand the test, do ot give it away, for it might spoil an imortal soul; do not sell it, for the money ou get would be the price of blood; but ather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth, r in your back-yard, and then drop the oison in it, and the bonfire in your city hall be as consuming as that one in phesus.

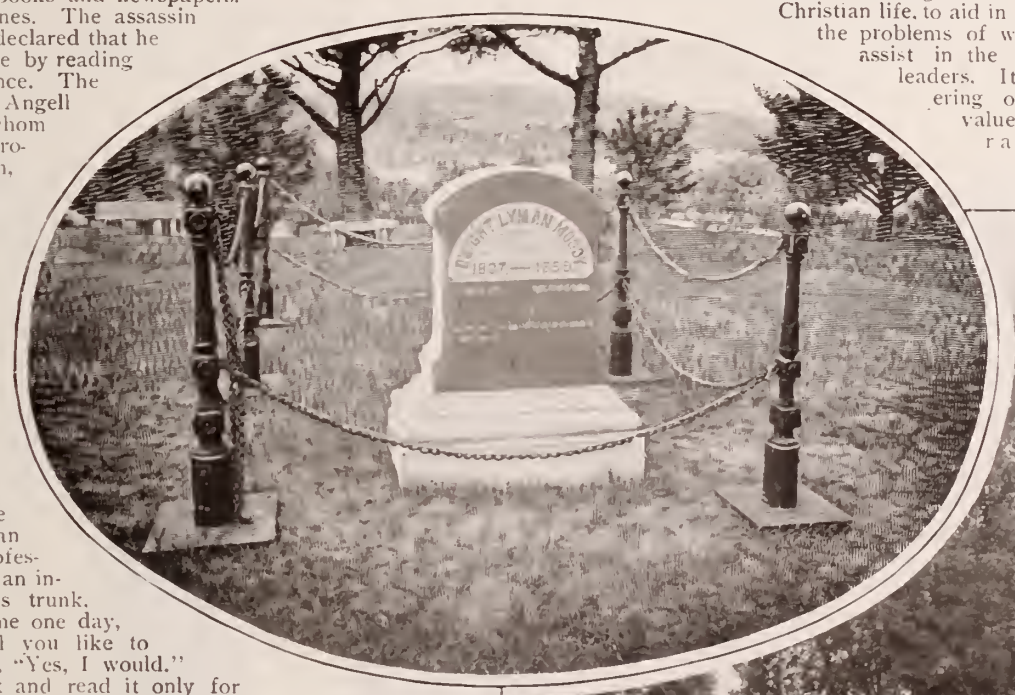
A Notable Y. M. C. A.

The first Young Men's Christian Association uilding to be opened on Government land was edicated last week on Governor's Island, . Y. It is a two-story edifice in the colonial tyle of architecture. It has been furnished by he Y. M. C. A. branches of New York City. Ir. E. H. Chapin is the superintendent. It is ntended for the use of the soldiers on the sland, and Major Cornish, who commands he post, has taken a great interest in proioting its organization.

Mr. Moody's Work Goes On

A GREAT AND MEMORABLE SPIRITUAL SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN PROGRESS AT NORTHFIELD

ALTHOUGH the great master-spirit, whose tireless energy and busy brain made Northfield a centre of Christian activities, has gone beyond, his work continues with a vigor and effectiveness that suffer no diminution. This summer—the eighteenth season of the Northfield Conferences—a peculiar interest attaches to these gatherings. The multitudes who have flocked to Northfield proves that, whatever may have been the magnetism of the power and personality of Dwight L. Moody in life, the divine purpose which controlled his career is opening for this great educational and spiritual work a broader and more far-reaching mission than even its consecrated founder could have foreseen. The spirit of that founder, with its deep, rich consecration, its lofty impulses and its all-absorbing zeal for souls, has descended in large measure upon the elder son, and William R. Moody now stands in the relation of leader to the work—a leader already greatly beloved by thousands who have already known of his years of labor by his father's side, and of the share he bore of all the latter's burdens.



MR. MOODY'S GRAVE

First among the events of wide interest at Northfield this season was the Student's Conference, continuing from June 29 to July 8. Year by year this work has been steadily augmenting in numbers and importance. It affords a rich opportunity for those called to leadership in the Student Y.M.C.A. work to secure training and spiritual preparation for the coming year. Among its features of special interest were daily meetings in the auditorium and on "Round Top," where the audiences were addressed by such well-known speakers as Bishop J. H. Vincent, Dr. W. R. Richardson, Rev. R. A. Torrey, Rev. Dyson Hague, Dr. C. E. Jefferson, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Rev. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, Dr. Wm. Ashmore, and Rev. John G. Paton. Normal Bible classes were conducted each morning, one class devoted to training in personal work; the others planned to present three courses of the Cycle of Devotional Bible Study.

From June 28 to September 1, the Y. M. C. A. encampment is a picturesque and recreative feature of summer life at Northfield. The camp gives accommodations to young men from city or college, whether members of the Y. M. C. A. or not, and large numbers of young business men employed in mercantile and other houses in the great cities take advantage of the delightful outing offered at small cost. When it is remembered that all the spiritual privileges of the place are open to the campers, it can be readily understood how precious such an experience must prove to hundreds of these young men. Recreations include walks, drives, swimming floats and field sports. The campers live in cosily furnished tents and many do their own cooking, although there is a large camp dining hall for those who prefer it.

The Young Women's Christian Association Conference from July 13 till July 23, is always an attractive occasion. Its aim is to strengthen the individual Christian life, to aid in the study of the problems of work, and to assist in the training of leaders. It is a gathering of practical value and inspiration to all young women interested in Bible study and Christian work. Its meetings are held at "Round Top" or in the auditorium, and many women of national note in Christian service are among the speakers.

From July 25 to August 1, and from August 20 to September 1, frequent Special Bible Lectures are given by prominent teachers.

What a very large number of those who go to Northfield rightly regard as the crowning event of the year, is the General Conference of Christian Workers, from August 2 to 20. Here, probably more than at any other of the gatherings, the strong spirituality and kindly presence of Mr. Moody will be greatly missed.

To him this annual assemblage of Christian workers had grown very dear, for he had the liveliest and deepest sympathy with them in all their trials, and loved to study out with them the problems and difficulties and encouragements of their peculiar field. This year, as the workers gather around their dead leader's resting-place at "Round Top," they cannot fail to find inspiration in the circumstances and surroundings, all of which eloquently appeal for renewed dedication of life and earnestness of service.

The speakers expected at this conference are Rev. F. B. Meyer, London; Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, London; Rev. William Newman Hall, Dublin; Rev. Henry G. Weston, D.D., Chester, Pa.; Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., East Northfield; Rev. Peyton Hoge, D.D., Louisville, Ky.; Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., Washington; Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., Brooklyn; Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., New York; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Chicago; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D.D., Boston; Mr. R. E. Speer, New York, and others usually present. Mr. William H. Stanes, Nilgris Hills, India, will conduct special meetings for children. Music will be in charge of Messrs. Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins, assisted by Mr. F. H. Jacobs.

There are many other features in the spiritual life of Northfield which might be enumerated. Indeed, no practical phase or branch of Christian work in field, tent, camp, church, Sunday School or elsewhere has been overlooked by the conductors of this summer spiritual retreat, and no one interested, even in the slightest degree in the things that make for life eternal, can go to Northfield without experiencing a rich and enduring sense of spiritual refreshment.

AN OPEN-AIR GATHERING AT "LITTLE ROUND TOP"

DR. TALMAGE'S PREACHING TOUR

The photograph on our first page was taken in Edinburgh, where Dr. Talmage received a tremendous ovation. The people filled the great church in which he preached long before the hour fixed for the commencement of the service. Great crowds, sufficient to fill two such edifices, collected in the streets outside the church, and when Dr. Talmage appeared he was greeted by such cheers as are seldom heard in the Scottish capital. The carriage of one of the officers of the church had been placed at his disposal, and, standing there in the shadow of Arthur's Seat, he made an eloquent address to the great throng. On completing his tour in England and Scotland, Dr. Talmage went to Northern Europe. A letter received from him at Trondhjem, Norway, says that he had been for eight days beyond the reach of letters and telegrams to get a glimpse of that strange spectacle—the sun shining at midnight, which is to be witnessed at this season of the year in the far northern latitudes. Dr. Talmage expects to sail for America on the *Oceanic*, which is scheduled to leave Liverpool October 17.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Switzerland

FROM Paris we went to Berne. I hearn Josiah tellin' Tommy: "It is called Burn, I spoze, because it got burnt down a number of times."

But it hain't so. It wuz named from Baren (bears), of which more anon. Robert Strong had been there, and he wanted Dorothy to see the seenery, which he said was sublime. Among the highest points of the Bernise Alps and the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, which latter peak is from twelve to fourteen thousand feet high. Good land! What if I had to climb it! But I hadn't, and took comfort in the thought. Deep, beautiful valleys are also in the Oberland, as the southern part of the Canton is called, the Plain of Interlaken being one of the most beautiful.

There are several railways that centre in Berne, and it stands at the cross-roads to France and Germany. And though it is a Swiss city, it seemed much more like a German one, so Robert Strong said. The people, the signs, the streets, the hotels and all, he said, was far more like a German city than a Swiss one.

It is quite a handsome city of about fifty thousand inhabitants, with straight, wide streets and handsome houses, and one thing I liked first-rate, a little creek called the Gassel, has been made to run into the city, so little rivulets of water flow through some of the streets, and it supplies the fountains so they spray up in a noble way.

Josiah sez: "If Ury and I can turn the creek, Samantha, so it will run through the dooryard, you shall have a fountain right under your winder. Ury and I can rig up a statter for it out of stuns and mortar that will look first-rate. And I spoze," sez he, "the Jonesvillians would love to see my liniment sculped on it, and it might be a comfort to you, if I should be took first."

"No, Josiah," sez I, "not if you and Ury made it: it would only add to my agony."

The Swiss Hostelries

We had quite a good hotel. But I see the hired girl had made a mistake in makin' up the bed. Mebby she wuz absent minded or lovesick; 'tennyrate she had put the feather bed top of us instead of under us.

As Josiah laid down under it he said words I wouldn't have had Elder Minkley heard for a dollar bill, and it didn't nigh cover his feet anyway. What to do I didn't know, for it wuz late and I spozed the woman of the house had gone to bed and I didn't want to roust her up. And I knew anyway it would mortify her dretfully to have her help make such a mistake. Good land! if Philury should do such a thing I should feel like a fool. So I had Josiah git up, still talkin' language onfit for a deacon and a perfessor, and I put the bed where it belonged, spread the sheets over it smooth, put my warm woolen shawl and our railway rug on it and made a splendid bed.

The Spouting Bears

The food wuz quite good, though sassage and cheese wuz too much in evidence, and beer and pipes and bears. I always kinder spleened aginst bears and wuz afraid on 'em and wouldn't take one for a present, but it beat all how much they seem to think of bears there, namin' the place for 'em to start with, and they have bears carved and painted on most everything. Bears spout water out of their mouths in the fountains, they have dead ones in their museums, and they have a big bear den down by the river where great live ones can growl and act all they want to. And bears show off in a wonderful clock tower they have built way back in the leventh century. I never see Tommy so delighted with anything hardly as he wuz with that, and Josiah too. Every hour a procession of bears come out, led, I believe, by a rooster who claps his wings and crows, and then they walk round a old man with a hour glass who strikes the hour on a bell. But the bears lead the programmy and bow and strut round and act.

The manufactures of Berne are mostly cloth, silk and cotton, straw hats, etc. It has a great university with seventy-three professors. Good land! if each one on 'em knowed a little and would teach it they ort to keep a first-rate school.

And it also uses a Referendum. Arvilly disputed me when I spoke on't; she thought it wuz sunthin' agin 'em, but it haint. It helps the people. If they don't like a law after it passes the legislature they have a chance to vote on it. And it keeps 'em from bein' fooled by politicians and dishonest statesmen. I approve on't and Arvilly did when she got more acquainted with the idee. I wish America would get hold of one, and I guess she will when she gits round to it, though Arvilly don't believe they will. Sez she: "Our statesmen ruther spend their time votin' on the length of women's hat-pins, and discuss what a peril they are to manhood." Sez she: "Why don't they vote agin men's suspenders? Everybody knows a man could hang a woman with 'em, hang 'em right up on the bed post." Sez Arvilly: "Why not vote that men shall fasten their trousers to their vests with hooks and eyes, they are so much less dangerous?" But I don't spoze they ever will. It is a job to fasten your skirt to your waist with 'em. But they are real safe and I wish men would adopt 'em. But don't spoze they will, they hate to be bothered so.

Another thing I liked first-rate there and Arvilly did, the corporation of the city is so rich it furnishes fuel for its citizens free. Arvilly sez:

"Catch the rich corporations of our American cities furnishin' fuel for even the poorest. No; it would let 'em burn up their old chairs or bedsteads first, or freeze."

Samantha Moralizes

"Well," sez I, "mebby our country will take pattern of the best of all other countries when she gits round to it; she's been pretty busy lately."

And Arvilly sez, "She had better hurry up before her poor are all starved or friz; but as it is," sez she, "her statesmen are votin' on wimmen's hat-pins whilst Justice lays flat with her stillyards on top of her and Pity and Mercy have wep' themselves sick."

America is good, her charities are almost boundless but I think some as Arvilly that Charity hain't so likely lookin' or actin' as Justice, and Robert Strong thinks so too. But it is a great problem what to do for the best in this case. Mebby Solomon knew enough to grapple with the question but Josiah don't, nor Arvilly, though she thinks she duz. Robert Strong is gittin' one answer to the hard conundrum of life, and Ernest White is figurin' it out successful. And lots of other good and earnest souls all over the world are workin' away at the sum with their own slates and pencils. But oh, the time is long! One needs the patience of the Sphinx to set and see it go on, to labor and to wait. But God knows the answer to the problem; in His own good time He will reveal it, as the reward of constant labor, tireless patience, trust and prayer. But to resoom forwards: One of the picturesque features of the older part of Berne is that the houses are built up on an arcade under which runs a footpath.

But its great feature is the enchantin' seenery. It stands on a peninsuala and the view on mountain and river is most beautiful.

From Berne we went direct to the city of Milan in Italy. And we found that it wuz a beautiful city eight or nine milds round, I should judge, with very handsome houses, the cathedral bein' the cap sheaf. I'd had a picture on't on my settin'-room wall for years, framed with pine cones and had spent hours, I spoze, from first to last lookin' at it, but hadn't no more idee of its size and beauty than a Hottentot has of ice water and soap stuns.

From every point of view it is perfect, front side, back side, outside and inside; specially beautiful are the gorgeous stained glass winders in the altar.

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THE MUDD-WEAKDEWS VISIT THE PICTURE GALLERY IN MILAN

Robert Strong and Dorothy and all the rest of the party but Josiah and me and Tommy clumb up to the biggest tower, three hundred and thirty or forty feet, and they said the view from there wuz sublime and you couldn't realize the beauty of the cathedral until you saw it from that place where you seemed to stand in a forest of beautifully carved white marble. But I sez to 'em, "I can believe every word you say without provin' it."

I never could have stood it to clumb so high, but they said you could see way off the Appenines, the Alps, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, a wonderful view. The cathedral is full of monuments to kings and queens and saints and high church dignitaries. Its carving, statuary, fret work is beyend description. It is said to be the most beautiful in the world and I shouldn't wonder, 'tennyrate it goes fur, fur beyend the M. E. meetin'-house in Jonesville or Zoar or Loontown.

Milan has beautiful picture galleries, and Miss Meechim and Arvilly and I wuz restin' in one one day for we wuz tired out sightseein', when a young man and woman swep' by, both on 'em with glasses stuck in their eyes, richly dressed and she

covered with jewels, and there wuz a maid carryin' wraps and a cushion, and a man carryin' two camp-chairs, and a slim tutor follerin' with a little boy.

I d'no as the Queen of Sheba and Mr. Sheba could have traveled with any more pomp if they had took it into their heads to come to Jonesville the Fourth of July. They didn't seem to be payin' any attention to the pictures, though they wuz perfectly beautiful. There wuz a group of titled people that had been pinted out to us, and their eyes wuz glued on them, and they seemed to be kinder followin' 'em round. They gin Miss Meechim a cool, patronizin' nod as they went by, and she gurgled and overflowed with joy over it.

A Very Exclusive Party

She said they wuz the Mudd-Weakdews, of Sacramento, Rev. Mr. Weakdews' only child, and they wuz on their way home from Paris; he had married Augusta Mudd, a millionaress. "They are so exclusive, so genteel!" sez Miss Meechim, "they will not associate with anybody but the very first. He wuz a college mate of Robert's and so different from him," sez she.

"Yes," sez I, in a real dry tone, "I spoze he is, he looks different anyway."

"He is engaged in the same occupation Robert is," sez Miss Meechim, "and he would no more do as Robert does than he would fly. He keeps his workmen down in their place. Now Robert sells them land at a cheap rate and encourages a building association amongst the workmen, so most all of them own their own houses and gardens, and they cultivate fruits and flowers, making their homes look more like a genteel, wealthy person's than a laborer's; it makes them independent as you please, heads right up, lookin' you right in the face, as if they was your equals. Mudd-Weakdew won't let them own an inch of land; they live in tenements that he owns and they pay high rents. The houses are laborers' rooms, not genteel and comfortable as their employer's. He says that he makes as much out of the rent of these houses as he does from his factory, for I must say that Robert's workmen do more work and better. But the Mudd-Weakdews live like a prince on a broad, tree-shaded avenue with a long row of tenement houses on the alley back of it, seperated from the poor, and what I consider a genteel, proper way.

The Poor and the Rich

"Of course his workmen complain that they do all the work and he lives in a palace and they in a hovel, that he is burdened with luxuries and is hoarding up millions, whilst they labor through their half-starved lives and have the workhouse to look forward to. So unreasonable! How can the poor expect the genteel pleasures of the wealthy, and when their houses are low and old and the walls mouldy and streets narrow and filthy and no gardens, and ten or fifteen in one room, they ought not to expect the comfort and pure air of four people in one great house set in a park. But such people can't reason."

"Who is the fourth?" sez I coldly, for I despised her idees.

"They have a little girl older than Augustus and very different from him. Little Augustus is naturally very aristocratic and they encourage him to look down on the tenement children and be sharp to them, for they know that he will have to take the reins in his hands and control rebellious workmen just as his pa does now, and conquer them just as you would a ugly horse or dog."

"How is the little girl different?" sez I in cold, icy axents.

"Oh, she is a perfect beauty, older than Augustus and at boarding-school now. She is the idol of their hearts—even the workmen love her, she is so gentle and sweet. Her parents adore her and expect that she will unite them to the nobility, for she is as beautiful as an angel.

"Little Augustus was terribly frightened just before we sailed, his grand-pa told me; one of them impudent workmen who had been sick and out of work for a spell rushed up to little Augustus, who was feeding cakes to his pony and Italian greyhound, and demanded him to give him some. The man's fierce looks was such that Augustus dropped the cakes and ran away to his tutor. The man had the impudence to pick up the pieces and rush away with them, muttering that his own boy was dying for want of food, while this boy was throwing it away. What business was it to him, I would like to know. The man was turned off, I believe. Mudd-Weakdew will stand no impudence; he builds up a wall of seperation between himself and them that can't be broke down, just as he has a right to."

Sez I, "Mebby it can't be broke down, but the wrongs and sufferin's of one class is apt to react on the other."

"But it cannot here," sez she, "for Mudd-Weakdew is not like Robert, mingling with his workmen, breaking down the wall of seperation, that always has and I believe always should exist between the genteel wealthy and the poor."

"Well," sez I, "time will tell." And she went on.

"You ought to see the elegance of their house, thirty house servants and Robert has only two; and won't let them be called servants; he calls them helpers. Oh, they are so genteel! they mingle with the very first, and Robert might do just so, but he actually seems happier amongst his workmen trying to make them happier than he does with the titled aristocracy. Mudd-Weakdew would no more mingle with his workman as Robert does than he would fly."

I murmured onbeknown to myself, "The poor received Him gladly;" "Except ye do these things ye cannot be my disciples." And I sez to Miss Meechim, "How would the Mudd-Weakdews receive the carpenter's Son if he should stop at their gate some afternoon while they wuz givin' a garden party to nobility. If Jesus should enter there with his chosen companions, the fishermen and the poor, all dusty from weary walks, and barefooted; if he should look through their luxury to the squalid homes beyond with reproach and sorrow in his divine face, how would they greet him?

Miss Meechim said she didn't really know, they wuz so very, very exclusive, but she felt that they would act genteel anyway. "And," sez she, "they worship in a magnificent church built by millionares and used by them almost exclusively, for of course poor people wouldn't feel at home there amongst the aristocracy."

But Arvilly said—I guess she had to say it—"Yes, they kneel and worship the Christ they crucified while they tromple on his teachings; hypocrites and Pharisees, the hull caboodle on 'em, Rev. Weakdew and all!" I d'no but Arvilly wuz too hash, but mebby my groans spoke as loud as her words; I felt considerable as she did and she knowed it.

A Rich Man's Idea of Heaven

"Oh! oh!" Miss Meechim fairly squeeled the words out. "Rev. Weakdew is very thoughtful and charitable to the poor always. I have wept to hear him tell of their home above, right in with the rich you know, mingling with them; I have heard him say it, exclusive as he and his family is, and how after starvation here how sweet the bread of life would seem to them."

"In my opinion," sez Arvilly, "he better spend his strength tryin' to feed 'em on earth; when they git to that country the Lord can take care on 'em."

"Oh, he always has a collection taken up for the poor, Christmas and Easter, and his congregation is very charitable and give largely in alms and make suppers for the poor, Christmas, almost as good as the wealthy enjoy."

Sez Arvilly, "You can't put out the ragin' fires of a volcano with a waterin' pot; it will keep belchin' out for all of that little drizzle; that seethin' kaldron of fire and ashes would have to be cleaned out and the hull lay of the land changed in order to stop it. What good duz it do to scatter a few loaves of bread to the hungry while the Liquor Power and the mills of Monopoly are grindin' out hundreds and thousands of tramps and paupers every year?"

Sez Miss Meechim, "the poor ye shall always have with you."

Arvilly's Ideas on Tramps

"We don't read," sez Arvilly, "of Martha Washington having to feed tramps nor labor riots and strikers in the time of Jefferson. No, it wuz when our republic begun to copy the sampler of old nations' luxury, aristocracy and enormous wealth for the few and poverty and starvation for the many. Copyin' the old feudal barons and thieves who used to swoop down on weaker communities and steal all their possessions, only they gained by force what is gained now by corrupt legislation. Anybody would think," sez Arvilly, "that as many times as that sampler has been soaked in blood, and riddled by bullets, our country wouldn't want to foller it, but they do down to the smallest stitch on't and how can they hope to escape their fate? They can't!" sez Arvilly.

Samantha Not Discouraged

"But," I sez, "they can't unless they turn right round in their tracts. But I am a good deal in hopes they will," sez I, "I am hopin' that Uncle Sam will foller my advice and the advice of other well-wishers of the human race—I see signs on't."

"Well," sez Arvilly, "you have fur-sightener specs than I have, if you can see it."

And I sez, "You lay your ear to the ground, Arvilly, and you'll hear the sound of a great approachin' army. It is the ranks of the Workers for Humanity with voice and pen, with wealth and influence, the haters of hate, lovers of love, breakers of shams and cruelties in creeds, political and social life and customs. Destroyers of unjust laws, true helpers of the poor. It is them that try to foller Christ's mission and give liberty to the bound, sight to the blind. That great throng is growin' larger every hour, the stiddy, stiddy tromplin' of their feet sounds nearer and nearer." And I sez in a rapt way, "Whilst you are listenin' to them, Arvilly, listen upward and you'll hear the sound of wings beatin' the air. The faint music, not of warlike bugles, but the sweet song of Peace. It comes nigher, it is the white-winged cohort of angels comin' down to jine the workers for humanity and lead 'em to victory, and their song is jest the same they sung when Christ the Reformer, wuz born, 'Peace on earth good-will to men.'"

Sez Miss Meechim, "I guess you hear the crowd on the avenue going home, and it is really time to go; it would not look genteel to stay longer."

I looked at her, and through her, and smiled a deep forgivin' smile for I thought she wuz a foreigner, how could she understand.

(To be continued).

THE BIG BEAR DEN DOWN BY THE RIVER

BESIDE THE FOUNTAINS

WAS FEEDING CAKES TO THE PONY

Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.

A HAPPY LIFE

I SEEK not thorns on the road of life
That hurt with secret pain;
I seek small joys, the sunbeams catch
To shed abroad again.

If the door is low where I would go,
I stoop to enter in,
And often find in lowly guise,
The joy that I would win.

And if I can, I lift the stone
Out of my onward way,
If 'tis too heavy, then I go
Around till close of day.

And thus each blessed day I find
Something to make me glad,
Some precious joy that I may share
To cheer another sad.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The Beginning of Ethics

MORALITY is right conduct, springing from right motives; from obedience to the voice of God within us which says, "Thou shalt!" "Thou shalt not!" Ethics began in the Garden of Eden. God said of a garden full of fruit-trees, "Thou shalt!" and of a single one, "Thou shalt not!" That was man's first lesson in ethics. God has always been generous to his creatures. He gives us six days, and he takes only one. But that one day is better to us because it is his than if it were ours. In that one day, which is his, he says, "Thou shalt not do any work!" He lets us fill the earth with houses, which we may rent and live in; gives us the lumber and the stone to build them, and he says of a single house, "It is mine; make it not a den of thieves." And what God reserves to himself here, also, is better for us than what he gives us. We get more out of his inhibitory commands than out of his permissive ones. Out of the permissive ones, we get enjoyment; out of the inhibitory, we get strength. When we have kept the inhibitory ones, the next time we pass that way, we can say with Samson, as he passed the lion's carcass: "Out of the eater came forth meat, out of the strong came forth sweetness."

Accept Ordination

LET us all go to preaching. Send polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma from Yale, or your license from Presbytery. If the Lord does not send you into the ministry, no canon of the Church can shoot you into it. But if he has put his hand on your head, you are ordained, and your working apron shall be the robe, and the anvil your pulpit; and while you are smiting the iron, the hammer of God's truth will break the flinty heart in pieces. Peter was never a sophomore, nor John a freshman. Harlan Page never heard that a tangent to the parabola bisects the angle formed at the point of contact by a perpendicular to the directrix and a line drawn to the focus. If George Muller had attempted chemical experiments in a philosopher's laboratory, he would soon have blown himself up. And hundreds of men, grandly useful, were never struck on commencement stage by a bouquet flung from the ladies' gallery. Quick! Let us find our work. You preach a sermon; you give a tract; you hand a flower; you sing a song; you give a crutch to a lame man; you teach the Sabbath class their A, B, C; you knit a pair of socks for a foundling; you pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! We will all be dead soon!

Marrying to Reform

OUR advice in the selection of a husband is never to marry a man with the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of courtship, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it; you might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be schooner and ship will be destroyed together. The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If, by twenty-five years of age, a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up a track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train.

The Cry of the Orphans of India

Rev. E. S. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India, Chairman of the Inter-denominational Missionary Committee, through which all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S India Famine Fund has been distributed, has sent us the following eloquent appeal in behalf of the Orphans of India. Mr. Hume is now visiting the United States on sick furlough:

The India Famine has now reached its most acute stage. The long-looked-for rain has at last begun to fall. If the monsoon is favorable, crops will soon be sown, and in about three months the happy cultivators will be gathering in the first fruits of the new harvest.

The labors of the missionaries, however, have just begun. No one will ever know how many have died as the result of the famine, but the number will probably be reckoned by millions, and SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND CHILDREN WILL HAVE BEEN ORPHANED. Of these, the missionaries have rescued, probably, not less than twenty or twenty-five thousand. For these helpless, but promising children, not only the missionaries but the Christians at home who have helped to save them, are responsible.

There is no more urgent and encouraging form of mission work than the training of this great company of children. The duty and the privilege are manifest; the missionaries are enthusiastic and eager to go on. Four hundred thousand dollars a year are needed to bring success to the great enterprise.

Millbury, Mass., July 21. **E. S. HUME.**

What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim of wine or whiskey, but of logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife's weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years, he must do without you forever.

False Prudence

WE have apotheosized prudence and caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to laziness, sloth and stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix;" but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther and John Oldcastle and Bunyan and Wesley and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still.

The Universal Girdle

COMMON alike to both sexes, prevalent in all ages, worn by all nations, the badges of priests, soldiers, and civilians, no article of dress has been so widely and so permanently fashionable as the girdle. Assyria and Egypt exhausted their wealth and their cunning workmanship on it; the Jews mingled it in every phase of their domestic and religious life. God even gives to Moses (Exodus 39:29) particular instructions regarding the priests' girdles, which were to be of "twined linen, and purple, and blue, and scarlet of needlework." The great value of the Jewish girdles is well attested by the reply of Joab to the man who saw Absalom hanging in an oak: "Why didst thou not smite him there to the ground, and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle" (II. Sam. 18:11).

To the Israelite no piece of clothing was more typical. If rich and splendid, they denoted wealth, rank, and prosperity; when of simple leather, humility or poverty. Thus Elijah was "girt with a girdle of leather," and John Baptist had "a leathern girdle about his loins." If of sackcloth, it denoted great and hopeless grief; and it was thus that Jacob mourned for his son Joseph (Gen. 37:34). In both the Old and the New Testaments there are many other instances of the prominence of the girdle as part of a distinctive portion of the dress of humanity; and in the Revelation of St. John there is, in the first chapter, a wonderful description of the Son of Man "clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle."

Homer bears testimony to the splendid girdles of the early Greeks; while the later writers, both Greek and Roman, attach great importance both to the workmanship, the use, and the manner of wearing them. To be well braced and girded was "respectable," while to be loose and negligent was suspicious of a dissipated and idle life. Even our Saxon ancestors regarded it in the same light, for oldest among English proverbs is: "Ungirt, unblest." The Saxons called the girdle "belt," from the Latin "baltens," studded, because those they used for military purposes were studded with metal bosses; and ever since, the word belt has had a military, and the word girdle a civil, import.

The Norman belts and girdles were miracles of rich workmanship. Strutt describes King John's as being "of wrought gold, adorned with gems;" and there is no doubt that Spenser's description in the *Fairy Queen*, of Florimel's girdle, would have fitted for many a brave knight and lovely lady of that day:

A gorgeous girdle curiously embossed
With pearl and precious stones, worth many a mark;
Yet did the workmanship far pass the cost.

In the middle ages, these rich girdles were often left by will, either for purposes of friendship or religion. Thus, in 1386, the Duke of Clarence, in his will, orders his gold girdle to be made into a chalice, "in memory of his soul;" and in 1490, Sir Gilbert Stapylton, leaves his to be put on the image of the Virgin Mary, in Aston Church.

Beside their legitimate use of confining an adorning the dress, they served for variou other purposes. Gentlemen carried from c in their girdles their swords, daggers an purses; priests and scholars their rosary, book pen and ink-horn. Fox, in his *Book of Martyrs*, says Bishop Latimer appeared before hi judges "with his New Testament hanging fror his leathern girdle"; and Spenser (Book Canto 1), notices the same custom.

And by his belt his book he hanging had.

Men's belts had all large and strong buckles and in those trials of skill, or in those angr disputes in which for centuries men gave an received hard blows, it was customary in such cases to turn the buckle behind, so that th opponents might have a fair grip. Shakespeare alludes to this custom when he make Claudio answer Pedro's supposition tha Benedick is "angry indeed," with, "If he he knows how to turn his girdle;" and, twent years ago, I saw the Cumberland Shepherds in their frequent wrestling matches, observ this ancient custom.

For many centuries in England, when merchant failed he took off his girdle and lai it on the table before his creditors as a sig that he had given up everything. I have n doubt that there are men alive still who re member instances of this touching ceremony Nothing, however, more powerfully expresse the symbolic influence of the girdle than th old English imprecation: "May my girdl break if I fail!"

The love-inspiring cestus of Venus was bu a type of all the bewitching forms this trick o beauty has taken in woman's hands. In th reign of the Tudors the girdles for ladies wer exquisitely rich and beautiful, sometime made of pale yellow silk cord, jeweled a intervals with pendants of jewels at the ends and sometimes of linked gold or silver, em bellished with engraved cameos or precious stones. From these depended small looking glasses, delicate perfume cases, charms, etc.

Since then, fashion has decreed that men should wear braces and buttoned coats, and women the tight and pointed bodice; but she was never able to really depose the girdle Thousands wore it in private, and soldiers sailors, woodsmen, workingmen, and tha majority deservedly known as "the people' never abandoned it. With women, its tempo rary deposition gave it new grace, and the las few years have restored it in all its powers.

Amelia E. Barr

Brief Notes

The Y. M. C. A. Year Book for 1900 report 1,439 associations, with a membership of 255,472, and owning buildings and other real estate valued a $21,620,480.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is stated to be at work on one hundred new translations of the Bible. Its issues last year were nearly five million copies.

A memorial is in circulation among the Wesleyan churches in England praying the General Conference to declare ineligible to office in any church a man who is engaged directly or indirectly in the liquor traffic.

The number of children dealt with during the past year by Dr. Barnardo's agency reached the total of 13,288, the new admissions of absolutely destitute children numbering 3,011, a total wholly unprecedented in thirty-four years.

As an instance of interdenominational friendliness among clergymen the story is told that an Episcopal clergyman borrowed a horse from a Roman Catholic priest to enable him to visit a Presbyterian minister who was sick.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is getting quite a number of invitations from friends in England to hold his "Service of Sacred Song and Story." Among the places already booked are Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Dublin, Belfast, Bath, Bristol.

The late Dr. R. S. Storrs used to say that as a young man his one ambition was to drive the stage from Braintree to Boston. If he could have chosen his career at that time he would have selected that occupation as the summit of his hopes.

Up to the present time, about two million copies of the whole Bible, or portions thereof, have been circulated in Japan. During some of the years past as many as two hundred men have been employed in order to get the Word of God into the hands of the people.

The *Congregationalist* says that of the collections taken during the visit of the Boer envoys to this country, amounting to $1,134.38, to relieve the necessities of widows and orphans of the burghers all except $18, was expended for expenses of the committee, including wines, traveling, etc.

The secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society stated in his annual report that the present membership is 3,500,000 in 59,712 societies. America has above 43,000 organizations, Great Britain, 7,000. In Australasia are 4,000. In China, from which President and Mrs. Clark have just come, there are enrolled 148 societies.

Mr. James Stokes, of New York, through whose liberality the Young Men's Christian Association has been established in permanent homes in Paris, Rome and Berlin, has succeeded in securing permission to organize a similar association among the railway employees of Russia, which is to be called "Committee for the Improvement of Young Men."

MY TOUR THROUGH FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

.. BY LOUIS KLOPSCH ..

A GROUP OF FAMINE ORPHANS AS WE FOUND THEM IN THE DOHAD POOR-HOUSE

II.

WE journeyed 150 miles south, and 200 miles north, of Bombay. Desolation and death were written all over the famine district. A more discouraging condition could not well be imagined. For miles and miles not a blade of grass! The sun relentlessly sent its destructive rays on man and beast. The hot soil, hard-baked, refracted the heat and rendered life a burden. Crowds of human beings, emaciated and debilitated, moved from place to place in vain search for food, mutely appealing for help that never came. Cattle, reduced to very skeletons, feebly crept about in quest of fodder, and in lieu of it licked the hot soil as though to propitiate its anger. Trees, stripped of all their bark to the very tips, stood out like white skeletons against the cruel, fiery sky. Vultures, perched on leafless branches, listlessly waited for victims. Not a breath was stirring. The silence of death had settled upon the country. I feel it now as I write, so much so that the scratching of the pen seems harsh and intrusive. There is something uncanny about this silence. It enters one's very being and benumbs one's senses. It stills ambition. The desire for life passes away and an absolute indifference to fate takes its place. We were in the great graveyard of India. It covered 330,000 square miles, equal to any eight States west of the Mississippi. Death and decay were round about us on every hand. Possibly we might never again get beyond its confines. Who could tell! Awful as it was, we did not realize it then, for that required thought, and this ominous, deathlike silence paralyzed thought.

. . .

The Famine's Havoc at Godhra

But we had a mission to perform, and strength had to be mustered for the effort. We were bound for Godhra. Terrible things had been reported of its condition. Cholera had stampeded its great camp of 14,000 famine workers. Unburied dead were reported as lying around on every hand. Contagion had been spread in every direction and fear and apprehension had been freely expressed for our welfare by those well informed, as to the nature of the risk we were incurring. But Godhra was on the list, and therefore to Godhra we went. After a mournful experience in the poor-house at Baroda, concerning which I will write in a future letter, we started out, on the Great Western railroad, arriving there at seven o'clock in the evening. Rev. Robert Ward, one of God's noblemen, a consecrated Methodist missionary, met us and took Rev. E. F. Frease (his presiding elder), who had accompanied us, and myself, to his home, located half an hour's drive in the interior. After supper, while seated on the porch, on the lookout for a stray whiff of fresh air, Mr. Ward showed me the photograph of a dead child, and told me a story which saddens me whenever I recall it. While he and his dear wife—God bless them and comfort them—were working day and night caring for thousands of cholera patients, it pleased God to call this, their only child, to himself, away from the scenes of misery and death that surrounded it. A friend made a little coffin and they buried their darling a few yards from the house. Then without waiting to mourn, they continued their work, and not until the siege was over did they realize the extent of their terrible bereavement. Then nature gave way and reaction set in. I had noticed that Mrs. Ward was exceptionally sad and quiet during the meal. Indeed, it was painfully noticeable. I could not explain it. Now I understood it all. Mr. Ward told me how dreadfully they missed their little one and what a great comfort she had been to her mother in the wilderness of woe in which, as Christ's servants, they were rendering services such as only consecrated missionaries can. That night as I retired I offered up an earnest prayer that God would comfort, sustain and strengthen them, and enable them to trust steadfastly and unwaveringly even where they could not see.

At six o'clock in the morning I awoke, and after a hurried breakfast, we started out across fields to the poor-house. On the way we saw numerous skeletons and skulls of cholera victims. Three thousand had died in four days and many bodies had not yet been discovered, for the sick had fled in all directions, dying on the fields, by the roadside, in the gulches and under the trees. We passed the place of burning, and here skulls and bones in large numbers, charred but not consumed, were plentiful among the ashes of the dead. Two men, who had been bribed to help remove the bodies where they could be burned, themselves had fallen victims to the dread scourge and had died near the very spot where the burning was proceeding, and then and there their own bodies were consigned to the flames. Passing on, we looked over into the dry bed of a stream, and there we saw a sight sickening beyond description. A body, partly clad, lay doubled up as though the victim had died in intensest agony. A large hole in the left side showed where vultures had torn out the heart. The skull was almost entirely denuded of flesh. It was ghastly, indeed. A sight which, though one should live centuries can never be effaced from the memory.

At last we arrived at the hospital. How different from what we had seen in the morning at Baroda! A Christian missionary had lent a hand and out of chaos came order. Ten native Christian converts acted as nurses. Everything was clean and bright, and the patients seemed as well cared for as if in America. It was an oasis in a desert. A few weeks before, this hospital had been as horrible as that at Dohad, described further on. The government gave Mr. Ward an opportunity to do missionary work, and a transformation ensued that made the Godhra hospital the best I saw in India. The beds were clean. The patients were cheerful. The attendants were kind and sympathetic. No offensive odor greeted us at the gate. The death rate was normal. My heart rejoiced and I could not help making mental comparison between Hinduism and Christianity, as evidenced by their respective fruits. How glad I felt that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its army of readers had so liberally contributed to blessed work such as this. Here was a practical demonstration of what Christ's missionaries are doing all over this benighted land. I thanked God that he had put it into my heart to go and see for myself what he is doing through that noble band of men and women, who have given up home and friends and kindred to do his will and to let their light so shine that men, seeing their good works, might be persuaded to glorify our Heavenly Father. It was good almost beyond belief, and for the encouragement of our readers who, in behalf of India have made many heroic sacrifices, I had the photograph taken, published at foot of the next column.

THE FAMINE ORPHANS IN THE POOR-HOUSE AT BARODA

Missionary Hudson and Dr. Klopsch are standing behind the children on the right

Afterwards, we returned to Mr. Ward's bungalow and were delighted with a glimpse of the great work he is doing in other directions. Foremost among the many humanitarian enterprises which engage his active brain and tireless energy, is the erection of a model orphanage in which he expects to care for at least a thousand famine orphans. This phase of Christian work is now forcing itself upon the attention of thoughtful Christians, not only in India, but also in our own country, and the many cheering letters and encouraging promises of help in this connection which I have already received from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have made me inexpressibly happy.

The Problem of the Orphans

Mr. Ward and his devoted wife are laboring untiringly in that direction, and hundreds of famine sufferers are employed by them on government famine wages—four cents a day—preparing the way for the great responsibility which God is now placing upon our missionaries in India, and upon the heart and conscience of the Christian world. And again I say, God bless Brother Ward and his faithful wife, and grant unto them the fulfilment of all that they have in their hearts to do for the starving people and helpless orphans of famine and plague-stricken India.

. . .

Terrible Scenes at Dohad

The worst that has ever been written about the suffering among the 60,000,000 of people affected by the famine in India fails even to approximate the actual condition of affairs. It is absolutely impossible to exaggerate the truth. The statement that millions are starving gives but a very general idea of what is actually taking place. To illustrate what fearful suffering prevails there, let me give you this instance from my own experience while visiting the famine districts:

We arrived at Dohad, in Gujarat, the Garden of India, at ten minutes after one of the afternoon of May the 24th. Dr. J. H. McNeill, the Irish Presbyterian missionary located there, was at the station. Within five minutes I was seated in his cart and on the way to what until recently was one of the largest relief camps. As far as the eye could see there was not a blade of vegetation. The heat was intense; the thermometer indicated 108 degrees. A hot, blinding sandstorm filled our eyes and nostrils with microbe-laden dust, and the all-pervading stench from putrefying bodies impregnated clothes, hair and skin. Cholera had broken out a short time before and 2,400 famine sufferers had died within a few days and had been buried in shallow ground. Decomposition speedily set in and impregnated the ground with death-dealing malodor. Then the bodies were disinterred and burned. There were no disinfectants, hence the awful, sickening, disease-spreading, suffocating stench. At the outbreak of the cholera the camp stampeded and 6,000 infected, half-starved people spread contagion for miles around. At the hospital I was appalled at the shocking condition of affairs with which at that moment I came face to face, and that I ever got out of Dohad alive is one of the greatest of the many incontrovertible evidences of God's kind protecting care which my life has experienced.

WATCHING A FAMINE CHILD DIE

We found 550 miserable human beings in the worst stages of emaciation. In sixteen days 374 had been admitted, and of these all but twenty had died. Others had been received since then, and now men, women and children, some of them absolutely nude, and all the others miserably clad, were lying around suffering from relapsing fever, cholera and dysentery, wallowing in the mire. Millions of flies were permitted undisturbed to pester the unhappy victims. One young woman who had lost every one dear to her, and had turned stark mad, sat at the door vacantly staring at the awful scenes around her. In the entire hospital I did not see a single decent garment. Rags, nothing but rags and dirt. A native hospital attendant was standing at the cot of a dying man. The death-rattle had already set in, but the vitality of the patient held out a little beyond the expected time, and the attendant seemed provoked at the delay, and gave us impatiently to understand that the man should have been dead long ago.

While we stood there, almost crushed with inexpressible sadness, cooked rice was being served. A servant told me that it was the only meal for the day. There were no pots or dishes in which to serve the portions, and the patients held out filthy rags to receive what was given them. One sufferer, lying on a cot, overcome with feebleness, had fallen asleep, and the attendant threw his portion on the bed. A moment after, the sleeper, changing his position, laid himself into the porridge. We indignantly protested, but without avail.

. . .

Already Counted as Dead

Although scarcely enough to constitute half an ordinary meal was served, most if not all ate sparingly and then wrapped up the remnant carefully, either because their debilitated condition made food dangerous except in minute quantities, or perhaps experience had taught them that unless some provision was made to satisfy the cravings of hunger in the meantime they might be famished before the next meal was served. Hard as it may seem, I am not doing violence to the truth when I say that the people I met at Dohad were reduced to the level of cowed and starving dogs, who were happy to get the crumbs that fell from the table of Christendom, daring not to grumble or complain at their scantiness. So incredible to the Western eye was the stage of emaciation to which these unfortunates were reduced that I had half a dozen or so of the children strong enough to stand on their feet rise, in order that I might carry away with me a photograph illustrating their condition.

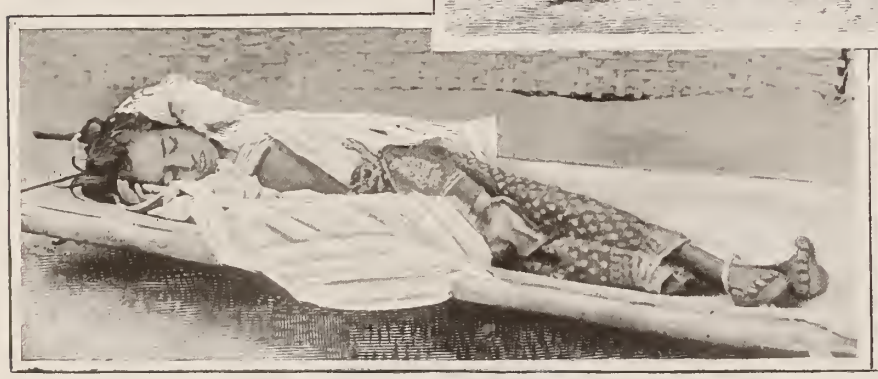
Is it to be wondered at that the residents of Dohad and vicinity count as dead the unhappy people who are taken to its hospital, and that they protest with all the strength left them against such a fate. It was with a heavy heart that I turned my back on the scene of all this pain and misery, but it was lightened by the promise of Rev. Robert Ward, the hero of Godhra, who accompanied us, to personally look after the patients and to supply them with the necessary clothing. Since my return I have sent him a thousand dollars to furnish the means required.

. . .

Baroda, Godhra, Dohad—all three in one day! Fourteen hours of concentrated heart agony, of which the most trying experience was the burning of sixteen victims of cholera and famine. There they lay, men and women and children. Among these was a lovely little girl—just the age of my own darling daughter, then 10,000 miles away—charmingly graceful even in death; her undimmed bright eyes wide open. Stand where I would, she seemed to be constantly looking at me. I could hardly believe she was dead. But they lifted her up and placed her on the logs next to three others, piled more wood on, and then another layer of bodies, and very soon the sixteen with heads and limbs here and there protruding were prepared for the final act in their earthly career. May I never be called upon to witness another such scene!

BURNING THE DEAD AT GODHRA

Our travelers are seen visiting the fields where the famine victims are cremated, Hindu fashion



SHE REACHED THE RELIEF CAMP TOO LATE

A CORNER IN THE DOHAD POOR-HOUSE

THE MODEL HOSPITAL IN THE POOR-HOUSE AT GODHRA

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Helmer, Geo J...10 00
Henry, Mrs E.... 1 00
Herring, J M 3 00
Herrington, Mrs C I 50
Herrington, Mr & Mrs H 1 00
Hess, Mrs W A.... 2 00
Hicks, Mrs E..... 25
Hicks, F E 50
Hicks, Mrs F E.. 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Hicks, H D 10
Hicks, M W 25
Higbie, Willie 50
Higgins, Miss E.. 50
Higgins, Miss E A 50
Hill, A W, Jr..... 2 50
Hill, Mrs C 25
Hill, Mrs J A..... 1 00
Hill, Miss L 1 00
Hillman, Mrs G W 1 00
Himes, Miss E A. 1 00
Hix, Frank 1 00
Hobart, Lida 50
Hodenpyl, Mrs ... 8 00
Hoff, A C 1 00
Hoffert, Mr & Mrs F N 1 00
Holbrook, E E.... 2 00
Holcomb, Mrs L.. 1 00
Hollenbeck, Mrs E 30
Hooper, S J 2 00
Hooper's, Mrs C, S Sch Cl, Trinity M Ch, Albany .. 6 00
Hopkins, Mrs M A 5 00
Hopkins, Mrs T... 10
Hornbrek, J 4 00
Hotchkiss, Mrs M. 25
Houck, Susie and pupils of Sch No 3, Saxton 1 50
Honse, M N 1 00
Heusinger, Mrs A H 50
Hoyt, Mrs Jas A.. 5 00
Hughes, John 15
Hunt, Mrs C R... 1 00
Hunt, Mr Dan'l... 1 00
Hunt, Lydia I.... 1 00
Huntington, Ella. 25
Husk, Mr S 1 00
Hutton, Mrs M B 1 00
Inderlied, F J.... 5 00
Ingersoll, Geo .. 25
Inman, Mrs G H. 1 00
Irelaud, A V J.. 1 00
Irish, Mrs C J.. 3 00
Ives, Albert H... 1 00
Ives, Miss A M.. 1 00
Ives, E C..... 1 00
Ives, Mr Frank.. 25
Ives, Mrs Frank. 25
Ives, Miss J A... 50
James, Miss M... 1 00
Jewell, C J 73
Johnson Boys, Coll by 1 00
Johnson, Miss A M 1 25
Johnson, C S 2 00
Johnson, Rev E H 1 00
Johnson, Mrs E L 1 00
Johnson, Mrs G.. 1 50
Johnson, Jennie.. 1 00
Johnson, Mr and Mrs M M..... 3 00
Jones, Casper ... 25
Jones, Cassie 1 00
Jones, Mrs G S... 1 00
Jones, Miss H ... 50
Jones, Mrs J..... 1 00
Jones, Mrs L..... 50
Jones, Lily 10
Jones, Marcia E.. 10
Jones, Mrs M..... 1 00
Jones, O F 5 50
Jones, Robt O 1 00
Jackson, Mrs D.. 1 00
Jacobson, Geo .. 25
Jacobus, Graham 2 00
James, C & L... 1 00
Jansen, Mrs C B 2 50
Jarvie, Mrs Jno.. 2 00
Jay, Mrs Miles... 25
Jeffrey, Rev Robt 1 00
Jenkins, Mrs J H. 1 00
Jennings, Mrs C.. 1 00
Jennings, E 5 00
Jennings, Mrs S.. 1 00
Joerg, Leonard .. 1 00
Johns, Mrs J D.. 50
Johns, Thos D... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs A T 1 00
Johnson, Mrs B F 5 00
Johuson, D A.... 2 00
Johnson, Francis. 25
Johnson, Frank.. 10
Johnson, M A.... 2 00
Johnson, Mrs P A 10
Johnsou, Mrs W. 1 00
Johnson, Mrs 10
Jones, Bennett... 1 00
Jones Bros & Parker 3 00
Jones, Mrs D.... 1 25
Jones, Mrs Eliz.. 1 00
Jones, Fred M... 2 00
Jones, G D..... 25
Jones, Mrs G D.. 25
Jonesti, H W..... 5 00
Jones, Mrs J C.. 50
Jones, Miss Mary. 2 00
Jones, P O..... 40
Jones, Mrs P O.. 25
Jones, Mrs R M.. 2 00
Jones, Mrs T A.. 1 00
Jones Wallace .. 25
Jones, Wm J & family 50
Jordan, M E..... 5 00
Josliu, Mrs A M. 1 00
Jues, Jno T..... 50
Jump, Coruie ... 1 00
Kayels, Marie L.. 10
Kellum, Mrs C... 25
Kellum, Mrs C... 1 00
Kellum, H 25
Kellum, Mrs M... 25
Kelsey, Mr & Mrs C 50
Kent, Mrs Mary.. 10
Kenyon, Miss G.. 25
Kettridge, M, Coll by 4 75
Kieffer, Mrs C L. 50
Kilian, Mrs Wm. 2 00
Kimble, Jas D.... 1 00
Kinbloe, Floreuce & Josie 1 00
King, Mrs Mary.. 1 00
Kleine, E 1 00
Kline, Jas 25
Kniffin, Mr & Mrs C 2 00
Knoch, Adrian ... 10
Knoch, Henry.... 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Knoch, Mrs M.... 12
Korts, Cora 1 00
Krnm, R L 2 00
Kruse, Mrs 10
Kubler, Mrs 25
Kugler, Susan.... 10
Kysor, Julia 1 00
Kautz, Ivan, Coll by 12
Keene, Annie ... 1 00
Keet, Myrtie L.. 2 00
Kellogg, Chas C..50 00
Kelley, Mrs Perry 5 05
Kelly, Ann M.... 1 00
Kelly, Mary 1 00
Kendell, Hester, Coll by 3 30
Kent, Abram & family 1 00
Kent, Fred W... 75
Kenyon, Fred W. 5 00
Kerr, A L..... 1 00
Ketcham, Mrs D W 1 00
Ketcham, Mrs F. 1 00
Kibbe, Mrs A E.. 1 00
Kier, Mrs 15
Kiesinger, S A.. 50
Kilgus, Maria & Louise 10 00
King, Miss E J.. 1 00
Kipp, Amos & son 1 00
Kipp, Mrs J J.... 3 00
Kirby, Robbie E.. 30
Kirchhoff, Mrs L 1 00
Klippel, J 5 00
Knapp, Mrs D H. 1 00
Knapp, E 1 00
Knapp, S H..... 2 00
Knapp, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Knights, J C..... 1 00
Krake, A R..... 2 00
Krnger, Allen & Tenna 10
Kuney, M A..... 1 00
Lacomb, Jos 1 00
La Grange, Rev J C 25
Laidlaw, Chas ... 25
Lakin, Porter 2 00
La Lone, James... 1 45
Lamb, Florence J. 1 00
Lamoy, P 05
Lanckton, Allie... 50
Laug, H L, coll by 4 50
The Misses Lausing 2 00
Lasher, Mrs H.... 2 00
Lashier, Mrs O E 1 00
Lathan, G E 6 00
Lazelle, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Lazelle, Edith and La Verne 1 00
Lea, M A 1 00
Lenard, Miss and School 1 75
Lenardson, Mrs... 50
Lennebacker, Mrs A 25
Lennebacker, Mrs Jas 25
Levett, Ella E ... 1 00
Lewis, Mary 10
Lewis, Mr & Mrs O M 5 00
Lewis, W H 50
Libbey, Mrs B F. 1 00
Licursi, F 05
Liebowitz, S 50 00
Lincoln children.. 2 00
Linkenheil, Miss E 1 00
Lippincott, Mrs M W 1 00
Liscome, Mrs J W 50
Long, Hattie 10
Longwell, Mrs D. 1 25
Losee, T K 2 00
Lovejoy, E 10
Lovejoy, J 50
Lovejoy, Jas 50
Luckey, Hugh & wife 5 00
Lumley, Mrs A... 25
Lumley, Harrison. 20
Lunger, Emma ... 25
Lunger, Mr & Mrs M L 50
Laing, Talmage & Alvan 2 00
Laker, Sarah, coll by 25
Lambert, Miss C 25
Lambert, Mr M.. 1 00
Lamont, J R..... 2 00
Lane, Belle 1 00
Langworthy, T O 1 00
Larkin, J..... 50
Larned, B P & family 3 00
Latham, Harold.. 1 00
Lathrop, Oran ... 5 00
Lavy, Mrs 15
Lawrence, Mrs A 2 00
Lawrence, J V H.50 00
Lawrence, M 1 00
Lawrence, L 1 00
Laytou, M D..... 2 00
Leach, M A..... 1 00
Leander, Mr 40
Leader, Mrs 25
Letler, Mrs Eliza. 1 50
Legg, Mrs J E... 1 00
Leicht, Geo 9 00
Lemon, Geo W.. 2 00
Lenon, Miss L... 25
Leonard, A M.... 2 00
Lewis, Biran 1 00
Lewis, Mrs 25
Lewis, Grace 18
Lewis, Miss L.... 25
Lewis, Mrs S.... 1 00
Lewis, W R & fam 3 02
Lewis, W..... 25
Lilley, Mrs S S.. 1 00
Lilly, C G..... 2 50
Linderbery, H'y.. 1 00
Lindqnist, Albert 50
Lindquist, Chas,. 50
Lindquist, Mrs C. 50
Lindquist, Mrs J. 40
Linnell, S H..... 1 00
Liustruth, Mrs F T 1 00
Little, Thomas .. 25
Little, F 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Lockwood, Annie P 2 00
Lockwood, F S.. 25
Lockwood, Wm .. 10
Lohman, Etta & Eliza, Coll by.. 65
Long, Chas & Arthur 2 00
Losee, E A 1 00
Losee, Mrs J E... 1 00
Losee, S R..... 2 00
Lott, Cyrus J.... 50
Lnce, Willard ... 1 50
Lnnd, Mrs M.... 1 20
Lnnily, Miss M.. 25
Lutes, L 1 00
Luther, Mrs H... 25
Lyman, F H..... 2 00
Lyon, E A..... 25
Lyon, Miss H.... 25
Lyon, Mrs S E.. 75
Lyon, Mrs 25
McAdam, F K.... 1 00
McBride, Milton. 5 00
McBride, Mrs.... 25
McClanathan, E. 1 00
McConnell, T J... 1 00
McCord, Hannah. 5 00
McCullough, L D. 1 00
McDermott, Geo.. 3 50
McDonald, Mrs M 2 00
McEachron, Hattie 25
McEachron, W S 1 00
McFeeters, S ... 1 00
McGan, Emma .. 05
McGaw, Mrs Wm 10
McKenzie, Mrs .. 10
McKinley, Gilbert 1 00
McKinney, Chas. 1 00
McKnntry, C W. 50
McLaury, W C... 1 00
McMillian, Eliza. 25
McMullen, Mrs A 2 00
McNutt, Mrs 05
McOmber, Mrs E 1 00
Mackey, Miss B C 1 00
Maetby, M E.... 2 00
Madison, Eri 3 00
Mahon, Mrs 32
Maine, Mrs M E 2 00
Mallory, A 50
Mallory, Mrs F.. 50
Manchester, Dora 25
Manchester, Mrs E 25
Mandego, Mrs H. 10
Mann, Mrs 50
Manning, E L... 1 00
Manzer, C A..... 1 00
Mapes, N L..... 1 00
Marcley, G F.... 1 00
Marill, Pilar 1 00
Marsh, Mrs M A. 1 00
Marsh, Wm 2 00
Marshall, Mrs C. 1 00
Marshall, H 5 00
Marshall, H 25
Marson, Jno 5 00
Marks, Mrs 10
Martin, Dr E E..10 00
Martin, Mrs E H & Mrs Shears.. 2 00
Martin, M A..... 2 00
Mason, Charles .. 5 00
Mason, J S..... 2 00
Mason, Mrs L.... 25
Mason, Lnln, Coll by 35
Master, Mr& Mrs N C 6 00
Matson, Clara M, Coll by 6 00
Matthews, Mrs E 1 00
Matthews, E G..10 00
Matthews, Mrs M L 2 00
Mattocks, Grace. 25
Mead, Ada 1 00
Mead, C V..... 2 00
Mead, Mr & Mrs M J 5 00
Mee, Hattie 1 00
Mec, Josephine... 1 00
Mec, Thomas ... 1 00
Mee, Wm 1 00
Mein, William ... 5 00
Merrill, Mr& Mrs S W 2 00
Merwin, Fred S.. 1 00
Mesick, F W.... 2 00
Messick, Mrs T.. 1 00
Metcalf, Mrs 05
Meyeriuk, Henry. 2 00
Miles, Mr Charlie 50
Miles, F 2 00
Milspaw, Mrs M.. 1 00
Miller, Aug 1 00
Miller, Mrs Eliza 1 00
Miller, Mrs Frank 1 00
Miller, G H..... 3 50
Miller, J 50
Miller, J B..... 2 00
Miller, John W.. 2 00
Miller, Miss Lelia 25
Miller, Wm 1 00
Mills, A E..... 1 00
Mills, Jos 25
Mills, Mrs N, Coll by 14 00
Mitchell, Mrs H. 2 00
Mitchell, J N.... 50
Mitchell, Mrs J W 1 00
Mitchell, S 2 00
Mogg, Mrs P..... 1 00
Mooney, Helen E & Friends 1 50
Morgan, George & Thos Jackson .. 1 50
Morgan, Mrs W J 10
Morrell, Mrs G C 1 00
Morrell, M 1 00
Morrill, E M.... 1 00
Morris, L J..... 2 00
Morris, Mrs Mary 2 00
Morrison, R H... 1 00
Morrison, Elsie .. 1 00
Morse, Abner 1 00
Mortise, Miss I.. 25
Moseley, Mrs J.. 1 00
Mosher, Mrs 15
Mowle, U S & C E 3 50
Mullineaux, Mrs R H 3 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Moxon, Lizzie .. 25
McCorty, Mr 1 20
McCotter, Mrs G W 25
McDermott, G M. 1 00
McDuffee, Mrs ... 25
McFadden, Miss N 1 00
McGarry, J W 1 00
McGrau, Mrs E... 1 00
McKinstry, J E... 1 00
McKerusee, Maud 1 00
McKiever, Mrs O. 40
McLeod, Sarah... 02
McLeod, Thos ... 25
McMannus, M ... 5 00
Mack, A 2 00
Maers, Lonisa ... 10
Manchester, Mr & Mrs O F 2 00
Manley, Mrs M... 25
Marsh, Mrs and daughters 1 00
Martin, Matilda B 5 00
Martin, Mrs W... 25
Mason, Mrs 25
Mason, F M 50
Mathews, John J. 1 00
Maxwell, J 2 00
Maylh, C 25
Mead, A L 25
Mead, John 10
Meddick, Mattie C 5 00
Melvin, A 25
Merical, Mrs P... 50
Merribew, Mrs C. 1 50
Merrithew, Miss J 1 20
Merritt, J 5 00
Miller, Mrs D H.. 1 00
Miller, Mrs J 1 00
Miller, J C 1 00
Miller, Jacob 10
Miller, Lena 1 00
Miller, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Millers, Eva S & father 57
Milven, Jennie ... 05
Miner, G H 1 00
Miner, Mrs J L... 05
Misner, Helen ... 1 25
Mitchell, L 15
Mitchell, Orville.. 10
Mitchell, S 35
Mix, Wm 5 00
Mohlai, Lucy 1 00
Moody, Mrs B O.. 1 00
Moore, Mrs 10
Moore, Alice 15
Moore, C W 50
Moore, Frank 50
Moore, Mrs I T... 2 00
Moore, J M 10
Moore, Lewis 15
Moore, M 10
Moore, Miss N.... 10
Morris, Mrs Geo.. 25
Morris, Richard.. 25
Morrow, Carrie... 2 00
Morse, Mrs O and Mrs J Handy, Coll by 3 00
Mosher, H A 2 00
Moshier, Mrs, Coll by 25
Moxley, Mrs E.... 1 00
Moyer, Mrs Dora. 25
Murdock, Lulu E. 2 00
Murray, Chas 2 00
Murray, Geo 1 00
Murray, Mrs H... 1 00
Murray, Mrs L M. 25
Murray, W 25
Muzzy, L 2 00
Myers, E L & W J 2 00
Myers, L A 1 00
Nash, Mrs E..... 2 00
Nesbitt, E B 2 00
Newman, Mr and Mrs I H 90
Nisbitt, Mrs J.... 50
Norgate, J J 3 00
Noyc, Jno 11
Oakes, Jay B 50
Oakes, Mrs J B.. 50
Oakes, Sarah J... 1 00
Oakley, Sarah ... 2 00
Olney, Mrs N..... 25
Orton, James 25
Osterhoudt, Mrs B 50
Osterhoudt, E 50
Osterhoudt, Miss R 25
Ostrander, Alice.. 1 00
Ostrander, Mrs D. 25
Ostrander, Eunice 1 00
Ostrander, Mrs G W 3 00
Ottman, Lena 1 00
Owen, C S, Coll by 53
Owen, Mr & Mrs H B 1 00
Owens, Ed 50
Owens, Harry ... 10
Page, Mrs W S... 2 00
Palmer, Mrs K... 2 00
Palmer, Luther... 50
Palmer, Mary 1 00
Parmalle, Mrs L. 25
Parish, Mrs Z.... 50
Parker, Miss B... 50
Parker, Mr & Mrs Cecil 1 00
Parker, Mr & Mrs Elbert 2 50
Parker, Mabel G..10 00
Parker, Robt 50
Parnell, Snsie..... 1 00
Parry, Mrs W W..17 00
Parsons, Mr 1 00
Parsons, Mrs H B & daughter 2 00
Parsons, Helena.. 1 00
Pasco, C L 1 00
Pashley, Mrs J... 1 00
Payne, Mabel 3 00
Pearsale, Mrs Wm 1 00
Pearsall, Sadie.... 2 00
Pease, C S 5 00
Peck, Charlie 25
Peck, Mrs Elsie... 20
Peck, L L 2 00
Peck, Nellie..... 25
Peck, Belle 10
Peets, Mrs R M... 1 00
Pelton, Mrs J L.. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Penoyer, Mrs H M 1 00
Perkins, Miss E E 1 00
Perkius, Mrs Geo R 1 00
Perkins, Miss H M 1 00
Perkins, O G & E. 2 00
Perrigo, John E.. 25
Perrigo, Mrs L... 10
Peters, Mrs D W. 1 00
Pettit, Mrs 10
Pfester, Jno 1 00
Phillips, Mrs 1 00
Phillips, B A..... 1 00
Phillips, Dora ... 2 00
Phillips, H L..... 50
Phillips, J E..... 25
Phillips, J H 50
Pickard, Cynthia E 25
Pierce, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Pierce, Mrs L O. 5 25
Pinckney, Mrs J L 1 00
Plank, Addie 30
Plank, Mary 15
Polkney, Jennie... 1 00
Pope, Annie 1 00
Post, Earl 10
Post, Eula 05
Post, Howard 10
Postle, Mrs W.... 10
Potts, Mrs R.....10 00
Poultney, Mrs H.. 25
Powell, E P 10 00
Pulteney, T B, Ch 95
Pultz, P H 1 00
Pulver, Lillian... 1 00
Purcell, Mrs A... 25
Purdy, A F 2 00
Puttock, Fred ... 10
Rand, H E 1 00
Ray, H M 8 65
Raynor, A 1 00
Raynor, Mrs E W 25
Raynor, Fred 25
Raynor, Mrs J N.. 50
Raynor, Mrs J.... 25
Rechter, Ella 10
Rechter, Herman. 10
Rees, Pattie 10
Rhodes, Mrs E M 25
Rice, C M 1 00
Richardson, Mrs M G 1 00
Richmond, E 25
Roake, Phebe 2 50
Robbins, Frank... 50
Robbins, Mrs J N 1 00
Robbins, Mary ... 25
Roberts, Mrs and Mrs Hasbrouck. 1 00
Roberts, Lila N.. 10
Robertson, R 1 00
Robinson, Eloise.. 25
Robinson, J L ... 25
Robinson, R C ... 4 00
Rockwell Bros & Co, Wellsville..25 50
Rodges, Mrs H W 2 00
Rogers, Mrs C.... 50
Rogers, Miss C H 1 00
Rogers, Chas 50
Rogers, E & H ... 20
Rogers, F L 15
Rogers, G D 1 00
Rogers, Mrs H M. 50
Rogers, Henry M. 1 00
Rogers, J H 50
Rogers, O W..... 50
Rogers, Phebe A.. 50
Rogers, Mrs Q P.. 1 00
Rogers, Wm C.... 5 00
Rogers, Winfield.. 1 00
Rood, Mrs 2 00
Rose, Mrs 25
Rossman, E 2 00
Rowell, Mrs E.... 5 00
Roy, Mr & Mrs D J 2 00
Rnsh, Mrs Mary.. 2 00
Russell, Ona & Sophia Parker, coll 8 00
Ruttenbur, C 50
Ruttenbur, E M.. 1 00
Ruttenhnr, Mrs E M 10
Sabin, Mrs Otis .. 1 00
St John, C E 1 00
St John, G & wife 2 00
Saul, Chas R..... 5 00
Saxton, J E 50
Saxton, L B..... 40
Schermerhorn, V.. 10
Scott, Mrs M..... 25
Serven, Mr & Mrs James H 2 00
Shafer, Mr 50
Shaw, H M & E S 2 00
Sheldon, H G 1 00
Sherman, Mrs H W 50
Sherman, Mrs P.. 1 00
Sherman, Mrs R.. 1 00
Sheve, Jno 15
Shippee, Mrs C R. 2 00
Shuart, B & R.... 1 00
Shuster, James L. 2 00
Simmon, M 1 00
Simms, Mrs M O.. 5 00
Simonson, Mrs C M 2 00
Sinkletter, Mrs J O 5 00
Sisson, Rev E A.. 25
Slayton, B F 1 00
Sliter, Mrs H C... 1 39
Sloat, I L 1 00
Slocum, Mrs E.... 1 00
Smedley, Mrs J H 3 00
Smiley, Mrs S.... 5 00
Smith, A V 2 00
Smith, C 50
Smith, Mrs Geo... 15
Smith, Mr & Mrs Geo 2 00
Smith, Lany 10
Smith, M 1 00
Smith, Mrs M H.. 5 00
Smith, Mary A & Mrs Van 2 00
Smith, Millie 10
Smith, N E 1 00
Smith, Mrs S A... 10
Smith, Mrs W E.. 1 00
Smith, Winifred.. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Smodell, B C 37
Snyder, Willie ... 10
Sobeiske, A 1 00
Spear, Mrs S..... 1 00
Spearance, Miss B 25
Spencer, Anna M. 10
Spencer, C J 25
Spoor, Mr Dr 5 25
Sprague, Wm 1 00
Springer, J E and W W Spurbeck.. 2 00
Springer, Mrs P.. 2 00
Squire, Mrs A R.. 25
Stanford, O 1 00
Staples, Mrs E.... 25
Steen, Miss S..... 2 00
Stevens, Geo 02
Stevens, Mrs H D 1 00
Stevens, Mrs M G H 1 00
Stewart, Mr & Mrs Wm 3 00
Stickle, Mrs C.... 05
Stickle, Chilon.... 05
Stickles, Mary A.. 1 00
Stone, Fred 50
Storm, Adolph ... 25
Stowell, L D 5 00
Strail, Mrs J E... 30
Strail, Libbie 50
Strong, Mrs O E. 1 00
Strong, Wm H... 50
Stuart, Mrs M J. 1 00
Sutton, M L S.... 1 00
Swan, M 5 00
Swarthout, G W.. 5 00
Sweet, Mrs L..... 1 00
Swift, Helen 1 00
Taft, Mrs D H... 80
Tanner, Mrs E.... 25
Tanner, Mrs E.... 11
Tanner, Miss G... 25
Tanner, Mrs T A. 1 00
Taylor, Miss E R. 1 00
Taylor, Isabella.. 1 00
Ten Broek, Mrs J. 50
Thatcher, F H ... 1 00
Thatcher, Marcus. 2 00
Thompson, A, Coll by 60
Thompson, Mrs A A H 20
Thompson, Jas ... 50
Thompson, Lula E 1 00
Tifft, Mrs D M & daughter 2 00
Tinkous, K 10
Treadway, E P... 2 00
Treichler, Mrs ... 10
Trnax, Mrs W M. 1 00
Trne, G L 1 00
Trnesdell, Mrs J.. 2 00
Tuthill, B W..... 50
Tuthill, Mrs E.... 25
Tuthill, Fannie... 50
Tuthill, J H 50
Tnthill, Lucy 25
Tuthill, Theo 50
Tnthill, Mrs W M. 1 00
Tnthill, Willis ... 50
Twining, Jas 5 00
Tyler, R 20
Uts, Napoleon.... 50
Vanderhoff, Vira.. 05
Van Der Vort, E A and niece 1 00
Van Dyke, Mrs J H 2 00
Van Horne, D C.. 2 00
Van Slyke, Mrs E. 50
Van Vechten, Jas. 10
Van Wormer, Mrs J H 1 00
Van Zile, Frank.. 1 00
Vary, Mrs M G... 1 00
Vaughn, Mrs Kate 20
Vetter, Gustave.. 2 00
Vincent, G 05
Vincent, P 05
Vogal, Mrs H..... 10
Voss, Mrs Flo 1 00
Waite, C G 50
Waite, Fredie..... 10
Walch, Mrs F..... 5 00
Walsh, George ... 50
Ward, C A 2 00
Ward, Ella 3 25
Warren, Ellen ... 1 00
Warren, T D 2 00
Wangh, Mrs Mary 25
Webber, Mr & W 2 00
Weber, C H 50
Weber, Irving ... 50
Weber, Will 50
Webster, Mrs 1 00
Webster, Mrs J.. 1 00
Weld, Jno M..... 1 00
Welker, Mr Fred. 25
Wells, Carrie E...15 00
Wells, M M, mother & 2 pupils.... 1 35
Wells, Mrs T..... 1 00
Westcott, Oliver.. 5 00
Wheeler, W J.... 50
Whitaker, Miss F 25
White, A J 1 00
Whitford, Bower. 25
Whitford, Earl .. 10
Whitford, May ... 10
Whitmore, Olive.. 25
Whittier, Chas ... 25
Widerman, E 10
Widmer, Geo 1 00
Wilcox, Alva 25
Wilcox, Mrs E.... 25
Wilcox, Victor.... 05
Wilkins, Albert... 25
Wilkins, Mrs E... 10
Wilkins, Guy 25
Wilkins, Polly ... 25
Williams, C S 1 00
Williamson, Mrs E, Mrs C & Mrs J D Conklin 3 00
Wilmot, N E 1 00
Wilson, Mrs 50
Wilson, A J 50
Winchester, Mrs C 25
Winchester, Mrs J E 25
Winchester, Mr N 25
Wing, Miss H ... 25
Wings, Mrs 1 00
Wood, Adelaide A. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Wood, Mrs C..... 50
Wood, H A 1 00
Wood, Mrs W H.. 1 00
Woodward, E 25
Worick, C 25
Worthington, Mrs J 50
Wright, Chas M.. 25
Wright, Jas 1 00
Wright, Mrs M... 10
Young, Mrs 25
Young, Lottie 1 00
Yunker, Mrs 50
Yunker, Mr Glen. 10
Little Edward ... 1 00
Jennie K, Mexico 2 00
Neal & Hyde, Syracuse 5 00
Sadie, Fairfield... 1 00
A F, New Brighton 2 00
C E S, Brookhaven 1 00
E A B & L A B, Dover Furnace.. 7 00
E M C, Gloversville 1 00
E N, Dobbs Ferry 2 00
E S, Old Westhnry 1 00
F W S, Rexford Flats 5 00
I L B, Fayetteville 1 00
Mrs J & Children, Gowanda 1 00
Mr & Mrs J B O, W Charlton 5 00
Mrs J H B, Bloomville 1 60
Mrs J McT, Bklyn 5 00
J W, Brooklyn.. 1 00
L M, Valatie 2 00
Mrs L M C, A J C & G C C, Fero 2 35
L M S, Poughkeepsie 2 00
Mrs L S E, Saudusky 1 00
M A B, Fairport 1 00
M E B, Brownville 1 00
Miss P L S, Waterville 5 00
S G, Newark.... 1 00
W A F, N Y City.75 00
Mrs W H, Ballston Spa 10 00
W T A, Cambridge 1 00
X Y Z, Higgins.. 50
—, — 2 00
—, Brooklyn ... 10
—, Brooklyn ... 1 00
—, Brooklyn ... 1 00
—, Central Sq.. 2 00
—, Chappaqna . 1 00
—, Coram 1 00
—, Cortland ... 1 10
—, Eagle Mills. 75
—, East Elma.. 1 00
—, Flackville .. 1 00
—, Glasco 1 00
—, Greenville .. 1 25
—, Hannibal ... 1 00
—, Hoosic Falls 1 00
—, Hudson 1 00
—, La Fargeville 1 00
—, Morrisonville 2 00
—, Morrisville... 25
—, Mount Ross. 25
—, New Lebanon 1 00
—, Olean 50
—, Parishville.. 3 00
—, Port Cranc.. 25
—, Rochester .. 2 00
—, Sandy Hill.. 3 00
Auon, Troy 10 00
Cash, Avondale... 25
Cash, Remsenbnrg 3 35
Cash, Speonk ... 30
Cash, Speonk ... 25
Cash, Valley Falls 1 00
For Jesus Sake, Germanton 1 00
A Friend, Albion. 1 00
Friend, Glenhead.10 00
A Friend, Hamilton 15
Friend, Heath ... 1 00
Friend, Higgins.. 50
Friend, Hyndsville 25
Friend, Kingston. 2 00
Friend, N Y City 1 00
A Friend, N Y C.10 00
Friend, N Y C... 25
Friend, N Y Mills 1 00
Friend, Scottsville 1 00
Friend, S Bethlehem 3 10
Friend, Unadilla.. 2 00
Friend, Valley Falls 25
A Friend, W New Brighton 5 00
Friend, Wright... 50
Friends, Babylon. 3 00
Friends, Bedford. 1 00
Friends of the Needy, Cherry Creek 2 40
Friends, Dewittville 4 25
Friends, Hope ... 7 55
Some Friends, Johnston 1 00
Friends, Kasoag..10 15
A few Friends, Kendall 1 42
Friends, Livonia..14 00
Friends, Orient... 2 00
Few Friends, Vernon 1 50
2 Friends, Whitestone 50
I H N, Fairville. 50
I H N, N Y C.... 1 00
Constant Reader, Scipio 2 00
Readers, Johnsonsburg 2 00
A Sub, D C H, Canastota 1 00
Sympathizer, Valley Falls ... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

3 Readers, Rose.. 2 00
Sympathizer, Auburn 1 00
2 Sympathizers, Taughannock ...2 00
2 people of Newark 1 00
Sch House Meetg, Wake 5 00
School Dis No 4, Hartland 2 20
Other Contributions, Benns Pt 1 00
2 Widows Mites, Port Jefferson.. 1 00
A Scotch Lassie, —— 50
Valley Grange No 165 Ingalls Crossing 7 00
Mother & Dan, Lansingburgh .. 2 00
Individual, Middleport 5 00
Public Sch Children, Farmersville 5 00
Coll'n Sandusky.. 3 05
Mem'l Day Coll'n Masonville 9 00
Brother & Sister, Hemlock 3 00
Drydenfolk, Dryden 3 50
Citizens of Whitney Point 5 15
Widows Mite, Perrys Mills 30
From the children, Maspeth 50
Additional, Utica. 5 25
Emmannel Church, Adams 9 50
Stockbridge M E Chnrch 17 76
M E Ch, Berkshire 25 00
1st Bapt Ch, Snffern 8 00
Church at Central Bridge 13 50
Christian Church, Hartwick 5 75
Tuscarora Ch 22 00
Un Mtg of Cong & M E Chs, Orient 20 00
Bapt Ch, Hartwick11 75
Member of Ref'd Ch, Fonda 1 00
Ch of St James the Les, Scarsdale 29 00
M E Ch, Philadelphia 20 00
Coll'n at Church, Maryland 5 00
Pres Ch at Hoosick Falls 49 00
Pres Ch, Ballston Centre 2 00
3d M E Ch, Sodns 1 00
M E Ch, Westchester 3 00
Meth Ch, Maspeth10 00
Bapt Ch & M E Ch of Ala Centre & Bapt Ch of So Alahama 11 00
Prim Cl of Ch of the Strangers, N Y City 1 00
Meth Ch, Mooers.10 00
Meth Ch, Schuyler Lake 50
M E Ch of Long Eddy Circuit .. 3 21
Chs of Roxbnry..11 00
Scotch Pres Ch, Chipman 80 11
M E Ch of Eminence Charge...16 10
Ref'd Ch, Greenport 17 53
Coll by Wesleyan Meth Ch 14 00
Pres Ch, Westville12 68
Prim Cl of Pres Ch, Groveland.. 9 35
Prim Cl of S Sch, Bath 1 43
Trinity P E S Sch, Roslyn 15 30
Bapt S Sch..... 3 50
S S Class, China. 1 61
N Brookfield Bapt S Sch 3 00
Windsor Terrace M E S S, Bklyn.41 92
Glenerie S Sch, Saugerties 5 00
New Albion S S.20 00
King St M E S S, Port Chester .. 6 50
S Sch, Coll'n N Y City 12 57
S Apalachin S S Class No 2..... 2 00
Russia Union S S20 00
S Sch, Bilsborongh 6 00
1st Bapt S Sch, Manchester 15 35
Class No 3, S Sch, No Stockholm .. 1 35
Canandaigua Lake Shore S School, Hickspoint 3 00
St Andrews S Sch Class 32 ..... 2 00
S Sch M E Ch, Valley Falls ... 5 00
S Sch of Sec Ref Ch, Rochester..34 81
Railway Y M C A, Elmira 1 50
A Kgs Dau, N Y C 1 00
1st Pres Y P S C E, Elmira 15 25
Reseue Miss'n, Syracnse 5 00
W C T U, New Albion 2 00
Jr Lea of State St M Ch, Troy.10 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

No Brookfield C E Soc 1 75
Womans Baptist Miss Soc, West Hoosick 15 00
M E Ch Soc, Long Eddy 18 00
Glenerie Cir K D, Cockbnrn 5 00
Spencer Ch, Miss Soc, Hornellsville 3 00
Catskill Ref'd C E Soc 30 00
Catskill Bapt C E Soc 25 00
Catskill Bapt Jr C E Soc Primary. 2 10
Ashland Pres C E Soc 23 50
Freehold Chr C E E Soc 21 28
Athens Bapt C E Soc 17 52
Medway Chr C E Soc 15 22
Oak Hill M E C E Soc 5 90
Windham Pres C E Soc 5 00
Hunter Pres C E Soc 11 78
Ref Ch C E Soc, Knox 2 25
W C T U, Peruville 2 00
C E Soc of Bapt Ch, Hartwick.. 2 00
Y P S C E, Pres Ch, Norwich Crs 7 00
Y P S C E, Paines Hollow 10 00
Y P's Cl, Bemus Point 5 00
Y P S C E, East Guilford 8 00
Y M C A, Whitehall 7 00
Jr Christian End Soc, Westbnry Sta 5 00
Farther Lights Miss Soc of Central Bapt Ch, Syracuse 2 00
Y P S C E, Greenway 7 50
Girls Miss Band of Pres Ch, Cliuton 2 50
Y P S C E..... 7 01
W C T U, Reading Centre 5 53
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Dugway 1 00
Y P S C E, No Stockholm 6 45
Jr Lea M E Ch, Valley Falls ... 1 63
Kings Danghter, Hammondsport . 5 00
Platt Dis Y P S C E, Malone..... 5 00

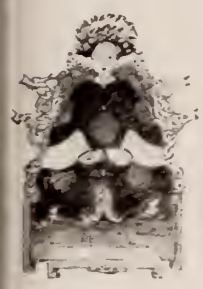
MISCELLANEOUS

Aitken, Alex 43
Bird, Emma 2 18
Butter, Mamie.... 22
Christman, S G.. 1 00
Clark, Lillie..... 27
Cloyis, Mrs, —.. 25
Deppe, Allen 25
Dotter, Frank.... 25
Dotter, Mrs R.... 50
Eadie, Thos 52
Eckle, Adam 1 00
Eckle, Wm 1 00
Etz, Ella G..... 25
Hening, G P..... 50
Heuing, J W..... 1 00
Hening, P G..... 2 00
Koerber, Henry M 4 00
MacMillan, Robt.. 13
Mangle, Mrs, —. 25
Mangle, Wm..... 1 00
Means, S, —.... 25
Meckes, Mrs A... 25
Meckes, Amandns. 25
Meckes, Jas 50
Meckes, Mrs Jas.. 1 00
Meckes, Lyman... 1 00
Meckes, Roger.... 1 00
Meckes, Mrs S W. 25
Moyer, Wilson... 50
Poynter, Mammie. 06
Poynter, Thos.... 04
Schwab, Allen ... 25
Schweriner, Wm.. 1 00
Serfass, Emanuel. 30
Serfass, Gusta.... 25
Smale, Peter 50
Sox, Edward 50
Spronkle, J C..... 1 00
Swantie, Emma & Jimmie 2 05
Yonng, Mr, —... 50
Young, Mrs, —.. 25
Young, Albert, — 25
Young, Irven, — 25
S M G, —..... 28
—, — 10
—, ... 25
—, ... 25
—, — 25
—, —..... 35
—, — 76
—, ... 2 00
—, — 5 00
—, Middle Grove 1 00
—, Unadilla 1 00
Anon, —..... 35
Anon, — 50
Anon, —..... 2 00
All for Christ, — 1 25
Friends, — 25
I H N, —..... 10
Applied Christianity, Beamsville.. 7 10
Juvenile Temperance Temple Snperintendent ... 3 00
Whosoever Soc... 3 00
—, Henderson... 1 63

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

THE SITUATION IN CHINA

CHINA'S strange and inexplicable diplomacy has had a remarkable illustration in the case of United States Minister Conger and the other foreign envoys in Pekin, who, after having been regarded by the whole civilized world as dead, are now apparently brought suddenly back to existence. If the cipher message received by our Secretary of State from Minister Wu at Washington, purporting to have come from Minister Conger, be genuine, then not only are the envoys, their families, together with the missionaries and foreigners in Pekin, still safe and living, but the terrible story of wholesale massacre which also emanated from Chinese sources is to be regarded as a fiction of that strange diplomacy which works by dark subterfuge and misrepresentation. While Washington is disposed to accept the Conger dispatch as genuine, London and the continental capitals are less credulous and regard it with suspicion. It is pointed out that the message, which is claimed to have been sent from Pekin, July 18, describes a condition that prevailed three weeks earlier. It read: "British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre." This, it is claimed, may yet prove to be an old, intercepted cipher message which Minister Conger had vainly attempted to send during the crisis late in June, and which the Pekin authorities now shrewdly forward undated, to satisfy our demand for a message from our Envoy. The whole event is so startling and unprecedented that the message has come like a voice from the grave. If the envoys are indeed alive, it is conjectured that the purpose of the Chinese has been to hold them as hostages until the moment arrived for a settlement with the allied powers, and that the repeated rumors of their death had been circulated to discourage any attempt at rescue by an assault on the capital. President McKinley has received through Chinese official sources a telegram signed by the Emperor, appealing to the United States to act as mediator in the involved international quarrel. France has received a similar request. It is now proposed to test China's good faith by requesting the Pekin government to allow Minister Conger to send to our State Department a cipher message certifying the genuineness of the Emperor's signature to the appeal. This would conclusively establish the genuineness of the Conger message, and be a very decided step toward the restoration of peace. We most sincerely hope that China will perceive the wisdom of this course and abandon the duplicity which is keeping the whole civilized world in suspense. She has no idea of the storm that will break upon her head if she has indeed followed the example of the savage people described by the prophet:



AN ANCESTRAL RULER

The Philistines have dealt by revenge and have taken vengeance with a despiteful heart, to destroy for the old hatred (Ezek. 25:15).

Symbols Mistaken.

A curious story of New York life appeared recently in a Japanese journal. An American resident in Tokio read in one of the newspapers of that city a description of New York written by a Japanese who had just returned from America. The writer said: "One of the things I noted in New York and saw in no other part of the country was the prevalence of the paper or cardboard prayers hung upon the doors and windows of dwellings. These are all in one form and are not unornamental. They seem to be used by all classes, but are more common in the crowded districts where the poor live, hundreds under a single roof, than in the higher class streets. I have even seen them on store fronts. Sometimes they remain out only for a few hours; sometimes for days. There appears to be no rule regulating the time of display. Each of the prayers is a crimson square with a singular, graceful, and rather complicated character, made up of curves, in the middle of the card. This character is of pure white. From what I could learn it has some deep religious and mystical significance. Its presence, however, has no restraining effect on those in its vicinity." The American induced him to show him a reproduction of this card which the Japanese had copied into his notebook. What was his surprise when he recognized it as a copy of the card that householders hang out when they have refuse which they want the Street Cleaning Department to remove! Though the Japanese was wrong in supposing the card was a prayer, the householder who puts it out might be reminded by the act that there is much in life that might be removed through really earnest prayer to God.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us (Ps. 103:12).

A GROUP OF NATIVE CHINESE CHRISTIANS

Many hundreds of bright young converts like these have been massacred.

To be Kept Secret for a Century

A remarkable story of a mysterious secret is told by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*. He says that there is a box in the safe of the Congressional Library, which is not to be opened until after December 31, in the year 2000. The depositor was anxious to find some institution which would be sure to be in existence on that date, and which would be under the control of men on whose honor he could rely. He finally selected the Congressional Library, and on hearing the facts the Librarian gave the promise required and the box was then placed in his keeping. The curiosity of two men who knew of the deposit was piqued and they set themselves to unravel the mystery. After many inquiries and much study for more than a year, they are convinced that the secret is discovered. Their study of the facts led them to the conclusion that the box contains documents, because if it had contained valuables or jewels, the depositor would naturally have put it in a safe deposit vault. Proceeding on that assumption, inquiries were made for any hints of such a document having been prepared as the author might wish to keep secret. They learned that at a dinner party in Washington seven years ago, a statesman who had spent forty years in the public service mentioned casually that he was engaged in writing the secret history of his time and recording actual facts known only to a few of the very highest officers of the government. When he was asked if he intended to publish his work, he replied that he could not so violate the confidence of his associates, but he hoped that when death had removed them and their children and grandchildren, it might be published, as it could then do no harm to anyone. He said also that he had added to the work some predictions as to the social conditions which would exist in the twenty-first century. Doubtless it is this manuscript that the box in the Congressional Library contains and it would not be difficult to guess the name of the author. The people of that day will find it interesting reading, but if they are as much wiser than we, as we hope they will be, they will not need the warning that the Preacher gave to the men of his day:

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this (Eccles. 7:10.)

Was this Andre?

A dispatch from Fort William, Ontario, says that Indians hunting on the east coast of Hudson Bay have brought word to the Hudson Bay Company's post on the west coast of James Bay that they found this Spring a vast quantity of wreckage, the bodies of two men, and a man in the last stage of the death struggle. The Indians reported that they could not understand the language he spoke, but that it was not English. He died while they were there, and they returned to the trading post without bringing any evidence of the strange story. It is believed by the officials of the Hudson Bay Company that the Indians witnessed the ending of Andre's attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon. They had never seen a balloon, but from their description and the other circumstances, the officials are firmly convinced that it was the remnants of Andre's airship. A party guided by the same Indians has been sent out by the Hudson Bay Company to find facts to establish the identity of the dead explorers. There is only too much reason to fear that they will prove to be the Andre party. If so, three more lives have been sacrificed in the effort to reach the Pole; but the effort will not be abandoned until success crowns the search, for explorers are not deterred by the death of their predecessors. What a pity it is that there is not the same persistency and determination displayed by men in the effort to attain the eternal kingdom, which is far better worth seeking.

WU TING FANG
The Chinese Minister

This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God (Phil. 3:13).

An Anticipatory Default

The United States Supreme Court has recently given judgment on a question that it is believed has never been decided before. It arose on a case of broken contract. One party to the contract notified the second party that it did not intend to carry out the contract. It then became a question whether the second party could sue for damages at once or ought to wait until the breach of contract actually occurred. The Supreme Court decided that there was no need to wait and the party may sue at once. It is, however, careful to warn the public that its decision does not apply to all cases. As, for instance, a promissory note which, even when the maker tells the payee that it will not be honored at maturity, cannot be made the subject of suit until it is actually dishonored. In the case however of a continuing agreement on the withdrawal of one party, the other may sue even though the damages have not all been incurred. It is so with some kinds of sin which bring present condemnation though the consequences stretch out through life and into the lives of others.

Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after (I. Timothy 5:24).

An Unusual Weapon

A strange encounter between a householder and a burglar is reported by the Philadelphia *Times*. It says that a resident of that city was alone in his house one night, his family being away. Hearing a noise, and thinking he might have left the dog in the dining-room, he went down-stairs where he was met by an ugly burglar, who resented the appearance of the white-robed visitor and started to choke him into subjection. The astonished householder saw that a physical encounter would result sadly for himself, and darted back into the hall for some weapon. The only thing in sight was a basketful of incandescent bulb-lights, which he had brought home the night before. Instinctively he seized one of these and hurled it in the direction of the enemy. His aim was so bad that the bulb struck the door-frame, and broke with a bang that in the stillness of the night sounded like the explosion of a small lyddite shell. The result was surprising. The burglar, no doubt thinking the thing was a hand grenade and that more were coming, fled in all haste, followed by a volley of popping incandescents, which smashed against the walls or the furniture with a noise that sounded deadly. If he had only known how harmless the missiles were he would not have fled, but when men are engaged in lawless business, they imagine more danger than there is.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion (Prov. 28:1).

"VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH THE LORD"

THE FORGIVING SPIRIT

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for August 12: Matt. 18: 21–35

Golden Text, Matt. 6: 12: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"

A LESSON on forgiveness is timely every day, everywhere, for everybody; especially timely in summer days, when the extremes of vexation and temptation and relaxation are in conjunction; but most of all is the teaching of forgiveness needed, as it is also difficult, in war times, such as this international lesson encounters to an unprecedented extent all over the world. The spirit of forgiveness is not easily cultivated amid the overshadowing weeds of militarism, which are now blossoming blood red, for war is organized revenge. The German Emperor sends his troops to China to execute "exemplary punishment and vengeance." It is the duty of nations to see that there is humane and efficient government in every quarter of our crowded world; but let us remember our own sins as Christian nations and as individuals, and in this and every case leave "vengeance" to God, using all human punishments remedially, not vindictively. I have no doubt that many a massacred Christian in China has died with the prayer of Stephen upon his lips, "O Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," and that many a missionary has met a martyr's fate with the prayer of Christ: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Those who feel the full import of that prayer will not only forgive, but also "love their enemies," pitying as one would pity a blind man stepping unconsciously on a child, hostile hearts blinded by a bigotry, though themselves the victims of the blindness.

. . .

How Many Times Have You Been Forgiven? *How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?* Strange indeed that Peter should think seven the perfect number in forgiveness! What would have happened to that oft-sinning apostle if Christ had adopted that limit for him? Still less may we adopt that measure and then pray, "Forgive as we forgive." On that basis our probation would end in a week, for who gets through a day without some sin

"LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOUR WRATH"

—some unconscious sin—due to conscious sin in the past, if nothing more? "Till seventy times seven," said Christ. But when we have again multiplied by seven we have fallen far short of the number of experiments Edison performed to develop refractory metal into perfect electric light. Shall those who seek moral ends be less patient and persistent with refractory souls that they are helping God to develop into the light of the world and the shining stars of eternity? Christ's "seventy times seven" was no doubt intended to express the unlimited mercy that endureth forever, with which we are to forgive as God forgives. But on another occasion, when Jesus said (Luke 17: 3–5), "If thy brother sin against thee seven times in a day and seven times turn again to thee, saying, 'I repent,' thou shalt forgive him," the apostles were constrained to cry out, "Lord, increase our faith." The remedy for our very limited forgiveness is a clearer vision of the purity of God, and so of our own daily need of forgiveness. We can then scarcely refuse to others the mercy of which we feel the need ourselves.

. . .

Forgiveness Abused Forgiveness, both divine and human, like every good thing, is liable to abuse. Shall we continue in sin because God is merciful? Nay, for forgiveness does not cancel the consequences of sin. Here comes the story of the boy whose father drove a nail into a post for every fault, and took one out for every good action. Once it happened that the post was entirely cleared. "Ah, father," said the boy, in tears, "the marks are left!" Jerry McAuley was forgiven, but died, as he said himself, "at the noon of life, because of the sins of his youth."

A religious paper represents a little girl who had read one morning in her book of daily texts, "If thy brother sin against thee seven times in a day," etc., as being tormented all day by her careless and mischievous brother, who soiled her apron, broke her umbrella, spilled her ink on her copybook, lost her knife and examples, put a toad in her lunch-basket and frightened her kitten into fits. These seven offences she forgave on slight expressions of regret, and was reproved by her mother for refusing to forgive an eighth outbreak of mischief that same day. She finally forgave that also. This made-up story is certainly defective in that the mother did not punish the brother, not in anger, but to accomplish the fundamental purpose of forgiveness, the "remission," that is, the removal of the sin. A shallow view of forgiveness is simply foregoing the penalty, which is what we mean when we say we will "forgive, but can not forget." A deeper forgiveness is the forgiving spirit, that removes from the forgiving one all resentment of feeling. But our forgiveness is like God's when it is chiefly concerned in removing the sin from the offender. In order to do that, we may refuse to remove the penalty. The world is slowly learning that, whether in the family or the State, punishment should be remedial, not punitive, aiming not at revenge, but at reform. Even in dealing with China that spirit should prevail.

. . .

Forgiven and Forgiving *Pay what thou owest.* We have been forgiven both many and much. "Seventy times seven" would provide forgiveness for us only a year and a half if we sinned only seven times a week. Shall we then limit the forgiveness we will bestow as to number? But the parable Jesus used sets up another contrast: We have been forgiven great wrongs against the great goodness of God, and shall we refuse to forgive the relatively trifling wrongs we think we have suffered from our fellow-sinners? A king is presented, one of whose satraps owed him twelve millions of dollars—probably duties he had collected only to embezzle and squander them. The king ordered the usual penalty of the time and country: the selling of the man and his family into slavery, partly to secure money for restitution, but in the main in this case, no doubt, for punishment and as a warning to others. But the offender pleaded for mercy: "Have patience and I will pay thee all." The merciful king forgave him. Presently, in seeking to collect his own debts, the forgiven man found a man who owed him sixteen dollars. He seized him by the throat, saying: "Pay that thou owest;" and refusing all pleas for mercy, hauled him to prison to be sold for the debt. When the king heard how one he had forgiven so much had refused to forgive even a little, he withdrew his own forgiveness and allowed justice to take its course.

Who is so blind that he cannot see his own picture in this parable? Every one of us has asked and received pardon for great offenses against the love of God, but who has not at some time refused to forgive some lesser offense against himself? God is saying to every one who harbors a grudge "Shouldst not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow servant, even as I had mercy on thee?"

Two Christian men "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face that I may profit by your Christian candor, and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me, and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in the prayer." It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who had sought the interview, said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you, I have been serving the devil myself, and I have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you." How many Christians who are in the habit of criticizing their brethren might be thus cured!

Not Forgiveness, but only Explanation Needed Half the grudges are due to misunderstanding, and call for nothing more than explanation, as in the case of two aged ladies, neighbors and fast friends, who became estranged through the blunder of a stupid servant that was told by Mrs. Hay to go over one morning to her sick neighbor's and inquire "how old Mrs. Jones is." The servant asked instead, "how old is Mrs. Jones?" and got the reply, "Tell Mrs. Hay it is none of her business." Whereupon each cut the acquaintance of the other until a sermon on forgiveness long after led to inquiry and explanation and reconciliation. Whether your grudge is based upon a misunderstanding or started in some real wrong, you cannot afford to use your heart for grudge storage. No matter if the other party is really in the wrong, as you think, and no matter if he is not penitent, God's commandment to you every time you carry your grudge to the altar of prayer is: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift." "If thy brother sin against thee, go show him his fault between thee and him alone; if he hear thee thou hast gained thy brother." With this second command, there are provisions for discipline when efforts for reconciliation and restoration have been fully tried in vain (Matt. 18: 15-17), but this discipline itself is not to be vindictive, but remedial in its spirit and aim. Discipline will seldom be necessary, if we are ready to forgive as we expect to be forgiven. In the writer's boyhood he took literally the command, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The glory of sunset was a call to reconciliation if the day had brought any quarrel. Certainly that is the meaning of the text that we should nip every grudge in the bud, never allowing anger to harden into hate. When in the year 1838, the slaves in Jamaica were emancipated, the inhabitants of Jamaica were somewhat apprehensive that some sort of revenge upon their former masters might be the outcome of this sudden gift of freedom; and, indeed, there was an act of revenge, but it was not such as was anticipated. They took the lashes of the whips wherewith they had been scourged by their former masters and placing them in a large coffin, buried them in the earth. So let us emancipate ourselves from hate by a burial of all our grudges.

. . .

Forgive as We Forgive

"Forgive us these our debts, dear Lord," we cry,
"Even as we our debtors." Saddest prayer
That ever seeks sweet heaven! With jealous care
We heap the altars of our injuries high,
Fanning with memory lest resentment die,
And searing our own natures unaware.
"As we forgive!" Ah, no, dear Lord, not so!
Turn not the lilies white of God's sweet grace
To aloe-buds like ours! But in the place
Of Thy dread prayer—which only souls of snow
Might dare to proffer, with voices humbled low—
We ask this of Thee ere Thou turn Thy face:
"Help us, dear Christ, since we do hope for heaven;
Help us to so forgive as we would be forgiven."

. . .

An old Spanish writer says: "To return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human, but to return good for evil is godlike." Shakespeare says: "To err is human, to forgive divine."

A gentleman who had filled many high stations in public life with the greatest honor to himself and advantage to the nation once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot in great anger at a real injury that he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be godlike to forget it." The angry man chose to forget.

A story is told of a certain nobleman of Alexandria, who complained bitterly to the bishop of that city of his enemies. While in the midst of his tale the bell sounded for prayers, and bishop and nobleman dropped on their knees, the former leading in the Lord's Prayer, and the latter leaving for the time his story untold. When the bishop came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses," he stopped suddenly, leaving the other to go on alone. The nobleman attempted to continue, but, startled by the sound of his own unaccompanied voice, and recalled by his companion's silence to the significance of the petition, stammered, ceased praying and rose from his knees a hopeless man, until he afterwards found hope in a better disposition toward his neighbor.

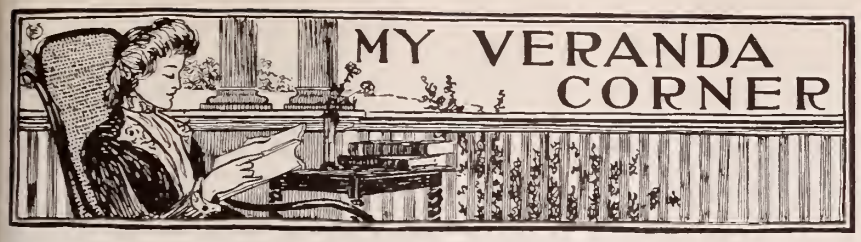
There was a very naughty little boy named Henry. His mother was not able to make him do anything she told him, and she used very often to say that she would punish him; but as she never put her threats into execution, he became worse and worse. So at last his mother was resolved that she would not keep him at home any longer, but she would try what the schoolmaster and the clergyman of the parish, who always attended the school, could do to make him good. He had not been long at the school before he told a lie and committed other offenses. The clergyman, seeing that he would not mind him nor his mother nor the schoolmaster, resolved to put him to shame before all the other little children in the school; so he placed him upon a chair in front of the school and asked the other boys what should be done to him to make him a good boy. Said one: "Suppose we put him in the corner." The second said: "Suppose we give him a whipping." A third little boy said: "Suppose we pray for him." "You are right," said the clergyman. "He has been whipped and put in the corner, but he is just as bad as ever. But we have not prayed for him yet; we will now do so." So the children knelt down and prayed for their little schoolfellow, and it affected him very much, and God was pleased to bless it, so that in six or seven weeks he was as good a boy as there was in the school.

Lord, have patience with me
and I will pay thee all
And cast him into prison
And delivered him to the tormentors
Pay me that thou owest

SCENES FROM THE PARABLE OF THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT

Moravian Missions

At a recent meeting the report presented of Moravian missions showed that they were at work among the Eskimos of Labrador and Alaska, the Indians of North and Central America, the colored population of the West Indies, the Hottentots and Kaffirs of South Africa, the natives of Nyassaland, the lepers of Palestine, the aborigines of Australia and the Tibetan Buddhists of the Himalayas.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

.. A Sunset Talk ..

THE Doctor, the Minister, and the Man-Taking-a-Vacation, were sitting in the porch after supper, and the Farmer who had just finished his evening chores came and joined them. Presently four ladies, their wives, very peaceful and sweet-looking women joined the group.

The Man-Taking-a-Vacation rose politely and stood still as a soldier in parade, until the ladies were seated. Then he resumed the conversation which had been begun before their appearance.

"Women certainly have the easier time in life," he said. "Look at me. I work fifty-one weeks in the year and have one for play. My wife came to this restful place in June and will stay till September. When she is at home, she has only the care of the house and of the children, which is nothing but a pleasure."

"I think, James," said the lady in question, "that you do not understand how much there is to do in a house nor what a deal of care children require. Would you change places, let me go to your office, and look after the work there? I will willingly make the trial if you will stay in the country, and see to Arthur, Louise, Freddie, Will, and Jack, till it is time for school to begin?"

"That means," said the minister's wife, "that you will. Mr. Vacation, look after all the torn trousers, replace the missing buttons, mend the stockings which wear out at the knees, and see to the bathing, the combing, the brushing, and the behavior, the tempers and the morals of your brood. It is no light contract, fifty-two weeks in the year."

"That also means," said the doctor's wife, "that you will make Louise a new set of frocks and aprons, and conduct the whole correspondence with the two grandmothers at a distance who wish to be kept posted as to what the children are doing."

"The question is, ladies, could Mrs. Vacation do her husband's work, even if he gave her the chance." This was said by the minister.

The lady spoke hastily: "My husband's work is selling goods, not only to those who wish to buy, but to reluctant buyers. I am much more persuasive than he is, and I am sure I could do it," said the business man's wife.

"But," asked the doctor, "are you strong enough to stand it, Madam?"

"Modestly speaking," replied the wife, "I am. I was a saleswoman before my marriage. Business life is very simple compared to the complex demands made by a home. Here I am a boarder and comparatively free. At home I do not keep help, though I have my washing and ironing done. Apart from that, I cook and sweep and make beds and dust and do all the sewing for our family, and so manage that my husband sees only results. I am often very tired, but it does not occur to me to complain."

"I must go and set my sponge for tomorrow's bread, or you will have no rolls for breakfast," said the wife of the farmer, who was the summer hostess.

"Well," said the gentle minister's wife in her pleasant way, "if men and women do their duty there need be no question of hard or easy. The proper thing it seems to me is to be contented with one's lot, and to try to lighten each other's burdens as best we may."

"The true philosophy that," said the doctor. "Friends, the mosquitoes are invading this corner. Let us go indoors."

Eating Between Meals

A good deal of difference of opinion exists as to the diet of children, but no one who has given the subject intelligent attention, believes in indiscriminate nibbling all day long. The candy habit of childhood is responsible for a good deal of dyspeptic suffering when persons are grown up. Cookies, crackers, maple sugar and chocolate creams are tempting, but they must be used as parts of a regular meal, or else sparingly allowed. A nervous child is seldom hungry at breakfast time, and food should not be forced upon him if he does not want it. A light breakfast and a hearty mid-day meal are best, with a light supper before going to bed. But I know a very healthy little girl whose only abundant meal is her dinner at night, when she eats soup, meat, vegetables and dessert, and after which she sleeps perfectly, without distressing dreams or nightmare. We must beware of making cast-iron rules in home government. Every mother must leave a loophole for the individual need in her administrative system. But the between-meal eating would best be regulated by the clock.

THE EVENING PRAYER

The Evening Prayer

Many an evening prayer is offered in these days for an absent soldier father; many a time small hands are clasped, while the mother tells the little child what to say to the great God, with whom the loved one is safe, though out of sight and hearing. A sore trial it is to have husband and father in battle, or beleagured in some fort, and to know that earthly love can avail him nothing except as it invokes heavenly aid. But to the trustful heart there is great peace in believing. "I am poor and needy," says the Psalmist, "but the Lord thinketh on me." The lady and the child and the ancient serving-woman who is devoted to them may alike commit their precious one to the Lord Almighty, and have no fear.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—MARIA. To mend a hole in the finger of your kid glove, cut a little piece from the top of one glove, where it will not be missed, and stitch it in very neatly.

—MARGERY. In the circumstances I see no harm in your inviting your boy friends to call. They are your neighbor's sons, and you have known them all your life.

—ELIZABETH. Let a man take care of his own hat when he calls. He is supposed to hang it on a hat-rack or set it on a table without assistance from his hostess, who should not offer to take it.

—WILL the little girl who earned some money for India by washing handkerchiefs, please send her name and address to Aunt Patience? I have her picture, but have mislaid her letter and I wish to hear from her soon.

—INQUIRER. If you do not file your illustrated papers, send them to hospitals, or to prisons, or to some friend who cannot afford the luxury of a weekly or monthly paper. Our soldiers and sailors are glad to receive such papers, and in every city there are committees which receive and distribute literature among our country's brave defenders.

—ADELINE W. For afternoon tea you need only thin sandwiches; cut the crust off, and spread the bread with finely-chopped ham or tongue, with cream cheese, with minced nuts, or with jam. Very dainty little cakes may be served with tea. In hot weather iced tea and iced coffee are very nice and are preferred by many to hot beverages. Lemonade should be made with boiling water in the morning of the day when it is to be served. When quite cold put it on the ice.

—MARTINET. Your young son should take off his hat in bowing to a lady, of course—to his mother or his sister just as to a stranger. He should not interrupt conversation nor keep his seat while a lady is standing. A polite boy or man always rises when a lady enters the room, and, if seated at a desk, he rises when a lady advances to speak to him, resuming his chair when she is seated. To this rule the only exception is when the man is crippled or infirm. If you wish your boy to have good manners, begin to insist upon them from his early childhood. Then they will become as a second nature.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

Out in the turbulent world
There are hostile banners unfurled;
There is thunder of cannon and beat of drum,
And the tramp of marching hosts that come
To the crash and the clash of the battle's fray,
'Tis a stormy and lurid world to-day.

But who would dream of the loud alarm
In the peaceful hush of the mountain farm?
Where the pastures wave, and the orchards stand
Laden and rich in the peerless land;
Where the bees dip down to the heart of the rose,
Where the lily buds into bloom unclose,
And oft as the sky grows thick with stars,
The lowing cattle wait at the bars,
Where nothing changes, whoe'er may roam,
And evening by evening, the cows come home.

What People Say

THIS or the other thing cannot be done, not because it is right, or it is wrong, not because it is convenient or otherwise, but simply on account of the tyranny of gossip in small communities. "People will talk" is a phrase frequently heard in little villages or towns where everybody knows everybody else. Independence of this criticism is secured in great cities, where neighborliness hardly exists in the sweet rural sense and sweet old-fashioned fact, and in lonesome tracts where families are widely separated. The fear that retrenchment if we are too expansive in our living, hangs heavily upon many a soul; not that hardship is dreaded, but that comment is. In some places a bar is placed upon individual freedom, because of what people might say. Mrs. R. would like to add to her means by taking boarders, but hesitates lest somebody talk. Miss M. would be more comfortable should she work for wages in another person's home than she is in working for nothing under her stepmother's rule. But she does not wish to start a train of talk on the family's affairs, so she remains at home and frets and grows bitter and hard daily.

We probably grossly exaggerate the interest others have in us and our doings. This is a world of great personal absorption. People are as a rule too much engaged with their own occupations, perhaps too cumbered with the thickly-crowded cares of their own lives to be at liberty to discuss ours. Most neighborly comment is kindly and few censorious words are said unless they are deserved. It is within our power to avoid doing what is wrong or foolish, not because we dread human reproach, but on account of our self-respect and our duty to God. These being satisfied, we should go fearlessly forward, thinking nothing at all of what people may say.

Why?

"Why is Abner so rude to his sister? It makes me ashamed to have him act so before strangers?"

The mother's grieved tones and annoyed countenance showed very plainly how she felt. I could not go to her as I longed to do and say, "Dear lady, if you insist on Abner's treating his sister with politeness when you were at home with your children, you would not be humiliated by his lapses in public. Manners cannot be put off and on at discretion. People unconsciously reveal their breeding when they are away from their usual environment; they show by looks, by tones, by actions what sort of people they are. If you would have your boy do you credit, you must train him in obedience, in gentleness and in courtesy, and insist on considerate conduct to all girls, large and small, his sisters and others, so that it will be habitual with him to be refined and pleasing. The plaintive "why" is easily answered.

This is what I might have said if I had had the right.

—HOUSEKEEPER. Poor people are much more extravagant than rich people. I know many of the latter and can testify to their economy. One should never apologize for a frugality. The thing to be ashamed of is foolish waste.

Helping Men to Better Lives

Springfield's Rescue Mission and the Excellent Work it has Done in Seeking Out and Aiding Fallen Humanity

AN excellent example of what may be accomplished by a resolute effort in a good cause is furnished in the work of the Rescue Mission at Springfield, Mass. It was established eight years ago by Capt. J. L. Cummings and Mrs. Cummings, in a small room. Their only resources were a firm and abiding faith that such a work was needed and that the public would support it. At the outset, they met with many discouragements, but overcame them all in time. Many said there was no need of such a mission in Springfield, and others said that while rescue work "was well enough in its way, it ought to be done by the churches."

Ten years' experience in the Salvation Army had given Capt. Cummings a deep insight into the needs of suffering humanity and a knowledge of the right way to administer help. The work grew, and Springfield's best men and women gradually came forward to help, and to-day the city is grateful for its Rescue Mission and for the blessed work that has been wrought therein. In eight years, the one room has grown to thirty-seven, and the Mission now owns the property at No. 74 Elm street. The rooms are comfortably furnished, the bedrooms are well lighted and well ventilated, and the kitchen and offices are models in their way. Absolute cleanliness pervades everything. The chapel contains seats for 175, has a piano and organ and is lighted by electricity. Services are held here every evening in the year and on Sunday afternoons. All the evangelical churches in the city are represented at these meetings in town, and some wonderful conversions have been made. Sunday afternoons, especially, the meetings have been greatly blessed. The chapel is always thronged on this day.

CAPT. J. L. CUMMINGS

MRS. CUMMINGS

INTERIOR OF THE SPRINGFIELD RESCUE MISSION

The work of the Mission is chiefly among fallen men and boys who have strayed from home. Springfield is a great railroad centre, and while there are no slums, as in the larger cities, a great many men who have lost their grip on life through misfortune or drink, find their way thither. When a man applies at the Mission for assistance, his physical needs are first attended to. If he be hungry, he is fed; if naked, clothed. Dr. Talmage has said that the best tract that can be given a hungry man is a sandwich, and Captain Cummings has acted on this maxim throughout his missionary career.

Captain Cummings, for the past seven years, has also been chaplain of the city jail, and his work among the prisoners there has been wonderfully blessed. His position gives him free access to the men during their confinement, and he thus wins their confidence, so that, when they are released, he is able to assist them towards living a better life. Many a man is to-day leading an honest, useful, upright life who was met at the gate of the city prison by Captain Cummings. But the most satisfactory work of all is with the boys. Mrs. Cummings has made this work her own, and her endeavors have been crowned with success. From boys in knickerbockers, who have left home but a day or two, to the lad who has not seen his mother for a year and is ashamed to go home, all seek out this kind, motherly woman whose influence over them is always productive of good. Captain Cummings once picked up a ragged boy on the streets who had had nothing to eat all day. He took the lad to the Rescue Mission, fed him, and put him to bed. In the morning the boy told his simple story. He was the child of Christian parents, and his sisters in a distant city were active Christian workers. He was kept at the Mission for a few days and then returned to his home. He is at this date a student in a theological seminary, and one of the most pathetic and grateful letters ever received by Mrs. Cummings was from this boy's sister, a missionary in far away India. Another boy, a criminal of eighteen, was taken from the jail to the Mission after his sentence expired. Work was found for him in a distant city; he prospered, and is now married and settled in a home of his own.

One night, a middle-aged man in the last stages of a prolonged debauch, stumbled into the chapel. He seemed to be a sheer moral and physical wreck. At the invitation, he raised his hand for prayer and was persuaded to come forward. Little impression was made upon him that night. He was treated kindly, however, and given a bed. Next day he had a severe attack of illness. For days his mind wandered, but finally he recovered, accepted Christ, and was made happy. That was nearly three years ago, and this penitent has never since missed an opportunity of testifying to what the Mission has done for him. He has since been engaged in business for himself, but never permits his business to interfere with his mission work.

Both Captain and Mrs. Cummings are well fitted for the work in which they are engaged. Captain Cummings is a native of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. From there he removed to Peekskill and joined the Salvation Army, serving four years as private and six years as an officer. Believing he could be more useful in mission work, he went to Springfield, where he was well known, and in 1892 opened the Rescue Mission.

Mrs. Cummings is also a native of New York, and was educated at Wilbraham (Mass.) Academy and at the Westfield Normal School. She taught school until her marriage with Mr. Cummings, but has always been engaged in Christian work. She gives her services to the Mission gratis. Both are consecrated workers in the vineyard, and have their reward in the joy of uplifting their fallen fellow-creatures. In the eight years that have gone they have received into the Mission men from every walk in life: doctors, lawyers, mechanics of every trade, laborers, and, in short, all classes who have fallen by the wayside, either through misfortune or evil habits. The question is often asked, "Is the work permanent?" and the answer is that a good percentage endures. All the evangelical churches of the city assist the Mission by sending representatives to the meetings and in contributions of money, food and clothing. Nothing is given away at the Mission. Captain Cummings believes that it is better that those requiring help should not lose their independence, and work is provided for those who are willing to perform it.

The Philadelphia Revival

Great Gatherings under Canvas and Excellent Spiritual Results Reported

PHILADELPHIA'S midsummer evangelistic movement has made rapid progress during the past two weeks. These gatherings are held under the auspices of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee of Philadelphia. During one week, the meetings were attended by over 11,935 persons. The Children's Meetings alone were attended by 2,190. The cards which were used in connection with the meetings on which is simply stated, "It is my purpose to become a Christian," have been signed by over 184; of this number fifty were young people. Thousands of pages of literature were given out. There is a growing earnestness shown and people are asking for prayers. Large numbers have arisen in meetings, expressing their desire of salvation.

The speakers for the last week have been Rev. Henry M. Morey of Ypsilanti, Mich.; Rev. John Calvin Mead; Mr. L. P. Rowland; Rev. L. W. Munhall, D.D.; Rev. Thomas Needham; Dr. Hunter; Rev. Francis A. Herton, and others.

One of the notable features of the meetings in some sections is the large attendance of men. Children's Meetings are also becoming a special feature.

Endeavorers in London

The American members of the Christian Endeavor Society, who went to London to attend the World's Convention, received a warm welcome. They went to Windsor Castle, where the Queen gave them a cordial greeting. The Bishop of London and other high dignitaries of the church spoke at the meetings, as did representatives of the Nonconformist and Methodist denominations. Dr. F. E. Clark was elected president, and John Willis Baer secretary, of the World's Society.

Bad Blood Is a Bad Thing

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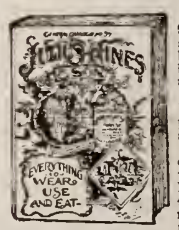

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A GOOD TIME AT DINNER, UNDER THE BIG TENT AT MONT-LAWN

MONT-LAWN'S HAPPY WAIFS

DURING the recent extraordinarily hot weather, when strong men were prostrated by the heat, it is no wonder that many little children in New York's overcrowded, sweltering tenement districts perished, unable to stand the ard condition of their lot. At the Belle- ue morgue, more bodies of children were ceived there, it has been said, during e of these hot spells, than during any ther period of equal length since its es- blishment. One midnight, thirty-three ttle ones lay sleeping their last sleep on e marble slabs. In Hester, Cherry, ullivan, Water, James, Clinton, and any another suffocating, malodorous oroughfare, where the poor live thick as es in a hive, weary mothers sat on side- alks all night that the gasping little ones their knees, or on some improvised sting-place at their sides, might escape e still more evil atmosphere of the living oms inside, and so have a better chance r life. Tenement dwellers who found ace on roofs or fire-escapes were better f, but their good fortune had its perils. or instance: a little lad of eight, sleeping ith his family and the neighbors on a of in Second street, one night when ere seemed absolutely no breeze stirring, his restless slumbers rolled and tossed

On every one of these terrible days the steamer *Chrystenah* bore large detachments of children from the most dense and wretched districts to Nyack, whence the stage took them by the cool and shady driveway to Mont-Lawn. The Home residence, annex, lodge and dormitories adjoining the chapel have been filled to their utmost capacity with little guests, each coming for ten days: tidy white cots blossomed out in every available spot, and cool, sweet winds from mountain and river, sweeping in through many wide windows, caressed little sleepers back to health. During waking hours, hillsides rang with shouts and laughter of gay finders of wild flowers and berries.

No little applicants are refused the benefits of the Home, so long as there is room for another cot—provided, of course, little ones are free from contagious diseases. If a child has a suspicious sore throat, a skin trouble, or any other affliction which might be communicated to playmates, our examining physician gently explains, advises what can be done for cure, and bids the little man or woman come again. Dr. Loeroy, who has been medical monitor for our tots for a number of years, is in sympathy with the work and anxious to pass children when, in justice to others, she can do so. Her assistant, who is filling her place this summer, is no less interested in the eager little companies coming before her daily. It is amusing and pathetic to watch the excited crowd of tots waiting upon her verdict, and to hear their funny observations. "My throat's all right, she peeked down it," said one small maid as proudly as if a sound throat were a virtue. Another rejoices because the doctor commended him for keeping his face and hair and ears so tidy. The doctor's examination has a moral value in emphasizing to a considerable degree the old saying: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." All the company in our picture passed, having been well looked after by the missionaries.

The return of Dr. Klopsch from India has been a cause of great joy to the little ones. He came in upon the Home unawares, as soon as he reached New York, and loud were the shouts of delight when he walked into the tent while they were at dinner and told them how glad he was that God had granted his safe return from India and this pleasant meeting face-to-face with his little Fresh-Air friends.

Girls' clothing, especially underclothing, is greatly needed at our Children's Home. All gifts of clothing, in good condition, will be welcomed by Matron Collins, to whom they should be addressed (expressage prepaid), at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y.

"PASSING THE DOCTOR"—WAITING THEIR TURN

til he rolled over the edge and fell e stories on the stone courtyard below. here a policeman found him and notified ose above before the little fellow had en even missed. Infant mortality in ooklyn is greater than it has ever been. uring one week 580 little ones died.

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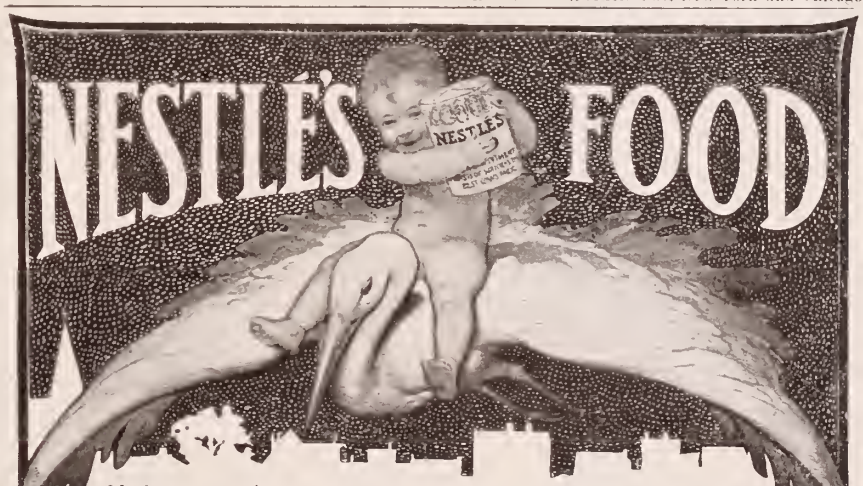

Mothers cannot be too careful, during the hot weather, in the selection of food for their babies. It is no time to experiment. August and September are critical months in the lives of all young children. Cholera Infantum and other dreaded illnesses are chiefly traced to the use of improper food.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD has successfully stood every test of the mother and physician for thirty-five years, and has become a familiar word in the homes of every country and civilized nation.

Thousands of mothers can point to hearty, vigorous children who were nourished, if not saved, by Nestlé's Food, and many mothers, who were themselves raised on Nestlé's Food, are now giving it to their little ones, with the feeling of absolute certainty that they are feeding them upon the one Food which, of all others, will keep them healthy and make them robust and strong.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is nutritious, wholesome, and easily assimilated by the most delicate stomach, and, above all, Nestlé's Food is SAFE. As the purest of cow's milk is one of its chief ingredients, the addition of fluid milk, with all its attendant dangers, is not needed in preparing Nestlé's Food for use. The addition of water only is required. The price of Nestlé's Food is very reasonable—50c. for a full pound can.

We want every mother in America, who has not already used Nestlé's Food, to try it, feeling confident that they will recognize its merits at once. With this in view, we will send, free for the asking, a sample package sufficient for eight meals. Address HENRI NESTLÉ, 73 Warren Street, New York.

HARDSHIPS AT NOME

Martial Law—Increasing Multitudes — Smallpox and Fever—Rev. Mr. Wirt's Farewell Letter

LATEST reports from Cape Nome more than justify the warnings and fulfil the prediction made in this paper some time ago, that thousands then on their way to the new Eldorado would find instead of the gold they sought, privation, sickness and death. Recent advices show that the Cape Nome district has been placed under martial law, General Randall, commanding the Department of Seattle, having sent further to assume military control. The reason for this lies in the fact that civil authority was powerless

DUTCH HARBOR, CAPE NOME

to bring order out of the chaotic conditions existing at the Cape; and the Chamber of Commerce, composed of Nome's most prominent and respectable citizens, requested such action on the part of the authorities. Steamers arrive continually, unloading fresh multitudes of gold-seekers on a coast where every available claim has been already staked out. Hundreds of these new-comers are without support. Smallpox has been communicated to the shore from infected ships; a quarantine station has been established on Egg Island; vaccine points and medical aid have been called for. The sanitary conditions of the town are frightful, and typhoid fever, which has long held sway there, threatens to do more deadly work than ever. How to provide food and fuel for the destitute thousands, especially when winter sets in, is a problem which is also to be faced.

Our readers will recall articles written specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, founder of the Hospice of St. Bernard, which combines the only church for whites and the only hospital, so far as we know, north of the Yukon. Mr. Wirt came by dog team over fields of snow and ice, and then by rail from Seattle to the East to inform the Church here of the desperate needs of Cape Nome, and to enlist aid in the establishment at various points in the district of other institutions like that at Nome, which, as he stated, had been full to overflowing since the day of its opening. The following letter, dated from San Francisco, has just been received from Mr. Wirt:

To-morrow I start on the return voyage to Cape Nome with materials and workers for the enlargement of our work in every department—reading rooms, hospitals and chapels. I hope to overcome in some measure the mischief the saloons, fever, and other conditions are working. I cannot leave until I have gratefully acknowledged my debt of gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and its readers who have substantially aided in the furnishing of our hospital wards.

I thought, by coming to the States and securing reinforcements, better buildings, and better equipment, that responsibilities would be somewhat lessened, and so they have been in that particular direction, thanks to the generosity of God's people; but now I have become a veritable "Bridge of Sighs" over which many a mother's prayer and wife's loving message is passing between anxious homes and a thousand absent boys. Wherever in person I have spoken of our mission in Alaska, parents and sisters and wives have come forward to implore my interest in behalf of loved ones there. And again, by reason of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S reference to our mission, many letters continually come to me making like requests.

I look upon these commissions, not as a burden, but as a sacred trust, and shall do everything in my power to seek out and help these men, whatsoever their need may be. Some are dead, some are sick, some are reckless, some have been caught in the snare of the saloon, dance hall and gambling hell, while others are simply indifferent, or ashamed to write home of their failure to "strike it rich." In my note-book I have carefully recorded every name, and these will be given to all our workers, so that we shall be on the lookout all along the line, and when loved ones are found you may trust us to do what we can.

We shall multiply our "Hospices" of St. Bernard in Alaska's new towns just as rapidly as the funds for this three-fold beneficence can be provided. Every dollar sent to Loyal L. Wirt, 515 Bell street, Seattle, will be gratefully acknowledged and be expended directly in giving hospitals, Christian reading-rooms and, above all, the Gospel of Christ to our pioneer brothers who are hewing from the rugged hills and frozen plateaus of Alaska a new commonwealth. Shall it be a Christian commonwealth? Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, help to make it such.

Gratefully yours,
LOYAL L. WIRT.

Mr. Wirt enclosed this letter as an illustration of many sent him by sorrowing women, asking news of loved ones; it is dated from a town in Massachusetts:

DEAR MR WIRT: I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 6, a brief account of your work at Cape Nome, Alaska. I did not know but possibly you might have come in contact with my son, or know something of him, or be able to give us a clue to his whereabouts and situation. He left us for the gold fields, via Seattle, January 13, 1898. We heard constantly from him once in two or three weeks or so, for more than a year. He was one of a party to Kotzebue Sound, going up, I think, in the schooner *Loyal*. The last news of him was dated Sept. 9, 1899, "Fort Get There," St. Michaels. Since then not a word of any kind. Have been deeply distressed and anxious; have thought perhaps he was, if alive, at Cape Nome.

If you could only give me, his mother, one word of her only son? If you know nothing of him, for God's sake, when you return, look out for the wanderer. You may find him. Help him to be good. He was trying to live a Christian life when he went away. I know there are thousands of hearts aching as mine does. Have pity and help us. How I wish I could send you thousands of dollars to help in this Christian work, but I am helpless. I would aid you if I could. May heaven open the hearts of those who are able to help. God prosper the St. Bernard Hospices. Is it too much to ask you if you will answer me one word? I would be very grateful.

One of the absent boys' mothers,
MRS. L. V. S.

Fireproof Churches

WHY should not churches, and, indeed, all buildings devoted to public assemblage, be made absolutely fireproof? This is a question which very naturally arises in this age of scientific progress. Hardly a week passes in which the public prints do not contain the record of some costly structure wiped out by conflagration. In one year, it is said, over 600 churches, meeting-houses and places of public assemblage have been destroyed by fire in the United States alone. In a little book, written by John H. Richardson, entitled: *Electric Fire proofed Wood*, published by Max Bachert, 119 West Twenty-third street, New York, the new method of making buildings fireproof is interestingly described. This method has been adopted here and in Europe, and our government has adopted it in the navy, over seventy American warships of all classes having been built of wood which science declares will defy the flames. Many tests have been made by the Fire and Building Departments of New York and other cities, and it has been generally accepted. Pastors and others interested in building should send for the little book, which will be sent free.

"Out of Sorts" is an expression peculiar to many thousands of people beside printers. Any little weakness, or run down condition of the body, quickly yields to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CAUGHT THE WORM

That Gnaws Under Cover

"I have had quite an experience with the use of coffee. Without knowing why, I gradually became seriously constipated, with all the usual grievous effects of this most aggravating disease. I was also bilious and stomach badly out of order.

"I had no idea of the cause and kept using coffee every morning.

"One day a friend to whom I spoke of my troubles, remarked that perhaps I would find the cause in the coffee cup, and suggested the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. I was impressed with his remarks and made the change from coffee to Postum. The old troubles have nearly disappeared and I am one of the happiest mortals you ever saw. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that coffee was the unsuspected cause of the difficulty and while it nearly ruined my health for a time, I have practically recovered again by the discontinuance of coffee.

"I have known a number of persons who have been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless. It simply was not made right, and it would be the same with any other kind of drink, tea, coffee, cocoa, etc. Postum, when made according to directions, is a delightful beverage.

"There are a large number of people in this surrounding country who are using Postum, and their number is increasing daily. It is sort of a stampede. Store after store is putting in a stock of Postum that never thought of such a thing before.

"I enclose a list of twenty or thirty names of those that I know of as users of Postum, among my immediate acquaintances. Do not use my name, please. J. M. G., Box 72, Jefferson, Wis.

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Brownie Camera, for 2¼ x 2¼ pictures, - - - $1.0
Transparent-Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 2¼, - -
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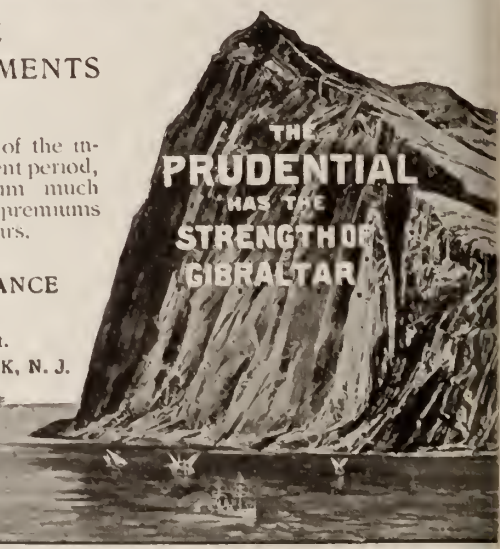

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Every woman should send for the **Ferris Book** of living models and realize the comfort and beauty of the Ferris Good Sense Waists.

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waists are **sold by all leading retailers.** Do not take substitutes. Ladies', $1.00 to $2.75; Misses', 50c. to $1.00; Children's, 25c. to 50c. Made by

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341 Broadway, New York.

HEALTHY SCHOOLMA'AM

Found Out How to Feed Herself

Many school teachers, at the end of their year's work, feel thoroughly exhausted and worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts Food with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 99 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts this change has been brought about—evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

The name of the teacher can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Stunning effects in all the precious metals, silver, gun metal, etc.

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can be removed. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure. Mailed free. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Blosser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
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OPIUM, MORPHINE and Liquor Habit overcome in 10 to 20 days. No pay till accomplished. Book of particulars free. Address Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. R. 5, Lebanon, Ohio.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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ZEAL*

Faithful Service in Secular Occupations Consistent with Fidelity to Christ

ONE of the most difficult of all Christ's parables to interpret is this of the Unjust Steward. The conduct of the man was so wicked that it is not easy to understand why Christ used it as an example. Dr. Taylor's illustration probably comes nearer to the spirit of the parable than any other. He represents himself as tracing the means that a burglar took to break into a house, and while feeling indignation at the robbery, admiring the skill displayed by the burglar in picking the locks. Then saying to a lethargic and unambitious workman that if he had half the burglar's energy and dexterity he would soon rise in the world. All that would be perfectly consistent with his wishing to get the burglar behind the bars. Christ was showing his hearers how full of resource and how far-seeing the children of this world were in providing for their worldly welfare, while the good man who had so much nobler and grander an object before him, was dilatory and lukewarm in his efforts. It is important, also, to remember that it was not Christ who commended the steward, but the steward's own lord, who practically said: "What a shrewd fellow this is, who at my expense lays my debtors under an obligation counting on their gratitude."

The closing verse of the parable is one that has occasioned many anxious thoughts. If we cannot serve God and Mammon, must we therefore withdraw from secular occupations and devote ourselves exclusively to Christ's service? For some, that is the path of duty, but not for all, nor even for the majority. Christ's prayer for his people at the close of his ministry did not include this. "I pray not," he said, "that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." This was his desire. He would have them serve him in the world. This is the hard thing, but everywhere we see that it is possible. There are men in all our cities doing good and successful work in our factories, carrying on profitable businesses, pleading in our courts and conducting financial operations, who own Christ as their Master. They are all the better business men because of their unwavering allegiance to him, all the better employees because of their conscientious devotion to him. A leader of one of the revolutionary societies of Europe gave an explanation of the method by which it propagated its doctrines, that illustrates this fact. He said that a certain number of members of the Society learned mechanical trades and became adepts in them. Many of them belonged to noble families, but it was always found that these men became the most skilful watchmakers or shoemakers, or whatever trade they learned. Then one of them would be sent into a large city and he would get work. For a year he would utter no word about the Society or its doctrines, but would make the acquaintance of other workmen, always seeking out the most intelligent. He would win their repect by his good work at his trade, and his general knowledge and affable qualities. He soon became one of the most popular men in the city and had a host of friends. He then began his propaganda. First speaking of the nobility of honest work, the importance of temperance and cleanliness of life, gradually leading up, probably after years of labor, to the enrolment of his friends in the Society for the overthrow of a tyrannical government. Such men served the Society as they could never have served it in any other way. It is so that men may serve Christ in the world. In whatsoever occupation they may be, they may serve him by honest work, by taking a pride in doing well whatever they undertake. They win the respect of all with whom they have to do and therein lie endless opportunities of serving their Master. Their occupation becomes a means to an end. The word they speak for Christ carries a weight that the words of the shiftless never have, and they frequently command the attention that is not given to the preacher. The difficulty, of course, consists in keeping the occupation from engrossing the thoughts, in making it subservient to the main purpose of serving Christ. It is he who is the Master, and while a man may be an honest and faithful employee of another man (indeed, if he is an employee at all he is bound by his service to Christ to be honest and faithful,) his supreme allegiance, with which nothing he does will conflict, will be given unreservedly to Christ.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 12. Luke 16: 1-13.

Answered India's Cry

No State has done better work for India than Nebraska, whose great-hearted Governor, early in our relief campaign issued a proclamation, strongly urging

WM. A. POYNTER
Governor of Nebraska

his people to extend aid to the starving. "Our State has been blessed with abundant crops. Through the bounty of an all-wise and generous Providence, hunger and want are unknown within our boundaries. Amid our plenty we should not forget the unfortunate. Sympathy and duty demand that we lend them assistance from our abundance through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." He was instrumental in the organization of the State Commission, of which Rev. G. L. Hosford has been in charge. Hon. Frank E. Moores, Mayor of Omaha, has also been a strong and influential friend to the cause.

Answered Prayers

Several very interesting letters have been received. E. M. writes from Cambridge City, Ind.:

I promised our Heavenly Father, if he would answer a special plea for the safety of my only brother, I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A letter came this morning saying he was all right.

M. E., Kingston, N. Y., writes:

Some time ago I was in great trouble and the outlook for the future was very dark. I prayed to God that, if he would help me, I would write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and thereby show how he had answered my prayer, and in less than a day everything was changed for the better.

E. B. L., Blanchard, Iowa, writes:

I prayed for my own and my child's recovery from a severe illness, and promised to write immediately to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if my prayer was answered. I cannot express my gratitude to God, but I want to testify that God answers prayer.

Mrs. J. V. P., Lufkin, Tex., writes:

For two years I have been in great trouble. I have prayed day and night for deliverance. I promised the Lord if he would answer my earnest prayer and deliver us, I would acknowledge the answer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Two months ago we were victoriously delivered from one of the troubles, for which I fervently thanked and praised his holy name, but sickness in my family prevented my writing and acknowledging it until now.

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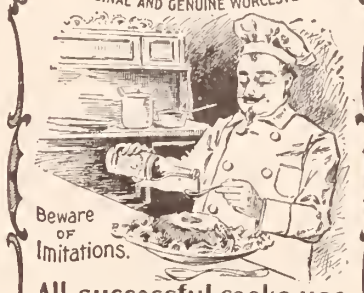
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.



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Ready-to-Serve

It is another purity product from the Libby Kitchens, fully up to the high standard of all the Libby Canned Meats.

Ask your grocer for Libby's new meat dainty, "Luncheon Loaf." It is a deliciously seasoned and appetizingly prepared meat food put up in convenient sized, key-opening cans. New edition of the little booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent to everyone free.

$250.00 IN CASH PRIZES for Amateur Photographers. Two prizes, $50.00 each, for the most original and best taken photographs, and fifty-eight other cash prizes for amateurs. Write for booklet giving particulars.

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is as **different** from the others as day is from night.

A strong statement, but easily proved this way: Send for my **FREE** 32-page book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People"—70 delicious recipes. **Or better**—Send 5 cents (for postage) for the book and a **full pint sample.** For 15 cents a **full 2-quart package.** Makes a tempting jelly without odor, and transparent as sparkling water. Pink gelatine for fancy desserts in every packet.

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Acme Medicine Cover AND Dose Indicator

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Keeps medicine free from dust and germs, and tells time to take next dose. Fits any glass or makes stand for bottle. Non-corrosive and anti-septic. If your dealer hasn't it, send 15c. for sample.

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Thirst is constant these warm days. It seems impossible to quench it.

Ordinary drinks seem to aggravate rather than satisfy. Too much liquid is bad for the stomach and general health.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

makes a cooling, refreshing, healthful beverage. Take a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water two or three times a day and you will not be worried by thirst or heat. It is the most healthful and palatable beverage you can use during warm weather.

Abbey's Salt is Nature's remedy for eliminating impurities from the blood and thoroughly cleansing the system. It is made from the juices extracted from pure fresh fruits. It prevents and relieves Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Flatulency, Kidney and Liver complaints or any ills caused by impure blood or a constipated condition.

Sold by most druggists, or sent by mail.

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The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., 13 Murray St., Room 1, New York.

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DR. J. E. RUSSEL, New York, states: "Abbey's Salt is an ideal preparation, in that it combines laxative and aperient properties in a grateful form and is at the same time palatable. My wife finds it particularly efficacious in Headache, by its gentle action, and the relief thus obtained from congestion."

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Every Spring and every Fall we issue free to out-of-town applicants a handsome catalogue, which describes and illustrates the newest fashions and kinds of merchandise to be popular during the season. It is a very useful book, particularly to those living outside of the metropolis, for it places the reader in touch with the greatest fashion centre in America, and enables he or she to buy the newest merchandise in the market at the regular New York prices, which means at times a great saving.

Our Fall and Winter Edition Will be Ready Sept. 15

If you want a copy send us your name and address as soon as you read this, for the edition will be limited and will go quickly. Mention this paper.

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Rheumatism

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"TARTARLITHINE is a great remedy. It releived my wife of a severe attack of rheumatism accompanied with neuralgia. I consider it equally as good a remedy fo1 neuralgia as it is for rheumatism. I keep it in the house all the time."

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

TARTAN PILLS

For Constipation, Torpid Liver, Bilious Headaches, &c., which often accompany Rheumatic conditions

25c. per Bottle

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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BOMBAY'S GREETING TO THE "QUITO"

The Impressive Ceremony at Prince's Dock on the Arrival of the Relief Ship

JOHN POLLEN, ESQ., LL.D., I.C.S.
Who presided at the Official Reception

MAILS just arrived from India have brought the detailed account of the arrival and reception at Bombay of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief ship *Quito* with her cargo of life-giving grain for the famine sufferers. News of the *Quito's* arrival and welcome came by cable some weeks since; but those dispatches furnished only the most meagre hint of the great and spontaneous jubilee that signalized the event—a jubilee in which all classes seem to have taken part enthusiastically and which demonstrated not only the gratitude of the people of India for Christian America's princely gift, but showed the warm and cordial feeling of friendship and brotherhood existing between the people of the two great countries, though divided by thousands of miles of ocean.

Mr. Benjamin Aitken, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Commissioner in charge of the reception arrangements, has sent this account of the remarkable event: "The *Quito* arrived in Bombay Harbor on the 25th of June, concurrently with the burst of the monsoon. The rains were two weeks behind time, and the Government and people were in the midst of rejoicing at their advent when the signals announced that the *Quito*, of which Dr. Klopsch had given notice before leaving India, was approaching. By the exertions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund Committee, and of Messrs. W. & A. Graham & Co., Bombay

CONTINUED ON PAGE 649

THE HON. MR. JUSTICE CANDY
Acting Chief Justice of Bombay

THE DISTINGUISHED GATHERING ON PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE "QUITO"

John Pollen Esq., I.L.D., I.C.S., Commissioner of Customs of Bombay Presidency, occupies the chair, with Hon. Mr. Chandavarkar on his right, while around are Rev. Mr. Karmarkar, Hon. Mr. N. Glazebrook (President of Bombay Presidency Famine Relief Fund) and many other high officials, influential natives, missionaries and laymen, with a number of ladies.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Sept. 5

1. What was the name or character of the dance which Herodias danced before Herod and his court when the king commanded the slaying of John the Baptist?
2. What article formerly in common use in the household is used in the Bible as an emblem of God's favor and of the soul?
3. What American President in an inaugural address made an unconscious rhyme, and what was the language used?
4. Does the New Testament teach that Christ is an advocate of unregenerate sinners or of believers only?
5. What incidents in ancient time tell of two marvelous transformations—the first of stones being changed into human beings, the second of men being turned into stone?
6. Should a person, who has lost faith in the creed of his church, continue his membership in it, if there is no church accessible which does represent his views?
7. What is the origin of the word "turncoat" and when was it first used?
8. What are the best means of getting emancipation from an evil habit?
9. Is it right for a man to relieve the wants of the wife and children of a man who takes advantage of the charitable gifts to use his own earnings in self-indulgence?
10. Was the child Jesus taken to Egypt as Matthew says (2: 14) or to Jerusalem as Luke says (2: 22)?

Questions of the Week

1. Should the "world" be invited to support the church, or should the latter rely upon its own resources as a Christian organization?

The "world" should be *invited* when in the proper relation of friendliness and moral affinity, but should never be *constrained* to support Christian institutions. The support given to the church by many outside people becomes a savor in their own lives. The reflex influence of supporting the church increases their real affinity for the church. They feel that this support is rightful, because they are beneficiaries of the church's general conservative force and influence. Unless people do realize that they are rightfully indebted to the church, if not by membership, yet for its moral conservative benefit, they ought not to be constrained to contribute. The church in accepting such grudge-gifts humiliates itself as much as an individual would do in the same conditions. But the church, in assuming any such humiliating position, is really humiliating the Lord. It dishonors God. Really it is never right for the church to seek for contributions, unless there is rightful ground to expect the contribution of material things to be a benefit in spiritual things to the contributor.

C. P. ATKINSON.

. . .

It is doubtless true of churches as of individuals that when self-supporting they are happier, more independent, more truly self-respecting and more truly respected by others than when obliged to solicit aid. Churches, like individuals, should practise reasonable economy and not care unduly for mere outward show or splendor. When this is the case and when the members give in proportion to their means, it will seldom, if ever, be found necessary to seek aid from the world. A church is doubtless in position to exert its strongest influence for good when it can truly say to those outside: "We seek not yours, but you." AMELIA HOYT.

2. Is it probable that the events described in such Parables as the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son were actual occurrences?

It is of course not likely that events happened just as they are described in the parables, but it is extremely probable that there were occurrences which suggested to our Lord the general tenor of his sayings. In the long, and at some places, lonely way from Jerusalem to Jericho, we are told that robberies sometimes occurred. So, too, in those days as now, doubtless some young men learned how good a place home is, by making some foolhardy experiments in distant lands.

JOHN D. MEESE.

3. What is the legend of the origin of the cypress tree?

The legend is given by Ovid (Met. 10: 3). Cyparissus, a beautiful youth whom Apollo loved, accidentally killed a favorite stag of the god. In consequence of this he was seized with such immoderate grief that Apollo transformed him into a cypress tree that he might mourn for all time. This tree, which grows no more after being cut down, was regarded as a symbol of the dead, and was held sacred to Pluto, and its branches were used by the Greeks and Romans on the funeral pyres and in the houses of the deceased. G. E. KRAUTH.

4. If a young man had an ambition to spend his life so as to do the greatest possible good to humanity, could he attain his object best in the pulpit, or as a missionary in the slums of an American city, or as a missionary in a heathen land?

The qualifications for these different spheres of work are very different, and the young man in question must consider well which of them he is best adapted for, or if he is specially adapted for either. To all such work there should be a divine call; but as regarded from the human side, such a call consists mainly in having a desire for the work, in having the special equipment for it, and in having the opportunity to prosecute it. These fundamental principles, if faithfully adhered to, will in general guide us safely in regard to our life work, whether it be secular or sacred.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

5. By what race or nation were wooden swords used in battle and for what reason?

It is recorded of the ancient Mexicans that they fought with wooden swords in order that, while establishing their superior military prowess, they might not kill their enemies.

ROBERT VYSE.

6. In the last verses of the book of Job, the patriarch is represented as being rewarded with double the number of animals that he had at first, but he has only the same number of children? Why was not the number of them doubled, too?

Chrysostom has this to say: "God did not double his children to Job, in order that he might not despair of seeing again the children he had lost; and in order that he might know that, though they were taken from him, they were still alive; and that we also might know that Job, who had buried ten children, and was himself buried by ten others, passed at death, as it were, from one home to another, and all of them will stand by him together at the great day." The doubling of the possessions of Job being something more exact than the mere increase of his fortunes, carries with it more suggestion of the directly miraculous than it would have carried for a broken man to have retrieved his fortunes, and even with indefinitely greater glory. The same is true of the duplicating of his former family. Inasmuch as possessions, with all temporal things, will in the end vanish, and children are immortal, Job will stand at the last actually doubled in that only which will remain to him of all that was destroyed. But this view demands that the author of the book believed in the future state. We think the whole book bears out such a view, and, therefore, there is no difficulty in that conclusion. If we accept radical criticism and view the whole book in the light of it, these conceptions are still tenable as being those in the mind of the author. C. P. ATKINSON.

7. What is the origin of the phrase "to throw dust in one's eyes"?

The allusion is to a Mohammedan practice of casting dust in the air for the sake of "confounding" the enemies of the faith. This was done by Mohammed on two or three occasions, as in the battle of Honein; and the Koran refers to it when it says: "Neither didst thou, O Mohammed, cast dust into their eyes; but it was God who confounded them." But the following incident will suffice: One day the Koreishites surrounded the house of Mohammed, resolved to murder him. They peeped through the crevices of his chamber door, and saw him lying asleep. Just at this moment, his son-in-law, Ali, silently opened the door and threw into the air a handful of dust. Immediately the conspirators were confounded. They mistook Ali for Mohammed, and Mohammed for Ali, allowed the prophet to walk through their midst uninjured, and laid hands on Ali. No sooner was Mohammed safe than their eyes were opened, and they saw their mistake.

MAYNIE HENINGER.

8. Which has the greater influence on the character: heredity or environment?

Which produces the oak, the acorn or the soil and the water and the winds that blow upon it? Which produced the diamond, the carbon or the natural convulsion which made the carbon into diamond? There must be the material, which comes from heredity, in order that environment may mould it. Environment can do wonderful things in developing or checking tendencies, but it cannot create the tendencies. Children of good parents may be made bad by bad environment. Children of bad parents may be trained and become good in good environment. Psychologists of eminence hold that the hereditary taint which they call atavism will disappear in the second or third generation if it is persistently checked. On the whole, given an ordinary character and ordinary intelligence, environment has the greater influence; but when there are strongly marked traits, such as acquisitiveness or sensuality, appearing in two or three generations, the influence of heredity usually survives and is stronger than environment. E. B. WRIGHT.

9. Is a man justified, "for conscience sake," in throwing away his vote on a party which meets his views but which he knows cannot succeed, or should he accept the alternative of giving his support to the better of the two remaining parties?

Of course he is justified. Every time a man throws his vote away by casting it for what he supposes to be the best or the strongest of opposing factions, he weakens his own cause. The Abolitionists were very weak at first, but they kept on voting until they won. Other instances might be cited. There are rare instances where a minority party by holding the balance of power may force stronger parties to nominate their best men. However that may be, a man is always justified in voting for men and measures he deems right.

J. D. MEESE.

. . .

The ballot is a privilege designed to be used intelligently and conscientiously in furthering the interests of the community, the State, the nation. It is not a personal perquisite to be employed for personal gratification, but a public trust to be exercised in the broadest and highest sense, and always with a view to the well-being of the largest number. It is the sacred duty of the voter to remember this. If, therefore, he be convinced that the election or defeat of a certain candidate or candidates would be vital to the welfare of the community, it becomes his duty to so exercise his privilege as to elect or defeat such candidate or candidates, as the case may be. Can he do this by "sulking in his tent," or throwing his ballot at a target which makes no record and is no factor in the fight? Can he not better fulfil his duty to God and the State by manfully taking his share of the burden and heat of the battle, and planting his blows where they will tell in the contest which is to decide whether an upright or a corrupt government shall rule? If all the "conscience voters" would act unitedly on this principle, they ought to wield the "balance of power" in many an election contest, thus deciding it for God and righteousness. ROBERT VYSE.

10. If a Christian saw a man likely to perish by drowning, or burning, or in some other way, and he was morally certain that if the man were saved, he would live so evil a life that his example and his conduct would be mischievous to the community, ought he to risk his own life in trying to save him? Would he not serve society better by letting him perish?

A good man would be better prepared to meet death than such a one as you describe. If a man's life is in a perilous condition, no matter how vile and unscrupulous he may be ("What is that to thee? Follow thou me"), it is a Christian's duty to try and save him, even at the risk of his own life. Christ died—gave up his life, not for the righteous, but for sinners. Are we better than our Master? A Christian refusing to save a human life, however sinful, might be the means of sending a soul (for whom Christ died) into a hopeless eternity. In answer to your second question, I would say no, a thousand times no. While there is life there is hope. You and I know no man's future. A life may appear worthless to us, which in reality may be full of possibilities. There have been hundreds of instances when men, almost lost in the labyrinth of sin, have been touched by the Gospel of Christ, and afterwards have been witnesses for God and righteousness. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" meets every trying circumstance in life, and settles beyond a doubt our duty to our neighbor.

MRS. GEORGE W. LYONS.

Miscellaneous Questions

Apropos of a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG concerning the "seven Bibles of the world," Katherine D. Crandall, Brookfield, N. Y., sends these as the "seven modern Bibles."

1. The King James Bible, the standard throughout the Protestant world. 2 Donay Bible, the Catholic English standard. 3. The German Bible, Luther's translation. 4. The Greek Bible, translated by the Jews, which is the version used by the Greek Church. 5. The Latin Bible (St. Jerome's), the authorized version of the Roman Catholics. 6. The Mormon Bible, which is accepted with the Book of Mormon. 7. The Hebrew Bible, translated by their learned men.

S. F. S., Perkaise, Pa. Is a minister of the Gospel justified in attending theatres?

No; if for no other reason than that his example would be injurious to many of his flock, and especially to the young, with whom indiscriminate theatre-going may easily become a passion. While there are, doubtless, good plays, the majority are of the opposite class; and even supposing a clergyman should select only the best and enjoy their presentation, for the sake of others, he should be willing to forego such a pleasure. Theatre-going would greatly impair a pastor's spiritual influence, and detract from his usefulness in religious work. He should deny himself all indulgences which have the slightest tendency of this character.

The poets still write to us in praise of Samantha. Mrs. J. N. Dancer, of Sylvan, Mich., sends these among other verses:

We admire you, dear Samantha,
In all you do and say,
And the way you keep your "pardner"
In the strait and narrow way.

And we also like Josiah;
What a plucky man was he.
To have courted such a woman
And gained the victory.

And Robert Strong—the helpful—
How he wools Miss Meechim's eyes—
But he knows what he is doing,
And is sure to win the prize.

And Dorothy—the lovely—
Who never did a wrong.
We hope in the near future
She may be Mrs. Strong.

A. D., Manton, Mich. Is there any authority for the statement that there was no rain on the earth from the Creation until the Deluge?

There can, of course, be no reliable scientific or historical authority for the statement. It is only a theory, its advocates holding that the earth at that period was shrouded in mist, and did not receive the direct light or heat of the sun, and that such a condition was favorable to longevity of men and beasts and to the development of those gigantic species whose fossil remains are to-day the wonder of naturalists and students generally. It should be remembered that each stage of the earth's development represents a great period of time and that, as La Place explains, the whole solar system was probably originally a mass of vaporous matter.

W. W. K., Flagstaff, Ariz., writes a line in defense of the much-abused sparrow:

The English sparrow is a great blessing to the fruit raisers of Southern California, where I have been engaged for the past twelve years. They will not eat or touch fruit themselves, but live on grain, etc., and they keep the other birds away that destroy fruit.

Young Girl, Hillsdale, Pa. 1. Is anger a sin? 2. Is it wrong for the members of a church to give the church one night for an institute for the benefit of teachers of schools? 3. Does the Lord's Prayer "take in" everything we need ask God for? 4. To what address should one send questions to be answered in "Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all"?

1. There is a "righteous anger" or indignation, aroused by any great wickedness, outrage or wrong, which is justifiable, because it is directed against that which is contrary to righteousness and justice (see Eph. 4: 26). Anger against our fellows, or petulance and irritation, and all displays of temper and passion under any other circumstances, must be regarded as unjustifiable and wicked. We may naturally feel anger at times, but it should not be indulged, and a little reflection will show us that it is unreasonable and worse than useless. 2. We see nothing wrong about the matter as you state it. 3. No, nor was it designed to be comprehensive of all our possible wants. It was given by the Saviour as a model of what prayer ought to be and of our attitude toward the Father in making a petition. Thus Christ himself says: "In this manner pray ye," etc. 4. Address, Margaret Sangster, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Mrs. Grace C., East Bramtice, Vt. Please state to whom money is to be sent for each charitable purpose.

Contributions for the various charities mentioned in this paper, should in all cases be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, N. Y., the sender naming the charity for which the gift is intended.

W. S. R., Linwood, N. Y. Is it right for a minister of the Gospel to set himself up as a judge and an offensive critic over a disciple, or over a church? If a disciple can only say "I love Jesus," what right has a minister to call him an ignorant, lazy Christian, thereby driving him wounded from his place of worship?

We cannot believe that any one professing to preach the Gospel of Christ could be so harsh and unjust. There may, however, be some mistake—some misapprehension. Certainly, such a course would tend to alienate many who are young in experience in the Christian life and who may not be able to give utterance to their feelings as eloquently as others.

W. A. P., Tolchester, Md. Imaginary—the work of the artist.

E. L. B., Boston. We know of no use to which they can be put.

A. B. Write to the Signal Service Bureau, Washington, D. C., for all particulars.

Ralph B. D., Rochester, Pa. It is difficult is advise concerning home employment. Many offers of that class, though tempting, are unreliable.

C. D. C., Mentor, O. The religion of the Central and South American races is chiefly Catholic, but in many places it is so mingled with superstition as to be little better than heathenism.

THE WOMAN WHO RULES CHINA

Tsze Hsi An, the Empress Dowager, a Nameless Manchu Woman who has Waded Through Blood to the Supreme Power

IT is impossible to present an absolutely correct view of the present situation in the Middle Kingdom. Candor compels that admission. No white man has ever mastered the ratiocination of the Mongol. The working of the Chinese and panese mind is, and must remain, an solute mystery to us. What we can do to collect facts in their chronological der, and reasoning by analogy, arrive an approximate estimate.

Intercourse, *i. e.*, international inter- urse with China, dates from 1861, the ar of the death of Emperor Hsien Feng. d the regency of the Tsze Hsi An, or "Mother of the Sovereign," the Dow- er Empress as we designate her. Here an important fact. Although until 1881 e regency was conducted jointly with e Eastern Empress, the legal widow of sien Feng, it was the imperious mother the sovereign who held the reins with a m hand. Through palace revolutions and bals, her path strewn with the bloody rpses of her opponents, that woman has ed until the world, with one accord, lls her the One Man in China.

Her past record fully bears out the sus- ion that Tsze Hsi An is at the bottom the present disturbances. There is no son whatever to believe that she op- ses them. Throughout her career she s managed to ride upon the popular ve. Yet from the death of her son, the e Emperor Tung-chih in 1875, she has olated every statute and tradition, and serves every epithet hurled at her head Kang Yu Wei, and his little band of formers.

The history of China since 1861 is con- ined in the biography of Tsze Hsi An, nameless Manchu woman, one of the numerable wives, of the third class, of mperor Hsien Feng, she was one of ose who, with their lord and master fled the summer palace at Yeh ho or Hot prings, upon the approach of the allied itish-French forces, in 1860. There as no ceremony in that hasty flight! ie nameless woman, carrying her baby y, unattended, never forgot the horrors that wild journey. Hsien Feng, remem- ring, but too late, that his grandfather, ia Ching, had died here, and trembling er this violation of China's pet super- tion, the Feng Shui, or Air and Water pirit, drooped and died the following ring. Then the nameless Manchu oman became the vortex of cabals and trigues, for her son was the only male sue of the late Emperor, and conse- ently the only legal heir. After enter- g into an arrangement with the legal dow about joint guardianship, the two omen fled suddenly to Prince Kung, the other of Hsien Feng, who speedily un- veled the threads of conspiracy and sent e participants to the blood pit. Many magnificent fu or princely residence nds to-day, roofless and tenantless, a d witness of the ruthless inauguration Tsze Hsi An's rule.

She was, by law and by right, mother the sovereign, and as such entitled to all respect by the Canons of Filial Piety. Upon her accession to power, the allied forces had wrung from the frightened Hsien Feng the right to have foreign ministers dwell in the capital and to have access to the ruler. How this woman baffled the most astute diplomats! Pleading the privileges of a Chinese woman, she avoided contamination of the "foreign devils," and when they importuned her son, Tung-chih, upon his accession, they were received in the hall of the Tribute-bearers thereby fully satisfying the Chinese mind that these loud-mouthed barbarians were, after all, but uncouth and uncivilized representatives of tributary states. Such mistakes can not be rectified.

But to continue. Tung-chih died in 1875 without issue, hence Tsze Hsi An was no longer the "Mother of the Sovereign," but an ordinary Manchu noblewoman. On the night of his death, the princes known to be favorable to her, were called to a family council and at her instance, Tsai-tien, the three and a half-year-old son of Prince Chung, was selected as successor to the Dragon Seat. This selection violated the canons of Ancestral Worship, since, being a full cousin of the late Tung-chih (Chung was a brother of Hsien Feng), the child was unable to worship at the ancestral tablets. The crafty and unscrupulous woman overcame this obstacle by proclaiming the posthumous adoption of the child by Hsien Feng, who had been dead these fourteen years.

This adoption renewed her claim to the title of Tsze Hsi An, and the regency, scarcely interrupted by the reign of the imbecile Tung-chih, continued for the boy Tsai-tien, who is known by the title of Kuang Hsu or Illustrious Successor. There was some opposition, of course, to these arbitrary proceedings. But Li Hung Chang marched his troops upon Pekin and, supported by the "moral force," another sanguinary orgy stifled all protests. Madame Tsze Hsi An was able to announce the peaceful succession of Kuang Hsu, whose minority once more checkmated every effort on the part of foreigners to arrive at a more appreciated understanding of their position.

TSZE HSI AN, THE NOTED DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA

This Portrait of the Bitter Enemy of the Foreigners is from an Authentic Sketch in *Black and White*

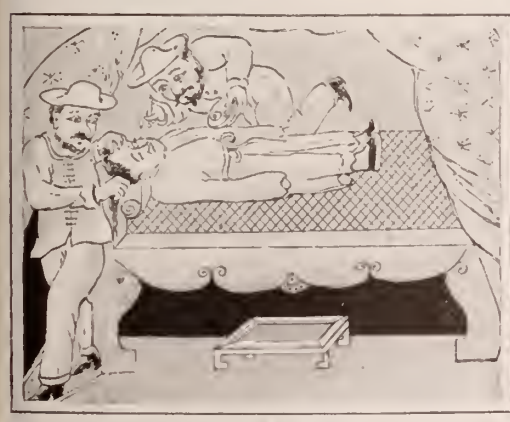
To Li Hung Chang the management of the "foreign devils" was entrusted. This much-overestimated statesman, throughout his official career as Minister of Foreign Affairs, has acted upon the one principle of playing off one Power against the other; in other words, he shielded China's helplessness and corruption by playing upon international jealousy. In 1887 he managed Russia and Great Britain so well that they both withdrew discomfited, the former from China's eastern frontier and England from Port Hamilton. But when he undertook to humiliate Japan, the Chinese bubble burst.

Modern history of China begins with the Japan-China war, or rather with the peace of Shimonoseki in 1895. It is easy now to make the statement that that war was a mistake. There are always prophets of the "I told you so" order. The Japanese victories thoroughly upset Tsze Hsi An, and it was at her behest that Li Hung Chang's chair was seen constantly at the British, Russian, and French Legations. Lord Salisbury's opportunism ended in England's thoroughly exasperating both Japan and China, and in reducing her influence on a level with that of Belgium and Holland. But if the British minister had no policy, Count Cassini had, and he played his cards with a master's hand: witness Russia's appropriation of the fruits of Japan's victories.

When Tsze Hsi An recovered from her panic, she was furious. When Kuang Hsu inaugurated his reform movement, there was, for a few months, no more liberal advocate than Tsze Hsi An. The reformers were all Cantonese, whom the Manchu regard with the most bitter contempt. The emperor announced his intention to open the Pekin Tien-Tsin railway. Immediately it was known that the Dowager Empress intended to visit Tien-Tsin in a private car. She was going to hold receptions to foreign ladies, and while the world was marveling, she collected some faithful Manchu, and suddenly swooped down upon the palace. Poor Kuang Hsu was interrupted in his flight and dragged by the Empress's eunuch's to the island temple in the E-ho Park palace.

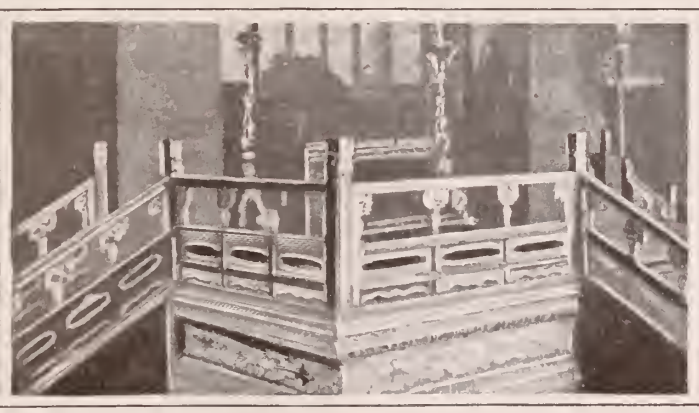
She held her own amid all the clamor provoked by her high-handed proceedings, and duped the acutest diplomats into recognizing her, when she received the wives of the foreign ministers. From that time she began to look for means to expel the "foreign devils." This is ample evidence that the movement emanates directly from the Purple Forbidden City. The disturbances, however, are rapidly assuming a national, or rather a radical, character, and the outlook is not encouraging. Of one thing only we are assured, viz.: that when order proceeds from chaos, a new map of Asia will appear. It is quite evident, however, that Prince Tuan is the cat'spaw of Tsze Hsi An, for it is not likely that the father of P'u Chun should turn against the woman who made his son the heir-apparent.

R. VAN BERGEN.



A CARTOON AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES

They are Represented Gouging Out Converts' Eyes



THE EMPEROR'S THRONE IN THE PALACE, PEKIN

It is One of the Gloomiest Corners of the Great Impérial Palace

A CARTOON AGAINST THE CHRISTIANS

Foreigners Carrying Christianity to the Door of Confucius

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Straight Up-and-Down Religion

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Amos 7: 8: . . .

And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb-line.

THE solid masonry of the world has for me a fascination. Walk about some of the triumphal arches and the cathedrals, four or six hundred years old, and see them stand as erect as when they were builded, walls of great height, for centuries not bending a quarter of an inch this way or that. So greatly honored were the masons who builded these walls that they were free from taxation and called "free" masons. The trowel gets most of the credit for these buildings, and its clear ringing on stone and brick has sounded across the ages. But there is another implement of just as much importance as the trowel, and my text recognizes it. Bricklayers and stonemasons and carpenters, in the building of walls, use an instrument made of a cord, at the end of which a lump of lead is fastened. They drop it over the side of the wall, and, as the plummet naturally seeks the centre of gravity in the earth, the workman discovers where the wall recedes, and where it bulges out and just what is the perpendicular. Our text represents God as standing on the wall of character, which the Israelites had built, and, in that way, testing it. "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumb-line."

What the world wants is straight up-and-down religion. Much of the so-called piety of the day bends this way and that, to suit the times. It is oblique, with a low state of sentiment and morals. We have all been

Building a Wall of Character

and it is glaringly imperfect and needs reconstruction. How shall it be brought into perpendicular? Only by the divine measurement.

The whole tendency of the times is to make us act by the standard of what others do. We throw over the wall of our character the tangled plumb-line of other lives and reject the infallible test which Amos saw. The question for me should not be what you think is right, but what God thinks is right. This perpetual reference to the behavior of others, as though it decided anything but human fallibility, is a mistake as wide as the world. There are ten thousand plumb-lines in use, but only one is true and exact, and that is the line of God's eternal right. There is a mighty attempt being made to reconstruct and fix up the Ten Commandments. To many they seem too rigid. My friends, we must have a standard: shall it be God's or man's?

The divine plumb-line needs to be thrown over all merchandise. Thousands of years ago Solomon discovered the tendency of buyers to depreciate goods. He saw a man beating down an article lower and lower, and saying it was not worth the price asked, and when he has purchased at the lowest point he told everybody what a sharp bargain he had struck, and how he had outwitted the merchant. "It is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth" (Proverbs 20: 14). Society is so utterly askew in this matter that you seldom find a seller asking the price that he expects to get; he puts on a higher value than he expects to receive, knowing that he will have to drop. And if he wants fifty, he asks seventy-five. And if he wants two thousand, he asks twenty-five hundred. "It is naught," saith the buyer. "The fabric is defective; the style of goods is poor; I can get elsewhere a better article at a smaller price. It is out of fashion; it is damaged; it will fade; it will not wear well." After a while the merchant, from over-persuasion or from desire to dispose of that particular stock of goods, says, "Well, take it at your own price," and the purchaser goes home with light step and calls into his private office his confidential friends and chuckles while he tells how for half price he got the goods. In other words, he lied, and was proud of it.

Nothing would make times so good, and the earning of a livelihood so easy, as the universal adoption of the law of right. Suspicion strikes through all bargain-making. Men who sell know not whether they will ever get the money. Purchasers know not whether the goods shipped will be according to the sample. And what, with the large number of clerks who are making false entries and then absconding, and the explosion of firms that fail for millions of dollars, honest men are at their wits' end to make a living. He who stands up amid all the pressure and does right, is accomplishing something toward the establishment of a high commercial prosperity. I have deep sympathy for the laboring classes who toil with hand and foot. But we must not forget the business men, who, without any complaint or bannered procession through the street, are

Enduring a Stress

of circumstances terrific. The fortunate people of to-day are those who are receiving daily wages or regular salaries. And the men most to be pitied are those who conduct a business while prices are falling and are in such fearful straits that they would quit business to-morrow, if it were not for the wreck and ruin of others. When people tell me at what a ruinously low price they purchased an article, it gives me more dismay than satisfaction. I know it means the bankruptcy and defalcation of men in many departments. The men who toil with the brain need full as much sympathy as those who toil with the hand.

The pressure to do wrong is stronger from the fact that in our day the large business houses are swallowing up the smaller, the whales dining on blue-fish and minnows. The large houses undersell the small ones, because they buy in greater quantities and at lower figures from the producer. They can afford to make nothing, or actually lose, on some styles of goods, assured they can make it up on others. This is nothing against the man who has the big store, for every man has as large a store and as great a business as he can manage.

To feel right and do right under all this pressure requires martyr grace, requires divine support, requires celestial reenforcement. Yet there are tens of thousands of such men getting splendidly through. They see others going up and themselves going down, but they keep their patience and their courage and their Christian consistency, and after awhile their success will come. There is generally retribution in some form for greediness. The owners of the big business will die and their boys will get possession of the business, and with a cigar in their mouths, and full to the chins with the best liquor, and behind a pair of spanking bays, they will pass everything on

The Turnpike Road to Perdition

Then the business will break up and the smaller dealers will have opportunity. But perhaps for this generation the struggle of small houses to keep alive under the over-shadowing pressure of great houses will continue; therefore, taking things as they are, you will be wise to preserve your equilibrium and your honesty and your faith, and throw over all the counters and shelves and casks the measuring line of divine right.

In the same way we need to rectify our theologies. All sorts of religions are putting forth their pretensions. Some have a spiritualistic religion and their chief work is with ghosts, and others a religion of political economy, proposing to put an end to human misery by a new style of taxation, and there is a humanitarian religion that looks after the bodies of men and lets the soul look after itself, and there is a legislative religion that proposes to rectify all wrongs by enactment of better laws, and there is an æsthetic religion that by rules of exquisite taste would lift the heart out of its deformities, and religions of all sorts, religions by the peck, religions by the square foot, and religions by the ton—all of them devices of the devil that would take the heart away from the only religion that will ever effect anything for the human race. All religions but one begin at the wrong end and in the wrong place. The Bible religion demands that we first get right with God. It begins at the top and measures down, while the other religions begin at the bottom and try to measure up. Glory be to God for the religion that drops from above, not coming up from beneath!

Care of the Foundation

My text gives me a grand opportunity of saying a useful word to all young men who are now forming habits for a lifetime. Of what use to a stone mason or a bricklayer is a plumb-line? Why not build the wall by the unaided eye and hand? Because they are insufficient, because if there be a deflection in the wall it cannot further on be corrected. Because, by the law of gravitation, a wall must be straight in order to be symmetrical and safe. A young man is in danger of getting a defect in his wall of character that may never be corrected. One of the best friends I ever had, died of delirium tremens at sixty years of age—though he had not since twenty-one years of age, before which he had been dissipated—touched intoxicating liquor until that particular carousal that took him off. Not feeling well in the street on a hot summer day, he stepped into a drug store, just as you and I would have done, and asked for a dose of something to make him feel better. And there was alcohol in the dose, and that one drop aroused the old appetite and he entered the first liquor store and stayed there until thoroughly under the power of rum. He entered his home a raving maniac, his wife and daughters fleeing from his presence, and at last he was taken to the city hospital to die. The combustible material of early habit had lain quiet nearly forty years, and that one spark ignited it.

Remember that the wall may be one hundred feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live a hundred years and do right the last eighty years, you may nevertheless do something at twenty years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundation?

"But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no!

I Like Fun

I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to find it. No credit to me, but because of an extraordinary parental example and influence, I was kept from outward transgressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when many years ago, with a commissioner of police I explored New York and Brooklyn by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet, though I was never intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness—restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy—I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet at the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right.

There they go—two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church one Sunday morning, during prayer, or sermon or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and be my pardon an my help; save me from making the mi take some of my comrades are making. And God rolled heaven into his soul. H is just as jolly as he used to be, is just a brilliant as he used to be. He can strik a ball or catch one as easily as before h was converted. With gun or fishing-ro in this summer vacation, he is just a skilful as before. The world is brighte to him than ever. He appreciates pic tures, music, innocent hilarity, social life good jokes, and has plenty of fun, gloriou fun. But his brother is

Going Down Hill

In the morning his head aches from th champagne debauch. Everybody sees h is in rapid descent. What cares he fo right or decency or the honor of hi family name? Turned out of employmen depleted in health, cast down in spirits the typhoid fever strikes him in the smal est room on the fourth story of a fifth rate boarding-house, cursing God an calling for his mother, and fighting bac demons from his dying pillow, which i besweated and torn to rags. He plunge out of this world with the shriek of destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind o fun! It is remorse. It is despair. It i blackness of darkness. It is woe unend ing and long reverberating and crushin as though all the mountains of all cont nents rolled on him in one avalanche. M soul, stand back from such fun. Youn man, there is no fun in shipwrecking you character, no fun in disgracing your fath er's name. There is no fun in breakin your mother's heart. There is no fun i the physical pangs of the dissolute. Ther is no fun in the profligate's deathbe There is no fun in an undone eternity

Oh, this plumb-line of the everlastin right! God will throw it over all ou lives to show us our moral deflections God will throw it over all churches t show whether they are doing useful wor or are instances of idleness and pretens He will throw that

Plumb-Line Over All Nations

to demonstrate whether their laws ar just or cruel, their rulers good or bad their ambitions holy or infamous. H threw that plumb-line over the Spanis monarchy of other days, and what be came of her? Ask the splintered hulks o her overthrown Armada. He threw tha plumb-line over French imperialism, an what was the result? Ask the ruins of th Tuileries and the fallen column of th Place Vendome and the grave trenches o Sedan and the blood of revolutions a different times rolling through the Champ Elysees. He threw that plumb-line ove ancient Rome, and what became of th realm of the ancient Cæsars? Ask he war-eagles, with beak dulled and wing broken, flung helpless into the Tiber. H threw it over the Assyrian Empire of thousand years, the throne of Semiram of twenty-seven victorious expeditions, th cities of Phœnicia kneeling to the sceptr and all the world blanched in the pre ence. What became of all the grandeur Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad an the corpses of her soldiery slain by ange of the Lord in one night and the Assyria sculptures of the world's museums, a that now remains of that splendor befo which nations staggered and crouche God is now throwing that plumb-line ove this republic, and it is a solemn time wit this nation, and whether we keep h Sabbaths or dishonor them, whethe righteousness or iniquity dominate, whet er we are Christian or infidel, whether w fulfil our mission or refuse, whether w are for God or against him, will decid whether we shall as a nation go on i higher and higher career or go down i the same grave where Babylon and Nin veh and Thebes are sepulchred.

"But," say you, "if there be nothin but a plumb-line, what can any of us d for there is an old proverb which truth fully declares: 'If the best man's faul were written on his forehead it woul make him pull his hat over his eyes' What shall we do when, according t Isaiah, 'God shall lay judgment to th line and righteousness the plummet?' Ah, here is where the Gospel comes in wit a Saviour's righteousness to make u for our deficits. And while I see hangin on the wall a plumb-line, I see also hang ing there a Cross. And while the o condemns us, the other saves us, if on we will hold to it.

BOMBAY'S · GREETING · TO · THE · "QUITO"

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

erchants (who had undertaken to unload the ip and despatch the cargo at the mere cost outlay, with the cordial cooperation of the arbor and dock authorities), a most suitable id convenient place had been secured for the *uito* in Prince's Dock, alongside the vast ilway shed, and into this she came in the ening as soon as the tide permitted it.

Invitations to the reception ceremony had en issued to all the members, European and itive, clerical and lay, of the Bombay Misonary Conference, the members of the Bomy Chamber of Commerce, and to a large mber of the other leaders of the community id heads of several departments of governent. The rains stopped on the night of the 26th, id began again, in the usual monsoon deluge id storm, a few hours after the ceremony.

Punctually at 8 A.M., on the 27th, the people sembled in the shed, with the stone-gray ill of the *Quito* a few feet in front of them, r rigging gay with bunting, and the cranes derricks swinging the grain bags out of the old and onto the pier. Right in sight of the ompany dozens of coolies hurried to and fro rrying the bags into the shed, and thence to the railway wagons, which stood in a ng line behind. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD g floated gracefully at the masthead.

The assembly was tremely picturesque. indus of several stes, Mahrattas and ujaratees, Parsees d Mohammedans, ingling with the soer-suited Europeans, id the native Chrisn and Parsee ladies their graceful cosmes pointing to a ne when all the womhood of India will be ee and enlightened. hile the ceremony as in progress, news at something unusuwas on spread to the ighboring popula-on, and a whole warm of the common ople perched themlves along the top of e pile of bags, forming a scene which milons in America would ve given much to e.

On the table before e chairman lay two lver dishes containg samples of the *uito's* cargo, salted nd parched in the merican style. This id been done the preous night by ladies the American Methlist and Alliance issions working in ombay. The corn this style was quite novelty, and was sted and pronounced .1." by most of the mpany. The native ntlemen were particularly struck with the size of the grains, which ere three times as large as the maize grown India.

As soon as John Pollen, Esq., LL.D., of the dian Civil Service, Commissioner of Cusms in the Bombay Presidency, had arrived id surveyed the scene, he took the chair, ving on his right hand the Honorable Mr. stice Candy, Acting Chief Justice at Bomy, the Governor's representative, and on is left, Captain David Baird, commander of e *Quito*. He opened the proceedings by calling on the Rev. R. M. Gray, minister of the Free hurch of Scotland, to lead in prayer. Mr. ray responded, acknowledging the divine ower and justice in the visitation of famine, id thanking God that he had stirred the heart Christian America to send this relief.

The Acting Chief Justice, appointed to repsent His Excellency, the Governor of Bomy (who was absent in Poona), was the first peaker. He read the following telegram sent y His Excellency to the committee:

"I hear steamer *Quito*, conveying America's ft of corn, has arrived in Bombay, and dere to offer you, as representing generous sympathizers in America, my warmest thanks for their magnificent contribution in aid of sufferers in India."

The Honorable Mr. Justice Candy left soon after to preside at the criminal sessions of the High Court, which were to begin that morning, and his place on Dr. Pollen's right hand was taken by the Honorable Mr. Chandavarkar, member of the Legislative Council.

The Rev. Richard Winsor followed Mr. Candy, and spoke of the gratification it was to him to be the bearer of such a gift. He said:

"It was my privilege to be a frequent visitor at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to mention the great good the corn did in 1896-97, during the last famine, and speak of the present distress so widespread, and the great boon it would be to send more corn and money, of what the government was doing and the widespread want; other missionaries from India were also there and cablegraphic communications between Lord Curzon and Dr. Klopsch confirmed the representations made. The whole constituency of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices was at once in motion. To see the energy, interest and devotion there manifested was really an inspiration. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD went forth throughout the land, and hearts were moved to send in their offerings with the warmest and widespread sympathy. Here, then, is this magnificent ship-load of corn, brought to these shores through that grand paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the finest cargo of corn that ever sailed from the port of New York; and as representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I make over to you, the Committee of Distribution, this corn, the gift of American Christians to the destitute in India.

"The Almighty must not be left out of the question, for his hand that moves in controlling the conditions that cause the earth to withhold her increase has touched the heart of the American people, binding the two nations, England and America, together, for purposes that history in the near future will clearly unfold."

The Rev. E. F. Frease, Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Baroda, Gujarat, and Secretary and Treasurer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund, made an admirable address. In the name of the Committee he accepted the gift, describing it as the largest present ever carried in a single ship. He said that there were many agencies in America sending relief to the sufferers in India, but that in his deliberate opinion, after all said and done, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had brought the needs of India before the people all over the United States, and had awakened the sympathies of the people with a result amazing to all acquainted with the facts. Speaking of the suitability of American corn for certain sections of the people of India, he said that when the Bheets in Gujarat saw the great American grains, they exclaimed, "Aray Kalee Mata," that is, "Oh, Goddess Kalee!" He said that, coming from the worst section of the famine region, he knew that the whole cargo of the *Quito* could be disposed of in Gujarat alone.

There was an impression in certain parts of India that American maize was not a staple food to be distributed in famine time. He would show that it was good food, and one which the people would gladly accept. His experience of the last famine convinced him that people liked the corn sent from America on that occasion, and he was certain it would be acceptable on the present occasion as well. American maize had become more and more widely known in this country; it was superior in flouring quality to Indian maize.

Hon. Mr. Karmarkar next spoke. He gracefully thanked Mr. Winsor, and the captain, officers, engineers, and crew of the *Quito*. He said:

On behalf of the Indian Christian community, I welcome most cordially the floating edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The innumerable articles in this edition will be prized very highly, for they will nourish the vital parts of the human organism. When I was in Gujarat, collecting famine children, I observed that corn was greatly appreciated by the people there. An Indian missionary lady disposed of hundreds of bags of corn to the hungry people, who came to her from various villages round Godhra. In that town I also saw grain merchants selling corn. Many missionaries and Indian Christians have been distributing popped corn to hundreds of famine-stricken people. Let me assure you, therefore, that this generous gift from the Christians of America will be greatly valued by my people. May the Lord bless the American nation an hundredfold for its handsome gift.

The Hon. Mr. Chandavarkar spoke with deep feeling and impressed the whole assembly. He is a member of the Governor's Council and one of the most distinguished Hindus in Western India. "Although not a Christian in the popular sense," he said, "I have diligently endeavored to obey the precepts of Christ; and when I have observed what the missionaries are doing in this country, I have said to myself and have told my friends that the spirit of Christ is alive. And now, as I learn here of the principles which prompted this gift of corn, I wish to express my appreciation in the name of all the people of India, and I shall tell my friends that they may set before them the example of Him who bore the sorrows of the world."

Chairman Pollen then made a most brilliant, grateful and complimentary speech. He spoke of the high appreciation of all classes, and said he had received a telegram from the Viceroy's private secretary. He said:

The good ship *Quito* has just arrived in the nick of time so as to supply the cultivators with food just between seed-time and harvest. It has not only brought grain, but also the most welcome rain, and we are grateful to it for its double cargo. There is a proverbial saying that no one should ever look a gift horse in the mouth. There are reasons, and good ones, for refraining from such inspection in the case of ordinary gift horses, but this particular gift horse cannot only be looked in the mouth with perfect satisfaction, but taken into the mouth with even greater appreciation. It consists of a splendid gift worthy of America, of the very best kind of two-year-old American grain. The Rev. Mr. Frease has alluded in his speech to the fact that I know that inhabitants of Panch Mahals and Gujarat will especially welcome this form of food. This is a fact, but I may add that though accustomed to maize, the Bhils will be simply lost in a maze at this splendid Indian food. They certainly can grow no maize like this on their own hillsides, hence this amazement. It is now my duty to express to the givers the gratitude of a grateful people, for that the Indians are a grateful people no one can justly deny. I speak with considerable experience and I declare that, speaking generally, the people of India are always deeply grateful for even little acts of kindness, and what must they feel in return for this great act of kindness on the part of Christian America you can readily conceive. In the name then, of all present, in the name of the people of India, and especially the famine-stricken and severely tried millions of this presidency, I thank you all most heartily for this splendid gift dictated by the purest motives of Christian love and large-hearted philanthrophy. I have high authority for stating that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that charity like mercy conveys a double blessing, and blesses him who gives as well as him who takes. May this charity have reflective action on Christian America and bless it as it deserves. Charity such as this helps to the union of the two flags—the Union Jack and the Stars and the Stripes by bringing about a union of hearts—the thing really symbolized by the union of flags.

THE CEREMONY OF "SAMPLING THE CARGO" ON THE "QUITO'S" DOCK, BOMBAY

Before Chairman Pollen are two silver dishes containing corn, salted and parched. Around him are missionaries, officials and native dignitaries.

Mr. Fee, United States Consul at Bombay, replied briefly. He said: "Telegraphic communications had passed between Dr. Klopsch and Lord Curzon as to the form which the gift fom America should take, and the Viceroy expressed his concurrence with the idea that a cargo of corn would be very acceptable, and the sympathy of America would be widely appreciated. Now they have the corn here. There were five thousand tons of it freely given, and if the need existed America would send as much more."

Captain Baird, the commander of the *Quito*, briefly thanked the assembled company for its evidences of good-will.

The addresses were all of the highest order, and throughout breathed the spirit of profoundest gratitude for, and highest appreciation of, the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the generous donors. Mention of the action of the United States Government in paying the charter of the vessel was greeted enthusiastically. As a whole, the demonstration was one that Bombay will long remember.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Sunny Italy

"I LOOKED FULL IN HIS FACE"

IN the centre of the city of Milan is an artificial lake where the Milanise dearly love to go out in beautiful pleasure yots, and in the winter it serves for a skating rink. Milan is noted for its charitable institutions, which owns property to the amount of forty or fifty millions; it is a honor to her. It has flourishing colleges, lyceums, observatories, gymnasiums, famous libraries, institutes and schools of all kinds, and the Academy of Fine Arts is celebrated all over the world. It has a beautiful triumphal arch, begun in 1807 and finished in 1838. They take their own time, them old Milanise do, but when their work is done, it is done.

Josiah thought most probable they worked by the day. Sez he, "Men are most always more shiftless when you pay by the day."

It has very fine public gardens, and one day we went to the Campo Santo. It is a beautiful spot: they say it has the finest sculpture and statuary in the world. We spent some time wandering around, resting our eyes on the beautiful marble forms on every side.

They wuz a quiet crowd, too; jest as calm and silent as them they kep' watch over.

Some of the most celebrated pictures in the world are to be seen in the picture galleries at Milan, the Marriage of Mary and Joseph, by Raphael, is considered the most valuable. We went to see the fresco of the Lord's Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, on the walls of an old convent. But the wall is crumbled and the picture is faded and worn; besides artists have tried to retouch it with just about as much success as Josiah would have if he undertook to paint the sky indigo blue, or Ury tried to improve a white lily with a coat of whitewash. But we loved to look on it for what it wuz before Time's hand had laid so heavy on it and artists had tried to protect it.

We wuz in Milan over Sunday and so we went to the Cathedral to service, and agin I realized its marvelous beauty and magnitude. Its ruff is supported by fifty-two columns, and it has eight thousand life-sized statutes inside and outside, plenty enough for comfort even if it wuz over-fond of statutes.

The Lazaretto, once used as a plague hospital, is now used as an apartment-house for the poor; it has one thousand two-roomed apartments in it, a city in itself.

The Discomforts of Iron Crowns

Napoleon, ambitious creeter! wuz crowned king of Italy in Milan. And I guess old Charlemaigne himself wuz, 'tennyrate a good many kings here had the iron crown set on their forwards. I d'no what made 'em have iron crowns, though Josiah said it would be real handy sometimes. He said if a king wuz in a hurry, and you know they are sometimes in a dretful hurry to be crowned before their heads are took off, it would be real handy, for they could take the rim to a stove griddle, and stand up some velvet pints on it and it would fit most any head. He also spoke of a coal-scuttie.

But I said that I guessed they used iron to show that crowns are so heavy and bore down on their heads so.

We visited Lake Como, Dorothy specially wantin' to see the palace of Carlotta. Poor, broken-hearted Carlotta, whose mind and happiness wuz destroyed by the shot that put an end to Maximilian's brave, misguided life.

Poor Maximilian! poor Carlotta! victims of the foolish ambitions of an empress, so they say. I wuz glad to throw the blossom of a pitying thought onto their memory as I passed her house, opposite Belajio, thinkin' that it wuz befittin' a American to do so. Tears stood in Dorothy's eyes as we recalled the sad tragedy.

Lake Como deserves all that has been said of it, and more too. The slopes of the mountains are dotted with vineyards, hamlets and beautiful villas. And we see many little cabins where the familys of organ-grinders live. Mebby the wife and children lived here of some swarthy creeter that I've fed offen my own back steps in Jonesville for grindin' out music for the children.

It is only a journey of eight hours from Milan to Venice, and Verona is about half way. And it is almost like travelin' through a mulberry grove. The valley of Lombardy is a silk-producing country and the diet of silkworms is mulberry leaves and the trees also serve as handsome props to the grape vines that hang from tree to tree.

Fur off, like cold, sad thoughts that will come in warm happy hearts, we see the snow-capped mountains, and bime by it grew so cold that we wuz glad and grateful when we had cans of hot water handed to us at the station.

Josiah thought they wuz full of hot coffee and proposed to once that we should take some to meetin' with us in Jonesville to warm our feet. Sez he. "How delightful it would be, Samantha, to take a good drink of hot coffee in meetin'."

"Yes," sez I, "it would look nice to be drinkin' in meetin'."

"Oh," sez he, "I mean to do it sly: I could scrooch down and pretend to be fixin' my shues." But it proved to be nothin' but hot water in the cans, but real comfortable to our feet. And the mulberry groves put Josiah in mind of another innovation that might be made in Jonesville ways.

Josiah on Caterpillars

Sez he, "These silk raisers git rich as mud and jest see the number of caterpillars we have to hum; they might jest as well be put to work on sunthin' that will pay as to be eatin' up young squashes and cowcumbers for us to plant over."

Sez he, "their work is worse than wasted on us."

Sez I, "These silkworms hain't like our caterpillars, Josiah."

"Well, they may make silk of a different color, but who cares for that when diamond dyes are so cheap, and if we wanted red silk we could try feedin' 'em on red stuff, beets, and red russets and such. Why," sez he, "with Ury's help I could start a caterpillar bizness that would be the makin' of me. And oh, how I would love to robe your figger, Samantha, in silk from my own caterpillars."

"Well, well," sez I, "let's not look ahead too much." Sez I, "Look there up the mountain side and see the different shades of green foliage and see what pretty little houses that are sot there and see that lovely little village down in the valley."

So I got his mind off. The costooms of the peasant wimmen are very pretty, a black bodice over a white chemise with short full sleeves and bright colored shirts and hat trimmed with long gay ribbons.

The men wear short, black trousers, open jackets and gay sashes, broad brimmed white hats with long blue ribbons streamin' down. Josiah sez to me admirin'ly, "How such a costoom would brighten up our corn field if I and Ury appeared in 'em."

Sez I, "Ury would git his sash and hat ribbons all twisted up in his hoe handle the first thing."

"They might be looped up," sez Josiah, "with rosettes."

We read about travel being a great educator, and truly believe that no tourist ever had any more idees about graftin' foreign customs onto everyday life at home than Josiah Allen did. Now at Lake Como where we see washerwomen at their work. They stood in the water with their skirts rolled up to their knees, but they still had on their white chemisettes and black bodices laced over them and pretty white caps trimmed with gay ribbins.

A Novel Suggestion

And Josiah sez, "What a happy day it would be for me and Ury if we could see you and Philury dressed like that for the wash-tub; it would brighten the gloom of Monday considerable."

Well, they did look pretty and I d'no but they could wash the clothes jest as clean after they got used to it, but I shouldn't encourage Philury to dress up so wash-days.

And it wuz jest so when we see on Lake Como its swarms of pleasure gondolas glidin hither and yon with the dark eyed Italian ladies in bright colored costooms and black lace mantillys thrown over their pretty heads and fastened with coral pins, and the gondoliers in gay attire keepin time to the oars with their melogious voices. Josiah whispered to me:

"What a show it would make in Jonesville, Samantha, to see you and me in a gondola on the mill-dam, with long, pale blue ribbins tied round my best beaver hat and you with Mother Allen's long, black lace veil that fell onto you, thrown gracefuI over your head, and both of us singin 'Balermy' or 'Coronation.' How uneek it would be!"

"Yes," sez I, "it would be uneek, uneeker than will ever come to pass."

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FUR OFF . . . WE SEE THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS

"Well, I d'no," sez he, "Ury and me could make a crackin' good gondola out of the old stun boat, kinder hist it up in front and whittle out a head on it and a neck come like an old gander's. We could take Old High Horns for a model, and we could make good oars out of old fish-poles and broom-handles, and you own a veil, and blue streamers don't cost much—nothin' henders us from showin' off in that way but your obstinate sperit."

But I sez, "I shall never appear in that panoramy, never."

"Oh, well," sez he, gayly, "Jonesville has other females beside you more tractable and more genteel. Most probable Sister Celestine Bobbett and she that wuz Submit Tewksberry would love to float in a gondola by the side of one of Jonesville's leadin' men."

Samantha Gives Warning

I looked full in his face and sez, "Has foreign travel shook your morals till they begin to tottle? Have I got to see a back-slidden Josiah?"

Sez he, real earnest, "You are the choice of my youth, the joy of my prime of life."

"Well, then," sez I, "shet up!" I wuz out of patience with his giddy idees, and wouldn't brook 'em.

We laid out to go from Milan to Genoa till we changed our plans. I thought it wuzn't no more'n right that we should pay Columbus that honor, for I always wondered, and spoze always shall, what would have become of us if we hadn't been discovered. I spoze we should have got along some way, but it wouldn't have been nigh so handy for us. I presoom mebby Josiah and I would have been war-whoopin' and livin' in tepees and eatin' dogs, though it don't seem to me that any colored skin I might have could have made it a fair seen, and "Jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain tops."

But to sweet Dorothy and me, and I guess to the most of us, it wuz interestin' because Juliet Montague, she that wuz Juliet Capulet, once lived here. I spoke on't to Josiah, but he sez:

"The widder Montague; I don't remember her. Is she any relation of old Ike Montague of North Loontown?"

But I sez: "She wuzn't a widder for any length of time. She died of love and so did her pardner, Romeo Montague."

Well, said Josiah, "that shows they wuz both sap heads. If they had lived on for a spell they would got bravely over that, and had more good horse sense."

Well, I spoze worldlings might mock at their love and their sad doings, but to me the air wuz full of romance and sadness and the presence of Juliet and Romeo.

The house where she once lived wuz a not over big house of brick, no bigger nor better than Bildad Henzy's over in Zoar, and looked some like it.

Josiah said it wuz so silly to poke clear over to Italy to see this little narrer house when we could see better ones to home any day.

Miss Meechim said that it didn't look so genteel as she expected, and Arvilly made a slightin' remark about it.

But Robert Strong said kinderlow, "He laughs at scars who never felt a wound." His eyes made me relish Snip either in a stew or briled. That dog is most human.

I always felt real grateful to Columbus and knowed he hadn't been used as he ort to be. And then Mother Smith left me a work-bag, most new, made of Genoa velvet, and I awfully wanted to git a little piece more to put with it so's I could make a bunnet out of it. But Dorothy wanted to see Verona and her wish wuz law to the head of our party, and when the head of a procession turns down a road, the rest of the procession must foller on in order to look worth a cent. Miss Meechim said that it wuz on her account that he favored Dorothy so. But it wuzn't no such thing and anybody could see different if their eyes wuzn't blinded with self-conceit and egotism. But take them two together and there is no blinders equal to 'em. They go fur ahead of the old mair's, and hern are made of thick leather.

Well, Robert thought we had better go on to Venice, stopping at Verona on the way and so on to Naples, and then on our way back we could stop at Genoa, and we all give up that it wuz the best way.

I always liked the name of Verona. Miss Ichabod Larmuth named her twins Vernum and Verona. I thought it would be a real delicate attention to her to stop there, specially as we could visit Genoa afterwards.

Well, havin' such a pretty name I felt that Verona would be a real pretty place, and it wuz. A swift flowing river runs through the town and the view from all sides is beautiful. The fur off blue mountains, the environin' hills, the green valleys dotted with village and hamlet, wuz on Dorothy's sweet face as he spoke.

And in her soft eyes as she looked at him I could almost see the meaning of Juliet's vow, "To follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

We didn't go to Friar Laurence's cell where Mr. and Miss Romeo Montague wuz married and passed away, not knowin' exactly where it wuz, old Elder Laurence havin' passed away some time ago, but we did go to the place they call her tomb; we rung a bell in the iron gate, paid a little fee, and was led by the hired girl who opened the gate to the place where they say she is buried. But I d'no as this is her tomb or not; I didn't seem to feel that it wuz, 'tennyrate the tomb don't look much like what her pa said he would raise above 'em:

As to Romeo and Juliet

"A statue of pure gold; that while Verona by that name is known, there shall no figure at such rate be set as that of true and faithful Juliet." Josiah not havin' come up to the mark in the way of sentiment at the house of Capulet, overdid the matter here; he took out his bandanna, and after flourishing it enough to draw everybody's attention to it, pressed it to his eyes and sort o' sithed.

But I doubted his grief, though he made such elaborate preparations for it, and I told him so afterwards. He acted real puggicky and sez:

"Can't I ever please you, Samantha? At the widder Montague's Pa's you thought I wuzn't sentimental enough, and I thought you would be tickled enough to have me shed tears at her tomb."

"Did you shed tears, Josiah?" sez I.

But he waved the question off and continued, "The guide told me that folks usually wep' some there, and I expected you all would, you are all so romantick and took up with the widder Montague and her pardner. I took the lead but none of you followed on."

Josiah Scorns Romance

"Well," sez I, "if you felt like weepin', Josiah, I wouldn't want to break it up, but to me it looked fur more like a waterin' trough than it did like a tomb."

"Well, you know how it is in the older part of the Jonesville buryin'-ground, the stuns are all tipped over and broke. Mr. and Miss Capulet have been dead for some time and probable the grave stuns have gone down."

Well, bein' kinder rousted up on the subject, I quoted considerable poetry about Romeo and Juliet, and Josiah bein' kinder huffy and naterally hatin' poetry, and real hungry, too, scorfed at and made light on me. He kep' it up till I sez:

"William Shakespeare said there wuz Two Gentlemen of Verona, and I should be glad, Josiah Allen, to think you made the third one; but a true gentleman wouldn't make light of his pardner or slight her reminiscences."

Sez he: "Reminescin' on a empty stomach is deprestin', and don't set well."

Well, it had been some time sence we had eat, and Tommy wuz gittin' hungry, too, so we returned to the tarven.

In the afternoon we went to see the old Roman amphitheatre. It wuz probably built not fur from A.D. Jest think on't! Most two thousand years old, and in pretty good shape yet! It is marble, and could accommodate twenty thousand people. All round and under it is a arch, where I spoze the poor condemned prisoners wuz kep' and the wild beasts that wuz to fight with 'em and kill 'em for the pleasure of the populace. Miss Meechim got dretful worked up seein' it, and she and Arvilly had words, comparin' old times and new, and the different wild beasts they encourage and let loose on the public. Arvilly's views, tinged and shadowed as they always are, by what she's went through, they both got mad as hens before they got through.

There are ruins of a large aqeduct near, which wuz flooded with water, I spoze, for aquatic sports way back, mebby back to Anna D, or before her. Some say that early Christians were put to death in this amphitheatre, but it hain't very clearly proved.

Well, we only stayed one day at Verona, and the next day we hastened on to Venice. *(To be Continued).*

"JOSIAH TOOK OUT HIS BANDANNA"

"WE VISITED LAKE COMO"

"TAKE THEM TWO TOGETHER," SEZ I

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Rev. Dr. Talmage in Russia

HE AGAIN MEETS THE CZAR AND ENJOYS A PLEASANT INTERVIEW

IN a cablegram to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from Moscow, Russia, our editor, Rev. Dr. Talmage, relates an interesting episode during his visit to St. Petersburg. His dispatch says:

"Since arriving in Russia I have had the honor of three interviews with royalty—i. e., with the Emperor, the Empress, and Dowager Empress. I found the Emperor in the enjoyment of splendid health physically. He told me that Russia is at peace with all the world, notwithstanding the present troubles in China.

"He expressed the greatest interest in our coming Presidential election, and talked as one who was a close observer of American events. A pleasant incident of our conversation was when, apropos of the prevailing famine in India, he recalled the great distress in Russia in 1892, and said that he could never forget the kindness of America in sending relief on that occasion—referring to the shipment of food on the *Leo*, which was the cause of my first visit to St. Petersburg.

"The Czar is a man of 5 feet 10 inches in stature, of blond complexion, and full of animation. His Majesty told me that he is thirty-two years old, but he does not look twenty-five.

"Among other matters of conversation the Hague Peace Convention was mentioned, and the Emperor said he believed that good results would yet come of that gathering.

"'How many things have happened since we last met,' he observed with a reminiscent smile. He mentioned the Spanish-American war, and without hesitancy called the names of our most distinguished naval and military heroes. He spoke cordially of the international friendship that has existed between the two countries, and mentioned, in illustration, the presence of the Russian fleets in the harbors of New York and San Francisco during the Civil War, for the purpose of protecting us from possible interference by foreign nations. Indeed, all through his conversation the tone of international amity was strongly present.

"The Empress is slightly taller than her husband and radiantly beautiful. She expresses her opinions without reserve. The Dowager Empress does not look a day older than when I last saw her. She smilingly reminded me of the flowers which she sent my family when I was in Russia eight years ago and indicated the spot where she had then stood with her children.

"Her beautiful eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she referred to the loss of her husband, her son and her mother."

It is expected that Dr. Talmage will sail from Liverpool for New York about October 17th.

Answered Prayers

Reader, Oxford, N. Y., writes: "I prayed for my mother, who was very ill, promising, if my prayers were answered, to acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My mother recovered, and I now write to redeem my promise."

An Idol Temple Given

The Salvation Army has received the offer of an idol temple in the village of Peyoodoo, India, for use as officers' quarters and for the holding of services.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors

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Gospel Democracy

LET every man have just what he achieves. There ought to be an aristocracy—not one built upon the accidents of wealth or celebrated ancestry, but an aristocracy of industry and of large-hearted deeds. Meanwhile, let it be understood that sceptre and shovel are brothers. Cathedral must not look down upon sailor's Bethel. The whole Gospel tendency is to bring together what are called the higher and lower classes. Christ came from the throne to a manger to bridge the distance between the two: and this idea of the nineteenth century, which would put the rich in churches by themselves, and the poor in churches by themselves, is an erroneous, unevangelical, heathenish, god-defying plan.

Avoid the Peril

THERE is one word that has dragged down more people into bankruptcy and state prison and perdition than any other word in the commercial world, and that is the word "borrow." That word is responsible for nearly all the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consternations of the last few years. When an executor takes money out of a large estate to speculate with it, he does not purloin it; he only "borrows." When some man of large financial institution, through flaming advertisement in some religious paper or gilt-edged certificate, gets country people to put their money into some enterprise for carrying on an undeveloped nothing, it is not fraud; he only "borrows." When a young man having easy access to a money drawer, or a confidential clerk having easy access to the books, takes a certain amount of money and with it makes a Wall Street excursion, he is going to put it back, he is going to put it all back, he is going to put it back pretty soon; he only "borrows." What is needed is some one with giant limb to stand at the curbstone at the foot of Trinity Church and at the head of Wall Street, and when that word "borrow" comes bounding along, kick it clear to Wall Street Ferry; and if it strike the deck of the ferry-boat and bound clear over to Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill, all the better for the City of Churches. Why, when you are going to do wrong, pronounce in such hot weather so long a word as the word "borrow," a word of six letters, when you can get a short word, a word more accurate, a word more descriptive of the reality, a word of five letters—the word "steal"?

It is high time that people learn that it is death to borrow for speculative purposes. We all sometimes borrow. We borrow legitimately, and we borrow with the divine favor. Christ, in his sermon on the mount, enjoined: "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away." A young man borrows money to get his education; all right. A man purchases a property and cannot pay all down in cash, and rightly borrows on mortgage. There are crises in business when it would be wrong not to borrow. But here is a warning: Never speculate on borrowed money—not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing.

Benediction of Flowers

ON this summer morning the aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuchia in every workingman's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And above all may there come upon us the blessing of him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee, O "Lily of the Valley!"

The Strength of Silence

SILENCE was never written down, for it expresses emotions of love, joy, sorrow, grief, etc., that have reached heights and depths beyond the power of words. And we are told that even heavenly language may fail to express heavenly feeling; for among the angels there was silence at the opening of the seventh seal and the presentation of "the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne" (Rev. 8: 3). This is that "prayer of union" which the soul longs after but too rarely reaches—when it enters the cloud with Moses, goes into the vast solitude of the Divinity, sees and hears and feels unutterable things, and is penetrated with an unspeakable, sweet sensation of God's love for her.

"Let thy soul walk softly here,
As a saint in heaven unshod;
For to be alone with Silence
Is to be alone with God."

Silence is not only the highest expression of feeling, it is also a great strength. Solomon makes it the mark of a fool, when a man "uttereth all his mind"; and many a brilliant reputation has been ruined by an open mouth. Silent men commit no blunders; for the brain works while the tongue is at rest.

Silence is the divinest wisdom; and the silences of Scripture are so golden that they furnish us with internal evidences for our faith that are better than facts or arguments; being so evidently the divine foresight of him who saw the end from the beginning. These divine silences abound all through the Scriptures, but in the present paper I shall only notice those in connection with the life of Christ.

First, there is the silence in regard to the exact time of his birth. Dr. Adam Clarke says it has been placed in every month of the year; and though Pope Julius fixed it on the 25th of December because, as the sun then begins to return to the northern tropics, so Christ was the emblem of returning life and light. But the spring and summer of one-half the globe are the autumn and winter of th other half; so this reason only answers fo one-half of Christendom.

Why did not the apostles tell us the exac date? They must have known it; and the were not too illiterate to know the importanc of dates. If they had written the Gospels a mere men, this would have been the very firs fact noted. It was not indifference. Nothin in that dear life could be indifferent to th men who had walked by the way, and sa with him at meat, and who loved their Lor even unto prison and to death. No, this silenc is of God, not man. He knew the tendenc of men to observe "times and seasons," an the new dispensation was not to be ritualisti but spiritual. This silence is the more remark able when we consider that no dates are give of any of the great events connected with th rise of Christianity, except the resurrectio morning, which is the central point of our faitl

The silence in regard to the early years o our Lord strikes every one as remarkabl Mary in her age lived with John, and he mus have heard all that the mother had "laid up i her heart." Yet John passes by the entire fan ily life of Christ, and includes the whole firs thirty years in the single sentence, "Th Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

How could the four evangelists write fou different narratives and be silent about thos thirty years? Time has interpreted this s lence, and shown the wisdom of it. We hav only to go into the churches, houses, streets o Roman Catholic countries, to see how the wo ship of the Child prevails over the worship o the God-man. If Mary's recollections had bee added to the one incident we have of Christ' youth, how would superstitions have accumu lated, and the spiritual been overlaid by th human!

Another silence still more wonderful a tends the life of Christ—our ignorance as t his personal appearance. What memorial the evangelists have given us of his majesti wisdom, his calm self-possession, his patience his loving, self-sacrificing heart! But who ha told us anything of the figure, complexion eyes, features, voice or manner of him wh was "fairer than all the children of men?"

This silence is also quite contrary to th practice of the writers of the Greek and Ro man world. Plato gives us such a perfect de scription of Socrates—his bald head, his fla nose, his thick lips, prominent eyes, round robust figure, homely dress, and bare feet— that we see the man as he paced the street and highways of Attica twenty-four centuries ago. The evangelists could have describe perfectly the outward appearance of him wh spoke as never man did; but herein their nar ratives are a blank. There is even only on allusion (that I recall) to our Lord's manner 'These words spake Jesus and *lifted up hi eyes to heaven*" (John 17: 1). Six times in si chapters John tells us he is the disciple whom Jesus loved, and yet no word describing tha dear Presence in its mortal aspect. Two o his disciples met him after his resurrection, and he walked and talked with them until thei hearts burned; but they leave us no word a to his appearance. This silence is the mor suggestive because it is also after the manne of the Old Testament, which says nothing o the bodily presence of its worthies. Of Abra ham, Moses, David, Elijah, etc., etc., we have no pen picture; so that there is a succession of thirty writers, extending over twenty-eigh hundred years, all observing the same reticence on matters treated by human biographers with elaborate diffuseness and interest.

This expressive silence is the veiling of the Christian Shekinah. Alford in his note on John 4: 24, says: "The Word became one flesh with us, that we might become one in spirit with him." This would have been de feated by too full details of his humanity, o by making any other use of that humanity than to raise our spiritual ideal of God. The tendency in all ages has been for men to make a god of any striking object, either in humani ty or nature; and visible presentiments of Christ and of Scripture worthies would have dragged down Christianity from its lofty spir itual character to heathenism with a manifest image and sacrifice.

There is something between God and man more than talk—it is a reverent silence full of holy thoughts and desires. To think much to let our words be few! What protection! What strength! What wisdom is here!—if only we guard well our thoughts, remember ing that our thoughts are heard in heaven—each soul saying for itself,

"Let my soul walk softly here,
As a saint in heaven unshod;
For to be alone with Silence
Is to be alone with God."

Amelia E. Barr

Our India Orphan Roll of Honor

AMERICA'S great heart is now being stirred to its depths by the appeal for the destitute famine orphans of India. Fully 500,000 of these helpless little ones are thrown homeless and friendless upon the world, and must perish like their parents, unless the men and women of Christendom reach out to save them. The first fruits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appeal are given below:

—THE FIRST ORPHAN BOY was taken by Rev. W. J. Peck, New York, to be educated for the ministry in a Congregational mission.

—THE TWO FIRST LITTLE ORPHAN GIRLS were taken by two girls, Ethel Beatrice Barnard and Mamie Georgia Barnard, of the Grace M. E. Sabbath School, of Buffalo, N. Y. These little girls are saving five cents a day for the support and education of their little orphans in a Methodist mission.

—The Epworth League of the M.E. Church, of Catharine, N. Y., F. Belle Lyon, secretary, assumes the support of ONE ORPHAN.

—Three people of Reedsburg, Wis., per W. F. Seymour, give five dollars each for the support of ONE ORPHAN in a Methodist mission.

—The Epworth League of the M.E. Church of Ellensburg, N. Y., Jerome Hammond, secretary, "assume care of ONE ORPHAN CHILD."

—The Young People's Society of the Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York, through Miss Grace E. McConnell, have sent money for the support of ONE ORPHAN CHILD in the mission of the Baptists in India.

—A letter from Monroe, La., with enclosure for support of ONE ORPHAN CHILD, had the signature "Unnamed."

—A Sabbath School class of boys in the Union Sabbath School of Lampeter, Pa., have taken ONE ORPHAN BOY.

—The members of the Women's Home and Foreign Mission Society of the Advent Christian Denomination, of Rockland, Me., Mrs. Sarah K. Taylor, secretary, join in caring for ONE HUNDRED ORPHANS—the first hundred to be taken.

—Ethel G. Carson, a little girl eight years of age, of Hendersonville, North Carolina, sends one dollar toward the care of AN ORPHAN.

—Mrs. F. C. Terry, Elizabeth, N. J., sends three dollars for ONE ORPHAN.

—Ella Reidy, of Wallaceton, Pa., wishes to adopt and give her own name to AN ORPHAN GIRL, who is to be cared for by a Baptist missionary.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged with our good missionaries in India a plan whereby any of our readers may **adopt a famine orphan** in India and be put in personal and regular communication with the little protege, thus enabling the donor to have a direct, personal, living interest in the object of his or her benevolence. Send your name and address (with your denominational preference) to

INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN RELIEF WORK,
Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Send also your first contribution toward the support of your protege. As the annual cost of supporting an orphan is $15, you may remit either a quarter's, half year's or whole year's contribution in advance, as you may decide. The names of all who respond favorably to this appeal will appear on the "India Orphan Roll of Honor," to be published from week to week.

CONNECTICUT

Adams, Eleanor .. 50
Aldrich, Mrs F A 05
Aldrich, Fred 10
Allen, Mr & Mrs W C 1 00
Anderson, Anna.. 25
Anthony, E M... 5 00
Armstrong, M S.. 2 00
Arnold, Eleanor.. 50
Atwater, F C.... 2 00
Atwater, Henry..10 00
Avery, Geo 51
Avery, Lily 90
Axelson, Arthur.. 21
Axelson, Olaf ... 15
Bartram, H L.... 2 00
Batley, Mrs F.... 1 00
Benedict, C A, (M D) 1 00
Bennett, Lula M. 05
Bolles, Mrs L A. 1 00
Bottonce, Mrs E.. 1 00
Bradley, Miss C M 2 00
Bradley, Gertie.. 1 00
Bradbury, Nellie.. 50
Brewster, B F... 2 00
Bride, Mrs 50
Brown, Albert .. 1 55
Brown, Mrs A S.. 5 00
Brown, Randall .. 1 00
Buck, J C..... 1 00
Buck, Mrs J C... 5 00
Buck, Kenneth .. 1 50
Burrows, Benj.... 5 00
Bushwell, Mrs H B 1 00
Cadwell, Chas K. 1 00
Camp, Mrs J..... 50
Camp, N P..... 1 00
Camphere, W H.. 2 00
Carlson, Albert... 10
Carlson, Anna .. 10
Carlson, Rose 05
Catlin, Mrs S L.. 5 00
Chapman, Mrs M 1 00
Clift, Will 50
Coates, Miss Mary 2 00
Comstock, Mrs... 50
Connally, M 50
Cook, Albert S... 2 00
Cooley, F R.....25 00
Corson, Wm R C25 00
Costello, Jennie.. 05
Cottrell, N 1 00
Crockett, D T.... 1 00
Curtis, Mary 60
Curtis, Mabred .. 60
Daggett, Mary J 20 00
Darbie, Marjorie. 25
Darbie, M A..... 1 00
Darbie, Mrs M A 25
Darbie, R A..... 25
De Forest, J E.. 1 00
Denison, Mr & Mrs D B 5 00
Denison, Fred ... 1 00
Dey, Miss E M.. 2 00
Elliott, C B..... 25
Ellis, Geo W..... 1 00
Ericson, Mrs 10
Evans, E D..... 2 00
Fish, Mrs H..... 2 00
Fish, Miss Susan. 1 00
Fletcher, B 2 00
Ford, S & M.... 1 50
Fyler, Abbie S & Friends 2 00
Garvie, Lily 1 00
Geddes, Miss A J 3 00
Goodwin, Mrs C S10 00
Griffin, Belle 1 25
Griswold, S E.... 1 00
Guernsey, L M... 2 00
Hawley, Mar & Ed 2 00
Henderson, Alice. 37
Hokanson, Anna.. 05
Hogan, Mrs J.... 05
Hollister, Geo ... 5 14
Hoxie, John 1 00
Hungerford, Mrs M L 7 56
Huntington, Jno T10 00
Hutchinson, A ... 25
Hutchinson, T ... 25
Hyde, E A..... 1 00
Hyde, Elsie 10
Hyde, Burdon ... 75
Hyde, T R, Jr.... 5 00
Hyde, T R, 3d.... 07
Ives, Mrs Levi... 2 00
Janson, B 1 00
Jepson, B 2 00
Jones, May 10
Klug, Mrs C..... 1 00
Lamb, Mrs C W. 2 00
Lamb, Nettie A.. 10
Langdon, Chas S.10 00
Latham, Mrs C... 5 00
Lawrence, R B... 1 00
Lester, Mrs C H.. 50
Lewis, Mrs J E. 3 00
Lewis, R B..... 36
Lewis, W C..... 3 00
Lineburgh, W G. 1 00
Lineburgh, Mr & Mrs W G, Jr... 2 00
Loucke, Mrs E... 1 00
Loveland, B 50
Lucas, Lottie ... 1 00
Lyman, Mrs J T. 5 00
McLean's, M Sch. 1 55
Mansfield, E 2 00
Maryatt, Mrs F A 1 00
Mason, Wm 5 00
Maynard, Mrs L. 1 00
Mellen, Moses ... 2 00
Messenger, Don.. 50
Messenger, F M.. 4 73
Messenger, Harry 20
Messenger, Mabel 50
Messenger, Marion 10
Mills, L H..... 5 00
Miner, Frank S.. 5 00
Miner, H 1 00
Morgan, Mrs F.. 5 00
Morgan, Forest.. 5 00
Moseley, Isabelle. 1 00
Neal, C A..... 1 00
Newbury, Mrs C E 2 00
Newbury, T H.... 1 00
Newkirk, Julia A. 5 00
Newton, E H.... 1 00
Nichols, James... 2 00
Norberry, Mr & Mrs Jno 75
Ockels, Mrs H & children 2 00
Packer, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Park, Carrie 1 00
Phillips, F I..... 1 00
Pitkin, Mrs A P. 2 00
Pope, Theo..... 10 00
Potter, C A..... 25
Potter, Floyd 1 35
Pratt, Mrs J C.. 4 00
Prentice, Elisa .. 2 00
Prentiss, Mrs M R 1 00
Putney, U 10
Rathbun, A 5 00
Redfield, Mrs H A 100 00
Reed, M E..... 1 00
Richards, A 10 00
Riggs, Mr & Mrs W G 2 00
Roberts, Frank S 2 00
Robinson, F W... 2 00
Robinson, Geo ... 1 00
Rogers, Mrs G M 1 00
Ross, Mrs C..... 2 00
Sanduson, R 2 00
Sanford, E L..... 2 00
Sawyer, Mrs J N. 2 00
Scranton, Lucy S. 1 00
Seymour, Mrs E C, Coll by..... 3 00
Sheehan, W 1 00
Shirley, Mrs 25
Silliman, C 1 00
Skow, P 1 00
Slack, A E..... 1 00
Smith, Mr C..... 1 00
Smith, Deacon ... 1 00
Smith, Frank A.. 5 00
Smith, Miss Josie 25
Smith, Miss M... 25
Soenson, Carl ... 03
Stackey, L H.... 5 00
Stoddard, L 16
Stone, Lucy A & J K, Raymond & P Chamberlin 2 25
Stone, Mrs Sarah. 10
Swanson, Alice .. 25
Swanson, Ida 10
Swanson, Ida ... 25
Swanson, Paul .. 50
Sweet, L W..... 5 00
Swift, Stanley ... 30
Taft, Mrs L M... 1 00
Tleegley, Nellie, by 7 25
Tracy, C L..... 4 00
Ward, Mrs G, coll by 5 75
Ward, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Ward, Mrs J L..10 00
Waters, Allie ... 25
Watrous, Mrs ... 50
Welk, C H & L.. 1 00
Wells, Amy Lee..10 00
White, A & B.... 5 00
White, Edna 27
White, Mrs G L..20 00
Wiggin, Dr 5 00
Wilcox, A E..... 1 00
Wilcox, C ..E.... 5 00
Wilcox, J H..... 2 00
Wilcox, Nelson .. 5 00
Williams, C E.... 2 00
Williams, E 76
Williams, J E.... 1 00
Williams, Jno R.. 50
Williams, O 1 00
Wolfe, Mrs B.... 2 00
Wood, Mrs L L.. 2 00
Woodworth, Mrs B F 1 00
Wright, Mrs O S. 2 00
Young, G L..... 5 00
Mrs D T, Bridgeport 5 00
E B, Hartford....12 00
E R, Fair Haven 1 00
G W O, Shelton.. 2 00
H L F, Nichols..25 00
J H R, Ivoryton. 50
L M P, Ivoryton. 50
M A H, Montville 2 00
M E C, New London 1 00
R T C, Bridgeport 5 00
Mrs R W, Rockville 2 00
W D H, Hartford 2 00
X Y Z, Greenfield Hill 5 00
—, Bridgeport.. 2 00
—, Hartford ... 5 00
—, Hartford ... 1 00
—, Hartford ... 25
—, Hartford ... 5 10
—, Hazardville. 1 00
—, Madison 5 00
—, New Haven.10 00
—, Newtown ... 25
—, Old Saybrook 90
—, Packerville.. 38
—, Redding 1 00
—, S Coventry.. 2 00
—, Stamford ... 1 00
—, Waterbury.. 2 00
Cash, Mystic 49
Cash, Mystic 1 00
Cash, Mystic 2 00
A Friend, Collinsville 1 00
A Friend, Middletown 25
A Friend, Ledyard10 00
Friend, Plainville 1 00
A Friend, Waterbury 5 00
Friend, Colchester 1 00
Friend, Hamden.. 30
Friend, Lakeville 1 00
Friend, (J S F) New London .. 1 00
Friends, Colebrook River 8 75
Friends, E Haddam 80
Friends, New Haven 15
Inasmuch, New Haven 5 00
Friends, Weston.. 6 16
In Christ Name, New Haven 1 00
I H N, Bridgeport 25
In mem of Bessie McCord Jerrington 3 00
Sympathizer, Willimantic 1 00
One who loves the Master, Wethersfield 2 00
An old Snbr, Winsted 1 00
A Sympathizer, Enfield 1 00
Bill the Baptist, So Manchester.. 1 00
Five little Girls & friends, Norwich 6 00
Officers & Crew Ram Isld L V, Noank 3 00
Pupils of Dist Sch 5, Salem 1 50
Cong'l Ch, Nepaug21 25
For the Master, Melrose 5 00
Palm, Thompsonville 4 00
Grace Allen Fund 2 00
New Jersey Teddie 2 00
78, Hartford 1 00
Baptist Ch, Deep River 43 04
Herbert Knapp Ch, Mystic 1 00
2d Bapt Ch, New London 25 00
Swed Bapt S Sch, Bristol 15 50
M E Ch, W Granby 6 00
Iranistan Ave Miss S S, Bridgeport 2 00
S Sch, Hartland. 2 00
Jewett City Jr Y P S C E of Cong Ch 1 00
C E Soc of Cong Ch, Hampton...10 00
Miss Soc of M E Ch, Bantam ... 9 00
Wom Miss Soc'y, Middle Hoddam, Cobalt 3 00
Y P S C E, Middlefield 2 81
Mizpah Cir, K D, Middlefield 2 50
Earnest Workers Soc, K Dr, East Thompson 3 00
C E Soc, Greenville Cong Ch... 5 00
Euphemian Circle, K Ds, Norwich. 5 00
Prim Day School, Grosvenor Dale. 28

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Cranor, L M..... 1 00
Harris, Mrs 25
Latavan, Jas 25
Leakyne, Jas..... 25
Lenny, Mrs G W. 25
McBride, Mary E. 2 00
Marcen, Chas 2 00
Marcn, Will S... 4 00
Mearns, H C 25
Mearns, Jessie S.. 1 00
Millard, Wm 3 00
Oenn, Mrs D..... 25
Reynolds, Mrs L.. 25
Warfield, Mrs..... 25
J B B, Jr, —..... 50
W B, Wilmington 2 00
Cash, Clayton.... 10
Cash, Clayton.... 10
Penny Collection, Clayton 2 69
M E Ch, Milton...24 24
St Lukes Ch, Wilmington 4 85
Woman's Home Miss Soc, Mt Salem 5 00

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Allers, Dorothy.. 5 00
Anderson, Mrs E M 2 00
Anderson, Mrs W 2 00
Asher, S L..... 2 00
Atkinson, Babies Dolores & Edwin 05
Atkinson, Ella .. 50
Bachrach, M 50
Balthis, Mrs M E 1 00
Barnes, Dr W M 25
Barton, Elsie, coll by 1 00
Bayne, Mary E .. 3 00
Beckett, M A.... 1 00
Benson, Mrs M E 8 00
Berry, Bertha ... 2 00
Bock, Thos H.... 5 00
Brandt, N & J... 1 00
Breckenridge, Mrs 2 00
Brooks, Mrs W B 3 00
Brown, Howard.. 2 00
Brown, Ida 05
Brunce, H M.... 5 00
Brundige, T W... 5 00
Bunting, Mrs J E 2 00
Burghess, Mrs .. 50
Burruss, Harry... 1 00
Chenoweth, E C. 1 00
Carroll, Miss 1 00
Clark, W B..... 2 00
Cole, Miss 5 00
Con, Miss 1 00
Conklin, Mrs H E 2 00
Cooper, J C..... 5 00
Cramer, A Glenn. 50
Cramer, A N..... 50
Crawford, Mrs W 1 00
Davis, Mrs Wm.. 05
Devilliss, Ettie .. 1 00
Donner, Mrs A... 2 00
Donnell, Mrs W.100 00
Dorsey, Martin .. 3 00
Dorsey, Mary ... 10
Dorsey, Nathan .. 05
Dorsey, Perry ... 10
Day, M S..... 1 00
Emmerich, G V, Jr 10 00
Englehart, J L... 2 00
Ewing, Eli E.... 1 00
Feeser, C A.... 3 00
Fisher, Chas D..100 00
Fisher, Wm A...100 00
Fitzhugh, Miss A E 10 00
Frederick, Mrs J N 5 00
Fronnan, E M... 1 00
Galt, Geo W..... 1 00
Gambrill, M C... 5 00
Gambrill, Dr W B 1 00
Gassaway, Helen, Mnneaster 1 00
George, Samuel K 5 00
Gillespie, Miss A. 05
Gordon, Mrs W.. 2 00
Griffith, Mrs R J. 2 00
Grimes, L A..... 5 00
Grafton, C 2 00
Greenway, E W.. 5 00
Griffith, Miss S A 50
Grogan, Chas E.. 5 00
Gue, Collie 25
Gue, W 50
Gue, Mrs W..... 50
Gutman, Mrs J... 2 00
Hagerty, Emily, Henrietta, Helen & Louise 15 00
Hall, I B..... 5 00
Hammill, Edw S 5 00
Hanson, Mrs A J 25
Hanson, Mrs F.. 50
Hanson, J F..... 50
Hanson, Minnie... 10
Harris, James P.. 2 00
Hayward, T J....20 00
Heffner, Sarah .. 50
Henkelman, Mrs J A 5 00
Herman, C C..... 2 00
Hill, Ida M..... 1 00
Hoblitze, Mrs O, Jr 5 00
Hoffman, Geo W. 2 00
Horner, Mrs G A.10 00
Horner, W F..... 5 00
House, Cora F... 50
Howard, Jno D.. 5 00
Hughs, G E..... 2 00
Hughes, M V..... 1 00
Hughes, Thos ...50 00
Hull, Wm J..... 2 00
Hutchinson, H S. 2 00
Hutchins, Miss S C 50
Isaac, J 1 00
Isaac, Miss M E. 1 00
Irving, Carroll M 5 00
Jacobs, Mrs I.... 2 00
Jackson, Emma .. 4 00
Jenkins, Clara ... 10
Johnson, Mrs A.. 1 00
Johnson, Bulah .. 50
Johnson, Jennie.. 2 00
Johnson, R W, (M D) 2 00
Jones, Mrs H.... 10
Key, Edward ... 5 00
Kline, Lucina 1 00
Kneeland, E L... 5 00
Kraft, Mr 50
Lamping, C 1 00
Latrobe, C H....10 00
Lauer, Mrs Levi.. 2 00
Lauer, S 3 00
Leitch, Frank 1 00
Levering, L M... 5 00
Levy, Mrs M S.. 2 00
Lewis, John F... 1 25
Lord, Alexander.. 2 00
Lyon, S H.....25 00
McCardell, Mr ... 50
McComas, Miss M J 1 00
Magruder, R R & Co 5 00
Mahoal, J B..... 1 00
Maslin, P B & K A 2 00
Meyer, M J & L Cobbens 2 00
Miller, J H..... 5 00
Miller, Lizzie ... 25
Mitchell, Levin .. 4 00
Moale, Geo N....10 00
Moore, G W..... 1 00
Montgomery, Annie 25
Mordecai, Mary B 1 00
Morgan, Henry & John 2 00
Morris, Mrs T H. 1 00
Moxley, Z 25
Munoz, Dr E A.. 5 00
Murray, The Misses 14 00
Newlee, Mrs E C & Wm Dukes.. 2 00
Norfolk, Miss M. 25
Orr, Mrs E J.... 1 00
Osborne, Ingle ... 1 00
Owings, T & fam 2 00
Parks, Mrs Thos. 3 00
Parr, G H..... 5 00
Peters, Geo W... 1 00
Phillips, Mrs T R 20
Phillips, Mae 1 00
Pole, Miss Jennie 1 00
Power, Miss H... 40
Power, Miss V... 25
Price, Isabelle B. 1 00
Randall, J R H.. 5 00
Roberte, Mrs C.. 25
Robinson, Mrs E A 6 00
Robinson, Wm J.. 1 00
Rush, Mary E... 1 00
Schenck, Mr & Mrs E 1 00
Shoemaker, Mrs S25 00
Skinner, Mrs Susie 1 00
Sloan, Robt N... 1 00
Shriver, Mrs J A & Clarina.....10 00
Smith, Mrs E..... 5 00
Smith, Etta 05
Smith, Mrs J.... 50
Smith, J P..... 10
Smith, L R..... 10
Snook, Abbie B.. 50
Snook, Bessie.... 50
Snook, Chas S... 50
Snook, Mary 50
Soper, M E..... 1 00
Sprigg, Miss S C. 6 00
Steele, Wm H... 1 00
Stewart, M B.... 1 00
Stotler, Mrs R.... 1 10
Stowe, T G..... 2 00
Swingley, J A... 5 00
Swomley, Danl .. 25
Symp, L P M 1 00
Taylor, Clara, Coll 1 25
Taylor, Elnora .. 1 00
Thomas, A 1 00
Thomas, Eliza ... 10
Thomas, J M.... 5 00
Thomas, Jno 10
Thomas, Jos 05
Thompson, Mrs E 1 00
Toukin, Mrs K.. 05
Tickner, W J.... 2 00
Travers, Mrs L D 1 00
Travers, Mrs & Mr Lee 3 10
Tucker, Wesley . 27
Tyler, Robt L.... 1 00
Veale, E R..... 1 00
Waltemeyer, M S 2 00
Wamsley, John & Carroll 75
Ward, Minnie E. 50
Warfield, Mrs H M 5 00
Waruee, Mary F. 2 00
Weston, H B.... 3 00
Weston, Laura A 1 00
Wetherall, Mrs.. 9 00
White, Agnes V.. 1 00
Whittingham, G H 5 00
Williams, Mrs E C 5 00
Winiams, Hy B. 2 00
Wilson, J D..... 95
Wood, Mrs Harry 1 00
Woods Ione..... 25
Woods, Misses .. 3 00
Wyatt, Mrs E R 2 00
Young, Misses E & R 1 00
Zepp, Sarah 1 00
Zielman, Mable.. 05
Louise, Balto ... 50
Paul, B, Elk Neck 1 00
Mrs C A S, Baltimore 2 00
E R W, Jr, Catonsville 1 00
E T J, Mt Washington 70
M C M, Baltimore 1 00
R V & C B, Balto. 2 00
Mrs S K, Balt... 1 00
W B F, Galeua. 1 00
W F W, Dar.... 1 00
W T, Baltimore.. 1 00
—, Baltimore .. 15
—, Baltimore .. 1 00
—, Baltimore .. 2 00
—, Baltimore .. 2 00
—, Baltimore .. 5 00
—, Baltimore .. 2 00
—, Baltimore .. 1 00
—, Baltimore .. 5 00
—, Baltimore .. 5 00
—, Baltimore .. 5 00
—, Baltimore .. 4 00
—, Baltimore ..26 00
—, Baltimore .. 1 00
—, Baltimore .. 1 00
—, Glenwood .. 5 00
Cash, Baltimore..15 00
—, Mountain Park Lake 1 50
—, Myersville .. 5 00
—, Roland Park & St Helena.. 2 00
—, Roland Park & St Helena... 2 00
—, Woodbrook.. 2 00
Friend, Balto ... 1 00
A Friend, Balto.. 2 00
A Friend, Balto.. 1 00
Friend, Johnsville 1 00
A Friend, Laurel 1 00
Friend, Libertytown 05
A Friend, Ridgely 25
Friend, Walkersville 1 00
Friends, Balto .. 5 00
I H N, Williamsport 1 00
P O Box 6, Brunswick 1 00
Ladies of Royal Oak 45 00
Result of Coll'n, Sparrows Pt....17 20
Mem of Household of Faith Ch, Aiken 6 50
Childrens M B of Trin E L Ch, Smithsburg 3 65
Presby Ch, Pocomoke 5 00
M E Ch South, Church Hill'.... 7 00
Cong Sassafras & Salem M P, Warwick 5 00
Union S Sch, Baltimore 12 29
Union S Sch, Garret Park 7 00
Pleasant Hill Un S Sch 1 56
Lafayette Sq Pres S Sch, Balto... 2 00
Roland Park Sch, Baltimore 3 00
Un Ch & S Sch, Dickens 7 00
M E S Sch, Eckhart Mines 2 00
M E Fletcher Chap Soc, Balto 6 50
Ep Lea, Belaire..10 00
Ep Lea, Ellicott City 1 03
Fairplay Uu Needlework Guild & W C T U..... 6 50

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Abbe, F R..... 2 00
Aborn, H W.....10 00
Adams, C L..... 1 50
Adams, G 1 00
Aldrich, C H..... 2 00
Allen, Francis R. 5 00
Allen, Mr L B.. 1 00
Ames, C G.....10 00
Andrew, Helen L. 2 00
Annis, E M & fam 6 00
Appleby, Ruth M 5 00
Arms, O S..... 1 00
Ashley, W F..... 10
Atkins, L A..... 2 00
Atwood, Mrs A B100 00
Bacon, P C..... 1 00
Bailey, H R..... 2 00
Baker, C F.....10 00
Barker, Julia S.. 3 00
Batcheller, J H.. 2 00
Bechtil, A A..... 1 00
Bell, J T..... 60
Bennett, Gilbert. 2 00
Bernstein, L T.. 2 00
Berthoff, C E.... 2 00
Best, T H.....10 00
Bigelow, R P.... 5 00
Blake, C J, (M D) 5 00
Blake, Mrs E J.. 1 00
Bogart, Mrs 1 00
Boland, Dr E S... 5 00
Bond, C H..... 5 00
Bontwell, E 30
Boutwell, L M... 25
Boutwell, R S.... 15
Bowles, Mrs E R 1 00
Bowman, Dr W H10 00
Brandon, E M.... 1 00
Bremer, Mrs S P 5 00
Brewer, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Briggs, Lloyd ... 2 00
Brcoker, Mrs H J 25
Brooks, Mr 10 00
Brown, A M..... 2 00
Brown, Geo W...25 00
Brown, H T..... 1 00
Brown, S A.....10 00
Buckmaster, Mrs C J 1 00
Bullard, Mrs J E. 25
Burns, Blanche.. 10
Burns, Clarence.. 10
Burns, David ... 15
Burns, Mrs David 20
Burns, Eva 10
Burpee, Miss D.. 1 00
Canfield, A L.... 4 00
Carbone, G L..... 5 00
Carew, Mrs A.... 50
Carson, E H..... 2 00
Cassidy, Katie .. 25
Chapin, Mrs W G 5 00
Cheney, R F..... 3 00
Chipman, J K... 2 00
Church, L E..... 20
Churchill & Bean 2 00
Clapp, Mrs A S... 1 00
Clark, Miss A J.. 5 00
Clarke, Miss H G 2 00
Clark, J P..... 5 00
Clifford, Mrs A.. 2 00
Cobb, I P..... 2 00
Coit, Mrs E..... 1 00
Cook, Mrs Lyman 1 00
Cooley, E J..... 3 00
Coon, Marion, (M D) 1 00
Cooper, Mrs C E. 5 00
Cram, Rufus ... 1 00
Crane, Mrs S M. 2 00
Crowell, M L.... 1 00
Cudworth, Mrs L H 2 00
Curtis, C M..... 2 00
Curtis, Henry P..10 00
Davis, Chas Edw. 2 00
Davis, Mrs E.... 2 00
Davis, Engenie E 1 58
Davis, H P W.. 5 00
Davis, L 2 00
Davis, Osie B.... 2 00
Davis, P H.....10 00
Decker, M H.... 1 00
Dewick, Chas F.10 00
Dexter, C W..... 5 00
Dickey, H A..... 2 00
Dight, Alex 5 25
Dillingham, Mrs. 2 00
Dixon, Mrs Jas H 3 00
Dolloff, Bessie .. 5 00
Dolloff, Jennie M 3 00
Drape, E 2 00
Dresser, H W.... 6 47
Dunbar, W H....10 00
Dunn, Mrs T..... 4 00
Durocki, W 1 00
Duston, Mrs P M 50
Easton, Mrs D M 1 00
Edwards, E 2 00
Eiseman, J 1 00
Ely, Edward F..10 00
Emerson, N W... 5 00
Emery, B T..... 5 00
Enegren, Emma C, & Chas E.... 2 00
Etheridgfie, J M.. 1 00
Fairbanks, Mrs J C 2 00
Fells, Mrs F E N 1 00
Ferguson, Mrs A 3 00
Fiske, C H, Jr.. 1 00
Ford, F 2 00
Flanders, Mrs L.. 1 00
Forbes, Mrs W.. 5 00
Forsyth, Jas B.. 5 00
Foster, G M..... 45
Foster, R & D.. 2 00
Frost, W E..... 2 00
Fuller, Mrs J B. 2 00
Gardner, Geo A.50 00
Gaston, Louisa B10 00
Garrett, A C.....10 00
Geer, H D..... 1 00
Gilmour, W G... 5 00
Glazier, F N..... 1 00
Gordon, Miss A.. 2 00
Gracie, C 25
Graham, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Graves —, ... 25
Graves, Mrs G N 25
Graves, L M..... 05
Graves, Mrs M.. 25
Graves, S S..... 25
Gray, Mr & Mrs R 25 00
Green, G P.....10 00
Greenwood, A S.. 5 00
Grimes, Annie.... 25
Grimmes, H 1 00
Hagar, L M..... 1 00
Haigh, Miss..... 2 00
Hale, Frank W... 5 00
Halls, Mrs, S Sch class of Beth Ch 1 50
Hall, Mrs E J.... 2 00
Hammond, Mrs L E 1 00
Hanns, P H..... 5 00
Hapgood, H..... 1 00
Hapgood, Mrs M W 5 00
Hardiug, E W.... 5 00
Hardy, Dr & Mrs J R..... 2 00
Hare, Thomas.... 5 00
Harney, Marie.... 2 00
Harris, E A.....25 00
Haskins, D G Jr.. 2 00
Haynes, J O..... 1 00
Haywood, Mrs J L W 1 00
Henshaw, Mrs G B 1 00
Heywood, E W.. 2 00
Hollingsworth, Mrs G..... 5 00
Holmes, Edgar M. 5 00
Holmes, Evelyn... 5 00
Hooker, L H.....25 00
Howlett, Miss E.. 25
Hubbard, Mrs L L 5 00
Jameson, Mrs H.10 00
Jethas, Louise.... 1 00
Jewett, Mrs J N.. 5 00
Johnson, Agnes...20 00
Johnston, Mrs H M 1 00
Jones, Mrs J E... 5 00
Kelly, Catherine.. 1 00
Kemalyan, Araxie 25
Kemalyan, Edw.. 5 00
Kempton, J B.... 2 00
Kendall, A C..... 1 00
Kern, F..... 1 00
Kettle, C L..... 2 00
Khotter, Rev Jas G 3 00
Kibbie, Miss C.... 25
King, Mrs S F....10 00
King, Sara B..... 1 00
Knapp, F A..... 2 00
Koetter, Mrs H... 1 00
Kurtz, F P..... 5 00
Lamb, V..... 1 00
Lane, Mrs F H. 5 00
Lauman, Chas R.. 5 00
Larkin, Geo..... 50
Law, E W..... 2 00
Lawrence, C G... 2 00
Leath, Johnnie.... 05
Legg, W E A..... 5 00
Levy, Solomon.....5 00
Lewis, E J, Jr.... 5 00
Lincoln, A V.....10 00
Lond, Mrs A J.... 5 00
Lowell, W.....10 00
Lyman, Geo H...100 00
McCarty, Essie... 1 00
McCurdy, Miss A H 2 50
MacKenzie, C K.. 2 00
Mackie, A H.....12 00
McMunison, A.... 50
Maier, Flora B... 1 00
Maltby, Mrs E B.. 1 00
Manley, Mrs..... 1 00
Manning, J..... 2 00
Margesson, H P.. 1 00
Markham, Mrs E. 2 00
Mason, Miss A... 1 00
Mason, Mrs H C.. 6 00
Mason, H E..... 5 00
Matthews, Alice.. 5 00
May, Mrs Wm... 2 00
Maynard, M..... 25
Merrill, Joshua...20 00
Merrill, S.....10 00
Meserve, M A.... 1 00
Messinger, S D... 1 00
Mills, Frank P...20 00
Moore, Chas H... 5 00
Morrison, M..... 50
Morrison, W L....10 00
Morse, Robt M...10 00
Mottez, E P.....10 00
Moyes, Mrs A A. 2 00
Newman, M L.... 2 00
Newton, Eunice.. 5 00
Ohlson, A..... 1 00
Orton, Mrs N R.. 75
Olsson, Emma P.. 2 00
O'May, Mrs..... 1 00
O'Neil, R F..... 5 00
Parker, F J..... 5 00
Perry, M D, & M D Packard..... 2 00
Perry, M J..... 3 00
Peterson, A..... 5 00
Pierce, F H..... 5 00
Pierce, Mrs H.... 2 00
Pilsbury, M L & E L 2 00
Piper, Mrs F K... 2 00
Pollar, Inez M.... 1 00
Porter, Mrs A.... 25
Porter, Alansou... 1 00
Porter, H C..... 1 00
Pugh, M..... 25
Pugh, Marie..... 25
Pugh, Nellie..... 25
Pugh, Pansy..... 25
Putnam, N A..... 5 00
Reed, C W..... 3 00

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

Reed, Joshua..... 1 00
Reed, M S..... 2 00
Remick, L S..... 4 00
Reynolds, Mrs N F 1 00
Rice, Cyrus..... 1 00
Rice, Edw D.....10 00
Rice, Mrs M E....10 00
Richard, Lottie... 10
Richards, Miss C. 5 00
Richards, Mrs F.. 10
Richardson, N.... 5 00
Richardson, W W 2 00
Ripley, W H..... 50
Ritz, Mr & Mrs J. 2 00
Robbins, Albert... 1 00
Robbins, C L.... 1 00
Robbins, Mrs E D 5 00
Roberts, Mrs..... 50
Robinson, H S.... 5 00
Rolfe, J W..... 5 00
Rood, R B..... 1 00
Runnoel, Mr O... 10
Russell, Lewis.... 1 00
Salter, R J..... 2 00
Saunders, Bessie. 25
Sawyer, Mrs A M 5 00
Sawyer, Mary A.. 1 00
Sewall, Miss L... 2 00
Sharkey, R..... 2 00
Shaw, Mrs..... 25
Shick, E F..... 5 00
Silva, T P, M D.. 2 00
Sinner, Mrs..... 10
Skelton, G E..... 1 00
Smart, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Smith, Mary..... 2 00
Soule Dr G W.... 2 00
Spaulding, L 25
Spaulding, D W.. 25
Sprague, Mrs C F.20 00
Sprague children. 1 50
Sprague, J Wm R 1 00
Stearns, C C..... 2 00
Stevenson, Guy... 2 00
Stewart, Mrs C F. 1 00
Stewart, M S....25 00
Stone, Mr & Mrs 3 00
Stowell, M A.... 3 00
Snmner, C O..... 2 00
Talbot, J..... 1 00
Tarbell, Emeline.. 1 00
Temple, Mrs E H 2 00
Thresher, Mrs O.. 50
Tilton, B L..... 5 00
Todman, Julian... 5 00
Tolman, M C.... 2 00
Trautman, M..... 4 00
Turner, Mrs A S.. 1 00
Upham, J H..... 5 00
Vinson, Mrs C S.. 5 00
Wagner, H..... 2 00
Walling, Sadie H. 5 00
Wash, Mrs L..... 2 00
Wells, Mrs W H, coll by..... 2 00
Wheeler, C E....10 00
Whipple, C & S.. 20
White, E W..... 1 00
Whitmore, J C.... 1 00
Whitney, C A, coll by 16 15
Whittemore, Rev C F.....10 00
Williams, W B Jr. 2 00
Winlock, A & L.. 2 00
Wolcott, J A..... 5 00
Wood, R J..... 2 00
Woodbury, Mrs J. 25
Woodhull, C E.... 5 00
Wright, Mrs S A.. 2 00
Albert, Boston Highlands 50
Alise, Boston Highlands 50
Charlie, Boston Highlands 50
Cowen, Boston Highlands 50
Gertrnde, Boston Highlands 25
Hanry, Boston Highlands 50
Harper, Boston Highlands 50
Harry, Boston Highlands 50
Henry, Boston Highlands 50
Herman, Boston Highlands 25
Hugh & Ella, Worcester 1 00
Hugo, Boston Highlands 50
Jennie, Boston Highlands 25
Joe, Boston Highlands 25
John, Boston Highlands 50
Lizzie, Boston Highlands 50
Margaret, Boston Highlands 25
Minnie, Boston Highlands 25
Ned C, Boston Highlands 50
Nellie, Boston Highlands 25
Rita, Boston Highlands 25
Sablin, Boston Highlands 25
Sadie, Boston Highlands 25
Shone, Boston Highlands 50
A B, sister & niece, New Dorchester 2 10
C A M, Three Rivers 1 00
E & P, Boston.... 1 00
E I K, Boston.... 1 00
E L A, No Cambridge 50
E N J, Boston.... 2 00
E T W, Boston... 1 00
E W L, Beach Bluff 5 00
F C P, Winchester 1 00
J A M P, Haydenville 1 00
J S B, Boston... 20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

J L W, G H W, I W, Jamaica Plains 12 00
L & S E B, Hingham 1 00
L B R, Haverhill 1 00
M A G, Boston... 1 00
M L G & E P H, Boston 2 00
M M M, Jamaica Plain 1 00
N M, Cambridge.. 1 00
Mr. & Mrs E W M 2 00
—, Back Bay.... 2 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston.....100 00
—, Boston 25
—, Boston..... 1 25
—, Boston..... 5 00
—, Boston..... 2 00
—, Boston..... 5 00
—, Boston..... 1 00
—, Boston.....12 00
—, Boston..... 5 00
—, Boston.....10 00
—, Beverly..... 1 00
—, Cambridge...10 00
—, Cambridge... 2 00
—, E Bridgewater 1 00
—, East Northfield 1 00
—, Jamaica Plains 2 00
—, Montague.... 65
—, No Falmouth. 1 00
—, No Leverett. 25
—, No Leverett. 25
—, Roxbury..... 5 00
—, Vineyard Haven 30
—, Ware..... 1 00
A friend, Boston. 2 00
A friend, Bay View 1 00
A friend, Bay View 50
A friend, Boston.. 4 00
A friend, Boston.. 2 00
A friend, Boston.. 1 00
A Friend, Saunderville 3 20
A friend, Whitman 2 00
A friend, Worcester 10 00
Friend, Boston.... 2 00
Friend, Boston... 1 00
Friend, Boston... 2 00
Friend, Boston... 1 00
Friend, Boston... 2 00
Friend, Belchertown 3 00
Friend, Clinton... 5 00
Friend, Essex..... 1 00
Friend, Maynard. 1 00
Friend, Roslindale 25
Friend, Webster.. 2 00
Two friends, Haverhill 50
A friend of the cause, Roxbury. 2 00
Friends, Easton.112 00
Friends, Boston.. 2 00
Friends, Vineyard Haven 3 00
Two friends, Boston 15 00
Two friends, Salem 5 50
Several friends, Middleton 1 00
Friend & reader, Webster 1 00
Friends in Ludlow, thro W C T U.. 7 50
"Inasmuch," No Attleboro 2 00
I H N, Boston...20 00
In His Name, Boston 1 00
A reader, Athol... 6 00
Reader of the Wellspring Palmer 2 00
Sympathizer, Boston 2 00
Two sympathizing friends, Dighton 7 00
In memory of C A J, Boston..... 5 00
Mother & daughter, Halifax.... 1 00
Cl of boys Stoughton St S S, Dorchester 1 04
In the name of four Edgartown friends 1 00
Ashmont, Boston. 3 00
Boss, Boston Highlands 10 00
Catholic, Boston.. 20
Bankers, Boston..31 00
Willingly, Springfield 2 00
Thank offering, Wilmington 1 00
Stowell & Rose... 1 00
A Widow's Mite, No Leverett..... 10
A daughter of the covenant, Boston 2 00
A mite for starving India, Boston 25

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

S S Cl of 1st Bapt Ch, Billerica.... 2 00
A Jew, a Welshman & 2 Yankees, Boston ... 1 00
Little Margnerite, Rosliudale 25
A few nurses in the S Hospital, Taunton 4 10
Occupants suite 21 Hotel Westland, Boston ... 5 00
Little Boy & Girl in Boston..... 1 18
Infant S S Cong Ch, Monson..... 3 00
Marstons Mills Ch 7 00
M E Ch, Webster.33 00
Belmont M E Ch, S Sch, Malden. 1 60
Union ent given by the Prot chs, of Lawrence & vicinity 635 70
Summer Sch Gr, V L, Hollbrook.. 50
Primary Dept of 1st Trin Cong S Sch, Lowell..... 4 00
Prim Dept of Plymouth Cong S S, Framingham ... 2 25
Teacher & pupils of Boys' S S Cl Cong Ch, So Dennis 2 00
Belmont M E S Sch, Malden....40 00
Bapt Sch, Athol.. 1 80
S Sch, Marston's Mills 1 00
C E Soc, Peru... 5.53
Epw Leag, Marston's Mills..... 2 00
"Sunshine Club," Arlington Hgts. 5 00
Children's Flower Club, Springfield 1 00
C E Soc, Forest Dale, Malden .. 3 05
K D Dudley St Bapt Ch, Roxbury 5 15
S Sch, Unionville.. 2 00
M E S Sch, Locks Village 3 25
Coll at Children's Day Ex, Cong S Sch, Tewksbnry.25 97
Prim Dept Cong S S, So Braintree, 1 00
Bapt S Sch, & Y P S C E, Shirley 3 00
Bapt Sunday Sch, Carver 3 50

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Austin, Mrs 1 00
Ballard, J H.... 50
Ballard, Marion.. 50
Berry, James M. 2 00
Bickford, L K.... 2 00
Blair, Wm 25
Brooks, Levi & family 1 00
Brown, H W.... 1 00
Burbank, Mrs G W 1 00
Caverly, Mrs A A 1 50
Davis, Miss L.. 1 75
Davis, Mrs W D 5 00
Davison, E F.... 5 00
Dementt, A B... 1 00
Dinsmore, Mrs D 25
Dow, John A.... 5 00
Dustin, Mrs A J 1 00
Fall, E E..... Libby, Mrs V.. Gendro, Mrs C. Shannon, Mrs A E 1 00
Folsom, Rev J D 2 00
Gond, Elmer ... 25
Gond, Mrs E J.. 50
Gond, Geo S.... 1 00
Gond, P L..... 50
Greengrass, R G.. 1 00 Hall, Mrs ..... Blood, Mrs .... Fletcher, Mrs.. 3 00
Holt, Eddie 50
Horne, Mrs J N. 1 00
Knights, Mrs T F 50
Lary, Mrs Lucy. 25
Loring, Roy E... 25
Miltimore, S L.. 1 00
Paige, S A..... 2 00
Perry, Mrs G W 1 00
Pettengill, Mrs R 30
Poor, M A..... 5 00
Reed, Ethel M & Everett 75
Rigford, S E.... 1 00
Rogers, Blanche. 1 00
Sawyer, Alvah .. 1 00
Simmons, C L & friends 5 50
Sisco, Gordon .. 25
Smith, W S..... 1 00
Stevens, N P....10 00
Stevens, P 1 00
Towle, Mildred.. 2 00
Vickery, Mrs E.. 1 00
Whitney, Nathan25 00
Wight, D R..... 25
Wight, Mrs Emma 36
Wight, Mrs P L.. 50
Willis, Mrs Nancy 25
E F A, Marlboro 2 00
L G, Colebrook.. 1 00
S D T, Concord.. 1 00
—, Dover 2 00
—, Goffstown .. 10
—, Laconia 1 00
—, Manchester.. 1 00
—, Portsmouth. 8 00
—, Sanbornville 1 00
Friend, N Hampton 1 00
Friends of the Needy, E Tilton.30 19

N. HAMPSHIRE—Cont'd.

Friends, So Ackworth 7 00
Few Chr Scientists, Jackson.. 3 00
Mother & Dan, Loudon 5 00
Dist No 4 Sch, Londonderry .. 1 00
Queechy, Hollis Depot 1 00
A Sister in Him, N Londonderry 3 00
Friends M E Ch, Coll by, E Columbia 10 00
Centre Cong Ch, Gilmanton 5 65
First Cong'l Ch, Barnstead 3 47
Ossipee & Wakefield Free Bapt Ch 3 25
S Sch, Hillsboro.. 1 50
M E S S, Brookline 4 50
Children of Cong S Sch, Pittsfield 43 15
Ep Lea, M E Ch, Enfield 6 50
Y P S C E, Goshen 1 00
Jr Ep Lea, Swift River 1 00
C E Soc, West Canaan 3 00
Ep Lea, N Grantham 4 00
W Cong Soc & C E S, Oxford... 19 30
W T C Soc, Northwood Ridge 1 00
Y M C A, Dummer 1 50
Ch End Soc, Dummer 3 09
C E Soc, Ackworth 1 00
C E Soc, S Ackworth 3 00

NEW JERSEY

Adams, James ...10 00
Adams, Somers .. 25
Augel, Geo W... 2 10
Baker, Mrs F R. 1 00
Blackman, Jno... 25
Blank, Susan 25
Bocken's, Mrs P L, S S Cl, 1st Pres Ch, Cape May.. 1 00
Boice, Edgar J... 1 00
Bonagraver, Emma 36
Bostich, May & Gertrnde 1 00
Brands, Rnsling, Coll by 2 00
Brown, Jas G....10 00
Brown, Mattie ... 75
Burtis, R 2 85
Burtnett, C L.... 2 00
Carew, Ella 25
Carson, Miss B.. 5 00
Cole, Anna I..... 1 10
Cook, Elizabeth S 1 00
Conche, Lula 1 00
Craig, C E..... 3 25
Croot, J W..... 2 00
Crowell, H 2 00
Crowell, Mrs S.. 1 00
Davis, Olden 1 50
Dennis, Carrie .. 1 95
Dey, Mrs Chas... 1 00
Durand, E ..... Neuffer, M .... Gallagher, B .. Hollier, I ..... Davis, F ..... Culberly, J 11 50
Dye, Raymond... 10
Eldridge, Horace. 16
Eldridge, May ... 60
Eliott, Thos 5 00
Fagans, Laura .. 41
Fine, Mrs P G... 2 00
Floto, Miss H A. 1 00
Flumerfelt, Eva.. 1 00
Gandy, Nettie ... 2 00
Gillem, Sarah 1 00
Hankins, A W... 1 00
Harrison, Mrs C D 2 00
Heath, Mrs H.... 1 00
Hendershot, J H.. 5 00
Heninger, Danl... 50
Hepburn, Mrs W.. 2 00
Hile, Geo 5 68
Holley, Miss H.. 2 00
Holton, M E.....10 00
Holton, Mary 1 00
Horter, Rev G C. 2 73
Hortes, Rev G C 3 83
Hunt, Mrs G E & friends 3 00
Ingersoll, Rich'd. 25
Jeffries, Jos 25
Jeffries, Lovina .. 25
Joslin, E N..... 2 00
Joslyn, M C..... 2 00
Kinney, C 2 00
Knipe, S W..... 2 00
Lanning, Mrs J S & Mrs E Wolfe 2 00
Lear, Lizzie 1 00
Lewis, Miss C.... 25
Ligget, E L..... 5 00
Locke, John 10
Longstreet, D T H 1 00
Lund, Herman .. 5 00
Lyon, Grace V... 2 50
McCabe, Fred ... 35
McCabe, Lillie ... 1 02
Moore, G P..... 2 00
Muller, Lizzie 5 00
Murphy, John .. 15
Murphy, Lester .. 25
Murphy, Lizzie .. 56
Nixon, Mabel 12 00
Poole, Katie 25
Post, Miss Etta.. 1 00
Potter, F W..... 2 00
Price, J T..... 50
Price, Mrs John.. 1 00
Reinheimer, D .. 25
Robotham, R 1 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.

Runyan, Alonzo D 1 00
Saxton, Mrs 1 00
Scull, Mrs A..... 50
Scull, Miss H..... 50
Scull, H L..... 25
Scull, John B.... 25
Sharp, Samuel .. 2 00
Shepherd, Emma. 1 00
Shinn, Mrs A B.. 1 45
Shimer, J M R.. 2 00
Smith, C H..... 1 00
Smith, Richard .. 2 00
Somers, Chas B.. 2 00
Steelman, C H... 25
Steelman, J L.... 25
Steele, W L..... 1 00
Steelman, J B.... 25
Stryker, Martha.. 1 00
Stryker, Sarah... 69
Swain, Millicent Y10 00
Titns, Mrs Jno M 5 00
Uhl, F C..... 2 00
Van Dillen, L.... 2 00
Walling, Mrs C.. 1 25
Ward, Miss H M. 1 00
Welch, Katie 31
Welch, E D..... 24
West, Percy 35
Wheaton, Miss S 50
Winans, Alfred.. 2 00
Woodlin, Miss B E 15
Zabriskie, Mrs T 1 00
Arthur, Newark.. 1 00
A J, Jersey City 1 00
B S, Camden 2 00
Mrs C A V & Mrs I E H, Bayonne 2 00
C E, Griggstown 1 00
E E E & G, Clifton 5 00
E M D, Plainfield 1 00
E Z, Annandale.. 55
F H M, Jr, Plainfield 1 00
F W P, Elberon.. 2 00
G E J, Rahway.. 1 00
G H W, Hazlet.. 1 00
G W M, Kearney 2 00
I B H, Lebanon. 20
J D H, Summit.. 1 00
J F C, Cedarville 5 00
M F N, Rockaway 2 00
M R T, Atlantic Highlands 1 00
N D, Cedar Lake 1 00
W H B, Rahway.. 1 00
X Y Z, Montclair 1 00
—, — 25
—, Englewood .. 25
—, Mauricetown. 2 00
—, So Orange... 1 00
Cash, Steelmanville 25
Cash 25
Friend, Bloomfield 100 00
Friend, Dias C'k. 10
Friend, E Orange 2 00
A friend, New Brunswick 2 00
Friend, Ramsey.. 2 00
A Friend, Union Hill 1 00
Sympathizer, Centreton 2 00
A Subr, Merchantville 2 00
Subr, West Long Branch 2 00
I H N, Heislerville 2 50
I H N, Hillside.. 1 20
I H N, Ocean City 1 00
Abiding in Him Circle, Bayonne. 1 00
Public Sch, Marlboro 2 00
Citizens, Newark300 00
Inter Dept, Woodbury 3 00
2 Sisters, Swartswood 2 00
Lea Chap No 7172, Sayreville 6 00
Franklin Chapel, Caldwell 11 13
From a woman, Lumberth 1 00
Peoples Bapt Ch & S S, Bayonne..100 00
Olivet M E Ch & S S & Greenville S S, Centreton.29 00
Union Service of Pres & M E Chs, Absecon 20 00
Citizens, Newark.150 00
From a little band, of Christians, Plainfield 3 15
Class of Young Girls, Woodbury 2 00
Rio Grange M E Ch, Green Creek14 00
L S of Norwegian Cong Ch, Hoboken 5 00
1st Ref Ch, Ridgewood 2 00
Bapt Ch, S Plainfield 4 10
Sower Valley Pres Ch, Califon 45 00
Bapt Ch, Westfield25 00
M E Ch, Farmingdale 3 90
Union Mtg in Cal M E Ch, Keyport 117 50
Central M E Ch, Newark 10 00
Meml Presby Ch, Newark 169 12
Cl No 30 1st Bapt S S, Burlington 1 50
S Sch, Copper Hill 5 50
New Market S D B S S, Dunellen.10 45
S S & Prayer Mtg, Grand View 2 50
Pleasant Valley S S, Washington..15 00
N Caldwell S Sch, Coll by 2 00
Ref Ch S S, High Bridge 7 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.

Friends 1st Day Sch, Hancocks Bridge 2 00
Farmingdale & W Farms M E Ch & S Sch.....16 10
2d Pres S School, Cranbnry 6 25
Vreeland Ave M E S S, Paterson..13 25
Hawthorne S Sch 8 12
Compromise S S, Mannington 3 00
Mt Ephraim Bapt S Sch 9 70
Prim S S, M E Ch, Ocean Grove ... 2 50
Ocean Port M E S Sch 7 21
S Sch Miss Soc 1st Ref Ch, Patterson 47 84
Thompson Grove Un S Sch..... 2 00
Welchville S Sch. 2 75
Afton Pub Sch... 8 00
Y P S C E of 1st Bapt Ch, Atlantic Highland ...15 00
Jr C E Soc of Bergen Pt Ref Ch..30 00
C E Soc, Branchville 28 00
The Steady Workers, Clifton 5 50
Y M C A, Hudson City Br, Jersey City Hghts.....10 00
Ladies Miss Soc, Liberty Corner. 1 50
Y P S C E, Morristown, A M E Ch 5 00
Jr C E Soc, Shiloh 11 00
C E Soc, M P Ch, Westville 6 00
M E Ep League, Aldine 3 00
Jr End Soc, 1st Bapt Ch, Bloomfield 2 50
Junior C E Socy, Branchville 4 00
Jr Epw Lea, 4th M E Ch, Bridgeton 1 50
Aid Soc, Baptist Ch, Canton 2 00
Y P S C E of Deerfield St.... 5 00
Ep Lea, Hedding M E Ch, Hinkoro 7 25
Ep Lea, Pemberton 5 00
No End For Miss Soc, Phillipsburg35 00
Jr C E Soc, 1st Bapt Ch, Roselle11 30
Armor Bearers Miss Band, Pres Ch, Stewartsville 5 00
Ladies Miss Soc, Three Mile Run.30 00
Y L H Miss Cir, Pres Ch, Woodbury 10 00
Y P S C E, West Milford 10 50
Jr C E Soc, West Milford 1 50
Jr Ep Lea, Whitehall 1 00
Young People Soc M E Ch, Fieldsborough 8 00
Finesville, C E.. 1 50
Hammonton Bapt Jr C E 1 00
Hancocks Bridge M E Y P S C E. 7 00
C E Soc Pres Ch, Kingsland 8 30
Y P S C E, Lakewood 3 85
Moravian C E.... 7 00
Newark 1st Pres.43 60
1st Ref C E, No Brnnswick 4 00
2d Ref'd C E, No Brunswick 16 00
New Vernon Y P S C E 31 85
New Vernon Pres C E 3 00
Opportunity Circle of King's Daughters, Nutly 5 06
Orange Valley Cong Y P S C E 5 00
Y P S C E of Pres Ch, Parseppany. 5 00
Clover Leaf Circle of K D's of Market St M E Ch, Paterson 10 00
Mt Pleasant Y P S C E, Pleasantville 50
Ridgefield Park Jr C E 5 00
Pres Y P S C E, Riverside 1 80
Moravian Y P S C E, Riverside 5 00
Jr C E Soc Presby Ch, Toms River. 80
Sen C E Soc Pres Ch, Toms River 4 36
Jr C E Soc, Trenton 2 75
Sr C E Soc, Trenton 5 00
Verona Pres Soc.. 5 00
W Hoboken Pres C E 49 65
W Hoboken Pres Jr C E 1 00
E P McN, Afton.. 1 00
Potterstown C E. 5 25
Steam, New Village 25
Frankie, New Village 75

NEW YORK

Abby, Geo 25
Acker, Mae 3 55
Ackerman, Mark. 25
Adair, Mr A 3 00
Adams, Mrs S.... 1 00
Adams, Susan ... 1 00
Agard, Jno 1 00
Akin, Mrs G..... 1 00
Alexander, Mrs E. 2 00
Allen, W C & E M 1 00
Anderson, Mrs F A 5 00
Anderson, O E ... 25
Andrews, Mr 1 00
Andrews, Mrs R E 1 00
Andrews, Mrs Wm 50
Atwater, E S ... 1 00
Atwell, Carrie ... 10
Austin, Mrs M.... 25
Avery, Mrs S 25
Axtel, Mrs M R.. 1 00
Axtell, Seth 1 00
Ayers, Mrs Elmer. 25
Abbey, Mrs A.... 25
Abbey, Mrs H...10 00
Ackerman, D B.. 5 00
Adebahs, L C W. 1 55
Allen, Mrs C M & Miss A Nellenbach 1 45
Allen, Harry I V 25
Allen, Mrs I H.. 50
Allen, J C..... 50
Allen, Mrs J C.. 50
Allen, Mrs L..... 1 00
Altro, Mrs J..... 25
Ambler, Mrs H S 1 00
Anderson, Mrs B & friends 8 00
Anderson, G F.... 50
The Anderson fam, Middletown 3 00
Andrews, Kate R 5 00
Angell, Mrs E.... 15
Angell, Mrs L K. 1 00
Antes', Miss, Class 2 00
Armstrong, Frank 25
Arnold, A J..... 1 00
Arnold, H W & friends 3 00
Arnold, Mrs 3 00
Arnott, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Arthurs, W F.... 25
Ash, J H..... 5 00
Ashley, Mrs F A 2 00
Atherton, Geo ... 05
Atwood, Mrs J H 2 00
Avery, Anna E.. 2 00
Ayen, Miss B..... 1 00
Bacher, Mrs A... 50
Backus, Sidney... 50
Bacon, J 1 00
Bailey, J C 1 00
Baker, Mrs 1 00
Baker, A & L..... 2 00
Baker, A A 3 00
Baker, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Ball, Clarisa 1 00
Ball, Mrs F S ... 50
Ball, Geo 1 00
Ball, Melvin 1 00
Ball, Susan 50
Ballsmith, Mrs F. 25
Ballsmith, Miss H 25
Banard, Mrs 50
Bander, Mrs D... 1 00
Barnard, J 2 00
Barnes, Mrs G... 1 00
Barnhart, C 1 00
Barrett, Miss M.. 1 00
Barrow, Mrs 75
Bartlett, Mrs H.. 20
Bartlett, Mrs L... 25
Barton, Mrs A A. 1 00
Bates, Mary 10
Beardslee, L 25
Beardsley, A 10
Bedford, Emma G 3 50
Beecher, Jno S... 2 00
Beeman, Mrs, Coll by 2 25
Beldin, Mrs M.... 50
Bell, Chas 10
Bell, Mrs Wm 25
Bemus, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Bennett, Mrs H... 50
Benson, Bert 25
Beran, Birdella .. 10
Bettinger, A 2 00
Birdseye, Mrs G.. 1 00
Bishop, F M, M D 1 00
Bissell, Mrs W W 1 00
Bixby, Mrs 10
Blanchard, Mrs E 1 00
Blanchard, John.. 2 00
Blanchard, Mrs J. 2 00
Bland, H A & Mrs Geo 3 00
Blinco, Frank 1 00
Blodgett, Mrs L.. 50
Blood, Mrs A M.. 1 00
Blume, Theo 25
Boand, Mrs O T.. 1 00
Boice, Mrs Mary.. 2 00
Bonnell, Mrs H... 50
Brenenstuhl, Flora 1 00
Brewer, Abel C.. 2 00
Brewster, John .. 2 00
Brierly, A 10
Brierly, D 05
Bristol, Mrs E... 10
Brooker, Carl 1 00
Broughton, Mary J 1 00
Broughton, Russell 05
Brown, Mrs A... 1 00
Brown, Mrs C.... 2 00
Brown, M E 2 00
Brown, P C 1 00
Brown, Mrs P.... 1 00
Brownell, Mrs G C 1 00
Bnddery, F 10
Bugbee, L H 1 00
Bulmore, Mrs G B 1 00
Burgin, Geo M.... 5 00
Burhans, Mrs J W 25
Burhans, Mrs K A 25
Burnham, Miss E. 2 00
Burns, Mrs A K.. 2 00
Burns, J D 10
Bush, R L 2 00
Bush, Mrs W W.. 1 00
Bntcher, Ursula.. 07

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Butcher, Mr and Mrs M 1 00
Babcock, Mrs D E 1 00
Bachus, Anna ... 30
Backus, Wm 25
Badford, C 50
Bailey, C A..... 1 00
Bailey, Mrs N.... 25
Baker, Mrs Chas. 25
Baker, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Baker, Edna 50
Baker, Mrs H.... 2 00
Baker, Mr J E... 10
Baker, Mrs Laura 25
Baker, Mrs S..... 1 00
Baldridge, Mrs A 1 00
Band, D 05
Banker, L J..... 60
Barber, Amy J... 2 50
Barber, C E..... 50
Barden, Mrs H.. 1 00
Barden, Mrs W.. 25
Barker, Alta 1 00
Barker, Geo 1 00
Barker, Nina 1 00
Barkley, Mary .. 05
Barnes, G A..... 50
Barney, F L.....10 00
Barrett, E P..... 1 00
Barringer, Mrs G P 10
Barrows, G S.... 1 00
Barton, Edw 05
Barton, L 05
Bartlett, L J.... 1 00
Beach, Mrs A.... 15
Beeker, Mrs Aaron 1 00
Beeker, Mrs B.... 20
Becker, Miss Etta 05
Beckwith, T G.... 1 00
Beebe, Mr & Mrs A J 1 00
Beech, Mr & Mrs H 1 00
Beecher, Chas.... 24
Belden, M A..... 6 25
Bell, R H..... 5 00
Bellamy, Miss ... 1 00
Bellamy, Edith .. 25
Bellamy, Ethel .. 25
Bellinger, A 25
Bennett, Flora B 2 00
Bennett, H O.... 1 00
Bennett, Lena ... 1 00
Bennett, Loren .. 25
Bentley, Ann 25
Bently, Mrs G.... 25
Bentley, Morris .. 5 00
Beshgetour, Ruth & Helen 1 00
Betsinger, I H.... 5 58
Bibble, Byron ... 1 00
Billings, Mrs B.. 25
Bisgrove, Sidney.. 1 35
Bishop, E J..... 2 00
Bishop, Mrs S A. 25
Blackwell, Mr & M A..... 5 00
Blauehard, M A.. 2 00
Blauey, Mrs D W 2 00
Blasdell, L 2 00
Blodgett, M M... 50
Bockmier, Willie. 05
Bogart, Miss E R 5 00
Bogert, Mrs P A.12 00
Boileau, Cora G.. 2 00
Borlitt, Mrs S.... 10
Bounefond, Mrs A 25
Bowman, Mrs L E 10
Bowyer, Mrs S... 3 11
Bradt, Mr & Mrs R A 1 00
Brady, R E..... 25
Brans, Geo 1 00
Brewster, Miss B 2 00
Briggs, Mrs 50
Briggs, Mrs L W 1 00
Bristol, J E..... 1 00
Britten, Mr 50
Brooda, G 50
Brooda, W 35
Brooks, Mrs I D. 1 00
Brown, Alice 25
Brown, Chas 50
Brown, Mrs D E.. 2 00
Brown, Ethel 2 02
Brown, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Brown, Geo N.... 1 00
Brown, Mrs G R. 50
Brown, Mrs H... 50
Brown, J G..... 1 00
Brown, L 50
Brown, Mrs P & Emma A 2 00
Browne, E 1 00
Browne, E 25
Brunck, A C..... 5 00
Brundage, W C... 50
Brunner, Anna...10 00
Brush, Miss N.... 25
Buchman, Mrs J. N 50
Bull, A 25
Bundy, Mrs G W 1 00
Burlingame, Mrs L M 25
Burns, Mrs A.... 25
Burpee, Mrs O H 1 00
Burr, Miss J L.. 50
Burroughs, Mrs S H 25
Burroughs, Mrs... 1 00
Burt, Chas, Jr... 5 00
Burt, Mr & Mrs Zina H 50
Burton, Emma .. 1 00
Burton, Mrs H.... 25
Busfield, Miss L.. 50
Bushnell, Ellen A & M A..... 1 00
Butler, May E.... 1 00
Buttolph, Mrs A 20 00
Button, Mrs E L 25
Button, R W..... 50
Bylngton, Mrs M J 1 00
Byod, R J..... 25
Camp Brook Aid.. 2 00
Campbell, Rev E A 1 00
Campbell, Edith.. 10
Campbell, M A... 1 00
Card, Adelia 1 00
Carlton, Mrs 20
Carlton, Clayton.. 05

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Carlton, Marcus.. 05
Carpenter, E W.. 1 25
Carpenter, Mrs E M 5 00
Carpenter, Mrs J T 1 00
Carter, Mrs M.... 25
Cass, Mrs E A & friends 4 50
Caverly, Nora ... 1 00
Chamberlin, A ... 2 00
Champlen, Mrs N 50
Chandler, Mrs S L 1 00
Charles, Mrs L... 1 00
Charles, Miss M.. 25
Chavalier, O E ... 1 00
Cheeney, S N 10
Cheesebrough, S.. 25
Chew, Mrs G E.. 1 00
Chittenden, G G.. 1 00
Christopher, A 1 00
Christy, Mrs E... 1 00
Church, W M..... 6 50
Churchill, Mrs E. 1 00
Clark, Mrs A..... 25
Clark, Miss E.... 1 00
Clark, Edward ... 5 00
Clark, Mrs G & R 2 00
Clark, John and family 5 00
Clark, Mrs S B... 25
Clarke, L E 1 00
Clayton, Mrs S B 50
Cleaman, C 1 00
Cluncy, T E..... 50
Coats, J M 5 00
Cody, Annie 25
Coggshall, Mrs M. 1 00
Cole, C 2 00
Coleman, Daniel.. 5 00
Comestock, Mrs D 25
Cooper, Mrs F B. 25
Cooley, F C 50
Cooper, Fannie .. 25
Cooper, Rev G W. 50
Cooper, Mrs J J.. 25
Cooper, John 50
Cooper, Joseph ... 2 00
Cooper, Mrs M... 50
Cornelius, Maggie, Alice Wood, Jennie Hopkins and Grace Cornellus, Coll by 5 25
Cornwell, C 10
Cornwell, G 10
Cowen, Reella and Losee Reelia ... 2 00
Cromle boys, little, Coll by 58
Cremme, Miss J.. 6 00
Crook, Edgar 50
Crowell, Mrs C... 10
Crowell, Miss C E 20
Crowell, D 1 00
Crowell, Earle ... 50
Crowell, Edith ... 25
Crowell, G 25
Crowell, Geo 10
Crowell, S 50
Crowell, Miss V.. 50
Crum, Mort 1 00
Cuffman, Fred S.. 5 00
Calkins, L B..... 50
Camp, Miss H.... 25
Campbell, Emma. 2 00
Campbell, F B.... 2 00
Campbell, Mrs M. 10
Carlson, Eric 1 00
Carlson, Angusta. 2 50
Carney, Mrs W S 1 00
Carpenter, Lucy.. 1 00
Carpenter, Mrs S M 1 00
Carr, Mrs F..... 25
Carr, Mrs J..... 25
Carragan, Jas ... 10
Carl, Mrs Ellz.... 1 00
Carle, Elizth 5 00
Carswell, Cora E. 1 00
Carthell, Mrs A W 1 00
Case, Winnlfred.. 3 00
Casler, Isaac 2 00
Caster, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Carvins, H 25
Celgler, Berton .. 10
Chaddock, S 1 00
Chamberlin, Mrs Wm 50
Champ, W A..... 1 00
Chaplu, Mrs J G 4 00
Chappel, M 1 25
Chassa, Jas 58
Christman, Mrs J 25
Chittenden, B ... 9 00
Churchill, Mrs V B 1 00
Chusman, Clide... 25
Clark, Asa S..... 1 00
Clark, Elasha ... 1 00
Clark, Hattle 10
Clark, Mrs H L.. 2 00
Clark, N 1 00
Clark, Mrs Rose.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs Thorn 25
Clark, Vina 25
Clarke, Ethel 10
Clarke, E A..... 25
Clarke, Mrs G H.10 00
Clay, Mrs A..... 25
Clements, Mrs S. 1 00
Cole, Mary 05
Coleman, Miss I.. 25
Colgate, Mable .. 1 14
Close, Edward ... 25
Coddington, Mr A 10
Coe, Mrs H..... 1 00
Coke, M W..... 50
Cole, Mrs R, coll by 3 85
Collins, M E..... 10
Collins, Sarah W.20 00
Colson, Mrs P L. 40
Colton, John 25
Conger, Emnice & sister Ellz'th... 1 00
Conger, Mrs M A 3 00
Conklin, Y 34
Connell, A 2 00
Connell, Sarah & Vera 28
Cook, Emma C... 1 00
Coon, Mrs DeF... 5 00
Coon, Geo 1 00
Countryman, Levi 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Coushafter, W ... 25
Covey, Miss Grace 2 30
Courad, Rev E H 1 00
Cox, Mrs J 50
Cox, Mrs Wm.... 50
Cramer, Mrs A... 1 00
Cramer, Annie E 3 00
Cramer, Reuben C 1 00
Crane, Cassius .. 50
Crane, Sarah F.. 1 00
Crawford, Claud.. 07
Crawford, Miss, N Y 4 00
Crosbar, M 1 63
Crosber, A 74
Crosby, Mrs E & daughters 5 00
Crosby, Harry .. 1 50
Crooks, Miss H... 15
Cross, Mrs H K. 1 00
Crowell, A C, Brooklyn 25 00
Cudney, Ger 2 00
Culver, E E..... 30
Culver, Mrs M L. 50
Culverwell, Mrs W 1 00
Cummiugs, A J.. 3 00
Curtis, E 25
Curtis, Geo S....10 00
Curtis, Mr W F.. 50
Cumunings, Mrs M 75
Curtis Hazel & Carrie 50
Curtis, Mrs J..... 25
Cushman, M 1 00
Cutler, B H..... 1 00
Cutler, Emma 25
Dailey, Mrs D L. 1 00
Daniels, Geo 2 25
Darbee, Mrs L.... 1 00
Darling, Mrs G W 1 00
Dater, Clara E... 1 00
Dater, Mrs H N.. 1 00
Davis, Edgar 02
Davis, Eva W.... 20
Davis, Everil 10
Davis, Mrs H L.. 1 00
Davis, M E 2 00
Davis, M I 1 00
Davis, M R..... 2 00
Day, R & R B.... 2 00
Dayton, R B 1 00
Dean, C 2 00
Deats, Mrs W.... 1 00
De Graff, Mrs A.. 1 00
De Lamater, Dora W 2 00
Delaney, Sarah... 45
De Melt, Mrs D.. 1 00
Denniston, Mrs G S 1 00
Denton, Clara ... 3 00
Denton, M E 1 00
Diffin, Nellie, Coll 8 00
Dewitt, Fred 25
Dominick, J G.... 1 00
Doney, E 1 00
Doty, Lillie E.... 1 00
Drum, Mrs A..... 20
Drum, Geo 10
Drum, Mrs J..... 25
Dunham, Mrs D A 1 00
Dunham, Mrs L.. 1 00
Dutton, Mrs H H. 1 00
Dake, C E..... 3 18
Dakin, E T..... 5 00
Dana, Prof 1 00
Danielsen, Miss J 2 00
Daniels, L 25
Daris, Mrs J H & S S Class..... 4 00
Davenport, Mrs C S 15
Davis, H A..... 15
Davis, H H..... 50
Davis, Harriet J. 1 05
Davis, L A..... 5 00
Davis, N 07
Davis, Sarah C... 2 00
Davy, Ralph 1 00
Dawley, Mrs N J. 25
Dawly, Mrs H.... 1 00
Dawly, W J..... 10
Dean, Mrs F N.. 10
Dean, Mrs John.. 50
De Baum, M 28
Decker, Walter H 25
Deltze, Miss I.... 25
Deep, Mrs John.. 25
Degolia, Mrs E... 50
Degolia, Mr Jno.. 50
Demlar, Katie ... 50
Demlar, Mrs 50
Deneshil, Mrs ... 25
Denison, Mrs A.. 50
Denton, F M..... 3 00
Depfer, Ellz & M 1 00
De Smith, Abr... 25
Dewey, Miss E.. 1 00
DeWitt, J M..... 25
Dingonan, Mrs N. 1 00
Dodds, Thos 1 00
Dollenger, Mrs J.. 1 00
Donlin, Mrs F.... 10
Dormandy, J G... 2 00
Doyle, Mrs Jas J 25
Drake, A M..... 1 00
Drake, Mrs A M. 1 00
Drake, Floyd 25
Drake, Mrs Fred. 25
Drake, Mrs L M.. 1 00
Drake, Mr & Mrs M 5 00
Drew, Grace E... 1 00
Dublin, J E & fam 5 00
Dulton, Miss A... 1 00
Durham, Mrs H.. 25
Dye, Susle..... 10
Eastman, E, Coll by 1 00
Eastman, J P.'... 2 00
Edler, M D 50
Edmonds, Miss H. 25
Edmund, W H.... 1 00
Edwards, Bertha. 10
Edwards, Mr D H 50
Edwards, Frank.. 10
Edwards, Mrs H D 1 00
Edwards, Mr Jno. 50
Edwards, Mrs Jno 50
Edwards, Mirian.. 10
Eisenhart, Catherine 3 00
Embt, Mrs 1 00
Emerick, B L 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ensign, J O 1 00
Erskine, E H 25
Evaus, John 50
Everest, B F 05
Everest, Mrs B F. 20
Faucher, I M 1 25
Earl, Charlie 1 00
Eastman, Mrs A.. 25
Eastmau, Mrs Ira 1 00
Easton, S B.....10 00
Eames, Isabella.. 2 00
Eeker, Mr Chas.. 10
Eckert, Mr J W.. 10
Eddy, Mrs B.... 3 00
Edwards, Mrs H D 1 00
Edward, Mrs L.. 1 00
Edwards, O C.... 5 00
Eggert, Mrs C J.. 50
Egglestou, Mrs N B 1 00
Ellard, T 2 00
Ellettson, Job ..100 00
Ellis, Ralph T... 1 00
Elmer, Fred, G W & Son 1 00
Emery, John W...50 00
Emery, Lee 1 00
Emmons, Miss M. 1 00
English, Mrs S... 1 00
Ennis, Mrs E & M Leneges 2 00
Evans, Mrs J..... 1 00
Evans, Jennie 25
Evans, Mrs John. 50
Evans, T 50
Fairfield, Chas ... 1 00
Fairfield, Mrs C. 1 00
Farnham, Mrs C M 1 00
Farrell, Bridget.. 50
Fay, Mrs A W.... 1 00
Fenton, Robt E, Coll by 60
Ferguson, F H... 5 00
Ferguson, Mrs S A 3 00
Field, Mrs C D.. 50
Files, Norman ... 87
Fish, Lore 11 11
Fisler, Sal 2 00
Fling, Mrs A A.. 1 00
Foley, Mrs M.... 15
Forbes, Mrs H... 25
Fosgate, Miss ... 1 00
Fosmer, Mrs 05
Foster, Geo D... 50
Foster, Mrs W L. 20
Fowler, Lucy N.. 25
Franklin, Mrs P.. 1 00
French, Mr & Mrs W P..... 1 00
Frink, Chester ... 15
Frink, Mrs C.... 15
Frink, Harley 10
Frink, Mrs O.... 50
Frink, Miss V.... 10
Frisbee, Mrs L R. 1 00
Frost, Mrs E L..15 00
Frost, May 5 00
Fuller, Bertha M. 2 00
Fuller, Geo 25
Fuller, G A..... 1 00
Fulton, Chas 50
Fults, Jacob 1 20
Fcro, Mrs John .. 15
Field, Josephine, Brooklyn 1 00
Fillmore, Mrs 1 00
Filson, J P 7 00
Finley, G 2 00
Fish, Mrs Geo ... 20
Fish, Raymond.... 10
Fisher, Mrs M D.. 1 00
Fitch Praying Band 4 50
Flanders, Mrs M.. 1 00
Fleming, Johu B.. 1 00
Flynn, Geo 15
Flynn, Mrs Mary.. 10
Gaddis, Chas E... 2 00
Gallagher, Rodney 05
Gallagher ,Mrs W C 50
Gardner, H G.... 2 35
Gardner, Leta M. 1 00
Gay, Mrs L..... 25
Garlock, Arthur & Grace 1 00
Gillette, Mrs J & May Louusbery. 1 00
Gilliugs, Mrs J...10 00
Gleason, Ersula .. 05
Gleason, Sarah... 05
Gloyd, Ralph 05
Gonzales, Mrs M. 1 00
Goodman, Juliet, Coll by 3 25
Goodrich, C V.... 5 00
Gordon, Mrs G, Jr 2 00
Gordon, Jennie .. 6 00
Gott, Ella..... 10
Gough, Mrs C B. 2 00
Gough, M E..... 25
Gracy, Mrs 75
Graham, Miss S.. 5 00
Granby, Wm 1 00
Grant, V M..... 3 00
Green, C F..... 1 00
Green, Jas T.....10 00
Gregor, C A..... 1 00
Gregory, Miss F M 5 00
Gregory, Magdalene Ogden, Hortense Stenz, Emma .. Senior, Margarite Sutton, Elsie .. Cornell, Gladis.. Geddes, Edith.. Weiss, Graee ..16 00
Griffin, Mrs W H 1 00
Griffith, Geo 2 00
Griffith, Miss M E 50
Griffiths, Mrs W W 2 00
Griswold, C E... 1 00
Guest, Myrtie J.. 15
Gunn, Mrs 25
Gurnee, H 14
Haas, Miss 50
Hagaman, C A... 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.... 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hall, Mrs Alfred. 1 00
Hall, Bertha 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Hall, Miss Cora.. 35
Hall, Edna 05
Hall, Estus 25
Hall, Gleeu 05
Hall, Mrs Jas.... 1 00
Hall, James S.... 2 00
Hall, Laura 15
Hall, W R..... 1 00
Hall, Mrs 50
Hallam, Mr & Mrs John 1 00
Hamliu, D H..... 1 00
Halliugsworth, O A 5 00
Halstead, H E.... 1 00
Hammond, Sarah. 25
Hanmer, Minnie.. 50
Haud, Augusta ... 25
Hankin, R E..... 87
Hanor, Nellie 10
Harues, Miss M.. 25
Harris, Abut 25
Harris, Mr Jas... 1 00
Harriugton, L 1 00
Harrison, Miss E. 30
Harrisou, F L.... 30
Hart, Godfrey.... 5 00
Harvey, Mrs M... 05
Harbrouck, W D. 5 00
Haskell, Mrs F E. 50
Haskins, L N.... 1 00
Hastes, L 10
Hastiugs, Mrs L. 1 00
Hauxhurst, C T... 1 00
Haveu, Clara B.. 1 00
Havens, Mrs R... 1 00
Hawkins, Rev L T 50
Hawland, L M....15 00
Hayhurst, E E... 1 00
Hazelton, E J.... 1 00
Heald, Mrs L E.. 50
Heilbroun, A W.. 1 00
Henry, Mr & Mrs T 2 00
Hess, Frauk..... 2 00
Hewitt, R J..... 1 00
Hickey, Mrs Jno.. 50
Hickox, Geo B... 50
Hickox, M D..... 1 00
Higgins, C D..... 25
Hill, Mrs M..... 1 00
Hilmer, Franeis .. 25
Hilmer, J A..... 25
Hilmer, Lenard .. 25
Hilmer, P L..... 25
Hiuekley, S H & M E 1 00
Hind, Mrs T M.. 2 00
Hitchcock, L L... 1 00
Hitchcock, Miss M T 50
Hitchcoek, Mrs M T 25
Hitt, Mrs Lewis.. 2 00
Hizer, Miss Maria 1 00
Hoag, Mrs Chas.. 50
Hodge, Mrs Grant 25
Hodgkins, M E... 1 00
Hodgland, Flo ... 25
Hodgland, Rob .. 50
Hoffman, Mrs M.. 1 00
Hogg, Mr & Mrs. 5 00
Holburton, J A... 5 00
Holmes, Mrs A A 25
Holmes, Mrs B... 25
Holt, Mrs Juliet.. 1 00
Hooker, Mrs 3 00
Hommell, Ford .. 50
Horu, Ella M.... 25
Horton, Miss E G 2 00
Horton, Mrs Mary 1 00
Honck, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Honstou, Mr Jno. 05
Hotchkiss, Geo .. 10
Howard, Mrs Jas. 1 00
Howard, M A.... 10
Hoyt, Mrs Belle.. 50
Hubbard, A G.... 50
Huff, Mr 50
Hughes, Miss A.. 50
Hultslander, Mrs R J 5 00
Hunt, Mrs DeF... 1 00
Hunter, Mrs M E 1 00
Huritenburg, J M 50
Ingrahaui, Anna.. 1 00
Ireland, Miss M.. 60
Jackson, Mrs C A 1 00
Jackson, Mr & Mrs J W 10 00
Jackson, Mrs S.. 25
Jamersou, C 1 00
Jaquay, E 1 00
Jardeson, A, B, E, L & E..... 1 00
Jaycox, Mrs W... 1 00
Jefts, F 1 00
Jefts, Mrs F..... 25
Jenkins, Frances. 10
Jenks, A H..... 1 00
Jennings, E 1 00
Johnson, Mrs A D 1 00
Johnson, Mrs I..| 25
Johnson, Rebecca. 2 00
Johnson, Wm 1 00
Jolls, N S..... 25
Jones, Charles ... 2 00
Jones, Ella 1 00
Jones, Mrs M L.. 2 00
Jones, S M..... 2 00
Joy, Mrs F L.... 1 00
Judson, Miss M L 5 00
Kafod, May 50
Kasbeth, Miss F.. 50
Kaufmau's, Miss L S S Class..... 11
Kaufman, Mrs W J 1 00
Kaveny, Mrs J... 15
Kazer, W W..... 50
Kelley, Mrs W.... 2 00
Kelley, Miss 25
Kellogg, Mr F... 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs G R 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs Wm. 2 00
Kendall, A 1 25
Kennedy, E R... 82
Kerr, Mrs & Mr.. 50
Kind, N J..... 1 00
King, Gertrude .. 05
King, Luman 1 00
King, Mrs P..... 1 00
King, Mrs R..... 2 00
Kipp, Edith, A... 30
Kirby, Mr E M & fam 87
Klein, Clara 1 00
Kline, Nellie 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Knapen, A D.... 1 00
Knapeu, Mrs A D 1 00
Kuapp, J W.....10 00
Kuight, A J..... 3 00
Knight, Mrs A J & W A..... 2 00
Kratt, F 25
Kuhn, Mrs 75
Kuuyon, Mrs I... 50
La Dow, C 35 00
Laidler, Miss M.. 50
Laidler, Miss N H 50
Laire, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Lakiu, Earl 25
Lakiu, Miss Grace 15
Lakin, H D..... 25
Lakin, J L..... 25
Lakin, Jas 50
Lakiu, Mrs Jas... 25
Lakin, Miss M... 25
Lakin, Mrs P..... 1 10
Lancaster, Aliee.. 2 00
Lane, Lulla 10
Langtree, Snsie.. 50
Lanphere, Mrs A L 2 00
Lausing, Mrs D.. 1 00
Larned, J D..... 20
Lasher, Cora 10
Lasher, Mary H.. 1 00
Lay, Louise A....10 02
Layton, E 1 00
Lawton, Mrs H.. 6 00
Leaeh, Mrs L.... 1 00
Leadbetter, Mrs E 2 00
Learned, Miss M. 1 00
Le Clar, Miss G.. 25
Lehman, R 1 00
Lehr, Miss Maude 1 60
Lehr, Miss Susie. 25
Leonard, Oliver.. 1 00
Lewis, Caroline .. 1 02
Lewis, Mrs H.... 25
Lewis, Mrs W F 25
Levee, Mrs Chas.. 25
Lewis, Frauk 1 00
Leworth, H 50
Linderman, Mrs J 2 00
Livingstou, J T.. 3 00
Lloyd, G & Jas Cox 2 00
Locke, Earl 50
Lockie, G F..... 5 00
Lockman, Mrs N. 25
Lont, Miss Mary. 25
Loomis, Mrs F C. 10
Losie, Jno H.... 2 00
Lounsbery, Anna. 1 00
Loveland, Mrs S, Coll by 3 70
Lyke, John 1 00
Lyke, Mrs S T... 50
Lyle, R W..... 5 00
McAfee, H U.... 2 00
McArthur, Mrs J. 5 00
McBride, R 3 00
McCabe, H 25
McDonald, Blanche 25
McDonald, Johu.. 1 00
McDonald, M 8 00
McGerald, A 25
McGeoch & family 3 00
McGovern, Mrs... 25
McIntosh, M..... 5 00
McKeuon, Mrs W 1 00
McLeau, Mrs A... 1 50
McManes, Jas ... 3 00
McMillau, Miss C 2 00
McNall, Mrs J H 1 00
McWethey, Mrs J P 2 00
Malcome, Mrs H. 1 00
Maugles, Mr Jno 05
Manniug, Mgt A.. 2 50
Manzer, K..... 1 00
Markle, Dien A.. 1 00
Marsh, Sarah ... 1 00
Marshall, Mr Geo 75
Martin, Mrs H... 25
Martin, Wm R... 3 50
Martin, Mrs 3 00
Mason, A J..... 25
Masou, Carl J.... 15
Mason, E J..... 25
Mason, Eulalia A 15
Mason, L A..... 1 00
Mason, Mary 10
Mason, Susie 10
Mathews, Mrs J.. 5 00
Mattesou, K 05
Mattison, Mrs C M 25
Maxwell, A 1 00
Maxwell, A 50
Mead, Geo E & S D 2 00
Mead, Geo N..... 1 00
Meade, Mr & Mrs K E 25
Meaker, W H.... 5 00
Meheir, Mrs Elleu 1 00
Merrill, E C..... 25
Merrill, Mrs D... 1 00
Merring, M 10
Mesick, Dr 10
Miekens, Mrs F.. 1 00
Middlebrook, H... 25
Middleton, Mrs A 50
Middleton, Arthur 25
Millard, Mrs F... 25
Miller, Miss E... 25
Miller, Floyd 05
Miller, Miss M... Guimarats, M... Thompson, B .. Tuttle, D 15 00
Miller, M O..... 30
Mills, Laura May, thro 10
Mitchell, H G.... 2 00
Mitchell, J S.... 2 00
Mitchel, Mrs O C 15
Mocline, Miss C.. 5 00
Moffett, Flora A. 1 00
Montauuy, M E.. 25
Montgomery, Mrs C T 5 00
Montgomery, Mrs R 1 00
Montross, Julia .. 10
Morris, Mrs 25
Morrison, Mrs A. 25
Morrison, Mrs N. 1 00
Morrow, Wm J... 10
Morse, Eliz A.... 25
Morse, Jane E... 25
Morse, L 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Morse, Mrs L..... 30
Morse, May 50
Morse, Thos 50
Morse, Wm 1 00
Mott, J C..... 1 00
Moon, Mr & Mrs L, F, Mrs Wm, Wm S & Mrs H Hasbrouck 4 75
Moone, Ed 25
Moore, Fred 25
Moore, G L..... 25
Moore, Mrs S E. 50
Moore, Willie.... 19
Moot, Allen 1 00
Moultou, Mrs E.. 25
Mulhuron, Kattie. 10
Mulhuron, Mrs... 25
Mullen, Mrs W F 50
Mulligan, B 1 00
Munson, Dr & son 5 00
Murphy, Mrs D.. 10
Near, C C..... 2 00
Neff, Miss Carrie. 05
Neff, Mr 05
Neitchy, E 1 07
Nelson, Amanda.. 1 00
Nelson, A E..... 3 00
Nelson, Rev C... 10
Nelson, M..... 1 05
Neville, Frank ... 1 00
Newey, Miss L... 25
Nichman, Fred... 1 50
Nichols, Mrs H W 60
Niehols, Mrs O... 25
Niles, Mrs C N.. 25
Niles, Emily A... 20
Niles, Florence W 25
Niles, Mrs T F.. 10
Niles, Mrs T P... 10
Noel, Mr & Mrs.. 50
Norris, J M..... 50
Northrop, Mrs F. 1 00
Nottingham, Wm.10 00
Oberlie, Lawreuee 25
O'dell, Ellen 1 23
O'Hara, Mrs 1 00
Ohm, Miss M.... 30
Oles, Mira 25
O'Neil, Mrs W... 25
Osborn, Mrs O.... 1 00
Oswald, Mr & Mrs L G 1 00
Palmer, Ira 10
Pangburu, Lucia R 1 00
Parker, Diaua ... 10
Parker, Miss K.. 50
Parker, Miss M.. 50
Parker, Mrs M... 1 00
Parker, R 1 00
Parker, W A..... 1 00
Paton, Mrs Ida.. 20
Paul, Jennie H... 10
Payue, Charles... 10
Payue, Frank ... 50
Payne, Mrs J H.. 50
Peacey, Mrs H E 1 00
Pearce, Dr G S.. 1 00
Pease, E J..... 50
Peck, Mrs L W.. 25
Pedro, Jos H..... 1 00
Penny, J H..... 1 00
Perkins', Mrs, Sch.25 00
Perkins, Mrs Bert 1 00
Persous, L F..... 1 00
Peter, Herman... 10
Peterson, Mrs ... 25
Petrie, Miss M... 25
Philps, Mrs Julia. 5 00
Phenney, Mrs W. 25
Phillipi, L 1 00
Phillips, L 72
Pickard, A J..... 25
Piekles, Miss Mary 3 00
Pierce, Mrs Bert. 1 00
Pierce, G A..... 50
Pierce, Leon 10
Pierce, Miss M... 10
Pierce, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Piney, Claude ... 25
Pinuey, Mrs N.... 25
Pinuey, Mrs Fred 25
Pinney, Mrs H... 25
Pintler, C & C... 1 00
Pluff, Lewis 2 00
Pomeroy, Amy C. 1 00
Porter, Mrs C S.. 5 25
Porter, E B..... 25
Porter, Mrs E B. 25
Porter, Jas 10
Post, Arthur 15
Possiuo, Geo 02
Potter, Charles... 1 00
Potter, C J..... 25
Potter, Mrs H M. 25
Potter, Joseph.... 50
Potter, L H..... 25
Potter, L Mae... 1 00
Potter, Wm 1 00
Powell, M C..... 50
Powers, R A..... 50
Powers, Sarah .. 2 00
Praseer, W A.... 50
Prehu, Thomas, N Y 5 00
Preston, Henry .. 15
Prime, Clyde 1 00
Prime, Raymond. 1 00
Prime, Mrs S W.. 2 00
Pulver, Mrs M E 2 00
Pulver, Mrs M E. 35
Purce, Miss J.... 10
Purdy, Reed 50
Purdy, W H..... 50
Purdy, Mrs 50
Purhamus, Mr B. 15
Pye, R H..... 1 00
Quiek, Mrs S A.. 2 00
Quiek, Miss 25
Ralph, David 5 00
Raudalls, Wm ... 25
Rathbun, Ward... 50
Ray, Mrs O F... 5 00
Raynor, Ellen A.. 3 00
Read, Miss E A.. 1 50
Reed, Mrs Julius. 1 00
Reed, Jno A..... 10
Reed, Mary E.... 10
Reed, Robert 1 00
Reed, S P..... 5 00
Reger, Eliza 15
Reger, W M..... 70
Reger, Mrs W M. 25
Reichel, E A..... 1 00
Rellim, H 5 00
Relong, Mrs H W 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Reynolds, A 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs B F 1 00
Reynolds, G E... 5 00
Rice, Edw N..... 1 00
Rice, M T..... 1 00
Richardson, Mrs C 25
Richardson, Mrs M 10
Richardson, Mrs S 50
Richardson, S M. 1 00
Riker, Miss M S, Coll by 6 00
Rikley, Violet ... 1 00
Ringers,' Mrs, S S Class 1 90
Rippey, H L..... 1 00
Ritch, Mrs H.... 1 00
Roach, Albert 25
Roberts, Chas ... 25
Robinson, Mrs J A 10 00
Roe, Mrs J B.... 5 00
Roe, Mrs P & Son 50
Rogers, W H..... 5 00
Rood, A B, (M D) 5 00
Rood, Mrs B..... 5 00
Rose, L M..... Thompson, Mrs O & Murray Thompson & Banter, M 5 00
Rosebrook, Mrs S 50
Rondolph, A F... 25
Rouse, N & fam. 1 00
Rowe, Winnie E.. 3 43
Rowen, Mrs D.... 25
Rowley, Henry .. 5 00
Rowley, Jennie A 25
Roys, Lena 2 00
Rnseo, Geo 1 00
Rnshmore, Mrs R 2 00
Rnssell, Mrs E... 50
Sackett, Mrs C C 1 00
Sackett, Mrs F A. 1 00
Sage, L T..... 1 00
Sanders, Mrs M.. 1 00
Sanford, Mrs 50
Sargent, E L..... 5 00
Sargent, Mary M. 1 00
Savage, Mrs R... 1 00
Sawyer, Ida E... 10
Sawyer, M J..... 05
Schmidt, Susie .. 10
Schoonmaker, Miss D 10
Scofield, Miss E.. 05
Scott, M C..... 10
Sears, Mr & Mrs E R 2 00
Seeber, J L..... 1 00
Seeley, Mrs Ella. 1 00
Severance, F B.. 8 00
Seyfang, Mrs J & Mrs J M..... 2 00
Seymonr, Elton... 25
Shannon, E J.... 1 00
Shannon, F 1 00
Shaw, C M..... 1 00
Shaw, Dan 10
Shaw, Mrs 10
Shedd, Dr 25
Sheldon, Albert .. 1 00
Sheldon, Mrs N T. 20
Shepard, Mrs S..15 00
Sherman, Mrs Ed. 50
Sherman, Wm ... 25
Sheufelt, Mrs P.. 25
Sheufelt, Roys ... 10
Sherwood, Frank. 1 00
Shippee, Nathan.. 50
Shoemaker, Mrs M A 15
Shopin, Ethel 05
Shumway, Miss C 25
Shute, Mrs Hy... 15
Sievers, C M A.. 15
Silsbee, Luciuda.. 1 00
Simons, Mr & Mrs W 2 00
Simpson, Fanny.. 5 00
Sisson, Mrs B F.. 50
Sisson, B S..... 50
Sisson, Harry ... 10
Skiff, Mrs E & Mrs L Sylvester. 2 00
Skiff, Glen 1 00
Skiff, Russell 1 00
Skinner, Pauline.. 09
Slingerland, H ... 2 00
Slocum, Thomas.. 10
Smiley, Mrs Clara 25
Smith, Mrs A.... 25
Smith, Mrs Ann.. 1 00
Smith, A L..... 25
Smith, Chas..... 10
Smith, Esther.... 40
Smith, E O.....10 00
Smith, Mrs Fred.. 1 00
Smith, F A..... 5 00
Smith, Geo 10
Smith, Mr & Mrs H 45
Smith, Mrs I 10
Smith, John 2 00
Smith, Mrs Jos... 1 00
Smith, Mrs K A. 2 00
Smith, Mrs L.... 5 00
Smith, Mrs Laura 05
Smith, Mrs Lillian 1 00
Smith, Mrs M.... 25
Smith, Mattie A.. 3 25
Smith, M C..... 1 00
Smith, May & F.. 50
Smith, M P..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs P 10
Smith, Mrs Robt. 05
Smith, Mrs R R.. 2 00
Smith, T A, Coll by 5 00
Snedeker, A 45
Snook, Miss J.... Mott, K ..... Cowles Mrs C V. 50
Snow, H N.....25 00
Snow, Mrs S J & Miss Ella Smith. 1 00
Snyder, Martin .. 5 00
Southard, F L.... 1 00
Sommers, F 25
Sparrowhawk, Mr G 25
Spaulding Mrs S. 25
Spear, Miss R J.. 50
Spence, E M.....10 00
Spencer, Mrs I... 50
Speir, Miss A L. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Spinhern, Martin. 5 00
Sprague, T 2 00
Sprague, Mrs H E 2 00
Sprague, Mr & Mrs S H 2 00
Sprague, W D.... 3 00
Spraker, Mrs J E10 00
Stafford, Hattie .. 10
Staley, Mrs E.... 05
Stanton, Huldah.. 05
Stearns, Mrs W E 1 00
Steele, Mrs A.... 2 00
Stemhilber, Mrs G 1 00
Steitz, Will 10
Stephens, A 1 00
Stephens, C H.... 25
Stevens, Anna B. 2 50
Stevens, Mrs L M 2 00
Stever, Sara 15
Steward, Chas .. 1 00
Steward, Mrs E.. 25
Stewart, Mrs H L 1 00
Stewart, A E.... 05
Stewart, Mrs C.. 50
Stewart, W L.... 05
Stickles, May 01
Stickles, Mrs Will 25
Stilson, D E..... 3 00
Stoddard, Mrs M C 1 00
Stone, Mrs T.... 25
Stone, Wm D.... 1 00
Story, G A & wf. 1 00
Stove, R C..... 1 00
Strail, H 25
Strait, Bernard .. 10
Streeter, Jessie... 2 05
Stricklaud, Mrs T A 2 00
Strong, B E.....25 00
Sturges, D M..... 1 00
Sullivan, Mrs 25
Sumner, Miss L.. 50
Sutherland, Mrs H 1 00
Sutherland, Mrs L 2 28
Sutherland, Mrs T 25
Swartwout, R ... 59
Swartz, Mrs Wm. 25
Swigert, F W.... 1 00
Swinton, Mr & Mrs R W..... 25
Symonds, Mrs J.. 10
Teetsel, Esther & Belva ..... Deriuger, Susie & Lillie ..... Cooke, Florence. & Effie ..... Wolven, Laura.. Smith, Stella ... Miller, Jane .... Saxe, Ethel 1 00
Temple, Mrs G B. 1 00
Tenner, M M..... 50
Thayer, Orin 5 00
Thayer, Mrs O C. 25
Thomas, Mrs Kate 50
Thomas, Mrs Lena 2 00
Thompson, Miss A 1 00
Thornton, Julins.. 25
Thornton, Mrs S.. 50
Thornton, Mrs W 25
Thurston, Nellie.. 1 00
Tibbetts, Mrs E B 1 00
Tidel, Mrs E S.. 25
Tilton, R J..... 1 00
Tisdole, Mr C.... 25
Titus, Mrs P..... 50
Titus, Stanley.... 26
Tolles, Miss E A.. 1 00
Torrance, Cortis.. 1 00
Torrance, E L.... 1 00
Towne, Mrs C.... 20
Towne, H E..... 25
Towne, Mrs L.... 05
Townsend, Mrs A. 50
Townsend, Geo .. 50
Townsley, Mrs G L 50
Townsley, Mrs S. 25
Trenham, Carrie.. 25
Trotter, Miss K.. 1 00
Tuck, H J..... 1 00
Turner, W C.... 1 00
Tuthill, Mrs Jas.. 50
Tyler, Mrs E A.. 1 00
Tyler, E J..... 1 00
Tyler, Mrs M E. 2 00
Tynan, E 1 63
Underhill, Mrs E A 1 00
Upham, M K & wf 2 00
Van Antwerp, Mrs 30
Van Buskirk, Mrs J 1 00
Van Court, Mrs D P 1 00
Van De Mark, V. 25
Van Loan, E 2 00
Van, Mrs Lonera. 25
Vail, Sarah 5 00
Van Sickle, S E.. 1 00
Van Wagner, Mrs 1 00
Van Vaulkenburg, Mrs R A..... 25
Vann, Mrs I G..10 00
Vann, R Y.....10 00
Vanname, E F... 1 00
Vannatta, Mrs L. 1 00
Van Valkenburg, Mrs T 10
Vedder, Mrs P... 05
Veeder, Mr & Mrs Edw 2 00
Veley, Burte 50
Veley, M E..... 3 00
Very, Mr John.... 1 00
Vincent, Hattie D 25
Voorhees, Mrs M. 2 00
Wade, Betsey ... 1 00
Wade, True 10
Wager, L G..... 1 00
Wagman, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Wagoner, Mrs M. 25
Waldron, C 10
Waldron, Mrs C. 25
Waldron, G 10
Waldron, Mrs R.. 55
Walker, Rev G F. 50
Wallace, Mrs Inez 25
Walsh, W 25
Waltermire, Minnie 25
Wancy, Miss J... 25
Ward, D W..... 25
Ward, T E & wf. 2 00
Ward, Willie 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Warfield, Mrs Z.. 50
Washbnn, M 25
Washington, Miss 25
Washington, Mrs 25
Washington, W G P 75
Washington, W J 25
Wastie, Clara ... 15
Waterman, A M.. 50
Waters, B F..... 1 00
Watkins, Mrs 50
Watrous, Mrs D S 04
Watson, Mrs G W, Coll by 6 08
Wattles, Herbert.. 10
Way, Mrs Henry. 1 00
Weast, Mrs 25
Weaver, Rev E, Coll by 3 25
Weber, E 1 00
Webster, Mrs D J 1 00
Welch, J S..... 50
Weld, Clyde A.... 50
Weller, W J..... 2 00
Welles, M B & family 9 00
Wells, Erma.....10 69
Wells, M F..... 10
Wells, Mrs W.... 2 00
Wert, Mrs Jno.... 15
Westermayr, Miss F, Coll by 3 20
Westermayr, R J. 2 00
Weyant, E 1 16
Whaley, Edw & frds 4 50
Whaling, Mrs J... 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs E.. 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs F H 10
Wheeler, Mr 50
White, Miss E M 50
White, J 05
White, Mrs T R.. 15
Whittiug, Mrs E.. 20
Whitwood, Chas.. 50
Widger, Mrs Jas.. 1 00
Wiest, Lizzie 1 00
Wilber, Mrs J.... 25
Wilber, Sarah ... 10
Wilbur, F H..... 2 00
Wilder, Fannie M 1 10
Wilkeson, Elleu A 5 00
Wilkinson, C 75
Wilkinson, Geo L 1 00
Willard, Miss J.. 05
Williams, Mrs A L 1 00
Williams, Mrs C.. 5 00
Williams, Mrs J M 1 00
Williams, Mary E 2 00
Wilson, Alice 1 00
Wilson, Beecher.. 40
Wilson, Mrs Lucy 1 00
Wilson, Sarah E. 2 00
Wilson, Mrs W H 1 00
Wiltse, Clarence.. 25
Wing, P R..... 2 00
Wing, W T..... 50
Wisterman, Mrs M 1 00
Witbeck, Mrs J H 2 00
Witherill, J N.... 1 00
Witzig, Beuj 1 00
Winters, Mrs A M 50
Wolfenden, Mrs E 1 00
Wood, A 10
Wood, Francis E. 10
Wood, John C.... 1 00
Wood, Mrs M.... 1 00
Woodham, H 1 00
Woodmanser, O L 1 00
Woolrich, Mrs E. 10
Woolrich, Mrs G. 10
Wright, C W..... 50
Wright, Carrie M. 25
Wright, Mrs E H 1 00
Wright, Jos T.... 3 00
Wright, S H..... 1 00
Wrigut, Mr V T.. 12
Yeager, Robt E.. 1 50
Young, David A.. 5 00
Young, H W..... 1 00
Young, Mrs R G.. 40
Youngman, C D.. 2 00
Bertha K, Northport 1 00
Morris P——, Jamaica 10 00
A & C, N Y C... 4 00
A C H, Otego.... 1 00
A H, Rose.....15 00
A R, N Y City... 1 00
C F D, Wayland. 1 00
E J H, Brooklyn.. 1 00
E K L, Upper Red Hook 2 00
E M H P, Willsboro 1 00
E P W, E Avon.. 1 00
Mrs G A R, Troy25 00
G S P, Mountainville 2 00
H A E, Lansingburg 1 00
Mrs H C A, Hamilton 1 00
H L H, East Patchogue 1 00
H W C, Brooklyn 10
H F C, Minerva.. 1 00
I A H, Hopkinton 50
J M, Eagle Mills. 3 00
J M, Rhinebeck... 1 00
J S G, Clifton Park 1 00
L J T, Portland.. 50
L O T M, Bemus, Point 3 00
M C, Newark.... 1 00
M E & Anna T, Newburgh 1 00
M E C, Glencove. 1 00
Mrs M E C, Brooklyn 1 00
M F P, Sherman. 10
M J W, N Y C.... 1 00
P per C G A, Auburn 1 00
P J C, Spafford.. 1 00
P O, Delhi..... 50
R B S, Rochester 50
S B, Watertown.. 5 00
S P, Troy..... 1 00
S S P, Bath-on-the-Hudson 5 00
W W S, Poughkeepsie 100 00
——, Baldwinsville. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

——, Cambridge .. 5 00
——, Centreport .. 1 00
——, Fair Haven.. 1 15
——, Flanders 25
——, Gardiner 3 00
——, Gorham 25
——, Hempstead .. 10
——, Homer 1 00
——, Hndson 25
——, Ithaca 5 00
——, Little Falls.. 5 00
——, Maloue 10
——, Medusa 1 00
——, Moira 2 00
——, Moriah 50
——, N Y C..... 5 00
——, N Y C..... 2 00
——, N Y C..... 1 00
——, N Y C..... 1 00
——, Nnnda 5 00
——, Park 1 00
——, Rural Grove.. 6 00
——, Schachticoke . 2 00
——, S W Oswego.15 00
——, Spg Valley...20 00
——, Syracuse 1 00
——, Utica 1 00
——, Warwick 1 00
——, W Seneca...400 00
Anon, Fernwood.. 2 00
Cash, N Y C..... 1 00
Cash, Ella, Reamsenburg 1 00
A Friend, Albany. 2 00
A Friend, Clayton 50
A Friend, Duanesburgh 2 00
A Friend, Dundee 2 00
A Friend, Montgomery 2 00
A Friend, N Y C. 2 00
A Friend, N Y C. 1 00
A Friend, N Y C.36 00
A Friend, Lansingburg 1 00
Friend, New Woodstock 50
A Friend, Bklyn.. 2 00
A Friend, Southhampton 2 00
A Friend, —.... 10
Friend, Barkerville 50
Friend, Crown Pt 04
Friend, Crown Pt 25
Friend, Crown Pt 05
Friend, Fredonia.. 1 50
Friend, Hancock. 50
Friend, Jasper....28 00
Friend, Johnstown 26
Friend, N Y C.... 2 00
Friend, N Y C.... 3 00
Friend, N Y C....10 00
Friend, Lockport. 1 00
Friend, Olean ...11 00
Friend, Paines Hollow 1 00
Friend, Randolph. 1 00
Friend, Shortsville 1 00
Friend, Yonkers-on-Hudson 1 00
Friend, S Livonia. 1 00
Friend, Wolcott .. 75
Friend, Canaedea. 3 00
Friends, Albion... 6 00
Friends, Saugerties 3 00
Friends, Caledonia 1 25
Friends, Dnnton.. 7 50
Friends, Schenectady 1 00
Friends, Shortsville 1 30
Three Friends, Aftou 2 00
Friends I H N, Crown Point ... 45
Friend E, Bklyn..15 00
Little Friends, Wakefield 5 75
Friends of the Miss spot-box, Bklyn. 2 00
Friends & Neighbors, S W Oswego 3 40
I H N, E Pembroke 50
I H N Club, Jamestown 1 10
I H N, N Y C... 8 58
I H N, Johnstown 2 00
I H N, Moravia.. 1 00
In His dear Name, Valatie 2 00
In Jesus Name, Barre 2 00
In the Name of Jesus, Ogdensburg 1 00
For Jesus Sake, Hancock 1 00
A Reader, Jamestown 1 00
A Reader, Liberty 1 00
Reader, Medina .. 1 00
Subr, Delanson... 3 00
Subr, Glens Falls. 1 00
Subrs of Greens Fruit Grower, Rochester 9 35
Subr, Eagle Bridge 2 00
A few Sympathizers, N Barton... 5 60
A Lady, Walker Valley 05
One who loves Jesus, Machias 2 00
People of Cazenovia 17 20
People of Bucks Bridge 17 00
People of Ontario13 72
People of Spring Valley 200 00
Citizens, Arcade. 31 52
Box 224, Trumansburg 1 00
W M S of Pt Tampa 15 00
Un Grange No 244 of Jamestown ..50 00
Infant Class, M E S Sch, Arcade.. 1 25
From E Randolph 7 70
Members & frds of M E Ch, N Sanford 23 09

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

From Raudolph .. 8 00
Excelsior Grange No 456, Navarino10 00
Children of P S No 3, Yonkers..18 00
Coll'n at M E Ch, Somers Centre, 11 00
Coll'n Bapt & Un Pres Chs, Burlington 20 00
Coll by 3 C E girls, Clancy, Miss J.. Latta, Eva .... Moss, Alberta .. 3 55
From a Shut-in, W Nyack 20
1st & 2d Prim Dpt High Sch, Cuba. 2 60
Sch District No 9, Wayne Co, Hnron 1 58
Rescue Mission, Syracuse 5 00
3 Kinderhookers.. 5 00
Millers Mills Grange Millers Mills ... 5 00
Clymer Grauge No 169 .....10 00
2 Canadian Frds, N Y C.....20 00
Class Inarta Trinity Sch 3 13
Member of Ascension Bapt Ch... 1 00
Chapel of the Nativity, Vanderveer Park, L I.. 5 35
Quartet, N Y C... 3 50
Coll from Lecture Wellsville 75 00
Voluntary Conts, Wellsville 10 90
Hawks Cl of Volney 9 45
Ladies of Vernon.10 00
A Presbyteriau, N Y City 2 00
Employees of Dnncan Co, Mechanicville 28 00
3 X, Esperance.. 2 00
Carpenters Cors Sch, Edinburgh. 25
One of Christs followers, Chenango 1 00
Another, Allegany 06
Altmar Village, Altmar 20 00
Chr People, Piue Woods 1 00
Box 430, Albion.. 1 00
Invalid, Greenbank 35
Whatsoever Cl of Trin M E S Sch, Newburgh 5 00
Prim Dept of M E S Sch 4 00
7th Day Bapt Ch, Nile 9 00
German Bapt Ch, N Y City 3 00
Lefferts Park Bapt Ch, Brooklyn....10 00
1st Bapt Ch, Stanford 8 00
M P Ch, So Bates 6 05
Cong Ch, Rushville10 20
M E Ch, Rossville 1 00
Bapt Ch, Plymouth 3 45
M E Ch, Plattekill 1 00
Pres Ch of Oyster Bay 10 00
Cong Ch, Moriah. 3 50
Welch Presby Ch, Remsen 17 00
Bapt Ch, Conkin Centre 13 83
M E Ch & Citizens N Western 5 00
M E Ch, Chatham Centre 5 50
Cross River Bapt Ch, Katonah ... 5 00
Marcellies Baptist Ch, Thorn Hill.. 8 50
Pres Ch, Hoosick Falls 11 45
Hopewell Pres Ch, Thompson Ridge 4 60
First Presby Ch, Aubnrn 20 00
Bapt Ch, Farmer.29 00
Ch of the Ascension Gloucester.15 00
M E Ch, Dexter.. 3 15
Bapt, Meth & Pres Chs of Gates Ctr 1 35
M E Ch, Greenville 3 81
The Bapt Church, Grapeville 7 50
Pres Ch, Conklin.10 00
First Presby Ch, Brockport 19 25
First Presby Ch, Augusta 5 65
Pine Woods S S, 2 50
Hope Chapel S S, White Plains .. 1 00
Olivet M E S Sch, Syracuse 8 00
1st Ger Bapt S S, N Y C..... 5 00
Un Breth Bapt S, Rapids 5 00
S S & Y P C E, Spring Brook.... 9 00
Boys S Sch Class, 1st W Pres Ch, Syracuse 2 50
1st Meth S Sch, Stockton 68
Bapt Ch, S Sch, Stockton 3 11
Un S Sch, South Grauby 3 18
Union S Sch, Jamaica So 6 00
M E S Sch, Jackson C'ner..... 2 75
Mendon Pres Soc.14 06
Scribner Hollow S Sch, Hunter.... 4 00
Mission S Sch, Hudson 3 24

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

All Saints S Sch, Great Neck.....39 02
All Saints S Sch, Great Neck.....10 00
Pres S Sch SS Cl, E Hampton..... 3 00
Jr Cla Bapt S Sch, Frewsburg 1 65
East Freetown S School 2 60
Class No 8 Bapt S Sch, Delevan. 2 00
Pres S Sch, Camillus 7 00
Ref Ch S Sch, Alexandria Bay. 5 00
Maple Grove S School, Pratt's Mill 8 75
Lower Fairfield M E S Sch, Candor 3 50
Oak Grove Un S Sch, Infield.....17 00
Willow Grove S Sch, Thiells 5 00
S Sch, Model City. 1 00
Union Evan S S, Corona 25 00
Johnson S Sch, Minisink 3 50
M E S Sch, Cherry Creek..... 5 00
C S School, Westbury 2 15
United Breth S Sch, Buffalo.... 2 50
E Williamsburg Ref'd S School, Brooklyn 3 28
New England Con S S, Long Island City..... 9 00
S Sch Children, Hannibal 18
S S Class, Brooklyn 60
Lakeville School, Thomastou 6 75
Wallkill Public School 6 15
Pupils of Intermediate Sch, Lyon Mountain 1 25
Home & Training Sch for Christian Workers, Albany23 00
Sch Dist No 19, C P Sherman, teacher 5 00
I O G T Lodge No 567, West Eaton 2 00
C E Soc 1st Bapt Ch, Whitehall... 9 45
Hopeful Circle K D, Watkins 10 00
Moravian Sr, Miss Y P S C E, Utica 5 00
Olivet M E, Y P S C E, Syracuse.10 00
Ladies' Aid Soc, Pierrepont 5 10
Sunshine S Soc of Woodhaven, Con S Sch, Ozone Park 5 00
Y P S C, Irondequoit 5 00
C E Soc of Clintou Coruers..... 3 00
K'sdau Presby S Sch, Camillus... 1 00
Leila Ep League, No Western..... 5 00
St Agnes Guild, Gouveneur 50 00
Miss Band, Burlington 7 00
Farther Light Cir of Bapt Ch, Burlington 4 00
C E Soc, Springtown 2 10
W C T U, of Cohoes, Albany.... 2 00
Grace Chapel Soc, Long Island City 5 00
Epworth League, Sinclairville 2 00
K'sdau Cir ofBapt Ch, Sennett..... 7 00
W C T U, Sing Sing 5 00
Ladies' B Class, Westminster Ch, Utica 6 00
Ladies' Aid Soc, M E Ch, Northampton 2 00
W S, of the West End Pres Ch, Albany 5 00
Helpiug Hand, Schenectady ... 2 00
C E Soc, Model City 2 00
Soc of Willing Workers of 1st Pres Ch, Sag Harbor 35 00
Y P Guild, Randolph 3 00
W C T U, Richford 1 00
Junior League of M E Ch, New Berlin 3 50
Education Soc, Munnsvule 12 00
W M Soc of Madison Bapt Ch....10 00
C E Soc Pres Ch, Hempstead 5 25
King's Dau, Great kills 1 00
Woman's Guild St Paul's Ch, Charlton 1 00
The Decatur Sewiug Club, Brooklyn 5 00
Epw Leag, M E Ch, Caldwell....12 77
Young People's Alliance 1st Evan Ch, Albany.....10 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

C E Union, Brooklyn 9 50
C E Soc, Cong'l Church 2 00
Ellicott Aid Soc, Dis No 4, Jamestown 8 75
The Lifters Clnb, Brooklyn 3 00
Ever Active Cir King's Daughters, Brooklyu.. 5 50
Y P S C E, Friends Ch, Elba 6 45
Young Ladies' Mission Cir, Hannibal 3 50
Y P S C E, Pres Ch, Northampton 2 00
Jr C E Soc, Livingston Manor.. 1 50
Helping Hand, Lansingburg 1 00
W C T U, Addison 20 00
W C T U, Philadelphia 29 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Barton, Ada 15
Castleman, Addie.. 25
Catharine, —.... 30
Duell, Christine... 03
Duell, Mrs Julia.. 10
Elliott, Annie 05
Farrar, Florence.. 05
Garrett, Alice 25
Glenham, T P..... 2 10
Grant, Geo H..... 25
Hadden, Alice ... 15
Harrington, Edna. 15
Harriugton, Silas. 10
Higgins, W, Neelysville 1 00
Hill, Myrtle E.... 1 00
Hubbard, Ed S... 05
Hubbard, George.. 05
Hubbard, John ... 10
Hubbard, Mary... 05
Hubbard, Sarah J 25
Isham's, Mrs E C, Social 4 10
Jewell, Beckie D 10
Johnson, Dr & Mrs 2 00
Johnson, F E..... 25
Johnson, Rev C A 15
Labrnn, Edna..... 15
Main, Miss E G.. 2 00
Mallenauer, H P & H L.....100 00
Middleton, Monga. 25
Moss, Alice 1 00
Mrs E K B, Kewanee 75
Nicholas, Lanra... 25
Pettit, Millie 1 50
Reed, Mrs Albert. 1 00
Richards, A M.... 1 00
Shaw, Ethel 10
Streeter, Ray 05
Swan, Jno 25
Walters, Annie M. 05
Walters, Rosa A. 05
Webber, Esther... 50
West, Mary 10
Young, Mrs P..... 1 00
——, —— 1 00
——, —— 5 00
——, —— 2 00
——, —— 1 00
——, Belfast 25
——, Brisbine 1 00
——, Brooksville... 2 50
——, Chester 2 50
——, Lake Comfort 25
——, Le Marshowa 2 00
——, Lorimer 1 00
——, New Plymouth 5 00
——, Olean 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 10
Anon, —— 25
Anon, —— 30
Anon, —— 30
Anon, —— 75
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 10
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 2 00
Friend, —— 25
Friend, —— 50
A Friend, —..... 1 00
Friend, —— 1 00
Friends, Akron ... 48
Friend, W Kiugston 1 00
Friends, —— 2 00
I H N, Middle Hope 1 00
Loaves & Fishes 30
Widow's Mite, Plainfield 2 00
An Interested Girl 11
A Little Girl, —— 25
S S Cl, No 2, Bapt, Warrensburgh .. 47
M E Ch, Hopewell 8 00
Beaver Ch Fund, Loyal 5 00
The Church at Raudallsville ... 4 54

FOREIGN

M E S Sch & Ch, Monterey.....97 00
Shaw, Isabella C.. 1 06
Waller Joseph 10 00
Alligator Pond Cong, Watson's Hill 10 00
Industrial Home, Matanzas 2 62
Jun E Soc, Portugnese Ev Church, Honolulu 2 00
Friends, Cape Haitien 5 00

Assassination of a King

A THRILL of horror went through the civilized world on July 29, when the news came that the King of Italy had fallen by the hand of an assassin. There had been a festival at Monza, near Milan, and the King, who had been staying at his summer palace there, had attended, to distribute the prizes of an athletic competition. In the evening he entered his carriage, when three shots were heard in quick succession. An assassin was firing at the King, and each bullet told. One of them pierced his heart, and he fell back and died in a few minutes. The assassin was immediately arrested and was with difficulty saved from the fury of the populace. He gave his name as Angelo Bresci, and said he came from Prato in Tuscany. It was learned, however, that he had recently been living at Paterson, N. J. King Humbert was fifty-six years of age, and was the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel, the first King of united Italy. He ascended the throne in January, 1878, on the death of his father. He had already made a military reputation in the campaign against Austria, but was said to have been wild and erratic in private life. He was married to Princess Margherita, of Savoy, one of the most beautiful women in Europe. On his accession he found that he had undertaken one of the most difficult tasks which could fall to the lot of man. The enemies of his house were numerous. There were the clericals who could not forgive the stripping of the Pope of the temporal power; there were the adherents of the kings and princes who had been expelled that Italy might be united in one kingdom; and there were the republicans who had hoped to see Italy a republic, not a kingdom. Besides this, there was popular discontent owing to the heavy burden of taxation which pressed most heavily on the common people, while the nobles and the wealthy classes escaped their share of the burden. King Humbert, consequently, had a troubled reign. He strove manfully, however, to conciliate his people. The palace expenses were reduced, various economies instituted, and when any public calamity occurred in any part of the kingdom, he was always to the fore in efforts to alleviate it. The Italians never forget that when the nobles fled from Naples in 1884, during the ravages of the cholera, King Humbert went down to the afflicted city, personally inspected the slums and the hospitals and remained there, directing remedial measures until the scourge had subsided. But while the Italians admired his personal courage, they groaned under the load of taxation that his policy involved. King Humbert's ambition to make Italy a powerful nation entailed expenses too heavy for the resources of the country. The army and the navy were far too costly and the burden of debt threatened national bankruptcy. His successor is his only son, the Prince of Naples, who is thirty-one years of age. He is said to be a fine scholar, but his private life has made him unpopular. He is married to Princess Helene of Montenegro, who being a Slav Princess, is little liked by the Italian people. It is difficult to understand the motive for the crime that brings him to the throne, unless it is, as has been suggested, part of a general plot of anarchists to kill all kings and rulers, of which the murder of the Empress of Austria and the recent attempt to kill the Prince of Wales were parts. It was predicted that in the latter days of this dispensation such men would arise.

Them that walk after the flesh in the lust of uncleanness and despise government. Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities (II. Peter 2:10).

The Envoys Alive

Although the civilized nations are still kept in ignorance of what is passing in Pekin, they have learned, with a satisfaction that is mingled with sadness, that the foreign envoys are still living, but are securely held as hostages. This information came through a runner whom the Japanese Consul at Tien-Tsin sent to Pekin, and who returned safely in the latter part of July, with the news that the legations were still standing, and that attacks upon them had ceased, although they were in continuous hourly peril. A dispatch subsequently received from the British minister, corroborates this report. This news, taken in connection with the repeated assurances of their safety given by Sheng, the Chinese Director of Telegraphs, and also with Li Hung Chang's ominous warning that an advance on Pekin by the allies would be instantly followed by the death of the envoys, proves China's purpose to be a dark and sinister one. Her imperial troops and the Boxers have already slaughtered thousands of native Christians; and in all probability many hundreds of non-combatant Europeans and Americans, including missionaries and their families, have also perished. Nameless atrocities have been committed, which would not have been possible had the government been sincere in its efforts to crush the rebellion and protect foreigners. It remains to be seen whether the allied powers will bow to the will of China, which now threatens to add to her crimes by exterminating the envoys if any attempt be made to interfere with her affairs by invading her capital. It is evident from her deep dissimulation in the negotiations thus far, that she cannot be trusted, and that she must be dealt with as a barbarian power. She is probably now about to face the bitterest experience of her history—an experience in which she must reap the fruits of her long series of crimes against humanity, her religious intolerance, her duplicity at home and abroad, and her disdain of the diplomacy of the civilized world and of that intercourse between nations which tends to the peace and security of the human race. No nation can set God at defiance as China has done and escape his indignation, of which the civilized powers may be the instruments.

VICTOR EMMANUEL III., KING OF ITALY QUEEN MARGHERITA THE LATE KING HUMBERT

Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? (Jer. 5:9).

Warned by Birds

The captain of the Norwegian steamer *Panan* while at Philadelphia after a voyage from Cape Breton, told the correspondent of a Boston journal a remarkable experience which had occurred to him shortly after sailing. The captain said: "While moving along at an eight-knot speed, and with the assurance that the land was no more to oppose us, the man on the lookout forward suddenly heard a confusion of sounds resembling the humming of millions of bees. The headway of the vessel was at once checked, and then the noise resolved itself into the voices of birds. In the succeeding moments of fear and doubt, the *Panan* was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to pierce the intense gloom of the night. Then the anchor was dropped. When morning broke, an astonishing spectacle greeted us. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away was an immense towering rock, which, had the vesssl struck it, would have dashed her to fragments in an instant. Stranger than all, the vast granite pile was inhabited by myriads of white birds, which reposed on its barren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the night, which had saved the steamer." How thankful the captain must have been that he heeded the warning so strangely given! If men were as ready to heed the warnings of God's Word, how many might be saved from eternal destruction!

He that taketh warning shall deliver his soul (Ezekiel 33:5).

Insanity or Paralysis

An extraordinary case is interesting the surgeons of Bellevue Hospital, New York. A man was taken there on June 28 who was violently insane. It had required the united efforts of four policemen to get him into the ambulance. The next day he was unable to rise, and on examination he was found to be paralyzed from the waist down. His wife, who came to inquire about him, told a strange story. She said that some months ago her husband was stricken with paralysis. He had been unable to use his legs, and had lain day and night on a sofa in their rooms. For a week past he had been very gloomy and morose, muttering to himself continually. On the day he was taken to the hospital she had been at her work in another room, when, to her amazement, her husband, who had not been able to stand on his feet for months, walked in, and, seizing hold of her, tried to murder her. She shook him off, but he followed her, and was so quick in his movements that she had great difficulty in escaping to the street. There the police came to her assistance. The surgeons say that the man is not shamming; but when he is violently insane the paralysis leaves him, and when his lucid intervals come the paralysis returns. It is an awful condition to be in, when the man oscillates between two conditions, in one of which he is powerless, and in the other mischievous and murderous. There are some whose spiritual condition seems almost as hopeless, yet for them there is the offer of deliverance.

To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; for the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do (Rom. 7:18).

BRIEF NOTES

The new president of the British Christian Endeavor Society in succession to Rev. F. B. Meyer is Rev. J. D. Lamont, a Dublin Methodist minister.

A cablegram from India, received as we go to press, contains the welcome intelligence that there has been general rain in both Gujarat and Rajputana, the two provinces in which the famine has been most severe. The prospect of a harvest in October is now much brighter.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada reports that every Church fund had closed the year with a credit balance, and that contributions had been larger than ever before.

Wherever Lord Roberts, the commander-in-chief of the British Army in South Africa, may be, he always attends the services of the Baptist Church, if there is one within reach, and the stricter the church the better it suits him.

The attempt to foment anti-Chinese disturbances in our cities should receive the severest reprobation from all Christians. It would be a most disgraceful thing if the innocent Chinamen among us were to suffer for the wrongs inflicted by others in China.

The New York federation of churches has lately issued a report of their canvass carried on in the fourteenth assembly district. There are 50,000 people in this section, of whom 38,000 or thereabouts are foreign born. Nearly one-half are Germans, while ten per cent. are Italian. Twenty-five nationalities in all are represented.

.. COMMON SENSE AGAINST SOPHISTRY ..

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for August 19: John 9: 1-17

Golden Text, John 9: 25: One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.

LINCOLN had great faith in the "plain people." Gladstone declared that the scholarly class, with individual exceptions, have always opposed progress. This lesson presents a fine sample of unlettered common sense cutting learned sophistry to pieces as with a Damascus blade.

. . .

Brighter Days for the Blind *As he passed by he saw a blind man from his birth.* Because Jesus of Nazareth has passed by, what light has come into the life of the blind, not alone by the wonderful cures which Christ inaugurated miraculously, and which Christian civilization has multiplied through the growth of medical science, but light also for the incurable, who no longer need to beg, for they are now taught to read and write and work with skill! The *American Cyclopedia* gives a list of fifty-one blind people who became eminent as musicians, sculptors, painters, philosophers, preachers, mathematicians and mechanics. In heathen lands blind people are helpless dependants, mostly living by wayside begging, like the man of this lesson. To-day, in Christian lands, no blind man needs to beg, nor should he be allowed to, for asylums stand ready to teach him a trade, providing for him meantime if his friends cannot do so.

. . .

Blessings of Adversity *That the works of God should be made manifest.* The Jewish theory that every sickness was due to sin anticipated modern studies in heredity; but the root of the disease may go back beyond either the sufferer or his parents, and is often due to unconscious sins of ignorance rather than to wilful disobedience of the laws of nature. Children should be early taught that such laws are the laws of God, not less binding than those of Sinai, and that happiness as well as holiness depend upon keeping them. But God overrules for the Christian, not only his misfortunes, but his mistakes, making blindness and other dark experiences opportunities for manifesting such works of God in man as sympathy and patience and "other-worldliness." A man who had been indifferent to religion until blindness cut him off from amusements and shut him in with God, exclaimed gratefully in after years of inward light: "I could never see till I was blind." (See Matt. 18: 9). Another, saved from a life of selfishness by financial failure, said: "I should have perished if I had not been ruined." See Coligny, the great Protestant Admiral of France, finding Christ through the leisure of sickness, which gave him time to read the Bible. Hear that one-armed soldier of our Civil War as he says to the agent of the Christian Commission: "It seems to me I can't be grateful enough for losing my arm. It made me thoughtful and opened the way for your delegates to visit me, and ended in my finding Christ. 'It is better to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire.'"

And sorrow touched by Him grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

. . .

How Christ Has Brightened the World *I am the light of the world.* Even in the Old Testament the Divine One is named "Light." David in exile, persecuted and hunted, yet dwelling in the radiance of God's indwelling presence, exclaims: "The Lord is my light" (Ps. 27: 1). What David meant has been expanded by Dr. Thomas Hill, one of our modern poets, thus:

Thou art the only source of day;
Forgetting thee alone is night:
All things for which we hope or pray
Flow from thine everlasting light.

The Old Testament is full of promises of a fuller revelation of the divine light. The prophesies are made up largely of the shadows of present sin illumined by the promise of a sin-dispelling Sun of righteousness that is to rise upon the world.

THE POOL OF SILOAM

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

"HE ANOINTED THE EYES OF THE BLIND MAN"

. . .

Christ's Way of Doing Good *Go and wash in the pool of Siloam.* In this story we go back to the small beginnings of Christ's world-wide work, and study his methods when as yet he could deal only with individuals. He who had reminded his apostles that his mission was to lighten the world did not scorn the opportunity to brighten the life of a wayside beggar. He reminded those about him that every such opportunity to gladden and help others should be seized upon, because life's day with each of them would soon pass into the night of death, when such service would be no longer possible.

Note that he used miracle only where it was necessary, reminding us that to-day our prayers should ask God to do only what we cannot do. The standard treatment for sore eyes was spittle-moistened clay. He put that upon the blind man's eyes. Washing would also be beneficial, and so he bade him go to the pool of Siloam and wash. Christ might have transported him by miracle, but it is always God's plan to make a man use his own feet when he can. There are many who need to be reminded to-day that they are not using their feet enough on God's errands. The blind man went to the pool, and in obedience found healing, like the ten lepers of whom it was said, "As they went they were cleansed." In both cases sceptical hearts would have said, "What is the use of going?" Or in each case they might have said to Christ, "You have healed others by a touch or two, or a word; why not give us the same experience?" (See Matt. 8: 22-26; 9: 27-31; 20: 29-34). They were wise enough to let Christ have his own way instead of seeking their own. Doubts were dispelled by doing.

And then the blind man told his neighbors how he had been brought out of darkness into light. No wonder they thought he was another man. In a sense he was, and in a deeper sense those whom Christ has enlightened in their hearts, not their eyes only, are new men. Often a beggar, made so by sin, has become rich every way because Jesus passed by and opened his eyes to nobler things. And even the rich man who has not obeyed Christ's call to "go and wash" is in God's sight still a beggar, "poor and blind and naked" (Rev. 3: 17).

. . .

Miracles of the Sceptics *How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?* Christ had performed a great miracle, but the Pharisees, the sceptics of that day, preferred to invent greater miracles by way of explaining it away rather than to accept it. They examined the man and his timid parents, covertly suggesting connivance, hoping to disprove the miracle, but only confirmed it. Then they invented amazing explanations, that could only be accepted by a credulity far beyond the faith that believed in the miracle. "This man is not from God," they said, "because he heals on the Sabbath"—something God had never forbidden, but only themselves. "We know that God hath spoken unto Moses," they continued, "but as for this man, we know not whence he is." Some of the sceptics themselves saw the folly of these desperate explanations. They said, "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" The blind man, the eyes of his mind looking straight to the mark, exclaimed in satire that cut these proud sophists to the bone: "Now herein is a marvelous thing that ye know not whence he is, and yet he hath opened my eyes. Since the world began was it not heard that any one opened the eyes of one born blind. If he were not of God he could do nothing."

Modern infidelity has invented miracles to explain away Bible miracles as absurd as those of the Pharisees, because an "evil heart of unbelief" prefers to exercise the most extreme credulity rather than simple faith. Here is one example of it: Renan, the most renowned of French infidels, in speaking of the raising of Lazarus, tells us that both Christ and the family at Bethany were "persons of the purest motives," and then suggests this explanation of the story: Lazarus, being very sick and pale, knowing that Christ was coming, allowed himself to be put into a tomb that he might seem to rise from the dead, and thus give great glory to Christ.

. . .

Knowledge is Power *One thing I know.* Nothing can stand before the man who knows one thing, and knows that he knows it; whose mottoes for head, heart and hand are:

"ONE THING I KNOW."
"ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED."
"ONE THING I DO."

The Pharisees were agnostics. What they "knew not" about Christ would have filled a volume. In heart and soul they were blind beggars, but were unwilling to be healed (vers. 40, 41). They were know-nothings and do-nothings, because both head and hand were paralyzed by proud, hypercritical, covetous hearts. In the blind man, we see that better than wealth or learning are knowledge and assurance, with courage to turn knowledge into speech and action.

. . .

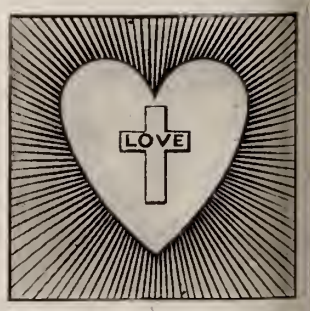
The First to Suffer For Christ *They cast him out.*—The learned sophists, beaten by a plain man's common sense, fell back on the coward's argument of force. It had been agreed that if any one should accept Jesus as the Messiah he should be cast out of the synagogue. In its extremest form, and that is probably the one used here, expulsion from the synagogue was not only a religious, but a social and commercial boycott. No Jew was to eat with him or to buy of him, or to sell anything to him except food. This is the first man in the New Testament to suffer for his faith, and it was only intellectual faith as yet. He was willing to suffer for free speech,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truths he needs must think.

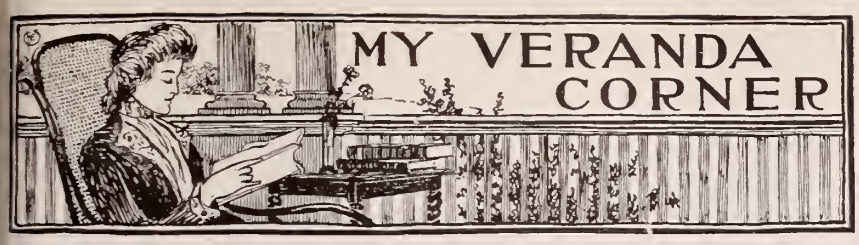
But soon his faith went deeper and laid hold on Christ as Saviour and Lord (verses 35-38).

. . .

To hearts in the midnight of sin comes Christ to-day to dispel the darkness with the "life that is the light of men," and night turns to day at his coming. Even persecution such as came to the blind man cannot darken the heart which has opened to Christ, the Light-bringer, as John Hay has beautifully shown in a poem on our lesson story:



He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore:
A prophet, on the Sabbath day,
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay
And made him see who had been blind!
Their words passed by him like the wind,
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GARMENTS OF PRAISE

THE loneliest crest of the desolate upland
Is blooming and royal in purple and gold.
The lap of the beautiful, brave old mother
Is fuller of flower than it can hold.

She drinks of the fountain of youth, dear Nature,
And summer by summer her face is bright
With the blush it wore in her days of Eden,
Ere the serpent had touched her fields with blight.

The child's hand gathers a sheaf of sweetness;
The bees are drunk with the honey-dew;
Pasture and hill in their rare completeness
Are perfect as when the world was new.

Everywhere summer and grace and perfume;
Everywhere beauty, broadcast and fair;
The year is crowned with the wealth of harvest,
And byre and bin are as answered prayer.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IN THE "FAR EAST"

THE heart of the Christian world beats responsive to the woe and the sadness of China, and in thousands of homes the first and last thought of these summer days is with our heroic missionaries and with the native Christians, the latter exposed like lambs to the fury of savage wolves. By the time you who read shall see this page, more and fuller information may be ours as to the precise state of affairs at Pekin, and rumors which now are heartbreaking may be modified. As I write there is still great apprehension that the worst is true, and that the yellow race rising in wrath against the white, has already martyred a host of men and women, diplomats, merchants and missionaries.

One day this week the mail brought me a letter from Tien-Tsin, with a little picture of a Chinese girls' school. The letter was dated June 8th, and the writer, Miss Frances B. Patterson, is a dear friend who three years ago went out as a missionary to North China from the American Board. A cablegram to her friends in Chicago has assured them and us of Miss Patterson's safety, concerning which anxiety has been felt. She has gone with Rev. George D. Wilder, his wife and children, to Kobe, Japan. This is what she said in her letter: "These are trying, troubled days here. The Boxers are raging and destroying all about us. Our compound is filled with refugees from our out-stations, where the Boxers have burned the chapels and looted and destroyed all the property of Christians. Our poor people have barely escaped with their lives, being warned by friends. There have been two dreadful massacres of Chinese Catholics, a party of Belgian engineers were killed on their way here from Pao-ting-fu, and two splendid missionaries of the English Church were murdered a few days ago. An attack on Tien-Tsin is expected at any moment. This place has nearly 1,000 foreign soldiers, and more coming. There are 150 Americans here, and more coming soon. A gun firing 400 shells a minute is in our front gate, and the benches from our chapel are piled up there to be used for barricades if necessary. The Chinese troops are mostly in league with the Boxers, and cannot be trusted. Pray for our poor people that the Lord may soon bring peace and light out of all this turmoil.

F. B. PATTERSON."

Since this was written, Tien-Tsin has fallen into the hands of the Allies. Much may happen before the little magic types translate it into print. But one feature will shine out star-like in memory: the absolute unselfishness of our missionaries and their care for the "poor people," helpless in the tempest of heathen wrath.

We, at home, think of the converted idolaters of Japan, China, Korea and Siam in a mass. To the missionaries the thought of them comes one by one; they are not a class of persons to be set down in a census; they are friends, each one of whom has been brought in childlike submission to the Cross, and many of whom have shown a faith heroic under persecution, and willing to yield property, home and life itself for the Master, whose cross they share. The little picture shows the girls' school at Tien-Tsin, broken up by the troubles now existing.

Small Children in Summer

Of course the baby is fretful after a torrid night. What else can you expect? You are fretful, too, but you are too big to cry, and so you scold, and nobody can reprove you, or tell you that you are unreasonable and disagreeable and out of sorts.

Let the baby be dressed as lightly and as loosely as possible in the hot days, and bathe him frequently. A sponge bath when he is very uncomfortable, with a dash of cooling powder after it, will make him happy and contented. He cannot be bathed too often. Do not overfeed him. Let the older children play in the shade, and persuade them to try their quietest plays. Above all things, do not allow yourself to be irritated or cross, or to speak impatiently, when the little ones are trying. These small vexations pass, and it is the joy of your life that you have the babies after all. What would life be worth without them?

A MARKET-PLACE AT VIGAN, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Market-day in the Philippines

American children in the early years of the twentieth century will learn geography in a more interesting fashion than their parents did. To us, the Philippines were a cluster of far-away islands on the map, and China was remoter than the planet Mars. To them the distance is nothing, for modern inventions have in a way annihilated space; we hear the news of the whole world at our breakfasts and dinners. Our friends and neighbors are going to the Philippines. Teddy and Tommy, in the first primary with our boys, are going there with their mother this autumn to join the Colonel, who has been there on business for Uncle Sam for the last twelve months.

Our picture shows a market at Vigan. It is, as markets always are, a place for friendly meeting, for barter and exchange, for neighborly gossip. Human nature the globe over has certain qualities in common, and one of them is to be fond of a crowd. The inhabitants of Vigan are not all pure Philippines: many of them are half-castes, partly Chinese or Spanish. They sit on the ground to sell their fruit and vegetables and their other wares, and the large calabash, which is a favorite utensil, is much in evidence. The market is surrounded by a stone wall, and protected from sun and rain by a roof.

CHINESE GIRLS AT A CHRISTIAN MISSION SCHOOL, TIEN-TSIN

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—MY LADY. Pay more attention to the guest's comfort than to mere show in the spare chamber. See that the toilet facilities are right—have plenty of water, good soap and a sufficient number of clean towels. Change the towels every day. It is an unimportant matter to have a lace spread, or pillow shams, but try to have a good spring and a luxurious mattress.

—INQUIRER. There is no harm in a low-necked gown, unless it is so cut as to be indelicate. It is perfectly appropriate for a Christian woman to have her picture taken in one, if it be a modest fashion. Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales and all the court ladies wear low-necked gowns on ceremonious occasions, and many American women in dressing for dinner always wear such a costume.

Let me say, also, that personally I do not admire low-necked dresses, but think high-necked and long-sleeved gowns in better taste. A thin lining, with a little lace to veil the neck, is always pretty.

—A COUNTRY BRIDE. Small tables for refreshments at the wedding breakfast will do very well and be very social. Or, you may have one large table, in which case let the guests be seated around the room, and pass the viands to them, giving each a plate and a napkin, and changing the plates for the second course. Small sandwiches, salad, cake, ice cream and coffee are enough for a bill of fare. Cucumber sandwiches are very dainty. The cucumbers are sliced very thinly and are left for an hour or two in a French dressing, made with oil, vinegar and salt. The bread is cut in tiny squares, with the crust, and is spread with a mayonaise dressing, after which the cucumber is placed between two bits of bread.

The Duty We Owe to our Animal Friends

DURING the last heated term, horses, dogs and cats in New York suffered severely from the tropical sun, and many of them died. The society which tries to prevent cruelty to animals had its hands full in alleviating the sufferings of those which did not die, but which were found panting and exhausted in the intolerable heat. If those who drive horses in very hot weather would arrange some sort of protection for their heads, and if owners of dogs and cats would provide them abundantly with water to drink, the number of animal prostrations would be lessened. We abate no jot of interest in and compassion for human beings who suffer in extreme temperatures, either hot or cold, but, as a rule, they can speak for themselves. For the dumb friends of man we must speak.

One poor man, on a very hot July day, when the thermometer registered 100° in the shade, stepped into his ice house to get cool, and his clerk, not dreaming that he was there, shut him in and went off to luncheon. The prisoner could not get out, and when the clerk came back and released him, he was badly frozen and almost insensible. The situation was an uncommon one and not to be envied.

A Mooted Point

A mother was talking in the veranda last evening about the girls of to-day and their great anxiety to have careers. "It is," she said, "the exceptional young woman who is contented to stay at home with her parents, and attend to domestic duties. The parents have been separated from her more or less during the years of school and college, and they are entitled to the pleasure of her company, but she is restless and longs to get away and to earn money for herself."

"You would not object to her marrying and leaving you, nor to her brother's going into business and becoming independent. Can you not look at the matter in that way?" The person who answered was a thoughtful, elderly woman.

"I don't know," the mother replied. "I wish Elsie would take what we are so glad to give until she marries, or at least for a few years. Certainly we do not ask John to stay at home, but a man's place and work are outside the household. We expect our daughters to remain under our care and to repay our love with their presence: not to have them needlessly plunge into the world's fight."

What do the daughters think about it? We should like to hear from them.

A Hearty Laugh

"The merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Is there anything more delightful than to hear a hearty laugh?—not a giggle, but a good sonorous, musical laugh, which means that the person is amused and wishes to make others glad, too.

THREE MARTYRS OF THE FAMINE

Missionaries who have laid Down their Lives in India in the Service of God and Humanity : : : : : :

IT was said of the mother of our Lord that the Disciple whom Jesus loved "took her unto his own home." There are some whose lives have been so devoted and consecrated that when they die it would seem that no other words so appropriately describe their leaving us. Christ takes them to his own home. To us, who recognize the value of their work, their death appears mysterious, and we wonder that God did not give special protection to servants who were laboring for him so zealously; but to them there is doubtless neither mystery nor regret. The "Well done good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," would not fall upon their ears as a sentence of doom that needed explanation, but as glorious promotion in which they pass from labor to reward. The three missionaries whose portraits appear on this page have thus quitted their spheres of labor, worn but not weary, physically enfeebled but spiritually vigorous, eager for further service, but obedient to the will of Him in whose cause they were ready to live or die.

REV. CHARLES S. THOMPSON

The death of Charles Stuart Thompson was singularly pathetic. He had been untiring in his efforts to relieve the suffering of the people of Rajputana, where the famine has been most severe. He never thought of sparing himself, and though he had felt premonitory symptoms of illness, he could not be dissuaded fron setting out on his accustomed journey. But he had not gone far when the cholera which was raging in the district declared itself. He could proceed no further, and, throwing himself on the ground under the shade of a tree, he bore his agony in patience His sole companion, seeing how serious was his condition, ran back to bring Mr. Outram, a brother missionary, to his help. With all speed Mr. Outram responded, but it was too late. Quite alone, with no friend to comfort him, no kindly hand to minister to him. Mr. Thompson had passed away.

REV. THOMAS HUDSON

It was a peculiarly difficult work in which he had been engaged. One of the most unpromising and degraded tribes of India are the Bhils of Rajputana. Nothing had been done to evangelize them when Mr. Thompson went to India in 1880. He was drawn to them by a yearning which only the whole-souled missionary knows. The Church Missionary Society, under whose auspices he went out, consented to his becoming a pioneer missionary in the neglected field. He found them reluctant to receive a missionary and averse to Christian teaching. Few know what he suffered during the early years of his solitary service. For fifteen years he devoted himself wholly to the work. He moved from place to place, occasionally getting some one to carry his traveling bed for him, but more frequently sleeping on the bare ground, or in any shelter he could find. How he won the confidence of the shy, hostile people, is not known, but when, early in 1896, completely worn out with labor, he went home for a brief rest, they lamented his departure as that of a dear friend. They were a different people then from the people as he had found them. He had established schools in their villages, had opened dispensaries for the sick, had visited almost every home and had done such deeds of kindness and spoken such words of love as had won their hearts. Various causes combined to prevent his return to his people at the time fixed, and it was not until November last that he was back among them. The horrors of the famine were then upon them and Mr. Thompson set himself immediately to the task of alleviating the suffering. He turned all his schools into relief centres and opened new ones. With his colleague, Mr. Outram, who had been laboring there during his absence, he superintended fifteen centres at which more than five thousand children and infirm people received two meals a day. It was in going from one of these centres to another twenty miles distant that he was seized with the disease which ended his life of usefulness.

JENNIE E. FULLER

Mrs. M. B. Fuller

Very sad indeed will many a home in this country be, when the tidings of the death of this consecrated Christian worker are read. During her recent brief visit to her native land, she endeared herself to thousands who listened to her enthusiastic talks and read in her earnest, joyous face the passion for souls which filled her heart. In one of her recent letters to this journal, she graphically described her emotions when, burdened with sorrow for the hungry people whom she had no money to feed, she went to the home of her friend, Rev. E. S. Hume, in Bombay, to ask if anything could be done for them. He was absent when she arrived, but she waited for him and presently he returned with the news that filled her heart with joy, that he had received $5,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which $1,000 was for her use. Her letter of thanks to our readers, published at the time, was the outflow of a heart full to overflowing with gratitude for the privilege of ministering to the people whom she loved. A subsequent remittance enabled her to carry on the work, which she continued with unfaltering courage until prostrated by the sickness that on June 21 closed her life of service.

Mrs. Fuller went to India in 1877, so that she had given nearly a quarter of a century to the cause of Christ in that land. She was a native of Ohio and had enjoyed the privilege of sitting under the ministry of Charles G. Finney. She was studying at Oberlin College when the call to missionary work in India came to her heart. Without waiting to graduate, waiting only to see by Providential dealings that there was no mistake in the reality of the call, she went out. She had no commission from any Board or Society, no pledge of support, but unbounded faith in Him who had called her into his service. She settled at Berar, where for upwards of three years she labored among the people with success. Rev. M. B. Fuller was also doing independent work in Akola, and the similarity of their aims brought them into acquaintance that ripened into love and marriage. They continued their labor of love and faith, looking to God alone for support, until an offer reached them from the Christian and Missionary Alliance to work under its auspices. They accepted it, and Mr. Fuller was intrusted with the superintendence of the entire field, which comprised seventeen mission stations in Akola, Khandesh and Gujarat. Since that time Mr. Fuller has directed the work with marked success, having always the active cooperation and assistance of his beloved wife. During the famine, Mrs. Fuller has been indefatigable and has labored unceasingly to provide the missionaries under her husband's charge with funds ror the relief of the sufferers and in initiating and advising measures of aid for them. Dr. Klopsch was particularly impressed during his visit with the wisdom and devotion with which the missionaries were laboring in the various enterprises which Mr. and Mrs. Fuller had inaugurated. It was doubtless a consequence of the exertions Mrs. Fuller had made in this work of famine-relief that she was unable to recover when the cholera seized her. For a time the physicians who strove to save a life so precious, had hopes that she would live, but other maladies developed in her enfeebled frame, and on June 21 she passed away, leaving a host of friends to lament her loss,

Rev. Thomas Hudson

A brief letter from Rev. E. F. Frease, the Secretary of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Inter-denominational Committee in Bombay, announces that on his return to his station at Baroda, from the reception of the *Quito* with its cargo of corn, he was shocked to learn that his valued helper, Rev. Thomas Hudson, had been stricken with cholera. Mr. Frease says: "All that human skill could do was done, but he passed away an hour after my arrival. How great a shock it was to us, Dr. Klopsch, who has been so recently among us and saw Brother Hudson and his family, will readily understand. His heart will beat in sympathy for the widow and her three fatherless children." Mr. Hudson had been active in famine-relief and had, with the other missionaries at Baroda, assisted in distributing food to the starving. One of the last letters he ever wrote was one to this journal, thanking its readers for their generous gifts and describing the boys and girls in the school under his charge who had been rescued from starvation by the funds which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had forwarded.

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...A REVIVAL IN COLLEGE

How a Whole College was Permeated with the Revival Spirit and Many Souls were Won....

BY REV. J. W. WEDDELL, D.D.

EVERY minister of experience finds on turning over the pages of memory some passages which stand out from the ordinary ministerial life with special prominence, causing him to thank God for the privilege of witnessing some scenes and having had a part in some momentous events. They may not have appeared particularly important at the time, but some subsequent occurrences have shown that influences now potent in other spheres took their rise in that time of blessing. Such a passage lives in my recollection in relation to a revival in a certain large college in Pennsylvania. And let me say at the outset that I believe there is no part nor parcel of ground in the great outlying world so ripe for the reaping of spiritual fruitage as the college campus and its surroundings. I want to tell the story of that revival to encourage every minister who has a similar opportunity, to avail himself of it and put his whole soul into it.

One morning a letter reached me from the president of the college, telling me that he was devoting a week to a distinctive religious effort among the students and inviting me to come and help in any way that might open. I went and I shall never forget that delightful week as long as I live. No effort was made at the time to tabulate results, but at the closing service there were forty students who came forward openly in the college chapel and gave their testimony for Christ, and in all the institution, in which there were in the various departments about four hundred young men and women, it was said afterward that there were not more than ten who could not be reckoned positively on the Lord's side.

Such expectations of the work as I had on my way, were not fulfilled on my arrival. I found that there was to be no interruption to the ordinary course of study. It was not to be a vacation. Studies and class-room appointments were kept up; the calendar and curriculum were maintained; but the main interest centred in the chapel services. The president and professors were there every evening on the platform and during the day, as I learned, they paid visits to certain students, whom one or other of them had reason to believe were susceptible to his respective influence. The object of these private interviews was to bring the men to righteous and rational decision on personal religion, and the visitors had special qualifications for the task through their personal observations of the individual character of each student.

The themes for contemplation in the addresses in the chapel were those prominent in the Scriptures, for, after all, the human heart is one, and no new or more strenuous appeal can be found than that voiced in the word of inspiration, profitable in all times and all circumstances, "for doctrine, reproof, correction; for instruction in righteousness"; but the presentation was such as would naturally accord with the collegiate spirit and the trend of a student's thinking. The rationality of the Gospel; the simplicity and yet manliness of faith and trust; Jesus the young man's friend; the courage of the Cross; the felt aid of the Spirit; the naturalness of God in the soul-life; the hatefulness of sin in the moral universe, and the necessity of righteousness for wholesome thinking as well as noble living and doing—this, with a frank, open grapple with the problems and queries incident to youth, made up the staple of discourse. A prudent, consecutive current of thought and appeal being, so far as possible, maintained—the old Gospel, that was all, which, as Dr. Henson has well said, was "the newest thing out."

It was the students' work especially that told. Promptly after the first service a conference of the Christian constituency was held. Endeavor was made to put at the front those who for scholarly or forensic or even athletic abilities commanded the largest respect of their fellows. Men previously prominent in stated religious services or endeavors, voluntarily stepped back and put others to the fore. Classmen organized and canvassed and divided up the lists of matriculates. Fraternities put their heads together and marked their men. Each man was given an object to bring about or a case to deal with, a friend to win. There were councils of war in each club-room. Every man's attitude was learned and studied: the best and wisest approach was carefully discussed. The leader of the meetings was at some designated building in residence or for conference each hour of the working afternoon. There were meetings, interviews, circles of prayer, men going out by twos or threes or singly to accost or bring in, hurrying feet in every direction, picket duty, advance, skirmish, charge—it became an investment, a veritable siege of souls.

The results might be anticipated. When the daily public meetings were held, no great words needed to be spoken—merely the presentation of the old-time persuasion of the everlasting Word. Fruits showed themselves at once. A man could not help being interested and indeed, impressed, in such an alert atmosphere: eager brotherly helpers on either side of him, beset behind and before, himself perhaps brought in of four, like the palsied man of old—four invitations, four custodians.

And then the after-meeting! Have you ever been in a students' inquiry meeting? A clinic there, indeed. The habits of the class-room make the work very explicit and direct. It is short-sword parrying for a moment or two, and then some one goes down—goes down to come up again and go after some one else. The vocabulary is different from the ordinary ecclesiastic formularies, but they know what they are talking about. "What do you think about it?" "Where are you today?" "Do you want to know how to get out of this?" "Let me tell you what settled the matter with me." "Here's my hand for it." Oh, it is lovely fighting when once the lads get down to it. And the beauty of it is that every man won here in the college arena is a doughty warrior on other fields and a leader in religious and revival work in every home that is represented, and perhaps in other fields and other lands. Already we have heard of the outreach of it, and it is blessed. To God be the glory!

A Consecrated Voice

A FEW months ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD told its readers the story of Miss Ruth Cordis Long, the accomplished niece of the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, who had cast aside the attractions of an operatic career, and consecrated her wonderful gift of song to the service of the Master. Another young gospel singer, whose rare vocal talent has already won her high recognition, and for whom a brilliant operatic career had been predicted, has taken a similar step. Miss Grace D. Hildebrand, the latest accession to the ranks of sacred song, has a voice of remarkable power and sweetness, which has earned for her the title of "The Gospel Nightingale." Her thorough musical education might have fitted her for a stage career, had not her religious convictions been early and deeply awakened. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of extraordinary compass and quality, to which she adds a power of expression in the rendering of gospel hymns that penetrates the hearts of her auditors. During the past three years she has been the leading soloist at Rev. Dr. Cadman's Metropolitan Temple, and her voice has been heard during that time at many New York churches and missions. She has sung the songs of salvation to the wanderers in the Bowery Mission, and she has also sung in the little chapel at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, delighting the city waifs. Recently she sang to great audiences at the services conducted in the Gospel tent, "Glad Tidings," in New York City. The hymns she sings are individualized by her in a manner that gives them a new and eloquent interpretation which never fails to move those who hear her. Great gatherings listen with rapt attention to the beautiful rendering of the familiar Gospel songs: "The Life Line," "Saved By Grace," "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go," "The Dark Valley," "My Wandering Boy," and others of the same class. She is equally effective in compositions of a higher order; but she invariably prefers the simple Gospel songs, which the multitude love and understand.

Two years ago, Ira D. Sankey heard this delightful singer at the head of a chorus of sixty voices, and, at the close of the exercise, talked with her and obtained her promise to devote her voice and talent to the Lord. She has faithfully kept her pledge, and her energies ever since have been confined exclusively to Christian work. Her highest ambition is that her wonderful talent of song may be made instrumental in leading others to the Cross, and to

MISS GRACE D. HILDEBRAND
"The Gospel Nightingale"

Think, speak and sing of nothing now
Save Christ, the first and last.

MUSTERED OUT

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BEYOND this mortal strife I view
Their white tents stretch away:
No bugle-calls or war's alarms
Or muster for the fray:
The Christian soldier rests, at last.
The night's dark work is done—
"Guard-mount," "relief" and "sentry-go"—
Life's battles fought and won.

Here every call to arms affrights
The worn and sin-scarred soul;
The reveille awakes; the drums
Beat loud the long, long roll:
There we shall halt by waters sweet
And "ground-arms" evermore,
And Peace keep guard eternally
Around our barrack-door.

On guard or march, O Prince of Peace,
My martial steps keep true,
And grant that I may answer "Here!"
At "roll-call" and "review."
Be thou my Captain and my Guide
And in the conflict shield;
Dismiss me to the warrior's rest
On Heaven's white-tented field.

—MAJOR JOHN B. KETCHUM.

The Gospel in the Canaries

Dr. T. MacKnight, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, writes:

There are great Gospel openings here in every town and village, an immense reception of the Word of God, and no opposition to speak of. We are opening as a witness in Las Palmas a "Christian Depot" for all sorts of Christian literature in Spanish, and for all pictures, or CHRISTIAN HERALD'S (old ones), and any illustrated books and papers, Bible pictures and alphabets for teaching, reading, etc. We read and sing with them and give to each a Bible picture for their walls, thus teaching them at home. Pray for these people.

Catarrh of the head, throat, stomach, bowels or bladder is effectually relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is a constitutional remedy, working through the blood. Begin to take it to-day.

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Visiting Friends in Knoxville.

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How a Gospel Seed Grew : :

The Story of the Founding and Progress of the Tremont Mission, New York ... Consecrated Efforts Greatly Blessed

A FEW years ago Tremont was merely a little village north of Harlem; but the steady growth of New York, and the advance of population northward made the pretty suburban village a part of the greater city, even before its formal annexation and incorporation in the Borough of the Bronx. The village, even in its earlier days, found ample spiritual help in its various churches, and its citizens would have smiled at the suggestion of a Gospel Mission being started among them. But with annexation to the metropolis came problems which every city must solve, and which—for the present, at least—seem best solved by the Mission. A large foreign population settled in Tremont, to whom the Bible was unknown and religious services little more than a curiosity. A thoughtful Christian resident—Mr. P. N. Gardner—realizing the great need of Christian teaching among a people who would not attend any church, began a series of cottage prayer meetings, and later secured the use of a little lodge room at 719 Tremont avenue, on Sunday afternoons and evenings, for the purpose of holding regular religious services. Then he and his devoted wife, together with other Christian residents, visited hundreds of people living in old Tremont village and vicinity and invited them to the services, furnishing them with Bibles where none were found in the homes, securing permission to hold cottage prayer meetings wherever they could and organizing a mothers' meeting.

As time passed, attendance at the Sunday services increased until the little room was all too small to hold those who wished to come. Now, on pleasant summer evenings, the service is held out-of-doors.

A representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who recently visited this little Mission, found the deep earnestness of both superintendent and people most impressive. Many pastors of much larger congregations would rejoice to find pews so well filled on an oppressively warm Sabbath, and would gain strength and inspiration from a visit to these people. The services are purely evangelistic, and Superintendent Gardner reports a number of conversions recently. The attendance averages from seventy-five to a hundred at the Sunday services, while about forty attend the weekly cottage prayer meeting. At the mothers' meeting, from ten to twenty women may be found, and here garments are made for the worthy poor, of whom there are many in the neighborhood.

Mr. Gardner organized the Mission in November, 1898, and for a time personally bore almost the entire expense of conducting it. Now the work has grown to such proportions that he finds his own means too limited. The people who attend are not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods. The majority of those converted at the Mission promptly unite with some of the various churches of Tremont.

The Mission is conducted on undenominational lines, and is wholly dependent upon voluntary contributions for its support. Superintendent Gardner is anxious to rent a house near the present location, using the first floor for general meeting and reading-rooms, and the remainder of the house as dormitories, where temporary lodgings may be given to homeless people while endeavoring to find employment for them. There are no lodging-houses in the neighborhood at present. This struggling little Mission is well deserving the support of Christian people who are interested in home work of this character.

A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE TREMONT MISSION, NEW YORK

The Woes of the Drunkard*

The Victim of an Insidious Foe Whose Bonds he has Lost the Power to Shake Off

MANY a laugh has there been at the drunkard. It is amusing to watch his staggering steps and his efforts to maintain the perpendicular. His silly talk and his exuberant hilarity are always ludicrous. But it is not so amusing for his wife and children and those who love him. Neither is it pleasant for the man himself when he is getting sober. His headache and nausea and nervous tremors are a heavy price to pay for his indulgence. Solomon was right when he said that "at the last it biteth like a serpent." It does not often wait till "the last" to make its fangs felt. The drunkard has to bear many a pang before the last comes, when *delirium tremens* seizes him and he begs with tears and cries, to have the snakes that are so real to him, but so unsubstantial to his nurse, removed from his bed. Yet, knowing that such a fate is before him, the fascination of the indulgence holds him a helpless captive. Solomon must have known such men before he could have written a paragraph so true to life as that in which even in his misery, the drunkard longs to resume his debauch. He is suffering now, but he remembers that when he was drunk he did not feel it, even when he was beaten. He will get back to that blissful indifference; when he awakes he will seek it yet again.

The wretched condition of the man who is giving up health, property and the welfare of those he is pledged to love and protect, is sufficiently perceived by everyone. There are none so happily situated as to have escaped altogether from the curse. Some relative or friend has fallen a victim, and in trying to rescue him from his bondage his friend has seen how strong are the chains which strong drink binds around its slave. All this is well known, and it is not in warning others of the woes of the drunkard, that any good can be done. The opportunity of usefulness occurs at a much earlier stage. No one who begins to drink expects to become a drunkard. If he were assured that he would be a victim, he would never begin to drink. Every one has the belief that he can stop drinking whenever he so decides. And so he can at that stage. The crisis comes later on, when, having realized that the time has come for him to stop, he makes the attempt. But that time does not come until stopping has become almost impossible. So insidious is this enemy that the victim does not feel the bonds it has woven around him until they are strong as iron bands. That is why it is so suicidal to make a beginning. There is no drunkard staggering along our streets to-day who did not believe that he could stop whenever he wanted. The mischief of this conviction is fostered by the example of the moderate drinker. Every respectable Christian who drinks in moderation and never gets drunk, confirms the weak man in that fatal belief. He takes no account of his own weakness, but adduces the example of this and that man, who is a sober man yet drinks his glass of wine on occasion, to every one who warns him of his danger. Therefore the Christian does right in insisting on the duty of every follower of Christ being a total abstainer, lest by his example he cause one of these weak ones to stumble.

There are a few examples of the drunkard reforming, such as the late John B. Gough, as if God willed to give all the encouragement that was possible to the poor victim, but they are so rare that the hope they inspire is feeble. The real hope of saving the world from the curse lies with the children and young people. If the children who are growing up around us were encouraged to like water as a beverage and were taught that the stimulants were evil we might hope that the next generation would be a sober one.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 19. Prov. 23: 29-35.

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CHILD-CRIMINALS REDEEMED

THE EXCELLENT REFORMATORY WORK OF THE MINIATURE REPUBLIC AT FREEVILLE, N. Y.

MANY readers of this journal remember the description of a "Children's Republic," which appeared in these columns several years ago. It

THE BOY JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT

was the George Junior Republic, and was founded in 1895 by a young Christian lawyer of New York, who took 140 "fresh-air children" out to Freeville, N. Y., to spend three months. Self-government was established in the little community, and a system of labor was arranged whereby each child might feel that he was earning his own living. By degrees the scheme expanded. It was found practicable to make a permanent home for such of the children as had no other home. As the number of regular citizens increased, the number of summer citizens necessarily diminished, until in 1898 the practice of inviting visitors for the summer was abolished.

Meanwhile the principles of self-government had taken firm root in the minds of the young citizens, and Mr. George was enabled to leave more and more of the direction of affairs in their hands. The president of the Republic is now a bright lad of eighteen, who was elected to the office by his fellow-citizens. Mr. George, the founder, retains merely a general oversight and the title of "Daddy." The government of this miniature Republic is modeled largely after the United States Government. Citizens over twelve years of age have the right to vote and hold office. The laws are based primarily on those of New York State, but the citizens hold frequent meetings, at which are passed many new laws suited to the needs of the community. It is remarkable how clever the little fellows have become in constructing bills to meet their various needs. A custom house has been established, and a ruinous tariff is imposed on all unripe fruit imported. A store is kept by certain citizens, and here are sold all sorts of things, from candy to clothing. In the early days of the Republic, a speculative youngster fresh from New York acquired a capital of a few dollars, bought the entire stock of candy and proceeded to speculate on the corner thus created. Others followed suit, and in a day or two there were corners on every available article.

Mr. George and his friends watched the affair with interest. Perhaps they hoped in this small society to find a remedy for the speculation in the big world outside. The children showed themselves fully able to cope with their own troubles. They passed a law limiting the purchases of individuals to what was demanded by their own personal needs.

Not long ago the citizens, after a heated discussion, passed an eight-hour labor law. This was at 3 P.M. At 5 P.M. the girls who work in the restaurant formed in procession and marched around the Republic, bearing a banner on which was printed, "Hurrah for the eight-hour day!" As they marched they chanted:

Yous don't git no supper any more—
Our eight hours ended at four!

IN THE LIBRARY OF THE REPUBLIC

This caused consternation among the boys. A meeting was hastily called, but after a stormy debate adjourned, having accomplished nothing. The Republic went supperless to bed that night. On the following day the law was repealed.

More important than self-government is the independence, self-reliance and thrift that life in the Junior Republic teaches. Each citizen is thrown on his own responsibility. Work is supplied for every one, and all labor is paid for in the aluminum coin of the Republic. Food, clothing and shelter are to be had in exchange for this money. The citizen who refuses to work must go without. He may even be arrested for vagrancy and placed in the prison, where he will be compelled to work. United States money is of no value there. A dollar in the Republic currency represents an actual value of twenty cents.

An active police force insures obedience to the laws. All transgressors are promptly arrested and brought before the court, which sits in the schoolhouse on Saturday morning. The judge, a bright little fellow of fifteen, presides with dignity and shows a surprising knowledge of legal technicalities.

A glance at the prisons is enough to convince one that the life of a criminal in the George Junior Republic is not over pleasant. Culprits are dressed in striped ticking and confined in small wooden pens in the state house. They are placed in charge of boy keepers, who are responsible for them and without whom they never leave the prison. They are fed on bread and water and compelled to work at digging ditches or cracking stone. There are over seventy-five boys in the Republic and only about one third as many girls. Consequently, girl prisoners are not very numerous, and one keeper suffices for them. She superintends their labors and accompanies them wherever they go.

School, taught by competent teachers, is held daily. Citizens are not compelled to attend, but most of them do, and they are paid for their work while there. There is a good library of over 2,000 books and an excellent collection of law books. A literary society has been formed, and the members are encouraged to deliver lectures, read papers and discuss questions at the weekly meetings. There is a printing office in which several boys are employed. A bright little paper is published monthly. It is managed entirely by the children. The carpenter shop, the farm, the laundry and the restaurant provide employment for the majority.

The work of the Republic is supported mostly by voluntary contributions. The children's work counts for something, but they cannot by any means pay for their maintenance. They come from the slums of the great cities, for the most part. Many are children who have been arrested several times and were considered incorrigible—too bad for the reform schools.

"We take the worst—children of whom the judges despair"—said Founder George, "those who have been sent to reform schools and have been returned worse than before. To such our doors open readily. We have never yet had to pronounce a child a hopeless criminal. I have yet to see the boy or girl in whom there is not some spark of good that can be fanned into a flame by kind, firm, judicious treatment. Their past history is never alluded to. They start here with a clean record. We aim to make good citizens of them—to let all the sin and sorrow of the past be forgiven and forgotten—to show them a future bright with hope and possible good. They learn gradually that it is possible for them to lead honorable and upright lives, and to win all things that are good and desirable by honest toil and square dealing. It is a work of patience and of time, but in its results we believe it to be one of eternity."

ELIZABETH M. BRAINE.

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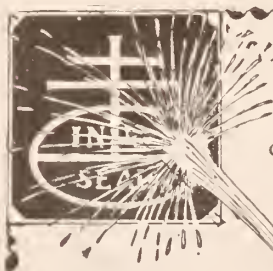

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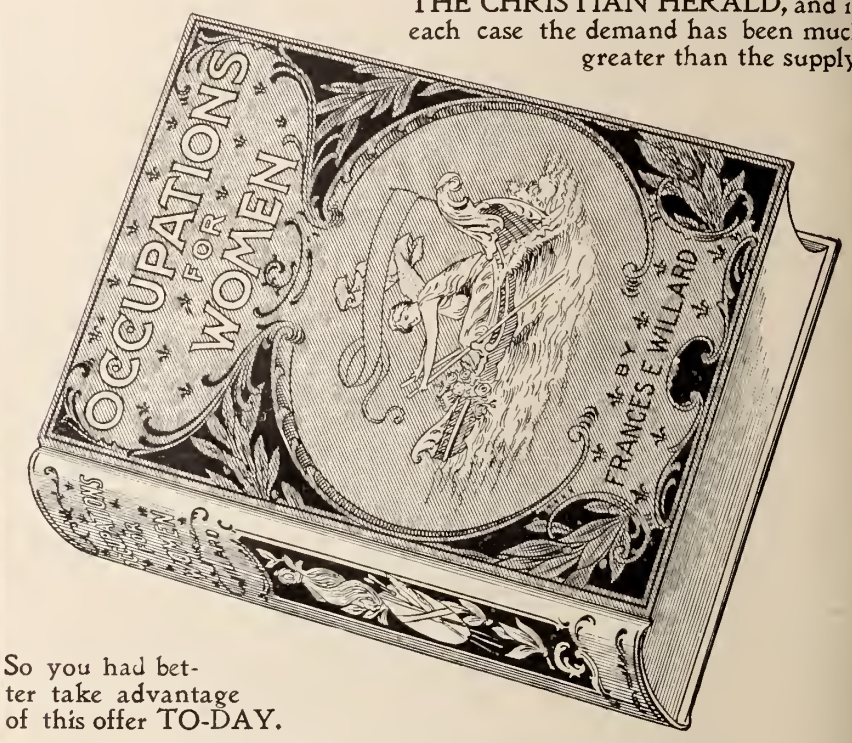

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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THE NEW COUNCIL OF THE WORLD'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

From a Photograph taken at the recent Convention in London expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. For other portraits see page 667

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG, *The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.*

These Questions Will be Answered Sept. 12

1. When do the "dog days" begin and how did the term originate?

2. When a boy or girl of fifteen years old or more, is persistently disobedient, say for example in staying out until a late hour at night, and kindly entreaty, remonstrance, and affectionate warning have all failed to effect reform, what step ought the parent to take?

3. If a man defraud another in a business deal, without the latter's knowledge, and after conversion, seeks to make restitution, is he justified in doing it secretly, in order to avoid forfeiting the good-will of the man he defrauded, or must he confess his fault, while restoring what he had dishonorably acquired?

4. Among the metaphors of the Bible, what article of common use is so prominent that it is mentioned in references to death, to ruin, to union, to extension, to affection, to desertion, and to the tyranny of bad habits?

5. What is the earliest record of a system of grammar being used by any nation?

6. What are the "ways" to which the Psalmist refers as being in the heart of man (Psalm 84: 5)?

7. What is the explanation of China's extraordinary survival, throughout a period extending over thousands of years, when all other nations that have arisen in that time have passed away?

8. If there are two applicants for a vacant position in a Christian merchant's service and one of them is a Christian and the other not, ought the merchant to give the Christian the preference, if the other is a much more capable man?

9. Who was the first visitor to Niagara Falls who wrote or published a description of the Falls?

10. If a man pays a high rent for a pew in a church because that pew is more comfortable or in a better position, is he entitled to reckon the pew-rent as part of the tenth which he sets aside for Christ's cause?

Questions of the Week

1. When did missionary work begin in China? Who were the pioneers? To what extent is the country evangelized?

According to tradition, the Gospel was first preached in the Chinese Empire by the Apostle Thomas. In historical times, the Nestorians came early in the sixth century, and by the seventh had considerable influence. Marco Polo, in 1278, found Nestorian churches newly erected, but they gradually disappeared under persecution. The Roman Catholics first sent missionaries at the close of the thirteenth century. The Greek Church was established in Pekin in 1685. The Moravian attempt in 1742 to send missionaries was a failure. The London Missionary Society sent the first Protestant missionary, Robert Morrison, in 1807. After working six years alone, Rev. William Milne joined him, and together they issued the New Testament in Chinese. In 1814 the first convert was baptized. Dr. Morrison worked twenty-six years in China, making but few converts, but laying a splendid foundation for future work. The present number of Protestant converts is estimated at fifty thousand in a population of over three hundred millions. In 1865, eleven of the eighteen provinces were practically untouched by Christianity. The vast populations of the interior had not been reached. Since that time, the China Inland Mission has devoted itself systematically to the work, with the result that the Gospel has been preached in every province, though not in every part of each province.

EDITH G. BRAKENSIEK.

2. What is the best method of making a prayer-meeting interesting and spiritually helpful?

The good prayer-meeting, like the poet, cannot be made. It is a product of certain well defined conditions. Material must be at hand—a company of humble, earnest Christians, seeking spiritual uplift for themselves, and also the coming of the Kingdom. A good leader, of deep piety, of large Christian experience, and much knowledge of Scripture, is desirable, but not indispensable. A spirit of true Christian fellowship must pervade the company—a spirit of sympathy for each other in all each other's needs, a spirit of unity of desire, of unity of consecration, of unity of faith. Coming together "with one accord" in such conditions, forms and external circumstances count for nothing; but prayer, heartfelt, earnest, effectual, will ascend to the edification of all. A prayer-meeting is no place for display of eloquence, learning, nor even of spiritual gifts; but where the children of God come together for communion with him. To make it "interesting and spiritually helpful," abolish everything inconsistent with this ideal. The desired result will follow as naturally and as surely as sunshine produces light and warmth.

JOHN G. OSBORNE.

3. Does not the statement of Peter (II. Peter 1: 20) that no prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation conflict with the Protestant favorite doctrine of private judgment?

This verse has long been famous as the "cross of commentators." Three explanations worth notice are given: 1. Some scholars refer the word "private" to the prophecy itself, *i.e.*, no prophecy of Scripture interprets itself; prophecy, before fulfilment, is only be-wildering. God and time alone can interpret it. 2. Most Protestant and all Roman Catholic commentators refer "private" to the readers of the prophecy, *i.e.*, no prophecy is to be interpreted according to the individual's private judgment. But the Romanist insists that the consent of the Church is necessary, while the Protestant relies upon the enlightenment given by the Holy Spirit and the general teaching of Scripture. 3. Others refer "private" to the prophets themselves, meaning the prophets could not interpret their own prophecies. This view finds support in I. Peter 1: 10-12. However, the best interpretation seems to be that the word "private," while referring to the prophets, relates not to the explanation but to the origin of the prophecy. The thought of Peter is: No prophecy is of the prophet's own (private) interpretation; not the result of his own calculations in regard to the future. This is the view of Bengel, Huther, Alford, Sadler, Lillie, Plumptre and others.

G. E. KRAUTH.

4. Explain the adjustment of the calendar?

The Julian year, that is, the year adopted by Julius Cæsar, consisted of 365 days for three years in succession, and 366 days for the fourth, and so had a mean length of 365 days, 6 hours. But in reality a year, meaning by this term the time of the earth's revolution from the vernal equinox to the same equinox again, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 min., 46.04 sec. Thus it is apparent that the Julian year contained about 11 minutes in a year too much; or in other words, about 44 min. too many were added with every 29th of February in leap-year. In the course of centuries the error obviously would become very considerable. In October, 1582, it had amounted to ten days, which Pope Gregory XIII. retrenched and so reformed the calendar, bringing things back to the status in which they were at the time of the council of Nice, A.D. 325. In order to avoid error in the future, Pope Gregory directed that leap-year occur less frequently; so according to new style, leap-year does not occur in centennial years unless they are divisible by 400. Accordingly, this year of 1900 is not a leap-year.

AMELIA HOYT.

5. In view of David's very imperfect life, how could he be said to be "a man after God's own heart?"

David, though he often fell into sin, yet did not delight in sin, and forsook the sin as soon as he realized that it was sin. He was "a man after God's own heart," because he hated sin, which God also abhors. His experience is recorded for our encouragement so that, though we too often yield to temptation we need not despair if we truly repent, as David did.

J. G. OSBORNE.

To this may be added that he was a man after God's own heart in his submission. When he was punished for his sins he did not rebel, but admitted that his punishment was deserved and humbled himself. This attitude which God delights to see, is so rare that it is not surprising that David, who took it, was characterized as "a man after God's own heart."

ED. MAIL-BAG.

6. What is the origin of the Chinese queue or pigtail?

The odd fashion which the Chinese have of dressing their hair did not originate among themselves, but is a foreign innovation. Before its introduction by the Tartars, the Chinese wore their hair much as we do, not shaving the head. In 1644, A.D., when Shunche, the Tartar conqueror, was proclaimed Emperor of China and became the founder of the present dynasty, he commanded his subjects to shave their heads and adopt the queue. This stirred up great opposition, for the Chinese considered it degrading to wear the symbol of Tartar sovereignty. The new ruler, however, quietly settled the trouble by issuing another edict forbidding those convicted of crime to wear the queue or to shave their heads. By thus making the new custom a mark of respectability, the people were soon eager to adopt it. The Chinese now have almost a superstitious reverence for the queue, and treat it as an object of dignity and honor.

ALICE L. FREESE.

7. What is the best answer to the Catholic taunt: "Where was your church before Luther?"

There have been many famous answers to this question. Sir Henry Wotton, when at Rome, having gone to hear vespers, the priest, with whom he was acquainted, sent to him by a boy of the choir a small piece of paper on which was written: "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" Sir Henry immediately wrote under it: "My religion was to be found *then* where yours is not to be found *now*—in the written Word of God." When the same question was propounded to Joseph Mead, a man of great learning, he facetiously answered: "Where was the fine flour when the wheat went to the mill?" And on another occasion: "Where was the meal before the corn was ground?" A still more pointed answer was given more recently when the old taunt was launched by an American priest in Rome at a Protestant fellow-countryman. The Protestant answered by pointing to a cleanly worshiper, whom he and the priest had met earlier in the day, with his face begrimed with soot. "Where," he asked, "was that man's face before it was washed?"

ISABEL HOLLAND.

8. What was the highest price ever offered for a book, as far as recorded?

The highest recorded price ever offered for a book was $96.000, which was tendered in 1512 by a number of wealthy Jews of Venice for a Hebrew Bible of great age and value in the possession of the Vatican. Julius II., however, declined to part with the volume. Probably the next highest price ever offered was for the Missal, given by Leo X. to Henry VIII., for which the German government paid $50,000.

ROBERT VYSE.

9. Should a Christian who has failed in business, give money to the church before he has paid his creditors in full?

Should he pay money for rent, food and clothes before he has paid his creditors in full? Of course he must, and so a portion of his earnings should be put aside as due to God. The balance of his income, after paying necessary expenses, which in the circumstances ought to be rigidly kept to the lowest possible amount, ought to be laid aside to pay the obligations from which he has been legally, but not morally released. In order to do this at the earliest moment, he should economize, but his economies should be in matters of personal indulgence, not in defrauding God of the proportion of the income which is due to his Lord.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

10. What are the legal holidays in the different States of the Union?

January 1—New Year's Day: In all States except Massachusetts, Mississippi and New Hampshire. January 8—Anniversary battle of New Orleans: Louisiana. January 19—Robt. E. Lee's birthday: Georgia, Florida, Virginia, North and South Carolina. February 12—Lincoln's birthday: Connecticut, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania and Washington. February 22—Washington's birthday: All States except Mississippi. February 27—Mardi Gras: Alabama and parish of Orleans, La. March 2—Anniversary of Texan Independence: Texas. April 19—Patriots' Day: Massachusetts. April 13—Good Friday: Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee. April 21—Anniversary battle of San Jacincto: Texas. May 20—Anniversary of signing of Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence: North Carolina. June 3—Jefferson Davis' birthday: Florida and Georgia. July 4—Independence Day: All States. July 24: Pioneers' Day: Utah. August 16—Anniversary, battle Bennington: Vermont. September 3—Labor Day: All States and Territories except Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Vermont. Observed in Wyoming, but not as a legal holiday. September 6—Labor Day: North Carolina. September 9—Admission Day: California. November 1—All Saints' Day: Louisiana. November 29—Thanksgiving, in all States. December 25—Christmas, all States. Decoration Day is observed in most of the States and Territories, and various dates are appointed, ranging from April to June. Arbor Day is observed in a number of States on different dates. State and general election days are legal holidays in various States. After 12 M. on Saturdays is generally observed by banks throughout the country.

J. V. BLACKWELL.

[A number of answers, more or less full and accurate, have been received to this question, but we believe the above to be at once the most accurate and condensed. Among those who sent excellent answers are Rev. P. W. Finger, W. Getty, E. S. Damon, K. D. Crandall, Mabel Wherry, F. J. Strayer, Mrs. M. Wyant, H. R. Dietterich, Mrs. F. P. Gittinger, J. M. Hackett, D. A. Magill, C. D. Hanger, R. E. Criswell, A. M. Hare, G. D. Anthony, W. C. Gaddis, Mrs. A. R. Marsh, L. V. See, F. M. Hewlett, O. Carson, Gertrude Birdsall, Anna E. Walker, Miss Edith G. Brakensiek, Ola L. Brooking, Florence E. Hay.]

Subscriber, Bassetts, Va. You will find the information in almost any good newspaper almanac.

F. A. S., Lynn, Pa. Write to the Secretary, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, New York City.

H. We have never heard of any effective remedy for snoring, though lying with face well toward the pillow will, in many cases, help to abate it.

Mrs. M. M. W. The photographs are actual representations of the places mentioned in the story; the portraits are those of living people.

E. C., Dayton, O. If he loves you, he will forgive your fault, if you tell it frankly. If you do this, we can see no reason why you should not take the other step.

K. W. D., Canton, O. 1. All at Chefoo are safe; some have gone to Japan. 2. It is filed as part of the Court records. 3. Write to the editor, *American Agriculturist*, New York. 4. Havana is a United States colony, but at present its people have no vote in our affairs. 5. We have not the information.

Our India Orphan Roll of Honor

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the list published in last week's issue:

—Mrs. S. S. Thompson, Lyndonville, N.Y., **A Girl Orphan.**

—J. W. B., Warrenton, Va., **One Orphan.** Will renew until the orphan is self-supporting.

—Mrs. Clark L. Van Allen, Schenectady, N. Y., **One Orphan.**

—R. B. L., Wabaunsee, Kans., **One Orphan Boy.** To be under care of Rev. Mr. Hume.

—W. Black, Dunseith, N. D., **One Orphan.**

—Warcissa M. Kinney and her husband, Portland, Ore., will support **One Orphan Child.** To be trained for a mission worker.

—Mrs. Susan Simpson, York, Pa., **One Orphan.**

—Mrs. E. S. Clark, Buffalo, N. Y., **One Orphan.**

—M. Louise Sturtevant, Norwich, Conn., **Two Orphans.**

—The King's Daughters, through Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, **Forty Orphans.**

—Miss Mary Galloway, Brooklyn, N. Y., **One Orphan.**

—Mary C. Gaston, Munnsville, N. Y., in memory of dear ones, **One Orphan.**

—First Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa., are arranging to support **One Hundred Orphans** in a mission of that denomination.

—Mrs. W. B. Heigdon and Miss Kathleen Heigdon, Gainesville, Fla., **One Orphan Girl.** In a Presbyterian mission.

—Laura G. Pennel, Austin, Tex., **One Orphan Girl.** To be cared for by Rev. M. B. Fuller, Girgaon, India.

—Mrs. E. M. Willis, Louisville, Ky., **A Girl Orphan.** To be cared for in a Presbyterian mission.

—F. O. Lendgren, Fairhaven, Wash., **One Orphan.** In Baptist Mission.

—Prospect Heights Presbyterian Church, Missionary Society and Sunday School, Brooklyn, **One Orphan.** Under Rev. Mr. Wilson.

—Sewing Society, C. E. of Reformed Church, and Miss Laura Gemherling, Selins Grove, Pa., **One Orphan.**

—Young People of Swedish Mission Church, Brantford, Kansas, **One Orphan.**

—Mrs. M. E. Wales, Sargents, Colo., **One Orphan.**

—S. S., Second Baptist Church, Sherman, Texas, **Two Famine Orphans.** In a Baptist school.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Sturgeon, Riley, Kan., **Thirty Orphans.** To be trained for evangelistic work.

* * * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged a plan whereby any of our readers may **adopt a famine orphan** in India and be put in personal and regular communication with the little protege. Send your name and address (with your denominational preference) to

INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN RELIEF WORK,
Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Send also your first contribution toward the support of your protege. As the annual cost of supporting an orphan is $15, you may remit either a quarter's, half year's or whole year's contribution in advance, as you may decide. The names of all who respond favorably will appear on the "India Orphan Roll of Honor," from week to week.

WORLD-WIDE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

A Great Cosmopolitan Gathering in London of Representatives of the Society from Many Lands

...SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

NEVER, probably, were the citizens of London more astonished than they were by the Christian Endeavor Convention, which has ust closed its sessions in that city. The 3ritish metropolis has seen many huge atherings—political, social and religious; ut nothing approaching this Convention n size, enthusiasm and devotion to a piritual ideal was ever witnessed there. he British papers speak with amazement ot only of the numbers present, but of he earnestness of speakers and hearers, nd seem at a loss to understand what ould have brought them together. The bject lesson will have an excellent effect proving that there is more union be- ween the churches than was supposed, nd that Christian opinion and principle s a force to be reckoned with when it can uster so large a host and bring them ogether from distant lands. In that great eeting, to answer the roll-call of the ations, there were representatives from ustralasia, Canada, United States, West ndies, Mexico, South Africa, Egypt, hina, India, Germany, Spain, France, witzerland, Turkey, Samoa, Japan, Ire- nd, Scotland, Wales and England. They ad not come for gain; not to secure

DR. F. E. CLARK
President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

REV. J. W. LAMONT
President of the British Christian Endeavor Union

than a thousand of whom stood throughout the exercises. Rev. J. W. Lamont, the new President of the British United Society, presided, and welcomed the foreign delegates. Mrs. F. E. Clark responded for the United States. Canon Richardson of London, Ontario, for Canada; "Sister Lizzie" answered for Australia; Dr. D'Aubigne spoke for France.

There were special services in many London churches on Sunday, and huge assemblages in Alexandra Hall, at which Rev. Theo. Parr, of New South Wales, preached in the morning, and Rev. W. Knight Chaplain in the evening. The Convention began in earnest on Monday. The morning topic was "The Dawning Age and Its Problems." Denominational rallies were held in the afternoon and two great public meetings in the evening.

On Tuesday, Rev. F. E. Clark delivered his Presidential address, and Mr. Baer read his report. Dr. Clark received an ovation that will never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it.

Wednesday, the topic was "The Messages of the Churches." Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, as one of the speakers, referred to the Epworth League in America and the Wesley Guild in Great Britain which

MEETING IN THE QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE OF THE DELEGATES TO THE WORLD'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN LONDON

olitical concessions; not for any material dvantage of any kind, but to join forces nd consider means for the extension of he kingdom of Christ.

The Convention proper was preceded y a day of prayer, beginning at seven in he morning and continuing until nine in he evening. It was held in the historic Vesley Chapel, and the great building vas thronged all day. Leaders were hanged every hour, some being London astors, and others, among whom were Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, Herbert J. Vhite and F. W. Wilson, came from this ide the Atlantic.

On the following day, Saturday, July 14, wo great meetings were held simultan- ously in the Royal Albert Hall and Alex- ndra Hall for welcome and response. Rev. F. B. Meyer, the outgoing President of the British United Society, was the chief speaker at the former. He gave this brief summary of the principles of Christian Endeavor, which deserves to be made a manifesto for world-wide use: "Christian Endeavor," he said, "stands for five great principles: (1) Personal devotion to the Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, so that we do not simply rely on his work of propitiation, finished on the cross, but view him as our living King, whose will is law in every department of life. (2) The covenant obligation embodied in our pledge, without which there can be no true Society of Christian Endeavor. Covenant, mark you, as the President of Scottish Endeavor insists, which implicates the help of the Spirit of God as the only source and inspiration of our Endeavor. (3) Constant religious training for all kinds of service involved in the various committees, which are, equally with the prayer-meeting and the covenant, essential parts of every Society of Christian Endeavor. (4) Strenuous loyalty to the local church and denomination with which each society is connected. (5) Interdenominational spiritual fellowship, through which we hope, not for organic unity, but to realize our Lord's Prayer for spiritual unity, that all who believe in him may be one. In these five points the heart and soul of the Christian Endeavor movement is concentrated.

At the Alexandra Hall meeting fully ten thousand persons were present, more seemed to separate Methodism from the Christian Endeavor movement, but he was instructed in the name of the Guild to give the delegates cordial welcome and he expressed the opinion that the sooner the Guild was associated in closer fellowship with the Endeavor movement the happier it would be all round. The Bishop of London, Dr. Joseph Parker and other eminent speakers also addressed the Convention. The closing meeting in the evening was the usual consecration meeting.

Interesting excursions were made by the delegates during their stay. One was to Windsor Castle, where they were gratified by a sight of the Queen, who appeared exceedingly glad to see them. She gave orders to have them taken into the quadrangle and all attention paid to them.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Cities the Birthplace of Civilization

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Zech. 1: 17: . . . "My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad."

THE city is no worse than the country. The vices of the metropolis are more evident than the vices of the rural districts, because there are more people to be bad, if they wish to be. The merchant is as good as the farmer. There is no more cheating in town than out of town—no worse cheating; it is only on a larger scale. The countryman sometimes prevaricates about the age of the horse that he sells, about the size of the bushel with which he measures the grain, about the peaches at the bottom of the basket as being as large as those at the top, about the quarter of beef as being tender when it is tough; and to as bad an extent as the citizen, the merchant prevaricates about calicoes, or silks, or hardware.

And as to villages, I think that in some respects they are worse than the cities, because they copy the vices of the cities in the meanest shape; and as to gossip, its heaven is a country village! Everybody knows everybody's business better than he knows it himself. The grocery store or the blacksmith shop by day and night is the grand depot for masculine tittle tattle; and there are always in the village a half dozen women who have their sun-bonnets hanging near, so that at the first item of derogatory news they can fly out and cackle it all over the town. Countrymen must not be too hard in their criticism of the citizen, nor must the plow run too sharply against the yardstick.

Cain was the founder of the first city, and I suppose it took after him in morals. It takes a city a long while to escape from the character of a founder. Where the founders of a city are criminal exiles, the filth, the vice, the prisons, are the shadow of those founders. It will take centuries for New York to get over the good influence of the pious founders of that city—the founders whose prayers went up in the streets where now banks discount and brokers bargain, and companies declare dividends, and smugglers swear Custom House lies; and above the roar of the wheels and the crack of the auctioneer's mallet ascends the ascription, "We worship thee, O thou almighty dollar!" The old church that used to stand on Wall street is to this day throwing its blessing on the scene of traffic, and on all the ships folding their white wings in the harbor.

Cities are not evil necessarily as some have argued. They have been the birthplace of civilization. In them, popular liberty has lifted its voice. Witness Genoa and Pisa and Venice.

But while there are great differences in some respects, I have to tell you that all cities impress upon me, and ought to impress upon you, three or four very important lessons, all of them agreeing in the same thing. It does not make any difference in what part of the country we walk the streets of a great city, there is one lesson I think which ought to strike every intelligent Christian man, and that is, that the world is a scene of toil and struggle. Here and there you find a man in the street who has his arms folded and who seems to have no particular errand; but if you will stand at the corner of the street and watch the countenances of those who go by, you will see in most instances there is an intimation that they are on an errand which must be executed at the earliest moment possible; so you are jostled hither and thither by business men, up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, digging a cellar, shingling a roof, binding a book, mending a watch. Work, with its thousand eyes and thousand feet and thousand arms, goes on singing its song: "Work! work! work!"

Again, in all cities I am impressed with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand; and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood; and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs. Whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same Parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, in all cities I am impressed with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for over-reaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation! In the maelstroms and hell-gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an axe, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat.

Again, in all these cities I am impressed with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double-dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good-morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant store window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops simper and fools snicker and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this peril.

Again, in all cities I am impressed with the fact that there is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? And haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? And didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither."

Oh! these poor wanderers. They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to rescue them.

In all cities, East, West, North, South, I notice great temptations to commercial fraud. Here is a man who starts in business. He says: "I'm going to be honest;" but on the same street, on the same block, in the same business are Shylocks. Those men, to get the patronage of any one, will break all understandings with other merchants, and will sell at ruinous cost, putting their neighbors at great disadvantage, expecting to make up the deficit in something else. If an honest principle could creep into that man's soul it would die of sheer loneliness! The man twists about, trying to escape the penalty of the law, and despises God, while he is just a little anxious about the sheriff. The honest man looks about him and says: "Well, this rivalry is awful. Perhaps I am more scrupulous than I need be. This little bargain I am about to enter is a little doubtful; but then I shall only do as the rest." And so I had a friend who started in commercial life, and as a book merchant, with a high resolve. He said: "In my store there shall be no books that I would not have my family read." Time passed on, and one day I went into his store and found some iniquitous books on the shelf, and I said to him, "How is it possible that you can consent to sell such books as these?" "Oh!" he replied, "I have got over those puritanical notions. A man cannot do business in this day unless he does it in the way other people do it." To make a long story short, he lost his hope of heaven, and in a little while he lost his morality, and then he went into a madhouse. In other words, when a man casts off God, God casts him off.

One of the mightiest temptations in commercial life in all cities to-day is in the fact that many professed Christian men are not square in their bargains. Such men are in Baptist and Methodist and Congregational churches, and our own denomination is as largely represented as any of them. Our good merchants are foremost in Christian enterprises; they are patronizers of art, philanthropic, and patriotic. God will attend to them in the day of his coronation. I am not speaking of them, but of those in commercial life who are setting a ruinous example to our young merchants. Go through all the stores and offices in our cities, and tell me in how many of those stores and offices are the principles of Christ's religion dominant? In three-fourths of them? No. In half of them? No. In one-tenth of them? No. Decide for yourself. The impression is abroad somehow that charity can consecrate iniquitous gains, and that if a man give to God a portion of an unrighteous bargain then the Lord will forgive him the rest. The secretary of a benevolent society came to me and said: "Mr. So-and-So has given a large amount of money to the missionary cause," mentioning the sum. I said: "I can't believe it." He said: "It is so." Well, I went home, staggered and confounded. I never knew the man to give anything. But after a while I found out that he had been engaged in the most infamous kind of a swindle, and then he promised to compromise the matter with the Lord, saying: "Now, here is so much for thee, Lord. Please to let me off!"

I want to tell you that the church of God is not a shop for receiving stolen goods, and that, if you have taken anything from your fellows, you had better return it to the men to whom it belongs.

But if you have been much among the cities you have also noticed that they are full of temptations of a political character. It is not so more in one city than in all the cities. Hundreds of men going down in our cities every year, through the pressure of politics. Once in a while a man will come out in a sort of missionary spirit and say: "I am going into politics now to reform them, and I am going to reform the ballot-box, and I am going to reform all the people I come in contact with." That man in the fear and love of God goes into politics with that idea, and with the resolution that he will come out uncontaminated, and as good as when he went in. But generally the case is, when a man steps into politics, many of the newspapers try to blacken his character, and to distort all his past history, and after a little while has gone by, instead of considering himself an honorable citizen he is lost in contemplation and in admiration of the fact that he has so long been kept out of jail! If a man shall go into politics to reform politics and with the right spirit, he will come out with the right spirit and unhurt. That was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. That was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. That was Judge McLean, of Ohio.

Then look around and see the allurements to dissipated life. Bad books, unknown to father and mother, vile as the reptiles of Egypt, crawling into some of the best of families of the community, and boys read them while the teacher is looking the other way, or at recess, or on the corner of the street when the groups are gathered. These books are read late at night. Satan finds them a smooth plane on which he can slide down into perdition some of your sons and daughters. Reading bad books—one never gets over it. The books may be burned, but there is not enough power in all the apothecary's preparations to wash out the stain from the soul. Fathers' hands, mothers' hands, sisters' hands will not wash it out; none but the hand of the Lord can wash it out.

And what is more perilous in regard to some of these temptations we may not mention them. While God in his Bible from chapter to chapter thundered his denunciations against these crimes, people expect the pulpit and the printing press to be silent on the subject, and just in proportion as people are impure are they fastidious on this theme. They are so full of decay and death they do not want their sepulchres opened. God will turn into destruction all the unclean, and no splendors of surrounding can make decent that which he has smitten. God will not excuse sin merely because it has costly array and beautiful tapestry and palatial residence, any more than he will excuse that which crawls, a blotch of sores, through the lowest cellar. Ever and anon, through some lawsuit, there flashes upon the people of our great cities what is transpiring in seemingly respectable circles. You call it "high life," you call it "fast living," you call it "people's eccentricity." And while we kick off the sidewalk the poor wretch who has not the means to garnish his iniquity these lords and ladies, wrapped in purple and in linen, go unwhipped of public justice. Ah! the most dreadful part of the whole thing is, that there are persons abroad whose whole business it is to decoil the young. What an eternity such a man will have! As the door opens to receive him, thousands of voices will cry out: "See here what you have done;" and the wretch will wrap himself with fierce flame and leap into deeper darkness, and the multitude he has destroyed will pursue him and hurl at him the long, bitter, relentless, everlasting curse of their overanguish. If there be one cup of eternal darkness more bitter than another, that will have to drink it to the dregs. And in all the ocean of the lost world that comes billowing up there be one wave more fierce than another, it will dash over them. But there is hope for all who will turn. I stood one day at Niagara Falls, and I saw what you may have seen there—six rainbows bending over the tremendous plunge. I never saw anything like it before or since. Six beautiful rainbows arching that great cataract. And so over the rapids and angry precipices of sin, where so many have been dashed down, God's beautiful admonitions hover, a warning arching each person—six of them, fifty of them—a thousand of them. Beware! beware! beware!

Young men, while you have time to reflect upon these things, and before the duties of the office and the store and the shop come upon you again, look over the whole subject, and after the day has passed, and you hear in the nightfall the voices and footsteps of the city dying from your ear, and it gets so silent that you can hear distinctly your watch under your pillow going, "tick, tick," then open your eyes and look out upon the darkness and see two pillars of light, one horizontal, the other perpendicular, but changing their direction until they come together, and your enraptured vision beholds it is the Cross.

The Story... ...of a Hero

.....How Carl H. Barends risked his Life for the Sailors of the "Saale" and Rescued Nearly Forty Persons

AIR-haired and blue-eyed, like a viking, with aquiline nose, ruddy complexion, a mouth both firm and kind, and a sturdy, well-knit frame, a young man in officer's uniform stood on the deck of the steamer, *Kaiser Friedrich*, as she lay near her pier in the Hudson river a few days ago. He was Carl Hermann Barends, chief engineer of the vessel, and the hero of the memorable steamship fire at the North German Lloyd docks, Hoboken, on June 30, when he personally led a rescue party and was instrumental in saving many lives.

Engineer Barends dislikes to talk of the gallant rescue in which he took so prominent a part. Desirous of laying before the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD all the facts concerning this remarkable incident, the writer talked with the engineer, who reluctantly told the tragic story of his terrible experience.

Here is the narrative as it fell from his own lips:

"My assistant told me that a terrible fire was raging on the Bremen pier—this was in the afternoon, about four o'clock. We summoned our crew and they stood at their fire stations, prepared to protect

CARL HERMANN BARENDS

their own ship—the *Kaiser Friedrich*, if she should be in danger. As I stood on the after-deck, I saw the burning *Saale*, driving along the river, a mass of flame and smoke from fore-part to aft. Suddenly, between the smoke-rifts we saw the face of a man in agony, as though it were framed in one of the port-holes of the burning *Saale*, and near the water. We could see he was suffering terribly.

"I called for volunteers among our own crew, to help me in getting the man out, and nearly all the brave fellows responded. Then I sent Second Officer Hohlfertt to the chief officer with the request that he give us a boat. Five minutes later we pulled up alongside the *Saale*. Coming alongside the vessel, we made an effort to cut out the brass coping around the port-hole. While we worked at it, the poor fellow cried aloud in agony, 'Water! water!' and we filled our buckets and dashed the water upon him to cool him, working all the time frantically but unavailingly to reach him. It was impossible to get him out of his blazing prison, and he soon perished.

"Almost immediately after this we were shocked to see the faces of some thirty more men looking at us from behind port-holes in the after part of the burning steamer. We rowed over toward them and tried in every way that could be thought of to get them out. At the same time we saw the poor stewardess, Mrs. Colberg, and she was crying terribly. Do what we could, we found it impossible to reach her to save her. For the rest, we called out to them encouragingly, promising that help would reach them in a short time. While we did this, we used a hose from a tugboat in cooling them and keeping off the scorching fire.

"I asked one of the stewards, Mr. Uhlrich, who was among the imprisoned unfortunates behind the port-holes, if he could tell me of any way to get at them, so that we could save them. He said: 'There is a little hatch in the aft part of the steering-house.' Taking the hose from the tugboat, I jumped on the *Saale's* deck and soon came to the place indicated. Raising the hatch, I shouted down to the imprisoned men. At this moment the tugboat took the hose away, because they had to save themselves, the fire coming very close. Some of the officers set up a ladder and I climbed down.

"About fifteen minutes later, a New York fire-boat came and I jumped on her, with some of my engineers and officers. We got the hose and once more returned to the deck of the *Saale*, resolved to make another effort to save the poor fellows who were roasting to death below. The fire was so hot that it burned our clothing. I then went to the engine-house to find out if anyone had been left alive in the engine-room. Getting the hose from the fire-boat, I took it through a little window in the deck-house and tried to cool off the top of the cylinders. There we got the first man out—Assistant Engineer Kosma of the *Saale*, who was frightfully burned on the face and hands. He told me there were about forty men below.

"When we knew that so many others were down there, we felt that, at whatever cost, we must save them. I climbed through the little window, where the cylinders were, to be nearer the fire, and there I found three more men and got them out safely. At this moment, the water was shut off from the hose and I lost consciousness. The engineers and assistants pulled me out of the place and through the little window and back to the deck again, where I soon recovered. Next, I tried to find my way through to the stoke-hole, but could not open my eyes, owing to the dense, blinding smoke. Coming to a flight of steps, I jumped down and called out loudly:

"'Come up! Here's a hose! You will be saved if you come up!'

"There was a confused shout in answer, and then up they came swarming—about thirty-three of them in all. There were twenty-nine Germans and four Italians, and all were about half suffocated. They had seemingly given up hope, and were still confused when we got them out. At this time the flames and smoke were pouring across a part of the *Saale's* deck and shutting us off from the boat. The rescued men, to reach the tug, had to go through this belt of fire, and they shrank from it; so we took them by force and thrust them through to the clear deck beyond. There they were safe; and we could see the poor fellows' faces brighten as they realized that, though still on the burning ship, they were no longer in danger of death.

"The vessel was now listing, her port-holes were under water, and it was evident that she was sinking, and that all who were below, alive at that moment, would die by drowning. Poor fellows! there were about sixty who so perished. We were compelled to leave them to their fate. After all, it is some consolation to think that it was a more merciful end than if they had met their death in the fire."

Such is the story of the blue-eyed engineer and it is one to thrill the heart of all who admire human bravery and that divinely-inspired courage which holds life as nothing, when it is risked for others. Surely such heroism deserves fitting recognition. It furnishes an example that should stir other souls to noble deeds, and it recalls, more vividly than a thousand sermons, that beautiful passage in John 15:13: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

THE RITTARHAUS, OR HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

· DR. · TALMAGE · IN · SWEDEN ·

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ON seven islands sits this "Venice of the North," appropriately so called because of its watery inlets and tongues of land, leaving one in doubt as to whether the city belongs to the land or the sea. From a visit to the regions of the "midnight sun," we came directly to this capital of Sweden. The first impression you get of this city is that of the picturesque. It is so embowered in foliage, so solid of architecture, and so surcharged with stirring history that its present attractiveness joins with its antiquities in making it a place where one wants long to stay. It has a church called "the Westminster Abbey of Sweden," for kings and mighty men of the past are there in sarcophagus. The city has a museum of armor and sculpture and paintings, and containing, with how much good taste I say not, the bloody garments of Gustavus Adolphus and the winding-sheet in which he was wrapped after Lutzen. Near by the museum is a bronze representation of the duels of olden time when the two combatants were bound together at the waist, and held knives with which the two fought until one or both were dead. It was said that when men went to a banquet where there might be angry disputes, the wives of the banquetters would carry blankets in which to wrap the bodies of their husbands in case of fatal duello. But the days of such savagery are forever gone. The characteristic of these Scandinavians, whose ancestors used to drink wine out of the skulls of their enemies, is now kindness, conspicuous kindness, a kindness that seems to exceed that of all other nations. But I suppose that all of us could go back far enough in our different nationalities to find barbarism appalling to our modern tastes and theories. Gospelization has made the only difference between "the dark ages" and this irradiated century, whose last chapter is now being written. And nothing more impresses me in Norway and Sweden than the devoutness of the people. Of course, vice and crime curse these lands as they curse all. But there is a high tone of morals as compared with other countries. There are large churches, and thronged assemblages, and although I could not understand a word of their sermons, or songs, there was an earnestness in the faces and demeanor of their preachers and their audiences, which could not have been assumed or dramatized.

We love these Scandinavian countries. They are very near to America, for hardly a family in Sweden or Norway but has son or daughter, or sister or brother in our country. There are only two cities of Sweden which have more Swedes than Chicago. And then were not some of us in our boyhood days thrilled with Jenny Lind's Swedish voice, as in Castle Garden she sang "Comin' Through the Rye," or did not we in later years sit transfixed with Ole Bull's matchless sweep of bow across the strings in our academies of music, the great Norwegian causing his violin to laugh and cry and worship, until entranced audiences laughed and cried and worshiped with it? As we looked at the bronzed statue of Linnæus, the botanist, in one of the parks of Stockholm, and saw him suggestively holding in his hand a flower, we remembered how he, though so long ago dead, taught us, and will teach all coming ages, as no man ever did or could, the glories of the floral kingdom.

Last Sabbath, in Stockholm, was to me a day of much interest. Before leaving London I accepted an invitation to preach here in a church of vast proportions. "Would I have an audience?" was the wonder with me when I could not speak a word of the Swedish language. But a publisher of Stockholm put upon my table in the hotel ten different books of mine, all in Swedish, and that prepared me for the greeting I received in The Immanuel Church at eleven o'clock Sabbath morning. All must be done through an interpreter. I asked him before entering the pulpit if we would translate sentence by sentence or would take each idea after it was uttered. He preferred sentence by sentence, and so it was done. Only three times had I ever attempted to address an audience through the brain and lips of another: once when a theological student, standing before a congregation of American Indians; once in a church at Hawaii, and once in Ceylon, an interpreter standing on the right of me to translate what I said into Cingalese, and the other on my left side to translate into Hindustani, my interpreters taking two-thirds of the time, while I took one-third. In the Stockholm church last Sabbath—an immense church, with two galleries on three sides—the pastor had first to request two very deaf people who, with ear-trumpets, sat in the pulpit, to remove, as otherwise there would not be room for the preacher of the day and his interpreter. The hymns were given out, the Scriptures were read and the prayer was offered by the Swedish interpreter. The service was not embarrassing; the audience were very sympathetic; the translator was alert and fluent, and the people seemed to understand, for the emotions of joy and sadness and sympathy and devotion were easily seen in their countenances. Whether I did them any good or not, they did me good, for it is impossible to stand in an audience of five thousand, the most of them good people, without being in body, mind and soul advantaged But we realized as never before what a comparatively easy thing it is to preach in one's native tongue the glorious Gospel, the language in which we spoke our first word and will probably speak our last.

May the blessing of God be upon the Christian ministers of religion! Theirs is a life of limitation and sacrifice. For the first few years the salary of these men is what we would call seventy-five dollars per annum. After they take a fixed pastorate the salary is three hundred dollars a year. The most eminent of these ministers receive one thousand dollars. Worldly motives could hardly tempt any one here into evangelism. But the church is favored by the State, and the Queen is a godly woman, interested deeply in all religious movements, and frowning upon all dissipation and frivolity. The throne is on the side of righteousness. But when yesterday we saw the invalided Queen of Sweden and Norway, by the aid of three servants, dismount from a little white pony that had been led through the king's park to give her a healthful airing, the Queen unable to take a step without assistance, and each step a positive suffering, we thought how gladly she would, if possible, exchange throne and crown and palace for the blooming cheeks and the easy walk and the bounding pulses of the humblest peasant woman in yonder market-place, who hands a basket of berries to her customer, and who, with pleased look, makes the change for a silver "kroner." T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Stockholm, Sweden.

THE OPEN DOOR OF THE CROSS

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for August 26: John 10: 1-16. | Golden Text, John 10: 11: The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

A LITTLE SYRIAN SHEPHERDESS

WHEN the American corn-ship entered the harbor of famine-stricken India, bearing the generous gifts of another race, it seemed to be indeed a "Christian Herald" of the era of universal brotherhood. But the very numerous utterances of late in our country in favor of withdrawing the Christian bread of life from China because of the disorder it is alleged to have caused, show that we, as a people, have not yet learned from Christ that the worst famine is that of souls blighted by superstition and bigotry. The Good Shepherd is not content to lose one of his flock (Luke 15: 4), much less one-third of it all. The disturbance in China is due chiefly to bigotry revolting at progress. It is in part due also to the unchristian conduct of so-called "Christian nations," whose Christian citizens have allowed unchristian merchants to dominate politics in the supreme interest of trade. So far as missionaries have abetted the disorders, it has been those that have succeeded to the Pharisees' heresy of civil domination by the Church. It was chiefly to rebuke this propaganda of force that Jesus gave the allegory of the cross as the only door to his sheepfold to those misleaders of the Jewish Church who had just thrown the blind man that Christ had healed out of the fold. That story of the preceding chapter is the key of the allegory of our lesson.

It was no new thing to call the divine and human leaders of God's Church "shepherds." It was almost as common among the Jews as our word "pastor," which means the same. Indeed, nearly all the divine names used in the New Testament were first applied in the Old, as any one can see by turning to his concordance. The Bible was not built like a house, adding room to room, uninhabitable until nearly complete; but grew like a tree, whose years of growth are shown by rings when its trunk is sawed across. In the very first year the tree had every element which has been more fully developed in its growth. In the Pentateuch God is presented as both "King" and "Father," both "Shepherd" and "Lamb." He is also "Bridegroom" and "Refuge," and is at least dimly foretold as "God-man," when it is said of the Coming One, "God shall dwell in the tents of Shem."

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The Cross the Only Door *He that entereth not by the door.* As Christ is elsewhere both "Shepherd" and "Lamb," he is here both "Shepherd" and "Door." "Shepherd" stands for his leadership or Lordship; "Lamb" and "Door" both refer to his cross; that is, his Saviourship. The Jewish leaders thought to develop the kingdom of God in pride and selfishness by conquering the world. Jesus also expected to cement that kingdom with blood, but it was his own and that of the martyrs who should catch his spirit.

Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee his road.

It is amazing to hear Christians, after all the blundering wars in behalf of religion that have checkmated the benefits of long years of suffering, talking of wars now in progress as if they were almost to be welcomed as likely to open the way for the Gospel. The one sure thing is that they open the way to vice. God does indeed overrule the wrath of man, but let us beware of "the wrath of the Lamb," which fell like lightning in this lesson on those Pharisees who thought to substitute the sword for the cross. By suffering and the relief of suffering, how greatly has the kingdom of God been advanced! It grew faster under Nero than under Constantine.

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The Severity of Christ *A thief and a robber.* We hear much of the patience and gentleness of Christ, but too little of his courage and severity, which must be included in any true following "in his steps." We are told we must not speak out against the sins of public officers, but rather reverence them for the places they occupy, however unfaithfully. But it was the Jewish leaders that in this story Jesus called thieves and robbers. It was these same men at whom he hurled the sevenfold lightning of his "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, covetous! Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. 23: 13-33). That is but one stroke of the "two-edged sword in his mouth" (Rev. 1: 16). Gladstone urged that ministers should do more "plain preaching." Especially is this needed in congregations of influential people. The idea prevails that well-dressed people can not really do wilful wrong. They only "make mistakes." But it was to the rich and powerful that Amos and Nathan and Elijah and John and Jesus and Paul preached so fearlessly. Why is it our theological seminaries do not teach this Biblical homiletics? And teachers also need to combine the gentleness and severity of Christ. His severest and gentlest sayings are yoked together (Matt. 11: 20, 28; 23: 33, 37).

All who profess to be shepherds that do not come by the way of the cross Jesus declares to be not merely false shepherds, but thieves and robbers. An ex-preacher, now a lawyer, who gave up evangelical faith to preach doubt for a while, told this story on himself in a Philosophical Association: "When I left the ministry I soon became one of the most unhappy men living. I had many of the congregation follow me when I left the church until I got too radical. Then they left me, with the exception of one couple. When their boy was taken from them in death, they didn't send for me to preach the funeral services, but sent for another minister. After that boy had been buried the man came to me and said: 'It is no use. This doctrine of yours is all right when we are in good health and prosperity, but now in my sorrow you can do no good for me.' That couple then returned to the church." And the preacher gave up preaching.

To him the porter openeth. A flock usually had two shepherds, one of whom guarded the gate at night. This "porter" welcomes the other true shepherd and admits him by the door. The "porter" in this allegory is clearly the Divine Father, who welcomed Christ as the promised Shepherd in the voices that fell from the sky at the baptism and transfiguration, and sealed this commission with many miracles. "Behold the Lamb," said John at the baptism. Jesus "spake of his decease" at the transfiguration. As he thus in both cases entered the door of the cross, the voice came from above, "This is my Son"; and to man God says, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

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Christian Unity *There shall be one flock.* No theme in the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, except the removal of opium and liquors from mission fields, aroused such interest as Christian comity. Some dared to utter the higher word, "unity," and it was received with a cordial welcome. We are many flocks in many folds to-day—the Church of God in the United States more divided in its 156 denominations than anywhere else in the world. If the time is not ripe for one church, it is ripe for consolidation as in Canada, where, with exceptions scarcely worth mentioning, all Christians are concentrated in six denominations, all Methodists one, all Baptists one, all Presbyterians one, all Episcopalians one, who with Congregationalists and Roman Catholics make up the list. Temperance and the Sabbath are stronger in Canada than anywhere else in the world, partly because the energy wasted in maintaining superfluous churches is there set free for the usually neglected work of making a safe place for saved souls. Surely, in view of the great disadvantages of division, especially in missionary fields, we ought to set ourselves more seriously to the task of federation of churches as a step toward the unity for which Christ prayed, and surely not in vain.

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Value of One Soul That Christ knows his sheep by name shows the value he sets on each individual soul. This is more fully brought out in the parable of the ninety and nine (Luke 15: 4-7), where the shepherd is not content that ninety-nine are safe in the fold, but goes at great effort on a long search for the one lost sheep, picturing the solicitude of God over every lost soul—its love lost to God; its life lost here as well as hereafter. The spirit of this parable is beautifully expressed in the following dialect poem, which recited in a missionary meeting, led one who felt as she listened, that no one had ever gotten an upward impulse from her life, and who could not remember of ever bringing a soul to Christ, to dedicate herself to the effort to bring back some one lost lamb.

Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed away
Done los' in de win' an' de rain,
An' de Shepherd, he say, "O hirelin',
Go fin' my sheep ergain."

An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep is brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
Is de onlies' lam' he had.

An' he say: "O hirelin', hasten,
For de win' an' de rain am col',
An dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
Out dere, so far from de fol'."

An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it weak and po'."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
He lub it des all de mo'.

An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
De res' ob de sheep am hare."
But de Shepherd, he smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
He hol' it de mos'es' dear.

An' he wander out in de darkness,
Where de night was col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, he fin' it,
An' lay it ergains' his cheek.

The same great love that cannot willingly allow one to be lost that is seen in the parable of the lost sheep, is also beautifully pictured in the story of the dying mother, nearly one hundred years old, her children long since gone from her home and into the upper hon As death approached she revived a mome opened her eyes and said to her husband:

"Why, it is dark."
"Yes, Janet, it is dark."
"Is it night?"
"Oh, yes; it is midnight."
"Are all the children in?"

Father, mother, you are God's undersh herds—are all the children in the fold, Jo and Mary and Frank and Alice?

Teacher, you too are a shepherd—are the children in?

. . .

Safe in The Fold *By me if any m enter in he shall saved.* As the flo passes in at the door, the sh herd's rod is stretched acr above them that he may co each one and make sure all safely folded. To "pass un the rod," then, should never spoken of as a symbol of sorr but rather of safety. Those w have passed under the rod h been individually recognized the Shepherd as his sheep.

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Blackboard Out of Fold How are men sa in the church th out of it? Not t joining the church is any savi charm, but because church me bership makes it as hard as p sible to do wrong and as e as possible to do right. T four walls of the church f are: Christian companionshi Christian vows, Christian struction, Christian sacrame By all these means the chu makes it easier to do right a harder to do wrong. The pro ises a man makes in his b moments are like anchors hold him in his worst hours. is yet more benefited by companionships into which church brings him. Its instr tions mean more when he i member, and sacraments oaths of loyalty that bring quickening thoughts of the Ki

. . .

No One Should Be a "Hireling" *The good shepherd giveth life for the sheep.* The g shepherd is set in contr with the "hireling," who has no love for sheep and will make no sacrifices for their fense. When he sees a wolf coming he tal to his heels. Christ saw that the Pharis were not only too proud to come to the fl by the way of the cross, but also too self to be true shepherds. Let no one supp that to be a "hireling" is wrong only ir preacher. We would not go across the str to hear one that we thought cared more his salary than for service. We would have a doctor that seemed to care more his fee than his patient. This attitude putting service above salary we expect artists, statesmen—professional men ge ally. But a little thought will show that ought not to stop there. The tradesman the workman has no more right to be an h ling than the preacher. Every Christian every line of work should put, first of all, wages, but a desire

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill.

More and more it grows difficult to get Ch tian work done without paying for it just wl there are more people at leisure than ever fore. We must even hire visitors to call the poor, when the poor and rich both need Christians that neighborly fellowship that come only from purely voluntary associati

"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD; HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS WITH HIS ARM"

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Famous Exposition Buildings

AMONG the buildings which attract visitors at the Paris Exposition, two of the most prominent are the Pavilion of the Steamship Companies and the Pavilion of Servia, of which pictures are given on this page. There is a general feeling that we are on the eve of great developments in navigation, and visitors therefore throng the Marine Building to see the latest improvements in the art of construction both of hulls and machinery. The Servian Pavilion, though not of so great general interest, impresses the spectator by its architectural beauty and the fine interest of its contents. An interesting fact in connection with this building is the sudden withdrawal of its chief exhibit—the throne of the King. When the Exposition was opened, the King apparently supposed he could get along for a few months without this symbol of royalty, so he sent it with other Servian exhibits. But he decided on getting married, and he wanted the throne for the ceremony. So he sent for it in all haste and postponed the wedding until it arrived. The Exposition, as a whole, is said to be a disappointment to the French people, and it is predicted that this will be the last that will ever be held in Paris. The chief reason for this prediction is that such an exposition does more injury than good to French trade. As an instance in point, it is stated that at the last exposition the Russians observed the French method of silk-weaving and adopted it, with the result that Russia is now a formidable rival to France in all the markets of the world. The financial results also are disappointing. The discourtesy of the French people to English visitors, for a year past, has had the effect of deterring English people from going to see the Exposition, and as they have heretofore been the best paying guests, their absence is felt. Germany, however, has sent a larger contingent than formerly, and it is noticed that the two peoples are on more cordial terms than they have been at any time since the war of 1870. Visitors report that the buildings far surpass in beauty any exposition that has been held anywhere in the past; but as they are built of staff they cannot be permanent, and when the end of the exhibit comes they will be broken up and destroyed. It seems scarcely credible that a collection of buildings so beautiful will pass away without leaving a trace of its existence, yet it will eventually be so, not only with this Exposition, but with edifices which we are accustomed to regard as abiding.

Thou hast made of a city a heap; of a defended city a ruin; a palace of strangers to be no city (Isaiah 25:2).

A Temporary Lamp

A time-limit incandescent lamp, which will burn for a predetermined number of hours and then go out, has been invented in Germany. It is exceedingly simple in construction and entirely self-contained. In the base of the lamp is mounted a copper tube in which is contained a solution of sulphate of copper. Into this dips a copper wire which is so connected that the current feeding the lamp flows through it and the solution to the tube and thence to the lamp filament. An electrolytic action is set up by this arrangement, the wire dissolving in the fluid and copper being deposited on the walls of the tube. After a certain length of time, depending upon the size of the wire, the wire is completely dissolved and the circuit broken. There are many lives like that wire. They are spent in giving light and are eventually exhausted in the process: but as the apostle said, it is a willing sacrifice.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for your souls (II. Cor. 12: 15. R. V.).

War in China

After many delays, the advance on Pekin was begun by the allies on Aug. 2, the force of all nationalities in the field against China aggregating 20,000 men. Opposing their advance were imperial troops and Boxers fully 45,000 strong and formidably posted. Immediately on learning of the advance of the allies, the Chinese broke the bank of the great canal and flooded a large section of the country between Tien-Tsin and the capital. Early on the 5th of August, it is reported, the allies encountered a strong Chinese force at Peitsang, ten miles from Tien-Tsin. Soon the fighting became general, and the allies, with 16,000 men, chiefly Japanese and Russians attacked the Chinese position resolutely, carrying it after a fierce fight, in which it is said the allies lost 1,200 men in killed and wounded, the Russians and Japanese sustaining the heaviest casualties. It is evident that the Chinese mean to contest every foot of the way to Pekin, being aware that the seizure of the capital by a foreign foe would mean the downfall of the present dynasty. It is learned that the success of the advance has greatly impressed the Pekin rebels, and they now realize that to kill the Envoys and other occupants of the Legations would result in bringing down upon themselves a terrible vengeance, from which they could hardly hope to escape. Having provoked the anger of the civilized powers, China, like an ancient heathen outlaw, is making a last desperate stand to save throne, idols, superstitions and national integrity. Having outlasted all other nations, she may now in her turn be destined to meet the common fate of all who have outlived their usefulness and become a stumbling-block in the path of the world's progress. The God whose religion they have rejected and whose messengers they have murdered, will bring upon them the judgments with which of old he theatened the rebellious nation.

The king shall mourn, and the prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people shall be troubled: I will do unto them after their way, and according to their deserts will I judge them, and they shall know that I am the Lord (Ezek. 7:21).

Husband and Wife Unrecognized

A pathetic story of dementia comes from Wilkesbarre, Penn. On a little farm near Stillwater, Columbia county, lived a childless couple who were devoted to one another. They seldom went far from home, but were always to be seen together at church and prayer-meeting, whenever the church building was open. Of late it had been noticed by the neighbors that the old man had become very eccentric, and one day he went violently insane and had to be removed to the asylum. His wife took his affliction so much to heart that she became melancholy and has now also lost her reason. She was taken to the asylum of which her husband is an inmate. The doctors thought it might do both patients good if they were brought together, so it was arranged that they should meet in the corridor. The attendants watched them, and to their surprise the old couple, who had been all in all to one another for fifty years, met without recognition. Since then every day they have been brought together, but neither knows the other. It is marvelous that the habits and associations of half a century should be so completely effaced by the cloud now on their minds. What a comfort it is to the Christian to know that no circumstance can ever come between him and the Being to whom he has given his love to produce such forgetfulness!

Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee (Isa. 49:15).

A Perilous Ride

A young lady living in New Jersey had a narrow escape from a terrible death a few days ago. She had been to Philadelphia and was returning to her home. She had only just time to catch the vestibule train by which she intended to travel and as she hurried through the station and on to the platform, she saw the train just moving out. She sprang on the steps and was about to enter, when she discovered that the door was locked. She beat on the glass with her umbrella, but the train was making too much noise for her knocks to be heard. It was quite dark so that no one saw her perilous situation. Gradually the train increased its speed and she had great difficulty in maintaining her standing on the narrow ledge. Soon it was going at a speed of nearly a mile a minute and then she began to lose all hope. Clinging with all her might to the bar, she crouched low on the steps, while smoke and cinders almost blinded her. Just as the train was passing Bristol someone inside the car stood for a moment at the window. The terrified girl saw the shadow and again knocked on the glass. In a few moments the door was opened and the passenger whose notice she had attracted by her knock, was there, with the conductor whom he had summoned, helping her into the car. She had ridden thirty miles in constant danger of being swept to her death. We may be quite sure that if the young lady should ever again be late for a train, she will not attempt to enter it after it has started, lest again she find the door shut. One experience of that kind is enough. Unhappily, ministers and Christian workers who try to induce people to turn to Christ before it is too late, find too many of them willing to take an infinitely greater risk.

Many I say unto you will seek to enter in and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up and shut to the door (Luke 13:24).

THE PAVILION OF STEAMSHIPS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

PAVILION OF SERVIA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BRIEF NOTES

The special attention of our readers is directed to the article on "Missionaries as Grain Merchants" on page on 682 of this issue.

Japan has given a voluntary pledge that the number of emigrants from that country to Canada shall not in future exceed ten a month.

An appeal for 100,000 volunteer workers has been issued by the Commission appointed by the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They are to pledge themselves to labor for a year in soul winning and lay preaching.

Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday, Aug. 5, to a large congregation in Berlin. The service was held in the American church and was in English. To a press correspondent Dr. Talmage expressed his pleasure at preaching without the aid of an interpreter, whose services had been necessary in his meetings in Norway, Sweden and Russia.

The Philadelphia Evangelistic Committee of the Presbyterian Churches is conducting another earnest systematic campaign this summer. The city has been mapped out in districts, tents located at suitable points and arrangements made for holding meetings on the piers. Rev. L. P. Rowland, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been invited to assist in the work.

The reports of the Presbyterian Church for 1900, show that the number of communicants has increased by 23,782 since the corresponding period of last year. The whole number is now 1,007,689. There are 7,467 ministers, an increase of 155. The total contributions have been $15,054,301, of which the various Boards of Home and Foreign Missions, Church Erection, etc., received $2,551,170, and all these Boards begin their fiscal year free of debt.

A FAMINE MOTHER'S PLEA, GODHRA

CROWDS OF SUFFERERS WAITING FOR RELIEF, AHMEDNAGAR

A PITIFUL APPEAL FOR FOOD

MY TOUR THROUGH FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

.. BY LOUIS KLOPSCH ..

III.

THE Christian missionary is the bright and shining light that penetrates the present gloom of India and inspires the heart with hope for the future. Wherever his abode may be, there the sick, the troubled and the hungry flock, and there they get comfort, help and food according to their necessities and the missionary's means. If a hundred thousand consecrated missionaries could be promptly sent to India, supplied with sufficient means, the three thousand souls who would constitute each missionary's parish would be brought into the marvelous light of the Gospel within a very few years. At the present time, there is but one missionary to every 200,000 souls, a ratio which would give Greater New York only seventeen pastors; Chicago, six; Boston, two; and San Francisco, one. But the time will come when, through the efforts of the heroic band of self-denying men and women now laboring for Christ in that benighted land, India will raise her own home missionaries, and by the very children to which she herself gave birth, be led to accept Jesus of Nazareth as Saviour and King. And the present famine is paving the way — for the children left without father or mother, home or friends, will be gathered into Christian orphanages, educated by Christian teachers, surrounded by Christian influences, become Christians themselves, and eventually go forth to tell the glad tidings of a free and a full salvation.

It was my good fortune, during my brief sojourn in that unhappy land, to be thrown into closest contact with a number of the godly men and women, who, full of faith, leaving the comforts of civilization behind them, answered the Divine call to uphold the standard of the Cross among an interesting but an exceedingly superstitious people, and who to-day, far away from their native land, are brightening and cheering countless lives and leading them out gradually, slowly but surely, step by step, into that blessed faith that shall yet bring peace to their troubled souls, and joy and happiness to their sad and now hopeless hearts. I congratulate myself on having for a while been permitted to mingle with them and to draw encouragement and inspiration from their presence and their lives.

* * *

Pundita Ramabai had been seriously ill and confined to her bed for over two weeks, when she received my telegram from Bombay, inquiring whether it would be convenient for her to have me spend a day at Khedgaon on my way to Ahmednagar. Without regard for her own physical comfort, she immediately responded, cordially welcoming me to India and promising to meet me at Poona on the arrival of the seven o'clock train any morning I might designate. That same evening we started. It was our first trip through the famine district. We took the train at 19.30 (half-past seven, P.M.), and the next morning, at the appointed hour, we glided noiselessly into Poona Station. On the platform, dressed in spotless white, stood the Pundita. She looked very pale and feeble, but she greeted us cordially with a pleasant smile. In her hand she held a diminutive bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, which she gracefully presented and I gratefully accepted. Flowers in India are always used on every joyous or festive occasion. The train halted only ten minutes. There was no time for exchange of protracted courtesies. I invited her into the car, which the railway company had placed at my disposal. She begged to be excused. She would go into the ladies' compartment and rest while the journey continued. She was right. A two hours' conference would have exhausted her. The signal to get aboard was given and we separated. The train started just as we boarded it, gliding out of Poona as noiselessly as it had glided in.

NOON HOUR IN A GOVERNMENT CAMP—THE WELCOME SIGNAL TO CEASE WORK

We had not yet breakfasted, and another two hours' journey was before us. But the Pundita, anticipating our requirements, had thoughtfully ordered a breakfast placed in the car. It consisted of bananas, tea, buffalo milk, bread and buffalo butter as spotlessly white as the Pundita's dress. It was my first introduction to white butter, and though strange to my taste, no breakfast was ever more welcome.

At a little after nine we reached Khedgaon. A multitude of men and women and children had gathered at the station. They had heard that the Pundita had recovered and was coming. She was the benefactress. Many of them but for her help would not have been alive. They owed everything to her. So they gathered to welcome her. They flocked around her. They embraced her. The young folks kissed her. Tears of joy were in their eyes. The Pundita was affected. She could hardly restrain her emotion. She almost wept. She returned the embraces and she looked happy. The scene was a very touching one and this spontaneous manifestation of gratitude very pathetic. It came from the heart, went to the heart and Ramabai found full compensation for a thousand cares and anxieties in that one welcome.

Thus escorted we walked over the buffalo car which was to take us to the Mukti Mission, where Ramabai is carrying on successfully her greatest work among orphan girls and child widows. After a drive — I cannot say how long, for every moment was taken up with serious conversation — we reached a rectangular compound in the centre of which extensive building operations were in progress. Here another crowd greeted us with demonstrations of joy. We alighted, and again Ramabai was speedily encircled and the scene at the railway station was repeated.

Space will not permit me here to repeat the story of the happy day I spent with her and the 700 bright-eyed, lovely girls and young women under her care (see CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 4th), but it was a red letter event which I shall never forget. The magnitude and superi

uality of the work were a veritable revelation to me, and I am happy to know hat the generous readers of THE CHRISIAN HERALD have enabled me to lift iany a burden from the shoulders of this Divinely-called and heaven-ordained disiple.

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I was sound asleep when our car was etached at Ahmednagar at 23.30, half n hour before midnight. Dr. R. A. Hume and a few of his missionaries were waiting us at the station, and Mr. Benamin Aitken received them at the rear latform and arranged for a meeting at ix o'clock the next morning. Another lorious day awaited us, full of hope, ncouragement and inspiration. Where n the missionary world can Dr. Hume's ork at Ahmednagar be surpassed? Weeks could be spent there and every day ould develop new surprises of the most elightful character. Every phase of hissionary work, spiritual, physical, menal and industrial, sympathetic and pracical, is here developed into full fruition. Orphans, widows, families, workers, invaids and dependents, all cared for accordng to their needs, and success stamped learly and unmistakably on every branch f the work.

That afternoon, while on our way to he Government Relief Works at Kapurvadi, we came to what is known as the Wellesley Tree. We got out of the hot arriage and rested a few moments under s leafless branches. On that spot the ative fort of Ahmednagar capitulated in 803 to Lord Wellesley, Commander of he British forces, and as a memorial he lanted the tree. Dr. Hume and I disussed the future of Christianity in In-

THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS AT NADIAD—BUILDING WATER TANKS

and at this very place the fort of Hinduism will capitulate to the Captain of our Salvation and yield its sword to the man who then stood at my side, the constant aim of whose life is, "To make my God appear great and good and near."

With an intense devotion to the cause, an untiring activity, a surpassing talent for organization, the sagacity and wisdom of a trained diplomat, the generalship of a Napoleon, and withal the simplicity of a child, Dr. R. A. Hume is unmistakably a man chosen of God to bring things to pass that shall shake to the very foundations the strongholds of superstition and darkness which now enthrall the myriad population of the Indian Empire.

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The Berachah Home, on Grant Road, in Byculla, an outskirt of Bombay, is the headquarters in India of the Missionary Alliance. It was there where the meeting of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Committee was held on the day of my arrival. Rev. M. B. Fuller, a member of the Executive Board of our Inter-denominational Relief Committee, resides there. It is the centre of a tremendous influence in the right direction. Com-

A FAMINE WAIF JUST RESCUED

THE PUNDITA, DRESSED IN SPOTLESS WHITE

A SECTION OF RAMABAI'S FAMILY

plete consecration and concentrated vital religious energy are at home there. It was a good place at which to plan what may yet prove the mightiest missionary effort of the century. For who can measure the far-reaching results of that meeting? It brought Christian America in contact with idolatrous, poverty-stricken India as never before. It revealed possibilities never dreamed of. It may eventuate in results that will surpass the fondest hopes of the most optimistic believer in missionary effort.

Would the cablegram guaranteeing the support of 5,000 and possibly 10,000 orphans ever have been sent had that meeting not taken place? Where in the history of Christian charities has this proposition ever been paralleled? "India for Christ," at that meeting and in that house suddenly developed from the range of possibilities into the realm of probabilities. These 10,000 orphans will before many years be torch-bearers in the triumphal procession which shall take possession in the name of Christ of every inch of land touched by the sole of the missionary foot.

Mrs. Fuller, (since then passed to her eternal reward) was ill—too ill to be seen. Cholera and pneumonia were doing their deadly work, and though brave and heroic her struggle, she yielded at last and went up and into the presence of her Lord pleading, perhaps, for the land and the people to which she had dedicated her life. But the work Brother Fuller has in hand will not lag. Single-handed, but sustained by the Master, he will carry it on, and victory after victory shall be his. May God comfort him in this his hour of sorrowful bereavement, and strengthen him for the days of trial and of triumph yet to come! . . .

Nobler specimens of Christian missionaries than Dr. G. P. Taylor and his devoted wife, of Ahmadabad, cannot be found anywhere. Irish Presbyterians, consecrated, intelligent, industrious, self-denying, they are working on broad lines, and the souls born at their mission into the Kingdom are not apt to be neglected nor to remain spiritual babes. Their Christianity is of the sturdy kind that will not tolerate rice-converts. Heart-conviction and heart-conversion are what they aim at and with nothing short of that will they be satisfied. We remained with them a day or so while visiting relief camps and poor-houses in the vicinity of Ahmadabad, and learned to love them as wholehearted, earnest, faithful workers in the Lord's vineyard, whose mission is to love Christ and win souls for their Divine Master. They gather the hungry and the destitute around them and by kindness and practical Christian benevolence lead them one by one to a knowledge of the greater love that brought Christ from heaven to their own continent, there to give his life as a ransom for as many as shall receive him, regardless of sect, color or condition.

It was at this mission that we found a girl of about ten years fast asleep on the floor of the parlor. She had come in, asking the privilege to die there. Without a friend in the world, exhausted from lack of food, just able to keep on her feet until she reached the door, she had no other wish than to die among people who perhaps would be kind enough to bury her after she was dead. They took her in and let her sleep on a rug. After awhile they aroused her and gave her a glass of milk, then she went to sleep again and she was still sleeping when we went away. Mrs. Taylor assured me that with proper care she would soon recover, although, except when taking an occasional mouthful of food, she might sleep for a week to come.

My traveling companion and guide on our second journey through the famine field was Rev. E. F. Frease. He is the Methodist Presiding Elder of the Gujarat District, and one of the most promising Christian workers in India. He was born in Ohio, is brimful of energy and contagious enthusiasm, a man of extraordinary executive ability, and one who "when duty calls, or danger, is never wanting there." Full of faith and in closest touch with the progress of Christianity in India, he believes that the day is now at hand when great things may confidently be looked for. His solicitude for the orphans is exceedingly touching. All over his great district he is superintending the erection of orphanages. He is planning far ahead. "These children," said he, "must be saved, body and soul, and we Christian missionaries must do it. May God graciously help us to prove equal to this tremendous responsibility." He believes in pushing ahead on industrial lines, and has developed a weaving industry that now furnishes the government with canvas. When the orphans under his charge grow up, he will put them to work and make of them sterling Christian men and women. Bro. Frease is the Treasurer of the Inter-denominational Committee, and the head of the press propaganda of the Famine Work. I met him oftener than any of the other missionaries, and consider him an exceedingly important factor in the great work of winning this empire for Christ.

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My time in India was short. It was a physical impossibility to visit more than a mere fraction of the land. But missionaries came from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South to welcome me, and from their lips I heard heart-cheering reports of gigantic progress on spiritual lines. One and all referred feelingly to the great assistance which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its vast army of sympathetic readers afforded them in 1897, at a time when, without that help, they would have been absolutely helpless. Thousands of lives had thus been saved, and thousands of conversions have resulted from this marvelous manifestation of international Christian charity. And what a mighty impression the present munificent missionary relief operations must make on India's three hundred millions, representing one-fifth of the population of the entire world! It is simply beyond the grasp of mortal mind. If we take full advantage of this, the greatest missionary opportunity of the century, the indications are that within a few years India will realize in her own spiritual experience the opening lines of that majestic missionary hymn:

"The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears."

GROUP OF FAMINE SUFFERERS, AHMADABAD

NEW YORK

Abbott, Mrs F... 1 00
Abbey, L E & G Palmer 1 00
Abott, Nancy.... 1 00
Abbott, Walter .. 60
Abell, Mrs J H.. 50
Abraham, Anna.. 25
Abrahams, Mrs S M 1 00
Ackley, S H..... 1 00
Ackron, B I..... 10
Adams, Mrs C W. 1 00
Adams, Mrs E... 25
Adams, Mrs F... 1 00
Adams, Mrs Geo. 25
Adams, John ... 05
Adams, M L & Class 2 00
Adamy, Mrs M... 25
Ades, Miss F.... 50
Adriane, Mrs Geo 2 00
Adsit, Mrs M... 1 00
Ahern, W..... 50
Akeson, Ellen... 1 00
Albertson, L 1 00
Alderman, Edw.. 2 00
Alderman, H V.. 10
Aldrich, L S.... 3 00
Allen, Mrs D J... 1 00
Allen, Edw 25
Allen, Mrs Edw.. 25
Allen, Mr & Mrs E 5 00
Allen, Fannie T.. 5 00
Allen, J G..... 1 00
Almy, Edna 60
Alsop, Mrs 1 00
Alsop, E F..... 1 00
Alsop, G F..... 2 00
Alsop, Mary 1 00
Alsop, Reese F... 1 00
Alsop, Reese D... 1 00
Althouse, S B.... 10
Alton, Anne 1 00
Alton, Anne 1 00
Amer, L Lottie.. 2 00
Ames, Mrs E.... 50
Ames, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Amsbury, Mrs A. 2 00
Andersdobben, M 20
Anderson, Mrs... 05
Anderson, A 50
Anderson, A 10
Anderson, Miss A 25
Anderson, Alma.. 1 00
Anderson, A..... 1 00
Anderson, C E... 1 00
Anderson, E..... 25
Anderson, E 1 00
Anderson, Miss E 1 00
Anderson, Emily. 1 00
Anderson, G P... 25
Anderson, H 10
Anderson, H..... 15
Anderson, Miss H 50
Anderson, Miss H 1 00
Anderson, Miss H 1 00
Anderson, Hilma. 10
Anderson, Ida ... 1 00
Anderson, J 10
Anderson, J T... 10
Anderson, Joel... 1 00
Anderson, Lina . 1 00
Anderson, Lois E. 10 00
Anderson, O 1 00
Anderson, Sven.. 25
Anderson, Mrs T. 05
Andrew, J G.... 25
Andrews, Mrs A C 1 00
Andrews, H S... 1 00
Andrews, W H.. 1 00
Andrus, E Y ...20 00
Angell, L 50
Angell, Mary ... 50
Angell, W G.... 50
Angus, Mrs F T. 2 00
Anstice, Mrs I..10 00
Anstice, M 2 00
Apelt, Chas 50
Archer, Mr 25
Archer, Mrs M J 1 00
Armstrong, G & M 1 00
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Ashley, Paul ... 25
Atherton, A E... 1 00
Atkins, Mrs A... 1 00
Austin, Amelia.. 1 00
Austin, Mrs M B 1 00
Averill, H E.... 25
Averill, Mrs H C 10
Avery, M & G, B Sperry 1 00
Avery, Wm 50
Ayer, F F.....500 00
Ayres, Mrs A.... 1 00
Babcock, Miss M. 4 00
Bachelor, Mrs D D 5 00
Backman, Mrs M J 25
Backus, Mr and Mrs B 50
Backus, Mrs M.. 50
Bagg, J C..... 10
Bagwell, Mrs C T 2 00
Bailee, Mr and Mrs J W..... 2 00
Bailey, Mr LeR.. 1 00
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Baker, Chas H.. 5 00
Baker, Ellen L.. 1 00
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Baker, R E..... 25
Baker, Mrs S J... 1 00
Baker, Wm..... 25
Balcom, Mrs M H 4 00
Baldwin, C L.... 1 00
Baldwin, Miss H 50
Baldwin, O 50
Balfour, Jessie . 1 00
Ball, N 1 00
Ballon, Mrs A H.10 00
Ballon, C O..... 25
Ballon, D L..... 25
Baltz, A B..... 2 00
Balz, Mrs J..... 4 00
Banks, Mr 1 00
Barber, Miss A F 98
Barber, J S..... 1 00
Barber, Miss M W 1 00
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Barker, A 50
Barker, Ellen ... 1 00
Barker, H C.... 1 00

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Barker, Julia A. 3 00
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Barnes, Mrs E.. 3 00
Barnes, C L.... 2 00
Barnes, O C.... 76
Barnett, A Wm and T 3 00
Barney, Mrs L.. 50
Barr, Catherine . 20
Barr, H 50
Barrows, F W... 2 00
Barrett, Mr 10
Barrows, S A...20 00
Barry, L 50
Bassett, C & H.. 15
Bassett, Mrs W H 1 00
Bastian, E P.... 1 00
Bate, Anne 1 00
Bates, Chas 1 00
Bates, Mrs D.... 25
Beach, F G..... 1 00
Beach, Mrs G... 25
Beagle, Mr and Mrs M..... 2 00
Beale, Mrs F L.. 1 50
Beardsley, A ... 1 00
Beardsley, G W.. 1 16
Beardsley, L ... 1 05
Beck, A 05
Beck, W 50
Becker Children. 5 00
Becker, Mrs John 20
Becker, Wm 10
Beckman, Aug .. 1 00
Beckwith, Miss E R 5 00
Bedell, Mrs J P. 1 00
Bedient, Ellen L. 2 00
Beebe, C 50
Beebe, Mrs C D. 5 00
Beebe, Mrs J H. 2 00
Beebe, Mrs N... 10
Beech, Mrs L... 10
Beers, Mrs 1 00
Befroy, Mrs I... 25
Belais, S, Coll... 6 00
Bell, Florence... 50
Bell, Ida 50
Bellengrew, Aug. 25
Bellinger, Mrs N 25
Benedict, Mrs C M 1 65
Benedict, Mrs L. 10
Benedict, Mrs L B 25
Benedict, M F... 2 30
Bengtson, K 1 00
Bennett Co, Hunt 1 00
Bennett, C B and family 25
Bennett, G M and Mrs M J..... 1 00
Bennett, J 25
Bennett, Mrs O.. 50
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Benschoten, R .. 50
Bensen, Hilmer . 50
Benson, Miss C.. 1 00
Benson, Mrs N.. 2 00
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Berray, Mrs C... 1 00
Berry, Mrs M... 2 00
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Betzhotz, J B... 25
Beyer, J W..... 4 00
Bigart, John ... 1 00
Billings, Mrs A H 1 00
Bingham, C L... 1 00
Bingham, M C...1 00
Bingham, Mrs E. 25
Bingham, H L... 1 00
Bingham, Wm .. 55
Binguist, I E.... 50
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Bink, Buckles ... 25
Bird, Mrs C A... 20
Bishop, Willie .. 2 00
Bissell, Miss D.. 1 68
Bissell, T J..... 1 00
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Black, R 25
Blackburn, Mrs J 25
Blackman, Kate . 25
Blad, Mrs C.... 15
Blaisdell, B W.. 2 00
Blaisdell, M.. .. 2 00
Blake, G H..... 50
Blakeslee, Mrs H A 1 00
Blanchard, Mrs F 15
Blanchard, Mrs G 35
Blanchard, Miss H 2 33
Blanvelt, F M... 4 00
Bliss, Mrs Emma 25
Bliss, G A..... 50
Bliss, Nelson ... 25
Bliss, Miss P.... 25
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Blossom, F W... 1 00
Blonnt, Miss J M 26
Blume, Fredk ...10 00
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Bodley, A D.... 10
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Bolles, Mrs J H. 1 00
Bomun, Dick ... 10
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Bolt, Lamont ... 25
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Bott, Wm 25
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Bovard, G W....10 00
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Boynton, E E... 1 00
Bozard, A J..... 1 00

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Brainard, R 1 00
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Brand, Sarah ... 1 00
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Brate, D W..... 1 00
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Brayer, Mr and Mrs J F..... 5 00
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Brienly, Mattie.. 25
Brigham, H W.. 50
Brightman, C ... 1 00
Briggs, A M..... 50
Briggs, Edw 25
Briggs, Mrs M... 10
Briggs, Wilma .. 05
Brittian, Rev J M 1 00
Broberg, M 10
Brockway, Mrs S S 2 00
Brogan, P 50
Brong, Mrs Jacob 25
Bronk, Lucele ...15 00
Brooker, Mary A. 1 00
Brooks, Mrs E A. 50
Brooks, O L..... 25
Brooks, Mrs O L. 25
Brooks, Mr and Mrs S 2 00
Brower, Mrs M T 1 00
Brown, Mrs 15 00
Brown, Mrs A M 1 00
Brown, Mrs A M 2 00
Brown, Mrs A... 2 00
Brown, Miss B.. 50
Brown, Burton .. 25
Brown, C 1 00
Brown, E 2 00
Brown, Mrs E... 25
Brown, Dr E W. 25
Brown, Edna ... 1 00
Brown, Frank .. 50
Brown, Mrs H.. 1 00
Brown, Mrs H L. 2 00
Brown, Mrs H N. 1 00
Brown, Mrs H W. 3 00
Brown, H L..... 25
Brown, J G..... 1 00
Brown, Mrs J S. 2 00
Brown, J S..... 2 00
Browning, Mrs J W 25
Brown, L H..... 5 00
Brown, Mrs M... 25
Brown, M A..... 5 00
Brown, N H..... 25
Brown, Nellie ... 10
Brown, Mr and Mrs S S..... 2 00
Brown, Sarah ... 20
Brown, W 10
Brownell, C H... 2 00
Brownells, Mrs, dau 5 00
Brownsey, R 10 00
Bruen, P & J.... 50
Bryan's, Miss S S Cl 1st Pres Ch, Cohoes 5 00
Bryson, Mrs J...10 00
Buchanan, And . 10
Buck, Mrs G.... 1 00
Buck, Mrs J L.. 50
Buckley, W H... 25
Buell, Mrs D.... 11
Buell, G C..... 5 10
Buerman, M M.. 2 00
Bull, Miss 1 00
Bump, B N..... 2 00
Bunn, Mrs 10 00
Burch, Mrs 15
Burch, M, Coll by 1 35
Burd, Rev N S... 5 00
Burden, Fred ... 1 00
Burdsall, E 10 00
Burgess, Mrs J C 50
Burgess, S 1 00
Burges, W E.... 1 00
Burhans, David . 05
Burhans, G A... 1 00
Burkart, John .. 05
Burleigh, Lulu .. 1 00
Burnet, Jennie .. 05
Burns, Andrew .. 5 00
Burns, Mrs C S.. 2 00
Burns, D 25
Burns, F M..... 1 00
Burns, Mrs J.... 2 00
Burow, Mrs 50
Burr, Miss G.... 21
Burr, Leona 10
Burr, Mrs M.... 1 00
Burr, Mr 1 00
Burrows, Mrs E. 1 50
Burt, Mrs J..... 1 00
Burt, J L..... 25
Burton, T Wm.. 50
Bushnell, F 25
Bushnell, Mrs H. 25
Butcher, Mrs S.. 1 00
Butler, Mrs D... 2 25
Butler, R W..... 1 00
Button, Mrs T... 2 00
Butts, M 25
Cabble, Emma ...10 00
Caldwell, Mrs F C 1 00
Caldwell, S E... 2 00
Caldwell, W H.. 2 00
Calderwood, Mrs H W..... 2 00
Calizen, Mr 05
Calkins, C R.... 1 00
Calkins, Taylor.. 1 00
Callaway, T B... 2 00
Calvelli, Dr G... 4 00
Calvert, Mrs S E 90
Camerson, Mrs P 1 00
Campbell, Miss P 1 00
Carbeck, H 50
Carier, Miss 1 03
Carl, Eliza 1 00
Carley, E 1 00
Carley, Mabel ... 10
Carlson, Mrs ... 10
Carlson, Alvida.. 1 00
Carlson, C 04
Carlson, C J.... 2 00
Carlson, E G.... 1 00

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Carlson, Ellen .. 25
Carlson Eric ... 2 00
Carlson, Joslin .. 50
Carlson, M 1 00
Carman, Miss D. 1 00
Carman, Geo 1 00
Carman, Mrs Jas 5 00
Carner, H B and others 4 27
Carpenter, Fred . 25
Carpenter, Mrs W 50
Carson, Elmore.. 25
Carter, Mrs 25
Case, Dick 50
Case, Mrs R..... 25
Casewell, E 1 00
Casn, Wm C..... 25
Casler's, Anna D, S S Cl 1 45
Casper, Frank .. 05
Casper, Geo 05
Cathers, A W.... 5 00
Catle, Geo D.... 25
Catlin, Lora, and Richmond H .. 1 00
Cederberg, J 25
Chace, Clara B.. 2 50
Chace, Geo H.... 2 00
Chace, John H... 1 00
Chadeayne, G D. 5 00
Chamberlain, C & J 20
Chamberlain, Mrs O 10
Chamberlain, T W 20 00
Champlain, Alex. 50
Champlin Sisters. 50
Champlin, Earle . 1 00
Chapman, Dr C F 50
Chapman, D C Jr 50
Chapman, Mrs E O 50
Chapman, Mrs F. 25
Chapman, J C... 5 00
Chapman, M M.. 1 00
Chappell, Mr and Mrs C E 5 00
Charlton, John .10 00
Charets, J S.... 1 00
Chase, Mrs H... 1 00
Chase, M M..... 2 00
Chassel, Mrs E.. 25
Chelberg, Mrs .. 05
Cherry, Miss ... 1 00
Cherry, Jno 25
Cherry, May 20
Chittenden, C M. 2 00
Christianson, Mr. 10
Church, Miss L J 2 00
Church, M E & Katharine ...50 00
Churchill, Mrs J. 1 00
Clark, Mrs Ada.. 50
Clark, Mrs B W.. 1 00
Clark, C G..... 5 00
Clark, E 10
Clarke, Mrs E... 2 00
Clark, Miss E S.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs G L.. 1 00
Clark, G T..... 5 00
Clark, Mrs H.... 2 00
Clark, J 02
Clark, Jas 1 00
Clark, L 25
Clark, L V 1 00
Clark, Mrs M... 50
Clark, Mary 25
Clark, Mrs O C.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs P.... 05
Clark, Mrs R.... 1 00
Clark, Richard .. 50
Clark, Mrs S M.. 1 00
Clark, Mrs W J, in mem of little Willie 5 00
Clarke, H S..... 50
Clarke, Mr and Mrs J H..... 1 00
Clarke, Mill.... 50
Clarke, Mrs M F 25
Clark, Wm 2 00
Classon, E W.... 35
Claucy, J R..... 5 00
Clay, Edw 25
Clegg, Thos 2 00
Cleveland, Mrs J A 1 00
Clews, Natalie .. 2 00
Clindsay, W 25
Cline, Mrs A E.. 25
Cline, Mrs J B & dau 2 00
Cline, Mrs W.... 1 00
Clius, Miss 50
Clinzburg, Mrs .. 05
Clother, Mr & Mrs W M 1 00
Clough, Mrs 25
Cobb, Mrs Sarah 25
Coble, Aggie 25
Coburn, C 1 00
Cock, C M..... 1 00
Cockfair, G A.... 2 00
Cockfair, M F... 1 00
Cockfair, Olive J. 50
Cooley, Mrs H L. 2 00
Coffin, Mrs F D.. 1 00
Coffin, J 30
Colby, Alice and Mary Donohue . 1 75
Cole, Madeline .. 1 00
Cole, Mrs Seth . 1 00
Collins, J N..... 1 00
Collins, Mrs Jas. 10
Collow, Sarah ... 10
Colson, A G..... 1 00
Combes, A C....10 00
Condon, Mr and Mrs. Wm 1 00
Conger, Mr and Mrs Jery 1 00
Conkling, D L... 1 00
Conklin, M J.... 25
Conkling, E E... 5 00
Connell, Miss A.. 1 00
Connelly, Miss L 10
Consalns, J H... 5 00
Converee, A F... 2 00
Cook, Mrs A B.. 1 00
Cook, Mrs E..... 25
Cook, H C..... 2 00
Cook, Mrs J..... 1 00
Cook, John J.... 2 00
Cook, Mary F... 1 00
Coolis, Amelia .. 2 00
Coonley, Mrs ... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Coots, Mrs J H. 1 00
Cornell, S B.....10 00
Cornell, Thos W 1 00
Correr, Fred 50
Corrier, Julia ... 25
Cossentine, J C.. 5 00
Cost, Ida 1 00
Courbat, Mrs F.. 20
Courtney, T Geo. 2 00
Coventry, Mr and Mrs W A..... 1 00
Coving, K 10
Cox, A 35
Cox, Mrs D..... 25
Coy, Mrs E O.... 1 00
Craft, Mrs A B.. 1 00
Crafts, J W..... 1 00
Crago, David ... 1 00
Cramer, Mrs C.. 1 00
Crandall, Caroline 1 00
Crandall, Mrs H L 2 00
Crandall, Mrs J.. 50
Crandall, L P.... 25
Crandell, Jos B.. 2 00
Crane, Mrs 3 00
Crane, Mrs Ella.. 15
Crane, Mrs L.... 25
Crawford, Mrs S. 25
Crawley, Mrs S J 25
Creagern, Miss M 25
Creighton, Miss N 50
Creighton, S 1 00
Crittenden, Robt.. 25
Crocker, L B.... 2 00
Cronk, Alf 35
Crosby, E H.....25 00
Crosby, M S.....10 00
Cross, F J..... 2 00
Crouse & Brandeger 25 00
Crouse, Jacob ...100 00
Crowell, Miss B.. 1 00
Crowley, F & S.. 50
Crum, Miss A M. 1 00
Cudaback, Mr and Mrs C G..... 2 00
Culver, Mrs E F. 2 00
Culver, Mrs H... 5 00
Cummings, Bert.. 25
Cummings, Mrs C 2 00
Cummings, G ... 25
Cummings, Geo .. 50
Cumpson, Mary.. 65
Cunningham, I H 50
Cunningham, Mrs J 1 00
Currie, Mrs E J.. 1 00
Currier, P 15
Currier, P J..... 30
Curtis boys 20
Curtis, Mrs L.... 1 00
Curtis, Miss P A. 5 00
Curvy, W V F... 3 50
Cutter, Mrs W B. 2 00
Czar, Mrs C..... 25
Czar, Mary 25
Dagles, D 15
Dahler, J A..... 05
Dahlgren, Mr and Mrs 50
Dahlgren, Edla .. 25
Dahlgren, Nora .. 50
Dahlgrist, Mrs E 25
Dailey, Mrs 50
Daily, John 15
Daily, Mrs W H. 45
Dakin, Frank ... 25
Dakin, Mary O... 2 00
Dakin, Mrs Wm.. 25
Dale, Mrs R..... 5 00
Daley, Mrs C.... 10
Dalrymple, Mrs L 25
Damie, C 25
Daniel, Mrs C L. 1 00
Daniels, Mrs V H 1 00
Dann Any & Hazel Hinkly 50
Darbee, Mrs D W 1 00
Darling, A 25
Darling, J A..... 25
Darrell, Mrs E R 1 00
Darrolk, J 1 00
Dart, Miss Jane.. 2 00
Davidson, M 2 00
Davie, Mrs M J. 5 00
Davies, B 25
Davies, D J..... 1 00
Davies, Mrs Edw I 00
Davies, Emily .. 25
Davies, Henry .. 25
Davies, Mrs J S.. 1 00
Davies, L & J... 1 00
Davies, Mr and Mrs R D..... 50
Davis, Alf 10
Davis, Mrs A.... 1 00
Davies, Mrs R P. 50
Davis, C F..... 20
Davis, Chas 25
Davis, E T..... 5 00
Davis, George ... 1 00
Davis, Joe J..... 2 00
Davis, Mrs J M. 1 00
Davis, M E..... 2 00
Davis, Nannie ... 05
Davis, Olive 2 00
Davis, Mrs P M.. 1 00
Davis, S E..... 2 00
Davis, Sara 50
Davison, J M.... 5 00
Day, Mrs B..... 10
Day, E G..... 3 00
Day, H L..... 1 00
Day, Peter 1 00
Deake, Mrs A M. 2 00
Dealing, Mrs W E 1 00
Dean, Bert 1 00
Dean, Mrs J R... 1 00
Debble, S 25
Decker, Geo P... 1 00
Decker, Mrs J H 1 00
DeGroff, A S.... 1 00
Delamater, M J.. 1 00
Delmos, Jno D...75 00
Demon, Mrs M T 1 00
Dempster, Mrs W 1 00
Dence, Mrs J.... 10
Dennis, Miss K T 1 00
Dento, Jno 50
Denton, R 5 00
Depen, Mrs P.... 50
Desbecker, Mrs B 1 00
Devall, Dora 1 00
Devereaux, J R.. 1 00
Devereaux, L F. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Devereaux, M W. 1 00
Dewey, E F..... 48
Diamond, P 50
Dibilles, Tony ... 10
Dickens, D 10
Dickens, Linda... 50
Dickie, Mrs J J.. 2 00
Dickinson, Fay .. 50
Dickinson, W 10
Dickson, Frank . 25
Diddell, J S..... 2 00
Dildine, Mrs Dr.. 1 00
Dimond, Robt ... 1 00
Dixon, Dr E H... 25
Dixon, F G..... 25
Doane, Mary E... 1 00
Doane, Sophia J.. 1 00
Dodge, Mr and Mrs C C.....50 00
Dodge, Mrs M.... 15
Dodge, Mrs O D.. 1 00
Dolson, Mrs 25
Donty, Mrs M.... 25
Doolittle, O 10
Dormandy, Mrs M F 1 00
Dormer, A D.... 1 54
Dossenbach, H .. 5 00
Doty, Dr G H.... 50
Dougall, Mrs J.... 50
Douglass, Mrs F.. 50
Dow, Mr J..... 1 00
Downum, Miss M. 1 00
Downs, A 1 00
Drake, Mrs K.... 1 00
Dresser, Miss Eva 15
Dresser, Mrs Jas. 25
Driver, A W..... 2 00
Driver, B 1 00
Drogemuller, H .. 50
Dublin, S S..... 44
Dubois, Ella 1 00
DuBois, Mrs F & S S Cl..... 1 00
DuBois, Mr and Mrs Wm H..... 1 00
Dudley, Chas 25
Duell, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Duell, H E..... 50
Dugan, B 55
Dugan, M 1 28
Dunbar, C F.....20 00
Duncan, A 25
Dunham, Mrs ... 25
Dunham, H C.... 10
Dunlap, A M..... 2 00
Dunham, Mrs M.. 10
Dunham, Miss R M 1 00
Dunning, H 2 40
Durand, Hannah. 3 00
Durham, Wm 1 00
Durland, Mrs S.. 2 00
Duryea, S L..... 1 00
Dwyer, Mrs W... 1 00
Dye, R G..... 3 00
Earl, J C..... 5 00
Earll, Mrs J L... 1 00
Easterly, Mrs M.. 50
Easton, B 25
Easton, H 25
Easton, L 25
Easton, L 12
Easton, R 13
Eaten, H N..... 1 00
Eddy, Mrs M..... 25
Edy, M E..... 2 00
Eddy, M K..... 3 50
Edgerton, Robt .. 1 00
Edinger, Alfred . 25
Edinger, F 10
Edinger, H 1 00
Edinger, Marcus.. 2 00
Edinger, U 1 00
Edmunds, Libbie. 25
Edrall, M B..... 2 00
Edwards, Mrs I J 2 00
Edwards, O M...100 00
Edwards, Will .. 50
Effner, Ada R.... 1 30
Egleston, Sarah.. 1 50
Ehlen, Mrs. Louis 1 00
Eich, Florence ... 1 00
Eichel, Lena 25
Eichler, David .. 25
Eiss, A G..... 3 00
Eiss, Mr and Mrs Geo 5 00
Ekberg, S A & Betty Akeson .. 1 00
Elbridge, Miss C. 5 00
Eldredge, Mrs F. 10
Eldrett, G 1 00
Eldridge, M 25
Elfast, Mrs 17
Elford, E & G... 1 00
Elkins, Miriam .. 10
Ellenwood, Mrs F F 10 00
Elliott, Martha A 1 00
Ellis, Mrs J..... 2 00
Ellis, Mrs J..... 2 00
Elsass, Mrs N E.. 50
Ellwanger, Geo .. 5 00
Elman, Mr 10
Elmer, Frank 25
Elwood, Fred 10
Elwood, L & L... 1 00
Emansyn, A S... 05
Emgren, J 1 00
Emmons, Mrs A.. 50
Emmons, Mrs J.. 10
Engelhart, Mrs L. 50
Engelhart, Wm .. 25
Engsteen, Mrs ... 10
Enander, Mrs ... 50
English, Mrs A T 1 00
Erbson, A M..... 50
Erickson, John .. 2 25
Erickson, L J.... 1 00
Ericson, H 05
Erikson, F 50
Erikson, Maria .. 50
Erkenbrack, Jas.. 2 00
Ernst, J R..... 1 00
Erskine, C W.... 2 00
Essetsbrom, J .. 3 00
Estus, A 25
Evans, Chas 25
Evans, Geo 25
Evans, Miss M.. 1 00
Evans, R J..... 1 00
Evans, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Evans, Z R..... 2 00
Eversen, M 25
Everett, D W.... 2 00

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Ewold, Geo 50
Fagerhurd, Mrs .. 50
Failing, Mrs A R. 5 00
Fairchild, Mr 25
Fairchild, L C.... 25
Fanar, Geo E.... 4 00
Farlinger, Mrs C M 1 00
Farrar, Mary 1 00
Farrell, Miss 25
Farrell's, P Sons. 50
Farsberg, Olaf ... 50
Fasbury, Mrs E.. 50
Faser, Mrs A.... 1 00
Fay, Flora 25
Fellows, H C..... 5 00
Felt, Miss 50
Fenton, Miss M C 15
Fern, Julia A.... 1 07
Ferren, Mrs M... 50
Ferris, Mrs 10
Ferris, Mrs G.... 10
Field, Miss J..... 2 00
Field, W E..... 2 00
Filkins, D M..... 1 00
Finch, Mrs S A.. 2 00
Finch, W F..... 25
Fink, Mrs Chas... 25
Firman, Mrs M D. 25
Fischer, Katie ... 25
Fish, Mrs E B... 1 00
Fish, Mrs Ed..... 50
Fisher, E C.....10 00
Fisher, Jake 25
Fitch, Mrs 50
Fitus, Mrs S..... 25
Fitus, Mrs S J.... 25
Flin, Minnie 1 00
Flint, Simeon ... 1 00
Flinter, Mrs A C.. 1 00
Florence, L L .. 25
Foote, Mrs Levi.. 25
Forbes, J 10
Ford, G G..... 2 00
Forsyth, Jas G..100 00
Fosbury, J M..... 1 00
Fowler, E 2 00
Fowler, Mrs W. 10
Fox, A H..... 1 00
Francis, Miss J G 5 00
Francis, Mrs J G 3 00
Francis, M E.... 2 00
Frank, Mrs 20
Frank, Mrs A A. 1 25
Franklin, E Mae 05
Franklin, Nora . 05
Frary, Mrs J A.. 1 00
Fraser, Mrs T.. 1 00
Frederick, C C.. 5 00
Frederick, T H.. 5 00
Freeman, H 10
Freeman, M 1 00
Freer, Clarence . 2 00
French, Miss C.. 25
French, Mrs Celia 1 00
French, Mark ... 15
French, Myrtle . 50
French, Mr & Mrs W R 1 00
Frew, Mrs C..... 25
Fribey, Mrs 1 00
Friend, Channcey 1 00
Frines, Mr 10
Frisbee, E L.... 9 83
Fross, F L..... 2 00
Frost, J 05
Fuller, Mrs 25
Fuller, F M..... 1 00
Fuller, Frank ... 25
Gabinckon, J 50
Gage, O C..... 2 00
Gale, Mrs 10
Gallup, L B & Ivy 25
Ganse, Dr C H, through 100 00
Garatt, Jennie R 48
Garre, Mrs M.... 2 00
Garrett, Mrs N P 2 00
Gasline, Miss M.. 1 00
Geiger, Mrs C F. 1 00
Geis, Mrs N P... 2 00
Georga, Miss ... 25
George, Mrs E J. 1 00
George, H K E..10 00
Gibson, Dr W M..10 00
Giesler, Wm H.. 1 00
Giffin, Mrs E.... 1 00
Gilbride, Katie . 25
Gilchrist, E T .. 5 00
Gile, Mrs Chas.. 25
Gillen, Rose ... 25
Gillette, Miss D B 50
Gillings, E 20 00
Glancy, Mrs C.. 25
Glover, Mrs Geo 1 00
Gob, G 10
Godfrey, Mrs A.. 2 00
Goeller, Chas J. 25
Goff, Mrs O..... 10
Goff, W H..... 30
Goff, Walter ... 10
Goff, Willie 10
Goldsmith, Max.. 50
Goldthwait, Mrs J O 1 00
Goodwin, Mrs W F 2 00
Gordon, F M.... 2 00
Gordon, Sarah T. 1 00
Gorham, Mrs J F & S S Class of Presb Ch 1 00
Goshorn, Nellie . 1 00
Goth, C H..... 1 00
Goutermout, B I 25
Goutermout, M... 25
Graham, Mrs C S 1 00
Graham, Lilly... 50
Gran, Agnes 50
Grant, Lizzie ... 1 00
Grant, Mrs Lula. 1 00
Granther, Gus .. 10
Graves, C H.... 1 00
Graves, Mrs C H 50
Graves, Mrs Chas 50
Graves, E 50
Graves, Jane ... 2 00
Graves, Mrs W C 25
Graves, Mrs Wm 25
Gray, M E..... 1 00
Gregory, Mrs J H 2 00
Green, Ben H... 5 00
Green, E A 1 00
Green, Mrs L A.. 1 50
Green, Mrs M E. 1 00
Green, Mrs S.... 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Greene, Mrs E A 25
Greene, S F.... 2 00
Greene, Mrs F.... 1 00
Greenought, M .. 1 00
Griffin, Jennie .. 10
Grimes, A E.... 1 00
Griswold, R S.... 2 00
Gritmon, Frank.. 1 00
Gronquist, I 25
Gross, Fred L, Brooklyn 1 00
Group, W H 2 00
Grove, Mrs B H & children 5 00
Grove, H A..... 25
Gruhe, Mrs J.... 25
Guerin, M 25
Guerrlich, F..... 5 00
Guile, H D..... 2 00
Gulbransen, Lina. 10
Gunther, Mrs W C 25
Gurnee children, Garnerville 2 00
Gustafson, Mr & Mrs 2 10
Gustafson, Alma. 25
Gustafson, M.... 25
Guy, Mrs B..... 2 00
Haas, F V..... 45
Hadley, Mrs A... 2 00
Hafile, H 10
Hafile, J..... 25
Hafile, L C..... 10
Hagaman, C A.. 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.. 5 00
Hagaman, F R.. 1 00
Hahn, E C 25
Hahn, Henry.... 3 85
Haight, Mrs A.. 25
Haight, Wm 25
Haines, A 1 00
Hale, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Hall, Mr & Mrs B 5 00
Hall, Elnora A.. 1 00
Hall, Mrs F S.. 2 00
Hall, Mrs Jas .. 1 00
Hall, John L.... 2 00
Hall, Mrs Lizzie. 17
Halliday, E 1 00
Halstead, Mrs W I 1 00
Halsted, C S, thro 29
Hamacher, Mary.. 50
Hamacher, Sarah. 1 00
Hamblin, A D... 1 00
Hamblin, B E.... 75
Hamblin, H C... 25
Hamilton, L A... 1 00
Hamilton, Mrs L M 50
Hammack, T J..10 70
Hammerstein, A E 25
Hammerstin, E A 25
Hammerstin, J A 50
Hammersten, O.. 75
Hammersten, V E 1 00
Handerson, K .. 25
Hannahs, Mrs H E 1 00
Hannon, Miss B. 1 00
Hansen, Mrs 25
Hansen, E 25
Hansen, H 25
Hanson, Kann... 10
Hanson, T 1 00
Harcourt, Mrs J 3 00
Hare, J K 5 00
Hare, N H..... 10
Harles, W 1 00
Harling, Beda .. 25
Harling, C E.... 25
Harmon, Viola A 5 00
Harrer, Katherine 10
Harrington, Mrs H 1 00
Harris, Miss B.. 1 00
Harris, Geo P... 1 00
Harris, H J.....10 00
Harris, J 1 00
Harris, Jas K .. 25
Harris, Thos 20
Harris, Wm 1 00
Harris, W H.... 1 00
Hart, Miss M.... 50
Hartell, A & S.. 50
Hartman, C A... 2 00
Hartson, Mr & Mrs S 1 00
Hartwell, Mrs F M 1 00
Hartwell, Mrs W R 1 00
Harvey, Mr 25
Haskell, Mrs N D & her Music Cl 5 00
Haskins, Mrs F H25 00
Haskins, L D.... 32
Haskins, L N... 1 00
Hastings, Mrs G. 5 00
Hastlugs, H F... 2 00
Hatch, J C..... 10
Hatfield, Chas .. 25
Hatfield, R 15
Hatfield, Miss M. 10
Haugh, J B..... 50
Hause, T P.....10 00
Hawes, H 2 00
Hawley, C H....20 00
Hawley, C W.... 2 00
Hay, D M..... 2 00
Hayden, Mrs L... 10
Hayden, Mrs M E 1 00
Hayes, Rev & Mrs C H 2 00
Haynes, Mrs 10
Hazard, F M.... 2 00
Heady, Mrs M... 10
Heald, L & B.... 2 00
Heath, Helen, & Butler, Stella .. 75
Heaton, Mrs S... 25
Hebard, Mrs B S. 2 00
Hebhlethwait, A. 25
Hedln, Chas E... 1 00
Hedln, E 06
Hebner, Vina ... 05
Heckman, A 05
Hedstrau, L & E. 10
Helmgartner, F.. 10
Helmgartner J .. 10
Helenius, A 1 00
Helfman, L M... 2 00
Helgrist, Mrs C.. 25
Heller, Miss 10
Hellgren, C G... 50
Hellgren, F 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Hellman, Esther. 1 00
Helmer, Maud L. 35
Henderson, Floyd. 05
Henderson, R J.. 1 00
Henderson, S S.. 1 50
Hendricks, R.... 25
Henne, Mrs W.... 10
Henry, Mrs 1 00
Heric, Mrs 20
Herman, G D.... 1 00
Herman, K 1 00
Hern, Mrs M A... 5 00
Herrick, H P.... 25
Herrick, W Lila.. 1 00
Hess, Eliz 26
Hess, H & G.... 4 15
Heth, Mrs H.... 10
Hewitt, F E..... 1 00
Heyden, Robt ... 50
Hickey, L 25
Higbie, G K & Co 5 00
Higbie, Mrs L... 1 00
Higgerson, Mrs C 1 00
Hill, Mrs 25
Hill, Mrs W C & G Wilson 1 00
Hills, Mrs Alfred 25
Hills, Mrs R.... 5 00
Hilma, L 10
Himrod Bapt S S.20 00
Hine, Mrs M A D & Mrs S P Howard 2 00
Hinkley, E R ... 10
Hirsch, D 10
Hoadley, Miss E. 25
Hoadley, Mrs E L 50
Hoag, Mrs H.... 25
Hoag, Miss J A, H L Faulds, C E Smellie, S Holleran, Master A Smellie..10 00
Hoag, Phœbe.... 15
Hoghaman, C A..10 00
Hodder, R 50
Hodges, Mrs S... 20
Hoffman, E M... 2 00
Hoffman, Wm F. 2 00
Hogan, Bros 2 25
Hogle, Mrs Benj. 1 00
Holbrook, Mrs C E 10
Holcomb, Mrs L. 1 25
Holcomb, W E.. 2 00
Holden, Chas ... 50
Holden, Eliza ... 1 00
Holliday, Mrs L. 1 00
Hollister, Wm E. 1 00
Holloway, Miss F 25
Holm, Ed 25
Holmes, Mrs B.. 1 00
Holmes, Fred C.. 2 00
Holmstrom, Mr.. 1 00
Holnes, A 2 50
Holt, H 25
Holt, L 25
Holton, Mrs U... 1 00
Hompe, A P..... 2 00
Homsby, C C.... 10
Homsby, Violette. 10
Hooker, C G..... 2 00
Hopkin, Abbie .. 50
Hopkins, Mrs ... 15
Hopkins, Mrs H. 10
Horsey, M 25
Horton, Kate M. 2 00
Horton, Mrs L M 25
Horton, Mrs M.. 50
Horton, Mildred. 05
Horton, Mrs W.. 1 00
Hoss, Mrs T M.. 50
Hotaling, Mrs C. 1 00
Houck, A 25
Houck, I 2 00
House, Mrs F G.. 1 00
Houston, Rev H. 1 00
Hover, Mrs R W. 5 00
Howard, E D.... 10
Howard, Gibson.. 5 00
Howard, Isaac... 2 00
Howard, Mrs M.. 2 00
Howard, W P.... 25
Howe, Jennie ... 10
Howe, Luclen ... 5 00
Howe, Marg 1 00
Howell, Donald S 50
Howell, N W.... 25
Howell, Wm L.. 5 15
Howles, Arthur.. 25
Howles, Clyde ... 10
Howles, D 1 00
Howles, James .. 25
Howles, Jennie .. 25
Howles, Lester... 10
Howles, M 25
Howland, Mrs N. 1 00
Hoyt, Mrs C E, Mrs M D Montsgill, Miss F E Chapin 3 00
Hoyt, M 2 00
Hubbell, C, Jr... 5 00
Hubbell, O R... 5 00
Hubbs, Jane 5 00
Hudson, Miss J L 1 00
Huff, Mrs Lewis. 1 00
Hughes, Hugh T. 25
Hughes, Robert.. 25
Hughes, Wm B... 20
Hull, B 25
Hull, E 25
Hull, L 10
Hultgrew, H G.. 1 00
Humphrey, E.... 2 28
Humphrey, G B..10 00
Humphreys, J B. 1 00
Hunt, C & family 80
Hunt, Dr M W.. 10
Hunter, Miss.... 50
Hunter, A H.... 2 00
Huntley, D B.... 25
Hurchey, Mary A 2 00
Hurlburt, A R... 1 00
Hurlburt, H H..10 00
Hurley, T 10
Hurtin, A B..... 1 00
Hutchinson, Mrs A 05
Hutchinson, J.... 2 00
Hutchinson, M C 1 00
Hyatt, Louise ... 1 00
Icka, Maria 3 00
Ingalls, Mrs Geo. 15
Ingersoll, Robt.. 10
Ingraham, H G.. 15

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Ireland, Mrs C E 25
Irwin, D M..... 5 00
Ives, Mildred C..15 00
Ives, Mrs M..... 2 00
Jackson, J 25
Jackson, Mrs J.. 1 00
Jackson, R H... 1 30
Jacobs, H C.... 25
Jacobs, Myron .. 25
Jacobs, Miss S... 1 00
Jacobus, Emma H 1 00
Jaeger, H F..... 1 00
Jakohls, J..... 05
Jameison, David. 25
James, E H..... 5 00
Jamison, Mrs.... 25
Jamison, Jessie.. 10
Jamison, Lloyd .. 05
Jane, Mrs W.... 25
Jaquish, Andrew. 25
Jenny, Jos..... 05
Jenny, Mrs J.... 05
Jenny, Master... 10
Jensen, Mrs Eva. 25
Jockey, Miss 25
Johanson, Anna.. 50
Johanson, Mrs J. 25
Johanson, John P 25
Johnson, Mr 05
Johnson, Mrs ... 10
Johnson, Mrs ... 05
Johnson, Mrs A D 50
Johnson, Mr & Mrs A L..... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs A S 1 00
Johnson, Miss A. 1 00
Johnson, Miss C. 1 00
Johnson, C A... 15
Johnson, Dina ... 1 00
Johnson, Dwight. 50
Johnson, E 50
Johnson, Ellen... 55
Johnson, Emily.. 50
Johnson, Frank.. 50
Johnson, H A... 25
Johnson, H J.... 5 00
Johnson, Hilma.. 10
Johnson, I 1 00
Johnson, I W.... 1 00
Johnson, Miss Ida 1 00
Johnson, Jenny.. 25
Johnson, John .. 1 00
Johnson, John A 1 00
Johnson, Lars ... 2 00
Johnson, Lewis.. 25
Johnson, M 1 50
Johnson, O P.... 1 00
Johnson, P 50
Johnson, Mr & Mrs R 1 00
Johnsson, Anna.. 25
Johnston, Bella . 1 00
Jones, B L..... 1 00
Jones, B L..... 1 00
Jones, D S, coll by 2 00
Jones, David 50
Jones, E L..... 50
Jones, Mrs E S.. 15
Jones, Edward F.10 00
Jones, Edward .. 50
Jones, Emma A.. 25
Johnston, R A... 6 00
Jones, Mrs J.... 2 00
Jones, J H.....25 00
Jones, John R... 25
Jones, Lillian ... 25
Jones, Lewis 25
Jones, Maggie .. 50
Jones, Mattie J.. 25
Jones, Newton... 25
Jones, Richard .. 50
Jones, Mrs T A.. 1 00
Jones, Mrs W N. 2 50
Jones, S 25
Jordan, Mrs F... 2 00
Josleyn, Mrs C.. 1 00
Joslin, Mrs G F.. 1 00
Joycox, Mrs Chas 1 00
Juno, Geo W.... 50
Karlen, Mrs D... 1 00
Karlstet, Mr 25
Kaufelt, Mrs H.. 10
Keating, G 20
Keator, Jay 25
Keaveney, Miss.. 1 00
Keefer, Miss M.. 2 00
Keeton, F A & D B 2 00
Keevey, Mrs W W & Mrs M Corey 3 00
Kelgard, Mrs C.. 2 00
Kelley, Mrs C... 3 00
Kelley, Mrs D... 50
Kelley, Mrs David 10
Kelley, Fred 2 00
Kelley, Mrs W... 1 00
Kellogg, E B....10 00
Kellogg, Mrs C.. 30
Kellogg, F E.... 10
Kellogg, Mrs H.. 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs R.. 10
Kellogg, Mrs R.. 25
Kelsey, Miss D E 2 00
Kelsey, John 1 00
Kennedy, A G... 1 00
Kenny, M 25
Ker, James 1 00
Ketcham, T N... 1 00
Kiebourn, R 5 00
Kilburn, P C.... 25
Kilander, Mrs ... 25
Kilham, Mima .. 25
Killpatrick, John. 1 00
Kilton, A 25
Kimmouth, Mrs M D 20 00
Kling, Mrs A 25
Klingsley, E H... 63
King, Mrs F.... 25
Kinzel, Geo 2 00
Kipp, Mrs E.... 1 00
Kirk, Mr 5 00
Kirk, Andrew ... 1 00
Kirkpatrick, Mrs S 1 00
Klasi, A F..... 2 00
Kline, Mrs Mary 25
Klock, Mrs Ed.. 50
Knapp, Mrs B... 1 00
Knapp, Mrs C G. 1 25
Knapp, Mrs H W 1 00
Kneeland, Frances 1 00
Knight, E P.... 3 75
Kriley, Harry ... 10
Kohler, Ed 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Knights, Geo D, through 5 00
Kriley, Arthur .. 05
Kriley, Pearl 10
Krohn, O W..... 10
Krum, Alicia.... 35
Krum, Seward E 10
Krum, Mrs W J.. 90
Kuenze, H G.... 1 00
Kurtz, E F A, through 1 00
La Bush, Mrs B.. 20
La Bush, Mrs W H 10
Lacey, Mrs F.... 2 00
Lacey, Mrs Jos.. 5 00
Ladd, Mrs 05
Ladd, Mrs Cha.. 50
Ladwith, E 25
Lager, J W..... 10
Lake, Addie E... 50
Lake, Eugene ... 1 00
Lakin, Edgar ... 1 00
Lakin, Emma.... 1 00
Lakin, Leonie ... 50
Lamh, J B..... 1 00
Lambley, E 1 00
Lamy, Ethel M.. 1 00
Landers, B 25
Landrine, A 1 00
Lane, Burt 10
Lane, Chas 40
Lang, E M..... 50
Lantz, Malchen.. 1 00
Lape, Ruth M... 20
Lapier, H 50
Larkin, J F..... 50
Larkin, Mrs J W 1 00
Larmore, J 20
Larrensen, Miss A 10
Larsen, O C..... 25
Larsen, P 25
Larson, Anna.... 50
Larson, Hilda ... 10
Larson, Mrs Hilda 25
Larson, Ida 50
Larson, Miss M.. 1 00
Larzalere, H L.. 2 00
Lathrop, Miss R. 1 00
Laud, C L.....25 00
Laurie, Mr & Mrs Geo 2 00
Lauer, F C.....10 00
Lautz, Fred C M .25 00
Lawson, Mrs T C 10
Leahlom, J A... 25
Leader, Lois W.. 5 00
Learned, Mrs W H 2 00
Leary, Mrs F T.. 25
Leavett, Mrs 25
Leavy, John 25
Lee, Anna L..... 25
Lee, Mrs C S.... 25
Lee, F W..... 25
Lee, Geo 25
Leete, F D..... 1 00
Le Fever, L..... 1 00
Leichvallis, Mary. 30
Leiterman, Anna. 10
Leo, Matilda 15
Leonard, Mrs R C 5 00
Levy, Mrs 25
Letts, Mrs Geo .. 1 00
Leverinze, Mrs F. 10
Lewis, Miss 10
Lewis, Mrs Dr .. 25
Lewis, Mrs E A & dau 2 50
Lewis, George ... 25
Lewis, Geo H.... 1 00
Lewis, J J..... 25
Lewis, Mrs L J.. 50
Lewis, Mrs M.... 15
Lewis, Mr 10
Lewis, Mary L.. 50
Lewis, Miss N... 50
Levy, M 10
Lewthwaite, G W 5 00
Lewthwaite, Mrs G W 5 00
Lick, Mrs Phebe. 1 00
Lick, Mrs Rosa.. 1 00
Lick, Sophronia.. 35
Liddle, Hattie .. 1 00
Lienhart, Mrs ... 10
Lienhart, F C... 50
Lienhart, Libbie.. 50
Light, Mrs A J.. 1 00
Light, W E..... 1 00
Lilley, Sarah S.. 1 00
Lincoln, Mrs G.. 10
Lincoln, R E.... 50
Lindat, O..... 25
Lindberg, O 1 00
Lindblad, C A... 1 00
Linden, K J..... 2 00
Linder, Geo A... 2 00
Lindmack, Ernst. 50
Lindsker, Aug ... 1 00
Liscomh, Jno ... 1 00
Livingston, Mrs A 1 00
Livingston, C ... 25
Livingston, E ... 25
Livingston, E C.. 5 00
Livingston, H ... 50
Livingston, Mrs J E..... 25
Livingston, M ... 10
Ljerngberg, Carl. 50
Lockwood, Miss A 8 00
Lockwood, M J.. 2 00
Loder, Mrs Eliza 2 00
Lombard, Mrs .. 1 00
Long, Mrs H W.. 6 10
Loomis, Mrs A S.20 00
Lonly, Danl 1 00
Losee, Henry 25
Losee, Peter 25
Loungien, A..... 1 00
Lowe, Mrs 25
Lowery, H T.... 1 00
Lown, Mrs A....10 00
Lown, S R..... 5 00
Lowndes, Mrs F. 50
Ludington, M B.. 25
Lumley, Miss M.. 1 00
Lundahl, O 1 00
Lundguist, Emma 15
Lundin, Aug 1 00
Lundster, Bernie. 10
Lunt, Prescott .. 5 00
Luxford, Rev F W 25
Lyon, Mrs 10
McArthur, M J.. 1 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

McBath, Rev Phil.. 50
McCall, Erwin .. 10
McCall, Miss G.. 25
McCall, Mrs G... 2 00
McCall, Mrs T... 50
McCarthy, Miss Kate 25
McCern, Mrs 25
McChesney, G G. 25
McClane, James.. 25
McClellan, C L, Sr 5 00
McConnell, Miss G E 5 00
McCluskey, J L.. 50
McCoffey, Mr 25
McCracken, R W. 5 00
McCreedy, K.... 1 00
McDonald, Amos. 2 00
McDowell, Mr & Mrs J 2 00
McElroy, Anna S 1 00
McFadden, Mrs J B 18 75
McGranaghan, E. 1 00
McGraw, Dell ... 25
McGraw, Mrs L H 1 00
McGreshen, Katie 50
McIntosh, J H... 2 00
McKane, Mrs ... 10
McKee, Geo C... 5 00
McKee, Miss M.. 1 00
McKeown, L J.. 1 00
McKinley, Mrs G. 25
McLean, Mrs J E 5 00
McMinn, Mrs J N 25
McMullen, Mrs H 1 00
McMullen, C M.. 2 00
McNeill, Miss E. 1 00
McNeilly, Miss A 1 00
McQuire, Mrs Jno 15
McRorie, Mrs G W 2 00
Macaney, J B.... 2 00
Mack, Mrs Wm & Arline M.... 2 00
Mackenzie, M F. 2 00
Mackeown, Mrs.. 2 00
Mackmer, Mahel. 1 00
Madison, A 15
Madison, F 10
Mahan, H W.... 1 00
Mahoney, Mrs.... 05
Mahring, Mary .. 10
Maine, C G..... 1 00
Mallett, Mr & Mrs 10
Malone, Joe 25
Maminaig, F 50
Manchester, C M 80
Manning, Rev S.. 2 00
Mapes, S S..... 1 00
Marion, Mrs 25
Marks, Mrs 10
Marsh, M R, F, & Miss I Hallett 7 00
Marsh, O E..... 1 00
Marshall, C 1 50
Martin, Mrs 1 00
Martin, A W.... 5 00
Martin, B M.... 1 00
Martin, C B..... 2 00
Martin, E M..... 1 00
Martin, Miss R.. 1 00
Martin, Mrs R... 2 00
Martin, T S..... 1 00
Marvin, Mrs M A 1 00
Marston, Mrs M A 50
Martell, L..... 2 00
Mason, Mrs 1 00
Mason, Ida 5 00
Mason, Amanda.. 1 00
Mather, Mrs Seth 2 00
Mathias, Jennie.. 7 00
Mathson, Amelia. 25
Mattern, O 1 00
Matterson, Mrs J G 50
Matthews, Mrs L J 5 00
Mattson, Annett. 50
Maus, Mrs L M.. 4 00
Maxson, H I.... 3 00
Maynard, Miss I. 3 00
Maynard, Mr & Mrs R S..... 1 00
Mee, Hattie 3 75
Meeder, U 5 00
Meekes, Mrs C... 4 00
Melen, C 05
Melen, Chas 1 00
Mellin, A 10
Mellin, A 10
Melvin, E A..... 10
Merrihin, Mrs E. 1 00
Merrill, Bertha . 2 00
Merrill, Maria . 1 00
Merritt, G S.... 1 00
Merritt, Mrs M.. 1 00
Merwin, Mrs E M 5 00
Mestley, J..... 6 00
Meyers, D B..... 1 00
Michel, Miss E... 5 00
Miles, Mrs 1 00
Miles, Ethel 10
Miles, M R & F S Walcott 2 00
Miles, Mrs Mary. 50
Millage, Sue 1 00
Millar, Wm 50
Miller, A & E.... 10
Miller, Miss B..12 85
Miller, Bertha .. 10
Miller, Blandina. 1 00
Miller, Chas 1 00
Miller, Chas 2 00
Miller, Mrs Chas. 2 00
Miller, Clara ... 1 00
Miller, Mrs Edw. 50
Miller, Ezra 1 00
Miller, F G..... 25
Miller, Geo 1 00
Miller, Ira 1 00
Miller, Mrs J.... 10
Miller, Mrs J C.. 50
Miller, John 2 00
Miller, M J 25
Miller, Maggie, coll by 45
Miller, Nat 1 00
Miller, P 25
Miller, Rodney... 10
Mills, Mrs Edw H 1 00
Mills, Minard ... 1 00
Milton, Mr 1 00
Milton, J E..... 50
Mincher, E S.... 5 00
Miner, H G..... 2 00

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Miner, Rev Phil.. 50
Mingas, Mr & Mrs C 50
Mingas, Henry .. 25
Mingas, Monroe . 25
Mingas, Mrs R.. 25
Minneah, Bessie. 25
Mitchell, A 2 00
Mitchell, Mr & Mrs C G..... 2 00
Moaboy, Mrs 10
Mock, Marie 25
Moffatt, F M, Jr. 50
Moffatt, Jean R.. 50
Moffett, Jennie .. 2 00
Montgomery, Mrs G 1 00
Montgomery, R H 1 00
Moouey, Mariah.. 25
Moore, Edua A.. 25
Moore, Geo F.... 50
Moore, H S..... 5 00
Moore, Jas M.... 5 00
Moore, Leon 1 00
Moore, M C & A. 2 00
Moore, Oliver....10 00
More, Mrs G E. 2 00
Morey, Clate 10
Morey, G & H.... 50
Morey, H 25
Morgan, Miss C..20 00
Morgan, Miss J.. 1 00
Morrison, Miss C. 2 00
Moseley, Mrs I... 2 00
Mosher, Mrs Lidia 50
Mosher, May 10
Mosher, R C.... 1 25
Moss, Mrs C.... 10
Moullon, G..... 50
Mowers, J 25
Mowers, Mrs Ph 1 25
Muir, M E..... 5 00
Mullen, Marie ... 10
Muncey, Mrs W A 1 00
Munsou, B 2 00
Murfitt, A C.... 2 00
Murphy, M 25
Murray, C W.... 5 00
Murray, S, W, M Ruth 1 00
Mussin, Florence. 1 00
Nash, Mrs 50
Nash, E A..... 25
Nash, Mrs J..... 10
Nasminson, E.... 1 00
Naylor, K 25
Neely, John 50
Neff, Michael ... 10
Neher, J H.....10 00
Nelson, Mr 10
Nelson, Mr 05
Nelson, Mrs 05
Nelson, Mrs 55
Nelson, Mrs 10
Nelson, Mrs A E. 3 00
Nelson, A & A Comb 10
Nelson, Bernard.. 10
Nelson, Blanda... 05
Nelson, John 25
Nelson, Mrs C... 40
Nelson, Mrs M L. 1 00
Nelson, O 1 00
Nelson, Mrs O... 25
Neuman, A 50
Neuman, Mrs A W 25
Newcombe, Mrs A 50
Newcombe, Miss M E 80
Newcombe, M L. 05
Newcomh, V H... 05
Newcombe, W H. 50
Newkom, Mrs H. 1 00
Newman, C 1 00
Newman, Mr 25
Newstead, Mr & Mrs A J 2 00
Newton 25
Newton, Geo 50
Newton, H L 3 00
Newton, John ... 10
Newton, W H 1 00
Nichols, Mrs J .. 3 00
Niles, A E 1 00
Nilsen, Q 10
Nilson, A 1 00
Nilson, Adda ... 25
Nilson, Mrs E ... 10
Nilson, P 10
Nilsson, Selma .. 50
Niven, Miss May. 1 00
Nod, Hulda 25
Nodine, Alden .. 1 00
Nordblum, Joe .. 50
Norman, Mrs ... 15
Norris, Mr & Mrs G G 2 00
Norris, Mrs P F . 1 00
Norseen, Carl ... 1 00
Norseen, David . 25
Northrup, Edith; Baldwin, Fannie, Katherine & Zola 6 00
Northrup, L M .. 15
Norway, Mrs J .. 5 00
Noyes, Mrs F F & neighbors 7 00
Nye, H 10
Nyrstradin, C .. 25
Oakley, H T 2 00
Oaks, Mrs S 1 00
O'Brien, H 2 00
O'Cerz, Gus 25
Odell, Mrs 15
Odell, Wilhur .. 25
Ogden, Mrs Chas 10
Ogden, Mrs F C. 25
Ohlson, Ulrika .. 50
Ohnor, O D 10
Okeson, Geo 1 00
Olcott, Theodore.17 00
Olin, Mrs Hattie. 15
Olsen, A 10
Olsen, Henry ... 50
Olsen, J 05
Olsen, Maria 50
Olsen, Mattias .. 50
Olsen, Mina 50
Olson, Mrs 05
Olson, Carolina . 50
Olson, Chartta .. 1 00
Olson, Hilare ... 25
Olson, Mrs John. 25

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Olson, Lina 50
Olson, Lydia ... 25
Olson, Martin .. 25
Olson, Tom 50
Olsson, H 25
Onson, Mathelda. 25
Orman, E 25
Orman, L 50
Oroak, Frank ... 50
Orth, Fred 50
Osberg, Mrs 1 00
Osborne, F 3 00
Osborne, F A .. 1 00
Osborne, W E .. 25
Osterhondt, Mrs I H 50
Ott, Ahbie 8 00
Overbury, Mrs .. 25
Owens, Geo 10
Owens, Mrs J .. 10
Owens, Warren .. 25
Oyer, Mrs F 10
Packwood, Mrs N P 2 00
Padgham, Mr & Mrs A 10 00
Page, Edmund .. 25
Palmer, Alice N. 25
Palmer, Mr E .. 50
Palmer, Mrs E E 1 00
Palmer, G 08
Palmer, Mrs I . 2 00
Palmgirst, Miss I 25
Palson, Natalia .. 50
Parcell, Mrs G J. 1 00
Parish, Mrs E .. 25
Park, Mrs A B .. 10
Park, Mrs H ... 25
Park, R 10
Parker & Babcock 1 00
Parker, Allen ... 25
Parker, C E ... 5 60
Parker, Mrs C H 1 00
Parker, Mrs C G 2 00
Parker, Mrs C . 50
Parker, Mrs D . 25
Parker, J M, J M, Earl & Cecil .. 2 30
Parker, Mrs H A 1 00
Parker, Mrs L . 25
Parker, Mrs R.. 10
Parkes, L 50
Parkes, T 50
Parkhurst, Elsie. 10
Parkhurst, Wash. 1 00
Parsons, Mrs E T 1 00
Parsons, E W .. 1 00
Parsons, Miss M. 50
Parsons, Francis. 1 00
Paterson, Mrs F. 1 00
Patter, Oscar .. 1 00
Patterson, Mr .. 10
Patterson, Mrs M M 15 00
Patterson, Mrs R. 1 00
Paul, Fred 50
Paulson, Miss .. 10
Paulson, Miss H & friends 7 00
Pawling, Mattie J 1 00
Payne, Miss E D 25
Payne, Mrs F Y. 1 00
Peace, Lucy S .. 1 00
Pearsall, Miss S. 1 50
Pearson, Mrs ... 05
Pearson, Nils .. 25
Peary, Mr & Mrs C 2 15
Peary, C D 60
Peck, Mrs G W . 1 00
Peckham, M M . 50
Pederson, Mrs .. 25
Pederson, Mrs A 10
Peddie, Roy M . 2 00
Peckham, Mrs F R 2 00
Peger, Miss Maria 50
Pehan, Willie .. 10
Pelterson, Aug .. 1 00
Pelterson, C 30
Pelterson, Ehba . 10
Pelterson, W ... 25
Pelton, C A 5 00
Pelton, Mrs S .. 1 00
Pemsell, A R .. 1 00
Perkins, J B ... 3 00
Perkins, Mrs M . 10
Per Lee, H C .. 25
Per Lee, Paul .. 25
Permack, J W .. 2 00
Perry, Emily ... 15
Perry, Mrs W H 25
Persons, Mrs E D 50
Person, Miss L . 10
Person, Maria .. 1 00
Person, Nina ... 1 00
Person, Selma .. 1 00
Person, T A 1 00
Peterson & Packer Coal Co, Troy..20 00
Peterson, Mrs .. 10
Peterson, Anna . 25
Peterson, Geo W 5 00
Peterson, J 1 00
Peterson, J 10
Peterson, S 25
Petrie, Mr J .. 25
Petrie, Mrs J .. 25
Petterson, Lina . 1 00
Pettis, Oliver ... 50
Pettit, Mrs J, Coll by 5 00
Petzold, Wm 2 00
Phean, Mrs Rose 10
Phelps, Mrs E . 1 00
Phelps, H 1 00
Phelps, Mrs M .. 50
Phillips, Mrs D.. 1 00
Phillips, Mrs D J 1 00
Phillips, Jno W . 5 00
Phillips, Miss S, & Miss G R Swezey 3 00
Phinney, Mrs F P 2 25
Pier, L & H S.. 4 00
Pierce, Ellen F .. 2 00
Pierce, May 50
Pierce, Frank .. 10
Pierce, Miss H .. 1 00
Pierce, L 25
Pierce, Lydia J . 1 00
Piersall, Mrs J S 30
Pincott, J O 1 00
Pitou, Mrs S ... 5 00

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Piza, A 1 00
Plaisted, Mrs O. 1 00
Plato, Mr 10
Platt, Miss S A.. 25
Ploetz, Mr & Mrs C 1 00
Pohl, Mr & Mrs F 65
Polk, Mrs A ... 5 00
Pollard, Mrs W.. 12
Pomeroy, Mrs .. 50
Poner, Mrs M .. 2 00
Poole, L B 2 00
Porter, Mrs A .. 1 00
Porter, Sadie E . 3 00
Post, Amy L 1 00
Post, L Arnold . 1 00
Post, Lewis E .. 1 00
Poster, A C 1 00
Potter, Mrs Frank 1 00
Potter, Mrs Levi. 50
Potts, Katy 1 00
Powell, Mrs D .. 25
Powel, Mrs M .. 5 00
Powell, Miss L .. 60
Powell, Mrs E .. 1 00
Powers, Edwin .. 1 00
Pozychanty, F .. 25
Pratt, C & M ... 1 00
Preston, Mrs ... 50
Preston, Miss A. 1 00
Price, Rev C H 06
Prince, Mrs G .. 50
Price, John & Co 5 00
Price, Mable 1 00
Prichard, W J .. 1 00
Prindle, Mrs H G 1 00
Prindle, Mrs J .. 50
Pritting, Fred .. 1 00
Prouty, D E ... 50
Prouty, Dallas E. Jr 05
Prouty, John H. 05
Pugh, Evan 25
Pugh, Fred 25
Pugh, John 25
Purdy, N S 1 00
Putnam, M W & friends 2 00
Putnam, Mrs C S 1 00
Quick, E F 5 00
Quin, G 05
Quinby, W 25
Quinn, Mathew .. 25
Radburn, Mrs M 1 00
Radcliff, Bertha.. 1 00
Raleigh, M D .. 10
Raleigh, Mary .. 10
Radly, Edith, Harris, Marion & Pearl 25
Rampone, Mrs J. 25
Ramsay, Wm .. 1 00
Ramsey, Rev J N 2 00
Ramsdell, Mrs O P 10 00
Ramson, E 25
Randall, J A ... 25
Randall, J B .. 2 50
Randall, John G. 2 50
Randall, M S .. 50
Randolph, Mrs J 2 00
Ranney, Alfred . 50
Ranney, Chas .. 1 00
Rathbone Grange, No 656, Rathbone 13 31
Raum, Mrs H ... 10
Rausomville W C T U, Albany .. 7 33
Reade, Elise ... 2 00
Reamer, Miss M. 1 00
Rectos, Miss G.. 1 00
Rectos, Mrs J P. 2 00
Redfield, H L ... 3 00
Redfield, Henry L 50
Reed, Mrs 10
Reed, Floyd N .. 83
Reed, Mrs J 25
Reed, Katherin A 1 10
Reed, L 10
Reed, W S 10
Reese, Mrs Wm . 35
Reeser, Olive ... 10
Reeve, F P 1 00
Reeves, Mrs & Mr Jno 2 00
Reid, Mrs 25
Reid, Wm G 50
Rellim, H 6 50
Remsen, Wm O. 2 00
Remington, Brodie & Thomas 1 00
Renhult, Maria . 2 00
Renwick, W 10
Requa, Hattie A.10 00
Restino, Jas ... 25
Rex, Wm H 2 00
Reyen, A E 25
Reynolds, Mrs .. 25
Reynolds, Mrs B 25
Reynolds, B M .. 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs C. 25
Reynolds, C D . 5 00
Rhodes, Sadie E S S Cl, Ivory . 1 00
Rice, J S 2 00
Rice, Mrs L W. 1 00
Richardson, C J. 10
Richardson, Mrs J 2 00
Richardson, S C. 25
Richardson, Mrs W H 2 00
Richmond, T L .. 5 00
Rickers, Sarah .. 20
Rider, Dr C E .. 5 00
Rider, Mr & Mrs J H 2 25
Rielly, Pat 10
Riess, Hattie ... 05
Rinkle, Leonard. 1 00
Roberts, F K ... 15
Robbins, Jos W, & C A Orwen ..26 00
Robbinson, Mr .. 25
Robinson, J M & K 3 00
Robinson, R L .. 1 00
Roberts, Cory R. 25
Roberts, Ebenezer 25
Roberts, Florence 1 00
Roberts, Leora C 10
Roberts, Peter .. 1 00
Roberts, Mrs J S 1 00
Roberts, Kittie .. 35

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Roberts, Margaret 50
Roberts, M Florine 1 00
Roberts, Nora .. 15
Roberts, Mrs R R 1 00
Roberts, Thos .. 25
Robins, N M ... 1 00
Robinson, Mrs J J 2 00
Robinson, Myron . 50
Robinson, S C .. 5 80
Rockwell, Mrs P 1 00
Rodgers, Agnes O 6 00
Rogers, Mrs 50
Rogers, Mrs 25
Rogers, Jessie .. 25
Rogers, Mrs M .. 1 00
Rogers, Mrs M S.10 00
Rogers, Mrs M A 1 00
Rogers, Wm 50
Rohm, Chas 25
Rollo, Mrs W .. 25
Ronig, Rev C E. 50
Root Mfg Co, Cohoes 20 00
Roplee, Mrs C .. 2 00
Rose, Mrs Geo T 50
Rose, Oscar 5 00
Rosenbloom, S & Sons 10 00
Rosenberger, J L & N P Wandell 2 00
Roslind, J H 1 00
Ross, David 10
Ross, Mrs J W .. 25
Rossi, Chas 10
Roszel, C A 1 00
Rottger, E C .. 3 00
Rouber, Lena .. 5 00
Rour, F A 20 00
Runyon, G L ... 2 00
Rowe, Miss F .. 50
Rowland, J T .. 2 00
Rowland, Mrs R D 25
Rowley, Mrs ... 25
Rublee, Lou H . 1 00
Ruch, Mr 10
Rupert, Isabella W 15
Rupracht, Mrs J 25
Russell, Diana, coll, by 2 00
Russell, Mrs H M 5 00
Russell, James & E C Coit 2 00
Russell, R 38
Russell, W 25
Ruth, Mrs G A . 1 00
Ryan, J 10
Ryer, E Le Roy. 25
Sackrider, P H . 50
Salisbury, Irving. 50
Samuel, Bror ... 25
Sanborn, Mrs H. 25
Sandberg, Mrs .. 10
Sanders, G 10
Sanderson's, Miss S Sch Cl, No Bergen 1 00
Sandford, Miss L 2 00
Sandfordt, Chas .10 00
Sanders, E M & L V 2 00
Sandford, Riley. 50
Satterfield, M ..10 00
Satterlee, Mrs Le Roy 2 00
Saunders, Emma F 1 00
Saxton, Mrs L .. 25
Saxton, Orrin .. 50
Sayer, T A 2 00
Sayer, Mrs W M 5 00
Scaver, Gullie .. 50
Sch, Mrs H K .. 2 00
Schaedle, Magdalena 10 00
Schell, J H 50
Schenck, Ida L.. 1 00
Schenck, Mrs M V B 3 00
Scheydleur, Mrs. 10
Schlieder, M C .. 6 25
Schneider, A 50
Schneider, Estelle 25
Schober, Wm 8 00
Schwartz, J 2 00
Schwidorsky, Mr. 1 00
Schwind, G G .. 50
Scofield, M 1 00
Scott, Claude ... 1 00
Scott, J T 1 00
Scott, Jno T 1 00
Scovill, C M 1 00
Seablom, A W .. 25
Seablom, John .. 1 00
Seamans, Ross .. 2 75
Searles, Mr L .. 50
Seeley, Miss Susie, in Memory of 1 00
Sell, Miss 25
Senbner, J C 50
Senson, Charlotte 25
Seymour, F 1 00
Seymour, Mrs M H 1 00
Shafen, Abram .. 10
Shafer, Mrs W .. 25
Shaffer, Mrs E T 1 00
Shank, Flora .. 1 00
Sharp, Edw G.. 1 50
Shattuck, J W M, M D 5 00
Shaw, A E 2 00
Shaw, Wm H ... 1 00
Shaw, W M, Coll by 2 06
Sheldon, Miss J. 05
Shene, Mrs O .. 2 00
Shepard, Clint... 25
Shepard, Mrs M . 1 00
Sheperd, P 10
Sherman, Mrs P. 1 00
Sherman, M 1 00
Sherridan, Miss M A 10
Sherwood, J E . 50
Shetrum, John .. 2 00
Shrier, Saml ... 5 00
Shumway, M L . 2 00
Sickmon, Cyrenus 35
Silvernail, Miss M F 2 25
Simmons, Geo .. 25

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Simmons, R E .. 25
Simms, M C 1 00
Simpson, Chas .. 05
Simpson, M D .. 1 00
Sine, Sarah 30
Single, E L 2 00
Sinsabaugh, R P L 1 00
Sisson, F A 1 00
Sixbury, F A ... 5 00
Skinner, Frank.. 10
Skuse, Thos G .. 5 00
Slade, Chas E ..10 00
Slade, L & N Free 2 00
Slater, Mrs J .. 25
Slingerlands W C T U, Albany .. 2 00
Slocum, Mary .. 10
Small, Mrs N ... 14
Smart, Mrs C .. 1 00
Smart, Mrs C .. 1 00
Smeader, O 1 00
Smiley, Geo H ..11 00
Smith, A 25
Smith, Mrs C A E 6 00
Smith, Mrs A P.. 50
Smith, E A 25
Smith, Mrs E A. 50
Smith, Mrs Ettie 25
Smith, Mrs F S.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs J S. 1 00
Smith, Jno L .. 1 00
Smith, Mrs L .. 1 00
Smith, M 10
Smith, Miss M .. 50
Smith, Marion & Laura, Coll .. 1 25
Smith, Mathilda. 2 00
Smith & Martin, through 5 00
Smith, Mrs Otis. 50
Smith & Mary Briggs & Canaan Sch 6 03
Smith, P S 30 00
Smith, S F 1 00
Smith, S J, Coll. 10
Smith, W D 1 00
Smith, Mrs W .. 40
Smith, Mrs W H J 3 00
Smith, Mrs W J 25
Smith, X Y Z .. 30
Smiley, A H ... 1 00
Smithers, Clara B & friends 5 00
Collected of Children by W C Snell 1 00
Snider, Miss L M 30
Snyder, Mr & Mrs G L 2 00
Snyder, Mrs J .. 1 00
Snyder, Mrs J A 1 00
Snyder, Mary D. 1 50
Sorenson, Chris . 25
Sorenssen, Minnie 25
Southworth, W D 1 00
Sowerby, Mrs M J 5 50
Spafford, Mrs .. 25
Spaulding, Miss E 2 47
Spear, Wallie .. 10
Spetz, Thure 1 00
Spicer, Edward . 1 00
Spink, L A 1 00
Spitler, Mrs B W 1 00
Spoberg, Anna . 1 00
Spoblom, Mrs .. 1 00
Sportedt, Martin. 10
Sprague, H C .. 50
Sprague, Harvey. 40
Sprague, W S .. 1 00
Spring, Mr Wm . 1 00
Squire, Martha J 60
Stadler, Mrs L. 25
Stadstrom, H .. 25
Stanhope, J M . 2 00
Stanley, Miss C E 1 60
Stanton, M E .. 1 00
Stamm, L & Son 2 00
Staplin, George.. 32
Starr, Mrs M K 1 00
Staube, Mrs 1 00
Steadman, Mrs S 10
Stebbins, M 5 00
Steenberg, C 10
Stellin, Ed 1 00
Steljes, Miss L .. 1 25
Stenger & Rohm. 1 00
Sterling, Mrs E R13 70
Sterritt, Mrs W J 2 00
Stenart, Mrs ... 10
Stenberg, J 25
Stevens, Chas .. 25
Stevens, Mrs H L 7 00
Stevens, Jessie . 25
Stevens, Mrs O C 1 00
Stevenson, A N . 1 00
Steward, Mrs A C 1 00
Stevenson, G ... 10
Steward, Frank A 2 00
Stewart, A C ... 2 00
Stewart, A J .. 2 00
Stewart, C B ... 1 00
Stewart, Carrie . 1 00
Stewart, J 05
Stewart, Jas 25
Still, Rev 25
Stilwell, H 30
Stilwell, Miss I . 25
Stilwell, Mrs L H 2 00
Stiver, Daniel .. 2 00
Stockton W C T U 1 05
Stoddard, Geo M 25
Stokes, Edw ... 1 00
Stone, A W 25
Stone, Mrs & daughter 2 00
Stone, Eunice .. 25
Stonns, Mrs F .. 25
Stout, Mrs A .. 25
Stout, Wm 25
Stowell, Mrs S V & Mrs H B ... 1 00
Strand, Miss 25
Strange, C A 10 00
Strom, Chas 5 00
Strootman, J ... 2 00
Strowbridge, Mrs Dr 1 00
Stuerhof, J J .. 10
Swigert, Frank W 1 00
Styles, Mrs 10
Sullivan, M E .. 5 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Sundett, J 25
Surbeck, J C ... 2 00
Sutherland, A .. 1 00
Suthoff, A 10
Sutton, M 1 00
Svahe, Emma .. 1 00
Svanberg, Marrie. 30
Svenson, Mrs ... 10
Svenson, A 10
Svenson, Carolina 10
Svenson, E 1 00
Swarthout, Mrs B 1 00
Sweeney, Jas ... 50
Sweet, Mrs A J. 2 00
Sweet, Mrs F A. 2 00
Sweet, W E 1 00
Sweet, W E 10
Swender, Mr ... 25
Swenson, A 2 00
Swensen, C 2 00
Swenson, C 1 00
Swenson, Chas . 2 00
Swenson, Miss M 25
Swezy, M E 1 00
Sybrandt, Mrs C G 5 00
Symond, C S ... 2 00
Taber, Miss E L. 5 50
Taggart, W W .10 00
Tait, Mrs M 25
Tarble, Z 18
Taren, C O 1 00
Tatnell, Mrs R . 10
Taylor, Mr 15
Taylor, Mrs E H. 1 00
Taylor, Jas 25
Tears, Mrs W H 1 00
Tedin, F 1 00
Tenoyer, Mr T .. 1 00
Tenoyer, Mrs T.. 1 00
Terrill, Mrs Danl 1 00
Terry, Mrs A S. 1 00
Terry, Fannie M. 1 00
Terry, F I 2 00
Terwilliger, Mrs W 1 00
Tew, Mrs Wm .. 5 00
Thayer, Mrs A . 5 00
Thayer Bible Cl Meigs St Bapt Ch, Rochester. 5 00
Thayer, Mrs S A. 1 50
Thiel, Mrs 25
Thomas, Mrs ... 50
Thomas, H V .. 5 00
Thomas, Mr J .. 1 50
Thomas, Mrs W. 10
Thomlinson, T ..10 00
Thompson, Mrs Dr 05
Thompson, C ... 5 00
Thompson, Mrs E 2 00
Thompson, F 10
Thompson, V R. 2 00
Thompson, Jr, W P 50
Thompson, Willie 40
Thoren, Mrs A .. 1 00
Thoren, I G 1 00
Thornton, Caleb . 75
Thornton, Ola ... 1 00
Thorpe, Law ... 25
Thorpe, Geo E.. 25
Thorpe, Olive ... 25
Throop, Mrs L A 25
Thursby, H A .. 10
Thursby, Millie . 10
Thurston, Mrs G L 50
Tibbites, Dudley 100 00
Timms, Mrs 1 00
Timms, H & W Gilmore 2 00
Tindle & Jackson.11 00
Titus, Chas 25
Titus, John 2 00
Titus, Morgan .. 50
Tolman, Nancy . 4 00
Tompkins, Mrs R S 5 00
Toner, Mrs J ... 25
Tonsey, Benj ...10 00
Toren, C O 1 00
Torney, W & H . 1 00
Torence, I 50
Townsend, Eva . 2 00
Townsend, M ... 4 00
Traux, L 1 00
Traver, Mrs I .. 1 00
Tregoining, Mrs H 50
Tremain, D N .. 25
Trotter, Miss .. 10
Trudhere, Mrs .. 15
True, Mr & Mrs Eugene 2 00
Trusdell, Mrs L G 1 00
Trusdell, Mabel . 50
Tucker, Risley .. 2 00
Tunmore, F I .. 1 00
Turner, Mrs E .. 1 00
Turney, W C ... 25
Tuthill, Mr & Mrs W H 3 50
Tuttle, Mrs J A. 5 00
Underwood, J .. 1 00
Unstrom, R 25
Updyke, Mr & Mrs G 25
Upton, J G 2 00
Uhlinger, H G, Coll 5 00
Urquhart, W W. 3 00
Van Allen, Mrs Clark L 5 88
Van Ander, S M.. 2 00
Van Benthuysen, Mrs 1 00
Van Buskirk, Mrs C E 1 00
Van Buskirk, Edmond 25
Van Derhoff, L T 1 00
Van Derzee, C Dewitt, Coll by ..10 75
Vander Veer, F S 05
Vandusen, J L .. 25
Van Eps, I E .. 5 00
Van Horn, T J . 2 00
Van Horne, Mrs E 1 00
Van Housen, Mrs H A 1 00
Van Hovenberg, D 1 00
Van Hout, Caroline 2 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Van Lone, Miss I 2 00
Van Marter, Judson 50
Van Marter, Mrs P 25
Van Ness, Mrs C 20
Van Nesser, Katie, Coll by 35
Van Ornam, Chester 10
Vantassel, Thos.. 35
Vatee, Mrs Geo . 1 00
Van Vlack, E ... 10
Van Vleck, Lawrence 1 00
Van Voorihas, C . 1 52
Van Wormer, Miss C D 1 00
Vago, C W 1 00
Veddes, Mrs R B 1 00
Velie, S L 1 00
Veltherysen, P .. 1 00
Vernooy, C 1 00
Vettel, Mrs 25
Vibbard, Aduella. 50
Vincent, C 1 00
Vincent, C W ... 2 00
Vincent, De L... 50
Vincent, R S 25
Vinton, M E ... 7 00
Vishion, I G 3 00
Volke, Mrs F .. 1 00
Vosburg, Mrs N. 50
Vosburgh, John J 3 00
Voshall, Mrs C W 1 00
Vrooman, Mrs Wm K 50
Waddell, Fidelia . 1 00
Wagner, Mrs C . 25
Wagner, Minnie . 08
Wagner, T 10
Wafler, Mrs C .. 1 00
Wagoner, Mrs W. 3 00
Wait, Mrs F 50
Waite, Mrs A M. 1 00
Waite, Emmett . 25
Waite, Eva 25
Waite, Mrs Hiram 25
Waite, Marjorie . 02
Waite, Vinal ... 05
Waite, W L 50
Walker, Mrs A H 1 00
Walker, Mrs C .. 30
Walburger, Julia.. 3 00
Wall, D R 25
Wallace, Mrs E . 2 00
Wallace, T G and A A Lucas ... 2 00
Walle, M 2 00
Walls, Miss M .. 25
Walsworth, Mrs E H 1 00
Wanty, J W 2 00
Ward, Chas 25
Ward, Thirsa ... 40
Ward, Will 15
Ware, Mrs A D. 1 50
Waring, Mrs A M 2 00
Warner, Mrs John 25
Warner, Mrs T . 25
Warren, Alice ... 25
Warren, G C ... 1 00
Warren, F V ... 1 00
Warren, L C & M A 4 00
Warren, Mrs M . 25
Warren, Maude . 2 00
Warren, W W .. 1 00
Ward, Wm 50
Washhurn, Mrs .. 20
Washburn, E B .. 1 00
Washburn, G ... 50
Washburn, Mrs E B 25
Washburn, Flora S 10
Washhuru, Mary G 05
Washburn, M M. 10
Waterbury, W H. 1 00
Waterhouse, H P 1 00
Waters, Wm 15
Watson, Misses . 2 00
Watkins, J R ... 1 00
Watkins, Mr & Mrs W 1 00
Watson, Mrs Jas.50 00
Wattles, Mrs H B 2 00
Watts, Grace ... 25
Waugh, J L ... 1 00
Weager, Mrs W . 1 00
Weast, Mrs J J. 2 00
Weaver, Anna P. 25
Weaver, Ella ... 1 00
Webb, Mrs C ... 1 00
Webb, Mrs V L. 10
Webster, Francis. 1 00
Webster, Rev F W 1 00
Webster, Mrs M A 1 00
Webster, Willie.. 10
Weed, Geo T.....15 00
Weeks, J M 10
Weed, Lucy H .. 25
Weed, True 10
Wegg, Wm 2 00
Weismer, Mrs .. 1 00
Weller, Mrs R A 10
Welles, F J 5 00
Wells, C J 10
Wells, Mrs C H . 1 00
Wells, Mrs F O. 25
Wells, Henry M. 50
Wells, L 1 00
Wells, Lottie M. 1 00
Wells, Olive 25
Welshe, Annie M 2 00
Wen, Mrs F O .. 10
Weuson, Mr 10
Werry, Drusilla . 5 00
Wescott, Anna .. 1 00
Wesley, Wm 45
Westen, J W 1 00
Westendorf, Jno . 50
Westerberg, A .. 10
Westfall, G H & E A 2 00
Westfall, Geo ... 1 00
Westfall, M 25
Westring, Olga .. 50
Wheeler, Frankie. 1 00
Wheeler, G C ...10 00
Wheeler, Miss J E.10 00
Wheeler, Jesse .. 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Wheeler, S K ... 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs T . 1 00
Whitcomb, Mrs J. 6 00
Whitcomb, Mrs M A 25
Whitcomb, V 1 00
White, Allen W . 2 00
White, C E 2 00
White, Chas 55
White, E M 2 00
White, Mrs J ... 50
White, Mrs J A.. 1 00
White, Jay 1 00
White, M 5 00
Whitenack, Mrs T10 00
Whitford, D C .. 2 00
Whitmore, V F .10 00
Whitney, Mrs A R 1 00
Whittaker, Mr .. 10
Whittaker, Miss J 10
Whittaker, Mrs L 20
Whittaker, Miss M 25
Whitman, A T.. 1 00
Wiard, W W ... 2 00
Wickenden, Miss A M 2 00
Wicks, Frederick S 5 00
Wickwine, Mr .. 15
Widen, Arline & Hazel 1 00
Widner, A 25
Wiepert, A C 50
Wiezman, Mrs .. 08
Wightman, E M. 25
Wigtel, C 50
Wigtel, Mrs C .. 50
Wilbur, W H, Jr 1 00
Wilcox, A 50
Wilcox, Burt 25
Wilcox, C 25
Wilcox, Mrs Chas 05
Wilcox, E 50
Wilcox, H H ... 3 00
Wilcox, Nancy .. 15
Wiley, David ... 50
Wiley, S E 2 00
Wilkes, Mrs E .. 25
Wilkes, E N 2 00
Wilkes, Mrs P A 30
Wilkins, C A ... 50
Wilkins, E 05
Wilkins, P 25
Wilkins, Mrs P . 25
Wilkins, R 25
Wilkinson, Mrs W B 10
Wilkinson, Mrs W J 1 25
Willet, F L 10
Williams, Mrs .. 10
Williams, Chas B 2 00
Williams, Cynthia E 1 00
Williams, Miss E. 25
Williams, F 10
Williams, Miss F 25
Williams, F M .. 10
Williams, J E .. 25
Williams, Mrs Jan 50
Williams, Miss L 25
Williams, Mrs W J B 50
Willett, Mrs C S 2 00
Williams, G H... 25
Williams, J G... 50
Willis, Frank 15
Willsey, Mrs J.... 1 00
Willson, J D..... 1 00
Wilsey, J R..... 1 00
Wilson, Mr & Mrs A J 1 00
Wilson, Mrs C H 36
Wilson, Dave..... 05
Wilson, G D..... 50
Wilson, Geo R... 10
Wilson, Mrs Mary 50
Wilson, Mary G. 50
Wilson, Maude L. 31
Wilson, Rollen .. 25
Wilson, Ruie 50
Wilson, Sylvia M 1 00
Wilson, Villie A. 1 00
Winchester, Mrs E B 1 00
Windsor, H 25
Winkvist, Emma . 1 00
Winship, H 6 50
Winslow, Mrs J F.20 00
Winslow, Martiu. 1 00
Wisker, J M.... 1 00
Witter, Clara N.. 3 00
Wolcott, 3 children 20
Wolcott, Mrs F... 25
Wolfe, Elsie L... 40
Wood, Mrs A E.. 50
Wood, Chas P... 1 00
Wood, E 25
Wood, Mrs E..... 25
Wood, L C..... 2 00
Wood, Miss L H. 3 00
Wood, Mrs M.... 05
Wood, M L..... 1 00
Woods, J J..... 50
Wood, R C..... 2 00
Woodford, D 1 00
Woodworth, Miss M A 25
Woodhull, Goodale & Bull 10 00
Woods, Mrs C E.. 50
Woolnough, Mrs L 1 00
Woolworth, M E 1 00
Word, Wm 10
Worth, Minnie .. 1 00
Worthington, Mrs B 1 45
Wright, Mrs 2 00
Wright, Edith M 25
Wright, Jos 25
Wright, R G.....10 00
Wright, Mrs S R.. 3 00
Wygant, Miss A. 30
Koeller, Mrs E H 1 00
Yaber, Mrs E S. 25
Yahnsson, Augusta 50
Yahnsson, Christin 50
Yahnsson, Christin. 25
Yahnsson, Hanna. 50
Yanson, Mrs S... 25
Yates, A & T.... 2 00
Yates, Mrs S McL 5 00
Yerks, Jane 25
Yonsen, O C.... 3 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Youmans, Mrs E G 25
Young, Arthur .. 25
Youug, Chas T... 1 00
Young, G 1 00
Young, Mrs Oscar. 2 00
Youngs, Kit..... 10
Anderson, Bklyn.. 25
Andge, Brooklyn. 10
Davidson, Bklyn.. 25
Dorio, Bklyn 05
Faltig, Bklyn 10
Gravat, Bklyn .. 05
"Gregory," N Y C 2 00
Gustafson, Bklyn 10
Hanberg, Bklyn.. 50
Hedenskog, Bklyn 05
Heymann, Bklyn. 10
Knox, Bklyn 05
McGirk, Bklyn .. 10
Majorie, Syracuse 3 25
Nemo, Allegany . 1 00
Simpson, N Y C. 1 00
Anna B, Bklyn... 1 00
Aunt Eliza, Tribes Hill 5 00
Harry, N Y C.... 01
From Mary, Buffalo 2 00
Seaman, Bklyn .. 25
Sherwood, Bklyn. 25
Vann, Bklyn ... 25
Jessie S, Long Island City 10
Victoria R, Schroon Lake.. 1 00
Mrs —, So New Berlin 25
A C R, Buffalo. 6 00
A D A, Kingston 15
A D B, N Y C... 2 00
A E S H, Washingtonville 1 00
A H, Lansingburg 50
A H H, Lansingburg 1 00
A M S & Mrs A G M, Minnewaska. 2 00
Mrs A R M, Gloversville 1 00
A S V, Brooklyn 1 00
B A F, Poughkeepsie 2 00
Mr & Mrs B F A, Mrs King, Mr L W J, Mrs Robt Thomas, Mr & Mrs Fred De Witt, Fred Rose, Mrs D A Biggs, Miss Simpson... 3 25
B J L, Aptou....10 00
C B J, Hadley.. 1 00
C E H, Lansingburg 15
C E S, Buffalo.. 2 00
Mrs C F M, Mt Vernon 1 00
C G A, Kingston 25
E H K, Hamilton.10 00
C J B, Earles... 1 00
Mrs C L, Rochester 1 00
C & M S, Utica. 3 00
D G H, Rochester 2 00
E C, Niskayuna. 1 00
E F Y, Brooklyn 25
E H, Brooklyn.. 25
E K R, Port Jervis..... 1 00
Mrs E M W, Esperance 1 00
E R D, Brooklyn 10
E W, Essex 10
F H, Lansingburg 50
F L M, Wolcott. 2 00
F S H, Buffalo.. 1 00
F Y L, Pike 1 50
Mrs G G, Lyubrook 1 00
G G G, Rochester 4 00
G H E, V M S, J H G, A M McD, W P S, G W, Rochester . 3 50
G H R, Brooklyn 5 00
G S T, Harlem.. 1 00
G T & M J, Rochester 1 25
H A, Portville... 1 00
H B, Lansingburg 50
H C, Brooklyn... 3 00
H E A, Florida.. 2 00
H D & others, Middle Granville 18 00
Mrs H R B & others, Penn Yan 2 25
I A H, Mayville.. 5 00
J A S, Long Island City 25
J B V, Brooklyn. 1 00
J D, Brooklyn... 10
J D, Hinderbrook 2 00
J E W, Brooklyn 1 00
J H, Lansingburg 70
J H, Lansingburg 25
J L, Lansingburg 1 00
J M A, Hartwick 2 00
J Y B, Buffalo... 2 00
K R B, Norwich. 5 00
A M S & Mrs A G M, Minnewaska 2 00
Mrs L G S, Clinton 2 00
L H, Buffalo.... 1 00
Mrs L J, Hadlev. 1 00
L O A, Buffalo... 5 00
McV, C V, Dansville 2 00
M D S, E Patchogue 4 00
M E B J, Syracuse 1 00
M F G, Utica... 2 00
M J H, Fulton... 1 00
Mrs M J C, Norwich 25
M M B, Brooklyn 1 00
M O H, Brooklyn 5 00
M S C, Fort Covington 2 00
Mrs M S M, Bkn 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

N B C, Rochester 2 00
N P L, Brooklyn 2 00
O A C, Rochester. 5 00
"P," N Y C..... 1 00
P, Cambridge.... 50
P L C, N Y C... 2 50
P M, Lansingburg 50
Miss Q, Rochester 2 00
Q S P, Quaker Street 1 10
Mrs R, Long Island City 05
R A F, Wadhau's Mills 10 00
R E A, Yonkers. 5 00
R E D, Buffalo.. 2 00
R G D, Shelter Island 2 00
R H, Ruskey ... 2 00
R H B, Senica Castle 25
R M, Walton.... 35
Mrs S, Long Island City 25
S H, Brooklyn... 25
S J, Buffalo..... 5 00
S J S & G S, Pine Plains 1 00
S M O, Sycamore 10
S M S, Reynoldsville 2 00
T R, Gates..... 5 00
W A B, Lansingburg 1 00
W D N Y C..... 50
W M, Lansingburg 15
W R H, Southhampton 2 00
W T B, Brooklyn 1 00
X Y Z, Penn Yan 1 00
X Y Z, Syracuse. 50
Z S, Lansingburg 1 00
—, Albany..... 1 00
—, Amsterdam.. 1 00
—, Amsterdam. 25
—, Argyl 1 00
—, Batavia ... 1 00
—, Beverly 1 00
—, Blodgett Mills 1 00
—, Brooklyn .. 1 00
—, Brooklyn .. 5 00
—, Buffalo 7 00
—, Buffalo 25
—, Buffalo 1 00
—, Buffalo 1 00
—, Buffalo 2 00
—, Buffalo 5 00
—, Buffalo 5 00
—, Buffalo 5 00
—, Buffalo 10 00
—, Buffalo 25 00
—, Burlingham. 1 00
—, Cardiff 75
—, Cayuga ... 5 00
—, Canandea .. 25
Anon, E Flshkill. 45
—, E Martinsburg 10 00
—, E Qnogue... 50
—, Flushing ... 5 00
—, Gilbertsville 5 00
—, Gloversville.. 2 00
—, Grahamsville 3 00
—, Lawrence... 3 00
—, Leids 50
—, Liberty 2 00
—, Livonia 5 00
—, Mechanicsville 1 00
—, N Y City .. 1 00
—, N Y 2 00
—, Ogdensburg. 1 00
—, Ogdensburg. 25
—, Panama ... 1 00
—, Pattens Mills 2 00
—, Piffard 25
—, Plainfield .. 5 00
—, Pottsdam .. 2 35
—, Queens 1 00
—, Ransomville. 25
—, Rochester .. 1 00
—, Rochester .. 1 00
—, Rochester .. 1 00
—, Rochester .. 3 00
—, Rochester ..10 00
—, Russell 1 00
—, Sag Harbor 1 00
—, Saratoga .. 66
—, Saratoga Spg 1 00
—, Schenectady. 2 00
—, Shelter Isld 1 10
—, So Bristol.. 2 00
—, Spencerport. 5 00
—, Stony Point 10
—, Syracuse .. 45
—, Syracuse .. 60
—, Syracuse .. 1 00
—, Syracuse .. 1 00
—, Syracuse .. 1 00
—, Syracuse .. 5 00
—, Syracuse .. 5 00
—, Syracuse .. 2 10
—, Taylor 1 00
—, Ticonderoga. 5 00
—, Troy 10
—, Troy 2 50
—, Unadilla Ctr 05
—, Utica 2 00
—, Utica 1 00
—, Utica 5 00
—, Utica 50 00
—, Wadhams Mills 25
—, Warsaw ... 25
—, ... 3 00
—, ... 1 00
—, ... 1 00
—, ... 1 00
—, ... 5 00
Cash, Albany ... 3 00
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 25
Cash, Brooklyn . 20
Cash, Brooklyn . 15
Cash, Brooklyn . 1 50
Cash, Brooklyn . 05

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Cash, Buffalo ... 2 00
Cash, Buffalo ... 2 00
Cash, Clifton ... 1 00
Cash, Kennedy . 05
Cash, Montgomery 6 00
Cash, Neperan... 25
Cash, N Y C.... 25
Cash, N Y C.... 25
Cash, N Y C.... 25
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 35
Cash, N Y C.... 05
Cash, N Y C.... 15
For Christ's Sake, Brooklyn 1 25
For Christ's Sake, Brooklyn 1 00
Friend, Albany . 1 00
A Friend, Auburn 1 00
A Friend, Battenville 50
Friend, Brewerton 10
A Friend, Broeton 1 00
A Friend, Bklyn 3 00
Friend, Brooklyn. 93
Friend, Canastota 15
A Friend, Centre Nassau 20
A Friend, Clayton 1 00
A Friend, Clinton 2 00
A Friend, Corona 1 00
A Friend, Cuba.. 02
A Friend, Depanville 1 00
Friend, E Greenbush 3 00
Friend, Fenner .. 50
Friend, Fishkill on Hudson 50
A Friend, Groton City 1 00
Friend, Herkimer 1 00
Friend, Herkimer 5 00
A Friend, Holland Patent 25
Friend, Hoosick Falls 10
Friend, Howells Depot 50
Friend, Hion 10
A Friend, Kennedy 10
Friend, Kirk 15
Friend, Knox ... 2 00
A Friend, Kortright 1 00
A Friend, Lancaster 1 00
A Friend, Mahopac Falls 1 00
Friend, Marion . 1 00
Friend, Medina . 2 00
A Friend, Middleburg 1 00
Friend, N Y C... 12
Friend, N Y C... 15
Friend, N Y C... 25
Friend, N Y C... 25
Friend, N Y C... 5 00
Friend, N Y C... 5 00
Friend, N Y C... 2 00
Friend, N Y C... 05
Friend, N Y C...15 00
A Friend, N Y C 8 00
Friend, N Y C... 50
Friend, N Y C... 10
Friend, Northumberland 25
A Friend, North Stockholm 1 00
A Friend, Norwich 10
A Friend, Norwich 05
A Friend, Nubia. 25
Friend, Odessa... 25
Friend, Onondaga 1 00
A Friend, Plainfield 25 00
A Friend, Remsen 1 00
Friend, Rochester 2 00
Friend, Rochester 1 00
A Friend, Rockland Co 1 00
Friend, Rome .. 50
Friend, Saranac Lake 1 00
Friend, Schenectady 1 00
A Friend, Sharon Springs 1 00
A Friend, Stamford 1 00
Friend, Syracuse. 2 00
A Friend, Syracuse 50
A Friend, Thurston 1 00
Friend, Utica.... 2 00
A Friend, Warsaw 1 00
Friend, Willsboro 2 00
A Friend, Windham 10
Friend, Yorktown 5 00
Friend, —— 10
Friend in E Side Sar Bk, Rochester 2 25
Friend of the Needy, Alabama 1 00
Friends, Binghamton 50
Friends, Buffalo.. 3 00
Friends, Cotton .. 5 00
Friends, Dewittville 2 00
Friends, thro C C Bogardus, Elmira 10 00
Friends, Fablus.. 1 50
Friends, Greenwich 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Friends, Hartfield 2 00
Friends, Hopewell Ctr 2 50
Friends, Huron... 5 00
Friends, Matteawan 1 00
Friends, Middletown 7 30
Friends, N Y C. 1 65
Friends, Poughkeepsie 1 00
Friends, Starkville 13 00
Friends, Syracuse 2 00
Friend of Sufferers, Lansingburg 2 00
Friends, Woodhaven 4 50
Friends, Woodhaven 6 00
Friends in Sch Dis No. 13, Whitehall 1 00
Friends in Christ, Otego 1 00
Two Friends, Bellmont 5 00
Two Friends, Hemlock Lake . 3 00
Three Friends, Brooklyn 4 00
Some Friends, Catlin 1 00
I H N, Cayutaville 2 25
In Jesus' Name, Fulton 1 00
I H N, Frankfort. 5 11
I H N, Marlon.. 1 00
I H N, Pern.... 5 00
In His Name, Yaphank 5 00
I H N, —— 3 50
"In Jesus' Name," Buffalo 5 00
In Jesus' Name, Prattsburg 1 00
In Memory of Mary A Beeman 1 00
In Memory of our father, Glasco . 5 00
In Memory of wee Willie's kind heart, Schenectady 1 00
In Memory of a dear sister, E H Z, Troy 5 00
A Reader, Bklyn 25
Reader, Result . 2 00
Subscriber, Canajoharie 10 00
Sympathizer, Worcester 2 00
Sympathizers, Evans Mills ... 19
Sympathizing Friends, New Kingston 50
A Sympathizer, N Y City 5 00
Social at Allegany 7 20
Thank Offering, New Berlin ... 5 00
Cornell Student, Ithaca 06
A few disciples of Christ, Brooklyn 6 09
Unknown, Plattsburgh 1 00
One of His followers, Brooklyn . 10
Community, Tracy Creek 10 50
Willing Helpers..10 00
Children's Day offering 9 35
Mother and dau, Clyde 2 00
Citizen paper, Phelps 2 53
Merchant, N Y C 15
Sociable, Watertown 6 70
People of Ricard.16 15
July 16, 190 , Cortland 2 00
Emp of Christie, C Wilkins 4 51
A Little Boy, Saratoga Springs . 20
People of Bowmansville 49 00
A Lady, Bklyn.. 1 00
Mite Box 13533, Buffalo 2 00
Republican, coll by Homer 6 76
Somebony's Mite Box, N Y C.... 55
People of Poughkeepsie 33 50
Servant-girls, Scarborough 4 00
Little girl, Stuyvesant Falls ... 20
Tenth Money, Thomson 5 00
Epworthian, Watkins 2 90
W P & children, Port Chester.... 4 30
Farmerville Lodge No. 183, F & A M, Farmer 5 00
Member M E Ch, Townsend 1 00
Employes of the Dept of W'ks Pan - American Expos Co, Buffalo 65 25
Attendance at Troy Orphan Asylum.17 00
P O Box 500, Utica 3 00
Children at Troy Orphan Asylum 2 66
Cohocton Index, Cohocton 2 00
"Trinity Bulletin," Tremont 4 50
A Mtte, Newcomb 25

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Citizens of Spring Valley 150 00
People of Poughkeepsie 28 00
Collection, Perch River 25
Farmer, Stillwater 1 09
Widow's Mite, New Brighton.. 2 00
Pupils of Dist No. 11, Marcellus .. 2 76
Pity, Rochester.. 2 00
Box 957, Hudson. 1 00
The Homer Republican 8 50
The Employes of Mill's factory, Gloversville 4 00
A few young ladies, Fulton . 2 06
Cheerful Givers, Brooklyn 1 20
Teacher & pupils Prim Dept, Deerfield Pub Sch.. 1 30
Two Little Girls 60
Gatherings, Kingston 1 30
One who loves Jesus, Verdoy.. 4 50
Citizens of East Aurora 11 50
2 "Keep Pieces," Norwich 10
Two children, New Y C..... 2 00
Social, Chenango Bridge 10 30
Unnamed, Bklyn. 1 00
Unknown, Bklyn. 10
District School, Hopewell Junc .44 56
Unknown Contributors, Binghamton 2 50
Widow's Mite, Champlain 50
Union Ch, Lawrenceville 13 31
Christ Church, Herkimer 11 09
Col at Bapt Ch, Vallonia Springs 4 50
Presby Church, Babylon 20 00
Welsh C M Ch, Granville 34 81
Welsh C M Ch, Utica 16 81
Welsh C M Ch, Floyd 6 00
Immannel Presby Ch, Binghamton 8 21
Benefit Con Trinity M E Ch, W B S S by Miss E Prond 95 00
Congl Ch, Danby.12 26
Bapt Ch, East Aurora 17 10
F B M E & Bapt Ch, Frewsburg. 1 00
Mem of St John's M E Ch, Newburgh 31 25
A few of His Disciples, M E Ch, Brooklyn 8 09
Trinity Church, Buffalo 25 00
C P Ch coll, Cotton Gin 5 15
Clark's Chapel M E Ch, E Schodack 8 30
Rescue, Miss, Syracuse 7 00
Meth Ep Church, Hekalb Jct..... 8 50
First Pres Ch, Youngstown ... 6 92
Churches of Wintrop & Brasher.10 00
Friends' Ch, Upperville 1 70
Park Bapt Ch, Utica 2 00
M E Ch Galilee & Edwardsville. 4 00
Free Bapt Ch, Pine Valley ... 5 62
Bapt, Meth and United Brethren Chs, Frewsburg.15 65
7th Day Bapt Ch, Independence ..19 70
Meth & Refd Chs, No Blenheim...12 38
Refd Ch of Plattekill 15 04
Bapt Ch "Foreign Mission," Scipio 10 00
Refd Ch, Snells Bush 6 72
Refd Ch, Stuyvesant Falls .. 4 00
Rosendale Plains Ref Ch, Tillson.11 00
Prim Ch P Ch, W Charlton ... 2 00
Bapt Ch, Ischua. 8 50
Christ Church, Manhasset 2 00
Bapt Ch, E Pembroke 10 50
Easton & Cambridge M E Chs 8 60
Refund Ch, Manhasset 13 30
Marcellus Bapt Ch, Thoin Hill..... 2 75
Welsh Cong Ch, Floyd 5 27
Ascension Bapt Ch 2 49
Coll Children's Day Refd Ch, Woodburne ...17 00
Children's day contrib, Free Bapt Ch, Urbana 2 59

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Lows Corners Bapt Ch 20 00
Prim Cl Refd Spring Valley Ch 1 55
Christ Church, Manhasset 11 15
Bapt Ch, Burlington 10 40
Pres Ch, Stephenstown 2 75
Pres Ch, Phelps. 1 69
Wesleyan Church, Cuba 2 00
Meth Ch, East Aurora 23 00
East Williamsburg Dutch Refd S S 3 00
S Sch Class & Friend, Watervliet 5 00
Floral Park M E S Sch 5 77
Clark Sch house & S Sch, Edinburgh 12 23
M E S Sch, Black Creek 4 64
Em Bapt S S, Brockport 11 10
S Sch No Side Mission, Cohoes.11 00
Bapt S Sch, New Berlin 1 00
Class No. 8 Spencer Bapt S Sch. 4 00
Dolgeville Ev S S. 4 00
Pres S Sch, Victory 11 18
Bapt S Sch, Farmersville Sta 8 00
E Woodhull S Sch Offer, Rathbone 69
Pres S Sch coll, Belmont 17 00
Olive Branch S Sch, Ashton.... 3 66
Cl of little boys of M E S Sch, Avoca 40
Prim Dept Penny Birthday Richmond Hill Bapt S Sch 2 50
Meth Ch & S Sch, Truxton 8 06
S Sch, Natural Bridge 5 25
Miss Soc & S Sch of Pros Hgts Pres Ch, Bklyn 6 00
Prim Room of Congl S Sch... 1 10
So Pulteney Bapt Sun Sch 3 68
Bethel S S, Newburgh 10 00
Cong Chapel S S, W Albany 10 00
Wainscott S Sch . 6 00
Van Marter, S S. 1 00
Northwood Ch S S 5 20
M E S Sch, New Egypt 2 75
Grove Spring S S 2 00
Splinterville U S Sch, Saratoga 3 00
S Sch, Cooperville 1 40
Pres S S, Dewitt 5 00
Children's Bible Cl, Poughkeepsie 10 00
S Sch First Pres Ch, Youngstown 16 08
S Sch Dutch Refd Ch, Jamaica ... 7 50
Friends S Sch & Meeting, Arthursburg 4 00
Y P S C E & other Friends of the Needy, Jeddo 7 04
Lake Hill S S.... 2 00
Bapt S Sch, No Urbana 5 25
Cl No. 1 M E S S, Canandea ... 1 55
Cl No. 2 M E S S, Canandea ... 1 15
Cl No. 6 M E S S, Canandea ... 23
Cl No. 7 M E S S, Canandea ... 45
M E S Sch, Woodmere 8 52
M E S Sch, Hurleyville 1 13
Cl in Presby S S, Glens Falls 2 00
Broadway S Sch, Owego 4 50
S Sch, coll, Bklyn 3 50
S Sch of So Main St Union, Gloversville 3 32
Creelmoor S Sch coll 5 25
Sunday School, Havilah 4 25
Moravian S S, Brooklyn 15 09
Bellmore M E S S.12 50
Eagle Ave S Sch, N Y City.....10 00
Plymouth S Sch, Woodford 4 00
Mapson Union S Sch, Hempstead 5 00
Swale U S Sch.. 4 00
M E Ch & S S, Gibson Corners. 1 56
Grace M E S S coll, Sacket Harbor 8 75
Willow Point S S Dist No. 4, Binghamton ... 3 00
Little S Sch Cl, Bombay 51
M E S Sch, Bowmansville .. 6 00
Manor Ave S S, Cohoes 5 65

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Dansville Bapt S S 3 00
Salem S Sch, Deerfield 2 00
M E S Sch, De Peyster 5 00
German Luth S S, Hicksville 14 25
Refd S Sch, Highwoods 50 50
M E S S, Indian Lake 4 00
Broughamtown S Sch, Maine 10 25
S S, No Branch.. 7 00
Dutch Ref S Sch, Pt Ewen 11 50
M E S Sch, Scriba 6 25
Pres S S, Victory 1 25
Fowler House S S & C E Soc, Wappingers Falls ..12 00
S Sch Cl of boys, Buffalo 50
Prim Dept of Emanuel Pres S S, Amsterdam.. 5 00
Union S Sch, Slate Hill 6 58
Union S Sch, Pagebrook 2 25
Wolf Run S Sch, Cuba 70
Prim S Sch Cl of E Durham 1 00
Magnolia U B S S, Stow 1 12
Thompkins Ave Cougl Ch S Sch, Brooklyn 2 00
Country S Sch, Honeoye 2 25
S Sch of Refd Ch, Montgomery ...18 00
Searington S Sch, Mineola 3 00
Jr C E Soc of St Paul's M E Ch, Nyack 2 60
Jr C E Miss First Presby Ch B, Peekskill 10 00
C E Soc, West Falls 1 40
Jr C E, Glen ... 2 00
St James' Guild, Goshen 10 00
W C T U, Wyoming 4 70
E League Chapter 19152 M E Ch, Silver Springs ..15 00
C E Soc, Bonney 7 00
Jr L of M E Ch, Turners 1 00
C E Soc of 2nd Pres Ch, Middletown 9 90
Jr C E Soc of 1st Bapt Ch, Hion . 4 00
C E Soc Pres Ch, Tribes Hill 10 00
Mercy & Help Dept 1st M E Ch, Green Point, Brooklyn 1 00
Grace Chapel So, Long Island City 2 85
Brotherhood of St Paul of Monroe Ave M E Ch, Rochester 2 25
C E Soc, Amity. 2 00
M E Aid Soc, Bowmansville .. 5 00
Jr C E of Bensonhurst Pres Ch, Brooklyn 2 50
Ladies Miss Soc, Prospect Hghts Pres Ch, Bklyn. 5 00
Jr & Sr C E Soc, Prospect Hghts Pres Ch, Bklyn.19 28
Ladies' Aid Soc M E Ch, De Peyster 13 50
Seneca Lodge No. 694, I O O F, Farmer 5 00
W C T U, Five Corners 5 00
Boys' Miss Band Bapt Ch, Hannibal 60
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Hoosick Falls 4 70
W C T U, Northport 5 00
E Henrietta Bapt C E Soc, Pittsford 3 00
Y P S C E Pres Ch, Rensselaerville 31 40
Y P S C E, Russell 7 50
Inasmuch Circle K's D's, Santa Clara 10 00
Jr E Soc Pres Ch, Theresa 5 00
W C T U, Theresa.10 00
Mizpah Cir of K D Faith Pres Ch 10 00
Ladies' Miss Soc Tabernacle Bapt Ch, Syracuse....13 50
Jr Soc 1st Bapt Ch, Brockport ..15 07
Jr L of M E Ch, Shortsville 2 50
Jr Bapt Un, So Alabama 70
Floyd Chong Ch C E, Westernville. 50
C E Soc 1st Cong Ch, Brooklyn....45 00
Jr League, New Berlin 2 00
Inter C E Soc 7th Day Bapt Ch, Alfred 2 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Atkins, H 05
Bartlett, Amy & Colby, Jay 20
Bennett, Miss ... 05
Bentham, Annie M 2 91
Bishop, I M..... 25
Branion, Myrtle . 10
Bridgman, Mrs S. 1 00
Brink, Mrs 2 00
Bronghner, D.... 25
Campbell, D 50
Cock, Floy 10
Cock, Wesley.... 15
Coleman, Rob't .. 25
Cooper, Miss M J, Hawsville 2 00
Corless, D 05
Corless, H 25
Corless, W 10
Dabler, Betsey .. 10
Denison, Evelyn G 04
Dick, Mrs J P ... 2 00
Downey, F 15
Downey, G 05
Downey, Mr J ... 25
Downey, Mrs J .. 25
Eagles, E 05
Eagles, Mrs H... 10
Eaton, L M 10
Falls, R 25
Feskey, Wm 50
Fleming, H 25
Fleming, Jess.... 10
Forsythe, Mrs ... 25
Forsythe, Mrs F 10
Forsythe, J 05
Fuller, L 20
Garner, Lelia ... 1 00
Gillespie, E L ... 1 00
Goble, Milton ... 25
Grimstead, H 10
Guy, Mrs R, Ashton 1 00
Harps, Miss E .. 2 00
Harrison, Miss Ida 1 40
Herbert, Mrs W & friends 1 55
Hetherton, T.... 25
Hill, Melville ... 1 00
Holt, Mrs Eugene 2 00
Hopkins, Mrs I.. 05
Jolliffe, Wm 50
Keim, Mrs Geo E 1 00
Kilpatrick, Harriet 3 00
Lackey, Avreal .. 25
Lackey, Gertrude 50
Lackey, Hannah . 1 00
Lackey, Margt E. 25
Lackey, William J 1 50
Langtree, Susie.. 2 00
Lennox Banks, Detroit 5 60
Luck, Wm 1 00
Lyons, Harry.... 25
McIlraith, Wm C. 1 00
McIver, Edna ... 05
Marks, A T 5 00
Marks, Wm J ... 5 00
Meeker, Mr & Mrs E 4 00
Mercer, Jr, W ... 50
Morton, M E 25
Pearson, Miss ... 05
Ray, Mrs Geo ... 1 00
Redden, A 10
Redding, M 25
Roy, Nellie 15
Russell, Mrs 25
Russell, B 10
Saltzman, Mr ... 10
Shillings, Jas ... 2 00
Smith, Miss E... 05
Smith, Earl 05
Smith, Harwin .. 05
Smith, Miss L .. 46
Smith, O 05
Smith, Mrs O ... 05
Smith, Pearl 05
Snow, Mr 14
Strong, Mrs 25
Teskey, Julius .. 25
Tubman, John .. 25
Tubman, Wm.... 50
Trimble, A B.... 50
Trimble, Garfield 05
Trimble, Mrs N.. 10
Ward, Mrs 10
Williams, M, R & S 1 25
Wilson, S R 25
Winder, Maggie, 131 Wellington St 3 00
Woodworth, Hercules 1 00
Wooley, L 25
Young, G M..... 1 10
Child, Corindia . 40
L G O, Selinsgrove 2 00
L V S 1 00
M L V 50
——, Alexandra . 1 00
——, Edgewood . 1 10
——, Hastings .. 50
——, Hopkinton.. 2 00
——, Kingfisher . 1 36
——, Lewisburg. 4 40
——, Roland Park 3 00
——, Sycamore . 10
——, Timberridge 3 00
——, Utica 1 00
——, Waco,..... 1 00
Anon, —— 1 00
Anon, —— 25
Anon, —— 50
Anon, —— 2 00
Anon, —— 60
Anon, —— 1 00
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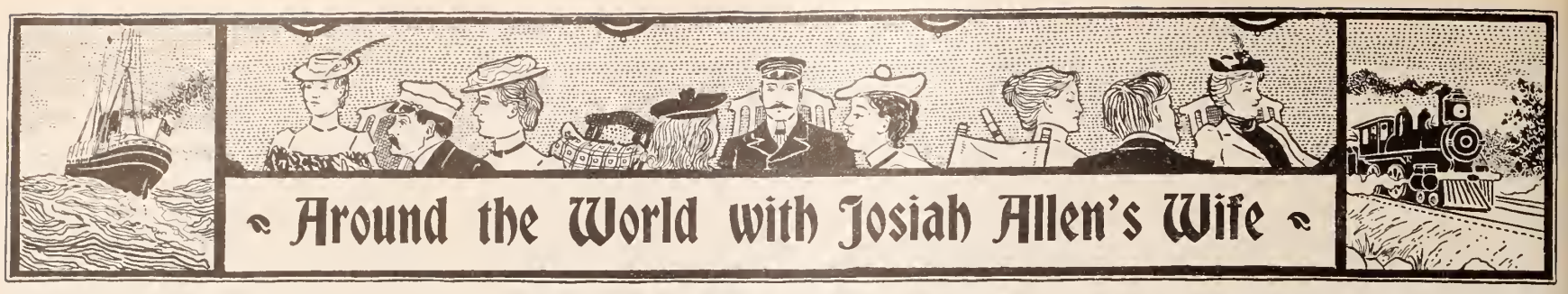
——, —— 25



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Venice

JOSIAH told me that he wanted to go to Venice. Sez he: "It is a place from what I hear on't that has a crackin' good water power and that is always the makin' of a town, and then," sez he, "I've always wanted to see the Bridge of Size and Doggy's Palace." Sez he: "When a city is good enough to rare up such a palace to dogs it shows there is sunthin' good about it, and I dare presoom to say there hain't a dog amongst 'em any better than Snip or one that can bring up the cows any better."

Josiah thinks we've got the cutest dog and cat in the world. He has spent hours trainin' 'em, and they'll both start for the cow paster jest the right time and bring up the cows; of course, the cat can't do much only tag along after the dog; she don't bark any, it not bein' her nater to, but it looks dretful cunnin'. Sez Josiah, "I wouldn't be ashamed to show Snip off by the side of any of the dogs in the Doggy's Palace."

Sez I, coldly, "How do you spell dogs, Josiah Allen?"

"Why, dog-es, doggys."

Sez I, "The palace was rared up by a man—a Doge—the Doges wuz great men, rulers in Venice."

"I don't believe a word on't," sez he. "It is rared up for dogs, and I'm thinkin' quite a little of rarin' up a small house with a steeple on't for Snip. He deserves it."

Well, there wuzn't no use in argyin'; I knew he would have to give up when he got there, and so he did. And it wuz jest so with the Bridge of Sighs, that has, as Mr. Byron said, "A palace and a prison on each side."

Josiah insisted on't that it wuz called the Bridge of Size, because it wuz the most sizeable bridge in the world. But it is no such thing: it don't begin, as I told him, with the Brooklyn Bridge; why it hain't no longer than the bridge between Loontown and Zoar, or the one over our creek, but I presoom them who passed over this bridge to execution gin deep, loud sithes—it wuz nateral they should—so the bridge wuz named after them sithes.

Josiah said if that wuz fashionable he should name the bridge down back of the barn, the Bridge of Groans, it wuz such a tug for the horses to draw a load over it. Sez he, "I almost always give a groan and so does Ury—Bridge of Groans." Sez he, "that will sound uneek and genteel in Jonesville."

Josiah Remonstrates

But mebby he won't do it: he often makes plans he don't carry out and he gits things wrong—he did the very first minute we got there.

We arrove in Venice about the middle of the afternoon, and as Robert had writ ahead for rooms, a man wuz waitin' with a sizeable gondola to take us to our tarven.

When Josiah see it drawin' nigh he sez to me, *soty vosy*, "Never, never, will I ride in a hearse: I wouldn't in Jonesville and I won't in Italy: not till my time comes, I won't."

But I whispered back agin to keep still, it wuzn't a hearse. But, to tell the truth, it did look some like one, painted black as a coal. But, seein' the rest of us embark, he, too, sot sail in it. He didn't have to go a great ways before it stopped at our tarven, which wuz once a palace, and I kinder hummed to myself while I wuz washin' me and puttin' on a clean collar and cuffs:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," puttin' the main emphasis on palaces. But Josiah catched up the refrain and sung it quite loud, or what he calls singin':

Be it ever so humbly,
There's no place like hum.

He looked round the vast, chilly, bare apartment, the lofty walls, the marble floors, with here and there a rug layin' like a leaf on a sidewalk, and I kinder echoed it. Sez he feelin'ly and sort of plaintively, "I'd ruther have less ornaments and more comfort."

I sez, "It is very grand and spacious."

And he sez, "I'd give the hull of the space and throw in the grandeur for a good big fire and a plate of your nut cakes."

But I sez soothin'ly, "It is sunthin',

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

Josiah, to live in a palace;" and I drawed his attention to the mosaic work on the floor, and the massive furniture covered with inlaid work.

And he sez, "I'd ruther have less work laid into the furniture and some decent food laid into my stomach."

Oh, what a appetite that man has got! It had kep' active all the way from Jonesville around the world and wuz still up and a-doin'. Well, he can't help it. He acted real obstrupulous and onhappy. He has such spells every little while. I mistrusted and he just as good as owned up to me that it wuz partly owin' to his bein' dressed up all the time: it wuz dretful cross to him. He wears frocks to hum, round doin' the barn chores, and loose shues, but now of course he had no reprieve from night till mornin' from tight collars and cuffs and his best boots.

But then, he had restless spells to hum and onhappy ones, and acted; and I told him he did and he disputed me right up and down. He didn't feel very well, anyway; he had told me that mornin' early how he pined for Jonesville, how he longed to be there, and how he didn't care for a thing outside of them beloved presinks. And I told him it wuzn't reasonable. Sez I, "Enjoy Jonesville while you are there and now enjoy Europe whilst you are here."

Sez he, with a real sentimental look, "Oh, Jonesville, how happy I'll be if I ever see thee agin! How content, how blessed!"

Sez I, "You wuzn't always happy there, Josiah; you ofttimes got restless and oneasy there."

Pining for Jonesville

"Never!" sez he, "never did I see a onhappy or a tired day there in my life."

But he did. He got down-casted there jest as he did here. I knowed how often I had soothed and comforted his sperits by extra good meals. But he wouldn't own up to it, and seein' he looked so gloomy and deprested I went to work and episoded some right there, whilst I wuz comin' my hair and dressin', in hopes that it would bring a more happy and contented look onto his liniment, for what will not a devoted pardner do to console her consort?

Sez I, "Josiah, life is a good deal like the Widder Rice's yarn I've heard Ma Smith tell on. She wuzn't a smooth spinner and there would be thick bunches in her yarn and thin streaks; she called 'em gouts and twits. She'd say, "Yes, I know my yarn is full of gouts and twits, but when it's doubled most likely a gout will come aginst a twit and make it even."

And I eppisoded to myself and to Josiah, "That is a good deal like life. The good of this world seems onequally divided some times, but the rich has troubles and the poor have compensations. The poor man has to git up early and toil all day, but if he hates to leave his bed so early mornings, his sleep is sweet while he rests, and his labor makes his food taste good and nourishes his strength, while the rich man who can lay till noon, turns on his restless pillow and can't sleep night or day. And while he has plenty to buy rich viands he has no appetite to eat or health to digest his food.

"The morning song of the lark sounds sweet to the laborer as it rises over the dew-spangled fields, as he goes forth to his daily toil, while the paid songs the rich man hears palls on his pleasure-tired senses. At home you have rest of body, and in travel you have education and variety; yes, the gouts and twits in life even up pretty well and the yarn runs pretty smooth offen the reel of Time to the traveler and the stay-at-home, the rich and the poor."

Josiah wuz brushin' his back hair with two brushes (one would have been plenty enough), and he kep' on with his employment and sez without lookin' up:

"I wonder where the Widder Rice's grandson, Ezra, is? He wuz out to the West the last I hearn on him."

There it wuz! My eloquence had rolled offen him like water from a tin eavespout: hadn't touched him at all nor uplifted him, though I felt real riz up. You know you can talk yourself up onto quite a hite if you try; but Josiah wuzn't moved a mite from the place he'd stood on.

On the Grand Canal

Well, that wuz one of the gouts in my yarn of life, but a twit wuz near by—it had its compensation. He worships me! And I went on and eppisoded to myself to bring myself up to the mark as I wadded up my back hair. Sez I to myself: "If Josiah had the eye to see the onseen eagles soarin' up in the sky above his head, mebby he would also see my faults too plain. If he could hear in winter midnights the murmur of dancin' waters and the melogious voice of the south wind blowin' over roses and voyalets, he might also hear the voice of Distrust. If he had the wisdom of Solomon he might also have his two discursive fancies, his various and evanescent attachments. But as it is, his love is stiddy and as firm as a rock. So the gouts and the twits evened each other up after all, and the yarn run pretty smooth."

But to resoom: The next mornin' Tommy wuz delighted with the idee of goin' in a boat after some hair-pins for me and a comb for him—he had broke hisen. It wuzn't fur we went, and I spoze we might have walked by goin' a little furder: but variety is the spice of life, and it seemed to kinder refresh us.

Floating in a gondola on the Grand Canal of Venice is a beautiful experience when the soft light of the moon and stars is restin' on the stately old marble palaces, the tall pillars of St. Theodore and the Winged Lion, obelisk and spire. With other gondolas all about you, you seem to be on a sea of glory, with anon music from afar coming sweetly to your ears from some gondola or palace, and far up some narrow water street opens with long shafts of light flashing from the

gondolier's lantern or open window. It is all a seen of enchantment.

Though if you should foller up some of them narrow water streets by daylight, you would see and smell things that would roust you up from your dream. You would see old boats unloadin' vegetables, taking on garbage, water-boats pumpin' water into some house, wine shops, cook shops; you would see dilapidated houses with poorly clad people standin' in the doorways; ragged, unkempt children looking down on you from broken windows, and about all the sights you see in all the poorer streets of any city, though here you see it from a boat instead of from a hack or trolley car. Green mould would be seen clinging to the walls, and you would see things in the water that ortn't to be throwed there.

Venice's Lost Glories

Moonlight and memory rares up its glittering walls, but reality and the searchin' light of the present tears 'em down. Where are the three thousand war ships, the three thousand merchant ships that carried the wealth and greatness of Venice back in the fifteenth century; fifty-two thousand sailors, a thousand nobles and citizens and working people according? Gone, gone! Floated way off out of that Grand Canal and disappeared in the mists and shadows of the past, and you have to go back there to see 'em.

The Rialto, which we had dremp about, looked beautiful from the water, with its one single arch of ninety-one feet lifting up six arches on each side. But come to walk acrost its broad space you find it is divided into narrow streets, where you can buy anything from a crown to a string of beads, from macaroni to a china teapot.

The great square of St. Mark wuz a pleasant place on an evening. Little tables set out in the street, with gayly-dressed people laughing and talking and taking light refreshments and listening to the music of the band, and a gay crowd walking to and fro, and picturesque venders showing their goods.

But to Tommy nothing wuz so pretty as the doves of St. Mark, who come down to be fed at two o'clock, descending through the blue sky like a shower of snow.

FEEDING THE DOVES AT ST. MARK'S

The Campenile or bell-tower, towers up more than three hundred feet above the the pavement; way up on the tower two bronze statutes stand with hammers and strikes off the hours. Why is it that the doves pay no attention to any other hour they may strike but when the hour of two sounds out, a window on the north side of the square opens and some grain is thrown out to 'em (the Government throws it to 'em, dretful good natered to think on't)? But how did them doves know two from three? I d'no nor Josiah don't. I had provided Tommy with some food for 'em and they flowed down and lighted on him and Dorothy, who also fed 'em; it wuz a pretty sight. And Robert Strong thought so too, I could read it in his eyes as he looked at Dorothy with the pretty doves on her shoulder and white hands.

I got some sooveneers for the children at Venice, some little ivory gondolas and photographs, etc., and Miss Meechim and Dorothy got sights of things, Venetian jewelry, handsome as could be, and Arvilly got a little present for Waitstill and a jet handkerchief pin for herself. She mourns yet on the inside and outside, yes indeed! and I d'no but she always will.

And as you can git a relic of most everything at some of the shops I told Josiah I would love to git hold of one of them old rings that the Doges married the Adriatic with. And if you'll believe it that man didn't like it; sez he real puggicky:

"I hope you hain't any idee of marryin' the Jonesville creek. Samantha, because it won't look well in a M. E. sister and pardner."

Jealous of the creek! That's the last thing I ever thought that man would be jealous on. The idee! I only wanted it out of curiosity.

We visited the Arsenal, another spot where the greatness of Venice in the past hanted our memory, when she had twenty thousand workmen there and now not two thousand. But we see queer lookin' things there—suits of armor, cross-bows, helmets. Josiah took quite a fancy to one wore by Attila, king of the Huns, and wanted to put it on. Good land! his head went right up into it just as it would into a big coal-scuttle. What a mind Mr. Attila must have had if his brains wuz accordin' to his head.

ON THE RIALTO AT NIGHT

And we see infernal machines, thumb screws, spiked collars, and other dretful implements of torture like black shadders throwed from the past. A piece of the boat that the Doge went to his weddin' in when he married the water wuz interestin'; weddin's always did interest females and males too, no matter whether the bride wuz formed out of dust or nothin' but clear water, and we also see a model of the boat Columbus sailed in to discover us.

Robert Strong who wuz always interested in the best things, said that the first newspaper ever published appeared in Venice three hundred years ago, and the first bank was started there.

You can walk all over Venice if you want to take the time to go furder round and cross the bridges and walk through narrer, crooked little streets, some on 'em not more'n five or six feet wide, but the easiest and quickest way is to take a boat, as well as the most agreeable.

Venice is built on seventy-two islands besides the Grand Canal which takes the place of our avenues and streets. There is a charm about Venice that there is not about any other city I ever see. You dream about it before you see it and then you dream on and keep dreamin' as long as you stay there, a sort of a wakin' dream, though you keep your senses.

Memories of the past seem to hant you more, mebby it is because them old memories can slip along easier over them glassy streets, easier than they can over our hard rocky pavements. 'Tennyrate they meet you on every side and stay right with you as long as you are there and hant you. As you float down them liquid roads you come face to face with sweet, wise Portia, "fair and fairer than that word;" and gallant Bassanio who made such a wise choice, and Shylock, the old Jew. And if you happen to git put out with your pardner, mebby he'll find fault with you, and say demeanin' words about wimmen or sunthin' like that, whilst sweet Portia's eyes are on you, if you feel like reprovin' him sharp, then you'll remember: "The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

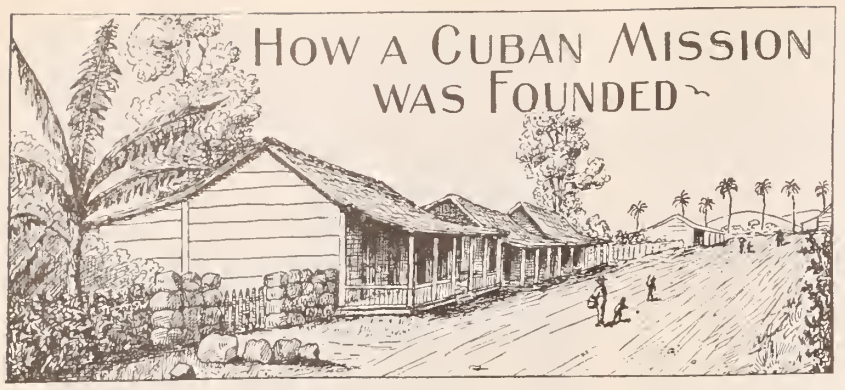
And so you forgive him. And then beautiful, sad Beatrice de Cenci will meet you by moonlight in front of some of them old marble palaces and her pa, about as mean a man as they make, and his sister, Lucretia de Borgia, that wicked, wicked creeter. Why, it beats all what mean folks Beatrice's relation wuz on her pa's side.

And you thought of any number of queer old Doges, rainin' and pizenin' and actin', some on 'em, and marryin' the Adriatic; a poor match in my opinion and one that you couldn't expect to turn out well, the bride bein' slippery and inconstant and the bridegroom mean as pusley, cruel and cunning, besides bein' jest devoted to the Council of Ten. Queer works them Ten—made and cut a great swath that won't be forgot and they needn't expect it. The page of history is sticky and bloody with their doin's. But they move along in front of you, the Doges, the Ten and the Three. And any number of conquerers and any number of Popes and Kings down to Victor Emanuel.

(To be continued).

"A MAN WUZ WAITIN', WITH A SIZEABLE GONDOLA, TO TAKE US TO OUR TARVEN"

How a Cuban Mission was Founded



ON the evening of the 22d of December, 1899, an hour or more before the steamer *Miami* entered the harbor of Havana, we witnessed the most exquisite sunset imaginable. In the magnificent clouds, brightened by deepest hues of every color of the rainbow, there appeared to our view a lighthouse, apparently sufficiently strong and massive to stand any storm, but the landing was a frame structure so slight that the first wave would have swept it away. There this lighthouse stood and continued to stand till we were forced to say: "If that is not a real lighthouse, it is at least a token of what weak people may do; they can be the steps by which others may enter into safety. Thank God for this sunset and this token."

We spent two months in Havana, studying the various missions, and sorrowing because that great city of 200,000 people neither had nor was there an immediate prospect of its having a regular Protestant place of worship, though our Baptist brothers have, at large expense, purchased a theatre, which is used for that purpose.

After various excursions through the country and neighboring towns, we concluded to settle in the little town of Aguacate, on the main line of railway, about forty miles from Havana, and half as far from Matanzas. In considering the immediate need of Cuba, we had already discovered that it was not farmers, blacksmiths, engineers or mechanics; neither was it physicians, clothing or food. The urgent need is the full and free Gospel of Jesus Christ. Here, in Aguacate, was an opportunity to create a centre of spiritual activity, with ramifications reaching out over all Cuba, and to found a work whose influence would be enduring.

In Aguacate, during the great Cuban famine in 1898, there was much suffering. We found it a place wholly destitute of spiritual life. Six months' residence in such a town gives one a pretty good knowledge of its people. Here we established our mission, and named it *El Faro Cristiano*, (The Christian Lighthouse). On the right side of the main street, just before the railroad crosses it, is a house where the Lord Jesus has now at least two temples not made with hands; and there are others in other parts of the town that know him—the result of the first three months' work of *El Faro Cristiano*, in that village of fifteen hundred people. Outside of the small handful, we could find no one in that town—not a single soul even—who could give an intelligent reason for any hope of a future life. The whole town was as dark as a house with every window completely shut and barred, and the sun blotted out of existence. It was like a sea of pitchy blackness, without star or beacon to light the mariner to safety, until the Gospel light of *El Faro Cristiano* shone forth.

Aguacate is absolutely free from yellow fever and kindred diseases. The location is a healthful and breezy one, on a level plain surrounded on three sides by hills. There are rich sugar estates in the neighborhood and a wonderful growth of grass and food plants. Agriculturists have trouble with the large black ants, called *bevahowabs*, which strip whole groves of young orange trees and fields of young vegetables of the bean variety. These beans, with macaroni and the ever-present sweet potato, supplemented by pork or New England cod-fish, form the staple food. Aguacate, besides, has an abundant supply of good, wholesome water.

After an experience with our Gospel mission work in this little place, without the usual accompaniment of a missionary board to sustain it, several important things have been learned: First, we know that when the Lord called us there, he also called some one from 3,000 miles away to aid us. Second, we were greatly benefited by the prevailing prayers of those at home. Third, we gained experience in tract distribution and house visiting, which, while it enabled us, during last winter, to distribute 10,000 tracts, has also shown us how next winter 100,000 may be profitably distributed. Fourth, we have learned that it is possible, at an expense of $100, to spend the winter in some Cuban town and do incalculable good in spreading the Gospel there. Sixth, as to the healthfulness of this part of Cuba, where we expected little, we found much.

When we came to Aguacate we knew not how to speak in the Spanish tongue, but could hold meetings in which we sang the Gospel hymns in Spanish, something so new to these people that as soon as they learned the hymns they began singing them in the streets. This was followed up by getting our neighbors and Cuban friends to read tracts and portions of Scripture, the young ladies being glad to be so made use of. Then a preacher came from Havana, and helped us out.

At last, one day, our meeting was attended by strong evidences of spiritual power, and the first convert—a poor woman from a distance—came to us humbly confessing Jesus. This was followed by others a few days later, and soon a whole family confessed Christ. Since that time many have openly accepted the doctrine. The townspeople have quite lately given us additional evidence of their good-will by tendering us a site for a church, and it is quite likely that a suitable building will shortly be erected.

Our pioneer work is done and at considerable cost. We have an interdenominational mission ready to receive helpers, and we pray that many Christians moved by the love of souls, may be called to make their home with us. It is also intended to have a mission in connection with our work, in one of the large towns on the south side of the island.

The expenses of a six months' mission in Cuba may be itemized as follows:

Fare for two workers from New York and return, Ward line, second class	$100 00
Furnishing station	100 00
Rent of same	60 00
Cook	25 00
Provisions for time	180 00
For incidental expenses	35 00
	$500 00

There are at least five hundred towns in Cuba waiting for just such missions as ours. It is a grand opportunity for Christian service, and for friends to help a movement which promises to be rich in spiritual results.

I will close by saying that it will afford me pleasure to answer all questions by such of your readers as may be interested in evangelical work in Cuba. They can address me here.

J. B. WOOD.

East Northfield, Mass.

THE MAIN STREET OF AGUACATE

From a Little Reader in China

That "Aunt Samantha" is read and enjoyed even in remote lands, is proved by this letter from a young reader in distant China:

Dear Editor: I am a little girl way off here in China, so I am just about as far around the world as "Aunt Samantha." If she comes to China, I wonder if she will come to Foochow. My brothers and I like Aunt Samantha very much, and mamma reads "Around the World" to us, not because I cannot read, but because we like to laugh and talk over the funny things in it together. Mamma says the story is a rest and a recreation to her, and it does her lots of good. Papa and mamma are missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in Foochow. I am eleven years old, and have lessons almost every day, so as not to be too much behind other girls when we go to America. I am studying geography, grammar, arithmetic, music and type-writing. Mamma is our teacher, but she does not teach me music nor type-writing. We all like the mail that brings THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Your little friend,

WINIFRED MAY HUBBARD.

Pagoda Anchorage, China.

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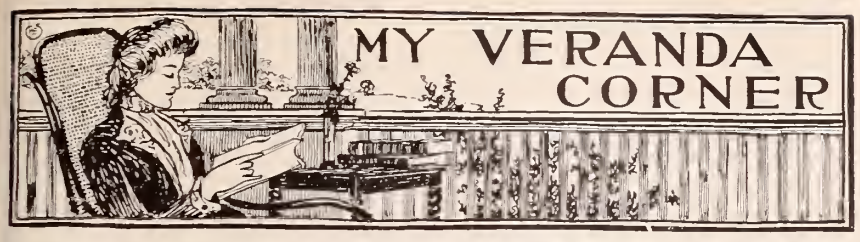

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

When the Fields Are in Flower

WHEN the fields are all in flower and the vagrant winds are sweet;
When the Lord walks through the gardens and the blossoms kiss his feet—
Then we think of that fair country which beyond the river lies.
Where the flowers are never fading and no tempest sweeps the skies.

Here our hearts are often downcast; here we know not what to do;
But above us smiles our Father—he will bring us safely through;
Never day can dawn so dreary but his love shall cheer its gloom—
Ever on our steepest pathway he will let his lilies bloom.

When the fields are all in flower and the vagrant breezes tell
Of the sleepless love of One who for us doeth all things well,
Then we walk amid the meadows and throughout their gardens gay,
And the Lord God walketh with us in the freshness of the day.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IN THE CHILD'S HOSPITAL

NOTWITHSTANDING the pain and anguish which little children suffer from bodily injuries and illness, a hospital ward, with its row of small cots, is usually a cheerful spot. No hospital is littered up with needless bric-a-brac, the windows are undraped, and the sunshine comes pouring in. For children who have slept all their lives in a dark tenement, who have known only dirt and disorder, the cleanliness and brightness of a hospital, the kind care of the nurses and the good food are so delightful and charming that they feel much as Maggie did in *Little Dorrit*—as if everything there were heavenly.

The little patients are very tractable and are not querulous and stubborn, except very occasionally. No children are perfect: even well children are sometimes fractious. The poor father whose son was carried from the dingy back alley to the hospital, very sick and tossing with fever, is reassured as he sits by the bedside; for though the little boy is very white and thin, it is plain to see that he is better. The mother is dead, and there was no one to take care of Guiseppe at home, yet it was hard for the father to overcome the aversion most poor people have to a hospital. This prejudice—once shared by richer persons, too—is yielding by degrees in the public mind, as in no private house, however well appointed, can any sufferer receive the admirable attention from nurses and doctors which is in hospitals given to all patients. I have spent hours in children's wards, and know whereof I speak when I say that no modern beneficence exceeds that of the well-kept hospital.

Diversion Rather than Force

Little Helen was what mama called cranky. The child was perverse, and in the same mood which seizes a balky horse and stops him with ears laid viciously back and stubborn forefeet planted in the middle of the road.

Jack, dear brother Jack, came whistling along. "Helen," he cried, "come and see the picture God is painting up in the sky. An angel, and a lion, and a little child. Come and see it."

Helen went, and the crankiness vanished by magic.

Eight of Them

Such a beautiful little mother, and her children, eight in number, all healthy and strong and smiling. I have their pictures. They are going to camp near relatives a long way from home, and the mother writes: "We must start at nine-thirty in the evening, change cars at midnight, sleepy Alice carrying one sleepy baby, and sleepy Lily another, while I take a third in my arms, and the little boys follow." It is long since I have had a brighter, jollier letter than this of my friend from the far West, and I like to think that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has just such readers and many of them on its list, and that it finds them sunny and carries them its own sunshine every week.

Can Love be Killed?

There is such a thing as death by lightning. There is such another thing as death by extreme cold. In my walks in the woods this summer, I have seen great trees rifted and blackened. A bolt from the sky had shattered them and their greenness perished. Others have been winter-killed, but these were usually young plants not yet strongly rooted. The question arises can love be killed? To this, some answer at once, the love that can be stricken to death was never love; it was only a reflection of self-esteem which masquerades as love's genuine self in many a home, which may even go through long years in its clever disguise and may never be found out.

Mother-love cannot be destroyed, unless the mother be very low down in the scale of humanity. But the love of kindred, of brothers and sisters may wax cold, as years and separations and hardships intervene, and the love of the married which was pledged to endure through all vicissitudes may be killed, lightning-like by infidelity, frost-like by lack of demonstration, by continual nagging and fault-finding and by persistent injustice. A pathetic little poem by Ella Higginson speaks of the "much forgiving that wears a great love out." When we think of the long-suffering of our God towards us, and remember how abundantly he pardons us day by day, we realize how imperfect and mutable a thing human love is under the most favorable auspices. In earthly relationships it must not be treated with neglect, wounded by suspicion, nor hail-stoned out of existence by perpetual scolding and hectoring.

Consider what small things occasion fault-finding in a household? The coffee is muddy, a man's shirt is not stiffly starched, a button is missing, and you would fancy that the heavens were falling and the earth going to immediate wreck and ruin. A woman wakens with a headache, due probably to insufficient ventilation in her bedroom. Her nerves are on edge, and when her twelve-year-old boy clatters downstairs in heavy boots, she is well-nigh desperate. Between her poor head and her boy's clumsy feet she is a candidate for a lunatic asylum, so she speaks crossly to her good man, fretfully to Bridget and shortly to her daughters, and the peace of the home is paralyzed, and "there's nae luck aboot the hoose, there's nae luck ava."

Love is not often killed outright, bless the Lord, but it often survives at what the hymn calls a poor dying rate to the loss of those who might else be thrice as happy and thrice as useful. Inebriety strikes it many a death-blow. The household love which rum-selling and rum-drinking have effectually drowned is an immense waste, a treasure despoiled and forever lost, a wanton destruction of a precious thing.

VISITING DAY IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—PHEBE G. Music is an exacting profession, and a great deal is required of teachers to-day. They must spend many years in strenuous study. Unless you are prepared to devote your life to this art, do not attempt to teach it. Try something else.

—YOUNG GIRL. Surely your mother is your best adviser. If you find that she disapproves of the young lady whom you admire so much, and asks you to discontinue the intimacy, by all means yield to her. We may have troops of friends, but we can have only one mother.

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MISSIONARIES... ...AS GRAIN MERCHANTS

As soon as India is threatened with famine, the bunniah, or native grain-dealer of the village, raises the price of grain, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the local population who heretofore had not yet felt the pinch of poverty are suddenly unable to make both ends meet. They were living from hand to mouth, but their earnings, though very small, were sufficient to purchase enough for their moderate requirements. Now that is impossible, and no escape seems in sight from gradual but sure starvation. They have sold some of their few household treasures and soon all will be gone. Then they must turn their backs on their homes and wander away to the relief camp twenty or thirty miles distant. How many will ever reach it alive and how many will die on the road God only knows.

There is an American missionary in the village, and to him the people have come with their tale of woe. He has relieved them as far as his means will permit. He knows that nothing short of rascally avarice is responsible for the rise; that grain is abundant and that money is scarce; and that therefore, according to the laws of supply and demand, grain should rather sell lower than higher. He calls on the bunniah and directs his attention to the misery his rapacity is causing among the people, and to the fact that there is nothing in present conditions to warrant the rise. The sleek bunniah smiles complacently and assures the missionary that while grain may be abundant just then, still, owing to the failure of the present crop, it will be higher next year, and that therefore he is by no means anxious to sacrifice his stock.

The missionary clearly sees that nothing is to be expected in that direction. He must seek another way out of the difficulty. He sends to Bombay for a car-load of millet or rice which he offers practically at cost in small quantities to all who need it badly enough to call for it day by day. The bunniah soon feels the competition. At first he intimates that the opposition grain is poisoned, but before long the people discover that the charge is unfounded, and then he is compelled to put the price back to where it originally was or lose his trade. And thus hundreds of people who a little while ago seemed doomed to the relief camp or the poor-house, are suddenly helped back to a self-supporting basis.

What that particular missionary does in that particular village, other missionaries are doing elsewhere, and hundreds of thousands of people in India are, through these efforts, enabled to retain their homes and keep their families together, and to tide over the present pinch instead of being thrown entirely upon state or private charity.

This is, very naturally, only one phase of the relief work carried on by the missionaries, the main object being, of course, the saving of human life, efforts in which direction are heroic and continuous. But while nothing is permitted to interfere with prompt and effective measures to that end, it has been found equally important to adopt the precautionary measure outlined above in order to prevent the impoverishment of millions of those who would otherwise fall victims to the bunniah's insatiable greed. Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, the Salvation Army, the Missionary Alliance, have one and all adopted this plan, and have found it to work out to excellent advantage, as it maintains on the one hand the self respect of those who can with economy manage self support, and on the other hand it multiplies the loaves and fishes in the hands of the missionary, and enables him to relieve a much larger number of absolutely destitute people than was originally planned. The Government of India, following the example set by the missionaries, is now operating on similar lines in order to protect the people against the rapacity of the native gram merchants.

Friendly America

The native papers praise the people of the United States, who have, at the instance of Dr. Klopsch, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, subscribed large sums of money and have sent ship-loads of corn for the famine-stricken people of India. Dr. Klopsch's presence in India has so far proved beneficial in that the authorities of the Bombay Presidency have, on a representation made by him, excused delicate women and women with children from doing any work in relief camps. Some of the papers are of opinion that the tours made by newspaper commissioners through the famine-stricken districts, and the personal experience acquired by them and narrated in the columns of their journals have, besides strengthening the hands of the Government, done a great deal of good to the unfortunate people who have suffered the most from the ravages of famine.—*Times of India.*

Ministering to Christ*

How in Helping People in Trouble Personal Service May be Rendered to Our Lord

HOW many people reading of that birth in the Bethlehem stable, and the pathetic incidents of the life of Him who said he had no place where he could lay his head, have wished that they had lived in that land and time, that they might have provided for his comfort! Perhaps his prophetic gaze, reaching down the centuries, foresaw such people. Unappreciated by his generation, the time would come when millions in many lands would love him and honor him. Must the love that they would lavish on him be lost in vain regret? No; he will appoint a representative, who will receive gifts from all who wish that they might do something personally for their Lord. But who can fill such an office, living on from generation to generation? His own loving, compassionate heart answered the question. "The poor ye have always with you." They should represent him on earth, and wherever there was a heart overflowing with love to him, it might find relief in ministering to them. Thus the benefit would be twofold; giver and receiver alike would be made happier and Christ himself would rejoice that love for him was bringing comfort and help to the burdened sons of men.

That such an arrangement was not foreign to human nature, is shown by many incidents. There was one during the Civil War which was doubtless only a specimen of many. It was that of a miserable looking man who presented himself in a merchant's office with a plea for help. He might have obtained little or nothing from the busy man had he not laid on his desk a card on which "Charley" had scrawled a request that this man might be helped for his sake. "Charley" was the merchant's beloved son who was serving as an officer at the front. The applicant stood in a different relation to the merchant after he had presented that card. "For Charley's sake" he was helped gladly and generously. Tolstoi's story of the Russian shoemaker is familiar, but is so clearly a case in point that it deserves to be retold. He was a poor ignorant man but he loved much, and he had read the Gospels as the one book that had changed his life. Lying alone in the night he had a dream that seemed very real to him, in which he was told that his longing to see his Lord would be gratified and the very next day Christ would come to his humble home. The next morning he cleaned up his poor room and set everything in order. As he worked he glanced often at the stairs which led from his basement to the sidewalk, wondering at what hour his Lord would come. As he looked he noticed a poor old man with broken shoes clearing away the snow. His heart went out to the poor laborer and he called him down and gave him a cup of hot tea, and while the man drank it and warmed himself, the shoemaker put a few stitches in the old shoes to keep the snow out. An hour or two later he saw a thinly-clad woman vainly trying to shelter her infant from the storm. Her, too, he called in and gave her tea and made some sweet food for the child. When she left, warmed and comforted, he gave her an old coat to wrap around her babe. The shadows of evening were falling and still his Lord came not. He went up the steps to the sidewalk to look out. There a pedler was chasing a boy who had stolen an apple from her stand. She caught him and was going to hand him over to the police, in spite of the boy's plea of hunger, when the shoemaker interfered. He would pay for the apple the poor boy had stolen, and so the boy was saved and the pedler satisfied. The shoemaker went down to his room again and opened his Testament. He could not bear to go to bed, for he still hoped that his Lord would come. But the hours passed and he fell asleep with his head on the book. In his dreams he saw the three whom he had helped that day again in his room, but as he looked at them their appearance changed. A beautiful light shone in their faces and he heard a voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them ye did it unto me."

How the world would be changed if, in every troubled face, our vision was so cleared that we could see our Lord! A kindly word, some friendly service, some small gift might ease the burden, and the benefactor would have the joy of knowing that in ministering to another he had rendered a service to Christ.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 26. Matt. 25: 31-46.

Answered Prayers

Reader, Pennsylvania, writes: "One was very sick, for whose recovery I prayed to God, promising him that if that one was restored to health, I would acknowledge my faith in prayer through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Now as that one is almost well again, I feel it my duty not to break my promise, but to confess the power of God."

Mrs. E. C. M., Wheeling, W. Va., writes: "I suffered the most intense agony of mind from doubt, but I did not give up; I kept on praying, promising that if my prayer was answered and this terrible doubt removed—for I knew if doubt was removed, I would have peace and happiness—that I would try to tell the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD what Christ had done for me. But I cannot tell, 'tis beyond the power of words. I can only say I am happy. My doubt was of this nature: I asked God to answer a prayer that meant much to me, and then I kept on worrying just the same as if I had not begged of him the request, but now I do not doubt any more."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bible History of Answered Prayer, by William Campbell Scofield. Herein are briefly recited one hundred and thirty-four Bible instances of answered prayer. In spite of the absence of comment or suggestion, the gathering of these Bible records in such handy form will be appreciated by students of the sacred Word. Pp. 235. Price $1.00. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Old Times in Shrewsbury, Mass. Gleanings from History and Tradition; by Elizabeth Ward. The revival of interest in colonial history which has been such a marked characteristic of the past twenty years, will doubtless lead many people not directly interested in Shrewsbury, to welcome this narrative of the founding, settlement and growth of this old New England town. There are some quaint illustrations. Pp. 187. Publishers, Ward & Gow, Lincoln Building, Union Square, New York.

The Earth and the World, How Formed? A Layman's Contribution to the Religious Thought of the Times, by Abraham J. Jennings. The author of this work, a well-known Brooklyn manufacturer, aims to show the falsity of the "Nebular Hypothesis" of Laplace and others and argues boldly and intelligently for the old time doctrine of direct divine creation. If he does not prove all he asserts he at least gives lovers of the Bible good cause for holding on to its teachings as not yet demolished by any scientist ever heard from. Pp. 296. Price $1.25. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

All in Thee

Lord, would we place all trust in thee
And ever cease to fear,
How sorrows would from us depart
And thou wouldst draw so near!

How happiness would fill our souls
When trusting all to thee,
And souls, expanding with thy love,
Would grow so strong and free!

—MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

A PUNGENT FOOD DRINK
With the Taste of Coffee.

"Perhaps no one has suffered more from the use of coffee or failed oftener in the attempt to leave it off, than I have. Although I never drank more than half a cup at a time, it even then gave me sour stomach and a whole catalogue of misery. This kept up for a long period and time and again I have resolved that I positively would drink no more coffee, but alas, the rest of the family used it, and, like the reformed drunkard who smells whiskey and falls again, when I smelled coffee, I could not resist it.

"Finally we came to try Postum Food Coffee and my trouble was over at once. There I had my favorite beverage,—a crisp, dark brown, rich coffee, with a fine pungent coffee taste, and yet with no sour stomach or nervous troubles after it. On the contrary, I have gained gradually in strength and sturdy health. All who have spoken to me about Postum agree, and we have found it so, that the directions for making must be followed, and it must be boiled at least fifteen minutes, or more, and it also requires the addition of good cream. We have tried boiling it a few minutes when in a special hurry, but found it insipid and unsatisfactory; whereas by proper boiling, it is dark and rich, with a delightful flavor.

"Dr. McMillan of Sunbeam, Ill., said he had used Postum and found it to be just as good as coffee, and more healthful. He is an M.D. of fine standing. Mr. David Strong and sister have left off coffee and are using Postum, They find it much more healthful. Rev. W. T. Campbell, pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church of this city, says: 'You may say anything good that you wish, about Postum Food Coffee, and I will substantiate it.' He was a very great lover of coffee, and yet found it very injurious to his health. He now drinks Postum three times a day and the old troubles have disappeared.

"I shrink from having my name appear in public. The statement I have given you is truthful, and I hope will aid some people to discover that coffee is the cause of their aches and ails, and they are in a way to get rid of their troubles by leaving off coffee and taking up Postum Food Coffee."

This lady lives at Monmouth, Ill., and her name can be given by letter, upon application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., makers of Postum, at Battle Creek, Mich.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

OUR LITTLE FRESH-AIR GUESTS

WE would be glad if our readers could come in personal touch with some of the tenement waifs who are having a good time at Mont-Lawn, and see for themselves the character and needs of these poor little ones. Suppose you make a "play visit," as the children say, and in fancy go with one of our missionaries around the lawn to talk with some of these children—your own children, readers, for whose good you have been cooperating with us generously and prayerfully.

. . .

On the grass sits one little group by themselves—Glen, Donald and George. Glen is nine; he looks seven; Donald is nearly as large as Glen; George is five. Looking over Donald's shoulder, you see he has a well-worn Testament in his hand; he is teaching his little brothers their texts. He speaks with a strong Scotch accent, looks up at you with honest eyes, tells you that this is his own Testament that his mother gave him. She is dead. He "mothers" his little brothers. At meals, teachers seeing that he attends to their wants, forgetting his own, are doubly careful of him. In the dormitory, he helps to undress his brothers, yielding privilege to none. In the morning he fastens their buttons and tidies them as patiently and carefully as a little old woman. There are seven in the family; the father is a sturdy Scotch Presbyterian, honest, God-fearing, hard-working and very poor. The boys are very thin; they have sharp appetites. Noting their good manners and self-restraint, teachers press much bread and butter and milk upon them.

. . .

Here is a trio of little dark-eyed girls in mourning dresses of cheap stuff, neatly made. Rosie is twelve; she looks eight. Maria is six, and Tina five. They keep together. What Glen does for Donald and George, Rosie does for Maria and Tina. "How many children has your mamma?" someone thoughtlessly asks Rosie. Her eyes fill. "My mamma is dead," she says, quietly. "I have a brother fourteen years old. That's all of us." "Who made your dresses so nicely?" The dark eyes smile; "Papa," she answers. "Do you like it up here?" 'O, yes, ma'am (with an "I'm at home" air). I've been up here two summers before this." "Her mother was sick last summer when she was here," a teacher whispers. "She is her father's housekeeper—cooks, cleans up and cares for the children."

A familiar little figure hobbles cheerily across the lawn; a small hand, fresh from making mud-pies, is outstretched; a pair of dancing, dark eyes look lovingly up at you, and Henry, the cripple, introduces himself: "I was here all last summer. Last winter I learned how to cane chairs. Me and one other boy cane chairs best of any boys in school."

Hundreds of tenement waifs have found restoration to health and strength at Mont-Lawn this summer. Hundreds are pleading to go. Will you help us to send them? Three dollars will give one child a ten days' outing.

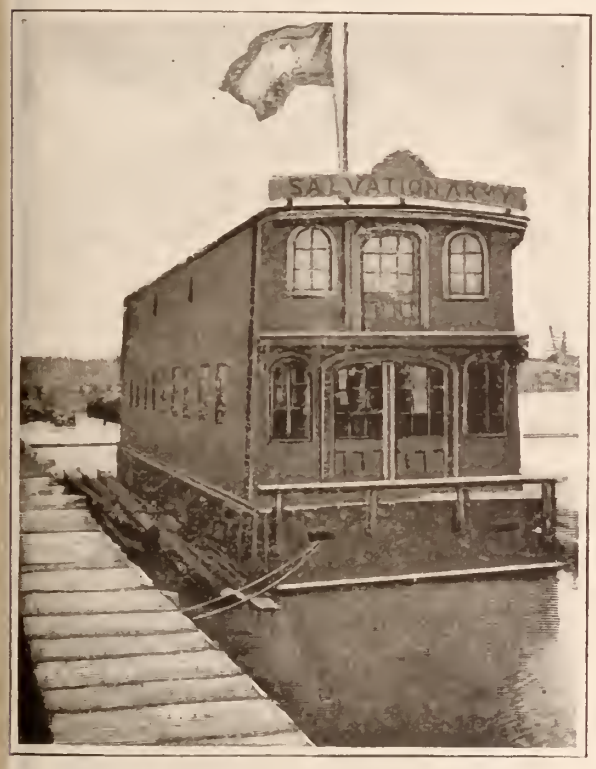
♣

A Gospel Training-Ship

...Established by the Salvation Army to Cruise on the Hudson

WHAT promises to be one of the most successful of recent innovations in Gospel work has just been put into effect by the Salvation Army. Some time ago, Commander Booth-Tucker conceived the idea of a Gospel Training-ship, to be used during the summer months for the reception and instruction of the New York cadets of the Salvation Army. It was not his purpose, however, to undertake any costly experiment: so a commodious scow was purchased, which was thoroughly overhauled and a roomy structure built on its deck, which was capable of being used either as a school or chapel. This floating Bethel was suitably furnished and the new Gospel boat was christened *The Salvationist*, and put in commission forthwith.

Through the courtesy of the Commander, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to publish a photograph of this unique craft. It is commanded by Brigadier Chandler, who has under him a corps of able officers, including Brigadiers Miles and Stillwell. Captains Narraway and Liston, Staff-Captain Nice and a full complement of musicians. There are on board under instruction about thirty cadets. The field of operations is along the Hudson River between New York and Troy. *The Salvationist's* first cruise was to Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and it was in all respects a successful one.



THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW TRAINING-SHIP

It is proposed to keep up these cruises, as long as the weather is favorable, and "to wage nightly warfare on the enemy" in the various towns and hamlets along the river, between New York and Albany. Thus far, the meetings have been well attended and marked by much spiritual interest. The characteristic Army music, the testimonies, the striking appeals to the hearts of the hearers and the fervent prayers never fail to hold the audiences to the end of the services.

♣

Lincoln University

Gen. O. O. Howard, Managing Director of Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., writes acknowledging the receipt of $509.50, contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers toward the work of the University. He makes a strong appeal for further aid for the institution and adds: "Oh, how much we need it! May we not keep our boys and girls at work and pay them for their labor in our industrial schools? May we not pay our teachers, who have worked hard and in good faith?"

You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and other diseases caused by impure blood. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier.

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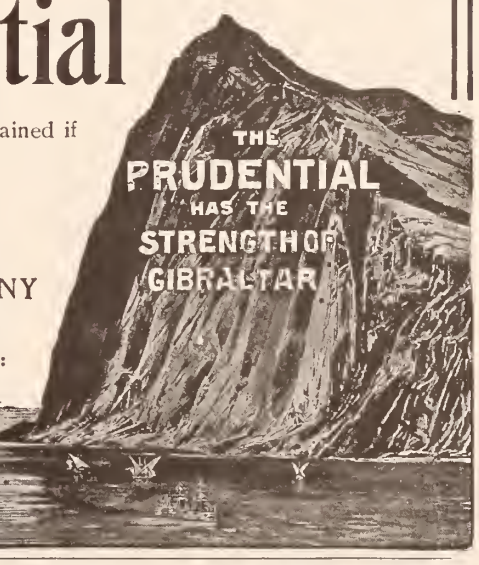

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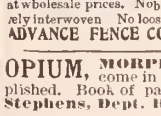

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Gentlemen: I have given your "Effervescent Salt" a good trial, and consider it a most excellent aperient and cooling drink.
Yours very truly,
CHAS. E. MANNING, M.D

44 FELIX STREET,
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Dear Sirs: I find that Abbey's Salt affords a very refreshing drink, and, taken as directed an effective laxative. The fineness of the granules is another point in its favor, allowing it to be taken while effervescing without particles of Salt undissolved entering the mouth. I found it also beneficial in a certain case of headache.
Respectfully,
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 34

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE PREMIERS WHOSE COMBINED INFLUENCE CONTROLS THE DESTINIES OF THE WORLD TO-DAY

1. Hon. John Hay, U. S. A.; 2. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, France; 3. Lord Salisbury, Great Britain; 4. Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, Germany; 5. M. De Smet de Naeyer, Belgium; 6. Khalil Rifaat Pasha, Turkey; 7. M. Dournovo, Russia; 8. M. W. H. de Beaufort, Holland; 9. Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada; 10. Dr. von Korber, Austria; 11. Herr Hannibal Schested, Denmark. (See article on page 691.)

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Sept. 19

1. What is the best definition of the true missionary spirit and what may be considered a "call""

2. Is it probable from the narrative, Judges 11: 34-40, that Jephthah really sacrificed his daughter, or merely kept her from marriage, in view of the provision, Levit. 27: 3-5?

3. Should none but consecrated men and women be admitted to membership in a church choir?

4. If a girl discovers that the man she loves is addicted to drink, and is sure that if she casts him off, the good influence she wields will be lost, and he will probably go utterly to ruin, ought she to run the risk of marrying him in the hope of saving him?

5. What are the most cogent reasons to be advanced in support of woman's right to preach and teach in spiritual affairs?

6. In view of Christ's acceptance of invitations from publicans and sinners, should the Christian accept an invitation to a party at which he knows there will be much drinking of intoxicants, playing at cards and other amusements in which he cannot consistently indulge?

7. What is the origin of the fable concerning "the man in the moon?"

8. Should a Christian attend a church in which the sermons are helpful to him when he does not agree with the creed of the church, and there is a church accessible with the creed of which he does agree, but in which the sermons are dull and lifeless?

9. Does a girl, in adopting a business career, sacrifice more than she gains?

10. Name a metaphor which is used to symbolize the body, the church, the grave and heaven, and quote the passages in which it is so used.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. By whom and for what purpose was the Peacock Throne built?

It was built by a French artificer named Austin, for Shah Jehan, one of the Mogul emperors of India. His reign was marked by the most lavish expenditure. His love of display knew no bounds. The first anniversary of his accession is said to have cost nearly $10,000,000. The capital city, Delhi, was rebuilt by him in a style of wondrous beauty. To satisfy his extreme vanity, he built the famous Peacock throne, at a cost of $32,000,000. It was one blazing mass of precious stones: diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, opals, and pearls, so arranged as to represent the plumage of a peacock in its natural state. It is now in Teheran, Persia. JOHN H. SHERRARD.

2. In what passage of the Old Testament is a duty of paramount importance, having the prospect of the happiest result, expressed in five words?

In Job 22: 21: "Acquaint now thyself with him." The result, which is certainly the happiest conceivable, is stated in the same verse: "And be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." EDWARD WRIGHT.

3. What is the origin of the bridal wreath of orange blossoms?

Orange blossoms were first used at weddings by the Saracens, who regarded them as the emblems of fecundity. Like many another, this custom was introduced into Europe by the Crusaders. There is a legend of a certain Spanish king, whose soldiers had brought him an orange tree from Morocco, and he caused it to be planted in the royal gardens and tended with great care. The blossoms were much coveted, as they were the only ones of their kind in the kingdom. One day, a branch was accidentally broken off and the gardener gave it to his pretty daughter who forthwith placed it in her tresses. A courtier seeing her, offered her a large sum of money for the precious flowers. As she was engaged to be married, but was too poor to have a dowry, she accepted his offer and used the money for her dowry. Thereafter the wreath of orange blossoms was much sought after for weddings.

EDITH C. ROBINSON.

4. Should children so young that they cannot understand the service, be taken to church, or should the father who owing to his business sees little of them during the week, stay home with them and try to instil religious principles in their minds?

Children may be very early accustomed to attend suitable church services, but great care should be taken not to make church attendance an occasion of dread and dislike. They should, at first, attend Sunday School, with an occasional attendance at some other service, which will then have the charm of novelty. As they grow older they should be induced, without compulsion, to attend Endeavor or League meetings, and still later, should be present at the evening preaching. If the pastor has the good sense to make his service short, this will not be burdensome. A colt, too early hitched to a heavy load, often becomes permanently balky: Parents take note. If the course here outlined be followed, there will still be abundant time for the father to become acquainted with the children, and church attendance will be made attractive rather than odious. C. A. FOWLER.

5. What was the name of the lad who held the basket containing the loaves and fishes that fed the multitude?

The name of the boy was Ben-Ezra. He was the son of Miriam, which name is the Hebrew for Mary, a very popular name of that period. This Miriam was the sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples. Furthermore, "Ben," is a Hebrew word meaning "son." The lad's name means "the son of Ezra"—whence we know that Ezra was the name of Miriam's husband, the father of the boy. The information is not to be found in the Bible, but is preserved by tradition and referred to by ancient writers. A. M. SOHN.

6. How should a Christian voter cast his vote for a member of Congress, if one candidate is right on political questions but is an infidel and immoral of life; while his opponent is wrong in politics, but is a consistent Christian?

On this point there may be a fair difference of opinion. The need for good legislation would seem to favor the immoral candidate who has right political views. But then, can such a man be trusted to give effect to his views? Is he not more likely to follow the dictates of self-interest rather than of public duty? On the other hand, the consistent Christian, if not right on all political questions, may in time become so, since he wants to know the right and to do it. Right men will in time produce right measures. Besides, almost all legislation is more or less of a compromise, and many questions have to be determined, not on the clear ground of right and wrong, but on the ground of expediency. In these circumstances who is to determine the right course? I take it that the man whose heart and life are right will make the fewest mistakes. For such reasons as these I conclude that the minimum of risk will be taken in voting for the consistent Christian.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

7. When did the word "news" as applied to the latest intelligence come into use and what is its significance?

The word "news" came into use about the middle of the seventeenth century. Many suppose it to be derived from the adjective new. Some declare that its origin is traceable to a custom in former times, of placing on the front page of the newspaper, the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:

N In this way they made proclamation
W—E that the paper contained intelligence
S from the four quarters of the globe. But

the letters finally came to assumn the form of the word "news," from which the term newspaper is derived; and the first published in English was in 1662. MRS. A. R. BLACKLY.

8. If a Christian man detects an employee robbing him, and decides for the sake of the culprit's family that he will not prosecute him, and subsequently sees him employed by another firm, ought he to inform that firm of the culprit's previous wrong-doing?

The employer should have avoided such a dilemma by keeping the employee in his own service and should have made his staying on condition of forgiveness. He did not do his duty to society by turning the man loose to prey on others. If he chose to refrain from prosecuting him, he should accept the consequences of his own magnanimity and keep the wrongdoer near him, so as to complete his reformation. If after a period of good behavior, the employee leaves him to go to another firm, then he is justified in keeping silence about the offence; but not in giving him a good character, if he is asked for one. If the question is put to him as to the employee's honesty, then he ought to give all the facts, but he is not bound officiously to go to the firm and give them warning. That would be to ruin the man and he might almost as well have prosecuted him in the first instance. To make an unusual use of a proverb, "One good turn deserves another," and having done the wrongdoer a good turn by forgiving him, he should do him another good turn by keeping him where he would be conscious that he would be watched and so would be kept from temptation. ERNEST MEYERS.

9. Who devised the tricolor, the national emblem of France, and under what circumstances?

When King Clovis marched on Poitiers to fight the Visigoths, he passed through Tours and took there as a banner St. Martin's cape which was blue. The first color adopted by the French was, therefore, blue, and blue remained until the acquisition of the Vexin. By this acquisition the kings of France became the protectors of St. Denis' Abbey, the banner of which, known as the Oriflamme was red, and this banner became a kind of national flag. At Bouvines, in 1214, the blue royal flag was carried at the head of the French knighthood while the red Oriflamme was the standard of the commoners. The white flag was the personal banner of Jeanne d'Arc, but finally superceded all the others and became the sign of royal power. On the other hand the colors of the city of Paris were red and blue; so when General Lafayette, in 1789 offered to Louis XIV. the tricolored cockade the combination of the three colors was emblematic of the union of the power of the king and the powers of the nation.

J. F. ROBERTSON.

10. Are all the commands of the apostles obligatory on Christians of the present day? are some of them, such as Paul's rules in reference to women, to be regarded as relating to his time only and having no obligation on us?

They should not be slavishly or unintelligently obeyed. It is easy to see from the records of the Apostolic time, the reason why some of their commands were given. If the times have so changed that the reason for the command no longer exists, then we are justified in ignoring the command. A case in point is that of I. Cor. 11: 5, where Paul forbids a woman to pray with her head uncovered, that is, unveiled. If in his day a woman appeared without her veil in public, she would at once be set down as immodest and a scandal would ensue. But now, there would be no such inference drawn; therefore, the reason having ceased to exist, the prohibition is no longer obligatory. The references to eating meat offered to idols (I. Cor. 8: 1-8 and other passages), show that the epistles were primarily intended for a particular church and to meet special difficulties. Our duty is to see on what great principle the apostles acted and apply that principle to our own problems. The apostles were writing for sane and intelligent men, not for children. The close of the same chapter (I Cor. 8: 9-13) states the principle in this case, and it is of permanent application.

HENRY DAWSON

Our India Orphan Roll of Honor

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

—Mrs. Helen, Nora and Lucilla Brant, Tennessee, become sponsors for **One Girl Orphan** (Methodist).

—Emil E. Groth, Maryland, cares for **One Orphan** (Lutheran).

—Erskine McClelland, Colorado, provides for **A Girl Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—Sunday School, of Libertyville, Ill., "Undertake care of **One Orphan** in India."

—Sabbath School Class, Bushwich, Congregational Church, provides for **A Boy Orphan.**

—Y. P. S. C. E., Union Church, Corona, L. I., pledge support for **One Boy Orphan** (Congregational); and **One Girl Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—Thomas N. Stevens, Michigan, cares for **One Orphan** for one year in Congregational School.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hagebusch, Illinois, support **An Orphan Girl** for one year (Baptist).

—F. J. Page, Iowa, pledges support for **A Boy** and **A Girl** (Methodist).

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. Bunton, Kansas, **A Girl Orphan** (Presbyterian school) that she may "become an instrument for the uplifting of the Master's Kingdom in India."

—Judge William McGregor, Illinois, takes **A Girl Orphan** "not only for the saving of the body but that she may become a usetul member of the church."

—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Graff, Nebraska, pledge support for **One Orphan Boy** (Methodist), saying: "This is from our ten weeks' old son, hoping that many parents may see the necessity for haste in giving."

—Charles E. Parker, Vermont, places **An Orphan Child** (Baptist).

—Mrs. Charles Langley, New York, selects a **Little Girl Orphan** (Episcopal or Presbyterian).

—Mr. W. T. Wilson, Pennsylvania, **An Orphan Girl** (Presbyterian).

—Mrs. H. C. Speedling, New Jersey, pledges support for **One Orphan.**

—L. B. J. and E. C. B. D., Massachusetts, join in supporting **One Orphan.**

—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Field, Massachusetts, place **A Girl Orphan** in a Congregational Home: "For the sake of our only little girl who died."

—H. D. Baker, Massachusetts, places **A Boy** and **A Girl** (Congregational) to be trained "to the end ot devoting their lives as missionaries among their own people."

—James McCluskey, for the Oakland Sabbath School, Georgia, pledges support for **One Orphan.**

—Fayette A. Smith, Kansas, takes **One Orphan Child.**

—Miss Clara B. Pancoast, Boy's House of Refuge, Maryland, **One Girl Orphan** (Baptist).

—Kenneth Seaver, Pennsylvania, **One Orphan Child** (Congregational).

—Miss G. M. Stanley, Tennessee, **A Boy Orphan**; she wishes to adopt him later and call him Henry M. Stanley.

—D. W. Hawker, Indiana, **An Orphan** for the Christian Endeavor Society of Christian Church.

—Miss Mary L. Morgan and Miss Emily Caruthers, Tennessee, **A Little Girl Orphan** (Methodist).

—David Stewart, Illinois, **One Orphan Girl.**

—M. Edna Patterson, Maryland, **A Girl Orphan** (Episcopal).

—A Friend, Connecticut, **a Girl Orphan** (Congregational).

—N. R. Jackson, Pennsylvania, **An Orphan Child** (Presbyterian).

—Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Kirk, Ohio, **One Orphan.**

—Miss Alice Ruth, Pennsylvania, **One Orphan** (Methodist).

—Mrs. D. Emerson Johnson and Mrs. Albert T. Davis, New Jersey, **An Orphan Boy** (Baptist).

—Albert A. Jagnow, New York, **A Boy Orphan** (Presbyterian), saying: "May the Lord make many hearts willing to provide for them."

—Mrs. L. T. White, N. C., **An Orphan** (Methodist).

—Mr. and Mrs. Isaac N. Crawford, Indiana, **An Orphan.**

—James W. Conner, Massachusetts, **Three Orphan Children** (Baptist).

—Friend in Missouri, **A Girl Orphan** (Baptist).

—Naomi O. Bishop, Pennsylvania, **One Orphan Child.**

—Young People of Branford Church Swedish Mission, Kansas, through Arthur E. O. Ostrander, **Our Orphan.**

—Mrs. S. W. Murray, Georgia, **One Orphan** (Methodist).

—Miss Barbara Irbine, Manitoba, **Two Orphan Children:** boy and girl (Methodist).

—Miss Willets, Brooklyn, **A Boy Orphan,** and her sister, Mrs. Millar, takes **A Girl Orphan** (Methodist).

—Peter H. Veltmysen, for the One Cent Association of New York, pledges support for **One Girl Orphan.** To be named Chloe Ruth.

—Miss Grace Ramsey, Brooklyn, takes **Two Orphans** for "as long as I can keep it up."

—Etta R. Gray, for Otter Creek Sabbath School: "Undertake **One Orphan** at least, and hope to take more."

—A Little Boy in Mississippi takes **An Orphan Boy** in India (Episcopal).

—Methodist and Baptist Union Prayer Meeting, West Virginia, through C. Jourwell, secretary, **One Orphan.**

—Elliott Smith, Missouri, **A Girl Orphan** (Methodist or Presbyterian). "Not younger than ten years and as perfect a child as possible."

—Miss C. G. Anderson, South Carolina, puts **One Orphan Child** (Methodist).

—Mary Seymour, Wisconsin, **One Orphan** in the school of Mrs. J. C. Lawson, India.

Two little girls in Illinois join in adopting **A Girl Orphan.**

—Miss H. M. Douglass, New York, **One Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—Mary Allen Thompson and sister Edith, "**A Little India Girl**—a little widow, if possible" (Presbyterian).

—Charles Lindbech, New York, **One Boy Orphan** (Methodist).

—Fenner A. Chace, Massachusetts, **One Famine Orphan.**

—Charles Fisk, Pennsylvania, for the Sabbath School class of First Presbyterian School, **One Orphan Boy,** and he himself pledges support for **Another Orphan Boy** (Presbyterian).

—Miss Lizzie McDaniel, Missouri, **An Orphan Girl** (Methodist).

—Miss Susan Smyser, Pennsylvania, **One Orphan** for three and a half years.

—Anne Lovett, Nova Scotia, **One Orphan.**

—Friend and Well Wisher, Kentucky, **An Orphan Child,** adding: "May God bless these few dollars to the conversion of the child as well as to supply its bodily needs."

Miss M. A. Cole, New York, **A Girl Orphan** (Reformed Church).

—Mrs. Richard Holyoke, Washington, **A Girl Orphan** (Baptist).

—Mr. T. H. Conrad, Pennsylvania, takes **A Girl Orphan,** and Mrs. Conrad takes **A Boy Orphan,** and adding: "Teach them to love Jesus and be good Christians."

—Mrs. G. MacDonald, Maryland, **An Orphan Child** (Episcopal) says: "I feel that the Lord has opened the way by which these people are to be saved." Mrs. MacDonald is a widow with no children.

—Mrs. L. T. White, North Carolina, **An Orphan Child** (Methodist).

—Charlotte M. Kuhl, Pennsylvania, **Two Orphans,** a boy and a girl (Methodist).

—Rev. C. C. Towly, Massachusetts, **A Boy Orphan** (Congregational).

—Mrs. E. Kelmme, Illinois, at a children's meeting in Gospel Tent, Humboldt Park, secured support for **One Orphan.**

—Through Mrs. S. M. Hodgkins, Maine, for her Sabbath School class and her little son, **Two Orphans.**

—Grace Blanchard, Vermont, takes **One Little Girl,** saying: "I am eleven years old and earned part of the money by picking berries."

—Charles W. Shaw, Maryland, writes: "My little boy is interested and wants to do something for India. Please accept enclosed check and pick out a bright **Little Orphan Girl.** I would like my boy to be able to follow his first efforts in mission work."

Miscellaneous Questions

M. E. B., Fargo, O. Would you advise a young man about to engage in missionary work or any special Christian work, to become a member of a secret order or lodge?

No; if he is earnest in his purpose to devote his life to the Lord's work, he should lay aside "every weight," and avoid all connection that might prove an impediment in his new field. (See Heb. 12: 1).

W. L. H., Glenside, Pa., writes suggesting that, by way of a simple rebuke to profanity when one hears the Divine name sinfully used he should say to the swearer: "My friend only use that name when you cry for mercy."

A. H. H., Chicago, Ill. We cannot discuss politics in these columns. You should support the party and the candidates that are approved by your conscience, and which you believe would give the country the most upright government.

Mrs. R. B. L. 1. Send to American Tract Society, New York. 2. Publishing the stories of good deeds stirs to emulation. Photographs give a human interest to the recital. 3. Full faith in God would make such acts unnecessary.

O. P. K., Killeen, Tex. Both violate the moral law, in degree and are, besides, encouraging others to do likewise. In addition, B is assisting men to violate the State law. The Christian profession does not harmonize with such conduct.

DR. TALMAGE IN RUSSIA'S CAPITAL

Editorial Correspondence

THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC, ST. PETERSBURG

WITHIN a short time e saw in the apital of Russia baptism, a edding and a urch service. he babe to be aptized was ree days of ge. The god-ther and the od-mother ood in the ca-edral, in the and of each a ndle, not to ve light, for it as day-time, ut in solemn eremony. Two riests officiated, e one read-g from a book nd intoning the words, the other respond-g in what I suppose to be a Russian men." The priests were quite richly robed, nd conspicuous on their ecclesiastical attire as the cross. How wonderfully strange that e rough wood of that instrument of torture at was planted centuries ago on the hill utside Jerusalem, horizontal piece against erpendicular piece, should have become the hief symbol of these three great religions of e world—the Greek, the Roman Catholic nd the Protestant! Nothing like the cross to npress an audience, or solemnize a marriage, r inflame a host in battle!

After quite a prolonged making of prayers nd readings from the Scriptures, one of the riests opened a small vial of oil and dipped to it a brush and put a drop upon the fore-ead and the chin and the eyelids and the ands and the toes of the child. I took the eaning of this to be that the infant was to e wholly consecrated. Then more prayers nd more readings and crossings of the fore-ead and breast by priests and god-father and od-mother and audience. Then the priest nrolled the child from the blanket in which was wrapped, and the little one, without any waddling clothes, was put clear under a vase f tepid water, and the second time and the ird time completely buried in baptism. Then e infant was lifted and wrapped again in the lanket, while the god-mother hushed as well s she could the affrighted child's crying. hen, three times, those who had administered nd those who had been administered unto alked around the sacred vessel in which the hild had been immersed. More prayers and ore readings, and then all the participants in e ceremony kissed the book from which the eremony had been read. Then the lights ere extinguished and the scene ended. No oubt that everything done that day had a ymbolical meaning, and whether one liked or isliked the ceremony, he must be impressed ith the desire of all good parentage the world ver to have children start life with a blessing.

* * *

But we turn to another occasion. We saw a reat flutter of excitement and delight at the oor of a cathedral. We knew right away it as a wedding, and not many seconds of time assed before we stood near the altar to see mething we had never witnessed—a Russian edding. The bride was fair and looked appy, and excited our admiration for the anner in which she endured the marriage ervice of more than half an hour in length. he did not look different from an American ride. The same bouquet in her hand, the ame white veil, the same satin dress with long ain. But everything else was as different as ossible. Two priests officiated. The deep ass voice of the one and the soft vocalization f the other were something memorable. here seemed to be but one word of promise n the part of those about to be united. They ook the sacrament standing, the priest hold-ng the wine to their lips. There was a going o and fro from a room behind the altar which eemed a "holy of holies." A priest, with his ack to the couple, read again and again from n ornamented book. A lighted candle in the and of the bride and one in the hand of the ridegroom.

After a while, from a room in the rear of he altar, a man advanced with two crowns nd two rings upon a platter. The crowns seemed of silver adorned with precious stones, or imitations of precious stones. These crowns were then waved by the priest over the heads of those to be wedded, and waved three times, and the waving followed the shape of a cross. Then two attendants held the crowns above the heads of the candidates for marriage, and at no time did the crowns touch the heads. The priest put a ring upon the hand of the bride and a ring on the hand of the bridegroom. Then the priest exchanged the rings, and the one that had been put upon the hand of the bride he put upon the hand of the bridegroom, and that which he had put upon the hand of the bridegroom he put upon the hand of the bride. Then the priest took hold of the joined hands of bride and bridegroom and led them three times around the altar, the lady attendant of the bride, by considerable skill, keeping the long trail of dress moving aright in the procession. Then the priest advanced to the happy pair and blew out the lights, and the crowns were put back upon the platter. The bride and groom then ascended the steps near a picture of Christ and kissed it. I testify that they were thoroughly married. The priests disappeared and the wedded couple turned around to receive the congratulations of friends, and the groom was kissed by the men as well as by the women. It was only by suppression of ourselves that we did not join the congratulating group and express our good wishes that the yoke might set easy on both necks while the twain pull the load of life up the steep hill. Blessed marriage! Inaugurated in the Garden of Eden, and a perfect relation until sin entered. But do not put all the blame on Eve. She never would have tempted Adam with the apple if he had not coaxed for a bite of it.

* * *

And now we hear the sound of singing, the mighty bass overpowering the other parts, for we are entering the cathedral of St. Isaac. It is Sabbath morning in St. Petersburg. There is no roll of organs. The Greek Church has no instruments of music, but makes up, by special drill of great choirs, for absence of key and pedal. We move into the building under the hoisted inscription in letters of bronze, "To the King of kings," and between two great pillars of Finland granite, there being 112 of them, soaring into Corinthian capitals, and along by columns of richest malachite, and by pedestals of porphyry, and under arches that seem like hovering eternities, and join a vast assemblage in a building so large that no human voice can fill it. There are sunrises and sunsets in marble, and a very carnage of color that seems deluged with blood of battle-fields. Though I could not hear a distinct word, I was impressed and overpowered with the solemnities. There are no seats, and so all stand except as they kneel. Side by side the affluent and the beggared, the richly robed and the ragged, those hard in crime and innocent childhood. Many thousands, all bowing, all making the sign of the cross, many of them not only kneeling, but reverently putting their forehead down against the cold stone floor.

In the midst of the service there comes down upon the assemblage an awful hush, and the multitudes are as silent as the dead, when the "royal door" of embellished panels back of the altar slowly opens, and the chief of the ecclesiastics enters, carrying the "holy eucharist," and to offer prayers for the imperial household. We lean against a pillar of lapis lazuli and inhale the redolence of the incense swung from the censors, and gaze with enchantment now at the figures in bronze representing "The Adoration of the Magi," and now at the group showing us the "Angel at the Tomb," and then looking at very dark blocks of stone illumined with flashes of light, so that the granite seems to have been cut out of some midnight irradiated with aurora borealis. A building worth kingdoms in cost of money, yet the sanctuary of many who have not where to lay their heads. All up and down this immensity of architecture a kissing of the pictures of Christ, and a lighting of candles by worshipers who have purchased them at the doorways, and then these candles devoutly placed in sockets provided for them. Oh, what music! It sounds as if rained from heaven. It seems made up of the sublimest parts of great oratorios. Even the echoes seemed charged with solemnities. The reverberations of that service will linger in our ears until they are closed forever. What a procession of grand marches! What an enthronement of halleiujahs! What doxologies in stone! That cathedral is the frozen prayer of a great nation.

* * *

It is worth a journey across all the continents and all the seas to attend the ten o'clock Sabbath morning service in St. Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. How many superstitions mingled in the service I do not conjecture. I cannot be critical. It is the best way of feeling their way up to God and heaven that they know of. That they are in earnest no one who has been present at such a service can doubt for a moment. They do the best they can in the way of worship. I have no doubt there will be millions of people in heaven who never thought as we do. The thirty or forty genial Christians with whom we sat at the Lord's Supper in Holy Communion an hour afterward in the British and American chapel are not all the people who will get to heaven from St. Petersburg. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

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Beware of Wolves in Sheep's Clothing

A TIMELY WORD OF WARNING TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INDIA FAMINE FUND

THE New York *Tribune* recently exposed a well-organized attempt to defraud the public. It appears that a group of evil-designing persons with a view to swindling sympathetic and charitable people, banded together, adopted a name strikingly similar to that used by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the Committee of One Hundred in connection with India relief operations, and then put forth systematic efforts to raise funds, under the pretense that they were to be used for India Famine and Orphan Relief. They had appointed a general manager, district manager, local manager and other officers, and were evidently reaping a bountiful harvest, when, fortunately for the cause of charity, their iniquitous career was brought to a sudden end.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received by wire and letter numerous inquiries as to the reliability of this, that or the other self-constituted Eastern or Western, Local or District Manager of India Famine Relief Work, nearly all of whom were entire strangers and unknown to us. Of course there are many good people engaged in soliciting funds for this beneficent purpose, doing so without hope of fee or reward, and who are deserving of unstinted commendation, but wolves in disguise will occasionally get into the sheep-fold, and as the diversion of a single dollar from this fund may mean the sacrifice of a life, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in view of the *Tribune's* exposure, deems it a sacred duty to put the friends of India on their guard, lest in remitting funds they employ roundabout or questionable channels of transmission, either of which is apt to entail a total loss of the amount involved.

* * *

In order that there may be no misunderstanding, and that every dollar intended for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief Work may promptly and surely reach its real destination, we beg to state the following:

First: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not authorize any person or persons in any section of the country to officially represent its India Famine or Orphan Relief Work.

Second: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cannot assume responsibility for funds not actually paid over to it.

Third: Make your checks payable to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Fund. It is a dangerous experiment to draw checks or money orders to the order of self-constituted managers.

Fourth: For every contribution paid over to it THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends an **official receipt from its headquarters in New York.**

Fifth: If you have given money intended for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief operations and have not received such official receipt from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and **postmarked New York City,** the money has not yet been paid over to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Sixth: The only Relief Ship sent to India was sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and there is **no other vessel now loading** anywhere for that purpose.

Seventh: If you think you have occasion to believe that you have been imposed upon in this matter by any one claiming to represent THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, write us, stating the date of payment, amount of payment and to whom paid, and we will endeavor to trace the transaction.

...MY VISIT TO CHINA'S CAPITAL...

PEKIN, CITY OF GODS, TEMPLES, PALACES AND DIRT, NOW THREATENED WITH INVASION

BY W. J. JOHNSTON

CHINESE DEITY WARDING OFF EVIL SPIRITS

A GOD OF THE FIVE TOWE TEMPLE

NO other city is so much in the public mind at the present time as is Pekin. Reading and thinking men and women the world over are wondering when the allied troops will enter the Chinese capital, and if they will be in time to save the lives of the besieged ministers. As a matter of fact, before this issue of the paper reaches the subscribers, the cable may bring news of the occupation of the city by the militant Western powers. Will the foreign governments consider overtures of peace until they have taught John Chinaman a salutary lesson? Must the allied forces contest every foot of the ground, or will the hordes of the strong and fanatically-determined, but badly trained and poorly-officered Chinese, after a few reverses, flee before the disciplined and well-led armies of invasion, as they did before the Japanese in 1894? Will the attacking troops be obliged to batter down the massive walls surrounding the capital, or will the authorities, by that time weary of the struggle, open the gates to their foreign foes? When the latter are there, will they and their respective governments agree on the next step, and the next? What is to become of the Dowager-Empress, of the Emperor, of the Manchu dynasty, which is itself foreign? And what of the future? There must be safeguards to prevent outbreaks of this kind occurring again. The rights of traders and other representatives of Western civilizations and Western governments must now be clearly defined. The missionary question and the status of native Christians will also have to be taken up and properly settled once for all.

A STREET SCENE IN PEKIN

that after they have devoted their lives to one method, it would be manifestly unfair to substitute another, and thereby throw them out of employment, with nothing practical in the way of education to fall back upon. Prof. Tenney was at that time on his way to Pekin, with the view to submitting to the authorities a plan by which Western methods might be introduced gradually, in such a manner as not to interfere with men in office at the present time. His idea, which, to all who have considered it, seems sensible and feasible, was to give students the choice of the new or the old, grading them equally for like proficiency in either, and following the same rule with regard to promotio

I found the capital of the Chinese Empire one of the most interesting a picturesque of cities. Caravans of camels, driven by ferocious-looking Tartars a carrying tea for Russia; hundreds of gray donkeys, ridden by all sorts and cor tions of Chinese: carts conveying the silk-robed official or member of the nobili Mongolians in sheepskins; yellow-clad priests from Tibet; prosperous Chin merchants with their hands so completely lost in their wide slee as to make them appear armless; women peeping out fr their seclusion at the unusual sight of a foreigner— these made a kaleidoscopic panorama one is l likely to forget. Pekin is certainly the dirti city in the world. American consuls a others took me to see the most squa quarters of other Chinese tow for which they claimed that tinction, but none of th could hold a candle to kin in filth and absence municipal oversight. T streets are unpaved a so uneven that only t modes of locomot are feasible. The le uncomfortable is donkey-back, wh the other alternat is traveling in a tw wheeled springless ca

"WAN SHON TSE," THE EMPRESS' TEMPLE

CHIEN MEN, OR FRONT GATE, BY WHICH THE ALLIES MUST ENTER

These are some of the problems which associate themselves with Pekin, and make it the theme of so many discussions. It is because I have just returned from an extended tour around the world, during which I traveled considerably in China—particularly in Northern China—that the Editor has asked me to let him reproduce, for the benefit of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, some of the photographs I brought back with me, and also to jot down a few impressions suggested by my visit to Pekin.

I may begin by saying that, whatever the result, so far as the present dynasty is concerned, of the conflict now in progress between oriental conservatism and occidental progressiveness, those best acquainted with conditions in the Celestial Empire think that the ultimate outcome of the difficulty will be of distinct benefit even to China. The upheaval may, for example, eradicate some of the crying evils of official corruption, as well as reform the absurd system of competitive examinations in poetry and the musty old classics, on which alone government appointments are now based.

After noting the excellent effect of the introduction of Western methods into Japan, I was unable to understand why China should be so backward in this respect. Traveling between Tien-Tsin and Pekin with a well-known American educator in China—Prof. C. D. Tenney, president of the Imperial Tien-Tsin University—I learned one of the principal reasons for it. Although many Chinese admit the utter uselessness of the present system, any attempt to introduce a radical change is met with the most violent opposition, particularly on the part of the literati and officials. These say, and say truly, which one soon finds to be a rumbling and creaking instrument of torture

Pekin lies in almost the same latitude as New York, and its climate is v similar. There are slightly greater extremes of heat and cold—six or seven degr each way—but the average for the year in Pekin is 53 degrees against 51 degrees New York. The rainy season continues during July and August, but notwithsta ing the rains a temperature of 100 degrees is not unusual at this season of the ye Toward the end of November, on the other hand, the river Pei-ho freezes up, a Pekin is for several months isolated from the rest of the world.

The name Pekin means northern court or capital, as distinguished from N king, the southern capital. Historians say that as far back as 1121 B. C. a c occupied the site of Peking.

The population is not so dense as we have been led to suppose. Two centu ago, Pekin was believed to have 3,000.(inhabitants, but there are now thou to be only about 800,000. There never been a census, so anything like exact estimate is impossible.

Pekin is geometrical in outline. T Chinese or outer city is in the form of oblong. Adjoining it on the north is Manchu or Tartar City, which is a squa four and a half miles each way, wh walls run almost exactly to the four poi of the compass. Within the Manchu c lies the Imperial city, and in the cen of the whole city is the palace of Emperor. Surrounded by wall and m and thoroughly guarded, this quarte so inaccessible that it is known as the "f bidden" town. The visitor, therefo must content himself with a glimpse its yellow tile roofs.

CHINESE BURYING-GROUNDS IN THE SUBURBS

SHEH-HO-YIEN NATIVE SHOPS

IMPERIAL CAVALRY

IN THE REAR OF THE SUMMER PALACE

The imperial city occupies about one-fifth of the Tartar city, beside the Palace includes within its walls temples, many public buildings, residences of officials, private dwellings, shops and some of the foreign legations. One of the most interesting sights in the imperial city is Prospect Hill, so called because it is said to consist of coal, which in case of a siege would be used for fuel by the city. It was in a pavilion on this hill that the last of the Ming emperors, Tsung-Cheng, committed suicide, after hearing that the Manchus had conquered his capital. The hill is adorned with many temples.

In the Tartar city are located the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office, and the headquarters of Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-general of Imperial Chinese Customs. Nearby are clustered the American, British and other legations, foreign banks and business houses.

The principal sights of the Chinese city are the temple or altar of heaven and the temple of agriculture. Thither goes the Emperor each spring, to pray for a prosperous year, and to start with a gold-handled plow the first furrow, after which the Chinese multitudes begin to sow their fields. The temples of Pekin and its environs are famous the world over. The Lama Temple is a monastery of the Buddhist religion, and contains more than a thousand priests or Lamas, principally Mongols, with a few Thibetans. It possesses a colossal statue of Buddha, seventy feet in height. Two elephants of cast bronze with *email cloisonne* before this temple are considered among the best productions of Chinese art.

The Confucian Temple dates back as far as the thirteenth century, although the present buildings were erected during this dynasty. Here the Emperor or his representative comes to worship the great sage twice a year.

THE CITY OF PEKIN WITHIN THE WALL

The Temple of Heaven was erected during the Ming dynasty, although there is no doubt that its place was occupied by an altar even before that time. Connected with it is the Palace of Abstinence, where the Emperor passes a night in watching and meditation, previous to offering his sacrifices. Near it is the large terrace, nine feet high and faced with green-glazed tiles, where a whole bullock is sacrificed at the time of sacrifice. Near by is the "altar for prayers on behalf of the harvest." Opposite is the Temple of Agriculture, where on a special piece of ground kept for the purpose, the Emperor, as already mentioned, plows in the spring, to set an example of industry to his subjects. The grain sown by him is consecrated by the priests and afterward offered by him as a sacrifice.

In striking contrast to these temples are the Christian churches erected by the various missions, the oldest of which, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, was built in 1601. Such is the veneration paid by the Chinese to their ancestors, that the railway from Tien-Tsin to Pekin, although passing over a level country, winds tortuously, in order to avoid running over graves which the company was unable to buy.

In China, as well as in other parts of the Orient, I liked to talk, when I could, with the natives themselves. I remember one such chat which gave me an excellent insight into the character and self-complacency of the people. The man held an important official position, which brought him considerably into contact with foreigners. He spoke and wrote perfect English, having taken the English course in one of the universities. I told him I was glad to notice his proficiency in this respect, and added that I thought English would soon be almost the universal language of the world. He laughed.

"You must not think," he replied, "that we out here learn English for its own sake."

I looked at him with an interrogation point in each eye, and he went on:

"It is only to help qualify us for better paying positions than we should otherwise be able to command that we learn English."

"Is Christianity making much progress in this section?" I next asked.

"No, and it ought not to."

"Why?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, you have nothing to teach us in the matter of religion. Our own religion is much better than yours."

"But," I persisted, "some of your natives do become Christians."

"Always from ulterior motives," he rejoined. "If I could get a sufficiently better paying position than I now have, I might become a Christian. If by becoming a Christian I could marry a wealthy foreigner, I might do it. There would have to be a good inducement."

It is impossible for one who has not visited China to appreciate the depths of egotism and prejudice of the people, and how bitterly jealous they are of everything foreign. The spiritual missionary, however well intentioned he may be, gets no credit for unselfishness or sincerity from the natives, who themselves seem devoid of such qualities. In the public mind, the missionary is the forerunner of the trader and the soldier; of railway and other concessions to foreigners; of seizure of territory; of partition and every other form of national disaster, and that is one of the principal reasons why the missionary finds his task so difficult in China.

CELLS IN WHICH STUDENTS TAKE THEIR EXAMINATIONS

THE FUNERAL OF A HIGH OFFICIAL IN PEKIN

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

A BAD BARGAIN

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Mark 8: 36: . . .

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

MEN of all occupations are to be found in the assemblies of the house of God, but in these days of extensive business operations, a large proportion are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in bargain-making. In many of the families, across the breakfast-table and the tea-table are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this? What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which cost you ten dollars for five dollars. If you had a property that was worth fifteen thousand dollars, you would not sell it for four thousand dollars. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain-making. Are you as wise in the things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen, he spoke of the Gospel net. When he talked to the farmers, he said, "A sower went forth to sow." When he talked to the shepherds, he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right when speaking to an audience made up of bargain-makers, that I address them in the words of my text, asking, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I propose, as far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of the two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dew-drops are God's thoughts in pearl. The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edge of the wave white with the foam of crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears, after the storm is over! How bright the oar of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal-blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the harebell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swarthier worlds, larger worlds than this; but I think that this is a most exquisite world—a mignonette on the bosom of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul! give me that world! I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!"

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds and the book of mortgages and the book of judgments and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way exactly suited to your want; but if you cannot get a good title, you will not take it. Now, I am here to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession, I may be driven away from it. Ay, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world, I may have to part with the world; and what kind of a title do you call that?

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises; but when Death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says, "Off of this place! You have no right any longer to the possession." We might cry out, "I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say, "We have a warrantee deed for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say, "We have a lien on that storehouse;" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal and cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have anything to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you can give no insurance.

Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been fifteen worlds, in the last two centuries, that have disappeared. At first, they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red—they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered. And if the geologist be right in his prophecy, then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no; it is a world that is burning now. Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house, he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement," you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now, between my house and my church in Brooklyn, there was a reach of land which was not built on. I asked what was the matter, and they replied that everybody who had anything to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had anything to do with it, as a possession has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron? Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says:

> Drank every cup of joy,
> Heard every trump of fame;
> Drank early, deeply drank,
> Drank draughts which common millions might have quenched,
> Then died of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

Oh, yes; he had trouble with it; and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, the victor lies down to die, his entire possession the military boots that he insisted on having upon his feet while he was dying.

Here is a man who has had a large estate for forty or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with compass and chains. That is not the way to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket, and take out a tape-line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way, and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no; I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul!

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up my mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make a bargain without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia Mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience, taking its judgment-seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might, but silence—silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. With one sweep of its wing, it circles the universe, and overvaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty, it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. It drives back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap, it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. It is superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world, out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things; and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! but oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth, they die forever. In the sunny valleys of heaven, shall not the marigold creep? On the hills of heaven, will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven, will not the jasmine climb? "My beloved is come down into his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous?

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror comes back after the battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling and the other arm holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say, "That man fought for us, and imperiled his life for us;" and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven and we meet him face to face and feel that he was wounded in the head and wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the side for us, methinks we will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time gazing in silence, until some leader amidst the white-robed choir shall lift the baton of light, and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee; and all heaven then will break forth into, "Hosanna! hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid two hundred thousand dollars for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid two hundred thousand dollars for it." I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

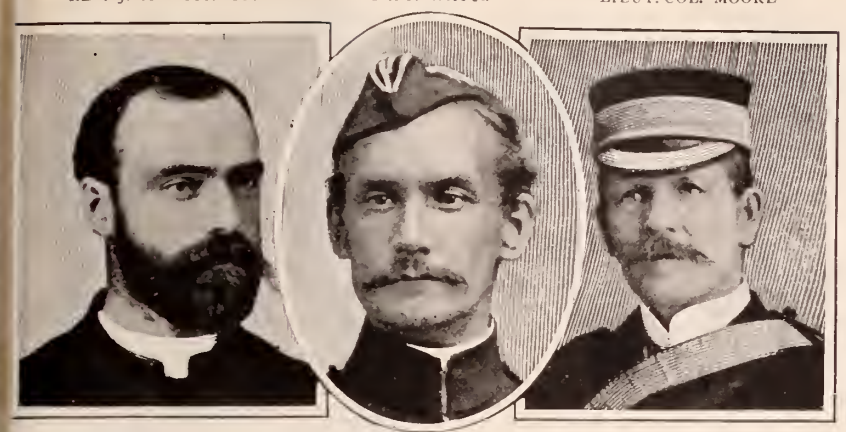
I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought that a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of sardonyx mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional doxology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight; but no, the ages of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God; forever and forever, tramp, tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever-increasing felicity. Will you trade? Will you trade even? Remember, it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth five thousand dollars, and he is cheated out of it, he may get five thousand dollars somewhere else; but a man who invests his soul, invests all. Losing that, he loses all. Saving that, he saves all. In the light of my text, it seems to me as if you were offering your soul to the highest bidder; and I hear you say, "What is bid for it, my deathless spirit? What is bid for it?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." You say, "Begone! that is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world? No! Begone!" But there is some one else in the audience not so wise as that. He says, "What is bid for my immortal soul?" Satan says, "I will bid the world." "The world? Going at that, going at that, going! Gone!" Gone forever!

Well, there are a great many people who say, "I will not sell my soul for the world. I find the world is an unsatisfying portion." What, then, will you do with your soul? Some one whispers here, "I will give my soul to Christ." Will you? That is the wisest resolution you ever made. Will you give it to Christ? When? To-morrow? No; now. I congratulate you if you have come to such a decision. Oh, if the eternal Spirit of God would now come down upon you and show you the vanity of this world and the immense importance of Christ's religion and the infinite value of your own immortal souls, what an hour this would be! what a moment this would be! Do you know that Christ has bought your soul? Do you know that he has paid an infinite price for it? Do you know that he is worthy of it? Will you give it to him?

God help you rightly to cipher out this sum in Gospel arithmetic. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

REV. J. M. WITHYCOMBE CAPT. WATTS LIEUT.-COL. MOORE



Canada's Militant Christians

The Young Men of the Churches of Prince Edward Island in Military Organization

BY REV. G. EDWIN TALMAGE

MANY pastors in the United States have learned by experience the advantages of bringing the boys of their churches into military ganization. They have testified that it as developed their natures physically and iritually, and has induced habits of der, punctuality and decision that have ad a good influence on their subsequent reers. Canada has not been slow in lopting the idea, and I recently witnessed exhibition of its success that may be interest to the readers of THE CHRISIAN HERALD. Very often, when a plant taken from one country to anther, it changes its nature, and metimes it even acquires new roperties and value. The peole of Prince Edward Island, lyg in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, e quite interested in their own eculiar development of the Boys' rigade.

Prince Edward Island is one f the distinct provinces in the ominion of Canada. It has its wn capital, parliament and lieunant-governor, and resembles ne of our smaller States. There e three counties in the province, nd the boys of the brigade are uite hopeful that before another ear there may be a full regiment, ith a separate brigade in each ounty. The last weeks in July itnessed a grand gathering and ncampment of all the boys at harlottetown, the capital of the rovince, and all of the citizens ere very much interested, visitg the camp and watching the arades. The daily rations and ne expenses were provided for illingly by the citizens. This ear there were about 120 boys camp; next year there will oubtless be many more.

At the last grand drill and inection, the colonel made an adress, congratulating the companies upon eir drill and military bearing as well as eir behavior. He said that, in all his xperience in camp life, he had never had etter behaved men under his direction. he colonel was Lieut.-Col. Moore, of ne Canadian Artillery, who gladly gave f his service and his experience, and ho stationed the camp in the governent grounds, near Victoria Park. Durg the grand inspection, the various ompanies went through the evolutions nd drill with military precision. Many f the movements were new to them and ere only learned while at camp.

This movement began three years ago, ith an effort on the part of the Rev. J. I. Withycombe, Rector of St. Mary's hurch, Summerside, to interest the boys f his parish. He decided to copy the oys' Brigade as it is found in the United tates, and to adapt it to Canadian conitions. In this he has been quite sucessful. The boys adopted the uniform f the Canadian Artillery, and drilled ith great regularity. There was no ilitary officer in Summerside, so Mr. Withycombe was compelled to learn the anual himself. At the grand inspection, he looked every inch the soldier and so lid his boys.

For two years it seemed impossible to aise any other companies. Pastors looked at it askance. They thought it was unwieldy, too expensive, not likely to last. But two years convinced them, and now there is a company in the Methodist Church of Charlottetown, which also wears the artillery uniform. This company is in charge of Mr. Watts, the organist of the church, and a very popular man in Charlottetown. The St. James Presbyterian Church organized a company under the direction of Major Stewart. The boys adopted the Highland uniform, and looked well in their kilts and plaids. It will be seen that the boys are always in charge of the best men in the church, who throw in their lot and interest with the boys and thus win and hold them. The Highland company took the trophy that was given by Paymaster (Prof.) L. B. Miller, and were very proud of the silver cup, which was presented to them by Mrs. Miller. In order to win this, although one of the youngest of the companies, they had drilled day after day.

A "BOYS' BRIGADE" IN HIGHLAND DRESS AND KHAKI ON PARADE

The pastor of the Presbyterian church is in South Africa, where he is chaplain of the Canadian contingent. One night, Mrs. Fullerton, his wife, sent a load of ice cream to the camp, and made all of the boys her debtors.

Two of the companies were organized in the two Episcopal churches, St. Peter and St. Paul. They adopted the khaki uniform which is so very popular to-day. The rector of St. Paul is the chaplain of the brigade.

When it was decided to have an encampment, Col. Moore agreed to be commandant, and placed tents and bedding at the disposal of the troops. The quartermaster agreed to superintend the distribution of the rations.

On Sunday, the boys marched to church preceded by the band, each denomination worshiping in its own church and all reforming in line to return to camp. It was quite thrilling to see all of these boys in uniform, and to watch them as they took part heartily in the services or listened to the sermon. In St. Paul's, some of the boys belonged to the choir, and took their places in the chancel, but clad in their khaki uniform.

PREMIERS FOR WAR OR PEACE

The Great Statesmen who Control the Destinies of the Nations

SEE PORTRAITS ON FIRST PAGE

AT a time when a great world-conflict seems to threaten the nations, as an outcome of the troubles in China, it is opportune to regard, with more than passing attention, the men who, standing at the head of affairs in the various Cabinets, are the real arbiters of the situation. It rests with them, to a large extent, to decide for war or peace. It is clearly of the first importance that the leaders in the various Cabinets should be men of the highest ability, patriots as well as statesmen.

On the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are presented the portraits of the leading premiers of the globe at the present day. Best known of these is Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. He is seventy years old, and is a pronounced type of the English Conservative. He was trained in the political school of Disraeli, and has been in public life since 1854, when he entered Parliament for Stamford, and at once was recognized as an able debater. His first prominent position was as Secretary for India in Lord Derby's Cabinet of 1866. He was Secretary for India in the Disraeli Cabinet, and was Britain's representative at the Constantinople Conference. In 1878, he succeeded Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary, and in the same year he accompanied the Earl of Beaconsfield to the famous Congress at Berlin. The death of the latter made Lord Salisbury head of the Conservative party, and he is now serving, for the third time, as Prime Minister. He is a consistent advocate of pacific methods in diplomacy.

Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, Chancellor of the German empire, is almost eighty, but is still vigorous, intellectually and physically. He is described as "the smallest member of the Reichstag," being not more than five feet in height and with a correspondingly slight figure. His face indicates the diplomat rather than the statesman, with more of acumen and refinement than inherent strength. He is a man of indomitable will and has great influence with the Emperor. He is brief in his speeches, and intense in his opposition to political self-seekers. He is recognized as a good leader and successful minister.

Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier and Minister of the Interior, is a comparatively young man, having been born in 1846, but has already had a wide experience in public affairs. He was Minister of the Interior in the Gambetta Cabinet, and again held that office in the Ferry Cabinet in 1883. He is classed as an extreme moderate in his political convictions. He is one of the most successful lawyers and advocates in France, and gave up an annual professional income of 500,000 francs, when he became Premier.

In Russia, the Prime Minister is President of the Council of Ministers. The present holder of this important post is Mr. Dournovo. He comes of an old family of the Russian nobility. Before becoming Prime Minister in 1898, he was Minister of the Interior. He is essentially a man of peace, conservative and unaggressive in his methods. He is a great favorite of the Czar and the Empress Dowager, and was one of the most trusted advisers and confidential counselors of the present Czar's father.

Prime Minister Luigi Pelloux, of Italy, is a soldier rather than a statesman. He is sixty years of age, and had been Minister of War several times when, upon the fall of the Rudini Ministry after the great bread riots in Milan, the late King Humbert called upon him to form a Cabinet. He belongs to the left, or opposition party which, in Italy, represents the progressive or liberal element, and believes in the methods of the camp rather than those of the Cabinet.

In Holland, M. W. H. de Beaufort is President of the Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He won considerable reputation by the manner in which he presided over the deliberations of the Peace Conference held at the Hague last year. He is a moderate Liberal, a member of the Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament, and a Regent of the University of Utrecht. He is a man of wealth, a philanthropist, and a friend of peace.

In Denmark is presented the strange spectacle of one of the most exalted positions in the kingdom and one of the smallest offices being held simultaneously by the same man. Hannibal Schested is not only Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, but he is also the Mayor of Brohorm, his native town. He is a great land owner and served for many years in the Landstinget or Senate. He has long been well-known as a strong leader of the Conservative party, and he has been Premier since April of this year.

Dr. von Korber, Prime Minister of Austria, has spent the greater part of his public life in the Ministries of Commerce and Railroads. In 1897 he was appointed Minister of Commerce, and he became Premier early in the present year. He is said to possess a phenomenal business capacity and a wonderful memory.

De Smet De Naeyer has held the office of Prime Minister of Belgium, with the exception of a few months, continuously since 1894, when he succeeded De Beernaert as Premier and Chief of the Cabinet. His chief work as Prime Minister has been the successful passing of the law giving each party proportional representation in Parliament, guaranteeing to the Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists a representation proportionate to their real voting strength. He advocates the diplomacy that makes for peace.

The present Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire, Khalil Rifaat Pacha, is also the President of the Council, and has held the dual office for about six years. He is seventy-five years of age, not at all a "jingo," but a most conservative official, and more than a match for the average European diplomat.

Concerning our own Secretary of State, Hon. John Hay, and the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, it is not necessary to enter into detail. Both are able, earnest men, above partisanship and holding broad and statesmanlike views on questions of international interest.

On the whole, the premiers may be regarded as eminently men of peace, who believe in war only as a last resort; yet men who in great emergencies are equal to any demand that courage or patriotism may impose upon them.

LAYMEN CALLED TO THE JOY OF HARVEST

THE SEVENTY SENT FORTH

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 2: Luke 10: 1-11; 17-20.

Golden Text, Luke 10: 2: The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

"PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE"

LEARNED men have translated this lesson from Greek into English, but God bids all of us make the more important translation from English into action. Every Bible book is given to us that we may turn it into a book of acts. It is the supreme work of the teacher to show how each lesson may not only be learned but lived. Why should not every Sunday School, every young people's society, every church, repeat, in every essential particular, the story of the sending forth of the seventy, in this very first week of the month in which the spiritual harvest, seriously interrupted by the Summer, is resumed.

. . .

Discouragements Defied *After these things.* It was November in the last autumn of Christ's earthly life. He had left Galilee for the last time, having been practically rejected because he had refused to become a temporal king. Less than five hundred disciples was the fruitage of almost three years of miracles and matchless teaching. He had gone from Galilee into Samaria, only to be yet more bitterly rejected, even Oriental hospitality being refused, at which John and James, the impetuous "sons of thunder," had called for fire from heaven to destroy the village thus offending—a spirit Jesus rebuked, saying that he came not to destroy but to save. No less wonderful than this triumph over revenge, was Christ's proof against discouragement. "After these things" he went right on offering the Gospel as if there had been no obstacles encountered—a rebuke to our discouragement under far less provocation. This is a time when Christian work is more than usually difficult. In whole denominations Sunday School attendance is declining under the temptations of the Sunday trolley, the Sunday wheel and the Sunday paper, which last many thousand boys are selling, who, but for it, would be in Sunday Schools. Young Men's Christian Association secretaries are mourning that at the very hour of their chief meeting, on Sunday afternoon, more of their so-called "active members," professing Christians, are "active" with wheels and golf sticks, whenever the weather is favorable, than are at the meeting. And, worst of all, conversions are relatively decreasing in nearly all denominations. But "after these things," and even because of them, should come the sending out of the seventy in every town and countryside.

. . .

Laymen Sent Out Two and Two *The Lord appointed seventy and sent them two and two.* (See Eccl. 4: 9-12; Mark 6: 7). The two great words of Christian duty are "Come" and "Go"; "Come unto me," "Go and disciple." We must first come to Christ to love and learn, then go forth to live and labor. It is often assumed that the command to "Go" belongs only to the preachers. The Endeavor leaders have devised an excellent ideal and with good results, but many think they are endeavoring when they are only eating. Like many older folks, on whom they are expected to improve, they talk as if their only relation to the preacher was to be "fed." "He does not feed me" is the supreme criticism, as if Christians came to church only for rations. They should rather come to church like soldiers, with loaded rifles, to get their orders and assignments to duty. "It is working between meals that is killing me," said a melancholy idler. Why should not every Sunday School, after an abridged study of this lesson, go out two and two, each two to carry to one block, indicated on a little card, some leaflet about conversion, or the observance of the Lord's Day, or temperance, with a card or paper announcing the autumn plans of all the churches in the section canvassed? Let it not be merely a throwing of literature into front yards, but real hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart harvesting, with kindly spoken words that shall plow the furrows for the printed seed thoughts. Some years ago the Endeavorers of St. Paul, going two and two, put 30,000 copies of the Sunday law, with arguments against Sunday saloons, especially, into the homes of that city, and so became one of the forces that broke the "ring" that had long enslaved the city. A preacher's wife, in New York, while her husband preached one Sabbath morning, gave out a beautiful colored paper to children in the neighboring streets, on which was printed an invitation to attend her Sunday School class for all that were not connected with any other. As a result, sixty-eight children were added to the class that afternoon, about one per minute for the time devoted to the harvesting. In Ceylon, it is the regular custom for native Bible-women and other lay members of the churches to go out in little groups of two or more every Sunday afternoon, carrying the Gospel heard on that morning from the white missionaries in the city into the villages, hamlets and country homes. Why should not such translations of the story of the seventy be undertaken everywhere, especially in rural districts, such as the land of shepherds, Perea, where these seventy laymen labored, giving to God, not their money, but themselves, not all their time, like the apostles, but what they could spare from business?

Every one of us, even the child, has a group of missionaries that we can send out two and two in God's service, whatever others may do:

> Two little eyes to look to God,
> Two little ears to hear his word,
> Two little lips to speak his praise,
> Two little feet to walk his ways.

. . .

The Harvest Ripe, The Reapers Unready *The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.* Multitudes waiting to be saved, ready in their sense of need, if only some living witness of Christ's power to meet that need would come and tell them lovingly and tactfully of him—that was what the "great harvest" meant when Christ spoke the words of Perea, and that, in a grander sense, is true of the world to-day, when every barbed-wire fence of hostile edicts that shut us from the spiritual harvest fields is broken down. Alas! the hindrances are now mostly not in the front, but in the rear, and the chief obstacle is, not so much, in foreign missions at least, that "laborers are few," as that givers are few; and selfish traders and politicians, many that stand ready to destroy rather than save the heathen; and the sense of human sin and brotherhood weak. At the Kentucky Chautauqua, a man who would like to be considered a Christian statesman, said recently that he would sooner try to convert Kentucky horses than Chinamen. And many professedly Christian men are talking in the same strain, partly because discussions of future punishment have made so many feel that heathen souls are in no danger of hell, as if, even in that case, the hell of their present degradation were not enough to arouse our utmost efforts in their behalf. We have become so used to the violation of law that it does not seem to be enough for us that we have the King's marching orders: "Go ye into all the world." It should be sufficient reason for hearty support of missions that he who knows the heathen's present and future commands us to go. Every one of us is called to "Go," in Christ's name, to disciple others, whether near or far. When we pray for laborers, therefore, let us say, first of all, "Here am I, send me." If our prayer is for a substitute to do our work, it will be a mockery. "The apostles are all dead," said a teacher. "Who will do their work to-day?" She expected the children to say, as many an older person would have done, "The preachers," but a little girl raised her hand to say, "Please, I'll be one to help Jesus."

. . .

The Might of Gentleness *I send you forth as lambs among wolves.* He was sending them among shepherds, from whose occupation he drew this illustration. These Pereans were a mixed race, descended from the tribes of Manasseh, Gad, Reuben on the one side, and Ammonites, Moabites and Edomites on the other. They would be, in many cases, hostile, and the wolfish Pharisees would also be encountered. But the very gentleness of the lamb and the Divine Shepherd's protection would be their defence. Gentleness has won more victories than force.

. . .

The Christian Worker's Commission *Carry neither purse nor scrip.* Note several things about this commission: 1. Though it was given to laymen that were to give only a fraction of their time to Christian work, it was almost identical with the commission given to the apostles who were called to devote their time wholly to the ministry (Matt. 9: 36 ff). It is a question worthy of serious discussion whether we have not made more distinction between clergy and laity than the Bible makes, and whether in so doing we have not given laymen an excuse for neglecting duties that God has placed upon them. 2. As to the financial side, the New Testament suggests adaptation, for while both twelve and seventy in their temporary journeys were to rely upon the usual hospitality of the Orient, in later days the apostles had a treasury (John 12: 6; 13: 29). 3. What they received in hospitality from those they served in spiritual things, was to be accounted not as alms but as salary. 4. When the message was rejected they were to shake off the dust by way of saying they were free from the responsibility and the consequences of rejecting the truth; but even in such a departure they were to leave with a message of mercy, inviting them to come under the protection and direction of Christ the King. 5. Salutation of the lengthy, formal, heartless sort, and formal visits were to be avoided as wasting God's time, a hint some need even in the Occident. 6. They were to minister to the sick, opening the way to show God's pity and power to heal the soul by manifesting his tenderness in bodily ills. Here is one of the particulars in which modern missions, in our cities and in foreign fields, are only of late adequately adopting the divine method, and it has been followed by most encouraging results. Famine ministries and hospitals are saving body and soul in a multitude of cases. 7. These men, as they went, proclaimed "the kingdom of God"; that is, that through the kingship of Christ—accepted by men, first individually and at last nationally—the wrongs the oppressed and weak had suffered for ages from masters and rulers would be righted (Luke 4: 18, 19).

TWO NATIVE GOSPEL WORKERS IN CEYLON HOLDING A VILLAGE SERVICE

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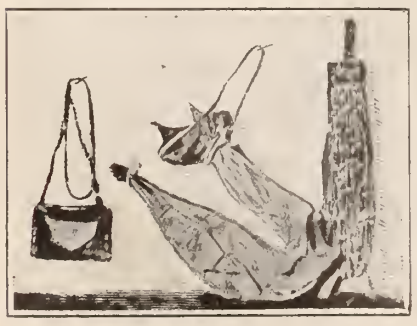
Great Sermons to Small Audiences We speak of the seventy as preaching, but it was only such preaching as unlettered men, women and children can do anywhere. Francis d'Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of the monastery and said to a young monk: "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach." So they went forth, conversing as they went with little groups here and there all along the principal streets of the town, then out into the outskirts and back to the gate of the monastery. There the young monk said: "When shall we begin to preach?" The reply was: "Our preaching is done for to-day." If any one will take up the Red Letter Testament or any book showing the words of Christ separately, he will find that most of the sermons and conversations of Christ were spoken either to one person or to groups of a dozen or less. Almost the only sermons preached to larger audiences were the second part of the Sermon on the Mount and the sermon at Nazareth. We shall hardly keep up with births and deaths in the conversion of the millions unsaved until we convert conversation to God's service.

. . .

The Joy of Harvest *And the seventy returned with joy.* They had not been promised the highest miraculous power (Mark 1: 27): the power to cast out devils; but their faith had outrun the promise, and it was of this supreme victory alone that they boasted and rejoiced as they came back to Christ.

Jesus saw beyond this casting out of devils the final overthrow of the kingdom of evil, and, leaping in hope the years of struggle not yet passed, he said, for their encouragement and ours: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven"; that is, from his present heights of power. When God seems to be dead and Evil enthroned, let us take hope in this sure word of prophecy: "For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." And let us not forget that nothing can really "hurt" those that serve Christ—not even death.



ORIENTAL WALLET AND SCRIP

THE ORIENTAL SHOES

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

TO NAVIGATE THE AIR

ONE of the most successful experiments yet reported in aerial navigation, was made recently on the Lake of Geneva. It was the trial of an air-ship constructed by Count Zeppelin, a famous European aeronaut. As will be seen by our illustration here is no resemblance between the air-ship and the ordinary balloon. It is a cigar-shaped cylinder, over four hundred feet in length and nearly forty feet in diameter. The interior is filled with two thousand cylinders, which are capable of holding 32,000 feet of hydrogen. Its entire weight is about nine tons. It has two benzine engines which supply the motor power. On the day of trial the machine was taken out to the centre of the Lake of Geneva and anchored to a large pontoon. The inventor with four companions, entered it and the order was given to cast off. The machine slowly rose to a height of 1,200 feet, and, guided by the steersman, sailed over the lake to the shore. An accident to the steering gear cut short the experiment there, but it was found that the air-ship had traveled three and a-half miles in seventeen minutes, and during that time had been perfectly under control. Count Zeppelin declared himself fully satisfied with the result of the trial and said that when the steering gear had been repaired and improved, he would make another ascent. The air-ship is the result of thirty years of study and experiment. It cost a quarter of a million dollars, of which the German Government has, it is understood, contributed a part. The inventor is enthusiastic over his success and is convinced that eventually he will solve the problem of aerial navigation. His object primarily is that of turning his vessel to military use, the advantages of balloons having been repeatedly demonstrated in recent campaigns. It is not expected that aerial navigation can ever become a practical mode of ordinary travel. Still less can the Count be credited with the spiritual ambition which evoked the denunciation of the ancient prophet:

Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High (Isa. 14. 13, 14).

Syndicating a Lawyer

An interesting reminiscence of the early career of Chief Justice Russell, who died in England last week, is related by one of his friends. When the famous judge was a practising barrister, his services were extensively sought, owing to his eloquence and his marvelous skill in cross-examination. He appeared in nearly all the important cases, and was earning big fees. His income was said to be nearly half a million dollars a year. Yet he had a worried look, and to one of his friends who asked him if he was in trouble, he confessed that he was pressed by debts and had no money to meet them. The fact was that old acquaintances followed him everywhere, asking for loans and getting his assistance in all kinds of foolish schemes. He was a warm-hearted man who could not bear to say no to a needy friend. His friends talked the matter over and suggested to the great lawyer a plan for his relief. It was that he should turn all his earnings over to a syndicate of three or four friends who should make him a liberal allowance sufficient for his personal expenses, and use the large balance to the settlement of his affairs. Russell gladly consented. At the end of two years, when, as he supposed, his debts must have largely increased, he was astonished to learn that they had all been paid and there was a substantial balance in the bank. How had it been done? he asked in amazement and was told that it was the result only of an orderly and economical administration of his own earnings. He confessed that no such result could ever have been obtained under his own management. There are many who have learned that the management of their own lives, not in finance alone, is better not in their own hands, but directed and controlled by divine wisdom:

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thy own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he will direct thy paths (Prov. 3:5, 6).

A Fatal Chase

The pursuit of a butterfly cost a twelve-year-old boy his life in New York a few days ago. His home stands near the bluff at Webster avenue and 170th street, and he had often been on the grassy height at play with his companions. During the school vacation his mother has allowed him to wheel his baby brother there in the perambulator. On August 9 he was out as usual with his little charge. Just as he neared the edge of the bluff a butterfly with variegated wings flew over the perambulator and the baby reached out for it. He missed it, and then the boy chased it over the field. The butterfly led him this way and that, the boy making dashes at it with his hat. He did not notice where he was going, and as the butterfly soared just over his head he was looking up at it and following when it went beyond the edge of the bluff and the boy fell over. His mangled body was picked up a few minutes later and carried home to his sorrowing mother. It was a sad penalty for boyish heedlessness. If he had been older he might have been more careful as to the path he was taking. But there are many grown men who are still more heedless in the matters of the soul. In the pursuit of wealth or fame they venture into dangerous paths and often to their eternal ruin.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition (I. Timothy 6:9).

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP PREPARING FOR ITS TRIAL VOYAGE

A Unique Dwelling

A remarkable discovery has been made in New Mexico by some eminent archæologists from California. In making excavations recently in Pajarsto Canon, between Bland and Espanola, they found a building more than six hundred years old. It was built entirely of stone carefully dressed, and was 560 feet long by 450 feet wide. It had three stories, and contained fifteen hundred rooms. In one of the rooms an old furnace for smelting was found, near which was a large iron bar, deeply incrusted with rust, also pieces of rich copper ore, as well as gold ornaments and a piece of beautiful turquoise. Twenty-five pieces of pottery of great beauty and brilliancy were in the room. They were heavy, fully one-quarter of an inch thick, and decorated inside and outside with unique designs, showing some degree of uniformity. One of the designs represented the picture of a three-frame building, with smokestack and smoke curling out of it. Some cloth was found, woven in spirals almost like a huge spider's nest. Around the fireplace stood a dozen large pots, each with bones in it, showing that the inhabitants abandoned the room while they were preparing a meal. Near some of the smelter slag was found scorched corn, together with the bones of birds and other animals. Several baskets in the room were more beautiful than those woven by the Navajos to-day, but they crumbled to dust when touched. Iron knives, stone battle axes, and polished stone reflectors, and several musical instruments, including a fife, were in evidence and well preserved. It is supposed that they must have been suddenly attacked by some stronger people, and either been killed or driven away. There were indications that a whole tribe had occupied this one building, and had probably lived a communal life. Very little can now be known of this strange prehistoric people, but this discovery shows that to them Christ's description of heaven would have had a familiar meaning.

In my Father's house are many mansions (John 14:2).

Death of a Veteran

The departure of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin on August 8 removes one of the most eminent and devoted of our missionaries from the scene of his labors. He was in his eighty-ninth year, and had been sixty-three years in active missionary labor. He went to Turkey under the auspices of the American Board in 1837. There he soon perceived that the great need of the country was an institution for the higher education of the converts to the Christian faith. After a seven years' contest with Turkish officials, he obtained an imperial edict under which Robert College in Constantinople became such an institution as he had planned. Throughout Turkey, Armenia and all the East the fame of that college has spread. The education afforded there was superior to anything of the kind in the Turkish dominions. It was mainly due to the training they gained there that the leaders of the Armenians, in spite of the prejudices against them, have obtained high employment in government and commercial service. Dr. Hamlin consecrated all his varied abilities to the work, wrote several text-books for the college, and translated many valuable books into Armenian. Since his retirement from the presidency of Robert College, he served for a time on the staff of the Seminary of Bangor, Me., and of Middlebury College. To the last he maintained a deep interest in Turkish affairs and his advice in all missionary matters was eagerly sought. He was a man of profound learning and might have reached eminence in many professions, but he preferred to devote himself wholly to Christ's service and to the cause of suffering humanity. He had

THE LATE DR. CYRUS HAMLIN

fully earned the blessing promised for the well spent life:

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season (Job 5:26).

To Separate Gold from Sand

Where gold exists in a finely divided state in rocky matrix or in sand, it is highly important to concentrate it or remove a lage proportion of the baser substance before the ore goes to the amalgamator or other extractor. As much gold is found in dry and arid regions, where water is very scarce and expensive, a dry process for concentration has been urgently sought. Several inventors have produced electrical solutions of the problem, one having been patented quite recently. The gold-bearing rock is crushed in stamp mills to a fine sand, and this is poured into a metallic hopper, from the bottom of which it pours out in a fine stream, much as the sand falls from the upper part of an hour-glass. Near the falling stream of gold-bearing sand is placed a highly electrified cylinder or knob. As the stream falls, electrical repulsion is produced, but the particles of sand, being non-conductors, are not so highly charged as the particles of gold, and hence are not so violently repelled. Consequently the stream divides into two parts. The sand falls nearly straight down, while the gold is driven to one side, and is caught in a separate receptacle. The electricity reaches both the sand and the gold, but the gold alone is responsive to its influence. Perhaps the final separation of people may be conducted on a similar principle. A test may be applied which will affect only those who have the new nature:

They that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit (Rom. 8:5).

BRIEF NOTES

School attendance in Cuba under American protection has increased from 10,000 to 1,130,000.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, held a convention in Pekin during his recent visit. Minister Conger presided at one of the meetings.

The Young Women's Conference at Northfield instead of falling below those of previous years, has far exceeded the record of the past. The attendance has been unusually great, and the exercises have been very interesting. Among the leaders have been Dr. Pauline Root, Mrs. Lucy Waterbury and Dr. Chamberlain of India.

The Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. desires to have it made known that a Bible class is now being formed which will hold its first meeting on Oct. 4. It will meet every Thursday at seven o'clock. Eminent teachers have promised to take charge of the studies. Among them are Professor George A. Hubbell of Erasmus Hall and Rev. R. Stanley Povey. Applications for membership should be sent in early.

The tent work in New York is proving a source of blessing to multitudes. It is easy to see that many are present at the meetings to whom a religious service of any kind is a novelty. They pay close attention and there are indications that a deep impression is being made. The committee in charge of the services need assistance in the payment of expenses. Contributions may be sent to Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, the Y. M. C. A., West Fifty-seventh street, New York.

Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, who in the spring of the present year went to the East to superintend excavations in behalf of the University of Pennsylvania, has written that he has discovered the great temple library and priest's school of Nippur, which was devastated by the Elamites 228 B.C. He says of the literary portion of the discovery: "The library consists of sixteen thousand volumes written on stones, and covers the entire theological, astronomical, linguistic and mathematical knowledge of those days.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha has News from Home

AND I d'no as I thought of anybody or anything there in Venice so much as I did of John Ruskin, who give even the stones of Venice a language that will go on speakin' long after the stuns have mouldered back into dust. And then the dust will keep his memory green, and folks will ponder the *Ethics of the Dust* long after that dust has passed into other changing forms and disappeared.

Great mind, great lovin' heart, who had but one thought, to make the world more full of beauty, knowledge, sincerity and goodness. His pure, bright intellect, his life white as the lilies, his living thoughts and noble idees they rap at the human heart, as well as mind, with their powerful sesame, and you have to open your heart's door and take them in. Prophet of earth and heaven, the air, the clouds, the birds and trees, the rocks and waters, translatin' the marvelous words so our duller eyes and ears can see and hear.

As I walked along over them stones of Venice, and in the Galleries of Modern Painters and ancient ones, my heart kep' sayin' onbeknown to myself and them round me, "John Ruskin, noble soul, great teacher, childlike, wise interpreter of the beauty and ministry of common things, hail and farewell!" For he had gone — it wuz true that he who had loved the flowers so and said to a friend who had sent him some: "I am trying to find out if there are flowers that do not fade." He had found out now, wreathes of heavenly immortelles are laid on his tired forward, not tired now, and he has his chance to talk to Moses and Plato, as he said he wanted to, and he is satisfied. Love and Sympathy that he longed for comforts and consoles him, and Beauty and Goodness wait on him.

Robert Strong felt just as I did about Ruskin, their idees about helpin' the poor, and the brotherhood of man, and fatherhood of God, wuz as congenial and blent together like sun and dew on a May morning. Robert Strong said no other writer had done him the good Ruskin had.

And I guess Dorothy thought so, too; she almost always thought jest as Robert did.

Josiah on Gondolas

In wanderin' round this uneek city Josiah said the most he thought on wuz of tellin' Deacon Henzy and Uncle Sime Bentley about what he see there. And shadowy idees seemed to fill his mind about tryin' to turn the Jonesville creek through the streets and goin' from our house to Thomas Jefferson's in a gondola.

Arvilly said she would gin anything to canvas some of them old Doges for the *Twin Crimes*. But I told her I guessed they didn't need to learn anything about crime, and she gin up they didn't.

The first thing Miss Meechim wanted to see wuz the church of St. Mark, so we all set off one day to see it. San Marco, as they call it, is one of the most interestin' churches to visitors on the Continent. It wuz begun way back in the tenth century, and it has been in process of building ever since, and I don't know how long they lay out to keep at it. They have spent thirty millions on it, so I hearn, and the news come pretty straight to me, and I d'no but they'll spend as much agin' before they git through. But when you see all its magnificent sculpture, columns, statutes, mosaic work, ornaments of every kind, its grand arches, its five domes and spires and all the exquisite work on it I d'no as I'd took the job for any less, and so I told Josiah.

But he kep' up his old idee he had voiced in many a similar spot, that it wuz done by day's works and the workmen didn't hurry, and that it would have been cheaper to had it done by the job. But how could they, dribblin' along as they did ten hundred years?

The four horses over the main entrance are very noted. They are said to have been carved way, way back by Augustus to celebrate a triumph over Antony and to have passed through the hands of Nero, Constantine and Napoleon. Napoleon, a greedy creeter always, took 'em to Paris, but had to bring 'em back.

For horses that are so old and have been driv round and showed off by so many conquerors, they look pretty sound and hearty. But Josiah didn't like their looks nigh so well as he duz the mair's, and sez he, "That off one looks balky."

But I sez, "Distance lends enchantment; the mair can't begin with 'em."

The altar piece is said to have cost three million. It is of gold and silver, and full of precious stuns. It wuz made in Constantinople a thousand years ago, and has got inscriptions on it that I presoom read well if anybody could read 'em. But I couldn't nor Josiah. But Robert Strong read some on 'em to Dorothy, for I heard him. They are writ in Latin and Greek.

Letters from Home

When we got back to the tarven that night we found a hull pile of letters from Jonesville, and amongst the rest I got a letter from Elder Minkley, good old man of God, and Arvilly got one too; he sets store by Arvilly now, he and his wife duz, and they pity her dretfully for what she has went through, and make allowances for her hashness, but never shall I forgit the way she talked to him right in my own settin' room when she first come home from Cuba after her husband had been murdered by the licensed Canteen.

She come to our house one day, and Elder Minkley, good old soul, come in just after she did for a all-day's visit, poor creeter! I guess he wuz sorry enough he come, some of the time; I guess he wished he wuz back in his study perusin' the book of martyrs or anything else depressin', and would have thought 'em fur livelier than what he got into.

The way on't wuz, Arvilly had met Miss Deacon Sypher at the gate and she bein' dretful onfaculized with no more tact than a settin' hen, had tackled Arvilly for a contribution to buy a flag to send to our boys in Cuba, and talked enthusiastic about the war's holy mission. And I spoze Sister Sypher wuz skairt almost into fits to hear Arvilly go on, 'tennyrate she left her sudden and to once, and started home cross lots almost on the run, and Arvilly come into the house talkin' and mutterin'.

"Drusilly Sypher knows a sight about it; our army gone to redress wrongs and protect innocence! they better look to home and redress wrongs here; half the citizens of this country in legal bondage, and the hull country cowering under a crime and danger protected and legalized; if I didn't want to make myself a mark for demon laughter I'd quit such talk till I repented my sins in sackcloth and ashes."

"Well, well, Arvilly, set down, set down," sez I, for she wuz rampagin' round the room back and forth, "set down, and here," sez I, handin' her a bottle, "smell of the camfire, Arvilly, you look bad," and she did look frightful bad, pale and fiery, and burnin' mad at sunthin' or somebody.

But she waived it off with scorn: "Camfire can't heal the smart, or sweeten the air of the country; no, it needs fire from on high to burn it out. And it will come," sez she, "it will come."

Why, she acted real wild and by the side of herself, and I pitied her like a dog, and wuz at my wit's end what to say to her, and I wuz glad enough to see Elder Minkley, good old saint, comin' up the steps and I went to open the door with alacrity and my left hand, my right hand wuz in the dough, I wuz makin' fried cakes, and I shook hands with him the same, and I sez:

"How glad I am to see you this morning, Brother Minkley," little thinkin' what wuz to come.

He took off his hat and overcoat and hung 'em up in the hall and looked in the glass in the hall rack with his mild, benevolent eyes, and brushed his thin, gray hair up on the bald spot over his benign forward, and follered me into the settin' room, and I sez, "Here is she that wuz sister Arvilly Lanfear."

And the good old soul advanced with a warm, meller smile on his face, and sez:

"How do you do, Sister Arvilly."

But Arvilly's eyes snapped worse than ever; she never noticed his outstretched hand, and she sez, "Don't you sister me."

"Why! why!" sez he, "what is the matter?" His welcomin' hand dropped weakly by his side, and bein' dretful confused and by the side of himself, he sez:

"I hain't seen you before sence you—you—"

READING LETTERS FROM HOME ON THE PIAZZA AT VENICE

Brother Minkley Startled

"Deserted from the army," sez she, finishin' the sentence for him. "Yes, I deserted, I am proud to say; I never had a right before under this nation's laws and I took that right; I deserted and they couldn't help themselves; mebby them men see how it would feel to grin and bear for once, just as wimmen have to all the time."

Brother Minkley had by this time begun to find and recover himself, and he sez with real good nature: "I meant to say, dear sister, that I hadn't seen you before since you lost your husband."

"Since you murdered him," sez she.

"I — I murder a man?" He looked pale and trembled like a popple leaf.

"Yes, you and all other good men who stood by like Pilate, consentin' to his death," Arvilly went on.

Elder Minkley looked too dazed and agitated to speak, and Arvilly continued: "Do you pretend to say, Elder Minkley, that there is an evil law on the face of the earth that the Church of Christ couldn't overthrow if it chose to do so?"

He sez, "The power of the Church is great, Sister Arvilly, but no-license laws don't stop drinking; liquor is sold somehow; folks that want it will get it."

"What a argument!" sez Arvillly liftin' her eyes to heaven. "But you hain't answered my question," sez she, short as pie crust, mince pie crust, "Is there an evil law existing to-day that the Church of Christ could not overthrow if it tried to?"

"Well, no," he admitted, "I believe that the Church of Christ is invincible."

"Do you vote, Elder Minkley?"

"Well, no, as it were, Sister Arvilly. I have felt for years that politics was too vile for me to mix myself with."

Sez Arvilly, "Do you believe in following the Lord Jesus Christ?"

Sez Elder Minkley, his good-natured face lighting up, "My Divine Master; yes, I will follow him to the stake, to the death, if need be."

"Did he turn away from sinners and the evils of the sinful world and say they wuz too vile for him to mix with?"

"I—I—Sister Arvilly—I why—I don't know what you mean?"

"Yes, you do know what I mean!" sez the intripid but agonized Arvilly.

"By your criminal indifference and neglect, you encourage the evil power that rules and ruins."

Elder Minkley's face began to look red—red as blood—and sez he, "You present the subject in a way I never thought on before, Sister Arvilly. I will think of it; I will pray over it."

"Will you vote as you pray?" sez Arvilly anxiously.

"I will!" sez Elder Minkley, solemnly, "I will!"

Arvilly come forward and took holt of his hand. Her stern mean softened; there wuz tears in her keen eyes; she looked different. Sez she, "Next Sunday I shall set under your preachin', Elder; I hain't felt like settin' under it before." And, sure enough, she did go to meetin' the next Sunday and from that day they have been the best of friends.

But to resoom forwards: I had a letter from Philury, she said he wuz all well.

It wuz a letter that brought me some comfort and quite a lot of care; it wuz some like a peppermint lozenge, considerably sweet with a sharp tang to it, makin' me think of the sweetness and repose of home with its accompaniment of anxiety and labor.

The children writ real good letters to their pa and me, full of affection and thoughtfulness. Thomas J. told us considerable about the Help Union and the good that Ernest White and his helpers wuz accomplishing in Boontown and Jonesville. And Tirzah Ann wanted to know if reeres had gone out and hoops comin' in; he had hearn so and felt anxious. There had been a rumor in Jonesville to that effect, but she couldn't place full dependence on it.

Thomas J.'s and Maggie's letters wuz full of gratefulness for Tommy's restored health and what I'd done for him. No matter what else they said that idee wuz runnin' along under the rest of their thoughts, some like the accompaniment of a melodean to a sam tune in meetin'. And Tommy himself had letters from his pa and ma full of love and good advice, about half and half.

(To be Continued.)

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA—A NATIVE VOTE OF THANKS TO CHRISTIAN AMERICA

India's Gratitude to America

Testimonies of Missionaries and Officials to the Appreciation of the People of the Gifts of Our Readers

RECENT letters and cablegrams from India show that the conditions in the famine districts are not improved except in hope. There is now a prospect that in about six weeks' time a small harvest may be gathered; but it will be limited, owing to the farmers having lost their cattle, with which farming operations are conducted, by their own physical weakness, resulting from lack of proper food, and by their inability to obtain seed for sowing. Probably no land at all would have been sown, had not the government advanced funds for the purpose. Already nearly two million dollars have been appropriated as loans to the farmers to buy cattle and seed, these loans to be for a year without interest and wherever there is inability to pay without hardship, the loan is to be turned into a gift. In the meantime and until the harvest is gathered, the suffering will be extreme. The numbers on the relief camps have not perceptibly diminished and cholera is still reaping its awful harvest. For at least six weeks yet there is urgent need of further remittances in order that the noble work done during the past months may be carried to its triumphant conclusion.

Our readers will be deeply gratified to learn from the following extract from a letter recently received from Rev. E. F. Frease, of Baroda, that the magnificent gift of the cargo of corn sent on the *Quito* has proved even a greater blessing to the starving people than we had dared hope. Mr. Frease writes:

"Reports have reached me as to the reception of the corn which prove that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could not have done a wiser thing than it did in sending this cargo. Two or three times the quantity of corn sent in the *Quito* could have been used to the best possible advantage, even at this late period of the famine. There can now be no question that the sending of corn was one of the very best forms of famine relief. I assure you that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD corn is proving an inestimable blessing."

The Irish Presbyterian Mission, whose stations are in the heart of the famine district, participated in the relief contributed by our readers. At a general meeting of its missionaries, held at Anand, the following resolution was unanimously passed: "Report having been made of the substantial assistance rendered to this mission from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this meeting desires to place on record their deep gratitude to the generous donors. Their liberal gifts of corn, blankets and money have proved most helpful at this time, when the worst crisis of the famine is being so acutely felt throughout these districts. These gifts have enabled the Mission to conduct relief measures on a far larger scale than would otherwise have been possible. To the proprietor of that journal and its generous and compassionate readers we tender our heartfelt thanks for this offering of love."

A practical tribute of appreciation of American generosity has also come to hand in a letter from the United States Consul at Bombay, Mr. W. T. Fee. He writes that the railroads which carried the corn from the *Quito* to the interior districts originally charged largely reduced rates for the freight. Since payment was made, the directors have met and having heard from Mr. Fee and Mr. Benjamin Aitken the circumstances connected with the gift, they promptly returned to the committee thirty-five thousand rupees (about $11,666), which meant that they carried the cargo below the actual expenses involved. They said that they made the rebate to show their appreciation of "the gift of the big-hearted American people."

Rev. W. O. Ballantine, Presbyterian Missionary at Rahuri, writes that he has received a consignment of corn, and sits "right down to thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this most timely and welcome gift." Applications come for it not only from the very poor, but from people who are able and willing to pay for it. Some small quantity of the consignment to Rahuri has been sold to them and the money immediately used for famine relief.

All the missionaries plead earnestly for a continuance of help. The people who have been kept alive thus far cannot be deserted now in the last crisis and there are others who have managed to survive the pressure whose resources are now utterly exhausted. For both classes, as well as for the orphans, the missionaries plead in pathetically eloquent terms, acknowledging the liberal gifts already received, which have enabled them to save the lives of thousands of the sufferers. But it is clear from their letters that more help must be sent; the need is urgent and we are sure that the love which has done so much for them thus far will carry on the good work to the end.

GRAIN FROM THE QUITO'S CARGO BEING DISTRIBUTED IN LOWER COLABA, BOMBAY

SAVING THE TENEMENT WAIFS

TRIALS OF OVER-BURDENED MOTHERS — SUFFERING OF THE CHILDREN—OUR FRESH-AIR HOME WORK . .

THE hot waves that have visited New York this summer have meant untold suffering to dwellers in the crowded tenement districts; and many little ones have been gathered by the grim reaper, Death. It is difficult for one living in the open country or even in cool, roomy town houses to realize the situation in Cherry, Hester, James, and other densely populated streets of the cosmopolitan East Side. In every one of the dark, gloomy tenements many families live. In the hot mornings as the children wake from their troubled slumber in close, stuffy quarters where many have breathed the same vitiated air through the miserable night, they wander down on the street to play; there is nowhere else to go. There are no friendly trees to cast a shadow on blistering sidewalks; here and there on corners, under shelter, maybe, of a bar-room awning, little groups congregate; many larger children carry smaller ones in their arms or trundle them in rickety perambulators. The mothers of some of these waifs go out to work and do not return until night: the children pick up lunch as best they can. Night comes, the crowd on the sidewalks becomes more and more dense; little ones roam the streets till late, for home (?) is too hot and wretched to be inviting. Mothers stand in doorways or sit on curbstones with babies in their arms, that their little ones may get the benefit of every possible breath of air. A Sunday School teacher who recently brought a large company of candidates for an outing, writes:

"The efforts of these mothers of the slums to keep their little ones alive are very pathetic. I know one workingwoman who has been getting up at five every morning to take her ailing child to the docks, as the doctor told her that would be helpful. I know of another who walked the streets all night with a sick child in her arms. What a godsend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fresh-Air Fund is to mothers, as well as children of the slums, none can comprehend so well as the missionaries who see the wretchedness of tenement homes, the struggle of tenement mothers, and then their joy and gratitude when members of their little broods are taken off their hands to beautiful, health-giving Mont-Lawn for ten long blessed days."

During the seven summers since it was first opened, not one death has occurred at Mont-Lawn among the more than 12,000 children entertained, though many weak, suffering children have recovered strength there. Occasionally, a trivial accident has happened; a little lad or lass has fallen from a tree or received a hurt in too violent play. In every case, the child or its parent has spoken of such accident as a providence, since it secured the little one a longer stay at the Home. We have now a small convalescent there, Annie, a wild, unruly little street-waif. Annie is on the swift road to recovery, and is very cheerful. She listens eagerly to stories and learns many Bible texts. Her character shows a marked change for the better. "I guess there was good in being hurt," she says.

Our readers will look with pleasure upon our picture of little lads and lassies around the pump under shady trees near the Home. They have cooperated with us in giving these small people their delightful outing, the good food they eat, the clothes they wear. It costs only $3 to send a child to Mont-Lawn for ten days, this sum covering transportation both ways, food, clothing, medical and caretakers' attention, etc.; $6 sends two children; $9, three; $12, four; $36 sends twelve, and $50 makes seventeen waifs happy for ten days. Gifts of clothing, hats, shoes, coats, trousers, dresses, blouses that your children have outgrown, will be thankfully accepted, should you kindly send them to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. Contributions of money should be addressed to this office. All donations will be promptly acknowledged in these columns. The following has been received:

HAPPY TIMES AT MONT-LAWN—THE COOLING DRAUGHT

Prev. ac.	$4,943 13	Gasline, Miss Mary F	1 00
Abbe, H L	6 00	Gaston Mary C	3 00
Anthony, S & wife	2 00	Germane, C	1 00
Atherton, A E	1 00	Glaze, Mrs Jennie	3 00
Aycock, Mrs M EW	2 50	Goodbold, Mr& Mrs J W	3 00
Baile, J Ogden	25	Goddard, Mrs Jennie	3 00
Bailey, Mrs Ira	50	Abbott, Edith	3 00
Behmer, Mrs Ettie	3 00	Abrams, J H	6 00
Blew, Mr D S	1 00	Abrams, J M	6 00
Blount, Bertha, Herbert & Winfield	7 00	Agnew, Mrs H J and Miss M J	6 00
Blume, Mrs H N	3 00	Alton, Anne	1 00
Boulter, Jennie	100 00	Arnold, Mrs C S	6 00
Bowker, Mrs	50	Babcock, Mrs E C	1 00
Bowker, Mrs E H Harold & Madeline	50	Baker, Lottie	3 00
Bowman, Alice F	3 00	Baker, Mrs N	3 00
Bradner, Mrs Jane	6 00	Bayer, Mrs Chas	1 00
Bridgman, Mrs C J	3 00	Beam, Mrs S Z	2 00
Bronson, Wm B	6 00	Bell, Mrs E A	1 00
Brown, Mrs A M	3 00	Bengston, Mrs E S	3 00
Bruce, Mrs L A	2 00	Benson, Mrs Jas M	3 00
Bruce, Mrs T C	6 00	Betty, Mrs F H	1 00
Brungate, Ella D	1 00	Boggan, Lulu C	2 50
Buck, Mrs Aris	6 00	Boilean, Agnes M	3 00
Bugbee, Miss Mary K	1 00	Boon, James	3 00
Chadduck, Frances	3 00	Brown, Mrs Fanny	2 00
Clark, C C	3 00	Claflin, Mrs Grace	5 00
Clark, Kate H	1 25	Clift, H R	3 00
Cochran, Mrs A S	3 00	Coburn, Mrs	1 00
Collins, Mrs T B	3 00	Coe Clyde	1 00
Colon Union S S	3 00	Copeland, Justin M	10 00
Compton, Mr & Mrs O	6 00	Coffee, C & F N	3 00
Corwin, Mrs M I	3 00	Cowdrey, Irene A	6 00
Cram, Mrs A A	1 00	Crawford, S N & wife	4 90
Crittenden, Margaret	3 00	Cross, Mrs R H	1 00
Crockett, Mrs Robert	3 00	Cushman, Mrs	3 00
Curtis, Watson	5 00	D'Aubigne, M Adele	1 00
Darby, Mrs Chas	1 00	Davis, E A	3 00
Davis, Mrs J S	1 00	Denton, Mrs M Will	1 00
Davis, Josephine M	1 00	Douglass A	2 00
Deems, Mrs J H	3 00	Downs, J E	3 00
Denel, Mrs J N	10 00	Dubois, Mrs John	1 50
Devereaux, E M	6 00	Du Bois, Mrs M G	3 00
Dimon, Mrs T D	3 00	Miss Early's SS Class	4 95
Draper, H O	10 00	Fairbank, C	50
Eldridge, Mr & Mrs	1 00	Femer, Mrs Amanda	3 00
Emerson, Mrs Susie P	2 75	Ferris, Mrs Jane	1 00
Ford, Mrs H G	1 00	Forbes, Mrs M H	2 00
Foreman, Mr	1 00	Frondsen, John	3 00
Fulton, F M	3 00	Garrett, Mrs W B	3 00
Gaylord, Jeunie M	1 00	Gebr, J H	5 00
Gibbs, Mary A	6 00	Gillan, Mrs Eliza	6 00
Gilmore, Nettie R	1 00	Glover, Hester	2 00
Goodrich, Mrs N J	15 00	Gordon, H D	1 00
Greenough, Mrs N A	2 00	Grier, Fanny S	3 00
Grunow, Mrs Wm	3 00	Hallock, Miss M	3 00
Hamiter, Miss R & Little Miss L	6 00	Hazelwood, F G	50
Hewitt, Miss M A	3 00	Hill, Mrs E V	1 00
Hogan, Miss Addie M	5 00	Hoge, Helen B	50
Hoge, James	50	Hosking, Elizabeth J	50
Howenstine, Margaret	5 00	Hughes, James R	50
Hunter, E	6 00	Jamieson, Mrs H	3 00
Jamison, Mrs Jane	3 00	Jaynes, Mrs D	50
Jones, N G, & family	3 00	Kagery, A J	1 00
Kallemeijn, Simon	1 50	King, Mrs Dwight	1 00
Knowles, Josie	3 00	Knox, Marian	6 00
Koerber, Henry	9 00	Laughlin, R D	25 00
Leigh, E E	5 00	Lohmann, Jno	5 00
Loomis, Mary S	1 00	Ludlam, Mrs J O	3 00
Magness, Miss S C	3 00	Marshall, Lilian	1 00
Martin, Mrs S J	3 00	Mitchell, Mr & Mrs	3 00
Mitchell, A	2 00	Mitchell, Joseph D	3 00
McCurley, H E	3 00	McGee, M F	1 00
McQueen, Mrs M H	1 25	McSweeny, Mrs Ella	3 00
Montgomery, Gert'de	1 00	Morgan, Gaylord F	1 00
Morrison, Mrs H K	3 00	Murdock, Mrs E F	3 00
Muringer, Wm H	3 00	Myrick, Blanche & Mary	6 00
Nye, Mrs L B	3 00	Palmer, Mrs M D	3 00
Parker, Mrs K E	3 00	Patterson, Mrs D	1 00
Pike, Mrs S J	1 00	Pitkin, Mrs J M	5 00
Preston, Mrs C C	1 00	Price, Mrs F A	3 00
Randolph, Mrs J B	2 00	Read, Geo E	1 00
Roberts, Mrs E J, & daughter	3 00	Scandling, Olive	16
Schnatz, Mrs H E	3 00	Scott, M S	2 00
Scott, Mrs N	3 00	Shepherd, J H	6 00
Short, T B, Jr	1 00	Simpson, M R	1 00
Sloane, Mrs A C	5 00	Total	$5,561 64

Answered Prayers

Mrs. F.J.C. writes: "We know prayer is answered, not only in sickness, but in other ways. We were laboring under a heavy cloud for over two years—sickness, loss of employment, etc.—and yet our heavenly Father took care of us all the way through, saw that we had enough to eat and a roof to cover us, although, at the time, it did seem as though our prayers did not go above the ceiling; but they did, and in his time and in his way they were answered. At first only a rift in the cloud, which broadened and broadened, till there was brightness ahead, and the cloud lifted. We were discouraged at times, but we had faith, and knew if it was his will, all would come out right, and it has."

Mrs. F. A. M., Hamilton, N.Y., writes: "I promised the Lord that if he would spare my children's lives, I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I give him the glory and the praise."

Mrs. P. M., Russia, Herkimer County, N.Y., writes: "My mother was very sick; I thought she would die. I prayed for her recovery, promising, if my prayer was answered, that I would acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My mother is now well."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Art History in the High School, by George Perrot. Translated from the French by Sarah Wool Moore. This booklet is of peculiar interest to educators; its perusal will repay lay-readers. Perrot and his translator are authorities on the subject treated. Pp. 108. C. W. Bardeen, Publisher, Syracuse, N. Y.

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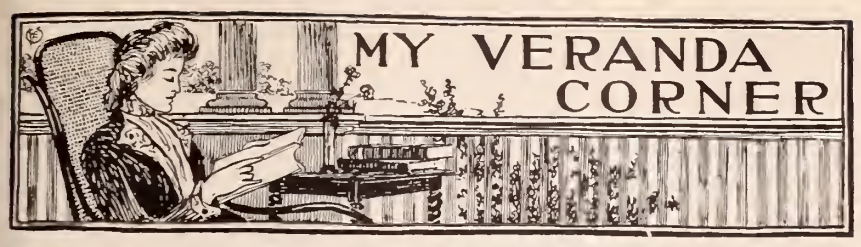

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

.. The Open Cage ..

THIS beautiful picture reminds me of a little incident in my life some years ago. My home was in a Southern town near tide-water, where ships came and went, and the fringing trees grew close to the river's brink. One summer, when most people were seeking cooler quarters at the North, I decided to stay by the stuff and the family; and friends who were leaving brought me their dogs and cats and other pets to care for in their absence. I demurred at taking charge of a wonderfully sweet-voiced canary, which was greatly prized by its owner, fearing that accident or the cat's paws or some untoward illness might befall it.

"But," pleaded Myrtle, "you have a bird of your own and nothing ever happens to it; I ask only that you should look after my bird as you do after your own. If accident comes, I will not blame you, but fate."

On this consideration I accepted the trust, and for eight weeks that bird was on my mind. The cats seemed possessed to make love to the canary, and my own little warbler had some narrow escapes. Still, all went well, until one morning as I was giving the birdies their seed and water, a cry was heard from the kitchen that a little colored child, the cook's daughter, had badly scalded her hand. Hastily finishing my task, I ran to her aid, leaving ajar the cage door of the visiting bird. Returning in a moment I heard a whirr of wings and saw a yellow flash in the sunlight. The bird had flown. He was making for the willows by the river, for the tall old elm at the foot of the garden, for the clump of bushes on the island opposite our home.

Good-by, birdie. My heart sank; a caged bird, unused to freedom, could not even secure his living, and foes menaced him on every side. As I heard his triumphant song, poured mockingly from the top of a tall tree, I sat down and cried. And just then the postman stopped with letters, and the uppermost one was from Myrtle, announcing her immediate return.

"No good in cryin', honey," said a comforting voice, and a big black hand was laid on my shoulder. Mammy was used to the task of consolation. She had cared for the children of two generations, and a wee baby toddler of the third generation now tagged after her ample gingham skirts.

"Honey," she said, "dat bird done flown; but he mighty suttin to come back; set you own bird in de window, and you go out in the field with Gypsy's cage in your hand; your bird will sing and call him, and his seed and water will call him, too. I know he'll come back; and I'll pray for it, honey."

"Do you pray about such things?" I asked.

"Surely, child; the good Book say, 'Not a sparrer fall to the ground without your Father.' A canary's wuth more than a sparrer."

The lady in the picture has a bird in her cage and she is setting her birds free, but I went out with the empty cage for another purpose, and my little friend lilted in the window in answer to my vagrant in the tree-top. And by and by there was again a whirr of wings and a flash of yellow gold, and the wanderer returned to his home. Ever since, this has been my rule.

FREED CAPTIVES

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do
And leave the rest to Thee.

For, I know that God heard old mammy's prayer that day, and I am sure that nothing is ever too small to be carried to the great God, who can look after the little things as well as after the great things.

FREED CAPTIVES

Out to the freedom of air and sky,
To the forest glades, and the maple boughs,
To the fields in the golden sun that lie,
To the upland hills where the cattle browse.
Up and away, ye birds of air.
God gave you pinions for joyous flight;
Wherever ye go, you will be his care,
In the sunny day, in the shadowy night.

Out to the freedom of air and sky,
Fly little birdlings, haste to fly.

Tramping

Tramping across country in thick boots and a short skirt, climbing fences, fording brooks, resting on the green grass, and looking up into the sky from the prone and mossy trunk of a tree, hewn last year and left in the forest, is as good for soul and body as golfing, or playing tennis. Few forms of exercise surpass walking in their quickening of the blood and their inspiration and good cheer. The woman who in town takes a car at the corner and rides to the shops, who never walks a step when she can help herself, and never stirs from her door except in full costume for the street, grows very informal in the free outdoor life of the summer in the hills, and finds that she can walk miles without much effort and resultant fatigue. Happy is the summer tramp of the feminine variety.

Good Housekeeping

The house was full of summer boarders. It was the same house in which two or three weeks ago, the veranda talk turned upon the relative ease of men's and women's work. One August evening when it was cool enough to wear shawls and wraps of one or another kind when sitting out of doors, a group of friends lingered in the moonlight and to the droning music of the crickets and katydids, discussed a homely subject, namely, good housekeeping.

"When I was a girl," said the dear old lady, "housekeeping was harder than it now is, for we had not canning factories, and home-made pickles and preserves were not manufactured for the market. The pride of my life used to be my pantry with rows upon rows of lucent jars of jam and jelly, with berries, peaches, quinces, and pears preserved in their season, and with strings of dried fruit, pared and quartered, ready for the stewing process in the winter. In the city in these days, the change is very great; people buy almost everything. That's why they have so much more time."

"Well," remarked the minister's wife, "in country parishes and on the farms a little back from the railroad, women still 'do up' their own fruits and take pleasure in making a very ample provision for the winter; the housekeeper there, however, shuts up a large part of her house in cold weather while in town the furnace-heated house or apartment must all be kept in complete order, and there is so much bric-a-brac, there are so many pillows and rugs and portieres, that I cannot see much lessening of care. If I had my way I would take down every curtain, and store all the superfluous photographs and curios; the housekeeper would live longer."

"I wish," said the matron from Philadelphia, "that every housewife could pattern by our summer hostess. Here she is with forty people in her house—people of all ages, from eighty to two years—babies, boys, girls, young women, older women, young men and men with silver hair, and in sweet serenity she makes her home a haven of peace for these wayfarers. She is never in a hurry, never fidgets, never seems to be doing much, but the work gets done, three meals a day are served, and we rise in the morning and retire at night without a care, while she who is caring for us is as genial and gentle all the while as if looking after forty persons and their comfort were mere play. This is good housekeeping."

The summer hostess said, "Thanks."

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

Gains 12 lbs. on Change of Food

When a change in food can rebuild a man 77 years of age, it is evidence that there is some value in a knowledge that can discriminate in the selection of proper food to rebuild the body. A few months ago the physician attending Warren S. Johnson of Colfax, Cal., 77 years old, told him that death from old age would soon claim him. He suffered from general weakness and debility.

An old lady advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum Cereal Food Coffee .and to eat Grape-Nuts breakfast food every morning. He took the advice and has gained 12 pounds. Says he is as well as he ever was, and can take long trips in the mountains, which he has been unable to do for a long time.

There is a reason for this; in the first place, coffee acts as a direct nerve destroyer on many highly organized people, both young and old, and many people haven't the knowledge to select, nourishing, healthful, rebuilding food.

Both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food are made from selected parts of the field grains that contain delicate particles of phosphate of potash and albumen. These two elements combine in the human body to quickly rebuild the gray matter in the brain and in the nerve centers throughout the body.

Direct, sure, and certain results come from their use and can be proven by any person that cares to make the trial. Both the Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts are kept by all first-class grocers.

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Sell the best, BIG MONEY in it. The U. S. OIL GAS BURNER is the best. Guaranteed heat, cook and bake. No smoke, ashes or dirt. TRY IT, THEN PAY FOR IT. Write for special offer. U. S. HEAT & LIGHT CO., Washington, D. C.

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Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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YOUNG COLONISTS GATHERING IN THE PUMPKINS

A MODEL COLONY OF BOY-FARMERS

HOW WAYWARD LADS ARE BEING RECLAIMED A BENEFICENT ENTERPRISE IN ULSTER COUNTY

UP in Ulster county, N. Y., right under the Shawangunk Mountains, within an easy drive of Lakes Mohawk and Minnewaska, and of Poughkeepsie, Kingston and Rhinebeck, is a beautiful, fertile, well-watered farm where all the toilers are lads between twelve and fifteen. Very happy toilers they are; work is not compulsory; they are paid for what they do in "Colony money," and with this they pay for lodging and board and for such comforts and luxuries as they choose to purchase at the Colony store.

HARVESTING CORN

A BUSY GROUP OF BOY CARPENTERS

It is a pleasant sight to see the laddies hoeing away merrily, trundling wheelbarrows, gathering apples, harvesting corn or pumpkins, looking after the live stock, or even in the more domestic occupations of laundry work or assisting the matron in keeping the big farm-house clean and trim. There is a carpenter shop, too, in which the small men learn how to do many useful things. Cobbling is another art all may acquire, and the purpose of the Industrial Colony Association, under which the institution was organized in 1897, is to establish a good trade school in connection with the farm.

The Colony government is that of a miniature county, Ulster being the model adopted. It is conducted by the boys themselves, who make and enforce the laws, pay the taxes and fill the offices. The boys are taught to be independent by being thrown on their own resources. They are not coaxed to work, but they know they must pay for food, lodging and clothing, and that the only way to do this is to work and earn the money. A boy can break a law if he chooses, but if he does he is arrested by the boy-sheriff, tried before the court (made up of boys), and if found guilty, fined or imprisoned. To fail to find work, and thus become a pauper and subsist on the charity of the boy-community and be treated to their scorn, is a trial which, as a rule, the most hardy find too severe to invite.

The citizens of this youthful government are boys of the slums. Preference is given to incorrigibles. A bad lad, a "hopeless case," is just the one the Colony likes to take hold of and to transform into a manly, industrious, self-respecting boy. Many remarkable transformations are recorded. Thus two brothers, who had been arrested for burglary in Brooklyn, and who formed a plot and broke into the Colony store soon after their arrival, are to-day law-abiding, trustworthy citizens. One of these lads became, by steady work and trustworthiness, foreman of the Colony laundry. Mr. Wynkoop, Superintendent of the Colony, receives many letters from grateful mothers, thanking him for what the Colony has done for their boys. One says: "My son is an entirely new boy since his stay with you." Another: "It is a grand place for a boy with a wayward disposition." The average summer population is thirty-five; winter, twelve. But the work has passed its experimental stage, demonstrated its usefulness, and the management propose to enlarge it as rapidly as contributions permit. Earnest efforts are being made to purchase the farm, for which rent is now being paid; and as the work is commending itself to many, this worthy object will doubtless be accomplished. The association is composed of numerous prominent philanthropists, pastors and business men. General A. C. Barnes heads the Advisory Board; Herbert M. Williams is President of the Board of Directors; Rev. Frederic T. Steele is Secretary, and Charles W. Fuess, 34 Gramercy Park, New York, Treasurer. Superintendent Irving Wynkoop, Manager Adams, Mrs. Adams, the matron, and Dr. Karsted are in charge at the farm. Women's Auxiliary Committees at Kingston, Poughkeepsie and other places have rendered effectual assistance in maintaining the institution; farmers of the neighborhood have lent helping hands. The store has been stocked with shoes, hats and other supplies by thoughtful friends. On payment of $1 and approval of Board of Directors, any one can become a member of the association. The original scope of the Colony seems to have included summer work only, but the wisdom and necessity of housing some boys all winter have kept it open the year round. "Our plan is to give the boys right ideas, teach them how to work and get them positions where they can earn a living," says Rev. Edward Niles, one of the directors, to whom we are indebted for much information concerning this interesting and worthy enterprise. Our readers who desire to know more about the Industrial Colony Association, will have prompt replies to inquiries addressed to the secretary, Dr. Steele, 1124 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Bed Rock

A striking illustration of Scripture truth is given by Dr. Dill, of Fredericksburg, Va., in a New York periodical. He says: In the San Gorgonian pass, that opens the way through the Sierras to Southern California, I spent a few days of a July vacation. On either side of the pass rises a great mountain peak. Here towers fourteen thousand feet San Jacinto, and on that July day it wore a snow-cap. Opposite, rising also to its fourteen thousand feet, is old Gray Back. Each seems to vie with the other in speaking forth the praises of God. Does any one doubt that these two opposing mountains rest upon the same great bed-rock of the mighty Sierra Madre system? Must you tunnel them to believe it? So it is that in the mountain pass that leads to clear views of God's truth there rise opposing peaks. The finite mind may not be able to harmonize them or tunnel to the foundations, but they rest upon the bed-rock of God's truth.

I Want Everybody to Know

I HAVE such a wonderful Saviour
To help me wherever I go,
I have to keep telling his goodness,
For I want everybody to know.

CHORUS.

I want everybody to know
Of Jesus who loveth me so!
My time I will give as long as I live
To help everybody to know.

He helps me o'ercome all temptation
And makes me with gladness o'erflow;
He brings me a blessed salvation
That I want everybody to know.

He cheers me if I am in sorrow;
He presses me close to his heart
And tells of that brighter to-morrow,
Where troubles shall never have part.

He hearkens to humble confessing
And ever his mercy doth show;
He crowneth my life with his blessing,
And I want everybody to know.

Vineland, N. J. —MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound cake. Sold everywhere. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

COFFEE AND HEART DISEASE

Slowly and Surely Affects the Heart's Action

"My heart seemed to be jumping out of my body one morning after I had used some coffee, clear, without cream or sugar,—for I had been told that coffee would not hurt me if used that way. We were all greatly frightened at the serious condition of my heart until I remembered that it might be from the coffee.

"So when the trouble passed off, I concluded never to use coffee again. It had hurt me greatly, used in the ordinary way with cream and sugar, but I had hoped that it would be less harmful without the cream and sugar, but the result was no better.

"Since that time we have been using Postum Cereal Food Coffee and my heart has never troubled me at all. We are all delighted with the Postum because we know how to make it and know how valuable it is as a health beverage.

"In speaking to a friend lately about Postum Cereal, she said she did not like it. I found the reason was that it had not been made properly. After I told her to take four heaping teaspoons of Postum to the pint of water and let it boil full fifteen minutes after the real boiling started, she was greatly delighted with it and has been using it since and has been very much better in health. Yours truly," Mrs. L. S. McEllimmey, 1218 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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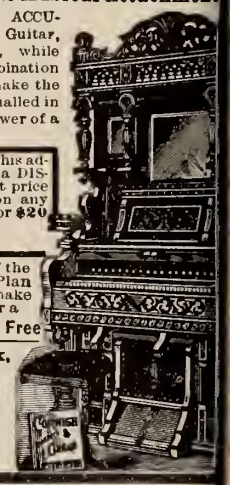

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SEEKING SOULS*

The Seeker Authorized to go on his Quest with a Message of Love and Compassion

NO part of our Lord's teaching was so widely divergent from the accepted orthodoxy of the time as that in which he described the attitude of God to the world. The people to whom he spoke knew God as the Creator. Their sacred books had described in vivid imagery his making the world and the orbs of heaven. They knew him as the nation's ruler. He had been their King, and their historians and prophets had reiterated the lesson that all their national calamities were his punishments for their desertion of him. With his majesty, his justice, his power, they were familiar. It was an entirely new view that Jesus presented when he represented him as a Father, and not only as a Father, but as one concerned over the welfare of his children and distressed by their wrongdoing. Did it seem a wrong view? He appealed to their own experience, to their own feelings in the common affairs of life and declared that from the joy which comes to the human heart in the recovery of a lost treasure, they might learn the joy that was in heaven over the recovery of a wandering soul.

Primarily, the parables of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin were spoken to justify Christ's association with the dregs of Jewish society. The upper classes at first had been inclined to patronize the young Teacher. They were amazed at his lowering himself by mingling with men despised for their debased calling and with women who had lost their virtue. He not only preached to them and welcomed them to his audiences, but he mingled with them socially and accepted their hospitality. He evidently lost caste by such conduct. They murmured at him. In defending himself, Christ shows them how unlike they are to God. In other ways and in other places he teaches the loss that the sinner bears in wandering away from God. Here he shows that God is grieved, too. He suffers loss, and is glad when that loss is repaired, and the angels share his joy, knowing how much happier an ending this is than was feared. The significance of this teaching is obvious. A modern novelist has given expression to it. The daughter of a country deacon elopes, leaving a letter behind her, confessing the wrongdoing she is about to commit. Nothing more is heard from her for some months, and her father with a breaking heart himself proposes the erasure of her name from the church books. How he suffered over his loss, his neighbors could see. One of them, who ascertained the daughter's address in the great city to which she had gone, wrote her, telling her of his grief, and assuring her that if she returned she would be cordially welcomed. The girl had pictured her father as stern, unforgiving and relentless. As soon as she heard that he still loved her and yearned after her, she set out immediately for her home and was received with open arms. It was the fact of her father's love that had survived her wildoing, which brought her back.

A modern instance from real life shows the same truth. After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the Communists of Paris gained control of the city, killed the archbishop, burned the royal palace and destroyed many priceless art treasures. When they were suppressed and Thiers established order, the Communists were ruthlessly punished. The survivors grew callen, and though they dare not declare their hostility they hated the government and hated society. It was then that Dr. McAll went among them. The one message he delivered was, "God loves you." The people who supposed that they were hated of all, listened in amazement. That the message went to their hearts and before Dr. McAll died, he had drawn hundreds of the fiercest and most implacable of them into the Christian church. It makes all the difference in the world to the wrongdoer to know that he whom he has outraged is willing to forgive. Even in a quarrel between two friends, a reconciliation is brought nearer, if one of them learns that the other longs to be reconciled. Thus the Christian learns his mission. It is to tell the wanderers that God is not implacable, as they suppose, but is sorry to see them going to ruin and longs to have them return to him. It is a most delightful message to carry to sinners and there is abundant authority for it. It is a message of love, which as we know, is the strongest influence in the world. The picture of the shepherd's joy at finding the lost sheep and the woman's joy at recovering her lost coin are an equipment for soul-winning which should encourage all to enter on the work. The incentive is twofold, inasmuch as it is an inestimable blessing to the soul saved and it brings increased joy to the supernal beings who in some way know of it and celebrate it as another triumph of divine love.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 2. Luke 15: 1-10.

THE SHAH IN THE OCCIDENT

THE protracted visit of Muzafer-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, to Paris, the recent cowardly attempt by an anarchist to assassinate him there, and the plans made by the monarch for an excursion to England, have brought him as much into public discussion as in 1896, when he ascended the peacock throne of Ivan upon the death of his father, Nasr-ed-Din, who, it will be remembered, died by the hand of a fanatic who shot him as he was entering the court of the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim, in Teheran. The coolness of Muzafer, when attacked, won encomiums from the Parisians. He seized his would-be assassin, holding him with both hands until the police took charge; and then continued the pleasure-drive for which he had just left the Palace of the Sovereigns, where he

MUZAFER-ED-DIN, PERSIA'S SHAH

was stopping as the guest of France. "If the assassin has not succeeded in killing me it is because my hour is not yet come," said the Oriental fatalist. Following so closely upon Humbert's death and the threats made against other rulers, he recognized the attempt as a part of the announced anarchistic plan to destroy all the monarchs in the world.

His purpose to visit England was welcomed by the British press. His father was the first Eastern potentate to "set the fashion" for Oriental monarchs to undertake Western tours. Nasr-ed-Din made three journeys to Europe, wrote down his experiences and observations, and published them for the enlightenment of his subjects: and he introduced Western improvements into the commercial and industrial life of his country. There are many things connected with his conduct during his occupation as a guest of a suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace which are not pleasant to recall, and which will hardly be repeated at any time or place by his son. Muzafer's earliest announced plans for his English journey included visits to the Queen at Osborne, and to other places where his father was entertained in 1894. If the Shah's sojourn in the Occident shall be followed by as great an advancement in Persia as resulted from his father's, perhaps Ivan will make some strides toward the possession of Christianity—the keystone of Western progress and civilization.

Whether at home or away on your vacation Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills should be your body-guards and health preservers. There's nothing like Hood's for keeping the blood pure.

HELPING INDIA'S ORPHANS

AMERICA'S children are doing their part in saving India's famine orphans. Many are contributing the contents of their banks and pledging themselves to save by little acts of self-denial or earn by deeds of service to generous friends, more pennies, nickels and dimes to send to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the fatherless and motherless boys of the world's most stricken and sorrowful land. In days to come hundreds of Hindus, Christianized through our agency, will bless the little American lads and lassies who, for Christ's sake, came to their help in their hour of utter destitution and bitter trial. A large book could not hold in detail the story of all the noble things youthful readers of this paper are doing for India. The letters received in this office from children are an inspiration to older workers. One communication from Harrisburg, Pa., contains $15, part of which was contributed as follows:

SUSIE, CHARLIE AND BERNARD HALE

We, little girls at the Home for the Friendless, have been saving our pennies for pleasure trips this summer, but feeling sorry for the poor Hindu children, we are willing to sacrifice our pleasure to save them. May the dear Lord raise up many friends for India's children.

Rev. Mr. Monroe recently brought in an offering from Susie, Charlie and Bernard Hale, three little Christian friends in Vermont, and told of other children who were planning to help the orphans. Many pastors and Sunday School teachers write us of how earnestly bands of children are laboring to fill mite-boxes and to make up the necessary sum—$15—to adopt an orphan. Every childish scrawl is appreciated, whether the contribution it contains be large or small.

One little man, James Gordon Mairs, had two boxes of nice candy given him and sold it "in penny's worth at a time,", until he had $1.35 for India's "poor little boys and girls." Little Claude, Stanton, Iowa, sent $1—his penny collection.

Cannot other people whom God has endowed with the gift of song, take a hint from this:

Miss Mabel Keith, Holdrege, Neb., aged sixteen, a graduade of Conn's Conservatory of Music, was moved to give her first concert for the India sufferers and sent the proceeds, $43.75 to feed the starving.

INTER SEAL

The Package Protects the Contents and the Law Protects the Package

When you buy crackers, biscuit or wafers, insist upon having the kind that come in the "In-er-seal Patent Package." Its contents are always crisp and fresh. It is proof against moisture, odor, dust and germs.

Soda Biscuit, Oatmeal Biscuit, Milk Biscuit, Handmade Pretzelettes, Butter Crackers, Ginger Snaps, Graham Biscuit, Vanilla Wafers.

All these can now be obtained in the "In-er-seal Patent Package."

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It belongs to us, and the genuine contains only our products.

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That food which keeps brain and body in best condition, which least taxes digestion, and contains the most nutriment in least bulk, is best and cheapest.

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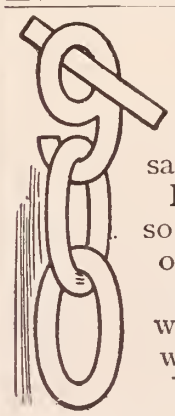

In 1900,

how much more comfort poor people will have than fifty years ago! Now-a-days, all sorts of labor-saving things make living easier and cheaper. Pearline, for example. What one thing has done so much for the woman who has to do, her own work?

Pearline has freed her from house-drudgery; easy washing, easy cleaning, less work, more leisure, when women use Pearline. 601

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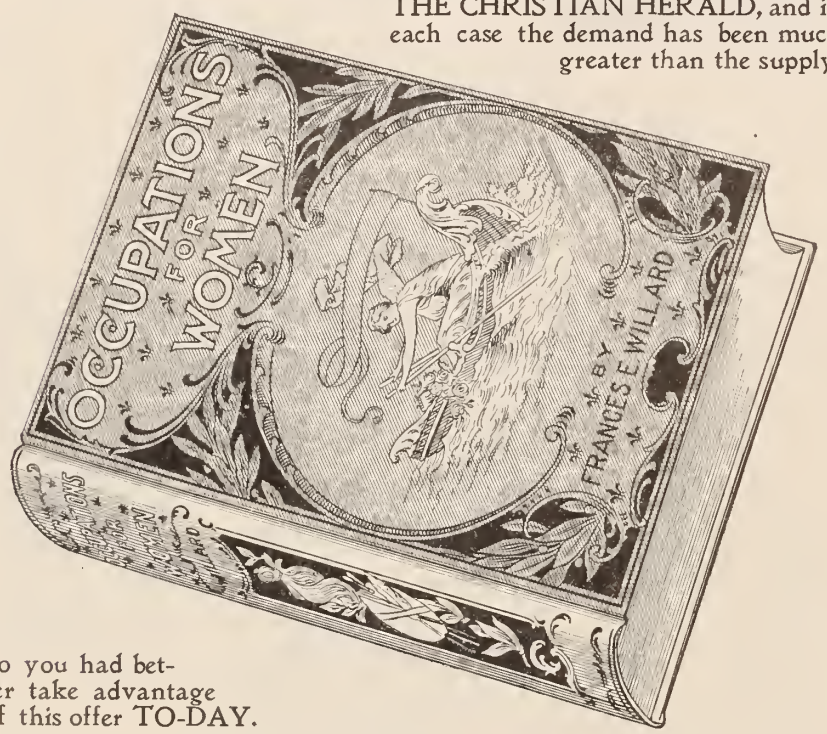

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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THE CZAR WELCOMES REV. DR. TALMAGE AT HIS IMPERIAL PALACE AT PETERHOF

Our Editor's second meeting with the Russian Emperor and his household. The illustrations are: 1. The Czar. 2. The Czarina. 3. The Empress-Dowager. 4. Mrs. Talmage. 5. Rev. Dr. Talmage. 6. The Steamship *Leo*. 7. The Summer Palace at Peterhof. 8. In the courtyard of the Imperial Palace, St Petersburg. *(See page 705).*

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intendedfor this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Sept. 17

1. What attitude ought we, as a nation, to take toward the millions of men who are willing to work but are unable to obtain employment?
2. What is the most successful method of combating intemperance?
3. What three things, other than divine grace, are most essential for one's happiness?
4. What remunerative employments are open to women living at home and continuing in the performance of home duties?
5. When and where was the first postal card made?
6. Where and how did the signs for planting according to the moon originate?
7. In the sale of a house, a horse, or a piece of merchandise, the seller being a professed Christian, is it his duty to point out the defects which the intending purchaser may have overlooked, even though by so doing he should lose his customer?
8. What great king decided to have a vast library, which after infinite pains and research finally dwindled down to three words?
9. What is the origin of the phrase: "A little bird told me?"
10. Is it wise or otherwise to give "pocket-money" or "spending-money" to children, and what rule should parents in ordinary circumstances observe in this respect?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK

1. What is the origin of what is known as the ladies' "Leap-year privilege?"

Myth and history both have something to say on the matter. Myth refers to St. Patrick as originating the privilege. History tells us that in 1288 the following law was passed in Scotland: "It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe year, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, he then shall be free." A few years later a similar law was passed in France and received the approval of the king. It is also said that before Columbus sailed on his famous voyage, a similar privilege was granted to the maidens of Genoa and Florence. The English in 1606 allowed the custom to become a part of the "common law," that "as often as every leap-yeare doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege during the time." Up to within a century ago, it was another unwritten law of leap year that if a man should decline a proposal, he should soften the disappointment by the present of a silk dress.

EDITH C. ROBINSON.

2. What is the best estimate of the earth's weight, and how is it ascertained?

The estimated weight of the earth is 6,256,587,273,000.000 000,000 tons. The Cavendish Experiment is the best known method. It was first made by Henry Cavendish on the suggestion of Michel and has since been repeated by Reich of Freyburg and Francis Baily. In the apparatus used by Mr. Baily two small balls at the extremities of a fine rod are suspended by a wire, and their position carefully observed by the aid of a telescope. Large balls of lead placed on a turning frame, the centre of which is in the promulgation of the suspending wire, are then brought near them in such a way that they can affect them only by the force of their attraction. On the large balls being so placed, the small ones move towards them through a small space, which is carefully measured. The position of the large balls is then reversed. Many observations are made till the exact amount of the deviation of the small balls is ascertained beyond doubt. Then, by calculation, the amount of attraction of the large balls to produce this deviation is easily obtained. Having reached this, the next question is, what would their attraction be if they were as large as the earth? This is easily answered, and hence, as we know the attractive force of the earth, we can compare its mean density with that of lead. Mr. Baily's experiments lead to the result that the earth's mean density is 5.67 times that of water. GRANT L. BICE.

3. Who were the original "Seven Wise Men" of Greece, and why were they so designated?

The "Seven Wise Men of Greece" were the great philosopher Thales, of Miletus; the great law-giver Solon, of Athens; Periander, of Corinth; Chilo, of Sparta; Cleobulus, of Liddus; Pittacus, of Mitylene; and Bias, of Priene. The title of "Seven Wise Men," is said to have been given them under the following circumstances: Some fishermen, having cast their nets into the sea, sold the expected draught of fish to some persons standing by. But when the nets were drawn in, it was discovered that the nets contained instead of fish, a golden tripod. The fishermen refused to give it to the purchasers, saying that they had sold to them *only the fish*. After much quarreling, both parties decided to refer the decision to the citizens of Miletus, who at once consulted the oracle at Delphi. The oracle ordered the tripod to be given to the wisest man who could be found. It was first offered to Thales, who modestly declined it, saying there were others wiser than he. Thales sent it to Bias, but he likewise declined it, and sent it to another. Thus the golden tripod passed in succession through the hands of all who were ever afterward classed as the "Seven Wise Men of Greece." The seven sought to enlighten mankind by a great number of moral truths, maxims and proverbs. They lived about 625 B. C.

CORDIE LEE HARBERT.

[Excellent answers to this question have also been received from A. E. H., Salem, O.; Mrs. M. E. S., Norwalk, O., and Wm. H. B., Baltimore, Md. Many others answered, omitting to give the origin of the title of "Seven Wise Men."]

4. If a man commits a sin unknowingly, will it be counted against him, whether he afterwards finds out his sin or not?

It is a well established rule in the courts that ignorance of the law excuses no one; though ignorance is sometimes properly pleaded as an extenuating circumstance in mitigation of judgment, since the element of malice is wanting. Violations of natural law, physical or moral, receive retribution with equal certainty whether the violation be deliberate, accidental or involuntary. In God's government the application of these principles is modified by the plan of atonement through Christ. Our acts of repentance must include both conscious and unconscious sin, and each will be alike forgiven. If we have unknowingly wronged our neighbor we should make prompt restitution whenever the fact is brought to our knowledge. JOHN G. OSBORNE.

5. Did the Psalmist in Psalm 84: 3 mean to imply that birds really built nests on the temple altars? If not, what was his meaning?

The passage referred to in this question reads as follows: "Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." I think the following rendering, taken from the Teacher's Bible, International Series, makes the Psalmist's meaning very clear and distinct: "As the sparrow findeth a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, so findeth my soul a safe refuge at thine altars."

CHARLES D. HANGER.

6. What should be done with a church building which is in a city and is hallowed by sacred associations, when the members of the church have moved to the suburbs and few people attend its services?

First of all, let the building be used for church services of a character somewhat different from the ordinary. The fact that few people attend its services does not always prove that there are no people living near who are in need of religious teaching. Frequently there is a large population near such a church, but of a class to whom the ordinary service is not attractive. Try what a good bright lecture on some practical topic on a week evening would do. If it brings an audience, study the people who come and plan the Sunday service with a special view of attracting such people. Start a sewing school, a cooking school or a shorthand school in connection with the church and any other method of helping the people. They will appreciate the interest taken in their welfare and will be more likely to come to the Sunday service. By all means have a visitor and a nurse, who will go around the neighborhood and try to benefit the people. The places of those who have "moved to the suburbs" may be filled by people who perhaps will not pay so well, but who belong to the class to whom Christ wished his Gospel to be preached. Get as pastor some sympathetic, hard-working man such as the Roman Catholic Church would put in such a neighborhood, and support him while he gathers a congregation of thankful, loving people around him. Get Dr. Edward Judson, of New York, or Dr. A. J. Lyman, of Brooklyn, to tell his experience in a downtown church. That church building may become such a centre of light and helpfulness that its future history may be better than its past. Of course it will cost money at first, but perhaps if the people to whom the building is hallowed see it doing a good work, they will pay and will feel repaid in the preservation of the church.

J. B. INFREE.

7. Is it the duty of a pastor to instruct his hearers on the duties of Christian citizenship, or should he devote his sermons exclusively to the Gospel?

Yes, it is the duty of a pastor to instruct his people in the duties of Christian citizenship. The pastor, however, should not dwell on such topics too prominently or continuously, but rather indirectly, showing how the principles of Christianity apply to our whole life in its relations both to God and men. But we need to be on our guard not to pander to the secular spirit of the times. As a general rule, that minister will produce the best results who adheres most faithfully to the main doctrines of the Gospel. Get a man impregnated with Gospel principles and he will not have much difficulty in discovering his duties as a citizen.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

8. Are recent events in China and South Africa in any way a fulfilment of prophecy?

There is, so far as I have been able to find, no specific prophecy which has been fulfilled by these wars. Perhaps some other of your readers may have been more successful. There is, of course, the general prophecy of "wars and rumors of wars" (Matt 24:6), which these, like other wars, fulfil. I know of no prediction relating to any land that can be identified with the Transvaal. China is mentioned only once (Isa. 49: 12), and then under its Asiatic name of Sinim. There is, however, a feature of this Chinese trouble very interesting to a student of prophecy. In Rev. 17: 12, 13 there is a prediction that ten kings will give their power and strength to the beast. It has always been urged that no such combination could ever take place, owing to the mutual jealousies of the great powers. But this Chinese trouble shows that union for a definite purpose is possible. We have seen Russia, France, Germany, the United States, Great Britain and Japan uniting their forces; and in the latest development, agreeing to place them under the command of the German general. Never before have six nations acted together for a common purpose. The precedent will not be forgotten, and may help to make the great final confederacy of the last days possible. A. D. P.

9. What will be the fate of the heathen after death?

The fact that this question has been so extensively discussed, and is so frequently asked, is evidence that it is one about which many are concerned. Without attempting to reproduce all the arguments pro and con, I here with present a few of the most prominent theories, with the bases advanced for their support:

First. The heathen are the descendants of nations that were once enlightened, and believers in the true God, but they gradually wandered away from the truth and finally forgot God, and God has been visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the succeeding generations, consequently they will be irretrievably lost.

Second. The heathen will be saved on account of their ignorance; as it would not be consistent with justice and mercy to punish them for not doing that which they have never had an opportunity of doing.

Third. God has planned a way for their escape; that is, that after death they will have the Gospel presented them with the privilege of accepting or rejecting, and will be dealt with according to their choice. The principal reason for this theory is that Christ died for all mankind, and, if the enlightened only are saved, then his death on the cross was a failure, since those who die in heathen darkness compose such a large proportion of the human race (See I. Peter 3: 19).

We may think what we please about this matter, but we will never know for certain until eternity reveals it; and no matter what we believe or say about it, we are accountable for our light and knowledge, and our plain duty is to carry the Gospel news of salvation to every creature if possible. If we have found the Great Treasure, Jesus, the Saviour, we shall want to tell it to others.

CHARLES D. HANGER.

10. What is the best method of conducting a Question-box meeting?

The leader should try to have at the meeting men who have made studies of special subjects, in order that if those subjects are brought up by questions, he may have some one capable of answering authoritatively. When the questions are gathered, the leader should read them over, referring a legal question to a lawyer; a historical question, to his student of history; a scientific question, to his scientist, etc. Questions of opinion he should answer himself, as if it is known beforehand that he will conduct the meeting, it is his opinion that the questioner desires. After the question is answered, a brief time, say two minutes each to three speakers, should be allowed for persons wishing to criticize or amend the answer given. OSCAR F. CLARKE.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS

These pretty verses from Mr. Charles McKenzie, a Cleveland reader, will be read with interest by all who are touched by the sufferings of the India famine orphans:

Oh, I'm a little bronzeskin boy
Far away in tiger-land,
A little hungry bronzeskin boy,
So weak I cannot stand.

Because my mamma gives no eat,
No matter how I cry,
An' say we all be dead now soon
An' go up in the sky.

I lay all day an' look at sky
So very bright an' blue,
An' wonder if the boys up there
Ise always hungry too.

Reader. 1. Do you think that Dorcas was dead or only in a trance? How could Peter who was human, raise from the dead since that is only in the power of God? 2. How and where did the Saviour obtain the means to meet his daily necessities? Do you suppose that he worked at his trade as carpenter, or was he supported by friends or relations?

1. There is no reason to doubt that she was actually dead, and that the power to work the miracle was given to Peter in fulfilment of the Saviour's promise (see John 14: 12). 2. In his earlier years he worked as a carpenter, and when he began his public ministry, with his company of disciples, all his needs were doubtless supplied by his followers (see Matt. 27: 55).

One of our readers asks why it is that, in the dozens of our bored wells, the water just before a storm becomes "riley" or partly muddy. He says that from twelve to twenty-four hours before a storm, his well becomes muddy and stays so. We have referred his question to the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C., and through the courtesy of the acting chief, we are enabled to answer as follows:

It is evident that, as we are told nothing about the location of the wells, or the character of the storms, or the persistence with which the phenomenon occurs, we can give only a suggestion as to the possible explanation. Extensive storms occur in the midst of areas of low pressure. When the barometric pressure is diminishing the air imprisoned within, the soil can more easily push its way out into the open. Wells are but holes that open their way into the lower strata and give the air contained therein an easier mode of egress. Every low barometer or storm that passes near the well facilitates the escape of gas and even of water, so that the well should stand higher when low pressures prevail. The bubbling up of the air through the water would undoubtedly make it "riley," and, especially so, if there is a deposit of fine mud and decaying vegetable matter at the bottom of the well. The trouble can be partly remedied in "dug" wells, by placing one or two broad flat stones in a slightly inclined position at the bottom of the well, so that rising bubbles and muddy water are turned off to one side. But for bored wells whose sides are cased with iron piping, we know of no remedy.

M. M., Bonita, Texas. I have often heard the expression "If you are in Rome do as Rome does." Is there any Scripture for such an idea?

The phrase is attributed to St. Ambrose, who, in his advice to Monica and her son, Augustine, said: "When I am at Milan, I do as they do in Milan; but when I am at Rome, I do as Rome does." The nearest approach to an equivalent in Scripture is found in Paul's expression. (See I. Cor. 9: 22).

C.M.I., Bridgeport, Conn. 1. Of what nationality was the king Abgarus of Edessa, mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 23? 2. In what book can I find the poem of which the title is "Edinburgh after Flodden," and the author Prof. Aytoun? 3. In this Christian country why is not the Bible—the book of religion of all Christians—taught in the public schools?

1. Edessa was in Mesopotamia, and is now a part of the Turkish empire. 2. You will find it in several collections of Scottish ballads. 3. Our public school system is unsectarian, and as children of many different religions attend, it was decided to keep them free from doctrinal teaching, so that Jew and Christian, Protestant and Romanist, might be on an educational equality.

Mrs. J. T. B., South Milwaukee, Wis. While I was collecting money for the India Relief Fund, a slip was handed to me. It was used as an argument for not sending money abroad. It does not seem reasonable to me that even one single missionary family could have so much invested in foot wear. Will you please give me your opinion?

The slip referred to is from a newspaper which prints the fact that Rev. Wm. Wheeler, one of the A. B. C. F. M. missionaries in Armenia, in making claim for damages to the mission property by the Turks and Kurds, enumerates among his effects $35 worth of shoes and the other missionaries a proportionately large amount of shoes and garments of various kinds. Enemies of missionary work were quick to grasp at what seemed an unpardonable extravagance; but a little further investigation would have shown the fact (since fully explained), that these articles were supplies for destitute and orphaned Armenians in the missionaries' charge and not the personal wardrobe of the missionaries themselves. This the newspapers failed to explain in the first instance, and thus a half-truth was made to serve all the purposes of a lie.

A CHRISTIAN ARMY IN TENTS

PHILADELPHIA'S MID-SUMMER REVIVAL AND THE REMARKABLE WORK IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED...

IVE great tents—a spreading sea of white canvas—are now in operation in the midsummer evangelistic movement in Philadelphia. owded audiences gather at the services. d there is a deep and lasting religious

JOHN H. CONVERSE

s rit evident. Already many blessed re- s ts are visible, and still greater results a foreshadowed. The work is organ- d. with a central committee represent- i all the Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia. Instead of having a centre ound which the entire city rallies and t ard which effort is made t attract people, the oppo- s tactics have been adopt- e The plan is to locate tents i various strategic points of t city. In each of the sec- ns where a location is de- ed upon, a Christian force o volunteer workers is organ- i d, having full charge of the v rk locally, and cooperating w h the central committee. Hiladelphia is unique in t t. being a city of homes, a vorable field is offered for s h work. A tent is located n section of the city where t re is a large population u connected with evangelical c rches. Already many sat- i ctory points have been se- l ed in which work through t tent has been accomplish- e For the past week, within t tents and on Chestnut S eet Pier, the meetings have b n attended. by actual c nt, by 15,880. This does not take n consideration almost as large a num- l of those who listened outside or sat u n their doorsteps and heard the Gos- p sung and preached. The city author- i s granted the committee the use of a l ge recreation pier, which extends from C stnut street out upon the Delaware R er. The meetings on the pier are a ended every night by from three hun- d d to five hundred. When an actual t was taken in an audience of five hun- d d, it was discovered that not more t n six of the entire number were pro- f sed Christians. Week by week this l ge mass of unevangelized humanity b omes more and more interested. A g dly number last week came forward, e ressing earnest desire to lead a Chris- t n life, one young woman declaring that s had never before understood that C ist was a personal Saviour.

n one section, where there is a large i dent population of Jews, Catholics a l those of no religious preference, when t workers began it seemed for a time t t it would be almost impossible to con- d t the work because of the disturbing e nents. After a three week's campaign, s e seventy-five professed faith in Jesus C ist as their Saviour and on the c sing night, more than forty gathered r nd the platform expressing their appre- c tion of the services and their deter- m nation henceforth, by the grace of G d, to lead Christian lives. Many wept li little children.

A result which should not be overlooked is that while the pastors are away from the city, many Christian people take their absence as a license for general inactivity in Christian services, and this effort has provided work of a spiritual character for young and old in all sections of Philadelphia. By this means the pastors find, upon their return in the fall, that the Christian workers are ready and enthusiastic for the winter's campaign. The work is organized along the lines of the last command of our Saviour: "Go ye into all the world." The plan upon which the workers operate is one of going out to where the people live and pressing to their lips, in love, tenderness and earnestness, the cup of salvation. The old-time hymns are used in connection with the work and the old-style Gospel earnestly preached, proving that they have not lost their attractiveness in winning the unsaved.

The executive committee in charge of the tent campaign is backed by a committee of twenty laymen and ministers. It has been the policy of the committee from the first to take no collections in the services and to allow no books or special literature of evangelists or speakers to be sold. Funds for the prosecution of the work are contributed by Christian friends, the committee looking to those interested in the extension of the Kingdom to supply the means that are needed. Every night in the week, except Saturday, meetings are conducted under the leadership of the best available speakers. Among those who have already taken part are Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D.; Rev. Horatio H. Wells, of Cleveland, O.; Rev. Geo. B. Stewart, D.D., President of Auburn Theological Seminary; Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of Brooklyn; Rev. W. E. Biederwolf, of Logansport, Ind.; Rev. Thomas Needham, Rev. W. A. Williams, D.D., President Franklin College; Rev. J. W. Parker, Greensburg, Ind., together with a large number of local pastors. Eleven Princeton students have been engaged by the committee, two working in connection with each tent, their duty being to look after the details, under direction of the local committee, to help in after-meetings, follow up inquirers by personal visits, and to see that those who definitely accept Christ are introduced to the members or pastor of the church of their choice. The students have thus far visited in over three thousand homes. Through their efforts especially, assisted by volunteer workers, many thousands of pages of literature have been distributed, which literature has been furnished free of cost by the Presbyterian Board of Publications. Children's meetings are also conducted in the afternoons in the various tents. A great deal of interest has in this way been aroused.

It is difficult to tabulate the results, although reports are sent daily from the various sections and local districts to the central office. Hundreds have signed "inquirer's cards" which are used in connection with the services, upon which it is simply stated, "It is my purpose to lead a Christian life." In addition to this, many more have, by the uplifted hand, and in other ways, expressed interest and asked for prayers. Some who have not signed cards have confessed Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. In a thousand different ways the spiritual results of the season's work have been made manifest in changed lives.

One of our photographs shows one of the tent meetings in progress. Portraits are also given of Mr. John H. Converse, the chairman and a most active and efficient member of the executive committee, and Mr. W. H. Scott, the treasurer of the movement. All inquiries should be addressed to Rev. J. B. Ely, general secretary, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN EVANGELISTIC TENT MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA

W. H. SCOTT

Christian Work in the Canaries

Dr. and Mrs. Macknight, mission workers at Tafira, Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, write encouragingly of the progress of their labors in that primitive part of the world. The work is a very attractive one. Mrs. Macknight's letter says:

We have rejoiced in the conversion of our cook, and of Antonio, and of the Senora, the schoolmistress of this village. On Sunday we had ten Spaniards at the Mission, and service ran over five hours with singing Sankey's translated hymns and reading. The Senora Boveda brought her three children, who sang "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds" most beautifully. The children are all gifted in music, and their mother was a professional musician in Madrid. Their father died in the war in Cuba. We would like to be able to give these children a Christian education. There are many orphans on this island, including some whose fathers fell in the Spanish-American War. We have already received two at our house, and we feel led to gather in such children, and to care for them as our own means and our friends' generosity may allow. Instead of growing up in misery and in ignorance and thus becoming vagabonds, they should be under Christian care. We ask all to pray for the Boveda family, who are now receiving their first impressions of Gospel truth and liberty, and for those we are earnestly laboring to save. Any of your readers who may feel interested in this work can correspond with us here at Tafira and we will gladly reply.

A Gospel Steamboat for Africa

A steamboat has just been completed by the Trigg Shipbuilding Co., Richmond, Va., for missionary work on the rivers of West Africa. It is intended for a Society which is represented by Rev. S. H. Chester, of Nashville, Tenn., and which is especially interested in the cause of foreign missions. Some time ago, Mr. Chester and his associates raised a fund to defray the expense of constructing the boat. It was necessary that she should be of very light draught to be serviceable in the shallow streams, and that her general equipment should be suitable for a tropical climate. The photograph on this page gives an idea of the character of the little vessel, which is named the *Lapsley*. She will carry five or six passengers, besides engineer, fireman and pilot. She is a stern-wheeler, a paddle being fitted at the rear, so that it can be used in water less than two feet in depth. As coal is scarce in the Dark Continent, oil will be the fuel used. The deck is enclosed, in order to shut out the burning rays of the African sun. The cabin is in the centre of the vessel, the engine in the stern. The little steamer will have a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour. She will go from village to village along the banks of the various navigable rivers, and her company will do general evangelical work without regard to denomination.

A NOVEL MISSIONARY STEAMBOAT

Women in State Service

New York State is putting forth special efforts to secure a high class of women officers for its houses of refuge and reformatories for women and children. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in receipt of a letter from Hon. Herbert E. Mills, President of the State House of Refuge for Women, Hudson, N. Y., in which he asks us to call attention to positions in the State employ now open to women through the civil service system; and especially to those of the nature we have indicated, in which the duties are general supervision and control of housekeeping, and the requirements as to high character, good judgment and moral purpose are most exacting. Discipline in direct communication with the inmates affords an opportunity for those who desire to do important and difficult reformatory work. The salaries are $300 per year and maintenance; after six months of service there is an opportunity for promotion with increase of pay. Examinations are to be held Sept. 1. Apply for further information to the State Civil Service Commission, Albany, N. Y.

Answered Prayers

E. H. M., Monticello, Fla., writes: "I would like to acknowledge, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a direct answer to prayer, and I praise God for his goodness."

H., New York City, writes: "My son who was very low and whom we believed to have contracted an ailment that could not terminate other than fatally, has been restored to health in answer to prayer. I desire to acknowledge the goodness of God."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

SCIONS OF ROYALTY

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 8: 18: . . . . Each one resembled the children of a king.

ZEBAH and Zalmunna had been off to battle and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered, that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of forty millions of dollars in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars. Naples, twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions, and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting-room desk shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority.

But I preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive—the Royal House of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the Cross; all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the Chief Joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying-dust of his chariot-wheels. Able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a Cross, a Lamb standing under it, and a Dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the Dove, the Cross, the Lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No! when I blush be this my shame—
That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says: "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says: "All things are yours." What! everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky-lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey-makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud, and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing-girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors; and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window-pane into his cabin; and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick-cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black-framed, black-tasseled picture of the night? It is the heirlooom of our family. Ours the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street-lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding-peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away;" and once having put on thy hand the signet-ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country-place where you grew up. You sat on the door-sill. You heard the foot-steps of the rain on the garret-roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions." When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova, and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victora Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gate-way are a-bloom with the century-plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come together at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years. (Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrap books, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen! Yet soon it is good-by at the car-window, and good-by at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary, and all the darlings of your household—not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the lustre of heaven, and their cheek roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say: "I thought there were no tears in heaven. There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away;" and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! child of heaven is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved ones, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak, some of you with broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh blessed day! speed on! Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for the weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, O day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long-lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. On look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining-room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh! the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide, for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the River gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

THE CZAR GREETS DR. TALMAGE

WELCOMES HIM AT HIS SUMMER PALACE AND CONVERSES ON INTERNATIONAL TOPICS — AN ESTIMATE OF RUSSIA'S RULER

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

EXCEPTING my interview with all the imperial family eight years ago, when I came here with Dr. Klopsch of New York on a mission of bread in time of famine, this visit has been the most interesting of my life.

y family have been as ·ally received as myself. ·fore leaving London, I .s told that the Russian nperor wished to see me ain, but I did not know til a few hours before esentation that my wife d daughters would be ited to appear at court. his reception is a revival the friendship formed 1892, which friendship s been strengthened by tens of regard and kind- communications again d again.

found the Emperor ong and well, looking t a day older than when et him before. He said· I was twenty-four when u were here the other ne; I am now thirty-two."

The cares of Empire ve not put one wrinkle his face, although he s passed since I saw n from being Crown nce to the throne. He ive feet ten inches in sture, is a blonde, of fair nplexion, and has blue e·s. He is all animation, fectly natural and vhout any assumption manner. Kindness and od cheer are dominant his make-up. He is personally at peace h all the world, notwithstanding that t Chinese have declared war against Ussia, and this country is always ready t defend itself.

The Emperor is the impersonation of t· principles adopted at his suggestion a The Hague. He by no means consid- e his movement at that time a failure, I thinks, as most of us do, that the od results of that convention will yet felt. He said to me:

How many important things have hap- ed since we met! My father, whom u saw on the throne, is gone. My moth- e has passed through three great sorrows s·e you were here: the loss of my father, t loss of my brother, and during the l· year the loss of her mother, the Queen o Denmark. But she endures all, and is wi and wished to see you, but in her o n palace. Since we last met, the Span- i· American war has occurred!"

He laughed heartily at the fact that in o battle the only loss of life was that of mule.

When I remarked that our war with Spain had raised a new crop of heroes, he ·plied: "Yes!" And then he easily c ed over the names of some of those, w), on sea and land, distinguished them- s·es in that conflict.

Speaking of the ship-load of bread- s fs, sent on the steamship *Leo* by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the alleviation of t famine in Russia, in 1892, he said:

How kind that was in you Americans t·end that help at a time when many of m poor countrymen so sorely needed it. I was a great mercy and we can never f·get it."

When I referred to the cordiality be- tween our nations, and the fact that I had talked with his father about the interest that Russia had taken in American affairs during our Civil War, he said:

"Oh, yes; my father told me all about our Russian fleets in the harbors of New York and San Francisco, to keep off your foreign enemies."

Reproduced from the latest photograph

THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY

The Emperor expressed much interest in our coming Presidential election, but for which candidate he indicated a preference, I do not say. It would not be courteous to answer all the questions that have showered upon me from America and Europe concerning this interview. He remembered the royal present sent by himself and the one by his father through Count Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister at Washington, who telegraphed me to Brooklyn that he had a presentation to make me from his Emperor, but it must be on Russian soil, and so I was to appear, and did appear on a Russian warship in Philadelphia harbor to receive the gift.

Everything promises for the present Emperor a long and happy reign, for he is admired of all classes, and is of a temperament that will not take on the worries of responsible place. After we had expressed each for the other all good wishes I retired, feeling that I had been in the presence of a splendid man, and one who, by nature and education was well-fitted to reign over a vast Empire.

At the close of this interview, we were conducted by officers of the court into the room of the Empress. She talked with the ladies of my family as she would with sisters. She is very beautiful; her cheeks are aglow with health, and she has suavity in every posture and word. She is taller than the Emperor. She expresses her opinion without reserve. Evidently this royal marriage was a love match, and not a marital alliance for political and international ends. The Empress has three daughters, but no son. We heard their frolic and laughter in other rooms. The land that had an Empress Catherine the first, and an Empress Catherine the second, can never have another Empress, for the law now demands that a man and not a woman must govern Russia. Hence, with great interest this nation watches the imperial cradle. If there be no son in this family, then Michael, the brother of the present Emperor will inherit the throne.

When the present Empress was being instructed by a priest in regard to the religion of the Greek Church, which she was expected to adopt, she got tired of his instructions one day, and told the priest that she knew as much about the religion of the Greek Church as he did. Under this affront, the priest retired, declaring that she would have seven daughters, but never a son. The great masses of the people have heard of this prophecy; and, accustomed to believe what the priests say, they are depressed by it. May this prophecy prove a new illustration of the truth, long ago established, that ministers of religion sometimes make mistakes as well as other people!

But there was another pleasure to come. Before we left the dining-hall in the palace of Peterhof, we received an invitation from the Dowager Empress to visit her in her palace. A more delighted group than my family were you cannot imagine, for I had so often related to them how extraordinary a woman for graciousness and charm the former Empress of Russia was. We had to wait but a short time when the Dowager Empress entered the room. Although she had gone through so many bereavements, she looked exactly as when I saw her eight years ago. She made loving inquiry concerning her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, who had sent her a message by us. She was full of reminiscence. She said:

"Do you remember the hand-full of flowers I plucked from this arch, and sent them to your family? You stood there; and I, with my smaller children stood here. How well I remember that day, but oh, what changes!"

Then her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled. Though she is the daughter of a king, and was the wife of an emperor, and is the sister of the King of Greece and is the mother of an emperor, her manners are as unaffected as those of any lady we ever saw. She laughed and joked with the ladies and asked familiar questions and interested us all as we have never been interested. She invited us to come, the day after, to her palace, and see the Queen of Greece, who is now visiting Russia, and who had received me at Athens years ago, but our plans would not allow it.

The imperial carriage that had met us at the train, returned us, and the representative of our American Embassy accompanied us to St. Petersburg, and we felt that we all had passed a day of absorbing interest, which we will probably never again experience; and we could not help praying that the royal personages whom we had seen and who had greeted us with such marked cordiality, might, on leaving thrones on earth, take thrones in heaven.

T. De Witt Talmage

TWO METHODIST LEADERS

...The Newly Elected Presidents of the English Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Conferences

OUR Methodist friends will be glad to see the two portraits on this page. They are the chiefs, respectively, of the two great members of the Methodist family of Great Britain. Dr. Thomas Allen is the new President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference and Rev. Joseph Odell has just been elected President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.

Dr. Allen is sixty-three years old. He is the son of a small farmer, and as he said in his inaugural address, his earliest and ineffaceable impressions are of agricultural life. To this day the sight of a man plowing a crooked furrow stirs him to agricultural contempt. He joined the Wesleyan Church when he was only thirteen years of age and became a local preacher at eighteen. It was in his mother's farm kitchen, where the Methodists of the countryside held their services, that the lad preached his first sermon. He preached frequently in the neighboring villages and with such power that he was urged to become a candidate for the regular ministry. But he was poor; his father died when he was only three years old and nearly all his time had been devoted to helping his mother carry on the farm. However, the financial difficulty was surmounted and at the age of twenty young Allen was admitted to Didsbury College to study for the ministry. He received his first circuit appointment in 1859. From that time his stations have become increasingly important. The Conference sent him to the large cities and to fill the most difficult positions and he has performed the duty in every instance with credit to himself and benefit to his church. Three years ago he was called from circuit life to become Governor of the great Methodist College in Birmingham. He has now attained, by his election to the Presidency of the Conference, the highest honor in the gift of his church.

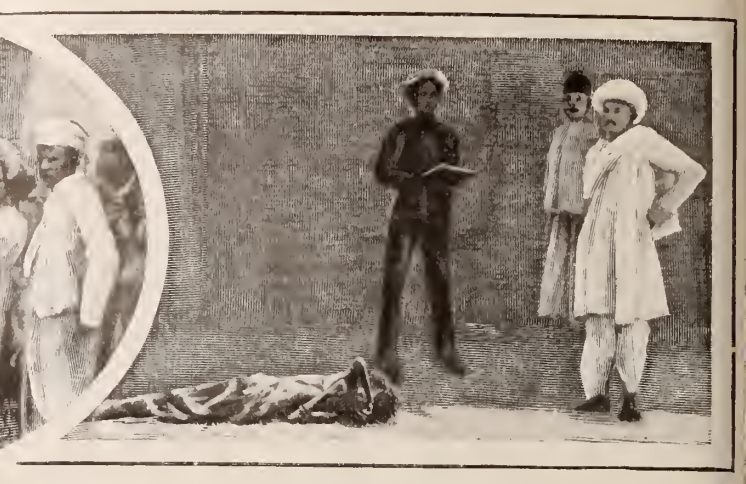
Rev. Joseph Odell, the new President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, is well-known in this country, having served in New York for four years as the Connectional Representative of his church. He is fifty-three years of age and has been thirty-five years in the ministry. He, too, comes from Birmingham, the great manufacturing metropolis of England. In his youth there was little promise of the eminence he has attained. His father was an athlete, famous in his neighborhood for his feats of strength and his wickedness. He had a hatred of religion and especially of Methodists; but late in life he was converted under the preaching of a Methodist revivalist. His son has naturally had great faith in revivals and has himself been a leader in that field. Some very remarkable conversions have occurred under his preaching. The conservative element in the church has at times been shocked by Mr. Odell's methods. It was at one time rumored that he would leave the Primitive Methodist Church to enter the Salvation Army; but he has remained and has now been elected to the presidential chair. In his inaugural address he humorously congratulated his brethren on their discovery that he was not so dangerous a man as they had imagined.

REV. THOMAS ALLEN, D.D. REV. JOSEPH ODELL

REMOVING A DEAD FAMINE VICTIM AT BARODA

REGISTERING PLAGUE REFUGEES

"WE COVERED HER WITH RAGS FOR DECENCY'S SAKE"



MY TOUR THROUGH FAMINE-STRICKEN INDIA

.. BY LOUIS KLOPSCH ..

IV.

"YOU surely will go to Agra and see the Taj Mahal before you sail?" said my companion, when I informed him that we were that day to begin the last trip before our return home. "Everybody that comes to India visits at least that," added he, by way of encouragement, when I shook my head negatively. We had come to see the famine fields and our time was getting short and every moment of it was mortgaged in advance up to the hour of our departure. Relief operations were of immediate and urgent importance, while sightseeing could be deferred. So we started off that night for Baroda, a city of 110,000 inhabitants, the capital of a native state of that name, arriving at 7. a. m.

The Gaekwar was off on a visit to England, there to be presented to the Prince of Wales and the Queen, hence there was no invitation awaiting us to visit the new and imposing princely palace, but nevertheless, on our way from the station, we passed through it and admired its magnificent architecture and sumptuous, modern furnishings. Strange to relate, there was not a soul to inquire into the why and wherefore of our presence. All was as quiet as the interior of a magnificent mausoleum. The garden surrounding the palace was in a fair state of cultivation, but no bird carrolled its morning lay, and neither the buzz of the bee, nor the chirp of the cricket relieved the mournful monotony of the oppressive silence.

We spent a few moments inspecting the never-failing well, dug at an expense of nine lakhs of rupees, or about $300,000. We then wended our way through the narrow, dirty streets of the capital to the place where once the poor-house was located; but on our arrival there we were informed that, owing to the abnormal increase in the number of its inmates, it had been removed to more capacious quarters a mile off. Thither we directed our steps, and in due time we reached the antithesis of the Gaekwar's Palace. As rich as were his quarters, so destitute was the poor-house. In my note-book I wrote a line that reads: "This is the worst I have yet seen;" and, as I recall it now, I marvel that I ever had the courage to pass into and through the filthy wards, and more filthy yard that constituted this shocking blot on civilization.

I had become accustomed to sights nauseating and revolting, but the Baroda poor-house stands out as the most terrible conglomeration of abject misery that ever met my gaze. The sun's rays penetrated my pith hat and dazed brain and eyes, while an effluvia of concentrated decomposition rendered breathing both difficult and dangerous. Almost stifled and stupefied we wended our way through the dead and the dying, with smallpox, dysentery, fever and cholera to the right and to the left, leaving terror behind us only to find horror awaiting us.

I left Baroda for the last of these letters because I was painfully conscious of the paucity of my vocabulary to do justice to the subject, and after I have written the worst, I shall feel that even then I have only faintly indicated the real condition of affairs.

A BATCH OF AIMLESS WANDERERS

* * *

At the entrance to the poor-house stood a woman, blind. I had often seen women who had lost their sight as the result of the horrible famine, but I had never seen one who looked as did this woman. Reduced to a living skeleton, the balls of her eyes were actually decaying in the sockets of her ghastly skull, and flies innumerable were acting the part of scavengers undisturbed.

She stood bareheaded in a sun which would have been fatal to me in less time than it takes to write this incident. Her claw-like hands inactively hung down her sides, until she heard our footsteps. Then they were raised appealingly in the direction of the sound, while she mumbled almost inaudibly her plaintive petition. Not realizing at first that she was blind, I walked up close to her, when another more frantic effort on her part brought her two hands into direct contact with my face.

I shuddered as I felt the cold, clammy touch, but being blind she could not see it. I quickly got beyond her reach, and then, as I supposed, unobserved, placed a rupee in her hand. In another instant a dozen other miserable remnants of humanity pressed forward, pleading vociferously for help. Just then the attendant appeared and promptly ordered them back. What might have happened but for his timely interference I dread to contemplate, as Mr. Frease and Mr. Hudson, who has since died of the cholera, with my other companions had advanced more quickly and were beyond the reach of my voice.

"TEN YEARS OLD AND YET WEIGHED ONLY THIRTY POUNDS"

* * *

I entered the first of many wards separated from one another by a bamboo partition. It was full of patients suffering from every manner of ailment. Cholera, dysentery and guinea-worm predominated. On some cots the unfortunates were doubled up. The temperature was torrid. The air was laden with an odor superlatively offensive. It was thick with effluvia of the vilest stamp. The cots were defiled, reeking with filth. Pain, misery, helplessness were on every hand. The agonizing groans of men and women writhing in cholera's fatal and unyielding grip were almost beyond endurance.

No attempt was made at treatment. I called for the physician. There was none. A hospital assistant with not as much knowledge of medicine as an apprentice in a pharmacy was in charge. "How many of these people will be saved?" I asked. "They come here to die," was the stoic response. It was the abomination of desolation. I would gladly have given at that moment all that I possessed had it been in my power to afford relief even for one single hour to those whose piteous gaze between the spasms mutely appealed to the white man for the help that they vaguely longed for yet did not expect, and which he unfortunately was unable to render. Never never shall I forget that sad experience. But what we saw in the first ward was only a specimen of all the others. We traveled from ward to ward only to repeat the same experience. Our heartstrings were wrung until the ever-present consciousness of our own utter helplessness became so oppressive that a continuation of the tour threatened to unnerve us.

* * *

We stepped out into the square skirted by the bamboo enclosure and into the brazen sun. There, before us on the ground without shade or protection of any kind, stark naked lay a number of women in the last throes of the cholera. Two of them were moaning piteously. They seemed unconscious, yet the contortions of their bodies indicated that they were suffering intense pain. We called an attendant and ordered him to carry the women under shelter from the burning rays.

We did not stop to think that we lacked thority to enforce our demands. Fornately there was no objection, and the omen were one by one carried under a of. One of them was practically dead. d at our request a few rags were thrown er her for decency's sake. She was t removed, and then and there she ed. We had seen enough. We were xious to get away. But it occurred to that thus far no children had been in idence. So we made inquiry conrning them and learned that they were pt in what is termed the kitchen. We ked to be shown there.

The kitchen in the Baroda poor-house ıst be seen to be realized. In a bamo enclosure under the supervision of a , turbaned Hindu, sat three hundred eletonized, diminutive creatures, mostly ked, all sickly and miserable and many them totally blind. In the entire numr there was not a single child which in r country would not be considered pelessly afflicted with marasmus.

Millions of flies gorged themselves on stering sores and on eyes sealed with ruseating exudations. The sight of ese poor little helpless human beings s saddening beyond description. Never ve I seen anything approximating in ject misery and utter destitution this thering of innocents. Not a cry esped their lips. The place was as silent the abode of death. Hardly a hand rred. Not a sound was heard. With e exception of the blinking of the eyes there was no indication of life. Had r own eyes been sightless, we could have ssed by this place in total ignorance of e presence of a living being. We lked in and no one paid the slightest ention to our movements.

The Hindu seemed as lifeless as the ldren. The sanitary conveniences and e kitchen were one. We proceeded, utiously advancing step by step, zig g fashion, in our efforts to escape pollion. We reached the centre of the closure. The Hindu looked on silently. The whole concern seemed dazed. e ourselves were dazed. Stupor was eping upon us. Death seemed to be circling the Baroda kitchen and all it ntained, first mercifully benumbing the ses, as the surgeon administers an esthetic before he performs the operon.

Suddenly there was a stir. Two men ring a can of milk appeared in front of e Baroda tent. The children became mated. The Hindu revived. He ne over to where we were standing and ormed us that milk was to be given to e feebler children. We followed him to e entrance and watched its distribution. soon as some of the tin cups were ed the children scrambled for them. ere was not enough for more than a rth of the number, and the more orous ones got what there was. The bler ones went without it.

Some of them were too weak to rise. They cried inaudibly, but their grief was more pitiful than if it had sought noisy expression. Perhaps punishment awaited every demonstration on their part, and hence they dared not complain. God only knows. We protested against the totally inadequate supply of milk and lack of proper management. The Hindu explained that more milk would be served in the evening. Eight long hours! And then perhaps only as much more. How could these hungry ones survive?

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Photographed during his tour in India, by Raja Deen Dayal & Son, photographers, Bombay, June, 1900

We asked the Hindu how many little ones died daily. He professed ignorance, but volunteered the information that their bodies were burned.

We crossed the square that led to the gate; but before we reached it we were surrounded by groups of starving people piteously pleading for a few pice with which to purchase grain. Tears actually trickled down the cheeks of many of the supplicants as they held up to our gaze their emaciated, shriveled little ones in ocular demonstration of their deplorable condition. Mothers swayed to and fro, moaning out unintelligible petitions.

Children prostrated themselves to the ground, chattering in a strange tongue and with frightful rapidity of utterance the story of their woes as though anxious to tell all before we made our escape. "Oh, my king," cried they, "it will be very well with you if you will help us, for we are very, very hungry." And, driven to despair at the thought that their appeal perhaps lacked eloquence or earnestness, they slapped their hollow stomachs and persuasively added, "I'm starving; if you will help me, God will give you many children." My heart almost sank within me.

Why should I have been called to witness all this suffering? Why not some wealthy man, who with a stroke of the pen could fill these empty stomachs and yet never miss the cost? I took one of the children in my arms. The mother said it was ten years of age. It could not have weighed more than thirty pounds. It was a skeleton absolutely denuded of flesh. The large glistening eyes were fixed on mine, as though eager to catch the promise of help. And yet I could not give any, for I remembered my experience at the gate. A rupee given at this moment might mean death, for these people were desperate. They were beyond reasoning. Their own sufferings and their children's woes had driven them nearly mad. If help was to be given, it had to be given generally and the few coins I had with me would not have satisfied a measurable fraction of the requirements. I handed the child back to its mother. It was but a matter of hours, and long before I left India for home the vultures had devoured or the flames consumed all that was left when the catastrophe overtook it.

As I write this, I verily believe that very few, if any, of the twelve hundred who were in the Baroda poor-house that morning ever came out alive. It was a veritable dead-house, and those who once entered seemed hopelessly doomed.

* * *

After early lunch and family prayers at the house of Rev. T. M. Hudson, we left Baroda, traveling eastward, witnessing a succession of scenes of suffering, desolation and misery. The rivers were dried up and along their sun-baked, kiln-dried beds, countless thousands of ragged, haggard, foot-sore beggars wandered aimlessly. They were bound they knew not whither. How many of them reached anywhere alive, God only knows. They were literally walking skeletons. They frequently died in their tracks. Thirty left a village for the relief works. Ten died while there. Ten died on the road homeward bound. Ten are awaiting death in the village to which they returned. These wanderers sink by the wayside from absolute exhaustion. Then, if near a village, they are picked up and carted to the hospital. They arrive unconscious, but their sunken eyes, heaving chest and hollow stomachs tell their own terrible story of inconceivable torture. Two girls were thus picked up. They retained consciousness, but speech had become painful. They were offered food. "Sahib," said the elder girl, "we have not eaten for four days. If we take food now we shall die. Let us rest until evening and then feed us." She died that day. The tissues and glands of her stomach were completely withered away. Truly, the present India Famine is the most appalling tragedy the world has ever witnessed.

* * *

This is the last of my letters descriptive of my tour of the famine fields of starving India. *Ma-bab!* rings in my ears. Would to God I had the means to be father and mother to them all and to give them enough to stay the pangs of hunger until Providence graciously sends a harvest so general and abundant that it shall satisfy every hungry man, woman and child in starving India!

LOUIS KLOPSCH.

FAMINE-STRICKEN NATIVES AT AHMADABAD

Gaunt skeletons, incapable of locomotion and with hardly a single spark of vitality left

A GROUP OF FAMINE BABIES

Two of them, the larger boy sitting and the child lying on the cot, died shortly after Dr. Klopsch's visit

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Wiseburn, Mrs J S 30
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——, Morristown... 50
——, Port Jefferson 5 00
——, Red Banks .. 1 00
——, W Hoboken.. 1 00
Anon, Blairstown. 50
Cash, Lebanon ... 1 50
Cash, Lebanon ... 75
Friend, Junction.. 20
A Friend, Darmont 2 00
Friend, Port Oram 5 00
Friends, Hackettstown 1 00
I H N, Green Creek 1 00
In His Name, Long Branch 1 00
I H N, Morristown 5 00
A Sympathizer, Holmdel 25
I H N, P F L, Westfield 2 00
Primary Cl Birthday Money, Clifton 7 00
Union Service at Lakewood 20 00
From Essex Falls.10 00
The Marlboro Jrs, Shiloh 1 00
Reader, Summit.. 1 00
People of Cookstown 6 00
Pres Ch, Frenchtown 2 00
Cof K D, Wanaque 5 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.
Hope & Ebenezer M E Chs at Hope 8 00
Presby Ch, Hopewell 7 35
Prim Dept S Sch Cl of Presby Ch, Washington 7 00
Buena U S Sch, Landisville 2 00
Speedwell S Sch, Morristown 1 00
Holland S School, Paterson 50 00
C E Soc Pres Ch, Greenwich 4 00
Scattering Seed Cir, Ocean Grove.10 00
Mercy and Help Dept, Epw Leag, Springfield 4 00
First Bapt Jr Miss Soc, New Market 5 00
C End Soc First Ref Ch, Hackensack 5 00
Y P S C E, Presby Ch, Tenafly 7 00

NEW YORK

Abbott, Mrs J J... 2 00
Aelberg, R 25
Aldons, Mrs E... 25
Aldons, Earnest... 25
Aldons, Emma ... 25
Aldons, Frank ... 25
Aldrich, Chas S...10 00
Allen, B 50
Allen, Mrs L M... 1 00
Allen, Mrs M H.. 1 00
Allendorph, Mrs H 1 00
Alvord, Pearl 1 00
Arnold, Mrs M.... 2 00
Auchmoody, Mrs G 1 00
Austin, Albertus E 2 00
Austin, S S 2 00
Austin, W F 1 00
Babcock, J A 2 00
Bacon, Anna E... 2 00
Bacon, Mrs A H.. 5 00
Bailey, John M... 2 00
Bailey, Mrs L 25
Bailey, Ruth 10
Bailey, W & H... 1 00
Baldwin, Mrs G.. 20
Ball, Mrs 1 00
Bancker, Mrs W D 5 00
Baner, Kitty 10
Banker, Walter .. 1 00
Barlow, T E 2 00
Barnnm, R W..... 2 00
Barr, Edward 5 00
Baruth, H 10
Batchelder, Emily. 2 00
Beale, Isaac 2 00
Beattie, Mr John.. 1 00
Becker, Mrs D.... 1 00
Bell, James 5 00
Benedict, E 10 00
Benning, W E & B 7 00
Benson, Mrs J....10 00
Benton, Mary 25
Biedekapp, Mrs E. 2 50
Bigelow, Mrs M.. 3 00
Billings, E L D... 05
Billings, Mrs M... 30
Bishof, Mrs 10
Blakeslee, Miss M 5 00
Bliss, Z W 1 00
Bogert, Martha A 1 00
Bolten, Mrs S J... 2 00
Borden, Mrs 1 00
Borrous, F E 10
Boughton, Mrs E 5 00
Boyd, A 5 00
Boyd, M M 1 00
Brace, C 25
Bradley, T J..... 2 00
Bradt, Lucy 33
Brittingham, F A. 5 00
Bronk, Mrs H....10 00
Bronson, W L..... 1 00
Brown, A L 10 00
Brown, Lena and others 1 00
Brown, Mrs M.... 1 00
Brush, Mrs E 25
Buchanan, Mrs D G 5 00
Budd Bros 2 00
Burch, Helen L.. 1 00
Burkhard, E 10
Burmaster, F F.. 1 00
Burr, S E M..... 1 00
Bush, Mrs L S.... 5 00
Camp, C D 25
Carner, Mrs V H. 10
Carson, Mrs W A. 50
Cass, Belle 50
Caywood, Mrs D.. 3 16
Child, James J....50 00
Clark, Mrs Ben... 25
Clark, Mrs Byron. 50
Clark, Mrs M E.. 25
Clark, Mrs S M... 2 00
Cleghorn, Mrs J... 25
Clikeman, M 25
Coe, Mrs A S..... 50
Cole, Jno M 5 00
Conine, Mrs W B. 10
Cook, S A 1 00
Coon, Wm J 6 00
Covert, Mrs G F.. 2 00
Covert, Thaddeus D, Coll by 3 00
Cozine, Alice..... 30
Crandall, T E 2 00
Crannell, Mrs M... 1 00
Crary, Mrs G..... 2 00
Craven, Miss L C 5 00
Crippen, Mrs D... 50
Cross, Burke 25
Cross, Fred 25
Cross, Kate 25
Crumb, C P 1 00
Curtiss, M E 5 00
Dailey, A H 5 00
Damon, Mrs 10
Davis, Annie 25
Davis, Grant 25
Davis, Mrs J 1 00
Davis Miss S E M 1 00
Day, S J 5 00
De Bervise, M E. 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
De Lancett, Louis 5 00
Demiug, L J 10 00
Denison, F P 10
Dockson, S T 10
Doolittle, F E 50
Doolittle, Lily M. 10
Dorn, R 05
Douglas, Miss E... 20
Douglas, Geo M.... 25
Downey, M W ... 10
Dubois, L 2
Dubois, M 2
Du Charme, E ... 20
Dumanoie, Eunice 10
Durfee, Chas M... 10
Durkee, F Lester. 10
Eagle, Mrs B 50
Earle, Mrs J W.. 20
Ebert, Rev D J... 5
Ebert, R 2
Eddy, Alzada M.. 2
Edwards, Mrs I...10 00
Edwards, L B 10
Ehle, Frances ... 10
Ellison, Mrs 10
Ells, W N 10 00
English, Chas 5
English, L A 20
Evarts, Mrs W A. 20
Fairchild, S M, Coll by 57
Fales, F L 10
Farnhamd, Mrs F 20 00
Farrington, H P. 2
Fish, Emma 50
Fisher, Mrs H M. 51
Fitch, Mrs W R.. 5
Foote, Rev C A.. 4
Ford, Mrs A E.... 2
Foules, Grace 10
Frances, A 10
Freeborn, Geo ... 2
French, H P and family 50
Frey, C, Brooklyn. 5
Fuller, W F 50
Gage, Mrs E 10
Gagnon, Mr C.... 1
Gallup, Mrs J D & Miss A Johnson. 20
Galway, Mr G... 5
Ganung, Mrs F... 5
Ganung, Nina 10
Gardner, H 11
Gaylord, Mrs P C. 2
Gedney, Mrs Wm. 2
Gillis, Miss 05
Gillum, Mildred... 20
Gilman, Miss F, through 30
Gilmour, Allan ...10 00
Glanville, F 7
Goodman, Juliet..2 75
Goodrich, Mr and Mrs J A 20 00
Gordon, Wm 10
Gorga, Joe 50
Gork, Mary M E. 10
Graham, Mrs 2
Graw, Mrs C 20
Graw, Kath 10
Gray, B E 1
Gray, Mrs B S.... 24
Gregg, M E 5
Green, Carrie E.. 10
Green, Edna M... 5
Groesbeck, Geo K. 10
Guest, Mrs R W.. 10
Habber, G L 20
Hagaman, C A.... 50
Hagaman, C A.... 50
Hagaman, C A ... 20
Hagaman, G A.... 50
Hahn, Anna 2
Hall, Mrs Fannie. 10
Hallet, Mrs C W. 2
Hallet, Mrs C W.. 10
Hardie, Mrs A.... 20
Harkins, Mrs D J 5
Harlow, Mrs M... 7
Harris, Mrs Jno.. 5
Harteing, C 2
Hartwig, Warren, Jetta & Mamie.. 5
Havemeyer, J C.100 00
Hawke, J A 10
Hawley, Mrs C C.100 00
Hebblethwaite, R C 75
Hedges, M L 10
Hent, Mrs J T... 20
Hermans, Rev W 10
Hess, Louis and Evangeline 4
Hickman, Mrs W J 20
Hopkins, Mrs W.. 30
Horwood, Mrs A.. 5
Hovey, W G.....100 00
Hulbert, B F.... 5
Hun, Marcus T..100 00
Hunt, Mand 2
Jackson, C S 2
Jarrett, S 2
Jarvis, M D..... 10
Johnson, Mrs C... 5
Jones, Mrs L J.... 10
Jones, Mrs S J.... 50
Jourgensen, Mrs C 50
Joyce, J T 100 00
Kelley, Margaret. 5
Kelly, Mrs A..... 4
Kenney, Julia ... 20
Kenyon, L B..... 10
Kilmer, Mrs C.... 10
Kimball, Chas O.100 00
King, L 2
Kittell, Miss M A 10
Kniffin, Clifton... 50
Knoch, Mrs H.... 1
Kyes, Mrs A R... 20
Kykendall, Mrs S A 10
Kyle, Mrs M L... 10
Lambert, M 10
Landers, Levi 50
Landon, F C 2
Lare, Wilbur 2
Larkin, Rose A... 10
Lee, Maver 20
Lees, T 10
Lewis, Mrs M A... 50
Loomis, A 10
Loomis, Mrs A.... 10
Lovell, D H 10
Lucas, Mr Thos... 1

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

McBride, Mrs J A. 11 00
McCaw, I 25
McDonald, Mrs A. 25
McKinney, Mrs C 1 00
McPrenzil, R..... 1 46
Malcolm, Mrs W 10
Mallory, A B..... 1 00
Mallory, Mrs H R. 5 00
Maper, Mrs H.... 1 00
March, Mrs D L. 1 00
Marshall, S 1 25
Martin, C C 1 00
Martin, Jos 1 00
Martin, M A 2 00
Mather, Mrs A... 1 00
Mattice, Blanche.. 62
Mattice, Martha .. 62
Mattison, Rev F.. 75
Maxwell, Mrs M E 5 00
Maynard, R & E.. 1 00
Meabe, Mrs M.... 1 00
Meach, J 90
Meaker, Mrs W H. 10 00
Meaker, W H 5 00
Merritt, Mrs H M 1 00
Milham, Mabel & David 2 00
Miller, Mr 05
Miller, Mr 35
Miller, Mrs 25
Miller, Mrs 10
Miller, A 05
Miller, Mrs E.... 25
Miller, Mrs H.... 25
Miller, Wm 05
Mills, Willie, Rowland & Hayward Cook 51
Miner, Mrs W H.. 2 00
Mitchell, Mrs 1 00
Mollenheuser, F D 5 00
Montgomery, Mrs. 2 00
Mooney, Mrs 25
Mooney, Sara 50
Moore, Anna 25
Moore, C B 1 00
Moore, Jas B..... 20
Moore, J W 25
Moore, M L 1 00
Moore, R A 10
Moore, T C 10
Morange, J W.... 5 00
Mosher, O L 25
Mothes, Kate 1 00
Munson, S C 1 00
Murray, Mr & Mrs 9 1
Myers, Edna 56
Myers, Mrs J B.. 5 00
Nash, Mrs E 2 00
Nash, J H 5 00
Nehrboss, Wm ... 1 00
Newell, Chas A... 1 00
Newman, Evelyn.. 2 00
Noble, Mr 87
North, Dr N L, Jr. 10 00
Nowland, Walter. 1 00
O'Connor, Leada.. 60
O'Haron, Mrs J.. 1 00
Osborne, C W.... 5 00
Outy, Hattie A... 1 00
Paddock, Mrs C A 25
Paddock, N A.... 25
Paddock, Mrs W H 1 00
Padgett, Mr & Mrs S E 2 00
Page, Mrs K B... 6 00
Palener, N 35
Palmatier, Birdella 1 15
Palmiter, Mrs C D. 10 00
Parks, E B..... 1 00
Parmenter, Mr & Mrs F J 5 00
Peck, Mrs H 2 00
Persons, P S..... 2 00
Peters, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Peterson, J C..... 3 00
Pinckney, D 1 00
Pinckney, Miss M 1 00
Pomroy, Mrs M A 1 00
Pool, Mrs A..... 1 00
Pool, Merton L... 1 00
Poole, D K 10
Pruyn, Mrs G D.. 2 00
Pugh, Jno R..... 50
Pugh, Sarah 50
Ramsfelder, J.... 1 00
Ranny, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Ranny, Miss M W 1 00
Rawe, Mrs E..... 1 00
Raymond, Rhoda.. 1 00
Raynor, W A..... 1 00
Remsen, Mrs R... 2 00
Rense, Jno B 3 10
Renshaw, Mrs A H 5 00
Rensselaer, L.....10 00
Rhodes, Della 25
Richardson, R ... 1 00
Roach, Jno 25
Roberts, Mrs E.... 10
Robinson, Otis H. 5 00
Rockwell Bros & Co 8 40
Roe, S O 5 00
Roloson, Mrs Jno 25
Rowark, B O 10
Rowark, Mrs D... 20
Rowe, Mr & Mrs L 2 25
Rudd, Mrs Jos ... 5 00
Russell, Henry....20 00
Sanborn, Miss A J 35
Sanders, Ida 25
Savage, W H 5 00
Sayler, Mrs F.... 25
Sayler, Mrs H.... 10
Schermerhorn, Anna 1 00
Schneider, Mrs F. 1 00
Schoonmaker, Mrs and Miss 2 00
Schoonmaker, Mae 21
Schrader, I C 50
Searle, W W 10 00
Seaver, Frank A..10 00
Seddan, S A..... 10
Seely, Della 50
Singstackon, Mrs. 25
Sowall, Mr & Mrs & T 3 00
Shaver, L 20
Shaw, Mrs W W.. 1 00
Sheff, Mrs A..... 1 00
Shields, Dolph ... 15

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Sheppard, J E (M D) 5 00
Shurbsell, Mrs ... 2 00
Sigsbee, J I..... 1 00
Simmons, H 1 00
Slade, Isabel 5 00
Sliter, Mrs E A & Ater 1 00
Sloan, Maggie 50
Smith, Mr & Mrs. 25
Smith, Mrs A W... 25
Smith, Mrs C..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs G A... 50
Smith, Henry W.. 5 00
Smith, M 50
Smith, Wm 1 00
Smith, Willie 25
Smyth, Miss..... 10
Smyth, Mrs 10
Snyder, Florence.. 1 02
Somberger, P 50
Sordeson, Alice ... 1 00
Sprague, Mrs E F 1 00
Stanley, Lacey ... 10
Stearns, Mrs J N 5 00
Steenberg, V 1 00
Stevens, Elbert... 25
Stickle, C M..... 1 00
Stickle, Frank ... 25
Stilwell, Mrs G... 10
Strong, Clarinda.. 5 00
Strong, H E..... 8 55
Strong, H E..... 50
Sturdee, H K 10 00
Styles, Mrs D..... 25
Suart, M A 25
Swan, Mr 2 50
Sylor, Mrs W H.. 1 00
Temple, Jennie ... 45
Thomas, Mrs J M. 2 00
Thompson, H W, Jr 1 00
Thompson, Mrs J. 25
Tibbitts, Mrs E B. 1 00
Tindale, Wm W.... 5 00
Titus, Mrs H F.... 2 00
Tobey, Mrs C H... 1 00
Toupkins, Mrs J. 50
Tower, Mr & Mrs M C 5 00
Tukerman, Mrs Captain 1 00
Tunison, Mr & Mrs L H 2 00
Tuthill, E 10
Tuthill, L J..... 05
Tuthill, R B 05
Tuthill, Mrs W A 15
Tyler, Mar 1 00
Van Derveer, G H 1 00
Van Fradenburgh, Alvira 25
Van Fradenburgh, E 1 00
Van Fradenburgh, Ira 25
Van Fradenburgh, M C 50
Van Liew, H & L. 50
Van Valkenburg, H 1 00
Enter by F Van Vechten, F Hartel & B Hoffman 2 50
Van Wyck, Elisa. 1 00
Veltman, Henry O 1 00
Voorhes, D R.... 1 00
Voelker, Geo 25
Wagner, A 25
Wagner, J 05
Wallace, Mrs W.. 5 00
Weir, Mrs J D.... 2 00
Weiss, Beatrice .. 1 00
Wells, H D..... 5 00
Wheeler, E H..... 5 00
Wheeler, J D..... 50
White, Mrs 10
White, A 10
White, H M..... 50
White, W 05
Whiting, Gertrude 5 25
Whitmer, R J..... 50
Whitney, R N..... 1 00
Whiton, S G 25 00
Wicksen, Mrs J J 1 00
Wills, Chas & son 5 00
Wilson, Mary 1 00
Wilson, S 05
Winnie, Ethel 80
Witman, T 3 00
Wood, Mrs H B.. 1 00
Wood, Mrs Saml.. 1 00
Wright, F 10
Young, Mr & Mrs. 10 00
Young, Wm 25
Youngman, Mrs C D 1 00
Zimmerman, A.... 1 00
Blanshane, Lefever Falls 3 00
Judson, ——, Thousand Isld Park.. 50
Bessie & Walter, Brooklyn 1 00
Millie & Harry, So Nyack 1 00
Mrs A E P, Brooklyn 25
A S H, Long Isld City 25
C R W 2 00
Mrs D B & McH, Albany 1 00
E M H, L I Clty. 05
E M L, Bklyn.... 2 00
F M H, L I Clty.. 05
F S G, L I City.. 10
G E B, Union Centre 1 00
G G, N Y City...10 00
G K, Waterloo... 1 00
H L H, L I City.. 05
H L K, Albany.. 5 00
I B H, L I City.. 05
J T, Amsterdam. 10
M I S, Albany.... 5 00
M L C, Chadwicks 1 00
M L L V, Catskill 6 00
M M L, La Fargeville 1 00
S E P, O'Falls.. 5 00
S L W, Rochester. 10 00
W S K, Troy....10 00
——, Albany 50
——, Albany 25
——, Albany 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

——, Albany 25
——, Bath 1 00
——, Berkshire ... 1 00
——, Brooklyn 2 00
——, Brooklyn 5 00
——, Brooklyn 5 00
——, Brooklyn 1 00
——, Brooklyn 2 00
——, Brooklyn 1 00
——, Brooklyn 5 00
——, Brooklyn 5 00
——, Brooklyn 5 00
——, Brooklyn 2 00
——, Brookmere... 10
——, Cape Vincent 1 25
——, Delevan 5 00
——, East Line... 1 00
——, Fishkill on the Hudson 50 00
——, Mattituck ... 1 00
——, N Y City.... 1 00
——, N Y City.... 2 00
——, N Y City....15 00
——, N Y City.... 1 00
——, Rexford Flats 1 00
——, Rose 1 00
——, Scottville ... 1 00
——, Syracuse 10 00
——, Troy 1 00
——, Troy 2 00
——, Troy 2 00
——, Troy 10 00
——, Troy 5 00
——, —— 50
Cash, Brooklyn ..25 00
Cash, Greenport.. 25
Cash, Montgomery 2 00
Friend, Sonthampton 3 00
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 50
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 1 00
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 1 00
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 50
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 25
Cash, Thousand Isld Park 25
Cash, Thonsand Isld Park 50
Friend, N Y City. 8 00
Friend, Albany .. 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn. 2 00
A Friend, Buskirks 50
A Friend, Hobart 5 00
Friend, Marcellus. 1 00
Friend, Marcellus. 1 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 15
A Friend, North Hampton 1 00
A Friend, Norwich 1 00
Friend, Windham. 10
Friend in Christ, Oneida 15 00
Friend of Cause, Troy 10 00
Friends, N Argyle 3 00
Friends, Sidney... 7 00
Two Friends, W Albany 25
3 Friends, Galway 55
I H N, E Avon... 1 00
I H N, Middleport 10 00
I H N, N Y Clty..30 00
I H N, Niskayuna 2 00
In mem of our loved ones, Waterloo 10 00
Reader of Herald, Clifton Park.... 1 00
A Subr, Alexander 1 00
A Subr, Brooklyn. 1 00
Subr, Vischers Ferry 1 00
Sympathizer, New Hartford... 2 00
Sympathizer, Spencer 1 00
Two Sympathizers, Niskayuna 5 00
Sympathy, Tarrytown 2 00
Ink, Clifton Spgs. 10 00
Unknown, N Collins 5 00
Ingleside Home, Buffalo 5 50
Employees of De Vinne Comp Rm 3 30
Citizens, Wales, Centre 3 25
Unknown, Sheepshead Bay..... 1 00
2 Sisters, Bleecker 5 00
Poor Boy, Fonda..10 00
People of Baldwinsville 126 00
School Children, Osborn 30
Citizens, Wales Centre 3 00
Contributions, Greenport 2 04
Pres & Bapt Coll, Moreland 2 25
Citizens of Port Crane 10 00
Baby, N Y C..... 10
Several Others, Ogdensburg 4 50
A subr to the S S Times, Cheyenne 50
Grace Christ Ch, S S Cl, St Johnsville 3 00
Lithe, Plessis ... 1 00
Reformed Ch, Cicero 10 50
Presby Ch, Henvelton 6 00
Hillside Park Ch, Johnson 5 00
Church of E Palermo 6 75
Class of Boys, Ev Eng Luth Ch of Redeemer, Buffalo 1 00
M E Ch, N Y Mills 6 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

First Baptist Ch, Clarksville 18 06
M E Ch, N Ridge. 1 00
Ref Meth Ch & Cong, Cascade Valley 3 45
Peoples Bapt Ch, Newfield 4 95
Meth U B & Bapt Chs, Frewsburg. 16 00
Campbell & Erwin Bapt Ch, Coopers Plains 5 50
Milford Ctre Bapt Ch, Portlandville 6 00
Milford Ctre Bapt Ch, Portlandville 75
Scipio Bapt S S, Merrifield 3 50
Prospect Heights Pres Ch, Miss S & S Sch 12 00
First Ch of Christ, Olean 24 40
Grace Gospel Ch, Brooklyn 2 31
Robbartsville Ch, Englishtown 12 60
S Sch of Ch of Christ, Bklyn..323 03
Morey Myrtle & S Sch Cl 1 25
Bapt S Sch, Wolcott 3 16
E Pitcairn Un S S 10 00
Valley Cottage S S 3 70
W Meth S S, Coldspring 2 00
Cl No 6, 1st Free Bapt S S, Buffalo 3 00
Meth E S S, Mayville 7 70
Member of M E S S, Black Cr'k... 30
W C T U, Addison 1 00
Jun C E Soc, Ross Mem Ch, Binghamton 1 00
Y P S C E, East Ashford 85
Ep Lea, Chemnng 3 00
Ladies Aid Soc, M E Ch, De Peyster 13 75
Schofield Chapter, Ep Lea, Forestville 18 25
Kerhankson, W C T U 1 00
C Endeavour, No Gage 10 00
C E Soc, North River 4 10
C E Soc, Portlandville 2 00
Rescue Miss, Syracuse 20 00
Wom For Missy Soc of M P Ch, Mt Morris 7 25
A—, V P S C E, Dundee 1 00
C E Soc, 2d Pres Ch, Bridgeton..15 65
Miss Soc, Wesleyan M Ch, Syracuse 45 00
Matthew's, W H, Cl of St Johns M E Bible Sch, New Rochelle... 9 00
Y P S C E, Kiug Ferry 13 20
C E Soc of the Presby Ch, Bainbridge 10 25
Ladies Aid Socy, Beaver Dams .. 5 00
Y P Soc of 1st Swed Bapt Ch, Brooklyn 30 00
Y P S C E of Eaton 10 00
S T Bartle W R C No 49, Cuba.... 2 00
Y P Soc, 2d Ave Baptist Ch, N Y City & thro Miss G E McConnell. 11 41
Busy Bee Soc, Keene Valley ..10 00
Ladies' Aid Soc, Brookview 7 25
Jr Leagne, Highland 2 00
Young Peoples Soc, No Tonawanda. 100 00
Inasmuch Cir K D, Watervliet...10 00
Jr End Soc, Webster 1 00
"Cheerful Workers," Ethel K Mitchell, Mary Derrick, Carlista Davey, Lillie Vedder, Gladys Derrick & Bessie Snyder.....8 75
King's Daughters Soc of Mem Bapt Ch, Mechanicsville 3 75
"Rose Bud Club," Batavia 7 10
C E Soc Union S Sch, New Brighton 3 00
W C T U, Sandy Hill 2 00
W F M Soc, Burlington Flats Bapt Ch 23 71
C E Soc Pres Ch, Clinton 5 00
W C T U, Honeoye Falls 4 00
Jr Ep L, Moriah. 1 00
W C T U, DeKalb Jct 5 00
C E Soc, E Patchogue 5 00
Young Ladies' Miss Clr, Morrisville. 1 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Sr C E Soc Pres Ch, Brockport . 7 35
Jr Y P S C E Ref Ch, Manhasset 1 50
Sr C E Soc, Brockport 5 00
C E Soc, Griffins Mills 2 50
Ladies' Aid Soc, Colemans 5 25
Jr C E Soc, Freedonia 11 00
W H M C 1st Bapt Ch, White Plains 2 00
Woman's F M C 1st Bapt Ch, White Plains... 9 00
C E Soc, Tompkins Cove 7 00
C E Soc, Turnpike 3 75
K's Dau of 1st Bapt Ch, New Brighton 5 00
Circle of King's Sons & Daus, Mohawk Lake ..21 00
Thoughtful Cir K's Dau, Jamestown 5 00
Willing Workers Cir K D, White Plains 6 00
Y P Alliance, Stone Arabia .. 8 75
W Loc Un Y P S C E, Saratoga Co 7 05
Journey Club, Sag Harbor 4 40
Y P S C E, No Manlius 2 00
Y L H H Club Phelps Mission, N Y C 1 25
The Armitage Chapel C E Soc, N Y C.....10 00
C E Soc of Mad Ave Presby Ch. 5 00
W C T U, Newburgh 5 00
Epw Lea, Clarksville 3 60
Riga Grange 168, Churchville 5 00
Pansy Club, Bkyn 1 00
Y P S C E Mem C E Soc, Duane. 2 65
Pres Ch, Bklyn 5 00
Oak St Miss'y Soc, Binghamton 2 00
Y Volunteers of Shonapgunk Ref Ch, Wallkill 5 00
Gleaners of So Main St Union, Gloversville 5 00
W C T U, Ilion...10 00

VERMONT

Adams, Geo 50
Alfred, Mrs 10
Allard, Mrs S E... 25
Allen, Ed 1 00
Ames, Wm D..... 1 00
Arnold, Mrs P.... 25
Bailey, Mrs N W.. 25
Ballard, Miss 05
Ballard, Miss F... 10
Ballord, B 05
Barbous, Mrs C A 25
Barbons, Mrs E L. 1 00
Beardsley, Mrs D 25
Beecher, Alice M. 1 00
Beecher, Bernice S 1 00
Beecher, R V 1 00
Beeman, Mrs A B. 50
Bell, Mrs G 25
Bigelow, Orville & family 2 50
Bingham, Jas G... 1 00
Blake, M W 1 00
Boughton, Mrs ... 05
Brewer, U C 5 00
Briggs, E W 2 00
Briggs, Mrs O A... 50
Brigham, C T and wife 2 00
Bronough, Mrs G P 25
Brown, Caroline... 10
Brown, Mrs Sarah 10
Brush, W E 2 00
Bullar, Eben 10
Burnap, Miss E M 2 00
Burroughs, E C & family 1 00
Butler, A N 25
Carpenter, Mrs... 05
Carpenter, Mrs J A 10
Chadwick, Mrs E H W 1 00
Chaffee, Lon & Sue 2 00
Cherrier, Mrs 05
Churchill, Mrs C 25
Cobb, Lonisa 50
Colby, Harriet L.. 1 00
Coy, Mrs S E 25
Curtiss, Mrs G W. 50
Daggett, Carrie E. 2 00
Delchanty, Jno.... 39
Depatie, Mrs 25
Dow, Flora 25
Drapes, Mrs E L.. 25
Dutton, Mrs N L.. 2 00
Eaton, Mrs F 10
Ellis, Mrs Dwight. 20
Ellis, Mrs M..... 06
Farmes, Mrs 25
Flower, H D..... 1 00
Forbs, Mrs C C.. 25
Ford, Mrs A W... 25
Forsyth, Mrs M S. 10
Foss, Mr & Mrs W 50
Ganvin, Laura & friends 2 75
Gibbs, Fayett 25
Gibson, Geo W... 2 00
Gilchrist, Mrs Geo 25
Gilmore, J H..... 2 00
Goodrich, L A.... 2 00
Green, J F 50
Grey, D 1 00

VERMONT—Cont'd.

Gunnelson, Mrs A. 10
Hall, Mrs E E.... 50
Hathaway, Mrs A M 15
Hendrick, Mrs W B 1 00
Hewell, Will R... 1 00
Hewitt, Josephine. 1 00
Hewitt, Mrs L.... 1 00
Hewitt, S G 50
Hicks, Mrs E E... 10
Holbrook, Mrs H 2 00
Hooper, F B 2 00
Houston, Jas E... 2 00
Hovey, F A & M.. 3 00
Howard, A F 10
Humphrey, Mrs W 2 00
Hunt, Miss C C... 15
Hunt, Mrs I 25
Hunt, Ira 15
Hunt, Fern 10
Jackson, C H 1 00
Jones, Chas 5 00
Jones, Mrs J S.... 25
Kiddes, Mrs P S.. 50
Kinney, Mrs C, Coll by 11 15
Laflin, Miss C 25
Laflin, Mrs R N... 10
Lape, Mrs R 25
Lenard, Geo 25
Lyman, Mr & Mrs J C 1 00
McKenzie, Miss... 25
McNeal, Jane 07
Macombes, Mrs C 25
Martin, Ellen F... 25
Matson, R J 1 00
Marvin, Bessie A.. 15
Marvin, Fay 28
Marvin, Pearl 20
Marvin, Mrs T L.. 50
Marvin, T L 30
Mead, C A 50
Mead, Laura 50
Meader, Ed J 20
Meader, Ed M.... 20
Merrihen, Mrs C.. 3 00
Miller, W D..... 6 00
Moody, Mrs D 2 00
Mooshoure, Mrs C. 25
More, Mrs E W.... 25
Morgan, C 10
Morrill, Mrs 1 75
Morton, L B 5 00
Noyes, S E 2 00
Offeuseud, Mrs G.. 50
Orr, Mrs G S and Mrs Anna Ripley 1 00
Osgood, Mrs E.... 25
Parker, F H 25
Parker, W 25
Pease, H L 25
Perley, M P 25 00
Petty, Mrs 15
Pomeroy, Agnes... 30
Powell, Jno 50
Pray, C A 1 00
Preston, Mrs W H 10
Prouty, Mrs H.... 25
Pronty, Mrs H.... 25
Purmvit, Mrs 10
Purrinton, Naomi 25
Reed, Mrs C 25
Reed, Miss H M.. 3 50
Reed, Nathan 1 00
Reed, Mrs R C.... 25
Rhodes, Lena D.. 5 00
Riggs, Mrs S 2 00
Ripley, Mrs 10
Robb, Abbie J 3 00
Robinson, Hazel.. 1 10
Rockwood, F E... 50
Root, Mrs U F 1 00
Rugg, Mrs E B... 50
St Clair, Ernest... 10
Sears, Mrs Myra... 25
Severy, Frank 50
Severy, Margt E.. 1 00
Shedd, Mrs J D... 10
Sheldon, Mrs C M. 1 00
Shepherdson, Mrs. 05
Shepherdson, Mrs E H 25
Shepherdson, E D. 25
Simonds & Loveland, Mrs 1 00
Skeels, Mrs S A... 25
Smith, Miss 10
Smith, Jno 2 00
Smith, Mrs S S.... 25
Snell, Mrs E 25
Spencer, Mrs C W. 15
Sqnier, Mrs L P... 1 00
Stanard, Mrs H... 10
Suthard, Mrs 10
Tabor, Mrs L R.. 10
Taylor, Mrs E C.. 25
Ternold, Mrs J N. 10
Thayer, Mrs A W. 2 00
Tillitson, Mrs 10
Town, Frank 25
Viall, Miss L 2 25
Walter, Mrs G C.. 1 00
Warnes, Mrs J.... 25
Webb, H H 2 00
Westout, Mrs M.. 25
Wetherbee, Mrs A 50
Wilson, Mrs 15
Winans, Mrs M W 1 00
Winchell, Mrs W, & Mrs E R Pember 2 00
Wood, Mrs J 10
Wood, N D 50
Wright, Mrs S A.. 1 00
Young, Mrs A..... 25
Young, Alma 10
F E S, Westminster 2 25
K X Z, Barton.... 7 00
M J C, Barton.... 1 00
Mrs S C T, Wolcott 2 00
——, Fairfax 2 00
——, Ripton 1 00
——, —— 40
Friends, E Randolph 3 00
Friend, Newport Centre 2 00
Friend, Strafford.. 30
Friends, Johnson.. 75
Reader, Grafton... 1 00
Sympathizer, No Sunbridge 50

VERMONT—Cont'd.

In the Master's service, Wolcott. 2 00
Mother & daughter-in-law, N Ferrisburgh 3 00
The Lord's Tenth, E Charlotte 4 00
Bible Cl Cong Ch, Middlebury 60
Cl No 5 M E S S, St Alban's Bay.. 1 00
M E S S, E Middlebury 6 00
W Miss Soc, Benson 3 70
I O of G T, E Middlebury 2 50

MISCELLANEOUS

Ainnan, Mr..... 05
Allen, Mrs..... 10
Avil, Jno, —— ... 5 00
Atkinson, A F.... 5 00
Bacon, F 100 00
Badley, Geo..... 10
Bell, Mrs W D.... 20
Chipman, C E.... 15
Chipman, Mrs E E 1 00
Chipman, L E.... 20
Chipman, M L.... 20
Cookman, Mrs.... 10
Faulkender, Miss L 10
Faulkender, Wm D 05
Gorden, M M.... 1 00
Groat, Mary, coll by 1 25
Guise, Mrs..... 10
Harris, Mrs..... 10
Hopkins, Mrs L.. 10
Hunt, Mrs H E.. 25
Isaac, Vernon.... 05
Johnston, Mrs.... 10
Keagy, Mrs A.... 25
Kensinger, Mrs... 05
Long, Mrs..... 05
McKinnon, Nellie. 10
McMann, R H & Co 7 00
Maguire, B L.... 25
Miller, Miss R.... 05
Monahan, Miss S A 05
Morton, A J..... 1 00
Muray, Miss M... 10
Nelson, P..... 5 00
Nichols, Mrs..... 05
Nyack, Mrs..... 10
Parker, Mrs H W 4 54
Porter, Mrs..... 05
Porter, Pearl..... 05
Roberts, Wm S... 5 00
Smith, Jno..... 10
Smith, Miss M.... 10
Smith, Nelly..... 05
Smith, Mrs Wm. 15
Sperom, G Y, and wife 2 00
Stample, Miss T. 1 00
Watson, Mrs G... 15
Whitfield, Mrs E J 1 00
Willis, Bert..... 10
Alice, Sandyhill.. 1 00
C B W, Rondout. 1 00
M M M, —— 1 00
R P P, —— 10
——, Columbus... 1 00
——, East Brady.. 50
——, Eldorado.... 77
——, Pasadena.... 2 00
——, Scarsdale.... 1 00
——, Washingtou. 1 70
——, Winterport... 1 00
——, —— 21 00
——, —— 1 00
——, —— 50
——, —— 1 00
——, —— 1 00
——, —— 27
Anon, —— 20
Anon, —— 50
——, Anon, —— .. 1 50
Anon, —— 2 00
Anon, —— 50
Anon, —— 1 37
Cash, —— 71
Friend, Flint.... 1 00
A Friend, Greely. 1 00
A Friend, ——.... 5 00
A Friend 1 00
Friend, —— 25
Friend, —— 25
Friend, —— 05
Friend, —— 05
Friend, —— 20
Friend, —— 24
Friends, thro' E Cock, Anandale 1 40
Nine Seal Island friends 3 50
I H N, Franklin 5 00
In the uame of Our Father 1 00
Sympathizer, —— 10 00
Offerings, —— .. 1 25
A poor boy, —— . 50
Mite Box No 3453 2 00
A little Detroit Girl 10
A little one, Rochester 5 00
Stranger, —— .. 10
Blakeley Cors S S, —— 3 32
Seltic S Sch, Tekoa 2 00
Coll at S Sch, Netta 3 91
Ch End Soc of Leigh Cong Ch 2 50
Y W Mis Soc of West Side Ref Chapel, —— .. 1 25
Balance, —— 75
A Poor Man's Mite, —— 1 00
The Nean Bros 25
Brass Castle S S, —— 4 00

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON.
Associate Editors

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DEAL GENTLY

IN our criticisms of others let us remember that we have faults which our friends have excused. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation! It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. We ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought to a high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy. You are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations. What will become of you when at last, with all your imperfections, you appear at the bar of your Maker?

DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH

THERE never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of Paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins. We know he lies when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him. While you are thinking he is perfect he will some day, while in a great hurry to meet an engagement, find a shirt button off, and your delusion concerning him will break, or he will find that one of the children has been sharpening slate pencils with his razor. Let me tell women that there are no perfect men. We have been much among men and understand the whole tribe. On a clear morning, when they are well dressed, and the road is clean, they look admirably; but none of them enjoy having a passing vehicle splash mud on their newly blackened boots. None of them look placid when some one treads on their sore corns. If you want to find out that no man is perfect, just marry him. But I think that the two sexes, laying all sentimentalism aside, are about equal. If you secure for life the companionship of some one about as good as yourself, you are to be congratulated. Better have the two blades of a scissors as near as possible alike. Get married, but with your eyes wide open. Remember the old proverb: "You have tied a knot with your tongue you cannot undo with your teeth."

OUR INDIA ORPHAN ROLL OF HONOR

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

INDIVIDUAL PATRONS

—A. A. Weeks, New Jersey, takes **One Orphan**: "For God so loved the world."

—A friend, Baltimore, Md., says: "I would like, if possible, a bright and pretty **Little Orphan Girl** about two or three years of age in a Baptist school.

—A Friend in Honey Brook, Pa., places **An Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—A Friend in Kalamazoo, Mich., wants **One Orphan Child.** First Reformed Church.

—A. J. Swanson, Colorado, adopts **An Orphan** in India, and says: "Send me all the particulars at once as I am sixty-five miles from the railroad."

A Little Girl in Colorado will care for a **Little Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian Mission in India.

—A. N. Medbery, Seekonk, Mass., asks to have **One Orphan** placed in a Baptist orphanage.

—Annie R. Rems, Pennsylvania, takes **One India Orphan Girl.**

—C. N. Dunham, Missouri, **One Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—D. McNichols, Tennessee, and two friends wish to support **One Orphan Each** in India—three orphans in all.

—Ernest L. Bilhips, Virginia, in asking for **An Orphan Girl** to be sent to a Baptist School says: "May the Lord in his loving kindness bless you in this great work and may he open the eyes of his people to grasp this great opportunity."

—Ezra G. Kerr, Chicago, places **One Orphan Boy** and **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

—F. H. Ollum, W. Virginia, supports **An Orphan** in the Mission of The Christian Church.

—Francis L. York, Michigan, says: "I would like to pay for the support of **Four** of India's **Famine Orphans.** The amount required seems very little to do so much."

—Friend through Mrs. Mary Burpee, Massachusetts, adopts **An Orphan Child.**

—George R. E. Gilchrist, W. Virginia, wishes **One Orphan** (Episcopal).

—George West Manning, Michigan, sends **One Orphan Boy** to a Methodist School.

—Harry Dunbar, Massachusetts, will support **One Orphan Child** in India for one year.

—J. B. Ivey, North Carolina, says: "I will assume support of **One Orphan** in India."

—J. B. Quimby, Kansas, in adopting **Three Orphans** in India (**One Girl** and **Two Boys**) to be placed in a Congregational School, says: "The education and religious training of the young seems to promise rich results for the conversion of India."

—Lawrence Van Oesterloo, Illinois, says: "I take great pleasure in adoping **An Orphan** according to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plan."

—L. L. Curtis, Tennessee, places **An Orphan Child** under the care of a Presbyterian Missionary.

Lyman Cobb, Jr., takes **One Orphan.**

—Marjorie Hays and Orion Hays, Canada, join in supporting **One Orphan** in a Presbyterian School.

—Miss Alice M. Deaton, Indiana, sends **One Orphan Child** to a Presbyterian School: "I will continue this, if I live."

—Miss Bessie Lee Jones asks for **A Little Orphan Boy** of about three or four years of age.

—Miss Carrie S. Engberry, Philadelphia, asks to send **A Bright Orphan Boy** to a Baptist School to be trained as a mission worker among his own people and says: "The rescue of these little ones will result in a rich harvest for Christianity."

Miss Clara Bernhard, Iowa, adopts **One Orphan.**

—Miss Emily T. Stanford, Missouri, sends **One Orphan** to the Mission of the Christian Church.

—Miss Jessie E. Payne, South Dakota, assumes support of **One Orphan Boy** in Congregational Mission School.

—Miss Mary Galloway, Brooklyn, assumes care of **One Orpan.**

—Miss M. Edna Patterson, Maryland, pledges support of **One Orphan Girl** in Episcopalian Mission.

—Miss M. H. Roundey and Miss G. A. Roundey, New Jersey, join in supporting **One Orphan.**

—Miss M. R. Todd, New Jersey, pledges support for **One Orphan Girl** in Presbyterian Mission.

—Miss Susan M. Quarles, Tennessee, writes: "The members of Cumberland Presbyterian Church wish to maintain and educate **One Famine Orphan** in India."

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Souner, Virginia, send **An Orphan Girl** (Baptist).

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Asper, W. Virginia, **One Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Breese, Kansas, ask for **An Orphan Boy** about six years old, to be sent to the Christian Alliance Mission.

—Mr. and Mrs. Seeger, Missouri, adopt **One Orphan Girl.**

—Mr. Barnard, whose two little daughters have each assumed support of a little girl in India, now takes for himself **A Boy Orphan.**

—Mr. C. W. Owens, Virginia, assumes support of **One Orphan** in India.

Mr. G. W. Adair, New Jersey, adopts **One Orphan.**

—Mr. G. C. Hughes, West Virginia, pledges support for **Two Orphans, One Boy** and **One Girl.**

—Mr. F. G. Barnard, New York, **One Orphan Boy** in Methodist School.

—Mr. W. J. Vonngelaus, Colorado, sends **One Orphan** to the Congregational School.

—Mrs. Adolph Kruemmel, Maryland, in adopting **An Orphan Boy** says: "This boy is to be placed in a Methodist Mission and brought up to serve our Master."

—Mrs. Annie Stanton, Mississippi, places **An Orphan Girl** in Cumberland Presbyterian Orphanage.

—Mrs. E. A Merrill, Virginia, sends **An Orphan Girl** to a Baptist School: "In memory of my daughter, I wish her to become a Christian missionary."

—Mrs. E. M. Willis, Kentucky, sends **An Orphan Girl** to a Presbyterian School.

—Mrs. G. M. Schlinzel, Brooklyn, assumes support of **One Orphan Boy** in Congregational Mission School.

—Mrs James Circhambo, New York, takes charge of **One Orphan Girl** to be sent to the Methodist Episcopal Orphanage.

—Mrs. L. F. White, North Carolina, sends **One Orphan Child** to a Methodist School.

—Mrs. Mary A. French, New Hampshire, Miss Bessie M. French and Miss May B. French join in adopting **An Orphan Boy**, to be trained in the Congregational Mission.

—Mrs. S. C. Mason, Kentucky, adopts **An Orphan Girl** to be sent to a Congregational school, and says: "We realize that this is indeed a great opportunity to Christianize India. Even the children are helping."

—Pastor of a little church in West Virginia (with five children of his own to support), pledges care for **One Orphan** in India, saying: "May the God of Heaven smile upon the orphans, and may they be provided for."

—Philip Albrecht, Pennsylvania, also sends support for **An Orphan Girl.**

—Rev. J. A. McClung, Canada; Capt. William Robinson, Mrs. G. Dickinson, Mr. Hill and Mr. H. Gibbs, join in assuming the care of **Thirteen Orphans (Six Boys and Seven Girls).**

—S. Ethel Brown, Pa., in adopting **Two Orphans** says: "I trust the Christian men in America will send ample funds in providing for these dear children that they may be brought up to know the Lord."

—S. H. Montgomery, W. Virginia, places **One Orphan** (Presbyterian).

—The Misses Brant, Tennessee, send **An Orphan Girl** to a Methodist School.

—W. B. Simmons, Tennessee, asks for **An Orphan Girl** to be placed in a school in India.

—W. F. Paul, Pennsylvania, assumes care of **One Orphan.**

—Willie Smith, a little boy in Chicago, says: "Please accept the money enclosed for a little India **Orphan Boy.** I will try to collect thirty cents a week for him if I can."

SABBATH SCHOOLS

—Adolph Mission, Manhattan Union Sunday School, Montana, says: "We adopt **Two Orphans —a Boy and a Girl**—as a memorial of one of our members whom God has taken from our midst."

—Blue Hill Sabbath School, Massachusetts, sends support for **One Orphan Boy** in India.

—Sabbath School Class of Enfield, Me., sends support for **One Orphan** and Mrs. S. M. Hodgkins and boy, support for **Another Orphan.**

—Sabbath School of Fair Plain, W. Va. assumes the support of **One Orphan** and their pastor says: "This is from a congregation, the most of whom are poor tie-haulers."

—Sabbath School of the Presbyterian Church at Atheno, Can., pledges itself to support **A Boy Orphan** in India.

—The Griswold Methodist Sunday School, Manitoba, pledges support for **One Orphan Child** to be educated in a Methodist Mission School.

—The Wayne Baptist Sabbath School, New York, will care for **An Orphan Girl** ten or twelve years of age.

—Woodward Sabbath School, Lima, Ind., assumes care of **One Orphan Girl.**

CHURCHES, CHURCH SOCIETIES, etc.

—Epworth League of Catharine, N. Y., **One Orphan Child** (Methodist).

—Miss Mary A. Burhoe, Massachusetts, of the young ladies of the Farther Light Society, pledges support for **One Orphan Girl** in Baptist Mission School.

—N. W. Mitchell, for the Congregational Church of South Britain, Conn., assumes care of **One Orphan Child.**

—The Epworth League of Grace Methodist Church, Canada, have decided to support **Two Orphan Children,** a boy and a girl.

—The Wakanisa Valley Congregational Missionary Society of Kansas, has decided to adopt **An Orphan Girl** not younger than eight years.

—The Young People's Baptist Church, S. Carolina: "Unanimously resolve to undertake care of **One** of the five hundred thousand homeless orphans."

—The Y. P. S. C. E. of East Park, Presbyterian, Pa., say: "We, the undersigned, have been awakened to an earnest desire to be helpful in some measure in this noble work for the Master."

* * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged a plan whereby any of our readers may **adopt a famine orphan** in India and be put in personal and regular communication with the little protege. Send your name and address (with your denominational preference) to

INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN RELIEF WORK,
Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Send also your first contribution toward the support of your protege. As the annual cost of supporting an orphan is $15, you may remit a quarter's, half year's or whole year's contribution in advance, as you may decide. The names of all those who respond favorably will appear in the "India Famine Roll of Honor," from week to week.

* * * * *

An Appeal for the Famine Orphans

[Extract from a letter of Rev. E. F. Frease, July 20, 1900.]

What about the support of this great host of children? And is it any wonder that the Interdenominational Committee, although it did not have before it the full figures, felt it necessary to cable to you appeal for the support of these waifs? Here is certainly **a mighty chorus for help from the helpless little ones** such as the Christian Church has never heard before, and I am thankful indeed that these little ones have a friend and champion in yourself and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff, who will not fail them, but will carry their cause effectively before your hosts of readers.

OUR GRAIN GLADDENED INDIA

MANY letters continue to be received from missionaries, officials, and others in the India famine districts, testifying to the splendid life-saving results that have followed the distribution of the *Quito's* cargo of American grain. We give below a few extracts from some of these communications:

"The People Took to it Eagerly"

Rev. E. F. Frease, Secretary of the Interdenominational Missionary Committee, writes from Camp Baroda, India:

"Dr. Harpster said he had been convinced corn was the most effective form of relief possible. Whole classes of population who had been untouched by the ordinary form of relief, had been profoundly impressed by the distribution of corn. He was astonished to find that the people took to it eagerly, and *seemed to know just how to prepare it.* He also said that people came from thirty miles away on hearing the news. Dr. Harpster expressed himself as having never been so grateful for anything in his life as for the corn which had been sent him. I have received numerous applications for corn, and a number of applications from those who had not been included in the distribution.

* * *

Praised by the Government Officials

The Residency, Mount Abu,
July 15, 1900.

My dear Sir:—As the representative of the British Government in Rajputana, I desire to express to you, and through you to the numerous contributors to your fund in the United States of America, the hearty thanks of all those who are now engaged in the hard task of famine relief, for the generous allotments of grain and blankets made from your fund to the different Missions in Rajputana. This handsome benefaction will be of immense value in the capable hands of the men and women who have the honor to be your almoners. I feel confident that in no part of India is the generous assistance rendered by America more needed or more truly appreciated. W. H. C. WYLLIE,
Acting Agent to the Gov. Gen'l in Rajputana.
DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

* * *

To Save the Starving Bhil Natives

F. G. Macartney, Supt. Bhil Mission, W. Khandish, writes:

"The two hundred and twenty bags of maize you sent me arrived at the railway station on the 6th inst. My plan is to distribute it to the most needy Bhil families we know, in certain neighboring villages where our preachers have been working during the past four years. From all accounts I hear, and from the reports of our agents also, the admissions of Government officers, I believe most half the Bhil population of W. Khandish has already perished."

* * *

Feeding 3,000 in One District

Rev. C. H. McGill, of the Church Missionary Society's Mission, Allahabad, writes:

"The Rev. A. Outram has now 3,000 being fed in the centres under his care round Kherwara. He is also distributing seed-grain to the cultivators who have prepared their fields. Cholera seems to have largely decreased in his centres. There has been the greatest difficulty in getting grain to Kherwara. But in spite of many obstacles Mr. Outram has managed to secure a supply of grain, which he has stored in his bungalow, sufficient to feed those at present on his lists till September. He has been fortunate in obtaining a gift of 100 tons of American maize from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee, which is carrying on the work which Dr. Klopsch maugurated."

* * *

It Far Exceeded Expectations

Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar, writes:

"The general testimony about the corn is that the good done is far more than was expected. The community, as a whole, sees the corn and is impressed by it as not by money. . . . There is a profound gratitude to all who send relief through you."

* * *

Where the Corn was Sorely Needed

Writing from Ahmadabad, Mary Taylor says:

"The distress here at present is very great. Two missionaries left us yesterday on the way to the Bhil district. They are helping to open up the country and will have to take a lot of grain with them to save the people, as they are to be saved at all. Even now they are feeding about 13,000 a day."

* * *

A Generous Councilman

A course probably unprecedented in modern politics has been taken by Dr. Washington Gladden, who was recently elected a Common Councilman of Columbus, O. He has duly received his salary for the office, and has promptly turned it over to the general expense fund of the city, thus giving his services gratuitously.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

.. The Fatal Peak ..

AN unusual number of accidents have occurred this season in Alpine climbing. During the past few weeks the European journals have chronicled more disasters than have occurred in the same period in former years. Some of the victims have been Americans, but the majority have come from England and Italy. The famous peak called the Matterhorn has been the scene of most of these disasters. It is the second highest of all the Alpine peaks, being 14,780 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of it is always attended with danger, but the guides contend that scarcely any disaster is ever reported in which the victims are free from fault. They say that before the ascent is made, the guide instructs the novice how to proceed. A stout rope will connect him with the guide, and when they reach the dangerous parts he is to stand still while the guide goes on ahead. He is not to attempt to follow until the guide has secured a firm foothold or a stout clutch on the rocks with his iron hook. Then, at a signal from the guide, he may move up to where the guide is standing. When he is safely there, the guide again goes forward and secures another foothold and waits for the novice to follow him. Most of the accidents according to the stories of the guides have resulted from the novice following the guide while the latter was in motion. Slipping then, the guide is unable to arrest his descent, and both are involved in the same disaster. It is marvelous that when men who know little or nothing of the dangers of mountain-climbing are told how comparative safety may be secured, and that their lives and the lives of the guides depend on their obeying the rules implicitly, they should disregard them. But people act in the same way in the slippery paths of life. Even though Divine guidance is promised to all who seek it, the offer is too often rejected, or self-confidence leads to departing from it in some emergency.

Obey my voice and I will be your God and ye shall be my people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you (Jer. 7:23).

The Envoys Rescued

A sensation of relief went through the civilized world when in a brief cable dispatch from Peking the news came that the envoys who had been so long besieged in the Chinese capital were found to be still alive. So frequent and so persistent have been the reports that all had perished that it seems as if they had risen from the dead. Conflicting reports have been received of their rescue. On the one hand is the statement that the foreign forces were cordially received by the Governor and allowed to march to the legations; and on the other hand that the foreigners had to fight their way to Peking and to force an entrance to the city by blowing open one of the gates. Even on the question of the presence of the Empress and her court, the statements are contradictory. One report has it that the Empress has taken the Emperor, against his will, and with her chief officers and her treasure, has removed the seat of government to Tsi-nan-Fu, Prince Tuan, the chief of the anti-foreign forces, protecting the rear guard. Another report makes the statement that the Empress is still in Peking and that the foreign forces have begun a bombardment of the Forbidden City, the court quarter of Peking. There appears, however, to be no dispute as to the safety of the representatives of the foreign governments, with the exception of the German minister, who was slain early in the outbreak. The allies have now a sufficient force in Pekin to protect the envoys from further molestation, and the fact that the Empress has appointed Li Hung Chang a plenipotentiary to sue for peace, indicates that her present attitude is conciliatory. It is evident, however, that she will have a difficult task in persuading the powers to leave the government of China in her hands, as she stands convicted by events, either of crime in inciting the anti-foreign movement or of weakness in being unable to suppress it. There will probably be a disposition on the part of the powers to partition the country, but it is understood that our government has already declared itself opposed to such a course and has suggested the convening of an international conference to decide on the future government of the country. The powers are naturally incensed at China's defiance and her barbarous actions and it will be difficult to save her from the fate predicted by the prophet against the ancient enemy of his people:

Many nations and great kings shall serve themselves of them; and I will recompense them according to their deeds and according to the works of their own hands (Jer. 25:14).

His Bachelor Habit

There was a scene of distress in a hotel in Indianapolis recently, which caused some amusement to the managers and the guests. On the previous evening a young couple arrived, and in walking through the lobby attracted general attention, by their obviously newly-married appearance. The man signed the register, but the clerk had to remind him of his companion before he took up the pen again and added "and wife" to his signature. "Not used to it yet" was his apology to the clerk. The next afternoon he came down stairs alone and went out. About an hour later, a bell-boy passing his room heard a sound of weeping and an effort to open the door. He told the clerk of it, and the manager decided to go up and ascertain if there had been any trouble. He knocked on the door, and a tearful voice told him to come in. He had to use his master-key to open the door. The lady thanked him for coming, but said she did not need anything. Presently the guest returned in a great hurry and went up the stairs two at a time. Afterwards he explained to the manager what had occurred. His wife had been taking a nap, and he availed himself of the opportunity to go out to attend to some business. He had locked the door behind him, as his habit had been in his bachelor days, forgetting all about his wife whom he was imprisoning. When she waked and was about to go out, she discovered that she was an involuntary prisoner. It may be hoped that he succeeded in making his peace. His wife would naturally resent not so much her being in duress as the indication it afforded that her husband had so soon become oblivious of her existence. There are some people who have pledged themselves to Christ who sometimes act as if they too had forgotten their relations to him.

I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you (Gal. 1:6).

CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT DISASTERS

Planning a Jewish State

Such a spectacle as was witnessed at Cooper Union, New York, when the Jews of the city were invited to celebrate the opening in London of the Fourth Zionist Congress, has seldom been seen here or in any other land. Three thousand enthusiastic Jews crowded the vast auditorium, all interested in the widespread movement to recover Palestine for Jewish occupation. This was the more remarkable because so many of the New York Jews belong to the Reformed School which professes neither the hope nor the desire to return to the land of their fathers. But even they are now interested in the movement and are astonished at the strength it has developed. It is only four years ago that the movement was born. It had its origin in a pamphlet under the title of "The Jewish State," by Dr. Theodore Herzl, a brilliant journalist of Vienna. He pointed out that the return to Palestine was a most desirable thing, not only for the Jews, but for all the nations of the earth, and he showed, too, how such a movement could be accomplished. He proposed not a return in colonies, not a pilgrimage on religious or sentimental grounds, nor a military effort to wrest the country from its Saracen lords, but a business-like arrangement to lease the land from the Sultan on terms advantageous to him. Dr. Herzl declares that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, the Sultan is disposed to entertain such a proposal, providing it brought him, as it certainly would, an increase of revenue. Dr. Herzl believes that the Jews, who would return if they could be assured of protection and permanency of tenure, would not be exclusively agriculturists nor traders, but manufacturers who would soon make the country famous in the marts of the world. The fourth Congress, which has just closed its sessions, was more hopeful than any of its predecessors, and now thousands of Jews in many lands are beginning to hope that the way is opening for a return to the land of their fathers.

DR. THEODORE HERZL

And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set his hand again to recover the remnant of his people which shall be lett . . . and shall gather together the dispersed of Judah from the corners of the earth (Isa. 11:11, 12).

He Learned by Experience

Among the reminiscences of Ruskin called forth by his death, is an incident of his childhood which he, himself, related: "One evening," he says, "when I was quite a little child, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said, 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked." There is no doubt that when the Christian looks back, in the clear light of his Father's house, over the events of his past life, he will see that many of the things which he prayed for and never received were like that urn—things which would have done him harm.

For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. But he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee (II. Cor. 12:8).

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. Robert Arthington, whose gifts to missions have made his name famous the world over has just offered $50,000 to the London Missionary Society to begin a work among the Awemba tribes on the Southwest of Lake Tanganika in Central Africa.

The Baptist Missionary Society's latest report shows that it carries on work in Burma, Assam, South India, China, Japan, Africa and the Philippine Islands, employs 474 missionaries, twenty-four of whom are physicians, has 928 churches (596 self-supporting) and a church membership of 105,216.

The Russian Government is suppressing all private sales of intoxicating drink. It has undertaken the business on its own account. The result has been a large accession to the revenue. Out of the increase it has made a grant of $900,000 to the temperance societies of the empire, in the hope of decreasing the demand by promoting habits of sobriety.

The Rev. H. Loomis, of the American Bible Society, writes from Japan: "There is such a spirit of inquiry as has not been found before for many years. The prosperity and strength of Christian nations is so evident to the Japanese that they want to know how it is that Christianity has such an influence, and whether there is not something in its teachings that is needed in Japan."

"WHOSE · NEIGHBOR · AM · I?"

THE GOOD SAMARITAN ∴ BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 9: Luke 10: 25-37. | Golden Text, Lev. 19: 18: Love thy neighbor as thyself.

THE anarchists, who are attempting to rid the world of rulers by assassination, and the revolutionary socialists (not to be confused with Christian socialists) are atheists, professing to promote human brotherhood, while denying the divine Fatherhood, which is like promoting the growth of trees by cutting off their tap-roots. Manifestly only those who are taught to say "Our Father" can regard their fellowmen as all brothers. On the other hand, no professing Christian has really known the Father who does not count every man a brother.

How can I live eternally? "Eternal life" begins in living the life of love to God and man day by day. The perfect of "live" is "love." Such, in substance, was the question of the lawyer and the answer of Christ. The lawyer sought only to cross-question Christ for purposes of accusation, but Christ gave to that one unworthy hearer one of the greatest sermons of the ages. He had asked about life—not here, but hereafter—like many who talk and sing of heaven when present duties are waiting at their door. Christ taught him that true life is in keeping the very spirit of God's law, which is itself but love to God and our neighbor. "And who is my neighbor?" asked the questioner, to which Christ replied with the story of the Good Samaritan, that shows how true love to God will pour itself out in loving service wherever human sorrow and need are encountered.

* * *

I.—Human Sin and Sorrow

A certain man fell among thieves. The man of the parable, robbed on that lonely road leading through mountain gorges, on which the traveler still goes "down" (the Bible's literal accuracy appears here) to Jericho, is but a type of the sorrow mostly caused by sin, that is seen, more or less, in every journey of life. "Every heart knows its own bitterness," and every one needs sympathy for wounds of soul, if not of body. "All have sinned," and our own sin itself brings sorrow, besides the sorrows inflicted by the sins of others. How much the poor and weak and ignorant have suffered in every age from the rich and powerful and smart! It is not some coarse highwayman with a club that has left that sick girl half dead in her attic. She is the victim of overwork and inadequate wages and seduction in the shop of some broadcloth robber. Appetite, Greed and Lust are the chief robbers of the world, but the greatest of these is Greed. It was for muddy, bloody gold that the man in the story was stripped and wounded. And to-day it is mostly robbery on a grander scale that is filling the world with woe. Not individuals only and corporations, but even nations are stained with the blood of such robberies. It is a common saying that most wars nowadays are really "wars for markets." Governments are dominated by "business interests," and at their behest millions of our own brothers in Africa and other heathen lands have been drugged and robbed to fatten the fortunes of our rum-sellers. Dr. John G. Paton has for eight years pleaded in vain with our own Government to keep its robbers out the Jericho road they are working among the converted cannibals of the New Hebrides. And Asia's Jericho road is seen at Manila and elsewhere.

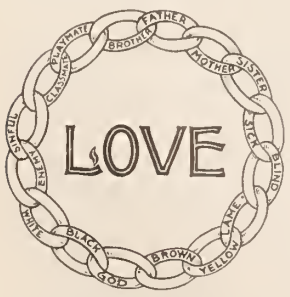
The Jericho Road of To-day

* * *

II.—Indifference to Others' Sin and Woe

There came down a certain priest that way. Surely the half-dead sufferer will now be succored, for a minister from the great theological Saints' Rest of Jericho, the city of priests and Levites, is approaching. He glances with momentary pity on this unfortunate, but presently bethinks himself that the robbers may not be far away, and that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." Besides, this unfortunate does not belong to his parish, and he has an address to make at a meeting in Jerusalem, and some fine ecclesiastical points to think out in the short time intervening, and can not be expected to spoil a day of his great life for this one man. And so he hurries on.

The Preacher's Lack of Wayside Religion



This picture of the Jewish priests, who had come to think that religion consisted chiefly of ritual, is not without application in our own day. The ministers are no doubt the best men we have, but in every age they are in danger of thinking that religion consists mostly of meetings, which are only meals preparatory to the real "service" which should follow. Out of church goes the preacher and his people likewise, feeling that the sermon is "done," when it is only "said," passing opportunities to practice it all along their path, which are often unseen and oftener unimproved. The shop windows on Jericho street are full of evil things that waylay and wound our thoughtless youth in the very soul; things that would be put away at a word of protest, which the "consecration" meeting never seems to suggest. It is regarded as so very meritorious to "feel" and sing and pray and talk in meetings and conventions that it would seem to be superfluous righteousness to add anything in the way of applied Christianity and wayside religion. Especially is it surprising that so many preachers consider the drunkard left half dead by the wayside, and other victims of immorality, no concern of theirs. They must give themselves to "spiritual religion." Let outside temperance societies look after morality, and let outside benevolent societies see to charity. This parable suggests that a religion that is truly spiritual will be also practical. Love to God will show itself in philanthropy, which belongs to the church and can not be passed on the other side without sinful neglect.

* * *

Likewise a Levite came and looked on him and passed by. This lay officer, the elder, having no sermon on his mind, stopped long enough to come close to the dying man and sigh, and then he also passed by on the other side, reflecting how many have to suffer in this world and how impossible it would be to help them all. If the man had been strong enough to get to the inn alone, this elder would have been glad to give him some money, or if there had been any city missionary about he would have paid him to take him there, but he was too busy to give time to such a case. There are many faithful church officers who give both time and money to the practical, as well as the spiritual aspect of religion, but the increasing tendency, in the rush of business and social duties, is for the church officers to pass by the temperance meeting and the charity work and hire a substitute to love his neighbor as himself, and even to throw the supreme privilege of teaching the children of others and his own upon the women and young people. No church officer can be what he should be who does not engage in some hand-to-hand work for God and man.

A Snap-shot of Church Officers

The priest saw the victim of misfortune, and passed by; the Levite not only saw the trouble, but pondered it, and yet would not help. There is yet another class who will not see or hear of need, whether of body or soul, so far as they can shut it out of sight, by orders to their clerks to keep from them all philanthropic appeals. The wealthy Levite of to-day, who has ten thousand assistants in production of wealth, should have at least one skilled assistant in its distribution.

* * *

III.—Saved by Love

But a certain Samaritan came where he was. This Samaritan had: (1) a watchful eye; (2) a sympathetic heart; (3) a freedom from bigotry; (4) a helpful hand; (5) liberality; (6) foresight. The combination of these qualities constituted him a "good Samaritan." He was not only good, but good for something. To the Jewish lawyer to whom the story was first told, with his strong prejudice against the mixed race of Samaritans, who were half Jewish, crossed with Canaanite and Assyrian blood, it was particularly galling to have goodness pictured in a Samaritan. It was as if one should talk of a good living Indian to a western cowboy, or of a "good Jew" to a New York merchant. How persistently the sin of race prejudice lingers, even in the Church of God! This parable is intended to teach that the very man whom a true disciple of Christ will be most careful not to pass by in his words and deeds of sympathy, will be those of other races, and especially of those races that the public opinion about him most condemns. Let the Christian Englishman be particularly watchful that he is not too ready to believe evil stories of the Boers, and that he leave them not out of his sympathies and prayers. And the Christian Boer himself should count it his greatest victory to triumph over the prejudices of his race against both the British and the negro. In North Carolina it will take much Christlikeness to maintain the supremacy of love amid the cries of "white supremacy." And over all the world there will be need of prayer that the people of China be not excluded from our circle of human brotherhood. In the blindness of bigotry, they are yet our blind brothers, and what brother needs our sympathy more than the blind one? Steam and telegraphy have brought the world into neighborhood. Christian missions are to make it also a brotherhood.

"Earth's Every Man My Friend."

* * *

Go thou and do likewise. Wherever you find a brother man who needs you in body and soul, and you are to "watch out" for him every day, that is the man who is the neighbor you are to love, and to whom you are to prove a neighbor indeed. Do not wait for some great opportunity. As ferries grow rich in gathering pennies from every passer-by, you will become rich in blessing by doing some little good every day. Remember the famous motto: "I shall not pass again this way. I cannot do much, but I can do something; and what I can do, I ought to do, and, by God's grace, I will do."

Good Samaritans of To-day

We should fill all the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day.

"HE HAD COMPASSION ON HIM AND WENT TO HIM AND BOUND UP HIS WOUNDS"

Two men were at work on a telegraph-pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken and they were busy repairing the damage. The wind blew fiercely from the east and the pole rocked to and fro in the blast. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so, he somehow pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backwards. He clutched at his mate and both tumbled over amongst the wires.

For a moment, the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said: "Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." And as he spoke a wire broke.

"Well, mate, it's a big drop down into the grass," replied the other man, "but as you're married and have three kids, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill. You'll get killed, surely. Let's hang a little longer."

But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind.

"Good-by, mate," he said to the other, who had tears in his eyes, "Good-by."

Then he dropped—a fall of forty feet. He fell amongst some bushes and rolled down the embankment. When he rose, for he was not dead, he crawled up the embankment.

"I'm all right, mate; I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow who had risked his life for his mate told his tale he fainted away. The doctor said he had broken his arms and a couple of ribs; but his noble action saved his friend's life and his own.

To few will come opportunity for such heroic wayside service as that, but if we keep ever in mind the motto of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least," and are willing to do the least as well as greatest service, we shall enrich every day with some memory of helpfulness. It is too much forgotten that Christ's motto works both ways. Inasmuch as we have been unkind to any one, or neglectful of any one, we have been unkind or neglectful to him. And in every positive service to another, we can say to Christ: "Behold, through him, I give to thee."

A beautiful girl on a cold winter's day bought a paper of a ragged little Irish newsboy. "Poor little fellow, aren't you cold?" she said, as she paid him for the paper. "I was, ma'am, before you passed," was the quick reply.

In a five-story tenement in New York lived a lame, almost crippled pedler. "Fire!" rang out from below. He was able to walk and might perhaps have gotten down in time by the stairs, but he remembered a man in the tenement below who could not rise from his bed alone. To him he hastened, wrapped him with bedclothes and brought him to the fire-escape, where brave firemen rescued them both.

"Yes, my little boy is lame," said Mr. Scott.

"Nothing permanent, I hope?" asked his brother.

"We do not know yet. The doctor says that the leg is paralyzed, but that he hopes Walter may grow out of it."

Walter was a great favorite with his uncle, who used to watch the poor little boy trying to crawl along the floor. When his disabled limb made him fall in a heap, his uncle would lift him up and set him on his knee, and pet him.

But one day it occurred to Walter's uncle that he might assist in the recovery of that paralyzed leg.

"Why, Walter, mannie," said he, "you've quite given up even trying to crawl, and if you do not try your poor old leg will never grow strong and well."

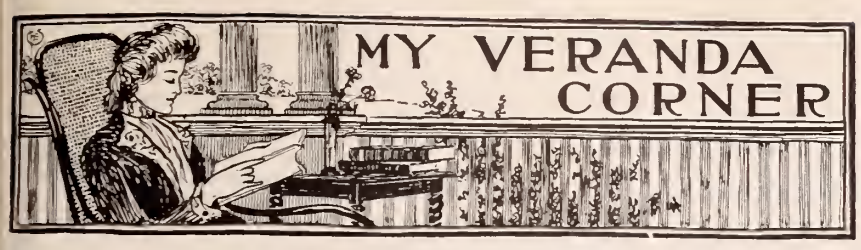
Although Walter could not understand many things, being very small, yet he looked up from his seat on the floor with such intelligent eyes that his uncle thought he must understand him. So he continued:

"But we must not give up yet."

As he spoke he drew his shining gold watch from his pocket, and, hanging it first for a moment before the eyes of Walter to attract his attention, he began to drag it along the floor. The watch was just near enough to Walter to make him eager to grasp it, and yet he could not seize it without making an effort.

AN ORIENTAL INN.

Every day they played at this game, and Walter began to crawl a little. At first he could only creep with difficulty, but the slow, awkward movement of the child was soon replaced by more active use of his limbs, and before long he could freely use his paralyzed leg. This is the way Sir Walter Scott learned to walk.



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

... A TALK ABOUT ... THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

NOBODY who has given the subject any serious attention, and who has made it her business to inquire into it, can have failed to notice as a sign of the times a growing and perilous indifference to the Sunday School on the part of well-to-do families in our cities. The mission schools are thronged, and in an occasional church one finds a large and flourishing school, well taught, well organized, well attended. But churches can be found in the fashionable quarters with a beggarly dozen or two of children in their Bible Schools, and think themselves doing more than respectably if, all told—officers, teachers and scholars—they muster an average of a hundred names on their rolls.

You inquire why there are so few children and you are told that more and more small families are the rule, and that many married couples have no children. Yes, but ackpowledging this significant fact—token of a modern civilization, which prefers luxury to the dignity of true household life where parents and children compose the home—you still insist that children are not altogether obsolete. Then you are informed that their mothers prefer to give them religious instruction at home; that they do not like to delegate this to unknown and half-educated persons, etc., etc. This has a plausible sound. Alas! on investigation you are forced to the conclusion that in many nominally Christian families the boys and girls are growing up in dense ignorance of Bible truth. If these young people go away for a summer holiday of six or eight weeks, they are supplied with every outfit for sport—with clothing for every change of the weather, with balls and golf-sticks and bathing-suits and oars; but the trunk contains no Bible—that was overlooked in the packing, for the excellent reason that it is habitually overlooked in the daily life.

Granting that every Sunday School teacher is not a theological student, all fair-minded persons must admit that most teachers study the lesson thoroughly and faithfully, and that they are aided by lesson helps and lesson illustrations, lights and comments, which have been prepared by the foremost scholars of our age. A child attending the Sunday School regularly cannot but obtain a certain very desirable familiarity with the Scriptures; the hymns sung will linger in his memory and the prayers will lead him to Christ. The great advantage of the Sunday School is that it is openly and directly religious and that its one text-book is the Word. If parents would cooperate with teachers, going over the lesson in the family, and if more memorizing of the text were required, we should see a marked advance in spirituality and a greater responsiveness to the Gospel invitation in our young people. We ought to take steps at once everywhere to build up and strengthen the Sunday School, to aid it in keeping abreast of the home and to set it in the van in the battle with the adversary.

The Summer School for Parents

The twenty-seventh annual assembly closed at Chautauqua on August 24th, having successfully conducted its various departments to the great profit and pleasure of an immense gathering of attendants. If one wanted to learn nothing, if one's only object were pure enjoyment with instruction altogether omitted, Chautauqua would be an ideal spot for a summer visit, but there one receives inspiration for the soul as for the body in the very atmosphere, and the lecture courses and classes are most alluring to all, so that everybody is profited.

A great deal of attention is now given to the right training of parents, the right fitting of them for their duties. In accordance with the spirit of the day, a summer school for parents has been a new feature this year in the Chautauqua programme. Babyhood and childhood were considered by educators of marked ability, and such themes as the "Social Life of the Child," "Mother-Song and Child-Song," "Chivalry or the Spirit of the True Knight" were discussed at the Round Table. Parents who were present enjoyed a great opportunity for true culture.

Mother-Blindness

When a half dozen families are grouped under one roof, it is quite impossible not to be impressed with the blindness of the average mother. To an impartial outsider, Tommy and Ethel appear to be ordinary children, a little frisky and kiddish as is right, with their occasional tantrums and their usual levels of good behavior, just the average children of whom the average men and women are made. But converse with the mothers, and you will soon perceive that Tommy is a future Gladstone and Ethel a miniature Saint Ursula; that the talents of both are phenomenal, and the genius and beauty of each unsurpassed. The mother love translates every commonplace incident into a prophecy, and is too often blind to defects of manner and faults of speech, which will very painfully handicap the children by and by.

Take the Bible With You

In packing a trunk to go away from home for several weeks, or a bag for a night or two, always remember to put your Bible in a place where you can easily get at it. Our Bible reading may be best done in our own Book, the one which we are used to take up morning and evening for our daily study. If a person packs for the summer outing everything except the Bible, the inference is natural that he does not find it a necessity. An alarming ignorance of Bible truth is evident among our educated young people to-day, as has been proved by the questions sent out by Dr. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, to a hundred colleges, including some of the most prominent in East and West alike. The questions related to things familiar to all Bible readers, but the answers revealed that the young men and women had never been introduced to the heroes and the heroines, the events and incidents of the Old and the New Testament.

THE BREAD FROM OVER-SEA

This photograph represents a scene to touch every heart. When the *Quito* arrived in India, carrying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S munificent gift of corn for the starving sufferers, the first kernels were dropped into the little outstretched hands of children by Miss Mary Stephens, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Stephens, of the Grant Road Methodist Episcopal Church. The scene suggests the following poem:

Hold out the little hands and take the gift
from far away,
By wind and wave, by storm and sun, 'twas
brought to you this day.
In homes across the ocean wide, the tale of
need was told,
And loving hearts made haste to send their
silver and their gold,
To buy the food your barren fields have
known not how to give,
To send the succor which can save, and bid
the dying live.

Poor wasted babes, poor mothers torn by
hunger's bitter pain,
Shall taste the bread by Christians brought;
shall gather strength again.
A song shall break from fainting souls, for
love hath found a way
To feed the famine-stricken and to lift them
up this day.
The gentle Lady of the Loaf, like Christ's
own angel comes
Dispensing Western kindness in the darkened
Eastern homes.

They who have sent this freight of corn, send
with it heart-felt prayer
That India's orphans might be kept close in
our Shepherd's care;
That more than earthly bread might be in this
rich cargo rife;
That they who ate might also feed upon the
Bread of Life;
That He who fed the thousands by the Sea
of Galilee,
Might say to many a Hindu child, "Come
thou and rest with Me.

Come thou and serve and take My yoke, and
learn My gracious ways;
Come all the weary, lonely ones, and learn
Jehovah's praise."
God grant that soon our Master may be ruler
o'er the hosts
That throng in teeming millions o'er India's
plains and coasts;
God grant the West the honor, as it stoops to
feed the least,
Of guiding Eastern pilgrims to the Master's
marriage-feast.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Happiness is a Thing of Habit

Yesterday, my duty as school clerk called me to visit my neighbor. I felt depressed in spirit, for only four days before a severe hail storm had nearly destroyed my wheat fields. I had hoped to reduce my indebtedness and send my daughter away to school to prepare herself for a teacher. The way seemed dark, indeed, before me and I could not see in my care how "all things work together for good to those that love the Lord." My neighbor is out of debt, owns a large farm, has fine buildings, plenty of good horses and machinery, and grown children to do all of his work. Surely, I thought, he will meet this loss with good courage and cheerfully prepare to do next year's work.

But I found exactly the reverse true. He was so cast down, so utterly unnerved, so hopelessly depressed, that instantly my sympathies went out to him and for the time being I forgot my own loss, and came away thinking only of his trouble. Suddenly, as I drove along the road, it flashed upon me, "Happiness is surely a thing of habit." Here is my neighbor, with everything in the world to make life delightful, plenty of this world's good, and no debts to worry him, so miserable over the loss of a few hundred dollars that he hoped to get, that life does not seem to him worth living.

So, telling Jesus of my troubles and asking him to make a way out of them for me, I began humming a little song I had learned in my youth:

So let the wide world wag as it will,
I'll be gay and happy still.

I came home in good spirits, ready to take up my daily task and to trust. LUELLA.

Yes, and it is also a thing, or a habit of trust in our Heavenly Father, and of cheerful acquiescence in his loving will.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WINNIE STEEL. A silence cloth under the table-cloth is of felt or canton flannel, and deadens the sound not only, but makes the table-cloth.

—ALICE MARGARET. In calling on a young lady who is visiting in your town, it is proper for you to ask for her hostess, even if you have never met her, and to include her in any invitation you may extend to your friend.

—E. W. Low-necked dresses are not worn to church or for any occasion except that which is highly ceremonious. Fashionable women often wear a low-cut dress to dinner, or they have the neck of the gown filled in with lace if they do not wish the flesh exposed.

—PERPLEXED. Be guided by the lady's wish. Surely you would not ask her to attend a festival against her will, or on an evening which she had devoted to something else; perhaps to the weekly prayer-meeting. Her wish should be your law in such matters while you are courting and after you win her.

—RENA D. You surprise me. Having rejected a suitor, you cannot be interested in his proposing to another lady, who accepts him. The affair is his and hers, not yours, and dignity requires your refraining from criticism. Did you expect the man to court you again? Surely you refused him in good faith.

—STIFF AND STAUNCH. You are no doubt right in the stand you take, but why be so disagreeable about it? We need not let our good be evil, through our fault-finding. If you disapprove of the little social club of which you speak, and which seems to me quite harmless, stay away by all means, but do not browbeat your sister, who has a right to go if she likes.

—MRS. E. A wife should not entertain strangers against the express desire of her husband and her invalid daughter. The stranger guests would be oppressed by the unspoken hostility of feeling in the home, and the hostess would be embarrassed in her task, not having the support of her family. The wife thus situated would better let the strangers be entertained elsewhere.

—A. W. R. You state your daughter's age as two, but from the context I judge her to be a young lady. Keep pace with her in her fun and in her friendships, if, as I fancy, she is twenty-two. Every bright and clever person does not care for books. Some find their tools elsewhere. A girl with an aptitude for business and a talent for conversation may get on very well, though she read little. She should, however, as a matter of duty to herself and to society, read the Bible and the newspaper—the first, to learn her obligations to God; the second, to keep informed of what is going on in the world. Read both these with her, and persuade her to take up a book of travels in connection with the present developments in China. This may lead to other reading.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN ITALY

ONE of the most interestin' places in Venice is the Doges Palace, and I spoze Josiah never gin up his idea about it until we stood right in front of it. But when he see that marble front, full of noble columns, elaborate carvin', arches, balustrades and base reliefs, he had to gin up such a place as that wuz never rared up to a dog or to any number on 'em, though he said when I convinced him of his mistake: "Snip wuz too good to mingle with 'em, he wuz likelier than any Doge that ever lived there, no matter whether you spelt 'em dog or doge."

And I sez soothin'ly: "Like as not and 'tennyrate how I would love to hear Snip bark out a welcome to us once more."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "it will be the happiest hour of my life when I behold Snip and the cat and the children and grandchildren and the rest of the Jonesvillians once more."

Here in the marbie pavement are two great bronze cisterns elegantly sculptured, and you can look up the Grand Staircase with two statutes at the top on either side, Neptune and Mars; and that wuz the place where the old Doges wuz crowned.

On the staircase on each side are beautiful statutes and columns, elaborate carving and richly colored marbles. The Hall of the Great Council is one hundred and seventy-five feet long and most a hundred in width, broad enough and high enough to entertain broader and nobler views than wuz promulgated there. But it contains costly and beautiful pictures; one by Tintoretto is eighty-four feet wide and most forty feet high, the largest picture on canvas in the world so I've hearn, and others by Paul Veronese and the other great masters.

Memories of the Doges

All round the wall, like a border in a Jonesville parlor, are the portraits of the Doges of Venice in their red robes and round-topped caps. But where Marino Faliero should have hung wuz a black curtain. Well, he wuz a mean creeter; it is a good thing he can be shut out with a curtain. Josiah said he thought it would be a crackin' good plan to have a black curtain hung before the pictures of some of our public men, but Arvilly said, in a real dry tone, that "If we begun that it would bring up the price of black cloth enormously."

She mourns yet quite a good deal in her best dresses, and looked ahead, and didn't want the price of crape and bombazine riz.

Among the pictures of these old Doges wuz one who led the army in an attack on Constantinople at the age of ninety-seven, when most old men are bed rid with a soap-stun and water gruel. And Francesco Foscari, who worked nobly for thirty-five years and wuz then abused shameful by the Ten and turned out of office.

Them old Doges had their ups and downs; riz up to power, throwed down agin. Mean as the old Harry, some on 'em, and some workin' well for the public. And some after servin' the public for years wuz banished, some beheaded, some had their eyes put out, one died of vexation, one who wuz deposed died when the bell rung in his successor. A few died in battle, but only a few on 'em passed away in their beds after a lingerin' and honorable sickness with their one wife and children weepin' about 'em.

You can see the open place in the wall where the written complaints wuz put aginst sombody or anybody, guilty or innocent, and wuz pretty sure to be acted upon by the dretful Ten settin' there in their black robes and black masks, fit color for their dark and cruel deeds.

We went down to see the dungeons, dark, cramped, filthy holes in the solid wall; only a little light sifted in from the corridor through a narrow slit. It seemed as if them places wuz so awful we couldn't bear to look at 'em. But we went down into still deeper dungeons way below the canal, in one of them dretful places where you can't hardly draw a breath. We see dim traces of writings on the walls some wretched prisoner waitin' for death had writ there. How did he feel when he writ it? I didn't want to know, nor have Josiah know.

We didn't make a very long stay in Venice, but journeyed on to Florence—Florence the beautiful. It lays in a quiet, sheltered valley with the Apennine Mountains risin' about it as if to keep off danger. The river Arno runs through it, spanned by handsome bridges. The old wall that used to surround it with its eight gates, has been destroyed some years ago.

AT THE GRAND STAIRCASE TO THE DOGES' PALACE

As I say, it is a beautiful city, although it wuz more grand and populous when it wuz the capital of Italy. Dorothy said it was well named the City of Flowers for there wuz flowers everywhere, the markets full of 'em, flower girls at every turn, balconies and windows overrunning with them, public gardens and private gardens sweet with their brightness and perfume.

The next morning after we arrived at Florence we sallied out sightseeing. We all went out together, but seperated after a while, promising to meet at luncheon time at our tarven, but we all went together as fur as the Cathedral. It is a noble buildin', covered with red, white and black marble, elegantly ornamented with panels and sculpture. And the hull meetin'-house is so beautiful, that it wuz remarked that "it ort to be kep' in a glass case."

In the Cathedral at Florence

Inside, the ceiling is one hundred and thirty-five feet high—good land! I told Josiah I wuz glad I did not have to whitewash or paper it overhead, for it most killed us Methodist Episcopal sisters to paper our meetin'-house ceilin' which wuz only twenty feet high, and put a hundred and thirty feet on top of that and where would we be, we never could done it in the world. The interior is full of statutes and pictures by Michael Angelo and other great sculptors and famous painters.

The Campanile or bell tower near it is most three hundred feet high, and a beautiful view is to be seen from the top way off onto the fur-off mountains, the city and the valley of the Arno, or that is I hearn so; I didn't climb up myself to see, bein' more'n willin' to take Dorothy's word and Robert Strong's to that effect.

The bronze doors in the Baptistry are a sight to see. Michael Angelo said they wuz worthy to be the gates of paradise, but I could tell Mr. Angelo, and would if he had said it to me, that he little knew how beautiful them gates are and we ortn't to compare anything earthly to em. Jest think, Mr. Angelo, I'd say, of

AT THE TOMB OF DANTE

an immense gate being made of one pearl, the idee! we can't hardly git it into our heads and idees here below and never will till the winds of heaven blow aginst our tired senses and brighten 'em up.

In the Great Art Galleries

But I wuzn't neighbor to Mr. Angelo; he died several years before I wuz born, four or five hundred years before, so of course I couldn't advise him for his good. He lost a sight and never knowed it, poor creeter!

The Ufizzi and Pitti galleries contain enough pictures and statutes to make 'em more'n comfortable I should think; beautiful pictures and beautiful statutes I must say. One of the most interestin' things to me in the hull collection wuz the original drawings of the old masters with their names signed to 'em in their own hand writin'. It wuz like liftin' up the mysterious curtain a little ways and peerin' into the past. Michael Angelo's sketches in chalk and charcoal; Titian's drawings, little buds, as you may say from which they bloomed into immortal beauty; Rubens, Albert Durer and a throng of others. And then there wuz the autograph portraits of the great painters, Guido, Rembrandt, De Vinci, Vandyke, Raphael, and also the greatest works of all these painters. It wuz a grand and inspirin' sight never to be forgot. Robert Strong and Dorothy wanted to see the statute of Dante; they set store by his writings. It is a splendid statute of white marble riz up in the Piazza Sante Croce; I hearn 'em talkin' about its bein' on a piazza and spozed it wuz built on some stoop and mistrusted he deserved a better pillow.

But it wuzn't on the piazza of a house, it wuz out-doors, and the pedestal wuz

over twenty feet high, all covered with carvin's of seens took from his *Divinia Commedia*, and some lions, and the arms of Italy, and things. It wuz a good-lookin' statute, better lookin' as fur as beauty goes than Dante himself; he wuz kinder humbly I always thought, but then, I spoze, he didn't always wear that wreath on his head: mebby he looked better in a beaver hat or a fur cap. 'Tennyrate, Thomas J. always sot store by him. It wuz a noble statute, more'n fifty feet high, I presoom, with two figures standin' on each side and one on top. The one on the left seemed to have her hand outstretched telling to all the world just how Dante wuz used whilst he wuz alive, and the one on the right had just throwed herself down and wuz cryin' about it, and Dante, settin' on top, wuz leanin' his hand on his head and meditatin'. What his meditations wuz, I don't know, nor Josiah don't. Mebby he wuz thinkin' of Beatrice.

Dante and Savonarola

Thomas J. had read Dante's books a sight to his pa and me. *The Divine Comedy*, *The Inferno*, *Bernadiso*, *New Life*, etc., etc. Thomas Jefferson thought *The Divine Comedy* a powerful work, showing the story of how a man wuz tempted, and how sorrow lifts up the soul to new hites.

I never approved of his praisin' up Beatrice quite so much under the circumstances, and I dare presoom to say that he and Gemma (his pardner) had words about it. But then I couldn't hender it, it havin' all took place five or six hundred years before I wuz born.

Robert Strong said that his writings wuz full of eloquence, wit and pathos. His native land sets great store by his memory, though they acted in the usual genteel and fashionable way, and banished and persecuted him during his life. One thing he said I always liked. He wuz told he might return to his country under certain pains and penalties, but he refused and said:

"Far from a preacher of justice to pay those who have done him wrong as a favor. Can I not everywhere behold the mirrors of the sun and stars? Speculate on sweetest truths under any sky."

Robert Strong said his poetry wuz far finer in the original.

And I said, "Yes, he wuz very original, for Thomas Jefferson always said so."

He is buried in Ravenna, and the Florentines have begged for his ashes to rest in Florence. If when they burnt up some of his books to show their contempt of him they had done as they wanted to, dug up his body and burnt it, there wouldn't have been any ashes to quarrel about, for of course scornin' him so they would have cast his ashes to the winds. But now they worship him when his ear is dead to their praise, the great heart silent that their love would have made beat with ecstacy. Well, such is life. They treated Tasso just about the same who writ *Jerusalem Delivered*, they imprisoned him for a lunatic, and now how much store they set by him.

And I had these same thoughts, only more extreme ones, as we stood in the cell of that noble preacher of righteousness and denouncer of sin, Savonarola. He wuz so adored by the populace, and so great a crowd pressed to see him to kiss his robe and applaud him, that he had to have a guard. And then this same adoring crowd turned against him, imprisoned him for heresy, tortured him, burnt him to the stake. And when he stood on the fagots, which wuz to be his funeral bed of flame, and the bishop said to him:

"I excommunicate you from the church militant," he answered, "Thou canst not separate me from the Church Triumphant."

A great life and a great death. I thought of this a sight as I looked on his tomb. I sot store by Mr. Savonarola.

In the Church of Santa Croce we see the tomb of Machiavelli, a very wise, deep man and a wise patriot, but a man lied about the worst kind by them that hate liberty; the tomb of the poet, Alfieri, with Italy weepin' over it; the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo; the mother of the Bonapartes, and many, many others. Galileo's monument wuz a sizeable one, but none too big for the man who discovered the telescope and the motion of the earth. But just as the way of the world is because he found new stars and insisted that the earth did move, his enemies multiplied, he wuz persecuted and imprisoned. I sot great store by him, and so did Robert Strong, and I sez to him, "Robert, you too are discovering new and radiant stars in your City of Justice and proving that the world does move." And I gin a queer look onto Miss Meechim and sez:

"I hope you won't be persecuted for it."

Miss Meechim looked some like her sir name with the last letter changed to n. But to resoom: The galleries of Florence contains priceless pictures and statuary, so many of 'em that to enjoy them as you should, and want to, would take years. Why, in the hall of Niobe I wanted to stay for days to cry and weep and enjoy myself. I took my linen handkerchief out of my pocket to have it ready, for I laid out to weep some, and did, the mother's agony wuz so real, holdin' one child while the rest wuz grouped about her in dyin' agony. One of the sons looked so natural, and his expression of despair and sufferin' wuz so intense that Arvilly said:

"I believe he drinked, his face shows a guilty conscience, and his ma looks as jest as the mother of drunkards always looks."

I told her that the death of Niobe's children wuz caused by envy and jealousy, which duz just such things to-day as fur as they dast all the way from New York to Jonesville, and so on through the surroundin' world. Sez I, Apollo and Diana killed 'em all just because Niobe had such beautiful children and so many of 'em and wuz naterally proud and had boasted about 'em some, and Apollo and Diana didn't want their ma looked down on and run upon because she had only two children, and probable their ma bein' envious and jealous sot 'em up."

Josiah's View of Art

But Arvilly wouldn't give up; she said a ma would always try to cover up things and insisted on it to the last that she should always believe they drinked and got into a fight with Latony's boy and girl.

"No," sez I agin, "it wuz Envy and Jealousy that took aim and did this dretful deed."

Josiah sez: "Why didn't Ni—obe keep her mouth shet then?"

Well, it wuz vain to enjoy deep emotions in the face of such practicality. I put up my handkerchief and moved off into another room.

Besides pictures, these galleries contain rare gems of art in bronze, crystal, precious stones, coins, arms, helmets, etc., etc. Enough as I say to keep one's mind rousted up and busy for years and years.

Dorothy said she couldn't leave Florence without seeing the house where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and writ her immortal poems and I felt jest so; I felt that I must see the place sanctified by her pure spirit and genius. So Robert Strong got a carriage and took Dorothy and me there one fine afternoon. A plate let into the front of the house tells where she lived in body. But in sperit she inhabited the hull world, and duz now. Her home is in the hearts of all who love pure and exalted poetry.

Off for Rome

Here she lived her happy life as the wife of Robert Browning and mother of her boy. Here she passed on up to the higher school, for which she had prepared her sweet soul below, graduated in the earth school and promoted up to the higher one above.

I had a sight of emotions here and Robert and Dorothy quoted from her all the way back to our tarven, and so I did. I thought more of such poems as "Mother and Poet," and "The Sleep," etc. But they quoted a sight from "Geraldine's Courtship" and "Portuguese Songs," for so every heart selects its own nutriment. Their young hearts translated it into glowing language I mistrusted, though I didn't say nothin'.

From Florence we went to Rome. I had read a sight about Rome and how she sot on her seven hills and from her throne of glory ruled the world. But them hills are lowered down a good deal by the hand of Time, just as Rome's glory is; she don't rule the world now, fur from it.

There is in reality ten hills, but the ruins of old Rome—the Rome of Julius Cæsar—has filled in the hollers a good deal and the new city has grown old agin, as cities must, and I, and Josiah, and everybody and everything.

Robert Strong had writ ahead and got us some comfortable rooms in a tarven on the Corso. When Robert Strong first spoke on't Josiah looked agitated. He thought it wuz a buryin' ground. But it didn't have anything to do with a corse.

The Corso is one of the finest streets in Rome, and handsome shops are on each side on't, and carriages and folks in fine array and them not so fine are seen there. Most all of the big crowd wuz dressed as they do in Jonesville and Paris and London, though occasionally we met Italians in picturesque costooms.

There are three hundred and eighty Catholic meetin'-houses in Rome, quite a few on 'em dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and lots of costly gifts are laid on her altar. But the one I wanted to see and so did the rest of our party wuz the one that stood on the spot where once the circus of Nero stood, weak, mizable creeter. The most agreeable actin' to him and his cruel pardner, wuz the death struggles of martyrs and bloodshed and agony.

THE BRONZE DOORS IN THE BAPTISTERY

What a inspiring idee it is to think that right on that very spot, that bloody pagan pleasure house of hissen is changed into the biggest meetin'-house in the world. Of course we had seen St. Peters from a distance ever since we'd got nigh the city, and we sot out the very next mornin' after we got there, to see it at clost view.

Now I had thought, comparin' it to the Jonesville meetin'-house, which I guess is about fifty by sixty feet, and will, on a pinch, set four hundred and fifty, and comparin' that with the cathedral in New York I had thought that that Catholic Cathedral in New York was about as big a meetin'-house as a minister could handle easy; but the area of that is forty-three thousand, whilst St. Peter's at Rome is two hundred and twelve thousand.

The difference these figgers make in the two meetin'-houses is bigger than my writin' can show you, no matter how big a pen I use or how black my ink is.

(To be continued).

ON THE BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO, AT FLORENCE

Her Arm Was a Shield

Rev. W. C. Hearn, of Talladega, Ala., writes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following beautiful incident of humble heroism on the part of a negro nurse-maid:

A few days ago, Mr. Handley, a clothier, was out driving with his family. Some part of the carriage was broken, and the horses became frightened and ran. The nurse, a young negress, had their babe in her lap, and, seeing the disaster coming, pressed the little one to her bosom, and threw up her arms over it as a shield. She received the blow of the collision upon her own body, bruising her shoulder and elbow and breaking the bone in two places, but she saved the child. The brave nurse girl was immediately taken home and promptly cared for. Her family, hearing of the accident, sent for her, but Mr. Handley, father of the child, said: "No, I can take better care of her than you can, and she shall have the best physician, and the best of care." Physicians proceeded to adjust the broken bones, and the patient is doing well. But for her unselfishness and prompt action, the child would have been crushed to death. In speaking to her of her injury and suffering, she replied: "I would rather have had the other arm broken, too, than to have that child hurt."

Two Heroes of the Slums

Yellow and Fox, who Risked their Lives to Save Playfellows from Drowning

HEROISM among youthful dwellers in the tenements is as common as among any other boys and girls; they have hearts as tender and impulses as brave as can be found anywhere. The courageous endeavors of some East Side lads to save their comrades from a watery grave, and their successful rescue of one boy came recently to the knowledge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and then Mrs. St. James, a missionary neighbor of the young life-savers, brought them to this office.

"I know," she said, "that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD likes to make as much of the boys who do brave deeds saving life at home as for the soldiers, poor fellows, who have to go away from home and take life. These lads don't think they've done anything remarkable, but I want you to hear their story. Boys, tell us how it was Leo Drillick didn't drown."

"YELLOW" AND "FOX," LIFE-SAVERS

They were big, rough, tawny East Side lads — typical children of the docks. "Yellow" and "Fox" their associates call them. Yellow is eighteen, Fox fifteen. Fox said:

"De little feller—Hogan—went off de pier and Drillick after him. They went too far out and were being carried along in the current. We were on the pier and we see them in danger. I threw off my clothes and jumped in and struck out after them. Yellow went in, shoes, clothes and all and he got a couple of inches ahead of me——"

"When I got to Drillick," said Yellow, he had gone down for de last time. I got to him just in time to dive down by him and catch hold of him——"

"I went down with them two or three times," broke in Fox. "De little feller, Hogan, had me by de feet and Yellow had de other boy by the head."

"I was a long time fetching for de little feller," said Yellow. "I staid down under de water so long that they all thought I was drowned, too. I"—with a deep, sad look in his brown eyes—"got de little feller—lost sight of him—he disappeared. I staid under water so long I didn't know nothin'——"

"He was unconscious," translated the missionary, "but he came to quickly, and ——"

"I see Fox struggling with de other feller and swam towards him to help, and we got Drillick far as the scow——"

Fox took up the theme: "They dropped us a rope and I caught hold of it and it gave way with us—snapped—so that we dropped—went down again, under de boat, and as we was pullin' Drillick up again, he thought I was de little feller (Hogan) and took hold of my feet, an he was pulling one way and I was pulling de other——"

Neither could supply missing links here. They had told as much, and as clearly, of that blind, brave struggle with death under the water, as they could remember. What they had told, had been told confusedly and with evident effort to recall correctly the details of a terrible experience which had almost shaken intelligence.

"They didn't know any more," said Mrs. St. James. "They were just half-dead themselves with trying to save Drillick, who as long as he had any strength kept pulling them down, thinking—if he could think—that they were the poor 'little feller,' Hogan, that never came up again and whom he wanted to save so badly. By this time, the police had heard of the trouble, assistance from the pier reached the lads and they were brought up—all but poor little Hogan. The ambulance came and took Drillick, who we thought would never recover, to the Presbyterian Hospital. He is out now, and like these two, does not realize that he did anything extraordinary in risking his life to save another's. He is only sorrowful because the 'little feller' went down forever. This hot weather, all East Side children who can reach the docks are in the water most of the time, and a number are drowned. An hour before Hogan's death, another child about ten went out too far and never came back."

"Yellow's" real name is John Langer. His father is dead; his mother has been sick two months. Andrew Fox has no father. They are only street boys—the unconscious heroes of every-day life. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will interest itself in their future.

UNFAILING WELLS

ALL wells of happiness we dig,
For us their fulness to impart,
Must have their spring, their pure, sweet fount,
In love of God within the heart.
Then they will always, ever, be
Full, sparkling, clear and running o'er—
Brooks by the way where we may drink,
To thirst for lasting joy no more.
All streams of life whose source is not
From this pure fount—Eternal Love—
Will in the end dry up—the years
An arid vale of Baca prove.

This heavenly love—not a base gift—
Brings ever with it sure reward.
Those who go out of self to serve,
Are living with the blessed Lord.
So let us love, for Love's own sake—
This is the one true happiness.
This shall enrich, enlarge the life,
Its sweetness other lives shall bless.
To love—to serve—herein is found
The secret of the purest joy.
Follow the Master, do his will,
And he shall all your powers employ.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Lovers Alway, by F. B. Meyer, B. A. This little book is intended as a wedding souvenir, and will be read with special interest by those who have just entered into the marriage relation. Pp. 116; neat cloth and gilt; price 75 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

His First Anniversary

The Story of a Desperado who was Converted in The Bowery Mission

HE certainly does not appear to be much of a desperado now. He is one of the quietest and gentlest of all the men that attend the Bowery Mission, and, however much it may surprise you, our congregation of homeless and ragged men contains a surprisingly large proportion of men of courtly manner and polished speech. He never attends a meeting without giving his testimony. It is generally only a few words, nervously and stammeringly uttered, in a very soft voice; then he steps into the background again, and for the rest of the meeting you will find him in some quiet corner, eagerly listening to other men, only the keen glance of his dark eyes showing how reverently he loves his God, his comrades and the dear old Mission.

Yet, among the many trophies of divine grace that have been won for Christ and the Kingdom at the Bowery Mission, very few have such a tragic history behind them as he who is the subject of this story. He must have been a man of extraordinary physical vitality, for although he has had a phenomenally tempestuous career and is now in his fifty-fifth year, he does not appear to be more than forty. Of middle height and wiry build, with a well-shaped head, just turning gray, and a pair of piercing hazel eyes, he would still be an exceedingly sprightly man were it not for a lameness caused by some of his toes having been shot off in one of the Indian wars under General Miles. One would never imagine that forty out of his fifty-five years of life had been spent in debauchery and sin. The only break in this long career of dissipation was a term of four and a half years spent in State prison, and the preliminary term of four months in the old Tombs prison while awaiting trial.

His parents were most respectable people, and all his family connections are to-day found in wealthy and aristocratic circles. He is the nephew of one of the most prominent and influential of present-day United States Senators. His two sisters are both the wives of prosperous business men, one of them a New York City millionaire. The latter is a devout Christian lady, who for many years prayed with an unshaken faith for the conversion of her erring brother. She is a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and no one will peruse these lines, telling of the wonderful way in which her prayers were answered, with greater joy than she.

On one sad Thanksgiving Day, presuming on the prevailing charitable spirit of the season, he, somehow or other, stealthily gained admission to his sister's residence, and at the sight of the poor, ragged, shivering tramp that stood before her pleading for something to satisfy the gnawings of the terrible hunger that was upon him, her sisterly love melted all her stern resolves, and on getting a promise from him (alas! promises so often given before, and so often broken) she weepingly handed over to him fifty dollars with which to furnish him with clothing. When in the evening of that day he reeled into the saloon bar, which at that time was his headquarters, only thirteen cents of the fifty dollars remained, and he still wore his tramp's tattered rags.

When his father died in 1886 he inherited what to many men would have been quite a fortune. In a few short months not a penny remained—and not a penny had been righteously spent. Everything he flung wantonly away in riotous debauchery and vice.

At the age of twenty-two, he enlisted in the Fifth New York Troopers, and for five years was out at Fort Scott, Arizona and Fort Wichita, Colorado, seeing some very active and exciting service in the Indian wars which prevailed at that time. He had scarcely returned to New York City, after getting his discharge, when in a low saloon a dispute occurred in which he became involved. Whipping out of his hip pocket his revolver he shot and immediately killed one of the brawlers. Then there came the trial, the sentence, and the long term behind the gray walls of State prison. During his stay there, his old, grief-stricken mother kept up constant communication with him, and on the day of his release waited for him at the Grand Central depot. After meeting and greeting her, on some pretext he slipped away and within one hour from the time he left her he was arrested again for drunken brawling, only three blocks away in 39th street, and sent to Blackwell's Island. Was it any wonder that soon after the poor mother died of a broken heart?

Father and mother dead, and every door closed against him, he drifted, as so many thousands drift every year, to the Bowery. All the pride and ambition had gone out of his life. He did not want to work; would not work when he had the chance. For nearly eleven years he haunted the lowest and vilest resorts, living the aimless life of a Bowery tramp. During that time he paid frequent visits to the Bowery Mission, but not even the most sanguine worker there entertained much hope for him. And as the years went by, and the dull look on his weary face became duller, and that strange pall of gloom settled down upon him which is so characteristic of the chronic tramp, the hope became less.

Who shall dare to say that any man is hopeless after this? One night, the kindly janitor going his rounds from bench to bench, noticed the thin, worn face and haggard eyes, and spoke a cheery word to him. That kind word was the first star that appeared in the black sky above him. As he gazed up at it wonderingly, he caught sight of another. This time it was the sweet face of one of the sisters, who only smiled at him. She said nothing. But having seen these two stars he kept looking for others, and had not long to wait. Out they came, one by one, in all their glittering beauty. He began to listen to the testimonies. Something one of the men said one night was so like his own experience. It was falling from the lips of a young boy who, with radiant face, was telling how his mother prayed for him when "he was afar off," and there flashed before him the picture of that dear old face looking so wistfully into his own in the Grand Central depot, and to his own great surprise he found himself brushing the tears from his eyes. Then other stars of hope shone out. Passages of Scripture read from the platform seemed suddenly to glow before him with a strange and vivid meaning; the old hymns that had become so hackneyed in his ears that he had found no pleasure in singing them, startled him now with their beauty and force. He realized it was all true, and was meant for him. One night, twelve months ago, to the great surprise and delight of all the older workers of the mission, he gave his poor battered and beaten life to God.

We have just been celebrating his first anniversary. The first twelve months in the spiritual life of a Bowery Mission convert is a critical time. Oh, how eagerly it is watched! After the first milestone is passed, the road seems easier. But the new-born plant in so difficult a soil, is a great care. The frail bark pushed off into the breakers that dash against the coast line and show their white teeth, has to be ceaselessly steered and safeguarded. And when the comparatively deep and calm water is reached, can you wonder at our relief and rejoicing?

J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent Bowery Mission.

The U. S.

Government official report shows Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in leavening strength.

(*Bulletin 13. Ag'l Dept. p. 599.*)

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OUR · GRATEFUL · WAIFS · AT · MONT-LAWN

...QUEER LITTLE SCRAWLS BY MANY HAPPY LITTLE FOLKS—OUR TENT BOYS

WRITING a letter to papa, or mama, or the Sunday School teacher in the city, is one of the delightful and important affairs in child-life at Mont-Lawn. So nice it is to "sit right under the trees I'm telling my mamma about," and pen the laborious epistle which shall gladden the patient, loving mother, toiling away in the tenement home, by letting her know that her little lad or lass is well cared for, is happy, and going to come back brown and strong: and "well enough to help you, mamma"—as some dutiful small people phrase it. Such quaint, odd little letters as go off in the Mont-Lawn mail-bag—Italian, Russian, Spanish, and other languages contributing to swell this mass of English literature, much of which is funny and much of which is sad. Here are specimens:

"DAMO" AND "JIMMO"

Dere Mommer: i hope you are wel i am in gud helth Lizzie nannie and Mamie are alrite. i ete 10 slises of bred i got enuf onct. Are you working yet mommer. Your lovin Grace.

While this is brief, it is to the point:

Dear papa and mama: I am in good hands. I send my regards to the hole family.

Of equal interest with writing and sending off a letter to mama is receiving one from her. These brief epistles, often more poorly spelled than the child's, give some pathetic glimpses into tenement home life: as for instance, this:

My daughter Guttruge: I receaved yore too postels an was more than glad you like it an is in good Helth i am in good Helth but workin verry Hard it is verry warm hear so I am glad you are in the kuntry. I have got a nu washin' to do so no more now an be a good gurl and stay there as long as you can I went to see yore papa at the Hospitul las nite an he is no better he said tell Guttruge to be a good Gurl Yore Fond mamma.

And this:

My daughter: I am glad you are well and so happy. I am sorry you are coming home. It is so hot here and I am afraid you'll get sick again. Ask them if they'll keep you a little while longer. Your affectionate mamma.

* * *

To be allowed to help in the big dining tent or in the kitchen is considered a high honor. During our Fourth of July festival, while ice cream was being served to a great host of small people on the lawn, a lady visitor observed a cluster of boys and girls who had run forward from the tent to look on a minute. They had towels in their hands or on their shoulders.

"Why don't you go out there with the other children?" she asked.

"We've got to finish washing dishes."

WRITING A LETTER TO MAMA

This is as enthusiastic as the writer's powers of expression permitted him to be:

Dear Mamma: Susie and I are havin fine times. O, mamma, the food is ellegant. There is milk an bread an potatoes an meat an sometimes cookies. An vegetubbles out of the garding. An rides in the stage. An pickin dazes an blackeyed susanns an seein the farmers pig. We give him appuls an he grunts. Susie got a new dress off teacher. Its butifull pink. I got overalls an a blowse. Teacher sed she got em off a kmgs dorter livin far aways. O mamma, I wisht I cud live here all my life. I wisht you was here. Your truly child. TOMMY.

The fulness of this little boy's heart likewise taxed his powers of description:

The fields are very plesunt they are in full of bloom and Henery and Fred and I are very happy. We get good to ete and have good beds. We enjoy very much. Your fond son Willie.

There were so many in Freda's poor home that her parents were very glad for their two little girls to be away:

Dear Parents: Tillie don't want to go home. She loves the place. We are all right and happy. We swing in the cups every day. The teachers are like real mothers and so kind. We have good beds and it is so cool and nice. Freda.

"Give me your towels," she said, "and go ahead. My friends and I will wipe dishes in your places."

"O, no, ma'am," said that corps with great pride and doubtful appreciation of the intended kindness. "We don't give our towels to nobody; we don't want nobody to wipe our dishes for us; no, ma'am!"

"I think," said the lady in telling this afterwards, "you've got a good school of domestic science here. I never saw children love dish-washing before."

Every summer, Housemother Collins takes note of children who exhibit desire and ability to be useful, and who by another year will have passed beyond the age limit of guests. These are invited to come as helpers. Our cut shows two of our best tent boys; Damo and Jimmo they are called by their play-fellows who thus abbreviate their long and stately Italian names. Last spring, emboldened by a clear conscience and a great desire to come as helpers now that they are too old to come as guests, these lads indited an epistle to Miss Collins begging the privilege. To nothing short of a registered and specially delivered letter, for which they had saved up all the pennies they could make, would they entrust their precious request, and great was the satisfaction of all concerned when they were enrolled as tent-workers, and made their appearance, all puffed up with pride over this great and glorious distinction. They are of poor but respectable parents, and are worthy of the favor shown them, appreciating their long happy outing most heartily, as is shown by their faithful and willing performance of all their duties and their unfailing conformity to the simple rules of the Home.

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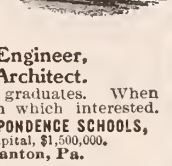

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Northfield's Gospel Camp

Spiritual Methods Studied in the Cool Shades of the Evangelistic Retreat....

IT is now demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the multitudes who are now at Northfield, that the late D. L. Moody has a worthy and most capable successor in his eldest son. Will R. Moody, in his work at Northfield this season, has displayed the qualities of leadership, viz: firmness, discrimination and a winning grace of humility, added to a large fund of practical common sense in the management of great assemblages. He retains around him all of his father's trusted workers and speakers, and he is exceedingly chary of any innovations or of radical departures from the established methods of work at Northfield. Anything that violates the traditional spirit of the place—and especially everything that savors of fanaticism—is rigidly avoided.

Under God's blessing the "Round Top" meetings have been of special power, and their charm has been enhanced by the fact that near the human horse-shoe (which form the audience assumes seated on the grass), is the chaste monument erected to the great evangelist, reminding all of the love he bore these gatherings while he lived and conducted them.

One hundred and eighty boys recite every morning at the Hermon School, during the August heat. They are as bright and happy and ambitious in Recitation Hall as in the winter term and do as faithful work. These doors are thrown open to boys that else could never have a draught from this fountain of knowledge.

Miss Fanny Crosby, speaking at the recent Conference, said: "Mr. Moody, when Mr. Morgan was coming to New York City, said, 'Give Miss Crosby my love.'" And added, "I am so glad he sent that last message to me."

In spite of the extreme heat accompanying many of the days, the Conference meetings were well attended, and an enthusiasm that would neither be wilted nor dampened seemed to pervade the whole session. The meetings, which were under the leadership of Miss Effie K. Price, of Chicago, began July 13th and continued till July 23d. During this time, many of the foremost preachers and Bible teachers of the country addressed the Conference. Among them were Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., New York; Robert E. Speer; Rev. H. W. Pope, Sec. of the Northfield Extension Movement; Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., Brooklyn; Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, India; Dr. John G. Paton, New Hebrides; Mrs. Montgomery, of Rochester, N. Y., and others equally well-known.

The spirit of missionary enterprise and of a desire for a higher plane of spiritual living characterized the Conference throughout. The delegation meetings and Bible classes were largely attended and a much larger number than ever before were present at the platform meetings, showing that the desire for close Bible study and the thirst for knowledge and information concerning practical work were dominant. The series of daily talks by Dr. C. I. Scofield, on "Christ in the Old Testament," was continued throughout the Conference, and proved exceedingly helpful.

The last meeting of the Conference was addressed by Mr. W. R. Moody and Robert E. Speer. Mr. Moody gave a few hearty words of farewell, after which Miss Price, in giving some statistics of the Conference said that 492 delegates had attended, and that sixty-two institutions and twelve denominations were represented.

A GROUP OF CITY DELEGATES TO THE NORTHFIELD 1900 CONFERENCE

The Dying Sailor and His Bible

ON January 6, 1897, I visited, in my pastoral work, the home of a young man who was dying of consumption. I had called on him previous to this visit, and he had told me in part about his past life. For several years he was a sailor, visiting nearly all the principal ports of the world and living a wild, reckless life. Exposure and dissipation had undermined his rugged constitution, and about six years before I met him he had been prostrated in a foreign sea-port, with a serious illness. Rallying at length, he was able to return to this country, and to his mother's home where he was carefully nursed. It was too late, however. Consumption developed and the poor fellow gradually wasted away. God, in his infinite mercy, heard a mother's prayers, and the son was converted.

On the morning of my visit mentioned above, I found the young man seated in an easy chair in his little bedroom. He could no longer lie down with any comfort. As I entered the room and seated myself beside him, with a word of greeting, I noticed that his Bible lay on the table before him, and made some remark concerning his having the Scriptures near at hand. He replied at once in the following words, which impressed me much and which I shall long remember: "This Bible is my loaf of bread. I enjoy feeding upon it more than I enjoy any other food. These are my happiest days. People think that I must feel miserable, but I do not. (He suffered much pain at times.) Once I was a wild, merry fellow, but I had no peace. Now I am happy. The days are not long enough for me now."

We talked for a little while, prayed together, and I departed, saying to the mother: "I came to comfort and encourage your son, but he has comforted and encouraged me." She replied: "He never complains."

A few days later I was called to conduct his funeral services and looked upon the calm, pale face, cold in death. We laid the body away in the little hill-top cemetery, with a storm beating upon us so furiously that it was well-nigh impossible to perform the last rites; but to some of us it only pictured in contrast the land of rest and more perfect peace into which the soul of our beloved brother had entered.

HARRY E. MERRILL.

San Jacinto, S. Cal.

An India Famine Tragedy

The *Advocate of India* says: We learn from Thana that a Hindu has been arrested on a charge of murder, for burying his two children alive. The man admits his offense and the motive which prompted him to the commission of the deed is heartrending. From his statement it appears that owing to the prevailing scarcity he, his wife and two children went on to the relief works. While there his wife died and he became ill. Seeing that he could not shake off his fever, he left the works with his two children and wandered about starving. At last the time came when he could no longer endure the sufferings of his children, and so he murdered them and was on the eve of committing suicide, when he was arrested.

Our Simple Duty*

Service Rendered from Love Bringing Reward Unexpected by the Doer

EARNING a reward is an idea that should never get into the Christian's mind. He ought never to do anything for the sake of what he may receive for it. The nature implanted within him, the Spirit of Christ imparted to him will prompt him to do good deeds, and he will take a delight in service with no thought of receiving wages. He is no longer a servant, but a son. The son's service is more efficient than the servant's; he will take more trouble, make greater effort, act with more intelligence, have a keener desire for his father's interests; but it is not because he expects pay for what he does, but because he loves his father. Even the servant—who will do nothing that he is not paid to do and who thinks more of his wages than he does of his work—renders a poor service, and is an undesirable kind of man to have as a servant. The ideal servant is one who would do his work even if there were no wages to be paid him for doing it. He must have wages because he must live and pay his way; but as Christ said to his followers: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

There is quite enough in the New Testament to assure us that there will be rewards. God is not unjust or unmindful of service, but so far are his people from reckoning of them that, as we see in the description of the final judgment (Matt. 25: 32-46), they are surprised when they learn that such deeds as they have done as the outflow of love in their hearts, are to be rewarded. The higher morality of Christ's kingdom presupposes a consecration of all that we have and are; and it would be as unworthy of us to demand a reward as it would be for a son to expect any reward for his honesty or a wife for her virtue. There is nothing more beautiful than the sight of a grown son showing tender affection for his aged mother, seeing that she has the best room in his house, the most comfortable chair and all the attention that he can surround her with. But how all that would be spoiled, if he asked her to pay for her board or was thinking of the money that would come to him at her death. Christianity never comes to us in the guise of a bargain. It does not promise heaven and the golden crown as a compensation for church-going and refraining from dissipation. The man who is kept from evil-doing only by the hope of reward for abstention, is no true member of the kingdom of God. He is fit for that kingdom only when he does these things voluntarily.

Christianity is a religion of being, not of doing. Those who attain nearest to Christ's ideal are not necessarily those who do some great thing, or render some conspicuous service; they are those who are most like him and have most of his spirit. From such people right conduct and self-sacrificing service will surely come; but it does not make them members of his kingdom. It simply indicates that they have the spirit of Christ, which is the real test of fitness. The apostle Paul said that even if he gave all his goods to feed the poor and though he gave his body to be burned, he was nothing without the love which might or might not be the motive cause of all that. So we learn what it was that Christ meant when he bade his followers say they were unprofitable servants. If they regarded themselves as servants, they were unprofitable. The utmost that they can do is poor and small compared with what their obligations are. So much has been done for them, so sweet and tender are the relations to which they have been admitted, that a life of constant, grateful service would be a small return as an expression of appreciation. One who realizes how much he owes to his Lord, welcomes an opportunity to do something that will please him, and rejoices in the work. It is a duty done from love and the less the doer thinks of reward the higher that reward will be.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 9. Luke 17: 7-10.

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Filipinos and the Gospel

Excellent Progress by the Y.M.C.A. Field Workers Among American Troops and Natives

WHILE the whole nation watches with painful interest the closing scenes of the long struggle in the Philippines, it is cheering to note that excellent spiritual work is being done among both our own soldiers and the natives. The building of the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association in Manila is the centre of a work that reaches the most remote stations on the island. The building itself was once occupied by Spanish soldiers as barracks and passed under our military control. It was badly in need of repairs, and was finally turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association, and opened Jan. 1, 1900. The building contains a hall seating 250 persons, library, reading, correspondence and game rooms, offices, storerooms for supplies that are shipped to the distant stations, a dormitory of twenty-five beds, bathrooms, and in a short time a good restaurant is to be added to the equipment. Now the building is crowded all the time with soldiers in the city on pass, together with men from the local garrisons and sailors on liberty. Seven regular meetings are held each week, and special lectures, entertainments and meetings always fill the hall to overflowing. In the month of June, 1900, there were twenty-one professed conversions in the building alone, and scores more in meetings elsewhere.

E. W. HEARN

Buildings are now occupied at Aparri, the metropolis of northern Luzon; at Dagupan, the northern terminal of the railroad, and Iloilo and Cebu, in the Visayan Islands; at Cavite, for the men of the navy. Then, in many of the 370 stations occupied by the U. S. Army, the commanding officers have set aside rooms where reading matter and writing materials are kept and stationery supplied when possible.

The traveling secretaries of the Army Young Men's Christian Association visit these points whenever possible, and in many places religious meetings are regularly conducted by officers or enlisted men who are interested. There are but few chaplains in the Philippines, and they work in perfect harmony with the secretaries, usually distributing supplies of stationery, reading matter, Testaments, Gospels, song books, etc., furnished through the Young Men's Christian Association. Special attention has been given to the needs of men in hospitals, particularly convalescents, and one of the secretaries, Dr. John M. Phipps, has given valuable assistance as surgeon in the field.

It is the universal opinion of Christian workers in the Philippines that such appreciation of effort and such need have never been seen in their experience. Many of the outlying posts have not yet been reached and whole companies have had no Gospel privileges for a full year and more.

The Young Men's Christian Association entered Manila with the conquering army, August 13, 1898, and the first Protestant service ever held in the city was conducted by the secretaries in their temporary quarters in Malate. A little later, a large tent was pitched near the Bridge of Spain, just in front of the present building, and here the work was vigorously carried on by Secretaries Glunz and Jackson, who are now recuperating in California, after two years' hard service. On the outbreak of the insurrection, Feb. 5, 1899, the distribution of the troops to the front took the secretaries to the firing-line, serving with the hospital corps in battle and visiting the men along the lines, holding group meetings and distributing supplies.

The great extension of the work was made possible in the autumn of 1899, by the generous gifts of friends of the soldier in the United States. The refitting of the building was paid for almost entirely by the sailors and soldiers and friends of the work in Manila, thus showing the local recognition the work receives. Immense amounts of literature have been distributed, and one of the most highly-prized gifts is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel of John in Spanish and English. A few months ago one of these little books was found by an officer of the Third U. S. Cavalry in the quarters of a band of *insurrectos* near Badoc, in the province of Ilocos Norte, near the northwest corner of Luzon, and more than 250 miles north of Manila. This well-worn copy was without doubt used as a text-book for the study of English. Its wanderings would make an interesting story.

FILIPINOS AT BIGARA, GATHERING TO LEARN ENGLISH FROM OUR SOLDIERS

The desire of the Filipinos to learn English seems to be universal, and often whole families gather about our soldiers (as in the accompanying illustration), and patiently try to master English words and phrases. These are natives of the Tagalog tribe, from the province of Bulacan, just north of Manila. This desire to learn our language is further shown in the large attendance of public and private schools where English is taught. Here the mission workers find an open door, and a multiplied force is needed. The system that held this country for over three hundred years is at last shattered, and the people are awakening and trying to learn what makes America great. Thus far the forces of evil have been the most aggressive, and a wrong impression of Christian America is given these people.

E. W. HEARN.

Home Missionary Perils

Camping Out in a Land of Bears and Wolves—A Sample Pioneer Sunday School

THERE is much that is picturesque and romantic in the experience of the Sunday School missionary and not a little that is attended with discomfort and even peril. This letter, from Rev. T. S. Thompson, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union, is full of interest for all who have the cause of our frontier children at heart:

DEAR FRIENDS: I wish I could take you all with me on a trip to show you the homes and schools that part of your gift to the American Sunday School Union has helped. It would take us a long time to go to all of them, because they are scattered around in little cabins in the woods away up in Jackson County, Wisconsin. We start from my headquarters, at Sparta, and go north through Cataract, and on over the hills and through the sand belt, up through Irish Valley, past the Shamrock store and post office, and six miles further through the sand. The last three miles we do not see any houses, and very few cultivated fields. About the only sound we hear is the cow-bell and the song of the mosquitos or buzz of the big deer-flies as they venture to light on us. We are now in the "Bethel" district, about half way between Shamrock and Black River Falls in Jackson County. When I came to this field, four years ago, there were seven miles right here without a house; but now there is quite a nice little settlement, and a new schoolhouse.

Stop now on the bank of Brandy Creek, until I tell you of the first night I spent here. I had been through the neighborhood several times since the school house was built, and I wanted to canvass the district and start a Sunday School. For this purpose I went there last September. It was nearly night when I arrived there on the bank of the creek with my missionary wagon. I asked the man who lives in a little cabin across the road if I might put my team in his barn over night. This he kindly granted. While I was getting my bed made in the wagon a flock of gray timber wolves began howling down in the woods. This they did twice before I went to bed. The people there invited me to eat supper with them that night, and while we were eating the man told me he had tracked a bear across the road just above the house a few nights before; it had gone down through his garden and on into the woods. This made me a little timid about sleeping out in my wagon, but it was all I could do. After supper I helped the little boys get their sheep and calves shut up, so the wild animals would not take them, fastened the side curtains down tightly on my wagon, committed myself to God's care, and went to sleep. A few days later, this man told me that after I had gone away the next morning, he tracked a bear in the sand where it had come up quite close to where my wagon had been, and then went on down the road. The following Sunday night, after I had preached in the school-house, I went down by the Black River and slept in a little house there, and a wild cat or a lynx sat up in a tree close by and made the night hideous with his cries.

We organized the Sunday School last September.

Anyone desiring information, or willing to aid in this important frontier work, can correspond with E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Ave., New York city.

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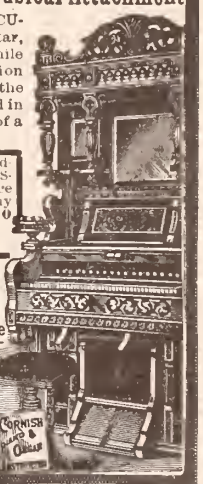
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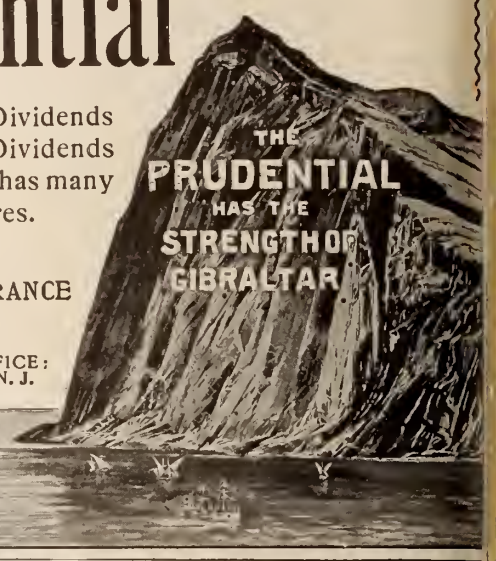

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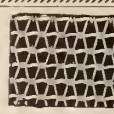

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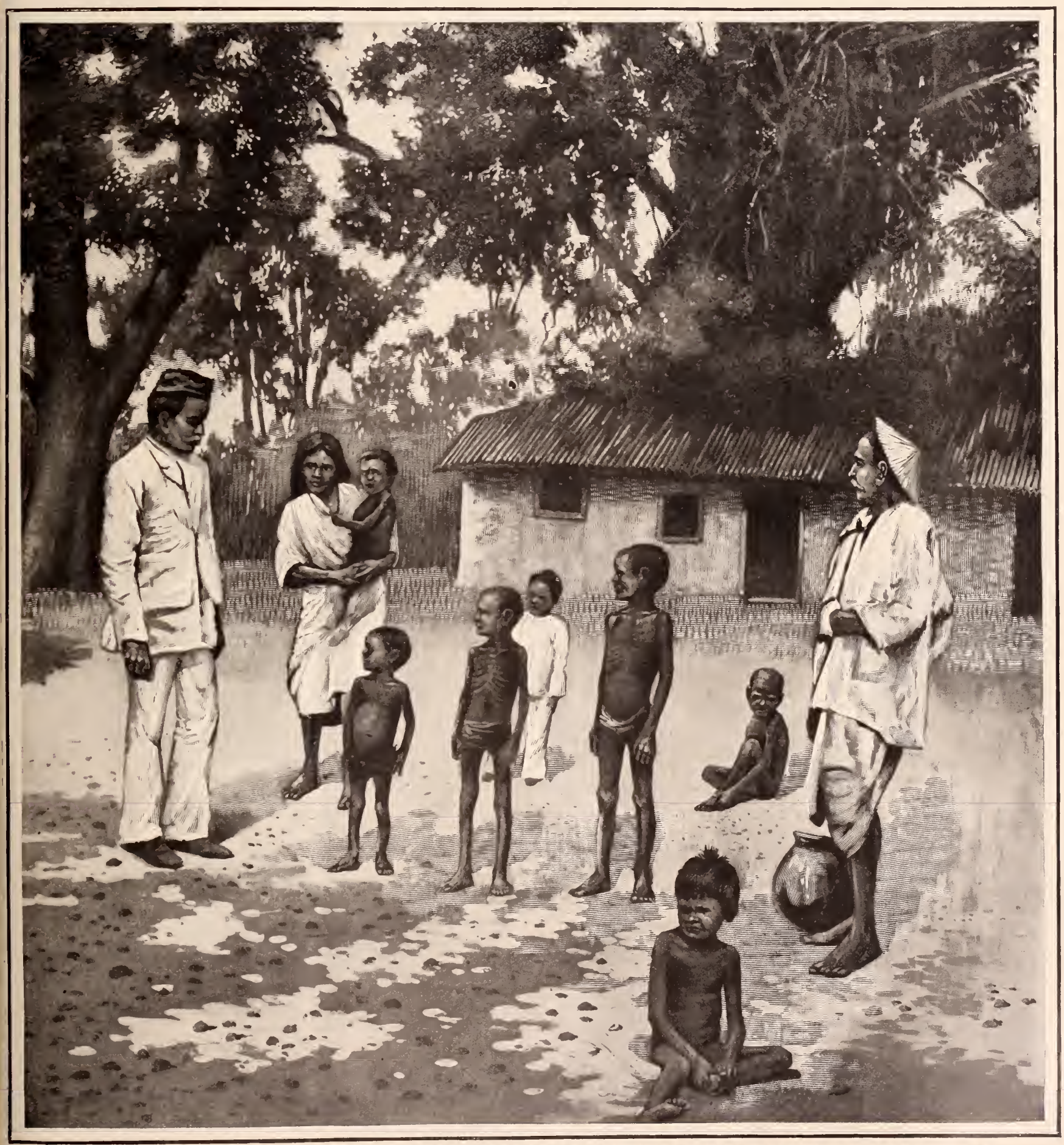

STARVING INDIA FAMINE ORPHANS INQUIRING THE WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE

"Ma bab! (My father) Take us to the house where they give bread," they wail in their own language. Such pitiful scenes are frequent along the highways of India, whose half-million famished orphans are now cast upon the charity of the world. Photograph taken during Dr. Klopsch's recent tour. (See page 731.)

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
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The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Oct. 3

1. What course should be adopted by the powers representing Christian civilization toward China's Dowager Empress, assuming that she is chiefly responsible for the rebellion and the subsequent riots and massacres of Christians in that country?
2. What token is used in the Bible to express love, reverence, submission and deceit, and what are the passages in which it is so used respectively?
3. When and how did the custom of a wife taking her husband's name originate?
4. What were the marks of the Lord Jesus to which Paul referred (Gal. 6:17)?
5. To what extent, if any, is a worker who labors hard six days a week morally justified in seeking recreation on Sunday?
6. Where there are two stores in the same line of business, one conducted by a Christian and the other by an unbeliever, ought the Christians of the community to deal with the Christian if his prices are higher than those of his competitor?
7. Has there ever been a case of a clergyman officiating at his own marriage, and if so, when and where did it occur?
8. What is the best way of dealing with a sulky boy or man? Is it better to let him alone to recover of his own accord or to argue and expostulate with him?
9. Under normal conditions, which is the greater the power of will or the power of the imagination?
10. In assigning the seats in a new church, should the best seats be rented to those who will pay the highest price, or should the oldest members of the church be allowed first choice, or in what other way should the selection be made?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK

1. What was the name or character of the dance which Salome danced before Herod and his court when the king commanded the slaying of John the Baptist?

The dance which Salome danced before Herod is said by tradition to have been the *Romalis*, an Oriental measure still known among the gipsy women of Spain. It is a sensuous *pas seul* (single dance). It is said that Salome accompanied her mother Herodias, into banishment in Dauphiny, on the borders of Spain, where she remained until her death by drowning in an icy river.

ROBERT VYSE.

2. What article formerly in common use in the household is used in the Bible as an emblem of God's favor and of the soul?

The candle. Job (ch. 29: 2, 3) speaks of the days when God's "candle shined" upon his "head." There is an allusion in his words probably to the custom of illuminating banquet rooms by lamps pendant from the ceiling. These shone literally upon the heads of the guests. Their cheering light was a symbol of God's smile beaming down upon the soul. The candle is also used as an emblem of the soul, for "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord" (Prov. 20: 27), being, as it is, his gift to us, and inasmuch as by it we search the depths of our own minds and those of others, as one might search recesses by a candle's welcome aid. AMELIA HOYT.

Correct answers have been received also from Orra McFarland, G. E. Krauth and Mary Bennett.

3. What American President in an inaugural address made an unconscious rhyme, and what was the language used?

President Lincoln, in his second inaugural address, made use of this remarkable expression which is a perfect rhyme:

Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do pray
That this mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away.

ROBERT H. FLEAGLE.

4. Does the New Testament teach that Christ is an advocate of unregenerate sinners or of believers only?

Yes, he intercedes for unregenerate sinners as well as for believers. If we had no stronger evidence of this we might infer it from his practice here on earth. On the cross he prayed for his murderers. And the same spirit of intercession he infuses into all his followers in proportion as they become like him. Stephen prayed for those who stoned him (Acts 7: 60). Paul prayed for those who disliked him (II. Tim. 4: 16). Besides this, Jesus directly inculcated this duty. "Pray for them," he said, "who despitefully use you, and persecute you" (Matt. 5: 44). Paul exhorted that prayers be made for all men, and specially mentions kings, nearly all of whom were wicked men in his time. This spirit of intercession, in its breadth as well as in its intensity, is of Christ and must distinguish him in heaven, as it did on earth.

But then, besides this we have most direct testimony to the same effect. It is written (Heb. 7: 25), "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Those whom he can save to the uttermost are surely the wicked, and for such he is said here to make intercession. If it be objected that in his great intercessory prayer (John 17) our Lord says, "I pray not for the world," I reply that his meaning clearly was that he was not praying for the world specially at that time. His own disciples, at that particular time, were the subjects of his solicitude and his prayers. To infer from the phrase quoted that he could never pray for the world is clearly a mistake, for in that very prayer he does pray that the world may believe that the Father had sent him.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

5. What incidents in ancient time tell of two marvelous transformations — the first of stones being changed into human beings, the second of men being turned into stone?

The two incidents belong to Greek mythology. During the Iron Age, the human race had become so enfeebled and wicked that Zeus determined to destroy them by a great flood. Deucalion and Pyrrha, who had ascended Parnassus, alone were saved, and at the command of the gods became the founders of the present race. To this end, at the command of the oracle which directed them to cast their mother's bones behind them, they believing the earth to be their mother and her bones its stones, did as directed. The stones they threw became men and women and thus the earth was repeopled. There were several incidents in which single persons were turned into stone, such as Arsinoe by Aphrodite, and Atlas by Perseus; but the principal incident was that at the marriage of Perseus and Andromeda. On his return from slaying the Gorgon, Perseus came into Ethiopia and there found Andromeda, the daughter of the king, chained to a rock to propitiate the monster that was ravishing the land. He slew the monster on condition that Andromeda should become his wife. The maiden, however, had previously been promised to the king's brother, who, accompanied by a large force of soldiers, burst upon the marriage feast. But the sight of the Gorgon's head turned them all to stone. G. A. HAURY.

6. Should a person, who has lost faith in the creed of his church, continue his membership in it, if there is no church accessible which does represent his views?

The purpose of church membership is not so much to evidence publicly adherence to a particular creed, which is always a thing of human contrivance, as acknowledge our faith in the Divine Master and Supreme Head of the Church universal. The Church of Christ is not a social club from which one may properly resign at will. A member owes obligations to his fellows and to the non-church-goers which he cannot cast off for light reasons. Whether I am justified in absenting myself from the services of the local body of which I am a member, because I differ from its creed, depends wholly upon the extent to which I may disagree with its doctrine. If the divergence is not radical, it is my duty to hold my membership, and to attend for that will do me no harm, while my activity and aid in time and money will aid others both in and outside the Church, until I am able to join a Church whose creed is more consonant with my ideas. The maxim: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things charity," ought to be the polar star of our modern evangelical churches. H. C. UNDERHILL.

7. What is the origin of the word "turncoat" and when was it first used?

In early times the dominion of the Duke of Saxony bordered on France on one side. Consequently, it was now and then to the interest of the ruler to show himself in favor of the French. Therefore, one of the earlier dukes hit upon the plan of having a coat made blue on one side and white on the other. When he wished to pass in his true character he wore the blue outside, but when he wanted to favor the French, he showed the white. From this practise a Saxon was nicknamed "Emanuel Turncoat," and now this name is often applied to one who forsakes his principles. But it is scarcely necessary to go to history for the origin of the term, since it was an ancient superstition that a turned coat served as a protection to the wearer.

G. A. HAURY.

8. What are the best means of getting emancipation from an evil habit?

I would hope that these five things may meet the case in hand: (1) Maintain a spirit of prayer both for the will and the ability to overcome. (2) Watch, that the temptation may get no favorable opportunity to attack. (3) Avoid the scenes, or the people, or the books that would favor the temptation. (4) Keep the mind wholesomely employed, so that the temptation may have no chance to intrude. (5) Be determined by the grace of God to overcome. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

9. Is it right for a man to relieve the wants of the wife and children of a man who takes advantage of the charitable gifts to use his own earnings in self-indulgence?

The fact that one who is morally and legally bound to support those who are rightfully dependent upon him, neglects to fulfil that obligation, does not absolve others who may be able to relieve the innocent sufferers, or render such aid less commendable. The wife and children, who without any fault on their part, are deprived of the aid to which they are entitled, are practically in the position of the widow and the orphan, whom we are bound to provide for. They should be cared for first and, if possible, aided to help themselves while at the same time and as soon as possible, the faithless and self-indulgent husband and father should be compelled by the most stringent pressure of the law and imprisonment, if need be, to perform the duties he assumed upon his marriage. There is really no reason why a charitable person should hesitate to furnish private benevolence under such circumstances, for, if he do not, the State will have to do so or the wife and children will starve. H. C. UNDERHILL.

10. Was the child Jesus taken to Egypt as Matthew says (2: 14) or to Jerusalem as Luke says (2: 22)?

There is no discrepancy between Matthew and Luke. Both statements are correct. When about five weeks old Jesus was taken into the temple at Jerusalem. The offering of the doves shows Mary's poverty, and also that she had not then received from the wise men the gift of gold needful for their journey into Egypt. It is distinctly stated that Herod did not immediately proceed to take hostile measures. He waited for the return of the wise men, and probably only after the lapse of some weeks did he realize that he was "mocked of the wise men." Joseph and Mary thus had time to make their escape into Egypt, Herod having calculated the time according to the answers of the wise men to his "diligent" inquiries (Matt. 2: 16), fixed on two years as the limit of age. This shows that there was ample time for both the presentation in Jerusalem and the flight into Egypt. Luke has omitted the flight into Egypt, recorded by Matthew. But he has not denied it; nor are his words to be pressed, as if he meant to affirm that they went immediately to Nazareth.

JOHN HINDMAN.

BISHOP THOBURN PLEADS FOR INDIA'S ORPHANS

I AM constantly hearing, by letters and through the press, that the extraordinary response of the American people to the call which reached them from India during the great famine has produced a profound impression among nearly all classes in the great Indian Empire. The Government of India—and I embrace in that term officials of various ranks, from the Viceroy down to the subordinate magistrates—have a hundred times over given expression to their cordial appreciation of the help sent from the United States, and very many have expressed their supreme surprise that people living so far away should have taken up this good work with so much earnestness and vigor. As an American missionary, I am extremely thankful to note these facts, knowing, as all missionaries in the East must know, that the ultimate effect will be favorable in many ways to the great work which missionaries have in hand.

While many hundreds and even thousands deserve a word of praise for what they have done in this movement, I think it will be acknowledged by all acquainted with the facts that Dr. Louis Klopsch and his assistants have fairly earned the position as leaders in the whole movement. The power of a single newspaper has been strikingly exhibited by the use made of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in arresting public attention and stirring the public conscience so as to bring it to bear in a practical way upon the duty of American Christians to the outlying parts of the earth. I have received no formal instructions, and yet I think I may assume to speak not only for our own missionaries, but for the missionary body generally, when I say that we owe a lasting debt of gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to all assistants in this great effort, for the help already sent and for the wise plans formed for continued aid.

The care of the orphans left upon the hands of the missionaries brings with it an obligation more serious and far-reaching in character than the ordinary reader in America can understand. Before this famine came, the mission with which I am connected, had assumed the care of more than 3,000 children. When I first went to India, forty-one years ago, we became involved in this kind of work almost immediately. We assumed the care of probably 300 orphans as far back as 1861. The sons and daughters of some of these orphans are now valuable preachers and teachers in our extended work. I cannot say just how many orphans are in the hands of missionaries, but one of our brethren has notified me that he thinks in our own mission the number exceeds 7,000! Sad experience has taught us that many of these will die. Some will be sought and removed by relatives, and others will run away as soon as the famine is over, but after making allowances for a large decrease from such causes, it remains absolutely certain that quite a host of helpless orphans, and perhaps, also, a little army of widows, will be left to be provided for. I trust that those who have assisted so splendidly thus far, will continue the special work needed for at least six or seven years, until these needy orphans shall have been transformed into a little working army of intelligent Christian men and women.

J. M. THOBURN.

Lake Bluff, Ill., August 25, 1900.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS

S. S., Ottumwa, Ia. Was it not the worst of stupidity upon the part of civilized legations and missionaries to have remained in Pekin when hostilities were imminent, being perfectly familiar with the treachery and unreliability of the Chinese, and their attitude toward the foreigner? Would it in the least have been a sacrifice or belittling of principle, or a dereliction of duty, to have immediately withdrawn to a place of safety, under the existing circumstances?

There are many things in connection with the Pekin troubles that cannot be explained until the envoys and missionaries are at liberty. It would be absurd for us to condemn them, without knowing all the facts. Moreover, it must be admitted that they were in the best position to judge as to the proper course to pursue. A minister or consul would be disgraced were he to desert his post until the last extremity, and it should not be forgotten that the desertion of their legations would have been tantamount to admitting that a condition of war existed—the very thing they were all striving to avert.

Referring to a recent question in THE MAIL BAG concerning the origin of the queue, Rev. J. J. Munro, Chaplain of the Tombs Prison, New York, writes:

Any Chinese found on the streets of Pekin, or any other city for that matter, without his queue would be considered a rebel against his government. On the other hand any Chinaman who has cut off his pigtail in the United States would be afraid to return to China for fear of losing his life. Those Chinamen in this country and Europe who still cling to the pigtail do so because they hope some day to return to the Flowery Kingdom to die. In a word, the queue or pigtail is an evidence of loyalty to the Manchu dynasty and not a mark of respectability, as the poorest and most depraved beggar in the empire is compelled to wear it as much as the high-caste mandarin.

Concerning the building up of physical strength, a reader, (B. J. Kendall, M.D., of Saratoga), sends this suggestion:

The last quart of the milking, or the "strippings" taken immediately after milking, before it has parted with any of the animal heat, is the most valuable thing known to build up a person who is thin and emaciated from any cause. The "strippings" is nearly all cream. When taken immediately after milking, while it contains all the animal heat and before any change has taken place it is absorbed at once into the circulation. The very last of the milking should be taken. No other food has ever proved so successful.

A Constant Reader, New York. Make application through your Congressional representative. For further information, write to Supt. U.S.N.A., Annapolis, Md.

Constant Reader, Zena, Ore. Write, giving full name and address, to Bigelow & Main, Music Publishers, Fifth Ave., New York City. 2. Daphne is pronounced daf-ne, with the e as in met.

S. A. K., Elizabethtown, Ky. All such questions are matters for the individual conscience. No Sunday work is justifiable save that which can rightly be called a work of necessity or of mercy. If yours does not come under this category, then the wisest plan is to take the first opportunity to secure other employment.

A · CHAT · WITH · DENMARK'S · PRINCE

DR. TALMAGE WRITES OF HIS VISIT TO THE ROYAL PALACE AT COPENHAGEN

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE King of Denmark was absent from his capital, and so the Crown Prince received us in his palace and all his family came in with hearty greetings, and a more delightful domestic group was never gathered. From the unconventional manner in which they received my family and myself, one would not think there had ever been a crown in the ancestral line or ever would be. Himself on the way to a throne and a brother of the Princess of Wales and of the King of Greece and of the Dowager-Empress of Russia and all his life mingling with royalties, he was less pretentious than any of the officers in the anteroom of the palace. He freely and familiarly conversed of the great international questions which are now disturbing Europe and Asia. He will soon take the government, for his father is eighty-four years of age and must soon by natural law put down the sceptre. The Queen, though heir to uncounted millions, has not been made worldly, but is chiefly interested in religious work in all parts of the world. The home-life of this family is an illustrious example to all the domestic life of Denmark, as the home-life of his sister on the throne of Russia was an inspiring example to all the homesteads of Russia.

The oldest daughter of this princely household is a marvel of beauty and good sense, speaking English almost as well as Danish. The younger daughter excused herself for an afternoon horseback ride, and on our way out through the palace park we saw her riding under the careful guardianship of a groom. After conversation the whole group accompanied us in a ramble through the royal gardens; amid trees themselves monarchs and by fountains that had crowns of rainbow and by flower beds where queens of beauty reigned. After the ladies of our party had captured all the princely autographs they wished to win, we left this brilliant home. But the kindness of these royal folks did not cease when we descended the steps, for the lovely group of the palace stood waving to us from the windows as long as we were in sight, so that the warmth of the welcome was not more marked than was the heartiness of the good-by.

. . .

We rode through a forest where royalty hunts, and the deer stood quietly watching and fearing nothing, as though they knew we could not shoot. But what regard for trees! Would that we had as much of such reverence in America. Alas for the iconoclasm of the ax! How it has defaced landscapes and despoiled climates in our own beloved land! But here, in this royal park, they stand undisturbed and honored by all who pass. Vast umbrageousness, with affluence of foliage in full leaf, letting fall here and there a few yards of sunshine to make the scene more picturesque and bewitching. Oh, the trees! No one but Almighty God could make one—so graceful, so strong, so uplifting, so suggestive, so grand, so intermediate of earth and heaven. No wonder they have been copied in the pillars of temples, for many of the cathedral pillars are only trees in stone. Aye, this entire king's forest in Denmark is a cathedral ages ago dedicated, and these bending branches are the arches, and this fountain is the baptismal font, and the birds are the choristers at matins and vespers, morning and evening praising the Lord, and when shrill winds sweep through this forest they sound the soprano, and the roaring thunders roll the bass in the Grand March of God in the storm. Style of a cathedral built by the Creator thousands of years before the architects drew the plan for St. Paul's at London, or St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Mark's at Venice, or St. Sophia's at Constantinople, or St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg. We wonder not at what George W. Morris, the great song-writer of America, told us in our boyhood. He said he was seated in an audience in New York City when a great vocalist was rendering Morris' famous song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," and an aged man in the audience was so wrought upon by the ballad that he rose, and with tears rolling down his cheeks cried out: "Will the singer who has just sung that song please to tell us whether the woodman did spare that tree?"

. . .

It is remarkable that Copenhagen seems yet presided over by Thorwaldsen's spirit, although that greatest sculptor of his time dropped dead in the theatre of this city

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK

more than half a century ago. Though born here, a comparative small part of his life was passed in this Danish capital. His father, a carver of figureheads for ships, the immortal son began with such cuttings in wood and kept on until for all ages to come he carved in stone the figures of Day and Night and the Seasons and Adonis and Ganymedes and Mercury and the Graces, and five hundred specimens of sculpture. When he returned from Rome, where he chose to study and work for the most of his artist's life, not only Copenhagen, but the nation, joined in procession to welcome him. He sleeps in the yard of the museum named after him, in a bank of flowers, the place selected by himself. But whichever way you go in the city, you find something Thorwaldsenian. While you worship in one of the churches, the twelve apostles look down upon you while they are wrapped in robes of marble that seem soft as velvet, and garments, the curves and wrinkles of which seem the work of a clothier rather than of a sculptor, while the countenances of the sacred twelve give expression to the courage or the caution or the wisdom or the faith or the love which was supposed to be the apostolic characteristic. Indeed, the most of Thorwaldsen's later works were consecrated to religion.

. . .

To me the most impressive of all his statuary is his figure of Christ. It is gigantic in size, but the alliance of tenderness and power in the countenance of our Lord, and the outspread arms of invitation, and the planting of the foot with infinite firmness, proclaim him ready to wipe a tear, or able to save a world. What power in sculptor's chisel to preserve from age to age the heroes, the emancipators, the rulers, the orators, the statesmen, the mighty men and women of the world. In the streets or public squares of all the great capitals of Europe there are equestrians that seem in saddle of bronze riding out of the past into the present. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great in Admiralty Square, St. Petersburg, is most remarkable; two sailors were so impressed with it that they resolved to ascend it, and having been accustomed to climb the mast they quite easily climbed this great statue, and one of them seated himself on the bronze horse before Peter the Great and the other behind him. But this gallop of the heavens was interfered with by the police who considered it a desecration for these sailors to attempt to ride with the famous emperor. The offenders were arrested and tried and fined three hundred roubles each. They complained to the court that the fine was excessive, but the judge replied: "If people ride with royalty they ought to expect to pay for the honor." In a more sensible way than that employed by those sailors, we all feel like expressing our admiration for the sublime art of sculpture.

To us the sculptor's chisel means more than painter's pencil. Though so long this art of expression in stone has impressed the world it will be about the last art to leave it. Having looked into the faces of other centuries, it will look into the face of the last century of the world's existence. After most of the other arts have perished at the end of the world, and the painter's canvas has crumpled in the last conflagration, and the musician's harp-strings have broken under the fingering of the last fire, sculpture will still confront the ruin of the earth, its Canova and Thorwaldsen statuary baptized in flame, and the equestrians in stirrups of bronze and marble will ride their horses into the red surges of a burning world.

T. DeWitt Talmage

MRS. AMY MEKEEL AND DESCENDANTS TO THE FIFTH GENERATION

FIVE GENERATIONS

A RECORD of longevity is usually a testimonial of right living. Regular habits, amiability, temperance and moderation in all things, are, as a rule, the essentials to the alloted limit of threescore years and ten. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a familiar guest in a number of homes where four generations gather around the hearth-stone. Here is a letter from one of our friends, who sends with it a photograph, reproduced above, representing five generations of her family. The writer is Mrs. W. J. Mekeel, Nelsonville, N. Y. The story she tells is truly that of a fruitful and bountiful life:

My mother, Mrs. Amy Mekeel, died last July, aged ninety. Her maiden name was Ferris. She was married seventy-four years ago to Peter Mekeel. Their family consisted of eight children, five of whom survive them; there are fourteen grandchildren, sixteen great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. Mother embraced religion in her early years; her long life was one of exemplary piety and she was beloved by all who knew her. She was the youngest of seven children, all but one of whom lived to a ripe old age. Father died in his eighty-second year. Mother's oldest child living at the time this picture was taken was sixty-eight years old. The daughter and great-grandchild in the picture represent their oldest brothers who are dead.

A Village Minister's Jubilee

There recently occurred at Sawbridgeworth, England, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. James Wood's pastorate of the Congregational Church there. Ministers from neighboring and distant churches, without respect to creed, were present to congratulate the aged servant of God and his good wife. The first feature of the celebration was a social hour in the schoolroom, where little tea-tables were set forth decked with flowers, and where the Ladies' Working Meetings presented Mrs. Wood with a great bunch of yellow roses. The congregation had already given their pastor a handsome check. At the public meeting in the chapel, Professor Care, Principal of Hackney College, Mr. Wood's Alma Mater, who was among the speakers, remarked upon the joy, the real joy of a village pastor's life, who must have seen several generations grow up around him. It is a grand thing to be permitted to serve God in the pulpit for fifty years.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

THE KING'S GARDEN

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Song of Solomon 5: 1: . . . I am come into my garden

THE Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative and devotional psalm: thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing-floor to the daughters of Nahor filling the troughs for the camels; from the fish-pools of Heshbon up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job's imagery of Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades.

My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm — deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gathering into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantages of that place was brought the perfection of art. Arbor and terrace and slope and rustic temple and reservoir and urn and fountain here had their crowning. Oak and yew and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet, I am to tell you to-day of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, he planted it, he owns it, and he shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church, of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs and tears and pangs and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted him and let him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide; ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it." If the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly he has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for thyself!

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they would be along the borders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock or dahlia or daffodil; but if there be larger means, then you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ comes to his garden and he plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightened face of the invalid and the sprig of geranium on the stand and the new window-curtains keeping out the glow of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the *ranunculus*, creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting; and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble, has found that they have covered it all over with flowery jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within; men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them notwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it has only been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest scrap of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said, "I dare not join the Church." I said, "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City Ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk-can, and I said to him: "I think that will do," and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man, who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, sweetness within—the best specimen of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find, called "giants of battle;" the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wellingtons?" God gives to some, ten talents, to others, one.

In this garden of the Church which Christ has planted, also find the snowdrops, beautiful but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people, but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to "C" above the staff. In their music of life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service or they would not be there; snowdrops—always snowdrops.

Again, the Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums or peaches or apricots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things —patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but he intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit—not posies, but apples. "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them; he planted them in his garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus he laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee he laid the corner-stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man: "Take up thy bed and walk," he laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said: "I was in prison and ye visited me," he laid the corner-stone of every prison-reform association that has ever been organized. The Church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab-apple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find worm-eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the Church who ought not to be there; but let us be just as frank and admit the fact that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women—holy, blessed, useful, consecrated, and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christian men in every church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. Tomorrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion-table. There are women with us to-day of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband, who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has been fifteen years on his back, unable to feed himself, yet calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul threw to us a pomologist's catalogue of the fruits growing in this great garden of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy; glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

Again, the Church in my text is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts, reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through those aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the Church. The Church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God." Preaching the Gospel is one of the aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Sun of Righteousness showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh, was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? Everything comes from above: pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above.

Would that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through his heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims" with twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees.

Hark! I hear the latch of the garden gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ. "I am come into my garden." I say: "Come in, O Jesus we have been waiting for thee; walk all through the paths. Look at the flowers look at the fruit; pluck that which thou wilt for thyself." Jesus comes into the garden and up to that old man, and touches him, and says: "Almost home father: not many more aches for thee; I will never leave thee; take courage a little longer and I will steady thy tottering steps and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and he comes to a soul in trouble and says: "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears. I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled spirit!"

Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up to that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean from the stem and I say: "Stop, Jesus, do not kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says: "I have come into my garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, for the garden around my palace, and there I will plant them; and in better soil and in better air they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into his face and said: "Well, it is thy garden, and thou hast a right to do what thou wilt with it. Thy will be done!"—the hardest prayer a man ever made.

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took the best; from many of your households the best one is gone. You know that she was too good for this world; she was the gentlest in her ways, the deepest in her affection; and when at last the sickness came you had no faith in medicines. You knew that the hour of parting had come, and when, through the rich grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, you surrendered that treasure, you said: "Lord Jesus take it—it is the best we have; take it Thou art worthy!" The others in the household may have been of grosser mold. She was of the finest.

The heaven of your little ones will not be fairly begun until you get there. All the kindnesses shown them by immortals will not make them forget you. There they are, the radiant throngs that went out from your homes. I throw a kiss to the sweet darlings. They are all well now in the palace. The crippled child has a sound foot now. A little lame child says: "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No my darling, you won't be lame in heaven." A little sick child says: "Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be sick in heaven." A little blind child says: "Ma, will I be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven." They are all well there.

I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I can not get in. It is so with a king's garden. The only glimpse you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden, this King's garden. I throw wide open the gate and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden.

LIKE ANGELS OF MERCY : :

The Sisters of the Deaconess Home in New York and their Work Among the Poor : : :

IN a New York neighborhood almost wholly given over to boarding-houses, one's eye is attracted by a stately old brick mansion, with twice the street frontage of any other in the block. A brass tablet bears the inscription, "New York Deaconess Home and Training School of the Methodist Episcopal Church." On entering, one is impressed with the spacious hall, the tiled marble floor, the substantial furniture, the broad, inviting staircase, all speaking of luxurious private ownership in days gone by. It is said that high officials from foreign lands have been entertained there, and one well-founded tradition points out a room as having been once occupied by the Prince of Wales. The building is temporarily adapted to the use of the deaconesses; it is not a permanent home. Like Paul, this family lives in its "own hired house;" but it is a growing family and its present accommodations will soon be inadequate.

Beginning in Chicago in June, 1887, Deaconesses Homes were organized in various cities, until now the work is represented in every large city, and institutions under deaconess management, including hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, Settlements and literary schools have spread from ocean to ocean. Nearly one thousand deaconesses are employed in these various lines. The Home in New York was organized in 1888 under a board of managers, of which John S. Huyler is the present president. Deaconesses are trained, costumed, unsalaried women, authorized by the Church and giving all their time to Christian work. The trained deaconesses and the students in training live together under the same roof in the capacity of older and younger sisters. In early days, when five was the number of the entire family, the one lonesome student crept away into the garret that she might have a good, homesick cry. There the superintendent found her and comforted her with prophetic visions of a day when her sisters should crowd the tables and throng the halls. The present family of over forty has fulfilled her expectation, but an enlarged vision now claims that this number must be quadrupled within the coming five years.

The deaconess is a familiar visitor in all parts of the city. The neat black gown relieved by white collar and cuffs, the small black bonnet with the white ties, and the smiling face carry sunshine into many dark alleys and Christless homes. In the Italian, Swedish and German neighborhoods, one may trace her footsteps and see the glad smile of appreciation break over the faces of the dwellers as the deaconess greets them in their loved mother-tongue. In the streets of the Jewish quarters she is known by the children as a "Jesus-teacher"; in the sin-darkened tenement homes of the East Side she is known as an angel of mercy. In homes of wealth as well as of poverty she is an ever-welcome visitor, her one desire being to open the way that the Sun of Righteousness may shed his beams over all, rich and poor alike. She gathers neglected children from the paved courts and the crowded streets—their only playground—into her children's classes and there has opportunity to teach them by precept and example the gospel of cleanliness, the unwritten law of good behavior; to impress on their loving little hearts moral precepts and to acquaint them with "the old, old story" of which children never tire.

She believes that a well-ordered home is the basis of family happiness, so she gathers the little girls from eight to twelve years—the housekeepers of coming days—into kitchen-garden classes, and instructs them in all housewifely acts. With toy dishes they learn to set the table and then serve imaginary dinners to their guests. In like manner, the future chambermaids learn bed-making; the laundresses to sort the clothes, starch and iron them. Lessons in marketing are also given and the need of such lessons is frequently demonstrated. One day the subject of discussion was "Meats," and in response to the question: "Where do we get pork?" one bright little girl answered: "It's what comes in the can with baked beans."

Side by side with the efforts in behalf of the children are placed those for the mother; for the deaconess believes in strengthening in every possible way that sacred tie which unfortunate environments so often weaken. The mother should be the child's ideal; but she cannot be, unless her threefold nature is as carefully developed and trained as that of her child. The Mothers' Meetings offer excellent opportunities for such work. The mother is urged to come, with her baby, if necessary, and bring her mending. In cases of extreme poverty, materials are furnished and she learns to lay the pattern, to cut, to baste and to sew until the finished garment is her reward.

A brief devotional service is held at the beginning of each meeting. While the busy mothers sew, a helpful book is read by the deaconess. At other times, she directs the conversation. Sometimes a lecture on child culture is given by a nurse or a woman physician. A social time, with refreshments, forms a fitting close to this happy afternoon.

DEACONESS WORK AMONG THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS

A GROUP OF YOUNG DEACONESSES

When sickness finds its way into the tenement home, the deaconess is at once sent for, and her daily visit is often the one bright spot in the patient's life. She brings fresh linen from the "supply closet" at the Home, a small sum from the emergency fund to buy medicine and delicacies. She moves the bed to the quietest corner away from draughts; brings order out of chaos in the crowded sick-room and by countless little attentions adds to the patient's comfort, feeling, as she ministers, that it is service rendered her Master in the person of one of the least ones. Sickness finally softens the hard nature, and bitter complainings give way to tears of penitence. The deaconess finds the opportunity for which she has prayed, and the minister to the body becomes the minister to the soul.

Sometimes the deaconess is called on to be the arbiter in family difficulties; to decide between husband and wife, or mother and child, to urge the indissolubility of the marriage tie; to suggest methods of winning the drinking husband back to sobriety; or to comfort hearts aching under an awful load of bereavement.

At the Deaconess Home, the gala days of the year are Thanksgiving and Christmas. The "more blessedness" of the giver belongs to the deaconess at this time, for the generosity of the Lord's stewards places in her hands money and groceries, and some tables which have never groaned under the weight of holiday cheer, do so now. The aim of the deaconess, however, is not so much to relieve present distress as to be a friend to these friendless ones, and to instill into their minds principles whose workings shall uplift their lives and make them self-respecting members of the community. God-fearing men and women. Her reward is a consciousness of the Master's smile of approval, and one of earth's sweetest joys, the joy of helping others.

There is an urgent demand for deaconesses, especially church visitors, nurses and kindergartners. Young women desiring to enter this form of Christian work are advised to write the Principal (Miss) Zaida Tyrrell, 245 W. 14th St., New York, for all information on the subject.

A STRANGE TEMPERANCE MEETING

The following letter from an English clergyman, the Rev. H. W. Orford, Canon of Bloemfontein, will be read with interest: "I have just come from a temperance meeting, which, I think, must ever remain quite unique in the annals of temperance work. What do you say to a temperance meeting held in the Town Hall of a conquered city, organized by the Temperance Association of the conquering army, and with the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief in the chair!

"The hall was chiefly filled with soldiers, but a good number of townspeople and local temperance workers were present to show their sympathy with the work. The speakers were Army men, but the speeches were interspersed with songs by two of our local singers of such merit as have seldom been heard at temperance meetings."

New York's Canvas Church

Many Souls Won to Christ in the Gospel Tent—A Grand Midsummer Work

REV. GEO. T. PURVES, D.D.

DESPITE storm and heat, the large audiences at the Gospel tent, Glad Tidings, in New York City, continue, and the services are exceedingly attractive. The speakers deal with vital Gospel truths, and men have cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" One of the most notable discourses was last week delivered by Rev. Geo. T. Purves, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. He so effectively urged the necessity of believing on Christ in order to salvation, that a number of persons came to a decision before leaving the tent.

Rev. Chas. E. Jefferson, D.D., pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, is one of the new speakers this year. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, have given the essence of their teachings at the Northfield Conference to these tent congregations. Mr. Ira D. Sankey, in a pleasant unconventional way described his travels in Egypt and Palestine. The tent work has no warmer friend than Mr. Sankey, who has given over 500 hymn books for the use of the congregation, and has repeatedly stirred the hearts of the people by his singing.

Every preaching service is followed by a prayer-meeting. Sometimes two hundred people remain to this meeting. For about fifteen minutes testimonies are given and prayers offered, and then the invitation is extended to all who realize their need of Christ, and all who desire Christian sympathy and help to manifest the same. People seem free to tell their trials and struggles in this place. Some nights, when young men are seeking Christ, ten or fifteen Christian young men gather about them for encouragement and prayer.

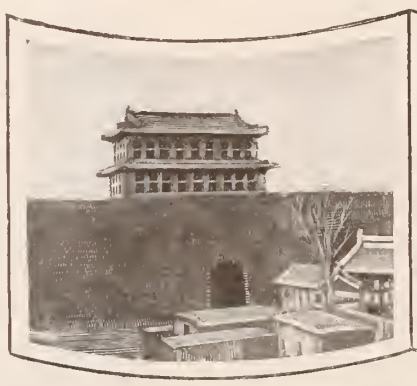
A larger number of churches than usual in the vicinity of the tent are closed this season, wholly or for one service. A lady writes to Rev. Mr. Pratt, superintendent of the tent work, as follows: "If New York City churches must be closed during the summer, there is then great need of such a work as yours." People who are stopping in the city for a brief time, find the tent a place of spiritual refreshment. It is the purpose of the directors on the return of the city pastors to town to invite them to preach in the tent, and to make special effort to closely join the work with that of the churches. Scores of persons at the close of a weary day come to the cool, inviting tent to rest and pray, and go away refreshed in body and spirit. Many have there told the story of their sin and found forgiveness. Wanderers have been reclaimed and pledged themselves to active, earnest work in their churches; and others, including a large proportion of young men, have come out as bold witnesses for Christ. People from twenty-one States and Canada have sent in requests for prayers.

· THE · CHINA · OF · THE · FUTURE ·

Yet to Take a High Place Among the Nations—Progressive Influences at Work for the Empire's Revival

By ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND, PROFESSOR OF PEKIN UNIVERSITY

A HIGH-CLASS WOMAN



"TSUN HUA"—TOWER OVER PEKIN GATE

AN OPIUM SMOKER

STYLES OF HAIR DRESSING

A BOXER OF PEKIN

CHINA is a wreck. A few days ago, as I came across the Hudson from Hoboken, I noticed the great iron hulks of two large vessels which had been destroyed a few days before by fire, half tipped in the river, surrounded by small vessels which were taking from them the injured goods, and I thought to myself, noble wrecks.

China is a noble wreck. No one can view that old hulk of a noble empire that has weathered the storms and stood the fires of four thousand years, half overthrown by internal dissention, in danger of being gutted by the crafts which surround her, without a sense of injustice and of pain. We cannot put away the thought of what might have been—of what still might be. For China presents to us to-day, in spite of her faults, in spite of her failures, in spite of her shortcomings, a hope of reorganization and reconstruction which cannot but fire the heart of every lover of liberty and humanity.

China has great faults. Her shortcomings have been dwelt upon by everyone who has undertaken to write her history, her characteristics, or her epitaph. "Globe-trotters" and globe-tramps, newspaper men and newspaper women, diplomats, statesmen and missionaries alike have seemed to take a fiendish delight in chewing the pepsin-gum of her sin. Those who knew her best and loved her most, found it alike impossible to apologize for her shortcomings or to properly estimate her possibilities; while those who knew her least and loved her not at all took delight in driving a quill into her at every opportunity.

Her shortcomings are of almost every kind. Examine her morally. She is polluted with the sin of Sodom, a nation of opium-smokers and liars. Examine her mentally. She is a great fatty tumor of a memory which is sapping away her reason, imagination and invention. Examine her industrially. She plows with an iron-pointed stick, gins her cotton with an intestine, and cannot make a nail. Examine her politically. The old, conservative officials who have been controlling her government from generation to generation have become so corrupt that silver will not pass through their hands without sticking to them; that the life and liberty of the innocent are not safe in their hands if the guilty have money, while prisoners are made to testify untruthfully against themselves to escape a torture which is worse than death.

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BUT continue to examine her politically. A cloud has arisen larger than a man's hand now which with the help of God and the prayers of an Elijah is large enough to rescue the country from the drought which has been brought upon it by the priests of Baal. This cloud is the young Emperor, Kuang Hsu, and the reform party of intelligent young men and stanch old men who have begun to see the shoals of danger on which the old craft of state is drifting, and the lighthouse which directs her to a safe harbor.

Granted that the edicts of the young Emperor, issued two years ago, were put forth in too rapid succession, that proves nothing, if not an edict among them would have been hurtful to China or injurious to the world in case it had been carried into effect. Let us examine some of those edicts and see what would have been the result if the claw of the lioness had not been placed upon the neck of the lamb.

The first edict of the young Emperor, in his efforts at reform, June 13, 1898, was the command that a university should be established at Pekin. Thirteen days later he censured the conservative ministers for their delay in reporting on the proposed Pekin University. When this edict proceeded from the throne a cry of joy went up from young men all over the empire—a cry which indicated the pulse of the people. The residence of a defunct prince was at once sought out, the buildings of which were to be renovated and used for the proposed university. Sun Chia-nai, an ex-Viceroy, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin were put at the head of it, a score or more of teachers, English, American, German, French, Russian, Japanese and Chinese were selected and called, and before two months there were registered more than twelve hundred students, and names were coming in so rapidly that they despaired of either accommodating or teaching the host of young men who promised to attend.

A GROUP OF CHINESE MAGISTRATES AND FOREIGNERS

At the same time this was being done in Pekin, the Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan, Chang Chih-tung, was writing one of the most remarkable books ever written by a Chinaman—a book called *Leaves of Learning*. In it he urged that all consuls and ministers in foreign countries translate all the best books of those countries into Chinese, and that publishers in the ports of China publish large editions of the translation of foreign books that they might be scattered broadcast over the empire, while he himself subscribed liberally to the founding of educational institutions in various parts of the land.

It does not take a fertile imagination to picture what would have been the result if this scheme had been carried out. Given the young Emperor studying English and the Bible, with Pekin University filled with two thousand students with a Christian missionary at its head; with Tien-Tsin University already established and in good running order by Li Hung Chang; with Liu Kun-i, the Viceroy at Nanking, ready and anxious to follow suit, and Chang Chih-tung able and willing to do perhaps more than any one else; with the China Merchants' Steamship Company and Sheng Taotai so anxious to establish an institution that they actually established it in spite of the conservatives—given all this, what might we not have expected if the Emperor and the liberals had still remained in power? But this was not all, for the Chinese of Shanghai planned the establishment of a girls' school for the daughters of wealthy Chinese, and called Miss Howe, of the Central China Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church to take charge of it; and it should be remembered that Pekin University, Tien-Tsin University and Shanghai College are all under the management of men who went to China as Christian missionaries: W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D., C. D. Tenny and John C. Fergusson.

A second edict of the young Emperor was the "encouragement of art, science and modern agriculture," and still later he ordered that "agricultural schools be established in all the provinces to teach improved methods of agriculture."

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THIS edict brings up before my mind two pictures—one of a man with his wife and son hitched to a plow, pulling and pushing it through the soil of his little field; the other, that of a bound-footed woman with her little plow on her shoulder leading her donkey to plow her field. I see their field plowed and their wheat planted. I see it grow to a foot in height with heads two inches long, and I see them harvesting it by pulling it out of the ground, carrying it on their shoulder to their threshing-floor, rolling a stone over it to thresh it, winnowing it by tossing it up to the wind and grinding up for flour by hand. But now the scene changes. I come over to California, and I see Chinese who understand all the methods and possess all the appliances of modern agriculture. With horse or steam-power they turn up the deep rich soil. They sow their wheat with a drill, reap and thresh it with a machine, grind it at a mill, and make a flour as white as snow in comparison with the black, gritty flour of their brothers across the sea.

What would there have been to prevent the conditions now existing among the Chinese farmers in California being transferred to all the Chinese of that great empire? What would have prevented them using a good plow and putting it down deep into the soil, turning up rich loam that has never yet seen the light of day though it has been within six inches of a plow-point for four thousand years? Nothing but ignorance and prejudice.

Another edict issued by the young Emperor was that a "Bureau of Mines and Railways be established."

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BEHOLD the China of the present, sitting in darkness, shivering. The streets of a Chinese city are practically deserted at nine o'clock. The street lamps of Pekin are small tin cups with a round wick protruding from a spout, placed in a small paper box on the top of four sticks, and never lit except on moonlight nights, on the principle that everyone must carry his own lantern whether the street lamps are lit or not, and therefore it is useless to waste oil.

I have seen an old bound-footed woman sitting on the bare ground in winter time feeling about her if perchance she may find enough cornstalks or weeds to cook her food and heat her brick bed. I have seen men raking the dead grass on the mountain side to secure fuel for the same purpose, while at the same time they were oblivious of the fact that veins of coal were beneath their feet, and wells of oil ready to bubble up for the tapping.

One thing more. The heart of the world is constantly touched by the pitiful stories that come from localities which have been flooded, and the people left to starve, while at the same time tons of rice are fermenting in the government rice bins in Pekin, and fruit rotting in orange and banana groves in the south for the simple fact that there is no method of transporting them to the flooded regions.

What now would have been the result if the Emperor's edict on mines and railroads had been carried out according to his intention. In a few years China might have opened mines enough, oil wells enough, and constructed railroads enough to have given employment to millions of men who are stealing, begging or starving, and in thus giving employment she would have increased her own wealth, and decreased the price of fuel and light so as to have brought them within the reach of the masses. She would have opened great thoroughfares from one end of the country to the other by which provisions might have been transferred from

orth to south or east to west and thus reserved the lives of her people. Thousands of families have left the region of he Yellow River and gone up into Manhuria where they are living in mud huts nd trying to open up a new home, who ight be living at the homestead of their ancestors if only he edicts of the Emperor had een carried out.

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OTHER edicts of equal importance were issued, all of which were as ecessary and practical, and ll of which would have been ut into operation inside of ten ears had not the Empress Dowager and the conservative arty interfered with them. If hese edicts had been put into peration what would have een the result?

Much is said by some who ave not made a thorough tudy of the Chinese people as o what would happen if Chia's four hundred millions ere properly furnished with rms and well drilled as soliers. Now, with all deference o these statements and the en who make them, let me ssert that the Chinese never were and ever will be soldiers.

In the first place they are Buddhists nd Buddhism never makes men soldiers.

In the second place, when they were onquered by the nomad Mongols it was t a time when China was at the very ighest pitch of her civilization (the close f the Sung dynasty), and before Buddism had gotten the hold upon her it has t the present time. If she had been a ation of warriors, or if she had had in er the possibilities of warriors,she would ot have been conquered by them in war.

What did she do? She began forcing pon them her language, her literature, er laws, her customs, and inside of a undred years everything was Chinese, nd the Mongols were conquered, but onquered by the arts of peace.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the hinese were conquered by the Manchus. hat conquering army began with one undred and fifty men and the leader, ith China in view, conquered tribe after ribe of the Manchus, after which he atacked and conquered the Mongols, and hen he had secured an army of 250,000 en, he attacked and conquered the Chiese. What happened again? The Chiese began to force upon them their lanuage, literature, laws and customs, and t the present time there is not enough of he Manchu left to give them a name. he Chinese conquer by the arts of eace.

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AT the present time China is politically divided—a circumstance which is of the utmost importance, for it has eldom or never before occurred. She as a reform party, which is practically pro-foreign political party and this arty is constituted of the educated young en—the hope of the empire. Allow his reform party to have control of the government under the wise counsel of unselfish, well-instructed men, and within ten years they will bring about a reform which will contribute to the peace of China and the world. In ten years she will place herself beside Japan in the way to progress; in a generation she will leave her behind, and she will take her place among the nations of the world second to none as peace-loving, law-abiding citizens. Much has been said by globe-trotters and others as to the failure of Christianity among the Chinese, and as to the hostility of the Chinese to native Christians and missionaries. Let me call attention to a few facts which ought to be gratifying to the American people as a whole and especially to American missionaries.

1st. Unless the Pao Ting-fu missionaries have been massacred, *no American missionary has ever lost his life at the hands of the Chinese.*

2d. Practically all the educational institutions established by the Chinese are under the control of Americans who went to China as missionaries, viz.: Pekin Imperial University, under the control of Dr. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D.; Tien-Tsin Imperial University, under the management of C. D. Tenny; Shanghai College, under the management of John C. Fergusson; Shanghai Arsenal, under E.T. Williams, and the Shanghai Girls' School, under Miss Gertrude Howe.

3d. The attitude of the young Emperor toward Christianity was of such a nature as to cause the eunuchs of the palace to start the report among the Chinese that Wan Sui (10,000 years)—the way the Chinese speak of the Emperor—was going to become a Christian. Numerous reports were circulated as to the way he catechised the eunuchs in regard to God and their faith. He was far from being a Christian, but it is unquestionable that he was favorably disposed to Christianity.

4th. A Han-lin, that is one of the highest literary graduates, a member of the reform party, said after attending a series of revival services, only a day or two before I left Pekin, "I believe in your God, I believe in Christ, I believe in the power of the Holy Spirit."

Finally, the Chinese have character. They are not up to-day and down to-morrow. They are not pro-foreign this year and anti-foreign next year. They can be depended upon. Those who are anti-foreign will be anti-foreign still; and those who are for reform will be for reform still. As in every European business house in China there are Chinese filling the responsible positions, and as even in the Hongkong and Shanghai banks in Japan they have Chinese cashiers, so we can depend upon them, when they become acquainted with European methods and receive a proper salary, to conduct the affairs of government in an honest and upright way. The Chinese has character.

. . .

JUST one word more, and I wish it might be burned into the mind of every American, and be made the principle of the American Government forever, as I believe it is to-day. And that is this: Let us stand for a Chinese Government for the Chinese. Let no Power in Europe or Asia filch from them the territory they now possess. Stand by them like a Christian Power, for the preaching of a century will not do so much to win the government as the deed of a day by a government that calls itself Christian. And when the Chinese embrace Christianity as they sometime will, we will have made the greatest conquest that has ever been made in the history of the race.

THE METHOD OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL IN CHINA

PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Although Pekin is now fully occupied by the allies, the troubles in China are by no means ended. The Boxers are said to be in considerable force near the capital. The Dowager Empress and the imperial court are fugitives in a neighboring province, and may at any moment be captured. It is said that the young Emperor Kwang Su has been captured by the Japanese. Gen. Chaffee, commanding our troops in China, has wired to the State Department recommending that as soon as all Americans are safe, our soldiers should be withdrawn. It is believed that he has foreseen complications, in consequence of the determined rivalry of Russia, Great Britain, Germany and Japan, which may eventually lead to a war that would involve the United States. There is talk of an international committee to administer the affairs of China and control her finances. A sad feature of the present troubles is the unrelieved distress of thousands of native Christians, rendered destitute by the Boxer and imperial army outrages.

A Missionary on the War

Rev. W. S. Johnston, writing from Taku to a friend in the United States, gives some interesting information concerning the war. He says:

I went to Tien-Tsin to bring down my wife and family, and some two or three days were occupied in packing. At length our things were ready and I got a lighter alongside the bund and had all our things put on board for transit to Taku. Taku being an out of the way place, we had made purchases sufficient for our needs for a long time to come. Then, too, in prospect of war scarcity and war prices, we had increased our quantity of flour, sugar, and stores in general very, very much. It was on Tuesday, June 15, our things—furniture, etc.; in fact, all we possess, with the exception of the children's summer clothing—were put on board, and the rumors of the Boxers attacking the city were alarming. That night we slept as usual for the past days, in our day clothes, ready for flight, and the precaution was not in vain. The previous two nights had witnessed the burning of the mission halls and chapels, which were situated in the native part of the city and suburb, and this night (Friday) had brought them nearer to us. We could see the sky lighted up with the flames of burning buildings, while the yelling of the crowd could be distinctly heard. About 3.30 A.M. the yelling mob charged down the street, but as the American soldiers had orders not to fire unless attacked, they had to stand and wait. Their coming, however, was to burn, and in a few minutes the last standing chapel in the native district was in flames.

As the people came near we left our home, being in close proximity to the scene of attack, and made our way, with many others, from one compound to another until we reached, at length, the place of rendezvous, known as "The Jordan Hall." While we were escaping on one side of Tien-Tsin the Russian, French and German soldiers were attacking in another part, and really, to their practical and decisive way of treating the mob was due the safety of the place. And they have continued to act in the same decisive way.

Mr. Johnston was on the U. S. warship *Monocacy* as interpreter, during the battle of the Taku forts and had a thrilling experience. He writes:

Where the Russians and Japanese enter there are never any wounded. They slaughter as they go. The British, Americans and Germans are not quite so bad. The fort occupied by the British and Italians was the first taken and the only one which made any real defence. The others fell more easily. The British loss was one killed and several wounded.

A CHINESE ARCHER

A CHRISTIAN SERVICE AT TSINTAU

WOOD-SAWYERS AT WORK

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

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CAPITAL AND LABOR

HARDLY a day passes without our seeing an account of large gifts to charitable institutions, and this is the way the old fight between capital and labor is to cease. I hail the early twilight of that day when the men of fortune in all lands will come forth and say: "There are seventy thousand destitute children in New York City, and out of my fortune I will build this line of asylums to take care of them. There are vast multitudes of people in all the cities living in filthy and unventilated tenement-houses, and out of my fortune I will build a line of residences with cheap rents. There are nations that know nothing of Jesus Christ; I will turn my fortune inside out to send them evangels. There shall be no more hunger, there shall be no more ignorance, there shall be no more crime, so far as I can help it." When that day comes, this quarrel between capital and labor, and between the poor and the rich will cease, and the last torch of incendiarism will be extinguished, and the last knife of assassination will go to slicing bread for poor children.

ONE TRUE STANDARD

FIND me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh, yes," the man says, "he is honest, but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest, but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest, but he loans money on bond and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest, when he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half-price? Honest, but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest, though he sells property by the map; forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain. Ah! there is but one standard of the everlasting right and of the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN ROLL OF HONOR

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

INDIVIDUAL PATRONS

—Avery, Elsie E. and Bell, Jessie, Ark., join in caring for **An Orphan Girl** in India in a Presbyterian mission.

—Agord, Master Willie and Miss Jessie, aged seven and four years, take **Two Orphan Children**, a boy and girl.

—B. E. L., Massachusetts, assumes support of **An Orphan Girl** (Congregational).

—Blair, H. R., and family, Pennsylvania, say: "We, as a family, have decided to take **One** of the famine orphans to be educated for a native teacher."

—Branch, Alvin L., Michigan, assumes support of **One Orphan Child.**

—B. J. W., Virginia, assumes care of **One Orphan.**

—Creoling, David C., New Jersey, sends **A Boy** to a Methodist school.

—Curtis, Mr. and Mrs., Attiens, Tex., assume support of **A Boy** in a M. E. school until educated.

—Clark, Mrs. Mau., California, places **An Orphan** for one year in a Presbyterian school.

—C. W., North Dakota, assumes support of **One Orphan Child**, and will continue.

—Dennett, Dr. A. G., Massachusetts, assumes support of **One Orphan** in a Baptist school, and says: "If the necessity is great and relief not forthcoming, I will become responsible for another."

—De Pauw, California, assumes support of **One Orphan** for one year.

—Dix, H. L., Jr., Mississippi, assumes care of **One Famine Orphan.**

—A Friend, Augusta, Me., says: "I saw my only little son starve to death, but not for lack of food, and I naturally think of the little boys. Place **A Little Boy** in a Baptist Orphanage for me."

—Fisk, Chas. R., Pennsylvania, places **A Boy Orphan** in a Presbyterian school, saying: "Select a boy with a view to keeping this up."

—Griffin, F. W., Illinois, wants the oldest **Orphan Boy** he can get in a Baptist school.

—Goodwin, Mrs. F. O., Pennsylvania, places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist orphanage, as a memorial.

—Gane, H. H., Oklahoma Ter., says: "In Jesus' name and for His sake I wish to adopt **Two Famine Orphans**, a girl and a boy as bright and capable as possible."

—Heitsher, Miss H., Pennsylvania, puts **An Orphan Girl** twelve years of age in Presbyterian school, and will renew each year.

—Hetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Val, Texas, take **An Orphan Boy** to be trained for mission work.

—Hoover, A. A. and S. A., Kansas, place **An Orphan Child** in a Baptist school.

—Hasbrouck, B. Bernard, New York, assumes support of **One Orphan.**

—Hasbrouch, J. E. R., New York, assumes support of **An Orphan.**

—Iney, Joseph, Connecticut, places **A Girl Orphan** in a Methodist school.

—Hollins, Lounsford, Tennessee, assumes support of **An Orphan Boy.**

—Hollins, Mary, a little girl in Tennessee, says: "I want to feed **A Little Orphan Girl** in India, and will send money every two weeks. Please tell me her name."

—Hedges, Mrs. Chas. S., Long Island, sends funds to train **A Boy** for evangelistic work.

—H. C., Connecticut, places **An Orphan Child** in a Congregational school.

—Hershey, S. A., Pennsylvania, adopts a bright **India Orphan Girl** to be taught in the Baptist school.

—James, W. W. and Lizzie, Texas, say: "We will take it upon ourselves to support **An Orphan Girl** in India.

—Jewell, Mary L., Michigan, places **One Orphan Child** in a Methodist school.

—Kramer, G. H., Illinois, assumes support of **One Orphan Child** for one year.

—Kempton, Sarah, Ohio, assumes support of **One Orphan Child**, and says: "Although not blessed with much of the world's goods, I trust to the Master to see me through."

—Littell, Frank B., Washington, D. C., places **An Orphan** in a Methodist school.

—Leverett, Dr. and Mrs. John, New York, place **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

—May, Miss Octavia, New York, assumes support of **One Orphan Girl** in a Lutheran school.

—M., M. C. D., Connecticut, places **An Orphan** in a Baptist school.

—Morrison family, New Hampshire, assume support of **One Orphan Child**, and say: "We will continue until it is able to support itself if God continues our means."

—Martin, A. J., Canada, assumes support of **One Orphan** in a Methodist school to be trained as a native missionary.

—Morton, Mrs. Ruth, Canada, asks to have **A Boy** trained as a minister and **An Orphan Girl** as a mission worker.

—McGehee, J., Burriss, La., assumes support of **One Orphan.**

—Pierson, J., Walker, Pa., pledges support for **An Orphan Child** in a Methodist school for one year, and will continue having him trained for evangelistic work.

—P. J. Y., Mrs., Michigan, assumes support for **One Orphan Boy** and **Two Orphan Girls** in a Methodist or Congregational school.

—Richards, Caroline, Staten Island, writes: "I send you a money order which will clear my ward's expenses for four months in adopting **One of the Famine Orphans.**"

—Pat, Boliver and Ara, Arkansas, send **One Orphan Child** to a Methodist school.

—Shepherd, J. H., Louisiana, assumes support of **One Child.**

—Schultz, O. J., Pennsylvania, places **One Orphan Boy** and **One Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

—Speedling, Mrs. H. C., New Jersey, assumes support of **One Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

—Schroeder, Clara M., Michigan, says: "I am an orphan myself, and my heart aches for those poor little things. God helping me, I will care for **One** of them."

—Stewart, John W., places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist orphanage.

—Tucker, Hood, Tennessee, places **An Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school, saying: "Count on my remittances as long as God gives me health to earn them, until it is absolutely safe for the child to take care of it. etc."

T. C. G., Pennsylvania, places **An Orphan** in a Methodist and Presbyterian school.

—Witmer, F. R., Iowa, asks to have **A Famine Orphan** placed in a U.B. or Congregational school.

—Wales, E. A., Indiana, assumes support of **One Orphan Child.**

—Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. R., Walker, S. C., will support **One Famine Orphan** for a year in a Methodist orphanage.

—Whipple, Mrs. E. S., New Hampshire, places **One Orphan** in a Baptist school.

—Young, Miss Albertina, Kansas, says: "I am a nurse, taking my training in the hospital, and desire to take one of these unfortunate little ones in my Master's name," when assuming support of **One Orphan Child.**

—Valentine, Gertrude C., New York, in selecting **An Orphan Girl** for a Presbyterian school, writes: "Our family want to educate a little orphan girl. I am ten years old. I hope all the little orphans will find good homes."

SABBATH SCHOOLS

—Sunday Schoool Class of Mrs. Mary McGuigan, West Virginia, assumes support of **Three Orphan Boys** (Methodist). "Class is divided into three sections for this purpose, Sec. A, B and C.

—A class of girls in Trinity Methodist Sunday School, Berlin, Ont., assumes the support of **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist Orphanage.

—School of Christ, Stockton, Cal., through Amy Ingalls, pledges support for **Five Orphan Children**, to be under care of Church Alliance Mission.

—Sunday School Class of the Christian Church, Fairmount, Ky., W. J. Riles, teacher, pledges support for **An Orphan Girl** in a Mission of the Christian Church. "Praying God's blessing and divine guidance to attend your noble work."

—Congregational Sunday School, W. Randolph, Vt., promises support for **One Orphan.**

—Sunday School, Second Baptist Church, Sherman, Texas, agrees to support **Two Orphans.**

—Smyrna Congregational Sunday School, Oregon, **One Orphan Girl.**

—Coshocton Presbyterian Sunday School, Ohio, pledges support for **One Orphan Girl.**

—First Baptist Church, Alabama. Class of little girls wish to adopt **A little Girl** twelve or thirteen years old, and say: "We are very grateful for the opportunity."

—Sunday School Class of Boys, Wisconsin, Mrs. G. V. Burnside, teacher, takes **A Little Orphan Boy.**

—Calvary Baptist Sunday School Class, Chicago, Ill., composed of boys, promises support for a ten-year old famine **Orphan Boy.**

—Hickman Union Sunday School, Hampton, Va., will care for **An Orphan** one year. Class No. 3 in the same school assumes support of **One Orphan.**

—Fifth District Sunday School of Harwinton, Conn., will care for **One Orphan.** The superintendent writes: "Ours is only a little country school of about a dozen girls and boys. We thank you very much for making it possible for us to adopt an orphan."

—Class 18, First Presbyterian Sunday School, McKees Rocks, Pa., assumes support of **One Orphan Girl.**

CHURCHES, CHURCH SOCIETIES, etc.

—Liberty Center Church, Kansas, through Andrew Glen, assumes support of **Three Orphan Girls** and **Two Orphan Boys** in Baptist orphanage to be trained for Bible work. "There are only nineteen members in our church, but we desire to have a part in the missionary conquest of the world."

—Christian Endeavor Society, First Presbyterian Church, Hutchinson, Kan., promises support for **Three Little Orphan Girls.**

—Club of Nine, Clearwater, Cal., will provide for **One Famine Orphan.** "With the heartfelt wish and prayer that this may prove a mite toward the up-building of the Master's cause."

—Junior Christian Endeavor Society, Broad Street Church of Christ, Wellsville, N. Y., wish to take upon themselves the support of **A Famine Orphan.**

—Y. M. C. A., L. J. Holmes, Secretary, promises support of **One Orphan Boy.**

—Christian Endeavor Society of Third Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala., will care for **One Famine Orphan.**

—Christian Endeavor Society, Seventh Street Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa., will care for **An Orphan Boy** and **An Orphan Girl** in the Lutheran School at Guntur.

* * * * *

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged a plan whereby any of our readers may **adopt a famine orphan** in India and be put in personal and regular communication with the little protege. Send your name and address (with your denominational preference) to

INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN RELIEF WORK,
Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

* * * * *

Send also your first contribution toward the support of your protege. As the annual cost of supporting an orphan is $15, you may remit a quarter's, half year's or whole year's contribution in advance, as you may decide. The names of all those who respond favorably will appear in the "India Famine Roll of Honor," immediately after the receipt of their first remittance.

"DUDO PUNJA"

An Incident of the India Famine

DUDO PUNJA was sitting in the shade of the single post which remained of what six months ago had been his snug little cottage. Twenty-one years of age, he ought to have been in full vigor, but he was dying: the swollen legs, the sallow bloodless skin, the heavy breathing and glaring eye told of hunger and cold endured. Beside him squatted two little children who fled as I approached, but Dudo did not rise because he could not. The children were nephews whose parents were at the relief works. My questions were answered by whispers, and I got off my pony and stooped down to catch what he said. "Are you hungry?" "Yes, very hungry, and my throat is dry and sore." "I will send you food presently." "Do send it quickly." I knew I should be late in getting home so had some biscuits in my pocket for lunch, these I shared with Dudo and his nephews and rode on to arrange for food for him and many others as well. After visiting another village I galloped up to one of our district boarding schools or children's kitchens as the food was being prepared for the morning meal. "Do you know Dudo Punja?" I said to the teacher. "Yes, very well." "He's dying on the other side of the river yonder." "Yes, sir, I will send," so he said, but I saw it in his eyes that he would not trust so urgent a message to another.

Yesterday I saw him again, and asked "What of Dudo?" "I was too late; he was dead before I reached him; but I arranged to get him buried."

Dudo's last words to me, and possibly to anyone, were. "Send food quickly." Thadra's report was, "I was too late." One knows by the woodman's marks on the trees which are doomed, and we through grim experience have come to recognize the marks of the dread "cutte down." For many around us it is already too late. They may live four days longer if well nursed, but death is stamped on their faces; they number hundreds. The looks of many others suggest Dudo's last words, "Send food quickly." They number thousands.

The clouds are beginning to bank up we pant and look for the rain, but it has not come yet. When it does come, naked bodies will feel the cold, unhoused vagrants and homeless food-seekers will need shelter. Government will help many with seed-grain, etc., but cannot half meet the needs of the case. In every respect we are nearing the crisis, and every bare field, every naked man and woman, every broken-down hut, and almost every breeze that blows seem to echo Dudo's dying words, "Send food quickly;" "Send clothing quickly;" "Send seed-grain quickly;" "Send money to keep people alive while they till and sow, and send it quickly."

In the village I visited just eighty-three are known to have died out of a population of 243; twenty cannot be traced at all; of the 139 whose whereabouts is known or surmised many have not been heard of for many weeks, while of the persons I actually saw, a dozen or so are so far gone that help will avail little. The looks of others say, "Send food quickly." Half of the houses are pulled down; only about ten head of cattle remain. The people cannot commence farming operations again unless helped, and if help is to be effective it must come quickly.—From the *Bombay Guardian.*

Our Maize Liked in India

The *Indian Daily News* of July 7, says: The American donors of the *Quito's* cargo of maize will be gratified to know that their beneficence is thoroughly appreciated. A correspondent of the *Times of India* at Ahmadabad, writes: The maize is a real success. I have a large cauldron on the fire all day of something like porridge which the people seem quite fond of. It is such a convenience to have something cooked always ready and which wont spoil. This just goes on simmering slowly, and any poor creature can get a plateful. It makes very nice bread, and my resident guests have a *chapati* of it to breakfast every day, but I give some wheat along with it as it makes a better *chapatt*. There are about 200 made a day, so you can imagine there is a good deal of grinding to be done for that and for the porridge.

Our Visitors from Cuba

FOR several months past a party of 1,375 Cuban and Porto Rican teachers has been enjoying a visit to the United States, the object of the invitation being to impress upon the people of these islands, through their educators, an intelligent idea of the American people and American institutions. Our Government provided transportation back and forth from the islands. These visitors are now returning home after a novel and delightful experience. They spent nearly two months at the Summer School at Harvard, where they expressed hearty appreciation of the hospitality shown them in the United States and the opportunities afforded for studying our educational methods. During their attendance at the University, the teachers were the guests of the people of Massachusetts, and the citizens of Boston and Cambridge made their sojourn as pleasant socially as Harvard professors sought to make it profitable intellectually. On their homeward way they made flying trips to Niagara Falls, Albany, Washington, New York and Philadelphia, in each of which cities they were shown over historic and interesting places and entertained as extensively as their limited stay permitted. In New York, High School teachers were assigned as guides and escorted the visitors to the parks, the museums, the galleries and a hundred other points of interest and instruction. In Washington, they were received at the White House by President and Mrs. McKinley. Just before leaving Harvard, this peaceful army presented, through President Eliot, a loving-cup to the University, gave a national concert to the people of Boston and Cambridge, and handed to all who had contributed to the pleasure of their stay, little cards bearing the inscription: "Hurrah for the American people! Hurrah for Harvard University! Hurrah for the American Government! Hurrah for Mr. Frye, President Eliot, and our Instructors! The people of Cuba will never forget them!" The impressions these visitors received, will, in time, be communicated to the people of both islands. It will no doubt be the means of effacing many misapprehensions regarding our own government and people, and of creating a bond of social feeling which may produce valuable results hereafter. We may hope that the children of the islands as they listen to the descriptions the teachers will give them on their return of the wealth and power of the United States, may learn from them, too, the lesson which Solomon sought to impress on his people:

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people (Prov. 14: 34).

Courtesy of New York Journal

SOME OF THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN TEACHERS WHO VISITED THIS COUNTRY

The photograph includes some representative members of this company of notable and welcome guests. They are (1) Senorita Concepcion Rodriguez, (2) Senorita Amparo Arredondo, (3) Senorita America Andricain, (4) Senorita Angelica Gonzales, (5) Senorita L. Ariza, (6) Group of senoritas on the steps of Memorial Hall, Cambridge.

A Governor's Embarrassment

The novel incident of a Governor rejecting his own petition has just been witnessed in Kansas. Gov. W. E. Stanley on August 12, gave an audience to the friends of a convict who is serving a term of twenty years for murder. A similar appeal had been made to Gov. Morril, Mr. Stanley's predecessor, but had been rejected. No new evidence had been obtained, but the petitioners had more confidence in appealing to Gov. Stanley because they had a document bearing the Governor's own signature. It appears that at the murderer's trial Mr. Stanley had been his counsel and had done his utmost to have him acquitted. When he had been sentenced and the appeal for a pardon was made to Gov. Morril, Mr. Stanley had signed it and had written a personal letter to the Governor urging clemency. The convict and his friends, therefore, believed that Mr. Stanley having been elected Governor would now do the act he asked Gov. Morril to do. The Governor, however, rejected the petition and said in defence of his inconsistency, that a Governor is obliged to look on such matters from a different standpoint from that he occupies as a private citizen. He is not the first public functionary to make that discovery. It would be a good thing if people would realize the same fact when they consider the providence of God. There are many who live heedlessly in sin hoping that in the end it will be found that God is too loving and merciful to punish, forgetting that as the Ruler of the universe he cannot in justice pardon the impenitent.

Thus saith the Lord: Behold I will bring evil upon them which they shall not be able to escape; and though they shall cry unto me, I will not hearken unto them (Jer. 11: 11).

Houses Given Away

One of the most extraordinary transactions in real estate on record is reported from New Orleans. A press dispatch from that city say that the Illinois Central Railroad recently acquired a right of way into a thickly populated district in the upper part of New Orleans. It was necessary in order to secure the concession to clear the ground immediately and begin construction. The Railroad Company purchased all the houses in its way and was about to proceed to their demolition when offers to purchase some of them were made. The Company were glad to accept them with the stipulation that they should be removed within a few days. Soon, all the roads were full of houses in transit and some of the fortunate purchasers made considerable sums. One man bought a house for $250 which, when moved to a new site, he was able to sell for $4,000. Finally only a few houses were left and the Company offered them at ten dollars each. No one was willing to buy even at that low figure, as the demand for vacant lots had caused the price of land in the vicinity to rise. The Company, therefore, offered the houses as a free gift to anyone who would pull them down or remove them. On those terms the houses were speedily disposed of. There were plenty of people ready to avail themselves of the opportunity though it involved either the labor of demolition or the purchase of a site and the cost of removal. Unhappily there is not the same readiness to accept the offer of an eternal home which the messengers of God are authorized to offer to all who come to Christ.

We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II. Cor. 5: 1).

Killed by Simian Jealousy

A singular incident showing the effect of jealousy among monkeys is told by the Chicago *Chronicle*. The monkeys at the Lincoln Park Zoo are always a centre of attraction to visitors who reward their tricks with peanuts and other delicacies. Recently there has been added to the collection a clever little monkey who had passed a year or two in a circus before going to the Zoo. He had learned so many novel tricks in the circus that his popularity was established at the outset. He received as many peanuts as all the rest put together. But he was not selfish and all his companions were welcome to a share of his booty. But they were evidently envious of his popularity. They resisted his friendly overtures and kept away from him. While the others frolicked together and were sociable with each other, the newcomer was left in a corner by himself. At his approach they all scampered away. He perceived that he was ostracized and he felt it keenly. After a few weeks he became melancholy, could not be induced to perform any of his tricks and finally refused food. Various means of relieving him were tried but they failed. He grew sick and died, as his keeper insists, of a broken heart. His fate was pitiable and shows how near akin to humanity the monkey is. Many a man's spirit has been broken in the same way. But no man need be driven to despair by the envy and malignity of his fellows; a way of escape is open to him that the monkey could not enter:

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues (Psalm: 31: 20).

A Treasure in a Vault

A press dispatch from Boston, Mass., reports a curious discovery in that city. A new public school is being erected on the corner of Pearl and Bartlett streets. In excavating the foundation, after the old dwelling which had stood there for more than a century had been pulled down, an old brick vault was laid bare. The vault was struck six feet below the surface, and the foreman ordered his men to pick holes through the sides so that the derrick might hoist it out bodily. In doing this a large number of coins were discovered stacked up after the manner cashiers have a way of doing where change is to be made quickly. Most of the coins could not be identified at first on account of the thick corrosion, but a few in the middle of the piles were clean enough to show the dates. The contractor took one of the coins to a bank and was told by the cashier that itwas undoubtedly a genuine dollar. Some were dated 1822, but most of them bore a date that looked like 1799. These resemble Mexican dollars more than they do American coin, but the 1822 money is clearly American. The vault which was constructed of bricks was about five feet square and was so strongly built that it did not break apart when lifted by the derrick from its bed. Evidently some wealthy person had lived in the old house and probably had been engaged in some kind of banking business. He doubtless had little thought how exactly the prediction, which he must have at times heard read in meeting, would be fulfilled in his case:

Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall be a witness against you . . . Ye have heaped together treasure for the last days (Jas. 5: 3).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. H. Loomis, of Yokohama, Japan, writes hopefully of the progress of Christianity in that land. He says that the number of adult baptisms in 1899 was 3,148.

Five State Unions of Christian Endeavor Societies hold their annual Conventions simultaneously Oct. 4-7. They are Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nevada and Wisconsin.

Total abstinence can boast an illustrious accession to its ranks in the person of the young Queen of Holland, who, according to a sketch of her in an English publication refuses even on public occasions to touch wine or any kind of strong drink.

Christian workers from all parts of the country will assemble together at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Sept. 19-26, for a conference on revival work. The object is to get together as many workers as possible to promote fellowship, and discuss methods and suggestions.

A significant announcement, in view of the Jewish confidence in the approaching restoration to Palestine, is made in the columns of a European journal. It is that a steamer has been constructed at Hamburg specially to navigate the Dead Sea.

The *Congregationalist* calls attention to the fact that three veterans of the Congregational Church who have been called to their reward this year: Hamlin the foreign missionary, Holbrook the home missionary, and Park the theologian, had all passed the Psalmist's limit of age. The total of their ages was 273 years.

A good work in the interest of temperance has been unostentatiously done in New York. Fifteen fountains for ice water, two of which have been recently opened, are operated by the Church Temperance Society. The new fountains are at the Squirrel Inn, corner of Grand Street and the Bowery, and at the Hall of Records, opposite the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Dr. F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society, was agreeably surprised by a talk with a cab-driver in London. Dr. Clark never neglects an opportunity for religious converse and he uttered a few words to the driver of the cab in which he rode across the city. The driver replied that he was not only a Christian, but a Christian Endeavorer, and his cab was never out on a Sunday. He was delighted when Dr. Clark disclosed his identity.

A Chinaman who had applied for membership in a Christian church was put back on the ground that he had not sufficient knowledge of the faith to be received. He was among the number seized by the Boxers, and technically might have been justified in denying that he was "one of them," but when he was questioned with a sword at his throat, he boldly answered: "Yes, I am a Christian." To his surprise, he was allowed to escape. It is worthy of note that the man who had not enough knowledge to be a member of the church had enough courage and fidelity to be a martyr.

THE POOR RICH AND THE RICH POOR

THE RICH FOOL ∴ By Dr. & Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

International Sunday School Lesson for September 16: Luke 12: 13-23. | Golden Text, Mark 8: 36: What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

A WRITER in a New York publication recently raised the question why it is that, with so many temperance societies fighting appetite, and other reform organizations restraining lust, there are no societies whose special aim is the prevention and cure of covetousness, which Jesus condemned more frequently and more severely than any other vice. Money is not "the root of all evil," as many suppose the Bible to teach. Very nearly all evil grows out of three closely interwoven roots — appetite, lust and greed—but the greatest of these—the taproot—is greed. Even the saloon and the social evil, which grow in part out of the roots of appetite and lust respectively, derive yet more of their strength from the greed that makes it the business of large groups of men and women to promote these evils for gain. It is this business aspect of evil at which laws are chiefly aimed. In this view we see the truth of what the Bible really says: "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil."

As to a society for the prevention of covetousness, why should not the Sunday School become such a society? Children are almost never covetous, and might undoubtedly be prevented from ever becoming so by definite, persistent training in the grace of systematic benevolence. The home and school should cooperate to teach that wealth is honorable only when honorably obtained, making the test ever, not "How much has he?" but "How did he get it?" and "How is he using it?" Let every one who has paid for wealth more than it was worth be counted, as in this lesson, a "rich fool."

"TAKE HEED AND BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS"

"THIS NIGHT, THY SOUL SHALL BE REQUIRED OF THEE"

. . .

God's Kingdom Begins in Righted Hearts *Who made me a judge?* Those Christians who think politics is the devil's preserve, on which God and his people have no right to trespass, not even when politics becomes the base for attacks upon the ten commandments, try to find warrant for leaving so large a part of the world out of Christ's kingdom in this passage, separated from all others bearing on the same subject. But these words of Christ, historically considered, meant only that the time for him to control the outward courts of justice had not yet come. That would be a part of the harvest; it was then seed-time. His work was to begin in the court of the individual conscience. When he had changed the hearts of a controlling portion of any nation, it would then (that is, now) be their duty to develop individual convictions into Christian institutions, as they have, but to an imperfect extent, partly because such passages have been supposed to apply to the harvest as well as the springtime. The temptation Christ here rejected was the same that the devil offered in the wilderness—the same he again rejected in the crown offered him by the Galileans. He would not begin his kingdom in force, but in love. Yet love is made perfect in law, and the twain are really one.

. . .

Shall Riches be Our Possessions or Our Possessors? *Take heed and beware of covetousness.* We have treated this "beware" of Christ as if it were a false alarm or some trifling matter. To set your mind strongly on money-getting, Jesus says, is a real and mighty peril. With a smile his followers say: "I'll take the risk." We should teach children to beware of greed very much as we teach them to beware of rum, and partly in both cases to escape an inward bondage. "Wealth is a good servant, but a bad master." The chief peril in wealth is slavery, because a man's possessions so often become his possessors. Christ saw this danger in the man who came to him asking that he would bid his brother divide the inheritance with him. Christ told him that Christianity had as yet no civil power, and was not yet dealing with property rights. In this case the man was probably entitled to what he asked. But Christ saw that he needed something even more than justice, namely, emancipation from a servile devotion to property, and so he added: "Take heed and beware of covetousness." Every passage in the Bible on that peril should be taught to every child most faithfully. To covet is to desire earnestly, and there is therefore a righteous covetousness. We are commanded to "covet earnestly the best gifts." The covetousness the Bible condemns is undue desire for possessions, whether in rich or poor, including anxious thought about the future in fear of poverty. This covetousness, when it is finished, not only desires to possess things that are in the market, but those also that one can have only by taking them in some way from his neighbor. Having thus overshadowed the brotherhood of man, covetousness grows on until it also crowds out the Fatherhood of God and becomes "idolatry." Gold becomes a god, the supreme, controlling force in the soul, an idolatry baser than the worship of sun and moon, of animals and birds—the worship of a god taken from the mineral kingdom, the lowest of all. So low that generous boy in your class, that brought his teacher a gift of flowers, may sink—is indeed very likely to sink in this age of rank commercialism—unless teacher and parent make him despise ill-gotten gold, as temperance boys are taught to hate and despise the saloon.

Especially should every child be taught the profound meaning of those words of Jesus: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." Let the boy be made to feel that "life" is truly measured not by what a man has, but by what he is and does.

. . .

Perils of Luxury *The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully.* This parable, like that of Luke 16: 19ff., is a parable of wealth unstained by fraud, which is nevertheless a peril and a curse because it possesses its covetous victim. This wealth came almost direct from God through the fertile ground, but instead of making him grateful, he became as proud as if he had created the golden wheat through some invention of his own. A very small part of any man's wealth is the product of his own effort. The millionaire could hardly produce a dollar a day of wealth alone in nature. God is always senior partner, furnishing the raw material, and his fellow men, living and dead, always contribute largely to the product and its value. In the words of Lincoln's favorite song, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" And why should he hold his wealth as a private snap, rather than a public trust, since it is something he has received rather than earned?

When this rich man had taken from the hand of God more than his ample barns would hold, he exclaimed, "What shall I do?" It did not occur to his selfish heart, or if the thought came he drove it away, that he should give the surplus to those less favored, or sell it and build better houses for his workmen, his partners in wealth production. He planned for larger hoardings, more than he could use, just to gratify his proud sense of possession. He did not even plan to so use his wealth as to develop his own nobler life. His leisure was to be devoted, not to books and art and travel, but to ease and feasting. Luxury does not stop there. The animal life, unduly fed, and tempted by idleness, always breaks out into the soft vices which are the supreme curse of luxury. Extreme wealth is hardly less favorable to vice than extreme poverty. When the writer was in Newport, last year, he was assured by the one of all others best qualified to testify, that the amusements of the rich who summer there had never been so "coarse" as that year. And now the rector of Newport's most fashionable church tells not only of Sunday golf but also of Sunday card gambling as a common thing among these rich idlers. By such exhibitions history has often taught that competence is better than affluence. Enough is better than a gorge. Many a rich man is like the greedy child, tested by her father, who gave her orange after orange until trying to take one more than she could hold she dropped all and fell to crying. He also that thus greedily increaseth riches, increaseth sorrow.

"I HAVE NO ROOM WHERE TO BESTOW MY FRUITS"

. . .

A Collection of Rich Fools *But God said unto him, Thou fool.* Everybody else flattered him, but God told him he was a fool. There are several kinds of rich fools. 1. He is a rich fool whose wealth is but gilded ignorance. A proud, rich lady, who should have been very humble in view of her mental poverty, was looking over a new church just built in her town, to which she knew a man of wealth, Mr. Isaac Sharkey, had contributed very largely. She said: "The general effect of the church is very nice; but there is one thing I don't like, that I. H. S. I think it was very ostentatious for Mr. Sharkey to put his initials in so prominent a place, and I never knew before that he had any other Christian name except Isaac."

2. He is also a rich fool who is so miserly that he gets only misery out of his money.

3. He is also a rich fool who gets riches by fraud or injustice. It is as if a man should give what is worth a million dollars for what is worth but a hundred; to give up honesty and character and reputation for mere wealth. In the Brazilian diamond mines the slaves of former days were told they would be set free whenever they discovered a gem of a certain value. Let us discover the supreme value of character and so achieve emancipation from slavery to wealth.

4. He is a rich fool who does not deal fairly with those who, as employees, aid him in producing wealth. Even from a commercial standpoint, "Brotherhood in business" is a better watchword than those devil proverbs, "Business is business" and "Every man for himself." The favors shown at the National Cash Register factory in Dayton to the employees, in the way of lunches, baths, club-rooms and otherwise, cost but five per cent. on the pay-roll, while the "good-will" produced is declared by the management to be worth at least twenty per cent. in savings and improvements. It is not the "good-will" of a store alone that has a cash value. Ill-will is also a thing to be reckoned with, as many a firm has learned in costly strikes. James Russell Lowell has shown in a poem, that ought to be even more familiar than it is, how we wrong Christ himself in wronging the working class, to which he belonged.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, my brothers, believe in me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth;
He made himself known to the children of earth.

And in church and palace and judgment-hall
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt;
We build but as our fathers built:
Behold thine images, how they stand
Sovereign and sole through all our land."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man;
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment's hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,
"The images ye have made of me."

· FEEDING · CHRIST'S · LAMBS · IN · STRICKEN · INDIA ·

Missionaries Send Glowing Accounts of the Natives' Delight Over the Corn—Relished Everywhere and Saved Thousands of Lives—Urgency of the Orphan Work

EVERY mail from India brings grateful letters from missionaries and other writers in the famine field, telling of the splendid results of Christian America's beneficence. All, without exception, write in glowing terms of the cargo of corn sent on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief steamship *Quito*. To give even a few of those letters in full, would crowd our limited space, but as they are specially interesting to our readers and their friends who united so generously in this great life-saving work, we give extracts from some of them below.

Some time ago, an erroneous report appeared in a contemporary publication, in which it was stated that the proprietor of this journal, while in India, had sold the cargo of the *Quito* at an advance of fifty per cent. on the cost price, and that he had therefore speculated with the gift of the American people. We refrained from replying to such a charge, preferring that the letters of the missionaries and others who received and distributed the corn should be the sole answer. Now that these letters have been received, it is due to all who aided in the work of the Famine Fund, that they should be published. They are a complete refutation of the charge in question, and show that not a sack or kernel of the grain was either sold by Dr. Klopsch directly or indirectly, nor did he or THE CHRISTIAN HERALD speculate in the cargo, even in the remotest sense.

Rev. G. W. Seiler, Kolhapur, Bombay Presidency, writes:

Thankful for your gifts of corn, blankets and money for the famine sufferers, I wish, in behalf of the missionaries at Kolhapur, to tell you briefly how these have been used. Two hundred and twenty sacks of corn were apportioned by the committee to Kolhapur. They arrived several weeks ago and are in charge of Rev. Mr. Goheen and myself. A dozen sacks were sent to be used in the City Hospital, where many poor are gratuitously fed. Sacks are sent at intervals to our several mission out-stations, where the maize is being used in part payment for relief work and gratuitously distributed to the people in those and surrounding villages. Twice a week we distribute maize to the hungry, who come from all directions. Twice there have been between three and four thousand. Each one is given nearly a pint. A great many babies are brought. The people seem to like the corn. Some eat it just so; others grind it, others roast it.

G. E. Jackson writes from Ellichpur to Secretary Frease, at Baroda:

Many thanks for 660 bags of maize and 1,000 blankets. I shall be happy to give you some details shortly.

Rev. K. A. Iwar, of the Swedish National Evangelical Missionary Society, stationed at Nimpani, Betal, C. P., writes:

We were in great need of the blankets, as the poor, naked people have nothing to cover themselves with in the rains. Hundreds of starving people daily apply for a portion of the maize. I cannot even keep them quiet for the few minutes I want to write these lines.

All Relish the Corn

Rev. H. Huizinga, writes from Ongole:

As to the corn: This was received with great enthusiasm. The gift was direct and tangible. The people looked on these bags of corn as they could not on the money. Here is the real, identical gift as it came from the hands of the charitable people in that far-off goodly land, America. I received 52 bags of corn for orphan children in my charge. As there are about 225 of them, the corn will last them about a month. I told our people to cook the corn, which they did. They relish the corn very much.

Rev. J. E. Clough, of Ongole (a district in which it was said corn would not be of much use), writes:

In view of all the benefits to native Christians and other poor people of my mission field have received from Dr. Klopsch and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through your committee, I wish to write a few lines this morning. But I have not time to write much, for hundreds are about my bungalow.

But for the generous gifts which have come primarily from Dr. Klopsch and from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I do not see what we here could have done. It is safe to say without their timely aid hundreds of Christians and other poor people would not now be alive.

Dr. Clough Praises the Grain

The 2,000 bags of American corn which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD committee sent to me have been received. Of this corn, I have given to Brother Huizinga, for his 300 orphans one month's rations, and I have given to Miss Kelly for her 250 boarding girls (all of whom are from the depressed classes and fifty of whom are orphans), also rations for one month, and to Miss Dessa for the 150 boys in her boarding school, of the depressed classes, of whom thirty are orphans, one month's rations. Of the remaining portions, I have distributed a good deal to people in much distress, but I have some of the corn on hand as yet. The almost unanimous opinion is that the corn is very good—much sweeter and more tasty than the ordinary Indian food grains. On the whole, the American corn is very popular. The only fault I have to find is that I have not enough of it. If I had 50,000 bags, instead of 2,000, I could meet the demand.

Please convey to Dr. Klopsch and to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on behalf of the thousands of Christians and other people of Ongole, my best, my heart-felt thanks for the 2,000 bags of corn. My people here can never repay our American friends, neither can I, but the Lord Jesus can and will.

Hattie L. Bruce writes from Satara:

Excuse delay in acknowledging five and a half tons American corn received through your kindness early in the month. It is a great boon to the needy and suffering.

Rev. James Somerville writes from Jodhpore, Rajputana:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your favor of 16th inst. and subsequently of the consignment of 200 cotton sheets, as advised. Previously I received two hundred bags of American maize for distribution similarly amongst the destitute population. Both these gifts are most suitable and timely, and already I have distributed a large amount of the grain—which I have had ground coarsely—among our hungry people.

Rev. G. N. Thomssen writes from Bapatla:

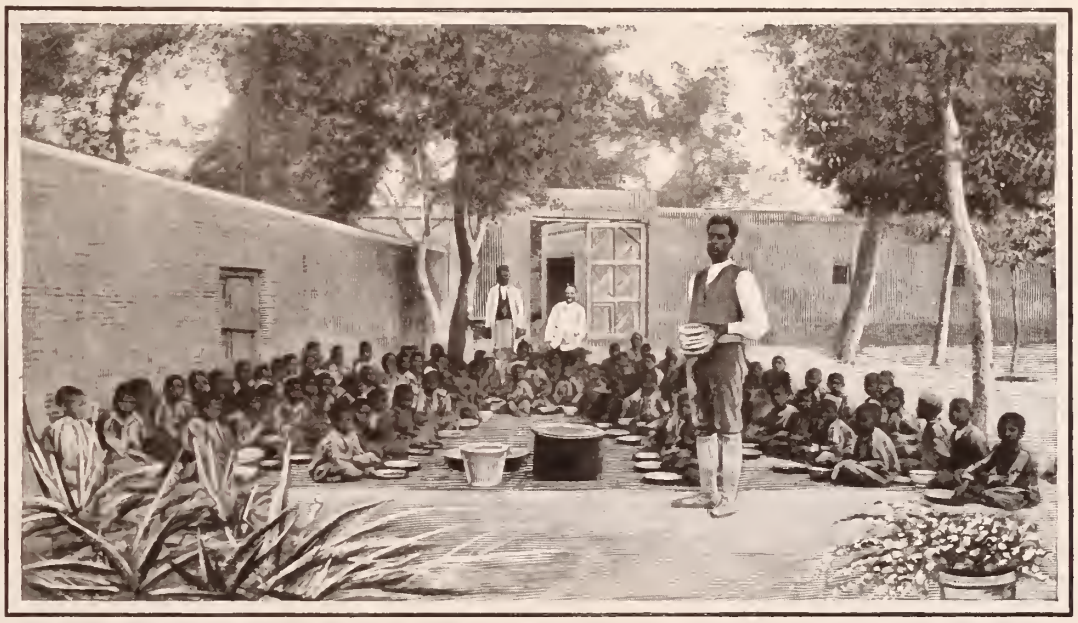
We could distribute all our corn in one week. Our people voted again and again to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this munificent gift of corn. All eat the corn ravenously and say nothing sweeter and better could be given them.

Rev. J. Heinrichs, of the Baptist Telugu Mission, Ramapatam, writes:

The 1,000 bags of American maize arrived here in my care at Tattu railway station as a distributing centre just one week ago. Three hundred bags were immediately despatched to Kanigivi, where we have a Christian membership of 6,000 and brother J. A. Curtis in charge; 200 bags went to Udazagivi, where Rev. F. W. Stait is stationed; 50 bags have been forwarded to Rev. E. Bullard at Kavali; 50 are still to be sent to Kandukur—another one of our stations—and the rest has been or will be distributed right here under our supervision. Some 120 bags have already gone. Are the people glad to receive it? Rather! They have fallen over the corn like kites over a carcass. The last few days we paid our famine coolies partly in money and partly in corn. They were simply delighted with the "mockka zamia," as they call it. To-day, when I paid them only money, they requested to be paid in maize.

Last Friday some 60 bags were distributed among our 600 Christians, who have suffered most from the famine. We opened the distribution ceremony by singing in Telugu "Behold how great the love of God," the reading of Psalm 23, prayer, and a few words of explanation about the corn.

Distressing as are all the incidents of the famine, there are none so pitiful as those in which the little children are concerned. The famine in India has left hundreds of thousands of them fatherless and motherless.



CHILDREN IN A MISSIONARY'S COMPOUND BEING FED WITH GRAIN FROM THE "QUITO"

The Problem of the Orphans

At present they are grouped by thousands in the stations of the missionaries. Thanks to the noble generosity of the American people there is no difficulty in feeding them. But the missionaries, taught by painful experience, are looking ahead. They see in imagination some morning when there is not a cent in the treasury and there are a thousand eager faces looking for a breakfast. How would the missionary feel if he had nothing to give them? He would wish then that he had not undertaken the charge. Foreseeing such a contingency, he asks now: How many children will the Christians of America authorize him to keep? It will cost fifteen dollars a year to support a child, and this sum will provide not only food and clothing but the cost of a Christian education. It is not much. Thirty cents a week more than covers it. How many men and women there are in this country who could spare thirty cents a week easily! And how could they spend it in a way so delightful as that of obeying Christ's injunction, "Feed my lambs." James defined pure religion as visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction and keeping oneself unspotted from the world. Such a visit is now within reach of all. The personal presence is not needed when the money messenger goes through the hands of the missionary.

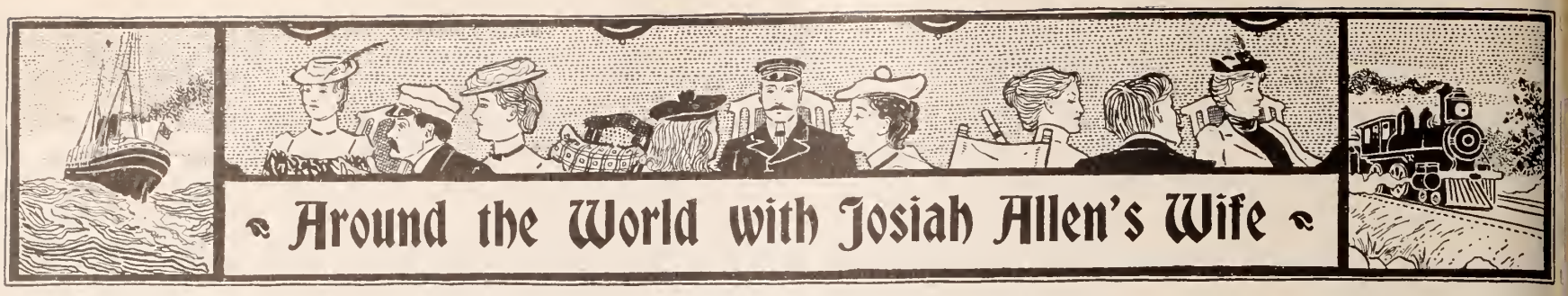
And then, think how far-reaching is this opportunity of Christian service that is placed within our reach. When these children grow up and go forth into the village homes of India to be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, they will not go in heathenism as did their parents; they will know the blessedness of the Christian faith, and will be able to tell their children of the compassion which saved their lives and the love that saved their souls. It really seems as if out of this appalling calamity may come the seed of the evangelization of India. But it depends on how far the Christians of America are prepared to avail themselves of the opportunity. This is why we so urge the duty of giving now. The cost is so small, the result so large. How gratifying will be the thought in years to come, that in this crisis of opportunity a sacrifice of thirty cents a week was made, even at the cost of some accustomed luxury, and in consequence there is some child in far-off India growing up in Christian surroundings who might but for that sacrifice have perished of hunger, or have lived to become a heathen destitute of the knowledge that leads to eternal life!

Col. Nurani, the devoted chief of the Salvation Army work at Ahmadabad, tells many touching incidents. That of

Little Jita

is particularly interesting. Col. Nurani has the heart of a true woman, and when she saw a sturdy little boy, himself half-starved, trudging manfully along the road with his baby sister in his arms, her heart went out to the little pair of orphans. The boy was only a child himself and in sore need of a mother's care, but mother and father were both gone that sad road that so many have been compelled to travel. Some boys would have given way to despair; others would have run off to get food somehow for themselves. But this boy took up his little motherless sister, only ten months old, and charged himself with the task of providing for her. The brave little fellow had heard of the kind lady at Ahmadabad who cared for helpless children, so he was bringing her there. A poor little bag of bones the babe was, when the lad handed her to Nurani. Both she and her little protector were received and fed. The baby has developed such sweet infantile ways, and is so full of childish energy that she has become the pet of the camp. They have given her the name of Jita, which means life. Foster parents who will undertake the support of little Jita are needed.

A SPECIMEN MILL IN WHICH THE CORN IS GROUND



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XL.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN ROME

AS I stood in St. Peter's Church in Rome I had a great number of emotions and large, very large in size. Right here where Mr. Nero (the mean, misable creeter) got hilarious over the dyin' struggles of the Christian martyrs, right here where St. Peter met his death with the glory of heaven lightin' up his dyin' eyes (I am just as sure on't as if I see it myself) stands this immense meetin'-house.

Three hundred years of labor and sixty millions of dollars have been expended on it and the end is not yet. But I would not done it for a cent less if I had took the job, I couldn't afford it nor Josiah couldn't.

Why, when we stood in front on't I didn't feel no bigger than the head of a pin, not a hat pin or a shawl pin, but the smallest kind they make, and Josiah dwindled down so in size as compared to the edifice that I most thought I should lose him right there with my eyes glued onto his liniment.

You go through a large double door which shuts up behind you as noiselessly and securely as if you wuz walled in to stay. My first feelin' after I entered wuz the immensity of the place. Some of the statutes you see that didn't look so big as Josiah, when you come clost up to 'em you found wuz sixteen feet high. And the little cherubs holdin' the shell of holy water at the entrance you see are six feet high. You look fur down the meetin'-house as you look down the road into a big piece of woods, only here the distant trees turn into statutes and shrines and altars and things. Fur off like distant stars shinin' down into the forest you see the lamps, one hundred and twelve of 'em, burnin' day and night around the tomb of St. Peter.

Under the Dome of St. Peter's

As you stand under the dome and look up it is like looking at the very ruff of the sky. It is supported by four great pillars and the interior of the immense globe is one hundred and thirty-nine feet in circumference measured on the inside.

All the houses in Jonesville could be piled up on top of each other in this immense space and Zoar and Shackville piled onto them and not half fill it.

As we stood under the great dome the canopy over St. Peter's tomb seemed to us no bigger than the band stand in Jonesville. But when we got up to it we see that it wuz most a hundred feet high, for fur up the mosaic medalions of the four evangelists lookin' none to big for the place come to examine 'em, the pen of St. Luke is six feet long and his nose is big enough for a spare bedroom. The writing that runs along under the dome each letter is six feet high, higher than Thomas Jefferson on tip toes, or Josiah on stilts. The idee!

I don't spoze that Peter, that earnest, hot-tempered fisherman ever spozed he would have such a buildin' erected to his honor, and I wondered as I looked through the immense distances of this meetin'-house how many turned their thoughts from the glory about 'em, onto Peter's inspired words when he wuz here in the flesh. This huge pile seemed as if Time could have no power over it, but his own words rung in my ear:

"The day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night and all these things shall be dissolved. Nevertheless we according to his promise look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

And as I thought of his death right here on this very spot agin his words sounded in my heart:

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning this fiery trial which is to try you—But rejoice—Partakers of Christ's suffering—"

And even as I listened to the chantin' of the priests I methought I heard Peter speaking of the Voice which come down from Heaven which they heard who wuz with Him on the mount. I thought of the sure word of prophecy. "The light shining in a dark place"—"Until the day dawns and the day star arise in our hearts."

Yes, the real Peter wuz enshrined in my heart as I trod the grand aisles of that meetin'-house of hisen, and I didn't think nothin' at all in comparison of that statute of Peter settin' on a white stun throne holdin' his foot out for the masses to kiss.

He sets up there with a queer lookin' thing on his head. Josiah said it wuz a sass pan, and I sez: "No, Josiah, it is a halo." And he sez:

"Samantha, if I'm ever sculped and sot up in the Jonesville meetin'-house, I don't want any halo on my head."

And I told him I guessed there wuzn't any danger of his ever wearin' a halo on this earth.

And Josiah said before the subject wuz broached that never, never should he kiss that toe. And he sez it to me in reproachful axents as if I'd been teasin' him to. But I hadn't thought on't and told him so. But right whilst we stood there we see folks of all classes from peasants to nobles and of all ages from childhood to old age walk up and kneel and kiss that onconscious big toe and go into some chapel countin' the beads of their rosaries.

Good land! Peter don't care anything about that mummery unless he has changed for the worse since he left this mortal spear, which hain't very likely bein' the man he wuz. And as I thought of the evil things done in the name of the power that rared up that figger, I methought I hearn him say:

"The time has come when judgment must begin at the house of the Lord."

Tommy and Carabi

I had lots of emotions as I walked to and fro and didn't want to talk to anybody or hear the talkin' round me.

I hearn Tommy talkin' sunthin' to Carabi and I catched these words, "I wonner, oh, I wonner what good it duz 'em to kiss that toe." And Arvilly and Josiah jined in in sharp criticism. And agin Josiah sez: "I know I am a leadin' man in Jonesville and have been called more'n once a pillar in the meetin'-house, but never, never do I want to be made a statter with a sass pan on my head, and the bretheren and sistern kissin' my toes."

And agin I sez, "It hain't a sass pan." But they kep' on to that extent that I had to say, "Josiah and Arvilly, the one that figger represents, said: 'Above all things have charity, for charity covers a multitude of sin.'"

Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Robert Strong clumb clear up into the dome twice as high as Bunker Hill monument or ruther walked up for they hain't stairs, but a smooth wooden way leads up, up to that hite. Miss Meechim told me when they come down that though there wuz a high railin' it seemed so frightful to look down that immense height she didn't hardly dare to look off and enjoy herself, though the view wuz sublime.

But I can't describe St. Peter's no more than a ant can describe the Zodiac, I mean an a-n-t, not mother's sister. Why the great side chapels are big enough for meetin'-houses and fur grander than we shall ever see in Jonesville or the environin' townships. And the tomb and monuments and altars, etc., are more gorgeous than I could ever tell on if I should try a year.

There wuz one statute by Canova of Clement XIII. that is lovely, the marble figure of the pope and on each side kneelin' figures of Religion and Death. Down below as if guardin' the tomb stands two noble lions.

And Pope Innocent, I d'no whether his name agreed with his nater or not, but he sets there holdin' the lance that pierced the side of our Lord, so they say. But I don't believe that it wuz the same one nor Robert Strong don't; I should have had different feelin's when I looked at it if it had been the one.

PASSING UNDER THE ARCH OF TITUS

Besides this relic they claim to have at St. Peter's a piece of the cross and the napkin that wuz laid to our Lord's face when he wuz faintin' under the burden of the cross, and that still holds the imprint of his face, so they say. They are shown on sacred days. They say that there is confessionals at St. Peter's where folks of every language in the world can confess and be absolved by a priest that understands 'em. Well, I shouldn't wonder, it is big enough, it seems like a world in itself. But I couldn't help thinkin' of our great High Priest whose confessional is broad and high as the needs and sorrows of a world and the "silent liftin' of an eye can bring us there to be," and who understands not only every language under the sun, but every secret and hidden thought and aspiration of the soul, good or evil, and whose forgiveness and compassion never fails the penitent soul. I couldn't help thinkin' on't, and I felt that St. Peter if he could speak would say, "Josiah Allen's wife, I don't blame you for your methinkin'. I think just so myself."

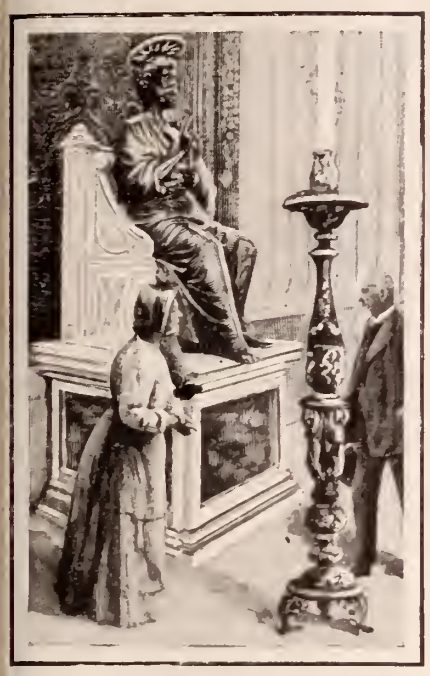
One day we all went to see the Arch of Titus; it wuz big and massive lookin' with a lot of writin' over the top that I couldn't read nor Josiah couldn't, but interestin' like all the remains of imperial Rome that ruled over almost the hull of the known world. It was erected about the year 70 to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem.

Titus the Conqueror

The conqueror, Mr. Titus, brought back twelve thousand of the conquered Jews and made 'em work and toil to build up that lofty arch in memory of their own defeat and captivity and his glory. You'd think that wuz enough trouble for 'em, but I've hearn, and it come pretty straight to me, that he misused 'em more or less while they wuz workin' away at it.

'Tennyrate they say a Jew won't go under that arch to this day and they've been seen to spit at it, and I spoze they throw things at it more or less on the sly.

There wuz another arch fur more interestin' to me, and that wuz the arch of Constantine. It is perfectly beautiful, and would be, even if it wuz built by a



"A QUEER LOOKIN' THING ON HIS HEAD"

misable pagan. But it wuz built by Mr. Constantine when he declared himself in favor of Christianity. I sot store by him.

It is a grand and beautiful structure, richly ornamented, and has three passages. I didn't like all the base reliefs on it; indeed, I considered some on 'em as real base, such as Mr. Tragan's offerin's to the gods, etc. But then I realized that I wuzn't obleeged to look at 'em. And some on 'em wuz very good showin' off Mr. Tragan educatin' poor children, etc. And some of Constantine's doin's there I liked first-rate.

And I d'no as I see anything in Rome that interested me more than the tomb of Celia Crassus—Celia Matella that wuz. It is a round, massive structure that stands on the Appian Way and is about two thousand years old. It wuz once all covered with costly marble, but the hand of Time and other thieves, in mortal shape, have stole it a long time ago. But enough is left to show what it wuz. Nobody knows jest who Celia wuz and what she did do, or didn't do to git such a monument. But I shall always believe she wuz a real likely woman and smart. 'Tennyrate, I said her pardner must have thought high on her and mourned her loss like a dog or he never would have rared such a magnificent tomb to her memory.

Arvilly's Sympathy

But Arvilly looked at it different. She said she believed her husband drinked and got led off into all sorts of sins and made Celia no end of trouble and riz this monument up to smooth things over.

But I sez, "Mebby things wuz different then;" but didn't really spoze so, human nater havin' capered about the same from the start. "'Tennyrate," sez I, "I shall always believe that Miss Crassus wuz good as gold, and this great massive monument that it seems as if the hand of Time can't ever throw down I take as a great compliment to my sect as well as Celia Crassus.

But Arvilly wuz as firm as a rock to the last in her belief that Mr. Crassus drinked and that Miss Crassus wuz broken-hearted by her grief and anxiety and tryin' to cover up her pardner's doin's as the wives of drunkards will, and tryin' to keep her children from follerin' their pa's dretful example, and then after he'd jest killed her with these doin's he rared up this great monument as a conscience soother.

Josiah thought Celia wuz eqinomical and a wonderful good cook, and her grateful pardner riz this up in honor of his blissful life with her.

Miss Meechim thought that at all events she must have been genteel.

Robert and Dorothy looked at its massive walls, and I hearn him say sunthin' to her kinder low about "how love wuz stronger than time or death."

But Tommy just wonnered at it, wonnered who Celia Matella wuz, how she looked, how old she wuz, if she had any little boys and girls. He jest wonnered and nothin' else, and in the end I did, too.

You have no idee till you see how big the Colosseum is. It is as long as from our house to she that wuz Submit Tewksberry's, and so on round by Solomon Gowdey's back agin. You may not believe it, but it is true, and I d'no but it is bigger. It used to accommodate one hundred thousand people in its palmy days, or so I spoze they called it, when some time durin' one season five thousand beasts would be killed there fightin' with human bein's, hull armies of captives bein' torn to pieces there for the delight of them old pagans. Fathers bein' made to kill their wives and children right there for their delight.

Oh, how I wished, as I told Arvilly, I could git holt of Mr. Titus and Mr. Nero and some of the rest of them leadin' men.

At the Great Amphitheatre

Sez I, "I'd gin 'em a piece of my mind if I knowed they would make me fight with a elephant the next minute."

Arvilly thought that if she could sold them the *Twin Crimes* it might have helped 'em to do better, but I d'no as it would. But that great amphitheatre where the blood and agony of the martyrs cried to heaven, was afterwards dedicated to these Christian martyrs. There are eighty arches of entrance. Only a part of the immense circular wall is now standing, but you can see what it wuz. There are four stories of arches, one hundred and fifty-seven feet high in all, the arena it encloses is two hundred and eighty-seven feet long.

Dorothy and Robert Strong and Miss Meechim went and see it by moonlight, and they say that it wuz a more beautiful sight than word's can describe. But I bein' a little afraid of the rumatiz, thought that I had better go by broad daylight, and Josiah did, too. I mistrusted that Robert and Dorothy beheld it by a sweeter and softer light than even the Italian moonlight, but I kep' in and didn't speak my mistrustin'. I dast as soon die as gin vent to any such idee before Albina Meechim.

We went one day to see the Pantheon, built by Mr. Agrippa, 27 B.C. It is a dretful big buildin'; I guess about the biggest ancient buildin' in the world. It has had its ups and downs, shown out in brilliant beauty, been stole from and blackened by the hand of Time, but it is still beautiful.

It wuz dedicated to Jupiter at first, and afterwards to the Virgin and the Christian martyrs, afterwards it was dedicated to all the saints.

In speakin' on this subject, Josiah said: "What a lot of saints they do have in these furren countries," and says he to me, *soto vosy*, "I'd kinder like, Samantha, to get that name; Saint Josiah would sound well and uneek in Jonesville."

But I scorfed at the idee, though knowin' that he wuz jest as worthy to be called saint as a good many who wuz called by that name.

But Josiah is dretful ambitious. When we wuz lookin' at the different pictures of the popes in their high hats, sez he:

"How becomin' such a hat would be to me. I believe I shall be took in one when I get home; I could take Father Allen's and Father Smith's old stove-pipe hats and set my best one on top, and then cut out a wooden cross on top; how uneek it would be."

But I spoze he will forgit it before he gits home—I hope so 'tennyrate.

The Vatican where the Pope keeps house is the biggest house in the world; its dimensions are one thousand one hundred and fifty-one feet, by seven hundred and sixty-seven feet. And if you want to realize the size of such a buildin', you jest try to frame it and you'd find out. Why, as I told Josiah, Joel Gowdey is called our best carpenter in Jonesville, but if he should try to plan that buildin', where would he be? He is a great case to scratch his head in difficulties, Joel is, and I guess he'd be pretty bald before he got through studyin' on it, much less doin' the work. It has twenty courts, two hundred staircases, and 'leven thousand rooms. Josiah worried some about it, and sez:

"What duz one old man want of 'leven thousand rooms? He can't be in more'n one to time, and if he tried to go round and see if his hired help kep' 'em swep' up and mopped and the winders cleaned, it would keep him on the go the hull time and be too much for him."

But I told Josiah that Mr. Pope didn't make use of the hull buildin' his own self, but there wuz libraries in it and museums and picture galleries. I believe myself Mr. Pope is a real likely man, of which more anon. I don't believe that there is a room in the U. S. or the hull surroundin' world so grand and magnificent as the Great Hall of the Vatican Library. It is over two hundred feet long, and glorious in architecture and ornaments from top to bottom. It contains the most priceless treasures in books and manuscripts. For hundreds of years the collection has been constantly growing by purchase, gifts and conquests. One of its choicest treasures is the Bible of the fourth century.

The picture galleries in the Vatican contain pictures and statutes enough, it seems to me, to ornament the parlors of the world if they wuz divided up. And the museum—I don't spoze there is so big a collection in the world of such rare and costly things, and I spoze like as not there will never be another one so large and valuable. I never should try it, nor Josiah wouldn't. It would be too big a tug on our strength, if we had oceans of money, and can no more be described than I could count the sands of the sea and set 'em in rows.

VISITING THE COLOSSEUM BY NIGHT

We thought one day we would visit the Pantheon. Miss Meechim didn't really want to go on account of her conscience partly, and I too felt some as she did, for it wuz a pagan temple riz up to all the gods twenty-seven years before Christ. But finally we all did go. As I told Miss Meechim, we could keep up a stiddy thinkin' on better things, if we wuz lookin' on pagan shrines.

She said she wuz afraid that Rev. Mr. Weakdew wouldn't approve of her being there, and she didn't seem to enjoy herself very much and I d'no as I did. But it must have been a glorious place as fur as beauty is concerned in its prime, for it is beautiful in its ruin. There are no windows, but it has a large circular openin' in the ruff through which I spoze the smoke of sacrifice ascended, not much, I believe, above the figures that used to stand up there fifty feet above the marble and porphry pavement—Mars, Jupiter, Apollo, Minerva, Vulcan, etc., etc. For all everything has been stole from this gorgeous temple that could be, it is grand-lookin' and beautiful now.

(To be continued).

MISSIONARY WORK IN SAMOA

REV. Ebenezer V. Cooper, an English missionary at Tutuila and the Manua group of islands in Samoa, has written a very interesting letter to the Navy Department on the general moral condition of affairs at Tutuila. He says:

Having had for some years past the entire oversight of the religious and educational work on Tutuila and the three islands of the Manua group, I am perhaps in a better position to express the feelings of the islanders on the changes made and being made than any other foreigner resident in these islands. Of the 6,000 population, I have intimate dealings with over 5,000, and am in close touch with their ideas. The natives are more than satisfied to find themselves under the beneficent protection of your Government. Not merely as the missionary of five-sixths of the islanders of Eastern Samoa, but as a Britisher representing a British Missionary Society, to which all Samoa owes its evangelizing and its enlightenment, it is a sincere pleasure to me to express my personal gratitude and satisfaction that your people and Government have become definitely and intimately allied with these islands and their people. That connection cannot but make for the betterment and progress of the islands and islanders alike. When it is remembered that the Government of the United States, through its representative, Commander B. F. Tilley, is now promulgating law and order on a firm, humane, and enlightened basis, for the first time in the history of missionary enterprise in these islands, there is reason for the deepest satisfaction on our part, and it must be equally gratifying to your Government and people to be able to help these islanders to better circumstances, under which they may live together peaceably and progressively. Commander Tilley has done a great deal in a short time, and has done it well and quietly. I have heard natives expressing the hope that he might remain for a long time to come in the position of Governor over Eastern Samoa.

More than five-sixths of these islanders now under your flag are Protestant Christians. They are, on the whole, very loyal to our English Mission, which has wrought for all Samoa, now just on seventy years—our Mission being the pioneer Mission to Samoa, as it was to the South Pacific generally. We have given to these islanders not only a religious literature, but we have given them an educational literature, at a great cost of time and expenditure. We have a system of education extending from village schools to a fairly high class school, and it will be our endeavor to develop and foster this educational work as far as we are able. But, as you may well imagine, the expenditure of our Mission is far beyond what the natives voluntarily contribute; that is nothing, however, if we can only succeed in assisting these islanders to higher ideals, when they shall seek good for its own sake. We trust that these natives may realize that they are in touch with a great people, and respond to every endeavor put forth in their behalf to fit them for a new and useful destiny. All we ask from your Government is a kindly consideration for all that we have tried to do hitherto, and for our continuing labors to make of these islanders an enlightened Christian people.

Hawaii Helps Starving India

India's sad condition has excited world-wide sympathy. From distant Hawaii this letter comes, which shows that the people of the remote Pacific have heard of and felt for India's suffering people:

HILO, Hawaii.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: You will please find enclosed $20, a donation from a small band of converted Portuguese in Hilo, who have never been accustomed to giving. If you will take time, in acknowledging the receipt of this money, to drop a line to them, telling them the worst things you saw about the starving people and also the eagerness or gratefulness with which food was welcomed, it might encourage these people to give again.

Faithfully yours. R. K. BAPTISTE.

"The Hall of the Christ"

AT Chautauqua, a building to bear this name — the first institution of its kind—is in process of erection; and when completed it will be the gem of that lovely summer city of piety and learning. The hall is to be devoted to the study of the Christ. Here, classes will be formed, and lectures and illustrated descriptions of Palestine and particularly of the various scenes and places closely identified with the life of our Lord will be given; the history, social life and customs of his time—everything in fact bearing upon the character, teachings and influence of the God-man, Christ Jesus — will have a place in the course of instruction, research and inspiration for which this unique temple is being fashioned. "It is not," says Mr. Peltz, the architect, who is carrying out the idea and plan as conceived by Bishop Vincent, "to be a place of worship as generally understood by that term. It is in reality a place where spiritual truths will be taught the same as in every other science. It is to be undenominational and for all who believe that Christ is the incarnation of the Divine."

Architecturally, the building is Roman-Greek, because Christ made his appearance when the Roman-Greek type was the dominant style prevailing. The east wing will be devoted to sacred art; the west to literature on the life of Christ. The mural decoration of the great central hall will, as now purposed, be a continuous picture illustrating the parables. The site chosen, a fine grove on rising ground near the classic Hall of Philosophy, is especially fitting, groves being intimately associated with early Christian worship.

THE NEW "HALL OF THE CHRIST," CHAUTAUQUA

A representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently visiting Chautauqua, was glad to note how wonderfully the place and the system of education which caused its existence have developed with the years. The present season shows a larger number of visitors than usual; the lectures and various schools and classes, ranging all the way from cooking to psychology are more interesting and varied than ever; the great choir, of 500 trained voices, is alone worth a visit. One of the best attended and most impressive lectures of the season was that on "India," in which the journey to that country of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S corn-ship in 1896–7 was described; eloquent mention made of the mission of its second relief-ship, the *Quito*; and earnest plea entered for the famine orphans, for whose rescue from destruction of soul and body the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are making such noble and generous efforts.

The Kaiser-Preacher

Seldom do the rulers of the world assume the role of the preacher, but German papers of recent date report that the Emperor William, who has figured as poet and painter, has also entered the pulpit for once. His sermon seems to indicate that the imperial preacher is more familiar with the Old Testament than with the New. His text was Exodus 17: 11: "And it came to pass when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed."

The subject was: "The Holy Duty and Holy Power of Intercession." The reports show that the discourse was belligerent toward China. Of the soldiers going thither the Emperor said:

"They shall be the strong arm which punishes assassins. They shall be the mailed fist which smites that chaotic mass. They shall defend, sword in hand, our holiest possessions.

"True prayer can still cast the banner of the dragon into the dust and plant the banner of the cross upon the walls."

Other extracts are the following:

"Once again has the heathen spirit of the Amalekites been raised in distant Asia with great power and much cunning. With destruction and murder it will dispute the way to European trade and European culture. It will dispute the victorious march of Christian customs and Christian faith.

"And again is heard God's command: 'Choose us out men and go out to fight Amalek.' A hot and sanguinary struggle has begun. Already a number of our brethren are over there under fire. Many more are traveling along hostile coasts.

"You have seen them, the thousands who at the call for volunteers to the front to guard the Empire, have assembled themselves to battle with victorious banners. We who remain at home are bound by other sacred duties. Woe unto us if we remain slothful and sluggish while they are engaged in their difficult and bloody work, and if, from our place of security, we only curiously look on while they wrestle in battle.

"Not only should we mobilize battalions of troops, but we should also, and shall, set in motion an army of trained people to beg and entreat for our brethren that they may strike into the wild chaos with sword in hand. May they strike for our most sacred possessions! We would pray that God, the Lord, may make heroes of our men and lead those heroes to victory, and that then, with laurels on their helmets and orders on their breasts, he may lead them home to the land of their fathers.

"Our fight will not be finished in one day; but let not our hands grow weary or sink until victory is secured. Let our prayers be as a wall of fire around the camp of our brethren.

"Eternity will reveal the fulfilment of an old promise: 'Call upon me in trouble, and I will deliver thee.' Therefore, pray continuously."

Answered Prayers

Reader, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "In behalf of wife and self, giving glory to God for an answer to praying for the restoration of both to health."

Reader, Iowa City, Ia., writes: "I prayed when in trouble and the Lord answered my prayer. I said I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and now desire to give God the glory."

Reader, Island Pond, Vt., writes: "I prayed for my sister, promising if she was restored to health to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She is on the way to complete recovery, and I hasten to write to redeem my promise."

Reader, Denison, Ia., writes: "I promised the Lord if he would restore me to health, while suffering from a severe illness, I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am now recovered, and I write this to keep my word and try to tell how thankful I am."

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HAVE YOU GUESSED?

What the Census will show the population of the United States to be in 1900? If not, don t delay for there is a prize of $15,000 waiting for you if your guess is the nearest correct, and the money is now on deposit for paying the prizes as is shown by the following certificate:

I hereby certify that the Press Publishing Association has deposited $25,000 in the Central Savings Bank for the express purpose of paying the prizes which they offer in their Census Guessing Contest.

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and receive a certificate which will entitle you to participate in the distribution of $25,000 to be distributed in 1,000 cash prizes by the PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, among those making the nearest guess or estimate of the population of the United States and Territories as shown by the official census of 1900—not including our new possessions, just the States and Territories—on the North American Continent. We have made arrangements with the PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION to enable our subscribers to participate in the distribution of the prizes amounting to $25,000.

OUR OFFER: UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE every one Who sends us **50 Cents for One Year's Subscription or 30 Cents for Six Months' Subscription** to the AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST, will be entitled to one guess. No advance is made in the price of a subscription to our paper; the guess is **Absolutely Free.**

YOUR GUESS: When you send in your subscription you make your guess. Be sure and write your name, address and guess as plainly as possible. As soon as we receive your subscription we will fill out and send you a certificate corresponding to guess made by you, which will entitle you to any prize you may draw. Be sure and keep your certificate. We will file the duplicate with the Press Publishing Association. Every subscriber will receive as many certificates and have as many guesses as he sends yearly subscriptions to the AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST. If you want more than one guess, get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. They will also be entitled to a guess with yearly subscriptions. **Only one guess allowed with six months' subscription.**

Valuable Information: To aid our subscribers in forming their estimates, we furnish the following data

Yr.	Total Pop.	Increase.	per ct
1790	3,929,214	929,214	31
1800	5,308,483	1,379,269	35
1810	7,320,881	2,012,398	37
1820	9,638,453	2,317,572	32
1830	12,860,020	3,221,567	33
1840	17,069,453	4,209,433	33
1850	23,191,976	6,122,423	35
1860	31,443,321	8,251,455	35
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22
1880	50,155,783	11,597,412	30
1890	62,622,250	12,466,467	25

The population of 1900 at an increase of 21 per cent would be 75,772,622 (Increase 13,150,972)
At an increase of 22 per cent 76,399,144 (Increase 13,776,894)
At an increase of 23 per cent 77,025,366 (Increase 14,403,116)
At an increase of 24 per cent 77,651,588 (Increase of 15,029,339)
At an increase of 25 per cent 78,277,812 (Increase of 15,655,562)

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

To the nearest correct guess	$15,000	3rd nearest	1,000 00	12th nearest	50 00
To 2nd " " "	5,000 00	4th "	500 00	13th "	40 00
		5th "	300 00	14th "	35 00
		6th "	200 00	15th "	30 00
		7th "	100 00	16th "	25 00
		8th "	90 00	17th "	20 00
		9th "	80 00	18th "	15 00
		10th "	75 00	19th "	15 00
		11th "	60 00	20th "	15 00

Next 180 nearest $5.00 each, $900 00
Next 100 nearest $4.00 each, 400 00
Next 100 nearest $2.50 each, 250 00
Next 200 nearest $2.00 each, 400 00
Next 400 nearest $1.00 each, 400 00
Total 1,000 Prizes $25,000.00

In case of a tie, or that two or more estimators are equally correct, prizes will be divided between them. This contest will close one month before the population is officially announced by the Director of the United States Census at Washington, D. C., and THE AGRICULTURAL EPITOMIST will announce the date when the guessing will close.

REMEMBER THAT THE FIRST PRIZE IS $15.000 and that $25,000 has been deposited with the Central Savings Bank of Detroit, Mich., for the express purpose of paying these prizes, as is certified by the President of this bank. Your guess and chance of winning one of these handsome prizes cost you nothing; **the guess is absolutely free,** for you get a subscription to the best agricultural paper published and the only one **Edited and Printed On a Farm,** without extra charge from the regular subscription price of **50 Cents** for one year or **30 Cents** for six months. **The cash for subscription must accompany your order.** (Sample copy free). Mention this paper when writing and address

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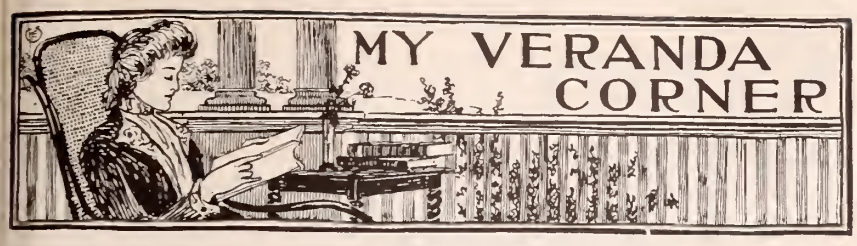

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Unanswered Prayers

"THERE is no use in praying," Alice Franklin's mournful face and black, trailing robes were well-suited to each other, as she rose slowly from her chair in a darkened room to receive her friend. "The Lord has done his worst. My son is dead."

The friend took her passive hand, chill and limp, though the mid-summer day was warm. "Why do you say there is no use in praying, dearest Alice?" she inquired very gently, for a sore grief had come to this house, in the sudden cutting off of a young man in the pride of his youth.

"I prayed, and prayed, and prayed," said the poor mother, in a monotonous, tuneless voice; "but the doctors did their utmost, and Hugh could not survive the operation. Prayer does no good. The heavens are deaf."

"I know how lonely you are, my dear," and the friend spoke very softly, for she, too, knew grief and woe, "but you must not accuse God. There may be reasons which he keeps to himself why it was better for Hugh to go to him than to remain longer here. His servants shall serve him there, and he knows why he takes them up higher, even when their going makes us very desolate. Prayer which seems unanswered often has the kindest answer. We can but rest our hearts on the blessed will of God, and be assured that whatever he sends, or whatever he takes away, all is right. Pray to him still, dear heart, if only for submission."

The household of the sorrowing is always a very large one, and there are often in it those who are tempted to charge the Lord with forgetfulness because they do not receive from him the "yes" they pray for. But sooner or later, if we continue on earth, we learn that God's way for us is best, and that a boon withheld, or a boon denied, is better than a granted boon, if God so please. And, if we are Christians who believe in an immortal life, and in the everlasting service of heaven, ought we not to felicitate those who go from this troublesome world to that happy one? "I wish you joy, my daughter," said a saint of God, Mrs. Isabella Graham, as she stood beside the coffin where, like a broken lily, her child lay in the last sleep.

Alice Franklin could not realize it in the first stunning effect of her boy's sudden death, but the Lord who called him hence was merciful and good, and as surely as the sun shall rise in the morning sky, comfort would come to her in time. Hers was the common mistake of feeling that God is forgetting us because he deals us a blow, not in chastisement, but in love, as in old times the king's sword laid heavily on the shoulder of a kneeling man was the accolade of knighthood.

THE PRAYER OF CHILDHOOD

"Our Father,"—sweet as breath of flowers at morn,
Ascendeth praise where little children pray:
Not lovelier is the lark's glad song at dawn,
Not brighter is the promise of the day.

"Our Father,"—one can never orphaned be
Who says these words to us by Jesus given.
"Our Father,"—lo, the tender, hallowed plea
Giveth the homeless hope of home in heaven!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JENNIE. "Pansy" and Margaret E. Sangster are not related. The latter lives in Greater New York. The former resides in Philadelphia.

—A READER. You have common sense, a rare endowment in these days, when we are all so full of fads and fancies. I would rather my daughter had that than the most elaborate accomplishments under the sun.

—W. A. G. It would be very queer and unfriendly of a young woman not to invite her old friend and schoolmate to call on her when he should pass through her town *en route* somewhere else. She might even go farther and ask him to dinner or to tea with propriety. Common sense rules in such matters. As a general thing, we need not be afraid to violate a conventional rule by doing a kind act.

—CLARICE. You may take this comfort concerning the evil and blasphemous thoughts that torment you, that they are suggestions from without, from the devil or his agents. The Bible tells us that this enemy of our race is always going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. I have no doubt whatever that many of the disturbing fancies which assail you in prayer came straight from him, the Bible says again, "resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

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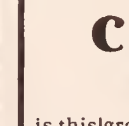

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The Broad and Narrow Way*

A Way Broad Enough for the Soul But Not Broad Enough for Sin . .

IN one of the secret societies, the candidate for admission is said to be taken into an outer room and directed to remove from his person all money and every article of value he has. He is also ordered to take off his coat and vest. In that condition he must knock at the door of the room in which the members of the order are assembled and ask for admission as a poor man. It is explained to him afterwards that he went through that discipline to teach him that it was not his possessions nor his rich clothing that obtained admission to the order for him, but that he was admitted as a poor man and he must therefore be ready to receive and help the poor. Admission to Christ's kingdom is similarly the admission of a soul, not of a man of wealth and honor. Those are extraneous things that do not count. The rich man and the poor man are equally welcome to Christ if they come in the right spirit. The gate by which they enter is strait, that is, narrow, because people bearing burdens of wealth are not wanted there. It is the man himself who is wanted. He must leave his riches outside, otherwise he cannot get through the narrow gate. This does not mean that a rich man must strip himself of his possessions before Christ will receive him; but it does mean that he must be ready to do so if he discovers that only in that way can he become a member of Christ's kingdom. It is the spirit that is tested. A man who loves his wealth more than he loves Christ, who being confronted with the alternative of giving up his wealth or giving up Christ, would give up Christ, is not fit for the kingdom of Christ.

The familiar story of the child and the vase illustrates this principle. The child playing alone in his father's parlor raised an outcry. His father found the trouble was that the boy had put his hand in a valuable vase and could not withdraw it. After pulling at it in vain, the father thought it would be necessary to break the vase to liberate the child: but, as it was very beautiful and precious, he was reluctant to do so, and so made one more effort. "Now, my boy," he said, "open your hand and bring your finger tips close together, and we will pull." The child shook his head and said, "No, if I open my hand I shall drop my penny." He had a penny tightly clutched in his little fist, and it was in trying to secure that, that he had got into his difficulty. The tight clutch on this world's goods has held many a man a prisoner. Many a man has perished in a fire through trying to save some of his valuables. Not long ago a man was drowned because when he jumped into the sea from a sinking vessel, he had around his body a belt heavily weighted with his gold. There are times when a man must choose whether he will lose his property or his life. In the French Revolution, at the close of the last century, the man of wealth and honor was sure to be denounced and sent to the guillotine. The only way of escape if he had stayed until the Reign of Terror began, was to give up everything and become a poor man. Every one sees that in such a strait the path of wisdom is to abandon the property to save the life; but few realize that when it is the soul that is in peril, it should be saved at the cost of everything else. Such an alternative is not presented to every rich man. There are many who would hold their wealth so lightly that they would follow Christ at any sacrifice, and of such the sacrifice is not required.

Christ looks to the heart in every case: the outward circumstances do not enter into the judgment. Pride, avarice and lust will keep a man out of the kingdom, whether they are gratified or not. It was only sticks and straws that the man whom Bunyan saw was raking together, but he was so intent on them that he had no leisure to look up at the angel who was offering him a crown. The strait gate is wide enough to admit any soul, but not wide enough to admit any sin. In an evangelistic service in Brooklyn recently, a young man was deeply moved. He prayed earnestly and he sought the advice of the preacher. The way of salvation was clearly explained to him and he evidently understood it, but he could not find peace. "You must be keeping something secret from me," said the preacher. "I am," said the young man. He drew from his pocket a letter and said: "This is it. This is an invitation I have long sought and planned to get. I have tried by every means I know to overcome the scruples of the writer, but the invitation was withheld. It has come at last and I must accept; I know it is wrong, but I cannot resist." The preacher said: "Well, your soul is at stake; God help you, for I cannot." It is such things that hem in the way and make it narrow. There is no difficulty in taking them into the broad way; but the end of that way is destruction. There is nothing for nothing in this life. Every truly desirable thing can be attained only by sacrifice. It costs, and the question is whether it is worth what it will cost. Christ made no secret of the fact. To follow him was not easy; it was no path of roses, but the end was eternal life.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 16. Matt. 7: 13, 14.

A Bowery Mission Composer

VICTOR H. BENKE, the organist of the Bowery Mission, the story of whose conversion has recently been related in these columns, has appeared before the Christian public in a new light—that of a composer of sacred song. Shortly after his conversion, he came into contact with Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who secured his services as organist for a series of Gospel meetings in Cooper Union. Since that time, in all the Moody meetings in Carnegie Hall, Grand Central Palace, and elsewhere, he has invariably occupied the same position. It is only recently, however, that Mr. Sankey became aware of his ability as a composer, and being impressed with the originality and beauty of his first productions, contracted with Mr. Benke for every musical production that came from his pen, which will be published by the Biglow & Main Co. Many of Mr. Benke's compositions have already been published, and a small ten-cent edition of his sacred songs has appeared. Mr. Sankey himself is surprised at the readiness with which Mr. Benke composes his beautiful tunes. Very often whilst travelling on a ferry-boat or train, or even during the progress of the Bowery Mission meeting, from which he is rarely, if ever, absent, he may be seen suddenly to dive into his pocket for a scrap of paper and pencil, and in a few minutes another tune, of exquisite beauty, and perfect in all its harmonic parts, has come into existence. In the little collection of sacred songs alluded to, there appear a few that have already been sung to delighted audiences in several of the city churches by Mr. Benke and his coadjutors from the Bowery Mission; and by soloists at the Gospel tent. Probably the tunes that are destined to live the longest are, "Like a Shepherd," "Just for To-day," and "I'm Holding On." The book also contains a few of Mr. Sankey's and Mr. Stebbins' best and most popular tunes.

* * *

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Kind Words from an Indian Journal

(Indian Witness, Bombay, July 7)

A telegram is published announcing the receipt by the Bombay Relief Committee of a third remittance of $100,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York. One may apply the words of King Lemuel in this case: "Other (papers) have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

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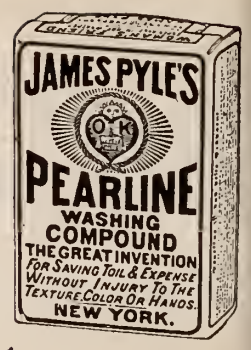

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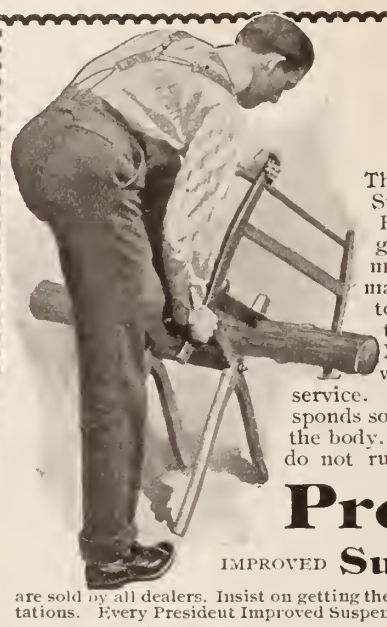

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SUMMER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

SCUPS, WILD FLOWERS AND RING-A-ROSIES—THE STAGE RIDE—WOODLAND RAMBLE—DINNER TIME

THE summer days are passing all too swiftly for our joyous tots at Mont-Lawn. Every little guest seems to be seeking to make the very most out of his or her outing. The hillsides ring with

A HAPPY TIME ON THE PLAYGROUND

glad shouts and merry laughter, the scups are in constant occupation by happy folk; tiny lads and lassies, clasping hands in gay ring-a-rosies, circle continually about the lawn, singing "All around the mulberry-bush," and other ring-a-rosy ditties. Groups of wee busybodies may be seen at the big sand-pile, making sand houses and mud pies to their heart's content. Here and there one finds a quiet little one sitting off by himself, singing in a way, thoroughly satisfied at his undisturbed freedom and at the sand-castle which he is constructing exactly according to his own notion, with no big boy by to give advice as to how it ought to be done. Presently a sound comes from the road:

Here we are! here we are!
C. H., C. H., ha! ha! ha!

The stage rolls in at the gate, loaded with boys and girls who have been taken on a ride in the country, over the hills and around by placid Rockland Lake. They have marvelous stories to tell of cows and ducks and chickens seen on the way; and of pleasant adventures with kindly farmers who had good words and gifts of apples for the little city waifs. Another company soon makes it appearance, returning from a long stroll in the woods, arms loaded down with ferns and wild-flowers, and tongues wagging merrily with tales of fun and frolic.

The dinner-bell rings, and then isn't there a scampering from all directions of hungry, happy children! How blithely they march into the big tent to the rat-a-tat-tat of the important little drummer who leads the way. Standing around the long tables, they fold their little hands and sing their pretty grace:

God is great, God is good,
And we thank him for this food.

The justice that is done to the bountiful repast beggars description. "Mountains of bread and oceans of milk" disappear, and meat and potatoes suffer no neglect. Teachers fly from table to table, careful that no child shall rise up hungry. This is a company unused to having enough; many of them know what sharp, unsatisfied hunger is, what it is to go breakfastless, dinnerless and supperless, picking up a bit of food here and there as they can find it. The following are typical cases:

Katie L.'s mama sent her away from her father, who drank and beat her. The child's back is lame from a blow and she has a chronic digestive trouble which the doctors attribute to unnatural fastings. The little girl was happy during her first day at the Home, but as night came on she began to be depressed. Her teacher heard her crying in her little cot and bent over her. "O teacher," sobbed the faithful little one, "I'm so afraid for my mama. My papa'll come home drunk and he'll hurt my mama." The anxiety that weighed down this tiny creature was so great that it took her nearly a week to enter fully into the sweet, happy life of care-free childhood, guarded and guided as it is at our Home; letters from her mama and comforting assurances from her teacher that God was ever present with her mama, helped to put the little troubled heart at ease.

Gertrude is one of a family of six who occupy two tiny rooms in a big, squalid tenement. She looked thin, pale and bloodless and as if she couldn't live a week when she came to the Home. "When I was sick," she said, "a good doctor came and he said I ought to have heaps of milk and eggs, and my mama cried; and he gave me milk tickets. But they were all gone and I didn't have any milk tickets for a long time before I came here. I get lots of milk here—and it's got thick cream on it. It's awful nice to play on grass, too. I never played on grass before I came here."

. . .

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A F W, Plainfield	1 00
Total	$6,834 12

About 500 other donations will be acknowledged.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY, Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN, Pittsburgh.
DAVIS-CHAMBERS, Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK, Pittsburgh.
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HALF the trouble people have with paint, nowadays, is because they hurry the painter. If you want the old-fashioned kind of painting — the kind that lasts — employ a competent painter and see that he uses Pure "old Dutch process" White Lead [these in margin are genuine brands] and allow time enough between coats for the paint to dry.

FREE For colors use National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. Any shade desired is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving full information and showing samples of Colors, also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Experience With Paints" forwarded upon application.

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Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Costumes, Fine Millinery, Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings, House Furnishing Goods, Fine Furniture, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Cameras, Books, Groceries, etc., etc.

A Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue of the New Fall and Winter Goods Free to Out-of-Towners

Every Spring and every Fall we issue free to out-of-town applicants a handsome catalogue, which describes and illustrates the newest fashions and kinds of merchandise to be popular during the season. It is a very useful book, particularly to those living outside of the metropolis, for it places the reader in touch with the greatest fashion centre in America, and enables he or she to buy the newest merchandise in the market at the regular New York prices, which means at times a great saving.

Our Fall and Winter Edition Will be Ready Sept. 15

If you want a copy send us your name and address as soon as you read this, for the edition will be limited and will go quickly. Mention this paper.

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of those two broad shoulder straps on the FERRIS GOOD SENSE WAIST. They bear the burden of the skirts, transferring the dragging weight from the sensitive part of the body to the shoulders. They hold you gently erect, supporting the bust from the top. They permit the dress to fit without a ridge or wrinkle.

FERRIS'
Good Sense Waists

represent the true reform of dress. Nothing lost in beauty—everything gained in health and comfort. Send for Ferris' Book of Models.

The Ferris Good Sense Corset Waists are sold by all **leading retailers.** Do not take substitutes.

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Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment, a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." W. B. Conway, M. D., Pres. Athens, Ga., Board of Health.

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The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

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of cost to you. A **Few Hours Work WILL EARN** this fine upholstered **ROCKER** or a full upholstered **EASY CHAIR** by our new and easy plan of taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our fine Toilet Soaps Flavoring Extracts. Perfumes, Complexion Powders, etc.

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Stunning effects in all the precious metals, silver, gun metal, etc.

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Welch's Grape Juice is recommended by physicians—especially those who prescribe food instead of drugs. It is a valuable tonic food for "run down" people. It is a blood maker that produces an immediate vigor from which there is no reaction. Sold by druggists and grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

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PURCHASING IN NEW YORK at a saving of 10 to 25 per cent. It will pay you to send for latest announcement.

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CHRIST IS LEFT AND HE IS ALL

DO thy friends reproach and grieve thee?
Do disasters swiftly fall?
Cherished hopes and blessings leave thee?
Christ is left and he is all.

CHO.—Christ is left and he is all;
Christ is left and he is all.
Never fear, tho all forsake thee,
Christ is left and he is all.

"When thou passest through the waters,"
He has said, "I am with thee;
Trust me, O my sons and daughters,
Ye shall safely stay with me!"

On the Rock thy feet are planted
If thy trust in God abide.
Great deliverance shall be granted
If thy heart be true when tried.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home.

Prev ack	$189 50
J S J, Silver Lake	5 00
Lillie T Smith	1 00
Martha Borland	6 00
H O Draper	5 00
Friend, Augusta	5 00
S C Burnham	2 00
Total	$213 50

Any Good Cause

Prev. ack	$215 56
Friend, E Berne	10 00
Sadie A Cranford	1 00
Mrs Hannah White	1 00
Jas W Tragle	51
Willis Stevenson	25
F H Rudd	5 00
Total	$233.32

Jerry McAuley Mission

Prev ack	$16 25
H O Draper	5 00
A Mitchell	1 00
Total	$22.25

Mayesville Institute

Prev. ack	$74 00
Miss Mary Ames	35 00
Total	109.00

Porto Rico S. S.

Prev. ack	$232 10
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Mrs M T Brower	1 00
R H B, Canon City	34
Total	$234 44

School for Syrian Girls

For Jesus' sake, Fire Side	1 00

Emilio Olssen's South American Mission

Prev ack	$114 95
Friend, N Y City	5 00
H Farnsworth	1 00
Total	$120 95

Armenian Fund

Prev. ack	$600 62
Ladies Aid Soc Bridgeport	5 00
1st Cong Church, Detroit	73 60
Children's Offering, Muskegon	1 45
Ladies' Miss'y Meeting, Muskegon	12 00
H L Hackley	10 00
Mr & Mrs Kalaijian	5 00
Children in Home for Friendless, Chicago	59
Teacher & pupils, Industrial class	1 00
Marion Carpenter	3 00
Gurden Corning	100 00
Kenwood Evan, Ch, Chicago	56 49
Friend, Ottawa	1 00
Per Secy W B M I	30 00
Gracia Barnhart	5 00
Mrs G S Hubbard	5 00
H C Lewis	10 00
Mrs Sarah Zaeriski	20 00
Mrs C B Smith	20 00
Janet C Hood	5 00
Lady, 1st Cong Ch Oak Park	2 00
Others, Oak Park	2 56
S W Packard & family	30 00
Union Cong Ch, Auburn Park	6 90
E S Ransym	5 00
Lucy A Smith	5 00
Mrs S B Howard	2 00
Cong Ch, Fond du Lac	14 61
Ladies' Miss'y Soc, Evansten	16 10
Coug Ch, Sterling	37 50
Union Meeting Cong Ch, Sterling	25 10
Miss J Boak	2 00
Mrs S I Curtiss	30 00
Mrs W C Hamilton	30 00
Miss Frances B Wells	64 00
Total	$1,237 52

Gospel Work in Cuba

Prev ack	$13 00
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Total	$14 00

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev ack	$9 00
I H N, Manchester	1 00
Mrs M E W Aycock	2 50
Total	$12 50

Tomb's Chaplain's Mission

Prev. ack	$1 00
—, Carlisle	5 00
Total	$6 00

Florence Crittenden Mission

F L G, Washington	5 00

St John's Guild Floating Hospital

Miss Julia Hyde E	1 00

N Y Homeopathic Hospital, Children's Dept

—, Carlisle	10 00

Freedman's Aid and Southern Education

—, Carlisle	10 00

East Africa Famine Fund

Prev ack	$459 43
Mrs H W Brown	5 00
—, Bell Island	5 00
Total	$469 43

News from Nome

Late and reliable news from Cape Nome reaches us through a letter from Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, who reports a somewhat improved state of affairs there. He says:

In the midst of the indescribable rush and scramble seen, heard and felt on every side in this great camp of tents and unfinished buildings, I stop just long enough to send a word of greeting to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, and to say that the beds and medicines have safely arrived and are already being put to their beneficent use. With the aid of this new equipment and the cooperation of the Chamber of Commerce, the hospital is already planning to give the poor a free dispensary; and to provide adequate care for the indigent sick of the place. There have been considerable smallpox and pneumonia since the "rush" came, but with the city drained, and good water piped down from "Moonlight Creek" in the hills, all forms of disease are lessening. The long-looked-for rains have just come, and there is much anxiety felt for the health of those not properly sheltered. Lack of water has caused nearly all the mines to shut down. Wages and the price of commodities have been reduced from a half to three-fourths. Thousands of newcomers are disappointed and are returning to the States. But Nome has still more people than gold for them to find. LOYAL L. WIRT.

On Jellies
preserves and pickles, spread a thin coating of refined
PARAFFINE WAX
Will keep them absolutely moistnre and acid proof. Paraffine Wax is also useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions in each pound package.
Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

POINTS ON PENCILS

vary as much as do the pencils themselves, from very good to very bad.

You may not be able to put an artistic point on your pencil, but if you buy

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

the point will last and the pencil work smoothly and satisfactorily as long as the lead is exposed. Do not court annoyance by using the cheap pencils commonly sold, but insist on Dixon's and have the best.

THE GRADE NEVER VARIES

Ask for them at your dealer's; if not obtainable mention THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and **send 16 cents for samples worth double.**

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,

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Send ten cents to-day for three months' trial subscription to the

AMERICAN BOY

The best boys' paper. Pure, inspiring. Departments: Stories, Successful Boys, Business Talks, Money Making, Books, Home, Church, School, Office, Store, Factory, Farm, Journalism, Printing, Photography, Stamps, Coins, Curios, Orator and Debater, Science, Travel, Puzzles and others. 32 pages beautifully illustrated.

$1000 in Cash Prizes and a choice from 300 elegant premiums given for subscribers $1 a year. Trial 3 months' sub. for 10c.

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BOYS PAPER FREE if you will send names of 5 boy friends over 12 years of age we will send you the Star for 3 months free. Greatest boys' paper published. Address with stamp, **THE STAR, Dept. 30, OAK PARK, ILLS.**

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Every housewife should b familiar with the lates designs in silverware. Ou

Free Book of Illustrations

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International Silver Co., Successor to

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$1.25 FOR NOTHING

Our presses have completed printing our Catalogue No. 99, of everything to EAT, USE AND WEAR. Each copy costs $1.00 to print and 25 cents to mail. As an evidence of interest, send 10 cents in stamps to help pay postage, and you may deduct these 10 cents **from your first order of $1.** It required 47 carloads of paper for this wonderful catalogue, which contains 480 pages, size 10½x14 inches, equivalent to over 1000 pages of the ordinary catalogue. We save you 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. on everything you buy at every season of the year. This book quotes wholesale prices to consumers, and with it in your possession you buy cheaper than the average dealer.

There is little you can think of that this book does not contain, excepting Locomotives and Boats. We even quote Live Animals. Everything a man, woman or child wears, all kinds of food, everything for the home, for the office, for a hotel, for use on a farm, in a barn, or for every known purpose, can be found in this catalogue. This book contains over 13,000 illustrations and quotes prices on over 150,000 different articles.

Lithographed Carpet, Rug and Drapery Catalogue, and our Clothing Catalogue with large samples attached, are also Free. Expressage paid on Clothing; Freight paid on Carpet.

Which book shall we send? Address this way:

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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

REMOVES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN

COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT.

Thousands of letters like this prove our assertions:

"Curtis, Miss., Sept 1st, 189 The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed fo it. It freed me from the worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the Brace I suffered with prolapsus, periodical cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.

"Mrs. Susie Woodard."

Send for full information with booklet, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE CO.,

Box 171, Salina, Kansas

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

A NEW AID For the DEAF

SENT ON TRIAL, Absolutely FREE of expense or risk. Address

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107 Park Row .. New York.

Don't Delay taking advantage of the wonderful offer made in The Christian Herald, August 22d issue, for a $3.75 book for $1.00—Miss Willard's **"Occupations for Women."**

P. B. Bromfield & Co., Bible House, New York.

FREE YEARS TRIAL

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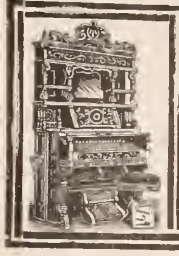


Money back with interest if not satisfied with your bargain. Write today for our latest catalogue. It is **free.** It shows you the latest and most up-to-date **Organs** and **Pianos** on the market. It tells you all about our patent combination actions and orchestral attachments which imitate a great variety of stringed instruments. Something new and novel that never fails to please. A discount of $10.00 on every Organ and $20.00 on every Piano if you get our catalogue now. We sell for cash or on easy payments. **No money in advance required. From factory to home. No agents.** No middlemen's profits. Write today.

BEETHOVEN PIANO & ORGAN CO.

Box 741 Washington, N.J.

FRIENDS HELP

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking a cup and a half of coffee once a day I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. Mrs. H. A. Hober, for many years State president of the W.C.T.U., a personal friend, told me she had been greatly benefitted by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum Food Coffee.

"Another lady, Mrs. Mary Baker, of Red Wing, Minn., had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years and found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum Food Coffee twice a day. She was wholly cured. Mrs. Judge Stocker of Minneapolis told me that Postum Food Coffee was a God-send to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." Mrs. Mary Harrington, St. Paul Park, Minn.

10 YEARS FREE TRIAL
THE UNIQUE CORNISH PLAN

OF SELLING PIANOS and ORGANS has spread over the entire civilized world and has been the means of building up a vast business

Over a Quarter of a Million Satisfied Customers

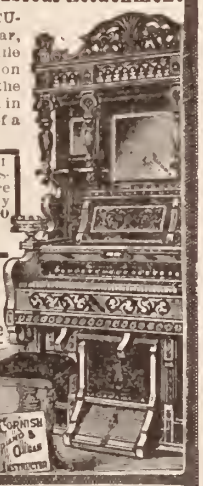
PIANOS $155
All latest Musical Attachments.

attest the honesty of this modern method of piano selling. We Warrant our Pianos and Organs for 25 Years. Back of that Warranty is a business worth over a million dollars.

FREE Our Souvenir Catalogue for 1900 is one of the most comprehensive musical books in the trade. The frontispiece is a masterly reproduction in colors of an oil painting representing St. Cecilia and the Angelic Choir. This catalogue is sent, postpaid, together with a novel reference book—"The Heart of the People"—and our latest special offers, free. The catalogue describes all our pianos and organs. It tells about

The Cornish Patent Musical Attachment

for Pianos, Imitates ACCURATELY Harp, Banjo, Guitar, Zither, Mandolin, etc., while the famous patent Combination Multitone Reed Action make the CORNISH Organs unequalled in tone—reproduce the power of a full orchestra.



A prompt response to this advertisement will secure a DISCOUNT of $10 on the list price in our 1900 Catalogue on any CORNISH ORGAN or $20 on the list price of a CORNISH PIANO.

Send for particulars of the Cornish Co-operative Plan showing how you can make money working for us, or a Cornish Piano or Organ Free

References: Your bank, our bank, any bank.

ORGANS $25
Cash or Easy Payments.

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ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

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UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

YOU WANT MOODY'S LATEST SERMONS.

Authentic and authorized; eight characteristic recent addresses, with portrait and sample page of original sermon notes, 10cts. postpaid. The sale of this and 90 other books of same series insures an income to Moody Schools. Agents wanted. A. P. FITT, Supt., 250 LaSalle Ave., Chicago, Ill., or East Northfield, Mass.

SHE SANG FOR INDIA

ANOTHER young singer has been helping India's suffering children. Miss E. R. Proud, of Port Richmond, S. I., recently handed to the Fund

MISS E. R. PROUD

$95 for India, the proceeds of a concert, which was the result of her own enterprise, in which she induced her friends to take part, and to which she lent the melody of her own sweet voice. She tells the story of her undertaking thus:

"I just asked the aid of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and they generously printed me the tickets and posters, which people of our town kindly displayed in windows. The official board of Trinity M.E.Church, of which I am a member, granted the use of the building and gave the lights. Then I went to work and got up my programme, securing enough advertisements for the back of the sheet to pay all incidental expenses of the printing and entertainment." Miss Proud had made a previous gift to India, but she says: "I did not feel satisfied that I had done enough work for my Master."

With Dr. Klopsch in India

Mr. B. A., a Christian worker in India, writing from Chikulda Berar, says of Dr. Klopsch's recent tour:

It was an inspiration to be daily in his company, so remarkable was his energy and so genuine and undemonstrative his sympathy in the starvation, which he saw for the first time and all at once in its most awful form. I could scarcely have believed that a man with so lively a sense for the interesting and enjoyable side of life would come to India without visiting one of the places which tourists love to see, or giving a thought or an hour to the lions of the cities where duty took him. His mind was bent on seeing the famine, and he spared no effort to see as much of it as possible. He knew nothing of midday rest or afternoon *siesta*, but either wrote in the house or went about inspecting all day long. Although not in good health, suffering habitually from sleeplessness, and quite unused to the Indian sun, he thrice took a drive of from six to fourteen miles in the heat of the day, and then spent one, two, or three hours on his feet inspecting a relief work or a poor-house. I have known him to visit three places in a day, and walk about in the blazing sun of May for several hours at a time, till he had seen all he wanted.

An Octogenarian Christian

From a reader in New Jersey (Mrs. John R. Fanshawe) we have received this very interesting letter:

SPRING LAKE BEACH, N. J., Aug. 18.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought it might be interesting for you to know that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been read for years by an old lady of eighty, who has not been able to leave her bed for fifty years. She lives among the hills of Wales with her daughter. At times she reads the paper by holding an oil lamp in one hand and the paper in the other. The sermons by Dr. Talmage she reads with the utmost interest. What a joy to her if she could see Dr. Talmage face to face, and hold his hand in a warm Christian grasp. Sincerely yours,

MRS. J. R. FANSHAWE.

Keep yourself healthy and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. When you are ailing you want a medicine that will relieve you. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be convinced of its merit.

SUN PASTE
STOVE POLISH
A labor saver—quick and easy shiner—polishes brightest, without odor, dust or muss—up-to-date—it's a sunshine!
MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

Flowers for Winter and Spring!

We will give, absolutely free and mailed postage prepaid, a collection of twenty choice California grown Freesia bulbs to any person who sends us 25 cents for a six months' trial subscription for our great magazine, HOW TO GROW FLOWERS. This offer is good for a limited time only. Good Freesia bulbs usually sell for 5 cents each. The regular subscription price of HOW TO GROW FLOWERS is 50 cents a year.

Flowers are Nature's sweetest gift to man. Their fragrant presence is always welcome, but is never so highly appreciated as during the dreary days of winter. It is then flowers most appeal to us, and every home should possess at least a few winter blooming plants. The Freesia is the best of winter blooming bulbs. No description can do adequate justice to its beauty. The flowers are two inches long and about the same in width, shaped like miniature gladioli, and borne in clusters of six to ten, on depressed horizontal scapes. The body of the flower is pure white, lower segments spotted with yellow. The perfume is most delicious. The cultivation of the Freesia is of the simplest, as the bulbs require only to be potted, watered sparingly at first, placed in a sunny window, and watered more freely as growth progresses. To have the best results, the bulbs should be planted early in the fall—this month if possible.

20 FINE FREESIAS FREE

We give you these splendid bulbs free of all cost to induce you to subscribe six months on trial for HOW TO GROW FLOWERS. This great magazine should be taken by every lover of flowers. It deserves a place in every home. Beyond question it is the best floral journal published. Each number contains 36 large pages, printed on fine book paper, beautifully illustrated. It tells when, how and what to plant, when and how to prune, when and how to mulch, how to protect in winter, how to get rid of insects, water and heat needed, how to bed out plants, the best varieties, about floral decorations, and gives complete directions for having success with flowers. It is the only floral paper not run by commercial florists. Worth a dollar a year. All illustrations made from photographs, thus showing flowers as they actually are. Liberal prize offers to subscribers in every number.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER:—Send us 25 cents for HOW TO GROW FLOWERS six months, and you will not only receive the magazine, but also, absolutely free and postage prepaid, a collection of 20 magnificent Freesia bulbs, worth 5 cents each. Five Collections and Five Trial Subscriptions for $1.00. Get four of your friends to accept this offer, and secure your own paper and bulbs free. We guarantee satisfaction. Order today, as we cannot keep this offer open very long. Address

THE FLORAL PUBLISHING CO., 55 Citizens' Bank Bldg., Springfield, Ohio.

Brought back to life.

This was virtually the case with Mrs. Nellie Cameron, of Lockport, N. Y. She was the victim of a severe case of stomach trouble and was slowly starving to death. She could derive no nourishment from her food, as the stomach was too weak to retain it long enough to digest it. She wasted to a mere shadow, doctors failed to help her and she lost all hope of recovery, until finally on the advice of a friend she began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and to them she owes her life. Here is her own story:

"In the fall of 1898 I was in a deplorable condition. I had stomach trouble in the very worst form. Nothing at all would stay on my stomach, and I had to almost starve myself. My side pained me constantly. The lack of nourishment caused me to lose flesh rapidly; I dropped from 138 to 97 pounds, growing weaker all the time. There was not the slightest color in my face. I was simply a shadow of my former self. Able physicians treated me, but failed absolutely. I was a complete wreck when a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box greatly improved my condition; it was astonishing how quickly they built me up. I believe Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life. I was enabled to sleep, and in the morning I felt refreshed and rested. My stomach was strengthened, what I ate benefited me, my weight increased, and I soon regained all that I had lost. I am now well and strong. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Nellie Cameron.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1899.

Stacy D. Behe,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.

Corns removed free. A trial box of A-CORN SALVE sent free to any address.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

A Remarkable Remedy for

Rheumatism

Mr. J. F. Brookfield writes from Salisbury, N. C.: "While in Knoxville, Tenn., last December, I met an elderly gentleman, a professor of music, who had been troubled for several years with rheumatism. I told him I would send down, before I left town, a bottle of Tartarlithine, which I believed would help him if it didn't entirely relieve him. While in Montgomery, this trip, his son told me it did his father so much benefit that they had written to you to send their father half a dozen bottles. The benefit given to the old gentleman is very remarkable, after exhausting all the physician's skill, and the legion of remedies advertised for his complaint had been used."

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00, and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent free.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
91 Fulton Street New York
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

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Everybody Can Play

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A Money-Making Musical Feature for Church Entertainments.

Above is Picture of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, of the Scott Street United Brethren Church, of Baltimore, Md.

Read the remarkable testimonial

of Wm. J. Siemers, the leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band.

Baltimore, Md.
April 11, 1900.

STRAUSS MFG. CO.,
369 Broadway, N.Y.

Gentlemen:—I send you today copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the "Zobo" Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo.

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Because its price is very reasonable.
Because it is suited to all kinds of voices.
Because it is a constant source of pleasure.
Because it is a complete entertainment in itself.
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Because it improves and highly cultivates the voice.

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Why Don't You?

Is there anything at all that we can say or do to convince ALL the married ladies who read this paper that we are actually giving **free** to every married lady in the United States who writes for it an elegant sterling silver-plated sugar shell, such as jewelers sell at 75c each? There is no "catch" about this offer. It is straightforward and honest. It is our way of advertising the merits of Quaker Valley silverware. There is no requirement to buy anything. The sugar shell will be sent by return of mail. This offer is not open to children. But one sugar shell will be sent to a family. Ladies who have already received one will please not ask for another, as we have a record of all to whom we have given them. One, however, will be freely given. If convenient, please enclose a stamp or two to help pay cost of mailing; but don't let this deter you from writing. If you fear that we are swindlers and that there is danger of receiving no returns for the postage stamps you enclose, just send name and address. Please cut this advt. out and return it with your request. (This is important).

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 37

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A MISSIONARY RIDER IN THE MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY

On her pony and with her little son as company, this brave and devoted worker has ridden 2,000 miles in a year, giving the Gospel to the mountaineers *(See page 745).*

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

These Questions Will be Answered Oct. 10

1. Upon what do people who believe that each person upon earth has a "guardian angel" base their belief?
2. What is the most explicit and definite quotation of the Old Testament in the New?
3. In conversion, is faith or repentance experienced first?
4. Did the elders of Israel see God, as is stated in Exodus 24: 10, 11, or has no one seen him at any time, as is stated in John 1: 18?
5. Since the tree of life in the Garden of Eden was not forbidden to Adam, why did he not eat of its fruit?
6. Should a Christian become surety for his friend if that is the best way of helping him, or is he justified in refusing because of the warning in Proverbs 6: 1 and other passages?
7. Is the use of tea and coffee, as a whole, a blessing or a bane to the human race?
8. Is a wife justified in giving to philanthropic or religious work unknown to her husband, when she is satisfied that it is his duty which he is neglecting?
9. What conclusive proofs exist (outside of Scripture) that death does not end all?
10. When two members of the same church quarrel and the minister is unable to reconcile them and is in doubt which is in the right, ought he to exclude both from the Lord's table until they are reconciled, or leave the matter to their own consciences?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

QUESTIONS . . . . . OF THE WEEK

1. When do the "dog-days" begin and how did the term originate?

A period of from four to six weeks, variously placed by almanac makers between the early part of July and the early part of September, is called "dog-days," in reference to the rising in ancient times of the dog-star (Sirius) with the sun, popularly the sultry, close part of the summer. The conjunction of the rising of the dog-star with the rising of the sun was regarded by the ancients as one of the causes of the sultry heat of summer, and of the maladies which then prevailed. These days the Romans called the caniculares dies ("days of the dogs.") But as the conjunction does not occur at the same time in all latitudes, and is not constant in the same region for a long period, there has been much variation in calendars regarding the limits of the dog-days. In an ancient calendar of Bede, the beginning of dog days is placed on the 14th of July. In a calendar prefixed to the Common Prayer, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, they began on the 6th of July and ended on the 5th of September. From the restoration to the beginning of New Style (1752), British almanacs placed the beginning on the 19th of July and the end on the 28th of August. After 1752, the beginning was put on the 30th of July, the end on the 7th of September. Some English calendars now put the beginning on July 3d, and ending on August 11th. A popular American almanac of the present time places the beginning on the 25th of July and the end on the 5th of September.

CLARA VAN PELT.

[Excellent answers have also been received from J. H. S., Mrs. Julia Hallenbeck, Henry Richter, G. A. Haury, Caroline Schneider, Lucy M. Marston, W. J. Boyd, Otilda C. Meyer, Lizzie Brown, Harriet W. Stillman, Mrs. J. E. Welch, Grace E. Weston, Anna F. Tatum, and several others.]

2. When a boy or girl of fifteen years old or more, is persistently disobedient, say for example in staying out until a late hour at night, and kindly entreaty, remonstrance, and affectionate warning have all failed to effect reform, what step ought the parent to take?

The only antidote for the special form of disobedience named above, is to make home so attractive that the boy would rather stay at home than go away. This takes patience, time and self-sacrifice on the part of parents. Let a boy be happy at home; let him be free to bring one or more boys home, give him and them a cordial welcome, let him have games or music, or read out loud to him and his friends. A boy will sit for two hours listening to an interesting book who will not sit and read to himself more than ten minutes. They may dirty the carpets or spoil the lawns; but we can cultivate grass and keep the furniture and carpets fresh and new after the boys have grown and left. Right now we must cultivate boys. Get them to learn to play on some musical instrument or use the scroll saw; but in any case give up the evenings to them. It is far easier to keep the house all "just so," to constantly say "don't" and to sit and do fancy work, or read to one's self than to give one's self and time to one's children for a few years, but it will pay. Nagging, fault-finding, lack of appreciation—all these things will drive a boy to seek other companions than those at home, and nothing but making home a place where he is happier than he is away from home will cure this trouble. HETTY R. PARSONS.

[Condensed.]

3. If a man defraud another in a business deal, without the latter's knowledge, and after conversion, seeks to make restitution, is he justified in doing it secretly, in order to avoid forfeiting the good-will of the man he defrauded, or must he confess his fault, while restoring what he had dishonorably acquired?

The Bible teaching seems to be to "confess." I believe, hard as it may seem, that God will bless and guide, and no one can answer for another in such a question, but it seems to me you would not "forfeit" the good will of the other. Generally, an honest confession and restitution demand respect and kindness (after the first shock), at any rate. If Christ's Spirit leads you to do this, you will have no peace if you refuse because of fear of consequences. Take God's word and follow the leading of his Spirit, and whatever comes you will be blessed and happy.

HETTY R. PARSONS.

I believe that a man is justified in keeping the knowledge of his wrong from the victim of it after making restitution, provided he can make restitution and not divulge the evil. My reasons for justifying him are that most men who have been wronged will never forget, although they may forgive an injury. Many also will let the world know of the evil committed against them, and thus be the means of hindering the repentant man from progress in the path of rectitude. It is enough that the injured party should be requited for his loss. As to anything further, it should be a matter between the sinner and his God.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

4. Among the metaphors of the Bible, what article of common use is so prominent that it is mentioned in references to death, to ruin, to union, to extension, to affection, to desertion, and to the tyranny of bad habits?

A cord in its many applications suggests the metaphorical allusions to which this query refers. We find death described in the poetical language of Ecclesiastes 12: 6, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed." Ruin is illustrated by a broken cord in Job 30: 11, and again in Jeremiah 10: 20; the proverb, "In union there is strength," is given in Ecclesiastes 4: 12, "A threefold cord is not quickly broken;" and extension is marked, Isa. 54: 2, by a lengthening of cords. In Hosea 11: 4, the prophet speaks of God's affection for his people, "I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love." And in the metaphor of Psalm 2: 3, the rebels proclaim their desertion: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." The tyranny of bad habits could not be more forcibly expressed than in the words of Solomon (Proverbs 5: 22), "He shall be holden with the cords of his sins."

FRED L. SAWYER.

[Correct answers have been received also from Amelia Hoyt, Mrs. Sewall Fisher and Fred C. Markert.]

5. What is the earliest record of a system of grammar being used by any nation?

The first attempts at systematic grammar were made in Sanskrit. The Brahmans had always carefully guarded the purity of the Vedas—the Hindu sacred literature, 2000–1500 B.C.—by writing critical observations on the pronunciation and construction of their language. These commentaries were the basis of a great Sanskrit grammar by Panini, a Sanskrit philologist, who lived at a remote and uncertain period, at least 400 B. C. He is the creator of grammatical science and the "inventor of the analytic processes to which linguistics owes its discoveries." His grammar contained 3,996 rules. G. E. KRAUTH.

6. What are the "ways" to which the Psalmist refers as being in the heart of man (Ps. 84: 5)?

The Psalmist had been dwelling on the happiness of the people who were continually in and about the Temple, taking part in the services. He goes on to say practically that still more blessed is the man whose heart is the temple of God. The grand temple service brought the worshiper near to God, but the man was still nearer who not being able to go up to the Temple, found in his own heart the ways of God, and could worship him in spirit and in truth. EDGAR MCDONALD.

7. What is the explanation of China's extraordinary survival, throughout a period extending thousands of years, when all other nations that have arisen in that time have passed away?

An explanation often given is, that China obeys the fifth commandment, and receives the promise of long life. But that is not satisfactory. China superstitiously worships ancestors dead, but does not honor them living. Moreover, the individual Chinese does not have long life. While the days of China have been "long upon the land," yet the days of the Chinaman are not. The real reasons are her isolation and her extreme conservatism. The oriental characteristic to remain changeless is especially pronounced in China. The changes in national customs have come so far apart that the Chinese really think they have not changed. China is a compact body of superstitious, unthinking and inert people. They have been numerous enough that they could not be displaced nor scattered. A wall of separation has always protected them from outward encroachment. They have not been in the field of the world's conflicts in which nations have perished. Their numbers and geographic position taken together have been another isolating force. An ignorant conceit has caused them to regard every other nation as servile, and they have been engrossed proudly at home. Because of the stagnant and immobile thought the Chinese people have remained a compact and inert foundation upon which the dynasties of their heaven-descended rulers have been sustained in their successions and activities. China has lived so long, because it has been dead so long. Then, the very religion of China has gone back to the past and deified it, and never has looked to the future to stir a hope or kindle energy. C. P. ATKINSON.

8. If there are two applicants for a vacant position in a Christian merchant's service and one of them is a Christian and the other not, ought the merchant to give the Christian the preference, if the other is a much more capable man?

As a general rule it would be prejudicial both to the interests of the church and of the industries involved, to disregard excellency of workmanship in favor of Christian character. On the one hand the tendency would be (1) to lead to hypocrisy, character being more easily masked than incompetence; (2) to discourage perseverance and application, which strengthen Christian character. On the other hand the standards of excellency would inevitably deteriorate. Ability and character are quite distinct. If, however, the position is one of trust, the merchant ought to assure himself that the non-Christian is a man of good moral character. WALTER C. WRIGHT.

9. Who was the first visitor to Niagara Falls who wrote or published a description of the Falls?

The first printed allusion to the cataract is in the record of Jacques Cartier in 1535. Its position was first mentioned by Samuel Champlain in a map attached to his voyages, published in 1613. The earliest description of the Falls we find is that given by Father Hennepin, who saw them in 1678, and published an account of his visit accompanied with a sketch in which he mentions a third fall on the north side.

MRS. A. R. BLACHLEY.

[Correct answers have also been received from Grace E. Heaton, A. B. Miller, Mrs. J. H. L. Smead, Mrs. Julia Hallenbeck, C. E. Krauth and L. E. Madan].

10. If a man pays a high rent for a pew in a church because that pew is more comfortable or in a better position, is he entitled to reckon the pew-rent as a part of the tenth which he sets aside for Christ's cause?

The consecration implied in giving the tenth to the cause of Christ will be better maintained by charging only a portion of such pew-rent to that account. A fair adjustment would be to charge only the average pew-rent; any amount paid in excess of that, merely for comfort or display, has no place in this solemn transaction. In keeping such a sacred account with Christ, in which conscience is the only check on selfishness, we need to be careful to take no undue advantage.

"If self the wavering balance shake,
'Tis rarely right adjusted."

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

· TE · DEUM ·

IN CELEBRATION OF THE GREAT DELIVERANCE OF THE PRISONERS OF PEKIN, AUGUST, 1900

I.

THEY'RE safe! Their way was bounded
By Death, in dreadful mien,
While still their camp surrounded
A spirit-band unseen.

II.

A shield of blazoned glory,
God's love did interpose,
Where waved the banner gory
Uplifted by their foes.

III.

Unfurl the standard, Christian!
Yes! raise it with a shout
Before the hordes Philistian—
The slaves of dream and doubt.

IV.

Repeat the song of Moses
Who, from the shadow-land
Where the dark Sphinx reposes,
Led forth his chosen band.

V.

Glad Miriam's cymbals, clashing,
Shall cadence David's psalm;
Deborah's song, outflashing,
Shall wake the slumbrous palm.

VI.

We, in our modern lyre,
Will find some hidden chord
To sound, with heaven's own choir,
The glory of the Lord.

VII.

To Him whose way is shrouded,
But who, through day and night,
His purpose keeps unclouded,
The victory of Right—

VIII.

To Him, in holy rapture,
Our pæan shall ascend,
Unloosed, the heathen capture,
God, our Eternal Friend!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS

Subscriber, Rochester, N. Y. Two young ladies form a friendship that finally develops into human worship. One goes away to visit a friend who is a stranger to the other. The stranger prejudices her so that her love for her friend at home turns to hate and bitterness in a moment. The other tries to explain by writing, but it is of no avail. What can be done to gain her back?

Friendship that develops to the point of "human worship," may be said to to be too much developed. Worship belongs to God alone. If the alienation was caused through no fault of yours, by some misrepresentation which you have failed to explain, better let it alone and time will set it right.

G. B., East Northfield, Mass. Eighty-four per cent. of the population of Puerto Rico are illiterate. On page 26 of report of Gen. Davis, about Puerto Rico, I read that he assumed that at that time three out of every five of the people living in New Mexico could not read or write. Are these people at home grossly neglected?

It is evident, from the facts quoted, that they have not enjoyed many educational privileges.

C. G. N., Summerfield, Kan. We cannot discuss politics in these pages.

Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. The child was ten years old on July 1, 1889.

A. E. P., Jr., York Co., Pa. 1. No, certainly not. 2. Consult with your pastor.

H. H., Stockton, Mass. They are typical people, photographed from life, and they live in New York.

THE SPECTACLE OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN AT THE NORTH CAPE

DR. TALMAGE VIEWS THE MIDNIGHT SUN

.....THE WONDROUS SPECTACLE WITNESSED FROM THE NORTH CAPE—SEA AND SKY AFLAME WITH DAZZLING ILLUMINATION.....

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

WE take steamer from Trondhjem, a proper name that you will pronounce wrongly whichever way ou pronounce it, unless you were born n Norway, or have for a long while prac- sed the strange accentuation. We are ailing for the North Cape, or the North nd of the world, or the Land of the Mid- ight Sun. We start with a depressed pirit, for the voyagers who have just re- eturned from those regions did not see ne wonderful spectacle. There were louds and fogs which would not lift their urtain for the solar exhibition. Our steam- r day after day goes winding among the lands which suggest the Thousand slands of the American waters, and nen among inlets that remind us of Lake ucerne and Cayuga, and by waterfalls hich make you think of those of the osemite, and by mountain torrents tan- led among the crags until the frolicking quids fling themselves in the sea, and nen we go on between snow-covered ocks which are great white thrones of istre and pomp, and our ship's gun artles the seagulls by the millions, and ne echoes of rock which human foot ever trod, and when we ask what means nat cannonade we are informed that we ave passed into the Arctic Sea which round up the *Jeannette*, and has fought ack the John Franklins and the Doctor anes and the De Longs and the Nansens f the world, and will keep on defying the xplorers until the great palace of arctic old will be left alone, and its keys of rystal are flung down for the peaceful ign of eternal frigidity. The Norway oast is wild and volcanic. It shows nat nature has been in paroxysm. When 'itans play ball they throw rocks.

A Glory of the Skies

It is summer, but all our blankets and urs are brought into service. Good-by straw hats and thin shawls. In a few ours we have passed from June into November. Our faith in the integrity of atches and clocks is very much shaken. hey say it is nine o'clock, and ten clock, and eleven o'clock, and yet not ven a hint of darkness. But all the atches cannot be in conspiracy to de- eive, and every man who has a watch is ooking at it, and all the chronometers gree in saying it is ten minutes of mid- ight. At this time a great thick cloud rops over the sun. We have come four housand miles through the isles of the reat theatre of nature, and alas! there is prospect that the main actor will not ppear upon the stage. Having disap- ointed so many will he disappoint us? Ve are transfixed with anxiety, and are atching and waiting and hoping and al- ost praying that we may see what we have come so far to see. Hush now everybody and everything! Not one cough of the smoke-stack, not one throb of the engine, not one shuffle of the foot lest it disturb the scene. Look! The clouds seem parting, dissolving, passing. Aye! they are gone, and the midnight sun is before us.

Our steamer has moved out of the fjord into the open sea that nothing may hinder our view. The shimmering waters of the polar sea have become forty miles of richest mosaic, and all the angels of beauty and splendor having come down on ladders divinely lowered, walk those pavements of mosaic, and they look like the floor of heaven across which trail the white robes of the beatific. The sun is so bright we looked at it through smoked glasses. The sky was on fire. Enough clouds nearby to make an upholstery of flame. Horses of fire, and chariots of fire rolling through cities of fire. Great masterpiece of the Almighty in the gallery of the sky. Sunrise and sunset married. Niagara of fire. Strange, wierd, overwhelming spectacle, smiting all other natural brilliance into nihility. Searching enough, overmastering enough, glorious enough to be the Eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. We had seen the morning sun, and the noonday sun and the setting sun, but never before had we seen and never again will we see the midnight sun. From what vats of infinite beauty were these colors dipped? A commingling of hues to be found in such excess on no other sky and on no other sea, amber and gold; lavender blending with royal purple; all the shades of yellow, orange, and canary and lemon; all shades of blue, turquoise and sapphire and navy and marine and azure; all shades of green, olive and myrtle and Nile; all shades of red, scarlet and magenta and cardinal, the fiery red cooling into gray, and the gray warming into ruby. Now amethyst seems about to triumph until emerald appears, but the emerald is soon outdone by the carbuncle. It is in some respects the most impressive scene in the whole world.

Joshua's Miracle Recalled

The sun seems disposed to go to bed at the right time, but it does not like the wet pillow offered it, or it changes its mind, for you watch expecting it to hide beneath the wave. But no! Like unto its behavior in Joshua's time, it seems to stand still. Afterward it begins to rise. It banishes the night. It forbids the moon and stars to appear. These lesser lights seem to say: "There is no use in our shining, for the sun does enough of that for all." Victory of light over darkness! The shadows told to go and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth!

But do not think that it is easy to climb the North Cape—the rock at the jumping-off place of the world. I advise none to undertake it unless they be strong of limb and lung and heart. From the steamer you push off in a small boat, and after ten minutes' rowing reach the foot of the rock, which, according to the guide-book, is 1,000 feet high, but by the unanimous opinion of those who climb it, about 3,000 feet high. We were not surprised to find a seemingly athletic man give it up and return to the boat. Up and up, slipping and sliding, now holding on to a rock, now to a rope, till you come to a stretch of deep snow affording you no solid place for a foothold, and along by precipices, where the climbers are warned not to look down if they become dizzy at great heights. The most of the ladies got fast in the snow, and would have been there yet but for the gallantry of those who had them in charge. After you feel you have almost reached the top, some encouraging soul will tell you that the worst is yet to come. But you cannot stop there, and so you keep going on and up until you reach the top of Cape North, and find that you have at least a mile to walk before you come to a place of shelter, and the points celebrated in stone for the visits of William II. of Germany and Oscar II. of Sweden. There again you see the midnight sun. But the descent is much more difficult than the ascent, and by the time you reach the steamer you are disposed to say: "I would not have missed that excursion for a thousand dollars and I would not take it again for ten."

A Sleepless Community

But the most trying thing in all the journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun is the perpetual light. There is no suggestion of retirement. You stay up until twelve o'clock to see the wonder in the heavens, and you are so thrilled with the scene—if you have any soul in you—that you must talk it over until one or two o'clock in the morning, and at that hour it is as bright as twelve o'clock at noon in Washington or in New York, and why should you seek your pillow at all? Nothing but force of resolution, and a rehearsal of sanitary law, and an extemporaneous discourse on the uses of sleep can send you to your stateroom, and, reaching it, you find the place flooded with light and all the scene proposing activity instead of somnolence. The result is that many people come down from the North Cape nervous wrecks. They have acquired an insomnia which only weeks of regular habits can extirpate. With what joy we welcomed the night after we had come down into lower latitudes! Oh, the practical uses of the night! Shadows as important as the sunshine. Midnight as useful as the midmoon. We may say of the polar seas which we visited as it was said of a much better place, "There is no night there." But in the one case it was descriptive of a perpetual joy, for there is in that land no fatigue to be solaced, but in the other case it is descriptive of a disquietude, because we must have hours shaded for rest.

Alternate Light and Darkness

Yet these polar regions have as many seasons of darkness as seasons of light. From the 23d of September until the 22d of March it is continuous night. The inhabitants long for the morning. Lanterns and candles below, moon and stars above are the only alleviations. Think of it! midnight through all of October, all of November, all of December, all of January, all of February, and most of March. I wonder if the roosters know when to crow, the sleepers when to rise. I wonder if imbecility and unhealth of all sorts are not the result. Thank God, all ye who live in latitudes where the days and nights are not so long. Light for enough hours to do our work. Darkness for enough hours to favor refreshing unconsciousness. Let all who live in the temperate zone rejoice in the place of their habitation.

"Old Glory" at the Cape

On our way down from the North Cape it was Fourth of July, and the anniversary of American Independence was celebrated. The captain of our ship, a Norwegian, himself genial as a bank of honeysuckle, decorated the dining table with American flags. We all sang the "Star Spangled Banner," that is, as much of it as we could remember, all joining in the first line, half of us joining in the second line, two or three voices in the third line, but the last voice gave out in the fourth line, and then we hummed a note or two, and then we all quit, but when our music failed we burst into a chorus of patriotic laughter which saved the occasion from embarrassment. Called upon to say a few words appropriate to the day when Americans in towns and cities all around the world were in celebration, my theme of "International Brotherhood" was suggested by the presence in that dining room of Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, Frenchmen, English and Americans, and I could not help express the wish that as we were then sailing together we all might have a smooth voyage across the seas of this life, and at last drop anchor in harbor eternal, and if ever, between this and that, misfortune and trial should come upon us that the darkness might be irradiated by a Midnight Sun.

T. De Witt Talmage

TRAINING AT NORTHFIELD

FOR ten years in the town of Northfield, among the Massachusetts hills, has been located Mr. D. L. Moody's youngest educational enterprise, the Northfield Training School. This institution has from its organization been sending its students out into Christian work in the country, and so has been quietly trying to solve the country problem by Christian visitation. The farming districts surrounding the town of Northfield are dotted with school-houses, in which regular Christian services are held by the students, in conjunction with a resident committeeman from the East Northfield church. Each district is canvassed and visited by students, carrying Christian cheer and the Word of God. This school, as is generally known, was the practical expression of Mr. Moody's great love for the scattered and neglected hill-town people of New England. Its doors will hereafter be open to both sexes, and the institution will be under the close supervision of the new president, Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D. The Training School will strive to work out a practical solution of the important problem: How to give the diminished and largely impoverished population of the New England hill-towns the advantages of the best Christian influences. The course in the Training School is so planned as to give each student the most thorough Biblical training, while the practical work is intended to fit for efficient service in this field. Advanced courses in the English Bible are arranged by the well-known Bible teacher, Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., for such ministers and workers as may feel the lack of equipment in that respect. All inquiries concerning the work should be addressed to Miss Lila S. Halsey, E. Northfield, Mass.

A BIT IN THE SUMMER CAMP AT NORTHFIELD

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

THE THREE CROSSES

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 23: 33: . . . There they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left.

JUST outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending; for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say, and to see how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers with drawn swords drive back the mob, which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback, dash along the line, and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you," is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row. An upright piece, and two transverse pieces, one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison, and the one at the left bitter aloes; the one in the middle, apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar would not make so strange a grove as this orchard of Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose, and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right-hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins—away with him! On this right-hand cross to-day I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with him from the heart; I will not let him take my sins. If he will die, let him die for himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right-hand cross and the middle cross; and wherever there is an unbelieving heart, there the fight goes on.

Look up into that disturbed countenance of the sufferer, and see what a ghastly thing it is to reject Christ. Behold in that awful face, in that pitiful look, in that unblessed death hour, the stings of the sinner's departure. Who can discover the abyss of eternity? Who can paraphrase these words: Forever and forever? That right-hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse, at the last, that life has been wasted, and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God! let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right-hand cross.

That right-hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the Spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right-hand cross, until it shall fall at the foot of that middle cross; and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief!

"If thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out his birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when he bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see him die. Tell me, thou sun in mid-heaven, who for him didst pull down over thy face thy veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Ay! ay! responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. *Ecce Deus!* I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Away, then, from this right-hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right-hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here, from the right-hand cross I go to the left-hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the centre cross—yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hand loose—not to smite, but to deliver the sufferer of the middle cross. He cries to the railer cursing on the other side: "Silence! between us is innocence in agony. We suffer for our crimes. Silence!" Gather round this left-hand cross, O ye people! Be not afraid. Bitter herbs are sometimes a tonic for the body, and the bitter aloes that grow on this tree shall give strength and life to thy soul. This left-hand cross is a repenting cross. He says: "I am a guilty wretch; I deserve this! There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for he has done me no wrong; and yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that he knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that he can cure the wounded. I have heard that he can pardon the sinner. Surely, in all his wanderings up and down the earth, he never saw one more in need of his forgiveness! Blessed one! I turn to thee! Wilt thou turn for the moment away from thy own pangs to pity me?" Hear the cry of the dying thief: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Likewise, must we repent. You say: "I have stolen nothing." I reply: "We have all been guilty of the mightiest felony of the universe, for we have robbed God—robbed him of our time, robbed him of our talent, robbed him of our services." Suppose you send a man out as an agent of your firm, and every month you pay him his salary, and at the end of ten years you find out that he has been serving another firm, but taking your salary; would you not at once condemn him as dishonest? God sent us into this world to serve him. He has given us wages all the time. Yet how many of us have been serving another master!

You say: "I don't feel myself to be a sinner." That may be. Walk along by the cliffs, and you see sunlight and flowers at the mouth of the cave; but take a torch and go in, and before you have gone far you see the flashing eye of a wild beast or hear the hiss of a serpent. So the heart seems in the sunlight of worldliness; but as I wave the torch of God's truth, and go down into the deep cavern of the heart—alas! for the bristling horrors and the rattling fangs. Have you ever noticed the climax in this passage of Scripture: "The heart is deceitful." That seems enough. But the passage goes on and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things." Will you not say that is enough? But the passage goes on further and says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." If we could see the true condition of the unpardoned before God, what wringing of hands there would be! What a thousand-voiced shriek of supplication and despair! But you are a sinner, a sinner. I speak not to the person who sits next to you, but to you. May the Lord Almighty, by his grace, help us to repent of our sins while repentance is possible.

This left-hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guesswork in that prayer, no "if" in that supplication. The left-hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done; the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over.

This left-hand cross was a pardoned cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away and said: "How darest thou speak to me? I am the Lord of heaven and earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward. Die in darkness—die forever." But Jesus said not so, but rather: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," as much as to say: "I see you there; do not worry. I will not only bear my cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith the left-hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a king's couch. When the body became still, and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another: "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Ye whose lips have been filled with blasphemy, ye whose hands for many years have wrought unrighteousness, ye who have companioned with the unclean, ye who have scaled every height of transgression and fathomed every depth, and passed every extreme of iniquity—mercy, mercy!

> The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there may I, though vile as he,
> Wash all my sins away.

I have shown you the right-hand cross and the left-hand cross; now come to the middle cross. We stood at the one, and found it yielded poison. We stood at the other, and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father or mother or companion or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one way, and saw only the right side of Christ's face. The penitent thief looked from the other way, and saw the left side of Christ's face. But to-day, in the full blaze of Gospel light, you see Christ's full face. It was a suffering cross. Human hate had done its worst and hell had hurled its sharpest javelin and devils had vented their hottest rage, when, with every nerve of his body in torture, and every fiber of his heart in excruciation, he cried out: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" It was a vicarious cross; the right-hand cross suffered for itself, the left-hand cross for itself; but the middle cross for you. When a king was dying a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins, that he die not." The veins of the young man were tapped and the blood transferred; so that the king lived but the young man died. Christ saw the race perishing. He cried: "Pour my blood into their veins, that they die not." My hand is free now, because Christ's was crushed. My brow is painless now, because Christ's was torn. My soul escapes, because Christ's was bound. I gain heaven, because Christ for me endured the horrors of hell.

When the Swiss were many years ago contending against their enemies, they saw these enemies arrayed in solid phalanx, and knew not how to break their ranks; but one of their heroes, Arnold von Winkelried, rushed out in front of his regiment and shouted: "Make way for liberty!" The weapons of the enemy were plunged into his heart, but while they were slaying him, of course their ranks were broken, and through that gap in the ranks the Swiss dashed to victory. Christ saw all the powers of darkness assailing men. He cried out: "Make way for the redemption of the world." All the weapons of infernal wrath struck him, but as they struck him our race marched out free.

To this middle cross look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right-hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left-hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your soul. Poets have sung its praise, sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble, martyrs have clung to it in the fire, and Christians dying quietly in their beds have leaned their heads against it. This hour may all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection. Lay hold of that cross! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip on that you perish. Put your hand on that and you are safe, though a world swing from beneath your feet.

Oh, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, so that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then in your dreams at night you may see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right-hand cross showing unbelief, dying without Christ; the left-hand, showing what it is to be pardoned, while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. Floods cannot drown it." And while you look, the right-hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone; and nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change, until it becomes a throne; and the worn face of Calvary will become radiant with gladness; and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a worshipful multitude, kneeling. And you and I will be among them.

But, no! we will not wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down at the foot of that middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death—everything. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die: Christ says: "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on the sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying: "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says: "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the "balm of Gilead." We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave, as he cries: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—he carried it. The flames of hell—he suffered them. The shame—he endured it. The crown—he won it. Heights of heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry: "Glory! Glory!" Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds; from Ceylon shores we gather the pearls; from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and cry unto him: "All these are thine. Thou art worthy." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. And the hosts of heaven bring crown and palm and sceptre, and here by these bleeding feet and this riven side and by this wounded heart, cry: "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

A Light Along the Mountains

Giving the Gospel and the Benefit of Education to Our Two Million Neglected Dwellers in the Appalachian Range — Berea's Noble Work — A Splendid Field For Earnest Spiritual Effort.....

A MOUNTAIN GIRL GOING TO SCHOOL
Her dress is that of three generations ago

EW people realize what a dark sea of isolated ignorance is contained in the region known as Appalachian America. The current of social progress has swept in other directions leaving in this corner of the continent a stranded residue of umanity. Many of them are Americans, escendants of revolutionary soldiers. hey are not oor whites" ut a self- especting, onorable nd hopeful lass who ave been adly left ithout facili- es for ad- ancement. hese moun- in people, ough un- aught and mited in out- ok, are re- arkably pa- iotic and do- estic.

It is not sy to con- eive of a rge section the eastern rt of this eat country here com- on schools e barely in xistence; here they ep open in mmer and are closed in winter; where ey are so far apart that half the popu- tion is debarred; where the sessions e so short that little learning is possible r the pupil, and little professional equip- ent for the teacher; and where they are differently regarded by the mass of the opulation. It is difficult to believe that ere are contiguous counties in Kentucky ithout a printing press; and that many f the people never have seen the court- ouse in their own county. In "the for- otten mountain ends" of nine States, rouped together, without means of com- unication, commercial or social, with e busy world, have been preserved the peech, homespun, and ideas of olden ays.

In its especial work of helping the mountain whites who have been wittily termed "our contemporary ancestors," and the negro as well. Berea college seems to have a unique and well-substantiated claim upon those interested in the permanent advancement of a liberalizing education. Berea was among the first of Southern educational institutions to see the situation in the South as it really is, and to gradually enlarge its practical and industrial departments until these features have become predominant. By a wise adaptation of the curriculum to the needs of the student body, it teaches "how to live and how to get a living." For those who are not sufficiently equipped to get a teacher's certificate, it provides trade schools (carpentry, housework, printing) and preparation schools. For those who are prepared for a normal training course, there are courses in farming (gardening, stock-raising, forestry, etc.); domestic science (sewing and cooking); a normal course with practice teaching, and an academy course fitting for college. The college proper embraces classical, philosophical and literary courses. There are adjunct departments, music, and training school for nurses. Perhaps the most interesting and effective feature of the college propaganda is its university extension work, comprising traveling libraries, lectures, leaflets and stereopticon, by which knowledge is brought irresistibly to the doors of the mountain people. In prosecuting this purposeful work, the lines of effort have been well defined in the attempt not to take the hill-dwellers from their rustic environment, but to make them sharers in the best that civilization offers. As a result, a new world is opened up to the people and new standards are set up, new topics of thought and conversation introduced and the tone of many communities has been materially altered.

A KENTUCKY HOME SCENE
The antique spinning wheel on the porch recalls olden times

Berea has for its chief aim to train those men and women who shall themselves be Christian teachers, workers, housekeepers and Christian citizens. Native teachers are being trained for the newly developing public schools. The students are not taught to despise the log-cabin but to develop it to better uses.

The Berea has become the most influential single agency to establish connection between our national life and the isolated Appalachian Mountain region. It has an equipment valued at $150,000 and is increasingly patronized by the mountain young people and by students from the north, numbering 715 in all. Under the administration of President William Goodell Frost, who assumed direction in 1893, the school has grown in power and influence. The work at Berea appears to be done on a substraturn that appeals most to philanthropic, educational ideals.

To make good citizens out of the very poor and illiterate among the most neglected people of the Appalachian Mountain region, regardless of racial differences, has been the life-task of its founders. By reason of its broad impulses, its progressive methods and the proud self-sacrifice of its workers, its work and record are of more than passing interest.

It recognizes the essential factors of race elevation and progress which were incorporated in its work and methods almost from the first. A pure Christian patriotism underlies all its educational enterprises. JANE STEWART

YOUNG MOUNTAINEER STUDENTS AT BEREA COLLEGE

Among the Mountaineers

Our illustrations will give the reader a hint of the character of the Appalachian mountain people and their surroundings. The photograph on the first page is that of a brave mountain woman who has devoted her whole life to the spiritual enlightenment of the people. On her sure-footed pony and accompanied by her young son, like herself a fearless rider, as nearly all these mountain dwellers are, she has traveled in the past twelve months over 2,000 miles, delivering Gospels, tracts and other good literature to the mountaineers and their families. Her visits are like a ray of sunshine in their homes and she is always welcome. She, like many others engaged in spiritual work along the ranges, is an educated product of Berea.

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME

Quaint and with a flavor of the pioneer days when the century was in its swaddling clothes, are the scenes presented in the other photographs. The demure little maid, riding to school, might have easily dropped down to us from Washington's time, and the outdoor spinners on the stoop of the rambling old homestead might have served for a scene from actual life in the days of our great-grandmothers. Mountain cabins built of stout, seasoned logs like that in the photograph, are somewhat rare nowadays, and except in those Appalachian hills they are regarded as the relics of a period that has already passed away.

In an able article in *The Review of Reviews*, Prof. Wm. Goodell Frost, President of Berea College, gives some remarkably interesting facts concerning the Southern mountaineers. Kentucky and the Virginias, East Tennessee and Northern Georgia. We give a few quotations:

"The 'fambly' are supplied from their own 'boundary' with abundance of cornmeal, string-beans, dried fruit, 'long sweetening' (syrup) and hog meat. Also wool and flax, and possibly a small quantity of cotton.

"I make bold to say that there are at least 2,000,000 native Americans in Appalachian America who are living practically in the conditions of colonial times. The chief difference is that the colonial people were consciously in motion and felt themselves to be in front of the progress of their time, while the mountain people have a depressing sense of being behind. It should be said further that these people are more destitute of all the opportunities that go with education than any other people of our race in the world. And, above all, I wish to have it known that this condition has come about through natural causes, so that we cannot blame the people. It does one's heart good to help a young Lincoln who comes stalking into college, perhaps a three day's journey on foot, with a few hard-earned dollars in his pocket, and a great eagerness for the education he can so faintly comprehend. It is a joy to welcome the mountain girl who comes back after having taught her first school, bringing the money to pay her debts and buy her first comfortable outfit —including rubbers and suitable underclothing—and perhaps bringing with her a younger sister. Such a girl exerts a great influence in her school and mountain home.

"The whole case of the mountaineer may be summed up in the story of Abraham Lincoln. His great career hinged upon the fact that his mother had six books. In that circumstance he differed from the other boys of the region. Is it too much to say that but for that ray of light his great soul would have been strangled in the birth?"

THE LINCOLN UNIVERSITY

Gen. O. O. Howard, to whose indefatigable labors in behalf of the Lincoln Memorial University, the success of that project is largely due, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from Burlington, Vt.

To the readers and patrons of "The Christian Herald:"

MY DEAR FRIENDS.

Let me thank you for the contributions which we have received from you for our Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, as follows:

(1) $110, receipt of the small sums making the amount, acknowledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; (2) $15, same source; (3) $20.10, same source; (4) $100, receipted to Mr. Klopsch, and (5) $59.50, received to-day from CHRISTIAN HERALD, making a total of $313.60.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha Bids Rome Good-by

FROM the Pantheon we went to the Capitol—the Capituline Hill where justice wuz meted out to the public from kings and nobles.

We went safely past the two huge lions at the foot of the staircase—though Tommy got behind me when he first saw them—past the spot where Rianzi wuz killed. Here we see no end of statutes of the Cæsars, the Popes and other influential families. We stood on the spot where Brutus made that memorable speech, and I felt that I could almost see that noble figger as he stood there sayin': "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" If I had been there, I'd lent him two pairs: mine and Josiah's in welcome.

The bronze wolf, spoke of by Mr. Cicero, is still standin' there; and in the museum here we see no end of rich sculpture, statutes, mosaic and beautiful, rare objects of art. Pliny's doves made a noble show; they are made of little pieces of stun, one hundred and sixty pieces in an inch; I couldn't done it to save my life. The Venus of the Capitol looks beautiful; Josiah thought she favored Sally Ann Henzy, but I didn't. And, 'tennyrate, Sally Ann would have scorned to appear in company in that condition; Sally Ann is real modest.

In the Pincian Garden, we see the villa of Lucullus, a brave soldier who had his faults, but wuz a good provider and thought a sight of his vittles; he made me think of Josiah. And also we see the home of Mr. Nero—mean creeter—I wuz glad enough he passed away before I got there. My principles on intemperance and monopolies would have riled him up dretful, and Arvilly's talk made him hoppin' mad. I d'no what he would have took it into his head to do. And I never should have gin him the freedom of Jonesville, never, he needn't thought on't; nor I never should invited him to make a all day's visit to our house, nor a afternoon one, either.

The Fountains of Rome

They have beautiful fountains in Rome. All of a sudden as we went through a narrer street, we see a dazzlin' sheet of water come down from the rock shell work and statutes, clear streams of water seemed to be gushin' out on all sides falling into a big reservoir, big enough for a ship to float in, and one day we went to see the Baths of Caracella. Jest think of a bath a mile square, big enough for thirty or forty thousand folks to bathe in at one time. It is all in ruins now, but you can see from the thick walls, tall arches, the sides covered with costly mosaic, what they wuz in their glory. Josiah thought he could make a lovely piece of mosaic from the stuns down in our paster and slate stuns. He said if he could cover the front of the barn with the pictures of his travels in stun, some like the travels of Ulysses, it would be a boon to Jonesville. But good land! it would be a sight to behold made of stuns as big as your hand and all shapes. That ambition must be squenched. Josiah breathed this aspiration to me as we went through the Hall of the Emperors. And they didn't look no better nor so well as the bretheren in the Jonesville meetin'-house would if they wuz sculped and Josiah said so; though, of course, as I told him, they wuz dressed up more fancy. And he said: "Any decent woman would lend her nightgown for her pardner to be sculped in and handkerchief pins and lace under-sleeves and things."

Poppea Sabina, the second wife of Mr. Nero, wuz a beautiful-lookin' woman, though I don't spoze she wuz what she should be. Her husband kicked her to death some time ago. He ort to been kicked himself; I'd been willin' to hire the mule myself to done it, I wuz that put out thinkin' on't.

Josiah said: "Poppy Sabriny wuz the best-lookin' figger there."

Arvilly said she most knew he'd been drinkin', it wuz so fashionable for drinkin' men to kick their wives, and sez she: "Oh, how I wish I could have canvassed Nero for the *Twin Crimes* before he done it."

And I sez: "It might have been a good thing for Mr. Nero and for Poppy, but I don't know how it would have been with you, Arvilly; a man that would kick his wife to death wouldn't be apt to brook a book-agent.

"Yes," sez Josiah, "anybody that would kick Poppy Sabriny would do anything."

Sez I: "It would look just as well, Josiah, for a perfessor not to talk so much about another woman besides his pardner, even if she is a stun woman."

"Jealous of a statter!" sez Josiah skornfully.

"Not at ail," sez I. "But Poppea Sabina wuz a pagan, and no better than she should be, and her folks wuzn't likely and ——"

"Jest like a woman!" sez Josiah, "a man can't praise up another female, dead or alive, without his pardner picking flaws in 'em."

Well, I drawed his attention off onto the Cæsars, Augustus and Domitian, and quite a few on 'em. Nero's bust I despised lookin' at—brutal tyrant—as Josiah truly said anybody that would kill his wife and grandmother would do anything and wuz too mean to be looked at. If I could covered up his face I'd been willin' to used my best crape veil that I mourned for Mother Allen in. Nero's grandma, she that wuz Agrepina Agrippa, wuz good featured but broken-hearted lookin'. No wonder, havin' such a grandson in the family. Arvilly said as she looked at it, that she believed if old Miss Nero, his grandma, and his own ma had spanked him good and sound and sot him down hard in the corner from day to day he wouldn't acted and behaved so when he got bigger. She said she presoomed he wuz allowed to pierce flies with a pin and torter hornets and May bugs and rob bird's nests and tie cans to dog's tails and act, and he got worse as he got bigger. And I d'no but she wuz right. I've seen the Nero sperit in small boys many times; why, I see it in Thomas Jefferson when he wuz little, but it wuz squenched and he's come up noble.

AUNT SAMANTHA AND THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER

On the Palatine Hills

Miss Meechim wanted to see the Paletine Hill, the spot where Romulus and Remus wuz nursed by a she wolf; Josiah don't believe it. He said no wolf would consent to bring up twins by hand, and no ma would ever allow it, but that's what they say. Miss Meechim explained here how when the twins had growed up Romulus harnessed a heifer and bull to a plow and laid out the site of the city. Robert Strong wuz full of memories of Cicero, Catalus, the Gracchi, and so wuz Dorothy. But no place interested me there so much as the Forum, where some think Paul wuz tried. He wuz tried before Nero, and there wuz Nero's judgment place, and there wuz the seat for prisoners. As I looked round me I could imagine the incomparable eloquence of Paul that sways the human heart as leaves are waved by a strong breeze, and his memory sweetened the hull place, and it needed it bad enough, yes indeed it did. But to resoom:

Some of the streets of Naples are narrer and noisy as Bedlam with market men and women cryin' out their wares and all sorts of street noises. Little donkeys carryin' loads fur to big for our old mair. A sort of a big loose bag hangs on each side on 'em piled up as high as they will hold with fruit, vegetables, flowers, etc.

Sometimes you will see such a big load walkin' off and can't for your life tell what propels it till bime by you will hear a loud bray from underneath. It sounds quite scareful. The little ridin' wagons of the poor people are packed too as I never see a hoss car in the U. S. Sometimes you will see more'n two dozen folks, priests, soldiers, men, women and children, and sometimes baskets full of vegetables and babies swingin' underneath and all drawed by a donkey; it hain't right, and I wanted to talk to 'em about it, but didn't know as they would hear to me. But our old mair is used fur different.

The Cathedral is quite a noble lookin' buildin' and contains tombs of many noted people, Pope Innocent, King Andrew, Charles I. of Anjou, and many, many others. The Piazza del Municipio has a beautiful fountain, and there is one fashionable promenade over two hundred feet wide containing all sorts of trees and shrubs where you can see the Neopolitans dressed in fine array. There is a terrace extending into the sea, temples, winding paths, grottos, etc.

The Piazza del Plebiscito has an equestrian statute that wuz taken in the first place for Napoleon, then changed to General Murat and finally to Charles III. It made me think considerable of the daily papers who use one picture for all social and criminal purposes, and for Queen Victoria and Lydia Pinkham.

One day Arvilly and I wuz takin' a walk together, Josiah and Tommy bein' a little ahead when we see a elegant carriage comin' along, a rich red color all ornamented with gold, with six horses, their gorgeous harnesses nice enough for bridal ornaments. And there wuz outriders goin' ahead and men in brilliant uniform fallin' in behind, and lots and lots of carriages follerin' on in the procession. There wuz a axident in front, two carriages goin' in opposite directions had smashed in together, and two or three fallin' over them wuz the cause. I see that in that splendid carriage right under my nose as it were, an old gentleman sot alone, dressed up in a way that would have shed delight into the soul of Josiah Allen.

He had a bright red robe on, all covered with crosses and stars and orders, and a

igh peaked cap of the same color. And ven as I looked at him I thought what beautiful stripe them clothes would ake in a rag carpet after he'd got rough with 'em.

You could see that he wuz gittin' conderable along in years; I should say he uz as old, if not older than old father elathial Henzy, brother Henzy's father. His benign face wuz lookin' over the rowd as if he had a look into a better ountry. I liked his linement first-rate nd believe he is a likely man, and I felt iat it would encourage him to hear me ay so, and also I felt that there wuz ome things that I wanted to advise him or his good. So I advanced to the side f the carriage door and sez, holdin' out y hand in a cordial way:

"Good mornin', Mr. Pope; I am glad o see you and see you hold your age so emarkable well."

Bein' took so completely by surprise, e held out his hand. They have told ie since that he meant to have me kiss , but I never thought on't nor shouldn't one it if I had, not bein' in the habit of issin' strange men's hands; no, I grasped olt of it and shook it warmly just as I ould old Uncle Henzy's.

Arvilly and her Book

He riz his hand up in benediction and id some words that I couldn't underand, but good ones I know from his ooks, and I bent my head as reverent as would before Elder Minkley. But as I fted my eyes what wuz my horrow to e Arvilly advance takin' out *The Twin rimes* from her work-bag and before I ould interfere she had begun to canvass im. Sez she: "Mr. Pope, I have a book ere I would like to call your attention to: *The Twin Crimes of America: Intemerance and Greed.*" Good old creeter, it uz too bad. But it ended triumphant for rvilly, for whether it wuz my noble words him that had softened him down or hether it wuz that he knowed how ramant these two evils wuz in the United tates and wanted to inform himself still rther about it, 'tennyrate he looked the ook over and said he would be glad to ave the book, and he and two more of ie leadin' men nigh him in that procesion bought books, Arvilly deliverin' 'em n the spot and takin' her money. And the stoppage in the crowd hadn't let up nd they started on, I d'no but she would ave canvassed the hull flower of the omish meetin'-house; though we wuz old afterwards by one who pretended to now, that it wuzn't the Pope I had talked and Arvilly had canvassed, but some ther high dignitary in the meetin'-house.

We stayed on in Rome longer than we ad laid out to, for our sweet Dorothy ked it there. And if she had took it nto her head to set down on a lonesome ock in mid ocean, like a mermaid, for a eek, there would the rest on us be sot ound her till her mind changed. For the ead of our party would have managed it me way so she could had her way. Not iat she would do anything aginst the ishes of the rest of us, but she wuz appy there, and the rest of us all liked it nd found plenty of things to interest us, ut at last we did set out for Napies.

Naples' Beautiful Bay

I had sot a good deal of store on seein' he Bay of Naples, and so had the other emales of our party. Robert Strong had een it before. And my pardner when I ried to roust up his interest and admiraon by quotin' the remark so often made: See Naples and die."

He said he wouldn't do any such thing, ot if he could keep alive. "But," sez e, "more'n as likely as not the vile Italn cookin' will be too much for me and our prophecy may come true; I may see Naples and die—from starvation."

But I told him it wuz the incomparable eauty of the seen that wuz meant, that hen you'd seen that you had beheld the est and most beautiful the world could ffer you and you might as well pass way without tryin' any further.

And Josiah said he would ruther see he Jonesville creek down in the paster ack of the house, where it makes a bend ound our sugar house and the sugar males grow clear down to the water's edge, nd pussy millers lean down, so the ussys most touch the water, and you can ee the brook trout darting about over the lean pebbles, than to see forty Napleses.

I too felt a good deal the same, but wouldn't encourage him by sayin' so. And the Bay of Naples wuz beautiful, its beauty stole on you onbeknown and growed and growed till it possessed your hull heart and soul, if you had a soul. It lays like a big blue liquid gem in its encirclin' settin' of fadeless green and flashing white walls, and crowned by the hantin' dretful beauty of Mount Vesuvius.

Italy's Largest City

Naples is a big city, the biggest in Italy, and as easy to git into from land as Jonesville is, only on its principle avenues there are what they call barriers where they collect duties on provisions, etc., brought from the country.

Josiah thought that would be a splendid thing for him. Sez he, "I believe I shall have Ury help me and build a barrier in front of my house and take a tax for big loads that go by. Why," sez he, "at a cent a load I could make a splendid livin'."

But he won't try it. As I told him he might just as well lanch right out on Jonesville creek as a corsair, "and I've always said," sez I, "that never would I live on brigandage."

Some of the principle streets are straight and handsome, with blocks of lava right out of the bosom of the earth for pavement. It give me queer feelin's to tread on't thinkin' that it come from a place way down in the earth that we didn't know anything about and thinkin' what strange things it could tell if stuns could talk. Some of the best streets had sidewalks. It is well lighted by gas.

As you walk along the streets you see rich and poor, beggar and priest, soldier and peasant, every picturesque costoom you can think on and all sorts of faces. But there seems to be a kind of a happy-go-lucky air in 'em all, even to the beggars and the little lazy, ragged children layin' in the sunshine. The people live much out of doors here, you can see 'em washin' and dressin' the children, and doin' housework, and everything right from the street, and though I don't spoze the poor suffer so much here on account of the warm climate, yet dirt and rags and filth and vermin didn't look any better to me here than they did in Jonesville.

(To be continued).

Deaconesses Schools

A unique feature of the work of deaconesses is their literary schools. The first was opened in January, 1899, in a fine building at Aurora, Ill., surrounded by nearly four acres of campus. It is for girls and young women only. It offers a full college preparatory course, but takes girls and young ladies who from ill health or other limitations are deficient in their education. Its intermediate department for homeless and orphan girls is especially appreciated. If the real mother must be lacking, an excellent substitute is a deaconess mother. The school last year enrolled more than a hundred students, to whose care ten deaconess teachers devoted their entire time and strength. The proportion of teachers to pupil is very much larger than in ordinary schools, but this supplies the "mothering" so greatly needed by girls from ten to twenty years old. Several of these deaconess teachers have the A.M. degree. The deaconess school for boys in Quincy, Ill., will be opened this fall. In view of the success of the Aurora venture, no one doubts what its future will be. There is a fine plant of trained and enthusiastic deaconesses behind the enterprise, and, most apparent of all, a great need of just such a home school for boys as this will be. The parents or guardians of orphan and homeless children will not be slow to avail themselves of the safe shelter of these Christian institutions.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

A Home for Ministers

An interesting ceremony took place at Winona, Ind., on Aug. 25. It was the dedication of a home, the gift of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman of New York, as a summer rest for ministers of any denomination. The only stipulation is that no minister will be received whose income exceeds $1,000. Dr. Chapman has named it the Dwight L. Moody Memorial Building.

THE · DOMINIE-CONDUCTOR

ABRAM BLAUVELT'S "GOSPEL TRAIN" AND HIS WORK AS A LOCAL PREACHER—A CAREER OF CHRISTIAN USEFULNESS

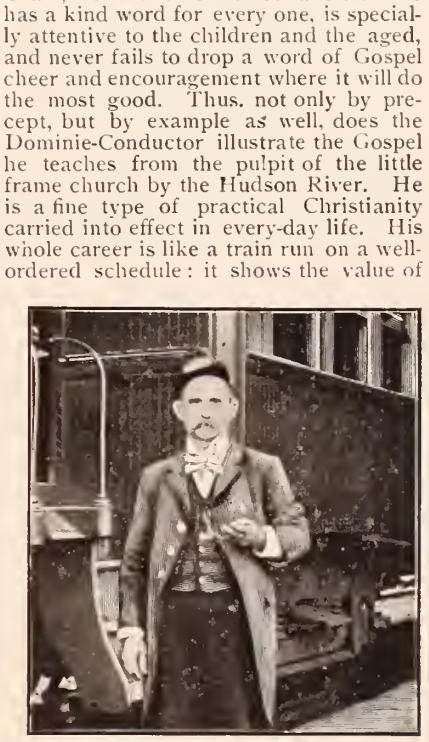
AS A PREACHER

AMONG the great army of railroad men connected with the lines that have their termini in New York and Jersey City, there are few who are better known or more universally respected than Abram Blauvelt, conductor of the "Gospel Train" on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey. For many years, Mr. Blauvelt has been both a conductor and a preacher of the Gospel and his record of service in both capacities is one that is in many respects remarkable. With a kindly smile and a pleasant word for all, he is a man whom travelers generally love to ride with.

The story of his life is one that carries with it much of Christian inspiration and encouragement. He was born at High City, N. J., in 1842, and received a common school education. Much of his earlier life was passed on the farm. In 1862, he entered the army as a volunteer and was honorably discharged in 1863. That year he entered the service of the Northern Railroad. Promotion for faithful and efficient service came gradually. From brakeman, he became baggage-master, then express messenger, extra conductor, and finally regular conductor. To-day he is the oldest conductor on the road, with a record which would do honor to any public servant.

Mr. Blauvelt has long been an earnest Christian. Even as a very young man, during his term of service in the army, his Christian spirit impressed his comrades and had an excellent effect upon the entire regiment. Long years afterward, when he and they were engaged in peaceful occupations, he was elected chaplain of the Twenty-second Regiment Association of Veterans. From his youth it had been his custom to speak at Gospel gatherings when opportunity offered. To a fluent delivery, and a command of simple, yet vigorous language, he added a remarkable acquaintance with God's Word. Even in those early addresses, it is recalled that his deep piety and his tremendous earnestness were everywhere remarked, whether he spoke in a church gathering or exhorted at camp-meeting. It was not until December, 1894, however, that he was regularly ordained by the M. E. Church to preach the Gospel. His first sermon as a local preacher was delivered at the Methodist Church at Piermont-on-the-Hudson, the text being I. Tim. 3: 16. Since that time he has been an indefatigable and successful worker both in and out of the pulpit, and the little church at Nyack-on-the-Hudson in which he preaches, is generally well filled.

To travelers on the Northern Railroad "Dominie" Blauvelt is a familiar figure, and his early morning train from Nyack is popularly denominated the "Gospel Train," in honor of its conductor. He has a kind word for every one, is specially attentive to the children and the aged, and never fails to drop a word of Gospel cheer and encouragement where it will do the most good. Thus, not only by precept, but by example as well, does the Dominie-Conductor illustrate the Gospel he teaches from the pulpit of the little frame church by the Hudson River. He is a fine type of practical Christianity carried into effect in every-day life. His whole career is like a train run on a well-ordered schedule: it shows the value of



AS A CONDUCTOR

punctuality, a start on time, a clear track, running gear and lights in order, and making good time for the final destination. Of the Dominie-Conductor, it has been said by one who has known him all his lifetime: "We hope the danger-signal may never be needed for his train and that all switches may be so placed as to keep him upon the straight track he has ridden safely for so many years."

THE CONDUCTOR-DOMINIE'S CHURCH

The Sin of Self-Conceit

We do not usually regard self-conceit as a sin; we think of it as merely a weakness and pity the vain and foolish person who exhibits this absurd quality. But self-conceit carried to its utmost, is a sin. It exalts self and does not put God first. The self-conceited person is inflated, and sees things out of perspective, and not in their just proportions. A proper degree of self-esteem is a good thing, and helps a man or woman along in life, but self-conceit is self-esteem run mad and is sinful.

A Child's Sacrifice

This is quite a sacrifice for a little boy to make:

Mrs. W. G., Bristol, Conn., $5: George Hallister, a little seven-year-old friend, sends the enclosed. He has been saving his pennies for several years to buy a bicycle. Much as a boy prizes a wheel, it was his own suggestion that it be given up and the money be sent instead to the poor little orphan boys and girls of India.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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ALL OR NONE

A MAN dies, having made a will. The people who expect a part of the inheritance assemble to hear the will read. The attorney reads it until he comes to a certain passage of the will, when one of the heirs cries out, "I reject that passage." The attorney reads on, and some one else says, "I reject that passage, while I accept all of the rest of the will." The heirs go before the surrogate and the judge decides: "You must take this will as a whole or not at all. You cannot break a part of it and leave the rest intact." Now I say in regard to this Will of my Father, in respect to this last Will and Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, that if we break any part of the Will we break it all, and we lose our inheritance and go beggared through eternity.

A GAME OF TAG ACROSS THE CONTINENT

WHEN a little girl, aged three years and eight months, starts for a trip across the continent, they tie a tag across her breast, thus inscribed: "This is Helen R. Francis. I am going to James Lockhart, Stroud, Oklahoma. Will the conductors and traveling public please show kind attention?" And she is sure to get there if the conductors do.

It is an illustration of the fact that the majority of passengers on any train are good people, and love little children. Every one of them becomes a guardian to such a tiny traveler. They see that she is well fed, and tucked safely into her berth at night, and so she goes safely over her thousands of miles, unhurt. It is an illustration, too, of the safety of innocence. The great Master set a little child in the midst of his disciples and preached a sermon to them on this text, saying: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Little children do not know half the dangers of such a trip. And their innocence and ignorance protect them. They say their prayers with the same confidence, as when at home beside a mother's knee, though little Helen had lost her mother, and was going to Stroud to live with her grandmother. On her way she was photographed, and a very sweet and happy picture she made. "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." This, little Helen found to be true on her trip from New York City to Stroud, Oklahoma.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN ROLL OF HONOR

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

INDIVIDUAL PATRONS

—A Friend, San Francisco, Cal., undertakes the support of **A Famine Orphan** under care of Baptist missionary.

—A Friend, Lethbridge, Alberta, Can., undertakes the care of **A Famine Orphan.**

—Ames, Mrs. Harriet M., Kansas, in sending money for first year's support for **A Famine Orphan Boy** to be trained as a missionary in a Methodist orphanage, writes: "I cannot go as a missionary but I hope God will wonderfully use my substitute."

—Baugh, Minnie L., Abingdon, Va., pledges support for **An Orphan Girl.**

—Blair, A., Pennsylvania, educates **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school for evangelical work.

—Bromfield, Gergin S., Maryland, asks to have **A Little Orphan Girl** educated for a Mission worker, saying: "May God bless her, and may she grow up to be a good worker."

—Broome, Mrs. Julia M., Washington, D. C., assumes support of **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist orphanage, and Mr. Broome the support of **An Orphan Girl.** They say: "It is our intention to continue these payments quarterly as long as God spares our lives and gives us the means."

—Cadwell, Frances, Ontario, Can., will care for **A Famine Orphan Boy,** and directs that he be placed in a Presbyterian orphanage.

—Crowell, Mrs. A. G., Pennsylvania, wishes to provide for an **Orphan Boy.**

—Craddock, Mrs. H. F., Texas, writes: "We, as a family, will support **A Famine Orphan Boy.** The three boys and one girl in the Craddock family have planned to earn the money to care for their little ward in far-away India."

—Drew, Mr. and Mrs. F. D., Iowa, will support **A Famine Orphan Child** in a Baptist orphanage.

—Ferry, Mrs. Jeanette H., Utah, in adopting **An Orphan Boy** to be educated in a mission, says: "We wish to support a child in memory of one who has gone to the heavenly home and who would be seven years old to-day—his first birthday away from us."

—Flynn, Mrs. C. W. and Mrs. Bryan, Mississippi, unite in supporting **A Famine Orphan Girl** in a Baptist orphanage.

—Fraser, Mrs. John A., Idaho, will support **One Little Famine Orphan Girl** for five years, and sends the money for the first year's support, and wishes the child placed in a Methodist or Presbyterian orphanage.

—Freeman, James D., West Virginia, undertakes the care of **A Famine Orphan** in a Methodist Protestant orphanage. He writes: "God speed you in his work. My heart is with you."

—Hutton, Annie Lane and Clara, two little sisters in Tennessee, pledge support for **Two Little Orphans** in India.

—Mrs. W. H. H., West Virginia, wishes to support **An Orphan** in Baptist orphanage.

—Thomas, Rev. J. C., New York, undertakes the support of **A Famine Orphan,** to be under the care of some Methodist missionary, and sends the money for the first year's care.

—Russel, M. N., South Carolina, in sending money for a year's support of **A Famine Orphan,** to be placed under the care of a Presbyterian missionary, writes: "I wish to make an offering to our Lord for the benefit of some famine-stricken orphan child." He hopes the little one will become an efficient missionary worker.

—In His Name, Salix, Iowa, will support **One Orphan Child** in a Methodist school.

—Rice, C. M., Iowa, places **An Orphan Child** in a Congregational school, saying: "I believe this is the work for Christ and humanity, if ever there was one."

—Pomeroy, Dr. H., Ohio, places **An Orphan Child** in a Congregational school.

—Hall, Rev. Ira D., Michigan, in adopting **Two Famine Orphan Girls** to be placed in a Baptist orphanage, writes: "We have two sons who have consecrated themselves to foreign mission work. Our daughters have not physical endurance for an Oriental climate, therefore we have concluded to undertake the education of two native girls instead of sending our two."

—Lippman, George, Minnesota, adopts **An Orphan Boy** in Rev. Robert Ward's mission and writes: "Will support him until grown up, God giving me life and health."

—Millard, Dr. and Mrs Fred P., Indiana, support **Two Famine Orphans,** a boy and girl, under the care of a Methodist missionary.

—"Sympathy," Philadelphia, Pa., sends amount for one year's support of **A Famine Orphan Girl.**

—Perry, Clarence E., Pennsylvania, will provide for **A Famine Orphan Girl** under Methodist care and will interest others in the work.

—Miller, E. E., Miller, Chas. J., and Miller, John, Pennsylvania, unite in caring for **A Famine Orphan** placed in a Lutheran orphanage. They write: "We three young men, though poor, pledge ourselves to try to support one orphan."

—Kraus, Mrs. A. F., New York, will support **One Famine Orphan.**

—Gress, R. L., Illinois, in adopting **A Famine Orphan Boy,** to be cared for by the Evangelical Association, writes: "It is my fond hope and prayer that his life may be spared by my humble efforts, and that he may become a Christian and a shining light."

—Ward, Carlos A., New Hampshire, adopts **A Famine Orphan** to be placed under the care of the Adventist Christians.

—Myers, Mrs. Mary E., Miss Florence E. and Miss Julia M., California, unite in caring for **A Famine Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian orphanage.

—Storrs, Miss Ida F., New York, wishes to provide for **A Famine Orphan** to be placed under the care of the Presbyterian Church.

—Black, Mrs. Mary, Pennsylvania, places a boy in a Presbyterian school, saying: "I would prefer **An Orphan Boy** not too young, as I am nearly seventy-five years old and might not live until he was educated if he was young.

—M. E. D., Vermont, supports **Two Orphan Children,** a boy and a girl, in Rev. M. B. Fuller's orphanage.

—X and Y, Cedar Rapids, Ia., pledge support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

—Hickman, Lizzie C., Pennsylvania, places **An Orphan Boy** with Rev. E. F. Frease, saying: "If name can be changed call him John Wesley, that he may become a flame of fire to his people as John Wesley was to the English nation."

—Worthington, Mrs. E. C., Charles Town, W. Va., places a girl in a Baptist school, saying: "I would prefer **A Little Orphan Girl** and that she be taught faithfully the simple truths of the Bible."

—Brown, Mrs. A. B., West Virginia, asking to have **An Orphan** placed in a Baptist school, says: "I do not want to be selfish, but would like a child that can write, as I am in poor health, and would enjoy the letters so much."

—"Z," New York, pledges support for **One Famine Orphan** for one year.

—Bahl, J., Minnesota, will care for **Two Orphans,** a boy and a girl, in a Presbyterian school.

—Brookbank, J. O., Pennsylvania, sends funds for the support of **Two Orphan Children,** a boy and a girl.

—Watts, J. W., North Carolina, places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school, and says of the remittance for the child's support: "May this be blessed to the conversion of the child as well as to supply its bodily needs."

. . .

CHURCHES, CHURCH SOCIETIES, etc.

—McIntyre, Frank, Canada, treasurer of the King's Messenger Circle of the King's Sons, sends money for the support of **A Famine Orphan,** for whose care the Circle has become responsible.

—Presbyterian Church, Seneca, Kan., **A Famine Orphan** to be placed in the Bilaspur Mission.

—The Golden Rule Missionary Band, Greenwich, O., wish to support **A Famine Orphan Girl** to be trained under Rev. M. B. Fuller as a Christian teacher.

—Epworth League, Woodburn, Ore., becomes responsible for the support of **A Famine Orphan** to be under the care of the Methodists.

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SABBATH SCHOOLS

—First Presbyterian Sunday School, Newport News, Va., adopts **A Famine Orphan.**

—Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School, Northville, S. Dak., adopts **A Famine Orphan Boy** to be cared for by the Congregational or Christian Church Mission.

—Mission Hill Sabbath School, S. Dak., takes as its share of the work **Four Famine Orphans,** saying: "We hope many more schools will be interested in this work."

—M. E. S. S., Fair Plain, W. Va., will support **One Orphan** in a Baptist school. Their superintendent says: "This has been done by the poor."

—S. S. class First Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa., pledge support for **An Orphan Boy** and **An Orphan Girl** in India.

—Brantley's Grove Baptist Sunday School, North Carolina, pledge support for **One Orphan** child in a Baptist school, saying: "We will be glad to do this, though not financially strong."

—The Stone School House S. S., has agreed to take care of **One Orphan Child** in India.

. . . . .

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged a plan whereby any of our readers may **adopt a famine orphan** in India and be put in personal and regular communication with the little protege. Send your name and address (with your denominational preference) to

INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN RELIEF WORK,
Care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

. . . . .

Send also your first contribution toward the support of your protege. As the annual cost of supporting an orphan is $15, you may remit a quarter's, half year's or whole year's contribution in advance, as you may decide. The names of all those who respond favorably will appear in the "India Famine Roll of Honor," immediately after the receipt of their first remittance.

Answered Prayers

Reader, writes:

I prayed God to restore a relative to health and promised him I would acknowledge i through your paper. I thank God he is nov better.

Reader, York Co., Pa., writes:

One was in great pain and I asked the Lor to take it away, promising to acknowledge i in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The pain i gone and I write to fulfil my promise.

Reader, Vt., writes:

My little daughter was very sick. I prom ised the Lord if he would answer my prayer would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIA HERALD. He did, and I give him the glory

A. S., Belton, Texas, writes:

I asked of our heavenly Father a blessing but doubted; in answer to prayer he ha through his Holy Spirit overcome the doub that worried my mind. I feel deeply thankfu for his blessing of peace.

L. E., Watford, Ont., writes:

I had a very sick child and I promised Go if she recovered in answer to prayer, I woul acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALI I am now writing to redeem my promise an give him the glory.

E. B., Altamont, Ill., writes:

I promised the Lord if he would answer on of my prayers I would acknowledge it in TH CHRISTIAN HERALD. To-day my prayer wa answered. I know he answers prayer if w have the faith to trust in him.

B. W., Rockville, Conn., writes:

I prayed for two in the family who were se riously ill, promising if my prayers were an swered to acknowledge the same in TH CHRISTIAN HERALD. My prayers were an swered and I now write to redeem my promise

Reader, Eaton, O., writes:

I promised the Lord if he would answer m prayer in my brother's behalf, that I woul acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIA HERALD. My brother is much improved an I desire to express gratitude to God for th same.

Reader, Fayette, Ia., writes:

I had been sadly afflicted and I prayed t God for my recovery, and promised that if was restored to health, I would acknowledg it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Nov I am about well again and I feel it my duty t confess the power of God.

Reader, Woodview, Ohio, writes:

I was very ill with dropsy and prayed fo health. I promised the Lord that if my de sire were gratified I would acknowledge i through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It wa done and now that all might have faith i prayer, I desire to give him the glory.

K. S. H., Clarksville, O., writes:

I was in trouble and the outlook for th future looked very dark. Last week I prom ised that if He would answer my prayer, would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIA HERALD. In less than a week my prayer wa answered. I can truly testify that God doe answer prayer.

J. M. V., Jersey City, N. J., writes:

I wish to acknowledge through your pape a recent answer to prayer. I was in deep trouble; it seemed that no help could b found. I called upon the Lord and he sen deliverance. I said I was willing to acknowl edge his goodness and I now do so in TH CHRISTIAN HERALD.

F. P., Lilac, Neb., writes:

I wish to acknowledge my faith in God' answering prayers, through the columns o THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My wife was sick away from home, and I prayed God for he recovery, promising to write to THE CHRIS TIAN HERALD on her return home. She i home and well now.

G., New York, writes:

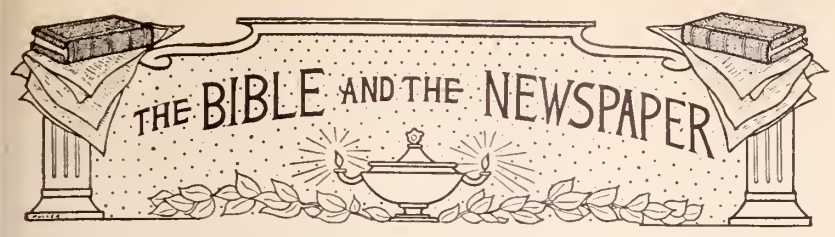
For some time I had asked a special favor i my prayers, but had not received it. On night I promised, if it were granted, I woul openly say that he is a prayer-hearing an prayer-answering God. I have received a par of what I asked for, and trust, if it is best fo me, all may soon be given.

Nancy C., East St. Louis, writes:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done so much towards bringing me nearer our Father, tha it is to me as a tonic, to be partaken of freely I wish to acknowledge through its columns an answer to prayer. I promised our dea Lord if he would answer in behalf of my or phan nephew, I would acknowledge it. The prayer has been answered with blessings.

W. M., Hart, Mo., writes:

God surely answers prayer. Last spring I suffered with a severe illness, and considering my condition otherwise, recovery seemed hopeless. God was my physician. I promised i he would restore me I would acknowledge the same through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I am now reminded I should pay my vows This is not the first time the Lord has answered me in this way. I give him the glory.



The Chinese Problem

ANOTHER surprise in the Chinese situation, which has been so prolific in surprises, was sprung on the public last week. Russia, separating herself from the other powers, announced her intention of withdrawing from Pekin, removing both her minister and her military forces. The reason assigned, in the circular notes to the other Governments, for this independent action, was that the object of the rescue of the legations having been accomplished, and there being no Chinese government with which to treat, a power that had no territorial designs on China ought to quit the Capital. This action is evidently unwelcome to the other powers, especially to Germany. As the German minister was the only one murdered and as the German general, Count Waldersee, had been appointed to command the united forces, Germany has two valid reasons for resenting this break-up of the mutual understanding. It also shrewdly suspects that there are other reasons for Russia's withdrawal than those assigned. If Russia really instigated the Boxer rising, as many Europeans believe, in the hope that the Chinese government would ask her aid in suppressing it and give "territorial concessions" in payment for such aid, the prompt action of the powers in sending a military force to Pekin must have been extremely unwelcome to her. Realizing that the crafty plot has failed, Russia now seeks to win China's good will by leading the movement for withdrawal. Whether such a construction of her actions is just, is known only to the diplomats of Europe. Our Government is willing to follow Russia's example if the other Governments also agree to withdraw, but still continues to believe that united action is best in the circumstances. There is, however, little doubt that if the Chinese Government has learned its lesson and is now prepared honestly to suppress the Boxer rising, the sooner it is reinstated the better for all concerned, and it can be reinstated only by the foreign forces quitting the capital. No government, especially in China, can control its subjects while a hostile foreign army is in possession of its capital. We cannot afford to be a party to a prolonged occupation, nor can we join in a foreign administration of the affairs of China; we do not wish for any Chinese territory nor for "a sphere of influence," so that we, of all the powers represented, have the strongest motives for supporting the withdrawal. Badly as China has behaved, her conduct must not be made a pretext for wholesale destruction and robbery. If any of the powers are cherishing such designs as Solomon described, our Government will never listen to their proposals.

GEN. AND MRS. CRONJE IN ST. HELENA

Let us swallow them up alive as the grave; we shall find all precious substance; we shall fill our houses with spoil; cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse (Prov. 1:12, 13).

Robbing a Burglar

An unusual scene was witnessed recently in a New York police court. A man was on trial charged with highway robbery. The prosecutor gave his evidence glibly and was very circumstantial in giving the exact place and time of the robbery. No attempt was made on cross-examination to break down his story, but he was asked to explain where he obtained the property which had been taken from him. There was some difficulty in satisfying the questioner and finally the prosecutor was transferred to the prisoner's pen. A detective explained to the police justice that from inquiries he had made, he believed that the robbery had really taken place as the prosecutor alleged, but the property of which he had been relieved he had stolen the same night from a store in the neighborhood and it was really a case of a burglar being robbed by a highwayman. Both men were therefore held for trial. He is not the first man to be stripped of ill-gotten gains. The time will come when all who have defrauded others will so suffer in the righteous judgment of God.

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days and at his end shall be a fool (Jer. 17:11).

A Man Without a Country

A curious illustration of the difficulties of the immigration laws was furnished by a case recently before the officers in New Orleans. A negro came to this country from Jamaica, W. I., some years ago and took out naturalization papers. He was young and active and had the necessary amount of money, so there was no difficulty about his admission. Last year he went out to South Africa as a mule-driver in the service of the British army. His contract contained a clause pledging the British Government to bring him back free of expense whenever he decided to leave the service. Under this clause he was brought back to New Orleans recently. The immigration officers, however, objected to his landing. He is now old and penniless, and as he knows no business by which he can earn a livelihood, they thought he was liable to become a public charge. The negro pleaded that he had been admitted once and regarded this country as his home. He could not go back to Jamaica, as he had abjured his allegiance, and he did not want to be sent to South Africa, where he had suffered many hardships. His earnest desire was to live and die here. The officers finally decided against him, as his going away and returning constituted a new case, which must be decided on its merits, and he certainly was in a very different condition from that he was in when he was originally admitted. The officers, therefore, obeyed the letter of the law and sent him back to South Africa. It is well for backsliders that Christ does not adopt that principle in dealing with them. Those who come back repentant, though in rags like the Prodigal Son, are welcomed and reinstated.

A TYPICAL CHINESE BOXER

For I have mercy upon them and they shall be as though I had not cast them off; for I am the Lord their God and will hear them (Zech. 10:6).

The Exiles of St. Helena

Little news reaches the outside world from the Boers who are prisoners in St. Helena. Beyond the general expression of satisfaction with the courtesy and consideration shown to them by the English governor, no word has reached the public from them. Gen. Cronje is of a taciturn nature, and it is reported that he felt hurt by some expressions about his surrender that were made at the time by President Kreuger and Secretary Reitz, so that now he is keeping his own counsel. The photograph of him and his wife taken in his island prison and reproduced on this page, does not show a man pining in discontent or fretting over inaction. Indeed, such a man may be thankful for being relieved of the duty of protracting a struggle clearly hopeless and involving a useless sacrifice of life and property. It is stated, too, that Cronje's belief presses Calvinism to the verge of fatalism. More than once during his campaign, his officers expostulated with him for needlessly exposing himself; but the old general replied: "If it is the will of God that I be shot to-day, I shall be shot, whether I am in the field or down in a well." Such a man may naturally regard his exile as part of the will of God, which even if he cannot understand, he is prepared to accept with submission. It appears that one of the best houses on the island has been set apart for his use; a carriage has been provided for him and he is allowed to drive where he wishes. There are about three thousand Boers on the island who are confined within an enclosure in which tents have been placed. Some of them have constructed bamboo huts for greater privacy. A large number have received permits under which they have engaged themselves as help to the farmers. Their condition is enviable compared with their brethren in the Transvaal, who are engaged in the dangerous service of harassing the British forces. Lord Roberts has now issued a proclamation annexing the Transvaal. This step has been precipitated by the shooting of British soldiers by Boers, who professed to be friendly. Now, every burgher will have to formally declare his attitude. If he swears allegiance to the British Government, he will be allowed to remain on his farm; if he refuses to do so, he will have to quit the country. How many people in Christian lands would be stricken with consternation if God were to make such a demand upon them! Yet he is not deceived as to the attitude of those who do not own him as their Lord.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE

He that is not with me is against me (Matt. 12:30).

Thought He Had Gold

A lad is lying in suffering in a New Jersey hospital as a result of a mistake in values. He was crossing a vacant lot in Hoboken when he noticed something yellow that glittered in the sunlight. Thinking he had surely found a lump of gold, he seized it and put it in his pocket. He had not walked far before he felt a burning sensation, and a strange smoke issued from the pocket in which his treasure was. He dare not put his hand in to get the yellow stuff out, but his clothes were burning and his flesh felt as if it were on fire. He cried out and a man who was passing ran to his help and tore his garments off. The lad was so badly burned that the man called an ambulance and sent him to the hospital. The surgeons there said that he had probably picked up a lump of phosphorus that some one had dropped, and it was that which had produced the burns. He will probably be more careful in the future and not be so ready to think that all is gold that glitters. It might be a valuable lesson, too, for him if he learns that real gold, which would not set him on fire, also has its dangers. It may be acquired in such a way that it will do as much harm to the soul as the false gold did to his body.

For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith and pierced themselves through with many sorrows (I. Timothy 6:10).

BRIEF NOTES

The tent meetings in Philadelphia have been so well attended and so much good has been done in them that they will be continued as long as the favorable weather lasts.

An Interdenominational Conference on the future of the missions in China is to be held at the Presbyterian mission rooms, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, on Sept. 21. All the Protestant Boards will send representatives.

A Chinese rice merchant of Amoy, China, has recently made a donation of $1,200 to the Christian Mission of that city, with which the late Dr. John Talmage was so long connected and in which his daughters still labor.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey has received so many invitations to sing and speak during his visit to England that he has been obliged to limit his service at the dedication of the new Spurgeon Tabernacle to one day instead of the ten days originally planned. He expects to spend two months in England.

The Council of the Free Churches in England which represents all Christian denominations except the Protestant Episcopal, proposes to celebrate the opening of the twentieth century by a thoroughly organized evangelical campaign covering the whole country. Eminent preachers have already been assigned to the large cities.

DRUGGING THE GUARDS

A TEMPERANCE LESSON

THE DUTY OF WATCHFULNESS

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 23: Luke 12: 35-46.

Golden Text, Matt. 26: 41: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

WATCHFULNESS is literally wakefulness. A "watch" was originally a man awake at night to guard against danger. But now a "watch" tells the hours of day as well as night, reminding us that day has even greater perils than the dark, and that we need to be awake, in the fullest sense, to guard against them. We might well revive the old custom of putting on watches mottoes that remind us, every time we look at them, to watch. Our golden text recalls one of those mottoes: "The hour is flying, pray" (*Fugit hora, ora*). Because there are dangers—moral dangers especially, in every hour—we should both watch and pray against temptation. A profounder motto from those old days is: "On this moment hangs eternity" (*In hoc momento pendet eternitas*). An old Persian poet thus expressed the same thought:

A thousand years did a poor man wait
Outside of heaven's gate.
Then, while a moment brief he dozed,
It opened, and closed.

In theological discussions about the future life, men sometimes declare it unreasonable to believe that one's eternal destiny can turn on one brief act. But every day we see a whole life wrecked physically, financially or morally by one false step of an unguarded moment. In Japan there are three monkey images, now worshiped, but originated, no doubt, by some sage as an object lesson, one of which has a hand over each eye, meaning, "Be careful what you see"; another has a hand over each ear, meaning, "Be careful what you hear"; the third has both hands over his mouth as if to say, "Be doubly watchful as to what goes in and out of your mouth." Gen. Miles has recently reiterated his early warning against the two chief perils of the mouth, liquor and tobacco: "If a young man would retain his clear brain, his manly voice and sound health, he had better eschew both."

. . .

Alert Watchers *Let your loins be girded and your lights burning.* It is alert watchmen that are pictured here, who will not sleep at their post. The five senses are five guards at the gates of the soul. Alcohol, that is Al Gohol—one of the names of the devil—drugs all these God-appointed guards, and secures admittance, not only for himself but for the whole gang of robbers that follow in his train. How alcohol perverts the sense of taste, making it crave at last the drinks which at first it pronounced bitter as gall! When alcohol has drugged the senses, the modest girl hears willingly the foul words she would in her sober senses have resented, and her eyes look upon sights she could not otherwise have tolerated. The sense of cold and heat are the warnings of wakeful guards, but alcohol drugs these watchmen, with resulting sunstroke in the summer heat, and freezing by the wayside in the winter cold. Parents and teachers are themselves God-appointed chief watchers who should be alert to teach the children how these underwatchers may be saved from the foe that ever seeks to put them to sleep that he may enter and destroy.

"Mother," said a boy ten years old, "may I join the temperance society?"

"You are too young yet," said the mother; "you may join when you are old enough."

"But, mother, some of the boys I know were skating on the river on Christmas day, and they had beer; and some of them drank so much that they could not stand."

"You may join the temperance society tomorrow, my son."

Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., formerly Sunday School leader of the Congregationalists, has this to say to ungirded, unwatchful teachers who fail to swing the red light of warning and so allow their youthful charges to plunge into the perils of drink:

"Some Sunday School teachers ask what danger there is of the children in their classes growing up to be drunkards. Their parents are Christians. They live amid wholesome surroundings. It is well enough to teach temperance to the children of drunkards; but do these children need to be taught about it? I had in my Sunday School, twenty-five years ago, a class of six boys from ten to twelve years old. All except one came from good families. The parents of that one were dead. He seemed to be the most gentlemanly boy of the class. When they came to be about fifteen or sixteen years old they organized a club. It was secret, but they said its purpose was their moral improvement. They hired a room. Two of them were members of our church. They brought into the club several other boys. One of these they appointed as a chaplain. After a while it was said that liquor was taken to their club-room. Not long afterwards the chaplain left the club. He is now a Christian minister. One day one of the most attractive of the young men came to me and said that he had got into the habit of drinking, and that his parents had found it out. His mother, he said, was almost insane. He begged me to go to her and tell her he would never drink again. But he went from bad to worse till he disappeared. Friends of another came to tell me that he had by forgery secured money from a bank. Employers of another came to say that he had made false entries in their books, and had defrauded them of a considerable sum of money. Another within a few years died a common drunkard. None of these boys at ten years of age seemed likely to be exposed to temptation to drink."

There are two reasons why every teacher in every kind of school should teach temperance faithfully: first because every pupil is in danger; second, to protect the social life of the community by removing or at least reducing this evil, so making it, in the great words of Gladstone, "harder to do wrong, easier to do right." If teachers are true child guardians they will watch eagerly for opportunities to smash the traps for the young that are all about their path, and welcome the temperance lessons through which they can sound the notes of warning.

. . .

Watching and Working *Blessed are those servants.* In all ages there have been some who have interpreted the command to watch for Christ's coming as a call to curious, idle waiting, whereas it is a call to wakefulness, readiness, Christian activity. We are not to say: "We can do nothing, and must wait for him to come and do it all." The watchers in this story are "servants" "girded" for action, putting away temptations to sleep and idleness. Christ comes "girded" also, to do only what they cannot do, and to reward them for their previous service with a feast of joy. The temptation to despair of human efforts and wait for something to happen is peculiarly strong at this time in temperance work. In this foremost country of the world in this reform, the per capita consumption of liquors is increasing at home, and more than ever before our distillers and brewers are flooding other lands with this Yellow River of sorrow; with the aid of our government, even breaking down gradually the one virtue of the total abstinence religions, that have hitherto protected half the world's population against this vice. One of the leaders of our American missionary forces, who has made vain efforts for eight years to get favorable action on the unanswerable plea of Dr. John G. Paton that our government should forbid its merchants as England does, to sell rum and guns to the converted and unconverted cannibals of the New Hebrides, writes thus: "The liquor interest in this country is too powerful to give much hope that our government will take it up . . . The liquor interest and the Roman Catholic interest and the labor interest constitute a trinity of force that rule and are likely to rule this country." But he fails to see that the real difficulty is that Christian citizenship has not girded itself and kindled its beacon lights. There is so little demand for righteous laws, that we who are at the doors of Congress, wonder that we get as many as we do. In the last session of Congress, the House twice voted an anti-saloon amendment to the Hawaiian bill, though not one per cent. of the church members manifested any desire that anything whatever should be done to protect that or any other of our islands against the American saloon. No wonder that it failed at last! Christ will do his part in bringing in his kingdom; aye, and our government will do its part, as in the Roberts' case, when Christian citizenship girds itself and cries aloud as a faithful watcher. The "trinity" that "rules this country," when it will, is the threefold alliance of man, woman and God. But at present God's watchers are mostly asleep or only half awake. Let the handless clock remind us he may come at any moment to call us to account for duties neglected as well as sins committed in our relations to the State as well as in those we owe to the Church. We are divinely commanded not only to render to God the things that are God's, but also to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—our taxes, our votes and our petitions. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh, shall find watching."

ORIENTAL WATCHMAN ON A WATCH-TOWER

. . .

Watching Against Wrongdoing *If the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched.* We are not only to watch for Christ's coming, but we are also to watch against the coming of bad men. The thief most to be feared is not the night prowler who may steal our property, but the day thieves who steal reputation and character, who steal health and virtue. At any hour these highwaymen may come upon us, as polite as many that figure in history and romance, but more dangerous because the working rule of the saloon is not "money or your life," but "money and your life." With music and beautiful decorations the saloons seek to put the fears of well-trained youth to sleep. "The drinker," says the Bible (Prov. 23: 32), "is like one who lieth down in the midst of the sea on the top of a mast," the reference being to what was called "the crow's nest," a sort of bowl at the masthead where the ship's watch could safely stand, holding fast, but from which, if he fell asleep, even for a moment, he would be thrown into the deep. What tragedies have come in all ages out of one unguarded moment! Esau, weary and hungry as he came from the hunt, in that moment of consuming appetite, sold his whole future, as many a boy, many a girl, has done for a moment's enjoyment.

A Chinaman, much addicted to gambling, and earnestly desiring to break himself of the habit, visited the temple of his idol, and after many prostrations, dashed a bowl to pieces, with the words: "Thus may my life be broken if I ever gamble again!"

The fear of breaking his oath kept him for a while; but in the course of time he drifted into the habit again. Once more visiting the temple, after similar prostrations, he held up a candle, and blowing out the flame, exclaimed: "Thus may my life be blown out if I gamble again," with the same result as before.

The gambler's slavery is of mind alone, but the drinker's is both mind and a body, a slavery from which only Christ can emancipate.

The Lion of Judah can break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.

. . .

Stories of Watchfulness *Be ye also ready.* "How many runs this month?" said a visitor at a fire-engine house. "Didn't turn a wheel" was the reply. In that month the city had paid $400 in the expenses of that fire watch, and had apparently got no benefit in return. But hark! the cry of "Fire," "Fire" rings out. In two minutes the ready horses and ready men are hurrying to the fire, and in fifteen minutes they are at work, and $10,000 in property is saved. "Be ye also ready," swift to hear every warning, swift to act in your own defense or in defense of others, especially of the young, against worse perils than fire that are daily making their sudden inroads—devices to lure to gambling, to impurity, to drink and to more respectable sins no less harmful, such as greed, which is the chief root of all the others.

Now let me tell of a young man who was "ready" in an hour for greater temptation that came suddenly and unexpectedly upon him. He was the son of an American college president, just turned twenty-one. He had gone to Paris for a special course in surgery. At the depot of his native town many comrades had gathered when he departed, among them his sweetheart. She knew how severely his Christian principles would be tried in such a city as Paris, and springing to his side, after good-bys had all been spoken, she whispered, "Charley, dare to be a Daniel." With a look of disappointment, he said, "Only that old saw?" But she cheerily answered, "Only that, Charley, but it may mean much to you." He bore a letter of introduction to a distinguished Frenchman, who, soon after his arrival, gave a small banquet in his honor. He was not sure that his table etiquette was up to the French standard, and was not a little disturbed by that misgiving as he sat, the cynosure of all eyes. He noted also with dismay that before each plate were glasses, ruby, purple, amber and white, the first three for wines of corresponding color, the last for water. During the feast the host filled his ruby glass, an example followed by the guests generally, and proposed the toast, "To the wives, daughters and sweethearts of America." A response was asked from the guest, a servant being told to fill his ruby glass. What followed can best be told in the words he wrote home: "Mother, for a moment I was in an agony of trepidation. I would rather have faced a cannon. All had risen, and in the hand of each was the wine I had pledged from childhood not to taste. My head swam. Suddenly I remembered the words, 'Dare to be a Daniel.' Touching my white glass, a servant filled it with water. Rising, I said: 'I beg leave to say that to the typical wife, daughter and sweetheart of America, the purity of this, Nature's own beverage, illustrates the lives they aim to lead and the dangers which they seek to avoid. Permit me to use it in their dear name.' The host substituted quickly his white glass, followed by all the others, and the toast to American womanhood was fitly drunk in water."

"BLOW THE TRUMPET AND WARN THE PEOPLE"

"BE YE ALSO READY."

· INDIA · LOOKING · HOPEFULLY · FOR · A · HARVEST ·

MISSIONARIES TESTIFY TO THE HAPPY RESULTS OF THE BENEFICENCE OF CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS—ANXIOUS ABOUT THE ORPHANS

WHILE news of continued rains in various districts of India encourages the hope of a harvest, it is a significant fact that the number receiving government relief is still over six millions. n analyzing the returns, however, we otice that the number who are working or wages has decreased, while it is those who are receiving gratuitous relief who have increased. This implies that the able-bodied men have gone to work on their and, but having nothing wherewith to upport wives and children while waiting or a harvest, have left them to be cared or by the government. This would account for both the increase and the decrease. All the reports agree that the prospects are brighter than they were, but the most sanguine admit that the next four weeks will be the most critical of all. Happily the missionaries are better prepared for the struggle and many of them are, thanks to the gifts of our readers in money and corn, hopeful of relieving all the suffering within their reach. The corn especially has been a most valuable aid, and it has been an object lesson, the value of which cannot be exaggerated. Dr. Harpster, the Lutheran missionary at Guntur, sends the following eloquent testimony to the effect of the beneficence in his district:

GUNTUR, MADRAS,
July 27, 1900.

TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

There have been recent local rains in some parts of the Kistna district, but other localities have received none at all. All hope of the early monsoon has not been abandoned, but the hearts of men are failing them for fear. Under any circumstances no harvest can be reaped before the latter part of September, or the first two weeks in October. In the meantime the want among the lower classes will be great. But thanks to the splendid charity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the Church at home we are keeping the wolf of starvation at bay in the Kistna district.

Up to date this mission has relieved—some for a few days, some for weeks, others for months—upward of 45,000 famine sufferers. Thousands are receiving doles, but a much larger number are paid a living wage and given employment in sinking wells, excavating water tanks, digging gravel, making roads, weaving, shoe-making—in every way that help can be given and, as far as possible, the self-respect of the people preserved. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S gift of Rs. 666 for blankets is a gift twice blessed: First, in furnishing work to many weavers, and secondly, in the comfort it will bring to the old and the abject poor to whom the blankets will be given when the rains set in.

The donation of American maize was a great benefaction. It was great in conception and great in the reach of its beneficence. A venerable Hindu, watching the issue of the corn to the poor, emaciated creatures, turning to me, asked:

"Was this grain sent out of pure charity?"

"Out of pure charity," I replied.

"Was it given outright, without any pay for it?"

"Not a *damardi* of pay for it; given outright for the love of God and man."

"Well, sir," he said, "I am an old man, but I have never seen anything like this; have you?"

"I never did," I said, "never anything quite like this."

The fact is the sending of this corn from America has more or less affected the whole Hindu community—those who have received no help at all as well as those who have. As the people have carried it on their heads all over the district, along the high roads, through country lanes, by foot paths through the fields, twenty, thirty or even fifty miles to their distant homes, it has attracted the attention and touched the hearts of the remotest villagers. So far as attracting the attention of the people to the foreign help India is receiving in this time of her sore distress, it has been more effective than thrice the value of the corn invested in native grain and distributed would have been. The fact that it was sent by people living thousands of miles away, across three seas, out of pure philanthropy, has moved the hearts of the people as a thousand sermons would not have done. The truth is the corn was a sermon in itself, and, I incline to think that, so far as Christianity is concerned, *the most effective sermon ever preached* in the Kistna district.

Still, from week to week the crowds straggling into our compounds are showing increased emaciation. The sights we are obliged to look upon from day to day are sad to see. This morning some twenty men, heads of families from a village forty miles to the northwest, came to my door. I have known them for years and often preached in their village. Before this distress came on they were, as things go in India, well-to-do. As the pinch of want came on they sold their cattle, then their lands, and finally anything and everything that could be turned into food for their wives and little ones. As the weary, rainless months dragged by they held out, ashamed to ask for charity. But at last driven to despair, they set out to make their way to me. As they stood before me, I positively did not recognize at first the strong, robust men of former years, so wan and worn and emaciated they were. I am not ashamed to confess to an obstinate lump in the throat as I returned their *salaam*. Their case is but one out of a thousand.

For nearly six months we have given ourselves, mind and body, to the one work of relieving the distress of these people. The wear and tear upon mind and body no one who has not gone through it can understand. But it is the missionary opportunity of a lifetime.

J. H. HARPSTER.
American Evangelical Lutheran Mission.

ARRIVAL OF "CHRISTIAN HERALD" CORN IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE IN INDIA

2,000 Being Fed.

Dr. W. J. Wanless, the physician in charge of the Presbyterian Hospital at Miraj, reports the arrival of blankets and a supply of corn. "With this corn," he says, "we are enabled to help in supporting two thousand persons to whom it is given out thrice weekly. The fact that the people come for it from villages, many of them ten miles off, shows both their need and their appreciation. The mighty testimony of this exhibition of disinterested charity will last for generations in India. Its immediate and remote result will be the saving of thousands of lives now and thousands of souls in the future. May God continue to bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers and extend its usefulness over the whole world!"

Rev. B. M. Mitchell, of the Church of the Disciples Mission, at Bina, writes: "The people come from villages far and near for the corn. Some to whom I spoke to-day had walked twenty-four miles to get a portion, and it would do you good to see how thankful they are for it. We have four men weighing out the portions as fast as they can; yet they cannot keep pace with the applicants. The distress is increasing daily here, and must continue to do so until we get a crop. Tell your readers how thankful we are, both missionaries and natives, for their generous help."

A Song at the Mill

A missionary in Sholapur writes: "I had been visiting the famine camp and was returning with my heart heavy almost to breaking with the sights I had witnessed, when to my amazement I heard a woman's voice raised in song. Surely no one could be singing in such a neighborhood! What cause could there be for song? I went to see what it was, and there I saw a woman grinding at a mill. It was one of those quaint, old-fashioned mills of two stones. She was grinding away, and her hungry eyes were sparkling with the prospect of a full meal at last. Oh, you who have sent this grain; you who denied yourselves that these hungry people might eat, Jesus will surely reward you. He sees it, and this hungry woman's glad song must enter his ears like a prayer for a blessing upon you."

Children Fed

Rev. Edgar M. Wilson, Presbyterian Missionary at Ratnagiri, thus describes the feeding of the children with the corn at his station: "We soaked the corn over night and boiled it with salt for an hour or two in the morning. The children brought their little earthen dishes and sat down on the ground in a row. If you could have seen how short a time it took to dispose of the corn, you would have understood how they appreciated it. We had no shelter for such a large number, and once or twice there was a drenching rain while we were giving out the portions. In spite of this not one of the little creatures budged until his dish was filled."

MUST THE ORPHANS PERISH?

It is very gratifying to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as it must be to its readers, to know how much good this gift of corn has done, especially to the children. One likes to read such a story of delight as that of Mr. Wilson. The problem of the children is now a very pressing one, and that not only in the present, but for the future. We are thankful to see that many Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies, as well as private givers, are recognizing the significance of the crisis and are undertaking the support of orphans. But the extent of the need is appalling. The Methodist Episcopal missions alone have seven thousand orphans in their stations, and other missions are in proportion. The following incident, which occurred recently at Ahmadabad, is a specimen of hundreds:

A Sister's Plea

In the Salvation Army refuge there was a bright little girl about eight years old who belonged to the Bhil tribe. Her home was in a village a few miles away. She had been given to the Salvation Army by her parents early this year, when the pressure of the famine had become acute, and they had realized that some member of the family must be given up that the others might have a chance of life. The child was accepted and seemed contented. But there must have been in her heart a love and a yearning for the dear ones at home that a child is sure to feel. That she had that love was proved one day lately after the child had been seven months in the refuge. She came running up to Nurani in great distress. Some people from her village had come in and had told her that her mother, father and uncles were dead of cholera. But her little brother? Was he living? She had learned that he was, and now she flung herself on the ground and begged with tears that she might be allowed to go back to the village and find the child. It was hard to refuse her, but it had to be done, for to consent would have been to imperil both children. Nurani promised to seek the boy, and with that the girl had to be content. Nurani sent to the officer in that village, and soon the news came that the boy was found and was being sent on. No such touching sight had been witnessed for many a day as when the girl clasped her little brother in her arms and conducted him to her protector. Would any one like to adopt those two children, that they may not be separated?

CONNECTICUT

Allyn, May T 1 00
Arlmar, Mary 1 00
Barker, Harrison.. 1 00
Bartlett, E D..... 20
Beckwith, Harry.. 25
Bloss, Dora A.... 2 00
Brown, Mrs Etta. 25
Cable, Mrs E G & W E 50
Chapman, Edw.... 10
Coles, Albert 25
Coles, Elmer 15
Doohan, John..... 25
Emack, Geo 2 00
Granger, Rev C E 75
Grannis, Andrew. 35
Grannis, Chas ... 1 00
Greene, W W.... 5 00
Hagen, Mrs O..... 1 00
Haley, H N..... 1 00
Hall, Ambrose.... 15
Hancock, Leroy... 25
Hancock, Parnelia 25
Harrison, John ... 25
Hawley, H D.....10 00
Hill, Edw H..... 20
Hine, Dr Jas..... 5 00
Hopson, John 25
Jenner, Mrs R... 10
La Gitchell, Mrs J 10
Lamphier, Mrs G A 25
Lelneweber, B A.. 1 00
Lewis, Mrs H.... 10
Marquett, Geo 20
Mattison, Mary... 50
Minson, Miss S... 25
Morris, Mrs S.... 2 00
Mott, Mrs S..... 10
Page, Chas 3 00
Page, Roy 25
Peabody, Mrs E J 25
Peabody, Hadlai.. 10
Peabody, J 50
Perry, Ray 10
Perry, Rotha 15
Porter, Mrs E B.. 2 00
Pose, Harry 25
Rockwell, N L....25 00
Segle, Henry 10
Shepherd, Mrs W. 4 00
Sherwood, J W... 1 00
Smith, Mrs J B... 2 00
Smith, R B.....10 00
Stevens, Fred 15
Thompson, Mabel. 25
Tourjee, W W.... 25
Valden, M 2 00
Whipple, Z.....10 00
Wilcox, L L..... 1 00
Williamson, Annie S 5 00
Wright, Agnes.... 10
Wright, Marg A.. 10
L A M & A H M, Uncasville 1 00
L V W, New Haven 1 00
M D, New London 5 00
—, Bridgeport... 2 00
—, South Britain 1 00
A Friend, Durham 7 00
A Friend, Sound Beach 1 00
A Friend, Waterford 10
A Friend, Waterford 50
A Friend, Waterford 25
A Friend, Waterford 25
Friend, Deep River 1 00
Friends, Foxon.... 23
Four Friends, New Britain 40
A Friend of the Needy, So Manchester 1 50
Subr, Bridgeport.. 2 00
From Little Leslie's money box, Bridgeport 1 00
Christian, Waterford 10
Christian, Waterford 20
Christian, Waterford 50
Thank Offering, 2 widows, Waterbury 3 00
Cong'l Ch, Easton. 7 25
Newell Soc of Ledyard Congl Ch, Ledyard 1 00
Bapt S Sch, Deep River 10 85
Wangum Lake S S, Norfolk 2 42
The Brick's Hill Un Chapel Soc, Waterbury 7 50

MAINE

Achron, H S 10
Bartlett, J A 10
Berry, Mrs L.... 61
Billings, Addie L. 1 00
Binker, Mrs M E 2 00
Blackstone, W .. 1 00
Brownville Cong S Sch 3 03
Buck, Mrs I A.... 1 00
Burnham, Gracie.. 1 00
Burgess, W O.... 50
Cater, Mrs C F.. 10
Chapman, E E ... 10
Chase, Mrs 25
Chesterton, N 10
Churms, M 1 00
Cochran, Mrs M.. 05
Colby, Mrs Ino... 10
Colby, Jennie 10
Colby, Gus S..... 25
Crane, Blanch.... 25
Creamer, C E 10
Crockett, Charles. 1 00
Crosby, A M 1 00

MAINE—Cont'd.

Crosby, Mrs L B.. 35
Curtis, Rev W C. 1 00
Curtis, C H 10
Daily, Mrs M..... 50
Delno, A 10
Dotin, Miss M.... 1 00
Donghty, Mrs A E 1 00
Dow, Mr & Mrs S O 4 00
Dunbar, Adra 05
Dunbar, Grace ... 05
Earle, Mrs Chas.. 25
Earle, Chas 50
Easton, J P 2 00
Edwards, Helen... 25
Ellis, Mrs E..... 1 00
Falkingham, Harold & Lewis 15
Falkingham, Jas.. 50
Farquhar, Mr 50
Fogg, Mr & Mrs.. 30
Foss, Mrs Jno L. 1 00
Frost, Mrs Geo... 2 00
Goodwin, N W ... 25
Hajer, E E 25
Hamer, Mr & Mrs R W 1 00
Hanney, Mrs A E 3 00
Hanscome, Filinda 10
Head, Dr O B.... 30
Hilton, A M 25
Hooper, Mrs A S. 6 13
Holt, Mrs A F.... 50
Howard, Chas H.. 10
Hunt, L R 10
Hutchinson, E M. 1 00
Ingalls, Mae 10
Jandon, T P 10 00
Johnston, Mrs E M 10
Jones, Rev L A.. 2 00
Jones, Mrs R..... 1 00
Jones, S A 10
Keene, C T 25
Knight, Henry ... 25
Lakeman, Alberta. 05
Leemen, Royal W. 2 00
Lewis, Mrs F E... 3 00
Lndwig, Mrs L E. 10
Lunt, Flora E 1 00
McLeod, Mrs C .. 25
Maddock, Mrs I T 25
Morton, Maurice.. 10
Murphy, Alice 10
Page, A W 1 00
Parks, Mary J.... 10
Palmer, M L 10
Petter, Mrs C C.. 25
Pingree, E 10
Plummer, T 2 00
Pugh, Mrs D 1 00
Purrington, A E.. 25
Reffnow, Mrs M A 10
Ritchie, B 1 00
Rodick, Miss M... 1 00
Rogers, Mrs S A. 25
Ross, Ella 30
Rowe, Susan 10
Ryder, Mrs A.... 25
Sawyer, S & Mrs Ills 15
Smith, I 25
Smith, Mrs E..... 25
Staples, Mehitable 5 00
Tobey, Miss C.... 1 00
Tomeson, Miss C M 1 00
Virgin, B D 50
Washburn, Miss M 50
Wass, Freeman... 25
Webster, H 1 00
Welt, G L 10
Wentworth, Addie 10
Whale, Bessie 10
Wheeler, Hannah M 1 00
White, Miss S.... 1 00
Whitney, Jno H .. 25
Wilson, Sophia & L Smith 25
Wood, Mary B ... 05
Woodbury, Mrs A M 1 00
Woodman, Isaac.. 25
Woodward, Helen & Lottie Beal... 15
Arthur & Herbert S, —— 50
Rosa, Poland 1 00
L C J, Brownville 50
Sela, Denmark.... 2 00
M E T, Skowlegan —, Riverside 5 00
Cash, Waldoboro. 15
A Friend, E Pittstown 10 00
A Friend, Cliff Island 5 00
Friend, Westedan. 2 00
Friend, W Jonesport 14
Friends of N Gorham 7 50
Friend & Friend, W Jonesport.... 15
Friend, Brownville..... 04
Friend, Denmark.. 10
I H N, Franklin... 1 00
P O Box, Damariscotta 05
Free Ch, Deering. 6 50
E Edgecomb S S, Damariscotta ... 5 00
F B Sch, S Buxton 1 28
Bryan, Blanche, S Sch Class 65
Children's Meeting of Chr Storkers Union, Old Orchard 3 07

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams, Mrs E B. 1 00
Adams, M I..... 1 00
Alsing, Mrs 1 00
Ammann, Albert. 1 00
Ammann, L F.... 1 00
Ammann, M 1 00

MASSACHUSETTS.—Con.

Ammann, R 1 00
Anderson, Alf'd & H MacKenzie... 2 00
Atkinson, H F.... 1 00
Baker, Mr & Mrs A M 2 00
Balcom, A E..... 3 00
Barker, John ... 1 00
Barnum, Roy 1 80
Bates, Mrs L E.. 1 00
Bicknell, Percy F 2 00
Bennett, Mr & Mrs T J 5 00
Riceint, Miss A M 1 00
Bodwell, O R.....12 00
Bowman, A H.... 1 00
Boylen, Miss L F. 2 00
Breslin, Miss L... 1 00
Brine, Miss A.... 20
Brown, Jas R.... 2 00
Bryant, F A..... 1 00
Calhonn, Mrs M.. 2 00
Candee, J W..... 1 00
Candee, Mrs S M 1 00
Carlton, A 5 00
Carpi, Mrs C.... 5 00
Carpenter, Mrs W 1 00
Carr, Mrs 1 00
Charles, M 1 00
Chase, M E..... 2 00
Chency, Mrs H N 2 00
Clapp, Mrs H E. 1 00
Collins, E F & Mrs Pierce 2 00
Collins, M 1 00
Converse, F S.... 5 00
Cooper, Mrs 1 00
Cooper, Esther .. 1 00
Cunningham, G F 2 00
Curry, L M..... 4 00
Damon, Mrs F H 1 00
Daniels, Mrs Noah 50
Denham, C H.... 2 00
Dillece, L 1 00
Duncan, Miss F B 1 50
Estes, Mrs W S.. 1 00
Fabian, Mrs J... 1 00
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs W W..... 5 00
Fetton, Master W G 2 00
Finley, Mr & Mrs A E 2 00
Fiske, Sarah R.. 1 00
Francis, W J..... 1 75
Gardiner, W H, Jr 5 00
Gibb, Mrs I..... 2 00
Gordan, Mrs E E 5 00
Grant, Alex 2 00
Greenleaf, R W.. 2 00
Gregg, Mrs S E. 2 00
Grosse, Chas 2 00
Hall, Effie A.... 3 00
Hammond, Mrs C 2 00
Hanes, Harvey E 1 00
Hapgood, E 1 00
Harrington, Mrs F E 1 00
Harwood, Clara L 2 00
Hayes, Mrs E A. 1 00
Haynes, M A.... 1 00
Heyer, E W..... 2 00
Higgins, J F..... 2 00
Hobbs, E M..... 2 00
Hodgkins, Emery. 1 00
Houghton, C W.. 1 00
Houston, Mrs H.. 3 00
Hughson, E W... 2 00
Hunt, Mrs H B.. 1 00
Huntington, S A. 2 00
Isaacsen, David.. 1 00
Jacobson, Mrs E W 10
Jagger, D W..... 1 00
Jamson, Mrs J.... 10
Jenk, Edith 1 00
Johnston, I F.... 16
Johnston, I F.... 12
Jones, Mrs C C.. 1 00
Jones, Rollin 2 00
Joslyn, W H..... 5 00
Keeler, A E..... 2 00
Knight, Sam'l ... 1 00
Lane, Mrs & Misses 10 00
Lawrence, Mrs L A, Coll by 1 50
Leary, Alice 4 00
Leavitt, Mrs A W 1 00
Lee, Mrs S W.. 5 00
Loomis, Mrs C A 50
Lothrop, C L.... 2 00
Maclean, Edw ... 1 00
McFarlin, Miss A M 1 00
McInne, Miss K.. 10
McKenzie, Mollie. 50
Marcellus, L D... 1 00
Meyer, Margt A.. 1 00
Milner, A M..... 2 00
Miner, F M..... 1 00
Morgan, Ida M. Coll by 4 30
Morrison, Mrs I E 2 00
Motschman, M A 1 00
Mountford, Miss M M 2 00
Mudcill, A C..... 75
Munroe, C W..... 5 00
Murphy, J K..... 2 00
Myrs, Mrs J..... 25
Myrs, J R..... 1 00
Myers, L J..... 1 00
Nichol, H A..... 2 00
Nourse, P A..... 5 00
Newton, Mr 50
Oaks, Mr 25
Ogston, Alex 50
Page, A A..... 2 00
Palmer, W P.... 5 00
Parkhurst, A W.. 2 00
Pease, Lizzie H.. 1 00
Pennayer, Mrs M A 2 00
Phillips, Miss E & little friends.... 75
Potter, C J..... 1 00
Potter, Roscoe .. 1 00
Ramsey, J W 2 00
Rich, B 25
Road, Allen 3 00

MASSACHUSETTS—Con.

Roberts, G M.... 1 00
Roberts, O R.... 2 00
Robinson, R R, 2d 5 00
Rockwell, L W...50 00
Rockwood, Mrs G I 15 00
Rowell, Mrs L A. 2 00
Rowley, F W....10 00
Sargent, E L..... 1 00
Scott, Mrs B M.. 1 00
Shaw, Mrs M V.. 1 00
Shea, Eliz W.... 1 00
Shelton, Mrs E E 5 00
Silliken, D 1 00
Skinner, E M....25 00
Snow, D K..... 5 00
Snow, O F..... 2 00
Small, Mrs C O.. 2 00
Small, E A..... 5 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs W F 15 00
Stark, Master W L M & W Bates 1 00
Stiles, Geo W... 2 00
Stratton, Rev F K10 00
Strong, S B..... 1 00
Stourson, Mrs ... 05
Stuart, J 50
Swain, Mrs J M 3 00
Taber, Mrs W A. 1 00
Thompson, M S.. 2 00
Titns, G B..... 34
Travis, M F..... 2 00
Torrey, Mrs E....10 00
Underhill, B F... 1 00
Wackenhusen, Harold, Aline, Alice & Edith 48
Wagner, Mrs H & Miss E 2 00
Warner, L M..... 1 00
Warner, R L 5 00
Whight, B F.....25 00
White, G S..... 1 00
Williams, Mrs E S & Mrs Wadleigh 3 00
Williams, G A & friends 4 00
Wood, F W..... 1 00
Woodworth, Mrs J N 2 00
Wright, Jas P.... 25
Fanie & Helen, Beverly 3 00
Margaret, Brookline 10
A F R, Boston.. 1 00
A M R & W H R, Worcester 10 00
E A B, Leverett.. 1 00
G B L, Boston.... 25
Mrs G K, Stockbridge 1 00
H M T, Boston.. 2 00
J H R, Maldin.. 1 00
L, Natick 20
M I, —— 1 00
N B K, Newburyport 1 00
Mrs S D L, Oakdale 5 00
S V B, Malden.... 5 00
W W, Ware..... 30
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 5 00
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 10
——, Brookline .. 2 00
——, Brookline .. 5 00
——, Chelsea 1 00
——, Malden 1 10
——, Mt Hermon. 2 00
——, Newburyport 5 00
——, Williamstown 30
——, Woburn 1 00
——, Worthington. 1 00
For Our Lord's Sake, Boston .. 1 00
Friend, Boston .. 2 00
Friends, Boston.. 1 25
Friend, Haverhill 5 00
A Friend, Lynn.. 1 00
Friend, Malden .. 1 00
Friend, Mattapan 1 00
Friend, Roxbury. 25
Two Friends, Monson 2 00
In His Name, Boston 40
In His Name, Brookline 40
I H N, Stockbridge 1 00
In mem of Frankie, & Sadie, N Eastham 1 00
Class of children, Graniteville 1 00
Coll from Clerks in office, Boston.15 00
Some children, Brookline 50
A prisoner, Charlestown 1 50
Mother & Ruth, No Swansea 2 00
Engineers Office, Boston 52
Some S Sch Scholars, Medway .. 7 00
Students & friends of Mt Hermon Sch, East Northfield 25 00
Epworth Cir of K D, Pittsfield ... 2 35
Jr E L, Upton.. 1 00
Y P S C E of 1st Congl Ch, Leominster 15 00
Watchful Circle K D, Millbury.. 4 00
One of the King's Daus, Hanson.. 1 00

MARYLAND

Adams, Mrs G... 1 00
Andrews, Mrs ... 25
Anthony, Miss E G 2 00
Arnold, E B..... 1 00
Ayton, Clarence L 25
Baer, J S, Jr.... 2 00
Baker, Mr A..... 50
Baker, Mrs I A.. 35
Baker, Lillie M.. 1 00
Baldwin, J S..... 40
Barnes, W A, Hale Thorpe .. 20
Barnett, R W... 5 00
Basford, Alford.. 1 00
Beale, A S..... 65
Beard, W P..... 2 00
Bell, E E..... 1 00
Bennett, N T.... 1 00
Bethke, Chas ... 2 00
Blades, Geo 25
Blades, Wm 25
Blake, J J..... 10
Bowen, D I..... 2 00
Bowie, Jane R.... 1 00
Bowie, Ed 5 00
Bramble, Ida 1 00
Browdess, B B... 1 00
Brown, Chas C.. 2 00
Brown, Elder A.. 5 00
Burk, Wm A.... 2 00
Burroughs, E C.. 50
Burroughs, Joe .. 25
Burroughs, Mrs U 25
Butz, Lewis 1 00
Byrd, Sallie 10
Callis, Wm 2 00
Callison, J H.... 5 00
Carman, G 05
Carman, M 15
Carroll, H 1 00
Castin, J M..... 1 00
Chancy, H 1 00
Chancy, O 1 00
Chancy, Mr & Mrs R G & Children 2 25
Clark, H B..... 1 00
Claybrook, C B... 2 00
Clement, Florence 50
Clotworthy, L V. 1 00
Collison, N G.... 2 00
Conaway, E E.... 10
Conaway, J H... 2 00
Conaway, R A.... 25
Conn, Bessie 1 00
Cook, Mr 1 00
Cook, Eddie 25
Cook, H E & Bros 2 00
Cook, John 10
Cook, John T.... 1 00
Cook, Martha 50
Colborn, Mrs H B 1 00
Cook, Peter 2 00
Cornish, Dr L.... 5 00
Corsey, Richard.. 1 00
Coulter, M M.... 10
Crawford, C W... 2 00
Crntchfield, Dr E L 2 00
Dashiell, C M.... 5 00
Davis, C K..... 1 00
Davis, C T..... 2 00
Dean, Mrs J W.. 1 00
Dennis, Mrs T T. 5 50
Dexter, S E..... 2 50
Dix, Sarah 10
Dorsey, J M..... 1 00
Dorton, Mrs F.... 2 00
Duck, Dr C E... 2 00
Ebaugh, Mrs 7 00
Ebaugh, Mrs, coll by 3 00
Elwanger, Mr S.. 25
Enlow, Rufus M. 5 00
Farr, Thos 50
Farrell, Mary A.. 25
Farson, J 25
Finney, J M T...15 00
Finney, R 05
Fisher, Miss L & Mrs ..... Sparklin, Mrs .. Sylvester, W E. 4 50
Fletcher, Martha. 50
Fooks, E L..... 1 00
Ford, Harry 20
Fraley, F M..... 3 00
Frazenbaker, Mrs E 50
Frazenbaker, Mrs J 50
Frey, Chas E.... 2 00
Fritsch, John ... 25
Frost, Ang H.... 2 00
Fuller, Mrs H... 1 00
Gambril, Mrs M A 25
Gibson, W H..... 2 00
Giltz, Wm 1 00
Gischel, Wm & Anne Arundel.. 2 00
Glaser, G 2 00
Godeke, Mrs F... 1 00
Gontrnm, J F.... 1 00
Gortner, P P.... 1 00
Gray, Mrs John.. 05
Greene, Jas C.... 1 00
Grove, J K P.... 2 00
Hackett, Katie .. 1 10
Hagen, Jacob 5 00
Hall, E T & Co.. 1 50
Hall, Will B 2 00
Halland, J Thos.. 2 00
Hamberger, C E.. 1 00
Hammer, G 50
Hanson, Mr H... 50
Hardesty, Mr W & Sister 1 00
Harper, S E..... 1 00
Harris, Mrs E... 1 00
Harris, Mrs J.... 05
Harris, Jas B.... 5 00
Harris, Ollie 2 00
Hart, Mrs V..... 2 00
Harvey, M A.... 2 00
Harvey, Tughman 1 25
Hathway, B J.... 25
Hatklus, C A..... 25
Helsby, Mrs B T.. 25
Henderson, J W.. 2 00
Henkle, W 2 00
Henry, Rev E J.. 1 00
Henry, W A..... 25

MARYLAND—Cont'd.

Herold, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Herriman, Miss L 25
Hicks, Mrs Geo.. 50
Higgins, Mrs 25
Hill, J S..... 25
Hinkle, W W.... 10
Hoffman, H 1 00
Hoffman, J L.... 1 00
Holland, Mrs 50
Hollingsworth, W 5 00
Hoom family 55
Hoover, M D..... 1 00
Honbs, Mrs M C. 10
Hoyle, Mrs J A.. 50
Hoyle, Smith ... 1 88
Hubbard, Martha. 2 00
Hummer, H I.... 1 00
Hundley, Robt ... 2 00
Hunt, T R..... 1 00
Hunter, C S..... 1 00
Hurley, John G... 3 50
Hyde, Mrs Geo... 4 50
Insley, G C..... 1 00
Jackson, J R..... 2 00
Jarrett, Miss M E10 00
Johnson, Mrs 50
Johnson, J N.....10 00
Johnson, W F.... 1 00
Jones, Asburg D. 2 50
Jones, H M..... 2 00
Kable, Margt M.. 1 50
Kampa, Agnes .. 1 00
Keedy, C O..... 2 00
Keeny, J Y..... 1 00
Kelly, L 1 00
King, Mrs A M.. 1 25
Kingsley, A S.... 1 00
Kingsley, E D.... 1 00
Kleis, John 1 00
Knock, Wm H... 1 00
Kubant, F 1 00
Kuhn, Julia 1 00
Lample, Mina.... 2 00
Laughenre, C A.. 2 00
Lawson, E 11
Lawson, M 10
Leary, G E & son 5 00
Leatherburg, J J.. 1 00
Leatherburg, Wm P 1 00
Le Compte, W H 1 00
Levering & Smith.10 00
Lewis, A S..... 25
Lewis, E D..... 1 00
Lord, E E..... 25
Lord, Wm 50
Low, Isaac 1 00
Luray Mfg Co...10 00
McCausland, I 2 00
McCready, J L M 3 00
McGaha, I I..... 1 00
McGiff, Florence. 1 50
McGuire, Jno W.. 25
McKalvey, M E.. 50
McVey, N O & wf 1 00
Malkus, Mrs M... 1 00
Mason, Geo 05
Mason, Jas 05
Mason, Jas R..... 10
Mattheiz, Wm 1 00
Mangans, J H.... 1 00
Maxwell, M J.... 1 00
Maxwell, Stewart 1 00
Maynard, Mrs R H 2 00
Meredith, W A & family 2 75
Messick, A J..... 1 00
Messick, R M.... 2 00
Menshaw, Merrill. 1 00
Milbourne, G 10
Milburn, A H.... 2 00
Milbourne, M 10
Miller, Mrs 25
Miller, Violet 1 60
Miller, W B.....10 00
Mills, S R..... 50
Minor, A A..... 1 00
Mish, S A..... 1 00
Mitchell, A R.... 5 00
Mitchell, F G.... 2 00
Mitchell, M S.... 2 00
Mitten H B & Friends 3 55
Moffett, Wm H... 2 00
Moore, John T.... 2 00
Morehead, W 50
Moshier, Julias .. 15
Muhlbach, Mrs J. 2 00
Mullaney, H 1 50
Nelson, Frank ... 25
Nelson, J H..... 25
Nelson, Johnie .. 36
Nelson, L T..... 35
Nelson, Len 10
Nelson, Mary 25
Newnam, E M.... 1 00
Norris, J H..... 1 00
Outten, Miss L... 50
Pape, V C..... 03
Parr, Miss E E.. 50
Parr, Henry 1 00
Patchett, D I & wife 2 00
Payne, E C..... 1 00
Payne, J 1 00
Peach, R W..... 2 00
Pearson, Grace .. 2 00
Pecor, A C..... 1 00
Penn, Miss Carrie 50
Penn, Miss Essie. 25
Penn, N L..... 1 00
Penn, Mrs N L... 25
Penn, R T..... 25
Peterman, J C.... 2 00
Philips, B A..... 40
Pickelberg, C H.. 2 00
Pitcher, J J..... 50
Porter, Mr A..... 25
Ramsay, John ... 1 00
Randall, Mrs 25
Redding, Daniel.. 1 00
Reed, P 1 00
Reynolds, Lillian. 1 00
Rhoderick, G C, Jr 9 15
Richardson, J E. 2 67
Richmond, B A...10 00
Riggin, Don 25
Riggen, Noah 1 00
Riggin, R 10
Riggin, Ross 05
Rind, M M & G Cockeville 2 25
Ring, D 2 00

MARYLAND—Cont'd.

Robinson, C W... 1 00
Robinson, Geo W. 1 00
Ross, A 10 00
Rowlenson, W F.. 3 00
Russel, Mrs H... 50
Sanderson, W C.. 2 00
Sass, Bessie 2 00
Satterfield, W A.. 50
Satterfield, Mrs W 25
Saulsbury, A G & wife 9 00
Schwartz, S D.... 2 00
Scott, Elizabeth . 1 00
Scott, Orrin 25
Sears, Walter 25
Seibert, Jos A.... 1 00
Seiffel, S M..... 1 00
Seward, C L & wf 1 00
Shefels, R A..... 1 00
Shepard, John ... 2 00
Shipley, Miss H.. 10
Shipey, Mrs I W 1 00
Shipey, R, wife & children 50
Shipley, D F.... 2 00
Sidwell, J 20
Silvester, R W... 1 00
Simpson, D 25
Simpson, Geo R.. 25
Simpson, Mrs J.. 2 00
Sinclair, Henry... 50
Sipple, T 25
Sisk, Mrs S..... 2 00
Skinner, A M.... 1 00
Slocum, W 2 00
Smith, Mrs Ella.. 38
Smith, Emma.... 1 00
Smith, Jas E.... 5 00
Smith, Mrs M ... 1 00
Smith, Mrs N.... 2 00
Smith, Mr Noah.. 25
Smith, S M..... 1 00
Smith, Wm H.... 1 00
Somerville, Jno .. 1 00
Sommerwerck, R..25 00
Sorden, Chas 50
Sorden, T 1 00
Sowers, Chas F.. 1 00
Sparks, Miss H, Coll by 2 00
Spear, E W..... 1 00
Spence, Mr L.... 25
Spicer, A C.....10 00
Stafford, Mrs H E 1 00
Stephens, Mrs Len 1 00
Sterling, A 05
Sterling, H 05
Sterling, J 10
Sterling, Jas 05
Sterling, M 05
Sterling, N 05
Sterling, Nealy .. 10
Sterling, R J..... 10
Sterling, Robt ... 05
Stewart, W H.... 1 00
Stick, Chas F.... 1 00
Stimmel, J W.... 2 00
Stone, H F..... 50
Stoner, J G..... 4 00
Stouffer, McC ... 1 00
Strauss, L & Co. 1 00
Swam, R H..... 1 00
Swoh, John E.... 1 00
Tawes, Henry .. 05
Taylor, K E..... 25
Thompson, Mrs .. 25
Tosh, E M..... 1 00
Touchton, Mrs H. 50
Towles, C O..... 5 00
Trice, Engene ... 2 00
Trotter, Peter ... 2 20
Tuthill, N & Son. 1 00
Tyding, R M..... 1 00
Valliant, E S & Son 3 00
Vanse, Lenard .. 50
Vickers, Ella 25
Vollenweider, Jno 5 00
Waehter, M L.... 1 00
Wade, J B..... 50
Walch, Mrs B.... 20
Walls, Henry R.. 1 00
Walls, Mabel I... 1 00
Walls, Medford .. 2 00
Walther, Harry .. 1 00
Ward, Jack 25
Ward, Laura 05
Ward, Lewis 10
Ward, Lewis 10
Ward, M 25
Ward, Sallie 25
Ward, Tom 25
Ward, Travin ... 10
Warner, C H..... 2 00
Warner, J F.....10 00
Watkins, E 50
Wattz, Upton R..10 00
Webster, Miss E. 2 00
Webster, J F..... 5 00
Wehr, A H..... 5 00
Weisman, John .. 1 00
Wentz, A R..... 1 00
Wentz, E J..... 1 00
Westcott, B 50
Weston, Cornelius 5 00
Weston, H B..... 3 00
White, J S P.... 4 00
White, Robt 1 25
White, W H..... 50
Whiting, Alvin .. 1 00
Whiting, Geo F.. 5 00
Wiebel, L H.... 5 00
Wiesel, Mrs J M. 1 00
Williamson, E L. 1 00
Willey, E M..... 1 00
Williams, J B.... 1 00
Williams, W M.. 1 00
Willing, J W..... 5 00
Willis, C H..... 50
Willis, Mrs E H 50
Wilson, A J..... 25
Wilson, J J..... 5 00
Wilson, Mamie .. 25
Wilson, W T..... 1 00
Winsbrow, Mrs L 1 00
Winter, Miss 1 00
Winter, Mrs M A 1 00
Wolfe, Grace 5 00
Woolley, F M.... 3 00
Wright, Frank .. 1 00
Wright, Mrs J B. 1 00
Yingley, Virgina.. 2 00
Young, Fred D.. 1 00

MARYLAND—Cont'd.

H A W, Baltimore 1 00
J H, Baltimore... 1 00
Mrs J T, Balto.. 2 00
K G, Baltimore.. 1 00
K H C, Smithburg 1 00
Miss B S S, Centreville 2 00
Mrs C S, Balto.. 2 00
Miss M L R, Church Hill..... 1 00
C H, Balto..... 1 00
D R, Rockhall.... 1 00
E H T, Balto..... 1 00
Mrs G D, Baltimore 1 00
H K, Baltimore.. 1 00
J H S, Jr, Balto.. 20
J S L, Balto..... 1 00
Mrs L E S, Baltimore 1 00
—, Baltimore.... 50
—, Baltimore.... 1 00
—, Baltimore... 2 00
—, Baltimore... 2 00
—, Baltimore,.. 5 00
—, Baltimore.?.. 25
—, Baltimore.... 5 00
—, Baltimore... 1 00
—, Baltimore... 2 00
—, Baltimore.... 5 00
—, Baltimore.... 1 00
—, Woodbine... 1 00
Cash, Baltimore.. 50
Cash, Dayton.... 25
Friend, — 1 00
A Friend, Centerville 1 02
Friends, Wenona. 15
A Friend, Balto.. 69
A Friend, C L Balto 2 00
Friend I H N, Still Pond..... 5 00
A friend to the poor suffering hnmanity, Centreville 1 00
I H N, Wellhams. 3 00
Inasmuch, Church Hill 4 00
In Jesus's Name, Woodville 2 00
Sympathizers, Balto 10
For Jesus Sake, — 50
Men in car dept on B & O Railroad, Brunswick 8 00
Camps, Baltimore 2 00
People of Princess Anne 50
Community of Fairmount 5 50
The Palatine Coal Co, Baltimore...20 00
Coll at a holiness meeting, Baltimore 11 25
A widow's mite, Baltimore 1 00
Catalpa M E S S, Hancock 4 00
M E S Sch, Hancock 8 22
Christian Science Assn, Oakland.. 5 00
Y M C A, Poolesville 20 00

NEW JERSEY

Adair, G W 5 00
Adair, M A 5 00
Adams, T R 1 00
Ahlberg, Miss H.. 1 00
Anderson, Miss C. 1 00
Anderson, Miss T 50
Beatty, W S 1 00
Carlson, Miss M.. 75
Chalmers, R 2 00
Conover, Wm 1 00
Cornell, Mrs G F.10 00
Cowell, Eugene... 1 00
Creyling, Mrs 1 00
Danielson, Miss S 25
Davies, Wesley... 25
Demarest, A C ... 50
Detwiller, J J....10 00
Eklund, Algat ... 1 00
Erickson, Miss S. 1 00
Graham, Janet ... 2 00
Helms, Mrs A.... 2 00
Holder, Miss S... 1 00
James, E M 10 00
Johnson, A 1 00
Johnson, Alfr 50
Johnson, Miss H.. 50
Johnson, Peder.... 1 00
Jones, Mrs C W.. 1 00
Karlson, Miss A.. 1 00
Kemker, W 5 00
Kline, Miss A..... 1 00
Lanning, L A 5 00
Larson, Mrs 1 00
Larson, Miss A... 1 00
Larson, Miss H... 50
Lenfstedt, G Wald 1 00
Lindsley, R 1 00
Litjestrom, Emeline 50
Lucked, M E 1 00
McLaughlin, L.... 5 00
Maddoch, Miss E.12 50
Mangold, Miss ... 1 00
Mathis, Flora..... 2 00
Mathis, Geo W... 5 00
Maxwell, Jane ... 1 00
Maxwell, Mrs M N 5 00
Miller, Chas 5 00
Mount, Mr & Mrs J H 2 50
Nelson, Miss G.... 1 00
Nelson, Miss S.... 1 00
Ortman, Mrs H C, family & niece. 7 00
Patrick, A 1 00
Person, Miss A... 50
Person, Miss R... 05
Peterson, G A.... 50

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.

Powell, J I 90
Powell, M E 25
Quimby, Mrs W.. 1 00
Richards, Mrs S E 5 00
Robinson, G D.... 50
Robotham, Mrs W 5 00
Rydberg, Thor ... 25
Sack, A 2 00
Schmidt, C G 2 00
Shaffer, Wm 5 00
Sigler, J S 1 00
Simpson, H A ... 5 00
Smith, Miss C E..10 00
Smith, Mrs T A.. 2 00
Sterner, John 75
Stewart, W A 1 00
Stockwell, Miss .. 1 00
Sutphen, I D 4 00
Thornhill, Robt ..10 00
Thorpe, Mrs S.... 1 00
Thunborg, Miss A 1 00
Timm, Miss C.... 1 00
Tinsman, Mrs S J 1 00
Van Beuren, M S. 2 00
Van Dale, John... 1 00
Vignerie, G 1 00
Walbert, Miss S K 5 00
Walker, Irene 1 00
Weller's H, sons.. 2 00
Williams, Anna... 1 50
Anna, Harold, Helen & Thea, Lakewood 1 00
Mrs C, Folsom ... 2 00
D A R, Morristown 20 00
E O S, Jersey City 25
J G L, Union 5 64
Mrs M F, Berlin.. 2 00
Miss W H, E Orange 1 00
—, Morristown.. 6 00
—, Newark 3 00
A Friend, Morristown 20 00
Friends, Hacketts-town 1 00
I H N, Coldspring. 50
A Reader, E Orange 2 00
Unknown, E Orange 25
One Day's Work, Readington 1 00
Unknown, E Orange 25
Thank Offering, Long Branch City 1 00
People of Brookside 5 00
Back Neck S Sch. 3 00
Holland S S, Paterson 50 00
Pres S Sch, Hanover 10 00
2d Ref S S, Hackensack 9 25
Whig Lane S Sch.15 50
Lebanon M E Ch Coll 16 38
Pres Ch, Tuckahoe 5 00
A Jr C E, Penn's Grove 25
C E Soc, Quinton. 3 00
Epworth League of Fletcher M E Ch, Carthage ... 5 50
Ladies' Soc, Blairstown 4 40
Tuckerton Ep Lea50 00

NEW YORK

Abplanalp, A 40
Ackert, Mrs V A. 1 00
Akely, Estella ... 10
Akely, Mable 10
Allen, Anna C.... 50
Allen, E 1 00
Alston, Miss H & Sister 2 50
Alton, Anne 1 00
Anthony, L E.... 50
Archer, Miss B.. 05
Archer, Mrs D.... 25
Archer, Miss H.. 05
Archer, Miss N.... 25
Arnold, Miss C H 2 00
Atkinson, Mrs ... 2 00
Austin, Abe 50
Balch, C A..... 20
Ball, Melissa J... 2 00
Barker, Miss S... 1 00
Barker, S V.....10 00
Beckwith, Miss E R 5 00
Benedict, Mrs W C 10 00
Benedict, Wm T. 1 00
Bennet, Mrs Geo. 10
Beninik, B E.... 2 00
Benson, Mrs N... 1 00
Benton, M L..... 40
Bishop, D A..... 5 00
Blincoe, Mary W. 10
Blliven, Miss H... 1 00
Blume, T 25
Bogert, Mrs D W. 50
Bolton, C 1 00
Boney, George .. 1 00
Bossley, Anton... 1 00
Bossley, K 25
Boughton, Oloff .. 05
Bowers, W W. .. 25
Brand, Mrs C W.10 00
Brown, Mrs Asa.. 25
Brown, Mrs Elmer 1 00
Brown, Mrs M T. 10
Brownell, Sarah . 3 00
Brush, E L..... 1 00
Bryant, Geo E, Coll by 1 00
Bryden, Mrs J... 25
Buckman, Mr ... 1 00
Bull, George 20
Bunce, Elsie 10
Bunce, Nellie 10
Burdick, Mrs C L 2 50
Burdick, Mrs W.. 50
Burroughs, Thos .. 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Camm, Mrs G E. 1 00
Cane, Miss Ethel. 20
Cane, Guy 25
Cane, Harold 19
Cane, James 10
Cane, Miss Mary. 15
Cane, Robert ... 25
Canfield, Ralph .. 10
Carey, Mrs D.... 10
Carrick, Mrs A G 2 50
Chase, E J..... 1 00
Chickering, Thos. 25
Christie, DeN ... 2 00
Clark, H C..... 2 00
Clark, Mrs M.... 2 00
Clark, Mrs M L. 2 00
Clark, Wm 25
Clans, Mrs V.... 2 00
Clay, Charlie ... 26
Clay, Willie 27
Clifford, Mrs A.. 1 00
Clifford, A 1 00
Collins, K J & H E 2 00
Correll, Kath'ne. 1 00
Courtney, T, Jr.. 50
Crowe, Ralph ... 10
Cuddeback, Mrs A E 50
Davy, Frank D... 1 00
Davey, Mrs J.... 10
Davidson, Frank. 25
Davis, Mr & Mrs Louis 50
Davis, Mrs U.... 50
Devenport, Miss M 50
Dexter, E Etta .. 2 00
Dickinson, A 25
Dickinson, Mrs A 25
Dingman, Wayne. 15
Donaldson, R S.. 10 00
Doolittle, Mrs H K 1 00
Dunteman, Mrs G 10

Eddy, Chas 50
Eddy, Homer 50
Eddy, Miss L & others 2 50
Eddy, Mary 1 00
Eddy, Mary A.... 50
Eddy, Phille 10
Edwards, B 25
Edwards, Mrs H. 20
Elmorer, Mrs ... 75
Emmons, E 25
Ewer, Mary 1 00
Eylar, Mrs M S. 5 00
Fancher, Joe 10
Farley, Mr & Mrs R E 5 00
Felter, Mrs J.... 10
Fincke, C P..... 5 00
Fink, Mrs C..... 1 00
Elscker, Mr 1 00
Flutot, A H..... 1 00
Francis, Jas A... 2 00
Fraser, Eliz M... 8 00
Frost, Mrs C M.. 1 00
Gallap, Leah, M, Coll by 3 00
Ganuan, S 1 00
Garrett, Geo 50
Gates, Mrs Geo S 25
Gaylord, Mrs C.. 10
Gillespy, Mrs Jno 1 00
Goldburg, E 15
Graves, Mrs Wm &Mrs S S Bates 1 00
Greene, Mrs R... 1 00
Grossman, Miss N, Coll by 1 50
Guindon, Alice D 1 00
Gumby, Mrs T H. 1 00
Haffer, Fred A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.. 2 00
Hall, M E..... 50
Hall, W L..... 5 00
Halstead, Mrs S.. 5 50
Hamner, Mrs John 10
Hancock, Albert.. 20
Hanssmann, J ... 1 00
Hart, Miss Helen 50
Hart, Stephen ... 1 50
Hartmen, brother & sister 1 00
Haskins, L A.... 1 00
Hastings, E M... 1 00
Hayden, Wm 2 00
Heaps children, Col by 1 00
Henderson, Mrs D 1 00
Hetfield, Mrs F A 50
Hill, Ebon 25
Hoey, B 5 00
Hobbs, G W..... 1 00
Hobbs, R 20
Homer, E 25
Homer, John 50
Horton, Mrs F L 15
Hotchkiss, Mrs J. 25
Hovey, Mrs Mary 25
Hurlburt, E M... 3 00
Humphreys, Eva. 05
Humphreys, G F. 25
Humphreys, H .. 10
Humphreys, H B. 25
Humphreys, J ... 10
Hurlburt, Mattie. 10
Hyatt, Mrs J H. 1 00
Hyer, Mrs Will.. 10

Inderlied, O E.. 25
Jackson, Mrs 50
Jackson, Herbert. 25
Jamieson, A B... 3 00
Jamison, P & A. 1 00
Johnson, Susie .. 05
Jones, Miss H V. 1 00
Jones, J H..... 50
Jump, Edie 09
Juno, Geo W..... 1 00
Juno, J S..... 5 00
Kehrley, John .. 50
Kellog, Mary ... 16
Kelly, J C..... 2 00
Kempe, Jas 25 00
Kimbal, Agnes .. 10
Kimball, Carrie... 25
Klaus, Mrs G.... 1 00
Kline, Mr Elias. 20
Kline, Mrs Elias. 20
Kline, Frank 10

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Killingbeck, Mrs G & M..... Hurlburt, Mrs E & Mrs M..... Bndlong, Mrs B Southwell, Miss H M & Mrs P.. 1 75
Kline, Fred 10
Kline, Marguerite 25
Kline, Nellie 25
Kline, Rosa E.... 10
Koons, N J..... 2 00
Krum, Clark 2 00
Krum, H M..... 1 00
Ladd, Minnie E.. 1 00
Lake, Mrs Ellen.. 50
Lang, Mrs J W.. 20
Langdon, L L.... 5 00
Lashley, Mrs 25
Laughran, Mrs J 10
Leavitt, W C....18 00
Lee, F W..... 25
Lefevre, Elmira.. 4 00
Lenon, John 25
Lewere, Grace .. 2 00
Lewthwaite, G W 50
Lindsley, H 1 00
Lovejoy, Mrs E D 10
Lumbley, Geo .. 25
Lyon, E, Coll by 1 00

McGrath, L 50
Makley, E C..... 1 00
Makley, Mrs J... 1 00
Manley, Mrs Mary & two friends.. 60
Marsh, Anna B.. 50
Martin, Mrs L... 10
Martin, Mary ... 10
Mason, M C..... 1 00
Mason, M P..... 1 00
Mason, Mrs M P 1 00
Masters, James... 10
Maxim, Mrs C B 25
Merrill, Marlow H 30
Merritt, Edith A. 5 00
Metzler, W H.... 2 00
Milhan, Mrs O S 5 00
Miller, H C..... 10
Miller, Mrs J L.. 1 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs W 2 00
Mills, Mrs N..... 1 87
Mills, Mrs T..... 2 00
Mizzy, Mrs H B.. 10
Moffett, Jennie .. 1 00
Moomber, Mrs E.. 50
Moore, Hellen .. 50
Munn, Daisy 1 00
Murphy, G F & G W Seminary.. 1 00
Myers, J 50
Nesbitt, E 60
Nelson, Mrs A E 3 00
Norton, Mrs Alvah 25
Norton, Master F 05
Norton, Mrs H J. 1 00
Norton, Master H 05
Norton, Master R 05
O'Dell, Jackson .. 1 00
Olendorf, P A.... 25
Olendorf, Mrs R M 10
O'Linda, Miss V. 10
Overton, Mary E. 1 00
Parker, Mrs J A. 20
Pauley, Mrs Chas 50
Payne, Helen & Dot 18
Pearsall, Mrs D L 10
Peck, Mr Leslie.. 20
Pike, Lester 1 00
Pickett, Mrs E.. 10
Pinkman, Miss L 25
Piper, John 13
Price, H C..... 2 50
Putnam, Martha.. 10

Reese, Elmer 50
Reeves, Floyd ... 2 00
Rehm, S K..... 10
Reynolds, Miss J. Miss Carry Kline & Mrs M O S.. 3 10
Rhodes, Mr & Mrs E F 1 00
Rider, Mrs P M.. 1 00
Riemeschneinder, G 25
Riggs, H M..... 50
Ringer, Miss A... 1 00
Ringer, Mrs G A. 50
Rivenburg, A C & friends 55
Robinson, Miss .. 25
Rogers, Mrs A.. 35
Rowland, Mrs S.. 1 00
Rubeck, Mrs C.. 2 00
Ryder, Walter C. 50
Sairlee, H 1 00
Saunders, Miss E 25
Schroeder, Mrs F G 5 00
Settle, C J..... 30
Settle, Mrs E.... 50
Settle, Miss E... 10
Settle, Mr Eli.... 1 00
Settle, J 10
Settle, Miss J E. 10
Seybolt, Mrs J F 50
Settle, Miss L.... 05
Sharpe, Mrs V C. 10
Shaw, Sadie M... 05
Shelford, Levina J 5 00
Sherrill, S S..... 5 00
Shults, W O..... 1 00
Skidmore, Ashley. 10
Smith, B C..... 38
Smith, E O.....20 00
Smith, Miss E.... 10
Smith, Merton A. 10
Smith, Mrs Robt. 25
Smith, S J..... 10
Snyder, Rose 5 00
Spawn, Miss C... 50
Spencer, Miss D M 1 00
Spencer, Mr & Mrs J L..... 1 00
Stafford, Mrs I E 25
Steele, Mrs S A.. 25
Sterns, Miss J... 5 00
Stetson, L M..... 6 00
Stevins, E R.... 2 00
St John, A C.... 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

Stone, Mrs Nellie 25
Strasenburgh, Mrs R R..... 2 00
Strong, Mrs E T. 2 00
Swart, Hortense.. 1 00
Swartwont, B C.. 50
Swartwont, Mrs H 50
Taylor, Mrs F... 1 00
Taylor, Mrs J.... 50
Terk, Elmer 20
Terwilliger, Miss L 25
Thomson, Mary . 5 00
Thorpe, J M..... 50
Tinning, A 2 00
Toles, Harry 10
Tompkins, S R....10 00
Tremaine, Miss .. 10
Tripp, Mrs Mary. 10
Trne, W M..... 2 00

Van Inwegn, Mrs C J 2 00
Van Wagenen, Miss L 25
Wakelee, H M.... 25
Walker, Mrs D... 25
Wallace, Mrs R.. 25
Waller, Alice L.. 1 00
Ward, Mrs 05
Webster, Julia E. 10
Webster, M E... 10
Webster, S S..... 25
Webster, Mrs S S 50
Wharton, R 10
Wheeler, Mrs F.. 10
Wheelock, O 2 00
White, Mrs M C. 1 00
Whitney, Mrs J N 1 00
Whittock, M 50
Wilcox, Mrs G R 1 00
Wilcox, Henry .. 3 00
Wild, Margaret.. 2 00
Wilder, Gladys .. 1 00
Willi, G T..... 30
Willi, John 25
Williams, A B... 5 00
Wilson, Mrs E A. 50
Wilson, John 1 00
Wilson, William .. 20
Witter, Miss J... 2 15
Woodruff, Mrs J R 2 00
Woodward, Miss P, Coll by 1 25
Zahn, M 20

Gertrude, Elsie & Mildred, Bklyn. 1 25
Ruth, a little colored girl, Halfway 50
A G A, Brooklyn 3 00
Mrs A I M, Lansingburgh 1 00
Mrs D C B, Caywood 1 00
E A, Brooklyn... 5 00
E G P, —..... 2 00
E F C, N Y C.. 1 00
Mrs E N B, Syracuse 1 00
H H, N Y C..... 2 00
H E M, Kenwood 2 00
J H W, Clymerhill 50
K, Waterloo 2 00
M G T, White Plains 3 00
M L G, Mt Vernon 1 00
W & B, Buffalo .. 5 17
W H L, Fullers.. 1 00
—, Albany 5 00
—, Albany 1 00
—, Bayonne 1 00
—, Brooklyn 50
—, Brooklyn ... 12
—, Centreport... 1 00
—, Fishers 1 00
—, Jasper 3 00
—, La Grangeville 2 00
—, N Y C.....10 00
—, N Y C..... 1 00
—, Schodack Landing 1 00
—, Stamford .. 2 00
—, Troy 1 00
—, — 1 00
—, Utica 20 00
Cash, Lansingburg 75
Cash, N Y C..... 20
A Friend, Canandaigna 10 00
A Friend, Nineveh 06
A Friend, Olean.. 1 00
A Friend, Rochester 2 00
A Friend, Southampton 1 00
A Friend, H C, N Y C 1 00
Friend, Hoosick Falls 1 00
Friend, Lansingburg 1 00
Friend, N Y C.. 10
Friend, Olean ... 1 00
Friend, Sherman. 2 00
Friend, Turin ... 75
Friend, Waddington 5 00
Friends of suffering, Johnsville.. 3 00
Friends, Coldspg. 1 00
Friends, Morlah Centre 2 90
Friends, Omar ... 2 10
Friends, S Hampton 12 00
I H N, Jamestown 1 00
In Jesus' Name, Smithfield 30
Reader, Centre Berlin 35
Subr, N Y C..... 15
Old Subr, Colton. 1 00
Citizens of Edmeston 20 00
Mother & 2 daus, Saugerties 1 00
A disciple of Christ, Newburg 1 00
Pine Lawn, Dayton 2 50

NEW YORK—Cont'd.

A Christian End, Andover 1 00
Open Air Service, Dansville 15 46
People of Levant.11 00
McAlpine, Benton Centre 2 00
Very Sorry, Long Island City 20 00
Armah, Schenevus 1 00
German Deaconess Home, Buffalo..26 00
1st Bapt Ch, Ithaca 5 35
Ladies of First Congl Ch, Newburgh 9 50
Central Church, Rochester 1 50
Freys Bush E L Ch, Minden 6 65
Pres Ch Mass Mtg, Honeoye Falls..32 00
Infant Dept of Presby Ch, Williamson 1 00
S Sch of the Redeemer, N Y C.20 00
Lend a hand Miss Band of Pres S Sch, Hemstead.. 1 50
S Sch Cl, Napoli. 2 00
C & C of B L, So Salem 1 00
I H N Club, Jamestown 1 00
Sanatorium Order K D, Dansville.25 00
W C T U, Smiths Mills 1 75
C E Soc of Judson Mem Ch, N Y C 12 36
N Greenwich C E Soc 7 00
W C T U, Kenmore 1 50
W C T U, Little Falls 10 00

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Barton, W & frds 3 50
Brown, B J 1 00
Brown, H R 1 00
Buffington, M E... 1 22
Burk, Wm A 50
Callahan, M L ... 50
Callahan, Willie.... 50
Carpenter, Mrs R. 50
Champlin, L S ... 50
Clarke, E W 1 00
Collings, E F 1 00
Collings, Josie ... 2 00
Cook, J 2 00
Crandall, A D 10
Crandall, C O and wife 1 00
Crandall, N 1 00
Crandall, S 25
Crandall, Victor.. 5 00
Curtis, F A 2 00
Eddy, Misses H & A 5 00
Eldred, Wm W... 1 00
England, M F.... 50
Green, Pauline ... 10
Harris, Miss K... 2 00
Hawkins, Mrs M J 2 00
Johnson, Mrs C H 5 00
Kenyon, A C 2 00
Kenyon, Ethel ... 25
Kenyon, G A 1 00
Kenyon, G S 2 00
Kenyon, H G 2 00
Kenyon, J S C.... 5 00
Langworthy, A A. 1 00
Langworthy, E P 2d & wife 5 00
Langworthy, C H. 50
Langworthy, C R. 1 00
Lee, Mrs Robt H. 2 00
McKay, Mrs 2 00
Merritt, F I 25
Mills, Irene 25
Nelson, Lucy A... 1 00
Palmer, E B 1 00
Palms & B, Block Island 2 00
Pickham, G P and others 3 00
Randolph, L F & wife 25
Randolph, L F, Jr 05
Sayer, Mrs L P... 25
Slocum, John A & wife 2 00
Smith, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Stott, John 1 00
Uglow, Miss M L, Coll by 5 60
Weld, Julia H.... 1 00
C McA, Providence 1 00
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—, Providence.... 1 50
—, Providence.... 1 50
—, Providence... 1 00
I H N, Providence 1 00
Friend, Hopkinton 1 00
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A Brother in Christ, Hopkinton 1 00
Summer Guests, Saunderstown .. 2 05
Swedish Cong Ch, Providence 35 50
Hopkins Mills S S, S Foster 4 50
S Sch 1st S D B Ch, Hopkinton..15 50
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Burbee, Fred S.. 35
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Coleman, M L... 1 00
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Cox, Ethel E.... 1 00
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Harris, N M..... 1 00
Hitchcock, Mrs J W 1 00
Holmes, Miss R.. 2 25
Labell, Oliver ... 50
Landon, Mr & Mrs H, Mrs F N Hill 3 00
Lewis, Miss I.... 1 00
Merrihen, Mrs C. 1 00
Morse, C E..... 1 00
Pond, Mrs J..... 1 80
Ranney, Mrs N E 2 35
others 5 00
Spaulding S D... 1 00
Tucker, Mrs I... 50
Underhill, Mrs G. 50
Vose, Miss Nellie. 1 00
Webster, Marion & Emeline 2 00
Whitcomb, Mrs H N 5 00
White, Mr & Mrs C H..... 2 00
D S C, Cabot.... 1 00
G C C, Cabot.... 1 00
J M W, Cabot... 1 00
—, Fairfield ... 5 00
—, N Ferrisburg 5 00
—, S Franklin.. 25
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A Friend, Brattleboro 1 00
Friend, Bristol .. 9 00
Friend, St Albans 50
A Friend, Whitingham 1 20
Sympathizing frds, W Topsham 1 00
One of their brethren, Stowe 30 00
An Interested girl, W Hartford ...22 00
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Welsh C M Ch, Fair Haven 24 56
Welsh Cong S S, Fairhaven 5 00
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Jr Soc of C E, Vernon Centre . 1 00
Rupert W C T U 5 00
Solicited by the Y P of Ep Lea, M E Ch, Rutland..20 00
Runkle, L R & Thro The Brandon Union 22 80
Ea Braintree & W Brookfield Cong Ch & Soc.....12 00

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Agee, J M..... 5 00
Beaty, Bessie ... 10
Beaty, F 25
Beaty, Fred 25
Craig, Albert ... 10
Craig, C S..... 25
Craig, Mrs C S. 25
Craig, Theresa .. 20
Craig, Willie 25
Dickson, C 25
Dodge, J S..... 2 00
Everington, N A. 1 00
Fitzpatrick, Mrs L 25
Hay, John W.... 15
King, W A..... 1 00
McCulloch, H H. 50
Mason, M 50
Mason, T S..... 1 00
Moxley, A 1 00
Oales, J E..... 1 00
Paul, Mrs J..... 1 00
Paul, S A..... 1 00
Phillips, Mrs M A 25
Shand, Mrs Jas.. 2 20
Sheppy, Bertha . 25
Sheppy, Edith .. 25
Sheppy, Mrs R... 50
Sheppy, Sadie .. 30
Thro Dr Talmage 3 50
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Triplett, L 10
White, Mrs W... 05
Little Katie, New Windsor 10
Aunt Samantha & Alice, Pomona.. 2 00
Mrs A K B, Hamilton 2 00
—, Emporia 5 00
G C F, —..... 5 00
—, — 1 00
Anon, — 25
Anon, — 35
Anon, — 20 00
Anon, — 5 00
Anon, — 1 00
—, — 25
—, — 2 00
—, — 25
—, — 3 00
A Friend, —... 50
Friend, Bucksport 1 00
Friend, Green Mt 30
A Friend, Rome.. 3 50
Friend, Verona... 25
In mem of F C C 1 00
One whom the Lord has blest, Norway 1 00
Pres Ch Mission Soc & S Sch, Prospect Hghts. 6 00

"LITTLE TWELVE THOUSAND"

The Story of a Little Stunted and Scarred Tenement Waif Who Came to Mont-Lawn

LILY. "LITTLE TWELVE THOUSAND"

THIS summer, Mont-Lawn entertained its twelve thousandth little guest. In 1894 "Little One Thousand" came—a wee, ragged maid from Cherry street. Since that time some 11,000 tenement waifs have received their outings of ten days each. What a great army of little ones this would be if they stood in line, thanking the readers of this paper, who have cooperated with us year after year in bringing into darkened child lives their greatest blessing! To hundreds of children the beautiful word "home" was meaningless before they visited Mont-Lawn. Hundreds first saw trees and flowers growing, plucked their first wild-wood blossoms, heard first a wild bird carol, sat down for the first time to an orderly table, wore their first neat clothes and lifted up for the first time their voices in prayer and thanks to God at Mont-Lawn. Many of our children are now servants of the Master whose Gospel of peace and love was first interpreted to them at Mont-Lawn, and the moral tone of whole families and neighborhoods have been changed through their influence. Sabbath after Sabbath for summers past a long line of happy children have trooped into the pretty, flower-decked chapel, singing: "How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour." Sabbath after Sabbath, with bowed heads and folded hands, they have listened while Dr. Klopsch led them in the prayer: "God bless our fathers, our mothers, our brothers and sisters. God grant that all of us may go back little torch-bearers into our homes. Make us more kind, more gentle, more pure and holy." Sabbath after Sabbath they have heard the lovely story of the Good Shepherd, the dear Lord, who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Is it wonderful that God has prospered this work, making it his own?

Lily, the tiny tot who bore the dignity of the big number, 12,000, is a typical tenement waif. Our picture shows her as she came first to this office. She is one of a family of five living in two squalid tenement rooms. The oldest child, a diminutive girl of eleven, is housekeeper. Lily, small for four, is six. Her wee face is scarred with hurts received. Her father drinks; her mother has been long dead. The poor little maid has had a hard, hard life. Miss Irwin, head-worker of the Gospel Settlement, says that one bitter morning last winter Lily came to the kindergarten in little garments frozen stiff! They had been washed overnight, hung out on the roof, and then, being the baby's only apparel, were put upon her again by Sarah, the poor "little mother," who was doing her best to make Lily look presentable! At the Home with Lily is her brother Harry and her sister Gertrude. None of these children speak distinctly, the organs of speech being defective in all.

"Little Twelve Thousand's" great soft blue eyes opened in wonder and delight when she was taken to Mont-Lawn. The sail on the steamer *Chrystenah*, the stage-ride over the lovely country road, the welcome that greeted her at the Home, the lawn, the grass, the scups, the wild-flowers, the good food, her snowy cot in the dormitory, were marvelous, incomprehensible blessings. The complete outfit of good garments in which gentle hands clothed her, above all filled the little maid with a pride and gratitude that her stammering voice sought vainly to express. She followed the teachers about, looking the love and thanks she could not utter. Her advent was made the occasion of a festival for herself and others. Our maimed, halt and blind were taken out to the woods on a special picnic; a table-cloth was spread on the grass, and a little lunch of good things set forth. Our blind boy, our wee crippled girls, our lad with a deformed hand, our two deaf and dumb children were fitting members of this little party.

If any children appreciate more than others the blessings of the home, it is the afflicted ones upon whom, of course, the hardships of tenement life bear more cruelly than upon others. We wish our readers could have seen this happy little picnic of the lame, the halt and the blind.

These contributions have been received for our Fresh-Air Home work at Mont-Lawn:

Prev ack	$6,834 12	James, E M	3 00
Allen, E F	3 00	Jamieson, Mrs H P	3 00
Allen, Miss Jessie	3 00	Kendall, W H	2 50
Andrews, F J, E, H and M	3 00	Kentgen, Grace H	50 00
Baer, A	3 00	Kepler, Byrde	60
Bailey, Jane	50	Kirtland, Mrs H E	1 00
Barges, Mrs Jno	50	Klaus, Mrs George	6 00
Barras, B F	1 00	Lang, Miss H	3 00
Belden, Miss A A	2 00	Lease, Mrs E G	2 60
Bemis, Mrs Julia A	2 00	Leiceweher, B A	1 00
Beschorman, Mrs F R	1 00	Lenhart, Miss M	6 00
Bissell, Mrs N N	1 75	Lewis, Mrs R G	3 00
Blaisdell, L W	2 00	Lindstrom, Ethel & Dreyer, Osden	46
Blom, Anna	1 00	Lockart, Mrs F M	2 00
Bogardus, W E	6 00	Lohman, Mrs J D	6 00
Bowman, Emma	1 00	Lord, Rufus	5 00
Boyd, M M	1 00	Lowe, Mrs A E	9 00
Brace, Mrs J C	2 00	Lucked, M E	1 00
Brayton, Alzina	6 00	McDowell, Jno	1 00
Brelsford, W D	3 00	McKee, Mrs S E	6 00
Brickels, Rev & Mrs L J	3 00	McVicar, Mrs	3 00
Bridges, Mrs H A	2 00	Mahar, E	3 00
Britt, Gisela D	5 00	Mallery, Mrs E H	2 00
Brown, Jas R	1 75	Mamie, C H	6 00
Brown, Mrs R	3 00	Marsh, Miss Fannie	3 00
Butler, C H	1 00	Martin, Mrs I	3 00
Butz, Mrs F A	2 00	Mason, Mrs A S	3 00
Byers, S L	10 00	Mason, Minnie E	3 00
Campbell, G S	3 00	Meek, Mary	1 00
Carter, Misa Adelaide	6 00	Mensch, C G	1 00
Chadwick, Esther & Irene	3 00	Midklekauff, J A	1 00
Clelland, Sam'l & wife	5 00	Miller, Mrs T D	3 00
Cliff, Ivan Spaulding	50	Mills, Mr & Mrs O S	12 00
Cline, Mrs J H and Stanley, Mrs J	6 00	Moss, Frank	5 00
Collins, K J & H E	2 00	Mount, Mr & Mrs J H	2 50
Cox, Mary H	1 00	North, Jas H	10 00
Crossman, A F	3 00	Osborne, Martha C	3 00
Cunningham, Miss M	50	Oxley, Mrs B H	1 00
Curtis, Frances A	50	Palm, Rosa C	3 00
Curtis, Mrs J C	2 00	Park, Malcolm & Mrs	2 00
Damon, Mrs F H	3 00	Parmalee, Mrs L M	3 00
Demarest, Mrs Hester	6 00	Parmelee, Marguerite	1 00
Doane, S W	1 00	Payne, Mrs E L	9 00
Docherty, Mrs C	1 00	Pendleton, Mrs E	1 00
Downing, Mrs H U	1 00	Perham, Mrs A R	25
DuBose, Mrs D, St Pierre	2 00	Perham, Nettie A	25
Eastman, Mrs W F	9 00	Peters, Nettie	3 00
Edmunds, Mrs H H	12 00	Plimpton, Mrs L & Son	3 00
Edwards, Mary P	1 00	Plummer, Mrs I & Adams, Mrs M V	3 00
Elberson, M	50	Rettig, Mr & Mrs C	6 00
Emmons, Mary J	3 00	Rohlf, Mr & Mrs F H	3 00
Etchells, Eliza	50	Rowell, Mrs L A	2 00
Evans, Mrs E W	1 00	Sayre, Mrs A K	3 00
Faas, A M	3 00	Schroeder, Mrs F G	5 00
Fairbanks, Mr & Mrs W W	3 00	Schurman, Jesse	3 00
Farrington, Mrs R A	1 00	Sharp, Mary, Eleonor & Genevieve	2 00
Garby, Mrs	1 00	Sheldon, Stacy	25
Gates, Mrs H	3 00	Shriver, Mrs F M	3 00
Gay, Mrs E C	3 00	Smurr, Miss L J	1 00
Genrge, Mr & Mrs F W & Waldo	2 00	Snyder, A O	1 00
Gill, Mrs E S	6 00	Spickler, Emily	75
Gillett, Mrs D J	3 00	Stewart, Nellie	3 00
Gilmore, Miss M A	1 00	Strong, Mrs A L	20
Gorsuch, M J	3 00	Symonds, Mary E	2 00
Green, Bertha M	1 50	Selsor, E	3 00
Greene, Little Verne	25	Shaffer, Lorena L	2 00
Greene, W W	3 00	Shank, Mrs M A	1 00
Goss, Fred L	3 00	Sharer, Sybella	2 00
Guy, Mrs G F	5 00	Signor, H B	1 00
Hanks, Mary E	3 00	Smiles, Carolina	3 00
Hanna, Mrs J L	3 00	Smith Mrs Job	5 00
Harris, Carl T	50	Smith, Mrs S, Sr	3 00
Hatch, Mrs L B	1 00	Stetson, Louis M	3 00
Hawes, Eliza	3 00	Stowart, Misses E W & M	6 00
Hawkins, Mrs M J	3 00	Stiles, I H	4 00
Haynes, M A	1 00	Sweet, Mrs J A	3 00
Heap, Mrs H H	3 00	Sweet, Mrs L W	5 00
Hedges, Miss B S	5 00	Teegarden, I W	3 00
Hellier, Mrs Mary A	2 00	Teoney, Mary L	3 00
Hepler, Mrs I	2 00	Tinning, A	3 00
Hicks, Mrs E S	3 00	Torsberg, E	3 00
Higgins, Maude W	3 00	Townsend, C H	3 00
Hockett, V S	3 00	Tuttle, Emily A	1 00
Hopkins, M M	1 00	Tuttle, Mary E	1 00
Hoyt, Mr & Mrs F B	6 00	Tyler, Grace K	2 00
Humphfrey, J W	3 00	Tyler, Katherine D	2 00
Van Voris, Belle	3 00	Tyler, Robert I	2 00
Wadsworth, J L	1 50	Tyler, Rose B	2 00
Wagner, Mrs M N	3 00	Upton, Mrs M E	2 00
Walbert, Miss S K	3 00	VanSchaak, W D	6 00
Walsb, VanWormer	9 30	M A M, Syracuse	6 00
Warner, Mrs Geo E	3 00	M B, Birchardville	3 00
Warren, Mrs D K	3 00	M C B, Benton	2 00
White, Mrs Mary C	3 00	M D & C N, Hiawatha	1 00
Whitney, A E & F	3 00	Mr & Mrs E C, New Rochelle	3 0
Wieting, Mrs J C	1 00	M E T, Skowlegan	25
Wiley, Mrs	3 00	Mrs M M P & R I P, Creston	3 00
Wilson, Mrs Mary L	18 00	Mrs F H, Brooklyn	1 00
Wilson, Mrs R A	4 00	M I, Mass	1 00
Winnie, Mary E	50	M S B, Sidney	25
Wolcott, Mrs H B	3 00	M V M, Shushan	3 00
Wolcott, L P	3 00	Miss MCH & Mrs JM S, Carbondale	3 00
Wood, Miss Sarah	1 00	P L W, Flint	3 00
Wood, Warren	1 00	R H B, Seneca Castle	30
Yaeger, L C	2 00	R P R, Binghamton	3 00
A L S, Hope Valley	2 00	Mrs S A M, Virginia	3 00
B E S, Cedar Falls	1 00	Cash, Marshall	3 50
C A H, Putnam	3 00	I H N, Jamestown	1 00
C C T, Barneston	1 00	"In His Name," Madison	3 00
C & D, Mechanicsb'g	6 00	—, Carmel	3 00
C P, Lansdowne	3 00	—, Cucamonga	3 00
E C, Elroy	1 00	—, E Arunswick	3 00
E M C, Hartford	10 00	—, Glastonburg	1 00
E O S, Jersey City	25	—, Los Angeles	50
E W, Lawrence	6 00	—, Middletowu	1 50
F G S, Whitings	6 00	—, New York	2 00
G B, Bridgeport	6 00	—, Phoenix	5 50
G K, Reading	3 00	—, Unity	3 00
J E W, E Providence	3 00	—, Warrenton	2 00
J P, Haydenville	1 00	—, Whitinsville	1 00
K C, Harrisburg	1 00	"In-as-much," Mt Hope	10 00
K K, Lima	6 00	"Reader" Prohibition	3 00
L A S, Delta	5 00	Miss Soc of 2d Cong Ch, Middle Haddam	4 00
L & D, Nichols	6 00	Total	$7,611 08
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Illustration shows machine closed, to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

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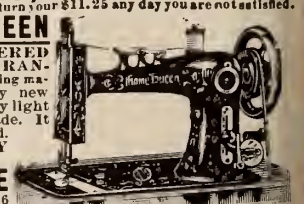

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THIS ILLUSTRATION gives you an idea of the appearance of the HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM HOME QUEEN SEWING MACHINE which we furnish at $11.25, in the handsome 5-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

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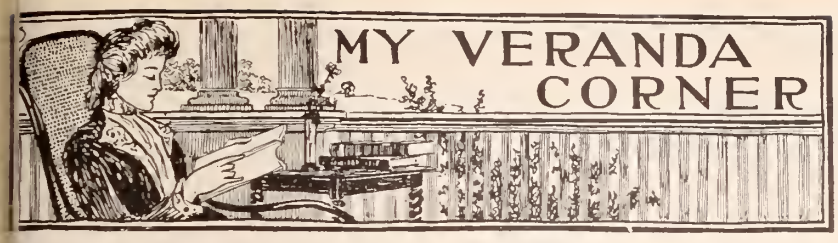


BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AN ANCIENT SANCTUARY

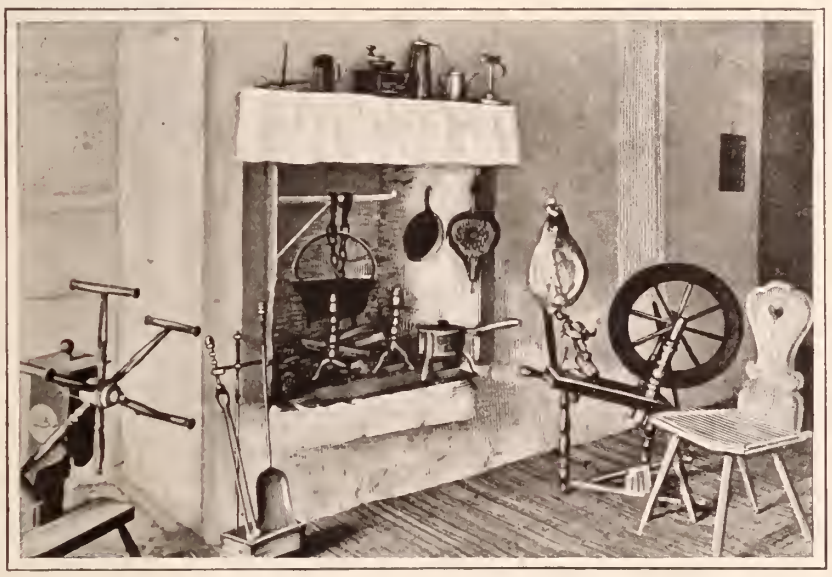
WHOEVER, in these lovely days of the most beautiful season of the year, shall spend some happy time in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, will count it a privilege to worship there with the Moravians. No body of Christian people has adhered more closely to the primitive faith than they; none have ever clung more lovingly to the Cross; none have from early days shown more constantly a missionary spirit. Moravian and missionary are almost synonymous terms; the one irresistibly recalls or suggests the other as soon as it is mentioned. In all its history, too, the Moravian Church has acted much for education, and under its auspices in Pennsylvania several very famous schools have long flourished, sending forth graduates of both sexes to take their places in the world and do its work faithfully and well. True religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. In its epitome of creed and practice is summed up the beautiful and unselfish life of the Moravian brethren and their simple-hearted, straightforward and gentle-mannered families. The second building erected in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and also the first place of worship is shown in the interesting picture here displayed. It was commenced in 1741 and finished in 1742. On a tablet in this house of worship these words are inscribed:

> September 28, 1741
> Cornerstone of this House Laid.
> June 23, 1742, "Der Saal." The Chapel was
> Consecrated by Count Zinzendorf.
> Ninety-three Indians Were Baptized Within
> These Walls.
> The first, on Sept. 16, 1742, were David, a
> Mohican, by Zinzendorf, and Joshua,
> a Mohawk, by Buttner.
> For Ten Years it was the Only Place of
> Worship, and for Fifty Years the Home
> of the Moravian Ministers.

That record of the baptism of ninety-three red men, shows how eager were these German settlers to win their first triumphs from the wilderness for their Lord Jesus. Pennsylvania's whole history shows that peace, brotherly love and fair dealing made an impression on the aborigines, and shines brightly in contrast with much of our lurid colonial history in other portions of the land. Broad-brimmed Quaker and gentle Moravian attracted the rude and war-like sons of the soil to the Prince of Peace, civilized them, taught them the arts of agriculture and commerce, and baptized them into the Christian faith.

A fireplace of the olden time with a kettle suspended from the crane and the household implements hanging about, reminds us of days which antedated the kitchen range and the gas-stove by nearly two hundred years. If you have ever tasted roast meats and broiled fish cooked in an open fireplace; if you know the flavor of hoe-cake and light bread baked in the ashes, you have enjoyed such toothsome viands as are never served to the patrons of Delmonico's or the Waldorf; for no cooking of the modern chef compares with the subtle dainties of food prepared as it was over the fire on the hearth. Nor have we modern folk always the vigorous appetites of those earlier days. There are parts of the Southern mountain land, where one may tramp or drive all day, and come in with a sharpened hunger to eat a meal prepared as our foremothers did; and, from experience, I can testify to its excellence.

The old spinning-wheel, too, still used in rural districts of Pennsylvania, in West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky has disappeared from our Northern homes, except as an honored relic of the past. In many a stately drawing room and cozy parlor, the spinning-wheel is just now a much-prized ornament, undeniably decorative in its effect, and holding its own bravely among the splendors of its neighboring furniture. In the olden time the good wife carded and spun and wove and handled wool and flax alike for the clothing of her household and the filling of her lavender-scented linen presses. Many thoughts crowd upon us as we visit this Moravian settlement, and especially at Easter, should we go there, we would take part in a celebration of our Lord's resurrection in the early dawn, and join in the triumphant hymns, and come away more than ever glad that we belong to the living Church.



A FIREPLACE OF THE OLDEN TIME IN THE CLERGY HOME, BETHLEHEM, PA.

THE FIRST PLACE OF WORSHIP IN BETHLEHEM, PA.—1741-42

> No more a lily among thorns,
> Feeble and faint and few,
> But countless as the stars of morn,
> And as the early dew.

The house in the picture was originally built of logs, but was weather boarded thirty years ago. We received the photograph from the present inmate of the house—now used as a clergy-house—Mrs. Maria L. Schultz.

Many hallowed associations cluster about such a house, used as a church in olden days, and now as a home, and ever followed by the blessing of the Most High.

Mourning Dress

Mourning with us is best expressed by the wearing of black clothing. There are people in the world whose mourning garb is white; but black, the heavier and more opaque the better, is preferred by Europeans and Americans. Fashion prescribes the length of time during which deep mourning must be worn: for a husband or wife the term is longer than for any other; for a parent or child it is but little shorter, while for relatives-in-law a few weeks or months is a sufficient length of time. The deepest mourning can be modified in a year. There are those who can never be satisfied to abandon mourning once they have assumed it and they do not change it essentially; they wear dark and sombre garments to their last days, but these are usually elderly women who have left the joys of youth behind them.

It is not obligatory to wear mourning at all unless one desires it, for many people have rebelled against it as a foolish custom, and they do not care to incur its expense, or to darken those about them by a style of funereal raiment. We may remark, however, that a mourning dress is a protection, that it saves people from abrupt questions and from misunderstanding, and that it need not be gloomy, nor include crape; it may be simple black, relieved by white band and collar and cuffs, and be appropriate for any occasion.

Swimming

Because every summer a number of valuable lives are lost in the water, the reason is greater that everyone, man, woman and child should learn to swim. The younger the pupil, the apter is he or she to learn the art, which is a simple one, requiring only confidence, attention to a few plain directions, and a quantity of water for exploiting one's skill.

Women and Cats

"Some women are just like cats!" Susie spoke with emphasis.

"What do you mean?" asked Helen.

"Why, I mean that they are so furtive, and so treacherous. They purr and say nice things, and all at once stick out a paw that was hidden under the velvet, and give you a dig and a scratch. I hate slyness, especially the sort that lies in wait and watches a chance to hurt a friend, or say a mean thing, or insinuate something one does not assert outright. I have seen such women."

"Well," said Helen, who liked cats, "I think you are unfair to Puss. Some women have those horrid ways, but most cats are above them."

ROSY TEACHERS

Look Better in the School-Room Than the Sallow Sort.

Young folks naturally like comely objects, and a good-looking, healthy teacher can do vastly more with pupils, everything else considered, than the skinny, dyspeptic teacher can. The instructor in Latin and mathematics in a young ladies' seminary at Macon, Ga., had an experience worthy the attention of any teacher.

She kept running down a little more each year until finally a genuine case of nervous prostration set in and she was confined to her bed for eight months, a perfect wreck, physically and mentally. She and her friends thought it was due to overwork, but she now knows it was due to improper food.

Of course the physicians were called in, but there is almost nothing that can be done in such cases, except to rely on well-selected food and proper care. She was put upon Grape-Nuts, all medicines, also tea, coffee, and iced drinks were taken away. She had Postum Food Coffee once a day. The larger part of her food was Grape-Nuts, for this food is made with special reference to rebuilding the gray matter in the brain and nerve centres.

The lady says: "I had been reduced to 95 pounds in weight when I began using Grape-Nuts. The new food was so delicious and strengthening that I felt new life at once. I have now developed into a perfectly healthy, happy, stout woman, weighing 135 pounds, the greatest weight I ever attained, and have a wonderfully clear, fresh, rosy complexion, instead of the sallow, bilious hue of the past.

"I never now have a symptom of dyspepsia nor any other ache or ail. Am strong physically and I particularly notice the strength of mind. I never experience that tired, weary feeling after a hard day's labor that used to appear. My brain seems as clear and active at night as it was in the morning and I am doing twice the amount of work I ever did. Dont use my name in public, please, but I will answer inquiries." Name can be obtained from Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

is the name of my 32-page book of seventy delicious recipes which can be made from

KNOX'S GELATINE

I will mail it FREE on application if you will send me the name of your grocer. If you can't do this enclose 2c. stamp.

For 5c. in stamps (to cover postage and packing), the book and full pint sample. For 15c. and the name of your grocer, the book and a full 2-quart package (two for 25 cents). Pink color for fancy desserts in every package. *Beware of misleading imitations of similar name.*

CHAS. B. KNOX, 55 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

The World at War

NEW MAPS of **China, Siberia, Corea, Japan** and the **Philippines.** Also **Africa, Transvaal,** etc. Showing the theatre of the wars and of the momentous changes that are impending. **Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica** and the **West Indies** in great detail. Each Map Indexed. Also complete map of the World suitable for hanging on the wall, or can be folded for pocket use.

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Send for handsomely illustrated "Blue Book"—free.

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.
37 Maiden Lane, New York 149 State Street, Chicago

FLY TO PIECES.

The Effect of Coffee on Highly Organized People.

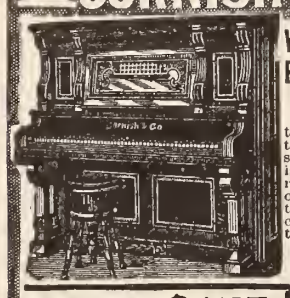
"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion. It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the cause of the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum Food Coffee. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." Anna Coen, Mt. Ephraim, Ohio.

1 YEARS FREE TRIAL THE UNIQUE CORNISH PLAN



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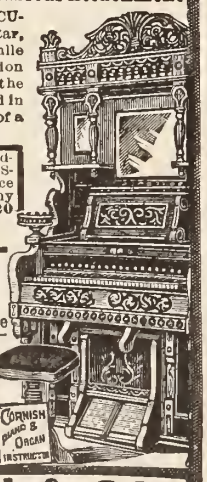

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IN GOD'S GARDEN

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

SOMETIMES, the doctor says, in advising us concerning our wearied or overtaxed bodies, "Let nature have a chance." He means, let the beneficent forces stored up within you, find an opportunity to permeate the body with their hoarded health. There is a sense in which the same counsel would apply equally well to overtaxed and over-wearied souls and minds. Nature will gladly take her chance with both body and soul, but with a difference in operation. An over-wearied body may generally be depended upon to utilize and multiply its own recuperative forces. An over-wearied mind must look for beneficent agencies beyond itself, and may count itself happy if not too weary to appropriate eagerly and assimilate easily that which offers from without.

When the work stops too, for a time, many of us have to say,

"It's not the hand only that lieth thus still,
I'm wearied in spirit, I'm listless in will."

If this is our case, then it is quite time that we "let nature have her chance."

* * * *

PERHAPS you do not believe nature can do anything for you even if you give her every opportunity, but she can and she will. Try her. Why should she not? She loved and soothed you when you were a little child if you were troubled or distressed, and she is the same tender mother to this hour. Do you remember long years ago saying softly to yourself in the still beauty of a moonlit night,

"At my feet the river glideth
Like a shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark.

There she swings and smiles above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me.

Now the moon is floating to me:
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boatlike—as 't would woo me
Far away.

And the stars bend from the azure,
I could touch them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.

There they smile and shine above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me.

* * * *

DO YOU remember as a child, when irritated or discontented how the simple being out of doors, the walk in the woods or the fields soothed the irritation and softened the discontent, and sent you home ready to try again, and longing to "be good"? Do you remember later, when the sorrows and anxieties and cares came upon you, and human voices jarred upon the ear and human words seemed empty of all meaning, and human sympathy a mockery—how you longed to get away from it all to where you heard only the voice of the wayside brook and the "wind of the whispering leaves." And do you remember how the wonder and power and charm of the silent ministry of nature to the suffering and hungering soul sent you back so lifted up and strengthened that you felt the sweetness even in common, human words and the blessing in common work?

Ah, but that is "all in the past," you say. The years have been so many, the cares so heavy. Such ministry belonged to that earlier blessed time when an unreal glamor was over the face of nature as it was over the whole experience of life. You cannot think nature would have any such message for you now.

* * * *

IF THIS be true, then is the fault not in nature, which is, to those who can understand her divine language, the truest interpreter of the heart of God. The fault is with the life that has become so overburdened with its cares, its successes, or its disappointments that it no longer has open eyes to see the beauty, open ears to hear earth's myriad voices, open hearts to take in the countless messages of courage and strength and peace. Nature is the same, the soul alone is changed. Still some things, nay all things love us, but we no longer care for a love which we have lost the power to take. The healing awaits us, but we seem able to feel only the clay and to miss the divine touch that anoints our eyelids. We no longer see God because possibly we have forgotten that it is the pure in heart to whom that sight is given.

If we have lost our childhood's comfort in nature, it is only because we have lost our childhood. There is no way back except the old way, by which again the soul becomes as a little child. Then it begins at once to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. Then the dead world, that had neither smile nor voice, is filled again with music and with light. Then we cease to beg that the world will let us alone and give us a chance to rest, for we have learned in letting ourselves alone, the truest secret of rest. The heart "at leisure from itself" learns not only to "soothe and sympathize" with others, but it is the only heart that can take to and for itself the soothing and sympathy of all the world, and especially of the world of nature, which gives and comforts with neither task nor stress nor strain.

* * * *

LET yourself alone then, tried and troubled soul. Let nature have her chance. The things you strove for in your work and failed to accomplish. Are they haunting you with your failure? Give them up and let them go! The things done that you ought not to have done, it is too late now to undo. The things undone that you ought to have done, it is too late to do. Let them all alone. The mistakes for which it seems as if we were often punished more severely than for our sins—these, too, must be left behind. The feverish regret over what might have been, the feverish strife for what yet may be—let both alike alone, and then with soul and mind unburdened of their load, "Let nature have her chance."

Remember, too, that God said, not only "let there be light," but he said, "lift up your eyes." See, the summer clouds bend tenderly over the hilltops. Their shadows float and drift across the landscape and lie as if asleep in the hollows. The trees spread in great moving masses of shade, or stately and alone from the meadow away to the mountain's base, and the dark firs seem striving to climb the gray bare rocks even to the mountain's crown. Nearer, the turf of the valley waits our aching feet. The water ripples over the stones of the woodland brook with a sound that woos to sleep. The nearer fields are gray sprinkled with daisies and fragrant with clover. Wild vines go shaggling along the broken stone walls, and even the dusty roadside is gay with wayward flowers. The birds chirp softly, the brook sings, the bees hum drousily, the wind has a whisper of peace. See to it that no discord or jar come from your own sore or troubled heart; and as surely as there is God, his messenger of healing is in all these things for you.

Died for his Comrades

Charles Hanson, of West Hill, Iowa, is one of the heroes of the Philippine war. He was killed at Soculan, Mindanao, May 14, when an attempt was made to massacre the American soldiers at that post. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 14th, a guide rushed up the barrack stairs with the news that three or four hundred insurgents were ambushed near the town. He had hardly begun his story when there was a rush of feet, and up the stairs dashed several men, pursued by Tagalos, cutting and slashing, with knives in both hands. The insurgents had come into the town by twos and threes, and distributed themselves so as to be near the barracks. They posed as "amigos," and their weapons were concealed. The main body remained in the bush awaiting the signal. The Americans rallied and drove off their assailants. After a sharp fight of a few minutes the enemy fled, leaving fifty-seven killed and twenty wounded. The Americans lost seven killed and four wounded. Two men, just off guard, were sleeping in a band-stand in front of the barracks. Private Hanson ran to waken them. He might have saved himself by seeking shelter with the others; but, without hesitating an instant, he ran to the rescue of his comrades. The three tried to fight their way to the barracks. Two succeeded, but Hanson fell under the cruel bolos. He gave his life for his friends.

Waco, Tex. S. C. CORNER.

Thomson's

"Glove-Fitting" Corsets have made the American figure famous. Other makes of Corsets may be compared with each other, as they are made on similar lines, but Thomson's

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Geo. C. Batcheller & Co.
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The story related by Miss Frances E. Harris, 301 Onondaga, Street, Syracuse, N. Y., fits exactly the cases of thousands of young girls of her age.

Weak and languid, suffering from nervousness and lack of blood, unequal to the slightest task. It is a disease known as Anæmia, a common ailment among growing girls. She says:

"When I was seventeen years of age I became debilitated and run down in health. I was extremely nervous, lost my appetite and my blood became so thin that there was no color at all in my face. Much of the time I was confined to my bed and was so weak that I could only walk a short distance. The least exercise would bring on shortness of breath and pain in side. Sometimes I could hardly breathe.

"I tried several different doctors without receiving any benefit. I also tried other medicines advertised to cure troubles such as I had but they did me no good.

"I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in the papers, and decided to try them. The first box helped me, and I procured some more. My appetite improved, my nerves became stronger, and within a short time I gained over twenty-five pounds in weight. My improvement continued, and in all I took a dozen boxes. When they were finished I was entirely cured and am in good health, have a good color and appetite and am as well as ever.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many others and will be glad to answer any inquiries if the writers enclose stamp for reply."

(Signed) FRANCES M. HARRIS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schnectady, N. Y.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WO

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Pla Watch, also a Chain and Charm for se 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents ea Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, a large Premium List. No money requi

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As a sustaining diet for the sick, as a tonic foo for the convalescent, as a healthful invigoratin beverage for the well—Welch's Grape Juice is ur equalled. In buying of your dealer be sure th label reads "Welch's." Write the Welch Grap Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

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Persons receiving U. S. 2 cent postage stamps in their business in payment of bills can sell them at 3 per cent. discount. **C. H. RANDALL.** Stamp Dealer, 62 South St., New York. Established 1868.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Mysterious Helper*

COULD the group have known the trouble in the new cobbler's heart, as he bent all day over his work and thought of the needed wood, their interest in the subject would have been enhanced. When the sun was almost down, Sam remembered that a house was being built several squares away. Carpenters always left many scraps behind them, which village custom allowed anyone to pick up. The cobbler devoutly thanked heaven for the thought, closed the shop, and hurried away to the new building. The men were still at work, and there was a great deal of waste lying about.

"May I have some of these leavin's?" asked Sam of the master builder.

The man looked down from the scaffolding on which he stood, recognized the questioner, turned again to his work, and at last answered, with a scowl, "Yes, I suppose so. It would be all the same, I guess, if I didn't say so. You'd come after dark and help yourself."

Sam pocketed the insult, though the weight of it was heavy. So was that of the bits of board he gathered; but he knew that such thin wood burned rapidly, so he took a load that made him stagger. As he entered the yard behind his house, he saw, through the dusk which was beginning to gather, a man rapidly tossing cord-wood from a wagon to a large pile which already lay on the ground.

"My friend," gasped Sam, dropping his own load and panting from his exertion, "I guess—you've made a—mistake. I hain't ordered a load of wood from nobody. Guess you've come to the wrong house."

"Guess not," replied the man, who was the farmer that had freed his mind at the railway station during the afternoon.

"This is Sam Kimper's," explained the cobbler.

"Just where I was told to come," said the farmer, tossing out the last sticks and stretching his arms to rest upon them.

"Who was it told you to bring it?" asked the resident.

The farmer stooped and took a large package from the front of the wagon and threw it on the ground; then he threw another.

"Won't you tell me who sent it?" Sam asked again.

The farmer turned his head and shouted, "It was God, if you must know; and he told me to bring that bag of flour and shoulder of bacon, too."

Then the farmer drove off, at a gait quite unusual in farm-teams.

The cobbler burst into tears and fell upon his knees. When he arose he looked in the direction from which came the rattle of the retreating wheels, and said to himself, "I wonder if that man was converted in the penitentiary?"

The story, when Sam told it in the house, amazed the family, though little Mary giggled long on hearing the name of the supposed giver. No sooner was supper ended than the child slipped out of the house and hurried to the hotel to tell her sister Jane all about it. Within half an hour the story had passed, through the usual channels, to all lounging-places that were open, and at one of them—the post-office—it was heard by Deacon Quickset. It troubled the good man a great deal, and he said, "There's no knowing how much harm 'll be done the fellow by that speech. If he thinks the Lord is going to take care of him in such unexpected ways, he'll go to loafing and then get back into his old ways."

"Didn't the Lord ever help you in any unexpected way, Deacon?" asked Judge Prency, who nearly every evening spent a few moments in the post-office lobby.

"Why, yes—of course; but, Judge, Sam and I aren't exactly the same kind of men, I think you'll allow."

"Quite right," said the judge. "You're a man of sense and character. But when Jesus was on earth did he give much attention to men of your general character and standing? According to my memory of the record—and I've reread it several times since Sam Kimper's return—he confined his attentions quite closely to the poor and wretched, apparently to the helpless, worthless class to whom the Kimper family would have belonged had it lived at that time. 'They that are whole need no physician'—you remember?—'but they that are sick.'"

* From *All He Knew*, a beautiful story of spiritual struggle and triumph in a humble village. By John Habberton. Told with rare skill and naturalness, and remarkably interesting. Pp. 197. Cloth, $1. E. S. Gorham, New York, publisher.

Methodism's Great Gathering

Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Attended by Multitudes—A Spiritual Harvest

OCEAN GROVE'S annual Methodist camp-meeting this year was the largest religious assemblage ever held at that famous resort. Many crossed the Atlantic and numbers traveled from the Pacific to attend the meetings. Probably no less than 75,000 people were on the grounds during the ten days of the camp-meeting just closed.

This year the meetings extended over fifteen days, ending the third day of September. They opened with a prayer service on Aug. 18. The occasion called out a host of "old campaigners" who entered with zest into the exercises. In the evening the Lord's Supper was administered to a large gathering of people including many clergymen. The opening sermon was delivered by Bishop Hamilton, to a congregation that densely crowded the vast auditorium. The newly elected Bishop's clear, penetrating voice reached to the farthest part of the great building. The theme of the discourse was "War," founded on the words of the Psalmist, "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth." In an eloquent climax the speaker showed that it was love that should rule the hearts of men.

Each day's services began with a consecration meeting in the Tabernacle about sunrise, led by Rev. A. E. Ballard, Vice-President of the Association. Immediately following this, family devotions were held in the Auditorium. At nine o'clock, the Young People's Meeting, led by Rev. C. H. Yatman, drew old and young to the Temple, many who could not obtain entrance listening at the open doors and windows. The "Helping Hand" meeting at the same hour was especially for the unconverted.

Mrs. Bottome, Mother of the King's Daughters, gave a series of Bible readings in the Tabernacle. The Holiness Meetings and Mrs. Lizzie Smith's meetings were features of the afternoons. At four o'clock the Children's Meeting took place, and at a later hour the Twilight Service. After each evening sermon there was a revival "altar service." Thus, from early morn till late at night the voice of singing, prayer and exhortation resounded through the Grove.

On Sunday, Dr. Hanlon's Bible Class met, numbering fully two thousand, when learned divines discussed knotty theological problems. The picturesque Sabbath evening Beach Meetings were held at the foot of Ocean Parkway, where the multitudes worshiped with the waves dashing at their feet.

Among the notable preachers who took part in the camp-meeting services this year were Rev. L. A. Purcell, of the Philadelphia Conference; Rev. H. Wood, of England; Rev. Dr. Sullivan, of Philadelphia; Rev. D. Holmes, of London, Ont.; Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of Philadelphia; J. R. Westwood, Philadelphia; Rev. Thomas O. Hanlon, D.D., President of Pennington Seminary. The season has been one of great spiritual activity and rich blessing has come to many souls as the result of the services.

THE THANKFUL HEART

O GUIDE me, dear Saviour;
Still guide me along,
Still be my companion,
My solace and song.
I know thee, I love thee,
I feel thou art near;
Thy presence is cheering,
Stay, stay with me here.

O keep me, dear Saviour;
Be ever Thine own
This heart full of treasure
By Thee overflown.
This fulness of mercy,
This joy so complete,
O, merciful Saviour,
Thy smiles are so sweet.

I thank thee, dear Saviour,
For blessings so rare;
Thy fondest affections
Thou gav'st me to share.
I found thee, I've proved thee,
And love thee as best,
And shall follow to know thee
In the sunshine of rest.

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They Helped India's Orphans

Kind-hearted Friends who Undertake the Support of the Helpless Famine Waifs

FRIENDS of the India Famine Orphans are rapidly multiplying. Every mail brings us new and welcome pledges from different States, proving that the appeal has indeed touched many good Christian hearts.

Mr. F. G. Barnard, Supt. of the M. E. Sabbath School in Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Barnard, Pres. of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, their daughter, Mamie Georgia (who at fourteen years of age has fifty pupils, and is probably the youngest primary Sunday School teacher in the State), and their youngest daughter, Ethel Beatrice, twelve years of age, have assumed as their part of the responsibility that has fallen upon the Christian world, the support and education of three little orphan children in India. Each of the little girls will have a girl orphan in India and will put aside five cents a day each for her support. Mr. Barnard will educate a boy in honor of the pastor of Grace M. E. Church, who is doing good and effective work. If every Christian family in our country would as nobly meet this duty, there would be a speedy solution of the problem of the helpless little orphan children of India.

MR. AND MRS. BARNARD AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

RUTH L. ORVIS

. . .

A Roman mother said: "These are my jewels." Even so America may say: "These are my jewels" of hundreds of children who are working, saving and sacrificing for the sake of India's helpless, orphaned boys and girls. Many childish scrawls from little lads and lassies, who are "America's jewels," are kept as treasures in this office long after the gifts they contained have sped on missions of mercy to India. Even the little workers with mite boxes have done a good part in saving India's orphans:

Ruth L. O., Idaho Springs. I gave one Mite Box to the Presbyterian Sunday School, and the other I took to the Methodist Sunday School, and altogether I got $2.02, which I send, wishing it were more, and hoping it will save some poor little orphan girls and boys in India.——John F., Mount Vernon Springs, N.C. My little sister, Bernice, and I send our thirteen pennies for little Hindu orphans. Elvira and Eugene send each ten cents, and Nellie sends five.

BERNICE AND JOHN FAUST

Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Helping Hands, Busy Bees and Sabbath School classes have now the brightest opportunity of centuries to help in evangelizing the world, since it costs only $15 a year to adopt and educate a Hindu orphan, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gladly making all necessary arrangements and putting the band of American children, whenever desired, in direct correspondence with the orphan whose care is undertaken.

The following extracts from our letter-box show how noble THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls are working for the orphans:

Cornelius DeWitt V——, Union Church, $10.75. I am nine years old. Mama has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for years. I read it. So does papa. I had sympathy for the poor Hindu children, so I went through the congregation and raised this by subscription.——Clyde and Bryan Baker, $3. We are three and six years old. We sold vegetables and solicited from friends and got this small sum for India's poor little children.——Mrs. Mary A. Henderson, $27.50. From the Juvenile Bee-Hive Mission Band. Our little girls worked very faithfully for this.——Harry M., Pine Grove, W. Va. I feel so sorry for the poor little orphans in India. I picked blackberries in my bare feet and sold them, and mama gave me two cents a day to bring water; and I send the money for Hindu orphans.——Little Lottie Wyly, Atlanta, Ga. I send 38 cents. I will send more for the orphans.

Among many touching memorial gifts are these:

Mrs. M. C. Van A., Ferndale, Wash., $10.25. In memory of our darling Ray, our only son, who went to Heaven last May. He was eighteen, a church member, and I was praying he might become a minister.——J. S. G., Honey Grove, Tex., $14.00. Sent by request of Ballard Dial, who asked before he died that his pony and pigs be sold and the money sent to the India sufferers.——Mr. and Mrs. B. De Witt, W. Va. Our little daughter Lillian loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A short time before her death she asked permission to send some of her money to the famine children. We send $1.56, which is all she had.

DASH DOWN THE CUP!

A Temperance Song

DASH down the cup! Drink not again;
Its very touch is degradation!
Quick! dash it down; Oh! do not drain
Its liquid draught of deep damnation!
Break through its toils while yet you may;
Rush from the warmth of its embracing;
Heed not its siren call-away!
Each burning drop a grave is tracing.

Drink not again! Be wise, be free;
Seize on a noble resolution!
Rum's leprous arms encircle thee;
Yield not again to its pollution.
Drown not the still voice of the soul;
Each draught a seed of woe is planting;
Drink not, though beauty pledge the bowl,
There's death beneath its light enchanting.

Shake off the curse with manly might;
Court not a depth of shame and terror;
Turn not your brightest days to night;
Oh! follow not this fatal error.
Crush not a pure and noble mind;
Make not degraded taste a merit;
Wake from your dreams; Oh! be not blind
To God's bright gifts, which you inherit.

Shake off the bonds that bind you down
To cold, relentless, heartless fashion;
Sunder the cursed ties you own—
Sink not a slave to damning passion!
Rise from your burning bed—ashamed,
Yield not again to the foul demon;
Dream not, nor muse—go forth, reclaimed—
Be thou a man—a God-like freeman.

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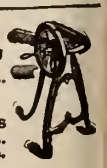

Tares in Your Field*

Cheer in the Parable for the Desponding Soul in the Prospect of Purification

WHILE theologians have disputed about the meaning of the parable of the tares and are not yet by any means in accord about it, there are some lessons which we may fairly learn from it, whatsoever its larger meaning may be. One important lesson is of encouragement for the despondent. When we see so much evil in the church and in the world, we are apt to lose heart. It may comfort us to know that Christ foresaw that it would be so. Howsoever it may originate, evil will come and will grow. The perfect is not here, and there is no use in fretting over it and harassing ourselves, and unfitting ourselves for honest work by dwelling upon the evil that we cannot remedy. There is no lack of useful occupation in the Lord's field. There are many weeds in the field which may be removed; there is much that may be done to improve the quality of the wheat; there are frequent opportunities for sowing good seed; but the business of rooting up this spurious wheat, which looks so like the genuine that we are not sure about it, had better be left alone. The heresy-hunter, the man who is constantly finding fault with his brethren, the critic who keeps a close watch on the sermon to see that it is orthodox and on the conduct of other members, to see that it is consistent, does more harm in the church than good.

One of the most desirable things for everyone to cultivate is the spirit of sweetness and forbearance. The Baptist would rejoice if every church practised baptism by immersion; the Episcopalian would be glad if instead of the extempore prayers, the churches would use such a liturgy as his own; the Presbyterian and the Methodist would like to see the churches give up their individualism and unite under a Conference or a Presbytery. So intense are the preferences in some of these cases and so sure is each man that he is right, that he is liable to look on the man who differs from him as being wilfully blind and to dislike him and oppose him with a ferocity that is far from the spirit of Christ. The doctrines and practices of other churches seem to him as so much evil, which should be rooted up. In one small town, not many years ago, a church which was really doing a good work, was closed, not because the enemies of Christ opposed it; but because two or three Christians of another denomination, who had settled in the town, so bitterly denounced the doctrines that were being preached in it. It is not long since one great church could not rest until one or two of its members, eminent for personal piety and zealous for the honor and glory of Christ, were cast out, because with their piety and zeal they had intellectual beliefs with which their brethren did not agree. It is easy to laugh at the story of the boy who, unable to get rid of the rats in his father's barn, set fire to the barn to burn them out; but his folly was no worse than that of the men who would destroy a church because of the evil in it that they see or imagine. The great Head of the Church knew whereof he spoke when he said: "Let both grow together until the harvest."

There is another reason why there should be no undue haste in the process of destruction. A possibility exists in the Lord's field that does not exist in the field of nature. The human tares may be transmuted into wheat. Some sharp discipline, some change in circumstances may come, out of which the man whose condition was deemed hopeless may emerge chastened and cleansed, a new man. It is related of one of the most successful of the English ministers of the Gospel that when a boy in the Sunday School the teachers voted to expel him, and he was saved from that disgrace by the offer of one of them to take charge of him, and the boy was converted under that teacher's efforts.

It may be, too, that some encouragement may come from this parable to the despondent Christian. He has read the biographies of good men, and looking within himself has seen so much of evil that he has lost heart. He is so far from his ideal, and he perceives the evil tendencies which seem to condemn him as a child of perdition. Certainly if indeed he may hope that he belongs to Christ someone has sown tares in his soul. His life is one continuous struggle with the monsters within him that clamor for indulgence. He cannot root them out, but he can go to Christ to have it done, and he may be sure if, like Paul, he beseeches thrice in vain for deliverance, that the time will come when all the evil within him will like the tares be gathered into bundles for the burning, while his purified soul will be gathered into the garner.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 23. Matt. 13:24 30.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

O PRAYING ones who long have prayed,
And yet no answer heard,
Have ye been sometimes half afraid
God might not keep his word?
Seems prayer to fall on deafened ears?
Does heaven seem blind and dumb?
Is hope deferred? Believe—believe—
The answer-time will come!

"Ask what ye will"—his word is true,
His power is all divine;
Ye cannot test his love too far;
His utmost shall be thine.
God does not mock believing prayer;
Ye shall not go unfed!
He gives no serpent for a fish,
Nor gives he stones for bread.

Thy inmost longings may be told;
The hopes that turned to shame;
The empty life, the thwarted plans;
The good that never came.
Say not, "The promise is not mine,
God did not hear me pray;
I prayed—I trusted fully—but
The grave hath barred the way."

God heard thee—he hath not forgot,
Faith shall at length prevail!
Yea—know it! Not one smallest jot
Of all his Word can fail.
O, if ye truly have believed,
Not vain hath been thy prayer!
As God is true, thy hope shall come—
Sometime—some way—some where!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

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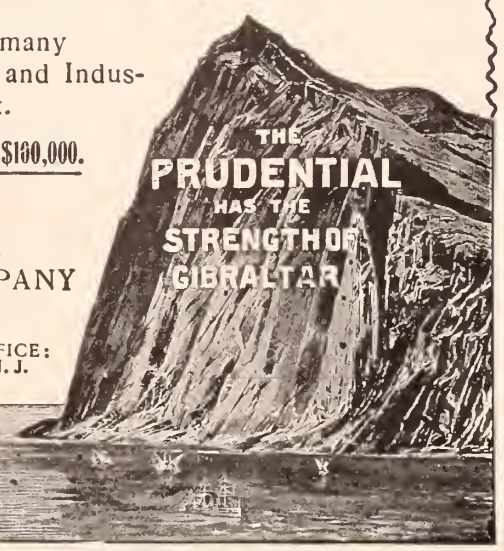

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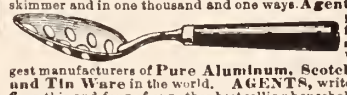

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THE DIVINE TEACHER OF ALL THE AGES

∴ CHRIST'S WORDS TO THE PEASANTS OF GALILEE THE GUIDE FOR MODERN LIFE ∴

ONE of the most significant facts in the world's history is expressed in the beautiful picture by Fugel, on this page. It shows a group of modern peasants with their children listening to Christ. We might call it an anachronism, a chronological blunder to represent such women and children—gures that belong to the nineteenth century grouped around a Teacher of the first entury. These women may be seen in any European village; these children re such as are in our own homes and are running about our streets. But the

And here is one of the most convincing proofs of Christ's divinity. Those words of His were like seed which has grown and is ever taking new forms adapted to new circumstances and new conditions of life. They were like the light which on every new day shines on the world lighting men to new tasks, and as useful and as necessary to us in the nineteenth century as to the men of the first. What mere man could have spoken such words? The greatest poets and philosophers, who were admired by their contemporaries and reverenced for their wisdom, have seldom any

From the Celebrated Painting by Fugel

"THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY"

rtist has not blundered; he is only repeating the lesson of all our Sunday Schools nd pulpits, that the teaching of Him "who spake as never man spake," was not or any one land or period, but was fraught with blessing for all the world and for ll time. Men talk of doctrine and dispute about ritual, but it still is to Him that e come for the light and life that change our nature. Around His feet we gather o learn of Him how to live the highest life possible to men on this earth. His odily presence is withdrawn, but He is with us still in our homes and in our purits. As He said, it was expedient that He go away, for otherwise the spiritual resence that was for all, would have been limited to a few.

message of use to the men of later times. They are superseded and we listen to our own teachers who understand the conditions of modern life. But Christ's words live! This simple peasant in far-off Galilee has His reverent audiences to-day in every land. Statesmen and judges, soldiers and sailors, bankers and merchants, physicians and lawyers, mothers and fathers still look to Him for guidance, still treasure His words and find in them help and comfort in this changed world. He is their model, not in doing the things that He did, not in moving from place to place teaching and preaching, homeless and penniless, but in imbibing His spirit, adopting His principles and making His ideals the rules of their lives.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Oct. 17

1. What is the history and age of the "Stone of Destiny," so-called, now under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey?
2. What object is used as a metaphor in references to prosperity, to eternal life, to mortality and to timidity, and where are the references found in the Bible?
3. If a child does not inherit the quality of integrity, is it probable that it will ever become truthful under Christian training?
4. When it is clearly proved that there is incompatibility of temper in husband and wife, is it best that they separate, rather than remain together quarreling?
5. What are the greatest defects in our educational system, and how may they be remedied?
6. Are there any reasons for supposing that there are people like ourselves on the planets or stars?
7. What is the best method for a young Christian to follow in studying the Old Testament?
8. If a person, in dying, confides a secret to another under the pledge that it shall never be disclosed, is it justifiable in the person giving the pledge to disclose the secret when it would clearly be for the benefit of living persons?
9. What is meant by the "penny" in Matt. 20:2, 9, 10; and why did each laborer receive the same pay whether he wrought one hour or twelve hours?
10. What is the best method of dealing with a church gossip, who, though well-meaning, is a persistent and seemingly hopeless provoker of disturbance and dissension, through the habit of tale-bearing and love of petty scandal?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK

1. What is the best definition of the true missionary spirit and what may be considered a "call?"

The true missionary spirit is present where the heart is overflowing with love and gratitude to the Saviour, is filled with faith in His Word, and is enriched with a personal experience of the blessings of religion. Such a heart abounds with love and pity for those who are not in Christ, and yearns to bring them into the happy condition which it enjoys itself. This irresistible love for souls, born of love for Christ, engenders the desire to go out and help bring others in—to throw out the life-line to the lost. Worldly sacrifice is not considered by one thus consecrated. All things are dross except the love of Jesus. Labor in His service is not a burden, but a delight. The "call" comes to such a one with unmistakable distinctness, when, burning for service, he looks out upon the world and sees its dying, Christless millions. He remembers the Great Commission, and, believing in his heart that he can be of greater service to the cause in the foreign field than at home, he gladly responds: "Here am I, Lord; take me." RICHARD VYSE.

2. Is it probable from the narrative, Judges 11: 34-40, that Jephthah really sacrificed his daughter, or merely kept her from marriage, in view of the provision, Levit. 27: 3-5?

Not a few Biblical scholars have labored, but probably in vain, to fix a sense on the words of the vow which should exclude the idea that a human sacrifice was either intended or might be its unintended result. The language in our version, however doubtless, expresses what was in Jephthah's mind when he made his rash vow, for he was a trans-Jordanic leader, and sunk too likely into semi-paganism, but whether he actually executed his vow admits of doubt. During the two months' interval (Judges 11: 37) he may have become instructed in the law, and ascertained that a dispensation in his case was practicable. "He did unto her his vow," it would seem, by consigning her to perpetual celibacy. The narrative is perhaps designedly ambiguous in order to guard against a light estimate of the obligation of vows. The "daughters" who went to lament her, verse 40, are not said to have lamented her death. The marginal reading "to talk with her" is well supported. The horrible conclusion, however, that she was slain by her father's hand, was held to by Origen, Josephus, many early Christian fathers, Kitto, etc. The other view, that she was doomed to perpetual seclusion, except for four days in a year, has been adopted by Grotius, Bishop Hall, Hales, Hengstenberg, and many other eminent writers. AMELIA HOYT.

3. Should none but consecrated men and women be admitted to membership in a church choir?

A momentous question and easily answered to any seeking soul in John 4: 24; Ephesians 5: 19-20; Colossians 3: 16-17. It seems strange, indeed, that this glaring sin so generally prevails in Protestant churches, encouraged by ministers who are supposed to know and follow their Bible, as God's revealed standard for faith and practise. We read that "the sacrifices and prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." Is the service of song an any less important act of worship? Many leading men of God in all the denominations have denounced the sad mummery, some of whom have passed to their account. Charles H. Spurgeon, Dr. A. J. Gordon, Dr. James H. Brookes, Stevenson Blackwood, George Muller, Sir William Dawson, D. L. Moody, Dr. E. W. Bullenger, Dr. A. T. Pierson and others deprecate "church music as a fine art simply as an affront to God, rather than an approach to him, for it assumes and presumes to set up an art standard in place of the beauty of holiness." Dr. Bullenger himself a musician, says: "Music is a curse as now used in our churches."
W. O. BUCHANAN.

. . .

We might with as little compunction of conscience exclude all who are not Christians from our church pews or from participating in congregational singing as refuse to admit them to the church choir on such a plea. Sacred songs, appropriately selected as by most ministers, are as a continuation of the sermon, or sentiments contained therein, and a powerful factor in the conversion of souls. Constant repetition by the unregenerated of these beautiful thoughts of consecrated men and women may be instrumental in working out their salvation. Sacred music, properly rendered, should be followed by all Christians in a worshipful spirit. Has any one ever frowned down upon "Marguerite," because the musician did not in reality "dread the dreary day" of separation? It is the music we should follow, not the man. Let us hope the music may win the man, if other means should fail.
J. H. MINER.

4. If a girl discovers that the man she loves is addicted to drink, and is sure that if she casts him off the good influence she wields will be lost, and he will probably go utterly to ruin, ought she to run the risk of marrying him in the hope of saving him?

Her action in rejecting or accepting him must depend wholly upon the degree in which he has become addicted to drink. Of the millions of men who drink, as it is termed, in moderation, by no means all are in probable danger of going to rum. The facts and experience of every person prove this. There is no reason whatever why a girl, because she may herself condemn moderate drinking, should refuse to marry a respectable and industrious man whom she loves, merely and solely because he is not a total abstainer. She should try to win him to her way of thinking, and most likely will succeed in doing so perhaps before marriage and more probably afterwards. If he is addicted to the use of liquor to excess, with a weak will and his success in life imperiled, she will certainly commit an act of useless folly in linking her fortunes with his, and which may involve her in his ultimate ruin. For, if he has not the will and desire to reform before marriage, the loss of her influence is not material. If he will not reform because of her influence and his love for her before marriage, he will not do so later when expectation and hope are replaced by possession and he has nothing but her entreaties to strengthen his weak and vacillating judgment.
H. C. UNDERHILL.

5. What are the most cogent reasons to be advanced in support of woman's right to preach and teach in spiritual affairs?

Man needs woman's help for, to quote a homely maxim, "two heads are better than one," and this not only in household, but in affairs of church and state. True, woman, after the fall, was placed in subjection to man as a penalty for her sin. But that ban was not meant to endure for indefinite millenniums, any more than the curse pronounced on Canaan's race. It would seem to have run its course, and no one is under obligation to perpetuate it. The church needs a variety of gifts, needs the gifts and talents peculiar to woman, as well as those of man. Most cogent argument of all is this, that the Spirit's call to prophesy (Acts 2: 18) when heard in the hearts of the "hand maidens" of the Lord is to be obeyed as implicitly as when its sacred summoning is heard by the other servants of the Lord. AMELIA HOYT.

6. In view of Christ's acceptance of invitations from publicans and sinners, should the Christian accept an invitation to a party at which he knows there will be much drinking of intoxicants, playing at cards and other amusements in which he cannot consistently indulge?

If a Christian is invited to a pleasure party where he is sure that he can neither profit himself nor be of any spiritual help to others, he ought not to accept. But if he feels that by his presence at the party and by his abstinence from sinful practices he can exercise an influence for the better upon others present, and if he is morally certain of an opportunity to reprove evil indulgences and to testify in behalf of Christ, then it becomes his duty to accept. Christ surely did not accept the invitation of publicans and sinners in order to put himself on a level with them in their practises, but rather to have an opportunity to tell them of the better way. Why may not the disciple follow the Master's example?
G. A. HAURY.

7. What is the origin of the fable concerning "the man in the moon?"

Perhaps the oldest popular notion, found among various nations, is that the "man in the moon" is the Jew who picked up a bundle of sticks on the Sabbath (Num. 15: 32-36). Dante calls the moon-man Cain, and makes the "bush of thorns" emblematic of the curse, "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

The Teutonic legend is that the curse pronounced upon the Sabbath-breaker was, "As you regarded not 'Sunday' on earth, you shall keep a perpetual 'Moonday' in heaven." According to ancient Sanskrit fable, the "man" is a hare, while among the Jews there is a Talmudic story that Jacob's face is visible. Of course, the real "man in the moon" is the shadows cast by lunar mountains.
G. E. KRAUTH.

8. Should a Christian attend a church in which the sermons are helpful to him when he does not agree with the creed of the church, and there is a church accessible with the creed of which he does agree, but in which the sermons are dull and lifeless?

Many a sermon has been found "dull and lifeless" because of the indifference or lack of spiritual interest too often found in the listeners. But setting this aside, and taking that the sermons are really dull and lifeless, that is, not filled with that enthusiasm which every true minister of the Gospel should have, I, for my part, would go where the sermons were helpful to me, even if I did not agree with the creed. For there could not be such a vast difference in the two creeds, or the advocate of the opposite creed could not preach a helpful sermon, at least, not by following the creed of the church. Do not all churches of all creeds have for their object a purer, higher life; a life in Christ, the Son of God, and an eternal reward—heaven? On these paramount points all agree, and the minor differences, pertaining to modes of worship, etc., should not form such a barrier as to keep a person from going where he can derive the most good. MAY E. THOLKE.

9. Does a girl, in adopting a business career, sacrifice more than she gains?

If a girl be of strong character, sterling qualities, she will gain far more than she sacrifices. Because of her intercourse with men on a business—not social—plane, while losing many of her former ideas as to man's chivalry, strength of character, superior abilities, etc., she will become stronger, not weaker; more self-reliant, but not assertive; more just, not critical; more distinctly womanly, not more masculine. If she views life from the right view-point, performs her duties faithfully and well, all the good qualities will be cultivated and amplified, many weaknesses eliminated because of competition with men. If she is naturally weak, hypersusceptible to her surroundings, she will lose much, gaining little. But home is, and always will be, her rightful sphere, the domain God intended her to occupy. The gentler side of her is here developed or drawn out; in following a business career it is forced out, though she is meantime growing stronger. On the whole, the average girl is improved, if permitted a few years of business life.
LOUISE A. JACOBS.

10. Name a metaphor which is used to symbolize the body, the church, the grave and heaven, and quote the passages in which it is so used?

House is a metaphor used to symbolize the body, the church, the grave and heaven in the following passages of Scripture, viz.: 1. The body. Job 4: 19. "Them that dwell in houses of clay"; II. Corinthians 5: 1, "For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2. The church. Psalm 26: 8, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house: the place where thy honor dwelleth"; also Psalm 84: 10, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of sin"; I. Tim. 3: 15, "The house of God which is the church." 3. The grave. Job 30: 23, "For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." 4. Heaven. Psalm 23: 6, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever"; also John 14: 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. HEPPIE W. HAMILTON.

Correct answers have been received also from Anne Mathias, Eliza N. Finn, Carrie Cleveland, Mrs. Sewall Fisher, John D. Meese, Edith C. Robinson, Amelia Hoyt and Mrs. John Caskey.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS

Reader, Philadelphia. What is the origin of the heathen deities? How did they receive the names and attributes ascribed to them by those who worshiped them?

For all information on the subject, consult the Manual of Mythology, The World's Religions, McClintock & Strong's Biblical Encyclopedia, or any good encyclopedia in a public library. The subject cannot be treated in our brief space.

F. B., Bogard, Mo. Is it reasonable to expect that the making of gold from baser metal will ever be successful?

No, it is not. Transmutation is a delusion, which has had its blind followers for centuries, though perhaps they are fewer now than ever, since the world grows more enlightened.

Reader, Midway, Va. When and how did the use of the veil for women originate?

It originated in the East, where, until today, it is an essential part of female costume, especially among Mohammedans, the Koran forbidding women to appear unveiled, except in the presence of their nearest relatives. The veil was used as a sign of modesty, a badge of subjection, or as both in one.

E. M. B., Milford, Mass. Is it ever right to tell a lie, even to save your own life or the life of another?

This question has already been very fully discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. We would advise you to procure a copy of the little book on the subject by Dr. Trumbull, Philadelphia.

Inquirer, Dayton, O. What is the meaning of the words "Orphan Stone?" Is there such a stone?

It is a name once popularly given to the opal, which was regarded as a most unlucky gem. The saying common in mediaeval days was that it was made out of orphans' eyes. A fourteenth century writer called the stone "cattavissimo"—a bringer of ill luck. The superstition is, of course, a silly one, without foundation.

Pendleton, Oreg. What is the origin of the legend of Mount Pilatus?

The legend is of monkish origin and declares that Pilate, having committed suicide in prison at Rome, his body was cast into the Tiber, but as storms arose the Romans took it up and sent it to Vienna where it was thrown into the Rhone. The same phenomenon followed and it was then sent to Losania (Lucerne) where it lies sunk in a pool girt round by great mountains, the one which overhangs the pool then receiving the name Pilatus.

B. K., Waterloo, Ind. Do you think our Saviour would count it anything against us if we labor for others, or do little things which are necessary for us to do in order to keep things running on the Sabbath days?

Only such as can properly be classed as works of necessity and of mercy are justifiable on the Sabbath. What we do for others, if for pity or compassion, may be included in this category, and what is absolutely needed in the line of imperative duty or in order to avert human or brute suffering, or to avoid disaster, may properly come under the same category. This excludes all ordinary work. The question is one which should always be applied to and decided by the individual conscience.

L. G. E., Neal, Mich. The modern battles at which the greatest loss of life occurred, were as follows:

	Killed and Wounded
Thrasymene	17,000
Bannockburn	38,000
Agincourt	11,400
Crecy	31,200
Marengo	13,000
Austerlitz	23,000
Borodino	78,000
Waterloo	51,000
Sadowa	33,000
Gravelotte	48,500
Gettysburg	17,497
Spottsylvania	16,000
Wilderness	14,200

The decisive battles of history were: Actium, B.C. 31; Philippi, B.C. 42; Metauras, B.C. 207; Arbella, B.C. 331; Marathon, B.C. 490; Chalons, A.D. 451; Tours, A.D. 732; Hastings, A.D. 1096; Orleans, A.D. 1429; Spanish Armada, A.D. 1588; Lutzen, A.D. 1632; Blenheim, 1704; Saratoga, 1777; Trafalgar, 1805; Waterloo, 1815; Gettysburg, 1863; Sedan, 1870.

Grant S., Nisbet, Pa. We have no means of knowing.

W. P. K., Chicago. We have no opinion concerning the matter. It is impossible to have opinions on everything. To some the Passion Play may be a genuine inspiration, to others a profanation.

A. M. S., Henryville, Ind. 1. You might sue for trespass, but the more Christian way would be to warn the trespassers. 2. The World-Wide Encyclopedia, a complete and first-class up-to-date publication, is the finest published in this country. You can procure it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM, PRUSSIA

DR. TALMAGE · TELLS · OF · THE · KAISER

EMPEROR WILLIAM DESCRIBED AS A RULER OF TREMENDOUS EARNESTNESS AND ENERGY AND UNUSUALLY FOND OF TRAVEL—GERMAN ART AND MUSIC

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

NOT a beggar in Berlin, not a beggar in Dresden, not a beggar in Germany—as far as we have been able to see. In other European countries, the beggar is a familiar object. Hat in hand, eyes upturned, garments in rags, and an attitude indicating has long been taken. His father and other were paupers. Pedigree of rags. Heritance of want. Squalor of centuries personated. But in Germany, neither the door of churches, nor at the gate railroad stations, nor on the street are you asked for alms. What is the reason? The German nation has no superior among nations in prosperity. The people have enough to eat, and enough to wear, and enough to shelter them. The harvest-fields which we see through the car-window declare that this year a wealthy crop will be added to the national resources. Cleanliness, another sign of prosperity, is everywhere evident. Dirt is always poor. Plenty of water in Germany, wisely distributed, and everywhere used. Midsummer, and yet not a malodor afloat. Berlin as healthy in August as in January. Only two cases of intoxication have we seen in all the empire. German beer is not as bad as American whiskey. No doubt there are poverty and suffering, but we do not know where to find them.

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Germany's religion has much to do with her prosperity. As the most revered name in St. Petersburg is Peter the Great, and there are shown the houses where he lived, and the axes with which he cut, and the cups out of which he drank, and the staff with which he walked, and the boats which he built, and the pens with which he wrote, and the beds on which he slept, and the crown which he wore, and the throne on which he sat, so in Germany the great name is Martin Luther, and we are taken to the chairs in the window of Wittenberg, where he talked with his wife, and the door of the church on which he hammered the Theses, and the pulpit where he preached, and the mugs out of which he drank before apollinaris water was found, and the tomb where near by that of Philip Melanchthon he sleeps the long sleep, and the statues in all the great cities where he stands with the Bible in hand, and with lips of marble or bronze is still preaching the Gospel with which he shook the earth, and proclaiming a religious emancipation which will yet give all nations the right to worship God in their own way. Luther is still the mightiest religious power in Germany.

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Likewise the long reign of Kaiser William I. was a salutary reign. He chose for his winter and summer residence the plainest and simplest of his palaces, leaving for the inspection of tourists the royal palace, where Frederick the Great entertained Voltaire in vast rooms amid painting and statuary, and chuckling together over what they considered the joke of all time, the Christian religion, and also forsaking the palace at Potsdam, its walls encrusted with precious stones, and august with masterpieces, the stupendous structure built at the close of the seven years' war to prove that the national resources were not exhausted. The two palaces occupied by Kaiser William, according to the season, look like prosperous homes, but completely unpretentious. You are led through his late residence in Berlin, admiring its

EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

(From a recent photograph taken in Berlin)

simplicity, and through his study, where he sat with Bismarck, and drafted plans for the national welfare, and put down the foundation of an empire which I think will last as long as the sun and moon endure. For the history of almost every nation it requires pen and sword closely united. That which was achieved by Thomas Jefferson's pen and George Washington's sword, and Alexander Hamilton's financial genius for institutions in America, William I. and Von Moltke and Bismarck achieved for Germany.

The present Emperor has enlisted the hearts of all his people. While many criticize his pronunciamentos and do not like this, or do not like that, William II. will hand down to his son a mightier sceptre than that which he received from the dying hand of his father, Emperor Frederick, who reigned only ninety-three days, and which his grandfather wielded twenty-seven years. German blood has iron in it, and the German government will last long after frivolous France and cruel Spain have again and again changed from republicanism to monarchy, and from monarchy back to republicanism. The present Emperor is ubiquitous; now laying the corner-stone of a church, now unveiling a monument, now launching a ship, now reviewing a regiment, now in one city and now in another. At a Punch-and-Judy show, some time ago, the performer gave what he considered the characteristics of the three Emperors who reigned within four months over Germany, Kaiser William, Frederick and William II. The man of the show said: "Kaiser William will be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary.' Emperor Frederick had for characteristic utterance, 'It is well to suffer without complaining.' The present Emperor will be known for his familiar saying, 'Augusta! pack the trunks.'" For this disrespect the showman was two months imprisoned. After he had served his time in jail and had come out, he continued his show, but with the following change of remark: "Kaiser William will be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary.' Emperor Frederick by his saying, 'It is well to suffer without complaining.' But I am not permitted to say what is the characteristic saying of the present Emperor." Then the audience supplied the lacking information by shouting, "Augusta! pack the trunks."

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But Emperor William loses nothing through this facetiousness. There is an earnest side to his nature which all recognize. He preached a sermon on his yacht a few days ago, a mere extract going through the press, but my learned and genial friend, Rev. Dr. Dickey, pastor of the American church in Berlin, for whom I preached Sabbath before last, has translated the Emperor's sermon, which must have taken three-quarters of an hour in delivery, and is very forceful and brilliant. He is the only emperor I ever heard of who preached, although King David provided texts for a great many sermons, but why not kings and emperors take the pulpit?

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But I am most impressed with the fact that Germany is the home of pictures and music. You walk through the palaces at Berlin and Potsdam with their glorified walls, and the galleries at Dresden, containing the best work of the great masters dead and living, and you study until you are bewildered. But I care not whether you visit the room in Dresden Gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna" first or last, you will come again and again to look at it. It is a picture from which you never get away. That face of Mary contains so much of motherly pang, and expectation, such shadows of apprehension and such light of victory, such eyes as never before or since looked out from any other canvas, tenderness and strength and love and hope: eyes suggestive of bitter memories and holy ambitions, eyes that contain the story of cold manger in Bethlehem caravansary, and yet of realization that she held in her arms the Redeemer of Nations: the far-away look, as though she saw what thirty-two years after would occur of abuse and torture to the Divine Boy. The curve of the mother's lip, the slight inflation of the nostril, the rounding of the chin, the poise of the neck, the harmony of all the features make one think the work was divinely inspired, for I suppose painter's pencil may be inspired, as well as author's pen, and there is such a thing as prophetic and apostolic work in colors on canvas as well as prophetic and apostolic work in ink on parchment. The Holy Child is a healthy child, with foot that might bound the play-ground before it was spiked to the cross. His hair dishevelled as a boy's hair is apt to be. He will pick wild flowers in the field, and cause his mother some anxieties by his climbing the rocks, and from the hill back of Nazareth will watch the sunset. Maternity and infancy nowhere else were ever so well presented. Some of the colors, for expressiveness, seem a mixture of tears and blood. There is on the canvas enough light for a morning, and enough shadows for a night. She holds the child not with too tight a pressure, as if she would not give him up, for she will have to give him up, nor with too little grasp as though there were anything lacking in affection. She seems by her manner to say "Here is the matchless child for which the ages have waited. God gave him to me, I gave him to the world." The child—how strong he is! Prophetic of the fact that he will yet be able to carry a world on his shoulder, the forehead by its shape implying that he knew already the majesty of the mission on which he had entered the world, yet a thorough child, and not prematurely old, a child's eye, a child's arm, a child's foot, an infant handed out of the eternities, the most precious gift that heaven ever lowered or the earth ever took. All the great painters of the German school and the Italian school and the Dutch school, and the French school and the English school have made at least one attempt in colors to tell the story of Mary and the Child, and there may be greater artists now in the cradle than any who have yet touched easel with pencil, but the probability is that in the last day of the world's existence if a group of artists discuss the comparative merits of those who have attempted to show the world the Infant Christ, that group of artists will agree that the greatest Madonna of all time is the "Sistine Madonna," by Raphael, in the gallery at Dresden.

. . .

Oh, land of Handel and Schumann and Humboldt and Schiller and Goethe and Lessing and Krummacher and Melanchthon and Luther!

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces!

Yours with Talmage

THE GREAT ART GALLERY IN DRESDEN

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Nations Arraigned

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Isaiah 7: 20: . . . **In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria.**

THE Bible is the boldest book ever written. There are no similitudes in Ossian or the Iliad or the Odyssey so daring. Its imagery sometimes seems on the verge of the reckless, but only seems so. The fact is that God would startle and arouse and propel men and nations. A tame and limping similitude would fail to accomplish the object. While there are times when he employs in the Bible the dove and the daybreak in the presentation of truth, we often find the iron chariot, the lightning, the earthquake, the spray, the sword, and, in my text, the razor. This keen-bladed instrument has advanced in usefulness with the ages. In Bible times and lands the beard remained uncut save in the seasons of mourning and humiliation, but the razor was always a suggestive symbol. David said of Doeg, his antagonist: "Thy tongue is a sharp razor working deceitfully;" that is, it pretends to clear the face, but is really used for deadly incision. In this striking text this weapon of the toilet appears under the following circumstances: Judea needed to have some of its prosperities cut off, and God sends against it three Assyrian kings—first Sennacherib, then Esarhaddon, and afterward Nebuchadnezzar. These

Three Sharp Invasions

that cut down the glory of Judea, are compared to so many sweeps of the razor across the face of the land. And these devastations were called a hired razor because God took the kings of Assyria, with whom he had no sympathy, to do the work, and paid them in palaces and spoils and annexations. These kings were hired to execute the divine behests. And now the text, which on its first reading may have seemed trivial or inapt, is charged with momentous import: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired, namely, by them beyond the river, by the King of Assyria."

Well, if God's judgments are razors, we had better be careful how we use them on other people. In careful sheath these domestic weapons are put away, where no one by accident may touch them, and where the hands of children may not reach them. Such instruments must be carefully handled or not handled at all. But how recklessly some people wield the judgments of God! If a man meets with business misfortune, how many there are ready to cry out: "That is a judgment of God upon him because he was unscrupulous, or arrogant, or overreaching, or miserly. I thought he would get cut down! His stables emptied of all the fine bays and sorrels and grays that used to prance by his door. All his resources overthrown, and all that he prided himself on tumbled into demolition. Good for him!" Stop, my brother. Don't sling around too freely the judgments of God,

They are Razors.

Some of the most wicked business men succeed, and they live and die in prosperity, and some of the most honest and conscientious are driven into bankruptcy. Perhaps the unsuccessful man's manner was unfortunate, and he was not really as proud as he looked to be. Some of those who carry their head erect and look imperial are humble as a child, while many a man in seedy coat and slouch hat and unblacked shoes is as proud as Lucifer. You cannot tell by a man's look. Perhaps he was not unscrupulous in business, for there are two sides to every story, and everybody that accomplishes anything for himself or others gets industriously hed about. Perhaps his business misfortune was not a punishment, but the fatherly discipline to prepare him for heaven, and God may love him far more than he loves you, who can pay dollar for dollar, and are put down in the commercial catalogues as A1. Whom the Lord loveth he gives four hundred thousand dollars and lets die on embroidered pillows? No; whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Better keep your hand off the Lord's razors, lest they cut and wound people that do not deserve it. If you want to shave off some of the bristling pride of your own heart, do so; but be very careful how you put

The Sharp Edge

on others. How I do dislike the behavior of those persons who, when people are unfortunate, say: "I told you so—served him right." The mote in their neighbor's eyes, so small that it takes a microscope to find it, gives them more trouble than the beam which obscures their own optics. With air sometimes supercilious and sometimes Pharisaical, and always blasphemous, they take the razor of divine judgment and sharpen it on the hone of their own hard hearts, and then go to work on men cutting mercilessly. They begin by soft expressions of sympathy and pity and half praise, and lather the victim all over before they put on the sharp edge.

Let us be careful how we shoot at others lest we take down the wrong one, remembering the servant of King William Rufus who shot at a deer, but the arrow glanced against a tree and killed the king. Instead of going out with shafts to pierce, and razors to cut, we had better imitate the friend of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard, in the war of the Crusades, was captured and imprisoned, but none of his friends knew where, so his loyal friend went around the land from stronghold to stronghold, and sang at each window a snatch of song that Richard Cœur de Lion had taught him in other days. And one day coming before a jail where he suspected his king might be incarcerated, he sang two lines of song, and immediately King Richard responded from his cell with the other two lines, and so his whereabouts were discovered, and a successful movement was at once made for his liberation. So let us go up and down the world with the music of kind words and sympathetic hearts, serenading the unfortunate, and trying to get out of trouble men who had noble natures, but by unforeseen circumstances have been incarcerated, thus liberating kings. More hymn-book and less razor.

Spots on the Sun

Especially ought we to be apologetic and merciful toward those who, while they have great faults, have also great virtues. Some people are barren of virtues. No weeds verily, but no flowers. I must not be too much enraged at a nettle along the fence if it be in a field containing forty acres of ripe Michigan wheat. Some time ago naturalists told us there was on the sun a spot twenty thousand miles long, but from the brightness and warmth I concluded it was a good deal of a sun still. The sun can afford to have a very large spot upon it, though it be twenty thousand miles long; and I am very apologetic for those men who have great faults, while at the same time they have magnificent virtues.

Again, when I read in my text that the Lord shaves with the hired razor of Assyria the land of Judea, I think myself of the precision of God's providence. A razor swung the tenth part of an inch out of the right line means either failure or laceration, but God's dealings never slip, and they do not miss, by the thousandth part of an inch, the right direction. People talk as though things in this world were at loose ends. Cholera sweeps across Marseilles and Madrid and Palermo, and we watch anxiously. Will the epidemic sweep Europe and America? People say, "That will entirely depend on whether the inoculation is a successful experiment; that will depend entirely on quarantine regulations; that will depend on the early or late appearance of frost; that epidemic is pitched into the world, and it goes blundering across the continents, and it is all guess work and an appalling perhaps." I think, perhaps, that God had something to do with it, and that his mercy may have in some way protected us. It was right and a necessity that all caution should be used, but there has come enough rags from tatterdemalions, and hidden in these articles of transportation enough choleraic germs to have left by this time all the cities mourning in the cemeteries. I thank all the doctors and quarantines, but more than all, and first of all, and last of all, and all the time, I thank God. In all the six thousand years of the world's existence there has not one thing merely "happened so." God is not an anarchist, but a King, a Father.

When little Tad, the son of President Lincoln, died, all America sympathized with the sorrow in the White House. He used to rush into the room where the Cabinet was in session, and while the most eminent men of the land were discussing the questions of national existence. But the child had no care about those questions. Now God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are in perpetual session in regard to this world and kindred worlds. Shall you, his child, rush in to criticise or arraign or condemn the divine government? No; the Cabinet of the Eternal Three can govern and will govern in the wisest and best way, and there never will be a mistake, and like

Razor Skilfully Swung

shall cut that which ought to be cut, and avoid that which ought to be avoided. Precision to the very hairbreadth. Earthly time-pieces may get out of order, and strike wrong, saying it is one o'clock when it is two, or two when it is three. God's clock is always right, and when it is one it strikes one, and when it is twelve it strikes twelve, and the second hand is as accurate as the minute hand.

Further, my text tells us that God sometimes shaves nations: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired." With one sharp sweep he went across Judea and down went its pride and its power. In 1861 God shaved the American nation. We had allowed to grow Sabbath desecration and oppression and blasphemy and fraud and impurity and all sorts of turpitude. The South had its sins, and the North its sins, and the East its sins, and the West its sins. We had been warned again and again, and we did not heed. At length the sword of war cut from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from Atlantic seaboard to Pacific seaboard. The pride of the land, not the cowards, but the heroes, on both sides went down. And that which we took for the sword of war was the Lord's razor. In 1862, again, it went across the land. In 1863 again. In 1864 again. Then the sharp instrument was encased and put away. Never in the history of the ages was any land more thoroughly shaved than during those four years of civil combat, and, my brethren, if we do not quit some of our individual and national sins, the Lord will again take us in hand. He has

Other Razors

within reach besides war: epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues—grasshopper and locust—or our overtowering success may so far excite the jealousy of other lands that, under some pretext, the great nations may combine to put us down. Our nation, so easily approached on North and South and from both oceans, might have on hand at once more hostilities than were ever arrayed against any one power. I hope no such combination against us will ever be formed, but I want to show that, as Assyria was the hired razor against Judea, and Cyrus the hired razor against Babylon, and the Huns the hired razor against the Goths, there are now many razors that the Lord could hire if, because of our national sins, he should undertake to shave us. In 1870, Germany was the razor with which the Lord shaved France. Japan was the razor with which he shaved China, and America the razor with which he shaved arrogant, oppressive and Bible-hating Spain. But nations are to repent in a day. May a speedy and world-wide coming to God hinder on both sides the sc all nationai calamity. But do not let n as a nation, either by unrighteous law Washington, or bad lives among ou selves, defy the Almighty.

One would think that our national syn bol of the eagle might sometimes sugge another eagle—that which ancient Rom carried. In the talons of that eagle we clutched at one time Britain, France Spain, Italy, Dalmatia, Rhaetia, Nor cum, Pannonia, Mœsia, Dacia, Thrace Macedonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria Phœnicia, Palestine, Egypt, and all Nortl ern Africa, and all the islands of th Mediterranean, indeed, all the world tha was worth having, a hundred and twent millions of people under the wings of th one eagle. Where is she now? As Gibbon, the historian, in his prose poem the "Decline and Fall of

The Roman Empire."

Ask her gigantic ruins, bemoaning thei sadness through the ages, the screec owl at windows out of which world-wid conquerors looked. Ask the day of judg ment, when her crowned debauchees Commodus and Pertinax, and Caligul and Diocletian, shall answer for thei infamy? As men and as nations let n repent, and have our trust in a pardonin God, rather than depend on former suc cesses for immunity!

But notice once more, and more tha all, in my text, that God is so kind an loving, that when it is necessary fo him to cut, he has to go to others for th sharp-edged weapon. "In the same da shall the Lord shave with a razor that i hired." God is love. God is pity. Go is help. God is shelter. God is rescue There are no sharp edges about him, n thrusting points, no instruments of lacera tion. If you want balm for wounds, h has that. If you want divine salve fo eyesight, he has that. But if there i sharp and cutting work to do, which re quires a razor, that he hires. God ha nothing about him that hurts, save whe dire necessity demands, and then he ha to go clear off to some one else to get th instrument.

King Henry II. of England crowne his son as king, and on the day of corona tion put on a servant's garb and waited he, the king, at the son's table, to th astonishment of all the princes. But w know of a more wondrous scene—th King of heaven and earth offering to pu on you, his child, the crown of life, an in the form of a servant waiting on yo with blessing. Extol that love, all paint ing, all sculpture, all music, all architect ure, all worship! In Dresdenian galler let Raphael hold him up as a child, an in Antwerp Cathedral let Rubens han him down from the cross as a martyr, an Handel make all his oratorio vibrat around that one chord—"He was wounde for our transgressions, bruised for ou iniquities." But not until all the redeeme get home, and from the countenances i all the galleries of the ransomed shall b revealed the wonders of redemption, shal either man or seraph or archangel know the height, and depth, and length an breadth of the love of God.

The Eternal Monument

At our national capital, a monument i honor of him who did more than any on to achieve our American independence was for scores of years in building, an most of us were discouraged and said i never would be completed. And how glad we all were when in the presence o the highest officials of the nation the work was done! But will the monument to him who died for the eternal liberation of the human race ever be completed? For age the work has been going up; evangelist and apostles and martyrs have been add ing to the heavenly pile, and every one o the millions of redeemed going up from earth has made to it contribution of glad ness, and weight of glory is swung to the top of other weight of glory, higher and higher as the centuries go by, higher and higher as the whole millenniums roll, sapphire on the top of jasper, sardonyx on the top of chalcedony, and chryso prasus above topaz, until far beneath shall be the walls and towers and domes of our earthly capitol, a monument forever and forever rising, and yet never done: "Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests forever." Alleluiah, amen.

A LADY OF PEKIN

THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY OF FOO-CHOW

A MANCHU SOCIETY LADY

Hope Shines Through Sorrow's Darkest Clouds

CHINA TO BE WON THROUGH MARTYRDOM

The Mongolian Empire Yet to Come to Christ

MRS. S. L. BALDWIN

THIS very question has a note of doubt in it that should be at once and forever dispelled by the Prophet's wonderful account of the gathering in of the Gentile world to all the blessings of Christ's work. Summing the whole victory up, he declares, "Behold, these shall come from far, and lo, these from the west;" and as anticipating the world-wide persecution of the Chinese people in this nineteenth century, he mentions them only by name "and these from the land of Sinim"! So far from the Christian Church being discouraged at the present upheaval in Eastern Asia, we should remember that every so-called Christian nation has entered into light only through dark days of turmoil and blood-shed. Satan gives up no territory in hearts or nations without a struggle. And the more valuable the possession the greater the battle to retain it.

One discouraged friend said: "Your Christians are all killed, the missionaries driven out, your property destroyed, and the work of fifty years wiped out. What can you do now"? There is but one reply: Our native Christians are not all killed, and even if every Christian man, woman and child had witnessed unto death, it would still remain true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." In that awful Sepoy rebellion in India, when brutality sated itself in blood of women and little children, as well as of men, when they cast the dead, the dying, and the living in one well, after a butchery so awful that the blood could be measured in depth, and golden ringlets of children were matted to the walls, then the cry went up: "We have wiped Christianity out of India," and all this in a land owned and ruled by a Christian sovereign. At such a time did the Church of Christ stand appalled, with the weak cry on its lips, "Our missionaries are dead, our property destroyed; what can we do"? Nay! But girding on anew her armor of faith, she sent more missionaries, more money than ever before, and from that day to this, the triumphant cry, "Victory to Jesus!" has been heard throughout India.

Upon what do we ground our assurance for China's salvation?

In the greatest heathen field of the world, this glorious work has come to a halt. The devoted bands of workers are, some of them, shut up in cities, or hid away in unknown places, and perhaps some of them are wearing the martyr's crown, while others have had to reluctantly turn their backs on the destroyed mission house, church and school, and worse still, leave the faithful, helpless, native Christians they had gathered in with such loving labor. All they have had to leave and return home to wait and pray. I am sure not one of them doubts that it is but for a little while when the remnant of the scattered flocks shall be gathered, when the school and hospital, college and church, pastor and Bible-woman shall again be at work throughout the land, with an awakened, repentant, and reinspired church at home bidding them labor with renewed courage and with the assurance that no more shall our returned missionaries, at home for rest, plead in great weariness, and so often in vain, for means to meet the need of work and workers. No more shall missionary societies be hampered in their world-wide beneficent work by empty treasuries. No longer shall we hear the cry of souls, so small that they would even limit Christ's work, "We have enough to do at home!" But instead we will join the late Dr. Behrends in the last prayer I heard him offer, and that in a missionary meeting, "O Lord! we sit here, the children of the wildest savages that ever roamed the forests of Europe. We thank thee that some one believed in foreign missions and sent missionaries to our ancestors. Help us to send the light to others."

PROF. P'AN AND WIFE OF PEKIN
He is a noted Chinese writer

KINDERGARTEN BABIES OF FOO-CHOW

There was the ring of victory in the meeting the other day of our Presbyterian friends, when, looking the situation squarely in the face, they declared, "We will do more than ever in China!" That, I believe, will be the spirit of every Protestant church, missionary society and worker. God helping us, we are ready for greater work.

In the Hwa-Sang massacre in the Foo-Chow Church of England mission, six young women, and a father and mother, with three of their children, in one short hour received martyrs' crowns. Two of the young women, Nellie and Topsy Saunders, were the only children of a widowed mother. When the dreadful tidings reached that mother by cable, she said, "Many will take their places," and swiftly were her words verified, for almost as quickly as steamer could bring them, thirty-two young women were on the field to take the places of the six translated, and four families in the place of the one nearly blotted out, and the white-haired, widowed mother herself hastened to take the place of her daughters.

In the presence of such costly giving and devoted service, of the faith of missionaries with generations of Christians back of them, yea and of poor, persecuted natives with no generations of Christians back of them, yet who have stood faithful unto death during these dreadful weeks that have just passed, shall we who are safe at home lose faith and heart? Let the answer come from those who have given their lives for the truth, from that brave native brother at Tung Chino, who took 2,000 stripes on his back rather than deny his Lord; from another who died on his knees praying; from the dear old man who, when told that they would spare his life and house if he would give up the "Jesus doctrine," replied, "I am an old man; take my life, and if you burn my house, I have one far more

DR. WOODHULL AND HER CLASS OF MEDICAL GRADUATES, PEKIN

beautiful in heaven." Shall we speak of such a people as "not worth saving?" Yet they are of the very same people as the "Boxers." What maketh them to differ? The knowledge of and thereby the saving power of Christ.

Have we done our whole duty toward this great Chinese people? Are we in any degree responsible for the cloud of ignorance and superstition and fear that rests upon the mass of that people? Satan has done his utmost to prejudice them against us. Christian missions have been brought into contempt by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in China demanding for themselves official rank and position, which has led to gross oppression of the people and angered them and the government beyond endurance. Those who know all the factors that have worked persistently these many years to incense the Chinese Government and people, only wonder that this rebellion has been so long delayed. What shall the near future bring? If the great powers concede China's right to her own country and independence and urge upon her a reform Chinese—not a Manchu—Government, the Protestant nations of the world standing by her in establishing such, and an open door for the world's commerce, and the greater open door for the world's Christ, with all ecclesiastical civil officials entirely abolished, with such an expurgation and rehabiliment, a speedy end of strife may come, and Christ's kingdom will be hastened in its world-wide sway. But if any of the nations, in greed and injustice, insist upon dismemberment of China, then indeed seems probable a world-wide conflagration that will drive us all to our knees. Oh, that the Church of Christ may be in readiness to suffer or to serve!

Philadelphia's Tent Revival

ALTHOUGH it had been intended to close the summer revival movement under canvas in Philadelphia on August 31, the closing has been deferred in response to a widespread appeal from different sections of the city. As the weather continues warm, the work will go on till further notice. Conversions are reported from all the tents. At Tent No. 2, at Fortieth Street and Wyalusing avenue, West Philadelphia, meetings began on August 26, Rev. John H. Elliott, Dutch Reformed Church of New York, being the speaker. There has not been a single night since the beginning with less than three professed conversions, and on a recent Friday there were twelve who made definite profession of faith. Last week had a total attendance of 4,358, with sixty professed conversions. In Tent No. 6, in the Kensington district, at the close of the meeting, it is not unusual to see numbers of men coming up around the platform and, falling on their knees on the floor of the tent, pray to God for mercy. At Tent No. 7, in the Manayunk section, many of the oldest residents are being brought to a definite decision.

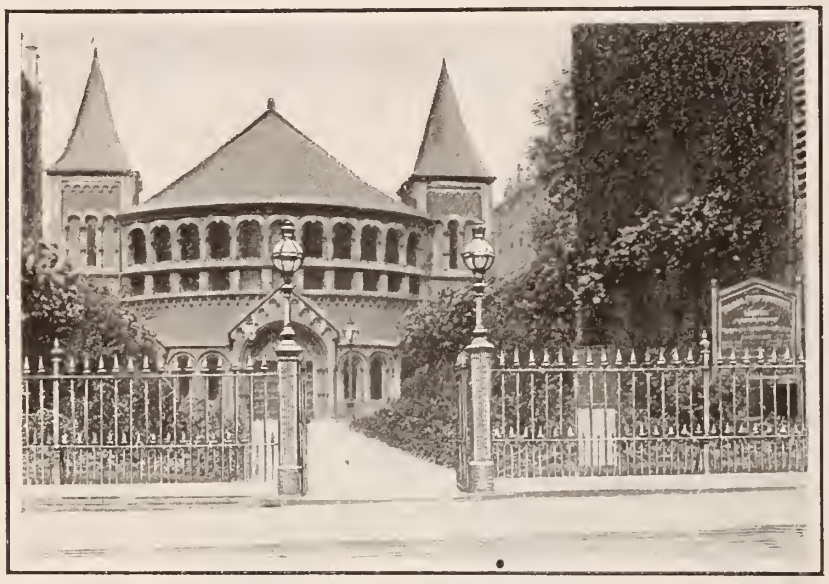
There have been a number of very interesting incidents in connection with the work which have been related by the workers, especially that of an entire household of eight members, most of whom were at one time members of different evangelical churches, but who have neglected religion of late years. They have all recently renewed their covenant vows.

GEN. SEC. EDWIN H. KERWIN

RELIGIOUS LONDON

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER'S VISIT TO NOTABLE INSTITUTIONS IN THE BRITISH METROPOLIS

DURING our stay in London this summer, we were impressed as never before with the immensity of the population of this enormous city. Included in the bounds of the municipality and not reckoning the large districts which bear the same relation to London that Jersey City and Hoboken bear to New York, there are over four and a half million persons. We naturally inquired what was being done to reach so vast a multitude with the Gospel of Christ. We found that the churches were fully alive to the great opportunity and though contending with enormous difficulties, were earnestly endeavoring, in various ways, to bring the Gospel into the lives of those who are outside the churches. One of the latest innovations is a series of tents girdling the whole city. Each of the tents holds from a thousand to eighteen hundred persons and those that we visited were all comfortably full. Some excellent speakers are engaged and go from one tent to another, care being taken to choose in the respective localities speakers best adapted to them. Among those who are working in the tents are Henry Varley, Leonard Weaver, Charles Cook, Charles Inglis, W. R. Lane, Wm. Noble, the temperance evangelist, and the Weaver brothers. Mr. Van de Venter the singer and children's evangelist also is doing good work. The management is vested in a committee representing the free churches, that is, all the evangelical churches outside of the Protestant Episcopal, which in England being an established church does not cooperate with other churches so fully as here.



EXTERIOR OF THE TALBOT TABERNACLE

Besides the tent work we found societies innumerable for reaching special classes, such as policemen, letter-carriers, cab-drivers, sailors etc. Tract Societies also are doing good work in the circulation of religious literature. Akin to this is the Young Men's Christian Association of which Sir George Williams, though past the three score years and ten, is still the active, energetic president. The Young Women's Christian Association under the management of the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, is also a vigorous, useful agency.

The two institutions which interested us most deeply were Dr. Barnardo's work for street waifs and Mr. Charrington's great Mission Hall in East London. No American Christian visitor to the British metropolis should miss seeing both these institutions. We made Dr. Barnardo's acquaintance at a great meeting held in the Talbot Tabernacle, of which Rev. Frank H. White is pastor. He is a remarkable man, singularly modest and unassuming. Considering the immense work that he has done and the tremendous responsibility resting upon him, Dr. Barnardo is one of the most wonderful men I have met. He is an Irishman, a little over fifty years of age. His genial manner and his merry, light-hearted disposition make one forget his years. As he sits on the back of a bench with his feet on the seat chatting about his boys he seems a lad himself with his boyish freshness and love of fun. He has sent thousands of boys into Canadian homes, and has over five thousand children on his hands now whom he is supporting and educating, yet it would puzzle him to tell where next week's supplies are coming from. But the supplies have come hitherto as they were needed, and he has no worrying anxiety about the future. He was led into the work without any premeditation. He went up to London in the early sixties to study medicine, so that he might go out as a medical missionary to China. In the evenings, after finishing his studies for the day, he went into the London slums to see if in any place a good Samaritan was needed. Every night some deed of kindness was done, sometimes through his medical knowledge, sometimes by the ordinary good will of a young, energetic Christian.

One of his favorite haunts was a huge lodging house, very popular among newsboys. He used to like to go there and talk with those who had been able to scrape together the pennies that would purchase a night's rest. In the winter, there were many boys who found rest and warmth there through pennies that came out of the medical student's pocket. It was a real pleasure to him to sit among them listening to their descriptions of their daily life and giving them good advice. One night he found one of his young friends very sick. He must go to a hospital, said Dr. Barnardo. But he had been in the lodging for two days and nights already, being too weak to move, and there was a bill against him for board. The virago who kept the lodging-house insisted on payment before the boy was removed, and she put an attachment on the only property he had—the rags that by courtesy might be called clothes. Dr. Barnardo was in his usual impecunious condition and could not pay the bill; but he was resolved the boy's life should be saved if possible. Taking off his overcoat, he wrapped it around the boy's naked body and bore him off in his arms to the hospital. After the boy's recovery Dr. Barnardo took charge of him. That was the beginning of this great work to which Dr. Barnardo has given his life. He has now Boys' Homes, Girls' Homes, Industrial Training Schools, Infirmaries, Orphan Homes, Deaconess Homes and a host of other agencies for the care of children who, left on the streets, would probably have become criminals. Over thirty years he has been engaged in this work, which has extended gradually, and has done an indescribable amount o good. It was a wonderful experience t go through these institutions, which ar worth a journey across the Atlantic to se Nor is this the only work in London dis tinctively for children. The Children

REV. WM. H. STENTIFORD

Evangelization Society, under the leader ship of Rev. W. H. Stentiford, is als doing great good.

The other marvelous institution I men tioned above—Mr. F. N. Charrington Assembly Hall—is also unique and deepl interesting. The name of Charrington i very familiar to every Londoner. Th Charrington beer is drunk in all the sa loons of the city. The saloon-keeper ca do nothing better to attract customer than stick up a notice that he sells Char rington's beer. But Mr. Fred Charring ton is not a partner in that wealthy firn He was sent to learn the brewing busines and was working hard to fit himself fo the position of head of the house whe his health broke down and the docto ordered him a trip abroad. He speedil recovered and was traveling homewar when he made the acquaintance of Dr W. S. Rainsford, now rector of St George's Church, New York. Dr. Rains ford took a great liking to the youn brewer and they became good friends Their talk often turned on religious topic and eventually young Charrington wa converted. He began at once to loo around for some Christian work to do i his leisure hours. One night he saw drunken man emerge from a saloon, an speak to a woman, evidently his wife The woman quailed before the drunke brute, who knocked her down. Mr Charrington interfered for her protection In the row that ensued, his eye rested o his own father's name over the door o the saloon in which the man had go drunk. He went home with a new sub ject for thought, and the next day after night spent in prayer, he went to hi father and renounced all part and lot i the business that would have made him millionaire.

He secured a small room in which h conducted services every evening. Whe he could get some one else to take charg of the service he would go out and giv an address on some street corner in th East of London. Many people knev him, and the spectacle of a Charringto preaching temperance was considered good joke. But he persevered. Pasto Spurgeon, the Earl of Shaftesbury an other great and good men stood by him and his work grew. In 1883 the grea building known as the Assembly Hal was erected, which has now become lighthouse in the slums. All kinds o societies for the benefit of the poor hav their homes there, and religious service are held in it every evening the yea round. There is a regular corps of offi cers, under the leadership of Mr. Edwi H. Kerwin, who is the General Secre tary. I was present at a meeting held there to celebrate the thirtieth anniver sary of Mr. Charrington's entering o mission work. As I saw the gathering o over fifteen hundred persons who had al been converted in the Mission Hall an afterwards an assembly of four thousan to hear a Gospel address, I could not bu exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

Los Angeles, Cal. C. S. MASON.

· DOING · THE · KING'S · BIDDING ·

QUARTERLY REVIEW

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 30: | Golden Text, James 1: 22: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

JAMES, in writing the Golden Text, and the International Lesson Committee in selecting it for use all around the world, at this time recognized that there are many professing Christians who are content to be "hearers only," spending their religious energy almost wholly in going to meetings, making religion a matter of ears and mouth, or at most of brain and heart, never getting it down into hands and feet. These neglected members we are joined to keep in mind in searching over the lessons of our summer quarter. Let every one for every two—for almost every one has some chum or yoke-fellow, and the plan of the seventy, of working two and two in whatever we do, is a good one—let every one, or every two, pick out some one thing at least in these lessons that they will do this week, for the glory of God and the good of men.

. . .

The King's Coronation When a dozen or more faces are photographed on one plate, it often happens that one strong face dominates all others and gives its likeness to the "composite photograph." So in the lessons of this quarter, the transfiguration culminates all, and from that mountain-top we may best review what preceded and followed. Here we see Christ as King standing between saints of heaven and earth, of Old Testament and New, in his journey from heaven to the cross, "the decease which he should accomplish," that was the theme of conversation at his coronation—a coronation not of selfishness, but of self-sacrifice. At his side stood representatives of the Law and the prophets, that had prepared his way; at his feet was his inner cabinet, Peter, James and John; below, battling with demoniacs, were the other apostles; beyond them, on one side of this mount of glory, were the Jews; on the other, the Gentiles—Christ being King and Saviour of both. Even such a meeting as that of the holy mount, in spite of Peter's request, was cut short to put its spiritual energy to use in saving that boy from the devil in the valley below. Who cannot find such a battle in which to use the spiritual knowledge and power received in these wonderful lessons about Him who was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil."

. . .

The King's Life with the Lowly Looking back to the first lesson of the quarter, we see Christ as the fisherman's friend, a relation beautifully pictured in the following extract from the story of "Fishin' Jimmy," who had been converted by hearing a fisherman preacher tell the story of this friend of fishermen:

"There wa'n't no sarm'n, not what I'd been used to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no fustlys nor sec'ndlys, nor nothin'ly bruthrins, but the fust thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. I was about some one—I hadn't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—some one that was dreffle fond o' fishin' and fishermen, some one that sot everythin' by the water, an' useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on 'em, an' talk with the men that was fishin'. An' how the fishermen all asked him, an' asked his advice, an' done jest what he telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish; an' how they allers ketched more fer goin' with him; an' how when he was a-preachin' he wouldn't go into a big meetin'-house an' talk to rich folks all slicked up, but he'd jest go out in a fishin' boat, an' ask the men to move out a mite, an' he'd talk to the folks on shore, the fishin' folks, an' their wives, an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore.

"An' then he telled us about the day when this preacher come along by the lake—a dreffle sightly place, this min'ster said; he'd stopped it hisself when he was trav'lin' in them countries — an' come acrost two men he knowed well; they was brothers, an' they was fishin'. An' he jest asked 'em in his pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way—there wa'n't never no such a drawin', takin', lovin' way with any one afore as this man had, the min'ster said—he first asked 'em to come along with him; an' they lay down their poles an' their lines an' everythin', an' jined him. An' then he come along a spell further, an' he sees two boys out with their ole father, an' they was settin' in a boat, an' fixin' up their tackle, an' he asked 'em if they'd jine him too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish an' the bait, an' followed the preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sence that; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind of talk, without any come-to-passes an' whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible narr'tive.

"An' so fust thing I knowed I says to myself 'That's the kind o' teacher I want. If I could come acrost a man like that, I'd jest foller him, too, through thick an' thin.' Well, I can't put the rest on it into talk very good; 'taint jest the kind o' thing to speak on 'fore folks, even such good friends as you. I aint the sort to go back on my word—fishermen aint, 'ye know—an' what I'd said to myself 'fore I knowed who I was bindin' myself to, I stuck to a'terwards when I knowed all about him. For 'taint for me to tell ye, who've got so much more larnin' than me, that there was a dreffle lot more to that story than the fishin' part. That lovin', givin' up, suff'rin', dyin' part, ye know it all yerself, an' I can't kinder say much on it, 'cept when I'm jest all by myself, or—'long o' him.

"That afternoon I took my ole Bible that I hadn't read much sence I growed up, an' I went out into the woods 'long the river, an' 'stid o' fishin', I jest sot down an' read that hull story. Now ye know it yerself by heart, an' ye've knowed it all yer born days, so ye can't begin to tell how new and astonishin' 'twas to me, an' how findin' so much fishin' in it kinder helped me understand an' bleeve it. Did j'ever think on it, reely? I tell ye, his r'liging's a fishin' r'liging all through. His friends was fishin' folks; his pulpit was a fishin' boat, or the shore of the lake; he loved the ponds an' streams; an' when his d'sciples went out fishin', if he didn't go hisself with 'em, he'd go a'ter 'em, walkin' on the water to cheer 'em up an' comfort 'em.

"It's an out-doors, woodsy, country story, besides bein' the heav'nliest one that was ever telled."

Who can fail to find a suggestion of something to do in this fishermen lesson? Let it prompt us to get off our religious stilts, and out of our forms, and into the confidence and fellowship of toilers at their tasks that we may tell them of Christ the Carpenter, who can rebuild their lives. We need not wait for power to walk the waves before going to save troubled, storm-tossed souls in his name. Wherever we go let our coming bring joy, because Christ is in us and shines through our faces, and prompts our hands to help and our feet to go about doing good.

. . .

The King's Mystic Bread of Life Roman emperors were wont to give their people "bread and games." These too profuse gifts did not promote energy but laziness. The Jews, after the feeding of the five thousand, thought Christ would be such a King, but he rather gives to the inner life the invisible bread of his own Spirit, the light that feeds the intellect, the love that feeds the heart, the enthusiasm that feeds the will.

> Open your heart as a flower to the light!
> Bloom and bear fruit in the glory of right!
> Be of his presence a perfume, a ray,
> Child of the morning, and heir of the day!
> —LUCY LARCOM.

Christian literature of the noblest type, the literature of power, that comes into life like an influence, is bread of life indeed, and we may feed into strength the noblest thoughts and sentiments of others by promoting the circulation of such literature. Has some book or article quickened you? Do not leave it idling on your shelves, but send it about doing good. Going two and two let a whole class or a whole Sabbath School give the bread of life to every home in the whole community.

. . .

No Aliens in Christ's Kingdom The story of the Syro-phœnician mother, whose daughter Christ healed in response to her prayer, prompts the question, "What more can any of us do for the foreigners—the mothers, the daughters, the men—that they may truly know the love of him who had no race prejudice, but loves every one as a brother?" Perhaps the foreigner you should help may be some orphan child in India that literally needs some of your "children's crumbs." Or perhaps the foreigner you should bring to Christ is in your own kitchen, a foreign missionary field very much neglected. Your "hired girl" is some mother's darling, somebody's sister, aye, God's daughter and the sister of Christ. Put yourself in her place and live the golden rule.

"FOLLOW ME AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN"

Citizenship in The Kingdom From the transfiguration outlook we have been looking back, but now we look from it forward and behold Christ, shortly after saving the demoniac boy, blessing little children, and teaching his disciples that the citizens of his new kingdom were not to be fierce warriors and proud lords, but of child-like simplicity, their characteristics to love, trust, obey.

THE MAISTER AND THE BAIRNS

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher fowk crushed and croodit roun'
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' even the bairns frae the near-han streets
Was mixin' in wi' the thrang
Laddies an' lassies wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the Twal' at the Maister's side
Rase up an' cried alood—
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place far you.
Rin awa' hame oot o' the crood."

But the Maister said as they turned awa'
"Let the wee bairns come tae me!"
An' he gaithered them roun' him whar he sat,
An' he hfit ane one up on his knee.

Ay, he gathered them 'roun him where he sat,
An' strakit their curly hair.
An' he said tae the won'er'in fisher fowk
That croodit aroun' him there—

"Send nae the weans awa' frae me
But raither this lesson learn—
That nane 'll win at heaven's gett
That isna as pure as a bairn."

An' he that has ta'en us for kith and kin
Tho' a' Prince o' the Far Awa',
Gaithered the wee ones in his airms
And blessed them ane an' a'.

Who can fail to see what this lesson should prompt us to do? It is nothing less than to bring one child and another and another to Jesus as the children's Saviour. A well-taught child of three and five is sometimes able to make a definite choice of Christ, the first choice right as in the case of Samuel and Jeremiah and John the Baptist and Timothy. But surely at eight when a child is by law recognized as capable of being a criminal, it is capable of choosing Christ instead, having perhaps never been less than a Christian, because having never rejected Christ. Like Peter, many are holding the children back, to whom the child's version of the Saviour's rebuke is pertinent: "Suffer the children to come unto me, and don't any of you stop them from one and all to come."

. . .

Forgiving in Place of Fighting Most kings have taught their followers to fight, but Jesus taught his to forgive, even as they hoped to be forgiven. Fighting has been a great failure. It proves nothing only who is strongest. The only real conquest of an enemy is to make him a friend. In every department of life there are things people are trying to do at the hardest by force that might be done easier and better by kindness. Even in dollars and cents "Brotherhood in business" is a better motto than the heartless proverb, "Business is business." The employers who treat their workmen as men and brothers are least afflicted with strikes and lockouts and skimped work and revengeful dynamite. The sun will make a man take off his overcoat quicker than the north wind. Let us forgive not alone that we may be forgiven, but also that we may get a load of soul-sinking hate off our own hearts, and may save our foe by setting before him the spirit of the cross. Is there not something for some of us to do in reconciling friends who have quarreled, and whose souls are loaded with grudges that will sink them if not thrown off. They cannot truly pray while a grudge rises like a wall between them and the forgiving Christ, who said, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."

. . .

Light Bearers The story of Christ as the light of the world healing the blind man may be used, first, to teach others how to come to Christ for healing of the soul. A lady teacher tells this story: "A young lady from my Bible class came to my study a few days since with the earnest inquiry, 'How shall I find the Lord? I don't understand how to find him. Where shall I go?'

"'My dear Mary,' I replied, 'he is here in this room, tenderly waiting to receive you.' As she sat weeping, this passage came to mind, which I repeated at once: 'As many as touched him, were made perfectly whole.' She raised her head eagerly, and said, 'Is that all?' and with beaming face extended her hands, as if to embrace him, crying, 'My Saviour, my dear Saviour!'"

Think you not there was joy among the angels when Jesus proclaimed, as he did on earth, "Some one hath touched me!"—and wrote with his own hand the name of another Mary in the Book of Life?

. . .

Wayside Work Of the next three lessons we have already noted the suggestion of the lesson of the seventy sent forth, that we should work in pairs for counsel and courage. The lessons of the Good Shepherd and the Samaritan both point to wayside work. Let us remember we make the journey of life but once, and so let us not pass by on the other side any opportunity to help another, for that opportunity can never be recalled. Like faithful under-shepherds, let us watch over the lambs that are in daily peril of thieves and robbers, who would rob them of innocence. Let us bring every soul of man we can reach into the safe sheep-fold, which is the heart of God, whose door is the Cross.

. . .

The King's Warnings. The two last lessons of the quarter are about the two chief perils that threaten the citizens of God's kingdom, Greed and Appetite. The rich man who forgets his soul and God and heaven, and lives a life of selfish luxury, Christ says, is a fool. Like Esau, he has sold a great future for a transient feast. This fool has said by his materialism of self indulgence, "There is no God." He has acted as if he had no soul and no hereafter. But God cries in his ears, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be?" Not a dollar of his wealth could he carry. "How much did he leave?" they said. And a wise one answered, "He left all he had." Let us lay up our treasure in heaven.

Kindred to this victim of luxury was the servant who, in the temperance lesson on watchfulness, said, "My lord delayeth his coming, and began to drink and be drunken" when he should have been watching and working, preparing for his lord's coming. To such also Christ comes suddenly in judgment. What Christ-like man would take the liquor-dealer's gold, with all the weight of tears and blood and the eternity of remorse that goes with it. And what shall we do about this? If we are really awake, that is, alert, we shall find near our own door some temperance work to do of prevention or cure.

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DO YOUR BEST

THE late Williard Parker, the eminent surgeon, had a case of goitre brought to him for treatment. Those who have traveled in Switzerland know of the awful swelling that is called the goitre. The patient brought to Dr. Parker was a millionaire many times over, and they wanted the doctor to perform the surgery and to warrant the safety of the patient and his recovery, and they said they would give him a million dollars if he would warrant the undertaking. "Oh," said the doctor, "I cannot warrant anything, but I will do the best I can!" My friend said to Dr. Parker, "How did you feel when you were about to undertake that surgery?" "Well," said he, "my hand trembled dreadfully, because, you know, I am an old man now; my hand trembled dreadfully; but just as soon as the instrument touched the delicate place my nerves were strong as steel, and without any excitement I went right through the successful operation, and with no anxieties; as soon as I began my hand was firm."

And we may have a great many anxieties about what is to come in life, and we may tremble about the great responsibility, but when we come up to the right place God will steady our hand; he will take hold of us, he will give us courage, and without any perturbation we will go right through.

A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I have always done my best." And in whatever occupation or profession God has put you, do your best; whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best—always do your best. Domitian, the Roman emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people with imperial opportunity who set themselves to some insignificant business.

Oh, for something grand to do, and then concentrate all your energies of body, mind and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN ROLL OF HONOR

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

INDIVIDUAL PATRONS

—Adams, Ida, Eva, Alfred, Lottie, Raymond and Hester, Kansas. These little children are raising the money to support **A Lottie Orphan Child** in India, in a Methodist school.

—Brower, F. M., Philadelphia, is caring for **Two Orphan Children**, a **Boy** and a **Girl**, in a Baptist school.

—A Friend (S. B.), Illinois, asks to have **A Girl, A Child Widow,** cared for in a Methodist school, "For five years, if I live so long."

—Comstock, Mrs. M. E., California, places **An Orphan Boy** in the school of the United Brethren.

—Carlson, Mrs. Annie L., California, provides for **One Orphan Boy** for one year.

—Churchman, H., of New Jersey, cares for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

—C., Mrs. H. C., Pennsylvania, provides for **One Orphan Girl** in India.

—Dewey, George, Chicago, places **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school.

—Devoe, D., Alabama, places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school, and asks to have him selected with a view to being educated for evangelical work. "Which I will do if I live long enough. I am now seventy-four years old. This appears my best opportunity to cast my bread upon the waters."

—Eckhardt, Mrs. Abigail, Ontario, is educating **An Orphan Boy** in a Congregational school, in memory of her husband.

—Ebling, Mr. and Mrs. W. E., Iowa, ask to have **One Orphan Child** "cared for where it will be taught to love Jesus, and let God dictate its future life. This is done in loving remembrance of God's love and mercy."

—Flunk, Mrs. Ruth, Rhode Island, pledges support for **One Orphan Girl** in a Congregational school.

—Getchins, Alfred C., Newark, N. J., gives support for **One Orphan Boy** in a Methodist school, saying: "I feel that the blessing of God will follow every honest effort to bring our fellow men to a saving knowledge of Him."

—Hegdrick, M. A., Pennsylvania, in placing **Two Orphans, A Boy** and **A Girl**, in a Baptist school, says: "May they indeed be the lambs of the fold of Christ, the Good Shepherd."

—H., Mrs. A. L., Bay Center, places **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

—Jewett, Dr. O. W., Virginia, sends the required amount, "For the support, Christian education and training for mission work amongst their own people for **Four Orphan Boys**, and will care for them until they are educated."

—Jones, Mrs. Earl D., New York, places **An Orphan Girl** in a mission of the Disciples of Christ, to become a missionary among her own people.

—Jackson, A. R., Pennsylvania, pledges support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

—Kauffman, Miss Dora, Pennsylvania, places **An Orphan Boy** in a school of the Reformed Church for one year.

—Lankton, B. F. and F. M., Nebraska, in sending support for **One Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school, writes: "I'se this for one in need, to teach it the plain and simple plan of salvation through Christ."

—Lowe, Mrs. Elena, Idaho, places **One Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school.

—Livermore, Eugene N., Massachusetts, supports **One Orphan Girl** in a Congregational school for one year.

—McDonald, Mrs. Alexander, Michigan, in providing support for **An Orphan Girl**, says, "I will make her the subject of prayer that God will spare her and make her useful and successful in His vineyard."

—Palmer, Mrs. Stephen, New York, places **One Little Orphan Child** in a Methodist school.

—Potts, Miss Lela, North Carolina, cares for **An Orphan Boy.**

—Robinson, W. T., Wisconsin, sends support for **One Orphan Child.**

—R. P. A., Mass., places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school.

—Watson, Miss Minnie, West Virginia, cares for **An Orphan Child** for one year.

—Wylie, Miss Jean W., Philadelphia, will educate **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

—Zuber, Miss Ella, Alabama, in placing **An Orphan Child** in a Methodist school, writes: "I send it with an earnest prayer for the child and the work. I am happy to have a hand in it."

—W. F. E., Pennsylvania, will support **One Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school.

—"In memory of Johnnie, Clara and Clarence," **An Orphan Boy** is placed in a Congregational school for one year.

—"In His Name," Evanston, Ind., to the memory of S. A. B. and for T. E. S., **Two Orphan Girls** are placed in an Episcopal or Presbyterian school. The donor says: "I wish to train an orphan girl in India as a memorial to my mother. Such a monument would more accord with her ideas than a costly piece of marble. Also one for my little grandchildren. I want them to realize the sacred responsibility. Select the poorest, and make mission workers of them."

—"For Him," Scranton, Pa., places **Six Orphans** in a Presbyterian school.

—"Mother, Sister and Brother," Illinois, place **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school for one year.

—"From a Friend, to the Poor and Unfortunate," Elgin, in sending support for **One Orphan** for one year, says: "I trust this may be the means of bringing a little sunshine to some helpless little child."

—"Friends from Norwich, Conn.," send support for **One Orphan Child** for one year in Congregational school.

—"Luzerne," Wilkesbarre, Pa., sends support for **Two Orphan Children** in a Presbyterian school, saying: "God grant that they may grow up as Christians."

. . .

CHURCHES, CHURCH SOCIETIES, etc.

—India Mission Band, New Germantown, Pa., will support **One Orphan Child** in India for one year.

—Woman's Prayer Meeting, Berea, Ky., will support **An Orphan Girl** for one year. "This collection is partly the gift of a few little boys, who became interested in the children of India, and formed themselves into a 'Famine Relief Club'."

—Junior Missionary Society, Miss. Ave. M. E. Church, Memphis, Tenn., will support **An Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

—Woman's Missionary Society, First Presbyterian Church, Jamesville, N. Y., will care for **An Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school.

. . .

SABBATH SCHOOLS

—The Evangelical Sabbath School, of Kanesholm, Pa., will provide for **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

—Sabbath School class of Josie King, Troy, Alabama, will educate **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school.

—Congregational Sabbath School of Steamboat Springs, Colo., assumes support of **One Orphan** for a year.

—The Standard Class of the M. E. S., Pultneyville, N. Y., will support **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

—German M. E. S. S., Bushton, Kans., care for **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

—Infant Class of South Highland Presbyterian S. S. "wish to adopt **One Famine Orphan** in India, to be educated in a Presbyterian school as a Christian worker."

—Middleton S. S., Manton, Canada, will care for **One Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

—The Eastminster S. S., Erie, Pa., use the proceeds of a festival held by them for the benefit of India orphans to educate **One Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school for one year.

CUT OUT, FILL UP AND FORWARD TO US THIS FORM OF APPLICATION:

INDIA ORPHAN WORK

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," 92 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

I will endeavor to provide support for ..... INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN and will remit Quarterly at the rate of $15 a Year to "The Christian Herald India Orphan Work" for such support. It is my understanding the care thus provided will include food, clothing, shelter and instruction by proper teachers.

It is my wish that the orphan be a ..... (BOY OR GIRL), and located in an orphanage under the care of a missionary of the ..... Denomination.

NAME .....

ADDRESS, P. O. ..... *STATE* .....

DATE *1900*

Wisdom · of · the · Orient

.... EXAMPLES FROM GAUTAMA, ZOROASTER AND PTAH-HO-TEP

OUR readers will be interested the following maxims or sayi of wise men who lived m years ago. Their suggesti prove that human nature l been substantially the same many ages, notwithstanding are taught to believe under term "evolution" that our bodies, a therefore our needs and ideas, have b marvelously revolutionized since the ginning. They show that the ideas the most enlightened men as to the vantages of virtue and the true purp of life have been substantially the sa during this long period.

. . .

The first extracts are from Gauta Buddha, who is supposed to have li about 540 B. C.:

Love one another, live in peace, cont your thoughts and passions, give up y desires.

Never in this world does hatred cease hatred. Hatred ceases by love.

The foolish follow after vanity while the w guard earnestness as their greatest treasure

Speak harshly to no one.

With pure thoughts and fulness of lov will do toward others what I do for myself

At the end of life the soul goeth fo alone; whereupon only our good deeds friend us.

He whose mind is subdued and perfec controlled is happy.

Watch your thoughts.

Control your tongue.

Overcome anger by love.

One may overcome a thousand thousa men in battle, but he who conquers hims alone is the greatest victor.

Be pure and live with the pure.

Regulate the mind, and the body will itself go right.

This is the greatest happiness to subd the selfish thought of I.

. . .

The next extract is from the sayings writings of Zoroaster, a Persian w flourished about 1000 B. C.:

God appears in the best thought, the tru speech and the sincerest action. He giv through his pure spirit health, prosperity, lo and eternity to this universe. He is the Fatl of all Truth and the Mother of all Tenderne

Before his death, Zoroaster reduced l twenty-one books to three new and i mortal maxims;

Pure thoughts, pure words and pure dee Said he: All pure thought is "Spirit W ship" or religion, and all pure actions are f by the immortal dew of heaven. This dew Virtue, and is the vapor which the pure heart inhale from the heart of the Eternal Su

. . .

Some of the sayings of Ptah-ho-te who is said to have flourished somewhe between 3000 and 5000 years B. C., a given below, and are taken from MSS. the British Museum. This book or man script is supposed to be the oldest in th world, and the writer appeals to the wri ings of ancients before him as authorit He was an Egyptian.

If any man beareth himself proudly he w be humbled by God who maketh his strengt

If thou art a wise man, bring up thy son the love of God.

Possess what thou hast in the joy of th heart; what thou hast not, obtain it by wor

It is profitable for a man to eat h own bread; God grants this to wh soever honors him.

Pray humbly with a loving hea all the words of which are uttered i secret.

Honor thy mother.

Thou wast put to school, and whil thou wast being taught letters sh (thy mother) came punctually to th Master, bringing thee the bread an the meat of her house. Thou a now come to man's estate; thou a married and hast a house; but neve do thou forget the painful labo which thy mother endured nor a the salutary care which she has tak en of thee. Take heed lest she hav cause to complain of thee for fea that she should raise her hands t God and he should listen to he prayer.

. . .

This last paragraph teaches th sanctity of the home, of marriage and of duty, and that God hear and answers prayer, and im plies retribution and punishmen by him.

A. W. D.

Boers in Flight

RECENT dispatches from South Africa indicate that the Boer resistance to British power is slowly succumbing. After abandoning the Boer capital, President Kruger made the seat of his government at Machadodorp, on the east of Pretoria. He evidently regarded that position as only temporary, for he did not take up a residence in the town, but made his home in the railroad cars in which he had traveled thither. Thence, on the approach of the British forces, he, with President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, removed to Lydenburg. General Buller followed and captured Lydenburg. The two Presidents are now said to have gone in a northeasterly direction, apparently intending, if too closely pressed, to escape into Portuguese territory. Meanwhile the Boer generals, Botha and De Wet, are harassing the British communications, tearing up the railroad tracks and occasionally capturing a trainload of provisions or ammunition. Their work is done chiefly in the South and West. The era of pitched battles appears to be over, and the Boer tactics have become of the guerilla character. Unless the British succeed in capturing President Kruger, the war may be indefinitely prolonged. It is reported that large numbers of the Boers have returned to their farms, and the bulk of the forces now in arms against the British are the Irish-Americans and the Dutch and German volunteers, who went to the help of the Boers in the early months of the struggle. It is difficult to see what gain can come to the country, or the Boers, by protracting the conflict. They cannot now hope to avert the annexation of the two republics; and if they must sue for peace, as seems inevitable, it would appear to be the course of wisdom to avoid irritating the power whose magnanimity is so essential to their future welfare.

Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him (Matt. 5:25).

Claimants Disappointed

The State Department at Washington has issued a notice that will cause disappointment to many persons. The notice states that the State Department and the United States Legation at the Hague have been flooded with inquiries from citizens about estates in Holland awaiting claimants. The writers have been informed that the Dutch government is holding estates in trust pending the production of the legal heirs. Some unscrupulous agents have been looking up in the country districts persons whose names indicate that they are of Dutch extraction, and have led them to believe that they are the heirs for whom search is being made. The Department gives a long list of names of estates about which inquiries have been made, and says that the Dutch government knows of no such estates nor has it any other estates in hand awaiting heirs. "Moreover, there being no office in the Netherlands for the record of wills, where investigation might be instituted, it devolves upon any person having any claim to an estate in that country to state where the testator died, and even then it should be borne in mind that the legislation of the Netherlands effectually and without appeal disposes of claims which were not proved prior to 1852." It is much to be wished that the persons to whom this notice will bring disappointment could be induced to seek that heavenly inheritance which is offered to all who seek it through Christ.

An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1:4).

A Test of Torpedo Practice

An interesting experiment was made off the coast of Newport, R. I., on Aug. 31. A United States tug, the *Leyden*, was first taken to the head of the bay and anchored. There its powerful searchlight was turned on and the bay was flooded with light from the station. The object was to ascertain whether a vessel so situated could be approached by a torpedo boat without detection and destroyed. Several boats put out for her, but were seen from the *Leyden*. The *Holland*, the famous disappearing boat, however, put out her lights and was sunk until almost entirely under water. She was then scarcely visible and succeeded in getting within a hundred and fifty feet of the *Leyden* without being detected. The experiment shows that with such a boat as the *Holland*, that can sail when almost or quite submerged, the mightiest battleship might be destroyed, while no danger was suspected. It is thus that souls are ruined. Those who trust in their own strength and are not perpetually vigilant are liable to fall before some insidious temptation.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered (Prov. 28:26).

A Royal Explorer

A cable despatch from Stockholm announces the arrival on that coast of the Duke of Abruzzi, who has been on an exploring expedition in the Arctic. He sailed from Christiania, Norway, in June of last year, to try to reach the North Pole. He has not been successful in that attempt, but he penetrated about twenty miles farther than any explorer has ever been before. Previously Nansen held the record, he having gone farther North than Lockhart the American explorer, by four degrees. The Duke's plan differed from Nansen's, which was to reach the Pole in his ship, the *Fram*. The Duke's plan was to go as far North in his ship, the *Stella Polare*, as he could, and then proceed in a straight line northward in sleds drawn by Esquimaux dogs. The steamer was left in latitude 80 degrees, and three parties started in sleds. The third party, led by Captain Cagni, alone made the record, the other two having been compelled to return. The third party was absent one hundred and four days. Its food gave out on the journey, and the explorers survived only by eating the dogs. The Duke's hands were frost-bitten, and two of his fingers were amputated. He is a cousin of the present King of Italy. His father was Amadeso, a son of Victor Emanuel I. It is seldom that a royal prince undertakes such work as exploration: when he does, he learns that his high birth and station give him no advantages over ordinary men. All his life long the duke will go maimed as the result of his expedition and will be a living illustration of the fact that nature has no respect for princes.

They are exalted for a little while, but are gone and brought low; they are taken out of the way as all other (Job 24:24).

Egyptian Relics

A discovery of great interest to antiquarians has been made at Abydos by explorers working under the superintendence of Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie. In exploring the ancient Egyptian city the workmen came upon a number of tombs which evidently belonged to a very early period. On opening them, articles were found which proved that the interments must have been made during the reigns of the first dynasty of the Pharaohs, long before Jacob and his sons went down to Egypt. It is believed that the date must be as far back as 4,700 years before Christ. One of the tombs was that of the fourth king of that dynasty. It contained among other objects a beautifully made receptacle for eye-paint. A box was also found filled with pottery, both the box and the pottery showing exquisite workmanship and artistic skill. The figures are deep red on a pink ground and represent fishes, gazelles, etc. At the present time it would be difficult for our most skilful workmen to produce anything quite so beautiful. Another discovery was a box of ivory made in the shape of two swans. This also was a receptacle for eye-paint. Besides these, a pair of copper tweezers and a copper harpoon show that at that early period the Egyptians understood the art of working in metals. One of the most interesting finds was the fragment of a saucer on which some workman had scrawled a few words. Little did the man who wrote the words and those who made those beautiful objects think that after six thousand years they would be brought to light, to tell the world the kind of men they were. They show that there was a civilization in those remote times which has so completely perished, that only these relics remain to tell us of its ever having existed. Happily, for us, while empires rise and fall and civilizations pass away, there is permanence in heaven:

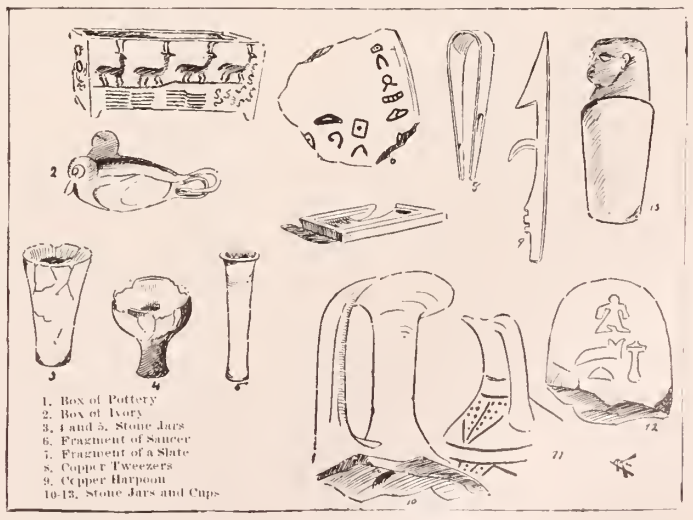
The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations (Ps. 33:11).

Dangerous Counterfeits

A Washington, D. C., journal calls attention to the unusually large number of counterfeit coins now in circulation. They are, it says, chiefly the gold coins that have been imitated. It is possible for the counterfeiters to make large profits by the manufacture of coins containing a large quantity of gold, but not the quantity contained in the genuine coin. They make up the difference with alloy of lighter weight. Other counterfeiters work on the genuine coins. They saw them through, remove the interior, insert base metal in the place, and then unite the two outsides by brazing. In all cases the criminal takes care that the outside of the coins is real gold, and the alloy is put within, where it will not be seen. The same method is adopted in deceiving the Church. The hypocrites who succeed in joining it, and afterwards bring reproach upon it, take care to assume the appearance and language of the genuine Christian.

Now do ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter, but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness (Luke 11:39).

RAILROAD CARS IN WHICH PRESIDENT KRUGER LIVED AT MACHADODORP


1. Box of Pottery
2. Box of Ivory
3, 4 and 5. Stone Jars
6. Fragment of Saucer
7. Fragment of a Slate
8. Copper Tweezers
9. Copper Harpoon
10-13. Stone Jars and Cups

ARTICLES 6,000 YEARS OLD RECENTLY FOUND AT ABYDOS

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Charles L. Mirriam, the Congregational minister of Lowell, Mass., has spent his summer vacation among the canal men on the Erie canal. He dressed as a common sailor and mixed with the men on friendly terms. The experience was somewhat rough but he reports hopefully of the work done.

Mrs. Allan, a Presbyterian lady belonging to the family which maintains the Allan Line of steamers, recently decided to equip a Gospel ship for service on the coasts of the Japanese Islands. She died before her project was executed, but her son, Mr. Robert S. Allan, has carried it out, and has devoted a fine new steamer to the purpose. Its name is *The Ship of Good News*, or in Japanese *Fudniu Maru*.

The American Bible Society has just issued its eighty-fourth annual report, showing its total issues for the year at home and abroad to be 1,406,801 copies. Of this amount, 832,496 were distributed outside of this country. More than half of the issue was manufactured at the Bible House, in this city, and a large part of the rest was printed in Turkey, Syria, China and Japan. The Society received $287,409.04 during the year.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

Samantha in Naples

IN Naples as a rule the lower parts of the houses are shops, restaurants, etc., and the upper stories are used for dwellings. The beautiful terraces of the city and the flat roofs of the houses are covered with shrubs and flowers, and filled with gayly dressed promenaders, givin' it a gay appearance. And you don't see in the faces of the crowd any expression of fear for the danger signal that smokes up in the sky, no more than our faces to home show signs of our realizin' the big danger signals on our own horizon.

I d'no as I ever hearn of the third city that wuz destroyed when Herculanean and Pompeii wuz. But Vesuvius did put an end to another city called Stabea at that time, most two thousand years ago, but that is some years back and I d'no as it is strange that the news hadn't got to Jonesville yet.

Naples has three hundred meetin'-houses, enough you would say to make the citizens do as they ort to. But I don't spoze they do. I hearn, and it come quite straight, too, that it is a dretful city for folks to act and behave, though it used us real well.

It has a good many theatres and has a large museum where I would been glad to spent more time than I did. Dretful interestin' to me wuz the rich frescoes and marbles dug up in the buried cities. Just to think on't how long they stayed down there under the ground, and now come out lookin' as well as ever whilst the Love or the Ambition that carved the exquisite lines have gone away so fur that we can't foller 'em; way into some other planet, mebby. Bronze statutes, the finest collection in the world they say, and all sorts of weapons, Etruscan vases, coins, tablets, marbles, ornaments of all kinds enough to make your head feel dizzy to glance at 'em.

Some of the statutes I didn't want Josiah to see; they wuzn't dressed decent to appear in company, but then agin I knew he wuz a perfessor and had always read about the Garden of Eden and Eve when she and Adam first took the place and wuz so scanty on't for clothes, but I didn't like their looks. Miss Meechim thought they wuz genteel and called it high art, and Josiah, for a wonder, agreed with her; they hardly ever think alike.

A Warning to Josiah

But I sez, "Josiah Allen, while I am a livin' woman, and a Methodist sister, you never will be sculped with nothin' but a towel hung over one arm, not even a paper collar on, and," sez I, "what should we think to go into a photograph gallery to home and see Sister Bobbett and Sister Gowdey portrayed with a little mosquiter nettin' slung over one shoulder?" Sez I, "It would be the town's talk and ort to be—you can call it high art, Miss Meechim, if you want to, but I shall always call it low art."

Miss Meechim murmured sunthin' about its bein' genteel, and Josiah looked round and didn't pay the attention to my earnest words that he ort to. I believe they did for a spell shet up them statters of Venus, but they had let 'em out agin when we wuz there. There wuz one statter of a woman with the top of her head and her arms off. Josiah said to me: "The idee of puttin' that poor cripple in here amongst decent lookin' wimmen; if they pictured her at all they ought to pictured her as bein' carried to a hosspital."

Miss Meechim wuz nigh by and I see she had gone almost into spazzums of admiration over it, and on our family's account, didn't want to fall too low down in her estimation, so I wunk at him and whispered, "Josiah, that is the celebrated Sikey; it is the proper thing to fall into extacies of admiration and wonder when you see it." And I as I say not wantin' to demean myself any further before Miss Meechim, put up my two hands in an attitude of wonder, but which she could take for admiration if she wanted to, but I didn't say it wuz.

Appreciating "High Art"

But Josiah sez, "Catch me a praisin' up a no armed female, one who has been scalped, too, in the bargain."

I hope Miss Meechim didn't hear him. She always praised just what wuz proper to praise, she always read in her guide book just what she ought to admire and then proceeded to admire it to once. As she boasted her mind wuz a eminently conservative and genteel mind.

As for me my mind and sperit loved to grope around more and find out things to praise and blame kindly by rote and not by note, and Dorothy and Robert Strong was some so.

Arvilly wuz more bent on disseminatin' her books to help and instruct, and would have canvassed Michael Angelo himself for the *Twin Crimes*, turning her back onto his most wonderful creations. As for Josiah, a wild goat leapin' through museums and picture galleries couldn't have been more scornful of contemporaneous judgment exceptin' on the cases when he tried to be fashionable.

Dear little Tommy would wander round with his arms clasped behind him under his velvet jacket and wonner at things to himself and I spoze Carabi walked up and down beside him though we couldn't see him. Sometimes I felt kinder conscience smitten to think I couldn't honestly admire what seemed to be the proper thing to, and then agin I kinder leaned up agin the memory of John Ruskin and how he liked in art what he did like, and not what it was fashionable to, and I felt comforted.

One day, tired out with sightseein' and havin' sunthin' of a headache, I stayed to home while all the rest of the party went out and Miss Meechim invited me into their settin'-room as it wuz cooler there, so I had sot there for some time readin' a good book and enjoyin' my poor health as well as I could, when a card wuz brung in for Robert Strong. I told the hall boy that he wuz out but wuz expected back soon and in a few minutes he come back usherin' in a good lookin' man who said he wuz anxious to see him on business and that he would wait for him. I knowed him from his picture as well as his card: it wuz Mr. Carnafeller, a multi-millionaire, who had got his enormous wealth from trusts and monopolies.

I couldn't go back into my room for Josiah had the key, and so we introduced ourselves and had quite a agreeable visit,

VIEWING THE ARTISTIC WONDERS OF THE NAPLES GALLERY

A Little Talk on Wealth

And bein' so dretful anxious to convince him, I begun some as the M. E. ministers some times do in a low, still voice, gradually risin' higher and deeper and more earnest. I told him my idees of trusts and monopolies and what a danger I thought they wuz to individual and national life. And I described the feelin's I felt to see such droves of poor people out of work and starvin' for the necessaries of life, whilst a few wuz pilin' up enormous and onneeded wealth, and I sez:

"Mr. Carnafeller, what good does it do to heap up such a lot of money jest to think you own it and hide it from the tax collector? And bring up your daughters to luxury and foolish display, their gole being to give you a titled son-in-law who will bend down toward you from his eminence jest fur enough to reach your pockets, and if you refuse to have them emptied too many times you will anon or oftener have your daughter returned to you, her beauty eat up by sorrow, her ears tinglin' and heart burnin' with experiences a poor girl would never know. And bring up your sons to idleness and temptation, when you know, Mr. Carnafeller, that it is Earnest Toil, wise-headed hard-handed step-ma, that goads her sons on to labor and success. And it is not, as a rule, the sons of millionaires who are our great men. It is the sons of Labor and Privation that hold the prizes of life to-day and will to-morrow."

And sez I, reasonable: "What is the use, Mr. Carnafeller, of so much money, anyway? You can't ride in but one buggy at a time, or wear more than one coat and vest, or sleep on more than one bed and three pillers at the outside or eat more than three meals a day with any comfort, so why not let poorer folks have a chance to eat one meal a day—lots of 'em would be tickled to death to.

"Our Lord said: 'Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink;' and he must have meant that the time wuz comin' when juster laws should prevail, when Mammon should yield to Mercy and plunder changed to plenty for all and no burden of riches for any. The Bible sez that in those days when the pure influence of Jesus still rested on his disciples that they had everything in common."

A Millionaire's Idea

Sez Mr. Carnafeller, "Start ten men out rich Monday morning and nine of them would be poor Saturday night, and the tenth one would own the money of all the rest."

And I sez: "I presoom so, if they had their own way, and that is a big argument to prove that there ought to be a wise head and a merciful hand at the hellum to look out for the hull on 'em. A good father and mother with a big family of children takes care of the hull on 'em. And if one is miserly and one a spendthrift and one a dissipator and one overambitious they watch over 'em and curb these different traits of theirn and adjust 'em to the good of all and the honor of their pa and ma. They spur on the indolent and improvident, hold back the greedy and ambitious, watch and see that the careless and good-natured don't git trod on, nor the strong make slaves of the weaker. The feeble are protected, temptations are kept out of the way of the feeble wills; the honest, industrious ones hain't allowed to perish for want of work they would gladly do, and the strong, keen-witted ones hain't allowed to steal from the onfaculized ones. Why, how it would look for that pa to let some of his children heap up more money than they could use, whilst some of the children wuz starvin'? It would make talk and ort to."

Mr. Carnafeller said, "Millionares are very charitable; look at their generous gifts on every side."

And I sez, "Yes, that's so; but Charity, though she's a good creeter and well thought on, hain't so good as Justice in lots of places."

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A Home Business College

Without commerce, agriculture and manufacturing would be like a body without arms and legs. Commerce is the connecting-link between nations and between men. It is the instinct of barter and sale that has built the roads, railways and ships which make communication possible between all parts of the world. The man who enters trade must not be content to study price-lists, but must widen his grasp of affairs by a comprehensive study of all the machinery of business. He cannot gain a personal experience of it all—life would be too short for that—but he can study its principles in books; and nowhere but in the World-Wide Encyclopedia will he find them all brought together, convenient to his hand.

In any branch of business the man who, by persistent self-culture, has gained a general knowledge, perseverance, resolution, and an accurate realization of his own powers and his own limitations, will be able to far outstrip his competitor who has neglected self-culture. Let the merchant or the young man just starting in a business career study the World-Wide Encyclopedia's article on "Commerce," and follow it up by a study on the other subjects in the following list:

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Building and Loan Associations.
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Coinage.
Coinage Laws.
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Excise.
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Finance.
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Gold.
Government.
Insurance.
Interest.
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Interstate Commerce Laws.
Labor.
Labor Laws.
Law.
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Mercantile Agency.
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Safe Deposit Companies.
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Salvage.
Savings Banks.
Shipping.
Silver.
Single Tax.
Stock Exchange.
Tariff.
Taxation.
Telegraph.
Telephone.
Textiles.
Tonnage.
Trade.
Trade, Balance of.
Trade, Boards of.
Trades Unions.
Trusts.
Value.
Wages.
Warehousing.
Wealth.
Weights and Measures.

Healthful Recreations

THERE are scores of healthy amusements which, when indulged in to a rational extent, are of actual benefit to the worker by relaxing his mind and strengthening his body. When one's occupation is sedentary, as that of a student, a professional man, or many artisans, active exercise is needed daily to keep the body in trim for its work. The World-Wide Encyclopedia is as complete in this direction as in all others, and gives descriptions of many sports which can be indulged in to advantage by the student. Following is a partial list:

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Croquet.
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Golf.
Gymnastics.
Legerdemain.
Lacrosse.
Magic, White.
Quoits.
Rowing.
Shooting.
Skating.
Swimming.
Tennis.
Wrestling.
Yachting.

Self-made Men

Some of the most successful leaders in every profession and every industry have been what are called "self-made men," because they had no advantages of early training and no one to give them a start in life. Henry Wilson, who became vice-president of the United States, was a poor boy whose parents apprenticed him to a farmer when he was ten years old. And yet, in spite of the hard work of the farm, Henry Wilson found time before he was twenty-one to read a thousand books and lay the foundation of the ripe learning that gave him power and prominence in public affairs.

The young man who decides to purchase the World-Wide Encyclopedia need not fear that after years of study he must shun comparison with the graduates of schools and universities, with those whose means and leisure may have enabled them to employ expensive tutors. He who possesses a copy of that great work, and utilizes it for careful and intelligent study, need fear no comparison with the product of expensive university training. He will have levied tribute on the brightest minds of the age and of all ages. The concentrated **learning of the centuries** will be placed at his disposal—the ripest thoughts of all philosophers, the tenets of all theologies, the principles of every science, the rules of every profession, and the practical details of every industry. The world will be his curriculum, and its brightest and best thinkers will be his instructors. The rise and fall of nations, the triumphs of statecraft and diplomacy, the influence on action and thought of great discoveries in science, will all be laid bare to his delighted view. The growth of the arts, the latest improvements in handicrafts, the principles of law, of medicine, of commerce, and of agriculture will be unfolded in their due and proper order before him. The wealth of the world will be his, from which to pluck the jewels he admires the most to set in his own crown of knowledge.

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This Home University

is open, and all are welcome. There is no bar of age, sex or condition. Man is never too young nor too old to learn. Dr. Priestly was 40 years old when his attention was directed to the peculiar action of gases escaping from a beer vat, and he began the studies which resulted in his important discoveries in chemistry. Socrates learned to play musical instruments in his old age, and Cato was eighty when he studied the Greek language. Izaak Walton was ninety when he wrote his immortal work, The Complete Angler, and thousands of other men have done their best work late in life. Genius sometimes blossoms late in life, and no man should let his years discourage him from learning.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

Longfellow's familiar stanza may well recur to the student who peruses the life histories of renowned persons contained in the World-Wide Encyclopedia or any considerable number of them. Very few of them had any exceptional advantages to start with. What marked them as men set apart from their fellows, the millions who have gone to their graves leaving no monuments of great achievements behind them, was chiefly their fixedness of purpose and the untiring energy with which they carried it out; in other words, their willingness and capacity for work. "Genius is infinite capacity for taking pains," according to one definition; and if the reader can learn from these biographies the lesson of perseverance and also of patience, he will be well on the high road to success. He, too, may leave behind him footprints in the sands of time.

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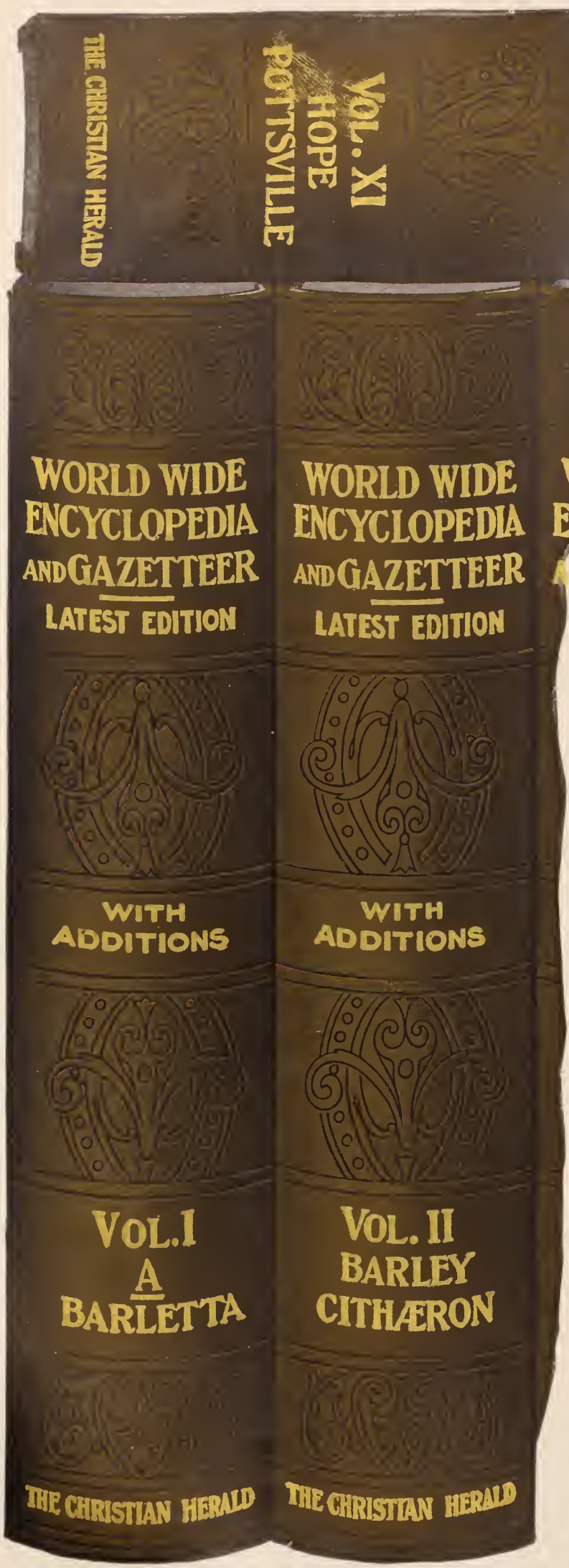

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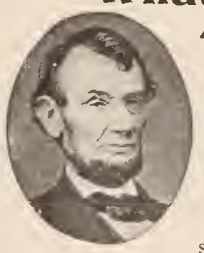

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln at twenty-two simply knew how to read, write a **Andrew Johnson,** President of the United States, **NEVER AT SCHOOL.** His wife was his only teacher. She taught him how t **Hiram Sibley,** formerly President of the Western Union Telegrap his **father's farm at fifteen** to learn a trade. After having given awa of dollars during his life time he died worth many millions more a few **Peter Cooper,** whose name will ever be cherished in the hearts of t of young men and young women who graduated, free of expense, from school of Cooper Institute, **himself never had more than one year's s** Now if these men, under such unfavorable circumstances, succ achieving fame and fortune by dint of industrious application to study and work, why ed of the tens of thousands of young people, who have in them the making of great men women, despair of their ambition with such an opportunity as this, placing within their e everything necessary for a liberal education?

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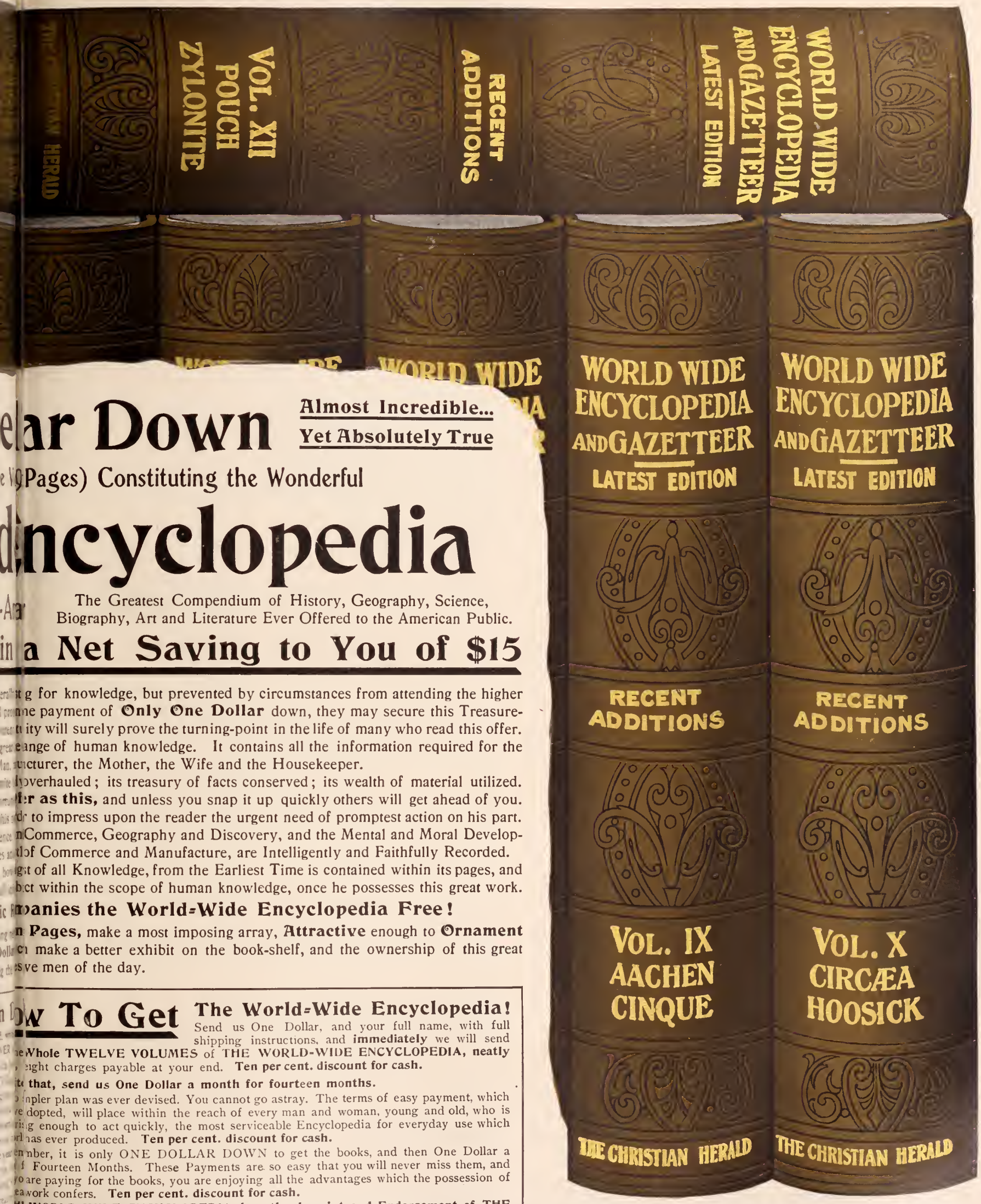

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Sound Advice to Artisans

FARMING is the keystone of civilization and manufacturing is the corner-stone. Without the artisan there would be no comforts in life, no luxuries, and not even what we have grown to look upon as necessities. Mankind would still be wearing skins of animals and sleeping in caves. The artisan, the man who works with his hands to fashion or help fashion the endless products of the inventive skill of the ages, occupies a position of importance and dignity. He is a producer in the literal sense of the word. He can take to his heart the words of Daniel Webster: "Labor is one of the great elements of society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand."

A good artisan, a skilled mechanic, has something to be proud of; and the more skill he has, the greater success he will achieve, the greater advancement. What the artisan should carefully avoid is the danger of plodding in a single groove, of becoming a mere machine. Study of the principles on which his work is based and of the tools and forces with which he is operating and the materials he is using will enable the mechanic to become more than a mere machine. Intelligent study and self-culture, joined to the practical knowledge which comes from his actual labor, will increase his earning capacity as well as his satisfaction in his work. Such study will enable him to develop into the foreman, the inventor, the contractor, the employer, the manufacturer. He may emulate or surpass the Whitneys, the Stephensons, the Franklins, Wattses, McCormicks, Edisons, Bessemers, and their like, who were not satisfied with the repetition of a daily task, but were constantly striving to improve old machines or invent new methods.

The artisan will also find that a study of the lives of inventors and mechanicians will stimulate his ambition, and that his knowledge cannot be too wide or too minute to aid his ambition. Self-culture will be to him a stepping-stone to success.

In aiding the artisan, ambitious of self-culture, there is nothing to approach the World-Wide Encyclopedia which will furnish him with information on every conceivable subject connected with his trade. The dyer, cooper, foundryman, printer, miner, carpenter, mason, can all find plentiful stores of knowledge in its magic pages. We have room here only for the lists of studies that have been arranged for workers in wood and workers in metals.

For Workers in Wood

Apartment-houses.
Arch,
Architecture,
Arithmetic,
Atmosphere,
Barrel-making.
Beech,
Bookbinding,
Botany,
Bricks.
Bridge,
Building.
Canoe,
Carpentry,
Carriage,
Carving.
Cooperage,
Cork,
Dockyard,
Drawing.
Dyeing,
Enamel,
Encaustic Tiles,
Fire,
Forests,
Fuel,
Furniture,
Glass,
Hammer,
Hand Tools,
Heat,
India-rubber,
Ivory,
Lamp,
Lathe,
Lifts (Elevators),
Lighting,
Machine Tools,
Mahogany,
Measurement.
Mensuration.
Nail,
Oak,
Partition,
Patents,
Pine,
Railways.
Roof,
Saws.
Screw.
Shipbuilding.
Teak,
Tile,
Veneering.
Wood-carving,
Yacht-building.

For Workers in Metals

Acoustics,
Agate,
Air Compressors.
Alloys,
Aluminum.
Arch,
Arithmetic,
Arms and Armor,
Arsenal,
Artillery,
Asbestos,
Asphalt,
Assaying,
Bank Vaults,
Barometer.
Bell,
Bellows.
Bicycle Manufacture.
Bismuth,
Boiler,
Brass,
Bronze,
Calculating Machines.
Can Manufacture,
Carbon,
Calico-printing,
Case-hardening,
Carving and Gilding,
Clocks,
Coal,
Copper,
Crane,
Cutlery,
Dynamics,
Die-sinking,
Dynamo.
Elasticity,
Electricity.
Electrolysis,
Embossing,
Energy,
Engraving,
Forge,
Furnace,
Geometry,
Gold,
Gold-beating,
Gravitation,
Gunmaking,
Hammer,
Iron,
Japanning.
Lacquer,
Lathe,
Laundry Machinery,
Lead.
Leather,
Locks.
Machine Tools,
Malachite,
Mensuration,
Metallurgy,
Metal Work,
Mineralogy,
Mines,
Nails,
Perpetual Motion,
Pipe-making,
Pipe Tools,
Plate,
Plated Ware,
Platinum,
Pneumatics,
Pontoons,
Potassium,
Presses,
Printing-press,
Projection,
Pump,
Safes,
Sawing Machines,
Screws,
Sewing Machines,
Solder,
Steam-engine,
Steel,
Sugar-making Machinery,
Tack-making.
Tempering Metals.
Tin,
Tin Plate.
Tool-making,
Tricycle.
Typesetting Machinery,
Typewriting Machines,
Valve,
Welding.
Wire.
Wire Rope.

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Many of the hundreds of biographies contained in the World-Wide Encyclopedia are character studies of the strongest kind which no young man can read without being deeply impressed by their lessons. A good character is as valuable a possession as great learning.

Valuable Suggestions

The World-Wide Encyclopedia is an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the earnest student, into which he may delve at will for the bright nuggets of the gold of wisdom. It is an endless orchard in which he may wander, plucking from every variety of the tree of knowledge the ripe fruit nourished by the work and thought of all the sages of the world.

A continued course of reading in the World-Wide Encyclopedia will strengthen the student, be he young or old, for the battle of life which is yearly growing more difficult because of the increase of competition in every field of endeavor. He will realize to the full the truth of the saying that "Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged."

The great advantage of the World-Wide Encyclopedia is the prodigality and thoroughness of its resources. The student of law or medicine, the embryo architect, artist, botanist, farmer, mechanic or merchant, can not only find here the principles that will fit him for the prosecution of his chosen line of endeavor, but can acquire the broad culture given by general knowledge that will sharpen his faculties and increase his strength in his special field.

Are you discouraged because you have not yet achieved success? Take courage and read in the World-Wide Encyclopedia the life of Robert Bruce, who, after years of failure to free Scotland from English rule, being hunted for his life, lay in hiding in a cave, where he saw a spider trying to clamber up the bare wall. Six times the spider renewed the task, each time falling back to the ground, but the seventh time it succeeded. Bruce, who had in despair determined to flee from his country, took the lesson to heart, made one more effort, and won.

Formed on the best examples, ripened on the best learning, the possessor of the World-Wide Encyclopedia will have a magnificent outfit for his life-work. Facility will come with labor, and the principles he has learned will become more thoroughly his own when he is putting them in practice. Let him not forget, either, that the Encyclopedia never graduates its students. Its curriculum is as long as life itself, for there is always more to learn; and the home will always remain the ideal place for learning.

Self-culture is not a meaningless phrase, but a living, breathing reality. It enlarges the ideals, elevates the thoughts and ennobles the labor of its possessor, no matter how commonplace or humble that labor may be. It gives a zest to life, a joy to the daily round of labor, which nothing can give so well as the constant intercourse with the great minds of the past and the great thoughts and intellectual movements of the present. Be he poor in all else, the possessor of self-culture can count himself rich in the best of all riches.

The **Key** to the **Study** of the World-Wide Encyclopedia which accompanies every set **Free,** will help you to pursue any particular course of reading.

A Word to Farmers

All wealth comes originally from the soil. The farmer bears the weight of the world upon his shoulders. He is the keystone of civilization. To be successful he must be something of a naturalist and something of a chemist; he must know what soils are suited to the production of different crops, and what fertilizers are best adapted to aid in the cultivation of each crop. When the farmer is intelligent and knows how to produce the best results without exhaustive labor, farm life is the healthiest and most invigorating in the world. The time has passed when farming can be successfully conducted without keen intelligence and a thorough scientific knowledge, and the World-Wide Encyclopedia is rich in information which will enable a man to become a scientific farmer. Brains and ability are fully as necessary in farming as in any other pursuit.

The following list of subjects are all considered exhaustively in the World-Wide Encyclopedia and should be diligently studied:

Abattoirs,
Agrarian Law,
Agriculture.
Agricultural Colleges.
Agricultural Experiment Stations.
Ancestry of Plants,
Animals.
Ants,
Arboriculture,
Atmosphere,
Banking,
Barometer,
Bean,
Bee,
Beet-sugar,
Birds,
Botany,
Bread,
Breeds,
Building,
Butter,
Canning,
Cattle,
Cheese,
Clover,
Coal,
Commerce,
Cuckoo,
Dairy,
Distillation,
Dog,
Education,
Emigration,
Ensilage
Farmers' Institutes.
Fish Culture,
Flax,
Floriculture,
Forests,
Free Trade.
Fruit,
Fungicides,
Gooseberry,
Grasses,
Granges,
Guano,
Harvesting Machinery,
Heating,
Honey,
Hops,
Horse,
Hunting,
Hybridism,
Inheritance,
Insects,
Insurance,
Irrigation,
Jute,
Labor Laws,
Land,
Land Laws,
Landlord,
Landscape Gardening,
Law,
Lease,
Maize,
Manure,
Mensuration,
Murrain,
Oats,
Oils,
Parasites,
Pleuro-pneumonia,
Potatoes,
Poultry,
Pumpkin,
Preserved Food,
Rent,
Salts,
Seed Farms,
Sequoia,
Sewage,
Sheep,
Silo,
Sugar,
Swan,
Swine,
Threshing Machinery,
Tobacco,
Transplanting,
Veterinary Science
Vegetable Kingdom
Vine,
Wages,
Walnut,
Warping,
Wheat,
Wool,
Zoology.

From the hour when a boy can read his mother-tongue he has it absolutely in his power, without classes, teachers or school buildings, to master all the learning of the world.

He sez, "We give big gifts to the churches."

And I sez, "Yes, I know it; but do you think," sez I, "that the Lord is goin' to think any better on you for raisin' up costly temples sacred to the Lord who specially said in his first sermon that he had come to preach the Gopel to the poor, give sight to the blind, set at liberty them that are bound? As it is you rare up magnificent temples and hire eloquent clergymen to preach the doctrine that condemns you if they preach the Bible, which a good many on 'em do. For you must remember what it sez:

Samantha Grows Eloquent

"If you who have plenty give not to your brother in need, how dwelleth the love of God in you? And if you have two coats and your poorer brother has none, you ort to give him your second best one. And you kneel down on your soft hassocks and pray all your enormous, needless wealth away from you, for you pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' which you know is the kingdom of love and equality and justice, and 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' when you know that God's will is mercy, pity and love. And 'Give us our daily bread,' when you must know that you are takin' it right out of the mouths of the poor when you are makin' your big corners on wheat and meat, and treezin' the widder and orphan when you make your corners on coal."

Sez I, "Look at Robert Strong's City of Justice. Love, peace and happiness rains there. Every workman is content, for he has his pay for his labor and a fair per centage on profits. If the factory is prosperous the workmen knows that he gets just as much accordin' for the work he puts in as if he owned the hull thing, and it is for his advantage to give good work and help it along all he can.

"Intemperance is not allowed to show its hoof and horns inside that city, for that would be injustice to the weak-willed and their families. Greed and plunder and the whiskey power has to stay outside, for the Bible sez without are dogs.

"Robert Strong might wring all the money he could from these workmen, wrop himself in a jewelled robe and set up in a gold chair and look down on the bent forms of the poor, sweating and groaning and striking and starving below him. But he don't want to. He is down there right by the side of 'em. Capital and labor walking side by side some like the lion and the lamb. He has enough for his wants, and they have enough for their wants, and there is mutual good-will there and peace and happiness. Hain't that better than discontent and envy and despair, bloody riots and revolutions? Cold, selfish, greedy Capital clutching its money-bags, and cowering and hiding away from starvin' infuriated strikers."

Sez I, growin' real eloquent, "Monopoly is the great American brigand hid in the black forest of politics. It has seized Labor in its clutches and wrings a ransom out of every toiler in the land.

"Monopoly steals out of Uncle Sam's pocket with one hand and with the other clutches the bread-money out of the tremblin', weak fingers of the poor. Is our law," sez I, "a travesty, a vain sham, that a man that steals millions for greed goes unpunished, while a man who steals a loaf to keep his children from starvin' is punished by our laws and scorfed at? Monopoly makes the poor pay tribute on every loaf of bread and bucket of coal, and the government looks on and helps it. Shame! shame that it is so!"

The Opportunities of Wealth

Sez Mr. Carnafeller, "Where would the world be to-day if it wuzn't for rich people building railroads, stringing telegraph and telephone wires, binding the cities and continents together?"

"Yes," sez I, "I set store by what they've done, just as I do on them good old creeters who used to carry the mails in their saddle-bags for so much a year. Folks felt tickled to death, I spoze, when they could send a letter by somebody for ten cents a letter. And it wuz a great improvement on havin' to write and send it by hum labor, a boy and a ox team. But when I see Uncle Sam can carry 'em for two cents and one cent a-piece, why I can't help favorin' the idee of givin' Uncle Sam the job. And if he can carry letters so much cheaper why can't he carry packages at just the same reduced rate, and talk over the wires, etc., etc.

"Not that I look down on them saddle-bags—fur from it—I honor 'em, and I honor the rich men that have cut iron roads through continents, mountain and abyss, honor them that have made talkin' under the ocean possible and through the pathless air. Yes, indeed, I honor 'em from nearly the bottom of my heart. But I would honor 'em still more if they should now all on 'em stand up in a row before Uncle Sam, and say, We have done all we could to help the people (and ourselves at the same time) and now as we see that you can help 'em still more than we can, we turn our improvements all over into your hands to use for the people, for you can make travel jest as much cheaper as letter carryin', and do it just as peaceable. Why, what a stir it would make on earth and in heaven, and Uncle Sam would see that they didn't lose anything by it. He'd see jest what a grand thing they wuz doin', and pay 'em well for it. And these rich men, instead of leavin' their wealth in bags of greenbacks for moth and rust and lawyers to corrupt, and fightin' heirs to break through their wills and steal, would leave it in grateful memories and a niche in history where their benine faces would stand up with all the great benefactors of the race. Hain't that better, Mr. Carnafeller, than to leave jest money for a fashionable wife and golf-playin' sons to run through?"

"HE LOOKED REAL CONVINCED"

A Hint From History

Mr. Carnafellar said he believed it wuz better; he looked real convinced. And seein' him in this softened frame of mind I went on and brung up a number of incidents provin' that the great folks of the past had held a good many of my idees in regard to wealth. I reminded him of Mr. Cincinnatus who did so much to make Rome glorious, when the public sought him out for honors (he not a-prancin' through the country with torch-light processions talkin' himself hoarse, and lavishin' money to git it), no indeed, when they sought him for a candidate for public honors they found him a not fixin' up the primarys and buyin' bosses, but plowin' away just as peaceable as his oxen, workin' on his own little farm of four acres. He wuz satisfied with makin' enough to live on. Live and let live was his motto.

"And Mr. Regulus, the leader of the great Roman forces wuz satisfied with his little farm of seven acres, creepin' up a little in amount from four to seven. But it wuzn't till long, long afterwards that the rich grew enormously rich and the poor poorer, and what a man had wuz honored instead of what he wuz. Over and over the drama has been played out, moderation and contentment, luxury and discontent, revolution and ruin, but I did hope that our republic, havin' more warnin's and nigher the millenium, wouldn't go the same old jog trot up, up—up, and down, down, down. I wuz some in hopes they would hear to me, but I d'no."

Samantha Has Hopes

I could see that Mr. Carnafeller wuz greatly impressed by what I said. I see he took out his watch a number of times, wantin' to see, I mistrusted, the exact minute that I said different things. He wuz jest like the rest of them millionares, a first-rate lookin' and actin' creeter when you git down to the real man, but run away with by Ambition and Greed, a span that will take the bits in their mouth and dash off and carry any one further than they mean to be carried. He didn't say so right out but he kinder gin me to understand that I'd convinced him more'n a little. And I am lookin' every day to see him make a dicker with Uncle Sam (a good-hearted creeter too as ever lived Uncle Sam is, only led away sometimes by bad councilors), yes, I expect he will make a dicker with Uncle Sam for the good of the public and hasten on the day of love and justice. I am lookin' for it and prayin' for it; in fact the hull world is prayin' for it every day whether they know it or not when they pray "Thy kingdom come."

But to resoom: Robert Strong and Josiah come back almost simeltaneously, and I don't know what Mr. Carnatellar's bizness wuz with Robert, sunthin' about California affairs I guess, mebby politics or sunthin'. But 'tennyrate, if it wuz, anything out of the way I know he would never get Robert to jine in with him.

(To be Continued.)

Chilian Friends Help India

From the remotest lands comes sympathetic help for suffering India. The following letter from Chili, South America, shows that the story of India's woes has awakened pity in that distant republic:

CHRISTIAN HERALD:—Inclosed, Messrs. Guggenheim's New York draft for $5. This represents the following subscriptions for famine fund from Playa, Blanca (native) Chilian converts, Methodist Episcopalian Church members: Sister Juanawde Gonzales, 70 cents; Sister Martina C. de Lewis, 70 cents; Brother and Sister Guerrero, 70 cents; Brother and Sister Godoi, 70 cents; Brother Jose Manuel Heredia, 70 cents; Brother Juan de Dios Santis, 70 cents; Brother J. L. de Dios Santis, 80 cents. Total, $5. These people are poor people of working class, who spontaneously have done this. They are a noble and bright group of Christians, and a good sample of God's having chosen the poor of this world for his kingdom. J. L.

Trains Stopped by Deer

At different times reports have appeared in the newspaper of railroad traffic being impeded by locusts and grasshoppers. A few days ago a Colorado despatch stated that great droves of deer were crossing the tracks between Grand Junction and Glenwood Springs, and at times they interfered with passing trains. There were from 10,000 to 20,000 animals in one herd, and when this was passing the road was blocked for nearly two hours. These, during the summer, are scattered over the *mesas* or tablelands of Routt and Rio Blanco counties. As winter approaches they collect in immense herds, and start for the winter pastures and salt licks several hundred miles to the south. Deer headed for their wintering grounds rush irresistibly over everything in their path.

The Best of All Testaments

When I open my **Red Letter New Testament** I always read Christ's words with a thrill of pleasure before taking up the regular readings. Then I find myself reading only the red letters. I was surprised to find all of Rev. 2 and 8 chapters were Christ's words. Then it continually reminds me of his blood shed for us. I am delighted with mine, and have given two to friends.

Lincoln, Ill. Mrs. B. H. B.

Work of the American Board

The receipts of the American Board of Foreign Missions of July were $62.781.76, as against $58,614.05 for the corresponding month last year. The total receipts for eleven months of 1900 is $589,935.60, a net increase in donations and legacies of $64.904.84 over the corresponding eleven months of 1899.

THEY 'LL NEVER SEEM OLD

I WONDER if any would call them old—
They do not feel old themselves—
But mother is sixty-six, we're told,
And father, three score and twelve.
Stepping so blithely where e'er they go,
So ready to hear and see;
They never seem old to me. Oh, no!
They never seem old to me.

Their love is so true—so tender and strong,
I know it must really seem
They have not been living so very long,
But are dreaming, still, "Love's young dream."
Carrying sunshine where clouds hang low,
Good angels wherever they be,
They'll never seem old to me, Oh, no!
They'll never seem old to me.

The same dear hands on the Bible lid,
The same dear words of prayer;
They seem to me as they always did,
Undamaged by time or care.
I hardly know if their hair is gray—
Perhaps it may slightly be—
But, smiling and loving the same old way,
They never seem old to me.

'Tis human sympathy sweet and warm,
That springs from a heart of truth;
'Tis tender love that will age transform,
And give it the stamp of youth.
The years will roll as they've always rolled,
And be as the years must be;
But father and mother will never seem old,
They'll never seem old to me.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

A Blind Church Organist

THOUGH never having seen a keyboard or a pedal, the blind organist, Frank Irwin, can find his own way to the church organ loft and play a prelude that will put a large congregation into the attitude of worship. Strange as it may seem, this young man, who has never seen the light of the sun, is a gifted player of music, secular or sacred. The pastor can announce for his congregation any ordinary hymn from the book, simply read the first line, and this blind musician at once plays the fitting tune. Frank Irwin was born in Brooklyn in 1877. In spite of great obstacles, this consecrated Christian has developed his talent as few could have done under similar circumstances. He always has had a passion for music, and, while a mere child, would come to his sister's piano and play for hours. At six years of age he was able to render tunes by ear with rare ability. At eleven years he had entered the New York Institute for the Blind, and studied under W. B. Wait, who did all he could to develop his musical talent. The blind student undertook a scientific study of music, adopting the "point system" for reading the scale. He has also become proficient with the violin. He has composed some excellent original pieces. He plays with much expression and for some time past has filled various positions as church organist, playing recently the organ of the Union Evangelical Church at Corona, L. I., to the delight of the congregation.

FRANK IRWIN, THE BLIND ORGANIST

DISTRIBUTION OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" CORN TO FOUR SCHOOLS AT AHMEDNAGAR, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MRS. R. A. HUME

INDIA'S ORPHAN CHILDREN PLEAD FOR HELP

WILL YOU MAKE A SACRIFICE TO MAINTAIN AND EDUCATE ONE FATHERLESS CHILD IN INDIA?

FROM Bishop J. M. Thoburn and Rev. E. S. Hume, who are in this country recovering from illness, and from missionaries in India of all denominations appeals of the most urgent character have been received during the past two weeks on behalf of the orphans. We should judge from the statements they make that there must be nearly if not quite half a million of these little creatures to be provided for. Some of the missionaries have received as many as one thousand into their institutions. They could not refuse them admission when their bright little faces, pinched with hunger, pleaded so eloquently for food. The question the missionaries are now asking with sinking hearts is

Must They Be Given Up?

It is impossible that the missionaries can support them. Their incomes are small; all that they have saved was given away in the famine; the Mission Boards have no funds available for the purpose. It rests with the Christian public to say whether the orphans shall be turned out to beg or steal, or whether they shall be supported, educated and prepared for a Christian life. The letters of the missionaries put this alternative clearly. Glad as they would be to keep the children, and willingly as they would give the toil of teaching them, they cannot undertake the charge without immediate help.

The crisis was so urgent and the possibility of the missionaries being compelled to abandon the children was so dire that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has

Cabled $25,000

to its Interdenominational Missionary Committee in Bombay, to be distributed among the missionaries who have taken in the largest number of orphans, and whose need is consequently the most urgent. This sum will suffice to maintain five thousand orphans for four months. It was imperative that something should be done, and that quickly, to reassure the missionaries whose hearts were sinking at the prospect before them. We are convinced that the Christian people of America, when once they realize the need and the blessing that will come from this work, will give liberally and promptly as they have done heretofore in response to the appeals of the missionaries; but time pressed and therefore this earnest of coming support was sent forward. Fifty thousand dollars will be needed to continue the support of these five thousand children through the year. It seems a large sum, but when we consider what will be the result of so many receiving a Christian education, we perceive that there is no way in which such a sum could be invested with so much hope of beneficent results. Those children will carry the good news of the Gospel far and wide through India, and their message and their lives will like leaven permeate the millions of that benighted and afflicted land.

Again we urge as the easiest and most delightful method of bearing the burden,

The Plan of Adoption.

Any man or woman, any childless couple, any bereaved parents may adopt a child—boy or girl. That child will be educated and maintained in an orphanage of any denomination that the foster-parents may prefer, for there are missionaries of every denomination with orphans on their hands whom they are anxious to keep. The missionaries undertake that the child shall be informed of the name of its benefactors and promise that at regular intervals those benefactors shall be informed by letter of the condition and progress of their adopted child. The cost will be fifteen dollars a year—thirty cents a week—and for that small sum a child may be saved for time and for eternity.

What is a Child Worth?

Let a mother answer. Missionaries tell us that wicked men and women are eager to get all the children they can obtain, that they may train them up to vice. Should these children in the orphanages be turned out many of them will be lured into the toils of these evil-minded persons. It is therefore no baseless fear that points the appeal for help. What gratification it will be in years to come; what consolation it will be for a dying pillow, to feel that by a small sacrifice at this time, some man or woman is living a Christian life in India who might, without that sacrifice, be lost in this life and that which is to come! It is a magnificent opportunity that may never occur again in a century.

Little Sudena

One illustration of the opportunities now offering to missionaries is given in a letter from Miss Hattie Bruce of the American Board's Mission at Satara. It appears that a man living at Arphal, near Satara lost his wife through the complaint most prevalent just now in India—misery and starvation. She left him just one legacy that in other times would have been very precious to the bereaved husband—a four-month's-old baby girl. But in these awful days he did not know what to do with her. It was a problem that taxed all his energies to find food for himself. He went about with the child in his arms begging milk for her; but it was a hard matter and very soon he began to regard the little girl as an incumbrance. Among other people to whom he applied for help was Vithoba, a native Christian teacher, to whom he confided his intention of disposing of the baby to one of the harpies before mentioned who provide for the lusts of the vicious men of the cities. Vithoba begged him to do nothing so unnatural. The father said he could not keep the child, and these women were willing to buy her. Vithoba had no money to offer, but he was anxious to obtain the child that it might be brought up by the Christians. But he had received some American corn from the cargo of the *Quito*, so he offered him four seers (about 28 pounds) of the corn in exchange for the child. The offer was tempting, for the man was hungry, but still he hesitated. Finally he was induced to accompany Vithoba to Satara, where the conduct of negotiations was transferred to Miss Bruce. Eventually a CHRISTIAN HERALD blanket was added to the offer, and the father went away satisfied. Miss Bruce has named the girl Sudena, which means Happy Day, because it was a happy day for her when American corn and a blanket saved her from so sad a fate. "With many thanks to your readers," writes Miss Bruce, "on Sudena's behalf for the privilege they have placed within our reach by their generosity, I am yours gratefully." She adds one interesting detail in a postscript. There is, as already reported, a dearth of clothes. The deft fingers of the women have transformed the bags in which the *Quito's* cargo was packed, into quite presentable garments for the children, and now many a little girl is running around with a garment on which the stamp of

"American Corn"

is conspicuous. It is not inappropriate, for the little figure inside the bag owes its plumpness to the corn which once filled the bag. If the donors of the corn saw the bonnie little creatures so labeled, they would rejoice at the transformation and would take this American corn in its new form to their hearts.

Rev. J. H. Garden, of the Methodist Episcopal mission at Vikarabad, writes cheerfully of his work among the children. He is confident that the American people will support so Christlike a work. He has not only filled his home with orphan children but has erected two great wooden sheds in his compound, one for boys and one for girls, each capable of accommodating three hundred, that number being now on his hands.

H. Huizinga, of the Ongole Orphanage, writes: "I want to tell you about a little Mohammedan baby girl of six months old, which was brought to me by its own emaciated mother. 'Take it, sir,' she said, 'I have no food for myself and no milk for this child and its twin sister.' I took the little skeleton baby into the orphanage; I don't buy babies, nor did this mother ask any price for hers, but I gave her a small sum to help her, and to take care of herself and her remaining child. Our little one has greatly improved the ten days that she has been with us, and the other children are very fond of it.

"The number of orphans brought to us is increasing daily. We hope to be able to receive all who come and to provide for them until they are grown up. We shall teach them all to work, and, except in special cases, we shall try to make them better fitted for the work and the environment in which they or their parents previously were. The various details of the problems arising from the assumption of so many homeless waifs are constantly before the director and the advisory council. We look to God, the Father of the fatherless, both for guidance and for means to carry on this work."

2,800 Orphans

Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, writes that the American Board's Marathi Mission had, on July 25th, by actual count, 2,251 orphans on its hands, and by August 5th the number had risen to 2,800. "Thus far," he adds, "support has been pledged for not more than twenty of these. I earnestly hope that through some American fund, probably chiefly through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD means will be found to support all these."

Miss Lilian E. Marks of the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Ajmere in the Rajputana country, received a share of the money remitted from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund and asks us to thank our readers for the help rendered in the time of need. She says: "We have received all the orphans who have been brought to us. We have now eight hundred and forty orphans and widows under our care and the responsibility is very great."

To these urgent appeals it is unnecessary to add any word of emphasis. They speak for themselves. The harvest truly is great. The missionaries are ready for the labor, and all that is needed is the small sum required for the support of each child. All who desire to have a share in this grand work should send on their contributions immediately. We would especially urge the need on Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies. One teacher or member should introduce the subject and should take care that his organization shall support one child at least. The money may be sent to us monthly or quarterly, and will be promptly acknowledged in these columns and remitted to India. It is important that the missionaries know without loss of time how many orphans they are justified in undertaking to keep, and this depends on the pledges of support made by American Christians.

LITTLE FOLKS WHO HELPED INDIA'S ORPHANS

.. How Young Americans Plead, Labored and Sacrificed for the Hapless Famine Waifs ..

WE would like to issue a beautiful volume, calling it the "Book of Golden Deeds," in which should be recorded all the letters received at this office from youthful Americans, who are reaching out hands of help to India's destitute orphaned children. It should be an album of honor, too, for the pictured faces of all of India's little friends should shine forth from its pages. It would be more interesting than any book of fairy stories ever published, for, while fairy stories tell of marvelous deeds that were never wrought, this would tell of beautiful deeds well done by children who followed the Golden Rule. The sacrifices and labors of children in the interest of the perishing, the fatherless and motherless, must be precious indeed in the eyes of the Master, who loved little children so. The following letters record no small sacrifices on the part of some boys and girls.

Mrs. H. L. B. Raleigh, Ill., $1. From Hal, aged six years. He had saved it to buy a tool chest.—A Friend, $10. From a young girl who went without carfare, to save money to buy a camera. Reading in a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that fell into her hands of the destitute, helpless children of India, she said, "Oh, I can't be so wicked and selfish as to spend this on a camera. I hear the cry of those poor little babies all night! This money will almost care for one orphan for a whole year."—Mrs. G. Parker, Minn., $1. "My little five-year-old son, Warren, has been saving up his money for over a year to buy a blackboard. May the Lord bless his little gift!"—Evelyn Dennison: "I send four cents, all I have."—Mrs. Ingle, 25 cents. "My little boy sends all his money for India's children."—Claire Woodsun, Maine, 25 cents. "I had it to buy candy with it."—Lattie Aggie Boray, $5. "I gave up my birthday party to make some poor little orphans happy on my birthday."—George and Hazel Reynolds, $2.25. Hazel sold her three chickens to make hers.—May Hughes, $1. "My sister Janie and I have made it for the wee India orphans."

The way our little friends have toiled for India is a lesson of inspiration to older people who carry upon their hearts the cause of India's orphaned thousands. The warden of St. James P. E. Church, Drifton, Pa., sending $18.94 for his Sunday School, says: "Some of the children earned their pennies toward this offering by picking huckleberries when the thermometer registered in the nineties." Little Maybelle Harris, writes: "I want to send this three cents to buy a dinner for a poor little orphan girl in India. It is all I have got. I wiped dust off a big floor to make it." Perhaps some grown folks may smile at the way this little man, Raye Bell, made his money for India, but none will say it was an easy way. "My papa told me if I would have my tooth pulled, he would give me fifty cents. I had it pulled. Here is the fifty cents."

Mary Allie Pratt sends $2.82, saying: "I earned, saved and begged the money."

Lena J., a brave little Texan, eleven years old, did not raise the $1.63 which she sends, very easily. She writes us:

I am eleven years old. Mama and I sat here and read and cried ourselves sick at the pitiful Hindus. We couldn't let such a call go unheeded. Mama is a widow on a farm here, and no boys, and she is not stout, but we can do a little, so I got on a horse, and rode from twelve till nightfall, and only collected eighty cents. Oh, my heart ached, for I felt like I ought to have done better. But there isn't much money, and there's so many questions asked, it's hard work for a child to get much money for the orphans.

Surely, the boys and girls who are giving the savings in their little banks to the orphans in India are giving unto God and so laying up treasure in heaven.

Mrs. Drain, Ill., $2. "My little daughter, Grace, and my little son, James, saved $2 in pennies in their savings bank, but they want all the pennies to go towards saving some poor orphan."—Edna and Emma, two little schoolmates, Fall River, $5.20, "that we took out of our banks, and got from our papas and mamas, and from our schoolmates. We hope it will help save some poor children."—Wallace and Charles and Baby John Marten, $2.50 "for India's poor children."—Warren and Ninabelle. "We send our ten dollars for India."—Willie and Hettie, New Bedford, $3.39. "For the little children that have no papa and mama, and nothing to eat."—Porter Merle Waldron, $1. "I have been saving my money, but now I must send it to the poor India orphans."

Some young people took very pleasant ways to raise money for orphans. May Babcock sends $4, the proceeds of an entertainment. Carol, Nettie and Gladys send the proceeds of a fair. Master Dennis Blue writes:

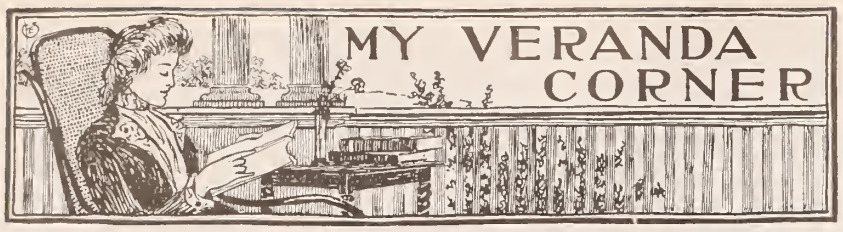
It being my birthday, I started to see how much I could get for India's children. I got $5.

Every child whose face appears on this page has helped India's unhappy little ones. One little helper, Lillian, is now in heaven with Jesus.

Some very tiny folks have lent their strength to the orphan's cause. "I am only two years old," Ola Parsley's mama writes for her, "but old enough to do my part. Please put me among 'India's Little Helpers.'" Little Clifford and Ione, Madison, Minn., send "our dollar to help some poor orphan." In the names of many wee folks, mothers and fathers make offering. "Please send this fifty cents to India from one of Colorado's sweetest babies, Merlie Lee," writes Merlie's mama. Mrs. M. F. Bennett, North Carolina, sends $1, "in the name of my dear little grandchild, Frances."

1. LILLIAN 2. HAL 3. MAY BABCOCK 4. MABEL AND MINNIE 5. EDITH AND MARY
6. FLOSSIE AND LOIS 7. DE WITT 8. WALLACE, CHARLES AND JOHN 9. CLAIRE

THESE BELONG TO THE BAND OF INDIA'S LITTLE HELPERS



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

LIFE'S MORNING

THE young mother does not always believe it, but her happiest day of life is lived when her baby is in her arms, in the crib, toddling about the floor, creeping about and clinging to her skirts. There will never again be moments so exquisite as those in which she realizes how absolutely her own her darling is, how dependent on her for everything, how clinging and trustful, because knowing no other love. Sometimes the mother grows discouraged and weary and thinks herself circumscribed by her cares, but this is very short-sighted. She will always belong to her child, even if she and he both live to be old people together, but after his independent life begins, his life of individual care, labor and responsibility, he will not be hers as in the morning-time, when she makes his sunshine by her smile, and his shadow by her frown.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE

Every day sees the most marvelous growth, when a baby's life is counted by months. It is almost miraculous, the swiftness of the child's development, the dawn of intelligence, the awakening of thought, imagination and reason. Happy the household which has a cradle! Mournful, indeed, the home where there is an empty crib. God guard mother and babe!

Dog-Days

The dog-days are hard to bear while they last, days hot and humid, days breathless and devitalized. But only a few week's hence and we shall be complaining of the frost, of the cold, of the bitter blasts, of the keen, knife-like edge of the icy winter time. Is it not a good thing that our Lord makes the weather, and not we, that he is responsible for the cold and the heat, that he orders the climate at his own pleasure? Hot weather or cold, this is a beautiful world.

Song-Birds and Sparrows

The poor little English sparrow has so many enemies and so few friends; he is so often called a ruffian in feathers, and his destruction of insects is so little prized, that I am glad to receive from a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a very nice letter in his behalf. The sparrow's champion says: "If you want to hear song-birds that are song-birds you must go to England, the home of the despised sparrow. In a residence there of some years, I never saw the sparrow attack a song-bird, though I have seen the sparrows go for a chicken-hawk and make things so lively for him that he sighed for solitude. We need laws against the trade that kills birds for decorating ladies' hats; these enforced would give us song-birds enough to charm our ears and protect our fruit-trees."

Thank you my friend. I like your letter, and agree with its sentiments.

Winsome Youth

By virtue of its freshness, its zest and enthusiasm, youth is winsome. What a blank ensues in a home when the son goes away to seek his fortune, or when the first daughter marries! The buoyant step, the merry laugh, the engaging manner are missed every hour of the day, and the work drags; father comes in tired from the farm; mother mixes sighs with the dough as she kneads the bread. There is desolation, for the light of the house has gone away. It is all the harder to bear if the youth was considerate, tactful, unselfish and deferential, was in truth very winsome.

A Pie Party

Enclosed find three dollar for the sufferers in India. A schoolmate and I made a pie supper and got this little mite. Perhaps it will do a little good. Please write us if we can help you any more and we will try to do better next time. Your friend,

Kettle, W. Va., Aug. 2, 1900. ESTA HUNT.

Indeed, the mite will do a great deal of good and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is glad to welcome all such contributions to aid in its great enterprise of assisting the famine-stricken people of India. Some readers may not understand just what a pie supper is. In many communities they are a popular form of entertainment, combining sociability with the endeavor to raise money for the church or for any good object. All the young people in a given neighborhood are invited, and pies, attractively set forth on long tables, or on small round ones, are on sale. Each pie bears the name of the young woman who made it pasted on the bottom of the pie-plate. The young gentlemen choose each a pie, and then each has for his partner of the evening, the girl who made the dainty. A lover is rarely mistaken in selecting the pie his sweetheart made, and it now and then happens that a girl's pie is so good that it proves for her a certificate of merit, and the man who sits by her for an evening begs her to become his pie-maker for life. It is said, but I fancy it is a slander, that the plain girls make the best pies, and the pretty girls the poorest. If this is so, the attendant man never finds it out, for a man in love would consider sole-leather and sawdust delicious if Bright-eyes sat opposite and chatted while he ate the combination. The pie-party is a variation of the necktie, the bonnet-trimming and the apron party; also of the picnic-basket supper, with which all women who resort to women's methods of raising funds for charity are well acquainted.

Esta Hunt and her schoolmate have set a good example in this kind deed of theirs and we trust others may follow it and report results.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—E. S. A. At Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, you can take a complete course in millinery.

—LUCY M. Her mother's kitchen is the best place in which a young girl can learn housework.

—R. That is a lovely plan of yours, keeping water in your yard that all thirsty birds may drink. I am glad you speak kindly of the sparrows.

—MILRED. I think your hair needs brushing. Be careful to brush it before going to bed, with one hundred strokes of the brush. Shampooing is good, but must not be too frequent.

—B. G. Marriage under a floral rainbow is very pretty, the sign being that no matter what trials come there will always be sunshine, so long as there is mutual confidence, love and esteem between husband and wife.

—IRENE. The best remedy I know for low spirits is hard work. Occupy yourself with whatever comes to hand. By all means see your physician. I fancy that your physical condition may account for your melancholy. Don't go to blaming Divine Providence, dear lady. Ask God's help and go forward doing the best you can yourself.

—COUNTRY GIRL. White organdy will make a beautiful wedding-gown; few materials are daintier. I would have it with a short train and trim it with narrow ruffles. If it must be early in the afternoon, have two o'clock as the hour of the ceremony. The groom may wear gray trousers, but should have a black coat. Gray is a suitable color for a bride's traveling dress, and is useful on many occasions after the event for church and visiting. Have refreshments served as soon as possible after the congratulations to the happy pair. I would have chicken salad, sandwiches, creamed oysters and coffee, and perhaps ice cream. Your idea about the wedding cake cut in pieces and placed in little boxes for every guest is a very good one, but not really a necessity. The bride should herself cut the first piece of her wedding cake as it stands on the table. If cake is given to the guests, it must be ready beforehand.

—P. W. Circumstances determine how many cards a man leaves when calling. If at a house where he is intimate he may ask for the ladies, and send a single card. If the call be more general, he may send a card to each lady. I do not think it needful always to waste visiting cards. If his hostess opens the door herself and there is no card-receiver anywhere, he may or may not leave his card on a table. The omission would not be impolite. Send a note of thanks to the secretary of an organization when thanks are in order. There is no etiquette as to the exchange of photographs but only intimate friends exchange them. Your picture is a personal token, not given to everyone.

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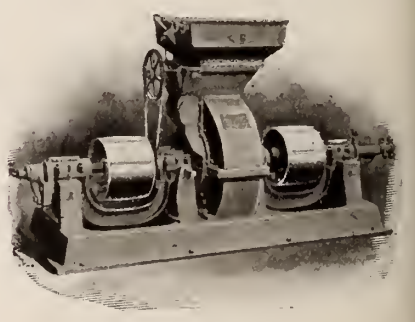

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

SOME OF OUR LITTLE FRESH-AIR GUESTS

THE CRIPPLED ORPHANS—THE WIDOW'S BOYS—LITTLE NUMBER TWELVE THOUSAND'S BROTHER

MANY little ones, brought to the brink of the grave by the summer's heat and by deadly environments of wretched tenement homes, are alive to-day, brown, strong and "ready to go to school," because of outings given them by generous readers of this paper. And many a tenement mother, whose burdens our readers have helped to lift, is to-day thanking God and blessing them for the mercy shown.

This is an extract from a letter we received in June from a lady who takes much interest in our Fresh-Air work:

I am writing for Mrs. Donovan, a most faithful, honorable woman, a widow with four boys under twelve wholly dependent upon her. During August she gets but little work, and if she could send her little ones away for a fortnight, it would be a great help to her.

This note came from Mrs. Donovan, August 22:

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: I thank you for the nice time my three boys had up at Nyack. They were delighted with the place and the treatment they received. I was worried because I had no work, and with four children it was very hard. God will reward you. You have the everlasting gratitude of me and my boys, who won't ever forget the kindness they received.

HARRY, "LITTLE TWELVE THOUSAND'S" BROTHER

Many of our readers, after seeing her story in this paper, have written to us about little Bertha Brown, who "had never seen the country, never so much as seen a park." Her father dead, her mother dying, her oldest sister, Adelaide, in a hospital for an injury sustained by a fall, her youngest sister provided for by adoption, the little maid seemed indeed alone save for the interest of the kind lady who took her to her own home and brought her to our notice. Since that time, Bertha went to Mont-Lawn and enjoyed her outing greatly, and later she found a good and permanent home. Here is a letter from Bertha's kind friend about Adelaide:

Last week her mother died in the Hospital for Consumptives. I went over to see Adelaide on Saturday. The poor little thing is broken-hearted. It was impossible for her to see her mother (she had not seen her for about two months), as she is obliged to lie in a rolling chair, her entire right side from chest to foot in plaster. She is ten years old, very sweet and lovable. I enclose the pathetic letter written by the little one in the hospital when the news came that she was motherless. It was to her aged grandfather:

DEAR GRANDPA: I received a letter from Mrs. G. this morning, and it told me sad news. It said my mama died, and I cried awful. I am so sorry of it. I know it is better for her, but I would like to see her. I want to see her so much. I suppose you was there when it happened. I hope you will get along alright. Now I am an orphant but I can't help it. I will close my letter with lots of love. I send my love to mama in heaven.

When Adelaide was well enough, she went to St. Giles' Home for Cripples; from there, with a lame playmate, she came to the Bible House, and both children were sent to Mont-Lawn. These two little crippled orphans, limping about the lawn hand in hand, made a touching picture. They were very cheerful, gentle and lovable, and enjoyed their outing thoroughly.

Harry is brother of the wee maid, called "Little Twelve Thousand," because she was the twelve thousandth guest our Home has entertained. No children have been to Mont-Lawn this summer who enjoyed its privileges more heartily than these poor waifs. Their organs of speech are so defective that they could not express with their tongues the joy and gratitude that shone forth in every glance of their big blue eyes. Rags never clothed two gentler, sweeter, more affectionate children than "Little 11,999" and "Little 12,000."

Some little children of a poor missionary were among our happiest guests. Their parents live in a tiny home on a crowded thoroughfare of the slums; and for seven long years have worked faithfully night and day among the people of the district, who are too poor to pay them anything. This summer, an uptown church agreed to supply the missionary's place and let him and his wife take a rest. They could not rest at home with people coming to them daily with their needs and woes: their sick to be nursed and doctored, their wayward ones looked after, their imprisoned ones visited and helped. Leave their little tenement home for a trip to the country? Oh, how they longed for such a rest! But whence would the money come to pay transportation and board for themselves and their four children? The thing was impossible! They gave up all thought of a vacation. A lady who worked in their mission and who knew of the circumstances, told THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about it; whereupon their happy children, who had never had an outing, went up to Mont-Lawn, and their tired papa, mama and sick baby brother had a trip to the country, too.

A poor but most worthy workingman writes to Housemother Collins:

My boy, Leon, tells us he is having a real good time at Mont-Lawn. Both myself and wife thank you for your kindness and love to the poorest of the poor. God will bless you and your helpers for your work of love, remembering how the Saviour said that "whoso giveth unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward."

Nearly five years ago I was led to God in a meeting at the Bowery Mission, and I have found companionship with Christ a constant help and comfort. God abundantly bless Dr. Klopsch in all his work for fallen humanity. We will bear the Children's Home in our prayers before the throne of heavenly grace both early and late."

Tenement children who have no papa, mama, Sunday School teacher, or kind missionary to present their case and ask an outing for them, plead their own cause by coming in person, rags and all, to the Bible House, or by writing out applications that are marvels of misspelling and good endeavor. Minnie's laborious epistle explained:

DEERE DR. KLOPSCH: i Nede it very Bad wood you be so kine an let me no if you like to let me Have Ten Dase in Mont-Lawn, Niack i wood Be verry much Pleased if you Do So i think you wood rite to me an let me no if you wood or not. Yore Loving Friend.

. . .

Gifts of Clothing

Gifts of clothing, etc., have been received from the following named friends:

Mrs. A. E. Whitney; Mrs. F. McCrea; Unnamed, ——; Unnamed, ——; A Friend, ——; Mrs. C. Young; Mrs. H. C. Mead Foss; Marie W. Conard; Annie Biszantz; Frances E. Barr; Miss Lydia Holmes; Mrs. E. L. Stone; A Friend; R. V. Darby; Paul Dyer; Mrs. R. A. Anderson; Whatsoever Circle King's Daughters, Mont Alto, Pa.; M. H. M., Middleboro, Mass; Sarah Mapson; Mrs. E. M. Smith; Mrs. Bouen; Mary A. Bitterinew; Mrs. A. B. Melick; —, Stenbenville, O.; M., Westcott, Tex.; Mrs. C. Titus; Geo. Fassell; Julia F. Grandin; Lizzie Winfield; Mrs. L. W. Russell; Jessie Steel; R. E. Biszantz; Mrs. Walker; L. S. Piera; Alice F. Bowman; Mrs. M. C. Jordan; Mrs. A. L. Camillo; Mildred E. Shanahan; Mrs. C. D. Simmons; Annie E. Fernald; Mrs. F. G. Norton; Miss Frances H. Butler; Mrs. Thompson; Mrs. Emma D. Tracy; Mrs. M. A. Cope; Miss Jessie L. Miner.

♣

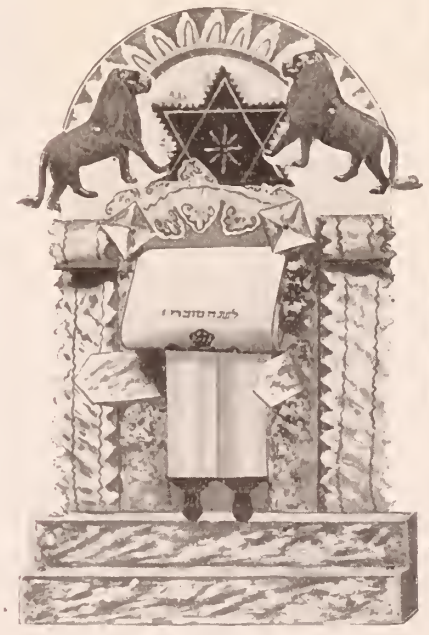
THE WISH AND THE PRAYER

OH that mine eye might closed be,
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry.
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin;
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

♣

A STRANGE NEW YEAR'S CARD

ONE of the traits of the Hebrew in America is that though he may be slow to emulate the customs of his Christian neighbors, yet when he does so he is often quick to improve upon the original. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Jewish New Year greetings were customarily expressed in writing. Recently the Jews have begun to adopt in some degree the Christian forms of Christmas, New Year's and Easter cards. Eliminating the distinctively Christian emblems from the illuminated cards, they print their New Year greetings in Hebrew, either on a separate small card or upon the larger and more elaborate design itself. Of late years there have been many original designs for conveying good wishes. One designer struck the keynote of Jewish sentiment by inventing a purely religious design for Jewish high holiday greeting cards. This is shown in the illustration on this page. It represents a synagogue shrine constructed of exquisitely tinted celluloid and bearing two gilded lions on top, with a white satin curtain descending in the centre. On the curtain, stamped in gold, is an English coat-of-arms around the Decalogue in Hebrew, and the Hebrew words: "May you be inscribed in the Book of Life for a Happy Year." When the curtain is lifted up, a three-inch scroll is revealed within the shrine. The scroll contains the Pentateuch in fine but very clear Hebrew type, a perfect miniature of the scroll which is found in every Jewish synagogue. The Jewish New Year celebration will be ushered in on the evening of the 23d inst., and, with but short intervals, it ends on the evening of October 16th.



A JEWISH NEW YEAR'S CARD

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite and gives refreshing sleep. What a delightful experience to enjoy at this season of the year.

TRAINED NURSE.
Remarks about Nourishing Food.

"A physician's wife, Mrs. Dr. Landon, gave me a packet of Grape-Nuts about a year ago, with the remark that she was sure I would find the food very beneficial, both for my own use and for my patients. I was particularly attracted to the food, as at that time the weather was very hot and I appreciated the fact that the Grape-Nuts required no cooking.

"The food was deliciously crisp, and most inviting to the appetite. After making use of it twice a day for three or four weeks, I discovered that it was a most wonderful invigorator. I used to suffer greatly from exhaustion, headaches and depression of spirits. My work had been very trying at times and indigestion had set in.

"Now I am always well and ready for any amount of work, have an abundance of active energy and cheerfulness and mental poise. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that this change has been brought about by Grape-Nuts food.

"The fact that it is predigested is a very desirable feature. I have had many remarkable results in feeding Grape-Nuts to my patients, and I cannot speak too highly of the food. My friends constantly comment on the change in my appearance. I have gained nine pounds since beginning the use of this food." Eleanor Miller, Trained Medical and Surgical Nurse, 515 Jeff. St., Bay City, Mich.

Here's the Idea

It's easy to see the principle of the President Suspender. It's the principle of "give." It yields to every bend of the body. You can't feel the

President Suspender

no matter how hard you work. That's the secret of its popularity—the unconscious comfort of it. Will wear for years. Trimmings never rust.

$1500 for your Estimate

With every suspender sold is a guarantee which insures its wear and gives the right to participate in our Presidential Vote Contest. Refuse imitations. At all dealers or direct from us, 50 cts. postpaid. Send for handsome booklet—*President Pointers*—Free.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York and Chicago.

SUFFERING PIMA INDIANS

The Diversion of Water Has Made a Desert of Their Fertile Lands

SOMETIME ago the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was directed to the condition of a large number of Indians of the Pima tribe, who were represented as bordering on destitution. With a view to ascertaining the exact facts, and for the purpose, also, of learning whether aid was necessary, we sent a letter of inquiry to Mr. S. M. McCowan, the superintendent of the Indian School Service at Phoenix, Ariz., who replied as follows:

The condition of these Indians is somewhat serious, and I have at various times used what influence I possessed toward assisting them by calling the attention of the government officials to their condition and making various suggestions for their relief. The Pima Indians number some 4,000, settled on three reservations, under the control of a single agent. The Indians on two of these reservations, the two small ones (the Gila Reservation and Salt River), are not suffering, and probably will not, inasmuch as they secure water from the canals that supply the white settlers as on the Salt River Reservation, or by means of underground currents of water which rise to the surface at convenient points as on the Gila Reservation; but on the Sacaton Reservation, much the largest of the three, the supply of irrigating water has been entirely cut off by the white settlers who have settled above them on the Gila River and appropriated all the water running in that stream. During the present season these Indians have not had a drop of water, except what has fallen in two or three slight showers in the early spring. These showers were enough to mature perhaps an eighth of a crop of wheat, nothing else. These industrious, independent and harmless Indians, whose boast it is that they know not the color of the white man's blood, who have always welcomed the white man and made it possible for him to live in Arizona and develop its great resources, have been deprived permanently of all water supply; and, if you know this country at all, you know that the land, without water enough to properly irrigate it, is utterly valueless. It seems to me the only way of relieving these deserving Indians and helping them to permanent prosperity, is for the government to appropriate sufficient funds to build storage water reservoirs which will impound the surplus storm waters and melting snows, and from which these waters can be discharged at such times and in such quantities as required. I am opposed very emphatically to beginning the making of paupers of these Indians by the issue of rations without any compensation in labor. Mr. Brosius, Agent for the Indian Rights Association, of Philadelphia, is on the reservation now investigating their needs, and he will take the part of these Indians actively upon his return to Washington.

It is to be hoped that the government will promptly take the necessary steps to relieve this peaceful and industrious people, who, through no fault of their own, have suddenly found their farms and gardens transformed into a desert.

Answered Prayers

Superintendent Franklin N. Wolcott, Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, Boston, Mass., writes:

On April 11 you gave in your paper a brief account of our Interdenominational Noonday Prayer Meeting. Since then we have received daily requests for prayer from all parts of the country, the writers saying they learned of our meeting through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our meetings are increasing in members, in interest and power, and in the number of conversions. During the last forty days we received 1,107 requests for prayer; 346 reported answers to prayer, and 62 started in the Christian life.

Old subscriber, Chicago, writes:

At a critical time I prayed to our dear Heavenly Father to remove my trouble if it was His will, promising to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if my prayer was answered. Now I write to redeem my promise as the trouble has entirely disappeared. Bless his Holy Name.

Girl Reader, Ill., writes:

I promised God that I would acknowledge my faith in him to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, if he would answer a prayer I asked. He has answered and I now give him the glory.

J. A. T., New York City, writes:

I desire to make manifest the presence of divine assistance in answer to prayer. Firmly believing in the existence of a Saviour but not experiencing heretofore, an intercession of the unseen, living hand, as a relief from deep trials, I do now believe in the function and power of our sincere petitions to him as it has certainly relieved me from despondency and despair and permanently removed a doubt which seemed improbable to believe.

Devoted Reader, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes:

I want to send in my testimony in regard to answered prayer. I promised the Lord I would do this if he would answer my prayer to let me hear from a dear friend, with whom I had some difficulty. Within a few days, a letter came through which a reconciliation ensued.

Mrs. E. W. H., Manu, Mo., writes:

I can say that God has directly answered many prayers for me. One I shall mention: I asked him for strength and health to do work that I had to do. He gave me both, and when I feel that I cannot (physically) do that which seems to be my duty, I ask the Lord for strength and he always helps me.

A. A. S., LeRoy, writes:

I have been lately cured in answer to prayer, and now desire to gratefully acknowledge God's goodness through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. F. L., Langdon, N. Y., writes:

I desire to acknowledge, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, my restoration to health in answer to prayer. I know He will answer prayer if we ask in faith and do not doubt.

S. J. E., Georgia, writes:

In our section the crops were dying of drought. I decided to go to God for the rain, resolving that if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it publicly. The day I made the request it rained, and next day the request was repeated and the hot thirst of our parching fields was quenched. I only know, like the healed blind man, that in answer to our cry we received the rain, and I feel it my duty to keep my promise and make the acknowledgment. Praise God!

H. E. H., New York City, writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer. Through a misunderstanding I lost the confidence of a very dear friend. Being a firm believer in prayer, I prayed that the wrong might be righted. My prayer was answered and all is made right. Please publish, that it may encourage some who are in doubt.

Mrs. S. D. Ballard, Wash., writes:

We made a promise if God answered our prayers and opened a way for one whom we tenderly loved we would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He has answered, and we now will keep our pledge and give him the glory.

B. E., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Several weeks ago I was in great distress of mind, and I went to God in prayer with my trouble, promising if he heard my cry I would write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My prayer was answered. I certainly believe in prayer.

Seattle's "Wayside Mission"

The rescue and medical work founded in Seattle, Wash., by Capt. Alex. de Soto is making excellent progress. His floating hospital on the old steamship *Idaho* is crowded with patients to whom skilled physicians minister for the ailments of the body while the Christian workers of Capt. de Soto's band strive to touch the hearts of the unfortunates. There are on the hospital ship besides medical attendants, a matron, five nurses, a night watchman, a cook and a porter. On August 11th, the new "Wayside Mission" was opened at No. 119 Washington street, Seattle, where Capt. de Soto and his helpers are conducting a spiritual work on broader lines and with larger facilities than at the former location. The combined mission and hospital work are warmly approved by the citizens of Seattle and by the various churches. Anyone interested in the progress of this worthy movement may address the Superintendent at 119 Washington Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Johnny's Lesson

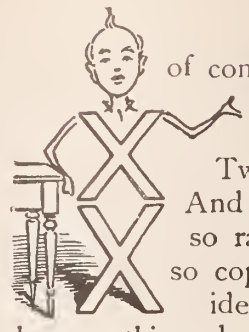
Johnny's lessons are hard to learn—
Sums to do and maps to draw;
A troublesome problem at every turn,
And perfect work is the teacher's law.

Johnny must take them one by one:
Do not look at the whole, my boy;
Step by step are our life-tasks done,
If our powers are bent to the tasks with joy.

Johnny will find in the future strife
That we fight our battles bit by bit,
And the hardest day on the field of life
Will pass if we joyfully enter it.

And, moment by moment, hour by hour,
Take the work and expect the pay;
From the folded bud springs the fragrant flower,
And God is watching our passing day.

—AUNT PHEBE.



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of constantly-growing success talk. That ought to convince you that there's "something in Pearline."

Twenty years ago **Pearline** was a new idea. And no new idea could have come into favor so rapidly and so largely, or would have been so copied and imitated, if it hadn't been a **good** idea. **Pearline saves** more, in washing, than anything else that's safe to use. 589

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Every Spring and every Fall we issue free to out-of-town applicants a handsome catalogue, which describes and illustrates the newest fashions and kinds of merchandise to be popular during the season. It is a very useful book, particularly to those living outside of the metropolis, for it places the reader in touch with the greatest fashion centre in America, and enables he or she to buy the newest merchandise in the market at the regular New York prices, which means at times a great saving.

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Storm-Swept Texas Needs Our Help

THOUSANDS PERISH IN THE GREAT STORM OF SEPT. 8—GALVESTON'S PITIFUL CONDITION—"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" OPENS RELIEF WORK

ON the night of September 8th, the southern and central counties of the State of Texas were swept by a West Indian hurricane of widespread extent and unprecedented violence. For thirty hours it raged unabated, and it was accompanied by great tidal waves, which swept the entire coastline of the State, submerging many of the cities and towns along the Gulf and carrying death and devastation far inland. Nearly a hundred towns and villages suffered from the onrush of the great wall of water from the Gulf, and the hurricane which followed. The wind reached a maximum velocity of eighty-six miles an hour.

Six thousand persons are believed to have perished in the storm, and the damage to property is variously estimated at from $15,000,000 to $40,000,000.

The city of Galveston was the greatest sufferer, being in the centre of the storm track. Here, between two and three thousand persons are believed to have perished. A large part of the city was submerged, and all the railroad tracks leading to it in different directions were washed away. In Houston, many buildings were either partially or wholly destroyed. stores were flooded and a great deal of damage is reported. The following list gives an approximate idea of the loss of life, although it is probable that later information will increase the figures considerably.

Galveston, 3,000 dead; Chenango Junction, 4 dead, many missing; Brooksline, 9 dead, 50 injured; Tenbroke, 2 dead, 17 reported missing; Houston, 1 dead, 20 injured; Southville, many reported killed; Alvin wiped out, 7 dead; Rockport, reported destroyed; Sabine Pass, reported destroyed, 400 dead; Port Arthur, reported destroyed; Alta Loma, destroyed; Pearl, partly destroyed; Virginia Point, 10 drowned, many missing; Bolivar, reported destroyed; Hempstead, cut off; Corpus Christi, High Island, Stowell, Winnie, Brownsville, Lockport, Aransas Pass, Port Lavaca, all cut off; Seabroke, two known dead, others missing; La Porte, much damage done; Morgan's Point, three dead, many missing; Hitchcock, reported destroyed; Oceanland, swept away; Mustang Island, submerged and three resort hotels destroyed.

All the accounts of the storm show that it extended over an area of hundreds of miles from East to West, and that it carried destruction through half the State. Railroad trains were lifted from the track by the force of the wind. Buildings, whether of brick or wood, were levelled as though they had been straw. On the water front, steamers were stranded and many boats were wrecked. Telegraph lines were swept down in all directions. As the hurricane swept through the cotton belt, it is believed that the entire cotton crop may be destroyed.

Galveston is built on an island. For many hours after the storm, it was submerged and isolated. Only one man was able to get from Galveston through to Houston the day after the storm. A relief train started from Houston, but could not get further than within six miles of Virginia City—ten miles from Galveston—and it returned. The crew of the train found the prairie covered with lumber, debris, pianos, trunks, bedding, furniture and dead bodies. Two hundred bodies were counted from the windows of the train. All the tracks and bridges beyond were destroyed and the whole country was strewn with wrecked property. At a little place called Pearl, every house was levelled, and this sad condition of death and desolation was duplicated on every side for a hundred miles up and down the Gulf coast. From the train nothing could be seen of Galveston, the greater part being apparently submerged. At Virginia Point, the water stood fifteen feet deep in the streets. A Santa Fe train was wrecked in the storm near Alvin, several passengers being killed and a number injured. From the Red River, on the north to the Gulf, hardly a town or village escaped. From Austin west the storm swept the country bare of everything.

Eye-witnesses of the disaster at Galveston City who have reached Houston, say the city is a complete wreck. The storm began Saturday morning and by noon the whole city was alarmed and the people were abandoning their houses. The wind and rain were violent beyond description. By 3 p. m. the Gulf waters were rushing into the Bay. At dark the whole city was under water and its 40,000 souls were facing death. There were many instances of heroism, and many sad cases of suddenly bereaved fathers, mothers and children whose lamentations for their lost ones could be heard amid the storm. Seven hundred people huddled together for safety in the city hall, all more or less injured; the Orphan's Home, St. Mary's Infirmary, Rosenberg High School, Old Woman's Home, Catholic Orphan Asylum, Cotton Exchange, hotels, newspaper offices, railroad and steamship offices were all wrecked by the storm and many perished in these buildings. The big sea-going steamers, *Alamo* (American), *Launton*, *Red Cross* and *Kendal Castle* (British), *Gylla* (Norwegian), and an ocean liner, name unknown, were wrecked in the harbor and over 100 other craft of all sorts suffered a like fate. Eighty-five soldiers and two officers of Second Battery O, 1st U. S. Artillery, were drowned in barracks at Fort San Jacinto in the harbor. The mainland was strewn with wreckage and corpses. Seven hundred bodies were washed ashore at Virginia Point.

The disaster is one of the greatest ever known on the continent, and the loss of life may yet prove even more appalling. The storm originated near the Windward Islands in the West Indies, and swept through the Caribbean toward Cuba, where it caused great damage. It then passed over Southern Florida and into the Gulf, with the terrible results already stated. Galveston had previously suffered by severe storms in 1875 and 1891. Port Arthur, which is reported destroyed, was apparently destined to be a great shipping centre. Sabine Pass has also suffered heavily from earlier storm visitations.

Immediately after receiving the first intelligence of the disaster at Galveston, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD telegraphed to the Governor of Texas as follows:

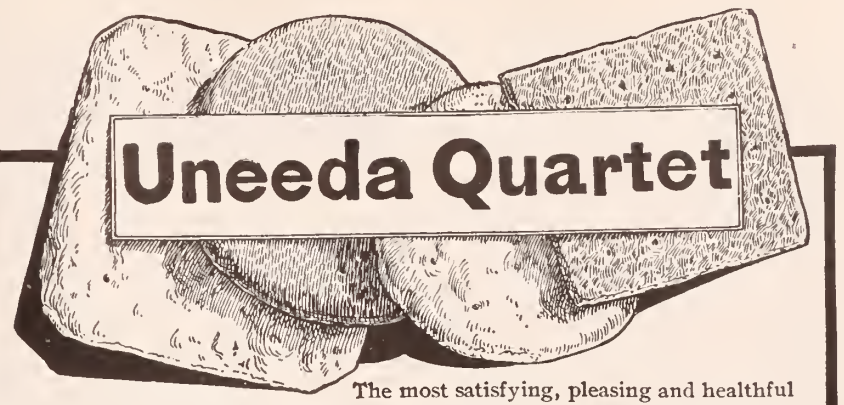
"New York, Sept. 10, 1900.

"Hon. Jos. B. Sayers, Governor,
"Austin, Texas:

"Draw at sight on The Christian Herald for $1,000 for your relief work. How can we most speedily and effectively render help? Our best services are at your disposal. Louis Klopsch."

To this Governor Sayers replied, accepting the gift with thanks, and stating that the loss of life and property had been very great. Offers of help were also telegraphed by Dr. Klopsch to the Galveston and Houston authorities. Governer Sayers has organized relief committees and the work of aiding the sufferers is already under way. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged to open a relief Headquarters in Galveston, and for that purpose has sent to the afflicted city as Commissioners, Gilson Willets, who accompanied Dr. Klopsch during his recent tour through famine-stricken India, and George A. Seaman, who conducted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief expedition on the steamboat *Welcome* during the great floods in the Lower Mississippi Valley in 1897. All contributions in support of the Galveston relief work will be received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and duly acknowledged in its columns. As the need is urgent, in order to avoid prolonged suffering, it is hoped our readers will respond liberally and quickly.

This is not a cry from a foreign land, but from our own stricken brothers and sisters at home, and it should not be permitted to go unheeded. Send your offering as quickly as possible to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, No. 92 Bible House, New York City.



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A skirt is far from being a perfect skirt if it has an inferior binding

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It is due to the high grade of materials used, the expert workmanship, their wide variety, perfection of fit to the curves of the skirt and extreme durability.

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Uwanta Snow White Cotton Down Mattress $7.00

If wanted in two pieces, like cut, $7.50. Freight prepaid to all points north of the south line of Tennessee and east of the Missouri river and of a line drawn directly south from Kansas City. Part of the freight paid to more distant points.

Absolute Perfection. As soft as a $40 hair mattress and to be preferred, because it never packs, is cleaner, more sanitary and never attracts moths. Guaranteed to last a lifetime without making over. They may be returned after thirty days' trial at our expense, if not positively the best mattress that money can buy, and your money will be instantly and cheerfully refunded.

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FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. Mr. R. A. Lytle, of 557 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum Food Coffee there must be some merit in it, and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and to-day my nerves are all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Star-Worshipers of Mesopotamia*

IN the towns along the lower Euphrates and Tigris, especially at Amara, Sukes Shiukh, Busrah and Mohammerah, there dwell an interesting people, variously known as Sabeans, Nasorians, or St. John Christians. They call themselves Mandaeans, and although numbering four or five thousand, they are, and have always been, entirely distinct from the Jews, Moslems and Christians among whom they have dwelt for centuries. Their origin is lost in obscurity, although the few scholars who have studied the subject trace their history through the maze of their religion to ancient Babylonia and Chaldea. In this remnant of a race and religion we seem to have an example of the oldest form of idolatry, star-worship, and many of their mysterious customs may throw a side-light upon the cult of ancient Babylonia. Mandaeism is not only of deep interest as the only existing religion compounded of Christian, heathen and Jewish elements, but it affords another proof of the early spread of religious ideas in the East, and the Babylonian origin of much that is supposed to be Alexandrian Gnosticism in a semi-Christian, semi-pagan garb.

* * *

Isolated by a creed, cult and language of their own, the Sabeans love their isolation, and do not intermarry with strangers nor accept a proselyte to their faith. Nearly all of them follow one of three trades. They raise the finest dairy products of Mesopotamia, they build a peculiar kind of light canoe, called mashoof, and all others are silversmiths. No traveler should visit their villages without carrying away specimens of their beautiful inlaid-work, black metal on silver and gold. A peaceful people they are, industrious, though mostly poor, and seldom affording trouble to their Turkish rulers. Both men and women have a remarkably fine physique; tall, of dark complexion, good features, and with long, black beards. Some of the men are typical patriarchs, even as we imagine Abraham, who left their present country for Haran. On ordinary days their dress does not distinguish them from Moslems or Jews, but on feast days they wear only white. Their women go about unveiled; they are rather taller, and have a more masculine cast of features than Moslem women.

The two great things that distinguish the Sabeans are their language and their religion. Both are remarkable. The former because of its long preservation among a dying people, and the latter as the most remarkable example of religious syncretism.

Although meeting Sabeans for years, and being their guest on frequent journeys up and down the rivers, I could find no satisfactory answer to the question what their real faith and cult were. The popular story, that they turn to the North Star when they pray, and "baptize" every Sunday, was all that Moslems or Christians could tell. Books of travel gave fragmentary, conflicting, and often grossly erroneous statements. According to some accounts, they were idolators; others classed them with Christians. An anonymous article in the London *Standard*, Oct. 19, 1894, entitled, "A Prayer-Meeting of the Star-Worshipers," curiously gave me the key to open the lock of their silence. Whoever wrote it must have been perfectly acquainted with their religious ceremonies, for when I translated it to a company of Sabeans at Amara they were dumbfounded. Knowing that I knew something, made it easy for them to tell me more.

* * *

All our investigations end as we began, by finding that the Sabeans "worship that which they know not," and profess a creed whose origin is hidden from them, and whose elements, gathered from the four corners of the earth, are as diverse as they are incongruous. Who is able to classify these elements, or among so much heterogeneous debris dig down to the original foundation of the structure? If we could, would we not, as in so many other cases, come back to Babylonia and the monuments?

* From *Arabia, the Cradle of Islam*, by Rev. S. M. Zweiner. A most interesting work about the geography, people and politics of the neglected peninsula. Pp. 424. Cloth covers, illustrated with half-tone maps: price $2. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Toronto and Chicago, publisher.

Mars and Its Satellites*

IN recent years something interesting has been discovered relating to the planet Mars, which has been the subject of much thought and speculation. Mars had heretofore been described in the books as one of the planets that had no moon nor satellite. But lately it has been definitely ascertained that Mars has two satellites; that they are small; and that Mars hugs them so close to himself that it has been a difficult matter to find them. The honor of having discovered these moons belongs to Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, Washington, D. C.

The discovery was the result of a diligent and persevering effort, combined with a perfect knowledge of the situation, and just what was required to accomplish a determined purpose. If Mars had any satellites, Professor Hall was resolved to know it; and he found them, though they were small and close to the planet, as we have said.

The larger of the two is twenty-two and one-half miles in diameter, 16,500 miles distant from the planet, and revolves about it in thirty hours and eighteen minutes, about six hours more than Mars takes to rotate on itself. So far no new rule or principle appears to be involved.

But the small satellite, about eighteen miles in diameter, and 4,000 miles away, revolves about the planet in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes, flying around more than three times while the planet is revolving once.

This appears to be something new in nature. There is nothing like it known in the solar system, where a satellite revolves about a primary in less time than the planet turns on its own axis.

Can this new course of procedure be accounted for; and if so, how? There is one way in which we would account for it, and if true, as we believe, it will fully explain the movements of the satellites of Mars; and that is, that the planet itself is a large dynamo, though small in comparison to the sun; and that this is so, is made more apparent by the fact that the polar lights of the planet make it manifest that he is under the influence and power of electric currents: that is, that there is passing through the centre of Mars a current of electricity which, according to the electro-magnetic law, has a current of magnetic force passing one way around it in direct ratio to the quantity of electric current through the wire or centre of the planet.

As this magnetic current is strongest close to the wire or electric current, and decreases inversely as the square of the distance, therefore these satellites of Mars, being in close proximity to it, and under the influence of this magnetic force, are carried around it faster than the planet itself rotates.

If the satellites were 30,000 to 50,000 miles away, they would be beyond the magnetic force, and would then revolve steadily about the planet, being carried around it by the power or attraction of gravitation that reaches out everywhere: revolving on the same plan of procedure on which our moon is caused to revolve about the earth.

* From *The Earth and the World*, by Abraham Jennings. Pp. 296. Cloth covers; price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto, publisher.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Child of Light or Hereditary and Prenatal Culture, by Newton H. Riddell. A book on brain building and mental and physical growth. Pp. 350. Cloth covers. Price $2. Sold by the publisher, 6328 Eggleston avenue, Chicago.

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The following is a plain, straightforward statement of the way in which an aggravated case of rheumatism was conquered. The words ring true; but anyone who is inclined to doubt the remarkable story can easily investigate it, for it is related by Mr. H. L. Burns, of 44 Brinckerhoff Avenue, Utica, N. Y., one of the best known grocers of that city. When seen at his store at the junction of Park Avenue and Mary Street, Mr. Burns said:

"*Six years ago this month I began to feel a slight pain in my hips and legs, and as the pain grew worse it extended to my feet. They swelled all out of shape and the pain was dreadful. Finally my feet began to grow numb and I could barely hobble about. One day when I had come down to the store I got to the steps and could go no farther. I tried for several minutes, but could not raise my feet. Finally a passer-by helped me into the store and I at once put myself in a doctor's care. Electricity was tried, but without relief; in fact the feeling in my feet was so far gone that I scarcely felt the full force of the battery.*

"*One day Miss Kernans, a member of the family of the late Senator Kernans of this city, told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and asked me to try them. I said I would, and I made up my mind I would give them a fair trial, so I bought ten boxes. In my opinion the majority of people are not willing to give a remedy a fair trial. I knew that two or three boxes would not remove as bad a case as mine, but I found that I had bought more than were necessary. I began to find great relief by the time I had used five boxes, and by the time I had finished the seventh box I was entirely relieved. I had no more pain, swelling or numbness than I have to-day, and that was five years ago.*

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[*Signed*]

March 9, 1900. *H. L. BURNS.*

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Trivial Excuses*

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SO much emphasis has in these days been placed, and rightly, on the gentleness and love of Christ, that there is danger of forgetting that there was a sterner side to his character. He insisted on his kingly character and claims, and made no secret of the consequences of rejecting them. He would be satisfied with no second place in the hearts or affections of his followers, but boldly demanded a place above wife or child, father or mother. He must be supreme, and they who would not give him that position were not worthy to be counted his disciples. He pleads with men to come to him that they may have life; his invitations are infinitely cordial and loving; he will receive the outcast and the criminal; but all who come must be sensible of the privilege and must pledge their allegiance to him. Whatsoever claims business and family and social relations may have are recognized, but far above and supreme over all is the claim of Christ. Anything that is an obstacle to his sway must be ruthlessly sacrificed, though it be as dear as a right eye, as precious as a right hand. His yoke is easy and his burden is light, but it is a yoke, and he is no true follower of Christ who would shake it from his shoulders or shrink from the obligations it imposes.

A commonplace remark intended to turn the conversation away from personal duty to a general topic in which all could agree, elicited the parable of the Great Supper. It is a different parable, both in its occasion and its lesson, from the parable reported in Matthew 22. In the latter there is definite opposition and a spirit of rebellion and malignity that do not appear here. "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God" is the pious platitude of the guest. But in Christ's hands the pointless remark becomes a text for an appropriate lesson, and, as usual, a story is told to bring the lesson home. Some wealthy man makes a feast, and sends out his invitations beforehand. These are accepted, but when the appointed day comes, and the servants are sent around to remind the guests of their engagement, they made excuses for not keeping it. They were, no doubt, genuine reasons, and there was nothing wrong in their occupations. The land must be examined, the oxen must be tried, and it would be a slight to a bride to leave her to attend a feast. But if the guests had been in earnest in their desire to attend, some way would have been found to keep the engagement. It might have involved vexation, possibly some disappointment or loss, but a way would have been found. The host was hurt; he perceived that his guests did not care enough for his feast to make a sacrifice to come. So he declares that they shall not come, but the feast shall not be wasted, for there are plenty of hungry people who will know how to appreciate such a repast. So the significant announcement is made that the house will be filled.

It is the small things of life that do the most mischief in our day in keeping men from Christ. As Gospel invitations are made every day, there is a feeling that they may be accepted at any time. It will do just as well another week or another year. There is some special claim just now on the attention; there is some social relation that must be dropped; there is some object to be achieved, and when this is done then we will be more at liberty to attend to this matter of religion. Thousands of men, now far stricken in years, fully intended when they were young and when they were middle-aged, to make this a definite business. If they had been told that they would put it off till it was too late, they would not have believed it. They would not definitely reject Christ. At school and college they were too busy with their studies; when they had graduated they were too much engrossed with the choice of a profession, or with love-making. When they were married and settled they would have a better opportunity. Then there came business anxieties and the cares of a family, and so the question of the soul was postponed, and so it has been from year to year. As the old proverb has it: "By the road of by and bye one reaches the town of never." Christ's injunction: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God" needs to be sounded in every ear. It is dangerous to delay and even if life brought no risks, it is dishonoring to God. The offer of eternal life! Surely there is no boon that this life contains that can be compared with that and the possibility of missing it is the greatest of all calamities. The announcement is made that all things are now ready. If the offer were a fortune it would receive immediate attention, yet this offer, infinitely more important, is deferred for a more convenient season, until it is too late.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 30. Luke 14: 15-24.

PRAYED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

A THRILLING scene was witnessed in the Gospel Tent in New York a few days ago. Among the crowds gathered at one of the evening services was a lady who paid close attention to Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt's address. She was accompanied by a man, evidently her husband, who appeared less familiar than she with the order of the exercises. At the close of his address, Mr. Pratt invited any one present who desired to make confession of Christ to do so there and then. This lady was among those who responded. In a voice trembling with emotion, she told of the conversion of her husband. For twenty-five years, she said, she had been praying that he might be born again. No result had come, but she could not bear to give up hope. Day after day, year after year, her chief supplication was that he might be saved. When the tent meetings began this summer, she had begged him to accompany her. At first he declined, but one night he yielded to her urging and went with her. He was deeply impressed, and he went again and again, and at last she had the joy of knowing that he had given himself to Christ. "He cannot speak for himself in such an assembly as this," she said; "but he is truly converted, and he is here to-night rejoicing in Christ." After she had taken her seat, her husband rose. "I can speak for myself," he said. And then in solemn earnest tones, he told how he had come to the meetings a stranger to Christ and indifferent to the Gospel; and how the Holy Spirit had moved on his soul bringing him into light and peace. It was a short but sincere, manly testimony, evidently coming straight from the heart.

This is only one of many remarkable conversions which have occurred this summer. They show that even when many churches are closed and the time seems unpropitious for Gospel effort, God blesses a work done in his name. We regret to learn that this year there is a deficiency in the contributions for the expenses. There ought not to be any difficulty in raising the small sum required for a work the usefulness of which has been so abundantly proved. Any sums sent to this office toward the amount needed—which is about five hundred dollars—will be gladly received and forwarded to the Committee in charge.

Missionary Martyrs

A despatch from Tien-Tsin brings a rumor of the murder of sixteen Protestant missionaries at the Fen-cho-fu and Taiku stations, China, during July. The victims were chiefly Americans. No confirmation of the news has been received by the missionary boards in New York, and they still cherish the hope that the missionaries may have escaped. For the past two months fears have been entertained that the nine Congregational missionaries in the Shansi Province suffered the same fate as their fellow workers at Pao-ting-fu. Messengers have been unable to reach the missions in the Shansi Province on account of the horde of Boxers thronging the country. At Fen-cho-fu were stationed Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Atwater and Charles W. Price, and at Taiku Mr. and Mrs. Dwight H. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Williams and Miss Mary L. Partridge. The representatives of the Missionary Alliance came from Sweden.

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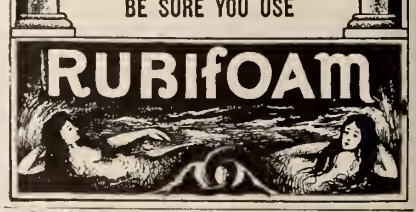

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Suzanne Adams

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A HERO OF THE GALVESTON FLOOD — GEORGE McILHEANY'S BRAVE FIGHT TO SAVE HIS DEAR ONES

SEE PAGE 786

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Oct. 24

1. The Bible teaches that a wife should be "subject to her husband" in all things. Does such subjection imply implicit obedience even if it should lead on her part to a life of hopeless, slavish toil, that would wreck both mind and body, while the husband takes life more easily and apparently cares little for the consequences to his partner?

2. A certain animal is occasionally mentioned in Scripture as a type of wicked persons. Give five passages in which the resemblance appears.

3. Is it our Christian duty to forgive one who has defrauded us, even though he neither asks or desires our forgiveness?

4. Is the gloomy picture of old age in Ecclesiastes 12 a portraiture of old age in general, or only of the old age of those who have not remembered their Creator in the days of their youth?

5. Where, when and how did the expression to "keep under one's thumb" originate?

6. Is a Christian business man justified in selling a particular article at cost price, with the object of causing the public to think that all his goods are below the market prices?

7. Why are the bells tolled for the dead and when was the custom introduced?

8. Is a father wise in opposing the early marriage of his children when he has no objection to the particular marriages on their merits?

9. In what sense is the dragon associated with China's religion and history?

10. Ought the sacrament to be refused to persons who, having been divorced, have married again?

QUESTIONS OF THE WEEK

1. What attitude ought we, as a nation, to take toward the millions of men who are willing to work, but are unable to obtain employment?

The difficulty lies not in universal inadequacy of employment but in its unequal distribution. Bring the man and the work together. Our cities are crowded with idle men while in many portions of our land it is absolutely impossible to procure farm laborers. Government, both national and state, should continually circulate reliable information as to the needs and condition of the market for labor, as information of the weather and kindred topics is sent out for the benefit of the sailor and the farmer. Our country is not overpopulated at all, but the idle are congested, often through no fault of their own, in our large cities. Emigration to the thinly settled portions of our land should be encouraged by the national government by gifts of free land, and loans of money for railroad fares, to purchase farm utensils, etc., and by the appropriation of sums of money to be spent, under government control, to build roads and for irrigation purposes, and the like. This, with a reasonable restriction of pauper, ignorant and otherwise undesirable immigration, will speedily settle the problem of the unemployed who are willing to work but cannot find it.

H. C. UNDERHILL.

2. What is the most successful method of combating intemperance?

1. Legislation. Laws should be enforced forbidding the making or selling of all intoxicating liquors, except by competent physicians, who are bound by law to use it only for medicinal purposes. 2. Education. The injurious effects of alcoholic drinks on the brain and other organs of the body should be so thoroughly taught to the young in the public schools that all such stimulants will be regarded as a most deadly enemy to the body. 3. Moral suasion. Through the church, reform societies, etc., men who are most subject to intemperance on account of the conditions of life, should be brought under the influence of higher principles and nobler planes of living and thinking.

Thus by education and moral suasion the demand will die out and consequently the supply will cease; and by legislation those who cannot or will not be reached by the other two forces will be forced by law to abandon intemperance. FREDERICK H. BATES.

3. What three things, other than divine grace, are most essential for one's happiness?

As regards man's earthly existence, he has three beings: physical, intellectual and moral; and in order that he may be happy, it is necessary that all of these be uniformly developed, and so regulated as to obtain a just equilibrium. Therefore, I would say that, other than divine grace, the three most important requisites for one's happiness are: First, a sound body, with perfect health; second, a well-balanced mind, capable of adaptability, or of adjusting one's self to his immediate circumstances; third, "a conscience void of offense." CHAS. D. HANGER.

* * *

ANOTHER OPINION

First, good health; second, worthy, congenial, remunerative occupation; third, congenial home and friends. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

4. What remunerative employments are open to women living at home and continuing in the performance of home duties?

There are quite a number of employments for women who are obliged to take them up at home. Some require special instruction, while others simply demand neatness and common sense. The following list is one of many which could be made: 1. Taking boarders; 2. Gardening (flowers and vegetables); 3. Home bakery; 4. Canned fruits and jellies; 5. Laundry; 6. Raising poultry; 7. Raising cows; 8. Giving parlor lectures; 9. Giving readings and recitations; 10. Giving music lessons; 11. Giving painting lessons; 12. Embroidery work; 13. Dressmaking (to a limited extent); 14. Knitting or crocheting; 15. Authorship; 16. Battenberg lace work; 17. Cleaning and pressing clothing; 18. Private kindergarten. Of course, some of these employments —such as dressmaking and kindergarten work —could hardly be carried on profitably where there was a large family to be cared for. There would not be much profit in knitting or crocheting unless one could give a great deal of time to it, but the others are quite remunerative. EDITH C. ROBINSON.

5. When and where was the first postal card made?

August 1, 1869, in Austria. They were called "correspondenz karte," and were invented by Dr. E. Harmann, of the Imperial Academy of Vienna. Stamped paper, much like the postal, was issued earlier, and unstamped cards are said to have been used even earlier in Japan.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

6. Where and how did the signs for planting according to the moon originate?

The custom of planting according to the moon is a relic of moon-worship, and is of great antiquity. The idea that the phases of the moon influence plant-life seems to have existed among many pagan races living far apart, as for instance, the Druids of Britain and the fire-worshipers of Persia. We still find in the agricultural districts of all countries some adherents to this superstition—for it is nothing more. GOODLOE HARPER.

7. In the sale of a house, a horse, or a piece of merchandise, the seller being a professed Christian, is it his duty to point out the defects which the intending purchaser may have overlooked, even though by so doing he should lose his customer?

The seller is morally though not legally bound to point out defects in the article he offers for sale. For instance: He offers a balky horse for sale and puts on him the price he is actually worth, in view of that defect. A customer looking the horse over and not knowing of the defect, thinks the price extraordinarily low for such an animal and buys him. He cannot complain that he is cheated, for he paid no more for the animal than he was worth and it may be contended that he should not have purchased until he had tried the horse. But he feels that the seller in not disclosing the defect did not treat him fairly. The purchaser has a right to say that the seller did not act on the Golden Rule. The seller is not justified in taking advantage of his customer's ignorance or carelessness. If he begins to do so, he is likely to get so morally obtuse that he would pass a counterfeit bill on a half-blind man if he was so unfortunate as to have taken one by mistake.

ROBERT WYNN.

8. What great king decided to have a vast library, which after infinite pains and research finally dwindled down to three words?

According to the tradition, Dabshelim, a King of India, was ambitious to have the largest library in the world. He accumulated so many books that a hundred brachmans were needed to keep them in order and a thousand dromedaries were used to transport them from place to place. Dabshelim, being unable to read all the books, commanded his three ablest brachmans to make extracts from them. After twenty years labor, they had made a compilation of 12,000 volumes, which thirty camels could carry. These were afterward reduced to fifteen camel-loads, to ten, to four, to two, and at last there were just enough books to conveniently load a mule. Dabshelim, now aged, sent for Pilpay, his wise vizier, and explained that the library was yet too large for his reading. Pilpay, with the King's approval, himself undertook the task of condensation. He wrote upon a palm leaf four brief paragraphs. The first comprised the whole history of mankind (and therefore was an epitome of the library) in three words: "Born, suffer, die." The lesson from these was to live the good and the true, to govern our passions and to trust in God, the fountain of virtue and happiness. RICHARD VYSE.

9. What is the origin of the phrase: "A little bird told me?"

It is directly traceable to Eccles. 10: 20: "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber: for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." In part, however, the phrase may have its origin in the story of the "talking bird" as told in the *Arabian Nights*. This story has been reproduced in various forms, the principal one being the fairy story of Prince Chery and his cousin Fairstar. They, according to the story, obtained the little green bird that could tell all secrets. G. A. HAURY.

10. Is it wise or otherwise to give "pocket-money" or "spending-money" to children, and what rule should parents in ordinary circumstances observe in this respect?

To teach the child not only the value of money, but the difficulty of obtaining it, as well as the right use of it, should be the duty of every parent. Can this be best done where the money is given outright? Many maintain that it cannot, but that practically all should be earned. Should we favor a stipulated monthly allowance, we should teach its value by requiring that certain pleasures, delicacies, or even necessities, be procured by the same, or else gone without. This teaches forethought and prudence in the child, and leads it, as it learns the value of money, to invent ways of obtaining it. Many think that it is better to have practically all the money earned by the performance of small duties, thus teaching the value of work at the same time. The lessons in wisdom of choice, good judgment, prudence and economy, which also follow, prove that it is wise for the child to have some money truly its own. My rule would be to pay for certain labors, not those of love, etc., requiring either a proper expenditure or saving of the money, and then to refuse absolutely to give money for trifles whenever their fancy calls for it.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS

Reader, Hicks Store, Va. A minister whom I heard lately said that he doubted whether a Christian who had not joined the Church could be saved. Has he Scriptural warrant for such an assertion?

He probably based his assertion of doubt on some such passage as Luke 9: 26, in which Christ demanded public confession of him. There are other forms of public confession besides that of joining a church, but that is the ordinary and recognized mode. It is the duty of every Christian to identify himself with a Christian church, that he may make it known where he stands, that he may help in advancing Christ's kingdom and that his own soul may be nourished by the association with other Christians; but we believe many who have not joined any church will be saved.

Inquirer, Macon, Ga. 1. Was any city of America ever the capital of Portugal? I have seen a reference to "the American Capital of Portugal." 2. Who was the first Portuguese king of Brazil? 3. Who was the last?

1. Rio de Janeiro was, in 1808, the seat of the Portuguese government, the only instance in history where a colonial city has sustained such relation to its mother country. With Napoleon's invasion of Portugal, Don Joao VI., then Prince Regent, accompanied by the Queen, court and royal family, took refuge in Brazil, and, from Rio Janeiro, sought to govern his dominions in Portugal. 2. In 1815, he conferred upon Brazil the title of Kingdom, and in 1816, upon the death of the Queen, became its first King after it had been so dignified, being crowned monarch of the united kingdom of Portugal, Brazil and Algarres. As a colony, however, Brazil had long known allegiance to Portuguese princes. Her first Portuguese monarch, ruling her independently of Portugal was Dom Pedro I., who abdicated. 3. Dom Pedro II., who was exiled. He died in Paris, 1891.

Reader, Montclair, N. J. 1. What is the numerical strength (estimated) of the heathen population of the world to-day? 2. What countries are still unevangelized? 3. I have seen somewhere a computation which declared that if the entire human race, from Adam's time till now, had lived, the surface of the earth would not be large enough to hold them. Is this true?

1. Between 800,000,000 and 900,000,000. 2. Parts of Tibet, Afghanistan, Belochistan, Central Africa, and probably remote parts of the inhabited polar regions. 3. According to a calculation recently made by a Chicago statistician, the entire human race from the Creation (assuming it to have been 6,000 years ago) till now, if alive and each generation averaging forty years, could find standing room on an island the size of Papua, Borneo or Madagascar. The present living population of 1,450,000,000 could all stand together within a circle a little over fifteen miles in diameter.

Student, Morristown, N. J. What is the "golden rule" of Confucius, and how did he express it?

It occurs in his Conversation book 15, chapter 22, and is expressed briefly in eight simple words, viz:

Ki su pok uk uk sic v ing.
Self what not wish, not do to man.

E.M.H., Appleton, N.Y. What will become of our bodies if, at the resurrection there is, according to II. Cor. 5: 1, a body prepared for us which is eternal?

It is not clear from the epistles whether Paul expected that the actual bodies of the dead would be glorified at the resurrection; or whether a new body would be conferred. He evidently thought (I. Cor. 15: 52) that those who were alive at the time would retain their bodies, but that those bodies would undergo a change. In I. Thess. 4: 14 he represents Christ as bringing with him those who sleep in him, which indicates a condition of conscious life apart from the body. It really does not signify to the believer whether he hopes for a new body or for a transformation of his present body.

Mary L., Washburn, Minn. What does it mean to be a "King's Daughter?"

We presume you refer to the Order of the King's Daughters and Sons. The Order was founded in 1886. The President is Mrs. Margaret Bottome. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, editor of the official organ of the Order, *The Silver Cross*, has written several leaflets defining the object of the Order, and they may be had by applying to the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

F. E. F., Seaboard, N. C. 1. Please explain how the quantity of rainfall is measured. 2. Of how many stars is the Southern Cross composed?

1. Rainfall is measured by means of an instrument called the rain-gauge, usually "a cylindrical vessel of not less than six inches in diameter, having a sharp upper rim and a vertical interior surface beneath which the gathered fall is protected from evaporation." This rainfall is measured by various devices, the instrument being in most instances self-recording. Average for given territory is made up from rain-gauges stationed at different points within its radius. 2. Seven; the four largest being Alpha (of the first magnitude), Beta, Gamma, Delta.

A clerical reader in Carrington, N. Dak., sends this interesting suggestion:

As a minister who has been a farmer, I enclose the following question: Would it not be wise for many weak churches to provide with a parsonage a glebe of from forty to sixty acres? For from this might not their pastor, by putting in nearly half of his time, realize about $200 help every year both to himself and the church?

Mrs. G. H. H., Burlington, Colo. 1. We desire to form a mothers' circle of some kind and would like instructions as to the mode of procedure and the special lines of work to be taken up and as to any helps that we might be able to secure from the Mother's Congress. 2. We feel the need of a Young Men's Christian Association, also of a Young Women's Christian Association and of reading rooms under such auspices. We would like a copy of the by-laws and constitution and of any other helps along this line. Also information as to the starting of a library.

1. Mrs. E. R. Weeks, Corresponding Secretary of the National Congress of Mothers, 3408 Harrison St., Kansas City, Mo., will take pleasure in giving all the information you want. 2. Write to the Secretary of your State Y. M. C. A., Mr. W. M. Danner, Kittredge Building, Denver, Colo.

B. E. Cook. We do not discuss politics in these columns.

Inquirer, O. Probably about nine thousand saloons in New York City.

H. M. D., Sherman, Tex. Write to Gen. Eaton, The Concord, Washington, D. C.

Reader, Watertown, Conn. We think you are quite right in taking the course that points to comparative comfort for your closing years.

Inquirer, Duck Lake, Mich. L. A. H., Oakesdale, Wy., and others. She is simply the leading character in a story—a work of the imagination.

J. E. F., Kenton, O. We know of no "hoop-snake myth." It is said by some writers that blacksnakes sometimes travel hoop-fashion, but the statement lacks authentication.

A. F. D., McBrides, Mich. Travelers simply state the fact that the Dead Sea has no visible outlet. They do not attempt to explain. Bachiene and other writers, however, have declared that the evaporation is sufficient to keep the Sea at its usual height.

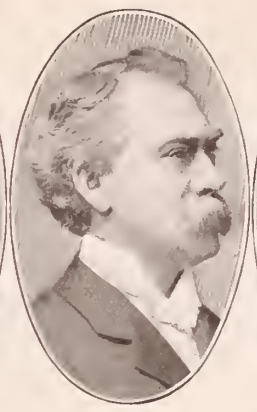
Miss Ada B., Brooklyn. 1. *Fin de siecle* means "end of the age" or century. 2. The degrees you mention are "Doctor of Laws" and "Doctor of Common Law." 3. Only ordained pastors wear it. 4. Theatres, dancing and card-playing are among the amusements which a Christian does well to avoid.

Mrs. Q. A. W., Townsend, Mass. A man is justified in employing such safeguards as will prevent thieves from stealing his property on Sunday or any other day. There are other means of protecting an orchard, however, besides sitting on the fence with a shot-gun. A well trained dog would prove efficient.

MISS GEORGIA F. PERRY

ASS'T CHAPLAIN GREENWOOD

CAPT. S. S. NICKERSON



MISS SUSAN N. NICKERSON

MRS. SADIE E. DOWNING

MISS MARY E. FRINK

MISS AUGUSTA KLOUS

...POOR JACK'S GOSPEL PILOT

THE STORY OF CAPT. NICKERSON'S LIFE-WORK AMONG THE SAILORS OF BOSTON : : : :

THE Seaman's Friend Society, at Boston, has had a long and honorable history, and has witnessed the conversion of hundreds of sailors, who have come to regard it as almost a "home for soul and body." The rooms are large and cheery, well lighted at night, and there is always a genial welcome for the sailor. This society grew out of one formed in 1812, "to distribute religious literature among seamen, and to aid them in holding divine services on vessels out of port." In 1818, in a sail loft, on Central Wharf, the first sailors' meeting was held in this country, as far as is known. Rev. William Jenks, D.D., who conducted services, was perhaps the first minister to preach regularly to sailors on shore. He was a great friend to seamen. By his acknowledged earnestness, he earned the friendly distinction among the tars of being called "The Sky Pilot Preacher." As a result, in part of his toil, the Boston Seaman's Home was organized December, 1827, at a meeting in Dr. Lyman Beecher's church. Two years afterwards, a chapel was built; later, a sailor's home was added on Purchase street; and after several migrations the work was finally located in its present pleasing and ample quarters. Chapel and reading-rooms are opened daily to welcome as many as call of the 150,000 sailors landing annually in the port of Boston.

The report of the Life Saving Service shows the Second District, which comprises the coast of Massachusetts, to be the most exposed and perilous of the twelve into which the coast and lake region of the United States is divided. It has far more than its share of disasters. Considering the mighty influence of sailors for good or ill; that commerce depends on their courage, fidelity and skill; considering, too, their exposure to dangers at sea, and to temptation on land, it is particularly incumbent upon Christian men and women to consider well the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of poor Jack. Rev. S. S. Nickerson, Chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society, has an interesting congregation Sunday mornings and evenings, gathered from the shores of all lands. I recently attended one of these meetings. The sermon was on "Peter's Hooks and Lines," and I was impressed with the speaker's way of driving home the truth with metaphor, simile and anecdote connected with the sea until an old sailor feels that he is "harpooned for fair." He said: "The North End is good fishing ground. We who are fishers of men like to work in a locality like this. When you once catch a sailor you generally land him for good. I have been working for sailors for about twenty-three years, and am glad God has let me do as much for them as he has." The Chaplain's bronzed face tells of a long sea-faring life. He was born in Chatham, Cape Cod; his father, Solomon Nickerson, was a sea captain and a church member; his mother, a godly woman, made long voyages with her husband, and was a good sailor, too. The Chaplain grew up among sea-faring men, who earned their living on the sea, battling with its dangers and enduring many hardships and privations. He says: "Our home was near the sea. Before the village the Atlantic stretched out 3,000 miles, and the sea, which is never at rest, beat a tattoo on the sands 365 days in the year. Stormy nights, 'Hardy's Store' was the place where the men gathered and spun 'yarns.' They came with oil skins, rubbers and sou'westers, ready for any emergency. At the sound of gun, or the flash of torch or rocket, these men would rush out into the darkness, launch the life-boats—and away they would go through the breakers to the relief of ship-wrecked mariners.

The Chaplain recognizes the social needs of the sailor's nature, and does everything to make "Sailors' Dinners" and "Social Hours" at the Home big and bright events. Three hundred tars seated around a turkey dinner is a sight worth a trip to see. Sailors' suppers are frequently given by some church, or by some Y. P. S. C. E. Seamen are hungry folk, with appetites whetted by wind, and a supper requires about eighty pounds of meat, sixteen quarts of beans, two hundred rolls, twenty gallons of coffee, ten pounds sugar, a box of oranges, a bushel of apples and twenty cakes. It takes about twenty young ladies to wait on the tars, and altogether the feast is a most happy picture. After supper, a musical and literary entertainment is usually given.

Mr. Fred P. Greenwood, the Chaplain's assistant, visits every ship that comes into port, and has carried the Gospel aboard six hundred ocean steamers. He produced some interesting figures, showing that 47,000 visits have been made to sailors' rooms; 45,000 invitations have been distributed; 12,660 sailors have been in attendance at religious services, and 8,000 at temperance meetings; 512 have asked for prayers; 300 have signed the pledge; 160 meals have been given shipwrecked men; 1,800 sailors have been entertained at the "Sailors' Suppers," given by different churches. $12,681.44 was spent by the society last year for the seamen. Many conversions are reported.

A feature of the work is the "Floating" Y. P. S. C. E., which numbers among its members men of our regular navy, as well as ordinary seamen. Meetings are held every week. The Chapel has, among other consecrated workers, Miss Perry, Miss Frink, Mrs. Downing, Miss Covill, Miss Klous. The Chaplain's wife, Mrs. Nickerson, the daughter of a sea captain, is her husband's helpmeet and coadjutor. Rev. A. McKenzie, D.D., is the president of the society; C. F. Stratton, its secretary, and George Gould, its treasurer.

W. JAY PECK.

A DINNER AT THE SEAMAN'S CHAPEL, BOSTON

THE BOSTON SEAMAN'S CHAPEL

EVANGELIST SANKEY'S TOUR

Singing to Great Audiences in the English and Irish Cities

IRA D. SANKEY, for many years the associate of the late evangelist, D.L. Moody, in his Gospel work, has recently been singing the message of salvation to vast audiences in the leading cities of England and Ireland. In Cork, he was enthusiastically greeted by a large gathering at the Assembly Rooms, where he gave a "Service of Song." He made a brief address referring to his former visit to the Irish cities with Mr. Moody twenty-seven years ago. Relating the story of the origin of some of our best Gospel hymns, he told the following: He had been in the habit of taking Fanny Crosby from New York to the Northfield Conference, so that she would hear such expositions of the Scriptures as would enable her to write hymns that would live. One night, after speaking very beautifully, she wound up with the lines:

Some day the silver chord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing,
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King;
And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story saved by grace.

She thrilled the audience with her new hymn. As he led her back to her seat, for she had been blind from childhood, he said, "Where did you get those beautiful words?" "O, Mr. Sankey, I put them away for private use," she replied. He said, "Keep them there; you ought to have something private after giving the world over four thousand hymns." Six weeks later, he was astonished to see the hymn reproduced. He cut it out at once, and said to his friend, Mr. Stebbens, "Wed this to a good tune right away," and the history of the hymn from that day on was that it was one of the most useful and popular of the sacred songs.

In London Mr. Sankey had a welcome which amounted to a popular demonstration, at his first meeting at Exeter Hall, where the throng not only crowded the building, but rendered the street impassable. He sang the Gospel hymns with all the old-time fervor, and his reminiscences of his life-long associate, Mr. Moody, were listened to with interest.

Martyrs at Pao-Ting-Fu

As reports of Chinese barbarities during the fateful month of July continue to come in, horrors multiply, and names well-known in social, scholastic and missionary circles are daily added to the list of Americans who have paid the penalty of their lives for their faith. Among other victims of the merciless Boxers, Dr. Cortlandt VanRensselaer Hodge, son of the Secretary of the Educational Board of Foreign Missions, and his wife, who was Miss Elsie Campbell Sinclair, are mentioned, both members of prominent Philadelphia families. They gave up social pleasures to devote themselves to missionary work.

A year ago Dr. VanRensselaer surrendered opportunities here, and he and his bride went to Pao-Ting-Fu, where, with other servants of God, they were butchered by the Boxers between June 30 and July 1. Dr. G. Yardley Taylor, who was in charge of the hospital at Pao-Ting-Fu, Rev. F. E. Simcox, his wife and three children, Miss Mary S. Morrill, Miss Annie A. Gould, Rev. Horace J. Pitkin and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bagnall and children appear in the list of Pao-Ting-Fu martyrs. A special dispatch from Shanghai states that 20,000 native Christians were massacred in the northern provinces, women being subjected to unspeakable barbarities. Another from Yokohoma reports the slaying of two Japanese and several hundred Chinese and Korean Christians on the Korean border by Chinese.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

THE RADIANT CHRIST

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Rom. 8: 9: . . . Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

THERE is nothing more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we cannot be happy ourselves, or make others happy. When we have lost our temper or become impatient under some light cross, we suddenly awaken to new appreciation of proper equipoise of nature. We wish we had been born with self-balance. We envy those people who bear themselves through life without any perturbation, and we flatter ourselves that however little self-control we may now have, the time will come, under the process of years, when we will be mellowed and softened, and the wrong things which are in us now will then be all right, forgetful of the fact that an evil habit in our nature will grow into larger proportions, and that an iniquity not corrected will become the grandfather of a whole generation of iniquities. So that people without the grace of God in the struggle and amid the annoyances and exasperations of life are apt to become worse instead of better.

Now, the trouble is that we have a theory abroad in the world that a man's disposition cannot be changed. A man says, "I am irascible in temper, and I can't help it." Another man says, "I am revengeful naturally, and I can't help it." A man says, "I am impulsive, and I can't help it." And he tells the truth. No man can correct his disposition. I never knew a man by force of resolution to change his temperament, but by his grace God can take away that which is wrong and put in that which is right; and I know and you know people who, since their conversion, are just the opposite of what they used to be. In other words, we may, by the Spirit of God, have the disposition of Jesus Christ implanted in our disposition, and we must have it done or we will never see heaven. "If any man have not the disposition of Jesus Christ, he is none of his."

In the first place,

The Spirit of Christ

was a spirit of gentleness. Sometimes he made wrathful utterance against Pharisees and hypocrites, but the most of his words were kind and gentle and loving and inoffensive and attractive. When we consider the fact that he was omnipotent, and could have torn to pieces his assailants, the wonder is greater. We often bear the persecution and abuse of the world because we cannot help it. Christ endured it when he could have helped it. Little children who always shy off at a rough man, rushed into his presence and clambered on him, until the people begged the mothers to take them away. Invalids so sore with wounds that they could not bear to have anyone come near them, begged Christ just to put his hand upon the wound and soothe it. The mother with the sickest child was willing to put the little one in Christ's arms. Self-righteous people rushed into his presence with a woman of debased character, and said, "Now, annihilate her, blast her, kill her." Jesus looked at her, and saw she was sorry and repentant; and he looked at them, and he saw they were proud and arrogant and malignant, and he said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." A blind man sat by the wayside making a great ado about his lack of vision. They told him to hush up and not bother the Master. Christ stooped to him and said, "What wilt thou that I do unto thee?" Gentleness of voice, gentleness of manner, gentleness of life.

We all admire it, whether we have any of it or not. Just as the rough mountain bluff and the scarred crag love to look down into the calm lake at their feet and as the stormiest winter loves to merge into the sunshiny spring, so the most precipitate and impulsive and irascible nature loves to think of the gentleness of Christ. How little we have of it! How little patience in treating with enemies! We have so little of the gentleness of Christ we are not fit for Christian work half the time. We do not know how to comfort the bereft or to encourage the disheartened or to take care of the poor. Even our voice of sympathy is on the wrong pitch.

My sister had her arm put out of joint, and we were in the country and the neighbors came in and they were all sympathetic and they laid hold of the arm and pulled, and pulled mightily until the anguish was intolerable; but the arm did not go to its place. Then the old country doctor was sent for, and he came in and with one touch it was all right. He knew just where to put his finger and just how to touch the bone. We go out to our Christian work with too rough a hand and too unsympathetic a manner and we fail in our work, while some Christian, in the gentleness of Christ, comes along, puts his hand of sympathy on the sore spot—the torn ligaments are healed and the disturbed bones are rejoined. Oh, for this

Gentleness of Christ

The dew of one summer night will accomplish more good than fifty Caribbean whirlwinds. How important it is that in going forth to serve Christ we have something of his gentleness! Is that the way we bear ourselves when we are assaulted? The rule is an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, retort for retort, sarcasm for sarcasm. Give him as much as he sends! After a while you look up into the face of Christ and you see his gentleness and you say: "Well, now, I must do differently." Then your proud heart says: "Now you have your enemy in a corner, you will never get him in a corner again; chastise him, and then let him go." So we postpone the gentleness of Christ. Did you ever know any difficulty to be healed by acerbity or hypercriticism?

Did you ever know a drunkard reclaimed by mimicry of his staggering steps, his thick tongue or his hiccough? No. You only madden his brain. But you go to him and let him know you appreciate what an awful struggle he has with the evil habit and you let him know that you have been acquainted with people who were down in the same depths who, by the grace of God, have been rescued. He hears your voice, he responds to that sympathy, and he is saved. You cannot scold the world into anything better. You may attract it into something better. The stormiest wind comes out from its hiding-place and says: "I will arouse this sea," and it blows upon the sea. Half of the sea is aroused, or a fourth of the sea is aroused, yet not the entire Atlantic. But after a while the moon comes out, calm and placid. It shines upon the sea, and the ocean begins to lift. It embraces all the highlands, the beach is all covered. The heart-throb of one world beating against the heart-throb of another world. The storm could not rouse the whole Atlantic; the moon lifted it. "And I," said Christ, "if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

A Spirit of Self-Sacrifice

Christ's disposition was also one of self-sacrifice. No young man ever started out with so bright a prospect as Christ started out with, if he had been willing to follow a worldly ambition. In the time that he gave to the sick he might have gathered the vastest fortune of his time. With his power to popularize himself and magnetize the people he could have gained any official position. No orator ever won such plaudits as he might have won from Sanhedrin and synagogue and vast audiences by the seaside. No physician ever got such a reputation for healing power as he might have obtained if he had performed his wonderful cures before the Roman aristocracy. I say these things to let you know what Paul meant when he said, "He pleased not himself," and to show something of the wonders of his self-sacrifice. All human power together could not have thrown Christ into the manger if he had not chosen to go there. All Satanic strength could not have lifted Christ upon the cross if he had not elected himself to the torture. To save our race from sin and death and hell he faced all the sorrows of this world and the sorrows of eternity. How much of that self-sacrifice have we?

What is self-sacrifice? It is my walking a long journey to save you from fatigue. It is my lifting a great number of pounds to save you from

The Awful Strain

It is some subtraction from my comfort and prosperity so that there may be an addition to your comfort and prosperity. How much of that have we? Might not I rather say, "How little have we!" Two children—brother and sister—were passing down the road. They were both very destitute. The lad had hardly any garments at all. His sister had a coat that she had outgrown. It was a very cold day. She said, "Johnie, come under this coat." "Oh," he said, "no, the coat isn't large enough," "Oh," she said, "it will stretch." He comes under the coat, but the coat would not stretch. So she took off the coat and put it on him. Self-sacrifice pure and simple. Christ taking off his robe to clothe our nakedness. Self-sacrifice. I have not any of it, nor have you, compared with that. The sacrifice of the Son of God.

Christ walked to Emmaus, Christ walked from Capernaum to Bethany, Christ walked from Jerusalem to Golgotha. How far have you and I walked for Christ? His head ached, his heart ached, his back ached. How much have we ached for Christ?

The disposition of Jesus was also a disposition of humility. The Lord of earth and heaven in the garb of a rustic. He who poured all the waters of the earth out of his right hand—the Amazon and the Euphrates and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Mississippi—bending over a well to ask a Samaritan woman for a drink. He who spread the canopy of the heavens and set the earth for a footstool, admitting that he had not where to lay his head. He whose chariots the clouds are, walking with sore feet. Hushing the tempest on Gennesaret and wiping the spray of the storm from his beard, then sitting down in the cabin beside his disciples, as though he had done no more than wipe the sweat from his brow in Joseph's carpenter shop. Taking the foot of death off the heart of Lazarus and breaking the chain of the grave against the marble of the tomb, and then walking out with Mary and Martha without any more pretension than a plain citizen going out in the suburban village to spend the evening. Jostled as though he were a nobody. Pursued as though he were an outlaw. Nicknamed. Seated with publicans and with sinners. King of heaven and earth trailing

His Robes in the Dust

How much of that humility have we? If we get a few more dollars than other people, or gain a little higher position, oh, how we strut! We go around wanting everybody to know their place, and say, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of my kingdom and by the might of my strength?" Who has anything of the humility of Christ?

The disposition of Christ was also the spirit of prayer. Prayer on the mountains, prayer on the sea, prayer among the sick, prayer everywhere. Prayer for little children: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." Prayer for his friends: "Father, I will that they be with me where I am." Prayer for his enemies: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Prayer for all nations: "Thy kingdom come." How little of that spirit you and I have. How soon our knees get tired. Where is the vial full of odors which are the prayers of all the saints? Which of us can keep our mind ten minutes on a prayer without wandering? Not you, not I. Oh, that we might have the spirit of prayer which was the Spirit of Christ. We want more prayer in the family, more prayer in the Church, more prayer in the legislative hall, more prayer among the sick, more prayer among the aged, more prayer among the young. The great advancement of the Church is to be in that direction yet.

While the Council of Nuremburg was signing the edict that gave the Church its freedom, Martin Luther was away off in a room by himself praying for that accomplishment. Though there was no line of communication between the place where the Council was assembled and the room where Martin Luther was praying, Martin Luther suddenly rose from his knees and said, "It is accomplished, the Church is free. Victory, victory!" Oh, for this direct line of communication with the throne of God, so that it may be said of us as it was said of Luther, "He got what he asked for!" We want, like Daniel, to pray with our face toward the holy city. We want, like Stephen, to pray gazing into heaven. We want, like the publican, to pray smiting on the heart of conviction. We want, like Christ, to pray, the Christ who emptied his heart of all its life blood and then filled it with the sorrows, the woes, the agonies of all nations.

> Cold mountains and the midnight air
> Witnessed the fervor of his prayer.

The Spirit of Christ, I remark lastly, was a spirit of hard work. Not one lazy moment in all his life. Whether he was talking to the fishermen on the beach or preaching to the sailors on the dock or administering to the rustics amid the mountains or spending an evening in Bethany,

Always Busy for Others

With hands, heart, head busy for others. Hewing in the Nazareth carpenter shop, teaching the lame how to walk without crutches, curing the child's fits, providing rations for the hungry host. From the moment he went out of the caravansary of Bethlehem to the moment when the cross plunged into the socket on the bloody mount, busy for others. Does that remind you of yourself? It does not remind me of myself. If we lift a burden it must be light. If we do work it must be popular. If we sit in the pew it must be soft. If we move in a sphere of usefulness it must be brilliant. If we have to take hold of a load, give us the light end of the log. In this way to heaven fan us, rock us, sing us to sleep. Lift us up toward heaven on the tips of your fingers, under a silken sunshade. Stand out of the way all you martyrs who breasted the fire; stand out of the way and let this colony of tender-footed modern Christians come up and get their crowns.

What has your Lord done to you, O Christian, that you should betray him? Who gave you so much riches that you can afford to despise the awards of the faithful? At this moment, when all the armies of heaven and earth and hell are plunging into the conflict, how can you desert the standard? O, backslidden Christian, is it not

Time for You to Start

anew for God and anew for heaven?

Now, I have shown you that the disposition of Christ was a spirit of gentleness, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a spirit of humility, a spirit of prayer, a spirit of hard work—five points. Will you remember them? Are you ready now for the tremendous announcement of the text? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Are you ready for that statement? Can we stand up and say, "Yes, we have the Spirit of Christ?" Not one of us can make that answer to the full question, yet I am to declare to you there is no discouragement in this subject for Christian people. You have the seeds of this character planted in your soul. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." You might as well blame an acorn for not being an oak of a thousand years as to blame yourself because you are not equal to Christ. You have the implantation within you which will enlarge and develop into the grandest Christian character, and there is no discouragement in this text for you to try and love and serve the Lord. Aim high. Sheathe not your sword until you have gained the last victory. Climb higher and higher until you reach the celestial hills. Crowns bright and radiant are prepared there for all the victors, but death surely awaits every deserter.

CROWN-PRINCESS STEPHANIE

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES AT BUDAPEST

THE LATE EMPRESS ELIZABETH IN HUNGARIAN COSTUME

DR. TALMAGE IN AUSTRIA'S BRILLIANT CAPITAL

Editorial Correspondence of "The Christian Herald"

VIENNA on fire with patriotic illumination. The figures "1830" and "1900" blazing on Parliament buildings and palaces, and suspended across streets, and decorating towers and arches. Emperor Francis Joseph is seventy years old, and for that reason 1830 and 1900 are put side by side. The night is in regalia of fire. For three nights fire has reigned in Vienna and all Austrian cities, and it has been a peaceful reign. It means congratulation and victory over the wear and tear of seventy years.

. . .

The Emperor is a unique personality, and but for the people's love for him, the empire would long ago have been divided. Hungary is as anxious now to be independent as in the days when Louis Kossuth struck for freedom, and his son now stands in the Hungarian Parliament with an influence that halts legislation concerning the empire whenever he will. But Emperor Francis Joseph is so kind, so charitable, so sympathetic, so helpful, that while he lives Austria will remain intact. Every one knows some story of his compassion and generosity. One of his officers who had become blind had said that his only comfort now was music, the Emperor gives the poor man a seat for life in the opera house. By such deeds he has won all hearts. His agonizing bereavements have intensified the affection of the people for their ruler. The suicide or murder of his only son (and it still remains a mystery how he was done to death), and the assassination of the Empress two years ago, have called forth a loyal love seldom seen in other nations. Having no son to succeed him he is educating his nephew for the throne—a splendid lad of thirteen or fourteen years. Otto, the father of the lad, would have been the next Emperor, but he does not want the throne, and no one in the empire wants him to take it. He is one-half bad and one-half imbecile. He keeps the air full of scandalization. He goes into a restaurant, orders all other persons to depart, and having taken full possession of the place, he and the group of wild fellows with him drink themselves drunk, and then smash the crockery, and the decanters, and the tables, and the windowglass, and no one dare protest, for he belongs to the imperial family. But the next day, the bill for this roystering destructiveness is sent to the Emperor, and he pays it.

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF

Otto is the terror of the neighborhoods when he is inflamed of strong drink. Riding on horseback through the country districts, he met a funeral procession of peasants. As is the custom, they were carrying the coffin on their shoulders. Otto made them stop, and put the coffin on the ground, and then he with his horse leaped over the coffin this way and that until the drunken delirum was satisfied. Hearing of this, or some equal offensiveness, the Emperor called this erratic specimen of royalty into his presence and severely reprimanded him. Otto was soon after seated at his own table with some rollicking companions, and, when the Emperor's name was mentioned, Otto said: "I will show you my opinion of the Emperor." Then the outrageous eccentric lifted from the table a bowl of greens and took it to a statue or bust of the Emperor standing in the room, and poured the greens over it, thus obliterating all the attractiveness of that work of art. The Emperor heard of this, and commanded the recreant man into his presence and told him that he knew of the insult offered him on that occasion, and in the presence of the imperial family and their guests, he boxed Otto's ears.

This royal nuisance is a peculiar equestrian, and has one of his horses so trained that he can without dismounting ride up the front steps of restaurants and hotels, and into the doorway, and through the hall, and into the barroom, and the horse puts his forefeet on the counter and waits for a drink, and the cup is put to the horse's mouth, either by Otto or the landlord, and the animal is compelled to drink, without having any choice as to the style of liquor he may prefer. The old Emperor is tired of paying the bills for these reckless adventures, but he finds that the sooner such bills are paid the less disagreeable publicity. The royal outlaw is incorrigible and will never be allowed to mount the throne of Austria. His son does not take after him, but after his mother, who is a most excellent woman.

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The three most interesting churches, to me, in Vienna, are "the Votive Church," "The Capuchin Church" and "The Augustine Church." The Votive Church was built by Maximilian of unhappy Mexican experiences. He and his brother, the present Emperor, while young men, were taking a walk in what were then the fields and an assassin sprang at the young Emperor and cut and stabbed him until through loss of blood, he seemed dying. Then Maximilian standing there made a vow that if God would spare his brother's life he would build on that spot a magnificent temple to the praise of God. Francis Joseph recovered, and through the efforts of Maximilian the promised church was built in commemoration. Alas! that the builder of so great a cathedral in commemoration of a life spared, should have been shot as a usurper, far away from home, and in a strange land.

But the body of the unfortunate Maximilian rests in illustrious company. It sleeps in the Capuchin Church, another building of absorbing interest in Vienna. For near three hundred years it has stood, the mausoleum of the imperial family. Maria Theresa is there. Marie Louise, Empress of the French, is there. Charles VI. is there. Joseph I. is there. Elizabeth, the last Empress, the wife of Francis Joseph, is there. The obsequies two years ago differed in one respect from all the other interments.

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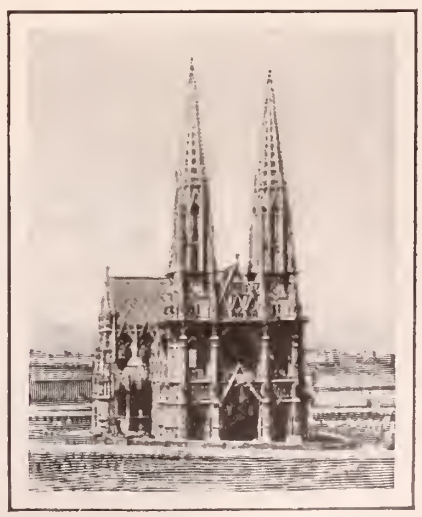
The mausoleums are in the basement of the church. The sad and solemn procession having reached the iron gate, the nearest relative knocks on the gate, and the robed ecclesiastic within asks, "Who is there, and why do you come?" and the leader of the procession replies, "I am Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. I come wishing my soul conducted to the realms of the blessed and my body put in sepulchre!" Then the gate is opened, and, with chanting, the body is welcomed and entombed. Of course, the right name of the ruler buried is mentioned. But Empress Elizabeth was taken to the tomb in this church with a different utterance. The service for the dead being concluded, the Emperor, with trembling hand knocked at the iron gate of the mausoleum, and the priest within asked: "Who is there, and why do you come?" And the answer given was this: "I, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, come with Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, asking that her soul be conducted to the realm of the blessed, and that her body be put in sepulchre!" Then she who had been the most beautiful woman in Europe and who had ridden with the Emperor into battle with the hosts of Austria and who had been the dashing equestrienne on as spirited a horse as was ever bitted or saddled, easily controlling the whirlwind with her riding-whip, now lies down haggard and broken-hearted over the behavior and tragic death of a foolish son, who was "the heaviness of his mother."

. . .

This Augustine Church is the place of marriage for the imperial family, and the story of bridal processions in the aisles of this cathedral would, if well told, thrill nations. You must visit the treasury of the place to get a competent idea of what diamonds and emeralds and rubies have glowed and flashed on the foreheads and necks of royalty moving to the altar in this St. Augustine Church at Vienna. But I do not suppose that this radiance of wedding attire and the pomp of entrance and departure of this St. Augustine Church assured any more happiness to those there united in wedlock, than is assured by the grasp of backwoodsman's hand taking the hand of the mountain lassie in the presence of the country parson, and without so much as a ring placed on the third finger of the left hand, the wedding trip neither to Berlin, nor Newport nor Niagara, but to the door of the next farmhouse. It is not the jewels on the forehead or the jewels on the hand that make a happy marriage, but the jewels of the heart. These are the rubies

ARCH-DUKE FERDINAND

THE "VOTIVE CHURCH"

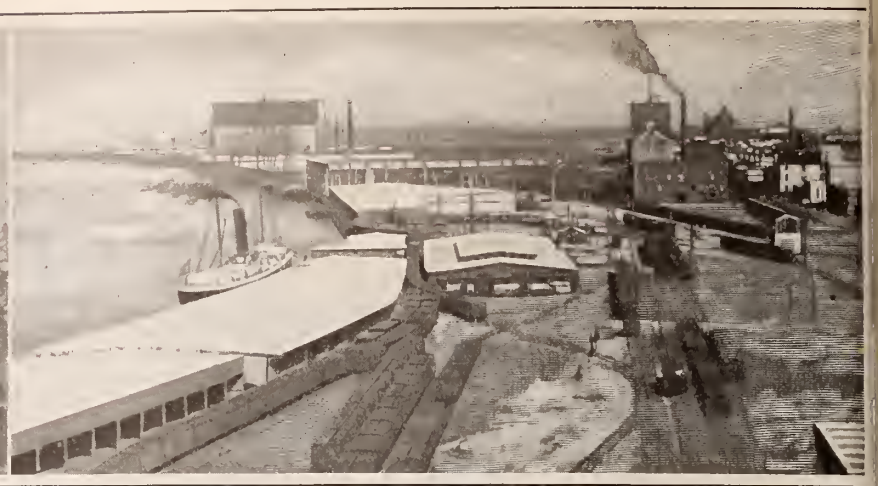


presented on marriage day by the King whose robe is the morning light and heaven itself is only one of his palaces.

T. De Witt Talmage

HALL OF TEXAS UNIVERSITY (DESTROYED)

THE HARBOR OF GALVESTON AS IT WAS BEFORE THE CYCLONE



THE · WHOLE · NATION · HELPING · STRICKEN · GALVESTON

SIDE by side with the record of disaster and suffering, during the great Galveston flood, must be placed the splendid heroism and self-sacrifice that were displayed in a thousand different instances during that terrible night's experience. Men and women who had lived quiet and uneventful lives, coming suddenly under the tremendous strain and nerved by love for their dear ones, performed deeds of the highest courage and bravery, risking the peril of death by flood and crashing buildings for the sake of others.

One of these heroes, George McIlheany, had an extraordinary experience. As the water rose in his dwelling, he and his wife and family sought refuge on the roof. He strapped his children together, except his little son, Haven, whom he took in his arms. A heavy timber, borne swiftly along on the flood, struck Haven, killing him instantly. The father caught up another little son, Rice, and clung to the roof, which was now sliding away. He was twice washed off, and little Rice was drowned. The roof, now fairly afloat, broke in two, the wife being on one half, and the husband on the other. He never saw her again. He was ultimately rescued with the remaining little ones.

Charles Wollam, after saving a number of helpless women, was seen to sink in the flood. Three brave policemen, unaided, rescued many persons and worked without food or rest until they literally dropped from exhaustion. A sixteen-year-old boy swam two miles with his little brother on his back. The child was dead, though his brave rescuer did not know it. He buried him in the sand. James Black, a merchant, rescued nine persons from drowning, including several women. The Sisters of the Ursuline Schools took in and sheltered nearly a thousand storm victims, saving many lives.

Galveston is slowly recovering from the shock of the disaster, and her citizens are taking courage. The city is being thoroughly cleaned and disinfected; the dead are now receiving proper burial, and though the temporary hospitals are filled with sufferers, the prospects are daily brightening. There has been a great exodus from the city, and many are still leaving. Thousands of families have been absolutely ruined, and must begin life over again. There are hundreds of orphans, who have apparently not a relative left to care for them. Martial law has dealt summarily with the disorderly element. As the troops, under orders, shot many robbers of the dead, there has been no renewal of such disgraceful practices. The wreckage is being cleared away, and there is now less danger from typhoid. The whole city will be rebuilt, and the streets and harbor front will be raised considerably above sea level.

Great quantities of food, medicines, and other necessaries are now pouring in and all danger of famine is for the time at least averted. The country has responded nobly to Texas' appeal for help. Relief trains from various points have brought generous supplies. In the relief movement the New York *Herald*, *Journal* and *World*, the Chicago *American* and San Francisco *Examiner* have done most substantial service and have shown great energy and enterprise in relieving the suffering. Skilled physicians and trained nurses who volunteered for service are now in charge of the medical work.

Courtesy of New York "Journal"

MARKET STREET, GALVESTON, AFTER THE TIDAL WAVE RECEDED

Many weeks must elapse before the acute period of suffering in Galveston and in some of the other storm-swept Texas towns can be said to be safely past. Ti then the nation's help will be welcome by the stricken state. The relief work s well begun will be continued until th Gulf city sufferers are safely throug their present deplorable crisis.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has receive the following contributions for the Floo sufferers:

Anonymous	1 00	I H N, Cambridge, Md	10 0
Mrs H K Sch, Bklyn, N Y	2 00	C E S Prospect Heights Pres Ch, Bklyn, N Y	5 0
D C Steiner	2 00	N Wheeler	1 0
Henry L Mersereau	2 00	C C Wheeler	1 0
Mr & Mrs J G Breese	5 00	S S Wise	1 0
C A Hagaman	5 00	Granite State Friend, W Ossipee, N H	1 0
W J Verree	50	Daisy & Mary, Marlboro, N Y	1 0
E T Davis	1 00	J F Runyon	5 0
E W B, Brooklyn, N Y	1 00	John W Sibley	10 0
R H Richards	5 00		
Isaac P Card	1 00	Total	$71.5
E W B, New Rochelle	1 00		
A friend, Goshen, N Y	10 00		

All contributions for the Texas Flooc sufferers sent to this office will be promptly acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

. . .

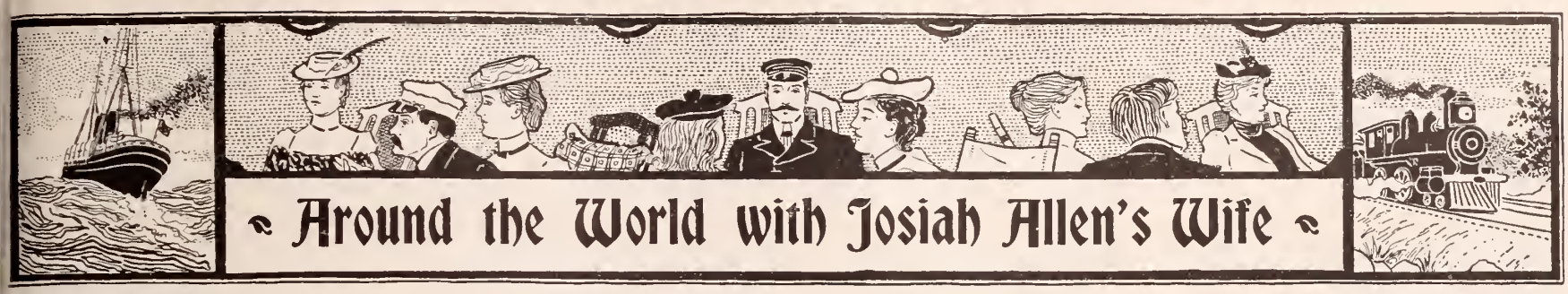
Memorial Services in New York

The United Memorial Services for Galveston's dead, held at Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Sept. 16, under auspices of the Salvation Army, was an impressive tribute to those who perished in the terrible storm and a timely and practical expression of sympathy for their bereaved kindred. Justice Charles F. MacLean of the Supreme Court presided, being introduced by Commander Booth-Tucker. In his opening address, Justice MacLean gave deserved commendation to the Salvation Army, which had so promptly hurried nurses, tents, food and clothing to the afflicted city. Among other speakers were Edmond W. Booth, Associate Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church; Rev. Dr. D. A. Blum, for sixteen years a rabbi in Galveston, and who had raised the first thousand dollars that went towards building the Protestant Orphan Asylum there, and Rev. S. P. Cadman, D.D. Resolutions of sympathy, "representing the various churches and synagogues of Greater New York, with the Young Men's Christian Association and the Salvation Army," were passed. A message from the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was read, contributing $100 to the work.

Commander Booth-Tucker referred eloquently to the sympathy and help which the whole civilized world is extending to the stricken city, and of the deep desire of the army to do its part by sending "flesh and blood and loving hearts and hands of the Gospel" along with all the money it could give to the help of Galveston.

COTTON SECTION OF GALVESTON WATER FRONT (NOW A WRECK)

THE JOHN SEELEY HOSPITAL (DESTROYED)



Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLIII.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN GREECE

FROM Naples we went to Athens, Dorothy wantin' to see Greece while she was so nigh to it, and Robert Strong wantin' just what she did every time. And Miss Meechim sayin' that it would be a pity to go home and not be able to say that we had been to what wuz once the most learned and genteel place in the hull world.

"Yes," sez Josiah, "I'd love to tell Elder Minkley and the bretheren I'd been there."

And Miss Meechim went on to say that she wanted to see the Acropolis and the Hall of the Nymphs and the Muses.

And Josiah told me that "they wuz nobody he had ever neighbored with and didn't know as he wanted to."

I guess Miss Meechim didn't hear him for she went on and said, "Athens wuz named from Athena, the goddess Minerva."

And Josiah whispered to me "to know if it wuz Minerva Slimpsey, Simon's oldest sister."

And I sez, "No, this Minerva, from what I've hearn of her, knew more than the hull Slimpsey family," sez I. "She wuz noted for her wisdom and knowledge, and I spoze," sez I, "that she wuz the daughter of Jupiter."

Josiah said Jupiter wus nobody he ever see, though he wuz familiar with his name. And I'd hearn on him too when Josiah smashed his finger or slipped up on the ice or anything, not that I wanted to in that tone. Arvilly thought mebby she could canvas the royal family or some on 'em, and Tommy wuz willin' to go to any new place and I spoze Carabi wuz too. And I said I wanted to stand on Mars' Hill where Paul preached to the people about idolatry and their worship of the Unknown God. As we sailed along the shores Dorothy spoke of Sapho. Poor creeter! I wuz always sorry for her. You know she wuz disappinted and bein' love-sick and discouraged she writ some poetry and drownded herself some time ago.

The Old Greek Worthies

And Robert Strong talked a good deal to Dorothy about Plato and Homer and Xenophon and Euripides, Sophocles, Phidias, and Socrates—and lots more of them old worthies; folks, Josiah remarked to me, that had never lived anywhere round Jonesville way, he knew by the names. And Dorothy quoted some poetry begining:

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece."

And Robert quoted some poetry. I know two lines of it run:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart."

But his eyes wuzn't on Athens at all. They wuz on Dorothy and her face flushed up as rosy a pink as ever Miss Sapho's did when she wuz keepin' company.

After we left the boat we rode over a level plain with green trees by the wayside till we reached Athens and put up at a good tarven. Athens, "The eye of Greece," mother of arts and eloquence, wuz built in the first place round the Acropolis, a hill about three hundred feet high, and is a place that has seen twice as many ups and downs as Jonesville. But then it's older, three or four thousand years older, I spoze, and has had a dretful time on't since Mr. Theseus's day, take it with its archons or rulers, kings and generals, and Turks, Goths and Franks, etc.

But it become the fountainhead of learning and civilization, culture and education of the mind and the body. In that age of health and beauty, study and exercise, the wimmen didn't wear any cossets, consequently they could breathe deep breaths and enjoy good health, and had healthy little boy babies that they brought up first-rate as fur as the enjoyment of good health goes, and Arvilly said she knew they didn't drink to excess from the looks of their statutes.

Athens also claims to be one of the birthplaces of Homer, that good old blind poet. Robert Strong talked quite a good deal about his poems, the Iliad and the Odyssy or the return of Ulysses Odysses to his native land.

Josiah paid great attention to it, and afterwards he confided to me that he thought of writin' a Jodyssy or the return of Josiah to Jonesville. He said when he recounted all his wanderin's and tribulations on the road and at tarvens with starvation and tight clothes and all the other various hampers he'd been hampered with he said that it would beat that old Odyssy to nothin' and nobody would ever look at it agin. "Why," sez he, "jest think how old that is, most a thousand years B. C. It is time another wuz writ, and I'm the one to write it."

But I shall try to talk him out of it. He said he shouldn't begin it till our return to Jonesville, so Ury could help him in measurin' the lines with a stick. And when I am once mistress of my own cookstove and buttery I have one of the most powerful weepons in the world to control my pardner with.

I hain't no great case to carry round relics, but I told Josiah that I would give a dollar bill quick if I could git holt of that old lantern that Diogenes used to carry round here in the streets in broad daylight to find Truth with. How I'd love to seen Mr. Diogenes and asked him if he ever found her.

Josiah on Diogenes

Josiah said he would ruther own his wash-tub that he used to travel round in. And which he wuz settin' in when Alexander the Great asked him what costly gift he could bestow on him. And all that contented, independent creeter asked for wuz to have the king not git between him and the sun.

He snubbed Plato, too; didn't want anything, only his tub and his lantern and hunt round for a honest man, though I don't see how he got round in it. But Josiah sez that the tub wuz on castors, and he had a idee of havin' our old wash-tub fixed up and go to Washington, D. C. in it with our old tin lantern jest to be uneek and hunt round there for an honest man.

Sez I middlin' dry, "You may have to go further, Josiah." But I shan't encourage him in it. And our wash-tub wouldn't hold him up anyway; the hoops had sprung loose before I left home.

At the southwest of Athens is the Mount Hymettus. I'd hearn a sight about its honey. Josiah thought he would love to buy a swarm of bees there, but I asked him how could he carry 'em to Jonesville. He said that if he could learn 'em to fly ahead on us he could do it. But he can't.

The road west wuz Eulusas, the Sacred Way. And to the north wuz the Academy of Plato, and that of Aristotle wuz not fur away. One day I see there on an old altar, "Sacred to either a god or goddess." They believed in the rights of wimmen, them old Pagans did, which shows there is good in everything.

And how smart Socrates wuz; I always sot store by him, he wuz a good talker and likely in a good many ways, though I spoze he and his wife didn't live agreeable, and there might have been blame on both sides and probable wuz. How calm he wuz when on trial for his life, and when he had drunk the hemlock, sayin' to his accusers:

"I go to death and you to life; but which of the twain is better is known only to Divinity."

And Mr. Plato; don't it seem as if that old Pagan's words wuz prophetic of Christ when he spoke of an inspired teacher:

"This just person must be poor, void of all qualifications save virtue. A wicked world will not bear his instructions and reproofs. And therefore within three or four years after he begun to preach he should be persecuted, imprisoned, scourged, and at last put to death."

Hundreds of years after, Paul preaching the religion of Christ Jesus, met the Epicurians and Stoics representing Pleasure and Pride. Strong foes that religion has to contend with now. Then he addressed the multitude from the Areopagus, Mars' Hill.

"THE TABLE WUZ LAID IN A VINE-COVERED PAVILION, CLOSE TO THE SEA"

Where Paul Once Stood

What feelin's I felt; how real and nigh to my heart his incomparable sermon that he preached in that place seemed to be as I stood there. I thought of how the cultured, beauty-loving nature of Paul must have been affected by his surroundings as he stood there in the midst of statutes and altars to Apollo, Venus, Bacchus. The colossial golden figure of Minerva, holdin' in her outstretched right hand a statute of victory, four cubits high. So big and glorious-lookin' Minerva wuz that her glitterin' helmet and shield could be seen fur out to sea. The statute of Neptune on horseback hurling his tridant; the temple to Ceres and all the gods and goddesses they knew on and to the Unknown God. Here Paul stood surrounded by all these temples so magnificent that jest the gateway to 'em cost what would be ten million dollars in our money.

Here in the face of all this glory he stood up and declared that the true God, "Lord of heaven and earth dwelt not in temples made with hands." And he went on to preach the truth in Christ Jesus: repentance, remission of sin, the resurrection of the dead. Some mocked and some put him off by saying they would hear him again of this matter. They felt so proud, their glory and magnificence seemed so sure and enduring, their learning, art and accomplishments seemed so fur above this obscure teacher of a new religion.

But there I stood on the crumbling ruins of all this grandeur and art. And the God of Paul that they had scorned to "feel after if haply they might find him," wuz dominating the hull world, bringing it to the knowledge of Christ Jesus: "The gold and silver and stone wrought by many hands" had crumbled away while the invisible wuz the real, the truth wuz sure and would abide forever. How real it all seemed to me as I stood there and my soul listened and believed like Dionysos and Damarus!

The market-place wuz just below Mars' Hill and I spoze they talked it over whilst they wuz buyin' and sellin' there, about a strange man who had come preachin' a new doctrine and who had asked to speak to the people. It sez, "His heart was stirred within him and he taught them about the true God" in the synagogue and market-place. As we stood there in

that hallowed spot. Miss Meechim said:

"Oh, that I had been there at that time and hearn that convincin' sermon. how gladly would I have left all and followed him like Dionysos and Damarus."

"Well, I d'no." sez Arvilly. "as folks are any more willin' now to let their old idols of selfishness and mammon go and renounce the false and worship the truth than they wuz then."

Miss Meechim scorfed at the idee, but I pondered it in my own mind and wondered how many there really wuz from Jonesville to Chicago, from Maine to Florida, ready to believe in Him and work for the millennium.

But to resoom: The Patessia is a beautiful avenue. The royal family drive there every day and the nobility and fashionable people. The Greek ladies wear very bright clothing in driving or walking. The road looks sometimes like a bed of moving blossoms.

As in most every place where we traveled, Robert Strong met someone he knew. Here was a gentlemen he had entertained in California, and he gave a barbecue or picnic for us at Phalareum. A special train took the guests to it. There wuz about thirty guests from Athens. The table wuz laid in a pavilion close to the seashore, covered with vines, evergreens and flowers. Four lambs wuz roasted hull and coffee was made in a boiler; choice fruits and foods wuz served, and wines for them that wanted 'em.

It is needless to say that I didn't partake on't, and Josiah, I am proud to say, under my watchful eyes refused to look on it when it wuz red, and Arvilly and Robert Strong and Dorothy turned down their glasses on the servant's approach bearin' the bottles.

Everything wuz put on the table to once, and a large piece of bread to each plate. No knives or forks are used at a barbecue. We had sweet-meats, roseleaf glyco, oranges and all kinds of fruits. The way they roast a lamb at a barbecue, two large lambs are placed about four feet apart, the lamb pierced lengthwise by a long, pointed stick, is hung over the bed of live coals. They turn and baste it with olive oil and salt and it is truly delicious.

One pleasant day we visited the King's country place. The dining-room wuz a pavilion in a shady spot under orange trees full of fruit and blossoms, surrounded with a dense hedge of evergreens, vines and blossoms. There wuz walks in every direction, bordered with lovely flowers. The Queen's private settin'-room is a pretty room, the furniture covered with pink and white cretonne, no better than my lounge is covered with to home in the spare room. And in a little corner hid by a screen of photographs wuz her books and writing-desk. The maids of honor had rooms in a little vine-covered cottage near by.

We of course went to see the ruins of the Parthenon, built by Pericles and ornamented with the marbles of Phidias. It wuz finished about four hundred and thirty years B. C., and cost about four millions of our money. A great bishop once said:

"This was the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart."

It stands on the highest point of the Acropolis and wuz decorated by the greatest sculptor the world ever saw. It stands on the site of an older temple to Minerva. They thought a sight of that woman. It made me feel well to see one of my sect so highly thought on, though I did not approve of their worshipin' her, and I would never give my consent to be worshiped on a monument, not for the world I wouldn't —no indeed!

Robert Strong wanted to go to see the ruins of the enormous temple of Jupiter, where chariot races wuz run and the Olympic games wuz fought that Paul speaks of so many times in his letters to the churches.

But time wuz passin' fast away and we thought best to not linger there any longer and we went directly from there to Vienna, a longer journey than we had took lately, but Robert thought that we had better not stop on the way.

(To be continued).

OUR INDIA ORPHAN ROLL OF HONOR

The following have undertaken the support of India Famine Orphans, in addition to the lists already published:

INDIVIDUAL PATRONS

Ackerman, Clar P., New York, will care for **One Orphan Child** in a mission of the Ref. church.

Adair, G. W., New Jersey, gives support for **One Orphan Child** in India, saying: "If a bright child is selected, I may support it for two or three years."

Ashbaugh, J. W., West Virginia, assumes support of **One Orphan.**

Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Pennsylvania, place **One Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

"A friend from McDonold," Penn., will care for **An Orphan Boy** in the United Presb. mission.

"A. W.," Elk Horn, Wisconsin, sends support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

A Presbyterian family, Louisville, Ky., will care for **One Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school. They say, "Our prayer is that this boy may grow to be a man, able and willing, and called to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

B., Miss J. G., Missouri, "wants **A Bright Little Girl** to educate for mission worker in a Congregational school."

Bailey, Miss Susan L., New York, will care for **One Orphan Girl** for one year.

Balch, Mrs. Geo. A., Vermont, in assuming support for **An Orphan Child** in an M. E. school, says, "I pray God to send speedy relief to all suffering ones."

Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. A., Ohio, pledge support for **One Orphan Boy** and **One Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school for one year.

Bruce, G. S., Virginia, will care for **An Orphan Girl** in a M. E. school.

Boyeson, Mr. and Mrs. B., Idaho, pledge support for **One Little Orphan Girl.**

Burbank, Paul E., three and a-half years old, of Massachusetts, will support "a **Boy Friend** in India." Being a Methodist himself, he asks that this other boy be educated in a Methodist school.

Calhoun, Miss Sarah A., New York, sends support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

"Cash," Drittwood, Penn., will support **An Orphan Boy** and **An Orphan Girl** in an M. E. mission.

Evans, Mrs. W. T., Tennessee, in placing **An Orphan Child** in a Baptist school, writes: "May God's richest blessings rest upon these efforts and upon the dear child selected."

Easton, Miss Amelia E., Rhode Island, places **One Orphan Girl** in a Congregational mission.

Elizabeth, Esther and Elizabeth, Syracuse, N. Y., place **One Orphan Boy** and **Two Orphan Girls** in a Congregational mission.

Fuller, Miss Lieoni, New York, pledges support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

Fulton, Miss F. M., New York, in placing **An Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school, says: "I should like a bright boy, one calculated to do much good among his own people."

Ford, Mr. Fred, Massachusetts, places **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school, saying: "God speed you in your blessed work."

Gorton, Miss Minnie, New York, will educate **An Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

Glattly, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Minnesota, in placing **Two Little Orphan Girls** in a Methodist school, say: "We want two of the most wretched little girls they can find educated to be missionaries to their own people."

Gavett, Jos. W., New Jersey, pledges support for **One Orphan Child** for one year.

"H. S.," Pittsburg, Pa., assumes support for **One Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian mission.

Hamilton, Miss Sarah R., Maine, asks to have **One Orphan Girl** educated for a mission worker in a Methodist school.

Henry, Dr. and Mrs. W. O., Nebraska, ask to have **Two Children, a Boy and a Girl,** trained for active Christian service in a Presbyterian school. "Praying that the Divine blessing may accompany this little orphan, and that you may be greatly bles ed in your noble work."

Howell, Laura P., Massachusetts, supports **One Orphan Child** for one year.

Hulbert, Abbie M., Pennsylvania, is educating **One Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school.

Irvine, Mrs. George, California, educates **One Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Jones, Mrs. R. A., Maine, educates **One Orphan Girl** as a mission worker among her own people in a Methodist school, saying, "God grant that she may be a blessing to many."

Little, John W., Pennsylvania, assumes support of **One Boy** under the care of Rev. M. D. Adams.

Lyman, H. B., Massachusetts, in placing **An Orphan** in a Congregational school, says, "I hope that this will be the means of doing her much good, both in the present and in the future."

Mains, Robert, New York, places **One Orphan Child** in a Baptist school.

Melony, E. F., Minnesota, will educate **One Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

McMichael, Canada, places **One Orphan Child** in a Presbyterian school.

Moore, Charles W., Maine, will educate **An Orphan Boy** with the Friends or in a M. E. school.

Miller, Mr. and Mrs. John Z., Pennsylvania, place **Two Orphan Boys** in a Presbyterian school.

Miller, Evelyn S., Pennsylvania, will educate **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Miller, Marie M., Pennsylvania, will educate **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Mrs. L., Pennsylvania, writes that she is an old lady and crippled, "but God will help me to care for this **Orphan Child.**"

Nibecker, Mrs. E., California, pledges support for **One Orphan Girl.**

Peck, Mrs. L. A. M., Conn., will educate **An Orphan Boy** in a Methodist school. "I write, feeling deeply interested in this noble work, and desire to assume support for an orphan boy, hoping that he will be taught the precious truths of Christianity and be fitted for the master's use. He will have my earnest prayers and motherly love."

Pennington, Miss Lydia O., Ohio, will educate **An Orphan Boy** under the care of Rev. M. B. Fuller.

Parker, Charles E., Vermont, places **An Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school.

Post, Mrs. Carrie L., Texas, will educate **An Orphan Boy** for a mission worker, in memory of her little son, Clarence Lathrop Parsons.

Rietveld, Harriet, Iowa, **A Little Girl,** ten years of age, writes a very pretty little letter, saying that she would care for **One Little Indian Orphan** for one year.

Robey, E. E., Indiana, will care for **One Orphan Boy** in the M. E. mission.

Rogers, Winston, North Carolina, will support **One Orphan Boy** in a Baptist school for one year.

Remy, Albert F., Ohio, will educate **One Orphan Child** for one year in a Presbyterian school.

Richards, Miss Caroline, Staten Island, places **One Orphan** in an Episc. orphanage saying, "I will do my best for Christ's little one for his dear sake."

Russell, Miss Sarah E., Philadelphia, places **An Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

Selden, C. M., Pennsylvania, assumes support of **An Orphan Child** for one year.

Selden, Mr. and Mrs. E. P., Pennsylvania, will educate **One Orphan Child** for one year.

Smith, Lillie T., Michigan, places **An Orphan Girl** in a Lutheran school, saying, "I want her trained as a missionary, and with God's help will care for her until her education is completed."

Saxton, Mrs. H. J., Ohio, places **An Orphan Boy** in a school, saying, "I thank God for the privilege of adopting an orphan boy in India."

Schutte, Mrs. C. F., Illinois, places **A Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Stetson, George C., Maine, is educating **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school for a "native teacher."

Smith, Charlotte E., Illinois, places an **Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Schroeder, Clara M., Michigan, places **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian school, "Asking my Heavenly Father to help me to do my full duty."

Snyder, Mrs. N. E., Pennsylvania, asks to have **An Orphan Girl** "as bright and capable as possible" placed in a Baptist school.

Smith, Mrs. Clara G., Montana, in assuming support of **One Orphan Child,** says: "Train him or her for future Christian work."

"Thanking Offering," Boulder, Colo. A part of the sum sent for the support of this **Orphan** was given by a little girl, Isabel B., twelve years of age, who had written a prize essay and shared this, her first money, with the **Little Orphan** of India. Her teacher says: "You are certainly doing a God-given work in stirring up the hearts of men, women and children all over the land in the interest of the suffering and starving in afflicted India.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Sunday School class of J. Herbert Williams, Port Allegany, Penn., will care for **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist school. This is a class of boys of from nine to fourteen years of age. They showed great interest in the story of the orphans of India, and decided at once to adopt an orphan girl.

Sabbath School class of Mrs. Susan Wright, Ashland, Kans., will care for **An Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school.

Miss Mattie Doty's Sabbath School class of boys, Kansas City, Mo., will care for **An Orphan Boy** in a Methodist school. They say: "We expect to keep up this work, God being our helper, until our boy is a missionary preaching the Gospel among his own native people."

Miss Lide Brevard's Sabbath School class of eight girls say: "We gladly undertake the support of **One Orphan Girl** for one year in a Methodist school. May she do much good for the Master."

Epworth Mission Sabbath School, Pittsfield, Mass., will care for **One Orphan Girl** in a Methodist school for one year.

Sabbath School of Miss Mary Selden, of Erie, Penn., will care for **One Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Greenwood Congregational Sabbath School, of Des Moines, Ia., will care for **One Orphan Child** in a Congregational school.

CHURCHES, CHURCH SOCIETIES, etc.

Woman's Missionary and Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, Corinth, Miss., assumes support of **An Orphan Girl** in a Presbyterian mission.

Y. P. S. C. E., of North Baptist Chapel, Providence, R. I., in assuming support for **An Orphan Girl** in a Baptist mission writes: "May God's blessing rest upon the work in India, thus making even the awful famine to bring glory to his name."

Ladies' Missionary Society, Congregational Church of Granby, Quebec, will care for **One Orphan Child** in a Congregational school.

The Woman's Missionary Society, Watkinsville, Ga., Baptist Church, assumes support of **One Orphan Girl** and their secretary takes for herself **One Orphan Boy** to be cared for for one year.

The C. E. Society of the old First Presbyterian Church, New York City, will care for **One Orphan Boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Y. P. S. C. E., of First Presbyterian Church at Everett, Wash., ask to have **An Orphan Child** educated in a Presb. school and named "Everett."

Y. P. S. C. E., Mineral Point, Wis., assume support of **An Orphan Girl** in a mission of the American Board.

Y. P. A., of Christ Church, Congregational, New York, will care for **One Child** in a Cong. school.

Epworth League, Bridgeboro, N. J., will care for **One Orphan Child** in an M. E. school.

The Harrison Band, Amory, Miss., will care for **One Orphan Child.** This is a band of little children joined together for good work.

CUT OUT, FILL UP AND FORWARD TO US THIS FORM OF APPLICATION:

INDIA ORPHAN WORK

Under the Auspices of "The Christian Herald," 92 Bible House, New York

I will endeavor to provide support for ..... INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN.... and will remit Quarterly at the rate of $15 a Year to "The Christian Herald India Orphan Work" for such support. It is my understanding the care thus provided will include food, clothing, shelter and instruction by proper teachers.

It is my wish that the orphan ... be a ..... , and located in an orphanage

BOY OR GIRL

under the care of a missionary of the ..... Denomination.

NAME .....

ADDRESS, P. O. ..... *STATE* .....

DATE *1900*

Answered Prayers

Subscriber, Bristol, Conn., writes:

I asked the Father for steady employmen and my prayer has been answered. I give him th glory.

Reader, Clinton, Mo., writes:

I made a solemn promise before God, that if m prayer was answered, I would acknowledge in th columns of your paper. I now do so gladly.

C. C. F., St. Johnsburg, Vt., writes:

I desire to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIA HERALD a direct answer to prayer, and I than God for his goodness.

L. F. writes:

I had a very sick grandchild, and I prayed to Go for his recovery. He has answered my prayer. promised I would write to your paper if answere and I give him the glory.

Reader, Illinois, writes:

I have prayed a long time for a certain objec which almost seemed hopeless, but God has bee with me and now it has come true. I give him th glory.

Reader, Penargyle, Pa., writes:

I prayed to God when in trouble and the Lor answered my prayers. I said I would acknowledg it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and now desire t give God the glory.

Reader, Florida:

I prayed for my boy, who was sick, promising t acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD i he was restored. He is well now, and I write t redeem my promise, and to give God the glory.

Mrs. L. S., Rushville, Ind., writes:

I have been in poor health for years. I praye that I might be given good health, promising to ac knowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HER ALD. I am now so greatly improved as to be no ticed by friends. I write to redeem my promise.

Mrs. J. M. R., Boonville, N.Y., writes

I promised the Lord if he would restore us t health I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are now recovered, and I write this to keep my word and tell how thankful I am for his goodness.

B. H., Columbia, Mo., writes:

I promised God if he would answer my prayer fo a certain something that I would write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I now give him the glory.

Mrs. S. F. M., Brooklyn, writes:

I promised our Lord if he would answer a certain prayer, to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The prayer was answered, and I write to fulfil my promise.

Mrs. A. C., Denmark, Me., writes:

I sincerely believe in prayer. I know that my prayers have been directly answered many times. I wish to give thanks in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for God's goodness.

S. P., Washington, O., writes:

A dearly loved one went on a very hazardous journey which we thought could not possibly be accomplished. I prayed fervently to God to save her. He heard and answered. I promised to acknowledge an answer to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Constant Reader, Bristol, Conn., writes:

I have had a great many prayers answered, but upon one in particular the happiness of my home depended. I did pray earnestly that if God would answer my supplication I would make it known through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for encouragement to others. A dear friend was visiting the home of his childhood, where, in years past, he had led a dissipated life, but had been reclaimed through prayer, and oh the fear that took possession of me, that, in the midst of such strong temptation, he might fall a victim again. But God's grace was sufficient. My friend returned as strong as when he left.

Mrs. J. D. B., Sidney, Ark., writes:

My heart was heavily burdened for the salvation of a dear friend. I promised the Lord if he would save her I would acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My prayer was answered.

L. R. C., Baltimore, Md., writes:

I was in great perplexity and sorrow and could see no way out of it, as far as human means were concerned. I told our Heavenly Father about it and asked him to help me, and in less than ten days something so unexpectedly happened that I feel so encouraged that I want to acknowledge it as an answer to prayer, and to praise my dear Lord for it.

Mrs. E. J. P., Moravia, N. Y., writes:

I wandered away from God, and, for a time, was afraid I should never be forgiven. As I believe my prayers have been answered, I wish to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as I promised to do. I also would acknowledge answer to another special prayer. I give him the glory.

Reader, Jefferson, O. T.:

Four times I prayed, and the answer came. I promised to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I am glad to do so and to give God the glory.

B. R., Parksville, N. Y., writes:

During a recent season of great trial, I promised God that if he would deliver me I would acknowledge it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He answered my prayer, and I now redeem my promise to him.

Reader, South Carolina, writes:

I promised the Lord if he would restore me to health I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am now recovered, and write this to keep my word and tell how thankful I am.

Mrs. A. H. S., Gay, S. Dak., writes:

I desire to acknowledge through your paper an answer to prayer. We were in deep trouble. I prayed to God for deliverance, and he has heard and answered the prayer.

MINERS ON STRIKE

PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL

ENERAL regret is felt on all hands that the efforts to avert a strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennylvania have failed. It is estimaed that the strike has thrown out f work more than 100,000 men, nd some assert 140,000. The neotiations have been conducted by ne officers of the United Mine Vorkers of America, a union emracing all classes of miners roughout the country. The Presient of the Union is John Mitchell, man of considerable executive bility, now about thirty years of ge. He has himself been a workg miner, and at thirteen years of ge was earning his own living in ne mines. The statement he has ssued to the public describing the auses of the strike, is an able paer showing moderation and a relization of the serious nature of ne conflict thus begun. Accordg to this statement, the miners re seeking an increase of wages nd the removal of certain grievnces which have proved irksome them. The wages now being aid, Mr. Mitchell says, do not verage more than $250 a year, and n advance of twenty per cent. is sked. The grievances cited are mportant. One is that, although nder the laws of Pennsylvania, a on of anthracite coal shall consist f 2,400 pounds, the companies inist on the miners producing in ome instances 2,700 pounds to the on and in others still more and ome as much as 4,000 pounds to he ton. Another is that the miners re required to buy their powder from heir employers at $2.75 per keg, though hey could buy the same powder elsewhere t $1.50 per keg, or wholesale for one dollar. Besides these complaints, the miners alege that they cannot retain their posiions unless they deal at stores supported by their employers and significantly called 'Pluck-me stores." Also that they must pay one dollar a month to the companies or a doctor, whether they need him or not, and must have the doctor the companies select. They allege that when representatives of the miners have sought to get these grievances remedied, the representatives have been discharged, and when clergymen and business men have appealed to the owners on behalf of the miners, their interference has been in every instance resented. The owners on their side, contend that their profits are not so large as represented and declare that the men would not have been dissatisfied if it had not been that the United Mine Workers, for reasons of their own, wished to precipitate a conflict. It is inevitable that the strike, even if successful, will involve severe suffering to the miners and their families and on that account must be deplored. At the outset the miners appear to have the sympathy of the clergymen and disinterested persons in the neighborhoods affected and their readiness to submit their case to arbitration has impressed the public in their favor. It may be hoped that they will not alienate that sympathy by the lawless acts which too often accompany a strike. If they are patient and their cause is really as just as it appears, there is hope that public opinion will compel the owners to make concessions, or at least consent to submit the questions in dispute to disinterested persons in whom both parties have confidence. They, too, must lose by a continuance of the struggle; therefore both sides may well heed the apostle's warning:

If ye bite and devour one another take heed that ye be not consumed one of another (Gal. 5:15).

Costly Barricades

The mails bring interesting details of the siege of the British Legation in Pekin, to which Mr. Conger and the Ministers of the European powers went for refuge when the Boxers attacked them. The cable had already brought the welcome news of their relief, but it gave no particulars of the struggle to keep out the Boxer hordes who surrounded the grounds. It was never expected, of course, that the building would ever have to serve the purpose of a citadel, so it was but ill-provided with means of defense. The ingenuity of the little garrison was constantly exercised to eke out the arsenal. A gun was made out of a fire-extinguisher; every scrap of metal, including candlesticks and ornaments, was converted into ammunition. It was necessary to provide some kind of barricade to protect the building in which the women and the children and the sick were housed. Nothing is so serviceable for this purpose as bags of sand, as the shells enter them harmlessly, and there is no splintering as with wood and stone. Ten thousand of these bags were made and filled with sand to form a wall. Material for the bags became a prime necessity. Eventually every coarse fibre was used, but more bags were needed. It was no time to hesitate, so, as nothing else could be procured, a piece of gold and silk brocade, which had cost fifty thousand dollars, was cut up, and bags were made from it and filled with sand. Probably this was the costliest barricade ever constructed, but when their lives are at stake, people do not stay to consider the money value of the sacrifice that may save them. It is much to be wished that there was the same readiness to make sacrifices when the soul is at stake.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt (Eccles. 5:13).

Return of the "Baltimore"

A warm welcome was given to the U. S. Battleship *Baltimore* on her arrival at New York from the Philippines. She has been on duty there since the battle of Manila Bay. On her way home she received a series of national greetings. She had an ovation from the Japanese at Tokio, from the French at Havre, from the Scotch at Glasgow, from the English at Gravesend and from the Irish at Belfast. But these were small compared with her welcome at New York. The good ship bears the scars of the conflict. The hole was pointed out where the five-inch shell went through her bulwarks and exploded the case of ammunition. Only two of the officers now on board were on her in the fight, but about thirty of the crew were there. The other officers and men have been transferred to other ships and many of them had already reached home. Before making another voyage, the *Baltimore* will be fitted with new batteries and boilers and modern steering-gear and electric-lighting plant. The ship's experience is, in some respects, not unlike that of the church. It, too, bears the scars of conflict; it needs to be equipped with modern methods of warfare, and it also has lost some who in former conflicts were conspicuous on its quarter-deck, but have gone on before to their reward.

Lift up thine eyes round about and see: all they gather themselves together; they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side (Isa. 60:4).

Funeral Orders

A journalist who has been traveling in eastern Pennsylvania sends to the New York *Sun* a description of a peculiar custom prevailing among some of the rural inhabitants. Nearly every aged person has some directions written for burial. Not a few go so far as to name the preacher they want, the text, the hymns, the burial place the pall-bearers, describe the shroud, dwell on the funeral meats, name the number of carriages and wagons, describe the grave and materials to be used, the casket and lining, plate and trimmings, and inscription on the lid. In fact nothing is left unmentioned, even to the kind of stockings and slippers Said one old lady who has written out all her desires: "I have omitted nothing. Everything I want done is written down. I know how I want it; they don't. If I write it all down they will do as I say, and then I am sure. There is no danger that they won't obey. The written requests and orders of people who die are regarded as sacred. What is ordered about burying the dead must be carried out, even to the inscription on the gravestones." The old lady concluded by saying: "I, like many others, have grave clothes already made, but we find out that it is necessary to provide written instructions for funeral details, as well as making a will to bequeath our property." As they give their attention to details so minute, we may hope that they do not overlook the most important of all matters which death involves.

These all died in faith not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them and embraced them (Heb. 11:13).

A Discriminating Jury

A jury in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn pronounced a decision recently which showed how much doubt there had been in the minds of the jurymen. The question in dispute had been whether a certain man was insane. Evidence had been brought to show how he had wasted his property and how many foolish things he had done. On the other hand there was testimony to his being intelligent and able to understand questions of some profundity. After the evidence was all in and the judge had summed up, the jury retired to consider their verdict. On their return the foreman announced that the jury had decided that the man was "incompetent." The judge said that he could not accept such a verdict. The jury must say whether he was sane or insane. Another interval for consideration was taken and then the jury declared the man sane, but recommended that some one should be appointed to take care of his property. The jury still believed him to be sane but incompetent. There are many people who appear, from the standpoint of a Christian, to belong to the same category. They cannot be called insane because they show intelligence and manage their worldly affairs with wisdom and skill; yet in neglecting their eternal interests they display such folly as to cause doubt of their complete sanity.

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God (Luke 12:21).

MINE-WORKERS ON THE BREAKERS IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL DISTRICT

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Arthur Crane, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., has been holding evangelistic meetings at Denmark, S. C. The community has been deeply moved and many additions have been made to the churches.

Mr. John R. Mott has prepared a work comprising his observations during his eighteen-months' tour around the world. It is entitled, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." It has been published, price one dollar, by the Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West 29th St., New York.

The Home Mission of the Free Evangelical Church of France presents a very happy report for the year. There are now twenty-one stations, with over thirty paid agents. There are also forty annexes or sub-stations, where regular services are held, and one hundred and fifty other places where occasional services are conducted.

Rear Admiral Serada of the Japanese navy is dead. He was an active, earnest Christian. He was converted while attending the Japanese Naval School, and when he came to Annapolis to continue his studies he took a decided stand for Christ. He taught a Bible class in the Tokio Y. M. C. A. every Sunday afternoon when his naval duties permitted, and supported out of his own pocket a preaching service in one of the suburbs of the city.

Mr. Leonard Weaver, who is conducting tent meetings in London, writes: "The wonderful work of God proceeding in the nine great tents erected in the suburban districts of London may well stir the Lord's people to praise. Twenty thousand persons listen to the Word of Life every Sunday; thousands every night of the week; and, best of all, some 3,000 names have been taken of those who have professed faith in Christ."

The New York State Sunday School Association has arranged with Madam Mountford, the well-known Oriental lecturer, to give a series of lectures on "Bible Lands and Bible Customs," for the benefit of Sunday School teachers. The object of the lectures is to describe the habits and customs of the people in such a way as to make the Bible allusions clear to the minds of the hearers. During October the lectures will be delivered in Brooklyn; during November, in New York. Afterwards Madam Mountford will make a tour of the State.

THE LORD'S DAY FOR UNSELFISH MINISTRY

JESUS DINING WITH A PHARISEE

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International S. S. Lesson for Oct. 7: Luke 14: 1-14

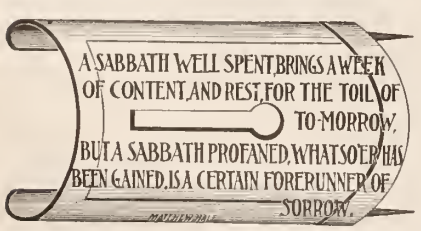
Golden Text, Luke 14: 11: Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

THE Lord's Supper, the Lord's Day, the Lord's Year. Three monuments of Christ as our Lord and King stand near together at this time. Only three months away looms "the year of our Lord, 1901," the mile-stone of a new century, reminding us that Jesus Christ is "Lord" of our time as well as of eternity. He is now the accepted Lord of more human lives than he was at the portals of any former century. In this last quarter of nineteen Christian centuries let every one of us show loyalty to him by obedience to his every law. One of his laws calls his disciples to the Lord's Supper celebrated to-day in nearly all the churches. "Do this," he said, "in remembrance of me." It is another monument of the Lordship of Christ. We are to remember him not alone as our Saviour, for the name, "Lord's Supper," points us above his wounded feet and hands and side and brow to the words over his head: "This is the King," to which also points the word "Sacrament," which is derived from the Latin *sacramentum*, meaning a soldier's oath of loyalty to his king. A third monument of our Lord, more frequently and universally seen than the other two is the "Lord's Day," in which Christians show a selfish world the reality of their faith in an invisible Lord by a twenty-four hour's halt at his command in their pursuit of business and politics and pleasure. Surely there is nothing that proves more clearly that Christ is one of the real Powers of the world than the fact that in every country some workmen and merchants—in our country the great majority—salute the Lord's Day as the flag of Christ by laying aside their tools and toil and giving the day to rest and worship.

* * *

Bird's-Eye View of All Bible Sabbaths Was Adam a Jew? If not, then the Sabbath is not a Jewish institution. It "was made for man." So Jesus said, and so Moses taught in connecting the Sabbath with creation (Gen. 2: 3). It used to be argued by some that this passage meant that "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it" twenty-five hundred years afterwards. All scholars have abandoned that strained theory since the discovery of Accadian tablets inscribed by the immediate descendants of Noah, in which a weekly rest day and the very name "Sabbath" are found. To the Jews the Sabbath was and is the monument of creation. They had a saying: "He who breaks the Sabbath denies the creation." To "remember the Sabbath day" was to "remember now thy Creator." On the Sabbath God led the Israelites out of bondage, and so another inscription went on the monument as a memorial of redemption, which was to have a deeper meaning when the Lamb of God, by the crucifixion and resurrection, should become the Redeemer of souls enslaved by sin.

There came a change of day from the seventh to the first, but no change of the Decalogue. There is no Saturday in the fourth commandment. "The seventh day" is not the seventh day of the week, but the seventh day after six days of work by the very letter of the Ten Commandments, which are the ten articles of the world's constitution, dealing with large matters of universal application. It is possible in every clime and age for every nation to keep one day after each six of work, but to keep a particular twenty-four hours in unbroken succession from creation is impossible without an inspired almanac. The Sabbath is not like Saturday, the name of a day of the week, but like Christmas, the name of a movable feast. Sabbath means rest, and holy Sabbath means a holy rest, a blending of rest and worship. But Jesus gave the day a new purpose even before he gave it a new place in the week and the new name of


A SABBATH WELL SPENT BRINGS A WEEK
OF CONTENT AND REST, FOR THE TOIL OF
TO-MORROW,
BUT A SABBATH PROFANED, WHATSOE'ER HAS
BEEN GAINED, IS A CERTAIN FOREPUNNER OF
SORROW.

"Lord's Day." Not doing nothing, but doing good is Christlike Sabbath-keeping.

* * *

THE SABBATH FOR UNSELFISH MINISTRY:

1. For the practice of it, verses 1-6.
2. For the teaching of it, verses 7-14.

That is the framework of our lesson story to-day.

* * *

He went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees to eat bread on the Sabbath day. This is but one of many intimations that the strictest guardianship of the rest of the Sabbath need not take it out of the list of feasts, and transfer it to the fasts. The Pharisees were overstrict in forbidding work on that day, but their Sabbath dinners were nevertheless the best of the week. On that day they used fruits largely, and such cooked foods as could be prepared the day before. No servant's needless toil on the rest day embittered their viands. In our colder climate we are not called to omit fires, whether in grate or range, but the principle remains, that we should study to make our Sabbath table tasty with the least possible restriction of the rest and worship of those who serve tables.

But the surprising thing is to find Jesus at this feast. Jesus had accepted an invitation to a dinner party on the Sabbath. Why then should leading pastors of New York and Washington say that one of the greatest perils of the Sabbath and the Church is the increasing custom among the rich church members of giving Sunday dinner parties? If our acts and words are like those of Jesus in this lesson, we, too, may accept all such invitations. Jesus never seems to have refused any invitation, not even those that came from enemies for evil purposes; but what a use he made of his social opportunities! No shallow hypocrisies of empty compliment; no idle gossip about the weather; no suggestive stories that make a jest of the Bible and purity; but manly, fearless talk on great themes, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The straightforward frankness of Jesus in social functions was exemplified by Mr. D. L. Moody, on his first visit to Great Britain, when the Archbishop of Canterbury had presided at one of his meetings, and at the close he was called on to "move a vote of thanks to the presiding officer." With a startling frankness, he declared that he saw little occasion for such a vote. He had no doubt that the Archbishop was quite as thankful for the opportunity to render such a Christian service as the audience were for his co-operation. He quoted an equally unconventional story of Abraham Lincoln, who, on being thanked with fulsome formality for presiding at some philanthropic meeting, replied that there was no more occasion for them to thank him than for him to thank them, as it had been a mutual duty and privilege. "I guess we are about even," said Lincoln, and so said Moody. Not alone on the Sabbath, but on every day, let us make our social life, especially our conversation, more manfully Christlike. It would be almost equal to the invention of James Watt, by which the steam that had wasted itself in the air became the power that should draw the world forward, if some one could teach us how to utilize the two hours talk per day at the table for intellectual and spiritual, moral and humane uses. In a life time, wisely directed table talk would be equal to a college course in intellectual profit. Spiritually it might equal in power, as it excels in time, the regular meetings of the Church.

In the table talk of this lesson the chief theme was unselfish ministry on the Sabbath and every other day, especially at our tables, which should be not displays of selfishness and pride, but instruments of generous helpfulness to those less favored.

* * *

The Best Sabbath Observance Unselfish Helpfulness *Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?* The Pharisees in their heartless elaboration of the idea of rest made it the synonym of idleness, even forbidding works of mercy and healing, whereas the deepest rest for persons in health is change of thought and action. As the week must be spent, even by good people, largely in selfish work for gain—I use selfish in the best sense of a right self-love and care for our families—the most complete rest is an absorbing interest on the Sabbath in unselfish work for others.

To teach this positive side of Sabbath-keeping Jesus, on different Sabbaths and in different places, healed the sick on the Sabbath, in one case in great numbers. Let me introduce some of these beneficiaries of Christ's Sabbath work in a series of personations, as it is the intention of the International Lesson Committee that this whole group of miracles should be considered together to-day.

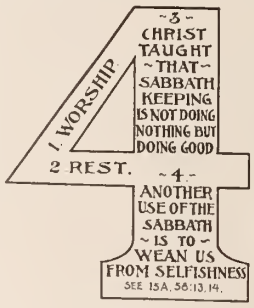
I am a man whom Jesus met one Sabbath day in a synagogue. My right hand hung

"IS IT LAWFUL TO HEAL ON THE SABBATH?"

down uselessly by my side; I could not so much as lift it, for there was no strength in it. The muscles were all dried up, and the flesh as well. When I went out of that synagogue my right arm was as strong and well as the other. Can you tell what Jesus did to help me? (Matt. 13: 9-13).

I am a man who lay near a large pool, with other sick people, one Sabbath day. We had been brought there by our friends with the hope of being cured by the waters of the spring. I had been carried there on my bed. I had been bedridden for thirty-eight years. Jesus came to the spring. I went away myself, carrying my bed. How did Jesus make me well? (John 5: 1-14).

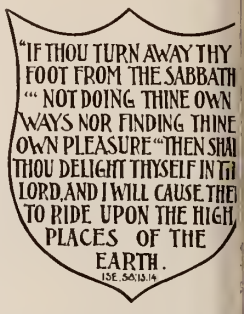
I am a woman living in the home of my married daughter, in the city of Capernaum. I was taken ill with the fever, and it was expected that I would die. But one Sabbath day Jesus came home with my son-in-law to dine. He was told how sick I was. Marvelous to tell, I rose from my bed and prepared the dinner. What did Jesus do to make me well so quickly? (Mark 1: 29-31).



I am one who was brought to Peter's home on Sabbath evening. I could not walk there, because I was paralyzed, but I went away leaping and praising God, for Jesus had cured me by his gentle touch. Were there any others beside myself made well? (Mark 1: 32-34).

I am a woman who had a disease of the spine. For eighteen years I had not been able to stand upright. My back was bent like a bow. It was with great difficulty that I dragged myself to the synagogue on Sabbath day. But one day when I had walked in, all be over as usual, I came out, walking as straig as any one. I had met Jesus in the synagog and he had helped me. How did he do i (Luke 13: 11-17).

I am a man who had an evil-speaking tongu Satan himself made his home in my hea He even sent me to church on the Sabba day to torment and trouble the people who had gone there to pray. One day Jesus came to the synagogue and saw me and heard my evil speaking. But it was the last time I ever spoke in that way. Why? (Mark 1: 23-26).



I am a man who was born blind. I used to sit by the wayside on the street that led to the temple at Jerusalem. One Sabbath da as Jesus was going to the temple he saw m It was surprising that he did, because the was a great throng of people as it was th time of the Feast of Tabernacles. I hear him say: "I am the Light of the world;" ar then felt him putting clay on my eyes. Ho gentle was his touch! Then he told me to g and wash in the pool of Siloam. I had to fe my way there with my cane, but I came bac seeing. My friends could hardly believe was the same man. I did not see Jesus for h had gone. Can you tell me when I did se him? (John 9: 1-41).

I am a man who was swelled and bloate with a disease called dropsy. I had ofte wished that I could meet Jesus that I migl ask him to make me well. One Sabbath da I heard he was going to dinner with a Pharise and although I was not invited, I determine to go and stand just outside the door, with th hope of being healed by Jesus as he came ou The Pharisee who gave the feast and h friends were rather glad to see me, becaus they wanted to see if Jesus would heal on th Sabbath day. What did Jesus say and d when he saw me? (Luke 14: 1-6).

"It is lawful," aye, it is the law of Chris "to do good"—not to do nothing—"on th Sabbath day." A little girl came home fror Sabbath School, saying her teacher had give her some beautiful "Sunday gloves," and s she repeated, touching finger after finger, a she said the ten words of Jesus'; "It is lawfu to do good on the Sabbath days."

Many have misapplied Jesus' words as t the Sabbath. They say, "The Sabbath wa made for man," when they mean it was "mad for money." Or they use the words as if, "man was only "a stomach with appendages." Th Sabbath was not made for man to destroy nor was it made to destroy man.

In this lesson the words of Jesus about sav ing an ass or ox from a pit, are often abused When a shopkeeper who regularly opened hi general store on the Sabbath, said in excuse that Christ said a man might rescue his as from a pit on that day, he was reminded tha if the ass had been in the habit of regularly falling into that pit every Sabbath, the owne would have had sense enough to "fill up the pit or kill the ass."

* * *

Selfishness and Pride should Give Place to Generosity and Humility on All Days *When thou makest a feast, call the poor* Jesus having shown what sort of words and deeds were be coming to the Sabbath, rebuked the pride of the guests that sought the most honorable seats, and urged, in place of such selfish pride, humility and generosity. The best feast for the Sabbath or any other day, he taught, is a feast for the poor. He would have us put off our tables and out of our houses selfishness and pride, and set our tables with that most beautiful ware, humility and generosity. Weigh them as they seem in the eyes of God and in the words of Christ; and especially as they stand the test of history. Even men despise the man who thinks of himself more highly than he ought to think. But the man who forgets himself in humble zeal to do good is the very one the world will not forget. The pride of Haman ends with the scaffold. The modest courage of Mordecai is what history delights to honor. The rich men who live unselfishly, counting wealth but *noblesse oblige*, opportunity for service, are the ones who win the real prizes of wealth in public esteem.

Ah me! why may not life and love be one?
Why walk we thus alone when at our side
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
Worn like a dungeon floor with weary feet,
Seem then a golden pathway of the sun?

Paul Not Obsolete

A missionary who has labored several years in China says that before going there he had the idea that Paul's injunction to women to keep silence in the churches had become obsolete. In China, however, he found the women so given to gossip and babble among themselves at the church meetings that he found it necessary to remind them of Paul's command, and this not once but many times.

He adds that if Corinth was like China in this matter he is not surprised at Paul's injunction.

MISSIONARIES · IN · INDIA · PLEAD · FOR · THE · FATHERLESS

∴ FIFTEEN DOLLARS A YEAR WILL FEED, CLOTHE AND EDUCATE AN ORPHAN CHILD ∴

AN interesting account of a journey through the famine districts of Gujerat in north-west India, appears in a Bombay journal just received. Mr. Thomas A. Bailey, the writer, had just returned from his tour and gives encouraging reports of the changed conditions. The trees, which had been apparently dead, were clothed in living green and the brown, seared fields were again covered with growing grain. "Reaching Sunth Road," he says, "we immediately proceeded to the dharmsala of a large village about two miles away, where a free dole of grain is given daily to about 354 Bhils from three villages around; many of these are greatly emaciated, and none of them fit to work; a roll is kept of the names registered from each village, and they are given twenty ounces for men, fourteen ounces for women and ten ounces for children. The advantage of this form of relief is that the people are kept in their villages and the family life (which is a great feature with Bhils) is preserved. The corn distributed was that sent out by the people of America in the steamship *Quito*, and on inquiry we learned that the receivers appreciate it very much. We had the pleasure of seeing some of the ill-clad people receive cotton blankets, also supplied by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund. This relief work is under the superintendence of Rev. G. W. Blair, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. Before the distribution of grain the native man in charge gave a Gospel address to those assembled." In other places, also, Mr. Bailey found the poor, emaciated creatures now looking hopefully forward to a harvest, subsisting on the grain sent out in the *Quito* by our readers. In others where the dole of grain was exhausted, the missionaries were feeding the people with food purchased with money from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund.

The *Indian Witness*, of Calcutta, has this editorial paragraph, which shows how the gifts of our readers are understood and appreciated in India: "This old world of ours has never witnessed such a spectacle as that which has been presented this year in the magnificent display of practical sympathy which this grievous famine has evoked. India assuredly can never forget the splendid generosity of America in its time of sore need. The contributions sent to India by the United States, it should be remembered, were not made up of the princely gifts of shipping companies, commercial corporations, banks and mercantile firms, which derive large wealth from India and have large financial interests in this country; but were the gifts of thousands and tens of thousands of the rank and file of the people, moved solely by Christian charity to come to the help of a people in whom they have no interest save that of benevolent desire to relieve distress. Grateful mention must be made of the noble assistance rendered by many missionary societies and the religious press generally, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD being most conspicuous."

Rev. W. A. Wilson, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission at Neemuch, writes: "It will interest you to know how the four hundred bags of corn which were allotted to Neemuch from your relief fund are being distributed. On receiving information of the allotment, I consulted with the chief official in this district of the native State of Gwalior, in which most of our work is carried on and secured his cooperation. He procured for me the names of all the poorest inhabitants in the village within a radius of sixteen miles or so, and sent me the lists showing the numbers of adults and children in each household. The people of a certain number of villages according to appointment were instructed to appear at one of our orphanages to receive a supply proportioned to the numbers in each family. Before the arrival of the corn, the poor villagers came to my bungalow in great numbers for it, the good news having spread rapidly. When at last it was announced that it was on hand for distribution, on the first morning there were several hundreds on the spot, and on the second day over a thousand. We first distributed according to the lists furnished and afterwards gave a small quantity to each person in the vast multitude numbering from eight hundred to a thousand whose names were not on the lists, that gathered from all round about in the hope of getting a dole. In this way a portion has been given daily for the past two weeks and a half to about two thousand persons in the various villages round about. So numerous have been the applications that rarely have we been able to give a second supply to any village. The supply of corn is rapidly being exhausted and will be all gone long before the need for it has ceased.

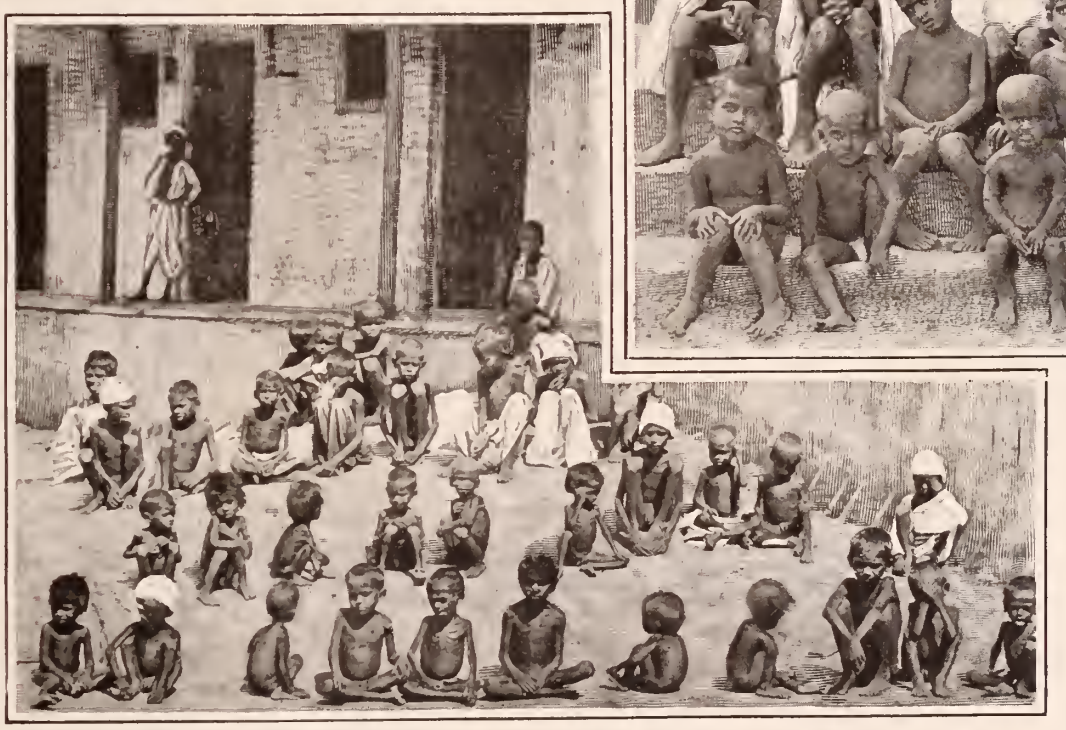
"The people are deeply grateful to you for the timely help. If you could only see the crowds that gather for the little dole of dry grain and the intense eagerness with which they receive it, gathering up every single grain which may have dropped on the ground as it was being poured into their lap, you would feel a glow of deep satisfaction in being permitted to give help to these poor hungry people many of whom begin to crunch and eat of the hard corn as they carry it away. In their ignorant way they are calling down blessings on the heads of those in the far-away country who have sent to help them. I, too, join them in praying that the blessing of the giver may be yours."

Mingled, however, with these thankful words for the help of our readers, one anxious note sounds in the letters of the missionaries. "What must we do with the little orphans whom we have received?" The question presses very heavily. Inquiries made in a limited section, at the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, show by actual count 8,094 boys and 5,854 girls, a total of 13,948 children now in the missionary stations. The promises of support so far received by these missionaries covers the cost of maintaining only 1,488 of these. Thus, the problem even in this small area affects the lives of more than twelve thousand children. No wonder that the missionaries are anxious, and that the same concern is felt in other sections where the numbers are still larger.

The Baptists in the Telugu country in southeastern India are evincing wonderful faith, which has already met with encouragement. They determined to build two orphanages, one for boys, and the other for girls. It seemed to be rash to make the attempt, but no sooner was their resolve made known than they received the gift of a valuable site for the boys' orphanage and shortly afterwards the offer, at a nominal price, of a piece of land suitable for the girls' orphanage. At the same time gifts of seventeen hundred rupees and a thousand rupees, aggregating $900, were sent for the building fund, and the work has been commenced. The work will be under the charge of Mr. H. Huizinga, aided by an advisory council, of which Dr. J. E. Clough, Rev. W. B. Boggs, Mr. G. E. Eddy and Rev. J. M. Baker are members. These names are well known among our Baptist friends and will be an assurance that the work will be wisely and economically conducted. We sincerely hope that our Baptist readers will authorize us to encourage these devoted brethren with the promise of support for a large number of their orphans.

Rev. E. S. Hume tells the story of one orphan whose love and self-sacrifice show how beautiful is the character of some of these children for whose support we appeal. He says:

"One day recently, two of our Christians found a pretty girl, about twelve years old, sitting under a tree, and trying to sell a basket full of leaves, which she had gathered. When questioned, she replied that her parents and all her relatives had died, except one sister, who was very weak and ill. She said that she daily gathered leaves, and used what she could earn to support that sister and herself. She was asked by the Christians if she would go with them, and was promised food and clothing, but she declined the offer, saying that it was her duty and her pleasure to care for the sister who was so ill. Two days later, she was again found, and the offer made on the previous occasion was repeated. This time she consented to go with the strangers, provided her sister were also cared for, and she herself were given plenty of work. Both conditions were readily agreed to, and the two sisters were soon safely accommodated at the mission house near by. For a week that industrious little twelve-year-old girl cooked, cared for and mothered thirty orphan children, several of whom, including her sister, were seriously ill from starvation. Soon after this, the whole company was taken to Bombay, and placed in the American Mission School.



LITTLE FAMINE WAIFS ADMITTED TO AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY'S STATION

AFTER A FEW WEEKS' CARE

"It was most interesting to notice with what pleasure this thoughtful child saw the flowers, trees and gardens of Bombay. In the district, whence she had just come, no green thing, except the leaves of trees, which had not yet been stripped, was visible, and every drop of water was cherished as a very precious thing, but here in the city the sight of so many beautiful things, and so much water quite overwhelmed her. It was a new thing also to come all at once among so many loving friends, and to hear of an invisible but ever present Friend, to whom she was taught to pray with closed eyes, and in whose name all that she was now receiving, was given to her. It is not strange that she, and many others like her, who are thus brought out of want and trouble and idolatry into what must seem to them heavenly surroundings, should soon learn to love with all their hearts the mighty Saviour, who, they are taught, sends them every gift."

Such children are worth saving. Growing up under Christian influences, they will be the best kind of missionaries carrying the truths of the Bible into the homes of their native land and embodying Christian principles in their lives. The missionaries long to help and train them. Will not the church at home give them the desire of their hearts? The Roll of Honor we have been publishing during the past few weeks is growing rapidly, and this week we have not space for all the pledges received. Much more, however, is needed. The missionaries must know how many orphans they may retain, and alas! how many must be turned away. This is a magnificent opportunity for self-denial in the cause of Christ. For fifteen dollars a year, an orphan can be maintained and educated. Every Christian who can by any means spare that amount should seek a share in the work.

CONNECTICUT

Barber, Mrs T B 1 00
Blakely, Mrs C.. 2 00
Blakman, S H... 2 00
Burnham, F T... 1 00
Bushnell, Mrs B D 2 00
Calhoun, Philo C 2 00
Chapman, Mrs H B, coll in Mite Boxes 3 00
Edgar, Sarah A.. 2 00
Farrar, Mrs F... 1 00
Ford, Mr & Mrs J M 2 00
French, Miss H.. 2 00
Greene, Lucy E D 1 00
Hopkins, M R.... 1 00
Jones, J E..... 2 25
Knight, Mrs M G 1 00
Mack, E R..... 6 00
Mallory, J B..... 2 00
Marsh, T F..... 1 00
Moody, Mrs N E 1 00
Peck, Mr & Mrs J C 5 00
Phelps, Sarah ... 1 00
Purkis, Clara, coll by 3 40
Roberts, Mrs Jos 5 00
Skilton, J J..... 1 00
Skilton, Mrs J J 1 00
Skilton, E M.... 5 00
Skilton, Mable .. 1 00
Tomlinson, Mrs M F 3 00
Tyler, Mrs C 2 00
Williams, Ida S.. 1 00
M M, Hartford.. 7 30
R W, Saugatuck. 1 00
S J H K, New Haven 3 00
——, Bridgeport.. 2 00
——, New Haven. 10 00
In His Name, Hartford 1 00
Two Friends, W Goshen 2 00
Friend, Redding Ridge 2 00
Bill the Baptist, S Manchester 50
Bill the Baptist, S Manchester 1 00
An Endeavorer, Wethersfield ...10 00
Kings Dan, Watertown 2 00
Berkley st Friends, Norwalk 5 00
L, New Haven.. 2 50
Bill the Baptist, So Manchester 1 00
A Ch Endeavorer, Windsor 1 00
Col in Deep River P O 41

DELAWARE

Allen, Fred'k H. 1 00
Anderson, Mina.. 1 00
Barlow, G 1 00
Bennum, H O.... 1 00
Boyd, J L..... 1 00
Bringhurst, F .. 1 00
Brinton, J G.... 1 00
Bnrton, J C..... 1 00
Butterworth, E .. 2 00
Calloway, D C... 06
Campbell, Eli ... 25
Campbell, G 25
Campbell, J 25
Campbell, M 25
Carlisle, Wm E.. 1 00
Chamberlain, G W 1 00
Chamberlain, S E. 1 00
Connor, Kath'ne.. 30
Corbin, A K..... 1 50
Cranor, Miss G.. 1 00
Cummius, Miss J A 2 00
Dalton, B & T J.10 00
Evans, Mrs H... 5 00
Faries, Alex & wf 2 00
Gehman, Susan C 1 00
Handy, A S..... 1 00
Handy, Mrs M C 25
Hart, R T..... 1 00
Hawke, E 2 00
Hill, Mrs Robt.. 1 00
Hill, S R..... 1 00
Hopkins, W C.... 2 00
Hudson, D 25
Hudson, E 25
Hurlburt, Mrs C B 1 00
Huston, T H..... 50
Johnson, C E.... 1 00
Johnson, J 1 00
Jones, J S..... 2 00
Kinder, W 1 00
Krautter, W & Friends 3 00
Lank, E S & Son 2 00
Layton, L L..... 2 00
Long, Amanda... 25
Long, Parker ... 25
Lynch, G T..... 5 00
Lynch, Mrs J.... 1 00
McNatt, G 1 00
Massey, Mrs A G 2 00
Melson, Mrs E H 1 00
Messick, R 2 00
Miller, M A..... 1 00
Mustard, W W.. 3 00
Newman, G..... 1 00
Noble, Elsie 50
Noble, G 1 00
Noble, S M..... 1 00
O'Neal, Minnie .. 1 00
Pardee, Florence. 3 00
Platt, Miss M... 2 00
Reynolds, E F.... 1 25
Rodney, Wm H.. 5 00
Singer, John A.. 3 00
Spence, Mrs P G. 1 00
Spicer, Mrs L... 50
Stevens, P K.... 50
Stott, Robt 1 00
Thompson, Lucy. 2 00
Tindell, W C..... 5 00
Tingle, C C..... 2 00

DELAWARE—Cont'd.
Tong, Bertha E.. 2 25
Truitt, John H.. 5 00
Walton, H A..... 1 00
Walton, R N..... 1 00
Warren, I 1 00
Warriugton, E .. 1 00
Welsh, May 1 00
White, Handy .. 50
Wilds, Mrs N F.. 1 00
Wiltbank, Dr J C 2 00
Wright, Joseph . 1 00
Wright, Mrs L.. 25
Wright, T 10
——, Georgetown. 1 00
——, Seaford 50
——, Wilmington.. 1 00
Cash, Wilmington 1 00
Two Friends, Robisonville 1 00
Members of White Clay Creek Ch, Marshallton ... 2 00
M E Ch, Cheswold..... .....24 06
Un Ep Lea, Wyoming 1 00
White Clay Creek Ch C E, Marshallton 5 00
Union M E S S, Wyoming 1 00
White Clay Creek Ch S S, Marshalltou 5 00
Wesley Epw Lea, Cannon 10 55
Cape Henlopen Life Saving Sta, Lewes 4 00
Indian River Life Saving Sta, Rehoboth 4 00
Lewes Life Saving Sta 1 00
Lewes Life Saving Sta 50
Rehoboth Life Saving Sta 1 25
Ladies Aid Soc'y, Frankford M E Ch 10 00

D. of COLUMBIA

C L & D, Washington 1 00
Dryer, Adelbert .. 3 00
Halley, Miss F M 1 00
Hines, Mrs N F.. 1 00
——, Washington. 3 00
——, Washington. 1 00
——, Washington.. 3 00
Snmmer Boarders of Wash'n Coll, Washington ...20 75
M R S, Washington 1 00

NEW YORK

Ackerman, Mrs C H 20 00
Adriana, F W, (M D) 5 00
Agnstus, A & I & LJohnson 1 50
Albucht, Miss I E 35
Allen, Dr 50
Allen, Carolyn ... 2 00
Allen, Emily 15
Ames, A H..... 1 00
Andrews, H B.... 50
Anglin, Mary 05
Attersbury, J 1 00
Austin, Mrs E.... 1 00
Austin, Jessie ... 25
Bain, Geo R..... 1 00
Baker, Jennie ... 20
Baker, Mary J... 2 00
Baker S 1 00
Baldwin, Mrs M B 5 00
Barthong, Miss .. 10
Bartlett, Ada L.. 1 00
Bartlett, H R.... 1 00
Bartlett, Mary E. 25
Bartlett, V E.... 1 00
Bassett, Mrs L... 50
Beach, Mrs S M. 25
Beack, Mrs 50
Bean J A..... 2 00
Beckwith, G D... 1 00
Beckwith, H ... 00
Beckwith, Hubert 50
Benedict, Mrs W F 1 00
Benton, L A..... 1 00
Bicker, Geo J.... 1 00
Bigalow, Levi ...15 00
Blauvelt, Mrs M. 1 00
Boddy, Mrs R J.. 1 00
Bolce, J F..... 2 00
Bordner, E H.... 05
Bossley, A 5 00
Bouta, Mrs Geo. 50
Boyd, W L..... 05
Boydston Jas F. 4 00
Boyer, Mrs P.... 25
Britton, Fannie .. 2 00
Brooks, L E..... 50
Burns, Mrs Jno.. 2 00
Butter, Margt ... 10
Butter, Mary ... 25
Button, H, Jr.... 50
Button, W 1 00
Cadwell, M C.... 10
Cain, Mr 05
Cain, Mrs L E.. 25
Cairny, Jane 1 00
Calkins, Mrs L D. 5 00
Campbell, A 05
Campbell, G 10
Campbell, Mrs G. 10
Carlisle, Thos A. 10
Carlisle, T H.... 10
Carrier, C F..... 5 00
Carryer, Mrs F.. 1 00
Carter, Eliza P.. 1 00
Carter, Melton ... 2 00
Cary, Miss M L.. 15
Chandler, A M.. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Chaplin, Miss N.. 2 00
Cherry, Miss J... 2 00
Chidester, J 1 00
Child, Jas J.....105 00
Clark, Mrs D.... 50
Clark, H 25
Clark, Mrs S M.. 2 00
Clark, V 16
Coffey, Geo W.... 25
Collins, Clara ... 10
Comter, W J.... 05
Conine, Mrs W B 10
Conrad, Mrs I H 15
Cook, F L.....10 00
Coon, W H.....10 00
Copeland, Mr & Mrs A 5 00
Cornell, Mrs W... 50
Cortright, M A... 1 00
Corwin, Mrs J.... 25
Cottrele, Mrs S H 1 00
Crandall, Clara . 09
Crane, S L.....10 00
Crawford, Gilbert. 25
Cre, Anna A..... 3 00
Crego, Mrs A M. 1 00
Cronk, Wm 5 00
Croske, Chas C...10 00
Crysler, Mrs W. 1 00
Davis, Bertha A. 2 00
Derrick, C 1 94
Dewea, R E..... 2 00
Diven, J H..... 5 00
Dommett, John ..14 00
Donaldsen, Mrs G 50
Donelly, Hugh T 10
Donigan, Mrs ... 05
Donnelly, Mr, coll by 2 00
Donelly, Mary F. 10
Donglas, Miss B E 1 00
Durston, Mrs S H 5 00
Easton, Fannie . 50
Easton, Mary ... 10
Eddy, Miss L & others 2 00
Edler, Rudolph & Carrie 10
Egan, Mrs 10
Ennis, L L..... 1 00
Erbstoh, Mr & Mrs R 50 00
Farrell, Mr 05
Farwell, R 1 00
Faulkner, Mrs G L 1 00
Fay, Mrs Marion. 50
Fensett, Mrs M E 2 00
Ferman, Lena .. 10
Fisk, Mrs D B.. 1 60
Ford, Elizabeth .. 1 00
Foster, Mrs H... 50
Frissell, W P.... 1 00
Fulton, Mrs A... 50
Fuller, Mrs C M 1 00
Gazzam, A R.....50 00
Gillson, Mary C..15 00
Glass, Miss Carol Ferris, Nettie .. Murray, Gladys. 30
Godfry, M A.... 2 00
Gould, Mrs D.... 50
Gould, Mrs Mary 50
Graham, F 1 00
Graves, W V..... 1 00
Gregory, Mrs ... 1 00
Gregory, R F.... 1 00
Grimes, Mrs R... 2 00
Grimshaw, E 2 00
Gurley, Mrs W F 5 00

Hagaman, C A.. 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 5 00
Hagaman, C A... 5 00
Hagaman, C A...10 00
Halsted, C S.... 3 50
Hamilton, C C... 05
Hammond, F F... 1 00
Hanna, Mr E.... 1 00
Haskins, L N.... 1 00
Havemeyer, J C.100 00
Hawkins, Ida M. 2 00
Heine, J E..... 3 00
Hellehater, Mrs.. 20
Hellehater, M ... 25
Heller, Mrs O S.20 00
Higgius, L J.... 1 00
Hirt, K C..... 5 00
Hobart, Mrs M.. 50
Hoff, Mrs R H.. 5 00
Holmes, C B....10 00
Homman, H 05
Hopps, Mr & Mrs L W 2 00
Hoyt, Mrs M A. 1 00
Hoyt, Mildred ... 1 00
Hudson, J B..... 5 00
Hughes, Mr 05
Hunter, Chas S.. 1 00
Husfeld, Mrs F... 10
Hutchings, Miss C 1 00
Johnston, R A.... 1 50
Jones, Bessie L.. 2 20
Judd, Sadie 1 00

Keeton, Adelaide. 1 00
Kennedy, T B, coll by 3 25
Kimberley, Mrs O T 2 00
Kinny, E P M... 1 00
Kirkland, Miss E E 2 00
Kirkpatrick, J ... 1 00
Koebel, M L..... 50
Klopsch, Lonis, Jr 25
Kopp, Pauline .. 50
Kuhn, Gnstave .. 1 00
Lahm, Jennie 50
Laible, E R..... 1 00
Lancing, Dr 75
Lang, Miss Annie 16
Langten, Susie .. 2 00
Lazarus, Mrs I.. 2 00
Leader, E S..... 5 00
Lee, F W..... 28
Long, Mrs Wm .. 10
Lord, Mrs J D... 50
Lounsbery, Allie.. 05
Lozier, J H..... 05
McClave, C R... 2 00
McCowan, A 1 00
McCullough, Miss 10
McGibeny, B 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
McGibeny, L 3 60
McGill, W 1 00
McGuire, Mrs Jas 1 00
McKinney, Mrs S J 1 00
Magee, Sarah T.. 1 00
Malard, Mrs J W 25
Martin, Miss 50
Maury, M H coll by 3 00
Miller, W 1 00
Mitchell, H G.... 2 00
Mitchell, Miss L E 50
Mohr, Chas 05
Mohr, Mrs K..... 25
Moore, B, Jr.... 5 00
Moore, Philip 80
Morehouse, W ... 1 00
Mosher, V 10
Mackmer, M 50
Martin, Frank.... 10
Mooney, Theresa.. 05
Myers, Mrs 25
Nichol, E C..... 10
Nichols, Edith C. 10
North, M 5 00
Nye, Mrs Will... 10

O'Brien, Mrs 25
Oelthuyseu, P H 5 00
Old, Harold F... 5 00
Osborne, T H.... 10
Owen, Miss C.... 10
Paddock, Mr 10
Paine, Mrs C H. 1 00
Parshall, F 50
Parshall Mrs L G 10
Patzent, R 1 00
Payne, Fannie .. 1 00
Payne, Helen ... 25
Peck, Mrs D..... 30
Peters, Fred'k ... 1 00
Peters, S 2 00
Platt & Platt....23 36
Porter, W 05
Preston, A S..... 70
Preston, H 1 40
Pryor, Mary 30
Pulver, Mrs M E 1 00
Ramsrell, A 50
Reddy, F 1 00
Rees, Rev M S.. 2 00
Renwick, Mrs J.. 1 00
Reusswig, Mary E 1 00
Reynolds, Mrs M E 40
Rice, Mrs D O.. 2 00
Ridler, Mrs E.... 25
Ritchings, C & D, coll by 1 75
Roberts, L J..... 1 00
Robinson, Mrs P.. 50
Rogers, M J..... 3 00
Ryan, Nellie 10
Sampson, Mrs A W 1 00
Sampson, W L... 2 00
San Louis, Sister 25
Saunders, Mrs S. 1 00
Saxe, Fred'k 50
Sayre, Minnie J.. 1 00
Schoonmaker, E . 1 82
Scott, Geo N..... 3 00
Scott, Mrs J A.. 1 00
Seaman, O W.... 05
Shaw, Mrs C R.. 50
Sheldon, Albert . 1 00
Shoultz, J H.... 2 00
Siemon, Miss E.. 1 00
Sherman Robt .. 25
Singletary, Mrs A R 2 00
Sinks, Clinton P. 2 00
Sizer, Mrs A..... 50
Skinner, Mrs G L 1 00
Smith, Mrs E B.. 10
Smith, F A.....20 00
Smith, Geo, A J Spicer & E Murray 24
Snell, Mrs J..... 05
Snell, Mrs R..... 25
Snook, Ida A.... 1 00
Sortose, Mrs F.. 50
Spear, Miss B E.. 25
Spencer, Miss ... 50
Spencer, Miss .. 25
Stackhouse, Mrs G 1 00
Stanford, Jas 1 00
Stevens, C C..... 50
Stewart, F 5 00
Stoddard, C 30
Stoneman, Mrs . 25
Stout, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Stout, Mrs H M. 50
Stuck, Mrs S.... 50
Swigert, F 1 00
Taft, Elvira L.... 2 00
Tanner, Mrs R S 25
Taylor, Mrs M... 50
Teal, T C..... 25
Terry, A G..... 20
Tinsley, Mr 10
Tisdale, Mrs E L. 5 00
Tompkins, Mrs F 10
Townsend, Ray B 50
Traphagen, C 25
Tulhe, E U..... 6 00
Tuttle, L 5 00

Vail, Mr & Mrs G N 10 00
Van Scyoc, Mrs J 60
Vaughan, C L.... 1 00
Vaughan, Mrs P. 1 00
Veile, Edith 10
Walker, Wm H.. 10
Walters, Mrs L.. 1 00
Ward, H G..... 1 00
Warnock, Mrs W H 2 00
Warrant, Mrs C F 1 00
Washburn, Mrs M A 25
Watson, G 12
Watson, L 1 00
Weaver, Dr 25
Weber, Minnie .. 10
Weld, S A..... 1 00
Westergren, M F 5 00
White, Augusta . 25
White, Elsie 1 00
White, Mrs J P.. 50
Whitley, Phebe L 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Wickers, J L.... 1 00
Wicks, Wm 05
Wilcox, Ansley ..10 00
Will, Louis 50 00
Winne, Mrs W M 5 00
Wolcott, Florence 2 00
Yentz, Miss M... 25
Young, E J J... 1 00
F R C, Albany... 1 00
Miss H G, coll, by Buffalo 2 00
Morris, P, Richmond Hills Sta. 5 00
A H N, Richmond Mills 100
A M B, Brooklyn 25
D C L, N Y C.... 1 00
Miss E M, Kiskatom 1 00
Mrs H B, Kiskatom 1 00
H T, Allen Hill. 1 00
It, Kiskatom ... 1 00
Mrs J L B, New York 5 00
Mrs J W G, Java 50
K, Albany 1 00
Mrs M M McC, Kiskatom 25
S Y, Rochester.. 5 00
Z K N, Brooklyn 25
Z K N, Brooklyn 10
——, Binghamton. 25
——, Binghamton. 1 00
——, Binghamton. 2 00
——, Canajoharie. 10 00
——, Cuba 50
——, Matteawan... 25
——, Nanuet 2 00
——, N Y C..... 5 00
——, N Y C..... 1 00
——, Prattsburg .. 1 00
——, Rochester .. 4 00
——, So Argyl... 10
——, Sodom 10
——, Witham 10
Cash, Kiskatom . 25
Cash, N Y C.... 1 30
Cash, N Y C.... 10
Cash, N Y C.... 05
Cash, N Y C.... 05
Cash, Syracuse .. 05
For Christs Sake, Colchester 1 00
A Friend, Auburu 2 00
A Friend, Bklyn. 5 00
Friend, Bklyn .. 15
Friend, Bklyn .. 10
Friend, Bklyn .. 10
Friend, Bklyn .. 10
A Friend, French Creek 5 00
Friend, Gloversville 1 25
A Friend, Lena.. 1 00
Friend, Lyons ... 1 00
Friend, N Y C...10 00
Friend, N Y C... 1 00
A Friend, N Y.. 30
Friend, N Y C.. 10
Friend, N Y C... 10
Friend, N Y C... 10
A Friend, Rochester 60
Friend, Thiells .. 1 00
Friend, Westbnry. 20
Friends, Dix 1 75
Friends, N Y C. 35

In His Name, Amsterdam 5 00
1 H N, Moores Mill 15 00
In His Name, M D M, Rochester 50
In the Name of Jesus, Houghton A Sympathizer, Medina 5 00
7 girls in Miss Arnolds S S Cl, New York 2 25
Guests at Temperance Honse, Hugnenot 2 20
Chautauqna Assembly 6 00
Bnsiness men of Cazenovia 3 00
Bible Study & Miss C Cl, First Pres Ch, Liverpool 1 50
Coll at Lecture on India by Miss M Grabiel, Point Chautauqua 13 00
Citizens of Spring Valley 40 21
Matt., 25:35, N Y City 1000 00
Meth, U B & Bapt Chs, Frewsburg. 10 00
Shining Light Mission, Bklyn 10 00
Canaan S School, Dryden 1 00
S Sch & C E Soc, Hoffmans 7 00
Scipio, Bapt S S, Merrifield 1 50
Quaker Hill S S. 3 50
Coll at C E Mtg, N Y Moravian Ch, (German) .. 1 85
C E Soc of Cong Ch, Crary Mills 4 12
16th Bapt C E S, N Y City..... 2 00
Y P S C E, Hedgesville 9 00
The Boys at J R C Co, Binghamton 1 20
Mt Dora C E Soc, Stottville 10 00
C E Soc, Batchellerville 1 00
Chr End, Highby Camp, Big Moose Lake 3 00
Friend, N Y C... 1 00
Friends, Johnstown 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd.
Friends of the cause, Brooklyn. 20 00
A Friend, N Y C 50 00
A Friend 10
Friends, N Y C.. 1 00
Sympathizer, N Y C 25
In His Name, Canandaigua 1 00
The Homer Republican 8 75
Atlas Furniture Co & Employees. Jamestown 20 00
Cazenovia Republican 25
In mem of Maria, Shelter Island... 5 00
Armans Miss B'd, No Bethlehem.. 79
Box at 39th St F'y Bklyn side 81
Box at 39th St Ferry, N Y side 66
Box at 11 B'way, N Y C..... 61
Box at 5 Astor Honse, N Y C.. 11
A Lady, Pine Plains 14 90
Epw Lea, M E Ch, E Branch.. 3 00
Y P S C E of Parsells Ave Bapt Ch, Rochester... 70
Girls Cl, Meth S Sch, Phoenix .. 5 00
The Working Ten K Ds, N Y C..10 00
Y P Soc, Chr End, 4th Ave Presby Ch, N Y C....10 50
W C T U, Pike. 10 00

PENNSYLVANIA

Adams, W H, (M D) 5 00
Allen, R C, thro. 25 51
Allen, R J..... 10 00
Anderson, Mrs H A 2 00
Bailey, Lydia ... 1 00
Baker, Susie H... 50
Banbury, Harriet. 25
Barclay, Mrs F J 25
Barnhart, Mary . 1 00
Barton, G 10
Beatty Harry C, thro 7 25
Beatty, Miss M... 1 00
Beckwith, Helen.. 1 00
Bender, Henry ... 2 50
Bergdoll, Miss I. 20
Biehl, J H 1 00
Black, S F 2 00
Bowman, C G 1 00
Boyd, J A..... 2 00
Boyer, Jno S 25
Brett, Edw 1 00
Brine, Mrs A E. 1 00
Brinsmar, Oscar.. 25
Britton, W S 50 75
Brookbank, J O..20 00
Brown, J E..... 2 00
Brush, Miss Leda. 05
Buckwalter, Mrs F C 1 00
Byers, E C 25
Byers, C W 1 25
Carll, Mrs 25
Carll, Rev C F.. 25
Cary, Robt 10
Chitester, R N... 1 00
Chouse, Mrs M E 50
Clover, Breston... 2 00
Coffrey, G W.... 1 00
Constine, John .. 52
Crawford, Henry.. 50

Dauman, C W ... 1 00
Davis, Mrs 1 00
Davis, E M 1 00
Davis, Mr & Mrs F B 1 00
Davis, Mrs G P... 1 00
Deane, Mrs M.... 1 00
Dennison, M 10
Desh, W K.....10 40
Dick, Fannie L.. 1 00
Dieroy, Lillie and friend 1 00
Doran, Mrs J.... 50
Ellenberger, M A 15
Ellis, H & A.... 1 25
Ellsworth, E 2 00
Erskine, J M.... 1 00
Etter, A W..... 1 00
Evans, Saml 1 00
Fair, Marlin 25
Faust, Mrs M J... 2 50
Field, Mrs E C. 1 00
Filman, O 25
Fink, Alwin 50
Fisher, Mrs H P.. 2 00
Fisher, John 25
Fleming, J, coll by 6 85
Francen, Mrs C.. 1 00
Francen, Frank .. 1 00
Frederici, F 2 00
Garrett, E B....10 00
Garrett, Frances.. 5 00
Giest, Mrs J.... 50
Gilliland, Mrs J L 2 00
Glenn, J 25 00
Gottler, S 15
Gough, H R 1 00
Gressly, S 25 00
Griffin, Mary H.. 3 50
Grimm, Dr 25
Grosh, L K..... 1 00
Haas, Mamie ... 10
Habecker, Mr & Mrs E 2 00
Hallifield, Mrs A 10
Hamer, Etta 10
Handwork, A 25
Handwork, E 25
Harple, Clarence. 75
Hartenstine, C D 25
Hartenstine, J W 25
Harwick, H 25

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd
Hanly, Mary 5
Hazen, Miss E N. 1
Hazen, Mrs E M 5
Hazen, Isaac 5
Hazen, Miss L D. 0
Hazen, Mrs S L.. 1
Heckler, Mrs 1
Heckler, Mrs A R 2
Heintzelman, Eva 1 00
Heles, S L 2
Hendel, Mrs P M 2 00
Henderson, F 2
Herron, Susan .. 1 00
Heydrick, M A... 5 00
Hippensteel, Mrs Annie 50
Hippensteel, Lee & Robt 2
Hoffman, T 2
Hubner, M & W 2
Hubner, Mrs W D 5
Hunsberger, Mrs.. 2
Irwin, S B & M G 2
Jackson, Mrs T. 1 00
James, Wm 3 00
Joly, Geo F, coll by 176 4
Jones, Emily T... 1
Keeney, Mrs A S 1 00
Keith, Mrs F 1 00
Keyser, Mrs 2
King, M S & frds. 20 00
Kluginsmith, Mrs L O 2
Koch, T J..... 5
Kressler, A C, thro 11 91
Krupp, Mrs 2
Kngler, Geo D... 2 00
Lamer, D 1
Landmesser, E .. 1 00
Landmesser, Mrs L 1 00
Landmesser, S .. 1 00
Landenslager, J A 1 00
Latham Mrs A... 4 00
Lawyer, Wm ... 1 00
Leighton, C 25
Lotz, Mrs M J. , 1 00
Lyford, H E ... , 1 00
Lynch, Geo 25
Lynch, Mamie ... 25
Lyons, N E..... 1 00
McClees, David 50
McKee, E 10
Markley, Mrs D M 1 00
Marsh, J A..... 2 00
Martin, Florence M 1 00
Matthias, H R... 25
Merrick, M L.... 2 00
Minnis, Mrs C S 10
Minnis, Mrs E... 05
Mitchell, Mrs A.. 2 00
Mohr, Della 25
Mohr, Emma 50
Mohr, S K..... 50
Mohr, Sarah 25
Mohr, Mrs Wm.. 10
Moore, Jane 2 00
Moyer, C H..... 5 00
Moyer, Mrs H P 1 00
Moyer, S N..... 1 00
Muir, David 5 00
Munn, Mrs I..... 10
Munn, Mrs M.... 25
Musser, A C..... 1 00
Myers, Barney ... 25
Myers, Fred'ka . 1 00
Need, Jonas 50
Need, Mary 50
Neill, Harry 50
Nichols, Mrs W O 2 00
Oberholtzer, Mrs.. 15
Oliver, Mrs J P. 1 00
Parks, Kate & others 1 00
Passant, Mrs Wm, Jr 1 00
Patterson, B 5 00
Pearce, J B..... 5 00
Penie, E L..... 75
Peter, G B..... 1 00
Peterman, M 1 00
Peters, M E..... 1 00
Peterson, Mrs G. 20
Philips, A E.... 25
Philips, C 25
Philips, F M..... 50
Philips, J A..... 50
Philips, J G..... 25
Philips, Lewis .. 1 00
Philips, M E.... 25
Pollock, L 2 00
Pool, Mrs Wm.... 10
Porter, Herr 5 00
Powell, Bessie .. 1 00
Powell, Miss S.. 75
Powell, T 50
Powell, Mrs T... 75
Pratt, Hubbil 1 00
Ramsey, F R.... 2 00
Reim, Mrs G E.. 1 00
Ressler, Stella, Coll by 3 50
Richard, S 25
Robins, P C..... 5 00
Rosenburger, C R 50
Rosenkrance, Mrs C D 1 00
Rnnyeon, Lucy M 1 75
Rupp, A L..... 25
Samson, F H.... 5 00
Schilling, E 25
Schuler, H A 1 50
Shafer, Mrs N H 2 00
Shakley, Allen ... 50
Shakley, Asa 25
Shakley, F 25
Shakley, John ... 25
Shakley, Sadie ... 25
Shakley, Wallace. 25
Sharer, Mrs J... 1 00
Shepard, Miss B.. 10
Shoemaker, M E.. 5 00
Shull, W B..... 50
Simpson, Vance . 50
Sloan, Mrs E C... 1 00
Smith & Dreer, thro' 2 00
Smith, Jas 5 00
Snow, E O 50

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd.

Snow, Mrs G, Coll by 20 00
Snow, Jake 25
Snow, Wm 25
Snyder, Mrs E... 1 00
Souver, Mrs 1 00
Spangler, E 10
Starrett, Jacob .. 50
Sterrett, Elleu J 3 50
Stump, W J..... 1 00
Sulzbacher, Miss Mildred, coll by. 10 00
Summerson, A B.. 50
Summerson, A M. 50
Summerson, M .. 1 00
Summerson, Mina. 1 00
Syphard, L H... 50
Theler Mrs E.... 15
Togan, Mary ... 1 00
Tombs, Mrs S A.. 50
Vibert, Mrs C... 2 00
Vogel, Mrs A.... 10
Wadley, G 10
Walt, Miss E B... 1 00
Walter, A 5 00
Waltman, A 5 00
Waltman, Stella.. 1 00
Ward, Chas 25
Warner, S S.... 2 00
Weaver Oscar .. 50
Welcome, Mrs H, S S Class 2 85
Wenner, S & Son 5 00
Whipkey, Wm L.. 1 30
Whisler, H C 2 50
White, R G 1 00
Wieder, E 50
Wierman, Mrs J A 25
Wiestling, The Misses 10 00
Wiles, Wilber 25
Williams, Mrs E. 25
Williams, Jennie C 1 00
Williams, Mrs L. 50
Williams, M 25
Williams, M G... 1 00
Williams, R D... 1 00
Wilson, Dr W C 5 00
Winard, Alice M. 2 00
Woodward, Mrs G B 1 00
Wright, Mr & Mrs I H 50
Wyckoff, Peter .. 06
Yingling, H P... 50
Yingling, Rose .. 30
Yocum, C H..... 50
Yocum, M 50
Yoder, Jno, Sr... 50
Yoder, Phebe A. 50
Yungblut, F 5 00
Zane, Mrs 25
Zieber, Rosie K.. 1 00
Marble, Librant, Marle & Rich'd, Philadelphia 1 00
A A, Wilkes Barre 30
A H G, P M, Jenkintown 1 00
A K A, Jenkintown 1 00
B W M, Wilkes Barre 1 25
C W B, Wilkes Barre 2 00
D B L, Spg City 1 00
E E F, Jenkintown 20 00
E M N, Grant... 5 00
G L, Wilkes Barre 2 00
H, Wilkes Barre 4 00
Mrs H, Dublin... 15
H J M, Avondale 50
J A S, Wilkes Barre 25
J M S, Phila.... 1 00
I S P, Wilkes Barre 50
L M T, Phila.... 1 00
M A Su Waynesboro 1 00
M J H, W Phila. 5 00
M M, Wilkes Barre 1 00
R S & E H S, Philadelphia ... 50 00
T M B, Phila.... 7 00
W B, Wilkes Barre 1 00
Mrs W S, Wilkes Barre 5 00
——, Allentown . 75
——, Erie 5 00
——, Mechanicsburg 10
——, New Britain. 2 00
——, Petrolia 5 00
——, Philadelphia. 1 00
——, Philadelphia. 1 00
——, Pittsburg .. 2 00
——, W Alexander 2 00
——, Swathmore... 2 25
No Name, Wilkes Barre 1 00
——, —— 50
Cash, Dublin ... 10
Cash, Dublin 25
Cash, Dublin 60
Cash, Dublin 25
Cash, Dublin 25
Cash, Wilkes Barre 50
Cash, Wilkes Barre 25
Friend, Dallas .. 5 00
Friend, Shippensburg 10 00
Friend, Wilkes Barre 50
Friend, Wilkes Barre 5 00
Friend, Wilkes Barre 1 00
Friend, Wilkes Barre 5 00
Friend, Wilkes Barre 1 50
Friend, Wilkes Barre 20 00
Friends, Montrose 75
I H N, Bethlehem 1 00
In His Name, Wilkes Barre .. 2 00
Lily Lake coll... 3 00

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd.

In the Name of Jesus, Drennan . 1 00
People fo Beaum't, per A W Cooke. 20 00
The Lucky 13 Young Ladies, Wilkes Barre .. 35 40
Wyoming-Edwardsville B B Game, Wilkes Barre .. 2 45
Vulcan Iron Wks Employees 1 76
Three little girls, Glen Summit .. 1 00
Little girl, for washing dishes, Wilkes Barre... 1 00
Three, Wilkes Barre 20
Coll at P Office, Plains 1 15
Braddock Pub Co, Braddock 5 00
Five Ladies, Belle Vernon 24 00
K L of C E of Elton 5 00
Thro Monongahela Republican 7 00
The Eliz Herald. 23 05
S S Times, Phila. 25 00
Great Island Pres Ch, Lock Haven. 50 00
New Salem C P Ch 15 00
The Churches of Rochester Mills. 24 25
St James P E Ch, Drifton 5 00
Dunbar Un S S, Evans City ... 8 25
T G R S S, Landisburg 10 00
S S Cl of 12 boys, Beth Pres Ch, Phila 5 00
Convoy S S, Elizabethtown 6 19
Class 44, Wakefield Pres S Sch, Philadelphia 1 00
Luth & Ref S S, Lyons Sta 20 00
Emanuel Luth S Sch, Muncy 1 95
Sr C E Soc, Centre Valley 5 00
Jr C E Soc, Centre Valley 37
Un Chr End Soc, South Bend 10 00
W C T U, Academy Corners ... 4 00
L Miss Soc of W P Ch, Elizabeth 3 83
Christian Workers, Frankford . 3 75
Kings Daughters, Montrose 1 00
Y M C A, Kensington 5 22
Y P S C E, Towanda 26 00
Look up & Lift up Clr of K Ds, Philadelphia ... 2 00
Stokesdale E Lea 9 16
Helping Hand Soc, Sheridanville ... 2 00
Miss Band of Trinity, Un Ev Ch, Terre Hill. 2 50
Klondyke Social Club, Sugar Notch 5 15
Jr C E Society, Broad St Presby Ch, Pittston ... 1 00
Jr Y P S C E, Braddock 9 00
C E Soc, Landisburg 5 00
Meeker C E Soc.. 4 00
Mrs M B R, Erie. 1 00
Rita H, Phila ... 7 00
M E W, Phila ... 1 00
F E N, Scranton. 15 00
Cash, Coalport ... 20
Cash, Industry ... 1 00
For Christ's Sake, Rushland 1 00
Friend, Industry.. 50
Friends, Leland Store 1 29
Friends, Manor... 50
I H N, Phila 1 00
Y P S C E, Trinity Ref Ch, Collegeville 6 00
Sugar Grove Ch, Greene Co 10 58
Johnson's C E Cl, 1st M E Ch 2 36
Thro' Rev S MacBurney, Bible Un Covenant, M E Ch, Phila 127 10
6th Christian Ch, Philadelphia 2 05
Sylvan Grove M E S S, Clearfield... 4 65
Beccaria S Sch, Clearfield 1 53
Ref Ch & S Sch, Ickesburg 43 60
M E S S, Renova. 5 00
4 Boys of Chestnut Hill 1 00
A Christian, Reading 2 00
Child, Rosemont.. 1 00
Carbon Un S Sch, Greensburg 5 00
M E S Sch, Centreville 2 00
Barnards Un S S.. 51 50
7th Day Bapt S S, Salemville 2 75
Union S S, Russell Hill 6 00
St Paul's Un S S, Schaefferstown . 8 50
Union S Sch, Mt Eldrl 3 64

PENNSYLVANIA—Cont'd.

S S Cl of 1st Pres Ch, Canousburg. 1 60
Y P S C E, Rome. 5 00
C E Soc, Kermoor 7 87
Un Br Ch Y P S C E, Mountville. 24 00
Ep Leag, Greensburg 2 00
West Newton Silver Cornet Band. 28 00
Emerson Club, Sheloela 25 00
W C T U, Stanton. 26 00
King's Daughter, Bethlehem 2 00
F F R S Inasmuch, Montgomery Sq 1 00
N B Lad Miss Soc, Deckard 5 00
Y P S C E of Whitesburg Pres Ch 6 00
Christian Endeavor, Barnes 4 00
Pansy Cir of K D, Goshen 6 00
Pres S S, C E and Ch, Troutrun.... 4 17
Jun League, Sunbury 64
C E Soc, McEwensville 5 00
Ladies' Aid Soc, C P Ch, Valier 3 80
Miss'y Band, New Albany 3 25
$25.00 of the above amounts were acknowledged in Aug. 15th issue to the credit of J P S Fenstermacher.

WEST VIRGINIA

Abbott, L A..... 05
Acres, Thos H ... 5 00
Allen, J L C.... 5 00
Alt, Charity C... 75
Ambler, Mrs 50
Ambler, Dave ... 10
Ambler, Kate ... 10
Ambler, Leota .. 10
Ambler, Mary .. 10
Ambler, W 10
Anderson, E 10
Anderson, Eliz'th. 10
Arnott, J W..... 5 00
Auldridge, Maud. 50
Babbitt, E H..... 1 50
Bailey, Johu 50
Barker, F S..... 1 00
Barlow, Henry .. 2 00
Bayha, D H..... 1 00
Bays, Ola 1 00
Bean, Mrs B.... 3 00
Bean, Elizabeth . 1 00
Bee, L T..... 1 00
Berry, Anna R... 35
Berry, I D..... 25
Berry, Retha 30
Biggs, Mrs M J. 50
Bigony, Dr J F... 1 00
Blnegar, Belle ... 15
Birche, Geo 10
Black, Mrs A E 10
Black, Maggie ... 10
Black, Sadie 25
Boggs, Mr 25
Boggs, Mary 10
Boner, L 25
Boor, Chas F.... 4 00
Bosely, Lydia ... 25
Bowden, Miss E.. 40
Bowden, Mrs E.. 1 00
Bowden, Mrs S.. 10
Bowen, Mrs A. coll by 1 02
Bowen, Lottie, coll by 1 07
Bowers, Johnnie . 35
Bowman, Mrs M C 5 00
Bowyer, Mrs R F 50
Boygop, A S..... 25
Boygop, J L..... 1 00
Brady, Sarah A... 6 05
Brinker, Homer .. 55
Brock, Mrs A E 2 00
Brock, W G..... 30
Brohard, F 50
Brohard, G C.... 25
Brown, B F..... 5 15
Brown, Emma ... 30
Brown, Margaret. 25
Brown, Zebedee.. 25
Browning, M A.. 1 00
Bryan, R A..... 1 90
Bryen, Dudley .. 25
Bunk, Mattie ... 06
Burdette, W A.. 2 00
Burk, A 05
Burk, Annie 05
Burk, C 05
Burk, J 02
Burk, J 50
Burk, Mary 05
Cain, E 10
Carper, W G.... 25
Carter, T J..... 5 00
Cartlip, W H.... 05
Casto, J B..... 25
Cather, A 25
Cather, H 55
Cather, J C..... 25
Cather, R G..... 25
Cather, Tensie .. 10
Catrell, M 20
Ceberry, M 1 05
Chaney, W H.... 25
Cleavenger, Mrs N 1 00
Clemens, G 25
Clrone, Clay 50
Cobb, F W..... 25
Cobb, P N..... 25
Connell, E 1 00
Cook, Edward ... 06
Cook, Grant 06
Coplin, Mary ... 25
Corder, A B..... 25
Corder, Lander .. 10
Corley, J H..... 25

WEST VIRGINIA—Cont'd.

Cosner, J T & others 11 00
Cossis, Jos 1 00
Coughlin, L 25
Craft, James 10
Crane, H B..... 50
Cribfield, W B.. 2 00
Cunningham, Mrs J M 1 00
Cunningham, Kate 50
Cunuingham, R L 30
Cunningham, M C 25
Cunningham, Mary C 50
Cunningham, Pearl 5 00
Curtis, Allen 25
Curtis, C L..... 1 00
Currenee, Mary B 25
Curry, Mrs 25
Curry, Dr W C. 1 00
Cwckett, Z & J... 2 00
Davidson, Mrs .. 1 00
Davidson, C 25
Davidson, J W... 25
Davidson, L E.. 50
Davis, Mrs M J.. 1 00
Day, Mrs A M... 25
Day, E S..... 25
Day, Mrs W W.. 10
Dillon, Mrs M... 10
Dillon, Veary, Coll by 2 00
Doak, A M..... 10
Donnally, C F... 25
Donnally, F 25
Donnally, T P & family 95
Downing, May ... 2 10
Doyle, Mrs 50
Dudding, W W... 1 00
Duff, R B, thro.. 1 00
Dye, Mrs C..... 50
Dyche, Mrs Sue... 30
Eberts, W C..... 5 00
Echols, G A..... 6 00
Eckles, A L..... 10
Edwards, D A... 1 00
Ellis, Mary 1 00
Elting, N D..... 10
Elting, R 05
Engle, Mrs C.... 10
Engle, H E..... 05
Engle, Mrs Julia 25
Engle, Mrs L A. 25
Engle, Miss T.... 10
Estep, C T 50
Ewhank, Jno ... 1 00
Fair, Graut, coll by 4 50
Faris, Annie S... 2 00
Ferrell, S R..... 5 00
Fidler, Willard... 10
Fisher C T.....10 00
Fisher, N V..... 25
Flack, Miss Rosa 25
Fleming, Mrs ... 10
Fluharty, J F... 50
Fluharty, J K.... 50
Fluharty, L E.... 50
Fluharty, W 1 50
Fluharty, W L... 50
Formen, C W..... 1 00
Foster, N B..... 1 00
Foster, Pearl 3 00
Foulks, E 15
Fox, E H..... 05
Fox, H B..... 05
Fox, H C..... 45
Frame, W 25
Frankhouser, W.. 1 00
Fraser, Mrs L W 1 00
Freeman, G 10
Friel, Mrs 50
Fulks, C 05
Fulks, Laura 05
Gardner, Emma... 10
Gardner, Mrs Jas 1 00
Geary, Miss A.... 25
Geary, J M..... 25
Geary, Mrs J M 25
Geary, Miss Nora 10
Geary, P V..... 25
Geiring, F 1 20
George, J H..... 35
Gifford, W 50
Gillispa, N M.... 50
Gillispie, M R... 25
Glvens, Jos W... 10
Goff, L W..... 50
Graham, Clara.... 10
Graney, Miss C.. 25
Graybeal, Mrs C L 2 50
Greathouse, Will.. 10
Green, J F..... 45
Greyer, Gracie .. 10
Greyer, Minnie... 10
Griffin, S F..... 10
Griffith, J A..... 05
Grose, J C..... 9 00
Grose, Maggie W 1 25
Gonth, Mrs 25
Haddoxy, Mrs G R 2 00
Hall, O L 05
Hall, S G..... 2 00
Hamlet, Miss B. 1 15
Hamric, B D.... 05
Hamric, E A.... 05
Hamric, E O.... 25
Hamric, J P.... 25
Hamric, L A..... 05
Hamric, P 25
Harader, Annie... 15
Harader, Lizie.... 25
Harader, Nisha.... 02
Harman, M M... 50
Harn, E W 50
Harrah, J F, coll by 2 15
Harrah, Jos 20
Harris, W M..... 2 00
Hartley, J W..... 5 00
Harvey, A 50
Harvey, W C, Sr 1 35
Haslacker, C A.. 10
Haslacker, M 10
Hawell, W L..... 1 00
Hawley, Jas L.... 2 00
Hawse, Thos J.... 3 00
Hayes, Mrs C R, thro 2 00
Haymond, Mrs M F 50

WEST VIRGINIA—Cont'd.

Hearn, L L..... 1 00
Hearn, Mrs R L 1 00
Heasley, F L.... 1 00
Helsley, J E 8 00
Henderson, J I.. 1 00
Herold, L W..... 25
Hibbs, J F..... 25
Hoover, Mrs 50
Hoover, Geo 2 00
Horner, T P..... 4 00
Hudkins, J F ... 10
Huff, C 00
Hughes, M A, coll by 13 00
Humes, Geo 25
Hurel, Iredel ... 50
Hyes, Fletcher .. 00
Hyre, Pruda 10
Jackson, Lily ... 90
Janes, J B & fam 1 85
Janes, Mary 10
Jenkins, John ... 1 50
Jones, W E..... 10
Jones, W W& wf 1 10
Joseph, L V..... 1 00
Joseph, N 2 00
Kemper, Nellie... 5 00
Kenedy, Mrs 50
Kessinger, C and family 1 00
Kimes, J E..... 30
Kineaid, Isea 20
Kitts, A E..... 10
Kyle, C B..... 10
Kyle, Jane 10
Kyle, Wm 45
Langdon, M A... 1 00
Lary, Mrs F, coll by 16 00
Laughlin, Mrs A D 25
Leavenworth, Mrs S C 50
Lee, W M..... 1 00
Lemon, Rev J S.. 2 00
Lewis, Mrs B.... 65
Lewis, Buel 25
Liele, Martha ... 15
Linkletter, Mrs L 1 25
Lipps, Miss L.... 50
Lockhart, J P.... 1 00
Lockridge, J B... 2 00
Lockridge, Maude. 55
Lough, A D 1 00
Lowry, Mrs Joe. 10
Loyd, Asburg ... 10
Loyd, E R..... 10
Loyd, H J..... 10
Loyd, Minter ... 10
Loyd, N W..... 25
Loyd, Oscar 10
Lynes, Rosy 10
Lyons, J G..... 10
Lyons, John 05
McCan, I A 1 00
McCan, Dr P..... 1 00
McClung, B L... 25
McClung, Mrs C. 1 35
McClung, J A.... 1 00
McClung, Miss L 1 15
McClung, Wilson.. 1 00
McComb, Mr 25
McCoy, A 50
McCoy, G B..... 25
McDonald, L 1 00
McDowell, J A... 10
McElivee, D B... 25
McKee, E 1 30
McLaughlin, E .. 25
McLaughlin, Ella. 05
McLaughlin, G ... 05
McLaughlin, H B 05
McLaughlin, J B.. 25
McLaughlin, L .. 10
McLaughlin, Lulu. 10
McMahon, Jno ... 5 00
McMorrow, Agnes 25
McMorrow, C W.. 25
McMorrow, D P.. 10
McMorrow, D R.. 25
McMorrow, H .. 05
McMorrow, J ... 05
McMorrow, J S.. 25
McMorrow, Jane. 50
McMorrow, Job . 25
McMorrow, L J.. 10
McMorrow, M M. 25
McMorrow, M 05
McMorrow, W W 25
McNeil, W W.... 5 00
McWhorter, A O 10
McWhorter, S ... 10
Marti, Mrs M... 5 00
Martin, A C..... 1 00
Martin, Mrs B... 1 00
Mason, Jos S..... 1 00
Mcarus, R & O... 10
Methner, Susie .. 10
Metzger, G C.... 5 00
Metzner, W H.... 5 00
Midkiff, M 50
Miller, O B & J G Stephens ... 1 00
Mitchell, A 50
Mollohan, Amina. 05
Mollohon, Jane C 50
Monroe & Brohard 1 15
Monroe, F 1 00
Moore, A B..... 4 50
Moore, C F..... 25
Moore, Enoch .. 50
Moore, Mrs Jane. 25
Moore, M M..... 25
Moore, Mrs V.... 50
Morris, Miss B... 50
Morris, R 1 00
Myers, J D..... 10
Naylor, A B 1 00
Nester, Jas 05
Nichol, Thos ...10 00
Nicholas, E & F... 20
Nixon, Blaine ... 05
Nixon, L B..... 25
Nixon, M M..... 25
Oaldaker, S D.... 1 00
O'Connell, Mrs D 1 00
Odell, F H 6 00
Odell, Mrs M C... 1 00
Offutt, Arthur 10
Ogden, C R..... 25
Osborn, Geo 1 00
Parker, Wylie ... 25
Parish, Dad 05
Parris, J W..... 33

WEST VIRGINIA—Cont'd

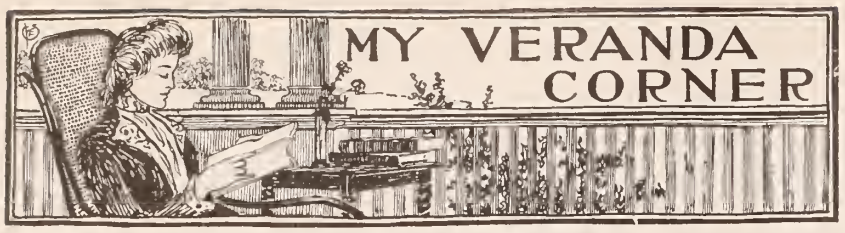
Parsons, Mrs E A F 50
Parsons, Wm A .. 50
Patchen, Wm ... 25
Pauley, Jerry L. 50
Pauley, P R..... 2 00
Perry, John F.. 1 00
Peters, S C..... 5 00
Petry, W S..... 25
Pettet, Mrs M... 1 00
Phaus, S W..... 5 50
Phillips, H J.... 30
Phillips, W P... 25
Pool, Wm 25
Posey, A W..... 1 00
Price, A B..... 1 00
Price, A E..... 1 00
Priest, T H..... 2 00
Pritchard, M ... 1 00
Provance, E 1 00
Queen, Emma ... 25
Queen, W H L... 10
Raymond, E F & wife 5 00
Reader, G F..... 50
Rector, G L..... 75
Redding, Mrs E J & friends 4 25
Ree, Mrs Neva .. 25
Reed, Geo 25
Repp, Mr & Mrs E S 1 00
Rexroad, Mr 25
Reynolds, H S.. 25
Reynolds, Mabel.. 50
Reynolds, W F... 50
Rhodes, E 10
Rhodes, E N..... 1 00
Riley, J E 10
Rine, J M 2 50
Rippetoe, W 1 00
Rippertoe, Mrs W T 50
Robertson, C ... 1 00
Robinson, J H.. 1 00
Robinson, Mrs L V 1 00
Rodes, H L, Coll by 3 25
Rogers, M F..... 10
Rollyson, R & W H 25
Romney Merc Co 2 00
Rose, H H..... 05
Ross, Frank 32
Ross, M F..... 1 70
Ross, Sarah, coll by 4 74
Ruttencuttler, F . 1 00
Saueer, Jas 25
Schmuck, C 1 00
Sharp, L D..... 1 00
Shaver, J E..... 10
Shaver, J M..... 05
Shavor, L D..... 10
Shaver, Lucy 25
Shaver, M M.... 50
Shaver, Ollie ... 10
Shaver, W F.... 25
Shields, Inez 05
Shover, Clara ... 05
Shover, Dora 05
Shover, E 25
Shover, Howard.. 25
Shover, Jesse ... 05
Shover, L M..... 25
Shover, M D..... 1 00
Shover, S E..... 05
Sibold, J H..... 1 00
Simonton, D M.. 25
Sims, Wm 20
Siusel, W A..... 25
Sirk, J R..... 10
Skidmore, C 50
Smith, Mrs 1 00
Smith, J S..... 5 00
Smith, Jack 10
Smith, L 1 00
Smith, L P..... 25
Smith, Miss M... 25
Smith, M A..... 50
Smith, Sallie A.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs U J. 25
Speucer, B F..... 75
Stalnaker, G W.. 25
Steele, H G..... 1 00
Steorts, G W.... 1 00
Steorts, J C..... 05
Strader, H M.... 05
Strader, H M, Coll by 1 00
Stump, D 25
Stump, Jane ... 50
Stump, M 1 00
Stump, N 50
Stump, T 25
Stump, T G and G R Rose, coll by 17 00
Sweetwood, H H10 00
Symus, S Y..... 2 00
Synes, O 25
Tallman, M 2 00
Tallman, Saml .. 25
Tavener, Miss L. 05
Tenny, C P..... 25
Tenney, S M.... 1 00
Thomas, Mrs J... 1 00
Thomas, Mary A. 50
Thomas, Sarah .. 05
Timmons, D C.... 1 00
Toy, S A..... 5 00
Truman, C G..... 06
Truman, C S..... 25
Truman, G F..... 25
Truman, J W..... 25
Truman, S 62
Truman, T B.... 1 00
Turley, Hester .. 2 00
Turner, G R..... 05
Turner, G W.... 25
Vail, J R..... 50
Vawter, Johu T.. 25
Vawter, Julius .. 10
Veith, Anton 25
Vinyard, J B.... 1 00
Vinyard, Rebecca. 25
Virtue, Mrs W H & family 1 15
Walle, Mr 50
Walter, Mr 50
Wane, J 25
Warner, F M.... 25
Warnock, Mrs .. 10

WEST VIRGINIA—Cont'd.

Warnock, E N... 1 00
West, All 25
West, Mrs P F... 2 00
Westfall, A 50
Westfall, E B... 25
Westfall, J W... 25
Westfall, Susan .. 25
Westfall, W L... 25
White, G M..... 1 00
White, Henry M 25
White, Jas N... 1 00
White, Rev L.... 1 00
White, R M..... 1 00
Wick, E W 1 00
Wiley, I B..... 1 00
Wiley, Mary E... 1 00
Wiley, Thos B... 1 00
Williams, A 25
Wilmoth, L 45
Winter, H W.... 50
Withers, Emma .. 10
Wright, J N..... 2 00
Wright, Mrs J N.. 1 00
Wright, R E 10
Wright, Ruby 10
Wyckoff, J S..... 25
Yankey, A A.... 2 00
Yeager, Mrs H.. 50
Young, R A..... 25
Mrs A B, Tariff.. 1 00
M M, Wellsburg.. 2 00
——, —— 25
——, Keyser 1 00
——, White Sulphur Spgs 20
Friend, Dallas .. 7 25
Sympathizers, Pine Grove 20 85
Sympathy, Wyoma 1 00
Proceeds from a box supper, Hall Institute, Driscol. 7 30 80
Boys of Spinning dept of Kilbourn Knitting Machine comp ... 6 00
M E Ch So, Amos 15 80
Rush Run Bapt Ch, Dodrill ... 7 75
Baptist Ch, Gate Wood 16 06
Ballah Ch & Ep Lea M E Ch So, Grays Flat 32 00
Pres Church coll, Hollidays Cove. 12 20
Mt Trim Bapt Ch, Hominy Falls... 2 75
Salem Cl, M E Ch, Kerens 2 50
M E Ch So, Spencer 2 25
Shady Grove So M S Sch & others, Clifty 5 00
Mt Zion S S, M P Ch, Confluence . 4 25
Green Mound S S, M E Ch So, Dillens Run 3 06
Iufant Dept M E S S, Grafton .. 75
S Sch Cl, Johnson Meml Ch, Huntington 1 50
U B S S, Ripley. 12 33
Scholars of Bapt S S, Shenandoah Jct 11 66
Un Meth S Sch, Three Mile 4 50
S Sch, Winona..10 00
Boothsville E Lea, M E Ch So....11 11
Y Lad Aux Soc of the Davis Mem Ch, Elkins 5 68
Epw Lea, Elkins. 4 00
Ballah Epw Lea, M E Church So, Grays Flat 45
C E Soc, Le Roy 1 00
——, Pennsboro.... 1 00
A Friend, New Market 2 00
Children's Day service at Zion Bapt Chs, Wyona 15 00
Mt Tabor S S, M E Ch, Jarrett ..15 00
People of Winfield & vicinity.. 2 00
A Hebrew, Pigeon 05
Citizens of Worthington 40 28
W C T U, Broomfield 5 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Blodgett Mrs E.. 50
C K, Balto..... 1 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs C F 1 00
Bullard, Alpheus. 1 00
Greenfield, Mrs H 1 00
Harp, B N, Round Lake 1 50
McBurney, A ... 1 00
Passengers on S S Furnessia Glasgow & N Y.... 5 00
Peterson, C 1 00
Turner Mrs M... 1 00
——, —— 30
Anon, —— 50
——, —— 1 00
M M, Afton 25
K S H, —..... 25
——, Tama & Hawarden 50
Promised, —— ... 1 00
Jasper, —— 20 00
Friend, E Highlands 24
West End S Sch, No Platte 50
Liberty Mgh S, Krindeforening .15 00
From one in trouble, Berlin 30



BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CHINESE GIRLS : : : ON THEIR WAY TO WORK

WE associate the idea of bound feet with the Chinese and fancy that all the women have the wee, deformed feet on which they totter clumsily about, and which make walking almost an impossibility beyond their doors. But the Chinese working woman has feet of the natural size and is thus much to be envied by the lady whom a senseless and cruel fashion condemns to inaction all her life. The young girls in the picture are going to their work in a factory, sitting in a very jolly way in a wheelbarrow which is pushed along by a man who charges one cent a mile for his labor. One of the workers is a married woman with a baby, whom she has taken with her to her day's work. The homely scene

THE ODD CARRYALL USED BY CHINESE WORKING GIRLS

brings the women of China very near to us. Because they are intensely ignorant, the Chinese are intensely conservative. The bound feet of their richer women symbolize only too well the bondage of their minds, cramped by ages of superstition and illumined by no new ideas. Probably when the war cloud lifts from the far East, and a dawning better day breaks through the gloom, they may show that their dread of foreigners, their immense self-conceit and their absymal darkness have been due to lack of faith and knowledge. Upon them too, shall the Light shine which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

In Japan

Our Western code of manners must seem very crude and barbarous to a polite Oriental. For instance, you are invited to dinner in Japan. You arrive. Your host meets and greets you, bowing to the ground, "I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion."

If you are an American you are nonplussed and tongue-tied. If you are a Japanese you know what to say.

"How can you say such a thing when it was I who failed to show you due courtesy?"

"Far from it. I received a lesson in good manners from you."

"How can you condescend to come to such a poor house as this?"

"How can you, indeed, be so kind as to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguished roof?"

All this sounds very droll to us. But it means drill and discipline and taking time. Half of us have no time to be really courteous. We lack repose, and we lack charm. We are not demonstrative. The weak point in the armor of Japanese politeness such as the above, is its obvious insincerity. Compliment with us need not be flavored by deceit.

A Present Duty

Wherever and whenever any one of us sees an act of cruelty to a child, a dog, a cat, a horse, or any dumb animal, or to an old man or woman, the obligation is to rebuke it at once. Cowardice sometimes prompts us to pass by the offence in silence, with the excuse that the matter is none of our business. This is a weak subterfuge. It is everybody's business to set a wrong right, and the brutal person who wantonly strikes a child, or abuses a horse, or kicks a dog, should be brought up with a round turn, admonished of his meanness and shamed into better behavior. If he will not stop his wicked conduct at our word, our duty then goes a step farther, and he should be reported to the police.

Curious Marriage Customs

In Yorkshire, England, it was formerly considered only right for the parson to be the first person after the ceremony to kiss the bride. On one occasion a clergyman who, as a stranger, did not understand the local custom, was puzzled after marrying a couple in a Yorkshire village, to see the whole company keep together in an attitude of anticipation. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "Please, sir," answered the bridegroom, "ye've no kissed Mollie, and I must n't do it until ye have." In Nottingham, in the parish of Wellow, there is a pretty custom dating from time immemorial, when the banns of marriage are read out, for a person previously selected to rise in the midst of the congregation and say aloud, "God speed them well!" whereupon the clerk and congregation respond with fervor, "Amen!" In Cheshire the bride's path to church is strewn, not with loose flowers but is carpeted with beautiful wreaths and garlands, made by kindred and friends and laid down in the dewy dusk of the previous evening, friends vieing together in decorating the doorstep with the finest wreath. The bridegroom's path is strewn with flowers, too, but of a different kind. If he be a carpenter his acquaintances strew the way with a great profusion of curly shavings; if a tailor with odds and ends of cloth; if a harnessmaker or a cobbler with bits of leather, and there is a tradition that an agreeable young butcher once found his pathway decorated with bones.

Disobedience to Parents

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, calling attention to a very sad sign of our period, says: "It has been my lot during the past sixteen years to stay in very many Christian homes. The strength and beauty of some of them abide as a perpetual fragrance. Others have left the most painful impressions. Children self-willed, and consequently bringing themselves into perpetual unhappiness, and inflicting discomfort on all who came in contact with them, have prophesied evil things for the days to come."

Not long ago I saw a young father and mother in company with their only child, a sturdy and noble-looking little fellow of three years. The child was extremely wilful, and if thwarted threw himself into a paroxysm of rage, screaming and shrieking until it was most uncomfortable to be in his neighborhood. Instead of controlling this temperamental confusion, his parents bent to the storm. They gave Ruben everything in sight if he would but consent to stop crying. When he disobeyed them, they laughed; when he struck another child and seized its toys, they called proud attention to its energy and determination. What the outcome of this absurdly weak regime of theirs may be, time will tell, but I fear the worst for a little one brought up to disobey and dishonor its parents. No one has a right or an excuse for so treating a little child of God.

Chums

"Grandpapa and I are chums!" said little Eleanor. And indeed they were. Gold-haired maiden and silver-haired gentleman, they went hand in hand along the beach, they gathered shells and seaweed, they sat upon the sand and told each other stories. Somehow they were very close together, both having the sweetness of the child-heart, and both accepting with joy and gratitude whatever gift the dear Father sent them from above. Happy chums, grandsire and granddaughter.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—GOSSIP. Why repeat a bit of comment which will make a friend uncomfortable and do no good? I wouldn't were I you.

—CONSTANT READER. You would study music under insuperable difficulties and with great peril to your eyes if you attempted to master its intricacies at night after a busy day. Twenty-six is not too advanced an age if you had your days to devote to the task, but even then you would be handicapped. As music is now studied, it requires the devotion of a lifetime.

ONLY A SCHOOLGIRL

GOING to school in childhood.
Life in its fulness has just begun,
Swinging her books in careless glee.
The difficult lesson—the puzzling sum—
Vanish, and leave no trace she can see—
No time for worry when lessons are done.
Coming from school in childhood.

Going to school to the world.
Her lessons have harder grown.
She has learned to laugh while her life looks sad,
She smiles while with grief her heart is prone:
But her eyes must look merry, her face must look glad,
Though her soul's bitter anguish can hardly be borne.
Going to school to the world.

Going to school to God.
There are tempests she still must meet;
And still come the battles, the trials, the fears:
But Jesus makes bitterness turn into sweet,
As, bring each grief, each sorrow, each tear,
She lays them rejoicing at Christ's wounded feet.
She has learned her lesson of God.

"God Bless Papa!"

"God bless papa, mama, grandpa, grandma," the little ones utter the sweet prayer night after night. But sometimes they are not devout and hurry through the petition as if it were a rigmarole. Teach them to pray reverently to the great God.

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Baking Powder.
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SAVE ONE-HALF YOUR FUEL We Tell You How.
Rochester Radiator Co. 15 Furnace St. Rochester, N.Y.

Scrofula
What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition.
This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by paleness, nervousness, and more or less general debility.
The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.
It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when she was thirteen years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was eighteen she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.
These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but according to their own unsolicited statement, were quickly relieved by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
That positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently eliminates the disease.

...IN A FRONTIER SUNDAY SCHOOL

A Type of Many that have been Established in Neglected Communities

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday School Union in Minnesota, of many years' experience, founded not long ago a Sunday School in one of the neglected communities there. He gathered in the boys and girls, and even some older persons who had never before been in a Sunday School. This neighborhood had been regarded as somewhat rough, but the missionary found that the people appreciated what had been done for them. The boys are becoming tractable where before they were wild. They have a godly young man for superintendent and some very earnest young women for teachers, and good library books, Sunday School papers and cheerful songs of praise are already turning the neighborhood towards general Sunday observance, and toning up the entire population in morals and character.

There is a scarcity of good reading matter in many of these neglected places away from the towns and villages. The coming of the Sunday School missionary, with his wagon filled with Bibles, picture papers for the little ones, good books, always helps a sparsely settled community to better things.

A Sunday School missionary in North Dakota writes this interesting letter to those who helped him establish such a school as that already described:

"The school established through your kindness and liberality extend to you greetings. They wrote me a few days ago expressing their appreciation of your kindness in supplying them with books and literature. Perhaps, in order to understand how acceptable your gift was to this Sunday School, it would be well to tell you something about the people here, their home life, privileges and occupations. Ours is a little town, built up in less than a year, with a population of two or three hundred, situated in the southeast corner of a county in North Dakota, on a bleak and barren prairie, with no timber, no groves, no beautiful houses, nothing but the rolling prairie stretching out like an ocean in all directions as far as the eye can reach. Farmers have come in from various states and foreign countries, and have built little shanties in which they live, eat and sleep, a family all in one room. Some of the Russians keep their horses, sheep and cattle in the other half of the shanty. These shanties are usually one story in height, and perhaps 12 x 16 or 16 x 20 feet in length and breadth, built of rough timber, and, for the winter, covered on the outside with sod. This summer was spent mostly in breaking up the wild prairie and sowing part of it to flax or wheat; but the drought set in, and so they will raise no wheat, no potatoes and very little flax, consequently there will be much suffering this winter, unless the new settlers are cared for. Aid has already been asked from the State, and on investigation one hundred and seventy individuals were found in great need; two had already died from starvation. This destitution is mostly among the Russians, who came here without resources; but their need is being looked after, and their wants supplied as fast as possible. About half of the people in the vicinity are Russians. Most of them are quite religious, and they include Baptists, Evangelicals and Lutherans. They speak the German language, and a German Sunday School had been opened up here just before we established our Union School, so that now all classes can be accommodated. It was our privilege to hold the first English service. A goodly number assembled, and the outcome was the new school. By establishing these Union Schools, we get the people united."

Anyone desiring information or to aid this frontier religious work may address Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

INTERIOR OF A FRONTIER UNION SUNDAY SCHOOL

These people of the frontier are CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, as their wall pictures show

Rich Toward God*

The Difference Between the Riches of the World and the Riches of the Soul

IDEAS of wisdom vary with the individual. A man with a hobby is sure to have a neighbor who thinks him foolish to spend his time in his favorite pursuit. The man who collects postage stamps or butterflies or pictures or books, is depised by those who do not have the same tastes. There are not so many who think a man foolish for spending his years in the acquisition of wealth, but if he does it in a certain way and allows the pursuit to monopolize his thoughts, then the Highest of all Authorities pronounces him a fool. There does not seem at first sight anything particularly foolish about the man Christ described. He reaped the fruits of his fields, and when those fruits accumulated he naturally considered the problem of storage. If a firm's business increases, one of the most likely courses for them to take is to rebuild or move into larger premises. So this man decided to pull down his barns and build greater ones. There was nothing wrong in the project. It was in what he said to himself that his folly is seen. He appears to think that this accumulation of goods is all that his soul needs. Why, it needed life as the very first thing, and, in forgetting that, he showed folly. The many years on which he counted were not his. Even if he had enjoyed them, the stores of goods would have been poor sustenance for the soul, but he forgot that, too, which also was a proof of his folly.

There is a great deal of the same kind of folly in the world. There are some business men whose lives are a benefaction, who delight in helping a friend in a difficulty, in making plans for the betterment of other lives, building institutes like Cooper Union in New York, in endowing free libraries and hospitals; but not all are of that kind. There are many who are miserly, or who spend their gains on themselves, and never or seldom do any one a good turn. What are they working for? Some do not ask themselves the question, but go on laboring and accumulating to the end. Others—and these are the large majority—have before them a picture of a time when they will cease to work and begin to enjoy life. The story is told of a millionaire merchant in New York who had a host of enterprises all bringing gain into his treasury, that he asked a friend who envied him, what remuneration he would consider a sufficient compensation for managing the various branches. His friend hesitated and the merchant asked: "Would you do it for your food and clothes?" "Certainly not," said the friend. "Well," said the merchant, "that is all I get." Some of these retired business men live to realize the impossibility of enjoyment. Mr. Smiles says he knew one man who had spent his years in making candles. He had always looked forward to the goodtime he would have when he had made his fortune. At last the fortune was made and he sold his business and went to live in a beautiful house. But in six months he went to his successor, and, saying he was miserable, asked permission to come and "help, on melting days."

It might have occurred to this man of Christ's story that there were some people around him on whom he could bestow his surplus, some whose lives might be blessed and brightened by it. But he does not think of that. His miserable, narrow soul sees no other solution of the problem than that of storing the surplus up for himself. That very fact shows the poverty of his soul. It had lost its best instincts and capacities. It had been so starved that its clearest perceptions and best impulses were withered. It had become so closely identified with the body as to lose the natural divinity that belongs to the soul. The man is conscious of the fact, though not of the significance of the fact. So he says to his soul, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." As if these goods were all that the soul required for its happiness. It was as if a youth returning home from college, whither he had been sent to acquire an education, came with medals and cups won in athletic contests, but without any of the knowledge and capacity he had been sent to gain. If the father of such a youth had intended that his boy should be a lawyer or a physician, how disappointed he would be to find his mind destitute of the knowledge required for his profession! His mind is impoverished instead of being rich in knowledge. So the soul which has been imprisoned in a sordid life, is not rich in the qualities that God expects it to develop. They have not been exercised, and so have deteriorated and become paralyzed, and God characterizes such a man as a fool.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 7. Luke 12: 13-21.

THE BOWERY MISSION

The following contributions in aid of the Bowery Mission have been received:

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MINISTER'S FOOD

Its Value Discovered during Absence of Family.

Rev. J. B. Ley, pastor of the First M. E. Church, South Tampa, Fla., had an interesting experience when his family were compelled to leave on account of the yellow fever. He says: "Last September, when we were visited by a yellow fever scare, my family left for an indefinite stay in the interior.

"I had, for about two years, been under considerable physical and mental strain, and my nervous system seemed to utterly give way. I had some excellent physicians, but their remedial agencies failed to reach the case,—at best affording only temporary relief.

"At the time the family left, my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food. Several things had led me to believe that my troubles were largely due to improper nutrition. The absence of the family gave me a good opportunity to try the new food, for it is perfectly cooked and therefore required no work on my part.

"So I began to make two meals a day, supper and breakfast, on Grape-Nuts and cream of milk, and had nothing else. I confined myself to the proper allowance, not overeating. The improvement was marked, almost from the first, my digestion was better, sleep became regular and restful, and I began to gain flesh. I could soon do work with less fatigue and more satisfaction.

"My nervous system has been wonderfully improved, and today I weigh more than I have ever weighed, and find my strength equal to all the responsibility. This is not all; on the return of the family Grape-Nuts became a regular article of food at the morning hour. The children ate it and improved.

"My wife, who was nursing an infant, discovered that after she began using Grape-Nuts regularly, for the first time in many years, Nature's food supply for the baby was adequate, without resorting to artificial subterfuges. Grape-Nuts food not only carried us through the sickly season, but has been a Godsend to our entire family."

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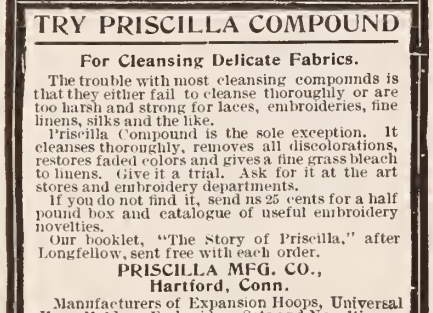

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. . . MISS ARABELLA'S SUNDAY SCHOOL BOYS

.. By MARY B. WINGATE ..

HOW came I to take a class of boys? No one else was willing to teach them and though I had no experience and but little idea of the responsibility involved, I consented to do so. How have I acquired my present influence over them? Well, that is quite a story, but if you wish to hear I shall be glad to tell it.

They were from eight to twelve years of age, and I soon found if I expected them to be present, I must be there too, rain or shine. I found, too, I must be thoroughly posted on the lesson or they were soon to find it out, even if they had not studied it.

Presently I began to think I'd visit my boys. Like people in story books, I bought a bundle of tracts (which I did not take time to read) and set forth on my rounds. My first call was at an elegant house. My pupil's mother told me patronizingly, that she attended Grace Church herself but let her son go where he pleased. I was embarrassed and soon rose to leave, handing her the first tract which came to hand. It proved to be "Pay Your Debts." This she declined; which perhaps was not strange as the family was said to have a failing which made advice peculiarly applicable.

Resolved to be more careful in future, I started forth again and soon overtook one of my boys whom I had seen playing on the streets on Sunday. I kindly reproved him, when he said, "I'd much ruther have a bike and take a spin on Sunday, same's you do." The impudent boy! As if my taking a quiet ride for my health was at all like his Sabbath-breaking. I gave him a tract on "Rudeness" which he said "would be handy to light a cigarette with." A little further on I met another of my boys and asked "Where he'd been the last two Sundays," "Been berryin'!" "That was very wrong," said I. "Well, you bought 'em on Monday mornin'," he retorted, "and didn't pay all they was wuth, nuther!" I gave him a tract on "Sabbath Breaking," and resolved to be careful when, and of whom I bought my next berries.

I then called on two pupils living in a tenement house. The mother said she could not send them regularly to Sunday School as there was so much sewing to be done and she had four other children to sew for. I wanted to offer to help but I had so much fancy-work on hand that I didn't see how I could; so I left a tract on the "Golden Rule" and hastened away. My next stop was at a little tumble-down house, the abode of Freddy, my youngest pupil. His mother said he cried to go but had no shoes. I wanted to buy him some but I knew if I did I could not get that "real" lace collar I wanted so much. I was just going to leave a tract on "Selfishness" but had sense enough left to feel that it was hardly appropriate.

On my way home I encountered a pair of my lads with birds' nests full of eggs in their hands. I told them what I thought of nest-robbers and gave each a tract on "Cruelty." One youth, glancing slyly at my hat, said: "Them's purty feathers. Where'd you git 'em from, Miss? I hearn as how bird's wings is cut off'n live birds to dress ladies' hats—and how agrets is took from birds settin' on their nests and their young ones left to die."

"My uncle out in Californy," said the other, "tells how they hire men to hold ostridges and pulls out their feathers—leavin' them all covered with blood—jest for the wimmen to wear on their heads." Alas! all three of the offending articles were perched upon my hat at that very moment. Covered with confusion, I beat a hasty retreat. That bundle of tracts I tossed surreptitiously over a fence and was tempted to fling my hat after them; but had just grace enough left to wear it home where I went directly to my room which I did not leave again that night, and there gave myself up to bitter reflection.

I decided I should need quite a salary if I continued to make such calls. I had soiled my light silk, stained my lavender kids, wasted my time, offended the mothers, roused the antagonism of the boys, and saw clearly I must lay by my new and expensive hat, and be very careful how I used my beloved bicycle on Sunday. I had indeed returned a sadder and wiser woman. Now, what should I do to undo as far as possible the mischief done to my class. It was plain that my boys were educating me whether I was teaching them anything or not.

Those words, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not," came forcibly to my mind. Down on my knees in deep humiliation I sought forgiveness for my past, and asked that I might be able to win my class for Jesus; then I laid me down and slept.

A sweet dream or vision came to me that night and I have never lost the impression I then received. A Sabbath School teacher entered heaven and was greeted by her class—all there before her. Oh, how white their robes were! and oh, the music! but beyond all, the smile on the Saviour's face—the beauty, the tenderness of that smile—can I ever forget it!

Oh! what would a lifetime of service here be compared with the rapture of that hour. Would it not pay to dress more plainly here if by so doing one might wear such robes there? I had devoted much time to my music here, but would not the singing of one saved soul make sweeter music to me there than all the oratorios of earth?

I had used little tact in calling on my boys, but I could "entertain charmingly" as I had been told many times. I resolved to invite them to visit me. I studied the Sunday School lesson as never before; and my class was more interested and more interesting than I had ever known it. Monday, I mailed notes of invitation to all the boys for Friday evening; and I also sent Freddy a pair of shoes; Tuesday I sewed for the pair in the tenement house. After that I was busy with my preparations. Father warned me I should have a terrible time "house-cleaning after the boys" and that they would probably break all my "jimcracks," as he calls my bric-a-brac, but I did not mind his teasing. I arranged a nice lunch and some merry games.

The boys all came, bringing friends with them. I never saw lads behave in a more gentlemanly manner. I showed my rarest curios and played my sweetest music for their entertainment and they declared in leaving that they had had "a jolly time." The next day, I received some queer little notes over which I laughed and cried. Joe, my biggest boy, said he'd "thrash any boy who called me an 'old maid' after this." I told my boys to invite their friends into our class, and by the way, the class has been growing ever since. I think they must each have had a goodly number of friends. Some of the boys offended on that unfortunate tract-distributing day, have apologized for their rudeness. I know now that I love all of my boys and I believe they love me. Best of all, they are beginning to love my Saviour and I hope some day to see my Lord's face wearing for them and me the same smile of welcome it wore in my dream.

Mr. Moody's Last Testimony

On the 22d of October last, just two months before he was called home, Mr. Moody gave the following striking testimony while preaching in Brooklyn: "I know that if I should be asked to be a witness in a court, my testimony would be taken, and I want you to take my testimony as to what it is to be filled with the Spirit. There are two epochs in my life which stand out clear. One is when I was between eighteen and nineteen years old, when I was born of the Spirit. There never can come a greater blessing to a man on this earth than to be born again—born from above; to have the God-nature planted in him. God has been good to me. He has showered blessing after blessing upon me; but the greatest blessing, next to being born again, came sixteen years after, when I was filled with the Spirit, and it has never left me."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS
Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N.Y.

No higher praise can be offered nor better references given concerning the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than the many voluntary testimonials from ministers of the gospel which have come from all parts of the country, and which have more than supported all the claims made for this excellent medicine.

The most recent indorsement is that coming from Rev. Enoch Hill, pastor of the M. E. church of Grand Junction, Iowa, who says:

"I am a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy having been used in my family with highly gratifying results. For three or four years I was a sufferer from general debility. I seemed to be lacking in vitality, was tired out most of the time, and sleep gave me no rest or refreshment. I was troubled with headache much of the time, and although I was not confined to my bed, my illness incapacitated me for energetic work in my pastorate.

"A sister-in-law living in Nebraska, who has suffered very much, and who has used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results, recommended them to me, and I decided to try them. I had taken but two or three doses of the pills when I found that they were helping me, and further use of the remedy brought such relief that I am glad to offer this public recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the interest of suffering humanity.

"My wife was troubled much as I was, although her case was aggravated by insomnia. The pills also proved of the greatest benefit in her case.

"I have recommended the pills to many whom I have met in my work, and am always pleased to endorse the medicine, the excellence of which has been established within my own observation."

[*Signed*] *REV. ENOCH HILL.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100). Address Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

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Gospel Progress in Cuba

Pushing the Work at Aguacate— A Mission Projected at Trinidad

DIRECTOR Arthur W. Dowe, of the *El Faro Christiano* (Christian Light-house) Mission at Aguacate, Cuba, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, giving cheering news of the progress of evangelical work here. He says:

The Cuban country towns and villages, of which there are hundreds, have as yet been unouched by the Gospel, with the exception of his place, Aguacate, where our mission is ocated, and a branch at Jaruco, fourteen miles istant, which we have just opened. The peole are kind and hospitable, though very poor, ot having yet recovered from the effects of he war; but already the fields in many places re under cultivation, and in a few years more e hope to see Cuba again happy and proserous under a free government and, what is ven better, a free religion. The climate is etter as a whole than in many parts of the Jnited States. The land is rolling and in ome parts quite mountainous and picturesque, otted with groups of cocoanut and royal alm trees, and covered with green fields of ananas, sugar cane and the tobacco plant. 'ruit and vegetables are plentiful, but meat nd chickens and eggs are quite expensive. Ve pay thirty cents per pound, Cuban money, or our meat.

Yellow fever is the most feared, but it is onfined mostly to the large cities and towns n the coast. Aguacate is free from it. It ttacks foreigners principally, but if one bstains from stimulants, peppers and most f the native fruits, he stands a good chance o pull through all right.

As soon as the rains are over, I shall visit a umber of other towns and extend the Gospel s rapidly as possible. And if God wills, it is ur desire to open up the quaint old city of 'rinidad, on the South coast, a place of about 5,000 people, and one of the healthiest, leanest and highest cities on the island. It ill be a good location for a Bible school and raining home for Christian workers, both or natives and for foreigners who are learning he language. We already have a comfortble home for any brother or sister whom the ord may send to aid in the work. We have o salaries, but all our wants are supplied from ay to day. We can use large numbers of panish Bibles and New Testaments, especilly the latter. I shall be glad to correspond ith any who feel called into this field of labor, nd who may address me at Aguacate, Cuba.

Syrian Gifts to India

REV. W. L. NELSON, Tripoli, Syria, who, during a tour of visitation of Syrian churches, has been interesting the people in the sufferings of India's eople, sends us the following letter, accomanied by the articles described therein:

The response everywhere showed a keen ense of Christian obligation to extend a helpng hand. At one village, the Protestant ommunity has been greatly depleted by migration to America; scarcely any one reains but the women and old men. Money s scarce among them, and yet when the story f suffering was told there was an instantaeous outburst of sympathy and pity. One an at once handed me a silver dollar, anther did the same, a third said, "Put down ny name." A poor widow said, "Please put own five cents for me," and so all wished to o what they could.

A young lad whispered to his mother and hen went out, upon which the mother said hat he wanted to send some of his own earnngs to those poor children in India. The next norning he brought the missionary two small oins worth about four cents, saying he wanted hat sent to the poor orphans in India.

As I sat alone in the room preparing for a ublic service, a poor widow entered with a imple shirt in her hand. She said if she ould sell it she would do so, but as no one ared to buy she would ask me to sell it for whatever it would bring, and send the proceeds to India. It is a raw silk undershirt, uch as goes into every bridal outfit, and had been among the treasures of this poor woman. t had never been worn, had been long in her possession, and, as a matter of sentiment, parting with it meant no slight sacrifice.

Later, as I was just about to leave, another mall coin worth about one cent was handed me. It came from a poor woman who makes er living by carrying jars of water on her houlder from the fountain to the houses, and epresented a good part of her day's income. She wished me to be sure and send this little ite to help some helpless one in India.

The full market value of these pathetic offerngs has been added to the Syrian fund for Inia, but it occurred to me that some readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might be glad to edeem the gifts for larger sums for the Relief 'und, and so multiply the good done. The oins and shirt are sent to your office at the Bible House, where inquiries may be made.

The Wing Piano

The usual way to buy a piano is from a retail dealer or agent. We do not sell our pianos in this way. We supply our pianos direct from our factory to retail purchasers. We do not employ a single salesman or agent, and we have no salesroom except our factory. We transact all of our business and ship all of our pianos direct from our factory. As our expenses are small, a very small profit pays us.

No matter how far away you live, our improved system of doing business makes it actually more convenient and more satisfactory to buy a piano from us than to buy one from a local dealer in your own town or city.

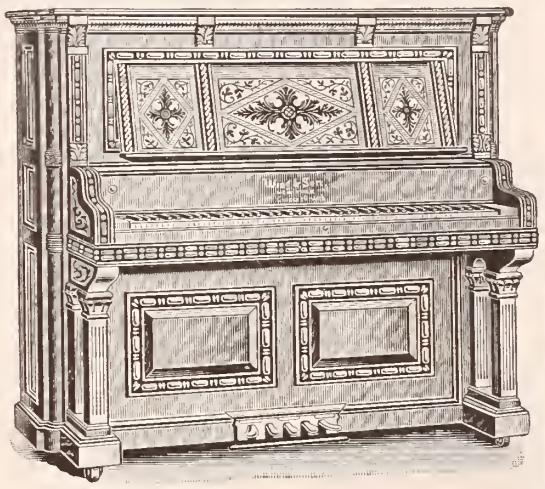
Over 30,000 Wing Pianos have been manufactured and sold in 32 years (since 1868).

Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for twelve (12) years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

Everyone who intends to purchase a piano should have our complete catalogue. We send it free on request.

STYLE 29. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT

No other Piano made equals this in style and design of case



I should like to say a few words about your pianos and manner of doing business. No one is doing themselves justice in not availing themselves of your most liberal terms. The tone, touch and durability of your pianos cannot be questioned. The instrumental attachment pleases every one who hears it and allows a combination of effects which cannot be equalled.
ALBERT DRAEGERT,
Thornbury, Iowa.

The piano I bought of you in December is giving us the very best of satisfaction. In tone, touch and workmanship it is certainly extra fine. The strangest part of it seems to be that you can sell such an instrument for such a low price.
F. D. GREEN,
Perry, Lake County, Ohio.

SENT ON TRIAL FREIGHT PREPAID. We will send this piano or your choice of 23 other Wing Pianos on trial, to any part of the United States, all freights paid by us. We will allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and if the piano is not entirely satisfactory in every respect we will take it back at our own expense. There is no risk or expense to the person ordering the piano. No money is sent to us in advance, we pay all freights.

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imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

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One agent writes: "Mr. W. G. Baker, Springfield, Mass.: Dear Sir: I received the Watch all right and was very much pleased with it. I think it is a beautiful Watch and just suits me in every way. It took me just a day and a half to take the full amount of Orders to earn the Watch, and I think I have been well paid for my work and trouble. I think any young man or lady can very easily go out and in a few days at the most take the orders to earn such a Watch as the one I have earned. I thank you for the quick shipment of the Watch and hope I may in the future take more orders on the same plan.
Yours truly, OAKLEY MARSHALL, Colorado Springs, Col."

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A Remarkable Remedy for

Rheumatism

Mr. J. F. Brookfield writes from Salisbury, N. C.: "While in Knoxville, Tenn., last December, I met an elderly gentleman, a professor of music, who had been troubled for several years with rheumatism. I told him I would send down, before I left town, a bottle of Tartarlithine, which I believed would help him if it didn't entirely relieve him. While in Montgomery, this trip, his son told me it did his father so much benefit that they had written to you to send their father half a dozen bottles. The benefit given to the old gentleman is very remarkable, after exhausting all the physician's skill, and the legion of remedies advertised for his complaint had been used."

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00, and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent free.

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TARTAN PILLS
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Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and Large Premium List. No money required.
BLUINE CO. Box 3 Concord Junction, Mass.

HANG ON.

Coffee Topers as Bad as Others.

"A friend of our family who lived with us a short time was a great coffee drinker and a continual sufferer with dyspepsia. He admitted that coffee disagreed with him, but you know how the coffee drinker will hold onto his coffee, even if he knows it causes dyspepsia.

"One day he said to me that Postum Food Coffee had been recommended and suggested that he would like very much to try it. I secured a package and made it strictly according to directions. He was delighted with the new beverage, as was every one of our family. He became very fond of it and in a short time his dyspepsia disappeared. He continued using the Postum and in about three months gained twelve pounds.

"My husband is a practising physician, and regards Postum as the healthiest of all beverages. He never drinks coffee, but is very fond of Postum. In fact, all of our family are, and we never think of drinking coffee any more." Mrs. Mary E. Brown, Waterford, Va.

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PIANOS $155 All latest Musical Attachments.

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attest the honesty of this modern method of piano selling. **We Warrant our Pianos and Organs for 25 Years.** Back of that Warranty is a business worth over **a million dollars.**

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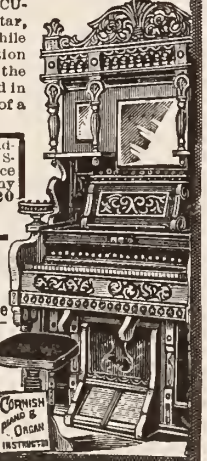

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ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

HENS LAY BEST

—in fact they lay double the eggs winter and summer when fed Green Cut Bone.

Mann's New Bone Cutters cut all hard and soft bones, meat, gristle, &c., fine, fast and without choking and run easy. Clover cut with our **Clover Cutters** helps wonderfully. Mann's Granite Crystal Grit and Feed Trays too. Catalogue FREE.

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FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free.

COILED SPRING FENCE CO.,
Box 47. Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

SOME "LITTLE MOTHERS" AND THEIR CHARGES WHO WENT TO MONT-LAWN

LITTLE MOTHERS AT MONT-LAWN

A GREAT COMPANY OF LITTLE PARENTS AND THEIR CHARGES HAVE A HAPPY TIME AT OUR FRESH-AIR HOME ON THE HUDSON

NEARLY two hundred "little mothers," and their charges are Mont-Lawn's most recent visitors. Eighty-eight of the company came from the Little Mothers' Aid Association; others from the Gospel Settlement; and a number who are under the wing of no benign organization, came, on their own account, from this, that and the other gloomy section of the overcrowded East Side.

A touching picture was presented when this long line of little girls, each conducting one, two or more smaller children, filed into the *Chrystenah* for the sail up the Hudson. Some carried babies in their arms. In many instances, there was slight difference in size between the careworn "little parents" and their charges. It was odd to hear a tiny girl of eight say of a big boy of five: "That's my brother—he's my baby—please let him walk with me." Odd too, to hear these small parents talking like little old women of their trials in raising children.

"I couldn't go to school for a year after he was born," said Matilda of two-year-old Frank. I brought him through the whooping cough, and Annie brought him through the measles." Annie, ten years old, divides responsibility with Matilda in looking after Frank, Esther, Fred and Joseph. "I go to school one day, and Matilda goes to school one day," explained Annie. "Our mama goes out washing every day, and brings washing home at night." Elvie, thirteen, carried two-year-old Annie, while Martin and Emma clung to her skirts. John, aged twenty months and small for ten—a little wailing thing—clung all the time to poor, pallid Sarah, the faithfulest, gentlest "little mother" in the world. Six months ago John's mama died of consumption. Sarah, only twelve, has been "little mother" to four children since, doing the cooking, washing and ironing as best she can. Her father is a laborer, away from home all day. The teachers at Mont-Lawn have made friends with that baby; they bathe him and rub him with oil and feed him properly, and the poor little skeleton promises to become a real rosy, plump baby. Both of Rosy's parents drink. There are nine in the family. With her younger brother and sister, she is having a peaceful, happy time at Mont-Lawn.

Many of these little mothers had declined all opportunities for outings this summer, because they could not take their babies with them. Others, being thirteen or fourteen years old, and therefore beyond our age-limit, which is from six to twelve, had not preferred request for outings. Great was the joy in the tenements when Dr. Klopsch's invitation was passed around inviting the little mothers to come and bring their families.

No class of people in this world are more in need of help or more deserve it than these children of the poor, who devote themselves to the care of younger brothers and sisters; in truth, meriting the title of "little mothers," which missionaries and the press long ago conferred upon them. Our readers will be glad to know that self-forgetting members of this band, who have been denying themselves all diversions for the sake of their charges, are having a long, happy, carefree outing at Mont-Lawn. How radiantly they smile to see their babies drinking all the sweet, rich milk they want! With what a pleased air they behold little brothers and sisters invested with clean, good garments! And what a lovely time it is in the dormitories when the little parents put their babies to bed in clean, nice cots! The soft, happy murmur: "Our Father," when "teacher" leads them all in prayer is music that angels might love to hear. We feel that the prayers of this little company must bring down blessings upon those who help us in this work for Christ's little ones.

Escape From the Boxers

Writing from Ts'ang Chow, in China, a lady missionary thus describes her escape from the Boxers: "On Monday a party of men came to see Mr. Murray, a deputation from the magistrate, advising us to make no delay as there were thousands of Boxers not very far from us and that they were collecting from the south every day. They said they had a plan for our escape, but did not tell us much then as it would not be wise to publish our plans. On Tuesday afternoon they and the magistrate's head man came and said they would send us four carts and an escort of soldiers at twelve o'clock that night. We spent all Tuesday busily packing away things and a bag to take with us, as we were told we could not take baggage. There was, however, a possibility of our sending away some boxes to Yen-sau for safety, but what we left in the house we had little or no hope of ever seeing again, so you can imagine it was difficult to pack. The women in our h[illegible] were crying, terribly frightened, and the servants were scared out of their wits. A group of men had been watching us all day on Tuesday from a mound outside the compound, but we were not afraid, and even walked about the compound.

"Twelve o'clock arrived and no carts! Time went on, and it was an anxious time, I can tell you. At twenty minutes to two a soldier rushed in, made us put on Chinese clothes, would not let us speak, and hurried us off to the compound gate. He absolutely refused to let us take anything in the way of baggage. I could not get more than my sun helmet. The compound was crowded with people—soldiers and (we learned after) Boxers. Five hundred soldiers took us to the Yamen, or rather the camp, where the magistrate took our names. The Boxers tried to prevent us crossing the ferry, and we saw lots of them armed in the houses as we came through the city. The five hundred soldiers simply took us through the city; only sixteen went with us. We rode 160 li (*i.e.*, about sixty miles), arriving at Chi-Kow about 6 P.M. It is a Chinese port on the coast.

"We had hoped to get off next day in fishing boats to Taku, but the wind didn't suit, so we had to wait. Men were unwilling to go to Taku, so we sent a message for a tug to fetch us. The British Admiral sent one, and, after several delays, we were able to get off at four o'clock on Saturday morning, to H.M.S. *Orlando*, lying outside Taku."

"64 Years of Success"

Soap Truth

There's no something for nothing,—no free premiums—you pay or over-pay for all you get.

It's your full money's worth of B. T. Babbitt's Best Soap, or, less than your money's worth of other soap and premiums.

You're sure of Babbitt's Soap, the standard soap of America, at a fair price—pay less and get less.

No premiums, no catch-penny schemes.

More soap for your money than your money can buy elsewhere.

Your full money's worth of the best and longest lasting laundry soap on earth.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York

LIFE-SIZE DOLL

Babies' Clothes Will Now Fit Dollie

"Life-Size Doll"—"That's advertised" that the baby's clothes will fit. No clothes to make. If mamma can donate one of baby's outgrown changes, that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, the life-size doll will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed away.

Every little girl loves a doll, more so a big doll; imagine how proud and delighted she would be if you gave her a real "life size doll," 2 1-2 feet high, that can wear real clothes, whose head won't break, eyes fall in, or suffer any of the mishaps that dollie is apt to encounter.

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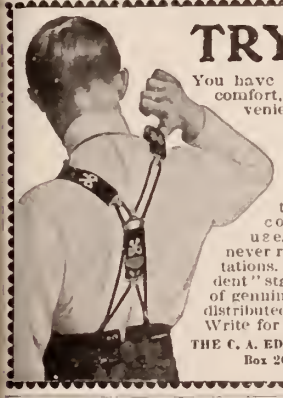

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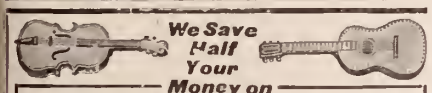

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Lost Lamb*

IT was curious to watch Ralph Culver when he thought he was not watched.

He nearly always seemed to be listening for something or to be searching the horizon for some cloud or form. He would suddenly turn round and scan every bush with keen expectancy, and I had no idea why.

"J——," he would say in a minor tone, "you have seen many people?"

"Yes, Mr. Culver."

"Did you ever see two young hazel eyes with dreams in them?"

"Like your own, Mr. Culver?"

"No, no; mine are not young eyes. I mean a young girl's eyes."

"I don't think so."

"I want you to look for them. You cannot mistake the eyes I mean."

"Where am I to look, Mr. Culver?"

"You are to look everywhere and always till you find them."

"Oh!"

"Yes. When the shepherd you preach about went after the one sheep he had lost, the people seemed to say, 'When will you be back?' And he said, 'Not until I find it.' Never come back without the sheep, dead or alive. If you do see those eyes with dreams in them in one of the streets of Linstead you might say, 'Kitty,' as if you were speaking to yourself, and then watch if you see anything; and if you do see anything just say, 'Her father's waiting,' and then tell me."

"When?"

"Just come up at once and bring her, whoever she is, and tell her that the front door is always open if her name is Kitty. You understand?"

One winter evening Ralph Culver called on me as I was sitting in my snug little study in Linstead, and I think I never saw quite such a figure as the red fire shone upon him and the single candle lighted parts of his rugged face. If he had claimed to be John the Baptist or some wilderness-bred Elijah, I could hardly have doubted his identity.

"Mr. Culver! I'm glad to see you, but how do you happen to be here?"

"I just stepped down" (so he described a five-mile walk over snowy roads) "to get a few candles, as I always keep a light in the window."

"All night?"

"Have you forgotten already? She may come back at any time."

"Of course," said I; "yes, of course."

"And Kitty would know the meaning of the candle, and it would warm her heart."

"Of course," said I, mechanically; "of course."

"Even her mother could not set the candle just as I set it. I'm used to it."

*From *Tyne Folk*. By Rev. Joseph Parker. A little group of delightful sketches, woven into a story of personal experiences. Pp. 200. Cloth cover. Price, 75 cents. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Silly Old Dragon and other Fables; a little ten cent booklet by A. Quercus, 224 Sixth avenue, New York.

Lessons from the Life and Death of D. L. Moody, by Rev. R. A. Torrey. 32 pages. Paper covers. Fleming H. Revell, New York, publishers.

Indian Club-Swinging, by Frank E. Miller; a little manual by an expert in the art. Pp. 182; illustrated; cloth covers; price $1. Saalfield Pub. Co., New York, Akron and Chicago, publishers.

CUBAN RELIEF WORK

The following contributions have been received for the Cuban Relief Fund:

Babcock, Anna M.	50	E L C, Ripon	50
Bliss, Mrs J W	10 00	F G S Whitings	2 50
Carpenter, F.	1 00	L D W, High House	1 00
Cochrane, Mrs J	2 00	L T C, Woodlake	2 00
Doan, C G	25	N B, Albany	2 00
Gage, Mrs B M	50	—, Marquette	1 00
Garland, T A	1 50	—, Vernon	50
Holdridge, F H	50	Friend, P E I	1 00
Keeler, G	10 00	Friends, Hermitage	1 00
Kemp, Mrs J A	10 00	" Holland	2 05
Kuhn, Mrs J	1 00	I H N, Armstrong	5 15
McDonald, W	1 00	Reader, Steubenville	5 00
McLaughlin, C F	50	Readers of *The Christian*, per	
Rockhil, Mrs A R	1 00	Morgan & Scott	5 08
Rogers, Mrs A N	2 00	Subscriber, Dresden	2 00
Sigler, Mrs A M	1 00	" Purdin	1 00
Smith, Lucina	2 00	Moth & dau, Alexandria	25
Tafoya, T	50	Hinckley Ridge P B ch	8 70
Taylor, Mr & Mrs E G	1 00	W End SS, Perry Ctr	10 00
Vickery, Matilda	2 00	E L Wesley Chap, Balto	2 00
Winter, E	1 00	Total	$103 98
Woodbury, Nellie G.	2 00		

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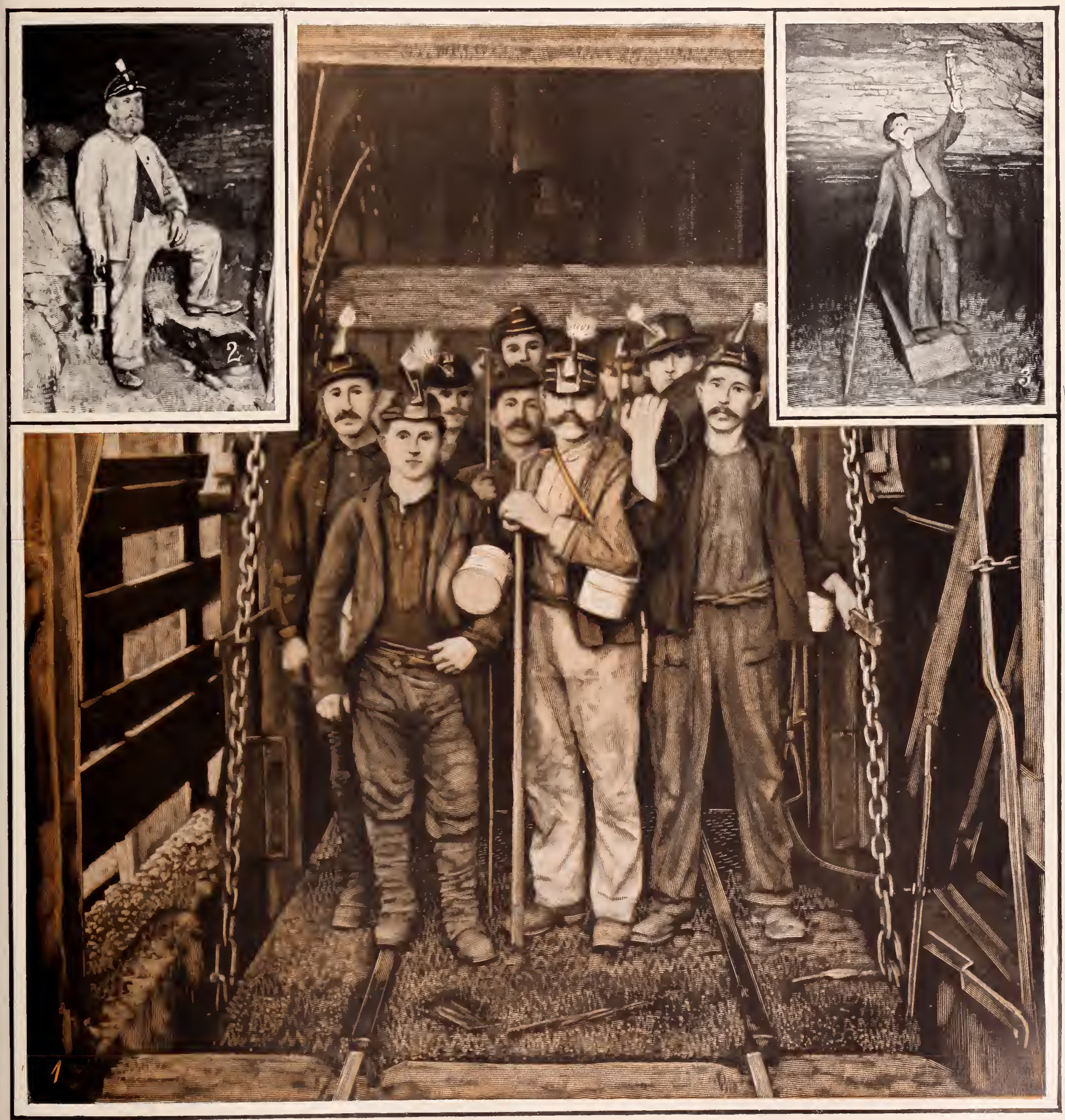

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1. A cage-load of Scranton miners leaving the mine. 2. The night-watch in the Bellevue Colliery. 3. A fire boss testing for gas in a bad passage, 420 feet underground. (See page 810)

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
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8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Oct. 31

1. Would a successful speculator in the Stock Exchange be justified in making a resolution to appropriate one-tenth (or any other percentage) of his net gains annually towards charity, church work or any other means for the promotion of Christianity, and would such offerings be acceptable?

2. For the ordinary Christian is it profitable, in the daily reading of the Bible, to read consecutively from Genesis to Revelation, or is some other order to be preferred?

3. Which is the most musical family in the Bible?

4. In what sense were the keys given to the Apostle Peter (Matthew 16: 19)?

5. What is the object of throwing rice at a newly-married pair and where was the fashion first introduced?

6. Quote passages from the Bible in which one word is used as a metaphor for sorrow, secresy, sin, death and the abode of the lost.

7. Is a mistress really justified in exacting more than eight hours' work a day from a domestic servant?

8. What are the chief reasons why the Christian should not attend the theatre?

9. What is the origin of the custom of "christening" a ship by breaking a bottle of wine over the bow?

10. When a wrongdoer seeks reinstatement in a church after suspension or expulsion, ought a public confession to be required of him, or is a general admission of guilt and repentance to the pastor sufficient?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. What course should be adopted by the powers representing Christian civilization toward China's Dowager Empress, assuming that she is chiefly responsible for the rebellion and the subsequent riots and massacres of Christians in that country?

The powers having been involved in the affairs of China on account of the endangered life and liberty of their subjects, should first of all establish law and order. The Empress Dowager abetting the recent Boxer outbreak, is a criminal, and because of the power of her position is a very great offender. She should be held to the strictest account for all the crime for which she is thus responsible. The first necessary measure in demanding such account will be the restoration of the rightful emperor, Kuang Hsu, to the throne. Following the restoration, should be the apprehension and legal trial by China's government of the Empress Dowager. The powers, having entered into the neighborly interest in China's affairs should not feel that they have accomplished the ends of safety for their subjects till thus much of law and its supremacy has been secured. These things should not be done, however, because many of the victims were Christians, nor yet for revenge for the atrocity of the wrong, but simply as a measure of law and the guarantee of safety for foreigners in future. Lawful penalty is the warrant of lawful regard in future. C. P. ATKINSON.

2. What token is used in the Bible to express love, reverence, submission and deceit, and what are the passages in which it is so used respectively?

A kiss is the token referred to. 1. The kiss of love, Gen. 29: 11, "And Jacob kissed Rachel", also Luke 15: 20, "And his father ran and fell on his neck and kissed him"; also Luke 37: 38, where the sinful woman kissed Christ's feet. 2. The kiss of reverence, Exodus 18: 7, "And Moses met his father-in-law, and did obeisance, and kissed him." 3. The kiss of submission, 1. Samuel 10: 1, "And Samuel poured the oil on Saul's head and kissed him"; also Psalms 2: 12, "Kiss the Son lest he be angry." 4. The kiss of deceit, II. Samuel 20: 9, "And Joab took Amasa by the beard by his right hand to kiss him"; also Matt. 26: 49, "And Judas said, Hail, Master! and kissed him." HELEN EWING.

3. When and how did the custom of a wife taking her husband's name originate?

The custom originated among the Romans during the time of the republic. When a woman was married, she became a member of her husband's family and the relationship was expressed by the formula which the bride repeated on entering her husband's home: "Where thou art Gaius, I am Gaia." When, therefore, Cornelia was married to Cæsar, she was called Cornelia Cæsaris; that is, Cornelia of Cæsar. The custom in vogue to-day is practically the same, with this difference that the possessive form is omitted.

G. A. HAURY.

4. What were the marks of the Lord Jesus to which Paul referred (Gal. 6: 17)?

The Greek word translated "marks" means literally the "scars of the wounds made upon the body of a slave by the branding-iron, by which he was marked as belonging to his master." St. Paul's meaning is, "I (whatever others may do), I at least bear in my body the true marks which show that I belong to Christ; the scars, not of circumcision, but of wounds suffered for his sake." This is the explanation given by Conybeare and Howson, *Life and Epistles of St. Paul.*

G. E. KRAUTH.

. . .

Correct answers have been received also from J. K. Wilson, Joseph Hamilton, J. G. Osborne, P. Van Pelts, J. R. McDonald, Edith C. Robinson, J. H. Sherrard, C. P. Atkinson, G. A. Haury, C. P. Atkinson, and Hiram King.

5. To what extent, if any, is a worker who labors hard six days a week morally justified in seeking recreation on Sunday?

He certainly is justified in taking so much recreation as he finds is necessary to restore his exhausted strength and vitality and to enable him to perform properly and satisfactorily the duties of the coming week. One needs, however, to define recreation. It is not merely amusement, and in every case should be suited to the calling and condition of the worker. The physically-tired worker on his feet from dawn to dark all the week, and whose sinews and muscles have been exhausted with hard bodily toil, finds no true recreation in long Sunday excursions on a wheel or tramping great distances on foot. To him the quiet and rest which come from genial and pleasant home surroundings, from the perusal of an instructive and entertaining book is recreation, but where this, as is unfortunately too often the case, cannot be found in the home of the worker, or where a man's occupation is sedentary and his labor mental, he may properly find recreation for his tired brain in some outdoor occupation. Undoubtedly, some portion of each Sunday should be devoted to worship. Many a man and a woman find in church attendance beneficial recreation, but all cannot do this, and, in its last analysis, the question is one to be settled by the individual conscience taking into account the character of the man, the nature of the work, and of the recreation and all the circumstances of each case.

H. C. UNDERHILL.

. . .

Circumstances alter cases. A good rule for a worker is to attend one religious service on Sunday, whereby he may gain soul refreshment that will cheer and strengthen him all the week. Aside from this service, let him get all the rest that he can. In summer let him go into the suburbs or country when possible. This rest, however, does not mean Sunday excursions, prolonged bicycle riding, reading Sunday papers, arduous pleasure seeking, nor unseemly amusements. E. E. STOW.

6. Where there are two stores in the same line of business, one conducted by a Christian and the other by an unbeliever, ought the Christians of the community to deal with the Christian if his prices are higher than those of his competitor?

The Christian is not bound in such cases, but he should certainly prefer to deal with his brother, unless he finds that the brother is imposing upon him. It is possible that the non-Christian may be able to sell his goods lower than the Christian because he adopts harsh and cruel methods in procuring them. He may be able to sell garments at a lower rate because he pays his sewing women a beggarly remuneration for their work. Or he may keep his expenses down by not properly paying his clerks. Or he may be a hard man at a bargain, and by taking advantage of the necessities of the person from whom he buys, may procure his goods at less than their proper value. The Christian merchant, being debarred from such wicked methods by his principles, ought not to suffer the loss of customers, especially Christian customers, by his upright conduct. He has a right to expect of his brother Christians that they will show their abhorrence of his competitor's methods by refusing to patronize him. They should not become partners in cruelty by sharing in the proceeds of that cruelty. The Christian merchant, however, should not be greedy, and should not take advantage of Christian sympathy to get more profit than is his just due. If he does that, his brethren are justified in dealing elsewhere. HENRY WRIGHT.

7. Has there ever been a case of a clergyman officiating at his own marriage, and, if so, when and where did it occur?

According to newspaper reports, a dispatch from Harrisburg, Ill., states that Rev. Herbert W. Reynolds, of Kaleen, Ill., a short time ago married himself to Miss Fannie Ozment. Mr. Reynolds first consulted a number of attorneys and Circuit Clerk Lee as to whether a marriage without a license would be legal in Illinois. On being informed that it would not, he procured the license. Then the question was asked of County Clerk Pearce if he, Reynolds, being a minister, could perform his own ceremony. Pearce looked up the law and found that any minister, justice of the peace, judge of the court, etc., could perform a marriage ceremony, and the would-be bridegroom departed and arranged a surprise for the assembled guests. At the appointed hour the two walked into the room, faced each other, joined hands, and the usual questions were asked the bride by the bridegroom, after which the bridegroom repeated the ceremony himself as a pledge. MARGARET K. RAILEY.

8. What is the best way of dealing with a sulky boy or man? Is it better to let him alone to recover of his own accord or to argue and expostulate with him?

People are usually sulky because they imagine they have been wronged or imposed upon. Hence it is better to leave them alone thus giving them an opportunity to calmly consider the matter, after which they usually feel better. If argued with their argumentative faculties are aroused, but not being in good condition for calm reasoning, they fail to be convinced and are made more sulky and irritable. The best plan is to leave them alone on the question at issue, thus giving them chance for reflection. On other subjects treat them kindly and courteously. Then if the position you have taken in the matter is a just one they will surely come to your terms at last. CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

9. Under normal conditions, which is the greater—the power of will or the power of the imagination?

Just as in an abnormal or diseased condition of the mind the imagination runs riot and controls the mind to such an extent that it sometimes works out the destruction of mind and body, so, under normal conditions, does the will hold the sceptre of power, guided by reason, but guiding and governing in turn every other faculty of the mind. The Scriptures throughout recognize the will as the highest, the holiest, and the most potent of the soul's powers. It is the will that determines life's activities and that works out man's destiny.

JOHN D. MEESE.

10. In assigning the seats in a new church, should the best seats be rented to those who will pay the highest price, or should the oldest members of the church be allowed first choice, or in what other way should the selection be made?

In an ideal condition of the church, pews will not be rented. The seats will all be free and voluntary contributions will pay all expenses. In some churches this is already practicable and in such cases it should be adopted. This would involve those who are earliest at the service getting the choice of seats. I am not sure that this would work well in every church. A popular preacher or a very efficient choir might attract a crowd who would so fill the seats that the people who built the church and pay all the expenses might not be able to get seats. Besides this there is a comfort in having an accustomed place in a church where the whole family can worship together and there is no way of securing such a seat so easily managed as paying for that particular seat. In allotting seats in a new church, I think the best way would be to allow the members in the order of seniority, not of age, but of membership, to make their choice, providing there are none who are deaf. A deaf person ought to be allowed to occupy the seat from which he can hear best. If there is a difference in the price of seats, which is not essential, the older members in making their choice would naturally take that difference into account. Where two persons with the same record of membership want the same seat, let it be decided by lot.

ROBERT WYNN.

. . .

Another suggestion.

The following plan has stood the test of five years, and is thoroughly satisfactory in our (city) church: At our annual meeting in November a statement of the financial needs of the congregation for the year then beginning is made. Pledge cards are then circulated, and voluntary pledges taken. Slips of paper containing the names of those pledging are placed in a suitable receptacle, and drawn out by some one appointed. Seats are selected by those pledging in the order in which their names are drawn.

Advantages: 1. There is no "poverty corner." 2. An undesirable seat this year may give place to the best in the auditorium next year. 3. Locations changing in the general mix-up each year promote general acquaintance, and rule out the clique-ines encouraged by continued proximity. 4. The plan raises the money needed for expenses. 5. It is absolutely fair to all. J. H. BOMBERGER.

Miscellaneous Questions

A Subscriber, New York. Will you please tell me how many States and Territories there are in the United States, and what Territories have been admitted in the last ten years?

There are forty-five States, five Territories and one District, Columbia. In 1889 Washington was admitted; since then Idaho, Wyoming and Utah.

W. W. L., Decatur, Ala. Is it true that during the later years of his life, Henry Drummond gave utterance to infidel or unscriptural views?

He was a firm believer in evolution, if that is what you mean. But he was one of the most eminent Christians of his day and a most lovable, earnest, sincere soul. You may be quite sure he never uttered a word that he did not believe to be scriptural.

Reader, Pawtucket, R. I. Are the stars called worlds anywhere in the Bible?

Not in terms, though the recognition that they are such would seem to be implied in John 14: 2. The science of astronomy, though one of the most ancient in the world, having its origin in Phœnicia and Babylonia, does not seem, at any period of its history before the Christian era, to have regarded the stars as possible places of human habitation.

L. E. B., Harwinton, Conn. Is it wrong to pray after retiring instead of kneeling down before?

The mere matter of place or posture is not important, provided the heart be fixed upon God when we pray. It is always better, however, to pray before retiring, as sleep is apt to overcome one who is fatigued with the labors of the day before the prayer is finished. Besides, the attitude of reverence and humility—kneeling before our Heavenly Father—is the one which the true Christian finds best suited to the expression of his spiritual needs.

L. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Are Congregationalists the same as the Independents of the seventeenth century? If so, why have they changed the name to the Congregational Church?

They are practically the same, though the majority of the preachers are less Calvinistic than the preachers of the denomination in the seventeenth century. Many of them have altogether abandoned the Calvinistic doctrines. The name "Congregationalist Churches," (not Congregational Church), better expresses the individuality of the different churches in this country, than the name "Independent," which emphasized the distinction from the State or Established Church, which, receiving help from the State, is under State control.

G. B., Hillsdale, Mich. 1. How did the day come to be divided into twenty-four hours? 2. What gave the names one, two, three up to twelve to the strokes of the clock? 3. Who made the first clock?

1. Subdivision of the day into twenty-four equal parts existed in the remotest ages. Some people regarded it as commencing at midday, as is even now the custom among astronomers; others reckoned from midnight to midnight; ancient Chaldeans and modern Greeks from sunrise to sunrise; Italians and Bohemians from sunset to sunset. The division of the civil night and day into twelve parts each, reckoning from midnight to midday and midday to midnight obtained among the ancient Egyptians, as it does among Europeans and Americans to-day. The Greeks divided the natural day and night into twelve parts each and the hours were of varying lengths. 2. The day being divided into twelve equal parts, it was natural to number these parts one, two, three, in the order of their succession, and to have the clock signify the hour by the corresponding number of strokes. 3. Clocks are said to have been invented in the ninth century by Pacificus, an archdeacon of Verona, but we have no evidence that striking clocks existed earlier than the twelfth.

E. B., Watertown, Wis. No.

N. Y. Z., Chelsea, Mass. 1. Pitman's. 2. Yes.

K. A., Hazleton, Pa. It is in two syllables—"ah-del."

Inquirer. It is not customary for a widow to use her husband's titles.

M. E. McK., Louisville, Ky. There is nothing in the Scriptures on the subject.

A. D., Chicago Junction, O. It is a question to be decided by the individual conscience.

E. W. B. We believe he would be held to be a *bona fide* resident and consequently entitled to vote.

Mrs. H. J. F., Wyville, N. Y. "Pan" means all; thus: Pan-American—all American. 2. Unknown. 3. German.

Herald Reader, Newport, N. Y. It is very difficult to get what you want. Better advertise in daily papers.

Mrs. W. T. M., Mill Grove, O. The leaflet poem, *Starless Crown*, may be had in quantities from M. E. Munson, Bible House, New York.

Mrs. D. C. N., Johnstown, N. Y. Our opinion is that it is part truth, part error, and in the mouths of charlatans is misleading many simple souls.

Subscriber, Monticello, Calif. 1. It is impossible, in the absence of full information, to say how many Christians have been killed in China. 2. Such a course would be imposition. 3. 482 Greene avenue, Brooklyn.

MARION LAWRANCE, GEN. SEC'Y | PROF. E. O. EXCELL, CHICAGO | ROBT. T. BONSALL, CINCINNATI | REV. ALEX. HENRY, PHILA. | REV. E. S. LEWIS, COLUMBUS

BY.. MARION LAWRANCE

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TOUR OF 40,000 MILES

... General Secretary International S. S. U.

THE conception was a bold one, and originated in the big heart of B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, our Acting Chairman. Details of arrangements were committed to the writer, as General Secretary of the International Convention, under whose auspices the tour was made. Our plan was to send a company of Sunday School workers into the Northwestern States and British Columbia, to attend their regular annual conventions and such special meetings as could be arranged for. The purpose was to review and strengthen the Sunday School work, especially the State organizations, and to encourage the workers as much as possible. Also to give the denominations represented in the party an opportunity to review their denominational work. With this in view, each of the workers was not only commissioned by the International Convention, but by the denomination to which he belonged, Rev. E. S. Lewis, D.D., of Columbus, Ohio, representing the Methodists; Robt. T. Bonsall, of Cincinnati, Ohio, the Baptists; Rev. Alexander Henry, of Philadelphia, the Presbyterians, and the writer the Congregationalists. Prof. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, the great leader of song, was with the party throughout, and in charge of that important feature of the work. None of the members of the party, except the General Secretary, received any pay for their services. The International Committee simply bore their expenses.

The aggregate travel was nearly 40,000 miles, covering an aggregate of 256 days, though the work was all done in eight weeks, from May 15 to July 15, 1900. Meetings were held in eleven States and one province, two new organizations being effected, viz., Wyoming and British Columbia. 238 addresses were made. All this at a total expenditure of less than $1,000, the money for which was subscribed before the tour began.

Our tour was exceedingly opportune. This great Northwestern country had been asking us for help, and we could not extend it to them because of the distance and expense. The territory covered included Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, British Columbia, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Colorado, or about one-third of the territory, geographically, of the United States. In this territory there were, according to the last submitted reports, 7,661 Sunday Schools, with an enrolment of 618,067 members. In other words, this nearly one-third of the territory of the United States contains less than six per cent. of the Sunday Schools and Sunday School enrolment of the United States. Less than ten per cent. of the population of these States is included in the Sunday Schools, while the percentage for the whole country is about sixteen, and that portion of it east of the Mississippi River is about twenty. The needs were very great.

I never have seen such magnificent enthusiasm and sacrifice for Sunday School work in my life. Many of us, in the more densely populated States, would not think of spending the time or money to attend the conventions as many of these delegates did. The president of one of the Associations, after having pledged ten dollars a year for the work in their State, said to me: "I think I can safely promise another ten dollars, although I am a home missionary preacher, and am on my twelfth year in my present field, at a salary of $400 a year." One man in Idaho traveled 400 miles on horseback to attend the convention. His address was full of power. Another man traveled over 600 miles, half of it by stage-coach, and though twenty-two years of age, had never seen a railroad up to that time. One woman traveled over 400 miles, carrying a six-months'-old baby in her arms. She said: "Our school had to be represented and there did not seem to be anybody else to come." In North Dakota, there was one boy delegate twelve years of age, and in Idaho a girl delegate less than twelve years of age, who traveled over 200 miles, a good share of it in a stage-coach. This girl made a very creditable report of her school, the only Protestant school in her county. The conventions were all full of earnestness and spiritual power.

To be sure, the Sunday School work in this frontier country is much of it very primitive. Outside of the cities, there are few if any modern Sunday School buildings, and many of the schools are very small. One woman gave a glowing report of her Sunday School in the country, though it had but five members in it all told. There are many choice testimonies as to the value of the Home Department as being especially adapted to the sparce settlements on the frontier. Perhaps the greatest difficulties to be overcome in the West are in those States where the Mormon population is so large. In Idaho, for instance, of their 110,000 population in the State, fully half are Mormons and Roman Catholics, mostly Mormon. It is more than twice the size of Ohio, with scarcely any north or south railroads, and yet 110 delegates assembled in Pocatello, with the thermometer ranging about ninety and over every day.

We held meetings in Ogden, Salt Lake City, and Provo, Utah. The problems here are very hard to solve. Mormon sentiment is very strong in this, their very centre. In Provo, for instance, seventy-five per cent. of the entire population of the county is Mormon, and yet the workers are not discouraged, though they are laboring against great odds. We studied the Mormon question a little, and find they pay a great deal of attention to their Sunday Schools. Salt Lake City has a Mormon Sunday School in each ward, and every ward has also a bishop and other dignitaries connected with the church. We visited the thirteenth ward Sunday School, and noticed that the bishop and all church dignitaries, eight or ten men in all, of that ward, were upon the platform during the entire Sunday School session. The school was orderly throughout. We visited the classes, and it was plain to be seen that the instruction given was "orthodox" from their standpoint, and the children were being well grounded in the principles of Mormonism. We could but imagine what would be the result of our own church and Sunday School work, if all of our church officers were actually present and actively engaged in the Sunday School sessions as they were there. It would surely solve many of our problems.

In all the places we visited we found a growing conviction of the power of the Sunday School, and we believe this conviction is not only growing in the West, but everywhere, and the Sunday School is becoming more and more a positive force among Christian agencies. There is no question but that the key which is to unlock all our problems, politically, socially and religiously, is found in the training of the children in the Sunday Schools. The church has its hand upon this key. Will it turn it, or allow it to rust in the lock?

In not a single particular did our Western tour fall below our expectations, but, rather, exceeded them. Every meeting was held as announced in the advance circular. Only one train was late in the entire trip, and this did not interfere materially with the meeting. The resolutions passed by the various States were extravagant in their commendation of the Executive Committee for making this tour possible. The pledges taken in the various States for State work were:

Minnesota, $800; South Dakota, $150; North Dakota, $1,100; Montana, $600; Washington, $300; Oregon, $1,500; California, $2,000; Idaho, $265; Utah, $300; Wyoming, $100; Colorado, $1,500.

The record of mileage, addresses and time is given below:

	Miles Traveled.	Days Spent.	Addresses Made.
E. O. Excell	6,967	50	...
R. T. Bonsall	6,450	40	25
Rev. E. S. Lewis, D.D	7,637	51	49
Rev. Alexander Henry	8,641	53	47
Marion Lawrance	8,738	62	117
	38,433	256	238

I may add that the expense of the entire party for the tour was $985.11.

When the tour was concluded the Committee addressed a letter to Mr. Lawrance, expressing their highest appreciation of his services in all the arrangements and congratulating him on the success of the enterprise.

The Committee concluded with these words:

This unprecedented and remarkable tour ought to be reported to the Christian people of the United States. We have been in a position to discern its large significance, its remarkable disclosures and its potent possibilities. We feel that an account of it would greatly encourage the friends of Sunday Schools everywhere.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Miss L. B. B., Longmont, Colo., writes:

A few days ago, when everything looked dark, I prayed that God would send us some assurance before the week ended that the future would soon be bright for us. The answer came, and I wish to acknowledge it and my heart full of thanks to our heavenly Father in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

F. M. H., Chippewa Bay, writes:

I acknowledge an answer to prayer. We are stricken in means, and I would like an education. I prayed to go to a certain school, and I am going the first of October.

M. H. W., Lowell, Mass., writes:

I have just passed through a painful operation. I promised God that if he would bring me through safely, as he is doing, I would acknowledge his loving kindness in your paper. I now wish so to do, and may all that he has helped do the same.

Subscriber, Michigan, writes:

I promised the Lord that if my prayer was answered I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was answered, and in such a way that it left no doubt in my mind that it was a direct answer. I hope that this will help some one as I have been helped.

S. L. B., Mapleville, N. C., writes:

I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the mercy of God in restoring my loved ones to health so many times in answer to prayer. Recently my father was sick. I prayed for his recovery with the promise that I would write this.

R. E. J. writes:

I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD answers to three different prayers. I promised to acknowledge any answer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so I write to redeem my promise.

U. A. M., Ohio, writes:

I prayed for one special thing and wish to acknowledge that my prayer was answered, as many have been heretofore. I give my heavenly Father the glory for his mercy and loving kindness.

Reader, Duluth, Minn., writes:

My mother was very sick. I prayed God for her recovery, promising to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She is now quite well. I give him the glory.

E. R. P., Lander, Pa., writes:

I prayed that God would do a certain thing for me, promising that if he did I would acknowledge it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I now write to redeem my promise.

A Reader writes:

I wish to acknowledge through your paper a recent answer to prayer. I believe God to be a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. He answered part of my prayer and I am yet praying for the rest. My heart is filled with thankfulness.

Mrs. I. H. W., Brooklyn, writes:

Never cease praying. Trust and believe. Our heavenly Father surely hears our sincere and earnest prayers. Keep on praying as I have in cases of great trial. I can say with firm faith: "How gloriously God helps us."

W. E. J., Morton, N. J., writes:

I asked God for a blessing, which he has granted me. I promised that I would acknowledge the same through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I believe him to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.

Reader, Port Norris, N. J., writes:

I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To-day my prayer is answered, and I now write to redeem my promise. I give him all the glory.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayers have also been received from H. B. A., South Dakota; Mrs. E. N., San Jose, Calif.; Reader, Norway Plains, N. H.; S. E., Davenport, Ia.; Mrs. R. A. S., Wisconsin; M. K., Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. H. E. B., Plattsburgh, N. Y.; T. E. D., Morrin, Ill.; and A. C., Soudan, Minn.; G. L.; B., Granville, O.; Reader, Minnesota; M. M., Gouverneur, N. Y.; Reader, Grant, Fla.; Reader, Connecticut.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

A Call for More Workers

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Rom. 15: 20: . . . Lest I should build upon another man's foundation.

IN laying out the plan of his missionary tour, Paul sought out towns and cities which had not yet been preached to. He goes to Corinth, a city famous for splendor and vice, and Jerusalem, where the priesthood and the Sanhedrin were ready to leap with both feet upon the Christian religion. He feels he has especial work to do, and he means to do it. What was the result? The grandest life of usefulness that a man ever lived. We modern Christian workers are not apt to imitate Paul. We build on other people's foundations. If we erect a church we prefer to have it filled with families all of whom have been pious. Do we gather a Sabbath School class, we want good boys and girls, hair combed, faces washed, manners attractive. So a church in this day is apt to be built out of other churches. Some ministers spend all their time in fishing in other people's ponds, and they throw the line into that church-pond, and jerk out a Methodist, and throw the line into another church-pond and bring out a Presbyterian, or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swim off from that pond, and we take them all in with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ. What strengthens an army is new recruits. While courteous to those coming from other flocks, we should build our churches not out of other churches, but out of the world, lest we build on another man's foundation.

We need as churches to stop bombarding the old ironclad sinners that have been proof against years of Christian assault. Alas for that church which lacks

The Spirit of Evangelism

spending on a chandelier enough to light a hundred souls to glory, and in one carved pillar enough to have made a thousand men "pillars in the house of our God forever," and doing less good than many a log cabin meeting-house with tallow candles stuck in wooden sockets, and a minister who has never seen a college and does not know the difference between Greek and Choctaw. We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few to-day assembled in the Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside of them? Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-rounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small enclosure, but the field is the great outside world. It is as though after a great battle there were left fifty thousand wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly fifty thousand dying for lack of surgical attendance!" "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically: "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say: "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom. My friends, religion is either a sham or a great reality. If it be a sham, let us disband our churches and Christian associations. If it be a reality, then great populations are on the way to the bar of God unfitted for the ordeal, and what are we doing?

In order to reach the multitude of outsiders we must

Drop All Technicalities

out of our religion. When we talk to people about the hypostatic union and French Encyclopedianism and Erastinianism and Complutensianism, we are impolitic and as little understood as if a physician should talk to an ordinary patient about the pericardium and intercostal muscle and scorbutic symptoms. Many of us come out of the theological seminaries so loaded up that we take the first ten years to show our people how much we know, and the next ten years to get our people to know as much as we know, and at the end find that neither of us know anything as we ought to know.

Comparatively little effort as yet has been made to save that large class of persons in our midst called sceptics, and he who goes to work here will not be building upon another man's foundation. There is a large number of them. They are afraid of us and our churches, for the reason we do not know how to treat them. One of this class met Christ; and hear with what tenderness and pathos and beauty and success Christ dealt with him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it, namely: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." And the scribe said to him, "Well, Master, thou hast said the truth, for there is one God, and to love him with all the heart and all the understanding and all the soul and all the strength is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." So

A Sceptic was Saved

in one interview. But few Christians treat the sceptic in that way. Instead of taking hold of him with the gentle hand of love, we are apt to take him with the pincers of ecclesiasticism.

You would not be so rough on that man if you knew how he lost his faith in Christianity. I have known men sceptical from the fact that they grew up in houses where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. They had religion driven into them with a trip-hammer. They were surfeited with prayer-meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were often told that they were the worst boys the parents ever knew, because they liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Whenever father and mother talked of religion they drew down the corners of their mouth and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy or girl to ruin sooner than another, that is it. If I had such a father and mother I fear I should have been an infidel.

Others were tripped up to scepticism from being grievously wronged by some man who professed to be a Christian. They had a partner in business who turned out to be a first-class scoundrel, though a professed Christian. Many years ago they lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned very little land, but the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder, and the treasurer was an Episcopalian vestryman, and one director was a Methodist class-leader, and the other directors prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were gotten out, telling what

Fabulous Prospects

opened before this joint-stock company. Innocent men and women, who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent, and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought the stock, and, perhaps received one dividend so as to keep them still, but after a while they found that the company had reorganized, and had a different president and different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or ill-health had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign. And all that the subscribers of that stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers, comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the president and trustees and directors of that oil company professed.

Of course, their rejection of religion on such grounds was unphilosophical and unwise. I am told that many of the United States army desert every year, and there are many court martials every year. Is that anything against the United States government that swore them in? And if a soldier of Christ deserts, is that anything against the Christianity which he swore to support and defend? How do you judge of the currency of a country? By a counterfeit bill? Now, you must have patience with those who have been swindled by religious pretenders.

Others have gone into scepticism from a natural persistence in asking the reason why. They have been stabbed of

The Fatal Interrogation Point

There are so many things they cannot get explained. They cannot understand how God can be sovereign and yet man a free agent. Neither can I. They say, "I don't understand why a good God should let sin come into the world." Neither do I. You say, "Why was that child started in life with such disadvantages, while others have all physical and mental equipment?" I cannot tell. They go out of church on Easter morning and say, "That doctrine of the resurrection confounded me." So it is to me a mystery beyond unravelment.

There are hundreds of men who would give a thousand worlds, if they possessed them, to get back to the placid faith of their fathers and mothers, and it is our place to help them, and we may help them, never through their heads, but always through their hearts. These sceptics, when brought to Jesus, will be mightily effective, far more so than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers was once a sceptic, Robert Hall a sceptic, Robert Newton a sceptic, Christmas Evans a sceptic. But when once with strong hand they took hold of the chariot of the Gospel, they rolled it on with what momentum!

If I address such men and women today, I throw out no scoff. I implead them by the memory of the good old days when at their mother's knee they said: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and by those days and nights of scarlet fever in which she watched you, giving you the medicine in just the right time, and turning your pillow when it was hot, and with hands that many years ago turned to dust, soothed your pain, and by that couch where she looked so pale and talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words, and you felt an awful loneliness coming over your soul; by all that, I beg you to come back and take the same religion. It was good enough for her. It is good enough for you. Nay, I have a better plea than that. I plead by all the wounds and tears and blood and groans and agonies and death-throes of the Son of God, who approaches you this moment with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, and saying: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Again, there is a field of usefulness but little touched, occupied by those who are astray in their habits. When a man's habits go wrong the church drops him, the social circle drops him, good influences drop him, we all drop him. Of all the men who get off the track, but few ever get on again. Near my summer residence there is a life-saving station on the beach. There are all the ropes and rockets, the boats, the machinery for getting people off shipwrecks. One summer I saw there fifteen or twenty men who were breakfasting, after having just escaped with their lives and nothing more. Up and down our coasts are built these useful structures, and the mariners know it, and they feel that if they are driven into the breakers there will be apt from shore to come a rescue. The churches of God ought to be so many

Life-saving Stations

not trying so much to help those who are in smooth waters, but those who have been shipwrecked. Come, let us run out the life-boats! And who will man them? We do not preach enough to such men; we have not enough faith in their release. Alas, if when they come to hear us, we are laboriously trying to show the difference between Sublapsarianism and Supralapsarianism, while they have a hundred vipers of remorse and despair coiling around and biting their immortal spirits. The church is not chiefly for goodish sort of men, whose proclivities are all right, and who could get to heaven praying and singing in their own homes. It is on the beach to help the drowning. Those bad cases are the cases that God likes to take hold of. Get one hundred such redeemed men in your churches, and nothing could stand before them, for such men are generally warm-hearted and enthusiastic. No formal prayers then. No heartless singing then. No cold conventionalisms then.

Destitute children of the street offer a field of work comparatively unoccupied. The uncared for children are in the majority in most of our cities. When they grow up, if unreformed, they will outvote your children, and they will govern your children. The whisky ring will hatch out other whisky rings, and grog-shops will kill with their horrid stench public sobriety, unless the church of God rises up with outstretched arms and enfolds this dying population in her bosom. Public schools cannot do it. Art galleries cannot do it. Blackwell's Island cannot do it. Almshouses cannot do it. Jails cannot do it.

Church of God, Wake Up

to your magnificent mission! You can do it! Get somewhere, somehow to work! The Prussian cavalry mount by putting their right foot into the stirrup, while the American cavalry mount by putting their left foot into the stirrup. I do not care how you mount your war charger, if you only get into this battle for God and get there soon, right stirrup or left stirrup or no stirrup at all. The unoccupied fields are all around us, and why should we build on another man's foundation? I have heard of what was called the "thundering legion." It was in 179, a part of the Roman army to which some Christians belonged, and their prayers, it was said, were answered by thunder and lightning, and hail and tempest, which overthrew an invading army and saved the empire. And I would to God that our churches might be so mighty in prayer and work that they would become a thundering legion, before which the forces of sin might be routed, and the gates of hell might tremble. Launch the Gospel ship for another voyage. Heave away now, lads! Shake out the reefs in the foretopsail! Come, oh, heavenly wind, and fill the canvas! Jesus aboard will assure our safety. Jesus on the sea will beckon us forward. Jesus on the shore will welcome us into harbor.

Bible Study by the Camp Fire

The Y. M. C. A. Boys' State Camp at Lake Chautauqua

THE Boys' State Camp of Western New York, whose fourth season at Cheney's Point, Lake Chautauqua, was such a happy success this summer, affords striking illustration of the value of this plan of combining healthy recreation and good oral and spiritual influences in such ise as to make both most acceptable to oy nature. The camping party consted of eighty men and boys of the oung Men's Christian Associations of uffalo, Jamestown, Westfield, Lockport nd Hornellsville, N. Y., Erie and Warn, Pa.

The arrival of the different delegations as usually attended with much enthusism on the part of new-comers and those ho had preceded them, responsive calls choing back and forth between steamer nd shore. Management of the camp lay holly in the hands of Y. M. C. A. men, cting in legislative, executive and judiary capacities, with one ranking senior upreme in authority at all times and laces. Commissary, athletics, general ostmastership, direction of row-boats, harge of camp-fires, arrangement and rderly keeping of camps and grounds, ere the various governmental departents divided among these leaders: hence "leaders' conference" was a daily feare of camp-life.

Sunday School and a church service, eside the regular morning and evening rayers, were held every Sabbath. Helpl reading occupied much of the time, nd the day was reverently and carefully bserved. On visitor's day, when parents nd friends of campers were expected, xtra provision was made for dinner, for hich each guest was charged the round im of twenty-five cents. During the ourse of the afternoon the field-day ports took place, consisting of ot-races and other games.

Week-day life at the camp was horoughly enjoyable, besides eing spiritually profitable. All he campers rose at 5 A.M.; then he morning dip, followed by

THE Y. M. C. A. BOYS' CAMP AT CHENEY'S POINT

breakfast, fixing tents and recreation till Bible study time, the principal event of the day. Then writing home letters, strolling and gymnastics until dinner. The afternoon passed in field sports, singing patriotic songs. Supper, at 5.30, was followed by the enjoyable gathering around the evening camp-fire, concluding with prayer-meeting, which was always fully attended. Then the boys retired to their tents, where each offered his own humble individual petition, and was soon fast asleep.

Closing the Tent Campaign

The Gospel Tent "Glad Tidings," in New York City, closed its services for the season, Sunday, Sept. 23, with a sermon by Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., of Brooklyn. It is estimated that, despite the heat, the average weekly attendance has been 2,200. At nearly all the services inquirers have been conversed with, and multitudes of Christians have been edified and inspired, and will return to their church work more efficient than ever before. From many quarters testimony comes showing the helpfulness of the work. Rev. S. Hartwell Pratt, superintendent, will now enter upon evangelistic work with the churches, wherever the door is open.

Galveston Recovering

Relief Work Progressing—Foreign Sympathy—Terrible Need of Rural Districts

THE Salvation Army detachment, whose expedition carrying nurses, tents and medicines to Galveston, has already received notice in these columns, is doing good work in and around the stricken city, acting in common with other helpful agencies under direction of the established authorities. Local Salvationists had already relieved 5,000 people when the New York division arrived. Relief trains have poured in supplies from every quarter of the Union, and if ever an affliction knit sections together in closer bonds of brotherhood, it seems to be this awful disaster, out of which only the providence of God and love of man to man could bring any good. European nations have not been laggards in expressing sympathy with America in her sorrow and bereavement. Among telegrams received at Washington were two lengthy ones from the Queens of England and Spain. Minister Wu's note of sympathy to Gov. Sayres contained a check for $100. New York's contributions from all sources is some $400,000, and a telegram "in the name of the citizens of Galveston from the mayor to the poor orphan children" has been received, thanking this city for aid. The Mexican Gov-

THE SALVATION ARMY GALVESTON RELIEF EXPEDITION

Brig. Stillwell, Major Galley, Ensign Hamon Captain Brenner, Lieut. Ayres, Mrs. Brig. Caygill, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Frost, Mrs. Staff-Capt. McFee, Cadet Mitchell, Miss Haskell.

RAISING THE FLAG

ernment appropriated $30.000 for Galveston relief.

Meanwhile, excellent progress is being made in the rehabilitation of Galveston. The restoration of the water works system and of the Galveston Bay bridge have been completed; good sanitary regulations are being enforced; martial law has been abolished, and Governor Sayers reports the situation in all parts of the stricken district to be improving. The postmaster of Live Oak, Texas, "a friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," writes us:

"The farmers and gardeners of the rural section along the Gulf coast from Galveston to Rockport have suffered fearfully, and I do not know what is to become of them. I have traveled many miles of the distance, including a number of towns and hamlets, and assure you that there is not one building in three standing. People who were almost ruined by the flood of last year are now left without a roof to shield them from sun or rain. Many have lost their teams and all their household goods. My own house was blown thirty feet; it is badly warped, doors useless, porches gone; but it is a shelter and we are sharing it with others. People must have means to rebuild and start their farms again or they will be compelled to seek the cities for work and subsistence."

The following contributions have been received:

Prev ack	$71 50
Allaire, May	1 00
Bates, Mrs X T	1 00
Bixler, D Jr	5 00
Bowers, Ellen	1 00
Brown, Mrs Lewis	50
Clark, J P	5 00
Craven, H D	50
Custer, T A	1 00
Decker, H A	1 00
De Witt, Mrs K S	5 00
Drake, G	1 00
Elliott, Mrs M J	5 00
Fentiman, Joseph	25
Foster, Sarah A	3 00
Gross, Mrs Wm T	1 00
Lena Ella, Manchester	2 50
G B, Tuckerton	1 00
M W M, Philadelphia	1 00
R K, Knightstown	2 50
—, Kniveton	6 75
—, Salem	2 00
For Jesus Sake, Milwaukee	2 00
I H N, Lime Spring	50
I H N S Bethlehem	10 00
2 Sisters, Wissahickon	2 00
One day's work, Readington	1 00
Prospect Hghts Pres Ch, Brooklyn	40 00
Pres Ch & C E Soc, Hempstead	21 91
Total	$247 91

Hammond, L K	1 00
Hay, Robt C	2 00
Johnson, C J	25
Liley, Jennie	1 00
Marshall, Wm T	2 00
Meanns, A	25
Milburn, F H	5 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs C T	5 00
Mills, Wm J	5 00
Munson, B	2 00
Pearce, Mrs M A	5 00
Per Lee, Mr & Mrs I B	5 00
Pritchard, H H	1 00
Putnam, Mrs S A	1 00
Rosenquist, Inez	2 00
Tunison, Mrs W E	2 00
Williams, Mrs I D	10 00
Wood, Ralph W	1 00
Wright, Newton W	50
F E A, Waterbury	1 00

Dr. Talmage's Preaching Tour

After visiting nearly all the European capitals and preaching in many of the cities, Dr. Talmage is now nearing the end of his tour. He writes from Paris, under date, Sept. 15: "I preached here to a vast throng last Sunday. On Sept. 20 I will preach at the Isle of Wight; Sept. 23, will preach, at Swansea, Wales, the anniversary sermon at the Countess of Huntingdon's church; Sept. 30, preach at John Wesley's City Road Chapel, London; Oct. 7, at Belfast; Oct. 14, Dublin; Oct. 18, sail from Queenstown for New York, arriving there (D.V.) on Oct. 24."

In many of the continental cities Dr. Talmage has addressed large gatherings, and his reception has everywhere been most cordial and enthusiastic.

Christian Work in Kentucky

A READER in Cynthiana, Ky., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the various spiritual agencies now operating in different parts of that state. He says:

Berea College is located in Madison county, Ky., which is known as one of the richest Blue Grass counties in the state. At the commencement of 1885, I heard Gen. Cassius M. Clay, the great anti-slavery leader of *ante bellum* days, say that he had given the land for Berea College in his native county, but at the foot hills of the Cumberland range, because it was nearer to the mountains than the other colleges of Kentucky, and there could be found an undying love of liberty. It is situated in a border county, and the village seemingly a New England settlement, having no likeness to the other towns of the adjoining counties. Moreover, the number of mountain students at Berea shows that it has taken small hold on the people of that section, in comparison with the schools that were really founded for the mountain people. From the last report of the institution, we find that only 223 students come to Berea all the year round from the mountain counties of Kentucky, while the balance come from Berea itself, from the other counties of Kentucky, and from the other states of the Union. In the private academies, normal schools and colleges located by friends of the mountaineers in the mountain counties themselves, there were, in 1897, 10,284 students.

These private institutions have been founded by the various denominations of believing Christians for the purpose of facilitating their missionary work among the people of the mountains, and the number of students given does not include the large number from the mountains attending the State College at Lexington, Central University at Richmond, Center College at Danville, and Georgetown College, in Scott county. These schools are located in more than thirty different counties ranked as mountain counties, and are conducted by representatives of the Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Disciples, while some of them are not church enterprises, though controlled by Christian people. The Baptists have a flourishing college at Williamsburg, and the Southern Presbyterians have an institution at Jackson, in Breathitt county, which draws its entire patronage from the mountains, gives the girls training in domestic work and the boys manual training, and this in addition to a full collegiate course of study.

Men and women from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky are in the mountains teaching every day, and carrying the Gospel to those people so ready to hear it; cultivated people from New York and Eastern states are devoting their lives to saving the souls of the inhabitants of those retired places. The Society of Soul Winners, which has its home in the Blue Grass has done much to evangelize the mountains of Kentucky in the last three years, while only a few people have heard anything about this unique aid to church work.

"COME TO THE FEAST OF LOVE"

PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER

BY DR AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 14: Luke 14: 15-24.

Golden Text, Luke 14: 17: Come: for all things are now ready.

A BOY may think the pleasure of a party chiefly due to the food; but let him eat the same food alone and he will quickly discover that a social feast brings delight not alone to the palate by its tasty dishes, but also to the brain by its bright sayings, and to the heart by its kindly fellowships. A Christian life is like a feast because it brings benefit and delight to body, mind and heart. "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." This opening word of to-day's lesson was spoken at the Pharisee's feast described in the last lesson, and prompted Jesus to utter the parable of his great feast of universal brotherhood, which the Jews had refused to share (the Cross was only three months away), and which was now to be offered to the Gentiles. In the parable of the marriage feast (Matt. 22: 1-10), which the Lesson Committee wish us to consider as a part of this lesson, and in the feast of the returning prodigal, Jesus again and again pictures the stubborn folly of the Jews in refusing the honor and joy and benefits to which he invited them in his new kingdom, in which they had the first opportunity to be blessed and a blessing to others. We need not linger on the ancient history of their rejection, but rather let us consider:

First, the feast to which Christ invites.

Second, those who reject his invitation to-day.

Third, the universal invitation that we should both accept and convey.

. . .

A certain man made a great supper. The host, in this supper of the parable, is none other than Christ, the Son of God. And he is himself the best of the feast, the heavenly bread, the water of life. At many a feast, even of those given by human friends, the wit of the host is the choicest spice; his wisdom, more invigorating than the meat; his loving fellowship, sweeter than the honey. By mightier tides, Christ comes into our lives like an influence. As the food we eat turns into bone and muscle and flesh, so Christ's words and deeds and spirit, as we feed upon them, turn into faith and hope and love for God and man. No matter how poor a man may be and how plain his fare, he has "a great supper" every day if he has learned to read great books, and so feast with and upon the great minds of the world.

A traveler, caught upon the mountains in a snowstorm, turned for refuge to a dilapidated and seemingly deserted cottage, but on entering he saw an old man reading in a protected corner. He exclaimed: "What are you doing here?" To which the old man, looking up from his Bible reading, said with a smile: "I am sitting under his shadow with great delight, and his food is sweet to my taste."

. . .

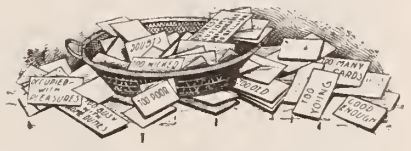
Churchgoers, but Christ-rejectors

They all with one consent began to make excuse. Those Christ first invited to his feast of love were members of the Jewish Church, who had been prepared for his coming by generations of training; but they nevertheless rejected him, seeing that to follow him would require them to give up many a selfish pleasure, many a trick of trade. The corresponding class, the first invited, the most prepared to-day, are the unsaved members of churchgoing families; the unsaved husband, whose wife has long prayed for him; the son, who has been prepared at a mother's knee for a Christian life. You, who are a Christian already, are the "servant" through whom these are to be invited. Many of these churchgoing rejectors are repeating the awful sin to which John alludes when he says: "He came unto his own and his own received him not." They are like the Jews in sinning against great light, and after all these years are using substantially the same old excuses.

The first excuse in the parable was that of the man who had bought land and must go and see it. This is the supreme case of being "land poor." Many a man has bought land for speculation, and, on falling prices, has had to keep it and pay taxes until, though owning vast acreage, he could scarcely buy the necessities of life. The man who allows the cares of so-called "real estate" to keep him from Christ is more pitifully "land poor." His very soul had been buried in his land, and so he has become morally unable to receive the chief necessity of life, of eternal life—the love of Christ.

The second excuse of the parable was that of a man too absorbingly interested in his stock—live stock in this case—to give attention to religion. Many a man is starving the angel part of his nature through absorbing interest in the animal part, in physical comfort and physical pleasures, either the lower ones of appetite and lust, or the higher ones of ease or athletics.

The third excuse is that of the man who



had married a wife, who was absorbed in family pleasures and cares. Devotion to wife or husband or child is about the noblest form of selfishness, but it must not keep us from the duty and love we owe to our Father in heaven, "of whom every home in heaven and earth is named." The very word "home" is of Puritan origin, and what we mean by it has no existence outside of Christian lands. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." We are in danger of losing this "Paradise Regained," the Christian home, through the increase in the number of fathers and sons that excuse themselves from family worship, if not from a Christian life altogether. Most of these persons count it a great sin that the Jews rejected and crucified Christ. But they occupy the same guilty place to-day, and "crucify the Lord afresh."

God, who is said to have been "angry" at the excuses (which were not reasons), given of old is no less indignant at the way in which those who have been brought up in the Church are to-day rejecting his invitations to the nobler life that makes the most of both worlds. He is indignant at the ingratitude and at the wilful folly of such rejections. We cannot conceive of men answering a human king's cordial invitation to a feast with such trivial "regrets." Nor can we conceive of any friend depriving us of such benefits as we ourselves reject. Selfishness is its own worst enemy. In the words of Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when He comes to call thee, arise and follow fast: [light at last.
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to

City Missions

Go out quickly into the streets. Some would say because there are unconverted people in our church congregations that we should let evangelistic work for the morally halt and blind of the city streets wait till all our congregations are saved. Christ says, "Nay, but every soul is entitled to hear the divine invitation. Those of the church congregations have heard it, and you shall continue to pour it into their ears. But the 'heathen at home,' the depressed masses of your cities who have not so often and so clearly heard the message, to them you must carry the music of 'Come unto me.'" This city missionary work cannot be altogether put on hired substitutes. Nothing will do so much to create real brotherhood among rich and poor as for the doubly rich to go themselves as Christ's messengers to the doubly poor.

One Christmas day in New York City, a millionaire was driving down Fifth avenue in his sleigh, when his high-spirited horse ran away. The sleigh was overturned, and the rich man and his coachman rolled in the snow together. As they struggled to their feet and turned to follow the runaway horse, they saw the sleigh strike a poor pedler and knock him into a heap, both runners passing over his body. The millionaire uttered a cry of dismay when he saw the ragged pedler fall in the street, and leaving his valuable trotter to vanish in the distance, he cast himself on his knees by the injured man and lifted his blood-stained head tenderly in his arms. He got help as soon as possible, and himself assisted in carrying the poor fellow into a fashionable hotel near-by, and sent for a doctor. Later, he got him a comfortable room in a hospital, and ordered that every possible attention should be given him. When the pedler was seen by the reporter at the hospital, and told that the man whose horse had run over him was a millionaire, he replied: "A millionaire, is he? Well, all I can say is that he's the whitest man I ever seen in me life, an' I'll never say another word agin millionaires. I tell yer wot, that man is a wonder. Why, he—he—went down on his marrow-bones in the snow alongsider me an' took my head on his knee, same as if I was his brother—an' it all bleeding, too." It is a profounder picture of brotherhood when the Christian millionaire in a city mission kneels beside a soul stained with the blood not of accident, but of crime. Many of our churches need to adopt the motto "Social to save." In c representative eastern city I found that t churches occupied three pages in the c directory, while the brotherhoods and societ filled twenty-two, and the saloons would ha filled still larger space if entered in the sa way. A reformed man, who had fallen aga was asked why he went into the saloon wh he knew it was dangerous. He replied: "J the people who are willing to talk with me a there. I must go where my friends are." I us begin in the Sunday School to teach a n code of church manners, less cold and form and more friendly.

. . .

Foreign Missions

Go out into the highways. As ci missions are not to wait till all in o church congregations are saved, foreign missions are not to wait till all t wicked of our cities have accepted Christ's vitation. God is saying to us in the new ventions of our time: "Go ye quickly into the world that every city and village m speedily receive my invitation to the feast love and brotherhood." Steam and electrici have made the world a neighborhood. Lo to God and man must now make it a realiz brotherhood. Of such brotherhood the Bib feasts are prophecies. And in the large painting in the world, an artist prophet, Pao Veronese, when nations were almost co tinually at war, represented this yet unrealiz brotherhood by bringing together about Chri in an idealized picture of the Marriage Fea at Cana, the monarchs and great men of a nations. That picture might well be tran ferred from the Louvre to the palace at Bru sels, where representatives of sixteen natio have twice gathered to protect Central Afric against the sale of intoxicants, or to the palac at The Hague where a yet larger co course of nations inaugurated last yea m the rough, what shall come to t the Supreme Court of Nations, to tak the place of war. In the membershi of the Christian Church all races s together at the Lord's table as friend and brothers. Huxley gives us a ne classification of men in five races: Au traloid, Negroid, Mongoloid, Xantho chroic, Melanochroic; and turning t the Bible Society's list of its foreig Bibles, we find that the love of God a expressed in John 3: 16, has bee given in a measure to every one o these races. Father Endeavor Clarl has above his door the word "Wel come" in seventeen languages; and a Clifton Springs, thirty-nine missionarie sang "Come to Jesus," in almost a many languages; but the welcome tha God puts above his feast of love, i already expressed in Bibles of mor than three hundred languages an dialects.

Modern science is developing wealth out of waste. The once wasted frag ments of leather now furnish leathe board. Thrown away ores more thor oughly smelted, become sources of wealth. A company has been organ ized with fifty million dollars of capital to put in operation a new invention which makes it possible to manufac ture car-wheels, basins, barrels, and other vessels now made of iron, wood, or paper, and also board and other building materials, from the pith of cornstalks. This pith, which is called cellulose, is also to be prepared for use in the construction of warships, for filling in between the inside and outside armor of ironclads. So Christianity is developing noblest manhood out of the castoffs of society.

In the Chautauquas this year many an audience has been thrilled by the music of a Basuto boy, nine years of age, who was picked up three years ago in South Africa, homeless, nameless, naked, famished, filthy; but, under a faithful Christian teacher, now sings the "Holy City" with a sweetness and strength of tone, and a perfection of English enunciation equalled by few *prima donnas*. All about the missionary table are such wonders of grace; men and women and children, who in two or three years of Christian fellowship have developed the sweet graces of Christ to a degree that shames those who have always had opportunities, but have neglected them.

We are not merely to invite men, at home and abroad, to the feast of love; we are to "compel them to come in," a word not warranting the actual force of Mohammedan and Roman Catholic propagandas, but implying that we should persistently constrain the unsaved to come, not turned aside by one refusal.

Not fellowship with Christ alone, but also universal brotherhood in him, is the meaning of the feast. In the words of Lewis Morris:

There shall come out of this noise of strife and
A broader and a juster brotherhood, [groaning
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another [brother.
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto

From the Painting by Paolo Veronese

THE GATHERING OF NATIONS BY CHRIST AT THE GOSPEL FEAST

AUSTRALOID NEGROID MONGOLOID XANTHOCHROIC MELANOCHROIC

A Broad Mind

The late Lord Chief-Justice Russell of England, was once asked how he, a Roman Catholic, could contribute to the support of a Primitive Methodist mission in Clapton. He replied: "I regard Christian charity as too sacred a thing to be made the servant of sectarian prejudices or partisan ends."

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLIV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA IN VIENNA

VIENNA is a beautiful city. I d'no as I would go so fur as the Viennesse myself and say it is the most beautiful in the world, but it stands up high amongst 'em.

The beautiful blue Danube makes a curve round it as if it iz real choice of it and loved to hold it its arms. I say blue Danube, but its ters are no more blue than our Jones- lle creek is pink. But mebby if I iz goin' to sing about the creek I might ll it blue or pink for poetical purposes. We had rooms nigh to the river, the nks of which wuz terraced down to the ter, and laid out in little parks, public rdens full of flowers and trees and wering shrubs.

There are two massive stun bridges in is part of the city, and very handsome veliin' houses, churches, and the Swartz- nburg palace. The buildings are very ndsome here, more lofty and grand king even than they are in Paris, and u know you would imagine that wuz the wer of the universe, and I needn't ention the fact that I had to gin into it at it goes fur beyend Jonesville.

The street called the Ring Strasse, I oze because it curves round some like ring, is three milds long, and most two ndred feet wide. And along this broad autiful avenue there are six rows of rge chestnut trees. A track for horse- ck riders on one side, a broad carriage iveway, two fine promenades, besides e walk.

Sights of Austria's Capital

Splendid buildin's rise up on each side this grand street, and parks and gar- ns abound. At intervals there are rge roomy lawns, covered with velvety ass, where easy seats under the trees vite you to rest and admire the beauty ound you, and the happy, gayly-dressed rong passing and repassing in car- ages, on horseback or walkin' afoot, ousands and thousands on 'em, and eryone, I spoze, a pursuin' their own les, whatever they may be.

The first place we went to see wuz St. tephen's Church. This is on a street uch narrower than the Ring Strasse. he sidewalks wuz very narrer here, so hen you met folks you had to squeeze p pretty nigh the curbstun or step out to the carriage way; but no matter how ose the quarters wuz you would meet ith no rough talk or impoliteness. They uz as polite as the Japans, with more in- lligence added.

St. Stephen's Cathedral is a magnifi- nt Gothic structure, three hundred and fty-four feet long and two hundred and irty broad, and is full of magnificent onuments, altars, statutes, carving, etc., c. The monument to the Emperor rederic III. has over two hundred fig- res on it.

Here is the tomb of the King of Rome, apoleon's only son and his ma, Maria ouise. I had queer feelin's as I stood y them tombs and meditated how much mbition and heart burnin' wuz buried ere in the tomb of that young King of ome. I thought of how his pa divorced ie woman he loved, breakin' her heart, nd his own mebby, for the ambitious de- re to have a son connected with the yalty of Europe, to carry on his power nd glory, and make it more permanent. nd how the new wife turned away from m in his trouble, and the boy died, and e carried his broken heart into exile. nd the descendant of the constant- earted woman he put away, set down on ie throne of France, and then he too, and his boy, had to pass away like leaves whirled about in the devastatin' wind of war and change. What ups and downs! I had a variety of emotions as I stood there, and I guess Josiah did, though I don't know. But I judged from his liniment: he looked real demute.

The catacombs under this meetin'-house are a sight to see I spoze, but we didn't pay a visit to 'em. Josiah had a idee that they wuz built to bury cats in, and he said he didn't want to go to any cat buryin'-ground. He said there wuzn't a cat in Europe so likely as ourn, but he wouldn't think of givin' it funeral honors.

But he didn't git it right. It wuz a place where they buried human bein's, but I didn't care anything about seein' it.

Robert got a big carriage, and we all driv over to the Prater, a most beautiful park on an island in the Danube. The broad, flower-bordered avenues wuz crowded with elegant carriages and beautiful forms and faces wuz constantly passing hither and yon, to and fro, and the scene all round us wuz enchantin'ly beautiful. We had a delightful drive, and when we got back to the tarven we found quite a lot of letters that had been forwarded here. Josiah and I had letters from Jonesville, welcome as the voice of the first bird in spring, all well and hopeful of our speedy meetin'; but Miss Meechim had one tellin' of dretful doin's in her old home.

We'd heard that there had been a great labor strike out in California, but little did we know how severe it had struck. Rev. Mr. Weakdew had writ to Miss Meechim how some of the rebellious workmen had riz up against his son in his absence. He told how wickedly they wuz actin' and how impossible it wuz in his opinion to make them act genteel, but he said in his letter that his son had been telegrafted to to come home at once. He said Mudd-Weakdew always had been successful in quelling these rebellious workmen down, and making them keep their place, and he thought he would now as soon as he arrived there.

I know Arvilly and Miss Meechim had words about it when she read the letter. Miss Meechim deplored the state of affairs, and resented Arvilly's talk; she said it was so wicked to help array one class aginst another.

"They be arrayed now," sez Arvilly, "Selfishness and Greed are arrayed aginst Justice and Humanity, and the baby Peace is bein' trompled on and run over, and haggard Want and Famine prowl on the bare fields of Poverty, waitin' for victims, and the cries of the perishin' fill the air."

Exciting News from Home

Arvilly turned real eloquent. I mistrusted mebby she'd catched it from me, but Miss Meechim turned up her nose and acted dretful high-headed and said there was nothing genteel in such actions and she wouldn't gin in a mite till that day in Vienna she had a letter that brought her nose down where it belonged, and she acted different after readin' it and didn't talk any more about gentility or the unbroken prosperity of the Mudd-Weakdews, and I wuz shocked myself to hear what wuz writ.

As I say, Miss Meechim read it and grew pale, the letter dropped in her lap and she trembled like a popple leaf for it told of a dretful tragedy. It wuz writ by a friend in Sacramento and the tragedy wuz concernin' the Mudd-Weakdews. On hearin' of the strike, the Mudd-Weakdews had hurried home from their trip abroad and he had tried to quell the strike, but found it wouldn't quell. He had been shot at but not killed; the shot went through his eyes, and he would be blind for life. A deadly fever had broke out in the tenements on the street back of his palace, caused, the doctors said, by the terrible onsanitary surroundings, and helped on by want and starvation. The families of his workmen had died off like dead leaves fallin' from rotten trees in the fall. The tenements wuz not fur from the Mudd-Weakdew garden where Dorris loved to stay, who had stayed at home with a governess and a genteel relative during her parents' absence. The garden wuz full of trees, blossoms and flowering shrubs, a fountain dashed up its clear water into the air and tall white statutes stood guard over Dorris in her happy play. But some deadly germ wuz wafted from that filthy, ghastly place, over the roses and lilies and pure waters, and sweet Dorris wuz the victim.

The clear waters and fresh green lawns and fragrant posies didn't extend fur enough back; if they had her life might have been saved, but they only went as fur as the sharp wall her pa had riz up and thought safely warded his own child from all the evils of the lower classes.

No, it didn't go fur enough back, and sweet Dorris had to pay the penalty of her pa's blindness and selfishness. For what duz the Book say? "The innocent shall suffer for the guilty."

The Climax of a Labor Strike

Her broken-hearted mother followed her to the grave, and it wuz on that very day, Mudd-Weakdew bein' shut up with doctors, that the little boy wuz stolen. The discharged workman, whose little boy had died of starvation, disappeared too. He wuz said to be half-crazy and had threatened vengeance on his old employer. There wuz a story that he had been seen with a child richly dressed, and afterwards with a child dressed in the coarse clothing of the poor, embarking on a foreign ship, but the clue wuz lost, so the living trouble wuz worse to bear than the dead one.

The strike wuz ended, Capital coming out ahead; the workmen had lost, and the Mudd-Weakdews had a chance to coin more money than ever out of the half-paid labor and wretched lives of their men. They could still be exclusive and foller the star of gentility till it stood over the cold marble palace of disdainful nobility. But the wall of seperation he had built up between wealth and poverty had not stood the strain; Deadly Pestilence, Triumphant Hatred and sharp-toothed Revenge had clumb over and attacked him with their sharp fangs, him and his wife, and they had to bear it.

I knowed it, I knowed that no walls can ever be built high enough to seperate the sordid, neglected, wretched lives of the poor and the luxurious, pleasure-filled lives of the rich. Between the ignorant criminal classes and the educated and innocent. You may make 'em strong as the Pyramaids and high as the tower of Babel, but the passions and weaknesses of humanity will scale 'em and find a way through.

The vile air of the low lands will float over into and contaminate the pure air of the guarded pleasure gardens, and the evil germs will carry disease, crime and death, no matter how many fountains and white statutes and posies you may set up between. Envy, Discontent and Revenge will break through the walls and meet Oppression, Insolence and Injustice, and they will tear and rend each other. They always have and always will. Robert Strong, instead of buildin' up that wall, spends his strength in tearin' it down and settin' on its crumblin' ruins the white flowers of Love and Peace.

Holdin' Oppression and Injustice back with a hard bit and makin' 'em behave, makin' Envy and Hatred sheath their claws some as a cat will when it is warm and happy. He tears down mouldy walls and lets the sunshine in. Pullin' up what bad-smellin' weeds he can in the gardens of the poor, and transplantin' some of the overcrowded posy beds of the rich into the bare sile, makin' 'em both look better and do better. I set store by him. But to resoom:

Two Lives Contrasted

Amongst my letters wuz one from Evangeline Noble tellin' of her safe arrival in Africa and of the beginning of her work there, some like strikin' a match to light a lamp in a dark suller, but different from that because the light she lit wuz liable to light other lamps, and so on and on and on till no tellin' what a glorious brilliance would shine from the one little rushlight she wuz kindlin'. She felt it, she wuz happy with that best kind of happiness, doin' good. She spoke of Cousin John Richard, too; he wuz not in the same place she wuz, but she hearn of him often, for his life wuz like a vase filled with the precious ointment broke at the feet of Jesus. Broken in a earthly sense, but the rich aroma sweetened the whole air about and ascended to the very heavens.

A missionary she knew had seen him just before she wrote me. He wuz working, giving his life and finding it again, useful, happy, beloved. Not a success in a worldly way: Mudd-Weakdew would have called it a dead failure. In place of a palace, Cousin John Richard could not call even the poor ruff that sheltered him his own. Instead of a retinue of servants, Cousin John Richard worked diligently with his hands to earn his daily bread; instead of stocks and bonds bringing him rich revenues, he had only the title deeds of the house of many mansions, and Mudd-Weakdew would not have accepted any deeds unless signed before a notary and sealed with our government stamp. No wealth, no luxuries, not hardly the necessities of life had Cousin John Richard, whilst Mudd-Weakdew wuz steeped in the atmosphere of wealth and grandeur for which he had lived and toiled, yet Cousin John Richard wuz blissfully happy and content, Mudd-Weakdew unspeakably and hopelessly wretched. Both had follered their goles and wuz settin' on 'em, but, oh! how different they wuz—how different to themselves and them about 'em. Inspiration and help flowed from Cousin John Richard's personality like the warm sunshine of a clear June day or the perfume from a rare lily, brightening, sweetening and uplifting all about him, whilst from Mudd-Weakdew fell a dark shadder made up of gloom, discontent, envy, hatred. How different they wuz, how different they wuz! And Robert Strong's gole, how different his wuz from Mudd-Weakdew's. I methought of what Miss Meechim had said to me deplorin'ly, how different Robert Strong wuz. Yes, indeed! both on 'em had had fur different goles and pursued 'em. The onselfish road Robert Strong trod wuz leadin' him to the house of happiness—Mudd-Weakdew's to the house of pain and despair.

I dare presoom to say I eppisoded more'n a hour to myself about it and to Josiah, 'tennyrate Josiah got real huffy and acted, and sez in a pitiful axent:

"Samantha, I'm willin' to hear preachin' twice a week and can set under it like a man, but it comes kinder tough to have moralizin' and preachin' brung into the bosom of the family and liable to be drizzled out onto me week days, and any time, night or day."

His axent wuz extremely hopeless and pitiful. He felt a good deal as I did in the matter, but it is a man's nater to be more restless and obstropolous and not

bear the yoke so well as wimmen do. Wimmen are more used to galdin' things than men be; I don't blame Josiah.

I wuz glad enough to see in Vienna the stately monument to Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria Hungary. To see all about her and below her the noble forms of Wisdom, Strength, Justice and Religion. And men a-hoss back and sages and soldiers and to see her a settin' so calm and benine on top of the hull caboodle, it gin me proud sensations and made me glad I wuz a woman, but not haughty.

Maria Theresa wuz a likely woman: I wish she could have lived to have me encourage her by tellin' her what I thought on her; I would said to her:

"Marie," sez I, "you did well with what you had to do with. Your pardner left a sight for you to tend to, as pardners will if they see their consort is willin' to bear the brunt. You went through no end of trials and tribulations, wars and revolutions, but come off victorious. You helped the poor a sight, abolished toture, sot up school-houses, fenced in the roarin' Papal bulls so they couldn't break out and rare round so much; you helped on the industries of your country, looked out for the best interests of your husband and son, as pardners and mothers will, and looked and acted like a perfect lady through it all, in war and peace."

It would done Marie sights of good to have hearn my talk, but it wuzn't to be. But this high noble monument wuz some consolation to her if she could look down and see it, as I spoze she can and duz. And partly on her ma's account I visited the tomb of her girl, Marie Christina. It wuz designed by Canova and it seemed to me the most beautiful tomb I ever did see. Nine beautiful figures with heads bowed down in grief wuz bearin' garlands of flowers to strew above the beloved head. Youth, Middle Age and Old Age all bearin' their different garlands and seemin' to feel real bad, even the mighty angel who guarded the open door of the tomb had his head bowed in sorrow. Way up above wuz the face of the beautiful Arch-Duchess carved in the marble with angel and cherub surroundin' her. Josiah said that if he wuz able he would love to rare such a one up for Tirzah Ann. Sez he, "She could enjoy it durin' her life, and if she should pass away before us it would come handy." He thought the features of the Arch-Duchess favored Tirzah Ann but I couldn't see it.

Albert Fountain is a noble-looking structure, rared up by Francis Joseph in 1869.

We also visited the Academy of Fine Arts, the Conservatory of Music, Museum of Arts and Industries, the New Parliament and University buildings. The University library has one hundred and sixty thousand volumes and engravings and drawings enough to fill up an ordinary building; the collection of manuscripts is called the richest in the whole world.

The teachers in the University of Vienna number two hundred and ten. Good land! enough to make a big schooi in themselves, if anybody knowed enough to teach 'em. In the Chamber of Treasures in the Imperial Palace we see the largest emerald known to the world, and the Florentine diamond, one hundred and thirty-three karats big, though Josiah said, when I told him on 't that that wuz nothin' to carrots he'd raised in his garden, but I sot him right. There wuz more than one hundred and forty thousand coins and all sorts of minerals, and a great quantity of bronzes, gems, and cameos.

I hated to give in, but I had to. I see cameos there that went fur beyend mine. We visited gymnasiums, public schools, institutes, colleges, and more noble and interestin' edifices than I could tell you jest the names on, unless I took loads of time.

The principle articles of manufactures in Vienna are jewelry, clocks, kid gloves, musical instruments, shawls, silks and velvets. It is supplied with water that comes forty milds away in an aqueduct, and gits there as fresh and sparklin' as if it hadn't traveled a mild.

(*To be Continued.*)

INDIA'S FAMINE CLOUD LIFTED

SUPPORT FOR ONE THOUSAND OF THE ORPHANS NOW IN THE MISSIONARIES' HOMES ALREADY PLEDGED BY OUR READERS

BRIGHTER news comes from India. The Bombay *Gazette* says: "During the past week good rain has fallen and intermittent showers are prevalent in all parts. If rain had held off much longer, there is no doubt that in certain large tracts a water-famine would have followed. Happily there is no need to speculate on the result of such a catastrophe, but the horrors of scanty provisions would have been exceeded if water had given out. At present, land is being brought into cultivation, and although sowings will be rather late, with good rain in September there should be an excellent harvest. The farmers are offered every inducement to fill their soil, in the way of provision of plough cattle to replace some of those which have perished, seed and loans for personal sustenance and labor. Those who cannot procure plough cattle are promised remission of a year's rent if they raise crops by hand labor."

While they are waiting for a harvest, however, there must be extensive suffering. Col. Nurani, the Salvation Army leader at Ahmedabad, writes: "Many of the people have left the relief works, where they earned a little money, and as the crops will take several months to grow, they cannot live without some help in this way. The government undertakes to give loans to those who are registered landholders under the government, but there are thousands of others who hold land, not government property, who are not eligible for this assistance. It is here that private enterprise is so valuable." Col. Nurani adds: "We have received scores of

Appeals from Villages

where the people all own fields, but without monetary assistance are unable to take advantage of the rains now falling. In addition to the large number of persons in thirty-three villages to whom we have advanced money for this purpose, we last week distributed 3,000 rupees to the poor Bhils. Three or four days later we again distributed for the same purpose in the Anand Division the same amount to fifteen villages. In regard to the food, we are hoping to continue our cheap grain shops for the next three or four months, and even to increase them, and also the grain given to day-school children."

It is gratifying to know that during this period of waiting, the missionaries are not relaxing their beneficent work. But for the relief that they are giving, from the funds so generously supplied by our readers, many a poor laborer, who has been in the relief camp during the famine, would be unable to live through the weary weeks of waiting for a crop.

Mr. Thomas A. Bailey, to whom we are indebted for many of the photographs we have published, has just returned from a tour in the famine districts, and reports sad suffering as still prevalent. At Jalna he saw people in the last stage of starvation. He says: "I understand that a short time ago it was a common occurrence to find numbers of people either dead or dying in the river bed, and this I can readily credit from the experience I had on Sunday morning. Even though things are now said to be, and no doubt are much improved, still one may find dying people scattered here and there. While returning from the poor-house I saw one man

Lying in the Public Street

My friend and I stopped and found that he had lain down from sheer exhaustion, and though not far from the poor-house was unable to drag himself that little distance. A man approached who was himself famine-stricken, and was wending his way to the poor-house, but not being in a very weak condition, was able to carry his fellow sufferer on his back. A little further on we saw a body huddled up and lying in the gutter, covered with rags. On a closer examination we found an aged blind woman who had apparently given up the struggle for life and resigned herself to her fate. After a little talk we persuaded her to consent to be put into our tonga and taken to the poor-house. But we soon found she was not to be our only fellow-traveler, for on the *maidan* a hundred yards ahead we saw a woman lying beneath a tree. It was hard to make her understand, owing to her weak condition, what we wanted to do for her, and her piteous cry for *pani* (water) was almost heartrending. She, too, was lifted into the tonga, and we engaged a man to sit in with her and the old woman so that he would keep them from falling out. Five may seem an unfair number for one horse to draw, but when two of these are only skeletons it is not so bad. We deposited our load at the poor-house, where all was done that could be to revive them, but in the case of the younger woman it was too late, and within a few hours her suffering was at an end. Surely such instances show that there is absolute room and positive need for all the private charity that can be bestowed.

"One instance I would like to record before closing which is now, alas, only too common in this land of sorrows. Just outside the poor-house gate, where newcomers were waiting for admission, I saw a young woman with traces of beauty still manifest, lying on the ground. She was apparently in great pain as evidenced by the weak moans she uttered every moment. Her hair all tangled hung about her in great profusion, her face smeared with the dust of the ground; and sitting listlessly at her side, her little child had just enough strength left to brush aside the flies which were swarming round. I called for the doctor, who appeared promptly, and having bent over to find out her true condition looked up to me and said, 'No pulse.' The little one sheltered in the *chappar* with hundreds of others who are now called 'famine orphans.'

"Oh, the horror of all this, the continued wail of the sufferers, the continu pathetic appeal *mala koni nahin* (I have no body), the listless look of despair depicted in thousands of faces is enough to wear one out. That these people will need help for at least two or three months to come is an undisputed fact."

It is gratifying to know that now all missionaries recognize the value of the American corn which the bounty of our readers enabled us to send to the sufferers. The Bombay *Guardian*, says: "Since 1896 the question of Relief in Cash vs. Relief in Kind has again and again cropped up. In May of this present year, a large number of earnest and conscientious missionary workers were found faithfully warning the American public at the New York Ecumenical Missionary Conference against sending any corn to India, in spite of the few who protested that both cash and corn would be equally valuable. The experience of the steamship *Quin* we hope may have finally settled this debated point, so far as free cargoes of corn from the United States are concerned, and though there may be places at a distance from railways, where the difficulty of transit cannot be satisfactorily overcome, and where therefore money is preferable, yet the majority of mission centres are either on, or not far from, railways, and can therefore promptly realize consignment when sent, whilst **experience has proved the corn thankfully received and eaten by the people.'**

DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF IN THE FAMINE CAMP AT AHMEDNAGAR

Orphan No. 1000

Our readers will be glad to know that at the end of last week support had been pledged for one thousand orphans and remittances on account had already been received. Mrs. Klopsch claimed the privilege of adopting the thousandth orphan and when our books showed that promises had been received for 999 orphans, Mrs. Klopsch paid over to the fund the first year's support for one other, making to date one thousand children whose maintenance and education are secured. We are sure that every one who has thus undertaken the support of a child will enjoy a sweet satisfaction in the thought that on the other side of the world a child is growing up under Christian influences as a result of their beneficence. To have saved the life of only one child and to have given that child the opportunity of hearing of Christ is no small matter. Who knows what that child may yet do for Christ in India? Ramabai, herself, who has done such great things, was a famine child rescued by a Christian missionary.

With so much already accomplished, there is reason to hope that support may be obtained for a much larger number of children. As announced on September 19, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cabled $25,000 to India to support five thousand children for four months while funds were accumulating for their future maintenance. It would be very gratifying to be able to report to the missionaries that the whole of the five thousand were provided for. The sum required—only thirty cents a week—for the support of a child is so small that there must be many who could undertake it. It is a beautiful way of proving our gratitude to Christ and our love for him. To feed one of these little fatherless children is surely well-pleasing in his sight, and if it does involve a sacrifice; if it does require some little self-denial, the gift is all the more precious. As David said, "Shall I offer to the Lord that which cost me nothing?" so there is a pleasure in a sacrifice that is made for his sake to whom we owe all we have and are. Such an opportunity as this may not occur in a generation when at so small an outlay so much good may be done. At the last great day when the souls that have been won through this effort are presented before the throne, he who suffered and died for us will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Chinese Problem

SMALL progress has yet been made toward the solution of the Chinese problem. The Imperial government still acting under the name of the Emperor, but really directed by the Empress Dowager, has issued an edict constituting five viceroys and officers of state negotiators for the settlement of the difficulty. One of these is Li Hung Chang, who recently visited this country, and another is Prince Ching, who exerted all his influence to save the lives of the foreign ambassadors during the outbreak in Pekin. It is reported that the German government has insisted that before any negotiations for peace are begun Prince Tuan and the other leaders of the Boxers shall be surrendered to the powers for punishment. Our government, however, does not endorse this demand. It believes that Prince Tuan and his colleagues in barbarism should be punished by the Chinese authorities and not by the foreign powers, and a stipulation to that effect should form part of the treaty of peace. There are signs of other differences of opinion among the powers, Germany, Russia and France generally in agreement, while the United States, Great Britain and Japan form another camp. One question not yet settled is, whether the Empress should be allowed to maintain her authority or whether an effort should be made to restore the Emperor to the position which properly belongs to him. It is certain that at present the Empress wields supreme power. In the sketch on this page, which was made by an officer at a reception to foreign diplomats held shortly before the present troubles, it is the Empress who occupies the throne, while the Emperor is seated on a chair to her left. Grave doubts are entertained of the Empress having repudiated the Boxers, and until she has done so the representatives of the powers are reluctant to leave the government in her hands. They distrust her not only because of her own proclivities, but because of the character of her chosen counselors.

Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with thee which frameth mischief by a law? They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous and condemn the innocent blood (Ps. 94 : 20, 21).

Not a Lucrative Service

In the biography of a well-beloved physician whose practice lay in a country district in New England, a significant incident is related. Among his patients was a lawyer with a large family. The doctor knew them all, and could call each child by name and tell its age and the ailments through which it had passed. One winter's day he was summoned to the lawyer's house. One of the children was seriously ill. He prescribed for her, and perceiving that there was danger he called again in the evening, and again the following morning. The lawyer told him then that another of his children, who was visiting in a village twelve miles away, had sickened with the same disease. The news had come that morning. The doctor listened, but made no reply. His patient was better, and had evidently passed the crisis. That night was a bitter cold one; snow was beginning to fall, and an icy wind made traveling a misery. But the doctor called again, and found his little patient still improving. "Now," said he, "I have paid all my visits, and I am going to see how Henry is." The lawyer said: "Surely you are not going to drive twelve miles on such a night." The doctor said he was, as he would have no other opportunity. The next day, at his usual visit, he reported that he had seen Henry, and he was doing well. When the lawyer received the doctor's bill, there was no charge for that long night journey. The father called his attention to the oversight and asked him to add it to the bill, and he would give him a check for the whole. "Good gracious," exclaimed the doctor, "you don't suppose I ever made such a journey as that for money, do you?" No man can be paid in money for a service that was prompted by love. He can be recompensed only by love. People sometimes forget this when dealing with God. It is not their offerings he desires, but the love of their hearts.

We love him because he first loved us (1. John 4 : 19).

Tantalizing Wharfage

An American traveler who recently visited Buenos Ayres declares that the Argentine government has committed a serious blunder in the location of the docks in that city. During the past twelve years it has spent nearly fifty million dollars on accommodations for shipping. These great stone constructions are fine specimens of engineering. Immense warehouses and the best of machinery afford every facility for the care and handling of freight. In proportion to its shipping trade no city excels Buenos Ayres in the extent and adequacy of its dockage and warehouse facilities. But the government made the mistake of building a port without an entrance to it. The docks might as well be rickety wooden piers for all the good they do the larger shipping, which is unable to reach them. The money was spent without studying the peculiar condition of the great river on which the city stands. The silt which the La Plata carries speedily fills up the channels cut into the estuary by which it was expected vessels could reach the docks. Experts have been called in to solve the problem of making an enduring approach, and unless they succeed the fine docks will be useless. The same principle affects the eternal destiny of the human race. It is the glory of the Christian religion that it tells us not only of the delights of heaven but provides a way of reaching it.

It shall be called the way of holiness; the wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein (Isaiah 35 : 8).

DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION BY THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

Entertaining 25,000 Guests

The hugest banquet of modern times took place in Paris, on September 22, when M Loubet, President of the French Republic, entertained at dinner all the mayors in the country, numbering twenty-five thousand. It was a picturesque gathering, for many of the mayors came from small country towns, and were dressed in blouses and corduroys, while the mayors of the great cities wore the ordinary evening dress. A little dash of color enlivened the scene in the contingent from Brittany, as the mayors of that section wore the tri-color sash of office. The dinner was laid in the gardens of the Tuileries, which formerly were the exclusive grounds of the royal and imperial households. The tables extended over a space seven miles long. The chief caterer was in an automobile, in which he traveled to and fro, to see that his employees were doing their duties efficiently. Eight thousand waiters attended to the wants of the guests. They were divided into squads of five hundred, the superintending waiters being mounted on bicycles. The provisions required were enormous. They included 3,000 pheasants, 8,000 ducklings, 8,000 pounds of salmon, 8,000 pounds of beef, 33,000 bottles of Bordeaux wine, 9,000 bottles of champagne, and 1,500 bottles of brandy. The President delivered a ringing speech at the dinner, and as he could not, of course, make himself heard by all his guests, printed copies of his address were distributed at the various tables. He was cheered to the echo, and he has evidently increased his popularity by the entertainment. The mayors went away enthusiastically proclaiming their allegiance to the Republic and its hospitable President. No such feast has probably ever been held since the days of ancient Rome, and it eclipsed those feasts in the number of the guests. The time will come, however, when an infinitely greater celebration will be held, as the Seer of Patmos saw in prophetic vision, when men from all nations shall gather at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Invitations to that feast are issued, and all who accept them will be welcome.

Blessed are they which are called unto the Marriage Supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19 : 9).

A Wedding Postponed

An undertaker in Jersey City, N. J., had a hysterical young lady to deal with one day last week. She came to his office from a village near by, with her father and a young man to whom she was about to be married. Her father had come in contact with the undertaker some years before, and came to him for advice, being the only man he knew in Jersey City. He wanted to know where a justice of the peace could be found, as his daughter and her lover wanted to be married at once by a legal functionary. The undertaker said there was no justice of the peace in that neighborhood, but he would telephone to Police Headquarters to find out if they knew where one was to be found. In a few minutes word came that a justice was on his way to the undertaker's to perform the ceremony. There was a room back of the office where funeral services were conducted which would serve, the undertaker said, just as well for a wedding. While the party waited the prospective bride went into the room. She returned to the office in tears, declaring she could not be married there, nor could she be married at all that day. The room was lined with caskets of various kinds in glass cases and in piles against the walls. Such grewsome surroundings, the young lady said, were uniucky, and the sight of them had made the day unlucky. The disappointment made her hysterical, but she was firm in her refusal, and the ceremony was postponed. She must have been superstitious, though it must be admitted that the surroundings for a wedding ceremony were somewhat incongruous. We naturally shrink in seasons of rejoicing from the intrusion of thoughts of death and the grave; but happy is he to whom such thoughts are associated with hope and trust.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart (Eccles. 7 : 2).

A Millionaire Convict

There is a convict in Joliet Penitentiary, says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who has two million dollars to his credit in one of the financial institutions of the city. His father was a famous Illinois pioneer, a prospector and a promoter, but he died in poverty. He had borne misfortune heroically and with patience. But his son could not bear poverty with his father's heroism. He fretted over his privations and one day after his father's death he forged the name of a prominent man to a check. His crime was discovered, a warrant was issued for his apprehension and the young man absconded. In the course of his wanderings, to avoid the detectives who were searching for him, he came to a mining district in Idaho where he had once lived with his father. There he found that the most successful man in camp was one who had made a big strike in an abandoned shaft in some old diggings. Looking up the records, the fugitive found that the shaft was part of a claim patented by his father in 1879. He was heir to vast wealth, but he was a criminal and a fugitive. The only way to get the inheritance was to go back, confess his guilt and bear his punishment. It was a bitter alternative, but he accepted it, and he is now serving his term in Joliet Penitentiary. If sinners would show the same spirit toward God, how many might be saved! Instead of flying from him, if they would confess their sins and throw themselves on his mercy, they would receive the inheritance of sons.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. . . . But the father said unto his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, etc. (Luke 15 : 21–24).

BRIEF NOTES

The China Inland Mission announces that its missionaries who were stationed at Kiangsi, numbering ninety, have arrived at Kinkiang. They are all well.

The director of the census, Mr. Merriam, estimates that the population of the United States will be found to be seventy-six millions, when all the census returns are counted.

A full-blooded Cherokee Indian has been ordained to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is now laboring at Ardmore, I. T., but is about to undertake work at Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. Lorenzo Waugh, said to be the oldest Methodist minister in the world, died suddenly on September 7 in a railroad station at Williams, Cal. He was ninety-two years of age, and had been sixty-eight years in the ministry.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the famous English Congregational minister of the City Temple, London, intimates his intention of retiring from the ministry at an early date. He is seventy-one years of age, and, as he says, his prayer now is, "Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

The missionaries of the American Sunday School Union in the Northwestern district are doing valuable work. Since March they have organized 452 new Sunday Schools, having 1,703 teachers and 14,486 scholars; and reorganized 258 schools, having 940 teachers and 7,778 scholars.

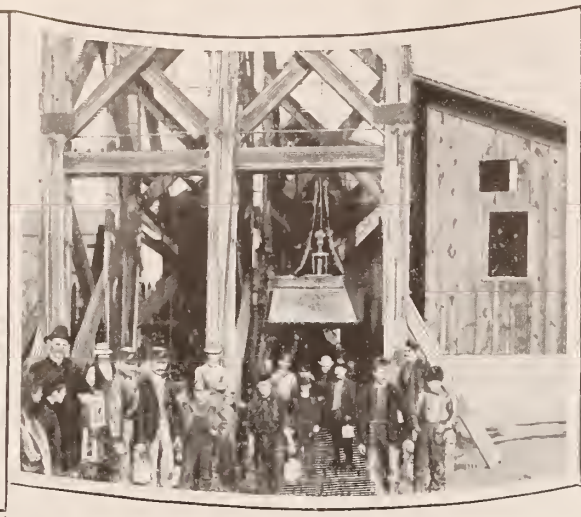
The New Metropolitan Temple in London was formally dedicated on Sept. 19. This building takes the place of the one in which Pastor C. H. Spurgeon used to preach, which was destroyed by fire. Mr. Ira D. Sankey sang and spoke at the services and received a hearty ovation from the congregation.

Dr. Francis E Clark says that the young Emperor of China is greatly interested in Christian literature. Of 129 books which he ordered, 54 were religious, and among them were such books as *The Story of our Lord*, *Family Prayers for Chinese Christians*. It is even said by some that at heart he is a Christian, having been taught by a girl who was once a pupil in the American mission school in Pekin.

An evening Theological School, free to all, is held in Amity Building, 312 West Fifty-fourth street, New York. Its object is to aid young men and young women who are employed during the day, but who are anxious to become more efficient as Sunday School teachers or in other departments of Christian work. It is entirely undenominational. Persons desiring to join the classes for the winter should communicate with the Dean of the school, the Rev. Leighton Williams

A TYPICAL STRIKER

THE NIGHT SHIFT COMING OUT OF THE MINE



D. L. AND W. BREAKER NEAR SCRANTON

FRED DILCHER
Executive Committee United Mine Workers

NEARLY 150,000 PENNSYLVANIA MINERS IDLE

THE GREAT COAL STRIKE

THE CAUSES OF THE STRIKE EXPLAINED

THE great strike, now on in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, is the largest and most far-reaching of any that has occurred since the strike of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in 1895. There are 142,420 miners and laborers thrown out of work, but the number of persons whose bread-winning powers are affected by the strike will pass the million mark. Business is literally at a standstill in the four counties of Lackawanna, Sullivan, Susquehanna and Luzerne. Orders for winter stocks of merchandise have been countermanded and hundreds of merchants are preparing to close their stores, the Retail Grocers' Association and others having resolved not to give one dollar's worth of credit to the miners. The misery and suffering that will follow among the families of the miners will be beyond description, should the strike be prolonged.

It is undoubted that the miners' grievances are genuine enough, and yet the general prosperity of the region, in some respects, is greater than it has been for twenty years. Hazleton boasts the largest bank deposits of any town of its size in the state. Of a total of $4,000,000, fully $3,000,000 are deposits of mine employees. In Scranton, Wilkesbarre and other large towns, many thrifty miners have managed to build comfortable, modern homes, tastefully furnished. In the present strike the majority of the miners are fighting the battle of the minority. All alike are demanding the abolition of a pernicious system of favoritism, which gives a few men the advantage of all the others.

There are two classes of miners in Pennsylvania—those employed by the railroad companies and those employed by private operators. Those familiar with the situation assert that it is the latter who are really suffering oppression and poverty. The railroad mine employees—who comprise nearly eighty per cent. of all the miners in the state—are said to be comparatively well off and contented.

The anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania are all virtually controlled by the railroads, which regulate the entire output. Private operators have established a system of oppression of their employees in order to work their mines at any kind of a profit. They declare that, as the railroads "squeeze" them, they in turn are obliged to "squeeze" the miners. They resort to extraordinary methods, which seem crude and clumsy in their manifest injustice. For example, the laws of the state make 2,400 pounds of anthracite coal a ton; yet the men mine from 2,700 to 4,000 pounds for a ton, the companies holding the right to "dock" the miner for "topping," "culm" and "slate." These dockings often amount to twelve per cent. of their daily earnings. In the corporation mines the same system prevails, but the average dockage is only about three per cent. of the day's wage. A ton of coal is not determined, as it should be, by the actual weight of the coal, but by measurement.

STRIKERS AT MOUNT PLEASANT COLLIERY, PA., WAITING TO BE ADDRESSED BY LOCAL ORGANIZERS

Every miner is, in a way, an independent business man. He buys his own tools, powder, oil and other appliances, hires his own laborers and is paid by the companies for the coal which he is able to deliver at the breakers. The laborers receive about one-third of the day's receipts. Each car of coal contains a percentage of impurities, and, taking these into account, it is at the discretion of the overseers and mine bosses to determine the exact amount due the miner for his labor. The latter has no voice in the matter nor any representation at the breakers. He does not even know until the end of the month what his earnings have been, and it is then too late for him to protest against the decisions of the bosses. The miners claim that the "culm," for which they receive nothing, ought at least to become their property; but the companies reserve the right to sell it themselves. The labor involved in making "culm" a marketable product is so great that the miner would scarcely undertake it; but his claim to be paid something for a commodity which his labor puts into the hands of the operators would seem to be fairly just.

One of the greatest grievances—and one that is shared by the entire body of miners—is the excessive price they are obliged to pay for powder. This they are compelled to buy from the companies, who charge them $2.75 a

A VETERAN MINER WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH MANY STRIKES

"BREAKER BOYS" GOING HOME AFTER THE STRIKE ORDER

g for powder which the companies buy r less than a dollar. The companies ex- ise this policy by saying that if powder ere cheaper the miners would waste it, d the result would be a dangerous viti- ion of air in the tunnels. They do not low them to buy of outside people be- use the miner might buy a cheaper grade an is considered safe to use.

Another ground of complaint is the me-honored "Company Store" system. he miner buys on credit, of course, and prices which he believes to be far eyond the worth of the goods. At the get out with powder and pick; he provides his own tools, pays for sharpening them, burns his own oil, and hires his own laborer; the theory is that he hires his own laborer; the fact is that in many mines he has not this privilege. The mine foreman reserves this for himself. The foreman also has the privilege of assigning the miner to any particular "breast" or "chamber" in the mine. If the foreman chooses, he can give the easy localities, where the coal is plenty and the waste small, to the man who is willing to pay for the privilege, or who in some way

STRIKING "BREAKER BOYS" AT BELLEVUE COLLIERY

d of the month he is often in debt to e company, and has not a dollar of ages to receive. Besides the "pluck-me" ores, as the miners call them, the com- anies provide doctors for their employees, d the latter pay a dollar a month to the octor, whether his services have been quired or not.

The great evil, against which the min- s as a body protest, is the system of age payment which leaves room for an most endless chain of abuses. In near- every case, it is claimed, opportunities e taken advantage of by the operators d their under-men, superintendents, remen and bosses. Instead of receiv- g a fixed wage for a given amount of ork accomplished, the miners labor un- er a system which leaves their earnings ntirely at the mercy of the bosses. A an never knows at the end of the day hat his earnings have been. He may ave toiled unceasingly for ten hours and ade a single dollar or even less. On e other hand, he may have worked five ours and made four or five dollars: the rice of his superior determines the atter. As has been stated, the miner is eoretically an independent business an, a contractor. He agrees to deliver t the breakers what coal he is able to curries favor with the powers.

The miner is paid only for the pure coal delivered at the breakers. It is absolutely within the foreman's power to determine the amount of impurities which the cars contain: the miner has not even the right to protest. His coal is shoveled into a car bearing his number, and is hauled away. It is then hoisted to the top of the breaker, a towering structure at the mouth of the shaft where the coal is broken, sorted according to sizes, and sent through chutes to the railroad cars. The "docking boss"—who is a checking clerk employed by the foreman—stands on duty at the top of the breaker. He takes the number of the car as its contents are dumped into the breaker, credits it to the miner by number, and docks for dirt, "culm" and other impurities. The amount of dockage is arbitrary and rests entirely with the "docking boss." In the mines operated by the railroads the average dockage is about three per cent; in the private concerns it is often twenty and twenty-five. The men request that they be allowed to have, at their own expense, a checking weighman who shall be at the head of the breaker with the company's checking boss. Their requests have been steadily refused.

Whenever a new vein is opened in a mine, the price to be paid per car is determined between the operators and the miners, according to the formation of the coal deposit. If the vein is high, with plenty of coal, the price paid is about eighty-five cents per car. If the vein is a difficult one, where the men must work in a stooping position, the price is often as high as $1.10. The decision is made in a careless, haphazard sort of a way, and the final word is, of course, said by the operators. In the smaller companies, there is always more or less friction between the forces. Occasionally the men refuse point-blank to accept the operator's valuation, and a strike is the result.

There is still one other evil of the "flexible allowance" system. A vein may at first run clear and easy, and it may afterwards lead into a solid deposit of rock, in which there is little or no coal. This must be blasted through, and the miner is entitled to an allowance, or, as it is called, a "yardage", for the rock he must remove. If the foreman is honest, the miner may make even more money out of rock work than out of coal mining. In some of the mines, the allowance made is pitilessly meagre. Men have worked twelve hours a day,—lying flat on their stomachs, in the darkness and suffocation of the under-world, to earn thirty dollars a month.

Against these and other injustices, the miners have protested in vain, and finally have rebelled. What the outcome will be no man can tell. The railroads can afford to shut down their mines for a year. The smaller operators are prepared for a long and bitter fight, for if the miners' claims are conceded their business will suffer a crushing blow. They say, probably with truth, that under present conditions, they cannot operate their mines at a profit and grant the demands of their men. The men declare that their situation is not to be endured; that if they must starve, they will do so in honest, manly rebellion against oppression. They have little money; many of them have none at all, and a prolonged strike would entail terrible hardships.

READING THE STRIKE ORDER AT THE MINERS' HEADQUARTERS IN SCRANTON

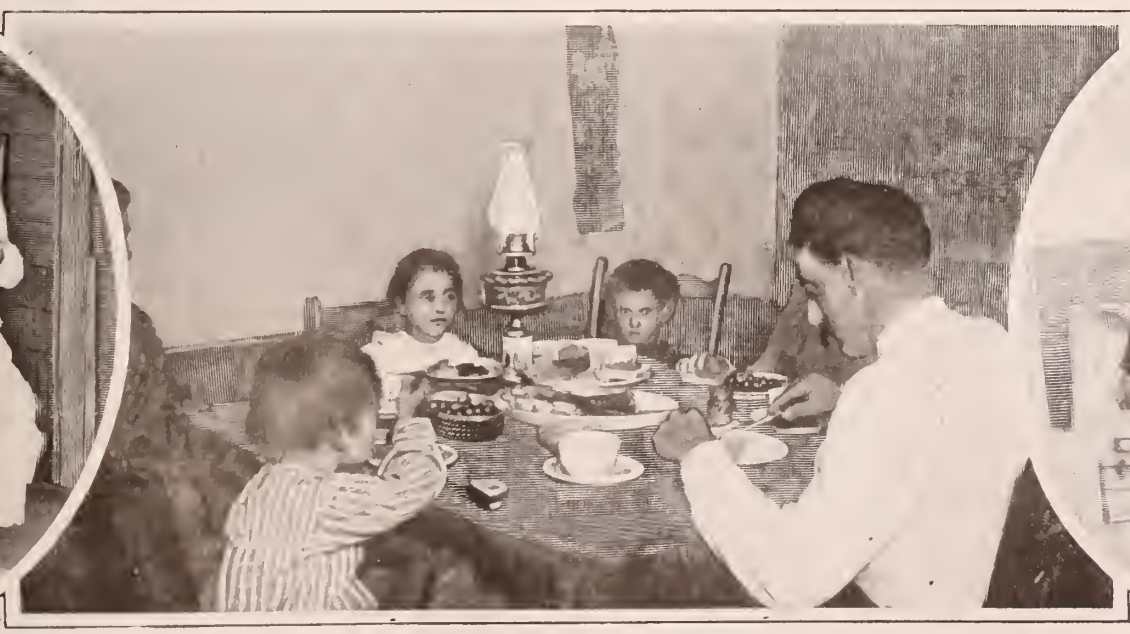
. . .

Progress of the Coal Strike

Much suffering is already reported as the result of the great strike in the anthracite coal region. Of the 150,000 strikers, many have very little savings and there are reports of widespread privations in the Shenandoah and Hazleton districts. Rioting occurred at Shenandoah, where there are many Lithuanians and Poles among the miners. Several persons were shot, one fatally, and the sheriff being unable to preserve order, state militia were sent to the scene of disturbance. Other districts will also be placed under military control.

There is no prospect of an early settlement of the strike although arbitration is talked of. Some have advocated an appeal to the President to act as arbitrator. Meanwhile coal prices have advanced generally from $1 to $2 per ton to the consumer. It is understood that the coal roads hold a large supply. John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and the leader of the strike, is said to have declared that arbitration is out of the question.

A MINER'S DAUGHTER



A MINER'S FAMILY AT DINNER

A "BREAKER BOY"

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Happy Childhood!

YES, thrice happy, because so trustful, so care-free, so easily pleased. Somebody once asked how it happened that a child could run and jump and play all day long, really traversing a great deal of space, and never asking to sit still, while grown people so much sooner gave out. The answer was: The child does the work, and lets his father take the worry. Is there not a good deal of truth in this? We older ones do the work and carry the worry too. Even in our play there is always the undertone of anxiety. We do not cast the burden on the Lord and leave it with him. We throw it down, in our prayers, in our hymns, in our exalted moments of communion, but we very soon stoop down and pick it up again. We are like a poor man who stooped down, in a recent storm, and picked up a live wire that had fallen to the street. It killed him instantly. We are not at once stricken dead by our fatal inclination to pick up what we ought to leave where it lies, but little by little our faith faculty is killed, and we go on, crippled, maimed, living at a poor dying rate, instead of being glad and happy and brave and bright like the children.

On the great East Side in New York City, children fairly swarm. They are on the streets, on the fire-escapes, in the doorways, in mothers' arms, sitting in empty carts which the owners have left for awhile, surging through alleys and crowding together thick as bees that rush from the hive. It is quite wonderful that living as they do, with few advantages of home training, for when mother is a charwoman and father a day laborer, the children must be very much left to themselves, they are so good and so obedient and well-behaved. The bigger ones look out for the little ones. Every child has a care for the one next younger. They play in the streets of course. Where else can they play? Many of the tall tenements have no back yards. Small rooms en suite in the newer and model tenements may be clean and comparatively well ventilated, but in the torrid weather we have every summer in Manhattan, they are fearfully and suffocatingly hot, and in the older, less comfortable East Side houses, the suffering from stuffy atmosphere and lack of air beggars description. The children play in the streets, and get much education there, and between the clustering, narrow houses, they look up and see the blue sky, God's sky, sometimes bright with sunshine, sometimes lit with stars.

Along comes an organ-grinder. He takes his stand on a corner, and begins to play. The tunes are pretty and catching; rag-time tunes, and they stir the little feet, and light the little faces, and presto! every ragged boy and pale-faced girl is dancing in such ecstacy of glee as warms one's heart to see. The children are of various nationalities in our cosmopolitan New York. Bohemian, Italian, French, German, Syrian, Irish, Dutch (not so many of the latter two as of the others), perhaps a few flaxen-haired Danes and Norwegians. Different neighborhoods have different peoples. Our foreign residents are clannish, and in the new land they naturally cling together. One quarter, while showing some specimens of every race, will display a large majority of a particular nation. There will be an Armenian, a Russian Jew, or an Italian settlement or colony living in close proximity to another colony from a different part of the globe. Somehow, in God's own time and way, all these are to be blended and interfused and assimilated in the body politic, and a generation or two hence, they will be good Americans.

Meanwhile, not minding poverty, nor caring about it in the least, the dear children dance and the music grinds out a festive measure and I think there are invisible angels watching the little scene, while God grants it his blessing.

CHILDREN DANCING ON THE PAVEMENT

Tall Children

The generation coming on the stage promises to be tall and vigorous. A great deal of outdoor life, and better understanding of hygienic conditions are accountable for this evident change. Spindling young people are in the minority at present.

Our Martyred Missionaries

"The noble army of martyrs praise thee, O God!"

We have thought often of the magnificent martyr roll of the ages; of the men and women, from Stephen down, who have laid down their lives for Christ; maidens torn by the lions in the Roman amphitheatre; Christians blazing in fires of hell's own kindling, in Rome, in Bohemia, in England, in the islands of the sea. Milton wrote

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints
> Whose bones lie scattered on the
> Alpine mountains cold.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." From the fierce persecutions of the first three centuries, our Lord's disciples grew and multiplied, and times, if not persecution, have always emphasized the love and fidelity of Christians.

Still, these are modern times. The modern inventions, modern appliances, modern illumination, and of science, have extended far. We have girdled the earth with electricity, and spanned its remotest gulfs with railway bridges, and we have not expected in our latest strong missionary movement that the flower of our people was to be cut down and sacrificed. Yet, men and women from America have been clubbed to death, have been beheaded, have been put to death with shameful outrage in China, and day by day more and more revolting and heart-breaking details come to us. And the native Christians, thousands of them, quiet, humble, God-fearing, have shared the martyr's fate.

Curiously insensible to the situation, the daily press speaks of the native Christians as furnishing a complication of the situation, and marvels that the missionary element insists on their being considered. Somehow civilization must confront barbarism in that great empire, and Christianity face heathenism, and if peace can be won only at the price of the sword, then the Lord will join forces with the armies that smite.

Blessed are the white memories of our martyr missionaries. Blessed are their names, worthy to live among those of the saints. Blessed is Christ's cause, for which, in an age of greed and of commercial aims paramount and dominant, men and women have been found worthy to die.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—R.T.C. Familiarities between young people are in bad taste, whether they are engaged or not. Formality is in the better taste.

—Velvet Skin. Eat fruit in abundance, especially peaches, if you long for a fine complexion. Oranges are also complexion beautifiers.

—A Young Teacher. Address the Superintendent of Public Schools in your neighborhood for information concerning periodical and other educational literature. If there is a library near you, he can probably direct you to good books. Aunt Prudence wishes you success, and feels sure you will obtain it, because you love your work.

—G. W. A light-colored cloth, either steel-gray or tan, will make a very suitable wedding gown, and, if handsomely made, will answer for many occasions after you are married. Have the waist somewhat elaborate with revers of white satin, and a jabot of chiffon or lace. The skirt should simply be trimmed with a half-dozen rows of machine-stitching. Your hat should be a toque trimmed with velvet to match your dress, with an ostrich feather or flowers as you choose. I prefer flowers. Have gloves the same shade as your gown. Light gray gloves are nice with a black silk dress.

—Bessie. For my part, I am amazed at the young men of the period. In my time, a man was only too much honored and too happy to escort the girl he loved to and from church and elsewhere, and, if engaged, he regarded this as a privilege. I am afraid the girls in your neighborhood have not a just view of their own importance and are too deferential to the young men. Never, my dear child, marry a man who during betrothal shows conclusively that he can oppose your wishes in trifles, and that he prefers his ease to your pleasure. Such a man will make a very selfish husband.

—Ella J. K. It seems not to be understood that blackheads are simply pores clogged up with dirt. Use a little cold cream to open the pores. Then every night wash thoroughly with hot water and any good toilet soap. Make a lather and let it stay on your face a little while. Then rinse it off with clean water, and use a dish of cold water finally. Absolute cleanliness will banish blackheads and most other skin excressences. Pimples are often caused by constipation, and by eating too freely of fried foods and sweets. Health is an affair of exercise, bathing, simple food, sleep and common sense, and beauty is the hand-maid of health.

IN TIME OF NEED

O BLESSED Lord in time of need,
Thou dost thyself impart
In fulness which is strength indeed,
To every longing heart.

The famished soul cries out for bread;
Thou breakest bread divine;
And, thirsting, when the feast is spread,
Thou makest water, wine.

We never ask of thee in vain,
Thou hast a rich supply;
We bear the stress of toil and pain
Content if thou art nigh.

When wearily we march along
A parched and desert land;
Thou givest grace to raise a song,
Thyself, at our right hand.

When troops of foes in menace rise,
And wrath is full of scorn,
Lo! swiftly from the rifted skies
Haste shining hosts of morn.

And rank on rank thine angels come
To help us in the strife;
And battle-field is hearth and home,
In tender sweetness rife.

O, Jesus, Master, King Divine,
Thy gracious name we plead;
For evermore our lives are thine,
And thou art ours indeed.

By pillar and by cloud, we pray,
Still guide as we go
To meet thee in the endless day,
Where life's still waters flow.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Silence is Golden

The familiar adage has its exceptions of course, but in home living, especially when people are a little irritated and ready to be vexed, silence is golden indeed. We are not always to blame for our tempers. If we are very tired and our nerves are on edge we cannot always feel in an amiable mood. There are times, for instance, when the woman who is all worn out and has no appetite, is exasperated beyond words by the finical way or the ravenous way in which some other member of the family eats. In one of the magazines this summer there was a story of a farmer's wife who had had no change for a very long time. She lived in a lonely neighborhood, and had no children. Her husband worked very hard on his farm. She cleaned and cooked and scrubbed and moiled all the time in the house. They were good people and loved one another, but they had grown undemonstrative and taciturn. One day the sight of his greased boots standing by the stove so disturbed the good man's wife that she threw them with all her might into the yard, prudently reclaiming them, however, before the husband came home to his early dinner. The couple exchanged no words, and in their case neither was to blame; only circumstances were untoward. But the wife went away on a visit to her sister, and when she returned, rested and refreshed, the home skies brightened.

Silence is golden when speech would mean quarrels. Silence is especially golden when there is a temptation to comment unkindly on others, or to gossip ill-naturedly. We never regret what we do not say, but we very, very often are extremely sorry for what we have indiscreetly said.

Silence is not golden when it is cowardly. If an absent friend is attacked, if there is reproach of his good name, if our Saviour is misrepresented, then silence is shameful, and is sordid brass, not precious gold.

Bread and Sugar

Johnny does not like bread and butter, but if mother sifts a wee portion of sugar over his bread he eats it with relish. It is often so in the case of children. A little girl I know rebels against her breakfast, but she can eat a thin slice of brown bread if it be spread with soft maple sugar, and with a glass of creamy milk she is supplied with a really nice meal. Children with delicate appetites should be coaxed to eat, never compelled. A meal forced upon a child against its will cannot do very much towards building up tissue and promoting growth.

"BOWERY IKE'S" MOUNTAIN MISSION

A STRANGE BUT APPROPRIATE MEMORIAL TO THE CONVERTED CRIMINAL IN THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS...

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will no doubt remember the account given in these pages some time ago of Ira B. Snyder, alias "Bowery Ike," the redeemed thief and burglar. Though dead, Ira Snyder yet lives in the influence that he exercised on those he left behind. While so much attention is being given to the great need of the foreign field and

IRA B. SNYDER ("BOWERY IKE")

the heroic missionary work done there, I wish to call attention to the fruitful field and the great need in the mountains of North Carolina, and to "Bowery Ike's" part in meeting that need.

When it was decided to educate "Bowery Ike" for missionary work, Mr. Walter N. Smith, one of the trustees of the Jerry McAuley Mission, furnished means to send him to Chicago to the Bible Institute. Mr. Smith was taken ill, and was ordered South for his health. He went to Asheville, N. C., and there met the Rev. Dr. R. F. Campbell, of the First Presbyterian Church of Asheville.

The great need of the people in the interior within a radius of fifty miles of Dr. Campbell's church had induced the Presbytery to make an effort to reach them and teach them the way of Christ. After having examined the country for miles around, Dr. Campbell was thoroughly aroused to its great lack of educational and spiritual opportunities. In the summer of 1898, the Presbytery of Asheville commissioned two evangelists, both mountain whites, to investigate the destitution within her territory, which comprises the eleven most westerly counties of the State. They were directed to leave railroads, telegraphs and the lower valleys behind, penetrate the mountains and highlands, and report what they found. They spent a little over three months in this way, preaching from house to house, and in the woods, sharing the rude accommodations and plain fare which the people offered with true hospitality.

One evangelist found numbers of homes without a lamp, candle, looking-glass, or similar articles of civilized life. Many of the people had never seen a town, and the buggy in which the evangelist traveled was in some places a great curiosity. They had seen buggies before, but this was the first one they had ever seen with "a hat on it." Food, often half-cooked, served on broken dishes, was frequent fare. Several of the counties have no newspaper, which alike is a symptom and a cause of ignorance. Many of the families were found without Bibles. One of the settlements visited consisted of 150 square miles, with 400 children of school age, but there was no school.

The following, an accurate description of one home, serves as being a fair illustration of many: The family consisted of seven members, father, mother, five children, the eldest daughter grown. Not one of that family—parents or children—had ever been to school. They had heard little or nothing of Jesus Christ, and hardly knew what is meant by the resurrection of the body or the immortality of the soul. They lived in a fairly good cabin on their own farm of fifty acres. Many homes were visited, which no minister of the Gospel had ever entered before, and whose inmates had never heard the Word.

When the trustee, Mr. Walter M. Smith, was made acquainted with these sad conditions, he began to set about remedying them. It was his purpose, had Ira B. Snyder lived, to have paid his salary here as my assistant in Water street, but as God has called him to his heavenly home, he decided to use the money that would have gone to Brother Snyder in aiding these poor people in the mountains of North Carolina. Last January, in company with Mr. Smith, Rev. Dr. Campbell and Rev. Dr. Caldwell, I left Asheville to go twenty miles in the mountains on the railroad. At that point we secured a wagon, two horses, and a driver, and started into the mountains, stopping for the night at Crabtree, where a school and meeting-house were to be dedicated. The person of chief interest here is great-hearted, self-sacrificing Miss Jennie Towles. Surely God has found a faithful servant in this devoted young woman. She commenced her school at Crabtree in an old log tobacco house. Children came from miles around as soon as the work she was doing became known.

After services, the evangelists drove about a mile and a half away, to the home of a Mrs. McClure, an old log cabin, well on to a century old. Erastus, her son, twenty-three years old and paralyzed, was the only one living with her then. Yet this young missionary three years ago began teaching the Sunday School Primer. He himself in one week had

OLD LOG CABIN WHERE MISS TOWLES BEGAN HER WORK

read the Shorter Catechism; in three months' time he knew it perfectly, and straightway began teaching it to others. When he was ten years old an Asheville merchant had given him a jack-knife, and he had become very expert in the use of it. He was fond of music, but had no instrument within his reach, and he undertook one day to make a violin. He had no tool but the jack-knife, but he had time and patience, and a purpose, and he made a very good violin indeed. He said: "I can't part with my violin. I love it more than anything in the world but my mother." The missionary said: "Can you give it to God?" He answered: "Yes, I could give it to him." So it was given to establish a free bed in the Asheville hospital. It was brought North, and played in the old McAuley Mission.

It was Miss Towles who had taught these folks in this lone mountain home the love of the Lord Jesus Christ; and as Mr. Smith, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Caldwell, herself, and the writer, sat around the fireside in the evening, and, joining hands, sang "Nearer My God, to Thee," this poor crippled boy, who could express himself with so much difficulty, told how Jesus had saved him.

The following morning we drove twelve miles deeper into the mountains to Fines Creek, Haywood county, where Mr. Smith had helped to build a church and school combined, the land for that purpose having been generously donated by one of the citizens. Owing to the high water, this building could not be finished in time for dedication, so the services were held in a nearby Methodist church, the people riding in on their mules from miles around. This church and school building is to be known as the Ira B. Snyder Memorial Mission. "Bowery Ike," through his faithfulness and his loving work for God, so raised up friends to perpetuate his memory that his life will be a blessing to those poor people in the mountains of North Carolina.

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CLOSING DAYS AT MONT-LAWN

LITTLE FOLKS RETURNING TO THE CITY—GOOD WORK FOR THE WAIFS—LASTING INFLUENCES OF THE HOME

THE cool days have come, and when this issue reaches our readers Mont-Lawn's latest guests will have returned to their city homes. Many tots, who, with desks secured, walked proudly into the public schools, and so passed safely under the wing of city teachers, owe ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, sturdy tread, and ability to "get their lessons well," to the outings given by our generous readers. Hundreds of children owe yet more profound obligations to this beautiful work, whose influence, we find, as years roll by, to be lasting, deep and wide.

Recently, as a company of our children were riding on a Tenth street car toward the *Chrystenah's* dock, a young lady eagerly approached the teacher in charge.

"Where are these children going?" she asked.

"To Mont-Lawn."

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home!" she exclaimed, her face beaming. "I thought so. The happiest memories of my childhood are connected with that place. I was up there the first summer it opened. I was over-age—fourteen

THE "GOOD-BY LUNCH"

—but I was taken in all the same. I stayed a long time. Dr. Klopsch said I should, because I was ailing. We were very, very poor, then. My father had died suddenly, leaving my mother, an invalid, with absolutely no means of support. I don't know what would have become of us if God had not put it into his kind heart to send all three of us children to the Home, and let us stay there till mama got better. She found work for herself as soon as she was strong enough, and she got work for my older sister. I shall never forget Mont-Lawn. Life was so dark and hopeless, and our young hearts were full of anguish and despair, with papa dead, mama in the hospital, and nobody to look to. It was like a message from heaven when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD missionary came to take us to Mont-lawn. That outing put hearts of hope in us all—it made us feel that God hadn't forgotten us. I think, too, the spiritual lessons I learned there help me in my school work; I'm a teacher, now. It seems a long time ago—seven years — but seeing these children this morning brought it all back."

Some children who went to our Mont-Lawn Home seven years ago, and who have come season after season, are entering the missionary field now, as active workers. Through thousands, the blessed influence of Mont-Lawn has been carried into tenement homes. In numerous instances report has come to us that whole neighborhoods are the better and that attendance at missions and Sunday Schools has increased because of the love for holy things which the children acquired at our Fresh Air Home.

Mrs. Packard, of the "Little Mothers' Aid Association," called lately at this office, saying: "I've come to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the delightful outing our children had at Mont-Lawn. One child gained eleven pounds. All the children who went have called on me to express their gratitude; in many instances their mothers have come for the same purpose. That outing was a god-send to whole families of little ones who went up under the care of their big sisters. Every child was needy; every one was worthy."

The picture given shows a corner of one of the long tables under the big dining tent just before it was folded away for the next summer. The little lads had not begun their attack on the plate of bread when the camera snapped them.

Protracted hot weather caused us to keep the Home open late into the season; and children, who, for some such reason as the necessity of working part of the time, are unable to attend public schools, were beneficiaries. But now our little folks are all gone; the big green lawn is deserted; the sweet tumult of childish song and laughter echoes no longer from hillside and forest. Purple asters and gorgeous golden-rod grow unplucked; the very birds seem to sing mournfully as though missing their little playmates.

But little folks call daily at the Bible House to say a word to the missionaries who were so good to them all summer, to express shy thanks and tell what a fine time they had. Sometimes they come with their troubles—papa is out of work, mama is sick; or very loneliness or lack of love at home brings the small man or woman to our doors. One brave laddie, who had shown himself bright, honest and industrious at the Home, came in and sat down quietly, tears shining in his eyes. He wanted work but did not know how to get it. A good friend of the Home helped the boy to find a place where he could study and work, too.

Housemother Collins receives letters the year round from the children who have been under her guidance at Mont-Lawn. For her beautiful influence over their lives, thousands rise up and call her blessed. Many of her children, grown to manhood and womanhood and living in distant States, remember her ministry and show forth its fruits in their lives. Our teachers have page after page of their note-books filled with the names of children whom they follow up all winter.

The following contributions have been received in aid of the Children's Home:

Prev. ack	$7,611 08	—, Agassiz	6 00
R E, Warren	1 00	—, Carlisle	5 00
A H, Louisville	1 00	—, Charlottetown	5 00
A H B, Dansville	1 00	—, Chesaning	1 00
A I S H, Wichita	50	—, Mineral Point	6 00
A M L S, Newport	3 00	—, Morden, Ont	1 00
A M P, Lark Hill	1 00	—, Port Gibson	5 00
Mrs A W, Tower City	1 00	—, Rye	3 00
B D L, Eatontown	3 00	—, Southboro	1 00
C, Queen City	1 00	—, Summer Lake	1 50
Mrs C H P, Lenape	3 00	—, Waterloo	3 00
C L D, Rochester	1 00	For Jesus' Sake, Trumansburg	3 00
C N M, Galt	1 00	For Jesus Sake,	
Mrs C P F, Georget'n	3 60	Waynesboro	2 00
C S C, Clarksboro	3 00	A Friend, Bronx	1 00
Mrs D H S, Springhill	3 00	A Friend, Chatham	3 00
D M M, Boston	3 00	A Friend, E Tilton	10 00
E B, Bonus	3 00	A Friend, Fairfield	1 00
E B S, Canastota	12 00	A Friend, Galveston	3 00
E C C, Oxford	3 00	A Friend, Greenfield Hill	3 00
E C H, Braceville	2 00	A Friend, Jamaica	3 00
E J T, Fredericton	3 00	A Friend, Lebanon	1 00
E R C, Middle Haddam	1 00	A Friend, Lincoln	3 00
E R W, Gloversville	1 00	A Friend, Meyerhoffin Store	2 00
E T B, Providence	5 00	A Friend, Milford	6 00
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F C M P, Wenham Depot	3 00	A Friend, N Lansing	5 00
F C W, Derby	6 00	A Friend, Portland	2 50
F F, New Haven	5 00	A Friend, Tecumseh	50
F M E & H V D, Chicago	36 00	Friend, Valley Falls	3 00
F M R, Sycamore	10 00	Friend, Walla Walla	1 00
Mr & Mrs F R M, Bergen	6 00	Friend of the Unfortunate, Centralia	3 00
G B, So Windsor	2 00	Friend of the Children, Austin	1 00
—, H	1 00	A Friend, Winnsboro	50
Mrs H A S S L F, Leetonia	3 00	Friend of Little Children, Gooding	3 00
I A H, Farmersburg	1 00	Friend to the Needy, Merrillan	2 00
Mrs J B H, Passaic	1 00	Friend, Frederick	5 00
J F C, Cedarville	3 00	Friend, Soudan	10 00
J F O 1 H N, Lyman	2 75	Friends, Afton	2 00
J H L, Lacrosse	12 00	Friends, East Lynn	3 50
Mrs J N C, Rome	6 00	Friends, Wakefield	4 00
J M C, Plainview	50	Friends, Wilbraham	3 00
Mrs J P R, Black Diamond	1 50	2 Friends, Wakefield	4 00
L G Y, Pierceton	1 00	In-as-much, Union Cy	2 00
L H, Tell City	1 00	I H N, Bloomfield	6 00
L M S, Monticello	2 00	I H N, Oxford	3 00
M E D, Waltham	3 00	I H N, Madison	3 00
Mrs M T, Rantoul	2 00	I H N, San Antonia	9 00
M S, Gustavus	50	I H N, Schenectady	15 00
M W A, New York	30 00	I H N, Wheeling	36 00
R, Hickory	6 00	I H N, Wheeling	4 00
R A B, Centralia	6 00	I H S, Iowa City	1 00
Mrs R H W, Charlottesville	3 00	In Loving Memory of Little Mildred, Lansingburg	1 00
Mrs R J M, Ishpeming	1 00	Total	$8,047 68
S P, New Hartford	2 00		
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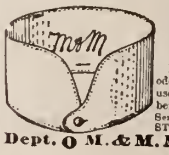
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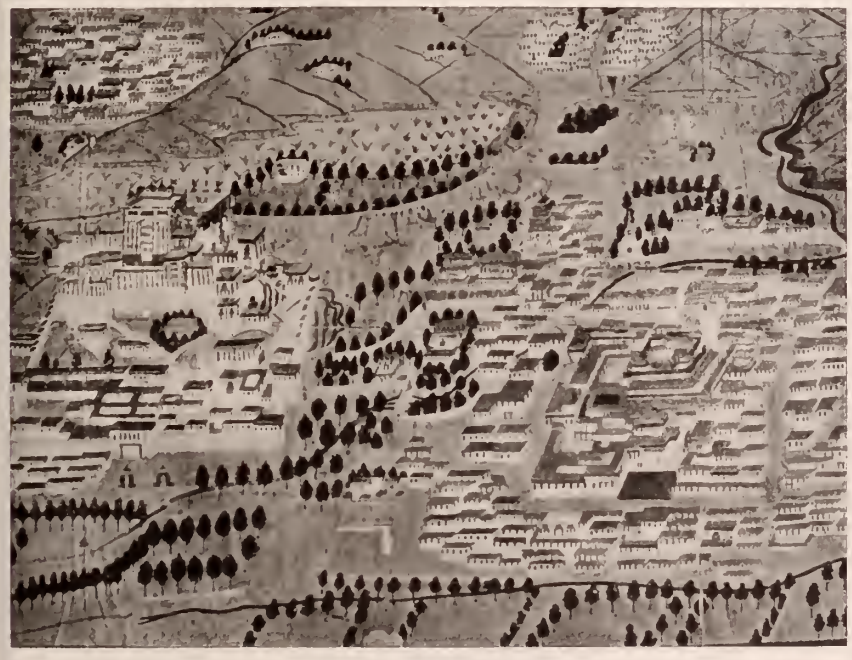
TIBET'S MYSTERIOUS CITY

THOUGH Lhasa, the mysterious, forbidden city of Tibet, is still an unsolved mystery to the outer world, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is to-day enabled to print a picture of this strange capital. This picture is from a drawing made by a Tibetan artist several years ago, and which ultimately came into the hands of Mr. Pratt, an English traveler, who procured it from a trading caravan. It is now reproduced from *Black and White* of London. Like the work of most Oriental artists, it is a mixture of careful drawing and false perspective. The large ornamental building that rises so high over all the other roofs on the right of the picture is the Chief Lamassary, the home of the official head of Buddhism. On the other side, not so far away, is an almost square block of buildings with a kind of courtyard and an inner block behind it; there is the Chinese Yamen, the viceregal headquarters of Chinese authority over Tibet. For the rest, Lhasa consists mainly in Lamassaries, the homes of Lamas or Buddhist priests, planned on the monastic method or standing individually. It is strictly not a town; it is rather a sacred congregation of Buddhism and the Mecca of that faith. European travelers have repeatedly tried and failed to enter the town during the past fifty-four years.



LHASA, THE "FORBIDDEN CITY" OF TIBET, STILL UNEXPLORED

There is no record of a European having entered it since M. Huc, who is said to have visited it in 1846. Colonel Prejevalsky tried in 1870, and again in 1879. In 1889 M. Rockhill made a long journey through Tibet, but found the way to Lhasa barred. In 1868 T. J. Cooper was turned back at Batang, in an attempt to get through Tibet to India. In 1877 Captain Gill, R. E., had to turn back at the same place. In 1880 Count Bela Szchenyi, the Hungarian traveler, led a very complete expedition into Tibet with the special object of reaching Lhasa, but had to turn back. In 1889 M. Bonvalot, with Prince Henry of Orleans, got within a few days of Lhasa, but could get no farther. M. Rockhill was again there in 1892 and found it as before. Finally we have the very recent story of Mr. Savage Landor, whom the Tibetans tortured for his attempt to reach Lhasa. Many other expeditions have been led into Tibet and have done good work there since 1846, but there is no well authenticated record of any European having entered that mysterious city of priests and temples.

The traveler is met within about three days of Lhasa by men armed to the teeth and unwilling to argue. They point him to another route—away from Lhasa. If he goes away, he may possibly be safe; if not, it appears that they cut his throat, tie him on a horse and throw daggers at him, or else allow him to get a little nearer for a severer treatment. As to passports, the Tibetan Government, recognizing its infinite superiority over the rest of the human race, refuses to consider any such undignified compromises with the barbarian.

Although the mystery of Lhasa has thus deepened during the past fifty years of travel and exploration, it appears that during the previous 500 years, and especially during the previous fifty, it was far more accessible. In his *Journey Through Mongolia and Tibet*, Mr. Rockhill mentions no fewer than eight European visits to Lhasa during those 500 years, beginning with Friar Odoric in 1325 and ending with Thomas Manning in 1811.

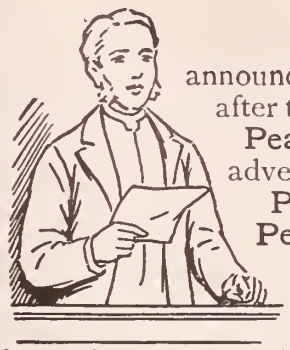
Providential Help

Every year a book is issued describing the work at the orphanages founded by the late George Muller and acknowledging contributions. Mr. Wright, Mr. Muller's son-in-law, who carries on the work, has continued the practice, and has just issued the report of the sixty-sixth year. He says: "In one respect this year's receipts have surpassed all the former sixty-six years. I refer to the receipt, on March 24, of a legacy of $90,000 ($100,000 less legacy duty) to the Orphan Fund. This sum exceeded, by about $35,000, the largest amount ever before received in a single payment. It is not, however, the mere largeness of this item that is to be noticed. The timelincss of it is especially instructive. When, some fourteen years ago, the testator was moved by God to insert this bequest in his will, what was then hidden from human ken, was 'naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do,' viz., that the year 1900, when this bequest would become payable, would, on account of a most costly war in South Africa, and an unprecedented famine in India, be a year of more than ordinary strain to charitable enterprises dependent, instrumentally, upon free-will offerings. Our Father in heaven foresaw the need of the hundreds of fatherless and motherless ones who, in the year 1900, would, in dependence solely upon his power and mercy, be gathered under the sheltering roofs of the Orphan Houses, or rather, under his own sheltering wing, and he took care that even in the time of famine they should be satisfied." The question used often to be asked, "What will become of the institution after Mr. Muller is gone?" Is not God answering the question himself?

Good-Night

The busy day is past,
The stars are in the sky,
Our tasks are done at last,
The angels watch on high.
Good-night to friend, good-night to foe,
And God be with us where we go.

Peculiar merit, wonderful medicinal power, positive economy are all combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. America's Greatest Medicine. It is the ideal blood purifier and health invigorator.



A Pastor

announcing, from the pulpit, a committee to look after the cleaning of the building, called it "The **Pearline Committee.**" That is the kind of advertising that has swelled the sales of **Pearline.** It's from people who know **Pearline**, and are using it, and who think and speak of it as the one thing necessary in any matter of cleanliness. Talk with some of these people, if you have doubts about **Pearline.** 594

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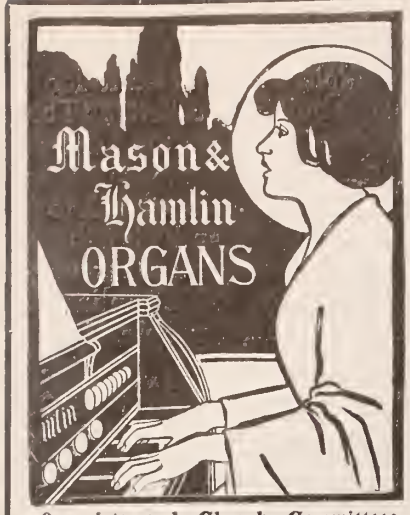
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A COMFORTING THOUGHT

COMFORT, dear Lord Jesus; comfort,
Give to those whose hearts are sore;
Those who sit in death's dark shadow,
With their dear ones gone before.
Be thou ever near and gracious;
On the troubled breathe thy peace;
Let them hear thy voice of soothing,
Bidding all their sorrow cease.

May they see, as did thy servants,
Angels clothed in shining white,
Making the dark grave all radiant,
Glowing with celestial light.
Comfort with a clear, glad vision
Of the Heavenly home so sweet,
When the loved ones death has parted
In thy smile with joy shall meet.

But a little while the waiting,
Earth shall fade and pass away;
When the night of sorrow ended,
Dawns the bright immortal day.
Oh the sweet, unclouded morning!
No more death, no sorrow-tears,
Peace and love, at home with Jesus,
Through the glad eternal years.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

The Lapsley Mission-Boat

The Samuel N. Lapsley mission steamboat, recently described in the columns of this paper, was built by the Sabbath School children of the Southern Presbyterian Church for service on the upper Congo River in Africa and its tributaries. The Congo Mission was established in 1891 by Rev. Messrs. Samuel N. Lapsley (white) and W. H. Sheppard (colored), who were sent by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Southern Presbyterians, Rev. S. H. Chester, D.D., secretary. The first station was opened at Luebo, an important trading-point at the junction of the Luebo and Lulua rivers, the latter flowing into the Kassai, one of the large affluents of the Congo from the South. Lapsley, after a year's heroic labors, died of the deadly African fever and was buried at Underhill on the Congo, where the Baptists have a mission. Sheppard is still in the field, and for his important discoveries he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England.

Luebo is one thousand miles from the coast and in the extreme southern border of the Congo State. Nine years ago when the mission was started at that place, it was in the midst of utterly heathen tribes, some of whom were cannibals. At present, Luebo is a Christian settlement, having a neat church edifice and a membership of about 300. The work has spread in that section, for a wide door has been opened and more laborers are needed. Stations have been opened at Dombi, to the southeast, at Ibanj, on the north, with the prospect of another station among the Bakuba tribe governed by King Lukenga. There have been nineteen members of this Congo Mission, three of whom have died on the field, and four have been obliged to return to America. The present force is composed of both white and colored men and women. The language has been reduced to writing.

But like all other mission fields this one has had its seasons of discouragement and peril. Last fall the Zappo-Zaps, a fierce cannibal tribe living in the vicinity, armed and employed by the Belgian officials, made a raid near Ibanj, and killed and ate many of the people. The barbarities of the state officials were fully exposed, but the government authorities attempt to throw all the blame of the cruelties and wholesale slaughter of natives in the vicinity of the mission on the Zappo-Zaps.

The government has also shown its hostility to Protestant missions by throwing obstacles in the way of further advancement, although this is in direct violation of the agreement of the powers in organizing the Congo Independent State, in which it was expressly stipulated that religious liberty should prevail and that all denominations should be allowed to conduct mission work without hindrance.

New Orleans, La. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

A MEDICINE-MAN'S CONVERSION

The Rev. H. W. G. Stocken, of the Blackfoot Mission, Northwest Canada, reports to the Church Missionary Society the conversion of a former medicine-man. Mr. Stocken writes of this convert: "Wolf Collar is a man of close upon fifty years of age, a native chief, and a prominent medicine-man. Before his confirmation he gave up the whole of his heathen and medicine paraphernalia, saying that he was conscious that they represented nothing but evil, and that he was desirous not to be a half-hearted Christian. He wished God to clean his heart thoroughly and to keep it entirely. You will understand a little the reality of his conversion when I tell you that on giving up his heathen medicine practice he really sacrificed his wealth, for as a medicine-man he obtained at least two ponies for a single case."

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"RED CHEEKS"

Other Children Have, Why Not Yours?"

The above comments occur in a letter refering to proper selection of food, from E. J. Wilson, 342 Hemlock St., Allegheny, Pa. When our first baby boy reached seven months, he began to lose strength and grow pale. He could not digest any of the ordinary baby foods or prepared milk.

"Acting on the advice of a sister-in-law, who was bringing the roses to the cheeks of her two children, by their diet of Grape-Nuts food, my wife purchased a package and began feeding it gradually to our baby, preparing it with little hot water until it was the consistency of a thick gruel. She not only fed it to the baby but herself began eating it three times a day.

"The transformation was wonderful. Within a month the baby was free from all stomach trouble and my wife's strength was completely renewed, that feeling of fatigue having entirely disappeared. Do not over-feed when giving Grape-Nuts food to the baby. Other children have red cheeks, why not yours?"

This food is concentrated and requires less in volume than any food known. Its delicious taste wins friends and the remarkable effects in the reason of any thoughtful person. It was originally prepared for brain workers, but the effect upon the nerve centres and brain is so valuable that it can be used with even nursing babes, to their very great advantage.

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ANECDOTES
. . . FROM MOODY

Spiritual Gems from the Last Writings of the Great Evangelist

Example and Influence

I HAVE heard of a canary that was taught to sing "Home, Sweet Home," by being placed in a room, when young, with a musical box that played only that tune. Moses' face shone after he had been in the mount with God forty days. They took knowledge of the disciples "that they had been with Jesus." And it is said of Lord Peterborough after spending a night with Fenelon, the great French preacher, he was so impressed with his holy character that he said to him on leaving:

"If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

Many a person who is engaged in active Christian work, or who takes a leading part in the prayer-meeting, is so faulty in his daily walk as to be a stumbling-block to others. Some times the last people to be favorably impressed by professing Christians are those who know them in their home life. This is all wrong. Test yourselves therefore, and see if you indulge in any questionable habit, anything in your example and influence that is likely to lead astray those who read your conduct.

. . .

An Emblem of the Spirit

How silently the dew comes, and how silently it passes away. And so with the rain. And they are the same the world over. So it is with the Spirit of God. If I should go to China or Japan, I would find the same Spirit as in America. I have sometimes been in a place where the very air seemed to be charged with the breath of God like moisture. I remember one time as I went through the woods near Mount Hermon school, I heard bees, and asked what it meant.

"Oh," said one of the men, "they are after the honey-dew."

"What is that?" I asked.

He gave me a chestnut leaf and told me to put my tongue to it. I did so, and the taste was sweet as honey. Upon inquiry I found that all up and down the Connecticut valley what they call "honey-dew" had fallen, so that there must have been altogether hundreds of tons of honey-dew in this region. Where it came from I don't know. It sometimes seems as if the honey-dew of heaven has fallen for us, and if any one has not tasted its sweetness it is his own fault.

. . .

The Power of Conversion

Christmas Evans, that Welsh preacher, pictures a converted drunkard coming home. The little children out playing—his own children—catch sight of him, and they run into the house and cry: "O mother, father is coming! He will kill every one of us."

The mother slips to the door and shuts it, and puts a bar and chain across it, and says: "Mary, come away from the window! Don't let him see you."

And Mary says: "Mother, I don't believe it is father after all. He is clothed like other people and he is walking in the footpath."

Before, when he came home, he would come in a bee-line over ditches and hedges, rush into the house, and knock his wife down and kick the children. They couldn't believe it was he, such a wonderful change had come over him. The devils had gone out, and Christ had come in. When he gets to the house he finds the door bolted and barred and chained and fastened, and he knocks gently.

"Mary, Mary, let me in! I haven't come to hurt you. I have come to tell you what great things Jesus of Nazareth has done for me. I have come to tell you how he cast the devils out of me."

With fear and trembling the wife opens the door, and she can hardly believe her eyes. His voice is as sweet as it was the day he married her; how it just thrills her soul! That face is lit up with the light of another world. She leaps into his arms, they embrace each other, and then he sits down and begins to tell what the Lord has done for him.

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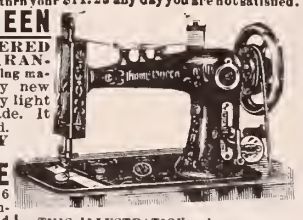

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Of Such is the Kingdom*

I.

A HOT, dusty crowd has gathered in the railway station, and is elbowing its way through the funnel at the door while the porter punches the tickets.

The hour-glass is filled with unruly, unnatural human sand,

Dropping its anxious, questioning, uncomfortable grains one by one on the platform.

But a little child joins the throng, and is sucked into the vortex.

A way is opened for him.

Men and women whose faces showed a moment ago no trace of aught but the sharpening, narrowing struggle for existence, begin at last to smile.

One strokes the little fellow's head, another playfully pulls his ear, a third shows him where to present his ticket.

Even the busy doorkeeper finds time for a friendly wink.

The travelers interchange glances, and are almost ashamed that their naked moral selves have been exposed to view.

But it is too late: the magic deed has been done.

For an instant the boy has crystallized those repellant atoms of sand into a beautiful unity,

And the little wizard has passed on, unconscious of his work.

II.

Ah me, what goodness lies buried in every human soul, waiting for the enchanter's wand!

We were each of us wizards once.

We were born such, and for a few brief years we went about turning hearts of stone into hearts of flesh.

How did we lose the happy art?

How did we sink so low as to need its ministrations for ourselves?

Can we not regain the subtle power?

At least let us open our souls to its influence, and perchance it may revive a kindred force within us.

What function is there nobler than the calling forth of what is best in others?

What career grander than that which devotes us to such a mission?

What triumph more sublime than the opening flowers which greet each ray of the rising sun?

*From *Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable*, by Ernest Crosby. A volume full of beautiful teachings quaintly expressed. Pp. 188. Price, $1.50. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

After Fourscore Years

Good-night, dear heart, good-night!
Nay, let our weeping cease;
Her morning breaks where cloudless light
Bathes the fair hills of peace.

That peace to her so dear
Has settled on her brow,
And now methinks the angels hear
Her gentle "Thee" and "Thou."

Close the sweet, patient eyes—
Why mourn their fading light?
Her vision sweeps celestial skies
Where there is no more night.

Fold the dear earth-worn hands,
They clasp our own no more;
She greets among immortal bands
Her loved ones gone before.

No dying agony
In this last hour is given;
One look across the silent sea,
One step from earth to heaven.

One little sigh for sleep,
A fluttering of the breast,
And then—oh, wherefore should we weep?
She enters into rest.

Toward this calm resting-place
Long was the way she trod;
And so we cover up her face
And leave it all with God.

—MRS. JULIA M. DANA.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Sunday Reading for the Young, an illustrated manual for the juveniles containing a great variety of interesting matter. Pp. 412; cloth covers; price $1.25. E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York, publishers.

Critical and Historical Essays, by Thomas Babington Macaulay (Vol. I.). This neat little volume of 398 pages, reproduces in a new and revised form the famous essays on these subjects: Milton, Machiavelli, Hallam's *Constitutional History*, Southey's *Colloquies on Society*, Montgomery, *The Civil Disabilities of the Jews*, and Lord Byron. Flexible covers, price 50 cents. J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House. London, publishers.

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The Secret of Success*

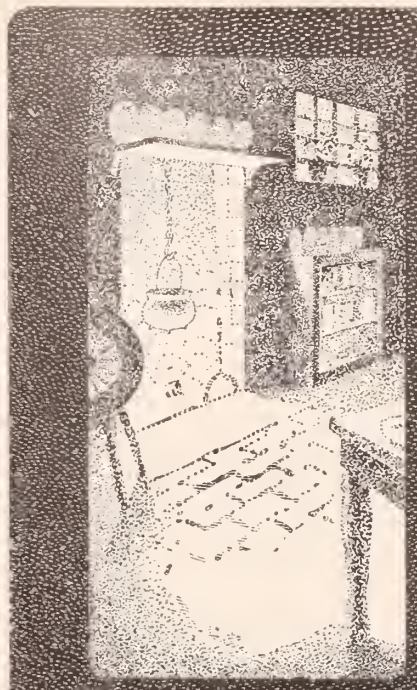
Paul's Survey at the End of His Career of the Principles Which Had Guided Him

SACRED beyond all other utterances of a great man are his last words. If he is conscious that the end is near, he is apt to make his final words impressive in counsel and warning. If they are not personal, they refer to his work, which he naturally hopes will be continued by other men and guided by other hands. We look, too, in these last utterances for some expression either of satisfaction or of disappointment at the result of lifelong effort. Does the man realize that he has wasted his life? Does he confess that he has been following a will-o-the-wisp? Now that the struggle is over, does he feel that it was not worth the making? Or is he glad that he has devoted his life to the particular purpose that has occupied him? Does he consider that he has succeeded and does the success satisfy him? If more remains to be done, how would he advise his successors to proceed; of what must they beware? The answer to such inquiries is especially interesting in the case of a man who has been regarded as a fanatic. When the world has abused him and called him fool and madman and he has persevered in spite of it, believing in his cause, we are curious to know whether the man is at the end just as earnest as ever and as fully convinced as at the beginning of his career that he was right. So when Paul the aged is consciously near death and is writing to his chosen successor, we want to hear what is his own estimate of his extraordinary life.

There is no hesitancy, no ambiguity about the answer. Paul declares himself thoroughly content with the cause for which he had suffered the loss of all things that men value. He is a prisoner in chains, suffering cold and privation; and a violent death at the hands of the executioner is close at hand; but he does not regret the work that has brought him to such an end. This is the more remarkable from the fact that it is not apparent on the surface that any good had come to him as a result of his labors. If therefore Paul's object had been wealth or social consideration, his career was a failure. He had sacrificed himself, sacrificed his prospects in the Jewish community. Yet we can see from his avowal that if it had all been to do over again, he would have taken the same course. Truly it was good to live a life that so satisfied in the hour of death.

What had been its characteristics and what its reward? His exhortation to Timothy tells the story. He does not tell the young missionary to be such an one as he has been; but he tells him what qualities he should have and what his conduct should be. This is Paul's ideal of a Christian life. Earnestness, perseverance, courage, promptitude, endurance, watchfulness, indifference to the hostility of enemies or the ingratitude of friends—these were the qualities he hoped that Timothy would have. And truly, he had need of them all, if he was to carry on Paul's work. The difficulties that Paul had encountered and surmounted were not all overcome. They would raise their heads again and new ones would come to their aid. To this day they have survived and we recognize in Paul's enumeration many of the opponents that the missionary and the earnest Christian, whether preacher or layman must meet. The congregation with itching ears, desiring to hear words that are not too personal and that will comfort them with assurances that they are safe and nothing—not even righteousness—is required of them—that Jesus has done it all—they are still with us. But Paul demands of his successor that he be bold and declare the truth and rebuke and reprove and exhort, with all long-suffering. Little as we know of Paul's life and work, we can see how thoroughly he had made these things the rule of his own career. So must they still be the rules for every Christian in his own circle, if at the last he would be as satisfied as Paul was.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 14. II. Timothy 4:1-8.



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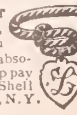
FREE This beautiful Turquoise or Lovers' Knot Bangle Ring, warranted three years, with initial engraved and a *premium* absolutely FREE. Send 10 cents to help pay postage. Catalogue *free*. The Shell Novelty Co. Dept 39 194 Broadway, N.Y.  FREE

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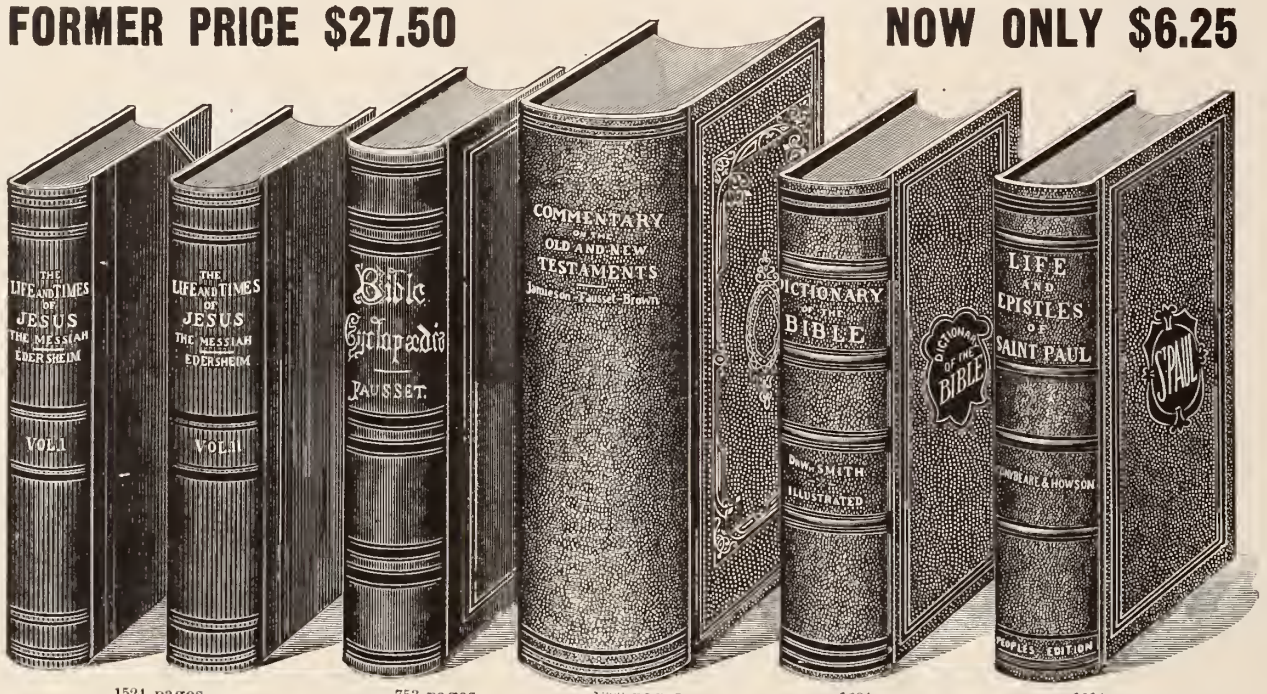
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10, 1900

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Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Nov. 7

1. An emblem used in one passage in the Bible to signify frailty, is used in another for humiliation, and in a third for sin. What is the emblem, and where is it so employed?

2. Should the Christian Church recognize as binding any other form of marriage than that which it has prescribed, i.e., such forms or ceremonies as may be used by non-Christian or unevangelized peoples?

3. If a Christian becomes accidentally acquainted with the hiding-place of a criminal, is it incumbent upon him to give information to the police, or should he leave them to find it out themselves?

4. Is it right to use fermented wine at the Lord's table, inasmuch as by partaking of it some reformed drunkard may be brought into danger of backsliding into sin?

5. Should a Christian employer be satisfied with paying the market rate of wages to his employees when he knows they cannot live upon them in decent comfort?

6. If an eagle leaving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, New York, January 1, 1901, were to fly due eastward at the rate of one hundred miles a day, between sunrise and sunset, when would it encircle the globe and return to its starting point, assuming that the earth is a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles radius?

7. Is a Christian justified in continuing in business after he has gained a competence, or ought he to retire to give other men an opportunity?

8. At what temperature does water boil at each 1,000 feet of altitude, and what is the cause of the variation?

9. What is the distinction referred to in I. Thessalonians 5:23, between the spirit and the soul?

10. Where is the centre of population in the United States?

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☞ An aged subscriber writes us that he wishes to bequeath his property, valued at $15,000, to The Christian Herald Children's Home, as his only son is a spendthrift, whom he wishes to debar from the use of the property, and asks for the details of a legal bequest. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, while cordially welcoming assistance toward the maintenance of the beneficent work in which it is engaged in behalf of the tenement children of this great metropolis, does not consider it advisable for parents to cut off their children from their rightful inheritance. A few years may regulate the young man's habits and then such a will would prove a very deplorable affair.

Better far to make a bequest of a few hundred or even a thousand dollars for a benevolent purpose, such as the one proposed, and thus give the young man a chance and a fair start in life. The legal title is The Christian Herald Children's Home of New York; but we do not invite legacies that would deprive others of their just inheritance. Indeed, we should hesitate to accept such bequests.

Questions of the Week

1. Upon what do people who believe that each person upon earth has a "guardian angel" base their belief?

We know from Scripture that the good angels guard and protect the pious: (1) in infancy, Matt. 18:10; (2) in any honest calling, Ps. 34:7; 91:11, 12; Matt. 1:19, 20; 2:13, 19; Acts 10:3, 7; Rev. 1:1; 22:6, 16; and (3) at death, Luke 16:22. But to the question above, we have no definite answer. Baier, in whose opinion the majority of orthodox scholars coincide, says: "It may be asserted with probability that one angel is appointed for the protection of each pious person, and that in extraordinary cases many angels are sent to the help of single individuals."

G. E. KRAUTH.

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Three strong influences to lead us to rest in the comfort of angelic watch and care may be found in Ps. 34:7, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them"; in Ps. 91:11, 12, "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands"; and in Heb. 1:14, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation?" We read that angels ministered to Daniel, Hagar, Balaam, Gideon, Elijah, Peter, Paul and others. This leads us to trust that they are also sent to us, and in Heb. 13:2, it is suggested that we may not always be aware of their presence. In Gen. 48:16, Abraham speaks of "the God which hath fed me all my life long," and "the angel which hath redeemed me from all evil." In Rev. 14:6 we read of an angel to proclaim an eternal gospel to them that dwell on earth of every nation, tribe, tongue and people, from which we imply an angelic ministration to each individual. LOUISE C. TOWER.

2. What is the most explicit and definite quotation of the Old Testament in the New?

Out of several quotations from the Old Testament, found in the New, the following seems "the most explicit and definite" because each word is given exactly as it is found, in three different places, and in one case the location of the quotation in the Old Testament is given. See Acts 13:33, "as it is written in the second psalm, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee;" see Psalm 2:7.

HEPPIE W. HAMILTON.

3. In conversion, is faith or repentance experienced first?

On this point some of the older divines were very definite. Calvin, for instance, said that faith certainly comes before repentance. But is it necessary to become so definite? In dealing with the action of the Spirit on the soul of man we must expect to encounter more or less mystery. There may perhaps be no absolute rule that applies to every case. At any rate, so far as consciousness goes, there will be a diversity of experience. Some are conscious of experiencing faith first—others of repentance. But while there may be a more conscious experience of the one thing or the other, I incline to think the two experiences are simultaneous. There may be a consciousness of the one thing, and a sub-consciousness of the other; so they may really come together. I think of faith and repentance as two attitudes of one act. For what is faith but turning to God, and what is repentance but turning from sin? If I turn my face to God, I must turn my back on sin; it is a necessity of the case; the two attitudes are involved in the one act; and the one attitude means faith—the other repentance. As I have said, there is mystery here. The realm of the Spirit's operation is hallowed ground, and we must tread it reverently.

REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

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We believe the Scriptures clearly demonstrate that in conversion, repentance is experienced before faith. Conversion is defined as "a radical change of moral character: a change from the service of the world to the service of God." Repentance is defined as "A heart broken for sin and a life broken from sin." John the Baptist opened his wonderful ministry by saying, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Jesus commenced as follows: "From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (Matt. 4:17). The twelve commenced their ministry by going out and preaching that men should repent (Mark 6:12). As Jesus bade his disciples farewell, his parting message was, "And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached" (Luke 24:47). Thus we find the keynote of the new dispensation was repentance and not faith. The first sermon Peter preached after the day of Pentecost had for its theme Repentance (Acts 2:38), and the same is true of his second discourse where he exhorts them to repent and be converted (Acts 3:19). Repentance and faith are both the gift of God, and our heavenly Father can bestow them at his good pleasure, but it seems to me that the Gospel and the Book of Acts place repentance as the basis of the new birth, or in other words that repentance is experienced before faith. A. A. KNIGHT.

4. Did the elders of Israel see God, as is stated in Exodus 34:10, 11, or has no one seen him at any time, as is stated in John 1:18?

In John 1:18 the word, "God," is without the article, "the." This mode of expression, therefore, means not God as a person, but rather refers to the Divine nature—"God as God." The appearances of God mentioned in the Old Testament do not come under this category. As Canon Westcott says, "Even Christ himself was not 'seen' as God. The perception of his true Divine nature was not immediate, but gained by slow processes, John 14:9. The words (John 1:18) . . . do not deny the possibility of a true knowledge of God, but of a natural knowledge of God, such as can be described by 'sight.'"

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. Since the tree of life in the Garden of Eden was not forbidden to Adam, why did he not eat of its fruit?

There is nothing in the narrative to indicate that he did not eat of its fruit all through the time of his innocence. The penalty imposed upon disobedience was that he should "surely die." "In the day" that he ate of the "tree of knowledge," which was forbidden, he was cut off from further eating of the "tree of life," and so, being cut off from immortality, he died. That he had eaten of the tree of life before his sin (as he most probably had, as the condition of his immortality,) did not suffice to keep him forever alive after his sin. This exclusion from the tree and the penalty of death seem to be identical. C. P. ATKINSON.

6. Should a Christian become surety for his friend if that is the best way of helping him, or is he justified in refusing because of the warning in Prov. 6: 1 and other passages?

The double relation of friendship and necessity makes a heavy claim against us. The warning in Prov. 6:1-4 is only a caution of prudence and practical wisdom. If it is the best way of helping a friend in need, we are not justified in refusing to become his surety by all warnings of prudence, unless we see reasonable grounds of fear in our individual situation. If our own case is such that we would be bringing ourselves to possible want and embarrassment, then we should take the warning. We have no right to put ourselves in as bad or worse plight than the involved friend. The law of charity demands of us that we should make sacrifices and take some risks, but not beyond the reasonable limit of protection to ourselves and our obligations. That is where Proverbs 6:1 applies.

C. P. ATKINSON.

7. Is the use of tea and coffee, as a whole, a blessing or a bane to the human race?

Tea and coffee both contain, coffee in the greater degree, a dangerous substance and poison called nicotine, which has an injurious effect on the mental and nervous systems. It has been proven that a man is better without than with either drink. A certain case gained ten pounds in one year, after stopping coffee; and tea has been known to produce effects (when drunk at every meal) similar to liquors.

Where tea and coffee are abstained from, better mental faculties, better health, and a better general system are sure to be the results. The inference then is that the two are better let alone. W. RAY BURROUGHS.

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A blessing without any question. Its use gently stimulates, and has no injurious reaction. Thousands of workers, worn out both mentally and physically nightly rejoice because of its restful and tranquilizing effects. Physiology also conclusively proves that it diminishes the waste of tissues, and permits the performance of excessive labor, even on an inadequate diet, without reducing the muscular strength. The testimony of the poor everywhere, of miners, of caravans on the deserts, of soldiers in camp, and of thousands of others, proves that it is a blessing. To them it is indispensable in supplementing an imperfect and meagre diet, and in relieving that overwhelming sense of fatigue which all experience after continued and exhaustive labor. CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

8. Is a wife justified in giving to philanthropic or religious work unknown to her husband, when she is satisfied that it is his duty which he is neglecting?

It depends on whether the wife has means of her own. If her husband makes her an allowance for her personal use, as every husband should, she is justified in going without a new hat or a new dress and devoting the money thus saved to charitable or religious purposes. If by her exertions in the household, money can be saved that otherwise would be spent in hiring help, that too she is entitled to use as she chooses. In short, anything that is hers by earning or by self-denial she has the right to use. She has no right to take money supplied to her for one definite purpose and apply it to another. Nor has she the right to go to her husband's savings and take money to apply to religious purposes. She will not be held accountable for her husband's negligence, but only for her own failure to do her own duty. It is better, even so, that he should know what she is doing. Secrets between husband and wife are liable to breed disunion. ROBERT WYNN.

9. What conclusive proofs exist (outside of Scripture) that death does not end all?

The belief in immortality, or an existence after the end of this life, is universal among men. This idea or hope could not have arisen out of human experience; nor could it have been suggested by human reason. It must, therefore, be a part of human nature, and, whether human nature be a creation or an evolution, whatever is a part of it must be a truth. This belief is, therefore, to the soul of man a prophecy and a revelation of its immortal destiny. Immortality is proven also by the principle of perfection. Everything in nature is perfect, and completely accomplishes its purpose, human life only excepted. If death ends all, then is man, the noblest of God's works, the most conspicuous failure among all the things he has made. It is proven also by the principle of justice. Justice is an elementary principle in God's universe, and the love of justice is innate in man. But, in this life justice does not rule. There must be another existence where the wrong and injustice of this can be corrected. If death ends all, then is truth a fiction, honor becomes hypocrisy, the distinction between vice and virtue dwindles to an imaginary line, unselfishness is folly, justice a mockery; and man, all the finer sentiments of his nature being outraged, sinks below the level of the brute; and God becomes the author of a system ending in moral as well as material chaos. If evolution be true, immortality is a logical sequence, for the universe in all its parts is an infinite progressive series, without beginning, and equally without end, and man, the flower of the series, must continue to develop into its ripened fruit.

JOHN G. OSBORNE.

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In all ages, man has felt the inward conviction of the truth of a future life. Science, logic, sophistry, cannot shake this unalterable conviction. Either God himself is immortal, and his Spirit in us makes us also immortal, or he has imposed upon the entire human race an inexplicable hallucination and delusion, which makes life a mockery, our conception of Deity a fable, religion a baseless dream, and justice, honor, love, virtue, truth, integrity meaningless words. If the latter be true, man is possessed and tormented by an active, irrepressible, irresistible desire which can never be gratified—the only instance in the whole creation of an unsatisfied want. If the former be true—as I believe it to be, absolutely—we shall be enlightened and enlarged the instant we escape from this mortal tenement, and then our real selves, with the sense of spiritual vision newly awakened, will see and understand what God in his wisdom has concealed from us during our sojourn in this life. We shall some day open our soul-eyes and say with gladness: "Lo, death is only the beginning of the greater and sweeter life, the entrance to our Father's limitless universe, where, under his beneficent care we shall find possibilities of expansion not even dreamed of in our world experience." ROBERT VYSE.

10. When two members of the same church quarrel and the minister is unable to reconcile them and is in doubt which is right, ought he to exclude both from the Lord's table until they are reconciled, or leave the matter to their own consciences?

The pastor should faithfully labor with the offending parties, and should plainly warn them of the spiritual peril involved in coming to the Lord's table in an unsuitable frame of mind and heart (I. Cor. 11: 27-30). He may even advise them not to communicate until their differences are adjusted. But with that, his duty is done. He is not a spiritual dictator; he has no right of exclusion. In the last analysis, the liberty of the individual conscience must be recognized and conceded.

J. K. WILSON.

Miscellaneous Questions

We have received several letters criticizing us for devoting so much space to the publication of individual subscriptions to the India Famine Fund. In reply, we beg to submit that this space is not devoted to this work at the expense of the readers of this journal. In every instance, these acknowledgments are made in supplementary pages specially added to the paper for that express purpose, that none of the features may be curtailed in consequence thereof. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will not receive moneys that it cannot publicly acknowledge, nor will it handle charity funds for which it cannot publish detailed statements concerning their administration. While such a course frequently entails much trouble and expense on the publisher, we believe it proves eminently acceptable and satisfactory to every contributor to the worthy causes which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from time to time espouses.

J. S., Newark, N. J. What is an Indian mela?

It is a great gathering of people in some particular place at an appointed time and with a common purpose. It may be either social or religious. Some melas are marked by gorgeous decorations and illuminations, grand dinners and other costly festivities.

J. H. H., Repaupo, N. J. What does intemperance cost our nation annually?

Our annual drink bill, that is money spent on liquor actually consumed, is $1,080,000,000. To this should be added 60 per cent. of the total of all judicial, penal, reformatory, police, and charitable expenditures in the different states, which are the result of the drink traffic—say $65,000,000. To offset this, there is a state and local revenue from the traffic of about $25,000,000.

N. S., Gunpowder, Ky. David says he never saw the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging. How was it with the beggar who was laid at the rich man's gate, and who died, and was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom?

The two cases have no bearing upon each other. David was speaking, not for the whole human race, but of matters strictly within his own experience, when he said that in his own day and generation he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his children brought to beggary.

..RED MEN AND WHITE WORSHIP TOGETHER

AT·AN·INDIAN·CAMP-MEETING

CHRISTIAN TRIBESMEN ADDRESS THE CAMPERS

ONE of the events to which the civilized and evangelized Indians look forward each year is the camp-meeting. Perhaps they have in view, not only the spiritual good to be derived, but also the enjoyable social reunion at which they will meet many friends.

The Wichita Mountains lie forty miles south of the Indian Agency, at Anadarko, Oklahoma, at the foot of Mt. Scott. The highest peak is an ideal camping-ground where such meetings are often held. This year's camp was especially interesting. Among the party that started for the camping-ground was a young Comanche girl, named Sarah, whose baby died the previous night. The party came driving up to the mission, asking that a service be held before taking the baby for burial. A trunk was lifted from the wagon and placed upon two chairs. A blanket had been placed in the bottom of the trunk, on which the poor little Indian baby was tenderly laid, and then all that had belonged to the child was put in the trunk. When the service was about to begin, the cover was closed and the trunk locked. It was a sad group of Indian women with tear-stained faces that gathered there, for Indians really love their children.

A CAMP-MEETING OF RED MEN IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY

All morning the great, heavy covered wagon, laden with bedding, edibles and precious live freight dragged along over the almost level prairie. Mt. Scott soon peered above the horizon a faint, bluish cloud which grew brighter as the day grew older. At noon, and eighteen miles out, we came to Cache Creek, where we rested under the small trees which in this part of the country grow only on the banks of the little streams. We camped about two hours, refreshing both the outer and inner man. The horses, after eating, rolled in the water and soon were in the harness again ready to travel with renewed energy. On and on we went in the hot sun, with a hot wind blowing constantly. Cold water was our only desire and this was granted when we came to a Presbyterian Mission Station—an oasis in a desert. Here we "tanked up," little dreaming that it would be our last good water for days to come. Going still onward over what a few years ago was called the "Great American Desert," but which is now a part of Oklahoma, we came at last to the far-off mountains of the morning. The road through the mountains was very rough; the strata stood vertically with little soil in the crevices where the long grass grew in perfectly even rows. There were no trees. Passing through the last valley, a grand view of Mt. Scott surprised us by its nearness. As we came to the foot of the mountain, we saw a little Methodist Church, apparently miles from anywhere. The wilderness had indeed "blossomed as the rose." We soon descried the Indian camps and knew that our journey was ended.

While supper was being prepared, we roamed among the camps and found them a very comfortable set of semi-civilized Indians. Their arbors were well-built and thickly covered with branches. Indians carry all their possessions with them, and under one arbor there were two sewing machines in operation. Supper was just ready and the rest of the family were seated at the table which was full of edibles, principally melons. Before eating, Dompedite asked a long blessing in Kiowa. Oklahoma watermelons are not to be equaled in cheapness or quality and Indians are especially fond of them.

After supper came the evening service. Sankadota, a Kiowa, gave the summons. The air being very clear, his voice swelled strongly on the evening breeze and many gathered under the arbor. After a hymn, Pedro, a Mexican captive, was asked to offer prayer. He began in Kiowa, "Aho, aho, aho Jesus, aho," (Thank you, thank you, thank you Jesus, thank you). A heart full of thanks for the blessings of life from one having so little, apparently, certainly had its lesson.

After service, all disposed of themselves for the night, some in tents, some in hammocks, or on cots out of doors, and others, rolled in blankets, lay upon the ground. All were soon fast asleep. The first night, however, did not prove one of rest, for the wind blew, stirring up the dust and gave us an extra covering. Dust storms form no small part of the climate in this section of the west.

Breakfast was cooked over the camp-fire. In camp, "everything goes," and one relishes everything served on a tin plate and coffee in a tin cup. The water for drinking, cooking and bathing all came from a pretty little stream called Medicine Creek, which flowed right by the camp. Here the horses rolled and drank; here the children, Indian and white, waded and swam, and here we all drank in one and the same place. The water was warm, too, but it was a swift little current that was always clear. Indian children are children of nature, and it was a perfect delight to see how quickly they could slip off the one garment from their brown, chubby bodies, dive and swim and splash and then spring out on the bank and into their clothes again. They often jump in with their clothes on, and then sit in the sunshine to dry off, only to try it over again. Their fun was the most unaffected to be imagined.

Sankadota's call "*Bacoholda!*" ("come here") again summoned us. It was indeed a strange audience. Most of the men had long hair, though dressed in civilized clothing. One man had on a buckskin suit, wore dark glasses and carried a fancy fan. The women, almost without exception, wore Indian clothes. One fully realized that God is no respecter of persons, for there were in this religious assemblage whites, several tribes of Indians — Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches—and Mexicans representing the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, and many identified with no particular church.

Next day was Sunday, and even in camp, miles and miles away from the busy life of the world, the atmosphere seemed permeated with the stillness and rest peculiar to the day. The call by faithful "brother" Sankadota again rang out solemnly on the quiet, and one felt drawn irresistibly to go to church. The congregation presented a Sunday appearance. The men had their glossy black hair smoothly brushed, twisted with bright ribbons or worsted, one strand hanging over each shoulder in front, the scalp lock finely braided and hanging down behind. There were a few men wearing blankets, and there were several white shirts and collars, and all had on neckties. One Indian wore tan shoes, another a white shirt that had been washed but not ironed. The women were very neat, clean and attractive in their bright calicos and gorgeous shawls. Kiowa hymns, both words and music composed by the Indians were sung in perfect time with the rhythm peculiar to Indian music. The men have wonderfully deep, bass voices, while the women sing in a fine falsetto. The Indians were told they might "talk just a little, so a good many could have a chance." In a short time the talks began to lengthen and the morning was soon gone. We understood but little, but the interpreter gave us glimpses now and then, and without exception each said he was "trying every day to walk the Jesus road." While service was in session, Dompedite rose from her place and went quietly among the people, shaking hands and causing no interruption. The minister, who expected to do a little of the talking himself, was entirely cut out, for when Luther, a fine specimen of an educated Kiowa, was asked the time, he took out a gold watch, the only timepiece in camp, saying it was twelve o'clock.

Four babies were baptized at the afternoon meeting. The chubbiest of all was little Thomas, whose surname is Cat. One little girl was called Emma, and as the drops fell from the minister's hand, she put out her little tongue, catching them one by one, so the minister paused to give the baby a drink. She smiled and drew herself up ready to spring with glee out of her mother's arms.

There was service again in the evening. Dompedite wished to speak, and came forward to face the people, and talked a long time. When she finished she not only shook hands, but surprised many, especially the white people, by suddenly throwing her arms about them and kissing them. Next day the Indians began to show signs of unrest and breaking-up camp. A picnic at Chickasha, a town sixty miles away, was the attraction. Sankadota was asked if many were going. He being a Methodist, said, "No, the Christians, they stay, but the others, pretty soon they all go."

While we were eating dinner Pedro happened to come along, and was invited to sit down too. He was asked many questions about himself. He is a Mexican, and was captured by the Kiowas when a small boy, and has lived with them ever since. In the Indian warfare of 1875 he was taken prisoner, and was one of those sent to Florida for three years. The boys had been fishing, and "fish stories" were in order. Pedro listened, and then took his turn, saying, "One time, Indians on war-path, heap hungry, pretty soon killed big turtle. Three hundred Indians just eat half."

A COMANCHE MOTHER AND BABE — DOMPEDITE AND HER HUSBAND, GAWKEY — KIOWA LITTLE FOLKS — KIOWA AUNT AND CHILD

At the evening farewell service, which was well-attended, several were just a little sleepy, among them Pedro. The good Sankadota, ever alert, suddenly arose, walked straight to Pedro, giving him a good shaking, which soon brought him back to listen to the sermon. A good work was not only wrought upon Pedro, but it had the effect of arousing all dull listeners. After service, the hearty handshakes and cordial good-bys were indeed a more than enjoyable feature of the meeting, for the brotherhood of man between red and white was sealed with Christian love. Breaking camp next morning, we retraced the forty miles that lay between us and the agency.

Anadarko, Okla. IDA A. ROFF.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Towards Evening

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Luke 24: 29: . . . . . Abide with us; for it is towards evening.

TWO villagers having concluded their errand in Jerusalem have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way, a stranger accosts them. They tell him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware have come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. Night is coming on, and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there, and continue their pleasant conversation? They take him by the arm and they insist upon his coming in, addressing him in the words: "Abide with us; for it is towards evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant socialities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and he hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the astounded people—it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, he vanished. He was gone.

The Evening of Old Age

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after a while near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak, many of us stand in the very hour described in the text: "For it is towards evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some in every community. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like others to remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say: "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite as much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stop on the down-grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight loses its power to glance and gather up, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in olden times broke up the silence of the deaf. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers: "Abide with us; for it is towards evening." The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good-natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us up, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt

The Grapple of Temptation

Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian graces retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour. You can unhorse the sin that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battle-ax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen-gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm, when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition—who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers: "Abide with us; for it is towards evening."

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble; but there are times when

Approaching Sorrow

is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit-gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see just how you stood with the world. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible, happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may to-day be going on in business, but you feel anxious about where you are standing, and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

Trouble is an apothecary that mixes a great many draughts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many packs, and you must carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screw-driver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard: it is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to him for shelter.

Let the Night Swoop

and the dread Euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roll—soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe his friends. Christ on the sea to stop its tumult. Christ in the grave to scatter the darkness. Christ in the heavens to lead the way. Blessed all such. His arms will enclose them, his grace comfort them, his light cheer them, his sacrifice free them, his glory enchant them. If earthly estate take wings, he will be an incorruptible treasure. If friends die, he will be their resurrection. Standing with us in the morning of our joy and in the noonday of our prosperity, he will not forsake us when the lustre has faded and it is toward evening.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all, from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail and

The Eyes Will Close

and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet or it may be dark night, and

While the Owl is Hooting

from the forest. It may be spring and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn, and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail-train, shot off the switch, and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode; but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours: three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left: five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left: four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. No throb. No life. Still! Still!

On earth, with many of you, the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day, that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun, you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! What if the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the day-spring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ransomed spirit. What if the darkness comes? Jesus is

The Light of the World

and of heaven. What though this earthly house crumbles? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the light that is never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more by evil names. Your good deeds will not longer be misinterpreted or your honor filched. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of heaven! Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted! You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march! Toward evening. Death will come, sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky will take on its sunset glow, every cloud a fire-psalm, every lake a glassy mirror; the forests transfigured; delicate mists climbing the air. Your friends will announce it; your pulses will beat it; your joys will ring it; your lips will whisper it: "Toward evening."

THE WONDERFUL TABULATING MACHINE

THE GENERAL WORKROOM WHERE ALL THE CARDS ARE HANDLED

PUNCHING THE CENSUS CARDS

Over 75,000,000 Separate Cards Handled

SUMMING UP OUR 12TH CENSUS

A Machine With Almost Human Intelligence

THE expenditure of over fifteen million dollars; the employment of about forty thousand people, enumerators, whose work is finished, and 3,300 clerks and mechanical operators now at work; the visiting of over 75,000,000 people, scattered over nearly 4,000,000 square miles of territory; the arranging of immense amounts of information obtained; and the final publishing after years of work, of the many large volumes which will contain valuable data collected—these may be numbered among the requirements for putting into shape the "Business History" of the United States, better known as the "Twelfth Census."

There is to be no unnecessary delay in placing this history before the people. Congress has decreed that the most important part, embracing agriculture, manufactures, population and mortality must be published by July, 1902. Other volumes will follow as quickly as possible. It took nearly nine years to complete the work of the 1880 census, and about seven for that of the eleventh. The main subjects treated in the twenty-six volumes of the latter are agriculture, manufactures, population, vital and social statistics, wealth, debt and taxation, occupations, selected industries, statistics of cities, transportation statistics, real estate and mortgages, insurance, mineral industries, farms, homes and proprietorship; the insane, feeble-minded, deaf, dumb and blind; crime, pauperism and benevolence. Now, that we have seen some of the results of census work, let us take a look into the building at Washington, where the twelfth census is in process of completion. Glancing over the two main lower rooms, each 214 feet long by 130 feet wide, one beholds a human beehive or woman hive. Sitting about three feet apart are more than a thousand people engaged in the machine work that makes the twelfth census so largely a mechanical operation. Notwithstanding the seemingly crowded condition of the rooms, there is ample working space and good ventilation. One hundred electric 16-inch fans will furnish, according to need, cool air at the rate of 120,000 cubic feet a minute; air is changed every eight minutes. In punching and tabulating cards, women seem to be more expert than men; they learn the machine method very readily and are rapid workers. Their pay is graded by amount of work performed, after beginning at $50 a month. When capable of finishing about 120 cards an hour the pay rises to $60 a month, 140 cards an hour increases this to $75, and higher numbers simply contribute to maintaining the salary at $900 a year.

The system of punching and tabulating information cards by machinery has wonderfully simplified census work, and it saves Uncle Sam a large amount of money which, without the apparatus, would be required to pay clerical workers. When the work of tabulating is finished over 75,000,000 separate cards, one for each inhabitant of the United States containing their sign records, will have passed through these machines. On the card is printed in spaced divisions the letters and figures representing place of birth, age, sex, color; birth-place of father, mother; whether single, married, or divorced; number of children; occupation, months employed; literacy, language; whether naturalized, and the enumeration district. The card is first put through the keyboard punch, which has a swinging arm ranging over a celluloid keyboard perforated with small holes, each hole corresponding to a letter or figure sign on the printed information card. The latter is placed back of the keyboard, the finger of the swinging arm pressed down into one of the holes of the board, and the punch, set midway of and under the arm, descends and cuts out the sign indicated. If, for instance, the subject of the enumerator's "copy" is a widow, the arm finger engages the perforation in the celluloid marked "Wd." and the punch cuts the card at the widow sign. If a person has been divorced, "D" is punched, and so on until the card receives all its record holes. Ages, numbers, and amounts are indicated by figures; sex, names of places, etc., by letters. When machines have finished with the cards they are kept in their enumeration districts, and then are further punched to show the civil division, of which the enumeration district formed a part by a "gang-punch," operated by foot-power. There are 1,000 keyboard punching machines in the Census Office, and their combined clicking is not soothing.

The most wonderful part of the mechanism of the Census Office is the electrical tabulating machine—the invention of Mr. Herman Hollereth, of Washington, D. C.—as is the keyboard punch. There are ninety-four of these tabulators, which, at a little distance, look like small upright pianos or organs. And there is "music" in them, too, for there is an almost continual ringing sound produced as the busy operator works a lever and keeps the cards going through the electric detective process, while each one is registered.

This machine, which seems to be endowed with almost human intelligence, and which certainly possesses more than human accuracy, consists, principally, of three parts—the press, the dials, and the sorting boxes. The press plate has 316 pocket holes, corresponding to the holes in the punch keyboards and gang-punches. Just over the plate swings a reciprocating pin-box, having projecting spring-actuated points. The counters are arranged along the upper front portion of the machine with the registering dials, each of which will register as high as 10,000, in sight. The operator deftly lifts the lever, which raises the pin-box, places a card on the plate below, swings the lever down, and listens for results. If the information signs have been punched correctly, the points depending from the box pass through the holes in the card, registry is made on the dial, and the card drops into a box which opens automatically to receive it. If the card has not been punched correctly the spring-actuated points meet with obstruction (one or more holes are absent) and a bell is rung.

When the work is finished the cards are found to be sorted, and their census story recorded. Imperfect cards are left for the attention of the night force, which consists of men expert in reading the card signs and in correcting mistakes.

It is very probable that the many volumes, which will contain the twelfth census report, will be printed at the Government printing office. There is at the Census Building quite a fine printing outfit, but it would not be equal to bringing out rapidly the great number of large books to be comprised in Uncle Sam's "Business History."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. E. B., Virginia, writes:
I wish to acknowledge through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD my grateful thanks and praise to him who does answer prayer. I have had two direct answers to prayer recently, one for which I had prayed for years. The other was answered almost directly. His promises never fail if we only accept them.

Reader, Ettrick, Va., writes:
I wish to acknowledge, through your paper, a recent answer to prayer. I was in deep trouble, but the Lord heard and answered my prayer, and I give him the praise and the honor.

Earnest Reader, Kansas, writes:
Surely God does answer prayer. I was very ill, and a long, long way from medical assistance—almost too ill to pray; but in a few earnest words I asked God for speedy relief, promising him to acknowledge it. I now redeem my promise.

A Follower, Pembroke, N. Y., writes:
I am another who can say the Lord answers prayer.

Reader, Providence, R. I., writes:
A short time ago I had a service to perform. It was a Christian duty. I was ready, but on account of physical inability I needed help. I could not see where the help could come from. I was troubled and told the Lord about it. I asked help, believing his Word because he has promised to give wisdom when needed. Very soon my prayer was answered and the help came.

Another. I called upon the Lord in a time of anxiety. I believed he would help in trouble as he has promised. He delivered me and I wish here to express my belief that he is a prayer-answering God. To fearful souls I can say, "Only trust him."

F. B., Montana, writes:
I prayed God to give me a happy heart and whole body, and I am thankful that he heard me. I thank him for many answered prayers.

Reader, Wyoming, Pa., writes:
I was in trouble, and the outlook for the future was very dark. I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer, I would willingly acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My prayer has been answered and I can truly testify that God is faithful.

Reader, Early, Ia., writes:
I was in trouble and the future looked dark. I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer, I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. My prayer was answered. I can testify that God does answer prayer. This is not the first time the Lord has answered mine. I give him the glory.

Reader, Mechanic Falls, Me., writes:
I wish to acknowledge in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD God's goodness in answering prayers for me. If I should write all my answered prayers it would more than fill your paper.

M. E. B., North Lawrence, O., writes:
I prayed if the Lord would answer my prayer that I would give him the glory, and would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is answered.

A. E. J., Central, Ill., writes:
I would like to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a direct answer to my prayers. God in his goodness brought me through great trouble, and from a full heart I will sing his praises.

E. L. H., Prescott, Ark., writes:
I desire to testify through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a direct answer to prayer. I praise God for his marvelous goodness.

Repentance, Sauk Center, Minn., writes:
Hoping this may encourage other readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in regard to answered prayer, I testify that although I am very unworthy, the Lord has not remembered my unworthiness, but has answered my prayers a great many times. Blessed be his holy name. He will answer every one who calls upon him in faith.

Girl Reader, Terre Haute, Ind., writes:
Three days ago I asked God to answer my prayer, promising, if he did so, to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The next evening it was answered and I now give him all the glory.

A Friend, writes:
I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer. I was in great trouble and I took it to the Lord in prayer and he has answered—has taken my trouble all away, bless his holy name. Please publish this, that it may encourage some who are in doubt.

An Old Subscriber, Hanover, writes:
I, too, wish to acknowledge a recent answer to prayer. I was in trouble, and God heard me when I called on him.

W. B. N., Duncan, I. T., writes:
I acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a direct answer to prayer.

Reader, Chambersburg, Pa., writes:
Several weeks ago, when in deep financial trouble we asked God to help us, which he did.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from S. L. B., Mapleville, S. C.; "A reader who wants to live nearer Jesus;" Mrs. A. D. P., Sicily Island, La.; G. A. M., Chicago, Ill.; M. V. J., State Mills, Va.; L. A., Hall's Mills, N. C.

· FIVE · PARTNERS · IN · SALVATION ·

The Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin

International Sunday School Lesson for October 21: Luke 15: 1-10.

"WHEN HE HATH FOUND IT HE LAYETH IT ON HIS SHOULDERS REJOICING"

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 15: 10: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

LOOKING at the whole chapter, including the lesson of next week, as one sermon, we see the five partners in salvation presented in varied illustrations: 1. The Heavenly Father's part in salvation is seen in the parable of the prodigal's father, who welcomes the lost one returning.

2. The part of the Son of God is pictured by the Shepherd, who seeks the lost one.

3. The Holy Spirit's part; 4. Working through the Church is pictured by the light in the woman's hand by which the lost coin is found.

5. The lost sinner is pictured as precious by the coin, as beloved of the Son and the Father in the lost sheep and the wayward son, but especially as a necessary partner in his own salvation in that he cannot be saved until he will say: "I will arise." To-day's lesson presents only a part of this divine plan of salvation—the soul, precious and beloved—sought and found by the Saviour and the Spirit-filled Church. The two parables we are now to study were Christ's defence against the Pharisee's charge: "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." In the last two lessons Christ was eating with a Pharisee who was really a great sinner, guilty of pride and hypocrisy and covetousness. Christ had eaten with him, nevertheless, that he might, if possible, save him. In the time intervening between those lessons and this one Christ had evidently been eating, for the same reason, with another kind of sinners, who had fallen into coarser sins, but had a better chance of salvation, because they were not blind to their own faults. They saw their own sins, and Jesus saw them yet more fully with the clear vision of sinlessness, and yet they gathered eagerly about him, because his attitude was not one of scorn but of sympathy. He,

"LIGHT A CANDLE AND SWEEP THE HOUSE"

too, had been tempted, and all these were his wayward brothers and sisters whom he must love back to God.

. . .

Every Soul the Object of Christ's Personal Love *What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them.* Christ has been called "the discoverer of the individual." His most novel doctrine is the sacred individuality of every human soul. Roman justice was justice for Roman men only. There was no justice for the Roman's wife. There were no "children's rights," for the Roman child, much less "human rights" for the Roman slave or the Roman's foe. It was a new teaching to the world, though often hinted in the Old Testament, when Jesus taught that not only every man, even the outcast, but also every woman and every child, is a son or daughter of God, a brother or sister of Christ and of every human being, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed. Greek and Roman philosophers and even Hebrew rabbis often spoke of the "common people" as incapable of receiving their teaching, or unworthy of them. Christ would not have us even use the words "common people." Better, like Lincoln, to call them the "plain people," and respect and regard them as he did.

In this age of multiplied organizations, we need to note Christ's appreciation, so often shown, of one man. As we have said, his great discourses were mostly given to one or a few individuals. Except the last part of the Sermon on the Mount and the sermon at Nazareth, when his townsmen mobbed him, there is hardly a discourse of his which was not spoken to one or a few individuals—twelve or less.

The one lost sheep is your worst boy or girl; your wickedest relative; the worst man in your village or city; that drunkard you regard as hopelessly tangled in an evil habit; that fallen woman; that imprisoned murderer. Whenever the papers tell of some unknown woman found in woods or river, victim of murder or suicide, hundreds of letters are received by the police from parents out of whose fold some foolish, wayward lamb has strayed. Such a sorrow breathes in the following poem of James Lane Allen:

My lamb is missing from the mighty fold.
And bleak the wind that sweeps the darkening wold.
Where wandereth she, so late and ever bold,
With foolish feet?
Hath any seen a lamb that's gone astray,
Caught in the hidden thorns along the way,
Or slipped adown some steep, alack-a-day!
With piteous bleat?

O thou Good Shepherd! Seek her in the path
That many a terror, many a pitfall, hath;
On her bewildered head let not thy wrath
From heaven break!
To the calm pastures of a better land,
Where all the flock are guided by thy hand,
And follow only where thou dost command,
My lost lamb take!

. . .

An Episode for Children A child coming home from Sunday School said: "Our teacher drew mountains on the blackboard, and a little square for the sheepfold, and tore a little piece of paper for the sheep that went astray, and moved it up and down over the mountains till it was caught in the thorns far away, and there he pinned it. Then he tore a bigger piece of paper for the shepherd and moved that all over the mountains, hunting for the lost sheep, till at last he found it. And then he took both pieces together straight back to the fold. Oh, mama, it was just like a truly shepherd and sheep. We were all so glad when he found the sheep and brought it back!"

Let us not think the lost sheep means only the immoral. To the eye of the sinless Christ, the most respectable of unsaved souls, in its proud rejection of the love of God, is as black as the vicious and criminal seem to us. Is it nothing for a son to be ungrateful to his Father? Is it a trifle to continue day after day in treasonable revolt against your beneficent King?

God Seeking Men *And when he hath found it, he layeth on his shoulders rejoicing.* This is not the first time in this year's lessons that we are reminded of the supreme distinction between all other religions and Christianity. Other religions present "seekers after God," but only in Christianity do we find God seeking men. From the palace of heaven the divine Shepherd came, putting aside the robes of divine royalty, dressing in robes of poverty, and through the flinty paths of privation and persecution he walked for thirty-three years seeking your lost soul, caught in thorns of appetite, greed, lust, or perchance of pride and ingratitude and selfish ease.

Do you, lost soul, feel too weak for the returning path? His strong "shoulders" are your sure support. And presently his strength shall transform your weakness.

They called him "the man of sorrows," because of the scorn and abuse of men, but three times in this chapter and often elsewhere he pictures himself as "the man of joy." The joy of saving others overtopped all the sorrow and pain. And this joy in the next parable is shown to be the supreme joy of Christ's human helpers; also the joy of saving the lost, the joy of heaven as well.

. . .

The Value of a Boy One day a shepherd boy was keeping watch over his sheep. He whiled away the time by drawing pictures on a smooth stone with a sharp stone for his pencil. A great artist named Cimabue chanced to cross the field and stopped to look at the boy's pictures, which showed such skill that he went to the boy's father and asked that he might teach the boy, offering to pay for his time if need be, knowing it would some day be his highest honor to be known as the teacher of Giotto, who indeed came to be not only a great painter, but the architect of what Ruskin calls the most perfect building in the world, Giotto's tower. History is full of such discoveries of greatness in lowly boys. But to God's view it is a greater achievement to develop goodness in bad boys. It is well to help a lowly boy to accomplish the work God made him to do. It is still better to help a boy who is not lowly, but "low," in the worst sense of the word, to fulfil God's plan for every human life which includes goodness, if not greatness. Gifts are for the few, but graces we may all have.

Persons rescued from drowning, seemingly dead, have been restored after three hours' effort. In the wildest boy, parent, teacher and pastor may develop a spiritual life, where there seems to be only moral death, by persistent faithfulness.

. . .

The Spirit-filled Church Seeking the Lost *What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a lamp and sweep the house?* All through the Bible the Church is symbolized by a woman. (Psa. 45; Isa. 62: 5; Matt. 25: 1; John 3: 29; Rev. 22: 17). Light and oil are equally frequent symbols of the Holy Spirit. (John 1: 9; Acts 2: 3; Rev. 1: 12). The lighted lamp in the woman's hand the Holy Spirit in the heart of Christians, aiding them to seek and save the lost soul, which is pictured by the lo coin, made of precious material, a symbol of the soul's essential immortalit and stamped with the king's image, a the soul is made in God's imag There is another thought also in th parable. An Oriental woman ofte carries her whole fortune in the strin of coins, fastened like a crown abou her head, which is at once her chief o nament and the dowry that awaits he betrothed. To lose one coin out of not only decreases its value but grea ly mars its symmetry. Thus Go pictures the fact that not one soul ca be spared. He misses it with all hi millions of souls, and the Churc should not be content to leave on soul in its lost estate in the dust an darkness of sin and sorrow.

The Church's most beautiful adorn ment is not in costly frescoes or gran choirs but the immortal souls it ha saved.

Does this woman, spirit-filled an earnestly, persistently seeking the un saved, picture our Church? Is i your individual picture? Is it mine? Whil politicians are so earnestly trying to save gold or silver, and business men are doing the same in another sense, are we, who together make up the Church, equally in ear nest to win the doubtful, to convince the op posed?

A coin in the dust! That is Christ's picture of the most despised "sinners" of his time An actress, walking sadly and aimlessly along the street, heard singing, and entered the house from whence it came. A few ladies were having a prayer-meeting, and the song was

"Depth of mercy."

She remained but a few moments, and went out again, feeling her own sinfulness and sorrow more than ever. The words of the song

"THE FOLD AND THE MOUNTAINS"

seemed to follow her for hours, until they gave her hope in God's mercy, and she was saved.

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners spare?
* * * * * * *
God is love! I know, I feel
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

. . .

The whole world rejoiced when the news flashed over the wires that the brave four hundred marines of the little international army that defended the legations in Pekin with the courage of Thermopylæ for so many weeks, had been able to hold back the foe till the larger relieving army arrived. If we could see things with the God's-eye view we should be equally anxious about every sin-beleaguered soul, and equally joyous when such a soul had been rescued from these mighty foes, that assassinate not the body, but the soul. To have escaped the plots of the "Boxers" that seek to slay the soul with drink, with gambling, with impurity, with Sabbath-breaking, aye, and with covetousness and pride, is the supreme occasion for rejoicing, on earth as well as in heaven, by those who know the true values of things, the true perils of life.

Not from my foes without, but those within,
I pray to be protected hour by hour;
For that aggressive self that leads to sin,
And lures to pleasure with seductive power,
Stands ever by the portal of desire.
And mocks my spirit when it would aspire."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From even the hidden foe of selfishness Christ can save us and fill our hearts with "songs of deliverance," chiming with the song of heaven, "Unto him that hath washed us from our sins in his own blood."

A NOTABLE AID TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS

HOW S. S. LEADERS IN PHILADELPHIA ARE GRAPPLING WITH THE PROBLEM OF TEACHER-TRAINING

BY REV. H. A. BOMBERGER

EV. H. A. BOMBERGER, SUPT.

DR. TUPPER

DR. ERDMAN

WALLACE MACMULLEN, D.D.

REV. MOSELEY H. WILLIAMS, PH.D.

DR. BRUMBAUGH

THERE is no need in our day to prove the benefits the Sunday School has brought to the Church of Christ. Its value and its usefulness have been demonstrated the world over, and they cannot be exaggerated. But, howsoever valuable a movement or an institution may be, it may be possible to improve it and develop it and render it more efficient. If there is life, it must expand and grow. In our day this fact is more and more recognized. This age has a horror of ruts, and though the teachers and officers who are in the schools from year to year, while the child comes fresh to the school and finds things new to him, which to the teachers have long been familiar, even the child ought not to feel that the school is doing only routine work. The world is making rapid progress; our common schools are giving every generation a better education than the previous one; so if the Sunday School lags behind, keeping to the antiquated methods and proceeding on the old lines, there may come in the near future a time when it will be regarded as obsolete. Our most prominent educators, as well as our Sunday School leaders, have been taking this fact into consideration, and it is now a fact that they appreciate this beneficent institution of the Sunday School more for what it promises to be in the future than for its past achievements or its present condition.

REV. ALEX. HENRY

The Sunday School is here. It is here to stay. Even at its worst, it remains the mightiest agency of the Church. Socially, religiously, and indeed, educationally, for efficient Bible teaching, genuine reform, and true evangelization, it still occupies a place far above and beyond any other Christian institution. It is by no means "decaying," though undoubtedly stunted in its growth; it is not "broken down," though its teaching may be scorned by some; its work is not at all "trifling," though it may be suffering from a certain debility. On the other hand, the Sunday School, revived as it may be, holds in securest grasp the future of the Kingdom in a very large measure. An educational system of evangelization by which are men not only brought to Christ, but also built up in Christian character, and fitted for efficient Christian service. It is more than one of the later "departments" of church work; it is the Church at work—the Church in its broadest acceptation, the whole parish at school, studying and teaching God's Word.

Its best friends, however, cannot but recognize the fact that the Sunday School as such, is not all that it should be. They see clearly enough that its present power and future usefulness depend largely on its character as an instrument of moral and religious education. Now any school is what its teaching makes it, just that and nothing more. And the character of its teaching rests in the hand of its teachers. Consequently, if these be well qualified in mind and heart the institution must accomplish its purpose with comparative satisfaction. But if these be poorly prepared for their important and responsible duty, the great cause must inevitably fall into discredit, if not into literal decay. And here lies the grave danger that threatens the usefulness of the Sunday School, if not its very life.

As a result, no movement in this great field of Christian service is attracting such attention among the leaders the world over as is the training of Sunday-School teachers and superintendents. The hope of the Sunday School as an educational and religious centre of power seems, to those best qualified to judge, to rest upon the trained worker. As the public school system of the United States has been reared, developed and sustained largely by the teacher regularly trained by normal school instruction, so the future maintenance, development and progress of the Sunday School will depend largely upon the normal trained teacher.

The Philadelphia County Sabbath School Association, the author of so many recent movements of note, fully appreciating the seriousness of the present situation, has earnestly sought to remedy it. The first efforts lay in the direction of the Teacher-Training Class, an organization connected with the local church, pursuing regular courses of study under a competent instructor or leader. These courses are already prepared; they are simple and comprehensive, relating to the Bible, the Sunday School, and the Art of Teaching. This class is usually composed of (1) teachers and officers, or (2) younger people who intend to engage in Sunday School work. There are many such classes in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Institute of Teacher-Training is only an elaboration of the local training class. At the very first it received the inspiration of the hearty cooperation of Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, now United States Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico. It was largely through his interest and active work on the teaching staff that the movement was made possible. To the leaders it was a matter of glad surprise that our most eminent men were found quite ready to help. Recognizing the importance of the work, the practicability of the proposed plan, and the high standard presented, such were willing at once to render service.

WM. H. SCOTT

The experience of last year has led to a modification of the plan for the approaching season. It will be seen immediately that this is so simple that it may readily be adapted to any town or city in the land. And it is indeed in the hope that the movement may spread that this description of the plan is given.

There are six courses of study, three relating to the Bible, the others to the school, the scholar and the teaching process. Each one of these is in the hand of an able instructor. With ten lectures in each course, the arrangement of the courses and the teaching force is as follows: The Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D., "Studies in Bible Doctrine"; spring session. The Rev. Wm. J. Erdman, D.D., "Analytical Bible Studies"; winter session. The Rev. James A. Worden, D.D., LL.D., "Evidences of Christianity and the Inspiration of the Bible"; fall session. Rev. C. R. Blackall, D.D., "Sunday School History, Organization and Purpose"; fall session. Prof. Lightner Witmer, Ph. D., and others, "Studies in the Nature and Nurture of Children"; spring session. The remaining course, "The Pedagogy of the Bible School," winter session, will be in charge of the superintendent. We are fortunate in being able to say that the public generally is quite familiar with most of the names mentioned: the first, that of the noted pastor of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia; the second, one of the ablest analytical Bible students in the country; the third, the eminent Sunday School Secretary of the Presbyterian Church; the fourth, the distinguished editor of the Sunday School literature of the Baptist Church, and the other the Professor of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania. Surely when such men are willing to be associated with the effort to elevate the Sunday School, it means well for this hopeful institution.

DR. WORDEN

Surrounding this teaching force is a reserve corps of "lecturers," made up of fifteen pastors, superintendents and professors, prominent not only in local religious and educational circles, but also in the larger circles of the nation. All these with one accord assented heartily to the proposition of cooperation in the work of the institute. Thus we enjoy first of all the splendid advantage of their good name, but also the uplift of their active service in filling vacancies and making special addresses. It may be said that this has proved a very wise provision.

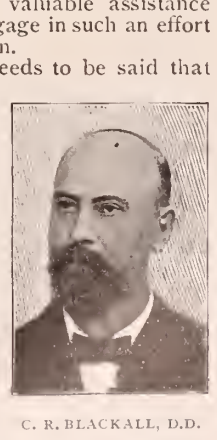
During the season that is almost upon us we add to the regular Tuesday evening lectures a special course of Thursday evening lectures to be given monthly from October to June by leading Sunday School men and educators. For, after all, this cause that we represent needs the tonic effect of the so-called Institution of Learning more than anything else. Among these lecturers will be President Weston, of Crozer Theological Seminary; Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D. D., of New York; Bishop Foss, of Philadelphia; Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D. D., of New York; President Reed, of Dickinson College; President Stewart, of Auburn Theological Seminary; and Nathan C. Schaeffer, D. D., LL. D., the efficient State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania.

The salient features of the institute plan are outlined briefly in the annual catalogue somewhat as follows: The institute contemplates the formation of evening classes for systematic study under competent instruction, with a view to thorough training for modern Sunday School work. The increasing demand for trained workers, and the great advantages to be gained by special preparation, offer a sufficient reason for this movement. The courses of study for those engaging in this important work are sufficiently comprehensive to cover the following subjects: The Teacher and Himself, His Bible, His School, His Scholar, and His Teaching. The instruction will be given by the lecture method with free discussion of the subjects presented.

The institute year comprises three sessions, the first from Oct. 9 to Dec. 20; the second from Jan. 8 to March 19, and the third from April 2 to June 13. The meetings are held in the rooms of the Presbyterian Board of Publication in the Witherspoon Building every Tuesday evening, from eight to half past nine o'clock.

The institute welcomes all Christian workers who have an earnest purpose to prepare themselves for larger and better service. The only other conditions are proper enrolment, the registration fee and regular attendance. Upon the satisfactory completion of the required courses of study, students will be graduated with a teacher's diploma on the occasion of appropriate exercises. The registration fee is two dollars, in advance. For this, an annual membership ticket is issued, entitling the owner to all privileges, including the special Thursday evening lecture course. The tuition is free, but this fee for registration is deemed essential to continued interest on the part of the student and closer application. It is moreover the institute's only source of income. The gratuitous services of the teachers and lecturers is a notable contribution to a great and good cause. And men may everywhere be found thoroughly qualified to render valuable assistance who will willingly engage in such an effort without remuneration.

In conclusion, it needs to be said that the institute is under the immediate and efficient oversight of the County Sunday School Association, of which the Rev. Wallace MacMullen, D.D., is President; Rev. Alexander Henry, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Richard H. Wallace, Secretary, and William H. Scott, Treasurer. The Rev. Moseley H. Williams, Ph.D., of the American Sunday School Union, is Chairman of the Special Committee on Normal Work.



C. R. BLACKALL, D.D.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Associate Editors

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Body and Soul

WE must remember that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects the one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome. Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian's soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul.

The Meanest Thing in the World

PROF. DRUMMOND wrote a book on "The Greatest Thing in the World," and we have heard of the loveliest thing in the world, but we have now an exhibition of the meanest thing in the world, and that is the wide and violent attack upon the missionaries in China, charging them with being the cause of the late massacres. There may be unwise men among missionaries as there are unwise men among all classes of people, but there are no wiser or kinder or more self-sacrificing people in all the earth than the foreign missionaries. They have given up home and country and civilized associations that they may help for this life and the life to come people who do not even belong to their own race. By the time the children of these missionaries come to six or seven years of age they must, for the sake of their health and morals, be sent to America or Great Britain to be taken care of. Hence the sad partings which are witnessed at all the missionary stations. These missionaries are graduates from colleges and theological seminaries and have the mental equipment for success at home, but they resign all that they may serve Christ amid privation and squalor. Their pure lives are a perpetual rebuke to the dissolute merchants from America and England and Scotland who are living at Pekin and Hongkong and Shanghai and in most of the great parts of China and India. Hence these infamous charges. The war was caused by a hatred toward all foreigners and not especially against missionaries. The war in China will close, and the consecrated men and women who have been obliged to flee for their lives will resume their work, and China will be redeemed. But this war has not only revealed the cruelty of the Boxers, but the diabolism of some newspaper men who have in editorial and reportorial columns defamed men and women of whom the world is not worthy. It is amazing that there can be found intelligent people who are always ready to accept any charges that may be made against the only influence that can possibly save the nations, namely, the Gospel of Jesus Christ whose truths the missionaries proclaim, and whose virtues the missionaries exemplify.

Consecrated Strength

I HONOR muscle. As the world's heart improves, the world's arm will grow stronger. In the millennium, what oars we will paddle, what crickets we will play, what wrestlers we will throw. We are told in that day there are to be "bells on the horses," and that means swift music and innocent gayety and sleigh rides and swift teams and liveness and good cheer and tintinnabulation.

That there is betting at these athletic contests we deplore, but we cannot stop healthful amusement because people bet on them. There are men who bet on everything. Every time the log was thrown from the stern of the ocean steamer, there were wagers lost and won. Passengers bet about which foot in the morning the captain would first put out of the door of his office, the right or the left foot. Betting about the kind of soup we should have for dinner. Betting about the hour of our arrival at Queenstown. But all this betting is no reason why we should not take steamers across the Atlantic.

For the cause of civilization we will capture the world's oars and bats and chessboards and rifles. We want sanctified brawn. When the animals passed Adam in Eden to get their names, they did not dare even to growl at that first athlete. Had he been like unto a modern specimen of weak delicacy, instead of his naming them, they might have swallowed him up, giving him their own name of lion or bear.

We want more Samsons; not to carry off gates, but to hang new ones; not to set foxes' tails on fire, but to put the torch to the world's shams; not to pull down pillars, but to build temples of righteousness; not to slay Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, but to kill the ass of the world's stupidity and inanition.

While the schools go on to build the head of the coming man, and the church goes on to build his heart, let our out-door recreations go on to build his body. If that be the coming man, the sooner he comes the better.

The Curse of Opium

IN battling intemperance, we are apt to forget that the ravages of opium are increasing. In 1876, there were in the United States two hundred and twenty-five thousand opium consumers; but there are probably now in the United States at least five hundred thousand opium consumers. The fact is appalling. Do not think that they are merely barbaric fanatics who go down under that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*. He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women — but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure one opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years had been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not for God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter —the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physicial relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief, but they both fail. The physician acknowledges his defeat. The minister of religion acknowledges his defeat, for it seems as if the Lord does not answer prayer for opium-eaters.

What is remarkable, they are going down from the highest and the wealthiest classes, and from the most fashionable circles—going down by hundreds and by thousands. The clerk of the drug store says, "I can tell them when they come in. There is something peculiar about their complexion, something peculiar about their nervousness, something peculiar about the look of their eyes that immediately reveals them."

Are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rheumatism." Coleridge says, "I took it for insomnia or sleeplessness." What do you take it for? For God's sake, do not take it too long.

A Home Service on the Farm

(See illustration on first page).

OUR first page illustration presents a scene which is not unfamiliar to many of our readers in sparsely-settled rural districts, especially in the West and Northwest. There are hundreds of farming localities where, owing to their great distance from the nearest church, the ordinary religious privileges are rarely enjoyed. The occasional visit of a preacher or Sunday School missionary is gladly welcomed; but it frequently happens that many weeks and even months may pass, during which there is no opportunity of attending a regular religious service. In many such places the good farmer, or it may be his Christian wife or some of his children, finds a good substitute in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Gathering the family and the workers together in the sitting-room, on the porch or even in the roomy barn, one of the group reads aloud to the others the regular weekly sermon by Dr. Talmage, and the rapt attention of the hearers shows how heartily the simple, earnest exposition of the Gospel is enjoyed. We have had letters from many readers living in lonely localities, far from church or school, testifying to the preciousness of these sermons, and telling how their reading in the home, of a Sunday afternoon, has stood in lieu of a service and has been productive of much spiritual good.

Our artist has shown such a gathering. Looking at the picture, one can almost hear the deep voice of the aged farmer as he reads the Story of Life. All the surroundings—the dark, cool barn, with the hay-loft over it; the sturdy laborers, sitting coatless on account of the heat; the glimpses of the white farm house beyond, with its shady surroundings, and the general air of peacefulness and rest from labor —betoken the Sabbath. After the reading, come a hymn or two sung with heartiness, and a brief prayer, uttered it may be haltingly and with trembling lips, but coming from a sincere heart. Formalities there are none; everything is simple and unpretentious. Yet the divine blessing is not wanting, for he who is faithful and true hath said: "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18: 20).

The Little Brown Berry

IT is so charming to find the flavor of a tiquity in what we eat and drink, tha am sorry to confess the want of it our cup of coffee. However, if we ca not have age, we have dignity of origin; t the Mohammedans—who ought to know say that it was a special revelation of t angel Gabriel to Mohammed; a compensati provided for the people, whose religion forbi them to drink wine. Hence Mecca reveres c fee; Medina sips it around the prophet's tom

About the middle of the seventeenth ce tury it reached Europe, and went to the Dut heart at once; from the very first dividi their attention with tobacco and tuli Charles the Second, when in exile in th country, became a confirmed coffee drinke and when he returned to England to enjoy h own—and a little of other peoples—agai everyone made a point of liking whatever t king liked. The swarthy, melancholy mo arch sauntered among the ladies of his cou with his cup of coffee in his hand, sipping ar chatting to them; and history gives us vivid picture of the bad, beautiful Dutche of Cleveland drinking coffee and rating Cla endon, and the grim Chancellor answering h with this bitter sentence: "Woman, you w one day become old."

. . .

A few years after the Restoration, Londc had more coffee-houses than Grand Cair There was "Wills," where John Dryden s loftily in that chair no one else dared to tak There was "Buttons," where Mr. Spectato grave and genial critic, reigned without di pute. "Betty's" and "Don Saltero's" an "Tom King's" call up men the world will nc let die: Dr. Harvey, lounging thoughtfull over his cup; John Evelyn, the pearl of Eng lish gentlemen; Dennis hanging up a rod b the fireplace to whip Mr. Pope for some of hi bitter, brilliant satires. Surely the coffe drank in those resorts is as classical as Ca tillian water.

. . .

America is great in coffee, as in everythin else. We are the largest coffee consumers i the world. For this there is an excellent rea son, for a curious sympathy exists betwee coffee and liberty of thought; the two hav struggled for propagation together. It is tru the Puritans did not abandon their brow jacks and flasks of strong waters for its brew but Charles II., in 1675, shut up all the coffee houses as "schools of sedition," and in Amer ica they have been, from the first note o freedom, favorite rendezvous of democrati principles and social progress.

It was at Burns' coffee house in New Yor that the merchants and Liberty Boys met o the 31st of October, 1765, and bound them selves to import no more English goods unti the Stamp act was repealed; and the Mer chants' Coffee House at the foot of Wal street was also a great political centre anc exchange. Another famous coffee house stooc on the southeast corner of Broad and Pear streets, and in a parlor on its second floo Washington bid the officers who had served under him a touching adieu.

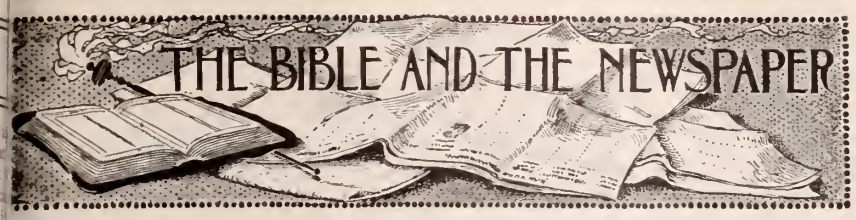
It is indeed beyond a doubt that coffee is essentially democratic in sentiment. It never is at home in any country until it fraternizes with all classes of the people. It has also a singular attachment to literature, and the men who love coffee generally love reading. Even in those cheap coffee houses which charity provides for the poor and homeless, it comes as natural to supplement the coffee with newspapers as it does to provide for it sugar and milk. And here we may notice that not only is the real origin of coffee a myth, but most of the changes it has experienced are also shrouded in mystery. Who was the great man who first roasted the berry? How did he discover that carbonization brought out its fragrance and nutrition? There is no answer to these questions. Who first found out the superexcellence of lump sugar for coffee? We do not know; but we do know that it was a Dutchman—M. de Nieukhop—who taught us to put cream in our coffee.

. . .

The moral aspect of coffee is a very important characteristic of the little Arabian berry. It is and it always has been a powerful aid in fighting drunkenness and ignorance. We all know what deeds men are capable of planning, sitting around a table with whiskey before them; but it would be far more difficult to plan a murder or robbery over a cup of coffee. Men are gregarious, and it is natural for them to gather together; but earth may put on her beautiful garments when they gather in coffee houses instead of liquor saloons.

The simplest thing in life may touch heights and depths angels look reverently into, and it is not improbable that these little brown berries of Arabia may supplant in the near century the vine that intoxicates the world, and the stir of the coffee spoon cause the Bacchic clash of crystal to be forgotten.

Amelia E. Barr



Mediation in the Strike

ALTHOUGH the month closed with the actual situation in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania practically unchanged, there were some welcome indications of a hopeful character. One of these was a slight reduction in ıe retail price of coal. As this reduction ras made, of course, by the operators, ıe inference was obvious that they ex- ected a speedy resumption of work. uch an expectation implied that they ad decided to make concessions to the ıiners, which the employers believed ould satisfy them. It could not have een based on an opinion that the Union as weakening, for every day has added ɔ its strength. New accessions of mem- ers and a general determination not to ield were seen throughout the region. It as also notable that, considering the umber of men who were idle, there were ɔ few signs of disorder. The men were nder control and were ot becoming desperate. t was known that efforts ɔ effect a reconcilation etween the employers nd the men were being ıade. One of the em- loyers admitted the fact, nd being asked if they ended toward arbitra- on, replied that at pres- nt they might rather be escribed as mediation. Perhaps it was the result f these efforts that a no- ce was issued on Octo- er 1, offering an advance f wages of ten per cent. ɔ all miners who would eturn to work. The offer as made without con- ultation with President Iitchell or the other lead- rs of the Union. In- eed, it was positively tated that the United Iine Workers would not e recognized by the em- loyers under any cir- umstances, but each firm ould try to settle with ts own men. It is doubt- ul whether this can be one; and, in any case, he men are likely to look ɔ President Mitchell for dvice before accepting ny terms. They are aware hat only by organization can they gain oncessions, and therefore they will prob- bly decide to stand or fall together. Be- ides this, a mere advance of wages does ot cover the whole of the matter in dis- ute. As explained in this journal last eek, there are other grievances that the nen want removed. Chief of these is the iscretion vested in the "docking boss," who examines every miner's output of coal, nd makes such deductions from his pay n account of rock, soil and impurities, as e deems proper. Whether this inspector eals fairly with the men in all cases is isputed, but it is obvious that he has the pportunity of cheating them if he is so isposed. This and other grievances will ave to be adjusted before a permanent ettlement is effected. We may hope that either on the one side nor the other will here be a disposition to prolong the strike n any unimportant question, but that nutual concessions may speedily bring his unhappy conflict to a close. A settle- nent would soon be reached if both par- ies obeyed our Lord's injunction:

All things therefore, whatsoever ye would that nen should do unto you, even so do ye also unto hem (Matt. 7:12).

The Train Saved

The story of a train saved from wreck s told by the Denver *Republican*. On ne of the hillsides, eight miles from Glenwood, Colo., there is a cabin close to the railroad track. The line has a sharp curve just there and the engineers of the approaching trains are instructed to whistle as they enter the curve. For some months past the whistle has brought to the door of the cabin a bright girl of about fifteen years of age who waved a greeting to the passengers as the train flew by. One evening two weeks ago, she heard the whistle of a train from Aspen, and went to the door as usual. Looking along the line ahead she saw a sight that startled her. Far along the line, and hidden by the curve from the view of the engine of the approaching train a huge boulder lay on the track. Not a second was to be lost, as the girl knew, for the train was coming at the rate of thirty miles an hour. She sprang back into the cabin, seized a stick of kindling wood, upset the kerosene-can over it, and thrust it in the stove. Instantly she was back at the door, waving the blazing torch in wide circles. Happily, the engineer suspected the meaning of the signal, and signalled down-brakes. The train slowed up, but so near was the catastrophe that the pilot of the engine struck the massive bowlder and was shattered. The passengers turned pale as they saw how narrowly they had escaped, and made up a purse for the girl whose presence of mind had been the means of saving their lives. Men are not always so grateful to those who warn them of spiritual danger, though the service is infinitely greater.

Albert I do not say to thee, how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides (Philemon 19).

A New Mooring Device

The Navy Department and the Light-house Board had representatives in New York last week to inspect experiments that were made by the inventor of a novel anchor. It consists of a disk shaped like a mushroom. It is lowered with its convex side downward and when it reaches the bottom a tube is passed along the chain and through an aperture in the mushroom-like disk. Through the tube a stream of water is forced by hydraulic pressure, which makes a hole under the disk, which then sinks to any desired depth. The hole speedily fills up and the disk is held fast. In the experiment a tug was employed with a steaming capacity of 450 horse-power. After the disk had been sunk and a chain a hundred feet long run out, full steam was turned on and the seventeen foot propeller made 108 revolutions a minute, but the tug was held fast. Not until the hydraulic force was again applied through the tube and another hole made, was the disk released. It is thought that the novel device will be of service not only in ships but with the buoys near shore which are always hard to keep in their proper places. Men appreciate the value of such a device in nautical matters, but unhappily they fail to make use in spiritual matters of the provision for their safety which would keep them from being driven from their moorings by the winds of false teaching and the storms of temptation.

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast (Heb. 6:19).

College Seals on Whiskey

The trustees of the chief universities are grievously annoyed by the action of distillers who have used the designs on the college seals as a brand for whiskey. Whiskey can now be purchased bearing the seal of any one of a dozen seats of learning. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Brown, Lehigh, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Swarthmore, Oxford and Cambridge have all suffered in this way. One enterprising distiller has even gone so far as to produce a brand which bears the familiar initials W. C. T. U. As the distillers have patented their brands as trade-marks, there is a possibility of their having a better legal right to their use than the colleges themselves. This, however, will be tested, and already steps have been taken to get a decision in the courts. The object the distillers have in view appears to be to get the patronage of alumni of these institutions by creating the impression that the whiskey is intended especially for them. It may be hoped that whether the practice be continued or not, it will fail of the purpose for which the distillers use it. If the alumni have profited by their training in the respective institutions, they will be indignant at seeing the symbol of their college put to so vile a use, and whoever else may drink the whiskey that is so marked, they will not. So will they administer reproof to the men who have disregarded the prophet's warning:

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken (Hab. 2:15).

A Maniac's Delusion

The life of a demented man was saved a few days ago in Chicago by a fellow workman. The crazy man climbed to the summit of the great smokestack of the Illinois Steel Works. He sang hymns as he went up and declared he was going to heaven. It was evidently his intention to leap from the top believing he would be caught up to heaven. A comrade with whom he worked missed him and on going out to look for him, found a number of people watching his perilous ascent. He followed quickly and when he approached the summit the crazy man saw him coming. He stopped the prayer he was making to warn his follower against coming nearer. The crowd fully expected to see a struggle at that dizzy height. Instead, they saw the crazy man quietly following his friend down the ladder. The crazy man had explained what he was going to do and his friend told him he could not reach heaven by such means; the only way was to pass through fire and water, and if he wanted to go to heaven he must come down and take that course. The crazy man at once accepted the advice and came down, and on reaching the ground was overpowered and taken to an asylum. We may hope that the poor demented creature may there recover his reason and may learn that the way to heaven is neither the way that he in his madness chose nor the way recommended by the friend who saved him from destruction, but the way of Christ.

Say not who shall ascend into heaven; nor who shall descend into the deep. But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart (Rom. 10:6-8).

Venus in Photography

A press dispatch from Geneva, N. Y., reports an interesting experiment in photography. It states that Dr. William R. Brooks, who was among the first astronomers to realize the value of photography in astronomical research, conceived the idea that the chemical properties which give the sun's rays the power to take pictures, existed also in the light of the planets. To test this theory he so covered the dome of his observatory as to admit only the light of the planet Venus. The time chosen was the darkest hour of the night, just before dawn, when Venus had risen and was shedding its still light in the heavens. His camera and the objects to be photographed were ready. As soon as the light from the planet entered through the opening in the dome the experiment began. The action of the light proved to be even stronger than he had anticipated, and the photographic plates were remarkably clear, intense and fully timed. This shows that faint as is the light of Venus compared with that of the sun, it is of the same nature and produces the same effects. It is so with the soul of man. Infinitesmal as it is compared with the Divine nature, it may be lighted by it and give light to others.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord (Prov. 20:27).

PRESIDENT MITCHELL ADDRESSING A GROUP OF MINERS

BRIEF NOTES

The Northfield Seminary has opened for the term with nearly four hundred students—the largest number in its history.

On Sunday, September 30, Dr. Talmage preached in the City Road Chapel, London, the scene of John Wesley's labors. On October 7 he preached in Belfast, Ireland.

Onofra Padilla of the Y. M. C. A. of Lawrence, Kan., writes that he would gladly receive copies of this journal and of illustrated magazines, for use in a reading-room frequented by four hundred Indian boys, if people would send them after they have been read.

The fifty-fourth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association is to be held in Springfield, Mass., October 23-25. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of Brooklyn, will preach the sermon. The Court Square Theatre, having the largest auditorium of any building in Springfield, has been secured for the gathering.

A sudden death in the pulpit occurred in New York on September 30. Dr. Gilbert H. Gregory, pastor of St. Stephen's Methodist Episcopal Church, was conducting service, and had just announced the hymn before the sermon, "Love divine, all love excelling," when he was seized with severe pain at the heart. He sat down, and though two physicians went to his assistance, he died in a few minutes. He had been subject to such attacks for some months past, and had not preached for three weeks. His physicians had cautioned him against preaching, but he had replied: "I had rather meet my death in that way than retire and shirk my duty in order to live longer." He was sixty-three years of age.

AT THE MARIA THERESA STATUE

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLV.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTY

Samantha Visits Royalty

I FELT that I ort to go and see the Emperor, Francis Joseph, while I wuz in Vienna. I knowed that if my Josiah had been took from my heart and presence as his Elizabeth had been and he'd come to Jonesville to see the sights and look round some as I wuz doin' and hadn't come to condole with me I should feel dretful hurt.

Just to think on't, the sweet, beautiful woman that he had loved ever sence she wuz a little girl in short dresses and would marry in spite of all opposition, and who had been his confidant and closest earthly friend for so many long years a settin' up there by his side on that hard peak with the kodaks of the world aimed at 'em, and rejoiced in his joy and sympathized in his sorrow, to have her struck down so sudden and to once by the hand of a assassin. Why, if it had been my Josiah I couldn't have bore up as Fritz had; it seems to me as if I never could have held my head up at all after it.

But Fritz had bore up under his sorrow and carryin' it along he bore also the load of his people's cares and perplexities and tried to do the best he could with what he had to do with, which is a golden rule to frame and hang up over our soul's mantletry piece and study from day to day and which is the very best a human creeter can do in Jonesville or Austria.

I sot store by him. One think specially I always liked in him wuz his humility and reverence, as showed by the foot-washing in the palace. I'd hearn about that, and wanted to see it myself, like a dog, but it wuz too late, for that takes place in April. But Robert Strong wuz here once in April, and witnessed that ceremony.

It is a old custom, comin' from so fur back that nobody knows what monarch it wuz and whose feet they wuz, and whether they needed washin' or not. But I presoom they wuz middlin' clean; they be now anyway, and the Emperor doesn't do it for bathin' purposes or to help corns, but it is a religious custom. Robert explained it all out to me so plain that I almost seemed to see it myself.

Robert said that the day he wuz here there wuz twelve old men, some on 'em ninety years old, seated at a table set out handsome with good dishes, napkins, etc., and the table all covered with rose leaves, and under it brown linen cushions for the old feet to rest on.

The old men had on black clothes, short breeches, black silk stockings, and wide white turned-down collars. They wuz seated by grand court officials, the oldest man seated at the head of the table. Anon the Emperor come in in full uniform, with a train of nobility and big court officers with him, all in gorgeous attire, and the Emperor took his place at the head of the table as a waiter to wait on the oldest old man. And then follered twelve palace officials, each bearin' a black tray that had four dishes of good food on it, and they took their places opposite the old men who set on one side of the table, some as they do in pictures of the Last Supper or some as we have some times in cleanin' house and things tore up and we all set on one side of the table.

Then all bein' ready, the Emperor took the food off the tray opposite the oldest man, and waited on him jest as polite as Philury waits on me when we have company. The Crown Prince waited on the one next in age, and each of the old men wuz waited on by some grand duke or other member of the Austrian nobility.

The Foot-washing Ceremony

After the trays wuz emptied, the palace guard, in full uniform, come in with twelve more trays, and so on till four courses wuz served, the last consistin' of a sweet dish, fruit, cheese, almonds, etc. After this, and it wuz done quite quick, for not a mouthful wuz eaten, a large, gold tray wuz brought in with a gold pitcher on it and a large napkin, and the Emperor knelt and poured a little water on the old man's foot, and wiped it on the napkin. It wuzn't very dirty, I spoze; his folks had tended to that, and got off the worst of it. But he had had his foot washed by a Emperor, and I spoze he felt his oats more or less, as the sayin' is in rural districts, though he orten't to, seein' it wuz a religious ceremony to inculcate humility, and the old man ort to felt it too, as well as the Emperor. But howsumever, the hull twelve on 'em had their feet washed and wiped by nobility. And that bein' done, the Emperor, Crown Prince, and all the arch dukes, etc., havin' riz up from their knees, the Grand Chamberlain poured some water on the Emperor's hands, who dried 'em on a napkin, and all the rest of the nobility done the same.

Then a court officer come in bringin' twelve black bags of money containing each thirty silver florins. They had long black cords attached, and the Emperor fastened the bags around the necks of each of the old men by putting the cords round their necks. Then the Emperor and nobility left the hall.

All durin' this ceremony a priest and twenty assistants read and intoned beautiful extracts from the Gospel, showin' how the Lord washed the disciples' feet. Then all the food and plates and foot cushions wuz packed into baskets and sent to the houses of these old men, and I wuz glad to hear that, for I thought how they must have felt to have such tasty food put before 'em and took away agin for good and all.

When the Empress wuz alive she did the same to twelve old wimmen—good creetur! Wuzn't it discouragin' to wash the feet of the poorer classes every year of her life, and then be shot down by one on 'em? How Fritz must have felt a-thinkin' on't! If he'd been revengeful, I felt that he might have gin their feet a real vicious rub—kinder dug into 'em real savage; but he didn't; he washed and wiped 'em honorable, from what I've hearn.

I always thought that that wuz a noble thing for the Emperor to do. I d'no as our presidents would be willin' to do it, and I d'no as they wouldn't. I don't believe the question has ever been put t 'em. I guess Washington and Lincol would anyway, and I don't believe th they would have shrunk back if the fe wuz real dirty; they went through wors things than that.

Invited to the Palace

But to resoom: Robert Strong's d scription of this seen made me set mor store by Fritz Joseph than I had sot. An I wanted dretfully to meet him and co dole with him and congratulate him, bu didn't know as I should have a chanc But to my great satisfaction we wuz a invited to the palace to a big informa reception. I wuz tickled enough.

I spoze it wuz on Robert Strong's ac count that we wuz invited to the Empe or's palace, though Josiah thought that i wuz on his account. Sez he:

"Fritz is a educated man and read about foreign affairs; of course, he ha hearn of Jonesville and knows that I an one of its leadin' men, and wield a power ful influence in politica and religious circles, an wants to honor me and o my account and to pleas me, and for various diplo matic reasons he is willin to receive my pardner."

But it wuzn't so, n such thing; it wuz o Robert's account; Rober had been invited there fo lunch when he wuz there before, for Miss Meech im had told me on't ove and over. When the even ing of the reception come, Miss Meechim wuz in high feather every way. She wore one in her hair that stood up higher than old Hail The Day's tail feathers, and then her sperits wuz all feathered out, too.

Dorothy looked sweet as a rose just blowed out. She had on a gown of pale-green satin and shiffon, which looked some the color of fresh, delicate leaves, and her sweet face riz up from it and bloomed out like a flower. It wuz a little low in the neck, which wuz white as snow, and so wuz her round arms. A necklace of big pearls wuz round her neck, not much whiter than the warm, soft flesh they rested on, and she carried a big bunch of white orchids. She looked good enough to frame in gold and hang up in anybody's best parlor, and Robert Strong felt just as I did I knew by his liniment. On such a occasion, I felt my best black silk none too good, and at Dorothy's request I turned down the neck a little in front, mebby a half a finger or so, and wore a piece of lace she gin me over it that come down to my belt. It looked like a cob-web that had ketched in its transperent meshes some voylets and snowdrops. And at her request I did not wear the cameo pin, but a little bunch of posies she fixed for me, fine white posies with a few pale lavender ones. I spoze Dorothy, though she didn't tell me so, for fear it would make me oneasy and nervious, but I spoze she wuz afraid that some bold thief might rob me of that valuable jewel; she knowed that cameo pin fell onto me from Mother Smith and fell onto her from her ma. This rim of memory sot it round and rendered it valuable aside from its intrinsic

OUR TRAVELERS SIGHTSEEING IN VIENNA—THE BRIDGE LEADING TO THE PALACE

worth, which wuz great. Why, I hearn that Grandmother Smith paid as high as seven dollars for it, gin five bushels of dried apples and the rest in money. Tommy stayed to home with Martha.

The guests wuz ushered into a spacious and magnificent room. Innumerable lights flashed from its lofty ceilings and music and flowers brightened the seen. The rich costooms of the ladies and the gorgeous uniforms of the men, representatives of the different countries, richly embroidered in gold and silver, added to the beauty of the panorama. Jewels wuz sparklin' everywhere, and I thought to myself I d'no but Dorothy wuz more staid than she need be, I d'no; but I might have resked the cameo pin there. For it didn't seem as if anybody there, man or woman, stood in need of any more ornaments, and if they took it, I should always thought they done it out of pure meanness. For such a profusion of jeweled ornaments I never see, and such dresses, oh, my! I thought even before I met the royal party what would I give if Almina Hagadone could be shot down there with liberty to bring a lot of old newspapers, the Jonesville *Augurses* and *Gimlets* and take patterns. Oh, my! wuzn't they grand, though our good Methodist sisters wouldn't dream of havin' their calico and woosted dresses with such long trains draggin' behind 'em or havin' 'em low-necked and short sleeves. I could hardly imagine how Sister Gowdey and Sister Henzy would look with their chocolate-colored calicos made without sleeves and dekolitay, as Miss Meechim called it; they would blush to entertain the thought and so would their pardners.

An Amiable Ruler

Francis Joseph, or as I called him in my mind, the good crisp name of Fritz, I found wuz good lookin' and good actin'. Of course, like myself and Josiah, he's gittin' some along in years. And like us, too, he won't most probable ever be hung for his beauty. But what of that? Like others lately mentioned, his liniment shows just what kind of a person he has been and is. Honest, honorable, hard-workin', gittin' up at five o'clock in the mornin', doin' a good day's work before lots of folks rises up from their goose-feather pillers. Fillin' up the day with duties performed to the best of his ability. Good, solid-lookin' and good actin' the most of the time, though I spoze that like every human bein', he has had spells of bein' contrary and actin', but on the whole a good man, and a well-wisher to his race.

And now in this dretful epock of time, when everything seemed upside down, thrones tottlin' and foundations warpin', and the roar of battle comin' nigher and higher on every side, I felt that it wuz a great thing for him that he had the chance to hear some words of encouragement and advice. Yes, I knowed that if ever the Powers wuz in a tight place they wuz now.

I wuz the last one in the line, and so had a chance at him; I shouldn't have had if Miss Meechim and Arvilly had been follerin' close to my heels. I had said in days gone by that if I ever got holt of one of them Powers I would give 'em a piece of my mind that they could patch onto their daily experience, and tremble and wonder at it for the rest of their days. I had been riled up by these Powers a number of times, real provoked and out of patience with 'em. But now when I stood in the presence of one on 'em I felt different from what I thought I should feel; I pitied 'em like a dog. And I showed it. I mistrust my liniment looked pale and excited, though not havin' a lookin' glass present I couldn't tell for certain, but I know my voice trembled with emotion, for I hearn it myself.

I sez to him how proud and happy I wuz to see him lookin' so well and holdin' his age to such a remarkable degree, and after a few such preliminary politenesses had been tended to, I branched out and told him with my liniment lookin' good and earnest I know, and tears almost standin' in my eyes, I told him the feelin's I felt for the Powers, how mad I'd been at 'em in the past, and how them feelin's had turned into pity, for I knowed just what a ticklish place they wuz in and how necessary it wuz for 'em to keep a cool head and a wise, religious heart, and then, sez I, "I d'no as that will save you. You Powers have got so hard a job to tackle that it don't seem to me you'll ever git out of it with hull skins if you you don't use all the caution a elephant duz in crossin' a bridge. Go cautious and carefull and reach out and try every plank before you step on't."

Samantha on the Powers

He felt it, I could see he did, he knowed how the ground wuz quakin' under him and the rest of the Powerses. "And don't," sez I, "don't for mercy's sake! you Powers git to squabblin' amongst yourselves, for if you do you might just as well give up first as last, for you are all lost as sure as fate. Keep your temper above all things," sez I. "You've got age and experience as well as I have, and it takes such experienced wise heads to manage such a state of affairs, and I d'no even then as we can git along without an awful fuss, things are so muddled up." He said sunthin' in a deep agitated voice about China and the dretful doin's there.

And I sez, "Yes, the Empress and Prince and the Boxers and Mr. Lie Hung Chang has got to be tended to, specially Mr. Lie. I mistrust," sez I, "that the first part of his name suits him to a T, and I guess the middle part of his name ort to be enforced on him, though I never believed myself in capital punishment. For the public to set twelve men and a judge to killin' in cold blood never seemed to me right. A good talkin' to and shettin' up for life at hard work seemed better to me than murder—legal or otherwise. Mr. Lie has, I am afraid, acted mean and deceitful, but charity covers up lots of things, and I've thought mebby the first part of his name had struck in, and he couldn't help it. I never see how a Algernon or a Aubrey de Vere could grow whiskers and do a man's work.

"But that's neither here nor there, what I wanted to say is your name seems jest right and to suit you, Fritz Joseph, short, crisp, manly; mebby you're the very one to go on and try to straighten out the snarls in the skein of the nation's trials and perplexities, and I'll do all I can to help you," sez I.

He wuz dretful impressed by my eloquence; he acted for all the world just as Mr. Carnafeller did. He looked at his watch just as if he wuz anxious to know just the time I said such remarkable things, and I continued on, "Sister Henzy," sez I, "thinks that the millenium is comin'."

"Sister Henzy?" sez he inquirin'ly.

Millennial Speculations

"Yes," sez I, "Sister Mehala Henzy, sister in the M. E. meetin'-house at Jonesville. She sez that this is the great universal war that is to usher in the thousand years of peace and the comin' of our Lord. She reads Skripter a sight and has explained it out to me and I must say it does look like it. And oh how I do want to be here to see it, but don't spoze Josiah and I can live a thousand years, no matter how much patent medicine we take, specially as we both have the rumatiz bad, but oh how I would love to.

"Brother Meesick thinks this is goin' to be a war of the yellow races agin the whites. And though it would come tough on Josiah and me to be driv out of house and home and scalped and made slaves on, yet right whilst them yeller races wuz engaged in it if I could think at all—and of course I don't know how much the seat of thought is situated in the crown of the head and hair and whether the entire citadel would go with the scalp, but if I could think and keep my conscientiousness as I spoze I should, I should have to give in right then and there that it wuz only justice fur the white races to submit to the revenge of the darker complected, thinkin' what we'd done to them.

"Josiah bein' so bald they would probable have to take his head right off, not havin' anything to hang onto while they scalped him, and I should probable foller him soon, as I couldn't imagine a life Josiahless. But whilst I lived, and even if I wuz sold into captivity, and see Thomas J. and the rest of the children sold into distant countries, and I chained to widder Henzy, drove off west to be slaves to Hole In The Day or Big Thunder, I should have to say amidst my heart breakin' groans and sithes, it is just, it is just, we white folks richly deserve it for our treatment to the darker races."

(*To be Continued.*)

SENORA JORRIN, HAVANA'S "LADY BOUNTIFUL," IN HER HOME GARDEN

Havana's Grandest Charity

THE BENEFICENCIA, HAVEN OF HOMELESS WAIFS AND ITS PRESIDING GENIUS, SENORA SERAPHINA JORRIN

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

LITTLE or nothing is known in the United States of an institution founded more than a third of a century ago by Cubans, which is easily the most notable on the island—the Beneficencia in Havana. At the head of this noble and indispensable charity is a woman widely known in both Cuba and the United States, who by virtue of a marvelous personality and of unexcelled qualities peculiar to the highest type of womanhood, has probably done more for Cuban children and the education of those who would otherwise be homeless waifs than any other agency in Cuba, the distinguished Senora Seraphina Jorrin. To be received in her home as a guest is to find free passport to the aristocratic and exclusive circles of the survivors of the old Cuban regime, for Senora Jorrin is an aristocrat of the oiden school.

To learn of her life and work is to admire her, for she unites the philanthropy of a Florence Nightingale to the graciousness of a Lady Bountiful. Sitting in the beautiful tropical court of her stately Cerro home, where the fountain plashes musical refrains to the Senora's mild voice, one listens with charmed interest while she relates thrilling tales of war, siege, flight and exile, the brutality of Spanish soldiers and the agony of bereavement. Her story, heroic, simple, is illuminated with sympathy and love for suffering humanity, and compassion for those of whom "is the kingdom of heaven."

"I think the good God has spared me," she said with plaintive dignity, "that I might provide for some of the homeless ones of earth." For twenty-five consecutive years Senora Jorrin has been the President of the Beneficencia and the Maternity Society of Havana. Through this organization hundreds of foundlings are every year received and cared for. Certain unhappy social conditions and the existence of much mixed blood on the island result annually in a larger proportion of cast-off children than is common in Anglo-Saxon countries, and it is only through the wise and beneficent administration of this home that Cuba is not further afflicted with a consequent degenerate, illiterate and criminal population. During its long existence thousands of abandoned infants have been deposited in the basket swinging outward at the revolving gate. But once within those walls, the newcomer, whose advent was made in such sad wise, has a chance for life, for health, for education and for a practical training.

Senora Jorrin, in the course of her varied and extensive experience, has many times visited the United States and Europe. In our country she has studied the best types of similar institutions as they exist in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities; and the results of her observations have been happily incorporated here at the Beneficencia. When Weyler's reign of terror dominated Havana, he sent for Senora Jorrin.

"I want the Beneficencia for barracks for my troops," he said, brutally.

The proud lady became the supplicating woman.

"But, General Weyler, the children, the babies; we have no other place."

"If I should need your own house, madam, I will take it. Give me the Beneficencia within three days."

And within three days the Spanish soldiery possessed and desecrated the vast, well-equipped building. During the rest of Spain's reign they occupied it, and when they departed halls, corridors, dormitories, hospital, school and living rooms were in a state of ruin and pollution. The havoc of furniture and everything breakable was complete. The whole institution was a wreck. It took three months of work with carpenters, masons, plumbers and artisans to put it in a condition to be reopened. But, being endowed and very wealthy, the Beneficencia rose again, largely through the instrumentality of its President, and to-day it is one of the finest and most perfectly conducted philanthropic institutions in the Western world. All children, unless previously adopted, are kept until they are fifteen years old, being educated in the meantime and trained to some useful occupation. Then every effort is made to place them in desirable families in wage-earning capacities.

According to a time-honored custom, the wife of the Governor-General is the honorary president. The interest of the government of intervention is shown by the fact that within the past year $60,000 has been spent in improvements, plumbing, electric light and other modern devices.

· NEARLY · 2,000 · INDIA · ORPHANS · TAKEN ·

A GLORIOUS RESPONSE TO "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" APPEAL FOR PATRONS TO ADOPT THE PARENTLESS WAIFS

EVERY mail brings us the pledges of Christian men and women in various States, of Church Societies, of Sunday Schools, and even of young children, all anxious to be represented in the great Christian work of the century—the saving of the famine orphans of India. We expect soon to be able to publish the first lists of orphans apportioned to their various patrons. Meanwhile, the list of pledges lately received is given below:

Individual Patrons

"A. B. C.," New York, places a **child widow or an orphan girl** of twelve years of age in a mission school of the M. E. Church, to be trained as a mission worker.

"A Friend," Missouri, provides for **one orphan girl** in a Baptist school.

"A Friend," Illinois, will support **one orphan girl** in a Baptist school.

"A Friend," Utica, N. Y., will care for **one orphan child** in an Episcopal mission.

Allen, Miss Mary, New York, will provide for **one orphan girl** in a mission of the Church of England.

Alday, Miss Lucy, Pennsylvania, places **an orphan boy** in an Episcopalian school. "With a prayer that the child may grow up a good Christian man."

Atwater, the children of Rev. E. R., New Jersey, will support **one orphan child** in a mission of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Blakeslee, Mrs. Minnie O., Connecticut, will care for **one orphan girl** in a Methodist school.

Blakeslee, Robert N., Connecticut, provides support for **one orphan boy** in a Methodist school.

Burritt, Lew, New York, in placing **an orphan boy** in a Baptist school, writes: "I have this money which belongs to the Lord, and think no better use could be made of it."

Bowman, Helen C., New York, will provide for **an orphan girl** in a mission of the Reformed Church.

Beers, Herbert N., New York, will support **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Brooks, Mrs. D. C., Michigan, will care for **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Booraem, Mrs. T. Burges, New Jersey, provides for a **little orphan girl** in a Dutch Reformed mission.

Bridgeham, S. W., Maine, assumes support of **one orphan child** in a M. E. mission school.

Bostwick, Mrs. Emma A., Ohio, assumes support of **one orphan child** for one year.

Burt, Mrs. J. D., New York, will provide support for **one orphan girl** in a Congregational school.

Buttenheim, Harold S., New Jersey, will provide for **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Bundy, J. D., North Carolina, will care for **an orphan girl** in a Methodist school.

Booth, Watson C., Connecticut, places **an orphan boy** and **an orphan girl** in a Baptist mission.

Barkley, W. H., Chicago, assumes the support of **an orphan boy** in a Methodist school.

Bates, X. T., Virginia, places **one orphan child** in a mission of the Christian Alliance.

Bailey, Mrs. Elizabeth D., Pennsylvania, will care for **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian mission.

Bunley, Henry, Pennsylvania, cares for **two orphans, a boy** and **a girl**, in a Presbyterian school.

Brown, Mrs. Jessie T., Illinois, pledges support for **an orphan girl** in a mission of the Episcopal Church.

Bomar, Horace L., South Carolina, will support **one orphan child** in a mission of the Baptist Church.

"Cash," Tennessee, will educate **one orphan child** in a Baptist orphanage.

Chisholm, Sr., Alexander, Michigan, will care for **one orphan boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Crossdale, Mrs. B. F., Iowa, will care for **one orphan child** in a school of the M. E. Church.

Croom Brothers, North Carolina, support **one orphan child** in a Presbyterian school for one year.

Clark, Mrs. Annie B., Illinois, supports a **little orphan girl** in a Methodist school.

Campbell, J. M. and Mary, Texas, in sending support for **two orphan children, a boy and a girl**, to be placed in a Presbyterian school, say: "We are both aged, but will, with God's guidance, have them provided for until they are grown."

Cox, Fannie, Pennsylvania, provides support for **an orphan girl** for one year.

Christenson, Carsten, Minnesota, assumes the support of **one orphan child** for one year.

Cauret, Emma M., Minnesota, will care for **one orphan boy** in a mission in the Free Baptist Church.

Child, E. Helen, Canada, cares for a **little orphan boy** in a P. E. mission.

Cyphers, Mrs. H. C., Pennsylvania, in placing **an orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school, says, "I send it with a prayer that it may do good, not only to the body, but the soul. I believe it has already done my own soul good."

Day, Nelhe E., Connecticut, provides support for **one famine orphan** in a Congregational mission.

Drown, Mrs. W. A., Pennsylvania, cares for **one orphan girl** for one year in a Presbyterian school.

Danforth, Miss Adelaide, New York, will place **one orphan child** in a Presbyterian school for one year.

Demarest, Rev. Dr. James, New York, will care for **one orphan girl** in a mission of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Demarest, Mrs. Jennie, New York, will provide for **an orphan boy** in the Arcot school of the Dutch Reformed Mission.

Day, Mrs. J. L., Canada, will care for **one orphan child** in an Episcopal school.

Denison, Ruth E., Ohio, will provide for **one orphan child** in a mission of the M. E. Church.

Dannatt, Mrs. J., Illinois, cares for **one orphan child** for one year.

Ellis, E. L., Illinois, will care for **an orphan boy** in a Methodist school, saying: "Choose a bright, capable boy to educate for mission work; not too young, for I am an old man and may not be spared many years."

"E. G.," Maryland, places **two orphans, a boy and a girl**, in a P. E. school.

Edwards, Mrs. James, Canada, in sending support for **an orphan child**, says "This comes from a grateful heart for God's mercies to the giver."

Ebling, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W., Iowa, will assume the care of **an orphan girl** in a mission of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

Franklin, C. J., Missouri, sends support for **one orphan** for one year, "wishing that the most needy shall have help."

"Friends," Kansas, having already pledged support for **an orphan girl**, now will care for **an orphan boy** in a Presbyterian school. They write, "Our great object in supporting these children is that they may become earnest and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus, and that they may be instrumental in his hands in after years in bringing many to the foot of the cross."

"Friends," Guilford, Conn., in sending support for **an orphan girl** in a Congregational school, say: "Feeling that the need of the famine orphans of India is a call from God to help to bring them to a knowledge of eternal life, my mother, my sister and I wish to adopt a child."

Fay, Mrs. Hannah F., Massachusetts, will provide for **one famine orphan** for one year.

Frese, Frederick C., places **an orphan girl** in a Baptist mission.

Fisher, Eliza G., Pennsylvania, assumes support of **two orphans, a boy** and **a girl**, in a mission of the P. E. Church.

Grier, Mrs. James, Pennsylvania, assumes support of **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Gordon, Miss A. Gertrude, Ohio, assumes the support of **an orphan boy** in a P. E. mission.

Hanne, E., California, will care for **two little famine orphans, a boy and a girl**, in Rev. E. S. Hume's orphanage. They say: "We would like a brother and sister, if possible, and have them trained for mission workers."

Hipson, H. J., Connecticut, sends support for **one orphan boy** in a Methodist school.

Hartman, L. W., New York, will care for **an orphan girl** for one year in the M. E. school.

Harsher, Mrs. Mary, New York, will educate **an orphan girl** in a United Presbyterian mission.

Haigh, Mrs. Chas., North Carolina, will provide for **one orphan boy** in a mission of the Church of England.

"H. G. B.," West Virginia, places **an orphan boy** in a Lutheran mission.

Hood, Mrs. Mattie, Florida, places **one orphan child** for one year in a Presbyterian school.

Herold, Rev. J. G. W., Maine, will provide for **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Hill, Miss Nellie M., Massachusetts, will provide for **one famine orphan** for one year.

Hamilton, Mrs. John Victor, Mississippi, places **an orphan boy** in a school in the M. E. Church South.

"I. H.," West Virginia, will care for **one orphan child** for one year at least.

Ilea, William, Canada, will care for **one orphan child** in a school of the Church of England.

Jones, Mrs. Lucy H., Indiana, will care for **one orphan child** for one year.

Johnson, Mary Stoddard, a little girl of Massachusetts, provides support for **one little orphan girl** in a Congregational school.

Johnson, Samuel, Massachusetts, selects **an orphan boy** three years of age to educate in a Congregational school.

Johnson, C. R., Alabama, cares for **one orphan girl** in a M. E. Mission.

Jensen, Miss Anne W., Michigan, pledges support for **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Kane, S. P., Kansas, places **an orphan girl** in a Methodist school. "My prayers go with this."

Kizer, Mrs. Agnes, North Carolina, will support **an orphan girl** in the Lutheran mission.

Kniffen, F., Maryland, sends support for **one famine orphan.**

Ketcham, Gertrude, Ohio, will care for **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Kaiser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry A., Ohio, will assume support of **an orphan girl** in a Methodist school.

Lanphear, Miss Hattie, Oregon, will support **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Lamhden, E., New York, will provide for **one orphan girl** for one year.

Lawton, Miss Ellen, Virginia, supports **a little famine orphan** in a mission of the Church of England.

Leer, C. E., Texas, places **an orphan boy** in a mission of the Disciples of Christ.

Maconkey, Richard, New York, will care for **one orphan child** in a Baptist school.

Mann, G. E., Rhode Island, will care for **one little orphan girl** in a Methodist mission.

"M. H. B," New Hampshire, sends support for **one orphan child** in a Congregational school.

Miss Bell Buchanan, Miss Emma Holenquist and Mary A. C. Whitney, Minnesota, join in caring for **one orphan girl** in a M. E. school.

Minor, Dr. Chas. L., North Carolina, provides support for **two orphan children, a boy** and **a girl**, in a mission of the Church of England.

Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. J., Kansas, provide for **an orphan girl** in a Lutheran school.

"M. M. R.," Connecticut, will care for **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Moore, Isaac, Toronto, Canada, asks to have **six famine orphans** educated for Christian work.

Moorehead, Mrs. S. M., Kansas, provides support for **one orphan girl** in a Lutheran mission.

"Mother, Sister and Brother," Illinois, having provided for **one orphan girl**, now pledge support for **two other orphan girls** in a Baptist mission.

McIntosh, Miss J. E., New York, will care for **one orphan girl** in an Episcopal school.

McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. O. D., New Jersey, give support for **one orphan girl** for one year.

"M. Jay," Winnipeg, Manitoba, will assume the support of **two orphans** in a Methodist school.

Merriman, Jno. S., New York, assumes support of **an orphan boy** in a mission of the Presb. church.

Mix, Mrs. E., Michigan, assumes support of **one orphan boy** in a Congregational school.

Matson, A. E., California, will care for **one orphan child** in a Baptist school.

Northrop, Mrs. E., New York, cares for **one orphan child** in a Methodist school.

"One in Michigan sends $15 for the support of **one famine orphan.**"

Odneal, Miss Lee, Oklahoma Territory, will care for **one orphan child** for one year.

Paine, Jessie R., New Hampshire, will care for **one orphan child** in a Baptist school.

Paschall, L. M., Minnesota, supports **one orphan child** in a Presbyterian mission.

"R. B. R.," Georgia, places **an orphan boy** in a M. E. mission.

Russell, Florence A., Massachusetts, will provide support for **one famine orphan** in a Presb. school.

Roach, Mr. and Mrs. T. A., Pennsylvania, place **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Rivard, L. Emilie, Massachusetts, assumes support of **one orphan child** for one year in a Congregational school. "I want to do the little I can in Christ's name for his little ones in India."

Reynolds, Miss Sophia M., South Carolina, assumes the care of **one little boy** in a mission of the Episcopal school.

Routon, Mr. and Mrs. Q. E., Tennessee, place **one orphan child** in a Baptist school, saying: "We do this at a sacrifice at home for charity's sake, and to advance the cause of Christianity in India."

Robb, Dr. C. W., Tennessee, will care for **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Spiller, Mrs. Myrtella, Missouri, will care for **one orphan child** in a Baptist school.

Turner, Elizabeth, Indiana, will care for **one little orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Tarleton, Mrs. S. B., Minnesota, cares for **one orphan boy** in an Episcopal mission.

Thetford, W. F., Jr., Alahama, will care for **one orphan girl** for one year in a Presbyterian school.

Torrence, John, Kansas, will care for **one orphan girl** for one year.

Taber, Eva Lulu, Kansas, sends support for **one orphan child** for one year.

Thompson Family, the, St. John, New Brunswick, assume support of **an orphan boy** in a Methodist school, and Nellie Fanjoy, Ada Thompson and Mary R. Hayes, of the same place, join in caring for **an orphan boy** in a mission of the Church of England.

"Two Little Girls," Hotel Netherwood, are sending support for **an orphan child.**

Tichenor, Mr. and Mrs. C. M., Kansas, assume responsibility for **two orphan children** in a school of the M. E. Church.

Taylor, Miss Burnice, Massachusetts, will care for **one orphan girl** in a Methodist school.

Thomas, D., Ohio, places **an orphan boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Taylor, Maria E., New Jersey, places **an orphan boy** in a Dutch Reformed mission.

Ward, Mrs. A. J. N., Massachusetts, assumes support of **two orphans, a boy and a girl**, in a Congregational mission.

Van Dusen, Miss Katherine P., Pennsylvania, will care for **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian mission.

Vanderpool, Mrs. A. V. S., New York, provides for **one orphan girl** in a mission of the Reformed Church.

Walch, Frederick, Washington, will care for **one orphan boy** for one year in a Methodist school.

Wehner, Mrs. Elizabeth, Maryland, will care for **one orphan girl** in a school of the Reformed Church.

"W," Pennsylvania, will care for **ten orphan children** in a Presbyterian mission.

A GROUP OF FAMINE ORPHANS OF THE AHMEDNAGAR DISTRICT

Churches, Church Societies, etc.

Y. P. C. E., Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Mississippi, will care for **one orphan boy** in a Presbyterian school.

C. E. Society, Cranesville, N. Y., will care for **one orphan boy** in a Baptist school and **one orphan girl** in a mission of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Y. P. S. C. E., First Reformed Church, Greensburg, Pa., assume support for **one orphan girl** in a mission of the Reformed Church.

Woman's Missionary Society, Congregational Church, North Hyde Park, Vt., will care for "Dookeenee" in Mrs. Ada Lee's school in Calcutta.

Louise Short Baptist Orphanage, Alahama. The officers and children of this institution provide for **one orphan child** in a Baptist orphanage.

Golden Rule Mission Band, already pledged for **an orphan girl**, now assume support for **an orphan boy** entrusted to the care of Rev. M. B. Fuller.

C. E. Society of Christian Church, Davenport, Ia., will care for **one orphan girl** in the Disciples mission.

Union Missionary Society, McMinnville, Ore., assumes support of **one orphan girl**, not over four years of age.

Sunday Schools

Sunday School class of Mrs. M. B. Hammond, St. Louis, Mo., will care for **one orphan girl** in a Presbyterian school.

Sunday School District No. 3, Northfield, Mass., will care for **one orphan child** in a Congregational school.

St. Luke's Sunday School, Cayuga, N. Y., will care for **one orphan boy** in a mission of the M. E. Church.

Best Mission Sunday School, Coatesville, Penna., assumes support for **one orphan boy** for one year.

Sunday School of Brantley's Grove, Union, N. C., will support **one orphan boy** in a Baptist school.

Sunday School class, No. 41, First Presbyterian Church, Germantown, Phila., will provide for **one orphan boy** in a Presbyterian school.

Congregational Sunday School, of San Jacinto, Cal., will care for **one orphan child** in a Cong. school.

Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, Minn., will support **four orphans, two boys and two girls**, in a Presbyterian school. Their superintendent says: "Our children will not only continue the care of these children, but will send money to care for more."

The orphan credited to Mr. F. G. Barnard, New York, should have been assigned to the Sunday School of the Grace M. E. Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

In crediting the care of **an orphan** to Miss Ruth Hunt, Rhode Island, the name was misspelled.

INDIA ORPHAN WORK

Under the Auspices of "The Christian Herald," 92 Bible House, New York City

I will endeavor to provide support for..... INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN.... and will remit Quarterly at the rate of $15 a Year to "The Christian Herald India Orphan Work" for such support. It is my understanding the care thus provided will include food, clothing, shelter and instruction by proper teachers.

It is my wish that the orphan.... be a ....., and located in an orphanage
BOY OR GIRL

under the care of a missionary of.....Denomination.

NAME.....

ADDRESS, P. O...... *STATE*.....

DATE.....*1900*

CUT OUT, FILL UP AND FORWARD TO US THIS FORM OF APPLICATION

Mont-Lawn's Helpers

How Old and Young Aid Our Waifs by Gifts and Prayers—Pledges of Support

NEVER has a season at Mont-Lawn been more successful than that which has just closed. We do not mean merely that some 2,000 little waifs—the ragged, hungry, friendless and loveless; the orphan; the darlings of struggling mothers, of sick mothers, of mothers near unto death, have been fed, clothed, loved and tended, as great a work as this may be. We mean that our children have been reached and helped in a moral and spiritual sense, in a way that would be truly wonderful if there were ever occasion to marvel at results in a work which God's Spirit has overshadowed. We have seen children of the tenements—the little Arabs of the street—growing under our eyes in truth and gentleness, even as flowers grow in beauty when sun and rain blesses them. During the winter they may lose somewhat of that which they have gained, but not all, and next summer we will have them once more, and drooping graces will revive, for God is faithful.

This work is the work of many prayers. It cannot but be blessed. From Canada to Mexico, Massachusetts to California, God's people are praying for our Children's Home and the little ones who feel its hallowed influences. Letters from many friends assure us that they hold this work in prayer before God all winter; many pledge themselves to give it material aid next year; others send contributions, saying: "I know the Home is closed now. But I have this beside me for God's work, and I give that you may open earlier next year." Some say: "I give now that you may enlarge the Home and help more waifs next year." Friends write: "We will set aside every month this winter some part of the gifts with which God blesses our labors for his little needy ones whom you help at Mont-Lawn." Surely a work must prosper where God's people think of it thus:

Mrs. M. L. W., White River Junction, Vt., $18. "What a wonderful blessing it must be to the poor little children of the tenements. I feel so thankful that God put it into the hearts of those connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to do this great and good work. What a blessing to these poor little ones to be permitted to be there under such good influences. I pray God to bless this work, and I trust that each year the way may be opened for many, many more children to enjoy its benefits." —Mrs. H. E. B., $3. "Tenement waifs of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow. The work is a blessing to our country. I feel that God approves it."—A Daughter of the King, Livonia, $3. "I pray that the lessons learned by the children may not be forgotten."—Mrs. J. M. B., "Only a widow's mite, but it may help some dear little one."—I. H. N., Norwich, Conn., $1. "A widow's mite, but the Father will accept it for his little ones."—A Friend, Ponce, Porto Rico, $5. "I was unexpectedly enabled to earn this sum and dedicated it to Mont-Lawn."—Mrs. H. J. M., San Francisco, Calif., $1. "I have had many a kindness done to me. I want to pass it on."—Mrs. S. B. S., Villa Holsatia, Germany, $6. "My thank-offering for renewed health."—Mrs. A. L. S., 20 cents. "The Heavenly Father's blessing on the work."—Mrs. S. S. W., Jefferson, O., $3. "May God's goodness and blessing ever attend this work."—Mrs. J. S. H., Lock Haven, Pa., $3. "Godspeed to this work for the Master."—Mrs. D. J. D., Eldorado, Mo., $3. "May the Lord bless the little ones!"—I. H. N., Jamestown, N. Y., $1. "God bless the work!"—Mrs. J. D. B., Maplewood, Me., $5. "With the prayer that our Heavenly Father will enlarge this work for little ones." —A Friend, Midway, $10. I pray God may put it into some one blessed with this world's goods to endow Mont-Lawn.

Mont-Lawn cannot have too many friends like these:

R. S. T., Joplin, Mo.: I am a little boy, four years old. I send my dollar to help make some little waif happy. I hope when I am a big boy I can send much more.—Two Disciples, Hartford, Conn. ($3): It has been our glad privilege to make this contribution for several years.—Rosy, Cleveland, Ohio. ($2.50): Some of the money I earned by sprinkling my uncle's lawn. I hope to send more.—C. M., Boston, Mass. ($3): I always help. —A friend, Nevada, Mo. ($3): If too late for this summer, it can be applied next season.—F. S. G., Owosso, Mich. ($3): I shall send you a portion of another tenth soon.—J. H. S., Shreveport, La. ($6): My annual subscription.—Little Man, Lake City, Minn. (50 cts.): I am two years old. My mama says I must send some money every year of my life to the Children's Home.—E. O. S., Jersey City (25 cts.): I hope to give more.—M. J. T., Ia. ($3): My annual contribution.—Mrs. S. H. W., Harbor Point, Mich. ($3): This is the third season I have had the pleasure of helping a waif. It has made my summers happier. God's richest blessing go with this.—C. H. P., Harpur, Kan. ($1): Hoping to send more next year, as the Lord prospers me.—I. H. N. ($4): We will try to send what we can each year.—A Friend, Centreport ($3): From the grandmother down to the baby, five years' old, we have contributed our mites. We hope all will help to sustain and enlarge this work. —Mrs. J. B. H., Passaic, N. J. ($1): I pray God to prosper this great charity and raise up more friends with means that the good work may go on. S. L. B. ($10): May the good work go on. God bless the Home.

The following contributions, each evidence of the practical sympathy of generous givers, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Children's Home:

Prev. ack.....	$8,047.68	The Lend a Hand Soc of K D	3 00
Three Sisters	1 50	Y W C T U, Freeport	2 25
Franklin, Harrodsb'g	35 00	Jr No 2 Free Bapt S Sch, Marion.....	4 15
S S Cl & a friend, Methuen	3 00	Jr Epworth League, Arlington	3 00
Union S Sch, Wright	4 60	The King's Daught'rs, Bridge Hampton	10 00
Little Helpers Miss Soc, Morristown...	3 00	ResoluteCircle of K's D, Irvington	6 00
C E Soc of Ger Pres ch, Portsmouth ...	3 00	Jr C E Soc of Friends Ch, Millbrook	1 00
Jr Epworth League, Mundale	3 00	King's Daughters' Circle, Jamesburg.	15 00
"In-as-much Cir of K's D," Madison ..	3 00	Total.....	$8,151 18
King's Daughters Cir-Richford.....	3 00		

EMPEROR KUANG SU FOR PEACE

There are indications that the end of the troubles in China is near at hand, and that, with peace and order restored, that country will soon again be safe for missionaries and foreigners generally. Emperor Kuang Su has addressed a letter to the Emperor of Germany, in which he expresses regret for the disturbances which interrupted friendly relations, and severely condemns those of his subjects who were responsible. He has ordered an official tribute or oblation to be paid to the memory of the murdered German ambassador. The letter closes by appealing to the Emperor of Germany to aid the efforts for peace in order that perpetual "peace" may be secured. Further evidence of the young Emperor's desire to meet the expectation of the Powers is found in the official degradation of Prince Tuan, the leader of the rebellion, who has been stripped of rank and revenues, while a number of other high personages prominent in the anti-foreign movement have been seized and held for trial by a proper tribunal. It is believed that Kuang Su is acting in accordance with the plans of Li Hung Chang relative to the punishment of the rebel leaders and for the restoration of order and the security of foreign life and property.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula.
No disease is older.
No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.
Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.
There is no excuse ever for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, among which are glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility.

John Brearley, Potter Hill, R. I., had a "large scrofulous bunch" in his neck; the little son of Mrs. Minnie Spear, Parishville, N. Y., had a "large scrofulous sore"; the little grandson of A. E. Withers, Longview, Ark., "had scrofula very bad."

According to voluntary testimonials, they were effectively treated by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which has proved itself to be the best of all medicines for scrofula in old or young.

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Everything to Wear, Use and Eat is contained in our mammoth General Catalogue, each copy of which costs $1.25 to print and mail. This book is mailed you upon receipt of 10c. and **this 10c can be deducted from your first order of $1.00.** Address this way:
Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 218

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Naming the Baby

THE baby has no voice about the name, which is chosen by her parents for him or her, and for this reason parents should try to select a name the darling will enjoy when grown up. Family names, for girls or boys, should not be repeated if they are grotesque or eccentric, though good, strong, old-fashioned names such as John and Mary, Henry, Mark, George, Martha and Lydia have a certain dignity, and may well be handed down along the family life-lines. Caprice has a good deal to do with children's names. Somebody in the family has read a book which had a charming heroine, and straightaway the next baby girl is named for the young woman in the book. A good many Jocelyns will follow in the wake of *To Have and To Hold*. A baby was on her way to church to be baptized, and her name was settled upon and decided. She was to be Julia. A little brother tugged at his mother's skirt just as they crossed the church threshold. "Please call her Amy," he pleaded, and Amy she was named.

Fifty years ago there were more Samuels, Hirams, Ebenzers and Peters than there now are, and also more Mary Janes, Susan Anns and Eliza Matildas. Margaret was then regarded with some disfavor. A change has brought Margaret to the front, and the name is very fashionable at present. Following the Mary Ann period came an era of fanciful nomenclature; Aramintas, Amandas, Aurelias, Lanissas, Jessicas and Florillas were frequently met. Then came the day which still continues, of Gladys, Blanche, Hazel, Edith, Ethel, Katharine, Olive, Dorothy, Penelope, Ruth and Elizabeth, all of which names are great favorites, and promise to remain so.

In our Southern states girls are often given surnames as Christian names, Bland, Cary, Parker, and so on, and also they sometimes bear the names of states, Carolina, Georgia, or Virginia, while Indiana is rather liked, though Texas would not be thought of for a moment. There will be Deweys galore after a few years, and Bryans and McKinleys; and one might well call a son after that hero of the cross, as well as of the flag, Admiral John Philip, or after the veteran missionary lately fallen on sleep, Cyrus Hamlin. It would seem as if a blessing would come to the boy with so pure a name. Remember, friends, the name is to be long worn, and is important. One of the dearest verses in the Bible may be quoted here, for shall we not rejoice that the Son himself says, "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine."

The sweet name of Mary, just plain, straightforward, and sincere, and sacred because borne by the mother of our blessed Lord, never goes out of fashion. Every household has its Mary, and everybody has a sister, a cousin, or an Aunt Mary, just as everybody has an Uncle John.

Pet names are to be kept strictly for the privacy of the home. They are not to be used among strangers, nor written as signatures to letters and legal documents, nor inserted in the catalogues of schools.

Dangers Seen and Unseen

There are those who never forget at family worship and in their closets to thank the Lord for preservation from dangers seen and unseen. How grateful we should be for safety from accident. A lady enjoying a few weeks in the heart of the woods, feeling secure from every peril, was not long ago shot so terribly that her leg was amputated in the hope of saving her life, and that, as I write, is hanging in the balance. The ball, fired from the bank of a stream at an imaginary deer, passed through the muscles of a man's back before striking the lady. Here was an accident of a very uncommon kind, and one against which no one could guard. A violent tornado sweeps the sea upon the land, and ruins a great city. Not one in the thousands who died in the appalling horror at Galveston but felt quite safe a few hours before death came swooping down on the fated place like a great black bird of prey. In the air about us, unsuspected, may lurk germs of pestilence. There may be peril in the water we drink.

All this should not make us nervous, or anxious, or worried. We are in our Father's care. When calamity comes our Father is still at the helm, and he knows why he permits it, and perhaps some day we shall know it too. More deeply as we realize the uncertainties of life we should realize our dependence upon God and the closer we should cling to him. "Forget God?" said the mountaineer, on the lonely sea-washed island of St. Kilda, "how can we? We hang continually on his arm."

SABBATH EVENING WORSHIP IN A SHEPHERD'S HOME

Look on the Bright Side

Look on the bright side,
Never on the dark;
Only shines the rainbow
With its lucent arc
When the rain has fallen
And the clouds are gray.
Courage friend, to-morrow
Will begin another day

The Sabbath Eve

We gather in thy presence, O Saviour all divine,
There is no strength to lean upon, no love to trust like thine,
And ere the waning hours of the Sabbath pass away,
We'll read of thy great goodness, and to thy name will pray.

Behold us, Master, pilgrims, whose feet are feeble now,
And us who wear the sunshine of childhood on the brow,
And us who bear the burden of the noontide of the day,
A family we gather, and old and young we pray.

We bless thee for the Sabbath that clasps the happy week;
We bless thee for the words of truth we've heard the pastor speak;
We bless thee, Jesus, Master, that thou didst wear our clay,
And evermore thy kindly light is o'er us night and day.

O, Son of God, Redeemer, O Son of Man, Divine,
There is no strength to lean on, no tender love like thine.
We pilgrims rest a little space at evening of thy day, [pray.
And thankfully and earnestly, believingly, we

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Shortening Days

NIGHT falls early in these cool, autumnal days, and the natural rallying place of the family group is around the evening lamp. In the morning, there is hurry, or at least dispatch, for father must go to business, and the children to school, and mother finds her hands and heart full in getting through the work of the shortening day. After supper, when everybody is at home, the winds may blow, and the storms beat, but no one minds an uproar outside when there is peace and gladness within. I advise the mother who wishes to keep her young people about her in the home happy and contented, to make the house cheery with plenty of light. A little fire on the hearth, or in the grate, a fire that you can see as it glows and flames, a fire that you can poke, and on which you can put another stick, and before which you can roast apples and toast marshmallows, is a cozy and comfortable feature in a home. Plenty of warmth and light as to the material equipment of the house, and you may dispense with fine carpets and rich furniture. A little music, and good temper all round, and the family, never fear, will present itself as a unit to the whole round world.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—ELSPETH. You cannot give your son a better book than *Eben Holden*, by Irving Bacheller, a new book which Mr. W. D. Howells says is "As pure as water and as good as bread." It is not a juvenile book, but one for the whole family; but at sixteen your boy does not want children's books.

—SALLIE DEAN. Stammering is an infirmity which is very distressing to its possessor. It can often be overcome by the simple method of a very slow articulation. Do not be embarrassed, and when you meet strangers take your time, and let them wait. It would be well if we all spoke more slowly than we do.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will brace you up for the cooler weather of the coming season. Good circulation of purified, vitalized and enriched blood will keep you warm and healthy.

Eskay's Food is composed of hens' eggs and cereals, which, when added to milk, makes a food your doctor will tell you is ideally perfect.
Send postal for free sample.
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KNOX'S GELATINE

has revolutionized the gelatine business. Its sales increase by leaps and bounds because housewives marvel at its lack of odor and at its transparency.

I will mail free my book of 70 "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send me the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send 2-cent stamp. For 5c. in stamps, the book and a *full pint sample*. For 15c. and the name of your grocer, the book and a *full two-quart package* (two for 25c.).

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Our booklet, "The Story of Priscilla," after Longfellow, sent free with each order.

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

ALL DAY SUNDAY

She Thought about a Food that Would Agree with Her.

An unnatural appetite for rich and improper food is really kept alive by the use of such foods, whereas a change to healthful, nourishing, and scientifically made food, will correct the unnatural appetite. A little woman up at Peekskill, N. Y., Margaret Smith, P. O. Box 293, says:—

"I was such a sufferer from dyspepsia that life was a burden. I could hardly keep from eating all sorts of pastry, cakes, and other rich foods, although they did not agree with me, nor in fact did any sort of food. I become low spirited and discouraged, was too weak to work and very seriously troubled with palpitation of the heart.

"Drugs seemed to make me worse rather than better. A friend said one day: 'I believe Grape-Nuts food would cure you,' explaining that that food was made with great care and intended for the prevention and relief of diseases that were brought about by improper food.

"That was Saturday night, and all day Sunday I kept thinking about Grape-Nuts, and the first thing Monday morning I sent for a package. I had it in my mind that the food would look like nuts, ane was disappointed when I found it had to be eaten with a spoon. However, I followed the directions, and made a meal of Grape-Nuts and milk, which I found to be delicious, and for the first time in months, suffered no distress after eating.

"I at once began to feel hopeful that I might be cured at last. Since that day I have used Grape-Nuts constantly, morning and night, and have steadily improved in health, until now I am as well as I ever was in my life; weigh ten pounds more than I did a year ago, and have no palpitation of the heart, and can work all day long.

"At supper I have Grape-Nuts mixed with soft-boiled eggs. I make my dinner on any kind of food I desire. One of the best things about this cure by proper food is that I no longer have any desire for the rich, indigestible rubbish of which I used to be so fond."

TEMPTING STYLES

linked to matchless quality, workmanship, and price have made WORLD RENOWNED "BEIFELD" suits, cloaks, skirts, waists and furs. Every garment is guaranteed and has a

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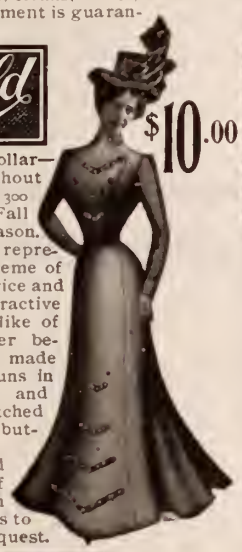
label inside the collar—none genuine without it. More than 300 styles for the Fall and Winter season. Each garment representing the extreme of value for the price and equal to this attractive suit at $10, the like of which has never before been seen, made of fine homespuns in oxford, brown and navy with stitched satin band and button trimming.



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Catalogue and cloth samples of all styles with terms and prices to dealers on request.

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Mention the name of yours and they will be sent to him. If no merchant in your place will supply you, please notify us to that effect.

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Best Turkish Bath Cabinet $5

We sell for $5 the very latest folding bath cabinet, with rigid rubber walls, steel frame and door, heater and vaporizer included. We guarantee it to be by far the best cabinet ever sold for $5.

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AGENTS Write for our catalogue. We consign cabinets to good agents. They pay as they sell.

Wisconsin Bath Cabinet Co., 409 Main St. Racine, Wis.

SAVE ONE-HALF YOUR FUEL We Tell You How.

Rochester Radiator Co. 15 Furnace St. Rochester, N.Y.

A RAILROAD EVANGELIST

JERRY GEORGE, THE CHRISTIAN CONDUCTOR, AND HIS LONG AND ACTIVE CAREER AS A SOUL-WINNER IN MANY STATES

THE Lackawanna Railroad prides itself upon having many Christians among its employees. This is especially true of the engineers, conductors and brakemen of the Eastern Division. Among them all, no one enjoys

EVANGELIST J. R. GEORGE

a higher and more honorable reputation than "Jerry" George of the Dover Express. That reputation is by no means confined to the towns on the Lackawanna route, for, in the thirty-eight years of his Christian experience, Jerry has spoken in hundreds of churches, missions, and Y. M. C. A. gatherings. His consecrated services have been in request for many years in the large district embraced between Fort Wayne, Ind., on the West, and the Atlantic Ocean on the East, the Great Lakes in the North and Clifton Falls, Virginia, in the South. He has been connected with the Lackawanna road for thirty-two years, having entered its service October 1, 1868. During that time he has traveled nearly 2,500,000 miles; he has punched an absolutely incomputable number of tickets, and it is safe to say that, in his capacity of conductor, he has dealt spiritually, personally, with as many people as any living evangelist. He has known boys on his route who have started in knee pants as office lads, and has watched them grow up to manhood, until many of them, now occupying honorable positions in commercial life look back with gratitude to his kind and brotherly counsel in their younger days.

Mr. George was converted at the age of twenty, during a revival in the Hackettstown M. E. Church, under the Rev. R. H. VanHorn, and soon became actively employed in the Sunday School of which he was superintendent for several years. Upon entering the service of the Lackawanna road he attached himself to a "Praying Band," organized some time previously by Mr. Watts Day, and comprising many enthusiastic spirits who have since done splendid service for the cause of Christ. This "Praying Band" held meetings in all of the principle towns and villages on the road, and were signally successful in winning souls.

In 1899, the Railroad Y. M. C. A. of Hoboken (which is the Jersey terminus of the Lackawanna road), was organized, and in this Mr. George became a most enthusiastic worker, not only in the Association itself, which soon became one of the strongest in the State, but as a delegate to the various Y. M. C. A. conventions where he has always been, and still is, a most prominent figure. The Hoboken Association, of which Mr. B. D. Cauldwell, General Traffic Manager, is president, has a membership of 590, Mr. George being on the executive committee and one of its most active workers. Almost all of his leisure is devoted to Christian work: first in connection with the Presbyterian Church at Dover, New Jersey, of which he is a member; second, in connection with services held by himself and Mrs. George, and last, in connection with what is known as the "Lackawanna Trio." The two other members of this trio are two of the oldest engineers, "Tom" Keenan and "Bennie" Locke. The former is an enthusiast of tremendous energy, and one who never fails to move his audience; the latter, while a very pleasant speaker, possesses a voice of great natural beauty.

In January, 1894, a dreadful railroad accident occurred on the Jersey Meadows, in which, in the midst of a dense fog, the Dover Express dashed into another passenger train which had slowed up before reaching the Hackensack River. This accident, the worst ever known on that road, resulted in great loss of life, and during the earlier hours of the day all the bulletins of the New York City papers announced the fact of Jerry George's death. In many of the New Jersey churches this news was received with great regret, and many a business man in New York City mourned his loss as that of a brother. Happily, the next morning this rumor was corrected. Mr. George, however, was terribly hurt and lay for twelve months in a critical condition. Slowly his health returned and at the present time he is as vigorous and active as ever. While slight and even delicate in his appearance, he is exceedingly wiry and energetic. He is gentlemanly in his manners, and one of the most courteous conductors on the road. He speaks with great effect, although his exposition of the Scriptures is of the simplest kind. His talks abound in anecdotes from his own experience. Speaking to a meeting largely composed of parents, of the various means that God uses in appealing to them, he said:

"In the dark nights of winter, when taking my last run home to Dover, it had been my habit to wave my light in the direction of my house, which was at some distance from the depot, but which was in view of the line. I knew that my little children were always waiting for it, and that they could know that in a few moments papa would be home. I always looked out for the lighted window at home, and for the waving of the little hands; but one dark, foggy night I was unable to see my home and, indeed, it was so dark that, after I had put my train away, I had some difficulty in finding the accustomed path to my house. While stumbling along I heard a little voice which fell like music on my ears: 'Papa, come this way!'"

Then came the application to the parents, whose children God had taken. How often does God call through the plaintive voices of departed children in heaven! Blessed are they who, with the eye of faith, see the waving of the little hands, and hear the tender child-appeal: "Papa, come this way!" H.

THE COMPLETED LIFE

"The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed."—Prof. Drummond.

THE Christian life—the only life
That ever can completed be—
The life that's hid with Christ in God,
Shall open in eternity.
Apart from Christ, this life of ours
Is but a broken pillar found.
Unfinished pyramid the race
Of man upon this earthly ground.

In sight of vast eternity,
Human ideals short must fall;
Still one by one before the grave
Dissolve the cherished hopes of all.
The broken arcs of earthly life
In heaven become the perfect sound;
So faithful lives of lowly ones
By the dear Master shall be crowned.

Complete in him, our all in all,
He takes us in our nothingness
Faultless before the Father's throne
Enrobed in his own righteousness.
Complete in thee, O blessed Christ,
Kept by thy loving, faithful power,
From glory unto glory still,
To rise with thee forever more.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

GET Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

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The Grand Prix

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Saving . . . Shipwrecked Souls

.....SOME OF THE TESTIMONIES HEARD AT THE BOWERY MISSION GATHERINGS

DURING the last twelve months the Bowery Mission has been singularly fortunate in its visitors, many of the most eminent Christians and philanthropists having attended its meetings. They have generally come unannounced and often, apparently, with a view of staying only a few minutes to get an idea of the Mission and its surroundings, but they have invariably stayed to the finish. One Sunday evening, Mr. Ira D. Sankey dropped in "just for a look," and remained until between eleven and twelve, singing and speaking several times, and at the close of the meeting he was found with his arm around the neck of a poor, drunken outcast, pointing him to Christ.

Another evening Dr. Newell D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, visited us, and on another General Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America. Never a week passes without a visit from representative men from different parts of the Union.

. . .

A young man rises from the platform and says: "I had a Christian home until my father and mother died; then everything seemed so lonely. I missed their kindly counsel and took to dissipation. When I arrived in this country I made an attempt to live a better life, but trusting in my own strength too much, I failed, and very soon I became a homeless, penniless tramp—my character gone—without a place to lay my head, or a friend to whom I could turn. One Sunday morning, after having spent every night for three weeks in a lumber yard, I was seated in one of the parks when a man told me that I could get something to eat at the Bowery Mission. I didn't need to be told twice, but I was soon down here clamoring for admission. I did get something to eat, but I also got something far better. As I listened to the men that morning telling what God had done for them—how he had come into their lives and changed them for the better—I became deeply convicted of sin. It was something new to me. I had heard a great deal about God and Jesus Christ, but I had never heard this before, that he was a personal Saviour; and I felt that if he could do all for these men, he could do the same for me. I left the Mission and remained away for a few weeks; but all the time thoughts of what I had heard remained with me, and though I had found a position in a distant city, I never felt happy until I got back to New York and into the Bowery Mission again. The night I came forward there were many here who knew me, and they laughed at me as I arose; but I did not care. There was rejoicing in heaven that night, I am sure; but heaven was not the only place where there was rejoicing, for my sisters in the old country, who are good Christians, and who had been obliged to close their doors against me on account of my dissipation, when they heard of the change that had come into my life, were overjoyed beyond expression. It is six years ago since the event took place, and things have become brighter and brighter every day."

. . .

A tall, manly fellow who announces himself as a longshoreman, and in whose voice there was a wonderful pathos, says: "I just wish I could tell you the happiness I feel to-night in being a Christian. Most of you know me, and know what I was three years ago. Like so many others, I came to this mission to get something to eat. The probability is that if I had not been almost starving to death, I should never have entered this place. For seventeen years I was a slave to drink. Every now and then I would make a resolution to give it up, and sometimes succeed for a week or two, but the longest period I remember living a sober life was seventeen weeks. One cold winter night, about three and a half years ago, I stood on the sidewalk opposite the door of the Bowery Mission, a homeless outcast, separated from home, wife and child—who were only two miles away—deserted by all my friends, without a cent in my pocket and famishing with hunger. I said to a man by my side: 'Do you think I could get anything to eat in there?' I received some encouragement from him and entered; but, oh! what a revelation it was to me as I listened to the testimonies of the saved men, some of whom were in exactly the same position I had been in. They told how the Spirit of God had entered their lives and had given them complete dominion over sin. By-and-by some of the friends came down and spoke to me and urged me to go to the front. I did not quite understand it, but I knew I was very hungry and worn out; so I yielded to their influence and knelt and prayed to God for help. Gradually I came to feel that a new life had sprung up within me. It was nearly a week before I found employment, and all that time I was in great physical need, but I kept a firm hold upon God, and by-and-by things began to brighten. I never dreamed that I should ever be able to stand upon my feet and talk about this matter; but one night, sitting at a restaurant table, beside a man in Salvation Army uniform, I heard some half-drunken woman utter a blasphemy, declaring she did not believe in God. This brought a reproof from the Salvationist, and I felt the time had come for me to declare myself; so, standing up on that restaurant floor, I for the first time made known to others the wonderful change that God had wrought in my own heart and life. Since then I have never neglected an opportunity of doing so. It was not long before my wife and child were restored to me, and now I have a happy home, and my greatest happiness is to know that I am a servant of Jesus Christ."

. . .

The congregations at the Bowery Mission are larger than ever, and the demands upon the workers in their care for the hundreds of homeless men who come there from all parts of the States, indeed, from all parts of the globe, are correspondingly great. There is a growing proportion of young men, some of whom have yet not traveled very far on the road that leads to ruin. Every week, numbers of these boys are taken hold of and sent back home, or have honorable employment found for them, and, better still, are led to Christ. The work of feeding and sheltering the numbers that come under our care, as well as that of finding employment for them, is a very onerous one, and any help the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can give will be gratefully received. Parcels of men's clothing or money contributions, should be addressed in all cases to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. J. G. HALLIMOND,

Superintendent Bowery Mission.

The Seven Upward Steps

SEVEN upward steps in Christian life we see,
First faith sincere, and then humility;
Then the repentance shown to God and man
And hope that eager grasps salvation's plan;
Then expectation of the joys to come,
Promised the Christian in his heavenly home;
Sanctification, next within the soul,
And blest adoption, surety of the whole;
While glory over all sheds lustre down,
And angels point him to the starry crown;
As hopes like these the Christian's life employ,
The cross seems light, he presses on with joy.

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HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD.

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY. SUBSCRIPTION, $1.75 A YEAR.

New Subscription Offer for 1901.

THOSE who subscribe before November 1st, sending $1.75 with this slip or the name of this publication, will receive the nine November and December numbers of The Companion Free, and then the 52 weekly issues of the paper to January 1, 1902. This offer includes the gift of The Companion's "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901 — a souvenir of rare and lasting beauty.

F101

Full Announcement of Contributors and Contributions engaged for the new volume will be sent Free to any address with sample copy of the paper containing Sousa's article, "Some Experiences of a Bandmaster."

The Youth's Companion, ...Boston, Mass.

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...THE FIRST... PORTO RICAN ORPHANAGE

THE first Christian Orphanage on the island of Porto Rico was opened early in August at Bayamon, under the auspices of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, of the Disciples of Christ. Last winter, the town council of Bayamon, a suburb of San Juan, offered the perpetual use of the old town hall to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, provided they would open it as an orphanage and sustain at least twenty-five children in it. The offer was made through the Rev. A. A. Erwin, missionary to San Juan, of the American Christian Missionary Society, who asked that a special commissioner be sent to investigate the condition of the offer and the outlook of the proposed work. Rev. B. L. Smith, corresponding secretary of the American Society, was sent as the joint commissioner of the two boards, and upon reaching the island called upon the mayor of Bayamon, some of the councilmen and others interested and found the place a desirable one for such work as the mission board wished to do. He also called on Gov. Allen, who expressed a desire to see the orphanage opened and promised it all the encouragement within his power.

The buildings are well situated in the town of Bayamon, which lies in a beautiful and fertile valley a few miles across the bay from San Juan. They were somewhat dilapidated, having been unroofed in the great hurricane a few months since; but an appropriation of $700 from the missionary funds soon put them in good condition. Twenty acres of fertile land belonging to the buildings go also with the grant, and will be put into cultivation.

When the Rev. Mr. Smith returned to the United States, he recommended that the offer of the Bayamon council be accepted and that all possible haste be made in opening the work. His report was favorably acted upon.

This is the first orphanage, as such, supported by Christian people on the island of Porto Rico. There is a school for boys at San Juan and orphanages are talked of at other points. The Mission Board estimates that an orphan can be supported and educated in this home at the rate of thirty dollars a year. It is the purpose to ask auxiliary societies to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions to adopt a child, give it a name and contribute the means for its support.

S. T. WILLIS.

A Chinese Court Reception

AN account of the only audience of the Empress of China granted to a foreign Prince, and he Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to the Kaiser of Germany, was recently published in a European paper: "In May, 1898, Prince Henry landed at Taku, and proceeded direct to Pekin, where he was received by the Emperor. A few days later he received a message that the Dowager-Empress was willing to receive him. Hastily donning his richest uniform, he set out for the palace, accompanied by his full suite. The Empress sat behind a huge table, surrounded by flowers and orange trees, and did not move from her place during the reception. As each member of the staff was presented she merely bowed. Remarks on the grandeur of Pekin and remarks which caused the Prince many pangs of conscience—had no effect on her. 'I certainly did my best to impress the Empress,' said Prince Henry. 'There was no stupidness in her manner, only sublime stolidity in her pale features and her half-closed eyes. She seemed to be listening with her eyes rather than her ears.' After trying in vain to get into 'speaking terms' with the Empress of one-fourth of the world, the Prince retired, bearing with him a fan, painted by the Empress, as a present for the Kaiserin."

A LEGEND OF ALSACE

KNOWEST thou, Gretchen, how it happens That the dear ones die? [pens
God walks daily in his garden
While the sun shines high;
In that garden there are roses,
Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes 'round delighted
With the lovely sight.
If he marks one, gaily blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and look upon it
Full of tender care;
And the beauteous rose he gathers
In his bosom lies;
But on earth are tears and sorrows,
For a dear one dies.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY—NOT A MATTER OF CHANCE

$17,500 in Prizes

Every Woman Has an Opportunity to Win a Large Prize. There are No Blanks

THE DELINEATOR, the Magazine of Fashion well known for a generation, celebrates the dawn of the new century—the year 1901—by offering 1901 prizes ranging from $500. to $5.00 to 1901 women.

Prizes will be awarded, not to those sending the largest number of subscriptions to THE DELINEATOR, but to those sending the largest number in proportion to the population of each town in which they are secured. The woman living in the smallest town has just as good a chance to win a large prize as the woman living in a city.

To this end all towns and cities in the United States and Canada are divided into seven classes according to population.

CLASS ONE includes all cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over. In this class there are 28 prizes to be given away, the highest being $500, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS TWO includes all cities from 50,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. In this class there are 133 prizes to be given away, the highest being $400, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS THREE includes all cities from 30,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. In this class there are 208 prizes to be given away, the highest being $350, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS FOUR includes all cities from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. In this class there are 257 prizes to be given away, the highest being $300, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS FIVE includes all towns from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. In this class there are 307 prizes to be given away, the highest being $200, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS SIX includes all towns from 1,000 to 5,000 inhabitants. In this class there are 367 prizes to be given away, the highest being $150, the lowest $5.00.
CLASS SEVEN includes all towns of 1,000 inhabitants and under. In this class there are 601 prizes to be given away, the highest being $100, the lowest $5.00.

An Illustration A woman taking subscriptions in a city of 25,000 population would be in **Class 4.** She would compete with others sending subscriptions from towns of 10,000 population up to 30,000. She would have an opportunity to win one of 257 prizes, which might be as high as $300 and could not be less than $5. She would win a larger prize if she sent in 20 subscriptions than would a woman who forwarded 20 from a town of 30,000, because her proportion of subscriptions to population would be larger. **This being the case, some very small lists will win some very large prizes.** In one of our recent Prize offers, a woman in Washington, D. C., won a prize of $25 for securing only fourteen subscriptions.

No Conditions The same woman can win several prizes in every class by taking subscriptions in different towns. The contest begins with this announcement and will terminate **February 15, 1901.** Providing the first order contains two or more subscriptions, they will be accepted at **90 cents** each. Subscriptions can be sent afterward at the 90 cent rate until February 15, 1901. The regular price of THE DELINEATOR is $1.00 a year. Subscriptions must begin with November or December of 1900, or January, February or March of 1901.

Profits For All Every woman who fails to win one of the above prizes, but who sends subscriptions at the proportion of one to every 200 inhabitants of a town, will be paid a special prize of ten cents on each subscription secured, in addition to the ten cents allowed above.

Why Do We Limit this Offer to Women? Because THE DELINEATOR is published for women, and women can best recommend it to women. It is a great favorite among them. There are now more than 480,000 subscribers. If you are not interested in this offer, call the attention of your friends to it.

All women in sending their first order of two or more subscriptions must mention that they are to apply upon the above offer; complete information regarding prizes, with order blanks will be sent. To those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the merits of THE DELINEATOR, full information will be sent upon request. Address,

THE DELINEATOR

7 to 17 West Thirteenth Street, New York.

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Many people want a small incubator but don't want a mere toy, a plaything that will only spoil good eggs. To meet the demand for a really good little incubator we have perfected the now famous **Reliable 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL.** It is the equal of any hatcher ever made, only smaller, and sells for only **$5**

Send 10c for our **20th Century Catalogue and Poultry Book.** Best ever published.
RELIABLE INCB. & BROODER CO., Box B-16, Quincy, Ill.

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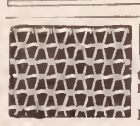
GRIPPIN'S ELASTIC ADHESIVE FILLER
in various shades; is tough and non-shrinkable. Easily applied. Dirt, cold, and vermin proof. Cost about $1.00 per room. Booklet free. Address Grippin Mfg. Co., Lock Box 6, Newark, New York. (Remit by express or P. O. money order.)



FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free.
COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47. Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

Shade Won't Work-
Because it isn't mounted on
THE IMPROVED
HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.
A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

MONEY MAKER For AGENTS
MEN or WOMEN
OUR ALL METAL NEW STYLE PASTRY BOARD is perfect. Can be sold at sight to every housekeeper. Dough wont stick to it. Has 20 advantages over others. **W. H. Oniel, Homestead, Pa.,** writes, "I made $106.50 in 17 days selling your board." Other agents are doing as well. Write quick for territory, terms and model. **METALLIC BREAD BOARD CO., 34 2nd St., Cambridge, O.**

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Catalog free. 146 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

LOTS OF EGGS
winter, summer and all the time.
Properly fed, **Green Cut Bone** makes a steady layer of any hen. She will lay double the eggs.
MANN'S NEW BONE CUTTER
cuts it finer, faster and easier than any other and they break less and last longer. We make
A CLOVER CUTTER that actually cuts clover—no plaything. Also Mann's Crystal Grit and Swinging Feed Trays. Catalogue Free.
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WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.
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WATCH COFFEE
And Watch it Carefully.

Any brain worker that depends on thought for his success in life, uses up daily, by brain work, a varying amount of the delicate particles of phosphate of potash and albumen of which the brain and nerve centers are composed.

The fine microscopic particles of phosphate of potash are found in quantities in the pores of the skin after the brain has been used actively. This must be replaced from food, or brain fag and nervous prostration sets in.

This breaking down of the little cells each day, from brain work alone, is a natural process, and the cells can readily be built from the right sort of food, if the system is not interfered with by drugs, but if an increased amount of cells are broken down by the use of coffee, trouble then begins.

Frequently it first shows in dyspepsia, lack of power of the bowels to operate properly, or palpitation of the heart or some other lack of vitality and healthy vigor. There is but one thing for a sensible man or woman to do,—quit coffee absolutely. "Hard to do," you say. Take up Postum Food Coffee, use it regularly, have it well made, so it tastes good. You will find a well-defined, unmistakable change in your health, and there is a reason for it.

You have become free from the breaking down force of coffee, and on the other hand, you are taking a powerful, nourishing liquid food which quickly rebuilds the new cells. These are facts,—profound facts, ready for any one to prove to their own satisfaction by actual use. Postum Food Coffee is made at the famous pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and is used by brain workers all over the world. Don't call it a "substitute" for coffee; leave out the coffee proposition altogether. Postum is a liquid food and a true food drink.

"In the quality of the soap is the life of the clothes"

Babbitts Best Soap

is full of quality, the quality that counts, the quality of true economy, the quality that doesn't need premiums — all your money's worth of soap.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York

FOR THE FACE ALONE

It deals with the lines of time that creep in about the eyes and mouth, with the sallow skin, that shows dust caps, poor circulation and clogged pores.
It rounds out the hollow places by building up the muscles and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

Bailey's Rubber
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is made of (red) rubber, with flat-ended hollow teeth, and when drawn over the surface of the skin forms numerous suction cups which are unequaled for drawing out the impurities of the skin and smoothing out the wrinkles.

BAILEY'S RUBBER FACIAL BRUSH, 50c.
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Of dealers or mailed by us at these prices

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If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.
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9 for 10 Cents.

We will send to any one 9 handsome 7 in. Battenburg designs, all different, stamped on colored cambric. Also our new 100 page catalogue of Fancy Work Novelties and Handkerchiefs. All for 10 cents.
C. S. DAVISSON & CO.,
891 Broadway, N. Y. Dept. 78

BRIGHTER DAYS IN ARMENIA

ARMENIANS AT HARPOOT BIDDING MISSIONARY BARNUM GOOD-BY

IN a letter from Rev. Geo. P. Knapp, of the American Mission, at Harpoot, Armenia, the worker says:

Dear Christian Herald,—Please excuse delay in acknowledging your latest favor to Dr. Barnum, enclosing a check for $150. Dr. and Mrs. Barnum and their daughter left for Europe on the 18th of April, for much needed rest, and since their departure the orphanage work presses heavily on those of us who remain. This photograph I took the day the Barnums were leaving.

These children, in their pleasant circumstances, do not forget those who are for the present less fortunate than they, even though they be in distant lands. When appeals were made for the famine stricken in India, the children in all our orphan homes wanted to do something. They had no money, and the only way of raising the money was to deny themselves food. In some orphan homes, they lived only on dry bread for awhile, while in others they went without food altogether. In one of our Girl's Homes, they went without food for six meals (not consecutively). If we would let them, they would deny themselves still further, but we discourage their doing more. It may please the friends of these orphans to know that they too, according to their ability, wish to pass on to others the blessings they have themselves received.

CORINNA SHATTUCK'S BOYS

WHEN Miss Corinna Shattuck, "the heroine of Oorfa," reaches her mission home in Armenia, an enthusiastic welcome will await her. The Oorfa orphans (many of them supported by our own CHRISTIAN HERALD readers), have been preparing a surprise for their beloved teacher, the news of which, however, has reached her, and she writes us concerning it as follows:

I already hear of plans for some of the older boys to borrow horses or mules and go out with Solomon a day's journey to meet me at the Khan. Some were never so far from home. They have been hard at work all summer, and will put into the outing all the fun boys can on such occasions. Speaking of good times recalls an outing we had with the boys a year ago. The night before, when the decision was given that we would go to Derekli, three miles distant, where is a fine pool, Simian came enthusiastically asking if they might take the ducks, saying, "They will enjoy the swim as well as we!" Starting out, we were amused to see Parlak Effendi and his Hanum, each wrapped in wet cloaks, improvised for their comfort by a couple of face towels, dipped in water. The boys themselves were soon dripping with perspiration as they trudged along, for we only had animals for Myreek (the house mother), our guest Mariam, and a third for the four youngest children, who peeped over the horse's back at each other from their saddle-bags. Accepting the kind offer of Mariam, the ducks were later committed to her care and sat quietly on her lap, evidently to their own and the boys' comfort, till their swimming-place was reached.

These merry children are the transformed sad orphans from the massacre more than four years ago, made happy and growing useful by the good care your readers have enabled us to give them. Your prayers are as much needed as your pecuniary help. God has wonderfully blessed some who were troublesome boys, and they are praising him for letting them come to our home.

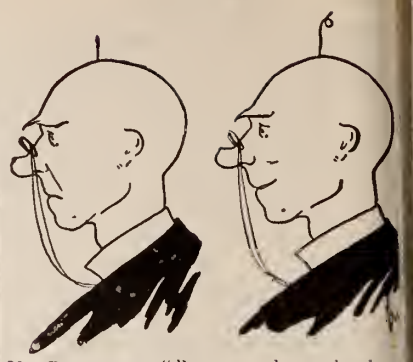
ONE OF MISS SHATTUCK'S HELPERS

MEXICO'S BURIED CITIES

An important archæological discovery is reported from Mexico by Prof. William Nixon, of New York City. That scientific investigator has lately been exploring amid the wilds of the State of Guerrero. In a letter lately received from him he writes:

Prehistoric ruins were found on all the ridges, and at a point called Cacahuatla two columns of trachyte, 4½ feet long by 18 inches in diameter, lay side by side. They were completely covered with hieroglyphics, with a five-pointed star on one end. Each of them must weigh between 400 and 500 pounds. About three hundred metres up the hill were ruins of a building over a hundred feet long. It is difficult to imagine what these columns have been used for, unless as altars of a temple. Several blocks of diorite, fourteen inches square, were scattered about, so it is evident that the edifice was of more than ordinary importance. The ground for hundreds of yards was completely strewn with fragments of broken pottery, but the brush and undergrowth was so dense that only a small part of the locality was explored.

Regarding these Guerrero ruins, I have seen sufficient evidence, during my ten years traveling in this State, to prove that the country has been inhabited by some millions of people. What such a vast population could have subsisted on in this wild, broken up country on the hill summits and sides of deep barrancas, is impossible to conceive, unless a great siesmic disturbance has changed the topography of the land. That corn was one of their chief articles of food is proven by the metates and pestles which are found in nearly every ruin, but where this cereal was grown is a mystery, as there does not appear to be more than sufficient soil to raise corn for the present Indian inhabitants.



MR. BALDPATE.—"Before I used that wonderful hair-restorer my hair was short and stiff, but after I used it, it was long and curly.

This little witticism from *Harper's B zar* points our moral perfectly. The ge tleman has just about as much cause f rejoicing on the hair question as the ma persons have who boast of hair mattress when we know, and *you should kn* and *now DO know* that the unsanita lumpy, buggy hair mattress has surren ered to the unequalled merits of

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15

Express Charges Prepaid to Your Doo

We want to be fair. We want to give you eve chance; we will run every risk (see guarantee belov We don't ask you to buy—we simply ask for your na and address that we have the pleasure of mailing yo **FREE, Our Handsome Book** of 72 pages, "The Te of Time," whether you need a mattress or not. A sma request surely. Send your name on a postal to-day.

SLEEP ON IT THIRTY NIGHTS,
and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, dura bility and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail —"no questions asked." There will be no unpleas antness about it at all.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	Al
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	6 0
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	3 In
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35	Lon
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00	

If made in two parts 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't be Deceived! There is n a single store in the count that carries our mattress; a most every store now has a imitation so-called "felt which is kept in stock to se on our advertising. *Our wa and guarantee on every genuine m tress.* Sold direct to consum er only—*express prepaid.* Sen for free book "The Test Time."

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We have cushioned 25,000 churches.
Send for our book "Church Cushions."

Don't Use a Refrigerator unless

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GOLD DUST Washing Powder

The taint of decaying particles of food is absolute poison.

Welch's Grape Juice—the pure Juice of choice Concord Grapes in an unchanged form. You can tell it is pressed from the finest grapes, for it retains the natural Grape aroma and flavor to a marked degree. It makes people well and keeps people well. Sold by druggists and fancy grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
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Christian Stewardship*

The Standard by which Men will be Judged in the Day of Final Account

OUR legislatures and law courts are familiar with the phrase "the rights of property," and all recognize a sacredness about those rights which must not be assailed. The individual also is tenacious of those rights. He asks, "Can I not do as I choose with my own?" But there is another aspect of property not so often recognized, which is the duties entailed by property. This also is important, and much of the poverty and misery of the world comes from negligence in this matter. Christ goes deeper still into the question of responsibility. He teaches that a man is responsible not only for the use of his property, but for what he makes of himself. He is not his own, but is a steward, holding himself and all he has in trust: and the time will come when he must render an account of his stewardship. Jesus so seldom lifted the curtain of the future that we ought to pay special attention to his words on this subject. Nothing can be more important for us to know than what it is that is expected of us. If we are really stewards, if the things that we have and are do not really belong to us, but are held in trust, we should try to discover the purposes of the trust and exert ourselves to fulfil them. What will be the nature of the investigation? What standard are we expected to attain? One momentous fact Christ revealed in speaking on this subject. He said that the standard varied according to circumstances. To whomsoever much had been given, of him would much be required. He who has received little, will have the less to account for.

This rule is eminently just and fair. We apply it in society. When a man's conduct is boorish we take his origin and education into account. If he comes of a good family and has enjoyed a good education, we hold him culpable; but if he was born in the slums and never went to school, we say in excuse for him, "He does not know any better." If a boy on account of his natural brightness, or because his father is better able in his case to bear the expense, is sent to college, while his brothers are sent to work with only a common school education, the father naturally expects that the college-bred boy will do more credit to the family name than will the others. If a man has had legal training or a medical education, we naturally look for legal or medical knowledge in him that we do not expect to find in the ordinary citizen. So it is not unreasonable that a higher standard of righteousness should be applied to the man who has lived in Gospel light than to him who has sat in spiritual darkness. All will be held to account, for even the savage has some rude notion of right and wrong, and is conscious of guilt when he does the thing that he knows he ought not to do. For him his Lord's will is the voice of his conscience within him, which may be darkened or perverted; but for us, our Lord's will is the conscience rectified and directed by revelation. Besides which, there is for us the help that we need for the will. When we sadly feel that we do the things that we would not, we have at our command a power that will give strength to the better nature and insure its predominance. With such advantages, what manner of men ought we to be in righteousness and holiness of life? How culpable shall we be held to be if we turn from spiritual attainment to the indulgence of the flesh!

Christ's words also give an intimation of duty beyond mere personal goodness. That remark about the steward giving meat in due season to the household, does not, as is sometimes supposed, refer exclusively to the clergy. Every man is a steward commissioned to serve his fellows. Possibly the merchant or the physician may know better than the minister what is the portion of spiritual meat which is needed by those with whom he is brought in contact, and what is the due season in each case for giving it. He who has the light, must give light. The negative goodness of the Christian who leads a blameless life, who breaks none of the commandments, is not sufficient according to Christ's rule. Christianity is an active religion. It expects that the divine nature imparted will show itself by active beneficence. Is there a clerk in the Christian's store who goes hungry for a kindly word, or a word of advice or warning? It should not be so. The steward is not doing his duty. Is the domestic servant in the kitchen battling with temptation and hungry for a sympathetic word which will strengthen the enfeebled principles that are holding her to the right course? That word unspoken by her Christian mistress is a failure of stewardship. To every one who aspires to be a follower of Christ the commission of ministry is given, and to fail in it is to run the awful risk which Christ describes as the portion with the unbelievers.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 21. Luke 12: 32-48.

Help for Galveston

RELIEF work for the stricken people of Texas goes steadily forward, great cities vieing with each other in the restoration of the desolated city on the Gulf, and extending aid to other places which, according to population, have suffered even more, it is said, than Galveston. Young and old, rich and poor, seek out ways and means of ministering to those who are in suffering and want through the devastation wrought by the cyclone. Floods of several Texas rivers have been reported, and there is no evidence that the people of afflicted districts will have any too much assistance, generous and prompt as has been the aid rendered.

New York women of such prominence as Mrs. Timothy Woodruff, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. Daniel Butterfield, Mrs. Anson Stokes-Phelps, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and others are organizing in the interests of Texas children a mammoth bazaar to be held in the Waldorf-Astoria, whose management generously lends the magnificent hostelry to their uses in this good cause. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, who is in active charge of all details concerning the booths and their management, is in receipt of many offers of aid from sympathizers in New Jersey and Manhattan Island. American women across the Atlantic are lending a hand; Mrs. Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill), the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. J. Lee Taylor, and others having cabled their desire to cooperate in the work.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, never laggards in well-doing, but ever ready to help the widow, the orphan, the sick, and the sorrowing, continue to show their sympathy by their gifts consecrated by many prayers for bereaved and afflicted ones. Assistance will be needed for many weeks to come, and all possible aid should be rendered to this good cause. Any contributions for the sufferers sent to this paper will be promptly acknowledged in our columns. The following have been received:

Prev. ack	$247 91
Ackerman, C	1 00
Adams, Laura	25
Alheim, Jacob	4 50
Ashhurst, Miss A	5 00
Ayres, Julia	1 00
Baldwin, Milo	10 00
Barney, Mrs.	50
Bartlett, Marietta	50
Bartlett, Nathaniel	50
Bleakley, Mrs Alicia	1 00
Boyle, Mrs Ellen	25
Brackenridge, Jno G	2 00
Brown, Mr & Mrs J F	5 00
Burt, Thos	5 00
Burton, Mrs J C	2 00
Burton, Mr & Mrs W	1 00
Calley, David S	1 00
Carlisle, Jas D	2 00
Craig, W J	1 00
Cromer, Rev T K wife	2 50
Crone, Mrs M A	1 00
Crone, R W	1 00
Dikeman, Miss M A	5 00
Easton, Mrs Wm H	1 00
Elberson, Mr & Mrs J	50
Elberson, Melissa	25
Eldridge, Chas F	1 00
Fitzgerald, M P	1 00
Floyd, Mrs C P	5 00
French, Miss Alma	2 00
Fulton, Mr & Mrs E M	5 00
Gibbs, Mary A	5 00
Goodrich, Mrs F L	1 00
Hays, Mrs Mary	50
Hervey, M J and May Reco	2 00
Howze, T M	1 00
Hurd, Dr G L	2 50
Hurd, Mrs G L	2 50
Johnson, M E	25
Kane, E K	60 36
Employees of E K Kane	60 36
Keller, Adam	50
Kessler, Mrs Laura	25
Kessler, Lizzie	25
Kintigh, W R	5 00
Kline, W R	1 00
Liggins, Rev John	1 00
Lloyd, Mrs M W	5 00
Lyle, Mr & Mrs W J	10 00
McClain, D W	5 00
Maxwell, R B	2 00
Metzger, Chas C R	1 00
Milhone, Belle	1 00
Milhone, Mary	1 00
Miller, Augustus	15
Morrell, Mrs	25
Nientker, Rev F	5 00
Payne, Mrs E M	5 00
Prentiss, Mrs J M	2 75
Penny, Mrs M D	2 00
Peterson, C O	2 00
Reese, Minnie & Anna	2 00
Sack, A	1 00
Smith, Mary A	1 00
Sneller, Mrs P O	2 00
Snyder, H C	5 00
Strubble, Miss S	1 00
Taylor, Mrs L R	50
Van Orden, Wm. May L & Anna & Rosanna Salisbury	10 00
Vinton, Maria E	5 00
Walmsley, Miss A	10
Wheeler, Mrs	25
Wilding, Mrs J	1 00
Wintsch, Rev J	1 00
Wintsch, J. Jr	25
Wise, G	25
Wise, Iva	50
Wise, R	25
A B C, N Y C	1 00
F & G T, Allentown	25 00
J E T, Dunnellen	1 00
L M A, Clifton Forge	1 00
M C L, Phila	1 00
M R A, Hentonville	1 00
—, La Monte	10 00
—, Middlebury	25
—, Webster	3 00
Friend, Bloomington	1 00
" E, Brooklyn	10 00
Total	$587 63

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The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Ladies, at luncheon parties and at all home-meals, will find a delicacy of flavor in all dishes savored with this sauce—for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

SIGNATURE on every bottle. Lea & Perrins John Duncans' Sons Agents-New York

Torture greater than human ingenuity could invent, pain so exquisite that those who have not suffered it can form no idea of its intensity, is often the fate of those whom that dread disease, rheumatism, has marked for its victims. Even in cases that have become aggravated a remedy now exists that promises a certain and lasting cure, as will be seen by the following sworn statement. Mr. Frank Remmelt, of 709 McGee Street, Elmira, N. Y., was laid up with rheumatism which resulted from standing, during his work, upon a damp floor. He says:

"About a year ago I was attacked with rheumatism in my feet and legs, chiefly in my legs. They swelled greatly and became very stiff and sore. Whenever I attempted to walk the pain was awful. I had been suffering in this way for about three months when someone handed me a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it through carefully and made up my mind to give them a fair trial, for not only was I anxious to be relieved of my sufferings, but I knew that unless I could get relief I would soon have to give up work altogether and this I could not afford to do.

"I got two boxes at first and by the time the second one was used up I began to feel decidedly better. The swelling was going down, the stiffness and pain were much less and I found I could get about much better. I got three more boxes and by the time the last of them had been taken I was entirely free from the swelling, the pain and the stiffness. In fact I was cured and I am glad to say that I have had no return of the trouble since."

Signed FRANK REMMELT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1900.

E. SIIAY,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100.) Address Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"THE 'SALT' OF SALTS"

ABBEY'S Effer-vescent SALT

The Salt Extracted from the Juices of Fresh Fruits.

...RELIEVES...

Headache, Constipation, Indigestion.

Charles G. Purdy, M.D., states: "The most effective and elegant aperient Salt for clearing the Gastro-intestinal tract, is Abbey's Effervescent Salt. It is the only one which I have found suitable for children, and for my own use. I have never found a preparation so satisfactory.

Sold by most druggists or sent by mail, 25c., 50c., $1.00 per bottle.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Room 1, 13 Murray Street, N. Y.

Booklet free on request.

PERFECTION CAKE TIN has removable bottom which enables you to remove without breaking the most delicate cake or pie. Bottom fits in groove; will not leak batter. We make ten styles, round, square and oblong. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. AGENTS, write how to get free this and others of our best selling household novelties—Outfit worth $2.00—Express prepaid. Address Dept. T HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.

STARK TREES best by test—74 YEARS. WE WANT MORE SALESMEN PAY CASH WEEKLY Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo; Dansville, N.Y.

Rheumatism OR Uric Acid Poisoning

Governor STEPHENS, of Missouri, says that Tartarlithine is the only remedy which gave him relief in Uric Acid Poisoning. The Governor speaks of the remedy in the highest terms.

Tartarlithine is supplied in bottles containing 50 doses at $1.00, and can be obtained of all druggists or post-free by mail. Pamphlets with Testimonials sent free.

McKESSON & ROBBINS 91 Fulton Street New York

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

TARTAN PILLS

For Constipation, Torpid Liver, Bilious Headaches, &c., which often accompany Rheumatic conditions.

25c. per Bottle

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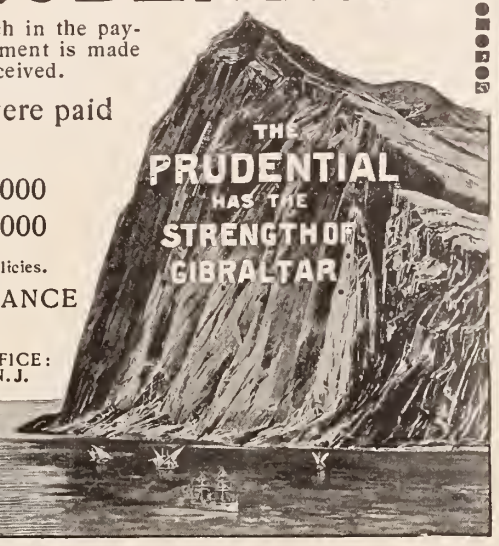

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 42

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. It it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Nov. 14

1. Is the physical experience of death probably painful or painless?
2. What two symbols are used for both Christ and his people, and where are they so used?
3. What is the legend concerning the fabled Phœnix, in which the cause of its immortality is explained?
4. Is the Christian justified in suing to recover a loan in view of Christ's injunction, Luke 6: 35?
5. Does it ordinarily pay for girls to devote the time necessary to learning the piano, to say nothing of the cost of tuition?
6. May the converted man hope to live without sin, as John says (I. John 3: 9) or must we believe that every man sins, as he says, I. John 1: 8?
7. What is the best method of dealing with a girl who is disposed to be wayward?
8. Is a church justified in offering a minister a larger salary to quit his church when he is doing a good work in his present sphere?
9. If a visitor is really unwelcome, should a Christian host let him know it?
10. If one sins, and by such act brings affliction on himself, will God hear and answer his prayers for pardon and physical restoration if he persists in yielding to his sin?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the history and age of the "Stone of Destiny," so-called, now under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey?

During the reign of Edward I., the English at the Abbey of Scone, seized the "Stone of Scone," or the "Stone of Destiny," the palladium of Scotland, on which her kings were crowned. This was taken by Edward as a trophy to Westminster Abbey, and enclosed in that ancient coronation chair, which has been used for the last eight hundred years, from his son's accession down to that of Victoria. This famous stone is about thirty inches long, eighteen inches wide and twelve inches thick. It is claimed to be the same which Jacob used as a pillow when he slept on the starlit plains of Judah. The Kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone. The legend goes that 580 B.C., at the time of the Babylonian captivity, Circa, daughter of Zedekiah, last King of Judæa, was married at Tara, Ireland, to Heremon, a prince of the Tuatha de Danan (which is said to be the Celtic name for the tribe of Dan). From Circa and Heremon, Queen Victoria traces her descent through James I., who placed the lion of the tribe of Judah upon the British standard. Jeremiah is said to have concealed this sacred stone at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and captivity of the Jews, and to have brought it to Ireland, where it was known as the Ria Phail ("stone wonderful"). It was carried to Scotland by Fergus I., and thence to London in the year 1200. It exact age is not known, but it is the most priceless historical object of the British Empire, as it was the palladium of Israel.

OLLIE S. TALCOTT.

* * *

Answers have also been received from Caroline Schneider, J. K. Wilson, Mrs. A. E. Hole, Mary C. Gregg, G. A. Haury, A. E. Copland, William Keene Hilton, Mrs. E. C. Bradley, Ivy D. Snider, F. J. Strayer, Mary A. Rourke, Amelia Hoyt, Rev. H. Martin Kellog, A. Reist Rutt, A. W. Yale, Thomas Laurence, D. Emerson Tobias, Annie MacEdward, G. E. Krauth, Donna M. Slater, Miss M. J. Holmes, Agnes Spencer, Viola Gorham, C. P. Atkinson, Joseph T. Wheeler, Miss Nettie Zimmer, Lottie V. McKee, John D. Meese.

2. What object is used as a metaphor in references to prosperity, to eternal life, to mortality and to timidity, and where are the references found in the Bible?

The leaf: 1. Prosperity. Psalms 1: 3, "His leaf also shall not wither." 2. Eternal life. Rev. 22: 2, "The leaves of the tree (of life) were for the healing of the nations." Many commentators refer this passage to eternal life. 3. Mortality. Isa. 64: 6. "We all do fade as a leaf." 4. Timidity. Lev. 26: 36, "I will send a faintness into their hearts in the land of their enemies; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them." G. E. KRAUTH.

* * *

Water is used as a metaphor in references to prosperity, to eternal life, to mortality, and to timidity in the following passages of Scripture, namely: 1. Prosperity. Deut. 8: 7. "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." 2. Eternal life. Rev. 22: 17, "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." 3. 3. Mortality. II Sam. 14: 14, "For we must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." 4. Timidity. Josh. 7: 5, "The hearts of the people melted and became as water." E. G. ROWE.

3. If a child does not inherit the quality of integrity, is it probable that it will ever become truthful under Christian training?

There is a great difference in opinion as to whether Christian surroundings can overcome the faults of inheritance. Much of the so-called untruthfulness of little children is due to the workings of a vivid imagination. Psychologists tell us that the sense impressions experienced leave their images on the brain matter, and often in the workings of the child mind these images are strangely associated, and the child tells what seems an untruth. Those who deal with such imaginative children should be very careful. The child must be led to distinguish between the things which "really happen" and those he "just thinks about." As he grows older he may be led to see the trouble caused by falsehood, and realizing the wrong of it, if he has sufficient determination and force of character, he may become an honorable member of society. Let us never despair of such a child. His only hope lies in his environment. Let us so surround him with truthfulness, and so encourage all the good within him that he will be impressed with the beauty of righteousness, and seeing his own fault, and realizing its enormity, try to overcome it.

FLORA L. WHITMORE.

4. When it is clearly proved that there is incompatibility of temper in husband and wife, is it best that they separate, rather than remain together quarreling?

Yes; but not for mere differences of opinion or quarrels that can be reconciled if the parties are reasonable beings. One party may have such a violent temper that it would be dangerous to live together. Then a separation by mutual consent, due provision being made for the support of the wife and children, would be preferable to living together in misery. It must not be forgotten that the parties to a marriage have obligations to the State and to their children. Indeed, a separation might be decreed by the courts against the consent of one of the parties, if it appears with reasonable certainty that they cannot live together in peace. The marriage relation would still exist, as this would not be a divorce, and the parties could be reunited at any time.

H. C. UNDERHILL.

5. What are the greatest defects in our educational system, and how may they be remedied?

1. The inflexibility of the programs of the individual schools, producing the fatal lockstep, whereby pupils are pushed along at a uniform rate in all studies, irrespective of individual capabilities, thus in various ways crushing individuality and stunting growth. 2. The lack of uniform standards of work for different grades, thus making the transfer of pupils from one school to another difficult, and giving us no way of telling how much a boy should know after passing through a certain number of grades or courses. 3. Sixty-five per centism, that is, passing scholars who have reached a given per cent., irrespective of how that per cent. is obtained, and that per cent. a low one. 4. Improper grading up of the school work. The children are sent to school too early, and are required to do too hard work. The result is that nerves and muscles are too soon and too vigorously excited, and consequent inability to do work later. 5. The dominance of statistics and the prevalence of machine methods. Difficulties 1 and 2 would be obviated by having certain standards set up for the work in the several departments by some central authority, and by allowing the individual pupil to proceed as rapidly as consistent with his ability and health. Thus some pupils should not be allowed to carry so many studies as others, thus devoting more time to those they do take. The remedy for the fourth defect suggests itself, and that for the fifth consists in encouraging the individuality and faculty of good judgment of teachers, and offering sufficient salaries to induce original and forceful persons to enter the profession.

HARLAND H. REEDOR.

6. Are there any reasons for supposing that there are people like ourselves on the planets or stars?

My work entitled *The Starry Hosts*, published some years ago, is an argument for the habitation of the planets. The argument proceeds on the following propositions: "1. The entire universe, being the creation of God, is the manifestation of infinite wisdom, as well as of almighty power. 2. It is not consistent with infinite wisdom to display more power than is necessary to accomplish the intended purpose. 3. On this principle, the planets must serve some higher purpose than the lighting up of the earth. 4. The purpose most worthy of their Creator, and most in harmony with his revealed operations, is that of sentient and intellectual habitation."

The argument is thus mainly founded on analogy. Other planets have much in common with our own, as for instance, an atmosphere, day and night, variety of seasons, and so on. Besides, most of the planets of the solar system are much larger, and far more magnificent in their appointments than ours. It would not be a deduction of reason, then, but a wanton bound of imagination, to suppose that our small and dingy world is the only place of habitation.

The argument, in fact, has the force of a moral demonstration. At the same time, it is held as only reasonable that there may be great variety of form and physical constitution in the inhabitants of other worlds. This would but accord with the divine procedure here, in the adaptation of different animals for different elements, as birds for the air, beasts for the earth, fishes for the sea. The whole theme is most inspiring, especially as it leads us into the contemplation of God's illimitable, glorious creation.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

7. What is the best method for a young Christian to follow in studying the Old Testament?

A volume would be needed to adequately answer this question, and as a matter of fact many volumes have been written on the subject. Briefly, however, I would advise the young Christian to get clearly in his mind what the Old Testament is, before he begins its study. It is not only the Word of God, but it is the literature of a people. God was revealing himself to that people who had been specially chosen to receive such a revelation and prepared for it by suffering and discipline. As one and another leading member of the nation grasped a successive stage in the revelation of God's character, he set down his thoughts. He has in the Old Testament the history of the people, their laws, their theology (in the prophets), their poetry (in the Psalms), their philosophy (in Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastes, etc.) He should keep this classification clearly in mind all through, as he would if studying any other nation. He is then prepared to take up each separate group of writers and study them intelligently. A very helpful little work that would save him perplexity is Adeney's *How to Read the Bible*, published by Thomas Whittaker, at 50 cents.

ERNEST CLARKE.

8. If a person, in dying, confides a secret to another under the pledge that it shall never be disclosed, is it justifiable in the person giving the pledge to disclose the secret when it would clearly be for the benefit of living persons?

We are not justified in changing when we swear to our "own hurt." How much more are we bound to keep our pledge when it is to the dead, from whom we cannot ask release! Our pledges are more important than mere questions of interest, whether our own or another's. Our pledge closes the matter forever, unless we have reason beyond a doubt to believe that the pledge of secrecy was contingent on conditions, and that those conditions have been met, so that we are absolutely released in the spirit of our pledge. All the casuistry ever indulged relative to enforced pledges will not avail here, even in the face of death, unless the conditions absolutely satisfy the judgment that by the very conditions of our pledge we are released. One must come to such a conclusion very rarely and very cautiously. But the inviolability of our pledge does not restrain us from shaping the course of our energies and our endeavors according to the facts in our possession. Sometimes to regulate our conduct according to the secret of which we have the knowledge will confer the benefit upon others which we would seek in disclosing it.

C. P. ATKINSON.

9. What is meant by the "penny" in Matt. 20: 2, 9, 10; and why did each laborer receive the same pay, whether he wrought one hour or twelve hours?

The penny was the Roman *denarius*, worth about sixteen cents of our money. It was considered a fair day's pay for unskilled labor. The eccentricity of the employer in paying the men who had wrought only one hour the same amount as he paid the men who had wrought twelve hours, we may be sure was not common. Josephus mentions one instance of it. It was that of the High Priest Annas, who gave the workmen who adorned the temple a day's pay, even though they only worked one or two hours; but the practice was so opposed to the recognized principles of fairness that it was never the custom anywhere. We have to look to the preceding chapter for the clue to the explanation. Peter had asked what he and the others who had given up everything to follow Christ were to have in return. Christ apparently wished to show that the spirit of bargain making was utterly alien to Christianity. No man ought to enter his service for the sake of reward. He wanted those about him who loved and trusted him and were not thinking of their own interests at all. If a follower did make a bargain, he would receive all that had been promised him. God would deal with him as a servant, and he would receive the stipulated wages. But the others, who made no bargain, who trusted Christ and did not feel it necessary in working for such a Master to stipulate as to pay, were those whose spirit Christ liked. So these men who left the question of remuneration to him, showed a confidence in him which he would honor. Men are not paid for what they do for Christ, but are honored for the spirit of love and devotion that is in them. A disciple who dies in his youth with only one year of service to his credit, may have had in him all the energy and consecration and ardent love that have characterized the venerable minister who has labored for Christ for fifty years. In short, it is what we are rather than what we have done that God takes into account.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

10. What is the best method of dealing with a church gossip, who, though well-meaning, is a persistent and seemingly hopeless provoker of disturbance and dissension, through the habit of tale-bearing and love of petty scandal?

There are several ways of dealing with the evil which is a very serious one and has injured many a church. As a beginning, the pastor might preach a sermon on such a text as Prov. 18: 8: "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds;" or James 3: 6: "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." If the sermon is a plain and faithful one it may effect a cure, or at least administer a warning. If it fails, a personal interview should be sought. If the statements circulated are untrue or grossly exaggerated, the gossip should be convinced of the fact and be compelled on pain of exposure, to go to the injured person and apologize. The pastor should go with her to see that the apology is ample. An experience or two of that kind seldom fails to effect a cure. In extreme cases, in which the wrongdoer is incorrigible, she should be publicly admonished at a church meeting, and her fellow members should pray that God will forgive her for bearing false witness against her neighbor. Finally, in the last resort, she should be cut off from membership. The pastor cannot afford to have such a person in his church, and if she will not repent and reform she should be expelled.

ROBERT WYNN.

Miscellaneous Questions

A Farmer's Wife, Triggsville, Ill. In pictures of the trials and crucifix of Christ, we see on the banners of the soldiers or mob these letters: I. N. R. I. and S. P. Q. R. What is their meaning?

I. N. R. I. stands for *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*, which means: Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews; S. P. Q. R. for *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, meaning the Roman Senate and people.

Mrs. H. M., Cripple Creek, Col. Please tell me the origin of the name "Heights of Abraham," as applied to the upper portion of the city of Quebec.

The Heights, or Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, were named from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as "Maitre (master) Abraham," who owned a piece of land there in the early times of the colony.

N. C., Dalton City, Ill. 1. Please tell me about the Black Forest and the occupation of its people. 2. I wish to know the names and titles of all Queen Victoria's children. 3. How many children has Dr. Talmage? 4. Who was the first martyr?

1. The Black Forest is an extensive upland district on the right bank of the upper Rhine, in Germany, stretching from that river to the Neckar and upper Danube. The inhabitants have long been celebrated for their dexterity in the manufacture of wooden ornaments, clocks, toys, watches, musical boxes, organs, etc. Mining, grape-growing and pastoral pursuits are also followed. 2. Queen Victoria has had nine children. Of these, Victoria, Dowager-Empress of Germany; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; Helena, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Louise, Marchioness of Lorne; Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, are living. Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, died in 1878; Leopold, Duke of Albany, in 1884, and Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, quite recently. The Queen has nearly fifty grandchildren. For further information concerning the Royal Family, see *Rulers of the World*, published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and issued as a premium with the paper. 3. Dr. Talmage has six children living, one son and five daughters. 4. Stephen was the first martyr.

German, Rochester, N. Y. No.

Health, Corry, Pa. Consult a reputable physician.

A. A., Colfax, Wash. See answer No. 2, to Robert H. F., New London, O.

Robert H. F., New London, O. 1. By the poet Campbell on the battle of Hohenlinden. 2. It may be lawful yet sinful. Only works of necessity and mercy are justifiable on the Lord's day.

CHURCH PARADE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

DIVINE SERVICE ON A FRENCH WARSHIP

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF AT A SERVICE AT VIENNA

Divine Worship in the Armies...

THE · RELIGION · OF · A · SOLDIER

Memorable Services on the Field . . .

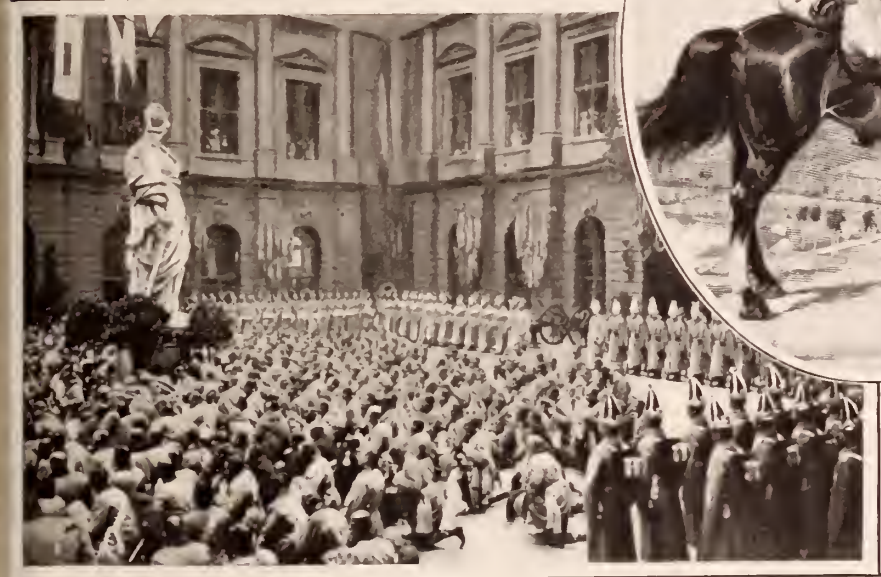
EVERY great nation, especially in war time, provides for the spiritual, as well as the physical welfare of its soldiers and sailors. With the British Army, in the Transvaal, for instance, there are no less than forty-three chaplains, of whom twenty-five are of the Church of England, six Presbyterian, eight Roman Catholic and four Wesleyan. British army leaders do not insist that their men shall attend divine service: but none know the power of example, where the fighting man is concerned, better than such Generals as Roberts, Buller, Methuen, Baden-Powell and MacDonald, who themselves attend Sunday service so regularly that their men feel morally bound to fall into line when the trumpeter sounds "church call."

Lord Roberts has distributed among his men a prayer composed specially for the soldier at the front, by the Archbishop of Armagh. Furthermore, every soldier, with his kit, receives a small-sized Testament, regarding which Lord Wolseley wrote: "In my opinion there could be nothing more suitable for the spiritual comfort of a soldier on active service than this Testament. The size permits him always to carry it in his khaki jacket pocket, and each soldier who possesses a copy will have something of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's baton." Thus the British War Office, perhaps unconsciously, adopted an idea which was put to excellent use by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the Spanish-American war, when it provided a large proportion of our own soldiers in the field with a "Vest Pocket" edition of the New Testament.

In the American army, church attendance is not compulsory. A chaplain simply addresses those who attend voluntarily, laying upon the consciences of his hearers admonitions against vice and strong drink. The American army chaplain has a wide and varied field. On board a transport bound to our new possessions in the far East, he comes in contact, for a whole month, with the command with which his lot is cast, and may be helpful to many. He will conduct services at many places throughout the ship, and he will appeal as much to the mind of his hearer as to his soul. Some of these services have become historic, as in the case of the prayer service on San Juan Hill, in sight of Santiago, which was the first Protestant military service ever held in Cuba.

In the German Army, attendance at religious services is almost compulsory, yet no government is more tolerant of the religious convictions of its soldiers. Each man is given a tiny gray volume, the title of which is *Gebetbuch fur Soldaten* — the Soldier's Prayer-Book. It is supplied from the Berlin depot of the Head Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in Germany, and is a compendium of war-prayers for almost every conceivable situation, with one significant exception—there is no prayer in defeat. No man is more scrupulously careful in his religious duties and in the example he sets his army, than the Emperor William.

KAISER WILLIAM AT A MILITARY SERVICE



"CHURCH CALL," AMERICAN CAMP

SPANISH TROOPS WORSHIPING AT PONCE

A "YAHRZEIT" SERVICE AMONG JEWISH SOLDIERS, GERMAN ARMY

Sunday morning invariably finds him at the garrison church wherever he may be, and he rarely lets an opportunity pass without personally saying something religious to his troops.

One of the interesting pictures herewith shows a religious observance of Jewish soldiers, at the front, during the Franco-German war. "Yahrzeit," among the Jews, is the anniversary of the death of a parent, and, though neither of Biblical nor Talmudic origin, is one of the religious customs of Judaism which most strongly appeals to the sentiment of affectionate remembrance as well as to the spiritual conviction of the Israelite. The Kaddish, or sanctification prayer, which every dutiful son or daughter repeats upon the occasion, cannot be properly pronounced unless there is a religious quorum present—at least ten male adults of the faith. This ceremony is so highly regarded by Jews, and the affectionate remembrance of their parents is so fully developed and instilled in every Jewish heart that strenuous efforts are always made under every circumstance and condition of life, whether on the battle-field or at sea, to obtain the necessary *Minyan* or religious quorum of ten, to observe the anniversary.

On the sea, too, among the civilized nations of the earth, religious services are observed and one of the pictures shows a Te Deum upon a French warship in Chinese waters, a thanksgiving service for a victory won in a shallow and narrow river, against a strong fort and hundreds of Chinese war junks.

In Austria, the most solemn religious ceremony attended by the military is that on Corpus Christi Day. Annually, on this day, all Vienna is astir at dawn to see the great procession start from the Hofburg on its way to St. Stephens. This year Franz Josef was present in general's uniform, his head bared to the sun.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

An Exile's Diet

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Daniel 1: 5:

And the king appointed them a daily provision of the king's meat, and of the wine which he drank: so nourishing them three years, that at the end thereof they might stand before the king.

MY text opens the door of a college in Babylon, and introduces you to a young student seventeen years of age, Daniel by name. Be not surprised if in the college you find many hilarities. Put a hundred young men together and they are sure to have a good time. There is no harm in that. God does not write out the trees and the grass and the blossoms in dull prose. The old robin does not sit moping in the nest because of the chirpings and the lively adventures of the fledglings that have just begun to fly. Do not come into an orchard looking for winter apples on a May morning.

But Daniel of the text is far from being gay. What oppressive thoughts must have come over him as he remembered that he was a captive in a strange land! The music that came into his study window was not the song of Zion, but the sound of flute, sackbut and dulcimer in the worship of the heathen god. Moreover, he had no hope of ever getting back home again and meeting those who had missed him long and missed him bitterly, wondering if he were still alive, and finding many a luxury tasteless because Daniel might be lacking bread.

When you and I were in school or college, and the vacation approached, we were full of bright anticipation, and we could not study the last day. The lexicon and the philosophical apparatus were transparent, so we could see right through them into the meadows and the orchards. Not so with poor Daniel. He did not know that he should ever escape from captivity, or escaping, he did not know but when he got home the loved ones would be dead, and he would go wandering and weeping among the sepulchres of his fathers. Besides that the king tried to make him forget his home and forget his country; for that purpose, actually changed his name. The king wanted him to be a prodigy in

Personal Appearance

and so he ordered meat and wine sent from his own table to Daniel; but Daniel refuses all this, and puts himself upon the humblest diet, the poorest of all herbs, called pulse, and plain water. His attendants cry out against this, and tell him he will perish under such a diet. "No," he says, "you try us for ten days, and if at the end of that time we are not full-cheeked and robust as any, it will be surprising." Ten days pass along and the students come up for examination, and all declare that none are so ruddy and robust as Daniel and his fellow-captives. The days of industrious pupilage and the years pass by, and the day of graduation has come, and Daniel gets his diploma, signed by the king and reading as follows: "In all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." And so Daniel took the first honor, and here the story ends, for Daniel the student hereafter will be Daniel the prime minister.

The first thought suggested to me by this subject, is that young men may be carried into captivity by their enemies. There is a captivity more galling than the one in which Daniel was transported; it is the captivity of evil habit. Men do not go into that wittingly. Slyly and imperceptibly are the chains forged upon them, and one day they wake up to find themselves away down in Babylon. Cyrus afterward consented that some of his captives should return, and fifty thousand of them accepted the opportunity; but tell me what evil habit ever consented to let a man go. Men talk of evil habits as though they were light and trivial; but they are scorpion whips that tear the flesh; they are spikes; they make the poisonous robe of Nessus; they are the sepulchres in which millions are buried alive. The young are in more peril because they are unsuspecting. The lions are asleep in their soul, and their power is not suspected. The time when a ship's company makes mutiny is when the watchman is off his guard. When a spider meets a fly, it does not say, "Go down with me to the place where I murder insects." No; it says: "Come and take a bright morning walk with me on this suspension bridge of glittering gossamer." Oh, there is a difference between the sparkle of a serpent's eye and the crush of its slimy folds. There is a difference between the bear's paw toying with a kid, and the crackling of the bones in the terrific hug. Are there those around whom suspicious companions are gathering? Do their jests and their entertainments make the hours go blithely by when you are with them? Have you taken a sip from their cup of sin, or gone with them in one path of unrighteousness? Turn back. From Babylon they came and to Babylon they would carry you.

Early Training

My subject also impresses me with the fact that early impressions are almost ineffaceable. Daniel had a religious bringing up. From the good meaning of his name I know he had pious parentage. But as soon as he comes into the possession of the king, his name is changed, all his surroundings are changed, and now, you say, will begin the demoralization of his character. Before, his name was Daniel, which means "God my judge;" now, his name is to be Belteshazzar, which means "the treasurer of the god Bel." Now you expect to see him overthrown amid all these changed circumstances. Oh, no! Daniel started right, and he keeps on right. When I find what Daniel is in Jerusalem, I am not surprised to find what he is in Babylon. I wish I could write upon all parents' hearts the fact that early impressions are wellnigh ineffaceable. When I see Joseph, a pious lad, in the house of his father, Jacob, I am not surprised to see him acting so nobly down in Egypt. David planned the Temple at Jerusalem, and gathered the materials for its building; but Solomon, the son, came and put up the structure, and that goes on in all ages. The father plans the character of the child, and its destiny for time and eternity; then the son completes the structure. You might as well put down a foundation ten feet by five and expect to rear on it a great cathedral, as to put down a contracted character in a child's soul and yet rear upon it something extensively grand and extensively useful.

Let me say to those Christian parents who are doing their best in the education of their children:

Take Good Heart;

your sons to-day may be far away from you and in a distant city, but God, to whom you dedicated them, will look after them. The God of Daniel will take care of them far away in Babylon. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He may wander away for a while and fall into sin, and break your heart; but before he is done with this life, you having commended him to God, he will come back again; for I put the emphasis in the right place and on the word "old," when I repeat that passage and say, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." May you all have the glorious satisfaction of seeing your children walk in paths of righteousness and peace! One with them on earth, may you be one with them in heaven!

But I learn also from this subject the beauty of Christian sobriety. The meat and the wine that were to come to Daniel's table were to come from the king's table. Well, Daniel had no right to take that food. The king was a heathen, and, like all the heathens, was accustomed to ask a blessing before he partook of food, and in that blessing they always dedicated the food to the gods. So that if Daniel had taken this food he would have broken the law which forbade the taking of food dedicated to idols. He chose pulse. It was a miracle that he did not dwindle away. There is nothing in pulse, such a poor herb, to make a man ruddy and healthful. Some people talk as though that were a kind of diet which would make a man swarthy and competent to do the duties of this life. That is not the lesson at all. He went through that self-denial because the food offered him was idolatrous food. When I see God filling the earth with all varieties of food I have not much confidence in the teaching of those who would put us on severe regimen. But oh, how many

Temptations to Dissipation!

With so many nice things to tempt the appetite, how many temptations to gluttony! With so many sparkling beverages, how much temptation to drunkenness! Could I bring before you this morning the mothers and the wives and the sisters who have wept at the graves of the inebriate, your soul would be overpowered with the spectacle. Could I show you the manly forms robbed of their beauty, the eye-flashings quenched in the wine cup, the ruddy cheek from which rum has wormed the rose, your souls would recoil with horror, and you would rise up and cry, "Begone, thou dream of hell!"

Charles Lamb, who made all the world laugh at his humor, and then afterward made all the world weep at his fate, who outwitted everybody, and was at last outwitted of his own appetites, wrote thus: "The waters have gone over me; but out of the depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of his life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise — could he look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness empty out of him, and yet not able to forget the time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous

Spectacle of His Own Ruin

— could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of that folly — could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

Are you fond of pictures? Here is one drawn by Solomon: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

My subject also impresses me with the beauty of youthful character remaining incorrupt away from home. If he had gone through all the rounds of iniquity, it would have cast no shadow on his early home. There were no telegraphs, there were no railroads. But Daniel knew that God's eye was on him. That was enough. There are young men not so good away from home as at home. Frederick tending his father's sheep among the hills, or threshing rye in the barn, is different perhaps from Frederick on the Stock Exchange. Instead of the retiring disposition, there is bold effrontery; instead of an obliging spirit, there is perhaps oppressive seifishness; instead of open-handed charity, there is tight-fisted stinginess; instead of reasonable hours, there is midnight revel. I speak to many young men on this matter —you who may have left your father's house, and others who, though still under the parental roof, are looking forward to the time when you will go forth to conflict, alone in this world, with its temptations and its sorrows, and when you will build up your own character. Oh, that the God of Daniel might be with you in Babylon!

I think the most thrilling passage of a young man's life is

When He Leaves Home

to make his fortune. The novelty and the romance of the thing may keep him from any keen sorrow, but the old people who have seen the destruction of so many who started with high hope, cannot help but be anxious. As long as he was in his father's house his waywardness was kindly chided, and although sometimes he thought the restraint rather bitter and rather severe, in his calmer moments he acknowledged it was salutary and righteous. Through the influence of metropolitan friends, the father has obtained a situation for his son in the city. The comrades of the young man come the night before his departure to bid farewell to the adventurer. The morning of his going away he walks around the place to take a last look at things — perhaps comes upon some object that starts a tear, some old familiar place, but no one sees the tear. The trunk is put upon the wagon, the young man is off for the city. He is set down amid excitements and amid associates who are not over-careful about their words and thoughts and actions. Morning comes. No family altar. Sabbath comes. No rural quiet. The sanctuary comes, but all the faces are strange, and no one cares whether he comes to church or does not come. On his way home from the store he sees a placard announcing a rare and a vicious amusement. He has no greeting at the door of the boarding-house. He has no appetite for the food. No one cares whether he eats or does not eat — rather he would not eat — it is cheaper! After the tea he goes into the parlor, takes up a book, finds it dull, no sister to look over it with him. Goes upstairs to his room in the third story, finds it cold and uninviting, and in despair he rushes out, caring for nothing but to get something to make him stop thinking. He is caught in the first whirl of sin. He has started out on the dark sea where the gleam of the joy is the flashing of the pit, and the laughter is the creaking of the gate of the lost. Oh, how many graves there are in the country churchyard which, if they could speak, would tell of young men who went off with high hopes and came back blasted and crushed to disgrace the sepulchre of their fathers!

And yet this exodus must go on. As from distant hills the rivers are poured down through tunnels to slake the thirst of our great cities, so from distant country-places the streams of incorrupt population must pour down to purify our great cities. To-morrow morning, on all the thoroughfares, in every steamboat, and in every rail-car will be young men going forth to seek their fortunes in our great towns. O Lord God of Daniel! help them to be as

Faithful in Babylon

as they were at Jerusalem. Forget not, young friends, in the great seaports the moral and religious principles inculcated by parental solicitude, and if to-day seated in the house of God, you feel the advantage of early Christian culture, forget not those to whom you are most indebted, and pray God that as old age comes upon them and the shadow of death, the hope of Heaven may beam through the darkness. God forbid that any of us through our misconduct should bring disgrace upon a father's name or prove recreant to the love of a mother. Oh! that God would help every one of you as parents and as young people to take to heart the lessons of this important subject; and if we shall learn that there is danger of being carried into captivity, and that early impressions are almost ineffaceable, and that there is something beautiful in Christian sobriety, and that there is great attractiveness in piety away from home—then it will be to you and to me a matter of everlasting congratulation that we considered how Daniel behaved when he became a college student at Babylon.

HOW THEY PRAYED IN PEKIN

Mrs. Conger Tells the Story of Suffering During the Siege

SINCE the siege of Lucknow there has been no more thrilling chapter in history than that of the besieged legations in Pekin and their deliverance after two weary months of peril and suspense by the arrival of the relieving armies. Now that the full account comes through Mrs. Conger and Miss Pierce, wife and niece of the American Minister to China, of the hard and perilous times endured by the legationers and those who sought refuge within the compounds, it seems, indeed, as if God, mindful of the prayers going up daily and hourly from many lands and from the sufferers themselves, had almost wrought a miracle for the relief of the Christians in Pekin. Mrs. Conger's and Miss Pierce's narratives are in the form of letters to relatives and friends in this country, penned during the siege, after the manner of a diary.

Mrs. Conger's letter, dated June , speaks of the tottering Chinese government, the weakness of the army, which either fears or sympathizes with the Boxers; of ineffectual pleas of foreign ministers to the Tsung-li-Yamen for protection and of their final demand that they be permitted to bring their own guards into the city. Mrs. Conger says:

"Several days of deep interest and intense anxiety have passed. Rumors upon rumors have been coming in. All foreign nations here represented stand as one family in these times. Men of all classes are showing their strength of character. The office will not take or send any more foreigners' messages. They say the wires are down. We cannot know the truth of it just now, but we know that messages are not received or sent."

She refers to the bringing in of supplies, the filling of jars with water which has to be bought outside the legation), the faithfulness of her Chinese servant, and affirms her own confidence in God, in spite of the fact that danger is in the air. Legationers cannot tell what is taking place in or outside of the imperial city. Of the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, Miss Pierce says:

"The German Minister's life was sacrificed for all those in Pekin, for it showed the sentiment of the people and just how dangerous it was to go outside our lines. Baroness von Ketteler was an American from Detroit, and the German secretaries asked Aunt Sarah (Mrs. Conger) to tell her of her husband's death. It was a sad duty to perform."

"The American guards hold the most dangerous place on the wall," Mrs. Conger writes. "Our United States Captain Myers decided to charge the Chinese behind their barricade. He said to his men: 'Men, when I say go, every one of you go. Remember over there in the British legation are three hundred women and children, whose lives depend upon our success. If we fail, not only our lives are lost, but theirs also. Now go!' They did go, and in five minutes the barricade was taken. We have buried six of our marines in the Russian legation, across the street. One night when Mr. Conger was helping, a Russian soldier was there, too. He was a rough-looking man, but had a big heart. He got into a grave, and helped to cut the dirt from under the feet and head of a United States soldier. Looking up, with tears in his eyes, he said: 'He is my brother. We have fought together on the wall.'

"Missions are sacked and burned; guards go out to bring in missionaries; stores in the city where foreign goods are kept are fired, and legationers on the walls watch spreading flames devour acres of the best section of the capital. Terrific din is heard outside. Boxers perform horrible incantations in sight of the compound. Food gets low, horses and dogs are eaten, and the heat is terrible. Babies are dying, hospitals are filled with the sick." Later: "Rejoice! rejoice!" writes Mrs. Conger, "word from our troops, 40,000 strong, only forty miles away.' Aug. 14: "Our troops are here! Such joy and warm greetings you never saw!"

The Blind Poet's Grandest Gospel Song

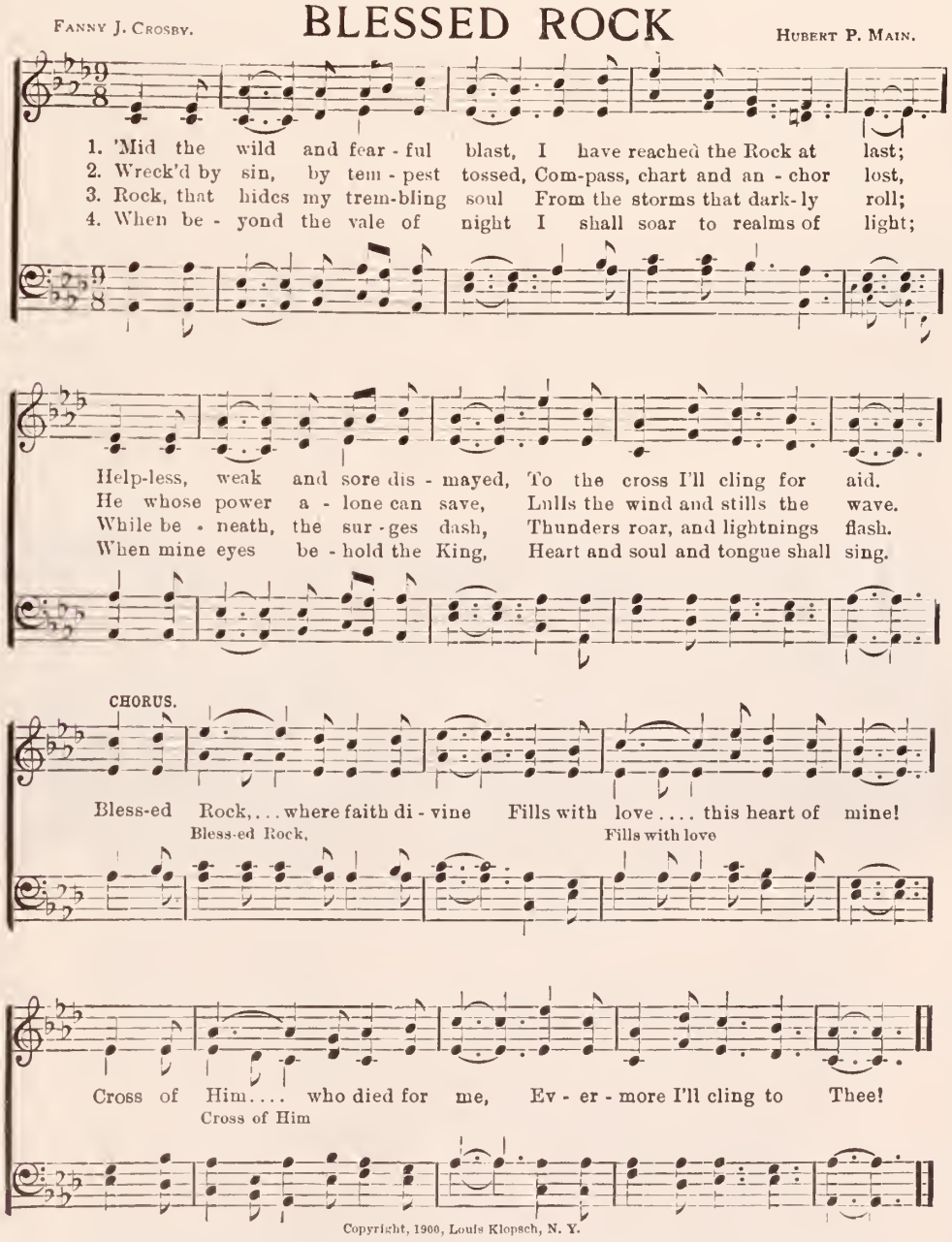
FANNY CROSBY'S NOBLEST TRIBUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

THERE is perhaps no name in the modern annals of Christian song that is more widely known and loved than that of Fanny Crosby, the blind poet. Many of her most famous compositions have appeared from time to time in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the aged poet has become a familiar figure to our readers. To-day we print on this page her latest and most remarkable hymn—the crown of her long Gospel minstrelsy. "Blessed Rock" is the new song of the Cross, and ere long it will be sung by congregations, Sunday Schools and religious gatherings, as well as in Christian homes, wherever the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached and the English language is spoken. The words are matchless in their description of the emotions of the soul that has found the sure Refuge, and the spiritual fidelity of the picture which the poet draws will at once be recognized.

Mr. Hubert P. Main's musical setting of the hymn is worthy of the theme—the grandest that can appeal to the soul of man.

Among the hymns by Fanny Crosby that have attained world-wide fame are the following, which are probably more widely sung than those of any other living religious poet: "Blessed Assurance," "Blessed Homeland," "Every Day and Hour," "Jesus is Calling," "All the Way," "Near the Cross," "Pass Me Not," "Rescue the Perishing," "Saved by Grace," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and "We are Going." They have moved multitudes of souls, and have been the means of leading many to the mercy seat. If the new hymn of the Cross, which she has given as the last beautiful offering of her genius, and which was written exclusively for this journal, should be made the instrument of Divine grace to sinful souls, leading them to Christ, it will not have been written in vain.

BLESSED ROCK

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
2. Wreck'd by sin, by tem-pest tossed, Com-pass, chart and an-chor lost,
3. Rock, that hides my trem-bling soul From the storms that dark-ly roll;
4. When be-yond the vale of night I shall soar to realms of light;
Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
He whose power a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
While be-neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.
When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed Rock,... where faith di-vine Fills with love.... this heart of mine!
Bless-ed Rock,
Fills with love
Cross of Him.... who died for me, Ev-er-more I'll cling to Thee!
Cross of Him

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A MILLIONAIRE'S BIBLE CLASS

J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., Leads Over One Hundred Young Men in the Study of the Book

PERHAPS the largest young men's Bible class in New York is the one of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is leader. It is the Young Men's Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. The class is composed of students, business and professional men, numbering in all something over one hundred and twenty-five. Its sessions are held on Sunday mornings at ten o'clock, in a room especially provided for the purpose. The first meeting this season was held on October 7. All young men are invited to join this class, for all are welcome, regardless of party, creed or residence. The only question which the members of the class consider of importance in receiving a newcomer, is not where such an one comes from, but whither he is spiritually bound.

Once a month there is a social gathering, either in the parlors of the church or in the home of some one of the officers of the class. The object of these gatherings is to give the men an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one another and to promote good fellowship. The programmes are varied, sometimes consisting of addresses by men of prominence in business or the professions, while at other times part of the evening is given up to a general discussion of some subject of special interest. Once a year a dinner is given, which is inexpensive, but thoroughly enjoyable.

The class was organized in 1896 by J. M. Forbush, with fifteen members. The first leader, or teacher, was Mr. Chas. E. Hughes, lawyer, formerly professor of law at Cornell University. Young Mr. Rockefeller joined the class in 1897, soon after leaving college, and was given the leadership in February of this year. The class this year is making a consecutive study of the Old Testament, beginning at Genesis, the lesson for October 7th having been "Heredity and Environment. Joash, the Boy King of Judah." (II. Chron. 24: 15–23).

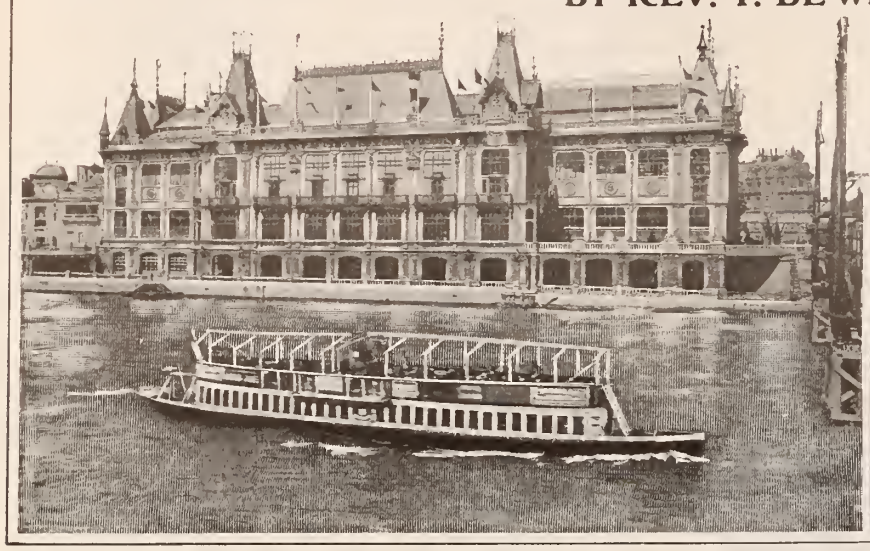
Regarding Bible study, Mr. Rockefeller recently said in speaking to some young men: "I prefer a consecutive study to taking scattered portions of it. In my class, after a statement of the setting of the passage under study by the leader, any member of the class tells of the particular points that strike him forcibly, and there is a general discussion. It is difficult to lay down a regular form for Bible study. One man may find interest in the historical setting of the passage, another in its political aspect, and still another in the customs of the people, and each in his own way grasps the spiritual truths the lesson presents.

"In Bible study there are four points to follow: 1. Study earnestly; we must work for everything we get, and we must make it a point to study earnestly. 2. We must study prayerfully. 3. We must study consecutively, not in scattered parts of the Bible or in scattered moments. 4. The study of the Bible, or, in fact, the Christian religion, is useless unless it is made practical. We must apply it."

The honorary members of the class include such well-known men as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., E. Benjamin Andrews, D.D., LL.D., Dr. Wm. W. Keen, LL.D., Mr. Robert J. Burdette, Major-General Wm. R. Shafter, Major-General O. O. Howard, Mr. D. A. Waterman, Mr. Colgate Hoyt, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Mr. Robert C. Ogden, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Charles Miller, Hamilton W. Mabie, LL.D.

WHAT I SAW IN PARIS

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.



THE PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS

THE SMALL PALACE OF FINE ARTS

THE peroration of the 19th century is the World's Fair at Paris. A century of such wondrous achievements in art, in science, in swiftness of locomotion, in invention of all kinds, in capacity to study other worlds, ought to have a brilliant closing. The last sound from its bell-tower ought to be a chime of victory.

Sure enough in Paris we have the grandest exhibition of this century, and of all centuries. There has been a steady advance from the first fairs recorded in history: those mentioned by Ezekiel, the prophet, as occurring 600 B.C.: Fairs at Tyre, Horse Fair, Mineralogical Fair, and Agricultural Fair mentioned in the Bible, on and on, until the Fair at Dagobert in the time of Louis VI., and the Fair on Bartholomew's Day, the Hungarian Fairs at Pesth, and Easter Fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch Fairs at Perth, and Vienna Fair, and New Orleans Fair, and the Sydenham Palace Fair at London, and New York World's Fair, and Chicago Fair, and Omaha's Fair. But the ocean of progress has reached its high water mark at Paris. Others may have excelled in this or that feature, but take it all in all, the Parisian Exhibition is unparalleled. Those who have seen the great fairs of the last thirty years say there have been no illuminations like those which have set the summer nights in Paris into a blaze; that there has been no such rich decoration of pavilions and palaces; no such splendor of silk manufactures; no such presentation of the poetry of costume; no such Street of Nations. The whole Exposition is a glory beyond that which any finite mind can grasp or fully appreciate. The most interesting and best managed department is the American exhibit. General Peck, the Commissioner-General, brought with him his experience at the Chicago World's Fair, and after three years of hard work in Paris, and with a tax upon his patience and endurance that would have destroyed an ordinary man, has completed the work that ought to be the exultation of all Americans, and should win for him the congratulation of the Congress of the United States. Of course, he is criticised. He has many hundred exhibitors to deal with, and they cannot all have first place, or second place, or third place for their exhibits. Each exhibitor naturally thinks he has the most important exhibit, and a more difficult position no man ever had than that occupied by General Peck. It is easy enough to find fault. It requires no genius to do that. But I do not think any other American could have done as well. If he comes out of his crushing work with any nerves left, or any capacity of mind and soul unexhausted, he will be as wonderful as anything in the American Department, of which he is commander-in-chief.

As a specimen of the injustice to which thousands have subjected him, many have asked, "Why are not our American industries in one cluster of buildings, so that you could walk through consecutively instead of having American machinery here, and American pictures a half mile out yonder, and botanical display in some other direction?" These critics do not understand that the French Government made the classification, and General Peck had no more to do with saying where the different exhibits should be located than he had with deciding that Paris should stand where it is, instead of being on the seacoast, or how many rings Saturn should wear, or how high should be the mountains in the moon: yet thousands of people have joined in that senseless gabble. It seems that crossing the Atlantic Ocean does not cure the spirit of fault-finding and hypercriticism, and as soon as a man becomes conspicuous for useful achievement, he becomes a target to be shot at. Failure never likes success. But the French classification is wisest: the industries of all nations are put side by side, and as most people will be guided by their taste or their occupation, to look more especially at the condition and progress of those things in which they are most interested, the mineralogist will find minerals of all nations; the farmer will find the agriculture, the machinist will find the machinery of all nations side by side. What a helpful and instructive classification.

To augment our appreciation of the greatness of our American exhibit, we need to call to mind that while the Commissioner Generals from Russia, Germany, Belgium and Austria were empowered by their governments to take whatever they wished and display it at Paris, our American Commissioner General had no such power, but must have the consent of the owner, and so had less opportunity than other Commissioner Generals, who could command what picture, what statuary, what machinery, what textile, he wished to put before the world. We should also appreciate the fact that while other countries could, with comparative ease, send their products to this Fair, many of our American industries had first to cross the American Continent, and then cross 3,000 miles of sea, and again take freight train for long distance before reaching destination. The extent and splendor of our American Department is five times more and better than anyone had a right to expect.

But many are asking on this side of the sea whether this Fair will close with a deficit. I suppose it will. Nine out of ten national expositions do not meet expenses, and he who invests in them with the idea of gettting back his money is mentally deficient, and ought to be taken care of by sympathetic relatives. I stood a few days ago at Vienna, Austria, in the only building left standing of its World's Fair of ten or fifteen years ago, and I asked one who had much to do with that exhibition, whether it had paid its investors. He replied: "We were 17,000,000 florins out of pocket." But while this Parisian exhibition, like its predecessors, may have more outgo than income, it will bring large reward in the wealth it will pour into the lap of Paris. The receipts at the gates of the Fair are no indication of its success or failure; a man may pay during his visit here no more than $5 at the Fair, but while he stays in the city with his family he may pay $500 or $1,000. The whole earth is at this moment pouring its millions of gold into the exchequer of the city of Paris. No city under the sun ever received so much monetary advantage from an exposition as this city will receive.

"But," say some of the correspondents, "the city is full of extortion, and you must give three times what a thing is worth." We have not found it so. We have this summer twice crossed the continent of Europe, going and coming, and the place we have found most reasonable in its charges is Paris. If you want to get skinned alive, go to Denmark or Norway, or Russia, or Germany, or Austria as summer tourists. The story of disappearing roubles and florins is more startling than the story of escaping francs and crowns. But the only really economical thing a summer tourist can do is to go home. There is no maxim one oftener quotes to himself while traveling abroad than the saying which the Sunday School boy quoted as, marching in procession with other children, he put his pennies into the missionary box, supposing he was quoting an appropriate passage of Scripture: "A fool and his money are soon parted." How many people in traveling spend much of their time clear out of temper about their baggage, or their board, or their being crowded. The trouble is, that when they pack their trunks and valises for their journey, while they put in plenty of clothing and such articles as they will surely need, they forget to put in a large amount of good, old-fashioned patience. The amount of patience which Job had did very well for the slow time in which he lived, but would not be sufficient to see one safely through in a nineteenth century world's exhibition. The fact is, that the hardest task we shall ever be called upon to undertake is the management of ourselves, and he who succeeds in that deserves a prize as fine as any awarded a few days ago at this Parisian fair.

As we passed through the different departments, only one building saddened

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS

is, and that was the one constructed by Spain. The walls have a few specimens of apestry, probably loaned by some of the old castles in Spain, and here and there s a specimen of ancient armor, but the hing that most impressed me was the lestitution of the country there represent-d. Poor Spain! She has been fighting progress and enlightenment for centuries, and drowned her last prospect of better-nent in the waters before Santiago. We are sorry for any individual or for any ation that is down, by whatever pro-ess he or it came down. Would that Spain, by turning her back upon her ruelties and her superstitions, and her ace to the light, might come to political, and moral, and religious prosperity, and hat at the next World's Fair in Europe. she might have an exhibit in painting, and sculpture, and textile, and literature. equal to any country east of the Pyrenees.

The vacant places which I have seen his summer in the Art Galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Germany and St. Petersburg, made me especially desire to see the Art Gallery of the Paris Exposition. When I asked in the Holland, Danish, German and Russian cities the reason of the ab-sence of certain great pictures, and con-cerning the unoccupied pedestals of cer-ain statues, I was told that the painting or sculpture had been loaned to the World's Fair at Paris. Rubens and Murillo and Titian and Raphael had gone to France. Indeed, the Departments of Painting and Sculpture in this Exposition are the heaven of the fine arts. I can imagine nothing more inspiring than a walk amid the sculpture of all nations as here you see it. Even that which is done in cast of plaster skilfully gives the thought of the great artist. If you want to find genius exalted, here behold Victor Hugo enthroned on the rocks, his great forehead hovering over the scene, while a figure representing music, hands up to him a harp, and another form holds a mask, suggestive of the drama, for which he did such matchless things: and another lifts a lash, to suggest the chastisements with which he struck upstart monarchy and sham, while the winged angel of fame stands with trumpet to lip, ready to sound his praises through all time. If you would see grief of parting wrought in stone, here it is in "Emigrants' Adieu." Would you find devotion? Here it is in "Pater-noster"—showing a girl at prayer. Would you see savagery about to rend and devour—look at Gardell's "Tigress." Would you see a child's glee—look here at the boy carrying a goose. Would you realize the agony of those on a wreck at sea, hailing a ship in the distance—study the way Robert Stigal freezes it into bronze. Would you behold a specimen of the sublimest impudence—yonder is Marc Antony in gilded chariot drawn by three lions, he leading the fourth. Would you know how heaven-sent charity illum-ines the countenance—look at the statues of those philanthropists. Would you see the spirit of play—there it is in Guillon-net's "Foot-ball." Would you have il-lustrated how human intelligence can triumph over brute force—look at that "Hungarian Horse-Breaker." Would you have demonstrated, so that you can never forget it, helpful sympathy for the wound-ed—look at Sicard's "Good Samaritan." Would you learn the terror of an offended conscience—stand a while before that "Cain and Abel." Would you realize what Christian eloquence can accomplish—listen, for standing there you can hear as well as see, Bossuet in a burst of holy oratory, which moves his audience till some are ready to spring to their feet and others swoon into tears. In one hour you can in this congregation of the world's sculpture see all the passions, rage or triumph, and all the grandeurs unroll. Coming down from amid the statuary, one feels that he has descended from Mont Blanc, the snow-white heights of the world's sculpture.

If you have time, go up and down all the buildings of this World's Fair and see the life insurance exhibits, illustrating in the most radiant way the best tem-poral blessing which ever came to benefit households, and feel the enchantment of ceramics, and mineralogy, and horticul-ture, and optics, and tapestry, and metal-lurgy, and hydraulics, and machinery and lithography, and engraving, and book-bindery, and the printing presses, one of which can print in one hour 45,000 copies of a sixteen page paper, and fold and count them; and electography, and com-pare all the industries of the world's brain, and the world's eye, and the world's hand, and the world's foot, but somehow manage to come out at the close of your last visit through the doors, over and be-side which are the four gigantic figures representing Architecture, with its com-pass and scroll; Music, with its bow and violin; Painting, with its pencil and easel; and Sculpture, with its mallet and chisel; so among all your impressions of the World's Fair, your last impression may be the grandest, most thrilling, and most lasting of them all.

What a good thing to have this object-lesson of peace at a time when three wars are raging. There are swords in this exposition, but they are all sheathed, or hung up, or asleep on cushions of dam-ask. There are guns here, but none of them loaded. There are warriors here riding into battle, but they are in saddles of bronze or marble. Germany and France, Russia and China, but in peace. This whole scene is a tableau of the mil-lennium. Is not the nineteenth century too late an age for wholesale cut-throatery and diabolism?

This Exposition Universal is a mighty move in the right direction. Among the most unique things to be found within its walls is the gift from the Czar of Russia to this Republic. It is a map of France in colored marble, and the chief cities of France are designated by precious stones, and the rivers are of rock crystal, and the provinces are of gold. May the time soon come when a map of another sort will be appropriate at some World's Fair in America or Europe. I would make it out of the marble of many lands on both sides of the sea. All styles of precious stone should represent the nations in brotherhood. Austria and Spain and Switzerland should be indicated by the amethyst, and topaz, and opal, and Italy should be a pearl of the sea, and Ger-many should be the sapphire, and Russia the diamond, and Great Britain the em-erald, as green as her Emerald Isle, and the United States the ruby, not crimson as with the carnage of battle, but with the full blush of the morning of universal peace. It is time that the cavalry horses stop eating out of the manger in which Christ was born.

T. De Witt Talmage

VISITORS PASSING THE EXPOSITION ON BARGES, ON THE SEINE

THE CELEBRATED FRIEZE AT THE GREAT ENTRANCE ARCH, PARIS EXPOSITION

A Little Hero of the Storm

Twenty-five days after the storm, two little lads were found in the ruins at Avenue R and Thirty-seventh street, Galves-ton. They would never speak again, and so with their lips they could not tell of the horrors that overtook them when the awful cyclone swept down upon them, as away from their parents, and turning, perhaps from childish play, they met its horrors. Yet, a part of that story was plain. The smaller lad, a little fellow of four, was clasped tightly in the rigid right arm of the elder, whose left arm was shattered, and whose whole body gave evidence that he had suffered painfully before death overtook him. He had died trying to shield his little brother. This twelve-year-old hero was identified as Scott Mc-Closkey, son of Captain McCloskey, a well-known seafaring man of Galveston. The little brother bore the name of Earl. "I lost my wife and three children," said the Captain, when the little lads were shown to him. "I did not get ashore un-til after the storm. When I went to where my house had been there was nothing left but the brick piers. I haven't found the body of my wife. It's an awful blow, seeing these little lads. But I'm glad Scott died a hero's death. He was manly and lovable, brave as a boy could be."

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RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE

IN one sense all justice is retributive; springs from the wrong done. The sentence, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," was not an arbitrary sentence. Death was certain, was in the nature of things, provided the conditions of death were set up. Disobedience to God in Eden converted Eden into a moral Golgotha. With disobedience came expulsion from Eden; that was retributive. But the conditions of this expulsion had been already set up.

"The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die," is just as much a law as the law of gravitation. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely." What does a man do when he falls to the ground? Only loses his balance: only situates himself so the law of gravitation takes him to the ground. This is the law which insures the order of the solar system; binds the stars and the planets to the sun. The Prodigal Son asked of his father a dangerous and improper thing: "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." That request granted was sure to bring retribution. The squandering of the young man's living, beggary, hunger, nakedness; this was all retributive; tended to punishment, such as he deserved. He was only made to eat the fruit of his doings, and filled with his devices. He was only made to possess the sins of his youth; to be an heir to himself. He had written and executed his own will. That was retributive justice.

ROUGHING IT

THE best way to start life is astride a farm horse with a rope halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study, or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram, or you hitch him up to the rocking chair in which you have for ten years sat rheumatic and helpless; and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father and mother at either end of the pew, was learning of the land where there is no pain, and into which John looked and said

"I saw a white horse!"

OPPORTUNITIES OF JOURNALISM

WE state a fact which all know when we say that where the pulpit touches one person, the press touches five hundred. The vast majority of people do not go to church, but all intelligent people read the newspapers. While, therefore, the responsibility of the ministers is great, the responsibility of editors and reporters is greater. Come, brother journalists, and get your ordination, not by the laying on of human hands, but by the laying on of the hands of the Almighty. To you is committed the precious reputation of men and the more precious reputation of women. Spread before our children an elevated literature. Make sin appear disgusting and virtue admirable. Believe good rather than evil. While you show up the hypocrisies of the Church, show up the stupendous hypocrisies outside the Church. Be not, as some of you are, the mere echoes of public opinion; make public opinion. Let the great roll on which you write be a message of light and liberty and kindness, and an awakening of moral power. But who is sufficient for these things? Not one of you, without divine help. But get that influence, and the editors and reporters can go up and take this world for God and the truth. The mightiest opportunity in all the world for usefulness to-day is open before editors and reporters and publishers, whether of knowledge on foot, as in the book, or knowledge on the wing, as in the newspaper. I pray God, men of the newspaper press, that you may rise up to your full opportunity, and that you may be divinely helped and rescued and blessed.

A SLANDERED WORLD

THERE has been a great deal of wholesale slander of this world. People abuse it, the traveler on the mountain cursing the chill, and the voyager on the deep cursing the restlessness; and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world; and from pole to pole it has been calumniated. If the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent and now because it is too distant; but by experience I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun or the moon or the stars or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself.

Judging from the reports that come from the astronomical observatories, I believe that in all the universe, excepting heaven, this is the most comfortable and convenient world to live in. Some of these other worlds are all water, others are all rock, others are all fire. Some are swept with electric cyclones and others are upheaved by volcanoes that toss whole continents into the air with one jerk. If you hunt up the rough history of other worlds, you will stop denouncing this world.

SHAPE OF PULPIT

THERE has been too great a distance between pulpit and pew, a great gulf fixed. The heart of the preacher and the heart of the hearer have not struck each other in pulsation. The distance has been so great that our arms are not long enough. Nothing could be more preposterous than for a preacher to stand at an elevation of five or six feet, and behind a barricade four feet through, crying in words of Scripture, "Give me thy hand!" Daniel Webster said that one of the best evidences of the divinity of our holy religion was the fact that it had lived, notwithstanding the clumsy architecture of the pulpit.

LENGTH OF DAYS

MOST certainly we want human longevity improved. We want the average of human life, instead of thirty, one hundred and fifty. Why not? In olden times they lived two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred years. The world ought to be as healthy now as it ever was. Many of the marshes have been filled up. Medical science has gone forth and crippled and balked and destroyed many diseases, and why not the average of human life now something like what it used to be? But you know now the way it is. By the time we get our education or learn our trade and get fairly started we have to quit because we are *emeritus*. We fall at the opening of the great war of existence instead of at the close—at Bull Run instead of Gettysburg.

OUR FAMINE ORPHAN WORK

AT a meeting of the Interdenominational Missionary Committee, representing all the denominations, held at Bombay, Sept. 4, 1900, the following resolution was adopted unanimously, It is of the utmost interest to all who are associated in this, the greatest charity of the century:

"Considering the letter from Dr. Louis Klopsch, dated July 25th, 1900, regarding the proposal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, UNPRECEDENTED IN THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY, to endeavor to raise the support for TEN THOUSAND FAMINE CHILDREN of this famine, and to pledge the support of at least five thousand for at least one year, it was decided that we most gratefully accept the same, and, FIRST, to respect the preferences of donors regarding sex, and denominational training; SECOND, that we will urge upon all receiving this aid for famine children to send a quarterly report direct to the donor, understanding that some blank form of report properly filled in, with some added information concerning the individual child, will be acceptable; THIRD, we understand that all such contributions are to be sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through this Committee for division according to the plan; FOURTH, that this Committee agrees as a Committee, to act in this matter EXCLUSIVELY for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in case contributions should be sent by other parties to the Committee, such parties will be requested to send any further contributions to the Committee through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

(Signed) "REV. E. F. FREASE, Secretary."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A girl reader, Huntington, writes:

I promised if I received an answer to my prayer, to acknowledge it through the columns of your paper. Part of the answer has been received, and I acknowledge it at this the first opportunity, that others may know that God hears and answers prayer.

M., Aylett, Va., writes:

It is always good and right to give God praise. I promised to acknowledge through your columns my faith in prayer, and the belief that he heard and answered my petition for the relief of my daughter who had passed all hope of recovery. I feel it my duty to pay my vow. I thank God she is better.

N. B., Collins, Mich., writes:

I had been ill a long time and prayed for health, promising if my prayers were answered to acknowledge the same in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am so far recovered now that I write to redeem my promise and to give God the glory.

A Constant Reader writes:

I have felt that I should return thanks to our heavenly Father by recording the following: A member of my family left home one day to attend to necessary business, was taken very sick, and we felt he might never return. I prayed all day for him. He came home in the evening better than he had been for weeks. I give God the glory.

Reader, S. C., writes:

My brother was seriously hurt in an accident. I prayed to the Lord to restore him to health. He is now well.

A Constant Reader, Lancaster, Pa., writes:

I always felt faint and weak when asked to speak to a gathering, such as a Sunday School. It became my duty to speak in the capacity of superintendent. I asked the Lord for help and he strengthened me far beyond my expectations. I write this to redeem a promise.

Mrs. E. H. T., Milldale, Ct., writes:

At a critical time I prayed to my Heavenly Father to remove my trouble, if it was his will, promising to acknowledge it publicly. My trouble has somewhat disappeared, and I give him the glory.

Mrs. O'K., Colorado, Texas, writes:

I have had many prayers answered. I asked God to answer a prayer about three weeks ago, and promised I would acknowledge it publicly if answered. My prayer was answered inside of three days. I give him the glory.

Reader, Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

I promised that if a prayer I offered (asking for a personal blessing) was answered, I would acknowledge it publicly. The answer has come, although it was such as seemed to human eyes to be impossible. I know that God is able to do all things if we will only trust him.

Girl Reader, Villa Rica, Ga., writes:

God has most wonderfully answered two of my prayers, and I want to acknowledge it before men, as I promised him.

B. A. D., Lebanon, Ind., writes:

Reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last Sabbath, and seeing so many prayers answered, I promised the Lord if my prayer was answered I also would acknowledge it publicly. "He hath heard the voice of my supplication," and I desire to acknowledge his goodness.

Reader, New York, writes:

In the restoration of two very dear ones in answer to prayer, I desire to make acknowledgment and to give God the glory.

Mrs. ———, Cedarville, Pa., writes:

I want to acknowledge God's love, in answering prayer for the restoration of a dear one, seemingly ill unto death. Now I ask God's people to join me in prayer that the life given back may be dedicated to his service.

Mrs. A. S. M., Roachdale, Ind., writes:

I wish to acknowledge a recent answer to prayer. God has answered part of my prayer, and I have faith to believe he will answer the rest. I give him all the glory.

Devoted Reader, Washington, D. C., writes:

God has been so good to me in answering one of my most earnest prayers that I want to publicly acknowledge my thankfulness to him.

A Subscriber, Missouri, writes:

I have had poor health for a number of years and also a very deep sorrow. I had been praying for a long time, and had almost given up, when I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of so many answers to prayer. I took fresh courage, making the vow that when my prayer was answered I would acknowledge it publicly. Now my health is greatly improved, as I firmly believe, in answer to my prayer, for which I give the praise to God.

Subscriber, Enfield, Mass., writes:

For years I have been praying for the object dearest to me in life, the reformation of a loved one. Last week I promised God that when that prayer was answered I would acknowledge it publicly. To-night I have received word that that one has within the week begun to lead a changed life.

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Reader, Hamilton, Ky.; H. W. P., Philadelphia; L. E. S., Princeton, Ont., Can.; J. G., New York city; C. J. C., Sulphur Grove, O.; Constant Reader, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. F. A. M., Hamilton, N. Y.; Reader, Baltimore, O.; Reader, Des Moines, Ia.; E. J., Manissa, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. S., Poynett, Wis.; J. C., Wampum, Wis.; Reader, Kentucky; L. C. T., Chicago, Ill.; Reader, Woodbine, Ia.; Mrs. A. E. T., Iowa; Sarah M., Bailey, Ind.; Reader, Litchfield, Ill.; Mrs. J. B. E., Springfield, Mass.; Miss M. R., Gering, Neb.; E. D. W., Parker, N. Y.; Reader, Skaneateles, N. Y.; Girl Reader, Sandy Creek, N. Y.; M. J. H., North Dakota; Mrs. V. M., Riceville, Ia.; Reader, Philadelphia; M. L. H., Union City, Ind.; J. H. H. Germantown, Pa.; Rev. J. K. P., Waskom, Tex.

Chinese Duplicity

PROOF has been discovered in the Imperial Archives of China that, as all along suspected, the government was in league with the Boxers and actively encouraged them in murder and outrage. Receipts have been found, signed by Boxer officers, for money paid for the heads of foreigners and for other money with which to provide arms and rations for the Boxer forces. This discovery indicates such gross duplicity on the part of Chinese statesmen that little confidence will be felt in any promises they may make, or in any treaty they may sign. The Emperor and Empress Dowager, however, have apparently been convinced that some concessions must be made to the foreign powers. They have ordered the degradation of Prince Tuan, the head of the Boxers, and the most influential statesman in China, and have directed that his way be stopped and he be handed over to a court which shall decide on an appropriate punishment for him. A similar edict has been issued relating to several lesser offenders. In view of these orders, Germany has modified her demands, which did not receive the support of the other powers, and has agreed to wait an answer to three questions which have been submitted to the representatives of the powers who are directed to investigate before answering. These questions are: 1. Whether the list of offenders to be punished is complete and accurate. 2. Whether the punishments are adequate. 3. In what way the foreign powers can control the penalties imposed. When answers to these questions have been received, negotiations for peace will be commenced. Efforts have been made to induce the Emperor and Empress Dowager to return to Pekin, but hitherto without success. Indeed, an announcement bearing the Emperor's signature has been made of a withdrawal to a still greater distance. He recalls the fact that Singan, in the Province of Shensi, was the former seat of the Imperial Court, and declares his intention of proceeding thither. The Emperor points out that the town has the advantage of being "defended by nature," which is true, for it is surrounded by lofty mountains and is almost inaccessible to a hostile army. The decision to remove there has the appearance of an intention to defy the powers. So long a journey would not be undertaken except on serious grounds. The removal of the court is an arduous undertaking, as there are no roads, and when the court moves it does so in a leisurely manner and with banners and paraphernalia that only a large retinue could transport. It is a pity that China's rulers do not see that their interests will be promoted by submission rather than by defiance. The blood of the missionaries whom they have killed calls to God for punishment, and unless they repent and give pledges for future good behavior, God may use the foreign powers as his instruments for executing judgment upon them.

I will set my glory among the heathen and all the heathen shall see my judgment that I have executed and my hand that I have laid upon them (Ezek. 39: 21).

A Disputed Heirship

A curious problem has been submitted to the Surrogate of New York. Early this year a widow died, leaving property valued at nearly half a million dollars. In her will, she directed certain legacies to be paid aggregating about one-half of the whole. The balance she left to two unmarried ladies on condition that they left Chicago where they were living and took up their permanent residence in the home in which she had spent her life, and maintained the home in the condition in which it was when she died. If the sisters failed to fulfil the condition the property was to go to certain other persons who were named. The sisters promptly occupied the house and claimed the property. The executors, however, were afraid to pay the money because they had been notified by the other heirs that the sisters intended to return to Chicago as soon as they had received it. In the event of their doing so, the condition on which they were to have the property would be violated, and it would belong to the heirs designated by the widow. It would appear that the sisters will not be able to substantiate their claim so long as they live, inasmuch as there will always be the possibility of their return to Chicago. The executors have appealed to the Surrogate to find out what constitutes the permanent residence contemplated in the will. Perhaps a compromise may be adopted by giving the sisters the income of the property while they reside in the house, the executors holding the principal for them to dispose of by will, if they secure it by fulfilling the condition of living in the house till they die; or if they fail to fulfil the condition, the executors would have the principal to hand over to the other heirs. It is so that God treats his children. They enjoy the blessedness of religion while they live, but the full glory is held in reserve for those who are faithful unto death.

Who will render to every man according to his works: to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life (Rom. 2: 7).

THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD OF CHINA ON A JOURNEY

Spinal Anæsthesia

A remarkable discovery, claimed by a New York physician and by German specialists in Berlin, promises to be of great value in critical operations. It is that it is possible to produce insensibility to pain without depriving the patient of consciousness. The agent used is cocaine, and it is injected into the spinal canal. In an operation on a patient at Oakland, Cal. recently, the cocaine was thus used. The patient was a lady who had been injured in a railroad accident and it was necessary to amputate both her feet. The doctors found that owing to the condition of her heart it would be fatal to administer either ether or chloroform. Resort was therefore had to the cocaine injected directly into the spinal canal. Ten minutes after the injection the lower limbs were so completely benumbed that the patient though perfectly conscious could not feel the knife, and the operation was successfully performed. In another case in Chicago the right leg of a man was amputated under the same conditions. He never lost consciousness, but did not suffer any pain in the operation and it was an hour and a half before the numbness disappeared. This discovery is likely to prove very valuable, relieving the patient of the weird dread of stupefaction, as well as of the danger of death from anæsthetics. If science can thus permit the patient to retain consciousness while making him impervious to even the pain of mutilation, why should we doubt the possibility of God keeping alive our consciousness even after we leave the body altogether?

Without my flesh shall I see God (Job 19: 26, R.V.)

Three Useless Marriages

A woman was arrested at New Haven, Conn., a few days ago on a charge of bigamy that appears likely to involve her in serious consequences. She was the wife of a citizen of Memphis, Tenn., and had been married ten years. Her health broke down two years ago and she became an invalid. A physician who attended her and succeeded in reestablishing her health after prolonged treatment, became infatuated with her and persuaded her to leave her husband. She went to Oklahoma and procured a divorce. But Oklahoma divorces of that kind are not recognized by the Tennessee courts. However, she marrried the physician and they went to live in New Jersey. Some doubt entered the minds of the pair about the legality of the marriage, so they went through another ceremony before a magistrate. Hearing that the husband she had deserted in Tennessee was searching for her, the woman went to Connecticut, where another wedding was held. She has now been arrested in spite of her three marriage ceremonies and has been held for trial. She does not appear to have realized the real difficulty in her case. The question at issue was whether she was legally divorced from her first husband, and that question could not be decided by repeating her marriage ceremony with another. People sometimes make the same mistake in religion. When they sin after being converted they think they need another conversion, whereas what they really need is to break completely with sin in order to be united to Christ in holiness of life.

That ye put off the old man which is corrupt and be renewed in the spirit of your mind and that ye put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness (Eph. 4: 22-24).

A Long Search for a Child

A press dispatch from Port Jervis, N.Y., announces that the search of a father for his six-year old daughter is likely to be successful. The child has been lost for more than two years. She was left at home in charge of two other children, while their parents went on a short journey. When they returned the little girl was missing and the children could not tell where she had gone. The woods and the western slope of the Shawangunk Mountains were searched for her, but no trace of her was found. Inquiries were made in all directions, but in vain. Recently, however, the father met a man, who in passing through the country near Hawley, Pa., had spent some hours at a gypsy camp where there was a white child of about the age of the missing girl. He had spoken to her and had noticed certain scars on her face and neck which he described. They tallied exactly with marks on the missing child. The father overjoyed at this first intelligence he has had of the daughter he has sought so long, started immediately to find her. The gypsies had broken camp when he reached the place indicated, but he has no doubt of being able to trace them and recover his child. The little girl is too young to understand her father's anxiety on her account, or to send him any clue to her whereabouts, but she will doubtless be glad to see him when he appears and will willingly quit her degraded associates. That does not always happen with God's wandering children. Though they are told that he is longing for their return, they would rather stay in the paths of sin than go to him:

The Lord your God is gracious and merciful and will not turn his face from you, if ye return unto him (II. Chron. 30: 9).

BRIEF NOTES

The American Baptist Missionary Union announces that all of its missionaries in China are known to be safe, and are either out of the country now or in seaport towns.

At a meeting of Zionists held recently in New York, Rev. Joseph Seff, of Vienna, a member of the Central Committee, announced that a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine would soon be a realty. The money necessary for the first payment to the Sultan of Turkey has all been pledged. An American auxiliary society was organized.

The problem of the down town church has apparently been solved by the University Presbyterian Church in New York, of which Dr. Alexander is pastor. It has a membership of 2,230, of whom 150 were received last year. The endowment fund of the church amounts to $80,603. When merchants and professional men grow rich and move to the suburbs, they may help to keep their old church at its work by thus providing an income for church work.

Rev. J. F. Carson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., called attention in a recent sermon to ominous religious statistics. He said that the number of conversions in the Presbyterian Church during the past year had been 53,883, which was an average of only seven to each church. One-fifth of the Presbyterian churches reported no conversions during the year. In the Congregational Church the average was four to a church. In the Baptists also the average was four.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance held its seventeenth annual convention, Oct. 5 to 15, in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York. There were eight meetings each day, beginning with an early morning prayer-meeting. As usual, one day was devoted to prophecy and another to divine healing. Each day there was a missionary meeting at which the missionaries of the Alliance now home on furlough delivered addresses. Rev. A. B. Simpson presided, and several eminent clergymen and Christian workers participated in the exercises.

THE WAY TO SORROW AND THE WAY TO JOY

THE PRODIGAL SON

International S. S. Lesson for October 28: Luke 15: 11-24.

"HIS FATHER SAW HIM AND HAD COMPASSION AND RAN AND FELL ON HIS NECK"

....By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 15: 18: "I will arise and go to my father."

THIS lesson, which shows us the bitter dregs in the cup of sinful pleasure, is very timely, for a period of luxury has brought to our country the usual consequence, namely, undue devotion to selfish pleasures, which easily pass into sin. Americans of earlier days, with little wealth, almost universally worked six days in the week, and took their rest on the seventh in the Church and the home. Now, with fifty-two holiday Sundays and at least as many more summer holidays, and many more days devoted to carnivals, contests, conventions and other celebrations, during which for days multitudes of men and women play the child, if not the beast, we have almost as many holidays a year as Rome had when it fell amid the cries of "Bread and games"; almost as many as the "child nations" of to-day, which are forever in the nursery in the care of kings and queens because they have turned their multitudinous "saints' days" into play days and devil's days. Those who think only of "bread and games," of business and amusement, miss not only their high calling as sons of God, but even the selfish enjoyment, which is their highest aim. Pleasure seekers in the long run are not pleasure finders. Happiness eludes not alone those who seek it sinfully, but even those who seek it selfishly, and is won by those who seek it to please God, instead of themselves, and to bless others—in doing which bliss comes to themselves in coy surprises. There is a profound truth in Isaiah's saying that in order to win higher "delight," we should turn away from selfish "pleasure" (Isa 58: 13, 14). He said it for the Sabbath, but it is true of every day. The prodigal story shows it is preeminently true that sinful pleasure is but the pleasing froth of a cup whose dregs are headache and heartache.

1. Sin is the way to sorrow.
2. Repentance is the way to joy.

These are the teachings, not of the parable only but of history.

. . .

God the Father Even of Prodigal Sons *A certain man had two sons.* This greatest of parables is devoted to picturing the greatest of truths, namely, that God is the loving Father, not alone of the upright, but even of sinful men. In its deepest import, it is the parable of the "prodigal's" Father. There is a special sense in which only those who have been born of the Spirit are "sons of God," while others are "children of the devil" (John 1: 12; Rom. 8: 14; John 8: 44); but in this parable Jesus expressly teaches that Gentiles, as well as Jews; the wayward, as well as the worthy, are sons of God, loved even when not loving. The wandering sheep is still a sheep, not a goat; the lost coin is still a coin, though the king's image upon it is hidden with mud. One of these two sons, though his sins have not yet burst out in acts, is already a sinner at heart, plotting to get away from the moral restraints that a loving father puts on him "for his good always." But the son who is planning vice and the son who prides himself on his morality, unlike as they are in character, are both alike sons.

. . .

A Bad Start in Life *The younger son took his journey into a far country.* It seems incredible that to-day, as in this parable, beings endowed with affection can be so ungrateful and beings endowed with reason can be so foolish as to run away from love, human and divine, expecting to be happier in escape from the restraints of affection and wisdom. Why should anyone suppose that God's laws are given to make us miserable, and that we can get more joy by colliding with them? The railway engineer might as well suppose he would bring about a happier time for himself and his passengers also by jumping the track. Only on the smooth track of God's laws can life run smoothly.

Usually the prodigal does not start out for a life of sin, but only for one act of sin—"just this once." But one wrong act may wreck a whole life, as one wrong turn of the helm wrecks a ship or one wrong turn of a switch wrecks a train. One act of dishonesty has launched many a life into a career of crime. One glass may start or revive an appetite that shall hold its victim enslaved for life in body and soul. Joy or sorrow, heaven or hell may be in a "Yes" or "No," or even in a moment of silent consent, as Waterloo was lost to Napoleon by a peasant's lying nod.

It is usually after yielding to single acts of sin and tasting their deceptive pleasure that one concludes to get away from the watchful eye of parents and from whatever would keep conscience awake, and devote his energies to sinful pleasures. The foolish ostrich, hiding his head in the sand, thinking his pursuers cannot see him because he cannot see them, is an embodiment of wisdom compared to the man who tries to run away from God and conscience. In the words of the prodigal Byron, who tried it in vain:

> No exile from himself can flee:
> To lands though more and more remote,
> Still, still pursues where'er I be
> The blight of life—the demon thought.

The "far country" that the prodigal sought, where sin can be indulged without reproach, is beyond the River Lethe, the river of forgetfulness—a delusive mirage that no mortal ever reached in this world or any other.

. . .

The Wastes of Sin *Wasted his substance in riotous living.* Rum wastes property like a Galveston tidal wave, only more so. It would take many Galveston disasters to work as much destruction of life and property as dissipation produces in its total of blasted lives every year. Health is given us as a means of happiness as well as usefulness, but sin wastes that. Patients are largely prodigals in various stages of wandering, some not yet very far gone, that God is seeking to bring back to the fold through his faithful watch-dog, Pain. Wealth is also given as a means of happiness, partly to supply those who hold it with wholesome luxuries; most of all, as an instrument of doing good. But sin wastes that—makes it a blasting curse to ourselves and others; almost every one knows of some once rich man, now a drunken beggar. And sin wastes reputation and character, the very diamonds of life, throwing them into the mud-banks of evil-doing.

Boys and girls should be taught, not in classes, but one by one, by parents and teachers, that God has given them godlike powers which they cannot waste in vice without most disastrous consequences. It is a difficult question to talk about and may be best introduced by the aid of two skilfully written W. C. T. U. books, *Almost a Man, Almost a Woman*, supplied at 25 cents each by Dr. Mary Wood Allen, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . .

The Prodigal Way is the Way to Poverty *He began to be in want.* Want is very largely the bitter fruit of wickedness. Poverty sometimes causes intemperance, but in a much larger number of cases drink causes poverty. The "new charity" gives to the poor "not alms but a friend," and that "friend" should devote himself chiefly to cutting off the vice roots of poverty by the preventive charity of moral reform.

A CHINAMAN'S CONCEPTION OF THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

In a wicked life hunger is sometimes God's rudder to turn a wandering life about. A Christian life may begin in even so low a motive. The prodigal was now caught in the "mighty famine" of sin, and was ready to cry for help. That saying is worth repeating, "The lack of goods for the higher wants is not so sad as the lack of wants for the higher goods." The most pitiful prodigals are those who want no better life. Blessed are they, however sinful, that "hunger and thirst after righteousness." Their case is less hopeless than that of the self-satisfied Pharisee.

. . .

Prodigals Not Promoted in Business *He sent him into his fields to feed swine.* Rather than starve, the prodigal sold himself to slavery on such hard terms that, although he escaped starvation, he was not allowed to satisfy his hunger, even with the pods with which he fed the swine. To a Jew, this was the most repulsive of all occupations. The Jews, being prohibited to eat pork, particularly abhorred the swineherd. Any honest occupation is really honorable, far more so than idleness, and especially if it is the best a man can do. But it is surely dishonorable to lose promotion and go the other way because of vices. To-day many a man is losing his place on the railroad or elsewhere because he drinks beer or smokes cigarettes, and so risks his employers' interest by fuddling his brains or weakening his strength. A recent report of the United States Bureau of Labor declares that more than half the employers in the United States, judging by wide inquiries made, discriminate in employing men in favor of those who do not drink, or at least will not while on duty. Some months ago the Weather Bureau refused to employ longer those who smoke cigarettes, and this example is spreading to railroads and other fields of work. Sin prevents promotion in many ways. As a prisoner put it: "God Almighty has fixed this world so that it pays to do right." Attempts to get ahead in this world sometimes seem to succeed for awhile, but in the long run it is safest not to fight against omnipotent laws. In the words of Dr. Washington Gladden:

> And fierce though the fiends may fight,
> And long though the angels hide,
> We know that the truth and right
> Have the universe on their side.

No doubt this slave feeding swine in the parable was intended to picture men who have become the slaves of their own animal passions. He had left home for greater "personal liberty," and, like so many since, had found instead personal slavery. He would find freedom only when his character had become so changed that the thing he was permitted to do would be the thing he wanted to do, and the thing he was forbidden to do would be the thing he had no wish to do.

. . .

The Insanity of Sin *He came to himself.* This implies that in sinning he had been beside himself. When one really comes to himself he also comes to the Father, from whom it is insanity to turn. If a million people had attempted to reach the city of Washington by traveling westward across the continent only to find, when they had spent all their money, that to succeed in their quest they must turn about and beg their way back, we might reasonably expect that those who had seen and read of this folly would not make the same costly mistake. But millions of prodigals have vainly sought a happy life in going from God, only to learn in hunger and shame that it is by turning about and going to God that the greatest joy is secured, and yet millions more who have seen or read of these tragedies are at this very hour starting on this same "fool's errand," in pursuit of the "fool's gold" of sinful pleasure.

"He came to himself." Repentance is a return to reason. Reason is not the antagonist of Faith but the asker at her door. Surely it is a "reasonable service" to put our bodies under the laws of their Creator (Rom. 2: 1). When one's life has been marred with sin Wisdom cries, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." A Christian life is the personified Wisdom which brings us "length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." The insurance tables and tax lists of to-day echo Wisdom's ancient cry.

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Fisherman's Life

HOW much life and motion, how much poetry and happiness are associated in our minds with the sea. Its waves ever restless, and often turbulent, sweep around the habitable globe, and across its furrowed track the great ships pass to and fro, carrying the passengers and the freight which make lands acquainted with and dependent upon lands, far off as men measure distance, but near to one another in these days of steam.

The life of the fisherman who gains his bread by deep sea toiling is never one of ease. He encounters rough weather, long cold nights, days of absence from his home and dear ones. But the home-coming is always very happy. The wife has a light in the window if night has fallen. Its clear shining is as a beacon to the sailor's heart, and he knows it means a loving welcome, a clean hearth, and a comforting supper. In the morning the old mother and the bairns are waiting to greet the boat as it comes gallantly in to the shore. And if the sea was smooth and the wife went on the little voyage which may have been only for a few hours, then the baby in the grandmother's arms and the boy playing with his toy ship are just as glad as they can be, and the parents will be hugged and kissed, and the wee one will put up little dimpled arms in greeting and those people need not envy a monarch on his throne. The father may exclaim:

"King, king, crown me the king,
Home is the kingdom and
Love is the king."

Peasant in a foreign country or New England sailor, the experience will be the same, of joy and gladness when the boats come home.

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME

Children and Beauty

A love of beauty is discernible in children at a very early age. The baby grasps the bright ball, or attempts to clutch the orange which attracts his gaze. Every home circle and nursery should cater to the dawning love of beauty in a little child's mind, and its walls should be adorned with a pretty paper and hung with a few good pictures, which need not be costly. A child likes to see its mother in clothing of soft and bright colors, and is often repelled by sombre black.

I was very much touched when meeting Mrs. Birney, President of the National Congress of Mothers, soon after she had sustained a very severe bereavement, to find her wearing in her home a purple gown. "My children are saddened by crape and deep black," she explained, "and so in their presence I seldom appear in deep mourning." A lady told me that several years after her husband's death, she overheard her little son talking to a neighbor's child. "My mama would be as pretty as yours," he said. "if she did not have to wear such ugly frocks, that they make her look queer and cross." The mother respected the child's insight, and put on a white gown soon after for his sake, laying off her gloomy garments altogether.

A child likes an orderly and attractive school-room, and many a teacher has a happier time with her classes, and brings them on more successfully than she otherwise could, by the simple method of giving them a beautiful background, with growing plants in the room, and objects of art where the children can enjoy them. These things do not teach the pupils Latin and mathematics, but they help to educate them, in the true sense of education which is a leading out, a development in the child of the best in his character and possibilities.

A Family Necessity

An indispensable household appendage is the family medicine cabinet which should be conveniently located for the mother's use, in case of an emergency. She should not omit to keep on hand absorbent cotton, strips of linen for bandages, adhesive plaster for cuts, linseed oil and lime water for burns and scalds, and such time-honored remedies as camphor, ginger, mustard, paregoric, aromatic ammonia, quinine and cholera mixture. Listerine should be on the shelf, and if there be a favorite family cough mixture it may as well be kept where it can easily be found. This medicine cabinet is for precaution and for sudden exigencies and slight ailments. When there is decided illness always send for the doctor at once.

The Tool-Chest

Among useful presents for your boy on his birthday, none takes precedence of a tool-chest. Facility in the handling of tools is an accomplishment most desirable for the men of the house, and he may as well begin to acquire it while he is a lad. A great many pennies may be saved by the householder who can perform small odd jobs of mending and making without recourse to a mechanic, while it is delightful to live in a certain indifference to the carpenter and the plumber. The boy does not live who does not feel an inch taller, with a real, not merely a toy, tool-chest of his very own.

Dead on the Field of Honor

In a very entertaining book, *The Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West*, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells of a cyclone incident which was very touching. Many of our readers are familiar with cyclones and tornadoes, and know how terrific is the onslaught of a dreadful storm of wind, wrecking churches, houses, shops and whatever man-made edifice stands in its way, uprooting trees, destroying crops, doing an immensity of damage in the space of a few brief moments.

"One Sunday," says Dr. Brady, "I was called upon to preach a memorial sermon for a young woman who had been killed in one of these cyclones. She was a schoolmistress and was boarding around. (That phrase may need explanation to townspeople, but in country places it used to be very common for the different families to entertain the teacher a fortnight at a time, usually as part of her salary.) With something like a dozen people she was caught in a large house which stood on the edge of a high bluff, by a tremendous cyclone. The house was completely wrecked and every inmate of it except one was killed immediately, or died within an hour or so. The one who survived, though badly injured, said the family were at supper when the storm struck the house; that the little schoolmistress happened to sit next the omnipresent baby at the table in its high chair. When they found the poor girl that night she was still alive, though unconscious, and she died almost instantly. The awful force of the wind had torn from her person everything she had on, including two rings, except one shoe. Her hair was actually whipped to rags. She had been driven through several barb wire fences and every bone in her body was broken. In her arms, however, and clasped tightly to her breast was the dead body of that little infant; womanlike, she had seized the child when she felt the shock of the storm, and not even the tornado itself had been strong enough to tear the baby from her arms. It was a splendid example of that altruistic instinct of womanhood upon which religion and society depend.

"Dead on the field of honor, little mistress of a larger school. Blessed is her name among those who knew her."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—HUSBAND. Try the plan of showing your wife more attention. Save her steps; bring home little presents to surprise her, and see that she has money in her purse.

—DORA. Send your mother's card with your own to the young gentlemen whom you wish to invite to your house. Your mother should assist you by her presence in receiving any friends at their first call. We hold mothers socially in great honor now.

—MARJORIE. Even very small children are in these days taken to the dentist regularly. The first teeth should be carefully looked after and filled, so that there will be no nights of crying with toothache; and if they are too crowded, the dentist will remove them to make room for the second teeth.

—JOHN. President Angell, of Ann Arbor, said the other day that one reason a man went to college was that he ought to be more of a man. Go by all means, if you can. No, a manly fellow loses no caste by working his way through college. But he needs a fine physique to stand the double labor, bodily and mental.

—INSOMNIA. Try eating a piece of thin bread and butter, or a biscuit when you are wakeful. Even the most innocent sedatives are dangerous if their use becomes habitual. I think that you should retire at a regular hour, and sleep in a very dark room, with plenty of fresh air. Do not be afraid of thorough ventilation.

Dollie's Reverie

HER voice was raised in singing
Praises to God that day;
Her head was bent in reverence
When the pastor knelt to pray.

Her little hand was clasping
A coin so round and bright,
That she had earned by rocking
A babe to sleep at night.

Her childish mind was busy
As she bowed her sunny head;
She thought of far-off Hindus
In need of Christ and bread.

"I wonder," she was musing,
"If there's a child like me,
That has a dear, good mama
And papa, too, you see.

"I wonder if at evening
She rocks the babe to sleep,
And sings to it about the woods,
Of shadows long and deep.

"I wonder if her brother
Is as jolly as can be.
I wonder if he teases her
As Tommy teases me.

"I wonder if, when mama says
'To bed, my sleepy dears,'
They kneel, and humbly thank the Lord
For stilling all their fears.

"I wonder"—here she looked dismayed,
For just beneath her nose
The contribution-box was poked,
Her wonderings found a close.

Oh, Dollie, though your gift was small,
The Lord did surely see
The sacrifice so sweetly made.
His blessing rest on thee!

—KATE HAYES.

About the . . . Sunday School

IT is confidently asserted by some observers that among what may be called the better classes, presumably the educated and comfortably housed and clothed classes, the Sunday School is on the wane. We are pointed to the very small numbers of children in the schools of city churches located in the fashionable quarters, and are informed that there is a return to the original theory of the Sunday School which limited it to children who at home had no Christian nurture.

We hardly think there is any decline outside our large cities in the numbers or interest of the Bible school. If decline there be, we fear it is not a token for good. The mother who does not send her children to Sunday School because she takes them regularly to church, and also because she devotes a certain period of time on week days and on the Sabbath to their religious instruction, to their study of the Word of God, and to the catechism and hymn-book, is not to be blamed. She is doing for her children what her duty indicates.

But in too many instances if the children do not attend the Sunday School they receive no religious training of any kind. To thousands upon thousands of our young people growing up the Bible is an inoperative book, because they know as little about it as of Homer or Plato. They have not been taught to regard it as of binding authority, and of its pages they are densely ignorant. This could not be if once a week they sat in a little circle around the teacher, and read a portion of Scripture, talking it over, and coming into contact with one who longed to bring them to Christ.

The Sunday School should be the adjunct at once of the home and of the church. In the ideal school the whole family attends, the parents either teaching or forming part of a Bible class, the little ones enjoying the infant class, and the whole group entering into the current of the school, as they all engage in the work of the church itself.

We need the next generation for Christ. By whatever means they are to be brought to Him, they must be led now. To-morrow may be too late. If they are to be saved from the miasma of doubt and the curse of indifference to God, they must be trained as the forefathers were in the knowledge of God, in reverence for the Bible, and in the habit of prayer.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLVI.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

SAMANTHA AT CARLSBAD

THE Emperor felt my talk deeply, I knew by his looks; he looked completely wore out; it wuz from admiration and or I knowed—they're real fatiguin'when carried to a length.

Sez I: "It is a dretful thing to have all the beasts of the world git mixed up and a-fightin' and chankin' each other up, as they have seemed to, whilst the Powers have sot and looked on. Jest now it looks to me as if the Russian Bear is gittin' the best on't, though the Lion has generally come out on top, and the Eagle has done noble work a-shriekin' and fightin' and protectin' her young.

"It seemed to me and Josiah that the Powers took things pretty easy for quite a spell, and loitered along the way when their ministers and missionaries wuz chased into a corner and the Boxers ready to take their heads off. It makes a sight of difference in such things whose heads are in danger. If it wuz the Powers' own heads, for instance, there would probable been more hustlin' round.

"But things are in a dretful state in China. It is a great pity I hadn't knowed what wuz comin' when I wuz there; I could probable done lots of good advisin' the Empress and tryin' to make her do as she ort to, though my pardner thinks the blame hain't all on China. He argys wrong, but is sot on it. He sez spozen he wuz slow with his spring's work and didn't keep his fences up, or hustle round so and mebby didn't pay Ury so big wages as the Loontowners did in their factory, and wuzn't what they called sound on the doctrines. You know they are seven-day Baptisses over in Loontown and Shackville; but Josiah sez if them two Powers got together and tried to force Loontown and Shackville civilization and ways onto Jonesville, which is a older place and glad to be kinder settled down and mind its own bizness; and if they should try to build roads through Jonesville medders and berry lots and set up their tabernacles and manufacturys there and steal right and left and divide Jonesville into pieces and divide the pieces amongst 'em, why, sez he, 'I would arm myself and Ury and fight to the bitter hind end.'

"Sez Josiah: 'Why do we want our pleasant woods and fields turned into noisy bedlams by the whirrin' of wheels, creakin' of engines and the roar and smoke and dust of traffick. Spozein' we should make more money and dress better and own more books; money hain't everything in life, nor hustlin' in bizness; peace and comfort and mindin' your own bizness is sunthin'.'

The Alcoholic "Powers"

" 'And wheresoever them noisy manufactories go, there goes whiskey,' sez Arvilly. A neighborin' woman who wuz by and jined in: 'What good duz it do to try to settle which is the right Sunday if at the same time them proselyters brings pizen that crazes their converts so they can't tell Sunday mornin' from Friday midnight, bring the preachin' of love and peace and the practice of hatred and ruin, the creeds and catechism packed on with opium and whiskey.'

" 'Yes,' sez Josiah, 'let me catch the Loontown and Shackville Powers tryin' to divide Jonesville into pieces and grabbin' the pieces and dividin' 'em up amongst 'em and turnin' us out of house and hum, I guess them powers would find they had got hold of a Boxer when they come to cut up my paster and divide it and the medder back of the house where grandfather Allen's grandpa and great-grandma lays with a white railin' round 'em, kep' up by the Allens two hundred years. I guess they'd think they had got holt of a Boxer—yes indeed!' and Josiah Allen breathed hard and looked warlike.

" 'But,' I sez, 'Josiah, you haint got it right; there is more to it.'

"And he sez fiery red in the face and sithin' hard, 'There is generally more to everything.' And I sez, 'So there is, Josiah.' "

"YOU CAN GET A CART AND A DONKEY AT CARLSBAD"

I see the Emperor lookin' round anxiously and he seemed to be on the very pint of startin' away. I mistrusted he wanted to go and git more folks to hear my wonderful eloquence, but I couldn't wait and I sez, "Time and Josiah are passin' away and I musn't detain you; you Powers will have to do the best you can with what you've got to do with. Wisdom is needed here, and goodness, piles and piles of goodness and patience and above all prayer to the God of love and justice for help. He is the only Power that can bring light into the dark problem confrontin' the nations. He can settle the question and will, if you Powers trust Him and try to foller his teachin's."

"Id'no what you are goin' to do with Mr. Lie and his folks, the only receipt I can give you is what I told you. Seekin' earnestly for patience and wisdom from on high, payin' no attention to the blue light that rises from the low grounds lit by Greed, Ambition and Revenge, follerin' from day to day the light that filters down from heaven through the winders of the mind and soul, and keepin' them winders as clean as possible so the light can shine through. Brushin' away as fur as your powers can, the black cob-webs from your own civilizations whilst you are tacklin' the scrubbin' brush to cleanse older and dirtier ones, and don't for mercy sake in the name of freedom take away freedom from any race or nation. I d'no what else you can do."

Agin he looked anxiously round as much as to say, oh why, why don't somebody else come to hear this remarkable talk?

Farewell to Emperor Franz Joseph

And sez I, "I will say in conclusion for your encouragement, fur off over the hills and dells of the world and Jonesville there will be one follerin' you with earnest good wishes and prayers and will help you Powers all she can and may God help you and the other Powerses and farewell."

He looked dretful relieved as he shook my hand and I passed on. I guess he had worried for fear it would be out of sight, out of mind with me, and I rejoined my pardner. The rest of our party had passed on into another gorgeous apartment but my faithful pardner had waited for me. He wuz rejoiced to see me I knowed, though his words wuz:

"What under the sun wuz you hangin' round and preachin' to a Emperor for? I believe you would dast anything."

"I hope I would," sez I, calmly, "upheld by Duty's apron strings." I wouldn't have it knowed in Jonesville for a dollar bill that right there in the Emperor's palace Josiah demeaned himself so, but he did say:

"I don't want to hear any more about them infarnal strings."

And a gorgeous official looked round at him in surprise and rebuke. Well, we didn't stay a great while after that. We walked round a little longer through the magnificent rooms, and anon we met Arvilly. She wuz lookin' through a carved archway at the distant form of the Emperor and unfastenin' the puckerin' strings of her work-bag, but I laid holt o' her arm and sez:

AT THE "BUBBLING WELL," CARLSBAI

"Arvilly, for pity sake help me fin Robert and Dorothy. She turned with me, and my soul soared up considerable t think I had already begun to help th powers and lighten their burdens. An pretty soon the rest of our party jined us and we returned home to our tar ven.

Miss Meechim wanted to visi Carlsbad, the great Bohemian wa tering place. She said it wu a genteel spot and very gentee folks went there to drink the wate and take the mud baths. And s we took a trip there from Vienna It is only a twelve-hours' journe by rail. Our road lay along th valley of the Danube, and seeme to be situated in a sort of a valle or low ground, till we reached th frontiers of Bohemia, but it wuz al interestin' to us, for novelty is a refreshin' to older ones as to chil dren. Cheerful, clean-lookin' littl villages wuz scattered along th way, flourishin' orchards and lon fields of grass and grain, and no a fence or hedge to break th peaceful beauty of the picture.

Anon we entered a mountainous country with blue lakes and forest of tall pine trees and knowed we had entered Bohemia. We see gyp sy tents anon or oftener, for wha are gypsies but true Bohemians wanderers at will, hither and yon.

Josiah mentioned the idee of our leavin' the train for an hour or two and havin' our fortunes told by a real gypsy, but I told him sotey vosey that my fortune come along about as fast as I wuz ready for it, and I didn't know as I wanted to pay these swarthy creeters for lyin' to me. And he didn't contend for it, for which I wuz thankful.

All along the way we see shrines with the faces of our Lord and Mary and Joseph lookin' out of 'em. And anon a little hamlet would appear, a meetin'-house with five or six dwellin' houses clustered round it like a teacher in the midst of half a dozen scholars. Flowering shrubs and fruit trees almost hid the houses of the quiet little hamlets, and then we'd go by a village with forty or fifty houses, and as I told Arvilly, in all these little places so remote from Jonesville and its advantages, the tragedy of life wuz goin' on just as it did in bigger places.

A Land of Orchards

And she said she wondered if they drinked; sez she, "If they do there is tragedies enough goin' on."

Bohemia is a country of orchards. I should say there was fruit enough there so every man, woman and child there could have bushels and bushels of it to spare after they had eat their fill. Even along the highways the bending trees wuz loaded with fruit. A good plan, too, and I told Josiah I would love to introduce it into Jonesville. Sez I, "How good it would be to have the toil-worn wayfayers rest under the shady branches and refresh themselves with good fruit."

And he said "He didn't want to toll any more tramps into Jonesville than there wuz already."

And I spoze they would mebby find it so handy to have all the good fruit they wanted hangin' down over their heads as they tramped along—I d'no but it would keep 'em from workin' and earnin' their fruit.

Anon the good car would whirl us from peaceful country into mountain scenery, huge ledges of rock would take the places of the bending fruit trees, and then jest as we got used to that we would be whirled out agin, and see a peaceful-lookin' little hamlet and long, quiet fields of green.

In the harvest fields we see a sight that made me sad and forebode, though it seemed to give Josiah intense satisfaction. We see as many agin wimmen in the harvest field as we did men, and in Carlsbad we see young girls carryin' brick and mortar to the workmen who wuz buildin' houses. I thought as I looked out on the harvest fields and see wimmen doin' all the hard work of raisin' grain and then havin' to cook it after it wuz made into flour and breakfast food it didn't seem right to me, it seemed as if they wuz doin' more than their part. But I spozed the men wuz off to the wars fightin' and gittin' killed to satisfy some other man's ambition, or settlin' some other men's quarrels.

Arvilly Warns Josiah

Josiah sez, smilin' happily, "Wouldn't I look uneek to see Philury mowin' in our oat and wheat fields, and you and Sister Bobbett rakin' after and loadin' grain and runnin' the thrashin' machine?"

"Yes," sez I, "when I foller a thrashin' machine, Josiah Allen, or load a hay rack I will look uneeker than will ever take place on this planet, I can tell you to once."

But Arvilly sez, "Don't be too sure, Josiah Allen's wife; with three wars bein' precipitated on our country durin' one administration, and the conquered contented legions havin' to be surrounded by our soldiers and fit all the time to keep 'em from laughin' themselves to death, you don't know how soon all of our men will be drafted into the army and we wimmen have to do all the farm work."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "that is so, and you would be a crackin' good hand to pitch on a load of hay or mow away, you are so tall."

"And you," sez she with a defiant mean, "would be a good hand to put in front of the battle field; you're so short, the balls might not hit you the first round."

She put a powerful emphasis on the "might not," and Josiah looked real agitated, and I sez:

"Such talk is onprofitable, and I should advise you, Josiah, to use your mans influence to try to make peace for the country's good, instead of wars for the profit of Trusts, Ambition, etc., and you can escape the cannon's mouth, and Arvilly keep on sellin' books instead of ploughin' and mowin'."

Robert Strong and Dorothy enjoyed Carlsbad the best that ever wuz. I don't think they sot so much store by the water as they did the long mountain walks. Everybody here becomes a mountain climber. The doctors here agree that this exercise is a great means of cure, and they make the climbing easy and delightful. There are over thirty miles of good roads over the mountains and around Carlsbad, and as you climb upwards anon or even oftener you come to pretty little pavilions where you can rest and look off onto the delightful scenery, and every little while you'll come to a place where you can git good refreshments to refresh you.

The Famous "Sprudel"

The Sprudel, or Bubbling Well, bubbles over in a stream of almost boiling hot water five or six inches in diameter. It is so hot that you can't handle the mugs it is served in with your naked hand, you hold it by a napkin and have to take it a little sip at a time if you don't want to be scalded.

Josiah had disputed with me about the waters being so hot. He said it didn't look reasonable to him that bilin' hot water would flow out of the cold ground, and he knowed they had told stories about it. "Why," sez he, "if it wuz hot when it started it would git cooled off goin' through the cold earth."

But I sez: "They say so, Josiah—them that have been there."

"Well," sez he, "you can hear anything. I don't believe a word on't."

And so in pursuance of his plan and to keep up his dignity he wouldn't take a napkin with his mug of water, but took holt on't with his naked hand and took a big swaller right down scaldin' hot.

He sot the mug down sudden and put his bandanna to his mouth, and I believe spit out the most on't. He looked as if he wuz sufferin' the most excruciating agony, and I sez:

Samantha's Sympathy Wasted

"Open your mouth, Josiah, and I will fan it."

"Fan your grandmother!" sez he. "I didn't like the taste on't, Samantha; it most sickened me."

But I sez: "Josiah Allen, do you want some liniment on your hand and your tongue? I know they pain you dretfully."

Sez he, smilin' a dretful wapeish smile: "It is sickish tastin' stuff." And he wouldn't give in any further and didn't, though I knew for days his mouth wuz tender, and he flinched when he took anything hot into it.

As I would look dreamily into the Bublin' Well I would methink how I do wish I knowed how and where you come to be so hot, and I'd think how much it could tell if it would bubble up and speak so's we could understand it. Mebby it wuz het in a big reservoir of solid gold and run some of the way through sluice ways of shinin' silver and anon over beds of diamonds and rubies. How could I tell! but it kep' silent and has been mindin' its own bizness and runnin' stiddy for over six hundred years that we know on and can't tell how much longer.

Exceptin' in the great earthquake at Lisbon about a hundred and fifty years ago it stopped most still for a number of days, mebby through or, or fright, but after a few days it recovered itself and has kep' on flowin' stiddy ever since. It wuz named for Charles IV., who they say discovered it, Charle's Bath or Carlsbad. His statute stands in the market-place and looks quite well. Carlsbad has a population of twenty or thirty thousand, and over fifty thousand people visit Carlsbad every summer to drink of the waters. Drinking and walking is what the doctors prescribe and I d'no but the walking in the invigorating mountain air does as much good as the water. The doctor generally makes you drink a glass about seven in the morning, then take a little walk, then drink another glass, and another little walk and so on until about eight, when you can go to the Swiss bakery and get the zwiebach or twice baked bread, which is handed you in a paper bag, and then you can go to some cafay on the sidewalk and get coffee or tea and boiled eggs and make out your breakfast. No butter is given you unless the doctor orders it. That madded Josiah and he said they kep' it back because they wuz clost and wanted to save. He is a great case for butter.

The Donkey Carts of Carlsbad

And then after resting for an hour, you go for a walk up the mountains, or if you are too weak to walk, you can get a cart and a donkey, the driver walking alongside; up the shady paths you will go, resting anon or oftener at some pleasant summer house or cafay. At one you have your dinner, you can get it anywhere along your way or go back to your tarven for it; Josiah and I generally went back and got our dinner at the tarven and rested for a while. After dinner, folks generally go for another walk, but Josiah and I and Tommy used often to go to the Sprudel Corridor and listen to first-rate music or to a garden concert nigh by.

It wuz a sight to set in the Sprudel Corridor and see the crowds of people go by, each one bearin' a little mug in their hands or strapped over their shoulders. All sorts of lookin' folks, handsome and humbly, tall and short, thick and thin, thousands and thousands of 'em a-goin every morning for their drink and walk, drink and walk. There are six or eight little girls at each of these springs who hand the water to the guests and they have to work spry to keep 'em all supplied.

It wuz a remarkable coincidence that royalty so soon after havin' the advantage of a interview and advice from Josiah Allen's wife should agin' have the privilege of listenin' to her invaluable precepts. But not so remarkable when you come to study on it philosophically. For it seems to be a law of nater that if one thing happens, another similar thing follers on and happens too, such as breakin' dishes, onexpected company, meetin' royalty, etc., etc.

I wuz settin' alone in the Sprudel Corridor one day, for my pardner had gone with Tommy to see a little donkey that had took the child's fancy and we meant to let him have a ride up the mountain on it and the rest of our party had driv out to Mentoni's Spring, about two milds from Carlsbad.

I see a real sweet pretty girl coming along carrying her little mug just like the rest of the folks. She wuz attended by a good lookin' lady, who seemed to be her shaperone and looking out for her, and I hearn a bystander say:

"That's the Queen of Holland."

(To be Continued.)

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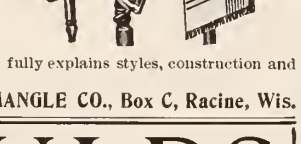

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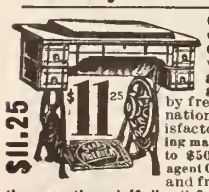

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R P Church, Black Hawk
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S S & C E S of the University Congl Ch, Seattle
S S of M E Ch, Sbonsetow'n
Wayne Village Bapt S S
S Sch at West Eden
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Ep League M E Ch, Yonk'rs
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King's Dau Cir, Cross Keys
Ladies' Mission Society, Ludingtonville
Union C E Soc, Middle Creek Ch
The Women's Miss Soc of Case Ave Presb Church, Cleveland
The Women's Prayer Meeting, Greenwood
Y P Soc of Clifton M E Church, Aldan
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Brighton Pres Ch C E Soc, Zanesville
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K L W, Mabanoy City
Friend, Alhany
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GALVESTON
STILL NEEDS HELP

VARIOUS relief measures for Galveston and neighboring territory are still going forward, for there is yet pressing need of assistance. It is true that the various expeditions, carrying medicines, nurses and tents are returning, the Salvation army being the last to leave the field, and this fact is cause for much general gratification because it argues that such aid is no longer in demand; that the sick are well or on the road to recovery. The city is being rapidly restored and the citizens able to look after themselves, as far as personal service is concerned. But Texas needs to be kept for many weeks before a generous and prayerful public. Such an awful tragedy as that which swept the gulf coast, devastating Galveston, destroying homes, crops, cattle, poultry, everything, and sweeping away all implements of labor, is not a misfortune which admits of swift recovery.

Our own readers have done a noble part in relieving the desolated section. Gifts continue to come for the widow, the orphan, the destitute and the desolate. The spirit in which these gifts are made is indicated in many letters, of which we quote from a few below:

E. H., Chicago, Ill., $5. I pray that you may receive enough to meet the urgent needs of the suffering and destitute ones in Texas.—M. S. W., Deep River, Conn., $10. In memory of my dear father. Two weeks ago he was sitting here with me and said: "I will send a check to the Galveston sufferers." A few days after, I laid him away, "asleep in Jesus."—H. M. E., Ashland, Ky., $2. May God bless the many offerings towards this cause.—Mrs. S. M. T., $2. In the name of the Master.

The following contributions in aid of the relief work have been received:

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THE CORONATION OF THE LAMB

I.

BEHOLD the royal diadem,
Behold the Prince arrayed,
Behold the sovereignty of God
Upon the Lamb was laid!
He stands a conqueror evermore
Whom all the host of heaven adore.
Majestic, sweet, in glory bright,
They crowned him Saviour, Lord of light.

II.

Before the great celestial throne,
Before the throne of God,
Before the Seraphim, who there
In shining vesture plod.
That marshaled throng, what glory sway
Upon that great triumphant day.
Rejoice, ye heavens, the chorus rings,
The Christ is Lord and King of kings.

III.

Beyond the broad uplifted arch,
Beyond the azure blue,
Beyond the glitt'ring stars that shine
With all their brilliant hue.
Victorious Lamb, who came to bear
So meekly all that mortals share,
Art now enthroned, O Son of light,
Installed with God's authentic might.

IV.

Beneath the canopy so high,
Beneath the drifting cloud,
Beneath thy fulgent light, O moon,
Let voices thunder loud.
Sing forth the glories of his name;
Let every tongue his love proclaim.
To Christ, the Lamb, let praises rise
To hail the Monarch of the skies.

Lawrence, Mich. MRS. J. ROSEBOOM ADAMS.

GOOD READING FOR OUR SOLDIERS

Recent messages received by the International Committee Young Men's Christian Associations from its representatives with the army in China and the Philippines, report the supply of good reading matter to be inadequate to meet demands from the three hundred or more stations of the army. Gifts in quantities to enable the Secretaries to send supplies to every post should be sent at once. Books, late numbers of standard illustrated papers and magazines are specially desirable, and will be forwarded without further expense to the givers, if sent with express or freight prepaid to the office of International Committee Young Men's Christian Association, No. 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York City.

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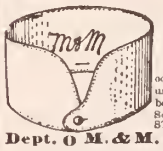

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Never wilt, instantly cleaned, no laundry bills, no odor, never turn yellow, cannot be told from linen, used by everybody. Don't buy Celluloid called Rubber at stores. Sold only by agents, or by mail. Send 4 cents in stamps for Catalogue of 150 UP-TO-DATE STYLES AND SAMPLES. Exclusive territory allowed.

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.
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Coffee Being Replaced by Postum Food Coffee.

"I am the wife of a minister. About three years ago a warm friend, an exemplary mother and the conscientious wife of a minister, asked me if I had ever tried giving up coffee and using the Postum Food Coffee. I had been telling her of my excessive nervousness and ill health. She said: 'We drink nothing else for breakfast but Postum Food Coffee, and it is a delight and a comfort to have something that we do not have to refuse the children when they ask for it.'

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"My first trial of Postum was a failure. The maid of all work brought it to the table, lukewarm, weak, and altogether lacking in character. We were in despair, but decided on one more trial. At the second trial, we faithfully followed the directions, used four teaspoonful to the pint of water, let it boil full fifteen minutes after the real boiling began, and served it with rich cream. It was delicious and we were all won.

"I have since sung the praises of Postum Food Coffee on many, many occasions and have induced numbers of friends to abandon coffee and use Postum, with remarkable results. The wife of a college professor said to me a short time ago that nothing had ever produced so marked a change in her husband's health as the leaving off of coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee." Edith Smith Davis, Appleton, Wis.

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OUR $9.85 ACME OAK HEATER BURNS Anything: wood, hard coal, soft coal, coke or cobs; greatly improved for this season, latest style for 1900. A BIG HEATER, 3 feet 8 inches high, 22¾x22¾ inches on bottom; 16-inch fire pot, 6-inch pipe, mounted with 18-gauge smooth steel draw; heavy cast iron fire pot, has shaking and dumping center grate for coal, double circular wood grate, constructed so the fire can be kept under complete control; large ash pan, large feed doors; ash pit doors swing on double hinge, check drafts in collar and feed doors. Beautifully finished, fancy nickel mountings and ornamentations, highly polished and heavily nickel plated foot rails, nickel name plate, top ring, hinge pins and knobs; heavy nickel bands and mountings, fancy nickel plated and ornamented top urn. Every stove covered by a BINDING GUARANTEE, and safe delivery guaranteed. Made from the best quality of heavy sheet steel, pig iron and nickel, positively the handsomest, best burning, best heating, most economical and durable BIG PARLOR HEATER MADE. If you don't find this stove the equal of those sold at double the price, return it to us at our expense and we will return any money sent us. ORDER TODAY. Write for FREE STOVE CATALOGUE. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

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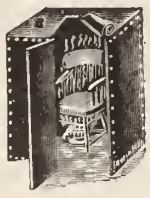

contain all the best features of all the other cabinets with several entirely new ones, making them the "only perfect Bath Cabinets."

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A postal removes your corns.
A trial box of **A-CORN SALVE** mailed free to any address.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

TO GUIDE "WANDERING BOYS"

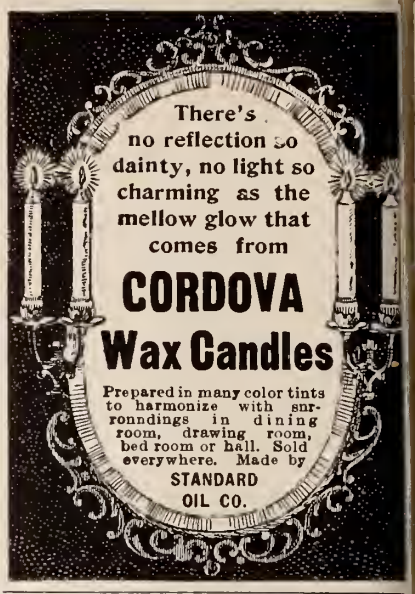
A NEW DEPARTMENT OF RESCUE WORK BEGUN AT THE BOWERY MISSION : : : :

WEDNESDAY evening, October 3d, witnessed a new departure at the Bowery Mission. For several months past it has been noticed that a larger proportion of young men have been attending the meetings than at any previous period in the history of the mission, and it has become necessary to direct special attention to their interests. Growing out of this, the suggestion has arisen of making an endeavor to bring even younger boys, hundreds of whom crowd the streets in the lower section of the city, under the influence of the Gospel as it is proclaimed in this place. Mrs. S. J. Bird, "The Mother of the Bowery," has become especially interested in the question, and when the idea was first broached promptly offered to provide a free meal once a week for as many boys as could be gathered together in the hall. Arrangements having been perfected, several of the workers, and especially the new converts, started out with cards of invitation and instructions from the superintendent to find boys who were not connected with any other boys' work, church or mission.

This task was undertaken with great enthusiasm, and for several evenings previous to the meeting, these workers of the mission might have been seen down at the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge among the newsboys, at the gallery doors of theatres, or seeking on the benches of the parks for sleeping boys, and presenting them with an invitation to attend this meeting. Musical friends most gladly acceded to the request of the superintendent to furnish an entertaining musical programme, while several experts in boys' work signified their interest in the experiment by being present, among them Mr. G. Hamilton Dean, President of University Place Boys' Club; Mr. R. H. Swartwout, of St. George's Church Boys' Club; Superintendent B. W. Tice and Prof. J. D. Holmes, of the West Side Boys' Home; Superintendent Hodge, of the Remington Gospel Settlement, Buffalo; Superintendent Theodore G. White, of the Church of the Holy Communion Boys' Club, and International Secretary E. M. Robinson, of the Y. M. C. A. It was a mixed and motley crowd that clamored at the doors for admittance. The old mission had never witnessed such a scene, and, notwithstanding the noise, it was perfectly refreshing for once to hear the merry shouts and laughter of young boys. After the programme was fairly started, these East-Side, down-town children showed that they knew how to behave themselves. The chief part of the entertainment was provided by youthful performers. One of them, Willie Rannie, son of one of the converts of the mission, delighted his neighbors with a pianoforte solo. Then other three boys joined him in singing. The mission organist, Mr. Benke, played several selections on the great pipe organ, the children showing their partiality for Sousa's marches by uniting their shrill voices to the sonorous tones of the organ. Mr. Josten, Secretary of the Greenpoint Y. M. C. A., not only rendered some exquisite violin solos himself, but brought over with him a mandolin band of six performers who did splendid service. Mr. Wilbur Unger, from Montclair, N. J., and Miss Grace Hildebrand, the brilliant soloist from Metropolitan Temple also performed, and their efforts were enthusiastically received. Dr. Klopsch delivered a practical address to the boys on the necessity of embracing every opportunity that might come in their way for living an honorable and useful life. Mr. Dean and Mr. Swartwout also spoke.

One pleasant feature of the gathering was the large number of young men who attended, of the ages of from sixteen to twenty, and who, after the smaller children had been dismissed, remained behind to hear the discussion on the subject of permanently establishing a Young Men's Association in connection with the mission. This after-meeting was addressed by Dr. Klopsch, Prof. Holmes and others, and there is little doubt but that, with such a beginning, a most valuable work will be accomplished in the future among young men of this character. The mission, so long famous for its rescue work, may now be considered fairly launched in the direction of a still more interesting and valuable work—that of prevention. Every week many "mother's boys" find their way down into this dark and sinning section of the city, and it will be more than ever the aim of the workers to reach them before they have taken many steps in a career of sin. These boys, many of whom are mere children, find their way to New York City and to the Bowery from every State in the Union. Only last week a youth, scarcely more than eighteen, who had tramped and beaten his way on freight cars from San Francisco, came to the mission. It was the first place he visited on arriving in the city, and of course he was at once taken in hand and cared for. All around this great country there are mothers and fathers, whose hearts are almost breaking with anxiety for their wandering boy. Let them write to the Bowery Mission, for very often just these boys come in here, and thousands of mothers' prayers have been answered within these hallowed walls by the recovery of the lost ones. J. G. HALLIMOND.

THE FIRST MEETING FOR BOYS AT THE BOWERY MISSION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CORDOVA
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Prepared in many color tints to harmonize with surronndings in dining room, drawing room, bed room or hall. Sold everywhere. Made by
STANDARD OIL CO.

The beautiful village of Cazenovia, one of the most charming in central New York, is the home of a man who overcomes a natural reluctance to publicity in order that those who are kept from work or business by illness, or who are weak and suffering, may know the remedy which will restore them to health and strength. The man is John H. Riley, a blacksmith of skill and integrity, who, with his brother, succeeded to the business founded by their father. In reply to questions Mr. Riley said:

"About two years ago I was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism and was flat on my back, racked with pain and as helpless as a child for fourteen weeks. During these weeks I suffered as only those who have had inflammatory rheumatism can suffer. I had the best medical attendance but without avail.

"Before I was taken sick I had seen advertisments of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which stated that they were good for rheumatism. I was willing to try anything for relief so I got some and was benefited almost immediately. I had taken but six boxes when I was able to return to my work at the forge, but I continued taking them till nine boxes were used up. I have had no return of the trouble since. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful remedy, and I have recommended them to a great many people."

Signed, JOHN H. RILEY.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1900.
H. J. ROUSE,
[SEAL] *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE.

One Hundred Thousand Trial Packages of Catarrh Remedy Sent Free to Applicants.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is a pleasant and harmless vegetable compound, which being inhaled by smoking, is applied directly to the diseased parts, giving speedy and lasting relief.

A sample will be mailed free, and for $1.00 we will send postpaid one month's treatment. Write at once to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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ZEAL IN THE MISSION FIELD

.....THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE DISCIPLES OF CHRIST AT KANSAS CITY

W. K. HOMAN
Presiding Officer

DR. W. F. RICHARDSON
Com. of Arrangements

REV. J. W. RAINS
Financial Secretary

THE Annual Missionary Convention of the Disciples of Christ is now in session in Armory Hall, Kansas City, Mo., and is one of the largest gatherings yet held by this denomination, noted for its missionary and evangelic spirit. It is a triune convention, presenting the Home Board, the Forgn Board, and the Woman's Board. hich, in the scope of its work, is both me and foreign. The first part of the nvention is devoted to the sessions of e Woman's Board, which opened on hursday evening, October 11th, with a cial reunion. The women's programme, vering two days, was this year an exptionally attractive one.

Reports of presidents, secretaries and mmittees, and the stirring appeals of eakers and missionaries fresh from their lds of labor are presented, also the inrests of special Bible Chair work at ate universities, orphanage work in forgn lands, and the special missionary aining of women and children in the me churches.

The Woman's Board is now helping me missions in twenty-three States, and veral new enterprises have been underken, notably the pioneer Porto Rican rphanage at Bayamon, the establishent of a second Mountain Mission hool in eastern Kentucky, the enlargeent of the Indian Orphanages, and the neral increase of their missionary staff. ore workers have gone to the field than any previous year, viz.: five to Mexico, ven to India, and two to Jamaica, W. I. lans are under advisement whereby the oman's Board may assume the entire rk of the present Board of Negro Edution and Evangelization in the South.

Sunday, October 14th, was set apart by e Convention to preaching and praise. the afternoon a great communion serce was held in the Armory building, tended by thousands. Monday and uesday were devoted to the sessions of e Home Missionary Society, which inuded the discussion of American evanlization, church extension, negro educaon and evangelization, college, semiry and university interests, the church's arities, Sunday School work and the like.

The Foreign Christian Missionary Soety celebrated this year its silver jubilee. ecretary A. McLeon, in an instructive ldress, recited the main features of the ciety's history. Secretary Rains presentl an excellent financial exhibit; Rev. lbert Buxton retold the story of Adonim Judson; Prof. L. M. Sniff spoke on Stewardship," and Rev. S. T. Willis adessed the convention on "The Spiritual xpansion of Christendom." "The Gospel's Unceasing Aggressiveness" was the eme of Rev. J. M. Van Horn. Rev. A. . Horvout spoke on "Children's Day," d Dr. W. T. Moore read a poem on The Heroes and Heroines" of the mison fields. Among the missionaries atnding the convention are: James Ware, hanghai, China; F. E. Meigs, Nankin, hina; H. H. Guy and wife, Tokyo, pan; E. S. Stevens, Akita, Japan, and iss Josepha Franklin, Damoh, India, of whom Ramabai says, "she is one of the most heroic women in India."

The evening session of Thursday was occupied entirely by the returned missionaries, and was full of interest and enthusiasm.

S. T. WILLIS.

The Kaiser's Rebuke to China

During the present troubles in China, the German Emperor on several occasions has addressed his troops departing from Berlin or Potsdam for the front in strong terms, reminding them of their duty as Christian soldiers. In his reply to the letter of the Chinese Emperor Kwang Su, promising a libation as a peace offering in memory of Germany's murdered Ambassador, Emperor William evinces the spirit of a Cromwell, who makes no half measures with the enemies of Christianity. He wrote:

I have observed with satisfaction that Your Majesty is anxious to expiate according to the custom and precept of your religion the shameful murder of my Minister which set at naught all civilization. Yet, as the German Emperor and a Christian, I cannot regard that abominable crime as atoned for by a libation. Besides my murdered Minister there have gone before the throne of God a large number of our brethren of Christian faith, bishops and missionaries, women and children, who, for the sake of their faith, which is also mine, have died the violent death of martyrs and are accusers of Your Majesty. Do the libations commanded by Your Majesty suffice for all these innocent ones? I do not make Your Majesty personally responsible for the outrage against the Legations, which are held inviolable among all nations, nor for the grievous wrongs done so many nations and faiths and to the subjects of Your Majesty of my Christian belief. But the advisers of Your Majesty's throne and the officials on whose heads rests the blood-guilt of a crime which fills all Christian nations with horror must expiate their abominable deed. When Your Majesty brings them to the punishment they have deserved, that I will regard as an expiation which will satisfy the nations of Christendom. If Your Majesty will use your imperial power for this purpose, accepting to that end the support of all the injured nations, I, for my part, declare myself agreed on that point. I long for peace, which atones for the guilt, which makes good wrongs done and which offers to all foreigners in China security for life and property, and, above all, for the free service of their religion.

Bible Study at Northfield

Northfield Seminary and Mount Hermon School have opened with more students than ever before. In the former there are enrolled 402 students, and in the latter 434. The Northfield Bible Training School will hereafter be open to both men and women. Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., the well-known Bible teacher, has accepted the position of President, made vacant by the death of Mr. Moody. Among the new features is the opening of the Bible classes and lectures to persons who do not contemplate devoting their lives distinctively to mission work, but who wish to become more efficient in their work for Christ in their own churches and communities.

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY Pittsburgh.
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DAVIS-CHAMBERS Pittsburgh.
FAHNESTOCK Pittsburgh.
ANCHOR, ECKSTEIN } Cincinnati.
ATLANTIC, BRADLEY, BROOKLYN, JEWETT, ULSTER, UNION } New York.
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FREE For colors use National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. Any shade desired is readily obtained. Pamphlet giving full information and showing samples of Colors, also pamphlet entitled "Uncle Sam's Experience With Paints" forwarded upon application.

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Ladies' tailors advertise to rebind dress skirts with S. H. & M. Bindings at prices ranging from $1.25 up to $1.75. At these prices it will be seen that the tailors charge in the neighborhood of one dollar for the work.

If you use inferior bindings you will have to have them replaced twice or more during the life of a skirt and will be obliged to expend a dollar or two in money or your own time. This shows how unwise it is to use any but the best bindings. S. H. & M. Bindings will last as long as the skirt and will always look better and give you far more satisfaction than any other bindings made.

The S. H. & M. Bindings are the only bindings accurately fitting the curves of a skirt and present that elegant and distinctive appearance which is the pride of every well gowned woman.

The next time—and every time—you buy skirt bindings, look on the back or on the label of every yard of Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Bindings for the S. H. & M. registered trade mark. If you insist upon buying no other bindings you will always be sure that you have the best that are made, or can be made, and will save time, money and annoyance.

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CLASSES RENDER DEFECTIVE VISION CHRONIC.
Write for our ILLUSTRATED TREATISE, Mailed Free.
THE IDEAL COMPANY, 239 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HOW ENGLAND TREATS HER ISLANDS

PROHIBITION FOR NATIVE RACES EVERYWHERE..

REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, PH.D

WHEREAS the supplying of intoxicating liquors to the aboriginal natives is productive of serious mischief to the said aboriginal natives and is the cause of numerous crimes against life and property; and whereas it is expedient to prohibit the supplying of such intoxicating liquors, etc.—*From the laws of New South Wales.*

In prosecuting some special studies, I have just secured from Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, a golden sheaf of British prohibitory laws, one of which is as follows:

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c.

A REGULATION

(Made in the name and on behalf of Her Majesty under the provisions of the Western Pacific Order in Council, 1879.)

TO PROHIBIT THE SUPPLY OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS TO NATIVES OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA AND ADJACENT ISLANDS.

[L.S.] JOHN B. THURSTON.

1. If any British subject in British New Guinea and adjacent islands comprised in the British Protectorate sells or gives or otherwise supplies to any native of New Guinea or adjacent islands aforesaid, or to any native of any island in the Pacific Ocean resident in British New Guinea and adjacent islands aforesaid, any wine, spirits, or any other intoxicating liquor, he shall, on conviction thereof before the Court of Her Majesty's High Commissioner, be liable to a penalty not exceeding ten pounds or to imprisonment with or without hard labor for any period not exceeding three months.

2. If it shall appear to the Court that such wine or spirits have been given *bona fide* for medicinal purposes, or other cause which shall, in the judgment of the Court, be reasonable and sufficient, it shall be lawful for the Court to dismiss the charge.

Done at Suva, Fiji, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.

By His Excellency's Command,
WILFRED COLLET,
Secretary to the High Commissioner.

It has long been Great Britain's wise policy to protect her colonies against political "spoilsmen." Spain and other powers have found it a costly plan to allow their colonies to be exploited by political favorites—a fact which our country, a novice in colonizing, should ponder, and also England's new policy of prohibition for native races, both of opium and liquors, learned in the hard school of experience from the disastrous consequences of her former contrary policy. The nation that vetoed a Chinese Emperor's prohibition of opium in 1840-2 with a bayonet dipped in blood, has in her newest eastern colony, Burma, recently proclaimed prohibition, to be achieved gradually but surely. The nation which, with our own, made West Africa "one long bar-room and graveyard," has adopted the policy of prohibition for the Soudan, conquered by Kitchener's victorious abstainers, and for other new colonies of East Africa, just when we were turning the other way, abandoning in the Philippines the policy of prohibition for native races which we had so long maintained in the Indian Territory and Alaska.

Rev. Henry Richards, Baptist missionary in the Congo, in a recent letter to me, makes the following statement which we commend to our Congress and Chambers of Commerce:

"When the extra heavy tax was imposed on foreign spirits imported into West Africa, the region recently purchased by the English government from the Royal Niger Company, the trades complained that these heavy dues interfered with the trade. The Colonial Secretary replied that it was the intention of the government to discourage the drink traffic, as it ultimately destroyed all trade by destroying the population."

In the laws for Basutoland, South Africa, I find the following provision:

"The sale or gift, or disposal in any way, of wine, beer and spirituous liquors is hereby prohibited."

In Bechuanaland liquors may be sold to whites, but the following strong prohibitory law—we suggest it for the Philippines—protects the natives:

"Whoever, whether licensed or unlicensed, shall sell, exchange or give to or procure for any native in the said Territories any beer, wine or spirituous, or partly spirituous liquor in any quantity whatever, shall be liable, in addition to any penalty in respect to the sale thereof without a license, to a penalty not exceeding fifty pounds sterling, and in default of payment to imprisonment with or without hard labor for a term not exceeding six months," etc.

Exception is made for a bona fide use as a medicine, the burden of proof of which rests on buyer or seller, and for native beer if unmixed with forbidden beer, wine or spirits. In this connection it should also be remembered that the British Government, prompted by united action of its missionary and temperance societies, which have given an example to the societies in this country, was the leader, with Belgium, in securing exclusion of spirituous liquors from the Congo region and more recently from a larger zone of Central Africa, by international treaties of sixteen great nations, in 1892 and 1899, the second of which is still pigeon-holed where the former was jeopardized by two years' delay—in the United States Senate.

But I wish especially to speak of Great Britain's exemplary course among the island peoples of Oceanica, to whom, not only in her own islands but in independent islands as well, she forbids her merchants to sell intoxicants, opium, firearms and dynamite, and that too without waiting for the cooperation of other nations, many of whom, including our own, allow their merchants to continue the crime against civilization which such traffic involves. A document on our "Foreign Relations" (52nd Congress, 2d Session, Ex. Doc. 1, Part 1), which I have secured through our State Department, contains a proposed international law for the extension of this British prohibition, by the cooperation of the French, German, Austrian, Italian Russian, Hawaiian, and American governments, to the traders of all these countries, which was submitted to them in 1884 and again in 1892, without result, though Dr. John G. Paton and his host of friends urged then and again this year that our government should at least do what England has done in the restraint of its own merchants, one of whom is the only trader in one of the New Hebrides islands, where his rum and guns are working an awful havoc.

Surely, when our people realize that conscience and commerce call us to this crusade for the protection of native races, we shall no longer lead the rear end of the international procession, pulling the other way. The law given herewith in facsimile, is in force in British New Guinea, and adjoining islands, over which the British Government exercises only a "protectorate," corresponding with our present relation to Cuba, whose liquor traffic we have increased rather than diminished, with no protection whatever for the native races against our American saloons. The same law has been enacted in separate statutes for the islands of Tonga, Rotumah and Savage Island. Let us secure from the Congress that meets at the portals of a new Christian century, the enactment of such a law for all merchants under American control, whether in our own islands or upon the high seas. We are loudly called to such action by the awful statement in the world survey of the liquor traffic presented to the British Parliament in February of this year, that the use of intoxicants is increasing in nearly all the countries of the world.

The Church of God has the ability, and it has also the responsibility, to turn that awful tide, and we believe will do it, if ministers and missionaries will give to her these facts that ring like fire bells.

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Durable, Economical
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DOES NOT STAIN THE HANDS,
DOES NOT CAKE ON THE IRON.
DUSTLESS, LABOR SAVING.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Ask for RISING SUN in cakes for general blacking, and SUN PASTE for quick use—and don't be fooled with any other.

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All cooks will value its usefulness and convenience; all housekeepers will appreciate its saving of food. It chops all kinds of meats, fish, vegetables and fruits—finely, easily, quickly. Will last for years; every part is strong and durable. No trouble to clean it. A necessity in every household.

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It shows you the latest and most up-to-date Organs and Pianos on the market. It tells you all about our patent combination actions and orchestral attachments which imitate a great variety of stringed instruments. Something new and novel that never fails to please. A discount of $10.00 on every Organ and $20.00 on every Piano if you get our catalogue now. We sell for cash or on easy payments. **No money in advance required. From factory to home. No agents.** No middlemen's profits. Write today.

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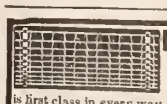

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DO NOT WORRY*

Christ's Injunction Against Useless Foreboding as Dishonoring to God

MORE injurious to human life, physical and spiritual, than work or hardship, is worry. It wears out the energies and ends in incapacity for usefulness. Careful forethought, prudent preparation for ills which may befall is commendable. No man is justified in neglecting his future nor the future of his family. Sickness may come; death is sure to come, and he ought to the full extent of his ability to provide for their coming. It is a grievous thing when in the hour of storm and stress there is no reserve on which to fall back. Christ's injunctions do not apply to foresight and prudence. They are directed against the habit of foreboding, of nervous apprehension, and of despondency in the face of possible misfortune. When he bids us take no thought for the morrow, he does not mean make no preparation for the engagements or calls of the morrow, but do not be harassed or cherish gloomy and depressing fears of coming ill. It is a good wholesome rule that would, if observed, lift the burden from many shoulders. The wise man is he who when he sees trouble approaching, sets himself to discover the best means of averting it, or mitigating it, and having made every preparation in his power goes forward to meet it with a brave heart, determined to bear manfully the worst it can do.

Christ cites several reasons for not worrying about material things. First, they are of small account compared with the soul. It is usually about the physical needs that men worry. "Shall I be clothed? Shall I be destitute? Shall I come to want bread?" These are the questions which make many men miserable. Do not dwell on them, Christ says. They concern the body only. It is the soul that is the essential thing and it is as much more important than the body as the body is more important than the food that nourishes it and the raiment that covers it. What they are to the body the body is to the soul. "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment." If the soul be developed, if it is kept pure and if it is resting securely in God's keeping, there is little reason to worry about whether the needs of the body will be always provided for. Many a man has tested this philosophy and has found it true. One who has tasted the bitterest dregs of poverty, who has seen his household treasures scattered under the auctioneer's hammer, and has known what it is to go without food because he had not the money to pay for a meal, testified recently: "I was happier in those days with my conscience clear, and conscious that the fault was not mine, than I have been when I had plenty of money and sin lay heavily on my soul." Poverty is not the worst calamity that may befall a man. If he has a manly spirit he can endure all that it can make him suffer, but who can bear remorse?

Another reason that Christ gives for not worrying is that God certainly cares for us. The birds teach us a lesson in this matter. They have foresight in their autumnal migration and in the building of their nests; but they are blithe and cheerful though they have not provision for a day ahead. God makes provision for them and surely we may trust him to make provision for his children. This does not mean a reckless disregard of future needs but a depression and a harrass which take all the joy out of life. Trust in God, Christ advises, and be sure that our confidence will be honored.

Christ reminds us of still another reason for not worrying. In the majority of instances it is not the necessaries of life that cause anxiety, but its superfluities. It is the modest fare, the shabby coat, the humble home that cause a foolish shame. Yet what matters it? The utmost that any one could do would not secure more than appearance. The lilies are beautiful in themselves and it is possible to lead a beautiful life in the most sordid surroundings.

Finally, he reminds us that the man who worries is no better that a heathen. We may not wonder that a heathen who knows nothing of God should worry; but he who has learned to say, "Our Father," should show more trust and should set a better example. To seek the highest spiritual good should be the first and chief concern; to all such the other meaner things are of little moment and God will take care that they are supplied.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 28. Matt. 6: 26-34.

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home
Prev. ack $213 50
I H N, Schnectady 5 00
Lil ie T Smith 1 00
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Mrs E L Payne 8 00
Mrs S W R & family 1 00
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Prev ack $1 00
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Prev ack $79 15
W H Sill 10 00
Total $89 15

Any Good Cause.
Prev ack $233 32
—, Portsmouth 8 00
—, Erie 5 00
W Boswell 10
F G S, Whitings 1 50
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N M Petersen 6 00
May B Pierson 2 00
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—, N Dixon 1 50
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Mary Hotchkiss 5 00
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Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop.
Prev ack $35 50
In memory of N. Haydenville 1 00
Mrs N McVicar 5 00
Total $41 50

Porto Rico S. S. Work.
Prev ack $234 44
—, LeRoy 100 00
Total $334 44

Christian Herald S. S. Missionary.
Prev. ack $15 00
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Protestant Mem Church
Prev ack $3 50
Viora I. Hawes 2 00
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Emilio Olssen's South American Mission
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H Farnsworth 1 00
—, LeRoy 50 00
T C, Carlisle 2 00
Total $173 95

E. Africa Famine Fund
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Corinna Shattucks' Orphan Work in Oorfa, Turkey
Prev ack (Corr'd) $1076 62
Owosso Cong'l Miss Soc, Owosso 14 00
Edw Nangle & M J Carpenter 60 00
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Union Meet'g, Denv'r 27 50
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Mrs Hughes 10 00
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Mrs Fanny Morrison 2 00
Congl Ch, Colo Spgs. 9 00
Congl Ch, Manitou 14 50
Mrs Douglas Ely 10 00
Miss Ruth 5 00
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Congl Ch, " 44 30
Street Cong " 4 00
Mrs E S Daniels 10 00
2d Congl Ch, Denver. 5 00
United Ladies' meeting, Colo Springs 18 31
Miss Burns 5 00
A gentleman, 2d Cong Ch, Colo Spgs 1 00
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Col'dSS Cl, Benning'n 1 00
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Ladies, Benev't Soc., Maynard 30 00
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Seymour, Mrs C A 25
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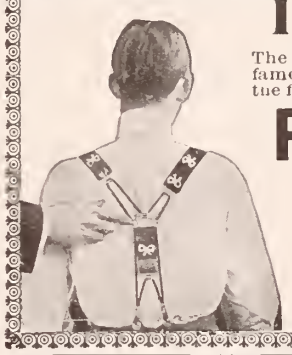

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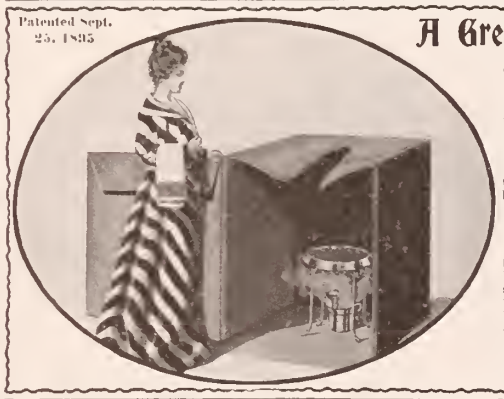

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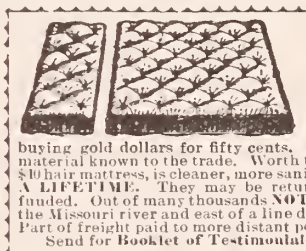

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 43

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Our Correspondent Going Down the Amoor River Under Russian Escort

The Thrilling Story of Mr. North's Perilous Journey Across Siberia and Through the Russo-Chinese Battlefields will be found on page 865

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Nov. 21

1. Name a word that serves in the Bible as a metaphor for sorrow, a snare and the grave.

2. Is piano playing a really desirable accomplishment for any but persons of pronounced musical talent or for those who are professionals?

3. How can Paul's statement at Antioch (Acts 13:20) that the time of the Judges continued four hundred and fifty years, be reconciled with received chronology?

4. Would it be wrong for a Christian who is diffident and forgetful to make a prayer and learn it, so that it could be repeated when called upon to do so at a prayer-meeting?

5. When two persons quarrel and their friends are unable to reconcile them, should the friends be expected to espouse one side or the other, when the cause of the quarrel is purely personal to the two concerned?

6. Why is it that women complain so much more frequently than men do of lack of leisure?

7. Is a Christian business man who is quite solvent, but is aware that failure may come through some of his speculations, justified in putting some of his property beyond the reach of his creditors—say in his wife's name?

8. What remedy can be found for the isolation so frequently experienced in country farmhouses?

9. What should a church do when the minister, who has served it through a long period, is too old for acceptable preaching, if it is too poor to pay him a pension in addition to paying the salary of a younger minister?

10. What is the origin of the expression, to "take the cake?"

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. The Bible teaches that a wife should be "subject to her husband" in all things. Does such subjection imply implicit obedience even if it should lead on her part to a life of hopeless, slavish toil, that would wreck both mind and body, while the husband takes life more easily and apparently cares little for the consequences to his partner?

Certainly this teaching of the Bible does not mean blind, implicit obedience. Eph. 5:21-33 shows that the thought of subjection as used in Gen. 3:16 really means a yielding disposition. These verses also show that the compliance of husband and wife should be mutual and should come from hearts filled with love. In a home where the husband exacts unreasonable demands from the wife—demands which will injure her both bodily and mentally—it is not right for her to yield to his requests; for are not our bodies God's temples, and has he not commanded us to care for them as unto him? IVY D. SNIDER.

2. A certain animal is occasionally mentioned in Scripture as a type of wicked persons. Give five passages in which the resemblance appears.

The dog is mentioned as a type of wicked persons in the following passages: II. Kings 8:13, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Psalms 22:16, "Dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me;" Isaiah 56:10, "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant; they are all dumb dogs;" Philippians 3:2, "Beware of dogs; beware of evil workers;" Rev. 22:15, "Without are dogs and sorcerers." In justice to the dog, it ought to be said that only in the Orient is he the type of wicked persons; there, now as formerly, he roams about, fierce and hungry and semi-wild. But in other lands where he has become domesticated he is often faithful, sagacious, affectionate.

AMELIA HOYT.

* * *

Correct answers have been received also from Viola Gorham, R. D. Gilbert, N. A. Barr, Lucy Mabel Marston, C. C. Potter, Bertie J. Perry, Etta Sandry, Walter Albright, J. C. McColm, Mac B. Davidson, J. T. Sawyer, G. E. Krauth, Mrs. Sewall Fisher, Grace Shelp, S. F. Huckins.

* * *

Wolves are the animal referred to. 1. Zephaniah 3:3, "Her princes within her are roaring lions; her judges are evening wolves; they gnaw not the bones until the morrow." 2. Matt. 7:15, "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." 3. Matt. 10:16, "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore as wise as serpents and harmless as doves." 4. Luke 10:3, "Go your ways; behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves." 5. Acts 20:29, "For I know this, that after my parting shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." A. M. WARTHMAN, JR.

* * *

The same answer, which turns out to be quite as correct, is sent also by Carrie Bucher, Mrs. J. D. Stover, Mrs. J. M. W. Gibson, M. E. Morse, Helen Sherrard, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Mrs. Jessie Dietrich, Nettie E. Stalker, S. L. Dunlap, Nettie Zimmer, C. Dwight Cooledge, Charles S. Perry, G. A. Haury, A. W. McFarland, B. Shingleton, M. E. Stevens, Mayme Heninger, W. E. Wood, H. R. Griffin, John D. Meese, J. C. Neighbor, M. S. Mayer.

3. Is it our Christian duty to forgive one who has defrauded us, even though he neither asks, nor desires our forgiveness?

Yes. In Luke 33:34 we read, "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Had there been no other distinct reference or command in the Bible, in regard to forgiveness, this last prayer of our Saviour, uttered in the midst of the climax of his sufferings, would alone clearly demonstrate the duties of his true followers in this particular respect. Can there possibly be a larger offense than defrauding one of his own life? And yet we find that under no less severe a trial, Christ has set us the example. But aside from this, he has repeatedly instructed his disciples and hearers, in such decisive language that his words can hardly be misconstrued. Mark 11:25, Luke 6:13, Matthew 6:14, 15, and also in the epistles we find in special reference to this question Col. 3:13, Eph. 4:2-32. Moreover, this act of forgiving, even when the offender has not asked forgiveness, has such an ennobling influence on the forgiver that this fact in itself must be sufficient recompense for any Christian man or woman. A magnanimous soul and a truly Christian spirit can lead one to no other course. Besides, it affords one even greater pleasure if he forgives ere an offender has shown repentance and be able to say, when he does ask his forgiveness, "Brother, I have already forgiven thee." Thus he not only will have done the noblest and best thing, but will also have kept our dear Lord's command, as he says (Mark 11:25): "And when ye stand in prayer, forgive, if you have ought against any." Not if he asks your forgiveness, but "if ye have ought against any."

A. J. KEMALYAN.

* * *

"Ask and ye shall receive," "Come unto me," "Whosoever cometh," and many similar expressions prove that Christ stands ready to forgive the sinner who turns from his sin. Were he to grant forgiveness unsought, to bestow it as a gift upon the sinner who is still steeped in wickedness and careless of the consequences, the gift would lose value and the divine attribute would soon cease to be exercised in such cases. God gives his mercy to "whom he will," but the heart first is moved before forgiveness comes. Christ's example teaches us to be in the attitude of forgiveness and to seize every opportunity for exercising that spirit towards those who may have wronged us; but we are not told anywhere in Scripture to send our forgiveness where it is not desired and where it might even be contemptuously treated. For one to tell a robber who had just plundered him, a swindler who had stripped him of his property, a thug who had waylaid and brutally assaulted him, "Sir, you have plundered, swindled, assaulted me; but I freely forgive you with all my heart," would be to put a premium on crime, to make society defenceless, and to make forgiveness worthless. The heart of the forgiven, as well as that of the forgiver, must be touched and responsive, else the forgiveness is wasted. This, however, does not imply that we are not to be ready to forgive; on the contrary, we should be quick to grasp the first opportunity to extend the gift of pardon to any one who has offended us and who realizes his offense, even in the slightest degree. ROBERT VYSE.

4. Is the gloomy picture of old age in Ecclesiastes 12, a portraiture of old age in general, or only of the old age of those who have not remembered their Creator in the days of their youth?

The picture, though it represents failing powers by natural exhaustion, is not gloomy except to one who "goeth to his long home" unprepared. It portrays the physical side of old age in general, which all shall see who do not die sooner, and is assigned as a reason for a spiritual preparation which shall give the soul a brighter prospect. C. P. ATKINSON.

5. Where, when and how did the expression to "keep under one's thumb" originate?

It originated in Rome at the time of the gladiatorial contests. When a gladiator was vanquished, it rested with the spectators to decide whether he should be slain or not. If they wished him to live, they shut up their thumbs in their fists. If to be slain, they turned out their thumbs. Hence, to be under one's thumb means to be under the influence or power of the person named, and to be controlled by his will.

EDITH C. ROBINSON.

6. Is a Christian business man justified in selling a particular article at cost price, with the object of causing the public to think that all his goods are below the market prices?

If his object is to create an impression that is not true, certainly not. But it is entirely possible to adopt the course mentioned above with no unworthy object. Every merchant knows the importance of attracting attention to his store and stock. Business breeds business. The smallest trade may lead to that which is larger. Hence, the custom adopted by many wise merchants of putting a particular article forward as a "leader," and selling it at so low a price as to draw shrewd buyers. Even though it be sold at cost, or below, it may be profitable in preparing the way for the sale of other things at normal prices. It is simply a species of advertising, and, in itself, and apart from the object stated above, is entirely justifiable. J. K. WILSON.

7. Why are bells tolled for the dead, and when was the custom introduced?

The custom is thought to date back to the time of Constantine (303 A.D.), who, after becoming a Christian and making Christianity the state religion, caused bells to be rung to call to worship, and to be tolled at the death of one of the faithful, not merely to announce the same, but rather that Christians might offer prayer "for the safe passage of such a one into Paradise." The somewhat superstitious custom of tolling the bell while persons were dying, prevalent in England and western Europe as early as the sixth century, was rather for the purpose of driving away evil spirits supposed to be lurking about at such a time ready to pounce upon and carry away the soul as it leaves the body. The origin of this custom among these barbaric tribes is unknown; it is not thought to have been directly due to the efforts of Constantine. It is quite certain, however, that our custom of tolling at death, and of striking a number of strokes equivalent to the age of the person, thus practically announcing his identity, have their origin in this barbaric custom.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

8. Is a father wise in opposing the early marriage of his children when he has no objection to the particular marriages on their merits?

The father is not wise to oppose such a marriage as is personally satisfactory to him on the ground of youth, except under specific conditions. If there is physical immaturity he should guardedly seek to secure a proper season of delay. If the parties are of such temperament as that they are very apt to make shipwreck of their own happiness through youthful ignorance and inexperience, he should quite firmly insist on postponement. Or, if there is such disparity between the two persons in mental and moral development that uncongeniality, in spite of their love, may reasonably be expected to develop in the future, parental caution would be wise. A wise father will be very slow in interrupting the marriage of one of his children on grounds of youth when the match is satisfactory on its merits. There is too much risk of doing great harm to a whole life if such a thing is ever done violently. C. P. ATKINSON.

9. In what sense is the dragon associated with China's religion and history?

The belief in dragons in early times was as common in China as among other nations. The Chinese supposed the dragon to possess superhuman power; in fact, to be a sort of deity, and consequently made it the symbol of divinity. In traditional history, the dragon is associated with the lives of some of the earlier emperors, who are represented as having taken the form of flying dragons. The dragon in later years became the most prominent part in the heraldry of the Chinese coat of arms. G. A. HAURY.

10. Ought the sacrament to be refused to persons who, having been divorced, have married again?

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, to which reference is probably made in the question, should not be refused to any one who comes to the table of the Lord in an humble, contrite spirit. No one has ever appointed us a judge over our fellow creature in this matter; besides this, it is the Lord's supper, not ours. Opinions of Christians with reference to the marriage of those who have been divorced differ so widely that the question of making it a bar to the sacrament cannot be seriously entertained. JOHN D. MEESE.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. Wm. R., Beverly, Mass. Could not some of the nude figures of the Indian orphans be clothed next year? It is heartrending to see the poor things.

We trust that before many months, thousands of them will be clothed. Christian people are responding widely to our appeal for their support, but there are so many of these poor little famine waifs that the task is a vast one. Every child of God should help.

P. M., Russia, N. Y. Is it conceivable that a person would be happy in heaven if he knew that his father and mother, and all he loved on earth were lost and he knew it?

It is difficult, in view of the very little we know about heaven and the life of those admitted there, to conceive of their feelings and condition. All that we do know indicates a condition of happiness; that is certain. It may be that in the presence of God righteousness becomes so paramount a consideration, and sin is seen to be so dreadful and heinous a thing that the redeemed and purified soul shrinks from it as utterly loathsome, even when it exists in persons he loved in his earthly life. Pure souls may seem nearer to one in heaven than impure souls, though they may have had an earthly relationship. Christ being told that his mother and brethren desired to speak to him, said (Matt. 12:50): "Whosoever shall do the will of my father the same is my brother and sister and mother," as much as to say that spiritual likeness counted for more with him than physical relationship. Redeemed souls, in becoming like him, therefore, may not suffer such poignant sorrow as to us now seems inevitable.

Inquirer. In the several Gospel narratives of the talks of Jesus with his disciples, he assured them that whatever they asked the Father in his name would be granted. Assuming these were to be in the nature of reasonable requests, do they apply to believers and followers of the present day, or did they only apply to his disciples and in force only during their lifetime?

It is clearly to be presumed, from the character of many other passages, that the promise of an answer to the prayer of faith was made to believers generally. See Matt. 7:7, 8; Luke 11:9, 10; John 14:13, 14; Eph. 3:6; I. Tim. 4:8; Jas. 4:2; I. John 3:22, and 5:10.

K., Philadelphia, Pa. Has a religious body, without a charter, the right to perform the marriage ceremony, and if not, are all such marriages invalid? Also, can parties performing such marriages be liable to prosecution? What is the law governing this matter in the different States?

We have submitted this question to Mr. G. H. Crawford, a well-known lawyer, 37 Wall St., New York, who furnishes the following answer:

Religious bodies, with or without charters, do not perform marriage ceremonies. A marriage ceremony is performed by an individual, a priest, a clergyman, minister or magistrate. As marriage is in law merely a civil contract, no ceremony whatever is essential to its validity. Probably K refers to a marriage taking place in the presence of members of a religious body having no charter, and without the participation of a minister or priest. In such a case, if the parties are qualified to marry and agree to live together as husband and wife, the marriage is valid. Everything else, though usual and desirable is non-essential in law. There is no liability to prosecution in the case supposed in New York or any state, so far as we know. In some states there may be a penal law against a person who pretends to be a minister or magistrate and performs the ceremony of marriage as such. But the case put involves no deception and has no criminal element, therefore no prosecution would lie.

Subscriber, Corning, Calif. Two young people of different denominations, and who are active workers in, and love their respective churches and societies connected with them, are engaged to each other, and of course wish to be united in church work when married, but neither like to give up the church home they have been brought up in, and wish you to suggest what is the best to do under the circumstances. All things being equal, should the gentleman go over to the young lady's church, or *vice versa*? Or would you advise both joining another church?

All things being equal, if a sacrifice of preference is decided upon, it should be made by the gentleman. Mere denominational lines should not be permitted to stand in the way of mutual happiness and concord. He will probably never regret the concession, and she will love him the better for it.

Annie P. S., Harrisburg, Va. No, to both questions.

Reader, Wyoming, Del. Already explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

W. J. D., Shortsville, N.Y. It is the act of a sceptic and a scoffer. Your pastor will advise.

Jeannette H., Auburn, Neb. 1. They no doubt used the prescribed remedies and prayed that their use might be blessed. 2. We know nothing of the cases of instantaneous healing.

M. A. B., Goshen, Ind. 1. Any answer would be mere speculation. 2. There is no prohibition within the degrees mentioned. The issue of close relationship is liable to be degenerate.

M. Beardwood, M.D., Philadelphia, writes to correct a statement by W. Ray Burroughs in a recent issue of this paper that nicotine is found in tea and coffee. Mr. Beardwood states that "theine" in tea and "caffeine" in coffee are the only alkaloidal bodies found in these beverages.

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. C. A., RAILROAD BRANCH, PHILADELPHIA

THE GREAT Y. M. C. A. GATHERING IN PHILADELPHIA

THE tenth International Conference of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which took place October 11–14, at the Pennsylvania R. Y. M. C. A. Building, Forty-first street and Westminster avenue, Philadelphia, goes on record as one of the most interesting and hopeful events of the present year. Over 1,000 delegates, including all classes of railroad men from presidents to brakemen were in attendance; 150 associations, with a membership of 37,000, found representation in the gathering; and Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany and Russia were officially present. The Czar, who takes a warm interest in this peculiar phase of work among men, and who is giving his personal attention to similar organizations throughout his empire, and particularly along the line of the Siberian Railway, sent two commissioners, M. Reitlinger, Assistant Manager of the Railway Pension Committee of the Russian Government railways, and M. Shidlovski, Chairman of the Mutual Help Society of Moscow-Kursh and the Nijhni-Novgorod Railways.

The Czar of Russia Interested

It will be remembered that, at the invitation of the Czar of Russia and Minister of Ways and Communication, Prince Hilkoff, Mr. Clarence J. Hicks, of New York, one of the six secretaries of the International R. Y. M. C. A. Committee, visited Russia last year, traveled over its chief railways, and made a report to the imperial government upon the condition of relief work among employees, commending much that he saw, but advising the adoption of some American ideas. The presence of the Czar's two commissaries at the Philadelphia Conference is the result, in part, of Mr. Hicks' recommendations. Germany directed Herr Paul Glasenapp, of the Embassy in Washington, to attend the Conference, and to later accompany the Russians on a tour of inspection over the railroads of our country.

A Great Army of Workers

That such a large concourse of men, earnest, intelligent and conscientious, should gather together from all parts of the globe to plan ways and means of advancing the moral, intellectual and spiritual interests of the world's vast army of railroad employees is full of promise. This army, moving from post to post and coming in daily touch with the traveling public, may be likened to a great itinerant force, wonderfully effective, according to its morale for good or ill. Since its organization at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1872, the development of the railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A. has been marvelous. At the first international conference, which took place in the same city in 1877, eighty delegates, representing eighteen Associations, were present; at the ninth, held two years ago, at Fort Wayne, Ind., 117 Associations were represented by 643 delegates.

Fighting the Saloon Evil

The creation of this department was for the sole purpose of guarding railroad men from the evils of the saloon and kindred temptations besetting them at every point; and this point, according to much testimony, is being admirably served. Sixty-eight separate buildings and more than eighty rented rooms or apartments located at as many division points, and combining the ideas of chapel, reading-room, library, and club-house, now minister to the social and spiritual life of the man of the rails, and hold him true to his better nature in many places and conditions where he must find himself on trial. It is the aim of the organization to extend the number of separate associations and to put up buildings specially planned for the convenience and comfort of railroad men, until every terminal and division point in every great railroad system is covered.

The opening address at the recent Conference was made by Mr. Charles E. Pugh, Second Vice-President of the Pennsylvania railroad, and among his most significant utterances was this:

"Your Association makes men better, and I believe more and more that the Y. M. C. A. has great power to keep the men straight, and that any financial aid we have given you is a good investment. You give our men the twin sisters—morality and education—all necessary to the successful man and a successful business. As the voice of the officers of the road I welcome all of you from far and near."

Many Prominent Speakers

Dr. Lucien C. Warner, of the International Committee, was chairman of the meeting; and Mr. C. B. Willis, of Milwaukee, conducted the music. Among the many prominent speakers were Rev. Theodore Cuyler, ex-Gov. Beaver, Col. John McCook, John P. Green, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, W. H. Baldwin, President of the Long Island Railroad, and various members of the International Committee, John R. Mott, Geo. A. Warburton, and Evangelist "Jim Burwick." The presence and inspiring words of such men as A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania; B. D. Caldwell, Traffic Manager Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and C. M. Hobbs, of the Denver & Rio Grande, was substantial evidence of the interest taken, from a business standpoint, in the work of the R. Y. M. C. A. Mr. Walter C. Douglas, General Secretary of Pennsylvania Department, voiced the opinion of many when he said that "as a consequence of Y. M. C. A. work, America has given to the world in her railroad men the finest type of working men that the world knows to-day." He followed this with a tribute to Miss Helen Gould, the typical American woman and the "railroad man's best friend."

Miss Helen Gould Present

Miss Gould, whose large benefactions to every branch of the Y. M. C. A. are well-known, notwithstanding her earnest effort to keep them hidden, occupied with Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. A. J. Cassatt, Mrs. Reitlinger, Mrs. Shidlovski and other ladies, a position on the platform, and responded with a modest bow when the whole house rose to its feet in ratification of the compliment. It was not the first evidence this philanthropic lady had received from the gathering of the esteem in which she is held.

Saluting Miss Gould

Upon her entrance, the audience had risen and greeted her with ringing cheers and the Chautauqua salute. The reception to delegates by the Ladies' Auxiliary was one of the most delightful features of the Conference. A large company of prominent ladies, assisted by a number of railroad officials, made the hour a most pleasant one for the visitors. The Conference was marked by many interesting meetings for testimony, prayer and song, and every delegate, doubtless, went away inspired with the purpose to make true Dr. Cuyler's injunction: "As the trains you manage and work go out to carry a streak of sunshine everywhere, let your lives go out to carry light to others."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Hidden Royalty

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Kings 11: 2, 3:

Jehosheba, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash, the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years.

GRANDMOTHERS are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At forty years of age, if discipline be necessary, chastisement is used; but at seventy, the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than this mellowing of old age toward childhood. But here, in my text, we have a grandmother of a different type.

I have been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the royal murderess. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks, and hands thrown up, and struggle and death-groan. No mercy! Kill! kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage, and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror, a fleet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehosheba by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this compassionate abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries

A Precious Burden

even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king, and puts him down, sound asleep as he is, and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened; and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction, and thinks that all the royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne, and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah. Now Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped and waved and huzzaed and trumpeted. "What is that?" said Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple!" And she flies to see, and on her way they meet her and say: "Why, haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the royal murderess, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters, and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason! treason!"

While she stood there crying that, the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple, and ran through the royal stables; but the battle-axes of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day, when the horses were being unloosened from the chariot, after drawing out young Joash, the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place, as they smell the place of the carnage.

The first thought I hand you from this subject is that the extermination of righteousness is an impossibility. Superstition says: "I will put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew forty thousand Christians, Diocletian slew eight hundred and forty-four thousand Christians. And the scythe of persecution has been swung through all the ages, and the flames hissed, and the guillotine chopped, and the Bastile groaned; but did the foes of Christianity exterminate it? Did they exterminate Alban, the first British sacrifice; or Zwingli, the Swiss reformer; or John Oldcastle, the Christian nobleman; or Abdallah, the Arabian martyr; or Anne Askew or Sanders or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus, some Joash would spring up and out, and take

The Throne of Power

and wield a very sceptre of Christian dominion.

Infidelity says, "I will exterminate the Bible," and the Scriptures were thrown into the street for the mob to trample on, and they were piled up in the public squares and set on fire, and mountains of indignant contempt were hurled on them, and learned universities decreed the Bible out of existence. Thomas Paine said: "In my *Age of Reason* I have annihilated the Scriptures. Your Washington is a pusillanimous Christian, but I am the foe of Bibles and of Churches." Oh, how many assaults upon that Word! All the hostilities that have ever been created on earth are not to be compared with the hostilities against that one Book. Said one man, in his infidel desperation to his wife: "You must not be reading that Bible," and he snatched it away from her. And though in that Bible was a lock of hair of the dead child—the only child that God had ever given them—he pitched the book with its contents into the fire, and stirred it with the tongs and spat on it and cursed it and said: "Susan, never have any more of that damnable stuff here."

How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible! Have its enemies done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible Society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible Society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions, whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures, and spread them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath School rooms, and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium! Yea, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these

Lamps of Life

in our pulpits and in our families extinguished—in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace. You cannot exterminate Christianity! You cannot kill Joash!

The second thought I hand you from my subject is, that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs, and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehosheba, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash! How she hushed him, lest by his cry he hinder the escape! Fly with him, Jehosheba! you hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as it between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising this bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us the imperiled children of a great king. They are born of Almighty parentage, and will come to a throne or a crown if permitted. But sin, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre.

Murderous Temptations

are out for the assassination. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul! Who will snatch away Joash?

This afternoon, in your Sabbath School class, there will be a prince of God—some one who may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in Church or State—some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament, some Beethoven to touch the world's harpstrings, some John Howard to pour fresh air in the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainerd to change the Indian's war-whoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry, and strike for the kingdom of heaven. There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of those children sin and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side, Jehosheba on the other. But I hear people say, "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehosheba, "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not, whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehosheba knew right well that unless that day the young king was rescued, he would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't reclaim all our children from worldliness is because

We Begin Too Late

Parents wait until their children lie before they teach the value of truth. They wait until their children swear before they teach them the importance of righteous conversation. They wait until their children are all wrapt up in this world before they tell them of a better world. Too late with your prayers. Too late with your discipline. Too late with your benediction. You put all care upon your children between twelve and eighteen. Why do you not put the chief care between four and nine? It is too late to repair a vessel when it has got out of the dry-docks. It is too late to save Joash after the executioners have broken in. May God arm us all for this work of snatching royal souls from death to coronation.

The third thought I hand to you is that the Church of God is a good hiding-place. When Jehosheba rushes into the nursery of the king and picks up Joash, what shall she do with him? She knows that Athaliah and her wicked assassins will not bother the temple a great deal; they are not apt to go very much to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshipers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, secreted until the six years have passed, and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were all as wise as Jehosheba, and knew that the Church of God is the best hiding-place! Perhaps our parents took us there in early days; they snatched us away from the world, and hid us behind the baptismal font and amid the Bibles and psalm-books Oh glorious inclosure! We have bee breathing the breath of the golden cer sers all the time, and we have seen th Lamb on the altar, and we have handle the vials in which are the prayers of a saints, and we have dwelt under the wing of the cherubim. Glorious inclosure When my father and mother died, an the property was settled up, there wa hardly anything left; but they endowe us with a property worth more than an earthly possession, because they hid us i the temple. And when days of tempta tion have come upon my soul I have gon there for shelter; and when assaulted o sorrows, I have gone there for comfort and there I mean to live. I want, lik Joash, to stay until coronation.

O men of the world outside there betrayed, caricatured and cheated of th world, why do you not come in through the broad, wide-open door of Christia communion? I wish I could act the par of Jehosheba to-day and steal you awa from your perils, and hide you in th temple. How few of us appreciate th fact that the Church of God is

A Hiding-Place

There are many people who put th Church at so low a mark that they be grudge it everything, even the few dol lars they give toward it. They make n sacrifices. They dole a little out of thei surplusage. Oh, that God would remode our souls on this subject, and that w might appreciate the house of God as th great refuge! If your children are t come up to lives of virtue and happiness they will come up under the shadow o the Church. If the Church does not ge them, the world will.

Ah, when you pass away—and it wil not be long before you do—when yo pass away it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sac raments. You want them mingling i Christian associations. You would like t have them die in the sacred precincts When you are on your dying bed, an your little ones come up to take your las word, and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the Church's benediction.

More than that, you yourself will want the Church for a hiding-place when the mortgage is foreclosed; when your daughter, just blooming into womanhood, suddenly clasps her hands in a slumber that knows no waking; when gaunt trouble walks through the parlor and the sitting-room and the dining-hall and the nursery, you will want some shelter from the tempest. Ah, some of you have been run upon by misfortune and trial; why do you not come into the shelter? I said to a widowed mother after she had buried her only son—months after—I said to her: "How do you get along nowadays?" "Oh," she replied, "I get along tolerably well, except when the sun shines." I said: "What do you mean by that?" when she said: "I can't bear to see the sun shine; my heart is so dark that all the brightness of the natural world seems a mockery to me." O darkened soul! O broken-hearted man, broken-hearted woman! why do you not

Come into the Shelter?

I swing the door wide open; I swing it from wall to wall. Come in! Come in! You want a place where your troubles shall be interpreted, where your burdens shall be unstrapped, where your tears shall be wiped away.

Church of God, be a hiding-place to all these people! Give them a seat where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your chandeliers upon their darkness. With some soothing hymn hush their griefs. Oh, Church of God, gate of heaven, let me go through it! All other institutions are going to fail; but the Church of God—its foundation is the "Rock of Ages," its charter is for everlasting years, its keys are held by the universal Proprietor, its dividend is heaven, its president is God!

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

God grant that all this audience, the youngest, the eldest, the worst, the best, may find their safe and glorious hiding-place where Joash found it—in the temple!

RUSSIAN WAR CARTS ON THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD GOING TO THE FRONT

RUSSIAN OFFICERS ON THE AMOOR, WITH WHOM MR. NORTH TRAVELED

War's Terrible Havoc in the Amoor Valley

ACROSS SIBERIA IN WAR TIME

A Perilous and Remarkable Journey of 27,000 Miles

ONE of the most remarkable journeys ever undertaken, even in these days of improved facilities for travelers, has just been completed by Mr. Frederick A. North, Superintendent of Schools, Ocean county, N. J. He has now returned to New York, after covering a total distance of over 27,000 miles, his route taking him across the Atlantic, through England, continental Europe, Russia, Manchuria, China, Japan, and home, via the Pacific Ocean and Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Early last summer, Mr. North, who has already traveled extensively, resolved to make a journey over the great Trans-Siberian Railway which Russia has now nearly completed. Asia was then peaceful. On reaching Moscow, the traveler learned that the great Boxer rebellion had broken out in China, but he courageously proceeded. His route, for thousands of miles, lay through the very heart of the theatre of war in Manchuria, and there was peril on every side; but with implicit faith in Providence and under Russian protection he came through it all safely. A 1,500-mile voyage down the Amoor river took him through all the scenes of the recent sanguinary battles between the Russians and Chinese, about which very little has come to us by the cable. The account of his travels, which he has prepared for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be read with universal interest, as it sheds a flood of light on recent events in the war. Few travelers have ever passed through such an experience, and it is safe to assert that not even in Pekin or Tien-Tsin, have the horrors of war been so frightfully manifest as in the scenes Mr. North describes along the Amoor, with its blackened, silent villages, and its turbid stream, filled with the bodies of thousands of its slaughtered population.

His real story opens with this letter, written on his arrival in Moscow:

"Moscow, July 12.

"I have decided to attempt to cross Siberia. I shall meet with difficulties and hardships. War between earth's greatest empires—Russia and China—will render my journey of seven thousand miles to the shores of the Pacific, perilous if not absolutely impossible. For more than six thousand miles the territories of these two empires lie side by side, and for at least one-half that distance, my proposed route of travel will be on the border line. Mr. Smith, our American Consul at Moscow, advised me not to go to Siberia. The proprietor of my hotel said it was presumptious for a man unable to speak Russian or Chinese to attempt the journey at such a perilous time. These, with other discouraging influences, had well-nigh persuaded me to abandon the Siberian expedition. Some railroad men and a few others, however, say that my undertaking is possible. The Siberian railroad is taxed to its utmost with the transportation of soldiers, officers, horses, artillery, and munitions of war. Conflicting reports of Chinese atrocities, of mustering armies, and battles about to be fought prevade the city of Moscow. War clouds grow thicker every day. He who noteth the sparrows when they fall will keep me.

"I must now repair to the great South Eastern depot and at three o'clock take the train which goes two hunded versts (a verst is 3,500 feet, not quite three-quarters of a mile), directly south to Tula, thence directly east one thousand versts to Samara thence northeast four hundred versts to Ufa, thence across the Ural mountains into vast Siberia."

"UFA, July 15, 1900.

"After three days and

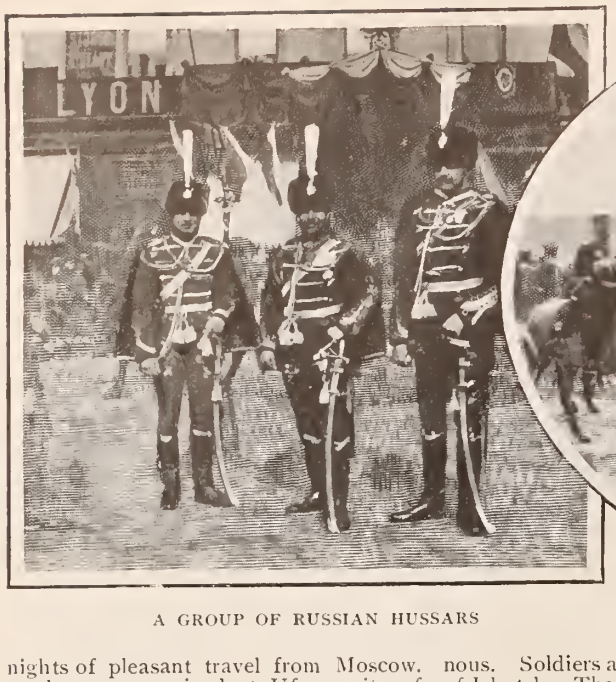
RAILROAD BUILDING AT VLADIVOSTOK

RUSSIAN HELPERS AT A SIBERIAN RESTAURANT

THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD NEAR OMSK

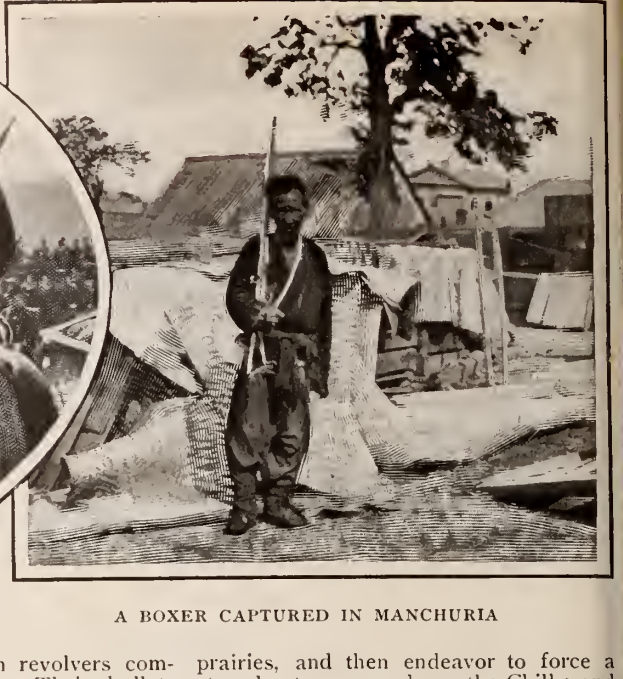
RUINS OF SAKHALIN AFTER THE BATTLE

GRAND HOTEL, BLAGOVECHTCHENSK



A GROUP OF RUSSIAN HUSSARS

COSSACKS ON THE MARCH



A BOXER CAPTURED IN MANCHURIA

nights of pleasant travel from Moscow, we have now arrived at Ufa, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, at the western base of the Urals.

"My pleasant quarters are in a four-berth state room with gentlemanly and kind Russian army officers. There are six such apartments in this car, each containing four berths, in some respects like our American Pullmans. Every birth is occupied; nearly all in my coach are army officers, fully equipped, going to the Chinese War. They cannot speak a word of English and I communicate with them in German or French. They have just received a telegram that the Russians and Chinese are fighting at several different places. All of these officers are very anxious to get to the front.

"We have crossed more than a thousand miles of the great grain fields of Russia, passed through the cities of Tula, Penza, and Samara. We crossed the mighty Volga on a lofty iron bridge, a mile in length, supported by the most massive piers I have ever seen. To-night we go up into the Urals and to-morrow morning descend into Siberia."

"TCHELIABINSK,
"Siberia, July 16.

"We have just come down from the Urals and are now 2,500 versts from St. Petersburg, not quite half way to the city of Irkutsk, which is near Lake Baikal, in the centre of Siberia. We have just changed cars in the rain and taken comfortable quarters in the Siberian train which will be our home for seven days until we reach Irkutsk, two thousand miles away. Trains on the new Siberian railroad are run slow, about 300 miles a day, including frequent and protracted stops."

The traveler still further describes the various stages of his journey; Omsk, Tija, Irkutsk. At the latter city he writes:

"Here we have remained twenty-four hours to rest and get a proper understanding of hostilities in the country through which we shall endeavor to pass. The news from the border of China is ominous. Soldiers and officers fill the streets of Irkutsk. The Siberian reserves have been called out, and martial law has been proclaimed all along the border. I went to the bank to get a 100-ruble note exchanged for smaller sums, and the president of the bank, who I found could speak English, tried to persuade me to keep away from the contending armies, saying he had just received a telegram from Blagovechtchensk stating that the Chinese were tearing up the railroad, sinking the passenger steamers on the Amoor river, and killing Russian citizens along the border. I have now come 3,700 miles from St. Petersburg, am half way across Siberia, and cannot be persuaded to turn back until I find it absolutely impossible to proceed. I carry no weapon other than a little two-inch penknife with which to sharpen my pencil. No amount of weapons would avail me anything, but only make me an object of suspicion.

"Two or three days ago when our engine stopped to wood up and take water from one of the octagon tank-houses which are so prominent all along the line, some officers pinned a 6-inch white cap crown against a large fir tree, and not less than a dozen men with revolvers commenced bombarding it. Their bullets seemed to go everywhere and hit everything except the target. I could not withstand the temptation, for I knew that at that distance with a good revolver I could hit the cap cover every time, so I asked a Cossack captain to 'Let Americanski shoot once.' Since leaving Omsk the officers have called me nothing but 'Americanski.' I took the revolver and hit the bull's-eye the first time. They were surprised, but some said it was a chance shot and wanted me to try again. But when I made a second hole by the side of the first, they all shouted and demanded a third trial, which resulted as successfully as the first two. They were astonished; and since that time they have delighted to tell people how 'Americanski can shoot.' 'Can all Americans shoot like that?' they frequently ask.

"To-morrow forenoon we shall cross the deep, cold waters of that great inland fresh water sea surrounded by snow-capped mountains. It is 400 miles long and 10,000 feet deep. Thence we shall proceed through the wilderness, across rivers, over mountains, and across the treeless prairies, and then endeavor to force a steamboat passage down the Chilka and Amoor rivers to the Pacific."

"STRETENSK, Siberia, August 2.

"This little city is 6,750 versts from St. Petersburg, at the terminus of the railroad, on the Chilka River at the head of navigation on the Amoor system.

"Thousands of soldiers come and go daily here at Stretensk. Twenty flatboats, with a capacity of 1,000 soldiers each, are being built here to float troops down the river. The war has detained me here a week.

"This evening I shall be permitted to start by boat for Blagovechtchensk, five or six days distant, down the Amoor, where the most serious fighting is now going on. Plates of iron are being fastened on the right side of the pilot house."

On the boat journey he writes:

"During the last few days I have seen the fire, smoke and blackened ruins of many Chinese homes, villages and cities on the south banks of the Amoor. I have seen a Russian army of artillery, cavalry, and infantry pursue the Chinese as they fled from the smoking ruins of their homes and firesides, trampling in utter destruction the most carefully cultivated fields and gardens of vegetables, melons, vines, grain and fruit. This devastation has been so complete that now all along the border, from Potrovskya to Khabarovsk, a distance of one thousand miles, in which the great Amoor separates Manchuria from Siberia, not one Chinese habitation remains. I have seen the Amoor filled with the bodies of thousands of slain and drowned Chinese. I have seen thousands upon thousands of Russian and Cossack soldiers on their way to the conquest of Manchuria, many going down the river on steamers, barges, flatboats, floats and rafts, and other battalions over the mountains on horseback and afoot into the Chinese Empire, all singing war songs for 'God and our Father, the Czar.'

"Open hostilities were commenced here

OFFICERS IN COMMAND OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN SIBERIA

RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE CHILKA RIVER, EN ROUTE TO THE WAR

COSSACKS MARCHING THROUGH VLADIVOSTOK TO THE FRONT

by the Chinese Boxers in the little city of Sakhalin, on the south side of the Amoor, shooting across the river into this city of Blagovechtchensk, thereby damaging property and killing a few of the people. As soon as a sufficient force of Russian soldiers could be collected, most of whom had been sent to other places, all of the Chinese living in Blagovechtchensk, to the number of three thousand, on suspicion that they were about to help their own people on the south side, were driven two miles above the city, and then told to cross the river. The Chinese replied, 'We have no boats.' 'Swim, then,' said the soldiers, and snatching away their money purses, forthwith drove the terrified Chinese into the river at the point of the bayonet. Only fifty Chinese reached the Sakhalin shore. The crows and Siberian wolves have fattened for the last two weeks on the river-stranded bodies.

"The Chinese in Sakhalin then dug trenches and rifle pits along the south bank of the Amoor, in front of their city, and replanted their cannon to withstand a river attack by the Russians. But the wily Cossacks went far above the city, crossed the river by night, and before the enemy were aware sprang upon them from the rear, applying the torch as they advanced. The Chinese soldiers fled.

"It is not my province to discuss here the right or wrong of Cossack war methods. My first duty is to give the unvarnished facts as they occurred, and allow the reader to draw his own inferences. It is true that many of the citizens of Blagovechtchensk told me that they were sorry that such acts of cruelty had been perpetrated by the Cossack soldiers. A man in the mechanical department of one of the Amoor steamboat companies, told me this morning that yesterday when he came up the river he saw a thousand bodies of Chinese floating in the river.

"All steamboats on the Amoor and its tributaries are now chartered by the Russian government at from 500 to 800 rubles a day and officers and soldiers only are allowed passage, except by written permission from Lieut. Gen. Gribski, governor of the province. He greeted me cordially and said: 'Americanski shall have permission.' To-night I shall leave by steamer *Baron Korch* to Khabarovsk, thence by rail to Vladivostok."

"VLADIVOSTOK, Aug. 22, 1900

"My journey of ten thousand versts from St. Petersburg in one unbroken stretch of Russian territory, is now ended, and although I shall yet visit the fortress of Port Arthur, the whole distance around there, about two thousand versts, will be made by sea. My daily life among the Russians, on the train, in their cities, and on the steamboats, has been exceedingly interesting if not at all times the most comfortable. While traveling by train or on steamboat, in daytime, I made it a practice of alighting or going ashore at stations, when there was sufficient length of stop, and mingling with the hungry crowd of from five hundred to two thousand passengers and soldiers, I strove like a good Russian to get to the Cossack women and children lined up with their supplies, to replenish my pint bottle with 'molako,' milk, my tin can with 'yaitsa,' eggs, my little grip with 'khlaib,' bread, 'ahgortsee,' cucumbers, 'reebuee,' broiled fish, 'tchai,' tea, 'sakhar,' sugar, 'seer,' cheese, 'patsolnich,' nuts, etc.

"On Monday, August 13, while steaming down the Amoor, I counted ninety-seven bodies of Chinese scattered along on the sand bars and lodged in the flood trash. There must have been many hundreds hidden in the bayous.

"From the time when I first entered Russia to the present, I have received only kind and considerate treatment. Some of my former ideas about the mysterious workings of this government and its people have been confirmed and some of my opinions based on the writings and sayings of other persons have radically changed. The geographies which show a desert in southern central Siberia are incorrect. Most of the statements about the inhuman treatment of criminals and Siberian exiles, and the use of the knout are untrue. It is not true that the Russian government desires to keep its subjects in ignorance. In some respects there is more liberty in Russia than in our republic, and the wise and good Czar is universally loved and revered by his subjects.

"Many things I must leave for another chapter. FREDERICK A. NORTH."

TO · HELP · THE · SOLDIER

A NEW BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION DEDICATED ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND...

THE FIRST ARMY Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, NEWLY DEDICATED

PATRIOTISM takes many forms, and one of the best manifestations of it took practical shape in New York a few days ago. There are always a number of soldiers stationed on the island in the bay of New York, called Governor's Island. Their duties in time of peace are of a routine character, but in time of war they would be a very important element in our national defense. The Government and the officers take care that they shall be prepared for eventualities and be able to perform their part should some unhappy dispute bring a national enemy to our shores. The Christian, however, takes another view of the soldier. He is not simply a fighting machine, but is a man with a soul to be saved or lost. The result of this view is an effort on the part of the Young Men's Christian Association to reach the soldier and enlist him under the banner of the Prince of Peace. It accompanies him on the march, stays with him in camp, and makes a permanent abiding place of the garrison. Often the work is done under difficulties, for it is not easy to obtain a permanent home in a garrison. Yet here it is most needed, in order that the men be brought under good influences, be shielded from temptation and have the best substitute available for the comforts of home. Realizing this fact, and taking into account the chronic poverty of Christian workers, Mr. William E. Dodge, New York's eminent philanthropist, has come to the assistance of the institution and has provided a headquarters for the work on the island. The building is a neat frame structure of the Colonial style, and is situated on the water front near Castle Williams. All was finished ready for occupancy by Oct. 10, and on that day the building was formally dedicated by an appropriate service.

Many friends of the soldier and several famous officers were present at the exercises. A welcome guest was Miss Helen Gould, who had contributed to the usefulness of the institution by furnishing the library and by the gift of a number of pictures for the walls of the various rooms. She was not the less popular from the knowledge of the fact that she is erecting a similar building for the use of the Association in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, son of the donor of the building, who is the President of the New York Y. M. C. A., occupied the chair.

Major-General John R. Brooke, commanding the Department of the East, in whose special domain the new work is located, gave a cordial reception to the institution. He said: "I first became acquainted with the Young Men's Christian Association at Helena, Mont. When I came into civilization I found Associations everywhere. I was glad to see on my arrival here this building going up. It has my most hearty approval. The superabundance of animal spirits which is the source of the enthusiasm of the soldier, sometimes leads him into places where he should not go. The influence of such an institution as this forms an excellent counter attraction and is most beneficial to his moral character. The soldiers understand the spirit that prompts these efforts in their behalf and they appreciate it accordingly. I have never known a finer set of men morally or intellectually than those that compose the regular army of the United States."

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, who followed Gen. Brooke, praised the men in the service, the work of the association, and of American women. "When good people make an effort to exercise an influence in the world," he said, "it often happens that they build higher than they think, and I have thought that those who are building up this work will have a greater sphere of influence than they anticipate.

"Upon the American soldier there rests a great responsibility, because to his keeping is entrusted the honor and glory of the American flag throughout the world. In heat or in hunger, in privation or suffering, he will follow that flag wherever it leads in this or any other country, with that dauntless courage of the American soldier that can face and meet death, but never defeat.

"Our country is now one of the world powers. A few centuries ago the Mediterranean was the centre of commerce, but, like the setting sun, it moved westward, and to-day America is the head of civilization, commerce, liberty, and Christianity.

"These forces are now speeding to the Pacific, and it seems to me that an act of Providence has decreed that this American Christianity, American civilization, and American liberty shall not be limited to the confines of our native land. Therefore, it is necessary that every American soldier who marches under the flag of our country shall understand and be taught that when he lands on distant shores the establishment of American Christianity, civilization, and liberty depends on his bearing in that far-off land."

After the addresses the ladies present, including Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. McAlpin and Miss Helen Gould held an informal reception, and congratulated Mr. E. H. Chapin, Secretary of the new branch, and the officers on the acquisition of their elegant home.

READING ROOM OF THE NEW ARMY Y. M. C. A. AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

Saving "Somebody's Daughters"

MANY readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will remember the work of the Home of the Good Samaritan for fallen girls, which they aided some four years ago, and to which many of them have since contributed from time to time. This work was carried on in New York City, and was moved out of town with the idea that it would be a benefit to the women to take them as far as possible from the temptations which beset them in a large city. Mrs. Falke, who founded the work and is still in charge, has made the west side districts in New York a special field, more particularly the sections from West Broadway to Sixth avenue. On visiting these places, she found a startling condition of vice and degradation. She made an effort to reach these unfortunates, and in the last few months she has sheltered and cared for nearly two hundred of them. She found that some could neither read nor write and were absolutely friendless. Some she has succeeded in sending home to their friends in the country.

Since it was first opened, the Home of the Good Samaritan has sheltered more than five hundred women, and cared for them both spiritually and physically. The work has not been in vain. Many have been lead to better lives. Mrs. Falke's workers visit the "dives" and the slums, and reach many poor castaways. The Home is now situated at No. 64 Howard St., Newark, N.J., and has been placed under the jurisdiction of The Volunteers of America. There is pressing need of funds for the work, the raising of which rests on our efforts as heretofore.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are interested in these efforts in behalf of the castaways of the great city, and who wish to be the means of saving "somebody's daughters," should write to Matron Falke, at the address given above.

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WHEN IT IS FINISHED

IT is never safe to judge of anything before it is finished. Take a house, for example. While building it is a scene of rubbish; foundation-stones, lumber, bricks, lime scattered about indiscriminately. Take a single season in Nature, winter, for example, it is all snow and ice; spring, it is all confusion in the ploughed acres. A field of wheat, when it is full grown, is like a pattern of watered silk, swaying before the wind. As autumn comes on, it becomes a sea of gold, and is soon gathered into the garner. When it is finished! What does this mean in the verse, "And sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death"? There is only one legitimate and inevitable conclusion to sin. It does not come at once. Indeed, men often think that while this conclusion has overtaken others, they have escaped it. A young man's youthful indulgences may poison the very fountains of health. Evil men and seducers live not out half their days. Half their days would be a half of three-score years and ten. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, at Lexington, Mass., has lived ninety years; Professor Park, of Andover Theological Seminary, ninety-two. When their lives are finished we shall see all the more clearly what we now see, that the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect way; that a hoary head is a crown of glory when found in the ways of righteousness.

BUILDING OF YACHTS FOR SPEED

IT is natural that Great Britain, who rules the ocean, should want to beat her trans-Atlantic daughter in a yacht race. It seems to her that a half century is long enough for the American cup to stay over this side of the great waters. We regard racing of this kind, as, perhaps, of every kind, of secondary importance. The question should never be, Who can build a yacht and sail it the fastest? but, Who can build a yacht that has the best yachting qualities, speed, strength and beauty, and so manage it as to win the cup from an antagonist that competes for the same qualities? With regard to the *Columbia* and the *Shamrock*, we think they were very nearly equal for speed, but that the Yankee management of the Columbia was superior to the British management of the *Shamrock*.

One good result has come from the races. The British nobleman has shown us how to be beaten gracefully. Indeed, Great Britain has had so many lessons from this side that all her people ought to have learned that art. Lord Tennyson has put the matter with grace and vigor in these lines:

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know thee, and we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not then the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.

We were speaking of yachts and not vessels of war. We hope and pray that as to these we may enter into no competition with our mother; and so long as her cause is what Tennyson calls "the great cause of freedom," we are not likely to desert her.

HERESY-HUNTING

HERESY-HUNTING has been virtually laughed out of court. Lyman Beecher was tried and Albert Barnes was tried and Professor Swing was tried and what good did it do? This is what men say. Is there then, no difference between truth and error? Is there no such verse as that which warns us against bidding error Godspeed? We think ridicule of heresy-hunting may have dissuaded some of us from doing our duty. There is a line between truth and error which men ought sacredly to regard. On that line they ought to stand. The degree of an error, the importance of it, the question whether it may not be better to suffer it, than to agitate against it, these are questions of expediency. I may have strong convictions on a single doctrine. To me it may seem essential to vital Christianity. I could not doubt it or neglect to defend it without injury to my own soul. But it may not be my prerogative to judge whether it is essential to salvation, especially to the salvation of one who has never been taught to recognize its importance.

Doubtless, there was an old-time treatment of Christian doctrine, which has been improved upon. It magnified the letter above the spirit. There is certainly a way of treating difference in doctrinal belief, which implies charity toward those who differ from us. It may seem essential to my salvation from sin, that all the attributes of the Godhead be revealed to me in the Man Christ Jesus. The text most needful to me may be, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." For my brother, it may be more important to remember that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

AWAY WITH PESSIMISTS

HERE part forever with all the cynical and saturnine. I do not want to live on the same street with them in heaven. They will always be singing out of tune, and searching for fractures in the amethyst, and finding fault with the country. Give them a world to themselves where they can have an eternity of pouting, a sky full of drizzle-drozzle, an owl in each tree to hoot away the hours, and a kennel of snarling rat terriers to nip the robe of every angelic intruder.

A ROBUST RELIGION

WE keep our religion too much indoors; it ought to be climbing rocks, or hewing forests—a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the Word—instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an active, earnest Christianity.

The Quality of Friendship

ONE of the most delightful adjuncts to personal happiness is the possession of a friend. We all take it for granted that we have friends, although, we constantly assert, that the rush and hurry of our era is fatal to the growth of friendship. It is said that there are no Davids and Jonathans now, that men and women are too unheroic, too selfish and too quarrelsome for true friendship. But Dr. Johnson, who lived before the new era, in his very longest words, pronounced his times equally unqualified for it.

It is true that friendship in its beginnings requires an amount of steady leisure that might in these busy days be called waste; for though friendship is proved by adversity, it is nursed in freedom, ease, and in long happy hours; so that no friend can be made without some such expenditure of time and personal interest as might in many cases be ignorantly called "waste."

. . .

But as people come into the stress and storm of life, our advanced civilization makes greater and greater demands on our time—we have not leisure to make friends. It must be noted also that great cities prevent those close friendships of barbaric ages—we are so far apart, that we neither spare the vitality, nor yet the time to cultivate a close intimacy. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, there is the same capacity for friendship in the human heart, the same craving for it, and the same delight in it that there was in the days of David and Jonathan.

It is often asserted that there are no friendships between women, and though this is a hard saying, most women will admit its truth. There is, however, a natural reason for this almost insurmountable fact—it is, that friendship needs diversity of character. A friend must not be a reproduction of ourselves; he or she must be something added to ourselves. If they are not so, there is no room for the process of mutual adaptation and mutual completeness. And it is just in this vital point that women are deficient. They are too much alike to be friends; that is, they don't differ from each other as men differ from men. Amid all their manifold diversities, there is that underlying resemblance—that something not to be accounted for or explained—which we call "a woman's way of looking at things." We may realize this quality by the common instinctive assertion of women that they understand a woman, simply because they are women. No man professes to know another man, because he is another man.

. . .

In all other respects women are of the stuff that friends are made of. They have self-sacrifice, great tenderness and tact, quicker sympathies, keener apprehensions than men, but there is too much underlying similarity for the best type of friendship between one woman and another woman. Hence there are few legends telling of women sacrificing themselves for women; but literature is full of stories of women doing heroic deeds for their fathers, brothers, sons, husbands and lovers. And it is remarkable in this consideration that the stories of men's devotion to men, without any tie of kindred, are also very numerous. It is evident, then, from the fact of kindred and sex entering so largely into women's deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice that they do not as women compliment each other; on the contrary, their intimacy strengthens all the weak points in their characters.

There is, however, a professed prejudice against friendship between the sexes; but the excellence of this relationship asserts itself above all cavillings and suspicions. No moral commonplace is so generally acknowledged as the value of a good woman's influence over man. Keeping this in view, we must also admit that there never was a time when early marriage was so difficult, except to the wealthy; never was a time when the sexes were so much thrown together on terms of equality; never was a time when greater intimacy was socially sanctioned. Now if this companionship is to be one altogether of complimentary and formal politeness, it will be a source of moral degeneration. If this intercourse is to be entirely one for frivolity and amusement, and if all the serious feelings are to be excluded from their life together, then these feelings will make for themselves irregular channels, or they will die out. If we never venture below the surface, we must necessarily become superficial.

It will be immediately said that friendship between the sexes never stops at friendship; it becomes love. What then? It is presumed that the friendship to begin with was in every respect a proper and suitable one; if so, is there any better stepping-stone to love than that esteem, which springs from a knowledge of each other's character; a sympathy in each other's tastes and an interest in each other's pursuits? Of course, there may be unjust misrepresentation and unkind criticism, and this to most women would be a formidable obstacle. For no woman can disregard social opinion, and indeed the very women who would make the noblest friends are just the women who would not disregard social opinion. But the world is not nearly as censorious as people imagine. It is far oftener impatient of absurdity than suspicious of evil. A friendship avowed without obtrusion, that is independent, without affectation, and which neither affects secrecy, nor thrusts itself into notice, will not produce ill-natured remarks from any one whose opinion is to be regarded. In most cases, when people are talked about, it is their own fault; if they respect themselves they have set the fashion of being respected.

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As to the qualities necessary for a true friendship, we must first of all be sure that the feeling is one of disinterested affection. And if any one has the power to inspire this feeling, in man or woman, let them be proud of the ability, and grateful for it. There are many devoted husbands and wives that could not be a true friend; they don't "have it in them." Again, friendship is not formed till the need of it is felt. People who can tell everything to everybody, who can give the world a thoroughfare through their hearts and their lives, never feel this need. They have no sanctum for a friend. All they want is a listener.

A friend that is easily made is the best friend, and the most lasting. It is possible to take a great deal of pains to win a friend, who after all is found to be little worth the winning. There should be from the very first interview something of that happy sympathy which comes from two minds vibrating readily and truly together—the answering glance, the understanding smile, that shows approval; the subtle fusion of opinion and feeling, which implies liking and choice.

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Friends should be equals. There can be no stooping in friendship, as there may be in love. Friends must walk on the same level, in all respects. No suspicion of interest, or of patronage, must chill the warm glow of mutual satisfaction in each other's society. No one can count a companion to be a friend, when there is a constant fear that they are going to be used, or a constant attitude of being on the defensive, for their self-respect.

But the most important fact about friendship is that it should develop and bring to the front the best and highest qualities of our natures. If it does not do this, it fails radically. We cannot make a friend of a man or woman if we find ourselves in their company duller, more irritable, more selfish than when we are alone. For it is the office of a true friendship to brighten our faculties, to make us more original, far-seeing and generous, and to touch our spiritual lives to finer issues than solitary reflection is capable of doing. For just as leaven by its mere presence in the meal changes every particle, so does the mere presence of another human being affect for good or evil those with whom they come in contact.

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Considering these things, it is most important to our happiness that we make friends, not only because men are most just to those whom they love, but because in the multitude of our affections our hearts are enlarged, and the more ties there are binding us to others the better and the happier we shall be. People generally have friends who are capable of friendship; and as there is no more subtle and pleasant tincture in the composition of happiness than the thought that "we deserve it," such people may add this pleasant self-approval to their affection.

Lastly, we may be sure of one thing, that sincerity is the vital air of friendship. We must be true to our friends, and not say one thing with our lips, and another with our actions. Indeed, we could not do this wrong for any length of time, for the power of character arises from its truthfulness. In vain shall we profess to be what we are not, the mask will continually slip aside, and in the feeling of those we would deceive we shall be known for exactly what we are.

But, thank God! there are for all of us, if we deserve them, hearts that know how to love, great hearts that we shall find true and full of valiant tendernesses, though the earth quake, and the heavens melt, sincere hearts that have a woman's compassions to soothe our sorrows and a man's ambitions to stimulate our efforts—friends to whom our happiness will be very dear, and our worth dearer still. Friends like these are great treasures; and if God has given any of us, even one such a friend—man or woman—let us bind them to us with everlasting cords of love, and continually thank God for so great and good a gift, until

"We come to the place of our rest,
Each traveler comes with his friend."

Amelia E. Barr

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Welcome to Royal Explorer

ITALY has given a royal welcome to the Duke of the Abruzzi on his return from the Polar regions. The people are naturally proud of the courage and persistence of the young prince, who has placed the Italian flag, as mentioned in these columns on September 19th, in advance of the flags of all other nations, on the way to the Pole. They have crowded the streets of the cities through which he passed to his home, and have entertained him at civic banquets and in other ways expressed their enthusiastic admiration for him. The King and his family have also given him cordial welcome, but the recent tragic death of the young man's uncle, King Humbert, has, necessarily, prevented any court ceremonial rejoicings. The widowed Queen Margherita, however, could not allow the brave explorer to return without royal recognition. She invited him to the palace, and sent a royal gondola to bring him thither. On his way he received the joyous greetings of the citizens, and his reception by his sorrowing aunt, though private, was of the most hearty character. The Duke proposes to return to the Arctic next spring, and, in the meantime, his matrimonial projects go smoothly. He is seeking in marriage the Spanish Princess of the Asturias, but an opposition has unexpectedly developed in the Spanish royal family which, if the Duke is very much in earnest, may lead him to postpone his Arctic expedition while he works for its removal. It is not likely that he will wait long in any event, for he has set his heart on winning the glory of being the first to reach the Pole. The ovation he has received will doubtless strengthen his determination, as it shows him how the people appreciate his enterprise. If he succeeds, his fame will be still greater, and his nation still prouder of him. Yet the achievement will be barren of actual benefit to the country. Not so was that marvelous achievement which the Prince of Peace undertook for the glory of his Father in heaven. That meant not the discovery, but the salvation of a world.

For it became him for whom are all things and by whom are all things in bringing many sons unto glory to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering (Heb. 2 : 10).

A Puzzled Photographer

A photographic journal tells the story of a trick recently played on a portrait artist. A man came to the studio to have his portrait taken. The photographer's assistant attended him. Two plates were exposed, and then the assistant went into the dark room to develop them. Presently he returned and asked for another sitting, explaining that two spoiled plates had been accidentally used. Two more exposures were made and the assistant, after a few minutes in the dark room, came out with a pale face and hurriedly went in search of the photographer. On his arrival, he told the sitter that there was a peculiar mark on each of the photographs which his assistant had taken and asked him to sit again, when he would operate himself. The sitting was granted, but with no better success. The photographer was in despair. He showed the plates, each of which bore the same blemish. It was a well-defined skull and cross-bones on the forehead of the sitter. The photographer said he was not a superstitious man but that kind of thing frightened him, and he would not attempt to take another likeness of his patron. The explanation given of the matter is that the young man was a druggist and had been playing a joke on the photographer. Bisulphate of quinine is a chemical which is white in the naked eye, but seen black by the camera. Anything that is painted on the skin, therefore, with the chemical will be ordinarily invisible, but will come out prominently in a photograph. Probably the sitter had used this application to mystify the photographer. It would doubtless have vexed him if the photographer had retaliated on him for his waste of time and plates by printing the portrait with the emblem of piracy on his forehead. That, however, would have been a trivial matter compared with the consternation which will befall the men whom the Apostle John saw in vision whose eternal destiny will be fixed by the symbol of ownership which will be imprinted on their foreheads.

And he causeth all both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their foreheads (Rev. 13: 16).

Rescued From the Sea

A steamer which arrived at Boston, Mass., from Java a few days ago, had on board seventeen men who had been found during the voyage in a deplorable condition. They were on a water-logged ship, laden with lumber, which had sailed from Pascagoula, Miss., for Liverpool, England. During the first four days they had light winds, but on the fifth day encountered a gale which continued for three days. The vessel rolled fearfully in the sea, and one of the sailors was carried away by the high seas. The men fully expected that they would all go to the bottom. On the ninth day the masts were carried away, which relieved the ship and permitted of the wreckage being cleared away. But the ship lay utterly helpless, away from the regular track of the steamers. For ten days there was no help. Everything eatable on board had been consumed, and the supply of fresh water was exhausted. A little water had been obtained by condensing sea water, but this was not sufficient to allay the thirst of the exhausted crew. Day after day the men looked anxiously to the horizon for any sign of relief, but not until the morning of the eleventh day of waiting did help come. Then the British steamer *Amana*, bound for Boston, saw their signals, and took off the entire crew. The poor men needed no persuasion to go on board. They were not like the people who are in danger of perishing eternally, but do not accept the offer of salvation through Christ, though it is urged upon them with warnings and entreaties.

They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way (Prov. 1 : 30).

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI WELCOMED BACK FROM THE ARCTIC

The Moon Photographed

Our acquaintance with the appearance of the moon has been extended through the assistance of the great telescope in the Paris Exposition. A huge photographic plate twenty-three and a half inches square, the largest ever used in astronomical observation, was brought into service, and a picture was taken surpassing in detail any previously existing. It was not taken at full moon, because then the mountains are so bathed in the direct light of the sun as to show none of their real ruggedness. It is believed that many of them are as high as the mountains on the earth. The spectacle when they are gradually lighted up by the sun's rays is brilliant in the extreme. The dark parts of the moon's surface are believed to be the bottoms of dried-up seas. Some of them are estimated to be four miles in depth. One, which astronomers call the Crisian Sea, is two hundred and eighty miles long and nearly four hundred wide. It is surrounded by high mountains which glow with light, in startling contrast to the waterless sea. Like the bottoms of the earth's oceans, those on the moon show great irregularity, and in some instances the hills rise high enough to catch the sun's beams. The ring-like appearances on some parts of the moon's surface are thought to be extinct volcanoes, the central dark spots being huge craters. Astronomers are still of the opinion that it is impossible that the moon has upon it creatures at all resembling ourselves, as there is neither air nor water. They believe, however, that it must once have had both, in which case it may then have been inhabited. Scientists tell us that if our world escapes destruction by other means, it, too, will become arid and frozen, like the moon.

(From "The King")

THE MOON AS SEEN THROUGH THE PARIS TELESCOPE

The fact, however, need cause us no concern, for he who puts his trust in God has an eternal refuge.

The heavens are the work of thine hands: they shall perish; but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment .... but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail (Heb. 1: 10-12).

BRIEF NOTES

The treasurer of the Galveston Relief Fund announces that the money received up to the middle of October was $979,596. Such a record shows how quickly and generously the hearts of the people respond for the relief of suffering.

Twenty years ago China sent to Great Britain 126,340,000 pounds of tea, and India sent 35,716,000 pounds. Last year China sent only 17,000,000 pounds, while India's contribution to Great Britain's tea drinkers was 134,018,920 pounds.

The French *Christian* publishes in a recent issue the names of three vicars of important parishes in Marseilles who have abjured Romanism. The number of priests who have left the church during the past two years is said to be over three hundred.

A copy of Mr. Moody's life, by his son, W. R. Moody, has been given to every Free Church minister, probationist and catechist in the Highlands of Scotland by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackinnon, of Ronachan, with whom Mr. Moody traveled in Palestine.

The wife of Count von Waldersee (commander of the Allied Forces in China) attended the Blackenburg Conference in Germany. She is deeply interested in religious work and gave Rev. F. B. Meyer a donation towards his work at Christ Church, Westminster. Count Waldersee himself is a pronounced Protestant.

The Treasurer of the American Board of Foreign Missions is able to present a gratifying report for the year. The financial year just completed has registered an increase of $93,756.41 over the receipts of last year. Of this amount, $19,568.25 are an increase in donations for specific objects, leaving $74,188.16 net increase for the general work.

We deeply regret to learn from a cable despatch from Bombay that Rev. E. F. Frease has been prostrated by typhoid fever. Mr. Frease has been a most indefatigable and efficient secretary to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Inter-Denominational Committee, and has not spared himself in exertions for the relief of the famine-stricken people. There can be little doubt that constant service and attention to the sick during the weary months of famine are the real causes of his illness.

At the annual missionary service in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance on Oct. 14, the contributions in money and pledges for the missionary work of the Alliance amounted to $52,259. Rev. A. B. Simpson made an earnest appeal for funds, based on the urgent need of aggresive work among heathen nations. He said that since the spring the Alliance had received in money and pledges $170,000, which was the largest offering that had been chronicled in the history of the Alliance.

Bishop Potter has lodged a protest with the Mayor of New York against police methods in the precinct in which the pro-cathedral is situated. Vice flaunts itself openly in Stanton street, Allen street, and other adjacent streets, and even on Sundays the law is openly defied. When Rev. Robert L. Paddock complained to the captain of the precinct that the police were encouraging rather than attempting to suppress disorder, the captain insulted him. The Bishop is now endeavoring to stir the mayor to a performance of his duty.

A remarkable scene was witnessed at Swansea on the occasion of Dr. Talmage's visit to that town. He had arranged to preach at the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, but the crowd which gathered to hear him was so large that adjournment was made to the Grand Theatre, the largest building in the town. That edifice failed to accommodate the people, so Dr. Talmage having preached inside the house went outside and addressed the crowd in the street from the steps of the theatre. He sailed for America on Oct. 18.

CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD WISER THAN CHILDREN OF LIGHT

THE UNJUST STEWARD . . .

International Sunday School Lesson for November 4th: Luke 16: 1-13.

"YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON"

. . . By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 16: 13: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

A REAL "Christian worker," seeking to arouse idle church members, exclaimed: "If you were good Christians, you would work like the devil!" The thought is the same as that of this lesson, that the devil and the devilish are more swift and bold and energetic and ingenious and persistent in using means to accomplish their low ends, than the "children of light" are in pursuing their higher aims. The perplexities commentators find in the fact that Christ used a wicked "hustler" to arouse and instruct pious idlers, are surprising in view of the fact that we are taught to learn wisdom even of venomous serpents, and industry from pestiferous ants, and boldness from roaring lions. In every age those who have moral interests in view, have needed to go to school to those who have money in view, to learn wise adaptation of means to ends. On this Sabbath before election, without introducing partisan debate, the church school should study not only the shrewd steward, or manager, of old, but also the shrewd "managers" of to-day, political and commercial—and the two kinds are now closely related—and contrast their methods with the listless soul-winning efforts in many of our churches, for which let every Christian, young and old, take his full share of blame, except any that are wise to win souls, working as hard to make some soul's election sure for eternity as the most enthusiastic politician to elect some man to office for two or four years.

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Something to be Learned from the Publicans

He said also to his disciples, etc. Christ is still at the Pharisees' feast. What a study in immortal table talk remains for us centuries after the feast and feasters have disappeared! Jesus had spoken the parables of the lost sheep and the lost coin especially for the Pharisees, to teach them that they had missed the chief mission of the Church of which they were officers, in not seeing that its first work was to save lost men. The parable of the prodigal was especially directed to the publicans, who stood about looking on, to draw them back to God. And now, lest in his serving of spiritual truth any at the table should go away unfed, he turns to his own disciples to remind them that they may learn something even from the sinful tricks of the publicans, who used their brains more intensely in devising and executing plans to cheat men, than his disciples in efforts to save them.

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Accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. The prodigal of the previous parable had wasted his own money. Here was a prodigal who was dissipating on trust funds, on his master's revenues, no doubt covering up his stealings by some trick of bookkeeping, perhaps, like city "rings," making out bills for larger sums than were really paid, and dividing the difference with all others who must share the secret. Probably he was found out by the fact that he was spending more than his salary. In this part of the story, the steward does not represent even worldly wisdom. The embezzler, who is also a prodigal, is soon found out. Even if self-restrained, the embezzler can seldom hide his frauds for long. The central truth of the book of Proverbs, the knave is a fool, finds many of its intensest illustrations in embezzlers who sacrifice life positions of honor and competence for the momentary enjoyments of the gambler, libertine or reveler.

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Every Steward Called to Account

Give an account of thy stewardship. At any time God may send his messenger, Death, to us with the message: "Give account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." Aye, God calls us to render account even in the midst of our stewardship, and it is especially fitting as the year and the century draw toward their end, that the Church and the individual Christian should see whether they are making a satisfactory use of the money, the time, the talents, and of the great modern facilities, school and press, mail and telegraph, wheel and train, with which God has entrusted us. It is not enough that we have been sincere and harmless and honest. God requires us to be efficient, to use brain and will as well as heart. Because many of God's stewards who are good, are also "good for nothing," Christ points them to the lively use that a bad steward made of his brains. Being accused, and called to account, knowing that when his master examined his accounts his proved dishonesty would cost him his place, he swiftly thought out his plan. He said: "I cannot dig; to beg, I am ashamed." He had never learned to do hard work, and saw himself shut up, he thought, to the choice of fraud or beggary. He was rightly ashamed to live on other people's earnings voluntarily given him as a beggar, but he was not ashamed to live on other people's earnings taken by fraud. Boys who despise beggars, often envy famous robbers. Teachers should show the consummate meanness of every man who, instead of earning money for himself, seizes the money that another man has earned, and kills the rightful owner if his mean demand is refused.

While we teach the shame of robbery, let us not lessen the shame of beggary. Those who have done their very best to help themselves, should not hesitate to receive or even ask help in some self-respecting way, usually in the form of pay for work or a loan to be faithfully paid. But the number of dependents in this country has dangerously increased of late. One-tenth of the people in one year in Brooklyn, in another in Chicago, received charitable aid from local relief societies, besides all that received unrecorded help from relatives and neighbors and from government, which would probably double the number. In some States, charitable aid is dealt out to a pauperizing degree. Let teachers cultivate the spirit of self-support and self-respect, and teach wise ways to help, without hurting others.

With only one swift thought as to his situation, this steward instantly resolved how he would provide for his future. He summoned his master's debtors swiftly, in the brief time allowed for making up his reports, and having full legal authority and discretion to act for his master, told the first one, who owed $5,000, that he might settle for just half that. Bills were expressed in Hebrew letters, and this change was like erasing the bottom of a

RIGHTLY OBTAINED

MONEY

RIGHTLY USED

P and making it D. The next man owed eleven hundred bushels, and the steward struck off only two hundred and twenty, probably because the letters used could not be changed in that case for a larger reduction without danger of legal difficulties. No doubt the steward in both cases made the debtors give him half the sum deducted and a promise of a future home for awhile or employment or some other return for the balance. Or he relied on the general feeling that such a "favor" should be reciprocated.

His master, having himself gotten his wealth, no doubt, by sharp practices, notwithstanding he was the victim this time, applauded the shrewdness with which his steward had robbed him without making himself liable under the law. He had accomplished his selfish and sinful ends by the use of means best adapted to that end, and had done it with "nerve" and speed. It was a case of "get there" regardless of principles, and proved the steward no bungling burglar but a "Napoleon of finance." There are not a few to-day that secretly admire and envy, if they do not openly praise, any man who is adept at "legal thieving" on a large scale. If one robs a freight car we put him in jail, but if he steals a whole railroad we bow low before him. Let us teach children the lesson of James Russell Lowell's "Bigelow Papers":

> In vain we call old notions "Fudge,"
> And bend our conscience to our dealing,
> The Ten Commandments will not budge,
> And stealing will continue stealing.

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Sanctified Tact

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. Here is a modern illustration, of the same sort as that which Christ used, showing how much more tact and persistency men will use who seek a wrong or low end than many who seek the highest things. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, a soldier belonging to one of the French garrisons in India became enamored of the eyes of Brahma, in the Temple of Seringham. These eyes were diamonds, and were the most brilliant in all the East. Their lustre captivated the soldier's soul. He haunted the temple, and pretended to yield to the might of the god, and become a convert to his worship. The priests so far believed in him that he was admitted to some care of the temple. They doubtless thought Brahma would be able to protect his own eyes. But on a stormy night the soldier disappeared, and with him one of the idol's eyes, the other having resisted all his efforts to dislodge it. So Brahma was left squinting, and the treacherous Frenchman sold his prize to a captain in the English navy for ten thousand dollars. A shrewd Armenian merchant paid fifty thousand dollars for it, and sold it to Count Gregory for Catherine of Russia for four hundred thousand dollars. That was the origin of the famous Orloff diamond. A saved soul, "the pearl of great price," a crown jewel of Christ, for which he paid "all that he had," the red coin of his own heart, is a far more precious gem than any diamond; but how few will work as long and plan as patiently to save an immortal soul, even in the family circle, as the soldier did to capture the idol's eye? There is much to ponder in the old colored preacher's remark, in a sermon on sanctification: "Brethren, what you need is sanctifigumption; get sanctified gumption if you don't get anything else."

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Use and Abuse of Money

Make to yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness. "Filthy lucre" is the exact equivalent of "the mammon of unrighteousness." "Mammon," like "lucre," means money, which is so often secured by unrighteous means, and is so often used for filthy purposes that the sins of many users seem to attach themselves to the money itself. But if the woman on any nickel could tell us the story of the "scenes and unseens" she has been through in this "trialsome and troublesome world," her travels would be like a railroad ride in Italy—of alternate dark tunnels and orange-clad valleys. That nickel paid for a glass of beer, that sent a husband home to curse his wife, and was next used to buy a foul book, but presently took a baby to ride in the street cars out of the city heart, and soon after helped to swell the India relief fund of a Sunday School. Money is a bad master but a good servant. As a gift, if wisely bestowed, it is twice blest. It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

> Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold;
> Who opens it hath it twice told.

Men talk of ownership, but God's word is stewardship. That is getting to be the people's doctrine also. As the public have begun to realize how little a man can really earn himself, and how much he owes to the work of his predecessors and contemporaries, and especially to God, who furnishes the raw material, more and more it is expected—almost demanded—that the men who have amassed fortunes by aid of favoring circumstances, partly by public laws and franchises and patents—without which their wealth would vanish in an hour—shall use them in part for the public good as stewards of the nation's prosperity as well as stewards of God. In the half dozen wealthiest families in New York, no one has secured so much of the honor and public esteem, for which men acquire wealth, as Helen Gould, who devotes her talents not to a useless increase of her wealth, but to a wise distribution of it. Like Miss Grace Dodge, another steward of wealth and social gifts, she would say that she was one of "those who had received their wages in advance." Miss Dodge gives not alone money, but herself to the working girls, for whose uplifting she plans daily and as diligently as the man who sits down to his desk only to increase his own gains. Both these women illustrate a truth rarer than generous giving, that those who have no need to work for their own support are nevertheless bound to obey the law, "Six days shalt thou labor." No adult, however rich, who is not sick, is excused from the great Edenic law of daily, strenuous effort, with the Biblical rests of a seventh of his time. He who is free from the need of self-support should devote his hours as regularly to wise distribution of wealth as others to its production, for money can not be given to the best advantage without much conscientious and courageous study of philanthropic investments. The *Independent*, years ago, prompted by the suggestive saying we have quoted from Miss Dodge, had this to say of such thoughtful stewardship:

"It is a blessed privilege to be able to give one's time to the labor of doing good. We can all do good; we all ought to. We can all, the poorest of us, make our daily toil a daily service of God and of man; but there is a special privilege granted to those who have received their wages in advance—the privilege of doing their work for others more directly and with less regard to their own immediate wants. Wealth is the most accursed of all things when it is used selfishly, to strengthen one's self and to grind the faces of the poor. Wealth is a most blessed privilege when it is used not for one's self, but to benefit those about us. Miss Dodge's task of increasing the opportunities and happiness of working girls, and providing them with innocent pleasures and Christian influences, is one of the best ways of working out one's advance wages; but if we might only see all those to whom God has given wealth, but to whom he never meant to give useless leisure, taking up some similar work, then the world would be a great deal happier and many evils would be relieved."

In contrast with these and other women, whose jewels are the tears of gratitude of women and children they have helped to brighter, better lives, how unwise the choice of women whose daily study is to adorn themselves and win the bauble prizes of social insincerity! It reminds us of the story of the men who were in a Kimberley mine when it collapsed, and died smothered with diamonds. In our next lesson we shall study Dives, who was smothered for eternity by his selfish gold.

Instead, let us build "everlasting habitations" by sending our treasure to heaven in advance, through investments of it in what will build up the kingdom of heaven on earth, refusing to sell out heaven for any earthly gain. Some years ago there was a widespread discussion of a proposal to buy Jefferson's old home at Monticello, but Mr. Levy, a descendant occupying the estate, proud of his ancestor's noble record, refused to sell the place at any price. At an earlier date, when Secretary of State Evarts had asked to be allowed to bring the matter of its purchase before Congress, he had met a similar refusal, on which Mr. Evarts said: "Well, Mr. Levy, I admire you and do not blame you." In our own lives, shall selfish, perhaps sinful, wealth, be accepted as the price of giving up the "everlasting habitations" which are our birthright from God, or shall our property be a power for good?

> We can all do better than yet we have done
> And not be a whit the worse:
> It never was loving that emptied the heart
> Nor giving that emptied the purse.

REV. D. H. CLAPP | MRS. J. R. CLAPP | REV. F. W. DAVIS | REV R. A. ATWATER | REV. G. L. WILLIAMS | MISS ROWENA BIRD | MRS. M. G SIMCOX | REV. F. E. SIMCOX

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS IN CHINA

MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST AND SOULS

EFFORTS have been made by all the Missionary Societies to obtain accurate lists of all the missionaries who have perished during the recent outbreaks in China, but so great is the confusion in that distracted Empire that even now there is doubt about the exact numbers. Some whom we fear are dead may prove to have been hidden away, or have escaped, but not yet within the bounds of civilization. But the hope becomes daily more faint. Truly, the list is appalling. The Church of Christ mourns for them; the world is the poorer for their departure. May the God of all comfort solace the mourning relatives!

REV. WM. COOPER

Following are the figures according to present data: Since the beginning of the Boxer uprising last May, 182 Protestant missionaries have been reported killed or missing. Ninety-three of these are reported massacred, and it is so long since any word has been heard of the remaining eighty-nine that it is now the general belief that these, too, have died the death of martyrs.

Of the ninety-three missionaries whose martyrdom has been confirmed, twenty-one were Americans, thirteen of these having been sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and eight by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. The Boards of Foreign Missions of the Baptist, the Methodist, and the Protestant Episcopal Churches, as well as the Church of Christ and the Lutherans, have been fortunate in not having lost a single representative. The Episcopalians have not even had a dollar's worth of property destroyed. The Baptists, however, report a considerable loss of property, while the Methodists have lost all the property they owned in the area of trouble outside of Tien-Tsin.

Among other missions, the numbers known to have been killed are: Church of England, three: Shaoyang (Independent Baptist), twelve: English Baptist, nine; British and Foreign Bible Society, five, and, most of all, China Inland Mission, forty-three. By adding to these the thirteen missionaries of the American Board, and the eight Presbyterians already mentioned, the total of ninety-three is reached.

Here is a list of the names of martyrs just received from John R. Hykes, agent of the American Bible Society in Shanghai: American Board Mission, in Paoting-fu, July 1: Rev. H. T. Pitkin, Miss A. A. Gould and Miss M. S. Morrill. In the Shansi, in August: Ernest R. Atwater, Elizabeth Graham Atwater, Rowena Bird, Dwight H. Clapp, Mary J. Clapp, Francis W. Davis, Mary L. Partridge, Charles W. Price, Eva J. Price, and George L. Williams.

American Presbyterian Mission at Paoting-fu, June 30: Rev. F. E. Simcox, Mrs. Simcox, three children, Dr. G. Y. Taylor, Rev. C. Van Renssalaer Hodge and Mrs. Elsie S. Hodge.

Church of England Mission in Shantung and Chihli, June: Rev. S. M. Brooks, Rev. H. V. Norman, and Rev. C. Robinson.

English Baptist Mission at Taiyuen-fu, July 9: Rev. G. E. Farthing, Mrs. Farthing, two children, Miss Stewart. Rev. T. J. Underwood, Mrs. Underwood, Rev. Whitehouse and Mrs. Whitehouse.

The "Shaoyang" (Independent Baptist) Mission, at Taiyuen-fu, July 9: Rev. T. W. Pigott, Mrs. Pigott, Dr. Lovatt, Mrs. Lovatt, one child, Rev. G. W. Stokes, Mrs. Stokes, Rev. J. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson, Rev. A. Hoddle, Miss Duval and Miss Coombs.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, at Taiyuen-fu, July 9: Mr. Buynon, Mrs. Buynon and three children.

China Inland Mission, at Paotung-fu, July: Rev. B. Bagnall, Mrs. Bagnall and one child, and Rev. William Cooper. In Shansi: Miss Whitechurch and Miss Searell. In Chekiang: Rev. D. B. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and two children, Miss Desmond, Miss Manchester, Rev. G. F. Ward, Mrs. Ward and one child, Miss Sherwood and Miss Thirgood. En route to Hankow from Shansi: Miss Rice, Mr. Saunders' three children, Mrs. E. J. Cooper and Miss Houston, and Mr. E. J. Cooper's child. Near the Yellow River (while fleeing from Shansi), Rev. G. McConnell, Mrs. McConnell and one child, Miss King and Miss Burton. At Taiyuen-fu: Dr. Miller Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, one child, Mr. and Mrs. Peat and two children, Miss Dobson, Miss Hurn, Miss F. C. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan, Mr. Woodruff, Mr. M. D. Barrett and Miss A. Eldred.

THE SIMCOX CHILDREN MURDERED IN CHINA

Such is the list of the martyrs. Besides there are eighty-nine missionaries missing.

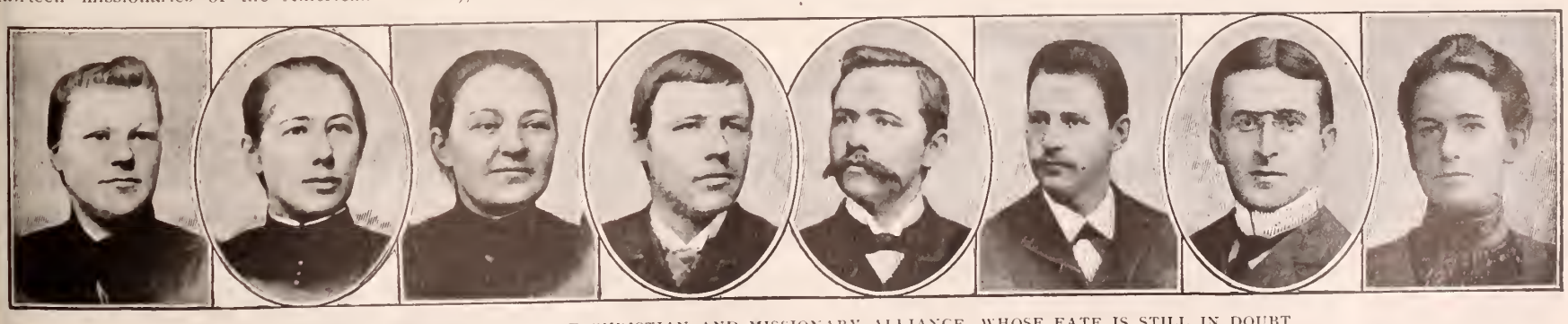
Of the grand total of 182 killed and missing, sixty-seven are men, seventy-six women and thirty-nine children. Among these, counting in the Swedish missionaries of the Christian Alliance, there are sixty-nine Americans.

Consul-General Goodnow, after making inquiries of the refugee missionaries at Shanghai, estimates the number of native Christians massacred at 15,000. This figure is only approximate, as it will be impossible to obtain a complete record until the missionaries return to the districts from which they were driven and make detailed reports to their boards.

Of the Americans, the following details will be of interest: Dr. Clapp was fifty-nine years of age and had been laboring twenty-one years in China. Mrs. Clapp went to China in 1884, and after a period spent in learning the language, she took charge of a school where her tact and devotion were greatly blessed in the conversion of young Chinese boys. Rev. Francis W. Davis was forty-three years of age and was a graduate of Oberlin. He had been eleven years in China. He was ably assisted in his work by his devoted wife, who is now on furlough in this country. Rev. George L. Williams had been only nine years at his field of labor, but in that time had proved his ability and consecration. His wife also was providentially on furlough when the outbreak occurred. Rev. Ernest R. Atwater was only thirty-five years old and was in the beginning of his missionary career. He and his beloved wife, who was another victim of the massacre, reached their scene of labor in 1892. They made many friends among the natives and were doing a most valuable work. Rev. Chas. W. Price was a native of Indiana and was fifty-three years of age. His wife and little daughter only seven years of age perished with him. Miss S. Rowena Bird was thirty-five years old. She went to China in 1890 and proved a valuable assistant to Mrs. Clapp in her work. Miss Mary L. Partridge was a graduate of Mount Holyoke, a brave and successful pioneer, who had often been in danger through carrying the Gospel to places which no missionary had ever visited. She was absolutely fearless and was faithful to the last.

DR. G. Y. TAYLOR

In the midst of sorrow, there are reasons for thankfulness. Five of the American Board's missionaries who had been given up for lost have arrived in New York after a thrilling flight from their persecutors. They are Rev. Mark Williams, Rev. J. H. Roberts, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Sprague and Dr. Virginia C. Murdock. They were stationed at Kalgan, one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Pekin, where the Boxers were in force. They had been to Pekin, but believing themselves safe, as the chief official at Kalgan was very friendly, they returned to their station. On June 11, however, the attitude of the Boxers grew so menacing that it was decided to leave the town. A halt was made at a town fifty miles away to try to get some necessaries, which in the hurried departure from Kalgan had been left behind. While the party waited, they heard that some camels were for sale. They purchased the animals and started to cross the desert. On their way they were joined by a party of Swedish missionaries belonging to the Christian and Missionary Alliance, comprising six men, six women, and six small children. Guided by the Russian telegraph line the little company pressed forward, followed by hostile Chinese and Mongolians. They were six weeks crossing the desert, and their hardships were extreme. They were at times afraid to travel by day and continued their journey by night. They were sometimes unable to get water for two days at a time. Arriving in Siberia, they found friends among the Russian officials, who sent them over the Trans-Siberian Railroad to St. Petersburg. Thence the Swedes went to their homes near Stockholm and the Americans sailed for New York. Their journey from Kalgan to America occupied one hundred and seven days.



SWEDISH MISSIONARIES OF THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE, WHOSE FATE IS STILL IN DOUBT

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM

"WHEN I was a little girl," said grandmother, "I had to learn a whole chapter of Proverbs by heart every week. I recited it to my mother on Saturday night, and if I knew it perfectly she gave me a silver sixpence."

"Suppose you did not know it? What then?" This was the question of Alice, who is the little girl with the earnest look, on grandmother's right.

"Then I had to get up very early on Sabbath morning, study it over, and recite my chapter before breakfast. But then I lost my sixpence."

Ethel and Katharine both said that they would like to be paid for learning their Bible lessons, and they asked grandmother what she did with her money.

"Well," she answered, "it was my own money to do with just as I pleased. I was brought up to think that one-tenth of all I had belonged to God, and I have kept on thinking so all my life, so I put aside that portion for my missionary box. Then I used the remainder, as you do your allowance, for my own purposes. I always had a little money in my purse, and that was a very convenient state of things. It was not once in six months that I failed to recite my chapter by heart."

"What other parts of the Bible did you learn, dear grandmother?"

"The Sermon on the Mount, the fourteenth chapter of John, a great many psalms, the whole book of Philippians, the Ten Commandments, the last chapter of Revelation, and a great many chapters of Isaiah. Besides, I learned by degrees nearly all our church hymns."

"Do you remember them still?" asked Ethel.

"Every one of them, my child. When I lie awake in the night, I say them over and over, and they are a great comfort. Once," said grandmother, smiling at the recollection, "I had a terrible disappointment. There was a contest in our Sunday School, and prizes were offered for the best recitations of the Catechism and of the Scriptures. I gained a prize, and was called up to the Superintendent's desk to receive it. There, before him lay two piles of books, some in gay bindings, red, blue, gilt, very attractive, and some in plain black, not nearly so pretty.

"'Take your choice, Ruth,' said Mr. Van Sinderen.

"So I put out my hand and selected a book in brilliant binding, a book which even to-day I would fancy, for my heart warms at the sight of red. It is a triumphant color, children, and makes you see flags fly and hear drums beat and bugles call.

"'Oh, Ruth,' said my teacher just behind me, 'I wouldn't take that book if I were you. I'd choose that little thick book in the plain black dress.'

"But I was firm in my first choice. Alas, I had reason to be sorry. The book I had taken was far beneath my capacity, a real baby book, and I dearly loved to read. It always reminded me of my folly, the more so, as the other book, I learned later, contained a most beautiful story."

"I think somebody might have made you put down the red one," said little Kate, decidedly.

"No, dear, the lesson was a good one, better learned, that I had brought my regret upon myself. I have never since then been so ready to choose by just the outside. A plain and homely face may cover a kind and true heart. Rough clothing may be worn by one of nature's noblemen. I look a little deeper than dress when I am making an acquaintance. And it is borne in upon me that God wants us to do this, for we are told that 'man looketh on the outside appearance but God looketh on the heart.'"

Many wise bits of counsel come to the happy children who have grandmother's room to go to as a charmed retreat.

Truth-Telling

One must speak the truth when one is questioned. One need not speak an uncomplimentary truth which will hurt the feelings of another, unless there is very great occasion. It can never be my duty to say to my neighbor that I think her new carpet hideous. Her carpet is hers, and the expression of her taste. If she ask me my opinion I can say that my taste inclines me to a different style, but beyond that I am not obliged to go. Nor is it kind or excusable for me to say that my friend's baby is cross and homely, even though that be true. Candor in such ways violates the law of the golden rule. I can refrain from speech, if I have nothing nice to say.

Sunshine at Meals

"My husband is a perfect wet blanket at the table," said a wife despairingly as she rose from a silent and depressing meal. "I make every excuse for him, but I am disturbed about the effect of his moodiness on the children. They cannot understand that their father is tired, that his business vexes him, and that he dreads the morrow, not knowing what it may bring forth. He either has no appetite, or he waits on us as if the food were to be snatched on the eve of an execution, and my young people hurry away out of the doleful home, in spite of all that I can do to detain them there."

A great deal is said and written about the wife's duty to meet her husband with a smile, no matter what her trials during the day and in his absence may have been. Surely it is equally his duty to meet her in a tranquil and contented manner, and to leave his business cares behind him. Food partaken of in morbid temper does not easily digest. The family board should be more than cheerful; it should be gay, and everybody should save a bright anecdote, a merry saying, a happy thought for repetition there.

"Be not anxious for the morrow," is the present message of the Master to every disciple. This does not mean that we are to be idle, that we are to be improvident, or to lack thrift. It means only this, that we are every day to do our very best and leave the rest to God.

Ye winds of night, your free combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

Dear friends, if any of us need the caution, let us take heed to it. Let the family table three times a day be so pleasant a rallying place that children shall come to it fearlessly and with joyful steps. And let not the heads of the house have to walk softly lest they shall stir up faultfinding or provoke wrath in each other.

"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL" SAID GRANDMOTHER

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-all

—AILSIE AND DORA. Lemon juice is said to be good to remove freckles. Buttermilk is an excellent lotion for the skin. A few freckles are very becoming to most girls.

—BETH. Your Uncle Timothy is right. An hour before midnight will do more for you as a beauty sleep than two hours in the morning when you ought to be up, in the freshness of the day.

—PERPLEXITY. There is no reason on earth why a young man who is your intimate friend and your escort to and from social gatherings should refuse to accompany you home from the prayer-meeting. I don't know what to make of the modern young man. When Aunt Prudence was a girl, she used to have several to choose from on every possible pretext, but gallantry, not to say good manners, appears to be going out of fashion.

SONG

WHEN God drops down a blossom
From sunny fields above,
We call it Baby precious
And shelter it with love.
The little helpless darling,
She nestles in our heart,
And not the wealth of kingdoms
Could tear the bond apart.

Who wouldn't love the Baby,
With dimpled face so fair,
With roguish eyes and dimpled chin,
And golden silken hair?

She's papa's little treasure,
She's mama's precious love,
And brother's dearest sweetheart,
And sister's tiny dove.
Agoo, a coo, she murmurs
In a language all her own,
And no one minds if Baby
Has a little temper shown.

Oho! a squall is coming,
Her heart is like to break,
But mother flies, her darling
In tender arms to take.
The baby head is lying
Upon the mother's breast,
With songs and pats and kisses
Is Baby lulled to rest.

Who wouldn't love the Baby,
With rosebud face so fair,
With roguish eyes and dimpled chin,
And golden silken hair?

—ROSE LILY LITTLEJOHN.

Salines, California.

About Nerves

"I AM so nervous. I scream at the slightest sudden noise, and jump if I see a mouse run across the floor. I simply cannot control myself."

Dear friend, did you ever try? It is rather a humiliating confession to make that one's nerves are absolutely beyond one's control, as a horse which has run away is too much for the weak hand on the reins. Let me whisper to you that there is an immense gain in holding fast to yourself, and quelling the expression of your fright or irritation; refusing to shriek, or to jump or to scream, and preserving the semblance of tranquility, even if it be difficult, and underneath there is agitation. Children are obliged by the stronger will of teachers and parents to suppress signs of passion or of fright; a little girl is reproved if she makes a fuss at a harmless beetle or a caterpillar. When we are grown up we are compelled to do for ourselves what our parents do for us in childhood, and it perhaps requires effort, but it is better for us in the end if we hold a strict guard over our lips, our gestures, and all manifestations of excited vehemence. Prayer is a wonderful help. If we know our temptations to be great in this direction, we must be the more alert in guarding against them.

The mother who is nervous and fretted is often so simply because she is too tired. Why attempt so much? I advise the wornout woman to stop in the very middle of the housecleaning, with carpets up and everything in confusion, and draw a long breath. It would be better to rest even with the furniture out of place and everything in a heap, than to persevere until the end, and then have a fit of illness. Pneumonia and fever follow in the wake of intense fatigue. Believe me, if you will only make haste slowly, you will get the conquest over your nerves. So, with Daisy's pretty new frock, that you are hurrying over so that she may wear it on Sunday. Let her wear her old one. It is still very nice, and the child is herself so sweet and dear and dainty that nobody looks at her clothes, and your anxiety is wholly needless.

I think it must have been for nervous people that the word was written in the good book, "As thy day thy strength shall be." And St. Paul bids us, "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Mark the clause, with thanksgiving. We are hardly in a thankful frame when we are ready to fly to pieces with nerves in rebellion. Ah! what true heart rest and mind rest and rest for the body too is there in carrying all our burdens to the Lord and leaving them with him.

ALL AIDING THE FAMINE WAIFS

... PATRONS' NAMES AND PLEDGES FOR ORPHANS' SUPPORT STILL POURING IN

The good work of saving and providing for the India Famine Orphans still goes bravely, and the tide of pledges continues to flow in undiminished volume. These pledges for individual orphan support have been received during the week:

ev ack(corrected)$608 69
ernathy, Mr & Mrs
t H 15 00
ken, Mr & Mrs W A 5 00
len, Henry (2) .. 7 50
drews, Libbie ...15 00
gells, Wm H, S S
lass 3 75
keney, J A & wife15 00
kwright, H D 7 50
nold, Amy H 3 75
ers, Mrs W C 3 75
iley, Miss Susan L 1 50
ker, H D 5 00
ker, Mrs S R ..15 00
ker, H W 5 00
lls, Miss May, S S
', Pres Ch, Warren15 00
rnes, Mrs J M .. 5 00
hrens, Mrs Wm .. 3 75
irnes, Miss Maude 4 00
rnhard, H E..... 7 50
ggs, Mrs John D..15 00
ngham, D 3 75
rsness, L 7 50
ck, Mr & Mrs Ira C 5 00
unds, Miss M L ..15 00
wer, Miss Annie. 15 00
shaut, Eva F 5 00
oks, Frances I ...15 00
ooks, Miss M M .. 3 75
own, Mrs T D 5 00
own, W B 10 00
rford, Miss Lillie.. 3 75
rnham, Mary M 3 75
tler, Mrs E T 3 75
rns, Mrs R E, & S
Class .. 3 75
rtland, Abbie D .. 3 75
andler, Harley P .. 3 75
appelle, J R & wife 5 00
urchman, Philip H
John W..... 15 00
rk, Mrs Fanny M, 3 75
rk, S M 5 00
oments, Mrs S (2) .. 30 00
by, C Guy 3 75
eman, S Margaret 3 75
lins, Jas 4 00
aig, Miss E E..... 3 75
ane, Julia H 5 00
ayling, D C 5 50
shfield, Mrs Susan . 3 75
p, Mr & Mrs J E..15 00
le, J C 5 00
vidson, J J 3 75
vis, Mrs Jacob .. 15 00
wson, Wm H and
en F Greene 3 75
aderick, Bertha V 5 00
ayer, Mrs Thos A 15 00
nis, L V (3)....11 50
hlinger, Mrs J S .. 4 00
wey, H B 3 75
kens, Alice and
Villie (2) 5 00
key, J B 15 00
mis, Mrs John D 15 00
rah, S S (2) 7 50
wden, F L & wife . 3 75
ain, Mrs R R 10 00
oyer, Catharine ..15 00
ff, Nettie 3 75
nkerson, Miss L ..15 00
s, Mrs Abbie F .. 3 00
s, Mrs F A 75
ans, Mrs Hattie F 15 00
gguson, Miss Mar-
ia (2) 28 60
ch, Mrs Chauncey 15 00
elfrock, Miss Ella 3 75
ke, W P 7 50
ischer, Miss M L. 3 75
d, W T 3 75
ter, J H & wife . 3 00
nch, Miss Jessie 3 75
dsham, Mrs J 3 75
ton, Lizzie W .. 3 75
Cloway, Mrs C D &
Mrs H Smith 3 75
C, Gertrude R 5 00
Cst, C E & wife (3).45 00
Cnour, Miss 5 00
Cn, Arthur 15 00
Cn, C B 15 00
Cn, Jennie 15 00
Cn, R J 15 00
Cllrey, Lulu M .. 3 75
Crke, Agnes. 4 00
Cld, Albert S .. 3 75
Cbs, Joanna. .. 15 00
Cham, Geo 15 00
Cmm's, John M, M
S S Class No 8(2). 7 50
Cetham, A 3 75
Css, Amelia L 15 00
Hackman, J W 4 00
Hallock, Mrs D Y. .. 3 75
Hardin, E C. 15 00
Harris, Dora M 5 00
Hays, Mrs Mary. .. .15 00
Hazard, Clara Grace. 3 75
Helt, Mrs Sarah J... 5 00
Herr, M Lizzie 5 00
Hewitt, Chas W 3 75
Hewitt, Cyrus F 5 00
Hill, Eliz W. 20 00
Hoffman, Fred 3 77
Holmes, Mrs Jas 10 00
Horsager, John N 3 75
Howe, Miss Almeda
J 3 75
Hubbs, Mrs Eliz 3 75
Hughes, G Lloyd..... 3 75
Hughes, Geo W 15 00
Humphrey, D W 3 75
Hunter, Mrs Rosa M 5 00
Hurd, Mrs Agnes G .. 3 75
Hyatt, Mrs T C and
Ennice Van Der-
vort 3 75
Hyde, Julia E.....15 00
Isaac, Mrs Ezra 3 75
Johnson, Mrs A C ... 3 75
Jones, Mrs Hattie A 10 00
Jones, Mrs Ira E, S S
Class 3 75
Kenney, J A 3 75
Kent, Thos.....15 00
Kerschner, Mr and
Mrs E A (2) 10 00
Ketcham, Miss Ada
L 15 00
King, D Clifton 3 80
Kirkpatrick, Miss A. 3 75
Knight, H N 5 00
Kroonke, F I 1 25
Kuhn, Mrs L S..... 5 00
Lake, Mrs Jennie .. 4 00
Lake, Mrs Mary P &
Mrs Olive E (2).... 7 50
Law, Miss E May (2). 7 50
Lehman jr, Chas ... 15 00
Liddle,Rev & MrsHL 15 00
Lilly, S L 7 50
Lowell, M S 3 75
Lytle, Anna B 15 00
MacNeil, Miss E (2) . 7 50
McCall, S A 3 75
McCarthy, Mrs S 3 75
McLane, Mrs H H .. 15 00
McLean, Mrs J H .. 3 75
McLennan, Mrs C (2) 30 00
McNay,Mr&Mrs J P(2)30 00
McPherson, Carrie. . 5 00
Mahan, Mrs M J 7 50
Martin, Mrs I 4 00
Masters J L 5 00
Mathias, Jennie..... 3 75
Matthews, Frank E.. 3 75
Matthews, Ralph 3 75
Maule, Mrs E W 3 75
May, Mrs Frank (2).. 7 50
Meays, Mrs F M 5 00
Meiner, Jr, F G ... 15 00
Miller, Cora M 15 00
Miller, Fred 5 00
Miller, Ida M 3 75
Mitchell, J M (2).... 7 50
Monut, L S 5 00
Mount, Thos 5 00
Mulford, Mrs J E 5 00
Mumford, Miss Susan 3 50
Murphy, I H (2) 7 50
Murray, Blanche B 15 00
Musgrove, Miss E M 15 00
Nydland, Kate E (2).30 00
Newbold, Mrs M C... 15 00
Newnom, Miss E V . 3 77
Newton, Saml L (5)... 2 50
Nicholson, Philip D . 5 00
Norrman, Mrs A J... 15 00
Oakes, C E (4) 15 00
Oeser, Henry..... 15 00
Parse, Mrs M A 5 00
Pattison, Mrs O 15 00
Payne, Mrs Irving. 7 50
Pernot, Chas. 3 75
Person Martin. 7 50
Peters, Miss Ruth. .15 00
Pettingill, Mrs W L.. 5 00
Pickering, Myron ...15 00
Potts, Miss Lela 1 00
Powers, Miss Ivy B 7 50
Pnwter, Mrs A R ... 5 00
Price, Mrs Lydia S (2)30 00
Prudden, E C (4). .60 10
Rambo, M E and sons 3 75
Rambo, Wm S 3 75
Randolph, Mrs A F .15 00
Redman, Miss E.....15 00
Redman, Miss J 3 75
Rems, Anna R 10 00
Robertson, Jr, Jas D. 3 75
Rorrisen, Clara M...15 00
Rumsey,Mr&MrsIP(2)30 00
Samson, O L.....15 00
Sawyer, R D. 3 75
Scnolz, Mrs Herbert. 7 50
Seaton, Alice..... 30
Seeger, D 1 00
Senneff, Clinton. .. 3 75
Shane, Jos C 15 00
Shanks,Mr & Mrs F E 5 00
Sharp, Mrs Ida L (2). 5 00
Shearman, Mrs E and
daughter (2).. 30 00
Shenk, Miss Clara K. 3 75
Sheridan, W J..... 5 00
Sherman, Mrs Cecilia 3 75
Showers, Ida. 3 75
Smith, Anna H 3 75
Smith, MrsB Hamilt'n 2 00
Smith, Mrs C A 7 50
Smith, Miss M.....15 00
Speicher, D E (3).....45 00
Speicher, Paul J (3).45 00
Spindie, Miss Emma
C 5 00
Spindle, Mrs M P 5 00
Stanley, Miss M L ..15 00
Steele, Marian 10 00
Stephens, Mrs G F.. 7 50
Stillman, Eliz G (2)..30 00
Stock, Wm 15 00
Taggart, Mr and Mrs
Chas A (2) 7 50
Tawney, Mrs Alfred 15 00
Taylor, Edward B &
Mrs 7 50
Taylor, Geo W 3 75
Thomas, Miss Rosa . 3 75
Thompson, Mr and
Mrs J R..... 3 75
Thornton, Florence A 3 75
Threlkeld, C H & Mrs
R A (2) 7 50
Tibbals, Miss S J 15 00
Tinker, C N 15 00
Todd, Hattie E 15 00
Tombaugh, J Allen..15 00
Tripp, J B 15 00
Trotter, Miss Ruth . 7 50
Tuttle, Wm & family 3 75
Van Horn, Mrs A C .15 00
Vaughn, Mrs H B .15 00
Voorhees, G P & wife,
&Mount, J H, & wife 3 75
Wales, Mrs M E (2) 5 00
Walker,Lonise&Ruth 15 00
Warman, F C 3 75
Warman, Lizzie 3 75
Warren, Mrs H B .. 15 00
Warren, Miss L 3 75
Watkins, Rev M B . 3 75
Webster, Annie E .15 00
Weinland, Leota..... 3 75
Whitaker, Miss
Grace A ... 3 75
White, Miss Bessie. 3 75
Whitty, J C ... 3 75
Wick, Jonn C (6). ... 90 00
Williams, Mrs G G. . 3 75
Wilson, Mary Y 15 00
Wissler, Frank E. .. 3 75
Woodfill, Mrs L D .15 00
Woods, Samuel 5 00
Youngclaus, W J 3 75
No 164, N Y City. 15 00
Dorothea, N Y City . 4 00
Una, San Antonio ...15 00
"Hogman," Thayer . 5 00
A B C & D, Gladb'k . 4 00
D, Westminster 5 00
D J T, Onancock 15 00
I W B, Warrenton 5 00
J E B, Orleans, (20) 75 00
M P E, New Haven (6)15 00
——, Dumont.....15 00
——, Englewood 4 00
——, Everett ... 4 00
——, Friends (2).... 7 50
——, Meadow View 3 75
——, New York City 5 00
——, Ormstown 4 00
——, I H N, Garner 15 00
——, Phila.....15 00
——, Port Angeles . 5 00
——, St Louis . 3 75
——, Washington(6)90 00
——, Watertown . 15 00
Friend, Cedar Rapids15 00
Friend, Franklinville 3 75
Friend, Virg'a Beach 3 75
Friend, Westbrook . 15 00
Friend (13) .. 200 00
Friends S S, Rosedale 4 00
Sympathy, Hamlet...15 10
In Jesus name, Min-
den. 3 75
In memory of Frank
D Roe (6) 22 50
Father, mother and
children (3), Hale
Centre 11 25
In memory of Jane P
Wortman 3 75
Tithe giver, Williams-
town 15 00
Cong'l Church, Men-
omonie 15 00
M P Church, Nicklow.10 00
First Baptist Church,
Paris Island. .. 5 33
S S Pleasant, Prairie
M E Church..... 3 75
Union S S, La Jolla 6 00
Baptist S S, Pittsford
(2) 8 00
Zena S S..... 5 00
S S, Newdale (2) . 7 50
First Bapt S S, Mar-
shall 15 00
East Buffalo Pres S
S, Washington.....15 00
Meth S S, Griswold.. 3 75
S S of 1st Presb Ch,
Wilbur 7 50
Cleveland Presb S S,
Brodie (3)..... 15 00
SS Forest Grove Bapt
Ch, Astor..... 2 40
1st Pres S S, Altoona15 25
The Headlight Union
S S, Codell 3 75
Inter'diate Dept Pres
S S, Washington...15 00
Y P S C E Evan Luth
Ch, Bakersville... 5 00
Sunshine Circle of K
D, Chicago (2).....30 00
Congl Jr C E Soc, Dorr15 00
No Shore Union Y P S
C E, Flushing 15 00
K D Circle, Elmira... 3 75
Class 4, Shady Ave
Bapt SS, Pittsburg. 3 75
Y P S C E, No Andover 3 75
Jr Endeavor Society,
Elkland 3 75
Jr C E Soc, Marinn.. 3 50
Young Reapers Miss
Society, Baptist Ch,
Carthage. 5 00
Union Square Y P S
C E 15 00
C E Ann Carmichael
Mem Pres Ch, Phila 3 75
C E Cumberland Pres
Ch, Butler. 30
Endeavor Soc, W Mill
Grove 3 75
Y M C A, Canon City 7 50
Y W C A, Bingh'ton (2) 30 00
B Y P U, Bedford .. 3 75
Friendship Class Cent
Pres Ch, Rochester 2 75
Jr C E Soc, 1st Presb
Ch, Hiawatha 3 75
No Cong Ch C E Soc,
Chicago (2) 2 40
Class 20, 1st Cong S S,
Topeka 3 75
Jr C E Soc, Mt Wash-
ington Baptist Ch,
Pittsburgh 3 75
C E Soc, Mt Pleasant
Cong Ch, Washing-
ton (3)..... 45 00
What I Can Soc, Phila
Bapt Ch, St Paul . 3 75
Band of I' P Women,
St, Clairsville 15 00
India Mission Band,
New Germantown. 3 90
G, Seattle 7 50
Mrs G D, Balto 15 00
—, Marceline..... 3 75
Westminster Presb S
S, Mifflintown 15 00
Y P M S of U E Ch,
Alberton..... 3 75
West End Ep League,
Meridian (2)..... 22 50
C E Soc, So Wales... 7 50
Epw League, Ellen-
burgh Depot 3 75
Jr Epw Lea Cen Meth
Ch, Spartanburg. 11 25
Y P S C E of Beth Pres
Ch, Brooklyn..... 3 75
Citizens' Relief Fund
Bangor & Brewer(7) 105 00
Total..... $4,298 46

To India Orphan Fund Contributors

It is well to direct the attention of our readers, and of all who are interested in the India Famine Orphan Work, to the fact that, at its meeting in Bombay, on September 4th last, the Interdenominational Missionary Committee adopted the following resolution:

"This Committee agrees, as a Committee, to act in this matter **exclusively** for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and in case contributions should be sent by other parties to this Committee, such parties will be requested to send any further contributions to this Committee through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

The Interdenominational Committee, in accordance with the resolution, recognizes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as **the sole agent** in the Orphan Work as far as the collection and forwarding of contributions is concerned. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no agents in any part of the country working under its direction for the orphans, and any one claiming to represent the India Orphan Work officially, and collecting or accepting contributions in such capacity, does so without authorization. All contributions given under such circumstances are at the risk of the contributors, who should send their gifts to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD direct, as the Committee advises. This, however, is not to be considered as affecting active, zealous church members and others who are working for India's orphans among their friends and acquaintances, and who send their gifts direct to headquarters. In order to assure themselves that the money has been regularly received, and that it will be forwarded to India, contributors should invariably insist upon seeing their contributions acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

DAILY STRENGTH

"AS thy day thy strength shall be!"
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long
Yet in him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove
Thine the sunshine of his love,
Or, with fervid heat oppressed
In his shadow thou shalt rest.

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Southern Orphans Help India

One of the most beautiful phases of our India orphan work is the interest it has awakened in the hearts of American children, who have expressed their sympathy for the famine waifs by gifts that are creditable to their kind little hearts and generous natures. A notable instance of generosity of this sort is found in the case of the Steele Orphanage for Colored Children, at Chattanooga, Tenn. These little folks, though themselves wholly dependent upon the benevolence of others, have been so touched by the sufferings of India's children that they have saved every coin that came into their possession for the purpose of making a gift in behalf of the India orphans. Mrs. Almira S. Steele, the founder and manager of the orphanage, knew of their plan and cordially approved of it. Their self-denial was attended with such success that they have been able to forward $200 to our India Orphan Fund. Their gift will be the means of providing for a number of famine waifs, who will learn through the kind missionaries how they were befriended and aided by the noble-hearted colored children of the Chattanooga orphanage.

Mrs. Steele's work among the colored children of the South has now been going on for over sixteen years, and has been greatly blessed. It is supported almost wholly by contributions, is economically conducted, and free from debt.

A Statesman's Rules for Daily Conduct

In the pocketbook of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who, some years ago, was drowned from on board the steamer *Henry Clay*, was found a clipping, apparently cut from a newspaper, containing the following maxims. They should be memorized and put into every-day use.

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If anyone speaks ill of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire at night, think over what you have been doing during the day. Say your prayers daily. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it."

A Countess Reproved

Howard, the philanthropist, neither wanted courage nor talent to administer reproof where he thought it was needed. The Governor of Upper Austria, with his Countess, called one day on the man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The Count asked him the state of the prisons within his department. Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all the empire"; and advised that the Countess should visit the female prisoners. "I!" said she, haughtily, "I go into prisons!" and rapidly hastened downstairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her, "Madame, remember that you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

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Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLVII.

SAMANTHA MEETS WILHELMINA

WHEN I wuz told that the Queen of Holland wuz approachin' I sez, "You don't say so! you don't say that that is Williemiiny?"

"Yes," sez the bystander standin' by.

And I tell you I looked at her with all the eyes I had, and if I had had a dozen more I should have used them all, for I liked her looks first-rate, fair complected, blue eyes, light wavy hair, and a air of demure innocence and wisdom that wuz good to see. She wuz pretty and she wuz good, I could see that as plain as I could tell a buff cochin hen from a banty. And I wuz glad enough, when havin' discovered sunthin' she had left behind, her shaperone left her and went back to the tarven and she come and sot down right by my side to wait for her.

And as my rule is, I immegiately lived up to my priviliges and told her how highly tickled I wuz to have the chance to see her and tell her how much store I sot by her. Sez I: "My dear, I have always wanted to see you and tell you how much I have liked almost every move you've made since you got to be a sovereign and before. Your crown hain't seemed to be top heavy, drawin' your fore top and your common sense down with it as some crowns do. You've wore it sensible and you've carried your septer stiddy, and for a young girl like you to do them things has seemed a great thing to me. A good many young girls would be carried away if they wuz in a place like yours; I am most afraid Tirzah Ann would at your age."

Wilhelmina and Tirzah Ann

"Tirzah Ann?" sez she inquirin'ly.

"Yes, Josiah Allen's girl by his first wife," sez I. "I did my best bringin' her up, but if a kag is filled with rain water you can't tap it and have it run cream or maple molasses. She wuz nateraly kinder sentimental and vain and over dressy, and keeps up them traits to this day. And I d'no what she would have done if she'd tried to rule a kingdom at eighteen; I guess her subjects would have seen strange doin's and strange costooms, though I think Tirzah means to be a Christian. But you've done first-rate, you've seemed to study the best good of your subjects and have made a big effort to have peace in the world. I wuz dretful interested when you had that Peace Conference meet in your 'House in the Woods.' I'd been more'n willin' to had it meet in our sugar house, but it wuzn't big enough, and it wuzn't so central; it wuz better to have it where it wuz."

"I guess I sot more store by your doin's in that respect than by any other, for peace is what a sovereign and a subject must have to git along any ways comfortable. And at the present time what a comfort it would be if the nations of the world could git holt on it. But it almost seems as if peace had spread her wings and flowed away from this planet, such cuttin's up and actin's are on every side, wars and rumors of wars, armies and navies crashin' up aginst each other, nations risin' up aginst nation, brothers' hands lifted up aginst brother's and the hull world seemin' to be left to the mercy of the bloody fiend, War.

"Well, you and I can't help it, Williemiiny. I've done all I could in Jonesville. I've talked a sight and sot Josiah up all I could to vote for peace, and you've done all you could in Holland, and so now we've got to set down and trust in the Providence that watches over Jonesville and Holland."

She acted as if she felt real pleased with my praise, as well she might, and I sez, "Another thing I've liked in you, Williemiiny, you've been so bound and determined to pick out your pardner for yourself and not have him selected for you. Why, good land! a dress or a pair of shues or gloves hain't half so apt to fit and set well if you leave 'em for somebody else to pick out for you, and much more a pardner. I honored you for your idees in that direction, for you'll find, my dear," sez I, "that even if you take sights of pains and pick him out yourself, a pardner is sunthin' that requires lots of patience and long sufferin' to git along with, though real convenient to have round lots of times when tramps are about, or reachin' up overhead in the buttery, or at funerals, etc. It always looks nobler to have a man along with you than to mog along alone. And men are about on a average as fur as their goodness goes with their female pardners most of the time.

Wilhelmina is Advised

But he will be no he-angel, as you will find out if you cross him just before meal time, or don't see that his clothes are mended up good. I hearn once of a young bride who thought her husband wuz perfect, and I spoze looked at his backbone sarahuptishushly from day to day a-worryin' for fear his wings would sprout out and he would soar away from her to go and be an angel. But one day she mended a hole in his pocket, and bein' onused to mendin' she took a wrong turn, and sewed the pocket right up.

"Well! well! I don't spoze she ever worried about his angel qualities after that time. I spoze he cut up dretful and said words she never dremp of his knowin' by sight, and she wuz jest as surprised and horrified as she would have been to had a lamb or a cooin' dove bust out in profanity. But he wuz a likely man, and got over it quick, and wuz most too good to her for a spell afterwards, as pardners have been wont to do on such occasions ever since the creation of the world.

"But, as I say, matrimony has difficulties enough when Love heads the procession and Wedded Bliss plays the trombone in the orkestry. Of course, we've hearn time and agin that you wuz engaged to different ones. But that hain't nothin' strange; such stories got out about our Tirzah Ann and Shakespeare Bobbett and two or three others—I shouldn't mind it if I wuz you; I should take my time and pick and choose and compare all I wanted to.

"Now when I buy a chocolate or indigo blue calico dress I can't be hurried, no matter how broad the hints are that are throwed out to me, nor how oneasy the storekeeper gits, nor how impatient Josiah Allen is for me to decide.

Samantha Comforts the Queen

"I lay out to git a good color, one that will be agreeable to look at from day to day, and, above all, one that is firm and will wear well and wash. Of course, if you can git all of these last named qualities and a handsome pattern added, why all the better. But fast colors and durability are what you want to look out for first, in calico and pardners. And you can't always lay your hands on the right piece or the right man the first minute.

"So don't you be hurried by any of the hull caboodle of officials or relations or anybody."

She looked real consoled as if my words wuz awful congenial to her. And whilst watchin' her sweet face growin' brighter and sweeter, I thought of another thing that I thought mebby she had been worryin' about and that I could comfort her up in, just as I would want our Tirzah Ann comforted under like circumstances, and I got real eloquent talkin' about this before I got through.

Samantha Describes the True Lover

Sez I: "Of course, my dear, you've got a good deal of proppity and fortune-hunters are about, but I wouldn't let that worry me, for I've always said that if I wuz a rich, handsome young woman, I would just as soon be married for my money as my beauty. They're both outside of the real self, equally transitory, or in fact, the money if invested in government bonds is more lasting. For the national system is fur more firm and steadfast than the physical.

"Fifty years hence I spoze the money will all be safe and gainin' interest, so if that is what a woman is married for she will keep her attraction and even increase it. But fifty years hence where will her beauty be, if she wuz married alone for that? Where are its powerful attractions? All gone. If she had nothing but the beauty of snowy brow and brilliant eye and clustering locks and perfect features.

"But beauty that looks from the soul through the face. Ah! that is another thing! That still remains when the dusky hair is changed to white, when the glow is turned to shadows in the eyes, when the lithe form is bent. That is a bit of the eternal, and forever young like its Creator. You have got that beauty, my dear, as well as proppity, so don't worry."

I felt real eloquent, and I could see by her looks that I wuz impressin' her powerfully and givin' her sights of comfort in her tryin' place.

But I knew that eppisodin', though interestin' and agreeable, devoured time, and I knew that I must hold my eloquent emotions back and let Common Sense take the reins and conclude my remarks, so I sez:

"I hope from the bottom of my heart that you will git a good man, one that won't be too uppish, and will be willin' to chore round the house a little if necessary, and set store by you in youth and age, and that you and he will live happy and reign long over a peaceful and happy land."

The Queen Invited to Jonesville

I see her shaperone in the distance comin' slowly back as if not hardly dastin' to interrupt our conversation, and I sez, "Good-by, my dear, and God bless you. Give my respects to Queen Emma, and if you and she ever come to Jonesville I would love to have you make me a all day's visit, and I'll invite the children and kill a hen and make a fuss.

"I don't spoze Jonesville is so neat as Amsterdam; I spoze you can set down and eat offen the sidewalk in Holland most anywhere, but I am called a good housekeeper, and will do the best I can. And now I don't want you to put yourself out in the matter, but if you should come and could manage it handy, if your ma would bring me some of your tulip seeds I'd swop with her and give her some of the handsomest sunflowers she ever laid eyes on, and they make splendid food for hens to make 'em lay."

She didn't give me any answer about this either way, and I thought mebby her ma might be short on it for bulbs, and I wouldn't say anything more about it.

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it she bid me good-by real pleasant and
e shook hands and wuz jest partin' away
m each other when I thought of an-
her very important thing that I wanted
warn the dear young queen about, and
turned round and sez:

"Oh, I must warn you solemnly of one
ng more before we part; I have wor-
d a sight about it; thinkin' so much on
u as I do. I have been dretful afraid
at you would be overflowed. If there
ould be big rains and the ocean should
e half an inch I've felt I didn't know
hat would become of you. You had
tter keep wash-tubs and pails handy
d don't be ketched out without rubber
ots, and keep your eye on leakages in
ground as well as governmental and
ancial affairs. And now again I will
y, my dear, God bless you and fare-
ll."

She shook hands agin quite warm and
th a sweet smile on a pretty young face
e assured me that she would be careful,
d she jined her shaperone and went on
wards the spring. And I know she wuz
tful pleased with what I'd said to her
r I hearn her fairly laugh out as she
d her shaperone about it.

Whilst we wuz in Carlsbad Miss
eechim took the mud baths. She said
y wuz considered very genteel and I
ess mebby they wuz, so many things are
nteel that are kinder disagreeable.
ey wuz also said to be first-rate for the
matiz and the nerves. But it seemed
me I had almost ruther have nerves
an to be covered all over with that
sty black mud.

Mud Baths at Carlsbad

They take about sixty pounds of clay
d mix it with the hot spring water till it
just about as thick as I make the batter
r buckwheat cakes in Jonesville, and I
ake that jest about as thick as I do my
jin bread. And you git into this bath
d stay about half an hour. Then of
urse before you're let loose in society
u're gin a clean water bath to git the
d off. Miss Meechim thought they
lped her a sight, and mebby they did
d she boasted a lot how genteel they
z.

But I told her I had never been in
habit of settin' store by mud and
kin' up to it, and didn't believe I
ould begin at this late day, but Josiah's
matiz wuz so bad I didn't know but he
d better take one. But he said he had
k one in Jonesville some years ago that
uld last him durin' his nateral life.

He did fall into a deep mud-puddle one
ght goin' to sister Celestine Gowdey's
r a bask pattern for Tirzah Ann. And
bein' dark and the puddle a deep one he
undered round in it till he looked more
e a drownded rat than a human bein'.
e never could bear basks from that hour
this, and he has always dated his ru-
tiz from that time, but it hain't so; he
d it before. But 'tennyrate he wouldn't
ke the mud baths at Carlsbad nor none
us did but Miss Meechim. Howsum-
er there are lots of folks that set store
'em.

Well, we went back to Vienna, and
m there sot sail for Berlin, homeward
und. Josiah was in dretful good spe-
s, and said that no monument or obelisk
had seen on our tower could ever
ust up his admiration like the Jones-
le M. E. steeple when he should first
tch sight on't loomin' up beautiful and
rious from the enrapturin' Jonesville
nery.

Beautiful, Clean Berlin

And I felt a good deal as he did, but
owed that his feelin's made him go too
r, for Jonesville seenery hain't enrap-
rin', and the M. E. steeple hain't glori-
s in aspect. But truly Love is the
eatest sculptor and gilder in the world,
d handles his brush in the most mar-
lous way. Under his magic touch the
mblest cottage walls glows brighter than
y palace. We had turned our footsteps
ward home sweet home, and a light
m above gilt them sacred precincts,
d my own heart sung as glad a tune as
siah's, though I tried to sing it as much
I could in the key of common sense.

Well, we found that Berlin wuz a big,
autiful clean city. It is the capital of
ussia and the German empire, which
all know is divided up into little king-
ms, some as the Sylvester Bobbett
m is divided up, but kinder lookin' up
Sylvester as the head on't. The old
part of the city hain't so remarkable attractive, but the new part is beautiful in its buildings and streets. And somehow the passersby look cleaner and better off than in most cities. We didn't see a blind beggar man led by a dog, or a ragged female beggin' for alms whilst we wuz there, which is more than our cities at home can boast of.

But in spite of all this, I spoze there is a good deal of cuttin' up and behavin' there.

And I don't spoze that the name of the river that runs through it has anything to do with that, though Josiah thought it did. He said: "You couldn't expect many morals or much stiddy behavior round a river Spree."

The River Spree

But I don't spoze the name made a mite of difference. The water seemed to run along as smooth and placid as Dove Creek, that bathes the streets of Loontown at home. Indeed, the waters of the Spree runs along real slow and quiet. And I spoze the inhabitants there are about on a equality with the dwellers in other cities in the old and new world. Human nater is a good deal the same wherever you find it. And I've always said that if I wanted to write a heart-searchin', heart-meltin' tragedy, I had just as soon turn away from the big cities and go into some lonesome hamlet of New England, into some big faded farmhouse standin' by a dark weed-bordered sluggish creek, shaded by tall pollard willers. And there, behind the scraggly lilocks and cinnamon roses, and closed blinds of solid wood, with a little heart-shaped hole in the centre that casts strange shadders on the clean painted floor within, there I would find my tragedy material.

Mebby in some tall, scrawny woman's form, clad in brown calico, with scanty gray hair drawed tightly back from a pale face and imprisoned in a little hard knob at the back.

When that hair wuz brown, and the mornin' sun wuz ketched in its glistenin', wavin' tendrils, and the sunken cheeks wuz round and pink as one of the cinnamon roses, and the faded ambrotype of the young soldier in her red wooden chest upstairs wuz materialized in a handsome young man, who walked with her under the old willows when the slow-moving brook run swift with fancy's flight and her heart beat happily, and life wuz new and radiant with love and joy——

Before the changes come that swept them apart and left only a hollow, empty chamber in each heart, echoin' with footsteps that are walkin' heavily fur apart.

An Unwritten Tragedy

Then, if I could write the full history of that life, its joys and its sorrows, its aspirations, its baffled hopes, its compensations that didn't compensate, the bareness of the life, the dagger-sharp trials with what is called small things, the wild heart struggles veiled by the New England coldness of expression, some as her sharp crags and stuns are covered with the long reign of ice and snow. The heartsick loneliness of oncongenial surroundin's, the gradual fading away of hope and fears into the dead monotonous calm of hopelessness and despair.

There is a tragedy ready for the pen that would stand out as much more striking and sharp-edged as the stun on a untraveled highway is rougher than one worn down to smoothness by the feet of the multitude, a tragedy that would move the world could I tell it as it really is.

But good land! What a hand to eppisode I be when I git to goin'. I must stop this very minute, or I'll have the tragedy Alfred Tennyson speaks on, "Dyin' a Listener," on my hands.

(To be continued).

Wilmington's Praying Circle

Mr. Alexander Palmer, secretary of the National Union Noonday Praying Circle, of Wilmington, Del., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the progress of the organization in most encouraging terms. He says: "Since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an account of our Circle we have received many letters from all parts of the country, and there has been a substantial accession of new members." Any one who desires to be fully informed as to the Circle and the extent and character of its work should address the Secretary at No. 1318 W. 6th St., Wilmington, Del.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. E. P., Mead, Neb., writes:

I prayed the Lord for help and he gave it and I told him that I would write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and tell that the Lord has been my Shepherd for a great many years.

H. B. A., South Dakota, writes:

For some time I had asked a special blessing in prayer, and promised if it was answered to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It has now been granted to me.

Virginia Reader writes:

I wish to publicly acknowledge two instances of direct answers to prayer, and to praise the Lord for the fulfilment of his precious promises.

Reader, Ashmore, Ill., writes:

The Lord has just answered a prayer for me. I promised I would acknowledge it publicly. I want to encourage others to do right and receive a blessing as I have.

Reader, Rolling Prairie, Ind., writes:

I promised the Lord if he would answer my prayer in my brother's behalf that I would publicly acknowledge the same. My prayer was answered, and I now write to redeem my promise.

Girl Reader, Hawkrum, Pa., writes:

God heard my cry from the depths of sorrow and lifted me unto the light of happiness and love. I desire to acknowledge him in all my ways and give him all glory and honor.

E. H., Canada, writes:

I was in great trouble and sorrow recently. I prayed for immediate help and it came almost while I was praying. I thank God for his goodness to me.

Reader, Iowa, writes:

I was in deep trouble on account of my son. I prayed earnestly that he might be led to see his sin in taking the first step down to intemperance. I prayed with him. He has turned from evil and is trying to be a Christian boy. I promised my Heavenly Father that I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Reader writes:

I know that Jesus hears and answers prayers. I prayed for a blessing when my heart was broken. I prayed for days, for months, and now, bless the Lord, my prayer has been granted and happiness more wonderful than I ever imagined could come to any one has lately come to me, and I give God the glory. I believe the sorrow I thought so heavy only drew me nearer God.

Mrs. M. M. C., Indiana, writes:

I prayed our Heavenly Father to grant one special thing, and he graciously answered my prayer. I cannot doubt it. I praise his holy name. Many times before he has aided and helped me through prayer. I fully trust him, and wish to acknowledge his mercies through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

F. C. writes from a prominent hotel in New York City:

A few weeks ago I was arrested here in New York, and while awaiting my trial in the Tombs I read your good paper. I saw letters from those who had prayed to God for help and whose prayers were answered. I knelt down then and there, and prayed to God to save me and that I might go free on a light sentence. Thanks to my Heavenly Father, my prayer was answered and my imprisonment brief. It was my first experience, but a bitter one, and I am trusting God more and more. I have a good, praying mother back in dear old New England, and as soon as I can get work and get on my feet I am going back to her. I was nearly crazy for fear that I should die in prison, or that my dear old mother might die while I was there. I wish you would print all of my letter, so some other young man who may be straying away from Christian influence may take heed before it is too late. Bad company got me into trouble. Pray for me that I may live nearer to God.

E. D. V., Laurenceville, Pa., writes:

I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD how gloriously God has answered my prayer, not only in one case but many times. If we pray in faith, believing, he will surely answer.

Mrs. W. E. K. writes:

I prayed to God for a week, and to-day he has answered my prayer, and I thank him.

Reader, Terre Haute, Ind., writes:

I asked God to answer a certain prayer, promising if he did so I would acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In two days my prayer was answered and I now fulfil my promise.

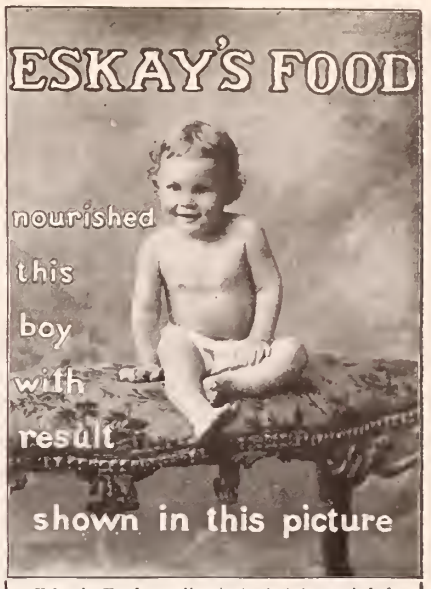
Earnest Reader, New Jersey, writes:

Having received so many answers to prayer in times past, I asked my dear Father if consistent with his righteous will to help my son, who was in great trouble. Answer came the evening after, and with grateful heart I thank God for his deliverance. I pray this experience may draw my boy nearer to his Saviour than ever. Pray with faith.

Mrs. C. R., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

My dear Heavenly Father has answered my prayers in the past, and my faith looks up to my Blessed Lord. Recently I was in trouble. I went to my dear Heavenly Father in prayer and asked if he would not touch the hearts of two dear friends to help me, and, to my great joy, my prayer was answered.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from Reader, Mongaup, N. Y.; a Friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Gray, Me.; Subscriber, Illinois; Mrs. M. E. R., Marion, Ia.; C. E. D., Belleville, Wis.; Reader, Hickman, Neb.; A Reader; Mrs. C. H. J., Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Mrs. J. C., Euclaire, Wis.; a Young Disciple, Ill.; a Reader, Moravia, N. Y.; W. P. D., Blue Springs, Miss.; Reader, Nova Scotia; M. C., Joliet, Ill.; Reader, Province Quebec, Can.; Another Reader, Canada; Reader, Upton, Pa.; S. F., Massachusetts; Young Girl, Frankfort, Ky.; Faith, Monroe, La.; Reader, Sparta, Wis.



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Tom Hartwell's Way

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN they came home from the funeral of Tom's father, Mrs. Hartwell and the children sat down to supper, alone for the first time in a week. During the days of Mr. Hartwell's illness, neighbors had been coming and going, and the excitement had been intense; the whole thing, his breaking-down without warning, the fierce fever and the heart-failure at last, had been so sudden and so sweeping, like thunder out of a clear sky, like a cyclone coming in fury, that there had been no time for thought or fear. Then the funeral had brought relatives. Aunt Jane and her boys from West Chester, Uncle Charley and his wife from Boston, Lewis Bond and his sister, second cousins from New York. All these had taken their leave at once after the burial, and the widow and her son and daughters came back to look their poverty and desolation in the face. Mr. Hartwell had never had a large income, but his salary had sufficed for the needs of his family. They had not known how to save, and the utmost they had been able to do was to keep out of debt. Mrs. Hartwell was not only broken-hearted with grief, but in despair at the thought of the future.

She undressed her little Jessie and Frances, put them to bed, and then came back to Tom, sitting forlornly by the lamp with his books.

Mrs. Hartwell came over to him, put her arms around his neck, and broke down in a tempest of weeping.

"Mother, mother, mother!" cried Tom, at his wit's end, "dear mother, don't cry so, don't!"

He tried his best to comfort her. After awhile she dried her eyes and said:

"Do you know, Tom, dear, that we are just as poor as we can be, that we cannot live any longer in this house, that I don't know where our bread is to come from? All I do know is that the Lord will not forsake your father's children."

She said this very solemnly and Tom felt awed. It was almost as if there were an invisible Presence in the room.

"I can make fancy cakes and confectionery, I can keep house, I can sew, I cannot do anything else; and you, Tom, are too young to earn much. The little girls are mere babies yet and must be taken care of."

Tom looked up. He seemed somehow taller and older than he had been an hour ago. He took the books, laid them on the shelf, and said to his mother:

"I will be the man of the house, mother dear. We will pray and work. The Lord will provide. That is what father always said."

They knelt down together, and said their nightly prayer, and then they went to bed. The tired out, sorrowing wife slept. They had not three dollars in the house, and winter was coming.

Early in the morning Tom rose, made a fire in the stove, swept the kitchen, set the table and ground the coffee. Its pleasant aroma was diffused through the house when his mother and the little girls came down. As they sat down to breakfast the postman's whistle sounded and a letter was handed to Mrs. Hartwell.

As she opened it a crisp new bill for fifty dollars dropped to the floor. Tom picked it up and his mother read aloud:

"DEAR MADAM: Your late husband was honored and beloved by all his associates in the bank; we have ventured thus to lay our flowers on his grave, in the hope that you will appreciate our motive, and believe in the depth of our mourning and our sympathy with you in this hour. Mr. Hartwell, we think, would like this better than a sheaf of perishing lillies or a mound of fading roses.

"Very faithfully yours."

And then followed a long list of names.

"Did I not tell you, mother, the Lord would provide?" said Tom.

The day passed slowly and strangely, but there was much to do. Now and then a neighbor called for a few moments. At noon a carriage stopped at the door, and a man alighted and left a large covered basket for Mrs. Hartwell, with Mrs. Murray's kind regards. It contained a turkey beautifully roasted, a mould of cranberry jelly, mashed potatoes, turnips, bread, butter, and a mince pie, a delicious dinner ready for the table. As they rose from the meal, the postman came again, bringing another letter. This time it was from a lawyer in New York, an old friend of Mr. Hartwell. The writer said: "I know something of the state of affairs when death comes suddenly, and of the many expenses which throng at such a time. Will you accept for your husband's sake the trifle I enclose?"

It was a check for one hundred dollars. Mrs. Hartwell knelt down and thanked God. With the money thus put in her hands, she proceeded to carry out a little scheme. She bought flour, sugar, butter and eggs, and began to make delicate cakes for women in the town who did not understand the art, or were too busy to make cake, for traveler's luncheons, for picnics, weddings and church-fairs. Her small beginning was very modest and involved no special risk. Tom took a basket on his arm, delivered the goods, and went about to solicit orders. In the evening, and when he had a moment to spare, he pegged away at his studies.

One day he returned from a round of delivery with a flushed face and an air of resolution.

"Mother," he said, "Judge Arnold's wife is ill, and the nurse has gone away. The children are neglected, and the judge says he will give anybody twenty dollars a month who will take care of them from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. Could not I take the job?"

"You, Tom!"

"I have thought it all out. You have Carrie [a little maid who had been taken from a Home] to help you with the baking, and she could carry the cakes home as well and as safely as I do. The twenty dollars would be clear gain."

"But my dear boy, nursing is work for girls. People may make fun of you if they see you wheeling a baby carriage."

Tom drew himself up and held his head high. "I don't care who makes fun of me, mother, if I know I am doing right."

"It will be hard work," said the mother, "but I cannot withhold my consent. This is a very difficult place for Mrs. Arnold to find the right kind of help in, and I know you will be kind to the little ones, even if you have not much experience."

For several weeks the high-school boys were disposed to smile, but there is a great deal in taking a firm stand, and when they found that their laughter did not annoy Tom, it soon ceased. One lad, a leader among them, declared that he liked Hartwell's pluck. It took real sand, he added, to do that sort of work.

"That is a very dear boy," said the judge's wife months after, when she was able to go about again, and Tom was no longer needed. "He did everything for my babies as deftly as a woman could and with twice the conscience."

"He is a Christian soldier, mama," said little Robert gravely.

"I have studied Tom Hartwell," said the judge. "There is rare good stuff in him and I shall take him into my office and give him a lift. If Tom Hartwell wants to study law, I will see that he has an opportunity."

Thomas Hartwell is to-day a practising attorney. He made his way through college after a while and studied law with Judge Arnold. He is more than a lawyer; he is a thorough-going, earnest, sincere Christian, one who is in the forefront of every noble Christian endeavor. His mother no longer has to bake her little cakes. Tom can take care of her. The Lord never goes back on his own.

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.....How the Quebec Society is Spreading the Knowledge of Christ in the Homes of the People

WHEN we read of the ostracism and persecution that the convert to Christianity in India or China has to endure, our sympathies go out to him and we long for the time when Gospel light and civilization will change the social conditions, so that every man shall have liberty to worship God according to his conscience. It is not generally known that nearer home there is a region where there is Gospel enlightenment and all the blessings of civilization and education, in which similar conditions prevail. In the Canadian province of Quebec and in certain adjacent sections on our side of the border, religious liberty is an empty phrase. True, a man or woman may undergo a change of faith and may leave the church of the family to enter another. There is no law to prevent the change or an avowal of it, and the laws may be invoked to prevent actual despoliation and personal violence, as either were used to punish for such a change; but the social punishment for a change of faith is appalling. To sensitive natures it is worse than death itself. It involves expulsion from the home, separation from family and friends, the loss of business connection and employment, and such public and private scorn that the convert is glad to escape from it, though in order to do so he must begin life again among strangers.

In the Province of Quebec, the population is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. The Protestants number only 196,825 in a total of 1,488,535. In the city of Quebec and adjacent counties the proportion is still more startling. There, less than one-twentieth of the families are Protestant and nineteen of every twenty are Roman Catholic. The political result is very important. Of the Provincial Assembly of seventy-seven members, only seven are Protestants; and of the Legislative Council of twenty-six members, only four are Protestants. As a consequence of such a preponderance, the taxes and other legislation press unduly on the minority, and money is appropriated for the support of the church of the majority. That, however, would not be so dire an evil as to be intolerable, if it were not for the social prejudice that is manifested. In our own large cities, Catholics and Protestants live amicably together, and socially are on good terms. But in Quebec, Romanism seems to be of a type narrower and more bigoted than elsewhere. It belongs to the Romanism of a past generation. If any Roman Catholic is known to have attended a Protestant church, or to contemplate joining such a church, he incurs the odium of society. It is reported by people who have visited the province recently, that instances have been known of the priests having insisted on a family burning the Bible when it was found that they had purchased one. Children have actually been disowned and disinherited as a penalty for becoming Protestant.

Under such conditions the leaders of the Quebec branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society are doing valuable work. It is discouraging and difficult work as is proved by the recently issued report of the Society. Eight colporteurs and one Bible woman are engaged continually in the effort to get the Word of God into the homes of the people. To many of the people the Bible is an utterly unknown book. They have never read a word of it and have no idea of its claims or its value. Some regard it with prejudice as a heretical and a dangerous book which is liable to lead them into error. It has therefore been a work demanding strong faith and patience and perseverance to induce the people even to examine it for themselves. Much of the work has been done with individuals and is of the most unostentatious character. That it has been successful to any degree is a strong testimony to the power of the Book itself. God does bless the reading of his Word and it is still as it has been in other lands and other times the power of God unto salvation. Instances have occurred in which without any instruction, souls have been brought into the light simply by the secret study of the Scriptures. In other cases the first seeds have been sown by the Bible and then the reader has sought out the colporteur from whom he obtained the Book, to get further help. Nearly three thousand copies of the Word were placed last year and the results are already being felt. All honor is due to a band of faithful Christians engaged in such labor. They need the sympathy and the prayers of Christians in other lands, that their faith fail not, and that their labor of love may be blessed of God to the salvation of many souls.

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SWEET friend, when thou and I are gone,
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all this sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merit over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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Welch's Grape Juice is recommended by physicians—especially those who prescribe food instead of drugs. It is a valuable tonic food for "run down" people. It is a blood maker that produces an immediate vigor from which there is no reaction. Sold by druggists and grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

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HOUSE PLANT

Prettiest ever offered. Send for circular to
Albert M. Herr, Lancaster, Pa.

SHOWED THE MINISTER

And Got Him in Line.

"In a minister's family in Los Angeles where I was visiting sometime ago, the wife complained of serious indigestion and dyspepsia. She admitted that she used coffee and said she more than half believed that was the trouble. I told her that I knew it was the trouble, for I had gone through with the experience myself and had only been cured when I left off coffee and took up Postum Food Coffee.

"She said she had tried the Postum, both for herself and her husband, but they did not like it. With her permission, I made Postum next morning myself, and boiled it full fifteen minutes after the real boiling of the pot began. Then when it was served, it was a rich, deep brown color and had the true flavor and food value that every Postum maker knows, It is all folly to talk about trying to make Postum with one or two minutes' steeping.

"You can't get something good for nothing. It must be boiled, boiled, boiled, and to keep it from boiling over, use small lump of butter, perhaps twice the size of a pea. That morning the minister and his wife liked Postum so well that their whole lives were changed on the question of diet, and they abandoned coffee at once and for all time.

"Now after a hard day's work, they are comforted, refreshed, and rested by a cup of well-made Postum for supper. They are both enthusiastic in its praise. The wife has entirely recovered from her dyspepsia. I will not go into the details of my own case, except to say that I was a desperate sufferer with dyspepsia, and discovered by leaving off coffee that coffee was the cause of it. I quickly got well when I took up Postum Food Coffee. I earnestly hope many more coffee drinkers may get their eyes open." Name and address given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

LIFE-SIZE DOLL

Babies' Clothes Will Now Fit Dollie

2 ½ Feet High

"Life-Size Doll"—"That's advertised" that the baby's clothes will fit. No clothes to make. If mamma can donate one of baby's outgrown changes, that her little daughter can put on and off, button and unbutton to her heart's desire, the life-size doll will live in that child's memory long after childhood's days have passed away.

Every little girl loves a doll, more so a big doll; imagine how proud and delighted she would be if you gave her a real "life-size doll," 2 1-2 feet high, that can wear real clothes, whose head won't break, eyes fall in, or suffer any of the mishaps that dollie is apt to encounter.

This doll is an exact reproduction of a hand-painted French creation, done on extra heavy Sateen, that will not tear. In oil-colors that will not crock. The workmanship is perfect, the color effects the very finest.

The doll is intended to be stuffed with cotton or other suitable material. It is this Century's model of the old-fashioned "Rag Doll" that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder.

Dolly has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up if a piece of heavy cardboard is inserted in the soles, a perfect shoe is formed, enabling the doll to stand erect.

To the many mothers who have written, "Why don't you make a smaller doll for baby?" We have this same doll 20 inches high for the smaller children, which retails at 25 cents, while the "Life-Size Doll" sells at 50 cents.

If you are unable to procure these Dolls at your Retailers, the manufacturers will, upon receipt of price, send post-paid, to any address in United States, Canada or Mexico. **ART FABRIC MILLS, 40 White St., New York.**

THE LADIES' WORLD

is the best, cheapest, brightest and most practical ladies' magazine published in America. Each issue contains from 28 to 36 large pages, size of *Harper's Weekly*, enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors, and changed with each issue. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, Fashions, Hygiene, Boys and Girls, Mother's Corner, The Pleasure of Others, Home Decoration, etc. It publishes *original matter only*, and its contributors are among the best of the modern writers. In order to introduce our magazine into thousands of new homes where it is not already taken, we will send it three months—including the special Thanksgiving and Christmas issues—to any address, prepaid, for **8 cents** in stamps.

3 MONTHS FOR 8 Cts.

This small sum will not pay us for the advertising, to say nothing of the magazine, but we are so firmly convinced that if you will give it a trial you will want it continued, we take this means of placing it before a large army of new readers, and expect to reap our reward in the future. Send along the stamps and give it a trial. You will be more than pleased with your small investment. Address

S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Ants of Africa*

THE forest is inhabited by many species of ants, of many sizes, and of many different colors. Their number is so great that they not only cannot be counted, they cannot even be estimated. Their mode of life, their habits, and their homes vary greatly. Marvelous is the intelligence of these small creatures. Their thrift, perseverance and industry are beyond those of any other insect or animal.

They have great tenacity of purpose, and are most systematic. For their size they have immense strength. They possess many gifts to suit their different modes of living. They understand each other perfectly, otherwise they could not work with such deliberate concert of action, and so intelligently. They have chiefs, leaders, and workers.

Almost all the species of ants live together in large numbers. There are few that live solitary lives.

Those which prey alone are very voracious and fierce. Many aunts are endowed with a wonderful power of smell, and often, though not one of them can be seen, they suddenly make their appearance by thousands, or tens of thousands, when they scent food, many of the species coming even from under the ground. They are such nuisances that human being have to put the feet of their tables and cupboards into vases of water for protection.

Many ants have the ferocity of the leopard or other night animals. They attack their prey with great courage. One species, the bashikouays, go in countless numbers on their raids, and attack all life in the forest. All animals flee in order to escape them.

Among the most wonderful aunts are the termites, or white ants, who build structures of clay, or of grains of earth, to shut themselves from the light, to be protected from the rays of the sun, from the rain, and from their enemies.

Some species of termites are very fond of cotton goods, paper, etc., but avoid woolen or silk articles.

They manage to scent paper and cotton goods from under the ground, and ascend the poles upon which the trunks or chests which contain the goods rest. They build a long tunnel from the ground on the outside of the poles, and climb through to the chest, into which they eat their way. The tunnel is made of minute particles of wood glued together, by a substance coming from their bodies. Often the owner of the chest, when he opens it, finds nothing inside—everything having been eaten up by the termites.

* * *

One of the white ants, or nchellelays, said one day to another nchellelay: "Strange indeed is our life. We are unlike the other ants, for they enjoy the light of day, and breathe the air that passes over the prairies and forests. They can ramble where they please in search of prey or food. We nchellelays live in darkness. Light is odious to us. The sun is our greatest enemy, and we have to protect ourselves from its rays, which kill us when they strike our bodies. If, perchance, by some catastrophe, our houses are damaged, and we are thrown out of them, we have not only the sun, but the rain as our foe. Creatures surround us on every side to pounce upon us and devour us, and many kinds of ants are also our enemies. Our life is safe only when we are shut up in our houses."

An old and wise nchellelay, who had been listening, said: "Why do you complain of your existence? We are born with great gifts which other creatures do not possess, to suit our mode of life. To us, darkness is light, for we can see so much better in it. We erect buildings through which neither the sun nor the air, the light nor rain, nor our enemies can penetrate. We build during the night, so the sun cannot harm us. Just think how comfortable and cozy are our chambers!"

All the nchellelays were listening to what the wise and knowing one said, and when she had done speaking, they said: "You are right, wise one. We are born with certain great gifts, which no other creatures possess, to suit our mode of life, and protect ourselves from our enemies."

These nchellelays that were talking belonged to the species that build only on the prairies that are surrounded by the great forest. Their structures, or houses, are of the shape of gigantic mushrooms. They vary in height from ten to eighteen inches, the tops or crown being from ten to eighteen inches, and the stem or round pillar supporting the crown about five inches in diameter. As the colony grows larger, sometimes two or three crowns are built on the top of one another. Each house forms a colony.

From immemorial time, these nchellelays have built on the prairies, and as they increase and multiply in a wonderful manner, their structures cover the whole prairie, and can be counted by tens and tens of thousands, at short distances from one another. Strange indeed is the sight.

* * * *

*From *The World of the Great Forest: How Animals, Birds, Reptiles, Insects, Talk, Think, Work and Live;* by Paul du Chaillu; a remarkable book by this famous author, who is the ablest writer on all that relates to African nature-lore. Pp. 323. Cloth binding, with over fifty illustrations. Price $2. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

A Young Medical Missionary

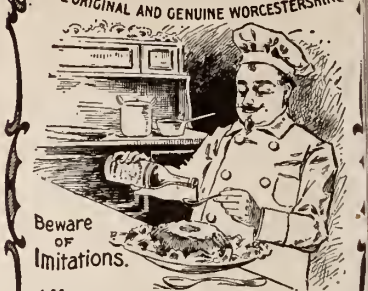
EARLY in the present month there sailed from New York for Liverpool, en route to India, a young medical missionary of great promise. Miss Rose Fairbank, M. D., the traveler in question, was born

MISS ROSE FAIRBANK, M. D.

in India and comes of a very distinguished missionary family. She is the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel B. Fairbank, D. D., long associated with the Mahratta Mission of the A. B. C. F. M., and granddaughter of the late Rev. Henry Ballantine of the same mission. Rev. Henry Fairbank and Rev. Edward Fairbank, both of the same mission, are her brothers, and Mrs. Hume, wife of Rev. Edward A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, is her sister. Mr. Hume is one of the leading members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Interdenominational Missionary Committee, which has done such splendid service in the great field of India relief work. Dr. Fairbank was a mere child when her mother died, and the little missionary of the future was sent to this country and reared in the home of an elder sister, the wife of Rev. Robert Woods, of Hatfield, Mass. She studied at Smith College, Massachusetts, where she graduated with the diploma of A. B. She took the full medical course at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. She now goes out to the India field under special appointment by the Woman's Board of Missions in New York to be connected with the Mary Ackerman Hoyt Memorial Hospital at Jhansi, in the Northwest provinces. Dr. Fairbank will write occasional letters for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose readers will thus be afforded an opportunity of noting the progress of this bright young servant of Christ in her mission to the afflicted ones of that distant land.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.



All successful cooks use Lea & Perrins' Sauce to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE

Lea & Perrins

John Duncan's Sons, AGENTS-NEW YORK.

At 91 Lincoln Avenue, Cortland, N. Y., was once a house or sorrow and sadness. The daughter of George Loucks, the pride of the household, seemed going into a decline as she reached her early womanhood and her condition caused the greatest anxiety in the family. The happy ending of the matter caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood and, when questioned by a reporter, Mr. Loucks made the following statement:

"About two years ago my daughter, who was then in her sixteenth year, was in bad health. She was pale and thin, without strength or vitality, in fact her condition was that which is generally called all run down. We were, of course, worried about her and employed the best physicians to attend her. They studied her case and, although they did everything possible, gave her no relief which was permanent. The late Dr. Angel had first called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my wife had heard they were a fine tonic, so we decided to try them for my daughter. We did so and inside of eight weeks the primary cause of her trouble was removed and she showed a decided gain in health, strength and flesh.

"A great many people will buy a medicine and take a few doses. Then if they are not benefited they throw it aside as no good, or take it spasmodically. We believed in a fair trial in strict accordance with directions and our faithfulness was rewarded for she was greatly benefited by them. Her color came to her cheeks and she continued to gain in weight and strength. So you see both my wife and myself believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and have found them a wonderful medicine. We have told a great many people about them and have been glad to do so."

Signed, GEORGE LOUCKS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1900.

F. C. PARSONS,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

$11.25

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Cut out and return this ad, s we will send you this hi grade, high arm, 20-y guaranteed Sewing Machi by freight, C. O. D., subject to exa nation. If you find it perfectly s isfactory, equal to the highest grade s ing machines sold everywhere at $30 to $50.00, pay the freight agent Our Special Offer Price, $11.2 and freight charges. Use the mach three months and if dissatisfied in any way we will return y money. Comes complete with quilter, screwdrivers, b bins, needles, gauge, oil can and instruction book. Be tiful solid oak 5-drawer, drop head cabinet. Has eve improvement. Easiest running, best working sewi machine ever offered. MOST WONDERFUL BARGAIN EV HEARD OF. Write for free Sewing Machine Catalogue. Addre

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HENS LAY BEST

—In fact they lay double the eggs winter and summer when fed Green Cut Bone.

Mann's New Bone Cutters

cut all hard and soft bones, meat, gristle, &c., fine, fast and without choking and run easy. Clover cut with our Clover Cutters helps wonderfully. Mann's Granite Crystal Grit and Feed Trays too. Catalogue FREE.

F. W. MANN CO., Box 29, Milford, Mass.

DOING THE BEST*

Inconspicuous Workers Recognized and Rewarded in the Day of Reckoning

URING the early days of trial after our Lord's departure, the disciples must have often thought of his Parable of the Talents with encouragement and with comfort. When he uttered it, how little did they understand the personal significance of his description of the "man aveling into a far country," or of that terval of centuries which he referred to , "after a long time." There were me among the little band whose work one has recorded. Paul and Peter so ershadowed them that we do not know here they went, or what they did. We ay be sure that they were not idle. ough their labors are not deemed worthy a place in the sacred record. There ve been many since their day, whose ry names are unknown, who have yet ne noble service in the Master's cause. hey toiled and suffered in obscurity, d passed away and were forgotten, hile others who occupied a larger sphere, lived in some great crisis of the hurch, or initiated some mighty move- ent, have had their names immortalized ecclesiastical history. But after a long ne when "the Lord of those servants meth and reckoneth with them," they, o, the inconspicuous worker with the ustrious leader, if they have been true d loyal, will hear the welcome words, Well done, good and faithful servant."

The principle which Christ so often unciated, of results commensurate with portunities, appears again in the Par- le of the Talents. Christ takes no count of the fact that one man brought ur talents and another ten. What he es notice and rewards is the faithfulness the servants. He who brought four lents had proved his energy and fidelity s clearly as he who brought ten. His portunity had not been so great, but he ad doubled his capital, as had his more chly endowed brother. A large circle lls a wider space than a small one, but ie smaller circle is as complete as a rger one. The inconspicuous worker ed not be depressed on account of the nallness of his sphere. If he fills that here, if he avails himself of his oppor- nities and does the best there is in him, is standing before his Lord will be among ie faithful servants. The reckoning is ot done by one who is greedy of gain, ut by one who is testing his servants nd is concerned with their qualities and eir devotion to his service, rather than ith what they bring in. This fact is ery cheering to the humble worker. He ay have only a few children gathered round him in a Sunday School; he may nd his sphere in a factory or an office; ut if he does his utmost, that is all that s expected of him. The one or two souls at he leads into the kingdom demon- trate his faithfulness as surely as do the rowds that some famous preacher pre- nts as the seals of his ministry. But oe to him who has great opportunity nd fails to use it.

It is the man with one talent who is eally keeping back the kingdom. There re so many of them and they are doing othing. In all our churches and in ociety, there are so many who have made p their minds that they have not the apacity for doing any spiritual work at ll. They cannot preach, they cannot ucceed even in Sunday School teaching, nd the evils and miseries of the world re so great that the little that they can o seems hardly worth the doing. So hey do nothing. It is these men to whom he reckoning will be a terrible thing. The kingdom will never come in its power ntil the weakest and most inefficient of ts members is doing all that he can. We ee how fatal such a disposition as that hown by this one-talented servant really s, when we think of our great political truggle now approaching settlement. When the great speakers and the skilful rganizers have done their best, on each ide, the voters, the great masses, must do heir part, and that is decisive. What vould happen if the thousands who have o capacity for political speaking, or working, were to stay at home and not do the thing that they can do—go to the polls and vote? If a thousand men in some doubtful State were each to say, "I have only one vote; what is that among so many?" and that thousand did not vote, how would their candidate fare if they all belonged to one party? The people who go regularly to church and keep alive their own spiritual life, but never seek to bring one soul into the light, have a warning in this parable. They are taking care of their own life but are missing the joy that comes from active service. They are failing to use the power that God gives to every earnest worker that seeks it.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 4. Matt. 25: 14-30.

Mrs. Talmage Lays a Corner-stone

ON the last Sunday in September, Rev. Dr. Talmage preached in John Wesley's famous old church in City Road, London. The house was crowded to suffocation and even the streets were thronged. A pouring rain prevented an after-meeting outdoors, as was intended, and many were greatly disappointed. During the following week, Dr. and Mrs. Talmage crossed to Ireland, where the preacher twice addressed audiences in Belfast and twice in Dublin.

On October 2, Mrs. Talmage laid the corner-stone of the Sunday School extension of the Wood Green Wesleyan Church, North London. In performing the ceremony she said: "For the glory of God and the advancement of religion, and in the spirit of international sisterhood, you of England and I of America, and for the welfare of generations to come, and praying that the work now begun may be completed without accident or harm, I now declare this corner-stone well and truly laid in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Mrs. Talmage was presented with a silver trowel as a memento of the occasion. Dr. Talmage also made an appropriate address.

FRIEND OR STRANGER

I CAME and knocked upon the door,
I did not care to wander more;
And Christ forgave me o'er and o'er—
And I a perfect stranger.

He opened wide, and took me in;
He saved me from my mortal sin,
And with him now I long have been,
And now I'm not a stranger.

That door will open wide for thee,
And Jesus' love thou soon may'st see;
He'll save thee as he saved me,
To him thou'lt be no stranger.

Each day is gliding swiftly past,
Each setting sun may be our last.
Unless our faith becomes steadfast,
To Christ we'll be as strangers.

—CLAIR H. STEVENS.

A COMMON TROUBLE

Thousands Suffer from It Without Knowing its Real Character

No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame, are surprised that they are not relieved by nerve medicines and spring remedies; the real seat of mischief is lost sight of; the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspeptics often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others, the kidneys are affected. In others, the bowels are troubled, with loss of flesh and appetite, with the accumulation of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper, of No. 61 Prospect street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows: "A motive of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years, have used various patent medicine and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes give temporary relief until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper, with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual facts."

Respectfully yours, A. W. SHARPER,
61 Prospect Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will help any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach. They relieve sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headaches.

Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

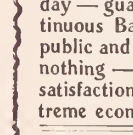
All druggists sell full sized packages at 50 cents.

Safe, Pure, Sure

Babbitt's 1776 Soap Powder

The best at the start and the best to-day — guaranteed by 64 years of continuous Babbitt success — tested by the public and never found wanting. Injures nothing — does everything — greatest satisfaction — absolute certainty — extreme economy.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York



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Cooks a whole meal over one burner, *on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*
Reduces Fuel Bills One-half
Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Whistle blows when cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers. Send for illustrated catalogue. *We pay express.* Agents Wanted.
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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
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OLD AND YOUNG INVITED

One of the afflictions which renders life miserable from youth to old age and fills many a premature grave, is Catarrh. It ought not to be neglected. It should be attended to as quickly as possible.

Rev. J. W. Blosser, M.D., the celebrated Catarrh Specialist, and discoverer of the great Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, has, along with his ministerial work, given much time to his medical specialty permanently relieved thousands of cases of Catarrh that had resisted all other treatment. His treatment is simple, pleasant, safe and successful. A warm medicated vapor is introduced into all the intricate air passages, cells and cavities, where it destroys the catarrhal germs and eradicates the disease. It is the only treatment that reaches all the affected parts. It is so easily used, so pleasant and harmless that a child or a delicate woman could not object to it.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE.

If you do not care to invest money without a fuller knowledge of the remedy, write us and we will send a three day's trial sample free by mail, or if you will give us a better chance to demonstrate what we can do, enclose us $1.00, with a brief account of the symptoms, and we will send you by mail, postage paid, one box of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy with advice and instructions suited to your case.

The great relief you will obtain will be worth to you many times the cost, and if you continue the treatment a reasonable time, the chances are that it will be successful in ninety-five out of every hundred cases. Address.

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Arguments and claims are worthless in the face of this guarantee. If as good pianos and organs could be bought anywhere else for as little money, we could not afford to make an offer like this, but we'll go further. In proof of this statement which may to some appear extravagant, we give to every purchaser a guarantee that is practically a bond secured on the whole of our plant and property worth **OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS,** warranting each instrument sold to be exactly as represented. Furthermore the **Cornish American Pianos and Organs are far better in quality and general appearance than ninety-nine per cent.** of the instruments offered for sale by **any other firm of piano and organ manufacturers,** or any **agents and dealers, for twice the amount of money we ask.**

You cannot afford to buy any but a Cornish American Piano or Organ in face of this guarantee, as you save half by purchasing from the only firm of actual manufacturers of high grade Pianos and Organs that sells exclusively to the general public at first cost.

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We want every reader of this paper to write for **THE CORNISH AMERICAN SOUVENIR CATALOGUE,** handsomely illustrated with presentation plate in colors, and fully depicting and describing 50 of the **Paris Exposition Models** of Cornish American Pianos and Organs, also our interesting book, "THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE," and our Co-partnership plan by which you or **ANYONE CAN GET**

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Send us your address to-day and we will mail this souvenir gift **FREE,** if you mention this paper.

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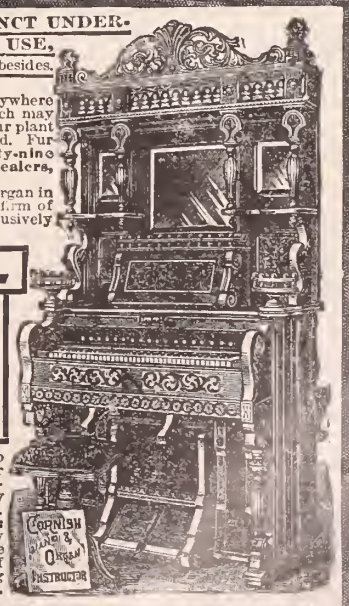

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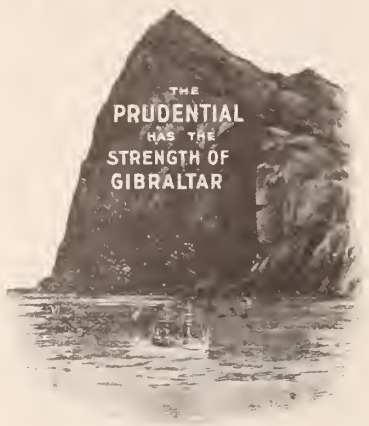

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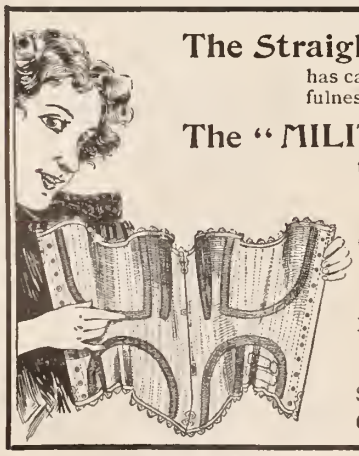
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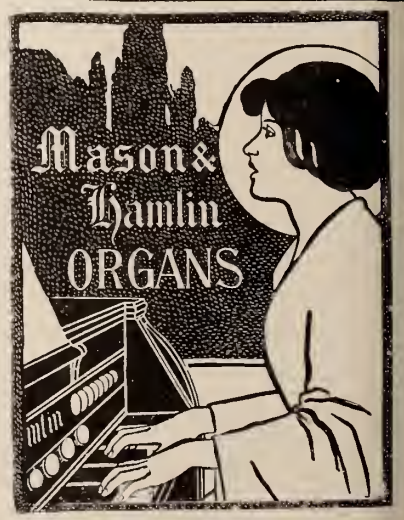
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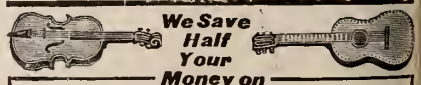

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 44

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(SEE PAGE 886.)

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Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Nov. 28

1. What is the difference between Christian tact and human policy?
2. The same metaphor is used in three passages to symbolize respectively a king, an empire and God's people. Name the passages.
3. What should be the Christian's attitude toward the higher criticism?
4. What is the difference between the two kinds of sin mentioned by the Apostle in 1. Timothy 5:24?
5. Are frequent changes in fashion to be deprecated, or do they answer some good end?
6. Ought a Christian to refuse to accept an invitation to a social party, if he knows a person of immoral life is also to be a guest?
7. From what do we derive the polite custom of lifting the hat by way of salute?
8. Should a father in making his will give unmarried daughters a larger share than sons, when he has only a small fortune to divide?
9. Can one be successful as a salesman where exaggeration is the rule of trade, and yet be a Christian?
10. When a member of a church notices an inconsistency in another member and has pointed it out to him and failed to induce him to reform, should he let the matter drop, or should he call the attention of the pastor or the church to the misconduct?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. Would a successful speculator in the Stock Exchange be justified in making a resolution to appropriate one-tenth (or any other percentage) of his net gains annually towards charity, church work or any other means for the promotion of Christianity, and would such offerings be acceptable?

A successful stock speculator would be justified in making the above resolution as any other business man, provided he followed up his resolution in making it operative under conditions named. Dealing in stocks, when carried on legitimately, is just as honorable a calling as dealing in any other commodity, when there is no fraud practised to mislead the public. As to any part of the gain being received for the promotion of Christianity, or any good cause, the proof of the honesty of the manner by which it was obtained and the motive of the giver, rest with God. In the narrative of casting money into the treasury, Jesus did not offer any objections to the rich man's offering, nor comment on how he obtained it. The lesson is: What was the sacrifice entailed by the gift? God is the judge of both how it was gained and the motive in giving it, and will reward accordingly.

A. M. WALTHMAN, JR.

2. For the ordinary Christian is it profitable, in the daily reading of the Bible, to read consecutively from Genesis to Revelation, or is some other order to be preferred?

There should be consecutive reading at intervals. To read only favorite passages would result in a one-sided view of the Bible. The Christian is not always the best judge of his own needs. It may be well for him to have admonition when he feels more in need of consolation. Therefore he should, say once a year, make it a rule to read the Bible consecutively, so that he may miss none of the passages it contains. Afterwards, he might pursue a different method, taking a course of poetry, some of which he will find in the prophets; a course of history or a course of philosophy, in which last he might well include some of Paul's epistles. Another variation would be to take the prophets of a particular period in connection with the history of that period in Kings and Chronicles. Or he may make a new arrangement of the Bible, taking up each book in its chronological order, as far as it has been ascertained. But in any case he should be careful to read the whole book consecutively at times. A good plan, which ensures greater familiarity with the New Testament than the Old, is to let the morning reading of the Bible (say three chapters) be in the Old Testament, and the evening reading in the New. Thus he would read the New Testament more than three times while he was reading the Old once.

ROBERT WYNN.

3. Which is the most musical family in the Bible?

In I. Chron. 6:31, we read of those "whom David set over the service of song in the house of the Lord," and special mention is there made of "Heman, a singer." In the twenty-fifth chapter we have an account of his family. God gave to Heman fourteen sons and three daughters. And we read in the sixth verse, "All these were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries and harps, for the service of the house of God." If we add to these their father's brother, Asaph, I. Chron. 6:39, and his four sons, I. Chron. 25:2, I think we have undoubtedly the most musical family in the Bible.

LAURA MUDGE.

Correct answers have also been received from Amelia Hoyt, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Mrs. Sewall Fisher, E. E. Stow, Fannie Brown and F. L. Sawyer.

4. In what sense were the keys given to the Apostle Peter (Matthew 16:19)?

Peter actually carried the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven as an apostle, for by preaching and even acting and living the doctrines of the kingdom he brought persons into the kingdom. He was the first to be given the power of bringing someone in, or of keeping them out, but the same power is given to all of us.. He was the first to declare in what way God would save the wicked, and who would be excluded from the kingdom. First fruits among the Jews at the day of Pentecost, Acts 2:41; among the Gentiles, the Centurion Cornelius and his company, Acts 10:44-47.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

5. What is the object of throwing rice at a newly-married pair and where was the fashion first introduced?

Rice is thrown at weddings as an auspicious "send-off," because it is the most prolific of grains, and regarded as emblematic of God's command to Adam and Eve, and later to Noah, to "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth." Jews, as early as the time of Christ, threw wheat and the Russians throw oats and barley, upon the heads of the bridal couple, saying, "Increase and multiply." The custom, however, is earlier than this, and comes from the Brahmins of India, these Hindus regarding rice as an emblem of fecundity, and rice-throwing forming a part of the marriage ceremony there. It is erroneously believed that the custom originated among the Romans, because, in their most sacred form of marriage, the *confarreatio*, the bride held three wheat ears, symbolical of plenty, and although the *confarreatio* was allowed to fall into disuse under the Emperor Tiberias, the symbolic wheat ears never failed to play their part as a happy augury of future plenty in marriage. Some time later, it became customary for the marriageable girls to assemble outside the church porch with measures of wheat, which was thrown over the head of the bride as she reappeared after all was over; but the idea was derived from the Jewish custom mentioned above.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

6. Quote passages from the Bible in which one word is used as a metaphor for sorrow, secresy, sin, death and the abode of the lost.

In the following passages the word darkness is used as a metaphor for:—1st. Sorrow: "A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains" (Joel 2:2). 2nd. Death: "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death" (Job 10:21; 22 also). 3rd. Secresy: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light" (Matt. 10:27). 4th. Sin: "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie" (John 1:5-6). 5th. Hell: "But the children of the kingdom shall be cast into outer darkness" (Matt. 8:12; also, II Pet. 2:4).

MRS. ROBT. L. MOORE.

Correct answers have been received also from Bertie J. Perry, Fred L. Sawyer, E. P. Knight, Jessie M. Appleman, L. Mudge, Mrs. Sewall Fisher, Jessie Dietrich, E. E. Stow, Josephine Huckins, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Mabel P. Simpson, "Minister," Carrie Bucher.

7. Is a mistress really justified in exacting more than eight hours' work a day from a domestic servant?

She is, unless there is an agreement to the contrary. A domestic servant is employed to accomplish a certain reasonable amount of work. If she can do it well in eight hours, well and good. If not, she should work until it is done. Those who insist on working only eight hours seldom earn their wages. It is certain, however, that a domestic servant should have some time to herself during the day, and not be required to "drudge" all day and far into the night, lest she take no pride in her work, but become a mere slave. There is as much dignity in "housework" as in any other occupation, and not one of the great human family should become degraded by it.

HATTIE V. CRAWFORD.

8. What are the chief reasons why the Christian should not attend the theatre?

They are the carnal and sensuous suggestiveness, the deterioration of the moral affections, the cost and dissipation of time and strength, and the demoralized mental appetite. 1. The immodest and sensual suggestiveness of the costumes does much evil. If one does not enjoy such, it detracts from the performance. If one does enjoy it, then he is corrupted by an impropriety in word or dress which he enjoys. 2. The moral affections which are played upon by insincere acting are stimulated and repressed in reflex action from the knowledge that it is fictitious. Constantly repeated, that becomes a great deterioration. 3. The hours and cost of plays are such as to waste strength as well as money. The home has to be neglected while away, and perhaps afterward as well. The habit so grows upon people as a fascination that it sadly dissipates the normal forces. 4. The atmosphere of fiction and sham demoralizes and enervates one's taste for what is genuine, virile and unsensational. The service of the church is rendered distasteful and ordinary healthy life becomes too tame in contrast.

C. P. ATKINSON.

9. What is the origin of the custom of "christening" a ship by breaking a bottle of wine over the bow?

"Christening" ships is a relic of the ancient libation practiced when they were launched. The action of "blessing" ships is alluded to by the monks of St. Denys. In July, 1418, the Bishop of Bangor was sent to Southampton to "bless" the king's ship, the *Grace Dieu*, and received £5 for his expenses. There are many other instances showing that it was customary at an early date.

EDITH C. ROBINSON.

10. When a wrongdoer seeks reinstatement in a church after suspension or expulsion, ought a public confession to be required of him, or is a general admission of guilt and repentance to the pastor sufficient?

It would depend upon circumstances whether an offender should make public confession. If his sin has been directly against the church or he has wronged the members, perhaps in the work of the church, he should make public confession. But if his wrongdoing does not concern the church in general, and he has been expelled on account of evil in his own life, his confession to the pastor may be sufficient. If the facts of his sin and expulsion are well-known to all the church, they should be informed of his repentance. The pastor and officers of the church should judge from the nature of the case whether public confession is necessary. The offender also should be guided by his own conscience.

E. M. MINCHIN.

Miscellaneous Questions

Inquirer, Phila., Pa. Please give the nicknames by which the various cities of the Union are known.

Atlanta, Gate City; Baltimore, Monumental City; Boston, the Hub, Puritan City, City of Nations; Brooklyn, City of Churches, City of Homes; Buffalo, Queen of the Lakes; Chicago, Garden City; Cincinnati, Queen City; Cleveland, Forest City; Detroit, City of the Straits; Hannibal, Mo., Bluff City; Indianapolis, Railroad City; Keokuk, Gate City; Louisville, Fall City; Lowell, Mass., City of Spindles; Nashville, City of Rocks; New Haven, City of Elms; New Orleans, Crescent City; New York, Empire City, the Metropolis; Philadelphia, Quaker City; Pittsburg, Smoky City, Iron City; Portland, Forest City; Rochester, Flour City; St. Louis, Mound City; San Francisco, Golden Gate; Springfield, Ill., Flower City; Washington, City of Magnificent Distances.

G. R. B., North Chatham, N. Y. Does the narrative of the punishment which fell on Israel on account of Achan's sin (Joshua 7:10-12), indicate that a church in the aggregate will be punished for the open sin of one of its members?

You cannot suppose that one person will be punished for the sins of another. He may suffer through the sins of another, but not in the way of directly inflicted punishment. Neither is a church punished in the aggregate, but it, too, may, and doubtless does often, suffer through the sins of one of its members. Its influence is crippled and its power curtailed. That was the case with the Israelites. They lost power and were humbled by their enemies. The account in Joshua represents God as dealing directly with them and pointing out the cause of their humilation, but that is practically what occurred. The Church ought to discipline a member living in sin. For the sake of its own purity and for the sake of the offender it ought to show its abhorence of his sin. Paul ordered this done at Corinth (See I. Cor. 5:1-13).

John D. Vautier, historian Eighty-eighth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Ninth and Washington avenue, Philadelphia, writes us as follows:

In your issue of September 19th you give a list of modern battles, with attendant losses, which, so far as the losses in the war for the Union is concerned, may be misleading. The figures for Gettysburg are from the official records, but even in their official reports the losses of the Confederates are always imperfect, and mostly always very much less than the actual loss. Of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania the Union losses are accurately given, but for the Confederate side no official report of the casualties was made by General Lee, but a careful comparison of the reports of subordinate commanders enables us to give close figures for the results. Appended are my figures. In my table I have included the Confederate losses:

Gettysburg—Union killed and wounded	17,684
Confederate killed and wounded	15,301
Total	32,985
Wilderness—Union killed and wounded	14,083
Confederate killed and wounded	8,500
Total	22,583
Spotsylvania—Union killed and wounded	16,141
Confederate killed and w'nded	6,000
Total	22,141

T. T. F., Neelyville, Ohio. 1. If I am dealing with a person, and he defrauds me purposely, and afterward I am dealing with him, and he makes a mistake in my favor, am I wrong in not saying anything about it, if it evens the fraud? 2. Was Judas ever a sincere follower of Christ?

1. No matter what others may do, an upright man will not permit even the suspicion of dishonor to rest upon his own actions. Consequently, if an error should be made by another, even under the circumstances you mention, the proper course would be to call attention to it. At the same time, you would be quite right to retain what was required to justly square the old indebtedness, explaining why you did so. 2. Concerning the early life of Judas, nothing is known. It is evident from the fact of his having been called as one of the twelve that he must have previously declared himself a follower of Christ. He may, as some commentators hold, have been insincere from the first, attracted only by the possibilities of wealth, power and influence. Or, assuming a certain sincerity, he may have been unable to resist the temptation which came with the control of the money and gifts contributed to the cause, and so have given way to covetousness, faithlessness to the Master and then to embezzlement, and so on until the great crime was conceived and committed. Some have claimed that Judas' sin was the result of his ambition to hasten forward Christ's temporal sovereignty, and that he was really a patriot who betrayed his Master, believing that at the last moment Jesus would exercise his miraculous power and set up his kingdom. Such a theory, however, is regarded as fantastical.

D. J. B., Norwich, Conn. The Bible tells us that there shall be wars and rumors of wars and famine and pestilences. Now, if God sends these things, is a Christian doing right to try to stop God's work?

The argument that God is the author of evil and that therefore it should be permitted, is an old one; but it is wholly wrong. Evil springs from man's own sinful heart and his wicked deeds. Obedience to health laws would doubtless mitigate if it did not entirely prevent pestilence, and the universal cultivation of brotherly love and kindness would make war and even famine impossible. "God loves to be helped," and every one who labors to bring about His kingdom on earth is serving Him and fulfiling the purpose for which man was created.

S. B., Virginia. We cannot.

Reader. You should consult a pension agent.

Missionary, New Jersey. Write to the New Jersey State Board of Education for all information.

Ernest T., Reading, Mich. 1. We have no information on the subject. It is unquestionably an evil which should be abolished.

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TO SOW THE GOOD SEED

NEW AND OLD WORKERS GOING TO MISSIONARY FIELDS ACROSS THE SEA

'T was in a spirit of faith and courage and enthusiasm that there gathered on the deck of the good ship *Winifredian*, on Wednesday morning, October 10th, thirty missionaries of the American Baptist Missionary Union to watch through the rain and the fog the receding shores of their native land. It might be that they were seeing for the last time in this world the faces of their loved ones standing on the wharf watching the ship as it sailed out of Boston harbor, sending their prayers and silent benedictions after it as, with tear-dimmed eyes, they saw it sail away. It was not a new experience to some of the missionaries on board the *Winifredian*, for they were going out for the second and even for the third time, with their zeal not in the least lessened by the hardships and the possible dangers before them. There were others, younger and without experience, going out for the first time.

The young bride of but nineteen years and the gray-haired man grown old in missionary service side by side on the vessel's deck moved by the same impulse, the spreading abroad of the Gospel of Christ in heathen lands.

Boston's Tremont Temple and the rooms of the American Baptist Missionary Union were the scenes of great activity when the first of the farewell services arranged for the outgoing missionaries was to be held. Chapman Hall was filled to overflowing at ten o'clock, when the missionaries were the guests of the Boston Baptist Ministers' Meeting. All of the missionaries were introduced to the audience by name, and many of them made brief addresses. Special interest was given to the meeting by the presence of that veteran missionary, Rev. William Ashmore, whose half a century of work in China has not caused him to feel that it is time for him to rest from his labors, but who is as full of missionary zeal and as eager to be up and doing as he has ever been, at any time in his long and noble life.

At twelve o'clock, Monday, a "missionary breakfast" was served in Gilbert Hall, Tremont Temple. The breakfast was presided over by the Hon. Robert O. Fuller, President of the Missionary Union, a wealthy resident of Cambridge whose son has been for some years a missionary.

After the breakfast there were addresses by a number of the missionaries. Among them was Dr. Ida F. Levering, a medical missionary who has been in charge of the hospital for women and children in Nellore, India, but who now goes with her husband to Secunderabad, the most important station in the Deccan, where she will work among the women and children, and where it is hoped that a hospital may be established. None of the reports of their work given by the missionaries were more interesting than Dr. Levering's accounts of her work as a medical missionary, and of the opportunities the hospital work gave her and her assistants of "sowing the good seed" in the hearts of women and children brought to the hospital for treatment.

The meetings after two o'clock on Monday were held in the Clarendon Street Church, a church hallowed by the years of service of that great friend of missions, Dr. A. J. Gordon. This meeting was presided over by the Home Secretary, Rev. Henry A. Mabie. There were addresses by the Rev. C. E. Bousfield and the Rev. W. F. Beamen, both of whom have been missionaries to China and who expect to return to that country when it is possible for them to do so. There were also addresses by the Rev. H. C. Applegarth, whose text, "We therefore ought to sustain such persons," was a sermon in itself. The Rev. W. R. Manley, Rev. S. W. Hamblen, and the Rev. E. G. Phillips, missionaries returning to India, gave brief addresses.

MISSIONARIES OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION ON THE S.S. "WINIFREDIAN"

A pouring rain did not prevent a good attendance at the meetings on Tuesday, beginning with the meeting for prayer and conference in the morning.

The afternoon meetings were in charge of the Woman's Society and were presided over by Miss Sarah Durfee, of Providence.

Some of the missionaries sent out by the Missionary Union this fall had gone before these memorable services were held. Among them was the Rev. John L. Dearing, D.D., who returns to his duties as President of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Yokohama in Japan. In this school many of the missionaries and ministers in Japan receive their training. Mrs. J. H. Vinton and Mr. and Mrs. Sumner R. Vinton, and Mrs. Mary Williams Burhoe are now en route to Burma. Rev. C. W. Briggs has gone to Iloilo, and Rev. C. B. Tenny to Japan. Miss E. E. Scott, Miss A. E. Long, and Miss A. D. Mason are new missionaries who have gone to Burma. Miss Whitehead returns to her work in the school at Maulmein, Burma, and Miss E. R. Simons goes also to Burma and will be stationed at Toungoo. Mr. and Mrs. Hanson return with their two little boys to Bhamo, Burma, and Mr. Young goes also to Burma for work among the Shans. Mr. and Mrs. Haggard return to their work in Impur, Upper Assam, and Mr. and Mrs. Manley go to their former field at Kurnool.

The Baptist denomination and the whole Christian world must rejoice in the outgoing of so large a number of men and women to work in foreign lands. While the number is large, it is very small when one knows of the crying need of workers in the fields to which they have gone.

J. L. HARBOUR.

REV. E. O. STEVENS | MRS. STEVENS | REV. J. M'LAURIN | MRS. M'LAURIN | MRS. PHILLIPS | REV. E. G. PHILLIPS | MRS. F. P. HAGGARD | REV. F. P. HAGGARD

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Money an Idol

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Exod. 32: 20:

And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

PEOPLE will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians, when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring," says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools down; the mold is taken away and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and worship.

Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back, and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone, on which were written the Ten Commandments, and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets angry he is apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre or by the old-fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back

The Remains of This Calf

are in our day carried up into the Potomac and the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber: and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach-orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war-charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American Civil War, and under God stopped it; and it decided the Turco-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's Cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindus and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its organ-pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but

Its Altar of Sacrifice

and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden calf. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye, it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar! What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—one hundred and eight and a-half! take it!"—until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillow and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by a wrong course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father

Flung His Family

so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where two hundred white women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches: it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething cauldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four

Feet on Broken Hearts

and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees; and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed, it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes and swaying to and fro and jostling and running one upon another and deafening uproar, until the president of the Exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean! I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship has to be broken up, as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. So you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Lombard street, but it will be a very hot blaze. The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted, or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down; Moloch down; Juggernaut down; golden calf down! But, every day is

A Day of Judgment

and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Some years ago, in a time of panic, we learned, as never before, that forgeries will not pay; that the watering of stock will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it enlargement, we might better have called it a swelling. It was a tumor, and God cut it out; and the nation was sent back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five-dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty-dollar coat not paid for.

The modern golden calf, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians, and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry-goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist; and we borrow, and borrow, and borrow, until the co munity is divided into two classes—tho who borrow and those who are borrow of; and after a while the capitalist wan his money and he rushes upon the whol sale dealer, and the wholesale deal wants his money and he rushes upon t retailer, and the retailer wants his mon and he rushes on the customer, and all go down together. It is this temptati to borrow and borrow and borrow th keeps the people everlastingly praying the golden calf for help, and just at t minute they expect the help the gold calf treads on them. The judgments God, like Moses in the text, will rush and break up this worship; and I say, l the work go on until every man sh learn to speak truth with his neighb and those who make engagements sh feel themselves bound to keep them, a when a man who will not repent of h business iniquity, but goes on wishing satiate his cannibal appetite by devouri widows' houses, shall, by the law of t land, be compelled to exchange t brownstone front for the penitentiar

Let the Golden Calf Perish!

But, if we have made this world o god, when we come to die, we shall s our idol demolished. How much of th world are you going to take with you in the next? Will you have two pockets one in each side of your shroud? W you cushion your casket with bonds a mortgages and certificates of stoc Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses th Jordan takes no baggage—nothing hea ier than an immaterial spirit. You ma perhaps, take five hundred dollars wi you two or three miles, in the shape funeral trappings, to the cemetery, b you will have to leave them there. would not be safe for you to lie dow there with a gold watch or a diamo ring; it would be a temptation to the p lagers. If we have made this world o god, we shall see our idol, when we di ground to pieces by our pillow, and v shall have to drink it in bitter regrets f the wasted opportunities of a lifetim Soon we will be gone. Oh, this is fleeting world! It is a dying world. man who had worshiped it all his day in his dying moment described himse when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and give up the worship of this unsatisfyin and cruel god for the service of t Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold th will never crumble. Here are the banl that will never break. Here is an alt on which there has been one sacrifi that does for all, for "by one sacrifi hath Christ perfected forever them th are sanctified." Here is a God who w comfort you when you are in trouble, a soothe you when you are sick, and sa you when you die. For he has sai "When thou passest through the water I will be with thee; and through t rivers, they shall not overflow thee; wh thou walkest through the fire, thou sha not be burned; neither shall the flam kindle upon thee."

The Better Worship

When your parents have breathed the last, and the old, wrinkled and tremblin hands can no more be put upon your hea for a blessing, he will be to you a fath and mother both, giving you the defen of the one and the comfort of the othe For have we not Paul's blessed hope th as Jesus died and rose again, "Even s them also which sleep in Jesus shall Go bring with him." And when your chi dren go away from you, the sweet darling you will not kiss them and say good-b forever. He only wants to hold them f you a little while. He will give the back to you again, and he will have the all waiting for you at the gates of etern welcome. Oh, what a God he is! H will allow you to come so close that yo can put your arms around his neck, whi he in response will put his arms aroun your neck, and all the windows of heave will be hoisted to let the redeemed loo out and see the spectacle of a rejoicin Father and a returned prodigal locked i that glorious embrace. Quit worshipin the golden calf, and bow this day befo him in whose presence we must all appe when the world has turned to ashes,

When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dea

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL

SINGING TO THE SICK IN HOSPITAL

MISS C. A. AIKINS, SUPT. SIBLEY HOSPITAL

The Lucy Webb Hayes Training School : : :

DEACONESS WORK AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Practical Helpfulness and Christlike Benevolence : : :

AMONG the many excellent institutions for which the city of Washington is justly famed, few have done better service than the Lucy Webb Hayes National Training School, which was named in memory of the estimable wife of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. This distinguished Christian lady, by her interest in the cause of missions, so endeared herself to the women of the land that the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church founded in her honor a national institution for the training of missionaries and deaconesses. It is both a training school and a deaconess home.

REV. A. H. AMES

The building was donated to the society by Mr. Ephraim Nash in 1890, and after having been enlarged was formally dedicated in October, 1891.

Contiguous to the training school, and as an adjunct to it, is the Sibley Memorial Hospital. Both are under the jurisdiction of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. The hospital building was donated by the late William Sibley, of Washington, D. C. Nurse-deaconesses there receive the training of a regular nurse. Rev. A. H. Ames, D. D., is superintendent of the training school and Miss Martha M. Tomkinson is preceptress. Dr. Charlotte A. Aikins is the director in the hospital. A corps of trained deaconess nurses, with the students of the training school, as assistants, render efficient service.

The object of the training school is to prepare women to be missionaries, visiting or nurse deaconesses, pastoral helpers, industrial teachers and superintendents of Homes. While the privileges of this school are intended primarily for those who expect to enter the service of the society, its doors are open, so far as accommodations allow, to all who wish to prepare themselves for any department of humanitarian activity. Churches are now opposed to sending out missionaries to foreign or even to home fields, without special training for their duties. The demand for skilled workers, and especially for the deaconess, is growing. She is an ambassador of Christ. She ministers to the sick and the poor, prays with the dying, cares for the orphan, and seeks out the wandering.

The government of the school and Home is modeled, as far as possible, upon that of the family life. The school studies include a Biblical department, instructions in evidence, doctrine, ethics, social science, church history and literature. Special lectures are given by experts. The department of Applied Science include instruction in kindergarten, kitchen-garden, domestic science, business methods, mission and charitable work and parliamentary law.

Experienced deaconesses, who reside in the Home and the young deaconess, who is in training, labor together like elder and younger sisters. Under the direction of city pastors they visit from home to home. The black-gowned deaconess is now a familiar object in the national capital. She goes among rich and poor, and is welcomed by both. She is a connecting link between the highest and lowest strata of society. Her labors among the children is a most promising part of the work; through the children she reaches the parents. Little lads are taken off the streets, formed into clubs, and taught the unwritten law of good behavior, the gospel of cleanliness, and the love of such manual occupations as wood-carving and basket-making. Little girls are formed into classes, and taught sewing and housewifely methods, together with Bible lessons.

Our photographs illustrate some of the practical work of the deaconesses in relief work, in carrying food to the aged, in visiting the sick and wretched, in hospital and playing and singing to them to cheer them and sooth their sufferings. One night a deaconess took her guitar to a midnight mission, in the very heart of the slums. She had a pitiful audience of men, wretched and sunk in vice. A thrilling message was given and then the deaconess, striking a few chords, sang:

If you are tired of your load of sin,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

Hardened men wept and prayed. Another day, with her guitar, she visited a poor friendless neglected outcast, who was crazed by opium. When the deaconess entered, the woman was moaning and raving, alternately praying and cursing. Attempts to sooth her were vain, till the visitor took up her guitar, and softly touching its strings, sang:

"You've carried your burden, you've carried it long,
Oh bring it to Jesus, he's loving and trong."

The poor sad woman was quieted. That was the beginning of a change that ultimately led her to repent and accept Christ.

But the deaconess's "Gospel of Song" has not always been heard among the submerged classes. At one time the singing evangelist was entertained in the luxurious home of a wealthy citizen. She was asked to sing, and touching the strings, she chose: "Christ is All." This she followed with the consecration hymn: "I'll go Where you Want me to Go." The cold man of the world was touched, and became a warm friend of the work, and a most generous contributor.

The Homes are supported by voluntary contributions. An additional building is to be erected on ground lately purchased, adjoining the school, as the present building is inadequate. There is an excellent opportunity for the liberal-minded to found and endow a free scholarship for deaconesses, and otherwise to aid a very worthy work. Superintendent Ames will gladly furnish all necessary information to inquirers who may be interested.

IN RELIEF WORK

LUCY WEBB HAYES (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT)

MINISTRY TO THE AGED

A Remarkable Conversion

Our readers are already somewhat acquainted with the excellent work of the El Faro Cristiano Mission at Aguacate, Cuba. In a letter just received from Rev. Arthur W. Dowe, Superintendent of the Mission, the writer says:

Our work is gaining new friends, and we are extending it as rapidly as we can. We are about to open another permanent mission, some ten miles west of this place, at Jaruco. The manner in which the opportunity was made for us was remarkable.

During our first few months in Aguacate we became acquainted with Mark M., a young Tennesseean, who often came to our Mission. But he never came to the point of final surrender to Christ. Last summer, while on a trip to the United States, I wrote to him, exhorting him to give himself wholly to the Master, to cast in his lot with us in our Cuban work. I received no answer, and only after my return learned the result of my letter. It appears that at the time he heard from me he had as companion in his cabin Arthur P., a young Englishman, who had been very carefully trained in youth by a pious, praying mother.

But as Arthur grew to manhood a great desire to travel took possession of him, and he shipped for America, where for some fourteen years he was a wanderer in a strange land, journeying back and forth between Canada and the Argentine Republic, and leading a wild life. His early training was forgotten; he was on the swift road to moral and spiritual ruin. Soon after coming to Cuba he entered our Mission one evening with Mark. The preaching, singing and Bible reading combined to awaken early and tender memories. A few days afterward Mark came into the cabin with my letter in his hand and said: "Look Arthur, what my good friend has written me from the States," and handed it to him. Then a voice seemed to say to him: "This is your opportunity—now is the time." Springing to his feet he cried out, "Mark, this letter is not for you, it is for me! it is for me!"

People were astounded at the sudden change that followed. A few days later he was preaching the gospel at Jaruco, first to the prisoners in jail, then to the sick at the hospital.

It is through his activities in Jaruco that we are opening a permanent mission there.

CUBA'S · GREAT · INDUSTRIAL · SCHOOL

IT IS AT REMEDIOS, AND IS MAKING THOUSANDS OF ORPHANS HAPPY AND USEFUL

WHEN, at the close of the Spanish-American war, the Americans began the process of reconstruction, the condition of the children and homeless orphans of the island was almost alarming. In the country they roamed about like small bandits; in the cities they swarmed in the cafes and restaurants, holding out clawlike hands and uttering a beseeching whine, the most pathetic and persistent of all Cuba's beggars. The situation was becoming a serious one. It was known that there were at least 20,000 orphans left by the war, destitute of home, relatives, support or protection of any kind. I have met them in the depths of the woods, running wild, hungry and half naked. From some of the remoter districts reports began to be heard that they were not only a burden but a menace, as certain petty thieveries indicated.

It was in this field, ripe to the harvest, that the great and lasting work of the Cuban Orphan Society was done—a work which has happily been done for the future as well as for the pressing needs of the present. Cuba's future must be industrial even more than it must be political, and nothing has been so much neglected in the island as scientific training for her agricultural interests. A great industrial school was established at Remedios, with General Francis V. Greene as the president of the society; and, with many prominent and wealthy New Yorkers interested in it, success was assured from the start. Miss Laura Gill, whose name, in consequence of her magnificent work in connection with the school, has become a household word in Cuba, was placed in sole supervision of its operations on the island, and by her activity, tact and devotion showed that no better choice could have been made. General Brooke, then military Governor of the island; General Ludlow, military Governor of Havana; General James H. Wilson, General Fitzhugh Lee and other prominent military authorities took an active interest in the redemption of the orphans and lent a helping hand. General and Mrs. Ludlow were especially helpful in the city of Havana, and a branch of the Remedios school was established in the old Compostela Barracks that accomplished much good.

IN TRAINING FOR NURSES

A TYPICAL CUBAN SCHOOL

CHILDREN FROM THE HOSPITAL

From the first, all funds necessary to provide for the expenses of the school were provided by the society, and disbursements were made through the treasurer in New York city. The only assistance given by the government was the donation of a tract of land and buildings formerly occupied by the Spanish army, with an old stone fort and part of the trocha as reminders of its previous use. In charge of the school was placed Mr. Eben White, a trained expert in scientific farming. A corps of teachers, each a specialist in some branch, was employed, and an agricultural and industrial training school was inaugurated for the first time in Cuba's history.

The children swarmed in. Every teacher's hands were full for many busy weeks. The children were dirty, half clad, hungry, sometimes with a wolfish, starved look in their eyes. Frequently they seemed frightened, and it would be several days before they could be induced to talk.

From misery to joy was a swift gamut for these hungry and homeless little reconcentrados. The fame of the school spread far and wide, even to the remote mountain districts. There were more applications than could be entertained. One morning there was a timid lifting of the brass knocker, and when the attendant went to the door a shy, small, childish face looked up at her, and two plaintive dark eyes made a beseeching appeal.

"Please, may I come to school here?"

"Why, I think so. But who are you? Where are your parents?"

"I haven't any."

"Then, I'm sorry, but you'll have to bring a properly certified paper from the alcalde."

"Oh, yes; I will get it," cried the child, and without another word she turned and almost ran from the astonished teacher. That was in the morning. The alcalde was three miles away. In the middle of the hot, tropic afternoon she again made her appearance, dusty and fatigued, but triumphant.

"I've got it," she said, impressively.

And she had. They took the tired, dust-stained little figure in and gave her a bath and food, and before sundown she was photographed just as you see her in the picture, perhaps the happiest lit *mambi* in all the home.

Two orphan boys, ten and eleven spectively, were living the lives almost wild animals in a remote portion of t interior, twenty miles from Remedios. some means they heard of the scho They were tired of living on what fru and berries grew wild. They decided go to the school and to the kind Ame canos, who, they heard, were clothing a feeding just such homeless castaways they. So, fording rivers and picking th way through dense tropical foliage, th arrived at the home, looking like two d bious young tramps. They were taken and cared for, and later a courier horseback corroborated their story in fu Now there are no two livelier youngste to be found th the cousins Jo and Antonio Go zalez.

Scores of su incidents migl be told to illu trate the chan that came in the children lives as soon they entered t school. The d pressing pover and monotony their existen was replaced b the live and sa ing influence doing things ar doing them wi interest. Compr hensive teache who understoo the value of chee fulness as a fact in "reconstru tion" skilfully in parted the glar our of recreatio to work and useful employments, an every child became a rival of every oth child in spontaneous industry.

The school quickly became a hive industry. Every practical art that coul go toward instructing these children f the building of a home and the develo ment of agricultural resources was taug them. The children learned the care horses, mules, chickens, cows, and oth animals, and were taught that no fou footed friend should be abused, som thing in which the Cuban is strangel lacking; and also they were taught coo ing, sewing, practical farming, and t care of a place, carpentering, trained nur ing, the care of bees, housekeeping, and dozen other arts of daily life. They wer entertained and made happy, too, man of them for the first time in their poo starved, war-stricken little lives. Th

SCHOOL CHILDREN RAISING THE FLAG

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE REMEDIOS TRAINING SCHOOL

A CUBAN INTERIOR

ild of the average Cuban quajiro. such these were, has nothing to make existce enjoyable. He lives on a bare earth or; pigs and chickens run in under the atched roof; often the roof leaks and aks him through and through: he has no toys, no outings, no childish pleasures. Never, before the end of the war, had he any training or education of any kind. His only future was to grow up and some day take to the woods, like his father before him, with a rifle and a machete, and fight in another hopeless insurrection.

GOT HER CREDENTIALS FROM THE ALCALDE

is for the boys; for the girls, noth- but the dead level of inherited norance, some cigarette smoking, then rriage and a family as sodden and competent as all who had gone before. agine the change from such lives as se to the uplifting environment of a me where they were not only taught to reasonable tasks cheerfully, but were tructed in the redeeming qualities of a th and clean clothes; where they were ght to read and write, and to exercise the gymnasium, where they raised the gs of the United States and Cuba side side, and sang patriotic songs in Engh and Spanish. These reclaimed little concentrados soon became transformed o laughing and contented creatures. e child I specially remember.

Two years ago, in the heart of the for- , on my way to the mp of the Provisional overnment, I had stopped several days and nights the palm leaf hut of little mon's uncle. He was a y, silent child, with wonrful eyes, and his little own body, clad only in an provised tunic of coffee cking, used to slip in and t of the high, lush guinea ass as noiselessly as an . I tried to make a friendl acquaintance with him, t only succeeded in frightning him into flight at ery attempt. Finally, I ve it up, and recall vividly s grave little olive face ering at me from behind e trunk of a tall palm as ode away and waved a ewell to him. Then, a w weeks ago, as I walked ough the great chicken rd of the Remedios school. slender, graceful little figure, well clad in good clothes. n toward me, called me by me, and, in English and anish, showered me with d greetings. Astonished, ooked at the boy feeling me sense of knowledge t unable to definitely lote out of hundreds.

"Ah, don't you remember ?" he cried. "I'm Ran, Ramon!"

And Ramon it was, but onderful was the change so t it was scarcely strange lid not recognize him.

"But why didn't you like me long ago in woods?" I queried. A flush crept up der the boy's fine skin.

"I did like you," he said bravely, "but didn't have enough clothes to talk to e senorita!"

To-day, thanks to the Americanos, near- every child in Cuba has enough to eat d to wear. May it please heaven that ver again shall there be so many unppy little ones.

MARY C. FRANCIS.

Seagoing Christian Endeavorers

THE FOUNDING AND REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF THE C. E. SEAMEN'S HOME AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

NAGASAKI, Japan, has a Christian Endeavor Seaman's Home. It had a small beginning, and, opening on February 3, 1896, was a modest affair; but its history will interest Christian Endeavorers everywhere. The establishment of the Home came about in this way: The United States steamship *Charleston*, when on the China station in 1895, had a floating Christian Endeavor Society of fifteen members. The ship was getting repaired at Nagasaki, Japan. On shore, no decent place was to be found where the sailors could get a meal or a bed. The noble band of Endeavorers, after a prayerful conference, determined to start a movement to establish a sailor's Christian Home, and promptly raised on their ship $1,028, $600 of that amount representing the contributions of the fifteen members of the society.

This money, together with more subsequently raised, was put into the hands of the Christian missionaries at Nagasaki. A board of directors was chosen, with the request that the money be used to establish a Christian Endeavor Home, where sailors of the navy and merchant ships could go for rest and refreshment, as well as for reading, writing and recreation, and where a room could be set apart for those who desire to meet for religious instruction.

The Home, as soon as ready, was put in charge of a Christian sailor, Mr. John Makins, who fills his office with devotion and tact. The first year's expenses were met by the profit from beds and meals, and this was augmented by voluntary contributions.

The Home soon proved too small, and the directors, at their own expense, made an addition that cost them $3,500. This completed, there were twenty-five rooms in all, four of which are used by the manager as his home. The bedrooms, with one exception, are named after American men-of-war. The one exception is known as the Carlton H. Jencks' memorial room. Jencks was one of the leaders in the organization of the Home, and later met his death on board the United States steamship *Maine* in Havana harbor. The furniture for this memorial room came from Endeavorers in America, who contributed the cost at the solicitation of Miss A. P. Jones.

The Home has sleeping accommodations for fifty seamen, and has served as many as 400 meals a day. Last year 13,000 meals were served, 2,630 beds were occupied. Seventy-six meetings were held, and eleven souls professed conversion.

While so far the Home has been successful in paying running expenses, yet the directors deem it wise to secure an endowment fund to provide for possible and very probable contingencies in the future. A small sum is already in hand towards the $10,000 which the directors feel should be forthcoming. The opportunity to aid so important a cause will doubtless appeal to many Endeavorers in America.

The manager gives the following figures incidental to the last six months' work of 1899: Ships visited, 168; meetings held, 72; tracts and magazines distributed, 6,300; visits to hospital, 20; visits to jail, 12; free meals to the hungry, 37; free lodgings, 85; garments given to the destitute, 43; men assisted to leave port, 36; employment secured for 23; meals worked for, 96; total number of meals served, 19,845; beds supplied, 3,897.

To Miss Wortman, of Cadiz, O., the Home is indebted for the practical gift of a soda-water fountain, the only one in Japan. It has proved a great blessing to the thirsty soldiers and sailors, as the drinks served in Nagasaki are particularly bad.

Of the spiritual work Manager Makins writes as follows: "I had the pleasure of speaking two different Sundays at a native Methodist church here. The pastor said the two services resulted in five enquirers—two of that number have been received into the church on probation.

"Our meetings in the Home are sometimes quite well attended: at other times the attendance is small: it of course depends upon the number of warships in the harbor as to whether we have many men or not.

"Last Sunday night we had only six all told, but one of those gave his heart to God. He was from the German warship *Irene*.

"The wreck of the United States transport *Morgan City* brought us much work, as the 750 soldiers were brought to Nagasaki, and camped in two large warehouses near the Home. The soldiers had no money, but the bad ones sold their coats, blankets, everything they could scrape together, for money with which to buy whiskey.

"We held five meetings with the men. The Sunday evening meeting was largely attended, and at the close one soldier boy got up and said he would give his heart to God, not only because it was his duty to do it, but because of his dear ones left behind in Connecticut.

"Letters have come to us from soldiers who were with us a few days when returning to America from Manila, showing that some through our meetings here decided to follow Jesus, and that they have since joined the church on their arrival at home.

"It is indeed a blessing to know that here in a foreign land, men have not only been helped by providing them a decent home in which to pass away their little liberty ashore, but that some have here decided to prepare for the home on high."

Of the good work thus briefly outlined, the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes us:

LITTLE CUBAN MAIDS DRESSED FOR CHURCH

"This Seaman's Home is undenominational, and is doing a most excellent and much needed work at Nagasaki. I learned when I was there of a number of our American sailors who where saved from evil lives, and started on a Christian career, through the faithful labors of those connected with this Home. Certainly the American sailor, whether United States man-of-war's man or in the merchant service, with his privations at sea and his temptations on land, is worthy of consideration, and the comparatively small sum asked to endow the Nagasaki Home should be raised without difficulty or long delay."

A SCHOOL FESTIVAL IN HAVANA

GALVESTON RELIEF

The following contributions to the Galveston relief work have been received:

Prev ack	$1,362 01	Marshall, Isabella	50
Arbogast, Fliz	1 50	Mattocks, Dollie	01
Baldwin, Mrs H	1 00	Mattocks, W E	05
Barber, A J	10	Meyer, Peter	1 00
Bayot, Julia	5 00	Mitchell, J F	2 00
Bell, Delia	05	Moore, D J	25
Bell, Geo	25	Moore, N S	05
Berry, A G	1 00	Paul, Rev C B	25
Bickley, L R	3 00	Pittman, Bettie	25
Blake, John	50	Pittman, Fred	25
Bloodgood, Joe	25	Popple, Mrs F T	1 00
Bloodgood, Julia	25	Redding, Bertie	1 00
Bloodgood, Mart, Jr	05	Richards, Mrs M E	1 00
Bogert, Mrs Jno	1 00	Rodgers, I E	10
Boggan, Lulu	50	Rodgers, J P	25
Boggs, Mrs Mary	2 00	Russell, W W, Sr	25
Bond, Frank	1 00	Slone, W H	10
Brown, Eva S	1 00	Smalley, Walter F	50
Butler, E H	3 00	Smith, Lee	25
Butterfield, E A and M A Larson	2 00	Stone, Mrs E S	1 00
Cartwright, Alfred T	2 00	Stroven and family	2 00
Cassel, Amanda R	1 00	Thomas, D	2 00
Cauthen, Mrs L S	1 50	Van Arsdell, Etha	1 00
Chapman, Mrs L H	1 00	Ward, D H	10
Clayton, Libbie	50	Ward, G	25
Collins, Margaret W	1 00	Ward, Hub	10
Cooper, Mrs G H	1 00	Watson, J E	25
Corr, W	50	Wilcox, Lucy	4 00
Cox, Mrs Wm	2 00	Williams, Mrs Ida	25
Coy, L B	3 00	Woodhull, Mrs Mald	25
Cramer, Charles	2 00	Young, J T	25
Crowell, Rev F W	2 34	Young, Jas B	2 50
Davis, Jenuie	05	Bridget P, Brooklyn	10 00
Davison, A M	1 00	Mrs C C M, Towanda	1 00
Dennis, W N	25	C E D, Westfield	1 00
Emerson, Jas	50	—, Enfield	1 00
Empey, Delia	1 00	—, New Windsor	1 00
Evans, Miss	1 00	—, Ocean Grove	1 00
Flavel, Mrs Geo	5 00	Cash, Lexington	5 00
Flavel, Katie	5 00	Cash, Swansboro	10
Filler, Mrs Lydia M	1 00	Friend, Closter	10 00
Frazell, C B	10	Friend, Cottonwood	2 00
Freshwater, Geo	10	Friend, Cross Keys	2 00
Gerard, Eunice L	1 00	A Friend, Mt Vernon	5 00
Glancy, Ed	25	Friend, Tacoma	3 00
Hardy, Miss	25	Friends, Macatawa	2 00
Harper, Laura J	2 00	Two Friends, Long Hill	1 00
Hatsell, Morris	10	I H N, Lambertville	2 00
Heady, M W	25	I H N, Pallas	1 00
Hodge, M E	2 00	Collection taken by M E Ch, Essex	25 90
Homer, Mrs J W	1 00	Ref Ch, Holmdel	6 00
Huber, Geo	10 00	Mt Zion M E Church, Kellogg	5 00
Isbell, H H	1 00	Knox Memorial Ch, New York City	15 00
Isbell, Laura	1 00	Skjeberg Congregation, Robbin	14 00
Jarman, Jobe	25	Grace Union United Eng S S, Afolkey	11 53
Lake, Mrs J B, Jr	2 00	Homestead SS, Homestead	3 50
Lowe, J T	1 00	C E Soc, Gary	6 00
Lyle, R W	10 00	Total	$1,621 94
Lyle, Wm	5 00		
Lyle, Mrs Wm	5 00		
Maddison, Mrs E A	1 00		
Major, Mrs J H	1 50		
Malin, Mary E	1 00		

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BEWARE OF THE IMPURE

IF you would shun a corrupt life, avoid those who indulge in impure conversation. There are many people whose chief mirthfulness is in that line. They are full of inuendo and phrases of double meaning, and are always picking out of the conversation of decent men something vilely significant. It is astonishing, in company, how many, professing to be Christians, will tell vile stories; and that some Christian women, in their own circles, have no hesitation at the same style of talking. You take a step down hill when, without resistance, you allow any one to put into your ear a vile inuendo. If, forgetting who you are, any man attempts to say such things in your presence, let your better nature assert itself. Look the offender full in the face, and ask, "What do you mean by saying such a thing in my presence?" Better allow a man to smite you in the face than to utter such conversation before you.

THE LOST FOUND

I SUPPOSE that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffats, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back seat in the mission school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in double columns there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath Schools will do their work. Tract and Bible societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN

WHEN a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the playground trampling on a sickly boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in color, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps you would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement day he make the best speech or read the best essay tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

DON'T

DON'T worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a carnelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the color out of its cheek because it it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

TREAT THE BIBLE FAIRLY

ALL Scripture is to be expounded as far as possible, but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased with the lily that Christ points out in his sermon that we cannot see the raven that flies past; nor, while we examine the salt to find if it has lost its savor, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the Creation must have been in the doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the resurrection trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be answered by the sail of fishing boat on Gennesareth. Into this great battle for God we are to take Gideon's sword and David's sling, and the white horse of victory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary must all stand in the great scriptural ranges. No solo or quartette in this Bible music, but the battle chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx, amethyst and chrysoprasus. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly.

MORALS OF DIGESTION

IF a man has to wrestle with a lamb chop three hours after swallowing it, his good humor is exhausted. The contest in his body leaves him no strength for the battle with the world. Foreign wars are not so destructive as internal. When things sour on a man's stomach they make him sour with all the world. Some of us need not more a "new heart" according to the Gospel than a "new liver" according to physiology.

ABSTRACT PREACHING

RELIGIOUS address in this day, for the most part, has gone into the abstract and essayic. The word "sinner" is almost dropped out of the Christian vocabulary. It is not thought polite to use that word now. It is methodistic or old-fashioned. If you want to tell men they are sinners, you must say they are spiritually erratic, or have moral deficits, or they have not had a proper spiritual development; and I have not heard in twenty years that old hymn

Come ye sinners, poor and needy.

In the first place, they are not sinners; and in the second place, they are neither poor nor needy. I have heard Christian men in prayer-meetings and elsewhere talk as though there were no very great radical change before a man becomes a Christian. All he has got to do is to stop swearing, clear his throat a few times, take a good wash, and he is ready for heaven. My friends, if every man has not gone astray, and if the whole race is not plunged in sin and ruin, then that Bible is the greatest fraud ever enacted, for from beginning to end it sets forth that they are.

THE GOOD COMPANY OF BOOKS

THERE is a very precious kind of companionship, quite as necessary to our happiness as human friendship—the friendship of good books; for, as Isaac Barrow says, "He that loveth books will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome councillor, a cheerful companion, an affectionate comforter;" while Charles Lamb, with his usual fine exaggeration, "would have a grace before books—those spiritual repasts—a grace before Shakespeare and Spenser; a chanted choral before Milton; a little song of praise before our sweet singers; and a few words of gratitude ere we listen to our noblest story-tellers."

Without going this length, we must remember, in order to fully appreciate our books, that they are mental abodes. The very presence of a book on our shelves shows that the effort that produced it has not spent itself. The writer may be dead, but we know not what forces he set in motion, what large continuing impulse he released; nor yet where its reverberations will cease. Who can measure the results of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or of Besant's *All Kinds and Conditions of Men*? And apart from this consideration, we may sometimes sit silent among our books and remember that a book is like an old armor—some man or woman has lived and done their stroke of fighting inside of it.

. . .

Approached in this spirit, books place us in communication with another human being, living, distant, or dead; and our mental sensibilities feel the personal influence of Plato, Paul, Milton, Dryden, Tennyson, etc. These teachers may be dead or distant, and yet be more effective than a living present one; for though as a general rule, we learn personally more from actual life than from written examples of life, yet after all, words are words, whether they reach us through the eye or the ear. Besides which, a multitude of books is like a multitude of councillors—there is wisdom in them. Nobody can afford to be influenced by one or two minds only.

But whether our library be large or small, we should always have an inner circle of book friends, to which none but really good writers are admitted; and in so far as we do not read for mere pastime, we should have an intimate knowledge of our favorite writers. No poet is worth reading that is not worth learning by heart. No one has read Shakespeare's *Sonnets* who has simply skimmed them over like a leading article. A book to be of our inner circle, should be worth thinking through, as well as reading through; we should know what is on every page, without actual reference to it.

. . .

By what test shall we judge books worthy to come into this inner circle? There is no better one than sympathy with humanity. Sympathy is the life-blood of a good book! No good book without it! Also books of the highest order not only teach and counsel—they have a nobler office—they refresh and inspire; they enable us to put by "the cloud of mortal destiny," stimulate and tone our feeble imagination, and in some way connect the present with the past, and the earthly with the heavenly. This is the great truth about books—that the ones to be loved and cherished most are not those which give us knowledge; they are those which awaken our own mental activity by giving us flashes of vision, insight, which no experience of our own could furnish; which in fact could only be got by access to great minds; and such access to the majority would only be possible through books.

. . .

It is a good thing before approaching a noble book, either for study or pleasure, to have a place in our minds prepared for it. Such books may be kept on the shelf a little while, until we render them the tribute of a wistful desire and admiration. It is thus the picturesque manliness of Scott, the calm depth of Wordsworth, the intense spiritual passion of Shelley, and the majestic personages of Milton, should be introduced to our knowledge—no haste, no lack of respect, but a slow approach to intimacy, with all the joy of deliberate expectation. There is no intellectual happiness equal to that of reading for the first time a book which has been cherished in the hopes and fancies of many years. And intellectual happiness is—after spiritual joy—the highest happiness we can know. The noblest part of our humanity is the mind, an the noblest form of human vitality the acti ity of the mind; so that an intellectual li would be the life we should enjoy most, if w were gods, and released from the wants an weakness of this mortal frame. Good book then, are not only resources; they are stor houses of happiness.

There is a kind of reading far below thi and yet—unless carried to excess—a kind n to be despised or spoken ill of: the readir of novels, newspapers, magazines, review etc. These are the current coin of literatur and many people fancy they have no time f any other kind of reading. Now, the perus of good stories which draw their interest fro the large chapter of human life, is a gre mental refreshment. The artificial situatio of the novelist call forth an infinite variet which in turn exercise the reflective powers readers, suggest views that otherwise woul never have occurred to them, and largel form those habits of introspection, witho which there is no really noble character. course, it is easy to abuse this habit of intr spection, until it becomes a barren subjecti ity; but in our vivid life this danger is a ver small one. There is a far greater risk of purely external life than of one of morbi self-contemplation.

Less praise must be given to those snatch general readers who are the literary locusts our day—who skim over many books an rush on to many more; whose hearts nev warm to a book; who never surround it wit pleasant associations, as of a person the have talked with, or a place they have see These are the readers for whom ten or twent magazines monthly are published; who wa their science and history reduced into plea ant and portable shape, and who like all th tittle-tattle of the universe at their breakfas table every morning.

Not that newspapers are to be objected t far from it! Without newspapers there ar a great many things we could know nothin about, except at a cost which hardly any on can pay. A newspaper is a great source happiness, and a man who would always pr fer Plato to his morning paper would be a disagreeable as a man who always talked "the true and the beautiful" and never abou his family, or his country, or the place of whic he was a citizen. If we are truly friends wit the mighty dead, that friendship will quicke our interest in the living men and wome around us, and in all that is said and writte of them. It is not the use, it is the abuse newspapers that is objectionable; becaus excessive ephemeral reading destroys menta health. It weakens the judgment and th sense of personal discrimination, because i substitutes ready-made opinions for persona thought and decisions. The man or woma who reads only fugitive literature destroy brain power. Slaves of a lazy, slovenly habi of reading, they crave the news just for th excitement of it; a craving as distinct in form as that for bitters or any other stimulant Now, if it be a sin against the stomach to b careless as to what we eat, is it not a fa greater sin to be careless as to what we read for by this sin we vex the brain, which is th finer organ of the two. Our minds are no infinite in capacity; why then fill them with what is useless and perhaps harmful? Fo we are never sure we can forget what w have once read: it will come back to us som day as surely as a nursery rhyme.

For pleasant, desultory reading, there i nothing better than good reviews. To know where to look for any particular kind o knowledge is second only to having it. Re views make us wise about unread authors They are the geography of literature, and t scholars and readers serve the same purpos as voyages and travels do to travelers. An as some people like to see the world fro their own firesides, so, in the same way, a clear, masterly review of a book is often mor intelligible and pleasant than the book itself

Reading that goes only to the head is no to be compared with that reading which goes to the heart, and which makes us the writer's familiar friend. Oh, so blessed, and so happy are they who can form a personal intimacy with good books! who can feel printed pape draw them magnetically, as Homer says iron draws the hand of a hero; for them the com panionship of good books will be the finest essence of delicious rest:

"To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still:
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast,
Be by another's cooling hand; caressed.
This volume in my hand, I hold the charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong, or harm;
I sail away from trouble, and most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget:
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law, that governs yet:
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day;
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away."

Amelia E. Barr

Boers in Exile

FROM a recent visitor to St. Helena comes cheering news of the condition of the Boer prisoners. They appear to be enjoying the quiet and safety to which they were strangers during the long ampaign. Men of some races would et over the captivity, but the Boer seems have accepted the situation with char- teristic stolidity. No attempt has been ade to make their imprisonment un- ecessarily irksome. They have freedom movement, and only the belt of coast- ne is forbidden to them. Those who ish to relieve the monotony of idleness undertaking farm-work, and to make little money, either for luxuries or for eir families in South Africa, are at lib- ty to engage themselves to farmers on e island, and a considerable number ave availed themselves of the privilege. ven General Cronje has not shown the stiveness under captivity that might ave been expected of the "Lion of outh Africa." The society of Mrs. ronje and other members of his family as relieved his depression. He has an xcellent house for his sidence, and a carriage kept at his disposal. appears now that he ill not have the com- anionship of President ruger, which at one me appeared probable. he wily leader found a afe refuge in Portu- uese territory, and has ow sailed for Europe n the Dutch cruiser *elderland*. He found necessary to go on oard secretly and with guard. This was not rough fear of the Brit- h, to whom his flight as a relief from embar- assment, but because here were signs of Boer ostility. There was idespread resentment mong the burghers at is going away and aving them to bear eir troubles. They garded it as a deser- on of them and the ause, and it was feared at they might assassin- te him. It is difficult see what good could ave been accomplished y his staying. He had een heard to boast that in the event of ilure he would meet his British foe on his wn piazza with his trusty rifle in his hand, ut neither his death nor his captivity ould have helped the Boer cause, and as e succeeded in getting the money in the easury safely conveyed to Europe it was atural that he should wish to follow and rotect it. President Steyn, of the Orange ree State, has, however, remained be- ind, and appears to be in close com- unication with the guerilla chiefs still in ctivity. To outsiders, it seems a pity hat the struggle, which is now clearly opeless, should be protracted. Both Mr. ruger and Mr. Steyn would act wisely in dvising submission and making peace, o that the captives in St. Helena might e released and return, and peace and rosperity might be restored to the af- licted land:

To the counsellors of peace is joy (Prov. 12: 20).

An Opera Singer's End

A pathetic story is told of Old Salando, who died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, on October 5th. Twenty-five years go Salando was singing the barytone part in an opera company which had con- racts to appear in the chief cities of the Union. He drew a large salary, and saved a considerable sum of money. The first inroad on his savings was made to send his niece Annette to Italy to complete her musical education. When she returned to America, Salando secured a position for her in the opera company. But in a short time the company got into difficulty, and Salando advanced money to the manager to take it on tour. Business was bad, and at last the company disbanded. The uncle and niece were unable to obtain another engagement, and gradually Salando's savings melted away. One day Annette proposed that they get a hand-organ and sing in the streets, and as nothing better offered, that was done. They managed to live for a time, and were moderately prosperous; but one day Salando was stricken with pneumonia, and was ill a long time. All their little savings were spent, and Annette was worn out waiting night and day on her uncle. After his recovery they again went out on the streets, but not for long. Annette fell ill and died. Salando then went out alone, but all his enthusiasm was gone. He would sing nothing but the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a hard life, and he was getting old. On some days he did not receive more than ten cents. He was soon unable to go out at all, and almost starved to death in his miserable little lodging. One of his fellow lodgers who heard him groaning in the night reported his case, and he was taken to Bellevue, where he died. So ended a life of sorrow and disappointment. It is an ungrateful world that neglects in their old age those who in their youth have given it pleasure. Happily God does not so treat those who give their lives to his service.

Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you (Isa. 46: 4).

QUARTERS OF BOER PRISONERS ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA

Rats Seize an Island

A strange incident is reported by the Boston press. It appears that a yachtsman who recently visited Sheep Island, in Hull Bay, the southern portion of Boston harbor, found the whole island infested with huge rats. They were so bold and so numerous that he could not keep any provisions, and he saved his own person from attack only by shooting at them when they approached. They are the kind usually seen on old vessels, only they are larger. They live chiefly on the crabs which they draw out of their holes, and in spite of their claws turn over and devour. A vessel which recently anchored near the island was visited during the night by the rats and stripped of every particle of food that had been left exposed. No one lives on Sheep Island and the rats have so terrorized the swallows, which formerly were plentiful on the island, that the birds go there no more, and the rats now have the island to themselves. It is believed that the vast multitude of rats now there are all descended from a few which were on board a vessel that was wrecked on the island about two years ago. The island would not have become so infested if people had been living on it; but being left to themselves, the rats multiplied and held possession. It is so with the human soul. If it is unoccupied by good it soon becomes the prey of evil.

He findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself and they enter in and dwell there (Matt. 12: 45).

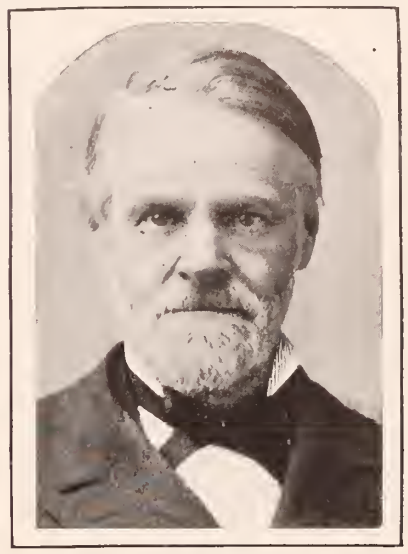
A Canine Martyr

A monument has been raised in the Alps to the memory of a dog. The animal belonged to the famous hospice of St. Bernard and had a noble record of life-saving. No less than forty persons lost amid the snow and ice had been found and rescued by the same dog. One of his most notable rescues was of a child whom he found almost unconscious on the mountain. The dog lay down by him and warmed him to life with the heat of his own body. Then, in some way, he had made the child understand that he was to get on his back. The child did so, and the dog trotted back to the hospice with his burden. The dog lost his life in his life-saving work. A man who was lying in the snow saw the dog approach him, and, fearing from the animal's actions that he was mad, struck him over the head and killed him. On the monument raised to his memory, is sculptured a representation of the dog carrying the child on his back and an inscription commemorating the forty rescues to his credit. It was a martyr's death. One could wish that he had the consolation which has come to men who, like him, perished at the hands of those they were trying to save. How long is the record to which the list of martyrs in China has now to be added, who have had occasion to utter that most magnanimous of all prayers:

Father forgive them: they know not what they do (Luke 23: 34).

The Late Senator Sherman

In the death of Hon. John Sherman, which took place in Washington, on October 22d, there passed away a statesman who has been a prominent figure in the nation's history for nearly half a century. He was born in Lancaster, O., in 1823, being descended from an old and distinguished New England family. In 1854, then a young lawyer, he was sent to Congress. For forty-three years he was continuously in public office, serving in the



THE LATE JOHN SHERMAN

House of Representatives, the United States Senate, and the Treasury and State Departments. From 1880 until 1892 he was a leading candidate for Presidential nomination by his party, and on several occasions came very near to a nomination. Probably the most important period of his public life was when, as Secretary of the Treasury, he conducted our financial affairs so ably that our national credit at home and abroad was greatly improved. During his incumbency in the Treasury Department, the country prepared for the resumption of specie payments, which was successfully accomplished in 1879. His last election to the United States Senate was in 1892. Throughout his whole career his record was that of a clean, conscientious public official, and his substantial services to the country earned him its esteem and gratitude. It may be said of him as of the poet-king:

After he had served his own generation, by the will of God, he fell on sleep and was laid unto his fathers (Acts 13: 36).

BRIEF NOTES

At Manila, on the principal business street where only two saloons were found before American occupation, there are now eighteen.

Evangelist George C. Needham is giving a series of addresses in the Bible Institute, Dallas, Texas, and is also holding union evangelistic services. He has arranged while there a series of visits to Galveston in the hope of comforting the bereaved and pointing them to Christ.

The first Protestant church in the Philippine Islands was dedicated on the 12th of August, the services being conducted by Bishop Frank W. Warne, D.D., of the Methodist Church. The pastor of this church is the Rev. Nicholas Zamora a graduate of the Roman Catholic College of Manila.

On a certain Sunday recently an effort was made by previous agreement to bring the young people in the Sunday Schools of Australia to decision for Christ. Prayer was offered in the churches and privately by the teachers. It is now reported that on that day 2,500 young people pledged themselves to the Christian life.

Secretary E. H. Mills, of the Twentieth Century Thank Offering Fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church, reports that $3,000,000 has been subscribed for Christian education, $4,000,000 for church debts and $750,000 for philanthropy and charities. He said that by January one-half of the desired $20,000,000 will be subscribed.

Missionaries waiting to go to China or other fields have an opportunity of gaining knowledge that may be useful to them. In a letter from the International Medical Missionary Society to the Conference of Mission Boards, it was announced that a special course of instruction in dealing with accidents and emergencies and how to give first aid to the injured had been arranged by the society, running from November 1 to May 1. It is open to missionaries of both sexes. Applicants may obtain board and accommodation in the college. The entire cost of instruction and board would be $100 for the six months. Applications should be made to Dr. Geo. D. Dowkontt, 288 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

A SELFISH LIFE BAD FOR BOTH WORLDS

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS

International Sunday School Lesson for November 11th: Luke 16: 19-31.

TRADITIONAL HOUSE OF THE RICH MAN OF THE PARABLE

...By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, Matt. 6: 20: "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

ONE seldom hears a prayer for those who are in the perils of prosperity, though they are really in greater moral danger than those who are in adversity's rugged school. The International Lesson Committee, however, cannot be accused of forgetting those who are in perils of riches, for they have selected four lessons on this subject in swift succession. Only a few weeks ago we studied the "rich fool," who fattened his body and starved his soul. Some farmers rear large and beautiful barns for stock and grain, while housing their families in a two-room cottage, but this "fool" planned great barns for his grain when he had secured no home at all for his soul. Then, last week, we were pointed to another rich fool, shrewd in cheating his master in this world, but foolish in cheating himself for eternity by securing no eternal habitation. And now the same folly comes up again with a new face in the story of Dives, and will presently reappear in the young ruler.

Perhaps the Lesson Committee have anticipated the suggestion that, as there are societies to fight appetite and lust, but none to fight the greater root of evil—greed—the Sunday School should become the society for the eradication of selfishness. In fact, the lessons are giving warnings against the perils of luxury no more frequently than did Christ, who spoke of no vice so often as the love of money. And yet there is nothing in his teachings we take less to heart, as witness the effect upon any group of Christians of the story of that young boy who was found crying, and was asked, "What is the matter?" He sobbed back through his tears, "I don't want to be rich. The fortune teller said I should be rich, and no rich man can go to heaven." Christ did not say that, but he did teach that one who is rich takes great risks. "I'll take the risk," is the answer almost any Christian will make, with a laugh.

Jesus Christ taught in this lesson and related passages:

1. That there is an awful hell.
2. That a selfish life—not alone one of vice or crime—leads to hell.
3. That it is not necessary to be rich in order to be selfish.

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Respectable Selfishness

There was a certain rich man, who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously. His name was as well-known on earth as a Crœsus or a Rothschild, but Christ doesn't even give him a name in the story. He is of no account except as a warning. To the God's eye-view, the selfish man, however rich or famous, is a nobody. History, in the end, gives him the same contempt.

This man of our lesson is commonly called "Dives," which is the Latin for rich man—"Mr. Rich," we might call him. It would be truer to the deeper meaning of the story to call him, "Mr. Self." It is selfishness that Christ is condemning as the way to hell. He selects for various reasons a man who possesses riches and is possessed of them rather than a poor man who is enviously filled with covetous desire for wealth for its own sake, but fails to get it because the selfishness of the prodigal is stronger in him than the selfishness of the miser. These are brothers, the prodigal and the miser, both sons of Selfishness, and both on the road to hell. One reason why Christ holds up the miserly selfishness of the rich especially, is because the prodigal gets condemnation enough from men. While it has to this day been very hard to convince most people that a man who wears good clothes, especially if he also goes to church, can really sin, whether in business or politics. "The king can do no wrong" is a maxim that is extended to all who wear "purple and fine linen." In fact, the greatest sins every way are those done by the Scribes and Pharisees in every age. The thieves that were crucified with Christ were, perhaps, also murderers, but the high priests and Roman officers of Jerusalem were *deicides*. All the crimes done that year by the poor in all the world were outweighed by that one supreme crime of Jerusalem's upper classes, the crucifixion of Christ. So, to-day, one educated, well-dressed scamp, who can deceive widows and orphans in seven languages, will carry off more stealings in one embezzlement than all the ignorant burglars in the country can steal in a year. "Your ignorant thief robs a freight car, but your educated thief goes and steals the whole railroad." We call thieving by its own bad name only when it is done by retail. When it rises to thousands of dollars it is only "rehypothecation" or "misappropriation," and when it approaches or passes the million point the robber becomes a "Napoleon of finance." It is because of this propensity to overlook the sins of the avenues that Christ takes his representatives of the sin of selfishness from that class.

But, mark, it is not an embezzler he points out to us as on the road to hell. There is not an intimation that the rich man of this lesson had resorted to any fraud in securing his wealth, or was guilty of any drunkenness or debauchery in his use of it. There is absolutely only one charge against him, namely, that he lived a selfish life. To him wealth meant ownership, not stewardship. He used riches for selfish honor and ease and enjoyment, not as a power for good. That was the crime that sent him to hell, a selfish life.

Purple was the color of kings' robes, dyed from a rare shell-fish found about Tyre. This man's robes of silk and wool, thus dyed, bespoke his selfish pride of power.

The rich man of this lesson gorged himself with food, while the poor starved at his gate. He would really have been happier in body and mind to have eaten less that the poor might eat the more. Gratitude is better than gout. "I am not here for my health," is the proverb of the man who bluntly avows his selfish aims in business. It would be better, even for his "health," if he should put more brotherhood into business. The unselfish man is happiest, even in this world, which becomes a "heaven begun below" to the man who lays up treasure in heaven by giving his money and time in such ways as to bring heaven down to earth.

Several eminent men inside the Church not long since concurred with Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in the amazing doctrine that "luxury is a splendid form of charity." What a pity Dives could not have had the benefit of that plea, and the kindred one, that "luxury sets money into circulation," and so is "good for trade." It is surprising that after so much study of political economy as we have had of late, wasteful expenditure, whether by individuals or by government, finds so many and so eminent defenders. The fallacious assumption back of all this is that if money was not spent extravagantly it would be "hoarded" in the old sense, locked away in drawers, buried in cellars, hidden in stockings. But, in fact, "money in bank" to-day is money at work creating industries where labor will find productive employment. To take this money instead for gorging is not only bad for the gorged, but also corrupting in its influence upon the whole community. Prodigality, whether in rich or poor, wastes a country's noblest wealth, high ideals and manly character and honest industry. Dives, where is Lazarus, thy brother? Dean George Hodges puts the modern fallacy upon the man of this parable in the following lines in his *Heresy of Cain:*

> Now Dives daily feasted,
> And was gorgeously arrayed,
> Not at all because he liked it,
> But because 'twas good for trade.

Certainly, "high living" is not good for manhood. The writer once heard Henry Ward Beecher say: "You overeat your prayers," and at that very moment eight men near us were asleep under his great sermon.

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Beggary Not Canonized in the Bible

And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus. Out of this parable grew the "Order of St. Lazarus," a religious and military order originating in the first Crusade, whose object was to help lepers, of whom Lazarus—himself a leper, perhaps—was considered the patron. When crusaders were driven out of Palestine the Order returned to France. It was finally merged in other orders, abolished and restored, and is now in abeyance. It is difficult to create any admiration for a beggar, even though Christ has vouched for his safe arrival in heaven.

A parishioner of ours who had named his first child Martha, and the second Mary, proposed to name the third, who was a boy, Lazarus, but the wife vetoed the proposal because, while Lazarus of Bethany was a satisfactory character, this other Lazarus was a beggar, and even a beggar that got to heaven was hardly a satisfactory namesake. A Sunday School boy being asked in the study of this Dives lesson, which he would prefer to be, Dives or Lazarus, replied, "I will be a good Dives."

Christ no doubt wished to teach that "honest poverty" of the extremest type, where sickness compels the reception of charity, and even the solicitation of it, is not really as pitiable as the selfishness of a rich man who has less sympathy for his suffering brother man than his dogs. Men commonly despise beggary, with its rags and crusts, even in the few cases when it is a man's misfortune rather than his fault, but Christ would have us know that even more contemptible in the God's eye-view is selfishness, though clothed and fed like a king.

In the words of Goldsmith:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Christ gave no name to the selfish rich man; this good beggar, however, has a name in earth and heaven. But we must not fall into the medieval error of canonizing poverty, and even beggary as itself a virtue. Taking all the Bible says of beggary, we shall see that God regards it as in most cases a sin. That is one of the chief teachings of that handbook of industry, the book of Proverbs. We often hear the phrase, "He was born of poor but honest parents," but let it be noted that it is not necessary to be honest in order to be poor. It is sometimes dishonesty that leads to poverty. But if this form of martyrdom comes to us as a result of sterling honesty, let us find comfort, as Lazarus did, by "coupling heaven with it." It is related that the Prince of Wales was on a ship driven by a storm far out of its course, so that passengers, the Prince and all, had to be put on short rations, but in his hunger the Prince was comforted in the fact that he was the son of the Queen and would no doubt reach a waiting feast at home in due time. When, like Lazarus, the Christian is sick and poor, his heart exults as the child of a king for whom eternal abundance waits in heaven.

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Death the Great Leveler

The rich man also died. This recalls the words of President Lincoln's favorite poem, the first stanza of which is:

> O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
>
> —WILLIAM KNOX.

With a slight change Kipling's Recessional fits this passing of Dives:

> The music and the feasting dies,
> The honor and the wealth depart,
> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Christ's Unveiling of Hell

And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments. An examination of scholars above twelve in twelve Sunday Schools showed that few could give a Bible text declaring the future punishment of the wicked. Yet Jesus taught of hell as often and as plainly as of heaven. Because men who appeal to the Bible have debated whether future punishment of the selfish and sinful shall be "age-long" or "eternal," the multitudes have jumped to the conclusion that there is perhaps no future punishment at all. Some would be more tender than Christ, and hold back the warnings he gave with such loving plainness. As Jonathan, the king's son, warned David, by arrows, of Saul's plots against him, so the utterances of Jesus about hell are love's arrows of warning.

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Memory in the Future Life

Son, remember. Here we are taught that memory survives this life and goes with Dives to hell. That it also goes with the translated saint to heaven is shown by the words of heaven's new song, "Unto him that hath washed us from our sins." As the memory of unforgiven sin quickens the fires of hell, the memory of forgiveness swells the gladness of heaven. The immortality of the soul almost of necessity implies the immortality of memory, for it is one of the fundamental elements of mind, so much so that the ancient Greeks gave to memory the very name of the mind itself. To cancel memory would be to cancel all sense of identity and continuity and make the sensation of the moment the sum total of our intellectual life. Without it we could not know ourselves as the same person as yesterday. To lose it would imply a weakening of the mind. An aged preacher's faithful wife of many years said anxiously, "Dearie, dost thee think we shall know each other in heaven?" The old preacher answered, "Wifie, dost thee think we shall be greater fools there than here?" Memory, while gladdening heaven, will be a lash of pain in hell. "Son, remember the good things you had on earth, out of which you have brought nothing to the eternal world but the memory of lost opportunities to do good." Contrast with the memories of Dives those of that good rich man, Job: "When the eye saw me then it blessed me; when the ear heard me it gave witness unto me; for I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and him that had none to help. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame, and the cause which I knew not I searched out." Such were the glad pictures that should have filled Dives's pall of memory for eternity in heaven. Instead, his memories fanned the fires of hell.

"Do we belief in literal hell fire?" We believe that Jesus, in using figures of speech, did not use any simile more terrible than what he wished to describe. What hell fire stands for is certainly as bad as fire. Those who have lived intensely have suffered more at times in mind than they ever can in body. There are profound cannots of character suggested by the great gulf fixed, across which those on the wrong side "can not pass." They have reached eternal permanence of character. Their time for change has passed.

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The Bible Better Than Spirits

They have Moses and the prophets. This man in hell wanted a spirit sent from heaven to warn his five brothers to keep out of hell. Jesus said that the Bible was enough, and those who would not heed such a divine letter would not heed a ghostly messenger. Strange, in the presence of Christ's refusal, that men in every age have pretended to receive messages from spirits. That they were not genuine is best shown by the fact that they were not spiritual, but "earthly, sensual, devilish."

. . .

Lady Huntington, rich and powerful, thanked God for the letter in the passage, "Not many rich, not many noble are called." It does not say, "Not any rich, not any noble." She was one of the doubly rich, who counted wealth and social position as but opportunities for doing good. And her life was happier and her memory is more fragrant in history than that of any woman of her time who gave her life to selfish enjoyments and social honors. "A good Dives"—let that be your description, if in God's providence wealth has come to you. To realize that ideal will be no easy task, but it means heaven here and hereafter.

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mother-Watching

ABOUT the mother of the one perfect Child who ever walked this earth, the one sinless Son of man, it is said that she pondered many things in her heart. We who are mothers know what this pondering is, though we do not know the ss which must have filled Mary's soul she watched the development of her nderful Boy in his white innocence and liant purity. Our child may be a lovely d docile daughter or son, but he or she eds restraint, counsel and guiding, and metimes the mother is puzzled as to just ich of two ways will be the wiser for r to take in the upbringing of her little e.

Especially tender are the brooding oughts of a mother who has an only ughter. Women know what problems ls must face; they forecast from their n experience some of women's inevitable als and sorrows. If they could, they uld save their darlings from every mis-e, from every preventible calamity. e girl never imagines until she has own up and met in her own person the ficulties of life, how much her mother s loved her, and how much she has rne for her through the years of prepara-n of maturity.

As the child, weary in the healthful igue of play and active exercise, lies sy and fair in her afternoon nap, her ther, sewing in hand, has no greater easure than to sit beside her. The sew-g lies in the mother's lap unheeded, r heart is in the future. Even now, mothers do abroad, she is sewing the linen which is to be laid away lavendar for the days when her man-child shall be sought in marriage. at the girl shall leave her mother's care provided with an abundant store of usehold linen is not to be thought of a moment, and year after year the ck grows, and is laid by in a chest to ait the maiden's betrothal and wedding. ry provident is the thrifty German ther, and her love and self-denial take practical form, while her prayers rise her dear one, and she watches her ten, pondering many things in her heart.

hn and Jenny

Jenny has been trained to great respect r hours. In her family, when a meal is nounced, every one comes promptly to e table. People rise when they are lled in the morning. People conform to les. John has been used to lying in bed the very latest moment, then hurrying to his clothes, rushing to the breakfast le, swallowing a cup of coffee in frantic ste and eating an egg "on the fly," and nilarly it has not seemed to him material be on time at dinner or supper. Any cuse would satisfy his easy-going mother, o did not mind a half-set table standing r hours after most of the family had left

John and Jenny are devoted lovers, t their first year of married life will not altogether smooth, unless both have ken for their friends two wise old Bears, .: Bear and Forbear. Jenny's way is uch the better one, and in the end she ll bring John to acknowledge this.

oolish Hazing

Young men at college have long been rdoned for acts of brutality which would t be condoned if committed by other an students. Lately, in several quarters, e annual cane rushes between the fresh-an and sophomore classes have resulted serious accidents to some of the partic-ants, one boy being in great danger for any hours from concussion of the brain, d another being disfigured for life by a broken nose. Parents find it hard to over-look the consequences of such folly when their own sons are the victims, and college authorities are doing what they can to stop these reckless frolics. The awakening of a public spirit against them among the undergraduates will be a better protection for future freshmen than will fulminations and suspensions from college faculties. One of the silliest instances of hazing we have ever seen, occurred recently when a lad, in evening clothes, going to call upon a young lady, was seized by riotous students of the class above him, hustled into the habiliments of a tramp and forced into a packing-box, to be ignominiously carried to the door of the girl and left there. Fortunately, he was rescued from his provoking plight before the young lady or her family discovered him.

College students insist on being spoken of as men. In many cases they do not deserve this appellation. They are simply foolish boys.

A Mother's Brooding Love

LOOK UP

Look up! Beyond the stars
Thy God is watching thee:
The light breaks through the heavenly bars;
Thy sorrows soon shall flee.

Variety in the Bill of Fare

A little planning in a country which offers so much variety for the table will keep us from setting the same dishes on the family board day after day. We may introduce a novelty by cooking tomatoes, for instance in half a dozen different ways, and a little care will put them on the table in an appetizing manner. Rice lends itself to several styles of preparation. Eggs may be varied indefinitely. A chafing dish supper may tempt a delicate person who is weary of the ordinary roast and boiled preparations which some housekeepers serve day after day.

A Fretful Expression

A beautiful countenance may be marred by a fretful expression, and a very plain face may be attractive, simply from the inner light of tranquility which makes the homely features lovable. We do not make our own faces, but our own thoughts and moods mold them, and many a homely young woman is very beautiful in her middle life, because she has a beautiful soul. And the contrary is also true.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MOTHER. Are the pegs in the hall within the children's easy reach? If so, insist on their hanging up their hats and coats when they come in from school. You are unwise to wait on them so much yourself.

—C. H. C. A morning wedding must be over before noon. Eleven o'clock is a good hour, unless it must be earlier on account of a train. The groom would best wear a black coat and vest and gray trousers, and the bride a handsome traveling dress at such a wedding as you are planning for.

—EVELYN. I wouldn't worry if I were you. A man whose fancy is caught by every new face is certainly an unsatisfactory lover and would not make a very steadfast husband unless he had a change of heart. I wish girls generally would set so high a value on themselves that men could not imagine their pining away on account of their desertion.

—JEBUSITE. Why country women often look older than their city cousins is perhaps due among other causes to the fact that the latter take better care of their teeth. In communities where there are no resident dentists women allow their teeth to decay, and early lose them, when a little care would save them. Teeth, if fine and even, are a great ornament, as well as indispensable in aiding digestion. A dentist who occasionally or periodically visits a country neighborhood should be welcomed and patronized.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand

Is there one of us, dear friends, who does not need the reminder and the lesson contained in these beautiful stanzas? Why are we not more patient with the living?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand—
The hand of a friend most dear,
Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land;
But, what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our hand alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone,
When life's duties press us sore?
Is our praise as full as if they were gone,
And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by, are our hands more swift
For a trifle beyond their share,
Than to grasp—for a kindly, helpful lift—
The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere;
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that's here?

Denied Good

I AM certain that if you had met Edna Steenson, you would have said as I did that her life was so rounded out with joy and love there could not be one wish which remained ungratified. There was always the happy smile and the cheerful word for all with whom she came in contact. To the observing eye she had all she could seem to want, a happy home, hosts of friends, talents, riches and admiration. It is little wonder we thought her truly happy, and that we welcomed her coming with joy.

Well, if you have ever studied human nature in its varied forms of expression, you know that the inner self we reveal and the outer self we conceal are often of such a contrary nature, that it is never safe to judge entirely by what the surface may tell us. We learn self-command by contact with the world, and often a smiling countenance conceals an aching heart. There comes to us sometimes a bit of news, just a common, every-day piece of information, and the fair hope, that was but just beginning to bud into beauty, is blighted forever. Yet we smilingly go on; no one knows of the suffering we endure, not even the nearest and dearest friend who walks about beside us. And we live on and find still a measure of enjoyment, since God's tender mercy is over all his works.

Now, the mistake Edna Steenson made was that she expected unalloyed bliss while she was mortal. And when the one earthly wish for which she cared most was set aside in an undeniable manner, it seemed to her utterly unbearable, and to no human friend could she speak of this supreme grief. For years she had been planning all along in one direction, working out a direct course with a will which knew no shadow of turning; and just as the goal seemed in view, came the words of the Jehovah, "Be still and know that I am God."

Surely it must mean something, that frustrated plan, that good denied. To her it had seemed for the best and had been the subject of many prayers, since she was used to praying about everything she did or intended to do.

Oh, that summit of happiness for which she had longed, henceforth she must always see it, but just beyond her grasp, denied the supreme good. There is always danger, more or less, in becoming self-absorbed, so interested in our individual needs as to forget the duty we owe to others. The life of the hermit is one of the most selfish methods of living. Neither dare we be self-contained and satisfied with hungry and sin-sick souls about us. The true joy of living is found in service.

By the ruling of Providence, Edna was thrown into closer touch with those who needed just what she could give; and in this way she began to see her gains through losses. This is one of the lessons which sorrow teaches—the beautiful lesson of resignation. She had hoped to make joy her bosom companion, but perfect peace had entered in instead. If her life had become one of utter hopelessness, few people would have cared for her friendship. If she had tears, they were shed in solitude, since she welcomed us always with a smile. Then, as the years passed, she realized a number of things she had not before known. If one door shuts, another opens; and if we were allowed to pursue our own course in life, our souls would become dwarfed.

Joy teaches but one part of our nature, but sympathy opens up broad avenues of good, and we never know the true blessedness of living until we are able of the fulness of our hearts to carry consolation to another. There is satisfaction, perfect satisfaction, but we shall never know it until we awake in His likeness. So the good denied resulted in a perfect submission to his will and a firm belief that all things work for our eternal good.

SARA V. DUBOIS.

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—, Upper Falls Balto. 3 75
—, Waterbury .15 00
—, Wellsboro .. 3 75
—, Wellsville . 5 00
—, W Monroe. 15 00
—, Winnipeg. . 3 75
Anon, —.. ....15 00
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Anon, —.. .... 5 00
Anon, —.. .... 5 00
For Him, Scranton (10) 75 00
For His Sake, Kirk.. ..... 3 75
For Jesus Sake, Belmar.. .....15 00
Friend, — 15 00
A friend, —..15 00
Friend, Angusta. 3 75
Friend E, Bklyn. 15 00
Friend, Cromwell 2 00
Friend, Durham. 15 60
Friend, Deckers Point.. .....15 00
A friend, Greenville.. ..... 3 75
A friend, Indianapolis.. .....15 00
A friend, Elgin. 15 00
Friend, Louisville.. .....15 60
A friend, Newburgh.. ..... 2 00
A friend, Newtou..... .....15 00
Friends, Norwieh.... .....15 00
Friend, Pekin..10 00
Friend, Philadelphia (2) 10 00
Friend, Polo. ..15 00
A friend, San Francisco.. .. 4 00
Friend, Sethbridge.. ..... 4 00
Friend, Utica. .15 00
Friend of Orphans, Wadhams Mills .. 7 50
Friends, tro Mrs, Mary Burpee. . 60
I H N, Phila...15 00
I H N, Salix....15 00
I H N, Mem of S A B for Y E S, Evanston (2).30 00
In Jesus Name, Chillicothe. .. 3 75
In mem of Johnnie, Clara & Clarence, Amherst.. .....15 00
In mem of a dear one, in Jesus Name, W Lebanon.. ....10 00
Reader, Rocklin. 4 00
"Remembrance," Avon.. ..... 5 00
A Sympathizer, Medina.. ....15 00
Sympathy, Phila 15 00
People of Deer Lodge.. ..... 7 50
A Mother, New Haven.. .....15 00
Mother, Sister & Bro, Lanark (3) 45 00
Mother & Dau, Bucyrus.. ...15 00
Endeavorer, Buchanan.. ..... 5 00
A King's Dau, Montclair.. ..15 00
Unnamed, Monroe..... .....16 00
No "537," Cresco. 15 00
Chr Endeavorer, Grafton.. .... 3 75
A S Sch teacher of 1st Ref Ch, Kalamazoo.. .. 3 90
"The Halifax Herold," (42).640 65
Thro Folke-Veven, Chicago (1106)673 35
Chr Ch, Seneca. 3 75
Ch at Liberty Ctr (5) 75 00
Cong'l Ch, So Britain.. .....15 00
Cumd'l Pres Ch, Cookeville.. .. 5 20
Fre Baptist Ch, New Limerick. 3 60
Germ M E Ch, Kinsley.. .....15 00
M E Ch, Alvada. 3 75
Members of Nor-Fre Ch, Jersey City.. .....15 00
M P Ch, Nicklow.. ..... 8 35
R P Ch, Black Hawk.. ..... 7 50
Swed'h Miss Ch, Brantford.. .. 5 00
Norw S Sch, Jersey City (2)... 8 00
S S Ch of God, Roaring Spg .. 3 75
Otter Creek S S 1 25
Saltsburg Pres S Sc.. .....15 00
Greenwood Cong S Se.. .....17 00
Mission Hill S Sch (4).. .... 9 88
Wesleyan Meth S Sch, Northville 7 50
1st Pres S Sch, Newport News 15 60
Middleton S S, Manitou.. ....15 00
Evan S S, Kaneshohm.. ..... 5 25
Ger M E S Sch, Bushton.. .... 7 50
Congl S School, Steam boat Spgs 5 00
Hickman Un S S, Hampton...15 00
5th Dist S Sch, Harwinton.. . 3 75
Presby S Sch of Coshocton.. ..15 60
Wayne Village Bapt S S..... 3 60
Union S School, Lansing.. .... 3 75
Epworth Miss S Sch., Pittsfield. 15 00
Dist No 3 S S, Northfield.. .. 50
Best Miss S S, Coatesville. .. 5 00
St Lukes S Sch, Cayuga.. ..... 3 75
S Sch, W Eden. 3 75
Pilgrim Chap S S, Jamestown. 15 00
Primitive M S S, Mahoney City. 15 00
Smyrna Cong S Sch, Needy .. 2 12
Total $14,788.12

. . . "HAVE YOU ADOPTED AN INDIA FAMINE WAIF?"

The Great Question which is Agitating Christian America — Urgent Need of Active Work to Save the Thousands of Destitute Little Orphans . . . . . .

NO work of practical Christian benevolence in recent years has secured a stronger hold upon the hearts of God's people in our own favored land than the movement for the rescue of the great army of orphans left homeless, bereaved and destitute by the India famine. Already over 2,000 pledges of support for individual orphans in the care of our missionaries in India have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but the need of a movement on a much larger scale is made apparent by letters just received from missionary workers, who, with united voice, appeal to us in behalf of the multitude of children still uncared for. We invite every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to have a share in this great work of child-redemption—the grandest work the century has afforded, and one upon which the religious future of India largely depends. Fifteen dollars will support an orphan for one year, supplying care, food, clothing, shelter and training in an orphanage or mission school. The donor can adopt the orphan, choosing either boy or girl, and may have the protege placed in an orphanage or school of the donor's own denomination. Further, the donor can come into still closer contact with the adopted one by mail correspondence. Regular reports will be furnished by the missionaries. All contributions for orphan support and adoption should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, the sender stating sex and denomination preferred.

Instances of Self-Denial

Many beautiful and touching sacrifices are being made by young and old in behalf of India's famine orphans. Here are a few of many similar instances:

Little three-year-old Dorothy Albrecht, in Illinois, gave her entire year's savings, $6, to the little orphans of India.

A poor fisherman of North Carolina sends, through a lady of his town, that his name may not be known, $10 for the orphans. In the same mail a prominent gentleman of New York City contributes money to support six little orphans, three boys for his young son, and three girls for his little daughter.

An old lady, over seventy-one, and afflicted with rheumatism, is making bread and butter to sell for the homeless little children of India. A kind lady of New York, whose benevolence has been proved over and over again, has given support for three little orphan girls for three years.

A decrepit old woman of eighty-four, doing all the work for three orphaned grandchildren, in the poorest section of New York City, was found by one of our city missionaries lying almost exhausted on her bed, with floors scrubbed as white as boards could be. When asked if she could not hire this very hard work done, she replied, "Yes, I have some money saved, but I thought I could stand a little more work, and send it to the poor little orphans of India," and bringing from under her pillow an old home-made purse, she placed the coins, savings from a very scanty income, in the hands of the good visitor, asking her to take it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for her.

One man in Youngstown, O., furnishes support for six little ones, and from New Haven, Conn., Bullville, N. Y., Toronto, Can., comes a similar generous gift from several individuals. From a citizen of Boise City, Idaho, comes support for five.

A little girl in Colorado, Isabel B., aged twelve, received a prize for an essay, and though she was poor and this was the first money she had ever earned, she devoted a generous part of it to joining with others in her Sunday School class in caring for a little orphan in India. A Presbyterian church in Erie, Pa., was the first to attempt to provide for one hundred orphans. A little church out West, with a membership of nineteen, pledged support for one orphan.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Advent Christian Church, through Mrs. Taylor, is caring for one hundred, and the King's Daughters, through Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, has adopted forty. Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Baptist Young People's Societies and Sunday School classes throughout the country are actively taking up the orphan work.

The *Folke Vennen* of Chicago has sent pledges for one hundred and six orphans, with more on the way. The Halifax *Herald* has adopted a family of forty-two orphans, the larger part of the funds for their support having been raised by the efforts of the children of that city. The *Bud og Hilsen* of Minnesota is joining in the orphan work, after making a fine record in raising funds for the famine sufferers, and has begun by sending seven pledges.

A little girl in Philadelphia, six and one-half years old, herself an orphan, is contributing towards the support of a little orphan girl in India. A young men's prayer meeting in West Virginia has assumed the support of three orphans.

These are typical of many hundreds of other instances of loyal, self-denying, consecrated work in behalf of the famine waifs of India.

Echoes of the Great Famine

Each passing week now shows an improvement in the famine condition of the provinces where the suffering and mortality were lately so frightful. Letters from the missionaries confirm the news that the worst of the famine is really over. Rev. G. H. Harpster, of Guntur, Madras Presidency, writes:

"I am glad to be able to report that in a large part of the Krishna district there have been very fair rains. In other parts there has been scarcely any. Still, the situation generally has improved immensely, and the districts which have received rain will soon be able to support those which have not. For two months more, or until the harvest is gathered, there is bound to be much want. But generally the sky of hope is brightening, and in a few months the ghastly famine of 1900 will be over. Thank God, it will be over.

"But what a work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers have done in this time of stress! Who ever heard of help given, inspired and carried through by a newspaper in this style since the world began? I want you to take me very seriously when I say that the very mention of the name of that paper will bring the moisture to my eyes until I die. Heaven bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, as men are blessing them all over this famine-stricken land."

Rev. E. F. Frease, of Baroda, secretary of the Interdenominational Missionary Committee, also writes most encouragingly. He says:

"I have spoken of the end of the famine being in sight. The first harvest in Gujerat promises to ripen within ten days or two weeks. Yesterday, in going up to Nadiad, I noticed field after field of one of the staple food grains of Gujerat called bajari, in full head, requiring only a few days of hot, dry weather to ripen it. And as hoped for, the skies have cleared and we are likely to have the sunshine needed, although, of course, we expect and need more rain for other crops. . . . How I would enjoy accompanying you over the same ground I went with you in May, for now the fields are wonderful in their green and the whole land is rejoicing with the promise of the harvest near at hand."

Mr. Frease has been dangerously ill—the result of his exhaustive work in connection with the famine relief operations. A late cablegram announces that he is still prostrated, but there are hopes of his recovery. God's people will pray for the restoration to health of this valued worker.

Rev. Geo. P. Taylor, Ahmadabad, writes:

"You will doubtless have heard before now of the long-looked-for rain having come at last. Surely no late-comer can ever have been more welcome, and a heavy demand is now being made upon our financial resources. Till the rains fell, our effort had been to retain in life as many poor folk as possible at a minimum of expenditure, and every rupee was thus most carefully doled out. But now the conditions are very different, and money has to be somewhat generously disbursed, if any crop is to be raised this cold weather. During the earlier months of the famine, a very large number of bullocks died, and consequently the cultivators, while still tenaciously holding on to their few acres of land, would be unable to get it sown and tilled unless supplied both with seed-grain and plough-cattle. Through you and your readers' kindness, and that of other friends at home, considerable sums have reached me, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I have thus purchased freely both seed and cattle, and handed them over under carefully considered conditions to the actual farmers.

"But the rainfall has brought in its train another change, and that a sad one. The mortality, high as it was before, has rushed up still higher with unprecedented rapidity, and numbers of the weakest of the people have simply succumbed to the diseases prevalent in the rainy season. Cholera and dysentery have been reaping a plentiful harvest. Our normal death-rate in this large city of Ahmadabad was 16 a day; last month the average rose to 150, and is now about 130. Our own missionary circles have also suffered heavily. From our staff of 39 European missionaries, all counted, we have lost four by death. Our senior and most efficient worker, Mr. Gillespie, was called away in May; then followed the oldest member and the youngest of our mission to the Bhils, Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Mawhinney; and only yesterday news came of the lamented death of the wife of my dear colleague, Mr Steele.

"For all your kindness to us and for your magnificent exertions to help us in this sad time, we cannot sufficiently thank you. But God knows all you have done and are doing, and he does not forget. That his richest blessing may rest upon you is my prayer and the prayer of many a one in this afflicted land."

A GROUP OF FAMINE VICTIMS IN GUJERAT

Called Our Corn "Heavenly Food"

Rev. G. N. Thomssen, of Bapatla, sends this interesting letter about the use of our American corn in India:

"When, as a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Interdenominational Committee, I was asked: 'Shall corn or money be sent to the starving in India?' I unhesitatingly voted for money, for it seemed to me that it was a mistake to send corn so late in the season. But the good ship *Quito* came, and brought food for the hungry. Our mission received 4,000 bags of corn, and now let me tell you how this has been distributed. In our granary at Bapatla we stored 400 bags of this precious food. Thousands heard of America's great gift of love and begged us to give them food. We had to adopt the apostolic rule in the distribution of the grain: that if any would not work, neither should he eat! This excellent rule weeded out the host of beggars who always thrive in India. Before distributing corn for the first time, we had a thanksgiving service. I told the large crowd of over one thousand people: there are three kinds of gratitude—first, that of the cat, which forgets in three days the kindness of three years; then that of the dog, that will not forget the benefits of three days after three years, but lastly, that of the Christian who, through all eternity, calls upon his soul and all that is within him, to bless the Lord, and not to forget all his benefits. 'Yes' said Yelliah, the preacher who, with Mrs. Thomssen, was giving out the grain, 'we will be grateful as Christians, first to our Heavenly Father, who has pitied us in our famine, then to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and all friends in America who have sent us the grain, and also to the missionaries who distribute to us food for the body and also feed us with the Bread of Life.'

"Many prayed earnestly for all the donors of this 'heavenly food,' as they called it, while tears of joy and gratitude flowed down the dark cheeks of the starving men, women, and children. Then bag after bag was emptied and over forty bags were distributed that evening, each one, after a day's work, getting about three handfuls of corn.

"The missionaries have been, as it seems to me, almost too conscientious. I asked our noble, veteran missionary, the Rev. J. E. Clough, D.D.: 'Did you sell any corn?' He said: 'Yes, I sold one bag to myself and paid fifteen rupees for it into the treasury'!

"We all feel grateful to Dr. Klopsch for emphasizing one fact while in India, namely, that where missionaries carry on the work of relief, there the work is done efficiently and economically. A few days ago, a wealthy Parsee gentleman from Baroda said to me: 'In famine relief operations, in spite of all watch-care, only one-half of the money goes to the starving; the other half goes to the officials. This can not be remedied'!

"I replied: 'This can be remedied. There is one honest agency in India at least, and if relief works are entrusted to that every cent will go to the needy'!

"He smiled incredibly, and said with just a little sneer: 'And what agency is that'?

"I said: 'The missionary!' At once he said earnestly: 'Yes, the missionaries are our greatest benefactors, and they are honest in the distribution of famine relief funds'!

"God has given us great joy in the midst of this great sorrow. What will your joy be when you find after many days the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTIT

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SAMANTHA INSPECTS BERLIN

UNTER der Linden is as beautiful and imposing an avenue as I see on my tower, with tall, handsome housen risin' up on each side on't. And there are beautiful parks and pleasure ground and places of recreation of all kinds.

The Academy of Music is famous for its fine concerts, the city seems the very home of melody, and beautiful statutes are seen on every side. The equestrian statute of Frederic the Great is a grand one, and Josiah got all rousted up lookin' at it, and talked considerable to me about what a imposin' figger he himself would make if he could be sculped settin' on the mair. He said it would be a lovely sight a loomin' up in front of the M. E. meetin' house in Jonesville. But I got his mind off from it quick as I could.

One day when we wuz out drivin' through the handsome streets we went to see the palace of Bismark. It wuz a large, stately mansion, opposite a pretty little park. But though this seemed the very abode of luxury, I wuz told that Bismark loved the country fur better, and as Josiah and I delighted in the fields of Jonesville, so he loved sweet Nature, and follered her all he could into her hants in the country. Josiah sot store by Bismark, and honors his memory, and he seemed real tickled when I sez to him:

"Bismark always reminded me of you, Josiah, from what I've read of him."

Josiah was very tickled, and he sez with a proud happy look, "Yes, I spoze I am a good deal like him, he wuz as brave as a lion, had good sound horse sense and ——"

But I sez calmly, "I dare presoom to say, Josiah, that that is so. But I wuz alludin' to his appetite, I have hearn that he had a splendid and immense appetite."

Josiah acted huffy, and I drawed his attention off onto the corners of base relief and the white statters ornamentin' the ruff.

A Day in a Royal Home

To our great sorrow, we found that Emperor William wuzn't to home. I spoze it will be a great disappointment to him when he hears on't that Josiah and I had really been there right to his home and he shouldn't be there. I well know how bad I should feel if Potentates come to Jonesville and I happened to be off on a tower. And then I honored Emperor William for his kind heart and kind actions and his good sense, and felt bad enough to think I wuzn't goin' to see him.

But owin' to Robert Strong's gittin' a letter from somebody to somebody, we went through the palace just as I would want William to go through our house in Jonesville and the carriage-house and barn, if we happened to be away a visitin' when he come our way.

And oh, what a sight that palace wuz on the inside when we come to go through it, and the outside too looked well, very strong and massive and handsum and big, enormous big.

Why, it contains six hundred rooms. And Miss Cornelius Bobbett thought she had reached the very hite of grandeur when she moved into their new house that had six big rooms beside the bedrooms. And it did go fur ahead of the average Jonesville housen. But when I stood in William's white saloon and our party wuz givin' utterance to different ejaculations of surprise and admiration I only sez instinctively:

"Oh, if Sister Cornelius Bobbett only could see this room! what would she say? How her pride would be lowered down."

For it did seem to me the most beautiful room I ever beheld. It was more than a hundred feet long, and about half that in width, and the crystal glitter overhead reflected in the shinin' floor below wuz ahead of anything I had ever seen, as brilliant as a hull forest of ice-sickles mingled in with statutes and columns and angels and everything else beautiful.

Here in this room Sessions of Parliament are opened. And I thought the laws ort to be grand and noble indeed to make 'em worthy of the place they was made in.

But, immense as this room wuz, the picture gallery is most as big agin and full of beauty and inspiration from wall to wall and from floor to ceilin'. The palace chapel is kinder round in shape, and has all sorts of soft and rich-colored marbles in the floor and wall. The altar wuz made of Egyptian marble, a kind of buff color, and the pulpit wuz made of Carrera marble. I s'pose powerful sermons have been preached from that pulpit.

SAMANTHA POINTS OUT THE BEAUTIES OF THE WHITE SALOON

Art and Finance

In Berlin the most beautiful pictures are to be seen on every side on palace walls and in picture galleries. Dorothy and Robert just doted on 'em and so did I. But Josiah always complained of his corns whilst walkin' through 'em. A picture gallery just started them corns to achin' the worst kind from his tell.

The Bourse is sunthin' like our stock exchange but big enough to accomodate thousands of money-seekers. I spoze they have lively times here anon or oftener—the river Spree runs right in front on't (though I don't think that makes a mite of difference).

More than fifty bridges cross this river and it divides out into canals and little streams, all of which comes together agin and flows away into the sea.

Impressed by the Monuments

The Alson bridge is one of the most beautiful bridges I ever sot my eyes on and not fur off is the Alson Platz, a very charming public garden. Shady paths, trees, flowers, sculpture, all make this garden very attractive.

Not fur off is the Konigs Platz, one of the most imposing parts of the city. In the centre of this square stands the grand monument to Victory, it is high and lofty as a monument to Victory ort to be, solid and massive at the base (for in order to be successful you have got to have a good underpinnin' of principle and gumption) and crowned with a noble-lookin' figger, standin' amidst a flock of eagles.

The Royal Theatre is a handsome building and looks some in front like our own Capitol in Washington, D. C. It stands between two meetin' housen, as if it laid out to set back and enjoy its neighborhood and be real respectable.

In front of it stands a fine monument to the German poet, Schiller. I sot store by him. Thomas J. used to read his books to his Pa and me a good deal when he wuz tendin' the Cademy to Jonesville,

FREDERICK WILLIAM'S STATUE

his dramas and his poems, so Josiah and I felt quite well acquainted with him, and when we see his name here amidst foreign seens it give us quite agreeable emotions, some as if we wuz a travelin' in Africa and should see a obelisk riz up with Deacon Henzy's name on it. Also I wuz interested in looking at the beautful equestrian statute of Frederic William the illustrious elector, who did so much to make his country great.

It stands on a bridge, as if dominating sea and land, as he did a good deal whilst he wuz alive. He looks calm and powerful, and has a look on his face as if he could do most anything he sot out to do. And the four slaves grouped round the base of the statute seem to look up to him as if they trusted him implicitly.

His clothes wuzn't exactly what I would want Josiah sculped in if he wuz to be rared up in marble, and it seems as if so many skirts and such a long cloak floatin' out must be in a man's way if he wuz in a hurry. But where is there anything perfect here below? It wuz remarkably handsome, take it as a hull.

Dorothy and Robert said they wanted to see the statute of Gerty.

And Josiah whispered to me and sez, "Gerty who? I didn't know as they knew any Gertrude that wuz buried here."

Josiah's Tribute to Goethe

And I whispered back, "They mean Goethe. Josiah. You know Thomas J. has read us quite a lot of his writings." Sez I, "Don't you remember about little Mignon who wuz so home-sick for her own land, and would keep askin':

Knowest thou the land where citron apples bloom?
And oranges like gold amidst the leafy gloom?

"You remember it, Josiah. I've seeu you shed tears when he wuz readin' about her."

And Josiah whispered back in a loud shrill whisper that I know they hearn: "If they wanted to see Go-ethe, why didn't they say Go-ethe?" (He always would pronounce his name to rhyme with sheath.)

I felt mortified, nothin' seems worse when you're tryin' to quell a pardner down than to have him whisper back so loud. Why, I have had Josiah right to my own table when I've had company and he wuz makin' onlucky remarks, I've known him to ask me right out what I wuz steppin' on his toe for, and I wuz worse off than as if I hadn't tried to curb him in. But then he has a host of good qualities and pardners are dretful handy lots of times. But life is a kind of a warfare to the best and happiest on us.

Well we all went to see the statute to Goethe; it stands in a pleasant spot in the Thiergarten surrounded by shrubs and trees. The face of the great poet is full of the sadness and glory of them that see visions and dream dreams. Grouped about him are the sculptured forms of Tragedy, Lyrical Poetry, and Research. It wuz a impressive monument and rousted up more emotions in me than any that I see in Berlin.

Well, we didn't stay long in Prussia, for the cords that wuz drawin' us home tightened from day to day, the children and

Philury a drawin' them cords closter ever and anon with long and loving letters, and we hastened on to Hamburg. It wuz a lovely day when we sot out on our journey and we wuz all feelin' well, specially Josiah and I, for every revolution of the wheels brought us nigher to our beloved Jonesville and every toot of the engine seemed to shout afresh the joyful tidin's to us that we had sot our faces towards the bright hearth stun of home.

We had no eventful experiences on the journey to relate, unless it wuz a interview we had with a young man, a Freshman I believe he wuz from some college, travelin' with his tutor, and he seemed real fresh, he seemed to have plenty of money but a scarcity of brains, or mebby he had enough brains but they seemed to be in a sort of a soft state, and I guess they'll harden up some when he gits older if he has good luck with them.

Snubbing an Infidel

I wuz most a good mind to advise him to set in the sun bareheaded all he could, thinkin' mebby it might harden 'em some, but didn't know how it would be took.

He thought he knew a sight, but the shadder he really cast on worldly affairs wuz exceedingly small, he could step over it the hull time, but he felt that it reached the horizon. Robert talked quite a good deal with him, to pass away the time I spoze, but there wuz a queer smile in his eyes and kinder patient and long sufferin' as if to say:

"You'll know more in the future than you do now and I'll bear with you."

The young man thought he wuz patronizin' Robert, I knew from his liniment. He wuz a infidel, and seemed to think it made him very smart. You know some folks do think it is real genteel to doubt and a mark of a deep thinker.

I hearn him go on for quite a spell, for Robert wouldn't argy with him, thinkin' I spoze it might strain his arm to hit at vacancy. But at last I seemed to have to speak up to Miss Meechim and say:

"How strange it is that some folks think the less they believe the bigger it makes 'em, but good land! it don't take much intellect to believe in nothin', it don't strain the mind any if it is ever so weak."

I guess he hearn me for he kinder changed his talk and went to patronizin' the scenery. Well, it wuz beautiful a good deal of the way, though at the last of our journey it broke out rainy all of a sudden right whilst Josiah wuz all engaged in admirin' a particular view, and it grew cold and disagreeable. And he bein' tired out, worried a sight about the rain and the suddenness on't and how it stopped his sight-seein' and brung on his rumatiz, and he complained of his corns and his tight boots, and said that I had ort to seen that he wuz dressed thicker, and fretted and acted. And I sez:

"You've got to take things as they come, Josiah. I couldn't send anybody out this mornin' to bring in a pail of weather to see if it wuz goin' to rain. You've got to take it as it comes, and when it comes, and make the best on't."

But he still acted restless and oneasy, and most cried, he felt so bad. And I went on and dilated on the merits of calmness and serenity and how beautiful traits they wuz and how much to be desired.

Irritating Equanimity

And he snapped me up enough to take my head off, and said that he "couldn't always be calm and wuzn't goin' to try to be."

"No," sez I reasonable, "you've got to be megum in that, or in eatin' bread and milk, of course, you could kill yourself on that, though it seems innocent and harmless; you can carry everything too fur."

And seein' that his liniment still bore the marks of restless oneasiness and onhappiness, I eppisoded a little on his side of the question, for what will not a woman do to ease a pardner's mind and comfort him?

"Yes, Josiah, Cousin Joel Smith's life used to be so serene and so deadly calm on all occasions that she used to mad Uncle Joel, who wuz of a lively and active tempermament, like the most of the Smiths.

"I asked Joel once on a visit there, when she had been so collected together and monotonous in aspect, and talked with such oneven and sweetness of tone that I got dead tired on't myself, and felt that I had been lookin' on a sun-baked prairie for months, and would have been glad enough to had her got up a change of liniment some way, and a change of axent higher or lower, I sez to Cousin Joel:

"Do you spoze Serintha Jane would git excited and look any different and talk any faster or louder if the house should get afire?"

Calm in a Fire

And he said no, the house did git afire once, when he wuz away. And she discovered it in the morning whilst she wuz makin' some scollops in her hair (she always had her hair scolloped just as even as ever a baby's petticoat wuz), keepin' that too calm and fixed through bangs and braids. She had scolloped it on one side and wuz just beginin' it on the other when she see the fire, and she went gently to the door, opened it in a quiet ladylike way, and asked a neighbor goin' by in her low even axent, if he would kindly stop a minute. And the neighbor stopped and she said sweetly:

"Could I trouble you to do a little errand for me if you are going down town, or would it incommode you?"

He said he would do it.

Well, she said she didn't want him incommoded, "But," sez she, "if it is not too much trouble will you please tell my husband that I would like to have him come home as soon as he can make it convenient to do so, for the house is afire." And then she smiled sweetly and made a low bow, and went back into the house lookin' real serene, and went to scollopin' the other side of her fore-top.

The neighbor started off wildly on the run hollerin' "fire!" and "help!" for he see the flames bustin' out of one of the chamber winders. He got the fire engine and the neighbors collected, and got most of the furniture out below, and they couldn't hardly git her to make a move, for she hadn't got the last scallop made, but finally somebody grabbed her, and kinder hauled her out, she a tryin' to smile, they say, and look calm, as she was borne out.

I told Joel, before I thought, that "she ort to been singed, and that it would have done her good, mebby it would rousted her up a little."

Disappointed at Table

And I guess he felt so too, though he didn't say so. Josiah looked real interested, and I sez, fur I didn't dast to have the encouragement go too fur that way:

"Calmness and serenity are beautiful, Josiah, and almost always desirable, though when a house gits afire you ort to let up on 'em a little."

Josiah's liniment looked quite a little clearer, but some shadders still remained, and I went on tenderly and pictured out to him the first meal I would cook for him when we got home. And then his liniment grew peaceful and happy, and he sez gratefully:

"You're so calmin' to the nerves, Samantha when you set out to be, you're a perfect iodine."

Id'no really what he did mean, I guess it wuz anodyne, I keep a bottle to home for nerves. But 'tennyrate in a few minutes he wuz talkin' quite glib about home and the children and I felt richly repaid for all my trouble. And with such little agreeable talk and eppisodin' did I try to diversify the weariness of travel.

Josiah is a great case for Hamburg steaks, and he confided to me the hope that we would git some here that would go even beyond any that I had ever cooked and that would ensure him a future of this delicious food. But we didn't see a sign on 'em in the city. He wuz bitterly disappinted.

Hamburg is a free state, small, but I spoze feelin' quite big and independent. It is ruled by a Senate of eighteen members, and a house of Burgesses of one hundred and ninety-two members, and they make their own laws and keep 'em, I spoze, the most on 'em, and get along quite well and prosperous.

Florists in Quaint Garb

There is a beautiful little lake in the heart of the city on which small gaily painted boats dart to and fro carrying passengers like omnibuses in city streets. Beautiful bridges cross the Alster, a tributary of the Danube, and tall handsome houses line the streets.

They are great cases for flowers there in Hamburg. You meet flower shops and flower sellers on every side. But they are not the beautiful flower girls we read of in stories. They are mostly old wimmen, two old for hard work. They wear short skirts, comin' just below their knees, black bodices, long black stockings with gay colored garters, wooden shoes, broad-brimmed hats, saucer shaped, trimmed with stiff black cambric bows.

We wuz only there for one day, but long enough to drive through the principal streets and see some of the principal sights and git rested some, and then we sailed away for Home Sweet Home, via London, England.

(To be Continued)

♣ ♣ ♣

Our Children's Home Helpers

Though the summer days are past, and the Children's Home closed till summer comes again, the good that was done at beautiful Mont-Lawn lives on. Many little ones, trudging sturdily to school now, owe health and strength to their sojourn there. Numbers of boys and girls who never went to Sunday School before their stay with us are regular attendants at some church or mission. The following contributions have been received:

Prev ack'd.	$8,151 18
In Memory of James Frederic	3 00
In Memory of Hugh, Rockford	10 00
In Mem of Our Loved Ones, Waterloo	5 00
Subscriber, Adairville	3 00
Constant Reader, Janesville	3 00
Const Reader, Lodi	3 00
Old Subscriber, Sault Ste Marie	1 00
Reader, Moodus	3 00
A Widow, Bridgeton	3 00
Junior Rough Riders, Auburn	3 00
Lover of the Country, Guilford	3 00
From Outing	6 00
3 Button Islanders, Westport	1 00
Summer CountryGirl, Lansdowne	1 00
Lover of Nature, Clinton	3 00
Uncle Billy, Islip	3 02
A "YPSCE," Dundee	1 00
A Lender, Stamford	3 00
PrimDpt Elmwood av F B S S, Providence	2 00
"Shut-in," EJefferson	25
A Scotchwoman	20 00
S S at Wainscott	3 50
Prim SS, Belchertown	3 00
Prim SS Class in Pres Ch, Beaver Falls	1 00
Prim Class M E S S, Uniontown	1 00
Mercy & Help Dept of Ep Lge, Ashland	3 50
Jr C E Soc of Union Ch, Gallitzin	3 28
Willing Helpers Pres Ch, Johnstown	10 00
Jr End Soc of Union Ch, Parishville	2 00
S S & C E Soc, Usk	6 00
JrCESoc, Bloomsbury	6 00
JrCESoc, Hudson Ctr	25
King's Danghters, Winchester	6 00
King's DaughtersCir, Sun Prairie	6 00
Jr End Soc, Terryville	3 00
A friend, Afton	25
A friend, Aiken	2 00
A friend, Centerport	3 00
Friends, Chebeague	70
A friend, E Pittston	1 50
A friend, Haverhill	2 00
A friend, Logan	2 00
A friend in Lynn	1 00
A friend, NewVienna	3 00
Children's friends, Poultney	9 00
A friend to the children, Sabinal	6 00
A friend, Schenectady	2 00
A friend, Sherham	2 00
A friend of the children, So Bend	1 00
A friend, Sontham'n	2 50
A friend to children, Southbridge	5 00
A friend, Springfield	4 50
Interested friends, Stoneham	3 00
Sympathizer, Sinnickson	50
Sympathizing friends W Topsham	1 00
A friend, Williamsp't	3 00
A friend, Worcester	3 00
The Goode children	3 00
A S S teacher & her cl of boys, Chicago	1 32
All for Jesus, Channing	3 00
A Lover of Children, So Britain	3 00
One who loves children, Lishon	6 00
"Mohonk," Mohonk Lake	10 00
Bessie & Walter, Brooklyn	1 00
Boys' class, So Trenton	3 00
One of His children, Royal Centre	3 00
In mem of Henrietta, Elizabeth & Willie, Oneida	3 00
"Vulcan," Janesville	50
Mother & Daughter, Alexandria	3 00
Mother & daughter, Sodus	3 00
"Luzerne," Wilkes Barre	10 00
A Canadian girl, Hamilton	3 00
A railroad brakeman, Providence	3 00
Helpers, Garberville	5 00
The Baldwins of Shelter Island	3 00
Delphine, Asbury Pk	6 00
"Friend of good," Racine	1 12
"One who loves children, Adrian	6 00
F M G, Belletonte	50
"Friends of children" Segreganset	6 09
Proceeds of fair given by Cecile & Annie Tilten, Keyport	2 35
For Him, Sycamore	3 00
Pine-Lawn, Dayton	2 50
A daughter of the King, Livouia Center	3 00
Four Bits, California	50
Mama and Little Charite, Brooklyn	5 00
Buds of Promise, Band, Windham	4 00
Enonita, Alabama	25
Nemo, Humboldt	1 00
Jr. End & Miss. Band of Ref. Ch, Dumont	20 00
Infant Class of All SaintsCh, GreatNeck	3 00
Parker Ch. Friends, Kiel	6 00
Intermediate Dept. of Park Congl. Ch, St. Paul	9 00
Little Sunday School Boys, Skaneateles	1 00
Juniors First Baptist Church, Urbana	6 00
Infant S S Dept, Beaver Falls	1 00
Crystal Sunday Sch	1 00
A boy's S S Class, Eatontown	35
Class 7, Congr. S S, Holliston	3 00
Boys and girls of S S, Milway	1 00
Union Sunday School, South Exeter	3 00
Queen St. Sun Sch, Southington	3 35
Hall M E S S, West Hampton	7 00
M E S S, Wiscasset	6 20
Jr. C E Soc of Pres Ch, Blairsville	5 00
Jr. C E Soc, Huntley	1 00
King's Dau. Circle, Lebanon Springs	12 00
Loyal Temp. Legion, Salisbury	2 00
Membs. of the Horseshoe Club, Marlboro	3 00
Silver Cross Cir of K D, Orrville	7 00
Jr. Endeavorers of 1st Congl Ch, Sidney	3 00
Fowler House Soc of C E, Wappinger's Flls	5 00
A Tenth, Dunlap	1 00
Total	$8,561 96

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. O. W. W., Marion, O., writes:

I desire to add my testimony to that of many others, that God hears and answers prayer, and that he is our only hope and safety. He leads his children through dark days into the sunshine of his presence more.

Mrs. W., Omaha, Neb., writes:

My friend was estranged from me. I prayed to God and the estrangement was removed.

Constant Reader, Blanchard, Iowa, writes:

Some time since I prayed God to spare me a great trouble that seemed pending. My prayer has been fully answered. Truly he is a merciful father.

Mrs. R. E. H., Collins, Mich., writes:

I promised my blessed Lord that if he would carry me through a certain trial I would acknowledge it before men. I praise his name for answering my prayer.

W. J. S., Moyer, Pa., writes:

I want to acknowledge through your paper that God has answered my prayers. I thank him for having cast a new joy into my life.

Mrs. M., Jacksonville, Fla., writes:

I want to acknowledge the receipt of a special answer to prayer, as I promised to do when the request was made. I have many times proved the truth of the promise, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Believer, Huntingdon, Pa., writes:

I have been praying for a blessing from the Lord, which would not only effect my life, but the lives of a number of others. I received the answer yesterday evening, so write at once to redeem my promise to make it known.

Subscriber, Groesbeck, Texas, writes:

Many times have I felt that God answered my petitions. I believe, when our prayers are not answered in just the way we wish, it is because our Father who is too wise to err and too good to do a wrong, knows it is not for our good and denies us, just as "prudent parents disallow too much of sweet to craving babyhood."

Miss H., Portsmouth, Va., writes:

I write to acknowledge that the Lord has answered several special prayers for me recently I feel that he has always given me what I asked in faith, unless he knew it best to withhold.

W. H., Poughkeepsie, N.Y., writes:

I wish to thank my Heavenly Father for the many times he has answered my prayers. Surely I can say he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Glory be to his holy name.

D. J. T., Onancock, Va., writes:

A few weeks ago my way seemed entirely hedged in, but step by step the way has been opened. I believe it to be in answer to prayer, and desire to acknowledge the same through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. F. H. S., Chadron, Neb., writes:

I wish to keep my promise, by acknowledging through the paper a recent answer to prayer. For months I called upon the Lord. He has answered my prayer. I give him the praise.

E. B. T., Columbia, S. C., writes:

My wife and I are both glad that you give space in your paper to answered prayers. We have lately to bless God for richly answering our petitions. My message to the prayer circle is "Judge not the Lord by one day's sight."

Mrs. G. N. McD., Havana, Cuba, writes:

I prayed to know God's will, which he most graciously showed to me. As testimony for Christ I tell to the world, through the columns of your paper, that he is faithful to his promises.

Young Reader, Iowa, writes:

I feel that God has been very good to me in answering prayer.

C. M. V., Staten Island, writes:

I desire to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a direct answer to prayer. When circumstances seemed very dark and gloomy I promised my Heavenly Father, if he would help me, I would acknowledge it. My Father has done his part and I intend doing mine. All praise be unto him.

J. J. H., Norwalk, Mass., writes:

I have this morning received such a direct answer to prayer that I wish to make it known in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

M. B. R., New Haven, Conn., writes:

Sorrow and desolation in my home, then business trouble and loss. I prayed the dear Father in heaven to help me, and have found help; but must yet beg for strength to live on sweetly and patiently.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have also been received from T. F. S., Scituate, R. I.; Mrs. L., Bancroft, Ia.; A Reader, Chaplin, Conn.; S. D., Youngstown, Ia.; Reader, Chesterfield, Va.; Mrs. H. M. P., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. E. S., Big Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. M. E. B., Peterboro, N. H.; H. S., Mt. Ayr, Ia.; M. L. B., Sodus Center, N. Y.; N. Y. Z., Ozeana, Va.; a Reader, Stuyvesant, N. Y.; Reader, Wytheville, Va.; A. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.; a Reader, Tampa, Fla.

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GOSPEL LIGHT IN HONGKONG

Mission Work Among Sailors of all Nations—The "Day-Spring"—A Service on Her Majesty's Transport : : : :

BY REV. THOMAS WRIGHT, Chaplain Seamen's Mission, Hongkong

JOHN CHINAMAN is nothing if not complimentary. At all events there is no one so profuse in the employment of high-sounding epithets as he. His country is "The Flowery Land," "The Celestial Empire." It is not generally known that the Chinese name for the Gibraltar of the East, Hongkong, is equivalent to "fragrant waters," or "fragrant streams."

REV. THOMAS WRIGHT

Why it should be so called it is not easy to determine. Possibly some imaginative Chinaman, twenty or thirty centuries ago, struck by the extreme natural beauty of the bay, illogically conferred upon it the title which it has since retained. The modern traveler, as he enters the harbor in one of our ocean greyhounds, rarely fails to manifest his admiration for its loveliness. Many consider it the finest in the world. The flags of all nations are well represented, for is it not the fourth port of the world in the tonnage of its shipping? It is the great emporium, the distributing centre for the products of the East and West. Here, too, you observe hundreds of those strange looking junks which have come down the magnificent waterways of China, to return laden with the commodities of Europe and America, to communities which have never yet seen the face of a white man. The "fragrant waters" bear on their bosom varied and valuable merchandise, an abundance of this world's goods. May God grant that along those same highways may soon be borne messengers of peace, distributing, not earth's perishable riches, but the gold of the Gospel, tried in the fires of redeeming love. When such treasure goes inland from Hongkong, then will it become worthy of its name, "an odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice, acceptable, well-pleasing to God."

In this "haven for ships" much good evangelical work has been done for the sailors who visit it; and much more needs to be done. For many years the Seamen's Mission has operated through various agencies to help Jack live true to his higher self, and to choose for his captain and pilot, on ship or ashore, the Lord Jesus Christ. The present chaplains, the Rev. J. H. France and the writer, are doing their best to maintain the splendid traditions of the society, to consolidate and extend the work of God among those who go down to the sea in ships, and to make Hongkong worthy of its name, "fragrant waters." Dens of infamy are to be found here, as elsewhere; unscrupulous men do not hesitate to enrich themselves by robbing the simple-hearted sailor of his hard-earned wages. Even before his ship has had time to swing to her anchor she is boarded by the emissaries (known as "runners") of these men, who wax eloquent on the attractions which the dens of the city present. It is to counteract such base influences as these that the Seamen's Mission is carried on. Numerous letters have been received by the workers from fathers and mothers of many lands expressing grateful recognition of the interest taken in their sons in this far-off islet.

We have also a church for sailors, called St. Peter's Seamen's Church. It is situated in the grounds of the Sailors' Home. Religious services of a brief, bright and brotherly character are held here every morning, and on four evenings of the week. Sankey's hymns are used, a short practical address is given, closing with prayer, in which absent friends and sailors at sea are not forgotten. At these services are found men of all races and nationalities, and the scene presented is varied and picturesque in the extreme. White and yellow and black men, men with fans in their hands, men in khaki, in blue jumpers, in every sort of costume, marine and military, sit under the swaying punkahs and listen reverently while the simple Gospel is proclaimed, usually in our English tongue, which seems to be more generally understood among seafaring men than any other.

Much might be written on the usefulness of the Mission steam launch, *Day-spring*, in which 1,300 pastoral visits were paid to the ships in the harbor during the past year, not reckoning the evening journeys undertaken to bring men from their ship to various meetings ashore. At the Kowloon Institute innocent recreations are provided for the sailor, concerts are given and temperance and other meetings are held. Provision is made at the "Star Coffee House" for the material wants of the men who come ashore for a short time "on liberty," meals and rooms being provided at reasonable rates.

A service is occasionally held in Her Majesty's Prison, and cell doors are afterwards left open for the chaplain's admission. These prisoners are not all criminals: many have been incarcerated for some offence against discipline, usually committed under the influence of drink. Once a week a service takes place in the civil hospital, and seafaring men (who are usually there in considerable numbers) are regularly visited and made to feel that though far away from home they are not without friends. Every opportunity of holding a service aboard ship, especially on those about to sail, is gladly seized, and parcels of miscellaneous literature are left for benefit of the crew. Special attention is paid to "apprentices," or boys learning navigation, and everything is done to bring them under wholesome influences.

Many of Her Majesty's transports have been passing through here of late, carrying Indian troops to the seat of trouble in North China. One in particular attracts special interest just now, for she is conveying the Australian Naval Brigade to augment the forces of the Empire up North. I invite THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to attend with me, in fancy, a farewell service on board. Ship's bell "for'ard" is tolled, and "aft" the boatswain's shrill pipe is heard to indicate that "church" is about to be held. Under an electric lamp on the fore-deck, the chaplain takes his stand, and soon the sons of the sea gather around him. They are in unconventional attire and assume unconventional positions more conducive to comfort than to dignity. The familiar top-hat and frock-coat are nowhere in evidence. The sailors are in the typical costume of the British man-o'-war's man, and bare feet and chests are the rule. The marines are in uniform new to the sea—khaki, gaiters and slouched colonial hats. Some manage to secure first-class seats on the hatches; others command the scene from elevated seats on the ship's broad gunwale; some lean on the halliards, and the rest make themselves as comfortable as possible on the deck itself. The music is led by a cornet and piccolo. When that congregation bursts into lusty chorus, their worship can be heard half a mile away. Reverently they listen to the chaplain's simple discourse, based on I. Timothy 6:11, 12, wherein he seeks to show from notable instances in modern military history that manliness and godliness are not only not opposed, but are perfectly consistent; nay, more, that the truest manliness is made manifest in the truest godliness. Some of his hearers may be doomed to fall in battle, and as the pastor speaks, he prays that God's spirit may carry a message of peace to the listening men on deck.

Salvation Army Work in Galveston

During the days of greatest distress in Galveston, the Salvation Army Relief Brigade formed itself into watches, and worked night and day. In the tent which they used as headquarters, they fed fully ten thousand people, serving some days more than a thousand meals, distributed twelve thousand garments, and sheltered sixty homeless mothers and their children. Brigadier Caygill relates many touching incidents of the work. Among the stricken ones who came to the Army's tent, was a woman and her three weeks' old babe—all that were left of a family of six. During the storm her husband had besought her to leave the house and flee with him to a place of possible safety. She in turn begged her husband to take their three older children and seek safety elsewhere, but she herself persisted in remaining where she was, saying: "If die I must, I would rather die here in my own home with my baby."

Strange to say, while she and the little one were both spared, her husband and the three children who fled with him were lost.

One man was brought to the Salvation tent, who had been found under a pile of debris, under which he had been literally buried for many days. The doctors said he could not recover. The children who flocked to the text were nearly all covered with sores caused by the action of salt water on open wounds, and were badly bruised and threatened with blood poison besides.

When the Army Brigade left the city, the authorities were masters of the situation. Numerous hospitals and supply stores had been opened, and anyone in need of help of any kind could get it by making the proper application. Every man, too, who wanted work could get it at from two to four dollars a day. Under the circumstances, the authorities announced that further work on the part of independent relief parties was not needed, whereupon the Salvation Army Relief Brigade, having accomplished all it set out to do in the stricken city, returned north.

Torpid Liver

Is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, that is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is
What headache, dizziness, constipation,
What fits of despondency,
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MISSIONARY FUGITIVES FROM CHINA CROSSING THE SIBERIAN DESERT

MISSIONARIES CRUELLY SLAIN

The Terrible Story of the Massacre at Chekiang, China—How a Group Escaped from Shansi : :

MANY weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before the complete story of the Christian martyrdoms in China can be told. Far back in the lonely interior, and in localities remote from all succor, the devoted missionaries of the Gospel of Jesus Christ have yielded up their lives for the faith.

A partial list of the missionary martyrs was given in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. To-day we are enabled, through the kindness of Dr. Hallock, of Hangchow, to give the following details of the massacre of the China Inland Mission workers at Chekiang—all of whom were included in the list already published. Under date of September 1, Dr. Hallock writes:

"There were none of the whites left to tell the tale. What we learn is from native Christians and from rumors. The story seems to be about as follows: Mr. D. B. Thompson, having a good work in Ku-chow, and having built up a fine plant for work, was waiting in hopes his presence would prevent the destruction of the property and save the lives of hundreds of native Christians. He remained even after there was great danger. He had a good friend in the magistrate, who would do his best to protect him, and who said he would himself die before the foreigners should be killed. He kept his word. The people knew he was a friend of the foreigners. They arose and killed the official, his family, and possibly his soldiers. Mr. Thompson saw in what danger he was. He therefore went quickly and pleaded with the higher official for protection. He constantly refused. After an hour of pleading, the higher official promised. As Mr. Thompson walked out from the official's presence the official sent no escort with him, but instead, behind his back, coward-like, made the motion of cutting his head off. One story says the soldiers immediately speared him to death. Another says the guard not going with him, he was killed on the street. When he was dead, they went to his home and killed his wife and two children. The three young ladies in the city were found ruthlessly handled—speared and beheaded, it is said, before the door of this wicked yamen.

"Mr. Ward, of Chang-san, had sent his wife and child and Miss Thirgood down the river ahead of him in a boat to escape. Before they got to Ku-chow, the people saw a foreign lady looking out of the boat window. They drew them out of the boat and speared them to death, some say having first hung them to a tree. Mr. Ward, coming down shortly after and seeing them dead, tried to escape, but was killed also. Thus the company from Cheng-san were all killed.

"Of those who suffered martyrdom, Mrs. Ward and Miss Thirgood, it seems are Americans. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson (two children), Mr. Ward (one child), Misses Sherwood, Manchester and Desmond are English. It was thought that possibly one young lady escaped, but a month has passed and no word has come from her. Hope is gone, and God alone knows how to reward and punish."

REV. W. P. SPRAGUE MRS. SPRAGUE REV. MARK WILLIAMS REV. J. H. ROBERTS

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES WHO ESCAPED FROM CHINA

A number of authenticated instances of atrocities are given by one of the missionaries who escaped from the Province of Hunan. In one case he states a missionary had his eyes burned out; then a portion of his body was cut off, and finally a red-hot staff was driven through his back. In another case, a missionary was wrapped in cotton, the cotton was soaked in oil and the mass set on fire. The missionary was burned to death.

A party of refugees from Shansi recently arrived at Shanghai, after encountering such sufferings and hairbreadth escapes as will be difficult to find a parallel anywhere. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Saunders, with two children (two others of their children died on the way), and A. Jennings and Miss Guthrie, all from Pingyao; E. J. Cooper and two children, from Lucheng (Mrs. Cooper, Miss Rice and Miss Houston, also from that city, were killed on the way or died from injuries received); Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Glover, with two children and Miss Gates, from Luan. All were members of the China Inland Mission, and of the nineteen who started five perished. The survivors tell this story:

"We had to flee for our lives at midnight with nothing but one donkey-load of bedding and clothes and a supply of silver, which we divided up among the party. At every village we were attacked and driven from one to the other with blows and curses. Miss Rice was killed on the road fifty li north of Tsehchaufu in Shansi. That day both she and Miss Houston sat down on the roadside, saying they would willingly die, but walk another step they could not. We thought we might be able to hire a cart for these ladies. The villagers refused the cart. A mob fell upon the ladies and drove them on, and in this way they got left and were beaten to death.

"The crossing of the Yellow River was one of our most trying experiences. The yamen had placed us in carts, and promised to send us over. For two days we sat on the bank of the Yellow River, not knowing what to do. We were like the Israelites at the Red Sea. On the third day the boatmen unexpectedly changed their minds, and took us over.

"The first city we came to south of the river was Changhou. The magistrate was bitterly anti-foreign and said had we only arrived twenty-four hours sooner he would have had the pleasure of killing us all. His orders were to allow no foreign devil to escape, but the Empress Dowager had taken pity on them, and he had just been instructed to have them all sent as prisoners into Hupeh. Accordingly, from this point we were sent across Honan, from city to city, as prisoners, by the yamen, sometimes in carts and sometimes mounted on the hard wooden pack-saddles of donkeys. For food they gave us bread and water, and nowhere showed us any kindness till we reached Sinyangchou, the last city in Honan. Here we were no longer treated as prisoners, and here we met with the Glovers from Luan, who had arrived after a similar journey."

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Sample box, 12 Pens, sent post-paid on receipt of 10 cts. Ask for No. 27.

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Vanilla Wafers

Look for this seal on both ends of the package

National Biscuit Company.

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DECISION FOR CHRIST*

The Master's Own Statement of Conditions of Discipleship

HOW different is the doctrine of the Cross as Jesus taught it from the doctrine in our theological systems! In the latter it appears as a bargain. Christ suffers a penalty properly belonging to the sinner and in consideration of his suffering and death God remits the punishment of the sinner. Christ is thus in effect worth the whole world and his sufferings are accepted as a balance against the world's sin. How many times has this statement been made in our pulpits! It is a formula to be accepted, a doctrine to be believed, and people who accept it are assured that they are heirs to eternal life. Perhaps some of the lifelessness in our churches is due to the levity with which this statement is made and accepted. But in Christ's teaching the doctrine of the Cross holds a different place. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." Here it is not a belief in a formula, a comprehension of "the plan of salvation," but a discipline that is lifelong. It is not a cross which Christ bore that others might go free, but a cross that is a condition of discipleship, a cross that the disciple himself must bear. Those who heard Christ speak afterwards realized the truth of his words. They thought then that following him meant going to the Jewish capital to share in the splendors of a kingdom. One wanted to sit on his right and another on his left and another wanted to know what they would have. What they did get was poverty and hardship and exile, and in many cases the death of martyrs.

Has the offence of the cross ceased? There are some lives in which it is still the most important part. It is self renunciation and that is always difficult. Let any man realize what there is in him of the lower nature, love of pleasure, love of money, love of honors and popularity, love of any worldly things, some one or more of which is sure to hold sway in the mind, and let him set himself to deny that thing and he will find out what is the burden of the cross. In our land and time we are free from persecution. We are not required to travel that way of the cross, but Christ still requires the martyr spirit. None are worthy to be his disciples who would purchase their lives by denying him. The alternative may never be presented, but the spirit that would choose death before apostacy must be in the disciple, still, as it was of old. But there are other ways of the cross which should be trodden. The business man who sees his way to a great fortune through a sacrifice of principle, the politician who can make his election sure by a fraudulent pledge, the employee whose place depends on his acquiescence in a wicked practice, the lawyer who can win his case by a false plea, the schoolboy who knows that he will be ridiculed if he kneels down to pray in the crowded dormitory, the fashionable belle whose chances of a successful marriage would be enhanced by accepting an invitation to some sinful entertainment—all these have the opportunity of treading the way of the cross. Even in the family, there are occasions when the interests of loved ones and the entreaties of the nearest and dearest are in conflict with Christian duty, and the meaning is realized of Christ's words: He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

The time when Christ propounded this doctrine of the cross is significant. The work of founding his kingdom was inconceivably formidable. He had need of every follower, and many were coming to him for enlistment. Great multitudes thronged around him. Surely he would welcome and encourage them all. It was then with the utmost frankness that he declared the conditions and the consequences of following him. Not even Gideon, weeding out his army, presents a heroism so intense as Christ does in uttering his warning. He would have no fair-weather disciples; none should ever be able to say that he did not know all that was involved in discipleship. Christ demanded the supreme place in the soul. Allegiance to him must be paramount over everything, otherwise the applicant was rejected. It was a bold and sweeping condition. But how much did it promise! He who would give himself up to Christ, prepared to sacrifice ambition, avarice, self-indulgence, family affection if need be, and even life itself, would attain the noblest of all results. The discipline of Christ cut deep, but it developed the divine life. He who would attain the highest plane accessible to humanity has here the opportunity. Let him take up his cross and follow Christ. To them gave he power to become the sons of God. None others were acceptable. Dare they pray to have everything displeasing to God rooted out of their hearts, to lose everything, if need be, in his service? Then they were welcome, but not otherwise. So he would have everyone count the cost before pledging themselves. It is a momentous decision that none can escape. He that loveth his life shall lose it.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for November 11 (Luke 14 : 25-33).

Mission Work in East Africa

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will remember the little African maid, concerning whom missionary E. H. Richards, of Inhambane, East Africa, has repeatedly written us most interesting letters. It was proposed to "redeem" Papanyana, that is, to follow in her case the custom, long sanctioned by missionary usage in Africa, of paying to her parents or native guardians a sum in return for which they give her to be adopted by the mission and trained to a life of Christian usefulness. At the end of her years of training Papanyana would be sent out among her own people to work and testify for Christ. Rev. Mr. Richards now writes under date Aug. 15:

"Papanyana is with us at present, and her betrothed is now in a superb native school in Natal. Her 'owner' thinks someway that her betrothed has gone to earn cash to pay him for his own flesh and blood, and it is quite as well not to let him into further light, lest we be beseiged to buy up half a thousand girls, all of whom ought to be redeemed, but whom it is probably not expedient to redeem with mission funds. The wife of our chief, the mother of a daughter who knews the multiplication table, and has married our chief preacher, was pointing out my bicycle to a group of friends who had never seen one. She explained that it was the machine with which I ground corn. None questioned her sagacity. A young native explained to a few of his friends that the same machine was the instrument with which I made pictures. Sometimes I think these people do not think; they just follow ruts into which they have been dropped by their forefathers, and merely exist along through life without any intelligent living. The men sin most and die first. 'The wages of sin is death.' There is no census in the land, but everywhere there are more old women than old men. Social vices, drink and war devastate the land continually. Among such a race with such an ancestry we propose to introduce the leaven of Christianity. The method which we have been pursuing for several years is to get possession of such children as we may, and separate them from their home surroundings—the farther and the longer the better. Every one of our present force of native workers was only fifteen years ago naked savages, devoid of understanding and utterly prone to evil. They were taken into our Christian families and faithfully taught, and after once perceiving the truth of the teachings, they never cared to return to their native haunts, and never have done so. In several instances the parents and relatives have come to them, but they have seldom returned. They seek Christian helpmeets and form Christian homes of their own, and in this way we establish Christian centers among the people, which in a little time become real live mission stations. We have six such stations to-day, with a prospect of three more before the year closes. We need funds to aid but not to support this work. The native chief will give us a portion of land—for no cost. He will do so for anyone, for whoever comes within his domain is his own to rule over, and he delights to have people come. The mission pays nothing for the land, and still we have control of it, for we put in certain school funds which would be immediately withdrawn if the work were not satisfactory from a Christian point of view. Corn and peanuts are the bread and meat, the 'corn and wine' of our inhabitants. Our native teacher or mere layman rises at daybreak and has his church service and school, and by nine A. M. is in the field digging over his garden with a clumsy sort of adze, which he calls a hoe. His wife and school children are all with him. He works till about four P. M., and then returns home for school and evening church service.

"A native takes a native wife according to native law. He becomes converted and she will not. After three years of earnest and faithful trial, he wishes to put her away and seek a Christian wife. Her father calls her home and sends her sister in her stead. The husband does not like her, but it is native and white law that he shall take her, and he does so. After a season, it appears that she also is given to strong drink, but so far there is no Biblical ground for a divorce. The Christian is sorely tried, and asks leave to send her home and to be allowed to take a wife of his own choosing. It will cost him $100 in gold to make the change, but he will likely recover this amount from the parent of the other so-called wives, and financially he can afford it. What he wishes to know is this: Is he justifiable in putting away a wife who is a heathen, whom he took in heathenism, and in her stead to marry a Christian girl? Must we recognize heathen marriage as Christian marriage?

"Our schools are hopeful. We have more than eighty who can read the Testament, and what is more they do read it every day. We have a system of giving of which we are not ashamed. Out of our 160 members less than a dozen have any visible income, and only our teachers and preachers have anything. They receive about four dollars a month. But our collections amount to over three cents each member a month, and compared with home conditions this amounts to almost as much as 'The Widow's mite.'"

Dr. Talmage Visits Belfast

THE Belfast *News Letter* of October 8th has the following: "Belfast is favored with a visit from the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the famous American preacher, and in connection with his visit a service was arranged for yesterday afternoon in St. Enoch's Church. This is the fourth time that Dr. Talmage has preached in this church, and as his previous sermons were attended by such large numbers, special arrangements were made on this occasion with a view to prevent undue crushing. Tickets carrying the privilege of early admission were distributed to members of the congregation, but unfortunately these did not prove of much advantage to the holders. About half-past two an immense crowd had assembled at Carlisle Circus, and the gates had to be guarded by police. Their efforts, however, were in vain, for the crowd that had gathered practically rushed the gate, and the spacious church was rapidly filled. Many hundreds of persons, including ticket-holders and even special collectors, were unable to gain admittance. Subsequently, Dr. Talmage addressed briefly a large open-air gathering in the Carlisle Circus, which was attended by many of those who had failed to gain admission to the church."

Similar crowds of vast proportions assembled to hear him preach in other cities of the United Kingdom.

NOVEMBER DAYS

What royal fate at autumn's board,
What vintage of divinest rest,
What water for the thirsty poured,
What depth of peace, what joy of rest!

In amber goblets frosted fair
Sweet drops of honeyed nectar lie;
All forest-spices fill the air
Beneath the radiant autumn sky.

Still fearlessly the flowers climb
Along the hill slopes rough and steep;
They have the earliest chill and rime,
Before they fade and fall asleep.

We walk the woodland path to-day,
We see the loosened foliage drop;
We would not bid the verdure stay
Nor ask the summer's flight to stop.

Each season brings its own delights;
In each a tithe of Heaven is stored;
And autumn days and wintry nights
Alike are sent us by the Lord.

Bed Time
dinner time, any time is a good time to use
Cordova CANDLES
They give a light that's rich and brilliant. No odor. Many styles. Sold everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.

Much interest attaches in these days to a really authentic case where a disease treated without success by local physicians, has been relieved by a proprietary remedy. Such a case is that of Miss Edna Grace Bullock, of Brockton, N. Y., who suffered for over two years from one of those ailments peculiar to her sex, and during that time tried both local physicians and one of the so-called women's remedies with absolutely no result for the better.

Miss Bullock's story is best told in her own words. She says:

"In January, 1897, I contracted a hard cold at an unfortunate time for me and this led to an illness that lasted for two years. I was not confined to my bed but suffered greatly. I had severe pains in my stomach and in my left side and acute pains around my heart. I could not walk fast and was tired out after the slightest exertion. I also suffered from dizziness and had headache almost all the time.

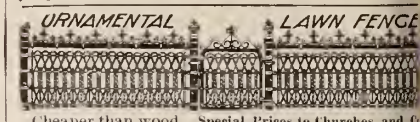
"In the spring of 1899, upon the advice of a friend, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found relief after taking two boxes of the pills but continued using them until I had taken six boxes. Previous to this I had been under a doctor's care for four months, then changed and took another doctor's treatment for three months but found no relief until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I believe that they are the best medicine in the world and am always glad to recommend them."

Signed, MISS EDNA G. BULLOCK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, 1900.

C. O. FURMAN,
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



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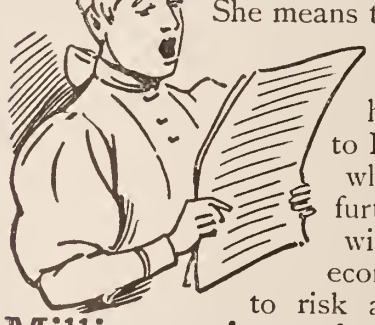

"I wouldn't do without **Pearline**; I wouldn't if I could. I couldn't do without **Pearline**; I couldn't if I would."
(Contributed by a Pearline admirer.)

She means to say that should a washing medium be invented that would equal **Pearline** in labor-saving and harmlessness, she would still stick to **Pearline**. She feels it isn't worth while to consider that possibility further. As things are now, washing with **Pearline** is so easy and so economical, she really couldn't afford to risk anything else. 596

Millions sing the praises of Pearline.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

CROMWELL AND PARLIAMENT*

BY March 16, 1653, the Dutch were evidently beaten and peace was in sight; but before peace came there was an end of the Rump arliament. The discontent in the army ad steadily increased. They wished a horough reform in governmental meth-ds, and with the characteristic Puritan abit of thought, wished especially to guar-ntee the safety of the "Godly interests" y a complete new election. On the ther hand, the Parliament was scheming w to yield in name only, and not in ct, and had hit on the device of passing bill which should continue all the mem-ers of the existing Parliament without election, and, moreover, should consti-te them a general committee, with full ower to pass upon the qualifications of y new members elected. This, of ourse, amounted to nothing, and the rmy would not accept it.

Many conferences of the leaders of the vo sides were held at Cromwell's house, he last on the evening of April 19, 1653, oung Sir Harry Vane, formerly one of romwell's close friends, being among he number of the Parliamentary leaders. romwell, on behalf of his party, warned hem that their bill could not be accepted submitted to, and the Parliament aders finally agreed that it should not be rought up again in the House, until after rther conference. But they either did ot or could not keep their agreement. he members of the House were obsti-ately resolved to keep their places—any of them from corrupt motives, for ey had undoubtedly made much money ut of their positions through the taxing f delinquents and otherwise. In short, ey wished to perpetuate their govern-ent, to have England ruled by a little lf-perpetuating oligarchy. Next morn-g, April 20th, Parliament met and the aders began to hurry the bill through he House.

They reckoned without their host. romwell sitting in his reception room, nd waiting the return of the con-rees of last evening, learned what was oing on, and just as he was, clad "in lain black clothes and gray worsted ockings," followed by a few of-cers and twenty or thirty stark mus-eteers, he walked down to the house. here he sat and listened for some time o the debate on the bill, once beckoning ver Harrison, the Republican general, is devoted follower. When the question as put as to whether the bill should ass, he rose and broke in with one of is characteristic speeches. First, he numerated the good that had been done y Parliament, and then began to tell hem of their injustice, their heed to their wn self-interests, their delay to do right. One among his eager listeners called him o order, but no appeal to Parliamentary orms could save the doomed House. Come, come!" answered Oliver, "we ave had enough of this; I will put an nd to your prating!" With that he lapped on his hat, stamped on the floor ith his feet, and began to rate the Com-ons as if they were disobedient school-oys. "It is not fit that you should sit ere any longer; you have sat too long or any good that you have been doing ttely; you shall now give place to better en!" And Harrison called in the mus-eteers. Oliver then continued, enu-erating the sins of the members, some f whom were drunkards, some lewd vers, some corrupt and unjust. The House was on its feet as he lifted the ace, saying: "What shall we do with is bauble? Take it away!" and gave to a musketeer; and then, turning to-ard the Speaker: "Fetch him down!" nd fetched down he was. Gloomily the embers went out, while Cromwell taunt-ed Sir Harry Vane with breaking his promise, ending with, "The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!" So ended the Long Parliament. "And," asserted Oliver, "we did not hear a dog bark at their going."

Tomes have been written to prove whether Oliver was right or wrong in what he did at this time, but the Rump Parliament had no claim to be, either in law or fact, the representative of the English people, or of any part of them that really counted. There was no justification for its continuance, and no good whatever could come from permitting it to exist longer. Its actions, and especially its obstinate determination to perpetuate its own rule without warrant in law, without the even higher and more perilous warrant of justice and national need, rendered it necessary that it should be dissolved.

*From *Oliver Cromwell*, by Theodore Roosevelt. This notable historical work, by far the most important that has come from Gov. Roosevelt's pen, deals with a period in English history which should be familiar to every American. It is finely illustrated with half tones; pp. 260; price $2. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Little Bible, by J. W. Mackail, being "the story of God's chosen people before the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ upon earth," written for children. This volume presents to the young reader in a simple and attractive style, easily comprehended, all the leading events of the old Scriptures, and it must prove a valuable aid in fixing the childish mind upon these events in a manner which will assure them being clearly understood and remembered. Pp. 288, cloth binding, price $1. Doubleday & McClure Company, 141 East 25th street, New York, publishers.

Little Beasts of Field and Wood, by Wm. Everett Cram. This is a book of nature, a volume of personal observation and experience among the denizens of field, swamp and forest—minks, foxes red, black and gray, squirrels, the weasel, sable, woodchuck, chipmunk, musquash, and others of their species. The author has "watched the daily life of these wild creatures at all times of year impartially"—even in midwinter. His story will have a special attraction for all who love the study of animals. Pp. 261, cloth cover, illustrated, price $1.25. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers.

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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Prev ack	$229 50
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Lillie T Smith	1 00
Alice Terry	25
Total	$240 75

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Prev ack	$89 15
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Total	$93 65

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Prev ack	$275 72
Mrs Hannah White	2 00
Oliver Drown	5 00
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Jno L Nixon	3 50
L M J, Hartwell	2 00
A Reader	3 00
Mrs W E Parker	1 00
C H Maschmeier	60
Mr & Mrs E E Boyce	2 00
Mrs Dnuncan	1 50
A C F, Montpelier	3 00
Chas Belknap	1 00
Mrs D H Hannan	1 00
A A H, Moodus	5 00
Total	$308 32

Emilio Olssen's South American Mission

Prev ack	$173 95
H Farnsworth	1 00
Mary A Smith	1 00
Total	$175 95

School for Syrian Girls

Prev ack	$1 00
Mary C Anstin	12 00
Total	$13 00

Corinna Shattucks' Orphan Work in Oorja, Turkey

Prev. ack	$2,945 64
So Broadway Cong'l Church, Denver	20 00
B J A, Fond du Lac	25 00
Woodward Ave Congl Church, Detroit	300 00
Mrs A C Angell	30 00
Alfred Winn	1 00
Miss Eliza D Everett	5 00
Harman Cong'l Ch, Harman	6 75
Total	$3,333 39

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev ack	$12 50
B P, Waupaca	5 00
Total	$17 50

Gospel Tent

Tenth-giver, Franklindale	25

East Africa Famine Fund

Prev ack	$472 43
Matthew Dano	2 00
Jas D Staddon	2 60
Total	$477 03

Chinese Ancestor-Worship

The Chinese worship their ancestors at the annual season for decorating the graves. They are attended to by the faithful worshipers, and covered with fresh earth. A bamboo stick is stuck on top of the grave, and from this floats strips of brightly-colored paper. Firecrackers are then set off on the grave. They often make paper houses, horses, carriages, servants, etc., of colored paper, and burn these for the benefit of the dead. Their belief is that since the dead are now spirits they need only the essence of things, and are thus enabled to receive and to enjoy the use of what is transmitted in this manner. They also transmit money to them in the same way.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's.

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Chops raw or cooked meats, fish and other food better, more evenly and more rapidly, than any other chopper. More convenient to use and to clean than any other chopper. Will save you time and work in the preparation of almost every meal. Will save enough food to pay for itself ten times over. Always ready, never gets out of order; can be cleaned in a minute. At all hardware, house-furnishing and department stores. 35 styles and sizes—hand and power. From $1.00 to $25.00. Catalogue, describing many other household helps mailed free.

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Robinson's Turkish Bath Cabinet

A Turkish Bath in your own home for 2 Cents. It opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy.

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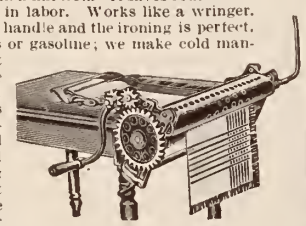

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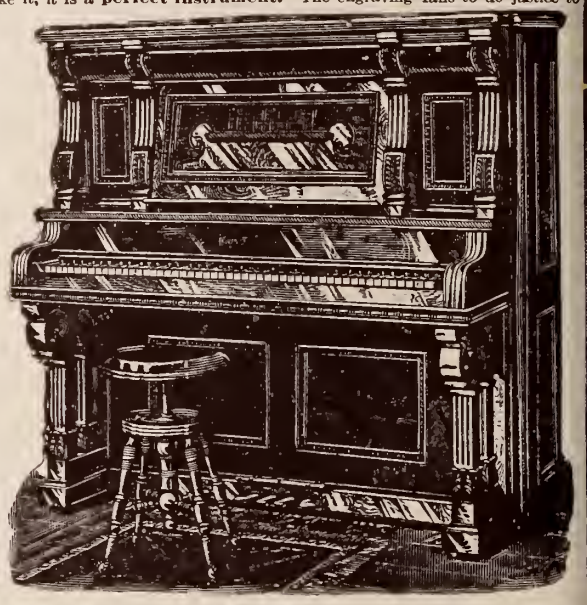

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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(SEE PAGE 907)

Commander Frederick de L. Booth-Tucker, Chief of the Salvation Army in the United States

· NEW · YORK'S · APPALLING · DISASTER ·

DEATH AND RUIN IN THE WAKE OF AN EXPLOSION LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE

NEVER in the history of New York has an explosion wrought such havoc as that which occurred in the down-town section of the city, Monday, Oct. 29. Fire broke out at noon, in the building occupied by Tarrant & Co., wholesale and retail druggists, corner of Greenwich and Warren streets. The fire-engines had arrived, and scores of firemen were fighting the flames, watched by hundreds of spectators in the streets, none suspecting imminent disaster, when suddenly, with a crash as of thunder, came an explosion; then two more in rapid succession. The concussion and the falling debris killed more than forty persons outright, and injured, so far as known, over 400 more. Every building for blocks around was turned into a temporary hospital. Between thirty and forty buildings surrounding the one in which the explosion occurred were either entirely demolished, or so wrecked that the portions left standing will have to be torn down and entire new structures built. The property loss was placed at $1,500,000. Among the wrecked buildings were the Irving Place Bank and the Elevated Railroad station at Warren street.

. . . .

As the appalling details were made known the people paused a moment, aghast at the thought that so great a disaster of the kind could possibly take place in the heart of the city. It seemed incredible that a series of such terrific explosions could be caused by mere alcohol, benzine, or naptha. Every one supposed that only nitro-glycerine could produce such a concussion. Nitro-glycerine is used in medicine, but it is not yet known that nitro-glycerine was on the premises. The shock of the explosion was like that of an earthquake. It was felt even by the tallest buildings on Broadway, several blocks away. The crowds of spectators were smitten with panic and fled. Men fought each other to make headway toward a place of safety, trampling women and children under in the mad rush. Several of the spectators were buried alive under falling walls, though it is known that most of the dead were employees in the ill-fated buildings. Not a single fireman lost his life, though many were injured.

A minister, the Rev. Martin Luther, of the Wilson Memorial Chapel, Forty-second Street, witnessed the disaster and had a narrow escape. "While I stood watching the fire," he says, "I moved to the south side of the street. Just then the explosion occurred. Had I remained on the north side a few minutes longer, I would have been killed. Who can describe the scene? As I looked one man appeared at one of the upper windows. His face expressed terrible agony and fear. The smoke occasionally shut him from the view of those in the street. 'Go up to the roof! Go up!' the crowd shouted. The man left the window, but I fear he perished.

"It was a terrible sight. It seemed to me that the whole building was carried up into the air only to break into a thousand pieces that descended on the people and houses. There was a slight sound before the explosion, and then, with a flash and a noise that shook the ground, the building went up. I was standing near a building and as there was a break in the crowd I darted through and got within the doors, but the fragments of glass from doors and windows fell all around me. The crowd stampeded dow the street; men and women fell over eacl other. To add to the danger and excite ment, truck-horses ran away. A grea many horses were in the neighborhood most of them standing with the feed-bag over their heads. At Greenwich stree they blocked the street, many of then having fallen. Still others in their terro tried to run over these. One of th horses which had fallen I tried to hel gain his feet and in doing so I was kicke in the head. While all this was going o there was a perfect rain of timber, tin, an glass falling in the street. I might say literally, that people were falling all abou me. Of course, all these people were no killed, nor were they badly injured, bu many of them were seriously hurt."

Many acts of heroism were witnessed for great calamities develop heroes. En gineer Phillips, of the Tarrant building saved several lives by rushing to the up per floors of the building as soon as th fire was discovered, warning the em ployees of a possible explosion. Ther rushing into the street he seized a girl typewriter who was returning to the building after luncheon, and carried her away just in time to save her from in jury. Two policemen were assisting a injured fireman out of harm's way whe the second explosion occurred and both were blown into the basement of a store they were passing and badly bruised—though the fireman escaped without fur ther injury. In the face of the greates danger, two Central office detectives darted into the banking office of Mecklen Brothers, under the Irving bank, gathered up $30,000 loose cash, and carried it to a safe place. Acts of humanity were also witnessed. A driver of a fire-engine, by a daring dash into the chaos, managed to cut the horses of his engine loose and save them. An instant later the engine was buried under a mass of debris. A car-horse was saved in the same way, the driver cutting his horse loose just in time to save it from the falling wall that crushed the car. Hundreds of people rushed into Trinity Church-yard, believing that there in the open space they would be safe from earthquake.

OUR POPULATION 76,295,280

The United States Census is now complete and the official figures, as given out in Washington on October 30, place the total population of the country at 76,295,280.

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND WARREN STREETS

RUINS IN THE REAR OF TARRANT'S

WRECK OF THE ELEVATED R. R. STATION

DOUKHOBOR MATRONS

GLEANERS IN THE FLAX FIELDS

A NEWLY-BUILT DOUKHOBOR DWELLING

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Among the Doukhobors in Canada

HOW THE RUSSIAN PEASANT EXILES HAVE THRIVEN IN THEIR NEW HOME

ROBABLY most of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have heard more or less of the Doukhobors. This Russian ct of uneducated peasants has been suffer- g persecution at home for a century and ore because of the fact that its members ab- red the established church and condemned ir and military service. But it was not until out thirteen years ago, when universal con- ription became the rule, that their troubles came unbearable. These inoffensive people, ho have charmed all who have met them by eir simple piety and kindliness, were ban- ed from their homes and exposed to all ds of hardships. At last, some influential ssians stirred themselves on behalf of these pressed peasants and obtained as a great or from the Czar permission for them to ve the country at their own expense. They d but little of their savings left after these

MISS NELLIE E. BAKER

ars of sorrow, and it was necessary for the akers of England and America to come to ir aid, and largely through their assistance ne seven thousand of these peaceable peo- have been transported to north-western nada, six or seven hundred miles beyond innipeg. Here they were placed in an un- tled country upon the open prairie some o and a half years ago, with the necessity on them of providing shelter and food for emselves before the long cold winter set in. ey set to work with determination, and eady they are beginning to feel at home in ir new fields and houses.

The few settlers who had occupied these ions before the Doukhobors came did not low what kind of people they were, and ought they might prove to be lawless and ngerous. One ranchman, who was about to ke a journey and leave his wife alone in house, just at the time of their arrival, went the Doukhobors and by signs with his gun eatened them with death if they came near his ranch. The morning after his departure his wife heard a knock at the door, and went with trepidation to the door, expecting to be assaulted. There she found a Doukhobor woman who smiled at her, for they could not understand each other's language, pushed her way in, took the milk-pail, went to the barn and insisted upon milking the cow for her hostess and doing other housework for her. She had taken this practical method of showing their good-will. This lady and her husband are now among the strongest friends of the Doukhobors. They have no children of their own and would be glad to adopt a Doukhobor child, but these Russians love their children so that notwithstanding their poverty, not one child in all the settlements can be secured.

These people are anxious to become Canadians and to be able to communicate with the Anglo-Saxon settlers around them. Knowing this, two ladies of Kingston, Ontario, Mrs. Varney, a Quaker, and her young cousin, Miss Nellie Baker, determined to establish a little summer school at one of the new Doukhobor villages on Good Spirit Lake. They arrived at their destination after a long journey, early in July of this year. Mrs. Varney had already passed the summer of 1899 there, conducting a dispensary for the Doukhobors, who have no physicians among them. They pitched their tents near three of the Doukhobor villages, a small tent for their residence, another for the dispensary, which was under Mrs. Varney's charge, and a third, 20x20 feet, for the school, over which Miss Baker presided, and for which work her studies at Queen's University had fitted her. Mrs. Varney had won the affections of the villagers last year, and they were not slow to send their children to the new school, some of them arriving before the ladies had unpacked their luggage. Miss Baker's report of her experiment, which has just been made to the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, shows what difficulties she encountered. She found herself confronted by a tentful of boys and girls with none of whom did she have a single known word in common. "By signs and motions," she says, "I got them seated in rows on the prairie grass of the tent floor, and holding up a pencil said, 'One.' I could not detect any apparent comprehension. Then taking up another pencil I said, 'Two,' and added a third, 'Three.' Still no response, and my heart sank somewhat. However, I decided to repeat the method, and as I said 'One,' I noticed a look on a boy's face that told me he knew I was counting, and I saw him turn and speak to the others. Almost instantly they understood, and soon, repeating after me, counted up to ten."

From this beginning the course of teaching proceeded. Some of the pupils walked five miles to school and five miles back every day. Miss Baker carried on this school for six and a half hours a day and for five and a half days a week, and as almost the entire time was occupied with oral teaching, some idea may be formed of the arduous character of her work. She was naturally tired when the hour to close came, but the children were never tired. The favorite method was object teaching. They learned the divisions of time from a watch, to count money from coins, and so on. The children had a natural taste for figures, and at the end of the two months during which the school was open the older children had succeeded in getting through one-half of the multiplication table, and some of the more advanced pupils were in the second reader (Canadian). In writing, she declares that some of them equalled or surpassed the teacher. The children were anxious to have tasks assigned to them to prepare at home and never were satisfied with the amount of such tasks; they always wanted more. Their clothing was scrupulously clean and picturesque as well. "Of their needlework and embroidery," Miss Baker adds, "I am speaking of that done at their homes by the girls of my school, their handiwork is simply wonderful. For this purpose my handkerchiefs were taken, and soon returned beautifully worked."

At first the Doukhobors did not know that Miss Baker's work, like Mrs. Varney's, was entirely voluntary and unremunerated. When they found it out they sent a committee to her to offer her some compensation, although they were in need themselves. When she declined it they told her that they thanked her "all the day and all the night."

Some of the older boys, who did not know a word of any language but Russian at the beginning of July, can now, after barely two months' teaching, correspond with Miss Baker in "fairly understandable English."

It is worth while to quote Miss Baker's remarks upon the general character of the Doukhobors. She writes:

"The dignified courtesy and hospitality extended to us in more than a score of their villages, the manly bearing of the men, the delightful sympathy and affection with which they regard everything connected with their homes—an estimation of the home that has little to learn from, and possibly something to teach to, even Anglo-Saxons—their dwellings that already surpass in comfort and cleanliness those of any other class of settlers excepting those from older Canada and Great Britain, all testify to the desirability of the Doukhobors as settlers, who will, I believe, soon make good Canadian citizens. It does not require very keen perception on the part of one having had a welcome into hundreds of their homes to be assured that this is a community living up to high moral standards and holding tenaciously to the simple tenets of Christian faith. Of their day-break services of a Sunday morning, their impressive intonation of the Scriptures, their beautiful singing and harmonious chanting of hymns one could write chapters. They sing much of evenings in the villages and going to and returning from work afield. A favorite chant, freely translated, runs as follows:

"'You tell me stranger where you are going.
With the hand safe in my Saviour's
I will go over the mountainside and valley,
Over fields and prairies I will go, my friends,
To see the heavenly spring wild flowers;
I will go after Jesus
Over the hard sand, and the Lord God be with me.
He leads us on to Heaven
In his paths of righteousness.
Straight, straight to the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

A little story will add a touch to this picture of a noble people: A lady living twenty miles from one of the Doukhobor villages wanted a girl for a servant. A young girl went to her on trial for a month, but at the end of the period she promptly returned to her home. Her employer came after her, wishing to keep her, but on no account would the girl go.

TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR WOMEN

Urged to give a reason, at first she only replied that she "could not," but finally she said, "I cannot go back; my mistress did not love me." This little story throws a flood of light on the servant-girl problem. It is love that the Doukhobors want in life and which they freely give. It was love that prevented them from learning to kill their fellows in the Russian army, and it was their too great love that made the Russian government force its best subjects to leave their native land. It will be Russia's loss and Canada's gain. If they can only teach us on this continent the folly and sin of war, the joy of loving even one's enemies, and the impossibility of doing it with bombshells, their long pilgrimage and their years of hardship will not have been in vain.

Rhinebeck, N. Y. ERNEST H. CROSBY.

INSIDE THE SCHOOL TENT

A GORUP OF DOUKHOBOR MAIDS

THE BOYS' JUNIOR CLASS

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

Religion in Politics

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Daniel 6: 16: . . . . . Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions.

DARIUS was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him Prime Minister, or Secretary of State. But no man could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. Old Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning. These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king during a period of thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree.

The Demagogues

have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with his supplications three times a day, and is found on his housetop making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions. Rough executioners of the law seize him and hasten him to the cavern. I hear the growl of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll, and I almost hear the fiery eyeballs snap in the darkness. These monsters approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth, they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius, the king, sleep. He has an attack of terrific insomnia. He loves Daniel, and hates this stratagem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts, and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the dawning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of the lions; he looks in. All is silent. His heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened; but gathering all his strength, he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "O Daniel! is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from

The Deep Darkness

a voice which says: "O king! live forever. My God has sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me." Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner have they struck the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked, and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and, as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that while God will defend his people, the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He had become Prime Minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of unsanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are running the gauntlet between landlord and tax-gatherer, so long as you find it hard work to educate your children, there are people who will say: "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man." But after a while the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought just at the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are in some department successful, and your

Success Chills Some One

Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one; "Got it dishonestly," says another; "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horses' hoofs went over their nerves. Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomfiture and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others. The road to honor and success is within reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says: "Stay down or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," says the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh," said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down." Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there are those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming a master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyers, young doctors, young artists, young farmers—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of

Decision of Character

in any career. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the religion of the Lord he would be hurled to the lions, but having set his compass well, he sailed right on. For the lack of that element of decision of character, so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world, and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their minds. Perhaps they will go West; perhaps they will go East; perhaps they will not; perhaps they will go North; perhaps they may go South; perhaps they will not; perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads; perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston, and the next for Boston, and the next for Liverpool. These men on the sea of life everlastingly tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, the curse of all styles of architecture. Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Tonquin; it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions, and they do not invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes, they grimace, and wink, and chuckle, and say, "There goes a saint." O, young man! have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from my subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. This is a most appropriate thought at this season of the year, when so many men are starting out in new enterprises. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hands; questions of finance, questions of war, of peace; all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. There was not a man in all the earth who had more to do than Daniel, the Secretary of State, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer. There are men in our day who have not a hundredth part of Daniel's engagements, who say they are

Too Busy to be Religious

They have an idea somehow that religion will spoil their worldly occupation, that it will trip the accountant's pen, or dull the carpenter's saw, or confuse the lawyer's brief, or disarrange the merchant's store shelf. They think religion is impertinent. They would like to have it very well seated beside them in church on the Sabbath, to find the place in the Psalm book, or to nudge them awake when they get sleepy under the didactic discourse; or they would like to leave it in the pew on Sabbath evening, as they go out, closing the door, saying, "Good-night, religion; I'll be back next Sunday!" But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it, and say, "Where did you get that?" They think that is an impertinent religion. They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick, and when the shadow of death comes over them, they would like to have religion as a sort of night-key with which to open the door of heaven; but religion under other circumstances they take to be impertinence.

Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet-maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods. I say, other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart, it does not propose to give him a new head, or to intellectualize him, or to change a man's condition when his ordinary state is an overthrow of the philosophical theory that a total vacuum is impossible; but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more disputes you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian. If you have a thousand irons in the fire, you have a thousand more

Opportunities of Serving

God than if you only had one iron in the fire. Who so busy as Christ? And yet who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men. All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom-house duties; the Prodigal Son feeding swine; Lydia selling purple; Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea; Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy! busy! Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul, and yet three times a day worshiping the God of heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a servant of God. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician; and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high-toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a godly politician. So there have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of New York in the time of your fathers. Such was John McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Such was George Briggs, of Massachusetts. Such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey—men faithful to the state at the same time faithful to God. It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation; and

Our Hope is in the Young

men who are coming forward, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot-box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem. But because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws; and the last time to surrender the ballot-box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics. But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking religion into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics; as though a man were intelligent about the welfare of his neighborhood, and had no concern about his own home.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare morsel that fair young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the snatch of their tooth. They came pleased all around about him, as hunters' hounds at the well-known whistle come bounding to his feet. You need not go to Numidia to get many lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress,

The Lion of Persecution

the lion of sickness. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostril he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, misfortune after misfortune, lion after lion; and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you. The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into seashells would turn into pearls; and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing, putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulchre, and who puts his paw down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot affright you. When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knighthood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before, among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and, amid the sound of cornet and great parade, he would get the honors of knighthood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven, as fully armed with spear and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven amid that great throng with snowy robes, streaming over seas of sapphire.

REPRESENTATIVES OF AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETIES ASSEMBLED RECENTLY AT THE BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

TO PROMOTE BIBLE DISTRIBUTION

Representatives of Auxiliary Bible Societies from Many Sections in Conference in New York

AN important meeting of eminent men representing the Bible societies of the country was held recently in the Bible House in New York. Feeling certain that our readers would be glad to see so notable a group of rkers, we have secured a photograph them, which is here reproduced.

The object of the meeting was to dis- ss methods for increased efficiency and more thorough dissemination of the ible in city and country. It is perhaps t generally known that there are over xteen hundred Bible societies in our nd, each affiliated to the parent American Bible Society. These auxiliary societies have control over certain districts respectively, both in the collection of funds and the work of distribution. Valuable as is the work done by the parent society, and important as is the local knowledge of the various auxiliaries, it had been urged that extension was still possible and that modern methods of conducting business might be applied with advantage to this magnificent enterprise. Some of the suggestions made were in the direction of increased centralization, bringing the whole country under the direct control of the parent society; while other suggestions tended to greater responsibility being vested in the auxiliaries. The conference was therefore called to obtain the consensus of opinion on the subject.

It appeared in the discussion that ensued that the auxiliaries were doing excellent work in their respective spheres. During the past year the number of families visited by their agents in districts where there was a probability of there being a destitution of Bibles numbered 49,074. It was found that of these the number of homes in which there was no copy of the Scriptures was 2,974. Of these, 2,557 had been supplied. Besides which 3,131 adults and 1,600 Sunday School children received copies. A decided feeling was expressed against the discontinuance of work so energetic, and several of the representatives urged, rather, an increased number of auxiliaries as the best means of dissemination. No change was therefore made in that direction, but an earnest effort was made to impress on the members that the parent society is by no means a wealthy corporation, but needs every dollar that can be obtained for the maintenance and extension of its work. Various methods of appealing to the givers of the nation were discussed, and inspiring addresses were made on the urgent necessity of promoting the circulation of the Bible at home and abroad.

THE GOSPEL AT A COUNTY FAIR

THE old-fashioned county fair is a thing of the past. The county fair of the present day is in many places a menace to the welfare of society. In days ne by, John Ploughman drove his stock the fair-grounds, put his biggest pumpns, potatoes, and tallest corn into Agriitural Hall. Mrs. Ploughman exhibited r "star" pattern patchwork and took e prize for her butter moulded into a ust of Geo. Washington.

The morals of the fairs have degenera- d, but there is all the greater need for ospel work, and the opportunity for meetg people who may be tempted is all the ore valuable. The Apostle Paul deared that he was willing to become all ings to all men, if by any means he ight save some. In visiting some of ese fairs it occurred to Mr. H. B. ibbud, of Springfield, Mass., that the postle's spirit might with advantage be pplied to these assemblies. The methods y which the various entertainers atacted a crowd could be used by the hristian worker, and gain for him the pportunity of addressing the people on e truths of the Gospel. An experiment roved that an audience could be gathered, hat a hearing would be granted and in he hope that the Holy Spirit would apply he word spoken to some heart, an earnest ospel address was given. Since that me he has visited many fairs and has ained by experience the art of interestng such audiences.

With a gospel-wagon, and two or three orkers, he takes his stand where the rowd is largest. What a babel of sounds! s there any chance for the Gospel here? isten! here is a fakir with lungs of eather, crying his wares in lusty tones; ext him is the "whip man" cracking his whips and making jokes to his audience. Here is the educated pig, there the snake-charmer, with the added attraction of some Hindu dancers. Add to all this the clang of the race-course bell, the cackle of the fowls, the cries of the fakirs and the general noise of the crowd, and you have something of an idea of the condition of things when the gospel-wagon arrives. Suddenly there rises above the din of the fair, a sound that has power to draw the crowds toward the gospel-wagon. One of the workers in the wagon is playing a little organ, while the others are making the Gospel song sound out to all parts of the ground. A large oil painting of "The Two Ways" is swung out from the top of the wagon.

After a crowd has gathered one of the workers displays some glittering medals which he announces will be given away at the close of the meeting as souvenirs. Each has on one side a pertinent question, such as "What must I do to be saved?" or "What shall I do with Jesus?" and on the other side are references to appropriate Scripture texts. He announces that these souvenirs are of personal importance to every one and urges each to get one and keep it. Then he explains the picture of "The Two Ways," with a pointed application, and there is another song on "My Mother's Bible," which never fails to touch some tender memory.

MR. GIBBUD'S GOSPEL SERVICE AT A COUNTY FAIR

The crowd grows, and one worker after another declares the way of salvation. It is not wise to tire such audiences, so after about half an hour there is another song and the meeting is over. Then the souvenirs are distributed and it is observed how carefully they are put in the pocket to be produced at home, and one may hope pondered in quieter times. Very often a distinct impression is made and there is little doubt that many are led by the plain Gospel talk to avoid the temptations of the fair.

Thousands of good tracts and religious reading matter have been thus distributed and the Gospel checks will be carried home, and carried for months in the pockets and shown to many. After a rest the workers begin another song service, and in ten minutes the crowd is as great as ever.

This year, after the work in the hopfield, some of the workers visited several fairs. Hundreds of Colportage books, many Scripture text cards and Gospel songs were sold. Immense crowds thronged the wagon. The fair authorities and all were well pleased with the work.

Next year it is hoped to greatly enlarge the work and to visit the principal fairs through New England and in New York State. It is a great opportunity of reaching the crowds with the Gospel, and it is hoped that Christian people everywhere will be encouraged by this experience to make the experiment in their own neighborhood when the fair is held.

Christian Work in Brazil

EVANGELICAL AND EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS. THE INQUISITION NOW A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

IT is only within the last few years that Protestant evangelical and educational work has made substantial progress in Brazil. All such work has been strenuously opposed by the Catholic priesthood. The Archbishop recently called a congress to discuss means by which the youth of Brazil could be kept out of the Protestant faith. The congress ordered that schools be organized in every parish in opposition to the Protestant schools. But despite this opposition, missionaries report a gradually increasing school attendance. Altogether, Christian education in Brazil has never before given such great promise of success. Still, of the fifteen million inhabitants, thirteen millions can neither read nor write. The country, therefore, now offers wonderful opportunities to teachers as well as preachers. In St. Paulo, the Presbyterians have a school of nearly six hundred pupils, the largest in the country, where many now well-known Brazilian legislators and teachers received their education.

One of the most successful of the Protestant schools is that organized by the wife of the Rev. Z. C. Taylor, in Bahia, called the School Collegio Americano Egydio. A significant circumstance is that this school, in which Christianity is taught, is quartered in the old Inquisition building, which was formerly the scene of barbarous cruelty and injustice.

Regarding this school, Rev. Taylor, in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, says: "I bought the building ten years ago from the Archbishop, for $5,000, for our Baptist Mission. Here we have, besides the school, our church composed of two hundred members, and a press in the basement. The kindergarten occupies a front room, where the windows are full of plants. The building still contains many relics of old prison days, such as trap doors through which victims were let down, and massive doors with small openings, through which food was passed to prisoners.

"Mrs. Laura Barton Taylor, the director, teaches the new methods to the native teachers, and has her own classes in English. Mrs. Taylor was five years a missionary in North China. The kindergarten is in charge of Miss Alyne Goolsby. This is one of only about half a dozen kindergartens in Brazil.

"In the courtyard a tree now stands on the spot where a whipping-post for slaves stood for many years. Though a prolific species, the tree refuses to bear fruit, probably because of having absorbed quantities of human blood.

"The school, Collegio Americano Egydio, came into being in this manner: A rich coffee planter was converted. He had a large family and while a Catholic he never cared for the education of his children. In conversion, however, his heart yearned to give them all the advantages of a good schooling.

"He told me his wishes while I was a guest at his house, in a town 150 miles from Bahia. I told him that Mrs. Taylor was an experienced teacher and perhaps he could arrange with her to open a school. He said he would give all his property for the purpose in order that his children might receive proper mental and moral training. So he returned to Bahia with me, and when the proposition was made to Mrs. Taylor, she agreed to organize the school and provide teachers, if he would see to the financial part.

"He at once began raising the capital necessary for furniture and teachers' salaries. Four thousand dollars were subscribed. The best Boston school furniture and furnishing were ordered. Four of the large rooms in old Inquisition building were floored, ventilated and prepared for occupancy, so that when the time came for the opening ceremony, May 10, 1898, all was in readiness.

"In the meantime, while on a trip to his home, the coffee planter died suddenly, and the school fell upon our shoulders. At the inauguration ceremony appeared the State Secretary, the Superintendent of Instruction, several legislators and teachers, our United States Consul and other local celebrities. The local governor sent a band of twenty-five musicians.

"The success of the school has been phenomenal. From ten pupils on first day it grew rapidly to one hundred and thirty-six. Old methods of education still prevail in Brazil, but the new method then, as now, attracted all classes. The course includes thus far only the primary and collegiate. Four modern languages and Latin are taught, with gymnastics. Chapel service is held every morning, with singing, when the ethics of morality and Christian principles are set forth in the simplest way. The school is independent, but tuition so far has just about paid the teachers. The furniture has all been paid for by private subscription."

IN THE OLD INQUISITION COURTYARD

MRS. BARTON, DIRECTOR

A YOUNG CLASS AT GYMNASTICS

An Incident in the Chinese War

Further details of the massacre of the Chinese at Blagovechtchensk, concerning which our special correspondent, Mr. Frederick A. North, wrote a most interesting account in last week's issue, have now been received by cable. It seems that between 3,000 and 4,000 Chinese in the city, or nearby, were driven from their homes by the Cossacks, and warned that unless they were out of Russian territory within a set time, their lives would be forfeited. Then began a rush for the few boats on the river. Men, women and children struggled for places in the frail craft, and as each one put out, overloaded, refugees clung to the gunwales only to be beaten back by those on board. The boats soon filled and sank, and the shrieks of the drowning mingled with the cries of those left behind. The banks were still lined with Chinese. Rafts were hastily constructed, men fighting to the death for the boards and logs. The rafts then put out as overloaded as the boats had been, and many sank before the eyes of those on shore. To add to the horrors, the Chinese forts opened fire on the refugees, thinking they were Cossacks in disguise. "Even when, days later, we arrived at the city," says a correspondent, "we could count from a single point a hundred bodies in the water." For days before the massacre the Cossacks had been burning all the Chinese villages for miles up and down the river.

A New Idea at Northfield

Another conference has been added to the many for which Northfield, Mass., is already famous. On the 16th of October, about forty clergymen and Christian workers from Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire met at that place, which has been the fountain-head of so many grand spiritual enterprises. The purpose of their meeting was to lay plans for a definite advance movement in Christian effort throughout New England. Invitations were issued by Rev. C. I. Scofield, D.D., President of the Northfield Bible Training School, and the meetings were held in that building. The design was to formulate some plan for an extended and thorough investigation of problems dealing with the religious life of New England, and thus furnish a basis for broad induction and practical treatment by an advance movement in Christian effort. The results of the meeting may be briefly summed up as follows:

The organization of a group for the study of the religious, social and economic aspects of the problem. Members of this central group will not only pursue their own individual investigation, but will endeavor to form subordinate groups in their immediate neighborhood, and any minister or Christian worker desiring to join in this study may receive a schedule upon application to Dr. Scofield, permanent chairman, East Northfield, Mass. The subjects to be investigated and tabulated cover a wide range, from church attendance to public libraries, amusements, temperance, etc. The ultimate aim is to use these results in such a way as to greatly stimulate the work of the churches and aid in bringing about a general revival of spiritual life and enthusiasm.

A Strange Experience

The following letter from a Mrs. A. A., of Patton Beach, Tex., tells the story of a remarkable experience:

TO THE EDITOR: I am a converted Jewess, a native of Holland. I was converted in Old Allen St. Church, New York. My people have all cast me off and said I was a hypocrite, so I asked the Lord to help me and that I never need anything from anybody. The Lord has been good to me. This peninsula has been known as a watering place. There was a depot, hotel, and a post-office. We have worked hard for twenty-two years and had a four-room two-story house. Everybody prophesied that if ever there came a storm this house would come down; but behold the mercies of God! The people on the day of the great storm came from two o'clock until dark, from the hotel and all the places around, to our house for protection. The house blew off of the blocks in the back part, but did not fall. We had provisions in the house enough to last 40 people two days. Surely his mercy endureth forever! It looked like destruction all around, but we saved several head of cattle and about fifty chickens.

The saddest of it all was that my only daughter and her five little children were lost; she lived six miles from us. I want you to pray for me, that I may say, with God's servant of old, "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." For I know that the blessed Saviour will be with me to the end. I have felt his sustaining power and grace through this great affliction.

WAR ON IMPURE LITERATURE

THERE are few men in New York, or i deed anywhere in the Union, who a better known then Anthony Comstock, Pre dent of the Society for the Suppression Vice. Th Societ which ha accomplis ed ines mable se vice in th protectio of the yout of the n tion, b hunting o and pro ecutin dissemin tors of vi literature is now to b placed upo a firm an permanen basis. It i proposed t celebrate it thirtieth ar niversar

ANTHONY COMSTOCK

by raising a fund before March 2, 190 and all who have the welfare of the childre and the protection of their moral purit at heart have been invited to contribut Special and urgent invitations to assist i the movement are extended to Y. M. C A's Christian Endeavor Societies, Epwort Leagues, Baptist Young People's Unions, an Sunday School pupils generally. It is sug gested that each contributor to the fun should give one cent for each year of th Society's active existence—30 cents for eac person. Parents can give in this proportio for themselves and also for their children who are the present beneficiaries of the nobl efforts constantly being put forth by th Society to save the young from the con taminating influence of impure literature.

During those thirty years of active duty on the moral "firing line," Mr. Comstock and his associates have had many remarkable experiences. Intimidated, assaulted with knife and fist, shot at, arrested, maligned, and in a thousand other ways obstructed in the performance of duty, they have not wavered, but pressed the warfare against vice and immorality. Since March 2, 1872, 2,450 arrests have been made by the Society, and more than 156,000 pounds (or 78 tons) of vile literature and contraband matter have been seized or destroyed. The disseminators of such things as destroy both the body and soul of the young have been traced, tried, convicted and placed behind prison bars.

The work of the Society has led it into schools and academies, in the effort to trace the circulators and the source of bad books. A letter by mail sent to a minister's daughter, a student in one of the New York State Normal schools, led the Society's officers to an academy of over 140 boys, among whom they discovered and arrested the sender. Following up the case, they arrested a man at Hurleyville, N. Y., and seized over 12,000 books, pictures and circulars in his possession. The same afternoon, a mail contractor was arrested and about the same quantity of books and prints found in his home. Shortly afterward, two men were arrested at Lancaster, Pa., with 16,000 contraband books and over 3,000 pictures in their possession. These are only a few of hundreds of such cases, typical of the energy, fidelity, and work of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Contributions to the proposed fund may be sent to Kiliaen Van Rennselaer, Treasurer of the Society, 41 Park Row, New York City.

A Spurgeon Memorial

A House of Rest for the use of Baptist missionaries and ministers has been opened at Brighton, England, as a memorial of the late Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, brother of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER AND PARTY VISITING A COLONY

Salvation Army Farm Colonies

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER TELLS ABOUT THEIR GREAT SUCCESS IN THREE WESTERN STATES . . . .

THE farm colonies of the Salvation Army have recently been attracting considerable notice from those who are interested in the welfare of our city poor. The object of these colonies is to ke the surplus population of our great entres, and place them in homes of their vn upon the land.

The principal colony is situated in Colado, where some two thousand acres rich alluvial land have been purased and one hundred and fifty men, omen and children have already been ttled. Nearly every colonist is a mared man with a family, some with very rge families. Indeed, this has been the ntral pivot of the enterprise. Domicide, the destruction of the family and the me, is one of the worst signs of modn civilization. "I have three brothers," id one of our Bowery boys, adding, ith the mother-wit which often characrizes this class, "but only one is living; ne other two are married."

The keenest anguish of a city life is at which centres around a starving mily. The single man or woman is not be so much pitied. It is much easier r such to gain a living. Even if they ll, they fall alone. It is far otherwise ith a family. Here the finger-prints of overty leave their blackest mark, and the ffering is the most appalling, because ne victims consist so largely of weak omen and innocent children, and of ist the class who are most eager to ork, if they only have the chance.

Our farm-colony plan is intended to ounteract this growing and ghastly evil. t says, in brief, "Place the waste labor pon the waste land by means of the aste capital, and thereby convert this inity of waste into a unity f production." It goes one better" than the mere living wage," or "work-or-everybody" idea, inasuch as it proposes to ecognize and maintain the mily unit, and to transorm each workless family nto a home-maker and a ome-owner, and this without imperiling the position f the "in-works." On the ontrary, the position of he latter will be vastly etter—first, by the reoval of the terrible inubus of taxation, and, econd, by the fact that the multitudes thus happily reoved will immediately require the produce of the in-works' labor, thereby increasing the home demand. That this is no mere day-dream is proved by the experience already gained on the three Salvation Army Colonies which have been established respectively in Colorado, California and Ohio.

Mr. Curtis, a correspondent, in giving the history of the enterprise, concludes with this paragraph:

"There is no neater group of houses in Colorado, and no more contented community in the world. Nearly every one has written to friends urging them to join the next colony that comes out; and those I talked with were enthusiastic over their success and the pleasures they enjoy. It was difficult for some of them to find words to express their emotion."

The accompanying photographs were taken during a recent visit to the colony. The stone cottage was erected by the colonist who owns it, the stone being taken from an adjacent quarry. The group of colonists represents the heads of families. The school-house is used as a place for public worship; and on Sundays the scene is an exceedingly animated one, as the rigs and wagons bring the families and neighboring farmers to the service; whilst scores of cow-boys may be seen careering across the prairie upon their bronchos. A brass and string band help to lend attractiveness to the meetings.

At a recent agricultural fair which was held in a neighboring town, the colonists carried off nearly fifty first and second prizes. Owing to their influence, it was agreed by the fair committee that liquor should not be sold on this occasion.

A home for orphan children, and a sanitarium for working people are now in course of erection upon this colony grounds. The railroad company has inserted a switch, and is about to erect a depot there.

It might be mentioned that a special exhibit of these Salvation Army colonies and other social institutions was sent to the Paris Exposition, and was awarded a gold medal. Indeed, there can be little doubt that in the near future the colonization of our city poor will become one of the most important and successful philanthropies in the country.

FREDERICK DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

A STONE COTTAGE ERECTED BY A SALVATION ARMY COLONIST

CHILDREN'S HOME

The following contributions in behalf of our Children's Home have been received:

Prev. ack.. . .	$8,561 96
Abel, Mrs G O	6 00
Ackerson, Mrs L C...	50
Alem, Mrs A B ...	3 00
Alexander, Mrs W H	3 00
Allison, Mrs L B	3 00
Bacon's (Mrs A E) S S Class	2 50
Baily, Mrs M.....	5 00
Bailey, Mrs R M.....	50
Barker, John.....	1 00
Barnard, Mrs H E...	3 00
Barton, Emma & Marcia	3 00
Benedict, Addie E...	2 00
Bennett, Mrs M.....	3 00
Black, L M	3 00
Blanch, E M	25
Bohning, A G	1 00
Bollman, George.....	50
Bowden, Mr & Mrs R	3 00
Bradley, Mr & Mrs C	1 00
Brandly, O F..... ..	3 00
Brechet, Julia	4 00
Brennan, Mrs A	50
Brooks, M O	3 00
Brown, Mrs J M	1 00
Brush, Mrs Ida	3 00
Cadle, Dora	6 00
Campbell, Anna	3 00
Carlson, Mrs.....	3 00
Carr, Mr J	50
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Cheetham, Rosy	2 50
Cheney, Elizabeth W	37
Christie, Mrs H ...	9 00
Churchill, Clara D ..	6 00
Clayton, Baby.....	25
Clayton, D H.	50
Clark, Mrs D M	1 00
Clayton, Mrs D H....	50
Clayton, Miss Emma.	50
Clayton, Master Fred	25
Clayton, Lawson.....	50
Clayton, Miss Mary..	50
Cocks, Ralph.....	25
Cooley, Mrs Ennice..	5 00
Cope, Mrs Ida J S ...	3 00
Corey, Mr F	25
Corley, Mrs J T. . .	3 00
Cowan, Mrs.....	50
Cozatt, O P	2 00
Cozatt, Virgie . . .	3 00
Craig, Mr & Mrs F B.	5 00
Crane, Mr Herbert...	50
Dale, A M.....	6 00
Davis, Mr & Mrs F B.	1 00
Deal, J J & Son.....	5 00
Deegan, Miss T.....	50
De Merritt, Lucy B..	3 00
Denham, Christie and Jeannette.....	3 00
Devereaux, W C.....	3 00
Dibble, Mrs S E.....	6 00
Dickson, Chas C... .	1 00
Digner, Miss M.....	50
Distin, Geo H.....	3 00
Duglass, Mrs R	50
Durling, Mamie	3 00
Eaton, A E.....	5 00
Elder, Mrs	2 00
English, Mr & Mrs G W	3 00
Faulknor, Mrs B A...	1 00
Felter, Mrs	2 00
Ferrill, Hunter J ...	50
Ferrill, Mrs W C.....	10
Fletcher, L D.....	1 00
Flutot, A H.....	1 00
Forbes, Miss J E.....	5 00
Fosgate, Julia A.....	3 00
Fram, R. Shields.....	1 00
French, Mrs R A ...	3 00
Frich, E H..... ...	3 00
Frink, Lucretia	3 00
Gilchrist, Mrs A.....	1 00
Gillespie, Mr R.....	1 00
Godwin, Mary F.....	1 00
Goodale, Mrs Edw...	6 00
Gordon, David..... ..	2 00
Graham, Mr & Mrs R H	3 00
Graves, Jessie and Cletus	1 50
Greene, Mrs Y.....	1 00
Gregory, N Y C.....	3 00
Hack, Mrs Lester ...	50
Hagamah, C A.....	2 00
Hagaman, C A.....	1 00
Hall, Mrs Geo.....	3 00
Harris, Josephine....	15
Hart, Mrs J P	3 00
Hartman, Mrs E.	1 00
Hartman, Mr & Mrs D L	5 00
Hawes, Viora E	3 00
Hawk, Miss Carrie...	3 00
Hayes, Mr J..	1 00
Hekbius, Mrs E.....	3 00
Hemenway, L C.....	1 00
Heminger, Miss M ..	60
Herr, M Lizzie.....	3 00
Heydrick, M A.....	5 00
Horn, Mr A.....	50
Houn, Mrs J R.....	2 00
Hill, Mrs J W.....	3 00
Hill, Mrs James.....	1 00
Hill, Miss Sadie E...	3 00
Hirst, Rachel L.....	3 00
Hubbard, Mrs Ellen.	3 00
Hume, Mamie E.....	1 00
Hurley, Mr T.....	50
Hnsted, Mrs Z T. ...	1 00
Hutchinson, Paul H.	50
Johnson, Mrs E C....	1 00
Jones, M E.....	3 00
Jones, R W	3 00
Kerr, Edith.....	40
Keyar, E Viola.....	50
Kingsley, Emma and Gertrude	1 00
Knell, Mr W.....	50
Langenstein, Mrs M.	3 00
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Lowe, Danetta M ...	3 00
Lupton, Mrs W S....	1 00
Lutz, G H.....	1 00
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McConahey, Helen...	3 00
McMahan, W F.....	3 00
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Mallery, J B.....	1 00
Malliet, Mrs H J....	1 00
Manning, Mr D.....	25
Mansfield, E G, Jr..	5 00
Mason, M P.....	2 00
Markham, Carl.....	50
Markham, Mrs.....	2 00
Markham, Mr...	1 00
Merrifield, Mrs J H..	3 00
Miller, Louise.....	50
Miller, Maggie.....	3 00
Miller, Ralph.....	50
Montgomery, Mary..	1 00
Moore, W C B.....	3 00
Morin, Callie.....	3 00
Morrison, Gladys....	10
Morrison, Mrs M S...	2 00
Muller, Mrs.....	50
Munn, Mr C A	10 00
Munn, Mrs H N.....	3 00
Munn, Mr O D	5 00
Nelson, Mrs Mary A.	3 00
Nichols, E H.....	4 00
O'Hair, Lillian	50
Ohle, Lydia.....	50
Page, Mrs W R.....	3 00
Paris, Mrs Catherine	5 00
Parker's, Mrs SS Class	3 00
Pettey, F W.....	3 00
Pickels, Mr & Mrs L	3 00
Pope, Thomas, Jr....	5 00
Porter, Sarah E.	3 00
Price, A & H.....	1 00
Price, Mrs L R.....	2 50
Reed, Mrs P H	3 00
Reeder, W H	3 00
Richardson, Mrs.....	1 00
Robbins, Mary E.....	3 00
Roe, Sylvia..... ...	75
Rolison, Lena.....	3 00
Rosney, Mr M.....	50
Schoelkopf, Mrs F...	3 00
See, Ellen.....	6 00
Seely, Pamelia.	2 00
Sharpe, Mrs D K....	1 00
Sleep, Mrs T J	2 50
Smith, Mrs A M.....	1 00
Smith, Harriet K...	6 00
Smith, Jennie..... ..	3 00
Sommers, Mrs B.....	3 00
Springer, Mrs N W..	1 00
Squires, Mrs F A.....	50
Steele, Frances.....	3 00
Steele, Miss S.....	2 00
Steiner, D C.....	5 00
Steiner, D C.....	5 00
Stoddard, Mrs Frank'n	6 00
Stookey, Mrs M F.....	1 00
Tate, Mrs Fannie L.	1 00
Taylor, M P	2 00
Taylor, Mrs N R	5 00
Thomas, Mrs J..	3 50
Thompson, Ida	1 00
Tillotson, Mrs J M	3 00
Turner, J F.....	3 00
Tyler, Mrs G.....	50
Vangieson, Mrs..... ...	3 00
Varndell, Mr W	50
Vawter, E J..... 10	00
Voorhis, Mrs N R.....	5 00
Wagner, Mary E.....	3 50
Wales, Mrs S.....	2 00
Walton, Mrs. A L..... ...	1 00
Waters, Mrs M Ewing	1 00
Watson, Mr G.....	1 00
Webster K.....	3 00
Wheeler, Chas.....	6 00
White, Julia A.	1 00
Wiestling, The Misses.....	6 02
Wilcox, C E.....	25
Wilcox, J S and M S.....	9 00
Williams, Mrs A J.....	3 00
Williams, Levi.....	3 00
Wilmartn, Mrs J.....	3 00
Wilson, Mr J.	50
Wilson, Mrs Mary L.....	2 00
Winsor Lula B	1 00
Wright, Mrs C W...	3 00
Total.....	$9,093 70

LESSONS FROM NATURE

AS we read the Book of Nature,
Scanning close its pages all,
There's a sermon in each volume—
Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall.

Budding Spring revealeth ever
Nature's resurrection power;
While her blooming branches whisper
Of fair childhood's happy dower.

Summer comes and scatters roses
All along the path of strife,
Where the youthful feet are treading
On the battle-field of life.

In the fragrance of her blossoms
Floating on the stilly air,
Thorn-pricked fingers are forgotten;
Hearts set free from brooding care.

Till the fading leaves of Autumn,
Touched by Winter's chilling breath,
Gently teach to weary toilers—
Nature seeks her rest—not death.

And while barren trees and gardens
Fill the heart with nameless pain,
There is still sweet consolation
In the stores of ripened grain.

Calmly then they wait the Frost-King,
Clad in pearly white array;
Sweet the message that he bringeth
To the aged, bowed and gray.

Ploughshares rough and sickles heavy
Their tired hands have now laid by:
And they wait the angel-reapers,
Harvest-gathering for the sky.

Thus we glean from Nature's pages,
Much of joy as well as grief;
For the light of Heaven's Springtime
Lies beyond the "fallen leaf".

Southern Pines, N.C. EDITH F. BARNES.

SAVED IN A PRISON CELL

CHAPLAIN MUNRO, of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs Prison, relates the following remarkable experience:

"In the early summer of 1899, about a year and a half ago, I received a brief note from a Christian gentleman in New York City, asking me to go at once and visit a man who had just been committed to prison on a very serious charge. That afternoon I sought him out, and had a long and pleasing interview in his cell. At first he was indifferent to spiritual appeals. Then he frankly related to me, step by step, the details of his ruined life. More than once his face burned with shame, as he covered it with his hands, while he told of his ruined and disgraced home and his broken-hearted wife. It was the story of a life blasted by sin. He had been in business for several years, but by drink, gambling and speculation had lost his property, and even his wife's fortune went the same way. He was now an outcast in a felon's cell. I prayed with him and urged him to make a complete surrender of himself to God. At last he prayed for himself. His petitions were full of broken sobs and penitent utterances, as he called on God for deliverance from the bondage of sin. He had come to himself, like the prodigal in the far country. All that night he wept over his blighted life. For several weeks his wife had been on the verge of collapse, from grief caused by his shame. After a few days, he sent her a note saying that he had given his heart to Christ. This news gave her unbounded joy, as she had been praying for his conversion for many years. From that day her recovery from nervous prostration was assured. During the remainder of his time in jail he gave evidence that a great change had taken place in his life. He even thanked God that he had been brought to prison, because there he had found a Saviour. After a time he was discharged, and returned to his home. For more than a year I heard nothing from him. He was engrossed in the whirl of city life. A few weeks ago, as I entered a noon-day prayer-meeting in the lower part of the city, I met the gentleman who had first called my attention to the prisoner. He told me that he had been watching over him since he left prison more than a year ago, and that he knew him to be living a devout Christian life ever since. He is now a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday School, and his pastor's right-hand man in every good work. Then I remembered the words of the Psalmist, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

Preaching to the prisoners is carried on by the Gospel Mission to the Tombs. Contributions to the work will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, George E. Sterry, 79 Pine street, New York City.

A Famous Anniversary

The old John Street Church in New York city, the oldest Methodist church in America, celebrated its hundred and thirty-second anniversary on Sunday, October 28. A love-feast opened the day's proceeding. Prof. M. D. Buell, of Boston University, preached the forenoon sermon, and Rev. C. E. Harris, D. D., the regular pastor, presided at the afternoon meeting. In the evening several pastors delivered suitable addresses.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON,
Associate Editors

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MISTAKEN NOTIONS

SOME of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Jena, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast and the ten minutes at noon, but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest wastes all his time.

THE HARVEST FIELD

THE field is white to the harvest. Men with the sickles, come on and lay to the work! In this age of the world, with so many Gospel advantages, and so many grand incentives to work, a dead Church ought to be indicted as a nuisance. Invention and discovery have quickened the world's pace. The age, no more a-foot, is on wheels and wings. Quiet villages have been roused up by the hum of machinery, the clang of foundries, and the shriek of steam-whistles. We rise, after a short night's sleep and find that the world has advanced mighty leagues. The pulse of the world beats stronger, the arm of industrious achievement strikes harder, the eye of human ingenuity sees farther, the heart of Christian philanthrophy throbs warmer. In such a time, a torpid, lethargic, timid Church is both a farce and a blasphemy. If it do not march when God commands it to march; if it do not strike when God commands it to strike; if, when the mountains round about are full of horses and chariots of fire, it shrinks back from the conflict, God will mark it for ruin, and Christians will become inconsistent, and the minister will sleep in the pulpit, and the choir will quarrel in the gallery, and the shingles will rot, and sinners will perish, and the cause of God will be dishonored. One enterprising Church! How many tracts it might scatter! How many hungry mouths it might feed! How many poor churches it might help! How many lights it might kindle!

THE BACKSLIDERS

HERE is a man who started for heaven a year ago. He had been given to dissipation; he has looked back. You are drinking too hard. I believe a moderate drinker may get into heaven, but a hard drinker, never! "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The snake catches the eye of the bird on the limb; it begins to tremble, and soon slips from the tree-branch, and begins to fly down toward the serpent, and soon it is caught in the terrible folds and is gone. The wine-cup has been your fascination. You have by it been brought down from the circles in which you once moved, and come down nearer and nearer to the day of your destruction, and after awhile you will be caught in the coils of that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." O, man, give up drinking, or give up heaven! There is your choice. A man stood on the scaffold about to be executed, and the sheriff, pulling out his watch, said: "You have five minutes to say what you have to say." The dying man said: "Rum ruined me. I had a little brother. I loved him very much. He was a bright-eyed lad. I came home one day intoxicated. My little brother was picking berries in the garden, and for some reason I got mad at him, and I took up an iron rake, and with one stroke I killed him. Now I am to die for it; and you ask me what I have to say. It is this: never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." Alas, if you start for heaven and look back to your early dissipations!

IN THE RIGHT PLACE

HOW may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swim in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

IF there be a family of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that home is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere, of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household through the week-day, turning their children over to the day-school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath School, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their children to hired servants. The day-school has its work; the Sabbath School has its work; hired servants have their work; but they can never take the place of the mother. It is the finest sphere imaginable.

The Way of Moderation

"THE WAY OF MODERATION" said the Greek sages, "is the way of the gods." It is certainly to human beings the way of happiness. For excess of all kinds dwells next door to ruin, and to death. Yet our fast-living age is always finding out new ways for extravagance. In home decoration and in dress it has been called aestheticism—a word that implies everything of the richest and the most expensive character. Under its cover, multitudes have launched out into reckless expenditure, shutting their eyes to the ruin that was an inevitable result. Yet to keep out of debt is the first essential to health, happiness, and to good work; and no sacrifice that will help us to make both ends meet must be grudged; nay, this is not enough, we must live within the rim of our dollar—that is, spend a little less than we make.

. . .

Now, many men, and most women, have occasional fits of economy; but such intermitting acts of retrenchment do no good; in fact they are often followed by some atoning piece of outrageous extravagance. If a household is to be conducted on economical principles, it is best that women should have the control of it; for she has a passion for small economies that men hardly ever counterpart. For household economies require a kind of courage men do not possess. They cannot look a butcher or a grocer in the face and fight him for a ten cent overcharge; but that is a thing a woman will do at a moment's notice. She will not tolerate a small imposition. She may have little sense in great political affairs, but in her household expense she is not to be cheated. And this, not so much for the money involved, as because it is a battle planned on her own scale of combat, and she is determined not to lose it.

. . .

It is but fair to say that generally when a woman brings her husband into financial difficulties by her extravagance, it is the fault of both. If men do not tell their wives how much money they have, and what demands there are on it, they can hardly expect them to know by instinct what amount of money they may lawfully spend. A wife may know to a cent what her bills amount to, but if her husband has not plainly told her what they ought to amount to, she is excusable for transgressing an unknown boundary. He might have had a watchful partner, but he has made for himself a wasteful subordinate. Why? Because he has been too timid to say a few words that he thought might be disagreeable; or too proud to confess any sense of poverty; or too set up with his own ideas of marital authority to share its cares and responsibilities. The result is a constant deterioration in moral character and in domestic happiness, by intermittent attempts at economy, which always fail for want of his wife's sympathy and co-operation. The final result may be easily anticipated, and is rarely, if ever, avoided.

Americans are the most extravagant people on earth. Defoe said the same of their English ancestors, two hundred years ago; and it is a fact that an American family can hardly scramble through life on an income which would enable a Dutchman to make himself rich. Of course, much of this extravagant disposition may be laid to inherited tendency. Americans come from an extravagant race, and they spend lavishly because, as Dr. Watts puts it, "'tis their nature to."

. . .

But the superabundance of a new land has now given place, in a great measure, to the limitations of advanced civilization, and extravagance is becoming more and more a national and an individual sin. It is to be combatted, first, by getting rid of our helpless sluggishness in the care of very small sums. Secondly, by having the courage to live according to our own means, and not according to our neighbor's means. We may call bei extravagant because others are so, "t tyranny of society," but it is really a slavi moral nature that won't take the trouble do what it knows to be just and right. Nir tenths of the things we do because it is t custom to do them, would have nothing say for themselves in a court of justice reason. Then why should we make o homes model schools for throwing mon away for very inadequate results, just becau the people we happen to know are fooli enough to do so? It is a snobbish as well an indolent complaisance.

How much nobler to plan a rational, ho est mode of life, consistent with our ov means, and then break the chains of custo and carry out our resolves in spite of wh any one may say. It is true that soci chains are riveted with terrible strengt and that most of us would find it morally a socially easier to make money than to save Still, if thrift be an excellence, it is a prac cal virtue, or it is no virtue at all. There however, no doubt of the virtue of thrift. is one of the most arduous methods of se control, and a really lofty moral exercise. lies midway between parsimony and extrav gance, and is "the golden mean" of domest expenditure.

. . .

What is thrift in domestic expenditure Thrift is to spend money so that not a penn of it is wasted. God is treasurer to such wise spender. There are people who do n squander their money, who yet never hav any to spare; never know how it has gon never have anything to show for it. Suc people are unthrifty, and they might as we be extravagant. Every man or woman wh is not a prodigal wants to know how muc they spend; but thrifty people want also t know what they have spent their money fo Hence, they go into details and put dow every day's item of expenditure, an infallabl rule for the cultivation of this most valuabl virtue and help to domestic happiness.

There is also a moral value in writing dow all the items of our personal expenses. If w dare to write down every cent we spend will throw a searching light into our secre characters. No grander moral condition tha solvency! It is a virtue worthy of all ou efforts to keep intact; for they who know ho to spare and how to abound have a grea knowledge. Let us take into account "all th virtues with which money is mixed up—hon esty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality forethought, self-sacrifice; and we shall se that it is a knowledge which goes near t cover the length and breadth of humanity and that a right measure in getting, saving spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowin and bequeathing would almost argue a per fect man."

AMELIA E. BARR.

What One Soldier Did

From Isabella, Philippine Islands, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a lette written by a soldier in the American army which tells of the result of one man's earnes effort to win souls to Christ. The writer says

"I am a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader and a church member, a soldier for Christ as wel as for my country. With one company o marines, I am stationed at Isabella. I saw the door open for Christ's work in the fac that this post is almost isolated and no re ligious work was done until three other work ers and myself opened a prayer-meeting and reading-room. We are handicapped in not having sacred song books, Testaments, and good literature. I hope it will be in the power of your readers to render us assistance in this line. Isabella is on the Island of Basalan, one of the Sulu archipelago group, and was at one time a Spanish coaling station. It is now used for the same purpose by our own government. Besides the native Filipinos, there are a few Spaniards and Chinese merchants in the town. The interior is very mountainous and is inhabited by the Mooro tribe, who are Mohammedans. Their leader is known as the Datto, and their garments are scant and of many colors."

ATTRACTIVE PREMIUMS

The members of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD family will find our Premium Announcement, now being prepared, the most attractive ever submitted to our readers. Our

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The Anglo-German Alliance

MORE far-reaching in its probable consequences than any event of the past few weeks is the formal agreement made between Germany and England on the Chinese question. It pledges the two powers to exert their united influence to maintain the integrity of the Chinese Empire and freedom of trade for all the powers without distinction in all ports and waterways in China. Both powers pledge themselves also to refrain from taking advantages of present complications to acquire territory, and announce that in the event of any other power doing so they "reserve to themselves the right to come to a preliminary understanding regarding the eventual step to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China." The publication of this agreement has taken Europe by surprise. Its contents are not startling, as it was generally understood that both Germany and England stood for the open door, and that neither was looking for acquisitions of territory; but the fact of the agreement being made and the formal notification of it to other Governments is very significant. It is practically a notice to all whom it may concern, that in the Chinese difficulty, at least, Great Britain and Germany are allied, and will act together. That information may be useful to Russia, who is suspected of having instigated the recent outbreak, and to France, who has in foreign affairs become a tool of Russia. If those powers are contemplating a policy of aggression, they are now aware that England and Germany are no longer two isolated governments with separate policies, who individually might hesitate to resist them, but allies whose united strength it would not be wise to defy. It may be, too, that in view of the European situation, Great Britain and Germany have not limited their agreement to the Chinese question. Or if such agreement has not yet been reached, a precedent has been established which, if it works well in China, may be extended so as to apply to European complications. Of late years the voice of Russia in the councils of Europe has exercised a potent influence because it was known that France would actively support any project in which Russia was interested. It may be that Germany's new Chancellor, Count Von Bulow, and England's Prime Minister, the Marquis of Salisbury have realized the fact and have concluded that they can promote the peaceable and righteous adjustment of pending difficulties by pledging to one another mutual support and cooperation.

If one prevail against him that is alone, two shall withstand him (Eccles. 4 : 12).

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY COUNT VON BULOW

A Treasure-Ship Disabled

A steamer arrived a few days ago at Seattle, Wash., from Nome, having on board a large number of passengers from the gold fields and nearly half a million dollars in gold dust. The voyage had been one of difficulty and danger. It had occupied seventeen days. Two days after starting, the boilers sprang a leak which became so serious as to stop the engines. For three days the vessel lay like a log in the sea, drifting helplessly at the mercy of the waves. The food on board had been provided on the basis of a normal voyage, so that when the delay occurred there was not sufficient to last until port was reached. The crew and passengers were accordingly put on short rations, and for about five days were insufficiently fed. Happily there was among the passengers an expert boiler-maker, who succeeded in repairing the boilers. The passengers say that but for his aid they might have perished if no steamer had appeared to tow the vessel into port. Though they had so much gold on board, it could not help them in the emergency. Their need was food and the skill of the artisan, which the gold could not purchase. Their experience may serve to remind them of other emergencies in which the money which is said "to answer all things" proves useless.

Riches profit not in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth from death (Prov. 11 : 4.)

The Value of a Tag

An association connected with labor interests, recently made an inquiry into certain business methods, which disclosed a curious situation. It appears that there is a distinct value in the name of certain firms of manufacturers. A lady went into a millinery store in New York to purchase a hat. The one she selected was a higher price than she wished to pay. After some bargaining, she was told that she might have the hat at a large reduction, if she was willing to have a different lining in it. She inquired what kind of lining would be put in instead of the one used, and to her surprise learned that it would be quite as useful and as costly as the one then in the hat. She therefore consented, and the change was made. The reason for the reduction was a mystery, until it was explained to her. The lining in the hat bore the name of a famous Parisian firm, while the lining substituted bore the name of the New York firm with whom she was dealing. The inference was natural that the firm wanted to obtain the lining to put in a hat of their own manufacture. Such a trick would exasperate the Paris firm if they knew of it, because the value of their trade mark depends on its never being found on an inferior article. It is that principle which makes the misconduct of Christians so heinous. The world expects more of those who bear the name of Christ.

Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity (II. Timothy 2 : 9).

The Cost of Freedom

A singular action has been entered in the Supreme Court. It has been brought by the widow and relatives of a man once well-known in New York City who all wish to set aside his will. The motives of the litigants, however, are not all of the same character. The will gives to the widow real estate, carriages, horses and other effects and an annuity, the whole aggregating one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The remainder of the estate is divided among certain charitable institutions in New York. There are about a dozen nephews and other relatives, to none of whom is anything left. They are suing for a share in the estate. The widow is suing to break the will and to have instead of the share left to her a dower right which would amount to one hundred thousand dollars. It is so seldom that a suitor seeks a smaller share than is left by will, that some curiosity was felt about the widow's motive in this instance. It has now been found that the annuity which constituted the chief part of her deceased husband's bequest was made conditional on her not marrying again. It is evident therefore that she considers her freedom to marry, which she would secure by acquiring her dower rights instead of the bequest, as worth the difference in amount which is eighty thousand dollars. Perhaps she has already met some one with whom a union seems so desirable that it is well purchased at so large a sacrifice. There are many who love Christ so well that rather than be separated from him they would lose the whole world.

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things that I may win Christ (Phil. 3 : 8).

The Approach of a Planet

Astronomers, the world over, are being requested to prepare for an interesting event which will occur about the middle of November. This is the nearest approach of the little planet Eros to the earth. It is only once in thirty years that it comes so close to us. It will then be nearer to the earth than any celestial body except the moon. Its orbit is placed between Mars and Jupiter, but from some cause at which astronomers can only guess, its orbit has been so enormously elongated as at certain parts to intersect that of the earth. It takes the planet twenty-one months to make its journey around the sun, so that it crosses the path of our earth at least once in every two years, but it so happens that the earth is at a different part of her orbit at the time, and only once in thirty years are the two so near together. Eros is one of the smallest of the celestial bodies, being only twenty miles in diameter. It is believed to belong to the great family of the asteroids, which travel between Mars and Jupiter. They are nearly five hundred in number and are believed to be fragments of a great world, which at some period has been shattered to pieces. The number of fragments show how great a planet it must have been before its disruption and how mighty must have been the force which shattered it. It is evidently no poetic symbolism but actual fact that the Scriptures use in giving assurance of the safety of those who trust in God:

Once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven, and this word signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, while we receive a kingdom which cannot be moved (Heb. 12 : 26-28).

An Involuntary Aeronaut

There was considerable anxiety and alarm at a fair held recently at San Jose, Cal., by an accident which threatened serious consequences. One of the attractions provided by the managers was a balloon ascent. The balloon was filled, the aeronaut took his seat, and the word was given to cast off. As the air-ship slowly rose, the spectators were horrified to see that a man, who had been standing near, had been entangled in the ropes and was being carried upward. A great cry was raised, but the balloon had risen nearly a thousand feet before the attention of the aeronaut was drawn to his involuntary fellow-passenger. Looking over the edge of the basket, he saw the man clinging to the rope, and every minute increasing his danger. It was a vexatious thing to spoil his own ascent, but with a human life in peril there was no option. He opened the valve, which released the gas, and the balloon slowly descended. As it reached the earth and the suspended man was once more on firm ground, his nervous strain overcame him and he fainted. It is no wonder that he was overcome by the sense of the danger he had escaped. If he attends such affairs in future, he will doubtless take care to keep clear of the ropes. It will be well, also, if he is on his guard against moral danger, which is worse. There are associations which are capable of dragging him down to a fate compared with which the peril of his involuntary ascent was small.

A companion of fools shall be destroyed (Prov. 13 : 20).

BRIEF NOTES

The Epworth Leagues, of sixty-two districts in Canada have undertaken to support missionaries, their aggregate givings for that purpose amounting to $18,295.57.

Japan has just passed a law forbidding the use of tobacco to those under twenty years of age, and making it a punishable offence for persons supplying anyone under that age.

The jubilee of the Baptist denomination in New Zealand is to be celebrated next year throughout the colony, and particularly at Nelson, where the first Baptist Church was formed.

Thousands of our readers who have followed with intense interest the journeyings of *Aunt Samantha*, will learn with regret that Miss Holley's delightful serial will come to a close in three issues more of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

One of the Vatican organs suggests that the Pope should migrate from Rome to Jerusalem, and out of the four millions saved by successive Popes should buy from the Sultan of Turkey such a large extent of territory as would ensure the recognition of the papacy as a temporal power.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer expects to pay another visit to this country for a six weeks' mission the middle of next March. It is his purpose to devote his time specially to southern cities which he has not been able to visit in the past, and from which he has received repeated and urgent invitations.

The Salvation Army has been roughly handled in Tokio, Japan. It has been doing rescue work among the fallen women of the city and has thus aroused the resentment of the keepers of immoral resorts, who have hired gangs of roughs to beat the officers of the army and wreck their homes.

Dr. Lovett, prominent among the missionaries massacred in China, was converted in the Tabernacle in East London under the ministry of Rev. Archibald Brown. His joining the church was a memorable event, as he was the five thousandth candidate registered and baptized during Mr. Brown's ministry.

J. Woodberry and family, recently missionaries in Tientsin, are now locating permanently in Shanghai. They lost all of their belongings for their home and chapel, but they have recently received a letter from one of their native members from Tientsin, saying that so far he has not heard of a single death of any of their number.

During the recent siege of the legations in Pekin it was necessary to cut down a tree that was liable to be used by the besiegers in spreading the fire. It was a service of great danger, and volunteers were called for. Three men were accepted and they did the work bravely. One was a Protestant, a second a Roman Catholic, and the third a priest of the Russian Greek Church. They worked in harmony and all came through unhurt.

A GOD'S-EYE VIEW OF SIN AND SALVATION

THE TEN LEPERS CLEANSED.....

International Sunday School Lesson for November 18th: Luke 17: 11-19.

...By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, Col. 3: 15: "Be ye thankful."

TEN HELP LESS HOME HOPE

There met him ten men that were lepers. No human help could avail for this kind of leprosy. And those who had it could have no wife or child to minister to them. And they had no hope of recovery. Leprosy is at once the product and the picture of sin. All through the Bible we are taught that even pride and envy and other respectable sins seem as loathsome to God as leprosy does to us. Miriam, prophetess and sister of priest and prophet though she was, became envious of her yet more honored brother, Moses, and God smote her with leprosy to show just how envy looks to him (Exod. 12: 11-16). A king became proud, and God caused the loathsome sin to come out in all its leprous hideousness (II. Chron., 26. See also II. Kings 15: 4, 5). Leprosy is a fitting type of sin because it permeates one's whole body, even the joints and marrow, causing weakness and deformity, as well as loathsomeness; and because it is also contagious. How sin changes every faculty, weakens the body, dulls the intellect, hardens the heart, paralyzes the will. See this in the gambler, the drunkard, the victim of impurity, and not less in the covetous, whose noblest instincts are dried up in his relentless pursuit of wealth. George William Curtis in *Prue and I* gives a parable of "Titbottom's Spectacles," which see every man as he is in mind; for example, the miser as a withered bank-note, and a woman without ideals as a broom. God sees many a proud sinner as a leper, corrupt and corrupting, needing the Great Physician to make his life truly noble.

Leprosy a Picture of Sin

A story comes from the Philippines that a soldier, having done some wrong to a Filipino merchant's family, the merchant, in revenge, when the soldier was drunk, inoculated him with the blood of a leper—a horrible revenge even for a leprous sin. Alas, there are many who are constantly inoculating others, by example and persuasion, with sins, not for revenge, but for revenue, a meaner motive. The liquor dealer knows that drink will injure body and soul, but he inoculates many a young man with a fatal appetite that he may enrich himself. The gambler knows the passion in which he trades will become a fiery fever in the veins of its victim, but he shrinks not to impart the fell disease. The seller of corrupt literature and the purveyor of vile plays know that their wares are charged with worse diseases than leprosy, but they boldly say, "We will do anything for money." There is one thing in God's sight worse than the leprosy of sin, and that is the double sin of the trafficker in leprosy, who, instead of seeking to be healed, trades in his disease. All of us have the leprosy of sin in God's sight, and are helpless, homeless, hopeless in soul, unless we have been healed by Christ, who passes through earth's Samaria and Galilee, as well as Jerusalem, seeking to heal the high and low alike. Under the clean outside even of the Pharisees he saw the leprosy of sin and warned them, even more urgently than the publicans, to come and be healed.

* * *

As they went they were cleansed. In another case Jesus healed a leper by a touch (Mark 1: 40-45). He had even healed some by a word: "I will; be thou clean." The ten of this lesson had doubtless heard of those cases and expected to be healed as quickly, but Jesus said, "Go, shew yourselves to the priests." As they could not legally appear before the priests until they had been cleansed, this was as good as a promise they would be healed some way before they got there. Strange they did not stop to solve the mystery. Strange they did not say, "We cannot go till we are cleansed." "You healed another by a touch; why not save us the same way?" "You cured another by a word; why not make healing as easy this time?" With great and exemplary faith they started off to obey, asking no questions. They seemed to have grasped the truth we so often forget, that "all God's biddings are enablings." And "as they went they were cleansed." Everything we need comes to us in the path of obedience. Naaman, the Syrian general, under whose beautiful uniform was the deadly leprosy, thought it absurd to suppose that washing in the muddy Jordan would heal him, a river so much less clear than his own Arbana and Pharpar, that still flow like liquid emerald through Damascus. But as he obeyed, dipping seven times, exactly as commanded by the prophet of God, his flesh came again as the flesh of a little child, symbol of his child-like obedience to commands he could not understand (II. Kings 5: 1-14). Full of similar instruction also for the hesitating sinner is the story of the four lepers at the gate of starving, besieged Samaria, who said, "Why sit we here until we die?" Seeking salvation they found a feast where they had anticipated great difficulties (II. Kings 7: 11). When the Israelites just emerging from Egypt were pursued, God said, "Go forward." There were mountains on each side and a mighty foe in the rear and the sea in front. How could they obey? But they marched forward as commanded, and "as they went" God cleared their way, rolling back the waves with his right arm of the east wind that they might pass safely through in the ocean bed. The women who went early to the sepulchre on that first Easter morn, said anxiously, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" But when they arrived angels had removed the difficulty. So the Bible is full of the lesson we are so slow to learn, that we need only to be sure we are in the path of obedience and then we may be also sure that God will clear our way. "As they went they were cleansed." As we obey God opens the way. Let us unquestioningly put our sin-sick souls in the hands of the Great Physician and do exactly as he bids us in absolute confidence. He will ask nothing that love and wisdom do not prompt, and require nothing that he will not give us strength to do.

Saved in the Path of Obedience

* * *

Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? One, a good Samaritan, seeing he was healed, turned back to thank Christ, but the other nine, who were Jews of better training went selfishly and ungratefully on their way. The International Lesson Committee in joining this lesson and Golden Text were mindful that this lesson would come up just before Thanksgiving, and they thus suggest that in recalling the blessings of the year we should give the very highest praise for the healing of the soul (Psa. 103). Even Christians are prone to give more grateful thought to the harvest, and the healing of the body and temporal prosperity, and for temporal benefits, as in this story of the ten lepers, not more than one in ten come to give thanks to Christ at the Thanksgiving service. "Where are the nine?" Many of them are at the football game. Not even one hour of the twenty-four set apart by a Christian nation for recognition of God's goodness will this ungrateful nine-tenths spare from selfish enjoyments. This is but one of many offerings of the devil's tithe. Only one-tenth of Gideon's army were unselfish enough to be led into battle. Let us not too much exalt majorities in church or state. To follow the majority may be, as in the case of the healed lepers, to go from Christ rather than to him. This lesson story is one of many cases where "One with God is a majority." It is also one of many cases where those of lowliest station have been most loyal to Christ.

A Lesson for Thanksgiving

A black cat held up the trolley-roads running through Fulton street, Brooklyn, for nearly an hour one evening. In some way the cat had made its way to the flat wooden guard-box that runs along under the elevated railroad tracks, just above the trolley wires. The cat did not mean to interfere with the passage of the cars in any way. It first attracted attention by piteous cries of terror every time a trolley-car passed under it. The cries attracted the attention of people in the cars and on the sidewalk, and they protested against what seemed to be the torture of the cat. The repair wagon was finally summoned by telephone, and the cat rescued from her dangerous position amid the cheers of hundreds of people. It surely was a very insignificant thing that two hundred cars stood idle, and thousands of people waited at the busiest time of the day, to rescue a cat. There are parts of the earth where it would not have been done for a child, or a man, or a woman. Slowly but surely, the kindness of Jesus Christ is conquering the brute and the savage in the heart of mankind.

"Think and thank." How much more each one of us has to be thankful for than that healed Samaritan leper!

1. We are of better blood. Let us thank God for what we inherit from noble parents and ancestors.

2. We live in a better country. Our country has many sins to answer for but those who really desire to do right are surrounded with unprecedented institutions and opportunities.

3. We live in a better age. The Samaritan had no Bible but the Pentateuch. That is full of noble things but it was but the morning twilight beside which the Gospel is the noonday. Especially is ours a kindlier world, made so by the influence of such miracles as this of our lesson. The great inventions of our time are something to be thankful for if we think of them as instruments for doing good. How much more one man can do in this age of mails and trains and telegraphs! One man can send his words by the press to millions, stirring them to nobler impulses.

But all these extra privileges make our sin the greater if for these far greater blessings for body, mind and soul we offer no tribute of praise.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And all things bright to view,
If one small speck of cloud appear
In this great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled
If but one spark of light,
One ray of God's great goodness gild
The darkness of their night.

It is to be feared that in the break up of homes, caused by modern methods of business, there are more tables where no thanks to the Lord of harvest is spoken or sung or even expressed in a silent bending of the head than in any country of the world, heathen or Christian. Nine out of ten of the Thanksgiving dinners in our land are eaten without a word or sign of thanksgiving. And the day passes in those same homes with no family gathering for prayer and praise. In the cities we have learned by several lines of enquiry that only one-tenth of even Christian homes have daily family worship. Shall we not by the wise use of this lesson on gratitude revive these fallen altars as a fitting celebration of a Thanksgiving which recalls not a year but a century, and so inaugurate the new century with a grateful return to Christ?

Let the November winds call up the words of Shakespeare:

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

It was the ingratitude of daughters to an earthly father that called forth those words from King Lear, and it is pertinent to say that we should at this Thanksgiving time consider whether we have been duly grateful to our earthly parents and friends, forgetting whom we also dishonor God. Go and write that letter of gratitude you have owed so long to some earthly friend, a father, a mother, a sister or brother neglected, who have made you all you are by their sacrifices. And in coming to God in prayer do not plunge into new petitions before you have thanked him for answers already received. *The Sunday School Times* quotes a quaint poem of two angels sent out from heaven to gather the prayers and praises of men. The angel that came to gather petitions brought a small basket, the angel that came for thanksgivings a big one, but the latter was as much too large as the other was too small.

The angel of petitions bore a sack
Cram full and bound uncouthly on his back.
The angel of thanksgivings blushed to feel
The empty lightness of his mighty creel.

Let us be prayerful in everything, thankful for anything, anxious for nothing. Doubtless the nine cleansed lepers were thankful that they had been relieved of their loathsome disease, but they did not express their thanks. That is the way some Christians act. They never use the opportunities they have of saying to whom they are indebted for their happiness in this world and their hope of the next world, or show their gratitude by their lives.

By Permission of Forus, Howard & Hulbert

BIDA'S PICTURE OF THE HEALING OF THE LEPERS

"JESUS PUT FORTH HIS HAND AND TOUCHED HIM"

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

AN MOTHER HEAR MY LESSON?

CAN mother hear my lesson?
It is so very long;
I've said it over twenty times,
And yet I get it wrong.

I wish the teacher wouldn't
Mark out so many words,
For children who would rather play
Outdoors as free as birds.

I hate this horrid spelling;
Dear mother, won't you ask
The teacher just to let me off
From learning any task?

Dear lass, the mother answered,
I think you want to be
Some bright day in the future time,
A woman just like me.

You cannot stay at seven,
And should you be a dunce
When you are one and twenty, dear,
You'd sadly think that once

You had the chance of learning,
But mother was not kind;
She was not careful of her child;
She did not make her mind.

Rough winds are good for trees, dear,
And lessons hard to learn
Make little women sweet and strong,
And thus, rewards they earn.

SOPHIE PARSONS LEE.

Incapable Young Wives

I WAS told the other day of a young wife who, having married a poor but ambitious man, seemed content to handicap him by her inefficiency. hope the case was exceptional. The ng people were boarding at a cost ite out of proportion to the young n's modest salary, and while he worked day and came home tired, she had thing to do but to kill time by idleness, yawn with ennui, and stroll out to look shop windows. Here was a manifest paration for reefs ahead. The hus- nd unduly burdened, the wife a mere of driftward on the current, careless ere she floated. Said a practical Irish man going about her scrubbing in the use, and seeing that things were awry: Why now don't ye take a bit place, two oms or so, and keep house for your n, and save his money?" "Mrs. Mc- nigle," said bride, "I don't know how make a cup of tea and I don't want to rn." The sensible hard-working woman ked at the silly butterfly with wonder d pity, and after a moment of silence claimed: "Bad 'cess to the mother that ought ye up!"

Few mothers, let us trust, are so indis- et as to bring their daughters up in nceited ignorance of domestic affairs. deed, most young women in these times de themselves on being notable cooks d good managers. They go to market d buy from the butcher the best cuts their purposes, and this does not im- the most expensive cuts by any means. e young women of our period take les- ns in laundering clothes, and become st mistresses in clear starching, blue- ; and fluting, in washing flannels and aning laces. A girl is never fit for rriage until she has studied to some ent the art of good housekeeping. If husband is wealthy she can then order extensive establishment with intelli- nce and direct her servants. If he is a or man at the beginning of his career can help him in a thousand ways by common sense and frugality. Again, French and the Germans give us good mples to follow. The former initiate ir daughters into every household se- t and arm them against wastefulness. e latter regard no girl as educated un- she has taken at least a year's course instruction in housewifery. The frau- n is often sent to a pensionnat for the press purpose of learning domestic sci- e, and high-born damsels are as care- ly taught, usually outside their own houses, as are the daughters of the poorer classes, how to do and to direct every branch of homely housekeeping lore.

We need not echo the Irish woman's comment. "bad 'cess to the neglectful mother," for bad cess is surely her portion in her inefficient and inadequate daughter of whom she may well be ashamed.

The Mother-in-Law

We incline to the view that in a majority of families the mother-in-law is a welcome guest and a dearly loved and honored personage. She is the children's grandmother, and therefore their most indulgent champion and most popular friend. Her son's wife, her daughter's husband, whichever side her maternal relationship is on, it matters very little, for she adopts into her own big heart the one who is so dear to her child. There are two mothers-in-law in most youthful families. John's mother and Mary's mother, and the household could ill spare either of these self-sacrificing and sincerely devoted women from its assets.

If We Had Known

The day was like any other: bright, swift, full of business and of care. But in the still midnight, at such an hour as we thought not, the Son of Man came. The "one clear call" which all must hear before they put out to sea for the last time, summoned suddenly a loved one, who was not, for God had taken him home. If we had known that it was the last day for us and our beloved to be together on earth, how gentle we would have been, how patient, and how loving. We would have given him much of our company. Every instant would have been precious as a priceless pearl. But alas! we did not know.

The Little Folk In School

Just now, the main interest in most homes is centered in the children. We can afford to let other things go and look after them.

In the beginning of another school year there will be an amazing advantage to all concerned if teachers may be permitted to cooperate with parents, or rather if parents will freely give teachers their support and sympathy. If, for instance, the pupils do not seem to be comfortably adjusted in their classes, if the work is too little or too much, if there is a perceptible degree of friction between children and teachers, or if, as sometimes happens, there is suffering on the part of a gentle child from the teasing and tormenting of a bully, let the parents freely talk the matter over with the teachers, being careful not also to discuss it with the children. In most cases some decision will be reached which will promote the interests of the child, and, in all our civilization, no interests to-day take precedence of this. The child is the foundation-stone of the republic.

Beginning school again, let us hope that the impulse which sends the first autumn days spinning forward so happily and gladly will be strong enough to continue as the weeks glide into months. Nothing is so fatal to the advancement of a child, as a whole, as irresponsibility on the part of the scholar, leading to frequent absences and consequent falling below the class standard. Parents should insist that the children attend school regularly, except when they are ill, and should see that illness be prevented, as it usually can, by due attention to the laws of health. Let us all pray daily and fervently for the schoolhouse and the teacher, the finest forces in our modern life.

THE VERY HARD LESSON

Candor Among Kinsfolk

CANDOR is a virtue of unsurpassed merit, a virtue which may be abused, as, when people go out of their way to utter a disagreeable truth in circumstances where silence is advisable, but on the whole a sturdy virtue worth cultivating. If obliged to choose between too much reserve and too much openness, most of us would unhesitatingly aver our preference for the latter. Many a dissension would resolve itself into harmony if people would only remember the scriptural injunction to speak the truth in love. Many a wound which a sensitive nature broods over in silence would cease to ache if the cause of distress were plainly talked over in the family, and if the aggrieved parties would state the cause of their hidden resentment.

In domestic life, especially where people have quick tempers and strong wills, differences of opinion must arise. To nurse in silence a hurt and pained feeling is very foolish. The injured person who sulks and broods with a martyr-like air, refusing to speak, waiving away every conciliatory advance, and acting like a wet blanket on the household, has much to answer for.

When we are surest of a matter we may be mistaken. To give a dear one the benefit of a doubt is the policy of the Christian spirit.

At a Funeral

She lay in her casket like a queen, with heaps of flowers around her, and on her face a look so benignant that one felt aware of the angels lingering near. She was a woman still youthful, and her life had been a benediction. Groups of little children, her infant scholars, came and looked at her. They went away, saying one by one, "I shall never be afraid to die. I have seen Mrs. R."

"I Mean to be a Helper"

In the autumn, wedding bells peal merrily, and we often carry our congratulations to the bride. One fair maiden soon to be married to a man who has his way still to make, said earnestly to the writer the other day, "I'll not be a clog upon John. I mean to be a helper." The spirit was commendable, and Isabel may be sure that if she carries it out through their married life, she and John will succeed in their several enterprises.

Two women make the character of a man, the first, his mother; the second, his wife. The mother impresses her moral characteristics upon him, she moulds his manners, she trains him while he is facile to her hand. The wife exercises on him an influence not less vital. He measures women by her. He accepts her standards. Insensibly she raises or lowers him, and if she be inconsistent as a professing Christian, or a worldly woman, is antagonistic to religion, he will be very apt to decry the Gospel, and care nothing for the church. Surely, in every aspect, the wife should be a helper, and not a hinderer; in the spiritual realm as in the domestic, an uplifting force.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WIFE. Try complimenting John, and defer to his taste in the cooking.

—MARGARET. School girls have too much to do to be occupied with boys socially. Give your whole time to your studies.

—LITTLE GIRL. See that your canary's cage is clean, and give him fresh water and plenty of seed, with a bit of lettuce or apple now and then.

—TIRED MOTHER. Yes, it is hard to sew for so many bairns, but let them have fewer frocks. And there isn't one you would like to spare—is there?

—JESSICA. Send your card in an envelope by mail with one of your mother's to the man whom you met last summer and who is visiting in your town.

—BRIDE-ELECT. If you are to wear a traveling dress and go away immediately after the ceremony, let the wedding be very simple, and dispense with bridesmaids.

—LOTTA. I advise you to wear a single tulle veil, with your white silk gown; have your little sister a flower girl, preceding the bridal party with a basket of flowers, and let your older sisters be bridesmaids. The bride gives each attendant some little gift as a souvenir.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Dec. 5

1. Will you tell me what I must do to become a Christian? I never had Sunday School privileges, nor church. As I grow older, I see the sin of the world and feel the need of Christianity. I desire to be able to train my children as Christians. I love to talk to Christians, but cannot feel so certain as they appear to feel about spiritual things. I have tried to pray but cannot. I wish to become not an artificial believer in Christ, but a real one.
2. What is the true basis of marital happiness?
3. What words were certainly spoken by Christ and yet are not recorded by any of the evangelists nor in the Apocalypse?
4. What is the best method for a pastor to follow in order to attract young people to church and to keep them there regularly?
5. What is the exact difference between vanity and self-esteem?
6. What is the duty of the Church of Christ to the fallen woman?
7. Should any man be appointed on the officiary or governing board of a church who is not an out-and-out Christian?
8. Do the words of Christ on the cross (Matt. 27:46), "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" suggest that he had not accomplished the work God assigned to him; in other words, that his life was not a success, as mankind at this present time think of success?
9. Is a foreign missionary justified in holding a political office in the country where he is laboring for souls, or in exerting his influence in any way except for the social and spiritual welfare of his community?
10. Is a child born with or without a character?

Questions of the Week

1. An emblem used in one passage in the Bible to signify frailty is used in another for humiliation, and in a third for sin. What is the emblem, and where is it so employed?

The emblem is that of ashes. In Gen. 18:27, "I . . . which am but dust and ashes," it signifies frailty. In passages like Esther 4:1, and Jonah 3:6, it expresses the deepest humiliation. In Isaiah 44:20, "He feedeth on ashes," it refers, according to Dr. Cooke and other commentators, to the sinful and diseased condition of the human heart, "eagerly swallowing the lies of Satan and rejecting Jesus, the only physician." G. E. KRAUTH.

* * *

Correct answer was received also from Heppie W. Hamilton.

2. Should the Christian Church recognize as binding any other form of marriage than that which it has prescribed, i. e., such forms or ceremonies as may be used by non-Christian or unevangelized peoples?

It should recognize as binding any form or ceremony which shows an appreciation of the significance and solemnity of the marriage tie. The Church has already done itself immense harm by dictating too much in matters of conscience and freedom, and should take warning from the past. Marriage is universal, almost a matter of instinct with simple and uncivilized people, many of whom regard it with as much reverence and respect as do the most highly civilized. By condemning the time-honored forms and ceremonies of heathen people, the church needlessly wounds their self-respect, and places an obstacle in the way of winning an influence over them. However, the church should strive to inculcate a knowledge of her superior sanctity, and impress upon all minds the fact that marriage is one of the most sacred relations of life, like to that between Christ and his church. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

3. If a Christian becomes accidentally acquainted with the hiding-place of a criminal, is it incumbent upon him to give information to the police, or should he leave them to find it out themselves?

It depends whether or not the Christian feels that the criminal, if arrested, will receive justice by the law of the land. And, too, in visiting a foreign country, if to the Christian the laws of that country, when executed, appear unjustly cruel to such criminals, it is not incumbent upon the Christian to reveal the hiding-place accidentally or incidentally found, in order that the criminal be arrayed before such a court. But a native Christian, or one living in, or under the protection of the laws of the United States, should not hesitate to inform the police of his hiding-place, unless there is reason to believe that the criminal will receive maltreatment before reaching the bar of justice. All Christians should realize the necessity of the laws existing in our country, should have confidence therein, and should urge that the law take its course.
ERNEST O'BANNON.

4. Is it right to use fermented wine at the Lord's table, inasmuch as by partaking of it some reformed drunkard may be brought into danger of backsliding into sin?

No; and in churches where it is still used it should be discontinued. Inasmuch as all Reformed churches admit the symbolical nature of this sacrament, its spiritual significance is unaffected by the use of leavened or unleavened bread, fermented or unfermented wine. But if the use of fermented wine should lead any one into backsliding, then its disuse is of the utmost importance. St. Paul's injunction should be strictly followed: "If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." The importance of the above truth was brought vividly before the writer by an incident that happened not many years ago in her own church. A most exemplary young man, a reformed inebriate, who had not tasted liquor for nearly two years, went directly from the Lord's table to buy drink, and after a two days' debauch, in a fit of insane remorse, shot himself.
E. E. STOW.

* * *

I believe we go to extremes when we would substitute anything in the place of fermented wine in the Lord's Supper. The only authority we have for its use comes from Christ himself. He did not oppose the use of wine at any time, but its abuse. Yet, the Bible everywhere condemns drunkenness. We see him at one time at the marriage feast making one hundred and thirty gallons of wine; the word used is (*olvos*) *oinos*. "No man having drunk old wine" (here the word is *oinos*. The most common use of the word in the New Testament for wine appears in the original, *oinos*, a word occurring in the Septuagint no less than one hundred and seventy-nine times, and is a translation of the Hebrew word *yayin*, which means "to boil up, to be in a ferment," hence used of wine. The word *tirash* occurs thirty-eight times and is likewise translated by the Septuagint, *oinos*. The radical meaning of *oinos* conveys the idea of fermentation. Where the word wine occurs in the New Testament not meaning fermentation, it occurs with some modifying word like neas (*yeos*), which means new wine, or we may take the word, *gleukos*, meaning new wine or sweet wine, as in Acts 2:13, "These men are full of new wine." We have every reason to suppose that had our Blessed Lord foreseen any danger in the use of the sacrament of fermented wine, he would have warned his church against its use. But as he told his disciples that, "except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood you have no life in you," and "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood" . . . We trifle with sacred tradition when we attempt to discontinue a custom so universally held by Christendom. JAMES LEWIS LASCHER.

5. Should a Christian employer be satisfied with paying the market rate of wages to his employees when he knows they cannot live upon them in decent comfort?

No; a Christian man's attitude toward an oppressive wage-market is opposition. To prevail in that opposition might require many things not in his power. But he is not consistent if he himself does not remedy it, so far as it is in his own hands. He ought to give a fair return to any one who gives his normal day's labor to him, and nothing is a fair return for normal labor which does not furnish a living. C. F. ATKINSON.

6. If an eagle leaving The Christian Herald office, New York, January 1, 1901, were to fly due eastward at the rate of one hundred miles a day, between sunrise and sunset, when would it encircle the globe and return to its starting point, assuming that the earth is a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles radius?

Supposing that the earth were a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles diameter, the circumference would be approximately 3.1416 times this, or 25,132.8 miles. This would be the distance the eagle would have to cover, and, at the rate of 100 miles a day, it would take it 251.328 days. But the eagle by flying to the eastward would shorten each of its days by 100-25132.8 part of 24 hours, or its 251.328 days (the time it would take it to make the circuit) would equal only 250.328 of the days at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office in New York. Thus the eagle would arrive at its starting place 250.328 days after January 1, 1901, or September 8, 1901. This has been computed on the supposition that the word "radius" is an error, and that the word "diameter" was meant in the question. If the word "radius" is correct, the distance would be 50265.6 miles the eagle's time 502.656 days, and the time at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office would be 501.656 days, making the eagle's time of arrival in New York, May 17, 1902. These figures can be substituted in the above answer if the word "radius" is correct.
CHAS. LANSDOUN.

* * *

The question should have read "diameter" instead of "radius."

Answers have also been received from Bertha Cook, F. J. Strayer, Mary E. Stevens, Bertie J. Perry, A. G. Chapman, R. J. Aiton, Fred L. Sawyer, Miss Grace E. Heston, C. P. Atkinson, M. G. Herrick, John D. Thiesmeyer, Jr., Heppie U. Hamilton, Margaret K. Railey, Julia Strong, H. M. Loomis, John A. Bates, Miss Mayme Heninger, Miss Sara Beekman, G. A. Haury.

7. Is a Christian justified in continuing in business after he has gained a competence, or ought he to retire to give other men an opportunity?

To say that a Christian should retire from business as soon as he has "gained a competence," is to admit that the chief end of his business life is to acquire money. But this view is strenuously denied by the New Testament. Everywhere it is insisted that a disciple of Christ is to consider his business, his vocation, his "calling," his means, serving God and his own generation. It has much to do with his own proper development and the exercise and culture of his own powers and faculties. The question of financial results is, in the truest sense, secondary and subsidiary. In this view of the matter, the Christian is not only justified in continuing business even after his financial needs are met, but he may be under obligation to do so unless waning powers of mind or body, or other providential circumstances, plainly indicate the contrary. Besides, it is often in continuing in business that he can best "give other men an opportunity." The Christian employer of a dozen or a hundred men is usually be doing them a greater kindness by carrying on his business than by surrendering it into other hands. J. K. WILSON.

8. At what temperature does water boil at each 1,000 feet of altitude, and what is the cause of the variation?

At the level of the ocean with ordinary pressure, which is equivalent to the weight of a column of mercury 29.905 inches in height, pure water boils at 212 deg. F. (100 deg. C.). As we rise above the sea level the temperature practically rises one degree Fahrenheit for every 510 feet of ascent. Strictly speaking, however, the differences in elevation corresponding to a decrease of one degree in temperature increases as we proceed to higher levels. For all practical purposes, however, water boils at

210 deg. F. at 1,000 feet.
208 deg. F. at 2,000 feet.
206 deg. F. at 3,000 feet.
204 deg. F. at 4,000 feet.
202 deg. F. at 5,000 feet.
200 deg. F. at 6,000 feet.
198 deg. F. at 7,000 feet.

At the City of Mexico, which is 7,471 feet above tide, water boils at 198.1 deg. F.; at Quito, 9,541 feet above, it boils at 194 deg., and at Donkia Mt., 18,000 feet above, at 180.

Water will boil at any temperature when the pressure is less than the expansive force of the particles of rising vapor, or, in other words, the vapor formed must force its way through the superincumbent pressure; hence the boiling point varies with differences of pressure. Under the receiver of an air-pump we can practically make it boil at any temperature, simply because we can vary the amount of pressure. JOHN A. BATES.

9. What is the distinction referred to in I. Thessalonians 5: 23, between the spirit and the soul?

In Thessalonians 5: 23, the apostle accepts for the purpose of his argument the ancient philosophy that man is a compound of three different parts: First, the rational spirit which survives the death of the body and is immortal; second, the animal soul, which man has in common with the beasts, and which dies with the body; third, the visible body. Many learned divines are of the opinion that as it was the design of the apostle to teach mankind religion, not philosophy, he might use the popular language to which the Thessalonians were accustomed, without adopting the philosophy on which that language was founded; consequently, that it is not to consider him as intending more by his prayer than that the Thessalonian believers might be thoroughly sanctified, of how many constituent parts soever their nature consisted. Ma knight says: "The distinction between the soul and spirit," which sacred writers seem to have intimated in these passages is, "the soul must be considered as connected both with the body and with the spirit. By its connection with the body, the soul receives impressions from the senses; and by its connection with the spirit, it conveys these impressions by means of imagination and memory to the spirit as materials for its operations.
BELLE MYERS.

10. Where is the centre of population in the United States?

The following table shows the movement of the center of the population of the United States since 1790:

Year.	Approximate Location.	Miles Westward
1790	23 miles east of Baltimore, Md.	..
1800	18 miles west of Baltimore, Md.	41
1810	40 miles N.W. by W. Washington, D.C.	36
1820	16 miles north of Woodstock, Va.	51
1830	19 miles W., S. W. Mooreville, W. Va.	39
1840	16 miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va.	55
1850	23 miles S. E. of Parkersburg, W. Va.	55
1860	20 miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio.	81
1870	48 miles E. by N. Cincinnati, Ohio.	42
1880	8 miles W. by S. Cincinnati, Ohio.	58
1890	20 miles east of Columbus, Ind.	43
1900	Now probably 20 miles further West, but undecided.	

In one hundred years the centre of population has moved westward five hundred miles, showing the gradual immigration toward the West.
EDWIN C. RODDY.

* * *

Miss M. R.G., Horatio, S.C. It is insoluble and indigestible.

Minnie, M. R., Olivet, Mich. 1. Superintendent of Census, Washington, D. C. 2. 75,000,000.

J. F. McB. Divine grace in the heart is the only absolute cure.

Geo. A. P., Austin, Tex. The statement is, no doubt, groundless.

Subscriber, Ohio. 1. Notify the Excise Board. 2. No decision could be reached. 3. It is a matter of choice.

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REV. HUIE KIN MRS. HUIE KIN MR. DANG HONG

Chinese Homes in New York

SOCIAL LIFE IN CHINATOWN—AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON CHINESE CHARACTER—MR. AND MRS. HUIE KIN'S WORK

FROM the port of New York, 800 Chinese return annually to their native land, carrying with them foreign or anti-foreign sentiment—hat factor which has played, and is playing, so large a part in international history—according to their experiences here. The educational and religious opportunities which we provide in this country for the Chinese react to our own advantage in China. Two wide "open doors" to China are found at the ports of New York and San Francisco. In both places earnest Christian workers are doing all that their means permit to evangelize the Oriental strangers within our gates. To what extent the efforts they have put forth reduced the horrors of the hinese tragedy of 1900 will never be lly known. "Our Chinese servants sked their lives to bring us food," wrote rs. Conger, the pious mistress of the merican legation. Many missionaries ill, doubtless, say as much when the full ory of their trials come to our ears. ertain it is that the Chinese man or oman, who, while living in this country, as been ministered to in sickness and ouble by a servant of Christ, or whose ttle child has leant lovingly upon the reast of a Christian kindergartener, may expected to do what his or her power ermits to save a white man, woman or ild in China from starvation and masacre. That many Chinese who had lived America did do this last summer is a uth, giving food for thought and fresh centive to new efforts for the evangelizaon of their countrymen here.

EX-CONSUL'S WIFE

In New York city there are about 11,000 hinese, the greater proportion of whom ve in Mott, Doyers and Pell streets, the ree narrow, dark and dingy thoroughares constituting Chinatown. Here there a Joss-house where worshipers burn cense to the Chinese god, a Chinese theter where tom-toms salute the air, opium ens and other places of evil where Chiese and Americans alike find moral and hysical ruin; Chinese stores, where queer ings are sold; Chinese restaurants, where ueerer things are eaten, and Chinese omes where Chinese wives and mothers oon Chinese lullabies to yellow babies ho wear funny little caps and have odd ttle queues with cherry-colored threads raided into the hair. Here Chinese men nd women are married according to Chiese custom, and here, as in the "Flowery Kingdom," the Chinese baby, at six weeks of age, is invested with its name amid fitting pomp and ceremony, a part of which is having the head shaved and queue started. To such functions friends are invited and refreshments served as they would be in China. Sixty Chinese women are leading in Chinatown much the same life they would lead in their native land. They are jealous of foreign intrusion, and rare indeed is it that an American finds herself admitted within the precincts of a Chinese woman's dwelling.

Perhaps the white woman freest to come and go in Chinese homes is Mrs. Huie Kin, wife of Rev. Huie Kin, missionary in charge of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission at 53 Fifth avenue, with whose excellent work for his countrymen here our readers are not unfamiliar. Recently, Mrs. Huie was guest of honor at a "head-shaving," where eight tables at $20 each were set by the proud parents in honor of the little Chinaman who then and there had a queue started. She has attended many weddings and assisted in welcoming to the bridegroom's house many a red-veiled bride. "For three days before her marriage," says Mrs. Huie, "the bride 'weeps,' or, as the Chinese say, 'hides in a corner.' Her mother prepares, as part of her dowry, clothes enough to last all her life—a possible thing among people whose fashions change not. At his door the bridegroom meets her; a little boy presents her with a key; she presents the bridegroom with two tiny cups of wine. Merrymaking begins; all try to lift the bride's veil and see her face, but only her husband succeeds, after which her face remains uncovered and she drinks tea with her guests." Women of exclusive Chinese circles call very frequently at Mrs. Huie's home. The wives of consuls at this port have been her frequent guests. We give the portrait of one of these, who went back to China with most friendly feelings towards Christians. The present consul shows much interest in the Mission work. Mrs. Huie's opportunities for influencing the lives of Chinese women are exceptional, and she makes the most of them. Through her instrumentality the Bible has taken the place of Joss in many a Chinese home here and in the East as well. In a limited sense, 53 Fifth avenue is not only a mission, but a home for Chinese children, a social center for Chinese women and youths, and a hospital for sick and friendless Chinamen.

CHINATOWN MERCHANT'S WIFE AND CHILD

Some years ago, Mr. Huie visited China, returning with thirty-five boys, orphans, or whose parents wished them to have an American education. Out of this company, enlarged by numerous accessions from the Chinese colony already here, young Chinamen are going out into various parts of our own country and Canada as avowed missionaries of Christ, or as business men of Christian principles and American ideas: others return to China as bearers of the Gospel to their brethren; a chapel at San Hang stands on a lot given by Mr. Dang, one of the latter. Mr. and Mrs. Huie Kin point with pride to a thriving Y. M. C. A. here, whose officers and members are "our boys." Every Sunday, there is a Sabbath School service and sermon in Chinese, and Y. M. C. A. meeting at their home, followed by a dinner, at which thirty or more Chinese friends sit down to Mrs. Huie's table.

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Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER XLIX.

SAMANTHA IN LONDON

WE didn't stay very long in London, but long enough so we could look about us some. Robert Strong had considerable bizness to attend to there, which, of course, devoured his time, and Dorothy had a number of young girl friends who lived there, and she wanted to go and see them, and she entertained 'em at our tarven:-sweet, fresh-complexioned young girls; they wuz almost as pretty as Dorothy herself, but not quite.

Arvilly had a cousin on her own side that she wanted to visit, and, of course, she wanted to canvas more or less, so that left Josiah and I free a good deal of the time to go and come as we liked. Of course dear little Tommy wanted to see everything and go everywhere. Miss Meechim and Dorothy took Tommy with them several times, and so did Robert Strong, and, of course, some days when we wuz all at liberty we would all go out together sightseeing. Josiah said most the first thing that he wanted to see the Tower of London, and Tommy wanted to see the Crystal Palace, takin' a fancy to the name I spoze, and I told 'em we would go to these places the first chance we had.

But deep in my heart wuz one purpose. I had laid on a certain plan day and night, kep' it in my mind and lotted on it. But of this more anon. This wuz my major plan. Amongst my minor ones wuz my desire to see Westminster Abbey agin. I had been there once on a former tower, but I wanted to stand agin by the tombs of them I so deeply honored; and the rest of the party feelin' as I did, we all set out there most the first thing.

Sightseeing in London

I also sot store by Westminster Abbey on account of its being the place where Victoria, honored queen and woman, wuz crowned, as well as all of England's monarchs. It is a magnificent building, no other mausoleum in the world can compare with it; it is almost worthy of being the resting-place of the great souls that sleep there. Dorothy's sweet face and Robert's noble liniment took on reverent looks as we stood by the tomb of saint and sage, hero and poet.

We went from there to see the Houses of Parliament, immense buildings full of interest and associations.

We also went to see St. Paul's Cathedral, which towers up in majesty, dwarfin' the other buildin's near it. It is a marvelous structure in size and beauty, only two bigger buildings in the world, St. Peter's at Rome, and the Milan Cathedral.

What a head Sir Christopher Wren must have had, and what a monument to his genius this gigantic pile is. No wonder he wanted this epitaph put on his tomb:

"If you want to see his monument, look about you."

Many other noted men are buried here, Bishop Heber, John Howard, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wellington, Nelson and Sir John Moore, who wuz "buried darkly at dead of night," as so many bashful schoolboys know to their sorrow, as they rehearse it in a husky voice to the assembled neighbors the last day of school. Oh, how much they wish as they try to moisten their dry tongue and arrange their too visible and various hands, that the night wuz still darker, so dark that nothin' wuz ever hearn on't.

Feelin' the admiration I did for his livin' and lovin' pardner, I wuz glad to see the Albert monument. It wuz evenin' when we see it, and the garden where it stands wuz illuminated. The great elms glowed under a multitude of red lights. The music-stands glowed with stars of the same color, and the fountains riz up in great sprays of color and radiance. It wuz a beautiful seen, but none too grand for the great good man whose name the tall shaft bears.

The Palaces and the Tower

Albert Hall, which stands in the same grounds, wuz also brilliantly illuminated; its long glass corridors shone as if wrought out of crystal and ruby.

One day we rode from Blackfriar's bridge past the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor holds his receptions. And what interested me fur more, we went past the place where the Foreign Bible Society prints more than three million Bibles a year in two hundred different languages and dialects, carrying the knowledge and love of our Lord unto the ends of the earth.

Buckingham Palace wuz a sight to see, beautiful and grand, and not fur off is St. James's Park, one of the most attractive in the city though it wuz once only a marshy field. As I looked on its charming and diversified beauty I thought how little there is in heredity compared to gumption and draining.

Josiah, as I said, wanted to see the Tower of London. It is the most celebrated fortress in England. It is awful old, and good land! if I wuz shet up there I shouldn't never expect to break out. Some of the walls are fifteen feet thick. The White Tower, they say, wuz begun by William the Conqueror, a man that I told the guide politely, "wuz quite widely known, and I had hearn a sight of him though I had never had the pleasure of his acquaintance." It wuz completed in one thousand ninety-eight.

Josiah and I wandered round there for hours, and should most probable got lost and mebby been gropin' round there today if it hadn't been for the guide.

I wuz dretful interested in London Bridge. The present structure cost seven million, so they say, and I wouldn't have built it for a cent less. I thought as I stood there of what had took place on that spot since Sir William Wallace's day and how his benign head (most every bump on it good ones) wuz put up there a mark for the insultin' jeers of the populace, and it made me feel bad and sorry for Helen, his last wife, she that wuz Helen Mar. But Sir Thomas Moore's head wuz nailed up in the same place, and the Bishop of Rochester's and lots of others.

It wuzn't right.

And then I thought of the gay seens that had took place there, the tournaments and triumphal marches and grand processions and sad ones, and the great multitude who have passed over it, prince and beggar, velvet and rags, a countless throng constantly passing, constantly changing, no more to be counted than the drops of water in the silent stream below, all the time, all the time sweepin' on to the sea. I had sights of emotions.

And all the while I wuz in London, in the gay streets and quiet ones, in palace or park, the shade of Dickens walked by my side or a little in advance, seemin' to pint out to me the places where he had walked when he see visions and dreamed dreams. And I almost expected to meet little Nell leading her grandpa, or David Copperfield, or Peggoty searching for Em'ly, or some of our Mutual Friends.

And so with Thackeray. As I looked up at the gloomy houses on some quiet street I almost expected to see the funeral hatchment of old Sir Pitt Crawley's wife and Becky Sharp's little pale face peering out, or sweet Ethel Newcomb and her cousin Clive, and the dear old General and Henry Esmond, and etc., etc. And so with Alfred Tennyson. In some beautiful place of drooping foliage and placid water I almost felt that I should see the mystic barge drawin' nigh and I too should float off into some Lotus land. And so with all the other beloved poets and authors who seem nigher to us than our next door neighbors in the flesh.

Dorothy havin' never been there, felt that she must see Shakespeare's home, which is a journey of only three hours by rail, so we made a visit there one day, passing through some of England's most beautiful scenery on our way, grand old parks with stately houses rising up in their midst, gray stun churches in charming little villages, thatched-roofed cottages, picturesque water-mills; it wuz all a lovely picture of rural England.

It being a little too long a journey for one day, we stayed all night at Shakespeare's Inn, where the great poet went daily for his glass of stimulant—so they say. But I am glad I don't believe everything that I hear.

Arvilly mourned to think that she couldn't have sold him America's twin crimes: *Intemperance and Greed;* but I kinder changed the subject. As much store as I set by Arvilly's cast-iron principles, somehow I couldn't bear the thought of having Shakespeare canvassed.

All the rooms are named after Shakespeare's plays, painted over the doors in black letters. We slept in "All's Well That Ends Well"—a good name—and we slept peaceful, thinkin' likely that it would turn out so. Miss Meechim had the "Merry Wives of Windsor." She wanted to change with Arvilly, who had "Love's Labor Lost," but Arvilly wouldn't budge.

At Shakespeare's Cottage

Miss Meechim told me in confidence that if Shakespeare could have had the benefit of her advice he would probable have called it "The Unfortunate Wives of Windsor." "And then," sez she, "I could have occupied it with more pleasure." But I didn't much think that he would have changed his plans or poetry if she had been on the spot.

The next morning early we set out for Shakespeare's cottage, described so often, saw the room in which the great poet was born, and wuz told that nothing had been changed there since he lay in his cradle, which we could believe as we looked about us on the low walls, the diamond panes of the windows and the quaint old furniture. The cottage is now used for Shakespeare's relics, some of which looked as if they might be real, and some as if they wuz made day before yesterday. We visited the church where he wuz baptized and saw on one of the pews the metal plate on which is engraved the name of the poet's father.

And, thinkin' that a visit to Shakespeare's home wouldn't be complete without seeing the place where his heart journeyed whilst his life wuz young and full of hope and joy, we drove out to Shottery, to the little farmhouse where his sweetheart, Ann Hathaway, lived.

It is a quaint little cottage, and after going through it we drank a glass of water drawn up by a well sweep from the very same old well from which Shakespeare drank so many times. As I stood there I saw in fancy the rosy, dimpled Ann handing the crystal water to the boy, Will, who mebby whispered to her as he took the glass sweet words, all rhyming with youth and joy and love.

And the same blue sky bent above us; birds wheeled and sung over our heads, descendants, mebby, of the birds that sung to them that day. I had sights of emotions—sights of 'em—and so I did in the cottage as I sot on the old, old settle in the

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corner of the fireplace, whose age nobody could dispute, as its stiff old joints are strengthened with bands of iron, where young Will Shakespeare and his sweetheart often sat, and where he might have read to her the new poem in honor of her charms:

To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm Ann hath a way.
She hath a will,
She hath a way—
To breathe delight, Ann Hathaway.

He or she didn't dream of his future greatness, and I dare say that old Pa Hathaway, who, mebby, slept nigh by, might have complained to her ma, "Wonderin' what that fool meant by talkin' in poetry at that time of night." And, mebby, if he soared too high and loved in verse, old Pa Hathaway might have called out:

"Ann! cover up the fire and go to bed! Mr. Shakespeare wants to go home!"

I don't say this wuz so, but mebby. So holden are our eyes and so difficult it is for the human vision to discern between an eagle and a commoner bird, when the wings are a featherin' out, before they are full plumed for a flight amongst the stars.

Well, we went back to London, tired, but riz up in our minds, and renewed our sightseeing there.

The "Widder Albert"

But time wuz passing, and the hour for our departure for London wuz drawin' nigh, and I felt that my major plan, heretofore mentioned, must be tackled now or never. And I spoze I may as well tell what it wuz as to keep it any longer.. It wuz my strong desire and determination to go and see the widder Albert. I had kep' it in my heart and mind from the beginning of our tower, and I told my pardner that I had got to go; sez I, "I have sent word to her that I wuz a comin', and I must go." Sez I:

"I honor her as a ruler and a woman who has had a right and used it, and is still just as affectionate and tender hearted as any clinger and creepin' vine of a woman that you can bring up."

"Yes," sez Josiah, "her demeanor towards her pardner durin' life and her feelin's for him since his death has been a perfect pattern to widders, and every married woman can set on her feet and learn of her. I want to see her," sez he, "and we'll go together, Samantha."

I looked him over with a glance that took him in from hat to boots, and looked dubersome. And the closter I looked the more reason I see for not takin' him with me.

And yet, how could I disappint him, for his heart seemed sot on goin'?

He see my hesitation and my dubersome looks and sez, "Well, have you got any objection to my goin' to see the widder? If you have, name 'em!"

I still looked dubersome, but said nothin'.

And he sez in a heart-breakin' tone, "Are you ashamed on me, Samantha? Oh, that I ever lived to see this day!" And he almost cried.

"Ashamed! Josiah! Why, you look better to me than any other man on the globe."

"Well then," sez he cheerfully, "we will go together."

But I sez, kinder avesive, "Mebby we can't git there, Josiah; we're goin' to be dretful busy."

Now I despise underhanded doin's and deceit, especially between married folks. But still epocks may rise, perfectly innocent ones, of course, when it is for the pardner's happiness and your own piece of a mind to kinder move on and keep still.

I could not take him with me, the reasons wuz insurmountable. And I could not hurt his feelin's by lettin' him see me go without him. Then what must I do? Why, the only thing that seemed feasible wuz to slip away onbeknown to him. Time had run on, we a bein' busy every hour till the last day come of our stay in London. And I thought to myself as I rose that morning, now or never.

I have often wondered if there is some occult soul language that makes two who have long lived together understand without words what is passin' in each other souls. I could see as I wuz pinnin' on my collar as well as if I had eyes in my bump of self-esteem, that Josiah, who wuz behind me, felt that I wuz preparin' for a great event. Still, I wore only my usual dress, and I dassent embellish myself as much as I felt I owed to the occasion. No; I must be guarded and cautious.

But though he didn't say nothin' I felt that his eyes wuz on my every move. Three times durin' that mornin' I made the attempt to slip out of the room onnoticed, havin' put my bunnet and mantilly out in a chair in the hall, but frustrated each time by his watchfulness. What should I do?

About the middle of the forenoon Robert Strong proposed that we should all go and take a last drive in the park, and we set off, all but Arvilly. She thought of some one in another part of the city that she wanted to canvas, and she started off alone in a handsome. Miss Meechim and Dorothy wuz feelin' well. Tommy, who wuz in fine sperits, wuz perched as usual on Robert Strong's knee.

The sheltered drives and smooth windin' roads wuz gay with passers-by, and the seen wuz beautiful, but I wuz dominated with one thought: we had got out, and wuz walking through a lovely path, and I thought to myself, now is my time to kinder lose my pardner and turn back to one of the entrances, get another convenience and go from there. With a guilty look at Josiah, though I wuzn't guilty, I turned off down another path and hurried on towards the gate, leavin' the hull party as I s'pozed. I knew they wouldn't worry, as I had told Miss Meechim that I had bizness in another part of the city and might go any time, but should be back at the tarven at noon, M' without fail.

Josiah's Ruse

I hurried onwards; the gate hove in sight. But who do you spoze wuz there a leanin' on the gate? It wuz my pardner, Josiah Allen.

Sez he, "I see you comin' this way, so I santered down to meet you."

Santered! He wuz most dead with fatigue.

"Well," sez I kinder short, "we may as well go back to the tarven." Oh, widder Albert, sez I to myself, shall I have to go home without seeing thee. No, indeed! my soul answered, not if woman's wit can avail.

After we got to our room I thought I might as well make Josiah useful, so I had him finish the packin', I a settin' and overseein' it, a situation usually reversed. But he made no complaints, only sithed hard as he put the last garment in and shet the led, and I sez tenderly:

"Lay down, Josiah, and rest; try to git into a drowse if you can."

He complied, and I read to him in a monotonous axent one of Kipling's last stories, and soon he wuz snorin'. Thinkses I, now is my time, and still kinder sayin' over big strange words, so he wouldn't know the difference, I put on my bunnet, took my mantilly and umbrell and softly opened the door.

Sez Josiah, "I will shet it, Samantha, I feel real refreshed! I'll go with you."

"Where do you think I'm goin'?" sez I, kinder short.

"I don't know," sez he, "but I know my place is by your side in joy or sorrow."

And I sez, "I have got a number of errents to do; I guess I won't go out till after dinner." So we went down and had a good meal.

Well, after dinner, Josiah kep' watch of me every minute, only I stepped into Miss Meechim's bedroom, where he dassent foller, and from there ordered a handsome, thinkin' the time had come to strike a blow for liberty, and goin' back after my bunnet, I sez plain to him:

"I've got to go out agin, Josiah."

He looked clost at me, and I see him glance at his hat, but I sez:

"I've ordered a handsome, Josiah; I must go alone." Sez I, "Miss Sylvester Bobbett has concluded to make her woosted mantilly with tabs."

"What do you spoze I care for mantillys," sez he, "or tabs?"

Sez I, "You know she sent here by her cousin in the spring to git a dress of London brown, thinkin' the color might wear better got on the spot, and now she has writ to me to git two yards of the same."

He knows my word is as good as my note, and he sez:

"Where will you git it, Samantha?"

I showed him her letter containin' minute directions, and he didn't say nothin' aginst it, and, thinkses I, Fate is a goin' to be good to me. I shall, after all, see the widder Albert's benine face.

(To be Continued)

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

CLIMBING MOUNT SHASTA*

MONT SHASTA is the most striking feature of Northern California. Its height is about 14,500 feet above the sea—very nearly the height of Mont Blanc. Mont Blanc is broken into a succession of peaks, but Shasta is one stupendous peak, set upon a broad base that sweeps out far and wide. From the base the volcanic cone rises up in one vast stretch of snow and lava. It is very precipitous to the north and south, but east and west there are two slopes right up to the crater. It is a matter of doubt whether Shasta is dead or only sleeping. Vesuvius slept calmly for centuries, and then spread death and desolation for miles around. The base of the mountain is magnificently watered and wooded, and forms a splendid hunting-ground. The woods are full of deer and bears; and now and then a mountain-goat, an animal very like the chamois of the Alps, is seen in the higher part of the mountains.

Well-provided with blankets and provisions, we started with a guide, and a man to look after the horses, at a very early hour, and rode through a beautiful forest of pines, silver firs and cedars. Along the banks of the streams were aspens, willows and the trees known by the name of the "Balm of Gilead," whose vivid green leaves were already changing to a rich orange or an apple-red—forming a beautiful contrast of colors with the glazed green of the cedars and the green-tinted white of the silver firs.

After an easy ascent to a height of about 8,000 feet, we reached the limits of vegetation. Thence our upward path lay over snow, ice and lava—lonely, isolated barrenness on every side, relieved only by an occasional, solitary dwarf pine, struggling to retain life amidst fierce storms and heavy-weighing snow. Many of them were quite dead, but embalmed by frost and snow in a never-decaying death.

After some hours of weary climbing over crumbling scoria and splintered rock, we reached the crater. In the ascent to the summit overlooking the crater, we had to cross an ice-field. It had that blue tinge found in the ice of which glaciers are composed, and its slipperiness made it almost impossible to walk over it, the ice lying often in ridges resembling the waves of the sea.

The main crater covers several acres. It is hemmed in by rims of rock, and is filled with volcanic debris, covered with snow and ice. Numbers of little boiling springs were bubbling up through the bed of sulphur, and were suggestive of the subterranean fires which once threw their molten lava over the surrounding country. The view from the summit was most extensive, and fortunately there was none of the usual smoke from the forest-fires, so prevalent in autumn in Northern California and Oregon, to impede the range of vision.

The descent to our camping-ground was accomplished in a comparatively short time. On the way, we stopped to witness a most glorious sunset. Round the horizon ran a thin mist with a brilliant depth of coloring. To the east a blue gauze seemed to cover each alley as it sank into night, and the intervening ridges rose with increasing distinctness. The lower country was flooded with an exquisitely delicate light, and a few fleecy clouds tinted with gold, pale salmon, and sapphire, passed over the empurpled hills of the Coast range. The great shadow of Mt. Shasta spread itself, conelike, across the valley; the blue mists were quenched; the distant mountains glowed like fairy hills for a few moments; and the sun, poising itself like a great globe of fire in the darkening heavens, descended slowly below the golden ridge to illumine another hemisphere.

During our descent, we passed through some patches of red snow, which leaves a crimson track behind those who cross over it. This curious phenomenon is always avoided by the Shasta Indians, when acting as guides or porters, as they say it brings death if you tread on it willingly and after due warning. We found a warm fire to welcome us on our arrival at the camp, and the exertions of the day made us very willing to turn in among the blankets where we slept soundly till long after daybreak.

* From *Wonders of Nature*, as seen and described by famous writers. Edited and translated by Esther Singleton. With numerous illustrations. Among the "wonders" are the Blue Grotto of Capri, Mont Blanc, The Dead Sea, Niagara, Fuji San, the Grand Canon of Colorado, the Cataracts of the Nile, the Yosemite, etc., etc. Forty-three in all. Pp. 366. Price, $2. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 151 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TRUE RICHES†

I DO not mean to say that the possession of much money is always a barrier to real wealth of mind and heart. Nor would I maintain that all the poor of this world are rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom. But some of them are. And if some of the rich of this world (through the grace of Him with whom all things are possible) are also modest in their tastes, and gentle in their hearts, and open in their minds, and ready to be pleased with unbought pleasures, they simply share in the best things which are provided for all.

I speak not now of the strife that men wage over the definition and the laws of property. Doutless there is much here that needs to be set right. There are men and women in the world who are shut out from the right to earn a living, so poor that they must perish for want of daily bread, so full of misery that there is no room for the tiniest seed of joy in their lives. This is the lingering shame of civilization. Some day, perhaps, we shall find the way to banish it. Some day, every man shall have his title to a share in the world's great work and the world's large joy.

But meantime it is certain that, where there are a hundred poor bodies who suffer from physical privation, there are a thousand poor souls who suffer from spiritual poverty. To relieve this greater suffering there needs no change of laws, only a change of heart.

What does it profit a man to be the landed proprietor of countless acres unless he can reap the harvest of delight that blooms from every rood of God's earth for the seeing eye and the loving spirit? And who can reap that harvest so closely that there shall not be abundant gleaning left for all mankind? The most that a wide principality can yield to its legal owner is a living.

We measure success by accumulation. The measure is false. The true measure is appreciation. He who loves most has most.

† *Fisherman's Luck*. And some other Uncertain Things. By Henry Van Dyke, author of *Little Rivers*, *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, etc. Pp. 247, illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Grandma Tales and Others. By Adelia Pope-Branham. Illustrations by Will Vawter. A collection of illustrated poems pleasing to little folks. Pp. 42. White and gold covers. Price, 60 cents. Published by the author, Greenfield, Ind.

John Brown. By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. This little volume is one number of the very attractively gotten up series of The *Beacon* Biographies, edited by Mrs. M. A. DeWolfe Howe; its effort is to tell plainly and simply the life-story of this remarkable man, "separating him as much as possible from the controversies and hatreds which rise up at the mention of his name." The frontispiece is a good portrait of John Brown. Pp. 138. Price, 75 cents. Publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Madonna in Legend and History. By Elizabeth C. Vincent. The theme of the Virgin Mother, the "blessed among women," is forever dear to the human heart; and many readers will receive with pleasure this volume in which the author has gathered together in reverent, but not credulous spirit the various traditions and legends that have been handed down from past centuries through word of mouth and apocryphal writings concerning Mary. Pp. 104. Ten illustrations. White and gold covers. Price, $1.50. Publishers, Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York City.

A ROAST

On Temperance People.

A little woman out in Tower Hill, Ill., takes a fall out of the temperance people in a letter containing the following: "It is amusing to see some staunch temperance people who would as soon be caught stealing a horse as to be seen going into a saloon, that are tied down, hard and fast, to their coffee cups as much as an old whiskey sot is to his morning dram. They give the same excuse that the old sot does, they act the same way, the habit is just as fixed. Their dram does not as quickly intoxicate, but its steady use just as surely breaks down the nervous system and ruins them physically and mentally, frequently setting up some fixed form of chronic disease.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel, just as much to-day as of old. Either break away from your slavery,—tea, coffee, or any other pernicious habit you may have, or quit preaching to others. I know what I am talking about, for I was a coffee slave for a time and can speak truthfully of its effects. It almost ruined my nervous system, caused constipation, headaches, and sleeplessness. I suppose if I had drank enough at one time to make me entirely drunk, I might have felt easier.

"Finally the stuff began to cause coughing after my meals; then I concluded to part company with the demon, and at once, upon the advice of some friends, took up Postum Food Coffee. The change was marvelous. I passed from an invalid to a healthy person, in a very short time. I had quit a drug and taken up a strong, powerful, nourishing food in liquid form, and owe my present health to Postum Food Coffee." Name will be furnished by Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Miss Shattuck's Visit to Belfast—Linen Merchants Engage Work of the Armenian Widows and Orphans

MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK, "the heroine of Oorfa," writes us, on the S. S. *Helios*. Mediterranean Sea, off the Island of Rhodes, an interesting account of her voyage up to that time and place. She says:

"Fortunately the least expensive route from Liverpool was also the quickest. Shipping luggage to arrive much later.

PARLAK AND HIS BROTHER
Two of our little orphans at Oorfa

We ran through England; crossed the choppy sea between Harwich and Hook of Holland; hastened through Rotterdam, Hanover, Leipsic, Dresden and Prague to Vienna, spending the night at the latter place, where Americans, whose speech betrayed them, kindly hoped I had seen beautiful Vienna thoroughly,' which, of course, I had not time to do. From Vienna, I went through Budapest and Belgrade to Sofia. In the jargon of languages during the last two days of this trip, familiar Turkish had place. With barely time for Sabbath breakfast among missionary friends at Gedik Pasha, I was again on my way aboard this steamer. Up to this time, I feel that the most important part of my journey was a run from London to Belfast. Samples of several kinds of handkerchiefs, new in pattern, and some of them quite difficult of execution had been sent since my Ireland visit in February to our Oorfa workers. The duplicates which they made themselves and returned showed sufficient ability on the part of the orphan girls to prepare my way in making a definite contract for them to do much work for the linen firm which I saw in Belfast. By this arrangement, I think our five hundred embroiderers will be at no time without employment.

"Before leaving the United States, I had also made arrangements by which the beautiful handkerchiefs may be obtained through Miss Emily C. Wheeler, 40 King street, Worcester, Mass. She is sure to have many in hand for sale before Christmas. The home-spun and cotton, and the silk ones, embroidered in rich Oriental patterns, are done by our widows who are incapable of the finer linen work. Great Britain has been our chief market-place, and we have not entirely ceased to receive orders from there. We make portieres, curtains, cushions, bed-covers, table-covers, children's dresses, bags and various small articles in deep red, navy-blue, light blue, terra-cotta, dull green and in white, the colors warranted fast. For this department, our friends can correspond with Mrs. Geo. M. Adams, 93 Hancock street, Auburndale, Mass., who will forward any orders to Oorfa. All this work means bread to our needy ones. Our widows and orphans often say: 'Two things saved us from insanity in our great sorrow—the blessed Word of God and the work so quickly devised for our hands.' As our women and girls ply their busy needles, they often talk of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through whose goodness they have received so much help."

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Help for Colored Preachers

A New York Philanthropist Initiates a System of Teaching for the Benefit of the Leaders of the Colored Race : : : :

VISITING the South some years ago, Mr. John C. Martin, a New York merchant and a veteran of the Civil War, was impressed with the respect paid by the colored race to their own preachers and the enormous influence that they exercise. Inquiries in various localities convinced him that there could be no better means of benefiting the race and helping them to reach a higher standard of religion and morality than by rendering aid to the preachers. If one preacher could be taught to make better sermons, could be helped in his studies, and could be enabled to get a clearer view of Scripture truth, his congregation would profit. More effective than any effort to reach the people themselves would be to teach the teacher. If he became efficient his people would be benefited. Mr. Martin found also that the colored preacher, as a rule, eagerly welcomed such help. He is conscious of his deficiencies, and being earnestly desirous of training his people in the way of righteousness, wanted nothing so much as hints that would help him in his work. In a quiet, unostentatious way Mr. Martin has been trying to meet this want. He has been seeking opportunities to help the preacher who has not been to college and cannot go there, but who needs the kind of help that colleges are established to render. The result has been most gratifying and suggests the advisability of extending the effort so as to reach a larger number of preachers, by systematic work in all the Southern States.

The plan adopted is to place in the field an experienced theological teacher, who shall go into a county and hold a meeting in some easily accessible town. The meeting is called by circular addressed to colored preachers, Sunday School teachers, and officers of churches. At the meeting, a lecture is delivered on the preacher's work with a special adaptation to Sunday School teaching. After the lecture, anyone is at liberty to ask questions, and there is never any lack of these. If there is great interest manifested, arrangements are made for other lectures, or Bible readings, as may seem most appropriate. The usual course is: 1. The Importance of Gospel Ministry; 2. The Minister as a Messenger from God; 3. The Object of Preaching the Saving of Souls; 4. Preparation of Sermons and their Delivery; 5. Public Reading of the Scriptures and Public Prayer; 6. How to Study the Bible; 7. The Bible Writers and Their Times; 8. The Christian Home; 9. How to Promote Peace and Co-Operation Among Rival Churches; 10. Christian Life, Purity, Economy, Usefulness.

The lecturer gives outlines of sermons on texts suggested by his hearers, and this is one of the most popular features of the course. Another favorite exercise is a Bible reading on some special topic, such as Atonement, Sin, Salvation, etc., showing the Bible texts referring to the topic in the various books. The closest attention is paid by all present, and when the time comes for answering questions, it is evident that there has been a quickening of thought and an earnest desire to get information, together with intelligent criticism of the lecture.

The lecturer Mr. Martin has employed thus far is Rev. W. B. Rankin, D. D., who has had considerable experience in tuition of the colored race. Mr. Martin defrays the expenses and the only stipulation made is that the room in which the lectures are delivered shall be provided free of charge. In many cases, however, even that is not required, for many of the meetings have been held in the open air. Dr. Rankin provides himself with a blackboard and when a text has been suggested it is written at the top, and underneath the divisions and subdivisions that make up the skeleton of a sermon. Care has to be taken—Dr. Rankin learned this early in his work—to avoid controversial questions. Each preacher is encouraged to be faithful to his own creed, but to get more Bible knowledge and a better facility in handling theological truths.

During the past four months forty-six lectures have been delivered in various localities, with marked success. One Institute which Dr. Rankin visited in Texas was so deeply grateful for the help rendered that its members passed a series of quaintly-worded resolutions declaring their indebtedness to the lecturer and the philanthropist who had initiated the movement. The progress so far made has been marvelous considering the outlay. Mr. Martin is mightily encouraged and would be glad to extend the work, especially by sending gifts of Bibles, which are sorely needed. Any friends of the colored race desiring to help in the work, may send contributions to this office and they will be used to put a second lecturer in the field.

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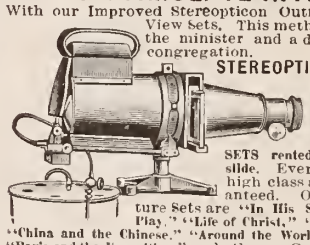

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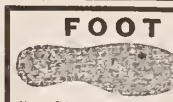

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COST OF INTEMPERANCE*

A Long Record of Heavy Expenses Entailed on the Community by the Prevalence of the Vice

MANY attempts have been made to estimate the cost of intemperance, but the figures that make up the appalling total are necessarily untrustworthy. It is impossible to learn, in spite of the ingenuity of statisticians, how much loss is incurred through this horrible vice.

Who can tell us, for example, how much of the poverty that is in every city is the result of intemperance? What is the difference in the wealth of the community between the situation in which the man is doing honest productive work and the same man idling his time away in the saloon, while his wife's friends support her and her children? That difference is a distinct loss to the public, and is part of the cost of intemperance. Then there are the poor who are supported in the public almshouses of every State. Some there are who are there through misfortune, and God forbid that one word of suspicion should ever be uttered against any man simply on account of his becoming a public burden. But there are others whose poverty is the direct or indirect result of intemperance. Lawyers whose clients have deserted them because of their drunken habits, physicians whose patients became afraid to trust them, business-men whose stores have been neglected for the saloon until the sheriff took possession, mechanics of rare skill who have been discharged because they were addicted to drink and became unreliable—all these are familiar objects in every community, and if they live to old age they are a burden to their friends or the public. The gross loss from this cause cannot even be guessed at.

The loss through the crime that is the result of intemperance is equally beyond computation. Experience has proved that in a sober community, the jail is often empty and the police force has little to do. Our citizens are a law-abiding people and they go about their business in an orderly manner molesting no one, so long as they retain their senses. But let the demon of drink get possession of them and they become capable of all kinds of wickedness. It is no uncommon experience for a man to wake up from a debauch to find himself behind the bars and to be horror-stricken when he learns what he did when he was drunk. He cannot be convinced that he did things so contrary to his nature. A kind husband and father maddened by liquor, beating and even murdering his wife and children; a good neighbor setting fire to his friend's house or barn; an ordinarily careful man after indulging in liquor driving over some child or woman; a peaceable man, quarrelsome in his cups, attacking some inoffensive citizen—such are a few of the awful variety of crimes directly traceable to intemperance, besides the indirect results of the robberies that are committed by men whom intemperance has made desperate. The cost of police, of jail wardens, of judges and the whole apparatus of justice is increased by this vice more than by any other and is beyond the power of any man to calculate.

In addition to these shocking items of cost, there are the innumerable cases of insanity produced by intemperance which are to be found in our asylums for the insane and the suicides which coroners must investigate. Nor does the distressing list end with the life of the wrongdoer. Too often he leaves a horrible legacy to his children of a craving for intoxicants. The cost of intemperance goes on indefinitely and is multiplying day by day. After bearing the cost of the drunkard's support, of keeping policemen and courts to deal with the drunkard's crimes, and jails to lodge him in when he has outraged the law, of maintaining almshouses for the support of his wife and family, of a Coroner to hold an inquest on him when he commits suicide, and paying an undertaker to bury him, the public must begin all over again with the children who have inherited his horrible propensity. Truly an appalling reckoning this.

Then, too, there is the loss that can never be estimated—the loss of men. The wealth of a community is not really in its dollars, but in the character of the individuals. What is a man worth? Who can estimate the value of a good man? And intemperance is robbing us of men and, statisticians tell us, of women, too. It despoils manhood; it takes away the goodness, the honor, the intellect, the moral purpose that raise the man above the beast and leave us only the residuum of the beast. The loss is beyond all computation, and it is the vile product of intemperance. The fact has not yet been grasped in its fulness by the Church of Christ; otherwise it would long ago have set itself to extirpate the evil.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 18. Prov. 23: 1-7; 15-21.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Mother, New York, writes:

I desire to testify through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a direct answer to prayer. I do believe in prayer—so often my dear Saviour has answered when I have gone to him.

Old Subscriber, Vernon, N. Y., writes:

I have been greatly helped by the answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I was in great trouble and God has answered my fervent prayer for help. I wish to acknowledge it, hoping it will help others.

A Reader, Bloomington, Neb., writes:

I acknowledge an answer to prayer. My heart is filled with thankfulness, and I praise God for his goodness.

Mother, Greenville, S. C., writes:

Does God answer prayers? Most surely he does. Some time ago it seemed impossible but that a great trouble would come to us. Earnestly we prayed, though I know now with but weak faith, yet did God hear and answer. The trouble passed us by. Oh! how I pity those who have no prayer-answering God.

Reader, Little Rock, Ark., writes:

I wish to acknowledge the goodness and kindness of our God in answering prayers. For two years or more I have been in great distress, troubles both great and small and many different kinds, but must say that I have never called on him in vain; some deliverances have been almost miraculous. Believe his promises and trust him and all will be well.

An Ohio Reader writes:

In fulfilment of a promise made some time ago, I wish to gratefully acknowledge a recent answer to prayer. The petition went up from a broken heart, with little hope that what I longed for could ever come to pass; and I know that only God himself could have brought about results which have filled my life with joy again.

A. G., Talmage, Neb., writes:

I want to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an answered prayer. I used to think such testimonies of little use or importance, but I have learned to know that one in trouble can gather strength, can find faith, or have their little faith increased by such acknowledgments.

An Old Subscriber, Tuscaloosa, Ala., writes:

I wish to acknowledge through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two direct answers to prayer, hoping it may encourage others to carry everything to God in prayer.

Mrs. C. A., Golden City, Mo., writes:

I made a vow unto the Lord that if he would grant unto me a special request I would acknowledge it. He heard my prayer, and with gratitude in my heart to a prayer-answering God, I keep my vow.

A Constant Reader, Tiffin, O., writes:

I promised my heavenly Father if he would answer my prayer in behalf of my loved one, I would acknowledge it through the columns of your paper. I now write to redeem my promise and to give him the glory, for he is good and his mercy endureth forever.

J. M. W., Troy, N. Y., writes:

God has been so good to me in answering one of my most earnest prayers that I want to publicly acknowledge my thankfulness to him as I promised him I would do.

Reader, Ridgeway, Mich., writes:

Long and earnestly I prayed for a special blessing and my prayer has been answered, and I have received what I asked for. To him be all praise and glory.

M. S., Kentucky, writes:

Surely God does answer prayer. I know he has answered mine many times, and I give him all the praise.

E. C. M., Center, Pa., writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's goodness through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I have gone to him many times with a sad heart, and he made me glad. He has given me many things I prayed for—everything for the best, I believe. I believe he hears and answers all prayers for our good.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from H. W. J., Pensacola, Fla.; Reader, Elk Garden, W. Va.; R. R. L., Delphos, S. C.; Mrs. M. J. C., Lorain, O.; Reader, Medway, Mass.; Girl Reader, Thurman, Ia.; An Old Subscriber, Glassboro, N. J.; a Reader, Terrehill, Pa.; Mrs. H. M. T., Pallas, Col.; a Subscriber, Gainsville, Tex.; Mrs. A. E. B., Georgia; Reader, Hubbard, O.; Mrs. A. L. B., Middleboro, Mass.; Reader, Pleasant Lake, Ind.; Illinois Girl, Decatur, Ill.; Reader, Syracuse, N. Y.; Subscriber, Clover Hill, Miss.; Reader, Flint, Mich.; L. C. R., Sunbury, Pa.; Constant Reader, Boston, Mass.; J. L. B., Herkimer, N. J.; Christian Endeavorer, Troy, Ia.; Nrs. P. N. H., Ithaca, Mich.; M. G. T., Pennsylvania; Mrs. L. S., Avors Ill.; M. E. O., Harrisburg, Pa.; M. C. W., Chester, Ill.; L. P., St. Clairsville, O.; Subscriber, Ore.; E.R., Towner, Pa.

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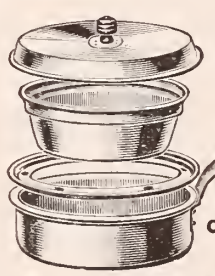

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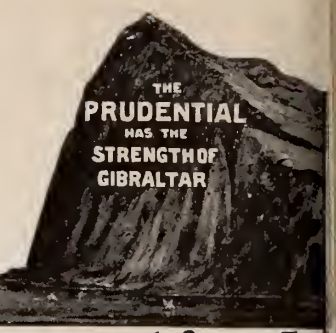

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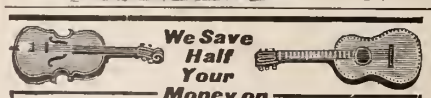

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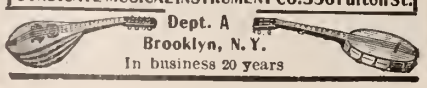

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 46

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Mr. Sankey Singing at the Opening of the New Metropolitan Temple, London

SEE PAGE 925

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Dec. 12

1. What five creatures stand in the Bible as types of tyrants and wicked men and in what passages are they so used?
2. What King earned the title "Defender of the Faith" and how?
3. What does Paul mean by saying (I. Cor. 11:10) that a woman ought to have power on her head because of the angels?
4. What is the origin of the bayonet?
5. Ought any employer to regulate the salary of his employees by the market rate of wages or according to the profits of his business?
6. In what countries (other than our own) have women the right to vote and under what circumstances was that right granted?
7. How can the possession of images and statuary in the home be reconciled with the second commandment (Ex. 20: 4)?
8. Why was it that a large proportion of the manuscripts or records of the ancient inhabitants of America were destroyed?
9. Should the office of deacon be a life office or should a church elect them periodically?
10. How did the fish become a symbol of Christianity in the early church?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Several readers have written us making inquiries concerning certain persons representing themselves as canvassing agents for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We desire again to emphasize the statement, several times published in these columns, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD employs **no canvassing agents whatever,** although it gladly accepts subscriptions and renewals from friends who voluntarily work to extend its circulation. The proper way for those who wish to subscribe or to renew their subscriptions is to remit direct to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. All subscriptions that are placed through outside parties must be at the **subscribers' risk.**

Questions of the Week

1. Is the physical experience of death probably painful or painless?

It is the opinion of the most able medical writers, that in death one does not suffer. The neural organism is so paralyzed by the general weakening of the system, that the pain itself or the lowering of all the vitality, acts as an anæsthetic acts upon the healthy organism. The approach to the actual crisis of dissolution is accompanied by more or less pain. In certain cases of death by violence this appears to be very severe. But as the vitality is lowered, the pain becomes less and less, while the neural organism becomes gradually benumbed. The expression of pain in face or body sometimes seen almost in death itself may be mechanically accounted for, and need not overturn our conclusions above. That is because the muscles were drawn while sensation was still somewhat normal, or because of a mechanical reflex of the nerves in the act of their last paralysis. Some writers claim that death is often very painful, and that it is only the pain which prostrates the vital forces until it forces the collapse which is really death. The other view, from analogy and from what is known of the nervous organization, seems to be the correct one. Observation and studied reasoning indicate that death is actually painless and that in the approach to death pain diminishes gradually. C. P. ATKINSON.

2. What symbols are used for both Christ and his people, and where are they so used?

There are six symbols used for both Christ and his people.

1. A BRANCH. *For Christ,* in Is. 11: 1-4, "A branch out of his roots shall bear fruit," and "with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked; in Zech. 6: 12, 13, Heb. 3: 1-4, Is. 4: 2, Zech. 3: 8, Jer. 23: 5, 33: 15, 16. *For his People.* John 15: 5, "Ye are the branches;" Is. 60: 21, "The people also shall be all righteous, the branch of my planting; also, Rom. 11: 16, Ps. 80: 11, 15.

2. LIGHT. *For Christ.* In John 8: 12, Jesus spake, "I am the light of the world;" also, in John 9: 5, Luke 2: 32, and I. John 1: 5, "God is light." *For his People.* Phil. 2: 15, "Among whom ye are seen as lights in the world," Matt. 5: 14, Eph. 5: 8, Acts 13: 47, Is. 42: 6, Prov. 4: 18.

3. A STONE. *For Christ* in I. Pet. 2: 4, 6, 7, 8, "A living stone," "A chief corner-stone," "the stone which the builders rejected," "a stone of stumbling;" also, Ps. 118: 22, Eph. 2: 20, Matt. 21: 42. *For his People.* I. Pet. 2: 5, "Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house;" also, Eph. 2: 21, 22.

4. A TEMPLE. Used *for Christ* in Rev. 21: 22, "And I saw no temple therein for the Lord God the Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof;" also, John 2: 19, 21. *For his People.* I. Cor. 3: 16, 17, "For the temple of God is holy which temple ye are," and I. Cor. 6; 19, II. Cor. 6: 16.

5. A SUN. *For Christ.* Ps. 84: 11, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield;" also, Mal. 4: 2, Rev. 21: 23, 22: 5. *For his People.* Judges 5: 31, "Let them that love thee be as the sun;" also, Matt. 13: 43.

6. A STAR. *For Christ.* Rev. 22: 16, "I am the bright and morning star," II. Pet. 1: 19, "Until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts;" also, Num. 24: 17. *For his People.* Dan. 12: 1-3, "And they that be wise shall shine," "and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

LOUISE C. TOWER.

Correct answers have been received also from Heppie W. Hamilton, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Fred L. Sawyer, R. D. Gilbert, Caroline Schneider, C. F. Rietz, Carrie Bucher, E. P. Knight, Viola Fidder, Mary W. Eold.

3. What is the legend concerning the fabled Phenix, in which the cause of its immortality is explained?

The phenix was a mythical Egyptian bird, a kind of plover, like the *kibitz,* often depicted with human arms, and called, in hieroglyphs, *rekh.* Others consider it to be the *bennu,* or *mysticorax,* a bird sacred to Osiris. The first of these representations has sometimes a star upon the head, supposed to indicate the astronomical period of its appearance. It visited Egypt after the death of its father, entered the shrine dedicated to it at Heliopolis, and there buried its parent, putting the body into an egg or case of myrrh. Another account is, that the phenix, when about to die, made a nest for itself in Arabia, from which a new phenix sprung. This bird proceeded to Heliopolis, and there burned and buried its father's remains. The more popularly known version is, that the phenix burned itself, and a new and young phenix sprung from the ashes. Still another version is, that a worm crawled out of the body and developed into a new phenix. A great difference of opinion has prevailed about the phenix period; according to Ælian, it was a cycle of 500 years; Tacitus seems to make it one of 250 years; Lepsius a cycle of 1,500 years. The phenix was fabled to have four times appeared in Egypt: 1, under Sesostris; 2, under Amasis, 569-525 B. C.; 3, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284-246 B. C.; and lastly, 34 or 36 A. D., just prior to the death of Tiberius. The phenix also appears upon the coins of Constantine, 334 A. D., viz., 300 years after the death of Christ, who was considered the phenix by the monastic writers. It is supposed by the rabbins to be referred to Job. 39: 18; and Psalms 103.

NELLIE M. CUMMINGS.

4. Is the Christian justified in suing to recover a loan in view of Christ's injunction, Luke 6: 35?

It depends upon circumstances. If his debtor is able but refuses to pay, there is nothing in Christ's meaning to prevent the Christian from appealing to law to recover what is justly his, after all peaceable means have failed. The Revised Version of Luke 6: 35 reads, "Lend, never despairing," (margin, "despairing of no man.") We are to be kind to those of whom we can expect no return in sort. God will repay us, though man does not. "It is meant of the rich lending to the poor a little money for their necessity to buy daily bread or to keep them out of prison; in such a case we must lend with the resolution not to demand interest for what we lend, as we may most justly from those that borrow money to make purchases withal or to trade with; but that is not all, we must lend though we have reason to suspect that what we lend we lose; lend to those who are so poor that it is not probable they will be able to pay us again. This precept will be best illustrated by that law of Moses (Deut. 15: 7-10) which obliges them to lend to a poor brother as much as he needed, though the year of release was at hand." This is an old commentator's explanation, but it is good and true.

G. E. KRAUTH.

5. Does it ordinarily pay for girls to devote the time necessary to learning the piano, to say nothing of the cost of tuition?

Most emphatically "no." Music is an art, but all are not artists, and in the absence of real talent, it is a serious waste of time, energy and ability, not considering expense, for our girls to devote so much time to something for which they often have no—or very little—real talent. If the time were given to something for which they do show some ability, it would result in equal, often greater, pleasure and profit to themselves and friends. Our ears are at times deafened, our sensibilities offended, when, with quivering nerves we listen to the so-called "music" evoked by the fingers (her soul is not even sensible of the composer's thought) of one who has no talent whatever. Can we call her efforts "music?" Then by what name are we to designate those soul-entrancing sounds that "woo our hearts from out our breast, and are the gods' undoing?" ELLAE JAYE.

It does, if only to make her a useful member of the home circle. How much pleasure she may give to her parents in the evening-time of life, to invalid friends, to her brothers and sisters, and by and by, if she marries and becomes a mother, to her own little ones. When an opportunity offers to improve her talents it should be embraced. She cannot know how many duties may depend on any one such accomplishment.

MRS. H. V. CRAWFORD.

6. May the converted man hope to live without sin, as John says (I. John 3: 9) or must we believe that every man sins, as he says, I. John 1: 8?

We cannot make John contradict himself. Really all is at harmony in a consecutive line of forceful reasoning. In I. John 1: 8, and in the whole of that part of the chapter the proposition is laid down that all men are actually and by nature sinners. All have sin, and need a Saviour to be freed from that sin. It is twice in the chapter made very emphatic by his positive statement impugning the word of any man who declares the contrary for himself. He next shows Christ a Saviour for sin, and, since all men are sinners a Saviour for all men. Christ being their Saviour, he then shows them to be able to overcome the inability of the original condition. He shows that a man can keep from sin while he has the inspiration of a certain spiritual quality about him, and moreover, so long as that abides in him he cannot sin. So long as that "seed" of life "remaineth" in him (whatever the degree of love which it means), he is shielded by holy transport, and is unassailable by the temptations of the wicked one. But in these two passages we must distinguish two senses in which sin is used. In the first it is used, at least partly, as an attribute of a man's being and in relation to an absolute ideal right. In the second it means the practical and voluntary trespass against God and transgression of law in active volition. A man with grace is not bound so to transgress. CLERICUS.

7. What is the best method of dealing with a girl who is disposed to be wayward?

Study her nature and devise plans to get her interested in something in common with yourself. Make a companion of her as much as you possibly can, asking her opinion about household or other affairs, and getting her interest centered, as far as is possible, in the home. Keep her in good company as much as you can, remembering that young folks must have amusement of some sort. Study how to furnish that amusement to make her enjoy herself and at the same time to be in good company. Let your thoughts and conversation be pure and ennobling. Select books that will inspire high aspirations. Make home pleasant and cheerful; don't preach; don't scold; be kind, yet firm; don't become discouraged; and do not forget, above all, to ask guidance of the wise and loving Father who deals tenderly with His wayward children.

KATIE M. KILLAM.

8. Is a church justified in offering a minister a larger salary to quit his church when he is doing a good work in his present sphere?

Yes. Generally the call is to a larger sphere of usefulness, with greater responsibilities and labor. Moreover, no church desires a minister, who, in his present sphere, is a failure. The very fact that a minister is doing a good work in his church, shows that he is likely to be successful in a larger parish. As a laborer is worthy of his hire, no church should desire a pastor to unsettle himself without properly compensating him for the change.

JOSEPH BARTON.

9. If a visitor is really unwelcome, should a Christian host let him know it?

It is hardly necessary to consider the question, where the visitor is unwelcome because of some habit or quality that must necessarily give offense. It is difficult to apply the usages of refined society in the case of a persistent bore and "time-waster," a tattler of neighborhood gossip, a tippler, or a profane, boisterous and rowdy person. It would require a violent stretch of the imagination to say that such visitors would be welcome in a respectable home. But even in dealing with extreme cases of this class, a tactful host or hostess can avoid impoliteness, while making it clear that they are not wanted. In all ordinary cases, Christian charity and politeness will strive to overcome any repugnance we may have for an unwelcome guest. No lady or gentleman would ever be so inhospitable as to plainly intimate a desire to be rid of a caller who behaved properly, simply because they did not like him. At the same time, the manner would not be sufficiently cordial to invite a repetition of the visit.

ROBERT VYSE.

10. If one sins, and by such act brings affliction on himself, will God hear and answer his prayers for pardon and physical restoration if he persists in yielding to his sin?

The case supposed indicates that the man has long been a slave to some appetite, and has thus brought evil upon himself, but the very fact that he calls upon God shows that he realizes his weakness, in fact he may be sorely tempted, and in his weak condition yields not wilfully, but from force of circumstances, in which case surely the God of mercy stands ready not only to hear but to pardon and to aid. Yea, even though he seems to us to yield continuously still his very desire to resist must cause him to conquer at times, and each successive victory will help him to ultimate triumph over his sin, even though it cannot release him from the results and consequences of his sins. But, on the other hand, if he wilfully yields to his sin making no effort to resist, except as he may pray for pardon, we may be assured that even a willing God will not answer such prayers for his very actions prove that his real desire is for the sin rather than the restoration.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

Miscelaneous Questions

Rev. J. S. Adair, Howth, Tex. I have seen the advertisements of the Red Letter Testament. Why not send me one as a sample, and if I like it, I'll pay, and if not, I'll return the same. I bought one of your Bibles and I like it very much. I subscribed for the paper during 1896. Let me hear from you as soon as possible.

We send you a Red Letter Testament by this mail and are glad of the opportunity to submit it to you. We have sent over 200,000 out on approval the last year and have received a great many letters, thanking us for adopting this method of submitting a book at our expense to people who otherwise would never have a chance of inspecting it.

Theodore S., Port de Paix. 1. In what light should we accept hypnotism as a science for the alleviation of suffering humanity, or is it of the same nature as spiritualism? 2. Is hypnotism in accord with the teachings of the Scriptures?

1. It is not accepted as a science, and unfortunately is so largely in the hands of charlatans and humbugs that honest investigators are disposed to let it alone. 2. It is in the same category with divination, sorcery, witchcraft, necromancy and others that are repeatedly denounced in Scripture.

Inquirer, Iowa. Are there any reasons why a marriage ceremony should not be performed on Sunday?

No; it is a religious as well as a civil ceremonial, and the religious part of it is certainly not out of place on Sunday. For social and other reasons, however, a week-day is usually selected.

Inquirer, Midway, Va. What is a course in Sloyd?

Sloyd, the Swedish system of manual or industrial training, is distinguished from other systems mainly by the fact that only wood is used. The aim is to educate the eye and brain, and train the hand to manual dexterity; but not to train the child for any particular trade. A symmetrical development of body and brain is the great end aimed at in this system of training. The child is taught to make all sorts of things out of wood, from simple cubes and blocks to articles of furniture and toys, mainly, of course, in miniature.

Southern Reader. Is a collegiate education always beneficial to a person, no matter what his occupation?

Not invariably so. Though a collegiate education is always desirable, there are instances in which a person may be educated out of his sphere in life and unfitted for its struggles. The late C. P. Huntington declared that over-education was a positive disadvantage to those who had to make their way in life. In a general sense, however, and probably to the majority, it would be a decided advantage.

Reader, Deposit, N. Y. 1. Is it always possible for a writer of short stories to head his story with an original title, one not already in use by another writer? 2. Does one run a risk in using some other person's title unknowingly?

1. Doubtless there are many titles used that are not original, and owing to the multitude of titles, absolute avoidance of repetition is well-nigh impossible. 2. Yes. If the original title be copyrighted, the unwitting imitator may become liable to suit for infringement.

Reader, Waynesboro, Pa. We know of none.

Subscriber, Hancock, N.Y. It would seem to be a necessity that a drug store should be accessible within prescribed hours on Sundays, in case of sickness, otherwise much suffering might result.

OUR NEW DIPLOMATS AT WASHINGTON

... The Japanese Minister and the New Faces from Various South American Republics ...

DON EMILIO C. JOUBERT, DOMINICA

EDUARDO WILDE, ARGENTINA

KOGORO TAKAHIRA, JAPAN

MANUEL A. CALDERON, PERU

JUAN CUESTAS, URUGUAY

IN no corresponding interval, since the birth of the nation, have so many diplomats come from abroad to claim our hospitality as during the past few months. All the world now recognizes the United States as a world power among the nations of the earth. Many nations previously unrepresented here have lately sent envoys, and others, who have heretofore entrusted the Washington posts to diplomats of inferior ability, have detailed some of the ablest statesmen as their representatives.

Among the new diplomats the first place should unquestionably be accorded to Mr. Kogoro Takahira, the new Japanese Minister. He began his diplomatic career about a quarter of a century ago at the legation in Washington, at the head of which he has just been placed, and later served as consul-general in New York. Since that time his experience in handling the affairs of state has been extensive, and he has represented the Mikado as Minister Plenipotentiary successively at The Hague, Rome, and Vienna. Next came an appointment to the position of Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs at Tokio, and a few months ago he was selected for the Washington place, which his own government regards as one of the most important in its consular service.

Persia, which for many years has had no delegation here, will shortly send a Minister. Probably the former Chief Secretary to the Prime Minister will be named for the honor. Hon. Phya Prasiddhi, the newcomer from Siam, is one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country. He is a lawyer by profession, and was educated in France. Returning to Siam, he built a railroad, inaugurated a system of canals, established a police force and took the first census. Some years ago he made an extended tour of the United States. Corea is also to send us an official guest.

Great changes have been made in the personnel of the South and Central American legations. Prominent among the new diplomats is Dr. Eduardo Wilde, recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic. Dr. Wilde and his young wife have taken a handsome house in Washington and will entertain liberally. He is famous, both as a man of letters and a scientist, and was at the head of the National Department of Hygiene in Argentina during the yellow fever epidemics. He introduced in his own land a number of women teachers from leading American colleges.

Dr. Juan Cuestas, son of the President of Uruguay, has recently come to Washington as the official representative of his home government—the first minister it has ever sent here. Dr. Cuestas is thirty-two years of age, distinguished looking, extensively traveled, and has a large fortune. He is a lawyer and was Governor of his native province.

Dr. Rafael Zaldivar, the new minister from Salvador, served as president of that country for two terms—from 1876 to 1884. Like many other diplomats from the lesser powers, he is accredited to several European countries as well as to the United States, and will therefore spend more or less time on the other side of the Atlantic. Aside from President Diaz, of Mexico, Dr. Zaldivar has received more honors and decorations than any other politician in Central America.

Nicaraugua has a new and able envoy in the person of Senor Corea. Another legation re-established after an interval of several years, is that of Bolivia. Senor Ferando Guachalla, the Minister Plenipotentiary, is accompanied by two of his children, a son and a daughter, who will this winter attend school in Washington.

Senor Manuel Alverez Calderon, the new Peruvian minister, is a business man, and has spent most of his time during recent years in England and on the Continent. Hitherto he had never occupied a diplomatic post. He has a profound knowledge of international law.

Turkey's minister, Ali Ferough Bey, has requested his government to relieve him of his duties here, finding the climate unsuited to his health. Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, may also be transferred to a European post. Other changes in the diplomatic family at Washington are probable.

WELDON FAWCETT.

A GREAT WORK AMONG BOYS

THE Association of Organized Work for Boys came into existence in New York City October 29 as the crystallization of a movement which has been gathering force for the past five or six years.

The meeting at which this centralization was effected occurred at the Boys' Free Reading Rooms, 112–114 University Place, and was attended by representatives from many settlements, churches, and associations of this and other cities.

Mr. Dean, President of the Boys' Free Reading Room and Chairman of the Organization Committee, was elected chairman of the meeting, and gave a brief history of the movement of which he is the originator and recognized leader. It is the outcome of five or six public Conferences of Boys' Club Workers held since 1895. They were so successful, and accomplished so much in raising the standard of work done in many of the clubs, that last spring two meetings were held at the home of Mr. Alexander M. Hadden, when the advisability of forming a central association of clubs and organizations working with boys was discussed, and a committee authorized to formulate a constitution. This committee during the summer drew up a broad and comprehensive plan and constitution, which was adopted at the meeting of October 29.

The Association is to have standing committees on every phase of club work, with the best informed worker on that subject as chairman. Requests for information or aid will be referred to these committees. The following phases of work will be thus treated: libraries and literature, gymnasiums, music and glee clubs, employment bureaus, manual training, play and games, entertainments and lectures, fresh air work, etc., etc. The temporary office of the Association will be at the Boys' Free Reading Rooms, 112–114 University Place. where inquiries may be addressed. Protestants, Catholics, and Hebrews are represented in this great movement for the elevation of boy life and boy character, through the medium of every regenerating influence that can be brought to bear upon it.

AN EVENING IN THE BOYS' FREE READING ROOM, UNIVERSITY PLACE

The Boys' Reading Room, on University Place, furnishes in itself a striking illustration of the value of club rooms for boys. The rooms where games are played, as well as the library, are crowded every evening with little lads who would otherwise be on the streets.

There are hundreds of separate organizations in the world working in the interest of boys and devising ways and means of making "the coming man" more worthy of his title of brotherhood to him who is "the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his person," and the value of their union and cooperation can not be overestimated; school, municipal, State and central governments will respond to the influence that can thus be brought to bear upon them and the church of God will find reinforcement in its earnest effort to make the world better.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

. . . Outside of Self . . .

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Job 42: 10: . . . . .

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends.

COMPARATIVELY few people read this last chapter of the Book of Job. The earlier chapters are so full of thrilling incident, of events so dramatically portrayed, of awful ailments and terrific disaster, of domestic infelicity, of staccato passage, of resounding address, of omnipotency proclaimed, of utterances showing Job to have been the greatest scientist of his day, an expert in mining and precious stones, astronomer, and geographer, and zoologist, and electrician, and poet, that most readers stop before they get to my text, which, strangely and mysteriously, announces that "the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."

Now, will you please explain to me how Job's prayer for his friends halted his catastrophes. Give me some good reason why Job on his knees in behalf of the welfare of others arrested the long procession of calamities. Mind you, it was not prayer for himself, for then the cessation of his troubles would have been only another instance of prayer answered, but the portfolio of his disaster was rolled up while he supplicated God in behalf of Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite. I must confess to you that I had to read the text over and over again before I got its full meaning. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."

Well, if you will not explain it to me I will explain it to you. The healthiest, the most recuperative thing on earth to do is to stop thinking so much about ourselves and go to thinking about the welfare of others. Job had been studying his misfortunes, but the more he thought about his bankruptcy the poorer he seemed, the more he thought of his carbuncles the worse they hurt, the more he thought of his unfortunate marriage the more intolerable became the conjugal relation, the more he thought of his house blown down the more terrific seemed the cyclone. His misfortunes grew blacker and blacker. But there was to come a reversal of these sad conditions. One day he said to himself: "I have been dwelling too much upon my bodily ailments, and my wife's temper, and my bereavements. It is time I began to think about others and do something for others, and I will start now by praying for my three friends." Then Job dropped upon his knees, and as he did so the last shackle of his captivity of trouble snapped and fell off. Hear it! all ye ages of time and all ye ages of eternity, "the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."

The fault with most of us is too much self-concentration—our health, our fortunes, our advancement, our social position, our achievements, our losses, our defeats, our sufferings, our persecution, our life, our death, our immortality. Of course, there is a lawful and righteous selfishness. In a world and in a time of such activities and rivalries and temptations, we must look after our own interests and our own destiny or we will go under. Do not wait for others to take care of you. Take care of yourself. But it will not hinder our preservation and prosperity if we enlarge the sphere of our wishes and prayers so as to take in others. The law in the natural world would do well for the moral and spiritual world. The centripetal force in nature would throw everything in toward the centre, and the centrifugal force in nature would throw everything out from the centre. But the centripetal and the centrifugal work beautifully together. The one force that would throw everything toward the centre is balanced by the force that would throw everything outward. Our world, with its own interests, feels the pull of other worlds. No world, no nation, no community, no man, no woman can afford to exist only for itself, or himself, or herself. The hour in which Job has that soliloquy about the enlargement of his prayers so as to take in his friends, and he put into execution his good resolution, was the hour when he felt a tonic, a sedative, a nervine, a cataplasm that helped to cure his body, and revived his fortunes till they were a hundred per cent. better than ever before, for the record is "the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before," and tended to make him a wonder of longevity, for he lived one hundred and forty years after his troubles were gone. Oh, what a mighty medicament is the contemplation of, and the effort for the welfare of others!

"But," says some one, "it was easy enough for Job to pray for his friends. Anybody can do that. There are those to whom we are obligated for years of kindness. They stand so close to us in sympathy and reminiscence and anticipation that it is easy for us to pray for their welfare." Well, I see you do not understand that these friends of Job were the most tantalizing and exasperating friends a man ever had. Look at their behavior. When they heard of his bereavements and the accidents by whirlwind and lightning stroke, they came in and sat down by him a whole week, seven days and seven nights, and the record is "none spake a word to him." What a disreputable and wicked silence! Mind you, they professed to be religious men, and they ought to have been able to offer some religious consolation. Instead of that they were dumb as the Sphinx which at that time stood in the African desert and stands there still. Why did they not say something about reunion in the heavenly realms with his children who had been slain? Why did they not talk to him about the satisfactory explanations in the future world of things we do not understand in this world? Why did they not go to the apothecary and buy a poultice that would have soothed the carbuncles, or some quieting potion that would calm his nerves, or a few drops of febrifuge that would cool his heated frame? No! For seven days and seven nights they did nothing, and said nothing for his relief. They must have almost bored him to death.

After these three friends had completed their infamous silence of a week they began to lecture Job. First, Eliphaz, the Temanite, opens with a long story about a dream which he had in the night, and irritates the sufferer with words that make things worse instead of better, and sets him in an attitude of defence against the lecturer. Then comes Bildad the Shuhite, who gives the invalid a round scolding and calls him garrulous, and practically tells him that he deserved all that he has got, and that if he had behaved himself aright he would not have lost his house, or his children, or his estate. He practically says: "Job, I will tell you what is the matter with you. You are bad; you are a hypocrite; you are now getting paid for your wickedness." No wonder that there came from Job an outburst of indignation which calls out the other quondam friend, Zophar, the Naamathite, who begins denouncing Job by calling him a liar, and keeps on the discourse until Job responds to all three of them in the sarcastic words, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

Oh, what friends Job had! Heaven deliver us from having one such friend, to say nothing of having three of them. It was for such friends that Job prayed, and was it not a religious triumph for him so to do? Would you, the very best of you, be in very devout mood and capable of making intercession for people who had come to you in a day of trouble and said: "Good for you; you ought to be chastised; you are being taken in hand by eternal justice. If you had behaved yourself aright you would not have been sick, or persecuted, or impoverished, or made childless." O no, my friend, you would not have felt like Job when he prayed for his friends, but more like Job when he cursed the day of his nativity.

Notice that this flagellation by the three friends was premeditated. They did not merely happen in, and come suddenly upon trouble for which they could not offer a compound. The Bible says: "They had made an appointment together." The interview was prearranged. They had agreed as to what they would say to the sick man. You can see that their remarks were not extemporaneous. What they said was sublimely poetic. They rose in style into what in later times we would call the Homeric or Dantesque. But Job was not in need of poetry so much as a salve for his eruptive disorder. He was not dying for lack of a paragraph in blank-verse. He was not so much in need of a didactic lecture about the justice of God as an assurance of the divine mercy. Some pious rustic of the land of Uz, not able to put three grammatical sentences together, could have said something more consolatory.

The meanness of the attack of these religious critics was augmented by the fact that they had the sufferer in their power. When we are well, and we do not like what one is saying, we can get up and go away. But Job was too ill to get up and go away. First, he endured the seven days and seven nights of silence, and then he endured their arraignment of his motives and character, and after their cruel campaign was ended, by a sublime effort of soul, which I this day uphold for imitation, he triumphed in prayer for his tantalizers. In all history there is nothing equal to it except the memorable imploration by Christ for his enemies. No wonder that after that prayer of Job was once uttered, a thrill of recovery shot through every nerve and vein of his tortured body and every passion of his great soul; and God answered it by adding nearly a century and a half to his lifetime, and whitened the hills with flocks of sheep, and filled the air with the lowing of cattle, and wakened the silent nursery of his home with the swift feet and the laughing voices of childhood—seven sons, and three daughters celebrated for their beauty, the daughters to refine the sons, the sons to defend the daughters. There is nothing that pays so well as prayer, and the more difficult the prayer to make the greater the reward for making it.

Let us all make similar attempt to pray for those who vex and misrepresent and tantalize us. You may be very popular in the city or neighborhood where you live, but I warrant if you are in active life there are those who wish you the opposite of wishing you well. Are you benevolent? They say it is on your part a matter of personal display. Are you eloquent or learned? They declare you are overrated, and that what you say or write is of no importance. Do you try to make yourself effective in church or hospital or board of directors? They call you officious. Are you well dressed? They say you are proud. Does a false report start in the community against your character? They believe it all, and add another story to the fabrication. Some of them pretend to be friends, but they have the cudgels all ready for you, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, Zophar the Naamathite. Now, pray for them. "Oh!" you say, "I cannot do that." I thought you could not. But you will grow in grace until you can do it as easily and as well as did Job pray for his exasperators. You ought to pity them, for defamers and detractors and the envious and jealous are not happy. They hurt themselves more than they hurt you. Better be the pursued than the pursuer. Better be the infant Christ than Herod the robber of the Bethlehem cradles. You want to be a better man. You want to be a better woman. Then scale this height of triumphant prayer, and you will be ten times more of a Christian than you ever have been. It will prolong your life as it prolonged Job's life. You will feel a glorious reaction that will last through all time and all eternity. It will steady your nerves; it will reduce your spleen; it will regulate the pulsation of your heart.

Nothing is so unhealthy as to get mad. It is a shock to the whole physical organization as well as to your mental and mo condition. It is no unusual thing f people to drop down dead in a fit of ang You people who weigh over two hundr pounds avoirdupois had better never lo your temper, for at such times apoplexy not far off. Get the equipoise of Job the text, and it will help you in busine directions. Praying for all offenders, y will have more nerve for large und takings; you will have a better balanc judgment; you will waste no valuab time in trying to get even with yo enemies. Try this height of prayer f your antagonist to-day, and if you fa try it to-morrow. Keep on until you accor plish it, and I should not wonder if, addition to the moral and religio strength it gives you, it should add a hu dred per cent. to your worldly prosperit Job 42: 10: "The Lord gave Job twice much as he had before."

What we all need is to get out of ou selves and go to helping others, whet friends or foes. As beautiful an instanc of how this can be done I found last sur mer in London, in the person of Floren Nightingale, the heroine of hospitals, and battlefields when there were no hospital The lounge on which she lies prostra is a throne of power, and though she h passed into the eighties, she trains nurs for sick-beds, and her influence is no felt among the wounded in South Afric while her memory is full of the story Balaklava, Sebastopol and Inkerman where England and France and Russi grappled. She told me that she had n been happy until she undertook to allevia suffering, and that since she began th work she had never seen an unhappy da To that work she consecrated her life, h classic attainments, her social positio her brilliant personality. Her whole lif for others, and her face shows it. I thin so much of heaven is to be found in n other human countenance. Tennyson "Charge of the Light Brigade" is n more thrilling to me than the woman bravery and sacrifice that took care o those who were shot from the saddles o the "immortal six hundred."

My text enthrones prayer and gives a sceptre to wave over our temporal an eternal life. Under God, it cured Jo and fixed up his finances, and restored hi home, and made him so robust of healt that he lived fourteen decades. "But, some one says, "I do not believe in praye for friends and foes, because I do no think that God is going to change the law of nature because we ask him so to do. Neither do I think that God will chang the law of nature at our request, but I an sure that he answers prayer through na ural law. Not a physician of any skill, a lopathic, or homœopathic, or hydropathic or eclectic, but has some time been sur prised that what was thought to be a fata disease suddenly relaxes its grasp of th patient, and he recovers. Not one law o nature has been fractured. Prayer ma have given the sudden turn to that illness A business man may be in difficulty inex tricable—mortgages against him foreclos ing, goods to be sold for some reaso become unsalable, new invention in ma chinery making the old machinery of hi factory worthless, all kinds of commercia troubles pouncing upon him at once. Mos business men have at least, once in thei lives, been put in such agonizing crisis But the harried merchant or manufacture gets out of it. Creditors become more lenient, the wheels that were made useless for making one kind of fabric turn out t be good for making another style of fabric the stock of goods that could not be sold comes into unexpected demand, and whereas all things were against him all things are now for him. No law of nature is broken and no law of trade. Prayer may have given that extrication. God, by making a law, does not tie his own hands with it. If you are free to do what you are asked to do, is not God just as free, or are you mightier than your Maker?

It is too late in the history of the church and the world to deny the power of prayer. In any audience in which there are one hundred Christians seventy-five of them at least could give you instances in their own life where prayer was answered. In Buckingham, England, a man after a long illness died. An evil neighbor then presented the widow a large bill for work done for her husband, a bill far beyond her capacity to pay, and she knew that it had been paid during her husband's lifetime,

but she had no receipt. In her trials she went upstairs to pray. While she was praying a butterfly flew into the window downstairs, and her child chased it until it fell behind a chest of tools. The child asked the mother to have the chest removed, and while it was being removed a piece of paper was discovered, and it turned out to be a receipt showing that the bill had been paid. In reply to prayer God sent the butterfly, as in Elijah's time he sent a raven.

What a scene it was when that whaling ship, after a cruise of three years, approached a New England harbor. From the shore the mother knew that it was the ship in which her son was sailing. But a hurricane struck the ship and destroyed it on the rocks, and the wreckage was strewn on the beach. But the mother continued all night in prayer for her son's safety, and in the morning a knock was heard at her door, and the door opened and in came her long absent boy, exclaiming: "Mother, I knew you would pray me home." But you need not go so far for illustration. I have in my own life had answers to prayer so pointed, so direct, so startling, that I dare not recite them lest I be misunderstood. I could pick many startling instances right out of this audience. You dare not doubt the integrity of those who present such evidence. You would believe them as witnesses in any court of law standing before judge and jury, and certainly you ought to believe them when they give solemn testimony as to what they have seen and felt in answer to prayer. Silent prayer; audible prayer; ejaculatory prayer; intercessory prayer; extemporaneous prayer; liturgical prayer. Prayer in the morning to start the day right; prayer in the evening to correct the mistakes of the day. Prayer for ourselves; prayer for others; not formal and heartless prayer, which is of no more use than the prayer of the heathen of Timbuctoo, who writes his petition on a board and then washes it off and catches the water in a cup, giving it to the sick to drink for his recovery; or the prayer of the people of Tibet, who put their petition in a cylinder and turn the crank, and as many times as the cylinder turns is the prayer offered; or the prayer in India, which is made in behalf of the wealthy by the people hired to read the Koran day and night for the benefit of the employer.

Many of the prayers offered in Christian lands are as senseless as these artificial prayers of the pagans. What is needed is not only heartfelt prayer but direct prayer, such as David mentions, drawing his figure from archery, with its bow and arrows. As the notch of the arrow is put against the string of the bow, and then the archer takes aim and in a flash the arrow strikes the mark, so David resolves that his prayers shall not be aimless. He aims his prayer at the heavens: "To thee will I direct my prayer." "Have you said your prayers?" is a misleading question. You may say your prayers a thousand times without praying. The Bible speaks of Elias, "who prayed in his prayer," implying that one can seem to pray when no prayer is offered. Prayer is the soul on the wing. It is the private door into the King's palace. It is the barometer showing what the spiritual weather will be. It is stepping into the Holy of Holies. It is telegraphy with the heavens. It is the winding up of the clock of the immortal soul. It is intercommunication between the finite and the infinite. Prayer suggested by circumstances, as when the child went outdoors in the snow to play, and said afterward to her mother: "Mother, I could not help making the snow prayer," and when her mother asked her what the snow prayer was, she replied: "Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter than Snow."

Prayer is what some one has called "the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of omnipotence." Prayer is the healthful respiration of the soul. It is the whisper of helplessness into the ear of help. It is laying hold of almightiness, omniscience, and omnipresence at one and the same time. Prayer enlists all divine and angelic reinforcement. Prayer is laying hold of a pulley fastened to the heavenly throne. Prayer is the first breath of a new-born soul, and it is heard in the last gasp of earthly Christian experiences. Prayer! In an instant it mounts the highest heavens. Neither seraph nor archangel ever flew swifter or higher than the infant's petition at her mother's knee. What an opportunity is prayer! Why not oftener use it praying for ourselves and, like Job, praying for others? What better work would we do, what better lives would we live, what better hopes would we entertain, if we multiplied and intensified our prayers!

In all the tossing of this life lay hold of the rope of prayer mentioned by John Newton, who was converted on shipboard from being a blasphemous sailor to become a great preacher of righteousness, and who said: "When I first amused myself with going to sea, when the winds rose and the waves became rough, I tumbled and tossed about like a porpoise in the water; at last I caught hold of a rope that was floating about, and then I was enabled to stand upright. So, when in prayer a multitude of troublous thoughts invade your peace, or when the winds and waves of temptation arise, look out for the rope, lay hold of the rope and stay yourselves on the faithfulness of God keeping his promises."

My hearer, I will tell you the time when you can afford to cease praying. It will be when you have no sins to be pardoned, no sorrows to be comforted, no more friends or foes who need your intercessions. Queen Elizabeth said to Walter Raleigh: "Raleigh, when will you stop begging?" Raleigh replied: "When your Majesty leaves off giving." And your time, my hearer, to stop prayer will be when God has no more pardon and mercy and strength to bestow, and the resources of the Infinite are exhausted. Havelock knew the value of prayer when he arose at four o'clock in the morning for his devotions. The soldiers of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment showed that they knew the joy of worship when they took a delegate of the Christian Commission to see what they called their "praying place."

Now, if God has during these remarks shown us the uses, the importance, the blessedness of prayer, suppose we try to do what Job did when he prayed for his exasperators. Many of us at the beginning of this subject felt that while we could pray for ourselves and pray for those who were kind to us, we never could reach the high point of religious experience in which we could pray for those who annoy us and make us feel worse instead of feeling better. That was a Matterhorn, that was an Alp, to the top of which we feared we could never climb, but we thank God that by his omnipotent grace we have reached that height at last. Let us pray! Oh Christ, who didst pray for thine assassins, we now pray for those who despitefully use us and say all manner of evil against us. For their eternal salvation we supplicate. When time is no more, may they reign on thrones, and wear coronets, and sway sceptres of heavenly dominion. Meanwhile, take the bitterness from their soul, and make them soon think as well of us as now they think evil. Spare their bodies from pain and their households from bereavement. After all the misunderstandings and controversies of this life are over, may we keep with them eternal jubilee in the mansions on the hill. And as thou didst turn the captivity of Job when he had prayed for those who badly used him, and health came to his body and prosperity to his estate, now that we have by thy grace been able to make supplication for our antagonists, cure our diseases, if we are ill; and restore our estate, if it has been scattered; and awaken gladness in our homesteads, if they have been bereft; and turn the captivity of our physical pain, or financial misfortune, or mental distress. And thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

OPENING THE NEW SPURGEON TABERNACLE

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

SELDOM have such scenes of religious enthusiasm been witnessed in London as those which have attended the opening of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The site, indelibly associated with the labors of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, is now again covered by a great edifice, in which his son Thomas will continue the Gospel work. It will be remembered that on April 20, 1898, the hallowed building was destroyed by fire. There were many gloomy prophecies at the time that it would never be rebuilt; but the work of a man so consecrated and so earnest as Pastor C. H. Spurgeon produces results that survive all that the devouring element can do. It was found that owing to the increased price of labor and material, a much larger sum than the original Tabernacle had cost would be required to rebuild the edifice. The front elevation was intact, and so little had the exterior walls been damaged by the fire that with an expenditure of two thousand dollars they could be made secure. But the roof was gone and the building completely gutted. Experienced architects and builders examined the ruin and pronounced it possible to rebuild it for $223,000. Toward this sum there was the insurance on the old building, amounting to $110,000. A committee was at once organized to raise the balance, and so energetic has it been, and so liberal and prompt the response, that, without any bazaar or other such means, the whole amount has been raised and the Tabernacle has been dedicated free of debt.

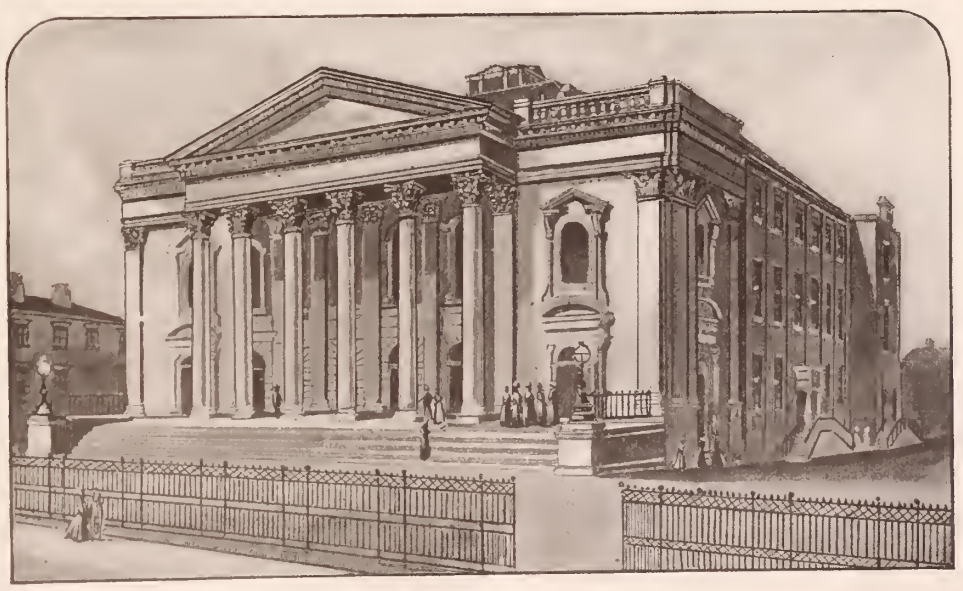
Though at first sight the new Tabernacle is an exact reproduction of the old one, there are many important changes. The present work requires increased accommodation for meetings of various societies, so the size of the auditorium has been reduced thirteen and a half feet, to admit of larger buildings in the rear. The aisles are wider, and better arrangements have been made for exit. These changes have diminished the seating accommodation, but there is still space for 2,705 persons, and a much larger number found room at the opening services. The new building is lighted by electricity, which, however, can be supplemented in case of need by gas, for which provision has been made. The decorations are pale green, cream color and gold. Many portions of the furniture are personal gifts of friends, one of the most interesting being the pastor's chair, which was given by former students of the Pastor's College, who are now missionaries in Africa. It is an interesting coincidence that the entire building has been done by the firm of William Higgs, whose father built the former Tabernacle.

The opening services began with a preliminary devotional service on September 19, conducted by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's old friend and protege, Pastor Archibald G. Brown. It was a thrilling moment when the vast audience rose to raise the first song in the new building. There is, as in the former Tabernacle, no organ in the building, and when those thousands of voices joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the effect was electrical. Then Pastor Thomas Spurgeon read a few passages of Scripture, the first of which was, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Congratulatory telegrams from many lands were handed in and read; one of the most pathetic came from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, the widow of the late pastor, who is very ill. It read: "Loving congratulations and an earnest desire for the presence and blessing of God at the meetings," and was signed simply "Mother." In his opening remarks Pastor Thomas Spurgeon laid special emphasis on the fact that, as the foundations of the new building were the same as of old, so the testimony was the same; and, he added, though it might be a shock to some, the place was no broader than before. Where they had stood, there they now stand.

The service being of a strictly devotional character, no applause was admissible, otherwise, when Mr. Sankey rose to sing, he would have received a most cordial welcome. He was very happy, he said, to be present in the new Tabernacle, as he had had great pleasure in having been in the old. He brought the greetings of ten thousand friends beyond the sea, among them Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who sent them his love and his great rejoicing that the building had been reconstructed. The last time he, Mr. Sankey, had stood there was to sing a song over the dead body of the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. He felt sad as he thought of the two mighty men who had passed away—C. H. Spurgeon and D. L. Moody. They were left to carry on their work. He then sang "The Better Land," accompanying himself on his own little organ.

Two more services were held that day, and on the next and two succeeding days there were again three meetings in which addresses of congratulation and special sermons were delivered, not only by Baptist ministers but by representatives of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and other denominations. At every meeting Mr. Ira D. Sankey's services were in special request, and on Saturday evening, September 22, he gave, by urgent demand, a complete service of song. That was the most attractive of the whole series. There was an extra guard of police in expectation of the great crowd, but the rush was so strong that the burly men in uniform were swept off their feet and carried bodily with the surging mass into the building.

Mr. Sankey sang "I'm a Pilgrim," mentioning that he was taught it by his mother. The next songs were: "Saved by Grace," "There'll be no Dark Valley when Jesus Comes," "My Ain Countrie," and the ever welcome "Ninety and Nine." The enthusiasm of the congregation can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Sankey introduced a number of reminiscences connected with the authorship of both words and music of these Gospel songs, and spoke words of encouragement to Christian workers.



THE REBUILT METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON

WAR TIME RIDE OVER THE WORLD'S LONGEST RAILWAY

WITH RUSSIA'S ARMIES IN SIBERIA

EXCITING EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELER....

EMBARKATION OF COSSACKS AND ARTILLERY AT BLAGOVECHTCHENSK, FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE SIBERIAN RAILROAD

IN the first chapters of the story of his remarkable journey "Across Siberia In War Time," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD October 24, Mr. Frederick A. North narrated his experiences while a passenger on the Trans-Siberian Railway, traveling ten thousand versts over one unbroken stretch of Russian territory between St. Petersburg and Vladivostok. There Mr. North took steamer for Port Arthur, and continued thence by sea to Nagasaki in Japan, across the Pacific to Vancouver, then by rail to New York, completing his journey around the world in ninety-six days. With the story of his exciting experiences in Port Arthur and elsewhere, he concludes this most interesting narrative, which he wrote out at sea for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from his carefully-kept diary.

A Strange Mingling of Races

JAPAN SEA, Aug. 25.—The racial types and mixed nationalities seen along the Trans-Siberian Railroad embrace nearly all shades of characteristics in the Caucasian and Mongol. While the railroad is chiefly operated by Russians, its construction is the work of Chinese, Buriats, Calmuks, Tartars, Coreans, Cossacks, Japanese and Russian convicts. I have often seen villages of these toiling people, located along the line of the Siberian Railroad, now deserted where the bridges and great embankments are completed. The Buriats inhabit conical felt tents, which they set in long rows on the hillside.

The Russian officers, as I found them, are educated, have traveled, possess liberal views, are of wealthy families, have plenty of money and are generous. The common soldiers are, as a rule, uneducated and suspicious of strangers, exceedingly religious, kind-hearted, poorly paid, and blindly subservient to the commands of their superiors.

Kind-hearted Russian Officers

I never shall forget a little incident that occurred away back in Central Siberia, on the Hilok River, July 25, illustrating the compassion of the army officers for the poor unfortunate fettered convicts in two iron-barred cars attached to our train. At eight o'clock in the morning the train stopped twenty-five minutes to change engines, and allow the passengers to buy something to eat from the native women who came down out of the Cossack village. I went back to see the armed guards feed their one hundred convicts. Black bread, coarse meat, tea and sugar were their rations. One of the convicts, whose appearance showed that he was not yet inured to a prisoner's fare, bought some white bread from one of the Cossack women, but when he discovered that he did not have copecks enough to pay for it, with a look of disappointment he handed the loaf out of the prison car and the guard gave it back to the woman. Several army officers who were passengers with me, observing the situation, quickly bought up all the bread and cakes from the natives and told the guards to distribute it to the prisoners. The next day I saw the officers again donating delicacies to the prisoners.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad has good drinking water everywhere provided; it has a good road-bed, good rails, good stations, the best bridges in the world, cars superior to any other country except America, and this line will soon be one of the greatest arteries of commerce in the whole world.

It spans a longer stretch of country than any other railroad on earth. From St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, the present terminus of the line, it is exactly 6,547 miles. There is, however, no railroad between Stretensk on the Chilka River and Khabarousk on the lower Amoor River, and consequently, at present, all communication between these two points, a distance of 1,491 miles, is made by steamboat in summer and sledge in winter.

The railroad line through Manchuria, which before the Boxer trouble was nearly ready for the rails, will materially shorten the distance, and quicken the time in reaching Vladivostok and Port Arthur. The present war with the Chinese has so far postponed the completion of the Manchurian division, which would have been ready for traffic this fall, that a year's time will now be required in which to finish it. A Russian army of one hundred thousand soldiers has been sent into north eastern China, all along the line of the Manchurian, or Eastern China Railroad, as it is called, to protect the interests of the Russo-Chinese Bank, which has undertaken the financial support of the enterprise, and to prevent the Boxers from further destruction of the road-bed and intimidation of the graders and bridge-builders. A year hence passengers can make an all-rail journey across Manchuria by way of Nagadan, Tsitsilkhar, Kharbin, Ningouta, Nikosk to Vladivostok, or south from Kharbin to Port Arthur, thus avoiding the steamboat passage on the Amoor River, or the ocean passage from Vladivostok to Port Arthur.

From United States Consul Greener at Vladivostok, and other reliable sources, I learned that the average cost of construction per mile across the steppes is about $20,000; but through all other parts of the route it cost far more; through the Urals, for instance, it cost not less than $80,000 per mile. The gre iron bridge over the Volga River co $2,500,000, and the bridge over the Yen sei cost $1,000,000. The paid laborers i the construction of the line receive fro 30 cents to 35 cents a day.

A Delightful River Trip

My voyage of 1,500 miles down th Chilka and Amoor rivers was a continu delight. The changing scenes of mou tain, lowland, dark forest, Cossack vi lages, Buriat huts, signal stations, barge filled with soldiers singing their wa songs, flatboats filled with cavalry horse kerchiefed women with baskets of ed bles, blackened ruins of Chinese town passing steamers hurrying up the river t bring down more soldiers, pleasan weather, cheerful army officers, and every body happy except the Chinese, wer among the many experiences of m Amoor voyage.

It might be interesting to note ho war has advanced prices in Siberia. M Russian room-mate at Blagovechtchensk bought a half-pound package of tea o which was pasted a small tag marke "65k." With a knife blade he deftly re moved the bit of paper containing th figures and found "50k."; on removin the second layer, "35k." was revealed another scale removed and "25k." ap peared. The tea merchant had evidently marked his goods according to the ad vance in price. The "k" stands fo "kopeck" or "copeck," worth ½ cent At Vladivostok, in a dairy locality, eggs are 30 cents a dozen, milk 20 cents a quart, cheese 60 cents a pound. These articles are from three to five times thei normal prices.

Taking Siberia as a whole, I know of no other country developing faster, no possessing more sure qualities of per-

manent growth and greatness. It will develop somewhat as our American western States have done, along the great trans-continental railroads, on the rich prairies, fertile valleys, and wide cattle-ranges. Agriculturally, southern Siberia is very important: in mining she is attracting prospectors from all over the world; in timber she might supply all Europe: and in stock-raising she could furnish the world. The Russian Government is carrying out a successful policy of settling up Siberia.

Russia and the Chinese Trade

The great Siberian Railroad will bring to the very door of Russia the lion's share of the trade of China's 450,000,000, and the whole of the empire of Japan. No manufacturing nation in the world has anything like the advantage in supplying the millions of people in the Far East, and also Siberia, that the American nation has. All along the great railroad cities and towns are building up more rapidly than I have seen elsewhere in the circuit of the globe. In Irkutsk, Chita, Stretensk, Blagovechtchensk, Khabarousk, and Vladivostok, brick buildings are going up in magnificent proportions. At the present time there is need of more laborers and skilled mechanics.

YELLOW SEA, Aug. 27.—Yesterday afternoon Capt. Ptachinsky, commander of this vessel, the *Petersburg*, invited me to join him on the bridge. At his request I produced my passport and other papers of identification. He asked me where I had been and what I had seen. Referring to the war, he said: "Did you not see something very bad on the Amoor River?" I answered guardedly, saying: "Both sides committed atrocities: but the Chinese commenced the war." He then said: "We shall reach Port Arthur about noon to-morrow, and if you go on shore be particularly careful what you say and do. By all means sleep in the boat at night." I then asked: "Will they not allow me to walk about the town?" "I suppose they will," he answered, "but martial law prevails there, and the authorities may make you trouble if they become suspicious of you."

ON THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD

PORT ARTHUR, Aug. 28.—Alas! I do not love the Russians and their government to-day as much as I did yesterday. They have just arrested me and dragged me by force before the police tribunal, to prove me a spy. I was charged with sitting down on the church steps after coming out of church, and writing something. One of my note-books was produced, and these are the words they found written: "Port Arthur, Aug. 28. Rain again. Walked out this forenoon and attended church—holiday service. Went through the village, seeing what I could and making note of same. Sailors and soldiers attended church. Fine church inside. Saw game crickets, tinsmith, blacksmith and market men." They had various other parts of the book read and translated. I had guarded myself against writing down facts about their fortifications, or recording the strength of their armies, or my opinion of the Czar or the Russian mode of warfare, but was afraid they might throw me into prison when they commenced reading the following description of the Cossack soldier: "Cap, blouse, high-top boots, large pants, belt, hair short, seldom beard except mustache, crucifix on neck, strong, broad-shouldered, rifle, bayonet, long dagger, ammunition, kettle, cup, spoon, soap, towel, haversack, bag, tea, sugar, black bread, rice, needle, thread, change of clothing, blanket and shoemaker's tools."

Released, and Off for Home

After the foregoing had been read to them they turned to me and gravely demanded why I wrote it. I told them that I was a teacher in America and desired simply to tell my pupils how a Russian soldier is equipped. They were not satisfied with the examination of my note-book, so looked at my passport and professional testimonials to see if I had told them the truth about being a teacher. They also read a letter I had from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a pass from the governor at Blagovechtchensk, a letter from the Russian Consul General at New York, a letter from Mr. Chustova, a Russian gentleman at Stretensk, legal permission from the chief of police at Vladivostok to leave the empire, and other documents.

They held a short consultation, then, without saying another word to me, walked out of the court-room and left me entirely alone. I gathered up my papers, which had been spread upon the table, and on the lightest foot that ever touched the streets of Port Arthur made my way to the ship, which was nearly ready to start for Nagasaki, in Japan, and thence home.

FREDERICK A. NORTH.

LONDON'S CHRISTIAN POLICE UNION

THE "Christian Police Association of London" is an unsectarian and non-political union, having for its object the welfare both spiritual and temporal, of policemen and their families. As a Prayer Union, it is designed for the promotion of true Christianity in the police force, and its full membership is open to all policemen who "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" with the heart, are willing to confess him before men and are desirous of following him in their lives. Members agree to pray for one another, and to work for Christ as they have opportunity.

Connected with this association are: (1) A Police Bible Reading Union, to promote the daily study of the Word of God. (2) A Police Temperance Union, to promote Total Abstinence. (3) A Woman's Branch for the Christian wives and mothers of policemen. (4) A Police Missionary Union, supported almost entirely by the subscriptions of policemen. The "Willing Hearted Helpers' Band" was started as an auxiliary to the association, to enable all interested in God's work among the police to become "Helpers" and "Workers together with Him." Established through the agency of the association are various police institutes, convalescent homes and orphanages.

This association was organized in London, England, by Miss Catharine Gurney, with the full approval of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan and City Police, and now has branches in many parts of the world. Each city and borough branch in London has its own committee, consisting of members of the force, with the honorary secretary and the workers of the branch as honorary members.

Each member receives a card, on which is printed the foundation rule, "That all policemen be invited to join this association who can truthfully say that they believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart, are willing to confess him with the mouth (Rom. 10:9, 10), and are determined by his grace to follow him in their life (John 12:26)."

Each branch holds monthly or quarterly meetings, to which all policemen and their wives are invited. These meetings have been found by those who attend them to be seasons of true spiritual refreshment, and as such are eagerly looked forward to by all. In the county forces, it is impossible for members to meet regularly, and there the need of fellowship and help is met by correspondence, a quarterly letter being sent by the honorary secretary to each member of the C. P. A., and, often, to each member of the force. Educational classes are also held in many centres, and also singing classes, meetings for policemen's wives, and classes for their children. A Prayer Union has also been started for wives and mothers, in connection with the C. P. A.

Many members of the force, who formerly never opened their Bibles, have begun to read the word of God regularly, and to attend the Bible class. Others have commenced to pray, often for the first time; or old home teachings have been brought to their remembrance, and a Christian mother's influence has been revived. Who can say how many prayers of dear ones, now in glory, are thus being answered? Many Christian men, who were formerly hiding their colors, have been led to confess Christ openly. Some who were unknown to each other before as brethren in the Lord have now been brought together, and are thereby strengthened and encouraged. A notable instance of this occurred at one of the earliest meetings held in connection with the association. A Christian constable had just sat down after testifying for Christ, when another man rose and said: "I have passed the last speaker on my beat now for some years, but did not know until this afternoon that he was a Christian." "Well," rejoined the other, "I did not know you were one either." Thus were these two brought together, to be mutual help to one another in the time to come. Many of the members are helping forward the Lord's work in holding Gospel temperance meetings, and in various other ways.

In New York the work progresses steadily under the care of Miss S. R. Kendall. The C. P. A. rooms in West 30th street are open all day long for the use of the police, and a meeting is held every afternoon to plead for God's blessing on the force, besides meetings for Bible study, testimony, and gospel addresses on several days in the week. Though the attendance is not large, it is steadily increasing.

POLICE ORPHANAGE AT SURREY

POLICE ORPHANAGE AND CONVALESCENT HOME, HARROGATE

WORLD'S GENERAL TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

SOBER LIVING

International Sunday School Lesson for November 25th: Titus 2: 1-15.

CHRIST AT THE TABLE

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: Titus 2: 12: "We should live soberly, righteously, godly in this present world."

A WORLD lesson on a world problem. At the suggestion of the London Sunday School Union, the International Sunday School Convention has designated the fourth Sunday in November in each year as the "World's Temperance Sunday," by way of building for the twenty-five millions in the Sunday Schools of all nations a breakwater against the holiday flood of temptations. It is hardly less than sacrilege to use the sacred Thanksgiving and Christmas as times of increased dissipation. Some prefer an October date for Temperance Sunday in order to influence the November elections, but if Christian sentiment is to influence them effectually it will need to begin, not a week, but a whole year before the voting. It should also begin with the duty of personal abstinence as the only secure pedestal of prohibition. It is to abstinence alone that Paul devoted the present lesson, because he was under a despotism where Christians could not make laws, and because the world was no more ready for prohibition than for emancipation.

A world lesson on a world problem never so serious as now. Dr. James S. Dennis, author of that masterpiece of missionary literature, *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, declares that viewing the world at large intemperance is increasing, especially in missionary lands, through the liquor traffic, thrust upon them by Christian nations. It is too little known that half the world has been under total abstinence religions, furnishing seven hundred millions of arguments against the shallow theory that the desire for drink is universal and natural, and that the traffic must therefore be tolerated. The most awful crime of Christendom is that by permission of Christian citizens, Christian nations are breaking down this one great virtue of heathen religions. When we find in this lesson about the missionary island of Crete, that the "aged women" and "young women," as well as "aged men" and "young men," needed to be exhorted not to get drunk, we recognize without further evidence that Crete was being "civilized." The process was less atrocious then, for they had only wine—no "Holland gin" or "New England rum," the vilest drinks that ever burned their way down human throats with their hellish fire. Dr. Dennis' statement that on the whole the consumption and consequences of drink are increasing is confirmed by a recent official report to the British Parliament, which finds a decrease only in Canada, where the per capita consumption of alcoholics is only four gallons, as against seventeen in the United States. While Canada consumes less than one-fourth as much as we do, Australasia consumes only three-fourths as much as we do—the record of New Zealand and Tasmania being next best to Canada of all the world. The sad statistics of the United States are outdone by those of Great Britain. Germany, despite the lager beer that is supposed by some to be substituted for harder drinks, consumes increasing quantities of distilled liquors, and so France also, the hardest drinker among the nations, where the "wine cure" has not prevented an alarming increase in the use of absinthe and other "distilled damnation." Worse than the home consumption is the way in which the two foremost nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States, have debauched with drink the weaker races they have essayed to uplift. As Congress is about to meet, let the following resolution be adopted by teachers' meetings, missionary societies, churches and other bodies, and let the petitions authorized be sent at once to the proper Congressman and Senator and to the President: "Resolved, that we hereby authorize the officers of this meeting to petition Congress and the President for the abolition of saloons in our army and islands; and for a law forbidding American traders to sell intoxicants in the New Hebrides and other islands not our own, corresponding to England's law; and we further petition the Senate to ratify the pending treaty entered into in 1899 by the great nations of the world to extend the protection against intoxicants previously granted to the Congo Free State to a larger zone of Central Africa; and we also petition the Senate to propose the world-wide extension of this mandate of true civilization to all child races at least."

A world lesson for "this present world," as the Golden Text reminds us. Paul's Epistle to Titus, no less than the Epistle of James, is devoted to making a "better world" here and now. They have not studied the Bible intelligently who have made religion only or chiefly an effort to save souls in heaven. Paul is often spoken of as the advocate of faith, while James is arrayed against him as the apostle of good works. But the faith Paul advocates, as we see in Titus and the 11th of Hebrews, is a faith that ripens in faithfulness. Sir Joshua Reynolds pictured faith as a heaven-gazing maiden, but the faith pictured in these passages may be described by a paraphrase of Bryant's ode to liberty:

O faith, thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl . . . .
A bearded man, armed to the teeth art thou;
One mailed hand grasps the broad shield,
And one the sword.

. . .

Does the Bible Teach Abstinence or Moderation? *Speak thou the things which befit (literally) healthful teaching.* Some teachers are hesitant in teaching Bible temperance lessons, because they are not fully persuaded that the Scriptures command total abstinence. To such, Dr. A. E. Dunning says: "We do not need a direct precept of the Bible to teach total abstinence. Such admonitions as this lesson gives to follow righteousness and avoid wickedness are sufficient. [He shows how drink promotes almost every form of sin, and that consequently to avoid these sins we must avoid drink]. The Bible tells us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. We know that the use of liquor as a beverage tends to make drunkards."

The Bible, Revised Version, has this command: "Abstain from every form of evil" (I. Thess. 5: 22). By irresistible logic, this requires total abstinence from intoxicants, since that which prompts to every form of evil must itself be one of the forms of evil. The old plea of the tippler that the Bible says, "Let your moderation be known to all men" (Philip 4: 5) has been swept away by the more correct translation of the Revision, "Let your forbearance be known unto all men." The Bible, not alone in single proof texts, but in the great onflowing, resistless tide of its teaching, requires us to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." We are to use temperately whatever is good in itself, but abstain altogether from whatever is harmful and evil.

John Wesley's mother once wrote to him when he was in college, "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule, Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing, to you, is sin."

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low vaulted past;
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thy outworn shell by life's unresting sea.

Gray-headed Drunkards Admonished *That aged men be temperate, grave . . . aged women likewise . . . not slanderers nor enslaved to much wine,* What a condition Paul and Titus must have confronted inside the church of Crete when even the "mothers in Israel" had to be warned against enslavement by drink! Crete has always had a bad name for "fleshly lusts that war against the soul." Paul quotes one of their own prophets as saying, "Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons" (Titus 1: 12). To such a people, however, Paul did not hesitate to send the Gospel by the lips of Titus, one of his Gentile converts. In this epistle Paul encourages and instructs him how to develop his hard field. Thousands of such human animals the Gospel has transformed. Strange that we should be so sceptical of the power of the Gospel to transform the savages of foreign mission fields and the savages of our cities and frontiers, when we are daily reminded by the very names of the days of the week that our own ancestors were idol-worshiping savages. And when we read how they drank deep from the skulls of their foes, how can we doubt that the Gospel can to-day overmatch intemperance? That which has transformed savage Britons into Christian Englishmen can change those who are "earthly, sensual, devilish," into spiritual, generous, courageous Christians.

. . .

How Alcohol Wrongs the Children *The young women to love their husbands, to love their children, to be sober-minded.* Professor Drummond finds all through the world of life, from the lowest forms to the highest, not only the masculine selfish "struggle for life," but also the unselfish feminine "struggle for the life of others." The lion fights for food, but the bravest battles of the lioness are to defend her young. So to-day the men in the church are too exclusively occupied with the struggle for life, in the battle for bread for themselves and their families, and they leave too much to the mothers the battle for the life of others, the defence of the children against the saloons and other perils.

It is the mothers and children who suffer most from the drink traffic.

A little boy, when in a store, said:

"Well, the saloons are open again."

"Yes," answered the merchant, "and does it make any difference to you, my little man?"

"Well," said the boy, hesitatingly, "we don't have so much to eat at our house when the saloons are open."

This calls up the thought that although Paul could do nothing but exhort men not to buy or sell drink, Christians of to-day, as a result of Paul's teachings developing into popular governments, can do something besides exhort. God's full plan of law and Gospel can now be applied. Gladstone's great saying, that it is the purpose of law to make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right, finds its best illustration in laws that protect tempted youth by closing the pitfalls when gambling, intemperance and impurity are promoted as a matter of business.

We can make men moral by law to the same extent that we can make men healthy by law. Formerly the plague swept like a destroying flood over Europe about once in ten years, and men bowed their heads in their streets and said, "It is a visitation of God." They counted it a "necessary evil." But wiser men inaugurated street cleaning and public sanitation, and as a result the plague almost wholly disappeared from the world, and the average length of life was increased two years. Men had been made more healthy by law, not necessarily but inevitably, by creating a better environment; and so our tempted young people, though each one may do wrong if he will, are "made moral by law," the sin decreasing inevitably wherever the temptations to it are removed. The so-called "necessary evils" could be almost totally abolished if efforts as persistent and systematic as have been made to protect physical health were made to protect moral health. In some extreme cases law and order work is needed, but nine-tenths of the people who are corrupting youth, many of them respectable citizens doing it thoughtlessly, would stop if asked to do so by an impressive delegation representing the guardians of children, parents and teachers. The only arrest needed by most wrong-doers is "the arrest of thought."

. . .

Perils of Young Men *The younger men likewise exhort to be sober-minded.* The statistics often published showing how few young men are in the churches and Sunday Schools, how many in the saloons and jails, should arouse us like a fire-bell. In almost any saloon on any evening you will find the majority of the patrons are young men, more in one of a hundred saloons than you will find then at the Y. M. C. A., or the following Sunday at any Sunday School or church.

If the influence of drink showed itself only in physical injury, it would be bad enough, but our lesson reminds us that drink is but one of a fraternity of vices. With it goes vile talk, for one thing, calling for a special fight in itself. When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers, after the matches, the boys became accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth and silly jokes, and the talk sometimes became bad. At last Patteson could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one

AN OLD PRINT OF PETER AND PAUL

night, and said, clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination: "I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it; and I can not listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go." Instead of his going, the bad talk had to go. Browning shows that the root of nearly all vices is the lack of a girded will:

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is the unlit lamp, and the ungirt loin,
'Tho the end in sight was a vice.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Presidential Election

IN every city, town and village of our broad land the one supreme subject of interest in the news of the past week was the re-election of President McKinley for another term in the White House. To one-half the nation the news flashed through the land on Wednesday morning brought joy and gladness, while to the other half it was a disappointment. This was inevitable and it was no more than has occurred in former years. It now becomes the duty of every patriot to accept the decision of the polls with all loyalty, and laying aside all bitterness and discontent to work cheerfully for the good of our common country. We have reason for thankfulness that we live in a land where these matters are settled by votes and not by revolution, and that our people are sufficiently patriotic and self-disciplined to bow to the decision of the majority even when they do not approve it. It is gratifying, too, to notice that the campaign just closed has been of a cleaner character than those of former times. There has been less of personal abuse, less of vituperation, and more of discussion of principles than in previous campaigns. This indicates national progress and a recognition of the fact that intelligent men may differ on questions of national policy without imputing to one another unworthy motives or evil designs. There is no reason for despair of the national future on the part of the party that has failed to elect its candidate. This country has passed safely through crises in the past, in spite of the pessimistic predictions of the politicians. God still rules among the nations of the earth, and we may be quite sure that the destinies of this great country are safe in his hands. It is also encouraging to remember that the President is a God-fearing man who relies for guidance in his responsible position on the same beneficent Power as we depend on in our humbler spheres, and to him as to us the same promise is made:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him (James 1:5).

Fighting a Treacherous Foe

Thrilling stories of the defence of the British Legation in Pekin, by the European and American residents are told by those who went through the awful experience. After the German Ambassador had been killed in the street, it became clear that no foreigner was safe. One legation after another was attacked and at last it was realized that the only hope of any of the ambassadors and their suites being saved was for all to get together and unite their forces. The British Legation offered the best facilities for defence as it occupied a large area and was surrounded by high walls. Thither, therefore, the Europeans fled, and shortly afterward they were joined by the Americans and the Japanese. On June 20 all were safe within the walls which were quickly surrounded by a yelling mob of Chinese, who threatened to burn the legation and murder the inmates. Every available carpet, curtain, tablecloth and sheet was made up into a sandbag by the ladies of the legation, was filled with earth by the servants and piled around the interior buildings, and a ten-foot trench was dug around the premises. Fortunately, a few guns had been brought by the marines, and they were dragged into position; but the supply of ammunition was so small that it had to be carefully economized. Day after day, and sometimes all night long, the Chinese kept up a hot fire. In spite of all the precautions men were killed and many wounded. Bomb-proof shelters for the women and children were dug, but the women nobly refused to provide for their own safety, while their fathers, husbands and brothers were fighting. They busied themselves serving out ammunition to the men at the loop-holes and in helping the wounded. As the days passed the subject of food became serious. By the beginning of August, horseflesh became the only diet, with a little porridge and bread. Such luxuries as canned milk and a few chickens were reserved for the sick in the hospital, which had been hastily constructed. At last, on August 13th, after the siege had continued fifty-four days, and the garrison were almost in despair, the welcome sound of foreign cannon was heard in the distance. Every one was cheered, but they were in greater danger than ever. The Chinese realized that unless the brave defenders were annihilated that night the chance of massacreing them would be lost. They made the fiercest attack of the whole siege soon after midnight, and the garrison, exhausted by insufficient food and by loss of sleep, their numbers thinned by death and wounds and fever, were nearly overwhelmed. But they fought bravely, and held their assailants back until the international army arrived and forced the Chinese to flee for their lives. So it happens in the Christian's struggle with the great enemy of souls.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKIN

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, . . . thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies (Ps. 41:2).

Our Greatest Scales

The largest as well as the most accurate weighing machine in the country is now the great scales at the Navy Department at Washington, D. C. Formerly the scales of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Baltimore and Ohio, each with a capacity of a hundred tons, held the palm, but Uncle Sam's scales surpass both these instruments in capacity and accuracy. A recent visitor to Washington saw an impressive exhibition of the capacity of this instrument. A fragment of brick was placed on the weighing platform and though it weighed less than a pound, its weight was correctly indicated. Shortly afterwards two huge thirteen-inch guns, weighing over fifty-five tons each, were brought on heavy freight-cars to be weighed and the same scales accurately registered the vast weight. Considerable skill and care were exercised in producing a machine of such vast capacity. Some of the most sensitive parts were manufactured specially for it. Much of the machinery is underground, resting on solid beds of concrete, and great care was taken to have the foundation so firm that there should be no depression or vibration, no matter how colossal the weight by which the scales were tested. Great pride is felt in the accuracy and sensitiveness of the instrument, which seems to be as nearly perfect as man can make it; but like all human productions it fails to attain the perfection of God's work, which reaches a sphere beyond our capacity.

The Lord weigheth the spirits (Prov. 16:2).

Telephones in the Grave

An apparatus to save the life of a person who has been buried alive has been invented by a Frenchman. It consists of a tube, which is inserted in the soil of the grave above the coffin, and passes through the coffin lid, almost touching the breast of the body. Inside the tube is a wire to which a plate or ball is attached. If a person has been buried alive, he would naturally, on recovering consciousness, attempt to rise, or to raise his hands. In either case, if the apparatus invented by the Frenchman had been put in the grave, the ball or plate would be moved. This would set ringing a bell placed in a box above the grave and keep it ringing for half an hour. It would, also, by applying the principle of the burglar alarm, call up the Central Telephone Station, from which help could be speedily sent to the cemetery, if the ringing of the bell over the grave had not already given the alarm to the attendants. Probably some persons who have a nervous dread of premature burial may exact a promise from their relatives to have such an apparatus attached to their graves. The number to whom it would be of service would be extremely small, if indeed any are ever buried alive. A much more important matter is for preparations to be made for that day of universal awakening which will come to all the dead, when eternal happiness or unutterable woe will depend on the acceptance or neglect in this life of the offer of salvation.

Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt (Daniel 12:2).

A Precaution Omitted

A case of fatal negligence has occurred in the service of an electric lighting company in New York. The company employs men during the day-time to test their wires, especially in the vicinity of any lamps which are reported to have been burning dimly or intermittently during the preceding night. As it is an extremely dangerous occupation the men chosen for it are the most experienced employees, who know how to avoid danger. One of these, with his helper, was sent out to the west side of the city, where the wires were known to be faulty. He worked for an hour or more making his tests and repairing where it could be done with the tools he had with him. He was near the home of a friend at that time and he looked in for a few minutes to chat with him. He soon came out again and resumed his work; but he had removed his rubber gloves when he went to his friend's house and he did not put them on again when he ascended the next pole. In a few moments his helper heard a heavy thud and looking around saw the lineman prostrate on the ground. He went to his assistance, but the man was dead. A black streak on his hands showed where the fatal current had entered his body. In his pocket were the rubber gloves that would have protected him. It seems strange that so experienced a man should have neglected the simple precaution, yet nothing is so common in the affairs of the soul. There are multitudes who know the way of salvation and are familiar with Gospel truth, who do not apply it to their own hearts and lives.

To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin (James 4:17).

Unwelcome Guests

Two men appeared in a police court in New York a few days ago to answer the charge of intrusion at a wedding. A young couple had been married at St. Agnes's Church, and after the ceremony, a grand supper was spread at the Marlborough Hotel for the guests. It was arranged that the supper should be followed by a dance, and when all had partaken of it and had gone upstairs to the dancing-room, the windows of the supper-room were left open. About half an hour afterwards, one of the guests having occasion to return to the supper-room saw, to his astonishment, two men, apparently tramps, seated at the table eating the delicacies and drinking the wines. He hurried back and told the bride's father what he had seen. At once the police were sent for and the two men were arrested. Before the magistrate, they made the excuse that they were standing outside, looking into the brilliantly-lighted apartment, when one of the guests asked them why they did not come in and drink. They waited until all the guests had disappeared and then entered by the window. If the invitation was really given, it was probably the idle jest of some hilarious guest and the men must have known that they had no right to the viands and the wines. It would be well if this experience taught them the danger of being excluded from that great supper of the ages, the marriage supper of the Lamb, to which they, in common with all men, are invited, but to which none will be admitted but they who have accepted his salvation.

The wedding is ready but they which were bidden were not worthy (Matt. 22:8).

BRIEF NOTES

Next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain letters from correspondents on the question raised in THE MAIL-BAG, of the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Table; also an important article by Dr. Talmage, emphatically endorsing the use of such wine and showing that it is justified by Scripture.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commenced a series of revival services in Indianapolis on November 11. They are being held in Roberts Park Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Dr. Bacon is pastor. In 1881, Mr. Harrison held services in the same church for twelve consecutive weeks. Many of his helpers are the men and women who were converted under his preaching nearly twenty years ago.

The Interdenominational Council of Women for Christian and Patriotic service recently organized in New York with Mrs. Darwin R. James as president and Miss Helen Gould and Mrs. R. S. MacArthur as vice presidents, has resolved to direct its first aggressive effort to securing the passage of a constitutional amendment making polygamy a crime in every State and Territory.

Among the Christian workers at Plymouth, Mass., are two foreigners of note. One is an Italian known among his countrymen as "The Marquis." He is of noble birth, and for some years held office in the Guard of St. Peter's. His sermons are thoroughly evangelical and are attended by large numbers of Italians. The other is an Armenian from Tarsus, St. Paul's native city. He was educated at Aintab College, in Central Turkey. He speaks excellent English, and has been very useful during his sojourn in this country.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER L.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. PETTI

SAMANTHA HOME AGAIN

WHEN I sot out to git Miss Bobbett's woosted (and layin' out to sarahuptishushly go on and see the widder Albert without my pardner's knowledge) Josiah helped me into the handsome, pretty calm in liniment, though he eyed the driver dretful clost. He wuz a humbly creeter with a wart on his nose, but Josiah looked at him with a cross, jealous look, and I hearn him mutter, "Three times have you rid out with this man to my knowledge." But then I am used to such looks and acts; I've seen him cast just such looks onto Elder Minkley when I wuz praisin' his sermons, and onto tramps if I fed 'em up high.

Well, you wouldn't believe it, nobody would, but when I got to my destination, and riz up in that handsome ready to alight, and the driver wuz jest a goin' to assist me, my pardner pushed him aside kinder brusque and unmannerly, and sez to me:

"I concluded that I would stroll down this way, Samantha, and help you pick out the woosted."

Stroll down! It wuz three milds at least. He had took a quicker convenience and got there before me, and he sez to the driver in a overbearin', defiant tone:

"You can go your ways; I will see my wife back to the tarven."

But I gin the driver a look intercepted by Josiah, and sez with dignity, "You can wait for me a few minutes; I may be back and want you."

The look my pardner giv' him wuz enough to throw him off his perch, but bein' used to hurricanes and such he withstood it and sez, "I will wait, mum."

Josiah's Strategy

Well, I picked out the woosted, Josiah bein' as clost to my side as he ever wuz durin' courtship. What could I do! A woman's brain is fertile, but she can't raise potatoes on a dry oven or merrygolds on a lamp chimbly. Give up that visit I could not. Take Josiah with me with them insurmountable hampers holdin' me back, I would not. What should I do?

Sez I, "Josiah Allen, you need a new hat and neck-tie; none of the bretheren to home in the M. E. church have got London accessories to shine in."

Fur be it from me to encourage such feelin's in cold blood. But I wuz het up with excitement and hope it won't be writ down aginst me, or if it is, hope the same page will show a diagram of my feelin's.

Sez he, "Go with me, Samantha, and help pick it out."

"No," sez I, "I would ruther you would show your own taste, Josiah."

He sot off, and I also hurried to the door, thinkin' I should most probable be punished by seein' Josiah start for meetin' with a broad-brimmed felt hat, flappin' about his ears, or a lady's walkin' hat.

I got to the sidewalk and signaled the driver, who wuz just drawin' nigh, when Josiah hastened forwards and drawed my arm through his.

"Have you got your hat and necktie?" sez I faintly.

"No, the old ones are good enough for a wretch like me."

"What do you mean?" sez I.

"A broken-hearted, deceived man!" sez he. "And now!" sez he glarin' at the approachin' driver as Cain might have looked at Abel, "I want you to explain yourself! I will brook no more. Time after time have you rid out with this man, and now you wuz tryin' to evade me agin."

I see I must explain: I could brook no such insinuations, and sez I comin' out plain, "I wuz tryin' to git away to see the widder Albert."

"See her?" sez he. "Didn't I tell you I wanted to go, too?"

"Yes," sez I, "Josiah, but there wuz hampers in the way of my takin' you."

Sez he bitterly, "My first conjecture wuz true; you don't think me good enough to go and see the widder."

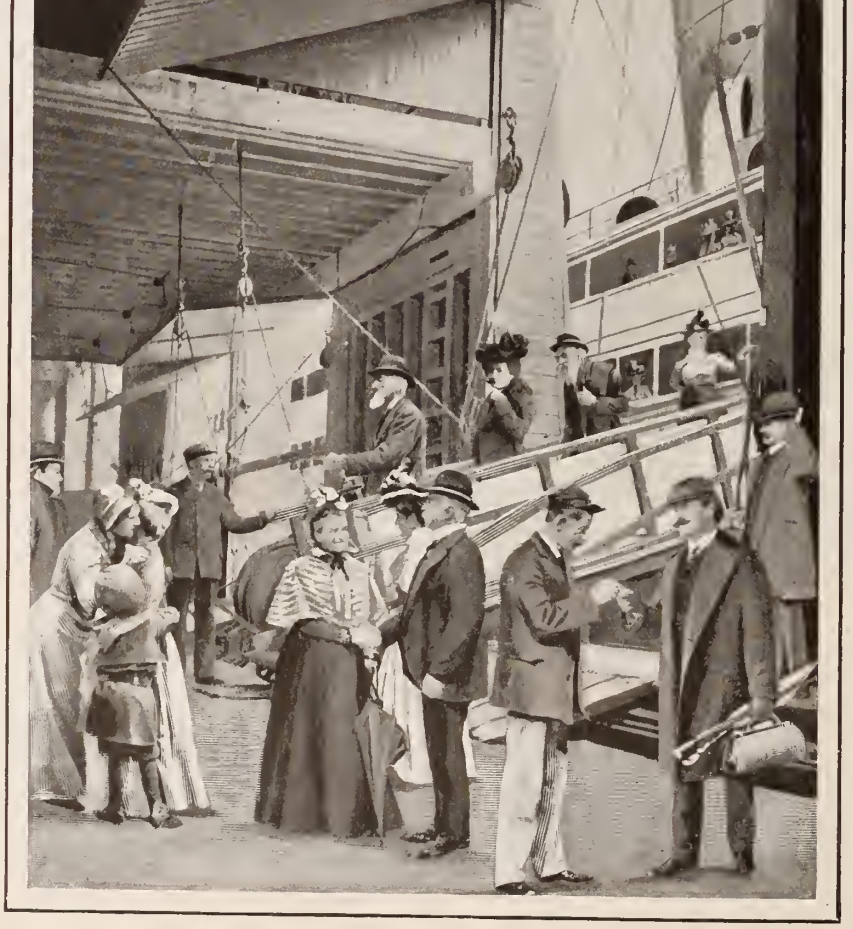
Sez I, "I think you are too good, Josiah, or that is, it is my pride in you that stands in the way. It is a lovin' pride that makes me want you to appear your very best before such a woman as that. I feel towards you as I do towards America, Josiah, I want you both always to put your best foot forrerd, but specially before them I think so high on."

"In what do I lack?" sez he with a real proud, self-satisfied look.

Sez I, "Your clothes hain't fit, Josiah; towers, as you know, are wearin' on broadcloth. And havin' such a reputation to maintain, and the cast-iron principles to show out that an author can be and generally is as good a housekeeper as wimmen that think Ruskin is a winter apple, could I take my own pardner with a sammon colored shirt on to see her who set such store by her pardner, and I dare say kep' his shirts white as snow, and his clothes all mended up as you well know I do when to hum. No, I can't, I can't!"

And my feelin's overcome me, and I covered my face in my snowy handkerchief. I didn't weep I know, for my eyes felt dry, but I sithed fearful, for I hearn myself, and he did too.

He looked at his buff-colored cuffs and his frayed-out vest, and he see that I had reason on my side, and in his relief from his worst suspicions he didn't git mad as he might have done at another time, and then comparin' him as I did to America soothed him some. He turned onto his heel, and with a dejected mean silently started for the handsome to help me in. Had he argyed the question or acted huffy I'd no what the result would have been. But that sad, broken-hearted demeanor, every pardner who truly loves knows how it ended. I waved off the handsome almost imperiously; we took a four-wheeler and returned in state, I a not mindin' the expense so I could soothe my pardner's sad heart.



SAMANTHA AND JOSIAH ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

I wuz bitterly disappointed about not goin' after I had sent word too. But mebby it wuz for the best: we might have got to arguin' about England's doin's with the Boors, and I might have said sunthin' hash. You know when two wimmen are gittin' along in years and are great talkers, git to visitin' one word brings on another, and before you know it they have said things better left onsaid. Or she might have twitted me of America's shortcomin's, and I couldn't have stood that, for though a ma will find fault with her own children for their good, woe be to the one that jines in with her, especially if it is another ma. So mebby it wuz for the best, though it wuz a blow to me, and doubtless wuz to her, if she heard on't, but to make sure that she shouldn't feel hurt and mortified and think I'd slighted her, I sent her a letter, which I composed that very day and sent the last minute.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy bought lots of things that they said they coul git cheaper in England, and Arvilly con home in great sperits; she had sold thr books, had sold herself out and we home with an empty box but a full purs Robert wuz busy up to the last minut but managed to spend time to take Tomm to see some famous waxworks he ha promised to.

The next morning bright and early w went aboard the ship that wuz to take u home. It wuz a fair day; the fog disperse and the sun shone out with promise an the waves talked to me of Home, Swe Home. I posted the letter I spoke o with my own hands. I directed it

WIDDER ALBERT,
London, England.

And she has probable got it before nov and I'm lookin' for an answer to it ever day. It runs as follers:

"Dear and revered Queen and Widder:

"I tried my best to git to see you whils in London, but Josiah's clothes wuzn fit; he had frayed 'em out on a tower, an his shirts wuz yeller as saffern, half washe by underlins. I wouldn't demean him i your sight by bringin' him with me and h wuz worrisome and I couldn't leave him You've been married and you know hov it is.

Samantha's Tribute to Victoria

"So I have to return home sad-hearte without settin' my eyes on the face of woman I honor and set store by, a good wife, a good mother, a good ruler. Th world hangs your example up and i workin' up to the pattern and will in fu ture generations. No doubt there is a few stitches that might be sot evener i the sampler, but the hull thing is a hono to our humanity and the world at large. bow to your memory as I would to you i deep honor and esteem. And if we do not meet here below may we meet in them heavenly fields you and your Albert Josiah and I, young and happy, al earthly distinctions washed off in the swellin's of Jordan.

"And so God bless you clear down to the river banks whose waves are a swashin' up so clost to our feet, and adoo." JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It wuz a cold lowerin' day when the good ship bore us into New York harbor. The gray clouds hung low some as if they wuz a sombry canopy ready to cover up sunthin, a crime or a grief, or a tomb, or mebby all on 'em, and a few cold drops fell down from the sky ever and anon, some like tears, only chill and icy as death.

These thoughts come into my mind onbid as I looked on the heavy pall of dark clouds that hung low over our heads some like the dark drapery hangin' over a bier.

But anon and bime bye these dark meditations died away, for what wuz cloud or cold, or white icy shores? It wuz home that waited for us; Jonesville and my dear ones dwelt on that shore approachin' us so fast. Bitter, icy winds would make the warm glowin' hearth fire of home seem brighter. Love would make its own sunshine. Happiness would warm the chill of the cold November day.

Thomas J. and Maggie stood on the pier, both well and strong; Tommy sprung into their arms. They looked onto his round rosy face through tears of gratitude and thankfulness and embraced me with the same. And wuzn't Thomas J. happy? Yes, indeed he wuz, when he held his boy in his arms and had holt of his ma's hands, and his pa's too. And Maggie, too, how warmly she embraced us with tears and smiles chasing each other over her pretty face. Tirzah Ann and Whitfield wuz in the city, but didn't come to the minute, bein' belated, as we learnt afterwards, by Tirzah Ann a waverin' in a big depart-

ent store between a pink and a blue iffon front for a new dress.

But they appeared in a few minutes, rzah Ann with her arms full of bundles hich dribbled onnoticed on the pier as e advanced and throwed her arms round r pa's and ma's neck. Love is home, d with our dear children's arms about and their warm smiles of delight and elcome and their loving words in our r, we had got home.

The children wuz stayin' at a fashion- le boardin' house, kept by Miss Eliphat Snow, a distant relation of Maggie's, ho had lost her pardner and her prop- ty, but kep' her pride and took boarders

"HE WUZ JUST DRAWIN' NIGH, WHEN JOSIAH CAME FORWARD"

r company, so she said. And we wuz ll goin' to start for Jonesville together he next day. But as the baggage of our arty wuz kinder mixed up, Josiah and I hought we would go with Miss Meechim's arty to the tarven and stay.

Robert Strong and our son, Thomas J., iet like two ships of one line with one ag wavin' over 'em, and bearing the ame sealed orders from their Captain bove. How congenial they wuz, they ad been friends always, made so onbe- nown to them, they only had to discover ach other, and then they wuz intimate to nce, and dear.

Dorothy and Miss Meechim and the hildren greeted each other with smiles nd glad, gay words. Yes, all wuz a appy confusion of light words, gay aughter, Saratoga trunks, smiles, joy, atchel bags—we had got home.

A Shadow of Sorrow

As I stood there surrounded by all hat I prized most on earth I had a glimpse of a haggard lookin' form ar- ayed in tattered finery, a bent figure, a oung old face, old with drink and dissi- ation, that looked some way familiar, hough I couldn't place her. She looked t our party with a strange interest and eemed to say some murmured words of rayer or blessing or appeal, and disap- eared—soon forgot in our boundless joy nd the cares tendin' to our baggage.

Arvilly wuz glad to set her feet on hore, for she too loved her native land vith the love that a good principled, but tern stepmother has for a interestin' out worrisome child that she's bringin' up y hand. She thought she would go with he children to their boarding-place, navin' knowed Miss Eliphalet Snow in heir young days, when Miss Snow wuz nigh-headed and looked down on her, and vantin' to dant her, I spoze, with accounts f her foreign travel. And we parted o meet agin in the mornin' to resoom our oyage to Jonesville—blessed harbor where we could moor our two barks, Jo- iah's and mine, and be at rest.

Miss Meechim and Dorothy and Rob- rt laid out to start for California the next day, as business wuz callin' Robert there loud and he had to respond.

And I may as well tell it now as any time, for it has got to be told. I knowed t wuz told to me in confidence, and it must be kep' for a spell anyway, Robert and Dorothy wuz engaged, and they wuz goin' to be married in a short time in her own beautiful home in San Francisco. Now you needn't try to git me to tell who told me, for I am not as sot as cast iron on that. I shall mention no names, I only simply remarkin' that Dorothy and Robert set store by me and I by them. Them that told me said that they felt like death to not tell Miss Meechim of the engagement, but knowin' her onconquerable repugnance to matrimony and to Dorothy's marriage in particular, and not knowin' but what the news would kill her stun dead, them that told me said they felt that they had better git her back to her own native shores before bein' told, which I felt wuz reasonable.

Dorothy and Robert

How I did hate to part with sweet Dorothy, I loved her and she me visey versey. And Robert Strong, he sot up in my heart next to Thomas J., and crowdin' up pretty clost to him too. Miss Meechim also had her properties, and we had gone through wearisome travel, dangers and fatigues, pleasant rest, delightful sight-seeing, poor vittles, joy and grief together, and it wuz hard to break up old ties. But it had to be. Our life here on this planet is made up of meetin's and partin's. It is hail and farewell with us from the cradle to the grave.

We all retired early, bein' tired out, and we slept well, little thinkin' of the ghastly shape that would meet us on the thresholt of the new day. But, oh, my erring but beloved country! why ortn't we to expect it as long as you keep the mills a-goin' that turns out such black, ghastly shadders by the thousands and thousands all the time, all the time, to enwrap your children.

Dorothy never knowed it—what wuz the use of cloudin' her bright young life with the awful shadder? But then, as I told Robert, that black, dretful pall hangs over every home and every heart in our country and is liable to fall anywhere and at any time, no palace ruff is too high and no hovel ruff is too low to be agonized and darkened by its sombry folds.

But he said it would make Dorothy too wretched, and he could not have her told, and I agreed to it, but of course I told my pardner and his heart wuz wrung and his bandanna wet as sop in consequence on't. And he told Miss Meechim, too, that mornin', and her complaisant belief in genteel drinkin' and her conservative belief in the Poor Man's Club, wuz shook hard—how hard I didn't know until afterwards. Oh, how she, too, loved Aronette! The children when they wuz told on't mourned because we did, and on their own account too, for they sot store by her what little they had seen of her—for nobody could see her without loving her.

As for Arvilly, her ideas on intemperance couldn't be added to or diminished by anything, but she wep' and cried for days.

* * *

Well, I spoze you all want to know the peticulars. Robert Strong wuz the first one that left the tarven in the mornin'. He had to see a man very early on business. He went out by the ladies' entrance. And there crouched on the cold stun steps, waitin' we spozed to ketch another glimpse of Dorothy, and mebby to ask for help, for she wuz almost naked, and her plump little limbs almost skin and bone, dead and cold, frozen and starved, so we spozed, lay Aronette. Pretty, happy little girl, dearly beloved, thrown by Christian America to the wild beasts just as sure as Nero ever did, only while he threw his human victims to be torn and killed for fun, America throws her human victims, her choicest brightest youth, down to ruin and death, for greed. Which looks the worst in God's sight? I d'no nor Josiah don't.

The Fate of Aronette

Well, Robert called a ambulance, had the poor boney, ragged victim took to a hospital, but all efforts wuz vain to resuscitate her. She had gone to give in her evidence aginst America's license laws, aginst Army Canteen, Church and State, aginst Licensed Saloon Keeper, aginst highest official and lowest voter, aginst sinner and saint, who by their encouragement or indifference make such crimes possible.

The evidence wuz carried in, the criminals must meet it, it is waitin' for 'em, waitin'. Of course the New York parties who helped Robert, policemen, doctors, and nurses, thought very little of it, it wuz so common, all over the land, they said, such things was happening all the time from the same cause. And we knew it well, we knew of the wide open pit, veiled with tempting covering, wove by Selfishness and Greed, scattered over with flimsy flowers of excuse, palliation, expediency that tempts and engulfs our brightest youth, the noblest manhood, old and young, rich and poor—it is very common.

But to us who loved the pretty, merry little maid, rememberin' her so happy and so good, and saw her ruined and killed before our eyes by the country that should have protected her, we kept it in our hearts, we could not forgit it.

Robert Strong had her buried in a quiet corner of a cemetery and left orders for a stun cross to be put up to mark her grave. He asked me to write the epitaph, which he had carved in the marble, and I did:

ARONETTE
Young, Happy, Beloved—Murdered!
Vengence is mine saith the Lord.

Robert had it put on just as I writ it. He didn't tell Dorothy anything about her death till they got home. She never see the epitaph; it wuz true as truth itself, but it wuz hash, and might have made her bed-sick, lovin' Aronette as she did. But after Dorothy Strong wuz livin' with him, blessed and happy in their pretty, simple home in his City of Justice, then he told her that Aronette wuz dead, died in a hospital and wuz buried in a pleasant graveyard. And Dorothy mourned for her as she would for a beloved sister.

Yes, Dorothy will mourn for her all her days. The young man who wuz to marry her will live under the shadow of this sorrow all his life, for he is one of the constant ones who cannot forgit. The old grandmother in Normandie waited for letters from her darling which never came, and will die waiting for her.

The young man who enticed the pretty little maid into the canteen, licensed by America, and gave her stupefying drink, licensed by our laws, took her, staggering and stupid, to another dretful house, made as respectable as they can make it by our Christian civilization. He lived long enough, I spoze, to add several more victims to the countless list of such murders that lays on our country's doorsteps, and then he too died, a bloated, loathsome wreck, makin' another victim for the recording angel to mark down, if there is room in her enormous books of debt and credit with this traffic for another name. And I spoze there is, for them books tower up mountain high, and new ones have to be opened anon or oftener, and will I spoze till God's time of reckonin' comes and the books are opened and the debts paid.

(To be Continued)

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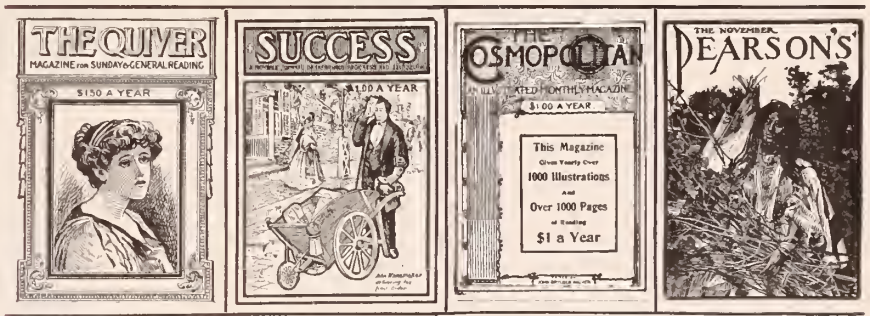

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Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Good Housekeeping

WHEREVER there is good housekeeping there is a keen and active brain behind it. Very probably there is no fuss, for the best housekeepers have a way of moving silently about their work. Our most burdened matrons have, owing to modern conveniences and appliances, a far easier time than their colonial ancestors had. In a sumptuous volume issued by the Century Company, and written by Helen Evertson Smith, of Sharon, Conn., we find an account of good housekeeping in the seventeenth century, which is in sharp contrast to our domestic machinery to-day.

"Floor coverings," says the author of *Colonial Days and Ways*, "were then a rarity even in palaces, and the sand and rushes which polished the boards or silenced the tread were as plentiful here as elsewhere. Porcelain was a luxury in any land—even delft was uncommon—and pewter was considered too fine for the daily use of any save the rich. Wooden dishes served on ordinary occasions in Old England and in the New, save among the wealthiest.

"Great, very great must have been the suffering from the cold and from the lack of suitable food. The earliest mention of chocolate in Connecticut is said to have been in 1679. Five years later coffee is first named, and tea not until 1695.

"For many years bread was hardly known, and this for several very good reasons. It was a difficult matter to preserve the leaven from one baking until the next. Either it would sour from too great heat or it would lose its vitality from the severe cold weather. To bake bread in an iron pot over the fire or under the same utensil inverted before the blaze was an undertaking very doubtful in its results; yet there was no other way, for the brick or stone ovens of a later date did not exist during the first decade, and, except in a few instances, probably not for a score of years longer. Until a sufficiency of breadstuffs could be raised here, which was not for several years, both wheat flour and oatmeal were imported in considerable quantities; but the first was costly even in England, and, as both often arrived in an exceedingly damaged condition, the roughly pounded or ground meal of Indian corn was for months at a time the staff of life.

"The larger part of the early colonial houses were of heavy timbers roughly squared by the ax, chinked with moss and lined with hewn planks two inches in thickness. In later days coats of plaster were put on over the planks, but during the first years the walls were made warm as well as picturesque by hangings of bear, deer, otter, wild cat and fox skins, whenever these could be spared from more pressing uses. The exterior walls were about two feet in thickness, which tells of the size of the forest trees that had been cut down to make them. The high-placed and deep-seated windows were scant in number and narrow and heavily barred.

"It is doubtful if the first of the windows were glazed. Oiled paper was the usual substitute."

The narrative goes on to relate that in cold weather these windows were defended by heavy wooden shutters both without and within, and that for light the family depended on candles, pine knots and the friendly blaze in the great open fireplace. Truly good housekeeping was a problem in old colonial days.

The Daughter's Room

As soon as she is old enough to take care of her room and keep it neat and dainty, the little girl should have a room of her very own. It is also well for a lad to have his room, but his interests are usually more pressing outside the home than in it, so that if either must wait awhile, it would better be Jimmie than Janie. Let her room have a pretty paper on its walls, and let the garniture of the room be white. Then we should exact from her daily attention to her room. It should be clean, orderly, and tidy—a daily object lesson to her as to character.

"Killed by Inches"

"It's killing me by inches." So a correspondent writes. What is this incubus, slowly eating out a good woman's life? It is worry, constant, depressing, sordid worry. There is an invalid in the home, whose sufferings are prolonged. There is a mortgage on the farm, and the interest is an ever-present menacing spectre. The mother is afraid that one of her boys is under stress of temptation; she disapproves of the lover of one of her daughters. Under an accumulation of cares and anxieties, she is always worried. Hence her plaint.

What is the remedy? It is twofold. Reduce expenses to the minimum. Try to trust the sick one to the Great Physician. Pray believingly to the Lord, who can help you in pecuniary troubles, as in all others. Ask him to shield the son. Be not too sure that your daughter cannot choose her own husband, as you did at her age, and cast your burden on the Lord.

The Shadow

Nothing in life is so common as death. No other shadow is so familiar. Not long ago death came suddenly to a good man in a little rural community. He had been kind to everyone, especially so to the poor. After he was laid to rest the whole town seemed saddened. One young lady said: "It is just as if we had all lost a father." The shadow is familiar, yet we never grow used to it. Always it brings us surprise; always we are lonely and for awhile cannot adjust ourselves to the strange vacancy in the home, at the table, and on the street. But the comfort is that we shall meet beyond the river, in the sweet bye and bye, and then partings will be no more forever.

Cloud-Bursts and Cyclones

In these autumnal days, stories reach us here of a cloud-burst, there of a tornado. Man is very weak, with all his boasted prowess, when the elemental forces are unleashed in their fury. One moment safety, the next devastation. I met an old lady on a train one day last summer. She said, asking me some question about the road, "I am just coming home from the cyclone country; it will be good to live again where they don't have those awful wind storms." I agreed with her. But wherever we dwell, we may be at peace, if we trust the Almighty, who is able to save, and who can preserve us in every extremity.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—EUGENIE. Pure candy eaten in moderation after meals will not be likely to injure a child's digestion.

—ELMA. Unless your friend's stories are very clever, bright and original, I advise her not to try to make a living by writing. The market is overcrowded.

—IMPECUNIOUS. A betrothal ring need not be a diamond; a turquoise will do very well. But an opal is not liked by everyone, and it would not be considered a good choice for an engagement ring.

—MATRON. Five o'clock tea is a matter of course in England, and many women find it very refreshing here. If it be the custom of the house to give a cup of tea to the afternoon visitor, serve slices of thin bread and butter and small, crisp cakes.

—BEREAVED MOTHER. So you, too, are grieving over your empty cradle. There are so many to keep you company. God comfort you! Your darling is safe in the arms of Jesus. If you can believe that all is well with her, you will cease to weep so bitterly.

GRETCHEN'S PETS

—WILLIE WEAVER. A lady does not take a man's arm in the daytime unless she is old, or infirm, or an invalid. In the evening in a lighted city street, a girl does not take a man's arm, though she may accept it in a crowd, or for protection in crossing a thoroughfare. Nobody takes a woman's arm except a kind policeman.

—MARIA. I think if the Lord had not meant us to eat meat, he would not have given us the teeth of carnivorous creatures. For most persons, some animal food is necessary to health. Eggs, milk and cheese are animal food. But roast beef, roast mutton, beefsteak and poultry help us to vigor.

—PUZZLED FATHER. The boy's Latin is all right. There is a new method of pronunciation, but Aunt Prudence finds that the declensions and conjugations are unchanged, and her nephews and nieces are not above accepting her aid in Cicero and Virgil; though she clings to her old-fashioned pellucid pronunciation and they have no end of quirks and quirls. Every good student of English must know some Latin.

"DINNA FRET, MY LASSIE"

NAY, dinna fret my lassie,
The sky is black to-day,
But sune ye'll win to sunshine,
And flowers will strew the way.
Sae, dinna fret my dearie,
But wait the Lord's gude time;
The blue sky bides abune the clouds,
The sunbeam melts the rime.

Nay, dinna fret my lassie!
But laugh when cares abound;
An' think o' loving-kindness
That girds your life around.
There's ane that keeps you, dearie,
And nane shall snatch you thence;
The Lord himsel' is ever near
Wi' his gude providence.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Wife's Complaint

DO you think it fair, says a wif that a husband should devo all his time under the evenin lamp, first to his newspape and next to his nap. John gets hom about six o'clock from his day's work. H is tired, and I never expect him to talk the supper-table. One must have patienc with a hungry man. I have the table se an appetizing mea ready, the children faces and hands ar washed, and the whol house keyed up to we come papa. After su per the children, wh are little, soon go t bed. I wash the dish es, and arrange thing for to-morrow's breal fast. As I am busy a day, have few acquain ances and no relative in town, and am th mother of three babies doing also all my ow work, I am ready t rest in the evening, an I want to talk. Bu by the time I can si down, John is deep i the paper, and refuse to be disturbed; h says the evening is hi only time to read, an he must know what i going on. When he a last folds it up and lay it on the table, I bright en with expectation but no; my lord is nov sleepy, and, a thing abominate in a man he throws himself a full length on th divan, and in half a minute is sound asleep In five minutes he is snoring. When bed time finally arrives, have to shake him t say, "John, John, it's ten o'clock; wake u and close the house," and then, grumblin and dishevelled, h gets on his feet an locks the doors an windows. I am a dis couraged and disgust ed woman. Have I no just cause for com plaint?

It seems to me tha this lady is not receiv ing her due modicum of respect and consideration from her good man. Ten years ago, when he was courting her, he neither read the paper nor drowsed through the evenings he spent in her company. She is as worthy of attention now as she was then, and she has a larger claim upon John's chivalry for now she is altogether his. Should anyone tell John that he does not love his wife, that he is indifferent to the mother of his children, he would put in an amazed disclaimer, but his kind of love is very selfish, and is not warranted to wear.

Why should not John read aloud, and let Annie know what is happening in the world, as well as absorb it himself? Why should he sleep on her divan when she dislikes it, and wishes cheerful conversation? Why should he treat his wife with scant politeness, when to other women he is a model of good manners? Will not John take a hint and do better?

PERSIA'S NEW PROPHET

HASIATY BAHA, THE FOUNDER OF THE BAHAUS—HIS MIRACLES AND DOCTRINES

Special Correspondence of The Christian Herald)

THE Bahaus are an interesting people. The name is derived from Baha, the originator of their religious faith. Mahdy, or Muza Ally Mahomet, the forerunner of Baha, appeared thirty-six years go in the city of Shuaz. Before becomg prominent he was secretary to a Prusan nobleman. As a descendant of Maomet he was called Sayid, with which le were accorded many privileges. He ad unusual opportunities for travel, and et men of letters in various countries. t twenty-one years of age he made himlf known as the "forerunner of the ex-

PERSIANS OF THE NEW BAHAU SECT OF RELIGIONISTS

cted one," and became a martyr at enty-nine. His body, held in a sarphagus made of American marble, rests a mountain between Sion and Sinai. It claimed that the bringing of this sarphagus was the means of the conversion three thousand Americans to Bahauism. he readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ve probably not heard of this event. Hasiaty Baha, who was born in the city Teheran, appeared to the people a few nths after the death of his forerunner. was about this time that two fanatical ung Bahaus of Tabius went to Teheran d attempted to assassinate the Shah r permitting the death of Muza Ally ahomet. This attempt, though unsucssful, brought about the massacre of any Bahaus, including women and chilen of tender years, and the movement as seriously impeded in consequence. ntil then Zarin Taj, a woman of marked rsonality and enthusiastic in the new ith, used to proclaim its teachings m the mosques in Teheran. Her eloience attracted thousands of hearers. obably no other woman in Persia had er ventured on such a course before. er fanatical opponents, fearing that their eligion would go out of their hands," as result of this woman's teachings, secured r condemnation to death. She was angled, and thrown into a well.

A Prophet in Exile

Baha, fearing for the safety of his own e, sought and received permission to elter himself in Bagdad. Here, so many ohammedans visited him in order to arn about the new religion that he was quested to leave the place. He then ok up his abode in an orchard for twelve ys, in accordance with an odd custom the country. Here he is said to have rformed a number of miracles. Thence went to Constantinople where he drew many persons that the Turks were armed. He was requested to leave this y also, and so found his way to "Acca" in Palestine. About eight years ago he died, leaving his eldest son, Hasiaty Suril Allah (God's mystery), to fill his place. The son is invoked by dozens of different names, all having a religious meaning. He has six children, all daughters. The second and third are twins, and the fourth, fifth and sixth are triplets. These circumstances have been regarded as wonderful, and have served to add to the awe with which Hasiaty is regarded.

The Bahaus divide the year into nineteen months of nineteen days each; they profess to fast for nineteen days before New Year's day. Some Bahaus tell me that they have no prayers; others say that they are bound to pray three times a day. They do not have such numerous oblations as the Moslems do. A good Bahau is expected, on New Year's day, to change everything that is in his house. If he is too poor, "let him sell the old things and buy new ones," they say.

At certain festivals it is the custom of the country to exchange visits. In accordance with this custom I have been visited by Muza Adbool Ahad, a prominent Bahau. He has suffered much for his creed and has been put out of his house, because, as his neighbors tell me "the filthy dog is a heathen; he does not fast nor pray, nor observe the oblations which our law commands. If he was not a heathen, God the Almighty would have blessed him with an issue."

The Bahau Faith

In conversation with him, I learned much that interested me concerning the Bahau faith. The Bahaus give permission to all men to dwell in love and purity towards one another, also to learn any tongue that they desire (the Moslems forbid any tongue but the language of the Koran). The Bahaus command that all rulers shall encourage every kind of science and learning. They are bidden to erect schools for the children that there may be taught such knowledge as shall best serve them when they come in contact with people of other nationalities. The people are bidden to obey their rulers in faithfulness and quietness. Rulers are urged to arrange for peace conferences so as to stop wars. Confession of sin is to be made to God, who alone is able to forgive.

Their chief has relieved his followers from the custom of paying visits to the graves and places of the martyrs, and from carrying the dead bodies of their kinsfolk there. Still, the custom is not given up, though many who start on such journeys dispose of the bodies by the way, being dismayed by the heavy customs duties collected all along the route.

A visit to Hajy, the head of the community of Bahaus, and a very prominent citizen, proved most interesting. Hajy has only one wife and two girls of ten and twelve years respectively. Their style of dress is much like that of the Moslem, though they are more genteel in both apparel and manners. Unlike Mohammedans, they shook hands with me. When in conversation, I expressed the hope to Hajy that as the Bahaus seemed to favor Christianity and to adopt many of its externals they would also see the light and truth revealed in Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Looking at me in an amused way, he replied: "We have found the light as it is revealed in Jesus. It is you Christians who are late. Jesus Christ has truly come the second time as predicted in the Gospel and is residing in the Acca."

Hajy claimed that first Ally, and then Baha was the promised Comforter. I endeavored to show him that was impossible, among the reasons because neither of them had taught the people about Jesus. My host told me that the woman spoken of in Revelations 12—and he had the New Testament in his hand as he spoke—was Fatima, and her son was Ally. The twelve hundred and thirty years spoken of in the chapter had been fulfilled, he claimed, as it was just that length of time between the hegira of Mohamet to the appearance of Baha.

Hajy further informed me that if we Christians wished to understand these things we must stand in the sun and let it shed its beams upon us. Then he proceeded to tell me of the seven miracles which are to happen at the Resurrection. These include seven years of religious famine, a great earthquake, the rising of the sun in the west, and the appearance of a picture in the sun, which will speak and announce the presence of Ally Mahomet. My conclusion is that the new religion is no great improvement on Mohammedanism. It improves the condition of women a little, in that it limits the number of wives to two, but the husbands can divorce their wives if they wish to. Then the love of science and education which they profess has not yet been put into practice. The only religion from which the world has much to hope for is, after all, the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

HANNAH G. YOSEPH.

Maragha, Persia.

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WORSHIPING IN A COURT-HOUSE

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter from Rev. W. H. Lee, of Farmville, Va., in which the writer states that "On June 18th, we lost our church by fire, and everything material belonging to it was burned up, leaving us out doors as a congregation. After a few days we were allowed to worship in the court-house. We carried a small insurance policy on our church, and with the money received and the help of white friends we commenced to rebuild." This little colored congregation in the South would be grateful for any help from other congregations or individuals, to enable them to restore their church home. They are poor and find the task before them a heavy one. Any letters of inquiry on the subject may be addressed to Pastor Lee, at Farmville, Va.

Rheumatism

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BOOKS OF THE PATRIARCHS

PROF. HILPRECHT'S FIND OF THE LIBRARY AT NIPPUR, WHICH WAS ACCESSIBLE TO ABRAHAM

DURING the past year's excavations in Babylonia, conducted by Prof. Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, a discovery has been made of extraordinary interest. In the library of Assurbanapal, which Layard found at Nineveh sixty years ago, there were extracts from certain books in an older and more famous library and references to records and authorities in that library which showed that it must be a collection of great value and importance. Prof. Hilprecht's ambition was to find that library and he has succeeded.

With about four hundred men he began digging in a mound which rises from the desert of Asia Minor, about seventy-five miles south of Bagdad. The mound was about two hundred feet high and was irregular in shape. A stream of water divides it into two parts. The sand being partially cleared away from the mound on one side, the stream revealed a number of dwellings. Work was then begun on the mound on the other side of the stream, and disclosed a strong edifice that seemed to partake jointly of the characters of a fortress and a temple. Outside the walls, which were of solid masonry, immensely thick, were a number of weapons showing where the guard had fallen defending the stronghold. It would appear that the defence failed, for the interior shows that the temple-fortress was overthrown and destroyed. The roof had fallen in, and when the superincumbent mass, ninety feet thick, was removed, the nature of the edifice was revealed. It proved to be the temple of Baal or Bel, which was known to exist at Nippur. The altar was there, and there were small rooms which had been used as residences for the priests. In the centre of the west wing, however, was the most important discovery. This was the ancient library—the object of Prof. Hilprecht's search. It was possible to trace the arrangement of the rooms and to see how the students had used the library. The books were the usual tablets of clay inscribed by a stylus while the clay was soft. Some of them had been broken, and the fragments vary in size from about two inches square to pieces a foot wide and a foot and a half long. Nearly eighteen thousand tablets have been taken out. They were ranged in an orderly manner on shelves, convenient for reference. These do not exhaust the library, for there are other rooms, doubtless containing books still covered by piles of sand and rubbish.

Prof. Hilprecht is having the tablets sent to Constantinople, whence they will be brought to this country. Some of them he has already deciphered. Among them are several which have the top line beautifully inscribed in well-shaped cuneiform characters. The lines below are by another hand, and are clumsily done. The lower lines are the same sentence as the top line, and there was an evident attempt to imitate the exquisite writing of the top line. The obvious inference is that they are the copy-books of that time on which some boy was learning to write. Besides these, there were lists of words in two languages, which suggests the idea that the boy was learning some foreign language. Some of the tablets contain historical records of the events of a king's reign. Others contain records of astronomical and astrological observations. There are also lists of kings which Prof. Hilprecht thinks may prove a valuable aid in reconstructing the history of the period. One of the tablets appears to be the librarian's catalogue, and another the record of persons borrowing books. There are poems, too, resembling in construction the Hebrew Psalms. Inventories of the temple furniture and a list of the gods worshiped there are included.

All the contents of the library are more than four thousand years old. It is known that the destruction of Nippur by the Elamites occurred 2,200 years before the Christian era, so that there was no opportunity of adding to the library since that date. According to our chronology, this was about the period when Abraham, at the call of God, left Ur of the Chaldees to go into the land of Canaan (Gen. 12 : 1). We may conclude, therefore, that this library existed in Abraham's day, and he may have had an opportunity of consulting it. The discovery sheds a new light on that period. It shows that even then a literature existed, and there was a much more advanced civilization than was supposed to have existed at that early period. A more exhaustive study of the tablets may involve a complete reconstruction of our Old Testament chronology, as it appears that the antiquity of man is greater than was thought. But it must be remembered that the dates which appear at the head of the marginal columns in our Bibles are in no sense a part of the sacred text. They are based on the inferences and deductions of scholars, notably of Archbishop Usher, who constructed a chronology from the meagre data furnished by the lives of the patriarchs. It certainly appears impossible that the beginning, which is set at 4004 B. C., can be correct. The eighteen hundred years between that date and the destruction of the library at Nippur would not suffice for the development of a civilization so high as that which the tablets prove to have existed. The book of Genesis, however, does not give 4004 as the date of the Creation, and it will doubtless be found that the error is to be looked for in the calculations of chronologists rather than in the Biblical record.

The Martyrs in China

Heaven must be fairer since they crossed the shining bar,
And richer now the glad angelic anthems swell,
While their sweet voices join the consecrated choir
In praises to the Christ they loved and served so well.

More beautiful by far must be our Father's house,
Since he has gathered these, his loved ones, to his home,
To share its beauty, he has longed to bring them safe
Across the sea of crystal with its shimmering foam.

Jewelled the diadems he placed on their brows,
Celestial arches echo with the glad "well done;"
Golden the sheaves that glisten where the toilers reap,
Earth loses what the paradise of God has won.

The sweetness of their lives has left a silvery trail,
To guide our faltering footsteps in the paths they trod,
A heritage that makes their memories beautiful,
They are not dead but live forevermore with God.

—BELLE MCK. SWOPE.

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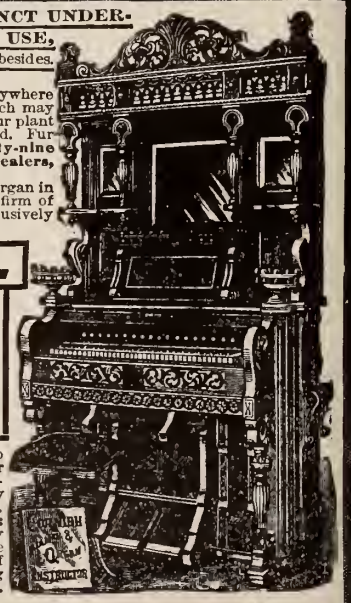

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Are We a Well-Mannered People?

JULIA WARD HOWE RAISES A QUESTION OF VITAL INTEREST TO ALL AMERICA

IT is an old copy-book motto that "familiarity breeds contempt." This saying may easily have had its origin in days in which social caste was even more of a superstition than it is to-day. Yet, in certain aspects of human intercourse, it contains

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

something of that old-world wisdom which we always look for in a proverb.

I shall use the word "familiarity" here strictly with regard to manners. In the circle of our associates, we would gladly always see preserved the happy mean between roystering frolic and prim formality. The freedom of our American life has naturally placed at a discount the stiff-necked ceremony once held to belong to refined society. This I regard as a change for the better. Generous youth is generous in communicating its emotions of pleasure, and the whole atmosphere of society is warmed and illuminated by its emphasis of expression. On the other hand, reactions in this as in other matters are apt to run into extremes. Reserve is a fine power in literature. It has also its place in the great art of life. We deride Deportment as it is represented in Mr. Dickens' character of Turveydrop, and yet, Deportment belongs to the drama of our human life, and is essential to its true expression of what we intend and what we stand for.

We love the high spirits of youth, but we do not love to see rude and boisterous young people. A romping girl is sometimes delightful to behold, but we should be sorry to think of a young lady as going through life in the character of a tomboy. I regret to say that in this day this tomboy stage of manners prevails too widely, and outlasts the childish period to which it is appropriate. I think that excessive hilarity defeats its own end. Violence exhausts itself, and those who indulge in violent delights often experience painful reverses of feeling and seasons of unreasonable depression. A cheerful, equable tone of mind and manners is happiest for the individual and for the social circle.

* * *

Mr. Henry James, in his stories, has dwelt a good deal upon the difference between European and American manners, notably in his tale of "Daisy Miller," in which a young American girl, most innocent in character and intuition, is described as offending, through mere ignorance, against the gravest rules of woman etiquette. The story is a pathetic one, as the heroine exposes herself more and more to public censure and misunderstanding, always with the giddiness of a child of six years. The exhibit made of the mother's helplessness and the daughter's self-will is pitiable. It is hardly overdrawn, and it brings in view a radical defect in American education, viz: the independent dictation exercised by very young people in matters social and personal, without the smallest regard to the counsel of elders.

In saying this, I have no desire to hearken back to the despotic parental rule of the older time. The fear of parents which then obtained was really a hindrance to the happy and helpful intercourse which the filial relation implies. The present reaction against that ancient terrorism has its good side, but it is often carried so far as to give foreigners the impression that parental rule in the United States amounts to nothing at all.

Now, according to the common sense of mankind, experience is the great teacher. We must needs encounter it for ourselves, but we ought also to be glad to profit by it as it is handed down from one generation to another. Civilization itself is the result of ages of tradition, a disregard of which points toward a return to savage life.

In the great changes of fortune which form a feature of our national life, a man who begins business by selling matches in the street, or by some equivalent employment, often in the end becomes a millionaire. His children will be sure to occupy a station in life very different from that with which his early days were familiar. This fact may give them an exaggerated idea of their own superior importance, and may at the same time inspire in him a distrust of his ability to regulate the conduct of his young people. In view of these not uncommon circumstances, mannerliness and a right idea of human relations should receive much attention in the training of our youth.

In what I have just said I intend no disparaging comparison of one social rank with another. The manners of a farm-house may sometimes be more careful and considerate than those of a palace. But as sudden wealth involves a severe trial of character, its dangers as well as its opportunities should be made account of.

Changes in social aspect may also be considered in a more general way. The manners suitable to a village may not suit a metropolis. Much of our American society was once of the village type. Everyone was well known among his neighbors, and misinterpretations of character were rare and needless. Our society to-day is cosmopolitan. We are liable at all times to be observed by people who come from regions of great form and ceremony. The "Hail fellow, well met," of family intimacy will seem to such persons to need explanation. It is always underbred to attract attention needlessly, and in view of this, loud talking, excessive laughter, and careless gestures are to be avoided in public places. More deplorable even than these is the chronic disregard of the tastes and feelings of other people which we too often remark in youthful circles. Our national manners have been from time to time sharply criticized. Let our elders and our young people unite in the endeavor to remove all foundation for such criticism. We call ourselves the first nation on earth. Let us aim at being also the most polite. JULIA WARD HOWE.

A SLUMBER SONG

FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

FURL your sail, my little boatie,
Here's the haven, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, in-streaming,
Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying,
Hark, the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying,
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling,
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home.

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to port, make no delaying.
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie;
Fold your wings, my tired dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor-lights of love.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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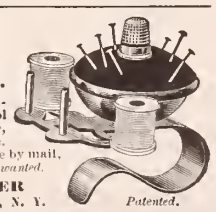

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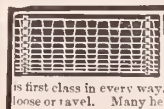

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Torture greater than human ingenuity could invent, pain so exquisite that those who have not suffered it can form no idea of its intensity, is often the fate of those whom that dread disease, rheumatism, has marked for its victims. The disease generally begins with a slight pain in the joints and, if proper treatment is begun in time, the agonies that would otherwise follow can be averted. Even in cases that have become aggravated a remedy now exists that promises a certain and lasting relief, as will be seen by the following sworn statement. Mr. Frank Remmelt, of 709 McGee Street, Elmira, N. Y., was laid up with rheumatism which resulted from standing, during his work, upon a damp floor. He says:

"*About a year ago I was attacked with rheumatism in my feet and legs, chiefly in my legs. They swelled greatly and became very stiff and sore. Whenever I attempted to walk the pain was awful. I had been suffering in this way for about three months when someone handed me a pamphlet advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I read it through carefully and made up my mind to give them a fair trial, for I knew that unless I could get relief I would soon have to give up work, and this I could not afford to do.*

"'*I got two boxes at first and by the time the second one was used up I began to feel decidedly better. The swelling was going down, the stiffness and pain were much less and I found I could get about much better. I got three more boxes and by the time the last of them had been taken I was entirely free from the swelling, the pain and the stiffness. In fact I was healed and I am glad to say that I have had no return of the trouble since.*"

[*Signed*] *FRANK REMMELT.*
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1900. E. SHAY,
Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes $2.50.

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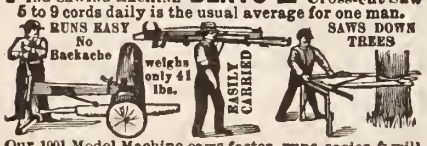

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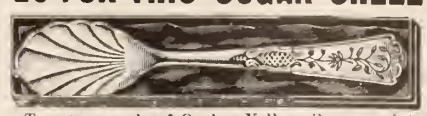

To get a sample of Quaker Valley silverware into every home we will mail free to every married lady sending us name, address and a 2c. stamp to help pay postage, an elegant sterling silver-plated sugar shell, such as jewelers sell at 75c. Return this advt. with request. (This is important.) But one to each family. QUAKER VALLEY MFG. CO., 351 W. Harrison St., CHICAGO.

Justice · Overtakes the · Boxers

The International Committee Metes Out Swift Punishment to the Authors of the Chinese Massacres — The Story of Miss Morrill's Martyrdom

THE day of judgment, for many of the Chinese officials responsible for the murder of missionaries and converts, has come. Justice is dealing swift punishment to the guilty ones, repentance having come too late. The International Commission, presided over by Gen. Baillard of the French forces in China, appointed to ascertain which Chinese leaders were responsible for the murder of Christians in Pao-ting-fu, has found that the governor, the treasurer and the judge of the province are guilty. By the time this is before our readers the sentence of death will have been executed.

Thus, frightened into penitence by the fact that their leaders have paid for crimes against the Christians with their lives, and by the dread of an invasion by the foreign troops, the inhabitants of Boxer villages are offering the Christians land and money to rebuild their houses. The Rev. Dr. W. S. Ament of the American Board of Foreign Missions, during a private expedition to Chouchou, collected $2,000 in gold, with which he fully indemnified the Christians of that place and of thirty other villages.

At Lianghsiang Dr. Ament obtained a site for a new church, collected $500 in gold, and secured an allotment of forty acres of land for the benefit of the native Christians. The Chinese Governor also collected $200 in gold, with which Dr. Ament was to indemnify the converts of the Congregational mission in South Chouchou in a similar manner.

Chinese Making Restitution

Rev. Mr. Tewksbury, also of the American Board of Foreign Missions, succeeded in collecting 18,000 taels and getting an allotment of 100 acres of land in Tungchou and its vicinity, where one hundred and eighty converts were killed. The income from the land is 500 taels a year, which will be sufficient to support the converts. The Chinese also promised to rebuild twenty chapels, to grant land for nineteen cemeteries, and to erect the necessary monuments in thirty villages. The missionaries have not collected money anywhere to indemnify themselves, as they intend to lay their claims before our government.

The Martyrdom of Miss Morrill

Meantime comes the story, with horrible details, of how Miss Mary Morrill, of Portland, Me., and Miss Annie Gould, missionaries at Pao-ting-Fu, won the crowns of martyrs. When the other missionaries, all men, were burned to death in their homes, Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were reserved for a more exquisite torture. The Chinese understood that these pure Christian women could be hurt more by shame than by physical torture. After making them watch the burning of their mission houses with their faithful male defenders in them, after compelling them to stand by while the streets ran with the blood of their native converts, they stripped them of their clothing and tied them by the hair to long bamboo poles. Coolies bore the other ends of these poles, and then through miles of crowded streets the victims were forced to walk, stained and bleeding, encouraging each other from time to time with a prayer or a verse from the story of the passion of Him for love of whom they were suffering.

Miss Gould, enfeebled by long weeks of watching and anxiety, succumbed, and death from terror robbed her torturers of the fiendish pleasure they had designed for themselves in her agony. But Miss Morrill stumbled bravely on, alone, to her martyrdom. Her eyes were raised to heaven with a look in them as if she saw it already open ready to receive her. She was like Hypatia among the savage Christians of Alexandria, alone, naked, with death her only hope. When the fiends had sated their malignant ingenuity, her wrists were tied with a rope behind her back and she was forced to her knees. One blow of a sword severed her head from her shoulders, and she was at rest. Her body was burned. So died this brave and faithful American missionary, holding fast, even in the last moment, to the faith she had believed and taught. Her martyrdom is at once one of the saddest and the most glorious in the whole story of Chinese persecution.

A Characteristic Letter

That Miss Morrill was of the metal of which martyrs are made, is revealed in her farewell letter to her father, dated May 30. She wrote:

Miss Gould and I cannot leave if we would, and would not if we could. Our twenty-two girls may be able to leave after examination on June 15, but most probably will not. With the country in its present state, it would not be expedient for girls and women to be on the road. So we are bound to stay here and care for them.

After telling of the killing of a Chinese general who had tried to suppress the Boxers, she went on:

I am afraid it will not be so easy to send away the girls. Of course, if we could see them safe with their parents it would be easier for us to leave at a moment's notice. It may be that the bands that have destroyed the railroads will move in another direction. It may be that some check will be put upon their movements. The Lord can do as great things as he has done in the past, "for his arm is not shortened that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear." Do not feel too troubled about us. The danger is all around and near, but God is nearer.

Letters received by Mrs. Archibald Little in Shanghai, from Shansi, give further details of the persecution of Christians in that province. One letter gives the Governor's proclamation thus: "The foreign religion is detestable because it despises the gods, and harasses the people. Boxers will burn the houses of all Christians and kill them."

The writer continues: "On July 15 Mr. and Mrs. McConnell, with their little girl, Miss King and Miss Burton, together with Mr. and Mrs. Young, came down from Kikichow. On their arrival at Si Yai Koo they were attacked and surrounded, and on July 16 they were decoyed to the banks of the Yellow River where they were all killed."

Another letter, dated at Si-an, says that when the mission there was burned, Mr. Peng was killed, and that then violence was used to make four Christians worship idols, forcing them to recant.

The Boxers then ordered them to draw lots before the idols. If the lot came upward it was to be proof that they were sincere in recanting; but if downward the Boxers would consider that they were insincere and would kill them. One Christian then worshiped the idols and drew lots, fortunately obtaining the upward lot. The others were killed with torture in the temple of Yoo. On the west side of the Yen River, near Pingiang-fu, the people took all the Christians, men and women, and with a knife cut a cross on their foreheads. Then they tortured them to death.

"All the Christians at Pingiang-fu," says another writer, "have received an official paper, which they are required to paste on their doors, announcing that they have renounced Christianity. All the homes of Christians in the country about the city have been destroyed. The wives and daughters of the Christians have been shamefully treated and tortured. No steps have been yet taken to punish the Taotai, who handed over to slaughter the Thompsons and their children, the Wards and their children, Miss Sherwood, Miss Manchester and Miss Desmond, and now he holds in prison the evangelist who saw Mr. Ward killed. Lest he should give evidence against Taotai, that official is forcing the unhappy man to write false letters, distorting the facts of the massacre."

It is estimated that 20,000 native Christians were killed in the Pekin division alone.

TAKE A RECORD.

See How Many Friends Are Hurt by Coffee.

It would be just as reasonable for a te perance advocate to drink a little dilut whiskey as to drink coffee, for one is truly intoxicant as the other, and persister in the use of coffee brings on a variety chronic diseases, notorious among which dyspepsia, heart palpitation (and ultimat heart failure), frequently constipation, kidn diseases, many cases of weak eyes and tren ling condition of the nerves.

This is only a small percentage of the gr variety of diseases which come from an balanced nervous system, caused by the p sistent daily use of the drug caffeine, whi is the active principle of coffee. Anoth bit of prima facie evidence about coffee that the victims to the habit find great di culty in giving it up.

They will solemnly pledge to themselv day after day that they will abandon the of it when they know that it is shorteni their days, but morning after morning th fail, until they grow to despise themselv for their lack of control.

Any one interested in this subject would greatly surprised to make a systematic quiry among prominent brain workers America. There are hundreds and thousan of our most prominent people that ha abandoned coffee altogether and are usi Postum Food Coffee in its place, and for t most excellent reasons in the world. Ma of them testify that ill health, nervous pr tration, and consequent inability to work, h in times past, pushed them back and out their proper standing in life, which they ha been able to regain by the use of good healt strong nerves, and great vitality, since coff has been thrown out and the Postum put its place.

The Renovator's Business Gone

"No," said Mrs. Progress, "I shall never need yo again. You see, I am using the Ostermoor Pater Elastic Felt Mattress, and it requires no re-makin because it is vermin-proof and never packs or get lumpy, as hair mattresses do. Good day."

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

Positively not for sale by stores.
We pay express charges to your door.

We sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it at our expense and get your money back (without dispute) if not satisfactory in every way a the end of **Thirty Nights' Free Trial**, and posi tively guarantee that the best $50 hair mattress made is not its equal in cleanliness, durability or comfort

May We Send You Our Free Book?

This is all we ask. We want you to know about our mattress **even if you have made up your mind not to buy one.** Simply send your address on a postal for our 72-page book "The Test of Time."

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	All 6 feet 3 in. Long.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35	
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If made in two parts 50 cents extra.

Express Charges Prepaid Everywhere.

Beware! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee is on every genuine mattress.*

Ostermoor & Co., 115 Elizabeth St., New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches.
Send for our book "Church Cushions."

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ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

To the agent sending us the largest list of subscribers for The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post up to May 1, 1901; $500 to the next largest, and so on. 764 of our agents will share in the distribution of $18,000, besides receiving a good commission for all work done.

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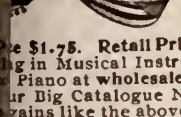
"FAMOUS MARYLAND" MANDOLIN, $1.75.



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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A SILENCED SINGER

A NUMBER of poets, whose musical measures have cheered or comforted our readers, have graduated into hymn-writers, because composers, noting the grace and beauty of their verses, asked the privilege of setting the words to music. Every now and then a bit of information, usually of a bright and happy nature, in keeping with a singer's pleasing task, comes to us about our poets. But tidings cannot always be glad; and we must weave a cypress wreath for one who sings no more on earth—or, since our friend is singing among the angels, shall the tribute be the lilies and roses of happy thoughts? One who knew her well writes from Stayner, Canada, of Mrs. W. J. Kennedy:

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY

Since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published many of Mrs. Kennedy's hymns, I thought its readers might be interested to see her picture, and hear something concerning her. She was born in Monaghan county, Ireland, in 1848, and died at this place May 1, 1900. She was converted when very young and led a pious Christian life, using her gift of song solely in the Master's service. She wrote hundreds of Gospel songs, the most popular of which are, "My Heart is Glad," "In a Saviour's Love," "There is Gladness in the Gospel," "Beyond the River," "My Presence Shall Go With You," "Gathering Home," "The Gospel Banner," "At the Pearly Gates," and "Lead Me to the Rock." She was unfailingly kind and charitable and entirely lovable in the home that was hers. For over eighteen years she was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and got many subscribers to it, feeling that it would be a blessing wherever it went.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT TO INDIA

A few weeks ago, a missionary in India, who had labored faithfully and efficiently in the famine field, wrote to Dr. Klopsch a letter in which he enumerated some needs of his work. In that letter he made a special plea for an organ to be used in his orphanage Sunday School. Shortly afterward the faithful missionary died, "in the harness," having practically given his life for the welfare of the India famine sufferers. By a singular coincidence, Dr. Klopsch received soon afterward a letter from Mr. W. T. Godfrey, a business man in New York City, inquiring whether he "knew of a Sunday School in some isolated place" that was in need of an organ, as a friend of his had one he wished to donate. He was promptly informed of the missionary's Sunday School at Baroda, India. The owner of the organ, Mr. Robert S. Dod, of No. 103 Seventh street, Hoboken, N. J., on being informed of the fact, gladly gave the instrument, which was boxed and shipped to India, to the care of Rev. E. F. Frease, Secretary of the Missionary Committee at Bombay, to be forwarded to its destination, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD paying the freight. It is a large and beautiful instrument, in perfect condition, and will be a valuable aid in the missionary work in a field where there are comparatively few conveniences, and where every aid is gratefully welcomed.

"Keep the Upward Windows Open"

LET the soul be ever ready,
Waiting for the daily word,
Listen for the loving message
From the tender Father, Lord.

"Keep the upward windows open,"
Catch the morning's earliest ray,
Gather sunshine, shed it round you,
Through the hours of every day.

"Keep the upward windows open"
To the sunrise and the birds,
Let them sing their sweetest music,
Kindly thoughts and loving words.

"Keep the upward windows open"
That good angels may come in
With their joy, their power and uplift
Far above earth's strife and din.

So with your soul—windows open—
Open to the blessed Lord—
Life shall be a day of sunshine,
As you follow at his word.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Impure blood is ever striving to gain victory over a healthy constitution. A good reliable medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend your health.

You Can Play Them Without Learning

THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J. *Photo from Life.*

This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS

G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young Peoples' Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the Young People's Weekly. Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments." Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the "Zobo" Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo." Miss Hattie E. Konnty, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them." Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band." Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed, as we have a very small organ. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success." Mae Blance Winfield, instructor of music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments." Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

CAN BE PLAYED BY ANY ONE WHO CAN HUM A TUNE—NO LEARNING

We do away with that long tedious labor of practice. It is the most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced. An instrument capable of almost every modulation, its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove or the thrilling song of the nightingale. The Cornet is an elegant accompaniment to Organ, Piano or any string instrument, and affords unlimited pleasure to the individual; suited for all in and outdoor entertainment. These instruments open up new possibilities to the **Vocalists,** and develop the vocal cords.

WITH A FULL BAND A GRAND PIPE ORGAN EFFECT CAN BE OBTAINED Those that have no pipe organ, the Zobo supplies the want at a minimum cost. Every church without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir Band. **Sing into the mouthpiece—Zobo does the rest.**

$1.00 SPECIAL OFFER To introduce **the musical marvel of the age** and to give you a chance to test our instruments and prove all our claims, we will send the **Zobo Cornet,** solid brass, highly polished and lacquered, 11 inches long, 5 1-2 inch bell, with full instructions how to play, and illustrated catalogue, prepaid, for **$1.00.** We make this offer, believing that all interested will eventually organize a Zobo Band. This is a grand offer, and you should not miss it. We warrant each instrument just as represented or money refunded. Send money by registered letter, postoffice money order, or a bank draft payable to our order.

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Awarded First Prize, Gold Medal, at the Greater American Exposition, Omaha, Neb.

A Dainty Breakfast

The morning meal is apt to set the pace for the day. If dainty simple and sufficiently nutritious one leaves the breakfast table with a feeling of well being that fortifies for the day's duties.

Cream of Wheat

contains, in greater proportion than any other cereal food, the elements necessary to brain and muscle making.

Ask your grocer to show you our gravures. High class works of art, entirely devoid of advertising matter.

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WANTED--Ladies or Gentlemen to appoint and Manage Agents for our Bibles and other books and attend to collections. Fair salary and expenses advanced to the right party. Work can be done at home or by traveling. No snap. Permanent. No investment required. Apply with self-addressed stamped envelope and references to Providence Pub. Co., D 29 334 Dearborn St., Chicago

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Trade Mark Improved Registered.

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath, and sick room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers, or sent by mail, Parker pays postage. Catalog free.

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Rheumatism

A gentleman residing in Bedford, Pa., writes:

"For a number of years my mother has had Rheumatism. She has been using your Tartarlithine, and never had anything to help her as this did. She could not get off her chair without help, and could not use her hands until after using Tartarlithine."

Send for our Free Pamphlet, telling you how to treat Rheumatism

McKESSON & ROBBINS
97 FULTON STREET NEW YORK.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTAR LITHINE CO.

SAVE ½ your FUEL now wasted up chimney BY USING THE ROCHESTER RADIATOR.

COST $2.00 AND UP.

Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet on economy in heating homes.

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.,
15 Furnace St., Rochester, N. Y.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. H., Bonsall, Cal., writes:

I "know that my Redeemer liveth," for answer came to my prayer like lightning's flash, even as I prayed.

Reader, Charlie, Tex., writes:

I was very much concerned over the spiritual welfare of a loved one. God has blessed her and I write to acknowledge his goodness, as well as to strengthen the faith of others.

An Old Subscriber, Lexington, Tenn., writes:

I want to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father. Yes, he answers prayers. Only recently I was told that one very dear to me had made a decision that I believed would be a drawback to his Christian life, and I prayed that he might be directed by the Holy Spirit. In less than two weeks he came out on the Lord's side. I felt that God had for Jesus' sake answered my prayer, as he had often done before.

A Reader, Broomfield, Colo., writes:

For many long months deep sorrow and trouble have been constantly with me, and for a time I was rebellious toward God. Then hope came, and a voice said: "Trust God. He will help you." For days I prayed that the burden might be lifted, promising faithfully to acknowledge his goodness and mercy. My prayer is answered. Oh, how I praise him that led me to trust him fully!

Mrs. W. J. K., Cleveland, O., writes:

I promised God if my prayer were answered to make known to others that I had received divine benediction by his grace. My prayer has been answered. Let all pray without ceasing.

A Kentucky Subscriber and Reader writes:

I prayed God to help my dear mother. He has answered. As reading the "Answered Prayers" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave me so much hope and increased my faith, I am glad to fulfil my promise in this answer to my prayer, hoping that those who read may be benefited.

Subscriber, Montgomery, Ala., writes:

During a recent season of trial and perplexity, I sincerely promised the Heavenly Father that if he would open the way and show me the right course to pursue, I would give public acknowledgment. He answered my prayer and I now write to redeem my promise, thanks be to his name.

A "Widowed Mother, and a reader for ten years," writes:

I wish to acknowledge, through this good paper, the mercy of God in answering part of my prayer. I am praying now that the revival here may be successful, and that many be brought to the Lord, among them my two dear sons.

A Constant Reader, Waterloo, Ia., writes:

I wish to praise and glorify God through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for answering my prayers. My heart is filled with thankfulness toward our Heavenly Father, who is ever willing and ready to help us if we will only trust him. O God, fill our hearts with greater faith.

W. J. V., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I give glory to God for an answered prayer; the answer came within twenty-four hours after the asking. I can truly say, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I do not want."

E. C. H., Temperanceville, Va., writes:

I asked a special blessing in prayer and the same was answered. I desire to publicly acknowledge it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader, High Point, Mich., writes:

I promised that if my prayer was answered I would acknowledge God's faithfulness that others might be strengthened. It has been answered. I believe God will answer all our prayers if it is for our good and we have sufficient faith.

Reader, Plainfield, N. J., writes:

I have received four answers to prayer recently, and wish to acknowledge this in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that it may be helpful to others.

H. P., Boonsville, Tex., writes:

I desire just to say a word for Jesus. I have been in great trouble, the way looked dark, but God is answering my prayers; daylight is dawning, bless his Holy Name.

H. J., Mound City, Mo., writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in giving me strength to pass through the most trying ordeal, also his direct answers to my prayers on more than one occasion.

A Girl Reader, New Brunswick, writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer offered in behalf of a friend, with the promise that if God would answer I would acknowledge his loving kindness in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He has answered, and I write to fulfil my promise and give God the glory.

S. E. E., Du Quaim, Ill., writes:

I made a vow to the Lord, that if he would answer my prayer I would acknowledge my belief in prayer and in his power and goodness. The answer came beyond my expectations, and I bend in humble thanksgiving before him.

Reader, Delavan, Wiss., writes:

I want to give public testimony that God for Christ's sake answers prayer, not only for our spiritual wants but also for temporal blessings. He has just carried me tenderly over what seemed an insurmountable difficulty in answer to prayer. Oh! that all would try the efficacy of faithful prayer.

E. E., Lanark, Ill., writes:

For some months past I have been in trouble. I carried my trouble to God in prayer. To-day my prayer was answered, and I can not express all my gratitude to God, but I testify that he will answer prayers.

Mrs. G. T., Boston, Mass, writes:

A short time ago I found a great trouble was coming to me, and I prayed that it might be averted. God has answered my prayer, and I am glad to add my testimony to those of the many others who have acknowledged God's mercy through this paper.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES

An Example of Kindly Interest in Religious and Moral Development Set by a Great Corporation

A SIGNIFICANT testimony to the value of Young Men's Christian Association work is given in the conduct of one of our greatest corporations—the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It was not generally known until the recent conference in Philadelphia of the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A. how cordial and helpful were the relations between the managers of this great road and the Y.M.C.A. At that conference, the chiefs of the road not only participated in the meetings and took a lively interest in the proceedings, but extended the courtesies of the road to visiting delegates, and, at the conclusion of the conference took the delegates on a delightful excursion to the sea. First Vice-President Green and second Vice-President Pugh were prominent among the speakers, and President Cassatt honored the conference by his presence on the platform.

It appears that for many years past, the company has manifested its interest in unostentatious ways in the Y.M.C.A. It has encouraged the organization of branches where they did not already exist, and has provided them with temporary accommodation until the Association was strong enough to secure a home of its own. The company was in every instance a liberal contributor to efforts of this latter kind, and many a Railroad Y.M.C.A. is indebted to it for not only help in building, but in equipping the rooms and the gymnasium with the best appliances. The headquarters in West Philadelphia, we have heard, was provided entirely at the cost of the company. This model institution shows that it is with no niggardly hand, but with princely generosity that the management of the Pennsylvania road gives.

These relations are very creditable to both sides. They show that the influence of the Y. M. C. A. is of a character that employers appreciate. It improves and develops the best elements in the character of the members, makes them better and more trustworthy men, keeps them out of temptation and improves their moral tone, all of which inures to the benefit of the employers as well as of the men. On the other side, it is extremely gratifying to see a great corporation treating its employees not as mere "hands," but as human beings, who have minds to be cultivated and souls to be saved. We should hear less of labor disturbances if such relations existed in other corporations. It appears, too, that this railroad does not limit its interest to Y. M. C. A. work, but has shown its interest in its employees by establishing savings banks for the encouragement of thrift and an insurance and pension system by which a provision for old age, or for the family in the event of death, may be secured. It is by such means probably, rather than by legislation, that we may reach a solution of the labor problem.

1,500,000 Paupers Through Drink

In reply to an inquiry on the subject of temperance addressed to the superintendents of almshouses in various sections of the United States answers have been given by 816. Averaging the results obtained, it appears that the number of persons now being supported in these institutions, who were brought to poverty by indulgence in intoxicating liquors is more than one-half of the whole number. If the same ratio applies in all the almshouses of the United States, it is estimated that about one million and a half persons have been thrown on public support by the liquor traffic.

Faithful to Trust

I CLOTHE my heart with freshness, though the year
Is drifting to its close, and flakes of snow
Proclaim the near approach of winter. Sere
And yellow are the leaves the north winds blow
In drifts within the wood. I murmur not,
For what to me the gilded sword of change!
Time holds for me an ever sunny spot,
Where love and fancy, arm in arm, may range.
Who fills his place in life, and fills it well—
Though it be toiling in the field, or mine
Or in the shop, where clanging wheel and bell
Proclaim the working hour—the years will twine
Their wreaths around his brow! Faithful to trust
Is one sweet flow'r that blossoms from the dust.

ARTHUR E. SMITH.

RAMONA (Chocolate)
RAMONA and ATHENA Sugar Wafers—new and delicious dessert delicacies, dainty tid-bits to serve with afternoon tea. Ramona has chocolate flavoring Athena, lemon.
For sale everywhere in sealed tins.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
ATHENA (Lemon)

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK
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YOU can buy skirt bindings that cost quite a little less than the S. H. & M. Bindings. But if you think that is economy you are wrong.

Inferior bindings—and all bindings are inferior to the S. H. & M. brands—do not fit the curves of the skirt properly. They make it wrinkle and curl up.

They soon get discolored and fray.

They soon wear out and have to be replaced at a cost far exceeding that of the bindings themselves.

The price of bindings seems like a trifle, but the cost of replacing them is no trifle.

Ladies' tailors advertise constantly to rebind skirts with S. H. & M. Binding, and you will find that their prices include a charge of at least $1.00 for the work.

What is the use of using bindings that never fit well, nor look well and have to be replaced once or twice during the life of the skirt when S. H. & M. Bindings are at your disposal?

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Look on the back or on the label of every yard of bias velveteen or brush edge bindings you buy for the S. H. & M. registered trade mark.

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"East, West, Home is Best," if kept clean with SAPOLIO

PRAISE RATIONAL AND DESERVED*

The Divine Nature a Combination of Power and Tenderness

STRENGTH combined with tenderness make a character which wins the affection and admiration of all. This is more than the iron hand in the velvet glove, because that may be used to crush as effectually as if it were not sheathed in velvet. It is the strong man protecting, supporting, cherishing, providing. Incidents revealing such characteristics always awaken our esteem. The old story of the rough cavalryman stooping from his horse to snatch a child from before his horse's hoofs is an instance in point. Who does not long to have known that man and to have grasped him by the hand? We have seen a burly policeman, capable of doing his share in suppressing a riot, lifting a fallen child, or guiding a schoolgirl through the maze of vehicles on a crowded street. A fireman foremost in his company risking his life by deeds that might daunt an athlete, yet carrying down his ladder some fainting girl so tenderly and gently that his grasp was as light as that of her mother. We like such men. They seem to have the best characteristics of the masculine and feminine natures—the power and vigor that belong to the man with the kindness and gentleness that attract us in woman.

The Psalmist presents the character of God in this twofold aspect. He covers the heaven with clouds, he sends snow and rain, he makes the winds blow and the waters flow, he knows all the stars and he compels the enemy to be at peace. Yet with all this, he gives the beast his food and provides food for the birds, he blesses the children and heals the broken-hearted and binds up their wounds. It is a beautiful picture, sweetly encouraging to mankind. We do not always learn it from nature. Here we are more impressed with God's infinite power. It is important that we appreciate that power and wisdom, but there are times in human experience when it becomes oppressive. We stand appalled by some exhibition of almighty force and energy, or, as we read the story of the stars, we are lost in wonder at the figures of the vast distances and the stupendous bulk of the heavenly bodies and the might that swung them on their journeys and keeps them in their orbits. But there are moods in which the consideration of power imparts no comfort. Suffering under some calamity, sore under some bereavement, trembling under the consciousness of sin, and longing for pardon, or longing for holiness and purity, yet deploring our weakness, we need some other element than power in the divine character to encourage us to approach him. We would not have him less mighty than he is, but we want to be assured of his tenderness and compassion. The feeling that makes the child in trouble turn instinctively for sympathy from the father whom he admires to the mother whom he loves.

The practical lesson the Psalmist draws from the combination of strength and tenderness is the duty of praise. There ought to be gladness that the Being whom we have so much cause to fear, is One whom we may love. Despite his majesty and infinite power, we may call him our "Father." If he casts the wicked to the ground, he also lifteth up the meek. He invites trust and confidence, for "he takes pleasure in those that fear him." It is a great point gained when we know that omnipotence is joined with love. Such a character we can praise and admire. It is precisely the character that human nature needs in the Divine. It implies that the true wisdom of man is to put himself in accord with it. To resist his will, to take the path of rebellion, is to be in opposition and to encounter the might and power of the Infinite. To yield to him, obey him, reverently seek his help, is to place ourselves in the line of blessing and to assure ourselves of development. All the scientific triumphs of our time have come not from resisting nature, but from understanding natural law and applying it to the end we seek. So it is in the spiritual world. We need to know God's will and to do it. Then we gain power, we are in harmony with his nature, which is the law of our being, and all things become possible to us. Conversion is no more than this. It is the turning around, the leaving of sin and the yielding to God's grace, which can transform our natures and bring us under the benign influences of God's nature.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for November 25 (Psalm 147 : 1-20).

MRS. APPLEGATE AND HER DESCENDANTS

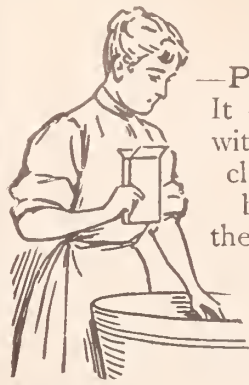
FIVE GENERATIONS

Not infrequent reminders come to this office that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is an old friend, a welcome guest, in a home where four and five generations gather. Sometimes the letter is from a little tot whose mama, acting as secretary, expresses the small person's admiration of pictures in the paper, informing us at the same time of the small person's great good fortune in having three or four living grandparents. Sometimes it comes from one or another grandmother, who tells how the paper has long been a messenger of comfort, peace and cheer in the home where she sits crowned with years, in the midst of children and children's children, who rise up and call her blessed. In the present instance, a young mother, Mrs. L. M. Helmer, Mohawk, N. Y., who "has read your paper for years," sends the photograph of an interesting quintette and says: "The oldest lady is Mrs. Elizabeth Applegate, aged eighty-nine, and mother to Mrs. Harriet Fretts, sitting between her and Mrs. Marion Mayer, Mrs. Fretts' daughter and my mother. I am the mother of the baby, little Marion Elizabeth Helmer."

KEPT THE LOVE IN HIS HEART

Dr. Raynolds relates this interesting incident of the Armenian rescue work at Van:

Before the massacre, a young man, now one of our preachers, was teaching in a village, and a boy from another village was in his school for a year, imbibing a good deal of religious truth. At the time of the massacre this lad was in his own village and took to the mountains, where he became separated from his father, and was found by the Koords, who compelled him to go with them to a near Sheikh, where they extracted from him some sort of acceptance of Islam, and sent him to a distant village to be carefully watched for some years and brought back. The boy was bright, and was put in course of instruction for a Mollah, but all the time he kept his love for Jesus in his heart. Last fall he expressed a desire to visit the Sheikh, hoping for a chance to escape, but was so closely attended that no such chance presented, and the Sheikh was away from home. A few weeks ago he again applied for permission to visit the Sheikh, and this time was permitted to go alone, and so improved the opportunity to come to the city and appeal to the Armenian authorities for protection. They entreated that I would receive him as affording the best safety for him. He is too old to accept as an orphan, even if his father were not living, but I agreed to care for his expenses this year from relief funds and permit him to learn a trade with our boys. I had a long talk with him last Sunday evening, and found that he had kept much of what he had learned so long ago in the school. He has given himself to the blessed Saviour.



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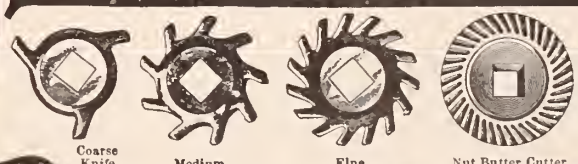

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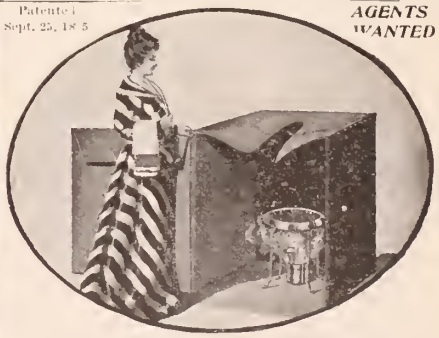

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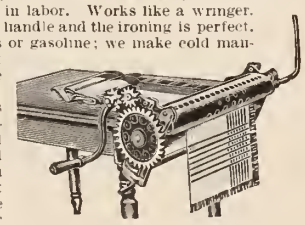

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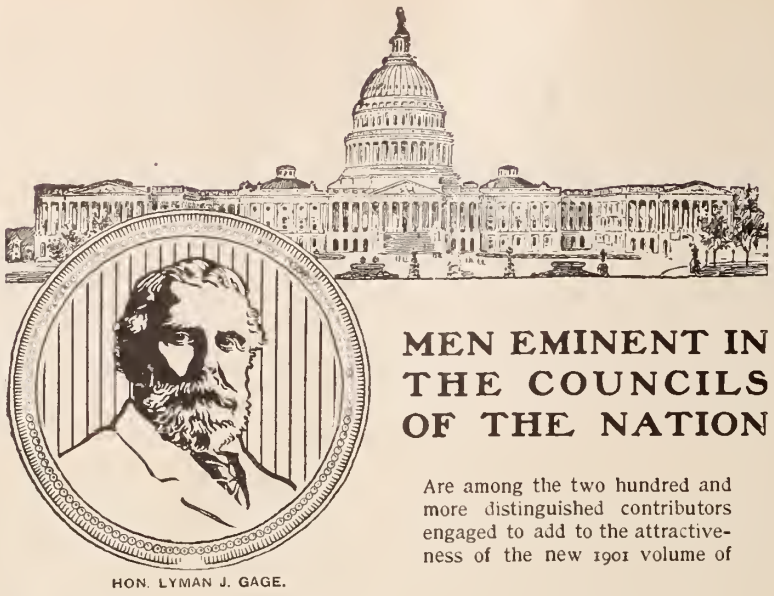

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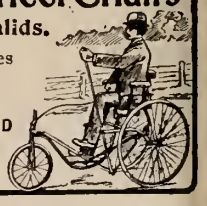

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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VOLUME 23—NUMBER 47

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SEE PAGE 943

Feeding the Hungry Before Service in the "Ragged Church" on the Bowery

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2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Dec. 19

1. Is a lawyer justified in defending a man whom he believes to be guilty?
2. What metaphor is employed to characterize false doctrine and wicked persons?
3. Who were called the "Bible moths?"
4. How was it that Paul did not know the high priest as he said (Acts 23: 5), though he must have had frequent occasion to see him before his conversion?
5. What is the best method of dealing with people who are very easily offended at the slightest provocation—even unintentional—who are always on the lookout for trouble, and whose feelings are so sensitive and so easily hurt that it is almost impossible to get along with them?
6. Is a clergyman justified in omitting from the marriage ceremony the words pledging the wife to obey her husband?
7. Has a person a legal or a moral right to take the photo of another person by "snapshot" or otherwise, without the latter's consent?
8. Should the keeper of a drug store or hotel refuse to supply articles that are not necessaries on Sundays?
9. Is a daughter, who lives at home with her parents in moderate circumstances, and whose reasonable wants are supplied, justified in asking regular wages?
10. In choosing a new minister for a church, should the fact that certain members contribute the greater part of the minister's salary be considered when they prefer one candidate and the poorer members another?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. Name a word that serves in the Bible as a metaphor for sorrow, a snare and the grave.

The answer is, pit, which is used metaphorically for sorrow in Psalm 40: 2, "He brought me up out of a horrible pit;" and again in Psalm 88: 6, "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps." It stands for a snare in Ezekiel 19: 8, "Then the nations set against him on every side from the provinces and spread their net over him: he was taken in their pit;" also in Lam. 4: 20, "The anointed of the Lord was taken in their pits." It denotes the grave in Isaiah 38: 18, "Death cannot celebrate thee, they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth."

FRED L. SAWYER.

Correct answers have been received also from S. Beekman, Heppie W. Hamilton, Minnie M. Barker, Agnes E. Temple, Louis L. Sheffer, E. W. Roberts, E. C. Robinson, P. J. Stone, A. R. Blachly, D. S. Call, Carrie Bucher, C. P. Atkinson, J. W. Van Valzah, Chas. S. Perry, Ina Humphrey, and G. G. Gifford.

2. Is piano playing a really desirable accomplishment for any but persons of pronounced musical talent or for those who are professionals?

I think it is. There is no better foundation for true musical culture than a knowledge of piano playing; if accompanied by a knowledge of sight-singing the person of average intelligence should be able to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy all good music. It is not necessary to acquire the technique requisite for the professional pianist, or the knowledge of theory that is compulsory for the composer. At the same time I am not advocating a "smattering" of musical knowledge—let the study be serious and artistic just as far as it goes. No one would contend that a thorough foundation in arithmetic was not desirable because the student did not aim to become an expert accountant, or intend to pursue to its end the study of the higher mathematics. Arithmetic is useful in many other lines; and in like manner the accomplishment of piano playing has a much wider field of usefulness than the merely professional one. Its gracious influence in the home, church and social life needs only to be suggested. Parents who can play are much better fitted to guide their children's music study; and it is from families where music has been cultivated in the home during several generations that the great artists and composers naturally spring. So, for the sake of the individual appreciation of this great art, the home and social influence, and the coming generation, all of which will prove mighty factors in American music culture, let every one acquire as great a degree of proficiency in the accomplishment of piano playing as time, opportunity and ability will allow. L. V. MOORE.

3. How can Paul's statement at Antioch (Acts 13: 20) that the time of the Judges continued four hundred and fifty years, be reconciled with received chronology?

The wording of the Authorized Version agrees with the chronology of the Book of Judges and of Josephus, but contradicts I. Kings 6: 1. But the true reading, given in the oldest Greek MSS. and followed by our Revised Version, does away with the apparent discrepancy. The passage, correctly rendered, reads, "He gave them their land for an inheritance, for about four hundred and fifty years: and after these things he gave them judges and Samuel the prophet." This refers to the 450 years as the period from the birth of Isaac to the taking possession of the Promised Land. G. E. KRAUTH.

4. Would it be wrong for a Christian who is diffident and forgetful to make a prayer and learn it, so that it could be repeated when called upon to do so at a prayer-meeting?

It is perfectly proper for any Christian to compose a prayer, commit it to memory and use it in prayer-meeting, or anywhere else, provided he is led of the Spirit to do so. The mere uttering of a formal prayer, committed to memory without the Spirit's unction to sustain it will be no more efficacious in itself than the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal. The Lord's Prayer is an example of a written prayer which may be made formal or spiritual according to the mind of the individual. On the other hand, it is entirely unnecessary for any spiritually-minded Christian to depend on any formal or memorized prayers on account of any human infirmity. In Romans 8: 26, 27, we are informed that "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities." "We know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Whenever we find ourselves barren and unfruitful in prayer, we can ask the Master to help us, as the disciples did when they said, "Lord teach us to pray." J. J. MUNRO.

5. When two persons quarrel and their friends are unable to reconcile them, should the friends be expected to espouse one side or the other, when the cause of the quarrel is purely personal to the two concerned?

It largely depends on the cause of the quarrel. If one has grievously wronged the other, or has done something particularly mean and contemptible, it is perfectly right for the friends of the wronged person to show their opinion of the wrongdoer. The wronged person has a right to expect that public opinion will manifest itself. There are men who break up families and are yet received into social circles as if they have done no harm. Sometimes the law affords no remedy for the wrong and the only penalty that can be inflicted is from the sympathy with the sufferer, which closes against the wrongdoer the doors of homes to which he was formerly welcome. Then he feels his disgrace as he ought to feel it. But where the quarrel is not of so serious a nature there is no obligation on friends to take sides. Both cannot be invited to the home at the same time and therefore it is often best to invite neither. When no moral principle is involved it is well to remember Soloman's sage warning that "he who passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is as one who taketh a dog by the ears" (Prov. 26: 17).

CHARLES CURWEN.

6. Why is it that women complain so much more frequently than men do of lack of leisure?

The average woman performs at least the duties of housekeeper, "second girl," seamstress, (un) trained nurse and kindergarten teacher. Many do all their own domestic duties unaided. Add to this woman's multiform duties as wife, mother and hostess, and then it will be seen that her complaint is by no means groundless. When the different departments of household work are elevated into the rank of professions, with training schools for each, a woman with something less than the patience of Job and the mental calibre of a Gladstone, may expect to manage these departments without worry or waste or lack of leisure. But the nervous wrecks of womanhood all about us, and the moral wrecks of young manhood from Christian homes where mother was always "too busy to be bothered," proclaim that that time is not yet.

L. M. BEALS.

Women complain of lack of leisure more than men do, because, in addition to home duties and other industrial pursuits, more of the demands of society, fashion, philanthropy and religion are acknowledged and met by women than by men; and they are not as systematic in their use of time as men are, because of circumstances or habits.

THERA B. TRUE.

7. Is a Christian business man who is quite solvent, but is aware that failure may come through some of his speculations, justified in putting some of his property beyond the reach of his creditors—say in his wife's name?

Such a practice is wrong from two points of view. We will suppose, first, that the property is conveyed to the wife that the man himself may draw upon it in case of need. There is no doubt that this is the object in view in many such cases. Well, has the man any moral right so to protect himself? Surely not. He is simply putting in a safe place that to which he has no right until all his debts are paid. To be sure, he may do this while he is solvent; but that does not affect the principle in the case. He is simply appropriating that which he imagines he may need to satisfy the just claims of his creditors. But again. We may suppose that the man makes this disposition of his property for his wife's sole benefit. But the wife has taken him "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer." Now for her to take, or for him to make, any provision for her alone, is to go in the teeth of such a solemn obligation. If she takes him "for richer, for poorer," she cannot expect to share his good fortune and evade all partnership in his ill-fortune. No; the practice is wholly wrong from every point of view, and ought to be opposed by all who profess to be governed by the law of righteousness. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

8. What remedy can be found for the isolation so frequently experienced in country farm-houses?

Whatever of remedy there is must consist in the communication which is made possible by the printing-press and the facilities that are already at hand for personal association. The personal association cannot be made much greater than it is for most families, because the natural tendency to seek company usually regulates that. However, young people's circles for song, reading, and debate might be inaugurated from house to house one evening each week. They could attend despite the distance of a half mile, a mile, or even more, which separates country homes in sparse sections. The elder people would in the same way come to feel more social and renew their youth by the occasional visits of the circle. But this depends upon a measure of cooperation and organization. Any single family can find the remedy for itself largely by the means which the printing-press and the mails supply. Let the family, according to ability, plan some periodical visitor which suits the tastes of different members of the household. Take a paper and magazine for each person in the family, if time to read and means will justify so much. Take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the church paper of the family, the newspaper most suitable to the locality and one with something in it, a good magazine and a few up-to-date, useful books. Let each read one according to inclination but stimulate each other to good taste in that inclination. Let the family gather up the week's literature and the week's actual work in it some night, and have an evening literary party in the family. Get up a correspondence or two on literary and historic or current subjects with relatives who are likeminded, in some other part of the country, and let that contribute its part. Nothing gives life to home reading parties and conversation like bringing in the outside world. Then make the church and the Lord's Day contribute also by studying and discussing its texts and subjects. C. P. ATKINSON.

9. What should a church do when the minister, who has served it through a long period, is too old for acceptable preaching, if it is too poor to pay him a pension in addition to paying the salary of a younger minister?

That depends upon the pastoral economy of the particular church. If it is the policy of the denomination and consequently of that church to pay a preacher only a bare living, and then provide for the aged and indigent, then the church is bound to do at least a proportionate part in paying the worn-out ministers. Churches should assist one another in the pensioning of the worn-out preachers, so that all churches may always be at liberty to have an effective preacher. But the dues from that church for the superannuate must not be evaded. Such a debt is a debt of honor on the church, because the terms of employing the effective preacher morally involve this and bind the church to it. The individual church of which the minister has been pastor is especially under the obligation to see that he is provided for unless there is a conference board or a synodical board to make such provision. If the church is under an independent and individual obligation, it is bound to provide for the age and weakness of its minister, even if it has to divide the time of a minister with some other church in order to do so. If the policy of the church, however, has been to pay the clergyman such a salary as contemplates that he shall lay by something for himself, then of course the responsibility is upon himself. It would still be an unfeeling church which would let him suffer. C. P. ATKINSON.

10. What is the origin of the expression, to "take the cake?"

As we use the expression, it is applied to one who does a thing preeminently well, or sarcastically, to one who fails conspicuously, and its immediate origin is in the cake-walk common to Southern States. Yet the negro cake-walk has respectable ancestry in the mediæval past. Gerard's *Herball* (1663) informs us that "in the springtime are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung-up, and with eggs cakes or tansies, which be pleasant in taste and good for the stomacke." These cakes or tansies were offered as prizes in competitive sports. According to Brand, in the Easter season foot courses were run in the meadows, the victors carrying each a cake, given to be run for by some better class person in the neighborhood. In some parts of England a custom prevailed of riding for a bridal cake. "This riding took place when the bride was brought to her new habitation. A pole three or four feet high was erected in front of the house, and the cake was put on top of it. On the instant that the bride set out from her old home a company of men started on horseback, and he who was fortunate enough to reach the pole first and knock the cake down with his stick, received it from the hands of a damsel. This was called 'taking the cake.' The fortunate winner then advanced to meet the bride and her attendants."

EDITH C. ROBINSON.

Miscellaneous Questions

These letters, on the subject of the use of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper, have come to hand:

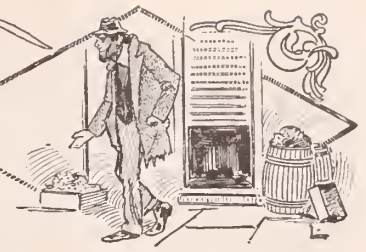
Mrs. A. Manypenny, Milford, Mich., writes: "I wish to protest against one of the replies made to one who asked if it was wrong to use fermented wine at the Lord's table. For the benefit of those who have not studied this question, I wish to quote the opinions of a few who have done so. Dr. Fowler says 'God seems to exhaust the force of language in denouncing wine, which biteth like a serpent.' Surely this cannot be the wine that Jesus made at the wedding-feast! The Bible mentions two kinds of wine: one a blessing, the other a curse. The obliteration of this distinction impeaches the consistency of revelation. Prof. E. Nott, of Union College, says, 'unintoxicating wine existed from remotest antiquity.' Dr. Barnes on the same subject, says: 'The wine of Judea was a pure juice of the grape, and a common drink of the people. We are told by Pliny and Philo that many wines produce headache and madness, but the sweet wines of Syria are used for dyspepsia and other stomach troubles. Which kind does it look reasonable that Paul recommended?' Dr. Thompson says the Moslems make no fermented wines, but boil the juice down to preserve it. Dr. Jacobus says the purest wines of Jerusalem and Lebanon were boiled and sweet. 'This unfermented wine was held in very high repute among the ancients. It was lifted by our Saviour into a symbol of his atoning work, while fermented wine is left under the curse of God, giving sorrow in this life and despair in the life to come.'"

* * *

ROBERT WYNN, New York, writes: I notice that your correspondents are still exercised over the old question of the elements in the Eucharist. Do you not think the time has arrived for taking a newer and more rational view of the Sacrament than do the writers of the communications you have published? Why should we be so much concerned about the kind of wine Christ used at the ceremony? His intention in instituting it is obvious. He wanted some outward symbol of the union of his people with one another and with himself. His memory was to be kept alive in their hearts and they were to love one another. The natural means adopted combined these purposes. It was a simple meal which should not be a feast. It must be a meal to which none should sit down but those who loved him and in sitting down at a common table they would signify their common brotherhood in him. He chose the ordinary bread and wine which at that time were on every table in Palestine, because they were the ordinary food and drink. The one would remind them of his broken body and the other of his atoning blood. Anything that would symbolize these would serve his purpose. It is the spirit and motive of the Sacrament, not the details that should concern us. We may be very sure that if there is the slighest possibility of some poor, tempted creature having his struggle made harder by tasting the beverage which has injured him, Christ would be the first to bid us use some other beverage. Did he not say that if any one caused one of the little ones that believed in him to offend, it were better for him that a millstone were bound about his neck and he were cast into the sea (Mark 9: 42)? Therefore by all means let us use a harmless beverage in this ceremony.

We refer our correspondents to the article on this subject from Dr. Talmage's pen which appears on the editorial page of this issue. In that article he discusses the whole question frankly and comprehensively, and defines the attitude of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has always been opposed to the use of fermented wine at the Sacrament.

The Ragged Church on the Bowery



T is Sunday evening, and above the din of the lower Bowery and the elevated trains church bells sound clarion invitations to service. To multitudes, the ound is the signal for glad preparation: it there are in the great city many men, nd not a few women, who hear it with orrow and regret. Poor, ragged and iendless, they feel that they cannot join the service in the Lord's house side by de with those who have nothing in comon with their miseries, and who would nly look askance at their rags.

To this class, there has lately ome the welcome news of the oranization of a church on the great ast side thoroughfare, the Bowy, which is in a measure exclusively their own. It is known as The Ragged Church," and is loated at No. 39 Bowery, where ospel services are held for God's ildren and sinners, "and free offee and lunch are served Sunay evenings." Here is a haven or the waif. It is the sort of urch he can enter without fear f comparison of clothes or social onditions — a church where he ay sit with others of his kind, ho have sunk to his own level. o with dragging step he joins the ne of men that has formed at the ntrance to No. 39 Bowery. Four olicemen keep in order this line, umbering over 1,000 men. They ake sure there is no crowding, nd the ragged ones enter the uilding two abreast. When 218 en have entered, the doors are osed, and no more will be admitd until some of those who have lready entered pass out. Thus om seven till nearly midnight, ere is a stream of ragged ones owing in and out, from five to six hunred having entered during the evening. he rest of the crowd are temporarily sent way for want of accommodations.

Inside, in a room back of the restaurant of the late Peniel Mission, there are seats for exactly 218 persons. There is a hospitable rule that no one may stand. These seats are filled with types of the lower Bowery, those who have fallen through misfortune, poverty, drink, and crime. Sit on the platform and look down into the rows of haggard, sallow faces, and you find the degenerate, the ex-convict, the inebriate, the man without will; countenances bereft of hope and written all over with the lines of indifference: eyes laden with despair; shoulders bent with misfortune and sin. The whitewashed walls are covered with mottoes, texts, extracts from Scripture, that tell of God and a better life. On the platform are the leaders and workers for Christ in a lowly field.

Some one is playing the organ, the congregation is singing hymns from cards that have been found in each seat. Meanwhile six waiters have handed to every one present a pint of coffee in a tin cup and four hot crullers. The body has been warmed. Grace has been sung, a prayer has been prayed, and now after the feast, there is a song service, reading from the Bible by the Superintendent. Mr. W. Austin, addresses by two preachers. A final invitation by the Superintendent to all to accept Christ may come to the altar and at every service a number profess conversion. When all is over, the congregation passes out and another audience of 218 men and women, many of them in rags, fills the hall. On a recent Sunday evening there were forty conversions.

This good work was recently started and founded by Mr. W. Austin. Mr. A. W. Dennett, of the Peniel Mission, kindly gave up his hall for the purpose, and personally helped the Ragged Church, and met the expense of the meals until he lately went to California. The entire work is now in the hands of Mr. Austin and his faithful helpers.

Mr. Austin was a leader in the Ragged Church of London, where thousands have been converted during the thirty years of its existence. Services are held every week-day evening at eight, and on Sundays at three o'clock, and from seven right through until nearly midnight.

In the Bowery Ragged Church, the leader has been fortunate in securing the volunteer services of an excellent preaching staff and workers. Among these are the Rev. J. J. Munro, Chaplain to the Tomb's Prison, New York; the Rev. John D. Longmore, of Brooklyn; Col. Charles R. Raye; Evangelist Robert Rein; Charles E. Crane; Charles H. Ridgway, and John McDonald, all of whom give their services free for the sake of the work itself and for the love of souls.

Mr. S. D. Sitterley has conducted the distribution of the free meals and he has also acted as organist to the Ragged Church, besides being proprietor of the restaurant and soup kitchen adjoining, where over 2,000 men are fed daily.

REV. J. S. LONGMORE W. AUSTIN, FOUNDER COL. CHAS. R. RAYE

THE FOUNDER OF THE RAGGED CHURCH AND HIS COADJUTORS

A BRIGHT CAREER CLOSED

DR. GEORGE D. HULST OF BROOKLYN SUDDENLY CALLED FROM EARTH IN THE MIDST OF HIS USEFULNESS

STANDING beside the casket in the South Bushwick Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 7, and looking down at the peaceful features of the man who had ministered for more than a quarter of a century within those walls, the question that ose lips, now silent, had so often uttered ame with momentous power: "If a an die, shall he live again?" Dr. Hulst told the writer that he never looked n a dead face without that question of he ancient patriarch recurring to his ind. He preached a sermon on the ext once, in which, with masterly skill, e presented the reasons for believing in he future life. It seemed to comfort im to go over them and dwell upon hem. He must have known that he ould live again in the hearts of his eople, who loved and reverenced him, ut he clung, as we all do, to the hope hat after death had done its work, the dentical *ego* conscious of its identity, would go on living in new conditions and mid new surroundings. A scientific bserver of nature, so careful and so culti ated as he, had seen much to discourage uch a hope; many students of nature, vho were glad to commune with him, ad abandoned the hope; and the appearnce of the dead, so utterly beyond sense nd feeling seemed to banish the hope; ut his faith triumphed over all, and with he apostle's confidence he cried: "We now that if our earthly house of this abernacle were dissolved, we have a uilding of God, a house not made with ands, eternal in the heavens."

Dr. Hulst's life had been a singularly ranquil and joyous one. Born in the old Duryea homestead at Penny Bridge, Brooklyn, N. Y., he had early manifested that love of nature and insect life which characterized his later years. Graduating with honors from Rutgers College in 1866, at the age of twenty, he passed to the Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1869. In the same year he began his ministry in the South Bushwick Reformed Church, which continued until his death.

Such services as he could render to the public without trenching on his pastoral duties, he cheerfully gave. For a time, he lectured on entomology at Rutger's College; he also served for a short period as State Entomologist of New Jersey; and he was President of the Department of Botany at the Brooklyn Institute. Twenty years ago the American Association for the Advancement of Science recognized his erudition by electing him a member, and a few years afterwards made him a Fellow. His own college showed her sense of her indebtedness to him, by conferring on him the degree of Ph. D. But honors and dignities could not spoil a nature so genial and sweet. He was ever the cheerful comrade of his brethren in the ministry, the guide and counsellor of the humblest members of his flock, and the compassionate friend and helper of all with whom he came in contact, who were in adversity. Few knew how earnestly he strove to help the struggling. A short time ago when in a time of hard pressure, inquiries were made into the condition of the poor, it was casually discovered that Dr. Hulst was helping more than a hundred families, the bread-winners of which were out of work.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE D. HULST

It was seldom, and only when deeply moved, that his sermons were eloquent. He attempted no flights of oratory, but his reasoning was convincing and he sought to influence the judgment and the will, rather than the emotions. But he was a man of deep feeling. It was easy to see that. It showed itself in his reading of the Bible. Whether it was a Psalm that he read, or some pathetic chapter from the Prophecies, or a Parable from Luke, or the tender words of Christ's parting address from John, or loving counsels from the Epistles, there was the same reverent, expressive rendering that seemed to bring a new meaning out of the inspired volume. One who humorously urged him to omit his sermon and read passages from the Bible instead, received a look of appreciation of the doubtful compliment, and he replied: "I wish they would be satisfied to have me do it; but they would not be content with the best."

People who saw his alert, wiry frame, his bright, cheerful demeanor and knew his love of out-door life, predicted for Dr. Hulst a hale old age; but it was not to be. "The Lord had need of him" elsewhere and with tender love for him, called him away, without an hour of suffering. On Monday Nov. 5, after preaching as usual the preceding day and teaching his Bible class in the Sunday School, he rose in his ordinary health. An hour later he suddenly fell prostrate. It was all over in a moment. Before medical assistance arrived, he was dead. He was only fifty-four years of age, but the sun of his life had set, to rise on eternal day.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

: : : Five Victories : : :

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Joshua 1: 5: . . . . . There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life.

MOSES was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him, and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried, only one Person at the funeral, the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until he has some one ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet; the next with a stone wall; the next, leading on a regiment of whipped cowards, and the next battling against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion, and the last, against the King of Terrors, Death—five great victories.

As a rule, when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski, or the assault of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley, and the whole valley was

A Raging Torrent.

But Joshua looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the Ark of the Covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet, than by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. As the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say, "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not those waters have stayed parted? Because, perhaps, we may want to go back. O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business. Those Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through, and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?" My friends, God makes no provision for a Christian's retreat. He clears the path all the way to Canaan. To go back is to die. But you say: "Why did not these Canaanites, when they had such a splendid chance, standing on the top of the bank thirty or forty feet high, completely demolish those poor Israelites down in the river?" I will tell you why. God had made a promise, and he was going to keep it. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command: "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees and at the end of the grove is a city. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and once by Herod the Great, and once again by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering-ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that nothing but a ram's horn. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days—and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horns on the seventh day, the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seventh day comes,

The Climacteric Day.

Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as never was heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." All together the troops shout: "Down, Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash! go the walls and temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the walls, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners. The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the divine indication that they should not disturb the premises; making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy,

The Red Cord of Our Rescue.

Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you. When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below;
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says; "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you must stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. You who go out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of your taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say: "Fall back! O Church of God! Do you not see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back!" Geology plunges its crowbar into the mountains and there are a great many people who say: "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of the creation. Fall back!" But friends of God never have had any right to fall back. Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says, "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and, I warrant you, with a mortified look. But

His Old Courage Comes Back.

The fact was, that was not his battle. If it had been he would have won the victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now, let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away." They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of these scattered, or seemingly scattered regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear toward the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three-days' march, more than double-quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua; that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall of Jericho, and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." "Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory." "But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us. See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate!" What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No.

He is in Prayer.

Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon. Pointing with one hand at the descending sun and the other hand at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The wicked do not live out half their day, and their sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

John Summerfield was a consumptive Methodist. He looked fearfully white, I am told, as he stood in the old Sands Street Church, in Brooklyn, preaching Christ, and again on the anniversary platform in New York, pleading for the Bible until unusual and unknown glories rolled forth from that book. When he was dying his pillow was brushed with the wings of an angel from the skies, the messenger that God sent down. Did John Summerfield's sun set? Did John Summerfield's day end? Oh, no! He lives on in his burning utterances in behalf of the Christian Church. He said, "I cannot die now. I am only twenty-seven years of age. Sun of my Christian influence, stand thou still above America,' and it stood still.

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five funerals before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—King of Jerusalem, King of Hebron, King of Jarmuth, King of Lachish, King of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Before you fasten up the door, I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in: King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstition, King Infidelity.

Let Them be Beheaded

and hurl them in. Fasten the door forever. What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be?—for all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is a hundred and ten years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After a hundred and ten years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the King of Terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle, it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather, or great-grandfather, seated by the evening fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show

How the Old Battles were Won

—so Joshua gathers his friends and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I ask if God has kept his promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two, or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers: "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed." And then he turns to his family, as a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel, or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon, and for the foot, the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

MR. JOHN NAZARIAN | MRS. MAKOOR GABRIELIAN | MRS. H. DIRADOORIAN | MR. EEDROS R. TORASSIAN | MISS REBECCA KRIKORIAN | MR. GREGOR GABRIELIAN

A UNIQUE FOREIGN MISSION WORK AT HOME

AMONG immigrants seeking the shores of the New World, the Armenians hold a peculiar place. Other peoples come because they eel that our country offers a better field or labor. and larger opportunities for social, as well as financial advancement. The rmenians came because persecution rove them from home. America was kind

REV. CHARLES A. EVANS, PASTOR

them, spoke boldly for their defence in heir hour of peril, sent them food, and heltered their orphans. Naturally, the rmenian, looking for a land where he ight find security and kindness, turned is eyes toward America. Naturally, too, is regard fastened upon New York, since was by way of New York, through THE HRISTIAN HERALD acting as lmoner for many generous riends, that so much help eached his stricken people. In nd around this city a great any Armenians are living. he Christian public which remembered them when they were far off has not become unmindful of them now that they ve among us, and readers of HE CHRISTIAN HERALD will e interested to hear of a mission which is conducted under n American leader by Armenians for Armenians across the iver, in Jersey—the only work f its kind on the continent.

This work was organized in December, 1897, by Rev. Chas. . Evans, pastor of the First resbyterian Church of West Hoboken, to meet the needs of rapidly-growing colony of Armenians, and its care and oversight was undertaken by the session of the church. There re now between five and six undred Armenians residing in hat section of "North Hudson" who are for the most part efugees from persecution in heir own country. The condition of many of them on arival was most pitiable: they found themselves strangers in a strange land, with no knowledge of the English language and with no resources; in the midst of a mixed population of German, French and Italians, with liquor saloons open on every corner, and temptations to which they had not been accustomed meeting them on every side. Employment was secured for many of them in the silk mills; religious services were instituted by Rev. Mr. Evans in a hall rented for the purpose, and within a few weeks a night-school and medical dispensary were established. Mr. B. R. Torassian, a native Armenian, graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and licentiate of New York Presbytery, was secured as Mr. Evans' assistant.

The American visitor to this mission finds himself in a most novel and foreign atmosphere among the swarthy, dark-eyed folk who make up the congregation. Special services, with preaching, in the Armenian and Turkish languages, are conducted every Sabbath morning, and the attendance upon these services has at times exceeded 150, taxing the capacity of the hall to the utmost. The Sabbath School, in which the international lessons are used, is well attended by children and adults, and great interest is shown in the prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings and the woman's prayer-meeting, Thursday nights. A night-school for young men, in which the usual English branches, history, geography, mathematics, etc., are taught, has been in successful operation for two years. At the night sessions, men past middle age sit side by side with beardless boys. Similar instruction is provided for women and girls in day classes. A kindergarten, recently added, is attended by about sixty boys and girls. The Penny Provident Fund has been found most useful in encouraging the children to be industrious, and in training them to habits of practical economy.

On account of the peculiar customs and ideas common to Oriental people, and prevailing to some extent among the Armenians, it was found impossible for male ministers to do all the pastoral work of the mission. A woman was needed to labor among the women. Providentially, the very woman to do this work was found in Miss Rebecca Krikorian. Miss Krikorian is the daughter of a native Armenian minister distinguished by devotion and service to his people; she was a pupil of Miss Corinna Shattuck, the "Heroine of Oorfa," and well-known to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and she has been engaged in mission work in our country for the past fifteen years. Driven from her native land by the terrible Turk, she came seeking work for the Master among Armenians in America. In the mission at Hoboken, where she entered upon service last May, she has been found invaluable, going from house to house and room to room in the tenements, reading the Word of God to the women, and praying with them, leading their mission meetings, teaching them in the Bible school and conducting their sewing classes. In addition to their other services, both Miss Krikorian and Mr. Torassian have been very helpful in securing work for the unemployed, acting as interpreters in courts and at the immigration offices, and in visiting the sick at the hospitals. Mr. Evans is also greatly aided by members of the Christian Endeavor Society of his church, who conduct the singing at Sabbath services; others interest themselves in social entertainments for the children, and the Junior Christian Endeavor provides the annual Christmas tree. Portraits of Mr. Evans' prominent helpers are presented on this page. Mr. Gabrielian is chairman of the Educational Committee; Mrs. Gabrielian president of the Orphan's Relief Association; Mrs. Diradoorian, secretary, and Mr. Nazarian, assistant superintendent of the Sunday School.

This mission, which teaches the Armenians self-help, is a not only religious, but a patriotic work. Generous assistance has been received from many friends, but more is required to make this important institution a permanent one. A larger chapel and commodious schoolrooms are needed.

GROUP OF ARMENIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN AND JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

...A GREAT...
Sermonic Library

DURING a ministry extending over a period of nearly half a century, Dr. Talmage has come closer to the hearts of the religious world than any preacher of his day and generation. His sermons have reached the remotest ends of the earth, and have been translated into almost every language known to civilization. At the present time, his utterances, published in the daily and weekly press, reach 12,000,000 readers every week. By arrangement with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Dr. Talmage has devoted two years of continuous labor to the revision of his most notable sermons, and these are now published in a set of **Twenty Large Volumes of 400 Pages each,** beautifully printed and richly bound in Art Vellum with Gilt Top. Taken as a whole, they constitute the most valuable library of Theological lore ever issued. They are thoroughly indexed and cross-indexed, alphabetically, topically and textualy, and are thus made immediately available to the preacher, student, teacher, Christian worker and the general reader. Like the Scriptures, they are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correct instruction and righteousness."

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· A · YOUNG · MAN'S · HIDDEN · CHAIN ·

THE RICH YOUNG RULER

International Sunday School Lesson for December 2: Matt. 19: 16-26.

"IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT, GO SELL THAT THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR"

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: (Mark 10: 24)

"Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!"

ONLY one month more of the old year and the old century, both suggesting the great words "time" and "eternity," and so preparing us for the lesson story of a young man profoundly interested in the "eternal life!" The hardest problem of the Church at the crossing of the centuries is how to interest young men in such a life. Among the little children in the primary department of the Sunday School there are as many boys as girls. When we count the twelve-year-olds in the same school, boys are only half as numerous as girls; and when we count those of eighteen, there are not one-fourth as many young men as young ladies. We might attribute this chiefly to the youthful notion that the Sunday School is a "children's affair," did we not find young men equally scarce in the Sunday morning service, and yet more scarce in the prayer-meeting. On the other hand, the young men are sadly numerous when we look into the saloons and the prisons. By a strange contradiction, deadly dissipation is commonly called "life." Our story to-day is of a young man who saw clearly that true "life" is to be found in an opposite course, but would not pay the price.

. . .

Running for Life *There ran a certain ruler and kneeled to him, saying, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?* The writer was only a block away when, on October 29, a wholesale drug store blew up in New York City, shaking the ground like an earthquake, throwing debris in the air like a volcano. The crowds that had gathered to see the fire, when the explosions began, ran in all directions with utmost speed, and did not relax their pace till they were blocks away. With what energy we run from danger or for rescue of others when bodily life is in peril! But if it is the endless life that is at stake

Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

There is too little enthusiasm in religion rather than too much, and this young man of our lesson is to be commended for the intense earnestness with which he started out for eternal life. It was as if a rich young trustee in one of our churches, moral but not religious, should run down the aisle to kneel at the "penitent form" and cry aloud for the "life" that Christ alone can impart. This young man was a "ruler," not in the State but in the Jewish Church. He had inherited not only wealth, but all the privileges of a Jew, including knowledge of God and truth, but he saw in the overflowing life of Christ and those about him, a fulness of life he had not found in his merely formal religion. He wished to know how he could add this abundant life to his inheritance. He had been brought up to think all religious favors must be purchased from God by deeds of merit, and did not see how his own word, "inherit," proclaimed the higher truth that God, like a father, does not sell, but gives the inheritance. This is beautifully illustrated by the story of the poor woman who gazed longingly at the flowers that grew in the king's garden, wishing to buy some for her sick daughter. The gardener replied rudely, "The king's flowers are not for sale." But the king, overhearing the remark, said, "True, the king does not sell his flowers, but he gives them away." God does not sell "eternal life," but he gives it. Not for deeds of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saves us. But let us learn something, even for the teaching of this lesson, from the fact that Christ did not declare this theological doctrine, but, by the Socratic method of "developing questions" and by otherwise quickening thought and conscience, compelled the young man to "judge himself unworthy of everlasting life."

. . .

Do You Mean What You Say and Sing? *Why callest thou me good?* This young man had uttered the truth in calling Jesus "Good Master." Nineteen Christian centuries prove that. Even the sceptics admit with Richter that Jesus was "the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure." Renan, the Napoleon of infidelity, said: "Whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth. His sufferings will soften the best hearts. All the ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born who is greater than Jesus." Col. Robert G. Ingersoll said, in a letter to Eli Perkins, "I consider Jesus the one perfect man." Most impressive of all, his Lordship is proclaimed in every date of every "year of our Lord." No infidel can put into his longest book any argument that will not be more than answered by the date he must put upon the title page. What a waste of paper to say that Jesus was no more than Socrates or Seneca or Shakespeare, and then date the statement from the birth of Christ?

But while the title used by the young man was true, Christ saw that even this serious and sincere man, like so many others, was using sacred terms without pondering their meaning. He would by the probe of a question compel him to weigh his words. He needed to see that "good" and God are synonymous words, that he might cease to belittle the word "good" by misapplying it. No other word is more abused to-day. "Good" means a hundred different things in a hundred different sentences, whether spoken by one man or a hundred. Shylock said Bassanio was "a good man," and then hastened to say that he only meant he was "good for his note."

And the word "Master" is used with similar thoughtlessness. When you sing:

Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all,

do you mean that you are crowning him Lord of your pleasures, your politics, your business?

. . .

The Law as a Looking-glass *If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.* This looks like preaching salvation by works, but let teachers note it is only the great Teacher's wise way of making the moralist see that he cannot so be saved. It is what early revivalists called "law work." Preaching the law is the very way to show that men cannot be saved by the law. If a man is to be saved by the law, it must be by perfect obedience. He is bound to keep the law every hour, and so he cannot count the obedience of one hour against the disobedience of another. If he breaks the law, his only remedy must be mercy, forgiveness, atonement. In some way that violation of law must be provided for, and there is no way but the Cross. This young man, like many others to-day, had no sense of sin. If he had been told that he did not keep the commandments, both in letter and spirit, he would have resented and denied the statement. Christ seemed to take him at his word. He had proposed to be saved by works, and so Jesus said, "Keep the commandments" that glassing himself in the perfect law, he might see his need of cleansing. Let any one to-day look in that glass and he will soon discover his many sins, especially if he uses also those penetrating X-rays of Christ: "Covetousness is idolatry;" "He that hateth his brother is a murderer;" "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart;" "Defraud not."

. . .

A Sinner Lovable but Lost *All these have I observed from my youth up. What lack I yet? And Jesus looking upon him loved him.* A clean young man! No profanity on his lips; no blight of impurity in his cheek; no fraudulent gains in his wealth; no man's blood on his skirts. There is a record as noble as it is rare. Christ loved him for it, thus putting high honor on morality. But it does not satisfy even the young man. Else why this running, this kneeling, this anxious question, "What lack I yet?" That was partly a question of pride, but also a cry out of that aching void in the soul which the world can never fill. The soul is an ocean bed made for Divine love, and nothing less can fill it. That was what Augustine meant when he cried, "O God, thou hast made us for thyself, and our souls are restless till they rest in thee." It was what Browning meant when he wrote:

So the All-great were the All-loving too,
So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
And thou must love me who hast died for thee."

The young man's "lack" was not of God's pitying love—every sinner has that—but of pardoning love. And of this he did not yet feel the need. Not even when he looked in the glass of the law had he seen any sin upon himself, and Christ must a third time probe his soul to show him that he who thought he had kept all the Commandments had not even kept the first. Nowhere in the Bible are we more strongly reminded of the need of prayer for cleansing from unconscious sins.

Cleanse thou me from unseen faults.

The young ruler was "near and yet so far." It makes one's heartache to think of such a clean, lovable young man, who has escaped appetite and lust but has been so chained by covetousness that he can turn his back on the Christ to whom his heart is drawing him rather than on the money which is enslaving him.

. . .

The Secret Idol Unveiled *If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor.* Christ saw that gold had become the god of this otherwise excellent young man. With the firm surgery of love he probed to the very spot where that golden chain of Mammon was eating out his life. Peter might even be an apostle and own a house, but this young man must forsake all, like most of the apostles and prophets and martyrs, to emancipate his soul from its hidden chain. "We can serve God without condemnation only when we serve him without reservation."

Let those who work with enquirers note that Christ did not attempt to make his entrance upon Christian life easy. We have seen Christian lives spoiled because enquirers were not led in the valley of decision to sacrifice their tipple or theatre-going or dancing or something else to which they had previously given the first place which belongs to God. lady who loved all things great a small, not wisely, but too well, saw butterfly struggling to free itself fro a cocoon and rise into its higher lif Its whole body throbbed with the de perate effort. The lady cut the c coon, and the butterfly came out, b only to flop instead of fly, for t very struggle from which it had bee freed was necessary to develop i strength. So another lady, seeing th one chicken from her hatchery w having an unusually hard time in pec ing its way out of its shell, attempte to make its entrance into its new li easy, but the chicken having lost t struggle, lost the strength God giv through it, and shortly died. O reason why our new members in t churches of to-day are so many them weaklings is that they have bee made to feel by false kindness th there is nothing to give up, no mo sacrifices required. In more sens than one the only way to life is by t cross. All through God's world w must come through the struggle f life and the higher struggle for the li of others into the endless life strength and joy that begins here b low.

This young man had the false fee ing about wealth that is so common, th it is to be stored in reservoirs of privat ownership, whereas Christ would have wealt poured out like a river of blessing, as the or tor pours out his eloquence without stint, a the scientist gives all he has of knowedg to the public.

. . .

Missing the Mark *It is easier for a camel to g through a needle's eye than fo a rich man to enter into the kin dom of God.* There were four prominent gate to the city and two small ones. The gate which were heavy, were always closed at sun set. The sentinel called out: "Come, haste ye people, the sun is disappearing, and th gates will close," and the people rushed quickl ly to enter the city before it was too late. I like manner numerous discussions have take place over the words: "It is easier for a cam to go through the eye of a needle, than for rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. The Revised New Testament has "a needle eye," which is better. The needle's eye wa an aperture—of which there were two or mor —in the walls. In Jerusalem, they saw camel going through the eye of a needle every da after the large gate was closed. It was squee ed through the aperture with the greatest di ficulty, and the sentry had to be rewarde with backsheesh, for they took tips even i Jerusalem. Having got the camel's head an neck through the gate, one man pulled hi body through and another pushed him fro behind. The Saviour did not mean that i was impossible for a camel to go through th eye of a needle, but that it was very difficul

Those who boast they are "self-made men usually worship their Creator, but it is so. emnly true that men are partly "self-made. Of the sinner that is especially true. He i prone to say, "I am what God made me," bu in fact he is what he has made himself "Every man's life is a plan of God," and w shall realize that plan in life as a whole if w follow his bidding day by day. To refuse t do that is to miss the mark, to lose the life, a did the young man of whom we have bee speaking.

A CAMEL AT THE GATE CALLED NEEDLE'S EYE

THE ULTIMATE AIM of CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

JOHN WILLIS BAER

YOU will find my theme expressed in the eighth plank of the Christian Endeavor platform of principles. Let me produce the plank herewith and we will see if it is broad ough and strong enough to hold every of the millions of Christian Endeavrs. Here it is:

Christian Endeavor has for its ulite aim a purpose no less wide and y than the bringing of the world to rist. Hence, it is an organization inely evangelistic and missionary in rit and desires to do all it may under direction of the churches and misnary boards for missionary extension."

So my subject is nothing less than the imate aim of Christian Endeavor, and hall try to do as an old colored brother l of whom I have heard, who divided sermon into two parts saying, "Brethn we will discuss fust, all the things in t text; second, all things not in the t, and brethren, we will 'rastle with the ond part fust."

Therefore let me remind my readers of eral very important matters. First, at each local society of Christian Enavor, next to Christ, is amenable to no er authority than that of its own pas and its own church. Like the Sunday hool, it is a subordinate part of the urch to which it belongs, and is of the ne denomination as that church. Each al Christian Endeavor Society is

A Denominational Society.

own with the term undenominational! It ould never be applied to Christian Enavor. Second, the Christian Endeavor a has successfully organized the boys d girls for effective service, hence the ousands of Junior Christian Endeavor cieties, and there is no more important anch of Christian Endeavor than that organizing the boys and girls, and savthem for Christ. Third, Christian deavor is also a blessing to the older ys and girls, and for them we have our ermediate societies with a membership of youth ranging from fourteen to hteen, the very flower of the young e of every community. Fourth, in the aduation we come to the Young Peo's societies, just such as Dr. Clark hteen years ago organized in Portland, e., giving the young converts definite d particular work at home and in ir own church through committees, ting them to work for the unsaved, and nding them with cords of love to their urches, their pastors and their denomitions.

The Christian Endeavor idea has been veloped further into the life of some urches, and pastors found that what s good for their boys and girls, their ls and lassies, and their young men and men, would also be a help to them in nding the older people together, and adually Mothers' and Senior Societies ve sprung into existence. Take these ganizations, first and last named, dissect em carefully, and running through them if really entitled to the name Christian deavor, you will find the pledge or venant expressing strenuous loyalty to e local church and to Christ. In this y of rapid growth and organization, of ovincial, State, National and worlde unions, there has been well to the nt the fact that Christian Endeavor ists to-day, as it did the first day,

For Christ and the Local Church.

Let it be always understood, Christian deavor is a religious society. Its useIness, I contend, depends, like the poste stamp, upon its ability to stick to one ing until it gets there. These bright ung Christians stick to this watchword, yalty, and keep it well in the foreound, give it a place upon every platrm, and will insist upon it until every urch in every denomination throughout e world understands it, believes in it, d is ready to defend it, and to be blessed r it. Again let me say, Christian Enavor is a religious society; its home is e local church; its field, the wide world. Christian Endeavor, indeed, as has often been said, is an "influence, and not an institution." True, under God's bidding, a great movement has sprung from the seed sown nineteen years ago, but notwithstanding that, the local societies owe no allegiance whatever to any Provincial, State, Territorial, or National Christian Endeavor union, and the day that Christian Endeavor becomes anything else than an "influence," that day it will begin a backward step. The movement is destined to grow to even greater proportions than it has already, but it will continue to be the same inspiring influence upon the world at large, and never an institution demanding by taxes the allegiance or support, financial or otherwise, of a single local society. True, Christian Endeavorers believe in interdenominational fellowship, but that comes into the "things that are in the text," and will be referred to later. At this time I want to continue to emphasize the denominational loyalty that Christian Endeavor fosters, and in which it rejoices, and to which it is especially amenable and is ready to conserve. But denominational control is a very different thing from sectarian exclusiveness, mind that.

You probably have heard of that large elephant, large enough to be a consort of Jumbo, who, when she was browsing in a field for food, unwittingly uncovered a nest of larks, and as they looked up and peeped for fear, Mother Elephant looked down upon them and allowed a tear to drop from her eye as she said: "I, too, have the heart of a mother;" and immediately sat down on the nest. Please understand from this that there is a kind of denominationalizing of Christian Endeavor which, if put into operation, would not only break the spirit of the young and dampen their enthusiasm, but would destroy the nest as well. There are some extreme denominationalists and their number decreases each year, who would "mother" Christian Endeavor, until it would meet the fate of the larks just referred to. Such extremists sow discord and succeed only in promoting sectarian exclusiveness. Against such Christian Endeavor will always be arrayed, but for those who would encourage self-respecting, real denominationalism, Christian Endeavor may be counted to uphold. Again, I say there is a wide difference between sectarianism and denominationalism. The latter Christian Endeavor believes in,

When God is in it;

the former Christian Endeavor hates; it is of the devil and with his Satanic majesty Christian Endeavor has eternal war.

And now it is time to take up "some of the things in the text." If Christian Endeavor is to have as its ultimate aim so lofty a purpose as bringing the world to Christ, its strength and ability to undertake so great a task, humanly speaking, will be equal to the aggregate strength and ability of the individual members, nothing more, nothing less. In all the world there are 60,500 societies, with a total membership of between three and four millions. Formidable army! With a righteous purpose! Under blessed leadership! But until every single individual member is equipped as a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ should be, the Christian Endeavor army will be handicapped and its victory will be delayed. How shall Christian Endeavor raise its standard? How equip its individual members and make the conquest sure?

I have heard a leading minister say that when he was a boy that he was always afraid of thunder, but as he grew older and became better informed, he learned that it was the lightning that was to be feared, and so in his after-life when preaching the Gospel he said he learned to thunder less and to lighten more. Christian Endeavor must be equipped with the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. The lives of its individual members must reflect almost as a lightning flash the life of Jesus Christ. Yes, "Christian Endeavor must thunder less and lighten more." That means that Christian Endeavor covets a better knowledge of God's Word and a better idea how to use it, too, when winning associate members and others into the active list and into the church of Jesus Christ. Oh for a revival of personal Bible study! It means, too, more individual communion and conversation with God through prayer, remembering that he told his disciples when face to face with them, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Bringing this lofty purpose of winning the world to Christ, to the test of this divine promise, however enthusiastic Christian Endeavor may be, head and heart on fire, it must get into closer touch with the real meaning of these lines, and exclaim as many have, "Lord, teach us to pray!" To be an active member must mean something. The daily conversation, the every-day life at home and in the office, in school, on the farm, must be

Patterned After the Leader's.

Christian Endeavor must make the religion of Jesus Christ more and more attractive to those who know it not. Individual members must be living epistles known and read of all men. Walking advertisements! Christian Endeavor must advertise Christ as the shoemaker does his shoes. The darts of discouragements, criticisms, sneerings, sarcasms, must be turned upon its shield emblazoned with the monogram of Christian Endeavor, and Christian Endeavorers must abide in him.

After having emphasized individualism and all it stands for, let me very naturally seek the cooperation of others. You remember that I have written a great deal about denominational loyalty; that I stand for it and believe in it, that Christian Endeavor promotes it, and now, without being the least bit inconsistent, let me say that to me the crown of Christian Endeavor is its blessed interdenominational fellowship. Now its lofty purpose seems more within its reach. What individuals cannot do alone, they can by proper cooperation with others bring to pass.

Go to the average Christian Endeavor convention and you will find Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Disciples of Christ, and others and others. No one can tell by looking at their faces who is a blue Presbyterian, or a red-hot Methodist, but you can see reflected in the faces and shining through the eyes,

The Deep Purpose in the Heart

to exalt Jesus Christ. That is the kind of cooperation that will win the world to the Master, and while Christian Endeavor has no monopoly of this kind of fellowship, it is opening the door to its inner circle wider and wider and has done more to promote it in the last nineteen years than has ever been accomplished before.

Christian Endeavor can cooperate in so many ways interdenominationally in answering our Lord's Prayer that "they all may be one." That does not mean organic union, one denomination, one church. It does not mean that all are to become Presbyterians, or all to become Methodists. It does mean that all do stand for spiritual fellowship in Christ Jesus. At the great Washington Christian Endeavor Convention, one of the speakers told a story (and I guess it was not much else) about a widower with children who married a widow with children, and this couple in the course of time were blessed with more children. One morning there was a great commotion and squabbling out in the yard in the rear of their home. The husband impatiently inquired of the wife as to what it was all about. She went out, investigated, and returning said: "Why your children and my children are picking on to our children." And every time I think of that story, I think it describes the needless bickering and petty squabbles that have been going on in the past between the various denominations. Christian Endeavor is putting a stop to it. Pity it is that an unconverted world looks on and sees Christian denominations fighting one another, jealous of one another, emphasizing their differences instead of publishing to the world the things upon which they are agreed. It is not a great way back when they did not enjoy this fellowship to which I refer. It was little thought of, but now that the Church of Christ has had a taste of it, it wants more of it, and Christian Endeavor stands for it, and shoulder to shoulder, Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and others will present a united front against the hosts of sin.

Striking Palms One With the Other,

in Christian Endeavor, and as iron sharpeneth iron, so will discussions of methods of work and comparisons of aggressive evangelistic work make individuals more and more ambitious to do Christ's will in the homes and in the churches. Believe me, Christian Endeavor admonishes me to be no less a Presbyterian; it bids me to be more of a Christian. I prefer to be called a Christian Presbyterian, rather than a Presbyterian Christian. Christian first, Presbyterian next.

But Christian Endeavor cooperation has widened and deepened; it is not only interdenominational, but inter-state, inter-provincial, and God be praised again, it is inter-national. Christian Endeavor has come into the world to bind together in bonds of holy love and peace, men of all nations; and above the name of every earthly ruler, however dear, and above every flag is the name of the King of kings and Lord of lords, and as one great army its members rally under the blood-stained banner of the Cross.

And now you will notice lastly that it is because Christian Endeavor is missionary and evangelistic in spirit, that it has the high and lofty purpose of winning a lost world. More and more is Christian Endeavor becoming a missionary and evangelistic force. The sooner the movement is thoroughly imbued with that spirit throughout the length and breadth of its individual membership, will it have accomplished its ultimate purpose.

Christian Endeavor is to have a generous part in

A Real Revival in Missions

at home and abroad. A missionary revival that does not mean fuller emotion merely, but a readiness and a desire to do more and to give more, and that only can be realized by a larger self-denial. Christian Endeavor believes in giving systematically and proportionately to our Lord's work. A better appreciation of what a serious business life is; a greater thirst for souls that can be won for Christ, for his dear sake.

Christian Endeavor is facing the Twentieth Century and its twentieth year of service, and I close this article with a clarion call issued recently by President Clark: "Next February, Christian Endeavor will be twenty years of age; a full score of years will be rounded out since the first little society gathered in the Williston parsonage and each member solemnly agreed, 'Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do.' Let Christian Endeavorers take hold together heartily and enthusiastically upon the programme for Christian Endeavor's twentieth year. Very briefly the suggested twentieth-year programme is as follows: First, some worthy national celebrations. Second, a vigorous effort to unify and strengthen the work of all Christian Endeavor unions. Third, an effort to occupy the field in all the world which God has so providentially opened. Fourth, an effort to strengthen every weak society by establishing it more firmly upon Christian Endeavor principles. Fifth, to make our twentieth birthday a decision day for Christ, and sixth, a thank-offering day for His work throughout all the world."

JOHN WILLIS BAER.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Rush After Election

WAS there ever a sublimer scene than the silencing of all agitation as soon as the ballot-box had spoken in the Presidental election? We were to have riot, and cut-throatery. Judges of election were to be imprisoned. There would be blood-shed at many of the polls. If either of the Presidential candidates was elected things generally would go to smash. But fifteen million voters went to the ballot-box and expressed their opinion, and while here and there in some unimportant place there may have been an altercation, in the most part our cities were as quiet as on a New Year's or a Christmas day. All hail American institutions! In comparison with our peaceful modes behold the times before and after election in Great Britain. An Englishman the other day said to me in London, "We do not quit our animosities when the elections are over. You in America seem to drop all angry words and sarcastic behavior the day after the votes are cast." Now we have not seen England and Scotland after the ballot, but we saw them just before the ballot and no such behavior would be allowed in Republican or Democratic meetings as is seen in Liberal or Conservative meetings in England. The morning paper that I opened in London gave account of eight political meetings where the speaker had been howled down, and either had to stop speaking or speak only to the reporters at the table before the platform. Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, whom Dr. Klopsch and myself saw much of last summer, we consulting him about transportation of bread-stuffs for India (and who is one of the most affable of men), attempting to address a political meeting in September had no sooner said "Ladies and Gentlemen," than a man in front shouted "You're a liar!" I can easily understand that if scenes so violent and outrageous occur in political meetings in England before election, that after election there might still continue acerbity and bitterness such as are seldom seen in America. We have all gone back to our stores, and our offices, and our shops, and our farms and our churches, willing to keep the peace for another four years, and abstain from making ourselves ridiculous.

The Blood of the Grape

UNTIL the last cluster of catawbas is squeezed into the chalice of the last Lord's Supper that this world will ever solemnize, the discussion will probably go on concerning the wine that the Lord made for the wedding in Cana, and the kind of wine that should be used now in the Holy Sacrament. In these last days, unfermented wine is used in many of the churches, and without being at all dogmatic on this subject, we wish that on all sacramental occasions fermented wine might give place to the unfermented.

Let us bear in mind that in all our church memberships there are reformed inebriates, those who were once the slaves of alcoholism, but who by the grace of the Gospel have been liberated, and as one spark may set fire to a building, so one drop of strong drink may conflagrate the temple of a soul. Every communion season with an intoxicant in the passing cup may endanger the mortal and immortal life of a participant. John B. Gough, the mightiest of temperance reformers, sitting at the sacrament, took the bread, but did not dare to take the wine. No reformed inebriate ought ever taste the cup at the Lord's Supper if it have one drop of alcoholic flavor. Those of us who have been mercifully kept from the enthralment of strong drink cannot appreciate the power of the demon who squats at the bottom of the wine-cup ready to snatch the tongue of its former captive. Instead of going into the Greek and the Hebrew languages to find out the character of the wine mentioned in New and Old Testaments, let us use our common sense the best we can. "But did not our blessed Lord make wine for the embarrassed housekeeper at Cana?" Oh yes, he made it out of water, and all the wine the world or the church can make out of water will be harmless. But it would be impossible to imagine Christ making any such strychnined, or log-wooded wine as now curses the earth. While here and there a church, through some especial caterer or expert in grapery, may be able to select wine that is free from adulteration, the most of churches who drink fermented wine at the sacrament, drink that which if honestly analyzed would in many sensitive natures produce regurgitation.

Two instances coming under my own observation have made me favorable to the change proposed in the style of wine to be consecrated in holy ordinance. In my former church in Brooklyn the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States met to commemorate the Lord's Supper. There were over six hundred members of that general assembly. Many of them had their families with them. Then the members of all the churches of Brooklyn were invited to sit with us in the great solemnization. There were perhaps three thousand communicants present. The communion services of ten or fifteen churches were borrowed for the occasion. There were perhaps forty or fifty chalices and tankards gleaming on the long line of tables. The air was heavy with the odors of the wine. A good man, who had in other days been an inebriate, but who for many years had been a consistent and consecrated Christian, told me with a face still flushed with the excitement which he suffered from breathing the air that sacramental night, that he was nearly overthrown by temptation, and he said he thought it would be many weeks before he would recover from the effects of that inhalation. By vote of session we passed a resolution that thereafter we would at the Lord's Supper use unfermented wine.

But the other instance was a tragedy. One summer, while off on my pastoral vacation from Philadelphia, I received a telegram announcing the death of a parishioner, one of the best friends I ever had, and one of the noblest men I ever knew. With a heavy heart I took the train for Philadelphia. The bereft home was filled with sympathizers awaiting the obsequies. I had no time to make any inquiries concerning the illness and the last hours of my friend and parishioner. I poured out my soul in unlimited eulogium of the departed, telling of all he had been to me and to the church. After all was over, and I had made some enquiries in regard to the departure of my good friend, I found the following to be the facts: He was walking the streets of Philadelphia on the hot summer day, and was taken with sharp pains that were almost unbearable, and he went into a drug store to get something for his relief. The druggist gave him something that had in it some drops of strong drink which went to his brain, and passing down the street he came to a liquor store and drank heavily and soon became a raving mani so that he could not be taken to his ho but was taken to the hospital, where i few days he died of delirium treme In early life he had been an inebriate, l had been converted to God and had be thirty-five years a consistent member the church. But those drops given h by the druggist roused up the old ha and flung him out of this life in a m horrible demise. Now, I say, if a f drops alcoholic in a drug store co work such tragedy, a few drops alcoho in a communion cup may destroy a m If to save one man from such an overth any church shall change the kind of wi administered do you not think it wo please the Lord?

Until all the churches shall waken the full sense of responsibility on t subject, let all those communicants w were once the serfs of alcoholism ta the bread at the Sacrament, but bow t head in silence and let the cup pass wi out touching it so much as with the tip the fingers.

T. DeWitt Talmage

HONORING THE BODY

IN the soul there are laid the foundations of true happiness. But the history of every life is the history of a body, as well as a soul; for the body is the handmaid of the soul, nay it is far more, it is the partner and the co-heir of its eternal companion. That a good soul, then, should desire a pure body to dwell in, is a pre-supposition that is self-evident. And physical puritanism is as real a fact as spiritual puritanism; though its importance is far too little insisted upon.

I do not here mean by physical puritanism the mere washing and cleansing, and suitable adorning of the body—though this is a very important factor in a healthy happiness—I am insisting now on that closer moral purity which apprehends the dignity and the destiny of this breathing house of clay, made after the image and likeness of God, and knows that it cannot be defiled without sinning deeply against its Creator.

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen." In this most solemn close of the Apostle's Creed—a creed embodying the faith of the earliest ages of Christianity—we cannot pass by the position which is given to the body. It occupies the central point between "forgiveness" and "eternal life." Do we really understand and fully accept all the vast and wonderful promise thus solemnly declared? For if we do, we have added greatly to the sum of our highest happiness in this world.

* * *

I am quite aware that I am bringing to the front a source of happiness not usually taken into account. All the more anxious am I to prove my position and to enrich some lives by a dignity and a promise they have as yet failed to claim. For it is doubtless only too true that in speaking of spiritual things the word "body" is at once suggestive of sin, and the majority have an idea that the further they get away from the bodily the nearer they come to the spiritual. Even in our pulpits how seldom is the body mentioned with the honor it deserves! How rarely is the blessing of its senses, and the charge of ruling its appetites, pointed out to us! And still more rarely do we hear anything about its present rights and its future inheritance. Yet it has both rights and inheritance.

Now, though we may exist partially after a fashion, humanity is the more delightful, the more whole and full it is. Let us each then claim for ourselves, if we have never before done so, the full inheritance to which our body has a legitimate right.

* * *

Besides the resurrection the body is also intimately connected with three other vital points of our most holy faith—the visibility of the Church, Christ's intercession in his human body in heaven, and the future judgment of the dead. Without the body, where would be the visible communion of saints? Without the body, how could we be judged for the deeds done in the body? And if there be any point dear to the Christian heart, it is the one expressed in the verse—

"See where he stands at God's right hand,
And pours the interceding prayer;
Points to his hands, and shows his side,
And says that I am graven there."

If we hesitate to accept this doctrine, with all the comfort and happiness it ought to give, then we must look down into the depths our nature for the reason of our hesitati Is it sensuality? Does speaking contem uously of the body, and calling it vile, make easier for us to use it vilely? Alas! it is ea to use up in the passions the life God gave for happiness, and to thus induce that co ness of soul that always follows deliberate cess. On the contrary, the soul becomes re through its empire over the bodily sens Are we desirous to attain unto this royalty—enjoy this freedom from the empire of Sata Then we must fight for the mastery; for in the composition of every happiness enters t thought of having deserved it.

* * *

Oh, the mystery of our incarnation! If o bodies are indeed the temples of the Ho Ghost, how shall we dare to defile the sacr place? The father of Origen so surely l lieved this truth, that when the child lay in cradle he was accustomed to lay bare its lit breast and kiss it in prayer over him, entre ing that the Holy Ghost would take poss sion. The father of Sir Thomas Browne f lowed the same symbolical practice; and on God knows how many thousands of prayerf parents, taking the doctrine as the wo gives it to us, may, in the days of great faith, have done likewise.

There is another very solemn thought co nected with this subject—we know there w be differences in glorified souls; will the differences extend to our spiritual bodie The forgiveness of God for sin does not r pair the wrongs sin has done our mort bodies; will it obliterate all traces of it in t spiritual one? Is there to be no differen between those who have used their natur bodies for the service of God and those who though they have repented—destroyed bo their own bodies and the bodies of the victin and the companions of their vices?

* * *

But Oh, the joy and triumph of those wh love and honor the body, bought with Christ body! and who keep it in sacred purity, the temple of the Holy One! In weakness an weariness, as well as in youth and strengt they will remind themselves that as they ha borne the image of the earthy, so also the shall bear the image of the heavenly. The will not fear death or the grave, for they wi see in Christ's resurrection the grandeur their own destiny.

Therefore, because we believe in the resu rection of the body, we honor and adore i Creator, and give hearty thanks for the my tery, and the promise, of being "in the body. For behold I show you a mystery: "We sha not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in moment, in the twinkling of an eye at the la trump—for the trumpet shall sound—an the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and w shall be changed. For this corruptible mus put on incorruption; and this mortal must pu on immortality. So when this corruptibl shall have put on incorruption, and this mort shall have put on immortality, then shall b brought to pass the saying, that is written Death is swallowed up in victory. O deat where is thy sting? O grave where is th victory? The sting of death is sin, and th strength of sin is the law. But thanks be t God, which giveth us the victory through ou Lord Jesus Christ!"

Amelia E. Barr

In the Land of Gold

MINERS in the Klondike are accustomed to visits of curiosity and inspection, but not to the presence of guests so distinguished as those they entertained some weeks ago. Lord and Lady Minto, the representatives of Queen Victoria in Canada, made a journey to the "Land of Gold," to see with their own eyes some of the wonders that all the world has been talking of. The Governor-General was at some pains to let it be known that the visit was not official, but it was impossible to prevent the miners giving it all the significance it deserved. They came from all parts of the region into Dawson, to tender a welcome to the visitors. They were delighted with the interest manifested by Lord and Lady Minto in the operations and conducted them through the workings, pointing out the new and improved methods adopted for getting the precious metal. They also explained their own ideas of the best system of enforcing law and order in the extremely difficult conditions of a mining camp, all of which the Governor-General heard with a show of interest. At the conclusion of the visit which lasted four days and included a ten mile drive up the Ridge trail, the miners presented Lady Minto with a jewel case made of Yukon gold and filled with choice nuggets. Their Excellencies were conducted in grand procession to their steamer *Sybil* and were saluted as they sailed away with a volley from the barracks' guns. Lord Minto cordially thanked the miners for the courtesy with which they had welcomed him and his wife. It would not have been in good taste for him to have lectured them after all their kindness, otherwise he might have given them the warning that such men need, quite as much as did the men whom the ancient lawgiver addressed:

Beware when thy silver and thy gold is multiplied and all that thou hast is multiplied, that thou forget not the Lord thy God in not keeping his commandments (Deut 8:11-13).

Valuable Meteorites

The approach of the annual meteorites whose path the earth crosses this month, has led to the examination of our present possessions in that department. It appears that the most valuable collection on this side of the Atlantic is that in the Harvard Mineralogical Museum at Cambridge, Mass., which is second only to the one in the British Museum. The aggregate weight of the Harvard collection is 2,800 pounds. It comprises meteorites which have struck the earth on 275 different occasions. There is a wide difference in the value of meteorites. It is not estimated by weight inasmuch as the stone may be of vast size like that which fell in Canon Diable, Arizona, any small fragment of which would be sufficient to represent the fall. Others are worth a hundred dollars a pound because there is no other specimen of that particular fall known to be in existence. Association, too, is an element of value. Some of the ancient meteorites, like the Palladium which fell at Troy, have been worshiped for generations. A well-known American collector recently secured from the Shah of Persia a number of pieces from a famous semi-sacred meteorite which had been in possession of the royal family for generations, and by disposing of bits to various European museums on his way home, was able to pay all the expenses of his trip to Teheran. People were willing to buy fragments of it on account of its origin and the reverence that royal and other worshipers paid it. It would be well if men who thus appreciate the stones that come down from the heavens had a truer appreciation of that bread of which Christ spoke:

This is the bread which came down from heaven, he that eatheth of that bread shall live forever (John 6:58).

All Night in a Bank Vault

A physician at a town in Kentucky had a disagreeable experience a few days ago. He was returning to his home, soon after midnight, from a professional call, and was crossing the public square when he was roughly seized and held prisoner. His captors rushed him into a bank which stands on the square and there covering him with their revolvers, made him sit still. Burglars were busy picking the lock of the vault, in which the bankers kept their money and securities. When the burglars had secured the valuables and were preparing to depart, the question arose of what should be done with the doctor. He had been brought into the bank by the outside watchers, who thought he had seen that the bank was being robbed and might give an alarm. He might still do so, if they released him, and as that might end in their arrest, they decided to keep him a prisoner. So he was thrust into the looted bank vault and the door shut upon him. He remained there all night and the clerks found him there in the morning when they opened the bank and went to the vault for the money to carry on the business. They would doubtless be grievously disappointed at finding a man in the vault instead of the money. The time has not yet come when that promise is fulfilled that was recorded by the ancient prophet:

I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir (Isa. 13:12).

Honored an Old Check

One of the banks in Fort Worth, Tex., paid a check recently that had been drawn more than twenty years ago. It appears that in 1879 a cattle-dealer traveling through Texas bought five head of cattle from a farmer, paying for them with a check for one hundred dollars, on his bankers. The farmer had no occasion to go to the city just then, and as he was busy on his farm, he had no opportunity of presenting the check for six months. When he did so he was told that the cattle-dealer who had signed it had closed his account with the bank and had left the neighborhood. He was not distressed about the matter, feeling sure that the cattle-dealer had not intended to defraud him. He kept the check by him until he could find out where the cattle-dealer was. A few days ago he met him accidentally and told him of his failure to get the check cashed. The cattle-dealer remembered the purchase and the issuing of the check. He was again buying cattle in that locality and had re-opened his account. The farmer this time went at once to the bank, presented the check and obtained the money. He was doubtless glad to get the money after waiting so long, though he lost a considerable sum in the interest it would have yielded if he had not been negligent in getting it at the first opportunity. It is often so with God's gifts. We are glad to see an aged man turn to the Lord though we cannot help regretting the loss of all he might have done if he had turned to him in early life. Seldom is it possible to obtain the fulfilment of the promise:

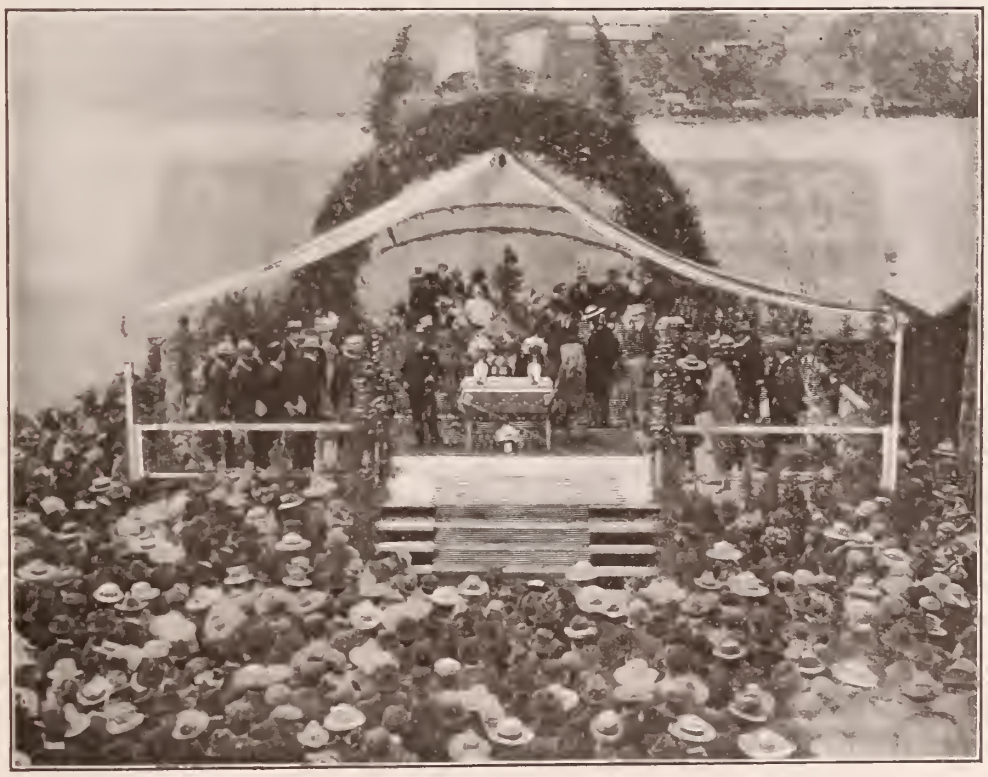
I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten (Joel 2:25).

London's Lord Mayor

The British capital has just witnessed its annual pageant which is the great holiday of the year for the citizens. On November 9 every year the newly elected Lord Mayor dons his civic robes, assumes the gold chain and goes in procession from the Mansion House, his official residence, to the Court of the Royal Exchequer to take the oath of office. His procession is usually made up of emblematical floats and men quaintly dressed in ancient garb. This year Alderman Frank Green, a paper merchant, has received the coveted honor. The election is usually a matter of form. It goes to the Aldermen in rotation and is decided, not as with us, by popular vote but by the votes of the Aldermen and Council. The district over which he rules is not the London of five million population, but only the central part, or the city proper, which contains the chief banks, financial offices, and large business agencies. In the day time there is probably no busier place on earth, but at night there are few people in it save the soldiers who guard the Bank of England, the policemen and the private watchmen who protect the vast wealth in the big buildings. The men who throng the streets and offices in the day go out to the suburbs to sleep. These suburbs forming a belt around the city and being included in the ordinary conception of London, are broken up into different boroughs for municipal purposes. There are twenty-eight such boroughs, each with its own mayor and council. The Lord Mayor receives a salary of $50,000 for his year's services, but his entertainments of distinguished guests are on so lavish a scale that he generally leaves the Mansion House at the end of his term a much poorer man than he entered it. Lord Mayor Green will miss the aid of his wife during his term. She died about a year ago and the duties of Lady Mayoress which are by no means light, will be performed by her daughter. Mrs. Green was a daughter of Joseph Haydn, who compiled the Dictionary of dates. During the year the Mayor will occupy a place of great honor and influence among his people, and his conduct will be an example for good or evil among the citizens. We may hope, therefore, that the words of promise uttered at the inauguration of the new leader of Israel's hosts may apply to him:

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success (Joshua 1:8).



RECEPTION OF LORD AND LADY MINTO BY THE MINERS OF THE KLONDIKE

Brief Notes

An immense congregation assembled in Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, on Nov. 11, to hear Dr. Talmage. Hundreds of persons were unable to obtain admission. In an address, Dr. A. C. Dixon, the pastor of the church, said that when they got their new house of worship he hoped that Dr. Talmage would be a frequent visitor. He would like to have him preach there at least once a month.

The Right Hon. Friederich Max Muller, one of the greatest Orientalists and philologists of the day, died on October 28, aged seventy-seven.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip is making rapid progress. Pastors desiring to organize a branch may procure the necessary literature by addressing Mr. C. E. Wyckoff, Irvington, N. J.

An effort is being made by Mr. Moody's successors at Northfield to organize some definite and practical method of reaching with the Gospel country districts in which the population is too small and scattered to support a church.

The International Sunshine Society has begun work on the East Side in New York. At the suggestion of the president, Miss Grace Dodge, a headquarters has been opened at 60 Baxter street, to try to reach the children and young girls of the neighborhood.

The Protestant Armenians of this country are planning to raise a fund with which to erect a monument in Lexington, Mass., over the grave of the benefactor of their race, Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., missionary and statesman.

The islanders of Erromanga, where in 1839 the missionary John Williams was murdered and his body devoured at a cannibal feast, have just sent $750 to the Bible Society toward the cost of printing the Bible in their own language. So much has been accomplished by missionary labor in sixty years.

A form of philanthropy greatly needed in our own cities—that of helping discharged criminals to begin a new and better life—is being conducted with great success in Liverpool, Eng. The number of criminals thus aided last year in that city was 6,969. A few days ago a large number of these were entertained at a breakfast, when the Bishop of Liverpool made a sympathetic and encouraging address.

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Her Morning Portion

MRS. ELLENWOOD was perplexed. She had reached a place in life where she was in doubt about the next step. Indeed, it seemed as if there could be no next step, for her husband's salary had been reduced, and her oldest boy, Rob, who was very anxious to get a position, was disappointed wherever he turned. Fanny, her bright ambitious daughter, whose heart had been set on going to college, had been forced to give up her plans and was acting as cashier in a store, and Mrs. Ellenwood was as disappointed for Fanny as Fanny herself was. In a mood of profound discouragement, the lady took up her Bible to read her morning lesson. It happened to be in the prophecy of Jeremiah, 29th chapter. Reading along to the seventh verse, she read: "And seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captive and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." Was it an angel who whispered in her ear, that just as in the old times God's people were carried away into bondage, so that the home-sick yearning of their hearts was for the gladness of their old home? So in modern days, we may be in bondage to trouble, to debt, to hard and fettering circumstances. Yet, the angel went on to tell her, no matter what the surroundings, the Lord means his children to be at peace; to be happy and to make the best of things, and to pray for the peace of those around them. Some people might have thought the lesson far fetched, but not Mrs. Ellenwood, to whom it came as a real personal word from the Lord himself. And as she laid her Bible down, text after text came to her mind, each with a message of divine sweetness. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "In nothing be anxious, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall guard your heart and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, to be content. I know how to be abased and how to abound; in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."

When Mrs. Ellenwood met her family again, husband and children marked a new light in her face, heard a new ring in her voice. She was cheerful and hopeful once more, for her morning portion had fed her as manna from the skies.

When the Grapes Are Ripe

The vine is a symbol of plenty, and the year reaches its altitude of fruitfulness when the grapes are ripe. Can there be a greater contrast than that which is afforded by our happy, well-fed, plump and rosy American children, playing tea with their cups and saucers, their cakes and fruit, as placed side by side with the starving brown children of India! These little ones never knew an ungratified want, their dimpled flesh is firm, they are full of life and merriment. Think of the other little ones whom Dr. Klopsch saw as he traveled up and down India on his Christ-like mission of love; children gaunt with famine, children gasping and dying because they were not fed. Thank God that the want has been partially relieved, that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have aided in relieving it, and that the rains which promise future harvests have fallen at last. The children playing tea suggest another thought, and that is one of the abundance of fruit in our great and beautiful country. Surely we may praise God that we are the granary and the vineyard of the world at need. And when God gives us grapes let us eat them and be grateful, for in their luscious ripeness, their perfect shape, and their tempting clusters, they satisfy every sense. A grape-cure is often recommended for invalids, but I believe in keeping so well that you do not require a cure, and grapes are good as preventives as well as efficacious as remedies.

God bless the children, the white children, the brown children, the red, and the black children of the world. God bless the yellow children of China, for whom, when the present tempest is past, a new day will dawn. Children are bundles of possibilities. In their play and in their work they forecast the future. May the children of this period grow up into a great army of occupation for Jesus Christ.

A MERRY GROUP, PLAYING "TEA"

Lead Us Not Into Temptation

Mother of sons, mother of daughters, teach your children this petition. The tempter, no mere spirit of evil in you, but a fierce, malignant and Protean power outside your personality, is lying in wait seeking whom he may devour. Teach your daughters to live purely, your sons to live in austere virtue. From both sedulously keep the unclean thing, the bad book, the bad paper, the bad companion. And pray for them and with them every day that they may not be led into temptation, but may be delivered from evil.

Look on the Bright Side

In the mountains the other day, I stood on a lofty spot where all around was sunshine. Down below, the clouds were heavy and a thunderstorm was rolling, with deep crashing reverberations, and vivid criss-crossing of the lightning. The dwellers in the lowlands saw only the gloomy clouds, and felt the downpour of the heavy rain, but there was clear shining above the storm. Let us remember that the upper side of the clouds is always turned to the blue sky and to the sun.

Her Penny

The little maid of six ran in and asked for a penny. Mother found one for her, and then she ran away to spend it. "Nothing makes her so happy as spending a penny," said her mother. Some grown-up women understand the feeling. But we should teach children to save, to give away, and to spend with discretion, even when only a penny is involved.

A Solemn Thought for Parents

Every murderer, every thief, every vile criminal of whatever degree, was once an innocent little child. Not all the convicts in our prisons to-day come from the criminal classes. Many of them have had every worldly advantage, a good education, refined associations and happy homes. We are sorely in need in this land and age of a revival of home training, of the strict training in integrity which shall scorn luxuries dishonestly gained, which shall prize clean hands and a white record, which shall give hard work its honorable place, and teach our young men to seek wages only for thorough work and to avoid speculation. Parents cannot too sedulously train children to obey, to speak the truth, to scorn all forms of theft. The Bible must be restored to its old place in the family as God's word, to be loved, learned and followed, and our Sabbath, now menaced and dishonored, must be again kept holy, if we are not to be often shocked by stories of terrible moral shipwreck.

For half-grown boys after nightfall the street is the worst and the most perilous of schools. Let fathers and mothers insist that the lads shall stay at home in the evening, and then let them make home a pleasant place, avoiding gloom, and, above all, allowing neither harshness nor scolding in the group around the evening lamp.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JENNIE MCC. Aunt Prudence says yes.

—JESSAMY. Fall back on Shakespeare, when you are tired of current literature.

—"SCOTCH ANNIE." The young gentleman is wrong in the matter. It was his place to write first.

—HENRY HOLTON. The question should be settled by your wife. She certainly knows when she needs a new gown better than you do.

—PERPLEXED. Regrets for all invitations must be sent to the person who invites. In case of wedding regrets your visiting card is sufficient.

WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet
A man goes riding by,
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By, at the gallop, goes he,
By, at the gallop, he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

R. L. STEVENSON.

The Good News from China

That the allied forces were able to successfully enter Pekin, and that a large number of our missionaries and many native Christian refugees were rescued from a position of great peril, made us glad in the later days of the summer. We may well look forward with curious interest to the developments which may now be expected. Whatever happens, however slowly changes may come, we may anticipate a broader highway for our God, and the dawn of a new day for China.

The Empress-Dowager is said to be a fugitive. She is a woman of strong and dominant personality, a woman with the brain of a man, and with an ambition utterly unscrupulous and cruel. Of her, in her recent book, *China, the Long-Lived Empire*, Eliza R. Scidmore says: "The few who have looked upon the countenance of the dowager describe her as a tall, erect, fine-looking woman of distinguished and imperious bearing, with pronounced Tartar features, the eye of an eagle, and the voice of determined authority and absolute command. She has the natural undeformed feet of Tartar women and is credited with great activity, a fondness for archery and riding and walking, and with a passion for games of chance and theatrical representations. With advancing years the empresses and Manchu palace women assume more sober colors in their outer robe, which is always the long Manchu gown touching the floor, no matter how thick the soles of their 'flower-pot' shoes may be. There are curious little shoulder cape arrangements around the neck of their ceremonial gowns, which have the Manchu's symbolic 'horse-shoe' cuffs falling over the hand, embroidered plastrons of rank on back and breast, and the large official beads whose use as insignia of high station came in fashion with the Buddhist religion. After the age of twenty-five, empresses and princesses put away their great gold-bar coronets with the pendant showers of pearls and the large bouquet of flowers and butterflies and wear instead a broad fluted gold coronal set with stiff bunches of flowers, a magnificent headdress very like a cocked hat, set crosswise."

A Right and a Wrong Way

Young people are often a good deal concerned on the subject of etiquette. They are afraid of blundering if they are sending invitations, or making calls, or returning the visits of friends. It is to a degree true that there are arbitrary rules which regulate the ways of society, yet these rules are founded on two principles, common sense and kindness of heart. Nobody can err very much who remembers this. In most cases, an appeal to common sense settles the reason of a conventionality, and there are few mistakes possible to those who are genuinely kind. In visiting at a house at a reception, for instance, one always speaks to his hostess as soon as possible after entering the parlor, and she usually occupies a conspicuous position near the door, so that she may greet her guests. Except at a very crowded affair, it is customary to take leave of one's hostess. Formal people are punctilious in acknowledging an invitation very soon after its receipt. An engagement to dinner must not be broken unless there is some extremely urgent reason. Politeness springs from sincerity and amiability, and is the oil which prevents social friction.

THE RHENISH MISSION STATION IN SUMATRA

Heathen Bury Their Idols

THE RESULT OF MISSIONARY EFFORT AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF NIAS ISLAND : : :

THE little island of Nias, west of Sumatra, is one of the least known, but most fruitful of mission fields. The story of the work of the Rhenish missionaries stationed there, and the type of Christian character they have developed among the and's population, is extremely interting.

At the head of those who are working r Christianity among this simple and

DR. A. SCHREIBER

olated people is the Rev. Dr. Schreiber. the Rhenish Missionary Society. Last ar Dr. Schreiber opened three new misn stations, one of his assistants, alone aving gathered a congregation of five ndred from the inhabitants of a few llages. Another has a congregation ery Sunday of over seven hundred. he entire population of one village was athered into the Christian fold in a body the eloquent preaching of a missionary ho is hardly more than a boy.

Until the Dutch took possession of ias, it was an untouched heathen field. he first missionary to live on the island as the Rev. L. C. Denninger, who ttled there in 1866. It took him a long me to learn the strange language, and still longer time to get the people to sten to his teachings. At first they would ot send their children to school unless e paid them. They also tried to get him give them tobacco as the price of atndance at the mission services. After even years of patient work, during which ie missionary's life was frequently imeriled, the first convert was reported, nd this was followed soon after by the aptism of eighteen Nias Christians. hen the New Testament was translated, nd some of the young men preached the ospel among their countrymen who now heard the Word gladly, coming as it did from familiar lips.

The natives are of the Malay race, and are a light-hearted people, fond of song and dance and sports. Their property consists principally of pigs and dogs. They live in small villages on hills overlooking the sea. Their diet consists largely of rice and sweet potatoes. They were totally ignorant and untutored until the missionaries came. They covet ornaments of gold or brass and dazzling rings and trinkets. Like the Chinese, they worship their ancestors, and their homes are filled with idols. Theirs is the religion of superstition, and includes the dreadful quest called "head-hunting," on account of which. Dr. Schreiber says, during the past few years, two hundred villages have been destroyed or deserted.

As the religion of Christ spreads among them, however, head-hunting and tribal wars are being abandoned for peaceful pursuits. Not long ago, the inhabitants of a village came to a missionary in a body and asked him to give them the "Jesus" religion. When they returned to their homes they buried all their idols in a hole in the middle of the village.

New York Bible Society's Work

The Seventy-sixth Annual Report of the New York Bible Society shows a remarkable amount of work done during the year ending October, 1900. 38,937 Bibles were distributed. Some of these went to hospitals, some to city prisons others into comfort bags for sailors, public institutions, churches, Sunday Schools, families and individuals were beneficiaries of

A NATIVE SUMATRA CHIEF

this agency which gives to the spiritually needy that which is better than meat and drink—the Word of God. 19,633 Bibles were put into the hands of immigrants landing in this country. Records show that for the past ten years more than 1,000 immigrants a day have entered this country, the larger part by far being received at New York, the chief gateway to America. As the endless throng passes through the Barge Office, the missionary gives to these peoples the message of God in their own tongues. The society also supplies the large fleet of merchant ships that leaves this port for different parts of the globe, thus sowing good seed broadcast. Mr. Charles A. B. Pratt, 103 E. 25th street, is secretary of the Society, and Mr. Charles Stewart Phillips is president.

THE GOSPEL IN SONG AND SERMON

An Evangelist Who Sings and Preaches Tidings of Salvation

HOW to reach the hearts of young and old with the offer of salvation through Christ, is a problem that deserves the most intense and prayerful effort for its solution. Happy is the man who combines in his own person two talents which may be used in such a service. From testimonials rendered by pastors in many sections of our land, it would appear that that delightful combination is to be found in an evangelist who is now re-entering the field of work after an absence of four years, due to a domestic bereavement. Mr. William Warren Bentley has won fame as a writer of hymns, a singer and a preacher. He is of New England birth, but while still a boy accompanied his parents to a western home

WILLIAM WARREN BENTLEY

in Illinois, and later to New York. Soon after his conversion he became superintendent of a Sunday School, and in that capacity gave special attention to the musical training of the children. He had taken a course in the Musical Academy of Bloomington, Ill., and had attained a skill which enabled him to do effective service. He wrote a hymn with the title, "Beautiful Shore," which was published and found its way into many collections. Nearly twenty years ago he began his work as a singing evangelist, laboring chiefly in the Southern States. At Louisville, Ky., Baltimore and Laurel, Md., and Washington, D.C., revivals were started, in which he labored with marked success. He also took a western tour, and in several cities, notably at Indianapolis, Ind., God blessed the word sung and preached. In the course of his labors Mr. Bentley has found opportunity to compose hymns which have become popular, and has edited several hymn books. Among the best known are *The River of Life*, *Royal Songs*, *The Armor Bearer*, *Songs of the Soul* and *Bells of Heaven*. He is now preparing in colaboration with Bishop McCabe, a new book to be issued early next year entitled, *Songs of the Church Militant*. Dr. Henry C. Mabie of Indianapolis, writes: "He spent two weeks assisting me in special religious meetings. His rendering of Gospel solos was very effective and blessed to the people. His visit will be remembered gratefully by many souls." Pastors desiring to avail themselves of Mr. Bentley's services may address him to the care of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, 5 W. Eighteenth St., New York.

Our India Orphan Work

THE following contributions in aid of our India Orphan Work have been received:

CONNECTICUT

Abercrombie, J E	2 00
Brooks, Mrs H	1 00
Dodge, Mary M	1 00
Hathaway, Mrs H S	2 00
Hine, Mrs W C	5 00
Lathrop, Mrs Lucy	15 00
Page, F M	2 00
Porter, Sarah E	2 00
Williams, Gertrude	50
Mrs E R Sand her little son, Willimantic	1 10
Mrs L T S, Norwich	5 00
—, Middletown	2 00
" Bridgeport	5 00
I H N, Bridgeport	1 00

DELAWARE

Pennewell, S W	5 00
A Friend, Dover	2 00
Union Epw League, Wyoming	1 00

D. of COLUMBIA

Gill, R C	1 00

NEW JERSEY

Grey, E P	15 00
Hansen, B	25
Hansen, B	08
Hansen, B	10
Hansen, C	10
Hansen, C	05
Hansen, C	10
Hansen, E	05
Hansen, O	05
Hillyed, M	01
Jacobsen, J	10
Jones, A	05
Meaney, Mrs	10
Meaney, M	01
Terry, Mrs F S	3 00
Thomsen, A	05
C L, Jersey City	25
—, Millbrook	10
—, Newark	1 00
Friend, Orange	2 00
Sympathy, Deckert'n	2 00
Two little girls, Plainfield	60
Caller at the Office	10 00
Minotola & Friendship Churches, Minotola, charge M E Church, Minotola	10 00
Jr C E Soc, Wanaque	2 00

NEW YORK

Bennett, Mrs Marvin	2 00
Brown, H L	5 00
Brunck, Alice M	1 75
Brunck, Christian	5 25
Burton, Emma	1 00
Brunck, Helen	3 00
Brunck, Wm	10 00
Burger, E S	10 00
Chapman, Ethel & Freda	2 00
Cheney, Eliz W	38
Clark, C A	2 00
Clark, Mrs S M	1 00
Cook, Chas C	50 00
Eaton, W J	10 00
French, Rev E	1 00
Fuller, Anna	2 00
Gould, D W	1 00
Gould, Mrs D W	1 00
Gould, John	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	1 00
Hagaman, C A	2 00
Hagaman, Chas A	1 00
Horner, Mrs J W	1 00
James, Miss S S Cl	1 00
Jamieson, Mrs F	1 00
Leggett, Miss Jennie	5 00
McConnell, Miss G Coll by	6 04
McCutcheon, J	10 00
Mickelson, J K	5 00
Peck, W J, thro	8 25
Pembrook, S C	5 00
Penny, Mr & Mrs H	10 00
Poste, Z A	5 00
Sedgwick, Emily	10 00
Sherry, Norman B	5 00
Smith, Alfred G	25
Smurr, Miss L J	1 00
Stewe, W D	2 00
Wheeler, A R	1 00
White, D	5 00
Wood, Miss Sarah	1 00
Wood, Mrs Susan	1 00
S B, Huntington	2 00
S E H, Depauville	2 00
W T W, N Y City	10 00
Y P A, Dolgeville	3 00
—, Buffalo	1 00
—, N Y City	2 00
—, Pawling	5 00
A Friend in Amsterdam	1 00
A Friend, Poughkp'sie	1 00
Friends, Busti	2 00
I H N, Bearsville	4 00
I H N, Herkimer	5 00
I H N, Rome	1 00
Reader, Utica	10 00
Inasmuch, Wilson	9 00
Helper, Marilla	1 00
Two Members of M E Ch, Stamford	2 00
Primary S S Class, Ger Evan S S, Webster	4 00
Riches Corners Union S S	5 00
Balmville Union S S, Newburgh	8 12
YPSCE of Hanson Pl Bapt Ch, Brooklyn	7 56
Junior League, Elizabethtown	55
Young People's Soc, St George's Ch, N Y C	25 00
Junior League, Henderson	1 70

PENNSYLVANIA

Banks, Mrs M J	5 00
Beck, A	5 00
Braintrim Messenger, Laceyville	18 65
Cooke, T R	2 00
Downs, Miss Alice	2 25
Flury, F H	1 00
Fulmer Mrs E W, & Family	1 65
Gemberling, Miss L	2 00
Greenwalt, Amos S	5 00
Hartman, D L & wife	5 00
Helm, Mrs E M	1 00
Hileman, Jr, T T	50
Hoffman, Rev J	4 00
Huff, Mrs W B	1 00
Keyser, Mr & Mrs W C	3 50
Manifold, Rev W J	5 00
March, C E	5 00
May, Emma	5 00
Morris, C G	5 00
Mulholland, Nathan'l	2 00
Neef, E F	2 00
Painter, Peter	10 00
Paul, Wm F	2 00
Port, G C	2 00
Reeder, Belinda	2 00
Remsburg, Jennie B	1 00
Rosenstock, Jennie & Mabel	1 00
Ross, Cordelia S	5 00
Solby, Abbie, Salle Wilhelm, Bessie Graeber, Mary Nelings	2 25
Sweet, Martha & Marguerito Stoler	1 75
Wachob, Jas H	1 00
Watson, Mrs E	1 00
Weston, G and wife	1 00
Wineheffer, Catharine	5 00
Wing, Mrs N	5 00
Wireman, Chrissie	1 00
Anon, ——	1 25
Clarence M E, Mt Airy	50
Geo E E, Mt Airy	50
C, Allentown	3 00
J A B, Indiana	1 00
M M, Phila	1 00
Mrs R E, Mt Airy	1 00
Mrs R W, Pleasantville	10 00
—, Mifflintown	20
—, Pittsburg	5 00
—, Pittsburgh	10 00
—, Shenandoah	1 00
Friend, Aspinwall	4 00
A Friend, Tamaqua	5 00
Friends, Warren	24 00
Four Friends, Rosston	3 25
I H N, York	5 00
In the name of Daisy Stuart	1 00
1——, Mercersburg	1 00
First M E Ch, Port Allegany	1 00
Cl 12, 1st Cong S S, Germantown	1 00
C E Ref ch, Selins Grove	5 00
Sew'g Soc, Selins Grove	7 00
Y P S C E of E Park Pres Ch, Phila	5 00
Mt Pleasant Miss Soc, Raymilton	3 00
Girls' Aid Club of St Margaret's House, Germantown	1 00

RHODE ISLAND

Turner, Ruth D	1 00
Vaughn, Raymond L	3 00

VERMONT

Arnold, Benj	1 00
Blake, H C	1 02
Blanchard, Grace	1 80
Booth, Mr & Mrs D E	2 00
Clement, Frank D	1 00
Flint, Mrs L M	5 00
Gleason J T	5 00
Grant, Mrs A	1 00
Greene, Mrs C L	1 00
Hall, J L	5 00
Hascall & Brown	1 00
Mausier, A G	2 00
Mattoon, W A	2 00
Ritchie, Wm	1 00
Simanton, C E	4 00
Slee, S	5 00
Worthley, E F	1 00
E D, White River Junc	1 00
H E B, Lunenburg	1 00
—, Rutland	60
A Friend, Townshend	1 00
Friends from Putney and vicinity	94 30
Y P S C E, Cambridgeport	1 00

VIRGINIA

Archer, Mrs E T	50
Funkhouser Lillian	2 00
Harman, J P	2 00
Harman, Lucy	2 00
Hawkins, Lilian, collected by	1 50
Hedges, H S	25 10
Noble, Mrs Lula	1 00
Roach, Leolin, coll by	50
Tennis, Joe	10
Walker, C	5 00
Lillian, coll by Rescue	50
Josie, coll by Rescue	2 00
A Friend in Virginia	10
I H N, Covington	20
St Paul's Church, Union Level	3 00

MISCELLAN'OUS

Staube, Mrs	1 69
S E W & N S	2 00
—, Courtland	50
A Symp'zer, Hastings	1 00
Little Percy's Contribution	1 00

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER LI.

BACK IN JONESVILLE

IT wuz a lovely day when we see the towers of Jonesville loom up above the billows of environ'in' green.

(I mean the M. E. steeple showin' up beyend Grout Nickleson's pine woods.)

As the cars drew into the station they tooted their delight agin and agin at our safe return as the train stopped.

As we walked up the platform I see Josiah furtively onbutton his stiff linen cuffs as if preparin' to throw 'em off for life. His face radiant, and hummin' *sotey vosey* his favorite ballad:

"Hum agin, hum agin, from a furren shore."

Arvilly looked happy to agin touch the sile of home, and be able, as she said, to "tend to her things." And wuz not I happy? I who loved my country with the jealous love that makes a ma spank her boy for cuttin' up. Is it love that makes a ma stand by, and see her boy turn summer sets and war-hoop in meetin'-housen? Nay, verily, every spank that makes him behave is a touching evidence of her warm devotion.

I felt as I stood on the beloved sile of home (better sile and richer than any other), beneath its bright sunshine (warmer and brighter than any other sunshine) I felt that I loved my country with that passionate, jealous love that could never be contented till she rises up to the full glory she might and will have. When she sweeps her long strong arms round and brushes off vile politicians and time-servers, and uses a pure free ballot to elect good men and good wimmen to make good laws. Then will come the Golden Age that I look for, and that will come, when Justice will take her bandages off, and look out with both eyes over a prosperous and happy land. God speed the day!

We parted with the children here, they goin' to their own homes, after promisin' to come and see me and their pa very soon. Tommy throwed his arms round my neck and said he should stay with us half the time. We want him to.

Home Greetings

Well, Ury met us with the mair and warm smiles of welcome, and Philury greeted us with joyous smiles and a good warm meat supper. They set store by us, lots of store, and when we gin 'em the presents we had brung for 'em from foreign shores, happiness seemed to radiate from 'em like light and warmth from the sun. Josiah enjoyed his supper—yes, indeed—his liniment shone with satisfaction as he sot at the table in his stockin' feet and shirt sleeves, and eat more than wuz good for him, fur more. He had begun to onbend, and I knew that for days I couldn't keep clothes enough on him to be hardly decent, but knew also that that would wear away in time.

Feelin' first-rate when we got home, it only took us a short time to rest and recooperate from our tower, and receive calls from the children and grandchildren and Jonesvillians. And the children helped Philury and me to git the house all in order, and prepare for Thanksgiving. I sent out invitations for a party; I laid out to invite all my own dear ones, old and young, Elder Minkley and his wife, Arvilly, and how I did want to invite Ernest White and Waitstill Webb, but he wuz away on a long vacation, and Waitstill I hadn't hearn from for weeks, she wuz in the Philippines the last I hearn.

I wanted to invite all the brethern and sistern in the meetin'-house, but Philury thought she couldn't wait on 'em all, and we compromised on the plan of havin' 'em all here to a evenin' social the week after, when we'd pass round things and not have so many dishes to wash.

I laid out to be dretful thankful Thanksgivin' day. I felt that my heart would keep the holiday with drums beatin' and flags wavin', to speak in metafor. For how much, how much I had to be thankful for! My beloved pardner and I had reached our own home in safety. The Lord had watched over us in perils by water, perils by land, perils by fatigue, perils by Josiah's strange, strange plans.

Tommy wuz as well as ever a child wuz; the doctor said his lungs wuz sound as a bell. All our dear ones at home had been kep' in safety and our home seemed more like a blissful oasis in a desert world than it ever did before.

I always like to be up to the mark in everything and I felt that I had so much to be thankful for Thanksgivin' day that I laid out to git up early so's to begin to be thankful as soon as daylight anyway, and keep it up all day till long after candle light. But as it turned out I begun to keep the glorious holiday of Thanksgivin' three days ahead and had to, for I couldn't help it.

Unexpected Visitors

I believe in makin' preparations ahead; I believe in takin' time by the forelock and leadin' it along peaceable and stiddy by my side, instead of time's drivin' me, rough shod and pantin' for breath over a household path, rocky and rough with belated duties. And it wuz three days before Thanksgivin' I sot in my clean, cheerful-lookin' kitchen seedin' some raisins for the fruit cake, Josiah bein' out to the barn killin' two fat pullets for the chicken pie. Ury wuz down in the swamp gittin' some evergreens and holly berries to decorate with, and Philury dressin' the turkey and ducks in the back kitchen, when I heard a rap at the settin' room door and I wiped my hands on the roller towel and smoothed back my hair and went to the door.

And who do you spoze stood there? His eyes shinin' brighter than the sky did, though that wuz clear blue, lit by a warm sunshine. It wuz Ernest White, and guess who wuz by his side; I'll tell you, for you never could think who it wuz—it wuz Waitstill Webb. I had thought her face wuz as sweet as it could be in sorrow, but I had never seen it in gladness before. She looked like a sweet white rose just blowed out under the warm sun of a perfect June day.

"Ernest White!" sez I, "how glad I am to see you! And Waitstill Webb! can I believe my eyes?" sez I, "is it you?" And I took both their hands in mine at one time.

"Waitstill Webb!" sez I agin, "is it you?"

"No," sez Ernest White, "it is Waitstill White."

You could have knocked me down with a hair-pin. I kissed 'em both smilin' and weepin', laughin' and cryin', we all on us wuz like three fools, or three wise ones, I d'no which. And that's how I begun to keep Thanksgivin' more'n three days ahead.

They come right into the kitchen and made me keep on with my work, which I did after a little, they takin' holt and helpin' me like two happy children. They stayed most all the forenoon, but had promised to go back to Arvilly's to dinner.

Well! Well! I hadn't been so tickled in matrimonial ways and riz up and routed and dumb foundered since Thomas J. and Maggie Snow got engaged. It seems that Ernest White had gone way out to the Philippines after her, and they wuz married in a little American chapel by a missionary of the M. E. meetin'-house.

They wuz goin' right to housekeeping in the widder Pooler's, where he had boarded. The widder had gone to live with her daughter, Mahala, in Michigan, and Ernest White has bought it. It stands in a pretty place near a evergreen grove, just on the edge of Loontown near his people that he loves, and has gin his life work to make better. And, oh, what a sweet love-guarded home Waitstill White is goin' to make for her pardner, and how happy Ernest White is goin' to be with the woman he loves. For besides bein' so congenial and beloved, Waitstill is as good a cook as I ever see, and no matter how much a man's soul soars up to the heavens, whilst his body is on earth he will always appreciate good vittles. Love never did nor never will thrive on a empty stummick. Harmony of soul is delightful, and perfect congeniality is sweet, and so is good yeast emtin' bread if it is made right, kneaded three times, riz in a cool place and baked to a turn. And tender broiled chops and chicken, and hot muffins and fragrant coffee has some the effect on the manly breast of love's young dream.

Waitstill is a real home lover and home-maker. And it seems that by her advice Ernest White had had alterations in the house made that I approved highly on when I see 'em, and they had ordered lots of things to be sent from the city to make it pleasant, all put in first-rate order by the man left in charge, and they invited Josiah and me to take tea with 'em the very next evenin' and go to meetin' with 'em, which we gladly accepted, seein' we had got our preparations so fur along; Arvilly wuz goin' to be there they said. And, of course, I invited 'em to my Thanksgivin' dinner, which they accepted with the same pleasure that we had theirn.

Samantha Visits Waitstill

Well, the next day, or ruther that night I begun to make preparations to go to Waitstill White's. I got a early supper that night so's to git to bed early so's to git up in good season; so's to git a early breakfast the next mornin', so's to git a early dinner, so's to start in good season for Ernest and Waitstill White's. And I kep' sayin' that over and over the next mornin', "Ernest and Waitstill White's," it sounded dretful good to me, dretful.

I sez to Philury, "We must have dinner early for we are invited to Ernest and Waitstill White's."

And I sez the same to Josiah. And he sez, "You've said that to me a dozen times already."

"Well," sez I cheerfully, "mebby I shall say it a dozen times more."

I felt well, dretful well in my mind. It had come out just as I had hoped and prayed for, and why shouldn't I feel good.

Well, they greeted us with warm affection. And you don't know how pretty their home looked. It had been fixed up in their absence and Waitstill had put the finishin' touches to it when she come. It wuz a gloomy spot under the Pooler regeem. But Waitstill wuz a true home-maker and could make a barn seem home like, as folks can that have that gift. You often see folks who think, or say they think, that one set of faculties henders another set from workin'. But it hain't no such thing. Miss Pooler wuz nothin' but a housekeeper, and as poor a one at that as you would be apt to find in a day's travel, whilst Waitstill wuz a philanthropist, a missionary, an angel on earth if ever there wuz one, and a home-maker and a home lover added to it, just as the Bible sez: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you," or words to that effect.

The settin'-room and parlor that used to seem like a dark-green curtain mausoleum, sacred to the mournin' piec on the wall, and the hair wreaths of funct Poolers wuz now the sunshiny ha of Beauty and Cheerfulness. Bay w dows bordered with soft-colored gla and curtained with fleecy white, let t sunshine stream into the pretty, fresh decorated room, where it seemed to lo to stay and shine. A conservatory full blossoming plants made the settin' a dinin'-rooms full of cheer and perfume.

A Bright Home Picture

One good stout German girl bore w in'ly the heaviest burdens of housekee ing, but Waitstill and Love and Go Judgment wuz to the hellum, and the sult wuz beautiful. A happier househo I don't want to see, a better supper don't want to eat. Waitstill had sor briled chicken, tender and toothsom some creamed potatoes, fixed just rigl light white rolls, yellow sweet butter ma from their own Jersey cow's milk, cle amber honey from their own beehive sliced peaches from their own peach tre (it wuz a late kind, each one rolled up newspapers, and put in a box in the sull and kep' and purple and white grap kep' in the same way). Some pour cake made from my own reseet, a nob one that fell onto me from Mother Alle and improved on by me, and some ang cake, made by Waitstill herself, and snowy and delicious as if it wuz made b a real angel with wings, some fragra coffee with rich cream to make it, del cious, and chocolate for them that pr ferred it. A big glass bowl of roses an carnations wuz in the centre, and the tab wuz spread with a snowy linen cloth, an sot with beautiful china, white with a gol and pink sprig on it, part of a big quai tity sent by his rich folks, who wuz d lighted to have him marry such a swe girl and settle down, and the heav shinin' silver marked "W. W. W., lookin' some like a runnin' vine, and th glossy linen table-cloths and napkin lookin' like satin covered with posie come from the same source, also marke with her initials. Enough, Waitstill tol me, to last 'em all their lives if they shoul live to be as old as Methusaler and hi wife.

Well, I wuz glad enough to see thei prosperity and happiness and when Er nest White sot to his own table by the sid of Waitstill White and in a few short, elo quent, heart-felt words asked the Lord' blessing on this new home consecrated t his service, and on his dear friends happi ly returned home agin, my heart echoe every word and there wuzn't a dry eye i my head, not one.

After supper wuz over we sot out to g to the meetin' he had spoke on. It wu the openin' night of the new library whic wuz in a pretty little buildin' jined ont the meetin'-house and only a few min utes' walk from Ernest and Waitstil White's.

There wuz a good, large room for the library filled with good books helpful and inspirin' bought partly by Ernest White and partly by voluntary contributions by his people, a reading-room filled with mag azines and newspapers and which with the library wuz to be opened every eve ning and two afternoons in the weeks And there wuz a cozy little settin'-room and bed-room with a kitchen back out fo the librarian. And who do you spoze wuz to be librarian and live here clost to her idol? Oh, shaw! I might just as well told you right out as to have said that; it wuz Arvilly. It wuz congenial work to her and left her plenty of time to go round canvassin' if she wanted to.

We wuz a little late for the meetin', for a man come to see the Elder just as we wuz startin', about marryin' him the next

ay, and as anybody knows that has to be nded to tennyrate.

As we drawed nigh the library and eetin'-house we see they wuz lighted up as friendly and pleasant a way as if they uz two beacons set up to light our foot-teps. And as we went in we see a group f happy faced young people gathered ound the organ practicin' a piece they uz learnin' for Thanksgivin'.

It wuz a sweet song of thankfulness and eace, filled with gratitude for all the lessin's of the year. A sweet song full f love to God and man and that would e apt to inspire the singers and hearers ith forbearance, justice, mercy, sane liv-ng and thinking. In another part of the all they wuz practicing some pretty ieces to speak at this celebration, but hen Elder White went in they all met im joyfully as a beloved father is met by is children, and they bestowed a loving reeting on Waitstill too.

These young men and women wuz eady to look through the magnifyin' lass of love at any lesson Ernest White hould set before them to fit 'em for life's attle.

The meeting that night wuz a sort of a ocial, where the young and older folks net to get better acquainted with each ther, and had a good time visitin' back nd forth and comparin' notes and bein' ntroduced to Waitstill and the new brary. One attracted just about as uch attention as the other, both wuz xceedingly interestin' to 'em and beloved.

Arvilly, "the Dantless"

Elder Cross wuz there, he sets store by Ernest White, though he is so different rom him. He is good natered and a Christian. I believe, though Arvilly said e would have to be fixed over quite a ood deal before he got into the Kingdom.

And I sez, "Well, we all shall, Arvilly."

"Ernest White won't," sez she, "all hey will have to do to him, will be to ick on a pair of wings and pin his crown n. He's a saint on earth now," sez she.

Well, Elder Cross come up to Arvilly nd welcomed her home and said a few ords about Ernest White's overwhelm-n' success, which he considered a mericale, nd he couldn't understand it.

"Well, I can understand it," sez Arvilly I have always said that no power could tand before the Church of Christ when t is fully awakened to the enormity of he sin it is encouraging by its indifference nd neglect, and bands itself together to ght against it. The saloon votes solid," ez Arvilly, "they are faithful to their ause, they are fiery hot with zeal, the hurch a good many of 'em are luke-varm, some like the Laodocians, and ome like dish-water ready to be opened own into the drain. America is ruled by er cities, and they are ruled by the aloon and unrighteous trusts and poli-ical bosses. Foreigners from the old vorld slums flaunt the banner of inde-endence in the face of American woman-ood. And the church of God that might emedy the evils lets 'em go on."

Sez Elder Cross, "I know well that the aloon is a mighty power for evil, it ruins ur youth, soul and body, and I know hat Monopoly is the thief that steals the ewards of labor. But I pray, sister Arvilly, I pray without ceasing that the Holy Spirit will come down, and smite hese offenders."

Sez Arvilly the dantless one, "You don't depend on prayer alone in your church ervices, in taking up collections, etc., or n worldly affairs," (Elder Cross is real ich, he keeps a hen dairy).

Sez Arvilly, "If you should depend on prayer alone to keep your big shanghai ooster from fightin' the little bantys I guess you would be apt to have consider-able of a wake in your hen-yard. And you don't kneel down and shet your eyes and pray for your young turkeys and chickens when a pair of big wicked hawks are swoopin' down on 'em or a heavy thunder-storm comin' on. No, you drive your little onprotected broods into the irst shelter you can find and go at the old hawks with a club. Not that I ap-prove of fightin'," sez Arvilly, "but there is a time to pray and a time to use a horsewhip; our Lord, who was and is our divine example, prayed thy kingdom come, and then helped it to come by driv-ng out the money-changers, and them that defiled the temple. He might have prayed for them to be driv out and then folded his hands and waited for the millennium.

But he didn't, nor he didn't say that human nature wuz too hard to handle, and that evil things had got to be changed gradual. He didn't take their rich gifts, he didn't make 'em church wardens, nor hang their pictures up in college halls to stimulate young men to go and do like-wise. And that is what ministers of our Lord and his disciples want to do to-day, to drive out of the temple and the coun-try the fat thieves that infest it, and the sanctified rascals wearin' sheep's clothin'. They have got a powerful whip in a con-secrated ballot that will drive the thieves out and make them disgorge their ill-got-ten gains."

Elder Cross wuz agitated; the argu-ment wuz driving him into a corner where he didn't want to stand; he turned the conversation:

"This is a great work dear brother White is doing, but some criticize the idea of his opening the house of God every evening for amusements as well as prayer. Some don't believe in mingling secular things with sacred."

Sez Arvilly, "What is more sacred to the Lord than a saved soul, a lost one re-deemed, a prodigal brought back What headway is one church opened three hours a week goin' to make aginst twenty saloons open every day and night." Ar-villy begun to be powerful agitated and I spoke up quick, for I knew how hash she wuz when she got to goin', and I didn't want this beautiful day marred by hash-ness even if it wuz deserved.

Sez I, "We all know how much good the church has done in the past. And now that the churches are beginning to band themselves together, and vote as they pray, this enormous force of righteousness is going to be victori-ous over sin and darkness, and the Saloon and the Canteen, the licensed houses of shame, monument of woman's degradation, the unjust monopoly, the high fence separating the few enormously rich from the masses of the suffering, starving poor, will all have to fall. Christ did not die in vain," sez I, "nor the blood of the martyrs has not been in vain. The Lord has promised, and he will fulfill."

"God speed that day!" sez Elder Cross shettin' his eyes and claspin' his hands.

"Amen!" sez I.

But I hearn Arvilly behind me mutter, "You'll have to open your old eyes, Elder, and go to work, or you won't have much hand in it."

But I guess he didn't hear her.

Well, goin' home that night, my heart sung for joy a anthem, more than a ordi-nary sam tune. The bright moonlight rested on the democrat and my pardner, and gilded the way in front of us, and further off we could see it lay on the lake, and it seemed to make a silver path on it. Life seemed worth livin', the cold waves of death seemed lit up with a heavenly glow, the hosts of evil seemed to back off before the Angel of Deliverance.

(To be Concluded)

Eruptions

Pimples, boils, tetter, eczema or salt rheum,

Are signs of diseased blood.

Their effective treatment, therefore, is effective treatment of the blood.

Angus Fisher, Sarnia, Ont., and Paul Keeton, Woodstock, Ala., were greatly troubled with boils. Mrs. Delia Lord, Leominster, Mass., had pimples all over her body; so did R. W. Garretson, New Brunswick, N. J. The brother of Sadie E. Stockmar, 87 Miller St., Fall River, Mass., was afflicted with eczema so severely that his hands became a "mass of sores."

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Mrs. Delia Willis, of No. 243 Crescent Street, Brockton, Mass., says:

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"Last winter I got so much worse that I was obliged to go to a hospital for treatment and after six weeks of care and skillful attention, I was but little, if any, better. About March 1st, after leaving the hospital, I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People upon the recommendation of a friend who had been benefited by them and they have done more good than all the doctors combined.

"I had taken only a few doses when I began to feel better and within one week had gained three pounds. After finishing my first box of pills I went to one of the largest drug stores in Brockton for the second box. The clerk talked me into taking a box of pills which he claimed were the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, only put up in a different form. I had taken only one or two doses, however, when I discovered that I had been imposed upon. The substitute acted altogether differently from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and made me so weak that I could scarcely stand. I am now using nothing but the genuine Pink Pills and am thankful to say that they are putting new life into me.

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(Signed) MRS. DELIA WILLIS.

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A League of Ministering Children

LADY MEATH, FOUNDER, WRITES OF THIS INTERNATIONAL ORDER

READING in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD or in other journals of work for little waifs at beautiful Mont-Lawn, which is winning international reputation as an ideal home for children of the poor, friends in various parts of the world send accounts of good works done for and by children, sure of this paper's interest in little ones.

LADY MEATH

Warm welcome is given the following letter, transmitted to this office through Miss Taylor, of South Carolina, who received it while abroad from Lady Meath, the founder and Hon. Secretary of the Ministering Children's League, of which the Duchess of York is patroness; many distinguished ladies besides, and various prominent clergymen being its earnest advocates and promoters. The League, which started very modestly eleven years ago in a London parish, for the purpose of teaching children of the rich to take an active interest in relieving the necessities of the poor, has since traveled far and wide until it has branches in nearly every country in the world and a membership roll of over 36,000. It seems, too, as the fact of its being world-wide in its work is especially emphasized this year, as it is hoped to add no less than four new institutions to those it already possesses. These buildings are to be situated, respectively, in England, Egypt, New Zealand and Tasmania. The most interesting promises to be the School of Industries, to be established in Alexandria for those deprived of sight, because, though blindness in Egypt is frightfully prevalent, no institution appears to be in existence for their benefit. Consequently, though this undertaking is going to be very quietly commenced, it may become a very important pioneer institution.

"Of the ten other buildings devoted to religious and philanthropic work which are already connected with the M. C. L., one of the most remarkable is a small chapel, erected for some Christian red Indians living in South Dakota. This place of worship was the gift of one branch established in New York. It must not, however, be imagined that the sole object of the Ministering League is to start institutions; these are a natural outcome of an association which seeks to accustom its members to render loving-service at home and abroad. They are taught daily to pray that they may become 'loving, kind and useful to others' and to regard every day as wasted during which they have not tried to do at least one kind deed. They are free to choose the object of their benevolence, consequently the girl or boy who assists a dear one at home or a poor person just outside of the home is learning just as much the lesson of 'ministering' as the member who is giving up time to help an institution or a mission in a far-distant land. In Australasia this League has been fortunate in finding great appreciation. Its branches are very numerous.

"Besides the institutions likely to start in New Zealand and Tasmania, a beautiful 'cottage by the sea' in Victoria, Australia, has for years been rendering splendid service to ailing children, whilst an existing convalescent home in West Australia is about to be very much enlarged. It seems a pity that in the United States there is somewhat of a danger of the society being crowded out by larger associations, but it has warm adherents and excellent branches. Amongst the former I must specially mention Mrs. Benedict, 54 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., who for long years has most kindly devoted much of her leisure to promoting the interests of a society which, working on the simplest and broadest lines of love and kindness, has not quite inaptly been termed the 'Practical Christianity Society.'

"I remain, sir, yours very faithfully,

M. J. MEATH,

Hon. Secretary and Foundress Ministering League."

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S HOMES AT OTTERSHAW

Lady Meath omits mention of the beautiful Ottershaw Homes for Destitute Children, near London, to which, in 1898, "she completed," says an English paper, "her last generous gift in purchasing and handing over to trustees the adjoining house and grounds of Ottershaw." Coffee houses at Richmond and Twickenham, a Convalescent Home for Children at Exmouth, Children's Home, Hayling Island, Hospital for Children, Ottawa, Canada, are among the institutions established by the M. C. L. The Earl of Meath takes a warm interest in his wife's beautiful work and lends his hearty co-operation to her noble endeavors. To teach little children the beauty of service is surely a worthy undertaking.

letter indicates, to have broadened in character, although the conditions of membership remains the simplest imaginable, viz.: "To do one kind deed every day." Definite work is not laid down but branches are advised to assist in the support of a child at an M. C. L. or other charitable institution, and to cooperate with pastors and other relief agencies in getting supplies for the many charities dependent on them. Lady Meath's letter reads:

"DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, DEAR SIR: "May I be permitted to draw the attention of your readers to The Ministering Children's League, a society little known in the United States but which has been the means of doing good work in your great country and in many other lands?

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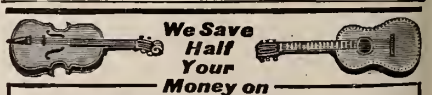

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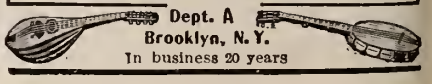

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges: they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

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A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefitted by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

—AT—

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The "Lend-a-Hand" Mission

A FEW years ago, a Southern minister and a teacher applied to Miss Sarah P. Brigham of Boston, Mass., for second hand publications for free distribution among people in the rural districts who had no money. Generous supplies from northern friends were promptly sent. Other calls came, and every contribution of reading was followed by touching expressions of gratitude from the recipients. This practical educational effort, under the name of the "Lend-a-Hand Book Mission," has gained in sweep and value until its influence cannot be measured. The method of carrying forward the work is as follows: Societies of Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, King's Daughters, and sometimes only a few persons engage in the work. They solicit second-hand books and publications from individuals, or through the local papers. The most acceptable donations are useful and entertaining books, magazines, juvenile Sunday School papers, Bibles, hymn books, scripture and picture cards, etc. The coworkers meet often, carefully examine the publications, and devise ways of sending this literature free of cost to destitute schools, churches, jails, prisons, mining districts, mountain villages, and other barren regions. Thousands of luxurious homes contain an accumulation of publications of which the owners rejoice to be relieved. In striking contrast are the thousands of humble homes, where the inmates have good capabilities, but are held down by restricted conditions, and have little or nothing to read. To connect those who have a surplus of reading matter with others who are scantily supplied, is the object of the various branches of the Lend-a-Hand Book Mission. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Miss Sarah P. Brigham, Lend-a-Hand Society, Boston, Mass.

The Bowery Boys' Thanksgiving

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, "the mother of the Bowery boys," has sent us this touching little Thanksgiving appeal in their behalf, which we warmly commend to our readers:

"This winter we have gathered into our Bowery Mission hundreds of boys from twelve to twenty years of age. These boys, in almost every case, are homeless as well as motherless, for when we ask them where they live they reply 'nowhere.' They come largely from country towns, north, south, east, west. I spoke to-day with a boy from Cairo (Egypt). The mother dies, the home is broken up, and as the one dream of boyhood is to 'see the world,' their first thought is to come to our big city, and here they are. No money; can't find work; no friends; no place to sleep, and they amuse themselves through the night in the dance-halls, saloons, and low dives. But they are not yet so deep in sin that their hearts are hardened; for as we try to encourage them by kind words, the big tears will come, and we know they are homesick and often heartbroken. We, who almost live in the Bowery, know something of the mighty temptations which assail these boys; but no matter how far from the right the boy has strayed, no matter how deep into sin he has gone, he is 'somebody's boy.' Now it is to such as these that we want to give a Thanksgiving dinner; and while you are planning for your dear ones in your own happy home, will you remember these sad, hungry, friendless boys? May we, through your generosity, send gladness and the remembrance of their Father in Heaven into the hearts of those who gather on Thanksgiving day in the Bowery home?

"Please send all gifts of money to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

SARAH J. BIRD.

How They Love Samantha

The announcement of the approaching close of Miss Holley's delightful "Trip Around the World" has called forth a chorus of regrets from many of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers. The letter below is one of a number received, all of them lamenting the anticipated deprivation of Aunt Samantha's genial society in these pages:

CHARLESTON, S. C.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: I read your announcement in this week's HERALD, with a heavy heart, that Miss Holley's writing for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will cease after three more issues. We have enjoyed the "Trip Around the World" with dear, loving, charming Aunt Samantha very much, and I write to ask if you can possibly get Miss Holley to continue to write for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. She has so endeared herself to us that we cannot give her up. We are proud of such a noble countrywoman, and somehow we feel closer to her, if we read every week something from her uplifting pen. I love to look at her dear picture. She is a noble woman, with a beautiful soul. May God bless and keep her always. MISS A. M.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Our First Slave-Ship*

ON a hot day late in the month of August, 1619, while the people of the little British settlement called Jamestown, in what is now the State of Virginia, were busily engaged in the work of establishing homes on the borders of the great American wilderness, an alarm was raised that a ship was coming with the tide up from the sea.

The stranger was a queer-looking craft, if we may judge her by modern standards, for she was, as all ships then were, short and thick—bluff-bowed and round at the stern—while she towered so high out of water at each end that the term "forecastle," which was then and is now applied to any structure at the bow of a ship, was a word of obvious significance. There was literally a castle on her bow, and another, called a poop, on her stern. Her sails, too, of which she carried, doubtless, two on the fore and the main masts, and one on the mizzen, were like great bags bellying out before the wind. When compared with the flat canvas of a modern ship it is easy to see that one would have difficulty in securing a crew for such a ship in these days. But more interesting than the form of either hull or sail was the row of black-muzzled cannon that projected through the bulwarks on each side; and altogether it is not mere fancy to say that the alarm of such a ship approaching Jamestown carried tremors of fear to the breasts of the weak, and added throbs to the hearts of the strong, as they hurried to get their weapons and go down to the river bank to receive her.

But as the stranger drew near, the trained eyes of the colonists saw many signs to allay their fears. She was flying the Dutch flag, for one thing, and the Dutch were then the leading traders of the world. Moreover, it was apparent that her cannon were neither manned nor cast loose for action; the attitudes and the work of her crew told convincingly that trade, and not war, was wanted, and, seeing this, the ready muskets of the colonists were laid aside that a friendly welcome might be extended.

Then came the ship to the shore, where her lines were made fast to the near-by trees, and her captain walked over a gangplank to greet the colonists under the wide-spread, thick-leaved branches, and tell them that he had brought merchandise to exchange for the products of the settlement.

Few more interesting ships than this are known to the history of America. The *Mayflower* only, of all the ships that followed Columbus, may be compared to her, and that by way of contrast, because the New England ship came with men who sought a form of liberty, while the Dutchman came to introduce a kind of slavery. Among the articles of merchandise that the Dutch captain had to offer the colonists were twenty human beings, negroes brought from the coast of Africa, and his ship was probably the first slave-trader to visit what is now the coast of the United States.

From a sailor's point of view, also, the story of this slaver is remarkable; in fact, it is one of the most singular stories known to the history of commerce. Thus, we know that she hailed from Flushing, and the number of slaves that she brought. There is no doubt about her shape and rig. We are well enough assured as to where she landed, and we are even justified in saying how she was secured to the river's bank. There is an old record containing the names of some of the slaves she landed. But her name and the name of her commander have been lost beyond recovery. She appears above our horizon like a strange sail at sea, showing unmistakably from our present point of view that something is wrong with her; we pass her close enough at hand to see on her decks men and women in distress whom we are wholly unable to relieve, and then she fades away in the mists astern, and is lost forever.

* *The American Slave-Trade.* By John R. Spears. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark. A most interesting and comprehensive history of slavery in America, compiled from the earliest records on the subject. Pp. 232; price $2.50. Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

Among many new features none are more popular than "The World of To-Day," edited by William E. Danforth. Mr. Danforth is the possessor of strong convictions, coupled with a courteous Christian spirit. He believes in youth, and is loyal to its interests. Things pertinent to the hour, and vital to the growth of true manhood and womanhood, will be given a large place in this department, and the best men and women of the nation will be counselors and aids.

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The coming year the WEEKLY will hold attractions for every member of the family. While it is distinctly a young people's paper, it is the friend of the fireside. Of interest to all will be the following six stories:

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Mrs. L. S. King, of Concord, Cal., is State ganizer and lecturer for the W. C. T. U. of lifornia. She had been carrying on her rk without using proper food to sustain her dy, and says: "Before I found Grape-Nuts d I was suffering seriously with indiges- n and my mind had become sluggish and ll, the memory being very much impaired. Hearing of Grape-Nuts as a food for re- lding and strengthening the brain and ve centres, I began its use. In two months ave gained four pounds in weight, never better in my life, and find a most remark- le improvement in my memory and mental ivity. I never stood the fatigue and pres- e of work as well as I do now. A short e ago I went to a new county, worked enty-two days, almost day and night, with- t rest, and came home feeling fine. You y be sure I take Grape-Nuts food with me that I may depend upon having it."

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A Leading Merchant and a A Wall St. Lawyer

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ROBERT C. OGDEN will write of some striking examples of the strict adherence to high standards on the part of business men.

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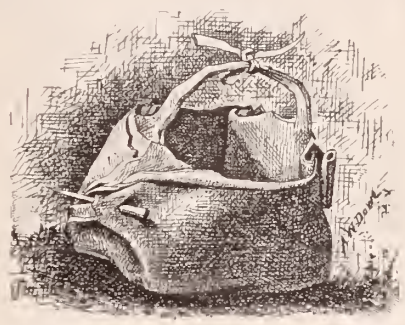
THE GOSPEL IN CUBA

Progress at El Faro Cristiano—Circuit-Riding and Colportage

MR. J. B. Wood, of the El Faro Cristiano (Christian Lighthouse Mission), Aguacate, Cuba, writes the following interesting letter concerning the work there:

"Thanks to the good offices of THE



A CUBAN PALM-LEAF BASKET

CHRISTIAN HERALD, in presenting our work, we have had many offers from people who wanted to join our mission; but from force of circumstances, we have had to limit our accessions to those who could pay their expenses. All have proved most acceptable workers; some have given up much: one, a college education; another, a salary of $75 a month. We believe in self-support, and when it is known that we are seven in number, and that the mission has been almost entirely sustained during the past year by our own funds or labor, it will be understood that we practice our own precepts. But a little help would be greatly appreciated just now, for we need two horses and equipment for real old-fashioned circuit work. Surroundings here are similar to those of Kentucky and Ohio eighty years ago. The houses of natives are small and it is not our business to criticize their modes of living, but we prefer, when traveling among their little towns, to sleep in the clear air, wrapped in our own rubber blankets and swinging in the tree branches in our own hammock. Two of our number are ready to travel over the island, on horses laden with tracts and Bibles.

"In Cuba, we have felt no lack of food and raiment, although, until we came here, we never understood the fulness of the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' At home, we used to lay by supplies: here we have hardly a meal ahead. By night the larder is empty; we have given all that we can spare from our own necessities. One of our first presents struck us as unique. We knew the palm-tree had 300 uses. Years ago, our Sabbath School teachers told us so, but when we saw men using a leaf, we cried, 'How curious to make a palm-leaf into a mackintosh!' Seeing our need of a market-basket, our grocer presented us with the one (made of a single palm-leaf) which our artist missionary has sketched for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We rather love that basket; it has gone out five hundred times from our humble home empty, but always returned full."

Is He the Oldest Minister?

Mr. E. S. Saunders, of Wyoming, Ia., writes as follows:

In your paper of October 3, 1900, you said that Lorenzo Waugh, who has just died, September 2, 1900, was said to be the oldest minister in the world. We have one here who is older. He is Rev. Asel Bronson, of the Wyoming Conference, latterly of Upper Iowa Conference, and he is now ninety-three years old, in fair health, and attends morning services on Sunday almost regularly. He attends to a good deal of business. Once in a while he preaches and attends funerals. One would hardly believe he was ninety-three years old. His first work was under the presiding elder of the New York Conference in 1831. Then he became a member of the Wyoming Conference at its organization, and about forty years ago a member of the Upper Iowa Conference. Rev. Asel Bronson's name has been on your subscription list in the days gone by.

If any of our readers know of a minister still able to preach and work, who is older than Mr. Bronson, we would be pleased to hear of it.

SAMUEL WESLEY (Father of John and Charles Wesley.)

The Greatest Revival of the Century

Samuel Wesley's

Sublime Epic Poem,

The Life of Christ

as revised by Bishop Coke.

First printed in 1693. Now for the first time published in America.

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"A companion work to Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"

—*John Dryden.*

A necessary adjunct to the library of every Christian.

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Her trials and tribulations, her social ostracism, the cold shoulder turned by the church as well as the world, are all graphically described.

The trials and perplexities of the mistress are not forgotten, but are dealt with fairly and truly.

The minister of a wealthy church falls in love with the hired girl, and she with him, and new complications arise.

After a while the tables are turned, the servant becomes the mistress, and, together with her husband, she strives to work out the servant-girl problem.

This is the plot of Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's new story, "Born to Serve," to begin in The Christian Endeavor World in December.

It is not simply a charming tale. It is an honest, earnest effort to help solve the servant question.

Mr. Sheldon's profits go in part to build a servant-girls' training-school in Topeka, Kan.

Subscribe now and get the whole of this remarkable story; also the autobiography of William T. Stead, the famous English reformer; Ian Maclaren's series on "The Homely Virtues"; Joseph Cook on Great Orators; Dr. Cuyler's and Joseph Parker's brilliant articles, and a score of attractive features, all published exclusively in The Christian Endeavor World, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Only one dollar from date of subscription to January, 1902.

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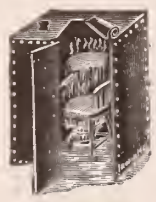

contain all the best features of all the other cabinets with several entirely new ones, making them the "only perfect Bath Cabinets."

Prescribed by Physicians for Rheumatism, Lagrippe, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles, Blood and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Asthma, etc. Best Cabinets for price made. SPECIAL PRICES WHERE WE HAVE NO AGENT. BOOK FREE.

AGENTS WANTED; one sold 1,000 in four months.

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BAD DREAMS

Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and gone to drinking Postum Food Coffee, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum Food Coffee and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavor and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could warn every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug, ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours, Miss Emily Pierson, had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum Food Coffee, and is now perfectly well. Yours for health. Don't publish my name." ——, Herington, Kan. Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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If it's **Best Soap**, or **1776 Soap Powder**, or **Pure Potash** or **Lye**, or **Best Baking Powder**,

It is the Best

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. S., Massachusetts, writes:

I wish to acknowledge through your columns God's wonderful love and care. I have had many direct answers to prayer. Being greatly troubled of late, I besought him to touch the heart of one who seemed very cold and indifferent to his grace, and he has granted my request.

F., Massachusetts, writes:

I thank my heavenly father for the many times he has answered my prayers, and this time especially for one in behalf of a boy friend.

L. B. H., Germantown, N. Y., writes:

I, too, must join your "Answered Prayers" column in giving God the praise. In a recent illness, when no human friend could be near, my heavenly Father, in answer to prayer, was graciously with me through it all.

M. C., South Carolina, writes:

I prayed God to send peace where there was no peace. He heard. My hour of prayer is dearer to me than food or raiment.

F. I. J., Texas, writes:

I prayed for my child to be brought back to Christ, and now I know God answers an earnest petition.

E. F., Missouri, writes:

Encouraged by answered prayers in your paper, I began weeks ago to pray for my wayward brother. He is greatly changed. His old companions can hardly recognize in him their comrade of the past.

Mrs. E. R., Texas, writes:

My little daughter drove into Galveston the morning of the storm. I prayed the Lord to save her, and he did. We lost all but life. My husband and I are thankful for our preservation.

B. J. W., Pennsylvania, writes:

At three critical epochs in my life God has sent me answer to prayer. This I know beyond all doubt.

M. W. S., Vermont, writes:

I promised the Lord that if he would move the mind of a debtor to pay us a certain debt, my wife and I would take two little India Famine Orphans for one year or longer. The Monday following just exactly the sum required was received from this debtor, with a promise of the whole soon.

J. W. F., Nebraska, writes:

I write to acknowledge through your paper God's kind answer to three earnest prayers. No one but God can know the importance of these answers to me.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from Mrs. E. M., Otis, Kan.; Epworth Leaguer, Devil's Lake, N. D.; M. J. H., Hutchinson, Kan.; J. D., Millbrook, Pa.; Mrs. L. C. H., Union Bridge, Md.; Mrs. C. F. H., Linden, Cal.; L. A. C., Montreal, Can.; J. C. H., Concord, N. H.; T. S., Thomason, Ga.; E. P., Chatham, N. J.; S. P. P., Norwalk, Conn.; M., Garland, S. D k.; D. F. A., Jersey City; Reader, Ellendale, N. Dak.; L., Rising Sun, Miss.; Mrs. C. T., Latham, Mo.; Mrs. M. A. S., Abiline, Kan.; E. M., McKeesport, Pa.; Mrs. M. E. F., Dresden, Tex.; Mrs. M. A. H., Brookfield, Mo.; Mrs. W. H. L., Hurricane, W. Va.

A New Mission in Barbados

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD interested in the work of Rev. Antoinette Esterbrooks, who founded the Anchor Mission in Barbados, will be glad to read of the success which continues to crown her labors. Recently, the Parker Memorial Hall was dedicated as a home of prayer in Parker's Village, Barbados. The building, a neat stone structure accommodating 200 people, is the gift of Mrs. Parker, a wealthy lady of this country, who was influenced to this kind act through Miss Esterbrooks' representation, while on a visit here, of the needs of the island. At the dedicatory service Miss Esterbrooks' congregation from the Anchor Mission were largely represented, while crowds came in from the adjacent villages. Miss Esterbrooks led the opening prayer and Rev. Reuben A. Sealy, Superintendent of the A. M. E. Church, delivered the service and pronounced the words of consecration. The building is a memorial of Mrs. Parker's husband.

Mr. Sankey on Gospel Song

Ira D. Sankey recently addressed two great gatherings in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the subject of "Sacred Song and Story." Having told several interesting stories regarding various hymns and their authors, Mr. Sankey then stated that it had been borne in upon him that there was a great power for good in sacred song, and he had made up his mind to try to organize a training school for Gospel singers as soon as he returned to America. There are schools, he said, for all other kinds of music, but in all the world there was no school for Gospel singing. He then announced that a collection would be taken up, and, after expenses were paid, the balance would go toward the establishment of such a training school, under his control.

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While you are well, strong and Insurable.

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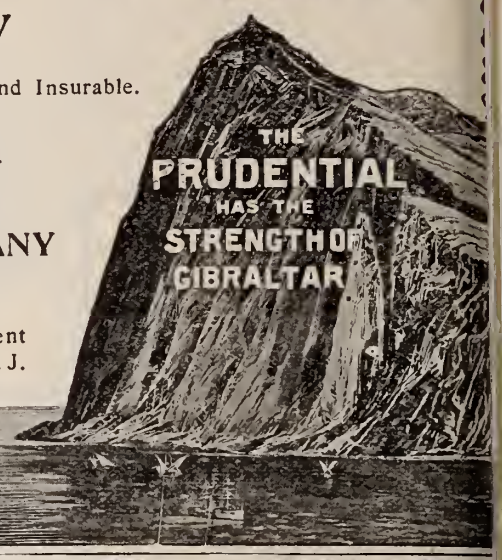

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has captured the country by its grace, healthfulness and style. Its perfection is found in

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the straight-front style of the famous

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Send to us for handsome illustrated catalogue.

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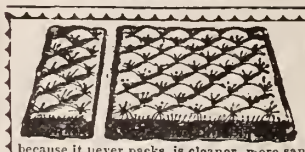

Uwanta Snow White Cotton Down Mattress $7.00

If wanted in two pieces, like cut, $7.50. Freight prepaid to all points north of the south line of Tennessee and east of the Missouri river and of a line drawn directly south from Kansas City. Part of the freight paid to more distant points.

Absolute Perfection. As soft as a $40 hair mattress and to be preferred, because it never packs, is cleaner, more sanitary and never attracts moths. Guaranteed to last a lifetime without making over. They may be returned after thirty days' trial at our expense, if not positively the best mattress that money can buy, and your money will be instantly and cheerfully refunded.

FROM FACTORY TO CUSTOMER. The **Uwanta Mattress** can be had only of us. If sold by retailers, the price would be from $12 to $15.

What is Cotton Down? It is the snow-white selected cotton fresh from the fields. In original bales, made into Cotton Down by being put through our patented process until it is almost as fluffy as feathers. Some call it "felt" when thus treated and it is undoubtedly the best mattress material known to the trade. In ordering give the width of your bed, measuring from the inside of the side rails. All mattresses are 6 feet 3 inches long. **Send for Booklet of testimonials.**

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YOU OWE *it to..... yourself* to investigate the claims of the **Sure Hatch Incubator.** The simplest to run—the surest in the hatch. Send for our new Free Catalog.

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Do You Raise Chicks? How much money you make depends on how you do it. Our 154 p book tells all about Successful incubation and brooding. Sent for 6c in stamps. Printed in 5 languages

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All dishes such as soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads, etc. are doubly appetizing and digestible when flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

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"It's Only Whooping Cough."
But 2,097 children died of it in London in one year. This often fatal disease is quickly checked and cured by vaporized Cresolene. Cresolene has been most successfully used for twenty years as a preventative of Croup, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Measles, Scarlet Fever, and other contagious diseases. Actual tests show that vaporized Cresolene kills the germs of Diphtheria. Send for descriptive booklet with testimonials. Sold by all druggists.
Vapo-Cresolene Co., 180 Fulton St., New York.

Rheumatism

A lawyer of Washington, D. C., National Safe Deposit Building, writes:

"I have been taking Tartarlithine for an attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism and it has benefited me very noticeably, relieving all pain and stiffness of the joints."

Send for our Free Pamphlet, telling you how to treat Rheumatism.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE TARTARLITHINE CO.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.
BLUINE CO, Box 3 Concord Junction, Mass.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. Co., Stat'n A, Cincinnati, O.

Taking Pains for Christ*

Character Tried by the Crises of Christian Experience

THERE is an old saying that "the strength of a chain is only the strength of its weakest link." The Parable of the Ten Virgins, which is the passage associated with the topic, is an illustration of this fact. The ten virgins were all in the same category so far as appearances went until the time of emergency came. They all went forth to meet the Bridegroom, all were anxious to honor him, and all had the lamps alight which, in an Oriental land, the attendants of a bridegroom are expected to carry. Then, too, all employed the time of waiting in sleeping. There was nothing wrong in that. The wise and the foolish, alike, slept during the interval. It was when the Bridegroom appeared suddenly that the difference in their character was revealed. Five of them had prepared for just such an emergency as had occurred. They had brought a supply of oil with them, with which to replenish their lamps. The others had brought no oil, apparently supposing that the oil in the lamps would be sufficient to keep them burning until the celebration was over. Then they sought to borrow from their sisters, but each had a supply sufficient only for herself and could not help the others.

There should be no difficulty in identifying the spiritual condition which this momentous difference represents. Christ was deeply conscious of this radical separation of characters. In another parable it had a place as the hearers of the rocky ground variety. They, like the five foolish virgins, propose to follow him. They are even precocious in their development. They spring up more rapidly than the hearers represented by the seed which fell on good ground. But it is their staying quality that is defective. They have no root in themselves, no resources of their own, no connection with the Holy Spirit from which inexhaustible stores of grace may be obtained. Such characters are present in all our revivals. Their sorrow and their joy are genuine enough, but the surface only of their natures is stirred. It is a superficial change which soon wears off. A little worldly amusement, a little ridicule, a little persecution, and they are back again in the world with nothing to show that any change has occurred. The wise virgins have realized the sinfulness of their own natures, their inability to cleanse them and their powerlessness to control evil proclivities, and they have gone to the Source of Strength for the help they need. Having learned their weakness and the means of augmenting their power, they are not taken by surprise, but know how "to stand in the evil day."

The time of stress and strain comes to all, sooner or later. The crisis may come in sudden temptation, or heavy affliction, or grievous disappointment, or in sickness. Then the sufferer shows whether his religion is of any value to him. His light may burn dimly for a time, but if he has entered into living union with Christ, it does not go out. The divine hand goes forth to his fainting child and new strength is imparted. The crisis actually brings forth the Christly character more vividly. The sufferer on the sick bed surprises us with songs of triumph and a patience that is superhuman. The man stripped of his possessions astonishes us with his cheerfulness in adversity. He must have had bread to eat that we know not of. This knowledge of the source of power, this trained habit of applying for it, this unfaltering, unwavering faith is the oil that replenishes the lamp and keeps its light burning. But the connection must be established in quiet times. In the time of sorrow and distress and physical pain, woe to the soul that has not made use of its resources and knows not which way to turn for help. Neither the preachers nor Christian friends can help in that emergency. Their power is available for themselves, but they cannot impart it to others. Gladly, oftentimes, would they lead the trembling soul along the path familiar to their own feet, but the darkness is too dense for all but those accustomed to the road.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for December 2 (Matt. 25 : 1-13).

$1,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

CAN YOU GUESS HOW MANY SEEDS IN OUR PRIZE PUMPKIN?

The illustration of the Pumpkin appearing in this announcement is taken from nature; the Pumpkin was grown at the Epitomist Experiment Station the past season and is one of the lot which were prize winners at the Indiana State Fair this fall. They are thick-meated, of enormous size, great croppers and of rich flavor—in fact, undoubtedly the most perfect and valuable Pumpkin ever grown.

The Epitomist Experiment Station is without doubt the most beautiful spot in the State of Indiana. Over $100,000 has been spent in improvements on this Experiment Farm, where the **Agricultural Epitomist** is edited and printed amid the activities of real farm life. Its beauty of scenery and perfect climate, with its pure spring waters are hard to surpass in any locality. We have at this Experiment Farm of 650 acres, all the different soils that are found in Indiana or almost any other state as well as the varied conditions requiring drainage, irrigating, enriching, etc., all to be included in our experiments which will be written up in the **Epitomist** from month to month. It is our purpose to experiment in all lines of agriculture, horticulture, live stock, dairying and poultry raising, and as the growing of this variety of Pumpkin which we have named "Epitomist Prize," is the result of one of our first and most successful experiments; we are not only going to give **Epitomist** readers some of the seed of this variety of Pumpkin to raise, but **$1,000** in prizes for guessing as to the number of seeds in the Pumpkin illustrated in this offer. The first prize which we offer is **$250.00** for the nearest guess, and should there be any correct guesses, this **$250.00** will be equally divided among those making the guesses, and they will also receive enough **"Epitomist Prize"** Pumpkin Seed to plant one-half acre; and to each of the **first one thousand** responding to this offer, we shall send one full packet of the seed by mail, postage prepaid.

The $1,000 in cash prizes will be awarded as follows:

"EPITOMIST PRIZE" PUMPKIN.

$1,000.00 CASH PRIZES.

$250 for 1st nearest guess
150 " 2nd " "
100 " 3rd " "
50 " 4th " "
25 " 5th " "
15 " 6th " "
10 " 7th " "
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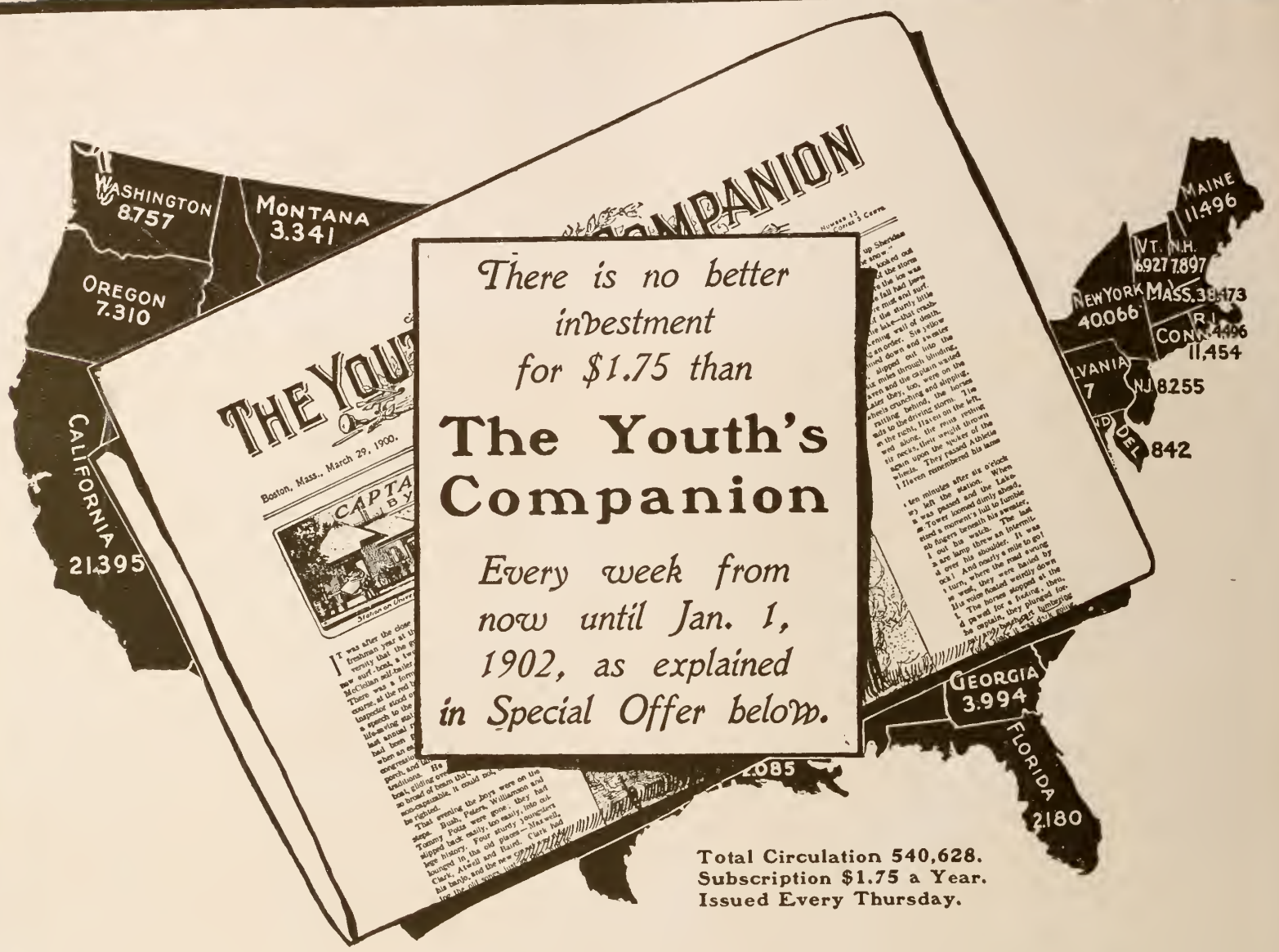

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THANKSGIVING NUMBER, 1900

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1900 PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE · CRANE'S · THANKSGIVING

. . . MARY B. SLEIGHT . . .

THE Reverend Josiah Crane had been for ten years the faithful pastor of the little village of Hardacre, and, in fact, of the entire region within a radius of four miles, there being but the one church in the neighborhood.

It was chiefly a farming community, but the farms, though small, were so well managed that the owners had an abundance of all that was necessary for health and comfort, and though they handled but little money they would have felt insulted had anyone called them poor.

They paid their pastor a salary of five hundred dollars, and five hundred dollars seemed to most of them a small fortune. Very few of them ever spent that amount in "hard cash" in the course of the year, and as many of them were in the habit of supplementing their subscription with a load of wood or a barrel of potatoes, they listened to the good man's sermons with a clear conscience, feeling that as far as his salary was concerned he had no cause to complain.

Mr. Crane was a frugal man, content for himself with "plain living and high thinking," and as he had to be his own gardener and wood-sawyer, he had usually an appetite that gave a relish to the simplest fare. His chief weakness was a fondness for good stationery, but even in this he had learned to deny himself—often drafting his sermons on wrapping paper—and had he been a bachelor the five hundred dollars would have been more than enough for all his needs. But with a wife and six little Cranes to provide for, it became by degrees, as the little Cranes grew apace, a puzzling question how they were all to be clothed and fed.

"Why not find a new field?" asked a friend, who having on one or two occasions exchanged pulpits with him, had discovered how matters stood. But to this proposition Mr. Crane turned a deaf ear. His ten years' service had endeared the people to him; he had christened their children and married the young men and maidens; he had rejoiced with them when life went prosperously, and sympathized with them when trials and afflictions came. Besides, he had a horror of being a rolling stone. He felt that, like the sturdy cedars of the dunes, he had struck root, and that, however buffeted by adverse winds, he could not bear transplanting.

And so for another year they struggled on.

Mrs. Crane, a "sweet girl-graduate" at the time of her marriage, had assumed the duties of a minister's wife with a fine enthusiasm, meaning to keep pace with her husband and in touch with the thinkers of the day. But with her growing family, and the necessity of being nursery-maid, laundress and cook, she rarely found an hour for self-improvement. She held out heroically, but her cares told upon her, and as the years went by she became so changed that old friends chancing to meet her had to have an introduction, while others, meeting her for the first time, wondered how a man like the Rev. Josiah Crane could have fancied a woman so quiet and uninteresting. But in her husband's eyes she was lovelier than when he first wooed her. Lover-like, in those days, he had called her an angel; now her face wore for him the meek beauty of a saint. But it was a beauty that of late sometimes startled him it was so ethereal, and the fear of losing her drove him finally to reconsider his friend's suggestion. He had for the last year or two been trying to eke out his salary by writing for journals and magazines; but though capable under favorable conditions of producing very acceptable articles, he found the compensation a poor dependence. For several weeks two of the children—the twins—had been so ill that it had been necessary to have a nurse from the city for them, and in one way and another the outgo had proved so heavy that he had been obliged to overdraw his salary. Nothing more would be due until the first of January, and when one dark day in November the mail brought him, "declined with thanks," a manuscript for which he had hoped to receive something toward bridging the gulf, he felt that a decisive step must be taken at once. His wife came into the room at the moment with her work-basket, and her pale, worn face helped to clinch this determination.

But at the thought of all the strain and heart-ache that the change involved, his head went down into his hands.

"Don't, dear! don't!" she entreated, dropping the shirt she was mending and putting her arm over the heaving shoulders. "He who feeds the sparrows won't, I am sure, forget us." And with a laugh that was lost in a sob, she slipped from the room.

Her husband started up when the door closed behind her and began pacing the floor. No, the Lord would not forget them, he was confident of that: and if he wanted them to leave Hardacre, he would surely open the way. So, through another week he prayed and waited.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, one of those soft-skied Indian summer days when all the outer world seems calling to those indoors.

"Come out and fare a-field," but the Thanksgiving sermon was still unwritten, and the minister, resisting with a sigh the luring voice of the sea and the whispering wind that stole landward between the dunes, seated himself at his desk, desperately intent on finding cause for gratitude.

The twins were better, for that he was thankful indeed—they had seemed so near life's boundary line—and old Doctor Hurd had refused to send in his bill—it was a part of his subscription, he said—and for this, too, the minister gave thanks. But, on the other hand, with not a dollar in the house, how was he to feed his family till the next payment was made?

A six weeks' drought had seriously damaged the crops, and the contributions of farm products, usually so generous, had been few and chary; even his own little patches of cabbages and potatoes had disappointed him.

In his despondency his eye rested aimlessly on the open Bible at his elbow, and presently he found himself reading: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom,

"DEACON JESSUP WALKED IN CARRYING A HUGE TURKEY."

neither shall fruit be in the vine: the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

The grand old pæan roused him. Here was his text. The ancient prophet had met his need. But before he could put pen to paper. Mrs. Crane opened the door.

"Is the baby here, Josiah?" she asked anxiously. "I left him playing on the porch while I went up-stairs to give the twins their medicine, and when I came back he was gone. Where can he be, Josiah?"

The minister absently stuck his pen behind his ear and joined in the search. The child had been playing with his little cart, and the wheels had left two narrow ruts in the sandy path that led to the gate.

"I'll find him," said the father confidently, hurrying on without his hat. "He's probably trudging down the street."

But outside the gate the wheel tracks took a new trend, and the man caught his breath, for that way lay the beach, the silvery beach, where the white-capped billows that the baby loved were breaking over the shingles.

"God help us!" he cried, thinking of the little one alone on the shore with the treacherous waves lying in wait for him. And throwing out his hands he ran as one runs who has a prize at stake. Perhaps he could overtake the boy before he reached the water. But on and on he went the zig-zag lines with the little footprints leading, till at the base of a sand dune the runner came upon the wheels tangled in a clump of beach-plum bushes. But the box was gone, and it was easy to see where the child had pushed it over the sand toward the sea.

In another minute the minister was scanning the shore. But neither up nor down the glistening reach was any living creature, save here and there a slender-legged sand piper pecking among the pebbles—and there were no more tracks.

Of a sudden the man sighted something floating on the water, a little box that bobbed up and down with every rise and fall of the waves, and above the rim—he could see it plainly now—a mass of wet curls glittered in the sunlight. Already, with quick forethought he had off his coat and shoes, and, praying as he ran, he plunged into the surf.

He was a good swimmer and the tide was with him, but the box with its precious freight was steadily drifting seaward. Still, little by little, he gained on it, and at last, all but spent, he had the child in his arms. Then, suddenly, the sky grew dark and the sea surged in his ears.

But now there were shouts on shore, and the next minute a boat was cutting its way through the long low billows.

"They're alive yet, thank the Lord, but it was a pretty close call for 'em both," said Captain Dawson, as he helped his men lift the half-drowned minister from the dory and loosened the little arms that clung to his neck.

And as soon as the rescuing party reached the parsonage there was of course a call for dry clothing, and poor Mrs. Crane could produce nothing in the way of underwear but some much-patched flannels and a shirt that was not ironed, having been laid aside for repairs.

"'Pon my word I did feel sorry for her," said Mrs. Deacon Jessup, when she related the story to her husband. "An' when we was comin' away, me an' Mrs. Hedges, we happened to go through the dinin' room—it was a little after twelve, an' Tom an' Sadie, just in from school, was hurryin' to eat—an' all they had on that table was some shaved beef an' bread an' apple sauce, with not even a scrap o' butter."

"Well, I do n' know who's to blame," said the deacon. "Seems to me with five hundred a year they ought to keep better supplied than that."

"Oh, the five hundred was all very well when there was only three or four of 'em, but you must remember that now there are eight mouths to fill, an' while the twins was sick they had to have a nurse, an' of course she had to be paid.

"An' now, what I want you to do, David, is to go right out to the barnyard an kill one o' them big turkeys for 'em. An' you might as well take along a bushel or two of potatoes an' a bag o' them bell flowers."

About the same time it chanced that Mrs. Hedges was giving her husband similar instructions.

"Pick out the fattest one there is, Ezry, an' a basketful of them turnips an' onions," she said, "an' bime by I'll run over with one of them mince pies I baked to-day."

The two deacons were dutiful husbands, and an hour later, just as the Cranes had seated themselves at the supper table, Deacon Jessup walked in carrying a huge turkey. And before the minister and his wife had finished thanking him, the big iron knocker on the front door clanged again, and Deacon Hedges presented himself, a fat turkey in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other.

The children, following the example of their father and mother, had left the table to greet the visitors, and while the two men waited for their baskets to be emptied, they mentally inventoried the bill of fare: Bread, baked apples, and at each plate a bowl of mush and milk. But everything was tidy, and a vase of chrysanthemums for a centre piece gave the table a touch that redeemed it from the commonplace.

Deacon Hedges had come in his top buggy, and finding that Deacon Jessup was afoot, he invited him to ride.

"Well, brother Jessup, what do you think of it!" he asked, as he gathered up the reins.

"I think we're a mighty careless set to let our minister's family get down to such short rations, when our own barns and cellars are filled to overflowin'," said Deacon Jessup, emphatically.

"That's a good 'eal the way it strikes me," responded Deacon Hedges. "To be sure crops have been a leetle short this season, but we've all got enough an' to spare, an' we'd ought to seen to it a month ago that the parson's folks was n't lackin' for anything. An' what's more, we hadn't ought to let him get down to his last penny. It don't matter how well supplied the pantry and cellar is, a man likes to feel that he's got a dollar or two in his pocket for 'mergencies, an' I'm afraid that's what the parson ain't had for a good many days. I've been makin' a rought estimit of what it'd cost me to live if I had to pay out cash for everything as he does, an' though there's only five of us, I don't see how on earth I could make the two ends meet on less'n eight hundred."

"I know I couldn't," said Deacon Jessup, "an' I've got a mighty savin' soul of a wife, too, an' only four of us all told. To be sure she don't do the washin', but that's 'cause I won't let her. She ain't strong enough for that sort o' work, an' the parson's wife ain't either."

"Indeed she ain't," said Deacon Hedges. "A slender little woman like her, with five or six babies to look after, oughtn't to be spendin' her strength in that way, an' she wouldn't have to if we paid her husban' a decent salary. Fact is, I'm gettin' sort o' 'shamed of havin' outsiders know that we don't pay him but five hundred, an' I'm goin' to start a subscription paper. Any one of us can afford to give ten dollars more a year an' not feel it, an' if we can get twenty names for that amount it'll bring it up to seven hundred slick as a whistle."

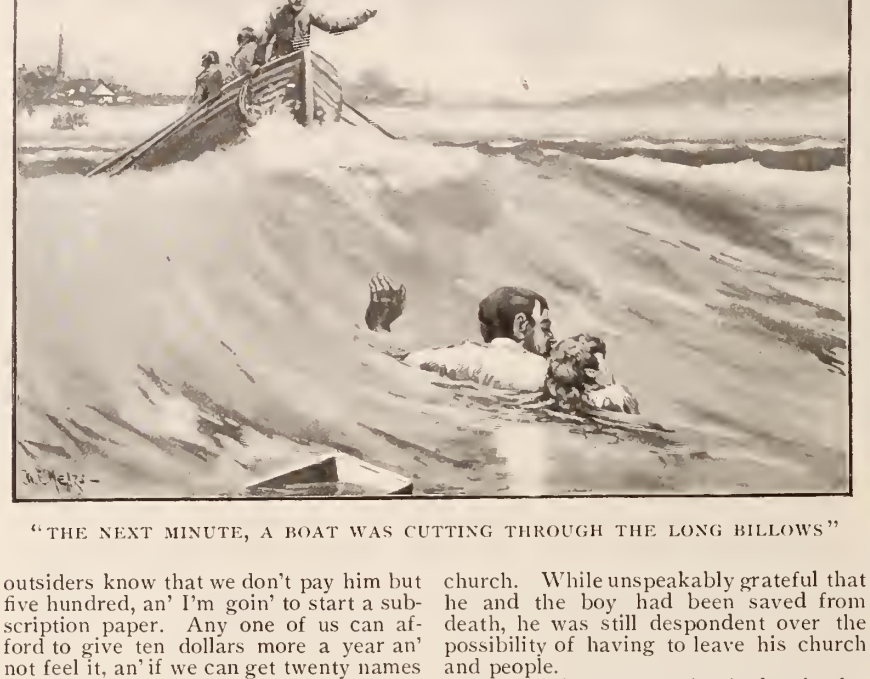
"That's so," said Deacon Jessup. "Put me down for ten. An' le's see," he added eagerly, "if we can't raise the rest before meetin' time to-morrow."

"Good!" cried farmer Hedges, and with the ardor of a boy in for a lark, he shouted "G'lang" to his horse.

The short November twilight had merged into brilliant moonshine, and by ten o'clock the two men had gone the rounds of the neighborhood.

"The rest of 'em we can waylay in the mornin'," remarked Deacon Hedges, as they said good night, "but we're sure of a hundred and fifty anyway."

The next day the minister went early to church. While unspeakably grateful that he and the boy had been saved from death, he was still despondent over the possibility of having to leave his church and people.



"THE NEXT MINUTE, A BOAT WAS CUTTING THROUGH THE LONG BILLOWS"

None of the congregation had arrived—it lacked a full hour of the time for the services to begin—but in the empty pews before him he saw as in a vision the faces of the people he had learned to love. Here was one who through much tribulation had been brought into the kingdom, and here one whose besetting sin ha made him always in need of a helpin hand. There were gray-haired pilgrim to whom his words of cheer had give new courage; and, most precious of al the youthful members of his flock, whor he was striving to lead into broader an greener pastures than their elders ha known.

Ah, how dear they were to him, an how well he knew "their simple usu ways and work-day deeds." They wer his own people; he had cast in his lo with them for better or worse, and th possibility of a separation made hir groan in spirit.

But reminded at last that the time wa passing, he turned to the desk to look u the hymns.

There, in bold relief on top of the big B ble, lay a letter addressed to him in Deaco Hedge's handwriting. The thought cam to him that it might possibly be a re quest for him to resign, and he opened i with quaking fingers. But in an instan foreboding was changed to thankfulness for, in addition to the information that hi salary had been raised, the letter cor tained, as the first instalment of the in crease, a check for fifty dollars.

Before he had fairly rallied from th happy shock, the people came flockin in, and every one seemed to catch a re flection of the shining face behind th desk.

Then he opened the Bible, and hi voice rang out like a clarion, "Bless th Lord, O my soul." But he broke dow midway in the psalm, and bowed his hea to hide his tears. Whereupon Deaco Jessup started, in stentorian tones, the tun of "Blest be the Tie that Binds," and b the time the hymn was sung he had man aged to pull himself together.

But it was useless to try to go on witl the services in the usual way—all heart were so full—and the sermon had to giv place to a love feast.

"It's well I wasn't there," said the littl wife, "for I know I should have made a simpleton of myself, just as I am doing now," she added, wiping her eyes. "Ah Josiah, didn't I tell you the Lord would take care of his Cranes?"

AS true happiness is the result and reward of a certain self-discipline and effort, it becomes a matter of very important and interesting study how best to attain unto it. There are means to every end, and in this case the means are widespread and various; some of them acting specially on the individual; others on the family; others on the world at large; but all in their ultimates, unselfish; and seeking not their own good, apart from, or reckless of, the good of others.

The first aid to personal happiness is to be found, with all the authority of a divine dictum, in the first commandment. It governs all the other commandments, for if we love God with all our heart, we shall want to tell him so. Besides, our days will ravel at the ends, unless we hem them night and morning with prayer. Is it not foolhardy to leave our bed-rooms in the morning without asking for the wisdom and protection we are sure to need? How can we tell what may happen—what doors may be opened or shut—what new elements may come into our lives—what new work we may find to do—what dangers we may go into—what enemies we may meet? A thousand "peradventures" confront a man every morning. But if he puts all these peradventures into God's care, he goes into the world calm and happy. He is armed for every conflict. There are more with him than can be against him.

. . .

AND with what a shining face of content a woman comes down-stairs if she has first had a few moment's confidence with her Father in heaven! If she is a wife, she has told him all her anxieties about her husband; she has asked for protection and guidance; and she can leave him with God, and not be afraid. If she is a mother, she has put her children in the care of their angels; they may run into danger, but in that powerful guardianship she feels no harm can come to them. Many unexpected things may arise in her household that day, but she has brought away from her morning supplication strength to help in every time of need. If there are no domestic claims, there are perhaps love troubles, or financial difficulties, or social hopes or perplexities. There is no need to hesitate about any care. None of them are too small to pray about.

. . .

SURELY if he thus defends, and instructs, and blesses us all through the day, we may well offer him thanks at night. And there are many of us whom the night terrifies. We are like children in the dark. We do not know what dangers it conceals—not only dangers of the elements, and dangers of wicked men, but also of that supernatural world that lies so close to us in the day, and presses all round our beds at night. Yea, if we could be silent all day long, we must call upon God in the night season. Often it is the most spiritual natures that have these night terrors; and that wake and watch while others sleep, till their sight and hearing aches for some object, that may keep

> "The awful inner sense unroused,
> Lest it should mark,
> The life that haunts the emptiness,
> And terror of the dark."

In such hours prayer is salvation. To rise and stand with folded hands and call upon that name, before which angels and men worship, and devils fear and fly, is one of those spiritual conflicts which fill the soul with triumphant happiness and strength in believing. I know a woman who has drunk of every cup of life, joyful and sorrowful; who has met dangers of the sea and the land; who has faced poverty, suffering and death cheerfully; who in nearly three-score years and ten, has not once found God's mercies too small; yet who has never escaped from a spiritual dread of the night and the powers of darkness; and who, therefore, never omits to add to her night prayer two lines from Bishop Ken's evening hymn:

> "May no ill dreams disturb my rest,
> Nor powers of darkness me molest."

. . .

NOT only is prayer absolutely necessary to that peace of the spirit, which is the very atmosphere of happiness, but every soul needs to go apart one hour each day. I know that business—that duties not to be put off—that inconvenient circumstances must in a large number of cases prevent a mid-day seclusion; yet for every one who can "enter into silence" for an hour between the morning and the afternoon, it is a restoration beyond price. To put aside, just for a little while, the things that fret and worry; to shut ourselves in our rooms, and lock the door, and close our eyes, and dismiss the world. Whenever, or wherever, a soul thus separates itself, God draws near to that soul.

. . .

THE soul that loves God has always longed to go apart with him. Isaac wandered off into the fields at eventide, and met God alone there. Nathaniel sought the thick foliage of the fig tree, and Jesus saw him there. Happy Nathaniel! Pray God that all our solitudes may be such that we shall not fear to have Christ say, "When thou wast there, I saw thee." These blessed hours of going apart are the hours that tinct all other hours with the spirit of true happiness. Will Jacob ever forget Bethel? or David the hill Mizar? or Nathaniel the fig tree? or John, Patmos? No more shall we forget, no, not through eternity, the places and the hours when we went apart to wait for our God, and he visited us, and said a word to our souls, even though it was only the word "Peace!" There are little rooms in humble cottages that have been the very gate of heaven; there are lonely fields, where men ploughing, and thinking of God, have tasted of the joys to come. There are common highways from one little village to another that have been royal roads to the celestial kingdom.

. . .

EVERY true cry of the human soul enters into the ear and the heart of God: therefore we will pray. If we have a beloved being beside us, does it suffice to think of him? No; we wish to speak to him, to ask his advice, to tell him of all that pleases or troubles us. It is just so if we love God. And it was not to those who loved God that Jesus forbid repetitions. The widow's opportunity was given us for an example. We may come to God; and then we may come again. We may tell him all; and then tell him all, again. What else is prayer but this? We need not consider any form of words. What do we say to our father? What do we say to our mother? Is any eloquence required when we speak to them? We just tell them what is in our hearts, and our father is satisfied, and our mother comforts us. This is the kind of prayer that prevails. And after it, we go down to our house justified, encouraged, happy beyond the power of earth to trouble.

Amelia E. Barr

THE CENTURY'S LAST THANKSGIVING

THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANCIENT FESTIVAL IN MANY LANDS

THANKSGIVING Day will be observed in New England this year, for the two hundred and seventy-eighth time, and throughout the United States, as a national holiday, for the thirty-seventh time. We will give thanks on this last Thursday in ovember not only for the mercies and essings of the year 1900. but for our pros- rity as a nation during the past one undred years; for this is the last Thanks- ving Day of the Nineteenth Century. Ve gather as a people to express grati- ude to the Divine Providence that has afe-guarded our country over the peril- us periods of the last ten decades: for e preservation of the Union through evitable wars; for the establishment of brotherhood of all men. ack and white; for the onderful progress we ve made in industry. ience and art; and for e growth of the religion Christ throughout ery section of the land. Ve give particular thanks r, the fact that at the ose of the last year of e century, we are practi- lly at peace at home and road; that the lives of r Government repre- ntatives in China were ared; that the harvest roughout the United tates is more than ever undant.

THANKSGIVING be- gan as a distinctively gricultural festival: but s the Christian spirit was fused into it, philanthro- y entered more and more to the observance of the ay. It is now a day which e benevolent find par- cularly fruitful for od, on which the rich pen their purses, on hich the poor are help- l to forget the struggle for existence. risons, hospitals, poorhouses, asylums, nements, lodging houses—wherever the ery poor or afflicted are gathered, the ay is one of outward gaiety and reason- ble plenty. In every church, mission nd chapel from Maine to California, a rvice in accordance with the meaning f the day is held. But more than all, is a home day, a day of family re- nions, when all quarrels are forgotten, ll differences ignored around the hospit- ble board, upon which the turkey holds e place of honor.

The custom of sending gifts to absent nes is not followed as faithfully at hanksgiving as at Christmas time, yet s the end of November comes round ch year, the express companies report n enormous number of parcels marked Perishable," "In haste," "This side up," ll presumably Thanksgiving gifts. Pies, lum-puddings, fruit cake, nuts, apples nd gingerbread are the favorite means f conveying the love of the dear ones at ome to those who are far away. Some- mes even a plump chicken, a duck or a rkey is sent from the old farm to the lative or friend in the city. The United tates transports leaving New York or an Francisco, for Cuba, Porto Rico, uan, the Philippines or China, are carry- g free hundreds of boxes to our soldiers and sailors abroad. Every man of the cloth of blue who receives such a box divides its contents with his "bunkies," and thus the thoughtfulness of those who pack the good things, to be eaten with such care, brings a ray of sunshine, a touch of home to many a young man doing his country's work in a far-away clime who would otherwise be unable to distinguish Thanksgiving from any other day.

ALMOST every country has its day of Thanksgiving, though it may not be given that name. In most cases, it may be called Harvest Day, or the Festival of the Harvest, the day specially set aside for a jubilee over the ingathering of the crops. July is the harvest month in our Northern states, but the celebration is put off until November to give all the states time to get the product of the soil actually under cover. In other countries the Harvest months are as follows, each, of course, according to climate:

January.—The greater part of Chili, portions of the Argentine Republic, Australia, and New Guinea.

February to March.—The East Indies.

April.—Mexico, Egypt, Persia, Syria.

May.—Japan, China, Northern Asia Minor, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco.

June.—Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Greece, and the south of France.

July.—The larger part of France, Austria, and Southern Russia.

August.—Germany, England, Belgium, Netherlands, part of Russia, Denmark, and part of Canada.

September.—Scotland, Canada, Sweden, Norway, and north Russia midlands.

October.—The northern parts of Russia and of the Scandinavian peninsula.

IN tropical countries, and in the east, where the crops are dependent upon one long annual rain, the people hold two festivals, each of which is a Thanksgiving. The first celebrates the coming of the rainy season, and the second the gathering of the harvest. These twin festivals or holidays are common in India, Siam, China, Burmah, Mexico, the West Indies, and South America. In certain parts of England a festival still takes place at the close of the reaping, not the ingathering. When the sickle is laid down, it is said that they have "got the kern." The reapers announce the fact by loud shouting, and an image, crowned with wheat ears and dressed in a white frock and colored ribbons, is hoisted on a pole by the tallest and strongest men of the party. All circle round this "kern baby" or harvest queen and proceed to the barn, where they set the image on high, and proceed to do justice to the harvest supper. In some places "this nodding sheaf, the symbol of the god," is quite small, fashioned with much care and neatness, and plaited with wonderful skill; in others, it is large and cumbersome, taking a strong man's strength to bear it.

A RURAL celebration akin to the English, and known as the "Fete of the Big Sheaf," survived until recently in Canada, and closed the harvest season among the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Bay St. Paul. The last sheaf, made large, was put on the last cartload of grain as an emblem of abundance; the lads and lassies, decorated with ears of grain, walked on each side of the load, and sang their national songs on the way to the house. "The master of the house sits in a large arm-chair at the head of the room," says a writer, in describing the ceremony, "and awaits with a joyful and contented air the arrival of his people. These soon come trooping in, led by the eldest son, who carries in one hand a fine sheaf of wheat all decorated with ribbons. He advances to the master of the house, gives him the sheaf, wishes him as good a harvest every year of his life. The old gentleman thanks him, after which they pass to the next room for supper, composed of mutton, milk and pancakes with maple sugar. Songs, dances, and other amusements close the festival."

The feast of Ingathering or Harvest Home, known in Scotland as "the Kern," was a peculiarly secular method of celebrating the close of the harvest. This still has its local survivals, although they are fast passing away before the modern innovation of a general harvest festival for the whole parish, to which all the farmers are expected to contribute, and which their laborers may freely attend. This festival begins with a special service in the village church, beautifully decorated for the occasion with fruit and flowers, followed by a dinner in a tent or in some building sufficiently large, and continued with rural sports, and sometimes including a tea-drinking for the women.

In old-time harvest festivals in Holland, traveling groups went around to help the threshers at harvest-time, and their leader was called upon to immolate a ram with a garlanded knife, thrusting it in to the cry of "Ram! Ram!" The girls, who helped in the threshing, had first to wash their faces in spring water strewn with flowers. When night came there was dancing and feasting. As Christianity spread, Holland left off sacrificing rams, and, with steam-threshing machinery, adopted better customs. As Hollanders have always been noted for their agricultural skill, so they have been distinguished for piety and a thankful spirit, and it has been urged that America, to some extent at least, has inherited its Thanksgiving customs from its Dutch ancestors.

A WESTERN POULTRY-YARD IN THE THANKSGIVING SEASON

THE Jewish Thanksgiving is the Feast of Tabernacles, the modern observance of which, however, bears but slight resemblance to the ancient Judean splendor, when great multitudes of people gathered in Jerusalem, and the plains around the Holy City were green with bowers of palm, myrtle, and olive. By day, the world was gay with the populace waving *lulabs* (branches bound together), and, at night, the mighty concourse waved flambeaux in the Temple court. Such grand oratorios the world has never heard since those old Judean festivals, when the pealing of silver trumpets led melodious choirs in psalms of thanksgiving.

NEXT WEEK'S MAMMOTH EDITION

The Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be delighted with our issue of December 5th, which will contain our various Premium Propositions and Magazine Combinations. Never has a better issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD been sent forth, either in point of size or quality. The issue will consist of ONE MILLION COPIES, each containing THIRTY-SIX PAGES, from cover to cover brimful of delightful artistic and literary surprises. This year, as in former years, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD undoubtedly leads in attractive holiday offers, and our readers will confer a favor on their friends by directing their attention to these remarkable inducements, and they will at the same time personally derive benefit by availing themselves of the exceptional opportunities presented.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF GOD AND MAN

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR DECEMBER 9 AND 16 ... BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

MARK 10: 46-52

THE HEALING OF BLIND BARTIMEUS

GOLDEN TEXT, Mark 10 : 51

THE Christmas month has become pre-eminently the giving month, through the blessed contagion of God's "unspeakable gift." Utmost tact should be used to prevent impressible childhood from placing the selfish idea of receiving uppermost. Parents and teachers should study to make the children forget that they may receive something, in the nobler enthusiasm of planning to give. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and let us see to it that the little ones do not miss this higher blessedness which their parents know so well. Let the Bartimeus lesson show the philanthropy of Jesus, who "went about doing good," giving help wherever he went, especially that best charity, helping men to help themselves; and let the Zaccheus lesson take up the same Christmas strain by showing the philanthropy of men from the example of that saved sinner who followed repentance, not alone with restitution of ill-gotten gains, but also with a bountiful charity, devoting half his goods to the poor. In practical illustration of these lessons and also of the parable of the "pounds," which is to be combined with the Christmas lesson, let word be given out that on Christmas eve every teacher and pupil in the Sabbath School is invited to bring to the church a pound of something to be given to the poor, wrapped so that only God will know whether it is a cheap or costly pound.

Have mercy on me. . . . Rise; he calleth thee. A persistent human cry for help and its abundant divine answer! Three blessings are here suggested:

1. Blessings in words.
2. Blessings for the body.
3. Blessings for the soul.

. . .

Blessings in Kindly Words To the blind beggar it was no small comfort to have even a word of sympathy. Words are not "cheap," but golden when they express heartfelt sympathy. It would have changed that blind man's midnight to starlight if Christ had given him nothing else but that kindly word. How much more should we appreciate the many words Christ gives us from his own lips in the Gospels! On the Gospels we might write, as we present them to the sinner: "Rise; he calleth thee." Rise, like the prodigal to go to the Father, whose heart yearns for thee; whose written Word, whose living Word, whose Spirit calleth thee. When Jesus came to Bethany, after the death of Lazarus, the bereaved Martha hastened to him for comfort, but Mary remained in the house until her sister returned, saying, "The Master is come and calleth for thee." By bereavement, by prosperity, Christ calls us to his side, that his Word may scatter our darkness like the rising of the sun. Who can measure the blessing that is brought to our hearts and homes this Christmas month by the answer God has made to the cry of the human heart in the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us? Job, in sickness, bereavement, adversity, unable to understand how God could allow such sorrow to come upon a good man, and feeling for the time as if God was his mighty enemy, exclaimed: "O, that mine Adversary had written a book!" There was yet no Bible to explain how God chastens his children in love, and his heart cried out for an explanation of the mysteries of pain. Even when God does not remove the affliction, it is a great blessing that he has given us the Bible to explain its meaning and mission. Even Nature hints at what Scripture declares, that pain is not the supreme evil, nor pleasure the supreme good. God is aiming in our lives not at pleasure, but perfection, which is often sculptured with the chisel of Pain. Alas, how many do not half appreciate the blessings in the Word God has put in their hands!

"I WAS EYES TO THE BLIND AND FEET WAS I TO THE LAME" JOB 29: 15

A station agent at a town in New Jersey saw a man walking on the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. On his back he carried a huge package, apparently containing household utensils as well as clothes. He seemed tired, though he trudged sturdily on. The agent stopped him and ordered him off the track, telling him he was liable to arrest for trespass, besides incurring the risk of being killed by a train. The man, who was a Hungarian, demurred and produced a railroad ticket, good from Jersey City to Scranton, Pa. The agent looked at him in amazement, and asked him why he was walking when he might ride. The Hungarian replied that he thought the ticket gave him only the privilege of walking over the road. His right was explained to him, and the tired man delightfully boarded the first train that stopped. A similar mistake is often made by Christians, who do not avail themselves of th privileges. They toil through life beari their burdens of care, despite the Bible's vitation to cast their burdens on the Lord.

. . .

Blessings for the Body But in the case of Bartime there is something more tha word of comfort. To it Jes adds blessings for the body, the restoration light, and so escape from beggary. Chr had helped him to help himself, which is t best charity. The relief that Christ broug to the sick and the poor he has prompt good men in every age to scatter about the

When Job sat in sackcloth, bereft of weal of property, of reputation, he found comf in remembering how he had used his hea and wealth when he had both. "I was ey to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. was a father to the poor, and the cause tha knew not I searched out." A well-kno pastor in a Western city was greatly belov by his people. One of the boys in the Su day School said that he saw his pastor goi along the sidewalk one day, and it seemed him that there was a little bit of sunshine f lowing him wherever he went. Christi philanthropy, once individual, has develop into great asylums, refuges, hospitals, t "greater" miracles Christ promised to when he had ascended and again descend in the Holy Spirit upon the church. The Christian institutions have made street be gary so unnecessary in many places that it forbidden as a crime easily lending itself fraud. Let us not be too severe in saying will help only the worthy, reminded in th Christmas month that on that basis G would never have given the great gift Christ to this wicked world, nor the less gifts he has poured upon the evil and t good alike. But let us so love our neighb as ourselves, that putting ourselves in l place we shall refuse to cultivate a spirit dependence in a weak brother that will d grade his manhood, when by more thoug and effort we can conserve his self-respect helping him to help himself. Let us ent our generous Christmas season by the "bea tiful gate" of apostolic charity: "Silver a gold have I none; such as I have give I th —a brother's hand to help you on your fe that you may help yourself in manly inc pendence."

There is no other philanthropy so far-reac ing as that which helps childhood, helps it health, to education, to purity. A belov professor and his little daughter having di suddenly and tragically, the friends built th memorial, not in an idle monument, but in children's hospital.

. . .

Blessings for the Soul But the charities of Chri never stop with the body, human charity too frequent does, as if it were enough to cure the diseas to relieve the hunger, regardless of the ills the soul, which will never be permanent removed except by the healing of the so What would it have profited the blind man only physical sight had been given, and h had remained in soul as blind to the chara ter of Christ as the Pharisees? Christ pour light into soul as well as body, and he f lowed Jesus in the way.

LUKE 19: 1-10

THE CALLING OF ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN

GOLDEN TEX Luke 19 : 10

JESUS had just saved a blind beggar, and now he was to save the rich chief of the publicans, as if in these two extreme cases to spell out, "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."

The blind man was more unfortunate than sinful, and himself first called to Christ. The chief publican was a "hard case," from a human point of view, and Christ made the first call in that instance. We note the following grand divisions in the story:

I. Jesus seeking the lost.
II. Jesus saving the lost.
1. Repentance with restitution.
2. Bountiful benevolence.

Zaccheus, chief among the publicans, was rich. In our visit to Palestine we found the "publicans" as dishonest and as despised as of old. From a foreign despot an ambitious scamp buys the right to collect the taxes imposed in unjust measure upon his neighbors, knowing that while the government requires a tenth, which is all too much, it will not interfere with his extorting a fifth. Every farmer must bring his unthreshed grain to the public threshing floor for the publican to take out the government's tenth, and nothing can be taken from it until the government's share is removed. The publican delays to take this day after day till the farmer, in desperate need of the grain and the money it would bring, surrenders to the trick he is helpless to prevent, and says, "Take a fifth and let me sell the rest." By such devices of "legal thieving" the publicans of Bible times, as to-day, got not only a commission on the government's tenth, but an extra tenth of their own through forms of fraud that would not make them liable under the law. There are two classes among the rich, one that desires wealth in order to be esteemed, and another that is ready to sacrifice the good opinion of others at any time in order to get money. Zaccheus belonged to this second class, which is not unknown in our day, including the traffickers in intoxicants, who are known to-day in England very appropriately as "publicans." There has always been a certain degree of deference paid to wealth however obtained, but increasingly the public is asking about a man's riches not only, "How much?" but, "How gotten?"

Once upon a time an ass was laden with idols, which were to be conveyed to a temple in another part of the city. As it passed along the streets people threw themselves on their knees, others strewed the way with flowers, and the air rang with shouts. The animal, seeing the adoration of the people, refused to budge another inch; whereupon the master belabored him with a stout stick, saying: "Go on, you donkey, it is not you they are worshiping, but the burden you carry." So when men of ill-gotten wealth are puffed up and flattered by the attention paid them let conscience say, "It is not you they are worshiping, but the burden of gold which you carry."

But the sequel shows that even a Zaccheus is not without a conscience to appeal to. When such a man repents and reforms it is a needed assurance that we might, if we would, bring to Christ the bunco steerers and green goods men and stock gamblers.

And he sought to see Jesus. There was probably nothing but curiosity in the effort of Zaccheus to see Jesus. The fame of his miracles had come from far and had been intensified by the report of the miracles upon Bartimeus and others just performed at the city gate. With no more spiritual interest than prompts a rich man to-day to hire a window to see a parade, Zaccheus climbed a sycamore tree by the roadside to get a good view of this wonder-worker. So to-day curiosity or some equally shallow motive—perhaps the desire to be in the company of some friend—has brought many a man to the place where the call of Christ would be heard and heeded. Of the three thousand converted at Pentecost not one came to be saved, but all for the social enjoyment of a national holiday. Of the young men converted in the Y. M. C. A., a great majority, no doubt, join it for the gymnasium, the games, the baths, and the evening classes in which they "learn more" to "earn more." Let us study how to get the Za cheus of to-day near the moving current Christian influences. There is a golden mea between "sensations" and stagnation.

Zaccheus make haste and come down. Th divine Shepherd "calleth his own sheep b name," even his wandering sheep. Even th eminent sinner was known by name to Chris Probably he was the greatest sinner in the ci in the total of his frauds, but it was a gre Saviour who was passing by. Despite the "s of faces" all about him, Jesus "looked u straight into that one eager face and beyor it into that sinful heart, which was convicte by that penetrating look. It was a case sudden conversion, and as sincere as sudde Jesus had called him "Zaccheus," a nam meaning the just, the name his father gav him when, in his innocent childhood, h dreamed of what his boy was to be. Ho many a boy has thus contradicted in his li the ideal his parents had set up for him i some saintly name. Many a "John Wesley many a "John Knox" is in jail, and many mo ought to be. Perhaps Jesus put such a pit ful, awakening accent on the name as mad Zaccheus think how false he had been to h mother's prayers and teachings and h father's hopes. In any case a day with Jesu roused his seemingly dead conscience to fu activity. His repentance did not end wit words and tears, but proved itself by four-fol

estitution to those he had wronged, and hen, as if to cover beyond question all those ases that death or removal had put out of is reach, he solemnly dedicated half his ealth to the poor at large.

epentance with estitution

Preachers and teachers should make the most of this conscience-stirring in- tance of restitution. Manifestly even in accheus there had been two men at war, raging the old warfare of light and darkness, f flesh and spirit (Rom. 7 : 19 ff).

The fabled Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are ctualized in the life of every individual. The ing and the peasant, the learned and the un- earned, all have the same experience. An xchange tells the following incident which illustrates our thought: "An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. 'For,' said he, 'I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco.'

"'Why don't you keep it?' asked a bystander.

"'I've got a good man and a bad man here,' said the Indian, pointing to his breast, 'and the good man say it is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good.'"

Even the Talmud teaches that in restitution of money wrongfully obtained, in order to escape the divine wrath, we must give conscience most generous benefit of the doubt. Having restored to individuals what we have fraudulently obtained, let us not also reject that devilish theory that soulless corporations can neither cheat nor be cheated, and include in our restitution the government or any association we have wronged. No doubt the dedication of half of Zaccheus' goods to the poor at large was really partly restitution, which suggests that others should learn from his case that justice to the poor is better than tardy restitution in charities.

In any case this bountiful beneficence of Zaccheus comes before us with beautiful fitness in this Christmas month, which celebrates his gifts, who, "though he was rich, for our sakes became poor." Zaccheus loved his poor neighbors literally as himself in this equal division with them of his riches. He had suddenly learned what so many in our better day have not, that he was in the world, as one has said, not for what there was in it for him, but for what there was in him for it. As we feed the outcasts of society on Christmas with generous hand, let this story of Zaccheus give us new faith in the possibility of soul relief as well.

LET EARS HEAR EYES SEE HEARTS RECEIVE HOMES WELCOME LIPS PRAISE HIM

..For Abundant Fruits and Harvests

THANKSGIVING DOXOLOGIES

...For Blessings Hereditary and Climatic

PRONUNCIAMENTOS of President and Governors call us to anthem, and mention particular auses of national gratitude, but they annot mention one-half of our blessings. n our imagination we see the wonderful rops of the year, and while we look at he lustrous cotton, we fancy we see the usky toilers of the Georgian plantation, he snowy globes shining amid dark green eaves, and the men, now sweltering in he noonday sun and now at the evening ime making the cabins resound with usic and dance. Cotton—suggestive of armth and wealth, comfort and interna- ional commerce. Blessed be the name f Eli Whitney, who invented the cotton in, and of Richard Arkwright, who howed one spinner how to do the work of ne hundred and thirty spinners. While e look at the corn, we see the plowing nd the planting, four grains in a hill, and he shooting up of the green blades, and nally the corn-silk and the cutting frolic,

THANKSGIVING IN THE ARMY

nd hear the shout of the huskers. Good ld-fashioned corn! What would we do vithout it? Blessings upon the head of hose who planted it, cut it, shucked it, usked it and garnered it. While we look t the sugar cane, we see the hard work mong the Southern fields of long stalks, nd the mills pressing out the saccharine, nd remember that all our exquisite yrups had a plain ancestry of molasses, nd we see all over the land the gay groups of candy pulling, and wonder if he painted banks of modern confectionery re half as healthy as the dark-colored iquids that come up from the sugar plantations of Louisiana. And how suggestive the wheat—the monarch of all grains, the sublimest thing on earth—a ripe wheat field. Sown before winter and enriched by the snows as a Christian by chilling sorrow, and waving its green in he early spring, and then under ripening benediction of sun and shower preparing ts invitation, embossed with gold, to the farmers to come and get bread and feed the world's hunger. Minnesota wheat fields. Dakota wheat fields. Illinois wheat fields. Lancaster wheat fields. Long Island wheat fields. A planet girdled and sandaled and coroneted with wheat fields. And who sees in imagination the piled up apples without thought of the orchard and the time when we used to shake the trees for them, and crunch enough in one afternoon to bring into use all our mother's medical skill before morning. Apples, supposed to be the kind of fruit that grew on Eden's forbidden tree, because of the temptation we all felt in boyhood to steal apples. But boys should not steal apples. An apple Solomon's favorite fruit, for with the fruits of all zones growing in his conservatory, he cried out: "Comfort me with apples." And there is the much satirized pumpkins, robed in color like the day dawn, with great round corporations, the aldermen among vegetables, so fat that they are as tall when they sit down as when they stand up. What would New England do without the pumpkin—mother of queenly pies and patron of the last century of thanksgiving?

AND now clear out of the old channels of conventional Thanksgiving, I call to mind something you may have forgotten or never thought of. Among the things to be grateful for are our hereditary blessings. Have you ever thanked God for good parents? But for the raising we got, we would have probably been in poorhouse or penitentiary. Show me the cradle and I will make a prophecy of everything clear on to the grave. What a glorious race of old folks those who passed off in the last generations. Talk about your doctors, allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic and eclectic. I believe in all of them, but was there ever a better doctor than your old-fashioned country mother? What boneset tea to sweat out colds! What catnip to soothe the restlessness! What herbs for the whole race of distempers! What hot pillow for toothaching face until the village doctor drove up the lane, and with one jerk of the terrific turnkey took out the tooth, leaving you under the impression that jaw and head and shoulders had gone with it! Was there any one like your old mother to poultice without hurting a run-around finger, or make a boil stop boiling? You were not ashamed to let her see you cry, though you were so big the world would have called you a cry-baby. I take the responsibility of the medical colleges for conferring degrees, and I doctorate all that generation of mothers, bestowing on them M.D.—Maternal Doctor. Would that we could have treated them as well as they treated us! for, perhaps, we might have kept them with us, and to-day at our Thanksgiving table those vanished faces might have beamed upon us among the home group, and we might have taken from them one more blessing before their final departure. Some say they would not bring the departed to this poor world again if they could; but I would be willing to risk it, and if I could bring back to your dining hall the two old folks to-day, I would put them one at each end of your table, and you and your wife could afford to stand and wait on them while the celestial visitors tarried in your dwelling. But I must quit this, for it blurs my eyes with something that makes it difficult to write these reminiscences. Glorious race of old folks! Have placed where you can see them their staff, their spectacles, their Bible, and thank God that your manhood and your womanhood had such advantageous launching.

BUT pass now for Thanksgiving purposes from blessings hereditary to blessings atmospheric. Have you bethought yourself of the fact that the most of the millions of the human race are in climates frigid or torrid or horrid? Take up the map of the world and thank God that you are so far off from arctic icebergs on the one side and the five-foot long cobras on the other. For what multitudes of the human race life is an arctic expedition. Underground huts. Nine months of winter. Immeasurable barrenness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our front door steps on a January night genial compared to their climate. Ask some Arctic explorers about the luxuries of life around the North Pole. Instead of killing so many brave men in polar expeditions, we had better send messengers to persuade those inhabitants of polar climes to say good-by to the eternal snows and abandon those realms of earth to the walrus and white bear, and shut up those gates of crystal and come down into a realm where the thermometer seldom drops below zero. What must life be at Nova Zembla, every breath freezing on the beard? Oh, the beauties of Baffin's Bay—only six weeks in the year open. What a delightsome thing when they milk their cows and milk nothing but ice cream! Let all those who like yourselves live between thirty and fifty degrees of north latitude, thank God, and have sympathy for the vast populations of the hemispheres who freeze between sixty and eighty degrees of latitude.

THEN compare our atmosphere with the heated air, infested with reptilian and insectile life, in which most of the human race suffer. Think of Cochin-China, and Ethiopia, and India. Travelers tell you of the delicious orange groves, but ask them about the centipedes. They tell of the odor of the forests, but ask them about the mosquitoes. They tell you of the rich plumage of the birds, but ask them about the malarias. They tell you of the fine riders, but ask them about the Bedouins. They tell you of the broad piazzas, but ask them about the midnights with thermometer at an insufferable 110. Vast cities of the torrid clime without sewerage and without cleansing; crowded and packed and piled up wretchedness, and all discomfort. What beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions! What pleasurable tarantulas! What captivating lizards! What wealth of bugs! What an opportunity to study anatomy and herpetology! What a chance to look into the open countenance of the pleasing crocodile! Hundreds of millions in such surroundings. I would rather live in a house with two rooms in these regions than to live in the torrid lands and own all Mexico, all Brazil, all Hindustan, all Arabia, and all China; in other words, I would rather live between thirty and fifty degrees of latitude and own nothing, than to live between ten and twenty degrees of latitude and own everything. Forty years of life here are worth more than eighty years of life anywhere else. You have here the furs of the arctic and the fruits of the torrid, with all the pleasurable respiration of the temperate. God seems to say, "Come down, north wind, with a tonic, and come up, south wind, with a balm, and mix a healthful draught for the lungs of this American nation." Sons and

PREPARING THE HOME FEAST

daughters of the temperate zone, thank God for your surroundings. For multitudes of people it was a disaster that they were born at all. In fiction a story is told of one Pantagruel, who came into the world accompanied by eighty-one sellers of salt, each leading a mule by a halter; nine dromedaries laden with ham and smoked tongue; seven camels laden with eels; besides twenty-five wagons full of leeks, garlics, and onions. Only think of one arriving in this world under such embarrassing circumstances. But that fiction is only suggestive of real people that you and I have known, who seem to have been overweighted from their start in life, as by their stubbornness leading forth quite as many mules, by their uncertainty of action quite as many eels, by their offensiveness quite as many garlics, by their cloudy utterances quite as much smoked tongue. In this Thanksgiving week not only praise God for the blessings bestowed, but for dispositions capable of appreciating them.

T. DeWitt Talmage

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT.

The Gadabouts

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Jeremiah 2: 36: . . . . } Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?

HOMELY is the illustration by which this prophet of tears deplores the vacillation of the nation to whom he wrote. Now they wanted alliance with Egypt, and now with Assyria, and now with Babylon, and now they did not know what they wanted, and the behavior of the nation reminded the prophet of a man or woman who, not satisfied with home life, goes from place to place gadding about, as we say, never settled anywhere or in anything, and he cries out to them: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Well, the world has now as many gadabouts as it had in Bible times, and I think that that race of people is more numerous now than it ever was. Gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods, and one of the greatest wants of the church and the world is more steadfastness and more fixedness of purpose.

It was no small question that Pharaoh put to Jacob and his sons when he asked, "What is your occupation?" Getting into the right occupation not only decides your temporal welfare, but may decide your eternal destiny. The reason so many men and women are dead failures, is because, instead of asking God what they ought to be or do, they, through some vain ambition or whimsicality, decide what they ought to be. Let me say to all young men and young women in homes, or in school, or college, do not go gadding about among

Occupations and Professions

to find what you are fitted for, but make humble and direct appeal to God for direction.

While seeking divine guidance in your selection of a lifetime sphere, examine your own temperament. The phrenologist will tell you your mental proclivities. The physiologist will tell you your physical temperament. Your enemies will tell you your weaknesses. If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon. If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a governmental position. If you are naturally quick-tempered, do not become a minister of the Gospel, for while any one is disadvantaged by ungovernable disposition, there is hardly any one who enacts such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a ship or rock or house or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences, and do the treble clef and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for argument? Be an attorney. Are you naturally a good nurse, and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic and in bargain-making, are you apt to be successful on a small or large scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like the plow, and do you hear music in the rustle of a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest a new kind of threshing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the natural elements and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds, and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer. If the grass under your feet and the foliage over your head and the flowers which shake their incense on the summer air are to you the *belles lettres* of the field, be a botanist. If you have no one faculty dominant and nothing in your make-up seems to point to this or that occupation, shut yourself up in your own room, get down on your knees, and reverently ask God what he made you for and tell him that you are willing to do anything he wishes you to do. Before you leave that room you will find out. For the sake of your usefulness and happiness and your temporal and eternal welfare, do not join that crowd of people who go gadding about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and never accomplishing anything.

Last summer a man of great genius died. He had the talents of twenty men in surgical directions, but he did not like surgery, and he

Wanted to be a Preacher.

He could not preach. I told him so. He tried it on both sides of the sea, but he failed, because he turned his back on that magnificent profession of surgery, which has in our time made such wonderful achievement that it now heals a broken neck, and by the X ray explores the temple of the human body as if it were a lighted room. For forty years he was gadding about among the professions. Do not imitate him. Ask God what you ought to be, and he will tell you. It may not be as elegant a style of work as you would prefer. It may callous and begrime your hands, and put you in suffocating atmosphere, and stand you shoulder to shoulder with the unrefined, and may leave your overalls the opposite of aromatic, but remember that if God calls you to do one thing you will never be happy in doing something else.

All the great successes have been gained through opposition and struggle. Charles Goodyear, the inventor, whose name is now a synonym all the world over for fortune added to fortune, waded many years chin-deep through the world's scorn, and was thrust in debtor's prison, and came with his family to the verge of starvation, but continued his experiments with vulcanized rubber until he added more than can be estimated to the world's health and comfort, as well as to his own advantage. Columbus and John Fitch, and Stephenson and Robert Bruce, and Cyrus W. Field and five hundred others were illustrations of what

Tenacity and Pluck

can do. "Hard pounding," said the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, "Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we will see who can pound the longest." Yes, my friends, that is the secret, not flight from obstacles in the way, but "who can pound the longest." The child had it right when attempting to carry a ton of coal, a shovel full at a time from the side-walk to the cellar, and some one asked her, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" And she replied, "Yes, sir, if I work long enough." By the help of God, choose your calling and stick to it. The gadabouts are failures for this life, to say nothing of the next.

There are many who exhibit this frailty in matters of religion. They are not sure about anything that pertains to their soul or their eternal destiny. Now they are Unitarians, and now they are Universalists, and now they are Methodists, and now they are Presbyterians, and now they are nothing at all. They are not quite sure that the Bible was inspired, or, if inspired, whether the words or the ideas were inspired, or whether only part of the Book was inspired. They think at one time that the story in Genesis about the Garden of Eden is a history, and the month after they think it is an allegory. At one time they think the Book of Job describes what really occurred, but the next time they speak of it they call it a drama. Now they believe all the miracles, but at your next interview they try to show how these scenes had nothing in them supernatural, but can be accounted for by natural causes. Gadding about among religious theories, and never satisfied. All the evidence is put before them, and why do they not render a verdict? If they cannot make up their mind with all the data put before them they never will. There are all the archæological confirmations of the Bible brought to view by the "Palestine Exploration Society;" there are the bricks of Babylon, the letter "N" impressed upon them—"N" for Nebuchadnezzar, showing that he was not a myth—the further

The Shovel of the Antiquarian

goes, the more is revealed of that most wonderful city of all time. Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents us tablets found in the far East ratifying and explaining Scriptural passages which were before in mystery. As the builders in Jerusalem to-day dig for the foundation of new houses they turn up with their pickaxes the ashes of the animals that were used for burnt offerings in the temple ages ago, demonstrating the truth of the Bible story about the sacrifices of lambs and heifers and pigeons. There is the history by Josephus, describing on uninspired page, scenes which the Bible depicts. On the banks of the Dead Sea there are pieces of the very brimstone that fell in the sulphurous storm that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. Make up your mind whether the Bible is a glorious revelation of God or the worst imposition of the centuries. Why go gadding about among infidels, atheists and deists, asking questions, and surmising and guessing about the authority and value of a book which involves the infinities? It is either a good book or a bad book. If it be a bad book you do not want it in your house, nor have your children contaminated with its teachings. If it is a good book your eternal happiness depends upon the adoption of its teachings. Once and forever make up your mind whether it is the book of God or the book of villainous pretenders.

So, also, many are unfixed in regard to their spiritual condition, and day after day, and year after year go gadding about among hopes and

Fears and Anxieties.

They sing with great emphasis that old hymn which we have all sung:

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his or am I not?

Why do you not find out whether you are his or not? There are all the broad invitations of the Gospel. Accept them. There are all the assurances. Apply them. There are all the hopes of pardon and heaven. Adopt them. There is the King's highway. Start on it. Traveling any road, you are not satisfied until you have found out whether it is the right road or the wrong road, and you climb up in the darkness to read the words on the finger-board at the roadside to see if it be the right road, and if it be the wrong road you cross over to the right road. If you are on the sea you want to know into what port you will run, or upon what rocks you are in danger of crashing. This moment you have all the information pointing to the road that terminates at the gate of the Golden City, and the voyage that anchors in the haven of eternal rest. Why go on guessing when you have all the facts before you? You ought to know by examination of chart and compass and thermometer in what latitude and longtitude you are sailing, whether in the arctic or the tropics. A man who does not know whether or not he is a Christian, is like a man who does not know whether he is a millionaire or a pauper. Better go to the records and find out. The Scriptures are the records. If you cannot there read your title it is because you have no title, and you ought to begin anew. Start a new prayer; sing a new song; open a new experience.

Vagabondage

So, alas! There are those who gad about among particular churches. No pastor can depend on them for a single service. At some time when he has prepared a sermon, after all prayer and all research, putting nerve and muscle and brain and soul into its every paragraph, these intermittent attendants are not there to hear it. While an occasional absence is excusable for the gratification of s wish to hear that which is consecrate religiously oratoric in some other pu when the pastor of a church with his calls the roll of attendance, by your ence in the old place practically ans saying: "I am here to get the benefi all the useful thoughts you may utter. of all the hymns you may give out, an all the prayers you may offer. I, a sol of Jesus Christ, am in my own plac the company, in the battalion, in the ment, and when you command 'Mar ! will march, and when you comm 'Halt!' I will halt, and when you o 'Ground arms!' I will ground arms."

But, oh, how the gadabouts injure churches! Instead of staying in t own prayer-meeting or Sunday Sch they afflict other prayer-meetings Sunday Schools. I meet them on e street going the wrong way on Sun morning or evening, and I accost ther the words of the text: "Why gaddest t about so much to change thy way?"

Seeking Happiness

My text also addresses those wh search of happiness are going hither yonder looking for that which they not. Their time is all taken up "musicales," and "progressive euchr and teas, and yellow luncheons, and homes," and dances, and operas, and atres; and, instead of finding happin they get pale cheeks, and insomnia, indigestion, and neuralgia, and exh tion, and an abbreviated lifetime. Ther more splendid womanhood sacrifice that way in our cities than in any ot way. The Judgment Day only can rev the awful holocaust of jangled nerves, the suicidal habits of much of our so life. The obituary of such reads well, the story is suppressed about how t got their death while standing in attir gauze, waiting for the carriage on a night, on the front steps. While in th lifetime they possessed all the ability the relief of pain and impoverishment, they have no time for visitation of poor, or to win the blessing of such comes upon those who administer to th who are ready to perish. Enough flow in their dining-halls to bewitch a prin but not one tuft of heliotrope to perfu the room of that rheumatic on the b street, to whom the breath of one flo would be like the opening of the fr door of heaven. Find me one man or woman, who in all the rounds of pleas and selfishness, has found a piece of ha ness as large as that half dollar which benevolent and Christ-like soul puts i the palm of the hand of that mother wh children are crying for bread. Queen V toria, riding in triumph through Lond at her jubilee, was not so sublime a fig as Queen Victoria in a hut near Balmo Castle reading the New Testament t poor dying man. Let all the gadabo for happiness know that in kindness a usefulness and self-abnegation are to found a satisfaction which all the gaiet of the world aggregated cannot afford.

Among the race of gadabouts are the who neglect their homes in order that th may attend to institutions that are really cellent and do not so much ask for help demand it. I am acquainted, as you a with women who are members of so ma boards of direction of

Benevolent Institutions,

and have to stand at a booth in many fairs, and must collect funds for many orphanages, and preside at so ma philanthropic meetings, and are expected be in so many different places at the san time, that their children are left to t care of irresponsible servants, and if t little ones waited to say their prayers their mother's knee they would never s their evening prayers at all. Such woman makes her own home so unattrac ive that the husband spends his eveni at the club house or the tavern. T children of that house are as thorough orphan as any of the fatherless and mothe less little ones gathered in the orphana for which that gadabout woman is toilin so industriously. By all means let Chri tian women foster charitable institution and give them as much of their time they can spare, but the first duty of th mother is the duty she owes to her hom

Hired help is a great advantage to th homestead that can afford it, and we hav all had in our homes a fidelity on the pa of such employees as will stir our gratitud

s long as life shall last. How they atched in time of sickness and always ave the medicine at the right time. and ut for their vigilance there are members f our families now living who would long go have disappeared from the home ircle! Blessed the ships that brought ıose employees to our shores! Blessed ıe day when they entered our house-olds! And who will ever do justice to ıose who were affectionately called, and believe are still called the "mammies" f the South? I have had Governors and enators of the United States with tears ı their eyes talk to me about those old olored women of the South, who rocked ıem in their cradles and bound up their ounds when they got hurt, and wept ith them at graves, and looked in from ıe hall door at the weddings, and greeted ıem home from college or from the wars ith motherly endearment. Ask those ho know them best about those old ammies. We have all had in our em-loyment those so near and dear to us ıat we went to them in childhood and ld them all our griefs and all our joys, nd they sympathized with copious tears nd resounding laughter.

But no one can take a mother's place, nd it is an awful mistake that that mother ıakes who sacrifices

Home Duties

r any meeting, however important, or ny hospital, however merciful, or any utside beneficence, however glorious and rand. Not understanding this, we mis-ke when we try to give statistics as to ow many Christians there are in our hurches and in the world. We under-tate the facts. We look over our church udiences on the Sabbath or our week-ight service, and conclude that they rep-esent the amount of piety in that neigh-orhood. Oh, no! There are many most onsecrated souls that are not found in hurches. Look into those houses with rge families of children and little or no ired help. For much of the year there someone ill, and a special, guardian are is requisite. How much time can ıat mother give to churches and prayer-ieetings when most of the family are own with scarlet fever or have colds ıat threaten now one kind of disease and ow another? That mother watching at ome as much pleases the Lord as the mother who at church takes the sacrament, or in the mission school tells the waifs of the street how they may become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. That mother at home is deciding the destiny of the state by the way she leads that boy into right thinking and acting, and is deciding the welfare of some future home by the example she is setting that girl; and though the world does not appreciate the unobserved work, heaven watches and rewards. On the other hand, you have known women who are off at meetings humanitarian and philanthropic, planning for the destitute and the outcast, while their own children went unwashed and unkempt, their garments needing repairs, their manners impudent, and themselves a general nuisance to the community in which they live.

Crippled Children

The book of Samuel gives a photograph of Mephibosheth lame in both feet. When we see any one lame in one foot or lame in both feet we always wonder by what accident he was lamed. Perhaps it may have been in battle for his country, or he may have been run over by some reckless driver, or some explosion did the damage. So you wonder how Mephibosheth became lame in both feet. The Bible, for a good reason, gives us the particulars. It tells us that when he was a child his nurse dropped him. She must have dropped him very hard, for he never again got over the effect of that fall. Long after the accident we find him at King David's table, but still our attention is called to the fact that his feet were crippled, though so long before his nurse dropped him. And, mark you that to-day in all departments of life there are those crippled in habits, crippled in morals, crippled for all time. The accident happened in this way: Their mothers were gadabouts and neglected their homes, and the work of training them was given over to incompetent nurses, and the nurses let them fall into bad habits, told them depraving stories, and gave them wrong notions of life, and practically ruined them. But as Mephibosheth was taken by King David into the palace and seated at the royal table, so by the grace of the heavenly King these unfortunate ones may yet be seated at the King's table in the King's palace, though the nurses did drop them so that morally they were lame in both feet.

One bad habit these gadabouts, masculine or feminine, are sure to get, and that is of scandal-distribution. They hear so many deleterious things about others, and see so much of wrong behavior that they are loaded up and loaded down with the faults of others, and they have their eyes full, and their ears full, and their hands full, and their mouths full of defamation. The woman who is endowed of gossip can so easily untie her bonnet strings and sit down to spend the afternoon. A man can afford you a cigar as a retainer if you will patiently hear all he has to say about those who cannot pay their debts, or are about to fail, or are guilty of moral mishap, or have aroused suspicion of embezzlement. All gadabouts are pedlers, who unpack in your presence their large store of nux vomica and nightshade. Such gadabouts have little prospect of heaven. If they got there they would try to create jealousy among the different ranks of celestials, and make trouble among the heavenly neighbors, and start quarrels seraphic, and would be on perpetual run, now down this street and now up that, now in the house of many mansions, and now in the choir of the temple, and now on the walls, and now in the gates, until they would be chased down and pushed out into the pandemonium of backbiters and slanderers, after Jeremiah had addressed them in the words, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Now, what is the practical use of the present discourse? This: Whereas so many have ruined themselves and ruined others by becoming gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods; therefore, resolved, that we will concentre upon what is right thought and

Right Behavior,

and waste no more time in vacillations and indecisions and uncertainties, running about in places where we have no business to be. Life is so short we have no time to play with it the spendthrift. Find out whether the Bible is true, and whether your nature is immortal, and whether Christ is the divine and only Saviour, and whether you must have him or be discomfited, and whether there will probably ever be a more auspicious moment for your becoming his adherent, and then make this twelve o'clock at noon of November 25, 1900, the most illustrious minute that you will ever have passed since the day of your birth until the ten millionth cycle of the coming eternity, because by complete surrender of thought and will and affection and life to God through Jesus Christ you became a new man, a new woman, a new soul, and God the Father, and God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and all angeldom, cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel became your allies.

Found among the papers of the learned Samuel Johnson, was a prayer inscribed with the words: "When my eye was restored to its use;" and it is a great moment when we get over our

Moral Blindness,

and gain spiritual eyesight. That is a moment from which we may well date everything. All the glory of Henry II., of France, vanished when in a tournament a lance extinguished his eye; and the worst disaster that can happen to us is to have the vision of our soul put out. If you have gone wrong so far, now go right. If the morning and noon of your life have been a moral defeat, make the evening of your life a victory. The battle of Marengo, lost at three o'clock in the afternoon, was gloriously won at six; and in your life and mine it is not too late to achieve something worthy of an immortal. Start right, and keep on. Do not spend too much time in tacking ship. David felt the importance of fixedness of purpose when he cried out: "My heart is fixed! O God, my heart is fixed!" In that state you will feel the placidity which an old friend of mine put into rhythm:

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

I cannot read his future plan
But this I know,
I have the smiling of his face
And all the refuge of his grace.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot, he can see,
And in his care I sure shall be
Forever blest.

This Woman Founded a Church

MRS. SUSAN BELL
Who Founded the Church Fifty Years Ago

JOY bells rang out in Hoboken, N. J., on the days from November 11 to 16, announcing the golden jubilee of the First Reformed Church in that city. This church has a remarkable history, being the only one in the state, if not in the whole Union, that has the distinction of having been founded by a woman. Mrs. Susan Bell, who founded the church fifty years ago, is now a very old lady, but hale and cheerful, and with a keen zest in everything that relates to the progress and well-being of her great project. She has been a constant attendant at the jubilee services, taking a part in each day's programme.

The semi-centenary celebration began Sunday morning, November 11, with a reminiscent historical address by the pastor, Rev. Conrad Bluhm. Services and meetings were held every succeeding day and evening, closing the following Friday with a roll-call of all members who had united with the church since it was organized, after which a banquet was served. The edifice was appropriately decorated, and at each meeting the most cordial tributes were paid to Mrs. Bell, while from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania congratulations were sent to her by members who could not be present.

Half a century ago, when Mrs. Bell came to Hoboken, where she has lived ever since, there was no church of her faith in the town. The Rev. Alexander Clemons, a Presbyterian minister, suggested to Mrs. Bell that she should try to establish a church. She said she would do all in her power, and promised that she would speak with her neighbors on the subject. The result was that a church was started with twelve charter members, eight joining by certificate from other churches and four by confession of faith. From this modest beginning, with its twelve humble disciples, there has sprung a great and glorious work.

The first place of worship was the old engine-house on Washington and First streets, where the City Hall now stands. Later, a brick church was built in Church Square Park, on property donated by Mr. Edwin Stevens, who intended that it should be a general home for the churches of the town. After the incorporation of the city, the question arose as to the title of the property, and the churches were forced to abandon their plots. Mrs. Bell again set to work and a lot was purchased on Hudson street, and the corner-stone of a new church laid August 7, 1855, and dedicated November 25 of that year. This church was patronized by many of the foremost citizens of the town, and for years was known as the leading church home of Hoboken.

THE FIRST REFORMED CHURCH OF HOBOKEN, N. J.

Its membership was greatly depleted by the Civil War and its halcyon days seemed to be ended. Then the building was destroyed by fire, nothing but the pulpit and Bible being saved. In the early nineties a plot was secured on Bloomfield street between Eighth and Ninth, and the present edifice erected at a cost of $35,000. About three years ago there were fifty active members; now there are one hundred and fifty.

During the church's half century career no less than fifteen ministers have served in its pulpit. Its apparent decline at one time was partly due to the fact that the pulpit of the Reformed Church seemed to be the stepping-stone to pulpits of greater influence and emolument in New York and other cities. There were internal differences, too, in the fold, and the church seemed fated to waste away under its many trials and difficulties. But from the gloom of those days the Reformed Church of Hoboken has in more recent years emerged into a new and more vigorous existence and a greater usefulness than ever before. Its "golden jubilee" is a significant expression of the earnest labors and heartfelt work which was started by Mrs. Susan Bell, so many years ago.

Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife

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CHAPTER LII.

ILLUSTRATION BY H. M. PET

SAMANTHA'S THANKSGIVING

I DON'T spoze that from Maine to Florida, or from Jonesville to San Francisco there wuz a happier Thanksgivin' party than we had. Havin' such sights and sights of things to be thankful for, I laid out as I say to begin to be thankful before candle light in the mornin' and keep it up all day long till bed time, and so I did.

It wuz a lovely day, the sun shone into our bedroom winder through the beautiful knit fringe, made by my own hands, and rested on me lovin'ly as I combed my hair in front of the lookin'-glass. There had been a fall of snow the night before, as if nater had done her best for the occasion and spread her white ermine down for the feet of the angel, Thanksgivin'.

Philury got breakfast most ready by candle light, and I'd been bein' thankful ever since she put the tea kettle over.

"Josiah," sez I, "do you realize what a glorious day this is and how much, how much we have to be thankful for?"

He had broke one of his shue strings and wuz bent down breathin' kinder hard and tusslin' with it and his answer wuzn't what I could wished it wuz. But I knowed that it wuz because the blood had rushed to his head. He got it tied up in a few minutes and eat his breakfast with a splendid appetite. Philury had good tender lamb chops and baked potatoes and light muffins and a fragrant cup of coffee, and Josiah recovered his usual flow of sperits before we got half through. And we read together a chapter out of The Book, and Josiah made a prayer full of thankfulness that come from his very heart for the blessings of home and love and all the precious gifts the Father bestowed on us durin' the year.

The children come early and brought some lovely presents to us. We make a practice of givin' presents in our own family Thanksgivin', for it always seemed so kinder appropriate that while we wuz givin' thanks we might just as well give a few more. And their presents to us wuz just what we wanted and ourn to them proved to be just what they wanted. Of course it wuzn't all a happen; we had throwed out hints and perspected round as well as we could before we selected 'em, kinder throwed out the line of wonder and surmises, and ketched opinions and wishes on it.

A Sleighride to Meetin'

At ten A. M. we all got into two big sleighs and went to Jonesville to meetin'. It wuz a union meetin' and Elder White wuz chose to preach the Thanksgivin' sermon. It wuz a beautiful discourse, it come from the depths of a thankful, lovin' Christian heart and went right to ourn.

The party I had invited went home with us from the meetin'-house, Philury had the house all warm and it wuzn't long before we had dinner ready, of course we had got everything cooked we could the day before.

The dinner, though of course I ortn't to say it, but they all said, and of course it must be so, they said it wuz the best Thanksgivin' dinner that wuz ever cooked in this world, and Josiah whispered to me as he helped himself to the third helpin' of turkey and dressin', that he knowed that there never wuz such a meal cooked in Jupiter or Mars or any other planet.

But I whispered back, it wuzn't safe to say such things, sez I. "Most probably they have manny and lots of things we don't know anything about."

"Manny!" sez he, "how would manny show off by the side of this dressin'?" and he took another spunful.

I spoze my dressin' duz go ahead of most though it hain't made me hauty. Well, how happy everybody wuz; how good they looked to me and I to them, I knew it by their liniments. How the children doted on me and their Pa, how dear little Tommy hung round us.

"CHEERS AND BLESSINGS FOLLOWED THE CARRIAGE TILL THEY REACHED THEIR OWN DOOR"

How softened down Arvilly wuz by her happiness in havin' Waitstill back agin, but still she kep' her faculties from rustin', and sold two books that day for presents, and one to Elder Minkley for a Sabbath School prize.

How adorable Waitstill looked in her pretty cashmere gown of pale violet color with white roses at her bosom and belt, she had throwed off her black as a reasonable widder should, I never approved of mournin' for one man whilst weddin' another, that is mournin' in public in crape and weeds. I don't believe she had a black rag on her, she might you know if she had been sly have put a black bindin' on her petticoat or a black pocket. I remember the Widder Doodle did, but I never approved of it. No, mournin' weeds are right in their place, and orange blossoms in theirn, but I never believed in mixin' the two.

Down deep in Waitstill's heart, hid from every eye but the one who made that heart, wuz a place where her thought must retire into now and then and weep. Yes, I knowed that whilst her loyal love and respect and reverence wuz all given to the man she loved, who wuz strong, her thought would anon or oftener have to go into that sombry room and weep for the young lover who wuz weak, but whose weakness would never have blossomed into crime had not his country hung the Sodom apple before his eyes and his weak appetite yielded to it, had overthrown the labor and efforts of years, tempted him with low temptations that had been stronger than love, stronger than religion, stronger than life. All his life long he had fought against inherited tastes as they fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, and he would have come off conqueror had it not been for licensed evils and the weaknesses in high and low places that permitted it to be

Waitstill's Secret Sorrow

Yes, into that closely locked, sombry chamber I knowed that Waitstill would go alone, and stay there for quite a spell. But after a time I mistrusted the sweet peace and happiness of her life would be such that she would go seldomer and make shorter visits when she did go. And its black gloom would be lighted by tones of living love and gleams of light and warmth from tender eyes. And I hoped that the time would come when dimpled baby fingers would gently bar the doorway and she wouldn't go there to stay for any length of time.

Well, the happy company stayed till nine P. M., when they departed with many pleasant and loving words, I being thankful every minute of the time, even when I see 'em drive off. You know sometimes as glad as you are to have company, and as well as you like 'em, you are kinder glad to set down quiet, and think over all the happy time, and rest your head.

Well, the next day after Thanksgivin', early in the afternoon, Josiah said he had got to go over to Jonesville, and proposed that I should ride over with him. He said the mair kinder needed shuein', and sez he, "We might bring Tommy home with us, for there wuzn't any school Saturday, and he could stay over Sunday with us."

It duz seem now as if we can't h settin' a little more store by Tommy t we do by the other grandchildren. Bu better not be told I said it, it would m feelin's amongst the rest.

Well, we made lovely calls on the c dren, and got Tommy who wuz more t willin' to come, and returned home ab ten A. M., Tommy settin' between us a drivin' the mair, Thomas J. and Mag sayin' they would drive over Sunday ni after him and take tea with us.

We stopped at the post-office, a Tommy run in and got three letters me, two on 'em which I opened and re when I first got home, whilst Josiah a Tommy drove over to Deacon Henzy's a errent. As I say I read two on 'em, I of the third one more anon. One of letters wuz from Cousin John Richa who had gone back to Victor workin'. his Lord in his own appointed way, tea ing the young, comfort the aged, and exhortin' t strong, helpin' to bear t burdens of the weak, a doing it all in the na of Him who is invisib waitin' patient till the su mons should be sent h to go home to his o land, for the Bible sez t them that do such thin show plainly that th seek a country."

Fur acrost that da continent from anotl oasis like Victor beginni to be illuminated with t white light beamin' fr the uplifted cross, co a message to me from a other consecrated missi ary and child of Heav Evangeline Noble. S told me of the bless work she wuz doin' Africa and how hap she wuz in it for her M ter wuz with her tellin' h what to do from day to da and she happy in carryi out that work and see the light from heav stream into dark min and souls.

How much store I set l her, I lay out to send h a barrel of things this fa some dried apples, ca ned fruit, good books, piece of rag carpet and crazy quilt, not rari ravin' crazy, but sort beautifully delerious, embroidered wi cat stitch round every block.

Dorothy's Wedding

And the other letter wuz from Mi Meechim. I read Cousin John Richard and Evangeline's, but I put hern on t mantletry piece and thought I wouldn read it till about a hour after dinner, mi trustin' that it would agitate and work m up, so that my food wouldn't set good.

Dorothy's marriage to Robert Stron had took place a week before, but not word had I heard from Miss Meechin and I didn't know what effect the blo had had on her. Josiah and I had bee warmly invited to attend the weddin', bu not feelin' willin' to embark on anothe tower we sent her a pretty present an love, lots and lots of love, and the earnes best wishes of our hearts.

They wuz married in Dorothy's hom in San Francisco, and went immegiatel after the ceremony to their new home i the City of Justice to begin their life wor there. Dorothy had writ me all the parti culars of their marriage. They didn' want any show and display she said, an they took the money they would have ha

spend to make a big wedding with a rowd of guests, elaborate dressing, rich ands, music, flowers, etc. They took is money and gave a holiday to the hildren in the City of Justice, a beautiful inner, music and gifts for all.

And they wuz married in a plain, quiet ay in the presence of a few relatives nd close friends, she dressed in a pretty hite muslin (and lookin' sweet as a rose knew, though, of course, she didn't say o). And after a simple lunch, they drove it to their new home. But I hearn, and come straight, too, that the children of he City of Justice, just worshipin' obert Strong as they did, they all on m dressed in white, their pretty heads owned with roses, filled baskets with he sweetest flowers they could find and ent out to meet the young couple beyend he gate. And as they approached, they et' em with rejoicing songs sung in their veet clear voices and scattered roses and veet posies in their path, their bright, appy eyes and smilin' lips givin' 'em just s sweet a greetin'.

A Pretty Home Welcome

And as they entered into the city at inset, the workmen met 'em all dressed holiday attire, and their cheers and lessings followed the carriage till they eached their own door, which wuz banked p with odorous blossoms as high as ever snow drift blocked up the houses in onesville, and they had to fairly wade hrough the sweet posies to git to their oor.

So, surrounded and blessed with love nd rejoicings rising from grateful ador- g hearts, Robert and Dorothy Strong egun their married life. Love and Mercy andin' right by their sides like maids of onor, and Honesty and Justice like sher and best man, usherin' 'em into a seful and happy life of work and toil veetened forever with gratitude and ve. Lovin' each other as dearly as ever man and woman did, lovin' their Lord premely and showing that love in the way he bade his disciples to in caring for and blessing humanity. They begun that day a power of helpful inspiring influences that would bless the world, go through life with 'em and wait on 'em clear through the swellin' flood and lead 'em up onto the other shore from their City of Justice and love here, to that sweet continuing City of Rest and Reward.

I felt well about Robert and Dorothy, yes my heart sung for Joy carryin' the hull four parts, base, altore, bear tone and sulfireno. That is to say the different faculties of my head and heart all jined in and sung together in happiness and made a full orkestry.

You know when you hear of some marriages a part of you is pleased, mebby it is Common Sense, whilst Romance and Fancy has to set dumb and demute. Or mebby Fancy sings whilst cold Reason is spreadin' a wet blanket on her part of the band, chillin' the notes and spilein' the instrument. But here Reason, Romance, Love and Common Sense all jined in together and sung the wedding anthem loud and clear.

But Miss Meechim, I felt dubersome about her; Dorothy didn't mention her in her letter, bein' so took up with Robert and Love, so I spozed. I knowed well how repugnant matrimony wuz to her and how sternly resolved she wuz that Dorothy should go through life a bachelor maid.

I hated to read Miss Meechim's letter, I dreaded it like a dog. How did I know but her great disappointment and crushin' grief to see her hull life work smashed and demolished, had smit her down, and she had passed away writin' my name on a envelope with her last flicker of life and some stranger pen had writ me of the tragedy.

I put the letter up on the mantletry piece and thought I wouldn't read it till about a hour after dinner.

And whilst I wuz gittin' dinner and eatin' it and went about doin' up my work afterwards, I eyed that letter some as a cat eyes a dog kennel and hung off from readin' it. But wantin' to git the hard job over before night sot in, about the middle of the afternoon I read a few verses of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, put two cushions in the rockin' chair, took a swaller of spignut and thorough-o'-wort to kinder hold up my strength, and a few whiffs of camfire, and then I put on my near-to specs, opened the letter with a deep sithe and begun to read. But good land! I needn't have foreboded so; I might have knowed that though her hatred of matrimony wus great, her egotism and self esteem wuz bigger yet.

Miss Meechim's Discovery

The letter stated in glowin' terms her gratefulness to her Creator to think she had a nephew so bound up in her interest and welfare. She said that she had mentioned one day, durin' a severe attack of bilerous colic her fears and forebodin's about Dorothy's future if she should succumb to the colic and leave her alone. She said that it wuzn't a week after this that her nephew and Dorothy had confided to her the fact of their engagement.

Sez she, "Not one word to Dorothy have I mentioned or ever shall mention as to Robert's reasons for sacrificin' himself to ease my mind, and make me more care free. I wouldn't for the world," sez she, "have Dorothy suspect why Robert has made a martyr of himself, and to no one but you, Josiah Allen's wife," sez she, "shall I ever breathe it." But she felt that she could confide in me, and wanted me to know just how it wuz.

So her colossial self esteem carried her through safely, and she wuz as happy as any on 'em. She wuz goin' to live in a little house Robert had bought for her in San Francisco. Martha, the steady English maid, wuz goin' to live with her, as she had proved faithful. And she added a few heart breakin' words of grief and mournfulness about our dear lost Aronette.

And she gin me to understand that sence Aronette's dretful death in New York she had gradually changed her mind about drinking.

I believe Arvilly's talk helped convince her, though Miss Meechim would never own it to her dyin' day, and I d'no as Arvilly would want her to, they just naterally abominate each other.

But 'tennyrate she said she felt that nothing that could lead on to that awful termination and terrible tragedy, could be called genteel. And she said she had had a argument with Rev. Mr. Weakdew, in which they had both got genteelly angry, (tearin' mad I should call it from what she told me of their interview). But I will pass over particulars which filled eight pages of large note paper, the upshot bein' that she had left his church for good and all, and jined a Temperance mission church down in the city. And she wuz now writin' tracts to prove that intemperance wuz the beast with seven horns mentioned in Scripture.

Good land! it has got more than seven horns I believe, and all of 'em dagger sharp and wet with tears and heart's blood.

She expected, she said, that these tracts would make a end to the liquor power and the social evil, and temperance would rain in the world some time durin' the comin' fall.

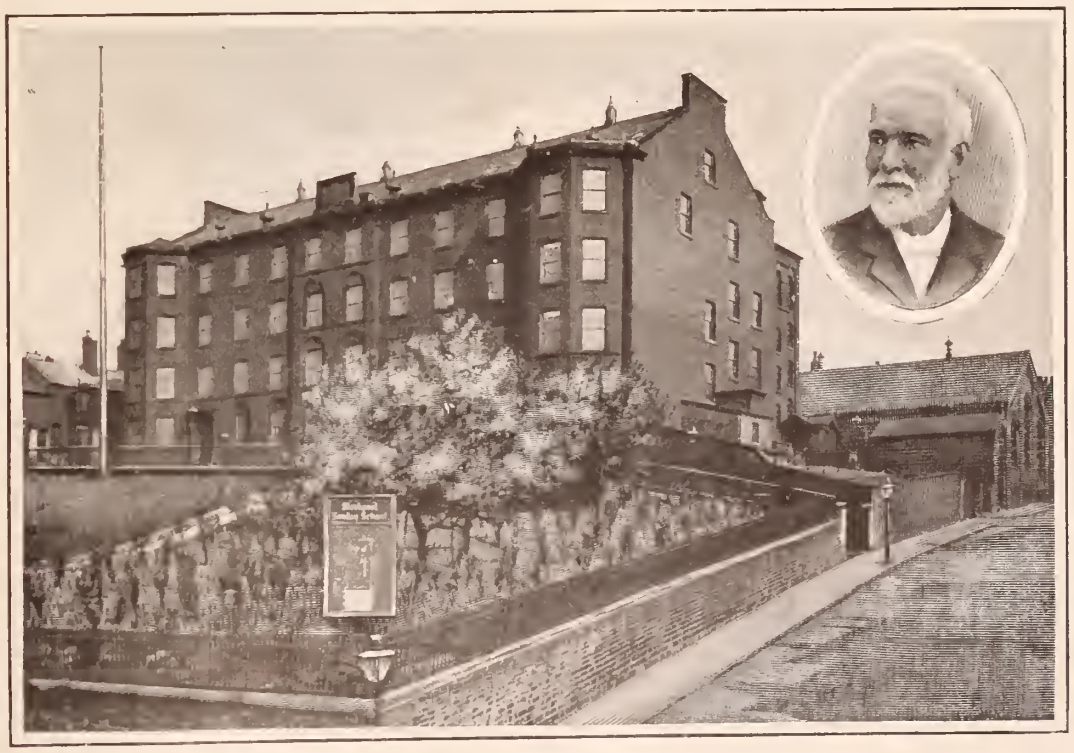
But they won't. These evils are sot too firm on American soil, it will take a greater power than Miss Meechim's tracts to upheave 'em. But I am glad she is sot that way, for every little helps, and the breath of Miss Meechim's converted soul is blowin' the right way and when the hull Christian world shall be converted, the united influence will move along a mighty overwhelmin' power that will sweep these ungodly evils from the face of the earth. Then will come the golden days of peace, righteousness, the reign of the Lord Jesus, for which we pray every day when we say "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

[THE END].

· THE · WORLD'S · LARGEST · SUNDAY · SCHOOL ·

MANY stories are told of the journeys made by children and teachers to attend Sunday School, but the record of a rooklyn citizen is probably the most nique in the world. For many years he as gone every summer across the Atlanc to take his place in the nnual parade of the Sunday chool which he joined as a hild seventy-four years ago. Ir. Thomas W. Weathered as long been an American tizen, and, after a career of ctive business work, is now ving in peaceful retirement Brooklyn. But he has ever forgotten the Sunday chool in England in which is first knowledge of Scripure truth was acquired. He as always cherished a love or the old place and the eople, and has enoyed mingling with them nce a year. He now has he distinction of being the ldest living pupil of the chool, and still holds office n the organization as a rustee. His affection for the chool has survived all the hanges of life, and remains ith him in his old age uniminished by newer experinces, by distance, or the pasage of years. The school self has a unique history, nd it certainly can challenge omparison with any other rganization in such a manistation of fidelity as that isplayed by Mr. Weathered nd other gray-haired pupils.

Six miles from Manchester nd thirty from Liverpool is he manufacturing town of tockport, one of the great hives of he cotton industry, which fill the warehouses of the city which has the soubriuet of "Cottonopolis" with its staple f trade. It is by no means a beautiful own. Lying partly in Cheshire and partly in Lancashire it is near some of the most charming scenes, but the artistic eye regards it as a blotch on the landscape. It is made up of huge factories with tall chimneys and dull houses in which the operatives live. It is a depressing town to live in, for the chimneys catch every passing cloud and there are few days, even when other parts of the country are enjoying fine weather, that the Stockport citizen can safely venture abroad without his umbrella. But the people are not depressed by their surroundings. Perhaps their surroundings lead them to think more of that fair land to which "our God is moon and sun." Certain it is that to go into a Stockport Sunday School or prayer-meeting is an experience worth having. The enthusiasm and piety found there are proverbial.



THE FAMOUS SUNDAY SCHOOL AT STOCKPORT, ENGLAND—T. W. WEATHERED, A 74-YEAR-OLD PUPIL

The Sunday School, which is the pride of Stockport's Christian people, and the one to which Mr. Weathered belongs, was founded in 1784, only four years after that momentous day when Robert Raikes, the Gloucester printer, gathered his first class of children for instruction on the Lord's Day. It is probable, therefore, that it is one of the oldest Sunday Schools in Great Britain, if not in the world. It also claims to be the largest in the world, for it has a membership of five thousand pupils. Since its organization it has had a roll of more than 6,100 teachers and 106,000 pupils. Every pupil on admission receives a number, which belongs to him for life. Mr. Weathered says that he has met members of the school in many lands, all of whom could give him their number on the books. One night in 1849, seated around a camp-fire in California, with a band of miners, he was astonished to hear one of them describe the school, and to proudly declare himself a member of it. It was with a thrill of genuine pleasure in the strange meeting that the two men greeted one another as brothers. An interesting feature of its membership is the family one. At the centenary exercises held a few years ago, the front seat was occupied by members of four generations. These were Mrs. Betty Crowley, who became a teacher in 1814, and her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, twenty in all, who were on the rolls of the school.

The school is practically undenominational. Its meetings are held in the plain red brick building, of which a picture appears on this page. It was erected in 1805, and was enlarged in 1835, and again in 1884. It contains eighty separate class-rooms besides the main room, and is excellently arranged for its purpose. It has also a library of three thousand volumes, many of them the gifts of former pupils, who never forget the school

Under the Evening Lamp

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EVENING HYMN

NOW, the day is over
Night is drawing nigh.
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee.
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me
Watching round my bed.

S. BARING-GOULD.

Thanksgiving

TO offer thanks to a human benefactor is the natural impulse of every generous soul. Only the churl and the ingrate, only the low and the mean refuse and forget thanks. But how do we treat our Father in Heaven? Can we conscientiously claim that in our closet prayers and at the family altar, praise and thanksgiving occupy the largest share in our petitions? Is the dominant note in our spiritual life the note of thanksgiving? Few of us alas! dwell ever in that sweet frame of mind that unconsciously sends praise as incense to the ever blessed Master. "The world is too much with us, late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our powers." One thing is certain and that is the possibility of cultivating the gratitude of our hearts. In the night when we lie wakeful we may repeat texts of scripture and verses of psalms. We may devote some part of our daily prayers to a definite and positive recital of our individual reasons for thankfulness. And when, as is our nation's historic and beautiful custom, we keep an annual Thanksgiving Day, we may go to church with our families, listen to a sermon, join with the congregation in choral praise, and allow ourselves to be reminded of all God's good gifts to us.

When I was a child, I learned a hymn by Dr. Watts, in which was this couplet:

"I was not born a little slave
To labor in the sun."

On the negative side there are always many things to be grateful for. No illness has laid waste our homes. No little coffin has been carried out of our door. No disgrace has touched our good name. No child of our house has wandered into evil ways. Let us enumerate the negatives and bless God.

On the other hand, there are our children growing up in beauty and strength. There are the honest faces of our dear ones, the venerated faces of aged parents, the baby faces in the cradle, and hovering unseen above the home, the saintly faces of those who have gone before. Every house has its band of guardian angels. Do we thank God for their care of us, that we walk so safely through unsuspected perils?

The harvests have been abundant and the fruit almost an embarrassment. For this, too, we thank God.

Knock at the Door

A cardinal point in good manners in the home is to knock at a closed door. Neither husband nor wife if genuinely courteous will open the door of a private room without first knocking for admission. At the door of a drawing room or a dining room, or other public apartment open to the whole family a knock is not necessary. Well-bred children and young people always observe this rule, and so do well-trained servants. Only boorish persons presume to open a closed door in the home without the ceremony of knocking first. In offices, people must be guided by common sense. Certainly at the door of a private office the incomer would best knock. Large and public offices are not thus defended from intrusion and any one may enter them at will.

Some English Marriage Customs

A writer in an English paper recalls some curious marriage customs. In Yorkshire it was once considered only right for the parson who performed the wedding service to be the first person to kiss the bride, and an amusing story is told of a clergyman who did not understand the local custom. Being unacquainted with the ways of the neighborhood, he was astonished, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, to see the party keep together as if expecting something more. "What are you waiting for?" he asked at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "ye've no kissed Mollie, an' I musn't do ut until ye have." In Nottingham it was customary "from time immemorial," in the Parish of Wellow, when the banns of marriage was read out, for a person in the church, previously selected by the clerk, to arise and say aloud, "God speed them well!" Whereupon the clerk and congregation responded fervently, "Amen." In Cheshire, elaborate wreaths of flowers were laid down along the path the bride would have to tread to church. These were made by her friends and well-wishers, who brought them after dark on the wedding eve, and vied with one another whose wreath should decorate the doorstep. The bridegroom's path used also to be strewn with fragments indicative of his profession — shavings for carpenter, scraps of cloth for a tailor, bits of leather for a harness-maker, etc.; but it is said that the practice was given up when a highly popular butcher entered the bonds of matrimony, and the only appropriate suggestion offered was that bones should be scattered in his honor.

Photographed From Life

"LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD"

Old New York

In 1679 a bear was killed in an orchard near what is now Maiden Lane, in our crowded city of New York. Somewhat earlier than this a man who lived near the Bowery offered to give away his property because he disliked to walk through two miles of dense forest to reach his work. In 1673 a regular mail was established between New York and Boston, the letters being carried by a messenger, who made the round trip once a month. The first ferry to Jersey City, then called Paulus Hook, was started in 1763. These bits are taken from a book by Mrs. C.W. Alden, entitled *Manhattan, Historic and Artistic.*

RED APPLES

"APPLES are ripe and red," she said,
In the sunny orchard roaming.
"I'll hurry home with my rosy store,
Ere the shadows of the gloaming."

"And mother 'll have them served for tea,
And Reuben—I decry him!
He was to gather fruit with me.
My apples I'll deny him!"

She paused—for lo! in her way there stood
A hamper overflowing.
Now, who should place such treasure there?
She looked—her sweet eyes glowing.

"O, Laddie, do you hide from me?
I see—I see you coming!
Together we'll our apples bear
To mother ere the gloaming!"

"Little Red Riding-Hood"

Pet wolves are not uncommon in the Western States, but to have one which possesses the intelligence of the one pictured here, is indeed rare. He was one of the largest specimens of the species to be seen anywhere, and the pet of the family. He followed any of the members around like a dog, and was invaluable as a watcher, giving instant warning of the approach of a stranger. Owing to his enormous size nobody ventured near the premises of the owner, if the wolf seemed in any way inclined to resist, and many a tramp retraced his steps after getting a good look at him in the front yard. He was raised from a cub, and by kind treatment was taught to respect the family, and he was considered extremely peaceable; but one day a visitor started to tease and annoy him beyond endurance until the wolf, in desperation, had to defend himself, and he inflicted severe flesh wounds on his tormentor. The family reluctantly had to shoot him, but his stuffed form now occupies a conspicuous place in a window of the mansion. He belonged to Mr. Zack Mulhall, of Okla., and the family take great pride in telling visitors of the many good qualities possessed by their pet in life. The illustration shows Mr. Mulhall's four-year-old daughter posing as "Little Red Riding-Hood."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JOHN P. No; you are not in love, except with yourself.

—EMILY. The field of elocution is overcrowded. Try something else.

—A SUBSCRIBER. As a rule, a young lady should accept no attentions in public, as at a picnic, from a man whom she knows very slightly.

—INDIAN SUMMER. A widow never wears orange blossoms at her second marriage, and dresses by preference richly, but plainly, for that occasion.

—HUGH C. You are most unreasonable. Apologize to your wife at once. With whom shall she attend a concert if you refuse your escort?

—L. R. K. Any bookseller will procure the book you want. *Eben Holden* is published by the Lathrop Co., Boston. If there is a library in your town, you can get it there.

—SISSY. Pray do not say "gentlemen friends" and "lady friends." In these days we prefer to say men and women. You are so young that you need be in no haste to marry.

—C. M. K. I quite agree with you that the type of old-fashioned wife and mother still exists in ten thousand homes, and that no children are so fortunate as those brought up by good mothers.

—INQUIRER. I would not apologize to a man by letter. Wait until you meet. A woman must not be too abject. Probably the man was as much in fault as she. By all means ask a man to write if you wish to correspond with him.

—B. M. No gentleman would presume to do what you suggest. It is not now customary for a girl to take a man's arm in the street. About inviting your escort in on your return from a party your mother must decide. Certainly you would not do so at a late hour. Yellow-covered novels is a term applied to silly and sentimental fiction; stuff not good to be read by young girls or older ones.

Anxiety in the Palace

ALL Europe is troubled by the news from Livadia, in Southern Russia, that the Emperor Nicholas has been attacked by typhoid fever. His death at this critical period might involve consequences so serious that the statesmen of many countries are disturbed by the possibility of such an event. It appears that a few weeks ago the Emperor caught cold, but as he was at the Livadia palace where the climate is mild, it was thought that he would speedily recover. But the cold turned to influenza and now it has been followed by typhoid. As he is a young man—only thirty-two years old—there would not be much reason for anxiety, were it not that his constitution, never robust, has been weakened by influenza. The bulletins of the physicians indicate that the disease is taking its normal course and so far are reassuring. The situation, however, is deemed sufficiently serious to require the presence of the heir-presumptive to the throne, the Grand Duke Michael, who was on a visit to the court of his grandfather, the King of Denmark, and he has accordingly started for Russia. He is a younger brother of the Emperor and is twenty-two years old. Unless a posthumous son of the Emperor is born, Michael would become Emperor if his brother were to die. Very little is known of him, hence the anxiety that is felt in view of the possibility of his succeeding to the throne. Nor would the situation be improved by the birth of a son to the Emperor, for that would involve a long minority during which rival Russian statesmen might cause divided counsels in the management of imperial affairs. The Emperor has manifested so strong a desire for peace, not only by convening the Peace Conference at the Hague, but by his personal assurances given to Dr. Talmage in an interview last summer, that his life is exceptionally valuable at a time when international jealousies are accentuated and a widespread war might be precipitated by the policy of a less peaceful monarch. We may hope that the prayers which are being offered by his people for the Emperor's recovery will be heard, and that if God sees fit to grant their petition the future life of the Emperor will be even more useful than the past.

He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous, but with kings are they on the throne, and if they be bound in fetters and be holden in the cords of affliction, then he showeth them their work (Job 36:7-9).

An Ancient Palace Exhumed

A wonderful discovery of extraordinary value to the antiquary has been made in the island of Crete. Two explorers named Evans and Hogarth having obtained from the new Governor of the island permission to make excavations, have been searching for a year past. They have uncovered an ancient palace, which is believed to have been the home of Minos. It is in excellent preservation, and its treasures are intact. The throne of the king—possibly Minos himself—has been found, a magnificently carved seat of alabaster. The walls of the halls are covered with bas-reliefs, showing the appearance of the people of those days. They are evidently historical in character, and will probably, under the study of scholars, carry back our knowledge many centuries. In the vaults below the palace a still more important discovery was made. This was a number of ancient chests sealed with many official seals. In the chests were clay tablets bearing inscriptions partly in ancient Greek and partly in cuneiform character. These are evidently the government archives, and will doubtless, when deciphered, be of the utmost interest. They relate to a period of at least three thousand years ago—before Solomon built the temple. Sufficient has already been learned from the records to show that much of the Greek mythology was merely the poetic rendering of actual history. It is significant that in these days when the tendency has been to regard the Scripture history as mythology, this discovery has been made, which indicates that even the stories we have regarded as myths prove to be historical. It is an unexpected reproof to the rashness of the critics and may well strengthen the hands of those who have held with the apostle:

We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (II. Peter 1:16).

NICHOLAS II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, CZAREWITCH

A New Polar Expedition

Preparations are now being made for the dispatch of a Russian expedition to the Arctic next summer. Last year the Russian government ordered from an English ship-building firm a steamer of a peculiar character. Its hull was unusually strong, and it was equipped with an apparatus for cutting a way through ice. The exact nature of the apparatus is kept secret, but its appearance resembles ploughshares which are attached to the engines and made to revolve. The steamer was tested this spring in the ice in the Baltic and proved entirely successful. It cut a broad channel through a huge ice-field at the rate of nearly three miles an hour. The steamer, the name of which is the *Vermak*, has been strengthened, and one or two improvements have been made in its machinery, to prepare it for operations in the Arctic. It will be sent North as soon as the ice breaks up, and when it strikes the frozen region around the Pole, an attempt will be made to force a way through. It will be a much harder task than was encountered in the Baltic, but additional power has been put on the steamer. The difficulties in the way of reaching the Pole have put men on their mettle, and there is little doubt that very soon they will all be overcome. Would that the same earnestness and intense effort were displayed in trying to reach the kingdom of eternal blessedness!

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force (Matt. 11:12)!

In the Dead-Letter Office

An impressive illustration of the carelessness of letter-writers is furnished by the report of the dead-letter office in Washington, D. C., for the past year. The number of pieces of matter received from all sources was 7,536,158, against 6,855,983 for the preceding year. Letters and parcels held for postage numbered 144,619, and the misdirected 422,739. Nearly 35,000 letters were received which bore no addresses whatever. The letters addressed to the guests of hotels and undelivered numbered 269,624. The total number of unclaimed parcels of all descriptions was 180,914. There were 660,461 pieces of mail matter addressed to foreign countries and returned from there as undeliverable. There were 50,553 letters containing an aggregate of $44,140, and letters containing drafts, notes, money orders, etc., of the face value of $1,136,645. Doubtless many of these careless writers blamed their correspondents for not replying to their letters, when the fault was really their own. Most singular of all was it that so many letters were mailed without any address. The writers were like the people who wonder why their prayers are unanswered, when those prayers were so formal and perfunctory that those who listen to them wonder whether the speaker remembers the character of the Being he is supposed to be addressing.

God is a spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth (John 4:24).

Fall of a Boulder

The people of Ouray, Colo., have had a narrow escape of the loss of life and property. A few days ago a boulder weighing hundreds of tons broke from a precipice above the town and fell. It dropped three hundred feet and broke in three pieces, each of which rolled through the town, doing much damage. Happily, the course they followed was not that in which most of the residences are situated, otherwise many must have been killed. A large storage building and a few smaller structures were wrecked. In one of the houses a sick woman was lying in bed. She was hurt by the falling walls, but is expected to recover. No one else was injured. Ouray is in constant danger from slides of this kind. All over the town are scattered great boulders which have fallen from the precipice, most of them before the town was built. Gradually and silently through many years that boulder must have been separating from the precipice, and at last, in a moment, it fell. So it will be at the final catastrophe, of which warning has been given, that is but little heeded:

There shall come in the last days scoffers walking in their own lusts and saying, Where is the promise of his coming: for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation (II. Peter 3:3).

An Afflicted Town

A deplorable condition of affairs is reported from the small town of Cementon, Pa. A press dispatch to the New York papers says that there is an epidemic of typhoid there. Of two hundred families in the town, more than half have some member prostrated by the disease. In twenty-two families every member from the father to the youngest child is suffering. There have already been many deaths and there are many of the living in imminent danger. The physicians are now prostrated by overwork, so that the danger is increased. It is believed that the epidemic has been produced by a polluted water supply. The town gets its water from the Lehigh River, which this past summer was unusually low. The towns north of Cementon have turned the river into a drain, and it is fully expected that the State Board of Health, which is now making an investigation, will report the water as responsible for the epidemic. This trouble shows how much mischief may be done thoughtlessly. The northern towns had no enmity toward the people who are suffering, yet their conduct has brought misery and death upon them.

None of us liveth unto himself and no man dieth to himself (Rom. 14:7).

BRIEF NOTES

Owing to the necessity of going to press a month ago on our annual million edition, which will be published next week, and which will contain our various premium propositions, it was impracticable to publish the Sunday School lesson in that issue, and therefore we publish two Sunday School expositions in this issue, each of them necessarily somewhat curtailed. In the issue of December 12 we shall resume the usual full Sunday School page, which we are happy to say has been constantly growing in interest and in popularity with our readers.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been greatly encouraged by the meetings he is holding in Indianapolis, Ind. The Roberts Park M. E. Church has been crowded from the beginning. At the first service sixteen hundred persons were present. Already a large number of hopeful conversions are reported.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding evangelistic meetings at Keene, N. H. Many young people have given in their names, pledging themselves in Christ's strength to live for him in the world.

A remarkable service will be held at Richmond, Va., on Thanksgiving day. Sometime ago the Grove Avenue Baptist Church was destroyed by fire. The Jewish Beth Ahaba synagogue invited the Baptist congregation to hold its services in their building and the offer was accepted. Now the Jews have proposed a joint service for Thanksgiving day and the Baptists have agreed to meet with them.

To our ideas, one of the strangest anomalies in the British constitutional system is the plural voter. A citizen has a vote for property he owns in other constituencies than the one in which he resides. Thus in the recent election of members of Parliament it was found that a large property owner named Baxendale might, if he chose, vote in forty-three places. As the elections are not in that country all held on the same day, it is quite possible for such a man to cast all the votes in his power.

Mr. Wm. Phillips Hall, well known as the business man evangelist, has presented to the Bowery Mission 400 copies of the hymn book compiled jointly by himself and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, entitled, *Christian Hymns No. 1*, and published by The Hall-Mack Co., of Philadelphia. Mr. Hall, during a recent visit to the Mission, expressed his appreciation of the work being done there and has given these books as a tribute of his interest for use in the devotional services of the Mission.

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Dec. 26

1. What are the statistics that prove that the world is growing better morally, or worse?
2. Name some metaphors used in the Bible for national decadence?
3. Why should old people who are in good health sit idly by merely because they are old, and not do anything for the Lord, while all around them are sin and wickedness?
4. Do Christ's words (Matt. 9:15) about men fasting "when the bridegroom is taken from them" refer to our days and imply the duty of fasting?
5. What are the originals of "Mrs. Grundy" and "Mother Goose?"
6. When a party or organization that has encouraged corruption in a city, undertakes the work of reform, ought Christians to help them or act independently?
7. Was Christmas ever a Fast Day, and, if so, when?
8. When a husband or wife is converted after marriage, and the other partner persecutes and harasses the Christian, and makes continued association a misery, is the Christian justified in obtaining a separation or divorce?
9. Why does a fibre, when wet, lengthen, while a rope, when wet, contracts?
10. What is the best course for a pastor to take when a few of his people become dissatisfied with his services? Should he ask them to withdraw, or should he resign?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. What is the difference between Christian tact and human policy?

Christian tact is doing and saying the right thing at the right time. It is a gentle deference to the opinions and actions of others, with an intent to thereby win them to higher views and nobler deeds. In this deference there is absolutely no compromise of principle for a moment. The tactful worker in approaching even a sinner, finds something about him to commend, notes something which may assist him to regain a little of his lost self-respect Christ exhibited Christian tact when he said to the repentant woman, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." It was no vindication of guilt, but a vision of a higher life granted to the fallen. Human policy is doing and saying the expedient thing at the convenient time. It works upon the theory that the end justifies the means. When Pilate washed his hands of the blood of Jesus, and thereby violated his sense of justice and stultified himself to appease the Jews, he illustrated human policy. These two instances will distinguish between the two principles of action.

LOUIS A. WALKER.

2. The same metaphor is used in three passages to symbolize respectively a king, an empire and God's people. Name the passages.

The word cedar is used as a metaphor to symbolize (1) A king. See II. Kings 14:9, "And Jehovah the King of Israel sent to Amaziah King of Judah, saying, The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, Give thy daughter to my son to wife; and there passed by a wild beast, and trod down the thistle." (2) Empire. See Ezekiel 31:3, "Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs." (3) God's people. See Psalm 92:12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

HEPPIE W. HAMILTON.

. . .

[Correct answers have been received also from F. L. Sawyer and Jennie E. Holmes].

3. What should be the Christian's attitude toward the higher criticism?

A certain suspense of opinion is perhaps the best attitude to be maintained toward the higher criticism, of which we hear so much nowadays. In some respects it is certainly an evil, but perhaps not an unmixed evil. It has done harm, just as rationalism has always done harm, by leading some to lose faith in the supernatural, and even to doubt whether the Bible is in the deepest sense the word of God. So far as it tends to this result, it is doing great harm. On the other hand, it may have cleared up some doubtful interpretations, may have corrected some misapprehensions and errors, and thus have been productive of good. It cannot be suppressed, and it would be rash absolutely to condemn and oppose it. But its results are not really settled as yet by the critics themselves; and until they are, we may surely be excused from acquiescing in all that is put forth in its name.

AMELIA HOYT.

4. What is the difference between the two kinds of sin mentioned by the Apostle in I. Timothy 5: 24?

A man's life is seen from two standpoints. First, that from which God alone sees him. Second, that from which the people see him. A sin may be just as wicked which is committed against God or his people and which is only seen by God, as a sin which is committed before the eyes or in the knowledge of the people. In the first case the sin is not open to the condemnation and judgment of the people, but is decided only at the Judgment Day. In the second case God causes the sin to be open beforehand, and the person committing the wrong is subject to the judgment and condemnation from the people before the rendering of the final decision. Therefore in the first the judgment follows after; but in the second his sins are opened beforehand and he goes before to his judgment (from the people).

L. W. BROOKE.

5. Are frequent changes in fashion to be deprecated, or do they answer some good end?

Both. They are to be deprecated (1) because in seeking to follow the dictates of "fashion" many live sham lives by wearing cheap, flashy imitations, thereby lowering themselves in their own estimation, in the estimation of others, and in the sight of God; (2) because so much time, which should be used for better purposes, is wasted. So much jealousy and envy are aroused; so many are led to live beyond their means to such an extent that crime is often committed, thus bringing sorrow, misery and disgrace into many homes, and, above all (3), because by walking in the footsteps of fashion, one neglects the development of his body physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. On the other hand, these changes do answer some good end, for through them business is increased, the price of labor is raised, the prosperity (financially) of the country becomes greater, and employment is given to many who need the work in order to sustain themselves and their families.

IVY D. SNIDER.

6. Ought a Christian to refuse to accept an invitation to a social party, if he knows a person of immoral life is also to be a guest?

Very much depends on the nature of the party. If *that* is unquestionable, go, and do not let one man's immorality outshine the characteristics of a Christian within you. Why should people note one person's wrong conduct more than they respect your strong moral one? Why should not your influence counterbalance his, and thus make your presence a blessing to society? You do not hesitate to go and vote side by side with an immoral man. In this case, also, cast your vote and let it count.

ALICE MANAHAN.

. . .

Much would depend upon the kind of Christian, *i.e.*, his stability and his ability to make his demeanor Christlike wherever he may be. Assuming that this Christian is a man of unblemished reputation as to his past so that no reflections may be cast upon him by such an act, I think that it would be safe to follow the example of our Lord in the matter. He did not hesitate to attend social parties when he knew that many persons of immoral life were to be present. He ate with publicans and sinners and allowed the fallen woman to serve him by washing his feet with her repentant tears. If a Christian can go to the social party in the spirit of the Master, he should go; but if he fears that in that company he would part with any of his Christian devotedness, he had better stay away.

LOUIS A. WALKER.

7. From what do we derive the polite custom of lifting the hat by way of salute?

Among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to the influence of the age of chivalry, ending with the fifteenth century, none is more direct than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend. During that time knights never appeared in public except in full armor, but it was customary upon entering the assembly of friends to remove the helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." It was frequently also a necessity for the knight to prove to his friends that he was the person that his coat of arms and other insignia proclaimed him to be, and this was impossible, completely concealed as he was, so that even his voice was muffled, without uncovering. The age of the custom, however, is much earlier than this, for the practice of uncovering the head as a means of salutation was employed by the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Phrygians, and originally signified disarming, and defencelessness, in the presence of a superior, which earlier idea is also intended to be conveyed by our custom. Many explorers, notably Capt. Cook, report somewhat similar customs, uncovering not only the head, but even the shoulders and waist, among the natives of the islands of the South Seas. How the custom originated here is unknown; it certainly shows remote antiquity.

CHARLOTTE H. NEARING.

8. Should a father in making his will give unmarried daughters a larger share than sons, when he has only a small fortune to divide?

Circumstances so alter cases that it is difficult to give a cast-iron rule. All things being equal sons and daughters should share alike. A woman now stands on so nearly an equal footing with a man, that it is unnecessary to make a difference as regards her inability to support herself. If one in a family, be it son or daughter, is incapacitated through no fault of his own from earning his living, that one should receive a larger portion than the others. If a daughter, from love or duty, has remained at home to work, perhaps thereby foregoing a promising career, and has never received pay for such labor, an estimate should be made of the value of said labor, and such sum should be paid out of the estate before division is made among the other children equally with this daughter.

ELIZABETH E. STOW.

9. Can one be successful as a salesman where exaggeration is the rule of trade, and yet be a Christian?

If one must be a successful liar in order to be a successful salesman most certainly the Christian can not enter that vocation. But in nine cases out of ten, is it not true, that the salesman follows his own bent in offering his goods to a customer? If he has an eye only for the present, he may unduly exaggerate the value of his goods, in order to make a large sale. But if he is far-sighted and really wishes to gain the confidence of his customer, he will not unduly exaggerate his wares. When once men and women discover a man like that behind the counter, they will come again. I know a man who has been employed by one firm for years. He resolved when he first went to work for them that he would not misrepresent his goods. He has stood by that resolution. As a result his employers, not long ago, raised his salary in order to induce him to remain with them. He was too successful and valuable a man to lose. What is true of him is true of others and might be true of many more if they only had back-bone enough to stand by their principles.

KATHARINE B. GILTON.

10. When a member of a church notices an inconsistency in another member, and has pointed it out to him and has failed to induce him to reform, should he let the matter drop, or should he call the attention of the pastor or the church to the misconduct?

Church members should feel this interest in each other's proper Christian conduct. When the personal relation is such as to justify him in making the demand, one should point out the fault of another. When he feels prompted and impelled to do so he should not stop the kindly effort till he has done all that can be done to restore the offender. If the pastor or the church could add nothing to the influence which is needed, then they should not be called upon especially. If they can add anything or have good hope of success, the matter should be carried on. One should take the next step when the first fails, and never be satisfied till the erring one has been restored.

C. P. ATKINSON.

MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS

We are receiving a vast number of letters asking us for magazine combinations differing from those recently published in our columns. In reply, we would say that we have entered into certain unalterable arrangements with other papers which makes it absolutely impracticable to make even the slightest change. In publishing the proposition, we submitted to our readers the very best offer that we could possibly make, and were any change possible it would of necessity have to be far less favorable to our subscribers.

At the request of many of our subscribers who last year availed themselves of the most popular Magazine Combination of the day, we now add the same Combination to the list recently published. It is as follows:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—Weekly
SUCCESS—Monthly . . . . . }
THE COSMOPOLITAN—Monthly. .

All Three for $2.00

The Quiver may be substituted for either Success or The Cosmopolitan.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. D. J., Statesboro, Ga. When a person has the power to write or speak in measured lines and in rhyme, is it the gift of poetry or not?

It by no means follows because a person can write rhymes that he is therefore a poet. There are unfortunately more imaginary poets than real ones.

Mary L. Where can the hymn be found containing these much-quoted lines.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest."

In Songs for the Wilderness, No 2, 1844. By Horatius Bonar.

F. L. S. What is the limit of vision of a person standing on a cliff thirty yards above sea level?

Between twenty and twenty-one miles. The limit varies with elevation. On a clear day, an object one foot above a level plain may be seen one and one-third miles; an object ten feet high, over four miles; twenty feet high, nearly six miles; one hundred feet high, thirteen miles.

A. E. H., Salem, O. What city was destroyed by silence?

Amyclæ, in Laconia, on the Euphrates. It was conquered by the Spartan King, Telechus. The inhabitants had been so often alarmed by false reports of the approach of an enemy, that it was decreed a public offence to make any further like reports, so that at last, when the Spartans really approached, no one dared announce the fact, and the city fell without a struggle. Hence comes the Latin proverb; "More silent than Amyclæ."

Mary L., Pustinhill. Who has been Vice-President of the U. S. since the death of Hobart? What is the law on this subject?

The Vice-President is always President of the U. S. Senate. When the Vice-Presidential chair becomes vacant, for any reason, the Senate elects a President *pro tempore*, who becomes the acting Vice-President. Since the death of Hobart there has really been no Vice-President, though U. S. Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, President *pro tempore* of the Senate, would be considered as Vice-President.

A. E. H., Salem, O. What Queen was crowned after death?

Ines de Castro, wife of the Crown Prince, Dom Pedro, of Portugal. She was assassinated by the servants of her father-in-law, King Alfonso IV. Upon his accession to the throne, Dom Pedro caused his wife's body to be exhumed, placed on the throne, clothed with the insignia of royalty, and crowned "Queen of Portugal."

School-boy, Denver, Col. Please give some figures showing magnitude of our postal service?

Weight of matter carried year ending June 30, 1899, 664,286,868 lbs.; pieces handled 6,576,310,000; miles traveled, 445,744,845; stamps issued, 4,917,269,025; revenue from service, $95,021,384; cost of service, $101,632,160. Total length of routes for domestic service, including rail, steamer, pneumatic tube, street car and star routes transportation, 496,948 miles. Number post-offices, about 75,000; employees, 200,000. A letter can be sent from Florida to the Klondike, some 7,000, miles, occupying thirty days or more for two cents.

M. E. R., Middleboro, Mass. 1. What has been the increase in the population of the State of New York within the last decade? 2. The population of the United States in the same period? 3. What is the population of the Philippine Island? 4. How many on Islands in the group?

1. The population of New York according to the census of 1890, was 5,997,853; estimated population 1900, 7,100,000. 2. United States, 1890, according to census, 62,622,250; estimated population, 1900, 75,000,000. 3. Accurate census has never been taken; the estimate is 7,000,000 to 8,000,000. 4. Exact numbers unknown; estimate 600 to 2,000.

W. F., Birmingham, England. The charge for domestic mail in the United States is two cents.

The Four Soils*

How to Listen so as to turn to Account the Seed of the Spirit

A NOTABLE illustration of the perpetuation of types is furnished by the Parable, which we call the Parable of the Sower, but which German theologians more appropriately call the Parable of the Four Soils. The teaching of the Parable does not relate to the Sower or the seed, but to the different kinds of soil. The Sower in all cases is the same, the seed is the same, and the difference in results is due to the difference in the qualities of the soil. That fact is deeply significant. It shows the important part every soul takes in its own conversion. In this instance God does not deal with men as we deal with children, compelling them to do right; he deals with them as reasonable, responsible beings who are free to take the wrong or the right course, and who must take the consequences of their action. The seed falls, it is good seed capable of bearing fruit, but it will not bear fruit if there is no receptivity in the soil, and even when it does bear fruit there are degrees of fruitfulness not depending on the seed but on the character of the soil. In this matter men have not changed since Christ himself scattered the good seed in Palestine nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The same kinds of hearers are in our churches to-day and the same varying results are produced.

LITTLE COLONISTS ON THE WAY TO SERVICE

The wayside referred to in the Parable was the path through the field which was trodden hard by pedestrians, and which the ploughman did not turn up, when he prepared the field for the sower. Some of the seed thrown from the hand of the sower fell there, but it was wasted, it never even sank into the soil. The type is familiar. How often have we seen people sit unmoved under the most earnest and impressive preaching, as if they were not at all concerned in it, as a blind man might listen to a lecture on colors! Hard experiences, the rough wear and tear of life, the hardening effect of habitual sin may produce this condition of mind. It is also sadly true that regular attendance on the preaching of the Word may do it, for the preacher's words will fall on the ear like an oft-told tale, if the hearer is Gospel hardened.

The stony ground is not soil with which stones are mixed, but a substratum of rock covered with a layer of soil. The seed finds an entrance there, and there is a quick response, but the shallowness of the soil is a fatal defect, for the roots of the seed strike the rock and can go no farther. They get no moisture, and the heat of the sun withers the plant. That type, too, we know only too well. In times of revival there are always such converts. Easily moved, they readily yield to the appeals of the preacher, but only the emotions are touched, and a little ridicule, a little worldly pleasure, or some other claim on the attention suffices to obliterate the transient effect of the preaching. The conversion was too easy; it did not reach deep enough, and in a short time the convert who has only tasted the spiritual feast is back again in the world.

In the next type there is a further advance. The seed does take root in this case, but there are other seeds there which compete with it and finally overcome it. Sad beyond measure is this type so common everywhere. Christ tells us what these weeds are: Riches, Ambition, Cares, and Pleasures. They have a power that every man feels, more or less. Their influence is the more to be dreaded because we cannot avoid it. The business man must attend to his business, otherwise he would fail. He must give his mind to it. Pleasure, too, is a necessity, otherwise we should become dull and spiritless. The wife must attend to her household and the needs of her children. The problem is to do all this without allowing the cares and pleasures to usurp the chief place. As soon as a man becomes so eager and so much absorbed in his business that he curtails or omits the morning devotion, or so tired at night that he goes to rest without prayer, the choking process has commenced. Christ's prayer for his people was not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. This is the prayer we have need to offer continually.

It is a relief to turn from these types to the good ground. Thank God there is good ground in which the seed grows and bears fruit! There are souls in which it is nourished and developed. To be among them is an ambition worthy of the best and highest natures. The surest way to attain it is by prayer. The effect of communion with Christ even subjectively is immense. No one can pour out his soul before God, telling his difficulties and temptations and sorrows, without being strengthened for the day. And objectively, who can measure the result? God loves his children and is abundantly able to give them all the help they need. "My grace is sufficient for thee," he said to Paul, and it is sufficient for every one. If the desire to live near to him is sincere, help will be given. Then, too, there is a great virtue in work. Even the good ground varied in production. Not alone in the graces of Christian character, but in the souls won for the Master is the fruit shown. To those who abide in him the promise is made that they shall bear much fruit.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 9. Matt. 13: 1–23.

Thanksgiving on the Plains

THANKSGIVING Day among those who live "far from the maddening crowd," in the great western plains, will be celebrated by long rides to attend divine service, visits to neighbors, and a long ride home at night. The colonists, for example, on the farms established by the Salvation Army on waste land in Colorado, California and Ohio, will ride many miles to the little school-house, which they use as a place of worship. They have much to give thanks for, because they are far better off out there than when they were living in poverty in the crowded city. The picture on this page shows how the children of the colonists will be transported to church on the day of thanks. They will go mounted on the gentlest of horses. The five youngsters mounted on this patient animal seem to be enjoying themselves, and we hope that on Thanksgiving day the grown-up colonists will be quite as happy as the youngsters.

Chinese Sympathy

The Chinamen on the Pacific coast are contributing freely to the fund for the relief of the Christian Chinese, who lost their property in the recent outbreak in China. One day recently the American Board received a check for $100 from three schools of Chinamen, contributed through the Rev. Jee Jam, the first Chinaman who was ordained to the Christian ministry in America.

The Cook Knows

THE cook finds her hot biscuit come out always just right when she uses ROYAL Baking Powder.

No other Baking Powder works like Royal, or makes such pure and wholesome food, or is so rich in leavening gas, or so economical in use.

Sick Headache

Bilious headache is the same thing.

Most people that are subject to it do nothing for it until it prostrates them. Then they only take a dose of physic or an emetic.

And so it comes on soon again,—just as soon as the stomach is again disturbed by the bilious habit of the system.

Mrs. M. A. McLeod, Goderich, Ont.; Joseph Cole, Reno, Ohio; Geo. W. Doll, Locust Valley, Pa., and J. Van Hee, Pultneyville, N. Y., were all subject to it, and have thankfully testified, as many others have done, to the satisfactory effect of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Faithfully taken this great medicine breaks up the bilious habit and gives vigor and tone to all the vital organs.

Begin taking Hood's at once.

At 91 Lincoln Avenue, Cortland, N. Y., was once a house of sorrow and sadness. The daughter of George Loucks, the pride of the household, seemed going into a decline as she reached her early womanhood and her condition caused the greatest anxiety in the family. The happy ending of the matter caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood and, when questioned by a reporter, Mr. Loucks made the following statement:

"About two years ago my daughter, who was then in her sixteenth year, was in bad health. She was pale and thin, without strength or vitality, in fact her condition was that which is generally called all run down. We were, of course, worried about her and employed the best physicians to attend her. They studied her case and, although they did everything possible, gave her no relief which was permanent. The late Dr. Angel had first called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my wife had heard they were a fine tonic, so we decided to try them for my daughter. We did so and inside of eight weeks the primary cause of her trouble was removed and she showed a decided gain in health, strength and flesh.

"A great many people will buy a medicine and take a few doses. Then if they are not cured they throw it aside as no good, or take it spasmodically. We believed in a fair trial in strict accordance with directions and our faithfulness was rewarded for she was greatly benefited by them. Her color came to her cheeks and she continued to gain in weight and strength. So you see both my wife and myself believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and have found them a wonderful medicine. We have told a great many people about them and have been glad to do so."

Signed GEORGE LOUCKS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1900.

F. C. PARSONS.
Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, $2.50.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

Vapo-Cresolene

"It's Only Whooping Cough."

But 2,097 children died of it in London in one year. This often fatal disease is quickly checked and cured by vaporized Cresolene. Cresolene has been most successfully used for twenty years as a preventative of Croup, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Measles, Scarlet Fever, and other contagious diseases. Actual tests show that vaporized Cresolene kills the germs of Diphtheria. Send for descriptive booklet with testimonials. Sold by all druggists.

Vapo-Cresolene Co., 180 Fulton St., New York.

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39 cents. Mailed Free.

For 39c., we will mail you free a solid Sterling Silver Lock Bracelet, (made now without key) and this is but one of many great bargains in our wonderful Jewelry Department which contains articles from 5 cents to hundreds of dollars.

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STOCKMAN'S FINGERS

Same on Both Hands.

W. E. Beckham, a corking heavy-weight of Burton, Kan., is in the live stock business. He did not need to pay much attention to the food he ate, until about two years ago an attack of the grip left him partially paralyzed. His experience with food is well worth reading.

"The third and little finger on each hand became partially paralyzed, and my spine was affected just below the back of the neck. This came from a severe attack of the grip two years ago. I almost entirely lost the use of my hands.

"This condition continued several months, in spite of all kinds of baths and treatments. In the meantime my stomach, bowels, and digestive organs became affected and deranged. My liver seemed to have no more action than if I had no liver at all. No food of any kind tasted right, and I run down from 210 pounds to 160.

"One day the groceryman asked me if I had ever tried Grape-Nuts food. He told me that it was recommended as a brain and nerve food and that it was predigested.

"So I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts, and carried some in my pocket. Now and then when I felt hungry would take some of the food into my mouth and allow it to melt before swallowing. The food has a delicious taste and I began to improve right away. In three day's time I was very much better.

"I continued the use of Grape-Nuts, and continued to improve steadily. In a few weeks longer I was strong and had regained the use of my hands perfectly. In less than five months I was back to over 200 pounds, as you see me in the picture which I send. Am now 51 years old and never had better health in all my life. I passed a first-class medical examination about four months ago in a life insurance company.

"My recovery to good health is solely due to the use of Grape-Nuts food. As a brain and nerve food, there is nothing equal to it. You can use any part of this letter, and I hope it may lead some unfortunate invalid to health."

KNOX'S GELATINE

Is a Purity Prize Winner

No matter who competes. I challenge competition on these statements. KNOX'S GELATINE is the pure **calves' stock** gelatine. It is transparent. It is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar.

I will Mail You FREE

My book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp.

For 5c. in stamps (to cover postage and package), the book and full pint sample.

For 15c. the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.). Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

Beware of imitations of similar name.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Thayer, Kan., writes:

I prayed for months for the safe return of a dear one from a far country. He has returned, thanks to my dear Heavenly Father, and I want to tell others to pray, believing always.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

My wife and I wish to express through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD our deep gratitude to God for many prayers answered, when there seemed to be no escape from our trials and tribulations. Surely God cares for his children.

J. M. R., Yonkers, N. Y., writes:

Some friends of mine were in great trouble, and I prayed to God to help them out of their difficulties. He has done so. I give God the praise.

M. G. B., Philadelphia, writes:

God heard my prayer and helped my loved ones.

Mother, Harrison, Tenn., writes:

God saved my darling boy in answer to prayer. God has heard my petitions many times.

Reader, Girard, Kan., writes:

I had a great trouble—a trouble which it seemed would surely break my heart. I was not commonly prayerful, but I began to pray. The acknowledgment of so many answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave me more faith. I read them over and over, saying, "surely God will answer my prayer. My prayer has been answered."

S. M. P., Boston, Mass., writes:

I was in great trouble. I prayed God to make my way clear for me. He answered.

B. C., Fishkill-on-Hudson, writes:

Some time ago I prayed earnestly to God for tidings of a dear one far away whom I had not heard from in a long while. My prayer was answered.

H. B. G., Atco, Pa., writes:

I have received a wonderful answer in that way. More was given than I could expect, and yet I have ever felt that it must be so if I prayed, believing.

J. B., Humboldt, Ill., writes:

When in trouble some few weeks ago I prayed God to lead me out of darkness into light, and my prayer was answered.

Mrs. C. H. W., Mansfield, Mass., writes:

Having received much encouragement from reading the answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I would like to help encourage others. I have had many prayers answered, but would like to mention one especially, in behalf of a dear brother.

Acknowledgments from answers to prayer have been received from M. E. L., Sunrise, Va.; E. L., Bluffton, Ind.; Mrs. J. S. F., Caperville, Va.; G. W. B., Mt. Carmel, Mo.; A. E. V. Jr., Cal.; Mrs. C. J., Sycamore, Ill.; E. L. C., Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. S. M. W., Daisy Bank, Penn.; Mrs. A. C., Guernsey, O.; Mrs. J. C. S., Albion, Mich.; Mrs. L. E. B., Plains, Mont.; L. M., So. Dak.; J. A. McD., Mrs. J. P., Brooklyn, N. Y., M. K. H., Cambridge Spgs., Penn.; Mrs. J. S. S., Mexia, Tex.; S. D., Winsted, Conn.; McLeansboro, Ill.; Mrs. R. E. Drayton, N. Dak.; W. M., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. S., Muscatine, Ia.; Mrs. J. L., Afton, Ia.; M. J. D., Lawtry, Fla.; A. G. H., Pleasant Hill, Miss.; Mrs. F. K., Reading, Mich.; Mrs. C., Richmond, Va.; H. W. J., Pensacola, Fla.; G. A. B., Camden, N. J.; S. M. A., Eskridge, Kan.; E. L. L., Lupton, Ill.; B. P. A., Newport News, Va.; K. B., Harpur, Kan.; F. W. Gardena, Cal.; A. W. McKune, Kan.; Mrs. E. C., Lupkin, Tex.; C. P. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. N. S., Merrill, Ia.; Mrs. W. V. S., Huntingdon, Pa.; S. H., Beaver Falls, Pa.; H. B. D., Bangor, Me.; Rev. P. E. St. G., Quebec, Can.; S. E., Brockport, N. Y.; M. I. D., Wyoming, Pa.

Fanny Crosby's Hymn His Text

Rev. Erwin Dennett, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Brooklyn, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

Last night I preached from the hymn of Fanny Crosby, which you published recently, and also from the beautiful picture on your first page, "I Have Reached the Rock at Last." One of my young men reproduced the picture on the blackboard in a very beautiful manner, and eighteen of our young Sunday School girls sang the hymn from copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I took for my text Psalm 94: 22, "My God is the rock of my refuge." I told my hearers that all the sermons ever preached to sinners were in this picture.

Here is the sea of life, sometimes calm when the sun shines, but again the sky darkens, and the wind lashes the sea into fury, and the frail barks of humanity are driven before it. Like this angry sea, the sinner's heart is never at peace. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." God's word declares this scene to be a picture of the human heart. He says, "The wicked are like the angry sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Here is a Rock. Rugged, hoary, strong, it lifts its head above the waves. That Rock represents God, eternal, abiding. Amid the storms of the centuries the old Rock has stood immovable, unchangeable. On the Rock is a massive cross. That represents Jesus; planted on the Rock, a pillar of hope, a place of salvation, a refuge from the storm and the sad wrecks of self. Millions have climbed upon the old Rock, and, flinging themselves down before the Cross they have cried out, "I have reached the Rock at last!" Thank God many are on the Rock to-night. We have a right to sing and rejoice. We are the happiest people in the world. We are the richest people in the world, for the Rock and the Cross are ours, and that means God and Christ are ours.

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One Pen Only to one address on this special offer, by mail, postpaid on receipt of $1.00, (registration 8c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you **this** pen, if he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation, on which he can make more profit) send his name and your order to us, and receive **free of charge** one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Remember—There is no "Just as good" as the **Laughlin,** insist on it, take no chances.

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cut this ad out and send to us, state your height, weight, number of inches around body at waist and bust, length of skirt in front from waist to bottom, and we will send you **Our New, Perfect Fitting WATERPROOF SKIRT AND CAPE by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on** at your express office, and if found the most stylish waterproof suit you ever saw, the equal of anything you could have made at three times our price, **superior to waterproof suits that sell generally at $6.00 to $10.00, then pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE FOR THE COMPLETE SKIRT AND CAPE, $2.95** and express charges. **THESE SUITS are made from an extra quality waterproof cashmere mackintosh cloth,** in black or navy blue, lined with extra quality plaid waterproof lining.

Cape is lined with an extra quality waterproof lining, made with double cape, velvet collar, extra well finished throughout. **Skirt—Latest style, adjustable at waist, buttons down either side, extra quality plaid waterproof lining.** Sizes to fit a waist from 22 to 30 inches. Buttons concealed by deep fly. Can be worn in place of or over an ordinary skirt. **A $2.95 fashionable suit for rainy, nasty and sloppy weather** such as was never before offered. Cape only, **$1.50;** skirt only, **$1.50. For free cloth samples of everything in mackintoshes, write for sample book No. 33K. Address,**

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THE love that passeth knowledge, that never weareth out,
Though men that precious love may mock, its gifts may scorn and flout;
The love that waiteth patiently, that standeth at the door,
The wondrous love of Jesus, that endureth evermore.

Of that dear love we sing and pray; to that true love we turn.
In all our trials here below, for that strong love we yearn;
That deathless love, which saves from death, which washes sins away;
That love of Christ our blessed Lord, of that we sing and pray.

We wander in the darkness, and are often sore afraid,
But Jesus bids us take his hand, and cease to be dismayed.
We often trip and stumble, and the foe is on our track,
But thanks to God we rise again; we march and look not back.

Dear Christ unto us every one, this grace we pray thee give,
That in thy love-surpassing life, we all our days may live.
The love surpassing knowledge, so mystic and so sweet,
May we its matchless secrets learn, low bending at thy feet.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Spread of the Bible

AT a recent meeting in New York an exhaustive statement was made of the work of the American Bible Society. Not only in New York is there an efficient printing agency, but also in China at Shanghai, at Foochow, and at Hinghua; in Japan at Yokohama; in Siam at Bangkok; in Turkey at Constantinople, and in Syria at Beyrout. From all these presses the number of volumes issued during the past year, including New Testaments, Gospels and other portions aggregated 1,406,801, of which 780,943 were printed in New York. Many of these were sold, some at a very small profit and some below cost, while a large number were gratuitously supplied to various missionary societies and religious associations which are propagating Christianity at home and abroad. During the eighty-three years of its life the American Bible Society has issued 65,962,505 volumes, thus doing important missionary work on its own account, besides rendering invaluable aid to other organizations. Such a statement as this shows that the American Bible Society deserves the most hearty support from the Christian public of the United States, and particularly the loyal and energetic cooperation of local auxiliaries. Money cannot be better invested than in aiding this venerable society in its great undertaking of putting the Bible in the homes of the people. It is reaching not only the English-speaking people of our own land, but the Indians, who now have it in their own languages, and the foreign immigrants who land on our shores, thus taking the surest of all means to make them good citizens.

The Children's Home

The following contributions in behalf of our Children's Home have been received:

Prev. Ack't	$9,093.70	S W C, Wright	1 00
Young, E and J	3 00	Mrs S W R & family, Burnville	3 00
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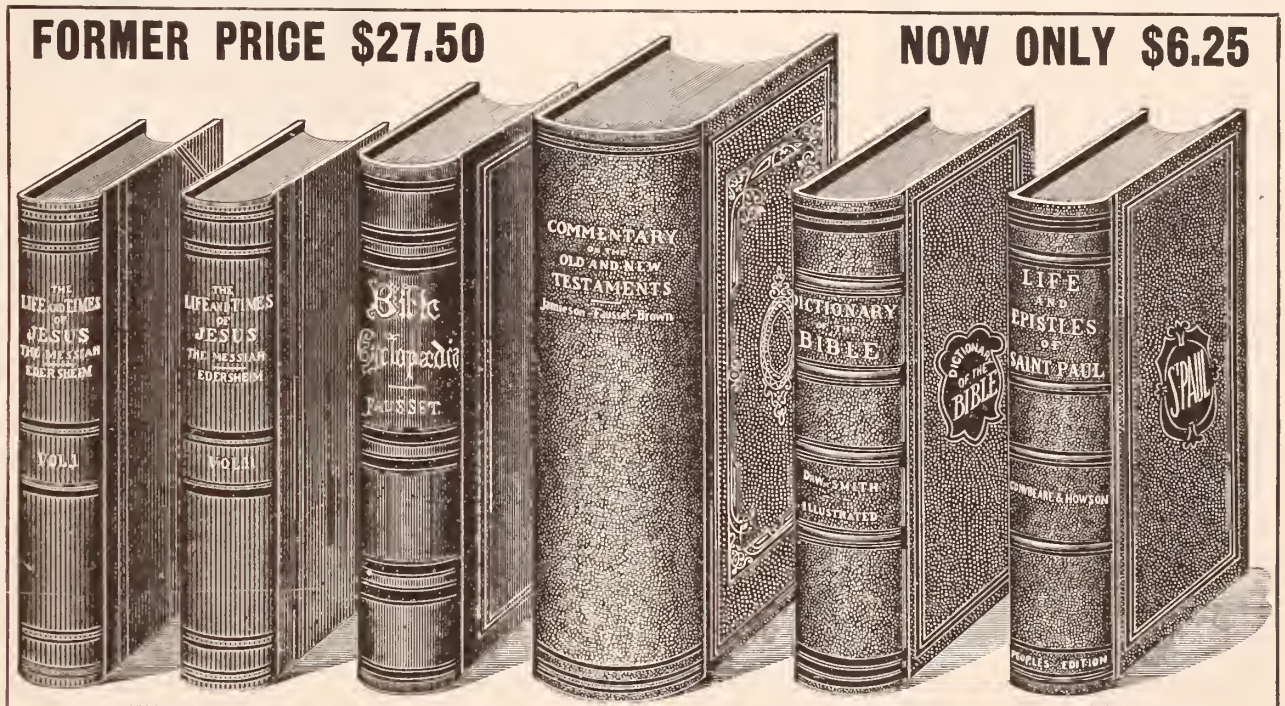

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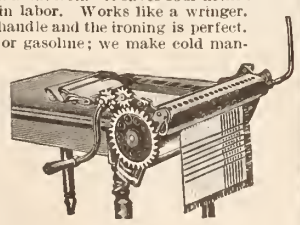

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Rev. G. C. Morgan and Northfield

A STATEMENT recently appeared in some of the leading daily newspapers, announcing that the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the eloquent English preacher, would shortly come to Northfield, Mass., as successor to the late Dwight L. Moody. To ascertain the facts in the case THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cabled to Mr. Will R. Moody, now in England, and received a reply stating that the rumor was inaccurate. It is now learned authoritatively that Mr. Morgan was asked last August if he would consider a call to give up his church in England and come here and identify himself more closely with Northfield and its work. An effort is now being made to secure his services permanently in connection with the Northfield Extension movement, in which case he would hold meetings in different centres as he and Rev. F. B. Meyer and Rev. H. W. Pope have been doing for the last five or six years. Mr. Will R. Moody will continue at the head of the entire Northfield movement, carrying out the plans and purposes of his father, in whose work he has had so large a share during the great evangelist's lifetime.

The Countess in Germany

Friends of the Countess Schimmelmann, of whom there are many among us, will be glad to learn of her recent movements. She went from this country to England, where the warm sympathy of English friends touched and cheered her. She left England with the idea of raising the money needed for her work ($10,000) by literary work, but this will be impossible, as the requests calling her to hold meetings are so urgent that she cannot refuse them. At Bielefeld, in Prussian Westphalia, although she had never before been in the city, the large hall was filled long before the time for commencement. The iron-spiked gates had to be shut, but the people took ladders and climbed over, in spite of the police. A lady who has visited the Home for Fishermen at Gohren speaks in high terms of that institution, which is under the direction of the Countess. The Crown Princess of Denmark lately invited the Countess to pay her a visit and describe the work. At another town the factory girls filled the place of meeting, and many were in tears as the speaker told of the love of Christ. The Countess is preparing for an evangelistic tour through the chief cities of Southern Germany.

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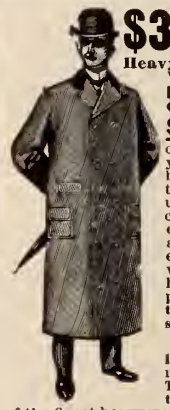

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FATHER JOHN OF CRONSTADT

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Jericho and the Dead Sea*

I ARRIVED in Jericho about three o'clock, and stopped at the Jordan Hotel, and stayed two nights for forty cents. This, with three or four other houses, is all there are now except the mud shanties of the Arabs. In the eastern part of the town stand the walls of a stone building some sixty feet square and twenty-five feet high. It is said to be the house of Zaccheus. A little further east is quite a large tract covered with ruins, which are thought to be ancient Gilgal. The course of the walls of the houses and the streets can still be seen, but the walls are all leveled to the ground. Some Arabs suspicioned I was going to the Dead Sea, and told me it would not do to go alone, as the Bedouins would run off with me. I knew they were laying plans to get a job as guide, so I watched for a chance, and slipped away without being seen, and made tracks for the sea. The first hour I walked across a barren plain, then there was an offset of sixty or seventy feet that goes down to the plain that borders the water. The soil here is more like ashes than dirt, and very salt. In some places I would sink in over my shoes.

It is the most natural thing in the world for this place to be called the Dead Sea, for it is surely a perfect emblem of death. The plains and mountains about it are very barren, and no vegetation grows near it. I see no bird, insect, or living thing in or about it, except a flock of old-fashioned sandhill cranes, which were flying over, and must have been out on a sight-seeing trip. I tried to get into the water, but it was a failure; it seemed unwilling to be disturbed. I would bob up like a cork, and when I would kick and try to swim my feet would fly out into the air. I was determined not to be mocked in this way; so I got a newspaper, and by lying on my back and holding it up in the air I could read as comfortably as on a lounge, and the breeze wafted me out to sea. But I soon got enough of the awful silence of the Dead Sea and made tracks for the ford of the Jordan, about five miles to the northeast, across a barren plain.

The Jordan runs in deep and muddy banks, along which a rank fringe of reeds grows; the water has a milky color. It was the dryest part of the season. The water at the ford was nearly five rods wide and four feet deep in the deepest place. This is no doubt the same place the Israelites crossed, and where Elijah and Elisha divided the waters; also where Jesus was baptized, and where the Spirit descended on him like a dove. And where the voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved son; hear ye him."

*From *Around the World on Sixty Dollars*, by Robert Meredith. An expense account at the end of the book shows that the total cost of the journey was $237. All but $60 of this was made at work in different countries, at wages ranging from 40 cents to $2.50 per day. Illustrated. Pp. 372. Laird & Lee, Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Peccavi. By E. W. Hornung. This book has attracted much attention. It is a story of considerable interest and some moral force. Pp. 406. Price, $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Things As They Are. By Bolton Hall, author of *Even As You and I.* "The spiritual philosophy of the kingdom of heaven is profoundly presented in *Things As They Are*," says the preface by George D. Herron, of the Department of Applied Christianity, University of Iowa. Some of the chapters are: "A Counsel of Perfection," "A Search for Contentment," "The Law in Ourselves." Pp. 203. Price, $1.20. Publishers, Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Little Girl in Old Philadelphia, by Amanda M. Douglas. This exquisite story of life long ago in the Quaker City, belongs to the popular series which includes *A Little Girl in Old Baston*, *A Little Girl in Old New York*, etc. The ways of Quaker households, and in particular the ways of Primrose, a maid introduced to us in a gingham bonnet and sober home-spun gown who appears later in a flowered silk gown; the home of Madam Wetherill, who was very grand in satin and brocade; the Quaker soldier lovers; the tumults of the Revolution; the gaieties of Philadelphia when it was the National Capital, and General and Mrs. Washington lived there; all contribute to the interest of the book which has real historical value in the fact that it depicts the manners of the times. Pp. 371; price $1.50; publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

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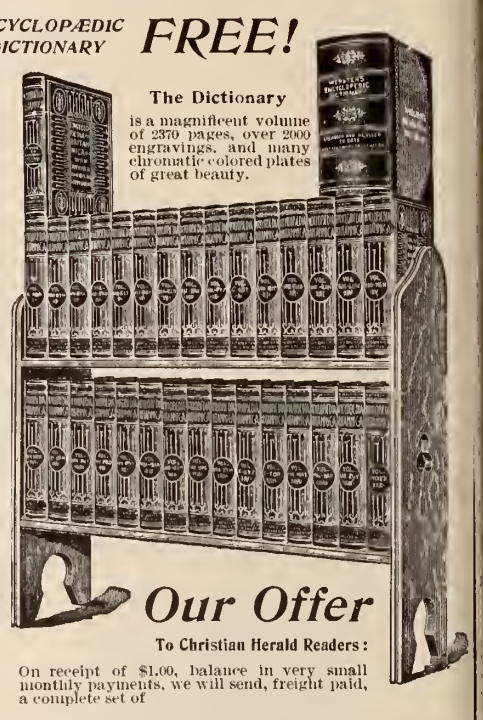

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SENSIBLE TEMPERANCE

A Word to Temperance Ladies.

It is universally admitted that temperance women work for their cause with a desire to make life happier; that is, intemperance in drink causes an immense amouut of misery in human life, and the temperance movement is an effort to replace this misery with happiness, peace, and comfort.

Many temperance women make the mistake of going at the subject hammer and tongs and proposing to force people to believe their way. It is far better to exercise a broad charity and take the position that one's own peace of mind and happiness, not only of the individual, but of the family and friends, depends upon sensible habits of life.

A very much greater foe to human happiness, than whiskey, exists, and it will startle many an honest temperance worker when the name of that foe is given. It is spelled c-o-f-f-e-e. "I don't believe it," some ardent temperance worker says, who is really a slave herself to the coffee cup.

Cast your thought among your sick friends, nervous, irritable, broken down women whose homes are anything but peaceful homes because of the irritation and friction brought about by their physical and mental condition. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred, the nervousness, irritability, dyspepsia, kidney trouble, female troubles, and various diseases which such people are subject to, come directly from a broken down nervous system, brought about by the daily use of coffee. Careful chemical analysis proves this statement to be absolutely true and personal experiment will prove the same to any one who cares to make it.

You may have a few friends who are made miserable by whiskey, but you have scores of friends whose lives are made miserable, as well as the lives of their families, by the use of coffee. Hard to believe, isn't it? Many of the most profound truths are not accepted by humanity when first brought to humanity's attention, but they are truths, nevertheless.

Try for yourself, reader. Leave off coffee altogether and start in with Postum Food Coffee, which can be obtained at any first-class grocery store. You will find within ten days an improvement in the sum total of happiness for yourself and for your friends about you. Life will take on a new aspect; strength, vigor, and vitality will begin to come back for your use. You can do things that you have heretofore been unequal to. You can accomplish something in this world, and you can quietly and without ostentation become a most efficient worker in securing to humanity that peace, content, and happiness that we are all seeking.

The Prisoner's ...THANKSGIVING...

By CHAPLAIN MUNRO, of the New York Tombs

WITH the advent of prison reform during the last part of the present century, and the onward movement of civilization, Thanksgiving as a national festival has become a day of joy and gladness, and as such has been observed in nearly all of the penological institutions of the country. This is certainly praiseworthy. As the life of the prisoner behind the bars is, necessarily, not a happy one, it is only right that something should be done for his moral and physical welfare, especially at this season of the year. But this day seldom comes to the prisoner without bringing in its train some good cheer, which shows that in recent years efforts have been made to ameliorate the hardships of those whose liberty society is compelled to restrain for the present.

In the Tombs, the great metropolitan prison of America, are found persons from every part of the world. And almost every state in the Union is sometimes represented. The majority, however, come from Eastern States, and are not only familiar with the New England Thanksgiving, but look forward to it with much interest.

To the question often asked many of these young men: "Where did you spend last Thanksgiving day?" there is no answer; but the head is bent down, and the eyes glisten, and perchance a tear may fall. Then the young man answers: "I was at home with the old folks"; and as he continues to recall the memories of that occasion, he feels a choking sensation in the throat and his voice becomes tender when he replies: "Yes, I had a fine time last Thanksgiving day." As he thinks of his present surroundings and the prison experiences through which he has passed since that happy occasion, the words of the people's bard come to his memory:

> It minds me of departed joys,
> Departed never to return.

To the question: "Have you anything to be thankful for this Thanksgiving?" he replies: "Yes, although my lot has been hard, brought about by my own doings, I know it might be worse. But I feel thankful for the blessings of this day."

The authorities in charge of the jails, penitentiaries and prisons of Greater New York, as well as the sheriffs of New York and Brooklyn, usually provide for the welfare of the prisoners on Thanksgiving day, when funds are specially appropriated for that purpose. The prison on this occasion is dressed in holiday attire. It is more like a Sunday, with the exception that there is greater joy on the part of everybody. A sermon is preached by the chaplain in the morning on the subject of Thanksgiving, in which he endeavors to show that even a prisoner behind the bars may have something to be thankful for. But the great thought on all such occasions is, thankfulness on account of God's unspeakable gift to man.

At noon, the gong is sounded, and everybody prepares for dinner. The menu usually consists of a large plate of roast turkey, soup, bread, potatoes, mince pie, cranberry sauce and coffee. Everybody has an abundance. Those in charge on such occasions are able to satisfy the most fastidious appetite of an epicure. This makes everybody feel well, as Thanksgiving usually does in all the prisons of the country; and there is generally an overflow of joy and good feeling.

In some of the larger prisons there is a concert in the afternoon, made up of the best voluntary talent from the outside world, which invariably adds to the enjoyment of the day. After the evening meal is over, Thanksgiving day is closed. Everybody with a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, feels that through the kindness of loving friends the season has been a blessing to him, and when the mantle of night falls upon the building he forgets his trials, and, like the great Apostle Paul himself, a prisoner on his way to imperial Rome, "thanks God and takes courage."

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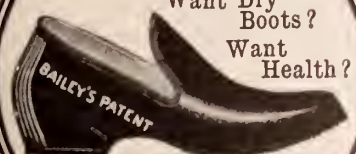

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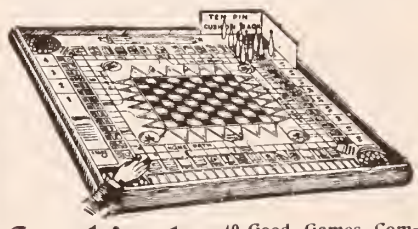

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JESUS SET HIM FREE

THE story of the conversion and work of Joseph McDonald, of Springfield, Mass., is in some respects is as marvelous as that of Jerry McAuley, founder of the famous Water Street Mission in New York. Seven years ago Joe was a drunkard and a vagrant, and for many years he had spent much of his time in the city and county prisons. Sometimes he worked as a stonemason, sometimes in a saloon, but wherever he was, very little of his earnings went for anything else but drink. "I sunk so low in the mire," he explained to

JOSEPH M'DONALD

the writer, "that even my own dog would follow me no longer, and the night I found salvation I hadn't a cent of money in my pocket."

After his conversion he gave testimony publicly in mission hall, on the street, and at the Baptist Church prayer-meeting. But his newly-awakened zeal was not satisfied with this. He opened a little hall on Stockbridge street, Springfield, which had formerly been used as a mission, and there he sought to bring other outcasts into the light. Three years of continual, faithful work in that mission followed. Many and severe were the trials that came upon him, but through them all he maintained his faith and integrity, and at the present time the "Joe McDonald Mission" is known throughout Springfield and a large part of the state for its spiritual work.

Nearly a year ago the mission moved to North Main street, where the accommodations were better. The hall is neatly furnished with seats, a piano, and an organ, and has a seating capacity of about one hundred. In this mission many wanderers have been converted, and not a few are now leading exemplary Christian lives. Drunkards have reformed, and families shattered and scattered abroad through vice or misfortune have here been reunited, and have found friends.

Joe's talks to the audience at the little mission are unique and full of helpful suggestions. "I am not a saint, I am not as good as I might be," he says, "but I know I am a thousand times better than I used to be. Thirty-seven times I was in jail, but what iron bars and prison doors could not do the Lord Jesus, in his infinite mercy did for me. When he saved me he paid my fine, opened the prison doors and set me free. He made a sober man out of a drunkard, a truthful man out of a liar, a praying man out of a blasphemer, and an honest man out of a thief."

Before Joe was converted he could not read. He studied hard and soon mastered the spelling-book, and now he reads his Bible with comparative ease, and any chapter in the Bible. Prominent pastors and Christian workers of Springfield have spoken in this mission, and workers from other cities are gladly welcomed.

Practical Help for Africa

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SAPOLIO

CUBA'S CLEVER WOMEN

They are Emerging from Seclusion into More Active Life, Like their American Sisters . . . .

NOT in any spot in the western world are the women so intensely feminine as in Cuba. There the last survival of Moorish customs, seen in the very architecture of the houses, hints at that repression of the sex which has forced upon them a life secluded, confined, devoid of large interests, and bounded by matrimony, domestic cares, a hackneyed social round and a formal religion. Living among and observing these women for much of the time during the past two years, it was impossible not to note the gulf that yawns between the Cuban woman and her modern American sister.

No trace of business life is apparent in the Senoras and the Senoritas of the "Pearl of the Antilles"; no evidence of active participation in politics, art or music is visible, and if I add that no club has left its mark on her, I may trust to a large and intelligent clientele not to be misunderstood. None of these has crossed the existence of half the race cradled on that sunny isle. And because of this, the women of Cuba exhibit phases puzzling at first, curious on further acquaintance, and usually disappointing in the end. Yet their beauty never fails to charm; their graces are part and parcel of their personality. Every condition of her life is unlike that of an American woman. The climate invites to repose, and ordinary household duties are more commonly relegated to servants than with us, one result attendant upon the fact that there is no middle-class in Cuba, and even the impoverished aristocrats have their old retainers. In some great but now almost ruined and dismantled palace in the suburbs of Havana, you may, if you are on fortunate terms of intimacy with its mistress, still see the liveries of old servants, embroidered in gold and silver, and the trappings of horses rich with precious metals, and sometimes even jewels, kept as souvenirs of vanished grandeur. But you will not see many of

A TYPE OF CUBAN CULTURE

them. Most of them long since found their way to the pawn-shops on Obispo street, to be bought by relic-hunting Americans. Yet their former owners could far outstrip the purchasers of their valued heirlooms, if their sugar and tobacco estates were rehabilitated.

Such leaders of Cuban society as Senora Seraphina Jorrin, Senora de Zayas, the Countess Fernandina and others, prominent both in social and philanthropic life, are typical *grande dames* of the old, aristocratic school; yet there is not one of all of them who has not suffered the loss of male relatives and the destruction of estates. Upon the women, as always in war, has fallen the burden of sorrow and privation.

The future, however, holds more of advancement for the women of Cuba than they had dreamed of. Already women typewriters and stenographers—unheard of during the Spanish occupation—are filling many offices, with salaries of from $1,200 to $1,500 a year; women are now

A CUBAN SENORITA

teaching in the public schools, knowing that they will receive their salaries, which they never did under the Spaniards, and many of them even dare to walk down the street or out on the Prado alone in broad daylight, which is the most astonishing innovation of all. The establishment of the public school system and the systematic and efficient care taken of all public institutions by the government, as well as the unusual attention paid to a more scientific pursuit of agricultural interests, are bound, sooner or later, to result in the development and growth of a middle-class in Cuba. The average *guajiro*, or countryman, is already a fine type of peasantry: frugal, industrious, sober, devoted to his family, and possessed of an unbounded generosity toward the passing traveler. Happily for the children, the boys and girls who, in the next generation, will make or unmake the island, have such advantages as no young compatriots of theirs in previous generations ever had.

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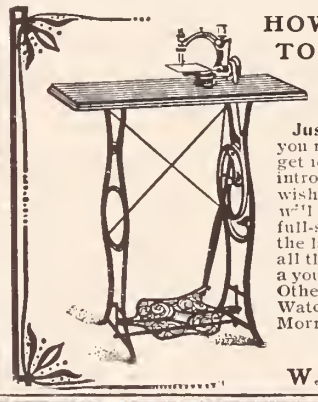

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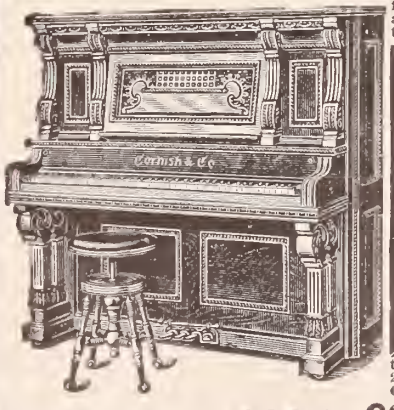

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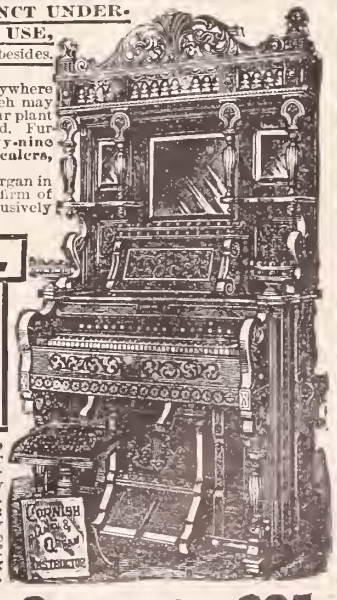

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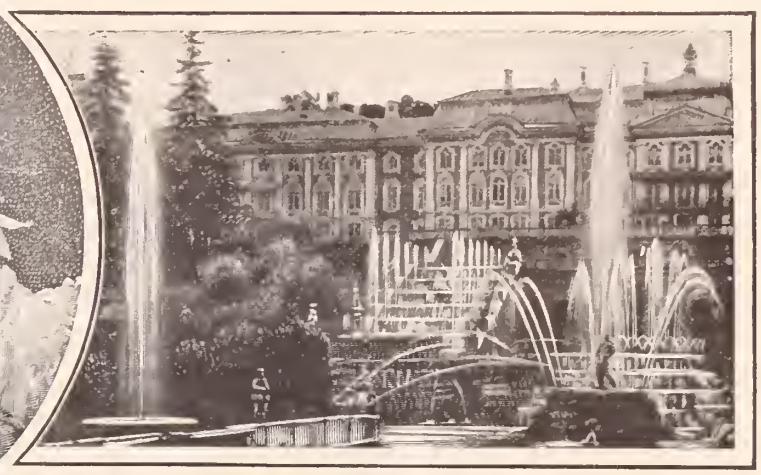
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1900 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

IMPERIAL PALACE AT BERLIN

MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE



SUMMER PALACE OF THE CZAR AT PETERHOF

MY · SUMMER · AMID · ROYAL · PALACES

. . . By Mrs. T. DE WITT TALMAGE . . .

NO sooner had I stepped ashore from the *Oceanic* than the question was asked me for publication: "You have had abundant opportunity this summer of studying royalty in Europe. What do you think of it in comparison with republican simplicity?" As this question has come to me the third time, I proceed to answer it, though somewhat reluctantly.

Yes, we have had an opportunity of seeing the inside of palaces, and communing with princely and imperial households, such as has seldom been granted to persons unofficial. The publication of my husband's sermons in all the languages of Europe for many years, seemed to open every door we might wish to enter. And the first remark I desire to make, in reply to the question as to the contrast between republican simplicity and royal manners, is that there is no contrast at all. The higher in station the more unpretending the personage. It is the people who are afraid of losing their place, or who are struggling for something higher, that take on airs. The higher the Prince or Princess, the Emperor or Empress, the more unconventional. Republican simplicity is no more marked than royal simplicity.

EMPEROR WILLIAM SURROUNDED BY THE REIGNING PRINCES OF GERMANY

While the "show-rooms" of palaces may be bejeweled, and richly upholstered, and embanked with lustrous statuary, and aglow with masterpieces of painting, the "living rooms" of European potentates are for the most part as plain as the rooms of people ordinarily prosperous. While the tourist, catalogue in hand, is permitted to pass through sleeping-apartments which were once occupied by some Marie Antoinette, or Napoleon, or Maria Teresa, and the pillows of the couch and the canopy are ablaze with splendor, for the most part the sleeping-apartments are as unpretending as a hundred homes in the same city of Berlin, or Vienna, or St. Petersburg, or Copenhagen. While the banquet of a king or queen might easily swamp what we would call many thousands of dollars, and the gleam of the chalice, and the flash of the plate are something to be remembered for a lifetime, the ordinary breakfast or luncheon or dinner of a palace is as plain as ordinary cutlery, and table-cloth, and ice-pitcher can make it. The breakfast-room at Stockholm where King Oscar and his Queen sit, morning after morning, is probably as simple as the breakfast-room of many of those who read this sketch. When Emperor Francis Joseph invites any one to dine with him at Vienna, he sometimes apologizes for the plainness of the meal. Mr. Gladstone, who was in some respects a king, called the repast to which he invited my husband at Hawarden "a few snacks."

The pomp of royalty is seen on great occasions, but no persons, however highly born, can always walk on stilts. The vast expense of princely and imperial households is in the support of official attendants, who must be ready to respond at the first call, though that call may not come more than once a year, or once in five years. Hundreds of horses must be ready, though some of them may never be harnessed for service except at a royal marriage, a coronation, or an imperial obsequy, and those occasions are very far apart.

The conversation of these people is surprisingly familiar. The Empress of Russia, without any hesitation, expressed to me the preference she had for the Chinese above the Japanese. She said: "The Japanese may pretend to be friendly, but they stab you in the dark." She cannot forget that when Nicholas, now her husband, was traveling in Japan, he received a ruffian stroke that felled him senseless, and that now, when the Emperor is excited or overworked, that Japanese wound of many years ago still disturbs him.

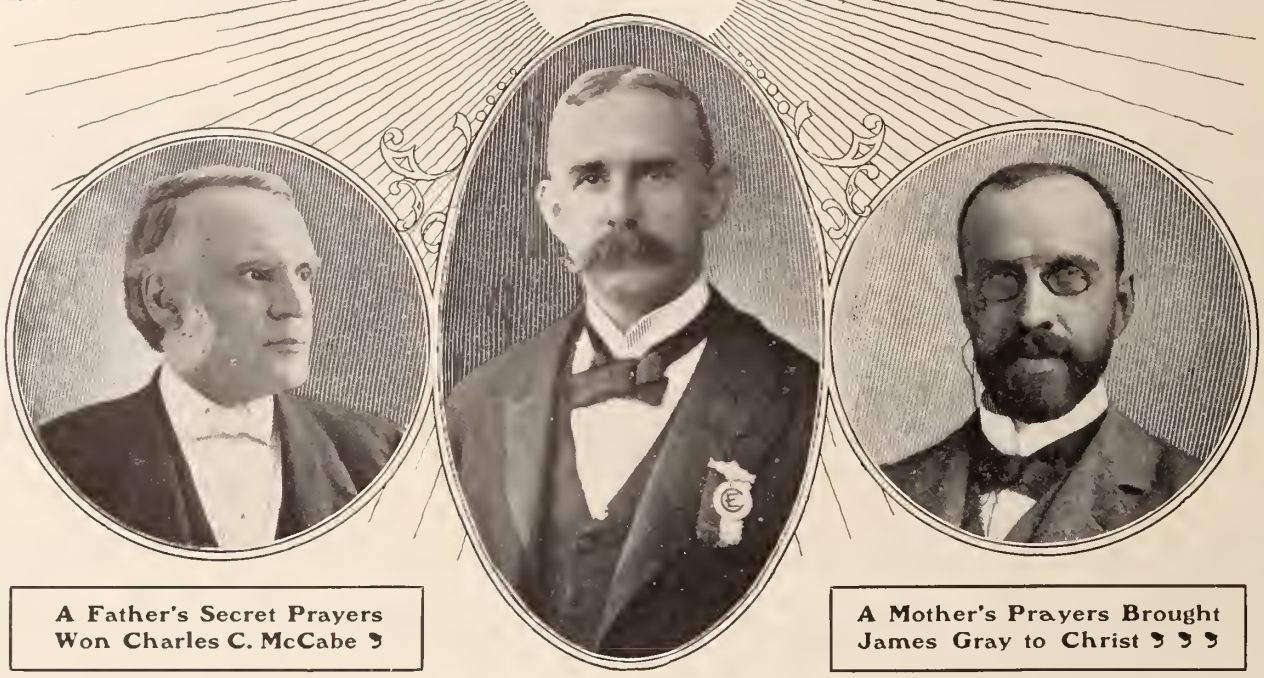
The Crown Prince of Denmark, in style and language that we are familiar with in our own homes, said to us: "Come, let me show you into my den," and then took us through his study. And the Crown Princess said to me: "Come, let me show you my garden. You will find it as quiet as though it were many miles from human habitation, though only five miles from Copenhagen." With what simplicity the Dowager Empress of Russia showed us her pictures and asked us about where we had been, and invited us to come again on the morrow. Simplicity reigns in all the high places we were permitted to visit.

But one must go abroad in order to fully appreciate home life in America. There are more happy people in our country than in any other land. Great palaces and royal families, however kind and benevolent and exemplary, imply a multitude of people with not enough to eat or wear or shelter them. I had rather live ten years in America than thirty in any other country. While there is no contrast between republican simplicity and royal manners, there is a contrast, wide and awful, between our country—where every healthy and industrious man can make a comfortable living—and monarchial lands, where poverty is the common inheritance of the people. Thus much have I learned from my journeyings this summer in the capitals of Europe.

ELEANOR M. TALMAGE.

HOW THEY FOUND CHRIST

THREE GREAT SOULS THAT WERE LED INTO THE LIGHT THROUGH LOVING PARENTS' PRAYERS.



A Father's Secret Prayers Won Charles C. McCabe

A Pious Mother's Prayers Drew Francis E. Clark

A Mother's Prayers Brought James Gray to Christ

WHEN Charles C. McCabe was only eight years old he came into conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ. His father and mother were devoted members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Bishop inherits from his father his remarkable gift of Christian song. His father often led the singing in the church, and his mother was often called on to pray in the public congregation. She was mighty in prayer. The family altar was faithfully kept up in the home of the McCabes. Bishop McCabe says: "If anyone should ask me what most impressed me in my boyhood days, I would answer: The sight of my father coming out from his secret place of prayer every day at noon." The boy knew he had been there from the gleam on his face and the peaceful and serene expression of his countenance.

The home in which Charles McCabe saw his childhood was one of boundless hospitality. His mother never was so happy as when all her spare beds were full of guests and the table was enlarged to its fullest extent. This often occurred at quarterly meeting, which was a great event in those days. The presiding elder was sure to be there and numerous brethren from the country circuits. One Sabbath morning, Charles came down stairs into the kitchen when his mother was getting breakfast. She stood in the centre of the room holding a skillet in her hand, and listening to a hymn from "Saint" Minton, as the singer was called. Mrs. McCabe was transfixed. Her eyes gleamed with holy joy as she listened. After the lapse of fifty-six years Bishop McCabe can recall the very words and manner of that song:

"What's this that steals—that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?
That soon shall quench—shall quench this vital flame?
Is it death?

"If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free.
I shall the King of Glory see.
All is well! All is well!"

Bishop McCabe avows that no tongue can tell the power that song had over him. That old man, with his face shining with the glory of the Lord; his mother standing there, exulting in her conscious full salvation, made a picture which has hung on the walls of his memory through all the years, and one to which he has often turned his reverent gaze.

That night, after the sermon, the pastor of the home church put "Saint" Minton up to exhort. There were four or five boys about the age of Charles, from eight to ten years, sitting on the front seat. In the midst of the exhorter's impassioned appeal he turned to the lads, most tenderly, and said, "Boys, you come!" They went immediately to the altar. When they knelt in prayer, almost at once Charles McCabe felt the peace of pardon and the joy of salvation enter his soul. "Fifty-six years have rolled away," says Bishop McCabe, "since that night, but its bright memory remains with me. The peace and the joy of that hour still abide."

❧ ❧ ❧

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK is one of the best-known Christians in the world. His face has probably been seen by more who are now living than that of any other living man. For years he has lived in the atmosphere of great Christian conventions in every part of the habitable globe. The millions of the Christian Endeavor host look up to him as leader, and love and honor him as the wise and providential founder of that great movement, which has been an inspiration to the Church during the last twenty years.

To find the beginning of Francis Clark's Christian career one must look into a little book entitled, "My Mother's Journal," which Dr. Clark has printed for private circulation. There one catches a glimpse of one of the sweetest and most beautiful characters that has ever blossomed in our American history. It is the private journal of a saint of God which a loving son has printed for circulation here and there among heavy-laden, sorrowing souls, hoping that thereby they might learn to drink of the fountain of patience and happiness.

The source of Lydia Fletcher Clark's beautiful Christian character is seen in the lines copied into her journal January 1, 1857. I quote them, hoping they may prove as great a comfort to some one else as they have proved to my own heart:

Cling to the Mighty One, cling in thy grief;
Cling to the Holy One, he gives relief.
Cling to the Gracious One, cling in thy pain;
Cling to the Faithful One, he will sustain.
Cling to the Living One, cling in thy woe;
Cling to the Loving One, through all below.
Cling to the Pardoning One, he speaketh peace;
Cling to the Healing One, anguish shall cease.
Cling to the Bleeding One, cling to his side;
Cling to the Risen One, in him abide.
Cling to the Coming One, hope shall arise;
Cling to the Reigning One, joy lights thine eyes.

Lydia Clark's life was fragrant with prayer and thanksgiving. Her husband died when Francis was but a babe, and she sought to be both father and mother to him, and though she went home to heaven when the boy she loved so well was only seven years of age, she left behind her a memory so sweet and a faith so abundant that it laid the foundation for the strong and robust Christian manhood that has since been built thereon with such grand results. On the death of his mother, Francis Clark was adopted into the family of an uncle, who was a Congregational minister in Massachusetts. The good influences of his earlier years were continued in his new home, and the truth was constantly pressed home upon him that he ought to be a Christian, and make an open confession of Christ. When he was twelve years old, his adopted father was living at Claremont, N. H., and was pastor of the Congregational church in that place. One evening, at the ordinary prayer-meeting, when there was no great excitement in any way, but some little interest that led the pastor to give the invitation to those who desired to be Christians for life to manifest it, Francis felt that the hour had come for him to take an open stand for the Lord. He set his face like a flint that day to be the friend and disciple of Jesus Christ. A few months afterward he joined the church. A few years later it would have been much more difficult, and perhaps the moment of opportunity would have passed by for him. Naturally, Dr. Clark has always believed in child-conversion and in a steady, unexcited approach to Christ on the part of children, and the absolute importance of an early commitment to the Saviour.

What a blessing Lydia Fletcher Clark has been to the world in giving it, through her son, the benediction of the great Christian Endeavor Society which has been an influence throughout the world.

❧ ❧ ❧

THERE were three epochs in the causes which led James Gray to become the devout Christian that he is to-day. The first was in early childhood, when as a boy of six or seven years of age, he prayed to God at a certain family crisis, and his prayer was answered. His oldest brother—the stay of the family after his father's death—had been led astray and left home, to the unspeakable distress of his mother's heart, and the sore trial o the household. On night the mother wa sitting alone in th little parlor, with n light but that of th moon shining in th room, her eyes strain ed through her tear looking out into th dimly-lighted stree for the return of he absent boy.

James saw her fron his little bed in a adjoining room an was moved to run ou to her and say "Mama, does not Go hear prayer, and wil he not answer me i I ask him to bring brother back?" Then falling on his knee by her side, the little lad poured out his heart in his first rea supplication to his Heavenly Father, an returned to bed an to sleep comforted Before morning he was suddenly awak ened by unusual sounds of rejoicing in the next room, and running in he learned that he who had been lost was found. From that moment James Gray was bound to the Divine Being who answered that prayer. Prayer was thenceforth his daily habit. He felt that he had come into relationship with a great Friend.

The second epoch touched the time when he had almost attained his majority. His companionships were becoming more and more not only of a worldly but a sinful character. At this crisis, some of the active members of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City, where he was then living, became interested in him. They prevailed on him to devote the natural gifts he possessed to the work of the Association on semi-secular lines, and soon gave him positions of honor and distinction. For the first time in his life he then began to see what Christianity, the Gospel, and salvation really meant. The lives of those young men with whom he was thus continually thrown in contact, were like the opening of a new world to young Gray. He began to meditate and to examine himself, and as he did so the scales fell from his eyes.

The third epoch in Dr. Gray's spiritual life followed when there came into his hands a book written by Dr. William Arnot, of Edinburgh, Scotland, entitled, *Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth.* It was a popular series of discourses on the book of Proverbs, and one night in reading it, his eyes fell on this sentence: "The soul not already won to Jesus is already lost." In an instant James Gray saw himself to be that soul, and in the next, he was upon his knees before God. God put his arms around him that night; he lifted his feet out of the miry clay, planted them upon the rock, and put a new song upon his lips. Politics and every form of worldliness lost their charm for him, and once more he began to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, which had been the desire and prayer of his mother's heart from the time of his birth. "Perhaps, therefore," says Dr. Gray, "I should say that the first cause or circumstance of my becoming a Christian was that desire and prayer of my mother, that I might be called to God into the ministry of his Son."

WASHINGTON'S NAME IN THE HALL OF FAME

REPUBLICS are ungrateful, but ours, its best-loved son
Still keeps in memory green and wreathes the name of Washington,
As year by year returns the day that saw the patriot's birth
With boom of gun and beat of drum and peals of joy and mirth,
And songs of children in the streets and march of men-at-arms,
We honor pay to him who stood serene 'mid war's alarms;
And with his ragged volunteers long kept the foe at bay,
And bore the flag to victory in many a battle's day.

We were a little nation then; so mighty have we grown
That scarce would Washington believe to-day we were his own.
With ships that sail on every sea, and sons in every port,
And harvest-fields to feed the world, wherever [food is short,
And if at council-board our chiefs are now discreet and wise,
And if to great estate and high, our farmers' lads may rise,
We owe a debt to him who set the fashion of our fame,
And never more may we forget our loftiest hero's name.

. . .

Great knightly soul who came in time to serve his country's need,
To serve her with the timely word and with the valiant deed,
Along the ages brightening as endless cycles run
Undimmed and gaining lustre in the twentieth century's sun,
First in our Hall of Fame we write the name all folk may ken,
As first in war, and first in peace, first with his countrymen.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, IN THE WHITE HOUSE

IF, as has been claimed, the President of the United States receives every day more letters and telegrams than any other single official in the country, if not in the world, certainly nowhere is there in existence a more complete system for promptly considering and replying to communications of all kinds than at the Executive Mansion, at Washington. For transacting all the business that must come under the personal attention of the highest official in the nation there are available five moderately sized rooms in the second story of the White House, and yet in these cramped quarters there is at work a staff which never comprises less than twenty persons, and often aggregates twice that number.

* * *

The one individual who stands between the Chief Executive and the general public, whether it seeks to reach his ear by mail, or telegraph, or personal visit, is the Secretary to the President. This official receives a salary of $5,000 a year. The daily mail at the White House ranges all the way from two hundred letters, when affairs are tranquil, to three times that number when a new president has just been elected, or war or other serious trouble seems to be impending. Ever since the present incumbent came into office, it has been a rule that every person who addressed the President should have the courtesy of a reply, and, moreover, that, whenever possible, the reply should be dispatched by return mail.

* * *

Of course, only a small number of letters, perhaps not more than eight or ten a day, actually come under the eye of the President, although it may be necessary for the Secretary to inquire his wishes in matters brought up in some of the others. An even smaller number of communications represents the President's actual letter-writing. Indeed, save an occasional letter to a relative or close personal friend, he writes nothing by hand, preferring to dictate to one of the assistant secretaries and sign the letters, as does the average business man. These assistant secretaries, by the way, relieve the Secretary of some of the work of dictation in the case of letters requiring stereotyped or commonplace answers. Between them, they keep three or four stenographers working at the highest possible speed.

In this busy, rushing age, the mails are entirely too slow for many of the President's communications, and thus it comes about that the telegraph and cipher bureau, which adjoins the President's private office, constitutes one of the most important adjuncts of the White House. From this little telegraph office, which is not closed for a single minute during the year, there have been sent out an average of ten thousand telegrams every month during the past three years. One or two dozen operators who work here in three "shifts" of from four to eight men each, are the most expert telegraphers in the country, and they can "take" messages from the wire direct to a typewriter at a rate of seventy words a minute. All of the operators are what are known as "code" men, which means that they are capable of sending and receiving messages in any one of the dozen different codes used by the President and the State, War and Navy Departments.

* * *

All that has been said relative to the completeness of the telegraph equipment of this greatest of information bureaus, may apply with equal force to the telephone facilities, for whereas twenty telegraph wires enter on one side of the room, fifteen telephone wires have a terminus on the other. By this means the President may talk direct to any city in the country, and the value of this was demonstrated during the Chinese trouble in the summer of 1900, when the President, during his vacation sojourn at Canton, talked for hours daily with the White House. In this novel bureau there are also private 'phones connected with the Senate and House of Representatives, and most wonderful of all, an automatic telephone whereby the President is enabled to communicate privately with any of his cabinet members without the possibility that anybody will overhear the conversation.

* * *

A word should perhaps be said regarding an interesting feature of the President's system of communication in the provision of what might be termed identification map. Covering the walls of the telegraph and telephone room are immense maps of America's new possessions, and, indeed, of all parts of the world. Upon these giant maps are marked, by means of pins carrying miniature flags, the position of every organization (infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineer) in the United States Army, every transport, and every war vessel, in the Navy. The name of the company, battery, squadron, or ship is plainly inscribed on the flag, and the pin is adjusted to correspond to every move of the force which it represents. Thus, the President may determine at a glance the exact whereabouts of any officer with whom he may desire to communicate.

WALDON FAWCETT.

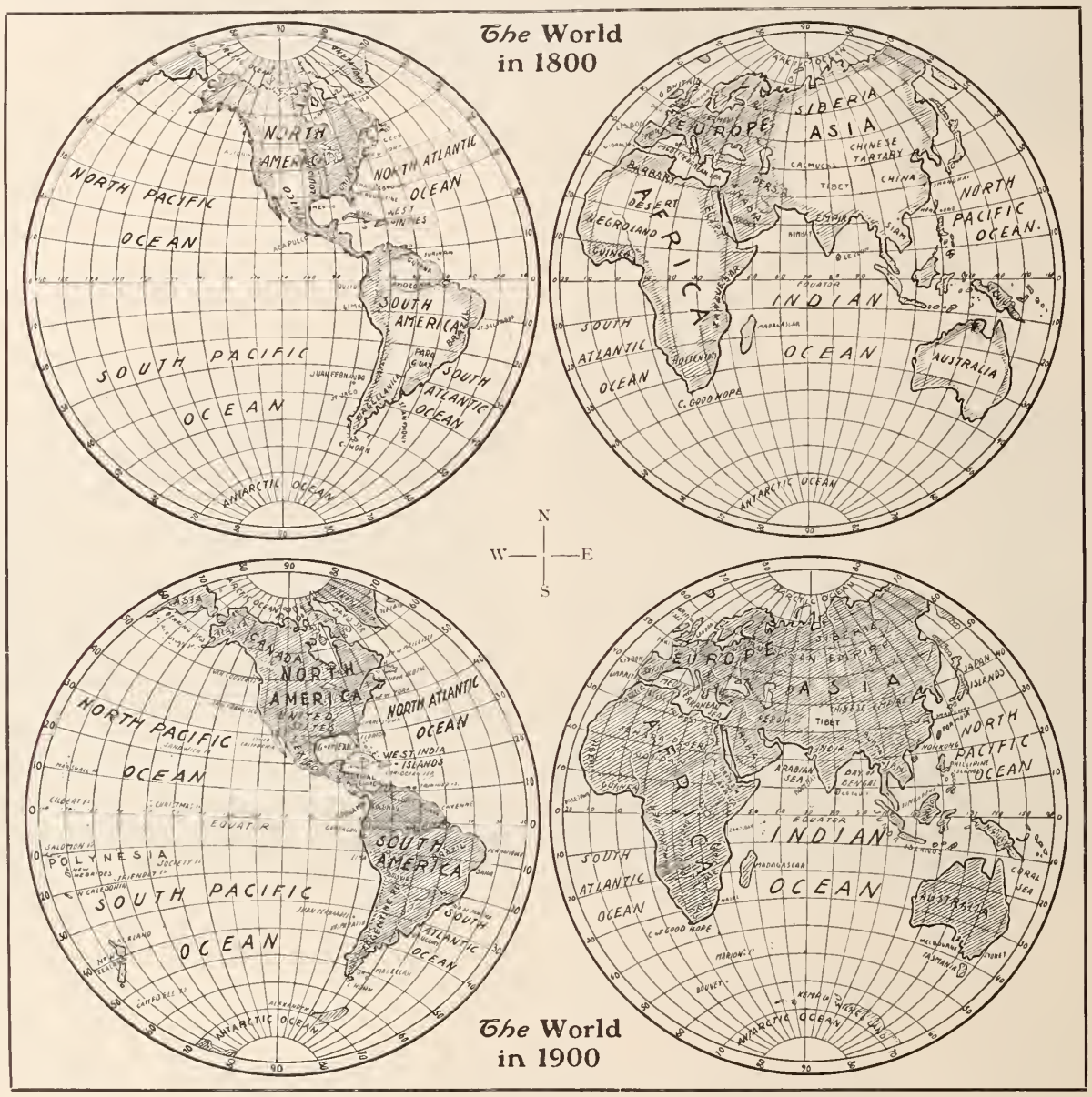
COL. BENJ. E. MONTGOMERY, THE WHITE HOUSE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

DICTATING PRESIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

LEADING EVENTS OF THE CLOSING ONE HUNDRED CENTURY

AN eventful century truly has been this Nineteenth Century of the Christian era, now within a month of its close. From whatsoever standpoint it is regarded, its history is marvelous. In the knowledge we have gained during its progress, of our own globe, it stands unparalleled. A glance at the two maps on this page shows the contrast between the map as it was in 1800 and the map as it now is. In the former, blank spaces representing unexplored regions appear in America, Australia, Asia and Africa, but, thanks to daring travelers, these are now filled in our present maps, and expeditions are now pressing northward and southward to discover the conditions existing in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. There has been wonderful progress also in science, in education, and in the adaptation of natural forces to human purposes. Political and territorial changes, too, have made this a very different world from that of 1800. It is not possible in small space to even mention the events which make the century memorable, but it may be interesting to recall a hundred, which, if not the most important, are those that have had the greatest influence in shaping and developing the condition of the nations.



Wars and Revolutions

Battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon defeats Austrians and Russians, 1805.

Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson sinks French fleet, 1805.

Moscow burned by the Russians to entrap Napoleon, 1812.

Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon vanquished, 1815.

Battle of Navarino, securing Greek independence, 1827.

Crimean War, Great Britain, France and Sardinia against Russia, 1853–55.

India Mutiny, in which native soldiers massacre English men, women and children, 1857.

Franco-Austrian War, 1859, followed by Garibaldi's Campaign unifying Italy, 1860.

The Great Civil War in America, 1861–65. Surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

Austro-Prussian War. Decisive battle, Sadowa, July 3, 1866.

Franco-Prussian War. Decisive battle, Sedan, September 1, 1870; followed by federation of German States in German Empire.

Russo-Turkish War. Battle of Plevna, December 10, 1877.

Bombardment of Alexandria by the British, 1882, followed by the occupation of Egypt.

War between Chinese and Japanese, 1894.

Americo-Spanish War. Manila, May 1, 1898; Santiago, July 3, 1898.

War by Great Britain against South African Republics, 1899–1900.

France becomes an empire, 1804; a republic, 1848; an empire again, 1852; Third Republic, 1870.

General outbreak of revolutions throughout Europe, 1848.

Rome, seized from the Pope, becomes capital of United Italy, 1870.

Exploration

In the Arctic: Expedition of Sir John Franklin, 1845; De Long, 1879; Greely, 1881; Peary, 1892; Nansen, 1894; Duke of the Abruzzi (farthest north), 1900.

In the Antarctic: Biscoe, 1831; Balleny, 1838; D'Urville, 1840; Ross, 1841; Wilkes, 1842; Borchgrevink, 1898.

In Africa: Livingstone, 1840–73; Stanley, 1875–87; Speke and Grant, 1863.

In America: John C. Fremont's journey westward to the Pacific, 1842-46.

Invention

First steamboat, the *Clermont*, made a voyage from New York to Albany, 1807; the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic, the *Savannah*, 1819.

First railroad, Stockton and Darlington, England, 1825; Baltimore and Ohio, fourteen miles long, 1830.

Lighting the streets by gas, first experiment in London, 1807.

Electric light produced by Edison's application of sub-division, 1878.

The McCormick reaper invented, 1834.

Howe's sewing machine, 1846.

The electric telegraph, Samuel F. B. Morse, 1837. First line in the United States, 1844.

The telephone first exhibited, 1876.

The phonograph 1877–88.

Cable laid across the Atlantic, 1857; perfected 1866.

Electric railroad at Edison's home at Menlo Park, 1880.

Photography: first experiments by Daguerre 1829. First successful portraits by Morse, 1839.

The spectroscope first used, 1802; perfected 1859.

Roentgen rays found to penetrate solids, 1896.

Social and Humanitarian

Slavery abolished in the British dominions, 1833.

Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, emancipates twenty-three million serfs, 1861.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, 1862.

First International Exposition in Hyde Park, London, 1851.

First settlement of an international quarrel by arbitration instead of war (Alabama Claims of the United States against England), 1871.

International Peace Congress summoned by Russia, meets at the Hague, 1899.

Organization of the Red Cross Society at Geneva, 1864.

Organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1873.

First College Settlement established, 1866.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD adopts 5,000 children orphaned by the India Famine, 1900.

Religious

Organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810. First missionaries sent out, 1811.

Organization of the first Sunday School Union in London, 1803. American, 1824.

British and Foreign Bible Society founded, 1804.

American Bible Society organized, 1816.

First Young Men's Christian Association established by George Williams in London, 1844.

The Inquisition abolished by the Spanish Cortes, 1820.

Beginning of the Salvation Army, 1865.

Doctrine of Papal Infallibility formally endorsed by the Ecumenical Council, 1870.

Bible Revision: New Testament issued, 1881; Old Testament, 1885.

Organization of the first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 1881.

Organization of the Order of King's Daughters, 1886.

Disasters

Earthquakes: Caracas, 1812; India (2,000 persons killed), 1819; Canton, China (6,000 perished), 1830; Calabria (1,000 persons buried), 1835; San Domingo (5,000 killed), 1842; Southern Italy (14,000 lives lost), 1852; Calabria (10,000 killed), 1857; Quito (5,000 deaths), 1859; Mendoza, South America (7,000 deaths), 186c; Manila (1,000 deaths), 1863; Mitylene (1,00 deaths), 1867; Arequipa and district (25,00 deaths), 1868; San Jose, Colombia (14,00 deaths), 1875; Scio (4,000 deaths), 1881; Casamicciola (1,990 deaths), 1883; Charleston S. C. (property worth $5,000,000 destroyed an 41 lives lost), 1887; in the Riviera (2,000 deaths 1887; Japan (4,000 dead, 5,000 wounded), 189

Famines: Ireland, 1846; Russia (Americ contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERAL a cargo of corn, sent on board the *Leo*) 1891 in India 1837, 1860, 1865, 1868, 1876, 1897, 189 In the last two-named years, there were larg American contributions i money and grain throug THE CHRISTIAN HERALI In 1897 these contribution amounted to $409,000, in cluding corn on board th *City of Everett*; in 1899 an 1900 $600,000, including cor on board the *Quito*.

The great fire in Chicag 1871.

The Conemaugh flooc destroying Johnstown, Pa 1889.

Tidal wave at Galvestor Tex., 1900.

Tidal wave in Japa sweeps away 50,000 house and kills 2,419 persons, 188

Literature

Goethe publishes Faust 1808.

Victor Hugo writes Le Miserables, 1862.

Thomas Carlyle's History of the French Revolution published, 1837.

Ralph Waldo Emerson' Essays, 1841–71.

John Ruskin's Modern Painters published, 1843–6

Whittier's Poems, 1836–7

Harriet Beecher Stowe Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1851–5

Darwin's Origin o Species, 1859.

Statesmanship

President Monroe pro pounds the doctrine tha bears his name, 1823.

Sir Robert Peel Premie of Great Britain, 1834.

John Sherman, U. S. Sec retary of Treasury, resume specie payments, 1879.

Abraham Lincoln electe President U. S., 1860.

W. E. Gladstone become Premier of Great Britain 1868.

Bismarck made Presiden of the Cabinet, Prussia, 1862

Count Cavour, Liberato of Italy, appointed Pre mier, 1852.

Louis Kossuth Dictato of Hungary, 1849.

Miscellaneous

Gold discovered in California, 1848; in Australia 1851; in the Transvaal, 1887; in the Klondike, 1897.

Diamond mines worked in the Transvaal, 1870.

Opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 1871.

Last spike of the Union Pacific Railroad driven, 1869.

Trans-Siberian Railroad operated, 1899.

Opening of the Suez Canal, 1869.

Alaska ceded by Russia to the United States, 1867.

First session of the Parliament of United Canada, 1867.

The Australias under one government, 1900.

Maximilian executed in Mexico, 1867.

Expulsion of the Emperor from Brazil, 1889.

Assassinations: Lincoln, 1865; Garfield, 1881; Emperor Alexander II., 1881; Carnot, President of France, 1894; Shah of Persia, 1896; King Humbert of Italy, 1900.

Expulsion of Jews from Russia, 1882–91.

Massacre of Christians in Armenia, 1895.

Massacre of missionaries and converts in China, 1900.

Army draft riots in New York, 1863.

Chloroform first used, 1847.

Vaccination legalized, 1803.

Pasteur discovers remedy for hydrophobia by inoculation, 1884.

The Rosetta Stone furnishes key to hieroglyphs, 1841.

MAKING THE MOST OF WEALTH.

MISS GOULD'S HOME AT LYNDHURST

THE MISTRESS OF LYNDHURST WRITES OF THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE RICH

GREAT WEALTH A STEWARDSHIP AND NOT A MEANS OF PERSONAL GRATIFICATION : : :

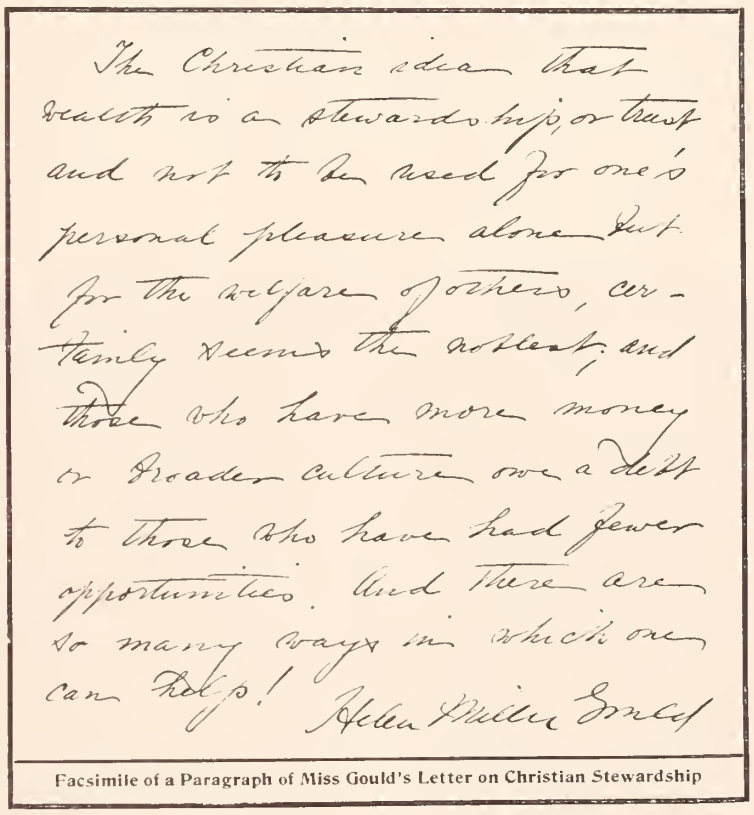
MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD needs no introduction to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They are familiar with her many good works and with those sterling qualities of character that have made hers the leading and best-beloved name among American women. In all that has to do with benevolence, philanthropy and human kindness, she has for a number of years borne an active and prominent part, and her gentleness, no less than her modesty and the excellent discrimination she exercises in the uses to which she puts her great wealth, have won her the admiration of the nation. Our soldiers and sailors well-nigh worship her. Her generosity to the children of the poor and to invalids has made her name a household word in the humble homes of the land.

We are privileged to-day to publish a letter from Miss Gould which cannot fail to interest everyone who has given even a passing thought to the subject of the responsibilities that attach to the possession of great riches. Is wealth a stewardship, and are we responsible for the use we make of it? In her letter, Miss Gould clearly takes this view. She discusses the various methods in which wealth may be made a blessing; how it may be applied to the highest advantage and to the noblest purposes. Her whole life is a beautiful illustration of the practical application of the great principles she advocates. This is her letter to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

LYNDHURST, Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

MR. LOUIS KLOPSCH: Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date is at hand, asking my opinion on the subject, "How to Make the Most of Wealth." It is a topic on which I am not well-qualified to speak, and I would suggest that you make this same inquiry of some of our leading clergymen, whose views on the subject would be a great inspiration to us all.

The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those who have had fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help!



The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those who have had fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways in which one can help!

Helen Miller Gould

Facsimile of a Paragraph of Miss Gould's Letter on Christian Stewardship

Children, the sick and the aged especially, have claims on our attention, and the forms of work for them are numerous: from kindergartens, day-nurseries and industrial schools, to "homes" and hospitals. Our institutions for higher education require gifts in order to do their best work, for the tuition fees do not cover the expense of the advantages offered; and certainly such societies as those in our churches, and the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association, deserve our hearty cooperation. The earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money, so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good-will may be a greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration, that will make life sweeter and better.

Sometimes it seems to me we do not sufficiently realize the good that is done by money that is used in the different industries in giving employment to great numbers of people under the direction of clever men and women; and surely it takes more ability, perseverance and time to successfully manage such an enterprise than to merely make gifts.

You will, I am sure, be sorry you have made the inquiry of me, since I have given you so little information, but I think you can easily obtain opinions that will probably be far more helpful than mine. Believe me, very truly,

Oct. 8, 1900. HELEN MILLER GOULD.

DRESS AS AN AID TO HAPPINESS

...BY...
AMELIA E. BARR

DRESS is a very important stepping-stone to happiness. As all nature is the garment of God, by which he is manifest to us; as the Spirit is clothed by the body, and the body in turn is made beautiful or repulsive by the indwelling soul, so is dress related to the body. For, supposing a man or a woman to have sufficient money to dress according to desire, then attire becomes to mind all that form is to substance. It is an index, a symbolic language: so much so, that a lover having seen his mistress in her various costumes has the key to her character, if he have wit enough to use it.

Taken as a national index of character, dress is the outward sign of a people's peculiar genius. Their square, graceless, scant clothes were as characteristic of the Egyptians as their pyramids and obelisks. The loose, ample robes of Asiatics are the natural drapery of a luxurious temperament. The elegance of the ancient Greek costume was the raiment of a race to whom form was more than color. The homeliness of Saxon fashions, the rude magnificence of Norman barons, the picturesque garb of the Scotch clans; indeed, all national costumes, have a far deeper significance than vanity: and some Daniel will yet arise who shall judge the centuries by the way in which they have dressed themselves.

More familiar to us, is the cosmical change going on under our own eyes—a

JAVA TURK SYRIAN FILIPINO LAPP GREEK JAPANESE CUBAN

THE WOMEN OF EIGHT DIFFERENT COUNTRIES IN NATIONAL COSTUME

change that as a sign of our era, is quite as remarkable as any indicated—the rapid disappearance of all national and class costumes. The pretty, suitable

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR

dresses that clothed the peasantry of all countries are being rapidly abandoned; and men and women grow more and more cosmopolitan in matters of attire. In every land, women now wear the same gowns and bonnets; and every respectable man on the planet is supposed to have a tweed suit and a Derby hat. This means much more than fashion and vanity; it means the grinding to powder in the democratic mill, of all signs and symbols of slavery, feudalism, and man's inequality. It means that men and women are everywhere throwing off the bondage of caste, and asserting through their coats and hats and dresses that one human being is just as good as another.

. . .

Now if dress has such a pronounced and wide national significance, its personal power is even more remarkable. We are all influenced, not only by what others wear, but by what we wear ourselves. The business suit of good, dark tweed, the white, fine linen, the stiff collar and cuffs, give a kind of moral support, and inspire confidence. A loose, careless dress conduces to a loose, careless habit of mind. There is a positive value in the different suits that men wear, because they are a positive help to the frame of mind necessary for the occasion.

A suit that is associated with the respect due to the sanctuary is best for that purpose; there is a sober respectable dress that fits naturally into business moods; another that seems proper—because usual—in formal festivities; another of loose, easy comfort for domestic relaxation and rest.

A man's happiness, yea, his success, in a far greater measure than is suspected, depends upon such auxiliaries. And it may be taken as an axiom, that a man careless as to his dress will be careless about every other matter. And there is no excuse for such an one at this day; for in spite of criticism, the male dress of our period is sensible and healthy, and highly conducive to comfort and happiness; the soft hat, the easy coats, the light flannel garments and soft ties permissible in hot weather, leave nothing to be desired, especially as men have generally abandoned black, the most unhealthy of all colors.

The fundamental theory of clothes, then, asserts the existence of harmony between human beings and their artificial covering; and also harmony between human beings and the work in which they are occupied, or the circumstances in which they are placed. Will Honeycomb says that he "can tell the humor a woman is in by the color of her hood." The saying is a profound one, and if husbands would make a study of their wives' ribbons and gowns and toilet peculiarities they might avoid many matrimonial blunders. I knew once a very wise man who always went softly and considered his words well when his wife came to the breakfast table in a certain red shawl. I have not the slightest doubt that an individual observance of this sympathy between dress and moods would save many a domestic quarrel, and so conduce to much happiness.

. . .

It is indeed impossible for the most arbitrary fashion to eradicate, in sensitive women especially, certain tendencies to symbolize their states of mind by their dress. Most of my female readers, I dare say, possess bonnets and gowns that they can only wear on days when they are "at their best," when they "are equal to them." There are days and moods in which curled, or loose wandering hair is intolerable. Any man of ordinary tact or intelligence may know that when a woman's hair is brushed tightly back and rigidly coiled, when her bright ribbons are hidden in drawers, her pink and blue dresses hung at the back of her wardrobe, and when she herself appears severely clad in her black alpaca, that the woman is in an inquiring, reforming temper; that she is going to look into expenses, and call children and servants to account. And if he is discreet, he will not interfere nor ask questions, for the plainly-dressed woman means business, which may fairly be called "happiness-making."

. . .

It is a very useless thing to advise a young man as to the girl he ought to marry. Yet the marrying man may well take dress into close consideration. He may, for instance, be sure that any girl who, without appearing singular, can keep at a good distance from any prevailing fashion will make a good wife. This, not because it is a proof of her being quiet and modest, but because it gives evidence of her possessing an art of great importance in domestic happiness—the art of making the best of herself. Most modes of fashion carried to extremes are ugly. It is a hunch here, and a bunch there, too much drapery in one place, and not enough in another; health, propriety, and beauty are sinned against, without com-

MRS. BARR'S STUDY IN HER HOME AT CHERRY CROFT, CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

promise. The girl, then, who knows how to steer clear of these evils and yet no look singular, is an adroit girl, who wil make the best of herself, and of all th circumstances she may encounter in life.

. . .

Women, as well as men, require variet in dress in order to be happy, not onl for their moods but for their work Work is easier when we come to i with a dress that makes it possible Pleasure is not pleasure without the rai ment of festivity. Into the sanctuary, a good woman likes to come clothed wit the grave, spotless garments of worshi As an adjunct to happiness, dress has a importance we hardly realize. It is conservative, not only of good tempe and self-respect, but also of love. Th woman who dresses herself to pleas those she loves wears an enchanted robe embroidered with affection. The dres may be of ordinary stuff, but it has bee touched by her life-thought and embalm ed in her love. A different colored dress a bow of fresh ribbon, a bit of white lace Such little things as they are! Such great things as they are!

"Vanity, vanity!" is an old, worn-ou cry with regard to dress. Men an women both have a right to make th most and the best of themselves. It i not vain to clothe the body suitably ac cording as we can afford it, with beaut and grace. A woman without the ar lacks one of the greatest of movin forces. She neither does herself, nor he husband, nor her family, justice. We ar constantly told that beauty is only ski deep—that beauty is vain—and so on But there are twenty things just as vai as beauty. As far as domestic satisfac tion goes, the pleasure of being beautifu is just as keen a pleasure as that of bein clever; and perhaps the more amiable o the two. It is no more sin in a woma to thank God for the fair looks an pretty clothing which enable her to de light others, than it is for a man to than God for his accumulation of money, an his ability to use it in making other happy.

. . .

The value of dress does not diminis with age. Not only for the young i recognition of this necessary. In clothe clean and fresh there is a kind of youth with which age should surround itself There are men and women who are mor beautiful in their age than in their youth Beautiful the faded hair and complexion the softer smile, the tenderer eyes! Th white hair may be shaded with lace whiter still; and the neck covered wit snowy kerchief; and the fading form draped in soft, dark colors. This perfec harmony is as fair in its order as that o the most buxom youth; it is the autumn o life, and its loveliness lasts until heaven' eternal spring begins.

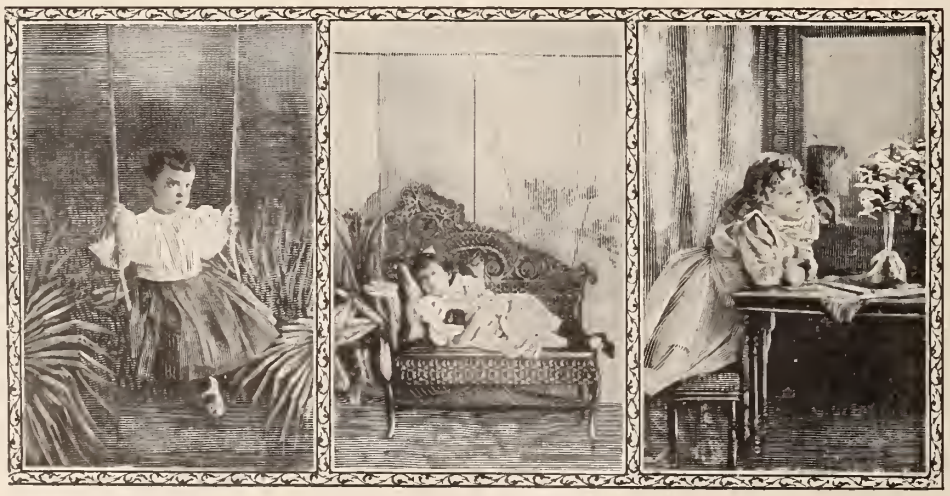
Amelia E. Barr

· · · LITTLE · MAIDS · OF · CUBA · · ·

THE little maids of Cuba, here reproduced in pictures, all belong to well-to-do families. The little daughters of the upper classes are seldom seen in the public streets, for the first thing they are taught is that it is not modest to exhibit themselves to the stare of passing strangers. Every Cuban house has a *patio*, or courtyard, filled with flowers and birds, and often a fountain playing in the centre, and in these the little daughters of the best families of the island must pass their play hours. Here, and not in the streets, they must take their dollies, or study their school lessons, or tame their little paroquets—a favorite bird in most tropical islands. Thus, from childhood, Cuban girls are taught the virtue of modesty. They may not play with boys, unless a duenna, or chaperone (who may be mama or any member of a household), is present. They may not go alone through the streets to school, but must be accompanied by a governess or some grown-up person. Every little girl of good family can play the piano, for Cuba is a music-loving country. But she may not play before strangers until she can play whole "pieces" and use the pedal. As part of her education, too, she is taught the duties of a housewife, for she is given to understand that it is right and proper to marry as soon as possible after her sixteenth birthday. So she is taught to cook, to sew, to "clean house," to entertain, and above all, to economize.

As a rule, the little maids of Cuba, with their bright, black eyes, and their wealth of shining, black hair, are the sweetest and fairest of their sex in the sunny tropics.

There is another side to this pretty picture of child-life. To those who have been interested in the little reconcentrado orphans of Cuba, it will be a pleasure to know that many schools are being established in their behalf. One school and home established by an American, Mr Hubbard, at Matanzas, has about fifty little Cuban children, who are being trained in truthfulness and honesty. One young American lady sold her watch to pay for her ticket to Cuba to help teach these poor children. She is still mothering the little Cuban girls "without money and without price." Mr. Hubbard, who opened and supported the school with his own means, has sacrificed his library and a collection of curios gathered while he was in Japan, to maintain his work among the poor Cuban children.



IN THE PATIO PLAYING MOTHER A PERFECT CUBAN TYPE

What Christian America is Doing for India

8,000 FAMINE ORPHANS NOW PROVIDED FOR—AN EYE-WITNESS TELLS OF RELIEF WORK

DURING his recent tour in India, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was accompanied through the famine districts by Mr. Gilson Willets, a well-known American writer, who was a deeply interested and sympathetic observer of the misery and suffering that confronted the visitors on every side. Together they went to the famine villages, the crowded hospitals, the poorhouses and orphanages. They saw the crowds of emaciated children parentless or deserted, like poor little stray lambs, slowly perishing of starvation in the fields and on the highways. They noted the keen, eager faces of the adults when they were told that the good people of America had come to their rescue, and they heard the blessings that poured, amid sobs and tears, from the lips of those that were given timely help.

What Mr. Willets saw impressed him with the splendid opportunity that was presented of bringing the suffering multitudes of India into the Christian fold by the power of kindness. He felt, too, that the opportunity of rescuing and caring for the child-waifs, orphaned and homeless through the famine, was a precious one, through which the Christian world might accomplish more toward the ultimate evangelization of India than by any other means. Mr. Willets gives this touching picture of the famine children of India, as he saw them:

"In the streets of Bombay there were hundreds of them wandering about. With sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and indented temples; with weary, weak, skeleton legs, they dogged the footsteps of Europeans, crying, 'Salam, sahib,' which is their way of saying, 'Peace to you.' Then, slapping their hollow and naked stomachs to emphasize their need of food, they continued their piteous supplications, begging for just enough food to keep them alive for another hour. One day, in a big village, I was watching the grain dealers doling out rice to those who could buy, when two little starving boys, the elder one leading his little brother, fell down in front of the shop from sheer exhaustion. The grain dealer never noticed them, though he might have helped them very practically. The younger boy's chest heaved up and down rapidly, his mouth flew wide open, he rolled on his side, and presently his limbs stiffened in death. His brother looked on for a few moments stupidly, then suddenly, in great affright, sprang to his feet and ran away. That was all there was in the death of a child in India just then.

"Once inside a mission compound, however, the poor little starveling, if care and food do not come too late, is supported by funds sent to the missionaries by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Among the many starving orphan children gathered in from the fields by Dr. Taylor and his wife, missionaries at Ahmedabad, there came one little girl who insisted upon entering the house. She came into the library, and after a brief look about lisped in her own tongue, 'Please, may I die here?' and then threw herself down on the floor and went to sleep. It is gratifying to add that the long sleep and the hot milk afterwards given to this child saved her from death, and she is now a most promising member of the flock of orphans in Mr. Taylor's missionary care.

"Throughout our long journey through the famine area Dr. Klopsch was indefatigable in his efforts to secure facts and in studying how best to help the sufferers. After facing all the perils of cholera camps and the infected wards of hospitals and poorhouses, he returned to America without availing himself of the opportunity for visiting any of the famous places for which India is renowned. On the return voyage, we passed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD steamship *Quito*, loaded with its magnificent gift of American corn, somewhere in the Red Sea. That corn, I doubt not, saved thousands upon thousands of lives. The grand reception given the corn-ship on her arrival in Bombay, the gratitude of the natives wherever the grain, the 'heavenly food' they called it, was distributed, are now matters of history. The distribution of the relief fund of $600,000 raised by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the coming of that cargo of corn affected the religious future of the whole Hindu race in a larger degree than anything has done since the Gospel was first preached there. The fact that it was sent by a people living ten thousand miles away, out of pure benevolence, has moved the hearts of the Indian people as ten thousand missionaries and a million sermons could never have moved them.

"The Hindus themselves have expressed deepest gratitude. One venerable native, watching the issue of the corn to the poor, emaciated sufferers, turning to a missionary, asked: 'Was this grain sent out of pure charity, given outright, free of any charge?' Upon receiving the reply that it was given for the love of God and man, he said: 'Well, sir, I am an old man, and in all my life I have never seen or heard of anything equal in unselfishness to this.'

"During the distribution of the corn, the bags served the famine children as umbrellas during the rains. The eager little ones found it hard to wait their turn till the bags were emptied, one by one; they then wore them proudly over their heads while going to and from school or working in the gardens.

"While visiting the various relief camps and poorhouses, I was impressed with the predominance of children among the starving. Everywhere scores of them sat patiently on the ground in perfect silence, and almost immovable, staring vacantly into space, as if stupefied by their sufferings. Through our interpreters I talked to them. To the questions, Where is your mother? your father? your brothers or sisters? the invariable reply was: 'Don't know, sahib,' or 'Dead, sahib.' Little boys and girls, only two years old, tottered about, compelled to look after themselves at that age, like little men and women. Their food was handed to them once or twice a day, but beyond that they received no attention. The majority of the children survived, and students of the India famines have found that the proportion of little ones who succumb is far less than among adults. Hence it is that, when the famine is over, those who most need help are the boys and girls who have lost their parents through separation or death.

"The saddest, most touching sight to be seen in India is that of a child wandering along the highway, not knowing which way to turn, ignored by all of his own race, and utterly lost unless picked up by a missionary. While crossing the barren fields from one poorhouse to another, I frequently chanced upon just such a waif, sitting in solitary misery on the ground, unaware that he was simply waiting for Death to come and take him. Some of the members of our party saw to it, of course, that each such bit of human driftwood was taken to the nearest mission station.

"In from three to five years these adopted waifs will be self-supporting men and women, and will themselves become missionaries of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of a higher civilization, of thrift and economy, of clean character and clean bodies.

"It is very gratifying to see that the American people through the same source, are continuing the good work by adopting and providing for the thousands of famine orphans. By this glorious work of child-saving, I believe the East will be more than ever impressed with the Christian religion, so different from their own, since it both preaches and practices 'Help ye one another,' no matter where, or who. The fact that a child in India can be fed, clothed, sheltered and educated in a missionary orphanage for a whole year for the trifling sum of $15 ought to lead to the adoption of many thousand orphans by our generous-hearted people, especially as a patron may designate the sex of the protege, and even the particular denomination into which he wishes it to be received. I understand that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already received more than 3,000 adoption pledges, all of which have been forwarded to missionaries in India.

"What a vast array of little folks these 3,000 would make! The other day, in speaking before the Brooklyn branch of the Y. M. C. A., I called attention to this fact, and also that the proprietor of the same journal had already cabled a year's support for 5,000 additional famine orphans, making 8,000 in all, for which he and his readers have provided for up to this time—5,000 little heathen children practically transformed into Christians by a single cablegram—for that, under Divine blessing, will be the result. Just think of it! The average Sunday School does not exceed 250. If any one person, or group of persons, were to adopt and provide for the support—the clothing, feeding, sheltering and training—of 8,000 Sunday School children, the whole attendance of thirty-two Sunday Schools, it would be a theme for every pulpit and newspaper in America."

LITTLE FAMINE ORPHANS WHO HAVE BEEN RESCUED AND CARED FOR

Our Plan for India Orphan Adoption

BETWEEN now and January 1, 1901, for the purpose of adopting all the famine orphans now in the hands of our American missionaries in India—who should be supplied with the necessary funds for the support of these orphans, and not be compelled to divert missionary funds for that purpose—**we call upon every Church** in the United States, of whatever denomination, to **adopt one single orphan.** And we appeal to the reader of this announcement to present it to the pastor of the Church to which he belongs, and to urge upon him compliance with the foregoing request. Should it be impracticable for any Church to undertake the support of one orphan, at the rate of **five cents a day,** the members of the Sunday School, or the Young People's Society might be induced to assume the obligation. In its first issue in March next, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish the names of every Church, Young People's Society, Sunday School and Foreign Missionary Society which, responding to this call, has undertaken the support of at least one orphan. We hope that every denomination will be largely represented in this monumental Christian charity, which is the crown of glory of the closing nineteenth century.

It costs Only $15 a Year to Support One Orphan

If you succeed in getting an orphan adopted by Church, Sunday School or Society,

Take a Postal Card and Write as Follows

and mail it to the India Orphan Department, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

The _____ will assume the
[Church, Society or Sunday School, as the case may be]
Support of One Orphan for One Year at the rate of $15
a Year.

_____
[Name and address of the writer]

The Quality of Patience

...A NEW SERMON BY...

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXT: Hebrews 10: 36:
"Ye have need of patience"

YES, we are in awful need of it: some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, Hope and Charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls, where you find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion, lost his patience with a coworker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student, Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left. Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean cyclone, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theatre and those on the rocks of Mars Hill, left him emaciated and invalid, and with a broken voice, and sore eyes, and nerves ajangle. He gives us a snap-shot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak, and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when, speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians he says, "If it had been possible ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me." We all admire most that which we have least of: those of us with unimpressive visage most admire beauty; those of us with discordant voice most extol musical cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible, appreciate in others the equipoise and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with hands tremulous with the agitations of a life-time, writes of the "God of patience" and of "Ministers of God in much patience," and of "Patience of hope," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the charge, "Ye have need of patience."

When Patience is Easy

Some of the people ordinarily most excellent have a deficit in this respect. That man who is the impersonation of amiability, his mouth full of soft words, and his face a spring morning, if a passing wheel splash the mud across his broadcloth, see how he colors up, and hear him denounce the passing Jehu. The Christian woman an angel of suavity, now that some social slight is put upon her or her family, hear how her utterance increases in intensity. Oh, it is easy enough to be patient when there is nothing to be patient about. When the bank-account is good, and in no danger of being overdrawn, and the wardrobe is crowded with apparel appropriate for the cold, or the heat, or the wet, and all the family have attested their health by keen appetites at a loaded table, and the newspapers, if they mention us at all, put right construction upon what we do or say, and we can walk ten miles without getting tired, and we sleep eight solid hours without turning from side to side, the most useless grace I can think of is patience. It has no business anywhere in your house; you have no more need of it than of a life-preserver while you are walking the pavement of a city. Do not boast that you are placid and optimistic and free from the spirit of scold. If those who are unfortunate could change lots with you they would be just as sunshiny. It is not religion that makes you so happy, but capacity to digest your food in three hours and enough coupons cut off to meet all your expenses, and complimentary mention, and capacity to leave your horses in the stable because you need a brisk walk down the avenue. All your sublime equilibrium of temperament is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you, as they sometimes do change. You begin to go down hill, and it is amazing how many there are to help you down when you begin to go in that direction. Under the harrowing worriment you get a distressful feeling at the base of your brain. Insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your health goes down with your fortune. Your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were oppressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you, now the card-basket in your hallway is empty, and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a reinforcement that you can have if you will accept it. Yonder comes up the road or the sidewalk

A Messenger of God.

Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies rescue and deliverance. She comes up the steps that once were populous with the affluent, and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptised her, and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietude in her manner, and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne-room of the king. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

Many of the nations of the earth have put their admiration of this virtue into proverb or epigram. One of those Eastern proverbs says, "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." A Spanish proverb says, "If I have lost the rings, here are the fingers still." The Italian proverb says, "The world is his who has patience." The English proverb declares, "When one door shuts, another opens." All these proverbs only put in another way Paul's terseness when he says, "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you and I run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should we so severely excoriate those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves, we ought to be lenient with

Our Neighbor's Imperfection.

Yet the man most vulnerable is often the most hypercritical. Perhaps he is profane, and yet has no tolerance for theft, when profanity is worse than theft, for while the latter is robbery of a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction, and yet feels himself better than some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst kind of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at its side burnished like a looking-glass, so that those who approached that laver might see their need of washing, and if by the Gospel looking-glass we discovered our own need of moral cleansing, we would be more economic of denunciation. The most of those who go wrong are the victims of circumstances, and if you and I had been rocked in the same iniquitous cradle and been all our lives surrounded by the same baleful influences, we would probably have done just as badly, perhaps worse. In most cases you had better pity more and scold less. Here is a man down in the ditch of misdoing. A self-righteous soul comes along and looks down at him and says, "There is a man down in the ditch. He had no business to fall into it. He is suffering the consequences of his own wrong-doing. No one but himself is to blame." And the hard-hearted man passes on. But here comes a warm-hearted, sympathetic, Christian man. He says, "There is a man down in the ditch, I must get him out. God help me to get him out." And standing there on the edge of the ditch, the good man soliloquizes and says to himself, "If I had had as bad a father and mother as he had, and all the surroundings of my life had been as depraving as those that have cursed him, I myself would probably have been down in the ditch; and if that man had been blessed with as good a father and mother as I have, and he had been surrounded by the kindly influences which have encompassed all my days, he would probably have been standing here looking down at me in the ditch." Then the good man bends over and says to the fallen one, "Brother, give me your hand," and with one stout grip, lifts him up to God and heaven. There are wounds of the world that need the probe, but the most of the wounds want an application of ointment or salve, and we ought to have three or four boxes of that

Gospel Medicament

in our pocket as we go out into the world. We all need to carry more of the "Balm of Gilead," and less caustic; more benediction and less anathema. When I find a professed Christian man harsh and merciless in his estimate of others, I silently wonder if he has not been misusing trust-funds, or beating his wife. There is something awful the matter with him.

We also have need of patience with slow results of Christian work. We want to see our attempts to do good immediately successful. The world is improving, but improving at so deliberate a rate. Why not more rapidity and momentum? Other wheels turn so swiftly, why not the Gospel chariot take speed electric? I do not know. I only know that it is God's way. While I was thinking of this sermon I looked out of my window of Hotel Metropole, London, and I saw fifty-eight men busy on some lots where a great building, or a row of buildings, is to be erected. Some were managing a derrick with which the earth was being swung to carts that were to carry it off; some were with sledge hammers pounding the iron into the hard ground so as to loosen it; some were with pick-ax striking into the embankment; some were delving with the shovel; some were pushing the loaded wheelbarrow. I do not suppose that one of them had seen the architect's plan, and none of them lay awake nights anxious lest the building be not completed at the right time, or for fear the structure would be badly proportioned. After it is all done, they may sometimes pass by with a kit of tools and say, with some satisfaction, "I helped build those storehouses." So we are God's workmen, and all we have to do is to manage our own hammer, or ax, or trowel, until the night comes in which no man can work; and when the work is all completed we will have a right to say, rejoicingly, "Thank God, I was privileged to help in the rearing of that temple. I had a part in the work of the world's redemption."

Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflicted, and who escapes it in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this, how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own name declaring they did not say this or did not do that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot, by any newspaper puff, be taken for more than you are worth, nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you

Cannot Escape Reprehension.

Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience." I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you: Cheerfully consent to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve him or damage his cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will quit your heart, and you will come into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood being that ever trod the earth was the glorious Christ. The world misunderstood his cradle, and concluded that one so poorly born could never be of much importance. They charged him with inebriety and called him a wine-bibber. The Sanhedrim misunderstood him, and when it was put to the vote whether he was guilty or not of treason, he got but one vote, while all the others voted "Aye, aye." They misunderstood his cross, and concluded that if he had divine power he would effect his own rescue. They misunderstood his grave, and declared that his body had been stolen by infamous resurrectionists. He so fully consented to be misunderstood, that harried and slapped and submerged with scorn, he answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

I admire exceedingly the behavior of that farmer at Sedan, who, when the great battle was going on between the armies of Germany and France, and the air was full of the sound of whistling bullets and bursting shells, kept right on ploughing in his field, making straight furrows, now this way and now that. He had his work to do, and as he did not feel called to fight, he

Felt Called to Plow.

Bravo! I say for that man. Bravo! I say for you, if you allow nothing to divert you and nothing to alarm, though all the artillery of human and Satanic hate rage about you, keep right on plowing.

Again, this grace is needed to help in time of physical ailments. What vast multitudes are in perpetual pain while others are subject to occasional paroxysm! Almost everyone has some disorder to which he is occasionally subjected. It is rheumatism, or neuralgia, or sick-headache, or indigestion. A draft from an open window or hasty mastication, or overwork, brings on that old spell, and you think you would rather have almost anything else: but that is because you have not tried the other. Everyone has something which he wishes he had not. There are scores of diseases ever ready to attack the human frame. It is amazing how persistent and methodic those disorders are in their attack on the world, and how regular is the harvest which with the sharp scythe of pain they mow down for the grave. They do their work in the order I name, and you may depend upon their keeping on in that same order for a good while yet: first of all

tuberculosis, next organic heart-disease, next pneumonia: next in number of its victims is apoplexy, next Bright's disease, next cancer, next typhoid fever, next paralysis. Those eight diseases are the worst despoilers of human life. The doctors with solutions and lancets, and anodynes and cataplasms, are in a brave fight against these physiological devils that try to possess the human race. But after all the scientists can do there is a demand for patience. Nothing can take the place of that. It is needed this moment in every sick-room, and along the streets and in business places and shops where bread-winners are compelled to toil, when physically incompetent to move a pen or calculate a column of figures, or control a shovel. But every pastor could show you instances of complete happiness under physical suffering. He could take you to that garret or to that hospital, or to some room in his parish where sits in rocking-chair or lies upon a pillow, someone who has not seen a well day in ten years, and yet has never been heard to utter a word of complaint. The grace of God has triumphed in her soul as it never triumphs in the soul of one who is vigorous and athletic. That grace helped the soldier during the American Civil War. His arm had been amputated, and he said to a delegate of the Christian Commission: "It seems to me I cannot be grateful enough for losing my arm; it made me thoughtful, and opened the way for your delegates to visit me." My friend, do not give up useful activities because you are in pain. Some of the world's best work has been done while in physical distress. Walter Scott was in agony of pain while writing *Ivanhoe*. Oh beautiful grace of patience! It takes discords and turns them into harmony. It smooths the chopped sea. It kindles gloom into glow. It turns requiem into grand march. It trusts when it cannot understand. It forgives before forgiveness is asked. Gracious God! Give it to us; give it to us now; give it to us in abundance.

Now, let us this hour turn over a new leaf, and banish worriment and care out of all our lives. Just see how these perversities have multiplied wrinkles in your face and accidulated your disposition, and torn your nerves. You are ten years older than you ought to be.

Do Two Things

one for the betterment of your spiritual condition and the other for the safety of your worldly interests. First, get your heart right with God by being pardoned through the atonement of Jesus Christ. That will give security for your soul's welfare. Then get your life insured in some well-established life-insurance company. That will take from you all anxiety about the welfare of your household in case of your sudden demise. The sanitary influence of such insurance is not sufficiently understood. Many a bread-winner long since deceased, would now have been alive and well but for the reason that when he was prostrated he saw that in case of his decease his family would go to the poorhouse, or have an awful struggle for daily bread. But for that anxiety he would have got well; that anxiety defied all that the best physicians could do. Supposing these two duties attended to, the one for the safety of your soul in this world and the next, and the other for the safety of your family if you pass out of this life, make a new start. If possible have your family sitting-room where you can let in the sunlight. Have a musical instrument if you can afford it. Let bright colors dominate in your room. If there are pictures on the wall let them not be suggestive of battle-fields which are always cruel, of death-beds which are always sad, or partings which are always heart-breaking. There are enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church do not always choose tunes in long metre. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration that the misfortunes of this life must soon terminate. Hardly anyone lives to a hundred years, but few live to eighty, while the majority quit this life before fifty. You ought to be able, God helping you, to stand it as long as that, for then by the grace of God you will move into an improved residence and be compassed by all benign and excellent surroundings, into an atmosphere every breath of which is balmy, and a region where every sound is music, and every emotion rapture. A land without one tear, without one parting, without one grief.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow Hill, four miles from Moscow, Russia. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. Down Sparrow Hill, and through the beautiful valley, and across the bridges, and into the palaces, which surrendered without one shot of resistance, because the avalanche of troops was irresistible. There is the room in which Napoleon slept, and his pillow, which must have been very uneasy, for oh how short his stay. Fires kindled in all parts of the city simultaneously drove out that army into the snow-storms under which 95,000 men perished. How soon did triumphal march turn into horrible demolition. To-day, while I speak, we come on a high hill, a glorious hill of Christian anticipation. These hosts of God have had a long march, and fearful battles, and defeats have again and again mingled with the victories, but to-day we come in sight of the Great City, the capital of the universe, the residence of the King, and the home of those who are to reign with him for ever and ever. Look at the towers, and hear them ring with eternal jubilee. At what hour we shall enter we have no power to foretell, but once enlisted amid the blood-washed host, our entrance is certain. It may be in the bright noonday or the dark midnight. No raging conflagration shall drive us forth, for the only fires kindled in that city will be the fires of a splendor that shall ever hoist, and never die. Reaching that shining gate, there will be a parting, but no tears at the parting. There will be

An Eternal Farewell

but no sadness in the utterance. Then and there we will part with one of the best friends we ever had. No place for her in heaven, for she needs no heaven. While Love and Joy and other graces enter heaven, she will stay out. Patience, beautiful Patience, long-suffering Patience, will at that gate say, "Good-by! I helped you in the battle of life, but now that you have gained the triumph you need me no more. I bound up your wounds, but now they are all healed. I soothed your bereavements, but you pass now into the reunions of heaven. I can do no more for you, and there is nothing for me to do in a city where there are no burdens to carry. Good-by! I go back into the world from which you came up, to resume my tour among hospitals, and sick-rooms, and bereft households, and almshouses. The cry of the world's sorrow reaches my ears, and I must descend. Up and down that poor suffering world I will go to assuage and comfort and sustain, until the world itself expires, and on all its mountains, and in all its valleys, and on all its plains, there is not one soul left that has need of Patience."

MY FATHER'S PRAYER

Will R. Moody, the Son of America's Greatest Evangelist, Writes of His Father's Abounding Faith in God

In all His Prayers, His Praise Exceeded His Supplications, and He Asked Divine Blessing in Every Enterprise

IN our own day, no less than in the olden time, there are spiritual giants, abundant in faith, and whose petitions prevail with God. Evangelist Moody was one of these great spiritual natures. In the article below, his eldest son and successor gives us a glimpse of the grand old soul-winner on his knees:

"In nothing was the naturalness of my father's Christian life more manifest than in his prayers. They were ever the spontaneous expression of his inmost heart, and were made in the evident confidence that they were heard. He never made long prayers, nor did he use phrases that were simply beautiful in themselves. I never heard him in public or family worship offer a prayer of more than two or three minutes' length. There was never an enterprise on which he entered that he did not inaugurate with prayer; and no detail in the Lord's work was too insignificant for him to seek God's will about.

Seeking to Know God's Will

"Many godly men have had experiences of 'wrestling in prayer' for hours at a time. Whatever may have been my father's earlier experiences in this direction, it is certain that during the last twenty years of his life he did not have such times. With unbounded faith in God he would make known in all earnestness the desire of his heart, and seek every means available of learning what might be God's will for him. Then he would throw off all anxiety, and devote his every energy to doing all in his own power to answer the prayer. If he had some great project on hand he would carefully consider the wisdom of undertaking it; but once assured in his own mind what he ought to do, he entered upon it with determination. If the work required the raising of large sums of money, he would first pray for it, and then write letters to all quarters asking the aid of Christian people in the enterprise; but I never knew him to spend a sleepless night from worry about such an undertaking. He prayed, did his best to answer his own prayer, and then could rest, because of his abundant faith in God and in His unfailing goodness. I have said that he never made long prayers, but I should, perhaps, modify that statement by saying that his very life was a prayer. Certainly, it contained all the elements of true prayer. Praise to God was one of his most pronounced characteristics. His heart was ever overflowing with thanksgiving, and he could see the love of God in all his works. Even in his audible prayers, his praise usually exceeded his supplications. With praise he expressed adoration, and never did he weary of recounting the goodness of God. Often on a drive on the country road with some intimate friend, he would remain silent for some minutes at a time, then suddenly give expression to his thought, and thus show that he was even thus worshiping God in his heart.

THE LATE DWIGHT L. MOODY
Photographed shortly before his last illness

Prayer was His Mainstay

"But with it all there was never any cant in his prayers or his conversation. As a young man, he had determined never to go to any place where he could not pray, and in his home life and among his students it never seemed incongruous to end a discussion on matters of business, or a social gathering, with a few earnest words asking God's guidance and blessing on the occasion.

"Never did my father make his prayers the means for preaching a sermon, or expressing his own opinions. There was never any irreverent familiarity, and with all his love and devotion to the Heavenly Father, he always impressed his hearers with the fact that his prayers were to God—not to man.

"People sometimes question the success of the work that God permitted Mr. Moody to inaugurate. It is all revealed in the fact that the several branches of the work were undertaken in prayer, and were conducted in prayer. God grant that they may ever continue to be administered on in the same spirit!"

W. R. Moody

A MORNING HYMN OF PRAISE

See colored illustration on first page

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of his grace!

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CHARLES WESLEY.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Jan. 2

1. What single occurrence during the present century has had the greatest influence on the welfare of the human race?

2. How should we dispose of the old minister, when he is worn out in the service of the Church and unable, physically or intellectually, to keep up with the times?

3. What is the surest way of discerning God's will and distinguishing between it and our own strong wills?

4. Is it possible to accumulate a great fortune in business, and yet conscientiously follow Christ's teachings through one's business career?

5. Is it wise for husbands and wives to criticise each other's faults, or should they keep loving and charitable silence regarding them?

Questions of the Week

1. Will you tell me what I must do to become a Christian? I never had Sunday School privileges, nor church. As I grow older, I see the sin of the world and feel the need of Christianity. I desire to be able to train my children as Christians. I love to talk to Christians, but cannot feel so certain as they appear to feel about spiritual things. I have tried to pray but cannot. I wish to become not an artificial believer in Christ, but a real one.

You ask what to do to become a Christian. Continue days and nights in prayer? No. Precede the work by reformation of habit and thought? No. By a long-continued process of planning how to become better than you are now? No. But by instantaneous action of the will, give yourself to God through Jesus Christ for time and eternity. Becoming a Christian is simply making a choice, and as you may instantly make a choice as to whether you will travel this road or that, put on this garment or that, seek this one's friendship or the friendship of another, so you may instantly choose Christ or reject him. Zaccheus was converted between the long limb of the sycamore tree on which he sat and the moment he struck the ground, and you may be converted in less time than you have taken to read these lines. From the remark you make about "artificial Christians," I think you may be severely critical of professors of religion, and that Zaccheus may not yet have come down out of the tree. If so, come down out of the tree of your pride, and drop at the feet of Jesus, willing to be any kind of a Christian that the Lord chooses to make you. Whatever kind of Christian you get to be, some one will criticize, and call you inconsistent, or canting, or self-righteous, or peculiar, or artificial.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

2. What is the true basis of marital happiness?

There can be no true happiness in the marriage relation without (1) genuine love and affection; (2) mutual consideration and forbearance; (3) mutual respect; (4) mutual confidence, trust and frankness, and last and best of all (5) mutual faith in God, and trust in him in all the affairs of life. Mutual happiness will be realized in proportion to the degree in which these conditions exist in the home and hearts of the united pair. They must have a joint faith and a joint hope; a joint interest for the things of time and for those of eternity.

ROBERT VYSE.

3. What words were certainly spoken by Christ and yet are not recorded by any of the evangelists nor in the Apocalypse?

I find by my Red Letter New Testament that they are quoted by Paul in Acts 20: 35: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." They are not recorded in any of the Gospels. EDWARD WRIGHT.

4. What is the best method for a pastor to follow in order to attract young people to church and to keep them there regularly?

There is no one method, but there is one word that may be the key to many methods, and that word is "Sympathy." The pastor needs to know the young people of his congregation, to tactfully lead them to talk with him and confide in him. He should find out their difficulties and their dangers and should try to help them individually. They will soon find out that he wishes to be their friend, and will respond to him. This mutual confidence will affect his sermons and he will take care to preach so that they will understand him. This will not be a bad thing for older people, too. He will have a meeting specially for them during the week, which ought to be made interesting with stories from history and readings of an amusing, entertaining character. There ought also to be a class or society managed by the boys themselves, and another for girls managed by the girls, in which there shall be essays read, debates held and other modes of spending an hour or two pleasantly. If it is known that the church is a place of happy social intercourse and the pastor a man who loves children, the children will be attracted to it and will be kept there regularly. MINISTER.

5. What is the exact difference between vanity and self-esteem?

Philosophers tell us that vanity is always a weakness, a fault, but that proper self-esteem is a degree of strength—almost a virtue. Vanity is an overweening admiration of self, an inward flattery and adulation, a craving of admiration from others. Self-esteem is a proper estimate of oneself which enables one to place a true value on character and attainments. In phrenology, self-esteem is the faculty that gives dignity and self-reliance or the desire to excel. It is almost synonymous with self-respect, and impels an observance of the proprieties in all things. ARTHUR SMITH.

6. What is the duty of the Church of Christ to the fallen woman?

In the Gospel we see Christ, on at least three occasions, facing this problem and making disposition of it (John 8: 4–11; John 4: 7–41; Luke 7: 36–50). It was to Mary of Magdala, out of whom had been cast "seven devils," that our Lord first appeared after his resurrection. Each woman, save the first, became, as sacred history shows, Christ's messenger; and thus, Christ's attitude of forgiveness is not more plainly shown than his power to save such women to the uttermost. For its own protection, society demands their reclamation. The Church must bring them to Christ, take Christ to them; and by the provision of shelter and occupations for them, enable them to make an honest living.

M. W. A.

7. Should any man be appointed on the officiary or governing board of a church who is not an out-and-out Christian?

As the Church is organized for a purely spiritual purpose, the leaders in church affairs should be men of Christian experience, spiritually minded and well-grounded in the faith. Leaders without such qualifications would be "blind leaders." There may be instances where expediency dictates the selection of a man who is not specially distinguished for his Christian principles, for certain offices in Church work which he may fill acceptably; but these are exceptional. The Church official should be one who can be looked up to by the congregation with respect and confidence, and who is capable of applying the highest principles to all matters under his direction. S. VAN RENSSELAER.

8. Do the words of Christ on the cross (Matt. 27:46), "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" suggest that he had not accomplished the work God assigned to him; in other words, that his life was not a success, as mankind at this present time think of success?

The words by no means indicate failure. They were the pitiful cry of his nature in the supreme moment of trial. Hitherto, his support had been the unfailing consciousness of his Father's constant presence with him; but in that last crisis, he was to learn the agony that many men have endured of spiritual darkness in the hour of death. He was to be made in all things like unto his brethren. God's face was hidden from him and to such a nature as his there could be no more fearful calamity. It was intolerable desolation. We cannot believe that even for a moment God had forsaken his Son, but the cloud of physical agony and mental anguish over his rejection by the world he loved so well, had interposed and his spiritual vision failed to perceive his Father's countenance. It is not an unusual thing in time of extreme suffering. Some modern Christians on their death-bed have lost hope and have given themselves up for lost. But even in his agonizing cry, Christ showed the triumph of his own faith. With the consciousness of sonship, he says "My God, my God." So far from failure it is triumph, the triumph of One who passed victoriously through an experience that must have tried him more than any other being, because it removed from him the source of his comfort. ROBERT WYNN.

9. Is a foreign missionary justified in holding a political office in the country where he is laboring for souls, or in exerting his influence in any way except for the social and spiritual welfare of his community?

There are instances in which missionaries have filled the office of consular agent in their foreign field, while others have accepted office as judges, and still others have engaged in ordinary commercial pursuits, to a limited extent. In almost every case, the added function has proved an embarrassment to Christian work. It is not possible for one who entangles himself in the affairs of the world, whether in the government service, the professions or commerce, to act at all times as freely in spiritual matters as though he were doing missionary work alone. The missionary who has a double function, sooner or later faces a crisis in which one or the other interest must suffer.

J. B. RANDOLPH.

10. Is a child born with or without a character?

It would not be possible in the space you allow, and I am not sure that it would be of any distinct advantage, to state the various theories which Locke and other philosophers have advanced on this subject. Our own senses tell us that the child's body is affected by its parents. There are resemblances which show that physically the child inherits both features and peculiarities of form. The connection between the body and the mind is so close, so intimate that we cannot conceive of a tainted physical constitution being without influence on the mind and morals. The drunkard's child will have a greater tendency to become a drunkard than will the child of abstemious parents. The child of the gambler to become a gambler, and so on. The moral fibre is affected by the physical organism. The child's character is there in embryo, but it is not there so fixedly or permanently that it cannot be checked or neutralized by education and environment. Besides this, there is the influence of the Holy Spirit to be taken into account. This, which Christ said was equivalent to a new birth, brings out a new character, though as we often see, the qualities of the old character survive but are turned in a new direction. As an illustration, Saul the zealous persecutor became Paul the zealous apostle.

J. INFREE.

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"ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL"

In this beautiful picture, the artist has shown the group of youthful singers in a colored church choir at the opening service, the song being that famous negro jubilee hymn:

"Roll, Jordan, roll; roll, Jordan, roll; I want to go to Heaven when I die,
To hear Jordan roll."

In chapel or at camp-meeting, negro music has a quality and attraction peculiarly its own. Looking at the quartette, one hears in imagination the quaint old melody, piped in shrill treble, with its accompaniment of tenor, alto and thunderous bass.

The Christian Herald for 1901

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.
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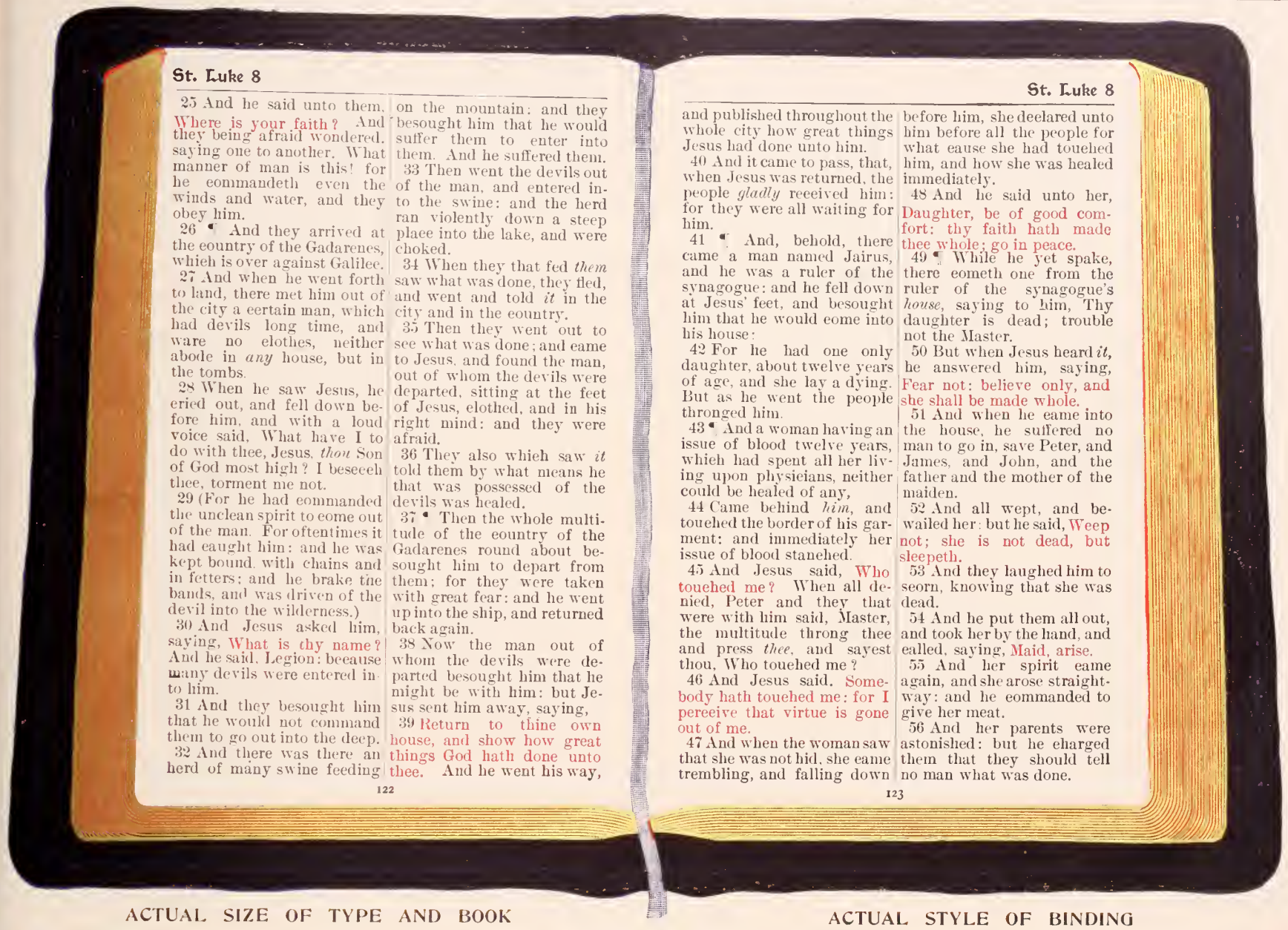

St. Luke 8

25 And he said unto them, Where is your faith? And they being afraid wondered, saying one to another, What manner of man is this! for he eommandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him.

26 ¶ And they arrived at the eountry of the Gadarenes, whieh is over against Galilee.

27 And when he went forth to land, there met him out of the city a eertain man, which had devils long time, and ware no elothes, neither abode in *any* house, but in the tombs.

28 When he saw Jesus, he eried out, and fell down before him, and with a loud voice said, What have I to do with thee, Jesus, *thou* Son of God most high? I beseeeh thee, torment me not.

29 (For he had eommanded the unclean spirit to eome out of the man. For oftentimes it had eaught him: and he was kept bound with chains and in fetters; and he brake the bands, and was driven of the devil into the wilderness.)

30 And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name? And he said, Legion: beeause many devils were entered into him.

31 And they besought him that he would not command them to go out into the deep.

32 And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them.

33 Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep plaee into the lake, and were choked.

34 When they that fed *them* saw what was done, they fled, and went and told *it* in the city and in the eountry.

35 Then they went out to see what was done; and eame to Jesus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, elothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid.

36 They also whieh saw *it* told them by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed.

37 ¶ Then the whole multitude of the eountry of the Gadarenes round about besought him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear: and he went up into the ship, and returned back again.

38 Now the man out of whom the devils were departed besought him that he might be with him: but Jesus sent him away, saying,

39 Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee. And he went his way,

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St. Luke 8

and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him.

40 And it came to pass, that, when Jesus was returned, the people *gladly* reeeived him: for they were all waiting for him.

41 ¶ And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought him that he would eome into his house:

42 For he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. But as he went the people thronged him.

43 ¶ And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, whieh had spent all her living upon physieians, neither could be healed of any,

44 Came behind *him*, and touehed the border of his garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanehed.

45 And Jesus said, Who touehed me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press *thee*, and sayest thou, Who touehed me?

46 And Jesus said, Somebody hath touehed me: for I pereeive that virtue is gone out of me.

47 And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she eame trembling, and falling down before him, she deelared unto him before all the people for what eause she had touehed him, and how she was healed immediately.

48 And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.

49 ¶ While he yet spake, there eometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's *house*, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

50 But when Jesus heard *it*, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.

51 And when he eame into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.

52 And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

53 And they laughed him to seorn, knowing that she was dead.

54 And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and ealled, saying, Maid, arise.

55 And her spirit eame again, and she arose straightway: and he eommanded to give her meat.

56 And her parents were astonished: but he eharged them that they should tell no man what was done.

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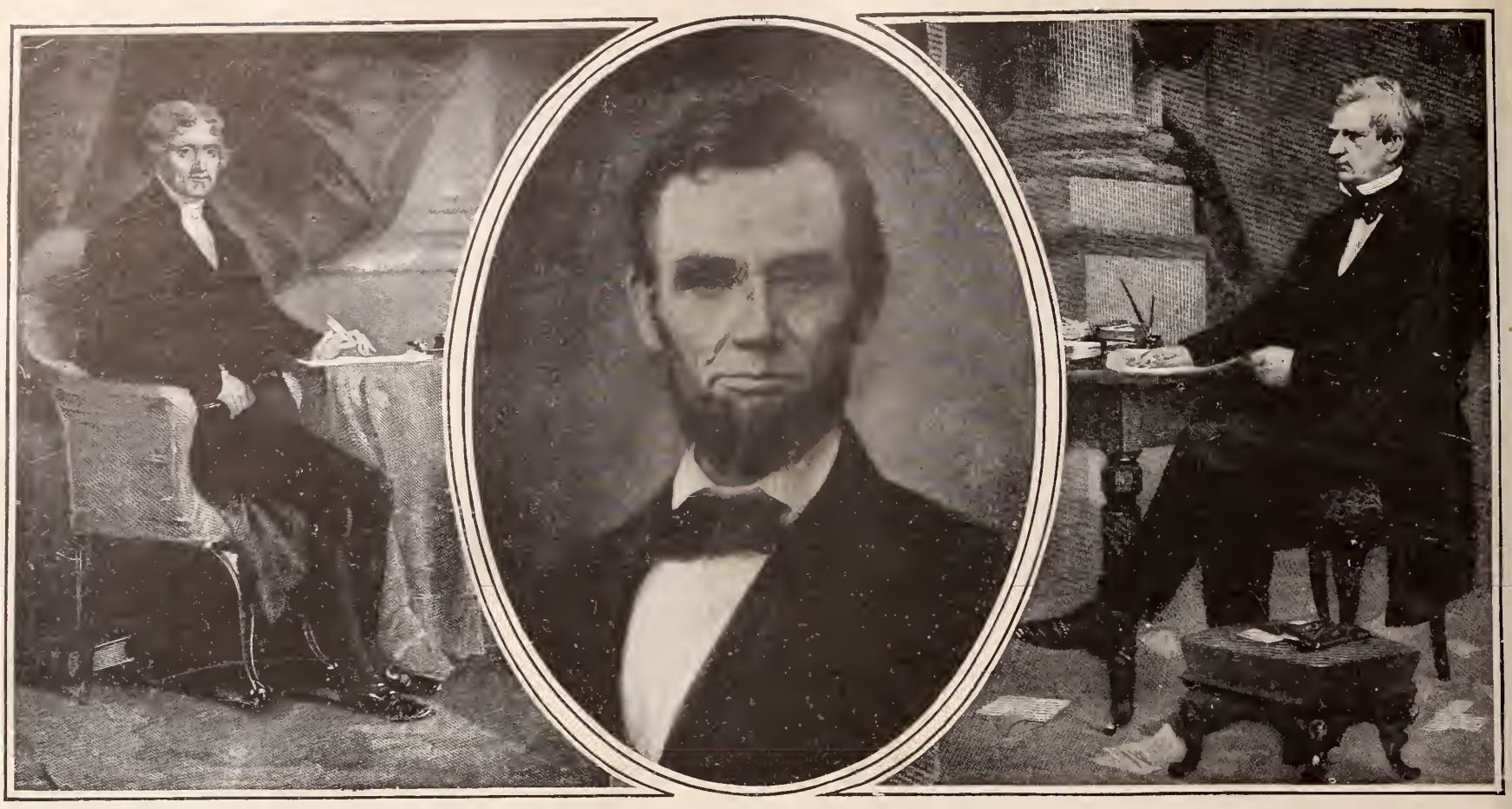

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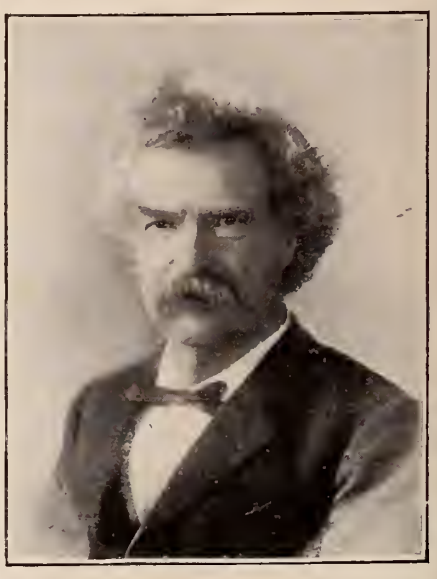

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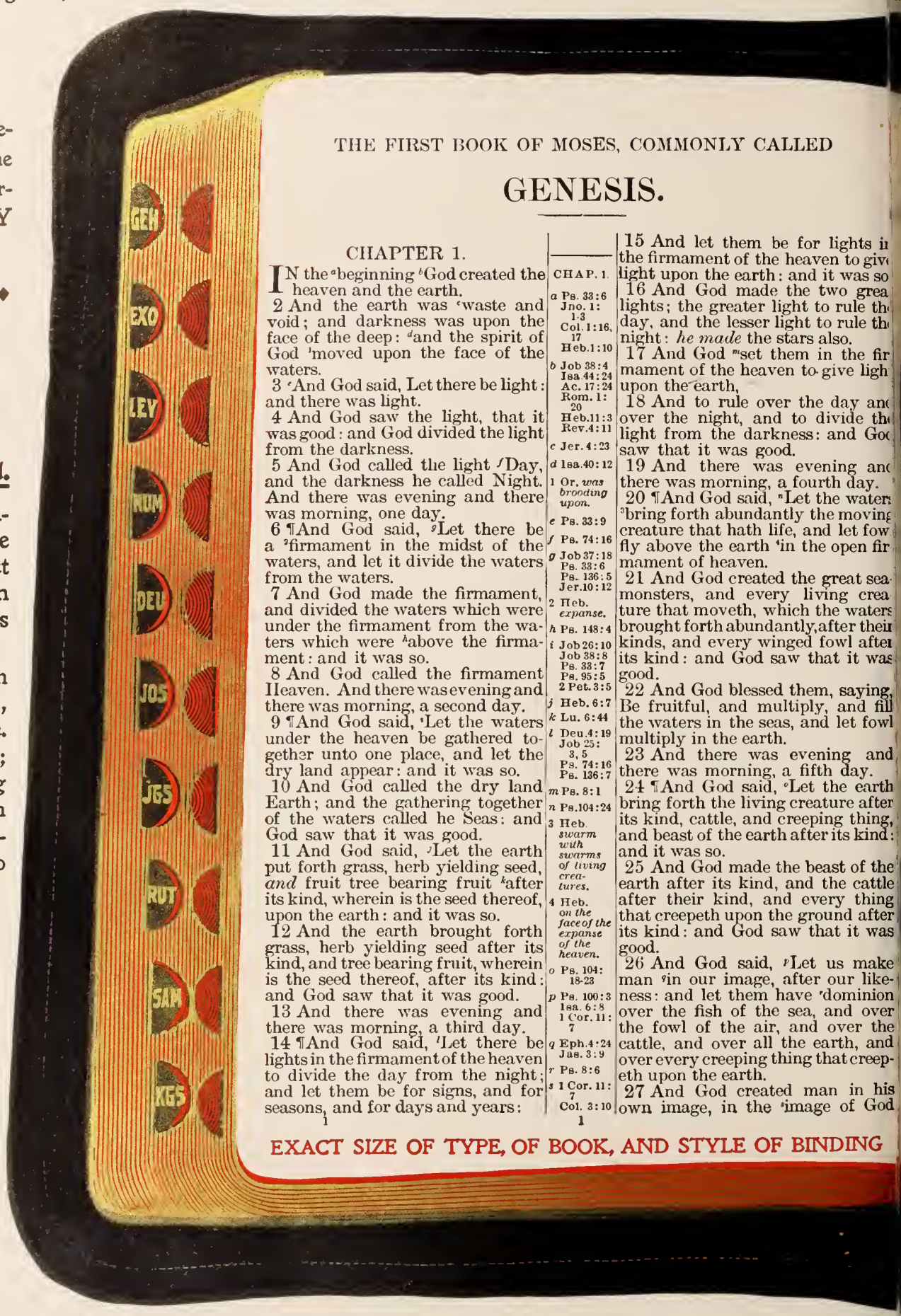

THE FIRST BOOK OF MOSES, COMMONLY CALLED

GENESIS.

CHAPTER 1.

IN the [a]beginning [b]God created the heaven and the earth.
2 And the earth was [c]waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep: [d]and the spirit of God [1]moved upon the face of the waters.
3 [e]And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
4 And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.
5 And God called the light [f]Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.
6 ¶And God said, [g]Let there be a [2]firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.
7 And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were [h]above the firmament: and it was so.
8 And God called the firmament Heaven. And there was evening and there was morning, a second day.
9 ¶And God said, [i]Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.
10 And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.
11 And God said, [j]Let the earth put forth grass, herb yielding seed, *and* fruit tree bearing fruit [k]after its kind, wherein is the seed thereof, upon the earth: and it was so.
12 And the earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
13 And there was evening and there was morning, a third day.
14 ¶And God said, [l]Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years:

CHAP. 1.
a Ps. 33:6 Jno. 1:1-3 Col. 1:16, 17 Heb. 1:10
b Job 38:4 Isa. 44:24 Ac. 17:24 Rom. 1:20 Heb. 11:3 Rev. 4:11
c Jer. 4:23
d Isa. 40:12
1 Or, *was brooding upon.*
e Ps. 33:9
f Ps. 74:16
g Job 37:18 Ps. 33:6 Ps. 136:5 Jer. 10:12
2 Heb. *expanse.*
h Ps. 148:4
i Job 26:10 Job 38:8 Ps. 33:7 Ps. 95:5 2 Pet. 3:5
j Heb. 6:7
k Lu. 6:44
l Deu. 4:19 Job 25:3, 5 Ps. 74:16 Ps. 136:7
m Ps. 8:1
n Ps. 104:24
3 Heb. *swarm with swarms of living creatures.*
4 Heb. *on the face of the expanse of the heaven.*
o Ps. 104:18-23
p Ps. 100:3 Isa. 6:8 1 Cor. 11:7
q Eph. 4:24 Jas. 3:9
r Ps. 8:6
s 1 Cor. 11:7 Col. 3:10

15 And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so.
16 And God made the two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* the stars also.
17 And God [m]set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth,
18 And to rule over the day and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good.
19 And there was evening and there was morning, a fourth day.
20 ¶And God said, [n]Let the waters [3]bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and let fowl fly above the earth [4]in the open firmament of heaven.
21 And God created the great sea-monsters, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kinds, and every winged fowl after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
22 And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.
23 And there was evening and there was morning, a fifth day.
24 ¶And God said, [o]Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after its kind: and it was so.
25 And God made the beast of the earth after its kind, and the cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the ground after its kind: and God saw that it was good.
26 And God said, [p]Let us make man [q]in our image, after our likeness: and let them have [r]dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.
27 And God created man in his own image, in the [s]image of God

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what shall it profit a man, hall gain the whole world, se his own soul? Or what man give in exchange for ul?—Mark 8: 36, 37.

an *that hath* friends must himself friendly: and there riend *that* sticketh closer brother.—Proverbs 18: 24.

sed *be* the Lord, *who* daily h us *with benefits, even* the our salvation.—Ps. 68: 19.

Extol him that rideth the heavens.—Psalms 68: 4.

ls make a mock at sin; mong the righteous *there* r.—Proverbs 14: 9.

uthorized Version

All *is* vanity and vexation rit.—Ecclesiastes 1: 14.

thou hast made him a lit- ver than the angels. —Psalms 8: 5.

Beware lest he take thee with *his* stroke: then a ransom cannot deliver Job 36: 18.

that they may recover elves out of the snare of vil, who are taken captive n at his will.—II. Timothy 2: 26.

And we hid as it were *our* rom him; he was despised. —Isaiah 53: 3.

Revised Version

For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? For what should a man give in exchange for his life? —Mark 8: 36, 37.

He that maketh many friends *doeth it* to his own destruction: but there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —Proverbs 18: 24.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden, even the God who is our salvation. —Psalms 68: 19.

. . . Cast up a highway for him that rideth through the deserts. —Psalms 68: 4.

The foolish make a mock at guilt: but among the upright there is good will.—Proverbs 14: 9.

Revised Version

. . . All is vanity and a striving after wind.—Ecclesiastes 1: 14.

For thou hast made him but little lower than God.—Psalms 8: 5.

. . . Beware lest thou be led away by *thy* sufficiency; neither let the greatness of the ransom turn thee aside.—Job 36: 18.

And they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, having been taken captive by the Lord's servant unto the will of God.—II. Timothy 2: 26.

. . . And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised. —Isaiah 53: 3.

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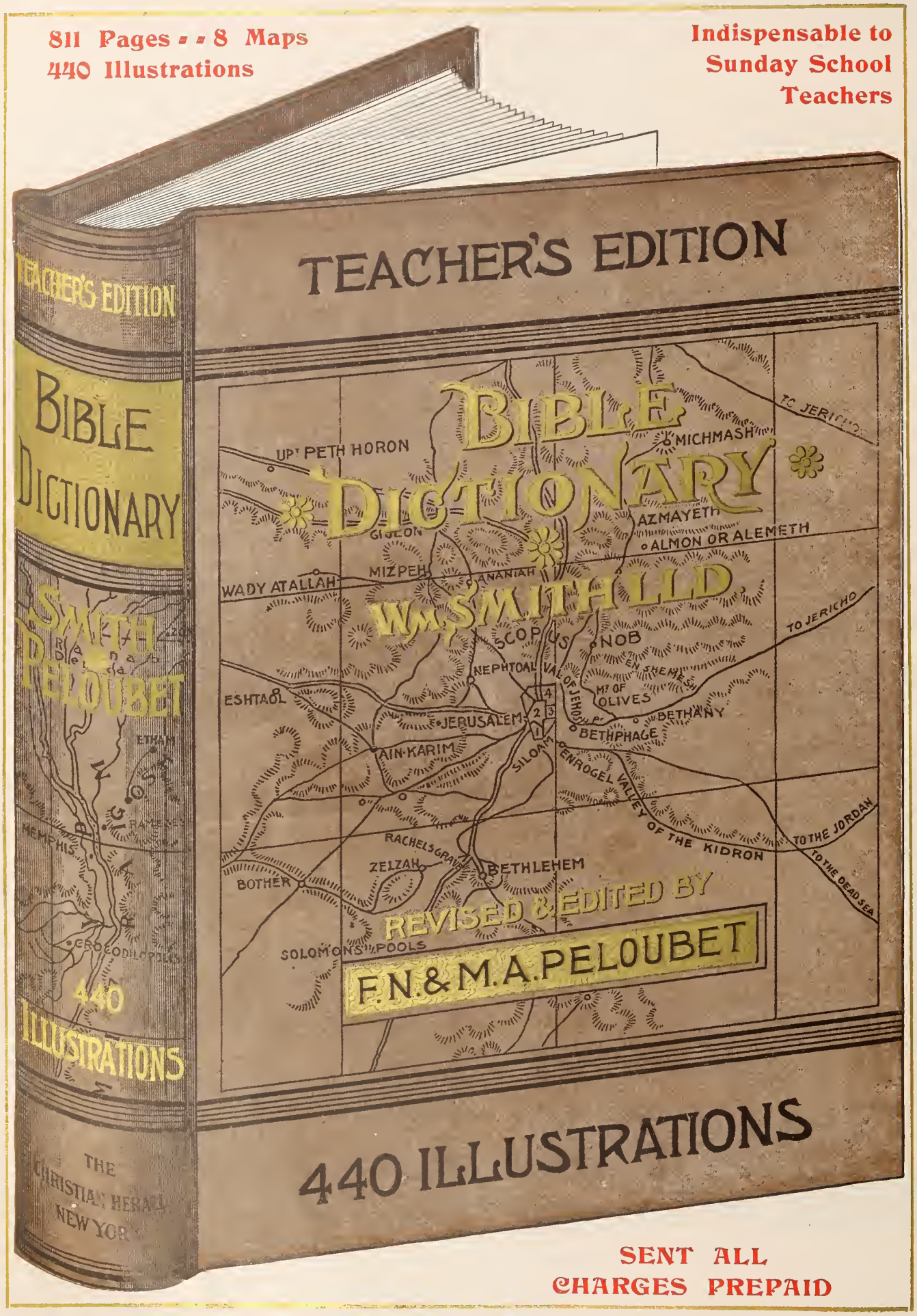

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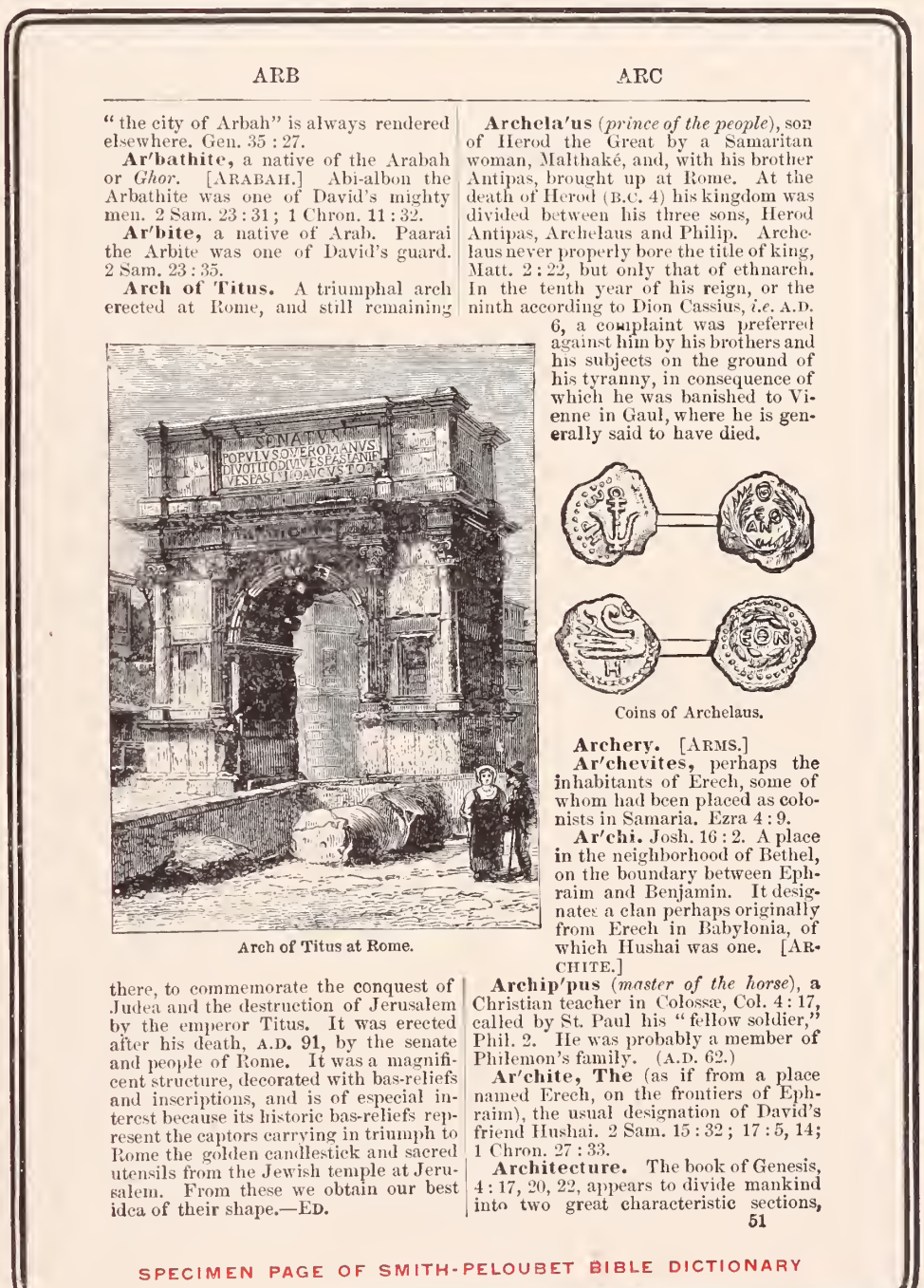

ARB ARC

"the city of Arbah" is always rendered elsewhere. Gen. 35 : 27.

Ar'bathite, a native of the Arabah or *Ghor*. [ARABAH.] Abi-albon the Arbathite was one of David's mighty men. 2 Sam. 23 : 31; 1 Chron. 11 : 32.

Ar'bite, a native of Arab. Paarai the Arbite was one of David's guard. 2 Sam. 23 : 35.

Arch of Titus. A triumphal arch erected at Rome, and still remaining there, to commemorate the conquest of Judea and the destruction of Jerusalem by the emperor Titus. It was erected after his death, A.D. 91, by the senate and people of Rome. It was a magnificent structure, decorated with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and is of especial interest because its historic bas-reliefs represent the captors carrying in triumph to Rome the golden candlestick and sacred utensils from the Jewish temple at Jerusalem. From these we obtain our best idea of their shape.—ED.

Arch of Titus at Rome.

Archela'us (*prince of the people*), son of Herod the Great by a Samaritan woman, Malthaké, and, with his brother Antipas, brought up at Rome. At the death of Herod (B.C. 4) his kingdom was divided between his three sons, Herod Antipas, Archelaus and Philip. Archelaus never properly bore the title of king, Matt. 2 : 22, but only that of ethnarch. In the tenth year of his reign, or the ninth according to Dion Cassius, *i.e.* A.D. 6, a complaint was preferred against him by his brothers and his subjects on the ground of his tyranny, in consequence of which he was banished to Vienne in Gaul, where he is generally said to have died.

Coins of Archelaus.

Archery. [ARMS.]

Ar'chevites, perhaps the inhabitants of Erech, some of whom had been placed as colonists in Samaria. Ezra 4 : 9.

Ar'chi. Josh. 16 : 2. A place in the neighborhood of Bethel, on the boundary between Ephraim and Benjamin. It designates a clan perhaps originally from Erech in Babylonia, of which Hushai was one. [ARCHITE.]

Archip'pus (*master of the horse*), a Christian teacher in Colossæ, Col. 4 : 17, called by St. Paul his "fellow soldier," Phil. 2. He was probably a member of Philemon's family. (A.D. 62.)

Ar'chite, The (as if from a place named Erech, on the frontiers of Ephraim), the usual designation of David's friend Hushai. 2 Sam. 15 : 32; 17 : 5, 14; 1 Chron. 27 : 33.

Architecture. The book of Genesis, 4 : 17, 20, 22, appears to divide mankind into two great characteristic sections,

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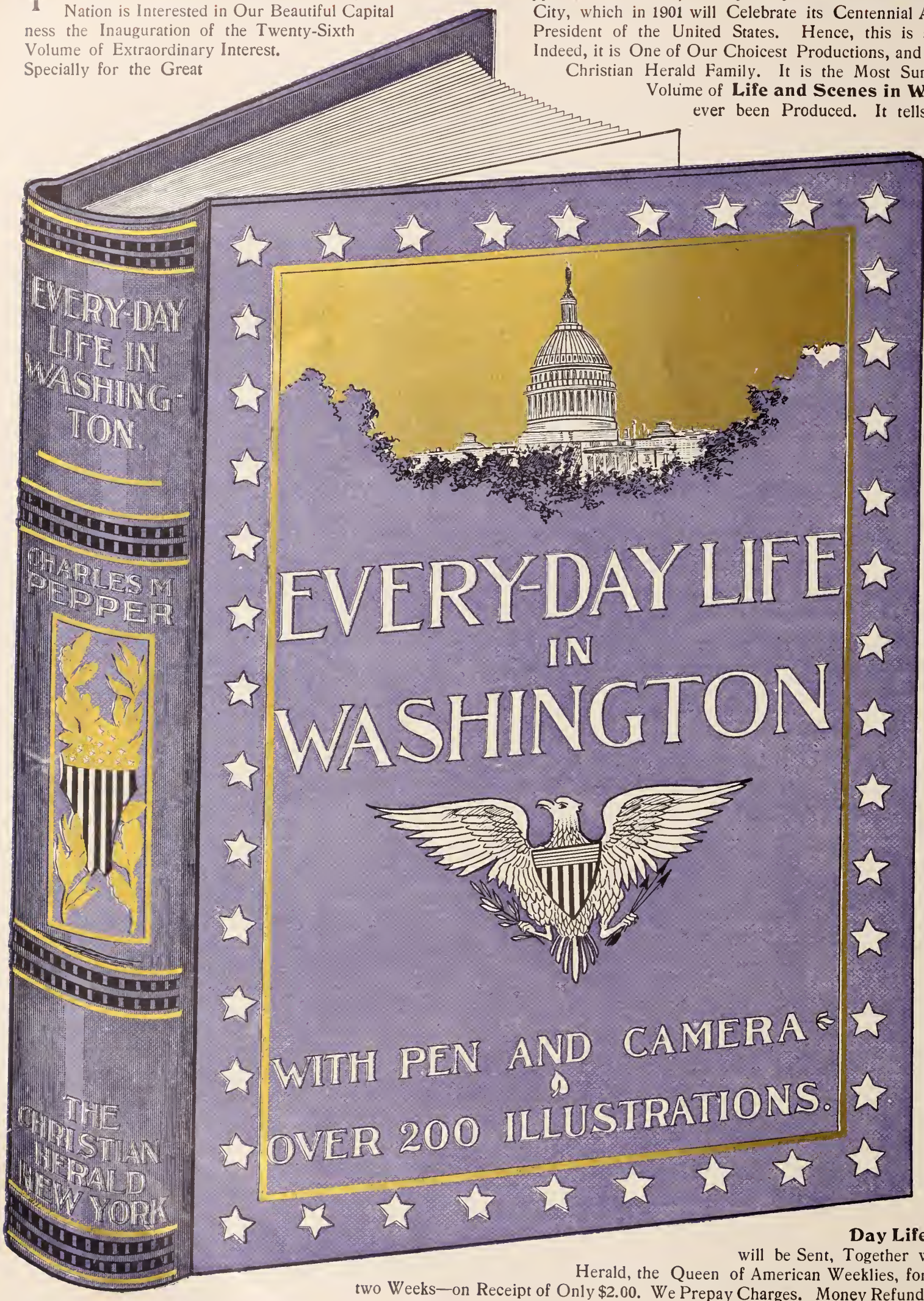

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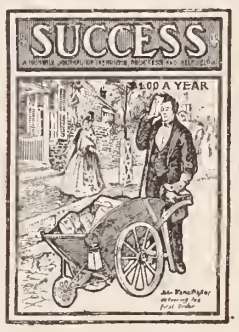

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN

Her New Opportunities

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE twentieth century brings to women many opportunities for self-help, and a thousand labor-saving appliances which the women of other days knew little about. But the stuff of which womanhood is made remains essentially the same in every century. I want to talk to you, friends, on the soft invincibility, the matchless strength and influence of womanhood.

I find, as I read my Bible, that in the early days, just as at present, men were very dependent upon women for counsel, comfort and help. I have no doubt that it took all Eve's tact, cheerfulness and composure to convince Adam that his lot was not wholly desolate, even when he had lost Eden. "Hear my voice ye wives of Lamech," said that ancient patriarch to Ada and Zillah, with a man's imperative need of an audience. Deborah, the wise prophetess, calmly ruled Israel from her seat under a palm tree. Rahab's wit and cleverness saved from capture the daring spies of Joshua. Jezebel, the beautiful Tyrian princess, the Lady Macbeth of the Scriptures, bold in her iniquity and brave as a lioness, frightened Elijah when he did not quail before Ahab and the assembled nation. Mary and Martha in the days of our Lord upon the earth, entertained him with graceful and lavish hospitality, and gave him, when he would come to them, the only earthly home he ever knew. At the house of Lydia, the first prayer-meeting on record was held.

* * *

Passing into secular history, we find Cornelia, whose children were her jewels, and the devoted wife of Coriolanus, who prized her husband's honor as her life, and Fedegundes of the dark ages, superb but wicked, as Jezebel was in the period of Elijah. Nearer our own times are the peerless Lady Jane Grey, the heroic Joan of Arc, the manful Elizabeth of England, and the beautiful Louisa of Prussia. Among the saints and martyrs are such woman as Elizabeth, the wife of Bunyan, as Margaret Wilson of Scotland, who sang the Twenty-third Psalm till the tide came up to the stake where she was chained and drowned the song upon her lips: and on the starry roll of the missionary efforts of the Christian era are the names of hundreds of noble and great-hearted women who counted not their lives dear for the love they bore the Master. Thus, womanhood has ever been strong in weakness, fertile in resources, crowned in maternity.

To us, who have the advantages of the present day, there is given an open door to do good outside our own households, while we are by no means absolved from the supreme duty of looking first to our own people and our own homes. A woman if married holds the happiness, the usefulness, and the esteem in which her good man is held in the hollow of her hand. A man stands forth in the glare of the fierce sunshine of publicity. Back of him, in the shadow, is the dear wife who day by day heartens him for life's struggles and braces him against depression. It is no small thing to send a man to business or to politics, or to his study, day by day, cheerful, hopeful and confident; but this the woman does, if she be a good wife, and this she has always done. And the twentieth century mother, may Heaven guard her from too many theories and defend her against too much advice.

* * *

She too, as never mother before her, may make her children healthy, educate them to be truthful and fearless, and prepare them for Christian citizenship. God bless her, the twentieth century mother and wife. And God bless also the twentieth century spinster, who is far more fortunate than spinsters used to be, since she may have her choice of a hundred wage-earning occupations, and need never depend on the kindness of others if she wishes to stand in her own lot.

Hearthstone and Battlefield

The three little girls have a pet apiece, and the eldest, Lena, would not exchange her proud little mother puss for Gretchen's Puff, or Lisette's Fluff. Grandmother is teaching knitting, sewing and housewifery to her three little maidens, while their mother sits by, busy now with her work and again with a book. The scene is very peaceful, but tranquil and lovely as it is, there is a side not shown in the picture. Away off in China, fighting or waiting, in the service of his Emperor and of humanity, is the lieutenant, whose eyes were fixed with admiration on that sweet-looking woman when she sat in her pew, with a restless flock of children around her, the merry brood of the parsonage. A boy told me that he intended to be a football player. His imagination was fixed on success in that field as more than any other worth while. The fact is that under fourteen or fifteen a child is not usually called upon to choose what may be his chief work in life. Nature, however, may choose for him. One little fellow has a decided bent for mathematics and is handy with tools. He may become a civil engineer, or find some niche as an electrician. Another, a dreamy child, with the slender hands and large eyes of the artist, is designed for quite another line. Parents, when there is an undoubted bent in one direction, should favor it. If a boy hates the farm and

AWAITING THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

mother and wife and daughters never forget to pray for him by night or by day. One of these days, please God, the brave soldier will come home, and then what laughter, what kisses and tears of joy, what overbrimming praise!

What Are You Going to Be?

The question is often asked of a boy or girl by a grown person, to the confusion of the child, who is living for the day and has not yet given any thought to his future vocation: What are you going to be? If the little fellow is candid, he says he does not know; but childhood is subtle and has its queer reserves and its poses. To keep a candy store or a peanut stand, to be a soldier and go to war, or a sailor and tread a deck, are among the ambitions of many children. The little girl is often inclined to be a teacher. That profession is very tempting in her sight, and her teacher is usually a very much adored personage. One little girl avowed her intention to be the minister's wife. Her longs for business activities, give him the very best preparation you can.

"E-ne-me-ni-mi-ne-mo"

Children's games, all around the globe, and in every rolling age, are much alike. A curious resemblance runs through the cabalistic utterances of the gibberish of the children of all countries. They have their mystic rhymes, their mystic circles, their magical countings, and their muttered spells and mysterious touches, as they play, indicative of a common origin, in the dim recesses of antiquity. Little girls in China, seated on the ground, play "E-ne-me-ni-mi-ne-mo" with their feet. They are closely grouped with their feet in the middle and at each round one foot is excluded until all the players are out.

CHINESE CHILDREN PLAYING "E-NE-ME-NI-MI-NE-MO"

BOYS OF TO-DAY

Tune—"Tell It Again."

INTO and out of our households they go,
Only the boys, but we're loving them so.
Full of their laughter and full of their play,
Eager and happy—the boys of to-day.

CHORUS

Boys of to-day, boys of to-day;
Manhood is coming, they'll soon be away.
Oh let us be earnest to save while we may
Those who are dearest, the boys of to-day.

Shall we be idle while cards lead astray
And the dime novel is thrown in their way;
Or the cigar and the vile cigarette
Lead to a life of unceasing regret?

Shall we be silent with your boy and mine
Treated to lager and tempted with wine,
Till the saloon, with its terrible blight,
Ruins their future, so glowing and bright?

Shall we be sleeping while friends are awake
Seeking our dear ones, their victims to make?
Or at the ballot speak loudly and say,
They are worth saving—the boys of to-day.

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

A Happy Family

Blessings on the red-cheeked children of the country. They play out of doors: they have pets, and pastimes which pets share. Cooped in a cramped and crowded home, the children of our modern cities have not half a chance. Mother Puss is on very good terms with Gretchen and with Gretchen's mama and sister. She knows she has nothing to fear from these friends, and the rabbits and chickens and goats and the old dog and all the other farm animals know it too. So Gretchen is growing up in beauty, a darling child, the sweeter and bonnier for her daily care of her nice pets.

"To Be Let Alone"

"All I ask," said a patient and long-suffering husband, "is to be let alone." His wife had commented for the fifth time in an hour on some trifle, as for instance his way of sitting which destroyed the crease in his trousers, his pouring hot tea into his saucer, an old-fashioned and out-of-date custom be it known, which used to be in vogue, and is now thought "horrid," his forgetfulness to fold up his napkin, his leaving the door open when he went out, etc., etc. None of these actions were criminal; none were even unrefined, but Mr. Goodman had a nagging wife to whom petty things seemed of great importance. She was to be pitied as well as he. The woman who nags has a distorted vision. From her view-point trivialities loom up immensely magnified. Her eyes see every home matter out of proportion; out of the true perspective. This makes her temper uncertain, and sharpens her tones, and in turn the family tempers grow unamiable. It is a great art, that of letting people alone—an art worth cultivating.

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LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON
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It will no doubt interest our readers to know just what it costs to produce an edition of this magnitude. In round figures, the total expense is **$46,000.** In the work of producing the million copies of thirty-six pages each, **405,000** pounds of white paper—equal to over **twenty ordinary railway car-loads**—are consumed. If this vast roll were cut up into ordinary-sized books, it would make a larger library than any in the United States, for it would furnish 850,000 volumes in all. Assorted into libraries of 5,000 volumes each, it would supply a literary feast for just 170 American cities of fair-sized population.

As to the purely mechanical work of this edition, 25 bronzing machines, 125 color presses, and 106 black-and-white presses are required to produce the million copies in one week. All this gives employment to an army of workers, from the setting of the type to the final folding, wrapping and mailing of the complete paper. The postage on the edition alone is over **$4,000.**

We bespeak for our Million Edition the same generous and hearty welcome that is always accorded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wherever it goes. Through all the details of its preparation, there has been an earnest effort and a prayerful wish to make it helpful to those into whose hands it may fall. May each separate copy be made the means of bringing a blessing into the home where it comes, and may it add to the happiness of every reader who scans its pages!

GLOOMY HOUSEHOLDS

BOYS and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlor is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading, the father would recommend Young's *Night Thoughts* and Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs.* At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the Red Sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow and inundate all the meadows.

WORK AND PLAY

IT is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moments puts the lever of his witticism under your soul and sends you roaring with laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your sides, and makes you thankful for a stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion. Workingmen have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them, wit was only the foaming flake on the wave that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But, lackaday! if, at the ringing of the bell, we went to find nothing but a cold slice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes stuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes without gravy. Professor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snowball for "The Bicker of Pedmount," and go a-picnicking at Windermere, and shake up into rollicking glee Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies and his other Blackwood cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportion work and play.

CHILDREN IN THE MORNING

CHILDREN will wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unreasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip end of a baby's fingers.

KEEP YOUR PLACE

LET the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said the heart's-ease, and she added: "You might better have stayed in your places!"

FAMILY PRAYERS

NO child ever gets over having heard parents praying for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy; but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and, perhaps, his redemption.

The King of Books

THAT the Bible is the most popular book in the world is proven not only by the reports of the various Bible societies, but by the experience of publishers and booksellers in all countries. The most famous books of recent years fall far short of the sale of Bibles. The sale of a novel is either ephemeral or local, while that of the Bible is general and perennial. In the great department stores, where Bibles are sold one at a time, the annual sales amount to hundreds of thousands of copies. In one large New York store alone the average daily sale is 140 copies, and an annual sale of 40,000. There is always a big demand in the fall, when people return to town and churches open, and an especially large demand at Christmas time, when innumerable Sunday School teachers, fathers and mothers and friends purchase Bibles for holiday presents.

The American Bible Society last year issued 1,406,000 Bibles, and the British Society 4,479,000. In eighty-four years the American Society has sold 67,369,000 Bibles, and the British Society, in ninety-five years 160,000,000. The Holy Book, or parts of it, have been issued in 350 languages and dialects.

One of the greatest agencies in Bible circulation, in recent years, has been THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was the first publication in the world to distribute the Bible broadcast among its readers. Through its efforts, many hundreds of thousands of copies of the Sacred Word have been circulated here and abroad, and large editions of Art Bibles, Teachers' Bibles, and the Red Letter New Testament besides. Our Army and Navy New Testament (Soldiers' Vest Pocket Edition) was read by the light of the camp-fires in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and our American and Spanish (parallel column) Gospel of St. John found its way into a great multitude of native homes in Porto Rico, where, owing to the course of the priests, the Bible had hitherto been a stranger.

A Medal for Heroism

The Christian Herald's Plan for the Popular Recognition of Personal Bravery : : : :

ALL the world loves a hero and admires a brave and daring deed, especially when it is done for the sake of others. There is no higher quality than that courage which unhesitatingly faces danger and death under such conditions. There are hundreds of humble heroes, men and women, whose acts deserve enduring reward and commemoration, yet their deeds of high courage and self-sacrifice, splendid though they may be, are permitted to pass without adequate recognition and are soon forgotten, though the world is richer and better through such noble souls having lived in it.

In the Hall of Fame, now building in New York, our nation's great ones in art, literature, science, philanthropy, war and statesmanship are to be immortalized. But who shall immortalize the man who saves the life of a drowning child, the woman who flags an express-train and averts a holocaust, the youth who seizes a mad, runaway team, or he who rescues human beings in peril of fire, flood or danger in any of its manifold forms? Not a week passes without some such brilliant deed, that brings a thrill to all hearts. Why should these be the wonder of a moment and then forgotten?

We believe our readers will be glad to know that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has in preparation a plan for the fitting recognition of humble, every-day heroism—not that heroism which is in the line of paid, professional duty; but that which has absolutely no emolument, and which is voluntary and spontaneous. We invite every reader to forward to us the earliest accurate information obtainable of any deed of true heroism occurring in his own vicinity. It is the purpose of the proprietor of this journal to award, once a week, beginning with the New Year, the opening of a new century, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during the week. No candidate for this honor will be barred by reason of age, sex, race or social condition. Care must be taken to furnish only absolutely accurate accounts of the heroic occurrences: and in every case, the writer should tell the story from his own personal knowledge and not from hearsay. The facts, as presented, will be laid before a Committee in New York, whose duty it shall be to meet once a week and determine which of the thoroughly authenticated cases of personal heroism brought to its attention is the one most deserving of recognition. As many cases will doubtless be presented, the work of the Committee will probably consume some time in order that all its inquiries may be satisfied, and that the various claims for recognition may be fully investigated.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD medal is of bronze, chaste and elegant in design, and of exquisite workmanship. On one side is the inscription, "For Christ and Humanity. Christian Herald, N. Y.," and on the other side, "This medal was struck in commemoration of the heroism of —— —— in saving life on —— ——, 1901."

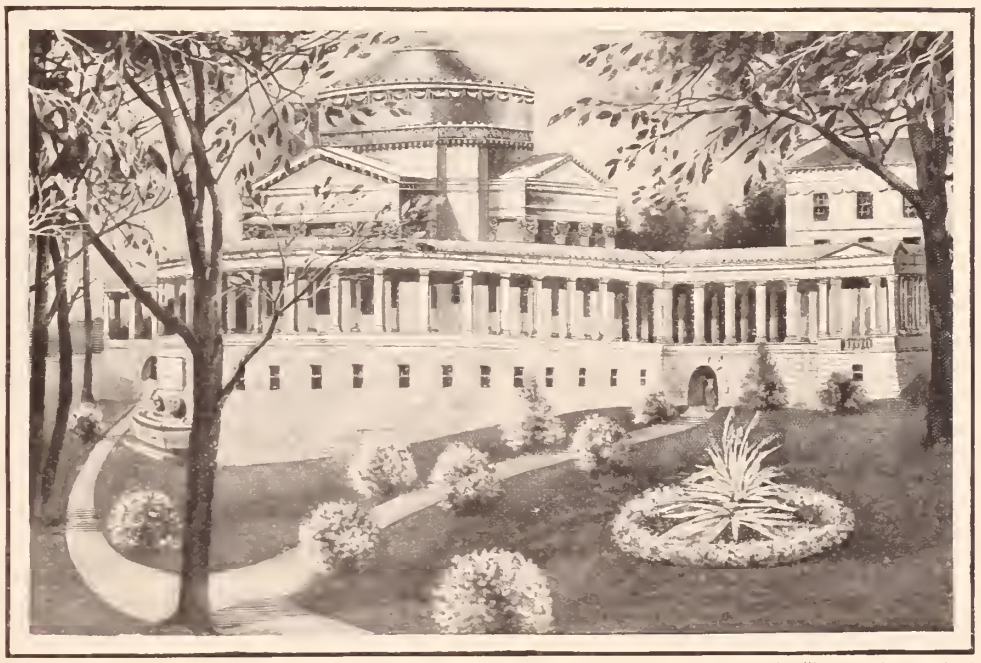
In addition to the weekly award, honorable mention will also be publicly made of all who have most notably distinguished themselves during the same period, and whose names, together with the story of their heroism, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

All letters on this subject should be addressed to "Chairman Medal Committee, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York."

America's Pantheon

GENERAL interest has been aroused by the selections for the Hall of Fame. As has already been explained in the press, the Hall of Fame is a colonnade on University Heights, in New York, which connects two buildings of the New York University. It is semi-circular in shape, and is five hundred feet in length. It is understood that the cost of its erection is being defrayed by Miss Helen Gould. When completed, it will contain tablets with spaces for the names of one hundred and fifty famous Americans, whose character or achievements entitle them to the foremost places in the admiration of their countrymen. The only restrictions are that they must have been born on land which is now part of the United States, and that ten years must have elapsed since they died. No one is eligible who was of foreign birth, nor any whose death has occurred since the year 1890. One hundred eminent persons were chosen as judges, including college presidents and professors, justices of the United States Supreme Court, statesmen, authors, etc. Their decision was to be submitted to the Senate of the University of New York, which was at liberty to confirm or amend the list. It was decided to begin with fifty names and add five more names every five years until all tablets were filled. This would allow the admission at a future time of such names as Phillips Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others whose deaths were too recent to bring them within the eligible list. As it has turned out, the first count has resulted in the selection of only twenty-nine, and it has been decided to take another poll two years hence, for the selection of the remainder of the fifty. The failure was due to the rule laid down by the Senate that only such names should be accepted as were endorsed by a majority of the hundred judges. The following is the list of names, all of whom received more than fifty votes: Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Grant, Marshall, Jefferson, Emerson, Fulton, Longfellow, Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Morse, Farragut, Clay, Hawthorne, George Peabody, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Audubon, Horace Mann, Beecher, Kent, Story, John Adams, Channing, Gilbert Stuart and Asa Gray. How varied the list is in the characters of the men who are in the opinion of the judges entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame! Yet each had done something that distinguished him in his particular path of life. There are some names, such as that of Adoniram Judson, one would like to have seen among the number, but these will lose nothing by the omission. More important for them as for the great multitude who can never hope to attain that distinction is it that their names may be inscribed in that book of which Christ spoke:

Rejoice because your names are written in heaven (Luke 10 : 20).



As it will appear when completed

THE HALL OF FAME ON UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

Re-Discovery of a Pass

Explorers in South America have reported that in the region of Lake Nahuel Huapi there is excellent soil capable of producing many kinds of crops and is already covered with rich grass. Their descriptions have attracted settlers from Chili and Argentina: but, though the region was as rich as reported, it proved to be almost inaccessible. The high mountains barred the way to it, on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides. There was an old legend in circulation that more than a hundred years ago a Roman Catholic priest had found his way over the mountains and had declared that there was a pass which might easily be turned into a good wagon-road. He said that through this pass one might go from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. People in those days had no great desire to penetrate to Patagonia and little notice was taken of the old priest's discovery. Now, however, it has become a matter of importance and men have been engaged to find the pass. But the sides of the mountains were covered by dense tropical vegetation and the searchers returned without finding the pass. Some lost faith in the existence of the pass, but others who had struck the route in part of its course were convinced that it was in existence. Now the Chilian explorer, Captain Barrios, has found the whole pass which, as the old priest said, leads right across the continent. It is easy to see what encouragement in the search would be derived from the finding of parts of the path. It is so in human efforts to understand God's ways. We know but little of his infinity, but the little that we do know fills us with wonder and stimulates to further study.

Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him (Job 26 : 14).

An Ungrateful Protege

A lady in San Francisco is bemoaning the ingratitude of an adopted son. He was left an orphan in his infancy and this lady took care of him and brought him up as her own son. When he was ten years old, a heavy financial loss befell her and her health broke down. She loved him devotedly, but began to doubt her ability to take care of him. A gentleman who knew the circumstances offered to relieve her of the child. He was going to live in New York, and said that he would be glad to take the boy with him and educate him. Reluctantly the lady consented, and the boy accompanied his protector to New York. But his foster-mother pined for him and longed to have him back. She recovered part of her lost fortune and her health improved. She made a will leaving everything to her boy, and denied herself comforts that she might increase his inheritance. She corresponded with him regularly, and one day, after he had been away six years, she learned to her joy that he had quarreled with his guardian and was coming back to her. She gave him a hearty welcome, and lavished her affection upon him. But the boy soon tired of her. He longed to get back to New York, and finally he declared that he would stay in such a dull home no longer. The fascinations of the big city in which he had spent six years had captivated him. She wept and pleaded, but to no purpose: he cast her off, and having secured work that would take him part of his way back he left her. She is broken-hearted, and cannot be persuaded to forget him as he deserves. She is living in squalid poverty that she may leave him a little fortune when she dies, while he cares nothing for her. It is astonishing that she can love one who has treated her with ingratitude so base. We wonder at it and deplore the boy's perversity, but how many act in the same way toward God, whose patience and long-suffering they treat with neglect, and he complains:

I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me (Isaiah (1 : 2).

A Bewildered Immigrant

One of the most remarkable cases of mental disturbance is described by a police surgeon in Brooklyn, who was called to prescribe for a patient. It was the case of a man who had come to this country from Poland. He had found friends here who taught him the English language, and took care of him until he was able to earn his living. He obtained work with a contractor, who employed him in driving a team. One day he was sent for a load of sand, which he was to get from a certain sand-pit, and then drive with it across the city to a street in which the contractor was erecting some houses. The man went to the sand-pit, loaded his wagon, and set out for his destination. But on his way, he forgot the name of the street to which he was to go. He drove around all day in a state of bewilderment, and at last a policeman, seeing his dazed condition, sent him to the police station. By that time his mind seemed to be completely unbalanced. He could not remember where he lived, nor the firm of contractors for whom he worked, nor even his own name. The police surgeon administered a quieting medicine, and the man remained at the police station while inquiries were made for his friends, who the next day came and took him home. It is not often that mental disturbance so completely paralyzes the memory, but it is not uncommon to find persons who in spiritual matters seem similarly oblivious as to both their origin and destination. Unhappily, in their case, the cause is not like that of the immigrant, one of mental obscurity, but the consequence of sin that renders them careless and indifferent.

My people have been lost sheep; they have gone from mountain to hill; they have forgotten their resting-place (Jer. 50 : 6).

Vesuvius Threatening

Some alarm has been caused in the vicinity of Mount Vesuvius by the warnings issued by Prof. Palmieri, who is in charge of the observatory established on the volcano. It is now twenty-eight years since there was any serious eruption. At that time the stream of fiery lava that issued from the summit was so hot that the windows of the Observatory cracked and broke. New fissures opened on the sides and base of the mountain from which lava issued. From the great crater stones were thrown up and great volumes of steam rose to an immense height, menacing even the city of Naples. The lava ran in a stream a thousand feet wide to the sea and caused damage to the villages and growing crops estimated at over a million dollars. Ten persons who had waited to finish some urgent business before fleeing to a place of safety, were overwhelmed in the stream of lava and died a horrible death. If the eruption had continued much longer it would have rivalled the fearful convulsion that entombed Pompeii in A. D. 79. Before the eruption of 1872 certain premonitory signs were observed which have now reappeared and have led Prof. Palmieri to issue his warning. He says that again the surface of the central crater is beginning to heave and in the past history of the volcano it has always been noticed that whenever that phenomenon takes place, there will be, after a brief interval, convulsions of greater or less duration preparatory to a grand explosion, after which the volcano remains for years in comparative repose. Prof. Palmieri's warning does not seem to have done more than caused some uneasiness. The people do not appear to be leaving their farms and their vineyards. Perhaps they think as did the ten persons who lost their lives in the 1872 eruption, that they will have plenty of time to escape. That is how many people act when they are warned by ministers of the Gospel to flee the wrath to come.

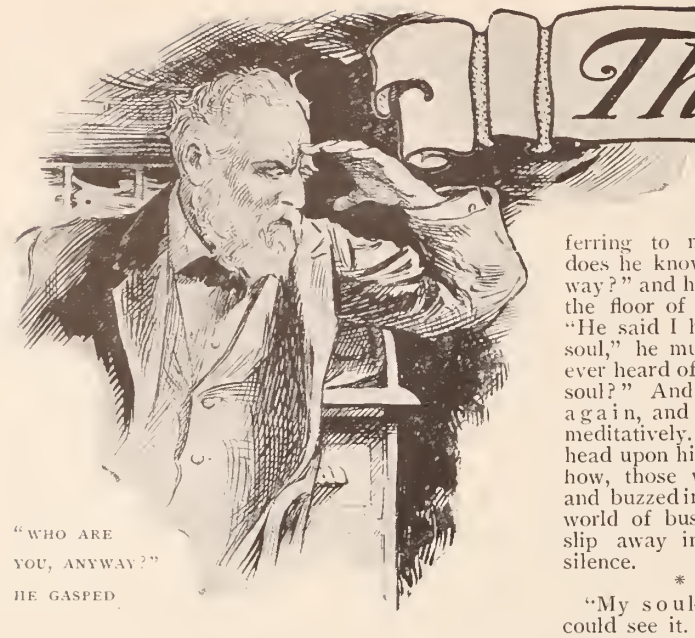
Take heed to yourselves lest . . . . that day come upon you unawares; for as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the earth (Luke 21 : 34).

A Neglected Opportunity

A singular case of loss through negligence has come to light through a suit to recover a legacy. The purchaser of some building-lots on the outskirts of a town in New Jersey directed his lawyer to examine the title. In doing so he discovered a flaw which appeared at first sight to be a mere formality. The land had changed hands more than once in recent years, but forty years ago it had formed part of an estate which had been divided on the death of the owner. His executors had omitted to settle up their accounts and obtain the formal release. Inquiry was made for them but they were dead and their representatives were scattered. There was no other way to make good the title but to obtain a release from the legatees mentioned in the will. Accordingly, a copy of the will was made and a notice was sent to every one to whom a bequest was made in it with a request for a receipt. Among them were the trustees of a church in New England to whom the owner of the property bequeathed a thousand dollars. There was no record on the church books of the legacy having been paid, and none of the trustees remembered receiving it. But as it was clear that the testator intended the church to have the thousand dollars, the trustees decided to sue for it. As the executors were dead they sued the holder of the property. The courts, however, decided against them, holding that the claim for the legacy ought to have been made earlier and that the Statute of Limitations barred the claim after so long an interval. The trustees believe that no notice of the legacy was ever sent to them, for if it had been there would have been no delay in making and pressing the claim. That is probably true, for men do not as a rule allow an opportunity of obtaining money to escape them. Unhappily, there is not the same promptitude and urgency in seeking the spiritual blessings which are placed of God at their disposal and are infinitely more valuable. Like this legacy many of them are lost because those who might have them do not apply for them until it is too late.

Ye have not because ye ask not (James 4 : 2).

The Visible Soul



"WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?" HE GASPED

MR. SAMUEL GREENE, the leading lumber merchant in a large Western city, was known as one of the most prosperous men in his section of the State. He had acquired his wealth by hard trading and close bargaining. Few people could get ahead of him; and though it was his frequent remark that every dollar he owned was "honestly made in trade," his customers and his tenants knew him only as a hard man, not unscrupulous, but disposed to exact the last dime. At home or in church (to which he went occasionally) his thoughts were too much occupied with schemes of money-making to afford any spare room for affection or religious feeling. His business acquaintances rather envied him, as one who had conquered the secret of success.

The lumber merchant sat in his little office at the close of an October day. It had been a day full of business and its aggravations. He was thinking of going home, when there suddenly came a rat-tat at the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Greene, gruffly. "Oh, it's you, Simmons. Well now, what's wanted?"

"Mr. Greene," said the newcomer, a sturdily-built, honest-looking man of middle age, "I've come to see if you won't let me have another bill of lumber—some Michigan pine I need for that contract I have on the east side."

"No, Simmons, you can't have another foot of lumber from my yard, that's flat," said Mr. Greene, harshly. "As soon as you pay up what you owe, you can get more; not till then."

"But, Mr. Greene," protested Simmons, "this is a serious matter to me. Why, I've paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars, good money, for your lumber; and as soon as this job is through you will be the first to get your money. You don't surely mean to say you refuse?"

"That's just what I do mean," snapped Greene. "But I've no time to talk about it. You can take your choice: pay up your last bill, or go without."

"It simply means ruin, that's what it does," said the man advancing into the room. "Why, good heavens, Mr. Greene, you cannot mean what you say! It would be the meanest——"

"Get out!" thundered the lumber merchant, advancing toward him, his huge bulk now quivering with anger. "Out of here, I say! You shall never get a foot of lumber from me as long as I live."

Simmons retreated a step or two, then, still with hat in hand, he turned towards the excited man. "Mr. Greene," he said in deep tones, "may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I think you have the meanest soul that ever He permitted to enter into man, and if you could only see it——"

But his talk was suddenly cut short by a threatening movement of Mr. Greene, who pushed him out of the office and slammed the door violently.

Confounded impudence, I call it!" said the lumber merchant on regaining his seat. "Why, hang the fellow, I trusted him and trusted him. I'm fairly sick of his whining talk and poverty-stricken ways. To insult me by referring to my soul. What does he know about it, anyway?" and he rose and paced the floor of the little office. "He said I had the meanest soul," he mused. "But who ever heard of anyone seeing a soul?" And then he sat down again, and rubbed his chin meditatively. He rested his head upon his hands. Somehow, those words burrowed and buzzed in his brain. The world of business seemed to slip away into shadow and silence.

* * *

"My soul—well, I wish I could see it. I am sure that fellow is wrong. Anyhow, he knows nothing about it. I wish——"

"Here I am," piped up a little, thin voice, somewhere on the floor behind him.

"What—what's that?" he asked quickly.

"Here I am," repeated the thin voice.

"Who? Where?"

"Right here behind you."

The lumber merchant turned in astonishment, and looked in the direction indicated. There, in a corner, and in the shadow of the leather-covered lounge, was a little, impish, dwarf-looking figure, like a shriveled Filipino. The merchant shrank back in amazement.

"Who are you, anyway?" he gasped.

"I am your soul," piped the black-looking little imp in the corner.

"My soul!" He shook himself together as if disbelieving his senses. "Utter nonsense! Why, with a touch of this button I can summon a policeman——"

"Still, I'm your soul," said the little black one. "Yours, and nobody else's."

"How did you come into my office?" interrogated the merchant.

"I was permitted to come as you wished," said the black thing, "and I must stay until the time of my permission ends."

"Confound it!" persisted Mr. Greene, "you don't mean to say that you are going to stick right here, in my office."

"Wherever you go, I go," piped the voice. "I am a part of you and you cannot be without me."

"But," stammered the merchant, with an inward shudder, "how am I ever to get along with you sitting around?" He went over fearfully toward the door and slipped the spring lock. "Why, this is ridiculous. Everybody who meets us will remark."

"No eye but yours can see me," was the reply from the corner.

"Well, that's one consolation," said Greene, drawing a long breath. "My soul! Mine! This is the first time anybody ever heard of such a thing."

He touched a bell to summon his foreman.

"Haff," he said, "I'm going home. Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.

"Well, then, get me a carriage will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

It was with a strange trepidation that Mr. Greene buttoned up his coat and closed the door of his office that evening. He felt somehow as though he was bidding the old place good-by and might never come back. He noted with satisfaction that the coach-lamps were unlit. Looking down he saw, moving lightly by his side, the dark, little impish figure. He opened the coach door and stepped aside to give the Soul the right of way. Then he entered.

"How shall I ever be able to meet Mary and the girls in this fix?" he said. "It's awful! awful! Something must have happened in my brain," and he turned again toward the little figure whose presence and appearance seemed to put the question of hallucination beyond all doubt.

On reaching his home, he stepped quickly to the door, opened it with his own private key and let himself into the hall unobserved. Up the stairs to his room he went noiselessly. Once safe within, he locked the door and sank down, exhausted, in a large, easy chair.

"He said I had the meanest soul the Lord ever permitted to be in a man—that's what he said. I remember every word distinctly," and he looked around once more at the dwarfish creature who sat on a chair almost opposite. "And you are the soul that came in obedience to some strange summons! Now," said the merchant, "I want to think about this. Let us ask, what is the cause of that dingy color—that elfish blackness?"

"I am what you have made me," said the Soul. "I was not always so dark."

"The meanest soul," repeated Greene, the words lingering in his brain like the refrain of a song. "The meanest soul! Well, if I have blackened my soul, I pray God to help me, for no one else can."

A tap at the door interrupted his thoughts. He turned sharply to the little figure.

"You are sure no one can see you?"

"None but you," was the reply.

He opened the door.

"Sam! Sam!" said the gentle voice of his wife, "What's the matter? We saw you go up, and we haven't heard from you since you came home." She nervously grasped his hands in her own, which were trembling.

"Nothing, Mary," said the lumber merchant hurriedly. "Nothing's the matter, only I wish you would send me up a cup of tea—a cup of good strong tea. I want to take it here in my room. I have something on my mind; nothing to trouble you, Mary, but I must be here alone for a little while."

With something between a gasp and a sob, the wife went down stairs. Presently she returned with the cup of tea.

"Thank you, Mary," he said in a tone so kindly that his wife looked at him in surprise. "Now, dear, you see I am all right. Won't you please get Tom to hitch up and drive around to Simmons, the carpenter, and tell him I want to see him immediately? In fact, tell him to bring Simmons with him." He pulled out his watch, "I must have him here within the next half hour."

Five minutes later, he could hear the sound of the departing coach, showing that the coachman had sped upon his errand. Mr. Greene again touched the bell, and one of his daughters responded.

"Edith, I want to send down to the widow Grogan's. You know she is one of my tenants. Can't one of you girls go down and bring her up? It's only ten minutes' walk, and I must see her this evening."

"Why, papa," said the daughter, "and so late?"

"Oh," said the merchant, "it's only seven o'clock. You go, Edith, and I will make it up to you. You can take the street-car and be down there in a twinkling." And to her astonishment, he kissed her. Such a thing had hardly happened since the girls were babies.

It was well within the half hour when Tom drove up before the door, and Carpenter Simmons mounted the steps. He was shown up to the merchant's room.

"Come in, Simmons; come in!" said Mr. Greene with a show of animation.

"I came, Mr. Greene, but I haven't the slightest idea ——"

"No matter, no matter. Sit down," said the other. "The fact is, Simmons, I behaved like a hog to you this afternoon, and I am deeply sorry for it. I want you to understand that, Simmons. You have been a good customer of mine, and I've never lost a cent by your trade, and to have spoken to you as I did was too mean for anything, and I want to apologize."

"Oh, Mr. Greene," protested the carpenter, "don't say a word."

"But I insist," said Greene stoutly. "If a man acts like a hog, he must apologize; he has no right to act so. You said that I had the meanest soul ——"

"Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter nervously, "I regretted it the moment I said it. I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"It was true," said Greene, "every word. I know it. I have the meanest soul, and you told the truth. Sit down."

The visitor sat down in amazement.

"Now, here is an order," continued Greene, writing at a desk that stood in the corner of the room. "Haff will give you whatever lumber you want. Hereafter you can have that privilege. You are an honest man."

"You don't mean it! You don't mean it, Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter, starting up. "Why, it's like picking me out of the gutter. I was ruined if I didn't get that money. You've saved me. You've saved my business."

"Not another word," said Mr. Greene. "Here, Simmons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me."

Still muttering his thanks, and greatly astonished at the turn affairs had taken, the carpenter withdrew.

The lumber merchant stood for a minute with a strange smile on his face. As he heard the footsteps die away, his eye fell upon the little figure in its nook, and it seemed to him—although it might only have been imagination—that it had grown a shade whiter.

A little later the widow Grogan was brought in by Edith. The widow, who was accompanied by her little daughter of seven, showed a tear-stained face. She had evidently been anticipating some new misfortune as the result of this summons from her landlord.

"Now," said Edith, reassuringly, "you just step right in, and papa will see you."

"Ah, Mrs. Grogan," said the merchant, "I am glad you've come."

"Oh, Mr. Greene," began the widow in piteous tones, "if it's the rint, I told the agent that I would thry to have it for him next month. I've done the best I could; but its the hard times we've had."

"Has that rascally agent of mine been bothering you, Mrs. Grogan?"

"Indade the man only wanted your rint, sor, an' I told him——"

"Never mind what you told him, Mrs. Grogan. So this is Molly, is it? Little Molly. How old is she?"

"Siven, sor. Speak to the jintleman, Molly, dear."

"Now, Molly," and he produced a silver coin from his vest pocket, "I am going to give this to your mother, and she is going to buy you the biggest red apple you ever saw. Mind you do it, Mrs. Grogan. Now about that rent. How long have you been living in that house of mine?"

"Eleven years, sor."

"Why, it seems to me that you have been a pretty steady tenant."

"I got this notice day before yisterday, sor," and she handed him a notice of dispossession.

The lumber merchant scowled. "And this," he muttered, "is done in my name. All the hardships that are inflicted upon these poor souls, who have paid rent for eleven years, I have to stand sponsor for."

"Now, Mrs. Grogan," he said, "turning to the widow, who was wiping her eyes with a corner of her dress, "I am going to give you a note to the agent, which will fix you all right, so far as the next quarter's rent is concerned, and I'll see you before then. You've had pretty hard lines since Patrick died?"

"Indade, very hard, sor. Many's the meal-hour there's neither bite nor sup in the house."

"Too bad! Too bad! But we must try to help you in some way. I will get my wife to come down and see you, Mrs Grogan, and see if we cannot make it easier for you and little Molly. Eh, Molly!"

The child smiled in his face, but still clung to her mother's sleeve. He fumbled in his vest pocket—it was a strange thing that he was prompted to do, but he did it. Generosity had never been a weakness of the money-maker, but this, he felt, was a special case. It was his doing, all this misery and suffering. He handed a ten-dollar bill to the widow.

"Now, here is something to keep the pot boiling, anyway, and don't you fear

(*Concluded on next page*).

A KING IN A MISSION

ON the banks of the River Thames, far below the smoke and soot of London, stands the modest little structure known as the Scandinavian Seamen's Mission. It is a small building, distinguished from its neighbors solely by its general air of cleanliness and homelikeness. In the rooms beneath its friendly roof, a good work has been carried on for many years for the benefit of the hundreds of Swedish and Norwegian sailors who come down to London with the lumberships. The Mission provides for them a homelike place where they can pass their hours off duty, and where they can secure board and lodging at a nominal charge. It also attends carefully to their spiritual needs.

Last spring, King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, together with the Queen and the Crown Prince, took a house in the country near London and decided to remain there several weeks for the benefit of his health. He lived quietly without pomp or ostentation. He spent his days in going wherever his fancy guided him. He, of course, took a great interest in the Scandinavian colony in London, and soon the work of the Seamen's Mission came to his notice. He visited the little building on the banks of the Thames. The writer was fortunate enough to be present on that Sunday. The king came like any ordinary visitor, with but one attendant and dressed as a private gentleman. He arrived in time for the regular Sabbath morning service, and sat among the congregation of sailors at the back of the room. There was no special service on his account. The Mission workers knew their king would prefer the ordinary programme, which was very simple and attractive. The address seemed especially appropriate to the occasion. It concerned the majesty of that Heavenly King, who is above all earthly sovereigns, and the speaker sought to impress upon the congregation the fact that Christ's sacrifice was all the greater on this account. She described his sufferings upon earth in a manner that did not fail to impress all.

The sailors were evidently greatly moved. There among them sat their earthly king. They knew of his many excellent qualities and his love for his people. There was not a man there who did not love King Oscar for what he has done for them. Many Swedish hymns were sung, the king joining in the choruses. He seemed to enjoy all that took place, and when the service was over, expressed his appreciation in words. He congratulated the sailors upon having such a pleasant home in a foreign land, and assured the mission workers of his hearty interest in their undertaking. He said he knew of no more deserving field of work than that among sailors, and closed by speaking of Christianity as the necessary force in every good work. When he had finished all were permitted to shake his hand and everyone supposed he would then take his departure. But the good king seated himself to have dinner with the seamen. He ate their bread and meat and potatoes, and chatted pleasantly all the while with the men about him. He said he had never enjoyed a dinner more, and promised he would visit the Mission again before leaving England. The sailors laughed and joked as though they were dining with their usual company. No one would have supposed the pleasant old gentleman at the head of the table was the king of Sweden and Norway. As one of the guests expressed it, "He looked for all the world like a retired clergyman."

KING OSCAR, OF SWEDEN, AT THE SAILORS' MISSION

At the close of the meal King Oscar returned to London. A few days later I was successful in securing an introduction to him at Grove House, Roehampton.

"I greatly enjoyed being there that day," he said, "and I hope to go again before I leave for Paris. It does one good to see such Christianity as I found there. Many a man is kept from drink and gambling by having such a place where he can go, and often he comes to realize the blessing of Christianity while surrounded by these good influences."

HARRY STEELE MORRISON.

THE VISIBLE SOUL

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

but we will call." he said, cordially. "That is all I wanted to see you about, Mrs. Grogan. Good night, little Molly."

Then the pent-up emotion broke out beyond all control. The poor widow was overwhelmed with such kindness, and she fairly broke down.

"May the Lord bless ye, sor! Oh, may He bless you and yours forever! Indade, it's a good man you are, the day, to me an' Molly, an we'll pray for you ivery day of our lives—that we will. It's a kind heart you have, indade it is."

"Hush! Don't say such things," said the lumber dealer huskily, and his own voice trembled. "You can find your way down, and they will see you on the car."

"Oh, indade, we'll walk," she said, smiling, while the tears still dropped, "I feel like flyin'."

He heard their steps going down the stairs, the patter of the child keeping accompaniment to the heavier footfall of the mother. Both were smiling with joy and happiness.

With his own eyes strangely moist with the suspicion of tears, he turned from the window and looked toward the shadowed corner of the room. The soul seemed to smile at him with a gentle expression, which he had not observed before.

The hours that followed were eventful ones for the lumber merchant. Long he sat, and at intervals he conversed with his strange companion. The complete record of his career unrolled itself before him. He saw in a new and unfamiliar light many of the events which he had recorded as triumphs: he recalled a thousand instances where he had been harsh, where he had repressed noble impulses, and sacrificed love and affection in order that he might be unhampered in his struggle for wealth; where he had driven hard bargains and been guilty of what now seemed monstrous injustice, though the world called it shrewd trading. And then, with this reflection, he looked again at his dark and diminutive visitor.

"You forgot that these men were your brothers," said the voice from the corner answering his unspoken thoughts. "You showed them no mercy; you made no allowances; you took the full measure of your 'rights' as you understood them and gave no quarter. Their broken fortunes and blighted hopes you made stepping-stones to your own success. You have trodden all the way upon hearts, even the hearts of your own dear ones. You have given me—your Soul—no opportunity for growth, but have made me, as you see, a thing to be loathed and despised." And it bowed itself in its corner with a gesture of sorrow.

With a zeal that was almost feverish, he set about, as far as man could do, to rectify the wrongs, the injustices, the injuries and the sharp trading of years. It took time and no little grace and moral courage to make amends, and to do such other things as he could, but he persevered. And, strangest of all, he found presently a keen and satisfying pleasure in his new line of action. In business and social affairs, abroad and at home, he grew gracious and liberal. Mary and the girls at home found him companionable and affectionate. His men at the yard became familiar with his smile and kind words.

He did not forget his promise to the widow Grogan, and both she and little Molly profited by the change in affairs, as also did many others.

Before many months had passed, the business community, at first incredulous, had wholly revised its former estimate of the lumber merchant. He was no longer "the meanest man," and the hardest at a bargain. In losing the reputation for such qualities he had, all unconsciously, gained one for qualities much more desirable. He loved to help those who found themselves in "tight places." To the poor of his neighborhood he was a constant benefactor.

The year neared the close. The soul had grown to be a dear comrade, fair and well-proportioned, such as the merchant would have loved the whole world to see. And when the moment of parting came, he gazed upon the being who stood beside him and marveled: for, as it smiled upon him, he knew that it was noble and beautiful, dazzling in brightness and in stature like the angels.

* * *

The lumber merchant awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and then sat thoughtfully for a little space. He had slept altogether less than twenty minutes, but he had lived a year and learned the lesson of a lifetime. A shade of regret passed over his face as he looked into the corner where had appeared the visitor of his dream and found it empty. Then he put on his overcoat, locked the door and went home.

And the dream came true.

G. H. S.

Your Nose

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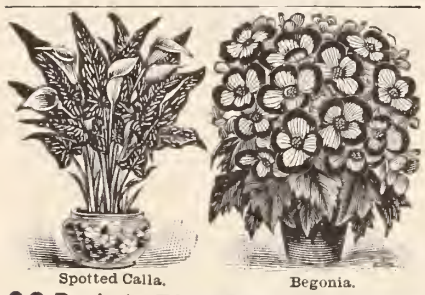

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A CROWD of sad-faced and tired-eyed men may be found every morning in the Bowery Mission, waiting to pour their stories of want and woe, of disappointment and despair, into the ears of the superintendent as soon as he arrives. Some of them may have been at the meeting a few nights before, and the germ of new hope is working within them. Others, blear-eyed and husky-voiced, after a night's or a week's debauch, and in hysterical penitence born of shaken nerves and squandered cash, have come in, in the hope of being able to grasp a steadying hand. Some have just spent their first night in the great city, and are still grimy and travel-stained after their long freight-car ride. There are others who have been in the city, and in the same ward, for thirty years past; they are here because the Mission is the only place in the wide world from whence they are not repulsed.

Listen to some of their stories. The first brought in by the doorkeeper is a young man of twenty-five, who arrived in the city yesterday from Massachusetts. He is still nervous from the effects of dissipation. Twenty-four hours before, he had made his first appearance at the Mission. Then he was bright and clean, and clad in a new suit of clothes, with $44 in his pockets, with which his mother had provided him for the purpose of coming to New York to seek employment. He came direct to the Mission because his mother is a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and she had directed him there. Starting out to look for work, he had fallen into one of the many pitfalls laid for the unwary in the Bowery. He remembered nothing more than entering a dive, and taking his first drink. He had been drugged, and then robbed of his money, watch and clothes, and in a suit of dirty "relievers" he has staggered within the friendly doors of the Mission again, seeking there counsel and help. What can we do but fall upon our knees and ask God for help in getting this poor boy out of the great sinning city, back to his home.

. . .

The second who enters is a young man of about the same age as the last. His mother died of a broken heart in Michigan, six months ago. Often he has promised to do better, but has never been able to tear himself away from the gang of vile companions by whom he has become surrounded, and time after time he has fallen. A few days ago he received intelligence that his mother had left him a legacy of $100, and immediately the attentions of the crowd of sharks became more persistent than ever. He came to the Mission superintendent, and asked him to obtain the cash for him by making a draft on the lawyer of his dead mother. Here seemed to be a chance of getting the boy away from his old companions, of saving his money for him, of getting him a new start in life in some other city, amid fresh surroundings. The money was obtained for him, and the superintendent arranged to put him on an evening boat, with a letter of introduction to a Christian clergyman in a distant city, where, let us hope, he may indeed become a new man.

The next is a boy of eighteen or twenty. He has a very sad story to tell. He has been out west for the last three years, in the wilds of Arizona. He quarreled with his father, who lived in Elizabeth, N. J., and ran away from home. Like the prodigal of old, he found the way of transgressors to be hard, and there came into his heart a great yearning to see his father again and seek forgiveness. He beat his way for thousands of miles upon the freight-cars, on one occasion being seriously hurt by being thrown off the cars by an angry conductor. When he arrived at Elizabeth, tired and hungry, it was only to find that the good, kind father had died twelve months before. We try to make him understand that, orphaned though he is, the heart of the great Father still loves him with a fathomless love. Tears stand in the poor lad's eyes as he kneels and stammers out a little prayer of his own.

. . .

As the boy leaves us, another face appears at the door, but this time it is a bright, beaming countenance that we see. "Mr. Hallimond, I have called to tell you that I am getting on splendidly since the night you spoke to me in City Hall Park and gave me the price of a bed, and told me that it was just for such men as me that Christ died, and that you wanted me at the Mission. I have not taken another drop of liquor since. God has never been out of my thoughts for a moment, and I want to pay back the money you gave me that night, so that you may help some other as unfortunate as I was."

Thus, as the hours of the day glide past, case after case is dealt with, and we realize how limited our time and means are for gathering in the sheaves in this busy corner of the harvest-field.

J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent Bowery Mission.

Saving the Homeless Boys

A new department of Christian work, involving a great responsibility, has lately been assumed at the Bowery Mission. It is now taking into its care and teaching a young and most neglected element—the homeless boys that are seen nightly crowding about the saloons and dance-halls of the Bowery. One of the mission workers found six boys under eighteen in one of the lowest dives. They frequent these dens because they have no other place to spend their evenings. The Mission tries to make them feel that there is always a welcome for them in its hospitable hall. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird writes us: "As Christmas is the time for home-gathering, many will come to the Mission as the only home they have; and we want to give two dinners on that day, one for the boys who attend regularly on Wednesday night and another for those who are alone and friendless in this big, wicked city. For nine years it has been my privilege to spend my Christmas with our sad, unfortunate men. It is always a time of great spiritual blessing. The kind and generous remembrance of God's children in providing for them softens their hearts, and out of bitter despair come hope and new ambition."

Readers who are willing to help in feeding the hungry at the Bowery Mission on Christmas day will kindly send their gifts to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Christian Herald

(An Acrostic.)

True CHRISTIAN HERALD of our Lord,
High is thy aim, and blest the word,
Ever given thee to sound abroad!

Christ keep and bless thee, evermore!
His love and strength—a boundless store—
Refresh and guide thee with all joy
In ev'ry work thy hands employ.
So many souls are blessed by thee
Throughout the world, on land and sea,
It calls for more than mortal power
As, day by day, and hour by hour,
New duties rise—heaven's richest dower!

High raise thy banner for the truth,
E'en o'er the walls where war and ruth
Rend earth and hell in bloody fray!
As sure as God's own word gives life,
Life springs from death, and peace from strife!
Do then thy work while lasts the day.

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Shine On

Are you shining for Jesus, my brother?
This dark world needeth your light.
Are you guiding poor souls that are stumbling,
Out of the gloom of the night?

Are you shining, still shining for Jesus?
Shine on, O beloved, shine on;
Guide the wand'ring and weary to Jesus,
Shine on, O beloved, shine on.

Are you shining for Jesus, my brother?
For you his life he once gave;
Are you showing the way to a Saviour,
To him who only can save?

Are you shining for Jesus, my brother,
The light he gave unto you?
Are you telling of him unto others,
The dear old story, still new?

Are you shining for Jesus, my brother?
A city set on a hill;
Ever proving for him a true witness,
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She got so well and got well so quickly, that she knows exactly what caused the change. Now she advises all her friends to use Postum, and is so enthusiastic about it that she sends printed notices of it in her letters to them, and warns them to be sure and have it made right. You already have an account of my bitter experience with coffee drinking. Caroline A. Jones, Houston Heights, Texas.

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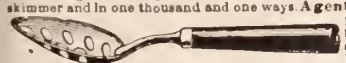

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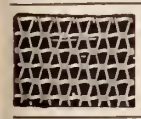

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BRINGING little children unto the Lord is surely a blessed work. If there is one phase of philanthropic activity upon which God would more fully set the seal of his approval than upon another, it seems to us it would be that of leading little ones unto the Saviour, "that he should put his hands on them." For the past seven years our readers have shared with us the privilege of just such high and holy labor as this. Hungry children have been fed, naked children have been clothed, sick children have been restored to health and strength, loveless children have been loved, at beautiful Mont-Lawn, our "Tenement Children's Paradise." Mont-Lawn is something more than a secular, a humanitarian, a philanthropic work—it is a spiritual work. If we give our little waifs clothes only, the clothes will wear out; if we give them food only, they may hunger again; if we give them human love only, human love may fail them; if we give them Christ, they are rich forever! Many of them come to us, unhappy little pagans, not so much as knowing if there be a Christ. None go away in such ignorance. Many leave us conscious—as it is peculiarly childhood's privilege to be—that Jesus has blessed them. To such as these, life has a new meaning, a new strength and sweetness, which cannot be taken away by the unchildlike cares, sorrows, and privations to which hundreds of these poor waifs are subject.

"Little Twelve Thousand" is a living witness to what Mont-Lawn has done for a great multitude of children. Twelve thousand waifs loved, clothed, fed, sheltered, and taught to know something about Jesus! What an army they would make if all stood in line, singing the victory song that their separate companies have trilled with such fervor in our chapel.

When the battle's over, we shall wear a crown.

Poor little soldiers in life's unequal struggle! They have many a battle to fight with poverty, hardships, and the saloon. It was good last summer to hear them sing till the Rockland Hills sent back the echo:

O, it is wonderful, very, very wonderful,
All is love and grace to me!

We have received many children as ragged as "Little Twelve Thousand," but few more so. How happy she was when her tattered and soiled garments were removed, when she was washed, neatly clad, and a doll placed in her arms, words cannot tell. How eagerly she drank the bowls of rich milk provided! How she enjoyed her clean white cot, and how pretty she looked nestling down in it, her blue eyes shining up at "teachers," eloquent with the love and gratitude her tongue could not utter—for the poor baby's organs of speech are defective. Her mother died a drunkard; her father is not always sober; her sister, eleven years old and not very bright, is housekeeper in the one miserable room which is home for "Little Twelve Thousand," her father, brother and two sisters. She was a late guest at Mont-Lawn, and we kept her until schools opened in the city. The real name of the tiny maid who bore the dignity of this big number because she was the twelve thousandth waif entertained at our Children's Home on the Hudson, is Lily. One of our pictures shows her as she was picked up off the street and brought to the Bible House, a candidate for Mont-Lawn. The other, as she returned to the city, ready for kindergarten. Her little brother and sister, our guests also, were as greatly benefited as Lily.

* * *

Every year, in every State in the Union, God raises up new friends for this work. Now and then, a servant of Christ going to the better land above, remembers Mont-Lawn in a last will or testament, and under their names, be the offering small or large, may be written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . their works do follow them." With friends in heaven and friends on earth and the blessing of the Lord falling as dew upon it, surely this work for the children of the poor cannot but grow and prosper, sending out its influences into many homes, where, as of old, it may be said, "A little child shall lead them." Pray for the continuance of God's blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home.

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No Work for God is Vain

HAST thou grown weary in thy toil?
Does labor seem for naught?
Art thou in brief discouragement,
By Satan's meshes caught?
Gird up thy loins—look toward the stars,
And let thy God sustain—
It is for Him thou laborest—
No work for God is vain.

'Tis like the alabaster box
With love's devotion poured—
A costly thing—but not too much
When it anoints thy Lord.

O, pour it, then, with prayer and tears!
The precious vessel drain!
'Twill sweeten all the dusty years—
O, 'twill not be in vain!

Ye sow in tears—ye reap in joy!
No more to grief succumb!
Seed sown for God, naught can destroy,
And harvest time will come.
Work on beneath thy Father's smile—
Let love, dear love constrain!
'Tis all that makes our lives worth while—
O, 'twill not be in vain!

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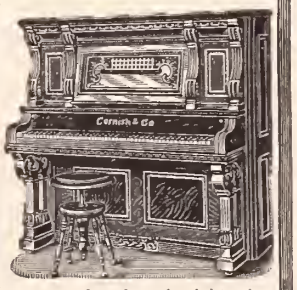

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

"Eben Holden"

AMONG the notable books of the year, there is probably none that has achieved a wider popularity than *Eben Holden, a Tale of the North Country*, by Irving Bacheller, a young and rising American author. The secret of this success is to be found in the fact that he has taken his story from real life, for *Eben Holden* is not a work of fiction, in the ordinary sense of the word, but a narrative which

MR. IRVING BACHELLER

deals, with rare fidelity and fine literary skill, with the every-day lives of a simple, rural people—the descendants of those who came from New England many years ago and made homes for themselves in the Adirondack wilderness. As Hawthorne drew his types from New England, Harte from the rough miners and pioneers of the Rockies and the Sierras, and Cooper from the dwellers of the forest and on the prairies, so this later writer has chosen the characters of his story and their surroundings from among a class who made their way amid most difficult surroundings. The book is rich in quaint humor and full of the atmosphere of the piney woods, the clearing and the farm.

His book is the autobiography of an orphan—almost a foundling—whose good genius is a shrewd, fun-loving, wholesouled old uncle. There are many passages over which the reader will love to linger. The old man's perilous flight with the boy through the North Woods in winter; their hospitable welcome by good David Brower and his worthy wife at Paradise Valley, where dwelt sweet young Hope Brower; the happy, youthful days on the farm; the odd rural folks around, and their old-fashioned ways and quaint dialect; the educational struggle; the boy's start in life in the great city; his experience as a soldier in the battles for the Union; his return to New York after the war, and the ultimate happy reunion on the old farm with the dear old folks about him and Hope by his side—all these and a thousand others are pictured in a way that is delightfully entertaining.

We have only space for a single extract—a scene which describes the Christmas gathering at the old farm:

Uncle Eben's Christmas Surprise*

We sat by the fire after the supper dishes were put away, talking of all the Christmas days we could remember. Hope and I thought our last in Faraway best of all, and no wonder, for we had got then the first promise of the great gift that now made us happy. Elizabeth, sitting in her easy chair, told of Christmas in the olden time, when her father had gone to war with the British.

David sat near me, his face in the firelight, the broad brow wrinkled into furrows and framed in locks of iron gray. He was looking thoughtfully at the fire. Uncle Eb came soon, stamping and shaking the snow out of his great fur coat.

"Col' night," he said, warming his hands.

"Jes' thought I'd buy this fer fun," said he, holding it down to the firelight. "I never see the like uv it. Whoa!" he shouted as the cover flew open, releasing a jumping-jack. "Quicker'n a grasshopper! D'ye ever see sech a sassy little critter?"

Then he handed it to Elizabeth.

"Wish ye Merry Crissmus, Dave Brower!" said he.

"Ain't as merry as I might be," said David.

"Know what's the matter with ye," said Uncle Eb. "Searchin' after trouble—thet's what ye're doin'. Findin' lots uv it right there'n the fire. Trouble's goin' t' git mighty scurce 'round here this very self-same night. Ain't goin' t' be nobody lookin' fer it—thet's why. Fer years ye've been takin' care o' somebody 'et 'll take care o' you long's ye live—sartin sure. Folks they said ye was fools when ye took 'em in. Man said I was a fool once. Alwuss hed a purty fair idee of myself sence then. When some folks call ye a fool et's a ruther good sign ye aint. Ye've waited a long time fer yer pay; ain't much longer t' wait now."

There was a little quaver in his voice. We all looked at him in silence. Uncle Eb drew out his wallet with trembling hands, his fine old face lit with a deep emotion. David looked up at him as if he wondered what joke was coming, until he saw his excitement.

"Here's twenty thousan' dollars," said Uncle Eb, "a real, genuwine bank check—jist as good as gold. Here 'tis! A Crissmus present fer you'n Elizabeth. An' may God bless ye both!"

David looked up incredulously. Then he took the bit of paper. A big tear rolled down his cheek.

"Why, Holden! What does this mean?" he asked.

"'At the Lord pays his debts," said Uncle Eb. "Read it."

Hope had lighted the lamp.

David rose and put on his spectacles. One eyebrow had lifted above the level of the other. He held the check to the lamp. Elizabeth stood at his elbow.

"Why, mother!" said he, "Is this from our boy? From Nehemiah? Why, Nehemiah is dead!" he added, looking over his spectacles at Uncle Eb.

"Nehemiah is not dead," said the latter.

"Nehemiah not dead!" he repeated, looking down at the draft.

They turned it in the light, reading over and over again the happy tidings pinned to one corner of it. Then they looked into each other's eyes.

Elizabeth put her arms about David's neck and laid her head upon his shoulder and not one of us dare trust himself to speak for a little. Uncle Eb broke the silence.

"Got another present," he said, "'S a good deal better'n gold er silver—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. He swung it open quickly. A tall, bearded man came in.

"Mr. Trumbull!" Hope exclaimed, rising.

"David and Elizabeth Brower," said Uncle Eb. "The dead has come t' life. I give ye back yer son, Nehemiah."

Then he swung his cap high above his head, shouting in a loud voice, "Merry Crissmus! Merry Crissmus!"

The scene that followed I shall not try to picture. It was so full of happiness that every day of our lives since then has been blessed with it and with a peace that has lightened every sorrow. Of it, I can truly say that it passeth all understanding.

"Look here, folks," said Uncle Eb, "after a while, as he got his flute, my feelin's hev been teched hard. If I don't hev some jollification I'll bust. Bill Brower, limber up yer leather a leetle bit."

*From *Eben Holden, a Tale of the North Country*, by Irving Bacheller. Pp. 432; cloth binding; top gilt; price $1.50. Lathrop Publishing Company, Boston, publishers.

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THE religion of the head of a state or nation is usually the predominant belief of the nation itself. In the religions of the world's rulers to-day, many different creeds are represented. With rare exceptions, the heads of nations are punctilious in fulfilment of their religious duties, thus setting a good example to their subjects.

Queen Victoria, as devout a Christian as the humblest member of the Church of England, is a great lover of hymns. Her favorites used to be "Nearer My God To Thee," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." Of late years, her choice has become confined almost entirely to hymns relating to the future state and breathing the spirit of resignation. At service, she has frequently asked that the choir sing "Wake for the Night is Flying."

Wilhelm, the young and energetic German Emperor, is a sincerely moral and religious man. He is a Protestant, believing in the tenets of Luther. Wilhelm is one of the few monarchs in history who have preached. On his yacht he never takes a minister along, but personally acts as spiritual father of the family aboard. On Sundays at sea he conducts divine service, taking his place behind the altar and preaching a sermon.

* * *

The husband of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland will surely be a Protestant, for she is herself the best and most regular worshiper in the Dutch Church. Moreover, the law of her land will not permit her to marry a Catholic. She studied the Bible under a special professor, and many anecdotes are related of the questions by which she sought enlightenment.

King Christian of Denmark, though personally inclined to the Lutheran Church, holds most liberal religious views regarding his people and members of his family. King Oscar II. of Sweden is of the Protestant faith, a practical Christian, and an ardent student of the Bible. Switzerland's President, Col. Edward Muller, is a Protestant and a member of the Church of Bern. He worships simply as a private citizen, walking to and from church every Sunday morning with his family. President Kruger, of the South African Republic—if he can now be called the President—is of course a member of the Dutch Protestant Church. He is fond of lay ministrations.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is a devout Catholic. Every Sunday morning he hears mass in the palace chapel. He wears civilian dress and remains standing throughout the service, his head bared and bowed. M. Loubet, the most democratic President France has known, is a Catholic, and prefers to worship in a simple way as a private citizen. King Victor Emanuel of Italy is a Roman Catholic. Carlos I., of Portugal, is a Catholic, as indolent and as apathetic in his religious duties as in those of his rulership. Alfonso, the boy King of Spain, is a Catholic. Pope Leo XIII. is his godfather. With his mother, the Queen Regent, he attends mass every Sunday. Leopold, King of the Belgians, is a Catholic.

* * *

The Czar of Russia, the only layman of the Orthodox Russian Church who is allowed to step foot into an altar, has his private chapel in both St. Petersburg and Moscow. There is high mass for His Majesty every Sunday. The music is entirely vocal, the singers being invisible, according to the customs of the Church—no instrumental music being allowed. The altar in the Czar's chapel is behind golden gates on which sacred subjects are frescoed. Suddenly the gates burst open and the "Gloria" is sung by the invisible choir. Both the Czar and Czarina are very punctilious about their hours of worship.

King George of Greece, and Queen Olga are both devotees of the Orthodox Greek Church. Their private chapel in Athens is one of the prettiest little churches in Greece. Here they worship every Sunday when in the capital. Nicholas, ruler of Montenegro, also lives according to the teachings of the Orthodox Greek Church. King Carl of Rumania and "Carmen Sylva," his Queen, belong to the same church, as does Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. King Alexander, of Servia, is of the Orthodox Greek faith, but not at all regular in his church attendance.

The Sultan of Turkey, an extreme Mohammedan, goes to public worship at the big mosque in Constantinople every Friday. He rides in a closed carriage attended by ten thousand soldiers, and all along the line of march the people shout, as he passes: "There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his prophet." On all other days in the year he worships in private. The Khedive of Egypt and all his family are also of the Mohammedan faith. At the alabaster mosque of Mohamet Ali in Cairo, once a year, the Khedive and all the male members of his household attend public worship. No outsider is permitted to attend. The Shah of Persia is a Mohammedan who observes his religious duties only in a most perfunctory and worldly way. The Sultan of Morocco, a young man only eighteen years old, is of the Mohammedan faith, the religion of his predecessors.

Menelik II., King of Abyssinia, goes to his native church every day in the year. On Sundays he attends Holy Trinity Church; for Christianity was introduced into his country in the fourth century.

The King of Siam is a Buddhist and was for some time a priest, as is the custom with all the rulers of that country. During his priesthood he shaved his head and temporarily gave up the crown to wear a yellow cotton scarf about his waist and spend his days in fasting and prayer.

The Emperor and Empress of Japan are disciples of Shintoism, the faith of their ancestors for centuries back. They are both attentive to their religious duties though their outward life, perhaps unconsciously, carries out many of the teachings of Christianity.

* * *

It is said that among monarchs, the Emperor of China is the greatest martyr to religious ceremonials. As the Chief High Priest, he has to offer a sacrifice to a different god almost every week in the year. To each sacrifice is dedicated one or more holidays, and the Emperor is supposed to pass every one of these days in solitude. Another heathen religious rule which the Emperor is bound to observe, is that of offering hundreds of silk balloons each year before the tablets of his long line of predecessors. Altogether, he spends more than one hundred and fifty days a year in religious duties.

President McKinley is in every sense of the word a Christian—regularly attending service at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, or the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canton. When he is not in his pew on Sunday, the pastor knows that something extraordinary has occurred to keep the most distinguished member of his flock at home. Mrs. McKinley, being an invalid, is not able to be a regular attendant at church, so the President has to go alone, or, at best, accompanied by a cabinet minister. He always joins heartily in the singing of hymns, reads the Psalms, and listens intently to the sermon. He particularly enjoys the hour of service, because for this hour he is the private citizen, the simple worshiper.

The Presidents of the South and Central American republics are nearly all Catholics, but only a few of them attend divine service. Among the few is President Diaz of Mexico, a devout religionist and most scrupulous in matters of doing good. He is very benevolent, and assists Mrs. Diaz in maintaining many charities.

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25 Let the lower lights be burning
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82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
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612 Somewhere to-night
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615 Hiding in the Rock
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617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
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622 Lebanon
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624 Duane Street
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632 Leighton
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635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come
653 Pilgrim's Song
654 The Bright Forever
655 They gather one by one
656 Gathering Home
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659 Glory to Jesus
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661 Sicily
662 Migdol
663 Louvan
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665 Lanesboro
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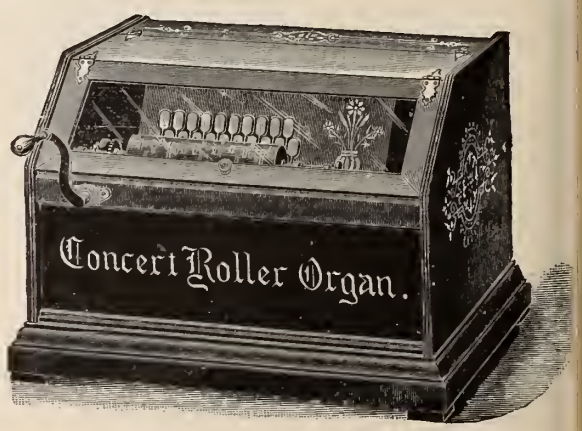

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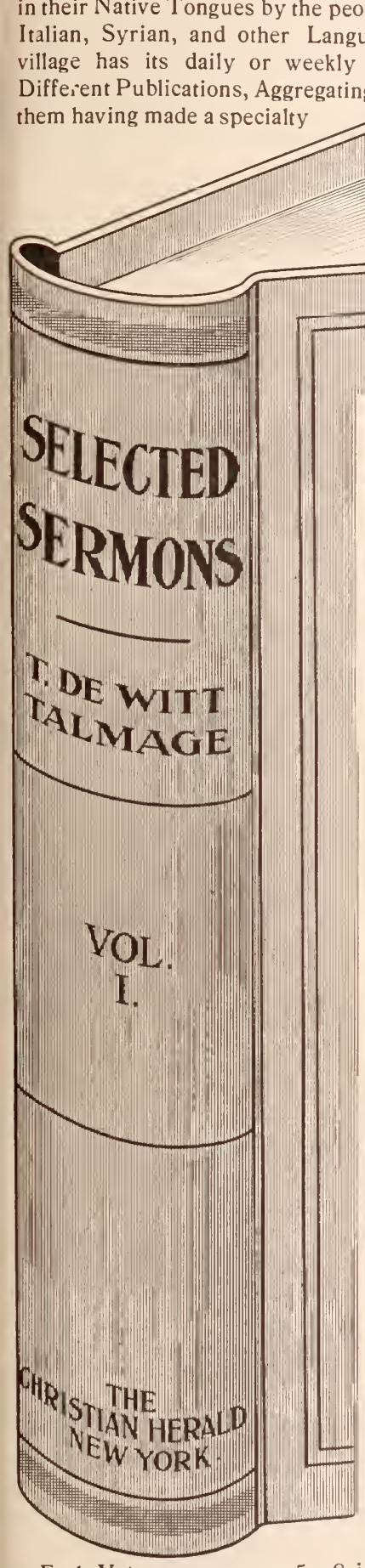

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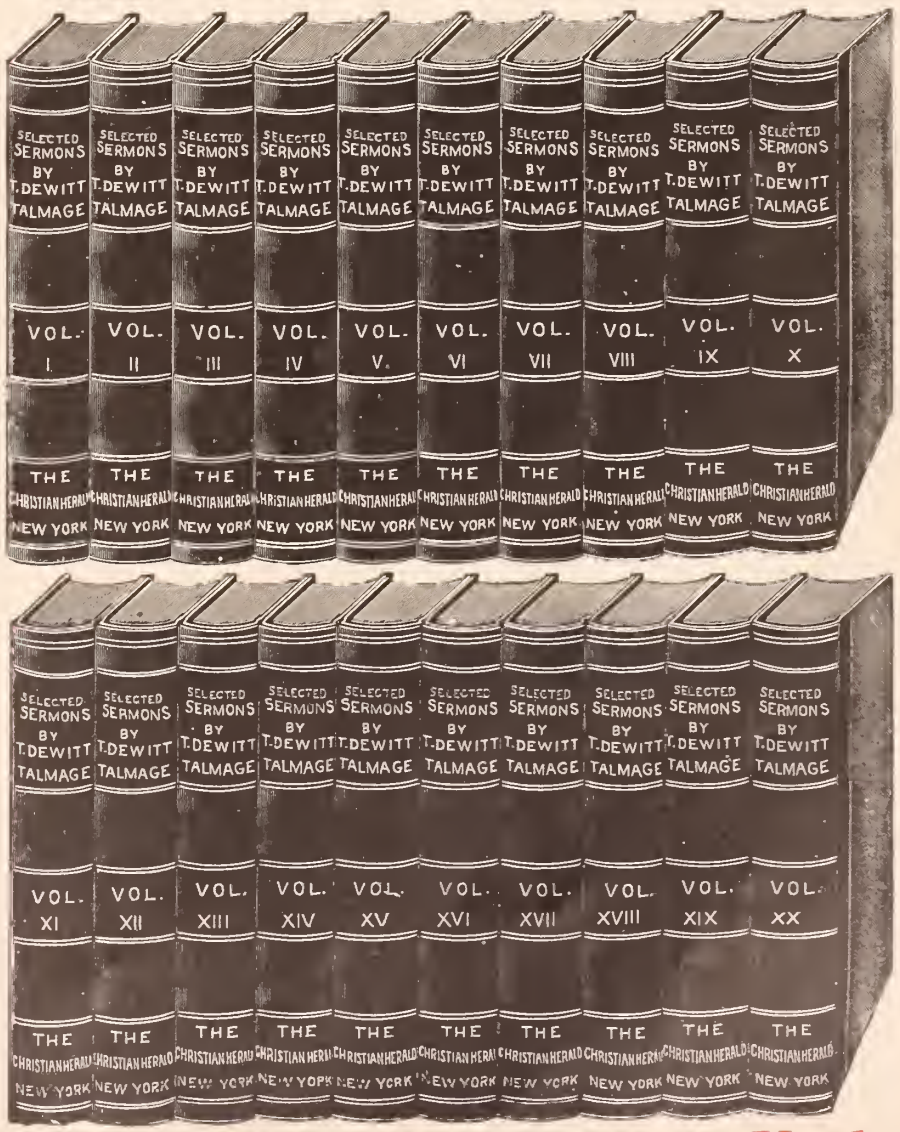

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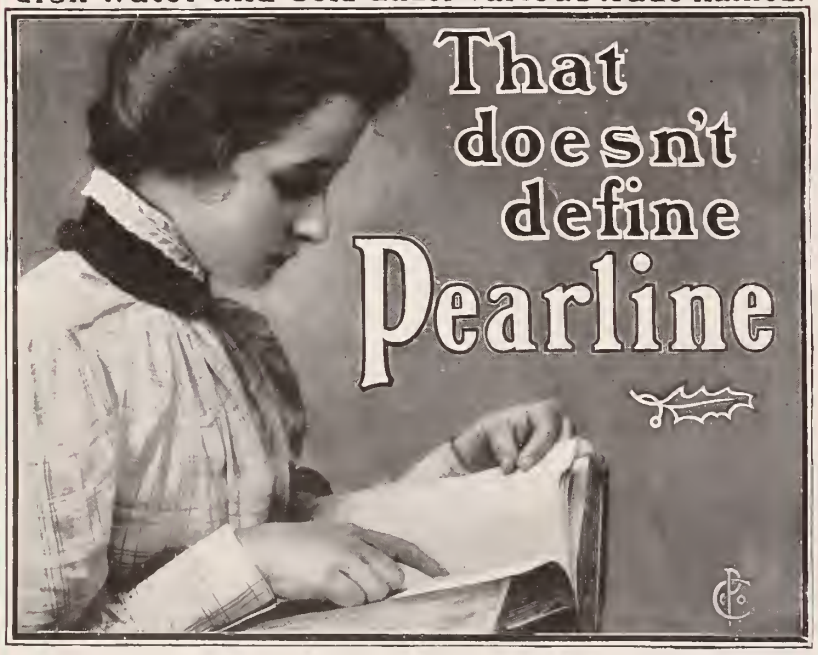

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1900

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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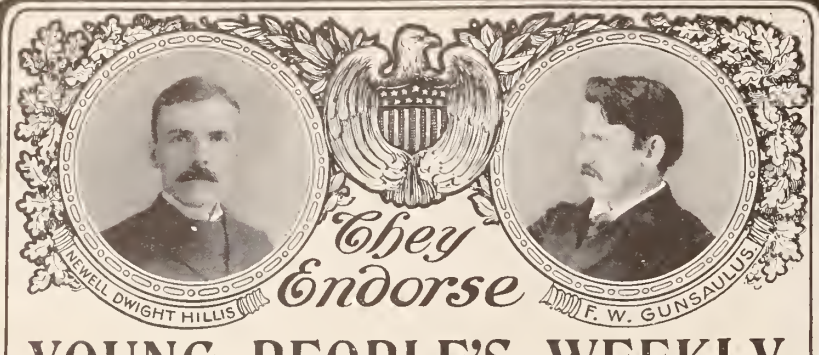

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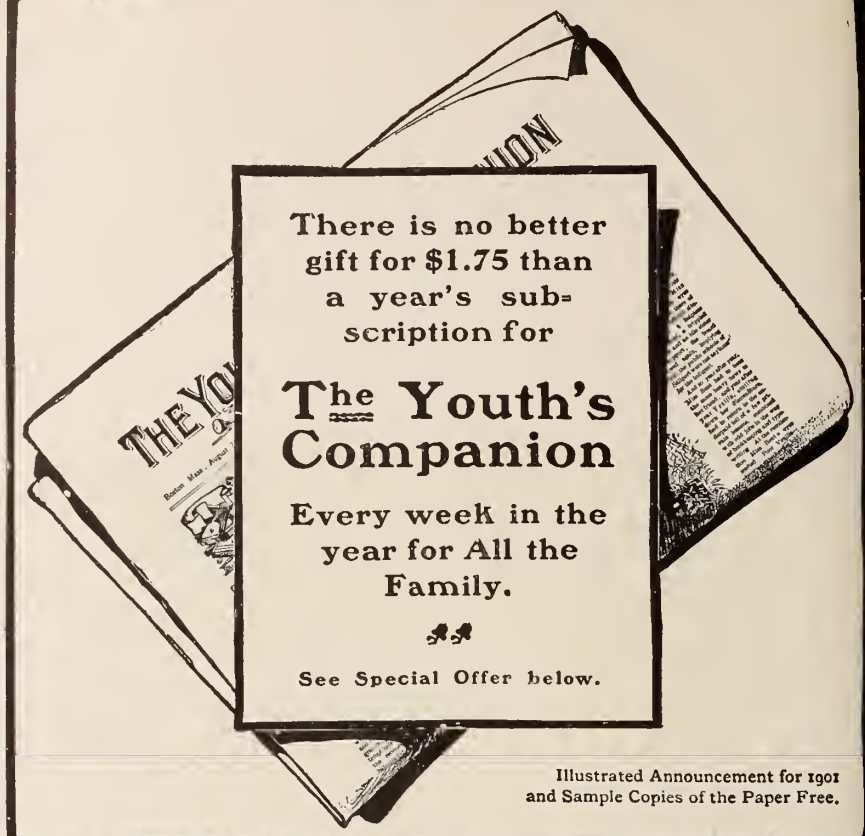

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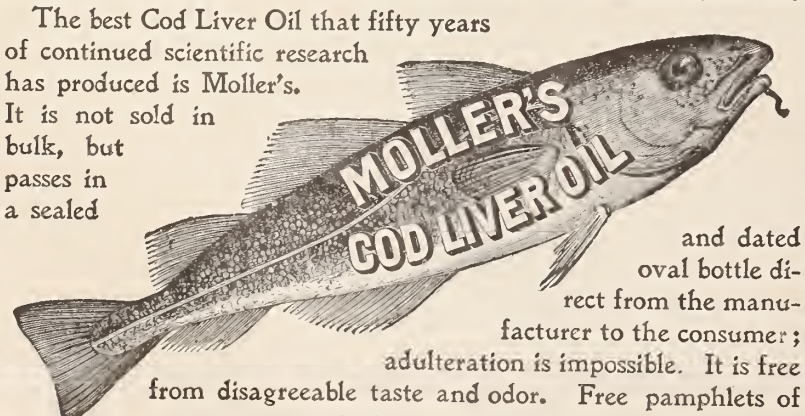

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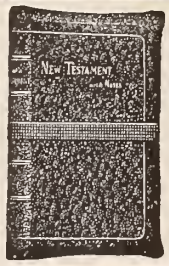

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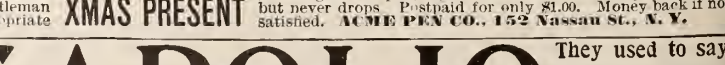

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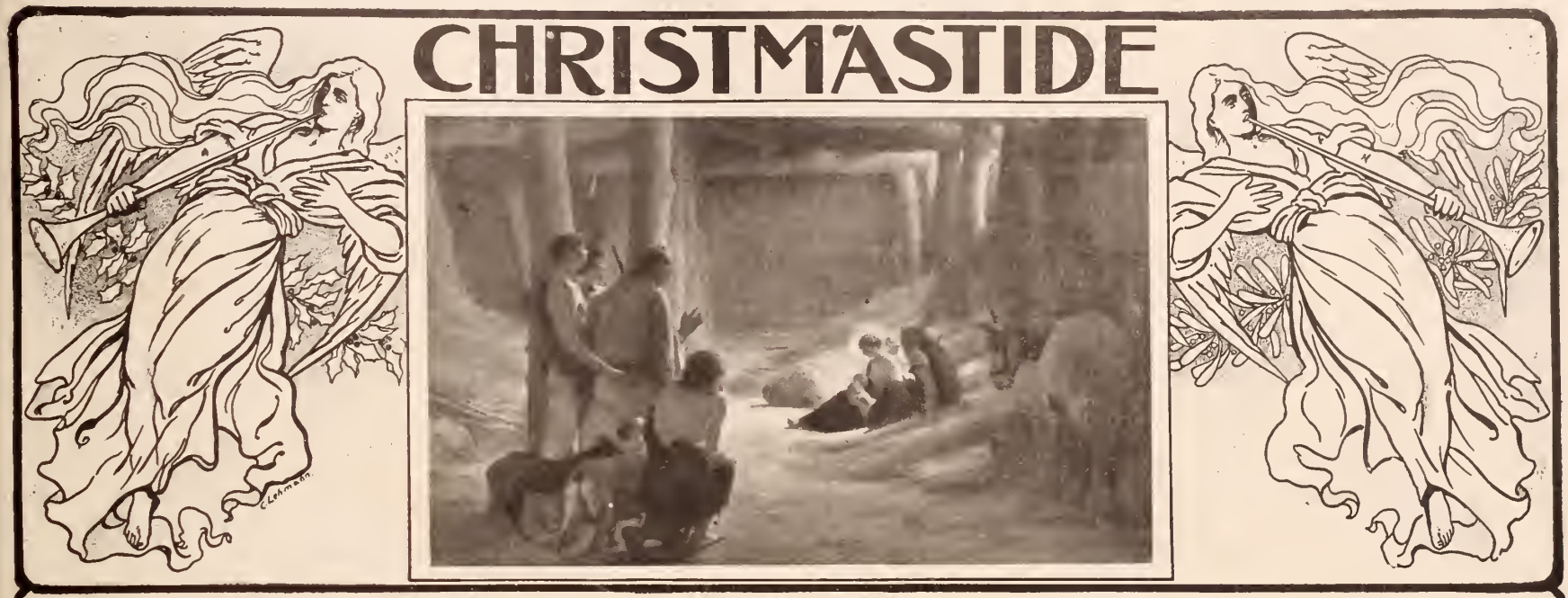

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. . .

Give the children an especially good time, for childhood Christmas is only for a few years. Before long some one will tell the children that there is no Santa Claus, and they will cease to hear the clatter of the reindeer hoofs on the roof near the chimney, and much of the glee will be gone. There are no Christmas holidays to be compared with those which chime before thirteen years of age. Further on in life we may better understand the great significance and high religious meaning of the day, but the real fun does not live long enough to reach the teens. Plant the Christmas trees, and waken the music, and distribute the presents, and fill the homestead with merry voices. In that way the youngsters will gather up an exuberance of spirits to be drawn upon when the cares and trials and bereavements of adult life arrive. Merry Christmas to all! And may each Christmas day be happier than its predecessor.

The Bethlehem Cradle

CHRIST might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud, as he will descend on his next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illuminated vapor he might have rolled down the sky, escorted by angelic cavalry, with lightning of drawn swords! Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch him down? Or over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended; or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No. No! Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's lithe limbs, and a child's dimpled hands, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! may the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

From the celebrated painting by Uhde

THE MASTER BLESSING THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

. . .

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a sceptre, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and reecho. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, it is only an immortal. It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and stars, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value; but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world he gave about 1900 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother. It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told that great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples, to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them.

. . .

A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Russian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. And the child of to-day will yet decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? Is there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as a child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child's hair?

A Reminiscence

ABOUT this time of year we all become meditative, and are disposed to look back more than to look forward. Especially is this so if we sit by a country fire-place, or a city grate where the kind of coal you burn allows the flames to gallop, and shake the shadows up and down the wall.

In my house on Oxford street, Brooklyn, we had a memorable gathering in October, 1876. Many ladies and gentlemen were present, but the most conspicuous—not because of any pretense on his part, but by sheer force of elevated character—was William Cullen Bryant. He did not much like to be helped out of the carriage when he came, nor to be helped into it again when he departed. He was the impersonation of simplicity. He no doubt knew that he was admired of all, but he gave no demonstration of that fact.

. . .

The evening had nearly passed when the Mayor of the city made an address of appreciation both of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, then present, and of our venerable American poet, Bryant and Tupper, before the other guests came, had been seated on the sofa, quoting poetry and reviving reminiscences. After the Mayor, addresses by Messrs. Bryant, Tupper, and Peter Cooper, and the Rev. Drs. I. S. Prime, Dowling, and others. But I had always been desirous of hearing Mr. Bryant read one of his poems. I had attended the Bryant meeting a year or two before in Chickering Hall, New York City—a meeting at

which the music was good and the speaking good, but there was a great lack in it of William Culler Bryant himself. His speech of response was only about three minutes, while he spent all the rest of the evening in doing nothing except keeping silence and looking venerable. I thought, Why does not somebody think of asking the glorious old man to come forward and read his "Forest Hymn," or lines to a "Waterfowl," or the "Death of the Flowers"? But no such thing happened. On the evening at my house I resolved that no such omission should be repeated. I sprung my stratagem on him in the most unexpected moment. Mr. Tupper, at our request, had read a selection from his own poems, and read them well. Turning to our American poet, I said: "Mr. Bryant, I have always wanted to hear you read 'Thanatopsis,' and I have no doubt it would be a great joy to all our guests to hear you read it. I have it here in Griswold's compilation. Will you grant us the great favor of reading it?"

. . .

Bryant blushed like a bashful Miss when asked to play on the piano. There was evidently a struggle between his modesty and his desire to be obliging. After a moment's pause, he said: "I would rather read anything than my own writings; but if it will be of any pleasure to you I will do as you say." Taking the book, he advanced to the middle of the room, looked up at the chandelier and then looked at the book. "Take my spectacles," said Mr. Tupper. "No, no," said Mr. Bryant, "I do not need spectacles." The type of the book was rather small, but he made no hesitation. There he stood, at eighty-two years of age, about to read without spectacles a poem he had published in the *North American Review* in 1816, when he was eighteen years of age! He turned round and said: "You will understand that I do not recite this from memory, for I am not familiar with it. I only read it." With calm, slow accent he read on.

. . .

It was a scene never to be forgotten. It was Eighteen Hundred and Sixteen reading to Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six. He did not hold the book away off as octogenarians are wont to do when they read without glasses, but just as a man of thirty would hold a book. His long white beard snowed upon the page. As he came to the last nine lines his voice became feeble, not with physical weakness, but with suppressed emotion. I had read it, and reread it, as everybody else has, until I thought there was no more to get out of the closing lines of "Thanatopsis," but he gave it a new translation that memorable night. Could it be that I had ever heard it before? The white, overhanging eyebrows, the deep-sunken eyes, the great dome of a forehead above a thin body, the realization that it must be the closing hours of a long and beautiful life, and the sound of the strong autumnal winds that swept round the house while he was reading, were a commentary upon the immortal passage, until I write them here under half-delusion that no one has ever seen or heard them before:

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

. . .

We never saw him again. We said "Good night" till under other skies we shall say "Good morning." I could not that night help thinking of the first time I saw Mr. Bryant. It was in the days of my boyhood, at Tripler Hall, at the meeting in commemoration of Fenimore Cooper, who had just died. Washington Irving came forward to call the meeting to order. He was embarrassed as I never before or since saw a speaker embarrassed. He had his hat in one hand and his gloves in the other. His chief perplexity seemed to be how to change his hat and gloves to the other hand. He hemmed and hawed and stuttered, and blushed and bowed and half broke down while presenting Daniel Webster as the chairman of the meeting. Daniel Webster in a speech introduced William Cullen Bryant as the orator of the evening. For more than an hour Mr. Bryant discoursed of his friend, the author of *Wing-and-Wing*, *Red Rover*, and the *Two Admirals*. What a night in Tripler Hall that was! Was there ever such a group on one platform? Washington Irving calling to the chair Daniel Webster to introduce William Cullen Bryant!

But which most affected me I cannot easily tell—Bryant, in 1851, applauded of the multitudes in Tripler Hall, or Bryant in my parlors in 1876. The one was "Noontide!" The other was "Sunset!"

T. De Witt Talmage

THE · FIVE · GREAT · RELIGIONS · OF · INDIA

EVERY religion has some characteristic or distinguishing feature, which is an element of power. That characteristic is expressed even in the attitude of its follower in his supreme act of religion. In a street in India, it is no uncommon sight to see followers of four different religions each in a different attitude of devotion. Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, thus describes these attitudes:

1.—The hands folded and head bowed reverently before the idol hid in the darkness of the Hindu temple represents the characteristic element of Hinduism, namely: Reverence for the great unknown.

2.—The characteristic attitude of the Mohammedan is his head upon the ground, expressing submission to the Almighty. That is the meaning of the word Islam, which is the correct name of this religion.

3.—The characteristic attitude of the Jain religion is of a worshiper with a pinch of sugar between his fingers, looking around for even the ants to feed them, expressing respect for the very humblest forms of life. The meaning of the word Jain is the living thing, or life.

4.—The characteristic attitude of the Zoroastrian or Parsee is reading his prayer-book in a dead language with his face toward the sun, expressing reverence for the symbol of light and purity.

These are the four principal religions of India, Hinduism, with millions of followers, predominating, the Parsees being in the minority with about 110,000 followers, principally in Bombay.

The fifth religion in that far country, with over three millions of native followers, is Christianity. The characteristic attitude of the Christian is not to bend before the great unknown; not with head in the dust before almighty power; not forgetting man and searching out the insects; not reading in an unknown tongue prayers to the sun, but counting himself as a son of God, he stands with one hand raised to his heavenly Father, with the other hand holding his suffering brother, and says: "Father, with Christ's help, help me to help my brother man."

Brahmanism, a branch of Hinduism, is the religion of the learned class. The Brahmin's attitude of devotion, however, is that of the Hindu of the lowest caste. In his reverence for the great unknown, the Hindu of low caste bows before countless idols set up not only in the temples, but at intervals along the public highway. He bows his head and folds his hands before any of these in passing, according to the particular deity whose protection he needs, or whom he wishes to honor. The Brahmin's religious duties consist daily of five sacraments: the study of the Veda, or book of laws; an offering for the progress of the honor of the gods; the fire of the dead; an offering in honor of the spirits; and an offering in honor of mankind. In all cases, the attitude of devotion is the one described above.

Daily, at the setting of the sun, the 40,000,000 Mohammedans in India prostrate themselves with forehead to the ground in absolute submission to the government of God and resignation to his will.

The Jain reverences all forms of life, every living thing, and hence it is that his characteristic attitude of devotion is that of searching for the humblest form of life, even the ants, that he may feed that living thing and sustain life in it. He must wear a cloth over his mouth to keep insects from flying into it. He must carry a brush to sweep the place on which he is about to sit, lest he crush out some form of life. He must never leave a liquid uncovered, lest an insect should be drowned in it. He must practice the four virtues of liberality, gentleness, piety and penance. He must at certain seasons abstain from salt, flowers, fruits, roots, honey, grapes. It is his duty also, to visit daily a temple where some of the Jain saints are placed, walk around it three times, make an obeisance to the image, and make some such offering as fruit or flowers.

The Parsee of India is faithful to this day to the ancient Persian religion as reformed by Zoroaster. They are also called fire-worshipers, and every evening at sunset they gather along the shores and beaches around Bombay, in the attitude characteristic of their devotion; that is, erect, facing the sun, and reading the laws of Zoroaster. Their traditions teach that the sacred fire which Zoroaster brought from heaven has been kept continually burning. And yet all intelligent Parsees spurn the imputation that they worship either the sun or fire. To them, fire is merely an emblem of divinity, the symbol of which is the sun, with the moon, and the planets, and in default of these the fire in the temples; and the believer is enjoined to face a luminous object during his prayers. Hence also the temples and altars must be forever fed with the "holy fire" brought from heaven, the sullying of the flame of which is punishable with death. Even the priests approach this fire only with a mask over the lower part of the face, lest their breath should defile it, and they never touch it with their hands, but only with holy instruments. They assert that they worship the one true spiritual God above, but revere the sun and fire as the highest manifestation of God. One sees them in Bombay in the street, on the docks, or wherever they may happen to be at the going down of the sun, apparently in adoration. We see them in their carriages stop on the terrace and put themselves in a position of worship, raising their hands toward the sun and bowing with the most pronounced reverence.

The Jains are divided into two factions—one, the "sky-clad," ascetics who wear no clothing at meal time, and only colored garments at all other times; in the other faction are those who wear white garments. The first sect never decorate the images of their saints, while the second faction decorate their images with all sorts of trinkets, such as earrings, necklaces, armlets and tiaras of gold and jewels. Both factions recognize a number of families among themselves in which no intermarriage can take place.

The origin of the Jain religion is immersed in the same obscurity which invests Hinduism. Their literature, however, proves that it came into existence years later than Buddhism. They have no priests of their own, their ministrants, or readers, being Brahmins.

The Hindu temples are pagodas built in the form of a pyramid, ornamented with columns, statues and symbolic figures. The interior is reserved for Brahmins, the head Brahmin sometimes having as many as 3,000 assistants. Their priestly duties consist in offering sacrifices and reading the book of laws called the Veda.

MOHAMMEDAN

PARSEE

JAIN

HINDU

FOLLOWING in MOODY'S FOOTSTEPS

CABLE messages were published in the daily journals recently, as mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on November 28, intimating that Rev. G. Campbell Morgan had accepted an invitation to become the successor of the late D. L. Moody. This statement, as we then said on the authority of Mr. Will R. Moody, was inaccurate. There was, however, some basis for the report. From a letter recently received from Mr. Will R. Moody, supplementing his cablegram, we learn that an invitation was extended to Mr. Morgan to visit some of our large cities in connection with the Northfield extension movement and also to conduct evangelistic work. This invitation Mr. Morgan has accepted and on November 18 he definitely resigned the pastorate of his church at Tollington Park, North London, to come to America. In his letter of resignation Mr. Morgan said: "No other church in the world could have tempted me from a pastorate which is a peculiarly joyful one. This, I trust, was proved by my refusal last year to entertain the advances made to me by the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. In this Northfield invitation the case is different. I have long felt that God was preparing me for a ministry to the churches rather than to one particular church. Now the door stands open for such work. It has not opened in my own country, where I hoped and thought it would. Influential friends have tried to persuade me that it was opening, but I cannot see it. I do see loving hearts trying to open the door, but it is not open. To wait would be to choose for myself, when I wish that God should choose for me." In an interview subsequently with a press correspondent Mr. Morgan added: "The English people are ready for a revival of religious endeavor along Moody lines, but the psychic moment has not yet arrived. I have only one message to the people of America at this time. I am coming to them to follow in Mr. Moody's footsteps, not to fill his place. No man can do that."

THE GREAT AUDITORIUM AT NORTHFIELD

This announcement will be very gratifying to Mr. Moody's friends, who know how hearty and cordial were the relations between the great evangelist and Mr. Morgan. Mr. Moody used to say that he derived help and stimulus from Mr. Morgan's sermons, and was always glad when he could get him to visit Northfield. As Mr. Morgan says, no one man could be a successor to Mr. Moody. He was so many sided, had so much administrative ability, as well as such marvelous power as a preacher, that it would be vain to seek a man who had both capacities. Men like Mr. Moody are not born every day. So, the happy combination is made of keeping Mr. Will R. Moody at the head of the Northfield institutions with which he was so closely identified during his father's life; while Mr. Morgan, whose services at Northfield and elsewhere were so appreciated by Mr. Moody and the general public, will endeavor in some measure to fill the place on the evangelistic platform and among the Northfield students that the famous revivalist occupied.

Mr. Morgan is still a young man. He was born in the little English town of Tetbury, in the year 1863, his father a Baptist minister and his mother the daughter of a Baptist deacon. He was educated at a college at Cheltenham and prepared himself for the profession of a teacher. He was employed for about three years in a school in Birmingham, but at the end of that time his future career was so clearly indicated that he abandoned the profession for the work of the ministry. Converted early in life, he had frequently delivered Gospel addresses. One who heard him speak at the age of thirteen years was amazed at the force and vigor and rhetorical power he possessed. After leaving Birmingham, in 1886, he went to Hull to conduct a two weeks' revival campaign. Such, however, was the blessing vouchsafed that he stayed in the busy seaport for thirteen months and then left, to the sorrow of the people, only because of the physical exhaustion produced by his labors. During the next few years Mr. Morgan, intending to keep exclusively to evangelistic work, was induced in three instances to accept the temporary pastorate of Congregational churches in the midland counties of England, and in each case the church was invigorated and launched on a new era of prosperity. In 1897, a call reached him from the New Court Congregational Church in North London, a church of high repute, to which some of the most famous clergymen in the denomination had ministered. Mr. Morgan accepted, and his work there has been wonderfully blessed. More than a hundred young people were added to the membership in the first year and there has been no pause in its growth.

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

People who remember Mr. Moody's preaching will understand when they read the following extract from Mr. Morgan's sermon on "Environment," how similar is the style of our English brother to that of the great American evangelist:

"Ministers have people constantly say to them, 'It is very easy for you, a minister of the Gospel, to live this life, but if you were in business you would find it different.' David was in some such state of mind when he wrote: 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove! For then would I fly away and be at rest.' Some think those words very beautiful, but David was never much more out of touch with God than when he wrote that. He meant, 'If I could only get out of these circumstances I would get rest.' But suppose that David had had wings like a dove, how far would he have been able to fly? Man's metaphor always breaks down if he gets out of touch with God. When God wants to put wings on a man he says: 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles.' That is very different. The fact is, David had no business to be longing to get out of the environment in which God had put him. This Psalm is one of the most beautiful commentaries in the Word of God upon this truth: that it is not by being moved out of my environment, but by learning the law of superior environment that I am to live as God wants me to live.

"Take an illustration. Suppose that I have a plot of ground which I begin to cultivate. I free it from weeds and stones, and I plow it and prepare it to receive that for which it is intended. Now, I may put two things into that piece of ground. I put in a pebble from the seashore, round, and smooth, and beautiful. I also put in there an acorn, and cover them both up. Now, the environment of pebble and acorn is the same: the same soil, the same rain, the same air, and the same sunlight will act upon the pebble and acorn. Presently in the spot where I planted the acorn there appears a sprout, pushing back the soil, and fighting its way out to sunlight, until in the process of years, from that acorn there grows the mighty oak. But where is the pebble? Just where it was put. For four hundred years it might remain in the same environment without advancement. What is the difference? In the case of the pebble there was nothing in it upon which environment could act. But in the acorn there was the principle of life, which responded to the influences and enabled it to grow into an oak. That is the difference between an unregenerate man and a regenerate man in the same environment. The unregenerate man is dead in trespasses and though he lives in God he never sees him. In such a man there can be no growth and no mastery of material environment in order to develop according to all the purpose of God. But a regenerate man has within him the principle of divine life, and that discovers God and finds him to be nearer than anything else. That new life of Christ within him is the basis upon which God acts so that there may be development."

No Swaddling Clothes

To be born in a home so poor that there was not even a rag for its covering is the lot that fell to a little New York baby who first saw the light of day in Williamsburg, L. I., a few weeks ago. Dr. Murphy, who answered the urgent call that came to the Eastern District Hospital to attend a sick woman on Kent avenue, found upon his arrival, the mother and the new-born babe on a broken-down bed, in the next room three small children were huddled. The doctor went among the neighbors, collected some old flannels, had them sewed into shape, and put them on the child. As he was leaving, the husband entered. He has been out of employment; and wept as he told the physician of his inability to find work. The search for work day after day and the disappointment were breaking his heart.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

IN Bethlehem, that house of bread,
This latest Christmas morn,
That all the hungry would be fed,
Is Christ our Saviour born.

No palace hath a room for him,
No servants keep His state;
But in the early dawning dim,
Three kings upon Him wait.

The wise, the loving, and the good;
They bend them at his shrine,
And each hath brought the best he could
To please the Child Divine.

The angels wonder what it means,
But once again they sing;
Each seraph on his bright harp leans,
And wakes a thrilling string.

The shepherds fare across the plain,
A simple folk are they;
And we will join their happy train,
Upon their pilgrim way.

Above us all the Star will shine,
For aye on Christmas morn,
It turns the manger to a shrine
When Christ our Lord is born.

In Bethlehem, that house of bread;
Behold the Babe Divine;
Heart-hunger by His hands, is fed:
He easeth yours and mine.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

They Regret Samantha

We are receiving almost daily letters expressing regret at the close of "Aunt Samantha's" delightful story of her tour round the world. These unsolicited tributes to the popularity of Miss Holley's entertaining narrative were not unexpected, however, for she had succeeded in awakening the interest and arousing the sympathies of a very wide circle of readers. Mrs. E. P. Jones, Jacksonville, Ill., writes: "With a great deal of pleasure I have followed 'Samantha' and 'Josiah Allen' 'Around the World.' I have found the journey not only very instructive but so very amusing the fatigue of travel has not been felt. I regret very much to part with Robert Strong and Dorothy, Miss Meechim and Arvilly, each excellent in their way. As for dear Samantha, may she live long and soon find it convenient to 'resoom.'"

A Shut-in's Appreciation

Mrs. E. E. S. L., Newburyport, Mass., writes: I must express my sincere appreciation of your most excellent and delightfully interesting CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am a "shut-in," and its weekly visits bring strength and sunshine to my soul. May many others receive the comfort and inspiration from its perusal that I have.

CROSSING THE FERRY

...A SERMON BY...

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXT: II. Samuel 19: 18: And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household.

WHICH of the crowd is the king? That short man, sun-burnt, and in fatigue dress. It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies, and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan, which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of eighty years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country-seat at Rogelim. Beside that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there, I see a ferry-boat coming from the other side, and, as it cuts through the water, I see the faces of David and his household brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the ferry-boat struck the shore, than David and his family, and his old friend Barzillai, from Rogelim, get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side, or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat, they leave the eastern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

That western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies, now shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side, than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family, and Barzillai from Rogelim, step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace; but Barzillai apologizes, and intimates that he is infirm with age, and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his country-seat. I once heard

The Father of a President

of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there, and of what Daniel Webster said to him; but he declared, "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man, made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia; and after the church service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service; but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement.

If King David had cordially invited Barzillai thirty years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other good-by, a custom among men Oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part, or an aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferry-boat, parted forever.

This river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven. Yet, when on a former occasion I preached to you about the Jordanic passage, I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said, "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says: "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household."

All our cities are familiar with the ferry-boat. It goes from San Francisco to Oakland, and from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and twice every secular day of the week multitudes are on the ferry-boats of our great cities, so that you will not need to hunt up a classical dictionary to find out what I mean, while I am speaking to you about the passage of David and his family across the river Jordan.

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferry-boat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all; but, while I am standing there, I see a boat ploughing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize

A Way from Earth to Heaven.

They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is, that scepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship-carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the main-topgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together, in ten thousand years, they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification, because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman—a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the

Unbelievers of all Ages

not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life; some wept themselves away in darkness; some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed-covers to tatters. This is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

A guide at Niagara Falls said to me: "Do you see that rock down in the rapids?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "some years ago a man got into the rapids and floated down until he came to that rock, and he clutched that and held on. We sent five life-boats at different times out to him, and they were all broken to splinters. After a while we got him some food, but he could not eat it. He seemed to have no appetite. He wanted to get ashore; and the poor fellow held on and held on, and, with a shriek louder than the thunder of the cataract, he went over." When a man puts out from the shore of this world on the river of Death in a boat of his own construction, he has worse disaster than that—shipwreck, eternal shipwreck.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles

From the Other Shore;

Jesus Christ from the other shore; "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it, in his expiring moment, saying, "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried, "Open the gates! Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Again, my subject suggests that, when we cross over at the last, the King will be on board the boat. Ship-carpentry in Bible times was in its infancy. The boats were not skilfully made, and I can very easily imagine that the women and the children of the king's household might have been nervous about going on that boat, afraid that the oarsman or the helmsman might give out, and that the boat might be dashed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan; and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking, and they crying out, "Oh, we are going to be lost! we are going down!" Not so.

The King was on Board

the ferry-boat that day, and those women and children and all the household of the king knew that every care was taken to have the king—the head of the empire—pass in safety.

Now, I want to break up a delusion in your mind, and that is this: When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven it does not go alone: the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death, from my experience it has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians; but for me, a common man, for me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively, when you are crossing the river to the next world, the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ mid-stream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about thirty yards. What! so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be eighty miles—that is, eighty years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across. It is an

Instantaneous Transportation.

People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate lifeboat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side; while the dying Christian, standing mid-stream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven. Not a dangerous Franklin expedition to find the Northwest Passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

My subject also suggests the fact that, when we cross over at the last, we shall find a solid landing. The ferry-boat, as spoken of in my text, means a place to start from and

A Place to Land.

David and his people did not find the shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet, to a great many, heaven is not a real place. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the centre of the sun, and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet, and Isaac Watts recite hymns, and Mozart play. I have no patience with your transcendental heaven. My heaven is not a fog-bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferry-boat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that, when

we cross over at the last, we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferry-boat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore, there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers; it will be among friends, good friends, those who are warm-hearted friends, and

All Their Friends.

We know people whom we have never seen, by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? so that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last, we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you now more than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry; and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment, when you are coming across, and that they know now; but I do know that you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London; and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our

Departed Kindred

by the portraits hung in the throne-room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone; and I suppose they look down, and cannot help but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is; they know where we are.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the Gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better, she said, "Well, now I can get home very easily; you go back to Burmah and preach the Gospel to those poor people. I am almost well; I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room, and with trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, four of which I will now give you:

We part on this green islet, love:
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love:
Oh, when to meet again!

When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore?

But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again.

She folded that manuscript; a relapse of her disease came on and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away, for the resurrection, on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two; now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails; and he says, "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' and I abandoned myself to heart-breaking grief. But one day the thought came across me, as my faith stretched her wing, that we should meet again in heaven, and I was comforted."

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ, and who had preceded her to heaven, meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh,

Glorious Consolation

that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river, we shall be met at the landing.

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask, Do I belong to the household? Do you? If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household! "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me." He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a Father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me." Christ says, "I will in no wise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come in and take your apparel from the King' wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferry-boat.

WASHINGTON'S CENTENNIAL DAY

ONE hundred years ago, the seat of national government was established in Washington, D. C. This event will be duly celebrated to-day, Dec. 12, by a reception at the White House, a parade at the Capitol, and commemorative exercises in both houses of Congress. The official programme is as follows:

At the Executive Mansion

Ten o'clock A. M.—Reception by the President of the United States to the Governors of the States and Territories.

Immediately following.—Informal remarks on the Centennial history of the Executive Mansion, and the display of the model and drawings of the proposed enlarged Executive Mansion as provided for by Congress; also remarks on the development of the nation and the District of Columbia.

Half-past one o'clock P. M.—Military, naval, and civic escort from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol.

At the Capitol

Half-past two o'clock P. M.—Review of parade at east front of the Capitol by the President of the United States.

Half-past three o'clock P. M.—Commemorative exercises to be held jointly by the Senate and House of Representatives, in the Hall of Representatives, in honor of the anniversary of the first session of Congress in the permanent Capital. The Speaker of the House, after order has been called and the invocation pronounced, will introduce the President pro tempore of the Senate as presiding officer. Addresses during these exercises by two Senators and two Representatives on: (1) The transfer of the National Capital from Philadelphia to Washington; (2) the establishment of the seat of government in the District of Columbia; (3) the history of the first century of the National Capital, and (4) the future of the United States and its Capital.

Eight to eleven o'clock P. M.—Reception at the Corcoran Art Gallery in honor of the Governors of the States and Territories.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, WHERE THE CENTENNIAL RECEPTION WILL BE HELD

A Hundred Years Ago

The condition of Washington a hundred years ago is interestingly described by George G. Evans in his well-known historical work. He writes:

The corner-stone of the President's House was laid October 13, 1792, and that of the Capitol September 18, 1793. The work on these important buildings was carried on as rapidly as the meagre appropriations of Congress would allow. Had it not been for gifts and loans made by Maryland and Virginia, it is doubtful if they would have been ready for occupancy at the appointed time, 1800. However, the White House was so far finished that the President's family could live in it, though Mrs. Adams has left a graphic description of some of its discomforts. Of the Capitol, only the north, or Senate, wing was finished, and that was so badly constructed that it was afterwards torn down. A very good description of Washington, as it appeared in 1800, was written by John Cotton Smith, member of Congress from Connecticut. He said:

The First Presidential Mansion

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's house, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildiugs on each side of it, called the New Jersey avenue. The Pennsylvania avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with elder bushes, which were cut through to the President's house; and near Georgetown a block of houses had been erected which bore the name of the 'six buildings.' There were also two other blocks consisting of two or three dwelling houses in different directions, and now and then an insulated wooden habitation; the intervening spaces, and, indeed, the surface of the city generally, being covered with scrub-oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. There appeared to be but two really comfortable habitations in all respects within the bounds of the city, one of which belonged to Daniel Carroll and the other to Notley Young. The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. It was a new settlement."

When the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington there were but three thousand inhabitants, and the transition from the populous and comfortable Quaker City was anything but agreeable to the officials. They made no concealment of their discontent, writing letters to the Northern newspapers in which the Capital was spoken of as a "mud-hole almost equal to the great Serbonian bog," "a Capital of miserable huts," "a city of streets without houses," "without one solitary attractive feature."

. . .

Washington is now, in many respects, the finest city in America, and one of the handsomest capitals in the world. Its splendid avenues and imposing public buildings are unequaled on this continent. In a political, literary, social and scientific sense it is the capital of the nation, and the centre of all its greatest interests.

CHRISTMAS CHEER AT THE BOWERY MISSION

"THE PLACE WHERE GOD MAKES CROOKED MEN STRAIGHT"

OPPORTUNITIES for the exercise of charity and helpfulness are numerous indeed, and not infrequently do they travel on the very heels of one another. It seems but yesterday when Thanksgiving Day was made the occasion for rejoicing and a blessed means of grace to the great army of homeless, friendless and utterly destitute men and boys who had gathered at the Bowery Mission to partake of the bountiful Thanksgiving feasts provided through the generosity of our sympathetic readers, and now we are already looking ahead and planning for the greatest, best, and most comprehensive Christmas celebration among the poorest of the poor that the metropolis has ever witnessed.

We are to have at the Bowery Mission on Christmas eve a dinner for homeless boys, followed by a prayer and praise service lasting until the chimes of Trinity and St. Paul's usher in the anniversary of our Saviour's birth with the good old tune:

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come,
Let earth receive her King."

Then, at six o'clock on Christmas morning fragrant hot coffee and fresh buns will be served to the army of unfortunates who may have been compelled to walk the streets all night because they "lacked the price of a night's lodging."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the friend of the friendless, will gladden the hearts of a thousand poor East Side tots, to many of whom Christmas brings only trouble and heart-ache because of the more pinching poverty or more unbridled intemperance of their parents on this festive day. But when they get into the Bowery Mission and see Mrs. Bird's kind, motherly face, and the great Christmas tree just loaded down with good things, and join in the carol:

"While shepherds watched their flocks at night, all seated on the ground,"

there will be no time for them to nurse their grief, and for a few hours it will seem to them as though they were enjoying heaven with all its raptures, its joys and its innumerable delights. How many little hearts will beat with joy on that occasion!

And on Christmas night a substantial and wholesome dinner will be given to every hungry man, woman or child who may apply at the door of the Bowery Mission. These dinners are bountiful and good, consisting of turkey, cranberries, bread and butter and pie. They cost but ten cents each, and we hope to give ten thousand dinners to as many homeless men and boys, all at some time, perhaps, the idols of hearts, who it may be are today praying that kind Christian friends might throw around their loved ones, lost in the great city, such tender and loving influences as may win them back to their parents, their home and their God.

Ten cents will make such a homeless one happy. Ten cents will minister to the comfort of some starving person, and perhaps minister also to the spiritual wants of some starving soul; for not a meal is given without some word of kindly advice, some helpful thought, and a hearty invitation to arise and return unto their Father's house. One dollar pays for ten meals.

It will go a great way towards rendering your own holiday brighter to enjoy the consciousness that down in the slums of New York, ten hungry men or ten hungry boys are enjoying a Christmas meal which without your bounty they would have been compelled to do without.

. . .

Never during its twenty-one years' history has the Bowery Mission Gospel lighthouse flashed its rays over darker storms than during the past twelve months. New York—the empire city—the metropolis of the great new world, standing at the gateway of what is destined to be the greatest commonwealth the earth has ever seen; a city beautiful for situation, exalted to heaven with privileges, has become universally known as the scene of abominations scarcely less vile than those of Sodom or of Tyre. No intelligent resident in New York doubts for one moment that the three monsters of iniquity: intemperance, gambling, and impurity, that have so ruthlessly ravaged the community during the past year, have done so with the full connivance and cooperation of those whose first duty it was to slay the beasts.

The "Red-light" district of New York is bounded on the north by Houston street, on the east by Clinton street, on the south by Division street, and on the west by the Bowery. For many years the Bowery Mission has been the only distinctively religious agency at work on this busy thoroughfare, though the Bowery Y. M. C. A., and recently the Peniel Mission, have rendered valuable aid, and in the off-lying streets workers in the various churches, missions and settlements have valiantly fought, against tremendous odds, the fight for purity and order.

Upon the Bowery Mission, however, principally has the responsibility fallen of caring for the hundreds and thousands of young men, who, during the past twelve months, have been lured to the city by the reports of the "wide-open" method of running things.

. . .

Work Among Young Men Owing to this cause the character of the Bowery Mission congregation has perceptibly changed. The proportion of young men attending the nightly meetings has decidedly increased. So much so, that, since the beginning of October, one night a week has been specially set apart for them. Whilst, of course, always keeping the spiritual welfare of the boys paramount, this Wednesday evening meeting is conducted on entirely different lines from the ordinary Gospel service. It is rather a happy family gathering. Music, singing, recitations, stereopticon views are largely used, and Mrs. Bird, with her motherly care for the boys, always provides a lunch at the close. Many of the young men thus cared for have formed the habit of attending the other meetings and several have been converted.

Boys' clubs plans have been formed and the rooms are now in course of construction for providing a reading-room, library, manual workshop, recreation room and other accessories necessary for permanent Boys' and Young Mens' clubs where every evening, without disturbing the long-established, and blessedly-owned Gospel service overhead, these younger men may find a home. Doubtless many a hundred of them who now frequent the dives, pool-rooms, and theatres of the Bowery will thus be reached.

. . .

Spiritual Work Never were the Bowery Mission meetings more signally owned than now. The congregations are larger than ever and the results obtained in gratifying proportion. Over three thousand men have, during the year, professed conversion. Many, owing to the transient character of the Bowery population, have passed away from us whom we shall probably never see again. Many have, alas! fallen, but scores and hundreds have, thank God, been permanently established in a Christian life, and are enjoying the privileges of upright citizenhood.

. . .

Personal Work More than ever has it been found necessary to lay stress on personal effort with the individual. The "after" meeting is always regarded as of the utmost importance, and is a most interesting affair. Personal interviews with seekers often last until late in an evening. The names, addresses, if any, occupations, nationality, etc., are carefully taken and converts are urged to see the Superintendent or the Secretary of the Employment Bureau next day. Every morning a group may be found outside the Superintendent's office, waiting for their turn.

Space will not allow mention of many

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE OLD BOWERY MISSION

PROF. BENCKE AT THE ORGAN

PREPARING SANDWICHES

APPLICANTS FOR WORK WAITING TO SEE SUPERINTENDENT HALLIMOND

THE NOONDAY LUNCH IN THE MISSION KITCHEN

cases; but the following are a few of our typical trophies during the past twelve months.

A. A young man from New York State. A drunkard and tramp. Had turned his aged father into the streets—sold his household effects, spent the money in drink. Tramped from Buffalo to New York; made direct for the Bowery; attracted into the Mission by the singing. Converted last December. Record since, splendid.

B. A well-educated German. Formerly connected with Y. M. C. A. work in California, but had fallen. Became destitute. Came into the Mission last February to escape a rain storm; was converted. Now employed in city. An indefatigable Christian worker.

C. A coachman. Formerly deputy sheriff up state. Had been drinking for many weeks, heavily. Stood up early in meeting and asked for prayers. Half an hour afterwards rushed into the street, followed by Superintendent who brought him back. He was so utterly miserable that he had intended suicide. Cared for that night. Next night converted. Has done well ever since.

D. Telegraph operator. Came to meeting in May with symptoms of delirium tremens upon him. Cared for and ultimately sent to Christian Home for Intemperate men. Doing well now in his profession, and an out-and-out Christian.

E. A man of fifty-five. An ex-officer in the U. S. Army. Had lived a wild, adventurous life: cowboy, buffalo hunter in Kansas when it was a rolling prairie. A sceptic and scoffer at religion. Came into Mission out of curiosity and to while away his time last February. Soundly converted. Record since, splendid.

F. Sailor. Pushed through the door of the Mission last March by some comrades. Stayed to meeting, was impressed, and resolved to be a better man. Shipwrecked off the coast of Australia. Twelve lives lost. His first thoughts in the moment of his peril were of the prayers he had heard in the Bowery Mission. Now in New York. An active worker.

* * *

Family Life Throughout the whole of the Bowery Mission activities the family feeling is fostered. Mrs. Bird continues her Sunday morning and Thursday evening luncheons, and the idea is always kept prominent that the men are partaking of the hospitality of a home, rather than accepting the dole of charity. As far as dormitory accommodation and financial means will allow the converts are kept under the roof of the Mission, and fed at its frugal table for a few days or weeks, or until a position is found for them. This short stay in the spiritual atmosphere of the Mission immediately after conversion has been an incalculable boon to many.

* * *

Employment Bureau Quite ninety-five per cent. of the converts are out of work. Many misguided men came to the city in the expectation of finding work on the great underground railroad project and found to their dismay this section of the labor market absolutely glutted. The Bowery Mission has had to care for a great many of them. The Free Employment Bureau is under the charge of Mr. Theodore Jaeger, himself a convert of the mission. The New York *Journal* has rendered invaluable aid, and hundreds of men, probably fifty or sixty per cent. of the converts, have been placed in temporary or permanent employment.

TALKING WITH SPIRITUAL ENQUIRERS AFTER THE GOSPEL MEETING

During the winter months a group of the Bowery Mission workers have held regular Gospel meetings in the lodging houses with marked success. Of the twenty thousand men who live in Bowery lodging houses many of them regard the Mission as their special place of worship, and are always seen there in force at the Sunday evening service.

* * *

Food and Shelter Work This is a most essential feature of the work. Since the disastrous fire in March, 1898, the Mission has not possessed any beds of its own, but never a night passes over but that some unfortunate men must be cared for, men whom, whatever their past delinquencies have been, it would be a cruel sin to allow to walk the streets all night. Then there are the men who give such abundant evidence of a desire to live a Christian life; they must be cared for. During the past year therefore, sleeping accommodation has been provided, either in the Mission or in the lodging houses and hotels close by, for over fifteen thousand men. Equally necessary also is it to save these men from the pangs of hunger, so, during the year eighty-three thousand meals have been served.

During the past year the various individual "anniversaries" that have been held have excited great interest, especially the "first" anniversaries. When a new convert has proved faithful for twelve months amid all the unspeakably fierce temptations of New York City life, the event is celebrated with great enthusiasm. Thank God, there are some of the Bowery Mission converts that are now as far as the teers, and they are to be found all over the world, preachers of the Gospel, teachers of the young, prosperous business men and respected members of society.

No fact has been more indisputably established than that however fettered a man may be by inherited propensities for evil, and by oppressive surroundings, he is never robbed altogether of his freedom of choice. Will is, after all, supreme. One of the men who during the past year celebrated his first anniversary, and is now approaching his second, is one who in early life was looked upon as an incurable drunkard. By the time he was twenty-five every other desire and ambition was dominated by the overpowering craving for drink. Not one stroke of work would he do even when he had the chance. He had no home and for years never slept in a bed. If by any chance he became possessed of five cents it was expended for rum of the most poisonous quality. For years he was a regular attendant at the Mission, as it was one of the few places where he could obtain a comfortable sleep. One night the long slumbering will was quickened into life by the kindly suggestion of one of the workers that he try to be a Christian for one month. He promised, and when the month closed he eagerly started on a second month's trial. He has kept it up for nearly two years.

The Bible class on Friday evenings, under the charge of Mr. W. H. Chandler, the Saturday evening musical service, conducted by Mr. Victor H. Benke, the organist, the Boy's class on Monday evenings under Mr. E. Eagleson, the Sunday afternoon convert's service under Messrs. Thompson, Chambers and Rogers, are amongst some of the present day features of the Bowery Mission work.

Send your contributions, so as to reach before Christmas, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

Mrs. Bird and the Bowery Waifs

For the last nine years, Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," has spent her Christmastide among the waifs and strays of the East Side. It has been her special effort to make Christmas a season of joy and gladness among a class who would otherwise be forgotten. Her work among the homeless East Side boys, many of whom have come to New York from respectable homes in distant states, has already been productive of excellent spiritual results. She conducts this special work in connection with the Bowery Mission, and she is again planning this year, as in previous years, to make the Christmas holiday one of real significance by providing a dinner for the boys who attend regularly on Wednesday night the meetings at the Mission, and also for those who are alone and friendless in the great city, and amid surroundings that are liable to allure them to lives of sin. For those neglected ones Mrs. Bird appeals to the readers of this journal. All who are willing to help her in the effort to gather in the waifs, and to reach their hearts by kindness and hospitality at Christmas, can do so by sending their gifts for that purpose to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Our Mail-Bag

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 9

1. Should a church sue a pew-holder for non-payment of pew-rent?

2. In what instance were instructions given for the performance of a miracle without there being any record of the result?

3. Is it right for a parent to show more love for one child than for another?

4. Are early marriages to be commended or condemned?

5. Apart from Luke's statement that Christ went to Nazareth with Joseph and Mary and was subject to them, is there any passage which indicates how he spent the years previous to his baptism?

Questions of the Week

1. What five creatures stand in the Bible as types of tyrants and wicked men, and in what passages are they so used?

1. BULLS: Psalm 22:12, 13: "Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round: they gaped upon me with their mouths."

2. LIONS AND BEARS: Prov. 28:15: "As a roaring lion and a ranging bear, so is a wicked ruler over the poor people."

3. FOX: Ezek. 13:4: "O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the desert." Luke 13:32: "Go ye and tell that fox."

4. DOG: Psalm 59:5, 6: "Be not merciful to any wicked transgressors: they return at evening: they make a noise like a dog." Isa. 56:10: "His watchmen are blind, they are dumb dogs, they cannot bark." Phil. 3:2: "Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers." Rev. 22:15: "Without are dogs."

5. SERPENTS OR ADDERS: Psalm 58:4: "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder." Isaiah 27:1: "The Lord in that day shall punish leviathan, even leviathan that crooked serpent." Matt. 23:33: "Ye serpents, how can ye escape?"

ROBERT WYNN.

2. What King earned the title of "Defender of the Faith," and how?

Richard II., and Kings Henry III., IV. and VII., of England, and others assumed or obtained this title, or nearly similar ones. In most of these cases it was conferred by some ecclesiastic upon them for defending the Church against those who opposed its doctrines, rules or discipline. It was not hereditary in these cases. John de Torquemeda (1388-1468), and several other noted persons, not kings, also held the title for the same reason. The title, *Fidei Defensor*, or "Defender of the Faith," was conferred upon King Henry VIII., of England, by Pope Leo X., in acknowledgment for having written a treatise in Latin against Martin Luther, entitled, "The Defense of the Seven Sacraments." This title was conferred by a papal bull, which commanded all Christians to thus address Henry; and it was signed by the pope, four bishop-cardinals, fifteen priest-cardinals and eight deacon-cardinals. After the breach between King Henry and the pope, the pope revoked the title; but it was held by Henry and his successors thereafter, because Parliament in the thirty-fifth year of his reign formally conferred it upon him, and it still remains. CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

3. What does Paul mean by saying (I. Cor. 11:10) that a woman ought to have power on her head because of the angels?

By the abstract word, *exousia*—power—Paul plainly designates the hood covering her head. With this view the marginal reading accords: "A covering in sign that she is under the power of her husband." It is even possible that the Greek word was the name of the hood, as the Latin word *imperium*, of the same meaning, was at one time the name for a woman's headdress. As to "angels," they are doubtless often present at the worship of the Church below. See I. Timothy 5:21: "I charge thee . . . before the elect angels;" and I. Cor. 4:9, we are "a spectacle to angels and to men." Bengel says that "as angels vail their faces before God, so would they require that the female face should vail before man." It was in accordance with Jewish and Roman custom that women's heads be covered in worship. The uncovered female head in Paul's day expressed the moving of woman from her sphere and assimilated her to the disreputable class. Of course, at the present day, the apostle would not consider the hood as possessing any religious significance. Women now can sit or stand before men with heads uncovered, either in social circles or large assemblies with no violation of womanly modesty. AMELIA HOYT.

4. What is the origin of the bayonet?

The word is usually believed to have been derived from Bayonne, in France, where bayonets were first made in 1640, and used in one of the famous sieges of that town in 1665. But they must be much earlier than this, for Colgrave in 1611 speaks of them as "a great knife to hang at the girdle." They are sometimes thought to have been named from Bayona, in Toledo, so famous for the excellent temper of the swords manufactured there. There is also good reason for believing that they were thus called from La Bayonette, one of the lower ridges of the mountains of Arrhune, where it is said a Basque regiment very early in the seventeenth century, on running short of powder, in sheer desperation stuck their knives into their muskets, and charged their Spanish foes with such determination and vigor that they came off victorious. In England they were first used in April, 1672.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

Answers have also been received from D. A. Magill, Mrs. G. W. Stephenson, Edith C. Robinson, W. P. Barr, G. L. Sawyer, Louis A. Walker, Jean F. Robertson, Nellie M. Cummings, Bessie Robinson, F. O. Carr, and others.

5. Ought an employer to regulate the salary of his employees by the market rate of wages or according to the profits of his business?

When an employer engages a set of employees, he should agree to pay them the market rate of wages. If they prove to be mere time-servers, doing barely enough work to hold their positions, "looking out for number one," they are not entitled to any more. If, however, they are conscientious workers, doing their best and looking to the interest of their employer, the profits of the business will be larger than in the former case, and the employees are honestly entitled to a share of them. F. A. BROWN.

6. In what countries (other than our own) have women the right to vote and under what circumstances was that right granted?

The only case in which recognition of woman's claim to the suffrage has been granted, to my knowledge, was in 1869. In that year a bill respecting municipal elections passed the British Parliament. In this bill a clause was inserted granting the right to vote at such elections to women. Similarly, by the English and Scotch education acts of 1870 and 1872, women are permitted to vote at the elections of school boards.

LOUIS A. WALKER.

7. How can the possession of images and statuary in the home be reconciled with the second commandment (Ex. 20:4)?

The second commandment is directed, not against the making of images, but against the worship of them, or the worship of God through them. To be sure, there is one clause of that commandment which, if taken by itself, would forbid even the making of images. It reads thus: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." But manifestly, that is to be read in connection with what follows: "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them," etc. There have been some who have separated these two clauses of one sentence, to the great detriment of the sense. The mere making of images was not a crime. The entire commandment is directed against image worship. That the making of images is in itself not merely innocent, but may be educative and suggestive of spiritual things, is shown in the furnishing of the Tabernacle notably the making and placing of the cherubim. We read that under divine direction, Bezaleel "made two cherubim of gold, beaten out of one piece made he them, on the two ends of the mercy-seat" (Exodus 37:7). Thus we see that pictures or images in the home are by no means opposed to the spirit of the second commandment. We have to guard against crude and literal interpretations. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

8. Why was it that a large proportion of the manuscripts or records of the ancient inhabitants of America were destroyed?

These records were in the palaces and temples of Mexico, and consisted of elaborate pictures. They were destroyed by the Spanish under Cortez, at the instigation of the priests, who had a holy horror of any idolatry other than their own, and who also hoped that, by destroying all traces of the Mexican's religious symbols, the natives would be more easily won to Christianity. The Spanish seem to have been too ignorant and bigoted to appreciate the historical value of these writings. F. A. BROWN.

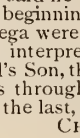
9. Should the office of deacon be a life office, or should a church elect them periodically?

According to the New Testament record, Acts 6:3, R. V., deacons were to be men "of good report, full of the Spirit and wisdom." Doubtless the disciples who first held this office were chosen for life, or at least without time limit. In the absence, however, of specific directions, it would be fair to assume that the Holy Spirit left the official tenure optional, and not mandatory. Accepting this latitude, many churches have found the periodical election highly advantageous. Some of the same reasons which might be adduced against a life tenure of the pastorate are equally pertinent to the diaconate. A periodical choice of deacons would afford a church opportunity from time to time to adjust itself to new conditions and utilize the incoming of new and more suitable material. It would enable it to avoid friction and unpleasantness, when for any reason it became desirable or necessary to make a change. Except in case of scandal, such change could be wisely deferred until the periodical election. Practically, the periodical election is tantamount to a life tenure. When the incumbent is efficient and faithful he is usually chosen to succeed himself, until infirmity or old age compels his retirement; and not infrequently the church appoints the honored official deacon *emeritus*. The writer is familiar with such instances.

CHARLES H. HARRISON.

10. How did the fish become a symbol of Christianity in the early church?

The fish pictorially, as well as the letter "P," indicating the word *Piscis*, the Latin for fish, early became symbolical of Christ and of Christianity, because the letters of which this word was composed in the Greek, namely, ΙΧΘΥΣ, are the initial letters of the clause "Jesus Christ, God's Son, the Saviour." The letter, word or picture, was therefore at first a sort of secret symbol of the Christians' faith, and was probably adopted at the time of the persecutions under the Emperor Nero. It continued so to be for years after, for by its means the Christian could learn who his brethren and converts might be at a time when it would be extremely hazardous to communicate with them. This was accomplished by means of little amulets of stone cut in the shape of a tiny fish and worn suspended from the neck by a cord. These were presented to the neophytes on the occasion of their baptism, as an emblem of their holy faith, and also serving the purpose mentioned. Many peculiar markings used have been preserved in the catacombs, or tombs of the dead. The fish or its symbol was the most common. The following case is but one of many showing the ingenuity of the early Christians. Within a circle representing eternity, we find P, the fish, or the transverse line of the cross, and because Christ also said he was "the first and the last, the beginning and the end," the Alpha and Omega were also inserted in the circle, which was interpreted as follows: "Jesus Christ, God's Son, the Saviour, died on the cross, yet lives throughout eternity, for he is the first and the last, the beginning and the end."



CHARLOTTE HORTON NEARING.

* * *

Answers have also been received from Lydia A. Mathews, Edith C. Robinson, Amelia Hoyt, Laura Cramp, C. E. W. Dobbs, Mrs. J. C. Gismond, J. W. Score, L. Mudge, F. L. Sawyer, H. M. Kellogg, Lulu F. Raines, W. P. Barr, J. E. Hearn, and others.

Mrs. L. H., Arcadia, Neb. Playing waltzes and other dances on the piano on the Lord's Day is Sabbath desecration.

A Brooklyn subscriber (S. D. H.) writes: "Kindly allow an old subscriber to correct a mistake in your issue of November 21st, that 'Wellington' died at 'Apsley House.' He expired at 'Walmer Castle,' County Kent, September, 1852."

AN EARNEST APPEAL

To Pastors, Superintendents, Missionary Societies, and the Lord's People Generally

DEAR FRIENDS: Through the generous contributions of Christian America and your own personal cooperation for the relief of the famine sufferers in India, many thousands of lives were saved, and you would undoubtedly like to feel that they were saved to some purpose.

It is generally understood that 600,000 famine orphans survived, most of whom are now absolutely helpless. 22,000 of these are in the hands of our American missionaries. They must either be supported or starve, and their fate rests largely with the good people of America, who sent the missionaries to India, to live and teach as Christ would live and teach. Following the example of their Divine Master, these missionaries "suffered the children to come unto them," and gathered the little ones into their homes, their schools and their orphanages, until every inch of available space was taken and every dollar of money expended. And now they are looking this way for help.

In response to their pathetic, heart-touching appeals, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is inviting every Church, Young People's Society, Sunday School and Missionary Society, of whatever denomination, to undertake the support of **One** Single **Orphan** at an expense of only **Five Cents** a Day, or Fifteen Dollars a Year. In every instance, preference for denomination and sex will be faithfully respected; hence, the child selected will be cared for and trained in an orphanage of the denomination preferred.

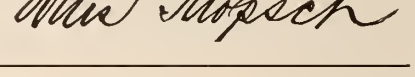
No Christmas present conceivable is equal to that of life itself, and the Church, Sunday School, Society or Individual adopting one of these helpless orphans presents food, clothing, care, education, influence for good and life itself to such child of adoption. Five cents a day is a trifle to many of God's children in this favored land of ours, but in India, on this occasion, it represents a human life; it means a soul saved from death and trained for Christian usefulness.

Do not fail to put your Church, your Sunday School, and yourself personally on record as among those who enter the new century privileged to share in the precious work of snatching, as it were, from death 22,000 famine orphans. God will surely own and bless every effort put forth in this connection, and thus the blessing of the Father of the fatherless will rest upon every Church or Individual responsible for the adoption of one of these, the least, tiniest, and most helpless of his loved ones.

A complete list of Churches and Societies adopting orphans will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD according to denominations. It is sincerely hoped that a commendable emulation between the different denominations will spring up in this beneficent missionary work, and that within the next three weeks the hearts of our missionaries in India will be gladdened by the welcome news that their faith was well-founded, and that all their orphans have been adopted by the Christian Churches of America. No opportunity like this to effectively aid the cause of Christ in a foreign land has ever before been presented to Christendom and we trust that your Church will be among the first to embrace it.

If your Church or Sunday School should not feel disposed to act in this matter, cannot you form a circle of five or ten who will jointly adopt one orphan, and thus help along the great work which God is opening up to His Church in India?

When adopting a child, kindly address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Orphan Work, Bible House, New York. Give the name, denomination and address of your Church, Sunday School or Society, and state whether you prefer to adopt a boy or a girl, and whether you have any denominational preference. Very cordially yours,



A Union of Churches

NONE who witnessed the historic scene in the Scottish capital at the union of two of the great churches of the country will ever forget it. Five years ago the agitation for union began, but only within the past few weeks has it been realized. One of the parties to the union was the United Presbyterian Church. This had its origin in 1732, when Erskine seceded from the Established Church of Scotland, and organized a new church. In 1761, there was another secession from the national church under Gillespie, who organized the Relief Church. These two churches, holding the same doctrines, existed side by side until 1847, when they amalgamated with the title of the United Presbyterian Church. Four years before this event, came the great secession from the national church under Chalmers. At that time nearly one half the clergymen of that church resigned their benefices, quitted their beloved manses and went forth without any provision for their maintenance. The question at issue was whether the nobles and other patrons of livings had the right to appoint a minister to a parish regardless of the wishes of the people. Chalmers contended that the vote of the people should be decisive as to any appointment, and though on all other questions the Presbyterians of Scotland were practically agreed, this difference was so radical that ministers in all parts of Scotland left their churches and the great Free Church of Scotland was organized. People all over the world, sympathizing with Chalmers in the stand he took, contributed money for the support of the ministers who had made so great a sacrifice for principle, and a sustentation fund was raised to maintain a minister of the Free Church in every parish in Scotland where the people might be too poor to pay him themselves. Since 1843 the Free Church has developed enormously and has done magnificent work. But there has been of late a feeling growing in Scotland that there was no need of a separate organization for the Free Church and the United Presbyterians and that strength might be gained by uniting. That union has now been consummated, the two churches henceforth to have one organization under the name of the United Free Church of Scotland. The moderator of the United Presbyterians and the moderator of the Free Church met and shook hands in the presence of assembled thousands, and Dr. Rainy was inducted to the chair as the moderator of the united churches. Thus in one sphere of Christ's Church has his prayer been fulfilled:

That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us (John 17:21).

A Strange Imposture

A grocer at Hoboken, N. J., has just discovered that he and his wife have been duped by a clever girl. He is an Austrian, and has been twelve years in this country. He had been very fond of his brother's eleven-year-old daughter while he lived in Vienna, and when, a few months ago, he received a letter saying that his little friend was coming here to pay him a visit with the intention of remaining permanently in this country, he was overjoyed. He met the vessel by which she was to travel when it reached the pier, and gave a cordial reception to the beautiful, well-dressed lady who greeted him as her uncle. He took her to his home, and treated her as his daughter. Entertainments were given in her honor, she was supplied with new dresses and abundant pocket-money. She stipulated that her uncle should not inform his brother of her arrival as she had run away from home, and did not want her family to know where she was. She might have remained in his home indefinitely, but one day recently a friend arrived from Austria who had seen the grocer's niece in Vienna just before leaving, and brought a message from her. Then the girl was accused of being an impostor, and she broke down and confessed. During a visit to Vienna she had become acquainted with the niece, who had told her about her uncle in America, and she conceived the idea of personating her. She had learned from her friend sufficient of the family history to be able to dupe the uncle, but discovery came at last. So it will come to some who have sufficient theoretical knowledge of religion to impose on the church when they are not really the children of God.

Knowest thou not this of old that the triumph of the wicked is short and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment? (Job 20:5).

A Belated Bridegroom

There was a disappointed wedding-party in an outlying district of Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago. The wedding had been fixed for two o'clock in the afternoon, and the bride was at the church on time. As she was very popular in her neighborhood there was an assemblage of nearly five hundred persons to witness the marriage ceremony. A brass band had been engaged for the occasion, and it also was on hand. The bridegroom, however, did not appear, and the company grew impatient. Hour after hour passed, and in spite of the performances of the band, the time seemed long to the waiting bride and guests. At five o'clock, after waiting three hours, all hope of the coming of the bridegroom was abandoned, and the party dispersed. An hour later a mud-bespattered hack drove up to the house of the bride's father, and the bridegroom alighted. The hack-driver had misunderstood the direction, and had taken his fare to a street of the same name in Jersey City, N. J. When the mistake was discovered the hack was about fifteen miles from its proper destination. All possible speed was made in rectifying the mistake, but there had been delays on the river and in finding the church in Brooklyn where the ceremony was to take place. Happily for the bride's peace of mind, it was not too late then for the marriage, and it was performed. It is strange that the bridegroom did not see that he was being taken in the wrong direction. One would have expected him to be familiar with the right road. It was well that he arrived safely at last. So much cannot be said of some who in early life pledged themselves to union with Christ, but have suffered themselves to be led astray:

If, after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning (II. Peter 2:20).

SCENE AT THE AMALGAMATION OF THE TWO SCOTTISH CHURCHES

The Father of Cheap Postage

If Rowland Hill had lived to see this day, even he would have been astonished at the fulfilment of his predictions. Through many years he labored to convince his countrymen and the statesmen of his day that by reducing the cost of postage not only would the public be benefited, but the revenue would be increased. By dogged persistency he at length succeeded, and the merchant who formerly had to pay eight cents postage on every letter, was able to send one to any part of the country for two cents. There were many sinister predictions that the government would be a heavy loser by the change, but Rowland Hill was firm in his conviction that the volume of correspondence would so increase that the Post Office would yield a larger revenue at the lower rate than the higher. So completely did the result justify him that London is now engaged in pulling down the enormous building it erected for the accommodation of Postal business, in order to build a much larger one that has now become a necessity. Rowland Hill was born in 1795, the son of a schoolmaster. He early in life began his agitation, but not until 1840 did he succeed in persuading the government to adopt his project. His confidence in his plan, in spite of the opposition of conservative leaders, has been so abundantly vindicated on both sides the Atlantic that his career may be quoted as an illustration of Christ's words:

Wisdom is justified of her children (Matt. 11:19).

An Old Boundary Dispute

A dispute between the States of Alabama and Florida which has been in progress for seventy years has now been authoritatively settled. When Florida was acquired in 1821 there was no regular survey of the new territory, but ten years later a map was prepared. The citizens of Alabama claimed that an error was then made which was prejudicial to that State which adjoins Florida on the west and

SIR ROWLAND HILL

northwest. Two years ago Congress made an appropriation for the settlement of all such disputes and recently the commissioners have examined the ground and rendered a decision practically conceding the contention of Alabama. The boundary line has now been moved about a mile farther south on the Chatahoochee River, thus giving Alabama two hundred thousand acres of excellent timber land formerly included in the State of Florida. The commissioners have been busy on such work ever since their appointment and there are still a number of disputes awaiting their decision. Boundaries consisting of a river are easily marked, but where the line runs according to a parallel of latitude through a sparsely-settled region there is generally a doubt about its exact location. Thus persons living near the boundary line may find when it is rectified and authoritatively defined that they are living in a different state from the one that they supposed. There is reason to fear that a similar surprise may be in store for some persons who think they are in the kingdom of God. They live so near the world that in the day of final reckoning they will be counted as belonging to it.

Then shall ye begin to say: We have eaten and drunk in thy presence and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you I know you not; depart from me (Luke 13:26).

BRIEF NOTES

The beautiful picture entitled "Roll Jordan, Roll," which appeared in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was given by permission of the Taber Prang Art Company, 10 East Fifteenth street, New York city, the publishers.

A new departure in Sunday School work has been made by the Arlington Street Unitarian Church, Boston, which now employs salaried teachers in its Sunday School.

Miss Helen Gould had need be many times as rich as she is to comply with the applications made to her for money. In one week recently her mail contained 1,303 letters, the aggregate requests in which were for $1,548,502.

Roberts College, Constantinople, has just issued its thirty-seventh annual report. It shows that there are 297 students in the college and there are many more applications for admission which cannot be granted for lack of room. Three new professors are added to the college faculty this year.

A press dispatch to the New York journals states that Rev. H. L. Burleson, formerly assistant rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., whose father was a missionary to the Oneida Indians, has received a remarkable tribute of appreciation. Under the wills of two full-blooded Oneidas he is made a legatee to property valued at $20,000.

A bureau has been organized in Brooklyn, N. Y., to bring into communication pastorless churches with ministers who have no charge. Dr. David Gregg, Presbyterian; Dr. C. L. Wells, Reformed Dutch; and Dr. C. W. P. Rhoades, Baptist, are serving with other well-known ministers on the Advisory Committee. The Secretary is Rev. J. N. Taft, 30 Woodruff avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A very gratifying report is that of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Forty new members were welcomed at the last communion service. This makes nearly seven hundred admitted since the Rev. S. Edward Young became pastor, less than three years ago. Though this is a down-town church and its site is worth a large sum of money, the members have determined not to move, as the church is sorely needed in its present location and is doing a most valuable work.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL XMAS LESSON

MADONNA AND CHILD

BRINGING TO THE KING OUR GIFT AND GIFTS...

Christmas Story and Parable of the Pounds

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

International Sunday School Lessons for Dec. 23: Matt. 2: 1-11; Luke 19: 11-27.

GOLDEN TEXTS, II. Cor. 9: 15: "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Rom. 14: 12: "Every man shall give account of himself to God."

SWADDLING CLOTHES

THE International Lesson Committee have given us two lessons to choose between. We choose both, for they together teach us to bring our "gifts," in both senses of the word, to the King. And the "pounds" also suggest the beautiful Christmas custom that turns our thought to giving rather than receiving, of having every one bring a "pound" of something precious if you can afford it, wrapped so that only God can tell it is more valuable than the pound of potatoes brought by one of the poor,

. . .

The Promise of His Coming

Where is he that is born King? Many children have been waiting for Christmas to come for what seems to them a very long time. Father had said it would come, and would be a glad, glad day, and at last it is just at hand. How much longer the world waited for the first Christmas, which the Heavenly Father had promised thousands of years before. God gave the first man and woman a beautiful garden for their home; but they disobeyed his loving warnings and were driven out by an angel with a sword of flame. Then God promised that by and by One should come who would lead their sons and daughters back to the joys they had lost by sin. They believed and were comforted. Long years after God told an old man to look from his tent door to the stars—who was that?—and promised that his children's children should come to be as many, and one of them should be a star of light and blessing to all the homes of the world. Joseph's old father—who was he?—as his sons gathered about his death-bed, told them that the promised Deliverer, whom he called Shiloh, that is, Peace, would surely come. Years later the greatest of human prophets—who was he?—pictured Jesus and his life by the Tabernacle—white robes to tell of his purity, gold to picture his kingliness, the bloody altar to point to the cross where he should die for us. After awhile came another prophet who wrote much of the story of Jesus seven hundred years before he came, beginning with the words, "Unto us a child is born, the Prince of Peace." Not long after this the Jews went as captives to Persia, where wise men studied the stars from lofty towers, and the Jewish captives told them of the Deliverer who would be called "the bright and morning Star," and whose coming would no doubt be heralded by some new star. And so when at last the Star of Bethlehem blazed out, these magi knew it was the open door through which the world's King had come out of the sky. And so they harnessed their camels, and loaded them with food and gifts, and for forty days or longer traveled through the desert dangers, in perils of wild beasts and still more savage men. The Bible does not tell us how many or who these wise men were, but other books say there were three and that they were not only wise men but kings. No doubt many attendants came with them on other camels, making a great caravan. What a stir they made as they halted in the gate of Jerusalem and said to the Jewish traders and Roman officers sitting there, as they leaned down from their dusty camels, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" The question excited the Jews, for they were expecting a Messiah-King, and it excited the Roman officers, for a new King of the Jews meant the dethronement of the bad king then in the palace close at hand—who was he? This Herod was troubled most of all and asked the wise men anxiously all about the new star they had seen. Then he asked the Jewish doctors where their Messiah-King was to come from. They found in Micah that it was Bethlehem. And so Herod said, out of his wicked heart, already plotting to kill the new king, "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him bring me word that I may come and worship him also." They started for Bethlehem, delighted to find that the star, which had been hidden while they were inquiring in Jerusalem, perhaps by a cloud, going before them like a pillar of fire to bring them to the Child of promise. He was no longer in the manger, but in a "house," and there they presented gold, frankincense and myrrh, bowing before the Child who was to rule the world. They did not return to Herod, but warned the mother of Jesus, and so he was taken out of Herod's reach by a night start for Egypt. But Herod, finding the wise men did not come back, and thinking Jesus was hidden in Bethlehem, or close at hand, ordered his soldiers to kill all the infants of Bethlehem and the country roundabout up to two years of age that the new Child King might not escape—not the last effort bad and foolish rulers have made to defeat the plans of God.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

In this story and the parable of the pounds, that opens out the larger meanings of Christmas, we are taught to

(1) Receive Christ as God's gift.

(2) Bring some gift to Christ.

(3) Devote our gifts to whatever service he appoints.

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. There are many wonderful stories ies of royal gifts. On coronation days, kings in some countries throw coins among the crowds; pardons are given to prisoners; whole cattle are roasted for barbecues in the streets, and the water fountains throw up wine instead of water. But Christmas recalls the greatest of royal gifts, when the King of the Universe so loved this world that he gave his own Son to die for its sins, and to live and speak for its redemption. To every one Jesus is given as Saviour and King. Herod represents those in every age that refuse the gift and fight against God, the giver, to their own confusion. The wise men represent those in every age who welcome the gift, accepting pardon through Jesus the Saviour, and protection and direction through Jesus, the King.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray:
Cast out the sin, and enter in—
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell.
O come to us, abide with us
Our Lord Emanuel.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

How much more than the magi saw or dreamed has God's Christmas gift grown to be in nineteen Christian centuries! Would you measure it, imagine everything Christ has given to the world blotted out. Let every picture of Christ, and of martyrs and heroes of the cross fade out on our walls. Let every oratorio that echoes his great words disappear. Let every church and cathedral, aye, every Christian hospital and asylum, and school fall in a night—this alone would make in every city of Christendom a change that would suggest a world epidemic of hurricane and fire. But we have by no means shown all we should lose. Not alone would Christmas disappear, and the weekly rest day, the Lord's day, but all that is sweetest in mother, home, and heaven. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

An invisible God seemed too unreal. Man longed for a face, and God showed himself in the face of Jesus Christ. In the words of Robert Browning:

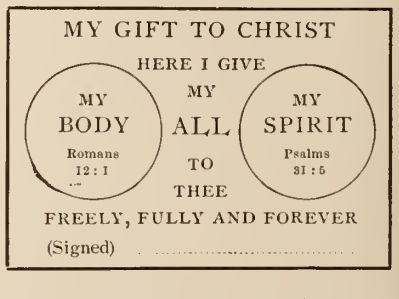
A face like my face that receives thee: a man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee. See the Christ stand.

"Unspeakable," indeed, this gift! Christ is a part of the ocean of God let into the land, where weary souls may plunge for cleansing and health. "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely."

. . .

Our Gift to Christ

What and how can we give to him, whom having not seen we love? To our invisible but real King we can make an invisible but real gift.



And we can give visible, tangible gifts to a visible and tangible Christ, embodied in his needy ones, about whom he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me." Little Jemmy was kicked down-stairs by his drunken father. He had one wild moment of grief and pain and then he became unconscious. When he awoke he was in a bright, airy room with rows of little beds on each side. A beautiful woman was bending over him, tenderly bathing his head. At first Jim thought he had died and that this was heaven; but as his senses came back to him he remembered how his father had kicked him down-stairs, and he knew that this must be a hospital.

"Father don't love me, and nobody else does," he thought drearily; "and I won't have any Christmas at all. I don't suppose Jesus wants me to come to his birthday, and when this lady knows all about it she'll just stop washing my face, too. Oh, I hope she won't call me 'drunkard,'" and he watched her anxiously with his great sorrowful eyes.

She nodded brightly at him when she saw him looking at her, and said: "Now give me those dirty little paws." Then she washed them very quickly and when she was through she stooped and kissed the palm of one of the thin little hands.

Jim closed his fist tight and his eyes shone with joy. How happy he was all that night as he lay in the big quiet ward. To be sure there was a queer, dull pain in his head and a

steady ache somewhere down his back, but that was nothing; for it was the birthday of our blessed Lord, and somebody had petted him and given him a present, which he held in his little fist.

When the night nurse passed and noticed the tightly-closed hand, she asked, "What have you got in there?" But Jim only smiled, and said nothing.

Then came a beautiful morning when ever so many little heads bobbed up from their cots and shrill little voices cried out: "Merry Christmas!"

Though some of the faces were worn with pain and sleeplessness, they all wore bright smiles that day, and they nodded to Jim.

By and by, along came a doctor with an armful of dolls, soldiers, and all sorts of toys, and behind him was Jim's "lady," her sweet face beaming with joy.

"Merry Christmas!" said the doctor, and he put down on the bed a most extraordinary donkey, that wagged his head in a very solemn manner.

"For me?" asked Jim, timidly stretching out his left hand to stroke it.

"Ask him what he's got in the other hand," whispered the night nurse; "he won't tell me."

"What have you got there, old man?" asked the doctor.

A radiant smile broke over the little pinched face.

"A kiss!" he said. "Her gave it to me. It's my Christmas present."

Oh, make ready for the King,
And prepare your offering!
For His coming, swiftly dawning,
Breaks around us like the morning;
And our eyes may catch the grace
Of the glory of his face,
Bringing light unto the world.
—MARY A. LATHBURY.

Devoting Our Gifts to the King's Business

The parable of the pounds no less than the story of the magi, is about the King, and it teaches that all of the "talents," or "gifts," or abilities, or opportunities God bestows on us are not really given, but entrusted to us to be used for him in doing good. Stewardship is God's doctrine of property in a word, and it is slowly becoming man's theory also, at least, as to men of wealth, who are expected to devote much of it to the public good.

The venerable Emperor William I. of Germany, addressing school-children, asked, "To what kingdom does this stone belong?" "To the mineral kingdom," was the reply. "And to what kingdom this flower?" "To the vegetable kingdom." "And to what kingdom do I belong?" The children, wiser than their books, instinctively refused to classify their Emperor with animals. After a brief silence, a child said reverently, "To God's Kingdom, Sire," a fact of which our political leaders also need to be reminded. To this kingdom we all belong, and whatever you have of strength, of time, of ability, of money, of opportunity—these are the five "talents" or "pounds," the King has entrusted to you to use and so increase, and thus become worthy of yet greater responsibilities.

Here is the farewell address, in part, of one of God's five-talent men, Sir J. William Dawson, of Montreal, the great scientist, who wrote at seventy-eight years of age, shortly before his death:

"At the close of life you may have to say as I now say, after a life largely spent in scientific and educational work. If I have any good cause for regret, it is that I have been able to do so little directly for Christ; if I have any cause for joy, it is that he has done so much for me, and that, with all my infirmities, he has enabled me to do even a little for his glory, and for the good of others, though in looking back it seems all too little. In the words of Miss Havegal's beautiful hymn:

'Thou, Lord, hast brought to me,
Down from thy throne above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love!
Great gifts thou broughtest me,
What have I brought to thee?'"

Helen Hunt, who wrote two mighty books in behalf of the Indians, *A Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona*, deeply regretted as she drew near the end, that the first half of her literary life had been devoted to mere prettiness in literature. She sang:

I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

The one-talent, one-pound man is the most important of all because this kind is by far the most numerous. Ten times as many men have one talent as have five, but if the one-talent men do not bury their talent but double it by use, the result will be twice as great as that of faithfulness in the five-talent people. Off against the man who buried his pound we set the little boy who put his shoulder to the wheel when two men were vainly trying to get a load out of a rut. "I can push a pound," he said, and that was all that was needed to help the men out of the difficulty.

Dr. Schauffler, explaining why some Sabbath School teachers fail, says that many a teacher with only "four-boy power" is failing because she has eight boys in her class. I have no doubt many a Christian has at least "one-boy power" that is doing neither teaching nor personal work for Christ.

Not they who say or do the most is God most pleased to see,
But they who faithful in the least have always tried to be.

Gen. Phil. Sheridan, in presenting the diplomas at West Point in 1887, said, in regard to his own military successes:

"Gentlemen, I'll tell you how it all came about. It was all due to two things. When I went out from under the shadow of these trees, as you are doing to-day, I resolved that I would make myself the best second lieutenant in the army. Whatever I took up, even if it were the simplest of duties, I tried to do it better than it had ever been done before by others. No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best, however unimportant the occasion. In the second place, I always looked out for the common soldier. Make the men in the ranks feel that you are devoting days of care and thought to their comfort and safety. Trust your reputation to the private, let him speak for you, and in the battle and on the march he will never let your military fame suffer by his cowardice or negligence. Keep these two things in view, and with your West Point training, success is assured to you."

. . .

The deeper meanings of the parable, showing how faithful service leads to rulership, a share in Christ's kingship is brought out in the following words of Louisa M. Alcott:

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find
Led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

BISHOP POTTER DENOUNCES VICE IN NEW YORK

IN the course of an address delivered at a Litany Service for business men and women, in Old St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, on Friday, Nov. 23, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter denounced in forcible and eloquent language the awful immoralities of the metropolis. After referring to Christ's lamentation over Jerusalem, the Bishop said, in substance:

What Christ looked down upon that morning is what you and I would look down upon if we went to any great height and looked down upon New York to-day. He saw great structures; he saw an organized civilization, for its time of a very high quality. He saw men and women going about their business in the streets. He saw the Roman soldiery on the street corners, the guardians of a so-called peace which hid a rottenness appalling. He saw the chief priests and authorities extending their laborious greeting with these and others, and he saw beneath all that what one could not see with the eyes of flesh, the homes of men, the secret shames and infamies of men, the cruelties of power, the brutalities of organized injustice, the monstrous passions and hatred of men expressing themselves as powerfully then as in any pagan era in all the world. Christ wept when he looked down upon its splendor and its shame, not because of its splendor, but because of that moral apathy, that appalling spiritual insensibility, that deadness of the soul which is the doom and damnation equally of a nation or a man.

A simple woman, I have been told, lately went into a shop here in New York and had her eyes caught by a familiar legend in the place, framed and on sale, "God Bless Our Home." "Yes," she said, in humble piety, "I should like that. I should like to put it up in my little home and to have my husband and my children see it," and then, her mind following the thread of the family life, it shot away over the path whither her husband had gone in the morning to his task downtown, and turning to the shopman, she said: "I wonder if you have other texts and legends like this? I wonder if you could let me have one—I think, John, perhaps, would like to have one—that has on it the words, "God Bless Our Office." The shopman looked at her for a moment, and without a ray of sarcasm in his voice, said: "Madam, isn't that rather a large order?"

Think of it for a moment. Think of the active business and commercial life of a great city as existing in the mind of that young man under such conditions that it was impossible for him to conceive that anybody should want to put up in any office in the world the prayer, "God Bless Our Office." God forbid that you should imagine from that, that I believe that a life of business, and a life of service, and a life of faith, and the tasks of the great industrial world, whatever they are, are so far apart from God and the consciousness of his thought and responsibility to his throne that the combining of the two in the mind of any intelligent man is inconceivable.

RT. REV. BISHOP POTTER, OF NEW YORK

What you and I want in this great, busy, wicked, self-seeking, modern material life of ours is to get back to the primal consciousness and realize that the first cry for any man or woman in the face of the dangers that threaten our world to-day is not that we would be richer, nor that we may be better organized, not that we may have a finer scorn for evil or evildoers, but first of all the cry of blind Bartimeus by the wayside, "Lord, that my eyes may be opened, blind as I am."

Somewhere or other for every man and woman to whom I am speaking at this moment there is a place in the great alignment of service. You must find that place; you must recognize your relation to it, and then in the strength of God you must put your shoulder to the wheel, and in that service I would like, if I may, to suggest as supremely important at this precise moment three particular expressions of it, the first of which finds its expression in organized service. We shall not redeem New York by emotions; we shall not redeem it by denunciation; we shall not redeem it by pessimistic temper that wraps its garments around it and turns back to bondage. There are burning with zeal and enthusiasm and a high purpose of sacrifice in this great city to-day great multitudes of men and women; they are of different religions. They must forget that. They are of different nationalities. They must forget that. They are of different political associations. Most of all, they must forget that, and if, having reached that point, we could find three or five men whom all of us trusted and believed in—there are hundreds of them—and say to these three or five men, "Now, then, tell us what you want us to do, where you want us to stand, what relation you want our party, our church, our organization to bear to the betterment of New York. We will trust your judgment, we will follow your lead," and the work is done.

Next to that in this service of the enlightened soul we want vigilance. Again I say, the city which you and I love, and in whose service we are or ought to be, will not be redeemed by emotion. If in New York to-morrow there could be organized a Vigilance Committe, such as was in San Francisco, of 25,000 men sworn to service for three years, and pledged by night and day, when their business and their opportunities gave them the freedom for it, to see things for themselves, then our souls would not have been smitten with the sorrow of that little victim of five years who was picked up on the street the other day in broad daylight and ravished by some brute. Would such things be possible in a decent and God-fearing community? In this warfare, if it is to be a triumphant warfare, we must enlist for life. Get yourselves, then, on your knees; pray God that he will open your eyes, pray to him for all the power of his Son, and let kindle in you the flame of a divine indignation and keep it burning with the enduring power of a divine and unflinching sacrifice.

A Mother's Cry Heard

ONE of the most remarkable instances of a mother's prayers being answered after long delay appears in the recently published biography of Brownlow North. Towards the close of his forty-fifth year, while he was still serving sin "with both hands earnestly," the call of God came to him in his own house at Dallas, with an urgency that could not be resisted, and the great change took place which revolutionized his whole life. With circumstantial minuteness he thus described it to the students of Edinburgh University some years afterward: "It pleased God in the month of November, 1854, one night when I was sitting playing at cards, to make me concerned about my soul. The instrument used was a sensation of sudden illness, which led me to think I was going to die. I said to my son, 'I am a dead man; take me up-stairs.' As soon as this was done, I threw myself down on the bed. My first thought then was, now what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be dead, and what good will all these things do me for which I have sold my soul? At that moment I felt constrained to pray, but it was only the prayer of the coward, a cry for mercy. I was not sorry for what I had done, but I was afraid of the punishment of my sin. And yet still there was something trying to prevent me putting myself on my knees to call for mercy, and that was the presence of the maid-servant in the room lighting my fire. Though I did not believe at that time that I had ten minutes to live, and knew that there was no possible hope for me but in the mercy of God, and that if I did not seek that mercy I could not expect it, yet such was the nature of my heart, that I could not decide whether I should wait till that woman left the room, or fall on my knees and cry for mercy in her presence. By the grace of God I did put myself on my knees before that girl, and I believe it was the turning point with me. By God's grace I was not prevented. I did pray, and I am this day what I am, which at least is not what I was."

Answered Prayers

MY God is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of noon,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne
The world I leave.

Reader, Norfolk, Va., writes:

As I was praying the Lord gave me what I asked.

M. E. R., Iowa, writes:

I have just passed through the very darkest ordeal of my life—missent letters—agony of mind for eight weeks, not knowing where an only child and a dearly loved one was. I leaned on my prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Father. To-day a letter came and my burden was lifted.

Mrs. A. M. S., Neb., writes:

We were in great trouble and distress, and I earnestly prayed God to help us and make the way plain out of our difficulties. The prayer was answered.

Y. W., Ohio, writes:

I had always believed that it was wrong to pray for anything but spiritual help, that we should not take our daily little trials to our Father; but the Answered Prayer column set me thinking. Was it quite true that God cares for the little things which affect us, should we seek his help in everything? I have been taking the little things to God in prayer, and I have been helped. We must not forget in praying to say, "Thy will be done."

S. S. Teacher, Mexico, N. Y., writes:

I prayed God to help me overcome an unfortunate habit. He has not only helped me to overcome the habit but is leading me to help others to master the same infirmity. Bless his holy name.

Acknowledgements of answers to prayer have been received from H. M. R., Denver, Col.; S. N. L., Johnson City, Tenn.; C. H. S., Chicago, Ill.; W. L. L., Buxton, N. D.; Mrs. L. B., Phelps, Ill.; E. W. P., Jeffersonville, Vt.; L. C., Mackey's Ferry, N. C.; Mrs. R. A. B., Henderson, Ky.; L. F. R., Iowa City, Ia.; E. N. H., Minneapolis, Minn.; S. A. F., Garrett, Ind.; A. E., Ottawa, Can.; Rev. W. E. G., Jersey City; F. E. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. B., Cherry Valley, Can.; Mrs. T. J. W., Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. A. E. F., Greeley, Col.; M. E. M., Red Bank, N. J.; Mrs. E. L. R., Wetumpka, Ala.; W. E. D., Creek, N. C.; C. F. S., Cutler, Me.; W. T., Fresno, Cal.; L. P. R., Franklin, Neb.; Mrs. S. F. W., Clarksville, Tenn.; Mrs. L. W., Tallahassee, Fla.; Mrs. A. T., Servado, Okla.; Mrs. G. W. B., Shamokin, Penn.; M. I. H., Auburn, N. J.; Mrs. H. F., Fort Collins, Col.; Mrs. T. W., Charleston, O.; Mrs. C. S., Enid, Okla.; Mrs. W., Baltimore, Md.; S. S. M., Brookfield, Conn.; Mrs. W., Rockbridge, Va.; Mrs. H. C. R., Plainfield, N. J.; Mrs. B. E., Johnson City, Tex.; Mother, Kirksville, Mo.; L. M. A., Hamilton, Can.; Mrs. S. E. W., Waco, Tex.; L. W., London, Can.; J. E. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; R. R. D., Haaks, Mich.; Mrs. E. R., Orient, O.; A. N., Denver, Col.

Beside the Christmas Fire

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Bit of Christmas Green

FOR the rich there are flowers in bloom all the year round, and indeed for many who have no wealth, there are windows full of blooming plants, and in sunny kitchens and little parlor conservatories, roses and geraniums lavishly give color and fragrance. It is a matter of faculty and of watching and tending and of continual care, this having flowers in winter. But we may every one of us have a bit of Christmas green to fasten on our coats, to adorn our tables, to add to the jollity of the season. The week before Christmas, as one goes about in the crowded streets of the town, everybody is burdened with aromatic branches, with spicy wreaths, with gleaming garlands of fir, pine, cedar and holly, and with bunches of the mistletoe. The markets, no longer prosaic, are dressed in green, and the shops, larger or smaller, are bewildering in their variety.

Eskimo Children in New York

It will be news to many of us that an Eskimo lad is living in New York and actually attending a public school in the region of the Bronx. The child's name is Mene, and he is in the fourth grade of the grammar school, does well in his studies, and is enthusiastic over football. This little fellow is one of the two survivors of a group of six Eskimo brought by Lieutenant Peary from a point six hundred miles within the Arctic Circle. He was adopted by Mr. William Wallace, Superintendent of the American Museum of Natural History. He is a sturdy, merry boy, who uses excellent English, but is not given to gush, and regards interviewers with the indifference natural to one who has had a good deal of experience with them. Mene excels in arithmetic. Zakshriner, a little girl of nine, is two years Mene's junior. She prattles, sings and dances, when asked to do so, but shows by her modest reluctance that she dislikes being shown as a curiosity. Her native place was southern Alaska, and she is cared for by Miss Meagher, an artist.

Good Manners and Good Temper

These twins look very much alike, and sometimes can hardly be distinguished, so very similar are they in appearance, voice and bearing. Good manners may exist without good temper, but good temper very seldom manifests any but good manners.

In a recent novel the heroine is told to be a Christian first and a gentlewoman next, and it is explained to her that a gentlewoman is never inconsiderate, never hurts the feelings of any one, and is never occupied with herself to the exclusion of others and their affairs.

A great deal of wounded feeling might be avoided in our daily intercourse if we all practiced good manners. Certainly it is within our power to keep from ever displaying bad temper, and the endeavor to look, speak, and generally act as if good tempered will go far toward bringing about the desired amiability of feeling.

Dreams

According to the scientific student, what is called the subjective mind is always awake, even when the body is profoundly asleep. If this theory is correct, we are in a world of thought and motion even when most soundly slumbering. The dreams we remember occur to us when we are just dropping asleep or just waking up. Little importance should be attached to dreams. They are compounded of fragmentary associations of the day time, and are often caused by indigestion, or by some accident of too much or too little clothing on the bed. A familiar and most disagreeable phase of dreams brings us to festive occasions improperly clothed, as at a party where every one is in gala dress, in a working gown or in a night robe. Of old, God revealed himself to his people in the visions of the night, but in these modern days of a white light of knowledge everywhere, we have emerged from dreamland and he speaks to us in his own Word.

Little Mary's Helping Hand

Little Mary had given her heart to Christ. She wanted very much to show that she loved him, but there seemed nothing that she could do.

"You might thread grandmother's needles," said mother. "Her eyes are so dim that she cannot do it for herself, and I know she would like to find a half dozen needles threaded and ready for use every day on her cushion."

"But would that be serving Jesus?" asked Mary.

"Yes, it would be a helping hand held out to one of his very dear ones. Jesus would regard that as done to himself."

Mary was only eight, and grandmother was eighty, but both were Christ's little ones.

Visiting as a Fine Art

The person who can be an agreeable guest, whose visits are always welcome, who is regarded as a friend by the whole family, has mastered visiting as a fine art. In the first place, she arrives when she is expected. If she is to be met, she steps off the boat or the train at the hour announced on the time-table. She stays the length of time arranged for and no longer. We have adopted the excellent English plan of inviting friends for a definite period, say for a week, or a month, or from Friday until Monday, or from Saturday until Wednesday. This definiteness has conveniences, and is preferable to the old way, which left host and guest in doubt as to the continuance of the visit.

The guest who is welcome at times effaces herself. Every family has certain periods in the day when it may like to be alone. If a tactless guest stays the whole time with the family, if she follow her hostess from room to room, if she have no resources of her own, she becomes very tiresome.

The successful guest is attentive to the old people in the house and nice to the children. If there are servants she does not take their work out of their hands; if there are none, she gives unobtrusive help wherever she can. Above all, she is not tardy; she is punctual at meals; she is also pleased with whatever is done for her.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MRS. MALAPROP. Observe what your hostess does if you are in doubt as to table usages.

—MABEL MURRAY. Break the shell of your egg and eat from the egg itself with a small spoon.

—VIOLA. A bashful young man may need encouragement; but I don't like to see a girl make pronounced advances.

—LEOLA. How foolish to expect a man to keep his temper when arguing on politics. Heated discussions do not always mean anger or feud, however.

—DEACONESS. In visiting the poor, do not condescend. Approach them in a friendly and respectful manner. The poorest people resent intrusive calls.

The Christmas Stockings

HANG up the Christmas stockings,
Leave not a dear one out;
And wake on Christmas morning
With ringing song and shout.
For in the silent midnight
Shall Santa Claus appear,
And crown with gifts and gladness
The love-time of the year.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
The cunning little elf
Is still too very tiny
To do it for herself.
And hang the mother's stocking
Oh, very plain in sight;
Some one must think for mother,
Or she'll forget it quite.

Hang father's sturdy stocking
Right there between the boys';
And give him books and papers,
As he gives the children toys.
Let Santa Claus be careful
About the politics;
For father has a conscience
That to the right side sticks.

Hang up the old folks' stockings,
Hang up the little girl's;
Dear grandma with her silver hair,
Sweet Flossy with her curls,
Will both be very happy
When dawns in roseate cheer,
The Merry Christmas morning,
The love-time of the year.

ETHEL BRIDGES.

A CHRISTMAS EVE CAROL IN THE OLD HOME

IF ye would hear the angels sing,
"Peace on earth and mercy mild"
Think of Him who was once a child,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Rise, and open wide the door;
Christians, rise! the world is wide,
And many there be that stand outside,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

Rise, and light your Christmas fire;
Christians, rise! the world is old,
And time is weary and worn and cold,
Yet Christmas comes in the morning.

DORA GREENWELL.

Christmas as a Tax

From the standpoint of the grown-up the distance from one Christmas to another is very short. As we grow older the years fairly fly past us, and the twelve months seem a little space in the circuit of our lives. To the children the bit of the road they travel from Christmas to Christmas is very long, and they are never troubled nor dismayed as, alas! their elders often are, when the happy time comes back.

Theoretically, we all welcome the holiday season with open arms, but practically on some of us, through our own folly, it entails a burdening tax, so that instead of being thoroughly joyful, we are worn out and worried in the effort to remember all our kindred and acquaintances with appropriate gifts. Simplicity in this direction would be wise, and for those who must thoughtfully consider ways and means, there should be a limiting of presents to what can be easily and honestly afforded. Do not leave the children out, and do not defraud them of their legitimate pleasure by bestowing upon them merely useful things, such as clothing, shoes, suspenders, and hats. These they know would be furnished them somehow, and the essence of Christmas is not in them. Toys, books, sweets, little superfluities for the day, are to be preferred for Christmas gifts; for the girl always her doll, and for the boy his drum, or his sled, or his jack-knife. Give each child if you can do no more, one token of love which will be a treasure, and save in some other quarter. To older people and to outside friends, be content, if your means are limited, to send a letter, or a card, or a bit of holly. Christmas cheer lies in the sentiment, not in the costliness of Christmas remembrances.

A Flower Apiece

I have heard that a certain church in New York City has a pretty custom, after morning service, of taking the flowers from the pulpit and presenting each woman with one as she leaves, so long as there are flowers to go round. In many churches the flowers are sent to the sick when their use on Sunday is over, and this seems a good way in which to dispose of them, for flowers carry a real gladness to the invalid.

HOW SHE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Conversion of MARGARET SUSANNA FRY

The Distinguished Temperance Editor and Worker

SUSANNA FRY, as her friends know her, has had a varied career of usefulness. For fourteen years she filled the Chair of *belles lettres* in the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, and for two years she had the Chair of English Literature in the University of Minnesota, and was one of the judges in the Liberal Arts De-

MARGARET SUSANNA FRY

partment at the World's Fair, at Chicago. Her great friendship for Frances Willard brought her into close touch with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1894 she was elected President of that organization in Minnesota. From 1895 to 1898 she was engaged in editorial work. Since then she has been the Corresponding Secretary of that great army of women who have set their hearts to the noble purpose of tying their bands of "ribbon white" around the world.

Susanna Fry was born in a good Scotch-Irish Christian home in the little town of Burlington, Ohio. When a very young child, she says she "tried to get converted," and prayed seven times, like the prophet, and looked for the supernatural; but she neither saw nor felt anything unusual. Her father was of Covenanter stock, while her mother was very demonstrative, and not unfrequently praised God aloud in her closet, where she went daily for prayer.

It was a community in which the common note of religious life was set to the key of a demonstrative character. Shouting was common, and powerful religious excitement was expected in religious meetings. It was not uncommon to hear such testimonies as these: "I was so powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit that I was compelled to go to the mourner's bench," or, "I was carried forward to the altar without knowing what I did." Still another would say, "I could no more resist the Spirit than I could fly." Susanna Fry coveted such experiences. Indeed, she thought that was the proper way, and perhaps the only way, in which to find the Lord. She was perfectly willing to yield, even if she were stricken down and carried bodily to the altar, or thrown into a trance. This error of teaching was very unfortunate for the young girl, and shut her out of the enjoyment of the communion with Christ for many years. She waited twenty odd years for an overpowering demonstration—something supernatural in an outward way, which would override her will. It never came.

In 1866, the Rev. James D. Fry, a young preacher who had been appointed as the junior pastor on the Burlington Circuit, preached in Miss Fry's home church for the first time, and he brought a message which startled her soul out of its lethargy. This young man, fresh from college, but with an earnest evangelistic zeal, brought just that note of religious truth which the young woman in her condition needed to hear. She had been thinking about religion as something without, and beyond herself—something which was to come and take possession of her, without any reference to her own attitude. She had thought that her proper place was to wait until this divine spirit made conquest of her heart, and, in spite of herself, captured her will, and made conquest of her life. And so the years were passing away, and she had come to womanhood, and was not as near to the Lord as when a child. Young Fry brought a new note of duty. He declared that conversion was active and not passive. The entire tenor of his sermons was to the effect that, knowing the right, it was our duty to do it; that religion did not consist in feeling, but in yielding to the claims of duty, and doing the will of God.

Susanna heard this message as though it were a new Gospel, and so it was to her. As she listened, she saw that she had been waiting for something that would never come—that God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit had done all that was needed for her salvation, until she began to act on her own account. The next step must come from herself. She was impressed that her will was free, and that God would never break it down, but that she must exercise it for herself. The way was clear now, and her heart and conscience were thoroughly aroused. And, with earnestness and decision of character, she surrendered herself to Christ, and made a public confession of Jesus.

The young preacher who won her to Christ, later won her heart for himself, and during all the years since 1868 they have walked the way of life together, comrades in the blessed work of winning souls to the service of their Divine Lord.

REV. L. A. BANKS.

Missions in China

FROM Dr. Griffith John, the veteran missionary of Hankow, China, comes a letter which places the Chinese situation in a new light. While grieving sorely over the massacre of the missionaries, he points out a very significant fact. This is that the hostility of the Chinese is not to the missionary as such, nor to Christianity but to things foreign. This is one ray of encouragement in the dark prospect and leads us to hope that mission work in that distracted land may yet be renewed. He says:

"Let no one suppose that these missionaries have suffered because they are missionaries. They have suffered because they are foreigners. Had the gentlemen been members of the Pekin Syndicate their sufferings would have been worse. In the Tsehchou Prefecture one of the missionaries was taken for a member of the Syndicate on account of a certain resemblance in size and features between the two men. The mob laid hold of him and would have murdered him then and there had he not been able to convince them that he was another person. It is the height of folly to look at the present movement as anti-missionary. It is anti-missionary as it is anti-everything that is foreign. The man who looks upon the missionary as the cause of the present trouble is simply blinded by ignorance or prejudice, or both. The movement is first and last an anti-foreign movement, and has for its aim the casting out of every foreigner and all his belongings. This is a point of great importance, a point that we cannot afford to lose sight of for a moment at this time.

"Hundreds of missionaries have passed, through Hankow on their way from the interior to the coast, and I am glad to be able to say that, with the exception of the Shansi and Honan missionaries, they have nothing but good to say of the officials and people in their treatment of them at the time of leaving their various stations, and whilst traveling through their respective provinces."

India Fund Contributions

All contributions to the India Famine Relief Fund, India Orphan Work, etc., not heretofore acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be acknowledged in an early issue in January.

JUDGE NOT

IT is so easy to judge, my friend,
To mark the course to run,
And say what to do
If I had been you
The way that I sure would have done.

It is so easy to think, my friend,
That in the daily strife
No others have wrought
With such care and thought
As we in the battle of life.

It is so easy to say, my friend,
The cross another wears
Is sure to be light
If carried aright
The burden another one bears.

It is so easy to pray, dear friend,
Lord help me now to see
That I must judge not
For each earthly lot
Is planned and directed by thee.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

CANNIBALS IN AFRICA*

IN the dead of the night a Kaffir chief paid us a visit alone, and sat down very quietly and mournfully at our fire. Livingstone and I woke up and greeted him, and then he dreamily recounted the history of his life, his wars, escapes, successes and conquests, and the far-distant wandering in his raids. By the fire's glow and flicker among the reeds, with that tall, dark, earnest speaker and his keenly-attentive listeners, it has always appeared to me one of the most weird scenes I ever saw. With subdued manner and voice, Sebitoane went on through the livelong night till near the dawn, in low tones, only occasionally interrupted by an inquiry from Livingstone. He described the way in which he had circumvented a strong impi of Matabili on the raid, and raised his voice for a minute or two as he recounted how, hearing of their approach, he had sent men to meet the dreaded warriors of Umsilegas, feigning themselves traitors in order to lure them to destruction by promising to guide them to the bulk of the cows and oxen, which, they said, in fear of their coming, had been placed in fancied security on one of the large islands of the Chobe; how the Zulus fell into the trap and allowed themselves to be ferried over in three or four canoes hidden there for the purpose; and how, when the last trip had been made, the boatmen, pulling out into mid-stream, told them they could remain where they were till they were fetched, and in the meantime might search for the cattle; how, after leaving them till they were worn and weak with hunger, for there was nothing to eat on the island, he passed over, killed the chiefs, and absorbed the soldiers into his own ranks, providing them with wives, a luxury they were not entitled to under Zulu military law until their spears had been well reddened in fight.

Then he waved his hand westward and opened out a story of men over whom he had gained an easy victory, "away, away, very far from the bitter waters," and to whom, when they asked for food wishing to bind them with fetters of kindness, he sent a fat ox, and, "would you believe it, they returned it, saying they didn't eat ox." "Then what do you eat?" I asked, "we like beef better than anything." "We eat men," said they. I had never heard of this before; but they were very pressing, so at last I sent them two slaves of the Macobas, the river people, who, as you know, are very dark in color, but they brought them back, saying they did not like black men, but preferred the redder variety, and as that meant sending my own fighting men, I told them they might go without altogether."

This was the only intimation we ever had that cannibalism existed in our part of Africa."

*From *William Cotton Oswell, Hunter and Explorer*, by his eldest son, W. Edward Oswell. This story of the life of the companion of Livingstone on two of his expeditions in Africa, contains correspondence and copious extracts hitherto unpublished from Livingstone's private journal, which was placed at the author's disposal by Mrs. Livingstone-Bruce, daughter of the great missionary. The friendship between Oswell and Livingstone lasted till the death of the latter in 1873. The book is amply and beautifully illustrated, and contains several portraits and maps. Pp. 556, two volumes, gilt top, rough edges, cloth. Price, $6. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

A Puritan Meetin' House†

DIRECTLY opposite the singers' gallery was the pulpit, and this was advisable, for from time immemorial choirs have shown an irreverent uneasiness that needs to be under or opposite the parson's eye. There was no gallery on the pulpit side. The meeting-house must have no such interfering attraction to take off the attention from that great, imposing object, the pulpit. If in churches that follow a ritual, the altar is the prominent object, in an old Puritan meeting-house there was a piece of ritualism just as pronounced, and this was the pulpit. Even angels would not have ventured to tread there, unless authorized by the minister. Up to the tall, dignified, imposing pulpit, respectfully climbed a flight of steps, while above this oracle was a ponderous sounding-board. Before the pulpit, at its base, was the "deacons' seat."

As one stood in the singers' gallery and looked down into the meeting-house, he saw three aisles stretching across the floor and aiming at the pulpit wall, though not arriving there. The "main aisle" was the one in the centre, and on either side were square, old-fashioned pews that suggested large families. There were two side aisles that went between pews of the same fashion. Two slender aisles, though, divided the mass of pews between the main and side aisles, these humbler avenues carrying the name of "cat aisles." We are not told the reason for the giving of this name.

Of course the meeting-house was for the whole town. The town chose the minister, who was always of the old "standing order" in New England, the Congregational. His salary was paid out of the town treasury. He was a town, as well as a church, official. And the people as a rule came to hear him. It was heresy to go or want to go anywhere else than to "the meeting-house," supposing there was a disposition to go to the services of the Church of England in Boston. "Meetin'-goin" in every town was a prevalent custom. People "went to meetin'," even as they ate, drank and slept. If they could not answer affirmatively the question whether they had "ben to meetin'," at one period of the town's history, certainly they might expect to see the selectmen coming after them. These town fathers were also supposed at one time to see that the children were religiously trained, and if not sufficiently catechised, then the selectmen must catechise the children.

†From *Fifer Boy of the Boston Siege*, by Edward A. Rand. A delightful story founded on the stirring Revolutionary events in and around Boston. The Puritan atmosphere pervades the pages, showing the great part religion played in the life of the young girl of that period. Pp. 326, illustrated, cloth cover, price $1.25. A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Life of Christ. A Poem. By Rev. Samuel Wesley, Vicar of Epworth. Revised by Thomas Coke, LL.D. Edited by Edward T. Roe, LL.B. With a sketch of the author by Rev. Frank Crane. This is one of the most remarkable books of the century. The epic, pronounced by high contemporary criticism, "the greatest of heroic poems," was written by the father of John Wesley, and published near the close of the seventeenth century under royal patronage in two magnificent quarto volumes which none but persons of wealth could purchase. When the royal editions, of which there were several, were exhausted, the poem dropped out of print until one hundred years after its first appearance, when Bishop Coke brought out his revised edition, which was sold through restrictive channels. Two years ago Dr. Roe discovered one of the latter editions in a second-hand bookstore, saw the literary value of the work, and, as a consequence, the present beautiful and interesting volume is before the public. Pp. 516, illustrated. Union Book Co., Chicago.

With Both Armies in South Africa, by Richard Harding Davis. A collection of the author's letters as correspondent, attached first to the British and then to the Boer forces during the recent war in the Transvaal. Includes chapters in the siege and relief of Ladysmith, President Kruger, the English prisoners, last days of Pretoria, with Buller's column, the battle of Sand River, etc. Mr. Davis also tells a good story of George W. Steevens, relates how horses were made into soup, describes Kruger's home, gives character sketches of President Steyn, General Botha, Earl of Ava, and Lord Roberts. Pp. 237, copiously illustrated from photographs. Cloth cover, stamped with British and Boer flags in color. Price, $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of New York. Seventeenth Annual Report. This statement of the industrial situation in the Empire State during 1899 contains a great deal of information valuable to the general as well as the technical reader. The divisions of subjects are as follows: 1. Economic condition of organized labor. 2. Compensation of accidental injuries to workmen. 3. Employment and wages, 1896–99. 4. Report of the State Free Employment Bureau. 5. Text of Labor Laws, 1899. Commissioner Jno McMackin is to be congratulated on the excellent and careful work shown in the preparation of this volume. Pp. 1260. State Printer, J. B. Lyon, Albany, N. Y.

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THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J. *Photo from Life.*

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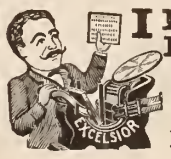

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Boston, Mass.

CREEDS.... ON COMMON GROUND

MEN representing about a dozen different creeds assembled in New York on November 20th to discuss the fundamental principles of religion which they hold in common, the conference continuing until the evening of November 22d. Three sessions were held each day, those in the morning and afternoon in the hall of the United Charities Building, and the evening session in the Church of the Holy Communion.

It was a significant spectacle for the reflective mind. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Unitarians and Jews, assembled on the same platform and that to discuss not politics, but religion, the very subject on which it was supposed there could be no approach to agreement. It was, however, worthy of notice that in all the sessions there was the utmost courtesy and friendly feeling, inasmuch as there was mutual forbearance. The speakers appeared to recognize that the object of every religion was to make men better citizens in every relation of life, and while some found their help in one creed, others found it in others, but all were laboring to reach the same goal. To the devout Christian, however, the discussion must have been unsatisfactory. So thoroughly have we realized the truth of Christ's saying, "No man cometh to the Father but by me," that there was a feeling of sadness at hearing men, obviously sincere in their desire for holiness and purity of life, deliberately dispensing with the mightiest assistance to that aspiration ever placed at the disposal of man. Yet it was necessary in any discussion in which Jews and Unitarians took part to eliminate all reference to Christ.

The subjects discussed were: "Religion the Life of God in the Soul of Man;" "The Possibilities of Common Worship;" "Political Ideals of the Bible;" "Demands on a Nation Conscious of a Moral Mission;" "The Dangerous Classes in a Republic;" "Religion Vital to Democracy;" and "The Unused Power of the Churches in Politics."

The speakers dwelt on the advance this century had witnessed in the moral standards, the enlargement of practical philanthropy and the removal of religious prejudices. "We all believe," said one speaker, "that there is a half-way station on the journey of life where men can change cars from the down grade to the up grade." Another speaker, referring to the dangerous classes, defined them not as the criminals or the poor, but as the classes who had the pauper and the criminal spirit, among whom he placed those who were idle and extravagant, willing to live on the earnings of others and contributing little or nothing to the work of the world. "Such men," said he, "are parasites on the body politic." There were many references to the present crusade against vice in New York City. Several speakers called attention to the fact that in such a crusade the churches might all do effective work in uniting to promote righteousness, to raise the fallen, and to exalt the ideals of the people.

One practical outcome of the Conference is the compilation of a ritual which might be used in a union service of all creeds. It was prepared by Dr. Heber Newton, Episcopalian; Dr. Thomas R. Slicer, Unitarian; and Dr. Gottheil, Jewish Rabbi. It consists of readings from the Bible, followed by prayers and collects and closes with a number of hymns which might be sung by Jews as well as by Christians. It is not designed for use by any denomination, but might be employed, if some impending calamity, or national crisis, or some common cause brought together religious men of every creed for united supplication to God.

Among the most prominent speakers at the Conference were Rev. W. C. Gannett, of Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. Heber Newton, of New York; Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, O.; Prof. Henry S. Nash, of Harvard; Dr. B. P. Raymond, of Wesleyan University; Dr. George A. Gates, of Iowa College; President J. G. Schurman of Cornell; and Controller Coler, of New York.

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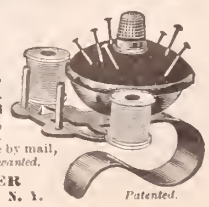

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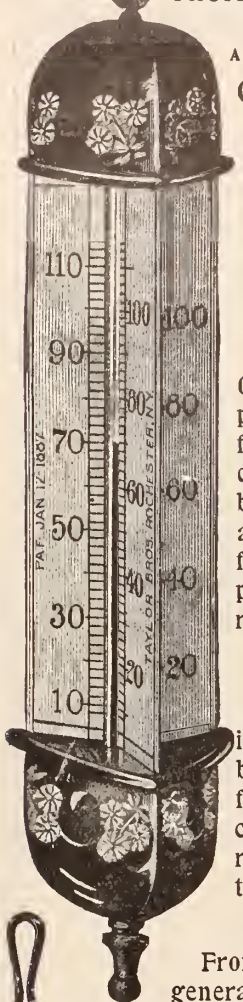

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India's Message of Thanks

MISSIONARIES IN CONFERENCE SEND GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO OUR READERS

MANY letters have been received from individual missionaries in India expressing their appreciation of the services rendered to them by the contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, who enabled them to relieve the appalling suffering around them. By the latest mail comes a formal vote of thanks passed by the Famine Relief Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church which administered the portion allotted to it by the Inter-Denominational Committee. It is signed on behalf of the Committee by Bishop F. W. Warne, Dr. J. W. Robinson and Revs. J. E. Scott, G. W. Park and Robert Ward. They say: "We are requested to convey to you the gratitude, not only of the Committee, but also of a great multitude of famine-stricken people who have been rescued through the use of the liberal funds which you have sent. May the Lord continue to honor and bless you in the great and good work you have been permitted to do, and we would convey to you and through you to the multitude of generous donors and patrons who have helped in this great work, or who may continue to help in the future, the heartfelt thanks of the multitude of recipients of this generous bounty.

"Out of this awful calamity have come some blessings. Such unstinted generosity on the part of Christians is having its effect; hundreds of villages are now open to the Gospel, where the people gladly hear the word; hundreds of workers are being trained for needy fields and many of our native assistants have learned lessons of faith and unselfishness that they could never have learned otherwise.

"But much yet remains to be done. Thousands of orphans and famine waifs are left on our hands, for whom we are now responsible, and who will have to be supported for at least five years to come. But we are sure the Providence which rescued these children from death and placed them in our keeping, will also provide for their support and teaching until they are able to maintain themselves. We are thankful that you have so generously and largely planned to meet the future need of these waifs. They will grow up to bless both you and their individual patrons."

Dr. Justin E. Abbott, of the Congregational Missionary Society, confirms this statement and presents an urgent plea for help. He says:

"Wrecks of humanity are still common enough in villages and towns, doomed to die from digestive organs hopelessly impaired. It is, however, children that now call for the most sympathy. Where adults may find work, there children are still starving, because they find none to care for them. With returning prosperity parents and friends are hunting up their own, but the friendless find no one to give them food. Hence the number of children in a starving and dying condition is still large in some of the worst famine districts.

"There is also only too good ground for believing that as soon as the relief works are entirely closed and the famine poorhouses emptied, and the occupants sent back to their villages, the brunt of the suffering will come on the children. Those with friends will be cared for, those who have none will find little sympathy in these days of cruel impoverishment. What the total number of famine orphans may be has not been carefully estimated. The Hindu is naturally kind to his dependent relatives, and with returning prosperity the greater number of famine orphans will doubtless find a welcome in their old homes; but 25,000 at least, so far as present statistics are available, are a permanent famine legacy to the missionaries who have been rescuing dying children from their sad fate. These rescued boys and girls will find no claimants, and missionaries must act as their fathers and mothers, feed them, clothe them, and instruct them in such industries as will yield them an honorable support.

"But where is the money to come from to feed so many? American missionaries turned to America to help save the starving when the famine was sore in the land. They have no other place to turn to now but to those very friends of India who helped once before. The cost of caring for a child is $15 a year. To care for these 25,000 children is thus not a very great financial problem for lands of wealth and practical sympathy. America's millionaires have a rare chance to assume the support and training of whole orphanages of a hundred or five hundred children, and the man or woman of humbler means, the churches, the Sunday Schools, and Christian Endeavor Societies have each but to take the burden of a child or two, and the problem is solved. The missionaries who directly saved their lives will give them their time and thought and care, and this united effort will bring great good to India out of a great sorrow.

"Kind-hearted givers in America have had their sympathies touched by the ghastly photographs of famine children, but the living boy and girl who is on the border-land between life and death, with sunken eyes, fleshless arms and legs, shrunken abdomen, moaning for food, is a sight painful beyond expression. On the other hand, one can hardly conceive of a place more blessed, or nobly worthy of help, than the rooms and grounds where the happy boys and girls, saved by careful, loving nursing, forget past sorrows and laugh and play and grow plump and round with wholesome food. He must be a miser indeed who looking into their faces does not become a generous philanthropist."

As our readers are aware, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is assisting in the promotion of help for these children. Any Church, Sunday School or Young People's Society or individual Christian may undertake the support of a child of either sex and may designate the denomination in which the child shall be reared. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will notify the missionary so indicated, who in turn will inform the donor of the name and age of the child and will at stated intervals report the progress of the child. The cost of thus adopting a child is fifteen dollars a year, and to save the cost of correspondence the money may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which will acknowledge it in its columns and remit it to the missionaries in charge. May Christ, who loved children, abundantly bless and reward every one who thus undertakes the maintenance of a child!

Saved on the Brink

MRS. FALKE, the matron of the Good Samaritan Home for Girls, Newark, N. J., relates this remarkable incident of the power of saving grace:

Several weeks ago a young girl rang our bell and asked to see me. As soon as I looked at her my heart said, "This is some mother's daughter." This was her story: "I was tired of my sinful life and I bought ten cents' worth of carbolic acid and mixed it with water. In going to my room I saw THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lying on a table. I picked it up, and putting the glass with the acid on the dressing-stand, I said, as I opened the paper, 'Well, this is the last time I will ever look at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.' Almost the first thing I read was that somebody cared for such girls as me. Then I got down on my knees and promised God if he would forgive me and open the way for me to go to the Home of the Good Samaritan, I would serve him the rest of my life. Now, I have come to you. Is there any hope for me?" I praise God that right there we could tell her of One who said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The girl remained with us and I believe is thoroughly changed in heart—a wonderful instance of God's saving grace to one who was about to perish by her own hand. She was literally plucked as a brand from the burning.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Purify your blood and you will not be troubled with rheumatism.

THE HEALTH HABIT

Just as Easy to Form as Any Other.

We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us, we find them too strong to be easily broken.

Then, why not form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones, in other words coutract the unfashionable habit of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm; the mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach, without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will relieve the stomach of so much extra work.

Nature furnishes us with such digestives and when they are combined in such a pleasant preparation as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, they give the overworked stomach just the necessary assistance to secure perfect digestion without any of the harmful effects of cathartics and similar drugs.

The habit of taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after meals is as necessary to the weak stomach as food itself, and indeed to get the benefit from food eaten, nothing better and certainly nothing safer can be used.

Many families consider Stuart's Tablets as essential in the house as knives and forks.

They consist entirely of natural digestive principle without the effect or characteristics of drugs; they have no cathartic action, but simply go to work on the food eaten and digest it.

Take into account your bad habits and the expense they entail and then invest fifty cents in a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if your digestion for the next month is not vastly improved.

Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful and popular stomach remedy and he will say Stuart's.

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Dr. W. H. Vail, of St. Louis, Mo., says:

"Tartarlithine removes or mitigates rheumatic pains promptly and permanently.

"It does not irritate the stomach nor produce any heart disturbance.

"It is thoroughly safe and reliable.

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Write at once, giving a brief statement of your case, and you will receive the sample and full particulars. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

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"FLAG DAY"

And How it was Observed in Our Island Possessions

THE annual celebration of "Flag Day" was observed not only in the United States, but in our island possessions as well. While the Stars and Stripes floated from every school and from countless public buildings in the States from Maine to California, they were also cheerily in evidence in the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. This extension of the observance of the day as an occasion for popular demonstration of patriotism and tribute to Old Glory, is due to the efforts of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

On the 23d of April last this society passed a resolution to present silk flags to the school children of Manila, Hawaii and Porto Rico, to stimulate among the people there an interest in the flag and the celebration of "Flag Day" simultaneously with similar ceremonies at home. Accordingly, flags were purchased and sent to the representatives of the Sons of the Revolution for distribution in the islands named: 1,000 to Manila, 150 to Hawaii, and 350 flags and 500 flag-cards, the latter to be worn on the coat like a boutoniere, in honor of the Red, White and Blue. The express and transportation companies carried the flags to their respective destinations, free of charge.

In a letter dated Honolulu, June 14th, from Secretary W. O. Atwater, of the Hawaiian Society of the S. A. R., he said: "I regret that both letter and flags did not reach us in time for distribution on the 14th instant. They will, however, be in time for the Fourth of July, and already some of them have been distributed among the school children, as suggested by you. Permit me to thank you, in the name of our Society, for the kind forethought in sending them. That they are fully appreciated and the children well pleased, goes without saying."

Col. Charles R. Greenleaf, of the Manila branch of the Society, wrote that the flags were received, and that they were turned over for distribution to the Superintendent of Public Schools of Manila on the Fourth of July.

Lieutenant-Colonel Russell B. Harrison, the Secretary of the Porto Rico Society, also reported that the flags sent were greatly appreciated, and that San Juan made "Flag Day" a gala occasion. The cooperation of the people of our new possessions has caused the Flag Committee to anticipate a more complete observance of "Flag Day" in 1901. To that end the best efforts of the Society will cooperate with the "American Flag Association," composed of all the members of all the patriotic societies in the country, in fostering public sentiment in favor of raising the flag of our country on a certain day, and saving it from desecration through its use in any way for advertising purposes.

Wu Ting Fang on the Missionaries

IN an interview published in the current issue of *The World's Work*, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, interestingly discusses the troubles in China. He has this to say regarding the missionaries:

"I would not say a word against the missionaries. They have gone, you know, into the interior, far from treaty ports, where the people are unaccustomed to foreigners, and some of them have attacked the cherished traditions and beliefs of the people without sufficient regard for their feelings, perhaps. How would you like that, now? But the medical missionaries have done much good. They have gone among ignorant people and cured their ills; some of them have translated useful books into the Chinese language. I give them the highest credit; and if I might say a word to those who send out missionaries, I would say, 'Send medical missionaries. They will help us to build up China.'"

A Gift to Mother

H. C. S., Foote's Bay, Ontario, Can., writes:

The Teacher's Bible was beyond my anticipation. The Red Letter Testament is fine. We gave it to mother, as the type suited her sight well.

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By John J. Ingalls
Former United States Senator from Kansas

Getting and Keeping a Business Position
By Robert C. Ogden
New York Partner of John Wanamaker

The Making of a Railroad Man
By J. T. Harahan
General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad

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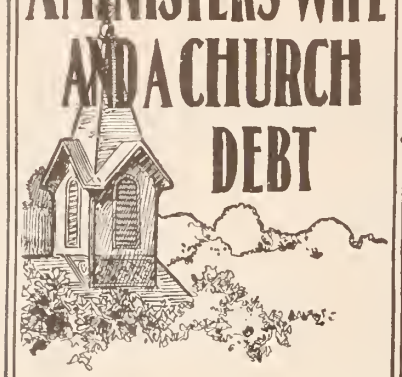
A MINISTER'S WIFE AND A CHURCH DEBT



A minister's wife in Buffalo writes:

"Our church was encumbered with a mortgage. The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post seemed to offer a chance to accomplish something for the work, and I took the matter to the Ladies' Aid Society. I proposed that each member should enter her subscription, and try to secure other names. My plan was received enthusiastically. In addition to our own members we obtained subscriptions from many not connected with the church. Everywhere we went we talked Journal and church mortgage. Soon we had subscriptions enough to reduce the mortgage considerably, and with very little work."

What this one woman did, thousands can do for their church or for themselves. Write to

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SST

Welch's Grape Juice is recommended by physicians—especially those who prescribe food instead of drugs. It is a valuable tonic food for "run down" people. It is a blood maker that produces an immediate vigor from which there is no reaction. Sold by druggists and grocers. Write the Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., for free Booklet.

Miss Gould's Mail

THE troubles of the generous rich are not always fully appreciated. Miss Helen Gould's mail is a burden to her and the despair of her secretary. She once tried to answer them each and all by special letter but had to give up the plan as utterly impracticable. After the Spanish War, when the avalanche of letlers became simply overwhelming, she had a circular prepared, stating the number and character of requests made of her in a single week and giving the amounts she was asked to contribute; and this circular her secretary enclosed to correspondents whose requests Miss Gould felt compelled to deny. The circular shows that in one week she received 1,303 letters, asking all told, for over $1,500,000 in money. All sorts of things were called for; girls wanted trousseaux; somebody wanted to build a monument to a parent; eleven people wanted pianos; a church organ, a passage to Europe, a set of teeth, watches, scholarships, sewing machines, bicycles, invalid's chair, team of horses, old clothes, etc., were in the catalogue. There were ninety-one requests for loans; ninety-one to raise mortgages; forty-three to aid churches; thirty-four to help various charitable institutions; twenty-seven to aid educational enterprises; twenty-six for donations to libraries; twelve to buy inventions; thirteen for medical and hospital benefits; eighteen requests were that she should have embroidery or lace-work sold; a ring, a brooch, a Sevres vase were offered in exchange for money. Money to bring out music, books, etc.. was asked for. There were fifty-three requests for positions; thirty-two for interviews; eight for autographs. Since she began to send out this circular, the volume of her mail has decreased, for the statement is convincing evidence that the great-hearted mistress of Lyndhurst cannot possibly do all that is asked of her, however willing she may be.

Our Warship Visits Turkey

THE order for the battleship *Kentucky* to touch at Smyrna, Turkey, is of peculiar significance in view of the fact that since the controversy with the Turkish government over the Armenian claim became acute, American warships proceeding to and from the Philippines have by specific directions carefully avoided Turkish ports. The *Kentucky* left New York October 19, bound with all possible dispatch for Manila, and Smyrna was not her original itinerary. The order for her to pay a call of several days at Smyrna was wired to Naples to be delivered to Capt. C. M. Chester on his arrival there. The vessel is the most powerful of the navy, and a more impressive conveyor of our compliments to Turkey could not have been selected. It is to be hoped the moral effect upon Abdul Hamid will be wholesome. He has made several promises to pay the $90,000 due for the destruction of American property during the Armenian troubles, but always declined to set a date. On three separate occasions he has said to Oscar Straus, American Minister at Constantinople, that Turkey would meet her obligations in this matter. Afterwards, when told that Mr. Straus had made a statement to this effect, Abdul Hamid, with characteristic versatility, declared that Mr. Straus was mistaken if he had construed his expression of willingness to pay into admission of Turkey's responsibility for the destruction of American property in Armenia. Later, however, he acknowledged such liability to Lloyd C. Griscom, Charge d'Affaires in Mr. Straus' absence; since when, Mr. Griscom has made a practice of calling regularly every Saturday at the sublime Porte and presenting our claim.

Communion Wine

Mr. J. E. D., a reader in Hempstead, N. Y., writes:

DEAR EDITOR:—I have to-day read Dr. Talmage's article on the "Blood of the Grape," and I most heartily agree with him. Some twenty years ago the question was brought to the attention of the session of our church, and we then abolished the use of wine at the communion. No more will we be the means of our brother or sister stumbling. Sincerely do I hope every church will prayerfully decide to abolish wine and use the simple juice of the grape. God forbid that in the last great day any one should point the finger and say, "You caused me to fall."

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The Walk Home.	Miss Nancy Sawyer.
A Night at Pete Jones's.	Pancakes.
Ominous Remarks of Mr. Jones.	A Charitable Institution.
The Struggle in the Dark.	A Good Samaritan.
Has God Forgotten Shocky?	Bud Wooing.
The Devil of Science.	After the Battle and its Consequences.
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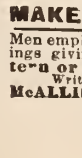

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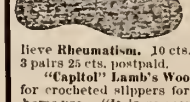

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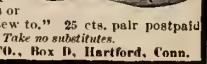

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A CRY FROM THE OZARKS

WE commend this letter from a correspondent in the mountain district of Missouri, where he is laboring among a class who have very few religious privileges.

Dear Christian Herald Readers:

The writer is proud to be one of your great number, and proud of the grand work at home and abroad that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing. Several times since becoming one of its readers, the writer has thought, "Well, the paper has reached its limit this time and can never equal that great achievement;" but there seems no limit to its field and its work. How much suffering has been relieved by its grand work, and how much happiness awakened by its inspiring, cheerful pages, the world can never know. As an humble missionary for the American Sunday School Union, the writer would shout for joy if he could go among his people with an armful of CHRISTIAN HERALDS every week. The results of his work would be doubled and the people would much sooner become religious and self-supporting. He has found two thousand people in one section of the Ozarks without Sunday Schools, and with scarcely any religious reading or teaching of any kind. A copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was found in that section, like a ray of sunlight amid darkness.

It seems sometimes that too little missionary money is spent at home. It is doubtful if the same amount of money, spent anywhere else in the world, would bring greater results than if spent here, in the heart of our great nation.

The towns are all right and well provided for, but the people among the hills are poor, have few enjoyments, seldom see a stranger or a religious paper, and yet stand ready to welcome the Gospel. Any kind of good reading matter will be thankfully received by the writer. He will pray for one hundred CHRISTIAN HERALDS a week for the coming year and believes that through the generosity of readers, who will send their copies after they have read them, he will get his wish. Who will help God to answer his prayers?

J. W. MCKEAN,
Lebanon, Mo. *S. S. Missionary.*

Chinese Justice

ACCORDING to Chinese ideas, the sentences imposed by imperial edicts on "Ministers of state for having participated in and protected the Boxers and bandits in their recent movement," are, it is said, very severe. According to Occidental sense of justice, and in the opinion of the representatives of the Powers at Pekin, the Chinese government trifles with a grave situation in banishing Tuan to his own home, ordering for Chwang life imprisonment, which may not amount to much more; keeping Tsai Lien within closed doors, where he may reflect on his misdeeds; degrading Prince Yi, Secondary Prince Tsai Ying, and Ying Nien, who, like Tsai Lien, led or directed attacks on legations and Boxer operations, and in visiting Duke Lan with degradation and transference. A decidedly Oriental touch is given to the schedule of punishments when Chao Chi Chiao, President of Board of War, and commander of Boxer butcheries, is deprived of rank, but retained in office, while Kang Yi, who is dead, is pronounced the most vicious of all exalted personages involved! Upon Yu Hsien, former Governor of Shensi, falls the one penalty of consequence, deportation to the frontier, hard labor for life, and proviso that he shall never be pardoned. Yu personally assisted in the massacre of missionaries and other Christians. So, it may be claimed, did Tuan and Chwang, who, during the siege at Pekin, issued this order, and had it posted:

Whereas, the missionary chapels in Pekin have been burned, and the foreigners have no longer a place where they can hide, they have necessarily absconded from sight; therefore, this proclamation is issued to inform scholars, soldiers, the brave Boxers and commoners that if foreigners are caught hiding they will certainly suffer death by decapitation. If brought to us alive a reward of 50 taels will be paid for a man, 40 taels for a woman and 30 taels for a child. They must be alive when turned over to us, and when this is verified the reward will be immediately paid. Let all fear and none disregard this special proclamation.

New York's Tenements

New York's Tenement House Commission has just issued an exhaustive report. It contains a survey of all the legislation of former years dealing with the construction of such houses, the enactments requiring fire-escapes, the size of light and air-shafts, etc. Reformers in other States would do well to secure a copy of this useful compendium, which may suggest regulations that will improve the social conditions elsewhere.

A Rare-bit
The piquancy of that most pleasing of chafing dish delicacies—Welsh Rare-bit—is more delightful still when served right hot from the dish, spread upon Bremner's Butter Wafers—a new, crisp, light and flaky wafer with a delicate seasoning of salt.
BREMNER'S Butter Wafers
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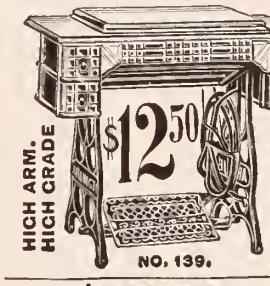
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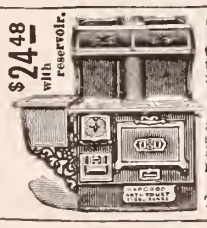
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THE GLORY OF CHRIST*

A Manifestation and Expression of the Personality of God . . . .

MANY readers have been puzzled by the method of introducing the fourth Gospel. What is the *Word* that is thus personified and deified? There is neither explanation nor apology for the use of the word, but an apparent assumption that readers would be familiar with the idea. Readers of that time, especially those who had studied the Alexandrian philosophy, were familiar with the idea. It is not so easily understood now. We get a clue to its meaning in the fourth chapter of the same Gospel, in which Christ is represented as declaring to the woman of Samaria that "God is a spirit." Trying to realize the meaning of that statement we perceive the difficulty of knowing him. As a spirit he must be invisible to mortal eyes and it is therefore difficult to conceive of him. We cannot tell what a pure spirit is. We understand the spirit in human form. We know well enough that it is not the mere flesh and bodily form of our friend that we love. Those are only his flesh and body, not our friend himself. If he were insane or dead, the body and flesh would not content us; we would feel that our friend was lost to us. It is his spirit, his personality, his character, that immaterial something in the flesh that we love.

Still, the presence of the body is necessary to our conception of our friend. It is through the body that he reveals himself to us. Especially by his words do we learn what he really is. Even in darkness, as he talks with us, we are in communion with him. So, the idea of words, as an expression or revelation of a man, came into vogue. It is this that is meant here. The old prophets had introduced their messages with, "The word of the Lord came unto me saying." These messages conveyed at long intervals and not always with authority, were the only means the people had of knowing God. Now there was to be a clearer revelation. This "Word of the Lord" which had reached them through seers and poets and prophets was to come to them in human form. "The Word was made flesh." The embodiment was new, but the Word embodied had been from the beginning. God had revealed himself in the creating of the worlds, in the imparting of life and light. His Word had been manifested in providence and in government, but the world had failed to grasp or comprehend it. It is not surprising that it failed, for the human cannot comprehend the Infinite. God would see now if men could comprehend in the same way that they understood one another—through the medium of the flesh.

But even so, as this Gospel will indicate, the Word was unrecognized and there is therefore need to show, by the introductory sentences, the true nature of that wonderful Being whose ministry is to follow. "We beheld his glory." It was necessary that some should do so, otherwise the revelation would have failed. If men had been set to imagine what a revelation of God would be like, they might have imagined some angelic, seraphic being with visible halo about him. But in that form his sphere of help must have been small. It would have differed little from the revelations that had gone before. Now, however, men were to see a human life transfigured and glorified. A man with a body like other men, subject to like conditions, entering a humble home, harassed and despised beyond the common lot, and ending in a violent and painful death; the world was to see what the Divine Word could be in such circumstances. This was real help. It showed what our natures might become, with divinity added. To make the incarnation all the more effective, the divine nature was retained that it might be imparted. Life and light, the two great needs of humanity, were in his gift. No mere man could live such a life as he lived. True, but what limits can be put to a nature to which he has given power to become "Sons of God!"

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for December 23. John 1: 1–14.

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Turkish, Vapor and Medical

A Racine folding bath cabinet means a Turkish bath room at home. It is a strong, double-walled room rubber-coated inside and outside and fitted with a door. Loosen two braces and tip it, and it folds like a screen into a 6-inch space.

Light the heater, close the door, and in three minutes the bath is ready. The heat is maintained at 150 degrees. For a vapor bath, pour a pint of water into the vaporizer. For a medical bath, put the proper drugs into the water. We furnish thirty-five prescriptions. The baths cost but three cents each. A face steamer, with breathing tube, goes on top.

The bath opens five million pores, cleansing the skin, purifying the blood, curing rheumatism, nervousness, sleeplessness and all blood diseases. Stops a cold in a minute. Keeps mind and body up to the highest vigor.

PATENTED.—We control, by patents, the four essential features in bath cabinets, without which no cabinet can be satisfactory.

SOLD ON APPROVAL.—We sell on approval, guaranteeing that the Racine is by far the best of all bath cabinets. Return at our expense, if not entirely satisfactory, and get your money back. Prices $5 up, freight or express prepaid; heater, vaporizer and face-steaming attachment included. Not sold in stores nor by agents. All discounts go to the user. Write to-day for catalogue.

Racine Bath Cabinet Co., Box J, Racine, Wis.

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Showing use as scale and as knife.

Nickel plated, highly polished, ornamental—the only exact scale not costing several dollars. Saves many a stamp on doubtful letters. Wrap a quarter in a full page of newspaper; put the whole in a letter; 2c. will carry it. We have it in SILVER—heavy plate—extra fine finish, filigree ornamentation, $1.

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POSTAL SCALE CO., Exchange Bdg., New Haven, Conn.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks

Trade Mark **Improved** Registered.

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath, and sick room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers, or sent by mail. Parker pays postage. Catalog free.

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This wonderful life size doll has been made expressly to fill the demand for a **big doll that can wear babies' old clothes.** It will make a lovely X-mas present for a child and we will send it **absolutely FREE** in order to introduce into your section the two great magazines "Health" and "Family Physician." Send us 50c. for **6 months'** subscription to **both** magazines and we will send you **free,** all charges prepaid, this life size doll as a premium. If you are already a subscriber you can subscribe for a friend.

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THE LAUNDRY IN THE BETHESDA MISSION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

RAISING · THE · FALLEN

HOW THE BETHESDA MISSION IN BROOKLYN IS RESCUING VICTIMS OF DEPRAVITY

At one of the meetings of the recent Conference of religions in New York, Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, referred to the present crusade against vice in the city. "You are trying," he said, "to suppress vice with the policeman's club, and you will never do it. The only way to effectually deal with it is to convert it, and that is possible." Opening a bag he had with him, he produced a beautiful flower. "Where," he asked, "did this come from?" Producing a glass filled with soil, he reminded his hearers that that was the primal source of floral life. "And where did this soil come from? I gathered it from the gutter." It was from such vile conditions that the Magdalene and Augustine had come. The grace of God is not limited or restricted to good material; it transforms the material, and this is the only way that reform can really be effected. It is our duty to keep temptation out of the way of the young. We have the right to demand that vice shall not shamelessly flaunt itself in the face of decent people, and so far, reform and police interference are necessary; but the radical cure must come as Christianity has done all its work—by individual conversions. The man and the woman are not reformed when they are compelled by law to behave, but when their hearts are so changed that they voluntarily seek after righteousness.

A convincing proof of the soundness of this principle is furnished by the records of the Bethesda Mission in Brooklyn. The success of that Mission in dealing with the victims of vice is due to the fact that the workers are profoundly convinced that there is no sure basis for a change of life but a change of heart. Many women have gone there who had sunk so low that all who knew them had lost hope of their reclamation, yet through the grace of God they are now living pure lives. There has been no ostentation about the work, but one by one, women lost to hope and to God have been brought back to the path of virtue and through the power of Christ continue to this day.

The value of such work to city life cannot be estimated. Nor is it the city alone that benefits. Girls are drawn to the city from country districts by the glamor of excitement and gaiety. They hope to get employment, but failing, fall victims to the tempter. Then the old folks at home look longingly for the letters that never come and the daughter whom they loved is lost to them. Many such have the devoted workers at the Bethesda Mission found and rescued. Many a country home, through God's blessing on their efforts, has resounded with the glad cry that she who was dead is alive again.

Christians do not realize the value of such an institution, otherwise they would contribute more liberally to develop and extend its work. Workers are needed to go into the haunts of vice to offer help to the helpless; appliances are needed to furnish those who have no homes with the means of earning an honest livelihood; money is needed to provide the means of sending to their distant homes girls who have reformed, besides the ordinary unavoidable expenses of rent and food. At this time, when the law is being enforced against these women with unusual vigor, there is a rare opportunity for Christian work. Some of them are in their despair contemplating suicide, and a Christian invitation at this opportune moment might save lives, as well as souls. It is a pity that such an institution so sorely needed should not have the means of reaching thousands of these victims of sin, and telling them of him who came to call sinners to repentance. It is a glorious work, richly rewarded, and we may be quite sure very acceptable to our Lord. All who desire to share in it should send a contribution to its funds, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will gladly receive and acknowledge in its columns.

Against Creed Revision

The struggle for the revision of the Presbyterian Creed has been defeated in the New York Presbytery. The vote was a tie, but the moderator by his casting vote carried the Presbytery against it.

A GRAND INVENTION!

So confident are we that if you try it and learn of its real comfort and blessings you will never part with it, that

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To be returned at our expense, and your money refunded if not just as advertised—and the best Cabinet made—what could be more fair?

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Our New 1903 Style **QUAKER** FOLDING BATH CABINET

300,000 SOLD ANNUALLY. A GENUINE LAWFUL CABINET. GUARANTEED THE BEST. AWARDED FIRST PRIZE, BLUE RIBBON AND DIPLOMA AT EXPOSITIONS.

DESCRIPTION:—It is an air-tight, rubber-walled room in which one comfortably rests on a chair and with the head outside breathing pure air, enjoys at home for 3c. each, all the cleansing, curative, invigorating and purifying effects of the famous Turkish, Hot Air, Hot Vapor baths, perfumed or medicated if desired. Better and cheaper than any treatment at Turkish Bath Rooms, Sanitariums and Hot Springs. It's not a cheap, flimsy affair, but a genuine Cabinet, substantial and durable. Finest goods, handsomely finished, has every improvement, real door on hinges, heavy steel frame, galvanized, best antiseptic covering, rubber-lined, only Cabinet large and roomy inside, plenty of room for hot foot bath and to sponge and towel the body while inside. Folds flat, 1 inch space. Easily carried. Weighs 10 pounds.

HOW CAN YOU DOUBT ITS MERIT when such prominent people as Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate;" Congressman John J. Lentz; U. S. Senator, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew; C. H. Fargo, V-Pres't American Express Co.; Chas. Stoddard, of "Munsey's Magazine;" S. J. Raymond, U. S. Treas. Dep't, Washington; Alice B. Stockham, M.D., Chicago; and 1,000,000 others use and recommend it?

THOUSANDS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE PRAISE IT

John W. Pritchard, editor *Christian Nation*, New York City, writes: This Cabinet bath is refreshing and invigorating to a degree surprising, and is, in fact, "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer."

W. L. Brown, bicycle dealer, Oxford, Ohio, says: My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than $50 worth of medicines.

Horatio Page, manager *New York Weekly Witness* and *Sabbath Reading*, writes: I most heartily endorse your Quaker Cabinet. It relieved a bad case of rheumatism with which I had been afflicted for years. It paid for itself in a week. Should be in every home.

Simon Tompkins, a retired capitalist of Columbus, Ohio, 1031 East Broad Street, says: I am satisfied it saved my life. I was down with a dangerous case of pneumonia, and its use promptly relieved me.

Wm. J. C. Dulaney, No. 8 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., publisher *Methodist Protestant*, writes: For lagrippe, rheumatism, kidney troubles, dropsy, skin diseases and had colds I believe the Quaker to be the best thing yet discovered. I use it weekly. Know many others who do and have yet to hear of one who does not praise its virtues. I write this because it has always met my expectations.

O. C. Smith, clerk board of health, Mount Healthy, Ohio, says: Since using this Cabinet my catarrh, asthma and other troubles, with which I have been afflicted for 20 years, have never returned. Worth $1,000 to me. I have sold 120 Cabinets, and many of my customers have cured lagrippe, measles, croup, kidney troubles, eczema, blood and skin diseases, diabetes; in fact, almost every ailment, and all are delighted with the Cabinet. My wife finds it excellent and invaluable for our children.

E. R. Blaine, manager *Christian Standard*, Cincinnati, says: I have seen nearly all the bath cabinets on the market and believe the Quaker to be superior to every other. No home is complete without it.

Rev. Fred. D. Hamilton, of Buffalo, says: This Cabinet did my wife more good in five weeks than three years of doctoring and a fortune spent at Hot Springs and health resorts. Relieved her of weakness, nervousness, as well as kidney troubles and dropsy, with which she had long suffered. It is a God-sent blessing to humanity.

Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kansas, says: It is a blessing. Filled me with new life and vigor. Every family should have it.

Rev. J. C. Richardson, North Fifth Street, Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefited, recommends its use, as also does **Prof. R. E. P. Kline**, of Ottawa University, who says: I find it a great benefit. **D. C. Huys**, St. Joseph, Mo., says: Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded to try this Cabinet and it relieved me. Cannot praise it enough. **Rev. Baker Smith, D.D.**, Fairmount, N. J., says: Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pains, and as "cleanliness is next to godliness" it merits high recommendation. **Prof. Aden**, Ft. Thomas, Ky., says: No man with $5.00 in his pocket can afford to be without this grand invention. He owes it to his family and children.

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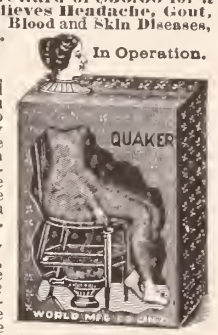

In Operation.

Before retiring, light stove, step in Cabinet, close and fasten door, sit down and you enjoy a temperature of 100 to 150 degrees F., according to how you regulate stove. **All done in one minute.** Stay in from 15 to 30 minutes—open top curtains, cool off gradually while you sponge and towel the body. Impossible to catch cold or weaken the system. Perfectly safe and harmless.

SOAP and WATER simply washes the surface of the skin, while Vapor baths open the 5,000,000 pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat-glands, washing out all the poisons in the blood, and the impure acids, salts, etc., which, if retained, overwork and weaken the heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, causing disease, debility and sluggishness.

IT WILL ERADICATE A HARD COLD with one bath, and prevent Lagrippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Lung Fever, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

HEAD AND COMPLEXION STEAMING ATTACHMENT

(the best ever offered) in which the head, face and neck is given the same vapor treatment as the body. Makes clear skin, beautiful complexion, eradicates and prevents pimples, blotches, blackheads, skin eruptions and diseases. Invaluable for Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis.

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The price is remarkably low. Only $5.00 for Cabinet complete with best heater and attachments, plain directions and formulas for 25 baths and various ailments. Face-steaming attachment $1.00 extra.

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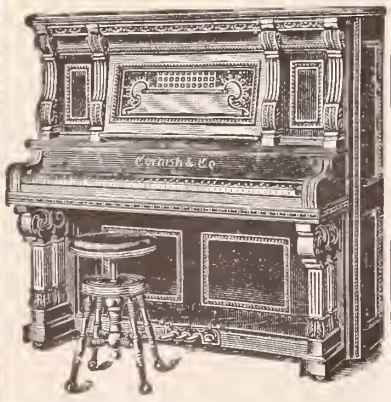

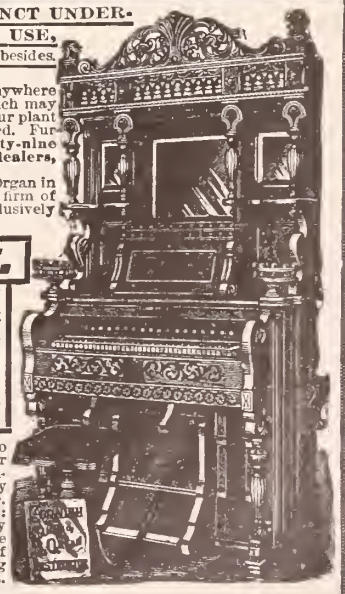

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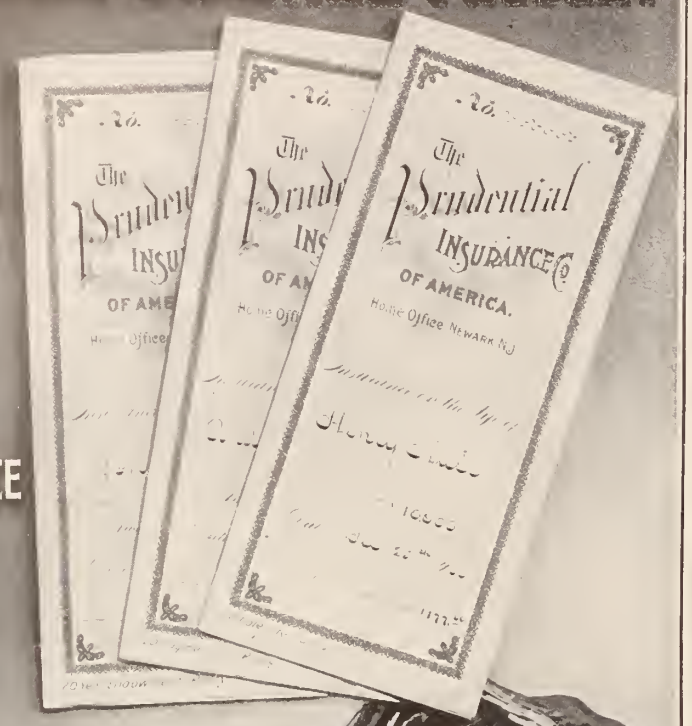

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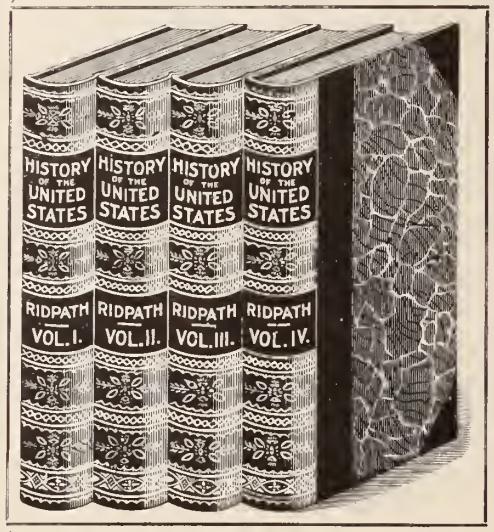

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1900

VOLUME 23—NUMBER 51

PRICE FIVE CENTS

HOMELESS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

In the beautiful home, the children
  Are happy around their tree;
But where, O Father in Heaven,
  Is a haven for baby and me?

Cold is the winter tempest,
  And the world is white with snow;
Christ, whom a mother cradled,
  Show me the way to go.

The child on my breast is sleeping,
  And somehow my heart is warm;
I am sure that the Child of Mary
  Will shield our heads in the storm.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 16

1. Does the popular religion of the day tend to the development of the highest type of Christian character?
2. What did Christ mean by saying (Luke 8:10) that he taught in parables that the people seeing, might not see, and hearing, might not understand?
3. In view of the need of money for carrying on the Lord's work, is it right to build ornate and expensive churches?
4. If a husband discovers after marriage that his wife was guilty of wrong-doing before her marriage, though she has been blameless since, is he justified in seeking a divorce?
5. Is a tradesman justified in making a servant a present to induce her to obtain for him the custom of her employers?

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. Is a lawyer justified in defending a man whom he believes to be guilty?

Most assuredly. A lawyer is an officer of the court, and has no more right than has the judge or jury to refuse the accused a full and fair trial simply because he believes him guilty. His belief may be founded on very incomplete evidence, the weight of which a fair trial would disprove. Even if the accused be, in fact, guilty, there may still be extenuating circumstances which would mitigate the penalty, and which can only be brought out by a trained lawyer. Furthermore, when a repulsive crime has been committed, judge and jury may share the anger of the general public, and may inflict an excessive or unlawful punishment. Human liberty is only possible in a community where every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proven guilty, and where this presumption is maintained by capable lawyers. This by no means justifies the lawyer in resorting to dishonest means to clear his client. C. A. FOWLER.

2. What metaphor is employed to characterize false doctrine and wicked persons?

The metaphor of leaven. It is used to characterize false doctrine (Matt. 16:6), where Jesus cautions his disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the Sadducees. They indeed supposed the leaven of bread to be meant; but in the twelfth verse we have his own interpretation of the symbol as referring to false doctrine, which acts in minds as leaven in meal, assimilating all to its own nature. That of the Sadducees in particular was liable to infect the minds of the disciples with scepticism. Leaven is also used to characterize wicked persons, first in I. Cor. 5:7: "Purge out therefore the old leaven," meaning the "wicked person," verse 13, who was to be "put away" from the Corinthian church. AMELIA HOYT.

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Correct answers have been received also from G. E. Krauth, Frederick C. Frese, Nettie Zimmer and Hubert Sarvis.

3. Who were called the "Bible moths?"

It was a nickname, originally applied to a society formed at Oxford, in 1729, by the two Wesleys and a few of their fellow students for purposes of mutual and moral improvement. Owing to their sincere desire to study God's Word and to know and to do his will, they were called "Bible moths" and "Bible bigots" by their worldly fellow students. Subsequently, when they were joined by Whitefield and the little society had grown into the large and flourishing denomination, they were called Methodists, also in derision, because they possessed the same characteristics, a zeal for good works and for Bible study. CHARLOTTE HORTON NEARING.

4. How was it that Paul did not know the high priest as he said (Acts 23: 5), though he must have had frequent occasion to see him before his conversion?

Several explanations of Paul's remark have been proposed by commentators: (1) Paul had been absent so long from Jerusalem (between twenty and thirty years), except for occasional short visits, and the high priest had been so frequently changed, that Paul spoke the literal truth. (2) Paul's dim eyesight prevented his recognizing who had spoken. (3) He spoke ironically, meaning that one who could give so harsh and cruel a command, "Smite him on the mouth" (verse 2), could surely not be the high priest, anointed of God! (4) "Ananias was not the high priest. He usurped the office. When Paul, therefore, 'Wist not that he was the high priest,' he declares a historical fact; for though his partisans and flatterers called him so, they could not invest him with the office." (Michaelis.) Yet the best and simplest interpretation seems to be that Paul, recognizing that he was wrong in so speaking, simply and truthfully confesses his error—he "wist not," that is, he had momentarily forgotten in the white heat of his anger that he spoke to the high priest. For (1), (3), (4) are merely suppositions, without special weight, while (2) is refuted by verse 3. G. E. KRAUTH.

5. What is the best method of dealing with people who are very easily offended at the slightest provocation—even unintentional—who are always on the lookout for trouble, and whose feelings are so sensitive and so easily hurt that it is almost impossible to get along with them?

One thing is supremely necessary to get along peaceably with such people—tact. Study them till you know them; then fit your conduct to their dispositions. If they are insulted, leave them alone for a while. Cyclones are not stationary, and storms of passion move on as do storms of wind, flood and lightning. When they are hurt, and even furious, do not fan or feed the devouring fire, but let it die for lack of fuel. Such people, when they cool down, will repent; for sensitive people are as much ashamed of their behavior, as they were angry at the behavior of others. After their fit, give them the same smile, handshake and cheery word, and in time they will return such kindness. R. T. EDWARDS.

6. Is a clergymen justified in omitting from the marriage ceremony the words pledging the wife to obey her husband?

Not unless he substitutes some other word of similar meaning which exacts a qualified pledge. Both in the Old Testament and the New, the wife is enjoined to obey her husband. (See Gen. 3:16; Eph. 5:22-24; I. Peter 3:5, 6). The wife is not bound to obey her husband when doing so involves disobeying God. It is not to be a blind mechanical obedience. Therefore the minister would be justified in qualifying the promise. But it should be clearly understood that the husband is to be the head of the household and his will must be supreme. If it were not so, and the wife happened to be a childish, frivolous woman, she might ruin him by extravagance. If he is a wise man he will give her his reasons and try to convince her that he is right, but if he fails, he should have the power, derived from the pledge she gave at her marriage, of saying, "This must or must not be done." This, I am persuaded, is the Scriptural view of marriage. A. C. SMITH.

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He is certainly justified in omitting the word "obey," which is a relic of a barbaric, polygamous age, when woman was regarded as man's chattel and slave, over whom he exercised the absolute power of life and death, whom he kept in ignorance and seclusion, and to whom he even denied (if such were possible) the possession of a soul. Under all the old human laws and the old "civilizations," so called, the husband was lord and master, and, while holding the wife to the strictest fidelity, he was under no such restraints, and could take as many wives as he pleased and discard them when he pleased. The inequality was essentially brutal and barbaric. After the exile, the Jews began to hold a higher opinion of marriage, and certain rights were granted to the wife, the husband pledging himself to "work for her, honor her, maintain her and provide for her." He must "love her as himself, and honor her more than himself," under the rabbinical laws. If his own rank were higher, she rose with him; but if inferior to her, he remained so. The earliest book in the Bible points to complete equality of husband and wife (see Genesis 2:23-24). Christianity teaches that marriage is not a one-sided pact, but an equal and inseparable union, in which both are on the same plane as partners, socially, morally and legally, and without a thought or suggestion of the servile subjection of the woman to the man. Christianity has invoked the whole world to honor and dignify pure wifehood, and the tendency of our enlightened age is to accept woman as her Creator intended she should be accepted and as Christ himself reminded his disciples (Matt. 19:3-6) that such was the Divine purpose. The whole doctrine of woman's servitude is a man-made doctrine. She was never divinely commanded to "obey," in the sense of inequality or inferiority, but was called into being by the same omniscient power as an equal companion and helpmeet to man, of whose ruder nature her own is the refined and ideal counterpart. MARIA AYLMER.

7. Has a person a legal or a moral right to take the photo of another person by "snapshot" or otherwise, without the latter's consent?

It has been held by a court of high standing that there is a distinction between public and private characters, and that the moment one adopts a calling which invites publicity—as in the case of a public official, an artist or actor—he cannot complain if a fair portraiture of himself is taken, and even publicly displayed. But in all other cases the display of a portrait of any person is an invasion of the right of privacy, and may be enjoined or punished. I think no case has yet applied these principles to the taking of a snapshot or other picture without permission; but I have no doubt that the wrong is only less in degree. Otherwise the portraits of women and other persons who shrink from publicity might come into most undesirable hands. C. A. FOWLER.

8. Should the keeper of a drug store or hotel refuse to supply articles that are not necessaries on Sundays?

People get hungry and are liable to get sick on Sunday the same as on other days of the week, therefore the druggist and hotel-keeper must sell medicines and food on Sunday; but soda water, ice cream, etc., which are not necessaries, and cigars, which may be purchased on Saturday, should not be sold on Sunday. The right to sell a necessity does not carry with it the right to sell a luxury. F. A. BROWN.

9. Is a daughter, who lives at home with her parents, in moderate circumstances, and whose reasonable wants are supplied, justified in asking regular wages?

No, if her parents need her assistance, she should be willing to assist them without any compensation, except the clothing, food and other trifles with which her parents will supply her. If her parents are well-to-do and do not need the help of their daughter about the home, and, if she, for some reason wishes to support herself by labor, it would be perfectly right for her to receive wages from her parents, providing they had rather pay her than to have her work away from home. EDNA STEVENS.

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No, for she will be given, in one way or another, her full share of the family income. She shares in all the luxuries and pleasures of the family, entertains her company, enjoys far greater liberties and privileges than a hired girl would have in the same home, is cared for in sickness, and should the income exceed the outgo, she will in time receive her share of that savings. She can often make some extra money for herself by needle-work, canvassing, raising poultry, etc. If she does not appreciate her home, let her try working for wages in some one else's home, and she will soon learn the difference between the two positions. F. A. BROWN.

10. In choosing a new minister for a church, should the fact that certain members contribute the greater part of the minister's salary be considered when they prefer one candidate and the poorer members another?

No; mere wealth, or position, or large contributions ought not to have any special influence in choosing a minister. To be sure, wealth has an insidious—it may be an unconscious—influence on most; but it ought not to have any specific or recognized influence in the election of a minister. This principle is recognized in theory at least, in that the rich man, like his poor neighbor, has but one vote. Of course when wealth is allied with character, it does seem to count; but the deference ought not to be paid to the wealth, but to the character with which it is associated. If there is to be any discrimination, as between the rich and the poor, in choosing a minister, it ought to be rather in favor of the poor, both because there are more of them to be ministered to, and because they need more sympathy and helpfulness. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Miscellaneous Questions

F. K. When, where and by whom were these words first uttered, "Cleanliness is next to godliness"?

The first appeared in the Hindu *Beraitha*, as the last Mishna of Sola.

C. B. M., Allenhurst, N. J. Can you tell me what Cyclopedia is most useful to Americans? There are so many on the market, and so many are out of date.

Unquestionably the best for all practical purposes is **the World-Wide Encyclopedia,** a comprehensive and up-to-date library of information on all subjects, in twelve volumes, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes and sends to its readers or their friends at $15, in one dollar monthly instalments.

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In · Millionaire · Rockefeller's · Bible · Class

THE RICHEST YOUNG MAN IN AMERICA DEVOTES HIMSELF TO THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORD

IT was a dull November Sunday morning in New York, damp, gray and dismal. At 9:30 A.M.—an hour when most young people of wealth are still indoors and abed—a young man hurried down the steps of No. 4 West Fifty-fourth street and, with the light confident step of health and a purpose in life, turned down Fifth avenue. This was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on his way to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, where, perhaps, the largest young men's Bible class in the city meets every Sunday morning, under his leadership.

It began to rain. Like drops of ice-water the rain smote the young pedestrian, and he buttoned his frock-coat closely about him. Under that coat was a green flowered waistcoat, and beneath the waistcoat was a heart overflowing with love for humanity. His clothes were those of the New York man of fashion, the club-man, the handiwork of a good tailor, well-fitting, and worn with unconscious grace.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church is tucked in between private mansions in Forty-sixth street; no ostentation without, all simplicity within. At 9:40, Mr. Rockefeller entered the church and mounted the stairs to the gallery, where some fifty young men were gathered, awaiting him. He shook hands with the president of the class, who stood there greeting all comers, regular attendants and strangers alike, for a general invitation is extended to young men, and especially to strangers in the city, to join Mr. Rockefeller's class. It has a total enrolled membership of 125. The writer, unknown to any of the members, was greeted as a friend.

Mr. Rockefeller took his seat by the side of a small table, at the foot of the aisle, and at 9:45 A.M., the preliminary song service of fifteen minutes began with the hymn, "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," led by a trained male voice.

"I don't believe God cares whether we attend church or not," said Mr. Rockefeller in opening the meeting, "so long as we live the right kind of life. We ask no questions here—Are you a church-member? Where do you come from? What is your business? When we stand before the great throne none of these questions will be asked. Such things are of no account. The man who simply goes to church on Sunday and says: 'There, I've done my duty for the week,' falls short of the qualifications of a Christian as God defines them. The great and only question is, 'What kind of a daily life are you living?'"

At ten o'clock nearly every seat in the gallery was occupied, and the assemblage included men of various callings, trades and professions—clerks, railroad men, artisans, most of them wearing the ready-made clothing of wage-earners, their faces expressive of earnestness and minds turned toward the right. Among them were several gray-haired men. After a short prayer by the leader of the song service, the Superintendent of the Sunday School came in to ask for a dozen volunteers to take classes at the Chinese Mission supported by this church at 17 Doyer street. Mr. Rockefeller indorsed the Superintendent's plea, saying: "I worked for a year or two in the Chinese Mission, and from personal experience, I assure you that no people so greatly appreciate the attention of Christians as the Chinese in this city, which is probably true of all the sons of the Celestial Empire in this country. It is true that sometimes young women take classes in the Mission with a view to marrying a well-to-do Chinaman, but we have weeded out all such teachers, as well as young men who were not competent to teach the Word. Now the Mission needs a number of trained workers. If we merely meet here once a week, if we fail to put our study of the Bible to practical use, we accomplish almost nothing. I hope a dozen of you young men will volunteer to-day to carry to the denizens of the Chinese quarter that which you have learned here. Glance your eye over the congregation at the service to-day in this church, and you will see a number of Chinese, bright, intelligent young men, all members of the church as the result of our labors at the Mission."

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., CONDUCTING HIS BIBLE CLASS IN THE FIFTH AVE. BAPTIST CHURCH
Sketched from life by a CHRISTIAN HERALD artist

Not even the worldliest man, the sceptic, could doubt the sincerity of the young leader. As he spoke, he himself crushed the barrier of riches, and stood among the members of the class as a brother among brothers. His voice was clear and well modulated. His vocabulary bespoke one not long out of college, but his delivery had all the eloquence of earnestness. In his manner there was the modesty and gentleness of the educated gentleman and the true Christian. Tall, very slight of form, with a pale, clean shaven face, blond hair, and the general appearance of refinement, he easily commanded the attention of the class. His fingers are long, suggestive of artistic tastes, but they are blunt and broad at tips, the sure sign of a worker in the practical field of business. He wears glasses, but behind them are small alert gray eyes, with drooping lids, indicative of a man of figures, and of the shrewdness that necessarily accompanies a commercial temperament.

The leader announced the lesson for the day, number forty-two in the course, the class having undertaken consecutive study of the Book, forty-two Sundays ago, when Mr. Rockefeller took the leadership. The subject was Josiah, the last reformer in Judah, from II. Kings, twenty-second chapter. The leader analyzed the subject, beginning with the character of Josiah's reign, and continuing with the repair of the temple, the finding of the Book of Law, and the great reformation effected by reading the Book to the people. Then followed a general discussion of the topic.

"Why is it," asked Mr. Rockefeller, "that the reformations of Josiah's reign, and indeed many great reformations since, were not lasting?"

"Because a reformation, to be enduring, must be a reformation in conscience," said a young man who sat near the leader.

"Because most reformations we read about carried things to extremes—like Puritanism, for instance," said another member.

"Because the reformations were too sudden—expected too much too soon; because people need time to be educated up to a new way of thinking and living," said a third man.

"I think you have all three hit the nail on the head," said Mr. Rockefeller. "To bring about a reformation people need time for natural growth, to throw off the old and take on the new. Unless a man is reformed in his conscience he is not a new man. Mere outward change is reform only in appearance."

The speaker then cited the difference between worship according to prescribed form and simple worship devoid of formality. "Some people can worship best in church, amid formal surroundings; others find they get closer to God in the fields and woods. But, as I said before, it doesn't matter where a man worships, so long as he has the spirit of Jesus Christ within him. I believe that the reformation of the world depends not at all upon grand churches, and ceremony and form, but upon individual effort, man to man, brother to brother. When a church surrounds worship with too much ritual, the object of religion is defeated; just as a man who, thinking to keep his body warm, puts on too many clothes, stops the circulation of the blood, and finds his health in a short time impaired."

Mr. Rockefeller concluded with the golden text: "Obey my voice . . . so shall ye be my people, and I will be your God." "To find the light of God," he said, "we must think high, keep our thoughts aloft. Let our thoughts drop to the sordid, the material, the merely worldly, and we forget God. I remember, while recently traveling in Norway, the land of the midnight sun, I had not seen the sun set for six nights. Then our ship put southward, and one night as we entered harbor I thought, 'To-night the sun will sink from our sight.' But atop of a mountain I saw light, and I said, 'If we climb up there, we shall still see the sun.' We started up the mountain, and when we reached the top, we found there was a loftier peak beyond. One companion remained behind, and two of us climbed to the top of the second mountain, when again we found we had not reached the sun, as there was still a loftier peak. My friend left me, and I climbed alone to the top of this third peak, and there, at midnight, I found the sun. Thus in life, if we think aloft, there we will find the light of God."

The meeting closed in time for church service at eleven, Mr. Rockefeller standing by the door and shaking hands with the young men as they passed out. He had a pleasant word for all, addressing each by name and asking each to come again. Then he went to his pew in the body of the church and knelt a moment in silent prayer.

G. W.

The Christian Herald in the Philippines.

From Palo, Leyte, P. I., comes the following letter:

I take the liberty of thanking you for copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I assure you they are appreciated very much, not only by myself, but by any of the boys lucky enough to get them. The Gospel can, at the present writing, be only preached to the soldiers, as it is not safe to go into the country. Almost ninety per cent. of the natives are Catholic. But it is now only a matter of a few months when peace will be restored and no doubt many will be brought in to the fold. I will be thankful for any good reading matter you send, not only on my part, but that of the boys.

M. H. FAUST.

Sergt. Signal Corps, U.S.A.

International Comparison

...A NEW SERMON BY...

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXTS: { REV. 21: 13: On the South three gates; PSALM 147: 20: He hath not dealt so with any nation

AMONG the greatest needs of our country is more gratitude to God for the unparalleled prosperity bestowed upon us. One of my texts calls us to international comparison. What nation on all the planet has of late had such enlargement of commercial opportunity as is now opening before this nation? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands brought into close contact with us, and through steamship subsidy and Nicaragua Canal, which will surely be afforded by Congress, all the republics of South America will be brought into most active trade with the United States. "On the South three gates." While our next door neighbors, the southern republics and neighboring colonies, imported from European countries three thousand miles away, six hundred and seventy-five million dollars' worth of goods in a year, only one hundred and twenty-six million dollars' worth went from the United States—one hundred and twenty-six million out of six hundred and seventy-five million dollars, only one-fifth of the trade ours, European nations taking the four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. Now all this is to be changed. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between the islands which have recently come under our protection, and only a ferry between us and Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uraguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Equador, Brazil, while there are raging seas and long voyage between them and Europe. By the mandate of the United States, all that will be changed through

New Facilities

of transportation. The Hispano-American congress just closed at Madrid will fail in its attempt to divert all the trade of South America from us to Europe. What encouraging symptoms that our trade with Cuba and Porto Rico has been quadrupled! But that is only a prophecy. "On the South three gates," yea! a hundred gates.

In anticipation of what is sure to come, I nail on the front door of this nation an advertisement:

WANTED: One hundred thousand men to build railroads through South America and the islands of the sea under our protection.

WANTED: A thousand telegraph operators.

WANTED: One hundred million dollars' worth of dry goods from the great cities of the United States.

WANTED: All the clocks you can make at New Haven, and all the brains you can spare from Boston, and all the bells you can mould at Troy, and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago, and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati, and all the railroad iron you can send from Pittsburg, and all the statesmen that you can spare from Washington.

WANTED: Right away, wanted by new and swifter steamers, wanted by railtrain, lawyers to plead our causes.

WANTED: Doctors to cure our sick.

WANTED: Ministers to evangelize our population.

WANTED: Professors to establish our universities.

"On the South, three gates," yea! a thousand gates. South America and all the islands of the sea approximate are rightfully our commercial domain, and the Congress of the United States will see to it that we get what belongs to us.

And then tides of travel will be somewhat diverted from Europe to our islands at the South and to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the 125 million dollars yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the forty-seven cities which Stephens found only a little way apart, and in walking through the great doorways and over the miracles of mosaic, and along by the monumental glories of another civilization, and ancient America will with cold lips of stone, kiss the warm lips of modern America, and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl, will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges. And there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst less of the poor and nauseating imitation of the French shrug and the intentional hesitancy of a brainless foreign swell. The fact is that many are made vain by European travel, and though sensible when they embarked, they return with a collar and a cravat, and a shoe and a coat, and a pronunciation and a contempt for American institutions, and the bend of the elbow that makes one believe in evolution backward from man to ape. Of the many thousands who now cross the sea annually, thousands will on pleasure and business visit southern lands, and so tourists, and merchants, and scientists, and capitalists will all help in this

National Development

There are "On the South three gates." And what other nation has such openings for commercial enlargement as ours?

Again, in this international comparison notice the happy condition of our country as compared with most countries. Russia under the shadow of the dreadful illness of her great and good Emperor, who now, more than any man in all the world, represents "peace on earth, good will to men," and whose Empress, near the most solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul, is anxious for him to whom she has given hand and heart, not for political reasons, but through old-fashioned love such as blesses our humbler dwellings. India under the agonies of a famine which, though somewhat lifted, has filled hundreds of thousands of graves and thrown millions into orphanage. Austria only waiting for her genial Francis Joseph to die, so as to let Hungary rise in rebellion and make the palace of Vienna quake with insurrection. Spain in Carlist revolution, and pauperized as seldom any nation has been pauperized. Italy under the horrors of her King's assassination. China shuddering with a fear of dismemberment, her capital in possession of foreign nations. After a review of the condition in other lands, can you find a more appropriate utterance in regard to our country than the exclamation of the text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation!"

Compare the autumnal report of harvests in America this year and the harvests abroad. Last summer I crossed the Continent of Europe twice, and I saw no such harvests as are spoken of in this statement. Hear it! all you men and women who want everybody to have enough to eat and wear. I have to tell you that the corn crop of our country this year is one of the four

Largest Crops on Record

2,105 million bushels. The cotton crop, though smaller than at sometimes, will on that account bring bigger prices, and so cotton planters of the South are prosperous. The wheat fields have provided bread enough and to spare. The potato crop one of the five largest crops on record—211 million bushels. Twenty-two million two hundred thousand swine slain, and yet so many hogs left!

But now I give you the comparative exports and imports, which tell the story of national prosperity as nothing else can. Excess of exports over imports, $544,400,000. Now, let all pessimists hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth, while all grateful souls fill the churches with doxology. Notice, also, that while other countries are at their wits' ends as to their finances, this nation has money to lend. "Germany, we are glad to see you in Wall street. If you must borrow money, we have it all ready. How much will you have? Russia, we also welcome you into

Our Money Markets

Give us collateral. Meanwhile, Denmark, will you please accept our offer of $3,000,000 for the island of St. Thomas." My hearers, there is no nation on earth with such healthy condition of finances. We wickedly waste an awful amount of money in this country, but some one has said it is easier to manage a surplus than a deficit.

Beside all this, not a disturbance from St. Lawrence River to Key West, or from Highlands of New Jersey to Golden Horn of the Pacific. Sectional controversies ended. The North and the South brought into complete accord by the Spanish war, which put the Lees and the Grants on the same side, Vermonters and Georgians in the same brigade. And since our Civil War we are all mixed up. Southern men have married Northern wives, and Northern men have married Southern wives, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander; and to make another division between the North and the South possible, you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him for judgment—divide it with the sword, giving half to the North and half to the South. No; there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. In other lands there is compulsory marriage of royal families, some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the illy-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been an international contest, sometimes the husband having the balance of power and sometimes the wife.

Plenty of Room

Beside this, we have in our country plenty of room, while the trans-Atlantic nations are crowded—crowded cities, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions; the population crowded, packed in between the Pyrenees and the Alps, packed in between the English Channel and the Adriatic. Yes, on our continent plenty of room. Eight million square miles in North America, and all but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation, implying what fertility and commerce. Four basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Gulf of Mexico. When I hear a man expressing the fear that this country is going to be crowded, I know right away he has not been to Texas. France has about 59,000,000 of people, but Texas is larger than France. Germany about 67,000,000 of people, but Texas is larger than Germany.

Again, in this international comparison there is not a land whose wages and salaries are so large for the great mass of the people. In India four cents a day and find yourself is good wages. In Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages. In England, $1 a day, good wages, vast populations not getting as much as that. In other lands, 50 cents a day and 25 cents a day, clear on down to starvation and squalor. Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands, and accompany them to their homes, and see what privations the hard-working classes on the other side of the sea suffer. The laboring classes in America are ten per cent. better off than those in any other country under the sun—twenty per cent., forty per cent., fifty per cent. The toilers of hand and foot have better homes, and better furnished. "How much wages do you get?" is a question I have asked in Calcutta, in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, in Stockholm, in London, in Paris, in Auckland, New Zealand, in Sydney, Australia, in Samoa, in the Sandwich Islands; so I am not talking an abstraction. The stonemasons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all kinds in America have finer residences than the majority of professional men in Europe. You enter the laborer's house on our side of the sea, and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured, so that in case of sudden demise his family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that, while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

Political Conditions

Again, there is no land on earth where the political condition is so satisfactory as in ours. Every two years in the State, and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of the people at the ballot-box in the autumnal election they all seem satisfied, and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile. An Englishman asked me in an English railtrain this question: "How do you people stand it in America with a revolution every four years? Would it not be better, like us, to have a Queen for a lifetime, and everything settled?" But England changes government just as certainly as we do. At some adverse vote in Parliament, out goes one party and in comes another. Administrations change there, but not as advantageously as with us, for there they may change almost any day, while with us a party in power continues in power at least four years.

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less in America than anywhere else. The air is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals are building such over-towering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Washington or Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply pinchedness, of want for others. A growing protuberance on a man's head implies illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportionate size weaken all the body-politic. But the evil is nothing with us compared with the

Monopolistic Oppression

abroad. Just look at the ecclesiastical establishments on the other side the sea. Look at those great cathedrals, built at fabulous expense and supported by ecclesiastical machinery, and sometimes in an audience room that would hold a thousand people twenty or thirty people gather for worship. The Pope's income is $8,000,000 a year. Cathedrals of statuary and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo. Against all the walls dash seas of poverty and crime and filth and abomination.

The majority of the people of the United States are on their way to fortunes. They will either be rich themselves, or their children will be rich. If I should put to some men the question, "Would you have a fortune and let your children struggle all through their lives in the same kind of struggle that you have had to make?" scores of men would say, "I am willing to fight this battle all the way through, but give my children a chance. I do not care so much about myself. It is only for ten or twenty years anyhow. Give my children a chance." If there is anything that stirs my admiration, it is a man, without any education

himself, sending his sons to college, and, without any opportunity for luxury himself, resolved that though he shall have it hard all the days of his life, his children shall have a good start. And I tell you that though some of our people may have great commercial struggles, there is going to be a great opening for their sons and daughters as they come on to take their places in the world.

Climatic Variety

Continuing this international comparison, I have to say to you that we have a better climate than is to be found in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mists, or the English fogs, or the Russian ice-blast, or the typhus of Southern Europe, or the Asiatic cholera. Epidemics in America are exceptional, very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire midwinter. Easy access to sea beach, or mountain-top when the ardors of summer come down. Michigan wheat for the bread. Long Island corn for the meal. Carolina rice for the queen of puddings. Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages. Georgia cotton to keep us warm. In our land all products and all climates. Are your nerves weak? Go North. Is your throat delicate? Go South. Do you feel crowded, and want more room? Go West. I declare it: This is the best country in all the world to live in. How do I know it? I have 650,000 new reasons for saying it; 650,000 people in one year came from the other side of the Atlantic to live in America, and they came because it is the very best country to live in.

While making this international comparison let us look forward to the time which will surely come when all nations will have as great advantages as our own. As surely as the Bible is true, the whole earth is to be gardenized and set free. Even the climates will change and the heats be cooled, and the frigidity warmed.

A National Calamity

Many years ago in this city I gazed upon a scene which for calamity and grandeur one seldom sees equalled. I mean the burning of the Smithsonian Institution. It was the pride of our country. In it art had gathered rarest specimens from all lands and countries. It was one of those buildings which seize you with enchantment as you enter, and all the rest of your life holds you with a charm. I happened to see the first glow of the fires which on that cold day looked out from the windows of the costly pile. I saw the angry elements rear and rave. The shout of affrightened workmen and the assault of fire-engines only seemed to madden the rage of the monsters that rose up to devour all that came within reach of their chain. Up along the walls and through the doors were pushed hands that snatched down all they could reach and hurled it into the abyss of flame beneath. The windows of the tower would light up for a minute with a wild glare and then darken. With crackle and roar and crash the floors tumbled. The roofs began here and there to blossom in wreaths and vines of flame. Up and down the pillars ran serpents of fire. Out from the windows great arms and fingers of flame were extended, as though destroyed spirits were begging for deliverance. The tower put on a coronet of flame and staggered and fell, the sparks flying, the firemen escaping, the terror accumulating. Books, maps, rare correspondence, autographs of kings, costly diagrams burned to cinder or scattered for many a rood upon the wild wind, to be picked up by the excited multitude. Oh, it seemed like some great funeral pile in which the wealth and glory of our land had leaped to burn with its consuming treasures. The heavens were blackened with whirlwinds of smoke, through which shot the long red shafts of calamity. Destruction waved its fiery banner from the remaining towers, and in the thunder of falling beams and in the roaring surge of billowing fire I heard the spirits of ruin and desolation and woe clapping their hands, and shouting, "Aha! aha!"

Things that Endure

I turned and looked upon the white dome of yonder Capitol, which rose through the frosty air as imposing as though all the white marble of the earth had come to resurrection and stood before us, reminding one of the Great White Throne of heaven. There it stood, unmoved by the terrors which that day had been kindled before it. No tremor in its majestic columns. Column and capital and dome built to endure until the world itself shatters in the convulsions of the last earthquake. Oh, what a contrast between the smoking ruin on the one hand and that gorgeous dream of architecture on the other! Well, the day speeds on when the grandest achievement of man will be consumed and the world will blaze. Down will go galleries of art and thrones of royalty, and the hurricane of God's power will scatter even the ashes of consumed greatness and glory. Not one tower left; not one city unconsumed; not one scene of grandeur to relieve the desolation. Forests dismasted. Seas licked up. Continents sunk. Hemispheres annihilated. Oh, the roar and thundering crash of that last conflagration! But from that ruin of a blazing earth we shall look up to see the temple of liberty and justice rising through the ages, white, and pure, and grand, unscarred and unshaken. Founded on the eternal rock, and swelling into domes of infinitude and glory, in which the hallelujahs of heaven have their reverberation. No flame of human hate shall blacken its walls. No thunder of infernal wrath shall rock its foundations. By the upheld torches of burning worlds we shall read it on column and architrave and throne of eternal dominion, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but truth and liberty and justice shall never pass away."

The Salvation Army's New Industrial Home for Women

CLASH of cymbals, sound of cornet, and gay fluttering of red, white and blue banners and streamers, marked the opening of the Salvation Army's new Industrial Home for Women. This institution, at 127 W. Thirteenth st., has direct communication with the building on Fourteenth st., known as the Salvation Army Headquarters in New York. The opening ceremonial, held in Memorial Hall in the Headquarters, while the bazaar in the interests of the Prairie Homes for Children was in progress, was, by reason of the time and occasion, a peculiarly bright and picturesque function. The hall was gay with pretty booths, garlanded in red and white; at dainty tables tidy lassies, in red and blue uniforms, were ready to wait on hungry guests; while about the room wee soldiers, wearing the army red and blue, roamed at will. Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, and a large number of prominent and influential people gave countenance to the occasion by presence, note, or check; for it is felt that the opening of this Industrial Home is a movement in the right direction. On the afternoon preceding, a large audience of earnest, cultivated people had gathered at the beautiful and hospitable home of Mrs. Billings, on Madison avenue, and listened with profound interest to an address by Consul Booth-Tucker, in which the rescue work of the army, which has led up to this Industrial Home, was eloquently described.

The Industrial Home is a home for fallen, or rather, for reclaimed women. It is to be operated in connection with the rescue home on Fifteenth street; and only those women who have proved themselves able to stand, are to be admitted. Work is to be provided—book-binding, dressmaking, plain sewing, laundry work; and any and every industry in which an honest living can be made, will be placed as far as possible in reach of those who have demonstrated sincere return to reform.

"We expect to establish similar homes to this all over the country in connection with our other rescue homes," said Consul Booth-Tucker, as she conducted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative through the big, cozy dwelling on Thirteenth street. "Our accommodations here at present are for fifty to sixty girls; at the home on Fifteenth street for thirty—but we never have less than forty; beds have to be made on the floor. We have altogether nineteen American rescue homes through which 1,100 girls pass annually. Of this great body of women whom we have sheltered more than 80 per cent. are leading lives of purity and usefulness. Adjutant Welsh is in charge here. You must hear her tell how this room received its name." The dormitory in which the Consul paused gleamed with snowy beds; pretty Bible texts and pictures were on the wall; everything here, as elsewhere in the building, was exquisitely clean, simple and homelike; on the door, in big, bright lettering, were the words "Not in Vain."

WORKROOM OF THE SALVATION ARMY'S NEW YORK INDUSTRIAL HOME

"These were Sadie's last words," said the motherly adjutant. "Sadie was one of our brightest and best converts, but her health was broken and she did not live long. From St. Luke's Hospital, where we had placed her, this telegram came one night: 'Adjutant, hasten. Sadie.' I reached her bed in time to hear her say: 'Adjutant, you can depend upon one of your girls to meet you in heaven. Tell the Army so. Your labor has not been in vain.' We thought it would encourage us to see those words on this door. The next night this telegram came from another hospital: 'Come quickly, R. wants you. She is dying.' Over the bed of this poor child of sin I bent to hear her whisper: 'I am ready to meet my God.' This dormitory," continued the Adjutant, as we entered a doorway on which shone the words, "For His Sake," "was furnished by some young ladies in Brooklyn, who worked and made the money, and this—" it was a cheery, bright sitting-room, with "Out of Love" on the door, "is the gift of our Out of Love League, which is made up of girls who have graduated from our rescue homes into wage-earning positions. Every girl who contributed to this room is in domestic service. The 'Grace' room, is the gift of Miss Grace Dodge."

At Mrs. Billings', Consul Booth had related this incident: "At the hospital gate a mother of fifteen stood with a little bundle in her arms that, slight as it was, was too heavy for her feeble strength. In the big city she had none to turn to for help, and she did not know how to turn to God. She tried to get employment, walking all day over the city. Telling me afterward, she said: 'It seemed wherever I rang, they just took one look at the baby and slammed the door in my face.' A wretched woman of the street said: 'Throw the baby in the river.' She had no thought of doing that—but she drifted to the river, and said to herself: 'If I jump in, it will be all over with baby and me so quick.' Just then, she heard voices singing: 'Jesus loves the broken-hearted.' A Salvation Army band was coming. 'I'll wait till they pass,' thought the girl, 'then I'll do it.' They didn't pass; they stopped to hold their regular open-air meeting by the water. They saw the shrinking girl-mother and her burden, and they brought her home with them. She is now restored to father and mother, and is a Christian."

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE TIGER

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

CHAPTER I.

A NUMBER of the good people of Belle Centre came out of the church where the prayer-meeting had just ended, and parted on their several homeward ways. In the vestibule lingered still a few of the elder men. "Yes, it's all as you say, Brother Fielding, but you know as well as I do that the liquor element has ruled this town so long that it would take nothing short of a revolution to change the order of things. In our State, with prohibition possible under our laws, we should long ago have done away with both the drinking and gambling that are disgracing our town. But the leaders will not take it up and there you are—there is simply no one else to do it."

"I'm not so sure of that, brother," said a clear woman's voice behind them. The men turned, and saw Mrs. Travers, the wife of one of the leading men of the town. "You say there is no one else to take this matter up, but we have the right of the ballot here in Kansas, and perhaps the day may soon come when we will take up the fight and see what we can do."

"Well, you'll have my God-speed, sister, when you do," was the hearty response. "Anything so that we can get rid of this blight on us."

Half seriously, half jestingly, the conversation was continued for a few minutes, and then Mrs. Travers started for her home alone. As she walked through the crisp starlight a deep pain, the pain of many years, tugged furiously at her heart, and made even her brave spirit feel sick. At a corner that led down one of the main streets she paused, half in indecision. Should she walk by the Blue Tiger on her way home, as she had so often done before? Those who passed her on these midnight vigils kept reverent silence; never was vigil more pathetic, for it was that of a mother over a son. Joe Travers, her eldest born, was the proprietor of the Blue Tiger, the leading saloon in the town.

"MRS. TRAVERS OFFERED A CUP OF COFFEE TO HER SON"

She hesitated now for an instant, then with a firm step turned down the street and approached the saloon. From within came the ribald sounds that marked the evening's revelry. Opposite the door a stream of light shot with distinctness out on the sidewalk, and a child, a girl of about twelve, hurried out sobbing, followed by a rough voice saying, "Go home now; and don't dare come here again."

As she started her trembling little feet into a faltering run, she stumbled against Mrs. Travers. She caught her in her arms.

"There, dear, don't cry. I will go home with you and tell you some nice stories."

"O, Mrs. Travers," sobbed the child, "why isn't everybody good and kind like you! My papa used to be so nice to me, and he is yet when he's sober, but he will drink. Mrs. Travers——"

"Well, dear?"

"Mrs. Travers, if—if I was Joe Travers and you was my mother—you won't be angry, will you? I wouldn't sell any liquor. O, don't cry. Don't cry! My mama's dead, you know, and you've seemed almost like a mama to me for a long time. Please don't cry."

"No; I won't cry any more. You must try to make the best of it, and even if your papa drinks you must not hate him. He is like—like my Joe—he is always good when he is sober. Men who drink have a disease, an awful disease that is moral, and they do not know what they are doing."

An hour later, Jessie Calvin lay asleep, a peaceful smile playing about her mouth. Mrs. Travers went home, but ere she reached it she had resolved that the women of Belle Centre must go into the fight and forever remove the saloons.

* * *

Never in its history had Belle Centre known such a campaign. Long before it ended, its fame had spread throughout the state, and even beyond its confines, and its unique features were praised, lampooned, discussed, ridiculed and admired in every newspaper, far and wide. But amid the storm of argument pro and con, one thing remained indisputable, and that was that the departure, though it might be scoffed at, could not be ignored.

Led by Mrs. Travers, the women's ticket in the field was a strong one; she herself had been overwhelmingly named for mayor, and she was supported by a judicious choice from among the best and most influential women of the town for council and city clerk. Mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts turned every energy toward attaining their end, and plied not only the politicians' arguments but every feminine cajolement known to the daughters of Eve. This keynote had been struck early in the campaign by Mrs. Travers: "We cannot force them; we must win them," she said. "Remember that not one harsh word must be spoken by us. We must conquer by moral power, by logic and argument where we can and by softer persuasions in cases where they are applicable. And further, every man in this town must be approached and carefully dealt with according to his special need; not one must be neglected, nor must he be given up until the last hour. Above all, this must be a campaign of education, especially for the younger element; and, finally, sisters, we must expect ridicule, cartooning; we must expect to be laughed at, to be scoffed, and have the finger of scorn pointed at us, and we must make up our minds to take all these things as a matter of course."

Within a few weeks the support they had succeeded in getting pledged to them from Republicans and Democrats made it evident that it would be folly to have three tickets in the field. Meanwhile, the liquor element, led by Joe Travers, was becoming more and more solidified, and it was announced that he would be the candidate for mayor in behalf of the saloons. The situation this developed of mother and son opposing one another in a political contest capped the climax of the excitement that now raged. By universal consent of the Republican leaders it was conceded that mere party lines could have no place in such a struggle, and that the issue of the election should be left solely between the "wets" and the "drys."

The methods pursued by the women considerably annoyed their antagonists. Old and confirmed "sots" who had ornamented barrel tops in front of corner groceries for years, or who had been regarded as permanent bric-a-brac on the edge of the sidewalk outside of the livery stable, were threatened with nervous prostration by being suddenly addressed as "Mr.", followed up by alluring arguments calculated to induce the belief in him that he was robbing society of a valuable ornament in his present career, and intimating that his vote at the coming election would probably change the entire current of history of Belle Centre.

But this was but one side of the women's work. They distributed temperance literature, bright, catchy and up-to-date, sound in principle and devoid of ranting denunciations; they opened two cheap coffee rooms and one free one, where, night and day, clean, wholesome women relieved each other in attendance, and along with the steaming beverage, strong fragrant and rich, they dispensed bright smiles and kind words, inquired after sick wives and children, and then went quietly and provided shoeless and tattered children with clothes, sent them to school, gave the poor, discouraged mothers work, and cheerily said to everyone: "This is just to show you what we will do if you give us a chance. This is an object-lesson of our platform; elect us, and we will give you an administration like this."

Hotter and hotter grew the contest as the day of election drew nearer.

Epithets had multiplied as the campaign progressed, and the women's ticket was variously alluded to as "The Mamma Ticket," "The Broomstick Brigade," "The Soda-Water Bottles," "The Apron-Strings," and other complimentary names, all of which the women accepted without a show of resentment.

CHAPTER II.

The evening of the day before the election had arrived. Joe Travers was alone in the small, dark room in the rear of his saloon, where he took his meals, when, without so much as a tap, the door was quietly pushed open, and, to his astonishment, his mother entered.

He rose to his feet, half confused, and pushed a chair toward her. She sat down without removing her eyes from him, and then, leaning across the bare table, guiltless of any grace of adornment, she said, looking him straight in the eyes: "Joe, you have been away from home for twenty years.

"In all these years I have not made even the smallest request of you. O Joe, do you remember the last time I asked you to do anything for me at home? You had come in from school, and as you threw your books down on the table I asked you to bring in some kindling-wood for the supper fire, and you pushed your hat back from your warm, flushed face, and said: 'Why, yes, Mamsey, I'll get you supper wood and a horse and buggy, and the sun, moon and stars yet.'

"I can see you still as you stood on the back porch with the setting sun flickering through the lattice of the morning-glories on your head and face, and then you went out whistling into the wood-house, and you whistled as you chopped the wood. Joe! Joe! Do you remember? And then, an hour later, the quarrel with your father—and then all these years—and now——"

Her anguished voice quivered into silence; her proud head bowed, and through the trembling stockade of her fingers Joe Travers saw the great tears fall unchecked. All the brute force of his nature slunk away, and only a shamed, agitated sense filled him with ineffectual confusion. She raised her head and spoke again, a faint flush showing through the still smooth ivory of her skin: "I have never told you, Joe, but the last of that wood is still in the big box with the cover—I have never used it. Oh, how many times since then, as I moved about getting supper, have I thought I heard you whistling in the wood-shed, and every time I have looked at that wood in the box I have said to myself, 'He will come home some day.'"

Joe Travers felt a strange tightening in

his chest. His breath did not seem to get much further than his throat.

"Well, it's no good talking about all this now. I guess it's too late to change things very much at this stage of the game. I can't very well bring in kindling-wood for you any more." He laughed awkwardly. "But you said awhile ago that there was something you wanted me to do. If it's anything in reason——"

"Joe, I want you to promise me not to vote to-morrow."

He guffawed loudly.

"Oh, that's just like a woman. Now, look here, you can't expect me to make a fool of myself. Why, you might as well ask me to vote for you."

"Well, why not?"

"Why not! Why not! Oh, you women in politics. Oh, this is rich. Say, if you were in anything else I swan I'd like to see you win. Want me to throw my vote away, eh! Well, not this time. It'll be a cold day when I make myself the laughing stock of the boys. S'pose I'd ask you not to vote, or to vote for me. How'd you like that?"

"Joe, my son, I will vote against you. I will work against you. I firmly believe that you are to be defeated, and if you are I shall be the first to take the legal steps that will close both your saloon and every other in town. But I am not only the candidate for mayor, I am your mother as well, and as your mother I have asked this favor of you. There is not a man in town to whom we are not making personal appeals. To whom should I appeal if not to my son? This is the first time I have asked anything of you in twenty years. Will you do it?"

The strange, unnatural silence was finally broken.

"No; I can't do it." He was grim, dogged.

"Joe!"

Joe Travers uttered the profane words that were ever on his lips.

"I've told you all I have to say, and I tell you, too, that neither you nor all the women of this town put together can ever close the saloons."

"My son, it will be neither I nor the women of this town who will close the saloons, but the power of God working out the salvation of men; and I pray without ceasing that when that day comes it may not be too late for your soul. Beware, my boy, lest you sin away your day of grace."

Her figure seemed to dilate. She might have been a prophetess. Then she went out, closing the door softly behind her.

Properly speaking, Belle Centre did not go to bed that night. The population was astir until long after midnight, each party straining every nerve in the final effort to gather in the last stragglers.

When morning dawned it was a perfect April day.

This time there was at least one surprise in store for the "wets." Never before had anyone of the opposition party been first on the ground, but to their discomfiture when Chuck Brady, Hank Jones and his chosen retainers arrived at the polls they found Mrs. Travers already there, attended by her retinue supporting her on the "dry" ticket, pretty young Mrs. Cunningham, with her husband hovering near with unmistakable pride in his eye; Mrs. Evelyn Wilson, the rich widow of the town, and Miss Elizabeth Hilton.

To the gracious "good morning" extended by these hostesses there were but sullen responses, and when Mrs. Wilson came toward Hank and offered him a cup of coffee he muttered thickly in his throat: "No, I've got something else," and pulling out a black bottle he tipped it to his lips, and then passed it to his fellows, saying: "Here's to success, boys."

"Thank you very much for wishing us success," said Mrs. Wilson sweetly. "I will join you in this," whereupon she drank the coffee.

"Darned if I ever saw such nerve," said Hank, relating the incident an hour later.

After the advent of the first comers, the square filled up rapidly. Not fifteen minutes after Hank and Chuck appeared to take charge, Joe Travers arrived. It was his intention to vote early and have it over before his mother was out. He was taken aback, but advanced as if unconscious of her presence.

She turned toward him with a smile.

"Good morning, Joe. Isn't it a beautiful day! Have a cup of coffee. I made it myself, and here is cream."

He took it clumsily, and in silence made a show of drinking it. Ere he had finished his pretense, there was the sound of loud and angry voices. The first challenge of the day had been given to a fair voter, who now stood with flashing eyes, defying the minion of the law who had presumed to question her right. There was a quick rallying of the feminine element, met by a gradual backdown of the "wets," and when the flurry was over the vote had been deposited, and for the time being no one noticed that Joe Travers, the candidate for mayor of the liquor party, left the polls without voting.

When late in the afternoon no one had spoken to him about his missing vote, Joe Travers felt an unacknowledged sense of relief. It would soon be over now; and then some time he could see his mother and tell her that he had done what she had asked him to.

He was not such a bad son after all, he told himself. And having argued thus he sent out fresh "rounders" to gather up those who might be hesitating.

It was now five o'clock.

The Blue Tiger had done a rushing business all day, and over its slippery bar the thirst of many a politician of note in Belle Centre had been quenched, not wisely, but too often.

The sky had clouded, after the manner of April, and a light rain was falling. A desultory crowd was huddled in the Blue Tiger, where the proprietor himself was on guard, receiving ever and anon messages from some of his henchmen. Chuck Brady entered now, and striking the rain from his hat against the bar he said: "Well, Joe, we've got 'em now, sure. The Apron-Strings made a sort of stampede with the fellows in the brick-yard, but Hank got after 'em and converted 'em all over in great shape."

"This rain'll drown out the 'drys,'" chuckled one on the outskirts of the charmed circle. "They'll run to cover now rather than get their feathers draggled."

"I'm not so sure about them running," was the response. "After they got an old-timer like Uncle Billy West to vote for the mammas I gave up. Nothing could surprise me now."

"You think that we're beaten?"

"I mean to say that the votes aren't counted yet, and until they are we don't know where we're at."

"We'll count 'em all right, won't we Joe?"

(To be Concluded)

A HOME FOR KOREAN WAIFS

The Beautiful Work Undertaken by Christian Ladies in Seoul

ABOUT two years ago there was started in Seoul, Korea, a Christian Home for the destitute children of this heathen land. Miss Jean Perry of Australia, having come out for this purpose, the Home was placed under the care of a council who were to have the direction of the Home. This council consisted of the missionaries in Korea and had as its members H. G. Underwood, D. D., chairman, Dr. Eva H. Field, secretary, Mrs. Fulton Gifford, treasurer, Dr. O. R. Avison, medical adviser, Dr. R. A. Hardie, Rev. S. F. Moore, Rev. F. S. Miller and others. The institution has no denominational basis, and is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions, having no board at home on which to rely for support. There has been talk of a council being organized in London, England, for the collection of funds; but up to the present time no such council has been formed.

Miss Perry came to Korea, entirely depending upon such sums as might be sent, and trusting entirely upon the Lord, started this organization. Miss Pash, B. A. [Girton College, Oxford], has assisted in the running of the institution. Children have been taken in as Providence sent them, and as the inmates of the Home have increased in numbers, so funds have also increased. At the present time there are twelve little waifs to whom a home is being given and who are being trained up for the Lord's work.

THE HOME OF THE KOREAN WAIFS AT SEOUL

For some time, these children were housed in a little Korean house in the centre of the city, but lately the use of the F. W. Underwood Shelter has been given to the Home, and here, about a mile outside the walls of the city, the school is now accommodated. It has at the present time all that Miss Perry, alone, can attend to. One of the great needs is an assistant for Miss Perry, as well as funds for the support of the little ones. $45 supports a child for a year. The number of little ones that need to be cared for is far greater in a heathen land, where the golden rule is unknown, than in a Christian land. Thus far, the Lord has blessed the undertaking in that he has provided funds, and as the institution has increased the funds have also increased to carry it on.

In a letter just received, Miss Perry writes:

"The six blind boys have arrived and our eighteen have just sat down to their supper. There are now fifteen boys, six of them quite blind and all from the streets. Several, nay, most of them, have lived in sacks on the streets and known no other home. Yougie's case is a typical one. He was picked up by Mrs. Moore last winter and sent to me with some of Mrs. Moore's clothes on. He could scarcely speak except in a begging whine, and it was months before a spontaneous smile came to his face. He is twelve years old, and had been driven about by bigger beggars and half starved, till he seemed to have nearly lost his senses. Now he is among the brightest at answering Scripture questions. He can read and write and his voice rises high and clear now in the hymn singing, especially in "When he cometh to make up his jewels."

Mr. Sankey in Scotland

Mr. Ira D. Sankey is being welcomed back to Scotland by crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Edinburgh and Glasgow have vied with each other in that respect, as they do in so many others, but the capital of the west having the larger hall is able to take the premier position as to the size of its audiences. The St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, which seats 4,500 people comfortably, was packed on Sunday night. There must have been over 5,000 persons present, of whom two-thirds were ladies, and, in addition, there was a crowded overflow meeting in Berkeley street U. P. Church Hall. Mr. Sankey's practice is to connect his songs with threads of dialogue, mostly anecdotal, and there is no dulness in any of the services. Mr. Sankey has a happy knack of getting his audience "at work." By appeals addressed to those in the gallery and the body of the hall alternately, he produced a fine artistic effect, but the acme of skill in that direction was put forth on Sunday evening in the St. Andrew's Hall, when he asked the audience in "the very backmost gallery of all" to sing the refrain, "By and by," in response to the choir. The effect was charming.

A feature to be remembered was the introduction of a Persian missionary studying in Glasgow, who sang the famous "Ninety and Nine" in native lingo. His manner was rather gauche, and he asked his audience to join in the chorus, and the audience thereupon laughed heartily, which is not a common occurrence for a Scottish Sabbath audience. It, however, appeared that Shamasha Abishalom Sargad intended to lead the chorus in the language familiar to all. Mr. Sankey obliged the audience by selecting some of the old favorites from his repertoire, and in conclusion he told the story of his impromptu singing of the "Ninety and Nine," and sang it in a manner which few will forget."

Women's Council and Manila

The National Council of Women, which held a recent convention at Minneapolis, adopted a resolution asking the Government to investigate reports as to immorality in Manila, the resolution being offered by the Social Purity Section. The entrance of large bodies of soldiery into any place is always followed by reports of evil in some form. Where the troops are pagan, these evils take the most brutal shapes—as witness the recent wanton butcheries of foreigners by Chinese. So it is not just to blame Christianity, as some short-sighted ones do, for ills following in the wake of soldiers of Christian countries. These ills are less because of Christianity. That they exist at all is due almost wholly to the liquor traffic. If our soldiers did not suffer from the demoralization of strong drink, their conduct would need little investigation. What our alcoholic exports to the Philippines are cannot be definitely stated; but to Cuba, during 1899, the United States sent $1,446,079 worth of liquors against Spain's $31,036 in 1897.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Battle Opens

WE hail with delight Bishop Potter's movement against vice in New York. But large meetings with fine speeches can only start the work. Nothing but close and continued grapple of the evil will conquer. The obstacles in the way are the greater, because of the fact that some of the wealthiest men support the abominations concerning which all good people are now aroused.

Call the roll of dissipation in the haunts of iniquity any night, and if the inmates will answer, you will find there stock-brokers from Wall street, large importers from Broadway, iron merchants, leather merchants, cotton merchants, hardware merchants, wholesale grocers, representatives from all the commercial and wealthy classes.

I prefer that kind of heathenism which wallows in filth and disgusts the beholder, rather than that heathenism which covers up its walking putrefaction with camel's-hair shawl and point lace, and rides in turnouts worth $3,000, liveried driver ahead and rosetted flunky behind. We have been talking so much about the gospel for the masses; now let us talk a little about the gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazarettos of upper-tendom. It is the iniquity that comes down from the higher circles of society that supports the haunts of crime, and it is gradually turning our cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, waiting for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God who whelmed the cities of the plain. We want about five hundred Anthony Comstocks to go forth and explore and expose the abominations of high life. For eight or ten years there stood within sight of the most fashionable New York drive a Moloch temple, a brown-stone hell on earth, which neither the Mayor, nor the judges, nor the police dared touch, when Anthony Comstock, a Christian man of less than average physical stature, and with cheek scarred by the knife of a desperado whom he had arrested, walked into that palace of the damned on Fifth avenue, and in the name of God put an end to it, the priestess presiding at the orgies retreating by suicide into the lost world, her bleeding corpse found in her own bath-tub. May the eternal God have mercy on our cities. Gilded sin comes down from these high places into the upper circles of iniquity, and then on gradually down, until in five years it makes the whole pilgrimage, from the marble pillar on the brilliant avenue clear down to the cellars of Water street.

Cruel Telegraphy

AT least four times we have had cabled to this country the death of the Emperor of Russia, while at the present writing he still lives and we hope will continue to live. This week it was wired through all our country that a railtrain in Virginia had gone down with a bridge destroyed by freshet. There were about a hundred passengers and railroad employees on board the train, and probably all had perished. We found out afterward there had been no accident. The money markets in Europe were responsible for the false tidings about the Czar. The reported railroad calamity was probably the work of a newspaper that wanted to sell an unusual number of copies. What if hearts were wrung with anxiety about their friends? What if the nations were shadowed by the announcement of the death of a great ruler? No matter, if a few dollars were gained by the owner of a newspaper, or the stock speculators could disturb Lombard street, or the Bourse, or Wall street for their own advantage. That is what I call cruel telegraphy. Papers pride themselves on what journalists commonly call "a scoop," by which they mean information published exclusively in one paper. We all read and mourned over John Sherman's death two years before his departure. In the last conversation I had with Mr. Sherman he referred to that erroneous report, and said that he did not much wonder at it because he had been so very ill. Announcement of calamity or death in some of the daily papers is not received as accurate until it is confirmed by some reliable publication. Anxiety to get "a scoop" is responsible for much of the false news of the day, and has again and again resulted in wrecked fortunes and broken hearts.

The Other Side

WHILE there has been a great deal of industry displayed in various quarters in the attempt to make the missionaries in China responsible for the work of the "Boxers," and some good people have felt that the work of evangelizing the Chinese had better be stopped, it is cheering to read the speech made in Philadelphia by my friend Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, in which he says: "It has been commonly supposed that missionaries are the sole cause of anti-foreign feeling in China. This charge is unfair. Missionaries have done a great deal of good in China. They have translated useful works into the Chinese language, published scientific and educational journals, and established schools in the country. Medical missionaries especially have been remarkably successful in their philanthropic work." This testimony given by an eminent disciple of Confucius comes at the right time. The fact is that China is going to be gospelized and saved either with our help or without it. Lucknow and Cawnpore horrors, in which English and American missionaries were massacred, did not stop the work of evangelism in India, and the butcheries in China will not hinder the redemption of the "Flowery Kingdom." The history of gospel progress in any country has had many chapters of martyrdom. The apostles were all martyrs, and the greatest martyr of all time was the Lord Jesus. Because the world in the most excruciating mode put our Saviour to death did the world's redemption collapse?

ONE DAY IN SEVEN

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

OUR social happiness embraces a very large part of our existence. It diverges in so many ways, it occupies so many of our hours, and influences our character in such various and important manners, that its consideration is of peculiar interest. At its foundation lies that humanly wonderful number, seven—that number which our spirits know and love, and which our bodies show forth, both without and within us. This seventh day is the consecration of all our days, and the social life which abrogates it signs its own dissolution. Yet, there has been lately such momentous symptoms of a lessening reverence for this seventh day, that it is the first of all duties to show forth to ourselves its claim to a continuance of that honor with which the thought of man in all ages has sanctified it.

In the first place the periodicity of seven is deeply natural to us in all our movements. Once in seven days we must unbend the bow of vitality if it is to keep its spring. This is specially needful in this restless era, where stimulus and exaction have it all their own way. We do not live out all our days, nor reach that full development which is the result of slow, patient growth. We are lively, but not long-lived. We are one-sided, chronically weary; and for this fever of life, the true cordial is the one day in seven—the rest of the Sabbath. It would be easy to call science to prove this, but there is no necessity; the great truth is as old as time; and in our day science has perceived it to be good, and preached sermon after sermon on its advisability.

. . .

If, then, brain and nerve, bone and muscle require this periodical rest, surely the best way to give it to them is worthy of our consideration. First, we must be worthy of the Sabbath; we must have earned it by being faithful to the primeval pledge of honest labor for six days. The sensualist, the do-nothing, the idle busy-body, whose souls abhor the beauty of industry, how can they know the rest of the Sabbath? Second, we must in order to enjoy our own rest, have the comfortable conviction that we have been no party to overtasking our clerks, or mulcting our servants of ever so small a portion of their day of rest and freedom. We must see to it that every man, woman and child we can help or release, has his fifty-two days of rest every year. Third, we must remember that no one keeps the Sabbath who spends it in an excess of any kind, even in excess of Sabbath services, sacred study, or untimely vigils. This is not the Sabbath of the Old Testament; and no one ever pretended to find it in the New. Fourth, we must let all week-day sentiments, propensities and faculties sleep, and awaken those that have been only too latent during the six day's toil. Change of thought, feeling and occupation are the true rest. Let the world go for a day, and enjoy the pause, the company of wife and children, the depth and serenity of public church service, the Bible at the home table, the hymn at the fireside, the evening peace, the sweet serenity, the early hour of sleep that ought to close the day of rest—these things are half the battle on the side of the individual's health and welfare, and also half the battle on the side of God and the right.

. . .

Alas! we have come to a time when it seems impossible for public excitement to stop—when pleasure will not be halted, when greed will not withhold from gain, when public and private tyranny will have unresting slaves; when, in short, the senses grudge the soul this one day in seven. Even professing Christians advocate the opening of museums and libraries. We are told that the people should be taught to visit the ocean and the parks, and look up through Nature to Nature's God. If the worship of the beautiful was the worship of holiness, and if æsthetics were the same as pure religion, these things might take the place of the "holy convocation" and of "the multitude going up to the house of God to keep holy day." But it is one thing to civilize, and it is another thing to Christianize. Will hearts be changed by an infusion of artistic taste? No. "Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid which is Christ Jesus."

. . .

The wish to keep the Sabbath in a popular way by sacred concerts and lectures about sacred places is intrinsically immoral, for it lowers the interest to be taken in our eternal hopes to the interest to be taken in an illustrated lecture on Palestine, or the pleasure of joining in a chorus, or criticising a semi-sacred solo. If religion comes into our life, it must be the first and prominent thing, and not be used simply to flavor secular fancies by giving them now and then a religious twist. And if more than this is attempted, the audience feel as if they had been decoyed to listen to doctrines they have no interest in. This is placing religious instruction on an immoral basis to begin with. To reconstruct religious things secularly or secular things religiously, is utterly unreal, and felt to be so, for the distinction between the two is a positive and permanent one. No soul burdened with sin ever yet got relief from a Sunday concert, or an illustrated lecture about the Holy Land. It should be remembered that religion is not a thing of pleasure, until it becomes personal and habitual. When Christian nations change the Sabbath ever so little into the wild Sun's Day of pagan nations, it will, indeed, be a sad thing. Poetry, sculpture and oratory did not save Greece and Rome, for nations, as well as individuals, absolutely need the wonderful recuperating influence of the day in seven or they perish.

Our Sabbath sprang not from the Jewish Sabbath, but from the idea of the early Christians setting the clock of time to the great epochs of the life of Christ. Friday, represented the death in which all Christians die daily, and the Sun's Day, that resurrection in which all Christians rise to higher life. Both Sabbath and Sun's Day are to us laden with memories and hopes we cannot part with. Sabbath tells us of that "rest that remaineth," and Sunday of the arising of "The Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings." The whole Christian dispensation and life is a Sabbatical rest, of which the seventh day is the anticipation and the type.

. . .

The seventh day! This mystical beautiful division on which rests our physical and spiritual well-being, is typified in all we see and do and show forth. We may well time our work by it, for all nature is a system of sevens, and anatomy, physiology, optics, astronomy, music, are all familiar with this singularly human number. The moon goes on her ways and does all her stints of work to the music of seven, and the moonshine itself is a web of seven-twined thread. The sea, and the dead that are in it, are rocked in their cradle to the same tune of seven. If we put a pencil of light through a prism, it will at once tell us its secret and show itself seven-twined and beautiful. Ever since Jehovah set his bow in the heavens, the Children of Light have been singing "We are Seven." Music, that speech of cherubim and seraphim, sings its science in an ecstacy of sevens. Can we then express our Sabbath better than in the sevensomeness of light and music?

. . .

No wonder the Seventh Day has moved the world to its solemn thought! No wonder God blessed it, and sanctified it, and set it apart! Shall we defile and make it common, and turn its rest and sweetness into the six day's tumult and fever of being? God forbid! From the unrest of traffic, and the fever of worldly pleasure, may this one day in seven be spared us!

All week we can hear the hammer
In the busy workman's hand;
And the shriek and whistle of steam,
And the whirr of the leathern band.
The vender's resonant calling,
The rush of the hurrying train;
But the soul finds "rest" in the thought—
The Sabbath is coming again.

It hushes the noisest streets,
It says to the weary "rest."
Instead of life's slaves, it makes us
For twenty-four hours life's guest.
We throw by the tool and the pen,
The weights, and the measuring-rod,
And out of the workshop we go
Into the house of our God.

We drink in the rest and the peace,
We throw off the soil and the care,
Our soul rises up in the song,
And gathers its strength in the prayer.
Six days we must labor and care,
Oh, spare us this one day in seven!
That we may grow calm in its rest,
And strong in its promise of heaven.

Amelia E. Barr

Christian Progress in Japan

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip has been introduced in Japan. The first chapter was organized by Rev. Eugene S. Booth, of Yokohama. He believes that it will prove exceedingly useful as an antidote to the temptations arising from the example of dissolute foreigners. Pastors abroad or at home desirous of organizing chapters, can obtain all information from Rev. C. E. Wyckoff, Irvington, N. J.

To Punish China

APPEALS have been made to our Government by the Chinese to use its influence in moderating the demands of the European powers. It is gratifying to learn that our Government has consented to do so. The terms of

A CAPTURED NATIVE SITTING WITH THE CHINESE FLAG UNDER HIS FEET

settlement thus far proposed involved not only the payment of a large money indemnity, said to be three hundred and fifty million dollars, but the beheading of Prince Tuan and certain other Chinese nobles of the highest rank. Mr. Conger, our Minister at Pekin, is reported to have approved these terms, and to have informed Secretary of State Hay that any punishment less severe would be of no use in compelling China to respect the lives of foreigners in future. Under peremptory orders from Washington, Mr. Conger withheld his signature from the demands, and it is now understood that he is counseling more moderate requirements. This is an eminently Christian course, and shows magnanimity worthy of a Christian nation. It is doubtful whether the government of China could maintain itself if it attempted to pay so vast a sum, and if it sacrificed statesmen so powerful as those whose heads have been demanded by the foreign powers. It must be admitted that China deserves severe punishment. In a letter sent to this journal by Rev. W. S. Johnston, an American missionary formerly laboring in the Province of Shansi, the statement is made that at least 107 missionaries are known to have been slaughtered, and about the same number are missing, with no hope of their safety. Providentially, he and his wife and five children were away from their station when the outbreak occurred, otherwise they would surely have perished. The Chinese destroyed the whole of the mission property, and as Mr. Johnston brought nothing away with him, he has lost his furniture, clothing and books. The loss of the latter he feels acutely, and writes that if any of our readers would send him at his present address, Taku, North China, a volume or two suitable for a missionary's reading, he would be sincerely grateful. His heart is wrung by the reports of the martyrdom of his converts. As lately as Dec. 3, news came from Shansi of a recent massacre, in which the Governor Yu Hsien, murdered a Catholic bishop and five priests with his own hands. He then seized a number of Chinese Sisters of Charity, and gave them their choice between renouncing Christianity and death. They and 200 pupils were killed with great barbarity. There is, unhappily, no doubt that the Chinese officials have been guilty of horrible crimes. That fact, however, does not justify merciless retaliation on the part of nations professing to be followers of Him who enjoined all who believed on him to love their enemies, and who, when he was cruelly and unjustly treated, uttered that pathetic and magnanimous prayer:

Father, forgive them; they know not what they do (Luke 23:34).

A House Eaten by Ants

The extraordinary discovery has been made by the owner of a house in Baltimore, Md., that during her absence from home a colony of white ants have attacked her dwelling and almost destroyed it. She has been away about three years, but intending to return, sent a servant to put the house in order. As he was going through the rooms he noticed a peculiar weakness in the flooring, and when he entered the library the boards gave way beneath his feet. The great walnut beams have been honeycombed as thoroughly as if they had been attacked by an army of carpenters with gimlets. The floor of the library has been damaged to such an extent that it will have to be entirely removed and the same is true of the floor of the servants' dining room. The joists of the first floor have been attacked by the insects so vigorously that had not their conditition been discovered at this time they would soon have been in danger of collapsing. Even the library shelves have not escaped the pest and it is thought a number of the valuable books are seriously damaged. The extent of the mischief shows that the pests must have been at work for some time, and the pieces of honeycombed wood which are being taken out of the structure bear abundant evidence of the industry of the ant during its residence in the house. Thousands and thousands of the creatures have been engaged in the work. It is a pity that the mischief was not discovered earlier, but while the house was not occupied, the ants could work on undetected. It is so with human character. When Christ does not reign in the heart, temptation undermines principle and the character is in danger of collapse:

When a strong man armed keepeth his palace his goods are in peace (Luke 11:21).

Killed by a Dead Man

A remarkable tragedy is described by a Boer soldier, who witnessed the incident and helped in the burial of the victim. The Boers were examining the top of a hill which a British force had evacuated after a desperate struggle. The dead were lying in all directions as they had fallen, Boer and Britisher touching each other in the long silence which came upon their vigorous life. One figure attracted special notice. It was that of a British sergeant whose death must have been instantaneous. He had been shot through the brain. He was in a sitting posture and his rifle was still in his hands, the barrel resting on a rock in front of him. He had evidently been about to fire when the messenger of death struck him, for his open sightless eyes were directed over the sights on the barrel and his stiffened finger was still on the trigger. A Boer soldier, with a muttered ejaculation of hatred seized the rifle by the barrel and attempted to jerk it out of the dead sergeant's hands. As he did so, he brought the muzzle within an inch of his own breast and the death grip of the sergeant's finger did the rest. The cartridge he had been about to fire when he was stricken down, was fired by that sudden jerk of the weapon in his dead hands, and the Boer fell across the dead body as dead as the man whose weapon he was taking away. Generally death puts an end to the purpose a man cherishes in life, but in this instance the purpose was accomplished more effectually than it might have been if the man had lived. And the strange thing about it was that the victim precipitated his own destruction. Left alone, the dead man could have done no harm, but the mischief he could not do was done by another's foolish vindictiveness.

Wrath killeth the foolish man and envy slayeth the silly one (Job 5:2).

In Prison Thirty-three Years

Among the passengers on a train from Sing Sing to New York, on Nov. 24, was a man who was drawing for the first time in thirty-three years the breath of freedom. In October, 1867, at the age of twenty-nine, he entered the prison, sentenced to imprisonment for life; now at the age of sixty-two, by the clemency of Gov. Roosevelt, he emerges a free man. He was sent up for killing a man in a barroom brawl, and there is the common explanation that he was a peaceable citizen usually, but on the day of the murder he had been drinking. He has been a well-behaved prisoner, having during the whole period of his incarceration not a single complaint against him. He was quite bewildered when he reached New York, having had no idea of the changes that had taken place during his absence. He had known the city well in his young days, but when he was sentenced there were few houses above Central Park, there was only one elevated road in the city, and the surface cars were drawn by horses. The small houses and stores with which he was familiar have given place to high office buildings. He was so nervous at the idea of once again mixing in the busy throng that he begged one of the keepers to return with him and take care of him. During the whole period of his imprisonment he has been seeking a pardon. Every new governor received a petition from him, but all had refused until Gov. Roosevelt took compassion on him. He was quite overcome when the warden went to his cell and told him that he was a free man. They thought he would have fainted, but he speedily recovered and lost no time in putting on citizen's clothes and quitting the prison. Unhappily those who are in the bondage of sin do not always take that course when they are told that Christ has purchased their release.

After ye have known God how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage (Gal. 4:9).

SOUTH GATE OF HEAVEN IN SHANSI, THE SCENE OF MASSACRE OF FOREIGNERS

A New Responsibility

The Court of Appeals of New York State has just rendered a decision which has an important bearing on the relations of employers and employees. The case before the Court was an action for damages brought by a workman who had been injured by the fall of a scaffold on which he was working. The employer argued that he was not responsible, inasmuch as he had supplied proper material for the scaffold and it had been constructed by his workmen. The cause of its fall was its being badly put together by them. The Court, however, rejected the plea. The justices held that the making of the scaffold was not a detail of the work, the responsibility for which is imposed upon the servant, but the scaffold is regarded as a place furnished by the master upon which the servant is to work, and the master is forbidden to permit that place to be unsafe, unsuitable or improper, but is bound so to construct it as to give proper protection to the life and limb of the person who is engaged upon it. The existing law thus makes it the personal duty of the master to exercise reasonable care to see that the scaffold which he provides is safe for his workmen and suitable for the purpose to which it is to be applied. It is probable that this decision will save some lives. If the employer is responsible for the safety of the scafford he will take care to have it properly constructed. It would be well, too, if he concerned himself about the moral and spiritual safety of his employees, for if they go astray through his example or neglect God will hold him responsible.

Ye masters do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening knowing that your master also is in heaven neither is there respect of persons with him. (Eph. 6:9).

BRIEF NOTES

A new law has been passed in Germany, making the Salvation Army one of the religious organizations entitled to recognition and protection by public officials.

A fund is being raised in England, under the patronage of the Bishop of Chester, for acquiring saloon property. The saloons once acquired are to be conducted on rigorous lines for the discouragement of drunkenness. The profits will be applied to the purchase of other saloons.

The death of Dr. Godet, one of the most eminent Biblical scholars in Christendom, occurred recently. He was eighty-eight years of age. He was private tutor to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and to the close of that monarch's life exercised a beneficent influence over him. His published works on the New Testament have been translated into many languages.

Evangelist Edmund F. Goff, who has been commissioned by the General Conference Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church to hold meetings in connection with the Forward Movement, has been laboring at Mercer, Pa. The meetings have issued in a union service, and Mr. Goff proceeded to Lockhaven, Pa., for a week's work in that town.

The work of federation is progressing in several States. Fourteen evangelical churches of the Bergen section of Jersey City Heights recently united with the Federation of Churches. Delegates will be named, and a house-to-house visitation will be made to induce non-church-goers to attend church and send their children to Sunday School.

The announcement is made that the Sultan of Turkey will settle the claims of the American Board Missionaries. It is to be done indirectly by paying the Messrs. Cramps, of Philadelphia, $115,000 more for a cruiser than the firm's price. This sum, on receipt of the Sultan's check, Messrs. Cramps will hand to the Government in payment of the American Board's claims.

The Methodist Episcopal Church heads the list of the world's Methodists with 2,886,389 members, and the Methodist Episcopal South comes second with 1,482,665. In Great Britain, the two highest are the Wesleyan Methodist with 480,652 members, and the Primitive Methodists with 196,408 members. The grand totals of Methodism are as follows: Ministers, 44,569; lay preachers, 133,434; church members, 7,382,146; Sunday Schools, 79,192; officers and teachers, 790,850; scholars, 6,271,748; churches, 80,031.

QUARTERLY REVIEW • By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 30

GOLDEN TEXT, Psalm 65: 11: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

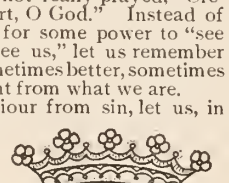
A YEAR with Christ in lessons—has it been that in life? Only so can God's goodness, which has crowned the year, become "my" goodness. It is a strange anomaly that people who do not use the stronger forms of profanity, so often adopt, as a mild substitute, "My goodness!" as if it was something to exclaim about—something to swear by. Beside the goodness of God, as shown in the closing year, and the goodness of Christ, as shown in the lessons of the quarter and of the year and in the history of the closing century and of the nineteen Christian centuries, our own natural goodness fades into selfishness, which every aspiring heart desires to have displaced by Christlike goodness. "Thy goodness!"—that is something worth exclaiming about, as we recall the year and the life of Christ.

In classes for boys and girls at Chautauquas we have used a "crown-book," which can be made by laying twelve white sheets of paper together, with a gilt sheet on the outside at top and bottom, and cutting them all in the shape of a crown, and then fastening them together. On each sheet write the illustrations of God's goodness, and of human goodness derived from him, seen in a month of the year or a lesson of the quarter, or give a half sheet to each, making the review of goodness by months a prelude to the review of goodness in the Christ lessons. For older persons in a "Bible Class" or teacher's meeting or normal class, such a crown-book might well have nineteen leaves, and be used to note, in a series of studies, the spread of Christ's kingdom in the nineteen Christian centuries, which crown Christ Lord of time as well as eternity and Lord of the world. Let each of us "crown him Lord of all" our lives—of its business, its politics and its pleasures.

I. GOODNESS, TRUE AND FALSE, is set in contrast in the first lesson of the quarter. Every journey of Jesus is described in the saying, "He went about doing good." Coming into a Pharisee's house as a guest, he encounters a man sick with dropsy, and healed him. That was Jesus' way of keeping the Sabbath; not by doing nothing, but by doing good. He healed diseases of mind and soul as well as those of the body, frankly rebuking the selfishness and pride he saw in the Pharisees, and bidding them to take large doses of philanthropy to cure it. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

Right beside that radiant goodness the Bible sets, like the contrasts that artists so often make, the sham goodness of the Pharisees, whose religion consisted of rules and ritual, mixed with a pride that sought the highest seats, and a selfishness that invited only such guests as could return the favor, save as they invited Christ to watch and test him. The trouble with the Pharisees, though they were members of the church, and very regular attendants at all its services, was that their hearts were not right in the sight of God. They had not been converted. They chanted the Psalms, but had not really prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Instead of praying, with Burns, for some power to "see ourselves as others see us," let us remember that others see us, sometimes better, sometimes worse, always different from what we are.

Saved by the Saviour from sin, let us, in Christlike goodness, go about doing good, helping the sick, warning the misguided, championing the unfortunate.



II. GOODNESS TO THE POOR AND NEEDY is pictured in the great Supper, at which "they are the guests of God." These holiday times are full of feasts and wishes of joy. "A Merry Christmas!" "A Happy New Year!" are heard on every side. This lesson gives Christ's own picture of the whole Christian life as one of joy, a feast of fat things. And the joy is not the joy of selfishness, but the joy of doing good, of brightening the sad lives of the unfortunate and even of the sinful, by gathering them as welcome guests at God's bountiful table. It is a strange story that many, in the parable, instead of coming to the feast, sent excuses, sham excuses, for refusing a king's invitation to a sumptuous banquet. It is stranger far that such an invitation from the King of kings to dwell in his house forever meets excuses instead of acceptance from so many. Are you at the feast?

III. GOODNESS TO THE LOST—Christlike goodness in that respect, that is what we are to learn from the woman, symbol of the church seeking the lost soul in the light of the Spirit, as she is pictured beside the Shepherd, who represents Christ engaged in the very same search. Let our invitation of Christ include seeking and saving that which was lost, the strayed lambs that the Shepherd loves, the precious souls that bear God's image, though now fallen in the dust.

IV. GOODNESS TO THE PENITENT is tenderly pictured in the parable of the Prodigal Son—not alone God's feeling toward them, but what ours should be. The prodigal's brother shows how not to do it. Dr. Klopsch, in his Bible class, puts large emphasis on the prodigal that did not come back. Let no one think that one can well afford to take the risk of a trip to the "far country," expecting it will be easy to repent and return after seeing the shady side of life. A great majority of the prodigals never come back. There are hundreds of homes where anxious fathers, mothers, wives listen daily for a footfall that never comes. From the swine to suicide of body, or soul, or both, that is the usual concluding chapter of dissipation, rather than repentance and return.

What folly to flee from love! As well may a train jump the track to bring pleasure to the passengers as a soul leave the path that love has marked out to find greater joy.

V. GOODNESS LEARNING FROM SELFISHNESS is the meaning of the strange story of the unjust steward. "The children of light" should be as shrewd, as tactful, as ingenious, as earnest in using right means to attain noble ends, as "the children of this world" and "the children of the devil" are in using means, right and wrong, to attain selfish ends.

It is a reproach that selfish men are so much more alert to win dollars and votes than Christians are to win souls.

VI. GOODNESS IN SETTING HEAVEN AND HELL BEFORE MEN, that they may choose aright—that we see in the story of Dives and Lazarus. When King Saul was plotting to destroy David, noble Jonathan warned his friend David, by a prearranged signal of arrows, which would have seemed like the attacks of an enemy to a stranger, but David knew they were the warnings of a friend. So every passage in the Bible about hell is an arrow of loving warning from the King's Son, who would thus enable us to escape the plots of Satan.

VII. GOODNESS TO THE SICK is pictured in the parable of the ten lepers; not alone the goodness Jesus showed to the sick, but the goodness we should show to them. And let us not forget that God is good in sending sickness as well as in removing it. Pain is God's watchman; sickness, his sentinel.

"Who is the angel that cometh?"

"Pain."

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The writer counts no five months of his life more blessed than those of his most serious sickness, when he pondered the social problems of life while looking in the face of death, out of which pondering came his fullest discussion of these moral diseases of the world. Gen. O. O. Howard, the one-armed general, is wont to say that he planted an arm to raise schools for the colored people. God is "the giver of every good and perfect gift," and of no other kind, not even when he gives night and storm and pain. True faith will enable us, like Isaiah, to put our afflictions in the list of God's "loving kindnesses," but the story of the lepers reminds us that not more than one in ten will even thank God for health and prosperity, and they the lowliest of the ten for the most part. "Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?" They were Jews. "There are not returned to give glory to God save this stranger," a Samaritan—a "good Samaritan" in the rare goodness of true gratitude.

Let us develop like patience by a faith which is more than imagination that enables us to see the Christ at our side in sickness.

This the response, if I my grief should plead,
"Your heavenly Father knoweth ye have need."
Therefore, O God, I cast my care on Thee:
Take Thou my burden now, and I am free.
MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

VIII. GOODNESS TRIUMPHING OVER APPETITE—another St. George and the Dragon victory—is the picture which is presented in the quarterly temperance lesson. The drink habit is indeed a dragon, but the power of Christ is greater, and so victory waits on alliance with Christ, whether the battle be in our own lives or in the world at large. Just at the portals of the twentieth century, when Dr. J. S. Dennis says that intemperance is increasing in the heathen world at large, and when the British Parliament Committee have just reported that the consumption of liquors is increasing in the civilized world also, all should unite in the "new crusade," now well begun, to protect native races the world over against the traffics in intoxicants and opium. Perhaps as keeping slavery out of the territories led to its abolition everywhere, we shall protect all races in protecting the child races.

IX. GOODNESS THAT DID NOT FEAR THE TEST—Such was the goodness of the rich young ruler, who thought himself faultless, and was in reality so clean that he won the special love of Jesus. But when his goodness was fully tested there was revealed a hidden love of money that was stronger than his wish to be good and do good; stronger than the call of Christ. Alas, how often this story repeats itself to-day. Here is a man who seems to be good, but he has not yet been severely tested. He goes into politics, and at the critical moment surrenders his Christian principles to his desire for reelection or promotion. He goes into a business where he is tempted to break the Sabbath, and after a struggle he yields, choosing profit rather than righteousness.

To thoughtful men, the mangled bodies crushed by trolleys are lesser tragedies than the souls that turn away disobedient and sorrowful when brought to the supreme test, the choice betweeu money and Christ. What a soul-searching story was that which Bishop Potter recently told to New York business men of the good woman who had bought the motto, "God Bless Our Home," and asked the young clerk who had sold it, in all sincerity, if he could not supply another motto for her husband's place of business?

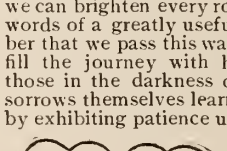
GOD BLESS OUR OFFICE

The shopman looked at her for a moment and without a ray of sarcasm in his voice, said: "Madam, isn't that rather a large order?"

Think of it for a moment. Think of the active business and commercial life of a great city, conceived of in the mind of that young man as being under such conditions that it was absolutely impossible for him to conceive that anybody should want to put up the motto, "God Bless Our Office."

Let us rejoice that many young men have not turned away sorrowful when asked to sacrifice the prospect of wealth and ease in order to devote themselves to doing good.

X. WAYSIDE GOODNESS is pictured in the story of Bartimeus. Not by opening blind eyes, perhaps, save as science enables skilled physicians sometimes to do it, but by pouring light into dark lives in kindly word and deed, we can brighten every road we travel. In the words of a greatly useful man, let us remember that we pass this way of life but once, and fill the journey with helpfulness. And let those in the darkness of blindness or other sorrows themselves learn to minister to others by exhibiting patience under their trial.



XI. RARE GOODNESS DEVELOPED OUT OF GREAT WICKEDNESS, that is what Zaccheus' story illustrates. He who had been the chief of the cheating publicans, at a look and word from Christ repented with a fourfold restitution and a devotion not of one-tenth, but of one-half of his wealth to God. We do not hear that he gave up his business, Better if he went back to show how it could be honestly conducted and filled with prayer.

XII. GOODNESS IN GIVING is the message of the Christmas lesson. In Jesus we receive God's unspeakable gift, and are moved to give to others, not presents alone, but sympathy and helpfulness. What a gift to us all is Jesus, not only as a Saviour and King, bringing pardon and protection, but also Jesus as teacher and example, giving us direction how to live, in childhood and manhood alike.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD"

Beside the Christmas Fire

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MOTHER'S DARLINGS ..

.. ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Don't you hear the sleigh-bells ringing,
Don't you hear the little feet
Of the reindeer flying swiftly
Through the stormy snow and sleet?
Santa Claus likes wintry weather;
At the Pole they do not care
How the white goose sends her feathers
Flying thickly everywhere.

MOTHER'S darlings have hung up their stockings, and they ought to be safe in bed where mother tucked them up at eight o'clock. Usually the sandman scatters the sleep powder over the bright eyes as soon as they kiss mother for good-night, but Santa Claus is too much for them, and on Christmas eve the darlings are wide awake and watching for their friend from the North Pole, long after the accustomed hour of the start to Slumbertown. Never mind. Ethel and Edith, tiptoeing in again for another look at the stockings by the fire, and listening for the fairy sleigh-bells. It is not worth while for you to wait: the dear old fellow is very mysterious, and he does not wish to be seen. Go away to bed and he'll come pelting down the chimney as sure as ever he knows you are asleep.

Yes, I hear the sweet bells jingling,
Silver sleigh-bells sweet and shrill;
Santa Claus is hasting swiftly
Over valley, plain and hill.

Hurry, little sister, surely
He will bring us what we wrote
In a letter that we sent him
By the fastest Arctic boat.

A great many children do send letters to Santa Claus, and the funny thing is that he never gets them mixed up and never forgets a single item of their lists. That shows what a wizard he is, the brave old saint!

List, the merry bells are ringing!
Hark the music overhead;
Angel choirs to-night are singing!
Darlings, hasten back to bed.

Everywhere the world is happy
In the Christ-child's loving care.
There is gladness in his presence
And his grace is everywhere.

A Special Benediction

Surely the prolonged warm weather of this wonderful autumn, which made the days one long procession of delight and enjoyment, must be acknowledged as a special benediction from heaven. The thousands upon thousands of people not necessarily very poor, but of limited incomes, who dread a rise in coal as a drain on their resources, have had reason to be thankful in that the season, for burning fires all over the house has been shortened, sunshine has been poured upon us in unstinted measure, and we have been the healthier for it, since nothing is more depleting to vigor than confinement over the fire in closely shut houses.

Curious Dolls

In the Peabody Museum at Harvard there is a very curious collection of dolls. It is interesting for two reasons: one that it was made by a very good and philanthropic woman, the late Mary Hemenway, and the other that the quaint and droll little figures carved out of cottonwood, are really the gods of the Moki tribe of Indians of New Mexico. Grotesque and funny as these puppets are, they show the striving of the untaught mind to express its crude idea of deity, and in this these idols show a certain kinship with the gods of wood and stone worshiped by heathen peoples all over the world.

The little Moki maidens are allowed to play with their gods, which are often bestowed upon them as prizes after one of the dances, which with those tribes are a religious rite.

Washing Dishes

"If I had to wash dishes three times a day I'd use wooden platters and burn them up."

"Why, Dolly! I'm ashamed of you," said Dolly's mother.

"It's such a grind, you never get done with them. Breakfast, dinner and supper. And it takes such a lot to go round."

"Make the work beautiful, dearest, by thinking of the family, and the happy times they have over their meals, and by washing dishes as they never were washed before, so well, so clean, so perfectly. If you make it lady's work, Dolly, you will not mind it at all."

Her Old Self

She was a woman white-haired, thin, uncomely, and with few traces of beauty, for her life had been full of hardship, disappointment and privation. She was looking over an old trunk in the attic, and down in one corner, under some old clothes, was an old-fashioned picture, called an ambrotype. It was in a little velvet-lined case, clasped. She opened it. There was a young girl, sweet, plump, with lovely modeling of cheek and chin, with a great coil of brown hair, a beauty in her first bloom.

"Grandmother, who is she?" said the girl who was helping sort the attic.

"That was myself at eighteen," was the answer.

"Oh, no wonder everyone fell in love with you," exclaimed the girl, and then, added with quick tact, "They do that still, you have always been so dear and loved everybody so, dear grandmother."

A Nice Sense of Honor

Perhaps nowhere is a sense of honor more evident than in the delicacy which discriminates when we talk about our friends, against telling what they do not wish to have repeated. If by some accident any one learns something about another, which discretion would indicate as a fact which should not be bruited from the house-tops, honor counsels absolute silence on the subject. Herein is a test of good breeding.

Keeping Secrets

The people who can refrain from telling again under pledge of secrecy, the extraordinary secret which has been whispered to them, are few and far between. They are worth their weight in gold when found, but, alas! one has to go many a mile to find them. The better plan is to have no secrets.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—S. Y. T. Why scold? It does no good. Be philosophical. From Solomon's day to the present, scolding women have been unpopular.

—Effie Deans. I know of no certain cure for superfluous hair.

—Theresa. It is enough to send the man the picture. When he acknowledges it, his letter may be answered.

—Bereaved Friend. Do not wear a crape veil over your face. It is very bad for the eyes. Even widows avoid veiling the face at present.

—Sissy. He does not love you, my dear, and probably the young man loves nobody and is just amusing himself with you and your friends.

—Marjorie. The eldest daughter in the family puts Miss Brown on her visiting card. The sisters are Miss Susan, Miss Adeline and Miss Sarah Brown.

—Matron. If you dislike the man who is so attentive to your daughter, yet respect his character, use a little tact. She may be the better judge. Invite other gentlemen to the house, and do not too openly oppose her.

—Wife. In great matters, if the two cannot agree, the husband's voice may settle a case, but I never heard of an American husband who exacted of his wife the implicit obedience of a child. Their home life would not have any fun. Your feeling is perfectly absurd and does injustice to your John.

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"DON'T YOU HEAR THE SLEIGH-BELLS RINGING?"

Around Kriss Kringle

WHO are the young people in these days? I sometimes fancy that nobody is young any more, except the quaint old bodies in white shawls and silver hair who know how to be children with the babies, and the bluff old gentlemen with gold-headed canes and courtly manners, who are children still for all their dignity. The *blase* ones are the young women and the young men, who solemnly tell you that there is nothing new, who suspect the motives under the apparently ingenuous actions, and whose experience of the world thus far leads men to take gloomy views of everything. It was a girl in her sweet twenties who said to me the other day that she found Christmas a bore, and that it held for her no charms. For *her*, on whose head the dear day would heap blessings, and in whose lap it would lay great store of presents, useful, rich and beautiful, things she needed, things she wished for, and things she did not want. Poor child! From the height of my superior years I looked on her with a deep and tender pity. Yet I trust even she will grow into her heritage and be younger bye and bye.

I find my own cheek flushing and my heart beating faster as I count the days until Kriss Kringle's return. Christmas to my thinking never wears out; it is forever new, forever cheery, forever full of music and light, "Still celestial music floats o'er all the weary world" when in the throbbing midnight once again the angels sing. And yet there is a reverse side to the shield.

We have done our best to make Christmas a mercenary festival, and it is largely we who are to blame, if the children and the young people care more on the Lord's birthday for what they are to receive than for what they are to bestow. We older ones, with our appreciation of the day and its privileges have too often thoughtlessly dragged it down to the level of a common day, when the sentiment it wakens is forgotten in that which is sordid and material. Look at the misfit Christmas gifts which go flying about under Kriss Kringle's very shadow, gifts which are purchased simply from a sense of obligation and without the *raison d'etre* of the personal touch. It may be broadly stated, that whenever and wherever Christmas gifts are bought and given without the friendliness of intention and the carefulness of selection which first of all demands that they shall make the recipient happier than he or she could be without them, they have become debased. In the vocabulary of the period they are degenerate.

But because there are abuses you and I need not cease from our delight in all that Christmas brings. Still may we hang up our stockings, still go prowling about the shops with eager wistfulness, looking up the most enchanting surprises for the ones we love best, and still may our hearts overflow with gladness, because there are so many who display their regard for us.

Out of a prison in New York State, a man emerged the other day, a man who had spent thirty-three years within those grim and baleful walls, under a life sentence imposed for a murder committed in a brawl. He may or may not have been the murderer, but a jury thought he was, and a judge condemned him. Into that prison he went a young man, out of it he stepped into the world again, old, bent, and gray, and by the clemency of the governor, took up what fragments of life were left to him, a free man. I do not know whether he found anybody belonging to him alive, whether he was able to get honest work; I do not know anything of him except what the newspaper told, but he keeps coming into my mind as I think of Christmas. A free Christmas, after thirty-three years behind bars. God grant that for him and for all others like him, for all prisoners and prisoners' friends, there may be a little joy on Christmas day.

A Model Social *and* Religious Settlement

HAPPY CHILDREN IN THE SETTLEMENT KINDERGARTEN

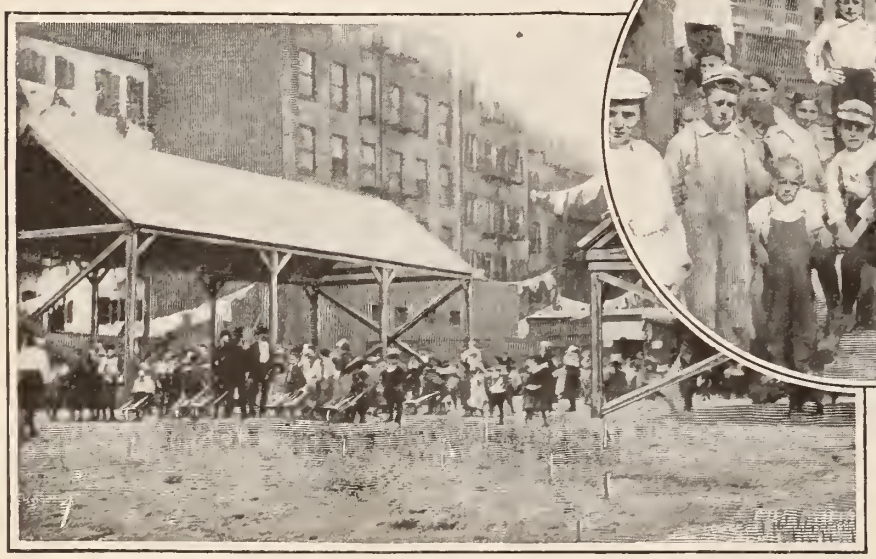
A NEW development in the Union Settlement work, which has been carried on for several years past in New York's upper East Side, furnishes a striking proof of the popularity and efficiency of the particular form of religious socialism expressed in the settlement idea. In 1895, Mr. William E. McCord and one associate went to live in a tenement on East Ninety-sixth street; in two months they took a parlor floor and basement; another worker joined them; two boys' clubs were organized, a little library for children and a Penny Provident Bank were started; next, a men's club came into existence; and so the work grew until it now occupies five houses, 235-43 on East One Hundred and Fourth street; a gymnasium on East One Hundred and First street; and a playground, covering eleven lots, which were kindly lent to the Settlement by Mrs. Cornelia B. Rogers, of Bridgeport. The five houses and the land upon which they stand were purchased for the Settlement's uses a year ago by Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and extensive interior alterations have been made under the direction of Mr. McCord, so that the new quarters now provide attractive rooms for fifteen residents, men and women; a large dining-room and parlor, kindergarten and assembly rooms, rooms for library, girls' and boys' clubs, cooking classes, workingmen's club, etc. As a result of the enlargement, a number of new features are being inaugurated. Besides the People's Singing Class, a branch of Frank Damrosch's great Choral Union, a singing class for children, will be started on its merry way with Miss Frances Bartlett as leader. Mother's Meetings, Helping and Sunshine Mandolin and Forum Clubs and Workingmen's Clubs are well attended. The Union Athletic Club, organized with seventeen members, now numbers three hundred. Monday night receptions, when residents of the Settlement are at home to the men and women of the neighborhood, are much enjoyed. Men from their hard day's work, women from their wash-tubs, come in and have a happy social time; whole families arrive: good music is provided; perhaps a good story is read; maybe a merry game is played.

"We interest a good many workingmen here," said Mr. McCord to the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "They like to gather in the rooms here. We are in the habit of having dinners, at which the men of the neighborhood and prominent outside men, like Mr. Ogden, discuss topics of the day; strikes, effect of machinery on labor, and similar subjects have been brought up." Regular religious services are held every Sunday, and the Settlement has a thriving Sunday School. "We have not left the religious element out of our work," continued Mr. McCord. "We do not find that we have antagonized our Hebrew and Catholic friends by this course. The upper East Side has few Protestant churches, and we felt it our duty to provide services for Protestants in this locality." The benefits of the Settlement are entirely undenominational. The work was instituted, however, by the Alumni Club of Union Theological Seminary, Mr. McCord, a member of this club, acting from the first in conjunction with that body; and the home of the Settlement belongs to the Seminary, to which it was given by Mr. Jesup. One of the reasons of its creation was the establishment of a station, where students of the Seminary could acquire experience in social work. Of the one hundred and forty outside helpers, the larger number are drawn from the Seminary; Columbia College and the social circles of the city are also contributors. Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall is President of the Directing Council; Cleveland H. Dodge is Vice-President; Chauncey H. Goodrich, Secretary, and Robert C. Ogden, Treasurer.

The reports from many cities on both sides the Atlantic show that among all the devices for improving the condition of the poor, none has been so successful as the organization to which the name of "Settlement" has been given. The Settlements vary in their management in different localities, but in all cases the principle of contact is the one on which reliance is placed. The work usually begins by hiring a commodious house situated in some densely populated neighborhood. A number of well-educated Christian persons agree to go and live in it for certain periods, in relays that some of them are always in residence. In permanent charge there is a head worker, who generally receives a salary. Once established, the workers try to make acquaintances with their neighbors. They are hospitable and give a cordial welcome to visitors. No attempt to preach or lecture them is made, but they are encouraged to regard the newcomers as friends. The Settlement workers soon find out the needs of their new neighbors. Sometimes the first step is a musical evening once or twice a week, when the men will come to the Settlement instead of going to the saloon, and the tired women have an evening's enjoyment. Sometimes the walls of the Settlement are covered with beautiful pictures lent by friends of the workers, and the exhibition is opened free of charge. Gradually clubs are organized among the young people for various objects, and all have a free meeting-place in the Settlement. Mothers' meetings are also popular, and there is generally a club or two for the men. It is seldom that much, if any money, is given away in such institutions. In an emergency or any serious trouble, help is often rendered, but charity, as the word is generally understood, is not cultivated. The object sought is rather by friendly interest or by example to induce habits of economy and clean, wholesome living, and by providing innocent amusement to wean the people from evil places. It has arisen from the desire the wiser Christians of our day have developed to follow in the footsteps of the Master, who showed his love for the human race by coming and living among the people he sought to save.

Another valuable feature of the Settlement system consists in the fact that residents become acquainted, as they could in no other way with the conditions and needs of districts in which they live; and being persons of large intelligence and culture, are able to wield influence in municipal affairs and to work reforms which the community itself has not known how to secure; or perhaps, has not considered of sufficient gravity to demand remedy—so inured do we become to an evil that is ever present with us. Thus, bad sanitary conditions, possibly unrecognized by the neighborhood itself, though productive of much sickness and suffering, attract the Settlement's attention; proper representation is made to rightful authorities and correction ensues. The evil demanding removal may be one which menaces the morals of the community.

Settlements are always attractive places to visit. Tourists, passing through the large cities here and abroad, will miss seeing one of the most interesting phases of city life, if they should fail to visit such places as the Hull House, the Commons, the Union, University, College and Gospel Settlements. In these places "the rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."



(1) MERRY TIMES IN THE BIG PLAYGROUND

(2) AFTER SCHOOL

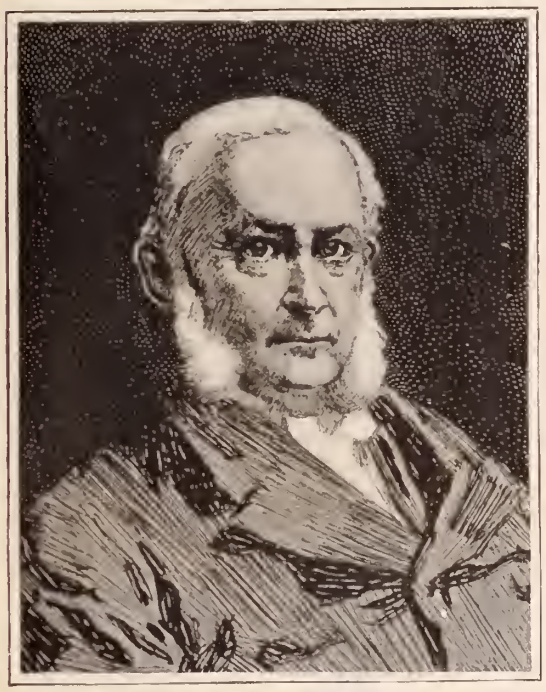
(3) THE READING ROOM OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB

WILLIAM E. M'CORD, SUP'T

The Dead Veteran

Death of Dr. Edward W. Gilman, Nearly Thirty Years Secretary of the American Bible Society . . .

MANY a heart has been filled with sorrow by the announcement made on December 4 that Dr. Gilman, the senior secretary of the American Bible Society, was dead. He had labored so long and so faithfully for the cause that he loved; he had been so helpful and so courteous to all who sought his assistance; he had been so useful to churches and missionary societies through a long period of service, that he had won a host of friends, who now mourn his departure. So quiet and unostentatious was he in his work that few understood how extensive it was. Now that he is gone, we realize with sadness how large a place he filled and how effective his labors were. A man of excellent judgment, his advice was often sought in matters of grave moment outside his own sphere, and it was always given with care and wise consideration. In his work he was one of the most conscientious of men, with a passion for accuracy and exact statement, in which the smallest fact was carefully verified and presented in appropriate words. He was an ideal secretary, painstaking in all his efforts and devoted to his duty. Coming in contact with ministers of all denominations, his dignified courtesy impressed every visitor, who, whatever might be his creed, was received as a brother in Christ.



THE LATE DR. EDWARD W. GILMAN

Dr. Gilman had nearly reached the Psalmist's estimate of the span of human life. He was seventy-eight years of age, and had been twenty-nine years in the Bible Society's service. His father, Mr. W. C. Gilman, came to New York from Norwich, Conn., when his distinguished son was only a boy. He was connected with Dr. Cheever's church and afterwards with the Tabernacle, now at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. He sent his son to Yale College, where he graduated with high honors in 1843. It was no slight tribute to his scholarship that he was invited to serve as a tutor in the university while he was pursuing his theological studies in the seminary. After his graduation he accepted the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Lockport, N. Y. Subsequently he became pastor of a church at Cambridgeport, Mass., and still later of a church at Stonington, Conn. In all these churches his tact and energy in the performance of all his duties won the respect and admiration of his people, and the churches prospered under his care. In the spring of 1871, the directors of the American Bible Society, seeking a secretary whose personality would combine many rare qualities, were advised to offer the office to him. He cheerfully accepted, and in May of that year began his work. From that time forward his life was a very busy one. In conducting the correspondence with a host of agents at home and abroad, in superintending the translation and distribution of Bibles in many dialects, and in the preparation of reports of the Society's work, he had exhausting duties to perform, but they were all done with the efficiency, exactitude and punctuality which were a part of his nature. Of late years he had borne in addition a burden of sorrow. His beloved wife, a daughter of the Senior Professor Silliman, of Yale, and whose sweet tenderness and love had made his home a delight, was called hence, and there were other domestic bereavements that weighed heavily upon him; but he turned with characteristic piety to the consolations of religion, and was comforted. With the thoughtfulness for others which is found in every Christian of the highest type, he set himself to give to others who were mourning the loss of loved ones, the consolations which had supported him. He wrote a series of five booklets, which were published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York, at ten cents each, which are among the most helpful of all works for the bereaved believer. Their titles are: *Before Easter*, *From Easter to Ascension Day*, *Living, Though Once Dead*, and *A Doubting Disciple*. Many a broken-hearted Christian reading them has learned to kiss the rod, and to look up through his tears to the All-loving Father, who "does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." They speak the sweet docility and unwavering faith that were so prominent in the man whose death we now mourn.

ROBT. P. WILDER DR. W. W. WHITE

Leading Officers of the Theological Seminary College Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. College Work

THE young men who are studying for professions are among the most neglected and the most fiercely tempted on this continent. The probabilities are that many of them will never be won for Christ, unless it be during their student days. To reach these young men, the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. about five years ago established a student department, which has resulted in the organization of nearly six hundred Young Men's Christian Associations in colleges in the United States and Canada, including forty-eight negro schools and colleges, and five Indian schools. The immediate object is to organize and develop strong associations in all North American institutions of learning in which there are young men. A further object is to reach all universities, theological seminaries and colleges, law colleges and schools, medical colleges and schools, colleges of surgery, dental schools, schools of pharmacy, veterinary schools, institutes of technology and various classes of engineering colleges, agricultural colleges, military and naval academies, normal colleges and schools, and preparatory schools and academies.

Among the most valuable agencies in promoting the development of the associations are conferences and conventions. First among these student gatherings are the four summer conferences held at Northfield, Mass.; Lake Geneva, New York; Asheville, North Carolina, and Pacific Grove, California, each attended by hundreds of students from over three hundred universities and colleges. At these conferences, which continue in session ten days, young men are trained for the leadership of the Bible classes, missionary study classes, volunteer bands, and other departments of the associations. Of almost equal importance are the various presidential conferences held each year in several sections of the continent. In these conferences during the past year the presidents of over two hundred associations received thorough instruction in the duties and responsibilities of their peculiarly important office. There are now nearly one hundred more associations in the movement than there were four years ago. Among the institutions in which associations have been formed recently are the Harvard Medical College, Columbian University, Bowdoin College, the Michigan State Normal School, Wake Forest College, Howard College, the Universities of Nevada, Montana, Arizona and Oklahoma, and the colleges in the Hawaiian Islands.

Conversions in colleges, as a result of Y. M. C. A. work, have been more numerous during the past four years than during any similar period. Not a year has passed in which there have not been real spiritual awakenings in different parts of the student field. These are not confined to denominational colleges, for some of the most remarkable spiritual movements have taken place in the State universities.

In the Bible study department of the College Y. M. C. A. great progress has also been made. Four years ago there were over 8,000 young men in association Bible classes. During the past year not less than 12,000 continued in such classes two months or more. Taking the world as a whole, the Christian movement among students has advanced during the last four years by leaps and bounds. There has been no period like it in the history of the world. It has witnessed the extension of the Volunteer Movement from North America and Great Britain to other Protestant lands, and also its introduction among the students of the Orient. Above all, this period has been signalized by the origin, formation, and firm establishment of the World's Student Christian Federation, which unites all the Christian student movements of the world, and thus includes over 1,200 student associations, with a membership of over 55,000 students and professors.

Among the officers of the College Y. M. C. A. are Cleveland H. Dodge, Chairman, and Secretaries Dr. W. W. White, Robert P. Wilder, and John R. Mott.

Singing to the Prisoners

CHAPLAIN J. P. Munro, of the Tombs Prison Gospel Mission, has this year made a special effort to bring some of the holiday cheer and gladness to the inmates of the city prison. On Thanksgiving he arranged a special song service in their behalf, and after the usual holiday dinner, the prisoners for a while forgot their sorrows in listening to the singing of Miss Hildebrand, "the Gospel Nightingale." It was touching to see the prisoners, old and young, crowding forward to the barred doors of their cells, and joining in the chorus of the grand old hymns.

Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks the Author

The remarkably interesting article in our Million Edition, entitled "How They Found Christ," and relating the stories of the conversion of Bishop McCabe, Rev. Francis E. Clark, and Dr. James Gray, should have been credited to the pen of the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, who has for several years been one of the best-known contributors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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No disease is older.

No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.

There is no excuse ever for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, among which are glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets catarrh, wasting and general debility.

John Brearley, Potter Hill, R. I., had a "large scrofulous bunch" in his neck; the little son of Mrs. Minnie Spear, Parishville, N. Y., had a "large scrofulous sore"; the little grandson of A. E. Withers, Longview, Ark., "had scrofula very bad."

According to voluntary testimonials, they were effectively treated by

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VEST POCKET COMMENTARY on International S. S. Lessons for 1901. By D. M. TOMPKINS, D.D., **RIGHT TO THE POINT.** Contains lesson text with lesson outline, daily readings and a large quantity of comments and other helps. *Nothing so helpful to the busy teacher or pupil.* Cloth 25c; Ker Morocco 35c; Interleaved for Notes 50c; postpaid. Agents wanted. **Geo. W. Noble, 98 Market St., Chicago**

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It Is a Certainty That Catarrh can be eradicated. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. Mailed free with valuable booklet. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

I NEED AT ONCE the services of one Christian person in each town. Salary guaranteed. Enclose stamp for reply. **R. S. MIGHILL, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.**

Catalogue of Famous Maryland made-to-order clothing free. Lithographed Catalogue of Famous Maryland Carpets free. Freight paid on carpets, expressage on clothing. **Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 21 S.**

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Delicious Biscuit, Griddle Cake and Doughnut

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The First American Frigate*

HE (Paul Jones) was in New York the 21st of April, 1775, when the news of the battle of Lexington reached there. He heard early in May that two French frigates had put in at Hampton Roads. He at once loaded his sloop with delicacies of the season and ran down to the Roads, where he found the two frigates under command of Commodore de Kersaint, senior officer, with "the Sailor Prince of France," Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke de Chartres, second in command.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which was soon to prove of vast value not only to Paul Jones personally, but to the cause of the infant nation at large. When Jones reached the deck of the frigate *La Terpsichore*, the young duke greeted him cordially, and then Jones informed him that his sloop alongside was laden with fresh provisions from his own and neighboring plantations, which he begged His Royal Highness to accept. He made no secret that his object was to obtain information as to the plan, design and construction of hull, arrangement of battery, spars, rig, and other technical particulars, for the guidance of the Marine Department of the new American Government, which he assured them would be formed within two months.

Kersaint was naturally conservative, as he was the senior French officer on the coast and had just heard the news from Lexington, which made the situation delicate for neutrals. But the young Duke de Chartres took an enthusiastic fancy to Jones and allowed him to obtain the most complete data of the new frigate, even to copies of deck plans and sail plan, which he caused his carpenter to make. Jones was the guest of the Frenchmen two or three days and invited them to visit his plantation. But the outbreak at Lexington had made it impolitic for them to accept entertainment ashore from persons known to be hostile to King George, and they sailed away. It is worthy of remark that the American frigate *Alliance*, built a year later, was constructed almost precisely on the dimensions and general lines of the new French frigate *La Terpsichore*, and mounted exactly the same battery.

The Business Woman.

MANY young women belittle their employment by going to it in the spirit of martyrs who pity themselves, or by bringing to it merely the mercenary motive. Self-pity is the badge of weakness, and work done for money alone is never noble work. The amount earned may indeed measure the worker's talent, and it is a legitimate object to toil well and worthily for honorable hire, but one must not be sordid; one must dignify the work for its own sake; one must care for the enterprise, and the business house, and the work she is doing; one must do every day the very best she can, not because pay day will reward her, but because she is a child of God, and it is a part of her bounden duty to serve the present age.

The young woman who is a stenographer must be painstaking and accurate. Her spelling, her punctuation, her typewriting must be clean and free from blunders. She may never rise very high, but where she is she must be as perfect a thing as the rose on the stem, as steady as a star in the sky. If she undertake domestic work—I wish more young women would do so—she must enter a house to be its comfort and help in a real and earnest relation to the family. In any place where she works for a weekly salary, or where she works by the piece, she must know how to do what she undertakes and to do it invariably well. The business woman must take pride in the fact that she belongs to a host of most honorable women, and wherever she stands around her there must be a serene atmosphere of contentment, and about her the cheerful aspect of a happy and useful being, who knows herself of consequence in her place.

A prerequisite to success in business life is a uniformly high rate of health, and the young woman who best cares for her physical well-being will in the end surpass her who is pallid, flat-chested, and easily tired. To breathe deeply, to exercise regularly, to sleep soundly, and to eat nutritious food, avoiding sweets and eschewing pickles and condiments, are among the business woman's cardinal necessities. Her dress must be neat and simple. Tidy and comely she may properly be, never noticeably dressed, nor overloaded with frills and furbelows, nor decked with much gayety of color.

I am sometimes asked whether our young girls in business are not subjected to a variety of temptations and whether they are not peculiarly unprotected. My answer is that a young girl who is preoccupied with her work, is so impersonal in its exercise that the large majority of men with whom she associates do not think of her in her feminine character at all, they take her on her merits as a fellow-worker. As for herself, she is a girl working for her own living; she is a daughter or a sister, helping the dear ones at home; she has better things on hand than the silly gratification of being admired and complimented. When her day's work is finished, the girl who has been absorbed in task work should slip out of harness and enjoy leisure if she can, and if she have other cares to press on her mind and heart, she should conscientiously enter upon change of occupation. Having done her very best all day, let her consider that page ended. Above all things, let her not worry over any possible shortcoming, or dread any possible happening of another day.

*From *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy*, a History by Augustus C. Buell. With six illustrations, appendix and index, and a facsimile of an autograph letter from Paul Jones to Washington. The frontispiece in Vol. I is a fine reproduction in color of a miniature of the naval hero. Navy blue cloth cover; gilt top; pp. 701; two volumes; price $3. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

†*Winsome Womanhood.* Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct, by Margaret E. Sangster. This book is a valuable mentor and charming companion for the maiden, the wife and the mother. Mrs. Sangster is so well known to our readers, and so beloved by them, that the mere mention of her name as the author of a book is its sufficient recommendation. *Winsome Womanhood* would be a happy choice as a Christmas gift. Illustrated, pp. 260, price $1.25, published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The College Warden. By Henry A. Fairbairn, M. A., M. D. This is the record of a life full of stimulus to all, and especially the youth who come in contact with it. Pp. 154, illustrated, price $1. Publisher, Thomas Whittaker, New York city.

Heart Sketches. By Alice Lancaster. A collection of brief essays, in dainty booklet form. The illustrations are by Bertha W. de Vries, a student of Cooper Union Art School. Price 30 cents. Address Alice Lancaster, Montrose-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Helen Beaton, College Woman. By Adelaide L. Rouse. A bright story of girls' college life of to-day, into which several romances are very naturally woven, together with the heroine's experience as a worker for God and a better life among factory girls. Pp. 292. Elegant cloth cover. Illustrated. Price, $1.25. A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Benedicite. Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God. By G. Chaplin Child, M. D. The author, at home in the departments of natural science, seeks by happy illustrations to show how every advance in our knowledge of the natural world will, if rightly directed by the spirit of true humility, advance us in our knowledge of God himself. Pp. 376. Publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

Caisson to Parapet, by John Hall Richardson. The story of the evolution of a great fire-proof building from foundation to roof. This is the record of the construction of the first fire-proof building in New York under the new Building Law, and is one of interest to all who are contemplating the erection of churches, libraries, office buildings and halls of public assemblage. Fully illustrated; price, 20 cents. The Insurance Press, New York City, publishers.

Select Notes. A commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1901, by F. N. and M. A. Peloubet, illustrated. Thousands of Sunday School teachers have learned the value of this excellent work in past years. This is the twenty-seventh annual volume, and it fully sustains the reputation of the series. We know of no work so valuable to the teacher, as it is not only a commentary rich in explanatory matter, but contains in convenient form suggestions for teaching the lessons to children of all ages. Pp. 375; price, $1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston and Chicago.

A WINNING BOY.

Earns His Medals by the Use of Good Food.

A Vicksburg, Miss., boy, J. B. Smith, corner Grove and Third streets, says: "I have been studying very hard to try and beat my room in examination. I have been eating oatmeal and cream for breakfast all my life. Lately when the hard study began I did not feel well enough to go to school, and there was an examination ahead of me and an exhibition, too.

"I was determined to go through this examination, but felt so sick all the time that I didn't know how to accomplish it. Well, mother saw the Grape-Nuts food advertised, so she bought some and gave it to me for breakfast every morning, and you just ought to see what this food did for me.

"I began to get well at once and grow hearty and fat, in spite of my hard work. Above all that I did beat my room at examination, making a general average that was the highest mark in the room. I am also able to take part at the military drill to-morrow night at the exhibition and will try for the gold medal for general excellence. If you think there is any question about this you can write to Bro. Garbrial, our principal, and he will tell you that it is true."

It is of the greatest importance that parents feed their growing children, during study, on the most nourishing food possible to obtain, and there is no question on this score regarding Grape-Nuts, for the food is compounded of the elements selected from the grains which go to quickly make and rebuild the brain and nerve centers. Any parent can prove this statement by feeding the children on Grape-Nuts. Obtained from any first-class grocer.

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Butlers in the best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

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1 Life-Size Doll, 2½ feet high	$.50
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1 20-inch Topsy "Coon" Doll	.25
1 Baby Ball	.25
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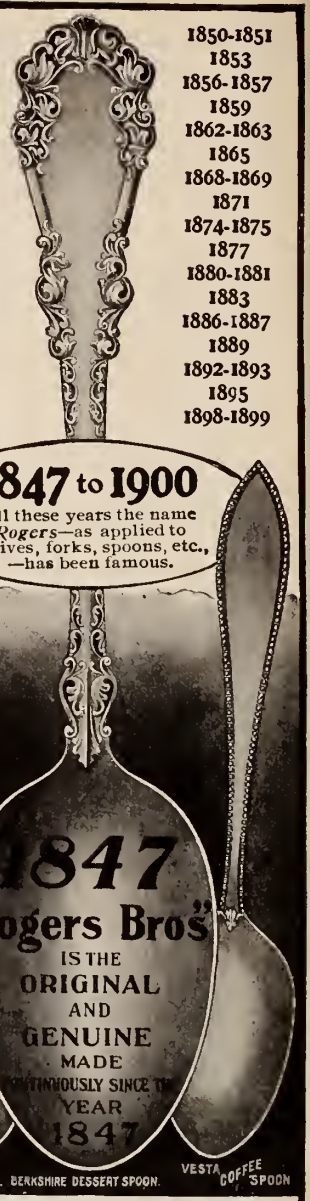

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Conversion of FRANK W. WARNE...

The new Methodist Missionary Bishop of India

WHEN Frank Warne was about fourteen years of age he was given some special work one evening by his father. It happened that just then some boys came by to play, and instead of doing what he was told, Frank went off to play with them. A little later he met his father, who inquired, "Have you done what I told you?" The boy answered, "Yes." The father knew that he had told an untruth, but said nothing. The boy felt rather badly about it, but nevertheless soon fell

BISHOP FRANK W. WARNE

asleep, on going to bed, and slept soundly.

Next forenoon his mother said to him, "Your father slept none all last night." Frank knew that his father was well, and said, "Why didn't he sleep?" His mother said, "He spent the whole night praying for you."

That last sentence was like a bell ringing in Frank Warne's ears, and like an arrow in his heart. He was convicted of sin, and knew no rest until he knew it in the consciousness of pardoned sin. Bishop Warne has always attributed his decision to become a Christian to that night when his father, who was a godly man, kept vigil all night, praying for his boy who had proved untrue. Bishop Warne says to me, "I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for that night of prayer." Surely there is in that sentence from a distinguished and noble public man a good suggestion for many anxious Christian parents.

After young Warne had decided to become a Christian he had great difficulties in understanding how to find salvation. The word "believe" was a mystery to him. How to believe he did not know. He was in darkness for years, and through several series of revival services, he regularly presented himself as a seeker, but all to no purpose. He became desperate, and almost hopeless. No one properly showed him God's promises, and explained how to trust in them. In his desperation and despair, and when he was on the point of going back to the world—though he knew that was only to be lost—he was one morning sitting on top of a straw stack arranging to feed the stock on the farm, and he was meditating what he should do.

Suddenly, there seemed to float in the air before him the words of John 3: 16. And there came to his heart a new hope, as he read, and reread it slowly—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He read it in sections—"God so loved the world." "God," seemed to have a new meaning—"So loved the world—" Frank said to himself, "I am part of it;" and then he read it, "God so loved me." He repeated that several times—then said, "How much is there in the 'so?'"—and answered himself, "That he, gave his only son." His heart said "that is wonderful love," and he read on, "That whosoever believeth in him," and he paused at "whosoever" and recalled the story of Richard Baxter which he had read somewhere, who said: "I would rather have 'whosoever' in John 3: 16, than my own name, for if my name were there, I would at once think it referred to some other Richard Baxter; but I know that 'whosoever' refers to this Richard Baxter." Frank also concluded that his name was in the "whosoever." He had by this time settled it that God so loved him that he had given his son for him, but at once he came upon trouble, for the next words were, "Believeth on him." Then the question of how to believe came up again, as it had a thousand times before. He asked himself, "How do I believe my mother?" And, suddenly, there came like a flash upon him the great truth. That faith was not a struggle, an effort, such as he had been uselessly trying to put forth, but a mental rest. He read again: "That whosoever believeth in him should not perish; but have everlasting life." He at once saw his mistake. It was that he was believing in "him," for he could not think of a statement in the Bible about "him" that he did not believe; but he saw that he was believing in him, and applying the promise to himself, as though it were reversed and read: "Whosoever believeth in him shall not have everlasting life;" that is, he believed in him, but doubted that he would have everlasting life, and believed that he would perish. I am sure that Frank Warne is not the only youth who has gone through a struggle like that.

From that hour on the straw stack, he had a clear idea of what "believing" meant, and he said, "Lord, I will believe (John 3: 16, just as it is written), and I will believe that I shall not perish, but that I shall have everlasting life." He seemed to be satisfied, but when he thought "I do not feel any differently," he was in doubt again. "Faith" and "feeling" had kept him in darkness. He reread the promise, and saw there was not a word about "feeling" in it. He said, "Lord, the giving of feeling is thy part of this work and not mine; I will trust that promise, if I never have feeling. And if I am lost I will say, 'I trusted it and it failed me.'" When he had thus ceased to look for feeling, and had his trust fixed on a definite promise, his heart at once rested, and joy and peace in believing were given him. And, said Bishop Warne, meditating on the matter just before starting to Manila last summer, on his way back to his diocese in India, "I have never doubted that then and there I received 'eternal life' in and through Jesus Christ."

REV. L. A. BANKS.

I Thank Thee, Lord

In all thy goodness, O dear Lord,
I give thee thanks and praise
For health and strength, for friends and home,
For joys that fill the days,

For all my body's varied powers,
For faculties of mind,
For means to lend a helping hand
For others' needs I find;

For all the holy joys that wait
Within thy house of prayer,
For hallowed Sabbath's sweet return—
Foretaste of heaven to share;

For peace amid earth's changing scenes,
Comfort in sorrow's hour,
Assured of victory over death
By thy own love and power;

For glorious hope beyond the grave
Of life immortal given,
In peace and joy with friends beloved—
Our Father's home in heaven!

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE G. HOLDER.

Sad at Parting With Samantha

Dear Editor:—It makes me sad to think of parting with the delightful society of "Josiah Allen's Wife." I have read much in my day, of romance, history, poetry, philosophy, religion, governments, revolution, reformation, the tragedy and comedy of human life, serious, pathetic, humorous, ludicrous, but I never read of more of all these woven into a harmonious, delightful story than that of "Around the World with Josiah Allen's Wife." As for the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there is but one Dr. Talmage, with that tremendous grasp of thought, which takes in so much of the experiences, desires, needs, and aspirations of the soul, and then with polished speech directs to the Christ as the source of all supplies for the wants of man, I sometimes think, when reading his sermons, and as "Aunt Samantha" says, with not a "dry eye in my head, not one"—that he must know my life history—and is talking to me. God bless the able and large-hearted proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the HERALD itself.

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A JAPANESE . . . MISSION BURNED

It was at Noshiro, and was Established by Christian Herald Readers Years Ago

SOME six years ago I visited a large town in Akita Prefecture, one of the largest and most prosperous northwestern provinces of Japan, and was providentially helped in securing a place for an Evangelistic service. The old theatre was crowded. Fully 2,000 or more attentive hearers were present at the meeting. At its close, I asked if any wished for a copy of the Scriptures or a few tracts, whereupon it seemed as though the whole multitude rose to their feet and rushed to the platform, crying—"*dozo Kudasai*"—("Give me some, please.") But I only had a half dozen copies and what were these among so many? I was so sorry not to have the loaves to feed the multitude, and so requested the names and addresses of those who received none, promising to come to Noshiro soon again with a boxful of Bibles, etc.

Upon returning to my home in Hirosaki I wrote to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a short account of that service, which you were kind enough to publish in your valuable paper, with the result that upward of $350 were sent me by many of your kind readers all over America and Canada. And so the box was in due time taken to Noshiro. Calls were made on the people in their homes, their names written on the flyleaf of the Bible, which we were so pleased to present in the name of the dear old CHRISTIAN HERALD. Not only was this done, but we had enough money left to buy a piece of land in the central part of the city, near one of the three large Buddhist temples, which tower right up in the midst of the place. Upon this lot we erected a small dwelling for an Evangelist and also a hall for services. The whole property did not cost much, but it was nicely suited for the work. At first it was difficult to get a suitable man for the place, and so the effort did not meet with the success we had hoped for. Latterly, however, one of our oldest, most experienced and devoted Evangelists has taken up the work in Noshiro and some blessed results have been secured. Mr. Kawamura, a political leader, has been wonderfully converted and has gone to Akita City to establish a home for ex-convicts, following Mr. Hara's example, with whom many of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are well acquainted. A leading Shinto priest is also an earnest enquirer, and the Custom House manager is a candidate for baptism. A large number has been converted, a Sunday School established, regular services are maintained and in every way a successful work has been in progress.

But alas! a short time ago the following letter was received from the Evangelist, which I will here transcribe in his own English phraseology:

"Reverend Sir:—Yesterday, at the close of our morning worship of God, when I had baptized three adults in Christ, a big conflagration took place. Seven hundred houses were burnt, four persons killed, ten wounded, besides other sad calamities. Our home and God's house were taken by fire shortly after the alarm, for the fire occurred windward a short distance from us. The weather was hot as well as windy, and all things were ready for the blazes. I should have lost all my few earthly things had it not been for the timely help of Mr. Kana, the traveling agent of our Scripture Union, who says that I baptized him fifteen years ago in Nayasaki, which event I cannot recall. Now I thank God that all my family escaped this fiery trial, although most all my books and clothing has ascended in the chariot of Elijah. We are now seeking refuge in the public school building, with 300 families. Please pray for Noshiro, that her sin and idolatry may be purged as by fire. Can you not rebuild our fallen Zion? I do not wish to surrender this Peking of Satan's stronghold. Please do not call me elsewhere. Let me stay here, and suffer and work for my dear Saviour. The members will all help a little to rebuild, but now their own homes are gone and they are too poor. Do you think better days must not come for Noshiro? I pray God to open her eyes widely as Christ did the blind Samarian woman at father Jacob's well. Pray for me. T. KIKUCHI."

I have felt, all along, that this Noshiro work belonged to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a very providential way, and feel that it is now my duty to write this account of our affliction for your paper, so that the friends may know the circumstances of the case. Since receiving the above letter I have visited Noshiro, called the members and enquirers together, discussed the situation fully, prayed earnestly about it and decided to build if the means were forthcoming. The friends in Noshiro will do all they can, but what do our friends in America and Canada say? JNO. W. WADMAN.

Hakodati, Japan.

We commend the Rev. Mr. Wadman's letter to our readers. He is conducting a most excellent Christian work in Japan and deserves their most cordial sympathy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will brace you up for the cooler weather of the coming season. Good circulation of purified, vitalized and enriched blood will keep you warm and healthy.

Orphan Friends in Many Lands

From the most distant parts of the globe letters come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclosing contributions for the support of India famine orphans. Sympathy for the little homeless and friendless waifs is world-wide. From many such letters we have selected a few from friends in lands far apart, and these are printed below:

Dear Sirs:—I have the pleasure of forwarding to you two pledges (fifteen dollars each) for the support of an orphan boy and girl in India. The boy will be paid for by the C. E. Society of the Church of the Divine Redentor (Spanish) and the girl by the American Society of the Union Evangelical congregation, both of this city. We prefer children in the Congregational Mission.

MARY F. LONG.

Guadalajara, Mexico, Apartado 13.

Dear Christian Herald:—We have sent $15 by to-day's mail to you, to be used for the support of one famine orphan (girl). We ask that she be brought up under either Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist influences, and trained for active service in the missionary field. We hope to be able to continue her support as long as is necessary, and will send money from year to year for it. F. H. BILLINGS.

Munich, Bavaria.

The Christian Herald, New York:—My two little boys, Burnham and Stanley Dell, wish to provide for one India famine orphan for one year, and enclose you a check for $3.75 for first quarter. They also wish to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year. We are living for the winter at San Remo, Italy. W. A. DELL.

Villa Luigia Ponente, San Remo, Italy.

Christian Herald, New York City:—We are sending in this one-half year's support for an orphan; wish we could send in all at once, and will probably send balance before the half-year is gone. We prefer a girl of some eight or twelve years, one of eight much preferred. We shall be glad to hear directly from the child as early as possible and will then consider name, etc. May God richly bless you in all your work, is our prayer.

ROBERT A. AND DAISY D. S. MILLAR.

San Luis Potosi, S. L. P., Mexico.

Dear Sir:—My reasons for sending so far are that I spent a large part of my ministry in America and that I have not seen any object of the same kind recommended in this country.

REV. A. B. THOMPSON.

Viewmount, Keith, Scotland.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT.

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of my excessive nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'we drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"Just a little thought convinced me that one should not take a stimulant such as coffee, but really should have the best food to nourish the brain and nerves, and that nourishment was found in Postum.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich, delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the schoolroom with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."—F. Scott, Warrensburg, Mo.

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A GOSPEL AUTOMOBILE

CAPT. J. D. TAYLOR, the "Sailor Evangelist," of Chicago, who has been traveling about the country, over various railroad lines, in a chapel car, is now building a Gospel automobile to take the place of the car.

"If more work," he writes, "were done among the men in our factories, railroad shops and mines, among the men that will not go to church, there would be less strikes, more contented men and happier homes and more trusty men than we have now.

CAPT. J. D. TAYLOR
The "Sailor Evangelist"

The Chapel Car can go only where rails are laid, but an automobile can go anywhere. I purpose to preach the Gospel to the men from the wagon, and sell them Bibles and give them such literature as will be a benefit to them. I hope to build a number of wagons, each of which will cost about $3,000. Evangelists and competent men will be put in charge of each wagon to carry the Gospel to those who will not go to our fashionable churches. This work will be undenominational, for the benefit of all. We shall carry the Gospel to hamlet, town and city, railroad shops, factories and fields.

"The outfit will consist of a wagon run by a powerful gasoline engine, so that we can run from twenty to forty miles an hour, according to the roads. The box will be eight by ten feet; there will be a door in the rear, and on the right side as you go in there will be a folding bed, and on the left a set of drawers to carry Bibles and tracts. Back of the seat will stand the organ and a platform for the preacher. The body of the wagon will be painted white, with Scripture mottoes and the name of the car in gold. There will also be a tank running the full length, on top, for the gasoline, so that it will be absolutely safe, and around the top an iron railing to hold the tent. This tent will be sixty by one hundred and twenty feet with jointed pipe iron poles, so that they can be carried on top of the wagon. Thus the wagon can run into a town, pitch the tent, run out on the street corners, sing a song, give a few minutes' talk and invite the people to the tent. The tent will be made so that the wagon can be run into it at the back, thus enabling us to use the wagon to preach from."

THE GOSPEL BATTLESHIP IOWA
JESUS IS COMING
For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
John 3:16.
For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?
And as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

CAPT. TAYLOR'S GOSPEL ON WHEELS

Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree

Last year, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD provided a wonderful Christmas tree in one Bowery home. It was twenty-two feet high, and through their generosity a thousand little waifs received useful presents and toys, with which it was laden. Never was anything done for the children of the New York East-Side which created such a sensation. For hours before the appointed time, the streets were thronged with little half-clad children, with shawls over their heads and with anxious faces, watching to see the Mission door open. Some had never seen a Christmas tree before; some even had never heard before of Christ. Do you wonder now that the cold days have come, which bring frozen fingers, that they run after us on the street to know "when the Christmas tree is coming," and as they run after us, it gives us courage to run after you, dear friends, to plead again their cause. Under the glory of your Christmas tree, it is easy to tell these little suffering ones that Christ loves them, and that it is he who has put it into the hearts of his friends to send all these good things to them, on our Christmas day. Please send gifts of money for our Christmas tree to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. SARAH J. BIRD.

Two Wedding Anniversaries

In these days when, through the mills of the divorce courts and other sad happenings, so many cases of wretchedness and wrong in married life are brought to public attention, it is reassuring to reflect that the marriage which is the exception and not the rule is the marriage to attain notoriety, and that quiet, happy unions rarely find their way into the papers. Sometimes, however, through some unusual circumstance, public regard is attracted to some peaceful home, which stands out as a bright and beautiful reminder that marriage is not a failure, but an institution blessed of God.

On the same day, December 1, there were celebrated, in different States, two remarkable anniversaries. In Goshen, N. Y., Mr. David Post, aged ninety-one, and Mary Ann, his wife, aged eighty-six, were congratulated on their seventieth anniversary of their wedding-day. Five generations, numbering seventeen people, gathered about them at this joyous time and wished them many another year of loving companionship in the old-fashioned farmhouse, to which David Post, the "deestrict" school-teacher, had brought his pretty wife (who had been one of his pupils) many years ago. In Altoona, Pa., Leonard Saller and Anna, his wife, with children and grandchildren around them, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding-day. At eight o'clock that evening the aged husband, father and grandfather was called by the Angel of Death. The long-wedded pair had prayed that they might "live and die together." After her husband had gone to his last rest, his widow went to her room and knelt. Dr. Miller, the family physician, came in and asked for her. "Do not disturb her," they said; "she is at prayer." "I am a great believer in prayer," said the doctor. "Let me go to her." He returned, saying: "It is as I thought. She has gone to her husband." The good wife was dead.

Is He the Oldest Minister?

Rev. Jerome C. Berryman, of the St. Louis Annual Conference M.E. Church, South, is living, able to preach, has regularly attended conference, but is now blind. He is ninety-one years old, and has been in the ministry seventy-two years. He was a member of that general conference held in New York in 1844, whereby the M. E. Church was divided. He was also a member of the General Conference in Louisville, Ky., where the M. E. Church, South, was established. In a personal letter to a friend, Father Berryman writes from Caledonia, Md., under date Sept. 26:

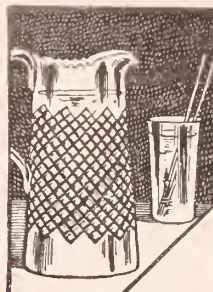
"My personal experience, my dear brother, is that the more we practice self-denial and commune with God in our closets, the happier and more useful are our lives. My present prospects for getting home, which will be only when I get to Heaven, are as bright as ever and as full of comfort. The name of Jesus as my Redeemer is the most precious of all names, and I close by saying:

Happy if with my latest breath
I may but grasp His name,
Preach him to all and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

Father Berryman lives in the little village of Caledonia, next door to the Methodist church, and it is a benediction both to preacher and to audience to have the inspiring old warrior of the cross at every morning service.

Caruthersville, Mo. JOHN SCORE, Pastor.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to hear from other readers, who may know of some still older pastor in actual service.



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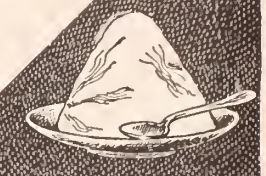

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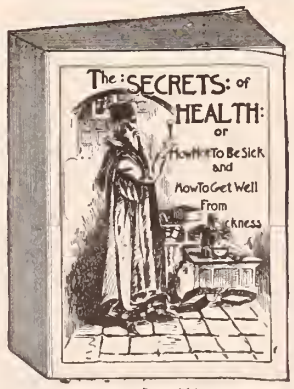

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THE OLD AND THE NEW*

The Essentials of Christianity Not Observance Nor Outward Morality, but a Change of Heart and Spirit

SUCH a warning as Christ gave in his parable of the patch on the old garment and of the new wine in old bottles was very necessary at that time. Even the disciples themselves, conceived of Christianity as an adaptation of Jewish forms and principles. They did not accept the warning, and, as a consequence, there came the embittered dispute about eating meat which had been sacrificed to idols, about the necessity of circumcision and other matters of Jewish law and practice. Eventually, the young church learned that the old wine must not be put in old bottles. They understood more readily than we do the force of the simile. The bottles of that day were made of the skins of animals from which the bodies were withdrawn. The neck served as the mouth of the bottle and the feet were tied up. If new wine were put in the bottles weakened by use, it would burst the skin when it expanded by fermentation. So with the new patch, or rather the patch of unshrunk material, would shrink when it was wetted, and would tear away the old and weaker material, thus making a new hole. Christ was teaching them that his religion was not a mere mending of the defects in the Jewish religion. Applied in that way, it would do more harm than good, for the man so using it would lose the old religion and would not get a new one. The combination would not work.

The need for such teaching is still with us. Nothing is more common than to find an appeal on behalf of Christ, met with a proposal to fix up the existing life on moral standards. The man admits that his life is bad, but he will reform here and change it there. He will quit drinking and swearing and lying, will go to church regularly and behave himself. All this is very good and should be encouraged, but he must not suppose that having done this he has become a Christian. It is probable he will soon discover this for himself. Christianity is not a reformation of outward conduct though it includes that; it is not a matter of church-going though the Christian is sure to go to church; it is a change of heart and disposition. The man who begins from the outside leads a most miserable life. He has to keep his passions and desires in subjection and maintain a rigorous self-command. The inward clamoring of his passions for the usual indulgence, ruins his peace. It keeps him in perpetual turmoil, and the restraint becomes so irksome, and the task of repression so difficult, and the failures so numerous, that he gives up the struggle in sheer weariness. The rent is made worse, and frequently he returns to his self indulgence with increased vigor and becomes a worse man than he was before. The only sure method of reform is the new heart. The source and centre of the evil must be cleansed. Then when the man has learned to love righteousness and hate sin the outward life becomes right as a natural development.

The parable applies, too, to the inconsistent Christian. It is not possible to hold to the world with one hand and to Christ with the other. Christianity does not set well on a worldly life. Christ must be supreme in the heart, or he will not reign there at all. Men are frequently met who rely on an old experience of religion, on having been baptized, on going to communion, and keeping up payments to the church. Every outward ceremony that is suggested is grasped eagerly. Some men will fast regularly, or will scrupulously give the tenth of their income to the Lord—anything and everything but the one essential, without which all the rest is worthless. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. There is no sacrifice, no ceremony, no sacrament that avails one jot in salvation. Not a word is to be said against them in their place; but they must not be regarded as substitutes for the new birth. The only truly consistent life is the one in which the man serves Christ altogether, making him the guide and director of his life, or the one in which he serves the devil wholly. The attempt to make a bargain with God by which certain open and glaring sins are abandoned, certain forms and ceremonies observed, in return for which a ticket of admission into heaven is to be obtained—is a miserable failure. God must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. The path and love he accepts must come from the heart and be true and genuine; otherwise it is worthless. To yield entirely to Christ, to be ready to follow him withersoever he may lead, to be like-minded with him, having the same love of God and of humanity, to seek earnestly to be assimilated to him in thought, word and deed, so that his will is not only law, but our intense desire—that is, to be a Christian.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for December 30. Luke 5: 36-39.

The Charity that Reaches Lowest

THERE are asylums and schools for blind children, institutions for the epileptic, the deaf and dumb. But is there any place for invalid and crippled and deformed and paralyzed children—especially the children of the slums? There is one place in the country that opens wide its doors for this poorest and lowest and weakest class. It is a great, roomy, new, brick building, with sun porches shut in by windows, and seven acres of sheltering pine woods—the Watts de Peyster Home for Invalid Children, in Dutchess County, New York, among the hills north of New York City. Deaconesses, those Protestant Sisters of Mercy, are in full charge. The house will shelter seventy children at a time, and the applications for admission would fill it to overflowing. The pitiful condition of the children knocking at the doors would melt a heart of stone. Heaven, with all its glory, cannot be a greater surprise to us than this home with its joy and delight is to many of these suffering little ones.

One of the children taken into the home last summer was so nearly crazed with the brutal treatment she had received at home that when any one approached her suddenly, even on the kindest errand, she would scream and cry out, "Oh, don't whip me. I didn't mean to do it." The physician said, "She needs no medicine." She is, however, getting well under loving care, and in the wonderful climate of the hills. Another girl of twelve, though almost a helpless invalid, was gradually but certainly being pushed toward the worst of fates by her own mother, when she was rescued and brought to the Home. She is safe and happy now and is getting well. "We shall keep these children just as long as we can," says the deaconess in charge. She "can" keep them just as long as she has for them the simplest support—the plainest food and coal to keep the great house warm. The home has no endowment or support, save only the voluntary contributions of friends. It is in need, and any aid will be appreciated. Any reader interested in this work should address Miss S. L. Smith, Verbank, Dutchess county, N. Y.

Calendars for Everybody

HIGHLY ornamental as well as useful, are many of the illustrated calendars issued for 1901. From Raphael Tuck & Sons, of New York, London and Paris, we have received a collection of most delicate and artistic calendars for the ensuing year. These dainty productions are ornaments fit for the walls of any boudoir, drawing-room, nursery, college dormitory, or private office. Here is an "Alma Mater" calendar of six sheets, poster size, two months on a sheet, each sheet dedicated, in color and verse, to one of the six foremost American colleges. Then there is a most artistic creation devoted to "the Grecian Graces," with appropriate verses by Shelley, Moore, Mrs. Hemans, and Buchanan. Another, "the Longfellow calendar," contains a portrait of the poet in relief, with extracts from his poems, each illustrated with a sketch in color.

Perhaps the handsomest of all of Tuck's calendars is the one in which each month is typified by the flowers of the seasons. This splendid production, a miniatnre art gallery in itself, is further beautified by scenes and selections from Shakespeare. It consists of six sheets, each 17x10 inches, caught together with a silken cord. Besides the above array, there is a Love calendar called "Guardian Angels," for the maiden fair, and one for children, entitled "Days of Delight." All these year cards are in the brightest, cheeriest colors, toned and finished with a degree of refinement, evidencing the publishers' foremost regard for the artistic. Besides the calendars, there is a new illustrated edition of *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, while *Father Tuck's Annual* contains over one hundred pages of new year stories, poems and pictures for the little ones. There are also friendship, engagement and week-day books, with verses from the great poets, and no end of handsome Christmas and New Year cards, all in color, and all suitable as tokens of remembrance at holiday time.

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Character in Eyes and Hair

A MOST INTERESTING STUDY, WHICH MAY BE APPLIED IN EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EXPERIENCE

EITHER the eyes or the hair can be relied upon as a reasonably accurate index to character. In a person's eye his temperament, his mood, or amount of intelligence may be read, while the hair reveals the degree of birth and breeding, and is a barometer of a person's health and mental condition.

In judging character by the eyes, the color, the brightness or dullness, and the shape must be considered. The colors most common to the eyes—brown, gray, blue, hazel, and black, or what is called black—are seldom found in all the purity of the individual color. Regarding the black eye, like the Spaniard's, it is distance only that makes it appear to be purely black, for the reason that the deep yellow brown color is in such strong contrast to the white of the eye that the pupil always appears black. There are also eyes of so bright a hazel as to seem almost yellow, and there are eyes that bear but the often-reiterated remark concerning "green-eyed jealousy," for they are, to all appearances, positively green. They are sometimes beautiful when shaded with long and dark eyelashes, but they are not indicative of a good disposition, and belong particularly to a person of jealous temperament.

Ardor in Black Eyes

Intensity of feeling is to be found in the man or woman who possesses black eyes. Aaron Burr had such eyes. The brown eye, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, shows an affectionate disposition, and the darker the brown—that is, the more they verge on to that deepest of brown color in eyes we are in the habit of calling black—the more ardent, while it is agreed that the affection of persons with black eyes is most lasting of all.

The clear, light blue eyes, of Americans, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of a cheerful disposition, of a serene temper, and of a constant nature. The pleasant, light blue eye with the honest glance, must not be confounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion both of the eyelids and the pupils. Such eyes are indicative of a doubtful and selfish nature.

Very dark blue eyes with something of the tint of the violet show great power of affection and purity of mind, but it is remarked of these that the possessor of such eyes is seldom a person of much intellectuality. It is the universal opinion that blue eyes are more significant of tenderness, and of a certain yielding of purpose, than either the brown, black, or gray eyes.

Gray eyes with a greenish tint are indicative of much intellectuality. They are especially indicative of impulsive, impressionable temperaments—a mixture of the sanguine and bilious—which produce the poetic and artistic natures. The gray eye is an almost universal characteristic of men and women of great intellect. Shakespeare had deep gray eyes, which were remarkable for their near approach to blue. Up to the death of the poet the original color remained. Lord Byron had the gray eye of the poet. Coleridge also had gray eyes, but, like Shakespeare and Byron, the gray was at times, and under mental excitement particularly, tinted with another color.

Eyes of Hope and Despair

A person with a bright eye has naturally a large power of possible development. The bright-eyed one may be stupid, but it is because of lack of development and not of any dearth of natural powers. The hopeless eye is the large, placid ox-like orb.

When the eye is straight, finely arched, clear, transparent and modest, there will be found a frank, hopeful disposition, one easily approached, sensitive and responsive. Persons with narrow, half-closed eyes are more reserved, watchful of danger and cautious. There is a self-restraint in their expressions, and a dispositon to conceal facts and disguise their sentiments.

What Shape Means

Oblique eyes, like those of the Chinese and Japanese, are keen-witted, tactful, quick, artful, and alert.

The drooping of the upper lids is a sign of strong desire to accumulate property of all sorts. Persons with this eye will not only work hard to acquire money, but also knowledge, position, power and friends. They are often talented and are usually fond of games of chance.

The eyebrows, also, are full of meaning. A clear, thick, overshadowing eyebrow, free from bushiness, is always the certain sign of good, sound, manly, mature understanding, though the owner of it is seldom very original or bold, aspiring or adventurous in disposition. Horizontal eyebrows, rich and clearly defined, always denote understanding, combined with coldness of heart and great capacity for framing plans. Wild eyebrows are never found over the eyes of a mild person, while eyebrows waving above the eyes, short and thick, signify capacious memory, flexible, ingenuous and mild good nature. Arched eyebrows show the person to be proud, bold, high-spirited and vainglorious. Eyebrows with short, light hair generally denote a timid, credulous disposition, and such a person is apt to undertake more than he can perform. Black and thinly covered eyebrows signify that the individual will do nothing without much consideration.

Locks Can be Read

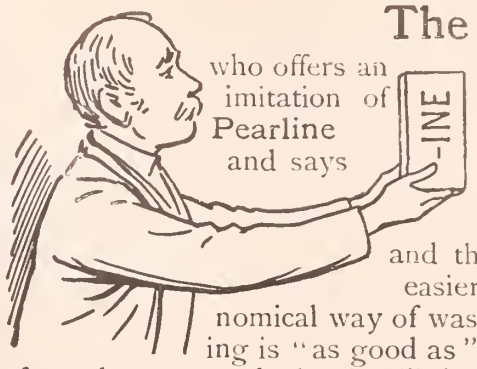
To read character in the hair, texture as well as color must be observed. The finer the hair the gentler the birth or the higher grade the family stock. People with the hair as fine as silk are of very refined tastes, of artistic temperament, but inclined to be moody and changeable. They are apt to be happy one day and depressed the next, but cheerful spirits predominate. They are easily influenced by those they like. They usually reach success in art, music, or literature—Emerson and Longfellow, for instance—and are fine managers, because they generally possess energy and adaptability. A person of common extraction seldom has very fine hair. The locks of such a person may be a crown of glory in quantity and color, but never in quality. Curly hair means that the owner has inherent grace and poetic ease of the body. The closer the ends of the hair cling together the more intellectuality does the owner possess. Jonathan Edwards and Audubon had such hair.

People with fine black hair are high-strung, while those with coarse black hair, if they are smart, are nearly always mean. Men or women with dark hair are more tempestuous than those with light hair. The dark eyes and complexions that go with the different shades of dark brown and black hair denote strong feelings. Black hair that is coarse and lustreless, in nine cases out of ten hides a treacherous and jealous nature.

Blonde and Red Hair

The lighter the hair, the more sensitive and touchy the owner, except in rare cases, where the person enjoys perfect health. Brown hair indicates common sense, good judgment and reason. Men with fine, light hair are, as a rule, smart and assertive. Men with fine brown hair are quick, thoughtful and less apt to be selfish than their very light or very dark haired brothers. Women with pale blonde hair, of the colorless, ashy kind, are impulsive, and changeable; those with dark brown hair the reverse.

People with very light and fine red hair generally succeed in anything they attempt. They are invariably well mannered, and know how to charm, but can be quarrelsome, selfish and irritable at times. Those with rich, dark-red hair are more amiable in every way.



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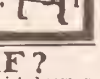

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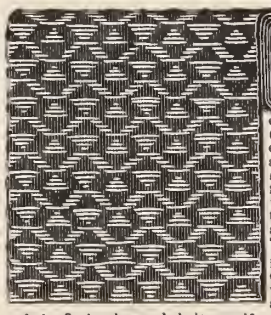

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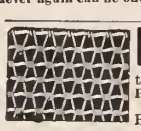

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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WATCHING OUT THE CENTURY IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD

SEE POEM ON PAGE 1083

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered

Jan. 23

1. Can a man be a sincere Christian and belong to a trust or monopoly?
2. Can the argument, that a Christian is a citizen of heaven, and therefore ought not to mingle in the politics of this world to any extent, be supported from the Bible?
3. Is the phrase "a broken heart," wholly figurative?
4. Can a modern church succeed without music?
5. How should a person proceed who having no church affiliation desires to engage in humanitarian work?

Questions of the Week

1. What are the statistics that prove that the world is growing better morally, or worse?

It would be difficult to find statistics that would prove either the one or the other. Even criminal statistics, which would be more pertinent than any other, cannot be regarded as proving that the world's moral condition is improving or deteriorating. The fact, for example, that there are a larger number of persons in prison in one year compared with those ten years previously, might serve to show either that there was more crime or that there was greater activity in detecting and punishing crime. I would prefer to take a broader view to ascertain whether the world is getting better or worse. It is in great movements and in the disposition of the people that I would look for indications. It appears to me that the charitable movements of the time, the effort to alleviate suffering, is such an indication. The number of hospitals, asylums, homes that have been erected during the past century, surely indicate that there is more compassion, more sympathy and brotherhood than ever before. More thought and effort are being spent in alleviating misery, as witness the societies, such as the Red Cross, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Humane Society and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, etc. The special efforts to mitigate the suffering from calamities is another indication of a better time. In the Johnstown flood, in the earthquake at Charleston, and the great famines in Russia and India, there were manifestations of charity such as the world never witnessed before. Public opinion also furnishes an indication. The world's conscience is quicker than of yore. It demands cleanliness of life in public men, and it is prompt to condemn on abstract principles of right and wrong the wrong-doing of a man or a nation. Yes, the world is getting better morally, but I doubt whether the fact could be proved by statistics. ROBERT WYNN.

2. Name some metaphors used in the Bible for national decadence?

A perpetual sleep (Jer. 51: 57); a fallen tree (Ezek. 31: 12, 13); a dead dragon (Ezek. 29: 3, 5); dry bones (Ezek. 37: 2-11); broken branches (Jer. 11: 16); a speckled bird (Jer. 12: 9); a marred girdle (Jer. 13: 10); a trodden-down vineyard (Jer. 12: 10,11); a lost sheep (Jer. 50: 6); a marred potter's vessel (Jer. 18: 1-12); dross (Ezek. 22: 18, 19); scum (Ezek. 24: 6); evil figs (Jer. 24: 3-8); a widow (Lam. 1: 1); gold become dim (Lam. 4: 1); wall with untempered mortar (Ezek. 13: 10-15); a hot oven (Hos. 7: 4-7); morning clouds and early dew (Hos. 6: 4); a silly dove (Hos. 7: 11); a deceitful bow (Hos. 7: 16); an empty vine (Ezek. 10: 1; 19: 10-13).
J. MUDGE.

3. Why should old people who are in good health sit idly by merely because they are old, and not do anything for the Lord, while all around them are sin and wickedness?

The mental and physical strength being well preserved, there is no reason whatever, either scriptural or human. We are plainly told that "He that will not work neither shall he eat." And though in some instances they may be justified in resting in a measure from manual labor, yet how much good work may be accomplished by the aged man or woman for the Master. By the counsel and benefits of their experience during the voyage of life—teaching lessons of warning to younger mariners of the quicksands of temptations, and shoals of doubt to be avoided—and by influence of their patient pious example. We have no record of any idle time being spent by our Lord, and when he announces that "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also," surely none but ingrates would be willing to sit idly by and dream the precious hours of life away whilst the Divine purchaser of our unworthy redemption is thus busily engaged.
MARY READ CHATTERSON.

A HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL AT VAN, ARMENIA

In a letter from Dr. G. C. Raynolds, of the American Mission at Van, Armenia, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a most interesting picture is enclosed, which we reproduce on this page. It shows a harvest-home festival at Zuvastan, a small village near Van. Of this pretty observance, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Ussher, of the American Mission, writes: "Then each boy carried a sickle or a bundle of grain, while some wore hats they had braided from straw, and still others sported more fantastic wreaths of wheat heads. At lunch time we were ushered into a pavilion under the trees, spread with cushions and separated from the rest of the orchard by festoons of fruit and flowers and grain. After lunch, the boys indulged in one of their favorite amusements, a frolic to the accompaniment of a shrill fife and drum."

4. Do Christ's words (Matt. 9: 15) about men fasting "when the bridegroom is taken from them" refer to our days and imply the duty of fasting?

Fasting indicated grief, unsatisfied desire, longing after a happier state. According to Zechariah 8: 19, when the Messiah came the Jewish fasts should be changed into "cheerful feasts." So, says Christ, shall this be true while I am with you; but when I withdraw my visible presence it will cause mourning among my disciples; for a time they will experience such grief as causes men to fast. There is no command in the words "they will fast," but simply the announcement of a future event. The Roman Catholic Church errs in making this her authority for meritorious fasts. "When the true Christian observes a fast, he is influenced by some sorrow of the heart, not by a mere mechanical rule."
G. E. KRAUTH.

5 What are the originals of "Mrs. Grundy" and "Mother Goose"?

"Mrs. Grundy" is a person frequently referred to in the comedy, "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton, 1798. Dame Ashfield, a farmer's wife in the play, is constantly solicitous as to "what Mrs. Grundy will say" in any and every possible event. The interrogation soon acquired a proverbial currency, and "Mrs. Grundy" came to mean "the world." "Mother Goose" was a real personage, belonging to a wealthy Boston family. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married in 1715, by Cotton Mather, to a printer named Thomas Fleet. When their first child was born, "Mother Goose," the grandmother, spent her whole time in the nursery, pouring forth songs and ditties—some new, some old. The singing of the old lady greatly annoyed the whole street and especially quiet-loving Thomas Fleet. But, being a shrewd man, he conceived the idea of gathering together "Mother Goose's" melodies and others like them, and publishing them for the entertainment of the world.
G. E. KRAUTH.

Correct answers have also been received from Glenn B. Walker, Edith C. Robinson, Caroline Schneider, Amelia Hoyt, Susan E. Collier, W. Penn, Nellie M. Cummings, Harvey H. Eaton, Belle Taylor, F. L. Sawyer, C. R. Russell, and Floy Craig.

6. When a party or organization that has encouraged corruption in a city undertakes the work of reform, ought Christians to help them or act independently?

Independently, by all means. When a party has been notoriously corrupt, promises of amendment, given probably under stress and in the fear of popular indignation, should not be believed or accepted. Public plunderers are not so converted, and their professions of future virtue strongly recall the old couplet about the devil wishing to become a monk when he was sick, but returning to his old diabolical ways the moment he recovered. There is not a well-authenticated instance on record of a corrupt party's absolute reformation. The real test of the sincerity of the reform professions of a bad organization would be its willingness to step down and give place to men of unblemished record, who have the public confidence. If a thief is converted, he immediately feels that he must make restitution. Similarly, if a corrupt party becomes reformed, being unable to give guarantees for its future integrity, let it show the genuineness of the change by relinquishing its hold and dropping into the background.
CHARLES E. DENSMORE.

7. Was Christmas ever a Fast Day?

Christmas has never been regarded as an actual Fast Day. Ever since 125 A. D. it has become a universal festival. Puritanism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries rejected it as irreligious, and it has been regarded by some as being observed by them as a fast day, but it is not authoritatively confirmed. L. W. BROOKE.

8. When a husband or wife is converted after marriage, and the other partner persecutes and harasses the Christian, and makes continued association a misery, is the Christian justified in obtaining a separation or divorce?

A separation or divorce should be the last resort, after prayer and persuasion and patient endurance have been exhausted. A true Christian will so live that "they of the contrary part" will be ashamed, seeing their good works. The opposition of the other partner may never lead to serious results, it may only be a source of annoyance, and perhaps pain, which Christian grace will help one to endure, and if it can be endured, it should be But there may be cases in which a continuance together is productive of great evil. The conduct of the non-Christian may be such as to influence the children of the household to great and permanent evil. For their sakes a separation might be advisable if it secures their being placed under the exclusive care of the Christian.
L. T. RIGHTSELL.

9. Why does a fibre, when wet, lengthen, while a rope, when wet, contracts?

Fibre and organic substances generally increase in bulk and length by absorbing moisture. But, curiously enough, when several fibres are twisted together, the increase in bulk tends to force the fibres apart and untwist them and in this way cause the cord or rope which they form to shorten. So it comes about that a rope, like a clothesline, in getting wet expands laterally, partially untwists and shortens; while in dry weather the fibres contract, the twist tightens, and the rope lengthens. Since a single fibre or a hair expands both in width and length by absorbing moisture, the changes in length can be used to measure the amount of dampness of the air and is thus used in hygrometers of the Saussure type. The power exerted by these processes is not equal to that of chemical action, but it is very considerable and sometimes produces surprising results.
F. L. SAWYER.

10. What is the best course for a pastor to take when a few of his people become dissatisfied with his services? Should he ask them to withdraw, or should he resign?

If the few are dissatisfied without good reason the pastor ought not to resign. To pander to the whims, or prejudices, or dislikes of a few in a congregation is to court unrest for both pastor and people. If there is anything wrong in the pastor's doctrine or life calculated seriously to hinder his influence and success, let the matter be investigated, and if the evil cannot be cured, let him withdraw. But all ministers cannot be paragons of ability and excellence. If they are earnest and faithful they ought to be sustained and encouraged. The trouble usually comes from one or two men in the congregation who think they should rule everybody, the minister included. In such a case the people ought to stand by the minister, and let the troublers know they had better find a more congenial church home. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Mrs. W. A. W., Ludlow, Vt. It is all business which could be just as satisfactorily done on the day before, and thus not being a work of necessity is a violation of the Sabbath.

Frank W. T., West Fulton, N. Y. The Transvaal and Free State have been formally annexed by Great Britain. Fighting still continues, however, and there are about 3,000 or 4,000 Boers in the field.

Reader. Unless there is some substantial reason why the injunction should not be carried out, the wishes of the dying wife should be respected. Not knowing all the facts, however, we cannot advise.

Rev. S. Foster Grady, City Missionary, 231 Bellevue avenue, Newark, N. J., would be pleased to communicate with any reader of this journal who may be interested in the work of prison evangelization.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1900 PRICE FIVE CENTS

MILLICENT, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

DEPOT IN THE HEBRIDES FOR THE HOME INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION'S PRODUCTS

H. R. H. HELENA, PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

The Career of Two Noble Christian Women

LEFT PALACES TO HELP HUMANITY

Princess Christian and the Duchess of Sutherland

AMONG the many organizations devised for helping people in need of assistance in Great Britain, are some that have been founded and developed chiefly through the interest taken in them by ladies prominent in aristocratic circles. In our democratic country it is not easy to fully realize how much prestige may be given in monarchical lands to any project by royal or patrician patronage. In former times Great Britain had not many opportunities of testing this fact, for the ladies of the royal family and of the peerage devoted their time chiefly to court gaieties; but under the benign rule of Queen Victoria a great change has occurred. The kindly interest the Queen has taken in the welfare of her people has had a potent influence in her own family and among the ladies of the court. Many of the fashionable ladies have followed the royal example, and have not only devised plans for alleviating the miseries of the poor and the unfortunate, but have given personal attention to details.

Prominent among these ladies was the Queen's cousin, the late Duchess of Teck, a daughter of King George the Third's youngest son. In the agricultural districts of the country an incalculable amount of good has been done through the "village homes" she established for the benefit of the women and girls of the rural population. The Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, has taken up much of the work the Duchess of Teck began. She was already known as an active and zealous worker when the South African war broke out, and turned her philanthropic energy into a special channel. She made the welfare of the soldier in health and in sickness her earnest study. Her womanly tenderness was especially concerned by the fact that her own son was serving as an officer in the army. A young man of exceptional promise, he shared the dangers and fatigues of the campaign, and to the intense sorrow and distress of his mother and a host of friends, he was stricken down with fever, and died in the regimental hospital at Pretoria.

WOMEN CROFTERS SPINNING FOR THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S ASSOCIATION

In the British army the name of the Princess Christian has become a very popular one, and many a soldier has emphasized the characteristics of her beautiful character by transposing her title and calling her the Christian Princess. One of her projects was the erection of homes for disabled soldiers, which are used not only as residences for the permanently disabled, but as rest homes for the convalescent. More than one thousand soldiers have already been taken care of in these homes. Closely allied to this work is that of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, organized by the Princess. Its object is to furnish the soldier or sailor who retires on a pension with a friend to whom he can turn for help and advice. Such pensioners are often the prey of designing persons when they leave the army or navy, being unused to civilian life. By getting a list of the members of the society the pensioner learns the name and address of some good man who will look after his interests free of charge and give him help and advice. The Princess is president of this society, and her influence has been potent in securing agents for it in all the chief towns and villages.

Another work in which Princess Christian has taken great interest and has personally supervised, is the construction of a hospital train, which bears her name. The train is a hospital on wheels, consisting of six cars, two of which are for the accommodation of the surgeons and nurses, and four as hospital wards. They are marvels of convenience, containing cupboards of ingenious construction for instruments and hospital appliances. They are fitted on the outside with pulleys and ropes, by which the attendants can raise a stretcher with a wounded man on it from the ground and deposit him on a bed or the operating table without jarring or jolting the suffering man. The Princess studied the various problems connected with this train, and herself suggested some of the devices.

The Princess, however, has not confined her attention to soldiers and sailors. For about thirteen years past she has been the chief of a society for furnishing free nursing to the poor. She began with only one nurse, but the value of such service was so signally proved that more were employed, and now an institution has been incorporated as a Home for Trained Nurses. In a recent report, it is shown that in one year recently the free nurses paid 9,760 visits to poor homes.

A kindred spirit to that of the Princess is found in Millicent, the young Duchess of Sutherland. A romantic story is told of her accession to the title. Her present husband when Marquis of Stafford visited the home of the Erskines and stayed to dinner. As the party was seated it was found that they were thirteen in number; so, to avoid any uneasiness of the guests in view of the old superstition, Miss Millicent Erskine, then sixteen years of age and not in society, was sent for from the children's quarters upstairs to join the dinner party and make the number fourteen. The heir to the Sutherland title and estates fell in love with her at first sight, and subsequently married her. She has proved in the best way worthy of her exalted position. Her interest in the poor of Scotland has been manifested in many ways. One of the best known is that of supplying the women with the materials and apparatus for weaving the famous Scotch tweed and providing methods of putting the finished article on the market. In this and other ways this philanthropic young lady has done good service to the needy families of Scotland.

ISABELLE DRYER.

PRINCIPAL WARD IN THE HOSPITAL TRAIN

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S HOME FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS

MATCHLESS LOVE

...A NEW SERMON BY...

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXT, 1. John 4: 16: "God is love"

PERILOUS undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak; nor like the ocean, with here and there a profounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare to say whether his omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immutability, or wisdom, or justice, or love is the greater attribute. But the one mentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other. It was evidently a very old man who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Prof. Eichhhorn asserted; but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the rambling style, and that he called grown people "little children," that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul in mid-life, mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars' Hill, said nothing stronger or more important than did the venerable John when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love."

Indeed, the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and the combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient, and, aware of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ejaculates: "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God; but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the justice of God.

Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of his nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian Pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or descried through telescopic lens. All that showed the Lord's almightiness, but it gave no demonstration of his love. He might make fifty Saturns and a hundred Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was

An Unknown Passion

and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a time when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrated. God would veil it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down, and worlds had been born and demolished, on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born, and who, though so bountifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves well, went into insurrection and conspiracy and revolt and war—finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God.

If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they must have prophesied extermination—complete extermination—of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne-room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the Eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens he comes till he reaches the cold air of a December night in Palestine, and amid the bleatings of sheep, and the lowing of cattle, and the moaning of camels, and the banter of the herdsmen, takes his first sleep on earth, and for thirty-three years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest thirty-three years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences, what impatience to get him back! The Infinite Father looked down and saw his Son slapped, and spit on, and supperless, and homeless, and then, amidst horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, his body and soul parted. And all for what? Why allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was because "God is love."

Now there is nothing beautiful in a shipwreck. We go down to look at the battered and split hulk of an old ship on Long Island or New Jersey coast. It excites our interest. We wonder when and how it came ashore, and whether it was the recklessness of a pilot or a storm before which nothing could bear up. Human nature wrecked may interest the inhabitants of other worlds as a curiosity, but there is nothing lovely in that which has foundered on the

Rocks of Sin and Sorrow.

Yet it was in that condition of moral breakup that heaven moved to the rescue. It was loveliness hovering over deformity. It was the lifeboat putting out into the surf that attempted its demolition. It was harmony pitying discord. It was a living God putting his arms around a recreant world.

The schoolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schleiermacher is an infinite intelligence, without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God is love."

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives occurrences inexplicable. They are bereft or persecuted or impoverished or invalided. They have only one child, and that dies, while the next-door neighbor has seven children and they are all spared. The unfortunates buy at a time when the market is rising, and the day after the market falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty, they are seized with physical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practised a villainy. There are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on and up, while they go on and down. There are in many lives riddles that have never been solved, mysteries that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation, and your attempt at comfort will be a failure and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul and all its worriments and losses and disasters will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say: "I cannot understand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand. And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is love.'"

Saved by the Attribute.

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mohammed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Shastra and the Zend-Avcsta, that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures! Look at War, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres! See the great cities, with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If Justice had spoken it would have said: "The world deserves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If Immutability had spoken it would have said; "I have always been opposed to wickedness, and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite, and away with it." If Omniscience had spoken it would have said: "I have watched that planet with minute and all-comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If Truth had spoken it would have said: "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But Divine Love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollution. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those sufferings. I will go down and reform the world. I will medicate its wounds. I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off its pollution. I will become incarnated. I will take on my shoulders and upon my brow, and into my heart the consequences of that world's misbehavior. I start now, and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my ascent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and

Die their Death.

Farewell, my throne, my crown, my sceptre, my angelic environment, my heaven, till I have finished the work and come back!" God was never conquered but once, and that was when he was conquered by his own love. "God is love."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at the beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain who, about to go to battle, was clad in armor, helmet on head and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran shrieking away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make-up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm heart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all and around us all a mercy that wants to save, and save now.

If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." O, what a mother we have in God! And my text is

The Lullaby Sung to us

when we are ill, or when we are maltreated, or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many mothers: "God is love."

This was the reason the Bible was written. The world needs no inspired page to tell it that God will chastise sin, for that is proved in the life of many an offender. You can look through the wicket of any prison, and see the fact which the world understood thousands of years before Solomon wrote it, "The way of the transgressor is hard." The world needed no Bible to tell it that God is omnipotent, for any one who has seen Mont Blanc or Niagara or the Atlantic Ocean in a cyclone, knows that. The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the uphol-stery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of a dewdrop to the rounding of a world, declares that. But there was one secret about God that was wrapped up in a scroll of parchment, and it stayed there until apostolic hand unrolled that scroll and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it could never have surmised, never guessed, never expected, that he loved our human race so ardently that he will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a divine kiss, and turn foaming malefactors into worshipers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that

The Secret is out

and that it can never be veiled! Tell it to the sinning, suffering, dying race; tell it in song and sermon, on canvas and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth—"God is love."

Notice that the wisest men of the nations for thousands of years did not, amid their idolatries, make something to represent this feeling, this emotion. They had a Jove, representing might; Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the goddess of corn; and an Odin, and an Osiris, and a Titan, and a Juggernaut, and whole pantheons of gods and goddesses; but no shrine, no carved image, no sculptured form has suggested a god of pure love. That was beyond human brain. It took a God to think that, a God to project that, a God let down from heaven to achieve that.

Fear is the dominant thought in all false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances, and swing on iron hooks, and fall under wheels, and hold up the right arm so long that they cannot take it down. Fear, brutish fear! But love is the queen in our religion. For that we build temples. For that we kneel at our altars. For that we contribute our alms. For that martyrs suffered at Brussels Market Place, and at Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Peking. That will yet bejewel the round earth, and put it an emerald on the great, warm, throbbing heart of God.

Fatal Ignorance

The world has had many specimens of slandered men and women, their motives slandered, their habits slandered—slandered until they got out of the world, and then perhaps honored by elaborate eulogium, and tall shaft of granite, all four sides chiseled with the story of how good and great they were. But no one under the heavens or over the heavens has ever been so much slandered as God. Bad men have fought against him, and have thought they heard his voice in the crash of a thunder-storm, but have not seen him in the sunshine of the spring morning. They have blamed him for wrongs which they had done themselves. The sight of a church building excites their disgust. They like the madrigal of a saloon better than the doxology of a temple. They do not want to live with him in heaven, but would prefer on leaving this world to go into some realm where God has abdicated the throne, and from which he is exiled forever. The reason is, they do not know him. They do not realize the fact that God is the best friend this world ever had or ever will have, and that he would do more for their happiness than any one in the wide universe; that he would help them in the wear and tear and tussle of this life; that he would hush their sorrows; that he would help cure the evil habits with which they sometimes struggle; that he would at their request not only forgive but forget the wrong things in their life. Yes, forget! And that is the only thing that God ever does forget—pardoned trangression. The best memory in the universe is God's memory, and he remembers all that has

transpired in all time and in all eternity save one kind of occurrence. That passes completely out of his memory. He declares, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Do you want more proof that "God is love?" Yea, disinterested love. No compensation for its bestowal. No reward for its sacrifices. But I call that back. The world did pay him. It paid him on Calvary, paid him with brambles on the brow, and four spikes, and one spear for the side near the heart; paid him in execration; paid him with straw pillow in a barn and a cross on a hill; paid him with a third of a century of maltreatment and hardship, save one year—yea, is paying him yet in rejection of his mission of mercy. Having dethroned other kings, the world would like to dethrone the King of kings. But he knew what he was coming to when he left the portals of pearl and the land where the sun never goes down. Yes, he knew the world, how cold it is, and knew pain, how sharp it is, and the night, how dark it is, and expiation, how excruciating it is. Out of vast eternity he looked forward and saw Pilate's criminal court-room, and the rocky bluff with three crosses, and the lacerated body in mortuary surroundings, and heard the thunders toll at the funeral of heaven's favorite, and understood that the palaces of eternity would hear the sorrow of a bereft God.

What do the Bible and the Church liturgies mean when they say "He descended into hell?" They mean that his soul left his sacred body for a while and went down into the prison of moral night, and swung back its great door, and lifted the chain of captivity, and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, and took the bolt of divine indignation against sin into himself, and, having vanquished death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue, if we will accept it. Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears: "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay he would get for exchanging celestial splendor for Bethlehem caravansary, and he dared all and came, the most illustrious example in all the ages of disinterested love.

Yea, it was most expensive love. There is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of humiliation. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a King. It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demoniac. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist, and another to destroy. It charged on the spears, and rang with the battle-axes of human and diabolic hate. Had the expedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead. The tears and blood of the martyr of the heavens were only a part of the infinite expense to which the Godhead went when it proposed to save the world.

Now, the only fair thing for human hearts to do is to echo back that sovereign love. You and I have stood in mountainous regions where, uttering one distinct word, the echoes would come back with a resonance startling and captivating, and from all our hearts there should sound unto the heavens responses glorious and long-continued. Let the world change its style of payment for heavenly love. No more payment by blows on the cheek and scourging on the back, and hooting of mobs, but payment in ardors of soul, in true surrender of heart and love to the God that made us, and the Christ who ransomed us and the Eternal Spirit who by regenerating power makes us all over again.

Alexander the Great, with his host, was marching on Jerusalem to capture and plunder it. The inhabitants came out, clothed in white, led on by the high priest, wearing a mitre and glittering breast-plate, on which was emblazoned the name of God, and Alexander, seeing that word, bowed and halted his army, and the city was saved. And if we had the love of God written in all our hearts and on all our lives and on all our banners, at the sight of it the hosts of temptation would fall back, and we would go on from victory unto victory, until we stand in Zion and before God.

Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero the fair held from one of her tower windows, and what Hellesponts of earthly struggle can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held out from the tower windows of the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hands this minute. O, ye dissatisfied and distressed souls, who roam the world over looking for happiness and finding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspiration and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way were strewn the bones of caravans that had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out: "Let loose the harts or reindeer." It was done, and no sooner were these creatures loosened than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water, and soon found it, and the king and his caravan were saved; and the king wrote on some tablets the words: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some have compared the love of God to the ocean, but the comparison fails, for the ocean has a shore, and God's love is boundless. But if you insist on comparing the love of God to the ocean, put on that ocean four swift sailing craft, and let one sail to the North, and one to the South, and one to the East, and one to the West, and let them sail on a thousand years, and after that let them all return and some one hail the fleet and ask them if they have found the shore of God's love, and their four voices would respond "No shore! No shore to the ocean of God's mercy!"

The · New · Testament · His · Spelling - Book

HOW A POOR NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER LEARNED TO READ IT BY THE LIGHT OF HIS CABIN FIRE

A MOUNTAINEER

A MISSIONARY worker of the American Sunday School Union traveling in Western North Carolina, in a recent letter relates this characteristic incident:

One frosty, bright October morning I started from home to visit a locality some twenty-eight miles distant, up in the mountains. About noon I stopped for a dinner of corn pone and buttermilk at a little log cabin by the wayside. Then I again shouldered my load and started, the trail growing steeper and the mountain more rugged as I ascended. I stopped for the night at a little mud-daubed hut beside a beautiful mountain stream.

Soon after supper I asked to be shown to bed, and my host, after lighting a piece of pine knot at the open fireplace, led the way to a ladder in the corner of the one lower room the house contained. Motioning to me to ascend, he followed me with the torch until, standing on one of the rungs of the ladder, his head and shoulders protruded above the floor of the loft where I was to sleep. Here he stopped, and holding the torch above the attic floor, pointed with his other hand to a bed in the farthest corner, saying that I was to "roost thar." Making my way carefully across the rickety floor, between piles of vegetables and grain below, and dodging strings of dried pumpkin, and apples, and onions tied together by their tops to the rafters overhead, I reached the bed, and my host, after inquiring if I had sufficient "kiver" (cover on the bed), descended the ladder, taking his torch with him, and letting down the trap door at the top of the ladder as he went down, left me in darkness.

I could not sleep. Toward morning it began to rain, first gently, then harder, accompanied with wind which drove it through the clapboard roof, and the drip, drip of the water on the naked floor added greatly to my discomfort. I rose early and descended the ladder to the room below, where the wife of my host was busily cooking breakfast at the open fire. I started immediately after breakfast and during a driving rain storm. The greater part of the way there was but a dim trail through almost unbroken forests. I was somewhat startled, therefore, as I was scrambling up this dim path, miles from any human habitation, to be accosted by a man emerging from a dense thicket into the trail. He was dressed in ragged homespun, and wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat and heavy brogan shoes. He carried a heavy stick and a large grain sack. The clay on his clothes and hands showed that his occupation was that of a medicine root-digger. He said he was a native born and bred in the mountains, and had never attended school a day in his life. He grew up a wicked boy and young man, without religious or other instruction, and did not know "ary letter in th' books" when he married. Soon after his marriage, however, through the influence of his wife and the preaching of a godly minister, he was led to forsake his sins and accept Christ as his Saviour. He determined to learn to read then, so he could study God's Word for himself; and with no help but that furnished by his wife, who he said, "could read a right smart," accomplished his purpose; a Testament being the only text-book available.

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN CABIN IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

"We wuz pore them times, an' had to wuk powerful hard. Mee an' th' ole womern wuz clarin' uv a piece of woods up on the mounting fer backer 'nd cohn. We wuz both powerful tired when night'd cum, but I wuz sot on larnin' t' read, 'nd she said she'd hope me (help me) all 't she could.

"So when night'd come she'd go hum t' our cabin 'nd git us a snack t' eat, while I'd git me a armful uv rich pine 'nd pine-knots 'at I'd tote home t' burn in th' fire-place, fur light.

"Arter eatin' we'd git down afore th' fire 'ith our Testyment 'nd th'ow on a pine-knot fer light. She'd larn me th' letters, 'nd atter awhile when I'd got them good, t' spell. Hit wuz mighty slow larnin' that away, but we stuck to it 'nd atter awhile I begun t' read sum. Still I stuck to it. The old womern wuz so tired 't night 'at she'd git sleepy 'nd haf to go t' bed; but I'd stick to it till th' pine wuz all burnt up. Sumtimes I'd come acrost a sticker (hard word) 'nd haf to wake up th' ole womern t' hope me sum. Atter awhile I got so 't I c'd read a right smart 'n th' Testyment, but never c'd git no sense out'n no uther print."

His knowledge of God's word showed that he not only could "read a right smart in the Testyment" but that he also had done so, and got sense out of it.

We held a little prayer-meeting away out on the mountain-side, in the rain, and I gave him a Bible to take the place of the Testament that he said was worn out. Bidding him farewell, I started on up the trail, slipping and stumbling as before; but I did not heed the rain and mud now. I climbed up the mountain-side singing:

There's sunshine in my soul to-day, more glorious and bright
Than dwells in any earthly sky, for Jesus is my light.

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[Any reader of this journal desiring information concerning the work of the American Sunday School Union, may address Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth Ave., New York.]

A "SHACK," NOW A SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE VALUE AND POWER OF SENTIMENT

JESUS ANOINTED AT BETHANY : : :

International Sunday School Lesson for January 6th: Matthew 26: 6-16.

"SHE HATH WROUGHT A GOOD WORK ON ME"

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: Mark 14: 8: "She hath done what she could."

IT is apropos to the dominant thought of our lesson to consider for a few moments the mighty tide of Christian sentiment that pours in upon every thoughtful mind in contemplating the completion of nineteen Christian centuries and our entrance upon a new century.

Napoleon in Egypt aroused his army to utmost courage and tireless effort by saying, as he pointed to the pyramids, "Forty centuries are looking down upon you." A few sordid soldiers, that cared only for pay and plunder, may have sneered at their leader's "sentimental" appeal, but it stirred every one who had in him one lingering spark of the divine fire of sentiment, the mightiest thing in God's world. All such must hear also at this crossing of the centuries the great voices of time and eternity.

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Six Months About the Cross We are only two-thirds through the life of Christ in this eighteen-months' course of studies about him, and yet we are within a week of the cross. This is vastly significant, that one-third of the life of Christ is about his death and the events associated with it before and after. This practical age calls upon the pulpit and the Sunday School to talk more of his beautiful life and less "sentimentally" of his death. There are some churches where they do not sing often, if at all,

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The two scarlets, of sin and redemption, do not dye that hymn with any deeper red than that of both Testaments. "Christ and him crucified," Christ as Sovereign and Sacrifice, that is the text of which the whole Bible preaches, bringing to sinful, helpless men the gospel or good news of pardon through Jesus the Saviour, and protection and direction through Christ the King. Christ is prophet, priest and king. Let us not champion any one of these offices as if it were all, always harping on "the words of Jesus," as if he were only a prophet; or always of his death, as if he were only a priest; or talking only of the Christianizing of society, as if he were only a king. Let us behold and proclaim him as prophet, priest and king.

What has drawn the world's love to Christ more than wonderful words and works, or even his kingly march through all centuries and countries, is the outpoured spikenard of his broken heart when he was "lifted up" to die for all the sinful souls of men.

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Lessons from Bethany *Now when Jesus was in Bethany.* How Jesus glorifies whatever he touches! Bethany would have never been heard of outside of little Palestine had not one of its families welcomed Jesus to their home. Nor would any outside have ever heard of Bethlehem or Nazareth had he not passed through their streets; nor of the fishermen apostles, whose names are on stately buildings in great cities all over the world, had they not walked with him. The instinctive desire for glory that stirs in all save brutish men can most surely be gratified by welcoming Christ to our hearts and walking with him. All such shall "shine as the stars forever and ever," with his reflected light, in the other world if not in both. The history of Bethany, if we review what had preceded this lesson and add a crowning event that followed, suggests a multitude of lessons, such as:

1. The blessings of a Christian home. One home was started with this motto:

Our home, what shall it be?
Like lovely Bethany,
A place where Christ doth come;
The wife, like Mary, sitting at the Saviour's feet
"He whom thou lovest Lord," the husband's title sweet—
Such be our home.

2. Bethany also suggests that Christ can use a variety of workers, practical Martha as well as sentimental Mary. Better still to combine their contrasted characteristics.

"Wisdom and sight are well,
But trust is best—"
This "better part" choose as your portion,
And your soul shall rest
Calm as the well-beloved upon the Saviour's breast.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long
And thus make life, death, and the vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

3. Bethany is also a teacher of the resurrection in the story of the raising of Lazarus, for which the feast of this lesson may have been a thanksgiving.

4. In that same story we have a living prophecy of heavenly reunion. A family whom death had sundered is reunited temporarily on earth as if to picture the eternal reunions of heaven.

5. And the ascension of Jesus, later, from Bethany, reminds us that death is to every Christian an ascension.

6. But the lesson of Bethany on which we wish to put chief emphasis, is a lesson for life rather than death, namely, the preciousness and power of Christian sentiment, as shown in Christ's treatment of the precious spikenard, as contrasted, not alone with the covetousness of Judas, but also with the so-called "practical" spirit of other apostles present who counted such prodigality of love a "waste." (Read Mark 14: 3-9 and John 11: 55-57; 12: 11, to get points of the story not given by Matthew.)

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Bountiful Giving of the Beautiful *An alabaster cruse of exceeding precious ointment poured upon his head.* The time is the eve of "Palm Sunday" though only Jesus knew what would be on the morrow, and he knew not only of the hosannas but also of the cry that would so soon follow: "Crucify him." They were in the house of Simon, the leper, who was possibly the husband of Martha, but in either case ostracized from home by his deadly disease. "Martha served" a supper, at which Jesus reclined, oriental fashion, on a lounge, with his head toward the table, his feet at the other end of the lounge. Mary—not Mary Magdalene, but Mary of Bethany—in an outburst of love for Christ, took a flask of spikenard, whose cost was equal to the wages of a workingman for a year, and poured it on his head and feet, and wiped the latter with her hair, and "the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." It was the custom to anoint kings and priests as symbolic prayers that the Holy Spirit might come in joy and power upon their hearts. Distinguished teachers also were sometimes so anointed at feasts. Mary was proclaiming that Jesus was to her Prophet, Priest and King. This act of Mary is not an act by itself, but belongs to the history of sentiment, which is a mighty factor in the life of God and man. If God counted everything "waste" save work, he would not have poured out with such lavish hand the beauty with which he has adorned flowers and birds and fish, and the fragrance which is itself a feast to cultivated senses, and the music of nature overflowing from millions of throats among the peerless feathered songsters whose chief mission is to sing. Those who with open hand and heart and voice give to God and to humanity beautiful churches and other forms of art, have poured precious ointment anew upon the feet of Christ.

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Sentiment not a "waste" *To what purpose is this waste?* Not Judas alone, who was moved by covetousness, but the apostles generally made this criticism. I have no doubt Martha expressed the same sentiment, just as on a former occasion she thought Mary was wasting her time sitting at Jesus' feet to hear his words, when she might have been setting the table, that he and they might be fed the sooner. Mary and Martha! we meet them almost as often as we meet sisters. Mothers should from the cradle seek to develop Martha on the side of sentiment, lest her life become a drudgery to things seen, while equally careful to add the practical to the sentimental in the development of Mary. On the beach stand two children of the Mary and Martha temperaments. As the breakers dash on the beach, poetic Mary exclaims: "How bravely they come in till they break out crying!" But too prosy Martha turns up her nose and says: "Soap!" Two young ladies, chums by attraction of contrasted temperaments, are standing in a railway station as one of the greatest of engines comes rolling in with an express train. Sentimental Mary exclaims: "Don't a railway train impress you?" "It would," replies too practical Martha, "if I was on the track." Because mothers and teachers do not sufficiently seek to develop sentiment in too prosy children and youth, we find the story of Bethany's feast daily repeated, in the case of those who cannot appreciate the preciousness and power of sentiment. An alabaster cruse of precious ointment God has poured out in Niagara's strength and beauty, but there were persons so defective on the side of sentiment they saw nothing of interest in the falls till the electricians harnessed them to their dynamos. In a beautiful church, whose beauty is outpoured worship in giving, they only calculate how many paupers might have been fed with the money that it cost.

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She hath wrought a good work. Thus Jesus rebukes those who depreciate the bountiful and beautiful in worship. "What good does it do?" the critics say. What good does anything do that does not go below and beyond material benefit and work good in the very souls of man? Daniel Webster, in one of his speeches, refers with deserved scorn to those who were then wont to say of our flag and government: "What is all this worth?" And Edward Everett, in his oration on Bunker Hill, pours like contempt on those who ask of the monument there erected: "What is the good of it?" One of the saddest signs of the times is that programmes of what Congress was expected to do at the crossing of the centuries, given recently by Senators and Congressmen, contain no hint of any moral legislation, which alone corresponds to Gladstone's definition of the purpose of law: "To make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right."

As to the critics, who would have the money that is given to worship used instead for charity, it is to be noted that it is those whose noble sentiments are kept flowing like a river by bountiful gifts to worship, that do most of the giving to the poor, and those who give most to foreign missions are the very ones who give most for home missions.

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Flowers for the Living *She did it for my burial.* Joseph, of Arimathea, timidly neglected the Christ in whom he believed when he was alive, but gave him a new tomb, no doubt covered with flowers, when he was dead—Nicodemus, another secret disciple among the Sanhedrim judges, assisting at the burial. How much better the cruse of Mary of Bethany, who showed her love to the persecuted Christ while he was alive! So to-day many a flower on the coffin is a belated atonement for bitter words spoken, kind words and flowers withheld when the ears could have heard them and the fragrance of appreciation would have brightened life.

Some people, judging from their reluctance to give a word of encouragement to their minister, seem to think it is better for him to die of depression than to run the risk of being inflated by a compliment.

Editors, even more than pastors, are likely to wait for their flowers and spikenard till they are dead, which recalls a beautiful story told of Miss Julia A. Ames, when associate editor of *The Union Signal*. Her office was quite near to that of Miss Alice Guernsey, editor of *The Young Crusader*. One day last summer she went to the office of Miss Guernsey, and standing by her desk said: "Alice, we all lead lives so busy here that I have thought we often fail to speak the good we think, and I just came in to-day to say I love you." There are little alabaster boxes of precious ointment, of loving and appreciative words, that would make the world sweeter and brighter, if only the seal of silence were broken and the precious ointment poured forth.

Nilie was four years old. He had been my favorite playfellow all summer. But one day he sat by my side for a long time, unusually thoughtful. At last he turned, and said: "Do you love me?"

"Why, Nilie," said I, "of course I love you. What made you think I did not?"

He answered: "Well, I didn't know; I never heard you say much about it."

Rev. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull writes: "No person was ever harmed, nor could be, by being assured of the love, the confidence, or the high

ANCIENT ALABASTER CRUSES

regard of another, or of others generally. It is self-confidence, not a consciousness of having the confidence of others, that endangers a man's right estimate of his powers and of his position. Flattering or praising a man for his supposed good qualities or attainments may, indeed, promote his over-estimate of himself; but assuring him that he is loved or trusted or honored by another, is simply laying on him a new sense of responsibility and obligation, and giving him another call to prove worthy of the good opinion which is now accorded him."

A MODERN ELIZABETH FRY

The Career of Frances Joseph, a Colored Woman, who has Devoted her Life to Prison Evangelization...Working in Twenty-two States

AS beautiful Elizabeth Fry, the angel of Newgate and many another prison, and next to Howard greatest of prison reformers, labored among criminals of her time, Frances Joseph, a woman of the negro race, is laboring among prisoners, black and white, in Southern jails. That Elizabeth Fry, wealthy and of the highest social position, should impress people of station and authority, overcome prejudice and win sympathy and cooperation, is small matter for marvel; but that the daughter of a lowly negro minister, a seamstress making her living by her needle, should succeed in doing what Mrs. Joseph has accomplished, may be cause for considerable wonder.

Mrs. Joseph is the first American woman to choose as her life mission work among negro prisoners. Her labors, begun for her own people, were quickly extended to white unfortunates. "I have letters from many white mothers thanking me for kindness to their children. Young men from everywhere come to New Orleans—particularly at Mardi Gras times; they get into trouble; I find them in jail; write to their people and help them all I can." Her regular visits and ministration includes the prison-yards of both races.

MRS. FRANCES JOSEPH
(As she appeared in Spurgeon's Tabernacle)

Known in Two Continents

She has indeed accomplished great good, and commands the respectful consideration of her community, the commendation of the Mayor and other officials of New Orleans; the confidence of the Governor of her State and the warm regard of the Prison Reform Association of Louisiana. In a recent trip abroad, whither she went as delegate to the International W. C. T. U. Convention, she was heard at Edinburgh, the Lord Lieutenant of Scotland being one of her auditors; later at Belfast, Ireland; next in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, and then at Paris, by audiences as attentive as those which have recently been her listeners in New York. As Mrs. Fry's hearers were confined to one continent it may be said that Mrs. Joseph, in point of territory covered by personal addresses, has somewhat the advantage of her great English prototype. In her own country she has visited twenty-two prisons in as many different States. Many of the reforms which Mrs. Fry sought for are now an integral part of prison discipline everywhere; others—as for instance, classification of prisoners according to age and degree of offense—Mrs. Joseph in common with philanthropists the world over is struggling to effect. During a call at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, Mrs. Joseph, explaining how she was drawn into her work for prisoners, said:

"It has been nearly ten years since I began prison work. I felt called to it as ministers are called to the Gospel. The first impulse came one Saturday in passing the depot of the Mississippi Valley Railroad, where the train stood, all ready and coupled to start. Nearby an aged woman was sobbing bitterly. 'Can I help you?' I asked. 'No, my child,' she answered, 'my only son is in that gang going to the State Prison.' I looked as she pointed, and saw twenty-four colored people boarding the train. I learned that nineteen out of the twenty-four were sent up for larceny. Think of this batch going up every thirty or forty days!

Her "Call to Prison"

"That night, as I knelt and begged God to comfort the aged mother whose son was locked behind prison walls, a voice seemed whispering to me, 'You must go to prisons and ask prisoners to pray that God will help them to resist temptation, and tell them never to do anything that will bring them back after they get out of their present trouble.'" She was frightened at the thought; it followed her up; she asked the Mayor's permission to visit the jails, and went in spite of the protests of her friends, who disapproved her course. On her first visit she went alone; none would accompany her. That day she shook hands with three murderers, talked and prayed with them. Two weeks later, she stood by one as the death sentence was read; and in another two weeks, went with him to the gallows, turning away just before he was launched into eternity, but not before he had thanked her for leading him to Christ. Through her efforts 2,000 men have pledged themselves to better lives; one of her converts is a minister of God. "When people are friendless and in prison, they will listen," she says; "they have time to think. In nearly every church in New Orleans I see some face that I have met in prison, some one with whom I have pleaded; some one whose pledge I have taken." Securing judicial clemency in certain cases, enlisting counsel in others, effecting reconciliations between parents and wayward children, providing clothing for prisoners who had none, have all come within the line of her many-sided labors. She has bought material, taken it to jail, cut it into garments, and then stood over idle women, and men, too, and taught them how to sew. Thus, the fashioning of raiment served a triple purpose in keeping prisoners occupied, imparting an industry, and providing the needy with covering. She seeks to have employment ready for the liberated. Her work is unsalaried. She supports herself as a seamstress.

GOD'S MESSENGER IN THE JAIL-YARD

Her chief efforts now are directed to the separation of children from adult prisoners. "A child of six," she says, "committed for malicious mischief in the yard with hardened criminals, does not take long to become a criminal. The authorities have promised to turn young offenders, whose sins are not too serious, over to me as soon as I have a place for them. The ground has been secured, and I am seeking enough money to build upon it. When I have that home, I'm going to show what can be done with vagrant and delinquent children. I will make them acceptable wage-earners."

A flourishing kindergarten in New Orleans owes its existence to Mrs. Joseph. She saw its need among her people, urged that need upon her white friends, and with their aid secured its establishment and support.

A Monarch's Reproof

COL. JAMES G. HOLMES, of Charleston, S. C., sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an anecdote of Czar Nicholas I. of Russia, which is especially timely. Apropos of a recent article by Mr. W. T. Stead on Nicholas II., Col. Holmes writes:

Nicholas I., like his great-grandson, evidently possessed common sense, and likewise a decided opinion that all human beings, even serfs, had rights which their rulers were bound to observe, and were entitled to consideration. When the Hon. Henry Middleton, of Charleston, S. C. (during the Monroe administration), was minister of the United States to Russia, Nicholas I. was the Czar of all the Russias, and treated the American minister with great consideration and cordiality. The intercourse at that time between Russia and the outside world was not so free then as to-day, and the United States was comparatively an unknown social and political entity. Nicholas I. cultivated the society of the highly educated and cultured South Carolinian, who being a slave owner, and from a slave State—a lesser czar, as it were—could appreciate the great responsibilities and moral obligations of the ruler of all the Russias. The anecdote to follow was related to the writer by the late Mr. Williams Middleton, who served under his father, Hon. Henry Middleton, as United States secretary of legation (or, one of the secretaries). The United States minister, while walking on the quay one morning, was overtaken and passed by the Czarewitch and his English governor, they saluting courteously as they passed, but so absorbed were they in conversation that they failed to return the salute, or obeisance, of two Muscovite serfs, who halted, and holding on their tall conical hats, bowed almost to the pavement. Just then the United States minister heard rapid strides behind him (for Nicholas I. had a short body and peculiarly long legs), and found it was no less a personage than the Czar, who strode by, saluting as he went not only Mr. Middleton but also the Muscovites. Overtaking the Czarewitch and his governor, he slapped the cap from the head of the former, and grasping him by the hair of his head, led him back to the now trembling serfs, and bowed his son's head to the earth before the poor, alarmed creatures. He then turned upon the governor, and apparently gave him a severe lecture. Joining Mr. Middleton, the Czar said:

"I am glad the American minister has witnessed how a barbarian reproves his son and heir."

Then in more gentle speech, he went on to say, "In the providence of God, that boy will some day sit upon my throne, and rule all of my people, and if I do not teach him now that these poor slaves are human beings, and deserve consideration at the hands of their rulers, he will never learn it, for few will have the courage to tell him the truth when he becomes Czar."

Of course, in the above quotations no pretense is made to accuracy of mere words. The incident related goes to show that rulers of great countries are seldom as they are represented by writers, who rarely are permitted the privilege accorded to Mr. Stead, but use their imaginations for their ink-stands. The Hon. Henry Middleton brought back from St. Petersburg to his home in Charleston, S. C., a full length portrait in oil of Czar Nicholas I., a good picture and said to be a good likeness, and though it is not life-size, is large enough to portray the face and figure clearly. It shows markedly the peculiarity alluded to, of a short body and very long legs. It was while looking at this portrait in Mr. Williams Middleton's library, at his then temporary home on East Battery some years after the Civil War, that the anecdote was told, and Mr. Stead's delightful paper has revivified it. His account of the pleasant reception of Nicholas II., and his naturalness seems, in connection with the incidents noted above, again to show the sterling worth and manliness of the Czars of Russia through four generations at least, and that Nicholas II., when reading *The Lady of the Lake* with his English governor, after the passage describing King James riding down the steep descent at Stirling, and the people crying out, "Long live the commons' king, King James," should exclaim with sparkling eyes—as Mr. Stead recounts—"The commons' king! that's what I'd like to be," seems not unnatural. Not so long a step, after all, from Nicholas I. to Nicholas II.—*noblesse oblige!*

JAMES G. HOLMES.

LINCOLN'S CHRISTIANITY PROVED

Conclusive Evidence that the Martyr-President was a Firm Believer in Christ, the Atonement, and an Inspired Bible

GEN. CHAS. H. T. COLLIS

IN a booklet entitled *The Religion of Abraham Lincoln*,* by General Charles H. T. Collis, new evidence is given of the martyr-President's Christian belief. The whole nation will be grateful to General Collis for printing these interesting facts, for they clear away doubt and should end further controversy concerning Mr. Lincoln's religious views. The author has gathered his testimony not only from the public records, but from an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln in Washington, in the army hospitals, and at the front during the days immediately preceding General Lee's surrender and the President's untimely taking off. The pages include correspondence between General Collis and the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and interesting anecdotes by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles and Hon. Oliver S. Munsell.

In General Collis' first letter addressed to Colonel Ingersoll, dated on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1893, the writer says:

You say that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine. I know not where you get your authority for this, but if the statement be true, Lincoln himself was untrue, for no man invoked "the gracious favor of Almighty God" in every effort of his life with more apparent fervor than did he, and this God was not the Deists' God, but the God whom he worshiped under the forms of the Christian church, of which he was a member.

In a letter dated Feb. 21, General Collis writes:

If I find that Mr. Lincoln professed Christianity, worshiped at a Christian church, admitted his belief in the divinity of Christ, and boldly asserted the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, I am compelled to deny that "his religion was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine," or to confess that he was an impostor. There is no middle course.

That Mr. Lincoln regularly attended a Christian church in Washington is a historical fact. Though not a "member," as we technically understand it, he was a constant attendant of Dr. Gurley's Presbyterian Church, near the corner of Fourteenth street and New York avenue. Dr. Gurley was his pastor, and was present at his deathbed. He also frequently attended Dr. Sutherland's church.

That he was a Christian at heart as well as in form, and believed in the efficacy of the prayers and support of Christian denominations let extracts from his addresses verify.

Leaving his home at Springfield with a full—a sorrowful—appreciation of the awful responsibility devolving upon him, surrounded by a Christian community with whom he had lived a quarter of a century, he thus addressed them: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

To the Presbyterians he said: "It has been my happiness to receive testimonies of a similar nature, from I believe, all denominations of Christians. This to me is most gratifying, because from the beginning I saw that the issues of the great struggle depended on the Divine interposition and favor. Relying as I do upon the Almighty power, and encouraged as I am by these resolutions which you have just read, with support which I receive from Christian men, I shall not hesitate to use all means to secure the termination of the rebellion, and will hope for success."

To the Methodists he said: "Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any, yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is, by its greatest numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault of others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven, than any other. God bless the Methodist Church, bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in this our great trial giveth us the churches."

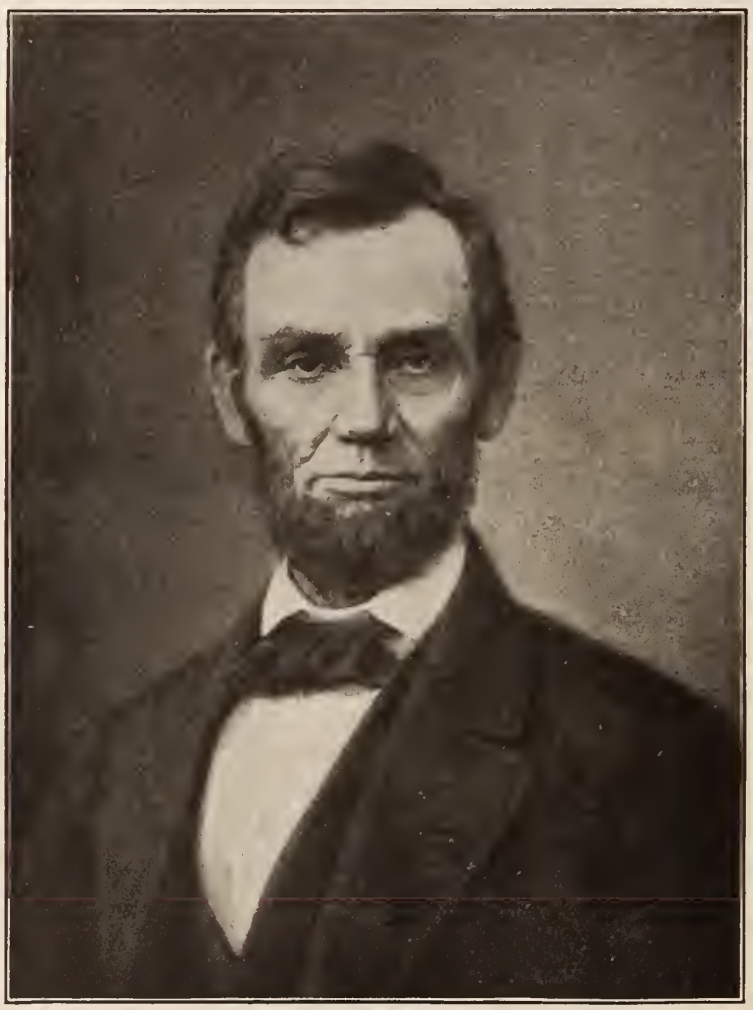
To Mrs. Gurney, the wife of an eminent Quaker preacher, he wrote: "I am much indebted to the Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolation, and to no one of them more than yourself."

When requested to preside at a meeting of the Christian Commission held in Washington on February 22, 1863, he replied: "The birthday of Washington and the Christian Sabbath coinciding this year, and suggesting together the highest interests of this life and of that to come, is most propitious for the meeting proposed."

He even went so far as to differ with those Christians who believe Sunday to have been instituted for the "ease of creation": Lincoln believed it was also "the Lord's day."

On November, 16, 1862, he promulgated the following military order: "The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High."

If on September 4, 1864, you had served him with notice that thirty years later you would claim him as a Voltarian because he disbelieved in the inspiration of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, he could not more emphatically have repudiated the honor than he did when he then said to the colored men of Baltimore who presented him with a Bible:



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good of the Saviour of the world is communicated in this book." What an exquisite epitome of the inspiration of the Scriptures and the Atonement! And six months later in his second inaugural address, do you remember how he borrowed the words of the Son to illustrate the justice of the Father, "Woe unto the world because of offenses," etc.

Next follows General Sickles' own description of his memorable interview with Lincoln after the Battle of Gettysburg. Said General Sickles:

"Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the Capital you were all so anxious about the result of the battle, that the Government officials packed up and got ready to leave at short notice with the official archives."

"Yes," he said, "some precautions were prudently taken, but, for my part, I was sure of our success at Gettysburg."

"Why," I asked, "were you so confident? The Army of the Potomac has suffered many reverses."

There was a pause. The President seemed in deep meditation. His pale face was lighted up by an expression I had not observed before. Turning to me he said:

"When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania followed by our army, I felt that the crisis had come I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty, and found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that he would not let the nation perish. I asked him to help us and give us victory now. I felt that my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg."

"How do you feel about Vicksburg, Mr. President?" I asked.

"Grant will pull through all right. I am sure of it," said Mr. Lincoln. "I have been despondent, but am so no longer, God is with us."

The book concludes with Mr. Munsell's account of his interview with the President, ending as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln, in our dear old Illinois, of which we have just been talking, we are anxious, very anxious, in regard to the issue of this terrible war. We have our opinions, our hopes, and our fears; and sometimes the suspense is terrible. The thought has come to me, as I have talked with you, that you see the whole field as no other man sees, or can see it: and it has awakened in me an intense desire to ask you, seeing as you thus do see it, will our country come through safe and live?"

Mr. Lincoln in the outset of our interview had seemed more worn and depressed than I had ever seen him under any circumstances. No sooner had he heard my question, than his face clouded with the heavy lines of anxious thought, and the shadows again fell around him.

He paused a moment before he made any reply, and when he did essay to speak he made two ineffectual efforts before he could command his voice, and with trembling lips and tears trickling down his furrowed cheeks, said:

"Mr. Muusell, I do not doubt—I never have doubted for a moment—that our country would finally come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me; I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied round their king as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust in the bravery and devotion of the boys in blue; God bless them though! God never gave a prince or conqueror such an army as he has given to me. Nor yet do I rely on the loyalty and skill of our generals; though, I believe, we have the best generals in the world at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be the refuge and the asylum of the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it, and (he added after a moment's pause) I do not expect to live to see it, but God will bring us through safe."

I felt humbled in the presence of Mr. Lincoln's sublime faith in "the God of our fathers," not of Voltaire and Paine, which shamed my own doubts and fears; and from that hour my faith in the ultimate triumph of our country never again faltered, and I bade Mr. Lincoln, as it proved, a final farewell, thanking God, as I had never before thanked him, for such a leader in our country's deadly hour of peril.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE HYMN

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

WILLIAM KNOX.

**The Religion of Abraham Lincoln.* Copyrighted by General Charles H. T. Collis. Pp. 24, paper cover; price twenty-five cents; G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, publishers.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Bishop Potter's Arraignment

ALL decent citizens of New York and moral people in other cities must sympathize with the attitude taken by Bishop Potter in his letter to the Mayor of New York. The Bishop is not unreasonable in his demands, nor does he attempt to fix the blame for existing conditions on any political party. He simply cites the facts which have given the city the name of a "wide-open" town, and calls upon the Mayor to require of the proper officers that they do the duty which is clearly within their province. The police have no power to reform wrong-doers, nor can they suppress the abominable traffic which disgraces civilization, but they have the power under the law to prevent the shameless flaunting of vice on our thoroughfares and the open solicitation to evil which has been going on for three years past. It is this power which ought to be used, and the Bishop is right in demanding that it shall be used. There is ground for suspicion that the police have not overlooked the power thus given them by law, but have accepted money as the price of not enforcing the law. That is to say, it is alleged that they have taken with one hand public payment for executing the law and with the other hand payment from the law breakers for not executing it. This suspicion, which is prevalent in the city, does not affect the Bishop's position; he calls the Mayor's attention to the fact that the laws are not being enforced by the men whose duty it is to enforce them, and he leaves the method with the Mayor. It is a significant fact that the police have demonstrated, since the Bishop made his appeal, that they have the power to remove the evils of which he complains. Two of the worst precincts of the city have been so effectually "cleaned up," that there is no sign on the streets of the curse that, a few weeks ago, was manifest on every block. It remains now for the police to employ in other precincts the methods that have proved effective in these two. There is little doubt that this will be done if the authorities perceive that the moral sense of the city supports the Bishop in his demand. But the police alone cannot extirpate the evil. A community cannot be made moral by legal enactments or by force. The moral force of the present movement should extend beyond the authorities. The only real and abiding reform must come by impressing the individual conscience. Side by side with the suppression of the open and flagrant temptations to immorality, there should go a strong effort on the part of the clergy and all Christian people to win over to virtue not only the victims of vice, but the men who support and encourage vice. Only so can we hope for a permanent benefit from the indignation of the decent part of the community, to which the Bishop's letter has given expression:

This I say then, Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh (Gal. 5:16).

An Untimely Sleep

Citizens of Columbus, O., had occasion a few days ago, to complain of the inopportune drowsiness of a public official. He was stationed at Thurston, O., from which point the natural gas on which many of the Columbus people depend for warming their houses and cooking their food, is distributed. It was his duty on coming to the office in the early morning to relieve the night watchman, to turn on the supply of gas. On this particular morning he was very tired and sat down for a rest. He fell asleep, and being alone in the office slept on undisturbed and sublimely unconscious that he was keeping thousands of families from getting their breakfast. Soon the Columbus office of the gas company was stirred up by indignant complaints over the telephone. The employees called up the Thurston office, but elicited no response from the slumbering official. They then telephoned Pleasantville, and instructed the employees there to send a man on horseback as speedily as possible across country to Thurston to ascertain the cause of the trouble. This was done, and the sleeping man awakened and reminded of the duty he had neglected to perform. The mischief was soon remedied, and no great harm resulted. But so much cannot be said for Christians whose duty it is to give light to the world, but, sunk in sloth and lethargy, are recreant to their duty and suffer those about them to live in darkness.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven (Matt. 5:16).

An Ancient Altar Found

A press dispatch to the *New York Herald* from the City of Mexico, announces the discovery in that city of the altar of the deity Tezcatllpoca. It was found in the course of some excavations being made in the vicinity of Escalerillas Street. It stood on a base of stones, the height of which cannot be known until further excavations have been made. It is about six feet long, and nearly five feet wide. The hieroglyphs and frescoed pictures on the front of the altar show that it was used for human sacrifices, and some human bones have been found at its base. The method of sacrifice was to select a young man of fine form, without a blemish on his body. Tutors were appointed for him, he was arrayed in splendid clothing, and regaled with choice viands. For a year he was treated with royal honors, and being regarded as a representative of the deity, incense was burned before him, and hymns sung in his honor. Royalty and nobility did him reverence whenever he appeared on the streets, and four of the most beautiful girls in the empire were appointed to attend upon him. At the end of the year of preparation he was led to the temple, his royal robes stripped from him, and he was laid upon the altar. There a priest, armed with a knife of itzel, a volcanic substance harder than flint, stood ready to cut open the body. The heart was taken out and offered to the deity, and the body was afterwards served up in a ghastly feast. The hieroglyphs appear to indicate that thousands of such victims were thus slain. The light this discovery sheds on the awful religion of the Aztecs is saddening. It shows how grievously they had misunderstood the character of God in thinking he could be pleased with refined cruelty. We cannot but pity the poor victims who, after the short period of luxury and revelry, were thus sacrificed. We have learned better now, but even in our time there are such sacrifices. The record in the daily papers of the many suicides of the votaries of sinful pleasure shows how frequently a brief career of revelry ends in a violent death. People in our time who tempt others to begin such a career are far more cruel than the Aztec priests.

BISHOP POTTER PREACHING IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

Thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? (Rom. 2:3).

A Romance of the Antarctic

The members of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition are deeply interested in a marriage which was solemnized recently in Paris. An eminent scientist who was in the expedition was the bridegroom, and a young lady from Philadelphia, who was completing her musical education in Paris, was the bride. The two met for the first time only a year ago. But the professor says that this was not the beginning of his admiration. During the long winter, the party amused themselves by cutting from the magazines they had with them, all the pictures of women they could find and comparing them, that they might decide not only which face was the most beautiful, but which gave indications of the greatest sweetness and purity of character and the highest intellectuality. There was considerable difference of opinion, and each was required to give his reasons for his individual preference. The professor studied the face that seemed to him nearest to the ideal, and advocated with much enthusiasm its claims to the highest place. He grew attached to the face, and was firmly convinced that it belonged to a girl of most lovable disposition. On the return of the party to civilization they visited the Paris Exposition, and during their stay the professor happened to meet a lady whose face resembled the portrait he had so admired. A conversation with her and a comparison of dates proved that she was the original of the portrait. Further acquaintance convinced the professor that he was right in his opinion of the character indicated by the face. He proposed and was accepted, and the marriage has taken place. He declares that he had learned to love his wife during those long dark days before he met her. We can imagine such a thing being possible when a man loves beauty of character more than beauty of features. The Christian, of all men, knows the possibility of such love.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice (I. Peter 1:8).

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. T. C. Ikehara, a young Japanese educated in this country, has been appointed general Sunday School secretary in Japan.

The Rev. J. W. Robinson, of North India Conference, has been elected general secretary of the Epworth League of Southern Asia.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey received an ovation on his visit to Birmingham recently. Large meetings were held in the Town Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. A most cordial welcome was tendered him by clergy and laity.

The Rev. William Arthur, known throughout the religious world as the author of "Tongues of Fire," is in extremely feeble health. The *Methodist Times* of London says that critical news may be received concerning his condition at any time.

Next year is to witness an important movement in the direction of Christian temperance in England. The temperance societies of the Free Churches have united to make the first year of the twentieth century a year of earnest, aggressive work.

Our readers will be glad to learn that a cable message has been received at this office from Bombay, containing the welcome news that Rev. E. F. Frease, the Secretary of our Interdenominational Missionary Committee is making progress toward recovery from his critical illness.

The effort to establish a Young Men's Christian Association in St. Petersburg is succeeding. Already Mr. Franklin Gaylord, the secretary, has received more than five hundred applications for membership. In deference to the wishes of the government, which desires to avoid awakening the prejudices of the national church, the association is called a "Society for Promoting the Physical and Moral Development of Young Men."

The Business Man Evangelist, Mr. W. Phillips Hall, has invited the ministers of all denominations to a conference in New York, with the view of getting an organized movement inaugurated for pleading with God for a national revival of religion during the coming year. At the conference a committee was appointed to nominate a representative national committee to take steps for united action. Rev. S. V. Robinson was appointed secretary of the committee.

The death of Mr. Robert Arthington, the famous benefactor of missions, is announced. He was the son of a wealthy brewer, who left him an enormous fortune. He abandoned the business and devoted his wealth to the propagation of the Gospel. Wherever he could hear of a district in which the Gospel had not been preached he sought out a missionary society who would undertake the work, and provided the means out of his own pocket. He never married, and lived in the extremest penury, devoting all his income to the missionary cause. He lived at Leeds, England.

THE LIBRARY OPEN

TRAVELING LIBRARY STATION IN A RURAL DISTRICT

BOXED AND READY FOR ITS TRAVELS

FREE · TRAVELING · LIBRARIES · IN · THIRTY · STATES

THE sending of "traveling libraries" to villages and towns, which have no public library of their own, has proved a boon to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the United States. By the introduction of these itinerant collections of books, people in the remotest sections of the country are furnished with the best reading without individual cost. This system of helping rural populations in an educational way was started in New York in 1892.

In that year, Melvil Dewey, librarian of the New York State Library, secured an appropriation to inaugurate a new system of library extension, which was so simple and practical that it was immediately successful, and has since been followed in thirty States. Mr. Dewey bought a number of small libraries of one hundred volumes each. Stations for them were made in a number of villages. A library was sent to a station to remain six months, and, at the end of that period, it was returned to Albany, to be sent out to another station. Thus they became known as "traveling libraries." To secure the preservation and safe return of the books, Mr. Dewey demanded certain pledges. In communities having no public library or accredited school, he required a guarantee signed by twenty-five tax-payers. Each library was sent out in a chest. With it went a library-case, a charging outfit and a number of small, annotated catalogues.

Influenced by the traveling library system of New York, the State of Wisconsin appointed a free library commission with headquarters at the State capital and with the president of the State university, the State Superintendent of Education and the secretary of the State Historical Society as ex-officio members. Public-spirited individuals have purchased large collections of wholesome, readable books, and have divided them into small traveling libraries, each containing thirty volumes. Catalogues of the thirty books in each case are sent out with the library, together with printed rules, a record book and borrowers' blanks. For a fee of one dollar, this traveling library is sent from some central town in the country to a local library association, which employs a secretary for correspondence with the central management, and a librarian for the proper care and circulation of the books. They are usually placed in some farm-house, post-office, country store or railway station, always in somebody's charge.

Dunn county, Wis. in which free traveling libraries circulate, has a population of about 25,000, but most of the people live in scattered hamlets of 300 or 400 inhabitants each. Many are still living in log cabins. One large town, Menomonie, has 8,000 inhabitants, and a beautiful memorial library, of which Senator Stout is a trustee. He found by inquiry that the town library was of very little use to the country people on account of the difficulty of obtaining and returning books. Accordingly, with the aid of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, he instituted the "Stout free traveling libraries" to be circulated from hamlet to hamlet. Mr. Stout's libraries were first put into circulation in May, 1896. The most active worker in this field at present in Wisconsin is Mr. Frank A. Hutchins, secretary of the Free Library Commission, who has kindly furnished THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with some of the facts and figures for this article.

* * *

In 1895, the Legislatures of Michigan and Iowa made appropriations for traveling libraries, to be purchased and managed by the librarians of the State libraries. In Michigan, an annual appropriation of $2,500 has been made. In Iowa, the annual appropriation is $2,000. In both States, the system was successful from the start. In 1896, the State Library of Ohio was placed under the charge of a State Library Commission, with authority to use such volumes as could be spared to make traveling libraries. These smaller libraries are made up to suit the needs of the special organizations sending for them, and when returned, the books are merged in the general library. In 1899 the Legislature of Minnesota established a State Library Commission, and gave it $5,000 annually for two years to pay for books for traveling libraries and to provide for their purchase, arrangement, and circulation. In the same year a library commission was established in Maine, and the Legislature appropriated $2,500 for its use in buying traveling libraries.

* * *

Traveling libraries in New Jersey were very recently authorized by the Legislature; and $1,500 was appropriated at the last session, 1899, for their maintenance. The movement was inaugurated by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The new Library Commission will buy twenty or more libraries, of fifty books each. The State Librarian will control the entire system, and arrange to send the traveling libraries to communities which apply for them. Local trustees and local librarians will be responsible for the books lent, which may be retained for six months and then exchanged for another collection. An annual charge of $5 will be made by the Railroad at their city stations. Others will be placed in the offices of the Western Union and American District Telegraph Companies, in charge of one of the officers of the company, who will see that the books are cared for and distributed to the employees. Libraries are also being prepared to be sent to firemen. It is purposed, at the next session of the Legislature, to ask from the State an appropriation sufficient to enable the promoters to develop the system in Pennsylvania.

* * *

The ease with which the new plan of library extension may be adapted to meet various needs may be shown in a rapid summary of the work done by a few systems of traveling libraries. In New Jersey, they have used them to lighten the long winter days and evenings of the brave men who belong to the life-saving service, and that State has now taken up the traveling library as a definite part of the work of its State Library. Women in Salt Lake City send them regularly to remote valleys in Utah. A number of State federations of women's clubs use them to furnish books for study to isolated clubs. One woman in Georgia is devoting herself to the supervision of a system which reaches a number of small villages on the Seaboard Air Line, in five Southern States. An association in Washington, D. C., puts libraries on the canal boats which ply on the Washington and Potomac Canal in the summer, and "tie up" in small

THE TRAVELING LIBRARY IN A COUNTRY STORE

THE LIBRARY IN A FARM-HOUSE

The work in New York has been steadily growing, and last year the State library in Albany alone sent out nearly six hundred traveling libraries. There are now about five hundred different kinds of libraries for special students and study classes in many branches of literature, science and art, as well as for the general reader. A uniform fee of five dollars is charged for the use of a library of one hundred volumes. Smaller fees are charged for smaller libraries. Not only may any school or circle of readers have the use of a traveling library, but any citizen may have even a single book sent to him in the remotest corner of the State.

There are now about 2,500 traveling libraries, containing about 115,000 volumes, scattered in thirty States. About 1,100 of these were equipped and maintained by State aid. The remainder were purchased by private individuals or associations.

State; but the volumes must be lent by the community to individuals without any charge whatever, except fines for retention of books beyond the time allowed by the general regulations.

* * *

In Pennsylvania, the traveling system is an adjunct to the Free Library of Philadelphia, which consists of a central library and eight active branches. With the cooperation of the Civic Club, nearly 1,000 volumes have been purchased and are being prepared for immediate circulation. They will be placed in boxes holding twenty-five or fifty volumes apiece. Each collection has been chosen from the lists from the New York State traveling libraries. It is proposed to place three or four of these in the custody of the managers of the libraries established by the employees of the Pennsylvania

hamlets in the Blue Ridge Mountains in the winter. The colored graduates of Hampton Institute carry libraries to the schools for their own people at the base of the Cumberland Mountains, while to the "mountain whites" libraries are sent by women's clubs in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama. In Idaho, California, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, and many other States, women's clubs are doing the same work for miners, lumbermen, farmers, and sailors.

The traveling library instructs, inspires and amuses the old as well as the young, and its curriculum is so broad that it helps the housewife in the kitchen, the husbandman in the field, the mechanic in his shop, the teacher in her school, the invalid in the sick-room, the boy in his play, and the citizen in his civic duties. Above all, it leaves no room for bad literature.

G. W.

Beside the Christmas Fire

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Family Altar

FORMERLY, in professed Christian families, the custom of daily worship was universal. In many homes, twice a day, in the morning and in the evening alike, parents and children gathered, and there was reading of the Bible, either by the father or by the family, a verse about, followed by prayer; often, too, a hymn was sung. The custom was sacred and beautiful, and connected the household as a unit with the Great Father's house above. In our day, it is to be feared that family prayers are falling out of fashion. Men who live according to a train schedule are hurried in one end of the day and wearied in the other. Young people growing up have numerous engagements, and chafe at the delay involved in waiting for family worship when their eyes are on the clock, and they want to be up and away on their personal errands. For one or another cause, prayers are postponed or interrupted and cease to be the rule, so that little children are not brought up in the habit of acknowledging God as the king and arbiter and friend of their lives. There is a letting down of the bars and a flooding in of evil in consequence.

Familiarity with the Scriptures, by the frequent repetition of psalms, proverbs and Gospels in the hearing of the ear is a very desirable thing. Children who heard Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Malachi, read again and again in their youth, knew Moses and the prophets. A deplorable ignorance of the Word is a feature of our period, and it may be attributed to the lack of family religion, for when parents do not honor the Bible by its reading and study in the presence of the children, the latter will neglect it for other books.

When a child is far from home, a wanderer from the fold, or when on the enterprise of business, or at the mandate of duty, he has gone away from the old roof tree, the recollection of the daily prayer in the sitting-room at morning and at night, is like a soft yet strong hand holding him fast to the associations of youth, and keeping him in line with God. In many an hour of temptation, in many a storm of woe, in many a critical hour, that memory may be his salvation.

Five to seven minutes is all that is absolutely required for family worship. The service may be longer, but it need not be. A hymn may be sung, a chapter read, and a prayer offered in seven minutes. If the father cannot pray extemporaneously, there are little manuals of devotion which are helpful, or the family itself, with the parents, may recite "Our Father which art in heaven." The blessedness of family worship in the morning hallows the day; its sweetness at evening gives a new softness to the pillow at night.

Telling Domestic Grievances

Nobody with real self-respect relates family affairs of an unfortunate variety to anybody outside the family. A wife loses a great deal of dignity when she breathes a complaint of her husband into the ear of her most intimate friend. To do men justice they seldom sin in this way. As a rule a man bears his griefs in silence. But to some women speech seems almost a necessity, and in moods of depression or when the occasion has been very trying they break through the barriers of reserve and tell a third party secrets which should not pass their lips. This is always unwise and is usually regretted. It is also very embarrassing for the confidant. On her part it is safe not to give advice. Whatever she says she may be sorry for.

No Time to Read

With a genuine heart-hunger for books there are many women who never have time to read. I would say to such, take some of the time you spend on other things. Do not make so many pretty frocks for your little girls, nor so many rich pies for your dinner table. Take a half hour or an hour by daylight, and feed your mind. Let the boys, as well as the girls, help you in the housework. A boy will thank you ten years hence, and twenty years hence his wife may thank you for having taught him how to cook. No knowledge which is worth having ever comes amiss to anybody.

The End of the Century

Good-bye to you, wonderful nineteenth century. You have given us gas, and kerosene, and electricity, the ocean cable, and the telegraph, and telephone; you have given us the sewing machine, the power loom, the automobile, and the trolley. Steam never found out what it could do until you came along. Luxury hitherto undreamed of has been made our ordinary state, by means of your discoveries and appliances. Travel has become swift, safe, economical, and replete with comfort. Good-bye, dear busy century. As you join the shadowy ages you take our blessing with you.

THE POOR AT OUR GATES

Home Life of President McKinley

Our President and his wife are patterns of republican simplicity in their manner of life. Making allowance for the difference between residence in the White House (an exceedingly plain abode for the Chief Executive of this mighty nation) and the home at Canton, the housekeeping and service in the McKinley *regime* are most unostentatious. The President's breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are much like our own: the courses are neither multiplied nor elaborate, and there is no waste in the domestic economy. State dinners are formal and costly functions, they must be properly given, and they make a hole in the President's income. But Mr. McKinley does not invite guests to state dinners every day.

The sweet and gracious lady who is our President's wife, is an invalid, but she, nevertheless, performs her duties with winning and tactful urbanity, and it is evident to all that she holds the heart of her huband in lover-like fealty. He never forgets her, and she is associated with all his joys and cares.

Is Theft Growing Common?

The question was asked at a mothers' club the other day, and the majority answered it in the affirmative. If they were right the outlook is sad for our nation, unspeakably sad. Are we getting away from family religion? Is the fear of God taught as well as God's love? Are our boys and young men brought up in church-going ways? Does the Sunday newspaper not usurp the place formerly occupied by the pulpit? Are we training our sons in rigid honesty? An old fashioned man wants to know what the mothers—and the fathers—are going to do about it. ROBIN ADAIR.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WILLIAM D. There is no rule about popping the question. Do so in the way you prefer.

—PUZZLED MAIDEN. The man is not worth a second thought. Let him carry his attentions elsewhere.

—EMMELINE. If in doubt about the use of any fork or spoon at a dinner table, observe your hostess and follow her example.

—MARGERIE. Answer a dinner invitation as soon as you can after you receive it. Having accepted it, you cannot break the engagement lightly.

—ROSEBUD. It is immaterial. Ask your friend to bring his sister to see you, if she is a school-girl visiting in the place, or go yourself and call on her.

—R. S. V. P. These letters mean "Answer, if you please." P. P. C. means to take leave, and is occasionallly, but very seldom, written on a visiting card by a person going abroad.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The flower you did not send, dear,
The letter you did not write,
The word you did not say, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
And the gentle, winning tone,
You had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find,
They come in night and silence
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has fallen in faith.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Poor at Our Gates

OUR dear Lord never said a truer word in all his words of truth than that the poor ye have always with you. When the holiday mirth makes bright our homes, there is a special pathos in the thought that there are homeless men and women in the world, men and women who are cold and famished, who are out of work, and who know not where to turn for relief. The appeal of the wandering mother, holding her baby closely wrapped up in her loving arms, is not made in vain at the castle door. The little princess herself, cherished child of the house, with her ancestral beads around her neck and her favorite dog by her side, carries out a basin of warm broth for the weary wayfarer, and the housekeeper and nurse, who hovers in the doorway, utters a friendly and compassionate word. The mother and her child! They always successfully call on the heart of humanity. In any of our crowded street cars, for instance, rough men and polished alike, rise to give a seat to the woman who enters carrying a child, and the beggar soliciting alms is able to break down the most iron-clad conviction that charity should not be indiscriminate. We cannot refuse the plea of the child, and the mother, however poor and distressed, who has her babe in her arms, is always a madonna. There is a pretty illustration of this in Maurice Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy* in which he shows a mother everywhere respected, everywhere civilly treated, because the people think her the Madonna of the Peach Tree. And yet she is only a peasant woman in sore distress, who appears in strange places, with the babe's round head peeping out under her cloak.

Mine and Thine in Home Life

In some homes all the property seems to be held in common as it was by the early Christians. Nothing is owned by anyone individually. Everything is ours. The plan has distinct disadvantages. If the daughters are privileged to make a raid on mother's bureau drawer whenever they are going out, how is mother going to have clean collars, handkerchiefs and ties of her own. If Mary helps herself to Jane's gloves and boots, how shall Jane present a creditable appearance when she takes her walks abroad? I do not approve of such indiscriminate management. It is far better that every child and every adult in the house shall possess personal belongings, and borrowing should be sparingly practiced. COUSIN MARIA.

A Prayer of Augustine

Thou, O Lord, who commandest me to ask, grant that I may receive. Thou hast put me upon seeking, let me be happy in finding. Thou hast bidden me knock; I pray thee open unto me. Be graciously pleased to direct and govern all my thoughts and actions, that, for the future, I may serve thee and entirely devote myself to obeying thee. Accept me, draw me to thyself, who am already all thine own.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BLUE TIGER

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

CHAPTER II. (Continued)

BEFORE he could reply the swinging door was pushed wide open and through it there entered three of the councilmen of the "wets," attended by a choice retinue of half a dozen selected retainers.

Their leader went straight up to the bar and addressed himself to Joe Travers with rough directness: "Look here, Joe, I've just heard something. It's mighty queer, and I 'spose there's some mistake, but if there isn't its got to be settled right away. Is it so that you haven't voted to-day?"

"Don't get excited, Jim. I heard that you'd voted early and often and——"

The other brought his fist down with an oath. "This is no joke," he shouted, "Answer my question, or I'll know why. Only a moment ago I heard that you had shown the white feather and hadn't——"

CHAPTER III.

"Hold on, Jim. Don't make a fool of yourself. Who put up the stuff to buy the boys in the factory? Who fixed the section gang? Who's worked night and day, tooth and nail, to get this election fixed so that we can't lose?"

"That's all very well for a bluff," replied the other, "but it don't go for an answer to my question. Have you voted to-day?"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head," said Joe, surlily. "I answer fool questions for no man, and you know it."

"Then it's true," cried the enraged man. "Do you hear that, boys! Sold out his vote to a Soda-water Bottle; he's tied to the apron strings of his precious——"

With a cry like that of an infuriated animal, Joe Travers sprang over the bar and seized his taunter by the throat. In the midst of the confused uproar he reached the entrance with his helpless prisoner, and pushing the doors wide open with a kick he flung the man out into the street as though he were a feather. As he did so the sudden fury of the crowd culminated, and a shot rang out. A puff of smoke passed before his eyes, and in the instant's daze of his sight a woman fell heavily at his feet in the doorway. Bending down through the faint mist of the blur, he looked into her face. Lying there, a tiny stream of blood trickling out of the bosom of her gown, the rain falling on her still, white features, lay—his mother.

He staggered for an instant; then he caught her up in his strong arms like a man demented, crying out, "Mother! mother! mother!" madly.

The crowd scattered like chaff before the wind.

"Bring her in here," said the voice of the kindly German woman next door, the first words of reason that any one thought to utter.

While messengers fled with all haste for physicians and surgeons, those who crowded into that little room never forgot the sight, nor was there one who was not melted by the utter prostration of Joe Travers.

As she lay like marble, majestic in her white silence, a low murmur greeted the arrival of one who cried in suppressed tones of excitement, "Where is she?" and then Joe Travers, raising his wild eyes, saw standing by him his father.

"Father! father!" he cried. "Oh, look at her! Oh, this is my work! No, don't look at me like that. I didn't do it. I don't know who did; but I'm to blame. Oh, can you forgive me? Can you forgive me?"

The face of the elder Travers was filled with an incredulous anguish as he looked at his wife, but as his eyes rested on his son, shaking in that palsy of repentance. He said brokenly, "I forgive you, but God only knows how I can bear this. I cannot give her up."

"Oh, is it too late? Mother! mother!"

The two men threw themselves sobbing into each other's arms and as they passionately uttered words of endearment to that voiceless figure, her eyes opened, looked surprisedly into the faces bent above her, and then, half inarticulately, came the words, "What—is—it? Joe—father—I—am—glad to—see you."

What followed within the next moment or two was indescribably pathetic. She did not seem to realize that anything had happened to her; she only knew that these two, long estranged, and so dear to her, were there together. She smiled and placed their hands together, saying only, "How nice of you to come home, Joe."

"THEY WENT OUT, ARM AND ARM, TO THE BALCONY"

"Will it take an eternity for any one to get here?" cried the husband. At this instant an authoritative figure pushed his way through the crowd and said brusquely, "This room must be cleared at once. All of you will leave except those whom I say may stay."

Silently waiting, in what tense feeling may not be told in words, Joe Travers and his father sat together in the little kitchen. Presently the door opened and the doctor came out. "She will live," he said; "it is not even dangerous. The ball passed out through her shoulder. It is only a flesh wound. She wishes to see you."

Half staggering in his reaction from agony to joy, Joe followed his father into the room. There he broke down once more, and, throwing himself on his knees by her, burst into tears.

"Never mind, my boy," said the mother, "I'm not hurt at all. The doctor says it's not much more than what a man shot in battle would call a scratch, and I was shot in battle; so, I'll call it a scratch, too. It's all right, just so you and father have made up, and you'll come home, won't you?"

Joe Travers sprang to his feet with another of those swift changes characteristic of him. "Come home! mother! Yes, I'll come home to-night, and I'll do more—I'll close my saloon forever. I'll do anything in the world if you will forgive me for all I have done."

"Forgive you, my boy—of course I forgive you. Don't you know, I have always loved you. Joe! Joe!—it seems too good to be true! I never was so happy in my life. Kiss me, my boy."

"Be careful, Diana," said Mr. Travers. "You must not excite yourself. Everything is all right now and you must rest. Perhaps you are elected," he suggested, smiling.

"Perhaps I am elected," replied Mrs. Travers, "or perhaps"—she paused and turned her eyes on Joe. Who was elected? Who, indeed?

His father drew out his watch and looked at it.

"It is half-past five," he said. "One of you has been elected mayor of Belle Centre."

Then Joe Travers spoke:

"Mother, I had not voted yet awhile ago when—when that happened, but I'm going to now. I'm going down to the polls to vote for you, and I only wish that my vote alone could elect you. It won't, but I'll do the best I can. If you're elected I'll work with you, and if I'm elected"—he paused—"I'll close the Blue Tiger forever and atone for this night's work if I can."

Silently, gazing at him with eyes that were filled with a dazzling joy, she reached up her arms and drew his head down to her face, breathing only: "O God! I thank thee for this hour——"

He raised himself, and stopping only to say, "I'll be back soon," he rushed out of the house. Running swiftly toward the square, he saw as he passed the open road leading southward out of the town a dark moving line approaching the village. Full well he knew what that dark line was—it was the men of the section gang, laborers on the railroad, who were compelled to go to their work before the polls opened, and now they had knocked off work half an hour earlier than usual and were on their way to cast a solid vote for him. Had he not "fixed" them?

His swiftly running feet had not taken three steps more before he turned sharply at right angles southward on the open road and ran faster than before to the railroad crossing, and thence down the track.

As he ran a powerful voice in the moving line advancing through the rain sung out the first line of "John Brown's Body." The refrain was instantly caught up by the steadily tramping men, forty odd, and thus they approached each other, the hatless, flying man and the dark, marching line, marked by the rhythm of the song, "Glory, glory, hallelujah! As we go marching on!"

"Stop!" he shouted; "stop a minute, boys! I've got something to say to you."

"Why, Joe," said the leader, stepping forward, "what's the matter?"

For answer he leaped onto a pile of ties and cried out:

"Listen to me. Less than an hour ago my mother was shot on the steps of my saloon while I was throwing out a coward who would have insulted her. She's not much hurt, but it might have killed her, and that's enough for me. Boys, you know me. I'm done now. I've quit—quit the business forever, and I want you to help me. I hadn't voted yet, but now I'm going to vote for my mother. I don't want your votes—they're no good to me now. What I want to ask you is this: Will any of you go to the polls with me and vote for my mother?"

From out the astonished silence of the crowd there arose a hoarse, indeterminate murmur. Then out stepped a man from the rest.

"Your mother's a lady and a Christian, Joe, and I'll vote for her for one. I'm with you, Joe."

"And so am I!"

"And so am I!"

"Turncoat!" shouted an angry voice.

"Turncoat or no turncoat," cried Joe Travers, fiercely, "I'll stand up for my mother. Is there any of you so lost to decency that he can see a woman, and that woman his own mother, shot down in cold blood and not resent it! Answer me, have any of the rest of you got mothers?"

He who had cried "turncoat" slunk away, grumbling, and was followed by two or three growling profanely in their throats of "treachery" and "babyism."

"Go ahead, Joe, we're ready," sung out the foreman.

"Then come on, quick; there's no time to lose. Start that song again and let 'em know we're coming."

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave—"

They tramped in a double-quick step up the track—

"As we go marching on—"

They reached the crossing and turned into the road—"Glory, glory, hallelu-jah—"

They gained the edge of the town, and were recruited by dozens—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave—"

Surrounded by the cheering populace, they swept on to the square. In front, Joe Travers, hatless, striding determinedly—

"As we go marching on—"

They drew up at the poling place. As Joe Travers walked into the poling booth of the "drys" a mighty shout went up, and, amid wild cheering, the forty odd votes were quickly deposited. As the last man turned away, the clock struck six and the polls closed.

Three hours later Mrs. Travers, resting comfortably, lay on a lounge in her own home, surrounded by her family and friends, including all of her associates on the ticket of the "drys."

Up the street floated the sound of martial strains and the tramping of many feet. Nearer it came, and nearer—paused in front of the lawn—and there was loud shouting: "Three cheers for the Mayor!"

"It's you, mother; I know it is," said Joe.

"Give me your arm, my son," she replied, and thus, followed by her retinue, they went out, arm in arm, to the balcony, lit up by the flames of many torches.

"There she is," arose the cry. "There she is! Three cheers for the Mayor!"

Pale and weak, she gathered herself up, and cried in resonant tones: "I thank you, my friends. God bless you all. You must excuse me now."

She turned toward Joe. Another impulse struck the jubilant crowd.

"What's the matter with Joe Travers?"

And the torches flickered with the vibrations of the stentorian reply:

"He's—all—right."

As the procession, still cheering on general principles, passed the Blue Tiger, the torches showed distinctly a sign reading: "Closed—Joe Travers." Whereat they cheered again.

As to the mysterious shot, every one knew now that the responsibility could never be definitely fixed, but as three of the toughest characters of the village had secretly boarded the train three miles south of town with the information that they were "skipping the blasted town for good," it was generally understood that if they stayed skipped, the matter would be dropped.

It was one week later that Joe Travers stood on the platform of the largest church in Belle Centre. The Mayor sat with the pastors of the churches on the great platform, surrounded by the city council, the clerk and some distinguished invited guests from adjoining towns who were on hand to see "how it worked."

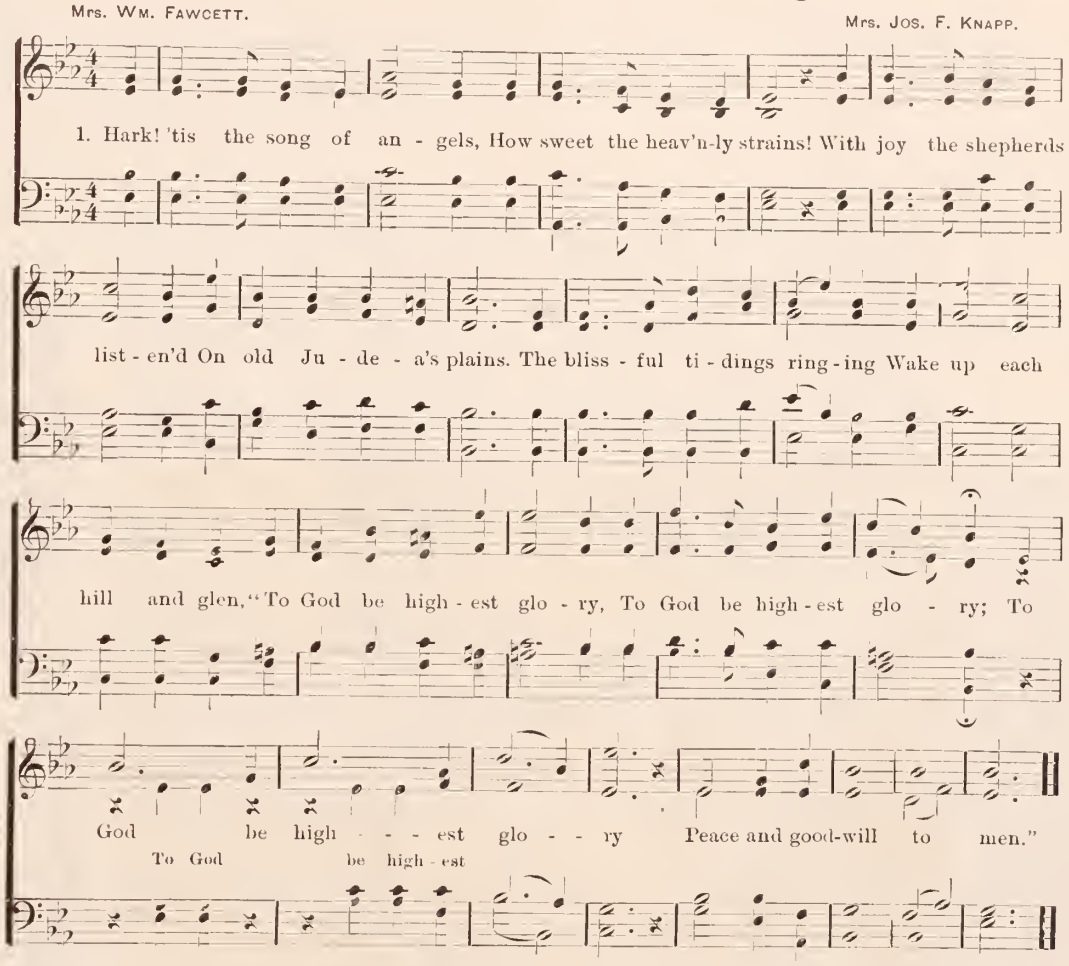
He had just finished his speech. "It was the happiest moment of my life when I cast that vote for my mother, and it is to her, and to the good women of this village, that I owe it all. I thank God for my mother's prayers, for her tears, for her undying love and persistence, for her unfaltering determination. And further, good people, I ask all of you to forgive me for the evil I have caused in this town. My father and mother have forgiven me, and I trust that Christ also has pardoned me, for by his help the rest of my life shall be devoted to his service. I have offered all that I have and am to the Lord, and if you will let me help you as well as I can, I will gladly be the humblest worker of you all in the making of our little city a model for others. Not for my sake, but for the sake of these —" he pointed to the women—"I ask you to think of me with as little harshness as you can, and let me show by the rest of my life that I mean what I say."

. . .

There could be but one outcome to such forces set in motion. In less than a year Belle Centre was practically another town, so far as the administration of its municipal affairs was concerned. The saloons were closed, despite the reckless threats made at first by the tough element, which did not propose to be downed by the "Mammas." Nor was Belle Centre injured by the fact that several who could not stand the changed order of things, got out, sans ceremony. The street paving and lighting were materially improved, and incidentally the manner in which public funds had been misappropriated came to light; a public park was laid out, the library enlarged, and a lecture course provided. When you want to hear these things well told you should hear them—as I did—told by a well-known citizen of Belle Centre, Mr. Joseph Travers, Jr., at what was once the sign of the Blue Tiger, but now the leading restaurant and coffee-house of the town.

[THE END]

"Hark! 'Tis the Song of Angels"

Mrs. WM. FAWCETT. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Hark! 'tis the song of an - gels, How sweet the heav'n-ly strains! With joy the shepherds
list - en'd On old Ju - de - a's plains. The bliss - ful ti - dings ring - ing Wake up each
hill and glen, "To God be high - est glo - ry, To God be high - est glo - ry; To
God be high - - - est glo - - ry Peace and good-will to men."
To God be high - est

2 Come bow in adoration,
At Bethlehem's lowly shrine.
And our glad homage render
To the Christ-Child divine,
Who laid aside His glory,
Who left His throne above,
‖: Led by divine compassion, :‖
Moved by redeeming love.

3 Then join the angels' chorus,
Proclaim the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God for ever,
Jesus has come to earth.
Lay your best gifts before Him,
Your hearts' devotion bring,
‖: Hail Him with loud hosannas, :‖
Our Saviour and our King!

Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, New York

GRATEFUL WORDS FROM INDIA

From Secretary Wm. C. Hannum of the American Presbyterian Mission in Western India, a cordial letter has been received enclosing the action of the Presbyterian Mission Board, as follows:

Extract from Minutes of American Presbyterian Mission in Western India, October 30th, 1900.

"The following resolution was adopted by a rising vote: That the Mission place on record its gratitude to Dr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and to the Contributors to the HERALD'S Famine Fund, for the bountiful and timely aid given to the Mission in the relief of famine sufferers in this region, and our belief that much distress has been alleviated and MANY LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED THROUGH THAT AID, and that IT IS BEING PROVIDENTIALLY USED IN TURNING THE HEARTS OF IDOLATERS TO THE TRUE GOD: and that the Secretary be directed to communicate this action to Dr. Klopsch."

GOSPEL LIGHT . . . IN CUBAN PRISONS

GOOD news comes from Jaruco, where a branch of "El Faro Cristiano" (Christian Lighthouse) Mission, of Aguacate, was recently established, as readers of this paper will remember. Arthur W. Dowe, Director of El Faro Cristiano, writes from Jaruco:

We have just held two public meetings in a crowded house. Doors, windows, court and street were filled with people anxious to hear about the "free religion" that is to accompany "free Cuba" in her future growth and progress. Not only the poor but the rich and those in authority, among whom are the "Alcalde" (Mayor) and his wife are to be found in the throng listening to the "buenas nuevas" (good news.) The demand for Spanish Protestant literature and Bibles is great. Mr. Arthur Pain and myself will soon start on our tour to open new stations. We have three good-sized cities in mind that have never heard a Protestant missionary. Thus far the treatment we have received has been universally courteous.

The officials have given us access to the prison and hospital here. Arthur Pain, of whose conversion at El Faro Cristiano I wrote an account a few weeks ago, has been specially helpful in the prison work. To-day we knelt on the stone floors of that institution, with three prisoners, who yielded their hearts to Jesus, and accepted him as their Saviour. This makes seven conversions in the prison, leaving only one prisoner, a very desperate and hard character, unconverted. We want him also. People are amazed at our methods and success. They say there must be something in a religion which sends its followers after the outcasts behind the bars, and which has power to change wicked men into useful, law-abiding citizens. El Faro Cristiano (the Christian Lighthouse) will endeavor to spread the light of the Gospel throughout all Cuba.

A few days after the reception of the above another letter came from Mr. Dowe. It read:

The last prisoner in the jail has been converted, making eight in all who have surrendered to God. Probably in the whole world there is not to be found a jail like this in Jaruco, where all the prisoners love and confess the Lord Jesus. Now we pray for the conversion of the guards and keepers of the institution.

Delighted With His Premium

This letter from a New York subscriber speaks for itself:

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the premium—a Calendar and *Masterpieces of American Eloquence*, with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I consider it the best premium I have ever received for the money, the book alone being worth more than the two dollars paid for the whole. To show my appreciation, I have solicited a few friends, and at least three will become subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for next year. Wishing for your exemplary Christian paper a large circulation. WM. CANN.

Learning About Jesus

A little reader in Middleboro, Mass., writes as follows:

Dear Editor:—You sent me a Red Letter Testament a year ago. I have read out of it every day. I know quite a lot about Jesus now. My uncle takes THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We are so glad it does so much good. I will be twelve years old next July. This is my third year in school. I am in the sixth grade. The first Testament story I learned was the Prodigal Son. GEORGE PROVOST.

Cordial Appreciation

"The most delightful paper I ever read." A. G. D., Plymouth, Mass.

"We always feel cheerful when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD enters our humble home. Its pages carry a lesson to the mind and, still deeper, to the soul." Mrs. Mary S. B., Lansing, Mich.

PRAIRIE HOMES

For City Children

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENJAMIN

IT was a beautiful parlor in an elegant residence on a fashionable avenue in New York City. A broad stone stairway led up to the handsome entrance, where the door opened before the caller could ring, stately ladies, quietly but richly gowned, received the visitor, and passed him or her into the great drawing-rooms where many people sat in waiting. Soft music from piano and violins greeted the ear.

At one end of the long rooms—the same end with the piano and violins—were a group of men and women in blue and red uniforms. One of the women—tall, slender, distinguished-looking—wore a crest on her collar and five silver stars on her shoulder-strap. Beside her, robed in black silk, stood a lovely lady, whose gentle face was crowned with snowy hair. This lady, mistress of the beautiful home, was saying:

"Everywhere I went last summer I saw the Salvation Army at work; and its work was good. I think you will be interested to hear this afternoon of a new enterprise which that organization has undertaken for the children of our great cities, from its highest authority on the subject—Consul Booth-Tucker."

The Consul faced an audience of men and women who are taking the obligations imposed by wealth and culture seriously, and who had left business or pleasure, just to listen to the needs of children of the poor and to the Salvation Army's plan for the relief of those who by reason of orphanage, desertion, or parental surrender, become its wards. She told the story of her "Scheme for the Babies" from its inception to the present time; of the Army's crowded orphanages and nurseries, and particularly of the Cherry Tree Home for Waifs and Strays, which came into existence at Rutherford, N. J., some three years ago, and which is now entirely inadequate to meet the demands upon it, even though Colonel Higgins, the officer in charge of all Army work for children, is willing to have the whole floor space covered with little beds. Said the Consul:

"The mother of five children—the wife of a drunken husband—came to me with her story of destitution. 'It's agony to part with me little boys,' she said, 'but I've made up me mind to it. And if I give 'em up to the Army they'll grow up good men.' Think of it! We had no room, we could not take them. Soon after I journeyed to our Farm Colony in Colorado, and there I had a revelation. Why not transplant the Cherry Tree Home to these rolling prairies, where there's room for all the children we can bring, where health comes on every breeze, where work is plenty, where children will be removed from the evil associations of city life while the city is in some measure relieved of its teeming thousands?

"That revelation has borne fruit. We now have a stone building at our colony ready to receive one hundred. Mrs. Higgins and I will soon start West with them. Captain Benjamin will be Mother of the Home. Other buildings will go up as fast as means are provided. We hope to make the Home to a great extent self-supporting, once it is started. Boys and girls will be taught to work. There will be sewing, housework, chores, care of the farmyard, its cows, geese, chickens and dairy, to say nothing of orchards, vegetable gardens and the rolling acres ready for conversion into fields of waving grain at the magic touch of our older boys. Our children can grow up into farm owners."

CHERRY TREE HOME FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, RUTHERFORD, N. J.

An officer held up to the Consul a pretty tot, white and soft as a snowball in her wool cloak. "This is a Cherry Tree baby," said the Consul. "We have taken her into our own home in the place of Evangeline, our little American-born baby who died."

At the close of the meeting, some cards with tiny pencils attached, were passed among the guests. Opposite her name one lady wrote "$1,000." Others subscribed generous sums. The rich people who take their wealth seriously were interested, too, to hear of the plans of the winter relief work of the Army; the Christmas basket-dinners for 15,000 persons: and the great Christmas dinner in Madison Sq. Garden for thousands more.

Soon after this meeting there was a great wedding in the Salvation Army Headquarters, when Col. Alice Lewis, next to the Consul the most prominent Army woman in America, was married to her aide, Capt. Johnson. A band of little Cherry Tree children, looking pretty and soft in their white woolen garments, furnished a part of the musical programme; and members of the large crowd who came to the wedding made it an occasion to remember the Prairie Home in contributions — which introduced the novelty of giving bridal presents to a good cause rather than to the happy pair. Commander Booth-Tucker performed the ceremony. The simple, solemn service is a lesson: the contracting parties pledge themselves to encourage each other in service to God and man; the vow not only binds each to each but consecrates two to God. The building was bright with flags, and merry with tinkle of bells, and music of flutes and violins.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. L. S., Omaha, Neb., writes:

God heard my prayer and helped my loved one.

Reader, Beemerville, N. J., writes:

In answer to prayer, God lifted my troubles far beyond my reach and sight. I am sure he will help all who have faith in him.

Mother, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

A loved one was being led astray. I prayed earnestly, and God has answered my prayer by placing him in a position where he will be under the best possible influences.

S. R. A., Gainesville, Tex., writes:

Having during the past week to give up an only daughter, I prayed our Heavenly Father, as her precious life ebbed away, to stop the great pain she was suffering, and then added, "Not my will, but thine be done." The prayer was heard; her life closed as if she were going into a sweet sleep.

A. B. S., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I was in great trouble and the outlook was dark indeed. I asked help from my Heavenly Father. He has answered my prayer, and now I give God praise from a grateful and believing heart.

B. D. J., Newark, N. J., writes:

Having read the answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was encouraged to more faithful prayer for friends who were in great trouble. God has answered and they have found help.

C. W., London, Canada, writes:

Having seen so many beautiful answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (which has been a welcome visitor to our home for the past twelve years) I felt renewed in faith for my son. I believe in prayer, for the Lord has answered me many times, but I felt very anxious about my dear boy. He had wandered from the Shepherd's fold. After reading "Answered Prayers" I asked the dear Lord with new faith, to bring him back. After I was praying three days, he came and said: "Dear mother, I have decided to live for the Lord." A prayer for another child in trouble has been answered. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Pennsylvania Railroad Company Will Issue Clerical Orders for 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that clerical orders will be issued for the year 1901 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near the line of its road.

Application blanks may be obtained of ticket agents, and same should reach the General Office soon as possible, so that orders may be mailed December 31 to clergymen entitled to receive them. Orders will be issued only on individual application of clergymen when made on blanks furnished by the Company and certified to by one of its agents.

Run Down

That is the condition of thousands of people who need the stimulus of pure blood—that's all.

They feel tired all the time and are easily exhausted.

Every task, every responsibility, has become hard to them, because they have not the strength to do nor the power to endure.

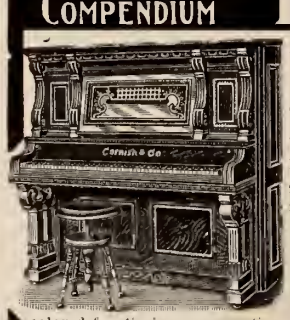
William Ross, Sarnia, Ont., who was without appetite and so nervous he could not sleep, and Leslie R. Swink, Dublin, Pa., who could not do any work without the greatest exertion, testify as many others have done to the wonderful building-up efficacy of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It purified their blood, gave them strength and vigor, restored their appetite and made their sleep refreshing.

It is the medicine for all debilitated conditions.

[Buy a bottle of Hood's to-day.]

PIANO AND ORGAN COMPENDIUM FREE

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Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, Ohio.

326 FIRST PREMIUMS
SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.
Prairie State Incubator Co.
Homer City, Pa.

WALKED OUT.

On Food, After Being Given Up.

Lack of knowledge regarding the kind of food to give to people, particularly invalids, frequently causes much distress, whereas when one knows exactly the kind of food to give to quickly rebuild the brain and nerve centres, that knowledge can be made use of.

A young Chicago woman says: "Other instances of the wonderful qualities possessed by Grape-Nuts food are shown in my grandmother's and mother's cases. Grandmother's entire left side became totally paralyzed, from a ruptured capillary of the brain. The doctor said it would be impossible for her to live a week. She could not take ordinary food and we put her on Grape-Nuts, in an effort to do all for her we could.

"To the astonishment of the doctor and the delight of all of us, she slowly rallied and recovered. It was pronounced the first case of the kind on record. The doctor said nothing could have produced this result but food.

"We had been led to use Grape-Nuts because of the effect on mother. She has been troubled with a weak stomach all her life, and the last few years been gradually losing weight and strength. She has tried everything, almost, that has been recommended by good authority, and until she used Grape-Nuts food, nothing seemed to do her any good. Since taking up Grape-Nuts she has been constantly improving until now she is free from any of the stomach troubles, and is strong and well. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Keep Dry!
Keep Well!
Keep Warm!

Sold everywhere.

ALL STYLES, AND WEARERS EVERY ONE.

HOOD RUBBER CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Fresh Air and Sunshine
are essential to the invalid. We build to order every size and style of

WHEEL CHAIR
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for Cripples and Invalids.

We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work. Catalogue free on request.
F. A. FAY TRICYCLE & INVALID CHAIR CO.,
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Good Health for $5.00

The Robinson Vapor ...BATH CABINET...

Purify your Blood Before Hot Weather

Positively removes Rheumatism, Kidney and Stomach trouble. It makes you clean and well. The ONLY patent Screen Folding Cabinet made. Get no other. WE WANT GOOD AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

We want bright, energetic men and women to open branch offices for us in every city and town. Most liberal commissions. One representative made $200 in first 20 days, another made $375 in a month, others $5 to $10 a day and upwards. Why work on a small salary when you can make much more money representing us. Write to-day for full particulars.

THE ROBINSON CO.
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It Is a Certainty That Catarrh

can be eradicated. You will believe it after using a sample of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. Mailed free with valuable booklet. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 50 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

Do you Play? The Simplex Chord Method teaches you to play vocal or instrumental accompaniments, on piano or organ, in a few days, without previous knowledge of music. $1.00 prepaid. Money back if you want it. Capt. Geo. Totten, Somerville, N. J.

PLAYS Best List of New Plays. 325 Nos. Dialogs, Speakers, Hand Books. Catalog free. T. S. DENISON, Pub., Dept. 21, Chicago

Schools That Never Change

THEY ARE IN CHINA, AND THEY HAVE TAUGHT THE SAME SYSTEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS

IT is quite safe to say that the antiquated educational system which prevails through the wide domains of the Emperor of China, is responsible for a large share of the present disturbances. No institution in the Middle Kingdom is more conservative in its tendency than the school. The Chinese have a profound veneration for the schoolmaster and for letters, the instrument of learning. So much is the latter the case that even in Hong Kong may be observed small boxes, like letter boxes, attached to the walls for the reception of every piece of waste paper having the sacred Chinese characters upon it, to prevent its being trampled under the foot of the passer-by. The Civil Service, from the highest to the lowest branches, is recruited from the ranks of the people by open competition. Any young man, not being a descendant within four generations of an actor, executioner, jailer, or woman of bad character, may rise to the highest posts in the realm if he can manage to pass, by fair means or foul, the requisite literary examinations. The candidate's ability is tried by giving him a text taken from "The Four Books," or "The Five Classics," and shutting him up in a cell for two or three days without books or notes. At the end of that time he produces a literary essay on stereotyped lines, and his position is determined by the relative merit of this one work.

The "Four Books" are the "Confucian Analytics," the "Great Learning," the "Golden Medium" and the "Sayings of Mercius." The "Five Classics" comprise the "Book of Changes," the "Book of History," the "Spring and Summer Annals," the "Book of Odes" and the "Book of Rites." These are the Alpha and Omega of Chinese scholarship. A man requires nothing more to be admitted to the highest social and political influences: he may have a supreme contempt for modern learning and may know absolutely nothing of the inventions and discoveries of the last 2000 years.

Education is stereotyped both in material and method. The mandarins, having risen to power and wealth by this system, are not likely to introduce innovations which would assuredly put an end to their *regime* by producing a better class of men to take their place. From an educationist's point of view, the method as well as the material in use in the Chinese school is sadly defective, and there is next to no hope of any reformation from within. The system develops the retentive faculties at the expense of the reflective and imaginative capacities. The school will have to be thoroughly revolutionized before there can be permanent peace in China.

The schools of the Berlin Missionary Society in the city and neighborhood of Canton have just issued their report for 1899–1900, which contains many interesting and encouraging features. These schools are divided into three classes—middle, station, and vernacular, and are distributed over the provinces of which Li Hung Chang has lately been viceroy. At the middle school in Luk Hang, besides religious instruction, the pupils are taught history, geography, arithmetic, physics, chemistry, natural history, and astronomy. This school has recently had the rare compliment paid to it of a visit from the mandarin. He expressed admiration for the work which was being done, and did the missionaries the honor of inviting them to visit his yamen.

The station schools are three in number and differ from the others in being boarding schools. These seminaries are primarily intended for the children of native Christians, though the children of non-Christians are heartily welcomed.

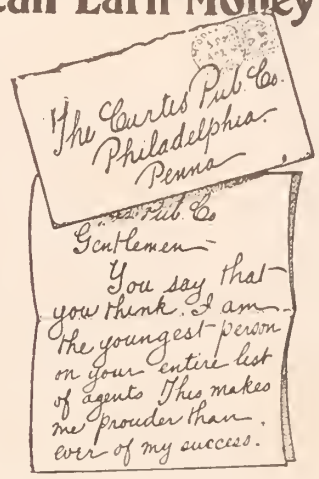
No less than 443 children have been enrolled during the year in the twenty-four vernacular schools, and nearly all of these were the children of non-Christians. These schools are conducted on modified and modernized Chinese lines, and it is interesting to learn that the ancient Socratic method is employed with conspicuous success in the best of these schools. There the Chinese schoolmaster teaches by questioning his pupils, criticizing their answers, and explaining the proper meaning of the question under consideration. Thus, after the lapse of 2,400 years, the system of Socrates, the founder of philosophy in Europe, is endorsed in the land of Confucius, the founder of philosophy in Asia, who lived about the same time, *i.e.* 500 B.C.

REV. T. WRIGHT.

Seamen's Mission, Hong Kong.

1. A CHINESE SCHOOLROOM 2. CLASS OF PUPILS AT THEIR STUDIES

How Young People Can Earn Money


The Curtis Pub. Co.
Philadelphia
Penna
Gentlemen
You say that you think I am the youngest person on your entire list of agents This makes me prouder than ever of my success.

Continuing, this Bright Schoolgirl in Middletown, Conn., writes:

"I do not know of any other little girl who has earned thirty-five dollars in so short a time and in such a pleasant way as I have, and I am quite sure that none of your older agents are more pleased with their success."

What this Schoolgirl did others can do

The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post will willingly co-operate with others who want to accomplish the same result. A very liberal commission will be paid upon each subscription and renewal secured, besides offering each an opportunity to share in $18,000, to be awarded on May 1, 1901.

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THE MOST DESIRABLE COMPILATION

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Price $25 per 100. Send 20c. for a sample copy.

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THE **PASSION PLAY**
and scenes in Ober-Ammergau
50 lantern slides and prepared lecture. Slides on every subject, including TISSOT'S LIFE OF CHRIST, "In His Steps," Sermons, Hymns and International S. S. Lessons. For sale or rent. Send for great bargain list, quick.
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THE FRUITS
Of Coffee Drinking.

"The fruits or results, in my case, of coffee drinking, were sallow complexion, almost total loss of appetite, as well as sleeplessness and sluggish circulation.

"I was also very bilious and constipated most of the time for eight years, and became so nervous that I was unable to do any mental labor and was fast approaching a condition where there would have been no help for me.

"I am convinced that if I had continued using coffee much longer the result would have been a total mental and physical wreck.

"I sometimes think the all-wise providence looks after us in trouble; at any rate, when I was in despair a friend urged me to give up coffee entirely and use Postum, giving the reasons why. It was hard for me to believe that so common a beverage as coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I made the change, and from the first trial experienced a benefit and improvement, My complexion has improved, the nervousness gone, as well as the bilious trouble and sleeplessness, and I am completely relieved of sluggish circulation. In fact, I am well, and the return to health has been directly traced to leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I recommend Postum to all coffee wrecks without a single reservation."—James D. Kimball, Isabella Street, Northampton, Mass.

You Hear!

when you use

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible. comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.

Information and book of letters from many users, free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,

223 Trust Bldg., . Louisville, Ky.

Rheumatism

A lawyer in Chicago, Ill., writes:

"At intervals I have had very distressing attacks of this disorder. At the suggestion of a friend, my physician prescribed Tartarlithine. The recovery was rapid, and it is the only remedy I can find that does not interfere with my digestion."

Send for our Free Pamphlet, telling you how to treat Rheumatism.

Tartarlithine is sold by all druggists, or will be sent post-paid by mail.

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Card Press $5
LARGER, $18
Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c. to factory.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Washington Escapes Prison*

SCENE — Room in Washington's Headquarters (afterward the Jumel Mansion), Harlem Heights, September 17, 1776.

Enter Washington, and Generals Putnam and Greene.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen,
What punishment is due to him just
Detected in an effort to poison
The General-in-Chief?

GREENE and PUTNAM—(In unison). To poison you?

WASHINGTON—This very day I was to have been a victim.
Providence has preserved my life; for what
Ends I know not.

GREENE—The culprit has been captured?

WASHINGTON—Yes; one of my own guard!
And by me trusted—I may say, literally
Trusted—almost unto death.

PUTNAM—He should die at sunset—
And the whole army see the creature die!

WASHINGTON—His youth pleads against this punishment.
The enemy is the chief malefactor.
Why hang the deluded boy while the greater
Criminal survives? It is more humane
To send him out of camp to the care of
Those who used him.

PUTNAM—A merciful decree!

WASHINGTON—We shall be fortunate, if this
Be the last effort made to gain this end.
He who engages the savage will not
Hesitate at assassination!
I face it as among the chances of war!

GREENE—The foe will never learn the lesson, taught
In the generosity of this decision.

WASHINGTON—I fear he will not.
But the fault be his, not mine. In the realms
Of kindness I should not limp because he
Is lame.

The Surf Riders of Hawaii†

HOW long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke it was to find himself surrounded by a bevy of laughing damsels, profusely adorned with flowers and apparently enjoying themselves at his expense. They were a merry group, obviously from the better class of natives. One seemed superior to the rest and was the leader in their frolic. With well-rounded forms, clothed in the *pau*, the customary short skirt of the women of Hawaii. and some of them wearing bracelets on the wrists, they made a pretty picture as the youth gazed inquiringly into their faces and watched their graceful postures. Their hair was short above the forehead; long wavy locks fell over their shoulders, and there was a simplicity in their looks and actions which the life of high caste native women naturally produced. One or two might be the belles of the village. They were all of large frames, well proportioned. When they stood erect their figures had considerable style and beauty of outline. They were too large and plump for nymphs or fairies of civilized legends, but, judged by Hawaiian standards, were an attractive group. When then a few of the more timid made a movement towards the door the whole bevy rushed out, and Hookama, following, saw them fleeing to the beach.

A part seized their surf-boards, pushed them through the nearer breakers, and then, lying down upon them, rode back to the shore. These boards were made by stone axes from hard koa wood, slightly hollowed and polished, broad enough to carry the body and from six to eight feet in length. On these floats some even stood erect and balanced themselves as they were carried along by the smaller rollers. Their audacious struggles with the waves, their loud shouts when a big roller tumbled over them, and their comely shoulders rising from the sea, made the scene a lively one. The spray they tossed with their arms sparkled in the sunbeams, completing the beauty of the sight. A few of these water-sprites, more daring than the rest, swam out beyond the combing breakers and disported themselves in deeper water. Hookama, accustomed to the merry games of water nymphs at Waikiki, a village on one of the beaches of Oahu, needed no second impulse to run towards the group of mermaids and soon was among them battling with the breakers.

Father Taylor and Dickens*

CHARLES DICKENS thus vividly describes Father Taylor's way of presenting the truth:

The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers; but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Song of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved!"

He handled the text in all kinds of ways and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seaman's life, and was often remarkably good. He spoke of them of "that glorious man, Lord Nelson," and of Collingwood, and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose, naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burleigh—of taking his great quarto-Bible under his arm, and pacing up and down the pulpit with it, looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Such was Father Taylor in the Strangers' Sabbath Home in Boston, for such his church was. He preached to the homeless, but great minds of America and of other lands came to hear him. It was kindergarten preaching—it pictured truth, and made one feel that there was hope for all humanity, and that open and free was the way to the cross to wayfarers of all lands.

*From *Washington, or the Revolution*, by Col. Ethan Allen. An historical work, in blank verse, covering events from the Boston massacre to the inauguration of Washington as President. It gives a real personality to all the Revolutionary heroes. Twelve full page illustrations by Henry Kratzner. Pp. 500; price $2. Issued by the Library Americana, Room 403, Empire Building, 71 Broadway, New York City, to aid in establishing a University of the United States, an institution which originated with Washington and was one of his most cherished wishes. Colonel Allen has presented 2,000 copies of his drama to further the work for which Washington and his compatriots stood.

†From *Kelea, the Surf Rider*, a Romance of Pagan Hawaii, by Alex. Stevenson Twombly. The author has made the most of this virgin field, the story being laid in a time before the whites discovered and renamed the Sandwich Islands. A sight which has always aroused the wonder of travelers is the exhibition of skill and power in the water-sports of the natives especially the surf-riders. The author has made his heroine a descendant of many generations of surf-riders, a physically powerful, savagely passionate, but noble-minded young woman, inheriting all the skill of her ancestors. Pp. 402, illustrated, price $1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers.

*From *Jack's Carrier Pigeons*, a tale of the times of Father Taylor's Mariner's Home, by Hezekiah Butterworth. Father Taylor's influence through his kindness to birds is a well-known legend of the old North Square, Boston. Pp. 289, frontispiece. Price, $1.25. A. I. Bradley & Co., publishers.

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A Forward Look*

A Motto for the Beginning of the First Year of the New Century

ENTERING on a new year, and that year the first of a new century, even the least impressionable of mortals must be conscious of a feeling of solemnity. It is true the division of years and centuries is arbitrary, and that there is no special sanctity about the moment when we pass from one year to another. A man might be excused for regarding his birthday, when he turns another annual leaf in the book of his life, as more impressive than the first day of January in any year. But we are members of society, parts of the great community, and, therefore, the day which, by the common consent of the civilized world, is accepted as the turning-point of a period, has a common interest, in which we share with our fellows. True, it does not correctly count from the birth of Christ, but it serves the purpose of perpetuating recognition of the Christian era, and, so far, is an evidence of the public sense of the supreme importance of that event. The number of the year is changed on letters and documents, in the ledger and the calendar, and so we feel ourselves to be in a new period of time. It is a beginning, and has in it potentialities of good and evil, fortune and misfortune, life and death. As Joshua told the Israelites when they were preparing to enter the Promised Land: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." So we go forward into this new period, solemnized by a sense of the mystery of new experiences, of unknown possibilities and of unfamiliar responsibilities. But we carry forward our own identity, and we have spent our past to little purpose, if we have not gained from it wisdom and experience to meet the duties of the future with improved equipment.

At such a time as this a new motto, as a rule of life, is welcome. It is the fashion to ridicule New Year's resolutions, but no one who is in earnest about life can take stock of his position without a desire to make the future better than the past. The resolution of the Apostle, which is associated with the topic, is a most excellent rule of life. It excludes pride and vanity, as well as useless regrets and is an inspiration to energy and consecration. "Forgetting those things which are behind." Ah, how difficult that is! There are some things that in one sense we do not wish to forget. There are false steps, mistakes, grievous faults of our own, which are burned into the memory and serve a useful purpose in warning us against similar evils in the future. But they are to be forgotten in the sense of weight and depression. If they tend to unnerve us, if we are disposed to brood over them and waste our strength in vain lamentatation over the irretrievable, they become hindrances which cannot be too soon laid aside. The gaze should be forward, not backward. The attainments that we may make, not those already made, nor the failures that have occurred, ought to absorb our attention. We have not reached the goal, no one is already perfect, therefore the demand is for new and better effort. There is a mark toward which we should press, and the prize to those who reach it is well worth the winning. We can imagine the figure that was in the Apostle's mind when he described this rule of life. The racer in the Olympian games is absorbed in this one struggle. His clothing is cast aside: everything which could impede his progress is discarded: he looks neither to the right hand nor to the left, nor behind him, to see what progress others are making; his eye is fixed on the goal and he is pressing toward the mark. He may have troubles, enmities, vexations, friendships, associations, as we all have, but they are all forgotten in this struggle. He is pressing on and is doing that one thing and that only.

What is the one thing before the Christian that Paul compares to the goal in the race? He wants to apprehend, or lay hold on, that for which Christ apprehended, or laid hold, on him. In other words, he wants to fulfil the purpose for which Christ called him. What is the purpose which Christ has in view in calling a Christian? It is worth while to give an hour to settle that question. Evidently the first purpose is to save him. That is to lift him out of the slime and sin and foulness of life and make him a new man. Anyone who has taken hold of a drunkard or a debauchee and tried to reform him knows what that means. He wants him to quit his wickedness and live a clean life. He tells him that he will be happier and better for doing so and may become a respectable citizen. But there are men who are not vicious or drunken, who have not attained the highest moral development of which they are capable. There are respectable sins, faults of thought and conduct which need to be overcome. The Christian must press on. Christ would save him from all evil. He is apprehended for that. The higher nature within him should rule absolutely and completely, and Christ would help him to this. In putting himself into Christ's hands, he has put himself on the lines of infinite development and there is nothing needed for him but to press forward toward the mark and Christ will help him at every step. Then he is apprehended, too, that he may help others. No man's personal salvation exhausts the purpose Christ had in view in saving him. The sweetness and purity of his life will, unconsciously to him, help others by the force of example and will recommend to the world the religion he professes; but there should also be conscious and intentional effort. He should seek out those who need to be saved and tell them the secret of power. There are few, even of the wickedest, who have not at times a longing for better things. To help them to attain their desire, would be to render a service to Christ and to them. By consecration and service it is possible to fulfil the purpose of Christ, to apprehend that for which we are apprehended, this is an aim worthy the new century.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 6. Phil. 3: 12-14.

YOUR LIFE-PLAN

CALL not yourself the sport of fate,
Nor curse the luck that kills;
There is no luck for him who prays
And does what wisdom wills.
Oh, long ago that law began,
A law forever true:
There's some life-plan for every man,
So there's a plan for you.

There is no height you may not reach—
No good to be denied,
If you but learn what truth will teach,
And go where truth will guide.
Grope not alone where darkness reigns,
No goalless path pursue;
God has a plan for every man,
And he has one for you.

There's never failure for the soul
Who consecrates his youth
To all that's worthy to control,
And grasps the arm of truth.
Then seek your highest destiny,
And clutch life's grandest clue;
Go forth, and true success shall be
In God's right plan for you.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Noonday Praying Circle

Mr. Alex. Palmer, secretary of the National Union Noonday Praying Circle, Wilmington, Del., writes: "The notices of our union in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have brought a very large number of letters. Our work is growing fast. Your kindness has helped us to plant bright spots through the grace of united prayer throughout the country. Some, hearing of the union through others, ask, 'What shall we do to become members?' If they will write to me at 1318 Sixth street, this city, for membership cards, I will gladly give any information desired."

A Rescue Worker's Letter

Dear Editor:—I am sure many rescue workers feel very thankful to you that you give so very much for so little money. I have enjoyed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD immensely because of its splendid reports of mission work the world over. Being a mission worker among erring girls, I am glad of your cooperation. I pray God's blessing on Dr. Talmage, Dr. Klopsch, and everybody connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CHARLTON EDHOLN,

San Francisco, Cal.

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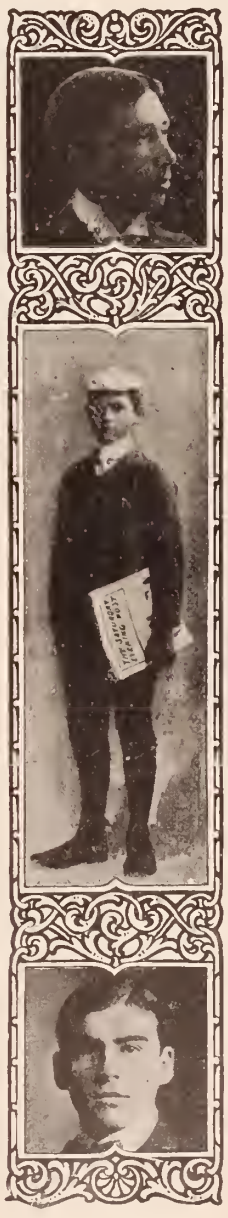

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Conversion of SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

The founder of the Young Men's Christian Association

GEORGE WILLIAMS was born at Ashway Farmhouse, five miles from Dulverton, in Southern England, in the year 1821. His father was a prosperous farmer, but George Williams had a longing for a business life in the city. While he was in school one of his schoolmates was George Hitchcock, a young man who was destined to have much to do with his future work. In 1835, when in his fifteenth year, young Williams was apprenticed for six years by his father, to learn the business in a drapery establishment at Bridgewater. Up to this time there had been no marked religious impression made upon his heart. The family had been brought up in the Church of England, and had been accustomed to attend service in the parish church at Dulverton, but the young boy had never felt any personal impulse toward becoming a Christian. He was a thoughtless, active, capable young man, with a hasty temper and a warm heart.

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS

Fortunately for the young man, upon his first going away from home, he was thrown into close association with two or three fellow-apprentices who were earnest and sincere Christians. These youths exercised a very great influence upon George Williams. He was won to Christ, not by sermons, or public religious services, but through the example, consecration, and loving faith of these earnest young friends. In company with them he began to pray and seek God. And thus it was that, in 1836, in his sixteenth year, George Williams' life of devotion and Christian service began. If those young men had only known the work they did for God and humanity they would have been filled with awe at the privilege God had given them. We never know how much we are doing when we win an undeveloped boy or girl to Christ.

Strength in Secret Prayer

In the drapery house at Bridgewater there was a little, dark room, where the wrapping paper was kept, into which, after his conversion, young Williams used to slip off alone, and pour out his soul in prayer to God. Instead of spending his Sunday afternoons in pleasure, as formerly, when the spiritual light came he began to go to Sunday School, and soon afterwards became a teacher. Finding that the life among the apprentices and clerks of the store was very largely immoral, Williams and the Christian young men who had been the means of his conversion, decided to hold prayer-meetings in their bedrooms, and to invite the other young men. These meetings, which were devoted to prayer, singing, and short readings of Scripture, had a wonderful influence on the young men of the establishment. In a short time twenty-seven became Christians, among them one of the proprietors. The influence of the meetings led the young women to hold meetings of the same kind, and many of them also were converted.

In 1840, when his apprenticeship was ended, young Williams went to London, and was employed in the store of his old school friend, George Hitchcock. Here, under the shadow of St. Paul's mighty dome, where for generations the restless stream of human life has ebbed and flowed from Ludgate Hill to Cheapside, young Williams began his real career. In the Hitchcock establishment at that time eighty young men were employed, having their lodging in the upper apartments. London was then, as now, full of deadly temptations for youth. Liquor shops, the opportunities for gambling, and the temptation to vice were on every side. On the other hand, there was no place open where a young man might go and read, or study, or find cheap and healthful entertainment.

Christian Companionship

It was into this discouraging atmosphere that George Williams came, a sincere Christian, with his heart burning with love and zeal for his Lord, and a great purpose to do something for him. He worked during the day with his fellow-clerks, and at night slept in a small bedroom in one of the upper floors of the establishment. The loneliness, temptation and irreligion of his surroundings led him to pour out his heart in prayer that he might find some one among his associates, who would sympathize with him in his desire for Christian service. A young man of about twenty-four, J. Christopher Smith, was employed in the establishment. To his great joy, Williams found him to be a devoted Christian and a student of the Bible. Christopher Smith became George Williams' room-mate. The intimate relation and Christian fellowship of these two young men at once made themselves felt in their own courage, and in their usefulness in influencing others. It was an illustration of the truth of the Scripture which says that "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Through their efforts several young men in the store soon became Christians. Bedroom prayer meetings were established and led by Williams, generally in his own room, and soon after a Bible class was begun which was taught by Smith. A Missionary Society was founded among the clerks in the house, which raised every year a respectable sum of money for missions; also a literary society for mutual improvement. Meanwhile the young men in the house continued to seek Christ and were converted.

Winning Others to Christ

The new movement grew rapidly, and Williams decided to ask his old schoolmate, now his employer, Mr. George Hitchcock, for a larger room for the meetings. The latter was an energetic and successful business man, but had little or no interest in religion. Williams approached him with much hesitation; yet his heart was so full of his mission that his presentation of it went straight to the other man's heart. The room was granted, and Hitchcock himself was a little while after led to become a Christian. The conversion of George Hitchcock meant a great deal to George Williams' future work in the Young Men's Christian Association, for Hitchcock was a man of wealth and large business acquaintance, and gave the movement at the beginning a very important support.

Thus it was that the Young Men's Christian Association, which, like every other great movement that has blessed the world, was a growth—was born in that little room in Bridgewater, where those warm-hearted Christian apprentices led George Williams to Christ, in his sixteenth year. And it grew for nine years through the bedroom prayer-meetings, and the Bible class, and the literary society, until on June 6th, 1844, twelve young men, among whom George Williams was the leading spirit, founded the Young Men's Christian Association, which, like some giant banyan tree, has dropped its branches to the earth, and run its roots under the seas to come up in every land under the sun.

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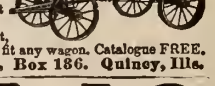

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One word with you,

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THE EVE OF A NEW CENTURY

(See illustration on first page of this issue)

OUR Old Year faileth fast—the measured tolling
From yonder church, dénotes departure near.
Pale lights are streaming thro' the snow-clogged casement,
The sexton in the little stone paved basement
Rings out the dying Year.

A winding sheet piles high in every corner,
As thickly falls the white continuous snow;
Each wall and hedgerow buries still more deeply,
On every sloping gable drifts curve steeply,
Winds come and go.

Good-by, Old Year, I shall not much deplore thee,
Thy days have held a mournful monotone;
And gladly will I hail the coming morrow,
And not a pang from out the past I'll borrow.
The future is mine own.

And yet, Old Year, I have no heart to blame thee,
Some joy hath touched the sorrow in thy hand.
So with a softened memory I'll name thee,
Teacher of austere lessons can I claim thee,
Things hard to understand.

One—two. How fast the Year is dying!
The people kneel as for a midnight prayer.
Without, the storm its close white shroud is wrapping,
And calls with quick, irregular, faint tapping,
On door and window there.

Eleven—twelve. The snow-hushed air above us,
Gives momentary pause—The Year is gone.
And now—the bells in solemn peal out-breaking,
Announce an unknown Century awaking
With veil undrawn.

Germantown, Pa. L. C. WOOD.

WHAT THE NEW CENTURY SHOULD DO FOR MANKIND

THE next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain an eight-page supplement devoted to a notable symposium answering the question: "What Should the Twentieth Century Do For Humanity?" The subject has been divided into its various phases, and recognized authorities on each topic have written their views especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The list of subjects and authors is as follows:

Mankind's Greatest Task, by Andrew Carnegie.

The Old Gospel In The New Century, by Francis E. Clark.

The Brotherhood of Man, by William Jennings Bryan.

Better Times for the Workingman, by Edwin Markham.

Woman's Opportunities, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lillie Devereux Blake, Grace Greenwood, Harriett Prescott Spofford, Kate Tannatt Woods, and Belva Lockwood.

The Control of the Liquor Traffic, by William Wardwell, John G. Woolley, Dr. I. K. Funk, and A. W. Wagnalls.

A National Divorce Law, by Bishop Samuel J. Fallows, of Illinois, Frederick R. Coudert and Justice David McAdam.

Election of United States Senators by Popular Vote, by Senator Thurston of Nebraska.

The Hope of the Negro, by Booker T. Washington.

The Control of Trusts, by Edward Atkinson and Wheeler H. Peckham.

The Improvement of Cities, by John De Witt Warner and Randolph Guggenheimer.

Reforms in Popular Education, by President John H. Barrows, of Oberlin College, Dr. W. G. Ballantine and Matthew H. Buckham, President of the University of Vermont.

The Improvement of Language, by Will Carleton and Edward Payson Jackson.

Arbitration, Labor's Hope, by William Stainsby, Chief of the New Jersey Labor Bureau.

Provide for the Idle Millions, by Frederick De la Booth-Tucker.

America's Political and Commercial Future, by Spencer Trask.

Education of the Deaf and Dumb, by Dr. E. W. Gallaudet.

Future of Submarine Navigation, by Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., Chief Constructor.

Future of Electricity, by Carl Herring.

Will Kings Disappear? by Ethan Allen.

This will be the most important feature in the periodical press of the country in the first week in January. The brainiest men and women here discuss the great hopes of mankind in the next 100 years. Everybody should secure a copy for preservation—a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S first Twentieth Century Number.

A Missionary Victim of Cannibals

In the Solomon Islands, which were recently acquired—made British soil by treaty with Germany—still another Roman Catholic missionary has been made the subject of a cannibal feast. According to the report made by the commander of the British warship *Torch*, who has just visited all the islands of the group, hoisting the Queen's flag over each in turn, a Protestant missionary came very near sharing a fate like that of his Catholic brother. Both missionaries were stationed at Gaudal Candaur Island, where the *Torch* arrived just in time to save the Protestant. It seems that the death of the Catholic missionary aroused the savage instincts of the natives to such a pitch that they resolved to kill the Protestant, but found his house defended by twenty native converts with rifles. Though they dared not attack the force thus armed, the cannibals kept up the siege until, when found by the *Torch*, the missionary and his defenders were on the verge of starvation. After rescuing the Christians, the *Torch* burned the village.

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Ministers and Those Who Have Used It Declare It to Be the Most Remarkable Invigorant Ever Produced, Better than Any Treatment at Hot Springs, Sanitariums or Health Resorts.

A prominent business man of Cincinnati has invented a Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman and child who has used it, and as many readers may not know of its real comfort and blessings, it is illustrated in this issue.

Recent investigation of this remarkable invention was so very satisfactory there is no hesitancy in indorsing the same as just what all readers need.

It is an air-tight inclosure, a rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably rests on a chair, and with only the head outside, enjoys at home, for 3 cents each, all the marvelous cleansing, curative and

invigorating effects of the famous Turkish, Hot Vapor, Hot Air or Medicated Vapor Bath, with no possibility of taking cold afterwards, or in any way weakening the system.

Many well-known physicians have given up their practice to sell this Cabinet—such eminent men as Emerson McKay, Detroit, who has already sold over 700, and John C. Wright, Chicago, who sold 125 last month.

Thousands of remarkable letters have been written the makers from users, some of which, referring to

Rheumatism, La Grippe, Kidney Troubles,

will be interesting to those who suffer from these dread maladies. W. L. Brown, Oxford, O., writes: "My father was down in bed for months with rheumatism; this Cabinet did him more good than $50 worth of drugs. It relieved my brother of neuralgia and sleeplessness, with which he had long suffered, and his wife of la grippe in one night." G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., writes: "Was compelled to quit business a year ago, being prostrated with rheumatism and kidney troubles, when your Cabinet came. Two weeks' use relieved me; I have never had a twinge since." Rev. George H. Hudson, Okemos, Mich, says: "I gave up my pastorate on account of nervous prostration and lung troubles; my editor so highly recommended your Cabinet, I tried it; from that day I have steadily grown better; am now well; nervousness gone; lungs strong; am a new man." Mr. Simon Tompkins, a retired capitalist of Columbus, O., 1031 Broad St., says: "I am satisfied it saved my life. I was taken down with a hard cold, which developed into a dangerous case of pneumonia. The first Bath relieved me and I quickly recovered. It is far superior to drugs for relieving la grippe, colds, inflammation and rheumatism." Hon. A. B. Strickland, of Bloomington, writes that the Cabinet did him more good than two years' doctoring, entirely rid him of catarrh, gravel, kidney trouble and dropsy, with which he had long been afflicted.

Hundreds of Ministers

write, praising this Cabinet. Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kan., says: "It is a blessing; made me full of life and vigor; should be in use in every family." Rev. J. C. Richardson, N. Fifth St., Roxbury, Mass., was greatly benefitted by its use, and recommends it highly, as also does Prof. R. E. P. Kline, of Ottawa University, who says: I find it a great benefit. No Christian should be without it." Hon. V. C. Hay, St. Joe, Mo., writes: "Physicians gave me up to die; was persuaded by friends to try this Cabinet, and it relieved me. I can not praise it enough." Rev. Baker Smith, D.D., Fairmount, N. J., says: Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pain, and as cleanliness is next to godliness, it merits high recommendation."

Congressman John J. Lentz, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, John T. Brown, Editor "Christian Guide"; Rev. C. M. Keith, Editor "Holiness Advocate," as well as hundreds of clergymen, bankers, governors, physicians and influential people recommend it highly.

Physicians are unanimous in claiming that colds, la grippe, fevers, smallpox, consumption, kidney trouble, Bright's disease, cancer—in fact, such

Marvelous Eliminative Power

has this Cabinet that no disease can gain a foothold in your body if you take these hot Thermal Baths weekly. Scientific reasons are brought out in a very instructive little book issued by the makers. To

Eradicate Blood and Skin Diseases

this Cabinet has marvelous power. Dr. Shepard, of Brooklyn, states that he has never failed to draw out the deadly poison of snake bites, hydrophobia, blood poison, etc., by this Vapor Bath, proving that it is the most wonderful blood purifier known. If people, instead of filling their system with more poisons by taking drugs and nostrums, would get into a Vapor Bath Cabinet and steam out these poisons, and assist nature to act, they would have pure blood, and a skin as clear and smooth as the most fastidious could desire.

The Important Feature

of this Cabinet is that it gives a hot vapor bath that opens the millions of pores all over the body, stimulating the sweat glands, drawing out all the impure salts, acids and effete matter, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs, and cause disease, debility and sluggishness. Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion. The first bath makes you feel like a new being; 10 years younger.

With the Cabinet, if desired, is a

Head and Complexion Steamer

in which the face, head and neck are given the same vapor treatment as the body, producing the most wonderful results: removes pimples, blackheads, skin eruptions; relieves Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

O. C. Smith, Mt. Healthy, O., writes: "Since using this Cabinet my Catarrh, Asthma and Hay Fever, with which I have been afflicted since childhood, has never returned. Worth $1000 to me. I have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Every one was delighted. My wife finds it excellent for her ills."

Whatever

Will Hasten Perspiration

every one knows is beneficial, but other methods are crude and insignificant, when compared to the convenient and marvelous curative power of this Cabinet, known as the new 1903 style

Quaker Folding Thermal

Bath Cabinet. We find it to be a genuine Cabinet, with a real door, opening wide, as shown in cut. When closed it is air-tight; handsomely made of best, most durable, water-proof goods, rubber-lined. A heavy steel frame supports it, making it a strong and substantial bathroom within itself. It has top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements.

The makers furnish an excellent stove with each Cabinet, also valuable recipes and formulas for medicated baths and ailments, as well as plain directions. It folds flat in 1 inch space, when not in use; easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

People don't need bathrooms, as this Cabinet may be used in any room, and bath tubs have been discarded since this invention, as it gives a far better bath for all cleansing purposes than soap and water. For the sick room its advantages are at once apparent.

After investigation it can be said the Quaker Cabinet made by the Cincinnati firm is the only practical article of its kind, and will last for years. It seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the

Makers Guarantee Results

They assert positively, and their statements are backed by a vast amount of testimony from persons of influence, that this Cabinet will relieve nervous troubles, Debility, Purify the Blood, Beautify the Skin and Relieve Rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved.) Relieves the most obstinate cases of La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Headaches, Obesity, Gout, Sciatica, Eczema, Scrofula, Dropsy, Blood and Skin Diseases, Liver and Kidney Troubles. It will

Relieve the Worst Cold

with one bath, breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Asthma, and is really a household necessity. Gives the most

Cleansing and Refreshing Bath

known, and all those enjoying health should use it at least once or twice a week, for its great value is its marvelous power to draw out of the system all impurities that cause disease, and for this reason is truly a God-send to all humanity.

HOW TO GET ONE.

All readers who want to enjoy perfect health, prevent disease, or are afflicted, should have one of these remarkable Cabinets. Space prevents a detailed description, but it will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and cleansing properties.

Write the only makers, The World Mfg. Co., 2482 World Building, Cincinnati, O., and ask them to send their valuable illustrated Book FREE, describing this invention and their remarkable Baths. The price of the Cabinet is wonderfully low, only $5.00, complete, with heater, directions and formulas. Head attachment, if desired, $1.00 extra, and it is indeed difficult to imagine where one could invest that amount of money in anything else that offers so much health, strength and vigor.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

for full information; or, better still, order a Cabinet; you won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and agree to refund your money after 30 days' use if not just as represented.

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$150 a Month and Expenses.

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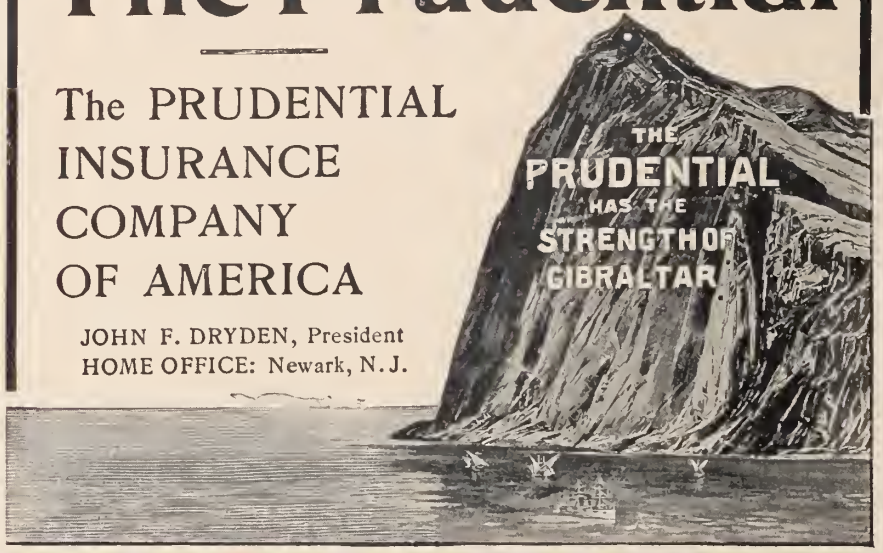

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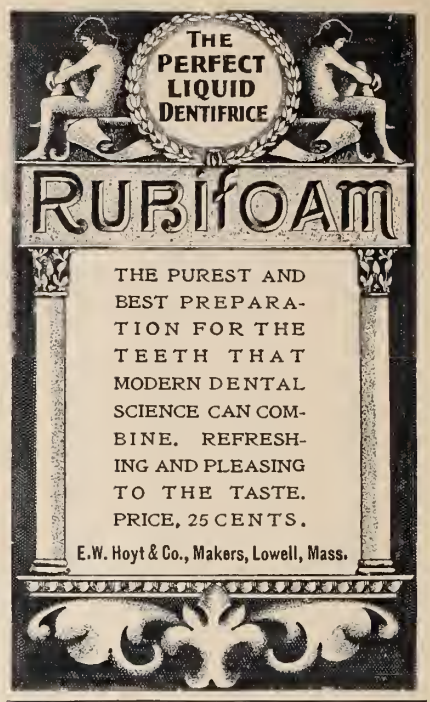
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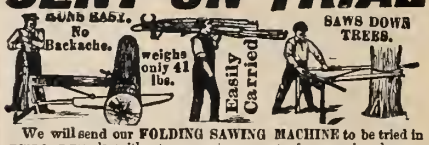

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